

WHARTON'S WONDERFUL WEEKLY!

The GREYFRIARS 1^D
HERALD. 2

No. 9. Vol. 1.
 Week Ending
 Jan. 15th, 1916.

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

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

A WINDMILL, ERSON WHO, D GOT THE KR FA VOUR B S REA
 OF HIS CAT, A BEE, A BOX, ED, A RABBIT, WHAT MAGNIFICENT CLOTHES, BY A MAN'S HEAD.
 WARDS | SOME DAYS THE T INDUCED HIM TO THE GL OF A
 SAILBOATS, A CASTLE, T, ROCK OF AGES ABIDE WITH ME, IN 2, WHEREUP THE CAT.
 HE DEVOUR ED HIM, THE A T THE WH AI SS ER S'
 A HOUSE, & L VIII ER THE ER ER, WE ARE MARRIED NOW, THE CE PRSS.

TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 15 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

BOB CHERRY'S CHALLENGE!
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.

THE FIGHTING EDITOR'S TURN.

Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here we are again! It's me—Bob Cherry—who's writing the Editorial this week, Harry Wharton having been crooked in a footer match, and unable to collect his thinking apparatus while he's stretched on a bed in the sanny. Johnny Bull wanted to do this feature in Harry's place, so did Frank Nugent; and Inky said something or other would be terrific if he couldn't address the readers chumfully. However, being Fighting Editor, I won the day, and am jolly glad of the chance of a chat with thousands of unseen, yet faithful, friends.

SATISFACTION EVERYWHERE!

Well, here we are at No. 9, and still going strong! I see by the shoals of letters sent in that everybody is satisfied with the present features in the HERALD. The thing that goes down best of all seems to be the weekly yarn of Greyfriars School; and we've got some perfect gems coming along in this direction, I can tell you!

Don't be afraid to write—a postcard will do—saying what you like and what you dislike. It's impossible to acknowledge communications here to any great extent, but quite a lot are replied to regularly in the "Magnet" Library, our parent paper.

TUCK HAMPERS FOR ALL!

Just a word about our competition. Some of you fellows are, I know, awfully disappointed because you haven't been able to sample the delights of a tuck hamper. You've competed once or twice, failed to hit the bullseye, and have straightway given up the ghost. That's not the spirit at all! You must keep constantly pegging away, and success will crown your efforts before long, you see! And, between you and me and the gatepost, those hampers are well worth winning. Tuck of all sorts and kinds is contained in them, and if you're lucky enough to bag one, you'll have the time of your life. Don't lose heart, then, but go in and win!

Meanwhile, those lads and lassies who've been backing up the HERALD might and main right from the start, deserve all the nice phrases imaginable. They're topping, gilt-edged bricks, every one of them! Their loyal efforts to keep the flag of the GREYFRIARS HERALD gaily flying are simply stunning, and they may be assured of the lasting admiration of

Their affectionate chum,

BOB CHERRY.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES



The Adventure of the Brixton Builder!

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

Written by
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

HERLOCK SHOLMES took the cask from the corner, and the hypodermic syringe from the coal-box. With his long, white fingers he adjusted the needle, and turned back his eyes restlessly upon the pink sock, all scored and spotted with innumerable darns. Finally, he pressed the sharp point into the fatted calf, and sank back into the arm-chair with a loud snort of satisfaction.

Many times I had witnessed this operation, but never had I found the courage to protest. But now I could contain myself no longer.

"What is it?" I asked. "Morphine or cocaine?"

He raised his eyes dreamily from the front page of "Chuckles."

"Cocaine," he replied. "A seven-hundred-per cent. solution. Would you care to try a gallon or so, my dear Jotson?"

"Sholmes," I said earnestly, "count the cost."

He shook his head.

"My dear Jotson, my chemist makes a reduction upon large quantities. He supplies my weekly cask at reasonable rates."

"I referred to the cost to your health, Sholmes. The continual use of cocaine may result in rendering permanent the state of mental idiocy which is now only intermittent."

"Perhaps you are right, my dear Jotson," he said thoughtfully. "But my powerful brain rebels at stagnation. Crime, my dear fellow, is on the down-grade. Since the death of Professor Hickorychicory—pronounced Hickychicky—really interesting crimes have been disgustingly rare. Give me a case which calls forth my transcendent abilities, and I am happy. Otherwise—" He made a gesture towards the cask of cocaine.

At this moment the door was flung violently open, and a young man rushed into the room.

"Mr. Sholmes," he exclaimed, "shave me—excuse my agitation—I mean save me. I am the unhappy Hector McWhusky."

"Indeed!" drawled Sholmes. "I do not think



The sound of snoring suddenly ceased, and a man, with a scared face, sprang into view. "Good-evening, Mr. Lathan Plaster!" said Sholmes calmly. "Pinkeye, there is a prisoner for you, to replace the one I have been compelled to deprive you of." "Alive!" yelled the inspector.

I have the honour of your acquaintance, Mr. McWhusky."

"You have not heard my name?"

"No."

"Then you have not seen the morning papers. Mr. Sholmes, even now the police are on my track. They believe me guilty of the murder of the Brixton builder."

"Calm yourself, Mr. McWhusky," said Sholmes. "If the police believe you guilty, the great probability is that you are innocent. Their methods are not mine."

"Bless you for those words, Mr. Sholmes. But Inspector Pinkeye is even now at the door. I saw him following me on the next motor-bus. Listen to my story."

"Take a swig at the cocaine, my dear fellow, and proceed."

"Look at the head-lines in the paper, Mr. Sholmes. 'Disappearance of a Brixton Builder!' 'Murder and Incendiarism!' 'Arrest of the Criminal Hourly Expected!' Last night, Mr. Sholmes, I stayed at the house of Mr. Lathan Plaster, the Brixton builder. This man has always been the bitter enemy of our family. Judge of my astonishment, therefore, when he asked me to visit him, and showed me a will he had made in my favour, leaving me a row of houses in Gerrybilt Street. I stayed with him till after midnight, and when I left, I

left him alive and well. But you will see in the paper——”

Herlock Sholmes glanced at the report. It stated briefly that Mr. Lathan Plasster, the well-known Brixton builder, had been murdered the previous night, and his body disposed of in a burning wood-pile in the backyard. His boots, partly burned, had been found, as well as several waistcoat-buttons, amid the charred embers. There were bloodstains in the house, proving beyond doubt that several pints had been shed.

“I left him alive and well,” repeated Hector McWhusky. “But the police——”

There were heavy footsteps on the stairs. Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard, entered the room.

“Mr. Hector McWhusky,” said Pinkeye, “I arrest you——”

“Save me, Mr. Sholmes.”

The inspector smiled.

“A clear case this time, Mr. Sholmes—what!”

“Perhaps so,” said my companion enigmatically. “Mr. McWhusky, rely upon me. I will do what I can for you.”

“Ha, more theories?” said Inspector Pinkeye. “I think my facts will weigh more with a jury than your theories, friend Sholmes. But we shall see.”

And Inspector Pinkeye led his unhappy prisoner from the room.

CHAPTER TWO.

SHOLMES was silent for several minutes, during which I regarded him curiously. I confess that to my mind there appeared but little doubt of the young man's guilt.

Sholmes rose at last and stretched his long neck.

“Would you care for a morning in the beautiful and salubrious suburb of Brixton, Jotson?” he asked.

“Certainly, my dear fellow.”

“But your patients, Jotson——”

“The last of my patients died while we were busy upon the case of the Pawned Pickle-Jar,” I replied. “I am quite at your service.”

“Good!”

An hour later we were in Brixton. Mr. Plasster's house was in the possession of the police. Inspector Pinkeye was there, and he welcomed us with an ironical smile. It was evident that the worthy inspector was assured that he had found the right man, and that he was elated to think that Scotland Yard had succeeded, for once, without the assistance of Herlock Sholmes.

“You would like a look round, Mr. Sholmes,” he said affably. “Pray go ahead. If you discover any clues I have missed, you are welcome to them. There is not the slightest doubt that young McWhusky murdered the old man, and cremated him in the wood-pile to cover up his tracks. His stick has been found, covered with blood.”

“He left it behind specially to assist you in

your case, doubtless!” said Herlock Sholmes, with a touch of sarcasm.

“He left it behind, at all events,” said Inspector Pinkeye, nettled. “There is no room for wild theories here, Sholmes.”

My friend did not reply, but he proceeded to a close examination of the building. While he was so engaged night fell, but Herlock Sholmes did not tire. The inspector watched him at work, with the same ironical smile. He was evidently enjoying his anticipated triumph over my amazing friend.

Suddenly the sound of a loud snore was heard, proceeding from a direction that could not be ascertained.

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

“What is that, Pinkeye?” he asked.

“A snore, I presume,” said the inspector testily. “What importance do you attach to that common everyday sound, Sholmes?”

“That is what we shall see.”

“It is probably the housekeeper snoring,” said the inspector, with a stare. “Really, Sholmes, this approaches absurdity.”

Sholmes smiled again his inscrutable smile. The sound of the snore was almost continuous. Inspector Pinkeye returned to the lower room with a gesture of impatience.

