

# OUR FIRST NUMBER!

**The GREYFRIARS HERALD** 1<sup>st</sup> 2

No. 1. Vol. 1.  
Week Ending  
Nov. 20th, 1915.

Edited by Harry Wharton & Co of Study 1. Greysfriars School.

CAN YOU READ THIS LETTER? OUR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.

**D** READERS,  **H**  **T** AFTER 

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**TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.**

(Full Particulars on Page 8.)



Readers of  
**THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,  $\frac{1}{2}$ d.**  
 who are not already acquainted with the famous schoolboys who edit this new weekly paper should note that **THE MAGNET** Library, published Every Monday, price One Penny, contains a Magnificent Long Complete School Story dealing with the Adventures of the Chums of Greyfriars School.

To-day's issue of The **MAGNET** Library contains

**THE CONJURER'S CAPTURE.**  
 By **FRANK RICHARDS.**

# EDITORIAL.



**FRANK NUGENT,**  
 Art Editor.



**H. VERNON-SMITH,**  
 Sports Editor.



**HARRY WHARTON,**  
 Editor.



**ROBERT CHERRY,**  
 Fighting Editor.



**MARK LINLEY,**  
 Sub-Editor.

## OUR STAFF.

### WE HAVE ARRIVED.

**T**HE Monday on which our little journal first makes its blushing appearance throughout the land will indeed be a red-letter day for us at Greyfriars. In the words of the poet, we have cried for the Day, we have sighed for the Day, and now the Day has come!

Hitherto, we have been complimented in certain quarters on the merits of the **GREYFRIARS HERALD**, but few of us ever dreamed that our work would be scanned weekly by thousands and thousands of our fellow-comrades throughout the Empire.

### OUR STAFF.

- Editor ... .. Harry Wharton.
- Sub-Editor ... .. Mark Linley.
- Art Editor ... .. Frank Nugent.
- Sports Editor ... .. H. Vernon-Smith.
- Fighting Editor ... .. Robert Cherry.

The nomination of a fighting editor may seem somewhat peculiar, but I may say, in explanation, that certain evilly-disposed persons not a hundred miles from Greyfriars wish to wrest the proprietorship of this paper from my hands. I therefore appointed Bob Cherry with the task of doling out hefty left-handers to these malcontents whenever they dare to show their leering faces in the Editorial Office.

### A CALL TO ARMS!

On another page will be found various messages of congratulation in connection with our first big appearance. It will be seen that the St. Jim's fellows mean to move heaven and earth in order to get a better circulation for "Tom Merry's Weekly" than we shall enjoy with this paper. A very laudable object, no doubt; but I think I can trust my many chums to see that it is not attained. The fact is, we want the **GREYFRIARS HERALD** to be the best, brightest, and most brilliant half-penny journal in the world! So rally round, readers, and bring about the desired end. Let this number be the foundation-stone of a great and permanent success. Send along any contributions you can think of to Mr. Hinton at the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C., and if there is any merit in them they will be published in these pages. Let us, in spite of the fact that wars wage without, put our shoulders to the wheel and make this paper popularity itself, abounding in good and manly features, so that the generations of the future, on peering back at these numbers now about to be produced, may say of us perfect sincerity:

"They were giants in those days!"—Yours,  
 in true comradeship, **HARRY WHARTON.**

**READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES**

# THE ADVENTURES OF HERLOCK SHOLMES.

No. 1.

## THE ADVENTURE OF THE DIAMOND PINS.

### CHAPTER ONE.

**S**HOLMES was examining attentively, under a powerful microscope, a leading article in the "Daily Mail," when I came into our sitting-room at Shaker Street. He looked round with a lazy smile.

"I have surprised you, my dear Jotson," he remarked.

"You are always surprising me, Sholmes," I replied. "May I ask what you hope to discover by a microscopical examination of a daily paper?"

He yawned slightly as he laid down the microscope.

"Merely an amusement, Jotson. It may not have occurred to you that by a careful examination of the type in which an article is printed, much may be learned of the man who wrote it; in fact, his age, form, and starting-price, with sufficient care and attention. A simple amusement for an idle moment, my dear Jotson."

"You amaze me, Sholmes."

"Not at all, my dear Jotson. I do not say that this theory is widely known. Scotland Yard would smile at the idea." Herlock Sholmes shrugged his shoulders, as he frequently did at the mention of Scotland Yard, and changed the



HERLOCK &amp; HOLMES.

Written by  
**PETER TODD.**

subject. "I see that you have not shaved this morning, Jotson."

"Sholmes, how could you possibly know—"

He laughed.

"Is it not a fact?" he asked.

"It is a fact, certainly. But how you guessed—"

"It was not a guess, Jotson." Sholmes frowned a little. "I never guess. I leave guesswork to the police. It was a simple deduction, Jotson, simply explained. After shaving, your face presents a smooth and newly-mown appearance. I have observed this on innumerable occasions."

"True. But—"

"At the present moment it presents a rough and hairy appearance. To a trained eye, my dear Jotson, the conclusion is instant and obvious. You have not shaved."

"It is simple enough now that you explain it, Sholmes, but I confess it would not have occurred to me. Yet I have endeavoured to study your methods."

"Rome was not built in a day, my dear fellow," said Sholmes, with a smile. "You must take time. It would amuse me to test your progress. Look at this, and tell me what you deduce from it."

He took a large pistol from a drawer, and handed it to me. I



There was a desperate struggle. In the midst of it, the door was flung open, and Inspector Pinkkey rushed into the room. (See Chapter 2.)

**A's** for **ALONZO**, the Duffer so mild,  
Who aims at redeeming the ways that are wild.

**B** is for **BUNTER**, in need of a muzzle,  
Who eats not to live, but lives just to guzzle.

examined it with great attention. I confess to a keen desire to prove to Herlock Sholmes that my progress in his peculiar art was greater than he supposed.

"Well, Jotson?" he said, a smile lurking round the corners of his mouth.

"In the first place, Sholmes, it is a firearm." I felt that I was upon safe ground so far. This much was, indeed, almost obvious.

He nodded.

"Go on, Jotson!"

"In the second place," I went on, encouraged by Sholmes' approval, "it is a revolver of the Colt pattern, which is manufactured in the United States."

"What do you deduce from that, Jotson?"

"That it is an American pistol," I said triumphantly.

"Bravo!" exclaimed Sholmes. "You are indeed progressing, Jotson. I am interested now; pray continue."

He threw himself back in his chair, and put his feet on the mantelpiece, in his usual attitude of elegant ease.

"There is a dark stain upon the butt," I continued. "I conclude from that—that—"

"Courage, my dear fellow. Go on!"

"That the revolver has been used as a paper-weight, and that ink has been spilled upon it," I suggested.

I was mortified to see Sholmes burst into a hearty laugh. I threw down the pistol somewhat pettishly.

"I suppose I am wrong?" I exclaimed.

"Excuse me, my dear Jotson." Sholmes checked his merriment. "I am afraid you are a little wide of the mark. That stain is not ink; it is blood."

"Good heavens!" I exclaimed.

"The revolver was found upon the scene of the Hornsey Rise murder," explained Sholmes. "You have heard of it? Seventeen of the most respected residents of Hornsey Rise were murdered on the night of the 4th. The peculiar circumstance is that each of them was robbed of a diamond pin. The police have concluded that the murders were committed for purposes of robbery. To that extent, Jotson, the intellect of Scotland Yard can go, but no further. They have no clue excepting this revolver, which has been handed to me. As a last resource," added Sholmes, shrugging his shoulders, "the police are willing to make use of my humble services."

"Better late than never," I remarked.

"Perhaps so." Sholmes glanced at the clock. "Nearly half-past nine. At half-past nine, Jotson, I expect a visitor."

I rose.

"Do not go, my dear fellow. I shall need you."

"You delight me, Sholmes. You wish me to observe and deduce—"

"I wish you to take the tongs, and station yourself behind the door," said Sholmes calmly.

"You will prevent his escape if I do not succeed in handcuffing him. He will be desperate."

"Sholmes! Who is it, then, that you are expecting?"

"The Hornsey Rise murderer!" said Sholmes tranquilly.

## CHAPTER TWO.

**B**EFORE I could make any rejoinder to my friend's astounding remark the door was thrown open, and our landlady announced the visitor.

He was a man of powerful frame. My study of Sholmes' methods made it possible for me to observe that he was a man of dangerous character. The handles of several knives protruded from his pockets, and the butt of a revolver showed from his sleeve, and he carried a bayonet in the place of a walking-stick. These details did not escape me, though perhaps I ought to admit that, but for Sholmes' warning, I should have noticed nothing out of the ordinary.

Herlock Sholmes greeted him genially. But the fact that he picked up the poker showed me that he was upon his guard. I secured the tongs immediately, mindful of my friend's admonition.

"Good-morning!" said Sholmes. "You have called in answer to my advertisement, I presume?"

"I have," said the visitor, glancing at him suspiciously. He may have noticed the tongs in Herlock Sholmes' hand.

"I am glad to see you," said Sholmes. "You have only to establish your right to the property in question, and it will be handed over to you immediately. This way, please! Ah! Help, my dear Jotson!"

Sholmes was upon the ruffian with the spring of a tiger.

I rushed forward.

There was a desperate struggle. In the midst of it, the door was flung open, and Inspector Pinkeye rushed into the room.

