






EVERY SCHOOLBOY'S WEEKLY!






The **GREYFRIARS** $1\frac{1}{2}$
HERALD. $\frac{2}{2}$





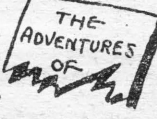


No. 3. Vol. 1.
 Week Ending
 Dec. 4th, 1915.






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




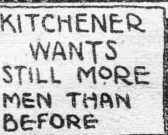
CAN YOU READ THIS LETTER? OUR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.





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 W  OF THE  THE PICTORIAL ILLUSTRATED WEEKLY. IN  THE GREYFRIARS HERALD. I 

 ARE YOU CERTAIN? YES  U  L  H  THE ADVENTURES OF   H

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J  HAS  U  W $\frac{1}{2}$ H  KITCHENER WANTS STILL MORE MEN THAN BEFORE

 R $\frac{2}{2}$ $\frac{1}{4}$ OF THE GL  Y  I HAVE  Yours Truly Frank Nugent

TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars on Page 7.)



Readers of

THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 1d.

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 REBELS OF THE REMOVE!
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.

BETTER AND BETTER!

Many things improve with age, and the GREYFRIARS HERALD is one of them. Our first issue was unanimously voted to be "top-notch"; our second number was received even more favourably, and I think I may say that No. 3 excels the other two put together.

I hope my reader-chums will not infer from these remarks that I am suffering from swelled head. Such is not the case. But a certain amount of pride is permissible under the circumstances. Thousands of letters have been written in praise of this little journal, and the enthusiasm for it, all the world over, is enormous. Tommies in the trenches say that the HERALD has afforded them the keenest pleasure in the intervals of potting at the Huns; and this leads the Editorial Staff to the opinion that they are performing not only a good work, but a patriotic one.

WHAT I THINK OF BRITISH BOYS.

I have nothing but praise for the magnificent efforts made on the part of thousands of fine fellows to spread the fame of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. Without such yeoman service, this journal would be pretty much of an unknown quantity; but every loyal Magnetite, Gemite, Popite, and Friendite has made a special point of telling his best chums of our stories and features, with the result that we are building up quite a colossal circulation. Many boys,

too, are buying half-a-dozen copies weekly—sending some to soldiers, keeping others in order to get them bound, and giving the remainder to non-readers. That's the way, you chaps! I much admire your wonderful enthusiasm which spurs me on to still greater efforts to make the GREYFRIARS HERALD an unparalleled success in modern journalism.

AND GIRLS!

The good work which I have just mentioned applies not only to the boys of Britain, but to their enthusiastic sisters and girl chums. I know for a fact that hundreds and hundreds of girls read this paper, and enjoy its contents with infinite gusto. Long may such a happy state of affairs continue! I should much like to shake every reader by the hand and thank him—or her—for the valiant endeavours which have been made on behalf of this journal; but as such a privilege is denied me, I must content myself by expressing my heartfelt gratitude through the medium of this chat.

That the GREYFRIARS HERALD may always prove a source of never-failing amusement and delight to countless thousands is the fervent wish of

Your sincere chum,
HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES →

PLAYING A PART!

A Magnificent, Long,
Complete School Story,
written for the "Grey-
friars Herald" by

DICK RAKE

of the Remove Form.



Billy Bunter was rushed out of the Form-room door into the quad, and all the Highcliffe chaps kicked together. (See page 6.)

CHAPTER ONE. The Uninvited Guest.

PONSONBY hadn't asked any of us, of course. We are not on good terms with Ponsonby and his set at Highcliffe. He hadn't even asked Skinner of the Remove—though he is rather pally with Skinner. Skinner was rather sore about it. And he certainly hadn't asked Bunter. But Bunter meant to go, all the same.

He started on the subject in the common-room. He began with:

"I say, you fellows!"

"Sorry—stony!" said everybody at once.

Bunter sniffed.

"I don't want to borrow money, you fat-heads! 'Tain't that. It's about the fancy-dress ball at Highcliffs."

"Oh, blow Highcliffe!" said Wharton. "Nobody here is going."

"I'm going!" said Bunter.

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry.

"You know, it's Ponsonby's birthday," said Bunter. "He's got permission to give a celebration, and lots of people are going—some of the Cliff House girls, and lots of the Highcliffe chaps' relations. There'll be a fashionable crowd, you know. Fancy dress and masks, and dancing. You fellows know how I dance—"

"Like an elephant!" said Nugent.

"Or a rhinoceros!" said Squiff.

"Of course, I know you fellows are jealous of my dancing," said Bunter. "'Tain't only the dancing. There's a lovely spread—a simply gorgeous supper: I was in the bun-shop at Courtfield when Ponsonby and Gaddy were ordering the stuff. They gave orders like

princes, I can tell you. Everything of the best, and lots of it. There'll be supper going all the time—refreshments for everybody who likes. I don't suppose I shall do much dancing, on second thoughts."

"Not if you get a chance at the spread," grinned Johnny Bull. "But you're not going."

"I am going, of course. Ponsonby's asked me specially."

"Gammon! said Skinner.

Bunter blinked at Skinner.

"I suppose you're jealous, too, Skinner. I saw you hanging round Pon., fishing for an invitation, but he wasn't taking any."

Skinner turned red.

"I didn't—I wasn't—I wouldn't go if he asked me, you fat blunder!"

"Well, he jolly well hasn't asked you," said Bunter. "He's asked me. And I'm jolly well going."

"Look here, you owl," said Wharton seriously. "Nobody at Greyfriars has been asked, and it will let us all down if a chap shoves himself in without an invitation. Don't play the giddy ox."

"I can't decline my old pal's invitation, Wharton, to please you."

"But he hasn't asked you," shouted Wharton.

"If you can't take my word, Wharton, I decline to discuss the matter with you. I—I have a general invitation from my friend Ponsonby to come any time I like. We're awfully chummy. It's a sort of bond of union between us. Both of us have a lot of titled relations—"

"Oh, cheese it!"

"I say, you fellows, I'm going, you know, and what I want is a costume. It's fancy dress,

A's for our **AUTHORS**, so trusty and true:
Without them the **HERALD** would vanish from view.

B's for the **BEST**—which this paper supplies:
Good tips for the healthy, and wealthy, and wise.

you know. I want to borrow some of the props of the Remove Dramatic Society, and I want Wib. to help me dress before I go."

"I don't mind!" said Wibley. "I suppose Bunter knows whether he's been asked or not."

"He hasn't!" growled Skinner. "The fat beast has nerve enough to shove himself in anywhere."

"Well, you tried to shove yourself in, didn't you?" grinned Bunter.

"No, I didn't!" howled Skinner.

"Yes, you jolly well did, but you couldn't bring it off. Well, Pon. simply urged me to go. He begged me almost with tears in his eyes. I'm going. Now, what character am I going in? That's the question. I think I should look pretty ripping as a Toreador. What do you fellows think?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Or as Lord Kitchener. It requires a manly figure for that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at. Still, perhaps I ought to have something more imposing. What about Satan?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Wibley's got a Mephistopheles rig-out for the new play," said Bunter. "I suppose you'll lend it to me, Wib?"

"I'll lend it to you if you're going," said Wibley. "But you're not much good as Satan. Satan isn't as broad as he is long."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And, with the mask on, they won't know me," said Bunter. "With such a lot there, one more or less won't be noticed. I—I mean—that is to say—"

"You mean you're going to shove in, hoping that they won't spot you, as it's a masked ball!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Nothing of the sort, Bull. I was speaking generally. I suppose one of you fellows will lend me a few bob to pay for a cab? I can't walk over to Highcliffe as Satan."

"Rats!"

"Smithy, old man, you've got lots of oof—" "And lots of sense!" said Smithy. "Ask next door."

"I say, Mauly, old man—"

"Yaas?" said Lord Mauleverer.

"Lend me ten bob till my postal-order comes. It comes to-morrow morning, you know, by the first post!"

"Oh, gad!"

"Well, make it five, Mauly. I don't get asked to a fancy-dress ball every day, you know!"

"You don't get asked at all, you spoofing oyster!" growled Skinner.

But Lord Mauleverer made it five. Mauly had more money than sense. So Bunter rolled away to telephone for the cab from Friardale. After that, he turned up in Wibley's study.

Most of the fellows believed that Bunter was spoofing, and that he hadn't an invitation at all. But Wibley took his word for it, and he helped him to dress.

Lots of fellows gathered round the study to

watch. Billy Bunter fancied himself in an imposing character like Satan. He wasn't very tall for a Prince of Darkness, certainly, but he made up for it sideways. Wibley had hard work to make the costume meet round him. But Bunter was bottled up in it at last.

The costume was black and red, and looked very devilish. Wib. fastened the mask on Bunter's face, and it hid his barnacles from sight, which was an improvement, for Satan could not be supposed to wear glasses.

