



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, $\frac{1}{2}$ d.

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 COLONEL'S CUP!
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.

CONCERNING "TOM MERRY'S WEEKLY."

A good many readers of the GREYFRIARS HERALD have been agitating for the appearance of Tom Merry's jolly little journal; and in a recent issue of the "Gem" Library, the Editor of the companion papers lays down the law upon this important subject.

The HERALD, by all accounts, has experienced a relapse in circulation. The falling-off is not sufficiently serious to warrant the closing-down of this paper; at the same time, so long as it continues it is not thought desirable to bring "Tom Merry's Weekly" into the market. A certain figure has been fixed for the GREYFRIARS HERALD; and unless it touches that figure "Tom Merry's Weekly" will not appear. That is plain speaking, and the remedy is clear.

RALLY ROUND THE "HERALD"!

My chums should make a tremendous effort to increase the circulation of this paper. How can they do it? Why, the whole thing is simplicity itself. Supposing that every reader purchased two copies of this issue instead of one. The figures would be doubled, and "Tom Merry's Weekly" would speedily make its appearance.

Tell your chums of our competition, in connection with which dozens of tuck hampers have already been given away. Tell them of our magnificent boxing serial, of the screamingly funny Herlock Sholmes stories, and of all the many fine features with which the GREYFRIARS

HERALD abounds. But for the laps already referred to, the "Weekly" would be already on sale. So come along! Let's have plenty of energy and enthusiasm displayed, and may this week's circulation be doubled, if not trebled!

A TUCK HAMPER TRIBUTE!

The following letter has come to hand from a recent winner of one of our stunning tuck hampers. It should act as an impetus to others who have not yet competed:

"Dear Editor,—What a delightful surprise I had when your tuck hamper came! I believe the other fellows thought I had gone mad for the moment. You see, I am at a big boarding-school near Glasgow, and, naturally enough, my success caused a terrific sensation. One or two fellows who have tried to make out the competition was a swindle were made to look awfully small, and I left them out when it came to sharing the good things amongst my school-fellows! The cake was simply prime, and as for the other good things, well, they went down like a dream!

"Wishing the GREYFRIARS HERALD the success it so richly deserves,—Your true chum,
"EXCELSIOR."

I hope all my chums will take a leaf out of "Excelsior's" book, and try for a tuck hamper to-day!

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES 

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.

With a desperate plunge, Barker jumped clear. There was a terrible rending sound as a portion of his trousers parted from the rest, and he sprawled in an ungainly heap to the ground. "Got you, you cad!" exclaimed Neddy Welsh. (See picture)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

EARLINGHAM SCHOOL, which has been on the decline for a considerable period, is suddenly improved by the appointment of Jack Fenn as master of the Fourth Form, and Bob Sullivan, the well-known boxer, as drill-instructor. Mr. Fenn soon gets the whip-hand of Mr. Snope, the master of the Third; and Neddy Welsh, having beaten three boys at once in fistic encounter, is voted captain of his Form. With the aid of his chum, "Dolly" Gray, he hopes to reform the unruly Fourth. (Now Read On.)

Nipped in the Bud!

"IT'S rotten!" said Barker of the Fourth. "Rotten to the core!" agreed Lomax, his chum.

"Now that Welsh is skipper of the Fourth," continued Barker, "life won't be worth living for any of us! He's one of those priggish chaps who'll do nothing but preach and prate, and try and bring us up in the way we should go! Groo!"

"It's beastly!" said Lee.

"If only we could have wiped up the floor with the cad the other night!" sighed Barker. "Things would be different, then! We could continue to ride the high horse, and Master Priggy Welsh would get it where the chicken got the chopper!"

"No use crying over spilt milk!" said Lomax. "The mischief's done, and we've got to grin

and bear it. At least, we must bear it, if it's hard to grin."

"I'm afraid it's knocked your little plans for to-night on the head, old chap," said Lee.

Barker scowled savagely.

"I'm jolly well going to keep my appointment at the Peal of Bells," he said, "or I'll know the reason why! If Welsh interferes, there'll be trouble!"

"Shouldn't advise you to run foul of him again," said Lomax. "He's a jolly sight too handy with those fists of his. My nose is still swollen where he punched it."

"Blow your nose!"

"Right-ho!" said Lomax cheerfully.

And he blew it, making a row like the reverberating rumble of thunder.

"I'll wager you chaps anything you like," said Barker, "that I get to the Peal of Bells and back successfully."

"Done!" said Lomax and Lee together.

"Right! If I get nailed, you can have my penknife, Lee, and Lomax bags my watch."

Barker was fully intent upon carrying out his purpose. It was almost unheard-of for a fellow in the Fourth Form at a public school to be guilty of "pub-haunting"; but Barker was an exception to the rule. A big, overgrown lout; he had never dreamed of trying to be decent; and already he was on intimate terms with the fat, irascible landlord of the Peal of Bells.

Neddy Welsh, on being appointed to the

A is for ANCHOVY PASTE, which is great,
And should not be absent from anyone's plate.

B is for BOVRIL—long may it continue
To build up the system and strengthen the sinew.

captaincy, had said that he was going to come down heavy on cads who made nightly excursions to pubs with the object of smoking and gambling; and Neddy Welsh was a fellow of his word. Barker well knew what he was up against, but his resolution never wavered. He had promised the landlord he would be there, and he meant to keep that promise.

There was a tenseness in the atmosphere that night as the Fourth-Formers undressed. Everybody was wondering whether there would be an attempt made to lower the colours of the new captain. Neddy Welsh was quite calm, and gave the impression that he was ready to hit straight from the shoulder in the event of any trouble.

"Now that I'm leader of the Form, you chaps," he exclaimed, "I shall try my hardest to buck things up. I'm not a prig, and I don't mind a few pillow-fights, or even midnight feasts. That sort of thing's quite healthy, and if we get nabbed we must be prepared to pay the piper. But so far as smoking on the sly and playing cards at pubs are concerned, I won't tolerate it!"

"Bravo!" exclaimed several voices.

Neddy was beginning to get quite a following already.

"Pub-haunting's bad form," the speaker went on. "I know it's done by chaps in the Sixth, who ought to know better; but two wrongs don't make a right. There's no reason why fellows in the Fourth should make out-and-out cads of themselves. I'm in dead earnest, mind, so look out!"

And, having thus delivered himself, Neddy Welsh jumped into bed.

It was on Barker's lips to make an insolent retort, but he checked himself. If his nocturnal escapade was to prove a success, it was essential that Neddy Welsh should know nothing about it. Moreover, the bully's watch and penknife were treasured possessions, and he had no desire to be suddenly separated from them.

The hours went by on leaden wings, and it seemed an age before eleven chimed out from the old clock-tower. Then Barker sat up in bed, and listened.

Silence—save for the regular breathing of the sleepers.

The bully of the Fourth chuckled to himself, and proceeded to dress. He had not dared to go to bed in his clothes, lest the keen-eyed Neddy Welsh should make the discovery.

Creeping stealthily on tiptoe, Barker moved towards the door. Suddenly his foot came into contact with a boot which lay in his path, and he came to the floor with a resounding crash.

"Yow!" he roared painfully.

At the same instant Neddy Welsh started up in his bed, exclaiming sharply:

"Who's that?"

There was no reply. Barker's heart was beating overtime as he rose noiselessly to his feet. Had he been discovered?

"Who's that?" repeated the voice relentlessly.

Still no reply.

An electric torch flashed out through the gloom, and Neddy Welsh at once recognised the bully of the Fourth.

"Barker!" he exclaimed.

Without waiting to hear more, Barker rushed for the door. Neddy leapt from his bed and gave chase, but his quarry was at the foot of the stairs by the time he reached the landing.

"Come back," cried Neddy, in ringing tones, "or it'll be the worse for you!"

Barker's only reply was a mocking laugh. He sped hotfoot into the quad, and sprinted hard for the school wall; while Neddy Welsh hastily returned to the dormitory to dress, with the intention of giving chase.

"What's the trouble?" came in drowsy tones from Dolly Gray.

"Barker's going on the razzle," explained Neddy grimly, "and I'm jolly well going to stop him!"

