

EDITED BY BOYS FOR BOYS!

The GREYFRIARS 1st
HERALD. 2

No 8 Vol. 1.
 Week Ending
 Jan. 8th, 1916.

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

CAN YOU READ THIS PICTURE-STORY OF LITTLE RED RIDING HOOD?
 OUR POPULAR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!

A candle, a dog, a top hat, a bucket, a cottage, a photograph of a mother.

& 2 got her, a bed, a stool, a chicken, THE girl, an eye, a red hood.

A box, a man saying "I CALLED OUT", a top hat, "A GREAT SHOW", an ear, Uv, a string, a spoon, THE.

B L, a hand, a rabbit, a man saying "I ANSWERED HIM", THE, a sheep, a hand, a top hat.

A window, UH, a card, a clock, FRESH BUTTER, a hand, WHEREUP, WITH, THE, a dog.

A man saying "IT SPRANG OUT", OB, BUT, a man, THE, ALL WOOL, I RESCUED HIM, RED RID, a cart.

TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 19 of this issue.)



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 1d.

who are not already acquainted with the famous schoolboys who edit this new weekly paper should note that The MAGNET Library, published Every Monday, price One Penny, contains a Magnificent Long Complete School Story dealing with the Adventures of the Chums of Greyfriars School.

To-day's Issue of The MAGNET Library contains

THE SCHOOLBOY SPECULATOR!
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.

ARE EDITORS GOING MAD?

Don't be alarmed, dear reader! There has been no sudden outburst of lunacy in No. 1 Study. The above question was submitted to me by a reader of the GREYFRIARS HERALD hailing from Hampstead. In the letter—I can't tell whether it is written by a he or a she—my correspondent says: "Why do you publish such stories as those dealing with Herlock Sholmes? He does not seem at all a clever detective. I believe anyone could tell, with a little investigation, whether a man had shaved or not, or whether he was in bed or out. For goodness' sake, let Sholmes do something wonderful, or drop him out altogether."

My dissatisfied chum is apparently ignorant of the fact that the exploits of Herlock Sholmes are intended to be farcical. The whole thing is a clever skit by Toddy on the real article—the Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes, and all the rest of it, you know. Toddy didn't mean the readers to take it seriously, and when I told him that several had done so, he snorted. So long as Herlock Sholmes remains a favourite with the majority, so long shall his weird and wonderful adventures, chronicled by the patient-neglecting Jotson, appear in the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

A CLEVER CONTRIBUTION.

A good many clever paragraphs, in which are interwoven the titles of stories and articles, have appeared recently in the companion papers.

Now Jimmy R., the famous bard of Repton, bursts into prose, as follows:

"The Pride of the Ring," "Playing a Part" as "Police-Constable Wibley," interrupted "The Rollicking Revels of Bubble and Squeak," and "The Complete Blade," while "Taking Things Easy" during "The Match with the Masters." Completely "Spoofed," "The Swindled Schoolboys" watched "Medway's Marathon" to "Fishy's Cat Colony," and "The Fortunes of a Fag" and "The Trials of a Gateporter" were demonstrated in "Letters to the Editor," under the title of "Police Court News at Greyfriars."

Thank you, Jimmy!

COME ALONG, YOU CHAPS!

When I said, a few weeks ago, that I was open to receive and publish contributions from readers, I expected to receive quite a stunning collection of stories and features. But what do I find? Why, that nine out of every ten manuscripts submitted are dry articles on misty stamps and amateur photography. We want, my merry friends, short, complete stories, with plenty of spice in 'em, and rollicking features which make a chap roar. So buck up, boys! Leave the dark-room and the stamp-album to take care of themselves, and send along something guaranteed to make the HERALD readers live up to the good old British motto: Keep smiling! HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES 

THE INDIAN IDOL!

An Extraordinary Complete Story with a Truly Amazing Conclusion. Written by

FRANK NUGENT.



IT was one Christmas, in the vac. We were at D'Arcy's place. D'Arcy is a St. Jim's chap, and he had a lot of St. Jim's fellows there—Tom Merry, and Blake, and Herries, and Digby, and several more. There were half a dozen of us Greyfriars chaps, and Tom Brown was one of us. We were yarning round the fire, telling ghost-stories, and the fellows had been raking up all the thrilling yarns they knew. When Tom Brown was called on in his turn, he told us the story of the Indian idol, and fairly made our flesh creep—right up to the finish.

"It's rather an awful story," Brown said. "But if you chaps don't mind being made to shudder—"

"Bai Jove! That's just what we want, dear boy," said D'Arcy.

And we all told Tom Brown to go it.

So he started.

"I don't know whether you chaps have ever heard of Kalee, the Indian Goddess of Destruction. Kalee is worshipped by the Thugs, whose offerings to her are the dead bodies of their victims. The Thugs, as, of course, you've heard, waylay travellers and strangle them, using the linen of their turbans as a noose—which they call the 'roomal.' They do it partly for purposes of robbery, and partly to propitiate Kalee, who is supposed to be pleased every time a victim is murdered. Well, an uncle of mine had a post in India, and when he came home to New Zealand, he brought with him a statue of the Goddess Kalee. It was a big idol, about six feet high, with eyes of emeralds, that seemed to wink and glitter in the light, and made the idol look as if it was alive. There was a turban on its head, and this very turban had been placed there by a worshipper who had strangled a dozen or more victims with it before he was hanged.

"There were a lot of stories about this idol, and my uncle himself was superstitious about it, though he wouldn't admit it in plain words. He had lived so long in India that he had come to believe in a lot of the queer Indian stories of magic and supernaturalism, and nothing would have induced him to spend a night in the room where the idol was kept.

"The story was, that at certain intervals that hideous idol came to life, and that in fact the Goddess Kalee took possession of her image, and then it became the instrument of death to its possessor. Of course, a white man naturally wouldn't believe a story like that; but my uncle was deep in Indian beliefs and superstitions, and we all knew that he had a secret fear of the thing. One day he told us the story of it, and it was horrid enough.

"The idol had been taken from a secret temple in the jungle when the gang of Thugs was broken up. A certain major had taken possession of it, and he kept it in his bungalow. He simply laughed at the stories about it, and to prove that they were all moonshine, he determined to sleep one night with the idol in his room.

"The Indian idol was accordingly placed in his room, and the major locked the door and remained alone with it. There were several other officers in the bungalow, and as they had been longer in the country than this major, they were a little anxious about him. They determined to stay up all night, and kept their revolvers ready, in case they should be wanted. The major said good-night to them, and went to his room, laughing.

"They heard the key turn in the lock, and after that there was dead silence. There was not a sound in the room till midnight. Then one of the watchers thought that he heard a faint cry. But he was not sure, the cry was so faint, and had ceased instantly. He tiptoed to the major's door, and listened. But there was not a sound. They fell asleep in their chairs towards morning, and did not wake till late. When they awakened, the major had not come out of his room, and his khitmutgar came to say that he had knocked at the door several times without getting an answer.

"So they went in a body to the room, and hammered at the door. But there came no answer from within, and they looked at one another with pale faces. At last the lock was burst in, and they crowded into the room.

"The first object that met their eyes was the Indian idol, standing at the foot of the bed just as it had been placed the previous night. It did not seem to have moved. The curtains and mosquito-nets were over the windows, and in the dusk of the room the emerald eyes seemed to glitter like those of a snake. They looked at the major. He was stretched in his bed, and at the first glance seemed to be fast asleep."

**A's for the ALLIES, courageous and strong ;
They're into their stride, so the end won't be long !**

**B is for BRITAIN, the land of the free.
Then here's to the Tommies and Sons of the Sea !**

Tom Brown paused, with a slight shudder. D'Arcy shuddered, too, and I saw Digby look over his shoulder in a hasty sort of way. We were sitting in the firelight, and Herries suggested that the electric light should be turned on. But no one moved. We were too deeply interested in the yarn.

"And—and was he asleep?" asked Blake.

Tom Brown shook his head.

"He seemed asleep," he said. "And one of his brother-officers stretched out his hand to shake him. Then he started back, with a cry of horror. The major's face was deathly pale—the collar of his pyjamas was open, and round his throat was the blue mark of the roomal—the strangling noose of the Thugs. He was dead!"

There was a sort of gasp from all the fellows.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy.

"It was proved that the mosquito-nets had not been disturbed, and that no one could have entered the room during the night. Yet the major was dead—strangled—with that hideous idol standing leering at him from the foot of the bed. Had that horrible thing, during the night, become animated by the murderous spirit of the Goddess Kalee—according to the legend in which the natives, at least, implicitly believed? At all events, the major had paid for his incredulity with his life.

"After the major's death, the idol was sold to a Parsee merchant by his heir, along with other properties. This merchant, being a Parsee, had no belief in the superstitions of the Thugs, and he simply shrugged his shoulders when he heard the story from the Indian servants. He took his purchases away to his shop in the bazaar, where he took great care of the idol, hoping to sell it to some European traveller. Like many Indian merchants, this man slept in his shop, among his curios. On the third morning, his shop remained closed after the usual hour. His neighbours forced an entrance at noon, and they found the Parsee stretched on the floor of his shop, stone dead, with the mark of the Thug's strangling noose about his neck. Near him stood the idol, motionless and lifeless to all seeming, the linen turban coiled round its head as if it had never been moved.

