



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, Ltd.

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

HAZELDENE'S HONOUR!
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.

A HAPPY NEW YEAR!

By the time our next issue appears, the bells will have rung the Old Year out and the New Year in, and each of us will be one stage further on the great journey of life. It is only fitting, therefore, that I should at once embrace the opportunity of wishing all my friends at home and across the seas an abundance of health, wealth, and happiness during 1916. And when the GREYFRIARS HERALD makes its appearance twelve months hence, better and brighter than ever, I sincerely trust that the sword will have been sheathed and an honourable peace proclaimed. What a banquet we shall have! The celebration will be on such a gigantic and lavish scale that Billy Bunter, gazing upon the good things galore, will imagine he has faded away into Fairyland!

ABOUT OURSELVES.

The New Year is a time for resolutions. Skinner says he is going to write a poem, showing how fellows make resolves and don't live up to them. Bunter, for instance, having gorged himself to the full, will solemnly sign the pledge against further pastries; but he will go back to the cormorant stage in a week, and so on. But, personally, I am a firm believer in New Year resolutions, and the sarcasm of all the humorous poets in the world wouldn't alter my attitude. What if a fellow does fail to carry out his programme of reforma-

tion? He has at least tried, which is far better than making no effort at all.

My own great resolve is to put my level best into the editorial duties attached to the GREYFRIARS HERALD. I mean to give my chums the cream of everything, in stories, verse, and articles. We are not going to look backward. "Strive and thrive" in our motto, and we'll leave no stone unturned to carry it out.

ALL TOGETHER, BOYS!

As for my loyal army of chums, their resolution, I hope, will be to back up the GREYFRIARS HERALD through thick and thin, through storm and shine, letting nothing damp their ardour. This journal is flourishing like the flowers in May, and should my readers relax their efforts, its success will come tumbling down like a house of cards. There's no bunkum about this statement; it's a plain, unvarnished fact. So you see, my chums, that the fate and fame of the GREYFRIARS HERALD rests solely in your hands, and I know you won't fail. Help the HERALD, and the HERALD will help you—by giving you entertainment of the richest and rarest kind, and providing you with the grandest and most glorious halfpennyworth of mirth and amusement that the world has ever seen!

Your true comrade,

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES 

THE BOX FOR BUNTER!

A Screamingly Funny Com-
plicated Story, Specially Written
:: for this Number by ::

DICK RUSSELL.



Billy Bunter blinked at the box, and growled. He thought of the cake, and the jam, and the fruit, and the preserves, and offered the man a shilling on account; but the seedy chap shook his head. It was five bob or nothing!

NOBODY suspected, till afterwards, that the man was a swindler. The box looked all right. He was rather a seedy-looking chap, and he looked rather dusty and tired when he came in at the gates with the box on his shoulder, and stopped at Gosling's lodge. It was rather a heavy box, as we could tell when he bumped it down, and rapped his forehead with his handkerchief. Gosling came out of his lodge, and the seedy chap touched his hat to him.

"Box for one of the young gentlemen, sir," he said.

Gosly isn't often called "sir," and he forgot to be crusty to the seedy chap. He is generally down on seedy chaps.

"Wot name?" says Gosling.

"The label's got torn," said the man, touching his hat again very respectfully. "I don't rightly remember the name. But it is a young gentleman here, and p'raps you know which one is expecting a box of pastry from a relation."

Some of us were near the gates, and we heard that, and naturally we were interested. Bob Cherry looked at the label, but, true enough, it was nearly all torn away, and only the words "Greyfriars School, near Friardale," could be seen.

"Who's in want of tuck?" said Bob Cherry. "What offers?"

"Tain't for you, Master Cherry?" asked Gosling.

"Not that I know of."

"Master Cherry," said the seedy chap. "I think that was the name."

"Well, if it's for me, I don't know whom it's from," said Bob, eyeing the box. "Sure it's tuck in it?"

"Pastry, sir," said the messenger. "I saw it packed with my own 'ands. Cake, and candied

fruits, and biscuits, and apples, and pots of jam and preserves."

"Great Scott!"

"I think it must be for me," said Skinner very quickly.

"Were you expecting a box, Master Skinner?" asked Gosling, rather sharply. He knew Skinner.

"Well, my uncle said something about sending me one," said Skinner.

"Skinner!" repeated the seedy chap. "Now I think of it, I think that was the name."

"You see, it's for me," said Skinner. "You can hand it over, my man, and there's tuppence—"

"Five shillings to pay, please, sir."

"What!"

"There's five shillings to pay on delivery, please."

Skinner froze off at once.

"I'm not so jolly sure the box is for me," he remarked. "I'm not paying five bob on spec, anyway."

The messenger turned to Gosling.

"P'raps you'd better take it in, sir, and give it to the young gentleman it belongs to," he said.

"All right; leave it 'ere," said Gosling.

"I can't leave it without the money, sir."

"I ain't payin' five shillings; I know that," said Gosling. "Wot I says is this 'ere—if you've lost the label you'd better take it back."

The man mopped his brow.

It was plain that he didn't want to take that heavy box back, and at the same time he couldn't leave it without the money. By this time quite a number of fellows had gathered to look on. Fisher T. Fish claimed the box, till he found there was five shillings to pay, and then he froze off like Skinner. Then Billy Bunter came buzzing up. Bunter has a scent like a bloodhound for tuck.

A's for AMURRICA, right to the front ;
Before her this sleepy old isle has to shunt.

B is for BUNTER, my pardner in crime ;
So here's to the day when we're both doing time.

"I say, you fellows, that's mine!" he said.
"Was you expecting a box, Master Bunter?"
said Goeling.

"Yes; my uncle promised to send me one,"
said Bunter. "If there's tuck in it, it's mine,
right enough. In fact, I had a letter from my
uncle this morning—"

"You never had any letter this morning at
all," said Toddy.

"I mean yesterday morning, saying that a
box of tuck was coming for me. This must be
the box. Wasn't the name Bunter, my man?"

"That's it, sir," said the messenger, as if
quite certain at last. "I remember it now
quite clearly, Master Bunter. It's yours, sir."

"Hand it over."

"Five shillings to pay, please."

"Ahem! I—I suppose I could send a postal-
order?"

"Must be paid on delivery, sir. Them's my
instructions, sir, for the box to be delivered by
'and this mornin'."

"I suppose some of you fellows could lend
me five bob till my postal-order comes?" said
Bunter, blinking round through his goggles.

The fellows began to stroll away.

"I say, you fellows, I've only got a bob, but
my postal-order will be here to-night at
latest— Don't walk away while I'm talking
to you, you beasts! Look here— Oh, really,
you know— Beasts!"

The chaps were all walking off, grinning.
Nobody believed that the box was really for
Billy Bunter, and nobody wanted to lend him
five bob. Billy Bunter blinked at the box, and

growled. He thought of the
cake, and the jam, and the
fruit, and the preserves, and
offered the man a shilling on
account, but the seedy chap
shook his head. It was five
bob or nothing.

"Wait a bit," said Bunter
desperately. "I'll get it from
somewhere. Fishy—I say,
Fishy—"

"Nothing doing!" says
Fisher T. Fish.

"You offered me four bob
for my pocket-knife," said
Bunter, glowering at him.
"You know it's worth eight
—I mean it cost a guinea."

"I'm your man, if you
want to sell," said Fish, sharp
enough. "I don't know that
I could give you more than
three-and-six now, though."

"Look here, I want four
bob, you Yankee beast!"
roared Bunter.

"Three-and-six is my price
for that pocket-knife," said
Fishy firmly. "I can't help
what you want. But I'll tell
you what, I'll make it
another tanner if you'll

give me twenty-five per cent. of what's in
the box.

"Why, you rotter, that's worth pounds, very
likely."

"I guess I'm chancing what it's worth—a
tanner for a quarter of what's in the box,"
said Fishy, as firm as a rock.

Billy Bunter called Fishy all sorts of names,
but Fishy never turned a hair. Fishy was
very keen on a bargain, and he had Bunter in
a cleft stick. The messenger struck in, and
said he had to get back to his work, and he
picked up the box.

That settled Bunter.

"Hold on!" he yelled. "That's my box. It's
a go, Fishy, you Yankee beast, and I hope the
Germans will mop up you Yankees, if there's
anything left of them when we've done with
them!"

"Done!" said Fishy.

