

MOST NOVEL PAPER PUBLISHED!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD. 1^d 2

No. 4. Vol. 1.
Week Ending
Dec. 11th, 1915.

Edited by Harry Wharlon & Co of Study 1. Greyfriars School.

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

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, contains a Magnificent Long Complete School Story dealing with the Adventures of the Chums of Greyfriars School.

To-day's Bumper Christmas Number of The MAGNET Library, 1d., contains

HARRY WHARTON & CO.'S PANTOMIME.
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.

NEXT WEEK'S NUMBER! FUN AND FICTION FOR ALL!

The GREYFRIARS HERALD is still in the infant stage, so to speak, and it is not, therefore, proposed to publish a Christmas Double Number. At the same time, next Monday's issue will be simply glowing with the true Christmas atmosphere which we all revel in so heartily; and I can promise my numerous chums a feast of first-class entertainment in return for the splendid way in which they have backed up this journal from the commencement.

SHOW YOUR SCHOOLMASTER!

Although no aspersions have been cast upon the tone of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, I am particularly anxious that it should win for itself a good reputation in scholastic circles. Show this copy to your schoolmaster, and ask him to read it through, and give you his opinion. Schoolmasters are sometimes regarded as preoccupied, narrow-minded individuals, who take no personal interest in the fellows committed to their charge; but I know that such is not the case. As a general rule, a master is also a friend, and a jolly good friend, too. At least, that's how we find it at Greyfriars. But even the best-tempered schoolmaster is likely to bristle with annoyance when a boy starts reading the GREYFRIARS HERALD under his desk, when he ought to be giving due attention to history or science. So,

Jones minor, don't do it! Ask your master to devote one hour a week to reading the HERALD aloud to the class instead!

AMATEUR EDITORS, PLEASE NOTE!

I will not be presumptuous enough to remark that editors of school magazines should take the GREYFRIARS HERALD as a model. At the same time, I hope this journal will serve a useful purpose in suggesting ideas to the harassed wielders of the pen in our schools. The Editor of the HERALD will at all times be pleased to receive copies of current school Magazines, that he may pronounce his opinion of them from time to time.

HELP THE HORSES!

I was prompted to make the foregoing remarks by reason of a very neat little amateur production, hailing from Oxford, and entitled "The Bradmore Review." The aims of this journal are highly patriotic, and it has done much good work for our wounded horses in the past, the editor having been warmly commended by Lady Smith-Dorrien, President of the Blue Cross Fund.

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES 

THE MATCH WITH THE MASTERS!

By H. VERNON-SMITH, Sports Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald."



Mr. Capper, Mr. Prout, Mr. Price, Mr. Quelch, Dr. Locke, Mr. Twigg, H. Coker, Lt. Lascelles, F. Trotter, W. Gosling, J. M. M.L.

SO novel was this match, where the Remove eleven entertained a team made up from members of the staff, that almost every fellow in the school made a point of being present. A charge of threepence was levied for admission to Little Side, the proceeds to be given to the Courtfield County Hospital. The teams lined out as under:

GREYFRIARS REMOVE: Goal, Bulstrode; backs, Bull and Brown; half-backs, Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley; forwards, Hurree Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith.

THE STAFF: Goal, Gosling; backs, Mr. Twigg and Mr. Capper; half-backs, Mr. Price, Mr. Joseph Mible, and Fred Trotter; forwards, Mr. Quelch, Mr. Prout (captain), the Headmaster, Horace Coker, and Lieutenant Larry Lascelles.

Referee: George Wingate.

A WONDERFUL OPENING.

Two important points worthy of mention are that Lieutenant Lascelles, on short leave from France, was playing for the masters; and, as the latter only fielded ten men, Coker of the Fifth offered his services to Mr. Prout.

Wharton won the toss, and kicked off, to the accompaniment of a deafening roar from the touch-line. The Remove speedily carried everything before them, and Penfold went on with only Gosling to beat.

Pen shot hard, and the ball travelled into the net, but not before the porter had been violently struck in the middle regions.

A BRILLIANT EQUALISER.

Dr. Locke kicked off on the resumption, and soon proved that, despite his years, his boot had lost none of its cunning. Everybody knows what a star player our Head was when he did service, fifteen years

ago, for the Loamshire Amateurs, and the crowd cheered him to the echo as he forged his way onwards with the ball at his feet.

Johnny Bull, at back, hesitated. He was wondering, apparently, whether he would receive lines or a licking if he bowled the Head over. And, while he hesitated, Dr. Locke passed the leather to Larry Lascelles, on the wing, who put in a delightful screw shot which completely baffled Bulstrode, and scored.

MISDIRECTED ENERGY!

On resuming, Mr. Prout promptly secured the ball. Peter Todd rushed in to meet him, whereupon the master of the Fifth gathered up the sphere in his hands, and tossed it to Mr. Quelch.

"Catch, my dear Quelch!" he shouted. "Throw it back to me if you don't think you can manage it!"

But before the Remove-master could comply with this singular request Wingate blew his whistle, and, although choking with suppressed laughter, managed to splutter out to Mr. Prout that the game being played was under the Soccer, and not the Rugby code.

The Remove was awarded a free-kick. Todd took it, and then the forwards swooped down on the masters' citadel, and an easy goal was obtained.

THE OFFENSIVE CONTINUES.

Thanks to a bad blunder by Coker, who charged Larry Lascelles off the ball, and very kindly sent it out to me on the wing, we were enabled to put on another goal. A hot bombardment followed, but Trotter fell back to assist Mr. Twigg and Mr. Capper, and no further goals materialised.

Half-time arrived with the score:

GREYFRIARS REMOVE ... 3
THE STAFF 1

A is for **ANGLING**, the maddest of sports;
You spend all your time making furious retorts.

B is for **BOATING**, so let us embark,
And have a good time on the silvery Sark!

A DRAMATIC RESUMPTION.

The game was resumed in spirited fashion, and, after some fine work by the Head and Mr. Price, Larry Lascelles was enabled to score a second goal for his side. Shortly afterwards Mr. Quelch was presented with an opening, and would most assuredly have scored, had not Mr. Prout taken the ball from his toes and ballooned it high over the bar.

"My goal was magnificent, was it not?" beamed Mr. Prout, turning to Mr. Quelch.

"Gug-gug-good gracious! I assure you, you are labouring under a misapprehension. This is not a Rugby match, where one has to direct the ball over the cross-bar!"

"Do not presume to teach me my business!" snapped the Fifth-Form master irritably. "I used to play football in the Rockies in 'eighty-eight with expert cow-punchers, and what I do not know about the game isn't worth knowing!"

And poor old Quelch gave it up in despair.

BRAVO, DR. LOCKE!

Great was the enthusiasm when, a few minutes later, Dr. Locke received a pass from Larry Lascelles, and crashed the ball past Bulstrode. The scores were now level, and Mr. Prout grew wildly excited.

"Time is flying fast!" he panted. "We must win at all costs!"

Accordingly, he set to work. Bob Cherry was in possession of the ball, and he nearly had a fit when Mr. Prout seized him round the neck and bore him to the ground. Peter Todd rushed up, but the master of the Fifth, clenching his flabby fists, went for him tooth-and-nail, quite regardless of the whereabouts of the ball. Wingate, almost in hysterics, was compelled to blow his whistle for an infringement of the rules, and the Remove was awarded yet another free-kick. Mark Linley took it, and Nugent, fastening on to the ball, sent it whizzing in, Gosling giving it a helping hand into the net.

VERY MUCH OFF-SIDE!

The masters seemed to be upset by this state of affairs, for only a few minutes remained for play. Mr. Mible, the head gardener, drove the ball down the field with a mighty kick, and Mr. Prout, who always got in the way at an inopportune moment, roughly elbowed the patient Mr. Quelch aside, and, with a fierce look on his florid face, proceeded to defy all opposition.

"If anybody steps in my path," he shouted, "I'll brain him!"

We scattered before his furious charge like chaff before a whirlwind.

"Clear the way!" yelled Mr. Prout, a mad light showing in his eyes. "Bulstrode, if you so much as raise a finger to stop the ball——"

Bulstrode didn't. He hopped clear of the goalmouth in record time, and allowed Mr. Prout to drive the leather home with a force which broke the net.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wingate, unable to control his mirth any longer. "Oh, my hat! No goal!"

"Wingate," thundered Mr. Prout, "how dare you presume to snigger at me—me, your superior! And why do you say 'No goal'?"

"Ahem! The rules of Association football, sir, do not provide that a man should terrorise his opponents, and make a sort of rough-and-tumble of the game; otherwise we should be having a free fight instead of a clean football match!"

"Fellow," choked Mr. Prout, "do not dare to deprive me of the magnificent goal just registered from my foot!"

"I am afraid he must, my dear Prout," interposed the Head mildly. "We must pay due respect to the recognised rules of the game, or all will be chaos."

Mr. Prout snorted audibly, and the Remove's long list of free-kicks was again added to.

THE WINNING GOAL.

Five minutes from time Mr. Quelch managed to work his way through our defence, unhampered by the pestering attentions of his colleague. He sent in a really good shot, which Bulstrode just failed to reach. The score was now four all, and play ruled fast and furious.