A moment more, and the handcuffs snapped upon the wrists of the ruffian.

Herlock Sholmes rose, panting, to his feet. He lighted a cigarette.

"Quite an easy capture," he drawled. "You are welcome to him, Pinkeye!"

"Much obliged to you, Mr. Sholmes," said the inspector, with a smile of satisfaction. "I don't know how you did it, but you've done it. A lucky fluke, I suppose—what?"

Sholmes smiled.

"Exactly—a lucky fluke, my dear Pinkeye!" he said, with a sarcasm that was lost upon the worthy inspector. "Good-morning, Pinkeye!"

Inspector Pinkeye marched the scowling ruffian from the room. Herlock Sholmes sank into his chair again, yawning.

"'Twas ever thus, Jotson," he said, with a trifle of bitterness. "Scotland Yard will never understand my methods, and is content to call my success a lucky fluke. But for your generous appreciation, Jotson, I should be discouraged."

**C** is for **CHERRY**. Here's health to you, Bob!  
Even cats have to laugh when you're on the job!

**D** is for **DUTTON**, as deaf as a post,  
Regarded with sorrow, not anger, by most.

"You may always count upon my admiration, Sholmes," I said fervently. "You astound me more than ever. May I ask—"

"To you, Jotson, I will explain," said Sholmes. "It may help you on in your study of my methods. The capture was effected simply through the medium of an advertisement in the daily papers. The murderer left his revolver on the scene of the crime. You are aware that lost property, advertised in the papers, is very likely to be claimed."

"I have heard so," I assented. "But surely, Sholmes, the murderer would not have answered an advertisement of his lost revolver. Might he not have suspected that it was a trap of the police?"

"Undoubtedly, and therefore I did not advertise the revolver. I advertised a diamond pin."

"A—a what?" I exclaimed in amazement.

"A diamond pin, my dear Jotson. Look at this paragraph:

I looked. The advertisement ran:

"FOUND, in the neighbourhood of Hornsey Rise, a valuable diamond pin. Owner can have same by applying to No. 101, Shaker Street."

I gazed at Herlock Sholmes in complete astonishment.

"Sholmes!" I ejaculated. "You had found a diamond pin?"

"Not at all."

"One was lost?"

"Certainly not!"

"Then, in the name of all that is wonderful—"

Sholmes smiled patiently.

"My dear Jotson, reason it out. Seventeen murders were committed in a single night, each for the purpose of stealing a diamond pin. Does this not argue that the criminal dealt specially in diamond pins? My advertisement stated, therefore, that a diamond pin had been found. Sooner or later it was certain to meet his eyes, and the rest was inevitable. To add one more diamond pin to his collection of ill-gotten gains would be an irresistible attraction for him."

"Most true!" I exclaimed. "But—forgive me, Sholmes—one more question: Suppose some ordinary member of the public had lost a diamond pin—such things happen—and suppose he had seen the advertisement, and come here—"

"My dear Jotson, you are supposing now, and my methods do not deal with suppositions." Herlock Sholmes yawned. "I leave suppositions to the police, my dear fellow. It is time you went to visit your patients, Jotson."

THE END.

(Another of these stories next Monday.)

## The Remove Football Team.

### BY ONE WHO IS IN IT!

Our footer team's a perfect dream,  
Applaud it, heart and soul!  
Away with "blues"! We'll never lose  
While Bulstrode keeps the goal!

The backs are Brown, of great renown,  
And Bull, a ripping sport;  
And side by side, when sorely tried,  
They hold the giddy fort.

The half-back line is really fine,  
There's Peter Todd and Cherry,  
And Linley, too; a noble crew  
That's always making merry.

The forwards shoot with fearless boot.  
What splendid chaps they are!  
When Wharton plays, in awed amaze  
We watch that brilliant star.

Another strain of this refrain  
Might make you look quite blue, gents.  
But mind you prize, and don't despise  
These ardent lines of Nugent's!

### BY ONE WHO IS LEFT OUT!

Our crackpot team's a perfect scream,  
It makes you roar with mirth.  
Such hopeless freaks cause endless shrieks.  
Oh, wipe them off the earth!

The backs are Brown, a stupid clown,  
And burly, blustering Bull;  
Try how I may, I cannot say  
Which is the bigger fool!

The half-back line no words of mine  
Could faithfully describe;  
With Peter Todd, so quaint and odd,  
The funniest of the tribe!

The forwards play in such a way  
To make the angels weep;  
And Wharton's game is simply tame.  
Oh, send me off to sleep!

This ghastly crew, so sour to view,  
Will never come out winners.  
So learn the truth, oh, Greyfriars youth,  
Of these remarks of Skinner's!

E is for ESMOND, who, too proud to fight,  
Once showed the white feather, but now is all right.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

CELEBRITIES, NONENTITIES, AND OTHERS, AIR THEIR VIEWS ON PASSING  
EVENTS AT GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

## RIVALS IN THE FIELD.

"Two the Editer of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—You may think, you have a clear field: in running your rag but I can tell you the Third, Form. Is not haveing any.,; we have desided to bring out a, weakly paper to be: called the " " " Juniors' Jernal,, which will knock. Your rotten production into a cocked: hatt. Take warning for our stories. are good and yours are bad our poetry is good and yours. Is bad and ceterer and ceterer. You may have a sirculation of thowsands. but ours will be millyuns so look out and take your grool from the Third, Form on whoos be-½ writes

"Yours

"Truely Dicky

"NUGENT."

[We must request Master Nugent not to cause so much merriment in our editorial office as to delay the production of this journal. We are determined not to let the fags beat us in quaint punctuation marks, so here goes! "£&'()-12:;@???.//: ::::000000!!!!!!&'&'&'\*\*\*\*\*" "\*\*\*\*", " ", "&111111..."""] An imposing array —what?—Ed.]

## THE NEW LIGHTING ORDER AT GREYFRIARS.

"To the Editore of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—As I feel very strongly on the subjiok of the scool being placed in total darkness after sun-sett, except that lights are aloud in the Close, studies, corridores, stares, bath-rooms, over the scool gates, and so on, will you please write a powerful letter to the Governmeant about it. We can have no midnight feests unless we can sea what we are eating, for some ass might eat something poysoned, and some poysons cause some pain to some people who eat or drink some. We must have more lights! Please write at once, as the Governmeant may be in the dark about the matter.—Yours in anticeypayshun,

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

[If Master Bunter will forward one penny (1d.) stamp of current issue, and not raked out of some foreign stamp album, we shall have pleasure in acceding to his request. We cannot supply the stamp ourselves, as we have been disappointed about a postal-order.—Ed.]

## THREE CHEERS FOR LARRY!

"To the Editor of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Sir,—I have heard with interest, not unmingled with delight, that you intend to present a weekly issue of your paper to the

great British public. As I am stationed in a lonely French village, where anything in black and white is welcomed with open arms, would you very kindly arrange to have a copy of your magazine sent out to me every week? I should feel deeply grateful for this concession.

"My heart goes out to all my old friends at Greyfriars, as I write this brief note in the parlour of a French cottage.—Yours ever sincerely,

"LAWRENCE LASCELLES (Lientenant)."

[The brilliant athletic schoolmaster who discarded his cap and gown and got into khaki can have as many copies of the HERALD as he likes. By this morning's post we are despatching a parcel of fifty, which the gallant lieutenant may distribute to the equally gallant men of his regiment.—Ed.]

## A WORD IN SEASON.

"To the Editor of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—I should like, through the medium of your paper, to lodge a complaint against those unruly juniors who persistently break the peace by punting a football about in the Sixth Form corridor. If they wish to enjoy the great winter game, there are some six acres of available ground close to the school specially appointed for that purpose, and there is no need for the unruly juniors aforementioned to trespass within the confines of the prefects' corridor.

"Let this letter be a warning to all malcontents, who, if they persist in this disorderly practice, will receive a liberal castigation with the ash-plant belonging to

"Yours, in grim earnest,

"GEORGE WINGATE,

"Captain of Greyfriars."

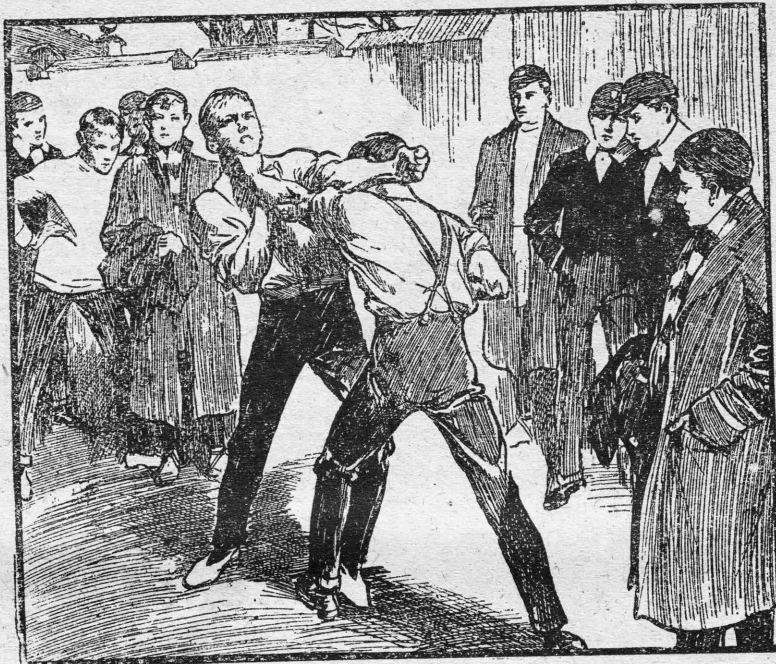
[Very well, Wingate, old sport. We faithfully promise not to transgress again—till next time!]

