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**BOYS' HERALD**

No. 62 (New Series).

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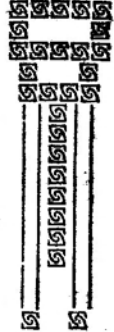


# Editorial



My Dear Chums,—I am now able to announce that the first of our great new series of stories, entitled "The Courage of Dick O'Dare," will appear in next week's Greyfriars "Boys' Herald." These stories are wonderfully interesting, and I am positive that they will prove immensely popular with my chums. Nothing quite like these stories have ever been written before, and I am sure they will make you enjoy your "Boys' Herald" more than ever. I think I can safely say that our paper is now more interesting than it has ever been before; but I still have a great many surprises and treats in store for my readers, for I intend to make the "Boys' Herald" the best of all boys' papers. I hope you are all doing your best to win one of the magnificent prizes I am offering each week in our interesting new competition. Each week some lucky reader will receive the splendid sum of £5; others will be the proud possessors of our hampers, filled with delicious tuck; and, of course, there are the smaller prizes of 5s., which are also well worth having in these hard times. Remember it costs you nothing to enter. For those readers who are not quite so ambitious there is still our "Tuck Hamper" contest, but, of course, you may enter for both if you wish. Our page of photographs which appear on the back page each week has proved a popular feature, and I have managed to secure many other splendid series of "stunts" which I am sure you will like. It may interest some of my readers to know that there is a rattling fine, long complete school story, dealing with the boys of St. Jim's, in this week's "Gem." The story is entitled "Champions of the Cause," and is most interesting. "The Gem" is on sale everywhere, and well worth the price of 1½d., which is all that is charged for it. Why not get a copy this week?

YOUR EDITOR.



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# HOW JACK DRAKE CAME TO GREYFRIARS!

OUR SPLENDID, LONG COMPLETE STORY, WHICH WILL GRIP YOUR INTEREST  
BY OWEN CONQUEST

## Trouble in the Train!

**J**ACK DRAKE sat in his corner seat in the crowded carriage and looked about him. Dick Rodney, in the opposite corner, had his eyes upon a book. The noise about him did not appear to disturb his reading, and there was plenty of noise.

The carriage was supposed to seat eight. There were ten fellows in it, and most of them were talking. Jack Drake listened with a good deal of interest. He was going to Greyfriars to begin the new term there, and the fellows crowding the carriage were Greyfriars fellows, and he did not know one of them. It was a change for Drake; only a few weeks before the Benbow had returned from her voyage to the Orinoco. Life on the school-ship was a thing of the past now, and Drake and Rodney were bound for their new school. They had plenty of opportunity to see what their new school-fellows were like before they arrived at Greyfriars.

The train was crowded with Greyfriars fellows from end to end. The corridor was crowded, too. Somewhere on the train were Harry Wharton and Co., the Famous Five of the Greyfriars Remove, though Drake had not seen them yet. Voices were raised in melody down the train corridor, and among them Drake thought he could distinguish the stentorian tones of Bob Cherry; and a squeaky voice that floated into the carriage from somewhere announced that Billy Bunter was not far away.

"How far now to Courtfield? Anybody know?" inquired a youth lounging in the corridor doorway, ceasing the melodious strains of a tin-whistle to ask the question.

"Two more stations, Ogilvy."

"Bolsover's been in the corridor all the way, so far," chuckled Ogilvy. "He doesn't seem to like it. He's just kicked Bunter."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaroooh!" came a yell from the corridor. "You beast, Bolsover!"

"Gerrout of the way, you fat frog!"

"Dear old Bolsover!" said Skinner. "He sounds ratty! Don't let him come in here."

"No fear!" said Ogilvy emphatically.

A burly form loomed up in the corridor and stared into the carriage.

"No room, Bolsover!" called out two or three voices.

Bolsover major snorted.

"I'm going to sit down!" he said.

"Sit on Bunter, then?"

"I'm coming in here!" said Bolsover major determinedly. "I've stood up long enough!"

"Rats!"

"Shut that door, Ogilvy!"

Bolsover major's presence in the carriage was apparently not desired. Certainly there was very little room to spare; but that was not the only reason. Jack Drake, as he glanced at Bolsover's heavy, scowling face and noted his bullying manner, could guess that the burly youth was not popular.

Bolsover was too far in for Ogilvy to slide the door shut. He shoved on forcefully and tramped into the crowded carriage.

"Get out!"

"Put me out!" snorted Bolsover. "If you're cheeky, Skinner, I'll sling you out, fast enough! Now, who's going to give me a seat?"

"Go and eat coke!" retorted Ogilvy.

"Rats!"

"Buzz off!"

Bolsover major stared round the carriage. His eyes fell upon the two new juniors at the other end of it.

"Hallo, new kids!" he exclaimed.

Drake nodded as he met the glance of the bully of the Remove.

"Yes," he said.

"What's your name?"

"Jack Drake."

"Well, Master Drake, or Duck, or whoever you are, you can give me your seat," said Bolsover major, tramping through a forest of legs towards Drake. Drake stared at him.

"Why the thump should I give you my seat?" he exclaimed.

"Because I tell you to."

"You'll have to give me a rather better reason than that," remarked Drake.

Bolsover came to a halt between Drake and Rodney. His eyes were fixed on Jack Drake threateningly.

"Get up!" he said.

"Rats!"

"I want that seat!" roared Bolsover major.

"You can want," suggested Drake. "I've no objection to that; but you can't have the seat."

"Better let him have it, kid," murmured a junior seated next to Drake. "You can squat on my knee, if you like."

"Thanks; but I'm sticking to my seat."

"Let him alone, Bolsover, you bully!" called out Ogilvy.

"I'm having that seat," said Bolsover major calmly. "I want to sit down. It will do a new kid good to teach him manners to begin with. Now, young Duck—"

"Drake, please."

"I'll make both ducks and drakes of you, if you don't shift!" said Bolsover major. "I generally have my own way in the Remove."

"When Wharton's not about," remarked Ogilvy.

"Or Bob Cherry!"

"Shut up!" roared Bolsover major. "Now, are you getting out?"

"No."

"Then I'll shift you."

Bolsover major dropped his hands on Jack Drake's shoulders to lift him bodily from the seat. Jack Drake sat tight.

He braced himself to meet the pull, and to Bolsover's surprise he did not succeed in detaching the new junior from his seat.

His face, flushed with exertion, glared down at Drake.

"You cheeky young cad!" he gasped.

"Take your paws off my shoulders, please," said Jack Drake quietly.

"Shift, I tell you."

"I shall hit you, if you don't," said Drake, still quietly.

Bolsover major grinned. He was more than half a head taller than Drake, and broad in proportion. He had no doubt whatever that he could have dealt with both the new boys at once, with one hand to each.

He grasped more tightly and tugged.

The crowd in the carriage looked on in silence, expecting to see Jack Drake dragged out of his seat like a cork from a bottle.

But that did not happen.

"I've warned you that I shall hit out," said Drake.

"There'll be a badly damaged new kid lying about the next minute, if you do!" grinned Bolsover major.

"I'll chance that!"

Crash!

Drake's right hand, clenched and like a lump of iron, came with a crash on Bolsover major's broad chest.

The bully of the Remove staggered back, letting go his hold, and sat suddenly and heavily on Dick Rodney's knees.

He did not remain there long. Rodney gave him an unceremonious shove, and



Jack was going to halt the brake, but a wheel jammed on the lowest step. A shower of juniors landed before the astounded headmaster. There were yells, howls, and bumps on all sides.

he rolled off upon the floor, amid an army of boots.

He gave a breathless howl as he landed there.

"Ow! Ooooooh!"  
 "Well done, new kid!" yelled Ogilvy.  
 "Pile on him, you chaps! Keep him there!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
 The opportunity was too good to be lost. Five or six pairs of boots jammed on Bolsover as he attempted to rise, pinning him to the floor. Every other boot in the carriage was promptly added. Drake and Rodney joined in at once, stamping cheerfully and forcefully on Bolsover's legs. The yell that escaped Bolsover major would have done credit to the celebrated Bull of Bashan.

"Yow! Woop! Lemme gerrup!"  
 "You're safer there," chuckled Ogilvy.  
 "Keep him down!"  
 "You bet!"  
 "Tread on his face if he tries to get up!"

"What-ho!"  
 "Yaroooooop!"  
 "Your own fault, Bolsover."  
 "I—I—I'll—"  
 "Down, dog!" chortled Morgan.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

Bolsover major struggled furiously. But there were twenty boots lodged on his burly person wherever there was room for them, and he was helpless. In a rumpled and very dusty state, he squirmed on the floor, yelling threats of vengeance.

But he was not allowed to rise. As a matter of fact, he would have proceeded to put his threats into instant execution if he had gained his feet. As Robert Donald Ogilvy had remarked, he was safer where he was.

And where he was he remained, while the train rattled on to Courtfield Junction. By that time Bolsover major was as red as a beetroot, and choking with wrath and dust.

"Courtfield next!" shouted a voice in the corridor, the voice of Harry Wharton, the captain of the Remove. "Ready—the Remove bags the first brake!"

"I don't think!" came the drawing voice of Cecil Reginald Temple, of the Fourth Form. "Look out, Fry, Dabney, Scott!"

"Back up, Remove!"  
 The train stopped.

Rodney threw open the carriage door, and the crowd poured out on the platform, leaving Bolsover major to sit up and gasp.

**Hand to Hand!**

COURTFIELD platform swarmed with Greyfriars fellows.

Crowds of them were there, from the Sixth to the Second.

Wingate of the Sixth, the captain of Greyfriars, walked off sedately with Gwynne, Loder, and Carne, and other lofty Sixth-formers. But the juniors were anything but sedate. Outside the station the brakes were waiting to convey them to Greyfriars, and it was a case of first come, first served. The Fifth and Sixth brakes were taboo to the juniors; for the others it was a rush and a scramble. There were too many fellows to be conveyed in one trip, and nobody wanted to wait for the brakes to come back from the school.

Wingate and his lofty fellow-seniors entered their brake and drove off. A number of the Fifth gathered round the second vehicle, and the voice of Horace Coker was heard, far and wide.

"What are we waiting for? What the thump are we waiting for. I'd like to know? Let's get out of this dashed-rabble!"

"Waiting for Blundell, old top," said Potter of the Fifth.

"Blow Blundell!"  
 "And Bland—" said Greene.

"Blow Bland!"  
 "Blow 'em as much as you like, old scout," said Potter. "But Blundell's captain of the Fifth, and we've got to wait."

Whereat Horace Coker snorted. Coker did not deem it consistent with his importance to wait for anybody.

"Jolly good mind to drive off without 'em!" he growled. "Well, if we've got to wait, let's go into the buffet and get something warm."

"Good egg!" said Potter and Greene at once.

And they went. Coker disdainfully shoving his way through the mob of juniors.

The street was alive with Greyfriars caps, and round one of the brakes a scramble was going on. Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Johnny Bull, Frank Nugent, and Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, had boarded the brake, first comers, and they were holding it against all others. Removites were allowed to clamber on board, and Fourth-formers ignominiously ejected.

Temple, Dabney and Co., of the Fourth, attacked hotly, and there were loud bumps round the brake as they were shoved off. Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, was on the scene, supposed to be keeping order; but Mr. Prout had slipped over somebody's foot, and sat down with considerable force, and he had retired into the station to get his second wind.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" roared Bob Cherry suddenly. "A fight!"

"Bolsover."  
 "And that new kid Drake."  
 "Here, come on!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "We've got to stop this!"

He jumped from the brake, and his chums followed him. With a rush now Temple, Dabney and Co. swarmed on board.

But Harry Wharton did not heed them. He knew Drake well enough—the new junior had passed a part of the Christmas holiday at Wharton Lodge—and so the captain of the Remove felt it his duty to intervene.

Bolsover major, in a dusty and dishevelled condition, had come raging out of the station in search of Jack Drake.

He found Drake and Rodney in the midst of the mob of juniors, Fourth, Remove, Third, and Second.

His heavy hand on Drake's shoulder swung the new junior round.

"Now, you cheeky young rotter!" spluttered Bolsover.

Drake knocked his hand off with a sharp rap.

"Hands off, old top!" he said. "What do you want?"

Bolsover panted with wrath. "You—you—you cheeky little beast!" he spluttered. "You thumped me in the carriage—"

"I'm ready to thump you again, if you like."

"I'm going to smash you!" roared Bolsover.

Drake smiled cheerily. He did not seem much alarmed by that terrible threat.

"Go it!" he said.

Bolsover major went it without delay. He rushed at the new junior like a bull.

That terrific rush would have been very difficult for the lighter fellow to meet; but Jack Drake did not attempt to meet it. He side-stepped quickly, and Bolsover caught a heavy punch on the side of his head that sent him spinning.

"Well hit!" yelled Ogilvy.

"Oh!" gasped Bolsover. "Why, I—I'll—"

He swung round on Drake again, and they closed.

Harry Wharton and Co. came up with

a rush, scattering the intervening juniors right and left.

"Stop that, Bolsover!" shouted Wharton.

"Hands off, you bully!" exclaimed Johnny Bull.

Bolsover major did not heed. He was hugging the new boy like a bear, and striving to throw him.

"All hands!" said Wharton.  
 "What-ho!"

Five pairs of hands were laid on Bolsover major at once, and he was dragged by main force away from his victim. He had to let go, and as he let go he sat with a bump at the feet of the Famous Five.

Jack Drake drew back rather breathlessly. Strong and sturdy as he was, he found that he had little chance in Bolsover's bear-like hug. He did not mean to let the bully of the Remove get so close again.

"Now, are you going to keep the peace, Bolsover?" demanded Harry Wharton.

"I'll smash you!" roared Bolsover.

"Bump him!"  
 "Hold on!" said Jack Drake quietly.

"I'm awfully obliged to you fellows, but let him come on, if he likes."

"Fathead!" said Nugent. "He will squash you!"

"I don't think so."

"Oh, you can't think!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "Get off while you are safe, and leave us to handle Bolsover."

"Thanks; I'd rather not."

"Lemme get at him!" roared Bolsover major.

"Yes, let him get at me," said Drake. "He won't be happy till he gets it, you know."

Harry Wharton gave a shrug of the shoulders.

"Well, if you're asking for it—" he said.

"Exactly."

The Famous Five released Bolsover major. If the new junior asked for it, there was no reason why he should not have it!

The bully of the Remove staggered to his feet.

"Now, you new cad!" he gasped.

He rushed straight at the new junior. But he did not succeed in getting his powerful grasp upon Jack Drake again.