Coker of the Fifth, who had hitherto done nothing to write home about, thought he would justify his inclusion in the masters' eleven by giving the spectators a glimpse of real, sparkling football. Accordingly, he galloped after the ball, and secured it at length by sending poor Peter Todd spinning. Peter was already a mass of bruises, owing to his repeated tussles with Mr. Prout.

We all looked on with bated breath as Coker, blind to every consideration, save that he had the ball at his feet, went stampeding down the field in the wrong direction. He was heading straight for Gosling!

"Go back, you himbecide!" shrieked Mr. Mible. "You must be mad—stark, staring mad!"

Mad or not, Coker rushed on, and there were none to say him nay. Just as Wingate's lips were on the whistle he crashed the ball past Gosling, thus winning the match for the Remove.

Final score:

GREYFRIARS REMOVE ... 5
THE STAFF 4

We were blinded by tears of laughter to such an extent that we missed the scene which followed. All I know is that Coker went through it, and that Mr. Prout, dealing him a mighty swipe on the jaw, loudly averred that he would never, never undertake to captain a Soccer team again—not for all the wealth of the Indies!

THE END.

C is for **CRICKET**, most glorious of games,
Connected with thousands of talented names.

D is for **DRAUGHTS**, which is won with the brain;
If at first you don't conquer, then try, try again!

THE FRECKLED HAND!

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

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

IN looking over the notes of this period of my residence at Shaker Street, with my friend, Herlock Sholmes, I find three cases of especial interest: "The Case of the Missing Dumb-bell," "The Adventure of the Prime Minister's Ear-trumpet," and the strange and tragic story of Dr. Grimey Pylott, which I have classified as "The Case of the Freckled Hand." It is the last-named that I propose to give here.

I was chatting with Sholmes one morning, when a young lady, deeply veiled, was shown into our sitting-room at Shaker Street. Sholmes removed his feet from the table at once, with his usual exquisite politeness where women were concerned. The visitor pushed back her veil, and revealed a beautiful and tear-stained face.

"Mr. Sholmes," she said, in an agitated voice, "I have come to you because I am in danger of my life. If my uncle should learn that I have come, he would blow out my brains upon the spot! Of that I am assured. He is accustomed to these ebullitions of violent temper. Mr. Sholmes, will you help me?"

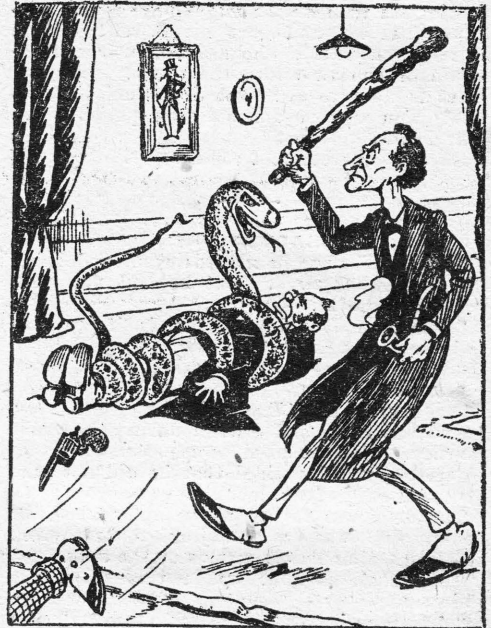
"Pray give me some details!" said Sholmes. "You may speak quite freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson."

"I should tell you first that my name is Mary Jane Pylott. I live at Coke Pylott with my uncle, Dr. Grimey Pylott. My sister lived with us there till the time of the tragedy of two years ago. One never-to-be-forgotten night, Mr. Sholmes, she came into my room, and sank upon the floor. All she could utter was, 'It was the hand—the freckled hand!'" Mary Jane Pylott sobbed. "Some time before, she had told me of how she was disturbed in her sleep by the sound of a rattle. Mr. Sholmes, last night I woke up, and heard distinctly in my room the sound of a rattle."

Sholmes' eyes gleamed. I could see that he was deeply interested.

"What kind of a rattle?" he asked.

"That I cannot say. It was simply a rattle.



Stretched upon the floor was the gigantic form of Dr. Grimey Pylott, but it was coiled a huge rattle snake.

As there are no children in the house, and my uncle is too old to play with a rattle, I cannot account for it. But—but I am sure, Mr. Sholmes, that it was the same rattle that my unhappy sister heard upon that fatal night. Without saying a word to my uncle, I came here by the first morning train. I fear that he has followed me. I dare not remain another moment!"

Our visitor departed hastily.

A few minutes later a gigantic man rushed into the room. Herlock Sholmes eyed him calmly, as he advanced with menacing gestures.

"You are Herlock Sholmes!" shouted he.

My friend nodded tranquilly.

"Good-morning, Dr. Grimey Pylott!" he replied.

"Sholmes, the detective! Sholmes, the meddler! Sholmes, the spy!" hissed Dr. Grimey Pylott.

"What beautiful weather we are having!" yawned Herlock Sholmes.

"If you dare to meddle in my affairs, I will break you as I break this vase!" shouted Pylott, as he seized a vase from the mantel-piece, and hurled it upon the floor, where it was shattered into a thousand fragments.

"The sunflowers are coming on well," remarked Herlock Sholmes.

Dr. Grimey Pylott glared at him, and rushed from the room, slamming the door behind him with a noise like thunder.

Herlock Sholmes yawned.

"A pleasant visitor, Jotson. If he had tried

conclusions with me, he might have found, perhaps, that he had met his match!" With scarcely an effort, Sholmes tossed the fragments of the vase into the grate. "Jotson, there is work to do! Not a moment is to be lost! You may go and see your patients, my dear fellow."

He was gone before I could reply.

CHAPTER TWO.

SHOLMES came in towards evening, looking somewhat tired. But he had not come in to rest.

"Come, my dear Jotson—that is, if you wish to be in at the finish!" he said.

"Where are we going?" I asked.

"To Coke Pylott."

The express from Euston bore us away. My friend was silent and distraught during the whole journey. He smoked some hundreds of cigarettes, but I noticed that he did not take his usual swig of cocaine.

The dusk was falling as we approached the house. It was a rambling, old-fashioned building. Miss Pylott met us at the door.

"My uncle is shut up in this room, she whispered.

"All the better," said Sholmes. "Miss Pylott, in this case you must trust us absolutely. Could you sleep in the coal-cellar, or some secluded spot, this night, and leave your room to my friend Jotson and myself?"

"I am entirely at your orders, Mr. Sholmes."

"Good!"

We were shown to Miss Pylott's room, and left there. Sholmes looked about him, and listened at the wall which adjoined Dr. Grimey Pylott's apartment. The doctor could be heard pacing to and fro. A gleam of light penetrated into the darkened room from the doctor's apartment.

"Hush!" whispered Sholmes. "Not a word, Jotson! Have you a revolver?"

"Here," I whispered back.

"Be on your guard, Jotson! We are taking our lives in our hands!"

I thrilled at the words.

We waited.

For what were we waiting? I did not know. But I felt that danger was in the air. The shadow of tragedy brooded over the house.

No sound was heard save our subdued breathing. The hours struck dully from the clock in the hall.

Midnight!

My heart was beating wildly. In the gloom I could scarcely discern Herlock Sholmes. I saw that he had gripped his walking-stick hard. His eyes were glittering. The hour was at hand.

Suddenly, in the deep silence, I heard a faint rattle.

I started.

It was the sound that had been described to us. My heart beat almost to suffocation.

The rattle was repeated.

With startling suddenness Herlock Sholmes turned on his electric lamp. The light flashed upon a large freckled hand, and upon— Before I could see further my friend had sprung forward, and was lashing out furiously with his stick.

The rattle ceased.

From the adjoining room came a sudden, fearful cry.

Then silence!

"Follow me!" panted Herlock Sholmes.

We rushed into the doctor's room. Stretched upon the floor was the gigantic form of Dr. Grimey Pylott. About it was coiled a huge rattlesnake. With a single blow, Sholmes stretched the reptile dead upon the floor. He threw himself beside the doctor. But it was too late!

Dr. Grimey Pylott, the last representative of the ancient race of the Pylotts of Coke Pylott, had paid for all his sins!

CHAPTER THREE.

I WAS still considerably shaken by the tragic events of the night when we returned to Shaker Street. Sholmes himself was unusually grave.

"You are puzzled, my dear Jotson," he said.

"I am astonished, Sholmes! I do not see how—"

"If you could see how, my dear Jotson, it would not be necessary for me to give my usual explanation," he said, with a slight smile. "It was the freckled hand that gave me the clue I needed. When Dr. Pylott visited us, you may have noticed his hands?"

"I confess that I did not. But you—"

"I observed that they were very large and freckled, my dear Jotson. But that was not all. You remember the rattle? How could that mysterious sound be accounted for? That Dr. Pylott was in the habit of playing with a toy rattle was scarcely an admissible theory. I deduced a rattlesnake. When I left you yesterday, Jotson, it was to consult the wills

F is for FOOTER, a game for the gods,
Where sportsmen play nobly, despite heavy odds.