"Want any help?"

"No, thanks; I can manage the bizney off my own bat."

So saying, Neddy Welsh hastily quitted the dormitory. He negotiated the stairs three at a time, and headed for the school wall like a champion of the cinder-path.

Neddy was just in time to see Barker disappear round a bend in the road. He gave chase with the fleetness of a hare, and it was obvious that, with a moderate amount of luck, he would succeed in overhauling the bully of the Fourth, who was out of condition owing to continuous cigarette-smoking.

Barker saw the position, and put on a desperate spurt. But the footsteps behind him grew nearer and nearer, and he saw only too plainly that to stick to the main road would be fatal.

Accordingly, he vaulted a stile, and raced hard across the fields, hoping to throw his pursuer off the track.

But Neddy Welsh stuck to his man like a limpet. Whatever happened, he meant to stop Barker from visiting the Peal of Bells.

Inch by inch, Neddy gained upon the cad of the Fourth. He was running his hardest now.

Barker suddenly found himself confronted with a somewhat high fence, which it would require a good deal of agility to clear. However, it was neck or nothing, and Barker managed, with a mighty effort, to clamber up the fence.

Neddy Welsh came pounding along in his wake, and Barker realised that he must hurry. As he was about to take himself off from the top of the fence, he discovered that the seat of his trousers had become entangled.

With a desperate plunge, he jumped clear. There was a terrible rending sound as a portion of his trousers parted from the rest, and Barker went sprawling in an ungainly heap to the ground.

"Got you, you cad!" exclaimed Neddy Welsh, as he clambered over the fence. "You won't give me the slip a second time!"

Barker struggled to his feet, but before

**C's for CAMP COFFEE, so simple and nice.
A steaming hot cup is prepared in a trice!**

**D is for DUNLOP, whose excellent tyres
Deserve recommending to all would-be buyers.**

he could continue his flight, Neddy seized him in a grip of iron.

"Now," he said grimly, "you're going through it!"

"Pax!" panted Barker, turning a terrified face upon his captor. "I only d-did this for a j-joke!"

"You were going to that rotten pub, in spite of what I said!" exclaimed Neddy sternly.

"I wasn't! I—"

"Don't tell lies! I've cornered you now, and you've got to face the music! Put up your hands!"

"I—I sha'n't!"

"Then I'll make you!"

And Neddy Welsh's open palm came like a pistol-shot across Barker's cheek.

The bully gave a yell, and saw that he must either show fight or be thrashed. Probably he would be thrashed in any case, and the knowledge was not pleasant. Twice since Neddy's arrival at Earlingham had Barker come to blows with him; and on both occasions Neddy had gained the better of the argument.

But Barker possessed a faint belief that the third time luck would be with him. He lowered his head, and charged at Neddy Welsh like an infuriated bull.

Neddy stepped deftly to one side; then his fist shot out, catching Barker a terrific clump on the side of the head. The next moment the two juniors were fighting like tigers.

It was an animated scene, and the rest of the Fourth-Formers, snugly ensconced in their beds, little knew what they were missing. The claret was soon streaming from Barker's nose, and one of his eyes was closed up. Try as he might, he could do nothing against Neddy Welsh, to whom a knowledge of ringcraft was a sort of second nature.

"Ow!" he roared, as Neddy's fist crashed into his ribs, almost doubling him up. "I'm punctured! I've had enough! Groo!"

"You're sure?" asked Neddy Welsh.

"Positive!"

"You won't attempt to go pub-haunting again?"

"Nunno!"

"You'll be a good, well-behaved little boy—what?"

"Yes. Any old thing, so long as you leave off!"

"That's the way!" said Neddy. "The sooner you turn your back on your bad old ways, the better you'll find it. It's a downright shame to see a chap of your weight skulking about in pubs. What a splendid full-back you'd make!"

"I can't play footer," moaned Barker.

"Fiddlesticks! You prefer to slack, that's the long and short of it. Come on, we'll get back to the school."

It was a very crestfallen Barker that entered the Fourth Form dormitory half an hour later. Nearly all the fellows were awake.

"Hallo!" said Dolly Gray. "You've nabbed the beast, then, Neddy? Good man!"

"My knife, please!" said Lee.

"My silver watch!" chuckled Lomax.

Barker handed over the articles in silence. He was at a loss for words just then. This was the first time in his career at Earlingham that one of his nightly excursions had been nipped in the bud. Verily, Neddy Welsh was making himself felt in his new position!

"Well, said Mr. Fenn, as he sighted Neddy Welsh in the corridor next morning. "How's the reform going?"

"Like a charm, sir!" answered Neddy cheerfully.

"Have you got the whip-hand of Barker yet?"

"I think so, sir."

"That's excellent! And now, what about raising a football team? This is the first school I have come across which doesn't indulge freely in the great winter game."

"I believe I could scrape an eleven together, sir, somehow, but it will be difficult to get fixtures."

"Nonsense, my boy! Why, there are plenty of junior teams who will only be too pleased to play against you. Why not approach the captain of the Greyfriars Remove?"

Neddy's eyes sparkled.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "I'll write to him at once. Shall I ask them to come over here for the match?"

"Certainly; and I shall be happy to referee for you, Welsh."

"Thanks, sir! You're a brick!"

The reply was not long in coming. It arrived on the evening of the following day, and ran as follows:

"Greyfriars School,

"Friardale, Kent.

"Dear Welsh,—In reply to your letter, I shall be happy to bring my team over to Earlingham on Wednesday next, the match to commence at two sharp.

"As your school is more or less unfamiliar to us, the fixture should make a welcome change. We intend to field a strong side.—Yours sincerely,

"HARRY WHARTON."

Neddy Welsh handed the letter to Dolly Gray, and the two chums capered about the study in delight. Then they paused, the same gloomy thought occurring to each. It was all very well for them to have a fixture with the famous Friars, but where was the Earlingham team coming from? Welsh had told Mr. Fenn there would be little difficulty in raising one, but would there? Supposing the fellows rebelled, and refused to turn out for the occasion? All would be chaos.

"It's rotten!" said Neddy. "I didn't look at things in that light. Still, we have made our own bed, and we must lie on it!"

(Another thrilling instalment of this grand serial story next Monday.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

A CHALLENGE FROM EARLINGHAM!

'To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—I don't suppose you've heard of Earlingham School. It's only a tinpot place, and I'm endeavouring to get a footer eleven together in the Fourth. Hitherto, the fellows haven't troubled much about the great winter game, but I am trying to bring about a revival.

"Can you bring a team over to play us on Wednesday? We shall be a scratch lot, but I expect we shall give you a good game.—Yours sincerely,
NEDDY WELSH (Captain).

[Thank you, Neddy! We shall be pleased to do battle with you on the day in question, and our tame scribe, Mark Linley, will report the match in next Monday's issue.—Ed.]

CRUSHING A CAD!

'To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Harry,—In reply to Master Skinner's offensive and objectionable letter running down the HERALD, I should like to tell him that he's completely offside. I have read the paper from No. 1, and nothing has impressed me more than the splendid sportsmanlike spirit which it shows. This is not soft sawder, written so that I can get a few verses accepted now and again, but my honest opinion.

"As for the aforesaid Skinner, you may be interested to note that the journal which he is running in conjunction with the unspeakable Ponsonby is a rank rotten rag. The Editorial describes heavy smoking as being the best way to keep fit, and the serial by Skinner, entitled 'Mike, of Murderers' Row,' is just the sort of thing you might expect from his pen. Skinner speaks of putting the new rag on the market, but from my knowledge of British boys, they will not tolerate such disgusting and demoralising piffle.

"With best wishes for the welfare of the HERALD.—Yours sincerely,

"DICK PENFOLD."

[Many thanks, Pen, for your loyal letter! I don't think we have anything to fear from Skinner. The Fighting Editor is straining like a hound upon the leash, waiting for the word to have a go at him. We strongly recommend the contemptible cad to mind his 'p's' and 'q's'.—Ed.]

G is for **GAMAGE'S** world-famous store.
If you visit it once, you'll want an encore.

NOTHING DOING!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"St. James' School, Rylcombe, Sussex.

