

TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

The GREYFRIARS 1^D
HERALD. 2

No. 5, Vol. 1.
 Week Ending
 Dec. 18th, 1915.

Edited by Harry Wharion & Co of Study 1, Greysfriars School.


CAN YOU READ THIS PICTURE-STORY OF CINDERELLA?
 OUR POPULAR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!

CINDERELLA LEFT AT M BY HER 2 

THESE ARE MY DAUGHTERS **Y L**  **A I O T H E** **THESE ARE THE KING'S SONS** **WAS CALLED**  **BY**

T H R  **HAVE A GOOD MOTHER** **W H O**  **I HAVE SUPPLIED IT** **H W E T H**  **SEE MY SUPERB DRESS** **A** 

& 6  **P I E S** **4 H E R 2**  **A O T H E** **HI!**  

  **REWARD £50 LOST** **H E R**    **ALTHO**  **E R S**
THE **S**

T I T  **F B** **CINDER HEAD** **L L W A R D S** **W H O**  **T H E** **C P R E**
D I T **L Y**  **A** **WE ARE MARRIED**

TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 5.)

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

BUNTER THE MASHER!
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.**STILL GOING STRONG!**

The GREYFRIARS HERALD is now five weeks old, and its parent paper, "The Magnet Library," may well be proud of it. The splendid reception which this journal has met with in schools and other institutions convinces the editorial staff that they are on the right track—that the stories and articles are universally appreciated, and that the HERALD is an ideal halfpenny paper, not only for schoolboys, but for "old boys," gentlemen in khaki, and—what is more important still, in our eyes—parents. The enthusiastic approval of maters and paters goes a very long way.

ASK FOR WHAT YOU WANT.

We are not perfect, of course. What paper is? We are the first to realise that there may be certain features in the GREYFRIARS HERALD which are not thoroughly enjoyed by all. If, therefore, there is anything in the paper which you would like to see discontinued, write to the Fleetway House about it at once! But don't let your criticism be destructive criticism only. Point out, in your letter, what you would like to see substituted for the undesirable story or article. I am willing to make any reasonable changes, provided they will not lessen the wonderful popularity which this periodical has attained in such a short space of time.

TRIED FOR A TUCK HAMPER YET?

Bob Cherry, who is looking over my shoulder while I pen this chat, has asked me to say that the boy who hasn't yet competed for one of our celebrated tuck-hampers is a thundering idiot. Bob is evidently unaware of the fact that an Editor is not going the right way towards getting a good circulation by calling his readers thundering idiots. I will modify my chum's remark, and say that those who have not yet entered for our competition on the cover are allowing themselves to miss a glorious treat. Selfridge's hampers of tuck are marvellous value in every way, and

Christmas will soon be here—

so look sharp!

Meanwhile, I should like to renew my thanks to the tremendous army of loyal Heraldites who are working might and main for the welfare of their favourite paper. They may rest assured that their splendid service on behalf of the GREYFRIARS HERALD will never go unappreciated by

Their sincere chum,

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES →

THE SIGN OF FORTY-FOUR!

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

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE mysterious murders of forty-four retired Indian colonels, on forty-four successive nights, had naturally attracted a good deal of public attention. Even in the record of crime of the great metropolis this was a little out of the common. The police, as usual, were helpless. The case, indeed, presented many difficulties. With the exception of footprints, finger-prints, and a number of Oriental daggers of curious design, the assassin had not left a single clue behind him. I wondered whether my friend Sholmes would take up the case, though he had not yet been approached officially on the subject. On this occasion the police seemed to have forgotten their well-known custom of appealing for aid to private detectives in cases of exceptional difficulty.

I was reading the latest reports of the strange mystery one morning in our rooms at Shaker Street, when I observed Sholmes regarding me with a quizzical smile.

"You are reading the 'Daily Mail'!" he remarked.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

Accustomed as I was to my friend's amazing gifts, I could not repress that exclamation of surprise.

"Is it not a fact?" he asked, with a smile.

"It is," I replied. "But how—"

He made a bored gesture.

"A mere nothing, my dear Jotson. From this side of the table I observe the paper in your hand. An untrained eye would not observe that the title of a daily paper is printed in large letters along the top of the page; yet, if you make the observation for yourself, you will see that what I state is the fact."

"You are right, Sholmes," I replied, "as, indeed you always are. And, truly, by this time I should cease to be surprised at anything on your part. Now, Sholmes, I am going to speak to you frankly. Why have you not taken up the case of the forty-four murdered colonels?"

Sholmes shrugged his shoulders.

"The police have not cared to avail themselves of my humble services, Jotson. I do not wish to intrude."



"Shakey-Cakey," said Sholmes. "Wallop hookey snookey whoosh!" Before he could say more, a dagger glittered in the hand of the Hindu. But Sholmes was never taken by surprise. In an instant the handcuffs were upon the wrists of Bhang Bhung Whallop, and he was a prisoner!

"I am sure that you have formed a theory, Sholmes."

"Theories, my dear Jotson, I leave to the police. My business is with facts. Perhaps if our friend, Inspector Pinkeye, chose to consult me, I could point out a few facts that have escaped his attention, but he has not chosen to do so."

"After the priceless aid you rendered in the case of the biscuit-tin—"

"I am afraid, Jotson, that our friend Pinkeye is a little jealous. Even police-inspectors are only human. But I do not deny, Jotson, that the case presents certain aspects of interest. There is a wholesale characteristic about it which pleases me—in a professional sense, of course." He rose, and paced the room restlessly. "Jotson, as I have said, I do not care to offer my services unasked, yet it is now the forty-third day since the crimes were committed."

I looked at Sholmes in astonishment. His remark puzzled me.

"You mean that the assassin has had ample time to make his escape?" I asked.

"I mean nothing of the sort." He changed the subject abruptly. "Have you ever studied the science of numbers, Jotson?"

"Numbers, Sholmes?"

"Numbers," he replied. "You are aware, of course, that there are certain numbers that are regarded as sacred or of mysterious import in

A is for **ART**, in prize-fighting shown,
When a chap beats a rival all on his own.

B is for **BOLSOVER**, writing this rhyme.
He's game to knock anyone else out of time.

different countries. For instance, take the number two. In this country, for example, every man, and, indeed, every woman, has two hands and two eyes. There are two editions to a morning paper; there are two shillings to a florin, and two half-sovereigns to a pound; there were two Kings of Brentford. The number two constantly recurs."

"I had never observed it, Sholmes; but now that you point it out——"

"Exactly!" he interrupted. "Now that I point it out, even the police could see it. Take the number seven. There were seven Sleepers of Ephesus, seven ages of man, seven hills in Rome, and seven times seven in the number forty-nine."

"True!"

"And, now," said Sholmes, his look growing more serious, "take the number forty-four. Do you not see the connection between that mysterious number and the mysterious murders that have shocked the whole community? Forty-four Indian colonels were the victims of the unknown assassin on forty-four successive nights. Since then nothing has been heard of the ruthless assassin, and the remainder of the retired colonels in England have slept in peace. But"—Herlock Sholmes spoke slowly and distinctly—"to-morrow, Jotson, it will be forty-four days since the last of the murders."

A strange thrill of apprehension came over me. In my mind's eye, I seemed to see a perspective of forty-four new crimes that threatened an equal number of as yet unsuspecting victims.

"That has not occurred to the police," Sholmes smiled. Are you ready for an adventure to-day, Jotson?"

"I am entirely at your service, Sholmes."

"Your patients——"

"Most of my patients died while we were busy on the case of the biscuit-tin. For the remainder I care little in comparison with my interest in your work!"

"Faithful Jotson!" said Sholmes, with one of his rare pokes in the ribs. "Let us go!"

CHAPTER TWO.

"WHERE are we going?" I asked, as the taxicab whizzed through the busy streets.

"Hounslow Heath!" said Sholmes briefly.

"But why?"

"A fair is being held there."

"A fair?" I exclaimed.

He nodded.

"A fair, Jotson—with the merry roundabout, the exhilarating swing-boat, and the cheery circus. We are going to see the Indian juggler, Bhang Bhung Whallop, and his troupe of performing elephants."

"Sholmes!"

"A little relaxation will do us no harm, Jotson. By the way"—he changed the subject abruptly—"you read the account of the crimes? On each occasion the victim was attacked in his bed-room, which was entered by the window."

"Undoubtedly."

"How did the assassin reach the window, Jotson?"

I shook my head.

"He must have had some visible means of support," remarked Sholmes.

"A ladder?" I suggested.

"A man carrying a ladder at night would excite remark, Jotson. The aim of this amazing assassin has been to shroud his movements in mystery. He did not use a ladder."

"You know what he did use, Sholmes?"

"Perhaps."

I could not extract another word from Sholmes until the taxi drew up at the heath. The entertainments were not yet in progress at that early hour, and the place was almost deserted. Outside the circus-tent a lithe, dark-skinned man was feeding a troupe of elephants. Sholmes approached him,

"Good-morning, Bhang Bhung Whallop!" he said genially.

The Hindu gave him a surly look.