EDITOR'S NOTE.—We have also received a wordy letter, covering no less than eighty-four-and-a-half reams of paper, from Alonzo Todd, Esq., on the "Evolution of the Dark-Green Caterpillar." We feel sure, however, that Mr. Todd will readily understand our inability to publish his epistle, which, like the celebrated brook, goes on for ever. A brief extract alone would fill six pages of THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, and we fear our readers would find it, like the Sahara Desert, very dry!

A Magnificent  
New Serial Story  
dealing with the  
Noble Art of  
Self-defence, and  
Specially Written  
for "The Grey-  
friars Herald" by

**MARK  
LINLEY.**

And then the new boy  
seemed suddenly elec-  
trified. His fists shot  
out with a rapidity and  
velocity which were al-  
most uncanny. The fel-  
lows who looked on at  
the fight grew serious.



# THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

## CHAPTER ONE. The Fall of a Bully.

"PUT up your hands! Put 'em up, and, by jiminy, I'll give you the thrashing of your life!"

The speaker was Neddy Welsh, a sturdy, athletic-looking youngster of fifteen, and the fellow he addressed was a hulking lout with a bull-dog jaw whom Neddy had never seen before.

Welsh was, in fact, about to become a pupil at Earlingham, a little-known school in Berkshire. Only an hour before, he had been seen off for his destination by a doting aunt, and now, as he entered the quadrangle in his spotless suit of Etons, he came upon a scene which caused him to pull up short with flashing eyes and make the remark quoted above.

The hefty lout referred to was engaged in twisting the arms of a diminutive fag, causing the latter to let out squeals which would have done credit to a stuck pig.

"Do you hear me?" exclaimed Neddy, white with passion. "Let that kid alone, and put up your hands, you—you bullying cad!"

The fellow addressed, amazed at the interruption, let go of his victim as if he had been a red-hot cinder, and swung round savagely.

**G** is for GREYFRIARS, which cannot be beaten  
By Harrow or Charterhouse, Rugby or Eton.

When he saw who the intruder was, he nearly fell down.

"W-what did you say?" he stammered.

"I'm going to thrash you!" said Neddy, with a grim look on his bronzed young face.

"Me! Thrash ME!" shrieked the other, who happened to be the great Barker, Earlingham's prize bully. "Don't you know who I am?"

"I know you're a contemptible beast to twist a kid's arms about like that! And you're going to answer for it, right now!"

Without attempting to bandy words any further, Neddy Welsh sprang forward and shot out his left. The blow caught Barker on the point of his somewhat prominent nose, and he gave a roar which could only be likened to that of an angry bull.

"You—you," he spluttered furiously—"you young whelp! I'll jolly well flay you alive! I'll knock you into the middle of next week! I'll—"

"Save your breath," warned Neddy, removing his coat and vest and rushing in to the attack once more. "You'll want it, I'm thinking."

For answer, Barker snatched off his coat and waistcoat and doubled his huge fists

**H** is for HAZELDENE—oh, what a pity  
The fellow's a cad, when his sister's so pretty!

and fairly hurled himself upon this extraordinary new boy who had wantonly dared to celebrate his arrival at Earlingham by an open challenge to one of the biggest fellows in the Fifth.

Had one of the bully's sledgehammer blows got home, things would have gone hard with Neddy Welsh. But the new junior was elusive as an eel, and it was obvious that his knowledge of ringcraft was, like Sam Weller's knowledge of London, "extensive and peculiar." He seemed able to dodge the doughtiest of blows, however well directed, and, meantime, his own fists were not idle. He put in some stinging attacks from time to time, and Barker hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. It was all so totally unexpected.

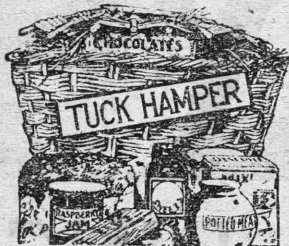
News of a fight travels rapidly, especially if one of the participants happens to be a raw,

untamed new kid. The fag whom Barker had bullied had sped hot-foot into the School House to acquaint the other fellows with what was happening, and soon quite a crowd assembled in the quad to gaze at the unparalleled spectacle.

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Neddy Welsh was certainly making himself felt. He timed his hits splendidly, and administered severe punishment to the brutish Barker. And the marvel of it was that Neddy, after five minutes' fighting, was immaculate as ever. His spotless shirt was still spotless. His neatly-parted hair remained unruffled, and his cap was perched in precisely the same position on his head as when he had first tackled Barker.

The same could not be said of the bullying Fifth-Former, who presented a most pitiful

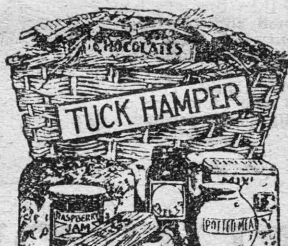


# TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

Great New Competition!

First Prize £1.

SIX OTHER PRIZES OF  
TUCK HAMPERS.



This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple little task. On the cover page you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the first prize of £1 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than six readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to.

You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page.

Write your solutions **IN INK** on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below and pin to this, and address to "TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, November 23rd, 1915.

Remember that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding.

*I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 1, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.*

Signed.....

WRITE  
CAREFULLY

Address.....

**I**'s for **IONIDES**, hailing from Greece,  
With whom it is well to be always at peace.

**J** is for **JONES**: there's a couple I wager—  
A cheeky young Minor, and silly old Major.



appearance. The claret trickled from his nose; his collar and tie were streaming loose; and his lank hair had disported itself in all directions.

"A fight, begad!" drawled Crake of the Fourth, who had come upon the scene with Lomax and Lee, his chums. "And a new kid, too! Go for the little brute hot and strong, Barker, old man! Wipe up the quad with him, my pippin!"

It was easy to stand by and give counsel, but not quite so easy to annihilate the elusive, inexhaustible Neddy Welsh. Barker was almost done now, and he was puffing like a very old bellows.

"Had enough?" panted Neddy.

"No, hang you!"

"Right you are, then. Look out for squalls!"

And then the new boy seemed suddenly electrified. His fists shot out with a rapidity and velocity which were almost uncanny. It was more than ever apparent that he was no ordinary new boy. He was a Carpentier in embryo.

The fellows who looked on at the fight grew serious. There was no love lost between themselves and Barker, as a rule, but they felt they could not stand idly by and see a presumptuous new-comer make shavings of a schoolfellow. And Bully Barker bore a tremendous reputation at Earlingham. He had never once been beaten in fistic encounter.

Little did Neddy Welsh dream into what a hot-bed of iniquity he had been plunged in coming to such a school, which, so far from being what its governors claim for it, "a superior college for the sons of English gentlemen," was nothing more or less than a harbour for snobs of the worst type.

Earlingham was one of the few schools in the country whose pupils had never learned to play the game—hence its insignificance. Sport—except of a very doubtful and shady character—was at a discount, and the fellows, decent though some of them undoubtedly were at the time of their arrival, had soon developed into conceited fops and unprincipled cads.

This being the case, it was not surprising that they should make a sweeping movement towards Neddy Welsh, and endeavour to back up Barker, never stopping to realise that they were about a dozen to one.

Indeed, the new scholar seemed booked for a very warm time of it. With all his cleverness, his science, and his indomitable pluck, he could hardly be expected to hold his own against such overwhelming odds.

"Smash the cheeky young rip!" roared Lee. "We'll teach him to knock old Barker about like this!"

"You cads!" muttered Neddy fiercely. "One at a time, if there's anything British about you! Isn't there one white man among you who'll see fair play?"

Then a voice, from the rear of the crowd was heard to exclaim, "I will!" And the next

moment a small but decidedly well-built youth pushed his way through to Neddy's side.

"Keep a stiff upper lip, laddie," he murmured. "Things look pretty black, but you're not alone to face the music. I'll back you up!"

"You're a brick!" said Neddy gratefully.

## CHAPTER TWO. A Loyal Chum.

"GRAY!"  
There was a roar from the assembled throng.

"Stand back, you silly ass!"

"Stand back yourselves!" retorted Neddy's new friend. "I'm not going to look on and see you smash such a plucky new kid! Fair play's a jewel, you know!"

A shout of anger arose.

"Let 'em both have it!" snarled the battered Barker. "Sock it into 'em!"

And the next moment a wild and whirling fight was in progress.

Neddy and his companion piled in valiantly, but what chance had they against so many? Blows were simply showered upon them from all sides, and it was obvious that they were booked for a terrific thrashing if the unequal combat continued.

But it did not continue. Dr. Mundy saw to that. The headmaster of Earlingham was a very stern man, and a stickler for law and order. His surprise, on throwing up his study window and observing a free fight being carried on in the quad under his very nose, so to speak, may be better imagined than described.

"Boys," he rumbled, in a terrible voice, "Do you dare to set the rules of the school at defiance? Let that bestial exhibition cease at once, you—you young hooligans!"

