



Chuckles 1/2d

SAVE YOUR FLACS!

No. 37. Vol. 1.

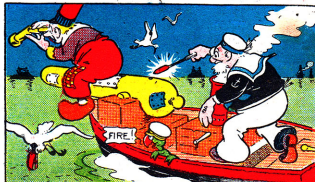
PRICE ONE HALFPENNY.

September 19th, 1914.

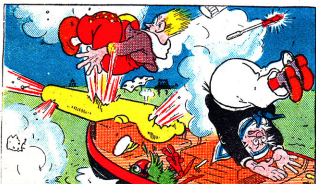
THE COMICAL ADVENTURES OF BREEZY BEN AND DISMAL DUTCHY!



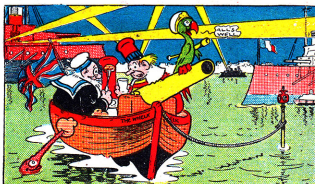
1. "Spoke me binnaclie, mate, here's a chance to help old England!" said Breezy Ben. "We'll just rig up a boat of our own, and then we'll show 'em what's what. We should 'ave helped long ago, only I've been wanted so in Parliament." And away our two varminted to the docks. "What a couple of picture-postcards they are!" said the parrot.



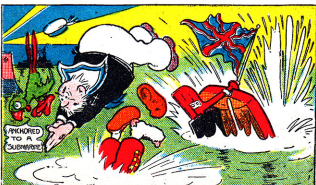
2. And Ben, with his sea knowledge, soon had a Dreadnought in grand working order. "Tell me, Dutchy, just when they're all gone down to sea," said he, as they spotted the enemy in the devil office. "and I'll give 'em one in the britches that'll make 'em squeak eight languages." "Ready?" "Yah, let 'er go, please," said Dutchy. "I'll watch der damage."



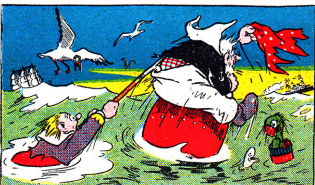
3. And Breezy Ben did. "Varnish me spinnaker-boom, but that gun must have been made in Germany!" howled Ben, as he tried what the world looked like upside-down. "This vos done my priches in for never; der won't be a lot of nap left on dem," blurted Dutchy. And the parrot yelled: "Give me half-a-dollar, and I'll surrender."



4. But they managed to clamber back all right, and they mapped out a new plan of campaign after they had tied the boat to a buoy. "What I suggest, Dutchy," said Ben, "is that we go close up, and you pop your face over the side of their boat, and then, when they've all seen it and turned unconscious with fright, we seize the prize and git our titles. See?"



5. But just then that buoy to which they had fixed themselves did a sudden and mighty dive. "Boiled beef an' carrots, sonny! we've bin moored on to a submarine look-out!" yelled Ben. "And the eurfew will not ring to-night. Here's for Bull and Bush, England!" Dutchy said nothing; he was taking a short cut to Australia. "This is my last war," said the parrot. "In future I'm taking the score only, please."



6. And five minutes later, when Breezy Ben had spluttered to the top of a mail buoy, he yelled: "Ship ahoy! But me binnaclie! won't somebody save little Benny? Ahoy! we've bin hit in the petterculum by a mouson! Help!" "If dem trouser give out, I'm a norphan—wot?" gasped Dutchy. And the bird remarked: "Go on, wily! If I'd a face like yours, I'd die a' it!" So you see how Ben and Dutchy are helping their country!

PORK! CREATURE!



Whoop! This is the great bio-constructer, who swallows a whole pig for breakfast every morning. Not quite so close to the cage, sir, please!

A "HAIR"-BRAINED SCHEME.



1. Dasher, the parades comic picture perpetrator, was going along the public thoroughfare, when he saw by announcement inviting all long-haired artists to a dinner. "You can't come, Dasher!" chorused some of his pals. "You have a short crew."



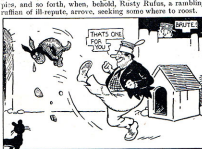
2. But Dasher was not going to be deflated out of that fool. Numbs, no he! He proceeded to cut his hair bit into strips with the aid of a safety razor and rollers he had in his waistcoat pocket.



3. Then he put the curls of the hair on his toilet, and brandied back the strips of the hair hanging from it, and made his way to the door of the room, saying, "I'm short!" "I'm a long-haired artist!"