"Dear Sir,—I have heard a lot lately about Bunter's appetite, and it has been said that he could eat more than me at one sitting. I'd jolly well like to see him! If your Editorial Staff will provide the provender, I shall be glad to undertake a gorging contest against Bunter, the winner to receive five bob.—Yours faithfully,
"FATTY WYNN."

[Sorry, Fatty, old boy, but the organisation of such an exhibition as this would swallow up the whole of a term's pocket-money. We've seen your jaws at work in the past, and are aware that your eating propensities are as great as those of a fully-fledged cormorant. We are not sure you could beat Billy Bunter at his own game; anyway, we'll take your word for it!—EDITORIAL STAFF.]

POOR OLD LODER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—If you don't discontinue your ridiculous 'Police Court News' at once, I shall come down on you like a thousand of bricks! How dare you include a prefect in the list of convicted criminals! It is scandalous! I can't think what Wingate's up to to allow such goings-on.—Yours in contempt,

"GERALD LODER."

[Keep your hair on, Loder, old man! It's not a bit of good getting your rag out. The popular Police Court News shall be continued as heretofore, and if you so much as raise a finger against us, we'll tar and feather you, and finish up by ducking you in the fountain!—Ed.]

—AND POOR OLD COKER!

"To the Edditer of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—I hate haveing to rite and ask you for advice, but as yores is the only reckonised paper at Greyfriars, I suppoze I must!

"I have been worried a good bit lately about a groath of hare on my upper lip. Potter and Greene tell me it is a misstosh. If this is so, I want to get rid of it rite away. Will you please give me the bennefit of yore advice?—Yores,

"HORACE COKER."

[Shave, my dear Horace, shave!—Ed.]

H is for **HUNTLEY & PALMER'S**. I'll risk it
By saying this firm makes the very best biscuit.

THE CASE OF THE AMERICAN MILLIONAIRE!

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

W RITTEN BY W
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE name of Ephraim Z. Squawk, the millionaire Beef King of Chicago, was, of course, well know to us. The enormous number of tins he exported yearly, and the mystery surrounding their contents, had made him an interesting figure. I could not help regarding him with some curiosity as he was shown into our sitting-room at Shaker Street.

Herlock Sholmes had been about to make one of his accustomed inroads upon the cask of cocaine. He rose, however, and yawned in the polished and courteous manner so characteristic of him.

The millionaire, who in features somewhat resembled a hatchet, was pale and agitated.

"Mr. Sholmes," he said, "I guess I want your help. I calculate if you work the rifle, you can count out your own spondulics. A gripful of greenbacks more or less cuts no ice with me. I guess I am up against it, and it's a regular cinch for that hoodlum who is after me!"

Sholmes, who speaks American like a native, nodded. As on many previous occasions, his gifts as a linguist stood him in good stead.

"Pray give me a few details, Mr. Squawk," he remarked. "You may speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson."

The millionaire sat down and glared at the fender, and then under the table, and then into the fire, and told his story.

"I guess I wasn't always what I am now, Mr. Sholmes. Jest now, the name of Ephraim Z. Squawk is known throughout the world as the biggest exporter, sir, in all Chicawgo. Squawk's American beef is known wherever the American language is spoken. But at one time, sir, I was simply manager of a canning works in Chicawgo. It was then that it happened."

"What happened, Mr. Squawk?"

"The unfortunate death of Mike Mulligan,



Sholmes, who speaks American like a native, nodded. As on many previous occasions, his gifts as a linguist stood him in good stead. "Pray give me a few details, Mr. Squawk," he remarked. "You may speak quite freely."

He was a man at the canning works. I guess I hardly knew him by name. P'r'aps you know, Mr. Sholmes, suthing of the working of an American beef factory. The machines, sir, go on night and day. The steers are driven in at one gate, and at another gate they come out in the form of Squawk's potted beef. Stopping the machinery means the loss of a heap of dollars, and a foreman who stopped for a minute, sir, would be fired before he could say 'No sugar in mine!' It sometimes happens, unfortunately, that a man falls into the machines and gets mixed up with the beef. Of course, it's unfortunate. But sich things, sir, can't be helped in a hustling town like Chicawgo. It doesn't happen often—not mor'n once in a week, I guess. Such a man, sir, disappears from human knowledge. When he comes out of the machinery, he comes out along with the beef, and is exported in tins to all parts of the world. One bit of him may go to England, another bit to Russia, another bit to South America—it depends on the tins he's potted in."

Herlock Sholmes nodded.

"Well, sir," resumed the millionaire, "men have disappeared that way and nothing has happened, till it happened about Mike Mulligan. He got tipsy and pitched in, and vanished from the airth. His brother, sir, came to me to have the machines stopped. Stopped, you know—a loss of p'r'aps five hundred dollars! It couldn't be did! Besides, by the time we'd got 'em

stopped, Mike Mulligan would have been turned into canned beef, and it would have been a sheer waste of time. But, for some reason, Paddy Mulligan was wild, and he left the works swearing revenge."

The millionaire mopped his perspiring brow.

"Waal, sir, now I come to the pint. This man, Paddy Mulligan, took it to heart. He wrote threatening letters, making the most onreasonable demands. He wanted the body of his brother Mike for burial, sir. Now, I put it to you, Mr. Sholmes, as a reasonable man, what could I do? If I had opened all the tins in the factory, what was left of Mike wouldn't have been recognisable. Besides, he was already exported. At that time we were working at pressure on contracts for London, and, while Paddy Mulligan was bothering me, his brother had already been distributed in fragments all over the Yewnited Kingdom. His own relations in Ireland, sir, may have received him, in parts, without knowing it."

"Certainly it would have been a very difficult task to collect him," Sholmes remarked.

"The only way to satisfy Paddy Mulligan, sir, would have been to hand him the whole week's output of the factory—beef and Mike and all—and let him bury it," said Mr. Squawk, "and you can bet your bottom dollar, sir, that I wasn't doing that. Besides, as I've said, Mike had already been exported. Since that date, Mr. Sholmes, Squawk's potted beef has achieved a world-wide reputation. It's peculiar flavour, sir, has recommended it far and wide, especially in the South Sea Islands. But, while I have piled up mountains of dollars, sir, I've always been haunted by that guy's threats of revenge. Paddy Mulligan is still demanding his brother's body for burial, and threatening revenge if he doesn't get it. I confess, sir, that I came to this benighted island chiefly to get away from Paddy Mulligan. But he has followed me here, and I live in terror, sir, night and day, of having my brains knocked out with his shillelagh."

The millionaire paused, in great agitation.

"It's a regular cinch for him," he explained.

"I guess I can't always dodge him. Mr. Sholmes, I want you to nail the hoodlum."

Herlock Sholmes looked thoughtful.

"You want this man captured?"

"Yep."

"And then?"

"Put where he can't do any harm!" said Mr. Squawk.

"But so far he has only written threatening letters," said Herlock Sholmes thoughtfully. "For that, he could only be given a term of imprisonment. When he came out, he would be as dangerous as ever."

"More dangerous, perhaps," I ventured to remark.

Mr. Squawk gave a groan.

"I reckon that's so," he said. "I guess I'm up against it. I want him nailed and kept safe somehow. Mr. Sholmes, give me your advice

for making that man safe, and name your own figure."

"I am entirely at your service, Mr. Squawk. Fortunately, I am able to suggest a plan which would be thoroughly efficacious, if you carry out my instructions to the minutest detail."

"Go ahead, sir."

"So far, this man has threatened your death, and for that he could be imprisoned, but he would be subsequently released, when he would doubtless carry out his threat at once. The best thing you can do, Mr. Squawk, is to encounter him personally——"

"Eh?"

"He will then, doubtless, knock out your brains with his shillelagh as you have remarked."

"Wha-a-at?"

"And for that," explained Herlock Sholmes, "he can be hanged. He will then be safe from doing further harm."

I could not help giving my amazing friend a glance of admiration at this simple and at the same time subtle suggestion. The millionaire, however, did not appear to be satisfied. Such a method of disposing of a dangerous character appeared to be admirable in its simplicity, and certainly would have been thought of by no one but Herlock Sholmes.