"No speaky English," he said.

I think I have already mentioned in these memoirs that Sholmes was a master of every language, ancient and modern. I was not surprised to hear him address the Hindu in his own tongue.

"Hookey wookey dummy bang woop!" he said, with a smile.

The Hindu sprang to his feet.

The meaning of those strange-sounding words I could not fathom; the tongue was unknown to me. But their effect upon the Hindu was electrical. His dusky eyes rolled, and his dark face became livid.

"Shakey-cakey," said Sholmes. "Wallop hookey snookey whoosh!"

Before he could say more, a dagger glittered in the hand of the Hindu. But Sholmes was never taken by surprise. In an instant the handcuffs were upon the wrists of Bhang Bhung Whallop, and he was a prisoner!

CHAPTER THREE.

"SHOLMES!" I exclaimed, when we had returned to Shaker Street, after handing over the sullen prisoner to the police. "I am on tenterhooks——"

"As usual, Jotson," he said, with a smile.

"As usual, Sholmes. You will make your explanation as usual?"

"Is there anything to explain?" yawned Sholmes, as he lighted the eternal cigarette.

"To me, the thing was obvious from the first. It all centred, Jotson, upon the sign of forty-four. As you doubtless know, in the deep and mysterious East, a magic import is attached to certain sacred numbers. It was not by chance, Jotson, that forty-four retired colonels were slain upon forty-four successive nights. It was evidently a dark plot of Oriental vengeance, and the clue was in the number forty-four. Since his arrest, I have questioned our dark friend, Bhang Bhung Whallop, and he has confessed that, long ago, in his native land, he was fined

C is for COURAGE, which I never lack
When laying a tiny lag right on his back!

D's for the DUFFER, who sets at defiance
The laws of the slogger, and boxes with science!

forty-four rupees. Something of the sort, Jotson, I had divined. The sign of forty-four gave me my clue."

"But how—"

"My dear fellow, I had to find the man to whom the number forty-four was a deep and mysterious symbol. I was aware that at the time of the murders Bhang Bhung Whallop was in London, giving performances with a troop of forty-four elephants."

"Forty-four!" I ejaculated.

"Exactly. The sign of forty-four!" smiled Sholmes. "Had the police cared to avail themselves of my assistance, I could have pointed out our friend Bhang Bhung Whallop to them at once. But when forty-three days had elapsed since the crimes, Jotson, I could hesitate no longer. On the forty-fourth day the series of

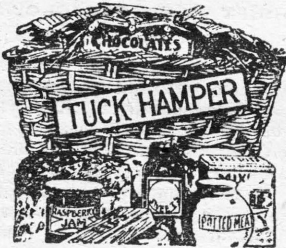
crimes would have recommenced, and forty-four fresh victims would have fallen. I acted in time. That mysterious number gave me my clue; but that was not all. How, my dear Jotson, had the assassin reached the windows? He could not have carried a ladder, and a steam crane was out of the question. Yet he must have mounted upon something to reach the windows. I deduced an elephant."

"One more question, Sholmes," I said. "You have observed that the carrying of a ladder to the scene of the crimes would have excited remark. Was not the presence of an elephant likely to be equally remarked?"

But Herlock Sholmes was already under the influence of cocaine, and he did not reply.

THE END.

(Another of these stories next Monday.)



TUCK HAMPER 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 "5th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, December 21st, 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. 5,
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.

GREETINGS FROM ST. JIM'S.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Wharton,—On behalf of all the fellows at St. Jim's, I have pleasure in wishing you the best of happiness during the forthcoming Christmas vac, which, I understand, you intend to devote to war work.

"I don't know if I am doing right in letting out trade secrets, but I heard from the Editor of the companion papers this morning, and he tells me that so colossal has been the success achieved by the GREYFRIARS HERALD that "Tom Merry's Weekly" will definitely appear in a matter of weeks. We shall endeavour to prove, in a very forceful manner, that Greyfriars is not the only school which harbours literary talent.

"Once again, then, my chums and I tender you our most cordial wishes for a ripping holiday, with plenty of fun and heaps of good cheer!—Ever yours,
TOM MERRY."

[Our warmest thanks go out to Tommy, whose cheery greetings we cordially reciprocate.—
EDITORIAL STAFF.]

AN UNDESIRABLE ALIEN!

"To the Editore of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—You and your precious pals are going off for the vac, and seem to have forgotten my existence altogether! Why have you failed to invite me?

"It's just the same everywear. I asked that beast Skinner if I could go home with him, and he said that his pater's cellar wasn't spacious enough to admit barrels. Cheek, I call it! Then I asked Bolsover what he could do for me, whereupon he blacked both my eyes, like the bully he is.

"I've tried all the chaps in the Remove, but they're a jellus set, who think of nothing but their own enjoyment. Vernon-Smith's going off on a motor tour with his pater, and Mauly's going with Ogilvy to shoot grouse. It's a howling shame!—Your old pal,

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

[Our tubby friend has nothing to "grouse" about, but if he should force his society upon us he will surely "quail"!—Ed.]

THREE CHEERS FOR MAULY!

"To the Editorial Staff of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Fellows,—How would you like to partake of a farewell feed in my study before

we break up for the vac, begad? I have arranged with Mrs. Thimble, or whatever her name is, to send round some of her best ice-cake. There will also be cold fowl, saveloys, ham-and-beef patties, cream-buns, meringues, and tarts of all sorts and sizes.

"Can I rely upon you to turn up?—Yours drowsily,
HERBERT MAULEVEERER."

[Yaas, begad!—Ed.]

SHORT SHRIFT FOR SCARECROWS!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—I wish to warn you and your friends against hostile demonstrations of snowballing prior to the Christmas holidays. Last year, I remember, a crowd of rascals bearing down upon me in the Close, cast snowballs at me until I was soaked all over, and compelled to change my clothing. A recurrence of this disgusting affair, and some of you will be brought to realise that I can still wield an ash-plant to considerable advantage!—Yours detestably,

"GERALD LODER."

[Thus far there has been no evidence of a snowstorm, but we hope with all our hearts that one will occur, so that a form of cocoanut-shies may be indulged in—with Loder as the cocoanut!—Ed.]

BACK UP, BUNTER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Master Wharton,—Please note that for one day only, namely, New Year's Day, I will sell the following goods at half-price to the young gentlemen in the Remove Form, as they have been so liberal with their custom during 1915:

"Doughnuts, jam-tarts, cream-puffs, meringues, shortcake, fairy-cakes, plum-puddings, mince-pies (hot or cold), currant-buns, chewing-gum, and stickyslab-toffee.

"Thanking you for past favours, and soliciting your kind patronage in the future,

"I am, yours respectfully,

"JESSIE MIMBLE."

[From what I can see of it, the kind-hearted dame who rules in the realm of tuck will sell out in less than an hour from rising-bell on New Year's Day!—Ed.]

F's for the FIGHTS I have fought in my day.
No youngster now cheeks me; he finds it won't pay!

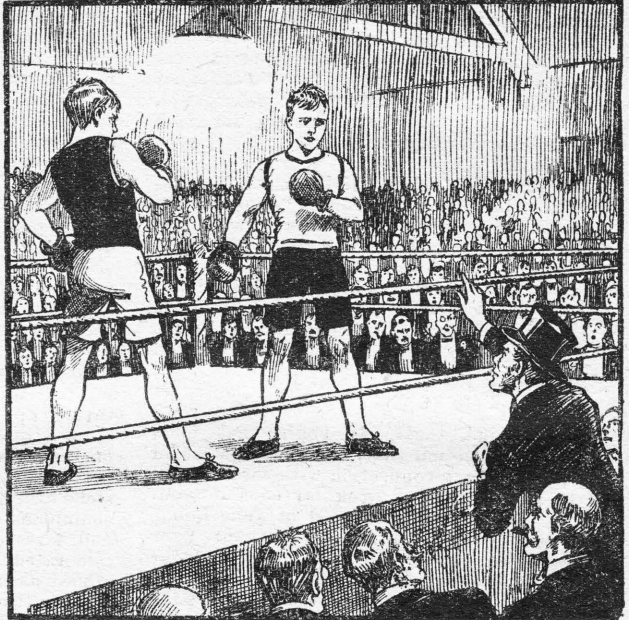
THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

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.

"Stop! Stop this fight instantly!" Neddy Welsh swung round sharply. The intruder was none other than the Headmaster of Earlingham! (See picture.)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and his bosom chum, "Dolly" Gray, maddened by an injustice meted out to the former, run away from Earlingham School, with the object of securing situations in a boxing-booth. They are unsuccessful, and are compelled to accept commonplace jobs in London, where they are in lodgings. Gray falls ill through overwork, and the position has grown desperate, when Neddy Welsh suddenly encounters Bob Sullivan, the boxing champion, who promises to rescue the chums from their pitiable plight.

(Now Read On.)

CHAPTER NINE.

The Chance of a Lifetime!

"DOLLY, old man!" Neddy Welsh bounded joyously into the little bed-room where his chum lay engrossed in a book.