Billy Bunter snorted, and handed over his
pocket-knife, and got the four bob, which
entitled Fishy to a quarter of what was in the
box. Bunter fished out his own bob, and the
seedy chap was paid his five shillings. He
gave Bunter a receipt for it, and trotted off.
We noticed that he walked very quickly, and he
was out of sight in a brace of shakes.

Bunter and Fishy carried off the box between
them into the house. They got it up to
Bunter's study, and we followed to see the
tuck. Fishy was rubbing his skinny hands over
that box with great delight. He felt that he

had got a bargain in tuck.
The box was nailed up,
and Bob Cherry brought
his chisel to open it.

"I guess there's a lot of
tuck in that box for it
to weigh so much," said
Fishy, in great glee.
"Mind, a quarter for me,
Bunter."

"Br-r-r-r!" said Bunter.

He jabbed at the box
with the chisel. The wood
came off the top, and
showed a lot of straw
packing inside.

Billy Bunter grabbed at
the straw, and yanked it
out.

Then he gave a yell.

Fishy gave another yell.

So did we all; we yelled
when we saw what was
in the box. It was stacked
with old half-bricks and
stones and rubbish. Bunter
turned it over on the
table, and it all came
tumbling out, but there
was nothing else in it,
only rubbish that Bunter

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 7.—DICKY NUGENT,
Of the Third Form.

G's for CABEZA—in other words, noddle;
A chap with no wheezes can jolly well toddle!

D's for the DUROOKS—I make 'em in heaps,
While another galoot simply lies down and sleeps.

might as well have collected up in the nearest brickfield.

"Wha-a-at does that mean?" stammered Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Your uncle's japing you, Bunter!" yelled Toddy. "Is this what he mentioned in that letter of his?"

"Oh, crumbs! 'Tain't for me, after all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That—that beast's got my five bob!" yelled Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He's a swindler!" shrieked Bunter. "He made this up to spoof somebody here; he wasn't sent with it at all. I say, you fellows——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess you owe me a tanner!" yelled

Fisher T. Fish, whose face was nearly green as he saw what he was going to have twenty-five per cent. of.

"Gimme my pocket-knife!" yelled Bunter.

"Gimme my tanner!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My pocket-knife!"

"My tanner!"

We left Bunter and Fishy shaking their fists at one another, and if they hadn't been a pair of funks, there would have been a fight. Then they rushed out together to try and get on the track of the seedy chap who had brought that precious box to Greyfriars.

But they didn't find him. The seedy chap was gone, and so were the five shillings. All that remained was the box for Bunter.

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 this, and address to "7th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, January 4th, 1910.

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. 7,
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.

POOR OLD PON!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.
"Sir,—In order to prove my pluck and fighting prowess, I am willing to tackle the best man among you—I care not whether it is the bony Nugent, or the hulking Bull—to a great free fight, up to fifty rounds, if necessary, and fought out in the good old British style, without gloves. From time immemorial, the Greyfriars fellows have been embittered towards me, for some unknown reason, and the blood of all the Ponsonbys cries out for vengeance. Whoever your man is, I shall have much pleasure in stretching him prostrate at my feet. The only stipulation I make is that no more than three Remove bouncers accompany the fellow who accepts this challenge. I suggest that the slaughter-house shall be the old barn in Harrison's Meadow, and that the one-sided affair should take place at two o'clock on Saturday afternoon.

"Wishing your paper every success—as a firelighter!—I remain, your sworn foe,

"CECIL PONSONBY."

[So our old friend Pon is on the warpath again, is he? He apparently forgets the time when we strewed the hungry churchyard with his bones, so to speak. The caddish captain of junior Highcliffe knows full well that we will not accept his precious challenge, because, firstly, we have fixed up a footer match with St. Jim's on the day in question; and, secondly, because he would doubtless have about fifty fellows lying in ambush, ready to fall upon the three defenceless Greyfriars chaps who came. Sorry, Pon, but your underhand dodge won't work, as usual! Try another one!—EDITORIAL STAFF.]

SIMPLY STUNNING!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.
"My dear Wharton,—In order to sample the delights of a tuck-hammer for myself, I purchased one off my own bat from Selfridge's. It was ripping—also-giddy-lutely! Lonzy, Dutton, and I locked Bunter out of the study, and set to work on the cakes and things. There were two pots of jam, tons of biscuits, some sardines, Christmas-pudding, yes, and honey, by Jove! All I can say is that the chap who wins one of those hampers will have the time of his life!—Yours sincerely, PETER TODD."

[Many thanks, Peter, old man! You will see that we have substantially increased the prize list of No. 1, owing to the colossal success of the

competition. The HERALD seems to be going the pace, eh, my dear Jotson? Got any cocaine about you?—Ed.]

A TALE OF WOE.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.
"The Punishment-room,
"Greyfriars.

"Dear Editor,—As you no, I have been confined to this beastly hole for raiding mince-pies from the pantry at a time when I was starving. Since I have been up here, I have had nothing whatever to eat, except two loaves, some marjorine, and a can of cocoa.

"How long I am to be kept trussed up in this torthor-chamber I don't no; but, anyhow, I am famished for want of food. Please instruct the Editorial Staff to shell out on my behalf, and to send up, after lights out, four cakes, two current, and two seed—a few dozen sossidge-rolls, some cold fowl, and as many tarts as four healthy chaps can carry. By so doing you will greatly oblige, your old pal,

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

[For his dastardly raid on the school supplies, this greedy cormorant is deserving of scant mercy. We shall be happy to carry out his suggestion (with variations), and to convey to him after lights out four hefty swipes—two black eyes, and two thick ears—a few dozen bumpings, and as many cricket-stumps as four healthy fellows can carry!—Ed.]

A PEARL FROM OUR POSTBAG.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.
"Kew Gardens, S.W.

"Dear Harry,—My heartiest congratulations to you upon the success of your little paper! It is topping! Rest assured that no one can possibly beat it! I predict a great literary future for you!

"Will you please give my best wishes to the rest of the staff, and especially to Bob Cherry, for whose noble and generous character my admiration knows no bounds.

"Here's to the HERALD, and long may it flourish!—Yours very sincerely,

"A BRITISH GIRL."

[Bob Cherry blushed furiously when I showed him this epistle, and expressed the opinion that the young lady who wrote it was "an awfully decent sort." Miss Hazeldene had better look to her laurels!—Ed.]

G's for the GUMPTION in doing your neighbour
Without falling foul of a spell of hard labour!

H is the HERRING-POND, spouting its spray,
And splashing the coast of our great U.S.A.

THE RETURN OF HERLOCK SHOLMES.

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

“ WRITTEN BY ”

PETER TODD.



I.

HERLOCK SHOLMES having gone to his death in that last struggle with Professor Hickorychicory, it might be supposed that his remarkable career had come to a complete stop. That, however, was far from being the case.

Sholmes was no ordinary man. What had happened would undoubtedly have put a period to the career of any other man. To Sholmes it was merely an incident.

I confess to feeling some surprise, however, when, a few weeks after that terrible fatality, Sholmes walked into our old rooms at Shaker Street. My feeling, I suppose, showed in my face, for Sholmes burst into a hearty laugh as he regarded me.

“I have surprised you, my dear Jotson,” he remarked.

“Sholmes! It is really you?”

“Myself, in flesh and blood!” he replied.

“You never expected to see me again, Jotson?”

“I should have known you better, Sholmes!” I said. “Even after all my amazing experiences with you, you never cease to surprise me!”

He looked anxious for a moment.

“I hope you have kept up the instalments on the furniture, Jotson?”

“I have.”

“Good!” He sank into a seat, and rested his feet upon the table, in the old, easy, elegant manner that was so familiar to me.

“Well, here I am again, Jotson, ready for work! Have any clients called during my absence?”

“Several. But, on hearing you were dead,



To my amazement, the butler seized the soup-tureen and rushed to the door. Sholmes was upon him with the spring of a tiger. Crash!

Sholmes, they decided not to place their affairs in your hands. One, however, has persisted, and, indeed, he is calling again this morning. He has left his stick here.”

“His stick?” said Sholmes. He took the walking-stick in his hands, and turned it over, regarding it with the old keen look. “Ah! A young man! Not over twenty-five, with a blonde moustache, and very strong teeth. It is curious that he should have black hair as well as a blonde moustache. He must have made a long journey when he came here!”

I started.

“Sholmes, how can you know?”

“Because he lives in the country, Jotson, and we live in Shaker Street,” smiled Sholmes. “A wealthy young man; money no object with him. Just the client I wish to see, if we are to keep those instalments paid, Jotson.”