"Excellent!" I could not help exclaiming.

"Jerusalem crickets!" exclaimed Mr. Squawk. "I guess that cuts no ice with me, Mr. Sholmes. I calculate I'm not taking any."

Sholmes stiffened perceptibly.

"If you decline to follow my directions, Mr. Squawk, I can only decline to take up the case," he said. "I always insist upon my clients placing themselves unreservedly in my hands."

Mr. Squawk rose, and, after making several uncalled-for remarks of a personal character, quitted the room, closing the door behind him with a bang.

Herlock Sholmes elevated his eyebrows.

"A very peculiar client, Jotson," he remarked. "I can do nothing in this case, but I fear that he will have reason to repent of his obstinacy. By the way, Jotson, you might mention to Mrs. Spudson that under no circumstances whatever is she to make any use of American canned beef in our cuisine. It would be distinctly unpleasant to be served with any portions of the unfortunate Mike Mulligan which may still be in existence."

CHAPTER TWO.

I have not recorded this interesting case as one of the triumphs of Herlock Sholmes, but rather as an example of the disastrous results which followed in the rare instances where his professional advice was disregarded by a client. Such instances were very rare, and in every case Sholmes was justified by the results.

We did not see Mr. Squawk again.

I hoped that, for his own sake, he would return and place himself in the hands of my amazing friend for guidance.

But he was a man of obstinate character, extremely self-willed and pertinacious. We

heard later that he had gone to the police for protection, and, naturally, we were not surprised to hear that the result was what might have been foreseen. The shillelagh of the revengeful Paddy Mulligan claimed its victim, and the man then disappeared without leaving a trace behind him—as completely as if he had fallen into the machines in the canning works at Chicago.

THE END.

AN ODE TO GREYFRIARS.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—This poem is the joint work of Dick Penfold and Harold Skinner. Penfold wrote the first and third lines in each verse, Skinner's lines being printed in italics.]

Ye noble and historic spires,
All tumbling down to bits;
The very sight of you inspires
A fellow into fits!

O trees, we sport beneath your shade,
And smoke the glorious fag,
We sample sparkling lemonade
And quite a pound of shag.

The fellows always play the game
Of solo-whist or nap;
And how we honour Wharton's name,
He's such a priggish chap!

Old Wingate is our skipper bold,
He is a frightful lout;
His actions are as good as gold—
He's never been found out!

Bob Cherry's pater's gone to fight
Behind a barricade;
The Germans marvel at the sight,
Because he's so afraid!

We like old Quelchy taking class,
We pull his leg, you see;
Some say he is a silly ass,
I heartily agree.

The grub in Hall is really great—
Oh, take me home to die!
With puddings piled on every plate,
And poison in the pie!

In short, our great and grand domain
Quite makes a fellow ill;
We work within it might and main
Like slaves in Pentonville.

K's for the **KUDOS** which everyone needs
In order to purchase provisions for feeds.

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

On Wednesday next a long trip will be made to Earlingham, where we shall play Neddy Welsh's team for the first time. The Head has kindly consented to give us the day off, and the following eleven will take the field:

Goal, Bulstrode; Backs, Bull and Brown; Half-backs, Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley; Forwards, Hurree Singh (or Field), Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith.

Every fellow is requested to play the game of his life, and to demonstrate the fact that we possess one of the finest junior sides in the Southern Counties.

Lieutenant Larry Lascelles sends us an interesting account from the firing-line of a footer match played on Christmas Day between representative sides of Great Britain and Germany.

"A sort of truce had been made," he writes, "and it didn't take long to get the elevens together. Our colonel officiated as referee. The Potsdam pirates played poor football, and we simply swarmed round the improvised goal, scoring three times in as many minutes.

"We had things all our own way in the first half, and led at the interval by nine to nil. On resuming, the Huns began to lose their tempers, and it was a common occurrence for them to handle the ball. Not to be outdone, we handled it as well, so that it was a dramatic jump from soccer to rigger. One of our fellows had played for the United Services before the war, and my word! He fairly let himself go. Our score was so colossal at the conclusion of the game that we had hopelessly lost count, and the colonel was doubled up with laughter.

"I hope the Greyfriars Remove is experiencing good luck, and hope to be over on leave in the course of a few weeks."

This column would not be complete without a word of congratulation to our reserve eleven. They played last Saturday against the St. Jim's Reserves, and won handsomely by five goals to two. Dick Russell found the net twice, the other goals being registered by Squiff, Rake, and Monty Newland. Hazeldene kept goal splendidly, and friend Bulstrode will have to look to his laurels. Morgan played a sound game at back, and Micky Desmond was a tower of strength in the half-back line. On the whole, our understudies are decidedly hot stuff, and we wish them every success with their forthcoming fixtures.

L is for **LIPTON'S**, whose wonderful tea
Comes first on the market, between you and me.

Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



THE BIRCH FOR BOLSOVER.

Percy Bolsover, who had two hundred and fifty-eight previous convictions to his credit, was placed in the dock to answer to a charge of manslaughter.

Magistrate (contemptuously): Who is your latest victim?

Prisoner: Find out!

P.-c. Dick Russell deposed that on the 32nd instant prisoner wilfully, and with malice aforethought, severed a portion of pigtail, the property of Wun Lung, a Chinese.

Magistrate: Do you call that manslaughter, you blithering idiot?

P.-c. Russell: It is classified under that category, your worship!

Magistrate: Don't use long words in court! I will not have it!

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C.: Your worship seems to be in a very bad temper this morning. Did Quelch give your worship fifty lines?

Magistrate: Silence, sir! I will not tolerate these unseemly interruptions! Call Wun Lung!

The Chinese did a back-somersault into the witness-box.

Magistrate: You have lost part of your pigtail?

Wun Lung: Yes. Beastly bully Bolsover come and clipee off with sharp knife!

Prisoner: What a whopper!

Magistrate: Give him a clout every time he opens his mouth! That's right! Now, gentlemen of the jury, consider your giddy verdict!

The jury retired to the tuckshop, returning half an hour later with conspicuous smears of jam on their learned faces.

Magistrate: Been buying the shop up? You jury-men are getting very slow in your old age! If you're not careful I shall sack you! Do you find prisoner guilty or not guilty?

Foreman: Guilty, my lord!

Magistrate: That's good! You'd get a thick ear if you didn't! Did you bag the Head's birch, Detective Todd?

Detective Peter Todd: Not half, your worship!

Magistrate: Then prisoner shall be sentenced to thirteen strokes—one from each jurymen, and I'll give him one for luck!

Amid wild howls from Bolsover, the castigation was administered. P.-c. Johnny Bull was afterwards appointed to pick up the pieces.



LINLEY'S LIBEL ACTION.

Mark Linley, the celebrated author, brought an action against Richard Nugent, Editor of the "Junior's Jernal," for stating that his serial story, entitled, "The Pride of the Ring," was a lot of tommy-rot.

Magistrate: There's many a true word spoken in jest. P'raps he's right!

Mr. Linley (indignantly): If it's tommy-rot, why the dickens do you put it in the paper?

Magistrate: Shush! I don't wish it to become generally known that Mr. Cherry bribed me to publish it. What has defendant got to say for himself?

Nugent: I'm jolly well right, and you know it! How could a chap win every blessed fight like Neddy Welsh does? It's impossible!

Mr. Linley: Why, Tom Belcher, in the "Boys' Friend," has won about two hundred contests right off the reel!

The magistrate mumbled something about fiction being stranger than truth on this occasion, and requested Nugent to pay one penny damages. Having regard to defendant's financial position, it would be quite in order, said the magistrate, if he brassed up in four instalments of a farthing.

The court then adjourned for the footer match with Highcliffe.

MR. TWIGG, THE PRUSSIAN PIG!

Blubbing bitterly, Percival Spencer Paget brought an action for damages against Bernard M. Twigg, M.A., who was alleged to have flogged him till he was black and blue. Defendant did not appear.

Plaintiff described his awful anguish, and wound up with the request that Twigg should be secured in a padded room.