With terror in their faces, Barker and the Fourth-Formers dropped their hands. Evidently Dr. Mundy was regarded as a great I Am at Earlingham. He had cold, cruel eyes, and was given to the frequent—much too frequent—use of the birch-rod. As a matter of fact, there was scarcely a fellow who had not, at some time or another, been hauled into the Head's study for a castigation.

"Barker," commanded Dr. Mundy. "Tell me, as senior boy here, what this unexampled disturbance is about!"

The Fourth-Former turned his sadly-disfigured countenance towards the Head, and mustered up as pious an expression as possible.

"If you please, sir," he said meekly, "we were endeavouring to teach this new boy—Squelch, or something, his name is—the error of his ways. He came in at the school gates smoking a particularly vile brand of cigarette, and on looking in his coat-pocket I found this."

And Barker held up to view a small, curiously-shaped bottle which could only contain one thing—spirits.

"Good heavens!" gasped Dr. Mundy. "You astound me, Barker! Drink, and in one so young! How revolting! This is doubtless the result of an upbringing in the slums of London, where the wretched boy was taught to drink almost as soon as he could speak!"

Neddy Welsh was flabbergasted. At that moment he could have been knocked down with a feather. Contempt for Barker was but the smallest part of what he felt.

"Boy!" thundered the Head. "Disreputable scoundrel and premature drunkard! Come to my study at once! Barker, you will kindly see that the intoxicating liquor you confiscated from the new boy is thrown away!"

"Certainly, sir," said Barker promptly. "Drinking is a thing we don't encourage, sir."

With throbbing head and a burning wish that he had never come to Earlingham, Neddy Welsh made his way to the Head's study. He shivered a little as he noted the formidable-looking birch-rod on Dr. Mundy's table.

"It is not usual to castigate new boys," said the doctor, in a deep, grinding voice, "but under the exceptional circumstances I feel justified in administering a severe flogging!"

"But I've done nothing, sir," faltered Neddy.

"Nothing!" roared the Head. "Do not presume to add impertinent untruths to your long list of misdemeanours? You entered these gates under the influence of drink, and with cigarette fumes literally pouring from your mouth! I should be indeed a poor disciplinarian if I failed to mete out adequate punishment for your sottish folly. Get over that table!"

"It's all a pack of lies!" shouted Neddy, losing all control of himself in the face of such a crying injustice.

"Barker is a boy in whose word I place implicit trust," said the Head coldly. "Once more I repeat, 'Get over that table!'"

The new boy gave a wild glance round. He had never been chastised before in his life, and it was the shame, and not the pain of it, which made him instinctively shrink from such a scene.

But the Head, towering over him in wrath, looked as if he would exact obedience at all hazards. So Neddy reluctantly did as he was bid.

Swish!  
The birch came across his back with a force

which sent a quiver through the lad's frame. But he gritted his teeth together, determined not to let out a murmur.

A dozen times the cruel rod descended, and Dr. Mundy was amazed and annoyed to find that the victim gave no sign of pain. Usually the unworthy Head prided himself on the fact that he could make a junior howl for quarter after three strokes. But he had reckoned without his host in Neddy. The new boy was hard as nails, and one of the few fellows in Earlingham who could have borne up to the end under such circumstances.

"There!" panted the Head at last. "Let that be a lesson to you, reprobate! A repetition of your offence, and you will quit Earlingham by the next train. Now go, and report yourself to Mr. Cuttle, your Form-master!"

Neddy bore himself as bravely as he could, and walked slowly from the study. Outside in the corridor he met Gray, the boy who had proved himself such a staunch champion.

"Had it hot, old chap?" murmured the latter sympathetically.

Neddy nodded.

"Never mind! You'll get used to that sort of thing before you've been here many days. The fellows are nothing but stuck-up snobs and despicable wasters, so you'll know what to expect."

"But Barker?" exclaimed Neddy, in bewilderment. "How did he happen to get hold of that bottle?"

"The stuff was for his own consumption, you bet," said Gray, with a grim smile. "He had it in his pocket handy, and, being a born liar, was easily able to spin a feasible sort of yarn to the Head. Better take it smiling, Welsh."

"What! You think I'm going to sit still under such treatment as this?" said Neddy passionately. "If Earlingham's such a den of cads and unscrupulous rotters, my mind's made up."

"Oh! And what do you intend doing?" asked Gray curiously.

"Why," said Neddy Welsh, looking his comrade straight in the eyes, "I certainly sha'n't dream of staying here a minute longer than I can help! I shall run away!"

(This grand story will be continued in next Monday's number. Please order your copy well in advance and help to make

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD  
a stunning success!)

## OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.

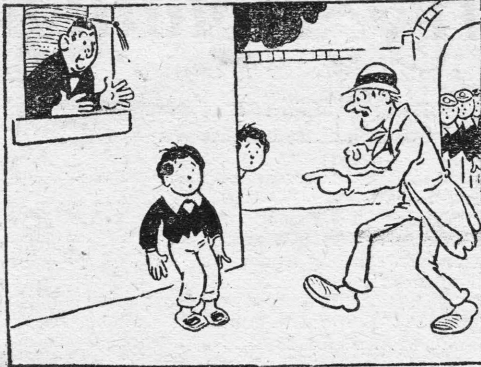


No. 1.—WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER.  
Of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School.

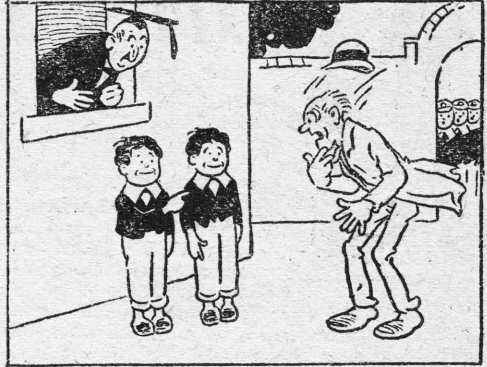
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

**THE ROLLICKING REVELS OF BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, THE TERRIBLE TWINS.**

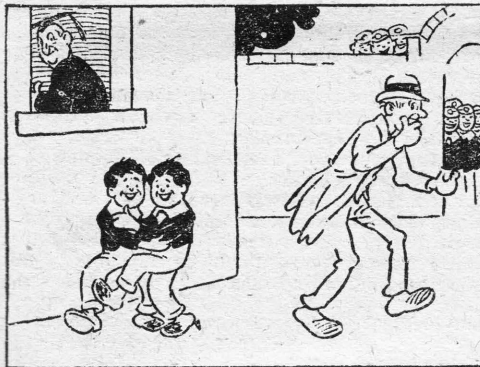
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



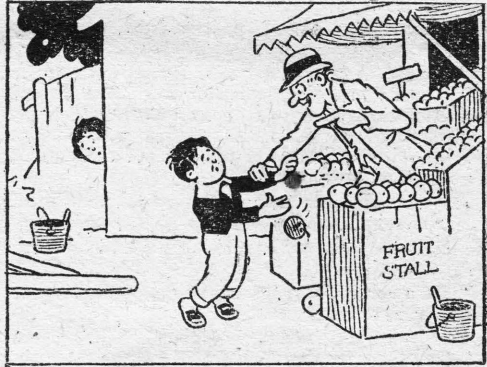
(1) Bubble and Squeak were in trouble acute,  
For the greengrocer said one had stolen his fruit.  
"That's the thief!" cried the man, as he pointed to  
Bubble.  
"I know for a fact he's the cause of the trouble!"



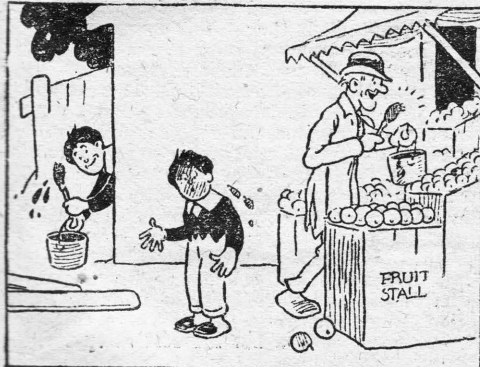
(2) "Old man, you have done me a terrible wrong!"  
Grinned Bubble, as Squeak came stampeding along.  
"Are you sure I'm the culprit? There's two of us  
here;  
Make sure your deductions are perfectly clear!"



(3) "Gee!" gasped the man, knocked over in heaps.  
"They're pullin' my leg, the benighted young sweeps!"  
And Bubble and Squeak, dancing gaily around,  
Said, "How can the jelly old thief be found?"



(4) But the very next day, on the very same stall,  
Bubble spied a nice apple, delicious withal.  
"Ha, ha!" hissed the tradesman, in joy and relief,  
"I've caught yer at last, you depraved little thief!"



(5) Then he blacked Bubble's face in a masterly style.  
His countenance gleaming with passion the while;  
But Squeak, round the corner, saw what he was at,  
And murmured, "I'll soon get my pal out of that!"



(6) Then, daubing his face with some tar from the can,  
He blithely stepped up and confronted the man;  
Whose wrath went up to a desperate pitch.  
As he shouted: "Why, hang it! Whichever is which?"

F.N.