1. Mr. Kitter, my social old justice... "Father said I was on the look-out for bagpipes, pipes, German sausages, pies, and so forth, when, behold, Rusty Bitten, a rambling ruffian of ill repute, arose, asking some wizen to roost."



2. And the drowsy fella did not see his host in response against an intelligent-looking rascal, Saffy, for which he recognized that, but, the poor little-dog's lament. "What a German trick!" I gurgled. "You shall pay for this, me lad!"

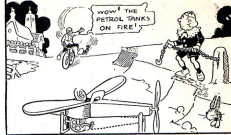


3. And with many-sorts, chuckles, chorives, and wuffles on his clover-cranberry-scented Rusty Bitten went to his room, but when he was in it, "In duty-like a dicker, sir, you may be sure. Rule, Britannia! say I."

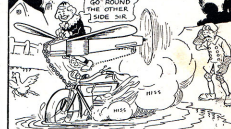


4. You see you perceive my little travesty... "The knave had no back to it, and I trawled through the hole in the nose-net grabbed that rascal, who was crying, 'What a capture!'—Yours truly. MISTAKE KUE!"

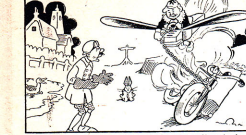
LITTLE TOMMY TREDDLES AND HIS TOY AEROPLANE.



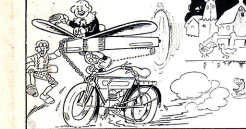
1. Tommy Treddles had been taking a little jaunt through the atmosphere, when he saw a motor-cycle in the distance. "Whee! my petrol tank's on fire!" yelled the man. So Tommy quickly signalled, and—



2. And he quickly trailed that motor-cycle through a jolly old duck pond, leaving the other fellow pondering on the bank. Oh, it was a wonderful race, but the water put the fire out, and the machine was saved!



3. He borrowed a chain from a near-by post, and ran in the air again. (Of course, not wishing to get his six-crown speed-the motorist jugged off the burning machine, whereupon our little pet attached the lamp to the bike.)

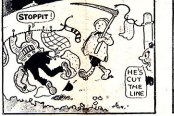


4. And the motorist was delighted with the motions of our hoary little merchant. "Good boy! he cried. 'I'm a Bunkhead! taking War Office money for my little Bunkheaders. You shall have two or three medals, so you shall!'"

O. K. POKAY, MIRTH MERCHANT.



1. 'Ow! me top!' The villain's pinched me top!" howled O. K. Pokay, as Toddy Tattler, the tramp, slept with the clock on his left, and on the other hand, "You on the line ain't good enough, I suppose?"

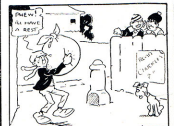


2. But just as the tramp was chortling to himself at getting away so easily, along came Gage Goggles, the general handman from the firm, and cut the clock-face with the sythe he was carrying.

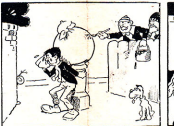


3. And a pair of sit-up-downs dropped over Toddy's socks and quite shrewdly made the proper fit for him look quite dandy, in fact. "Ho! Looey!" yelled he, while the O. K. gathered up his logs, chuckling cheerily.

A BUNDLE OF MISCHIEF.



1. "How?" prepared Jimmy Jiggs, this bundle of mischief is too heavy!" "I have a nib, the naughty! He's brought a pot of paint!" But he didn't notice the two artful fellows looking over the fence plotting mischief.



2. And while Jimmy was having a nice wash, the naughty! He's brought a pot of paint!" But he didn't notice the two artful fellows looking over the fence plotting mischief.



3. Then, when Jimmy continued on his way, with the bundle held in front of him, the good pot of paint, "Ho! Looey!" yelled he, while the O. K. gathered up his logs, chuckling cheerily.

A DARK DEED!



1. Lightfingered Larry and Herbert Harlow were being badly pursued by P. C. Noddums. "There! I got 'em!" Larry yelled. "You've got water and killy, if we're copped like this, 'Ebb'!"



2. But, dear us, what are they waiting for! Is it to give themselves up? Numbs, not a bit of it! "There! I got 'em!" Larry yelled. "You've got water and killy, if we're copped like this, 'Ebb'!"



3. Started waving their arms and legs about. And when P. C. Noddums saw it, he pulled! "Woe! it's a monster dog, or something! I ought to be going back on my best!" And back he went!