"My uncle was the next purchaser of the idol. At that time, he did not believe the horrible legend concerning it. At the same time, he took care not to have the idol in his own room. My uncle was a heavy sleeper, and did not intend to run any risks. He had an idea that the murders had been committed by some devotee of Kalee, who had somehow obtained access to the idol, and had taken the opportunity of adding to his list of victims. This theory, certainly, did not fit all the facts, but he scouted the idea of superstitious beliefs.

"But what happened afterwards caused a change in his ideas. The idol was sent aboard a steamer for New Zealand. As it was a very precious article, extremely valuable from the gems with which it was adorned, it was placed

under the special care of the steward. This man put it in his cabin, so that he could keep his eye upon it.

"Nothing happened till the fourth day at sea; when one morning the steward failed to appear as usual. The mate went into his cabin to rouse him out, and came running out with a terror-stricken face.

"The steward lay in his bunk, apparently asleep. But round his neck there was the blue mark of the roomal. His eyes, wide open and full of an indescribable horror, were fixed upon the hideous idol that grinned at him across the narrow cabin."

"Gweat Scott!" murmured D'Arcy. "What a howwid stowly!"

"Grooh!" said Bob Cherry, with a shudder.

Tom Brown looked very sad and solemn.

"I told you it was a horrid story," he said. "It made us shudder when my uncle told us. The idol was landed at Taranaki, and taken to my uncle's house. He kept it in the library, and the library door was always locked of a night. Sometimes we boys would go and peer at it from the doorway, and when we caught its awful eyes glittering in the light, it gave us the shivers.

"Well, the story of the idol became known, and people used to come and see it, and several of my uncle's friends offered to sleep in the room with it, just to prove that the awful legend was all moonshine. But that my uncle would never allow. He never liked to admit that he believed in the idol's supernatural powers, but it was easy to see that he had a secret dread of the awful thing.

"But the climax came at last. My uncle was chipped about it, and chaffed no end, and one chap actually told him he was afraid of his own idol. That touched my uncle on the raw; for, of course, a New Zealander is afraid of nothing. So, in spite of his misgivings, my uncle determined to pass a night in the room with the idol. He did that to show that he had the nerve to do it, for he would have faced death a hundred times, rather than be thought a funk.

"When we knew what he had resolved upon, we were alarmed, naturally, considering all we knew about the idol's fearful power, and we tried to dissuade him. But my uncle was as firm as a rock. He sent for his lawyer and made his will, which showed how he regarded the matter. He felt that he was facing certain death; but nothing would shake his resolution."

"Bai Jove! That was awfully plucky!"

Tom Brown nodded.

"My uncle was plucky enough," he said sadly. "But he was reckless. It wasn't as if he laughed at the story of the idol's power—he believed it. Yet he faced that awful risk rather than be thought a funk.

"It was late at night when he went into the library, and we watched him go. He gave strict orders that the door was not to be opened till morning, unless he cried for help. He sat

down in the armchair, with his loaded revolver on the table before him. Opposite him, on the other side of the table, stood the Indian idol, its emerald eyes gleaming strangely in the light.

"The door was closed.

"We waited up, in the room across the passage. Two or three of my uncle's friends were there—those whose ill-judged banter had caused him to brave the terrors of the Indian idol. They were looking serious enough now, as the night slowly wore away. I stayed up, too; I couldn't think of sleep."

Tom Brown paused, catching his breath, and we all caught our breath in sympathy.

"And what was it happened?" gasped D'Arcy.

"The night wore on. Never had the hours seemed to creep by upon such leaden wings. We listened for a sound; we were ready to rush to my uncle's help at the first cry.

"But no sound came from the library.

"Deep silence—that was all. Not a cry—not a whisper! Yet what might have happened during those hours of fearful silence? A dozen times we were tempted to open the door—to rush in—to see for ourselves. But my uncle's orders had been strict. We waited, with beating hearts and pale faces, for dawn.

"Dawn came through the windows at last. There had not been a sound from the library.

"At seven o'clock we tapped at the door.

"No reply came from within. We looked at one another with ghastly faces. If my uncle was still living, why did he not call?

"For one fearful moment we hesitated on the threshold. Then the door was flung open, and, with throbbing hearts, we rushed into the room.

"The light was still burning. The first object that caught our eyes was the Indian idol. It stood exactly as it had been placed—facing my uncle's chair, on the other side of the table. There was not the faintest sign that it had moved during the night. It stood, still, lifeless, inert, only the strange glitter of the emerald eyes giving it a weird appearance of life.

"My uncle was seated in the chair. His head had fallen upon his breast. He was still—as still as a figure carved in stone. At the first glance, it seemed that he was asleep. At the second glance—"

Tom Brown's voice broke, and he paused.

"Dead?" muttered D'Arcy huskily.

"Strangled!"

"Good heavens!"

Tom Brown shook his head.

"At the second glance," he repeated, "he still seemed asleep. As a matter of fact, he was asleep. I think I have mentioned that he was a heavy sleeper. That is why he had not answered our knock at the door. We shook him—and he sat up and—"

"And what?" yelled Bob Cherry.

"Yawned!" said Tom Brown.

THE END.

The Snowfight.

(With apologies to "The Battle of Hohenlinden.")

By DICK PENFOLD.

At Greyfriars, when the sun was low,
All silent lay the untrodden snow,
And most discordant was the flow
Of Bunter, snoring rapidly.

But Greyfriars saw another sight,
When Wharton called at dead of night,
Commanding all his chums to light
The darkness of its scenery!

By torch and candle fast arrayed,
Each fellow drew his battle-blade,
And like a war-horse Cherry neighed,
To join the dreadful revelry.

Then shook the walls with missiles riven!
Then rushed each youth to battle driven!
The Fourth—with whom we oft have striven—
Flashed forth their white artillery!

But whiter yet our faces are,
As, heeding neither scratch nor scar,
We fight like demons, while afar
Lies Bunter, snoring rapidly!

'Tis morn; but not a single "nob"
Has yet appeared, our joy to rob,
Where furious Frank and fiery Bob
Shout in their snowy canopy!

The combat deepens. On, ye brave!
Make Temple and the rest behave!
Removites, all thy banners wave,
And charge with all thy chivalry!

Hurrah! We've knocked them off their feet!
See Temple beat a swift retreat!
The Fourth have fallen! Oh, how sweet
Shall be our song of victory!

LATEST WAR NEWS.

By the "Greyfriars Herald's" Extra-special Correspondent.

SOMEWHERE IN EUROPE.

EASTERN FRONT.

In spite of the greatest efforts of the enemy, the Kuttemoff regiment is holding on to Caskowiski. General Shovemoff has advanced to Vodka-Vodka, and hopes to reach Pzrjklmnop-grzzyldzzz shortly. The motto of the Russian Army is, as always, Getofftheearthski.

SOUTH-WESTERN FRONT.

The irresistible advance of the Italian troops continues. The Austrians have been compelled to abandon Corpo di Bacco, Vermicelli, and Maccheroni.

NOTE.

This message has been passed for publication by No. 1 Study, which, however, takes no responsibility for the accuracy of its news.

E's for the ENTENTE, and long may it reign
When peace settles down in her splendour again.

F is for FRENCH—we adore you, Sir John,
For the excellent way you keep on keeping on!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

A LORD IN LOVE!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Wharton,—I am in love—blindly, devotedly, passionately in love! The object of my affections is Miss Bella Browne, of the Court-field Cinema. She's a relief pianist, don'tcher-know! My heart beats overtime whenever I think of her dreamy blue eyes and her bright, endearin' smile. It fairly makes my soul overflow with poetry, begad! Listen to this spasm:

"She walks in beauty like the light
Of stars that glitter in the night!
What wondrous eyes! Oh, what a nose!
It haunts a chap where'er he goes!
Within the Form-room, dorm, or study,
I see her face, so rare and ruddy!
It gleams before me night and day—
I'd wed her if I had my way!"

(Rest of poem deleted by Censor.)

"What I want to know, my dear fellow, is how I can possibly marry this fairy princess at my tender age? It's a perplexin' problem, begad, and I shall be everlastin'ly grateful if you will please enlighten the last remnant of a noble race,
HERBERT MAULEVERER."

[I feel sorry for Mauly. He's got it bad, poor chap! My advice to him—and to any other fellow who falls in love—is to fall out again as quickly as possible. If his lordship does not wish to become permanently disfigured, he should at once smother his aristocratic adoration for Miss Bella Browne, who is already engaged to a young naval officer!—ED.]

SKINNER'S SLASHING STATEMENTS.

To the Editor of Wharton's Weakly Paper.

"Sir,—I have read your rotten rag up till to-day, but there is a limit to everyone's endurance, and I feel I can stand it no longer. The latest copy has been made use of as a cigarette-lighter, matches having gone up in price.

"And now, Mr. Priggy Editor, I'll let you have a few home truths—straight from the shoulder, as you're so fond of saying. Take the front page, first of all. I won't call it a cover, because it isn't. Do you consider it playing the game to encourage thousands of boys—and even girls—to solve a pack of silly pictures, so that they may gluttonously devour enormous tuck-hampers? I don't! 'The Adventures of Her-lock Sholmes' are, like their author, rotten!