Drake's hands were up, and his eyes gleaming over them.

He had been the best boxer on the Benbow, and, big as the Remove bully was, Drake did not shrink from the encounter.

He avoided Bolsover's rush as before, and circled round him, and Bolsover, as clumsy as he was burly, faced round confusedly and tried to clinch again.

All he succeeded in capturing was a drive which landed on his nose and brought a sudden spurt of crimson therefrom.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "That kid knows how to handle his paws!"

"Looks as if he knows how to handle Bolsover, too!" grinned Nugent.

There was a breathless circle surrounding the combatants now. A fellow who could stand up to Bolsover major was a fellow worth watching.

The bully of the Remove was attacking furiously, but he found that he could not get through the new junior's guard, neither could he bring him to a clinch.

There was a shout from the Greyfriars juniors as Bolsover major went staggering backwards from a heavy drive on the chin and landed on his back.

"Man down!" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Well hit!"

Bolsover major sat up dazedly.

"Ow!" he ejaculated.

"Cave!" yelled Billy Bunter. "Here is old Prout!"



Mr. Prout, disrespectfully alluded to as "Old Prout" by the Owl of the Remove, came hurrying out of the station in great wrath.

"What is this—fighting, fighting? Bolsover—boy! How dare you, Bolsover?"

"I—I—I—" spluttered Bolsover, staggering up.

"Don't tell me you were not to blame, Bolsover; I know your ways!" thundered Mr. Prout. "Your appearance is disgraceful, sir—your nose is bleeding! How dare you, Bolsover? Go into the station at once; you cannot be seen in public in that state! You are disgracing your school, Bolsover! You are a ruffian, sir—a ruffian! Come!"

And the wrathful Form-master grasped Bolsover major by the collar and led him into the station.

Bob Cherry clapped Drake on the back as the Fifth Form-master disappeared with the hapless bully.

"Good man! You can put 'em up!" said Bob heartily. "I'll have the gloves on with you myself to-morrow."

"Pleased!" said Drake, with a smile.

"I say, you fellows—"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Bunter, fat as ever!"

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Where's our brake, though?" said Harry Wharton.

"Gone!"

**Bagging a Brake!**

TEMPLE, Dabney and Co. had taken their opportunity. While the Famous Five were interested in the fight, they had driven off.

The brake was already a good distance down the street. Another brake had rolled away, crammed with fags of the Third and Second—Dick Nugent of the Second extending his fingers from his nose in farewell to the Removites. One brake remained, as well as the Fifth Form vehicle, and juniors were swarming into it.

"We'll bag that!" said Bob Cherry. "Come on!"

The Famous Five were quickly in the brake. Other Removites clambered in, with some fags and a few of the Fourth, and the driver put his horses in motion. He was already heavily loaded, and there seemed no limit to the number of passengers ready to climb in.

Jack Drake was setting himself a little to rights after the tussle with Bolsover major, and the brake was gone when he looked round for it.

Quite a little army of juniors remained in and around the station, having to wait till the brakes came back for a second load.

Only the Fifth Form brake remained outside the station, with Fitzgerald of the Fifth sitting in it, waiting for his comrades.

Tomlinson of the Fifth was standing beside the brake, chatting with Fitzgerald over the side.

"We've got to wait," remarked Dick Rodney. "Can't be helped."

"There's a brake here!"

"That's for the Fifth, I think."

"Yes, rather," said Russell of the Remove. "Blundell of the Fifth is having coffee and buns in the station, and the brake's waiting for him."

"Why can't Blundell of the Fifth go on having coffee and buns till a brake comes back from the school?" suggested Drake.

Russell grinned. "Better suggest it to him," he remarked.

"I say, you fellows—"

"How long before the brakes get back?" asked Drake.

"An hour, at least," answered Rus-

sell. "You can take a cab, if you like, you know. If you take a taxi, I'll bag a seat in it."

"Same here!" said Billy Bunter. "In fact, you could telephone for a car from the garage, Drake—I'll telephone for you, if you like—it'll only cost you a few pounds—"

"Fathead!" "I'll stand half!" said Bunter generously.

Drake laughed. "I mean it," said the Owl of the Remove. "You just pay for the car, and I'll settle up my half to-morrow. I'm expecting a postal order, you know."

"Oh, cheese it!" said Drake; as Billy Bunter had been one of the Christmas party at Wharton Lodge, with Drake and Rodney, the new junior had already heard of Bunter's celebrated postal orders.

"Well, if you're waiting for a brake, better come into the buffet," said Bunter. "I'll show you the way."

"Rats!" "They've got some rather good cake—"

Drake did not heed the Owl of the Remove. His eyes were on the Fifth Form brake. Tomlinson had walked into the station now, probably to hurry up Blundell and his friends in the buffet. Fitzgerald yawned and whistled "Kathleen Mavourneen." The driver thoughtfully chewed a straw.

"Look here!" said Drake, in a low voice. "We're not waiting; we're going in that brake. It won't do the

**NEXT WEEK!**

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horses any good to be standing still in this weather."

"But—" said Rodney. "Who's for the brake?" exclaimed Jack Drake, looking round. "We can collar it while those Fifth Form duffers are chewing buns."

Russell whistled. "There'd be a row—"

"Bother the row!"

"But the Fifth—"

"Bother the Fifth! The Remove is as good as the Fifth any day, or a little better!"

"Hear, hear!"

"You wouldn't have the nerve, you know," remarked Wibley. "The Fifth would scalp you if you bagged their brake."

"Bow-wow!"

Jack Drake stepped up into the vehicle. A crowd of Removites and Third-formers gathered round. Harry Wharton's brake was now well away in the distance.

"All aboard for Greyfriars!" shouted Drake.

Fitzgerald of the Fifth left off whistling "Kathleen Mavourneen" quite suddenly.

"Here, get out of this, you fag!" he called out.

Drake did not heed.

Rodney pitched his bag into the brake and followed his chum. Russell and Ogilvy bundled in after them, chuckling. Bagging the Fifth Form brake seemed

quite a good "stunt" to the cheery Removites now that Drake had suggested the idea.

Their example was followed by a dozen other fellows.

Tubb of the Third swarmed in with five or six fags, nine or ten Removites clambered in, and the brake was soon swarming. Fitzgerald of the Fifth jumped up in wrath and excitement.

"Outside!" he roared.

"Rats!"

"Sit down!"

"Sure I'll shift you if you don't hop out!" roared the Fifth-former belligerently.

"I don't quite see how you're going to do it," grinned Drake. "All aboard for Greyfriars! Get on, driver!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fitzgerald came scrambling along the brake to collar the new junior. He collared him, and was collared in return. The Removites were in a state of high and merry excitement now, and Fitzgerald had simply not a chance against the swarming crowd. Before he quite knew what was happening, he was dropped on the ground with a bump. There he rolled and roared, while more and more fags clambered in.

"Drive on!" shouted Drake.

"But, sir—" said the perplexed driver.

"Stick a pin in him, Rodney!"

"Certainly!"

"Yow-ow-wooop!" roared the startled driver. "Yurrrgh! Oh, my eye!"

He bundled out of his seat and jumped to the ground, and shook his fist at the juniors swarming in the brake.

"You young rips, I'll—"

Jack Drake slipped into the driver's seat and grasped the reins and the whip. Crack-ack-ack.

The whip cracked loudly, the reins jerked, and the horses started.

Fitzgerald of the Fifth had picked himself up and rushed into the station to announce this impertinent raid to the rest of the Fifth. As Drake set the horses in motion, Blundell and Bland and a crowd more of the Fifth came tearing out. They could scarcely believe their eyes as they saw their own special, sacred brake, swarming with juniors, trundling down the street.

"Stop!" roared Blundell.

"Yah!"

"Rats!"

There was a howl of defiance from the brake.

"Stop, you cheeky young villains!" bellowed Coker of the Fifth. "Why, I'll skin you! I'll wallop you all round! I'll—"

Coker rushed after the brake.

He jumped on behind as it rolled away, and strove to clamber in. What Coker was going to do with nearly two score of juniors when he got to close quarters was probably not very clear in Coker's powerful brain. But he did not get to close quarters. A bag clumped on Coker's head, a boot clumped on his chest, what time an orange was squeezed down his neck. Coker found himself sitting in the road in a breathless and dazed condition, while the brake rushed on.

From the crowd of Fifth-formers stranded at the station there came a chorus of wrath and indignation, and threats of vengeance. Jack Drake drove on cheerily. The three horses were rather fresh, and rather startled by the yells and howls behind them; but Drake was a good driver, and he had them well in hand. But the speed with which the brake rushed down the street rather startled the good folk of Courtfield.

Clatter, clatter! Bump! Clatter! "Go it, driver!"

"Put it on!"



"Hurrah!"

The brake was soon out of Courtfield and rolling along the country road to Greyfriars. Here it was safe to put on good speed, and Drake let the team go. Ahead of them, Harry Wharton's brake was visible, and the Famous Five were staring back in astonishment.

"Ye gods, that new kid's driving the Fifth Form brake!" exclaimed Harry Wharton. "He's bagged it!"

"Good man!" chuckled Bob Cherry.

"There'll be a row—"

"The rowfulness will be terrific!" grinned Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "The new kid is a cool cucumberful customer."

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

"Why, the cheeky ass is trying to get past us!" exclaimed the captain of the Remove indignantly. "Put it on, driver!"

Clatter, clatter, clatter!

#### A Close Finish!

**J**ACK DRAKE handled his horses well.

He was overhauling the Famous Five's brake hand over fist, and he was determined to beat the Famous Five to Greyfriars. Every fellow in the brake entered into the spirit of the race, and shouted encouragement, with the exception of William George Bunter. Billy Bunter did not take kindly to the race.

"I say, you fellows, you're going too fast!" squeaked Bunter. "I say, you know, you'll be in the ditch! Stop, I say!"

"Chuck Bunter out!" shouted Russell.

"Oh, really, Russell—"

"We'll never win with that weight on board. Roll him out!"

"Out you go, Bunter!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo!" shrieked the Owl of the Remove, in great alarm; and Bunter dived under a seat for safety.

"Go it, Drake!"

Drake cracked his whip and shook out his reins. The three horses were going hot and strong, and the brake grew level with the Famous Five on the wide road. "Beat you to Greyfriars!" shouted Drake.

"Rats! Put it on, driver!"

"Make those critters move, can't you?" roared Bob Cherry.

Drake was drawing ahead. As a matter of fact, Wharton's driver was a far more careful and cautious handler of his team than Drake, and it was a case of the race to the swift. Drake's team shot ahead, and the Remove brake tailed behind.

Harry Wharton and Co. yelled to their driver, and Bob Cherry even went to the length of punching the back of his neck. The brake put on speed, and for a minute the two teams were neck and neck, racing along at a terrific pace. But Drake drove on furiously and once more shot ahead and he was ahead when the road narrowed. There the Famous Five's brake had to slow a little.

The rival brake went on speeding ahead, its cargo of juniors waving their hands mockingly at the Famous Five, and yelling opprobrious remarks.

"Put it on, driver!" howled Bob Cherry. "Do you want to be beaten?"

"Pinch him!"

"Pitch him out!"

"Ere, old on, young gent!" gasped the driver. "A man's doin' his best! 'Ands off!"

"Put it on, then!" shouted Wharton. The brake raced and swayed and trundled on. But Jack Drake was well ahead now, and he kept his lead.

Never had a drive from Courtfield to Greyfriars been accomplished in such record time.

The grey old tower was visible over the leafless trees now; the schoolhouse roofs rose into sight, and the old stone gateway. In the gateway stood Gosling, the ancient porter, staring blankly at the oncoming brakes with wide-open eyes.

"My word!" said Gosling. "Nice goin's hon! Wot I says is this 'ere— Oh, crumbs!"

The leading brake had arrived. Drake coolly turned his team into the gateway, and Gosling made a flying leap into safety.

"Stop!" he roared. "You young rips! Do you think you're goin' up the drive at that there rate? Stop, I says! Wot I says is this 'ere—"

Clatter, clatter!

The brake rushed by.

"After them!" roared Bob Cherry, as his driver slowed down towards the gateway. "Put it on, or I'll scalp you!"

But the driver slowed, and turned in at a more moderate speed. Probably Jack Drake would have slowed, too, if he had been a little less excited. But he was thinking only of the race now, not of the effect his startling arrival was likely to produce at Greyfriars School. With a rush and a roar, the leading brake came tearing up to the schoolhouse. The gravel on the drive spurted in all directions under the flying wheels. "Ow! We shall all be killed!" howled Billy Bunter. "Stop him! Yow-ow! Help!"

In the big doorway of the schoolhouse there appeared an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown. It was the Head. But Jack Drake had no eyes for even Dr. Locke just then. He had his hands full with the team. Right up the drive came the thundering horses, and Jack Drake pulled them in opposite the steps of the schoolhouse.

He was going to halt with a flourish, the winner of the race, but a wheel jammed on the lowest step. What happened next nobody ever knew exactly. A shower of juniors landed before the astounded headmaster on the steps like manna from the skies. There were yells and howls and bumps on all sides.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Dr. Locke, in amazement. "What—what—"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Drake.

He was sitting on the lowest step without knowing quite how he had got there. The horses were trotting on round the drive, followed by the brake, which had a list to starboard and dragged heavily. Jack Drake looked up dazedly at a severe and astonished face that bent over him.

"Boy, what—who-how—" stut-tered the Head.

Drake staggered up, and touched his cap.

"Please, I—I—" he gasped. "I—I—I've come—I—I've come to Greyfriars!"

THE END.

Another of these grand school stories will appear in next week's issue of The Greyfriars "Boys' Herald." Order early.

If you want to read a Real Good Long, Complete School Story, that will amuse and interest you from first to last, Buy This Week's "GEM." On Sale Everywhere. Price 1d.

## ANSWERS TO READERS!

### THE NOBLE ART.

"In regard to the Boys' Herald, which I find is a very entertaining paper, I would like to ask you one or two questions."

The questions which James Morris, of Norwich, puts to me concerns the fight between Carpentier and Jack Dempsey. The best way is to wait and see. Will the heavy drive of Jack Dempsey send the clever Frenchman flying across the Silver Streak back to France, or will the subtle art of the Frenchman come out on top? Well, we all know what that cheery chap Hamlet said, "That is the question." And before these lines are printed we shall know what we shall know.

