

AMUSEMENT FOR ALL!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD. 1 1/2

No. 2, Vol. 1.
Week Ending
Nov. 27th, 1915.

Edited by Harry Wharton & Co of Study 1, Greyfriars School.

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

M I AM TRUE TO MY KING & COUNTRY FINIS CONCLUSION

VERY PLED WITH THE D D4 GREYFRIARS HERALD No 1

& WAS THE AUDIENCE WERE ENRAPPED THE 3,000 XYZ OF GOOD BOY

HAVE ME 2 MIL REDD REE RR ND

Y CS TN HK AS & URE T I A I 20S

OF STORE 4 THEM Yours Truly Harry Wharton

TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars on Page 5.)



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 2d.
 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 JAPE OF THE SEASON!
 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.

WHAT PRICE NUMBER ONE ?

My vast and ever-increasing circle of chums have now had a full week in which to read, mark, learn, and inwardly digest the contents of our first number; and I think I may safely say that they were afforded nothing but the keenest delight. No effort has been spared in securing the best, and nothing but the best. The proprietors of this journal do not believe in doing things by halves. It is their intention to give the boys and girls of the British Empire the finest value for a halfpenny ever offered.

COME ALONG, CONTRIBUTORS!

There are openings galore for good and topical articles for the GREYFRIARS HERALD, and several contributions have already been accepted from readers of the companion papers. As I have remarked before, accepted articles are rewarded with handsome remuneration, so buck up and give us of your best! All manuscripts should be addressed to The Editor, the GREYFRIARS HERALD, the Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.

LOVERS OF TUCK SHOULD TRY THEIR LUCK!

Turn at once to the magnificent competition on the cover. The pictures are easy of solution, and a sovereign in war-time is corn in Egypt with a vengeance! Failing this, there is a splendid collection of tuck-hampers, made up by Selfridge's of London, the greatest store in the world.

LOOKING AHEAD!

Our contributors are being kept well up to the mark, and such stirring features as "The Adventures of Herlock-Sholmes," "The Pride of the Ring," and "The Rollicking Revels of Bubble and Squeak," will continue to flourish apace. And there are many more top-notch tales in store, too, for lovers of schoolboy fiction. The HERALD, which claims to be the first paper of its kind ever placed on the market, bids fair to become a huge and colossal success.

RALLY ROUND THE BANNER!

I am the first to admit that the popularity of this journal rests wholly and solely with the boys and girls of Britain; but the aforesaid boys and girls have never failed to show their appreciation of good literature in the past, so why should they fail now? Rally round, everybody, and do your very utmost to make the HERALD known in every sphere of life. That boy next door. Is he a reader? If not, why not? Show him this issue, ask him what he thinks of it, and persuade him to become a regular subscriber. In this way we shall build up a wonderful and widespread army of loyal chums, who are prepared to go through fire and water for the GREYFRIARS HERALD and its companion papers.—Yours, in true comradeship,
 HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES 

THE CASE OF THE BISCUIT-TIN!

Another Grand Story dealing with the Amazing Adventures of HERLOCK SHOLMES, Detective.

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

SHOLMES was at breakfast when I came down. He was dressed with his usual negligence, in a dressing-gown, a bathing-towel, and a slipper of a curious Oriental design.

He threw down the morning paper with a gesture of impatience.

"Nothing doing, my dear Jotson," he said. "The criminal classes seem to have gone out of business for three years, or the duration of the war. I have done nothing since the case of the King of Spooia's Crown Jewels and the case of the missing Duke of Hookeywalker. I am growing bored, my dear Jotson."

"You are not losing your keenness, my dear Sholmes."

"I wonder," said Sholmes, absently knocking the ash from his eternal cigarette into my left ear—"I wonder, my dear Jotson! Shall I tell you what you had for breakfast this morning?"

I smiled.

"You cannot, Sholmes."

"Now, you have put me on my mettle, my dear Jotson. In the first place," said Sholmes dreamily, "you rose from that bed."

I started.

"It is true," I admitted. "But how—"

"You then took your morning bath."

"Sholmes!"

"And you breakfasted upon eggs and bacon."

"Marvellous!"

Sholmes smiled, with a slightly bored expression.

"Nothing at all, my dear boy. Deduction, that is all."

"But how—"

"Ah, if I explain you will no longer wonder at the accuracy of my deductions!" he said, with a smile. "Still, I will risk it with you, my dear Jotson. In the first place, you are now in a perpendicular attitude."

"True!"

"The observations of a lifetime have led me to conclude that in bed people generally—in fact, almost invariably—assume a horizontal attitude."

A is for **APPLE**, delicious and sweet;
There isn't a dauntier thing you can eat!



Bakenphal saggered back. The handcuffs were on his wrists. "Here!" exclaimed Sholmes. "There is your prisoner, Inspector Pinkeye. You will find the duke's diamonds concealed in a German sausage in his watch-pocket."

"True again!" I exclaimed. "I had not observed it, but, now that you point it out, I must admit that so far your deductions seem very simple."

"Did I not tell you so? But to proceed. Your present perpendicular attitude shows indubitably that you rose from your bed. As for your bath, I have observed your customs during the time we have been together at Shaker Street. Why should the habit of years be broken upon this especial morning? I admit that this was a venture, but it proved correct, as you admit."

"Perfectly correct. But the eggs and bacon?"

"Ah, there we go a little deeper!" smiled Sholmes. "First, I have observed that, contrary to modern custom, you wear a moustache."

"You astound me, Sholmes!"

"Upon your moustache remains a slight trace of the breakfast egg. Voila tout!" said Sholmes carelessly.

"But the bacon?" I urged.

"Ah, there I was obliged to call upon my very wide experience! Bacon and eggs frequently—in fact, almost invariably—are taken together. From the eggs I deduced the bacon."

"Marvellous!"

Before I could further express my admiration for the marvellous insight of my amazing friend the door was flung open, and Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard, rushed into the room.

B is for **BUNTER**, who's writing this rhyme
For cash, which will give him a jolly old time!

"Sholmes!" he gasped. "Ah, thank goodness you are here! But—"

"You may speak freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson," said Sholmes. "Take a cigarette, my dear Pinkeye, and a gallon of cocaine."

"Sholmes, the Duke of Shepherd's Bush's diamonds have been stolen! There is no clue. The thieves left nothing behind them but a biscuit-tin!"

Herlock Sholmes was on his feet in a twinkling. All the laziness was gone from his manner. He was once more the keen, cool detective.

"Only a biscuit-tin!" he drawled. "That is hard upon you, my dear Pinkeye. What do you deduce from that?"

"Nothing," said the inspector, with a despairing gesture.

Sholmes smiled.

"Then answer one question," he said: "Was the lid on the biscuit-tin?"

Inspector Pinkeye shook his head.

"It was not!" exclaimed Sholmes.

"No. But what has that—"

But Herlock Sholmes was gone.

CHAPTER TWO.

I DID not see Sholmes again for some days:

Although kept pretty busy by my medical practice, my thoughts were chiefly with my friend. The case of the stolen diamonds occupied my mind, and I wondered whether the Duke of Shepherd's Bush would ever see them again. To this preoccupation I attribute the fact that several of my patients died during those few anxious days. This was a considerable loss to me financially, but I gave it little thought in my concern for Sholmes.

At last he reappeared. When I found an Italian organ-grinder reposing on the couch in my consulting-room one morning I had little difficulty in guessing that this was my friend in one of his innumerable disguises.

"Saffron Hillo!" he said. "Greeko Streeto! Macaroni, vermicelli!" Herlock Sholmes spoke Italian like a native. "Organ-grindo! Scoupo potato!"

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

"Right again, my dear Jotson!" he said, rubbing his hands. "Are you busy this morning, or would you like a little excitement?"

"My dear Sholmes, I am entirely at your service. I was about to visit a patient for a dangerous operation. Probably he will not survive if it is delayed. But what does that matter at a time like this? Lead on!"

"Good man, Jotson! What should I do without my faithful Jotson?" said Herlock Sholmes, with one of those rare touches of affection that endeared him so much to me. "But you must be disguised."

With a few touches of his skilful hand, he disguised me as a coal-heaver.

A few seconds later we were seated in a taxi-cab.

"Where are we going, my dear Sholmes?" I

asked, as the taxi whizzed through the streets at breakneck speed, causing several unfortunate fatalities by the way.

"You will see in a moment, Jotson. Have you your revolver?"

I felt a thrill.

"It is in my pocket, Sholmes."

"Leave it there, my dear fellow. It is safer there."

Before I had time to reflect upon this cryptic remark the taxi drew up at the door of the Hotel d'Oof. I followed Herlock Sholmes into the gorgeous vestibule. We were shown at once into the spacious kitchens. I was amazed. What mystery was this? My amazement increased at the sight of Inspector Pinkeye and several special constables hiding behind a pat of butter in a corner in the kitchen. Evidently the climax was at hand.