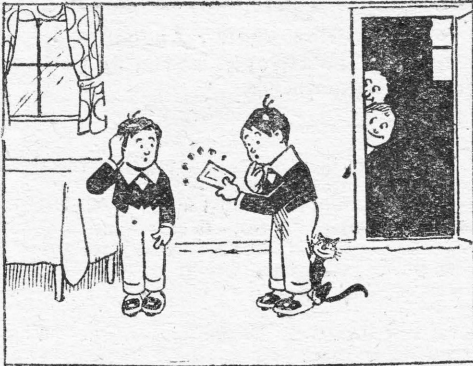
Magistrate: I'm awfully sorry for you, kid, but this court exercises no jurisdiction over a master. I should advise you to redress your wrongs off your own bat.

Plaintiff: Right-ho, your worship! Thanks for the tip! I'll rig up such a booby-trap that Twigg'll never smile again! (Laughter.)

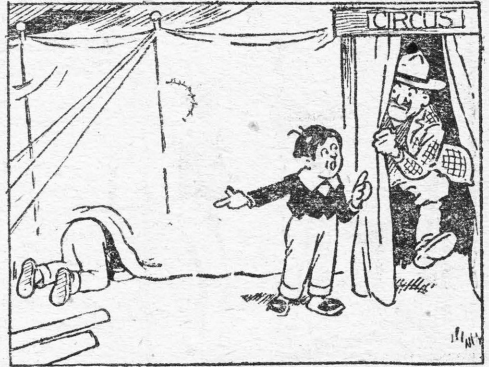
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

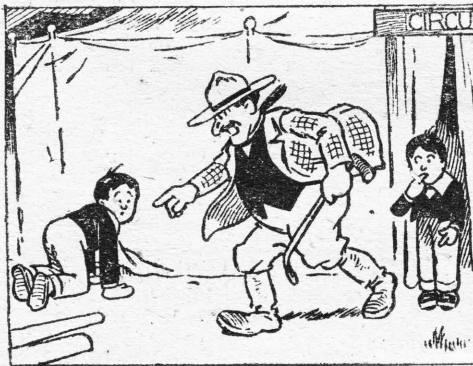
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



- (1) "The circus comes along this week, But only one can go," said Squeak. "I'll try and work a wheeze," said Bubble, "I hope we sha'n't get into trouble!"



- (4) But Squeak at once pulled out his pass : "It's quite all right, you silly ass ! I've bowled you out right on the wicket, For here you see the giddy ticket!"



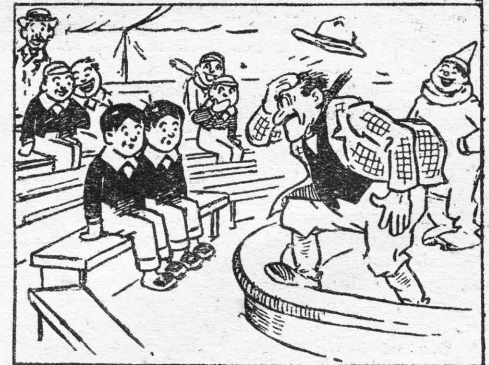
- (2) The next day Squeak, the artful chap, Went crawling through the circus flap. "He's swindling you!" friend Bubble cried, "And means to worm his way inside!"



- (5) Before the fuming man replied, Young Bubble deftly dodged inside. "Hullo! The cheeky rip's got in!" And Squeak responded with a grin!



- (3) "Come out!" exclaimed the irate cove, "I've tumbled to your game, by Jove! You tried to see the show for nix : I won't put up with monkey tricks!"

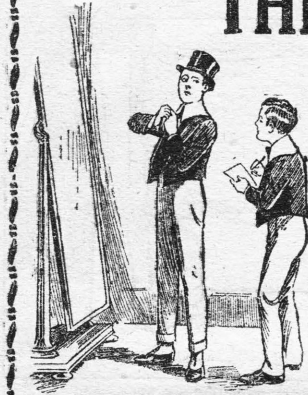


- (6) The showman dashed into the tent With furious face, on murder bent ; The twins, demure, sat side by side : "Which rascal's took French leave?" he cried.

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

THE NUTTIEST OF THE NUTS!

An Interview with The Hon. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, of St. Jim's, by the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



I was fed up—desperately fed-up!

Interviewing people is a rotten bizney, even though they happen to be your own schoolmates;

but when the Editor of the HERALD said I was to go over to St. Jim's I nearly had a fit.

"You—you're not rotting?" I stammered.

"I should think not!" was the reply. "Just trundle over to St. Jim's this afternoon on your bike. It won't take you more than four hours."

"Great Scott!"

"I want you to interview Arthur Augustus D'Arcy—alias Gussy," explained the Editor, with a sweet smile. "I'd come with you, but—ahem!—we happen to be playing Redelyffe this afternoon."

I shook my fist wrathfully in my chief's face.

"Do your own dirty work!" I exclaimed, hot with passion. "You think I'm going to fag right over to St. Jim's in this freezing weather, just to gratify an idiotic whim of yours?"

"Peace, my son, peace!" admonished the Editor. "It is a bit of a fag, I admit; but I'll make it all right for you. You shall have another tanner for writing this week's interview."

"Now you're talking!" I said, brightening up. "And supposing I'm punctured en route—will you stand the racket?"

"Certainly! I'll get the money out of the Poor Box at the next quarter sessions. Half a jiffy! Don't go yet! I'll give you a letter of introduction to the gushing aristocrat."

The Editor scribbled out a note on the back of one of Alonzo Todd's rejected poems, and four minutes later I pinched Tom Brown's jigger out of the bikeshed, and scorching away towards St. Jim's.

It was a long ride, and beastly cold. I couldn't feel my hands as I whizzed along, and felt like turning back once or twice, and wiping up the floor with that brute of an Editor. [Here, steady on, old man! That's a libel!—Ed.]

Four o'clock chimed out from the tower when I reached the school, and the prospect of biking back in the dark made me writhe. But the

mischief was done now, and nothing remained but to see the job through.

A familiar figure strolled up as I wheeled the machine in at the gates. It was Levison of the Fourth. Levison's a rotter, who once upon a time got expelled from Greyfriars; but by some trick or other he managed to gain admission to St. Jim's.

"Good-afternoon!" he said pleasantly. "What can I do for you?"

"I should like you to direct me to the study owned by the great Gustavus," I said.

"Right you are. Leave your bike here. Taggles will look after it. This way!"

And Levison linked his arm affectionately in my own, and led me into the building.

I pulled up with a start as I took stock of my surroundings.

"I say! Haven't you brought me to the New House by mistake?" I queried. "I thought Gussy was in the School House."

"So he is," assented Levison calmly; "but this is the School House."

I must confess I felt pretty mystified. I had been to St. Jim's once—a year before—to play for the Remove reserves at footer. On that occasion I distinctly remembered having been told that the block of building through which we were now passing was the New House.

However, I didn't want to make myself disagreeable, and submitted quietly as Levison led me along the corridor. He stopped outside one of the doors, and motioned me inside.

"That's Gussy's study," he explained. "Go right in, and make yourself at home. D'Arcy's down at the footer at present, but in the meantime you can pitch into the grub."

"You—you're sure he won't mind?" I asked doubtfully.

"Not a bit! Just pile in! So-long! See you later!"

And Levison walked off, whistling.

The scene which greeted my gaze was a pleasant one. The table was well laden with good things, and a kettle was singing merrily on the hob. There was none of that untidiness usually associated with schoolboy studies; but I was not really surprised at this, for Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is always spoken of as a scrupulously neat and tidy customer.

I drew a cosy armchair up to the table, and started on the meal. I was feeling ravenously hungry after that long bike ride, and the sardines and buttered toast seemed delicious. After all, I reflected, it wasn't a bad idea of the Editor to send me over to St. Jim's, which

M is for MACKINTOSH. Everyone tucks
With keenest delight into Toffee de Luxe!

N is for NESTLE'S, their milk is a dream,
So rich and so rare, and abounding in cream.

seemed to be a land flowing with milk and honey.

Just as I was getting properly set the door opened, and I had the surprise of my life! A bald-headed, rat-faced man dashed into the study, and caught me a terrific clump on the ear.