### FROM INDIA.

Gunner Vale writes from Kamptee, India: "There seems to be a general idea that your papers, such as the 'Gem' and Boys' Herald, are for young kids, but you will be agreeably surprised to know that they are favourites among the troops. When the old 'book wallah' comes round with some fresh papers, you see such a rush made for him."

Well, I did know something of this. The companion papers did their bit in France, in Mesopotamia, and elsewhere during the war. So it goes on. If anyone with an inquiring mind takes a walk up and down the world, he will find the famous weeklies being read by all and sundry. "Young kids" are good judges. What they like, seniors appreciate as well.

### A READER WITHOUT A NAME.

"I have read the Companion Papers for many years, and enjoy the stories, but there have been no double numbers. We would willingly pay an extra copper or two to have double numbers. I hope you will do your best."

I fancy this correspondent understands the situation. There was concentrated comprehension all over his cheery letter. "Doubles" are good, but, as it happens, we are still travelling through the hummocky land of difficulty, and it is hopeless to expect to get back to old pre-war conditions.

### A LEAGUE OF SPORTSMEN.

K. D. Stocks, 49, Croslands Park, Barrow-in-Furness, writes: "I would esteem it a favour if you would find new recruits for the now League of Sports, which will appeal to all interested in football, athletics, running, swimming, wrestling, boxing, gymnastics, ju-jitsu, etc. The League is to unite together all the young sportsmen in the country."

Roll up the Leaguers. Mr. Stocks seems to have got hold of a first-class idea.

### MODELS.

Mr. S. Lyus, Alvina Cottage, Aldenham Road, Elstree, writes: "The models in your paper are admirably arranged. Mine have turned out well, and my news-agent has expressed a desire to show them in his window. Where practical, I think it would be well to introduce a human figure or two—say a master or a boy. I hope one of these days to find a model of a ship or a bridge as a change from houses; but that is for you. I am a business man, and understand."

Many thanks. I happen to know that the model to be on view at the news-shop is worth a journey to see. There will be no better chance of seeing what Greyfriars school is really like.



## Another Instalment of the Amusing Adventures of Stringer!



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

By WALTER EDWARDS

Have you told your friends about this most popular character? If not, do so now!

READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Denyer, the young player-manager of Norchester United, is aroused from his dreams by a loud knock at the door. The next minute he is astonished to see a young man of extraordinary appearance enter his room. The new-comer is dressed in a suit of black, which must have been made for him when he was quite a small boy, and altogether he looks a queer sight. The man announces himself as the greatest goalkeeper in England, and explains that his name is Stringer. Jack cannot refrain from laughing, and imagines his visitor to be a harmless lunatic. But Stringer proves, by an extraordinary feat of strength that he is not quite so silly as Jack imagines, and he eventually succeeds in getting the club manager to give him a trial in goal. He takes the field with Norchester against Beekingham Town, and makes a memorial debut. Later, the United, finding their playing-pitch covered with a carpet of snow, make an effigy bearing a striking resemblance to Stringer. Great excitement prevails until the arrival on the field of a messenger, carrying a buff-coloured envelope.

"Tallygram for Mr. Denyer!" he gasped.

(Now go on with the story.)

The Invitation!

"MY hat!" he cried excitedly. "Listen to this, you cripples! 'Guv'nor wants all you chaps to spend Christmas at Selhurst Hall. Don't disappoint.'" "MONTY."

Jack glanced round at the interested faces of his companions.

"What do you think of that, eh?" he asked. "Sir Anthony's a great sportsman, and no mistake! Wants the old United to spend Christmas with him! What a rag!"

"Well, are we going to accept in a body?" asked Fender, the back.

"I should jolly well think we are," returned Jack, with conviction. "Anybody here want to back out?"

Nobody did apparently.

The young player-manager scribbled an acceptance upon the prepaid form and handed it to Parkinson, who promptly doubled off to the club-house.

He found the post-office messenger still waiting.

"Is that the answer to the tallygram?" asked the youthful Government servant, extending a grubby fist for the wire.

"Yes, it is," said Parkinson.

Jack, meanwhile, was already making arrangements for the visit to Anthony Selhurst.

"We'll leave Norchester on the twenty-fourth," he said. "I think there's a train that'll get us down to Selbourne in the evening. I'll write to old Monty to-night so that he can meet us at the station."

Thus it came about that on a real old-fashioned Christmas-eve a party of laughing and chattering young men swarmed out of a first-class carriage and made the old-world station of Selbourne ring with their happy shouts.

Scarcely had they set foot upon the wooden planks than four figures emerged from the shadows, shaking the feathery snow from their greatcoats as they did so.

Sir Anthony Selhurst, the tall aristocrat, and Monty's father, led the way, and his fine features beamed with pleasure as he gripped Jack Denyer heartily by the hand.

"Welcome, my lads!" he cried in mellow tones. "I'm more than glad to see you all again!"

A second later boisterous greetings and vigorous hand-wringings were being exchanged, and the old station appeared to waken from its habitual slumber to take part in the Yuletide rejoicings.

Even Sam Drake, the aged and irascible station-master, seemed to be affected by the prevailing fever of "goodwill to all men," for he gave a toothless grin and cocked his peaked cap—his sole insignia of office—at a rakish angle and shook anyone who approached him warmly by the hand.

"Merry Christmas, young sirs, merry Christmas!" he wheezed, pocketing sundry half-crowns with a dexterity and speed with belied his age. "Good luck, Sir Anthony, sir, good luck!"

"Good luck, Sam!" came from all sides of the old fellow, as the footballers trooped out after the upright, soldierly figure of their host.

A big car was throbbing outside the station, its powerful headlights turning night into day.

"I don't know how you'll all manage to scramble into my old 'bus,'" laughed Sir Anthony. "Still, I expect you'll manage to do so!"

"Those who don't get in will have to walk!" warned Monty, wiping a snowflake from his inevitable monocle.

The youngsters laughed happily as they clambered into the vehicle, and at last the "All aboard!" shout went up.

A rousing cheer went up as the car moved forward through the carpet of snow, and a minute later the subdued lights of the countryside station were obscured by a curtain of softly falling snowflakes.

"There is Magic in the Very Name of Christmas!"

THE memorable Christmas at Selhurst Hall passed all too quickly for the footballers, who, on entering the rambling old mansion on Christmas-eve, had been informed that the place belonged to them for the time being.

"Do what you like," said Sir Anthony, with a mellow, old-world hospitality, "and go where you please, Selhurst Hall is yours!"

One or two of the players had been somewhat awed by the imposing interior of the Hall, but Sir Anthony and Monty soon put them at their ease. Moreover, the amazing Stringer was ever a source of merriment, and he did much to make his self-conscious comrades feel at home.

The whole party went for a long ramble on Christmas morning, and came back to a sumptuous spread that will live in their memory for all time.

The table literally groaned under the weight of good things, and the oak-panelled dining-hall rang with shouts of laughter when the lights were lowered and a huge salver of snap-dragon-phosphorescent and throwing weird, flickering shadows—was brought in by the wooden-faced butler.

The joyous meal came to an end at last, and a babble of excited chatter filled the room. The players broke up into little groups, some to explore the fine old house, others to play a game of billiards.

"You fellows will spend to-morrow with me, of course," said Sir Anthony, sinking into a chair beside Jack Denyer.

The young player-manager shook his head regretfully.

"I'm afraid we sha'n't be able to do so, sir," he answered. "You see, we're playing Bromwich Town at Norchester in the afternoon."

"Of course, of course," said Sir Anthony, with a smile. "How stupid of me! I should have known that you have a Boxing Day fixture. I shall miss you young animals when you've gone!"

He looked dreamily into the curling, aromatic smoke of his cigar.

"I'm almost inclined—" he began,



slowly; and Jack Denyer shot an eagle glance at him.

"Will you come North with us, sir?" he asked, excitedly. "You must, sir!"

Sir Anthony pondered for a while, and then a smile moved his lips.

"I think you'll have your way, Denyer," he said. "Yes, I must see the game against Bromwich."

The wonderful day concluded with music and singing and the pulling of crackers. The players were soon resplendent in weird and wonderful head-gear, the lanky Stringer looking quite winsome in a nurse's cap which suited his particular type of beauty to perfection.

Then, at Stringer's suggestion, the lights were lowered, and the players grouped themselves round the big open fireplace, in which pine logs were crackling merrily.

Tongues of flame played coyly upon the goalkeeper's gaunt features, accentuating his sunken cheeks and deep-set eyes.

He looked round furtively, shooting apprehensive glances into the deep shadows of the room.

"Hush!" he said, in sepulchral tones. "I will tell you a true story—of a ghost!"

The others smiled quietly, and settled themselves comfortably.

"Carry on, O Stringer, of all the Strings," commanded Jack, who guessed that, paradoxical as it may sound, Stringer had a "leg-pull" up his sleeve.

"Listen!" rumbled Stringer, in solemn tones. He encountered how he had once spent Christmas in a haunted castle; how he had distinctly heard the rattle of chains and the moans of a ghost in torment.

"I went from room to room," he said, glancing round at the set faces of the hearers, "and cold, clammy hands touched my cheeks! I cried aloud with fright, and struck out wildly, but there was nobody there! Yet I had not taken another couple of steps before those hands touched me again."

"I gave a wild, blood-curling yell and dashed upstairs to my bedroom, and no sooner did I get inside than I locked the door. Then a voice said: 'You shall die this night!' I swung round, and there, sitting on my bed was a ghost-like figure—with a body made of smoke and eyes like glowing coals."

He glanced round at the players, who were following his story with breathless interest.

"What—what happened then?" asked Bickley, in a low voice. The goalkeeper's acting had obviously made an impression upon him.

Stringer turned his sunken eyes upon the speaker and then rose slowly to his feet.

"I walked across the bedroom—like this," said the goalkeeper, advancing upon Bickley, "and then I put both my hands upon the ghost's shoulders—like this!"

He gripped the chum's shoulders in his sinuous fingers.

"Then," continued Stringer, in a toneless voice, "I shook him—once, twice, thrice—like this!"

He shook the helpless Bickley, and his vigour threatened to jerk the youngster's head from his shoulders. "Then," continued Stringer, "I smacked the side of his head with my open palm—like this!"

Smack!

Stringer boxed Bickley's ears.

"Then I did it again—like this," went on the goalkeeper, suiting the action to the word.

The footballers' faces were breaking into smiles, for they began to see the force of Stringer's little joke. Bickley,

on the other hand, felt the force of it, and his face flushed angrily.

"Then," went on the imperturbable Stringer, "I caught hold of the ghost's long nose and pulled it—like this!"

"Oh, you did, did you?" asked Bickley, grimly, as he evaded Stringer's outstretched fingers. "And if I'd been that ghost, I should have plunked you one in the tummy—like this!"

And he prodded Stringer in the region of his well-filled waistcoat with a force which made the goalkeeper gasp and double up like a pen-knife.

"And then," Bickley went on, making the most of his temporary advantage, "I should have pulled his ginger hair—like this!"

He grabbed a handful of Stringer's fiery locks and gave a wrench which brought a yell from the elongated one.

"And after that," Bickley ran on, with a wink at the others, who were thoroughly enjoying the turning of the tables, "I should have called upon my pals, and we'd have got hold of that old ghost and given him the time of his life—like this!"

This was the signal for the players to fall upon Stringer, and a moment later he was flat upon his back with the laughing youngsters sprawling on top of him.

"Save me, sir; save me!" implored the goalkeeper, looking up at the laughing face of Sir Anthony. "I'm not strong enough for this sort of thing; I've always been a weakling right from birth! Oh, do save me!"

His entreaties were in vain, however, for he had about as much chance as a fat beetle at a woodpecker's tea-party. The players pummeled the breath out of him, whilst Bickley surreptitiously trickled cinders down his back.

"Had enough?" asked Jack Denyer, holding a banana in a most threatening manner within a couple of inches of Stringer's nose.

"Yes—I give in!" groaned the goalkeeper. "Truce—pax—I surrender!"

"Quite sure?" asked Jack, who dearly wanted to pat Stringer on the nose with the banana.

"Quite—oh, quite," said Stringer. "I surrender—Mr. Foch!"

A roar of laughter went up at the remark, and the lean goalkeeper was released and permitted to get to his feet.

The mellow chimings of a clock came from somewhere in the house, and Jack Denyer glanced at his wrist-watch.

"My hat!" he exclaimed. "It's one o'clock!"

"And we've got to play a match to-day—this afternoon!" said Monty, stifling a yawn.

"We have," Jack returned, "and unless we want to go to sleep during the game I think we'd better turn in and get some shut-eye!"

"Good words, Colonel!" boomed Stringer, approvingly. "Out of the mouth of babes—but you know the rest! We will each seek our couch, and when we meet Bromwich Town this afternoon we will smite them hip and thigh. In the words of the classics, my masters, we will place it across them!"

"We will!" chorused the others—and so ended the happiest Christmas any of them had ever spent.

#### The Boxing Day Match!

THE vast crowds that flocked towards the Norchester Football Ground on Boxing Day was in holiday mood, almost everyone wearing a broad smile, and a more or less fragrant cigar.

Early that day a miniature army of youngsters, equipped with shovels and

brooms, had invaded the playing-pitch and had cleared it of its snowy covering, which was transported across the touch-lines and stacked against the palings.

Both stands were capped with a generous layer of snow which lent a seasonable air to the animated scene.

The turnstiles had commenced to click merrily quite an hour before the scheduled time for the kick-off, and by the time Jack Denyer led his men on to the field the gates had been closed.

A deafening roar greeted the home team, and the leader of the band, a somewhat nervous individual, brought his selection to an end by an hideous discord and made a bolt for the touch-line.

Jack and his men looked little the worse for their mild dissipation of the previous night, and their steps were springy as they trotted towards a vacant goal.

Stringer, as usual, came in for many personal remarks, and again, as usual, they made not the slightest impression upon him.

"Good old Stringer!"

"What's the matter with Stringer?"

"He's all right!"

The emaciated one trotted towards his citadel and took up his position between the posts.

Then, as the cheering did not subside, he raised his tiny green cap from his red locks and treated the yelling crowd to a graceful bow in acknowledgment of the vociferous plaudits.

Bromwich Town took the field at this moment, and they were given a rousing cheer.

A glance at the official programme showed that the following players had been chosen to represent the home club:

Stringer, goal; Fender and Blaney, backs; Bickley, Bailey and Brown, half-backs; Craig, Mallison, Denyer, Selhurst and Jepson, forwards.

Bromwich Town pinned their faith in the following:

Bicknell, Vendole, Burton, Ashcroft, Payne and King; Webber, Cranston, Crawford, May and Gibbons.