The chef was busy, with his spotless apron about him, and his sleeves rolled up. A momentary frown appeared upon his fat face at the sight of Sholmes, but it vanished immediately, and he smiled.

"Good-morning, Mr. Bakenphat!" said Sholmes cheerily. "I have brought my friend, Jotson, to see that remarkable wrist-watch of yours."

The chef started, and turned deadly pale.

"You have no objection?" smiled Sholmes.

"None at all," stammered Mr. Bakenphat. "You are quite welcome—"

He held out his wrist. The watch was worn in a somewhat remarkable bracelet formed of a dull metal. Sholmes appeared to examine it attentively. There was a sudden click.

Bakenphat staggered back.

The handcuffs were on his wrists.

"There!" exclaimed Sholmes, with an exultant note in his voice. "There is your prisoner, Pinkeye. You will find the duke's diamonds concealed in a German sausage in his watch-pocket."

"But—but how—" gasped Pinkeye, as he grasped his prisoner.

"And if you observe closely, my dear Pinkeye," said Sholmes, in a careless drawl, "you will find that watch-bracelet is made of tin—"

"Tin!"

"And is, in fact, the missing lid of the biscuit-tin. Come, my dear Jotson! We are finished here. The police can do the rest."

CHAPTER THREE.

I N our rooms in Shaker Street, after the usual pint of cocaine and a hundred cigarettes, Herlock Sholmes explained.

"Quite simple, my dear Jotson," he said—"elementary, in fact. The thief left behind him an empty biscuit-tin. You must be aware that it is not usual for cracksmen to take tins of biscuits with them upon burgling expeditions. This peculiar taste on the part of the cracksmen furnished the first clue. Observe, Jotson, that, while leaving the empty tin upon the scene of the crime, he had taken the lid away with him."

"But Inspector Pinkeye attached no importance—"

Sholmes made a gesture.

"Ah, these Scotland Yard men!" he murmured. "They tire me, Jotson! Cannot you see that, when the lid of the biscuit-tin was found, the thief was found? Where would he conceal it? And observe that, however cunningly he might hide the lid of the biscuit-tin, he could not hide the abnormal taste for biscuits which had caused him to leave this clue behind him."

"True!"

"Such was my task. Well, the chef at the Hotel d'Oof had an almost morbid affection for biscuits. I discovered that he had taken to wearing a wrist-watch instead of the usual time-keeper in the usual place. Aha! Disguised as a butcher's boy, I penetrated into the kitchens

of the Hotel d'Oof. His watch-bracelet was made of beaten tin; his watch-pocket bulged. It was enough. It was a cunning scheme, which would have deceived the police. Who, my dear Jotson, would have suspected a cracksmán of concealing the lid of a biscuit-tin under the form of a watch-bracelet?"

"Nobody but you, Sholmes," I said, with conviction. "It is wonderful!"

"Elementary, my dear Jotson."

"One more question, Sholmes. Why did not the thief throw the lid of the biscuit-tin into the nearest dustbin?"

Herlock Sholmes smiled his inscrutable smile.

"Ah, why, Jotson?" he replied. "The psychology of the habitual criminal presents many baffling peculiarities. This is one of them. Pass the cocaine."

(Another of these stories next Monday.)



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 "2nd TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, November 30th, 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. 2,
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE
CAREFULLY

Address.....

D is for DOUGHNUT, a shocking old sham!
You have to gnaw miles ere you come to the jam!

E is for EATING—the object of life.
Let's hope I get hold of a cook for my wife!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

NOTHING DOING!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Say, Editor,—Guess I've got a ripping stunt in my caze for insuring against Zepps. Every galoot who doles out a premium of five cents gets a cool two hundred dollars in the event of his death, or if he gets disabled I calculate fifty dols. will come his way.

"Your readers should look slick and insure. Those who get blown to smithereens by hostile bombs, and haven't taken out a policy, won't get a single Continental red cent. Nope! Roll up in your thousands to

"FISHER T. FISH,

"Study 14."

[Gladly will we roll up in our thousands, not to insure, but to ensure—to ensure our Amurrican friend getting a sound bumping for his amazing duplicity.—Ed.]

ALL MONKEY-TRICKS BARRED!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Handsome Mr. Editor,—Me be glad to write many articles on Chinese trickes for your readers. Me showee how it is done, and they will be so delighted that they get up to all sorts of trickee. Handsome Frank Nugent might illustrate my many articles with leadeepencil sketchee. What you give me for writee all this?

"WUN LUNG."

[A thick ear!—Ed.]

BEASTLY BULLY BOLSOVER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—I have perused your puny efforts in the journalistic line with contempt. Your paper is packed with tommy-rot, and, what's more, shameful slander. I never punch fags on the nose, and the chap who says otherwise is a rotten Ananias.

"Take notice, here and now, that the under-mentioned Percy Bolsover will beat, batter, and annihilate the members of your precious Editorial staff at any given time and place. He will entertain you with or without gloves—one at a time or all together.

"You dare not publish this in your 'Letters to the Editor.'—Yours witheringly,

"PERCY BOLSOVER."

[Mr. Bolsover's heated epistle has been handed over to our Fighting Editor, who has instructions to visit the writer's study at an early date and wipe up the floor with him. Fags urgently wanted to go along and pick up pieces!—Ed.]

TOO MUCH OF A GOOD THING!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Editor,—I have always taken a fatherly interest in the welfare of your little journal, and should be glad to know if you would care to consider the publication, by instalments, of my 'History of Greyfriars,' a most exhaustive work, which has entailed many months of weary research.—Yours fraternally,

"HENRY QUELCH."

[We would most humbly and respectfully point out to our worthy Form-master that we get quite enough History in class, and are not greedy.—Ed.]

VOLUNTEERS WANTED!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Master Wharton, Sir,—Which I should be that grateful if you would ask some of your chums to come down to the kitchen and help make the mince-pies for Christmas; but on no account ask Master Bunter, as he is that greedy he would wolf the lot, I feel sure, so with best respects from yours obedient,

"JANE KEBBLE."

[Rally round the banner, boys! Come down and take the domestic regions by storm! We will give Mrs. Kebble a guarantee that Billy Bunter shall be safely stowed away at the time in some safe place where neither moth nor rust doth corrupt, nor thieves break through and steal.—Ed.]

SNOBBISH SENTIMENTS FROM SKINNER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—What is Greyfriars coming to? The Head's prospectus describes it as 'a school for the sons of gentlemen,' yet what do we find? Why, this grand old institution harbours the son of a local cobbler (I won't mention his name, as it's bound to be censored), the uncouth offspring of an out-of-work Lancashire lout, and, looking farther afield, into the ranks of the Second Form, we find a wretched youth who formerly sold newspapers in the slums of London! Ugh! Carry me home to die, somebody!

"As the son of an affluent gentleman, I feel perfectly disgusted at having to rub shoulders with such unutterable outsiders as those mentioned. The sooner they are kicked out from our midst, the better it will be for Greyfriars. Will you please exert your influence in this matter?—Faithfully yours,

"HAROLD SKINNER."

[We shall be delighted to exert, not our influence, but our boot, upon this cur. Will somebody kindly reply to the insufferable snob in next week's issue?—Ed.]

F is for FRIDAY, the day we have fish;
It's not so substantial as many might wish.

THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

The First Chapters of a Magnificent New Serial Story dealing with the Noble Art of Self-defence, and Specially Written for the "Greyfriars Herald"

:: By ::

MARK LINLEY.

Wild excitement prevailed in the dormitory. Candle-ends were lighted in the gloom, and fellows left their beds to tick a hand in stopping the school-boy runaways! (See *titre*.)

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

NEDDY WELSH, a sturdy, athletic-looking youngster, of fifteen, comes to Earlingham School, and signalises his arrival by thrashing Barker, the bully of the Fourth. The fight is interrupted by the Head, who demands an explanation, and Barker, by an ingenious lie, avows that Neddy was under the influence of drink when he entered the school gates. The new boy is soundly flogged, and confides to GRAY, the only fellow who has stood by him in the crisis, that he will run away.

CHAPTER THREE.

Kindred Spirits!

"YOU'LL run away?" exclaimed Gray, surveying Neddy Welsh in undisguised astonishment. "You must be mad!"

"Mad or not, I sha'n't stay at a place like this, which seems to be infested with snobs and cads and liars! The next sunrise I see won't be at Earlingham!"

Neddy spoke with conviction, and Gray, who was a good judge of human nature, saw that he was not to be turned from his purpose.

"What the dickens will your pater say when you see him?" he asked.

"I sha'n't see him—not for some years, at any rate. He's in India."

"Oh! What about the mater?"



"She's in India, too."

"Who have you lived with, then?"

"A crusty old maiden aunt, who wouldn't care a tuppenny rap whether I stayed here and got on or went to a girls' school and got off!"

Gray burst into a chuckle.