"Hallo!" said Gray, sitting up. "What's all the rumpus about? Got a rise, or what?"

"No, my son! Something a jolly sight better than that. I've just met Bob Sullivan."

"The chap who taught you how to box?"

"Yes. And what do you think? He's promised to get both of us jolly good jobs, and he's coming round to let us know."

To say that Dolly Gray was delighted is to put it mildly. Despite his condition, he leapt

out of bed and executed a vigorous war-dance round the room.

"Get back, you silly idiot!" laughed Neddy. "That's the way to make yourself worse!"

"Worse? Why, I'm tons better already!" exclaimed Gray. "This is good news, with a vengeance!"

"Bob's a real sport," said Neddy. "If he hadn't chipped in at the right minute, goodness knows what would have happened to us! I was getting desperately fed-up with that printing office, what with being overworked and underpaid, and one thing and another. It fairly took the stuffing out of me. But now everything in the garden is lovely!"

The two chums were indeed grateful for the stroke of good fortune which had befallen them. Their troubles and vicissitudes—and their number had been legion—seemed to scatter like chaff at Bob Sullivan's timely intervention. The future looked rosy indeed, for Neddy Welsh had great faith in his old-time friend and trainer.

At the appointed time, Bob Sullivan appeared, and was greeted cordially by the two boys.

"I've wangled things all right," he said cheerfully. "Are you in trim, Neddy?"

"Rather! I've had a go at the punching-ball every morning and evening."

"That's good, because you've a hard fight in front of you. Ever heard of Billy Weston?"

Q is for **GLOVES**; how I wish they'd discard 'em!
They're cotton-wool things, and it's time that we barred 'em.

"The Essex flyweight?"

"That's the chap. Well, I've fixed up a contest between the two of you. You're to meet him at the Ring on Wednesday night."

"My hat!"

"Yes, it sort of takes your breath away, I know," continued Bob Sullivan. "I felt just the same when my first engagement was announced. Now, look here. Billy Weston's a smart chap, and I dare say you'll get beaten, but you must fight like a demon, for Sam Burke will be looking on."

"Who's he?"

"The proprietor of one of the most flourishing boxing-booths in the country, and an old friend of mine. He's promised to watch you closely, and if you shape well he'll enlist you in his services right away."

"That's great!" said Neddy with enthusiasm.

"What about poor me?" inquired Dolly Gray.

"You're O.K., my son!" said Bob Sullivan.

"If Neddy gets a berth, you will be taken on too."

"But I'm not a patch on Neddy, so far as boxing goes!"

"Never mind that. If you're not good enough for the actual ring, Sam Burke will find you a decent job in connection with the concern. It'll mean two quid a week for each of you."

"I say, this is awfully good of you, Bob!" said Neddy Welsh warmly. "Without your influence, we should have been stranded—chucked on the streets, most likely!"

"Fiddlesticks! D'you think I train chaps for hours on end, and then deliberately lose sight of them? No fear! That ain't Bob Sullivan's way. I've come across you by a lucky chance, and it's only right that I should give you a bit of a leg up. Meanwhile, you'll better get into training—special diet, and all the rest of it!"

Neddy Welsh made a wry face. It was all very well for good, honest Bob Sullivan to talk of special diet, but special diet cost money, and Neddy, after settling up with his landlady, would be broke to the wide!

The trainer seemed to interpret his thoughts, for he plunged his hand into his pocket and drew forth a couple of sovereigns.

Neddy took the coins, and the two chums eloquently expressed their gratitude.

"I hope to pay you back before long," said Neddy fervently.

"The best way you can pay me back," said Bob Sullivan, "is to wipe up the floor with Billy Weston, and stagger humanity! Wednesday night at eight sharp. Don't forget!"

And, so saying, Bob gripped his young friends warmly by the hand, and took his departure.

CHAPTER TEN.

The Fight!

NEDDY WELSH speedily got into stern training. He denied himself all luxuries, and partook only of those things which were calculated to make him sound and strong for the coming contest.

Dolly Gray, delighted with the turn events had taken, mended rapidly, and, despite his chum's expostulations, he resolved to put in an appearance at the Ring on the great night. Accordingly, when the time drew near, the couple sallied forth to the celebrated Ring in the Blackfriars Road.

Early though it was, a long and eager queue was in waiting outside—not to witness the evolutions of Neddy Welsh, for his fight was only a small item on a very large programme. However, it was the boy's first appearance in public, and he suffered just a little from stage-fright.

Dolly Gray was given an excellent seat close to the boxing-ring, and Neddy went off to the dressing-room, where many boxers, military and civilian, were making ready for the fray. Bob Sullivan was there, likewise Sam Burke, and the two seasoned warriors accorded Neddy a cheery welcome.

"Slip into your things, kid," said Bob, "and take a seat in the front row. You won't be wanted for some time yet. Weston hasn't turned up."

In a quarter of an hour the building was packed. One could always be sure of witnessing good sport at the Ring, which had been the scene of innumerable tussles in the past. White champions, black champions—men of all sorts and sizes—had striven for mastery in that celebrated building, and it was with a feeling almost akin to awe that Neddy Welsh noted the appearance of the two boxers who were to set the ball rolling.

The referee announced the names of the participants, there was a loud cheer, and then the two men, burly fellows both, went at each other hammer-and-tongs.

Neddy looked on with fascinated eyes. This was boxing at its best. No schoolboy scuffle about this, but a grim, genuine encounter, with plenty of give-and-take about it.

The two giants went the whole of the allotted rounds, and one of them was awarded a win on points. Then a couple of middle-weights took their turn, and gave the audience plenty to enthuse over.

Bout followed bout, until at length Bob Sullivan beckoned to Neddy, who, with beating heart, rose and stepped round to the dressing-room.

A dark, good-looking fellow of his own size greeted Neddy effusively. Billy Weston seemed every inch a boxer, and had won ten times more contests than he had lost. Neddy knew instinctively that he had met a foeman worthy of his steel.

Five minutes later—it seemed an eternity to Neddy Welsh—Bob Sullivan signalled to the pair to step into the ring, and the referee announced their names.

"Bravo, Neddy!" came Gray's ringing voice. "Seconds out of the ring! Time!"

The pair shook hands, and Weston led off with a straight drive, which would have floored

H is the "HERALD." I cry when I've read it, or
Wish I could get at the silly old Editor!

I is for "IT"—my renowned lightning punch.
Of many fine blows it's the best of the bunch!

a less nimble fellow than Neddy Welsh. But Neddy deftly side-stepped, and put in some pretty work, which caused a murmur of approval to run round the crowded seats.

Weston guarded well, however, and was mainly on the defensive; but Neddy well knew what he might expect when once those swinging arms of his opponent were brought prominently into play.

"Time!"

The first round ended with honours easy, and Bob Sullivan, who was acting as Neddy's second, shot him an approving glance.

"Good man!" he muttered. "You're standing up to him splendidly! Keep it up, and Sam Burke'll be more than pleased."

As he spoke, Bob set a terrific gale blowing with his towel, and Neddy felt as fresh and as fit as ever when he entered the ring for the second time. Weston, too, seemed quite unruffled, and Welsh knew that he was up against an opponent who could take any amount of punishment.

The second round was a repetition of the first. Neddy Welsh did most of the attacking, and Weston contented himself with shooting out an occasional left. It was obvious that he was holding considerable energy in reserve.

In the following round, Neddy determined to force the fighting. He hammered furiously at his opponent, who retaliated in like fashion, and a moment later the two were fighting like tigers, to the unbounded delight of the audience.

"Stick it, Neddy!" cried Dolly Gray. "Look out for his left!"

The referee raised his hand for silence, and the combat continued with unabated fury. When "Time!" was called, both boxers were very much the worse for wear, but both, like the sportsmen they were, smiled genially at each other across the ring, while their seconds set about patching them up.

If the third round had been exciting, the fourth was more so. Neddy Welsh's fists were going like windmills, and he was pasting Weston unmercifully. Indeed, it looked very much as though he would effect a knock-out, and the audience held their tongues in check now, and looked on at the scene with breathless excitement.

Biff!

Neddy Welsh sailed in, and got his right home on Weston's ribs. He was about to follow up the advantage gained, when a sudden commotion took place at the back of the building, and a man pushed his way forward by sheer force, exclaiming in loud, resounding tones, which stirred everybody present:

"Stop! Stop this fight instantly!"

Neddy Welsh swung round sharply, and a gasp of dismay came from his lips.

The intruder was the Head-master of Earlingham!

(To be continued next Monday.)

BRIEF REPLIES

To Readers of the "Greyfriars Herald."

By HARRY WHARTON.

"Two Loyal Chums and Readers" (Middlesbrough).—Glad to hear that the serial and tuck-hamper competition take your fancy. You must write to me again.

"Cinema Chums" (Tunbridge Wells).—Thank you very much for your postcard of appreciation.

"A Loyal Reader" (Manchester).—The editor of the "Magnet" Library tells me he has mislaid your letter. Would you mind writing to him again?