It was ideal football weather, with just a nip of frost in the air. A watery sun had done its best to break through, but up to the moment it had been conspicuously successful.

The referee, a little, officious-looking man with horn-rimmed glasses, did not waste any time. He had scarcely crossed the touchline, than he whistled the respective skippers to the centre.

Again he did not tarry.

Up went the coin, and the luck fell to Payne, the visiting captain.

"I'll play with the wind," he said, pointing towards the goal facing him, and a cheer went up from the enthusiasts who had travelled from Bromwich.

Still looking very impatient, the referee watched the players take up their positions, and no sooner had they done so than he glanced at his watch and blew his whistle.

Jack immediately put the ball to Monty, who ran a couple of yards and parted to his outside man, Jepson.

The winger was already on the run when he snapped up the pass, and he appeared to alude the player who was shadowing him from consummate ease. Anyway, the fact remains that in a neck-and-neck race to the corner flag he won with a full yard to spare.

He steadied himself and let drive, the leather travelling straight into the visitors' goalmouth.

"Heads!" shouted the crowd; and heads it was.

A concerted jump was made for the leather—and the goalie won.

His great fist caught the ball squarely, and, with a boomph! it went hurtling towards the centre, where it was trapped

by Crawford, the Bromwich centre-forward, who by the way, had been capped for England the previous Saturday.

Crawford was built on the slim side—he was greyhound rather than mastiff—and he had a habit of lifting his shoulders almost to his ears, thrusting his head forward, and slipping over the ground.

It could not be said that he ran as other men did, he just covered the turf with a curious, mechanical stride which was fascinating to watch. He invariably played a clean game, and he had a method of evading charges which had been known to irritate defenders who relied solely upon their superior weight.

He now swung round on his heel, and made for Stringer's goal. Bailey had a short tussle for possession, but was left standing, scratching his tousled head in perplexity.

He looked after the retreating form of the slim Crawford with comic dismay stamped upon his features.

"How the dickens did he get past me?" he asked himself in bewilderment. "He must be a second cousin to a shadow! Well, here goes!"

He lost no more time, but bolted down the field in pursuit of Crawford.

The centre-forward, meanwhile, was trying conclusions with Bob Fender, the Norchester back, and he proved himself one too many for him. He made as though to try a pot-shot, and the ruse deceived Fender. Then, with a deft touch, Crawford put the ball clean through Bob's legs, slipped round him, like a phantom—and kicked.

Crawford really deserved a goal, and he would doubtless have been rewarded adequately, but for the fact that Stringer was opposed to him.

The lean goalkeeper had been standing nonchalantly against an upright, and he did not make a move until he saw that Bob Fender was beaten. It was at this moment that he braced himself and flung his long body straight at Crawford's feet, gathering the ball as he did so.

A roar of excitement came from all sides of the ground at this daring manoeuvre, for Stringer had run the risk of getting a dangerous kick. This possibility did not worry him, seemingly, for, having clasped the ball in his enormous hands, he rose to his feet, dodged a couple of charging forwards, and then flung the leather almost into the other goalmouth.

"Played, Stringer!" roared the admirers.

The goalkeeper, true to his nature, showed not the slightest trace of excitement. He merely adjusted his little green cap one more and propped his shoulders against the upright.

He was not able to remain in that position for any appreciable length of time, for a Bromwich back, getting a beautiful punt at the ball, placed it right on the toe of the redoubtable Crawford.

This man, cool, scientific, and experienced took the pass on the run, and, for the second time in the matter of minutes, beat both Bailey and Fender with what appeared to be ridiculous ease.

And once more he had but Stringer to beat.

He shot a glance at the goalkeeper, from beneath his beetling brows, tapped the leather forward, and then prepared to take a shot upon the run. He was travelling at a steady pace, and it was this circumstance which brought about a mild catastrophe.

As on the previous occasion, Stringer left his goal and dived for the leather, his bent back coming somewhere in the region of Crawford's knees. The fact

remains that the Bromwich centre-forward was unable to stop himself, and he went flying through the air like a stone from a catapult, to finish his involuntary acrobatic performance by diving head-first into the tall heap of snow that had been piled against the goalpost.

And there he remained with his head buried, much as an ostrich hides its head in the sand at the first sign of danger.

The crowd doubtless felt sorry about the mishap, but it showed its profound sympathy in a somewhat unusual manner, for the packed ground positively rocked with shouts of uproarious laughter.

"Get up, Crawford!" yelled a wag from the embankment.

"Yes, get out of that, old man!" shrieked another voice. "It's no good hiding! We can see you!"

Stringer punted the ball up-field, and then, playing the Good Samaritan, he laid a big hand upon the slack of the discomfited player's knickers and yanked him out of the heap.

length, he was a fraction of a second too late to avert the trouble.

The leather ran up the rigging like a live thing, and the referee's shrill blast was drowned by the simultaneous shout of:

"Goal!"

The Norchester players swarmed round their skipper as he fought his way to the centre-line, and he was heartily glad when the ball was set in motion once more.

It was at this stage of hostilities that the watery sun had its efforts rewarded, for the cold, fleecy clouds gave way to its mild rays. It seemed to have very little power, however, although the snow upon the stands began to thaw.

A constant drip, drip of icy water commenced, and a number of sportsmen, receiving those drips down their collars, murmured many uncomplimentary things about the belated sun.

The game was very even, for both sides were well-matched.

Jepson, the Norchester outside-left and the Rundle's fellow, was playing



Swish! An avalanche of snow tobogganed from the roof of the stand, enveloping the players who were struggling for possession of the ball.

Crawford looked dazed as he stood upright and glanced up at the funereal-faced Stringer.

"What—what happened?" he asked, bewildered.

The Norchester goalie shook his red head.

"I thought you were doing that for a wager," he returned with the ghost of a smile.

Crawford shot a suspicious glance at the gaunt figure, and then grinned ruefully.

"Yes, that sort of thing's a habit with me," he said, quietly. "Brother of mine broke his neck for a wager. He wanted to find out if it'd cure his catarrh!"

He swung round and trotted off down the field, having the doubtful pleasure of seeing Jack Denyer get a goal with a shot which beat the goalkeeper from the word "go." It was a perfect "daisy cutter," which scored from what appeared to be an impossible angle, and though the goalie flung himself full-

the game of his life, his dashes along the wing elicited roars of applause from the crowd.

The opposing half-backs could do nothing against him, his footwork and speed being alike phenomenal.

The best the Bromwich defence could do was to tap the ball out of play, and this happened time and again.

It wanted a couple of minutes to half-time when Jepson was pulled up in this manner, and the throw-in awarded to the home side.

Brown clasped the ball and threw it to Jack Denyer. The youngster leapt to meet it, and even as he did so a roar of thirty thousand voices smote his ears.

There came a rushing sound—a vicious swish—and then an avalanche of snow tobogganed from the roof of the stand, enveloping the players who were struggling for possession of the ball.

Another splendid, long instalment in next Tuesday's "Boys' Herald."



## MR. HACKER INTERVIEWED

BY THE SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE OF THE GREYFRIARS "BOYS' HERALD."

"YOU'LL find old Hacker in a genial mood," said the editor. "He's just won a hundred quid in a Limerick competition promoted by 'The Weekly Welsher.' He's been trying for the prize for ages, and at last he's pulled it off. I expect he'll be buying a car with the proceeds."

"But you can't buy a really good car for a hundred quid!" I protested.

"That's true. I should have said a Ford, not a car. Well, as I say, you'll find Hacker in a genial mood. He'll probably ask you to stay to tea. Talk to him nicely, and don't forget to congratulate him on his good fortune."

Hacker, as you doubtless know, is the master of the Shell. As a rule, he isn't exactly brimming over with the milk of human kindness, but I anticipated finding him in a good mood on this occasion. And my anticipations proved correct. He was as nice as pie.

### Congratulations!

"Allow me to congratulate you, sir," I began, "on your success in pulling off that prize. It was sheer luck, of course, but—"

Hacker frowned a little, but he brightened up as I went on:

"I'm awfully interested in Limericks, sir, and I wish you'd tell me how it was done."

"With pleasure, my boy!"

"Are you a distant relative of the editor's?"

"What?"

"Or does your cousin happen to be on the adjudication staff of 'The Weekly Welsher'?"

"How dare you make such libellous insinuations?" exclaimed Hacker.

"Everything was perfectly square and above board, and my last line was rightly adjudged to be the best sent in."

"What was the Limerick, sir?"

### The Limerick!

"The first four lines were as follows:

"There was a young man of Dundee,  
Who went out one night on the spree,  
But he got in the way  
Of a big brewers' dray——"

"And your last line, sir?"

"And there was a young man of Dundee!"

"I don't see much in that, sir," I said. "You've rhymed 'Dundee' with 'Dundee.' Why, you might as well rhyme 'bun' with 'coconut-matting'!"

"Boy!"

"No offence, sir!" I said hastily. "Would you be good enough to show me how to write a last line?"

"Certainly!" said Hacker. "Now, in this week's issue of 'The Weekly Welsher' the following Limerick appears:

"A cannibal, out in Malacca,  
Found business got slacker and slacker.  
Said he, 'I have need  
Of a jolly good feed——'"

"So he came and devoured Mr. Hacker!" I said, with a burst of inspiration.

After which, Hacker nearly devoured me! I left his study alive—but only just!



# Sports of all Sorts

BY VERNON-SMITH

## ALL-THE-YEAR-ROUND SKATING!

OWING to the very uncertain weather in this dear old country of ours, few of us ever get a fair chance to indulge in that ideal winter sport—ice skating. No sooner do we sharpen our skates and set off for the frozen pond than it pours with rain, or else the sun bursts forth in all its glory and we only sigh to sit in the shade somewhere and eat ice-creams.

But there is one species of skating that can be indulged in either out-of-doors or indoors at every season of the year, even in England. I refer to roller-skating, which, as a sport, affords quite as much exercise, even though it lacks some of the exquisite delight of the genuine ice-skating.

Roller-skating has two advantages apart from the fact that it can be indulged in when ice-skating is impossible. Firstly, it is easier to learn, and, secondly, a larger variety of movement can be practised.

For a little over £1 you can acquire a pair of steel roller-skates, and then you should make your way to your local skating-rink, which is quite the best place wherein to learn the art. If you can afford to spend a little extra money it will pay you to hire skates at the rink for the first half-dozen times you attend instead of buying a pair right away. The reason for this advice is that there is a great deal of difference in skates, and you should try those with boxwood wheels, steel wheels, and those with aluminium rollers of as many patterns as possible, finally selecting the type which suits you best. Personally, I like those with aluminium rollers and ball-bearings, but these cost £3 10s. a pair, or thereabouts.

### THE FIRST FALL-TERING STEPS!

If you have never tried roller-skating before you must expect a few falls before you become proficient in the art. Here comes in the advantage of learning at a proper rink, the floor of which, being composed of wood, is a trifle less hard than an asphalt road or stone pavement. At first you will probably be tempted to follow the example of Smith minor, who, while practising the art of roller-skating, wore a third skate securely fastened round his hips, as he spent most of his time at the rink in a sitting position!

The great maxim for a beginner in roller-skating is to take things easily. Instead of starting to rush off round the rink, as you may see your more experienced chums doing, just try walking round. Easy roller-skating is not at all unlike walking. The movements are practically identical, for you carry one foot forward, raising the heel first and exerting a slight pressure from the toe; then place the foot down squarely and repeat the process with the other foot. The feet should be turned outwards a little, and the body inclined forward a trifle—not all doubled up as though you are suffering from a bad pain in the pinny. When you feel yourself falling, don't make frantic efforts to clutch the skater who happens to be passing you at the time. He will probably resent your efforts to make a human prop of him, and, anyway, there is far more danger to yourself by adopting that procedure than by allowing your muscles to relax and accepting your fall as gracefully as possible.

As it is most important that you should be able to turn either to the right hand or to the left, for the purpose of avoiding other skaters and so forth, you should early practise the art of turning. This is really quite simple, but again you must remember the maxim about taking things easily. To take a path to the left the right toe must be brought over before the left foot, at the same time a slight turn being made on the left toe. The movement is almost identical with that in walking when you have to turn round a street corner. Of course, to turn to the right the left foot is brought over, but don't make the mistake of taking too big a step. In your first practice of roller-skating you will find the safe rule to be content with taking short steps in all that you do. By this means you will not make the acquaintance of the hard, unfeeling floor as many times as you will if you are too ambitious.

### THE CROSS ROLL.

When you can skate decently you will want to try some of the hundred and one tricks that you see others performing. Space does not permit me to elaborate on these, but here is one called the cross roll that has the advantage of being very easy, while looking effective and even dangerous. Having mastered the way to turn corners thoroughly you should have no difficulty in doing this trick after a few tries. Lift the rear foot well up, and slowly bring it over in front of the other, placing it down on the other side of your body. Repeat this with the other foot. If you do this properly you will find you will roll from side to side with an easy, rhythmical motion.

An American called Allie Moore once covered three miles in less than eight minutes on roller-skates. This speed works out to considerably more than twenty miles per hour!

Another Sports Chat Next Tuesday.



# £10 IN PRIZES EVERY WEEK!

## "BOYS' HEROES" COMPETITION, No. 2.

**1st PRIZE £5.**

**3 PRIZES OF HAMPERS.**  
(Filled with Delicious Tuck.)

**8 PRIZES OF 5s. EACH.**

ON this page you will find a picture-puzzle dealing with some famous boys' heroes which you are invited to solve. Bear in mind that each of the pictures may represent part of a word—one, two, or three words, but not more than three words. There is nothing unusual about the wording, and the sense of the sentence will guide you. Solutions containing alternatives will be disqualified.

When you have solved the pictures to your satisfaction, write your solution in ink on one side of a clean sheet of paper, then sign the coupon beneath the picture; cut out the picture and the coupon—do not sever the coupon from the picture—pin your solution to the picture, and post to:

"Boys' Heroes" Competition, No. 2,  
Gough House, Gough Square, E.C.4,

so as to reach that address not later than January 5, 1921.

This week our puzzle deals with three "Boys' Heroes." Admiral Beatty; "Bill" Hart, the cinema star; and a famous footballer. Now set to work to win one of our splendid prizes.

This competition is run in conjunction with the "Boys' Friend," and readers of that journal are invited to compete.

### READ THESE RULES CAREFULLY!

The First Prize of Five Pounds will be awarded to the competitor who complies with the above conditions, and sends a solution exactly the same as the Editor's original paragraph. In the event of no competitor sending in the right solution, the prize will be awarded to the competitor whose solution is the nearest.