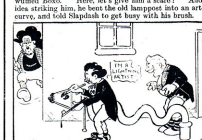
BOXO THE MUSCULAR MARVEL.



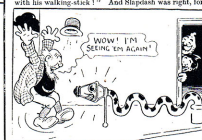
1. Our muscular merchant was standing taking in the scene outside a livery-stable, when up rushed Sydnah Spashnik, the artist. "Oh, boy!" cried he. "The square is after me, because I was sketching in his field!"



2. "Dear, dear! what a catastrophic old fellow!" wailed Boxo. "Here, but give him a scare!" And, as this striking idea he had the best part into an artistic curve, and told Spashnik to get busy with his brush.



3. "To-ho!" wailed Spashnik lightly, as he put in a usual bit of overtime. "If somehow have the idea that when that square sees this he won't dust my nigger with his walking stick!" And Spashnik was right, for—



4. When the square arrived and saw the little piece of Boxo and Spashnik's progress for him, he decided to go home to tea. "Great snakes and howling serpents!" I wish I had my slings!"

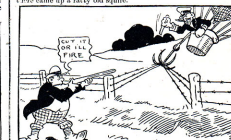
HAD A TAKING WAY!



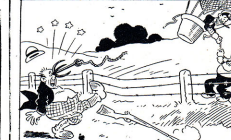
Bill Wainman (personally), "Kindly give a poor man, give 'em! All I've got in the world is this 'ere stick and loaded revolver."



1. Mr. Editor, dear sir—Whilst making a balloon descent, sir, I got an old fellow of mine, but just as I threw out my anchor, 't'was came up a ratty old pig!"



2. And he brought out a jolly old gas, sir, and pointed the thing straight at it. "Cut that rope, or I fire!" the old villain cried, 'or I'll put a hole clean through you!" See?"



3. So I hastily cut through the rope, sir, and the ratty old chap got his due, for the anchor flew right in his eye, sir, whilst I was hauled by my own—Yours very truly, Curran Xmas, three banks and two jewellers' shops!"

MAPPED OUT.



"Have you made any plans for when you come out of this?" "You bet I have. I've got plans of three banks and two jewellers' shops!"

"BALD" STATEMENT.



Fudgers: "Yes, I want a dog, but that one looks rather—oh—hairless!" "You bet I have. I've got plans of three banks and two jewellers' shops!"

NOT ALLOWED!



Teacher: "Precisely, your shoulder is up, but not in the schoolroom." "Teacher, I don't mean to. I was laughing out of a sudden the little best!"

FROM A NOVEL!



"The villain laughed up his sleeve." "P.S.—Our mad artist drew this!" "The Noddy: "You, you can't you have any sense!" "You, you can't you have any sense!"

LOST TEMPER.



Mr. Snugg: "Mistake, I don't mean to do anything in this house!" "The Noddy: "You, you can't you have any sense!" "You, you can't you have any sense!"

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"GRAIN" OF HUMOUR.



Farmer: "This year's yield of corn can't be beaten." "You bet I have. I've got plans of three banks and two jewellers' shops!"

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Farmer: "This year's yield of corn can't be beaten." "You bet I have. I've got plans of three banks and two jewellers' shops!"

RIGHTLY MIXED!

A Magnificent, Complete School Tale, dealing with the Laughable Adventures of Harry Wharton & Co. at Greycliffe.

By FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.
Toddy's Kindness!
 "Look out! Here's Cherry!"
 Bob Cherry of the Remove had hurried warning as he looked into the junior common room at Greycliffe.

Bob looked around suspiciously. It was Snop who had spoken; and Skinner, Stott, and Pansy, the black sheep of the Remove, were gathered round a corner of the table. Skinner was writing a letter, and he promptly covered the sheet with his hand as Bob Cherry's glance was turned upon the trio.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! What's the little game?" exclaimed Bob. "What's the little game?"

"Mind your own business!" said Skinner cheerfully. "Nothing that need interest you, my pipin'."

Bob Cherry sniffed.

"I suppose you're up to something rotten, as usual," he said. "Is that one of your proverbs?"

"Find out!"

Bob Cherry looked warlike for a moment, but he contented himself with a shrug, and strode out of the common room. He had looked in for his chum—Harry Wharton & Co. of the Remove—and he had no time to waste on the previous trait. Skinner & Co. were glad to see him depart.

Skinner removed his hand from the letter, and went on scribbling. When he had finished the sheet read it over. It was intended for Pansy, of the Fourth Form at Highcliffe, a fellow after Skinner's own heart.