"My guardian's quite as bad," he said. "He'd show no concern if I was run over by a 'bus. But, I say, I don't want to be too inquisitive, but, really, you know, the way you handled that cad Barker was great—simply divine! Who in the world taught you how to box?"

"Bob Sullivan."

"Go hon! You mean the middle-weight champion of England?"

"That's him!"

"Phew! No wonder you're such hot stuff. Why don't you stay on at Earlingham? It would be the treat of a lifetime to see you knocking out obnoxious prefects and bottling up Barker. Do stay!"

Neddy shook his curly head.

G is for GRUB, which makes every heart glad.
A fellow who fasts is a fellow who's mad!

H is for HAM, which goes down like a charm,
With dozens of eggs, coming fresh from the farm.

"My mind's made up!" he said. "Even if this place wasn't such a blessed reformatory, I should get fed-up with mugging lessons, and all that sort of thing. In the long run, the life would become unbearable, and I'd do what vulgar persons call a guy."

Gray—known to his schoolfellows as "Dolly"—reflected thoughtfully for some moments. The two chums paced round the deserted quadrangle, drawn together by bonds of common sympathy.

"Look here!" said Gray, at length. "I'm just as sick of this snobbish show as you are! It's no place for any fellow who aims at being decent. I'm jolly well going to bunk with you—if you've no objection, that is!"

Neddy Welsh regarded the speaker curiously.

"You mean that?" he exclaimed.

"Every bit."

"Then it's a go!"

And the two friends shook hands in solemn compact.

"Better come and have tea in my study," said Dolly Gray. "We can map out our plan of campaign then."

Both juniors happened to be in funds, and they secured a plentiful supply of tuck from the school shop, for neither of them knew when they would taste their next meal.

"First of all," said Gray, when the kettle had been put on the blazing fire and the tablecloth duly spread, "where are we going?"

"London," said Neddy Welsh promptly.

"By train?"

"No, fathead! We must take a leaf out of Dick Whittington's book, and walk. Want to husband our resources, you know. How much tin have you got left?"

"Fifteen bob," said Gray, scanning the silver which he drew from his trousers pocket.

"And I've got a quid. That ought to keep our heads above water for a few days, at any rate."

Dolly Gray nodded.

"What are we going to do when we get to town?" he asked. "Slave as junior clerks, or go on the music-halls? That's what runaways usually do in boys' stories."

"Then we'll strike out in a new line," laughed Neddy Welsh, "and get engagements at a boxing-booth."

"Oh, crumbs!" said Gray, in dismay. "That sort of thing may be all right for you—a chap who learned to box almost as soon as he could speak—but I should be hopeless."

Neddy Welsh glanced critically at the speaker's sturdy, well-knit figure.

"Rats!" he said. "You look a boxer, every inch; and you'll soon pick up the tricks of the game when you're among professionals. Come along to the gym after tea, and let's see how you shape."

Neddy's surmise proved correct. Gray was a very good boxer, with a powerful, straight left. He was somewhat slow on his feet, but

that was a thing which his experience in the boxing-booth would soon remedy.

"And now," said Gray, as they passed out of the deserted gymnasium, "how and when do you intend to bolt?"

"In the night," answered Neddy Welsh. "We'll try the ancient dodge of shinning down knotted sheets. You'd better pack up any treasures you've got, and smuggle them into the dorm. Meanwhile, I'm off to see Cuttle, the Form-master. The Head told me to, and if I don't go it might look suspish."

And Neddy went his way, while Gray, his handsome face a trifle pale, and his eyes wearing a somewhat thoughtful look, retraced his steps to the study which he was shortly to quit for ever.

CHAPTER FOUR.

A Night Alarm!

EARLINGHAM SCHOOL lay still and silent under the stars. In the Fourth-Form dormitory the only sound to disturb the stillness of the night was the monotonous, unbroken snore of Barker. The midnight chimes had died away, and the lights in all quarters had been long since extinguished.

Neddy Welsh, who had gone to bed with his clothes on, quietly slipped out in the darkness, and stole towards Gray's bed. His chum was sleeping soundly. It requires more will-power than many might imagine to keep awake for hour after hour on a cold winter evening, when the warm sheets and blankets are particularly inviting and conducive to slumber.

"Turn out, old man!" whispered Neddy, giving the bedclothes a violent shake.

Gray opened his eyes, and blinked through the gloom.

"Warrer marrer?" he yawned. "That you, Neddy?"

"Yes. Time we were on the move."

The two partners in adventure were soon ready. They took their own sheets and those belonging to several vacant beds in the dormitory, and knotted them securely together. One end was then tied to Neddy's bed-rail, and nothing remained but to make the descent.

There was no other way of quitting the building. At the foot of the stairs was a boot-lobby, the door of which was always kept securely locked, to prevent boys of the Barker type from going out on the "razzle."

"Ready?" asked Gray.

"Yes."

Neddy Welsh swung himself up on to the window-sill, and raised the sash. A cold gust of wind came in from the quadrangle without, and it was well for him that he was wearing a stout sweater.

The window creaked violently as it was opened, and Neddy gave vent to an exclamation of annoyance. Then he paused and listened.

I is for INVALID. What a mistake
To give a chap milk and a mouldy sponge-cake!

J is for JAM, which I love such a lot.
Will somebody lend me a fifty-pound pot?

There was a stir from one of the beds, and a voice—the harsh, imperative voice of Barker—was heard to mutter:

“Who’s that?”

“Buck up, Neddy!” called Gray, the perspiration standing on his forehead. “We’re spotted!”

Neddy Welsh squeezed his agile frame through the window, and, tightly gripping his improvised rope, commenced to descend. Dolly Gray immediately sprang up to the window-sill.

“Hi! What’s the little game?” demanded Barker, leaping out of bed. He caught sight of Gray’s familiar figure, silhouetted against the window-panes. “Hallo! You’re going to break bounds—eh?”

“Mind your own bizney!” retorted Gray.

“It is my bizney!” said Barker. “Can’t allow silly kids to go pub-haunting at this time of night!”

“I’m not going pub-haunting! And don’t raise your voice, you idiot! Do you want to bring a master on the scene?”

“And I feel that it’s up to me to stop you!” said Barker, who was never happier than when he had a finger in someone else’s affairs. “Down you come!”

As the bully spoke he reached up and seized one of Dolly Gray’s ankles. The would-be fugitive came hurtling down, and alighted on the floor with a terrific crash, which not only awoke every occupant of the dormitory, but penetrated to the room in which Mr. Cuttle slept.

“Oh, you cad!” muttered Gray.

He had sustained several bruises, but it was not the pain he was thinking of. The projected escape from Earlingham seemed likely to fall through—and all through Barker!

The bully of the Fourth glanced at the hand-bag which had accompanied Gray in his fall, and gave a violent start.

“My hat!” he exclaimed. “You’re jolly well bowled out in this act, my pippin! Running away from school, begad!”

“What’s that?” exclaimed several excited voices. “Who’s doing a bunk?”

“Gray—Gray and that new bounder!”

“Stop them!”

“After them!”

It was easy to see that the two chums were not popular in the Fourth.

Dolly Gray struggled to his feet with difficulty. There was a dangerous gleam in his eyes, and all his sang-froid had left him. He resembled a hunted animal at bay.

“Stand back!” he shouted, in ringing tones. “Stand back, or I’ll do some of you a mischief!”

With a sneering laugh Barker blundered forward, only to be met by a nine-point-seven punch from Gray’s fist. Lomax and Lee followed up, and Gray’s fierce, well-timed blows accounted for them also.

Wild excitement prevailed in the dormitory. Candle-ends were lighted in the gloom, and fellows left their beds to take a hand.

Gray glanced swiftly round. He saw it would be fatal to remain, and seized the only opportunity which was likely to come his way. Rushing in upon Crake, who was advancing to meet him, he smote him hard and true in the ribs, sending the Fourth-Former to earth in the condition of a punctured tyre. Then the runaway whipped up his bag, and, before any detaining hands could grasp him, leaped up to the window-ledge, and went down the knotted sheets hand over hand.

Fortunately, he did his work quickly, for when he was a few yards from the ground someone severed the sheets in the dormitory, and he fell into Neddy Welsh’s outstretched hands.

“The cads!” exclaimed Neddy indignantly. “You might have broken your neck!”

“Never mind!” panted Gray. “Let’s hustle! The whole giddy school’s on our trail, and if they catch us the Head’ll simply flog us until we can’t stand! He’s got no mercy!”

Neddy Welsh shivered a little. He knew only too well what a grim sequel would follow this adventure if the chums were captured.

“This way!” he exclaimed.

The two chums hurried through the dusky quadrangle, and speedily reached the school wall.

“We’re out of the wood now, I think,” said Gray. “Shin over—quick!”

But before Neddy Welsh could obey, a tall figure loomed up in the darkness, and a voice, terrible in its commanding sternness, exclaimed:

“Stop!”