The Second and other prizes will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit.



In the event of ties, the right to add together and divide any or all of the prizes is reserved, but the full amount will be awarded. No competitor will be awarded more than one share of any prize.







No responsibility can be undertaken for any effort lost, delayed or mislaid and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery or receipt.



The Editor reserves the right to disqualify



any competitor's solution for reasons which he considers good and sufficient. The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning the competition, and entries are only accepted on this express condition. Correspondence must not be enclosed with efforts, neither will any be entered into in connection with this competition. Employees of the proprietors of this journal are not eligible to compete.

ADMIRAL  T  S 1 of the He was the MOST DARING man in the regiment.

 HA HA HA 

BILL   3  R  M  S DISTINGUISHED M.P. Retires OFFICIAL of  Cow-boys.

Every  KN  the John Brown of

HRD, as  VILLA This SUPERB coat £10  Per.

I enter this competition, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final. If more than one coupon is sent, Each Must Be Signed.

NAME.....

ADDRESS.....

B.H. ....

Closing date of Competition, January 5, 1921.





# THE MYSTERY OF THE MIDNIGHT MAIL

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

**W. MURRAY GRAYDON**

## 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. Peter is imprisoned in a building on Dartmoor, 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. Peter and Oliver are instrumental in making their escape, but Sleath and Flindt make chase. Peter is recaptured. Steele, with the assistance of Inspector Lurking, made tracks for the fugitives, but their search proves futile. Steele is visited by Squire Chumleigh, who has received a letter saying that the release of his son may be had for £50,000, together with a warning that he must not attempt any treachery. Steele scans the letter.*

(Now go on with the story.)

### Steele Lays His Plans!

"WELL, gov'nor, you were quite right," remarked Oliver, in a tone of relief. "Peter wasn't in any danger."

"I didn't suppose he was," Steele assented, nodding absently.

"The letter was written yesterday, and this is Wednesday, so there are twenty-four hours to spare. We must get the better of the men, somehow, gov'nor."

"Leave it to me. I shall contrive some plan."

Squire Chumleigh was in suspense, and in a rage as well.

"Those infamous scoundrels!" he cried. "I would like to see them hanged! It is no less than they deserve!"

"Keep cool," bade Steele. "Don't lose your temper. Have you obeyed the instructions the men gave you, apart from confiding in me?"

"I am afraid I didn't," the squire replied. "I showed the letter to Ralph Vanderling. I didn't think there would be any harm in that."

"It was foolish of you. Very foolish." "But surely, sir, it does not matter if—"

"I know what you don't know. I will speak of it presently. Did you inform Ralph Vanderling that you meant to pay the money?"

"Certainly not, Mr. Steele. I had no such intention. I told him I was going to put the matter in your hands, and you would deal with the villains."

"You mentioned to him, I suppose,

that you were coming on to me from Paddington?"

"Yes, I did tell him that." "And what did he have to say about it?" Steele inquired.

"He said it was the best thing I could do," Squire Chumleigh answered, "but that you would have to be very careful."

"At the first, when you confided in Vanderling at Chumleigh Hall, didn't he advise you to pay the money?"

"Yes, he did. I wouldn't hear of it, though."

"I hope you were on your guard at Paddington. More than likely you were under surveillance after you arrived there."

"I imagined that I might be, and I was watchful and alert."

"You are sure that you were not followed here, then?"

"I am positive of it, Mr. Steele. I frequently looked from the glass in the back of my cab, and I saw no other cab behind."

Steele was dubious in regard to that. He suspected that Herbert Sleath or Jason Flindt had set a watch on the trains that arrived at Paddington from Newton Abbot during the day, and that the squire might have been shadowed to Welbeck Street in spite of his precautions.

If such was the case it would be greatly to Steele's disadvantage. His thoughts turned to another matter, and remarking that he had a disclosure to make which would shock Squire Chumleigh, he told him in a few words of the murderous designs of Ralph Vanderling, mentioning the conversation which Oliver had overheard at the lonely house in the valley of the Dart. The squire listened with increasing horror, and stared incredulously when the narrative was finished.

"I can hardly believe it!" he cried.

"That fellow Vanderling came to England to get rid of Peter! He wanted him out of the way so that he should inherit a million pounds! He promised to pay those ruffians, Sleath and Flindt, one hundred thousand pounds if they would murder the boy!"

"It is quite true," Steele assured him.

"He is a ruthless scoundrel, capable of any crime."

"I wonder if he is still in communication with the men, Mr. Steele?"

"No, he has dropped out of the game. I am certain of that."

"Well, I understand, now, why you said it was foolish of me to have shown the letter to Ralph Vanderling and told him that I was coming to you."

"Yes, he may try to utilise the information he has received," said Steele.

"You think he would kill Peter himself, if he could?" Squire Chumleigh asked hoarsely.

"He might, if he had a chance. He will not get one, however. There is only one way in which he could expect to carry out his evil designs, as I am sure he has no idea where your grandson is. I dare

say he has it in mind to hang about the Blue Lantern in disguise, and—"

Steele broke off, and looked at his watch.

"I am going to Bonner's Hotel now," he said. "I want to see if Vanderling is there, which I doubt, I sha'n't be very long. Ring for the servant, Oliver," he added, as he stepped to the door, "and have him prepare supper for three. The squire will, of course, be my guest to-night."

### Steele's Precautions!

THE disturbing doubt was still in Raymond Steele's mind when he left the house. He was strongly inclined to think that Squire Chumleigh had been shadowed to his residence, and he knew if his suspicions were right, his own life would probably be in danger.

Having slipped on to Welbeck Street, he stood in the doorway for a few moments. He went on foot, and more than once he looked back from a dark spot, or from round a corner, to make sure that nobody was following him. He relaxed his vigilance when he reached Bonner's Hotel in Ryder Street, where the information he got from the clerk at the desk was what he had anticipated.

He was told that Ralph Vanderling was not staying there, and that he had not been there during the evening. The American had lied to Squire Chumleigh. He must have had some sinister object in view, and Steele could guess what it was.

"Vanderling has not lost hope," he said to himself, as he retraced his steps homeward. "He thinks he may be able to learn where Peter Chumleigh is by setting a watch on the Blue Lantern before the hour of ten to-morrow night. And if he should succeed he will either try to kill the boy, or he will warn Sleath and Flindt, and endeavour to make another bargain with them. I shall have to be extremely careful. But how am I to outwit all of the scoundrels? That is the question."

A daring idea presently occurred to him, and he considered it as he went along. He observed the same precautions as before, glancing now and again over his shoulder until he arrived at Welbeck Street. He was positive that he had not been followed going or coming, and when he had stood for five minutes in the mouth of a dark passage, he was satisfied that nobody was watching his residence. With an easier mind he let himself into the house with his latch-key, and went upstairs to the sitting-room.

"It is just as I supposed," he said, as he entered. "Ralph Vanderling is not at Bonner's Hotel, and he has not been there. I don't want to talk of him now. I have other matters to think of."

He sat down to supper, and chatted cheerfully of one thing and another, trying to rouse Squire Chumleigh from his despondency, until he had finished. Then

he took from his desk a large-scale map of the Limehouse district of London, and when he had spread it out on a writing-table he called Oliver and the squire to him.

"Look at this," he bade. "I want to show you the lay of the land. Here is the Blue Lantern," he went on, putting his finger on the map. "It is a disreputable place, and that is about all I know of it. It stands back several yards from Chinafields, which runs east and west; and from that thoroughfare, opposite to the public-house, Canton Street leads down to Limehouse Causeway, which is parallel with the Thames. On the river side of it are numerous old wharves and warehouses which afford safe hiding, and it is in one of them, I am pretty sure, that the boy is a prisoner. It is not likely that he is in any other place in the neighbourhood. As for the thoroughfare I have mentioned, they are dark and fairly deserted at night."

Squire Chumleigh nodded.  
"I see," he said, in a puzzled tone.  
"But you haven't explained your plans yet, Mr. Steele."

"What do you propose to do, gov'nor?" asked the lad. "How are we to get the better of these men?"

Steele did not answer. Having put the map back in his desk, he seated himself by the fire, and lit a pipe.

"I have decided just what to do," he said, at length. "I have worked it all out. After luncheon to-morrow I will go to Scotland Yard, taking with me in a bag some things which I shall require. I will see Inspector Harkness, and make certain arrangements with him. I will then go on in disguise to Limehouse, and spend the afternoon and part of the evening in or near the Blue Lantern, in the hope of getting some information of value. It is very likely that either Sleath or Flindt will come there, and meet the youth who is to act as a guide to the squire to-morrow night."

"It will be madness," declared Oliver.  
"You will be risking your life."

"Not if I am careful. I shall be well disguised, and there will be little or no danger. I expect to be back here by half-past eight o'clock."

"And what if you shouldn't be, gov'nor?"

"I was about to speak of that. If I should not return by the time I have mentioned, you and Squire Chumleigh will have to carry out the arrangements I propose to make with Inspector Harkness. You will take the squire to Limehouse, leave him within a short distance of the Blue Lantern, and conceal yourself in sight of it. When the squire goes off with his guide you will follow as warily as you can. The chase will probably lead to the river, as I have stated; and should you succeed in learning where Squire Chumleigh is taken, you will retrace your steps. You will soon meet the inspector and half a dozen of his men, who will have warily shadowed you, and they will go back with you, and try to rescue Peter Chumleigh and arrest Herbert Sleath and his companions. I dare say I shall be home before half-past eight o'clock, however. I may get a clue at the Blue Lantern. There is at least a chance of it. On the other hand, if anything should happen to prevent me from returning—"

Steele paused for a moment, gazing into vacancy.

"You are tired after your long journey, squire, and you had better get to bed now," he added. "I will have another talk with you and Oliver in the morning."

**At the Blue Lantern!**

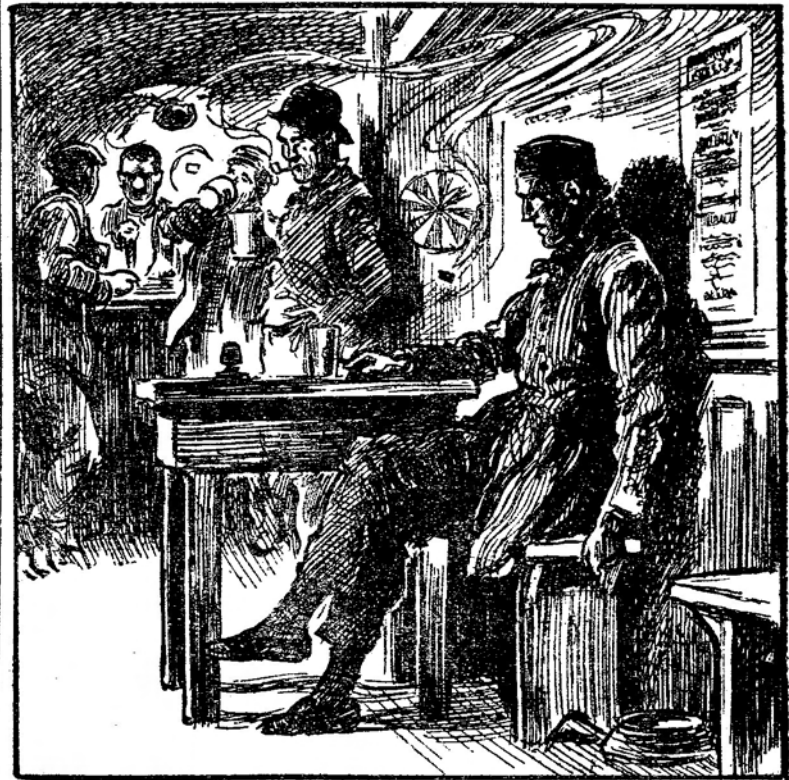
ON the evening of the following day a tall, lean lascar, with the greyish brown colour of his race, sat at a corner table in the Blue Lantern at Limehouse. His clothes were of thin calico, of a pattern like a chintz window-curtain, and he wore an odd-shaped cap of blue

velvet. An empty glass stood in front of him and he was leaning limply back against the wall with half-closed eyes, seemingly overcome with drowsiness. He was not, however. The lascar was Raymond Steele, and he was very wide-awake, appearances to the contrary. During part of the afternoon he had been wandering about in the vicinity of the public-house like a fish out of water, now and again putting questions to passers-by in a tongue which nobody could understand. Since six o'clock he had been in the bar of the Blue Lantern, and now, at half-past seven, he was feeling discouraged, and was thinking of taking his departure. His hopes had not been realised, much to his disappointment. He had heard no significant conversation, seen no person whom he knew. The dingy room reeked with smoke, and the people who were drinking, standing and seated, were foreign sailors with the exception of a few Japs and Chinamen, and East End hooligans. Coal-black negroes and yellow Asiatics rubbed elbows

He was not close enough to the couple to overhear their conversation, and he had no opportunity of sitting any nearer to them. For a quarter of an hour he remained in the same indolent position, leaning against the wall, while the two men talked in low tones. They paid no attention to the disguised detective. Not once did they glance towards him. At length they rose from the table, and as they moved away the man with beard and moustache remarked to his companion, in a voice that was audible to Steele:

"Come along, Slaney. It is time we were going. Flindt wants to have a talk with you, and he said he would be at the Ship and Compass in the Poplar High Street."

They left the bar, and a few seconds later Steele stretched his arms and yawned, and got to his feet. His suspicions had been confirmed by the remark he had heard. He knew, now, to a certainty that the elder of the men was Herbert Sleath. It did not occur to him, shrewd



A tall, lean lascar sat at a table in the Blue Lantern at Limehouse. He was leaning limply back against the wall with half-closed eyes, seemingly overcome with drowsiness—the lascar was Raymond Steele.

with Danes and Norwegians, and evil-eyed Malays.

"There is nothing doing," Steele said, to himself. "I may as well be off."

Rousing from his feigned lethargy, he reluctantly got up to go, and resumed his seat as a shabby youth with a bullet-shaped head entered the bar. He was known to the detective. He was a notorious crook, Slaney by name, but commonly called the Lynx. Slouching to a table at one side of the room, he sat down and lit a cigarette; and he had not been there five minutes when another person came in, and seated himself at the same table. He was a man apparently middle-aged, also shabbily attired, with a dark beard and moustache. Raymond Steele scanned furtively for a moment, and his heart gave a quick throb.