G is for GOLF, which is played by old Prout;
A silly old pastime for gents with the gout!

H is for HOCKEY, of rushes and whirls,
A game which is left to Miss Primrose's girls.

at Somerset House. I found that Dr. Pylott was heir to his nieces, and that in the case of their death he would take possession of all their furniture. That supplied the motive, Jotson. When we arrived at Coke Pylott I was perfectly prepared to find a means of communication between Dr. Pylott's room and that of Miss Mary Jane."

"You found it?" I exclaimed.

He smiled again.

"Did you not observe, Jotson, when we were waiting in the dark, that a ray of light came from the adjoining apartment?"

"I did. But—"

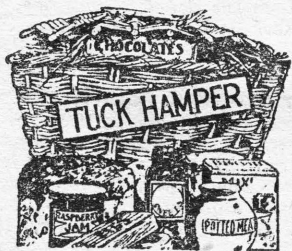
"From that, my dear Jotson, I deduced an opening in the wall. Light cannot penetrate a solid body. Had the wall been intact the light could not have come through. I deduced an opening."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed.

"Why was the opening there, Jotson? And you remember that strange exclamation of the former victim—'It was the hand—the freckled hand!' Once I had deduced the opening in the wall, Jotson, the rest was easy. Through that opening the villain had introduced the rattle-snake into the room. But this time, Jotson, we were there. The dastardly work was interrupted, and the reptile, excited perhaps by the blows I had rained upon it, turned upon his master, and bit the freckled hand that he'd him. I confess that I had not anticipated this, but I cannot say that I am sorry. He was a distinctly unpleasant character. You remember that saying of the wise Frenchman, Jotson, 'Il fait beau temps! Bonjour!'"

And Herlock Sholmes was silent.

THE END.

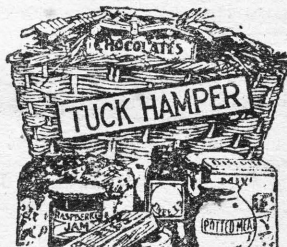


TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

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 "4th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, December 14th, 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. 4, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed

WRITE CAREFULLY

Address

I is for INDIAN CLUBS, swung in the gym.
If I saw the Kaiser I'd swing one at him.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

A TRIBUTE FROM LARRY!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—I should like to express, through the medium of your excellent journal, my warmest thanks to the anonymous donor of a magnificent 'Match' football. It came to hand two days ago, and was, as you may guess, received with great acclamation. This afternoon we had a match with a well-known French regiment, and, amid scenes of the wildest excitement, licked the 'Froggies' by four goals to two; the goalposts being a couple of bayonets, with the business ends thrust into the ground.

"Many thanks, also, for the consignment of HERALDS you were kind enough to send me. The men appreciate them very much, and I can assure you that a little humour goes a long way in a trench.

"With kind regards to Dr. Locke, the staff, and all the boys,—Believe me, very sincerely yours,

"LAWRENCE LASCELLES,
" (2nd Lieutenant)."

[Even the Editorial Staff, which is usually kept well informed, does not know the name of the Good Samaritan to whom the gallant lieutenant refers. Will the youthful patriot who is so skilfully hiding his light under a bushel please come forward?—ED.]

COVERED WITH MUD—NOT GLORY!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—As master of the Fifth Form, I forbid you to publish, under any circumstances, an account of the rough-and-tumble game of football enacted last week between the Remove eleven and the masters. The match was improperly refereed throughout, for although on five separate and distinct occasions I drove the ball over the cross-bar, each and every goal was disallowed, which I consider a grave scandal. As you are aware, the Remove boys won the match through the impudent antics of Coker, a member of my Form, who, with malice aforethought, scored a goal against his own side! I have just interviewed Coker in my study, and if he is observed to be uncomfortable when seated at meals, you will know the reason why.

"It is seldom, indeed, that I have to find fault with my worthy colleagues, but I must say that they gave me insufficient support on the occasion of the match. I must also request the Remove boys not to charge so violently when playing football, or to kick mud at their opponents. I myself left the field in a frightful condition,

J is for JUMPING, at which Bunter shines,
With fireworks behind him exploding like mines!

with slime and slush fairly oozing from my garments.

"Please impress upon your readers in the Remove Form to be more gentle, and not to behave like common or garden hooligans.—Yours
austerely,

"PAUL PROUT."

[We much regret that, at the time the above letter was received, Mr. Vernon-Smith had already written his article, "The Match with the Masters," so that to withhold it from publication was sheerly impossible. We condole with Mr. Prout on the defeat of his side, and sincerely hope that he has now recovered fully from his injuries, if any.—ED.]

FIBS FROM THE FOURTH!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—Your paper gives to the general public the impression that the Remove is top dog in all manner of sport. You know very well, in your own heart—if you've got one—that the Fourth can give you points at everything, from dominoes to Soccer.

"We hereby challenge you to a pillow-fight, to take place at 10.0 p.m. on Wednesday next, on the first landing; and if we can't wipe up the floor with the Remove freaks, then our names aren't

"CECIL TEMPLE,
"WILLIAM FRY,
"GEORGE SCOTT."

[Mr. Temple knows very well that we cannot accept his precious challenge, as the masters will read this issue, and would soon interfere if the contest was held. One of these nights, however, we will wage war on the funky Fourth, whose precious leader will be constrained to cry: "Great SCOTT! My TEMPLE! Licked by the small FRY!"—ED.]

COKER THE CROAKER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Sir,—Please find enclosed a thrilling adventure storie, entitled, 'The Blud-Red Rivver,' every word of which will make your hare stand on end. I have made all the villains die terribul deaths, and the heroes live happy ever after.

"I demand that you publish my yarn, and make payment at the rate of two ginnez per thowsand words.—Yours trewly,

"HORACE COKER,"

[Our swanking and ill-spelt correspondent will look for his "ginnez" in vain!—ED.]

K is for KULTUR, the sport of the Hun.
He may have a long innings, but won't score a run!

The COMPLETE BLADE!



An Interview with Harold Skinner, Esq., of the Remove Form . . . By the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.

to do so. Was the game worth the candle? I reflected.

But I shuddered as I pictured the wrath of the Editor if I returned empty away from my visit to Mr. Skinner's saloon bar. There would be a blank two pages in the GREYFRIARS HERALD, which claims to be packed from cover to cover. It wouldn't bear thinking of!

"I—I'll have a cigar," I quavered. "Please give me the mildest you have."

"I only stock Flor de Turnips," said Mr. Skinner harshly. "I happen to be out of the Sudden-Death brand."

"Very well," I said, with an air of resignation. "Hand me one."

"You'll find the box on the table, if you grope for it. And mind you smoke the thing right to the bitter end! I shall be able to tell by the light whether you're shamming or not."

I reached for the box, and extracted a submarine-shaped horror.

A box of matches, hurled by Mr. Skinner, caught me on the ear, and I proceeded to light up, my brain reeling with the fearful fumes as I did so.

"Mum-might we have the window open?" I suggested.

"Imbecile!" came the withering retort. "Do you want everybody in the Close to see clouds of smoke pouring out of the study? They'd summon the fire brigade!"

I remained silent.

"Getting on all right?" asked Mr. Skinner.

"Famously!" I spluttered. "Please put me out of my agony as soon as possible—I mean, please let me know what, in your opinion, constitutes a complete blade!"

"H'm!" mused Mr. Skinner. "Well, in the first place, the would-be blade, dog, and goer must be careful to part his hair exactly in the middle. He should also sport a fancy waist-coat, striped trousers, and spats of the approved pattern. Smoke away, there! That light seems to be flickering out!"

With a deep groan, I continued to puff and blow at the Flor de Turnip. Then a sudden inspiration came to me. I surreptitiously bit off about half the cigar, and concealed it in my pocket. Then I put the remaining half into my mouth.

"I—I'm enjoying this cigar awfully!" I exclaimed. "The flavour's fine!"

"Glad to hear it," drawled my host. "You must have another when that one's finished."

"Groo!"

IT was not without misgivings that I entered the study owned by Mr. Skinner, for I had grave fears lest Mr. Percy Bolsover, the bullock-wright champion of Greyfriars, should be present.

My fears remained unconfirmed when I pushed open the door, for there was such a thick cloud of tobacco-smoke in the room that it excluded everything else from my vision. Closing the door, and coughing and choking violently, I staggered to a seat—or what I imagined was a seat—and sat down. Unfortunately, I sat on nothingness, and came to the floor of the study with a crash, second only to that caused by a Zeppelin bomb.

"Who's there?" drawled a familiar voice.

"Ow! I murmured. "When alive, I was the special representative of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. I'm in my death agonies now. Tell the corner it was dislocation of the back, brought about by sitting on air."

"Fool!" snapped Mr. Skinner. "Lock the door!"

I shuffled to the door, and did what was necessary, then seated myself—on the table this time, in order to be on the safe side.

"What do you want?" growled Mr. Skinner.

I presumed he was the sole occupant of the study, since no one else had spoken.