As for 'The Pride of the Ring,' it fairly makes me blub. Just the sort of story you might expect from a Lancashire coal-heaver, or whatever Linley was! If he'd make Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray be expelled from Earlingham, and turn Barker into a hero, the yarn would be pretty passable, but as it stands—well, carry me home to die, somebody!

"I can't very well criticise 'Shets at Goal,' as Vernon-Smith's my study-mate, and I've no desire to spend a fortnight in the sanny. The Editorial is written in the approved priggish style, and the Bubble and Squeak perpetrations are intended, I suppose, for infants under two. The alphabetical footlines are excellent nursery rhymes, and the yarns of Greyfriars are as tame as Wibley's guinea-pig. The only thing that's any good is the weekly cartoon. (I'd better be careful here, because I want to borrow five bob from Johnny Bull.)

"My dear old pal, Ponsonby, of Highcliffe, assures me that it is his intention to bring out a paper soon, and then we'll show you what constitutes an ideal book for boys—plenty of 'orrible murders, tales of public-house life in Arizona, ghastly pirate yarns, and all the rest of it. Then you, Mr. Priggy Editor, and the children who read your idiotic journal, will be made to sing small!—Yours contemptuously,
"HAROLD SKINNER."

[So the licking administered to Master Skinner by our Fighting Editor has failed to turn him from his bold, bad ways? Very well! We will adopt other measures. This slanderous ally of the Hunnish Ponsonby shall be sent to Coventry for one week, dating from to-day, and any fellow caught speaking to him after the publication of this letter will be committed for trial at the Woodshed Assizes.—ED.]

GRATITUDE FROM GOSSY!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Master Wharton, Sir,—Which me and the missus begs to thank you for the nice, fat turkey which you and them other young gents in the Remove Form was kind enough to send a pore, hard-working man. It was downright good of you, sir, and I wishes you all a happy New Year, and hopes as how you'll always be in by locking-up time! Wot I says is this here—you'll never get nothink but respect from yours obedient, sir,
WILLIAM GOSLING."

[Many thanks, Gossy, old sport! I swear by your side-whiskers that we'll be good little boys in future. 'Nuff said!—ED.]

G is for GERMANY, nest of the vulture,
Where wine-bibbing Bosches are worshipping kultur.

H are the HEROES who fought for the right;
In their glorious doings we'll ever delight.

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.

The next instant the one-sided contest, destined to be one of the most thrilling ever witnessed within the historic walls of Earlingham, was in progress! (See picture)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

Neddy Welsh and "Dolly" Gray, two staunch chums, run away from Earlingham School to escape the tyranny of Dr. Mundy, and to secure engagements in a boxing-booth. Bob Sullivan, Neddy's former instructor, befriends the runaways, but the headmaster discovers their whereabouts, and takes them back to the school. They are about to be severely flogged, when Bob Sullivan and Mr. Chumley, the editor of an outspoken journal called "Fair Play," intervene, to the advantage of the chums. The latter are having tea with their rescuers when a wildly-excited youth dashes into the study, with the exclamation:

"Dr. Mundy's dead!"

(Now read on.)

The Old Order Changeth.

"DEAD!"

Neddy Welsh and his companions leapt to their feet, amazed and incredulous. There had been no lack of excitement that day, and this sudden announcement seemed to cap everything.

Bob Sullivan gripped the bearer of ill-tidings by the shoulder

"Is this a fact," he demanded, "or are you romancing?"

"It's true!" exclaimed the junior excitedly. "The school doctor was sent for, but Mr. Cuttle says he came too late. It's awful!"

Bob Sullivan swept the youth aside, and dashed from the study. Close on his heel

followed Mr. Chumley, with Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray.

The two chums felt strangely perturbed. Dr. Mundy had been at 'oggerheads perpetually with them in the past. He had bullied and tyrannised to an unendurable extent. Yet, in spite of these things, the juniors had wished him no harm, least of all death.

They found the headmaster stretched on the sofa in his study. The school practitioner was bending over him, and Mr. Cuttle was standing by the window, conversing quietly with a stout, dignified-looking gentleman.

"What has happened?" asked Mr. Chumley, who, in his role of journalist, was accustomed to sensations of this sort. "Is Dr. Mundy dead?"

"Not so bad as that," said the doctor, looking up with a slight smile. "He has had a serious mental stroke, however, from which he will not soon recover. Had he been a younger man I should take a much brighter view of the case, but such a stroke, coming at his time of life, cannot be regarded as trivial."

The stout gentleman, who happened to be Captain Trelawney, a prominent governor of the school, stared hard at the intruders.

"Who are you?" he asked sharply.

Mr. Cuttle hastened to explain.

"Mr. Sullivan, a well-known boxing trainer, and Mr. Chumley, editor of 'Fair Play,'" he said, introducing them.

"And the boys?"

"They are Welsh and Gray, who recently absented themselves from the school," said Mr.

It's for the **IRON CROSS**, freely conferred
For planning an air-raid and killing one bird!

J is for **JOFFRE**, whose watchword "Advance!"
Has made him adored by the sons of fair France.

Cuttle. "Only to-day they were brought back by Dr. Mundy."

"H'm! Why did you run away, begad?" asked the captain, fixing his penetrating eye on Neddy.

"We were fed-up, sir."

"What!"

"The very first day I came here," continued Neddy, "I was shamefully flogged for a thing I never did, so I decided to sling my hook; and Gray, who was chummy with me from the beginning, threw in his lot with me."

"Ah, a very pretty story!" drawled the captain. "Unfortunately, however, this was not one of those cases where the chief characters lived happy ever after. How did Dr. Mundy come to find you?"

Neddy Welsh explained, and the old warrior chuckled. Time was when he himself had run away from Earlingham, and the crude doggerel which had been written in celebration of the event was still in vogue:

"On the twenty-fifth of May
Jim Trelawney ran away;
He was nailed by Dr. Small,
And walloped in Big Hall!"

That was many years ago, but the captain was destined to remember that "walloping in Big Hall" till his dying day. Dr. Small was not a Lilliputian, as his name might suggest, but a swarthy giant of six-foot four, and he had laid on the birch like a blacksmith swinging his sledge.

"If you ask me," said Mr. Chumley, breaking in upon the captain's soliloquy, "Dr. Mundy was far too severe with his charges. He kicked right over the traces of reason. Discipline is a very good thing, of course, but rank brutality ought not to be tolerated. That man who lies unconscious yonder has ruled with a rod of iron; he has driven fear into the hearts of the pupils, and through him they have been made to feel that life was not worth the living. I am sorry for Dr. Mundy's present plight; nevertheless, it is no use concealing the fact that his indisposition is a blessing in disguise."

Captain Trelawney looked incredulous.

"But I knew nothing of this," he said, in astonishment. "Dr. Mundy came to Earlingham with excellent credentials. He is a scholar of high repute, and not a single member of the board of governors imagined anything was wrong."

The school doctor, with the assistance of Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray, carried the helpless man away to his private bed-room. While they were gone Captain Trelawney drew Bob Sullivan aside.

"Are you wanting a situation?" he murmured.

Bob Sullivan looked amazed.

"I—I— What do you mean, sir?" he stammered.

The captain twirled his moustache.

"I am about to make drastic changes," he said. "Dr. Mundy is now getting on in years, and is not fitted to continue to hold office. He

shall be sent to a nursing-home in the Isle of Wight, and when convalescent I shall persuade the governors to pension him off. Mr. Cuttle, here, shall be his successor to the headmastership. This leaves a vacancy to be filled. Someone must take the place of Mr. Cuttle."

Bob Sullivan burst into a roar.

"You've got me in mind, sir?" he exclaimed. "Why, I'm no more fitted to be a schoolmaster than a codfish! I've had no 'Varsity education, and I don't know a line of Greek!"

"I was not thinking of you as a likely aspirant for the post," smiled Captain Trelawney. "I know a young fellow named Fenn who will admirably perform the duties of Form-master. What I was about to suggest was that you should take the position of drill-sergeant and boxing-instructor, at a liberal salary."

Bob Sullivan's eyes sparkled. This was a job after his own heart. For ten years he had been fitting men and boys for the boxing-ring, but the living was, at best, a precarious one. A situation of this sort, where he could train the young idea in the seclusion of a public school, appealed to him immensely. Moreover, he would be in constant companionship with Neddy Welsh, in whom he recognised a coming champion.

"I say," he exclaimed, with a deep breath, "that's awfully good of you, sir!"

"You accept my offer?"

"Like a shot!"

And thus it was arranged. Mr. Cuttle, delighted with his sudden jump in the world, speedily garbed himself in the robes of office, and when Bob Sullivan informed Welsh and Gray of his great good fortune they thumped him on the back for five minutes on end.

"This is where I make my exit," said Mr. Chumley, stepping into his car. "I came down here to find Earlingham in a turmoil; I leave it as peaceful a place as one could wish to see. The boys seemed to be utter blackguards, I know, but the blackguardism of most of them is merely on the surface. Now that they are freed from Dr. Mundy's tyranny, they will turn over a new leaf and become decent. Anyway, if there's anything amiss you can always communicate with me at Fleet Street, and I'll set things right. Good-bye all!"

Bob Sullivan and the two chums bade Mr. Chumley a hearty farewell, and as his car, with gleaming headlights, whirred out of the gates, they turned slowly back into the great building, meditating upon the momentous future which lay before them.