A. E. N. (Plumstead).—No evil-wishers have yet attempted to put a spoke in the wheel of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. Indeed, I fail to see why they should do so, for we endeavour to run this journal on sound, clean lines. Many thanks for your good wishes, which I cordially reciprocate.

P. Quinlan (Paddington Green).—Thanks for your merry little verse. I am sorry space will not permit me to reproduce it.

W. G. G. (Manchester).—Your poem on the Remove Eleven was handed to Vernon-Smith yesterday, and his head has swollen to such an extent that he can't get out of his study!

Frank B. (Leamington Spa).—Your sketch of Toddy is a creditable piece of work, though I am not exactly enraptured with the ode to Bunter. Best wishes for a merry Christmas.

Robert H. (Glamorgan).—Lighthouse-keepers are usually chosen from experienced men who have seen service either in the Navy or the Royal Marines.

A. H. D. (Manchester).—Poems on the Kaiser are barred. Nothing can be strong enough for him.

T. G. (Salisbury) and Many Others.—Please note that solutions to our tuck-hamper competition should be sent (with coupons) to the Editor, the GREYFRIARS HERALD, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. So brilliant has been the response to date that the work of adjudication has taken up a considerable time, but I can definitely promise all my chums that the result of Competition No. 1 will appear in next Monday's issue.

G. Miles (Gateshead).—I have read a good many effusions from your pen recently, and in my opinion you can write verse better than prose. Although the poem you send me falls just a little short of publication standard, you should keep pegging away, and I hope before long to be able to make use of one of your efforts.

"A Liverpool Reader."—Hustle your sleepy newsagent up. He'll get the HERALD for you fast enough, if you place a weekly order with him.

J's for the JAR which my blows always give;
It makes a chap wish he could no longer live.

K's for the KNOCK-OUT, in study or gym.
It should be avoided when I am in trim!

The Trials of a Gate-Porter.

An Interview with Mr. William Gosling,
By the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



"WOT I says is this 'ere!" Gosling, our respected and time-honoured porter, was discovered just outside his lodge, under peculiar circumstances. He stood up after the manner of Mark Antony when he made his celebrated address to the Turks, or whoever they were, and around him were parcels and packages of all sorts and sizes—a perfect forest of them. Parcels to right of him, parcels to left of him, parcels behind him.

"Wot I says is this 'ere," he repeated, shaking his fist menacingly, "all boys ought to be drowned at birth! The young warmints! I wish as 'ow I 'ad the 'andling of 'em! I'd birch 'em till they were all the colours of the rainbow!"

"Poor old chap!" I said sympathetically. "What have they done now?"

"Done!" howled Gossy, with a savage kick at a large hat-box. "Done! Why, all the

young rips of the Remove 'ave ordered noo suits for the Christmas 'olidays, and they've all come together. The carrier—drat 'im!—dumped 'em down 'ere jest now—lock, stock, and barrel, and as cool as you please! It's a blinkin' conspiracy, that's wot it is! They all arranged to 'ave their clothes sent 'ere at the same time, so's to aggravate a 'ard-workin' man. It's downright crool!"

I could not help grinning. Although Gossy didn't know it, I was one of the conspirators. Every fellow in the Remove—and there are forty of us—plotted a deep, dark plot whereby our new togs, which we were to wear during the vac, should arrive at one and the same time. Chaps like Mauly, who simply wallowed in filthy lucre, and weren't above using currency notes to light the gas with, had ordered as many as three suits, together with such trifles as toppers, silver-

mounted walking sticks, and calf-leather boots. This meant that there were nearly seventy parcels surging like a sea round poor old Gossy, who was to have the unenviable task of carrying them up to the schoolhouse on his gouty pins.

"Hard cheese, old sport!" I murmured. "But surely you'll get a good whack of tips from the fellows?"

"Which I ain't never seed the colour of a bit o' brass since Michaelmas!" grunted Gosling. "The young rapsallions says as 'ow all their money goes to the war funds. It's a sin and a shame to deprive a mau of his night-cap!"

"His what-er?" I ejaculated, in amazement. "Ain't you never 'eard of a drop o' gin?" asked Gosling sarcastically. "In peace time I could always get a bottle when I felt so disposed; but now, wot with the prices of 'baccy and wot not 'aving gone up, I 'ave to go without."

"But surely gin isn't one of the essentials of life?" I asked.

"It is with me!" said Gossy emphatically. "It's as essential as a man's daily bread. Keeps your sperrits up, like. Which this 'ere deprivation will bring my grey 'airs in sorrow to the grave! If only some young gent would give me a tip, I should be able to lay in supplies. 'Arf-a-dozen bottles would last me nearly three days, 'specially if I took plenty of water with it."

Gosling eyed me attentively for a moment. I suppose he thought I was going to transfer all my pocket-money to his grimy paw.

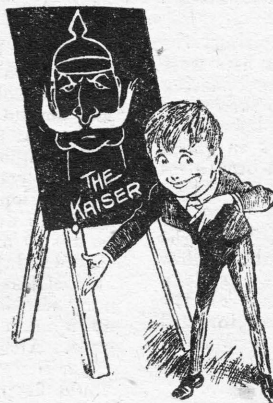
Just then Bob Cherry came striding towards the lodge, with Wharton and Nugent. Bob's a funny beggar as a rule, and up to all sorts of japes. In fact, you can never tell what he's going to do next.

"Good-afternoon, Gossy, old tulip!" he said cheerily. "Looks as though the

(Continued on page 12.)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



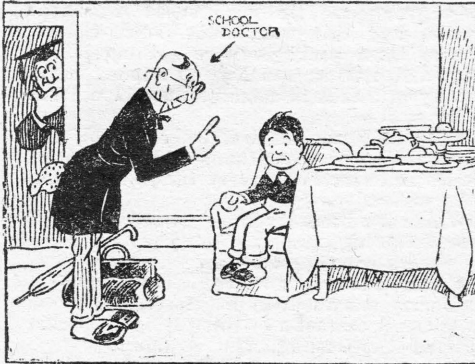
No. 5.—FRANK NUGENT.

Of the Remove Form at Greyfriars School.

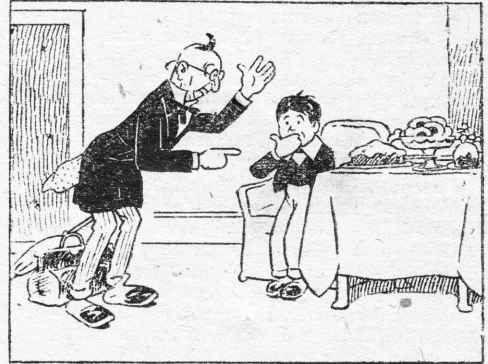
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

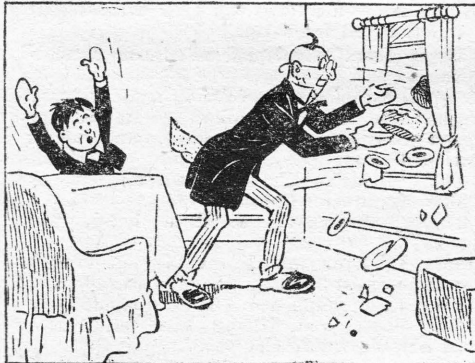
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) "My lad," said the doctor, admonishing Bubble.
 "You've eaten too much, and courted trouble.
 Away with the sweets, and pastries too,
 Henceforth I fear you must live on stew."



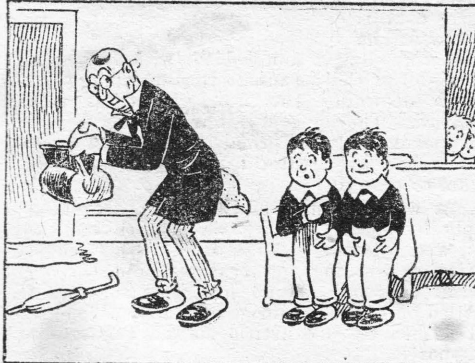
(2) But when the severe old quack came again,
 He gazed on a scene which caused him pain.
 "What! Gorging again, you impertinent cub?"
 And then he strode forward to snatch at the grub.



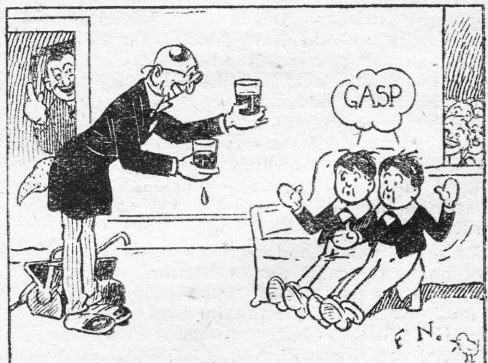
(3) The angry old gent, with a furious shout,
 Pitched all the good things on the cobbles without.
 Cakes, pastries, and plates all went whirling in air,
 And the victim extended his hands in despair.



(4) "Boo-hoo!" cried Squeak. "It's your mistake,
 For Bubble's the chap with tummy-ache!
 My tea's disappeared with a kick and a rush,
 And now it is food for the sparrow and thrush!"