"Boy!" he thundered. "Benighted black-guard! Do you realise what you are doing?"

"W-w-what's the matter?" I gasped, caressing my ear.

"Matter!" roared the old jesser. "Why, you have had the brazen effrontery, sir, to purloin my tea—to burst into my study like a—modern Raffles!"

"But Levison told me——" I stammered.

"Levison told you what?"

"That this was D'Arcy's study!"

"Good heavens! Are you a new boy?"

"No, sir. I am a Greyfriars fellow. I wanted to have a chat with D'Arcy, and understood that this was his study."

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the rat-faced man. "Send Levison to me—Mr. Ratcliff—at once! I will flog him without mercy!"

"Very well, sir!"

I skipped out of the study, only too glad to escape the wrath of this sour pedagogue. Out in the quadrangle, I found the practical joker.

"Levison, you funny rotter!" I exclaimed.

"What a rotten trick to play on a chap! Mr. Ratcliff wants you now."

"Oh, crumbs! D'you mean to say you sneaked?"

"I didn't mean to," I said, truthfully enough.

"But I had to explain, or Ratcliff would have stretched me in the gore. You'd better go in and see him. He's in a royal rage."

Levison snorted.

"Ratty can wait!" he said. "I'm going to have tea in my study first."

"Will you direct me to D'Arcy this time, without any bunkum?" I inquired.

"There's no need to, deah boy!" said a pleasant, high-pitched voice. "Heah I am, as large as life and twice as natuwal!"

"Oh, good!" I exclaimed, as Levison strolled away. "I've biked over from Greyfriars to see you."

"Bai Jove!"

"I'm the special representative of the GREYFRIARS HERALD," I said, my chest heaving with self-conscience pride. "Can I have the pleasure of a brief chat with you?"

"Certainly, deah boy! I'm jollay pleased to see you, Mistah Weportah! Come

along to my studay in the School House, and entabtain your innah man!"

I had already had one snack in Mr. Ratcliff's study, but, like Oliver Twist, I wasn't averse to more. The swell of St. Jim's led me away to his study, where I was cordially received by Blake, Herries, and Digby, whom I knew by sight.

The feed was simply stunning! There were cakes of all sorts and descriptions, and apple-dumplings of a size that would have made Billy Bunter's mouth water. Between intervals of munching, I asked the immortal Gussy a few questions.

"What do you think is of the primary importance in life?" I inquired.

"To dwess well, deah boy! Tell all youah weadahs that dwess comes befoah ewevythin'. The appawal always pwoclaims the man, as Milton says."

"Wasn't it Shakespeare?" grinned Jack Blake.

"Blake, pway do not intewwupt my discourse! As I was sayin', ewevy chap should make a point of dwessin' up to the nines, as they remark in vulgah circles! Wed neckties with gween spots should be affected, and one should nevah be without spats. Half the ewime in the kingdom is caused thwough people not wearin' spats."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, waistcoats!" said Arthur Augustus, with the air of a man debating on a life-and-death problem. "I pwefer striped ones myself——"

"The gaudier the better!" chuckled Herries.

"Dwy up, Hewwies, you ass, or I shall administrah a feahful thwashin'!"

Herries dried up.

"Then there are toppahs, you know! Topphahs are always worn by the nobility and gentwy, in whose footsteps we are pwould to follow. Let me describe to you the twagedy of the man without a toppah——"

"Excuse me," I said hastily; "but I must be going, or I sha'n't be in by locking-up!"

I shook hands all round, and passed out into the quadrangle. On my way to the gates I heard a swishing sound close at hand, followed by wild yells. Ratty had nailed Levison in the quad, and was putting him through it.

I chuckled as I recovered my machine and rode away in the darkness. I expect Ernest Levison will always bear painful recollections of the day when I came to St. Jim's to interview the Nuttiest of the "Nuts"!

(Another of these interviews will appear next week. Order early!)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 10.—H. VERNON-SMITH.

Our Sports Editor.

O is for OXO—first-rate, so they say.
A little of it goes a very long way.

P is for PASCALL'S, whose sweets are just "IT."
They give you delight to the very last bit.

Mr. Tuttle's Telephone!

AN EXCEEDINGLY COMICAL CONTRIBUTION.

By **DICK TRUMPER.**

Of Courtfield County Council School.



MR. TUTTLE is the village grocer in Friardale. Friardale is a sleepy place, and there are only three telephones there. Mr. Tuttle's was the third.

The other two are at the post-office and the doctor's. But at the post-office you have to pay three d. for a call, and the doctor is in a perpetual state of expecting a trunk call—at least, so the maid says—so his telephone can't be used by anybody but himself. So when Mr. Tuttle had the telephone installed it was a regular windfall to lots of people. Mr. Tuttle thought it would be a great convenience. So it was—to half Friardale. I had a job with Mr. Tuttle at that time, helping with parcels after school hours. That's how I came to know about the major.

The major was only one of many, but he was the extreme outside edge. The major did not deal with Mr. Tuttle; he had all his things from the stores in London. He never seemed to know that Mr. Tuttle's shop existed until the telephone was installed there. Then he became aware of it quite at once. He dropped in then. It wasn't to give orders; it was for the telephone. The major knew lots of people, and he was a busy man. It was a great convenience to him to have a telephone so near his house, as I heard him tell Mr. Tuttle.

The day after the telephone bell rang for the first time, in walked the major. He nodded to Mr. Tuttle in quite an affable way.

"Good morning, Mr. Tuttle," said the major, "I understand you have the telephone here. Would you have the great kindness to allow me to use it for one moment? Pray do not trouble to rise, Mr. Tuttle. Thank you, so much! You must really excuse me; I know this is rather a liberty, but a pressing matter of the greatest importance—you understand? Thank you—thank you!"

II.

The next day the major dropped in again.

"Good afternoon, Mr. Tuttle! I wonder whether you would allow me to use the telephone for a few minutes? So sorry to trouble you, but it really very pressing. A thousand pardons! Thank you so much!"

III.

Next day Mr. Tuttle was smoking his pipe in the parlour, when the major came in briskly.

"Not using the telephone, Mr. Tuttle? Just excuse me if I ring up a friend, will you? Thanks!"

IV.

The same evening.

The major trotted in cheerfully.

"So sorry to interrupt you at supper, Mr. Tuttle! The fact is, I should like to use the telephone. Thanks!"

V.

Next morning Mr. Tuttle pretended to be very busy with his books when he heard the major's footsteps.

"Good morning! Don't mind if I telephone from here—what?"

VI.

Two days later.

"Yes, I've called to use the telephone. I suppose you wouldn't mind stepping outside for a few minutes, Mr. Tuttle? Rather a private conversation, you know."

VII.

Evening.

"Dear me! Using the telephone, Mr. Tuttle. Can you ring off for a few minutes while I 'phone? It's rather important. As a matter of fact, Mr. Tuttle, I haven't much time for waiting. I don't want to interrupt you, Mr. Tuttle, but really— I am rather a busy man, Mr. Tuttle—"

VIII.

The next morning.

The major again. I thought Mr. Tuttle was beginning to look rather worried and wild; but the major didn't notice it.

"Yes, yes; the 'phone! For goodness' sake keep that door shut while I'm telephoning!"

IX.

Midnight.

Ting-a-ling-a-ling! Knock! Knock! Knock! Bang!

“Sorry to disturb you, Mr. Tuttle! I want to use the telephone, please. Yes, I’ll wait while you come down—very important! No, nobody ill. I want to get a trunk call. Shan’t keep you up more than half an hour. Bless my soul, the man’s closing his window! Mr. Tuttle! Mr. Tuttle! Mr. TUTTLE!”

X.

Next morning. Enter the major, ratty.

“Really, Mr. Tuttle, I have been put to great inconvenience—very great inconvenience! I suppose I can use the telephone now? Br-r-r-r-r!”

XI.

Same afternoon. Enter the major, in a great hurry.