Bunter looked at himself in the glass with great satisfaction, when it was finished. He chuckled.

"Looks ripping, don't it?" he said.

"It is very nearly ripping," said Bob Cherry, "and it will rip entirely when you've had supper."

"Oh, really, Cherry! I hope I sha'n't frighten the ladies, in this mask!" chuckled Bunter.

"Not so much as you would without it!" said Squiff.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Thanks awfully, Wib. I'll bring you a cake home in my pocket if I can. I think I'll borrow Mauly's fur-lined coat to go over this; it's cold in the cab."

"Have you mentioned that to Mauly?" asked Bob.

Bunter didn't answer that question, but when he went down to the cab, he had Mauly's whacking fur-lined coat on. He blinked at us out of the cab.

"I say, you fellows, I'm sorry you can't come. But the party is rather select, you know! You really couldn't expect it—especially you, Skinner! Ta-ta!"

The cab rolled away with Bunter—just in time, or he would have been yanked out and mopped up.

Most of the fellows forgot all about Bunter when he had gone. But Skinner didn't. Skinner was feeling savage. Skinner walked about a bit, thinking hard. Some time later, the fellows heard him chuckle, and they guessed that Skinner had thought of something. Skinner went away to Quelchy's study, taking some lines with him, in case Quelchy was there.

But Quelchy wasn't there, and Skinner whipped in, and ran to the telephone. He rang up the exchange, and asked for the Highcliffe number.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" said Skinner. "Is that Highcliffe?"

"Yes"—Mr. Mobbs speaking. "What is wanted? We are very busy here—"

"Exactly. This is Friardale Police Station!" said Skinner.

"Dear me!"

"I understand that you are giving some fancy-dress function in the school."

"Yes. It is Master Ponsonby's birthday, and there is a celebration."

"Exactly. I have received information that a robbery will be attempted at the school during the function."

C's for CONTRIBUTORS—poor little wrecks!
They come on their feet and depart on their necks!

D's the DETECTIVE of whom Peter Todd
Writes wonderful stories, mysterious and odd.

"Good heavens!"

"A very well-known pickpocket—an old offender—is suspected of intending to come in fancy-dress, which, of course, would prevent recognition among so many guests. I am putting you on your guard, Mr. Mobbs."

"Thank you very much. Have you any information as to the kind of costume the scoundrel is likely to assume?"

"Yes; we are well informed upon that point. According to our information, he will appear in the character of Satan. If anyone should arrive in that costume, you will take measures to secure him, and telephone at once for the police, unless, of course, you are assured that it is an ordinary guest."

"Good heavens!"

"What is the matter?"

"There is certainly a Satan among the guests. I have noticed him several times, chiefly in the supper-room——"

"Lose no time, Mr. Mobbs!"

"Certainly, certainly!" Mr. Mobbs' voice was very agitated. "Thank you—thank you very much! He shall be compelled to unmask at once—Good heavens——"

Mr. Mobbs rang off hurriedly. Skinner put up the receiver, and dodged out of Mr. Quelch's study, grinning. When he came back into the junior common-room, he was chuckling so much that every eye turned on him.

"Well, what's the joke?" asked Bob Cherry.

Skinner explained, still chuckling. There was a yell.

"Poor old Bunter!"

"Rather a rotten trick!" said Wharton.

"What rot!" said Skinner. "If Bunter's been invited, he's only got to unmask, and show his face, and he'll be all right. If he hasn't been invited, of course there may be trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

CHAPTER TWO.

Bowled Out!

HIGHCLIFFE was very merry and bright. Ponsonby, the dandy of the Fourth, was doing things in great style. The big school-room was decorated with ferns and flowers, and ablaze with light. The band, specially engaged by Ponsonby, discoursed sweet music. All sorts of characters and costumes mingled in the crowd—shepherds, shepherdesses, lotharios and toredors, and Crusaders and Arab chiefs. The fancy-dress ball was a tremendous success, and Ponsonby & Co. were highly pleased with themselves. Nearly all Highcliffe was there, even the Sixth had accepted Ponsonby's invitations, and lots of their relations had come. The Fourth Form-room was used as a supper-room, and the spread was tremendous, and it was very well patronised, especially by the younger guests.

In their costumes and masks, the fellows hardly knew one another. Nobody at Highcliffe had

thought of a Satanic costume, and only one was present. Some of the fellows grinned at the idea of a short, tubby fellow making himself up as Satan, and wondered which of the fellows it was.

But Satan hadn't much to do with the dancing. He had arrived in a cab, and slipped in with a crowd, so Ponsonby guessed that he was a relation of one of the fellows. He had left a very valuable fur-lined coat in the hall, so it looked as if he was pretty well off, and Pon had taken the trouble to speak to him civilly. He had, in fact, offered to find him a partner, but Satan declined.

"Later, dear boy," he said, in rather a husky voice, as if he had a cold.

And he went into the supper-room.

He didn't leave it.

Pon had engaged four waiters for the evening, and Satan kept most of them pretty busy. The strains of music and the sound of tripping feet failed to entice him away from the supper-room. He ate with his mask on, too. People came in for refreshments, and went out again, and Satan was still there. He attracted a good many glances, and the fellows whispered that the bouncer had only come for the supper, and meant to have the lion's share.

The waiters were astonished. They kept on serving Satan with tuck, and as fast as they served it, he scoffed it. He had unfastened some buttons, and taken out some safety-pins. He was still going strong when Mr. Mobbs came looking over the dancers. Mr. Mobbs was looking very anxious.

He wanted to speak to Ponsonby, but Pon was dancing with a Greek goddess, and Mobby had to wait till the band slowed down. Then he nailed Pon.

"My dear Ponsonby——"

"What's the row?" asked Ponsonby.

"Something very startling has occurred. I have received a call from the police. A thief has entered Highcliffe in costume——"

"Great Scott!"

"Have you observed a guest in the character of Satan, my dear Ponsonby?"

"Yes; fat chap, stickin' in the supper-room," said Pon.

"Are you aware of his name?"

"Don't know him from Adam."

"If he should prove to be a guest, my dear Ponsonby, of course we must be careful; but he must unmask and give his name. I fear that he is the pickpocket I have been warned against."

"We'll jolly soon see," said Ponsonby.

He called to Gadsby and Monson and Vava-sour, and they went with Mr. Mobbs to the supper-room.

Satan was still tucking in.

He was slacking down a bit, but he was still going it. The waiters were wondering where on earth he was putting it. But he left off eating suddenly as Mr. Mobbs and Ponsonby & Co. came up to his table. Ponsonby & Co.

E's for the EDITOR—cheer him, you chaps!
And then he'll find room for these verses—perhaps!

F's for the FOOTLINES, of which this is one:
I'll swallow my face if they're not full of fun!

spread round the table, and though they couldn't see Satan's face, they could see that he was alarmed.

"Sorry to trouble you," said Ponsoby politely. "It seems that some outsider has got in without being invited, and we're making inquiries. Would you mind giving your name?"

"Oh! Ahem! Augustus de Vere!" stammered Satan.

Mr. Mobbs' manner became more respectful. He liked that name. But Ponsoby was watching Satan like a cat. He was much sharper than Mobby.

"You wouldn't mind unmasking?" he asked.

"Ahem!"

"I'm afraid I must insist!" said Ponsoby.

"You—you see—"

"Blessed if I don't know that voice," said Gadsby. "I've heard that before. His name's not De Vere."

"Oh, really, Gaddy—"

"Bunter!" yelled Ponsoby. "A blessed Greyfriars cad! Collar him! 'Tain't a pick-pocket, Mr. Mobbs, it's a Greyfriars cad wedging in where he isn't asked."

"I say, you fellows—really, you know—"

"Don't let's have a scene!" said Ponsoby. "Take him by his fat neck and run him into the quad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I say, you fellows—oh, my hat! Chuck it! I say, Pon, old chap—oh, crumbs!"

They collared Bunter at once, and yanked him away from the table, with about two pounds' worth of tuck inside him. Bunter wriggled and yelped.

"Turn him out!" gasped Mr. Mobbs. "The astounding impudencel! You may kick him, Gadsby! A kicking would be justified under the circumstance!"

"Yaroooh!"

"Kick him out!" grinned Ponsoby.

Billy Bunter was rushed out of the Form-room door into the quad, and all the High-cliffe chaps kicked together. Satan rolled out and vanished, and the door was closed on him.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" mumbled Bunter.

He sat up in the quad. It was dark and cold and misty there. Bunter staggered to his feet. He couldn't go in for Lord Mauleverer's fur coat, and he dared not go and look for his cab. The porter came along with a lantern, and Bunter guessed what he was looking for. Pon had passed the word.

"So 'ere you are, you young rascal!" said the porter. And he took Bunter by the neck and marched him down to the gates.

Bunter wriggled away and ran.