(5) "I'll give you a dose," Dr. Swillem declared,
 "Of my Tonic for Tumblers, so richly prepared!"
 "Please," panted Squeak, "don't dote it out wrong,
 For it's Bubble who's been feeling queer all along!"



(6) "You're two of a kind!" grinned the doctor, in glee,
 "I can't tell the sick from the healthy, you see."
 So he handed a dose of the poison to each,
 And the Head, in the passage, gave vent to a screech!

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

Christmas parcels have come a bit earlier than they were expected—what?"

"Young rip!" snorted Gossy. "Which I refuse to spend the artemnoon a-carryin' of 'em up to the studies. I ain't got no truck, but I've got rheumatics, and crool bad too! You young shavers must take the things up yerselves."

"Can't be did!" said Bob Cherry. "You can't expect the sons of gentlemen to do anything by the sweat of their brow. You must do your duty, Gossy. You're paid to deliver all goods that arrive here, you know."

"In moderation, p'r'aps!" growled Gosling. "But it ain't fair that a man at my time o' life should 'ave to carry nigh on a 'undred parcels up to the studies."

"That's your own look-out!" said Bob. "You must put in for overtime, if you think you're hard done by. These parcels have jolly well got to be delivered, or there will be trouble in the world for somebody."

"I refuse!" said Gosling again. "It's a plot, that's wot it is—a plot of you young demous, as ought to have been drowned at birth!"

Bob Cherry reflected for a moment. His next words surprised me, for I knew he was up against Gossy for having reported him for being late for locking-up the previous evening.

"Look here, Gossy," he said. "Will you cart the whole box of tricks up if we give you a tip?"

Wharton and Nugent looked daggers at Bob, but he gave them a solemn wink, and they knew he was merely pulling Gosling's leg.

"Which it all depends on the size of the tip," said the porter cautiously.

"We'll make it a good one—one of the best you've ever had. Won't we, you fellows?"

Wharton and Nugent nodded assent, and the porter's surly manner departed as if by magic. He knew Bob Cherry to be a fellow of his word, and if Bob said a good tip, he meant a good tip—not a few paltry pence.

So Gossy went ahead. Half the school turned out to see him. With the addition of long white whiskers, and a superabundance of hair, Gosling would have looked for all the world like the celebrated Santa Claus, as he puffed his way across the Close, heavily laden with parcels and boxes.

The first consignment went to Mauly's study. The schoolboy earl was snoozing on the sofa, and didn't know anything about it. Gossy dumped down the goods—sufficient wearing apparel to last Mauly a dog's age—and then retraced his steps to the lodge.

The school porter had the time of his life that afternoon. He came and went, and went and came, and the perspiration was soon pouring off his flabby face. No one put forward a finger to help him, and Bob Cherry was not smiling now; he looked very grim.

The fact of the matter was that when Gossy reported Bob for being late, Quelchy ordered him to stay in on the following Saturday. And,

as we were playing St. Jim's at footer on that day, Bob felt very cut-up about it, and had determined to avenge his wrongs. He seemed to be doing it, too!

To and fro went Gosling, puffing and blowing like a grampus. He was unused to violent exercise, and this was almost super-violent. Some of those packages were nothing if not heavy, and, having seen Nugent minor place a quantity of bricks in some of them, I did not wonder at it.

No. 1 Study was the last to be visited, and Wharton, Nugent, myself, and a lot more chaps crowded in to see Bob Cherry fulfil his promise to the porter.

"Which it's been dry work, Master Cherry," groaned Gosling, mopping his brow. Then he held out his hand for the tip.

I chuckled silently to myself, guessing what Bob Cherry was about to do. I expected to see him solemnly extract a farthing from his pocket and hand it to Gosling. But he didn't.

"You're sure you want that tip, Gossy?" he asked.

"Quite sure, Master Cherry."

"Then come out into the Close and you shall have it. All you fellows can bear witness that Gossy has asked for a tip?"

"Yes, rather!" responded a score of wondering voices.

In great astonishment, Gosling made his way into the Close, and we all followed. Bob Cherry stopped near the old fountain, and again questioned Gosling:

"You're ready for the tip?" he asked.

"Suttinly, Master Cherry!"

"Then here goes! Lend a hand, you fellows!"

Harry Wharton and Frank Nugent rushed forward to assist Bob, and then a strange and startling thing happened. They up-ended the luckless Gossy, and, tilting him backwards, tipped him clean into the water.

"Yaroooooh!" roared the porter, with a yell which awakened the echoes. "Elp! Fire! Murder! Wot's all this?"

"We're giving you your tip!" explained Bob Cherry calmly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We were almost doubled up with laughter. The sight of the corpulent Gosling struggling like a drowning rat nearly sent us into hysterics. The jape was obvious now. Bob had spoken truly in promising Gossy a tip—but he had been careful not to divulge the nature of that tip!

Thus was the affair of the previous evening amply avenged. Gosling was hauled out at last, and allowed to slink back to his lodge, muttering burning imprecations, and leaving a trail of water behind him. As for me, I scuttled off to the Editorial office with all speed, and dashed off this article on the Trials of a Gate-porter!

(Next week Our Special Representative interviews Lord Maulercher on the subject of "Taking Things Easy.")

**L is the LOSER, who sees in the sky
A maze of bright stars from his dot in the eye!**

**M's for the MASTER who twigs there's a fight,
And ladles out impots that take you all night!**

FISHY'S CAT COLONY!

A Screamingly Funny
Complete Story, Related
in Rollicking Style by

DICK RUSSELL.



"Boys!" Quelchy rapped out. "Who is responsible for implanting this—this horde of quadrupeds in my study?"

CHAPTER ONE. The Latest!

IT was Fishy's idea. Fisher Tarleton Fish, of New York City, is the most weird and wonderful ideamerchant you could meet in a day's march. He is as full of wheezes as an egg is of meat.

Candidly, we don't entertain a very high opinion, in the Remove, of the Yankee hustler's stunts, as he calls them. They are like their originator—rotten! As a matter of fact, Fishy is never happier than when he is lining his pockets at the expense of his long-suffering schoolfellows.

After his last outburst, when Squiff took a ripping rise out of Fishy by holding his own togs up to auction, and selling them off dirt cheap, we thought the enterprising Yank would shut up with a click. But he didn't. Every time you catch Fishy bending, so to speak, and dole him a terrific swipe on the mark, he gets up grinning again. He has never yet been brought to understand that we chaps can't tolerate his twisted code of honour.

Fishy sprung his latest stunt on us in the Rag just before bedtime. Wharton was playing chess with Inky, who was licking him all along the line; Skinner was trying to get weird noises out of an antiquated mouth-organ, and I was reading the school tale in "Chuckles." Suddenly Fishy, who had been sitting as quiet as a mouse for a long time, jumped up like an electrified jack-in-the-box.

"Guess I've got it!" he yelled.

"Got what?" asked Bob Cherry. "If it's water on the brain you're speaking about, Fishy, you can dry up! Tell us something we don't know."

"I guess you're some idiot," said Fishy. "I've got a stunt—a ripping, gilt-edged, eighteen-carat stunt, stamped in every link, jewelled in every movement!"

We became interested. It was a cold evening, and we hadn't played footer that day, on account of the rain. Things looked rosy now, though, for it seemed as if we would have an excuse for dribbling Fishy round the Rag.

"Trot it out, old son!" said Wharton.

"It's like this hyer," said Fish thoughtfully. "I've been turning the idea over in my cabeza all day, and the more I think of it the better it looks. I guess I'm going to establish a Cat Colony."

"A what?" howled Johnny Bull.

"A colony of pussies—some!" said Fish. "It'll be a top-hole investment, just a few!"

"But what can you do with a collection of cats?" hooted Bolsover.

"Sell 'em, my son—the skins, at any rate."

"What!"

"I guess you galoots didn't know there was a fortune in cats. There is, though, and I'm freezing on to it, right slick!"

"A fortune in cats!" I exclaimed. "Why, you must be off your rocker, Fishy!"

"Nope! Haven't you galoots ever heard that the fur trade gives fourpence for tabby skins, and two bob for jet-black ones?"

"But the cats!" protested Nugent. "How are you going to get them?"

"I'll put an advertise-ment"—Fishy always lays stress on the third syllable—"in the 'Friardale Gazette.' People who have got cats, and find 'em a nuisance, yet can't bring themselves to have 'em drowned, can send the little beasts up to No. 14 Study. That's where I'll have 'em, I guess."

N's for the NOSE of my poor little victim;
It's bigger and redder as soon as I've licked him!

"I kinder sorter guess and calculate you won't!" roared Johnny Bull. "You've turned my study into some pretty things in your time, from a butcher's shop to an insurance office, and now you can chuck it!"

"Your study, indeed!" sniffed Fishy. "Waal, I like that! I guess I'm going to be allowed to use my own study, or I'll make shavings of you, Bull!"

Fishy always said this, but, as Bob Cherry pointed out, he was a very poor carpenter, and if any shavings were made at all, Johnny Bull was likely to be responsible.