“Phoning, Mr. Tuttle? Sorry to interrupt you, but I require the telephone this very moment—most urgent! You hear me, I presume, Mr. Tuttle? Is the man deaf? Mr. Tuttle! I need not point out to you, I presume, that my time is of value. Really, Mr. Tuttle, I am afraid I must ask you—really—Come, come! Really, now—why, begad! What the thunder—”

XII.

BIFF! Bif! Bump! Slam!

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 “10th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, ‘THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,’ Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.,” so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, January 25th, 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. 10, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed

WRITE
CAREFULLY

Address

FISHY, THE DETECTIVE!

A Screamingly Funny,
Long, Complete Story,
specially written for the
"Greyfriars Herald" by

**GEORGE
BULSTRODE.**

Mauly's friends searched the study inside-out for the missing banknote, but it didn't turn up. Lord Mauleverer didn't join in the search—he just slacked on the sofa and looked on. (See picture.)

CHAPTER ONE.

WHEN Mauly's banknote went, nearly all the Remove called him a duffer, and told him it served him right. In the first place, what does a chap in the Lower Fourth want with ten-pound notes? In the second place, Lord Mauleverer is a careless ass with his money, and everybody expected that he'd lost it, and it would turn up in time. Mauly is always losing something, and the surprising thing is that he doesn't lose himself.

But Fishy took quite a different view.

"I guess it's a serious matter," Fishy said. "A ten-pound note can't vamoose on its own! That banknote has been helped to absquatulate! Somebody's stolen your banknote, Mauly."

Mauly said "Rats!"

Everybody else said "Shut up, Fishy!"

But Fishy stuck to his point.

When a couple of days had passed, and the banknote hadn't turned up, the fellows admitted that it did look queer.

Some of Mauly's friends had searched his study inside-out for it—in fact, Billy Bunter was hardly outside the study for a long time. Skinner said that if Bunter found it, it would be more hopelessly lost than ever. Lord Mauleverer didn't join in the search—he just slacked on the sofa and looked on.

The tenner didn't turn up in the study, and it couldn't be found in any of Mauly's clothes. So it began to look as if Fishy might possibly be right.

It made us all feel rather uncomfortable, and Wharton, as captain of the Form, wondered whether he ought to report the matter to Quelch. But it seemed rotten to make a fuss



when perhaps that ass Mauly had only lost it after all, and it might turn up any minute.

But Fisher T. Fish had it fixed in his mind that it had been stolen; and when it hadn't turned up after two days, he made Lord Mauleverer an offer. He tackled Mauly in the common-room.

"Found that note yet, Mauly?" he asked.

Lord Mauleverer shook his head. Mauly never speaks if a nod or a shake will do.

"I guess it's been pinched, Mauly."

Another shake.

"Do you want it found?"

Nod.

"Like me to find it?"

"Yaas."

"Then, I guess I'll make a trade with you," said Fisher-T. Fish. "I'm a keen galoot, you know—we're all keen in "Noo" York. I've read all about Ferrers Locke and Sherlock Holmes, and I calculate I could play their heads off at their own game. I guess I'm going to find the thief—on terms. If I get your banknote back, Mauly, you hand me ten per cent."

"Yaas."

"That's a cinch," said Fisher T. Fish. "You galoots, you all hear what Mauly says. When I've detected the thief with my wonderful detective ability, ten per cent. of the plunder belongs to me."

"I don't believe it has been stolen," said Wharton, frowning.

S is for SELFRIDGE, whose hampers of tuck
Are simply superb; you should all try your luck.

T is for TOYS. If you're out for the best,
Just give Bassett-Lowke of Northampton a test.

"I say, you fellows," chirped Billy Bunter, "I think Fishy ought to be made to give it up."

"What!" howled Fishy.

"He says he can find it," said Bunter. "Those who hide can find."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you slabsided clam," yelled Fisher T. Fish, "I guess I haven't the faintest notion yet where it is. I reckon I ain't starting to work till terms are agreed on. Now I've made terms, I'm goin' ahead, sir, like a real live Amurrican hustler. I'm going to find that banknote and show up the thief."

"Tremble everybody!" said Bob Cherry.

"I guess it's a cinch for me," said Fishy. "You watch out."

So we all watched out.

Fisher T. Fish has lots of ideas and schemes, and always makes a muck of them. The fellows thought he would be extra funny as a detective, and we watched him. He was funny to watch.

He made Lord Mauleverer give him the number of the note, and asked him whether there were any finger-prints on it. It appeared that there weren't. If it had been Billy Bunter's banknote, there would have been finger-prints enough.

Fishy nosed round Mauly's study, and nosed round the Remove passage. He began asking fellows questions about how much money they had spent lately. He wanted to know whether any chap in the Remove had had what he called a sudden accession of wealth. Some of the fellows laughed, and Bolsover major punched his nose. Skinner confessed to the crime, and offered to show Fishy where the banknote was hidden, and led him up to the top box-room and locked him in there, and left him there. Fishy was raging in the box-room for two hours before Trotter heard him and let him out.

That day he hadn't any luck.

The next day he was inquiring of Mrs. Mimbale about fellows who'd changed banknotes in the tuckshop. But nobody had changed any, so Detective Fish was baffled again. Then he began seeking for footprints round Mauly's study, but he hadn't any luck there either.

But Fisher T. Fish was a stickler, and he didn't give it up. That evening he sat down in his study to think it out. He was calling to mind all the methods he'd read of, and trying to think what Sherlock Holmes would have done. Holmes, of course, would have found some cigarette-ash in Mauly's study, and would have deduced from that the exact description of the thief, and the rest would have been plane sailing. But, so far as Fishy could see, there wasn't a sign of cigarette-ash in Mauly's study.

But Fishy thought it out, and then he started shadowing. He shadowed Bob Cherry to Courtfield the next day, hoping to catch him changing a banknote somewhere. But Bob spotted him.

His first idea was to collar Fishy and rub his nose in the mud. But, on second thoughts,

he kept on, pretending he hadn't seen Fishy. He led him round Courtfield Common, and over the heath, and back round Highcliffe, and Fishy was simply staggering by the time he got back to Greyfriars. And Bob hadn't changed any banknotes en route. After that, Fishy gave up the shadowing dodge.

He found it rather too tiring.

Next he made a list of suspicious characters—like Bunter, who would have burgled a church for a feed, and Skinner and Snoop, who were generally supposed to be mean enough for anything. But though he often tracked Bunter to the tuckshop, he couldn't track him anywhere else, and several times he caught Skinner and Snoop sneaking off in a mysterious way; but it always turned out that they were sneaking off to smoke cigarettes.

It was enough to discourage Sherlock Holmes himself; but Fishy's idea was that a Yankee from "Noo" York couldn't get left. What made him all the more determined was that Mauly's banknote hadn't turned up, so Fishy was more convinced than ever that it had really been stolen. Fishy didn't mean to be discouraged, and at last he came into the common-room one evening, grinning with glee.

"I guess I've worked the riddle!" he announced.

"Found the banknote?" asked Bob Cherry.

"I guess I've spotted the thief!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"Hurrah!"

"Where's Mauly?" asked Bob. "Mauly ought to be here to hear the details from Sherlock Holmes the Second. Find Mauly!"

"But who's the giddy burglar?" asked Bolsover major. "Let's hear his name!"

"Gather round, you galoots!" said Fisher T. Fish impressively. "I want you to keep the guy from bolting when I denounce him."

"Is he here?" yelled Squiff.

"Yep!"

There were a dozen or so fellows in the common-room, and they all looked at one another rather queerly. Fishy spoke so positively that, though we knew him to be a silly ass, it really looked as if he had hit on something. It was rotten to think there was a thief in the school, especially in our Form.

"Not much good his bolting!" said Wharton. "He couldn't get away—if he's here! I don't believe a word of it myself!"

"He might get a certain person to deny having had it from him," said Fishy. "I'm not chancing that. I'll lock the door."

Fishy locked the door.

"Now get on with the washing!" said Nugent. "We're on tenterhooks. Treat us all as faithful Watsons, and give us the details like old Sherlock Holmes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess there's nothing to cackle at!" said Fisher T. Fish loftily. "Wharton!"

"Hallo!"

"I guess I've nailed you!"

"Nailed me?" repeated Wharton.