“Sholmes,” I almost shouted, “do you seriously mean to tell me that you have deduced all this from the walking-stick?”

“Undoubtedly. Is not my description correct?”

“Perfectly correct! But how, in the name of wonder—”

Sholmes yawned slightly.

“My dear Jotson, look at the stick for yourself. Every picture tells a story, you know, and every story a gem. It is the same with walking-sticks. In the first place, as to wealth. You see that the stick has a silver top, which must have cost, at the lowest computation,

It's for INSURANCE—so don't remain green,
But pay a prompt visit to Study Fourteen!

It's for the JAYS which hang out at this school!
Each fellow here seems an unbusinesslike fool!

eighteenpence. I deduce a wealthy man, careless with his money."

"Most true! But his blonde moustache, his black hair, his strong teeth. Oh, Sholmes—"

"If you examine the stick, Jotson, you will see by certain marks that the owner is in the habit of gnawing it. The wood is hard, the deep indentations argue very strong teeth. In one of those indentations, Jotson, is a short blonde hair, evidently from his moustache. In another, a long black hair, equally evidently from his head."

"Marvellous!"

"Marvellous to you, my dear Jotson, but to me a very simple matter."

"But his age, Sholmes. You stated—"

"Ah, there we are in deeper waters!" he smiled. "Yet it is obvious that if he were an old man, his hair would not have remained black."

"And how do you deduce that he comes from the country?"

"Look at the lower end of the stick, Jotson!"

"It is muddy," I said.

"Exactly. And that variety of mud, Jotson, is not found nearer than Slophshire. I have made a special study of varieties of mud, Jotson, and have, indeed, written a monograph on the subject, now in the collection at Hanwell. But here, I think, is our visitor himself."

The young man entered the room as he spoke, and Sholmes rose courteously.

"Herlock Sholmes?" exclaimed the visitor.

"Himself. You may speak quite freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson."

"Mr. Sholmes, hear my story! My name is Hogg—you may have heard the name. I do not wish to boast, Mr. Sholmes, but since the beginning of history, there have been Hogs in Slophshire. It is the oldest family in the county, connected at one time with the great Lord Bacon, and with the French family of Du Porc. I, sir, am the last of my race. I was reared in our ancient manor on the shores of the Wash. My grandfather, old Sir Pryze Hogg, cast me off. His sternness was due to my love of the cinema, which he held in abhorrence. He made a will, leaving the family estates to his butler, Pawker."

Sholmes nodded.

"Sir Pryze Hogg is dead," said the young man. "All the Hogs have been rash, but Sir Pryze Hogg was rasher than the rest, and he was the victim of a fatality. Before he expired he sent for me, and whispered with his latest breath that he had made a new will. That will, Mr. Sholmes, cannot be found. Unless it is found, Pawker claims the estate under the old will. Mr. Sholmes, I have been accustomed to live in wealth and luxury—"

Sholmes shot me a triumphant glance. It was a verification of his infallible deductions.

"Unless the will is found I shall be reduced to poverty," said the young man moodily. "No more reckless expenditure of sixpences at the

cinema, no more wild nights in the Mile End Road. For me, Woodbine cigarettes and fried fish will be things of the past. Save me, Mr. Sholmes!"

"I will save you!" said Herlock Sholmes quietly. "The will shall be found. As you are aware, where there is a will there's a way. Come, Jotson!"

II.

WE arrived at the old Manor-house of Hogg, on the shores of the Wash, as night was falling. I glanced curiously at Pawker, the butler, as we were shown in. Unless the will was discovered, a Pawker would reign in the place of a Hogg. That Herlock Sholmes already suspected Pawker of concealing the will of the irascible old baronet, I knew. But where had he concealed it? That was the question. The mystery was, to me, impenetrable, but I had faith in my amazing friend.

For two days Herlock Sholmes appeared to be idle. Our young friend showed impatience, but I knew Sholmes too well. I knew that under that inscrutable exterior his marvellous brain was working at express speed. On the third day the young baronet could contain his impatience no longer.

"Mr. Sholmes, you have not been at work yet—"

Sholmes smiled.

"I have been at work," he yawned.

"You have made discoveries?"

"Yes."

"And what, pray?"

"I have discovered," said Sholmes calmly, "that your butler always serves the soup."

"What?"

"And that he always, with his own hands, carefully places the soup in the tureen before it is brought into the dining-room."

"Mr. Sholmes!"

"And that he never allows the tureen to be washed up with the other crockery," said Sholmes lazily.

"But I do not see—"

"Naturally!" said Sholmes. "If you could see, you would not require my services. But patience! Let us dine!"

We sat down, in great astonishment. That Sholmes was not speaking at random I knew. Yet I could not follow his line of reasoning.

The butler served us, as usual, with soup. I noticed that Sholmes did not taste his.

"There is something in the soup," he said, in a quiet, deliberate voice.

The butler started.

"Pray bring the tureen here," said Sholmes.

"The—the tureen?" stammered the butler.

"Certainly!"

Pawker stood rooted to the floor. His face was deadly pale.

"I am waiting," said Sholmes, smiling. "I

remarked that there was something in the soup, Pawker. Ha! Stop him!"

To my amazement, the butler seized the soup-tureen, and rushed to the door. Sholmes was upon him with the spring of a tiger.

Crash!

The tureen fell to the floor, where it was shattered into a thousand fragments. Soup streamed over the polished floor. In the midst of the split soup lay a roll of parchment.

"What does this mean?" shouted the young baronet.

Sholmes yawned.

"It means that the missing will is discovered, my young friend."

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed. "You mean to say—"

"Pick it up, my dear Jotson, and see for yourself!"

I could no longer doubt. It was the missing will, discovered by the marvellous penetration of my extraordinary friend.

III.

SHOLMES smiled as we stepped into the train for London. I knew that he was pleased with his success.

"You amaze me more and more, Sholmes!" I said, as he lighted a couple of pipes, and blew out two thick clouds of smoke. "May I ask—"

"The usual question, Jotson!" He laughed.

"My dear fellow, it was child's play. The butler had concealed the will. The soup-tureen was never out of his hands: Covered with soup, the document was always invisible. I had discovered that Pawker always washed that tureen himself. It was enough. I had noticed a slight flavour in the soup; I was sure then. True, I could have descended to the kitchen, and demanded the missing document, but I preferred to spring a surprise upon our friend Pawker. You know that I have a touch of the dramatic, Jotson. I dearly love a striking denouement. A cunning rascal, Jotson. Who else would have dreamed of hiding a will in a soup-tureen?"

"And who but you would have divined it?" I could not help exclaiming. "I, too, had noticed a flavour in the soup, but I did not connect it with the missing will. Yet I have studied your methods."

"Ah, my dear Jotson!" said Sholmes, dropping into French, as he often did. "Is it Montaigne who says, 'Vous êtes drôle, mon cher, vous êtes très drôle. Passez les allumettes! Merci! Allons!'"

THE END.

(Another of these magnificent stories of Herlock Sholmes and Dr. Jotson will appear in next Monday's issue of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. Order your copy in advance, and get your chums to do the same.)

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

One of my Surrey readers, signing himself "Bully Boy," has asked me to state what I consider to be the strongest eleven the Remove can put into the field. Here you are, "Bully Boy":

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

Another keen reader of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, who hails from Newcastle, wishes me to name a good reserve side for the Remove. On reflection, I don't think the following combination could be improved upon:

Goal, Hazeldene; backs, Morgan and Bolsover; half-backs, Ogilvy, Field, and Desmond; forwards, Rake, Newland, Russell, Wibley, and Trevor.

On Saturday last we journeyed to Rookwood in the pelting rain to encounter our old chums and rivals, Jimmy Silver & Co. Owing to the awful state of the ground, first-class footer was impossible, and it is not altogether surprising that the Rookwooders won. Silver and Newcome found the net at an early stage of the game, and Buletrode slipped on each occasion, the leather evading his clutch. We showed to much better advantage in the second half, but the conditions were dead against accurate passing, and although Harry Wharton scored a spanking goal, we were down at the finish to the tune of 2-1.

The identity of the fellow who so generously sent a footer out to Lieutenant Larry Lascelles at the Front has now been definitely established, and his name will cause little surprise. It is good old Mark Linley. Bob Cherry, our Fighting Editor, remembers seeing his chum buy the ball in the village, and the next day he was observed by Gosling to pass out of gates with a pig parcel. Such an action as this is indeed noble, especially as Linley is in comparatively poor circumstances. Three cheers for the Good Samaritan from Lancashire!