"Anyway, I guess I'm going ahead with my advertisement," declared the irrepressible Yankee.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Wharton. "If you don't end your days in Pentonville, I'm a Dutchman!"

And we all thought so, too; for of all the harebrained, idiotic schemes that ever saw the light of day, Fishy's Cat Colony took the bun!

CHAPTER TWO. Fishy Gets Busy!

"My hat!" said Peter Todd.
"My only Sunday topper!"
echoed Bob Cherry.

We had just got hold of a copy of the "Friardale Gazette," and there, as large as life, was Fishy's advertisement. He had started off with a word beginning with "C," so as to get it near the top. There it was, in black and white:

"CATS! CATS! CATS! Wanted at once! Cats of any number and variety, whether strays, wild, or domestic. Kittens especially desired. Animals should be brought by hand to F. T. Fish, Study No. 14, Greyfriars School."

"The check of it!" gasped Wharton.
"The nerve of it!" exclaimed Nugent.

We could hardly swallow it, accustomed as we were to Fishy's astounding wheezes. It seemed incredible that he was prepared to take dozens of cats into his custody, and use No. 14 Study as a sort of slaughter-house. Squiff said he was certain the stunt would prove a failure, like everything else Fishy put his hand to. He avowed that not a single pussy would find its way to Greyfriars, but he was wrong.

As it happens, Friardale is full of cats. At the last census it was found that 2,001 furry creatures lived, moved, and had their being in the village. Presuming that one died of old age since the census was taken, that leaves a level 2,000.

I've often noticed, when going into Friardale to buy a new footer or the latest in neckties, that every doorstep has its quota of cats. Where they had all sprung from goodness alone knows, but certainly the milkman had a very flourishing time of it.

With the Government insisting upon economy in war-time, the keeping of these animals became a most perplexing problem, and the mayor and aldermen of Courtfield had held many heated councils on the subject. Mr. Bunn, who always had a finger in the pie so far as local ministration went, declared hotly that all kittens should be drowned at birth; but the mayor shuddered visibly at such a barbarous and inhuman suggestion. Consequently, the cats had been permitted to go on living.

When the residents of Friardale saw Fishy's advertisement they were not slow to take full advantage of it. After dinner, while we were punting a footer about in the Close, a procession of long-suffering inhabitants approached the school gates, most of them carrying bags and baskets. Fishy was loitering in the vicinity, and his eye lighted up as he noted the great gathering.

Old Gossy wouldn't let anybody in at first. He threatened to "set the dorg on them"—a proceeding which would have been very painful not only for the people, but the cats. However, Fishy was seen to put something that glittered into Gossy's horny palm, and the porter opened the gates.

A portly woman led the way into the Close, and Fishy raised his cap politely.

"What can I do for you, ma'am?" he asked.

"I want to get rid of a family of cats," said the good lady. "Which they've bin more noosance than they're worth, and when I saw the advertisement in the 'Friardale Gazette' I decided to bring the brutes along. Can you direct me to Master Fish, Study 14?"

"I guess I'm the merchant," said Fishy, rubbing his skinny hands together. "Very pleased to meet you, ma'am, and to relieve you of the undesirable quadrupeds. This way!"

And Fishy headed off for No. 14.

Luckily, Quelchy had gone off to the golf-links to indulge in a foursome with Prout and some more maniacs, or Fishy would have been nailed on the spot, and his whole precious scheme would have come tumbling about his ears.

We followed the crowd to No. 14 Study, hardly knowing whether to roar with laughter or fall on Fishy, and smite him hip and thigh.

Then the local residents started to disburden themselves, and cats of all sorts and sizes were dumped down on the floor. Johnny Bull was in the study, and he sat paralysed—unable either to move or speak.

Without exaggeration I should say that over seventy cats and kittens were turned loose on the floor. And you should have heard the row! Some were peaceful, but others, with fighting blood in their veins, kicked up a shindy sufficient to awaken the Seven Sleepers.

When all the visitors had decamped, Johnny Bull recovered from his long lethargy and jumped up. His face had that set, determined look about it which always accompanied his displays at right-back.

O is for "OUT!" which the fellows all shriek
When I've knocked my opponent right into next week!

Seizing a mawkish tom-cat by the scruff of its neck, Johnny thrust it through the window and let go. There was no dull thud or agonised mew, for our study windows are close to the ground. The tom-cat must have alighted quite O.K.

Then Johnny proceeded to treat every cat in like manner. He took off his coat for the purpose. One by one those furry creatures were tossed out of the window like so much waste-paper. Fishy looked on at the scene with blazing eyes.

"Bull, you drivelling dunderhead!" he yelled. "What d'ye mean by it? I guess——"

"Stand clear!" roared Johnny Bull, in a ferrible voice. "Stand clear, or, by thunder, I'll brain you!"

So poor old Fishy had to take a back seat while the candidates for his Cat Colony were chucked neck-and-crop into the Close. We all stood in the doorway and grinned. Bull was sweating like his namesake by the time he had finished, and then he turned to Fishy.

"If I ever see so much as a tuft of fur in this study," he said, "I'll pulverise you!"

Fishy snorted something inaudible, and tramped away. Later on that day we learned that he had tipped Goshing heavily for the use of the woodshed, and that it had taken him the best part of two hours to collect the cats, for they had wandered off in all directions. However, Fishy succeeded at last, and the tabbies and Persians and kittens were safely installed under lock and key. So far Fishy had not fallen foul of the authorities in the matter; but we all knew that the chopper would come down soon, and awaited developments with the keenest excitement.

CHAPTER THREE.

Skinner's Startling Scheme.

"W HITHER bound?"

Bob Cherry asked that question of Skinner after morning lessons next day. Skinner was struggling along with a big sack over his shoulder, and Bolsover major followed him in similar fashion.

The sacks were a moving, animated mass, and we wondered what on earth could be inside them.

Skinner explained with a chuckle.

"We've raided the woodshed," he observed, "and the Cat Colony's going to be transferred to Quelchy's study."

"What?"

"Fact!" declared Bolsover. "Fishy's gone into Friardale on his bike, to renew his advertisement in the 'Gazette,' and Quelchy's having a confab with the Head. Now that the coast is clear we're going to do the dreadful deed."

"You mean to say you're going to let those beasts loose in Quelchy's study?" gasped Wharton.

"Bullseye first time!" grinned Skinner.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We roared with unrestrained laughter. Quelchy has a rooted aversion to pets of any description, and his face, on discovering the peculiar tenants of his study, would be a sight for gods and men and little fishes.

Quite a crowd of us followed the two practical jokers, and gave them a hand with the sacks, for they were jolly heavy.

"The beastly things are twisting and turning like snakes!" said Nugent.

"They're vicious, that's why!" said Bolsover. "Fishy's kept 'em in the woodshed for a whole day without grub of any kind. They're just about ravenous now."

"What a caddish trick!" declared Wharton. "It's a criminal offence, too, to keep animals without food. Fishy ought to be boiled in oil!"

"Don't get excited!" said Skinner, with a knowing grin. "Quelchy's dinner is on the table. I saw Susan take it in. He's not dining in Hall to-day."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We laughed loud and long. By the time those cannibal cats had finished their evolutions there would be precious little dinner left for Quelchy. That was certain.

When we got to the study Skinner instructed me to close the window, and then the cats were turned out of the sacks. The doorway was crammed with fellows, so that none should escape.

Some of the little brutes were quite decent. A few of them were persuaded by Wibley, who is rather fond of animals, to stand on their hind legs and beg. Several more could jump, and jump well, too, especially the tom-cats, who at once leapt up to the well-laid table. The Persians were pretty, but not intelligent, and the kittens were really lovable.

"Better bunk now!" said Bolsover. "Give me your sack, Skinney, and I'll nip off and hide it with mine in the study."

Meanwhile, we all hung about near the spot, waiting for Quelchy.

He wasn't long. The rustle of a gown sounded further up the passage, and he swept in sight, with a wolfish look in his eyes, for the Head's jaw had delayed his dinner, and Quelchy was hungry. The way in which he licked his lips as he came along showed that he could have rivalled Billy Bunter at that moment.

Most of the fellows had hidden in doorways, so there wasn't much chance of Quelchy detecting us. Directly he had entered the study, however, we came out of cover.

Inside the study we could hear a ceaseless scratching noise. Those cats were hungry, for Quelchy's dinner wasn't enough to go round, and it seemed as if they were tearing down the wallpaper and the wainscoting in search of mice.

P is for "PAX!" which arises in groans
When I've bruised a usurper and battered his bones!

There was a gasp and a smothered ejaculation from Quelchy. Then he opened the door with a jerk, and fairly hurled himself into the passage.

"Hallo, sir!" said Bob Cherry innocently. "What's up, sir?"

And he caught Quelchy's arm to save him from falling.

Quelchy's gimlet eye roved round the lot of us, and Skinner and Bolsover looked just a wee bit uneasy. They never knew when the thunderbolt would fall.