"Beasts!" groaned Bunter. "Oh, dear! Grpoh! It's c-c-cold! Oh, dear, now I've got to walk home! Yow-ow! And—and if they see me like this going through Courtfield—Oh, crumbs!"

Satan had not been much out of place at a fancy-dress ball. But out of doors he was

too remarkable to pass unnoticed. It was still early in the evening, and there were a good many people about. The first man Bunter met in the lane stopped dead, and stared at him, and then bolted through the hedge with a yell that could have been heard half a mile away.

"Silly ass!" growled Bunter.

He left the man far behind, and arrived, panting, in Courtfield. But as soon as he came into the light there was a yell. Bunter dodged into a side street, and ran again. As fast as he was seen there was yelling, and things were pitched at him. He caught a potato with his nose, and a cabbage with the back of his head. He ran on, and dodged a policeman, who made a grab at him, with women shrieking, and children yelling, and men shouting round him. It was his Satanic costume that did it. Bunter looked very startling. He never knew how he got out of Courtfield, and pelted along the lane to Greyfriars.

He was chased about a quarter of a mile, till he hid in a ditch behind a hedge, and lay low. When the coast was clear he crawled out, covered with mud, and wet and shivering.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Bunter. "Oh, crumbs! This costume is ruined. Lucky it ain't mine! Oh, dear! When shall I get home? Oh, dear!"

He was panting like old bellows as he tramped on to Greyfriars. When he heard a footstep on the road he dodged out of sight and waited. It seemed about a century to him before he came in sight of the school gates. Just as he came up there was a heavy tramp on the road, and P.-c. Tozer, of Friardale, came along. Mr. Tozer stopped as if he had been shot at the sight of Satan.

"My heye!" gasped Mr. Tozer.

Bunter gasped. He felt that he couldn't run another yard.

Police-constable Tozer loosened his truncheon. Mr. Tozer had plenty of pluck.

"Wotever it is, 'ere's at it!" yelled Tozer. And he rushed at Bunter.

Bunter dodged.

"Yaroooh! You silly idiot!" he yelled. "Chuck it! I ain't the devil—I'm Bunter!"

"My heye!" said Tozer.

He stopped just in time.

"Master Bunter, playing them tricks—hey? Young rascal, breaking the loi! Your 'ead-master'll 'ear about this 'ere!"

Mr. Tozer grasped Satan firmly by the collar, and rang the bell, and Gosling opened the gates. Gosling staggered at the sight of Satan. But Mr. Tozer marched him in, with a grip of iron on his collar, right up to the School House.

There was a yell as Tozer marched him into the House.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's Satan!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"How did you get on?" yelled Skinner.

G is for GREYFRIARS, the jolly old school.
Long may we rejoice 'neath its glorious rule!

H is the HERALD, so full of fine features,
And eagerly read by both scholars and teachers!

"I say, you fellows——"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Make this silly ass let me go. I don't want to see the Head. I—I've got my prep to do!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "You're coming to the 'Ead," said Mr. Tozer. "Frightening of people, and breaking the lor'!"

But Harry Wharton came to the rescue.
 "It's all right, Tozer. Bunter's been to a fancy-dress ball, and he must have mistaid his motor-car, and had to walk home." Wharton slipped a two-bob bit into Tozer's hand, and Mr. Tozer relented.

"Well, don't you play them tricks no more, Master Bunter," he said. "Next time you'll be dealt with, with the full rigger of the lor'!"

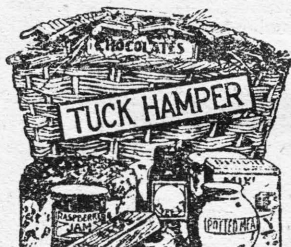
And Mr. Tozer marched away.
 "What have you done to my costume, you fat idiot?" roared Wibley.

"Blow your costume!" groaned Bunter. "And blow you! Some beast gave me away at Highcliffe! I—I mean Ponsonby forgot that he'd invited me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Leggo, Wib, you beast! Ow-ow!"

But Wibley simply rushed Bunter up to the study, and yanked the costume off him. The things he said to Bunter ought to have made his hair curl. But Bunter only snorted. And he only snorted when Mauly asked after his fur coat. Bunter was not bothering about costumes or fur coats; he was bothered enough with the sorrows of Satan.

THE END.

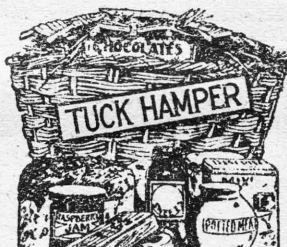


TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

Great New Competition!

First Prize £1.

315 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, December 7th, 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. 3, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE CAREFULLY

Address.....

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

SPARE OUR BLUSHES!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Wharton,—Allow me to compliment you upon the excellent appearance and high tone of the journal under your control. It is splendid.

"I must confess that before the GREYFRIARS HERALD was placed on the market I had taken little or no interest in it, thinking it was a dull, disjointed sort of periodical; but now I am compelled to sit quite a long time at the breakfast-table each Monday morning, in order to peruse the HERALD from cover to cover. Todd's tales of Herlock Sholmes are indeed funny, and the weekly cartoon is a source of considerable amusement to my daughter Molly.

"With best wishes for the welfare of your capital little magazine,—Believe me, yours very cordially,

"HERBERT H. LOCKE,
"Headmaster."

[Perhaps, after reading this letter, the mighty men of the Sixth will pay us a personal visit, and thank us for causing them to have such a slack time on Monday mornings!—Ed.]

BOW-WOW!

"Two the Editore of the Remove's Rotten Rag.

"You have seen fitt two hold me up two riddikule in yore vile perduction. Beware! The Third Form will not forgett! Wen the 'Juniors Jernal' comes out you will see stars and kommets and yores Kontemptuously Dicky
"NUGENT."

[We have ordered several reams of fly-paper, and hope that by suspending same in the Third-Form passage we may catch quite a lot of the pests who write such piffle to a respectable paper.—Ed.]

SNOBBISH, SLANDEROUS SKINNER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Editor,—I have just concluded a very painful but necessary task.

"A short time ago, you will remember, a youth named Skinner wrote a violent tirade upon those fellows who, by their own integrity and grit, managed to win scholarships admitting them to Greyfriars. Of course, every decent chap knows that Mark Linley,

Dick Penfeld, and Monty Newland are thoroughly true blue, and we are proud to own them as our schoolfellows.

"I met our friend Skinner this afternoon in a lonely meadow, and asked him to take back his slanderous statements. On his refusing to do so, I waded in and slaughtered him. What happened to him eventually I cannot say. He was minus three teeth, twice that number of waistcoat buttons, his coat-tail, and one boot, which he hurled at my head during the struggle. If he becomes bedridden for the rest of his school career he has only himself to blame.—Yours sincerely,

"BOB CHERRY,
"Fighting Editor."

[We are glad to hear of the crushing of a cad who is unworthy to lace the boots of the fellows he has wronged.—Ed.]

NO LUCK FOR LODER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—Come to my study at once, bringing with you the author of the ridiculous alphabetical rhyme which runs through your paper. I shall demand to know, with the aid of an ashplant, what he means by the following couplet:

"'K's for the Key to the Head's private garden,
Which Loder possesses, and— Oh, beg your pardon!'

"Take note, also, that any further slanderous insinuations directed against me will be met with a severe castigation to the perpetrator. As it is, I shall not release your precious poet until he has received a good round dozen, laid on hard!—Yours mercilessly,

"GERALD LODER."

[The author of the rhyme in question was Wingate of the Sixth. As it would create a certain amount of friction were I to haul the captain of Greyfriars up before Loder for a licking, I have taken no action in the matter. Perhaps Wingate, who has so kindly unbended to the extent of contributing to these pages, will pay our amiable correspondent a visit, fully armed with his ashplant. And if there is to be a duel to the death, may I be there to see!—Ed.]

J's for the JOURNAL of merit and force:
What is it? Begorrah! the "Magnet," of course!

K's for KING CRICKET, who's finished his reign.
Hats off to Prince Footer, now with us again!

The Bound of the Haskervilles!

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

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE story of the disappearance of Sir Huckaback Haskerville, and the strange events that followed, has never been fully told. It is my privilege, as the faithful companion and chronicler of Herlock Sholmes, to give the story to the public for the first time.

It was Sholmes, it is needless to say, who solved the mystery that had baffled the police for three weeks. It is only just that my amazing friend should be given, even at this late date, the credit that is his due.

The disappearance of Sir Huckaback, the head of one of the oldest families in Slopshire, had created a sensation. There were whispers of family dissensions that had preceded it. Society held that Lady Haskerville was to blame. What seemed certain was that the unhappy baronet, after hot words at the breakfast-table, had rushed forth from his ancestral halls, and plunged to his death in the deep chasm in the heart of Haskerville Park. From those gloomy depths he had never emerged.