“Come, my dear Jotson!” said Sholmes, at last.

We descended the stairs.

Inspector Pinkeye greeted us with a mocking grin.

“You are finished, Sholmes?” he asked.

“Quite.”

“You have come to the conclusion that there is nothing doing?”

“Not at all. I advise you, my dear Pinkeye, to effect the release of young McWhusky at the earliest possible moment.”

“Sholmes”—I could see that the worthy inspector was a little staggered by my friend's confident manner—“what do you mean? Who is the man who murdered Mr. Plasster, if not the young man who was with him last night, and who benefits under his will?”

“No man at all, Pinkeye.”

“A woman?” exclaimed the inspector.

“No!”

I regarded my friend with amazement. The inspector stared at him blankly.

“Who, then?” shouted Pinkeye.

Herlock Sholmes' reply astounded us.

“Nobody!”

“Sholmes! If this is a joke——”

“I never joke, my dear Pinkeye. There is one thing, and one thing only, that I need to conclude my case.”

“And what is that?”

“A pick-axe.”

“A—a—a pick-axe?”

“Exactly.”

I could see that the inspector believed that my amazing friend had taken leave of his senses. The same fear came into my own mind. But Herlock Sholmes, with the same inscrutable smile upon his face, took a pick-axe, and

proceeded up the stairs. We followed him. Our amazement intensified when Sholmes raised the implement, and crashed it upon the wall of the upper passage.

There was a spattering of lath and plaster. A door, cunningly concealed, burst open.

The sound of snoring suddenly ceased, and a man with a scared face sprang into view.

"Good-evening, Mr. Lathan Plasster!" said Sholmes calmly. "Pinkeye, there is a prisoner for you, to replace the one I have been compelled to deprive you of."

"Alive!" yelled the inspector.

"Mr. Lathan Plasster, alive and well!" smiled Sholmes. "You will arrest him upon a charge of conspiracy, with intent to cause serious bodily injury. That would certainly have resulted, Pinkeye, if you had succeeded in hanging our friend McWhusky."

The handcuffs clinked upon the wrists of the Brixton builder. Leaving the astounded Pink-eye with his prisoner, we returned to our c.o.b.

CHAPTER THREE.

"**S**HOLMES! I am on tenterhooks——"
Herlock Sholmes smiled as he stretched himself in the old armchair, in our rooms at Shaker Street.

"Nothing could be simpler, my dear Jotson," he drawled. "It was a cunning scheme. The Brixton builder's object was, of course, revenge. He was the old and bitter enemy of the McWhuskiens, as young McWhusky told us. He had, in former days, been the suitor of McWhusky's aunt, and she had accepted him—hence his hatred of the family. The will, the bloodstains, the buttons in the burnt wood-pile, were all in the game—yet I confess that even I might have been deceived but for the fact that the plotter betrayed himself."

"How, Sholmes? I am quite in the dark!"

"The snore, Jotson."

"The snore?" I exclaimed.

"Undoubtedly. He had built himself a secret recess, wherein to lie hidden while the police hanged McWhusky for his supposed murder. During the day he lay there silent and safe. But at night, Jotson, he slept—and he snored!"

"Then it was not the housekeeper who snored!"

"That, Jotson, was the most obvious theory, which was, accordingly, seized upon by Inspector Pinkeye, in the well-known Scotland Yard manner. I ascertained that, at that precise moment, the housekeeper was in the kitchen, frying bloaters. Evidently it was not the housekeeper who snored. Then, who was it? The conclusion was inevitable."

"To you, Sholmes," I said; "but to no other. It was fortunate, indeed, that young McWhusky came to you."

"Fortunate for him, and fortunate for me, my dear Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes. "This amazing case has supplied me with the stimulus I needed—and the cask of cocaine will now last me over the week-end."

THE END

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

In the "Juniors' Jernal"—the unofficial organ of the Third Form—the following announcement appeared a week or two ago:

"The Third Form Football Clubb require hoam and away matches for the currant season. A match is especully desired with the Remove team. Apply George Tubb, kaptin, junior common-rume."

We all scoffed at first at the idea of lowering ourselves to play footer against the fags, until Squiff said that it wouldn't be a bad idea to take them at their word, and give them the licking they richly deserved. Accordingly we fixed the match for last Saturday, on Little Side.

The weather was cold and crisp, and we fielded our very strongest side. Young Nugent kicked off, and nearly all the school turned up to see the fun.

We played putrid footer in the first half. It was all cut and dried, of course. Although we put up such a rotten show, we pretended to be playing up for all we were worth; consequently, the fags felt very bucked when Johnny Bull seemed to funk a rush of Paget's, and allowed him to score.

After this we didn't do anything right. The fags crowded on as many goals as they chose, and at half-time were leading by nine to nil. The crowd tumbled to our little game, of course, but Tubb & Co. didn't. They crowed no end, and spoke of whacking us by about twenty to nil.

In the second half we went all out, as per programme. Wharton put on three goals in as many minutes, and the fags were thunderstruck. They positively couldn't understand what had caused such a sudden revival. While they were still wondering, I popped on a goal from the wing, and then Penfold did the hat-trick. The Third-Formers fell back as one man to defend their goal, but it was no use. They had to have it. Inky scored, and Frank Nugent scored; then, while the crowd fairly screeched with laughter, Johnny Bull came striding up from his position at back, and, cool as a cucumber, tapped the leather home. Tubb's face was a study.

Well, to cut a long story short, we piled on goals until we almost lost count. I believe we managed a grand total of thirty before hostilities ceased, and we were so doubled up with laughter that we could scarcely crawl off the field.

D is the **DANGER** of trying to rush
When before and behind you are whirlpools of slush!

E's for the **ENEMY**, whom we bombard
With shots of all kinds, whether gentle or hard.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

A CLIFF HOUSE CHALLENGE.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Harry Wharton,—A few weeks ago we met you on the football-field, and amply proved that girls are just as good, if not better, footballers than boys. Now, like Alexander the Great, we are beginning to sigh for fresh worlds to conquer.

"We hereby challenge the Greyfriars Remove to a hockey match, to take place on their own ground on Saturday next, when we hope to beat them by unlimited points. We are confident that we can put up a good show, and it will be yet another feather in the cap of,

Yours sincerely,

"MARJORIE HAZELDENE,

"CLARA TREVELYN,

"PHYLLIS HOWELL,

"Of Cliff House."

[We shall be delighted to accept the somewhat presumptuous challenge of these excitable young ladies, and, in order to escape possible casualties inflicted by their hockey-sticks, will arrange to have half a dozen ambulances in waiting round the ground.—ED.]

PHILANTHROPY RUN RIOT!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Wharton,—My strenuous efforts to inculcate civilised customs into the inhabitants of the Googly-Woogly Islands have proved an ignominious failure through lack of support. The heathen in his blindness still continues to grovel before wood and stone, and numbers neither socks nor neckties among his scanty apparel. I therefore feel constrained to make this fervent appeal to the Greyfriars public, even at the eleventh hour.

"Oh, my dear, dear fellows, if you have tears, prepare to shed them now! Pray help to provide mittens for these unfortunate, unenlightened barbarians ere they perish with cold! I have affixed a collecting-box to the wall in No. 7 Study, and all contributions, however small, should be placed therein. The total amount is at present three-

halfpence, with a small bronze coin, greatly mutilated, and of doubtful extraction. Will you not swell the fund, gentle reader? Will you not alleviate the shocking distress in the Googly-Woogly Islands among savages who are devoid of pantaloons? I have already sent out several solemn tracts to pave the way, and, with your kind co-operation, we shall indeed work wonders. Culture shall reign where ignorance once held sway, and there shall be an abundance of soap and classic lore among a people that once could neither wash nor read. Now, my dear fellows, now is the time! To defer is fatal.—Yours fraternally,

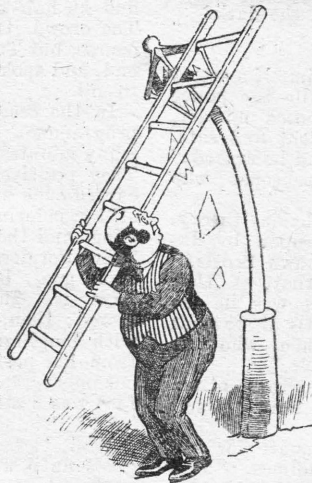
"ALONZO TODD."

[Shades of Uncle Benjamin! So poor old Lonzy has broken out again? He has evidently forgotten the painful results which accrued from taking Mr. Blinker to his bosom. We are afraid, dear old Duffer, that most of our spare cash must be reserved for the various war funds; and we doubt whether those who dwell in the scorching climes of the Googly-Woogly Islands would appreciate woollen socks and warm mittens. We should also advise you, old

chap, to take that collecting-box down without delay. When Bunter's on the trail he's a jolly sight worse than the Crown Prince!—ED.]

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 8.—GOSLING.

Greyfriars School Porter.