"Boys," Quelchy rapped out, "who is responsible for implanting this—this horde of quadrupeds in my study?"

Silence.

"If this is a practical joke—as I strongly suspect it is—the guilty party shall receive a severe castigation! Once again, I ask the offender to step forward!"

No one stirred. Quelchy's brow was black as Egypt, and if he could have laid his hands on the culprits just then, Skinner and Bolsover would have been submitted to tortures beside which the Spanish Inquisition would pale into insignificance.

"Look!" Quelchy went on, in a grinding voice. "Look what those pests have done!"

Half-amused, half-alarmed, we stared into the study. It was a wreck! The tablecloth, with everything on it, had been torn to the floor by many claws, dry bones were strewn about the floor, and the lower part of the wallpaper was in shreds. An effort had been made on the part of some of the cats to climb through the window, which accounted for the shocking state of the blinds. Altogether, it looked as if the Crown Prince had been outplayed at his own game.

While we stood gazing on the scene, there was a sudden stampede in the passage, and who should force his way through into the study but Fishy.

"Jumping Jerusalem crickets!" he yelled. "What galoot has freezed on to my cats? I guess—"

"Fish!"

Quelchy's voice was like the reverberating rumble of thunder.

"Is it you, sir?" said Fishy. "I reckon I'm surprised at you, Mr. Quelch! It sorter beats the band that you should collar my cats from the woodshed, and smuggle them in here!"

"Boy," raved Mr. Quelch, "to whom are you

speaking? Did you suppose that I should lower myself to the extent of annexing these quadrupeds?"

Fishy's jaw dropped.

"Then—then it wasn't you, sir?"

"Of course not, you foolish and wicked boy! Do you mean to tell me that you, Fish, are the rightful owner of these pests?"

"I guess so, sir."

"You have made a convenience of my study for the purpose of accommodating nearly a hundred cats!" roared Quelchy.

"Nope! I guess there's a hitch somewhere, sir. They were locked in the woodshed yesterday, and some galoot—"

"Enough!" roared Quelchy. "You will secure all these animals at once, and return them to their proper homes!"

"Can't be done, sir!" said Fishy, in dismay. "I guess I don't know where they hang out!"

"Then I will have them sent to the Cats' Home at Satterby! Collect them at once, and have them sent down to Gosling at the gates! I will issue instructions as to their despatch later on, when I have administered to you the thrashing you so richly deserve!"

"Thrashing, sir?" stuttered Fishy. "I—I haven't done anything, sir!"

"Do not presume to bandy words with me, boy! Do as I tell you—at once!"

Poor old Fishy set about his unsavoury job, and we made ourselves scarce, for Quelchy's anger at that moment was equivalent to the wrath of Jove of old.

Half an hour later wild shrieks could be heard all over Greyfriars. Fishy was going through it with a vengeance! He must have had about fifty strokes, for his howls awakened the echoes. When he emerged from the torture-chamber at last, he looked as though he had been through a mangle.

"Had it hot?" asked Bob Cherry sympathetically.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

"Serves you right!" growled Johnny Bull. "After this, I think, you'll wash your hands of cats!"

And Johnny was right! Fishy is a very determined fellow in some respects, and one of his resolves is that he will never again, under any circumstances, establish a Cat Colony at Greyfriars!

THE END.

Q's for the **QUALMS** which a chap always feels
When down on his knees he squirms and appeals!

R's for the **REFEREE**, bribed with my cash
To award me the fight, or be squashed to a hash!

S is the **SECOND**; you sit on his knees,
And describe to him how it is done, don't you see?



THE CLIFF HOUSE FOOTBALL MATCH!

By MISS CLARA TREVELYN.

EDITORIAL NOTE.—This feature has been well discussed in our editorial sanctum. Although certain members of the staff were against its publication, Bob Cherry and myself considered that Miss Clara's contribution should be printed. As I was fortunate enough to obtain our Fighting Editor's support, the rest of the staff eventually gave in.—H. WHARTON.

MARJORIE didn't really think much of the idea, but I persuaded her. I told her we could play football quite as well as the Greyfriars School boys, and probably better. My own idea is that girls can do things ever so much better than boys. I know that when Marjorie was making socks for soldiers, and Bob Cherry offered to help, Marjorie had to unpick it all again. It's just the same with everything else. My idea was that we should simply wipe up the earth with the Remove fellows if we played them, and I told them so, and all they could say was ridiculous things, like "My hat!" or "Oh, scissors!"

Harry Wharton is captain of the Remove team, and he seemed very unwilling at first to play. Wharton is a nice boy, with very good manners, but he is like all boys in some things, and he thinks that girls can't play football. I told him I could play his head off, and he said perhaps I could at cricket, if I was batting, and he was wicket-keeper, which I suppose was some sort of a joke, as they all laughed. But I refused to allow the matter to be turned into a joke. I set to work to make up a team, and skipped it myself. Then I sent a challenge to the Remove, offering to play them on their own ground, or on ours, just as they liked.

They didn't really want to play. I suppose they felt that, really, they wouldn't be able to keep their end up. Finally, they agreed, when I explained that, if our challenge was not accepted, we could not possibly speak to them any more. Of course our dignity was at stake in the matter. They agreed to play the match if we'd have it at Cliff House, and not at Greyfriars. I suppose they did not want their schoolfellows to see them licked by a girl-team.

Miss Primrose gave us leave to put up goal-posts, and of course the boys had to bring them over from Greyfriars, as we hadn't any. Bob Cherry said it wasn't really customary to take one's own goalposts along for a match,

but that he would do anything to oblige, which was very nice of him.

I had made up a splendid team. I skipped it myself, and I made Marjorie my first-lieutenant. There were sixteen other girls in the team. Wharton said something about eleven being the usual number, but of course that was all nonsense, as a skipper, of course, has the right to play what team he likes. I told Wharton he could send for some more players if he liked, but he said it was all right and he wouldn't bother.

The Greyfriars fellows were all grinning when they came on the field. Of course they expected to win easily—boys are so conceited. Wharton offered to toss up a penny for choice of ends, but I told him that Miss Primrose would not approve of it, and that we had arranged to take the end that the wind blew from. Of course we could not play with the wind in our faces.

So we lined up. Wharton arranged his team with one boy in goal, and then two more a little distance from him, and then three in a sort of row, and then five more at the front. I did not say anything, as it was not my business to criticise another skipper's arrangements, but I thought it ridiculous, and I did nothing of the kind myself. Wharton began to raise objections.

"Look here, Miss Clara," he said, "you've got two men in goal!"

"Certainly!" I said.

"But there's generally only one goalkeeper, you know!"

"Who's skipping this team?" I asked him.

He said, "Oh my hat!" Just like a boy!

I said, "Don't be ridiculous! Suppose Marjorie should be fastening up her hair just when the ball comes in, then Paula would be able to stop it."

Wharton said he hadn't thought of that, and that it was all right. So I blew the whistle to start.

Bob Cherry said, "What are you blowing that whistle for?"

I said, "That's to start."

He said, "Oh, I see! You're referee, as well

T is for "TIME!" when I enter the fray
With one resolution—to bully and slay!

U is for UPPERCUT—splendid stroke that!
It sends a chap staggering on to the mat.

as skipper? All right! A fellow only wants to know."

Of course I wanted everything to be perfectly fair, so I told Wharton he could have a whistle to blow if he liked. But he said, "Never mind."

We started in splendid style. Katie, who was playing at longstop-back, picked up the ball, and ran with it like anything. Then the Greyfriars boys all started shouting:

"Hands!"

"This isn't Rigger!"

"Chuck down that ball!"

So I blew the whistle and we stopped. It was a shame, for Katie had an almost certain goal.

I said, "What are you complaining about?"

Wharton said, "In this game you don't pick up the ball. That's in Rigger."

I spoke to him quite sharply, and said that if he was going to raise frivolous objections to our method of play, it wasn't much use playing the match at all. So he agreed that we could pick up the ball if we liked. Of course we should have picked it up anyway, as it was very much easier than kicking it about. Boys are just like that! They think that anything must be wrong if it is not just according to their own ideas.

So we went on again. I was playing at centre-slip, and I called to all the girls to keep close to me, instead of scattering my team about the field, as Wharton did with his. We had the upper hand from the very start. Whenever we charged any of them they fell over at once, and not one of my team was charged a single time. In ten minutes we were attacking goal, and I should certainly have put the ball in, but my hair came down, and then Bulstrode kicked it away. I had to blow the whistle then, as I could not find my hairpins, and my hair was blowing about my face.

Nugent asked me what we were stopping for, and I told him, and he said "Oh crumbs!"

Bob Cherry said he'd forgotten to bring any hairpins with him, as he usually did at a football match. I suppose that was another joke, as they all laughed. I told them that if they regarded football as a laughing matter, they weren't sportsmen, and that if Bob Cherry made any more foolish jokes I should order him off the field. He was quite serious after that.