"I desire an audience with you on a subject dear to your heart. But, first of all, please reassure me that I haven't come into the tap-room of the Cross Keys by mistake."

"Don't rot!" said Mr. Skinner sternly. "Have a cigar?"

"Nun-no, thanks!" I stammered, alarmed at this threatened torture.

"You'd better," went on the relentless voice.

"Either you smoke one of my Flor de Turnips or I won't grant you an interview."

Here was a pretty go, and no mistake! I was to cross-examine an invisible person, and smoke one of his death-dealing cigars in order

L is for LUDO—oh, sing me to sleep!
Such a boring device makes a fellow's flesh creep.

"What did you say?"

"I—I said, 'Please continue,'"

And Mr. Skinner resumed his discourse.

"A true blade," he said, "should be able to drink like a fish, and smoke like—like a chimney. He should also have in his possession a set of marked cards, and be ready to do his neighbour down at a minute's notice."

"But supposing he is discovered cheating?" I gasped.

"Bah! A real blade never comes a cropper. He always lives up in detail to the Eleventh Commandment, 'Thou shalt not be found out.' In short, he is a born swindler, an accomplished liar, and a slave to dissipation."

"And you are all those?" I asked.

"Most decidedly! I can smoke a box of Flor de Turnips in an evening, without turning a hair, and can drink a bottle of the best Pomeroy without seeing double. So far as telling fibs goes, I can knock old Ananias into a cocked hat, and give points to Ferdinand Mendez Pinto, and even the Kaiser. As a card-sharper I am almost without an equal. You see, I studied under that famous swindler and crook, Loder of the Sixth. Oh, and I forgot to mention backing winners. A chap should always know the form of every horse at Blue-market, and be prepared to back his choice to the uttermost farthing. Puff away, old chap!"

Although longing for great gulps of clear, fresh air, I heroically remained at my post, struggling with the refractory cigar.

"Of course," said Mr. Skinner, "I'm quite an authority on dead certs and sure snips. Take to-day, for instance. I've staked a quid with Banks, the bookie, on a geezer called Jerry Golightly. That quid was all I had in the wide world, and at any rate now I shall expect to hear that Jerry has romped home at odd of ten to one. I shall thus carry off eleven quid."

"And how will you expend such a fabulous sum?"

"I shall get in a crate of the best Burgundy, and stock the cupboard with choice penny cigars. Then I shall go and see Charlie Chaplin to-morrow night at the Court-field Cinema. There might be a few pence over, and if so I shall give a donation to the Red Cross Fund. I'm a generous chap, you understand."

I opened my mouth to speak, but at that moment a violent knock sounded at the door.

"Who's there?" called Mr. Skinner, in alarm.

"Me!" came a voice, which was unmistakably Mr. Bolsover's. "Let me in at once!"

I heard my sporting companion stumble to the door and unlock it. Then my knees knocked violently together, as Mr. Bolsover, with a bellow like an angry bull, rushed into the room.

"Skinner!" he roared. "You thundering idiot! You borrowed a quid off me this morning, you'll remember, to back a lean bag of bones called Jerry Golightly."

"And it's won?" asked Mr. Skinner anxiously.

"Won my grandmother!" snorted Mr. Bolsover.

And there was a rustling sound as of a newspaper being unfolded.

"Here it is, in black and white!" yelled the unfortunate moneylender. "The Swindlem Stakes. Result:

' MINSTREL BOY, 1
' FATHER O'FLYNN 2
' SUNFLOWER 3.'

'Also ran: Catchpenny, Ballyrunna, Jerry Golightly.'"

The announcement was followed by a dull thud. Evidently Mr. Skinner had expired on the carpet.

Then Mr. Bolsover, with guttural growls of rage, proceeded to wreck the study. The book-case went whirling down, the fireirons flew in all directions, the clock came to the floor with a crash, which must have considerably injured its face, and I barely escaped with my life.

Rushing to the window amid a hailstorm of Greek lexicons, I leapt clean through, and alighted upon the hard, unsympathetic flagstones in the Close with a terrific concussion.

I am penning this article in the sanatorium. Officially, my trouble consists of nervous disorders; but between you and me and the gatepost, I am prostrated by the effects of that Flor de Turnip. It has lived up to its name admirably, and if it is usual for a complete blade to smoke a box of the beastly things in the course of an evening, may I never be a blade—not even an incomplete one!

(Next week: Our Special Representative interviews Mr. William Golling on "The Trials of a Gateporter.")

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



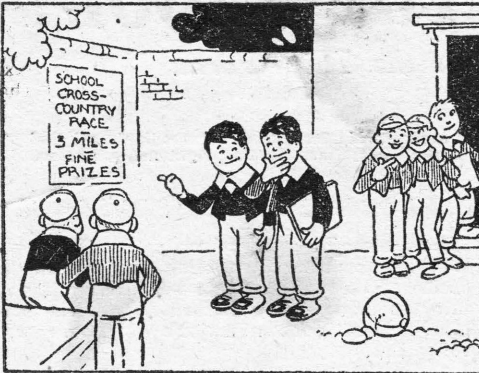
No. 4.—BULLY BOLSOVER.

As he appears to some of the small fry.

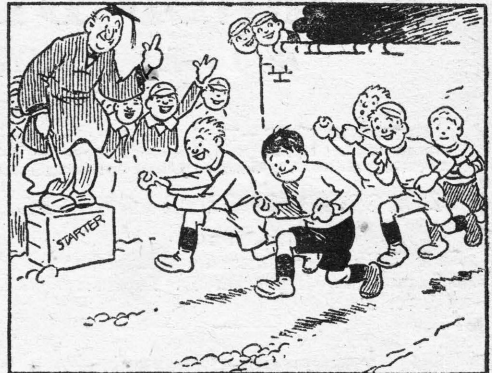
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



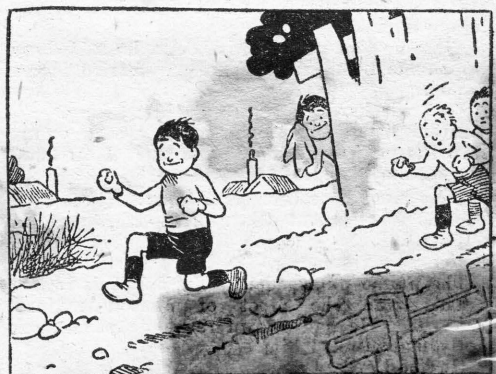
(1) "Suppose we try for this?" said Squeak,
"The great event of all the week?"
And Bubble gently stroked his chin,
And said, "I know the way to win!"



(2) The Sports Day came, and Bubble went
Along the track with grim intent.
The Head, perched on a packing-case,
Advised his boys to go the pace.



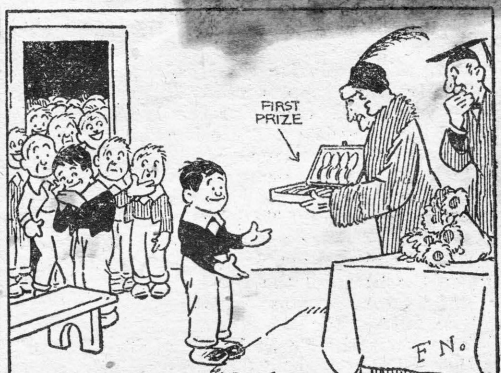
(3) And Bubble did! For half-way through
He limped along, fagged out and blue.
But Squeak poked forth his shining face
And calmly took up Bubble's place.



(4) Friend Squeak as fresh as fresh could be,
Went pounding on in dainty glee.
"They'll never catch me up!" he vowed,
"I'll outrun all the giddy crew!"



(5) And how they cheered when past the tape
Our hero shot with mouth agape!
"Well played, old man!" his comrades roared.
"You've won the coveted reward."



(6) That very day, the Head's good wife
Beamed down on Squeak as large as life;
And as she gave him tempting wares,
"Hurrah!" cried Bubble. "We'll go shares!"

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

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.

Jack Jolly is condemned on suspishun' as a thief, and ekspelled from St. Tomas's. Reed onn from hear.

THE THERD CHAPTER.

SKORNED by his skoolfellows, Jack Jolly's hart was very hevvy.

That day he was to look his last uppon the old skool whear he had parsed so menny happy dayes.

After he had pakked his bocks, he satt down uppon his bedd, with his pface berried in his hands.

He tride hard to think out the mistery.

Howe had Wilkinson miner's wotch cumm into the pokket of his pijammers? How hadd Jonson major's perse gott there?

They must have been putt there. There cood be noe dowt about that. Hoo—ah, hoo had dunn it?

Jonson major!

The naime phlashed into Jack Jolly's brane. This was the froot of Jonson major's hantsedd. He had swawn revvenge when Jack Jolly hadd likked him.

He hadd gessed it!

"The skoundrell!" muttered Jack Jolly, between his teeth. "This is his dedly wurk! But how to baphe him—that is the kwestion." Jack Jolly thort and thort.

At last he roze to his feat. His mynd was maid up.

Tenn minnits layter the Head caim in.