THE PUSH FOR PON!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Harry,—You will be interested to hear that, in consequence of an offensive letter he wrote to you, I went over to Highcliffe to interview your old friend Pon. He received me very discourteously, and while I was speaking he sat astride the table in his study, and blew cigarette-smoke in my face. Of course, I couldn't stand that. I gave him a terrific swipe in the chest, and he did a back-somersault over the table, severely bruising the back of his brainless cranium. Having conveyed him to the sanatorium on a stretcher, I returned to Greyfriars. Enclosed is a bill for work done in my official capacity of Fighting Editor.—Yours ever,

BOB CHERRY."

F's for the FORWARDS—what line could be sounder Than Wharton, Singh, Nugent, and Pen and the Bounder?

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.

"Sir!" roared Mr. Snope, his face livid with fury. "I have been insulted—grossly insulted! Look at this!" And he thrust the offending documents under the Head's nose. (See picture.)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

Great changes come about at Earlingham School, at which Neddy Welsh and "Dolly" Gray are pupils. Dr. Mundy, the headmaster, is compelled to retire through ill-health, and Mr. Cuttle, formerly master of the Fourth, takes his place; while Bob Sullivan, a genial boxing instructor and an intimate friend of the two chums, is appointed to the post of drill-sergeant. Neddy Welsh takes upon himself the task of reforming the unruly Fourth, and challenges three of the biggest louts in the Form—Barker, Lomax, and Lee—to an encounter with bare fists in the dormitory. Should Neddy win he is to become captain of the Fourth.

(Now Read on).

A Ding-dong Struggle.

NEDDY WELSH knew what he was up against in tackling three fellows at once. It was the David and Goliath combat over again. Barker was a bully of the first water, and his fists were like battering-rams; Lomax and Lee, though lacking science, knew how to hit straight from the shoulder; and the three combined were a most formidable trio to stand up against. But Neddy never faltered. He fought like a tiger.

"Sock it into the little beast, Barker!" came in an encouraging roar from the fellows looking on. "Wipe up the floor with him, Lomax!" "Go it, Lee, old man!"

Neddy Welsh drove his bare fist straight into

Lee's face, but the action cost him dearly, for Barker, rushing in from the right, swung out his sledgehammer fists. His right and left thudded in swift succession against Neddy's ribs, and the junior gave a gasp of pain.

Dolly Gray dashed forward.

"Chuck it, Neddy!" he exclaimed. "This has gone far enough. Do you want to get smashed to a pulp, you silly idiot?"

"Stand clear!" muttered Neddy fiercely. "I'm seeing this thing through, and no one's going to stop me. All I ask for is fair play!"

Gray stepped back. He knew that when Neddy Welsh said a thing he meant it, and that nothing would turn him from his purpose.

Neddy soon showed the spectators that the combat was not quite so one-sided as it at first appeared. Lee, in particular, was not of the stuff of which heroes are made, and that smashing blow in the face had knocked all the stuffing out of him. He kept at a respectful distance, and allowed Barker and Lomax to bear the brunt of the battle.

Biff!

Neddy Welsh sailed in, and smote the redoubtable Barker fairly and squarely in the chest, bowling him over like a skittle. With a furious snarl, the bully leapt to his feet, and some fierce in-fighting followed.

Dolly Gray's gloom suddenly dispersed as he saw the fine show his chum was making. It still seemed incredible that one boy could lick three; but—there was a sporting chance. Gray remembered to have read in a storybook how

G's for the GOALIE—a Trojan, you bet,
Who does yeoman service in front of the net.

H is the HALVES, always game for a job;
There's Toddy and Marky, and merry old Bob!

a mighty negro had vanquished fifteen Americans at one and the same time. This was a little far-fetched, doubtless; but it might be just within the bounds of possibility for a well-trained boxer like Neddy Welsh to conquer three fellows who never at any time attempted to keep fit.

"Buck up, Barker!" yelled the Fourth-Formers, as their champion retreated before a perfect fusillade of blows from Neddy Welsh. "Into him, Lee! Don't be a funk!"

"Line up," panted Barker breathlessly, "and go for the beast all together!"

Lomax and Lee obeyed, and, at the bully's command, they fairly hurled themselves upon their plucky opponent. Neddy Welsh met them fearlessly, but he was unable to completely ward off the heavy shower of blows which rained in upon him; and Barker's fist, breaking through his guard, caught him underneath the chin, lifting him clean off his feet.

The dormitory was in a turmoil.

"He's whacked!" said Phipps.

"Whacked to the wide!" agreed Dooley.

But they didn't know Neddy Welsh. That daring youth was out for the captaincy of the Form, and he meant to go on fighting, if need be, till not a breath remained in his body.

Dolly Gray gave a whoop of delight as his chum sprang up.

"Bravo, Neddy!" he roared. "Stick it out, old son!"

Neddy Welsh's arms revolved in the air like windmills. With set teeth he rushed upon the burly Barker. His plan of campaign was to deal with one foe at a time. It was impossible to dispose of the three at once.

While he launched out his fists at Barker, the other two closed in upon him; but Neddy faced their blows without a tremor. Then, gathering all his strength, he got in a terrific uppercut, and sent Barker hurtling to the floor with a thud that shook the dormitory. The Fourth-Former lay prone, and made no effort to rise.

Discomfited by the loss of their leader, Lomax and Lee fought half-heartedly. The claret was already streaming from Lee's nose, and the right eye of Lomax had temporarily shut up shop. Neddy Welsh soon favoured them with further attentions. Lee went down like a log before his terrific onslaught, and only Lomax remained to face the music.

"Buck up, there!"

A murmur of alarm arose at the amazing turn events had taken. Barker and Lee were hors de combat, and, unless Lomax could floor Neddy Welsh, the latter, in accordance with the compact, would be captain of the Fourth.

Lomax rallied but feebly. He didn't like the look on Neddy Welsh's face at that moment. He would willingly have changed places with anyone else in the dormitory just then. But there was no way of escape. Neddy Welsh shot out his right, and Lomax went sprawling over Lee in an ungainly heap.

There was a breathless hush. By sheer pluck

Neddy Welsh had accounted for each of his three antagonists.

But had he, though? Barker was making a stupendous effort to rise, and Neddy Welsh stood waiting for him.

"I don't want to do it," he said, preparing to hit out, "but I shall have to if you get up. Better give in!"

"I'll see you hanged first!" snarled Barker; and with a superhuman effort he leapt at Neddy.

The latter struck with all his strength at the bully's furious face, and Barker went down for the third and last time—baffled, exhausted, and beaten!

Dolly Gray rushed up to congratulate his chum, and at the same instant a bright, girlish voice exclaimed:

"Oh, well played! That was just splendid!"

The juniors swung round, thunderstruck. In the excitement of the fight no one had noticed the presence of two strangers who were standing in the dormitory. One was an athletic-looking gentleman on the right side of forty—straight as a pine, and with grey, humorous eyes; the other a girl goodly to gaze upon, with dark tresses streaming over her shoulders, and a mischievous twinkle in her lustrous eyes.

She appeared, at a glance, to be about fifteen.

Neddy Welsh almost fell down as he caught sight of the couple.

"You needn't look so startled," said the gentleman reassuringly. "I am Mr. Fenn, henceforward to be master of the Fourth. This is my daughter Molly. We've just been enjoying your delightful exhibition of fisticuffs. You've passed through professional hands, I can see!"

The juniors were amazed. Instead of taking the culprits to task, as most masters would have done, Mr. Fenn seemed to treat the whole affair as a capital joke. He was evidently a very broad-minded sportsman.

"What was the row about?" he went on to inquire.

Dolly Gray hastened to explain.

"It's like this, sir," he said. "Neddy Welsh, here, decided to buck things up in the Fourth. He wanted to raise a footer team, and one thing and another, and abolish slacking. But, of course, he couldn't do anything until he had gained the captaincy of the Form. He's just fought these three fellows for it, and won."

Mr. Fenn's eyes sparkled.

"It was rare entertainment," he observed, "and I congratulate you—er—Welsh, upon your well-won triumph. Your ambition to reform this unruly place is highly creditable. Of this you may be assured—you will never want a friend."

"Thank you, sir!" said Neddy. Both he and Gray were delighted to find that the new master was such a sport.

"Now that your claim to the captaincy is fully established," proceeded Mr. Fenn, "you had better turn into bed. As for the members of this Form at large, if you are prepared to work hard and play hard—to give cigarettes and card-

I is for **INKY**, the winger so fleet;
His dashes are sparkling, his passes are neat.

J's for the **JAR** which your ankle receives
When a burly opponent waylays you and heaves.

playing the go-by—and to quit yourselves like British boys, you may confidently count on my support. If, on the other hand, you continue to be slackers, you will find that I shall come down heavy.”

“Bravo!”

Mr. Fenn's little speech went right to the hearts of most of the fellows, cads though they were. A murmur of approval ran round the dormitory.

“The three boys who are grovelling on the floor,” said Mr. Fenn, “had better make themselves presentable. Let it be understood that Welsh is captain of the Form. I shall look to him to buck things up, and bring about a much-needed revival.”

“Rely on me, sir,” said Neddy quietly.

Mr. Fenn smiled.