(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!)

K’s for the **KERNEL** from out the **Brazil**.
But nuts are too trifling, they make a **chop** ill.

L is for **LARD-CAKE**, so greasy and nice;
Such delicate things one can eat in a **trice**!

M is for **MIMBLE**, the foolish old dame
Who won’t allow tick, which I think is a **shame**!



AN Ideal Feed

An Interview with William George Bunter, of
The Remove Form . . . By the "Greyfriars
Herald" Special Representative.

"MY ideal of a good feed? What a question!" exclaimed Mr. Bunter, as I entered his sumptuously-furnished study, where he was seated in imminent danger of rolling into the fire, in which a number of chestnuts spurted and cracked right merrily.

"I see nothing singular in such a query," I ventured. "You have been described to me as a great food expert, who has sampled every thing under the sun, from a bull's-eye to a buffalo, so I naturally wended my way hither in order to jot down your views."

"For which you will be paid, I suppose?" said Mr. Bunter scornfully.

"Precisely!"

"Ha! I thought so. That's just like you journalistic chaps. You force a fellow to spout out his past experiences until he's hoarse, and then calmly rope in the shekels. Not that I care for money!" added Mr. Bunter hastily. "I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole! I've got a soul that rises above that sort of thing."

"Money will work wonders," I remonstrated.

"Bah! Do not prate to me of filthy lucre! I wash my hands of it," said the Greyfriars prize porpoise disdainfully.

I extracted a couple of currency notes from my breast-pocket. Mr. Bunter's attitude became subservient, almost respectful. A change came o'er the spirit of his dream, as the poet puts it.

"Of course," he said quickly, "I was speaking in the broad sense of the word when I said money was no good to a chap. I mean, a vast fortune isn't. But a few pounds are always a valuable asset, to supply the pressing needs of the moment."

"Quite so," I said, with a smile. "Will you do me the

honour of stepping across the way to Mrs. Mimble's?"

Mr. Bunter removed his rolls of fat from the chair he had been occupying, snatched a couple of chestnuts from the glowing embers, and waddled quickly to the door. I followed him at once to the tuckshop under the elms.

"Now!" he said, seating himself on the high stool at the counter, "I shall be pleased to give you a demonstration of what I regard as an ideal feed. Of course, you will foot the bill?"

"Most certainly!" I answered, not knowing what I was letting myself in for.

"That's a compact, then. Shake!"

I grasped Mr. Bunter's fleshy fingers, and then the meal started. With the aid of a pencil and note-book, I took stock of everything my companion ate, though it was a difficult task to keep pace with him.

A huge rabbit-pie was the first course. To judge from its size, it would have satisfied three fully-fledged cormorants. But it failed to satisfy Mr. Bunter's enormous appetite.

"Tarts, please!" he said promptly. "Tuppenny ones!"

I rapped out the order, and Mrs. Mimble supplied a dozen of her plumpest tarts. I expected to see Mr. Bunter turn visibly green before he was half-way through them; but he didn't. He had evidently only just opened his innings, so to speak.

"What next?" I hazarded.

My friend mumbled something, which I interpreted to mean "cream-buns." I ordered a hideous mass of these indigestibles, and the steady champing of Mr. Bunter's jaws was renewed.

By this time I began to feel seriously alarmed—not for Mr. Bunter, for I would have rejoiced to see him expire in terrible agony at that moment—but for my exchequer. I had entered the tuckshop with two pounds. That amount had now diminished to two pence.

"I—I'm afraid I'm cleaned out," I murmured. "You

(Continued on page 12.)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



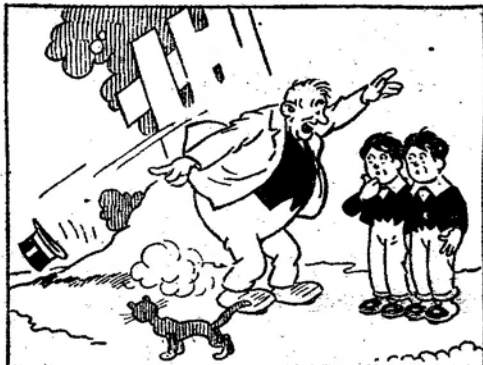
No. 2.—ALONZO TODD.

Of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School.

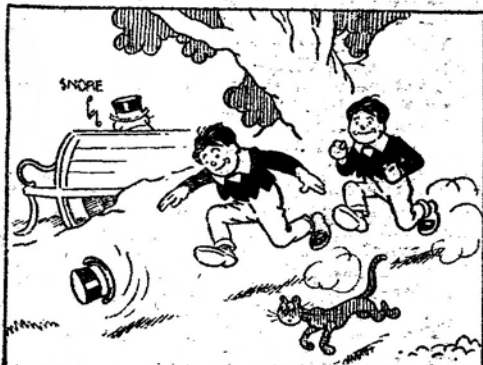
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

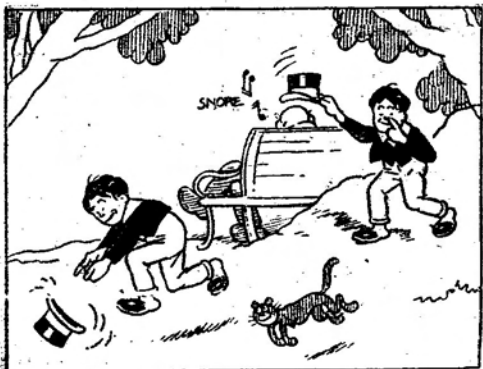
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) A sour old gent, with a furious shriek,
Came prancing up to Bubble and Squeak.
"My hat's blown down the hill!" he roared,
"So get it, and win a rich reward!"



(2) "What-ho!" cried Squeak. "Here's ripping luck!
It means a feed of boundless tuck!"
And while he darted off in chase,
A grin spread over Bubble's face.



(3) Said he, "This cove can snore like thunder,
But will he miss his hat, I wonder?
I'll just annex it, anyhow,
Ye gods! But won't there be a row!"



(4) When Squeak returned the genuine thing
The old gent half-a-crown did 'spring.
"Well done, thou good and faithful kid;
No nobler work was ever did!"



(5) But judge the dear old gent's amaze
When Bubble, with a beaming gaze,
Came toddling up with Number Two.
"A modest gift," he said, "for you!"



(6) Meantime, the slumbering gent awoke,
And rushed forth with an angry croak,
While Squeak and Bubble raced away,
And yelled, "Oh, gee! Hip, hip, hurray!"

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

have eaten enough to prove to me what constitutes an ideal feed."

"But the compact!" howled my fat friend. "You must keep to our agreement!"

I groaned, and stepped out into the Close. Bob Cherry, the Fighting Editor, was sunning himself a short distance away.

"Lend me half-a-crown," I moaned, in sheer anguish of spirit. "And I must borrow dozens of half-crowns, too, before I've finished."

"What's the little game?"

"I'm feeding Bunter."

"Great Scott! I wish you joy at it, Your article in this week's "Herald" will cost you a ten-pound banknote."

"I expect it will," I said mournfully.

Mr. Bunter was chewing the cud of impatience, not having anything better to chew, when I reappeared in the tuckshop.

"Trot out a dozen doughnuts!" he said imperiously.

I obeyed, and then rushed off to the Editorial office.

"I'm in a frightful fix!" I explained.

"You always are!" growled Johnny Bull unsympathetically. "Been and woke up the wrong passenger?"

"Mr. Bunter is giving me a demonstration of what forms an ideal feed," I said. "He's been eating steadily for half-an-hour, and is still in good form. You chaps must help me out of the difficulty by having a whip-round."

"To feed Bunter?" howled Nugent. "No jolly fear!"

"But the honour and glory of the 'Herald' are at stake," I pleaded. "We promised our readers an interview with Bunter, and they must not be disappointed."

"That's so," said the Editor; and then we all adjourned to the tuckshop.

Mr. Bunter ate ravenously, tenaciously, as if he had just been rescued from a fortnight's exile in a bare pantry. Like the brook, he went on for ever. Apple-dumplings, jam-rolls, cakes—one currant and one seed—two tins of pineapple, plenty of marmalade fritters, all disappeared into his capacious paunch; and then he struggled with a huge slab of Stickle-ton's Toffee.

Two hours later six fellows, all stony-broke, quitted the tuckshop. But there was fierce exultation in their faces. They had left Mr. Bunter in a state of utter collapse. He averred, in feeble tones, that the rabbits had come to life within him, and were holding a heated dispute in his stomach. Moreover, he asked for some kind friend to put him out of his pain. But those who had spent their last penny that he might enjoy an ideal feed were adamant. They stamped furiously away, leaving Mr. Bunter frantically clawing the air and crying for deliverance. And a long, long time is likely to elapse ere the day fades from his memory, when he fed, not wisely, but too well!