"Jolly, the trapp is redly! You will goe — My hat!" exclaimed the Head, gaizing round the dawmitary. "He is gorn!"

It was onley two true.

Jack Jolly had disappeared.

Serch was made for him at once. But he was knott to be found. Within the anshent walls of St. Tomas' there was noe sine of Jack Jolly.

Hadd those anshent walls looked their larst uppon the hearo of the Forth?

But we must not anticipait.

Nite fell.

Once moar the Forth Fawm of St. Thomas' gathered in the anshent dawmitary. Lites were owt, and darkness rained over the old skool.

Sylenece rained.

Jonson major sterd uneezily in his slepe. Was his consence trubbling him? Did he dreme of the unforchunate boy driven fawth into the kold wurld, skorne by all who new him? Alas! Jonson major's consence was very tuff.

Jonson woak up suddenley.

A lite gleemed in his eyes.

He uttered a lowd kry.

Beeside his bedd stood a bobby, his lanterne gleeming uppon the skared pface of Jonson major.

His sturn voice was herd in the grimm sylence of the nite.

"Gett up, Jonson major, yew are my prissonner!"

"What have I dunn?" exclaimed Jonson major.

"I arreste yew in the naim of the lawe!" said the bobby, sturnly. "You are charged with steeling Wilkinson minor's wotch, and stikking it in the pokket of Jack Jolly's pijammers."

Jonson major gave a pcheerful kry, and phainted.

When he caim too, the bobby was bending over him, and his skoolfellows had gathered round him in the kandle-lite.

"Kumm with me!" said the bobby sturnly

"Murcy!" shrieked Jonson major. "I konfess!"

"You heer him?" said the bobby. "He konfesses."

"Murcy!"

"Ha, ha! There is kno murcy for sutch as yew, Jonson major. Yew are my prissonner."

There was a klink of mettle.

The handkuffs were on Jonson major's rists.

He was a prissonner.

With a hevvy hand the bobby seezed him, and jurked him out of bed.

"Kumm!" he said sturnly.

Jonson major phell on his neeze.

He was blubbing like anything.

"I konfess!" he screamed.

The door was throne oapen, and Dr. Snark stroad in.

(Don't misse the thrilling konk!usion of this stoary.)

M is for **MARBLES**, enjoyed by the fags; **it's so fierce and exciting, one's nerves are in rags!**

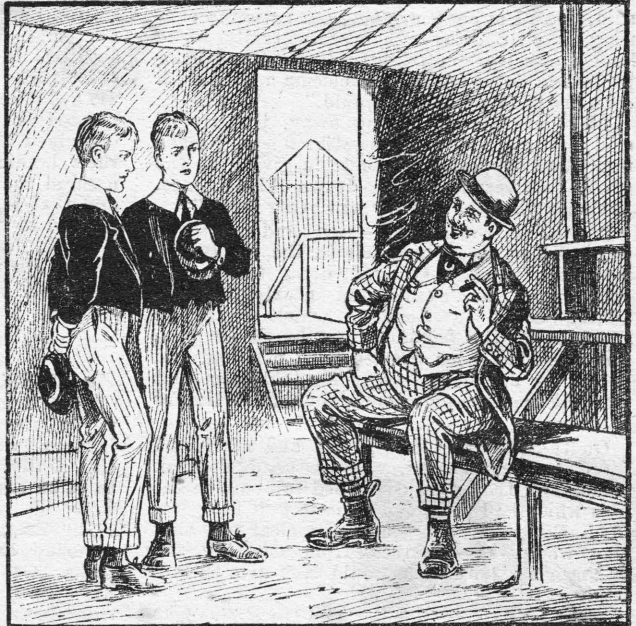
THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

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.

"Good Gracious!" exclaimed the manager of the boxing-booth. "A couple of school kids wantin' to box in this 'ere booth! Ho, ho, ho!" (See picture.)



THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

NEDDY WELSH, a boy of fifteen and a skilful boxer, runs away by night from Earlingham School, where he has been grossly ill-treated on no provocation whatever. "Dolly" Gray, who has stood faithfully by him through the crisis, decides to throw in his lot with Neddy, and the two chums decamp together, despite vigorous efforts on the part of the masters and prefects to stop them. The runaways arrive in London at a very late hour, and succeed in obtaining lodgings. The landlady discovers that they have run away from school, but takes compassion upon them, and allows them to remain.

(Now Read On.)

CHAPTER SEVEN. Driven to the Wall.

NEDDY WELSH and his companion slept soundly that night in the little room allotted to them, and the sun was up when they awoke. Mrs. Atkins, their kindly-disposed landlady, furnished them with a good breakfast, and they paid her half-a-crown each, in accordance with the compact. Then, with a certain amount of trepidation in their hearts—though neither of them would have admitted it for the world—the two chums sallied forth to seek an engagement at a boxing-booth.

The scheme which Neddy Welsh had outlined at Earlingham had sounded very rosy, but the

realisation of it fell far short of expectations. In the first place, it was difficult to find any trace of a boxing-booth, and not until the afternoon did the chums light upon a likely place—in the East End.

The manager of the concern—a coarse-looking man with a fat cigar wedged in the corner of his mouth—roared with laughter when Neddy Welsh made his application for an engagement, as if the affair was a huge joke.

"Good gracious!" he exclaimed. "A couple of schoolkids wantin' to box in this 'ere booth! Ho ho, ho!"

"I'll take on the best man you've got!" retorted Neddy Welsh, feeling a trifle nettled. "I'm not fool enough to suppose that I could beat him, but I'd prove to you that I can hit straight from the shoulder."

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared the amused proprietor. "Look 'ere, kiddet! You go and 'ang on tight to mummie's apron-strings. You might get 'urt if you was to try conclusions with any of the 'ands 'ere."

Greatly disheartened, Neddy Welsh and his chum turned away. They were not wanted, that was certain, and all the appeals in the world would not secure for them a situation at that booth. It was obvious that they must seek their fortune elsewhere.

The chilly December day drew to an abrupt close, and the wanderers, unable to pursue their

N is for NEEDLEWORK. Where's the House Dame?
My shirt has been torn since to Greyfriars I came!

O is for OARSMANSHIP. Bravo, the Blues!
We'll all seek to copy the 'Varsity crews!

quest for employment in darkened London, returned to their dingy lodgings at Waterloo.

Gray smiled rather grimly as they sat down to a frugal supper.

"I don't want to reproach you, Neddy," he said, "and I'm not regretting our action in running away from Earlingham. But really, we've landed ourselves in a frightful hole. The boxing profession doesn't seem to welcome a chap with open arms, as you said it would."

"We must keep pegging away, that's all," said Neddy Welsh, as he negotiated a very much underdone kipper. "No sense in giving up the ghost just because we've drawn blank once. Let's see what the morrow will bring forth."

But the morrow dawned—a wet and depressing day—and no good luck fell to the lot of the renegades. They trudged here, there, and everywhere, and exhausted nearly all the boxing-booths in London, which could be reckoned on the fingers of one hand. In each case they had been greeted with derision, and one of the managers had gruffly told them that when he required pigmies he would advertise for them.

On the following day Neddy and his friend fared no better, and, with a good deal of reluctance, they were compelled to abandon the idea which had prompted them to quit the gates of Earlingham. It was quite clear now that they would be debarred from entering the boxing-ring, for no one would even give them a trial.

The next day was Sunday, and the chums held a serious debate, over the morning rasher, regarding their financial position. They had been paying out five shillings per day to Mrs. Atkins, and this, coupled with the many coppers which had been expended in bus fares, had brought them into very low water indeed. They had barely sufficient to tide them over until Tuesday or Wednesday.

"It goes against the grain to have to do it," said Neddy Welsh, with a sigh, "but we must get jobs somewhere else, and keep our eyes skinned for a chance of entering the ring. I've been jawing to Mrs. Atkins and she has agreed to give us board and lodging at fifteen bob a week each, which isn't at all bad. That means, though, that we've got to get jobs with a sufficient screw to pay our way here."

"Which is easier said than done," replied Gray, who, having been brought up in the lap of luxury, was feeling the situation acutely.

Accordingly, on the following morning, the chums started out with a firm resolve to secure remunerative employment. They found that there were plenty of vacancies for fellows of their age and education, but in the majority of cases the salary offered was not more than ten shillings a week. At length, however, they hit upon a printing firm which required the services of one boy only, at a weekly wage of twelve-and-six.

"You'd better snap it up, old man," said

Gray, a trifle wearily. "A chance like this is not worth letting slip."

And Neddy was duly engaged right away.

Dolly Gray went further and fared worse than his chum. He was obliged to accept a ten-shillings-a-week situation with a suburban auctioneer, who promised him a rise of five shillings in a month's time, should he prove successful.

Thus it came about that the two friends commenced work on the same day. And when they explained the financial side of the question to their landlady late that evening, Mrs. Atkins assured them that it would be quite all right, and that for a time, at any rate, she would be pleased to accommodate them at a few shillings a week less than had been arranged—a concession for which Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray were duly grateful.

CHAPTER EIGHT.

Somebody Turns Up.