A Plucky Resolve!

"HERE they are!" The occupants of the Fourth-Form dormitory gave a shout as Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray came in. There was no love lost between the runaways and their Form-fellows, but the curiosity of the latter to know what had happened to the Head overcame their animosity.

K's for the KAISER; we'll triumph as soon as he is behind prison bars to repent of his lunacy!

L's LITTLE WILLIE, fit son of the Kaiser. He revels in foot, though I can't tell you why, sir!

"Tell us all about it," said Lomax excitedly.

"What's happened to the Head?"

"Has he broken his neck?"

"Was it an apoplectic fit?"

Neddy Welsh smiled at the sudden shower of questions, and sprung upon his bed.

"Gentlemen of the Fourth!" he exclaimed, with slight sarcasm on the first word.

"Great changes are about to take place at Earlingham. Dr. Mundy is not dead, in the strict sense of the word, but he is dead so far as the headmastership of this school is concerned. His reign of terror is over."

"Hurrah!"

The fellows cheered loud and long. There was not one among them who had not, at some time or another, been mercilessly chastised by Dr. Mundy, who had spoiled the child without sparing the rod.

"Who's the new beak?" came in a chorus from half a dozen beds.

"Mr. Cuttle."

Another cheer rang out. Mr. Cuttle was not exactly popular, but he was inclined to be lenient, and it was easy for the rascals of the Fourth to pull the wool over his eyes.

"Any more changes, young Welsh?" asked Barker.

"Yes," said Neddy. "A change for the worse, so far as you are concerned. Bob Sullivan, an ex-boxing champion, and a downright decent fellow, is going to be drill-master, and he's a man who will stand no bunkum!"

Barker scowled.

"Is he the cove who came into Big Hall with Chumley, and saved you from getting it in the neck?"

"Precisely!"

"Well, if I can't bottle him up, and make him sing small, my name ain't Barker!"

"Dry up!" said Neddy Welsh contemptuously.

"You're all bark and no bite. Look here, you fellows, it's my firm intention to reform this degenerate school—the junior part of it, at any rate. A few hours ago I was resolved to run away again, but now that Mundy's hors de combat I mean to stick things out, and Dolly Gray is with me. The Fourth has simply got to buck up. Why, we haven't even got a footer eleven! I'll jolly soon raise one, though, and we'll arrange fixtures with other schools. It'll be heaps better than loafing about smoking cigarettes, and all that sort of rot. I know I'm taking on

what is probably a hot handful, but I'm in deadly earnest!"

There was a long pause. Then a clamour of angry voices arose.

Neddy Welsh smiled grimly.

"Fancy names don't hurt me," he said, "neither will they turn me from my purpose."

"Who, pray," sneered Barker, "appointed you captain of the Form?"

"I appointed myself," said Neddy calmly.

"Now, you chaps," he added, "I'll make you a sporting offer. I'll take on the three best fighting men among you, all together, and if I lick them I'm to become skipper of the Fourth. If I fail, then I'll take a back seat."

A murmur of amazement ran round the dormitory. Rank outsiders though most of the fellows were, they could not but admire Neddy's magnificent pluck.

"Well?" inquired Neddy Welsh.

"That's a go!"

The Fourth-Formers conversed among themselves, and it was finally decided that Barker, Lomax, and Lee, the three sturdiest fellows among them, should stand shoulder to shoulder, and wipe up the dormitory floor with this presumptuous interloper.

"Oh, my hat!" said Dolly Gray. "This is sheer madness, Neddy. You're a stunning boxer, I admit, but how the dickens d'you think you can knock out three fellows at once?"

"You never know what you can do till you try," was the cheerful retort. "I'll take these

chaps on right away, and it's to be understood that it's a fight to a finish with bare fists. No rounds, or anything like that. We'll just go on until either myself or those three are whacked!"

Accordingly, Barker and his two cronies, grinning from ear to ear, lined up for the encounter. Individually, they knew they were no match for the virile Neddy Welsh, but collectively it was a different matter. They felt that they would gain the whip-hand of him in the first minute.

"Ready?" asked Dolly Gray, who had accepted the office of referee unchallenged.

"Quite!" said Neddy Welsh, clenching his hands hard.

"Then pile in!"

And the next instant the one-sided contest, destined to be one of the most thrilling ever witnessed within the historic walls of Earlingham, was in progress!

(To be continued next Monday.)



M's for the MEN who have answered the call.
May fame and good fortune attend one and all!

N's for the "NUT" who has now become "Colonel,"
And spurs on his men through the charges infernal.



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



THE PERIL IN OUR MIDST!

Business was brisk at the Greyfriars Police

Court (the Rag) this week. Great interest centred in the case of Herr von Ponsonby, who appeared before Mr. Justice Wharton on a charge of failing to register as an enemy alien.

Mr. Squiff, for the prosecution, deposed that prisoner's habits and actions were not British. He was known to drink lager, and to speak in a foreign language—presumably German—when punched on the nose.

Magistrate: "What is his expression on such gratifying occasions?"

Mr. Squiff: "Yaropski!"

Mr. Skinner, K.C. (defending): "That sounds a jolly sight more like Russian."

Magistrate: "Hold your tongue!"

Further evidence laid before his Honour showed that Herr von Ponsonby was devoted to sausages, and that a photograph of the arch-Hun was hung on the wall of his study at Highcliffe.

Magistrate: "That is all-sufficient. Prisoner shall be deported to the coal-cellar for two hours." (Applause.)

HIS HONOUR CRACKS A JOKE!

A spark of humour was infused into the proceedings when Percy Bolsover complained to the magistrate that he had lost a vice and various other fretwork accessories.

His Honour directed that Police-constable Wibley should endeavour to trace the missing property, and then, referring to Bolsover, said:

"I am glad to see a distinct improvement in this lad. He's lost his vice!" (Loud laughter.)

THE PUNISHMENT FITS THE CRIME!

Amid loud protestations, a flabby-faced porpoise named William George Bunter was hauled into the dock. He was formally charged with being concerned with stealing 29½ veal-and-ham pies, 20 doughnuts, a crate of ginger-beer, 41 apple-dumplings, and one peardrop, valued in all at £5 6s. 11½d., the property of Jessie Mible, of "Tuckshop Villa."

Detective-sergeant Peter Todd said that when he visited Mrs. Mible's establishment for a ha'porth of chewing-gum, he found the good lady bound and gagged in the parlour. On

the removal of her bonds she fainted, but was brought round by means of an acid-tablet. She explained that a good deal of her stock had been raided. (Pause.)

Magistrate: "Go on, my dear fellow! This is getting as interesting as a murder serial in the 'Daily Monocle.'"

Detective-sergeant Todd: "Well, your worship, I proceeded to No. 7 Study, which I share with prisoner, and discovered the stolen goods in the coal-scuttle."

Magistrate: "Was it prisoner's intention to feed an army corps?"

Detective-sergeant Todd: "No fear, your giddy worship! He meant to eat the stuff off his own bat from time to time."

Magistrate: "Then he shall do so in one instalment. The sentence of this Court is that the goods are to be digested by him, even to the uttermost peardrop, within one hour!" (Collapse of prisoner.)

THE (H)ERRING FISH.

Herbert Vernon-Smith, a gentleman of independent means, summoned Fisher Tarterton Fish, of America, for annexing his watch and chain.

Magistrate: "He actually stole, in broad daylight, your ninety-nine carat gold simulation lever repeating hunter, jewelled in every spring, stamped in every movement?"

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "He may not have meant to steal it, your worship. He said, 'Smithy, you jay, let's see the time!' and yanked out my watch. When I looked in my waistcoat-pocket again I found an inferior article, made of tin, substituted for my hunter. I told prisoner it was theft, but he argued that it was business."

Magistrate: "Didn't you challenge him to meet you with or without gloves?"

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "He said that, on principal, he was too proud to fight." (Laughter.)

Prisoner (interposing): "I guess you're all a lot of muddle-headed jabberwocks!"

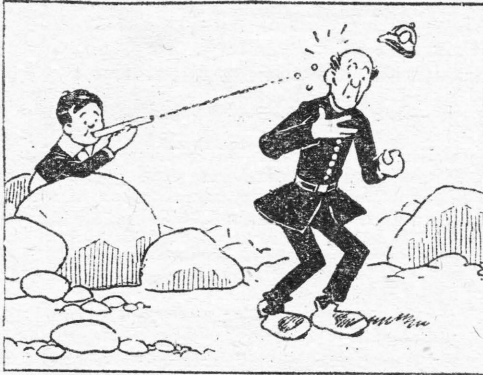
Magistrate: "Really! And I kinder sorter guess and calculate that the galoot in the dock yonder will be sentenced to 'some' bumping—just a few! Yep!"

The sentence was forthwith carried out, and so was Fish—on a stretcher.