"Dear Old Chap—we expect you this afternoon, in the usual place as usual."
 "Your old pal."
 "S.P.S.—Plenty of smokes." "H. SKINNER."

"That's all right," said Skinner, folding the note and slipping it into an envelope. "Now, who's going to take it over to Highcliffe?"

"I'll do it," said Snop. "Jolly long walk in this warm weather."

"I'll do it," agreed Snop.

"No!" said Alonso Todd.

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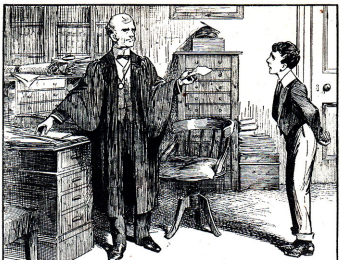
"No!" said Alonso Todd.

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"No!" said Alonso Todd.



"Listen to what your note contains!" thundered the Head. "Dear old Chap—we expect you this afternoon in the usual place—P.S.—Plenty of smokes!" What does that mean, Skinner? "I—I—!" The Head rose, and took a cane from the desk! (See chapter 5.)

large volume and rose, and put Skinner's letter into his jacket-pocket. "I must say, Skinner, that I am very pleased—surprised and very pleased—at that. It shows that you are by no means the rotter that most of the fellows think you are."

"Why, you ally chum—"

"—I mean, it's all right," said Skinner, calming himself. "The fact is, Toddy, it's your example that has had that effect on me. It is very kind of you to say so, Skinner. Would you like to read my book while I am gone? It contains a very great deal of extremely valuable information concerning innumerable 'snaps' and 'sent ones'."

"Thanks! I am just going to read a volume of 'snaps' and 'sent ones' to you."

"Skinner. Thanks all the same. Will you allow me the time till the hour came for keeping that appointment with Cecil Pansy of Highcliffe School."

THE SECOND CHAPTER. Slightly Mixed.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, Trumper!"

"The Famous Five of the Remove had come out of the gates of Greycliffe, and were sunbathing in his private paddock, where they caught sight of Trumper in the lane."

"Dick Trumper, of Courtford County Council School, was the great chief and leader of the Courtford fellows in their alarms and excursions against the juniors of Greycliffe. So as the chums of the Remove spotted him coming down the lane their natural impulse was to collar him and bump him."

The Courtford fellow had not noticed them yet, and Harry Wharton & Co. dodged out of sight among the trees along the lane, where they exchanged a grin as they lay in ambush for the foe of Courtford.

Trumper came along, whistling carelessly.

"This is where the reported Trumper gets it in the neck!" murmured Johnny Bull, and Hurree James Ram Singh, the Indian junior, retorted in his own language that the neckless-woman would be trumper."

"Shush!" murmured Nugent.

"Shush!" said Hurree James Ram Singh. "Trumper was evidently unconscious of the presence of the foe. He sunbathed on carefully, his way taking him directly towards Greycliffe."

As he came abreast of the juniors they made a sudden rush.

"Collar him!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Bump him!"

In a moment the Courtford fellow was in the grasp of the Removes.

"Hallo!" roared Trumper. "Hands off! I'm not a snop!"

"He, he, he, he, he!"

"There were five pairs of hands upon Trumper, but he landed the Courtford County Council School was a hard nut to crack. He let out right and left, and Johnny Bull rolled on the

ground with a roar, and Hurree James Ram Singh fell over him.

Then Trumper and Wharton and Nugent and Bob Cherry were mixed up for several moments in a wild and whirling mass of arms and legs.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Oh! Ah!"

"Yarrou!"

"Sit on him!"

"Growth!"

The struggle was, as Hurree Singh would have said, terrific. But the odds told, and in a couple of minutes Trumper was on his back on the ground, with Bob Cherry sitting on his chest, and Harry Wharton and Nugent standing on his legs. And the state Trumper was in was also terrific. He was smothered with dust from his coat, his collar and neck were gone, his hair was a tousled mass, and his nose was streaming red.

"Get him!" gasped Bob. "My hat, what a handful! But we've got him!"

"The goodfellow's terrible!" growled Hurree Singh, crossing a damaged eye.

"Gerroff!" gasped Trumper. "You thumping asses! I was going—"

"What do you mean by making a fuss like that?" demanded Harry Wharton indignantly.

"We were only going to bump you."

"He, he, he, he!"