"It is a false beard the fellow is wearing," he murmured. "He is Herbert Sleath, I believe, and it is Slaney who is to act as guide to Squire Chumleigh to-night."

though he was, that Sleath might have feared he was in the place in disguise, and had uttered the words purposely for his ears should he be there.

Having passed out to the shallow court that was in front of the public-house, he paused at the mouth of it, and swayed against a post, pretending to be the worse for drink. He had a glimpse of the two men crossing Chinafields, and when they had melted into the gloom beyond it he shuffled unsteadily to the other side, and paused again in shadow.

"Ah, there they are!" he said to himself. "What a stroke of luck! I must keep them in sight, risk or no risk. They will take me to where Peter Chumleigh is a prisoner."

Herbert Sleath and the youth were about twenty yards ahead of the detective, walking slowly down Canton Street in the direction of the river. They were the only persons to be seen. They did not look back at Steele, who was about the



same distance behind them when they vanished to the left. He quickened his pace, gliding noiselessly on, and as he got to a narrow passage into which the men had turned, they sprang suddenly out of the darkness.

"I thought so," snarled Herbert Sleath. "It's Steele who has sneaked after us! Do for him, Slaney! Be quick!"

It flashed to the detective's mind that a cunning trap had been set for him. He was armed, but he had no time to reach into his pocket. Deftly avoiding a thrust from a knife aimed at him by the Lynx, he struck the weapon from the youth's grasp, and with his clenched fist dealt him a blow that hurled him on his back. As quickly, he swung round on Sleath, who was about to discharge a revolver at him.

Steele clutched him by the wrist, wrenching the weapon from his hand, and the next instant the two were at grips, fighting desperately. They swayed to and fro, tripped and fell, and rolled over and over in the street. Twice the detective was seized by the throat, and twice he broke his assailant's hold, and shouted hoarsely for help.

For a short interval they fought on, and then the end came swiftly. The Lynx, who had picked up the revolver Sleath had dropped, had meanwhile been dodging about, watching for his chance. And now, grasping the weapon by the barrel, he brought the butt of it down with stunning force on Steele's head.

#### A Message From Scotland Yard.

IT was early in the afternoon of that Thursday, that Raymond Steele had departed from Welbeck Street in disguise, bound on a quest which might lead him into deadly peril; and he had not been gone very long when he rang up Oliver on the telephone from Scotland Yard, to inform him that he had made arrangements with the police, and that in the event of his not returning home at the time he had stated Inspector Harkness and his men would be in readiness to obey their instructions.

The day wore on monotonously for Squire Chumleigh and Oliver, who realised that young Peter's life might depend on the events of the night. They had their tea at five o'clock, and at seven o'clock the servant brought their supper up to the consulting-room. Neither of them had much appetite. When they had finished they settled down by the fire, and sat there waiting impatiently for the detective to return. The hour of eight struck, and the hands of the clock moved to the half-hour, the time of which Steele had said he would be back. Another quarter of an hour elapsed, while Squire Chumleigh and the lad grew more apprehensive, and at length, sharp at nine o'clock, Oliver sprang to his feet.

"Something has certainly happened to the gov'nor," he declared. "I was afraid so. He has been discovered and caught by those scoundrels, and perhaps they have killed him."

"You don't believe that, surely!" exclaimed the squire.

"I don't know what to think. We will hope for the best, sir. Possibly the gov'nor has been delayed for some reason. But we must be off at once to Limehouse, and obey our orders."

"Very well, my boy. I am ready. But if Mr. Steele has been caught it will be more difficult for you to do what you were told, won't it?"

"No, sir, I don't look at it in that way. If the men have got the gov'nor

in their power they will be less on their guard than they would have been otherwise. I shall have to be very careful, though."

The lad was prepared for his venture. His features were disguised, and he had a revolver in his pocket. It was five minutes past nine, when he and Squire Chumleigh left the house, and they were soon spinning eastward in a cab. Having ample time to spare, they drove only to the Commercial Road, and went on foot along that thoroughfare, until they were within a quarter of a mile of the West India Dock Road. Then Oliver bore into a dark and narrow street on the right, and presently he stopped.

"This is where we part, sir," he said to the squire. "Take the first turning on the left, and when you have gone a little further you will come to the Blue Lantern, where the guide will be waiting for you. Keep a cool head, and don't worry. I shall be shadowing you, and I can count on the police to be somewhere behind me when the game starts. You had better be quick. It must be nearly ten o'clock now."

It was a trying ordeal for Squire Chumleigh, but he was a plucky old gentleman, and with a cheerful nod he left Oliver and pushed ahead. His tall figure melted into the gloom, and when he had disappeared into the side street, the lad held warily in the same direction, peering about him as he advanced. Stopping in black shadow at the corner of Chinfields, he looked to the left of him. The shallow court that led to the Blue Lantern was at a distance of twenty yards or so, and the squire was standing by the mouth of it. A church clock had just begun to strike the hour of ten, and as the last stroke faded to silence, the dusky form of a man or a youth emerged from the court, and joined Squire Chumleigh. They carried on a brief conversation, and then, side by side, they moved slowly across the street, and vanished in the darkness beyond it.

"All right so far," Oliver reflected. "There doesn't seem to be anybody on the watch. And now to play my part in the game. Here goes for it."

When Raymond Steele recovered consciousness, and remembered what had occurred, he was lying flat on his back in murky gloom, with his wrists and ankles bound, and a strip of cloth tied securely across his mouth. In front of him was a mass of old bricks that were piled high, and were overgrown with weeds, and by twisting his neck he observed fences to right and left of him, and behind him the ragged edge wall of a house. He knew that he must be in the yard of some ruined and abandoned dwelling, and that he was probably not very far from the spot where he had been attacked.

He was none the worse save for a dull headache, his cap having broken the force of the blow that had stunned him. His first thought was to escape from his unpleasant predicament, though he doubted if he would be able to do so. It had been after eight o'clock when he left the Blue Lantern, and he judged that he had been unconscious for at least a quarter of an hour. He was greatly troubled, fearing lest his plans should fail. He could rely on Oliver to be very careful, and he could also depend on Inspector Harkness and his men to obey their instructions. He knew that. But he could not be sure that they would succeed in following Squire Chumleigh and his guide to the place where young Peter was a prisoner, and that was what worried him.

"I must gain my freedom," he said

to himself "I simply must. Unless I can join the lad before ten o'clock everything may go wrong."

An additional incentive to Steele was his belief that, should Herbert Sleath and his accomplices not be caught in the police trap, they would return later to kill him. He was surprised, indeed, that Sleath and the Lynx had not done so. The only explanation he could think was of that they had judged it best to spare his life until a bargain had been made with the squire.

He was hopeful at first. He was a man of uncommon strength, and on past occasions, when he had fallen into the clutches of criminals, he had burst his fetters and escaped. But he soon found that he was going to have a difficult task, if not an impossible one. His strenuous attempts were of no avail, so tightly were his limbs secured. He rolled over and over, writhing and twisting, tugging and straining. When a clock struck nine he had made no progress, and for another hour he lay there helpless, renewing his futile efforts at intervals.

Ten o'clock struck. It was the time fixed for the appointment outside of the public-house, and the brazen strokes, ringing clear on the frosty air, roused the detective from a state of lethargy. Drawing a deep breath, he threw all his strength into one last, desperate attempt. His head throbbed, and his muscles creaked to the intense strain. But he had loosened the cords that bound his wrists, and by another fierce effort he snapped one of the strands. His hands were free, and with aching fingers, he tore the cloth from his mouth, and untied his ankles. He was so exhausted that he was scarcely able to rise to his feet. Tottering on his cramped limbs, he reeled against the pile of bricks, and clung to it for a short interval, his senses almost in a swoon. The dizziness passed off gradually, and when he had fully recovered, he hurried across the rubbish-strewn yard, and squeezed through a hole in the fence into a narrow alley. He held to the right, and, emerging from the mouth into a gloomy thoroughfare, he bore to the right again, and came in a short stretch to the corner where he had been attacked by Herbert Sleath and the youth Slaney. It was Canton Street he had reached. To the north of him were the lights of the Blue Lantern, and to the south, towards the river, was black darkness relieved by a couple of lamps. Nobody was in sight, and all was quiet. There was no sound except a low rumble of traffic from a main road.

"It is after ten o'clock," Steele said to himself. "I am too late. Oliver must have gone by in chase of Squire Chumleigh and his guide, and Inspector Harkness and his men have passed behind the lad."

He felt in his pockets, and discovered that he had been robbed of his watch, money, and revolver. He stood there hesitating for a few seconds, and then, bearing to the left, he moved in the direction of the Thames. A couple of hundred yards brought him to Limehouse Causeway, and of a sudden, as he perceived a vague figure in front of him, he darted aside and slipped into a doorway.

"By Jove, it is Vanderling!" he muttered. "I am sure it is!"

To be concluded next week. Look out for our two splendid new series entitled: "The Courage of Dick O'Dare," and "Marzipan of the Japes." Order your copy early.

## HOW TO KEEP GOAL!

JACK MEW, the Goalkeeper of Manchester United, gives you some more hints



**T**HE goalkeeper can, of course, try to catch a high shot if there is no one in his immediate vicinity—no opponent I mean. As a rule, though, forwards are not inclined to give the man between the posts any too much time to make his clearance, and while one player sends in a shot, some colleague of his is generally ready to dash into the goalkeeper with the object of brushing him over the goal-line while he still has the ball in his possession.

The goalkeeper should always be ready for these rushes, and if he sees that one is likely to come off just as he catches the ball, then he will be well advised to turn that ball over the bar.

The story is told of how an International match, played at Chelsea some years back, was won and lost by hustling a goalkeeper over the line. A forward on the English side dropped in a high centre, which the Scottish custodian caught in his arms. At the actual moment when the goalkeeper caught the ball, though, Hampton, the English centre-forward, hustled into him, and before the goalkeeper knew what was happening, he had been charged over the line.

Even if the goalkeeper does catch the ball, he must get into the habit of clearing at the earliest possible moment. It often happens, naturally, that he has to dodge this way and that in order to shake off the attentions of his opponents,

but this dodging is a risky business, especially in view of the fact that the goalkeeper must not, according to rule, take more than two steps with the ball in his hands.

It not infrequently happens that in dodging about with the ball, the goalkeeper loses it, and when he does that, then the probability is that a goal will be scored against his side.

One of the problems with which the goalkeeper is continually faced, is the advisability, or otherwise, of leaving his charge. Should the goalkeeper run out? Personally, I do not think he should do so unless the situation is desperate, or unless one of his full-backs has signalled to him to do so, while the full-back holds off the oncoming forward.

Suppose, though, that one of your opponents has got clear away from the



Before the goalkeeper knew what had happened, he had been charged over the line.

full-backs, and is making for goal in a bee-line. Then the goalkeeper should undoubtedly leave his charge to meet the forward. By so doing, one or two things may happen which will save his charge from downfall.

The forward, seeing the goalkeeper approaching, may get flustered and shoot before he is really ready to do so. And

a shot in haste may be a shot sent wide. Secondly, when the goalkeeper runs out of goal he automatically reduces the angle at which it is possible for the oncoming forward to shoot, there is a narrower space at each side of the goalkeeper than there would be if the custodian stayed "at home." But, of course, these cases in which both backs have been beaten come under the heading of desperate situations, and it is said that a desperate situation demands a desperate remedy.

So my advice to young goalkeepers on the question of running out is this: Don't make a habit of dashing from goal without provocation, and having dashed, go the whole hog and try to smother the man with the ball at his toe. This smothering of the oncoming forward is a risky business, from the goalkeeper's point of view, in that, it may result in a kick from which it will take him some time to recover, but thank goodness we don't think about this sort of thing when the goal which we have to guard is in danger of downfall.

Another of the things which the goalkeeper must learn before he can be really successful, is the art of anticipation. I don't know that this can be cultivated, perhaps it is more of a gift than anything else—like red hair, for instance.

At the same time, the goalkeeper can do something towards learning how to anticipate the direction of a shot by keeping his eyes wide open. The man with the ball, when about to shoot, may look up in the direction of one corner of the goal. That look is full of meaning to the wise goalkeeper, for he will immediately move a little way towards the corner of the goal indicated by the casual glance. Many a shot is termed unstoppable by the critics which really would have been stoppable had the goalkeeper been in the right position. But, as I say, the art of getting into the right position can only be gained by experience.

*Jack Mew*

Another football article next week.

## OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

PRIZES FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE

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

### SOME KICK.

There was a junior house match on at Greyfriars, and in the middle of it, Micky Desmond, who had been given a chance to show what he was made of, called to the referee:

"Hi, ref!" he yelled. "Somebody's kicked me on the leg!"

"Oh," said the ref, "that was a foul!"

"Begorra!" cried Micky. "It felt more like a mule!"—Money prize sent to George Jones, 281, Great Homer Street, Liverpool.

### AND THERE IT STAYED.

"I say," said Billy Bunter in a quiet voice. "I felt a hand under my pillow last night trying to steal my beautiful gold watch."

"And has it gone?" asked Alonzo Todd anxiously.

"No," answered Bunter, "but it's just going."—Money prize sent to Sam Malone, 16, Eliza Street, near Broughton, Salford.

### OUR TUCK HAMPER WINNER. SOME NEW KNOWLEDGE FOR YOU.

Billy and Bessie Bunter were spending a day at the Zoo. Suddenly Billy pointed to a camel which was being led around the grounds.

"I say, Bessie, old girl, what is that?" he asked.

Bessie Bunter: "Eh? That thing? Oh, an ostrich, of course!"

Billy B. (dubiously): "Ahem! Is it? But I say, then, where on earth are its feathers?"

Bessie B. "Don't betray such dreadful ignorance, Billy; don't you know all ostriches moult in the spring!"—Tuck Hamper sent to Miss H. Buchan, Station House, North Mount Vernon, Tollcross, Glasgow.

### OUT OF PLACE.

Lunatic (entering asylum with attendant): "Is that clock right?"

Attendant: "Yes, quite right!"

Lunatic: "What on earth is it doing here, then?"—Money Prize sent to G. Frazer, 5, Gartlea Road, Ardrie, Lanarkshire.

### WHY?

It was Monday morning, and the rent collector was pursuing his dreary task. When he arrived at the delightful abode of Mr. Dinglem-Danglem.