“Good-night, my boys!” he said.

There was quite a hearty response as the new master quitted the dormitory.

Meanwhile, Molly Fenn approached Neddy Welsh, and put out her hand impulsively. Neddy took it as if it were a piece of very delicate Dresden china.

“You're a brick!” whispered Molly, in his ear. “Carry on in the way you've begun, and things will be ever so much easier for dad. Good-night!”

“Good-night!” said Neddy, his face crimson. “I'll do my level best.”

“I'm sure you will,” said the girl brightly.

And then, like a magic princess in a fairy-tale, she vanished.

Things Begin to Move!

JACK FENN was not a man to let the grass grow under his feet. He realised that in taking Mr. Cuttle's place as master of the

Fourth Form at Earlingham he was up against a very tough proposition. Boys of the Barker type were bound to do their best to undermine his authority, and his life at the school would fall far short of being a bed of roses; but Mr. Fenn did not falter. He was a man of iron will and great moral courage, and with the aid of such stalwarts as Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray he felt sure he would win through in the long run. His daughter Molly was to have her habitation with the new Head, and was bound to pull well with Mrs. Cuttle, who officiated as matron to the boys.

The first skirmish Mr. Fenn experienced was with Mr. Snope, the master of the Third. Mr. Snope was a thin, dyspeptic gentleman, who had no more idea of discipline than a lobster. He strained at a gnat and swallowed a camel. It was his custom to cane a boy severely for some trivial misdemeanour, and to overlook offences of a most serious nature.

“He seems to want waking up,” reflected Mr. Fenn, as he stood before the mantelpiece in his study after morning lessons, and loaded and

lit his favourite briar. “I'll send him the rules of the school, and request him to see that they are enforced.”

Mr. Fenn had discovered the rules stowed away at the bottom of a drawer. He placed them in a large envelope, and enclosed a note, as follows:

“My dear Snope,—Although I have not been at Earlingham many hours, I have seen sufficient of the school to know that it is in a stagnant state. Law and order seem to be at a discount, and the boys do not indulge in healthy games, as is usual in public schools.

“A great effort at reform must be made at once, but I cannot manage it single-handed, and must solicit your immediate help. In case you are in ignorance of the rules governing this institution, I enclose same.

“Yours faithfully, JACK FENN.”

Mr. Fenn despatched a fag to Mr. Snope's study with the document. The master of the Third, when he read his colleague's letter, seemed to be on the verge of an apoplectic fit. He sprang to his feet, and rushed post-haste to Mr. Cuttle's study. The Head was engrossed in conversation with Molly Fenn.

“Well, Mr. Snope?” he inquired, somewhat testily. “What is it?”

“Sir!” roared Mr. Snope, his face livid with fury. “I have been insulted—grossly insulted! Look at this!”

And he thrust the offending documents under the Head's nose.

Mr. Cuttle glanced at them, and smiled.

“Fenn seems to be getting off the mark in style,” he said. “I greatly admire his spirit. He is quite right, Mr. Snope. A great change for the better must be brought about at Earlingham.”

“It is curious that you have only just awakened to the fact!” sneered Mr. Snope.

“When Dr. Mundy was headmaster,” replied Mr. Cuttle, “I had no scope for my activities. Now it is different. I should advise you, Mr. Snope, either to follow your colleague's lead or tender your resignation!”

The master of the Third realised that he was cornered. No longer were things to go on in the old slipshod style. He was to take his pupils properly in hand, or pay the penalty.

Without a word, Mr. Snope turned on his heel and quitted the study. Molly Fenn was laughing. Her father had proved himself to be a foeman worthy of his steel, and many fateful things were destined to take place at Earlingham in the near future.

(Next Monday's instalment of this grand serial story is thrilling in the extreme. Read of Neddy Welsh's great crusade against Bully Barker, and don't forget to recommend the GREYFRIARS HERALD to all your non-reading chums!)

**K's for the KNOCKS in the eye that you get
When your shot hits the crossbar and misses the net!**



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



FAMOUS AUTHOR IN TROUBLE.

The first case which came before Mr. Justice was that of Richard Nugent, the well-known author of "Skorned by the Skool," who was charged with publishing statements in his paper, the "Juniors' Jernal," calculated to cause harm to the circulation of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

Detective-sergeant Penfold told his worship that the printing machines of prisoner had been seized, and the paper suppressed.

Magistrate: "Good egg!"

Mr. Alonzo Todd, K.C. (cross-examining witness): "Was there anything in the journal of a denunciatory or opprobrious nature?"

Detective-sergeant Penfold (first consulting a dictionary): "Yes, sir. It contained a violent tirade upon the GREYFRIARS HERALD. It averred that the editor was a silly old scarecrow, and that the members of his staff ought to be hanged, drawn, and quartered!"

Mr. Cherry (interposing): "Prisoner ought to get it in the neck, your worship. He's always asking for trouble, and he's no 'new gent' to this court."

Magistrate: "Silence, sir! I will have no puns perpetrated here, save my own!"

Mr. Cherry: "Rats!"

The magistrate frowned, and prisoner was handed over to the Controller of Public Nuisances. His worship expressed surprise at Nugent's youthful appearance.

"You ought to be serving your King and Country," he said severely. (Loud applause.)

A SENSATIONAL SCENE!

The court was in a turmoil when Percy Bolsover, prize bully, was brought into the dock by twenty constables. He was formally charged with ill-treating Percival Spencer Paget on the 14th instant by laying into him with a cricket-stump.

Magistrate: "Words cannot express my contempt for your conduct, you hulking lout!"

At this juncture, prisoner caught up an ebony ruler, and hurled it with all his might at the magistrate. His worship ducked, and the missile merely struck Mr. Skinner, K.C., on the nose.

Magistrate: "I will call no witnesses. It would be a superfluous proceeding. Prisoner will be made to run the gauntlet six times over!"

The barristers formed up in two rows, took off their wigs, and severely lashed prisoner with them. Bolsover was conveyed to the sanatorium in a critical condition.

A FOOTBALLER'S FAILURE.

Hurree Janset Ram Singh, a dusky youth of Oriental extraction, was charged with deliberately muffing an open goal in the recent match with Highcliffe, thereby causing the Greyfriars Remove to lose.

The magistrate, in tones vibrant with emotion, said it cut him to the heart to see such an old pal in the dock. Prisoner had borne a good character for many hours, and now it was to be forfeited as the result of a moment's folly.

Mr. H. Vernon-Smith, giving evidence, said that in the last five minutes of the fatal game he lobbed the leather across to Hurree Singh, but the latter, left with an open goal at his mercy, simply sat down on the ball, and stayed there until an opposing back cleared.

Prisoner: "It was done accidentally, your esteemed worship. I trippfully skidded on a ludicrous puddle, and sat down bumpfully!"

The magistrate, after consulting several eminent lawyers, dismissed the case, stating that unless prisoner performed the hat-trick in the next match he would be subjected to a severe bumping.

THE SOAP-STEALER.

A diminutive, grubby-looking youth giving the name of George Tubb, appeared in the dock, charged by Police-constable Johnny Bull with stealing a piece of soap.

Magistrate: "Impossible!"

P.-c. Bull: "I saw him with my own eyes, your worship."

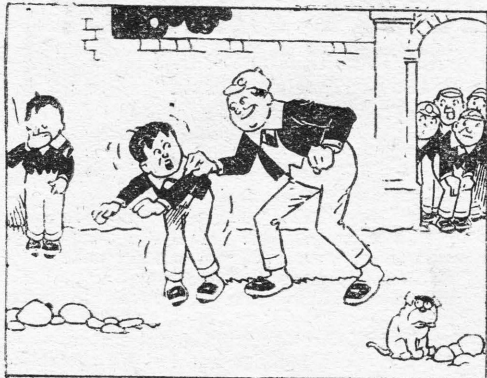
Magistrate: "I am amazed and gratified at such evidence of reform on the part of the prisoner. He evidently stole the piece of soap with a view of cleansing his neck for the first time in history." (Laughter.)

Prisoner was bound over to keep the piece for six months.

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

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

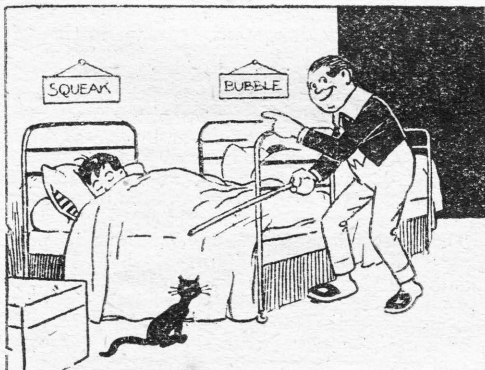
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) "Now, Squeak, my son," said Bashem major,
"I'll make things warm for you, I wager!
Just wait till you're in bed to-night;
I'll sneak into the dorm, and smite!"