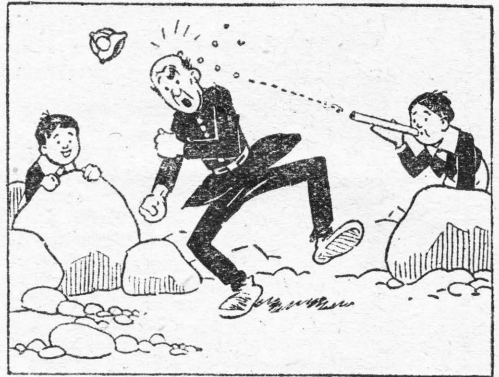
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

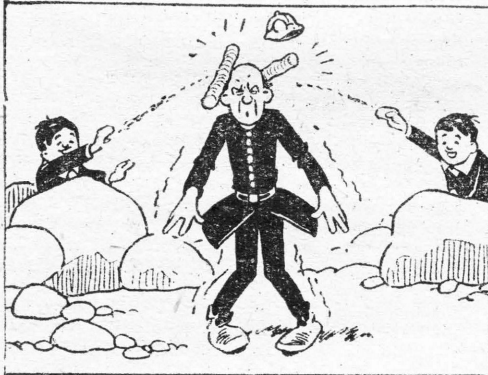
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



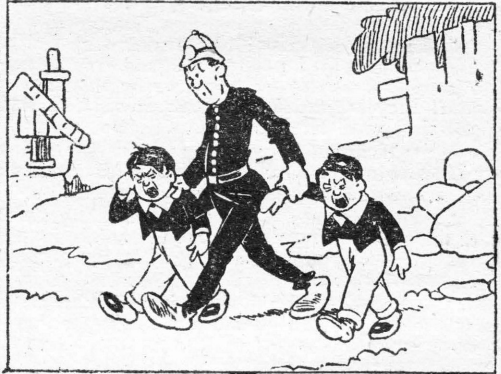
(1) "Hellup!" yelled Robert. "Wot's this 'ere A-stingin' of my 'ead and car?" And Squeak, behind the boulder, fired And bullscyes scored till he was tired.



(2) Then Bubble, on the other side, A glorious, gilt-edged chance espied Of potting at the worthy cop And causing him to howl and hop!



(3) With all the ammunition gone The two young rascals seized upon Some chunks of wood which lay just there, And smote the copper fair and square.



(4) "You come with me!" the peeler said, "And I'll report yer to the 'Ead!" You thort as 'ow you'd dodge me—wot? Well, now you're goin' to catch it hot!"



(5) The culprits, filled with fear and dread, Tramped on behind with falt'ring tread. Some ugly masks then hove in view, And a Bubble swiftly unhitched two.



(6) Then, when the school was duly reached, The scared Headmaster fairly screeched: "These aren't my boys, you stupid coon!" And poor old Robert had to swoon!

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

THE ARM of the LAW!

An Interview with Police-Constable Tozer, of the Friardale Constabulary, by the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



Johnny Bull's Cartoon of P.-C. TOZER.

I FOUND Police-constable Tozer, that formidable, flabby-faced minion of the law, snoring loudly on his beat in Friardale Lane. In the intervals between each snore he was muttering all sorts of things.

"Them young rips!" he raved frantically. "Them benighted young 'obligans from Greyfriars! I'd like to see 'em 'ung by their necks until they were dead, and arterwards birched till they were black and blue!" Snor-r-re!

I prodded the slumbering constable in the ribs with my boot, and he stirred, his fat hand going instinctively to his truncheon.

"I'll arrest yer!" he shouted, catching sight of me as I bent over him with my notebook and pencil. "I'll prosecute yer with the utmost rigger of the lor!"

"The 'lor,'" I said, grinning, "is an ass—and so are you, Tozey, old man! Let me introduce myself. I'm the special representative of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

Mr. Tozer sat up suddenly.

"Wot's that?" he growled.

"A very influential journal, which circulates among a million boys and girls weekly; so you'd better be careful, Tozey, old sport. Anything you say may be used in evidence against you!"

"My heye!"

"I want you to notify me," I said, "of some of your most successful arrests. They can then be given to the public absolutely for the first time."

The constable brightened up considerably. He never tired of blowing his own trumpet.

"Ah," he said reflectively, "I've done some smart work in me time, that I 'ave, Master Reporter! You've 'eard of the great bunshop robbery in Courtfield, I s'pose?"

I confessed my ignorance.

"Well, it was in this wise," said Tozer. "Nigh on a 'undred sossidge-rolls was stole from Mr. Clegg's establishment. Of course, he sent for me at once. The poor feller was pretty

well distracted, and 'ad to keep on a-takin of stimulants. 'Tozer,' he says to me, 'some desprit willain has made clear with my sossidge-rolls. Wot am I to do?' 'Clegg,' says I, 'be calm! Bear up under the 'orrid blow like a man. Gimme a tot o' rum, and I'll get on the track of the scoundrel without a minnit's delay!'"

"Go on!" I said. "This is getting interesting."

"I left the shop," proceeded Tozer, "and struck the trail in a way as would 'ave made Scotland Yard feel pretty sick. Only a slender trail it was, with a sossidge-roll at every three yards or so, but I follered of it right to this werry lane. 'Ere, in this werry spot where you and me stands torkin', I come face to face with the desprit character."

"Who was he?" I asked breathlessly.

"A big, 'efty feller named Bunter!"

"And you arrested him?"

"Alone I done it!" said Tozer solemnly. "I 'it 'im in the stummick, and he rolled over all of a 'eap. Then I clapped the blinkers on 'im. It was 'ot work, I can tell yer! The local paper lauded me name up to the werry skies!"

"And well you deserved it!" I told him. "What other cases of interest have you figured in?"

"I showed up werry well," said Tozer reminiscently, "in the matter o' the Mayor of Courtfield's port-wine. Torkin' of port-wine, I feels as 'ow I could do with a stimulant."

Mr. Tozer looked at me suggestively. Apparently he was willing to disregard the Nottreating Order.

"You want something hot?" I asked, with a smile.

"That's it!"

"Come this way, then!" I said, vaulting over the nearest stile, and striking out across the meadow towards the old barn. "Come to think of it, you must find it jolly cold on your beat. I've got something in the barn yonder which will warm you up a bit."

"That's downright good of yer, sir!" said Tozey, moistening his lips in advance.

I chuckled as we wended our way across the meadow. Had the worthy constable known what the "something hot" was, he would have brained me with one blow of his truncheon.

"Go along in, Tozey," I said, when we came to the barn. "You'll find something to make you lively inside. I'll make sure nobody's following us."

(Continued in col. 2, page 20.)

O's for the OFFICERS, gallant and true,
And ready in all things to dare and to do.

P's for the PRIVATES, who soon left their benches,
Preferring to fight with their chums in the trenches.

THE MISSING MOTHER-IN-LAW!

Another Grand Story dealing
with the Adventures of
Herlock Sholmes, Detective.

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

HERLOCK SHOLMES has frequently been the recipient of striking testimonials of gratitude from clients whom his wonderful abilities have served.

Clients of all classes have generally shown the same desire to testify their gratitude.

I need only refer to the splendid elephant, with howdah complete, presented by the Rajah of Bunkumpore after Sholmes' amazing discovery of his fifteen missing wives; the magnificent set of artificial teeth, jewelled in every hole, which came as a reward for the solution of the mystery of the Duke's Dentist; and the humbler, but not less highly-prized, gift of kippered herrings from William Sikes, Esq., after Sholmes had elucidated the problem of the Missing Moke. This last gift, indeed, was long remembered by us, for its fragrance long haunted our rooms in Shaker Street.

But there have been occasions when Sholmes has been repaid with the blackest ingratitude. Such occasions have been rare, but they have occurred.

It is such a case that I find next upon my list. Even now, in speaking of the adventure of the Missing Mother-in-Law, Sholmes will pass his hand tenderly over his nose and his left eye. It is one of his least happy recollections, yet in no case in my long records did his amazing abilities shine forth so marvellously.

On referring to my notes taken at the time, I find that it was upon Monday, January 32nd, that the matter came under our notice.

Sholmes had been looking inexpressibly bored at breakfast. During the meal I had been entertaining him with some account of my former experiences in India.

The case of the Pawned Pickle-jar had been wound up, and Sholmes was idle. Idleness did not agree with his active, energetic nature. That there were several cases at Scotland Yard requiring his amazing insight was very probable, but the police preferred to go on in their own blundering way.

The case of Mrs. Knagg came, therefore, as a relief. I had read the report in the paper, and I saw Sholmes glancing at it.

"After all, I must work, my dear Jotson," he remarked. "This is a very pretty little problem."

"You have not been approached upon the subject, Sholmes?"



Sholmes raised his hat. "Mrs. Knagg?" he said. The gaunt woman started. "That is my name," she said. "For three days I have waited here for a train!"

He shook his head.

"No. Crouch, the son-in-law, appears content to leave it in the hands of the police." Sholmes shrugged his shoulders. "You know what that means. The bereaved man will probably never see his mother-in-law again."

He reflected a little.

"I am idle for the moment, Jotson. I can afford to take up the case; the instalments are paid on the furniture; and I can afford a little relaxation. Why should I not take up this case for nothing, and bring joy to a humble household?"

"My dear Sholmes," I said warmly, "that is like you! Any assistance I can render—"

"After all, the thanks of a good and worthy man are a sufficient reward to one who cares little for mere lucre," said Sholmes thoughtfully. "Besides, the case is interesting in itself. Mrs. Knagg, a widow lady, took up her residence with her married daughter six weeks ago. On Thursday morning she left the house in Larkhall Rise, taking with her a bag and an umbrella. From that moment she disappears from human ken. A very pretty problem!"

"You have already formed a theory, Sholmes?"