Strange stories were told of that yawning chasm in Haskerville Park. Tradition had it that a certain ancestor of the Haskervilles, who had sided with King Charles in the Civil Wars, had escaped the soldiers of the Parliament by a desperate leap across the yawning gulf. From this tradition the place was known locally as "The Bound of the Haskervilles." A certain resemblance was given to the story by the fact that this ancient Haskerville had had a considerable reputation as a bounder in the Royal Court before the wars.

Be this as it may, there could be little doubt that his descendant had perished in those gloomy depths. His footsteps had been traced to the edge of the chasm, and there were no returning footprints. Where his ancestor, pursued by Cromwell's Ironsides, had bounded to safety, if local tradition was to be relied upon, Sir Huckaback had plunged into his doom.

The grief of Lady Haskerville was terrible. For several days she was not seen at the theatre



A strong scent of frying fish came from the open window!

or the cinema. I was not surprised when, one morning, as I sat at breakfast with Herlock Sholmes in our rooms at Shaker Street, Lady Haskerville was announced.

Sholmes made a slight gesture of impatience. He was very busy at this time upon the case of the missing Depaste diamonds, and had no mind for other work. But his face relaxed at the sight of Lady Haskerville. Even the clever work of her Bond Street complexion specialist could not hide the pallor of her beautiful face.

"Mr. Sholmes," she exclaimed, clasping her hands, "you will help me! I have come to you as a last resource. The police are helpless."

Sholmes smiled ironically.

"It is not uncommon for my aid to be called in when the police have proved to be helpless," he remarked. "But really, my dear Lady Haskerville—pray sit down—really, I cannot leave the case I am engaged upon."

"Mr. Sholmes, to save me from despair!"

I glanced at Sholmes, wondering whether his firmness would be proof against this appeal. My friend wavered.

"Well, well," he said. "Let us see what can be done. Pray give me the details, Lady Haskerville. You may speak quite freely before my friend Jotson."

"I am convinced that Sir Huckaback still lives," said Lady Haskerville, weeping. "But he will not return. Mr. Sholmes, it was my fault; I admit it. Oh, to see him once more, and confess my fault upon my knees! The bloaters were burnt!"

L is for **LETTER**, so write right away.
That's right! Write right early—you know what to say.

M's for the **MASTERS**, in classics so polished;
We hope before long they will all be abolished.

"The bloaters?" queried Herlock Sholmes.

"It was a trifling quarrel," said Lady Haskerville tearfully. "Sir Huckaback's favourite breakfast dish was the succulent bloater. I have never cared for bloaters; my own taste ran rather in the direction of shrimps. Mr. Sholmes, we loved each other dearly; yet upon this subject there was frequently argument. On the morning of Sir Huckaback's disappearance there were words—high words. Sir Huckaback maintained that the bloaters were burnt. I maintained that they were done perfectly. Mr. Sholmes, to my shame I confess it, I knew that the bloaters were burnt!" She sobbed.

Sholmes' clear-cut face was very grave.

"And then?" he asked quietly.

"Then, Mr Sholmes, Sir Huckaback rose in wrath, and declared that if he must eat burnt bloaters he would not remain at Haskerville Park. I was angry, too; I was not myself at that moment. In my haste I said that if he persisted in his obnoxious predilection for bloaters, I never desired to look upon him again. He gave me one terrible look, and vanished. Too late I called to him; he did not hear, or he would not heed. I hoped he would return. In spite of the difference in our tastes, I loved him dearly. But he did not come back. Search was made. The police were called in. The track of his boots was found, leading down to the yawning abyss in the park known as the Bound of the Haskervilles. There he had disappeared."

Lady Haskerville trembled with emotion. My own eyes were not dry. The grief of this beautiful woman moved me deeply. Sholmes was unusually gentle.

"But I cannot believe that he is dead," continued Lady Haskerville, controlling her emotion. "Mr. Sholmes, he is keeping away from me. He has taken my hasty words too seriously; and that he will never give up bloaters I know only too well. I feel that he is living yet, in some quiet and serene spot where he may be able to enjoy his favourite breakfast-dish undisturbed. He must be found, Mr. Sholmes, or my heart will be broken. This dreadful doubt must be set at rest."

"It is quite certain that the footprints leading to the chasm were really Sir Huckaback's?" asked Sholmes.

"Yes, that is certain; his footprints were well known. He took number eleven in boots."

Herlock Sholmes caressed his chin thoughtfully for a moment. Then he rose to his feet.

"Your car is outside, Lady Haskerville?"

"Yes, Mr. Sholmes. You will come with me?" she exclaimed eagerly.

"We will come," corrected Herlock Sholmes.

"My friend Jotson will, I am sure, give up his patients for one day."

"Willingly!" I exclaimed.

Ten seconds later we were in the car, whirling away at top speed for the ancient home of the Haskervilles, in the heart of Slopshire.

CHAPTER TWO.

"SO that is the celebrated Bound of the Haskervilles!" said Herlock Sholmes thoughtfully.

We arrived at Haskerville Park, and my friend had proceeded at once to the scene of the supposed suicide of the baronet. Following the tracks in the grassy sward, which had not been disturbed, we had arrived at the border of the yawning abvss.

Sholmes stood regarding it thoughtfully. I watched, in wonder, striving to guess the thoughts that were passing in that subtle brain. He had stopped for a few minutes in the house to use the telephone. Why? I could not guess. Now we were upon the scene of the disappearance. Three weeks had passed since Sir Huckaback had reached that fatal verge. What did Sholmes hope to discover there?

He turned to me at last with his inscrutable smile.

"Do you feel inclined for a stroll, Jotson?" he asked.

"Anything you like, Sholmes."

"Come, then."

We started off along the edge of the abyss. A quarter of a mile's walk brought us to the end, and we walked round it, and along the other side. Sholmes took a pair of powerful glasses from his pocket, and scanned the smiling countryside. In the distance the smoke of a cottage rose above the trees.

He started off again, and I followed him in wonder. When we reached the cottage it was easy to learn that the occupant was at a meal, for a strong scent of frying fish came from the open window.

Sholmes knocked at the door.

(Continued on page 12.)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



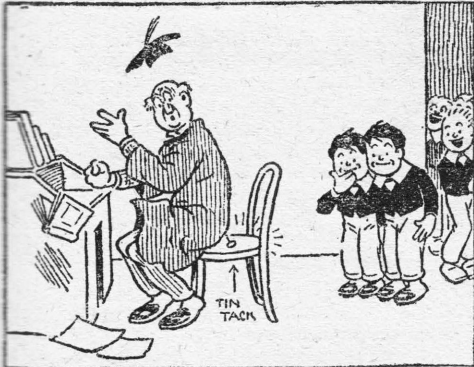
No. 3.—WUN LUNG.

Of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School.

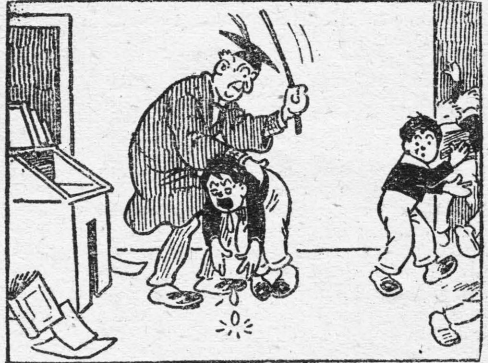
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



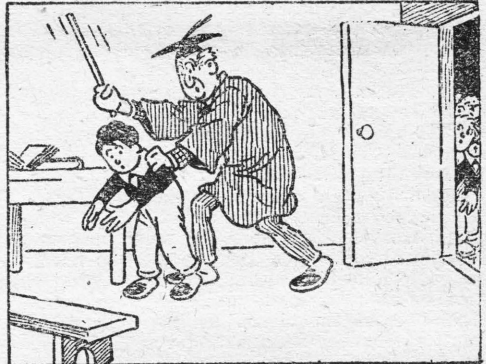
(1) "Now for the fireworks!" Bubble said.
 "We've got our own back on the Head;
 That wicked-looking tintack, Squeak,
 Will make the old man fairly shriek!"



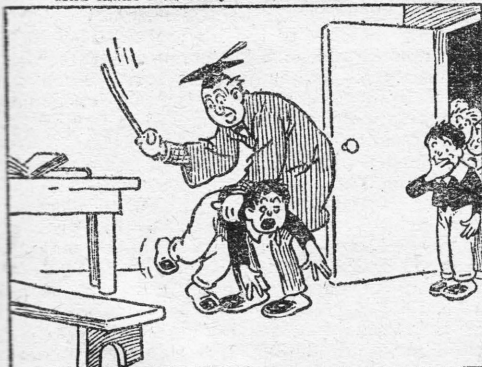
(2) Alas! The Head laid hold of Bubble,
 While Squeak departed at the double.
 "How dare you play this senseless trick!
 I'll castigate you with the stick!"