At the time of going to press, the following impudent challenge has come to hand from Coker the Croaker:

"I hereby challenge the cheeky faggs of the Remove to a match with three scopierors of the Fifth, wen we shall have much pleasure in wiping up the ground with them.

(Signed) HORACE COKER."

We have arranged to put the kybosh on the faggs of the Fifth at an early date!

L is for LOOT, which I love to possess;
I can beat the Crown Prince at his own game, I guess!



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



THE TAMING OF LOADER.

Many important cases came before Mr.

Justice Wharton during the week, and, some of them being of a serious nature, there was a full court. Not the least interesting feature of the occasion was that Nugent minor wore a clean collar.

Gerald Loder, seventeen, bully, cad, and rank outsider, was the first to appear in the dock, to answer a charge of being drunk and disorderly on the evening of the 27th.

Police-constable Johnny Bull deposed that he was patrolling the Sixth-Form corridor on the evening in question, when he heard sounds of revelry proceeding from prisoner's study. Loder being an old offender, he thought it incumbent upon him to listen at the keyhole.

Magistrate: What did you hear?

P.-c. Bull: There was a sound as of cards being smacked down on the table, and a voice exclaimed, "Confound it! Broke to the wide!" Following this came a terrific smashing of furniture. Entering the study, I found prisoner lying in a stupor on the floor. Other seniors were present, but I found no traces of whisky or opium on their persons. They were severely cautioned, and then I clapped the handcuffs on the prisoner.

Magistrate: A very creditable piece of work, Bully boy! Help yourself liberally from the poor-box!

His Worship then expressed the hope that Loder, who bore a very bad record, would be lodged, drawn, and quartered. The fulfilment of such a sentence would make rather a mess in the Rag, prisoner would be committed for trial at the Woodshed Assizes on Wednesday next.

Meanwhile, a hefty cricket-stump was ordered, bails being refused.

A VERY FEEBLE DEFENCE!

A brutal-looking youth named George Tubb was summoned for wilfully, and with malice aforethought, thrusting a penholder through a herring and afterwards cooking it.

The prosecutor, Mr. P. Todd (for the Society

for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fish), told the magistrate that this was a glaring act of frightfulness, such as put the German atrocities entirely in the shade. He suggested that prisoner should be flayed alive.

Magistrate: More mess! (Laughter.)

Mr. M. Linley, counsel for the defence, submitted that the herring was already deceased at the time of the alleged ill-treatment.

Magistrate: That is neither here nor there. Would my learned friend care to have a pitchfork thrust through his body after his demise?

Mr. Linley: No, your worship. I didn't look at it in that light. Come to think of it I fully agree with the prosecutor.

Magistrate: That's extremely sensible on your part, for if you didn't we should bump you!

Prisoner was sentenced to ninety-nine strokes with the map-pole, and the magistrate said he would afterwards be sent to a reformatory. One of the barristers suggested that the sanatorium would be a more suitable place, under the circumstances.

NOTHING DOING!

Weeping bitterly, James Carne, of the Sixth, asked Mr. Justice Wharton if he could obtain an order of separation from his fag, Percival Spencer Paget.

Magistrate: What in thunder for?

Applicant: We can't live amicably together, your worship. Only this morning my toast was burnt to a cinder, and I was the victim of an apple-pie bed. I'm fed up with it! I won't stand it any longer! I'll jolly well——"

Magistrate (sternly): Silence! How dare you make such a scene in court, sir? It is a great pity that, when he burnt the toast, Master Paget did not burn you also. You are a guy, sir!

The case was dismissed, Carne paying full costs—fourpence-halfpenny.

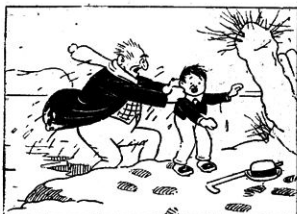
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) "Help!" gurgled Squeak, in dire despair.
 "Come on, you dolt! Don't stand and stare!"
 At this the old gent fiercely scowled;
 "Hang on a minute more!" he growled.



(2) Then, rushing forward on the ice,
 He gripped the youth as in a vice.
 "You've had a very narrow shave!
 In future, sonny, please behave!"



(3) "Boo-hoo!" blubbed Squeak. "I'm jolly wet!
 I'll never alkie again, you bet!"
 "Be off at once!" the rescuer cried,
 "Or, by my troth, I'll tan your hide!"



(4) A moment later came a crash,
 Succeeded by a frightful splash.
 "He's in again!" the gent declared.
 "This time the rascal sha'n't be spared!"



(5) He rushed again to do the trick,
 And hauled the wretched youth out slick.
 His walking-stick sang through the air,
 And wild yells floated everywhere.



(6) Then Squeak stood by his brother's side.
 "That's Bubble who you've whacked!" he cried.
 The old gent gasped—as well he might,
 Then toppled backwards out of sight!

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

THE FORTUNES OF A FAG!

An Interview with Dicky Nugent, of the Third Form, by the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



SMACK!
As I entered the Third Form class-room, armed with my eternal notebook and pencil, a flabby herring struck me

broadside on in the face, and I sat down suddenly, while a yell of laughter went up from the occupants of the room.

I got up breathing threatenings and slaughter. Nugent minor, with Paget and Tubb, were squatting round the fireplace, grinning ecstatically. Wilful waste of good red herring was not in their line, but the herring they had hurled at me was neither red nor good. It was decidedly antique, and had probably been netted off Yarmouth during the Russo-Japanese War. It smelt like poison, too, and had disported itself all over my face

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Nugent.

"He, he, he!" cackled Tubb.

"You young demons!" I hissed. "I'll wipe up the floor with you! Stand up and take your gruel, you—unsophisticated barbarians!"

My assailants didn't move a muscle.

"Calm yourself, Mr. Reporter!" said Nugent. "It won't pay you to run foul of us. One motion of my little finger, and fifty valiant warriors will have your blood!"

I glanced round the room, and saw that Nugent spoke truly. Somehow or other, the fags can't pull very well with their lofty superiors in the Remove. I knew that if I clipped Nugent's ear I should be forthwith rent to pieces, and my remains would be sent home in a match-box to my sorrowing parents. So I held my hand.

"Well," said young Paget. "What's it to be—peace or war?"

"Peace!" I said hastily. "Look here, I came here, Nugent, to jot down your views on the fortunes of a fag."

"There aren't any," was the prompt reply. "They're all misfortunes. Take a seat on the fender, old sport. It's red-hot, but that don't matter. Have a herring?"

"No, thanks!" I hurriedly rejoined. "I've had one outside, and one inside would put the

golden helmet on it. I should writhe in my death agonies!"

Nugent minor laughed, and thrust the dilapidated fish into the pocket of my Etons.

"It'll do another time," he said kindly. "And now I suppose you want me to get a few misfortunes off my chest?"

"That's it!"

"Well, in the first place," said Nugent, "Twigg's our pet grievance. He's the extreme outside edge. Only this morning he came down on me like a thousand of bricks for sending my white mice on a Marathon race during class."

"There's such a thing as discipline," I hinted.

"Discipline, he blowed! Anyway, I've brought old Twigg to his senses at last."

"What have you done?" I gasped.

"Locked him in the coal-cellar! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Paget and Tubb, as in duty bound.

"You—you've locked Mr. Twigg, your Form-master, in the coal-cellar?" I repeated, wondering if I heard aright.

Nugent nodded.

"It was easily done," he said. "I went to Twigg's study, and told him that weird noises could be heard down in the coal-cellar. I said it might be the ghost of Greyfriars, and he sneered, and said I must be wandering in my mind. Anyhow, I persisted in my story, so he snatched up a golf-club and buzzed off to see for himself. Directly he got down the steps and into the beastly place I slammed the door and locked it."

"When did this happen?" I exclaimed, aghast.

"About four o'clock."

"You mean to say Twigg's been grovelling in the coal-cellar for two hours?" I cried. "Let him out at once, you silly young sweep!"

But Nugent was obstinate. Twigg was a beast, he declared, and could freeze in his dungeon till calling-over. Then he would be liberated.

"But he'll slaughter you!" I said.

"Not so, my son! I shall make terms with him first through the keyhole. He'll only be allowed to step out into the light of day on condition that he agrees not to lick me. See?"

"You artful young cub!" I said, half admiringly. "It strikes me this is Twigg's misfortune. Name some of yours."