Master D-D opened the door, and with an air of one who had learned his message well, said:

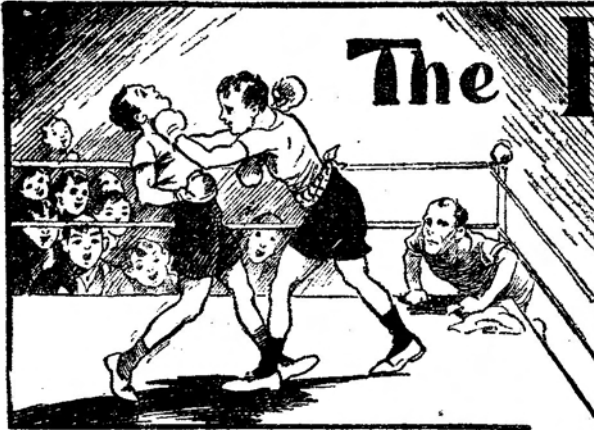
"Mother and father's out. Will you kindly call on Friday?"

"H'm!" said the collector. He would have said more, but it did not seem of much use. Then a thought struck him, and he asked "Why Friday?"

"That's what I want to know!" replied the little man. "Unless it's 'cos we're going to move on Thursday!"—Money Prize sent to L. Herrington, 59, Lorne Street, Reading, Berks.



**START NOW! Our Great New Serial of School & Sport**



# The FIGHTING BREED

By **ANDREW GRAY**

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

## READ THIS FIRST.

Jack Blundell and Guy Caldecott, both of St. Bartlemys, are rivals for school honours. Jack Blundell is the favourite of the majority of the boys. In the fight for the Public Schools' Championship Jack knocks out Caldecott, but is accused of foul play. Furthermore, the Head brings news that the papers in connection with the scholarship examinations have been tampered with, suspicion falling on Jack because of a dirty trick played on him by his stepbrother, Ken. Jack forces Ken to tell him the whole story. Jack confides in Kip, the gym-instructor, and the two leave St. Bartlemys for Jack's home in London. Here Jack is despised.

Through Kip he meets Captain Braggs, the Fighting Bargee, who matches him against Linsky, a regular "man-eater," to win a wager for Lord Brandish. Jack and Kip leave for Gippham, and whilst in training there, a party of paper-chasers from the school, together with Ken, cross their path. Through Ken, Jack is accused of stealing the boxing fees. Jack's anger is aroused. The party are scuttling through the piggery when Lord Brandish and Mr. Jeeves appear on the scene.

(Now go on with the story.)

### A Chat With Lord Brandish!

"**H**A! Lord Brandish! I'm glad you've come," hailed Jack, greeting his patron with a real feeling of relief. "You've engaged me to box in a big match for you, and it's only right you should know more about me than you do.

"All these fellows—and two hiding in the pig-sty here," he continued, still prodding with his pole, "belong to St. Bartlemys' School. I used to belong there, too."

"So you did? I gathered as much," murmured his lordship, so far only amused.

"But I was expelled—three days ago. Kicked out on a charge of which I am innocent. But that you'll have to judge for yourself."

"Charge of what?" suggested his lordship mildly.

"Priggish exam-papers; the notion being that I was trying to win a scholarship that way—by fraud. But now it seems they're accusing me of taking money also."

Now Mr. Jeeves who had arrived on the scene simultaneously with his lordship, had been pointedly ignored so far. And he did not like it.

He had been turned out of a cosy armchair by the Head to go and scour the country for stragglers from the paper-chase, to inquire the reason of their lagging and march them home.

Consequently he was primmed up for a row.

And now to find them brawling round a common public-house, with his peevish aversion, Jack Blundell, at the bottom of the trouble again, made him bristle more than ever. So he cut in at this.

"And you did steal money," he declared. "You took the whole of the boxing entrance-fees that were entrusted to you. Deny it, if you dare!"

Jack glared at him. He jerked out the pole, and Mr. Jeeves skipped back on the defensive.

"I do deny it. I say you are as big a liar as the rest here, if you state that!" was his hot rejoinder. "I left that money safe behind me in a cashbox; for you or anyone to find."

"And that's a lie, too!" bawled Nash's voice at this above the protests of the porkers. "The lid was forced, and you forced it. You threatened Allison here, you were going to do it. He's just said so."

Now this was pure improvisation on Nash's part. But it was quite a likely thing to happen and Ken backed it up.

They were so confident that they had their victim now, that they peered boldly out from the low door of the pig-sty, defying the enraged sow and her family of nine young porkers.

That they were a loathly looking pair, splashed with filth, seemed not to occur to them. They leered and jeered at Jack, who was for the moment non-plussed by their brazen treachery.

Mr. Jeeves, who was not above being impressed that this was a real live lord whom they were entertaining in this original fashion, smirked and snorted.

"There. Sufficient evidence, I think, to satisfy the most exacting. His own stepbrother has to bear testimony to his crime," he laughed bitterly.

"So you see, my lord," he added, turning to Lord Brandish, "if you have been so soft-hearted as to offer employment to this young reprobate, you behold him now unmasked, for what he is, a lad who knows neither honesty nor truth."

"Sir!" thundered Jack at this. Away went the pole he was clutching. He grabbed his slanderer by the collar with one hand and his trousers by the other. With one hoist and a heave, he swung him bodily into the air and dropped him also into the sty.

The master fell on top of the old sow as it happened, who at that moment seemed to have decided that she had already suffered more indignity than she could bear.

With a squeal like a steam engine, she snatched his coat-tails in her wicked old teeth, and pulling these over his luckless head, began to tow him backward round and round through all the

slush; while all the little porkers skipped and jumped on top of him.

Lord Brandish simply collapsed with laughter. So did Kip. So did the boys—except Nash and Ken, that is. Cut to ribbons by sharp little hoofs; soused and half-suffocated, they fought their way out of their refuge at last, burst through the crowd and ran for their lives.

Nor did Mr. Jeeves have much more to say, when at last they pulled him out by the heels; except that Jack and Kip, and Lord Brandish, too, would all find themselves in the lock-up before night.

"Yes, sir. You, sir," he stormed, while Lord Brandish held his nose and urgently requested him to keep to leeward of him. "Laugh on—laugh on! But if you've befriended this young scoundrel, you're the only person in the world who will. His own father has disowned him. Yes, his own father! He knows the sort he is. But go on—laugh!"

And with that he squished his way to his bicycle, fell on to the saddle rather than mounted it, and pedalled away, leaving a scent behind him much more powerful than any laid by the paper-chasers that day.

Bryan and the other fellows had the grace to take themselves off, too. Lord Brandish faced Jack then, still purple with laughter, and asked what it was all about.

"Oh, I can assure you it's serious," Jack tried to tell him.

"Obviously so. I've never seen anything more soberly tragic outside a pantomime in my life. It's so serious that I've burst three buttons at least, and don't know how I'm going to get back to my car. But what about this yarn about exam-papers and cash-boxes?"

Jack told him, and even then his lordship was never serious once.

"Well, you, at least, don't seem to attach much importance to it," said the youngster, relieved.

"Importance! Having seen the witnesses for the prosecution in the very best witness box that could be made for them. No; I can't say they impressed me. What does your friend Cooley say about it?"

"Say, that it's all a pack of cruel lies, of course," answered up Kip promptly.

"Very well. I'm sure that's good enough for me. I don't want to hear any more." Lord Brandish assured them quite seriously.

"All the same, it's the funniest thing I've heard for donkey's years, and I wouldn't have missed it for worlds." And off he went laughing again so that they thought he would never stop.

He had come down to see that they were comfortable, merely, but next week they were to see him regularly, for he meant to put on the gloves and have a go, too.

"And look here, Blundell," he finished, turning to Jack.

"Randall!" corrected Kip promptly.

"Randall, then," chuckled his lordship, knowingly. "You're the son of old John Blun—Randall, I mean of the Imperial Sports, I suppose. In fact, I know you are already."

"You do? From whom?"

"Oh, not from Cooley here, anyway," smiled his patron. "But don't you worry. I'm not going to give you away. And don't you worry about your dad, either. Give him time, that's all."

"Hear, hear; and that's just what I say, my lord," chimed in Kip.

"But how could he ever think well of me again? He thinks that I stole money even. You've just heard them say so," exclaimed Jack. "And how can I ever prove otherwise with my own stepbrother lying like that?"

"That's for time to show," Lord Brandish said quietly. "Anyway, it will be proved, and meantime, don't worry. If you do you'll be no good to me."

This was true enough, as Jack realised. So with an effort he threw all black thoughts behind him, and the next three weeks, before his first fight as a pro., saw him growing fitter and fitter, until, as the fateful night drew near, he was in the proverbial pink.

#### Jack's Training Quarters.

**L**ORD BRANDISH was true to his promise, and so was Captain Braggs. Both visited Jack's training quarters, and this time the latter showed the youngster a true taste of his quality.

Before, in the backyard, with bare fists only, the Fighting Bargee had been playing a part, obviously. Now, veteran though he was, he gave Jack as hard a five rounds of whirlwind fighting as ever he was likely to meet with, outside a championship ring.

"I ain't scientific, p'r'aps," conceded the captain, as he retired, blown and blinking, after being twice through the ropes. He had fought himself to a standstill. "I never was what you call a hartist with me maulies, but, by screams, when I get going, I can mix it! And so can this young shaver, too, me lud. He'll do all right."

This was a high tribute, as Kip agreed. The Fighting Bargee was as strong as a bear, and more awkward than a gorilla. His blows seemed to come in at all angles at once. Yet Jack, once his first tremor of nervousness was over, fought back at him like a bulldog.

"And now I got some news for you," began Lord Brandish, looking suddenly glum. "I've been seeing that outsider, Major Slayman. As gentlemen, I reckon that this match would be fought under decent conditions—in private, in fact; with only our own friends there to see."

"And isn't it to be?" inquired Jack, who had been all along assuming the same.

"No, it isn't," answered Brandish gruffly. "Slayman—cunning hound that he is—has sensed the sort of chap you are. Blun— I mean Randall."

"Me? How?"

"Why, the venue of the fight was never discussed at the challenge. He claims the right to fix it now, and I'm told I've got to let him. So he's picked on the Polygon. You know, that dog's hole down Whitechapel, where all the scum of earth do congregate."

"Gosh! You don't say so," choked Kip indignantly.

"With the idea that it'll put you on your stroke, of course," continued Brandish, eyeing Jack keenly.

"Well, I don't know," conceded Jack, who did not like the notion, of course. He had pictured something very different to this. To have to make his debut in one of those frowsy, fetid fighting-halls of the East End, before such a mob of roughs and toughs, rather staggered him.

"Well, that's just what you haven't got to feel," blazed out Kip, after he had himself dragged this admission out of him. "That's just how this 'ere Major Slayman wants you to feel, can't you see? It's his werry game and you're mug enough to play it. You've got to shut your eyes to it. So stow it, do you 'ear, and look 'appy!" and he shook his fist viciously under Jack's nose.

There was no resisting this. The

making a show of myself for such scum, eh'aps to booh at," he could not help hinking.

Then he recollected that it was not under his own name he was fighting, and that nobody would know. Yet hardly was the thought through his mind, than a flaring poster blazed across his vision, with all its crudities of type and colour.

There, in largest letters of the lot, was the announcement:

**LINSKY v JACK BLUNDELL.** Jan. 20-round Contest between the Battling Cattleman and the Ex-Favourite for the Public Schools' Championship for a private wager of £5,000 to £500, between two members of the British Aristocracy.

"Great Scott! The brutes! Who did this?" demanded Jack, white hot with fury in an instant. "It wasn't you,



With a squeal, the old sow snatched Mr. Jeeve's coat-tails, and began to tow him backward through all the slush; while the other little porkers jumped on top of him.

youngster broke into a roar of laughter, and from that moment did not care where he fought.

"And after all," as Lord Brandish pointed out to him, "taking them small and large, you won't find a bigger lot of blackguards anywhere, than you will sometimes at the Imperial Sports itself. Only they've got evening-dress on."

This was true enough, as Kip agreed. So the work went merrily on, until, on the Friday night of the great contest, Jack and Kip, with the Fighting Bargee, all drew up in Lord Brandish's Rolls-Royce at the Old Polygon in the Mile End Road.

They were full of beans and confidence. Jack was fit to go thirty rounds if need be. His eye was bright and he was cheery as a lark.

Passing up between the lines of frowsy loafers skulking round the doors, however, he felt that former twinge of degradation stab through him.

"No, it don't seem right exactly, that I—after the home I've had at St. Bartlemys, should come down to this. To

surely?" he demanded, turning on Lord Brandish.

"Wasn't me, what?" echoed the latter innocently, for he had not spotted the offending poster yet.

"That! My own name! And that about the Public Schools added, so that no one can miss who I am! The hounds! Who did it?" he cried again.

Now Kip saw through the trick at once. His lordship had certainly sent in his champion's name as "Randall," for he had seen the contract. This then, was merely another cunning move of the major's, to rattle their lad and enrage him so that half his nervous energy would have spent itself before ever he saw the ring.

However, there was no use in letting Jack tear his temper to rags out here.

"You come inside out of this," he told him grimly, urging him by the arm. "We'll find out who served you this trick, never fear. But there's only one who would, of course, and you're playing right into his dirty hands by carrying on like this, can't you see?"

"But look at it! Think what my



pater will say. He'll think I've done it to drag his name still more into the mud. Everyone will guess I'm his son," declared Jack.

"Well, let 'em guess and go on guessing," was the snapped-out retort. "You're here to fight, ain't you? The more reason if folk guess who you are, that you should win. What good d'you think you're doing, standing out here screaming like a blooming kid."

Jack was not screaming, of course. He was only boiling mad. But he saw the wisdom of Kip's advice. Shoving their way through the crowd that had gathered, they gained the ramshackle dressing-room which had been allotted to them. A filthy, fly-blown place it was, too; that if it had had the March gales blowing through it for a month would never have smelt fresh.

The planks of the cheaper back-rows were right above their heads. The scuffling of heels, the whistling and barking as the minute drew swiftly nigh for the programme to commence, sounded deafening. Then amid a great roar of stamping feet, yelling and bawling of odds, the first competitors took the ring evidently.

Jack shuddered again with disgust and self-loathing. But Kip, who lynx-eyed was watching him for this very thing, flew at him again, pitching into him for a "ninny-hearted young waster," without the pluck of a mouse.

All the same, try as he would, the coarse japes and brutal "chi-king," every note of which seemed magnified by the timbers overhead, made Jack feel sick that he could have sunk so low.

The first fight was soon over seemingly. Yells and imprecations was some poor beggar's lot for stopping a knock-out blow and taking the full count. More stamping and cheering rose as a new pair was hurried to the ring.