**Do Not Miss the Rollicking Revels of Bubble and Squeak Next Monday.**



# The Art of Prize-Fighting

An Interview with Bolsover Major. By "The Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.

"MR. BOLSOVER?" I asked, bearing down upon a burly, lantern-jawed fellow who was kicking his heels in the Close.

"That's me!" snorted the amiable individual. "You are. I desire a brief interview with you on the subject of fisticuffs."

"Ho! You want a whopping, hey?"

I backed away in alarm.

"Nunno!" I stammered. "I merely want to know how it is done, for the purpose of advising my readers."

"Right-ho! Anything to oblige! Put up your dooks!"

"Ahem!" I gasped. "Mr. Bolsover, pray do not be violent. My mission is one of peace. Do not seek to disgrace a countenance which the Editor of the HERALD has referred to as classic. To—er—depart from the subject for a moment, do you like doughnuts?"

My companion's face lit up with an almost cannibal expression.

"Do I not!" he said, with a guttural murmur of anticipation.

"Then come along to the tuckshop, and regale yourself at my expense."

Mr. Bolsover needed no second bidding. A moment later we were inside the cosy little tuckshop, and I ordered quite a sumptuous spread.

The flowing ginger-pop caused my friend's tongue to flow also. He began to recount with relish the days when he had knocked So-and-so out of time in the first round, or put the kybosh on someone else before you could say Von Kluck.

"But how is it done?" I ventured, arming myself with my notebook and pencil.

"In the first place," said Mr. Bolsover, "I always select as an opponent someone at least a head shorter than myself. If the fellow happens to be crippled, or unable to use his hands, so much the better."

"Indeed!"

"Then I always make sure there's a good crowd round, you know, before proceeding to paste him. I am thus enabled to keep up my reputation of being the Bully King."

"You fight, I presume, with gloves?"

"Gloves!" snorted Mr. Bolsover, nibbling furiously at a doughnut till he came to the raspberry jam inside it. "I have no use for such cotton-wool contrivances, sir! I prefer to inflict my injuries with bare fists. It makes a

more lasting impression on the victim. Let me demonstrate to you—"

"Ahem! I'd rather you didn't, thank you! Please refrain from assault and battery on these premises. There is no one about to pick up the pieces."

"Funk!" sniffed my sturdy companion, in contempt. "You value your skin—what? Never mind. I expect I shall meet a First Form fag presently, and reduce him to a jelly. Any more questions you want to ask?"

"Yes. State briefly your fighting record."

"Huh! I've smashed up about two hundred fellows in my time. Never once have I known what it is to be beaten. A fellow named Cherry once claimed that he had knocked me out, but, of course, he was quite off-side. In all, I have distributed 932 black eyes, 720 swollen noses, and 190 knock-outs right on the mark, since I have been at Greyfriars; also an unlimited number of thick ears."

"And your most famous fight?" I queried.

"Was when I knocked out a fat, hefty fellow named Bunter. I was very ill at the time—down with influenza, rheumatism in my joints, a stiff neck, and a dislocated shoulder—but I stood up gamely to my burly antagonist, and succeeded in landing some fierce drives below the belt."

"Really?"

"Yes; and he was howling for quarter on his knees before we'd been at it two minutes. The audience applauded me to the echo."

"And of whom, may I ask, did the audience consist?"

"They were all undersized fags, who knew what they'd get if they didn't cheer me."

"I see. Try some of those cream buns."

"Thanks! I'll put 'em in my pocket, and go out in search of another victim. There's generally a few little children knocking about at this time. Care to come and see the slaughter?"

"No, thanks!" I said, with a shudder. "I take your word for it that you are quite capable of accounting for anything on two legs. Good-day, Mr. Bolsover! This interview should make quite an interesting page in the HERALD."

And I departed hastily from the tuckshop, fearing lest the Bully King, in his thirst for gore, should lay violent hands upon me, and either flatten me into a table-jelly, or cause me to become bedridden for the rest of my school career.

(Next Monday Our Special Representative Interviews William George Bunter, Esq., on the subject of "AN IDEAL FEED.")

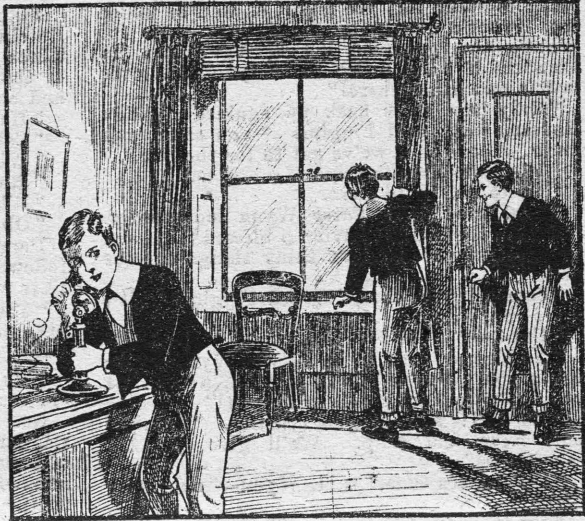
M is for MIMBLE—oh, visions of tuck!  
The chap who can deal with her's surely in luck!

N is for NUGENT, a chap who's true blue,  
And ready in all things to dare and to do.

# The Swindled Schoolboys!

A COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY,  
RELATED BY HARRY WHARTON  
TON BY FIGGINS OF ST. JIM'S,  
AND WRITTEN FOR "THE  
GREYFRIARS HERALD" BY

Harry Wharton.



"Hallo!" said Kerr, "that Perks? Very good! Please send me two dozen jars of best green-gage jam—yes, three-pound jars. Can I depend upon them this afternoon? Thank you very much! Mr. Ratcliffe's study, New House, St Jim's. Quite so. Good-bye!" (See page 14.)

## CHAPTER ONE. No Jam!

IT was too thick.

There wasn't a fellow in the New House at St. Jim's who didn't agree that it was altogether too thick.

From Monteith, the head prefect of the House, down to the smallest fag, there was only one opinion on the subject.

Of course, the seniors said nothing about it, excepting in the privacy of their own studies, but the juniors knew well enough what they thought. The great men of the Sixth could not make common cause with the juniors, but that was all the more reason why the juniors should make a stand for themselves.

There were no end of discussions in Figgins' study. It was up to Figgins & Co. to take the lead. But what was to be done? That was the question.

The case, in a nutshell, was this: Mr. Ratcliff, the Housemaster, had been bitten by the microbe of economy. Economy, of course, was all very well in its way, especially in war-time. Nobody had any objection to economy within reasonable limits. If Mr. Ratcliff had cut off his own lunch, or given up his telephone, or worn his last year's clothes, the New House would have approved. But he didn't do that. What he did was to cut off the supply of jam.

Mr. Ratcliff never touched jam himself. The juniors did. They touched all they could get hold of. Economy on those lines was very easy for Ratty to practise. The fact was that Mr. Ratcliff was naturally stingy, and war-time economy was only his little excuse.

However, there it was. The order had gone forth that jam was no longer to be supplied at the breakfast-table or the tea-table in the dining-room in the New House. The seniors stood it with dignified disdain. Fellows in the

Fifth and Sixth were too high and mighty to enter into a miserable dispute about jam. Besides, they could usually get all they wanted from the tuckshop.

It was different with fellows in the Fourth. They hadn't so much pocket-money, as a rule, and they generally had keener appetites for sweet things. Fatty Wynn was especially cut up. Wynn of the Fourth had a sweet tooth. And, moreover, Fatty said it was a swindle. Fatty Wynn had a copy of the school prospectus, and he read out an extract from it in the study: "Breakfast: Tea or coffee, bacon or eggs, bread-and-butter, porridge, jam or marmalade."

There is was in black and white.

"It's a swindle, Figgy!" Fatty Wynn said, almost tearfully. "Our own Housemaster is swindling us! Doesn't it say plainly jam or marmalade? I think myself there ought to be both, and plenty of 'em. But there you are! We're entitled to one or the other. Ratty don't hand out either of 'em. It's a beastly swindle!" "The Head wouldn't have it," said Kerr; "only we can't complain to the Head."

"Ratty would make us sit up if we did," said Figgins.

"They don't do this in the School House," said Fatty Wynn. "I've asked Tom Merry. They're getting the same prog as usual in the School House. Old Railton has cut off his own cigars for economy. He don't cut off the grub for the fellows."

"It's rotten!"

"It's worse than rotten! I tell you it's dishonest! The prefects ought to stand by us. If Monteith and Baker went to Ratty and put it to him plain he'd have to draw in his horns."

"But they won't," said Kerr.

"No, they won't," said Fatty Wynn, "and we've got to back up somehow. We're not

going to stand it! We might as well be under the Kaiser's heel, and have done with it! What's the good of licking the Huns in Flanders if we're going to be tyrannised over in our own House here?"

"Only you can't back up against a giddy Housemaster," said Figgins. "You can't, you know. Looks as if we've got to toe the line."

"It's up to Kerr to think of a way out."

"Up to me?" said Kerr.

"Yes, you!" said Fatty Wynn indignantly. "What's the good of having a blessed Scotsman in the study if he can't think things out for you?"

"Something in that," agreed Figgins. "It's up to you, Kerr."

"But——"

"No blessed 'buts'!" said Fatty Wynn. "It's up to you. You've got to think of a way. If you don't we'll jolly well bump you!"