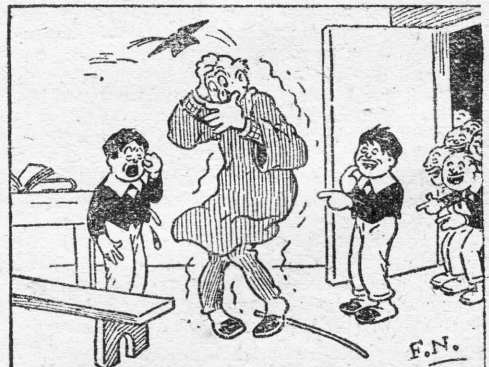
(3) When Bubble shuffled off the scene,
 The Head, with fierce and angry mien,
 Rushed off to find the other twin,
 And make him sorry for his sin.



(4) He swiftly caught a black-haired figure,
 And gripped him with relentless vigour.
 "Young scamp!" he roared, with eyes aflame,
 "You'll have a hefty dose, the same!"



(5) "Yow-ow!" exclaimed the luckless victim.
 As Dr. Swishem soundly licked him.
 "Oh, crumbs! Don't give me any more!
 That's where I felt the pain before!"



(6) When Squeak came prancing on the scene,
 His chivvy smiling and serene,
 The Head seemed screwed as in a vice;
 He'd walloped poor old Bubble twice!

F.N.

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

It was opened by a man in rough attire, wearing very large, heavy boots. He looked suspiciously at Sholmes.

"What's wanted?" he asked gruffly.

Sholmes smiled.

"You are Sir Huckaback Haskerville?" he replied tranquilly.

The man staggered back.

I could not repress a cry of astonishment.

"Sholmes!"

"It is false!" exclaimed the cottager. "Sir Huckaback Haskerville is dead."

"My dear Sir Huckaback," said Sholmes quietly, "it is useless to deny your identity. But I have come as a friend, not as an enemy. Her ladyship has repented. She confesses her fault. In future, I am assured, she will utter not a single word that could wound your feelings upon the subject of bloaters. Sir Huckaback, be generous. Return to her ladyship, and relieve her breaking heart."

He wavered.

"Come!" said Sholmes, with a smile. And, after a brief hesitation, the baronet assented.

"Sholmes, I am on tenterhooks!" I exclaimed, as the express bore us Londonwards. "You astonish me anew every day. But this—"

He laughed as he lighted a couple of cigarettes.

"The fact is, Jotson, I am pleased myself," he said. "Yet it was very simple."

"But the police—"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"The police knew that old story of the Bound of the Haskervilles," he said. "Yet they never thought of the obvious deduction. The baronet had determined to disappear. By leaving the unmistakable track of number eleven boots to the verge of the chasm he gave the desired impression. A certain ancestor of Sir Huckaback originated the tradition of the Bound of the Haskervilles by clearing that chasm at a single jump. Why should not that trait have descended to the present baronet? That was the theory I worked upon, Jotson. I was perfectly prepared to find that, instead of having fallen into the abyss, Sir Huckaback had repeated the performance of his ancestor by clearing it. Consequently, I searched for him on the other side.

"Wonderful!"

Sholmes smiled.

"I wished to ascertain, Jotson, whether Sir Huckaback had ever shown any trace of inheriting the peculiar bounding powers of his ancestor. I called up his college at Oxford. In five minutes I had learned all I wished to know. Sir Huckaback's reputation, in his college days, was that of the biggest bounder at Oxford. Have you any cocaine about you, Jotson? Thanks!"

And Herlock Sholmes remained in a comatose condition till we arrived at Shaker Street.

THE END.

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

We've been going great guns lately! The summary of matches played by the Greyfriars Remove to date this season (including the recent tour) is as follows:

Played	24.
Won	16.
Lost	2.
Drawn	6.

This is indeed a record to be proud of! Let us hope it will be maintained until King Cricket smiles on us once more!

The number of goals standing to our credit is 75, distributed as follows: Wharton, 20; Nugent, 14; Vernon-Smith, 14; Penfold, 9; Huree Singh, 7; Cherry, 3; Linley, 3; Peter Todd, 2; Russell, 2; Newland, 1.

Our defence—thanks to the redoubtable Bulstrode—has only been penetrated on fifteen occasions!

On Wednesday of this week the eleven journeys to Rookwood, and hopes to come back bursting with news of another great victory. The team is not such a strong one as usual. It will travel in the charge of Wingate, and line up as follows:

Goal, Bulstrode; Backs, Bull and Brown; Half-backs, Cherry, Morgan, and Desmond; Forwards, Russell, Penfold, Wharton, Nugent, and Vernon-Smith.

Saturday next will witness one of the most amazing matches in the history of Greyfriars. The Remove eleven has secured a fixture with the masters! Astounding, but true! Mr. Paul Prout is to captain our opponents' team, and the game will be reported in full in next Monday's issue of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. A fee of threepence will be levied for admission to the match, the proceeds to go to the Courtfield County Hospital. In view of this important fact, every fellow should make it his business to be on the spot. Greyfriars is rapidly making a name for itself in the football world, and, as we want to knock every other school into a cocked-hat, it is up to all the players to pile in as valiantly as possible in future games; while those who don't play should stand by and shout. Not that we need encouragement, but we need enthusiasm! So don't forget next Saturday!

N's for NEW READERS; we want quite a lot.
Will YOU get one for us? Good man! Have a shot!

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.

Neddy and his companion took off their caps and paused irresolute. The landlady's next remark was both sudden and disconcerting. "You've run away from school!" she said sharply. (See picture.)



THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

Neddy Welsh, a typical British boy of fifteen, signals his arrival at Earlingham School by thrashing Barker, the bully of the Fourth. In retaliation, Barker makes it appear that the new boy entered the school under the influence of drink, and the Head, giving credence to this trumped-up story, flogs Neddy soundly. With the exception of a youth known as "Dolly" Gray, the new junior finds that Earlingham harbours cads of the worst type, and resolves to run away. Gray, fascinated by Neddy's daring and defiance, offers to accompany him, and the two chums succeed in escaping from the dormitory at night. They are crossing the quadrangle when a stern voice exclaims "Stop!"

(Now read on.)

CHAPTER FIVE.

A Fight for Freedom.

"STOP!" It was the voice of Mr. Cuttle, their Form-master.

An electric torch flashed out in the gloom, and the two juniors, with wildly-palpating hearts, instinctively obeyed the summons.

"What does this mean?" snapped the Form-master. "Your names—quick!"

"Welsh and Gray!" came back the equally swift retort. Neddy and his comrade had recovered themselves now.

"Why are you absent from your dormitory at this hour?"

"We're running away, sir!" said Neddy Welsh, with frank defiance.

"Good gracious!"

Mr. Cuttle almost fell down. He had been to a whist-drive in the village, a circumstance of which the would-be truants had been in ignorance, or they would have postponed their nocturnal enterprise.

"And you'll oblige us, sir," continued Neddy Welsh, "by stepping out of the way! There's already been an alarm, and we've no wish to be caught and confined in this prison any longer!"

Even as Neddy spoke, the sound of upraised voices floated down into the quadrangle. Barker & Co. had roused the prefects, apparently, for lights were beginning to twinkle in many windows, and doors were heard to slam.

"Boy!" shouted Mr. Cuttle. "Depraved blackguard! You dare to threaten me with personal violence!"

"That's what it amounts to, sir, if you won't let us pass. If you so much as raise a finger to stop us, Mr. Cuttle, we shall fight our way out! Come on, Dolly!"

The master of the Fourth raised his walking-stick aggressively in the air, and rushed upon the renegades. Neddy Welsh went for him like a tiger. It went against the grain to have to do it, but the situation was desperate. While

O's for the OFFICE where most of us toil,
And burn many gallons of pure midnight oil.

Gray stood ready for any prefects who might come hurrying upon the scene, Neddy wrenched the stick from Mr. Cuttle's hand, and drove his fist into the astonished Form-master's chest, bowling him over like a ninepin.

Mr. Cuttle was not an athlete. His knowledge of games was confined almost solely to card-playing; and instead of leaping up like a jack-in-the-box after Neddy's blow, as he might have been expected to do, he lay prostrate, emitting dire groans of anguish.

"Sorry," said Neddy Welsh serenely; "but it had to be done, sir! You asked for it, you know! Come on, Dolly! Run for your giddy life! The prefects are after our blood!"

Just as half-a-dozen tall forms loomed up in the shadows of the quadrangle, the two chums sprinted hard in the direction of the school wall. They were fighting for their liberty now, and they knew it. Every ounce of strength would have to be exerted if they were to get clear of Earlingham.

"Into the woods!" panted Dolly Gray. "They'll spot us on the road!"

The couple plunged into a spacious plantation of pines, and ran hard, regardless of the many stumbling-blocks in their way. Then, when they came to a silent glade, they paused and listened.