He frowned a little.

"I have already made deductions from the obvious facts," he replied. "Theories I leave to the police. The case centres round the umbrella."

Q is the **QUEST** for the Kaiser himself;
When discovered he'll soon find a place on the shelf!

"The umbrella, Sholmes!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Undoubtedly."

"From the reports in the newspapers, the police appear to attach no importance to the umbrella."

"Ah, the police!" smiled Sholmes. "Fortunately for Mrs. Knagg and her grief-stricken son-in-law, we follow other methods. Mark, my dear Jotson, this good lady had no possible motive for disappearing of her own accord. She had been heard to declare that she intended to reside permanently with her son-in-law. It was her intention to wean him from such bad habits as smoking and consuming whisky-and-soda. Why, then, did she disappear so completely?"

"Foul play?" I suggested.

"Or accident?" said Sholmes.

"But, in case of an accident, surely something would have been heard——"

"That depends upon the nature of the accident." Herlock Sholmes rose to his feet, and stretched himself. "Are you prepared for a little run to-day, Jotson?"

"I am entirely at your service, Sholmes."

"Then I will call a taxi."

I could not dissemble my astonishment as we stepped into the taxi, and I was still further amazed to hear Sholmes give the driver instructions to drive us to Winkle Bay.

"My dear Sholmes, are we going to the seaside?" I exclaimed.

"Why not, Jotson?"

"But Winkle Bay is on the South-Eastern line."

"Exactly!"

"Then why not take a train?"

He smiled in his inscrutable way.

"Undoubtedly we could take a train, Jotson. I have no doubt that, if we did so, we should ultimately arrive at our destination. But what length of time might elapse before we could return to London?"

"True!"

"No, Jotson; as I have only days, and not weeks, to spare we will not travel by the South-Eastern Railway. A taxi will serve our turn."

"But—but what do you expect to find at Winkle Bay, Sholmes?" I exclaimed.

His answer astounded me.

"The missing mother-in-law!" he replied calmly.

CHAPTER TWO.

SHOLMES declined to speak another word as the taxi bore us to our distant destination. I sat in puzzled silence. What unknown clue has presented itself to the amazing brain of my gifted friend, while I remained completely in the dark? I had endeavoured to study Sholmes' methods. But I had to confess that I could not see a gleam of light. What was the mysterious connection between Winkle Bay, on the South Coast, and the disappearance of Mrs. Knagg from Larkhall Rise? Time alone could tell.

Winkle Bay came in sight at last. To my

surprise, Sholmes directed the chauffeur to drive to the railway-station.

We soon reached a dreary, deserted building, with few signs of life about it. A train stood upon the metals with great masses of cobwebs festooned over the carriages. A thrush had built its nest in the tender.

Bidding the driver wait, Sholmes entered the station, and I followed him, greatly amazed. What were we to find there? The dust, seldom disturbed by human feet, rose in clouds as we advanced.

On the platform a gaunt woman, with a bag and an umbrella, paced to and fro.

It was evidently a passenger waiting for a train.

Her thin face showed signs of exhaustion, and of a deadly, dull, persistent patience, of the hope deferred that maketh the heart sick.

Sholmes raised his hat.

"Mrs. Knagg?" he said.

The gaunt woman started.

"That is my name," she said.

"Sholmes!" I murmured.

"Madam, I am returning to London in my taxi," said Sholmes. "May I have the honour of offering you a lift?"

The gaunt face brightened up.

"For three days," said Mrs. Knagg hoarsely.

"I have waited here for a train. Hope had almost died in my breast. And what may be happening in my absence, goodness alone knows. That George Crouch has resumed smoking in the drawing-room I have not the slightest doubt." Her hand tightened upon her umbrella. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart. Let us go."

A minute more, and we were whirling Londonwards.

I sat in amazement.

The taxi stopped at last in Shaker Street, and we alighted. Mrs. Knagg wrung my friend's hand, and the taxi bore her onwards to Larkhall Rise, to the bosom of her bereaved family.

It was not till Herlock Sholmes had consumed his usual quart of cocaine and gross of cigarettes, that I ventured to ask him for the usual explanation.

He smiled in a slightly bored fashion.

"My dear Jotson, it was very simple—elementary, in fact. I told you that the clue lay in the umbrella."

"But how——"

"Last Thursday, Jotson, was a fine day—the finest we have had this year. For what reason, then, did Mrs. Knagg take with her an umbrella? It was not likely to rain in London. Evidently, my dear Jotson, because she was about to make a journey to some place where rain might be expected."

"True!"

"If you read the weather reports in last Thursday's paper, Jotson, you will see that, while fine weather reigned in London, there was a heavy rainfall at Winkle Bay. The conclusion was irresistible."

"Most true. But, having established that Mrs. Knagg left her home to spend a day at Winkle Bay, why did she not return? In the name of all that is wonderful, Sholmes, how did you trace her to the railway-station at Winkle Bay?"

"That was the simplest part of the problem, Jotson. The good lady intended to return—we knew that. To one who has travelled on the South-Eastern line, Jotson, the reason of her non-return was not difficult to guess. She was waiting for a train."

"Sholmes!"

"You see, my dear Jotson, it is no longer wonderful when it is explained. I had established that Mrs. Knagg paid a visit to Winkle Bay. I knew that Winkle Bay was on the South-Eastern. I looked for her, therefore, at the Winkle Bay station on that line. I found her, as I expected, waiting for a train. But for our intervention, the unfortunate lady might be waiting there still, perhaps for weeks, and her son-in-law would still be in doubt of her fate. I have no doubt that he will call to thank me. The thanks of a good and worthy man—"

Heavy footsteps on the stairs interrupted Sholmes.

The door was thrown open, and a little man, with a pale and harassed face, rushed into the room.

"Mr. Herlock Sholmes?" he exclaimed.

"I am he!" said Sholmes, rising. "You are Mr. Crouch?"

"I am. You found my mother-in-law, who was missing?"

"I am happy to say I did."

"But for you she might still be waiting for a train on the South-Eastern—for weeks, perhaps for years?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Then take that!"

To our amazement, the man hurled himself violently upon Herlock Sholmes, hitting out with indescribable fury. I was spellbound, and Sholmes, for once, was taken utterly by surprise. One terrible drive caught him on the nose, another in the left eye. He fell to the floor, and the visitor, whose rage was still unabated, danced upon his fallen form.

Then, shaking his fist at my amazing friend, Mr. Crouch quitted the room. Herlock Sholmes sat up, gasping.

"My dear Jotson—grooogh—oh, my eye! Oh, my nose—ow-ow-ow!"

His eye was already becoming black; his nose was streaming red. His famous dressing-gown was torn and rumpled, and both his pipes were broken. I helped my unfortunate friend into a chair.

"Jotson!" he gasped. "My dear Jotson—yow-ow-ow!—if ever I help a man to discover his missing mother-in-law again—grooogh!—you may use my head for a football—wow-wow-wow!"

THE END.

(Another of these stories next Monday.)

S is for SERBIA, the brave little race,
Whose wonderful stand nothing e'er shall efface.

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

The Remove footer eleven had a joy-day last Wednesday. It happened in this wise. We were due to play Trumper & Co., of Courtfield, on our own ground, and they turned up five short, Solly Lazarus and several others being on munition work. Of course, Wharton offered to fill the gaps with some of our fellows, but Trumper wouldn't hear of it. He said that half a dozen of them were quite good enough to mop up the Greyfriars Remove; so we let them go ahead with the mopping up. Somehow or other, it didn't turn out exactly as Trumper intended.

Trumper's team lined up curiously. They had a fellow in goal, one back, one half, and Trumper, Wickers, and Grahame played forward. Old Wingate blew his whistle, and then the slaughter began. Wharton scored in the first minute, and while the Courtfielders were arguing that the point was offside he notched another. The thing was a perfect farce. We simply walked through the opposition—or what there was of it—and at half-time were leading to the tune of 15—0. Ye gods! Just think of it!

Wharton, nearly choking with laughter, told Trumper that his offer of substitutes still held good. Trumper told him to go and eat coke. The second half saw a renewal of the execution. We meant to pile on as many goals as we could, to pay Trumper out for his rudeness. Wharton did the double hat-trick—which means scoring six goals right off the reel—and I was enjoying myself immensely on the wing. We told Trumper to shout "Pax!" when he had had enough.

But the Courtfield skipper was obstinate, and we made hay while the sun shone.

When we were leading twenty-eight to nil, Bob Cherry wanted to know if we weren't playing a cricket-match by mistake. Old Wingate was helpless with laughter.

Goal after goal was registered by our players. It was as easy as falling off a form. Courtfield's one and only half-back had long since given up the ghost, and he let us do pretty much as we liked.

Just before the finish Wharton said it was a pity that Trumper & Co. should go empty away, and he took the ball up to his own goal and drove it past Bulstrode. The final score was 45—1, so you will see we averaged a goal every two minutes.

Bob Cherry was carried to the sanny after the match. He had burst a boiler through laughing so much!