"We will!" said Figgins heartily. "Think it out, Kerr, old chap. We'll give you till to-morrow!"

"Up to tea-time," said Wynn—"not after that!"

Kerr thought it cut.

It is true that Figgins was the great chief and leader of the New House juniors; but Kerr was his right-hand man, and when there was any thinking to be done it was understood that Kerr had to do it. Kerr generally came right up to the mark, and on this occasion he was not found wanting.

The next morning jam was missing, as usual, in the dining-room. The New House fellows made remarks, not loud, but deep. What made matters worse was that funds were low in Figgins' study, and they had to have tea in Hall. Fatty Wynn mentioned the matter to Kerr several times that day. If there wasn't jam for tea, there was a bumping in store for the Scottish junior.

At dinner Kerr was observed to grin. Fatty Wynn watched that grin hopefully. It looked like a promising sign.

"Got it?" he asked, as the three came out of the dining-room after dinner.

"What-ho!" said Kerr.

Fatty Wynn rubbed his hands.

"Good egg! I knew you could do it if you had to," he remarked. "What's the wheeze?"

"Blessed if I can see it," said Figgins, in a very doubtful way. "So far as I can see, there simply isn't anything doing."

"You leave it to Kerr," said Fatty Wynn confidently. "Go it, Kerr!"

"It's a half-holiday this afternoon," remarked Kerr.

"What the merry dickens has that got to do with it?"

"Lots. Ratty goes down to Major Stringer's to play chess on Wednesday afternoons."

"Well?"

"He will be out for three hours at least."

"Well?"

"That's all, so far," said Kerr. "Keep an eye on Ratty, and spot when he mizzles."

Figgins & Co. kept an eye on Ratty. Mr. Ratcliff "mizzled" soon after two o'clock. Three pairs of eyes watched the tall, thin form of the Housemaster disappear across the quad and out of gates.

"He's gone," said Figgins.

"Come on!"

"Where?"

"Ratty's study."

"What the dickens——"

"Oh, come on, and don't jaw!" said Kerr.

Figgins and Wynn, greatly astonished, followed Kerr into the Housemaster's study. Kerr closed the door very carefully.

"You keep watch from the window, Figgy, in case Ratty should come back," he said. "We don't want to be caught here."

"My hat! No!" said Figgins. "But what—oh, crumbs!"

Kerr had taken the telephone directory, and was conning it over. With a pencil and a sheet of impot paper, he made a list of addresses and numbers. His chums watched him in astonishment.

"Four will be enough," said Kerr.

"Four what?" yelled Figgins.

"You'll soon see!"

The Scottish junior picked up the receiver. Figgins and Fatty Wynn watched him as if mesmerised. Figgy forgot to keep a watch on the quad in his interest in Kerr's proceedings. Fortunately, Ratty was not likely to come back.

"Number, please!" came over the wires.

"Rylcombe 101," said Kerr.

"That's Sands the grocer," murmured Fatty Wynn.

Kerr spoke into the receiver.

"Is that Mr. Sands? Good! This is Mr. Ratcliff's study, New House, St. Jim's. Got that? I have decided to renew the supply of jam in this House. Can you send it this afternoon, in time for tea?"

"Certainly, sir!"

"Please send best raspberry-jam—fifty three-pound jars!"

"Yes, sir."

"Thank you! That is all. Good-bye!"

Kerr rang off.

"Mum-my only hat!" said Fatty Wynn. "Old Sands will think that Ratty's given him that order, Kerr!"

"I shouldn't wonder," agreed Kerr. "Of course, it's a free country, and Sands can think what he likes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kerr took up the receiver again. He was not finished yet.

"Number, please!"

"Wayland two-O."

"That's the stores at Wayland," murmured Figgins.

"Hallo! Is that the stores? This is Mr. Ratcliff's study, New House, St. Jim's. Can you deliver here this afternoon, in time for tea? Thanks! Twenty seven-pound jars of

**P** is for **PROUT**, the Fifth Form's famous master, Whose terrible gun will one day cause disaster!

**O** is for **QUELCHY**, our own dreaded "beak," Who gives us detention at least twice a week.

best strawberry-jam. No, nothing else at present, thank you! Good-bye!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Figgins, as Kerr rang off. "There will be a rumpus about this, Kerr!"

Kerr grinned, and rang up the exchange again.

"Wayland double-three-one."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! That Perks? Very good! Please send me two dozen jars of best greengage-jam—yes, three-pound jars. Can I depend upon them for this afternoon? Thank you very much! Mr. Ratcliff's study, New House, St. Jim's. Quite so. Good-bye!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Figgins and Fatty Wynn, as Kerr put down the receiver. "What will Ratty say when it comes? Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, he can't refuse goods ordered by telephone from his own study," said Kerr. "Besides, they'll be delivered before he comes in."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Kerr unhooked the receiver once more.

"Wayland one-double-O. Hallo, hallo! Is that Smith & Robinson's? Mr. Ratcliff's study, New House, St. Jim's. I find that we have run out of jam. Can you send me some this afternoon in time for tea? Yes, a large quantity—a dozen seven-pound jars of best apricot. I can depend upon that? Thanks! Very much obliged! Good-bye!"

Kerr put down the receiver, and rose from the telephone-table and yawned.

"That will be enough," he remarked. "I fancy there will be plenty of jam for some time."

"But—but there'll be a row!" gasped Figgins.

"There'll be jam, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And, with great caution, the heroes of the Fourth slipped out of Mr. Ratcliff's study. There was certainly likely to be plenty of jam for some time in the New House, and when Mr. Ratcliff's bill came in from the telephone department it was pretty certain that there would be four calls entered that he could not account for.

## CHAPTER TWO.

### Corn in Egypt!

MRS. KENWIGG, the house-dame of the New House, had a series of surprises that afternoon. The good dame did not approve of Mr. Ratcliff's one-sided economies, and, indeed, she did not like his interference in her province at all. But Mr. Ratcliff was generally as obstinate as a mule, and she had not expected him to change his mind on the subject of the jam.

But he had evidently changed it, for, quite early in the afternoon, the van from Mr. Sands delivered a consignment of jam—fifty three-pound jars of best raspberry. The invoice was

marked "Ordered by Telephone," and the house-dame could only conclude that Mr. Ratcliff had repented of his meanness, and decided to return to the old regime. Mrs. Kenwigg signed the delivery note, and the jam was stacked away.

There was rejoicing among the New House juniors. Figgins & Co. kept their little secret. They waited for the next consignment to arrive.

It came about an hour later—a van from the Wayland Stores, with twenty seven-pound jars of best strawberry to deliver.

"Bless my soul!" said Mrs. Kenwigg.

This time the invoice was marked "Cash on Delivery," as Mr. Ratcliff was not a regular customer of the Stores. Mrs. Kenwigg paid the bill, and the jam was duly consigned to the store-cupboard. A crowd of juniors watched the delivery with joyous smiles.

"Ratty isn't such a bad sort after all!" Redfern of the Fourth remarked. "He's changed his mind, and he's making up for it. He used to get us cheap plum-jam when we had it before."

An hour later Mrs. Kenwigg was called from her room again, and the good lady almost fell down when she was presented with two dozen five-pound jars of greengage-jam from Mr. Perks', in Wayland. Cash on delivery was again the order of the day, and the bill was duly settled. Mrs. Kenwigg's store-cupboard was almost overflowing with jam by this time. The house-dame wondered whether Mr. Ratcliff was out of his senses. Certainly, it was only right to rescind his previous command and order jam, but this was really overdoing it.

Figgins & Co. chuckled with glee. They hoped that the last delivery would arrive before Mr. Ratcliff. But the van from Smith & Robinson's was late, and the Housemaster came home first.

The juniors "capped" him very respectfully as he came up to the house. They were feeling very kindly for once towards Mr. Ratcliff. Certainly, he had put his foot in it, but he was making up for it nobly. At this rate, the New House was likely to be simply swimming in jam for weeks to come.

Mr. Ratcliff was a little surprised by the unusually cordial looks about him. He was not accustomed to bringing genial expressions to the faces of the New House fellows; quite the reverse. He was in a sourer mood than usual, for he had lost his game with Major Stringer. He frowned at the smiling faces, and went to his study. A few minutes later tea was announced in Hall.

Mr. Ratcliff came in, with his usual sour face. As his glance fell upon the tables he started, and his brow grew thunderous.

Every table was liberally supplied with jam.

"Jam!" ejaculated the Housemaster.

He blinked at it in amazement.

R is for RICHARDS, who writes up our deeds,  
Which every keen "Magnetite" hungrily reads.

S is for SINGH, whose language prolific  
Makes quite a sensation, it is so "terrific"!

"Monteith, where did this jam come from?" he exclaimed.

Monteith looked surprised.

"From the housekeeper, I suppose, sir," he replied.

"Do you mean to say that Mrs. Kenwigg has supplied jam?"

"It looks like it, sir," said the prefect, in astonishment. "I don't see where else it could have come from."

"Against my positive orders!" exclaimed Mr. Ratcliff. "I shall see to this at once! Astounding!"

The Housemaster hurried from the dining-room. As he reached the house-dame's room the page was announcing to Mrs. Kenwigg:

"Please, mum, the van from Smith & Robinson's with the jam."

"Bless my soul! More jam?" exclaimed Mrs. Kenwigg faintly.