No sound broke the stillness of the December night.

"They've given it up as a bad job, I expect," said Neddy. "After all, it would have been madness for them to chase us into the wood. Like hunting for a needle in a haystack!"

Gray nodded.

"What's the next move?" he asked.

"We must work our way towards Cranleigh Station," said Neddy. "That's the third station from here, and no one there will suspect our intentions. If we were to get to the local station, we should probably walk into a hornet's nest."

"That's quite on the cards," agreed Dolly Gray. "Old Cuttle is bound to have sent some fellows to lie in wait for us there. But he'll find he's reckoned without his host. Who would dream of seeking us about eight miles up the line?"

"We must keep to the fields as far as possible," said Neddy. "It's fatal to run risks. Just fancy what would be in store for us if we were nailed and taken back! We should have to answer to a charge of bunking, and of bowling a Form-master over in the quad. Old Mundy would give us about four dozen rounds with the birch, and sack us into the bargain!"

Gray shuddered.

"I think I'd rather be dead than go back to Earlingham!" he said. "I've had a rotten time there, amongst cads of the Barker type! I tell you, Neddy, I've felt frightfully bucked since I've known you. I wanted a chum badly, and now you've come along and filled the breach I hope we shall always stick together!"

"Through thick and thin!" said Neddy solemnly.

And, in the midst of that lonely glade, upon which the friendly rays of the moon gleamed down, the two lads, bound together by ties of closest friendship, gripped each other warmly by the hand.

The prospects which loomed before them were vague and shadowy. Boys who take the law into their own hands and run away from school seldom find a smooth-running existence before them; but these two, Britons both, tramped on through the woods with stout hearts and a courageous resolve to face whatever the future might hold for them.

CHAPTER SIX.

Facing the World!

A WALK of eight long miles in the dead of night is not so entrancing an affair as it might sound. When the lights of Cranleigh Station at last came in sight, Neddy Welsh and his companion were well-nigh exhausted.

"Train's in, by the look of it!" panted Dolly Gray. "Put the pace on!"

Neddy Welsh sped hot-foot into the little booking-office.

"Waterloo—two singles, please!" he said sharply.

The clerk peered at him curiously through the bars, wondering, doubtless, why a boy in a school cap and an Eton suit should be taking train to London at such an unearthly hour. But he smacked down the tickets and handed out the change just as the train began to rumble out of the station.

"Run for it, Dolly!" muttered Neddy Welsh.

And they dashed along the platform like champions of the cinder-path.

The train was moving at a snail's pace, getting up steam, and all would have been well had not a couple of burly porters obstructed the path of the two friends.

"That's them!" cried one of the men. "They've run away from school! The station-master was 'phoned about it two 'ours ago! Collar 'em!"

But Neddy Welsh and his chum had no intention of being collared just then. The former shot out his fist, and caught the speaker under the jaw, while Dolly Gray lowered his head, and, butting into the other man with considerable force, sent him sprawling on to the platform. Then the two boys hastened after the train.

There was no time to open a carriage door and jump in, for the tail-end of the train was already passing. As luck would have it, there were three empty cattle-trucks hitched on behind, and into one of these the runaways deftly swung themselves, while the train sped onwards through the night.

"Phew!" panted Neddy Welsh, sitting up in the straw and mopping his perspiring face.

"That was a tight corner, by jiminy! I thought we were nabbed, as sure as fate!"

"And so we shall be, at the next station!" said Dolly Gray glumly. "They're bound to telephone up the line!"

"As the next station happens to be Waterloo," grinned Neddy, "it doesn't matter a rap! This is a non-stop from Cranleigh."

"Oh, good!" said Gray, pulling up his coat-collar, and seating himself as snugly as possible in a corner of the truck. "I say, old Cattle's jolly cute—what? He actually phoned up the stationmaster at Cranleigh, hoping we should be intercepted. But it takes something more than a pair of country yokels to stop us, eh, Neddy?"

"Rather!" laughed Neddy Welsh. "The chap you butted in the chest must have seen whole solar systems when his head bumped on the platform! It was a very pretty piece of work, my son—very pretty! Don't you dare to say you'd be no good in the boxing-ring after that!"

"What's troubling me," said Gray seriously, "is how we can possibly get a job in a boxing-booth. It beats me altogether."

"Take no thought for the morrow," answered Neddy lightly. "We didn't know how we were going to escape from Earlingham at first, but we managed it, all the same! If we can wangle one thing, we can wangle another. Shurrup now! None of your gloomy premonitions! I'm going to sleep!"

And, despite the discomfort of his position, Neddy Welsh curled himself up in the straw and soon fell into the arms of Morpheus.

But Dolly Gray kept wide awake, and there was a very thoughtful look on his young face. He had seen more of the world than his companion, and knew that Neddy Welsh, in talking of boxing-booth engagements, and such like, was merely building castles in the air. The thing seemed all right in theory, as most projects of that kind do, but in practice it was likely to come to a considerable cropper. What boxing-booth proprietor would care to avail himself of the services of a couple of boys who had run away from-school?

The train rattled on through many stations, small and large, until at last a jolting, jarring sound proclaimed that it had reached its destination. Sleepy sailors, heavy-eyed soldiers, and a score of civilians, stepped on to the platform, and Gray promptly aroused Neddy Welsh. Then the two adventurers hopped blithely

out of their haven of refuge, and mingled with the slowly-moving throng towards the exit.

Once out into the Waterloo Road, they breathed more freely. They had not been challenged by any inquisitive individuals, and it seemed that now, at any rate, the chances of their being sent back to the detestable Earlingham were remote.

"What's the next item on our programme?" asked Gray.

"Diggings for the night, or what's left of it," answered Neddy. "Come on!"

They turned off into York Road, and finally drew up at a modest-looking lodging-house, where lights still showed through the blinds in an upper window.

Neddy Welsh rang a violent peal on the antiquated bell, and, after an interminable delay, a slovenly but good-natured-looking woman opened the door.

"Well?" she interrogated, scrutinising the two boys keenly.

"Can you give us accommodation for the night, please?" asked Neddy. "We may stay longer, but cannot say at present."

"Come inside!"

Neddy and his companion took off their caps and passed into a dingy passage, where they paused irresolute. The landlady's next remark was both sudden and disconcerting.

"You've run away from school!" she said sharply.

"I—w—that is to say—" began Neddy Welsh helplessly.

"Don't attempt to prevaricate! I can tell from your pussional appearance. What's two young scholars doing in London at two o'clock in the morning?"

Neddy gave the woman an appealing glance. "You're right!" he said. "We have run away; but if you knew what we've had to put up with you wouldn't blame us!"

"Tut, tut!" said the landlady, with a gesture. "I'm not a-blaming of yer! You look honest enough. Come along, upstairs. You're to hocky Room Number Five. That'll be two-and-six, bed and breakfast."

"Thanks, awfully, ma'am!" said Neddy.

And he and Dolly Gray, strangers in a strange land, retired to rest, exhausted by the many exciting happenings of that eventful day. They had taken the plunge, and must either sink or swim together!

(To be continued next Monday.)

Q's for the QUALITY, featured herein.
We give of our best—it's the one way to win!

R's for this RHYME—and in case you don't know it,
The writer of this is a jolly good poet!

S stands for STORIES, which charm and enthrall.
The HERALD possesses the finest of all.

T's for the TUCK-HAMPERS, given away!
So turn to the cover, and enter to-day!

SKORNED 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.

SINNOPSIS OF PREAVIOUS INSTALLMENT.

Speshully Ritten by the Orthor.

Wilkinson miner's wotch is stolen in the Forth-fawn dormitory. It is fownd in the pokket of Jack Jolly's pijammers. Booly Jonson akuses Jack Jolly of steeling it. Jack is skorne by his skoollfellowes.

Nowe reed onn.

CHAPTER II.

Under a Klowd.

JACK JOLLY phollowed Mr. Fitsjerald to the Head's studdy.

A lowd hiss phollowed him from the Forth-fawn dormitory.

Jack's hart was beeting wyldly.

Howe had Wilkinson mifer's wotch gott into the pokket of his pijammers? As he had remarcked humerusley, wotches were made to goe. But they were not maid to goe into the pokket of his pijammers. It was a depe mistery.

Dr. Snark, the respekted Head of St. Tomas', frouned severaly as the Fawm-master maid his reporte.

He phixed his eyes upon the Forth-fawmer.

"Jolly!" he exclaimed, nitting his browse. "Whot have you to say?"

Jack's eyes gleemed.

"I am inosent," he exclaimed. "The wotch must have been putt into my pijammers with-out my noledge."

"Rats!" said the Head frouning.

"Piffle!" said Mr. Fitsjerald, with a mokking larf.

Jack's hart sanke. Was he to be fownd gilty on the spott?

The Head razed his hand and poynted to the dore.