M is for **MUGWUMP**—a silly old clown,
Who **will** get his mad up because he's done brown!

"Another grievance," said Nugent minor slowly, "is your rotten rag, the GREYFRIARS HERALD. You were afraid—downright afraid—that our new paper, the 'Juniors' Jernal,' would knock your own into a cocked hat. That's why Wharton put in my ripping serial, 'Skorned by the Skool.' He hoped to blackmail me, and thought I'd keep off the grass after that."

"And you're determined to bring out the 'Juniors' Jernal,' as you call it?" I asked.

"Rather! Number one's almost ready for press. First of all, we've got a serial, written by me, that'll knock your silly old 'Pride of the Ring' out of time. In Linley's second-rate boxing yarn nobody gets killed, or even bedridden for life, but mine's murder piled on murder. The chaps'll simply revel in it. They'll take it to bed with 'em."

"And my pictures!" chortled Tubb. "'The Rollicking Revels of Stubble and Beak.' They're A!"

"You're cribbing!" I said hotly.

"Rats!" said Paget. "Then there's my detective series, 'The Adventures of Holmlock Shears.' They're the last word—"

"In piffle, I suppose?"

Paget snorted.

"And listen to this verse," said Nugent. "I admit you haven't got some bad poets on your staff. Penfold writes some passable stuff now and again. But it's not a patch on this."

And he proceeded to chant, in his squeaky voice:

"Old man Twigg was a silly old pig,

And a silly old pig was he;

He called for his pipe, and he called for his
cig,

And he called for his—"

"Nugent!"

The name was rapped out sharply, imperiously, and we swung round to look at the intruder. It was Twigg himself, though we could recognise him only by voice. So far as his personal appearance went, he was jet black from top to toe. His face, hands, and hair were simply begrimed with coal-dust, and he swung above his head the golf club with which he had gone to seek the "ghost."

"So, sir!" he snarled, surveying Nugent as if he would eat him. "You presume to add insult to injury! I am a silly old pig, am I?"

"Nunno, sir!" gasped the poor kid, his knees knocking together.

"You—you had the unparalleled audacity to confine me in the coal-cellar?" raved Twigg.

Nugent was too frightened to speak. His tongue seemed to cleave to the roof of his mouth.

"Mine has been a terrible experience!" the enraged Form-master went on. "For over an hour I was a prisoner in that vault of inky blackness. Suddenly an avalanche of coal swept down upon me, smothering me from head to foot. I heard Gosling's voice above, and called out to him. That is how I was liberated. And now"—Twigg gave young

Nugent a glare that fairly shrivelled him up—"now I will deal with you, you unmitigated rascal!"

Paget and Tubb fled like chaff before a whirlwind as Twigg strode forward. The rest of the Third-Formers scuttled off, and so did I, leaving the hapless fag to the scant mercies of the master he had japed.

From the passage without we could hear Dicky Nugent's agonised yells. Twigg was piling in with his golf club, and, judging by the dull thuds, the poor kid wouldn't be able to sit down for at least a week.

Such are the fortunes of a fag!

(Next Monday: Our Special Representative interviews Police-constable Pözer, of the Friarials' Constabulary. Order early.)

The Greyfriars Bully.

(With apologies to "The Village Blacksmith.")

By DICK PENFOLD.

Under the elm-trees in the Close
The lanky Loder stands;
A bully, sullen and morose,
With large and crafty hands.
And the muscles of his skinny arms
Are strong as sparrows' glands!

His hair is hideous, black, and long,
His face is like a pan;
His brow is wet with thoughts of debt
At Cross Keys and Green Man.
He looks nobody in the face,
I don't see how he can!

Week in, week out, from morn till night,
A-gambling he does go;
You can see him swing his heavy fists
With measured beat and slow.
Like Gossy ringing the rising-bell,
When winter winds do blow.

Rehovites, coming out of class,
Look in at his study door;
They love to bump the silly ass
And make him howl and roar.
And catch the burning words that fly
From his lips already sore!

He goes each evening to the pub,
And sits among the "b-boys";
He hears the shuffling of the cards,
He hears the bookie's voice.
"Hang it, I'm quite cleaned out again!"
And it makes his heart rejoice.

Growling, abusing, bullying,
Onward through life he goes;
Each morn he opens his cunning eye,
Till Cherry makes it close!
Something attempted, nothing done,
Has earned a swollen nose!

N's for NOO YORK, with its fine business tricks;
One minute you've millions, the next you've got nix!

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.

"What—what is this?" choked the Head. "How dare you thrust your way in here, you insolent ruffians!" (See picture.)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and "DOLLY" GRAY, two typical British boys, run away from Earlingham School, with a view of obtaining employment at a boxing-booth. Bob Sullivan, Neddy's old trainer, finds the chums in London, where they have fallen upon hard times, and fixes up a contest for Neddy at the Ring. Towards the close of an exciting bout, the headmaster of Earlingham appears on the scene, having tracked the runaways down, and insists upon their immediate return to the school. There is no help for it, and Welsh and Gray are taken back. The Head is about to administer a severe public birching, when the door of Big Hall is swung open, and Bob Sullivan appears, together with a dapper little man, whose identity is a mystery to everyone.

(Now Read On.)

Quelling a Tyrant.

DR. MUNDY stood thunderstruck, as one who gazes on a ghost.

The birch-rod—a formidable-looking weapon, which no man should have the right to wield—was still grasped tightly in the Head's hand. The would-be victim—Neddy Welsh—slipped off the shoulders of the prefect who was hoisting him for punishment; and everyone stared in amazement at the two men who had intruded in such an unwarranted manner.

The Head found his voice at last.

"What—what is this?" he choked. "How dare you thrust your way in here, you insolent ruffians!"

"We are here," drawled Bob Sullivan calmly, "to prevent a grave miscarriage of justice! I'll trouble you to put that birch down!"

"W-w-hat?"

"Getting deaf in your old age? Put that birch down, you beetle-browed bully!"

A gasp ran round the crowded Hall, followed by a titter of laughter from the fags. To hear the reverend and imposing gentleman who ruled Earlingham described as a beetle-browed bully was indeed a novelty. It tickled them immensely.

Dr. Mundy looked for the moment as if he would explode like a volcano, and that his wrath would be outpoured like a stream of lava. He gave Bob Sullivan the glare of a basilisk.

"Man!" he rumbled. "Dissolute scoundrel! I have seen you before! You are the depraved villain who engineered the whole plot, that these two scamps should escape from the institution which fed and clothed them! And now, sir, you have the audacity to trespass within the confines of this school, and endeavour to prevent me from visiting their offences with the rod!"

"That hits it, I reckon!" said Bob. One stroke of that birch, Mr. Schoolmaster, and things will go hard with you!"

The Head fairly boiled over.

"Begone!" he shouted. "Take yourself off, and persuade your rascally confederate to do the same, ere I summon the police! You are evidently under the revolting influence of drink!"

"Nothing of the kind!" retorted Bob's companion, striding forward. "Be very careful,

O's for my OFFICE, and agency, too.
It's No. 14 where I'm always on view.

P's for the PRIDE of our hustling race;
We turn t'other cheek when we're hit in the face!

John Mundy, or the boot will be on the other foot, and I shall be the one to send for the police!"

Dr. Mundy turned pale.

"What do you mean?" he cried hoarsely.

"I mean that I shall have you arrested on a charge of brutality," was the relentless reply. "Corporal punishment is quite permissible in public schools, provided it is not carried to excess. You, sir, have exceeded the limit, and if I were to show that instrument of torture"—he indicated the birch-rod—"to the authorities; you would find yourself in a nasty position."

A murmur of approval went up from the crowded throng. The Earlingham fellows were, as a whole, a mean set of outsiders. Loyalty to their school was undreamt of, and the fact that its name might be dragged through the columns of the Daily Press didn't trouble them a jot. They would, in fact, rejoice at such distasteful publicity.

The Head regarded the diminutive, sharp-featured man that stood before him as if he would eat him.

"And who," he asked crushingly—"who are you?"

"A man who will not be trifled with! My name is Chumley, and I edit a weekly journal named 'Fair Play,' of which, I presume, you have heard?"

Dr. Mundy gave a start. He well knew what manner of periodical "Fair Play" was. It was a medium for exposing all sorts of unjust dealings. Clergymen, schoolmasters, even politicians, frequently fell under the ban of the enterprising editor, who, by his frank and fearless criticism of all things brutal and dishonest, had succeeded in building up a colossal circulation. The Head well knew that if his name appeared in "Fair Play" as a tyrant and an upstart, his prestige at Earlingham would crumble away, never to be recovered. The very thought made him shudder.