AFTER a week in London, two facts made themselves very forcibly apparent; namely, that Neddy Welsh was hopelessly out of his element in a printing-office, and that Dolly Gray was no more fitted by nature to be an auctioneer than a bullock was intended to fly.

But the money for their keep had to be earned somehow, and they stuck grimly to their allotted tasks. Gray was the harder hit of the two, for his employer insisted on his putting in a considerable amount of overtime, for which he was never paid a farthing. By the time the lad had walked home—he couldn't ride, for pennies were precious as rubies—he was tired out, and only too glad to gulp down his supper and make tracks for bed.

But the situation was not without its bright side. Neddy Welsh was able to obtain free copies of all the journals printed by his firm; and the chums soon set about transforming their little bed-room into a cosy "den."

"We're not so badly off, after all," observed Neddy Welsh, cheerfully. "Things might have turned out a jolly sight worse. In peace time, with all the young men at home, jobs wouldn't be as plentiful as blackberries. We've got to thank the war for this. It's an ill wind that blows nobody good."

"That's so," answered Gray. "Let's hope we shall jog along somehow."

Gray spoke lightheartedly enough, but had he been able to peer into the future, his hopes would have been dashed ruthlessly to the ground. For on the following evening his brain became so overtaxed, owing to the rigorous duties imposed upon him during the day, that he was taken ill, and turned up at his "digs" in an utterly exhausted condition.

No greater calamity could have befallen the two chums. It spelt poverty and want, and although Gray soon rallied, he was unfit to resume his duties for some time, and Neddy Welsh told him so.

P is for **POKER**, indulged in by Loder
And similar cads who've got into bad odour.

O is for **QUITS**, played by grey-headed men,
And (with slight variations) by us in our den.

"You must stay in bed," he said; "and you're not going back to that slave-driver of an auctioneer—not if I know it. The brute! I'd dearly love to have five minutes with him!"

"But the money!" exclaimed Gray.

"Can't be helped. You're not going to be stayed to death, while I'm on hand to prevent it. As for the money question, I must obtain some sort of evening employment, that's all."

And Neddy Welsh kept his word. He understood music, and was engaged as a relief pianist at the local cinema, at a salary of nine shillings a week. This was a terrific strain upon the lad.

Then the day came when Neddy could hold out no longer. Insufficient sleep and irregular meals began to tell upon him; and, being a sensible youth, he decided that unless he wished to share the fate of Dolly Gray, and be laid up for an indefinite period, he must give up the cinema engagement. Accordingly, he did so.

Meanwhile, the arrears of rent had mounted up, and the situation had grown desperate.

But relief did come at length, and from a totally unexpected quarter. Neddy was wending his way homewards one evening, when a familiar voice hailed him, and a powerful hand smote him on the back.

Neddy turned, and great was his astonishment and delight when he looked into the radiant and jovial face of Bob Sullivan, the well-known boxer, who had taught the boy how to use his fists before Neddy had gone to Earlingham.

"What cheer, Neddy!" exclaimed the champion boisterously. "Fancy meeting you here! I thought you were at a public school, imbibing all sorts of classic lore."

"So I was, Bob," assented Neddy—"for one day only. Earlingham turned out to be a hornet's nest, and I was glad to evacuate."

Bob Sullivan nodded.

"Well, you seem to be pretty down in the dumps now," he remarked. "Looks as though sloping from school doesn't exactly agree with you. You seem tired to death, and I bet you're hungry. Come on!"

And the good-hearted boxer led his one-time pupil into a comfortable restaurant in the vicinity.

Over a plate of steaming meat-pie, Neddy Welsh described his unenviable experiences since coming to London. When he had finished, Bob Sullivan nodded sympathetically, and drew a couple of currency notes from his pocket.

"This'll tide you over for a bit," he said. "What? Too proud to take it? Don't be an idiot! You'll be able to pay it back before long, I don't doubt. Meanwhile, I've got a scheme in my noddle for getting you a jolly good job. I won't broach it now, in case it shouldn't come off; but I'll look you up in your digs later on, and explain."

"You're a good chap, Bob!" said Neddy, with glistening eyes. "I sha'n't forget this, in a hurry. And now I'm off to tell Dolly Gray. If this news doesn't buck him up, nothing will!"

(To be continued next Monday.)

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A FAG!

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—The following portion of the diary kept by Tubb of the Third was accidentally discovered in the junior common-room by William George Bunter, from whom it was confiscated by the Editor, who trusts it will be of interest to his numerous readers.]

MONDAY, NOVEMBER 29th.—Got up. We always have to do this, whether we like it or not, which I don't think is fair, as it's not in the school prospectus. Why can't we have breakfast in bed, brought up to us by the prefects?

Much too cold to wash, so went without. They tell us to be economical in war-time, and we save quite a lot of soap in the Third. Gave Pratt a thick ear, just for something to do, and went down to brekker. Usual stuff—eggs-and-bacon. Sometimes, by way of variety, they give us bacon-and-eggs. Twigg gave me fifty lines for emptying the marmalade on Paget's rasher. Said I couldn't have done a rasher thing. Twigg's a beast. Vowed I'd get even with him. Potted at him during morning school with a catapult, but ran short of blotting-paper, and he escaped without a casualty.

Played footer in afternoon against the babes of the Second, and wiped up the ground with them. The Second can't play for toffee. I did the hat-trick, and young Bolsover scored twice. Had fifteen fights after tea, and won the lot. Came through unscathed, except for a swollen nose, two black eyes, and a punctured rib. Prayed for Twigg before going to bed. He needed it, for there was a hot time in store for him! Twigg's a beast.

TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 30th.—Nothing to write home about. Tried to take a rise out of Twigg by letting a rat loose in the Form-room. It missed old Twigg, and only managed to bite young Dibbs on the calf. He's in the sunny now—Dibbs, not the rat. Rest of day as usual.

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 1st.—Still unable to make Twigg sit up. Put gum all over his seat, but Capper took lessons instead, and we took twenty minutes to yank him off after he had sat down. Then he licked us all round. Both Capper and Twigg are beasts.

THURSDAY, DECEMBER 2nd.—Emptied contents of pepper-box in Twigg's tea, but just before we started brekker he said he preferred coffee, and Dooley drank the dose instead. He coughed till he broke a blood-vessel, and we had to thump him on the back till our arms ached. Dooley's in the sunny now, with Dibbs.

(Continued at foot of page 20.)

R is for **R**UNNING, heads high, to the goal.
So strive for the honours with heart and with soul.

THE STORY THAT HAD AN END!

Another Strange Complete Story, Told by ROBERT CHERRY,

OUR FIGHTING EDITOR.

IT was Browney who sprung this on us—I think I have mentioned before that Browney is a humorous beggar. He's as full of catches as a mousetrap. We were spinning yarns round the fire in the common-room, and Browney remarked that the yarns were all short, and mentioned that he knew a story without an end.

"Rot!" said Johnny Bull. Johnny always speaks out quite plain. "Rot! How could there be a story without an end?"

"There is," said Tom Brown.

"Bosh!" said Wharton. "Tell it to us, then!"

"Well, I couldn't tell you all of it, because it hasn't got an end," said Tom Brown. "I could go on telling it to you for the whole term. If it ran as a serial it would never be finished. A most peculiar story."

I said "Rats! A story must have an end; every story's got an end. Pitch us the yarn, and we'll see!"

"All serene!" said Browney, and he started.

"It was seven years ago that a man came down the High Street at a certain town in the Midlands, and saw a chap standing in the middle of the street, looking up at the sky. The man noticed that he stood there a long time, without moving, with a peculiar smile on his face, and at last he went up to him.

"What are you looking up at the sky and smiling for?" he asked him.

"The chap looked round.

"Thereby hangs a tale!" he said. "I don't mind telling it. It was seven years ago that a Turk came strolling along the Grand Bazaar, at Cairo, and he noticed a Dervish standing in the middle of the bazaar, looking up at the sky and smiling. He noticed that the Dervish stood a long time without speaking, and smiling in a peculiar way."

Tom Brown paused here.

"Go on!" said Peter Todd.

Browney went on.

"Well, at last the Turk went up to the Dervish, and asked him what he was looking up at the sky and smiling for. The Dervish answered, 'Peace be with you! Thereby hangs a tale, which I will relate. It was seven years ago—'"

"What?" said Wharton.

"It was seven years ago," said the Dervish, "that a Yankee came sauntering down Broad-

way, in New-York, and noticed a nigger standing in the middle of the street, looking up at the sky, and smiling in a peculiar way. He noticed that the nigger stood there a long time, without moving, and at last he went up to him and said, "What the tarnation thunder are you looking up at the sky for and smiling?"

"The nigger—"

"Look here! When are you coming to the story?" howled Johnny Bull.

"This is the story," said Browney. "The nigger looked at the Yankee, and said, 'Boss, now you're asking sumfn! Thereby hangs a tale! I don't mind telling you. It was seven years ago—'"

"Seven years ago!" howled Toddy.