"You may goe!" he said sturnly. "This will be inkived into. Goe!"

With phaultering stepps, Jack Jolly kwitted the studdy.

His brane was in a wurl.

As he kaim out into the kwod, there was a roze of mokking larfter from his skoollfellowes.

"Yah! Theef!"

Jack Jolly terned krimson. It was two much. He maid a rush at Jonson major and hit him on the knose.

Thenn he wauked away with downkast eyes.

In the klass-room that mourning he was greated with snears on all sydes. There was skorn in evvery look.

The shaid of knight were falling fast, as the evening slowly klosed over the anshent walls of St. Tomas'. Jack Jolly wauked aloan in the kwod till bed-time. Thenn, with phaultering stepps, he maid his ways to the dawmitary.

"Here kumms the pikkpokket!" showted Jonson major.

"Hoo stoal the wotch?" eneared Wilkinson miner.

Jack did not reaply. His hart was too hevvy. He terned into bed, and slept hevvely. His eyes did not open till the rying-bell was klanging out once moar over the hystoric walls of St. Tomas'.

Then he rose with a hevvy hart. Booly Jonson uttered a lowd showt:

"Where's my perse?"

"Ask Jolly!" sneared Tompson.

Jack terned pail.

Inn a moment he was serounded by his skoollfellowes. They seezed him on all sydes, and terned out the pokkets of his pijammers. His hart beet wyldly, as a perse was fownd.

"That's my perse!" showted Jonson major.

"Theef!"

Jonson major klutched the perse.

"Skoundrel!" rored Jack. "You putt it in my pokket while I was aslepe. At larst the mistery is kleeer."

"Cheese it!" said Wilkinson miner ruffly. "Don't tork rott. The beest ort to be ekspelled!"

"Hear kumms the Head!"

Dr. Snark kaim in with nitted browse and gleeming eyes.

"Agane!" he exclaimed pheercely. "Jolly, yew are gilty! A theef shall not remane within the walls of St. Tomas'. Pakk your bocks at once. You are ekspelled!"

"I am inosent!"

"Bow-wow!" said the Head skornfully. "Draw it myld. Yew are ekspelled. Befoar another son has sett on these anshent walls, you will be gorn for ever. Enuff!"

Jack Jolly berst into teers. With mokking larfter, the Forth-fawmers krowded out of the dawmitary. The plott had sukseeded. Booly Jonson had tryumfed. With teers of angwish streeming down his cheeks, Jack Jolly pakked his bocks, and looked his larst on those anshent walls.

(Look owt for nekst weak's installment!)

U's for USURPERS (I won't mention names),
But their silly old rags will be food for the flames.

THE TERRIFIC MISTAKEFULNESS!

A Screamingly Funny Complete Story.
Written in the Best Oriental Language.

By **HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH.**



HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH,
The Nabob of Bhanipur.

I HAVE been requestfully asked to write the story of the alarming mistakefulness which had such terrific results for Toddy. The esteemed editor has desired that I shall write in English, the native tongue of Bhanipur being the unknown quantity in this revered country. I have firmly declined to write in the common, or garden, English, as used in this ludicrous and respectable school, which does not come up to the standard of the choice and exotic English instructfully imparted to me by a learned moonshee in Bhanipur. I trust that the contrast in style between this esteemed story and the remnant of the ludicrous journal will implant in the Greyfriars bosom a desire to improve and adorn, and to approach more nearly to the ridiculous example of Poet Shakespeare.

There had been a considerable talkfulness in the esteemed Wibley's study on the subject of amateurish theatricals. The esteemed Wibley assertfully declared that, in the art of personally disguising, he could take a cake—indeed, the whole esteemed cake manufactory. The worthy Toddy demurely disagreed, stating that, in disguising theatrically, he could play Wibley's head off!

Our Cherryful chum proposefully suggested putting it to the test. The esteemed Wharton was appointed as umpire. All the resourcefulness of the Amateur Dramatic Society was placed at the disposefulness of the esteemed rivals. The conditions were arranged thusfully:

"Toddy will get himself up in some character or other, and let Wib see him. If Wib doesn't bowl him out, Toddy's won. Then Wib will get himself up as somebody else, and if Toddy doesn't bowl him out, Wib's won. And if they both win, they'll have to be satisfied."

"Done!" said Toddy and Wib togetherfully.

So we waitfully watched for the esteemed rivals to come to pass.

After lessons, when Wibley was with us in the common-room, a stranger came in. Wibley was scantfully examining a new grey wig, very like the topknot of the worthy Quelch, our Form-master, which he purchased in Courtfield.

This gave us the idea that Wibley intendfully designed to disguise himself as the esteemed Quelch, which he had done before with great successfulness. He looked up from the wig as the stranger came in. He was a boy in uniform, and he had a very red face, and a smudge on his esteemed nose, and a telegram in his hand.

"Master Wibley here?" he askfully inquired.

"Here you are!" replied the worthy Wibley.

"Telegram for you, sir!"

"Thank you. Bring it here!"

The youthful stranger approached with the telegram, and suddenly there was a terrific roar. To our great surprisefulness, the esteemed Wibley had seized a cushion, and smitten the telegraph-boy on the napper. The deplorable youth sat upon the floor with a bumpful crash, and roared.

"What the merry thunder!" said Bob Cherry.

"Are you dotty, Wibley?" shouted Johnny Bull. "What are you biffing the post-office kid for?"

Wibley replied chortlefully:

"The post-office kid is Peter Todd!"

"My hat!"

"I'll give him some more, and then he will own up!"

"Keep him off!" exclaimed the unhappy stranger roarfully. "Yow-ow-ow! I own up—I'm Todd!"

The laughfulness was terrific!

"It was a jolly good wheeze," said Bob Cherry. "Blessed if I should have spotted Toddy. How did you spot him, Wib?"

"Oh, he can't take me in!" said Wibley. "You've lost the first round, Toddy."

"Yow-ow-ow!" said Toddy. "The cushion wasn't in the conditions, you ass! I'll jolly well keep a squirt of ink handy for you, when you try your game on me!"

"Oh, you won't spot me!" said Wibley sniff-fully.

Toddy walked out with fallen crest, after looking at Wibley's grey wig. I could observefully guess that Toddy had spotted the grey wig, and was ready for Wib's little gamefulness. I remarkfully observed to Wib that

if he presented himself to Toddy disguised as Mr. Quelch, he would be spotfully bowled out at once, and would get it neckfully.

But Wibley only answered ratfully.

The esteemed Toddy asked us to tea, and at tea-time he had a squirt lying on the table, full of red ink, all prepared for the humourful Wibley, when he came.

"I know the silly duffer's game," said Toddy. "And if he comes in here, he's going to get that squirt."

We proceedfully had tea, when the door opened, and Billy Bunter insertfully projected his esteemed head into the study.

"I say, you fellows, Quelch's coming."

Toddy grinned.

"Let him come!" he said.

"He's going to see you, Toddy. He asked me if you were in your study."

"That's all right."

"Looks like a row," said Bunter. "Perhaps he's heard about your fixing the electric bell under his door-mat."

"I'm ready for him," said Toddy.

There was a step in the passage, exactly like the esteemed footfall of our respected Form-master.

Toddy laid his hand on the squirt.

The door was pushfully opened. A revered figure in cap and gown appeared, so exactfully like the august Quelch that we stared.

"Ah! I wish to speak to you, Todd!" said the esteemed Quelch.

We starefully regarded him. It was exactfully like the real Quelch's voice, which resembles somewhat a common, or garden, file.

"Go ahead!" said Toddy.

"What?"

"Pile in!" said Toddy.

"Todd! How dare you address me in that slangy way!"

"Oh, keep your wool on! Where will you have it?"

The esteemed Quelch jumped, as Toddy levelled the inky squirt.

"Todd, are you mad?"

"No; not mad enough to think you're Quelch, Wib, old man," said the ludicrous Toddy, and he let flyfully with the squirt.

Whoosh!

It was a largeful squirt, and full of ink. The ink smotherfully obliterated the face of the esteemed visitor. He gave a terrific yell, and staggerfully backed.

"Grooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" said Toddy roarfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!" echoed the esteemed company.

"Go and get a wash!"

"Groooh!"

"I've got some gum here," said Bob Cherry.

"Give him the gum!"

"Grooh! Ah! Oh!"

"I'll have his wig off, and stuff it down his back," said Toddy, as the esteemed visitor clawed at the ink on his august chivvy. "Now then—"

Toddy grabfully seized the grey wig of the esteemed visitor, and pullfully yanked at it.

There was a terrific roar from the unfortunate visitor.

"Ow! Ow! Help! Boy! Yah!"

"It—it won't come off!" exclaimed Toddy gaspfully. "It's jolly well fixed on. Here, hold him, you fellows, he's getting dangerous!"

Then there was a voice at the door.

"What's the row here?"