Next week: Our Special Representative interviews Horace Coker, Esq., of the Fifth Form, on the subject of "How I Would Reform Greyfriars."

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

FOOTBALL has been bright and brisk at Greyfriars of late, and the Remove Eleven has covered itself with plenty of mud and glory.

The greatest recent triumph was the victory over St. Jim's, which was rendered all the more honourable on account of its being in the enemy's country. The score was 4-3 in our favour, and Frank Nugent's winning goal will be remembered for many a long day.

We have also played Temple & Co., of the Fourth, on three occasions, and emerged thrice triumphant. The Fourth-formers have yet to realise that there is a great gulf fixed between football and hopscotch.

It is rumoured that Horace Coker, the great "I AM" of the Fifth, is contemplating another series of matches for the "Koker Kup," so we ought to have some lively times in store. It is devoutly to be hoped that Coker will offer his assistance to his own Form. Certain it is that the team in which he plays will be doomed.

Lieutenant Larry Lascelles has written to the Editor asking if anyone has a spare football to send out to France. We are glad to know that our gallant soldier-schoolmaster still finds time for the great winter game; and any Good Samaritan who wishes to do him a good turn should apply at No. 1 Study.

The standard of play in the Remove Eleven has been admirable. Bulstrode, Bull, and Brown still prove an indomitable defence, and the half-backs are a tower of strength to the side. Hurree Singh is inclined to wander at times, and Penfold is occasionally inaccurate in his passes. However, these minor blemishes ought soon to be remedied.

A grand Football Concert will be held in the Rag on Saturday evening next, to which all are invited. Bunter will ventriloquise; Kipps will conjure; and Wibley will take the part of Captain D'Arcy Snooker in the great new war drama, "The Blood of the Brave." Roll up in your thousands! Mrs. Mimble will be on hand with refreshments—both heavy and light

N is for NOTHING—my very worst meal!
flow down in the dumps it makes anyone feel!

CATCHING FISH!

A Screamingly Funny Complete Story of How Fisher T. Fish, the Yankee Removite, was DISHED, DIDDLED, and DONE!

Told in Breezy Style by

GEORGE BULSTRODE.



"Gentlemen, look at these trousers!" said Fish. "They're going for three bob. Look at them!" "My hat!" cried Skinner! "I'm having those bags!"

CHAPTER ONE.

SQUIFF did it.

When we found that Squiff was backing up Fishy, it surprised us, and we talked to him pretty plain. Squiff only said that he was studying to be a complete angler, and that he was out to catch Fish. So we concluded that he was pulling Fishy's leg. But we couldn't see how.

Fishy certainly never saw it. Fishy was jolly glad to get a fellow to back him up. As a rule, Squiff was as much down on his rotten dodges as any chap. But this time he was backing him up no end.

It was one of Fishy's new ideas, of course. Fishy is always buying something or selling something. He buys things cheap when a fellow is hard up, and sells them dear when he finds a customer. He has all sorts of dodges for making money. He says that in New York, where he comes from, they are all like that. He started moneylending in the Form once, and another time he started as an auctioneer. In fact, there's no end to his dodges. This time it was a second-hand clothes dodge.

Greyfriars chaps never wear second-hand clothes, of course, and we simply cackled when we heard that Fishy was breaking out again; and in the second-hand clobber line. The fags called "Old Clo'" after him in the passages. Fishy didn't mind that; he never minds anything, so long as he makes some money. Nobody thought he'd have a single customer, but Fishy seemed to think he would. He put a notice up in the junior common-room, that he

had some first-rate clobber, scarcely worn, going at a very low figure, and that the sale would be held in No. 14 Study that afternoon. We thought that Squiff and Johnny Bull would boot him, because they share that study with him. But, as I've mentioned, Squiff started backing him up, and he persuaded Johnny to let him rip.

Lots of the fellows intended to go to the sale, not to buy anything, but to slang Fishy, and cackle when the sale didn't come off. Bob Cherry said it was like Fishy's cheek to think that anybody would buy his second-hand rubbish, and Lord Mauleverer nearly fainted at the bare idea of second-hand clothes. Everybody agreed that Fishy was right off the wicket that time. We were rather pleased about it, because we thought Fishy must have spent some money on his stock, and he would have it left on his hands. It gives Fishy a pain to part with any money, worse than being bumped.

What surprised us was old Squiff backing him up. It was all cut and dried between them. Squiff was going to act as salesman, while Fishy took the money. Fishy offered him one per cent. of the takings for his trouble, but Squiff refused it. He said he was acting as he did simply out of regard for Fishy, and admiration of his great business abilities. When we rolled up that afternoon, quite a crowd of us, they had the study all ready, arranged as a shop. The table was across a corner, and a big chest was behind it, full of clothes. Squiff was sitting on the chest. Fishy was on the other side of the table, looking as keen as a knife. Johnny Bull gave Fishy a look, and snorted at him.

O is for ORANGE, which gives you the pip.
What the juice is the good when you have one to strip?

"What are you backing up that Yankee bouncer for?" he asked.

"Chap must back up his own study," says Squiff. "Besides, I admire Fishy. We haven't any slick business-men like Fishy in Australia. It's the only thing that New South Wales is short of. You lend a hand, Johnny; help Fishy with the takings."

"Rats!" says Johnny Bull.

"I guess not!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I reckon I can look after the spondulics—just a few! Gentlemen, the sale is jest going to begin. I'm glad to see so many of you here to look for real good bargains."

"We're not looking for bargains," says Wharton. "We're looking to see you come a mucker, as you always do."

"I guess not," said Fishy. "I kinder reckon this is a cinch." Nobody but Fishy knew what a cinch was, and Bob Cherry asked the fellows if any of them had an American dictionary.

"I guess we're not here for jokes, you jay," said Fishy. "Open the chest, Field, and start in!"

Squiff—his name is Field really—Squiff opened the chest. It was stacked with clobber.

"Now, gents," said Fishy. "I've got really good articles here, at prices that will make you smile. Lots of you buy your own clothes sometimes—well, instead of going to the local tailor, you come to me. For instance, you bought new trucks the other day, Cherry, after Toddy shoved the tar on you. You gave fifteen-and-six for 'em. I could have supplied you with a better pair at five shillings—honest Injun. Are you thinking of laying in another pair?"

"I'm not," says Bob.

"Your jacket is rather out at elbows, Bull

"What's the matter with my jacket?" grows Johnny Bull.

"Out at elbows, some," says Fishy. "I can offer you a splendid Eton jacket at six shillings. Worth six times the money. Now, I ask you, gentlemen, whether you can buy an Eton jacket at six shillings."

"Dash it all!" says Skinner. "They can't be supplied wholesale at that price, I should think. How can you do it, Fishy?"

"I guess I've bought up a stock cheap," says Fishy. "Splendid material—splendid cut—and scarcely worn."

"I say, you fellows," says Bunter. "I know all about it. He's been buying old clothes from the porter at Highcliffe."

"Does he think we're going to wear old Highcliffe clothes?" yelled Johnny Bull.

"Gentlemen," says Fishy, "you know the Highcliffe fellows wear expensive clothes, and of a jolly good cut. I'm simply giving them away. Show up that first pair of trousers, Squiffy. Gentlemen, look at those trousers! They're going for three bob. Look at them!"

Well, we looked at them. Certainly they were worth a good deal more than three bob. Skinner looked at them very cutely.

"My hat!" he said. "I'm having those bags. I can get ten bob at least from my pater for a new pair, and that's seven bob clear for me."

"Rotter!" says Johnny Bull. Johnny always speaks out plain. But Skinner didn't mind.

"Hand over those trucks!" he said. "Here's your three bob, Fishy!"

Squiff handed over the trucks, and Skinner paid up. Fishy grinned like anything as he collared the three bob.

"That's a beginning, gentlemen," says Fishy. "Now, gents, walk up! This hyer is the chance of a lifetime. Those who don't buy will regret it afterwards. Can I interest you in an Eton jacket, Snoopey?"

Squiff held out the Eton jacket, and it was just about Snoop's size. Snoop looked it over. Snoop is rather a beast, and perhaps he was thinking of spoofing his people over it, same as Skinner. Anyway, he bought the jacket, and paid down half-a-crown for it.

"Gents," said Squiff, "here's a splendid necktie!"

"All O.K., that necktie!" says Fishy. "I'm selling neckties at a shilling each; cost three-and-six, the cheapest of them. You want a new necktie, Bunter?"

"Right-ho!" says Bunter. "I'll settle for that necktie when my postal-order comes."

"I guess not," says Fishy. "Terms are cash in this hyer establishment. Now, gentlemen, look at that necktie. Show 'em that necktie, Field. Gentlemen, you don't often see a necktie like that going for a bob. Did you say you wanted it, Toddy?"

"I didn't," says Toddy.

"Did I catch your eye, Smithy?"

"You may have caught my eye," says Smithy, "but you're not going to catch my cash!"