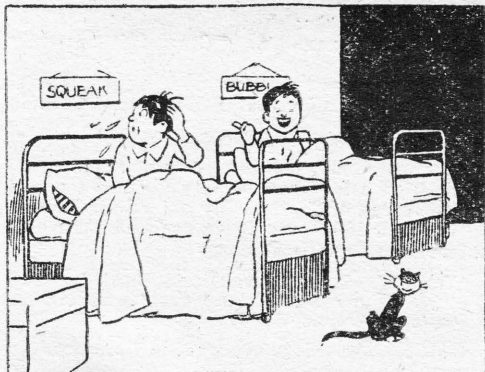
(2) But when the fatal hour drew nigh,
Squeak tumbled out, and winked his eye.
"I change the names," he said, with glee,
"And Bubble's whacked instead of me!"



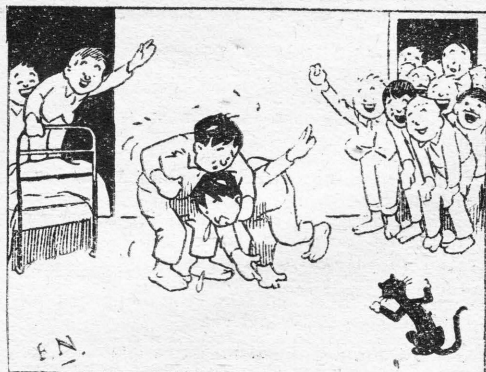
(3) Then Bashem major pounded in,
A hefty pointer in his fin.
"There lies the rascal"—sighting Bubble,
"He'll waken to a world of trouble!"



(4) Down came the weapon the next minute,
And carpet-beating wasn't in it!
"Wow-ow!" roared Bubble, "What's the game!
I ain't done nothing! It's a shame!"



(5) When Bashem major had departed,
Up in his bed the victim started.
He saw the card, and gave a shriek:
"My hat! It's that young rascal Squeak!"



(6) Then out of bed the couple bounded,
And at each other punched and pounded.
The wretched Squeak felt sick and sore,
And even pussy yelled "Encore!"

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

A LUNATIC AT LARGE!

An Interview with Tom Dutton, of the Remove Form, by the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



IT'S a rotten job, interviewing people for the GREYFRIARS HERALD. I'm getting fed-up with it, and unless the Editor chooses to compensate me for damages sustained, I shall refuse to go hawking my notebook and pencil about any more. (A I right, old son. Keep your wool on!—Ed.)

My latest interview was the absolute giddy limit. The Editor wanted me to have a chat with Tom Dutton, who, about a year ago, won a race at a skating carnival, or something of the sort. I had to ask him to describe his triumph.

Accordingly, I left the Editorial sanctum, and proceeded to No. 7 Study, in the Remove passage. The apartment happens to be shared by the Four Freaks—the two Todds, Billy Bunter, and Dutton. Peter Todd happened to be putting a footer about in the Close, and Billy Bunter was roaming the rest of the studies like a beast of prey, seeking what he might devour. Alonzo was seated at the table, laboriously compiling tracts for the man-eating inhabitants of some remote islands in the Pacific; and Tom Dutton, the object of my quest, was sprawling in the armchair, cracking Brazils.

"Dutton, old fellow——" I began.

The freak looked up.

"Eh?" he exclaimed. "There's no need to bellow! I'm not deaf—only a trifle hard of hearing."

"Great Scott!"

"Who's talking rot?" demanded Dutton aggressively.

I gave a groan. At this rate, the interview wouldn't be over for three years, or the duration of the war.

"Look here!" I yelled at length, thoroughly exasperated. "Tell me how you happened to win the skating affair last year."

Dutton leapt to his feet.

"Beer!" he cried. "There's no beer in this study! I'm not Loder! If that's all you've come to taunt me about, you can get out!"

"Fathead!" I raved. "You must be potty! I didn't say there was any beer in this study!"

The deaf idiot caught up the nut-crackers.

"Oh! So I'm muddy, am I?" he growled. "You've come here to insult me about my personal appearance! Take that!"

I gave a yell as those nut-crackers caught me a frightful clump on the napper. What were the asylum authorities doing, that they allowed such a dangerous maniac to be at large?

But Dutton hadn't finished yet. He seemed intent on wiping up the study floor with me. The claret was streaming from my nose the next minute, and I looked—and felt—a total wreck. Abandoning all ideas of the interview, I slung down my notebook and pencil, and picked up an ebony ruler. Simultaneously Dutton made a grab at the poker.

The next moment a fierce duel was in progress. Matters didn't improve when Alonzo, emulating the notorious Mr. Ford, rushed in to try and make peace. The ruler came down on his napper, and Dutton caught him a terrific whack on the shin—with the poker. Lonzy rolled over on the carpet in direst agony.

Then the duel continued with unabated fury. The poker prodded me in the ribs, but I returned the blow with interest. Just as the tumult was at its height, who should poke his nose in but old Quelchy!

"Boys!" he rumbled. "Cease this unseemly disturbance at once!"

We dropped our weapons as if by magic, and then Quelchy ladled out five hundred lines to each of us.

I am now nursing my bruises in the solitude of my own study, pausing every now and again to dash off a few lines of Virgil. And I vowed a solemn vow to let the silly old Editor have it in the neck if he ever again commissions me to interview a Lunatic at Large!

(Next Monday's interview is entitled "The Nuttiest of the Nuts!" and deals with Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's.)

L's for the LINESMAN, who rushes about
To flourish a flag when the ball bounces out.

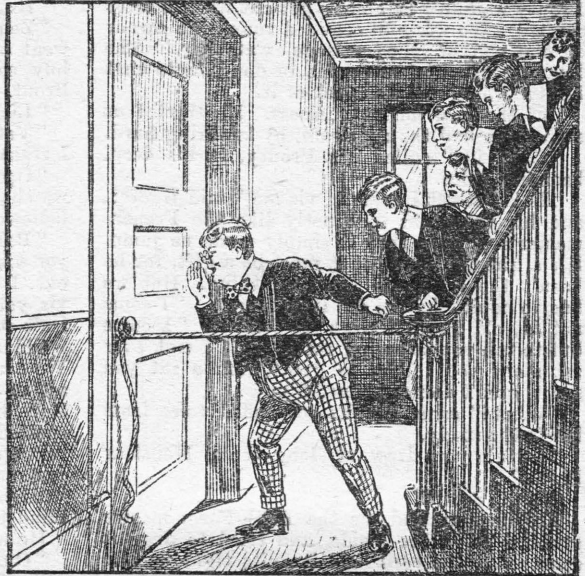
M is the MARGIN by which a game's won;
We favour it most when it's fifty to one.

BAD FOR BUNTER!

A Breezy Story of our own Tame Ventriloquist. Written for the "Greyfriars Herald" by

DAVID LLEWELLYN MORGAN,

of the Remove Form.



"I holds ze door, certainement," said Bunter, still in Mossoo's squeak. "I sall not let you come out viz yourself, Monsieur Prout. I zink you are a ridiculous old person!"

CHAPTER ONE.

MOSSOO had given Bunter lines, and Billy Bunter was on the war-path.

Bunter deserved those lines. When a fellow writes a line like "Vous doit avez bowkoo darjong," what can he expect? Mossoo gave him the sentence to write out twenty times, in rather better French. But Bunter was wild. Bunter doesn't like work.

That was why he went on the war-path.

The dodge he thought of was really cute. It was rather mean, but then, that was just like Bunter. He told us about it in the common-room before he started.

"I say, you fellows, I'm going to make Mossoo sit up," he said. "I'm going to make him sorry for bunging his lines on me. I'm going to make old Prout punch his head."

We all stared at Bunter. How he was going to make Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, punch Monsieur Charpentier's head, we couldn't guess. But Bunter was grinning like a Cheshire cat.

"Fathead!" Bob Cherry said.

"Oh, really, Cherry, I'm going to work it! You know Prout is a hot-tempered old boy. You know he spins yarns about what he used to do in his wild days in the Rocky Mountains. Well, suppose Mossoo should tell him he didn't believe a word of those tall stories—what?"

"He won't," said Wharton.

"That's where I come in," chortled Bunter. "You fellows know what a clever ventriloquist I am—"

"Bow-wow!"

"Ring off!"

"I say, you fellows, do listen to a chap. You know I can imitate anybody's voice quite easily—a squeak like Nugent's—"

"What?"

"Or a growl like Bob Cherry's—"

"Eh?"

"Or a hoot like Johnny Bull's—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheezy porpoise!" roared Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull, I was only giving an example, you know. Well, the easiest thing in the world to imitate is Mossoo's squeaky voice and his blessed accent. That's what I'm going to do. See? I'm going to bung up Prout's door on the outside, and talk to him through the keyhole in Mossoo's voice. When Prout gets out, he will knock Mossoo down—as safe as houses. He, he, he!"

"Well, that's a dirty trick," said Squiff.

"Oh, rats!"

Billy Bunter rolled off—on the war-path. Some of the fellows said it would be a dirty trick, but we all thought it would be rather funny if it came off. So we followed Bunter down the passage to watch. It was a half-holiday, and there was nobody about in the masters' passage. Mr. Prout was in his study, smoking—the niff of his cigar came through the door.