However, this man had no proof. Welsh and Gray had not been actually flogged, after all. The Head determined to brazen things out.

"I assure you," he said, "that you are leaning upon a very slender reed. You have seen no evidence of brutality, and if you stated otherwise in your—ahem!—periodical, I should take out a libel action against you."

Mr. Chumley merely smiled.

"You may not have ill-treated these two boys, it is true," he said. "Luckily, Mr. Sullivan and myself arrived in the nick of time. But I have seen something of the inner workings of this school, and I cannot congratulate the governors on having entrusted you with the headmastership. Many cases of flagrant injustice have come to my notice."

"Name them!" snapped the Head.

Mr. Chumley glanced round the crowded Hall.

"I call upon those boys whom Dr. Mundy has punished unfairly in the past to step forward!" he exclaimed.

There was a moment's hesitation. No one

cared to incur the Head's wrath by standing out. However, Mr. Chumley certainly held all the trump cards, and Dr. Mundy would be as helpless as a kitten so long as the editor of "Fair Play" had a finger in the pie.

Jenkins minor boldly stepped to the fore. His action caused many others to make up their minds. Half the school began to follow the fag's lead.

Mr. Chumley smiled, and waved them back. "I only want three," he said. "The rest can keep their places."

"Now," said Mr. Chumley, as Jenkins and two more Third-Formers stood before him. "in what way has your headmaster ill-used you?"

"He gave me a frightful wiggling for calling the school a prison!" blurted out Jenkins minor indignantly.

"And is it a prison?"

"Well, it's not far short. Ever since the war we've been kept on short commons, and everywhere you go there's a master following you about like a beastly warder."

"And you?" queried Mr. Chumley, turning to one of the others, whose name was Hobbs. "What is your grievance?"

"The other day," said Hobbs, "I collared the Head's birch, because he's so handy with it, and hid it in the old tower. He was in an awful stew. One of the other chaps sneaked on me, and I got it in the neck. I wouldn't tell the Head where I'd stowed the rotten birch, so he took up a map-pole and lammed me with it till I was black-and-blue!"

Even Mr. Chumley, accustomed as he was to hearing recitals of this description, was taken aback; while Bob Sullivan muttered the words "Bully!" and "Confounded brute!" audibly.

Mr. Chumley eyed the fag keenly.

"Is your statement correct?" he asked.

"Yes, sir. I'll take off my coat and vest if you like, sir, and then you can see for yourself."

"Boy," thundered the Head, "you will do nothing of the kind!"

"Pardon me, he will!" said Mr. Chumley grimly. "I intend to satisfy myself on the subject. Go ahead, my boy!"

And Hobbs went ahead. He divested himself of his coat, waistcoat, and flannel shirt, and Mr. Chumley gave an exclamation of anger and amazement. Huge weals ran right across the boy's back. He had received a castigation such as not even the galley-slaves of old were accustomed to experience.

"That's enough!" said Mr. Chumley shortly. "I want no further evidence, after that!"

He turned to Dr. Mundy, who was fairly quaking in his shoes at the turn events had taken.

"You scoundrel!" he exclaimed. "For two pins, I'd get that same map-pole and give you a good round dozen in the presence of your pupils! I had intended not to expose your brutish conduct unless I could help it, but after

what I have just seen I am resolved that you shall be shown up!"

The Head trembled with fear. All his self-control and arrogance had left him now. He was in a cleft stick, and he knew it.

"I admit, Mr. Chumley," he said, with a sudden change of tone, "that my punishment of that boy erred a little on the side of severity. But you must bear in mind that his past record is bad—very bad. I did not wish to expel him, so out of sheer kindness of heart gave him a castigation instead."

"Kindness of heart!" cried Mr. Chumley fiercely. "Don't prate to me of kindness of heart, sir, after your Hunnish behaviour! I will go now, and write up a full report of this scandal while my faculties are red-hot! Come, Mr. Sullivan!"

And the irate editor strode to the door, leaving the Head quivering like an aspen leaf.

"Mr. Cuttle!" he gasped. "Go and persuade that man to come back!"

But Mr. Cuttle, the master of the Third, had discreetly made himself scarce. He did not wish to incur the scorn and contempt of little Mr. Chumley.

Then Neddy Welsh, moved by a sudden impulse, called to the editor of "Fair Play." The latter paused, and regarded him curiously.

"Well, my boy," he said, "what is it?"

"Won't you let the Head down lightly this time, sir?" asked Neddy Welsh. "I'm pretty certain you'll get no more reports of this kind concerning Dr. Mundy."

"Indeed, you shall not!" said the Head. "I will take great care to moderate my wrath in future, Mr. Chumley."

The journalist hesitated.

"Very well," he said slowly, after a pause, "I will do as that generous-minded lad has asked me, but you must first make a public apology to your boys for your shameful treatment of them in the past."

The Head obeyed. It went very much against the grain to have to do it, but Mr. Chumley was not to be denied. The apology was duly given, and then the two men who had so successfully lowered the colours of Dr. Mundy passed out of Hall, the fellows driving them a hearty cheer as they went.

Startling News!

NEDDY WELSH and his chum, having escaped the Head's reprisals at the eleventh hour, were much brighter in spirits as the assembly in Big Hall broke up. They had been brought back to school against their wish, true, but life would be at least bearable now that they had the whip-hand of the Head.

The two juniors went at once to their old study, which had been unoccupied since their departure. There they found Bob Sullivan and his journalistic friend awaiting them.

Neddy grasped the friendly trainer by the hand.

"How on earth did you work the giddy

oracle?" he exclaimed. "We gave ourselves up for lost, Bob, when the old beast caught us and brought us back."

Bob Sullivan smiled.

"I had to let you go," he said, "because, legally, Mundy was in the right. But I was determined not to leave you to face the music! As soon as you'd gone I rushed round to Fleet Street and called on Mr. Chumley here, who's an old friend of mine. 'Fair Play' exercises more influence than all the headmasters in the country, and I knew he would bring the tyrant to his senses. We came down at once in Mr. Chumley's car, and arrived at a most opportune moment."

"I should jolly well think so!" said Dolly Gray. "We'd have had the licking of our little lives if you hadn't turned up."

"Better stay and have some grub," said Neddy Welsh. "It's jolly late, but I'll soon rouse the tuckshop dame. Is the car all right?"

"Yes; it's in the quadrangle."

Neddy Welsh quitted the study, and returned a few minutes later, laden with good things. Dolly Gray lighted the spirit-stove, and soon cups of steaming hot coffee were served all round.

"You do things in style, and no mistake!" said Mr. Chumley, negotiating a veal-and-ham pie.

Neddy smiled.

"Well, we shouldn't like you to fag all the way back to town on empty stomachs," he said.

Bob Sullivan glanced up from his plate.

"Look here, you chaps," he said, "are you still keen on boxing?"

"I shall be keen on it till my dying day," said Neddy solemnly.

"Hear, hear!" echoed Gray.

"Then supposing you come back to London with us, and get engagements in Sam Burke's booth?"

"What!"

"It's quite simple," said Bob. "Mundy managed to collar you before, but it's a million to one against his doing it again. We'll smuggle you in Mr. Chumley's car, and they won't find it easy to track you."

"My hat!" gasped Neddy Welsh, in an ecstasy. "How ripping!"

He had imagined, when Dr. Mundy had brought them back to the school, that they were doomed to do penance there for a number of years to come. The idea of running away a second time had not occurred even to Neddy's fertile imagination. It seemed altogether too daring—too unheard-of.

Just as he was trying to make up his mind how to act, the door of the study was thrown open, and a white-faced junior looked in.

"What in thunder—" began Gray.

The intruder stood panting on the threshold.

"I've come to tell you—" he began.

"Well?" said Neddy Welsh. "Get it off your chest!"

"Dr. Mundy's dead!"

(To be continued next Monday.)

S is a STUNT, which I've got in my brain
For abolishing lines and cremating the cans!

T is for TARLETON—my name, just a few!
You'll see it displayed if you look in "Who's Who."

SQUIFF'S SNAP-SHOT!

*A Splendid, Long,
Complete Story, Told
in Breezy Style by*

FRANK NUGENT.

CHAPTER ONE.

LODER got us detained that afternoon—six of us!