"Seven years ago!" repeated Browney firmly. "That's what the nigger said. 'It's seven years ago that a cannibal came canoeing down the River Congo. He noticed a Kaffir on an island, in the middle of the river, standing quite still, and looking up at the sky and smiling. He noticed that the Kaffir didn't move for a long time, and at last he canoed up to him, and said, 'Why are you looking up at the sky and smiling?' The Kaffir replied—"

"Are you coming to the point?" roared Johnny Bull.

"Let a chap tell a story his own way," said Browney. "The Kaffir replied, 'Friend, thereby hangs a tale! It is now seven years since a Dutchman came walking down the street in Amsterdam, and he noticed—'"

Wharton reached out for a cushion.

"What did the Dutchman notice?" he asked.

"He noticed a man standing in the middle of a street, looking up at the sky and smiling. He noticed that he didn't move for a long time, so at last he went up to him, and said, 'Why are you looking up at the sky and smiling?' The man replied, 'Mynheer, thereby hangs a tale! It is now seven years—'"

How long Tom Brown would have gone on with that yarn I don't know. But he didn't get further than the Dutchman.

We all jumped on him at once.

Browney said "Yow-ow-ow!" as he came down on the floor, and we sat on him till he begged for mercy. So the story had an end, after all!

THE END.

S is for **SWIMMING**, which helps every muscle.
How dearly we dote on each desperate tussle!

T is for **TENNIS**, a rattling good game,
Where many aspire to the highest of fame.

U is quite **USELESS**, you all will agree.
But perhaps it means uncle—he's good sport, you see!

POLICE- CONSTABLE WIBLEY!

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

JOHNNY BULL.

"My rat!" said Bob. "Is that really you Wib? Move hon!" says Wibie, in just old Tozer's voice. "I'll report yer to your headmaster. Mast' Gneery, you mark my words!"
(See picture.)



CHAPTER ONE.

"ROTTEN!"

We all said that together.

And it was rotten, I can tell you.

It was a half-holiday at Greyfriars, and we had been for a long walk over to Wapshot Camp, to see the boys in khaki. Wharton knew a sergeant there who had served with his uncle in Flanders, and the sergeant showed us about the camp, like a real brick. We were coming away from the camp when it happened.

Wapshot Camp is miles from anywhere. There's a jolly steep lane, more than a mile long, leads to it from Friardale. Soldier chaps come to Friardale and walk the rest; but when they've only just time to get in before their leave is up they have to get a lift. That means a taxi. Before the war, you couldn't get a taxi in Friardale for love or money. But since the camp was started at Wapshot, some of the taxi-drivers from Courtfield have stationed themselves at Friardale, to pick up the traffic to the camp. Most of them are all right. But one or two are regular rotters. Instead of charging a khaki chap the taximeter fare, according to law, they leave the flag up, and offer to drive 'em to the camp for three or four bob. It's right against the law, and the beasts could be prosecuted. But the soldiers haven't much time for that; and, besides, they have to promise to pay the beasts before they can have the taxi.

Swindling a soldier is about the lowest-down thing a man could do, but some people are rotten enough to do it. It comes specially hard on them, because they don't have money to chuck about. It's well known that though we can

afford to pay Members of Parliament four hundred a year for talking, we can only afford to pay Tommy a bob a day for keeping the Germans out. So three or four bob for an eightpenny drive comes rather high for Tommy.

That's how it happened. Just as we were coming away, a taxi drove up with three Tommies in it. They got out at the gate of the camp, and handed the driver half-a-crown each, and trotted in, looking a bit blue. The way they hurried showed that they hadn't had any choice about taking the taxi.

We couldn't help seeing what happened. We looked at the taxi-driver. He was a fat, greasy chap, with a pimply nose and a jaw like a vice. He was quite young enough to be in khaki himself, too. Wharton went up to him.

"Taxi, sir?" says the driver jolly.

"No," said Wharton sharply. "I noticed that you charged those soldiers half-a-crown each. The legal fare is eightpence, and sixpence each for each additional passenger. That's one-and-eightpence in all."

The taxi jolly scowled.

"Mind your own business!" he said.

"It's everybody's business to see that soldiers aren't cheated by low-down rascals!" said Wharton.

The taxi jolly jumped down, and spat on his hands. So we lined up with Harry. We were quite ready to wipe up all the mud in Wapshot Lane with the rotter, if he had started. But he didn't. He thought better of it, which was jolly lucky for him.

"Mind your own business, can't you, you puppy!" he roared.

V is for VAULTING the jolly old horse,
And taking hard knocks as a matter of course.

W's for WALKING, the finest thing out;
But tramps wouldn't say so, of that I've no doubt!

"You've charged those three men seven-and-sixpence, instead of one-and-eight," said Wharton. "I wonder the money doesn't make you sick. What would happen to you and your blessed taxi if they let the Huns get at you?"

The taxi johnny only snorted.

"I'll take your number, anyway," said Wharton. "I can't stop you cheating the soldiers, but it does me some good to call you a thief!"

The taxi johnny looked as if he would go for him; but he didn't. He got on again, and buzzed off down the lane. Wharton took his number, and we trotted off.

"It's a rotten shame!" said Harry. "This goes on in lots of places. I've heard of it happening at the big stations in London, where the soldiers come home on leave from the Front. It's sickening!"

"That greasy chap is always at it," said Bob Cherry. "I've seen him before. I wonder the soldiers don't slog him for it. I've heard about him, too. He brings men up to the camp every day, and sometimes crams five or six into his cab at half-a-crown each."

"Might report him," said Nugent.

"There ought to be a bobby stationed here to watch for him and the others who do it, and catch them in the act," said Wharton. "Not much good reporting him. He didn't do it to us. But there isn't a bobby nearer than Friardale. If a policeman took the trouble to catch him in the act, he might lose his licence—and a jolly good thing, too. Anyway, he'd be fined, and have to part with some of his plunder."

"Not much good telling old Tozer to fag up here from Friardale," said Bob Cherry.

"The no-goodfulness is terrific," said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh. "But there is another wheezy good idea."

"Turn his cab over, with him in it?" I suggested.

"We must not break the esteemed law by commitfully perpetrating assault and batterfulness," said Inky. "But I have a wheezy good idea in my esteemed brain-box."

So we all said at once:

"Go it, Inky!"

Inky is an Indian chap, and the colour of coffee, and his English would make a tom-cat split his sides. But he has awfully good ideas sometimes. And we were jolly keen to hear of any idea for flooring that swindling rotter. I could tell by Inky's eyes that he had hit on it.

"Next Saturday afternoon is an august half-holiday," Inky went on. "Are my noble chums prepared to devoutfully give that half-holiday to the august task of putting an esteemed stopper on that worthy swindler?"

"Yes, rather!"

"You bet! Pile in, Inky!"

"Then suppose we come along on Saturday afternoon, and lay trapfully for the esteemed swindler? Saturday is a busyful day, and he is sure to be bringing soldiers up from Friardale Station in the afternoon."

"Of course he is," said Wharton. "I dare say he'll be up and down this lane half a dozen times on Saturday afternoon. Why, the cad may make pounds out of those chaps on that day alone! We could catch him at it right enough, but what's the good? We should get into a row at Greyfriars if we handled him; and that wouldn't stop him either."

"I'm not thinking of the handlefulness. I am thinking of bringing the august Wibley along-fully."

"Wib?"

"The esteemed Wibley is cleverful at makeup-fully disguising his esteemed and ludicrous chivvy. He has also the bobby clothes which we use in the plays of the august Remove Dramatic Society. It would be easy for Wibley to pass himself off as a ludicrous bobby."

"My hat!"

"He could catch the esteemed scoundrel napp-fully, and take his name and number, and hold over his ludicrous head the terrors of the law!" grinned Inky. "I think perhapsfully the ridiculous villain would go back to Courtfield after this, or else begin to live honestfully, when he knows that the eye of the terrific law is upon him."

"Bravo, Inky! Wib could do it——"

"Hurrah!"

We all slapped Inky on the back till he roared. It was a ripping dodge, and we yelled when we pictured the face of the taxi-johnny when he was caught by a policeman in uniform. We were going to play footer on that Saturday afternoon, but we chucked the footer.

CHAPTER TWO.

WIBLEY caught on at once, when we told him.

Wibley is simply great at amateur theatricals, and impersonations, and making-up, and that kind of rot. He can make himself up as Quelchy, or Gosling the porter, or Billy Bunter, or the Kaiser, or anything. He made himself up as a German once, and Bolsover major knocked him into a heap before he knew who he was.

Wibley simply jumped at the idea. He had most of the things that were wanted, and what he didn't have we got at old Lazarus' in Courtfield. Wibley said it would all come in later for our plays, and, anyway, we didn't mind the money, so long as we could catch that greasy villain and make him sorry for himself. So it was all cut and dried.

On Saturday we started out for Wapshot, Wibley with his clobber and things in a big bag. Of course, he couldn't make himself up at Greyfriars. When we came through Friardale, we caught sight of our man. He had his cab full of soldiers, and was taking them up to Wapshot.

"There goes the rotter!" said Wharton. "He's going to have half-a-crown each out of those chaps, instead of a tanner."

"They shouldn't pay it," said Nugent.