"More jam!" thundered Mr. Ratcliff. "What does this mean, madam? Have you, upon your own responsibility, ordered this unhealthy and extravagant comestible?"

"I?" said Mrs. Kenwigg. "Certainly not! You ordered it, Mr. Ratcliff!"

"What?"

"And which I mean to say," said Mrs. Kenwigg, "that I don't understand it at all, not at all. You have ordered enough jam for a whole term, or longer, and now here comes a fresh lot!"

"What—what? I have ordered no jam!" roared Mr. Ratcliff.

Mrs. Kenwigg sniffed.

"Well, it has come," she said. "And if a gentleman orders jam by telephone, and forgets all about it, playing chess and such, I can only say—"

"Woman, I repeat—"

"Don't you call me a woman, Mr. Ratcliff!" Mrs. Kenwigg flared up. "I will ask Dr. Holmes whether I am to be insulted in my own apartment. Woman, indeed!"

"I repeat—"

"Woman! I've never been called a woman before in all my forty-five years!"

"I repeat, Mrs. Kenwigg, that I did not order jam!" shrieked the Housemaster. "I am opposed to the consumption of that comestible! There is some mistake!"

"Mistake or not, the jam has come," said Mrs. Kenwigg tartly. "Fifty three-pound jars of best raspberry from Mr. Sands, which goes down to the account—"

"What?"

"Twenty seven-pound jars of strawberry from the Wayland Stores, paid for on delivery—"

"Good heavens!"

"Two dozen three-pound jars of greengage from Mr. Perks, also paid for on delivery—"

"Bless my soul!"

"And which I mean to say—"

"Woman, I ordered no jam! It is a mistake, or a deliberate imposition on the part of the tradesmen! The jam shall be returned!"

"Which it's been paid for, most of it, Mr. Ratcliff; and I suppose even you won't expect me to pay House bills out of my own pocket!" snapped Mrs. Kenwigg.

"Please, mum, the man from Smith & Robinson's is waitin', and he says he's got a lot of deliverin' to do this afternoon—"

"Where is the man?" thundered Mr. Ratcliff. "I will see this man. This ridiculous consignment, at least, shall be returned!"

Mr. Ratcliff strode away. At the back door the man was waiting, with a large wooden case stacked with jam-jars. It was a heavy case, for it contained twelve seven-pound jars of jam. Smith & Robinson's carman was a tough-looking customer, and slightly under the influence of drink. Smith & Robinson's, like most firms, had found that all their best men had enlisted, and had been compelled to take on what labour they could find, and this especial gentleman was a first-class hooligan. However, in expectation of a tip, he was prepared to be civil.

"'Ere you are, sir," he said. "'Ere's the jam, sir, and which it's 'eavy—werry 'eavy. Dry work, sir."

"Man, put that jam back into your van at once!"

"Eh?"

"I did not order that jam! Take it away! I refuse to take it in! I decline to pay for it! Go!"

"I've brought that there jam from Wayland, and I'm to wait for the money," said the carman. "Which it means extry work for me, 'ard-worked enough already, sir. I ain't putting that 'eavy case back into the van because you've changed your mind since orderin', sir. 'Ere you are—'ere's the bill!"

"I will not pay one penny!"

"It's agin orders to leave the jam without the money, sir."

**T** is for **TODDY**, the King of the Freaks,  
But quite a good fellow, with short shrift for sneaks.

**U** is for **UNCLE**, who whacks out the tips,  
Making ginger-pop flow through our own parching lips!

**V** is for **VERNON-SMITH**, once called "The Bounder,"  
But since he's reformed his ways are much sounder.



"I refuse to allow you to leave it! Take it away!" roared Mr. Ratcliff. "Leave these premises at once!"

"My eye!" said the carman.

"Don't utter ridiculous ejaculations here, fellow! Take that jam away!"

"Fellow yourself!" said the carman angrily. "Who are you, I'd like to know? Silly old donkey, dressed like a woman—pah!"

"You insolent ruffian!" shouted Mr. Ratcliff. "This shall be reported to your employers! Go! You are drunk!"

"Drunk, am I?" roared the carman. "Why, you cheeky 'ound, arter me faggin' 'ere with that 'eavy case, you tork to me! I'm as good a man as you are, Mister Schoolmaster, with your gownd like an ole woman! Don't you go for to give me any of your lip, you skinny mongrel!"

"Will you go?" shrieked Mr. Ratcliff. "I will have you removed by force—"

"My eye! I'll show yer! Put up your hands!"

"What?" gasped Mr. Ratcliff, as the indignant carman squared up to him. "Man, are you mad? Go— Help! Oh, oh! Ah!"

Crash!

The carman only hit out once. He had no need to hit twice. The Housemaster fairly crumpled up, and collapsed upon the floor.

The carman spat upon his hands.

"Up with yer!" he roared. "Come on! Drunk, am I? Report me, will yer? I'll give yer something to report, you ole bag of bones! Come on! 'Ave some more!"

"Help!" moaned Mr. Ratcliff feebly. "Mrs. Kenwigg, get this man away! Oh, dear! Go, my good fellow, pray go!"

"I ain't goin' without the money, I knows that! And don't you good fellow me! I ain't taking it from you, you old hunks!"

"Pay him, Mrs. Kenwigg! For mercy's sake, pay him, and get rid of him!" moaned Mr. Ratcliff. "I—I will take the jam. I—I will do anything! Mrs. Kenwigg, I command you to pay that man, and let him go!"

Mrs. Kenwigg, with a lurking smile, paid the indignant carman, and he went, snorting, back to his van.

Mr. Ratcliff picked himself up, and limped away to his study. He did not appear in the dining-room for tea.

But tea went on very cheerfully without Mr. Ratcliff. There was plenty of jam. Heaps of it.

For several days afterwards Mr. Ratcliff was making furtive inquiries for some person or persons unknown, who had used his telephone during his absence on Wednesday afternoon. But the person or persons remained unknown. Mr. Ratcliff never discovered them. And, morning and evening, the New House fellows rejoiced in a never-failing supply of jam of the very best quality.

THE END.



# The Tuckshop Tragedy!

By DICK PENFOLD.

(With apologies to "Excelsior.")

The shades of night were falling fast  
As into Mrs. Mimble's passed  
A boy with much more flesh than bones—  
Who cried, in faint and famished tones:  
"Ten Doughnuts!"

His brow was sad, and moist his eye;  
He drew a deep, despairing sigh;  
And as he staggered to a seat  
They heard his feeble voice repeat:  
"Ten Doughnuts!"

Said Mrs. Mimble in despair,  
"You must be mad, I do declare!  
I've kept this shop for many a year,  
But never known a boy to clear  
Ten Doughnuts!"

"Rats!" cried the youth. "I'll have some  
ham,  
Some pickles, and a jar of jam.  
Those mutton patties look all right,  
And, quick! Don't keep me here all night—  
Ten Doughnuts!"

"Try not the tarts," his schoolmates said;  
"Already you have overfed,  
And no more room remains inside."  
But loud that clarion voice replied:  
"Ten Doughnuts!"

When all his dainties hove in sight,  
He danced the Tango with delight:  
With waistcoat buttons all undone,  
He then demolished, one by one,  
Ten Doughnuts!

Alas! His inner man was packed,  
The vital organs failed to act;  
And with a wild and startled cry  
He sank, weighed down in anguish by  
Ten Doughnuts!

There, in the tuckshop, on the mat,  
Writhing in agony he sat;  
And ere his eyelids closed in death,  
He murmured, with his latest breath:  
"Ten Doughnuts!"  
(William George Bunter, take warning!—Ed.)

W's for WHARTON, who's great, I confess:  
I trust that his shadow may never grow less!



James 'ust got out of the house without being brained—but only just!

A Most Amazing Mystery Story.

By ROBERT CHERRY.

**T**OM BROWN told us this story in No. 1 Study. Tom Brown is a New Zealand chap, and rather a humorous beggar. We were all sitting round eating chestnuts, and Browney spun us this yarn, with a face as solemn as a judge. He said it all happened to a relative of his who was with the N.Z. Contingent at the Dardanelles. That was where it began, according to Brown.

"They'd been going for the Turks no end," Brown began. "My cousin, of course, was right at the Front. They'd cleared the Turks out of a trench, and, in nosing around afterwards, my Cousin James picked up a paper—a very remarkable paper."

"The 'Daily Mail'?" asked Wharton.

"No, fathcad; a written paper, scrawled all over in Turkish. I dare say you know what Turkish writing looks like—as if a spider had ducked in the inkpot, and crawled round. Well, James thought it might be of some importance, though he couldn't read a word of it. He took it to his captain, who was a johnny awfully well up in languages, and knew every language from Armenian to American. When the captain saw it his face changed suddenly. He turned quite pale, and fixed his eyes on James.

"'Rifleman Brown,' he thundered, 'how long have you been in this battalion?'"

"'Six months,' says James.

"'You will not remain in it six hours! Your discharge will be given you at once! Go!'"

Tom Brown stopped here to take a chestnut. We were getting interested by this time.

"What on earth was on the paper?" asked Johnny Bull.

"That's what Cousin James wanted to know," said Browney. "He was simply flabbergasted. He tried to explain, but it was N.G. He was discharged. They made him clear off. He got a passage to Malta on a Greek ship. Well, he was feeling pretty down and awfully puzzled. It occurred to him that the Greek skipper might

know Turkish, so just before they reached Malta he showed him the paper.