Nearly everybody was going over to Wayshot to see the khaki footer match, and, of course, we were going—when Loder dropped on us.

Loder is a prefect, and a perfect beast. He has a down on our study, for no reason whatever, excepting that we cheek him and jape him sometimes. Loder is simply without a sense of humour, and glue in his slippers, or ink in his topper, makes him quite wild. But we hadn't done anything that day—nothing at all. Loder was nosing about in his usual way when he found us sliding down the banisters of the top staircase.

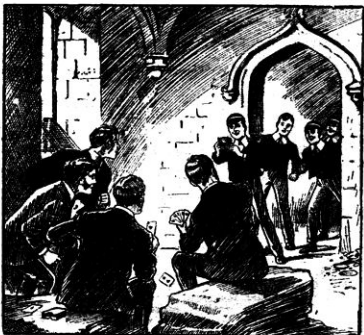
Bob Cherry had proposed a banister race to kill time till we started for Wayshot. We should have preferred the big staircase, but we might have been spotted by Quelchy, who had forbidden it. He hadn't said anything about the top staircase, though, and, as it was right out of the way, we thought it was all serene. We couldn't guess that Loder was coming round looking for trouble.

We started from the top landing, outside the box-room. Bob Cherry was first, and then Wharton, then Squiff, then Johnny Bull, then Inky, and myself last. It was a long, wide banister, with a turn at the bottom into the Remove passage. Bob sat on the banister and sailed away, and we all sailed after him in great style. How were we to guess that Loder of the Sixth would come nosing along the Remove passage at that very minute? Of course, we couldn't guess!

But he did.

He got to the corner just as Bob got to the bottom of the banisters and whirled round the corner with his legs flying in the air. That corner is a difficult bit, and it takes some doing to elide down in a sitting position, and slide off into the passage without getting a bump.

U's for **UNIQUE**—which applies to my wheezes;
There's nothing about 'em that palls or displeases.



There was a short, sharp, sudden sound. Click! "Got 'em!" cried Squiff. "The Head will be pleased to see that snap-shot when I get it developed!" "After them!" yelled Loder.

Of course, if there's anybody in the way accidents are bound to happen. Loder was in the way this time.

Bob didn't even see him till his boots came on Loder.

Loder gave a yell like a Hun, and staggered back, and Bob came off the end of the banister and plumped on him. Loder went down with Bob sprawling over him. The rest of us were going at top speed, and we couldn't have stopped to save our lives. The first chap in the line is supposed to jump clear, but Bob hadn't a chance—he was sprawling over Loder!

Wharton came down on Bob, and Bob yelled, and Loder yelled. And then Wharton yelled as Squiff came down on him. The whole party shot off the banister one after another, and there was a heap of us in the passage—with Loder of the Sixth underneath!

Loder must have been hurt; he sounded as if he was.

"Gerroff!" His voice was quite muffled under such a lot of us. "Gerroff, you young scoundrels! Help!"

"Oh, my hat!" said Squiff. "It's Loder!"

We scrambled off as fast as we could. Squiff said it was by accident that his boot caught Loder in the eye, and I believe it was. But Loder didn't believe it. It's just like Loder to doubt a fellow's word!

He sat up and gasped.

We were all rather shaken, owing to Loder mucking it up like that; but Loder was the worst off. He looked like a wreck.

V is the **VIGOUR** with which I am kicked
When the pockets of all the Removees I've picked!

He just sat up and pumped in breath for three or four minutes while we stood round him, gasping.

"Awfully sorry, Loder!" said Bob.

"The sorrowfulness is terrific!" said Inky. "I trust that the esteemed Loder is not damagefully hurt."

"Groooh!" said Loder.

"Let me help you, old chap!" said Wharton.

He caught hold of Loder to help him up, and the ungrateful brute gave him a shove that sent him spinning.

Loder staggered up by himself, holding on the wall.

Then he looked at us as if he would like to eat us.

"You young villains!" he gasped. "You did that on purpose! Follow me at once!"

And he marched off to Mr. Quelch's study. We looked at one another. We rather wished then that we had come down a bit harder on Loder. But we had to follow him, as he's a prefect.

Mr. Quelch was clicking away at his typewriter when Loder marched us into his study. He looked round rather crossly. Quelch doesn't like being interrupted when he's at work on his "History of Greyfriars from the reign of King Stephen to the Accession of George V." He seemed rather surprised, too, at Loder's rumpled state. Loder looked as if he had been wrestling with a lawn-mower.

"What is it? What is it?" exclaimed Mr. Quelch irritably.

"These juniors, sir—I have to report them for flagrant disobedience to orders and assault upon a prefect!" gasped Loder.

"Bless my soul!"

"They were sliding down the banister, sir, in spite of your express orders, and they came down on me!" stuttered Loder.

"Boys"—Mr. Quelch's voice was like the guns at Wapshot Camp—"how dare you! Again and again I have forbidden you to slide down the banisters!"

"This wasn't the same banisters, sir," said Bob Cherry meekly. "We weren't on the big staircase, sir."

"Only the box-room staircase, sir," said Squiff.

"And we didn't see Loder, sir," said Johnny Bull. "We had no idea that he was sneaking along the passage to catch us!"

Loder turned nearly green at that.

"Silence, Bull!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "How dare you make such observations! It is a prefect's duty to catch, as you term it, any junior flagrantly disobeying orders! Kindly understand that my order includes all banisters in the school, and not simply the banisters of the big staircase!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

"As you appear to have laboured under a misapprehension, I shall not cane you on this occasion!"

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

W's for WHARTON, the silliest of jays.
He'll find I'm some footballer one of these days!

"But you will be detained for the afternoon. You may go!"

Loder grinned at us as he walked away. He knew how keen we were to see the khaki match at Wapshot, and that detention was worse than two or three lickings on that particular afternoon.

We stood in the passage, and looked at one another glumly.

"All up with Wapshot!" groaned Bob Cherry.

"The upfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "The esteemed Quelch has got his honourable back up."

We wandered out into the Close, feeling very down. What made it worse was seeing the other fellows starting for Wapshot. Temple, Dabney & Co. of the Fourth had hired a brake, and they were going off in a crowd. Coker of the Fifth had a taxicab from Courtfield, and he had crammed six of the Fifth in it. Most of the Remove chaps were walking.

"Ain't you coming?" said Tom Brown, as he came out with Hazeldene and Bulstrode.

"Detained!" groaned Wharton.

"What rotten luck! Never mind, we'll tell you all about it when we get back."

"Oh, rats!"

"Naughty boys!" said Temple, from his brake. "Why don't you Remove kids learn to behave yourselves? Naughty!"

Luckily, Bob had his peashooter in his pocket, and he followed the brake down to the gates, and Temple was sorry he had spoken by the time the brake got out.

More and more of the fellows went off, and the quad began to look as it does after breaking-up. Johnny Bull proposed footer with three a-side, but we were too glum to think of footer. Marjorie and Clara, from Cliff House, were going to be at Wapshot, and they would be expecting us. It was really rotten.

Wharton and Inky went to the study to get on with the copy for the HERALD, and Johnny Bull and Bob punted a footer about. Squiff and I went to the tuckshop for a ginger-beer to cheer us up.

"I want to scalp Loder!" growled Squiff. "He's not going over to Wapshot, you know. Sticking in for one of his rotten smoking-parties, very likely. Precious sort of prefect to be down on nice boys like us—a smoky beast!"

We called Loder all the names we could think of, to pass the time. But there wasn't much comfort in that. We were thinking of the khaki match, and the tuck-basket we were going to take with us, and Marjorie and Clara expecting us. We felt awfully down.

"There's the beast!" said Squiff, looking out of the doorway.

Loder of the Sixth had come out of the School House with Carne. They came across the quad, and we thought they were coming to the tuckshop, but they turned off into the cloisters.

Squiff looked rather queer.

"Where have they gone, Nugent?" he said. "Into the cloisters."

X is a letter that ought to be dead.
I can't find a word, though I've got a Y. Z.

"But what for? There's nothing there, but the old tower."

"Smoking, very likely, and playing cards, the beasts!"

"There's Walker!"

Walker of the Sixth came out of the School House and looked round him, and then walked quickly into the cloisters. Squiff closed one eye at me.

"It's a giddy smoking-party," he said.

"There's Valence!" I said.

Valence of the Sixth was the last. He scuttled into the cloisters, after looking round a bit.