Billy Bunter tiptoed down to the door, and fixed a cord on the handle, and tied it across to the banisters. The door was safe enough;

N is the **NET**, which we all strive to pierce,
Around it the fighting is frenzied and fierce!

O's for **OFF-SIDE**, which you hear with a groan
Just after you've netted the ball on your own!

Prouty wouldn't be able to get out when Bunter started. We were all crowded round the corner at one end of the passage, watching. The Bounder offered two to one in dough-nuts that Bunter would make a muck of it.

But the Owl meant business. He started as soon as he had the door safe, by knocking hard. "Come in!" called out Prouty, in his deep, booming voice.

"It is not zat I come in viz me," said Bunter, and his voice was so exactly like the French-master's squeak, that it simply made us jump. It's a gift of Bunter's; it must be a gift, for he hasn't the brains to learn anything. But we had to admit that he did it jolly well. "I come not in, old Prout," went on Bunter. "I come but to tell you somezing zat I zink. I zink over zat story you tell of ze great buffalo zat you shoot, and I do not believe him."

"What!" came Prout's astounded voice from inside the study.

"I zink you draw ze long bow, Monsieur Prout."

"Great Scott!"

The door rattled, as the Fifth-Form master grabbed it on the inside, and tried to drag it open. But the cord held it quite tight, and it wouldn't open.

"Are you holding the door, Monsieur Charpentier?" shouted Mr. Prout, inside the study. We could hear him from the end of the passage, and his voice sounded awfully ratty.

"I holds ze door, certainement," said Bunter, still in Mossos's squeak. "I sall not let you come out viz yourself, Monsieur Prout. I zink you are a ridiculous old person, viz your stories of ze zings zat you do in ze Rocky Mountains."

The idea of talking to a Form-master like that almost made our flesh creep. But, of course, Prout couldn't see Bunter, and he thought that it was Monsieur Charpentier talking to him. He must have been surprised.

"Are you mad, Monsieur Charpentier?" he shouted from inside.

"Non, non! It eez you zat is mad, old Prout!"

"Old Prout! Bless my soul!"

"You tell zat story of a faithful nigger, but it is all zat you Engleesh call ze tommy-rot."

"Good heavens!"

"I do not believe vun vord of him."

"Monsieur Charpentier, release my door at once! You shall answer for this to me personally!" roared Mr. Prout, his voice trembling with rage.

"Bah! I speet upon you!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"You have keel no buffaloes. If a buffalo he sall come to you, you sall run away and hide."

The door fairly shook as Mr. Prout tried to drag it open.

"My hat!" murmured Bob Cherry. "If that door should come open, I shouldn't care to be in Bunter's shoes."

"It's safe enough," chortled Skinner. "Go it. Bunt'y!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Zem rifles zat you hang up in ze study," went on Bunter, squeaking, "zey are vat you buy second-hand at ze old shops, Monsieur Prout. I know it."

"Liar!" roared Prout, in the study.

"Vat! You calls me liar, monsieur! Zen I zrash you!"

"Open this door, you French scoundrel, and we shall see who is the party to be thrashed!" bellowed Prout.

"Bah! I speet on you, old Prout! I scorn you vis all ze scorn of my heart! Ven you come out, I give you a zrasing. Zen you run away viz you, ze same as you run from zat buffalo, isn't it! Bah!"

Old Prout, in the study, was simply raging. We could hear him. We were chuckling like a set of alarm-clocks at the end of the passage. But we left off chuckling suddenly, as we spotted somebody at the other end of the passage. It was Monsieur Charpentier; he had just come in from a walk. He was coming straight towards Bunter. But the Owl was too blind to notice.

He went on cheerfully:

"Oui, oui, old Prout, I zrash you vizin an ince of ze life, isn't it, if you dare to show ze old silly red noze in my study! I zink—Yaroooop!" roared Bunter, as Mossos reached him and grabbed him by the ear.

We had been making frantic signs to Bunter, but he hadn't seen us. He was too busy. His face was worth a guinea a box as Mossos gripped him, and he swung round and blinked at the French-master. He hadn't calculated on Mossos coming in just then.

"Ow!" gasped Bunter.

Monsieur Charpentier shook him like a rat.

"Buntair, you vicked poy, zat you talk to your Form-master like zat! Have you lose ze sense of your head, zen? And ze door he is fasten—"

"Wow-ow! Leggo! Oh, dear! Oh, my hat!"

Monsieur Charpentier held Bunter with one hand, and untied the cord with the other. We looked on, feeling frozen, and wondering what was going to happen. The study door flew open, and Mr. Prout came out, bristling with wrath.

"Ah, you are here, monsieur!" he shouted

"Now, sir, you shall answer for your words!"

Mossos jumped back in alarm.

"My dear Monsieur Prout—"

"You shall answer to me!" roared Mr. Prout.

"Ha! I shrink—"

Mossos dodged round Bunter.

"Monsieur—" he gasped.

"You shrink!" roared Mr. Prout. "After your words to me, sir, through a closed door—"

"Mon cher monsieur, I say no vords!" shrieked Mossos. "It vas zis boy, zat I hold by ze ear! He speak viz a voice zat is like mine, and I catch him—"

Old Prout stopped just in time. His face was

simply terrific when he understood. He grabbed hold of Bunter's other car.

"Bunter!" His voice made Bunter wriggle like a jelly. "Bunter, you have had the astounding insolence—"

"I hadn't—I didn't—I wasn't!" shrieked Bunter. "I never said a word! It was only a joke! I can't imitate Mossoo's voice, and I never thought of making you punch his head because he'd given me lines. I assure you that I— Ow—ow—ow! I say—"

Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack! Whack!

We could hear it from the end of the passage. Prout jerked Bunter into his study, and pitched him across the table, and piled in. Mossoo looked on and grinned. Old Prout wasn't grinning; he was whacking away as if he was beating a carpet for a wager.

He didn't leave off till he was tired. Bunter was tired, too, by that time. Then he chucked Bunter neck and crop out of the study. We saw him shake hands with Mossoo, I suppose to show that he understood it was all right. Billy Bunter came crawling down the passage, almost on his hands and knees. His face was a picture. He blinked at us speechlessly.

"What a ripping wheeze, old chap!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "I'd like you to do it over again, Bunter. Come along and play the same game with Quelchy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Bunter didn't. Bunter was fed-up. He crawled away to his study without a word; and for hours after that, fellows who passed No. 7 could hear him groaning. It was quite a long time before he did any more ventriloquism.

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 "9th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, January 18th, 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. 9, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE CAREFULLY

Address.....

Q is for Quelchy, who kicks up a row
When we all come in muddy, like sons of the plough.

R's for the REF, who must either be fair,
Or spend his declining days in a bath-chair!

TOM BROWN'S TREASURE!

A Rollicking, Long,
Complete Story, tell-
ing how Browney
thoroughly spoofed
∴ Greyfriars ∴

Written by

ROBERT OGILVY.



The old gardener was a bit surprised when we came down to get his spades and things. But he let us have them. Every fellow who could borrow a spade or a pickaxe, or even a trowel, got to work at once.

CHAPTER ONE.

BOB CHERRY said, at the very beginning, "It's spoof!" So we all thought.

Tom Brown is a humorous chap, and you never know that he is pulling your leg. So when he started that idea of a kitchen garden, Bob said it was spoof, and we all agreed with Bob.

It seemed rot on the face of it. Tom Brown had been reading the newspapers, about National Economy, and chaps growing their own vegetables, and all that. He used to talk about it in the common-room, using a lot of long words he got from the newspapers, and we all grinned. We thought it was Browney's little joke, till he actually started on the vegetable garden. And, even then, we didn't take it seriously.

There was a patch of unused ground behind the chapel, where fellows sometimes went for a scrap, because a prefect wasn't likely to drop in there. That bit of ground had never been used for anything, and it was as hard as nails, and as stony as Billy Bunter generally is. There was nothing there but a few scraggy bushes and some old tin cans and kettles. And when Browney said he'd asked Mr. Quelch for permission to turn it into a kitchen garden, we all cackled. It would have taken a dozen big navvies a week or more to turn over the soil, to start with. How was Browney going to dig it all up? We knew that he couldn't do it in whole terms.

So we agreed that it was spoof, and that

Tom Brown was out to catch somebody, somehow. The kitchen garden was one more of his little jokes, though we didn't see as yet where the joke came in.

Tom Brown seemed rather at a loss how to begin. He borrowed a spade of Gosling, and hacked at the earth a bit one afternoon, and made a scratch or two. Then he gave it up, and said he was going to think it over.

After that he would go down behind the chapel sometimes and squint at his kitchen garden, which went on growing scraggy bushes and old kettles and nothing else. One day he called for volunteers for digging, but there weren't any volunteers. We said we would go and watch Browney digging, but that was all we were going to do.

"It's spoof!" Bob Cherry declared. "Browney's got some deep joke on with that kitchen garden, but I'm blessed if I can see what it is. He knows jolly well he won't be able to grow any spuds and tomatoes there."

"Then what the dickens has he got it for?" said Wharton. "He's had it a week, and he's only scratched it in one place. What's the good of it?"