We looked round frozefully. It was Wibley! Toddy gazed at Wibley, as if he was dreaming.

"Wib!" he murmured stupefactfully.

"Then who—" said Wharton, with a terrific jump.

"Quelch! Oh, my hat!"

"Grooh! Boy! Todd, come with me to the Head! You shall be expelled for this amazing outrage! Come!"

"It's Quelch!" said Toddy groanfully.

"Oh, you beast, Wib! I thought—"

"Oh, my hat!" said Wib.

"If you please, sir—"

"Come!" replied Mr. Quelch shoutfully, and he took Toddy by his esteemed ear, and led him from the study.

The anxiety for the unfortunate Toddy was terrific.

We fearfully supposed that he would be sackfully booted. But in the Head's study the ludicrous Toddy made explication, and he was let off with a terrific caning. He came back to the study groanfully.

Then he went to look for the esteemed Wibley, and the scrapfulness was terrific. There was no more of the disguiseful contest. Toddy was fed up, and, moreover, the esteemed Wibley could not disguise a blackful eye and a swellful nose. On both sides groanfulness was the result of "The Terrific Mistakefulness!"

THE END.

W's for WORK—now, all hands to the pump!
In No. 1 Study we're all on the jump!

X is for Xmas, approaching us now.
Hurrah for the holly and mistletoe bough!

Y is for YOU, my good reader and chum.
Please back up the HERALD, whatever may come!



An Interview with Horace Coker, Esquire, of
The Fifth Form By the "Greyfriars
Herald" Special Representative.

I ENCOUNTERED Mr. Coker, the well-known authority on everyone else's business but his own, under dramatic circumstances. He had just been violently ejected from the football-field for scoring a goal against his own side. This is a habit peculiar to Mr. Coker, and as he came whirling into touch, propelled by half a score of hefty football boots, I could scarce forbear a grin. The manner of his fall reminded me of the collapse of the celebrated Cæsar at the foot of Pompey's statue.

"Help me up, quick!" he growled. "And don't you dare to grin, or I'll wipe up the ground with you!"

I assisted the mighty man of the Fifth to rise, and he snorted out his thanks.

"I've been hunting for you all over the show," I explained. "I want your views on how Greyfriars should be reformed."

"For which paper?" asked Mr. Coker quickly. The 'Daily Mail'?"

"Nunno! But it's a periodical of no less importance in the public eye. I am the special representative of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

"Ugh! You dare to mention that hideous rag in the same breath as the 'Daily Mail'?" howled Mr. Coker. "I'll pulverise you!"

"Pax!" I pleaded. "No offence meant, really. Look here, I've got a proposition to make. If you let me state your views in the HERALD, you can go halves with me when the editor stumps up the cash for my contribution."

"That's a go!" said my companion, as he shook a cartload of congested mud from his trousers. "You want to know how I'd reform this rats'-hole—hey?"

"That's it," I said, whipping out my notebook.

"First of all," said Mr. Croker, hobbling along by my side, "I'd give instructions to have the Fifth Form footer team tarred and feathered, drenched with paraffin, and then set fire to as so much waste rubbish!"

"And why?" I ventured.

"Because they don't know a first-class player when they see one. That chap Blundell's a raving lunatic. I can only persuade him to let me play once in a blue moon, and then he invariably kicks me off the field long before half-time."

"So I observe. And what would your next action be in the reformation line?"

"Why, I should wipe every cheeky fag off the earth. Once upon a time, when they made me captain of Greyfriars, I started on a campaign of that sort, but somehow or other the Head didn't approve. He sacked me from the post, and flogged me—ME, Coker of the Fifth!"

"I vividly remember that scene," I murmured. "Pray proceed!"

"Well," said Mr. Coker, with a warlike gleam in his eyes, "I should give every giddy master the order of the boot. They ain't a bit of use, except as ornaments. I should make old Prout gate-porter. It's a job that would keep him going, as I'm not a hard-hearted sort of chap. Quelch could stay on and clean the knives and boots, or sling his hook, whichever he liked!"

"And the prefects?" I asked.

"Oh, I should have 'em put in cages, and lashed at intervals with their own ashplants."

"What about the kids in the First and Second?"

"They would be allowed to go on living, provided they washed their necks at least once a week, and put on clean collars at the beginning of each term."

We had reached the Close by this time, and the dusk of evening had fallen. I lingered awhile to ask Mr. Coker a few more questions.

"How would you treat the scholars, exclusive of the unruly persons you would do away with?" I queried.

"Nobly!" answered Mr. Coker. "I always was of a charitable turn of mind, you know. I'd reconstruct the whole scheme of things, and the school routine would be something like this:

Rising-bell 12 midday.

Breakfast (six new-

laid eggs and un-

limited buttered

toast for each boy) . . . 12.30 p.m.

Z's for the ZEALOUS ones, playing to win,
Who'll stand by this journal through thick and through thin.

Lessons	1	p.m. to 2 p.m.
Recreation	2	p.m. to 4 p.m.
Dinner (any dish under the sun served up promptly)	4	p.m.
Recreation	4	p.m. to 7 p.m.
Tea (unbounded tuck for all).....	7	p.m.
Lessons in boxing and spelling (imparted by Horace Coker)...	7	p.m. to 9 p.m.
Free fights all round..	9	p.m. to 10 p.m.
Supper (and plenty of it)	10	p.m.
Bed	10.30	p.m.
Compulsory pillow- fighting	10.30	p.m. to 11 pm.
Ragging prefects and other undesirable aliens	11	p.m. to 11.30 p.m.
Lights out	Midnight.	

"Excellent, Mr. Coker!" I exclaimed, jotting these facts down. "But you have omitted to state, in the course of your remarks, what you would do with the headmaster!"

"Old Locke?" sniffed Coker, in disgust. "Now you've touched me on a raw spot. It makes me ill to think that such a hopeless duffer should be put in charge of a school like Greyfriars! It's downright sickening!"

"Hush!" I cautioned.

"Hush, be blown! Why, old Locke's little more than a blessed scarecrow! The governors pay him well, too, but he won't put his shoulder to the wheel and work. Sits in his study all day writing sentimental poems for the 'Lovers' Leader,' I suppose!"

"You ought not to say that," I said stoutly, feeling called upon to back up poor old Dr. Locke.

"Bah! No talk could be strong enough on such a subject. If I had the handling of Grey-

friars I'd hold a public assembly at once, send for Locke, and give him a dozen with the birch! I'd lay 'em on myself, too!" added Mr. Coker, with relish. "And, my hat, wouldn't he wriggle!"

"Coker!"

The name was rapped out sharply, imperiously, and, catching sight of a begowned figure in the shadows of the Close, I stood mute. Coker didn't. He reeled, and nearly fell prostrate from sheer horror. His tongue was lolling from his mouth, and his eyes were rolling wildly. For the intruder was the Head!

"Boy!" rumbled Dr. Locke. "Benighted blackguard! Brazen backbiter! You shall answer for this! So I am a hopeless duffer, am I? In short, a blessed scarecrow! Come with me!"

"I—I—I——" stammered Mr. Coker.

"Come with me!"

The Head's voice was like the reverberating rumble of thunder. Mr. Coker, his face a sickly yellow, followed the retreating figure of Dr. Locke with faltering, uncertain footsteps.

A few minutes later I thought the Zoological Gardens had been suddenly transferred from Regent's Park to Friar-dale, for a sound floated out into the Close reminiscent of hungry beasts of prey. I afterwards learned that it emanated from Mr. Coker, who, so far from giving Dr. Locke twelve strokes with the birch-rod, was receiving the dozen himself.

A few years ago Herbert H. Locke played cricket for the Incogniti. He was renowned for the wonderful strength of his right arm. That strength has not yet evaporated. 'Nuff said!

(Next week: Our special representative interview Harold Skinner, Esquire, of the Remove Form, who describes the qualities of "The Complete Blade.")

THE FRIARS AT FOOTBALL.

Dashing about in a cloud of sand,
After the bounding leather;
A famous band of heroes grand
Defying wind and weather;
With many a wild and warlike cry,
While neither side will yield.
Such is the scene that meets the eye
Upon the Greyfriars field.

Following fleetly on the ball,
With keen determination;
Charging together, one and all,
In splendid combination.
A stout and stubborn tussle here
To watchers is revealed:
A conflict which deserves a cheer
For those on the Greyfriars field.

Playing the game in its highest form,
Prefects and fags uniting;
Footballers all, with exertion warm,
Each for the victory fighting.
Chafing each other, those errors are few,
Happy as seaside pierrots;
Meting out praise where praise is due:
Such are the Greyfriars heroes.

Long may the cry of "Play up, School!"
Be heard from each supporter;
And may a loyal spirit rule
The game in every quarter.
Let every player act for good,
Do nothing mean or brutal;
Playing the game, as sportsmen should,
Right to the final tootle!

MONTY NEWLAND.