"Wibley, you'd better bag that tie. You want a new one badly," says Fishy persuasively.

"Well, it's worth it," says Wibley. "I'll take the blessed thing. Here's your bob."

"Now, gentlemen, look at those trousers! Hold up those trousers, Squiffy! They're going for five shillings!"

"Splendid value for the money!" says Squiff, solemn as a judge.

"What are you helping the beast for?" snorts Johnny Bull.

"Order!" raps out Fishy. "Don't interrupt the sale, Bull. Toddy, you want new trousers. You look like a scarecrow, you know! They're splendid trousers! They'd fairly make a Highlander give up kilts. Five bob for those trousers. As a special concession, I'll take four-and-six. Now, then!"

Elliott bought the trousers. They were certainly ripping value for the money, if a chap liked to wear second-hand clobber. Then a chap bought another Eton jacket, and then two more neckties went. Fishy was getting a sale, after all. Some pairs of socks went next, and a silk topper, awfully cheap. Fishy was grinning with glee, and Squiff looked very satisfied.

P is for PASTRY, which makes a chap fat.
I'd eat it all day if I could, and that's flat!

Q is for QUELCHY, who hates a meat-tea;
That's why he's so skinny, between you and me.

"That's the lot," says Squiff, when the topper had gone.

"The lot!" said Fishy. "What do you mean? There's lots more! Why, that chest is empty! Where's the rest of the clobber?"

"Didn't you appoint me salesman?" demanded Squiff.

"Yep!"

"Well, I've sold all the things you got from Highcliffe for you."

"Sold 'em?"

"Certainly!" says Squiff, in his cheery way. "Sold 'em all—lock, stock, and barrel—to a rag-and-bone man at the back gate."

There was a regular howl in the study. Fishy's face was worth a guinea a box at that moment. He looked at Squiff as if he would eat him.

"You—you've sold all my stock!" he gasped. "Why, you—your mugwump! Why, I gave the porter at Highcliffe a pound for them! How much did you get?"

"Sixpence," says Squiff.

"Sixpence!"

"Yes; and here it is."

Fishy's face was worth watching as Squiff laid a tanner on the table. We were all yelling.

"You jay!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "You mugwump! You've sold off all my stock for a tanner!"

"Ain't I salesman?" says Squiff. "I call Johnny to witness that you appointed me salesman."

"Right-ho!" says Johnny Bull. "I'm a witness. He did. Ha, ha, ha!"

"But—but—but—" stammered Fishy. "That was for the sale—this sale. You've sold 'em—the whole lot?"

"The whole blessed shoot!" said Squiff. "Every blessed rag that you got from Highcliffe! All gone for a tanner! The old clo' man was pleased. I think he thought he had secured a bargain.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But if you sold all the lot," says Wharton, "what have you just been selling in the study?"

"Ah!" says Squiff. "Thereby hangs a tale. I sold all the Highcliffe clobber to the old clo' man, but I didn't want Fishy to lose his sale, as he was so set on it. As the stock was gone, I had to renew it. Those things that have just been sold were Fishy's own!"

"Fishy's own! My hat!"

"Mine!" shrieked Fishy.

"Yours!" said Squiff calmly. "Your Sunday clothes and topper, and your other clothes and socks and ties—everything that was in your box, in fact. I thought it best to have as large a stock as possible, after the trouble you've been put to to arrange the sale!"

Fishy fairly gasped.

The fellows in the study were howling like hyenas now. Squiff came round the table, and Johnny Bull thumped him on the back.

"Gentlemen," says Squiff, "the sale is now over; but if Fishy gets any more clothes this

term, we'll hold another. You got a bargain in those trousers, Elliot. They cost Fishy fifteen shillings."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you mugwump!" yelled Fish. "You jay! You spoofing kangaroo! Look here, this sale is off! 'Tain't a go! Money will be returned, and my clothes handed back!"

"Bow-wow!" says Snoop. "I've paid half-a-crown for this Eton jacket, and it's mine! Isn't it mine, you fellows? Fishy sold it of his own accord, through his regularly appointed salesman."

"Yes, rather!"

"Stick to it, Snoopey!"

"I guess I'm going to have it back!" yelled Fishy. "That's my Sunday jacket!"

"It's my Sunday jacket now!" says Snoop. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, Fishy. You can have it for ten bob!"

"What!"

"Ten bob—and cheap at the price, if it cost you fifteen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Gimme my jacket!" howled Fishy. "Gimme my trousers! Gimme my topper! I've got to wear 'em on Sunday! Hand 'em over! I protest! 'Tain't a sale! It's all off!"

"So am I!" says Snoop.

And he marched out with the jacket, and Elliott followed him with the trucks. Fishy was fairly dancing, and the fellows were all roaring. Not a chap would take his money back, and Fishy's face was simply extraordinary as his clothes were walked off under his nose.

"What a ripping sale!" roared Bob Cherry. "What'll you take for what you stand up in, Fishy? Better go the whole hog, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess—I reckon— Oh, you jays! Squiff, you mugwump! Oh, Jerusalem crickets! Left, by jiminy! I've been left!"

I think all Greyfriars must have heard us yelling as we came away from the sale. We left Fishy fairly dancing.

Fishy had to wear his old clothes on Sunday, and Quelchy was down on him; but Fishy had to take it quietly. He didn't dare tell Quelchy that he had been setting up as a second-hand dealer in clobber. Fishy spent nearly a week trying to persuade the chaps to let him have his clobber back at cost price; but they wouldn't, and he had to buy it back for what they would take. It was cheaper than buying new clothes, but it came pretty dear for Fishy, all the same, and it made him look green and yellow. Squiff told him he was always at his service when he wanted a salesman, and Fishy looked at him like a Hun. Squiff says he thinks Fishy won't start in the second-hand clothes bizney again in a hurry. If he ever does, it's a dead cert that he won't give Squiff a job as salesman.

THE END.

R is for ROLL, packed with mustard and-cress. It makes you roll, too, like a ship in distress.

S is for SAUSAGE; the work of the German. My resolve not to eat the vile things is a firm 'un.

SKORND BY THE SKOOL!

By *DICKY NUGENT* of the *Third Form.*

EDITORIAL NOTE.—There have been no alterations made in Master Nugent's exceedingly original manuscript. The Fags of the Third supported No. 1 of the "Greyfriars Herald" right nobly, and we therefore think they deserve a little encouragement.

CHAPTER ONE.

KLANG! KLANG!
The rying-bell was ringging lowdly.
Jack Jolly satt upp in bedd, in the Forth-Fawn dawmitory at St. Tomas's Skool. He rubd his eyes and yorned.
"Upp you get, slakker!" said Jonson major, the booly of the fawn.

Jack Jolly is the hearo of this stawry. Booly Jonson is the villan. But we must nott anticypait.

Jack turned a skornful eye upon Jonson major. Littel did he dreme at that moment of the plott that was wurking in Jonson major's brane.

"Goe and ete koke!" he replide.

Jonson major larfed skornfully.

"Ha! We shall sea!" he muttered darkly. With those missterious wurd, he put on his trousis.

The plott was wurking. But we must nott anticypait.

Suddenly there was a lowd ejackulation from Robbinson miner.

"Whoze-gott my wotch?"

Robbinson miner held up his wesket. Every eye could sea that the wotch was gorn. Jack Jolly gaized at the wesket. Perrhaps at that mowment he phelt a pressentiment. But we must not anticypait.

Booly Jonson berst into a mokking larf.

"Sumboddey's stoiem Robbinson's wotch!" he exclaimed.

"Rott!" said Jack Jolly.

"Well, it's gorn!"

"Wotches were maid to goe," said Jack Jolly humerusley.

"Lokk the dore," said Jonson major. "Everey chapp is gowing to be serched before he leeves."

Jack Jolly terned krimson.

"Whot rott!" he exclaimed.

"Jolly objecks!" said Jonson major, with a feendish larf. "You notise that Jolly objecks. Serch him ferst."

If Jack Jolly had onley gessed where the wotch was all the tyme! But we must nott anticypait.

Jonson major lokked the dore.

The Forth-Fawmers krowded rownd Jack.

"Hands orf!" exclaimed Jack indignantly.

"Ratts!" said Jonson major. "Serch him!"

Jack clenched his phist, and hit Jonson major

in the eye. Jonson roled on the flore with a lowd rore.

Perrhaps it was a hasty bloe, under the circumstances. But we must nott anticypait.

There was a knokk at the dore. It was the voyse of Mr. Fitsjerald, the master of the Forth.

Jonson gott up and opened the dore. He gave Jack a dedly glare.

"Whot does all this mene?" exclaimed Mr. Fitsjerald.

"Pleeze, sir, Robbinson miner's wotch has bene stowlen, and Jolly objecks to beeing serched," said Jonson major, with feendish kunning.

"Ha! Every purson in the dawmitory shal be serched at wunce!" exclaimed the Fawm-master sturnly. "Jolly! Cum hear."