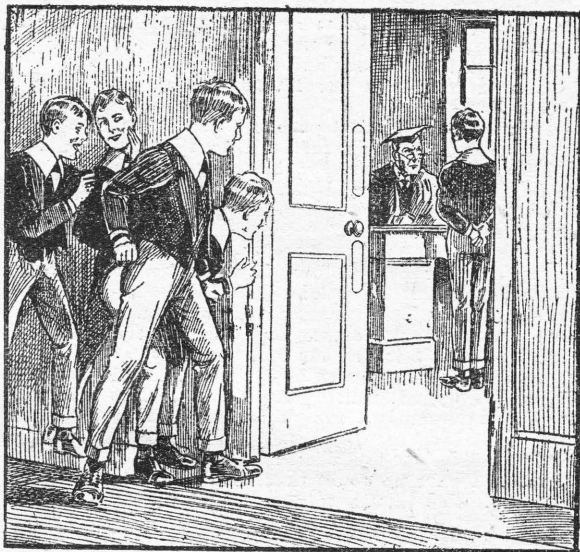
T is for Turkey, who soon will be cooked.
Britain's Army is not so fifth-rate as it looked!

THE STUNT OF THE SEASON!

A Rousing, Complete Story describing how Fisher T. Fish was Thoroughly Dished and Diddled.

By **DICK RAKE.**

"In order that you may not lose the opportunity of letting your mind dwell upon the beauties of Virgil," said Mr. Cue ch, "you may write four hundred lines instead of one hundred. As for the young gentlemen in the passage—"



CHAPTER ONE.

HE, he, he!" Fisher T. Fish was going off like one of the cheap American alarm clocks they make in his native country. We could see that he was enormously pleased about something. Fishy is a chap who's always up to some cute dodge, and it looked as if he had thought of a specially good one. So we asked him.

"What's the game now?" Bob Cherry asked. "Thought of a new way of diddling somebody, Fishy?"

"He, he, he!"

"Or have you found a quid?" asked Johnny Bull. "And if you have, in whose pocket did you find it?"

"He, he, he!" cackled Fishy. "It's ripping—simply a gilt-edged stunt! It takes an American brain to think of a stunt like that. I guess you didn't know you had an inventive genius in the Remove, you galoots!"

"Where is he, if we have?" asked Wharton.

Fisher T. Fish thumped himself on his skinny chest.

"Hyer, I guess!" he said.

"Oh, my hat! And what have you invented—a new way of collaring other people's money?" asked Nugent.

"I guess I've made an invention. I call it the Quelch-spoofer."

"The which?"

"The Quelch-spoofer," said Fishy. "It's a dodge for spoofing Quelchy over the lines. I've got a hundred lines to do. Well, sir, I'm going to do those lines in two shakes—six or seven minutes at the most, I guess."

"It can't be did!"

"It can be did, by my invention," said Fisher T. Fish. "Any galoot who's got lines can use

my invention, if he likes. I charge a bob for the secret."

"Spoof!" said Bob Cherry.

"Honest Injun!" said Fishy. "I guess I've invented a way of writing lines at exactly four times the ordinary speed. It beats typewriting hollow for speed, and jolly near beats shorthand. Every galoot who doesn't want to waste valuable time doing lines, had better make use of my invention."

Naturally, we were interested a little. Mr. Quelch, our Form-master, doesn't lick a fellow very often, but he makes up for it by handing out lines. Lots of us generally have a good many lines in hand, and, of course, it's fearful waste of time writing them out, and sometimes even interferes with the footer. If Fishy had really thought of a dodge for writing them in a quarter of the time, he was nothing less than a public benefactor.

Of course, any other fellow who had thought of a dodge like that would have told all the chaps at once. But Fishy wouldn't. He was on the make, as usual.

"It's jolly well worth a bob, if there's anything in it," said Bolsover major. "I've got two hundred lines to do this very evening. I'd rather be in the gym. What's the wheeze, Fishy?"

"That valuable knowledge, sir, costs you a bob," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I ain't fagging my brains for philanthropic purposes—not much!"

Bolsover major called him a Yankee, but Fishy never turned a hair.

"You shell out the durocks, and you learn the valuable secret," said Fishy. "I guess it's worth your while! I'm going to my study now to do my lines. Any galoot who wants to learn how to do his impots in a quarter of the

U's for the **UHLANS**, some thick-headed crocks,
Who found themselves checked by a series of shocks.

V is for **VICTORY**, when the foe's smitten,
And joy-bells are ringing in jolly old Britain!

usual time can come there—with a bob in his fist."

And Fisher T. Fish walked off.

The fellows were very curious about that invention, which, of course, was tremendously valuable if genuine.

So some of us followed Fishy to his study. There were a good many lines on hand in the Remove, which had to be done somehow, or they might be doubled. Besides, Quelchy likes lines to be taken in promptly, and, of course, we like to please our Form-master. It makes him better tempered in class.

Fishy's door was locked; but we could hear him scratching away in the study, so we knew he was doing his lines. We could hear him chuckling over them, too, and we knew, of course, that it couldn't be Vergil who was making him chuckle. Virgil makes us feel sad and solemn. He was chuckling over his Quelch-spoof, as he called it.

"Let us in, Fishy," said Bolsover. "We've come to hear about the invention."

"I guess you'll pay up first."

"I'll pay up," said Bolsover. Bolsover has lots of tin, and a bob is simply nothing to him. "But if it isn't any good, you'll hand the bob back, or else I'll make a dead Yankee of you!"

"Done!" said Fishy.

He opened the door, and quite a lot of us crowded in.

"Hold on!" said Fishy. "Only the galoots who pay are going to use my valuable invention."

"Rats!" said Wharton. "Let's see the rotten thing, and if we use it we'll pay."

"Honour bright?" asked Fishy.

"Honour bright!" said everybody.

We felt that it was worth it, and, of course, we should keep our word with Fishy, though he doesn't trouble much about keeping his own word.

"Well, hyer you are!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Look hyer, and feast your eyes on this, you galoots. I guess an invention like this would never be thought of in this sleepy old island! It's in Noo York that we think of a ripping stunt like that!"

So he showed us the invention.

It was really a remarkably cute dodge. Fishy had got four pens tied together tightly, one under another, so that when you wrote with one, you wrote with all four. Each nib was a little further back than the one above it, and they all wrote together quite easily.

"My hat!" said Bolsover major. "Anybody could have thought of a dodge like that!"

"You didn't think of it, I calculate," said Fishy.

"Well, I never happened to turn my attention that way," said Bolsover. "I'm not always thinking of spoofing people, you see. And I don't believe it would work, anyway."

"Look at that!" said Fishy, pointing to the sheet of impot paper he had been writing on.

That was proof positive.

Fishy had only been writing a few minutes, but he had covered a page already, and there

wasn't a smudge or a smear or a blot on the page. Fishy explained that a fellow could afford to take more care than usual, as he was doing the work in a quarter of the time. Thus we should please Quelchy by showing him nice clean manuscripts, well written, too, and get into his good books. It was really awfully cute.

"But with that dodge you write the same line four times over," Wharton said.

"What does that matter? Quelchy raps out 'A hundred lines!' but he doesn't say which lines. Any old lines will do."

"Well, that's true."

"Besides, Quelchy never reads them; only just glances at them to see that there's the right number."

"Right enough," said Bob Cherry. "So he does."

"Besides, a chap can write a line over and over again if he likes," said Fishy. "You can explain to Quelchy that you're dwelling on the beauties of Virgil. He says there are beauties in Virgil. I've heard him say so."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a good wheeze!" said Bolsover major. "It's well worth a bob if Fishy's skunk enough to take the bob."

"You bet I am," said Fishy at once. "Now, gents, how many of you are going to use this splendid invention?"

"I am," said Bolsover. "But I'll wait till you've taken your lines in to Quelchy. There's no hurry."

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "Of course, if this dodge works, we owe Fishy a good deal for inventing it, and we ought to take steps to make it known at other schools. But let's see how it works."

"I guess you'll soon see that," said Fishy confidently. "You watch me rip! I'll have these lines done before you can say 'Ninepence for fourpence!'"

We were rather interested in watching Fishy. He certainly got through his lines at wonderful speed. He must have been practising with the Quelch-spoof, because he wrote with it as easily as with an ordinary pen. The only drawback was that each line was repeated four times; but, as Fishy said, it was never specified that a fellow shouldn't repeat lines if he liked.

Still, it was a little curious to see P. Vergilius Maro written in this style:

"Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
 "Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
 "Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
 "Est in conspectu Tenedos, notissima fama
 insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
 insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
 insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
 insula, dives opum, Priami dum regna manebant,
 nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis;
 nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis;
 nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis;
 nunc tantum sinus et statio male fida carinis;

And so on. But the way Fishy covered the

paper with lines was really marvellous. We couldn't help admiring it.

I don't know at what rate Virgil himself wrote; but, however quick he was, he would have been surprised if he could have seen how Fishy wrote him. Four lines at a time rolled off the quadruple pen. It was ripping to watch; and when we thought of doing our lines that way in the future, it did seem a splendid prospect. Quelchy would give a chap lines for slinging an ink-ball in class, and, as a rule, it was a lot of trouble; but if a chap could get through an impot in a quarter the usual time—why, practically all the trouble was gone. In fact, some fellows were already planning to pull Quelchy's leg in class the next day, considering how cheap it could be done, if Fishy's wheeze worked all right.

"There you are, gents!" said Fisher T. Fish, as he finished writing the last four lines. "I guess that's the stunt of the season! We cut our eye-teeth early in Noo York, I guess!"