And it would cost no end of money to get navvies to dig it up," said Johnny Bull. "Once it was well dug he could grow his blessed vegetables. But it would cost more than he'll ever get out of it."

"He's got something else on," said Bob.

"But what?"

"Blessed if I know."

S is **ST. JIM'S**—a stunning side, very!
Old Talbot's a corker, and so is Tom Merry!

T is the **TOUCH-LINE**, from which you may hear
The groans of abuse or the resonant cheer!

So we gave it up.

It was Billy Bunter who first let in light on the mystery. Bunter is a chap who finds out everything. So long as they make keyholes in doors, Bunter will always know what is going on.

He came into the common-room one evening, with his eyes fairly bulging through his goggles. He was wildly excited.

"I say, you fellows—" he began.

"Hasn't your postal-order come?" asked Bob Cherry sympathetically. "Too bad, when it's been delayed for years and years and years!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! It's about Brown. I've found him out!"

"Rats!" said Hazeldene. "He's not out—he's in—in his study. You've found him in."

"I mean, I've found out the little game," said Bunter excitedly. "I know now why he's bagged that patch of waste ground. It's a regular swindle—he's wants to keep it all for himself. I knew all along he wasn't thinking of growing any silly potatoes and cabbages. He's after the Greyfriars treasure."

"The what?"

We were all interested then. There's always been talk about the Greyfriars treasure, which is supposed to have been buried by the monks when King Henry the Eighth mopped up the monasteries. That was in the barbarous times before England was united with Scotland. According to the yarn, the Abbot of Greyfriars had lots of tin, and he buried it somewhere so that he could get it afterwards, and when they mopped up his abbey they never found it. It's rather a joke at Greyfriars to set new boys looking for that treasure; and when Alonzo Todd first came, Skinner got him to go searching in the Head's study for it, and the Head caught him there and licked him.

Some of the chaps think the treasure's buried in the Cloisters, and some fancy it's under the clock-tower, or in the chapel vaults, or under the ruined wing. There are lots of places where it might be—if there's any treasure at all. Now Bunter spoke of it, we recalled that Browney had been heard speaking about the treasure several times lately. He had been seen going over some old books in the library which related to the early days of Greyfriars, too.

"After the treasure, is he?" said Bob Cherry, chortling. "Well, we'll make him stand a study feed if he finds it."

"My hat!" said Skinner. "That does explain, doesn't it? The silly ass believes in the treasure, and thinks it's buried behind the chapel. That's what he's after."

"Looks like it, by Jove!" said Snoop. "But why should he think it's buried behind the chapel?"

"He's got a clue!" howled Bunter.

"A clue!"

"Yes; that's what I've found out. I heard him mumbling in his study," said Bunter. "He was mumbling something about paces, and feet, and inches, and two feet deep, and I just

stopped, and—and listened—and there he was, poring over an old parchment—"

"Spying again!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull! If that New Zealand bouncer is after our treasure, I suppose we're entitled to have a whack in it!" said Bunter indignantly. "He must have got that parchment out of the school library."

"What was it like?" asked Skinner.

"A blessed old yellow parchment, with something scrawled on it!" said Bunter. "I could see that through the keyhole—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at, you dufers. He's after the treasure. I distinctly heard him mumbling about pieces of eight."

"Pieces of eight! My hat!"

"And look here, he ought to be made to let us look into it, and share out alike," said Bunter. "The Greyfriars treasure ain't going to New Zealand. 'Tain't fair. My idea is for the whole Form to start on him, and make him share out. We'll keep it in the Remove. I offered to go halves with him, and he kicked me out of his study—the beast! He said it wasn't my business what was on that parchment. I say, you fellows, you back me up, and we'll have the treasure—"

"If there's any treasure, he's jolly well going to whack it out, I know that!" said Bolsover major. "Come on. Let's go and see him."

A crowd of us rushed off to Tom Brown's study. We all felt that if Browney had raked up a clue to the treasure, we ought to have equal whacks. And we didn't have much doubt about it, for that let in a lot of light on his kitchen garden wheeze. We knew that was all rot, and we had wondered what Browney had bagged that scrubby patch of ground for, when he must have known that he couldn't possibly get it dug. But we felt we knew all about it now.

Bolsover major kicked the study door open, and we rushed in. Tom Brown was there, leaning over something on the table, and he jumped up, and put his hand behind him very quick.

"Hallo, what do you fellows want?" said Browney. "In New Zealand we always knock at a door before coming in."

"Blow that!" said Bolsover major. "We want to see that parchment."

"What parchment?"

"That one about the treasure!" howled Skinner. "We've heard it all from Bunter, so you needn't tell us any yarns. We're going to see it, too!"

"Dash it all, Browney, you ought to whack it out!" said Bob Cherry. "'Tain't like you to keep a good thing all to yourself."

Tom Brown looked obstinate.

"That's all very well," he said. "But if the treasure's found, the Governn't takes half, anyway!"

"Then we'll whack out the other half," said Bolsover major. "Where's that parchment? Hand it over."

"I won't!"

**U's for the UPRIGHT, so constantly struck
When your shots are erratic, and likewise your luck.**

**V's for the VICTORY, sweet and sublime,
That's usually gained on the first stroke of time!**

"He's got it behind him!" yelled Bunter. "He's got it in his hand. Have it off him, you fellows!"

"Will you show it up, Brown?"

"No!"

"Tain't yours, anyway," said Vernon-Smith.

"If you've found a parchment relating to the treasure, it's not your property. Findings ain't keepings."

"Oh, rot!"

"Nuff said!" roared Bolsover. "Are you handing over that parchment?"

"No fear!"

"Then we'll jolly well take it!"

Bolsover major led the rush. We swarmed over Browney. We felt it was only fair to whack it out, and we were wild. Tom Brown hit out, and Bolsover went down, yelling like thunder—Browney is a hard hitter. But we colliared him, and bumped him down on the carpet, and Bunter sat on him. After that, he had no chance; he simply gasped for breath.

Skinner grabbed the parchment, and held it up.

"Here you are, you chaps!"

"Let's look!"

"Read it out!"

CHAPTER TWO.

WE crowded round the parchment, knocking our heads together, we were so eager to read it. It was a queer old thing. The parchment was jolly old, and there was a queer sort of diagram on it. The old chapel was marked, and the dead elm-tree near it, and the school wall. So it was clear that the parchment related to that very piece of waste-ground that Browney had bagged to make a kitchen garden. The words "2 feet depe" were written quite plainly, and then "Fifteen goodly paces." Underneath was a sort of scroll with the words "3,000 pieces of eight, ye treasure of ye abbot of Greye Fryars." There was a regular whoop in the study.

"Where did you get that parchment, Browney?" shouted Bob Cherry.

"I got it at a secondhand bookstall in Court-field," said Tom Brown, in rather a sulky way. "It's mine. I paid for it. Of course, the man who sold it didn't know it was of any value."

"It must have belonged to Greyfriars originally," said Skinner. "Anyway, it belonged to the abbot."

"It belongs to me now," said Browney.

"Well, you can have it when I've taken a copy," grinned Bolsover major.

Tom Brown wriggled under Bunter. But Skinner and Snoop stood on his legs, and he had to give up.

"I don't permit you to copy my parchment," bellowed Browney.

"We'll manage it without permission."

"I forbid you to look for my treasure!"

"Forbid away. We'll look for it all the same."

"That ground's mine. Quelchy's handed it

to me for a—a kitchen-garden. I don't allow anybody to touch it!"

"Bow-wow!"

It was simply no use for Tom Brown to bellow at us. We took about a dozen copies of the parchment, and then Bolsover major jammed it down the back of his neck, and we left him. Tom Brown sat on the floor, calling us names as we went, but we didn't mind that. We were thinking of the treasure.

The old gardener was a bit surprised when we came down to get his spades and things. But he let us have them. Every fellow who could borrow a spade or a pickaxe, or even a trowel, got to work at once.

But there weren't nearly enough spades and things to go round, and some of the fellows buzzed off on their bikes to Friardale to hire some more. That evening there were fifteen or sixteen fellows digging away like mad.

Just where to dig we didn't know—the parchment said "fifteen paces," but didn't give the starting-point, so it might have been fifteen paces from anywhere, goodly paces, as the parchment said. All we knew for certain was that it was buried two feet deep.

But, as Bolsover major pointed out, many hands made light work, and there were enough of us to dig up the whole blessed patch from end to end, and certainly we didn't mean to leave an inch of it unsearched.

Mr. Quelch came along while we were digging, and he smiled very sweetly.

"Ah! You are helping Brown with his vegetable-garden," said Quelchy, very benevolently. "A very worthy work, my dear boys."

We didn't grin till Quelchy was gone. Of course, it wouldn't have done to say anything to a Form-master about the treasure.

We slogged away till calling-over, and then we had to chuck it. It was terrific hard work; the soil was nearly as hard as iron, and so far as we could see, it had never been dug up before. But Skinner said that was really encouraging, for it showed that the treasure hadn't been hunted for before our time. I dare say it was encouraging, just as Skinner said, in a sense; but I know it was jolly hard work. We were pretty nearly dead-beat when we gave it up for that night.