Jack Jolly did not moove. He seemed ruted to the flore. His phace was dedly pail.

Whot was the kawse of that terryble emoshun wich had seazed uppon Jack Jolly at that kritical mowment?

A strange.sownd had cum to his eers.

It was the tikk of a wotch.

He putt his hand into the pokket of his pijammers. Amidd a dedd sylence he drue out a wotch. Nothing cood be herd in the dedd silence ekcept the tikking of the wotch, the murmurs of meny voyces, the shuffling of fete, the ringging of the rying-bell, and the feendish larf of Jonson major.

"Jolly!" thunderd the voyse of Mr. Fitsjerald. "Whoos wotch is that?"

"Myne!" showted Robbinson miner.

"How did it cum into the pokket of yore pijammers, Jolly?"

"I doen't knoe!" ejackulated Jack.

"You doen't knoe!" said Mr. Fitsjerald, in a voyse of thunnder. "Ha! We node look knoe further for the theef! Jolly, you will phollow me to the Head."

Like one in a dreme, Jack phollowed the Fawm-master from the dawmitory. Booly Jonson larfed.

Not a fellowe spoak a wurd to the akused boy. All terned their hedds away from him in kontempt. There were snears on everey phace.

He was skorned by the skool! Little didd they dreme what was to phollow. But we must nott anticypait.

(To be kontinude in our nekst.)

T is for TART, indescribably ripping!
Three groans for the chap who prefers bread-and-dripping!

Medway's Marathon!

A Rousing Complete
Story of a Great Race
and How It Was Won.

By
ROBERT CHERRY.

"Good old Medway!" exclaimed Jack. "Keep it up, old fellow. You're our only hope!"
(See picture.)



CHAPTER ONE. A Dormitory Rag.

"IT'S rotten!" exclaimed Jack Clive, captain of the School House juniors at Abbeyside, as he stood on his bed in the Fourth-Form dormitory, and addressed his schoolfellows.

"Rotten to the core!" agreed Merston, his best chum.

"The School House, gentlemen, chaps, and fellows, is a dead letter. Our glories belong to the past. If you look up the giddy records, you'll find that in days gone by no other House at Abbeyside could hold a candle to us. The New House, Price's, and Browne's were also ran in everything. This very dormitory was chock-full of trophies at one time. I remember it when I was a new kid. The Football Challenge Shield was screwed to the wall over the mantelpiece, and we were crowded out with cups and things. And now, looking round, what do we see?"

"Nothing!" growled Pratt.

"Mr. Pratt has spoken truly," said Jack Clive. "Our walls are bare, and where shields and cups once hung spiders now build their nests."

"Ha, ha! You mean spin their webs!" laughed Douglas.

"It don't matter; you chaps quite understand my meaning. This house has gone to the bow-woes. At football, cricket, swimming, shooting, rowing, running, and even swotting, we're hopelessly outclassed by rival Houses. The School House is the chopping-block of the rest, and an eyesore to Abbeyside."

"Shame!"

"You may well cry 'Shame'!" exclaimed

Jack. It's enough to give a chap the blues till further orders. And my object in making this speech to-night is to bring about a general bucking-up!"

"Bravo!"

"Let the slackers slack no longer! Let the lazy ones be up and doing! We're a degenerate House, and it's up to me, as skipper, to pull the place together. The School Sports take place to-morrow, and we've got to astonish the natives by showing up well. Of course it's a sheer impossibility for us to come out top-dog, but we won't be last, as in former terms!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Every single fellow in the Fourth must compete in something or other!" cried Jack. "We've all got to do our bit, and don't forget it!"

"Rats!" growled Mervyn, who had been captain of the Fourth before Clive came to Abbeyside, but who had fallen from his high estate on account of his shady doings. "This is a free country, young Clive, and every chap is his own master. Blessed cheek, I call it, to try and force us into doing something we don't want to! What say you, Medway?"

George Medway, who, for some unaccountable reason, had always been a chum of Mervyn's, hesitated a moment, and then said:

"I quite agree with you."

"You would!" said Clive, with flashing eyes. "It's such chaps as you who drag the fair name of the Fourth in the dust. Bah! You're not fit to be at a decent school, Medway! Fag smoking and spotting winners appeals to you a jolly sight more than healthy sport."

Medway made no reply.

"You and Mervyn are blackguards, both!"

U is for UNDERDONE, like the school mutton. V's for the VEAL-AND-HAM pies, which are great When piled in profusion on anyone's plate.

continued Jack Clive. "I suppose you don't intend to compete in anything to-morrow?"

Medway glanced across to Mervyn's bed before replying. The latter beckoned to him to say no. Accordingly he did so.

"I thought as much!" snorted Clive. "You hear him, you fellows? That's the sort of chap who wants weeding out of this school. I suppose he means to go over to the races at Bluemarket, while we sweat on the playing fields to try and retrieve a lost cause."

A hiss ran round the dormitory. Medway was probably the most unpopular junior at Abbeyside. He had never been known to play a single game, unless it was nap for penny points in Mervyn's study. And apart from that, he had never shown an atom of courage in his frequent fights with his Form-fellows.

That was where Mervyn went one better. The ex-captain was a rank outsider, but he knew how to use his fists, and any boy who excels at the noble art of self-defence is assured of a certain measure of popularity. But the chicken-hearted Medway was despised and rejected by all.

"Look here!" roared Merston. "How much longer are we going to put up with this insufferable cad? Let's yank him out of bed, and put him through it!"

"That's it!" came in a roar from the others. "Sock it into the slacker!"

"Here, I say, hold on—I mean, leggo!" gasped Medway, as he was seized by many hands and bumped out of bed. "Gerraway, you rotters! Mervyn! Don't lay there and snigger! Help a chap, for goodness' sake!"

But loyalty to a chum was not one of Mervyn's attributes. He reclined at ease in his bed, and looked on at the scene with an amused smile.

Meantime, the word had gone round that Medway was to be made to run the gauntlet. Accordingly, each of the fellows armed himself with a knotted towel, a slipper, or any other article likely to cause pain to the errant junior. Then the Fourth-Formers lined up in two rows, and Jack Clive gave Medway a violent shove. The unfortunate slacker went sprawling through the lines, and heavy blows descended upon him from both sides.

Medway reached the other end more dead than alive. The Fourth were desperately in earnest, and had given it to him hot and strong.

"Once more!" sang out Pratt.

"Don't! Don't!"

George Medway was grovelling on the floor, his hands raised in mute appeal. Jack Clive looked at him in disgust and contempt.

"Get up, you cowardly cad!" he said scathingly.

"Give him some more!" yelled the Fourth. Their blood was up, and they felt more than mad with Medway just then.

"D'you hear that?" asked Jack Clive. "Say you'll compete in some event to-morrow, and I'll let you off. If you refuse, then you must

run back through the lines again, and you'll get it hotter this time!"

Medway glanced at the armed ranks of Fourth-Formers, then at Mervyn's bed, and hesitated.

"Buck up!" urged Jack. "I give you one minute!"

"I—I—" stammered Medway. "Oh, hang it all! I can't go through that all over again. I'll enter for one of the Sports!"

"You've just saved your bacon," said Clive grimly. "The performance is ended now, you fellows. There's no second house. Hop into bed, everybody!"

And while the rest of the Fourth were engaged in undressing, Mervyn reached out his hand and gripped Medway by the shoulder.

"You worm!" he hissed, under his breath. "You traitor! You'll pay for this to-morrow!"

Medway glanced at the vindictive face of the speaker, and shuddered. Then, with a stifled sob, he turned, and slowly got into his own bed.

CHAPTER TWO.

The Turning of the Worm.

RICHARD FRANCIS MERVYN stood before the mantelpiece in the study which he shared with Medway, and regarded that youth in much the same way as a spider regards a fly.

"Now, my beauty," he said gruffly, "what d'ye mean by it?"

"Mean by what?" asked Medway, though he knew quite well to what Mervyn was referring.

"Why, for telling that cad Clive you'd go in for one of the Sports!"

Medway was silent.

"You'd better tell me, and sharp," said Mervyn unpleasantly, "or I shall make things warm for you!"

"Right you are, then," said Medway, swinging round and facing his tormentor. "The fact of the matter is, that I've stood you long enough! I was a decent chap before I came here!"

Mervyn sneered.

"So decent that they expelled you from St. Cuthbert's!" he said, with crushing sarcasm.

"I've told you before that I was expelled for something I never did. If you don't choose to believe me, you needn't! You're a thundering cad, Mervyn! Oh, yes, I know it surprises you to hear me speak like that, when I've been under your thumb and toadied up to you ever since I've been at Abbeyside! But I'm sick to death of playing the rotter! After this, I'm going to take part in games, though it's against your wishes, and I refuse to run any more beastly errands for you to bookmakers, and so forth! Hang it all! There's nothing like being decent!"