"Quelchy hasn't seen the lines yet," said Wharton.

"I guess he's going to see them instanter!" said Fishy, blotting his last sheet. "You galoots can hustle along with me and see me hand them to him, and hear him praise the way I've done them, I guess. He don't often get impots so nicely written as this one. Mind, every galoot who uses this invention pays a bob in spot cash!"

We thought this a good idea, so we marched off to Quelchy's study with Fishy. Fishy tapped at the door, as bold as brass.

"Come in!"

CHAPTER TWO.

FISHY opened the door and marched in. We all kept round the door, taking good care that Quelchy didn't spot us. Fishy left the door a bit open, so that we could hear Quelchy praise his impot, and could see that the wheeze worked as planned.

"Well, Fish?" said Mr. Quelch.

"My lines, sir," said Fisher T. Fish meekly.

"Indeed! You have written them already, Fish?"

"Yep—I mean, yes, sir. I believe in never putting off till to-morrow what you can do to-day, sir," said Fish.

"That is a very valuable precept, Fish," said Mr. Quelch, holding out his hand for the impot. "Dear me! This is unusually well written, Fish!"

"I guess I've taken pains with it, sir."

"Quite right, Fish! Whatever is worth doing is worth doing well; and, although lines are imposed as a punishment, Fish, writing them gives you an opportunity of becoming more closely acquainted with the beauties of Virgil. I am glad to note the absence of the slovenly smears and scratches with which your papers are usually marked!"

"Thank you, sir!" said Fish.

He backed to the door; but Mr. Quelch, who was looking over the manuscript, called to him:

"One moment, Fish!"

"Yep."

"I am glad to note, Fish, that in writing these lines you have displayed an unusual and very commendable appreciation of the classic beauties of Virgil."

We looked at one another in the passage. We knew Quelchy jolly well, and there was always a sort of special tone in his voice when he was being sarcastic. We knew that it was sarc now, and some of the fellows grinned. But Fishy couldn't see it, and he simply purred.

"Yes, sir," he said. "Virgil is my favourite poet, sir. On half-holidays, sir, when the other galoots are playing games, I often take the 'Ænid' under the trees in the quad and peruse that great poem, sir, for sheer pleasure. I think it improves the mind, sir."

"Undoubtedly it does," said Mr. Quelch. "And that is the reason, I presume, why you have written each line four times over?"

Bolsover major began to chuckle, but Bob Cherry stamped on his foot. We didn't want Quelchy to know we were there.

But Quelchy never turned his head. He was looking at Fisher T. Fish, and his eyes were just like gimlets.

"Ye-e-ep, sir!" stammered Fish, a little taken aback. "Those lines are so—so splendid, sir, that I liked to let my mind dwell upon them, and let the full meaning, sir, sink into my mind."

This was rather clever of Fishy, and we thought it would do. We hadn't realised how awfully deep Quelchy was.

"Very commendable, Fish," said Mr. Quelch; "very commendable indeed! These lines, which you so justly characterise as splendid, are well worth writing out a dozen times, in order to impress fully upon your mind the classic beauties of the great Latin poet."

"Just what I thought, sir," said Fish.

"And are you sure you have caught the full meaning of the lines, by writing out each of them four times over?"

"Sure, sir!"

"Very good. Kindly construe those lines, Fish, in order that I may see whether your rendering is perfectly correct."

"Oh!"

"I am waiting, Fish."

We were waiting, too, outside. It's well known that Fishy is simply a mug at classics, and there are kids in the Third Form who could construe his head off. We knew that Fishy hadn't given those blessed lines a single thought; he had just copied them down without caring a red cent what they might happen to mean. Of course, we generally do that. It's bother enough to write out Virgil, without construing the beast as well.

Fishy had to do it, and he started stammering over the construe.

"Tenedos," he stuttered out. "Ahem—Tenedos—a—a rich diver in an island—"

"What!"

"I—I mean divers riches were expected in Tenedos—"

"WHAT!"

"That is to say—I—I guess—while Priam was reigning on—on a treacherous keel in Tenedos"

Mr. Quelch rose to his feet, and picked up his cane. Fisher T. Fish blinked at him.

"I—I say, sir—"

"When I was a boy," said Mr. Quelch, in a grinding voice, "there was a trick known in my school, of fastening several pens together, and writing several lines at the same time."

"Waal, I swow!" gasped Fishy.

"It is a very old trick in schools, I believe, though hitherto I have not noted its existence at Greyfriars," said Mr. Quelch. "I remember seeing it used, some forty years ago, upon a

very short-sighted and absent-minded master, with success. Unfortunately for you, Fish, your Form-master is neither short-sighted nor absent-minded. Hold out your hand, sir!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"You hear me, Fish!"

Fisher T. Fish's face was worth a guinea a box as he held out his hand.

Swish!

"Yooop!"

"You may go, Fish. You will kindly write out that imposition once more, and you will write each line only once. But in order that you may not lose the opportunity of letting your mind dwell upon the beauties of Virgil, which you so justly appreciate, you may write four hundred lines instead of one hundred. As for the young gentlemen in the passage—"



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 "8th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, January 11th, 1916.

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. 8,
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed

WRITE
CAREFULLY

Address

That was the first we knew that Quelchy knew we were there. I suppose he must have heard something. But we didn't stay to hear any more; we bolted. Before Quelchy could finish, we were on the big staircase, lying jolly low. Quelchy must have heard us scampering away, and we expected him to come out with his cane; but he didn't. Perhaps he thought Fishy's lesson would do for the lot of us. It was jolly certain, anyway, that we shouldn't use Fishy's new stunt.

Fisher T. Fish came out of the study sucking his hand, and looking as if he had lost a term's pocket-money. He had the blessed imposition in his other hand. We couldn't help grinning as he came up the stairs.

"That stunt's worth a bob a time—I don't think," said Bob Cherry.

"And that's the giddy new invention!" chuckled Bolsover major. "Quelchy knew all about it when he was a boy. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" said Fishy.

"I kinder guess and calculate that we're not using that splendid wheeze," said Skinner. "I reckon and guess we can leave gilt-edged stunts like that to cute galoots who've cut their eye-teeth in Noo York."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-wow-wow!" said Fisher T. Fish. "Oh, my hand! Oh, my hat! Yow-ow-ow-wow!"

Fishy shoved the imposition into the fire in the study, and sat down to write out four hundred lines. But he used a single pen this time. Fishy is a sticker in some things; but he was fed up with his patent Quelch-spoofeer.

THE END.

THE ARM OF THE LAW!

(Continued from page 12.)

Police-constable Tozey loosened his belt, and strode into the barn. Simultaneously there came a roar like Berlin being blown up. Fireworks—and many of 'em—seemed to flash out from nowhere. Squibs and jumping-crackers and Friardale Flashers cracked and spurted like wildfire, and old Tozey danced about like a cat on hot bricks. At the same instant, half a dozen Remove chaps, who had been hiding at the back of the barn, came sprinting round to share in the merriment.

You never saw such a thing in all your life! Tozey raved and roared, and roared and raved; but those fireworks had been ignited in advance, and they fairly leapt upon him from all sides. He was partaking of the "something hot" with a vengeance!

"Young rips!" yelled Tozey. "I'll arrest yer in the name of the lor! Come and take your grool! It's that reporter chap wot's done this mischief! I—I'll pulverise him!"

But "that reporter chap" discreetly made himself scarce. He flew across that meadow like a champion of the cinder-path, and the rest of the conspirators joined him. Tozey gave chase, but sprawled over a perfect network of fireworks, which exploded right and left. We were almost weeping with laughter long before we got back to Greyfriars, and felt jolly thankful that our limbs were still intact, and that we had successfully evaded the Arm of the Law!

(Next Monday: Our Special Representative interviews TOM DUTTON of the Remove Form. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD early.)



Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR THIRD GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST :

The correct rendering of Frank Nugent's letter in No. 3 of the GREYFRIARS HERALD is as follows:

"Dear Readers,—I shall be very glad to hear what you think of the pictures in the GREYFRIARS HERALD. I am certain you laughed over the adventures of Bubble and Squeak in our back numbers, and also over the cartoons which Johnny Bull has drawn. You will laugh still more at some of the screamingly funny sketches I have in hand.—Yours truly,

"FRANK NUGENT."

No competitor succeeded in giving a correct forecast of the letter, and the cash prize of one pound is awarded to:

DOUGLAS MORRIS,

29, Cheltenham Terrace,

Newcastle-on-Tyne,

whose solution contained only one error.

The following nine competitors, who each had two errors, receive a magnificent Tuck Hamper, specially prepared and packed by Messrs. Selfridge & Co., of London:

John Thomson, 13, Ross Street, Cowden-beath, Fife; James Suttie, 24, Roseneath Terrace, Edinburgh; H. Ettridge, 38, Chatteris Square, New Kent Road, London, S.E.; D. Jones, 85, Horninglow Road North, Burton-on-Trent; J. W. Roberts, 39, North Street, Romford, Essex; R. Gansden, 367, Thorold Road, Ilford, Essex; R. L. Beero, 111, Speedwell Road, Haymill, Birmingham; K. Burley, 754, Coventry Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; and H. H. Gibbs, 45, Broad Street, Banbury, Oxon.

Particulars of another popular Tuck Hamper Contest appear in this issue.