Then the door of their dressing-shed was pushed open and a swell-looking man in evening dress walked in. Behind him, glowing over his shoulder, was a sallow-skinned, chunkily built figure in a dressing gown of blazing orange.

These were the major and his famous "man-eater," Linsky. The latter's seconds hung behind, grinning. Theirs was the next turn on.

"Ah, Brandish!" hailed Major Slayman, though it was on Jack that his sneering close-set eyes were settled. "All ready, I see! You've brought your lad?"

"Well, naturally," laughed his lordship, mastering his rage with an effort. "Five hundred is not a big figure, but it's always worth picking up—even out of the gutter."

"Ho!" sneered the other. "Feeling like that, eh? Well, we'll see. This is Linsky—"

"Whom we've not the smallest interest in, outside the ring," retorted Brandish cuttingly, making the major wince again, and his wicked eyes contract.

So far the honours were with his lordship.

Jack was fuming at white heat to accuse this cad in evening-dress with betraying his identity on the bills. Worse was to follow, however.

"Well, I'll tell you this, Brandish," spluttered the major. "I've tried to be decent. I've introduced my man—now I want to hear a bit more about yours."

There was such unmistakable menace in the way he flung these last words at them, that even Brandish's studied calm was shaken.

"Hear about mine?" he echoed. "And pray what right have you to hear anything we don't choose to tell you?"

"Simply this. The bills outside show that the name you gave of the man who was to fight for you was false.

Rumour even goes one better. We hear now that your man"—and he indicated Jack with a sweep—"is a thief wanted by the police."

"Sir!" thundered Brandish promptly, while Jack was on his legs, too, like a shot. As promptly, however, the man he was to meet slid in beside his patron. Linsky's seconds also invaded the narrow cubicle.

The only man of Jack's party who was not white hot with indignation at this attack on him was Kip. Instead of flaring out as Jack would have thought he must, he coolly grinned.

"Now, look here, kid," he told Jack, pushing him back on to his seat again. "What did I tell you to remember? And here you are playing this old snide's very own game for him."

"Snide!" roared the major swinging round on him. "Who are you referring to as a snide? To me, you ruffian?"

"Well, I shouldn't wonder—if the cap fits," smiled Kip smoothly, fixing him with an unwavering blue eye. "You see," he continued confidently. "I've been putting our young friend here," jerking his thumb at Jack, "wise against the kind of dirty trick I reckoned you might play. That bill stuck up outside, was wrote by yourself, of course. You meant it for to upset him, and so you have. But it's the wrong sort of upset, as you'll find out. It simply means he's going to wallop stars out of your precious cattleman, and then out of you; if he catches you anywhere within ten miles of this rat-hole after it's over."

"What! Confound your cursed impudence!" choked the major. This was far from the effect that he had been planning, needless to say. It was the other side he meant to rile and rattle by this intrusion, not himself. Yet there was Kip grinning at him as serene as summer sunshine.

"Your name is Cooley, isn't it?" The major sneered next, steadying himself to fire a parting shot. "You're another that was turfed out of St. Borstal or somewhere or other! Birds of a feather, I suppose? Oh, I know all about it."

"And about this young fighting-cock, too, never fear," he jeered, turning on Jack next. The youngster was confronting him with white stunned face, but unflinching eyes. To be denounced by such a cad for a crime he had never committed, was like a punch from a leaden fist. What could he do? What should Jack do to resent it?

And all the time old Kip was laughing sunnily.



**Billy Bunter**  
writes **FOUR**  
**PAGES OF FUN**  
For this week's "MAGNET"  
in which he gives his own ideas on how a paper should be run. "Billy Bunter's Weekly" is a screamingly funny feature no one should miss. See TO-DAY'S issue of

**Magnet 1½**  
The Famous School Story Paper.

"Oh, yes; you laugh!" boiled out the major, again realising that it was Kip he had to deal with, and who was taking the edge of this dirty and deliberate attempt to reduce Jack's fighting steam. "But I'm right, I know. Had I known before, though, I'd have seen Brandish hanged before I'd allowed him to palm off a pickpocket—"

But Kip's large and knotty hand was clapped over his mouth just then, and with a contemptuous backhanded shove, Major Slayman was slung reeling into the arms of his own champion.

Linsky was forward with a bounce immediately, to resent this handling of his master. But the look he met on Kip's rugged face thrust almost into his—that demoniacal fighting face—brought him up dead. Lighter and older, as he was, Kip would have gone for him like a bullet.

However, the major was not fool enough to chance the responsibility of his man being injured in a brawl before the fight. His time would come after. His envenomed shaft had struck home in the quarters where it had been aimed, to numb and rattle.

Whatever the youngster's fighting chances might have been before, his tail was between his legs now, right enough.

"Oh, come on, Linsky," jeered the major with a last leer into Jack's agonised face. "As for knocking stars out you—I'll lay another even five thousand, this time, that you put the guy to sleep inside five rounds."

"Done!" Lord Brandish almost yelled at him. "Done, you cur! Ten, if you like—"

But the major had his betting-book out in a flash, and was not to be tempted. Playing with such innocents as these, who fell into every little trap he laid for them, was the easiest thing at money-making he had ever struck. A level five thousand was added to their wager.

Lord Brandish, who would already be ruined virtually by his first bet, if Jack lost, saw absolute disaster confronting him when the door shut behind his enemy's well-groomed figure, and he had time to realise what he had done.

He saw now how he also had been fooled. As for Jack, it was impossible to say what whirlwind thoughts exactly were raging through his brain just then. He was white as death and shaking. He yielded as one in a dream to Kip's every shove and attempt to rouse him.

Time was racing on. The major had chosen his opportunity for this last curish stroke to the very tick. Hoarse shouts were already calling for Linsky and Blundell. Not a second's delay was allowed at the Polygon between turns. The swarthy-looking business-manager came busting in, sparkling with sham diamonds, and pulling at a huge cigar.

Jack was hustled out, meeting Linsky in the passage beyond. His opponent brushed past him with an insolent contemptuous grin. After him the youngster followed to the stage. Kip in his heart was thinking that it was all "UP" now.

"He's done us! The blighter's done us!" he confessed to himself, as he trod behind Jack's dejected figure, slouching to the ring.

But in the youngster's brain, one vivid sentence of Kip's was ringing again and again. "You're here to fight! Then the more reason—if they guess who you are—that you should win!"

Yes. He must win all right! If he was battered to death in the doing of it, he must win! His dad would swear, of course, that he had done this out of revenge. He must not add still further disgrace by suffering defeat.

Another instalment of this grand serial next week.

# PINKEYE'S NEW YEAR RESOLUTION!

Are you reading these amusing stories of Herlock Sholmes, the World's Worst Detective,

By Dr. JOTSON

**T**HE date was December 31st. In a few short minutes the Old Year would go out and the New Year come in.

Herlock Sholmes, resplendent in a dressing-gown of pale green with purple dots, reclined deep in his armchair, smoking like a furnace. Opposite him, his bulbous nose shining like a railway danger-signal in the glare of the fire, sat Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard. I squatted on the edge of the cocaine cask between the two.

After the clock had struck thirteen—ever since Sholmes gave it a wash and brush up it had worked overtime—the conversation turned on New Year's resolutions.

"My resolve for nineteen twenty-one, Mr. Sholmes," said Inspector Pinkeye, "is that never again will I seek your assistance in any of my cases. In future I shall only take in hand those cases I can solve myself."

"Splendid, Pinkeye!" ejaculated Sholmes. "You always looked forward to the time when you would be a man of leisure."

"I don't know about that, Mr. Sholmes," said the inspector. "I've a case in hand at present. A Burmese forger, who came to this country as a ship's cook, is at large in London. His name is Tuo Yaw, and he is a dangerous character. But I have an excellent description of the fellow, and to-morrow he will be safely under lock and key."

"Information at my disposal leads me to the conclusion that he has rented an office in the wing of a large building, owned by the Limehouse Trust, Limited. Moreover, he has had the temerity to put his real name on the door."

"A foreign forger, who is wanted by the police, has put his real name on the door of his office!" I ejaculated. "The man must be mad!"

"On the contrary," said Inspector Pinkeye, "the fellow is extremely cute! That is the last thing a criminal would be expected to do, and that is just why the astute Tuo Yaw has done it. The ruse would have deceived a Scotland Yard detective of less experience, but fortunately the case was placed in my hands, and I saw through the trick. To-morrow morning at ten o'clock a cordon of police will surround the place, and I shall lay my hands on my Burmese quarry."

"Ten o'clock," murmured Sholmes. "I should like to see the arrest."

"Delighted, Mr. Sholmes!" said Inspector Pinkeye affably. "And by all means bring along Dr. Jotson as well."

Promptly at ten o'clock on the following morning, Herlock Sholmes led me by the ear to Limehouse, the Asiatic quarter of London. Round about the building owned by the Limehouse Trust, by the riverside, were grouped a few burly men in plain clothes, Pinkeye's subordinates. A number of lascars and other seafaring Asiatics slouched along the streets from the docks.

We turned into a narrow street that skirted the side of the building, and Inspector Pinkeye stepped from behind a lamp-post and greeted us.

"Ha, good-morning, gentlemen!" he said briskly. "My man hasn't arrived at his office yet, so I intend entering the building and waiting for him. That's the place where the Burmese hangs out."

He pointed to a narrow door with a glass top. Across the glass in bold, black letters was painted the name of the inspector's quarry—TUO YAW.

A broad smile wreathed the face of Sholmes as Inspector Pinkeye led us through the door into the building. In the semi-darkness of the passage he halted and jangled the handcuffs in his pocket.

"We will wait here," he said, "and you can watch me nobble our Burmese friend, Tuo Yaw, as he comes in."

"Tuo Yaw!" chuckled Sholmes. "Look, my dear Pinkeye!"

He pointed to the glass door through which we had entered the building. My



"Tuo Yaw, I arrest you on the charge of forgery!" said Inspector Pinkeye.

eyes started from my head; Inspector Pinkeye appeared smitten with ague. The black letters on the door read: WAY OUT!

"Seen from the outside the words are reversed, and read 'Tuo Yaw,'" murmured Sholmes, "that is the name of your Burmese forger."

Inspector Pinkeye stared blankly from the door to the face of my amazing friend. Then his New Year's resolution went West!

"Mr. Sholmes," he cried, "I shall be the laughing stock of the Force when this is known! What shall I do? Give me your advice."

"My dear Pinkeye," said Herlock Sholmes, "my powers, as ever, are at your service. Feeling confident that you would require my aid, I came prepared to give it."

He drew from his capacious overcoat pocket a long, grey-coloured roll of what at first glance appeared to my short sight to be asbestos.

"This is what Kipling would call a 'whacking big cheroot,'" he explained. "It is, in fact, a real

Burma cheroot. It was presented to me by an Anglo-Indian gentleman, for whom I had secured a term of imprisonment."

Sholmes lighted the cheroot and puffed out a dense cloud of acrid, blue smoke. Gasping and spluttering, Inspector Pinkeye and I groped our way to the street. Sholmes followed, puffing away merrily.

"Come with me, my dear Jotson," he said. "You, inspector, remain here, and have your handcuffs ready!"

Leaving the inspector staring open-mouthed, I walked up the street with my amazing friend, taking care to keep to leeward of his forty horse-power Burma cheroot. Curious though I was as to my companion's intention, I asked no questions. Well did I know that Sholmes would not explain until the end of the story.

Sholmes strode on, through one narrow street after another. He seemed to be making an aimless tour of Limehouse. The curling whiffs of blue cheroot smoke he left in his wake caused the pedestrians to cough and stagger. White men, Chinese, Hindus, and Japs, threw nervous glances in his direction. Then as we turned back towards the building by which Pinkeye and his men were waiting, I noticed we were being shadowed by a short, stocky man of dusky complexion.

The coloured man pranced behind us, eagerly sniffing the fumes of Sholmes' cheroot. A beatific expression wrapped his features, and his eyes rolled in his keen enjoyment.

Suddenly Inspector Pinkeye hove into view. He made a dash for the little brown man. There was the snap of steel on the man's wrists.

"Tuo Yaw, I arrest you on the charge of forgery, according to advice received from Burma!" Inspector Pinkeye held out his hand to my companion. "Thank you, Mr. Sholmes," he said humbly.

Enconced in our rooms in Shaker Street, half an hour later, Sholmes made light to me of the extraordinary foresight and sagacity which had led to the capture of the notorious Burmese criminal.

"The Burma cheroot was a real inspiration, my dear Jotson," he said. "I had one in my smoking cabinet of that extraordinary type smoked by the natives. Limehouse is full of certain kinds of Asiatics, but a real Burmese is a rarity. The cheroot, therefore, was the bait. Its fumes penetrated to every nook and corner of Limehouse. They nearly asphyxiated some of the inhabitants, and I must confess that even my iron constitution now feels the need for something milder to offset its effects—a pipe of black shag, for instance. But to one man the fumes of that cheroot were like zephyrs from his native land. Tuo Yaw, the Burmese forger, came beneath the influence. To him the cheroot exuded a homelike atmosphere. He followed us—into the arms of the worthy Pinkeye."

"You astound me, my dear Sholmes!" I exclaimed. "The whole police force should take correspondence lessons in your methods. Inspector Pinkeye did well to ask your aid when his professional reputation was at stake. His New Year's resolution didn't last long."

Sholmes took a pinch of cocaine and smiled.

"Pinkeye's resolution lasted as long as most people's," he murmured.

Another amusing adventure in next week's "Boys' Herald."



THE Greyfriars

# BOYS' HERALD

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### A GREAT DETECTIVE.

On this page are a number of interesting photographs of Antonio Moreno, the popular Vitagraph serial artiste. Antonio is playing the leading part in a great new mystery film entitled "The Invisible Hand." His role is that of a detective, and he has many amazing experiences during the course of this thrilling picture. He faces death on many occasions at the hands of a villainous band of criminals, led by an extraordinary personage called "Iron Hand." But in the end the popular Antonio overcomes all obstacles and achieves success.

# 1 1/2d.



Antonio Moreno, as John Sharpe, the eminent detective, is a man of great resource and a master of the art of disguise. In these photographs you see him (centre) as he is in real life, and (right and left) in two different disguises. "The Invisible Hand" is an amazing film, and this story of a thousand thrills will be told week by week in the "Gem"—a splendid paper for boys, on sale everywhere, price 1 1/2d.



Antonio gives the crooks a surprise.

Here you see him in a tight corner.



In "The Invisible Hand" he travels all over the world, and perils and danger lurk all around him. In order to gain entrance to a Chinese secret society he disguises as a Chinaman.