Tom Brown sniffed at us when we came in. Bolsover major offered him very generously an equal share in the treasure, when found, if he'd get a spade and dig along with the rest. But Tom Brown was on his dignity. He said we'd taken his treasure clue without his permission, and he wouldn't have anything to do with it.

We were rather surprised at the way Browney took it. As a rule, Tom Brown will whack out anything with anybody, and he'd lend his last bob to his worst enemy, if he had one. Skinner said it was the thirst for gold, which would change the best natures, and turn a decent chap into a greedy beast. We supposed it was that; but we were surprised and dis-

W's the WHISTLE: with faces all ruddy
We rush from the field to the feed in the study.

X is the X-RAY, through which may be seen
The injuries gained in the struggle so keen.

gusted, and we told Browney so quite plainly. But he only sniffed.

The next day, as soon as morning lessons were over, there was a rush to the waste patch. Fellows had been digging here, there, and everywhere, and there were holes and gaps all over the place. But Bolsover major said that that was a rotten system, and that we had better do the thing in order. It was agreed that we should begin at the chapel wall, and work steadily across to the school wall, so as to cover the whole ground, and not miss an inch.

Of course, that was a big job. But there were lots of us to do it. Nearly every chap in the Remove was taking a hand, and the iron-monger in Friardale was doing a regular roaring business in spades and pickaxes. And then the news got out, through that ass Bunter blabbing, and the Fourth got to hear of it, and Temple, Dabney, & Co. came down with a crowd of their Form, and joined in.

There was a row at first, but Temple & Co. wouldn't budge, and it was agreed at last that they should be allowed to join in the treasure-hunt. We made a proper arrangement that the whole treasure was to be whacked out equally among all the chaps who dug for it, share and share alike, which was only fair.

But the treasure wasn't found that day; we didn't cover a quarter of the ground, hard as we worked. Then the news spread further, and on the third day the Shell fellows joined in, and a crowd of fags of the Third and Second. Coker and some of the Fifth came along, too. It was no good trying to keep them out; we simply had to let them all in on equal terms.

As a matter of fact, we were rather glad of the extra hands, for the work was frightfully hard. We got blisters on our hands, and made our boots and trousers awfully muddy.

But we were making plenty of progress. That day we covered three-quarters of the ground. There were a hundred fellows at least going it by that time, and Skinner calculated that each fellow would get thirty pieces of eight when the treasure was found. We didn't quite know what a piece of eight was worth, but we knew it was very valuable, very likely pounds and pounds. That was enough to make us pile in for all we were worth. We left footer alone, and spent every spare minute fagging away after the treasure.

Tom Brown was told plainly that if he didn't join in the digging, he shouldn't be allowed to share. But he only sniffed. He would come and watch us fagging away, and sniff, till we chucked clods at him and made him clear off. But he wouldn't touch a spade or a pick.

CHAPTER THREE.

WELL, by Saturday we had finished the whole ground, from the chapel to the wall, and the treasure hadn't turned up. It was a bitter disappointment, and we

**Y's for the YOUTH who plays footer with vigour,
And stands on the field a conspicuous figure.**

went over the copies of the parchment again very carefully. Bolsover major said it was clear we had missed it through not digging with more care, and that the only thing was to go over the ground again.

"Don't chuck up such big clods," Bolsover said. "The treasure may be inside one of those whacking big chunks. I don't suppose three thousand pieces of eight take up much room."

Some of the fellows were disheartened, and they gave it up. But most of us stuck to it, and we went over the ground again, breaking up all the big clods very carefully. It was Tuesday afternoon when we finished. The clods had all been broken, and there wasn't a chunk left, but the treasure hadn't turned up. Tom Brown was there watching us, and he looked very satisfied.

"Tain't here," said Bolsover major, resting on his spade and gasping. "Somebody's been here before us, I suppose. What rotten luck!"

"What a rotten sell!" groaned Skinner. "All through that silly idiot Brown finding that fat-headed parchment."

Tom Brown smiled serenely.

"It's ripping!" he said.

"What's ripping?" snorted Skinner.

"The way you've dug up my kitchen garden for me," said Browney. "It's all ready now for planting."

"What!"

"I couldn't have dug up that ground by myself in two or three terms," said Browney, "but you fellows have done it in less than a week. I can't say how much I am obliged to you."

"We didn't do it for your fat-headed kitchen garden," growled Johnny Bull. "We were after the treasure, you silly ass."

Tom Brown chortled.

"Never mind why you did it," he said. "You've done it. It was worth while giving a shilling for a bit of old parchment to get that garden dug up in that style."

"Well, you won't get the treasure either, as it ain't here," growled Bolsover major.

"Of course it isn't there," said Browney cheerily. "What beats me is, why you fellows supposed it was there."

We stared at him.

"Doesn't the parchment say so?" demanded Bob Cherry.

"Certainly it doesn't, and I never said so," answered Browney. "The parchment simply said fifteen paces, and two feet deep, and three thousand pieces of eight. It didn't mean anything at all, so far as I know, and I ought to know, as I wrote it."

There was a yell then.

"You wrote it!"

"You wrote that parchment!"

"Certainly," said Tom Brown, looking surprised. "Why shouldn't I write on my own parchment, if I wanted to? I bought it and paid for it, and I could write anything I liked on it, couldn't I?"

"You—you wrote it!" stuttered Squiff. "You

**Z is the ZEBRA, and one of the types
Is Bunter, with jersey of hideous stripes!**

spoofing beast, do you mean to say the parchment was blank when you bought it?"

"Naturally. I'd just finished writing on it when I heard Bunter grunting outside my study," said Tom Brown cheerily. "Bunter wanted to find something out, so I let him. You fellows seem to have jumped to a rather hasty conclusion about that parchment. But there's no harm done. You've dug up my kitchen garden for me, and now I shall be able to go ahead with the planting—"

Browney hadn't time to say any more; he had to bolt. The deep beast had spoofed us, of course, and started that treasure yarn to get the fellows to dig up his beastly vegetable garden, and they had done it! And when we thought of the way we had fagged over that ground, and blistered our hands, and worked like horses, and all to get that rotten vegetable

garden ready for Browney to start planting potatoes, we felt like Huns.

We didn't say anything more to Browney—we just went for him. He started for the School House at top speed, with the whole crowd after him, brandishing their weapons. It was jolly lucky for Tom Brown that he was a good sprinter. He bolted into his study and locked the door, and piled up the furniture against it. The fellows simply raged outside that door, till Quelchy came up with a cane to see what was on.

Afterwards, when we had calmed down a bit, we laughed over it, though Tom Brown had six or seven fights on his hands the next day. But he didn't mind that, and he went ahead with his gardening, and he thanked us a lot of times for getting the ground ready for him.

THE END.

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR FOURTH GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

I now have pleasure in announcing the result of the fourth great Tuck Hamper contest.

The correct rendering of Bob Cherry's letter is as follows:

"Dear Pals,—It's my turn to have a word with you this week. I was wondering if my position as Fighting Editor would be a light or a heavy one; but as everyone is satisfied with our efforts, there is nothing for me to do; but if my left hand is not wanted, my right is busy shaking hands with enthusiastic patrons.—Yours truly,

"BOB CHERRY."

One competitor succeeded in solving the picture-puzzle correctly, and the cash prize of £1 is therefore awarded to

JOHN TOLLIN,

20, Phoenix Park Terrace,
Glasgow.

The following competitors, who only had one error in result, each receive one of our magnificent hampers of tuck:

George Blackburn, 2, Balfour Street, Blyth; Edward Johns, 51, St. Helen's Road, Swansea; Grace Lea, 5, Western Road, Brixton, London, S.W.; Sidney Price, 54, Park Road, Sparkhill, Birmingham; Nora Pilgrim, 8, the Avenue, Eastbourne, Sussex; Ronald Mills, 19, Floyer Road, Small Heath, Birmingham; L. Pat McDermott, 31, Claremont Street, Plymouth.

GLORIOUS GRUB!

(With apologies to "The Stately Homes of England.")

By BILLY BUNTER.

THE glorious grub of Mimble,
How beautiful it seems!
It occupies my thoughts by day,
It haunts me in my dreams.
The fellows to the tuckshop bound
Soon after morning school;
And then the good dame bustles round
To feed them to the full.

The tempting grub of Mimble!
Around the hearth by night
What lofty sacks of ripping tuck
Gleam in the ruddy light!
Eat doughnuts grace the festive board,
And tarts in rich array;
While pies of every sort are stored
For me to stow away!

The jolly tuck of Mimble!
By thousands it is sought;
No finer buns or sausage-rolls
Could anywhere be bought!
Through open cupboards forth they peep,
Each from its spacious shelf;
And while the fellows are asleep
I smile—and help myself!

The free fair tuck of Mimble!
Long, long within her shop
May Greyfriars fellows eat her tuck
And drink her ginger-pop!
But I must lay aside my pen
And cadge for various sums,
Which I'll repay with pleasure, when
My postal-order comes!