Mervyn said nothing for some moments. He was given food for thought now. He, and he

W's for WATER, which isn't much cop.
All decent chaps revel in brewed ginger-pop.

X—XMAS PUDDING—is stunning, I vow.
I'll just hop along to the pantry right now!

alone, of all the fellows at Abbeyside, was aware that Medway had been expelled from his former school on a charge of appropriating the proceeds of the Games Fund. Trading on this knowledge, he had blackmailed the unfortunate Medway right along the line. He had turned him into the blackest of black sheep, and if Medway ever spoke, or hinted at reformation, Mervyn would threaten to expose his past to the other fellows.

But even a worm will turn, and George Medway had turned at last. The good influence of some of the other fellows was beginning to tell upon him. And now he had resolved to turn over a new leaf and to play the game, recking not of the consequences.

"Then you know what to expect," said Mervyn, after a long pause. "If you dare to compete in any of to-day's races, I'll betray you to all the others, and you'll find life won't be worth the living."

"Do your worst!" said Medway contemptuously. "Things can't be much worse with me than they are at present, when I'm shunned by all the decent fellows in the Form. In future, you can carry out your shady tricks off your own bat! You'll get no help from me!"

And, before Mervyn could master his astonishment, the speaker had turned on his heel and quitted the study.

Medway's mind was filled with a great resolution. He knew himself to be a very capable runner, and resolved to enter for the best and biggest event of the day—the Marathon Race. The School House was only sending in Clive, and the captain of the Fourth could not be expected to win, as he would naturally be stale after competing in many other races.

The surprise in the ranks of the Fourth when Medway's decision became known may be better imagined than described. Some said the fellow was "swanking," others that he was stark, staring mad; but all were of one mind on this point—Medway would never win the Marathon.

At ten o'clock the School Sports started. The conditions governing them were simple. There were twenty-four events altogether, and the House securing the greater number of points were awarded the coveted cup. The present holders were the New House, which contained champions of all sorts and kinds. Abbeyside prided itself on being a running school, and the New House harboured the pick of the bunch.

Jack Clive showed up well. He set the degenerate School House a splendid example by romping home in the hundred yards and quarter-mile. Merston, of the same House, secured the honours in the obstacle race; and for a time the prospects of Clive & Co. seemed decidedly rosy.

But as the day wore on, the superiority of

the other Houses began to assert itself. The mile went to Price's, both the high and the long jumps to the New House, and a giant from Browne's won the half-mile in record time, and threw the cricket ball yards farther than any rival.

When the time for the Marathon arrived, the points were distributed as follows: New House, 56; Browne's, 54; School House, 51; and Price's, 50.

The first man home in the Marathon secured 12 points for his House, and the runner-up 6, so that every House had a chance of success.

But it was agreed on all sides that the School House was doomed. Only two competitors were running for them—one a fellow worn out by previous exertion, and the other a hopeless outsider who was out of the reckoning in advance. Medway was considered a hopeless case, who had entered for a joke, according to his crude sense of humour, and had not the respected Head of Abbeyside been present when the race started many fellows would have hissed the unpopular competitor.

"Are you ready?" asked Mr. Price, his keen eye roving over the twenty-two runners.

There was a general nodding of heads.

Bang!

The pistol cracked, and the great Marathon Race, upon which so much depended, had begun!

CHAPTER THREE.

True Blue!

THERE is something grimly exciting in a Marathon Race. Few things call for such dogged determination and endurance. A fellow may be a good short-distance runner, or be able to withstand a gruelling ninety minutes on the football field; but those who can run a Marathon right out to the bitter end are very few and far between.

The Abbeyside fellows were confronted with a gigantic task. In some races of this description, it is usual for schoolfellows to follow the runners on bicycles; but the rules governing the Abbeyside Sports provided that the competitors were to receive no sort of assistance whatever.

The route had been clearly explained to the runners at the outset, so that there was no likelihood of a blunder being made.

Jack Clive was the first to burst ahead of the others, but it was only in desperation that he did so. In his heart of hearts he knew well that he could not maintain the hot pace. But there was no other runner to bring glory to the School House, he reflected, so it was "up to" him to keep on keeping on.

The next runners in order were Cox of the New House, and Springfield of Browne's. Both were going strongly, and gave the impression that they could easily overhaul Clive when the fancy took them.

Y's for the YEAST which makes currant-buns rise. Its wonderful worth let no fellow despise.

Z—Ow! I'm starving, so can't write the rest. Just bury me gently. No flowers, by request!

But, five miles from the start, dramatic developments began to take place. Medway, who had got off the mark in indifferent fashion, now put on a tremendous spurt, and passed man after man like a meteor. In due course he overhauled Springfield and Cox, and then shot past Clive, who was slowing down, and showing signs of distress.

Jack almost fell down in the roadway as he saw Medway going past with his long, loping stride. He had heard a patter of feet behind him, and had imagined that one of the others had put on the pace and forged ahead.

But he recovered himself in an instant. "Good old Medway!" he exclaimed. "Keep it up, old man. You're our only hope!"

Medway heard the words like a fellow in a dream. Could it be Clive speaking—Clive, the fellow who had openly abused him only the night before?

He summoned up all his strength, and ran on strongly, with fine, fearless courage. It was a new Medway who was flashing along the dust-laden road.

"I must stick to my lead," he muttered. "I've got to win, though it costs me my life!"

On and on he sped, covering the sixth mile with splendid speed. Then a figure suddenly sprang out from the plantation which skirted the road, and the runner found himself confronted with Mervyn.

"Get out of it!" he gasped. But the bigger fellow impudently barred his path.

Medway saw that he must act, and act quickly. This cad, who had hitherto had him in his power, was bent on keeping him from winning the race.

As these thoughts flashed through Medway's brain he drew up short, and hit out with all his force. It was a fine, well-directed blow, and caught the Abbeyside bully right on the mark. He fell to the ground with a groan, rolled over, and then lay inanimate.

Medway gritted his teeth together, and ran on. There was no fear of Mervyn catching him, for the latter would not recover from the effects of that blow for some moments, at least.

Half after mile was completed, and it seemed that the end was as far off as ever. Medway was tired now, and felt an irresistible longing to stop, if only for a few brief seconds, and rest on the bank. But his conscience told him that such an action would be fatal.

Meanwhile, several important things had happened. Clive, unable to keep going any longer, had reluctantly dropped out, and Cox, of the New House, a dark-haired, frivolous fellow, who refused to take life seriously, had suddenly leapt to new life. He seemed to whiz along the road, and two miles from home was almost up to Medway.

The crowd, waiting at the school gates to hail the finish, was rapt and excited. Who would be the first runner in view? Would it be

Clive, or Springfield, or Blagden, of the New House?

Their fevered questions were soon answered. The tall, lithe figure of Cox appeared in sight. Close behind him came another person familiar to the eye, but it was the last person any single fellow, senior or junior, would have expected to see just then. Medway, his hair dank with perspiration, his face pale as death, was struggling valiantly to overcome the New House junior. His socks had come down, his vest was split close to the armpits, and he looked a wreck, but as if moved with one uncontrollable impulse, every onlooker cheered him to the echo. His past was forgotten now. Medway, the cad, seemed to be an unknown quantity at that moment. The fellows were looking upon Medway, the hero.

"Pile in!" roared the School House contingent. "Ten more yards! Spurt—spurt! Oh, well played! He's home!"

Dizzy and fatigued as he was, Medway had made a last, desperate effort, and he breasted the outstretched tape the fraction of a second to the good of Cox. Then he flopped down in an ungainly, sprawling heap. He was done!

The School House had set its name once more upon the scroll of honour, having beaten the New House in the sports by a single point. They had scored 63, and their great rivals 62.

When George Medway came round he was the centre of a surging, admiring crowd. Everyone was trying to wring his hand at once.

"Bravo, you giddy cherub!" exclaimed Jack Clive, clumping him on the shoulder. "You're one of the best!"

"It may interest you fellows to know——" broke in Mervyn's leering voice.

Clive seized the cad of the Fourth and drew him aside.

"It'll pay you to keep your mouth shut," he muttered. "You seem to know something about Medway's past which is rather unpleasant; but it'll be a jolly sight more unpleasant, from your standpoint, if I tell them how you tried to stop Medway from winning the Marathon. Oh, yes, I saw what you did quite plainly. And if ever you say a word against Medway, a chap whose boots you aren't worthy to clean, I'll put in a word which will get you kicked out of Abbeyside for good! Got that?"

White as a sheet, and realising that his hold on Medway was gone, Mervyn turned on his heel and slunk away. His cup of humiliation was very full just then, and he was likely to lie low for quite a long time.

But there was one other junior whose heart was exceedingly happy, and the School House was likely to be a better and brighter place hereafter as a result of Medway's Marathon!

THE END.

(Readers should order No. 3 of the "Greyfriars Herald" to-day.)