We went on playing, but did not get any goals at first. In the field we simply beat them to the wide, but somehow Bulstrode kept on knocking the ball out of goal. I pointed out to Wharton, when we stopped for a rest, that Bulstrode was using his hands, though they had objected to our doing so. He said it was allowed for a goalkeeper to use his hands, and I couldn't help saying that it seemed that whatever boys did was right, and whatever girls did was wrong. Wharton said he was very sorry, and that he would tell Bulstrode not to use his hands any more. Bulstrode only grunted; he is not a very nice boy.

I said, "No; fair play's a jewel. Let Bulstrode do as he likes, the same as we do. We are going to beat you, anyway!"

After we had been playing an hour we were getting rather tired, and I blew the whistle for a rest. Bob Cherry said he had been wondering when the interval was coming along. I suppose he was very tired. After we had been resting five minutes he asked me if we were going to restart. But I had decided to rest for twenty minutes. Wharton said he was not in a hurry, and would wait an hour if we liked.

When we were ready they went to our goal, and I had to call them to order again.

I said, "'That's our goal!"

Wharton said, "But it's ours in the second half, isn't it?"

I could not help feeling a little angry.

I said, "Very well, if you want us to play with the wind blowing in our faces, never mind!"

Wharton said he hadn't thought of that, and told his team to go to the other end again. So we lined up. I called Marjorie and Paula out of goal to join the forward slips. The Greyfriars team had never been anywhere near our goal, and they were not needed there. It was attack all the time on our side.

I saw Wharton whisper to Bulstrode, and Bulstrode shook his head and grunted. I heard him say he wasn't going to let girls take his goal. So I suppose Wharton was trying to buck him up. He kept goal very well, for a boy. But I had laid my plans very carefully this time, and we made a rush on goal, and Paula and Katie and Mary Green held Bulstrode while I sent the ball in. We all shouted, "Goal!"

Bulstrode was very angry. He did not like being beaten by girls. He trod on Paula's foot while she was holding him, and Paula said he did it on purpose. Wharton said he would punch his head if it happened again, and Bulstrode only grunted. He said it wasn't a fair goal, and Wharton said, "Rot!" and told us we were to count that goal, and as many more as we liked.

After that it was simply a walk-over for us.

The Greyfriars team never got through once, and about a quarter of an hour later I blew the whistle to stop. Bob Cherry asked if that was all the second half, and I said it was. He said, "Oh, Jimmy!"

So we came off the field, winners of the match by one goal to nil. Of course we were all very pleased, as we had proved that girls could beat boys at football. I rather expected them to be cross about it; but I must say they took it like real sportsmen, and concealed their disappointment very well, for they were all laughing like anything when the match was over.

THE END.

V's for the **VICTORY** gained on the sly.
When a fellow's not looking, you puncture his eye!

W's for **WHARTON**. I'll jolly soon show him
My fists if he won't give me cash for this poem!

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.

THE FORTH CHAPTER.

Lite At Larst.

OUR readers will remember that we left Jonson major, the booly of the Forth Fawm at St. Tomas', in a kritical posishon.

In the dedd sylence of the nite, he had been seezed in the dawmitoary by a bobby, and the handkuffs were klinking on his rists.

He was uppon his neeze, pleading for murey with streaming teers in his eyes, when Dr. Snark stroad in.

"Whot does this mene?" exklamled the Head, in a voyce of thunnder.

The Forth Fawm were sylent.

They were gaizing uppon the seen in grate astonishmennt.

Jonson major terned to the Head.

"Murcy!" he whined. "I konfess."

"He konfesses!" said the bobby sturnly.

"Konfesses to whot?" exklamled the Head in surprize.

Jonson major gave a mone of pbeer.

"It was me who put the wotch in the pokket of Jack Jolly's pijammers!" he groned. "It was me who putt my perse there! I konfess!"

"Oh, crikey!" exklamled the Head.

"What a beestly bownder!" exklamled Wilkinson miner. "Lett the bobby take the beest away. Jack Jolly has been ekspelled, and he is inosent."

The bobby gripped the pbeer-strikken booly of the Forth by the showlder.

"You konfess that it was a plott against Jack Jolly?" he said, in his sturn voice.

"Yes!" ejackulated Jonson major.

"You yung swepe!" said the Head, in thunnderus aksents. "Jack Jolly has been drivven forth, skorned by the skooll, oweing to your krime. Alas! Where is he now? Will these anshent walls ever look uppon him agane?"

"Yes, sir," said the bobby, tutching his helmet. "I can tell you where Jack Jolly is at the present mowment."

"Yew!" ejackulated the Head.

"Me!" said the bobby, konfidently.

"Then where is that unforchunate lad?"

"Hear, sir!"

With a swepe of the hand, the bobby sweppt aside his beard and wiskers, and his helmet, and the blew unyform.

Jack Jolly stood reveeled!

"Jolly!" exklamled the Head.

Jack Jolly larfed.

"Yes, sir! Ive cumm back. In the disguise of a bobby, I have phored a konfession from Jonson major. As I menshonad at the tyme, I am inosent. Jonson major was the reel kulprit."

The Head pixhed his eyes sturnly uppon the retched Jonson.

"You raskally yung bownder!" he exklamled skornfully. "Putt on your close. Not another ower shall you remane within these anshent walls. Knott a word, you sneeking rotter. Goe!"

Sylenced by the majjestick and skornful wurdus of the Head, the sneeking booly of the Forth sneaked owt of the dawmitoary.

When the sunn roze agane on the anshent walls of St. Tomas', Jonson major was gorn.

He had been ekspelled!

Butt Jack Jolly had taken his oald plaice in the Forth Fawm, and he was the hearo of the ower.

Jonson major had suphered the plate he had intended for his rivel.

Jack Jolly had tryumfed.

Never agane, so long as he remaned within those anshent walls, was he likely to be Skorned by the Skooll.

THE END.

X! Who invented this silly old letter?
If I met the jossor I'll soon teach him better.

Y's for the YELLS from my victim which float,
When I've pased him soundly, and grabbed at his throat.

Z is for ZAM-BUK, the wounds to rub over
When one has stood up to the burly Boisover!

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

Many congratulations have been showered upon the Remove eleven on account of the success they achieved in the football world during the contests for Lieutenant Howell's Cup, so graphically described by Frank Richards in "School and Sport." Naturally, there was a reason for this success, and I will endeavour to show how it was gained by giving a brief criticism of the respective schools.

Highcliffe, captained by genial Frank Courtenay, were our greatest rivals, for they actually reached the final, and we had to play them twice in order to beat them and claim the ultimate honours. They possess a very dashing, virile set of forwards, but their defence led to their defeat. The backs played well at times, but took too many risks, and thus the loophole was penetrated.

St. Jim's showed up well. They always do. It was ill-luck, more than anything else, which caused them to be vanquished by Highcliffe. Wynn is a great goalie, and no finer forwards could be found than Merry, Blake, and Talbot; but on the fatal day the players mentioned were just a trifle off colour, whereas Highcliffe could do nothing wrong. One cannot help thinking, however, that the middle line of the Saints might have been just a little stronger. It failed to give the forwards that modicum of support which makes all the difference between a victory and a defeat.

Candidly, I was not much impressed with the Courtfield and Rylcombe teams. Trumper & Co., had they given of their very best, ought surely to have accounted for the Highcliffians, hot side though the latter have proved themselves to be. On the other hand, Gordon Gay & Co. are to be condoled with in having been drawn against the hefty stalwarts of St. Jim's; even so, however, they were expected to put up a far better fight than they did.

Why the Friars scored was because the team was consistent throughout. Bulstrode held the fort against all comers; Bull and Brown played grandly; the half-back line bore the brunt of the battle in a highly praiseworthy manner; and the forwards snapped up their opportunities. There we have the whole thing in a nutshell. Eleven fellows who have been accustomed for months past to playing together can always be relied upon to put up a better game than a "scratch" team. Here's long life and popularity to the Remove eleven!

RHYMES OF REMOVITES.

Specially written by our tame poet in order that readers may easily commit the names of Remove characters to memory.

First there comes the Famous Five,
Always blithe and merry;
Wharton, Nugent, Bull, and Singh,
Likewise Robert Cherry.

Other stalwarts, tried and true,
Strong in many a tussle—
Linley, Desmond, Bulstrode, Brown,
Field, and Dicky Russell.

Wibley is the actor great,
Bunter is the glutton;
Kipps is smart at conjuring,
Deaf and dull is Dutton.

These three are the bold, bad blades—
Snoop and Stott and Skinner;
Fish, though full of daring stunts,
Never backs a winner!

Monty Newland is a brick,
Rake a good all-rounder:
And another splendid sport—
Vernon-Smith, the Bounder.

Penfold is a decent chap,
Mauly is in clover;
As a bully and a cad
Who can beat Bolsover?

Hazeldene is rather weak,
Peter Todd is clever;
Other members of the Form
Are Treluce and Trevor.

Then there's Ogilvy, the Scot,
Esmoud, Brandreth, Morgan,
Elliott, Carlton, Lonzy, too.
Note his nasal organ!

Last of all comes quaint Wun Lung;
Now I'd better stow it.
Half a tick, though! Can you guess
Who's the clever poet?