"Well, he states his price before they get in, you see, and they agree to pay it; they've got no choice. He'd refuse to take them; there's always a crowd. And, having agreed to pay it, they feel bound to pay, though it's a swindle, I suppose. The man ought to be a German."

We tramped on after the taxi. Half-way up the lane it passed us again, coming back from the camp for a fresh lot. The greasy beast saw us, and grinned at us, as much as to say that he didn't care twopence for what we thought of him. I suppose he didn't, either. But we were jolly well going to make him care.

Just near the gate of the camp there was a clump of trees, and we stopped there. We got in among the trees, where we were pretty safe from being seen, and Wibley opened his bag.

Then we set to work.

"You hold the glass, Wharton," said Wibley. "Hold it straight, fathead! You help me on with this clobber, Bob. You get that box open, Inky, and don't muck up the grease-paints."

We all helped. Wibley put on the bobby clobber over his own togs, which made him look fatter. He put on a pair of tremendous boots, nearly as big as Coker's, with elevators in them. That made him about two inches taller. Then he made up his face, Wharton holding the glass.

It was wonderful to watch old Wib.

He put on a reddish beard and moustaches, and red hair, and touched up his face to match in a really marvellous way. Then he put on the helmet to match the bobby uniform.

We simply stared at him when he was done. He was just a twin to old Tozer, the peeler in Friardale.

"My hat!" said Bob. "Is that really you, Wib?"

"Move hon!" says Wib, in just old Tozer's voice. "I'll report yer to your 'eadmaster, Master Cherry, you mark my words! Wot I says is this 'ere, you move hon!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ripping!"

"The ripfulness is terrific, my esteemed Wib!"

"I rather think I'll do," says Wib, with a chuckle. "Blessed if I know my own chivvy in the glass. Don't you chaps be seen with me; we don't want the thief to smell a rat. Watch for his taxi on the road, and give the scout-call when he heaves in sight. I'll keep in cover."

We left old Wib in the trees, and watched down the lane. Sure enough, in about half an hour the greasy johnny came in sight. He had two soldiers in his cab, and he was buzzing up to the camp.

Wharton gave the scout signal, to let Wib know that he was coming.

The taxi passed us in the road, near the camp, and the taxi-johnny gave us a look. He brought his taxi to a halt outside the camp, a bit from the gate. We closed in, to see what happened. The two soldiers got out, and fumbled in their pockets. The taxi flag wasn't even down; the meter not working at all.

"That's five bob, please," said the greasy rotter.

The soldiers just looked at him, in a way I wouldn't like to be looked at; but it made no difference to the taxi-man. He was after their cash. They sorted out two-and-six each to pay him.

"Stop!"

The soldiers looked round, and so did the taxi-man, you bet, when they heard that gruff voice. Police-Constable Wibley came out of the trees. The taxi-johnny looked rather sick.

"So I've caught you at last, my man," said the police-constable sternly, while we all looked on as solemn as owls. "Caught in the werry hact. You are over-charging these two gentlemen!"

"I—I ain't!" stammered the taxi-johnny.

"Your flag isn't down! Why isn't your flag down?"

"I—I ain't put it down this journey. I—I made a bargain with my passengers for this special journey."

"That's right enough," said one of the Tommies. "There was only one taxi there, and we had to take it. We're late as it is. He asked us half-a-crown each for the run, and we agreed to pay him, so there's the money."

"Stop! You're not allowed to pay him more than his due," said Police-Constable Wibley, in his deepest voice. "It amounts to compounding a felony."

"My eye!" said the Tommy.

"If you pay that man his gross over-charge, it will be my duty to report you to your commanding-officer, and to take your names and numbers. I'm sorry, but dooty is dooty."

"Well, we don't want to be cheated, of course," said the Tommy. "But we agreed to pay the money—"

"It ain't allowed. Driver, do you still demand half-a-crown each from these men in my presence?"

"Nunno!" The taxi-johnny simply gasped. He was looking quite green; thinking about his licence I suppose. "Not at all, officer. It—it was really only my little joke, that's all. I didn't reely mean it."

"Your flag isn't down, and your meter isn't working. You have no legal right to make a charge at all, and well you know it."

"I don't make any charge," fairly groaned the taxi-johnny. "Don't be 'ard on me, officer! I'm verry pleased to give these gentlemen a lift to the camp for nothin'."

"My eye!" said the other Tommy. "Pity there aren't a few more of your sort knocking around, Robert. You're wanted about here."

So the two Tommies marched into the camp pretty well pleased, I think, at not being welsed for once. Then the taxi-johnny wanted to go. But the policeman hadn't done with him yet.

"Hold on!" he said, and the greasy rotter fairly quailed.

"All right, officer!"

Y is for **YACHTING**, enjoyed in the Vac.
By fellows who wish to be quiet and slack.

Z's for the **ZEALOUS**, who play the game straight,
Courageous and cheery, whatever their fate!

"You've got a bad record, my man. This isn't your first offence."

"I swear it is, officer—I swear——"

"These young gentleman can prove that it isn't. I received a report from them, of your swindling soldiers on this very spot last Wednesday."

The taxi-johnny looked at us as if he'd like to bite. We all nodded our heads.

"We're witnesses, officer," said Wharton. "We're willing to appear in the police-court, if necessary."

"Certainly!" said Nugent. "We saw him charge three soldiers seven-and-six last Wednesday, instead of one-and-eight. We can swear to it!"

"Number?" rapped out the officer.

The miserable rascal gave his number.

"Name?"

"John Jawkins."

"Address?"

"No. 10, William Street, Friardale."

The officer took it all down in a big pocket-book. He closed the pocket-book with a snap.

"You'll 'ear of this," he said.

"Officer," mumbled the taxi-man, "go easy with a cove this time. I'll never, never do nothing of the sort again, I swear. It was a sudden temptation."

"You have the same temptation every day, then," said Wharton.

"Don't be 'ard on a cove, young gents!" The greasy johnny was fairly cringing by this time. "I'm a pore man——"

"All the more reason why you shouldn't rob other poor men, then."

"Certainly!" said Bob Cherry. "You can

leave that to the rich; they don't know any better. You ought to."

"This will cost you your licence, my man," said the officer. "You can get off in your taxi, and go home and wait for a blue paper."

"You might let a cove orf," whined the taxi-johnny. "You might give a bloke another chance, orficer!"

"Give him a chance, officer," said Bob Cherry, as if taking pity on the cringing beast.

"Well," said the police-constable, "dooty is dooty. Lettin' a swindler like that run on ain't dooty. Look 'ere, my man, I'll think it over and see. But, anyway, you remember I've got an eye on you."

"You won't never catch me again," said the taxi-johnny fervently. "S'elp me, you'll find me as straight as a string!"

"Get hoff with you! I'll do my best for you!"

The taxi-johnny got on his cab and buzzed off. I don't suppose he'd ever felt so thankful in his life before. When he was out of sight we yelled. It wasn't easy to keep it in till the rotter was gone, and we simply roared when he was off.

Police-Constable Wibley laughed so much that his moustache came off, so it was lucky the taxi-johnny wasn't there to see him. And all the Remove roared when we told them the story at Greyfriars.

We kept an eye on the taxi-johnny after that. I don't suppose he ran quite straight, but certainly he didn't swindle so much, as we noticed. So a good many of the chaps at Wapshot Camp—though they didn't know it—had reason to be grateful to Police-Constable Wibley.

THE END.

EXTRACTS FROM THE DIARY OF A FAG!

(Continued from col. 2 page 15.)

FRIDAY, DECEMBER 3rd.—Determined to make Twigg sorry for himself somehow. Let off about a dozen jumping-crackers, about fifty squibs, and a few bombs, which I made in chemistry class the day before. Twigg would have been killed outright, but he hid in the cupboard till the explosions had died away. Rotten funk! About twenty fellows were injured, many seriously. They're all in the sanny now with Dibbs and Dooley. Twigg gave me a frightful whopping, and I swore to be revenged. Doctored his apple-dumplings dinner-time, but he was called out of hall suddenly, and old Wingate took his place—and his apple-dumplings! Wingate's in the sanny now, with Dooley and Dibbs, and the twenty fellows injured in the Form-room.

Thought I'd got Twigg for a cert. when afternoon school began. Piled Greek lexicons and the fattest dictionaries I could find on the top of the door. It was a ripping booby-trap, and I hoped Twigg wouldn't twig.

Presently we heard him coming along the passage, and chuckled hugely. But my luck was out. It was the Head who caught the full force of that booby-trap. He was bowled over like a skittle. It turned out afterwards that Twigg had been called away to see a brother back from the Dardanelles, and old Locke was to have taken the Third. Some of the volumes gave him an awful clump. It was like Zepp bombs going off. The Head's in the sanny now, with Dooley, Dibbs, Wingate, and the other twenty, but before he went he had sufficient strength left to yank me off to his study for a swishing. Oh, my hat! I'm aching all over! I feel it most in the part which Nature intended me to sit down on. Groo! The Head's a beast, and Capper's a beast, and Twigg's a beast. But I'll be even with the last beast yet!

THE END.