"The Greek looked at it, and it was clear enough that he understood it. He turned as white as a sheet. With trembling steps, he backed away from James, and wouldn't come near him till the anchor was dropped at Malta. Then he came up with half a dozen men, and James was pitched out on the quay neck and crop. All this without a word of explanation."

"Great Scott!" said Nugent.

"But what the dickens was on the paper?" yelled Toddy.

"That was what beat James hollow," said Browney. "He couldn't understand it. He was inclined to chuck it into the harbour, and have done with it, but, naturally enough, he was awfully curious about it. He was really dying to know what it was that was written upon it that had that extraordinary effect on people who saw it. So he took it to an interpreter in Malta, and offered him a quid to translate it. The interpreter had no sooner set his eyes on the paper than he fell at James' feet in a dead faint."

"By Jove!" said Wharton.

"James simply sneaked away; he was fairly beaten. The next day he received an order from the authorities to get out of Malta at once. The police came to see him safe on a steamer. He tried to explain, but nobody would listen to him. He saw that he was regarded as a dangerous character, and all on account of that mysterious paper. On the steamer he kept it to himself. He was getting really nervous about it."

"No wonder," said Toddy.

Browney was looking very solemn—in fact, quite sad—as he told us about his Cousin James' awful bad luck, and we were very sympathetic.

"Well," said Brown, after another pause, "the steamer arrived in the Thames, and was boarded at once by the police and searched. James guessed that the telegraph had been at work, and that they knew all about him. The inspector demanded to see his papers. James showed 'em readily enough, of course. That Turkish paper was among them. The inspector clapped eyes on the paper, and staggered back. His face went as white as chalk.

"'Good heavens!' he gasped.

"'But I tell you——' began James.

X—wretched letter!—my brain doth defy.  
As it seems to fit nothing, I'll pass on to "Y."

"Take him ashore!" shouted the inspector. "Put him in irons if he resists!"

"James didn't resist. At that moment he could have been knocked down with an ostrich feather. He went like a lamb. He fully expected to be yanked off to prison, but they let him go.

"He put up at an hotel, where he got friendly with the proprietor. After a time he found that this chap knew Turkish, and, having by that time got very chummy with him, he thought he'd try to get him to explain the mystery of that queer paper. So one evening he showed it to him.

"The hotel-keeper turned as pale as death, and his knees knocked together. With a trembling hand, he pointed to the door.

"Go," he gasped—"go, before I send for the police!"

"But, I say—" began poor old James.

"Go!" shrieked the hotel-keeper.

"He yelled to the liftman and the boots, and they rushed James out of the hotel, and planked him down in the street.

"James got up somehow and got away.

"He was in an awful state of mind by this time. Several times he came near setting a match to that unlucky paper. But curiosity was stronger than any other feeling; he felt that he simply must know what was on it after all that had happened."

"I should jolly well say so!" said Johnny Bull, with a deep breath. "How did it end?"

"That's what I'm coming to. He wandered about for several days in a perfectly distracted state of mind. At last he remembered that he had a very old friend in London, a professor of Oriental languages, a man who'd known his father. He determined to go to him. He called on him, and the old johnny greeted him warmly, and asked him all the news from Taranaiki.

"Professor," said James, with tears in his eyes, "you knew my father?"

"I did," said the professor, a bit surprised.

"You've known me from a kid?" said James.

"I have!"

"You know I'm straight; you know I'm to be relied upon—that I'd never get mixed up in anything shady?"

"Of course I do," said the professor, in astonishment.

"Then listen to my story," said James.

"Then he told the story from the beginning, when he had picked up the paper in the Turkish trench right up to that moment.

"By Jove," said the professor, "I'd like to see that paper!"

"You won't turn on me like everybody else," pleaded James. "You'll stand by me, and remember I'm your old friend's son, and innocent as the babe unborn?"

"Certainly!" said the professor.

"Then here's the paper."

"With a hand that shook, in spite of himself, James held out the paper. The professor looked at it."

There was a deep breath in No. 1 Study. We were all on tenterhooks by this time. Tom Brown stopped to eat another chestnut.

"Get on!" yelled Nugent. "For goodness' sake, tell us what was on the paper!"

"What did the professor say?" hooted Toddy. Tom Brown shook his head.

"The professor didn't say anything," he replied sadly. "He turned as white as a sheet. For a minute or two he seemed overcome. Then he made a jump for the poker, and another jump for James. James just got out of the house without being brained, but only just."

"My hat!" said Wharton.

"But what was on the paper?" shrieked Johnny Bull.

"James didn't know yet," said Browney sadly. "He was in a distracted state for days. He dared not go to the police with it; he dared not show it to anybody. Yet he couldn't make up his mind to destroy it unread. At last he thought of Ferrers Locke, the detective. He made up his mind to take it to him."

"Jolly good idea!" said Wharton. "I'll bet you Ferrers Locke didn't play the giddy ox when he saw it."

"James thought so, too. But it was in fear and trembling that he came into Ferrers Locke's office and told the story to the famous detective. Mr. Locke laughed.

"Show me the paper!" he said.

"Cousin James paused to light his pipe, to steady his nerves. At that moment he hardly knew what he was doing.

"Mr. Locke," he said, almost wildly, "give me your word of honour not to turn against me, and you shall see that mysterious paper."

"Ferrers Locke gave his word.

"Then James felt in his pocket for the paper."

Tom Brown paused again—a long pause. The whole study was hanging on his words. Browney went on eating chestnuts, and seemed to think there was no more to be said.

"Well," howled Wharton at last, "did he show Ferrers Locke the paper?"

"What did Ferrers Locke say?" howled Bull.

"That's the most unfortunate part of my Cousin James' story," said Brown sadly. "Most unfortunately, it was that paper he had used to light his pipe with. It was gone for ever."

For about a minute you might have heard a pin drop in No. 1 Study after Tom Brown had finished his story. Then Johnny Bull yelled:

"Spoofed!"

Then for about another minute there was such a row in No. 1 Study that it might have been heard at the other end of the Remove passage. Every fellow there seemed to want to get at Tom Brown. I remember I had his collar, and Nugent had his necktie, and Toddy had some of his hair. What was left of him landed in the passage with a bump like Coker taking his boots off.

THE END.

## SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by  
**H. VERNON-SMITH.**

**T**HE Remove eleven has just completed a very successful tour of the Southern Counties. Of twelve matches played, not one was lost, and we have every reason to feel proud of such a glorious achievement.

Perhaps the best match of the series was that between Greyfriars and a representative team of the London County Council schools. The latter have produced some very fine fellows and splendid footballers, and the result—a draw of two goals each—was a very just reflection of a keenly-fought-out game.

The star player of the tour was Wharton, who captured eight goals and made many fine openings. Hats off to Harry!

Nugent also played well, but Hurree Singh has a tendency to do too much on his own. This is a habit he must rid himself of, or our victories will not be so "terrific!"

The half-back line carried the whole team on its shoulders. Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley form an ideal middle line, whose tackling and splendid judgment leave nothing to be desired.

The backs were sound, but Tom Brown tired towards the end of the tour. He has yet to learn that endurance is one of the essentials of successful football.

For Bulstrode there can be nothing but praise. He held the fort admirably from start to finish, and is to be congratulated on being the best custodian Greyfriars has ever had.

Our best thanks go out to George Wingate, captain of Greyfriars, for so kindly volunteering both to referee most of the matches and to conduct the tour. Our triumphs were due, in no small measure, to his genial influence and persistent encouragement.

May the shadow of the Remove football eleven never grow less!

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## THE LAUNCHING OF THE "HERALD."

Messages of Congratulation From Far  
and Near.

### THE EDITOR'S SOLDIER UNCLE.

"British Expeditionary Force,  
France.

"Dear Harry,—Delighted your bright little paper has been placed on the market. I sincerely hope it will sell like hot cakes, and that all who read its features will emulate Oliver Twist and ask for more.—Your affectionate uncle,  
JAMES WHARTON."

### POST-OFFICE TELEGRAPHS.

"TO CHERRY GREYFRIARS FRIARDALE.

"Hope new venture will prove stunning success.

"Letter following with remittance.

"FROM PATER."

"St. James' School,

"Rylcombe, Sussex.

"My Dear Fellows,—Although we are naturally just a little jealous that the GREYFRIARS HERALD has come first into the market, we wish you every success with it, and hope it will go with a bang from No. 1.

"We would have you know, however, that 'Tom Merry's Weekly' is going one better than your rag. In point of general excellence, it will beat the 'Herald' to a frazzle. So you can put that in your pipes and smoke it, my sons!—Yours sincerely,

"TOM MERRY,

"HENRY MANNERS,

"MONTY LOWTHER."

"The Terrible Three of St. Jim's."

"Cliff House School,

"Friardale.

"Dear Harry,—Congratulations on your first big appearance in public. All the girls here are mad with delight, and we hope to become regular contributors to the GREYFRIARS HERALD.—Your sincere chum,

"MARJORIE HAZELDENE."

Mrs. MIMBLE'S  
Chewing Gum.  
WILL LAST FOR EVER!  
BOYS!

SUPPORT THE SCHOOL TUCK-SHOP!