"You're silly asses!" yelled Trumper. "I was going—"

"Never mind, where you were going," grinned Bob. "You're going to be fogged as punishment for resisting."

"But you noble sires take the trouble to bump you for your own good! Look what you have done to my nose!"

"We, and my esteemed eye!"

"Fog—march the boulder!"

"Legs!" roared Trumper. "I tell you—"

"Collar him!"

"Get him!"

"You're right, I sincerely trust you are not fighting!"

"My dear fellows, I sincerely trust you are not fighting!"

Alonso Todd had just come out of the school gate, and he paused to look at the dusty and dishevelled juniors with a shocked expression.

"Fighting, 'Lony!" said Bob Cherry. "Do we look as if we were fighting?"

"You do indeed, my dear Cherry!"

"I think so," said Alonso Todd.

"Apparitions are deceptive, 'Lony. We are not fighting. We are simply going to fog a muddle Trumper for his own good. Trumper is not fighting at all. He actually has the nerve to walk along here past our very gates, just as if—as if there wasn't such a thing as the juniors' Remove in existence. Lend a hand, 'Lony!"

"We'll follow," roared Trumper. "I tell you—"

"My dear fellows," said Alonso mildly. "I am sure that Trumper will object—"

"Lend a paw, 'Lony!"

"I'll follow," said Alonso.

"I am afraid my Uncle Benjamin would not approve—"

"Mind Uncle Ben now!" said Johnny Bull. "Lucky, we can get along without Uncle Benjamin's approval."

"No!" said Alonso.

"I tell you I was going to Greycliffe!"

"To your school?"

"To your note to the Head—"

"Oh!"

"And a ripping state I'm in to take a note

to Dr. Locke now, ain't it?" howled Trumper. "Fog!"

The chums of the Remove released Trumper indignantly, they turned and ran homeward. The Courtford fellow staggered to his feet.

"Oh, you asses!"

"Sorry!" gasped Bob. "Ha, ha! I mean, sorry! Why didn't you tell us you had a black note for the Head?"

"Did you give me time, you chump?"

"Ahem! As a matter of fact, we didn't," admitted Bob. "Now, if you had a black note that can't be helped. You can take the blessed note to the Head."

"Like this?" howled Trumper.

Certainly, Trumper was not in a very suitable state for presenting himself before the revered Head of Greycliffe. He looked very much as Bob Cherry remarked, as if he had been wrestling with a mule, and the state of the Famous Five themselves was not very much better.

"My dear Trumper," said Alonso mildly, "you are certainly not tidy enough to enter the presence of our Head."

"Oh, how now?" growled Trumper.

"But I shall be very pleased to take the note for you, if you like."

"Oh, good!" said Trumper, brightening up. "Here it is. Mind you don't lose it. It's an answer to an invitation to dinner from Dr. Locke. I believe. It's got to be delivered at once. It's from—"

"I will place it in my pocket, my dear Trumper," said Alonso, "and you had better be took the mulsive and placed it carefully in his jacket-pocket. I am very pleased indeed to be of service to you. I am taking a note from Skinner, but that can wait a few minutes while I deliver this letter. Skinner has—"

"But off and take the note, there's a good chap!" said Trumper, who was beginning to get down a bit.

And Alonso Todd hurried back to the school, while the other five, who had volunteered to accompany him, heeded it.

Home, and knocked at the door of the Head's study. The Head's deaf voice bade him enter, and he went in, with his valise in his hand, and under his arm.

"What is it, Todd?" asked Dr. Locke.

"If you please, sir, I have a note for you?"

"Alonso, furnishing in his pocket."

"Here it is, sir!"

"I have an envelope Alonso placed on his desk. There was no superscription. He slit the envelope with a paper-knife, and took out the folded sheet. He was about to advance towards the door, when he was startled by an abrupt exclamation from the Head.

"Alonso!" exclaimed Dr. Locke, in a voice of thunder.

"What is it, sir?"

"How do you bring this to me?"

"I have just received it, sir."

"Do you know what it is in this note?"

"I don't know, sir."

"Did Skinner give it to you?"

"Skinner? Oh, no, sir! I have a note from Skinner in my pocket."

"My dear fellow, you are a fool!"

"I am afraid you are a very simple boy. You may go, and you will leave your valise with me. Todd! Go!"

"I have a message from the Head, sir. I am afraid you are a very simple boy. You may go, and you will leave your valise with me. Todd! Go!"

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