Squiff left the tuckshop, and I followed him. I could see that he had something in his head. Squiff is an Australian, and an awfully keen chap. He turned into the cloisters.

"What's the little game, Squiff?"

"Looking after Loder," he said gravely.

"Loder looks after us, so it's up to us to look after Loder a bit. One good turn deserves another."

"They'll lick us, you ass."

"Let 'em. Come on!"

We went through the cloisters, and came out in front of the old ruined tower. There wasn't a sign to be seen of the four seniors. We knew where they were, though. We walked very quietly, and as we came up to the tower we could smell tobacco. Then we heard Loder's voice.

"Your deal, Carne."

The rotters were playing cards and smoking cigarettes. It would have served them right if we'd sneaked about them, but, of course, that wasn't possible. Squiff grinned.

"We've got 'em!" he whispered.

"But what—"

"Shush!"

Squiff stepped suddenly into the ruins, and we came on Loder & Co. They were sitting round in the old room, smoking away, and Carne was shuffling cards.

They stared at us.

Squiff's hands came up, with something in them. There was a short, sharp, sudden sound. Click!

"Got 'em! said Squiff. "Dr. Locke will be pleased to see that snap-shot when I get it developed. Cut off, Franky!"

It was high time to cut off, for Loder & Co. were springing at us like tigers. We ran for our lives.

"After them!" we heard Loder yell.

They came thundering after us, like runners on the cinder-path. We put on all we knew to get out of the cloisters. If they had caught us here, out of sight of all Greyfriars, we should have had an uproarious time. But we ran like lightning, and came out into the quad well ahead, and sprinted for the house.

They slackened down then. Even Loder & Co. couldn't handle us in sight of Mr. Quelch's study window.

"All serene!" said Squiff, looking back.

"Done to a turn!"

Loder & Co. were whispering together under the trees. Then Loder left the others, and came towards us, holding up his hand.

We backed on to the steps of the School House, ready to dodge.

"It's all right," said Loder, speaking as calmly as he could, though he was in such a rage that his voice was trembling, "I'm not going to touch you."

"Better not!" agreed Squiff.

"You took a photograph in the old tower," said Loder,

"I don't admit it."

"Don't be a young ass! I saw you, and heard what you said," snarled Loder.

"Well, Quelch hasn't forbidden taking photographs, same as he has sliding down banisters," said Squiff.

Loder gritted his teeth.

"You photographed us, you young villain, and—and—"

"Wouldn't it make a good picture?" said Squiff sweetly. "Prefects of the Sixth sitting round smoking and playing cards—what?"

"Hush!"

"I don't see why I should hush," said Squiff coolly. "What is there to hush about? You didn't hush about us, did you?"

"Look here, I know you've got the whip-hand," said Loder desperately. "Don't be a sneaking cad. I want that photograph."

Loder knew well enough that if the Head saw a photograph of that scene in the old tower he would be sacked from Greyfriars the same hour. He had to be civil, though he was longing to get his hands on Squiff.

"What do you want, you young rascal?" he said at last. "Will you take a pound for that photograph?"

"I'm not a merchant in photos," said Squiff. "But I'll tell you what I'll do, Loder. We're detained this afternoon. Ask Quelch to let us off, and if he does I'll give you my word that any photograph I've taken to-day sha'n't bother you. Nothing of the kind shall remain in existence after we're let off detention."

Loder looked at him hard. He knew well enough that Squiff was as square as a die, and that his word was as good as gold.

"You two?" he asked.

"No, us six!" said Squiff promptly.

"I can't do it."

Squiff shrugged his shoulders.

"I—I'll do my best," said Loder at last. He was in a cleft stick, and he had no choice about it. "I—I'll speak to Mr. Quelch. Then you'll hand the camera over to me?"

"I'm not handing you any camera," said Squiff coolly. "I give you my word that no photograph I've taken to-day shall remain in existence."

"Well, I can trust you," said Loder at last.

"You know you can," said Squiff, with a curl of the lip.

"Yes, I know. I—I'll try."

Y's for the YEW-NITED STATES, in the West ;
These sleepy old islands must all give it best.

Z's for the Zeppelins, soaring the sky.
Insure right away if you don't want to die!

CHAPTER TWO.

LODER started for Quelch's study. It must have been a surprise to Quelch for Gerald Loder to come begging chaps off. He was generally quite the other way. But Loder must have done it well, for a few minutes later Mr. Quelch sent for us. We had called Wharton and Bob and Inky and Johnny Bull, and all six of us went to Mr. Quelch's study together.

"My boys," he said, "Loder explains to me that you desire very much to see the military football match at Wapshot, and that upon reflection he is convinced that your falling upon him was an accident. He has begged me not to allow your afternoon's pleasure to be spoiled for a thoughtless prank. You are therefore excused detention, and I trust you will thank Loder for his kindness and consideration."

"Oh, thank you, Loder!" we all said together.

"You may go," said Mr. Quelch. "Kindly remember not to allow anything of the kind to occur again."

"Certainly, sir!"

So we marched joyfully out of Mr. Quelch's study. Loder gave us a look in the passage like a Hun.

"I've kept my word, Field," he said.

"And I'll keep mine, never fear," said Squiff cheerfully. "I'm a chap of my word. We're like that in New South Wales."

"Look here, Field," said Loder. "I've done what I could. Let me see you destroy that photograph."

"Why can't you destroy it, Squiff?" asked Wharton, puzzled. "Loder's done his bit. Do as he asks you."

Squiff chuckled.

"I said no photograph I'd taken to-day should remain in existence," he repeated.

"That's all right. But how can I destroy a photograph when I haven't taken one?"

"What!"

"Haven't taken one!" yelled Loder.

"No!"

"But—but you snapped us with a pocket-camera!"

"My dear man, I haven't a pocket-camera!" in surprise.

We all stared at Squiff. We couldn't make it out, any more than Loder could.

"But you snapped us!" shouted Loder; nearly beside himself. "I heard the click."

Squiff nodded.

"Yes, I snapped right enough," he agreed. "I had a pocket-book in my hand."

"A pocket-book!" screamed Loder.

"Certainly. If you took it for a pocket-camera, that's your mistake. It was my pen-knife that snapped. I had it open in my palm ready."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Then—then—then you didn't photograph us at all?" shrieked Loder.

"Not at all, dear boy. I'm not a photographer," said Squiff. "I haven't a camera,

even. If I'd had one I shouldn't have been likely to have it about me at a minute's notice like that. But I thought that a black pocket-book and a snapping pen-knife would work the oracle, aided by your guilty conscience, old chap. And they did. This ought to teach you not to jump to conclusions, Loder. Comp on, you chaps; we can't miss the khaki match at Wapshot for the pleasure of a conversation with Loder."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We started away in high feather, yelling with laughter. Loder's face was worth a guinea a box as he looked after us. Squiff had done him simply brown, and Loder did not forget it either, but we didn't bother about what Loder thought or what Loder felt. We had a ripping afternoon at Wapshot, after all and when we told the fellows how we had got off detention they simply howled over the story of Squiff's Snap-shot.

THE END.

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR SECOND GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

The entries for our Cover Competition in the GREYFRIARS HERALD No. 2 attained a very high standard.

"My Dear and Faithful Friends,—I was very pleased with the great demand for No. 1, and was delighted to read the thousands of letters of praise that have been showered upon me. To all my loyal readers I send my sincerest thanks, and can assure them I have tons of good things in store for them.—Yours truly,

"HARRY WHARTON."

No competitor succeeded in solving the puzzle correctly, and the cash prize of £1 has been awarded to:

B. ELLIS,

113, Heath Street,

Winson Green,

Birmingham.

whose solution contained only one error.

Magnificent Tuck Hampers, specially prepared by Messrs. Selfridge & Co., of London, have been awarded to the following nine readers, each of whom had two errors.

Mabel Hurley, 46, Beedell Avenue, Westcliff-on-Sea; J. Graham, 54, McIntosh Street, Glasgow; S. Clements, Blind School, 132, Magdalen Street, Norwich; F. Goddard, 23, Shaw Street, Westgate, Burnley, Lancs; C. W. Shield, 46, North Station Road, Ashington, Northumberland; C. Bujnowski, 6, Jardine Street, Glasgow; G. Tyler, S. Lloyd's Row, Clerkenwell, London, E.C.; W. Gibbons, 7, Paisley Street, Bradford, Yorks; and E. Bradwell, 96, Lord Street, Redcar, Yorks.

Another of our popular picture-puzzle contests appears in this number. Compete to-day!