"Yep! You'll have to refund Mauly's bank-note!"

"M-m-Mauly's b-b-banknote?" stammered Wharton.

"Yep."

Every eye was on Wharton. He turned as red as a turkey-cock.

"You silly Yankee idiot!" he roared. "What do I know about Mauly's banknote?"

"You pinched it!"

"I?" shrieked Wharton.

Some of the fellows laughed, and some looked jolly serious. Some felt sorry for Fishy, as they saw the look in Wharton's eye.

"I guess I don't want to hurt your feelings," said Fish. "I'm after my percentage, you see, so I'm bound to find the thief. Jest hand over the greenbacks, Wharton, and I dare say Mauly will let the matter drop!"

"Wharton?" gasped Bob Cherry. "Are you mad, you silly idiot?"

"Nope."

"Why, I—I'll smash him!" stammered Wharton. "Does the dotty duffer really mean to accuse me—"

"Sure!"

"Then put up your hands, you Yankee lunatic—"

"Hyer, you keep off!" yelled Fisher T. Fish, dodging round the table. "Keep him off, you galoots! This ain't in the game! Keep him off!"

Bob dragged Wharton back.

"Keep your temper, old chap!"

"Keep my temper, when that worm is calling me a thief!" roared Wharton. "Why, I'll break every Yankee bone in his Yankee body!"

"Violence don't prove anything!" said Skinner. "If Fishy can prove it, let him! If he can't, you can hammer him afterwards!"

"Yes, let's hear Fishy!" said Bolsover major. "Come on, Fishy! We'll keep Wharton off. Fire away!"

Bob Cherry held his chum tight by the arm.

"Don't be an ass!" he murmured. "If you go for Fishy, some of the fellows may think there's something in it. Let the idiot say what he's got to say, and smash him afterwards."

CHAPTER TWO.

WHARTON growled, but he saw that there was sense in that, and he nodded. But Fishy kept on the other side of the table as he started explaining.

"I guess it's a clear as soup!" he began. "Don't get ratty, Wharton! I reckon I'm not doing this against you. I'm simply after my percentage."

"Say what you've got to say, you fool!" growled Wharton.

"Go ahead, Fishy!" chirped Bunter.

Then Fishy unfolded his deductions, in the style of Sherlock Holmes.

"Mauly missed the banknote on Monday. Wharton was in his study on Monday, as I've

discovered by a series of leading questions—"

"I was in his study, too," said Bob Cherry.

"I'm dealing with Wharton now. The same evening Wharton was heard to remark that Mauly had had a tenner by post. That proves that he knew of the existence of the banknote."

"Half the Remove knew it," said Nugent.

"On Tuesday Wharton was very anxious about a remittance from his uncle, and was heard to say that he was in want of cash."

"Quite a phenomenon in the Remove!" grinned Bob.

On Wednesday Wharton's letter came, and there was no cash in it. He told Bunter so when Bunter asked him to cash a postal-order."

"I say, you fellows, so he did!"

"What are you driving at with all this?" asked Bolsover major.

"I guess I'm establishing the fact that Wharton was hard up on Wednesday, and hadn't a coin to bless himself with. Wharton didn't have any letters between Wednesday and Thursday night, I've established that!"

"It's true enough," said Wharton.

"But—"

There was a thump at the door.

"Let me in, you fellows!" came Lord Maul-ever's voice. "What's the door locked for—what?"

"Wait, you ass!" rapped out Wharton.

"Don't interrupt! We're busy!"

"Oh, begad! All serene!"

"On Thursday," said Fisher T. Fish impressively, "Wharton was in possession of a large sum of money."

"Rats!"

"On Wednesday he was stony, and he never had a remittance, as he admits. Yet on Thursday he paid away ten pounds!"

"Rot!"

"Bosh!"

"Look at him!" said Fish.

Everybody looked at Harry Wharton. His face was scarlet. Some of the fellows looked very queer then.

"Prove it, you cad!" muttered Johnny Bull.

"I guess I'll prove up to the hilt!" said Fishy. "I've been making inquiries, and though I got on some false scents at first, I guess I struck the right trail at the finish. I guess I'm a born detective. Sherlock Holmes, sir, was a fool to me!"

"Come to the point, you silly ass."

"I calculate I'm coming to it. On Thursday evening, Wharton went out. You all know that."

"What about it?"

"I've gouged it all out to-day, that's all. Wharton went down to Friardale, and he went to Mrs. Chirpey's. You know Mrs. Chirpey, the soldier's wife. She's been behind with her rent a long time, and her landlord was going to get her ejected from the house. She owed ten pounds. On Thursday evening, gents, Wharton handed Mrs. Chirpey ten pounds!"

"Phew!"

"Mrs. Chirpey will bear out my statement if

necessary. I wormed it out of her. She never guessed where Wharton got the money. He gave her two fivers, as a matter of fact. Of course, he changed the banknote somewhere at a distance from the school, I guess. Gentlemen, on Wednesday Wharton was stony broke. He never received any remittance. On Thursday he gave Mrs. Chirpey ten pounds to pay her arrears of rent and save her home. I guess it hardly requires a Sherlock Holmes to work out where that ten quid came from."

"Do let me in, you fellows!" came Mauly's voice from outside.

But no one heeded Mauly.

"Tell us the silly cad is lying, Harry, and then punch him," said Bob Cherry.

"He isn't lying," said Wharton in a clear voice. "I gave Mrs. Chirpey ten pounds on Thursday, just as he says. I didn't mean to mention it to anybody, but that prying cad has nosed it out."

"You—you really had ten quids on Thursday!" gasped Bob.

"Yes."

"But—but you didn't get a remittance, Harry."

"No!"

Bolsover major burst into a sneering laugh.

"That settles it," he said. "But you haven't found the banknote, Fishy. That's gone for good."

"I guess I undertook to find the thief," said Fishy, "and Wharton will have to make it good to Mauly, and then I get my percentage."

Wharton's lip curled. Wharton has a way sometimes of mounting the high horse, and he was fairly on it now.

"I don't think I need tell anybody that it was my own money I gave to Mrs. Chirpey," he said. "Any fellow who doesn't believe me need not take the trouble to speak to me again."

"Can you prove it?" grinned Skinner.

"I could if I chose."

"But you don't choose?" chuckled Snop.

"No," said Wharton calmly, "I don't choose. Think what you like."

"Wharton——" began Bob Cherry.

Wharton turned on him.

"Do you think I'm a thief, Bob Cherry?"

"No, I think you're a silly ass!" said Bob. "No harm in proving it to the fellows, after what Fishy's said."

"If anyone chooses to listen to that spying rotter, let him!"

There was a deep silence in the common-room. Wharton's own chums stood by him, but some of the fellows exchanged very queer looks. Lord Mauleverer's voice came through the keyhole:

"Do let me in, you chaps! I've got news for you. I've found the banknote!"

There was a gasp.

Johnny Bull unlocked the door, and Mauly came in. He had a banknote in his hand, and sure enough it was the tenner.

"Where did you find it, you silly idiot?" roared Bob Cherry.

"Simple as anythin'," said Mauly. "I remem-

bered, you know, all of a sudden, that I was going to send it to the Serbian Fund, you know. I sealed it up ready in an envelope, you know, but forgot to address it—forgot all about it, in fact."

"You silly ass!"

"You chump!"

"You dangerous lunatic!"

"Oh, begad! Any fellow might forget to address a letter, mightn't he?" exclaimed Lord Mauleverer indignantly. "It came into my head, you know, that I hadn't had a receipt from the Fund people, and then I remembered I hadn't posted it, and I found it in a blank envelope sealed up in my desk, you know—Why—what—yaroooh! Wharrer you up to?" roared Mauly.

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"Yow-ow-ooooop!"

Mauly sat on the floor and gasped when Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull had done with him. Then they turned towards Fisher T. Fish. Fishy was looking quite green.

"Now for the giddy detective!" said Bob Cherry. "So you still accuse Wharton of stealing the banknote Mauly's got in his fist, Fishy?"

"Waal, I swow!" gasped Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I had this case worked out to a point. I guess my theory was perfectly slick, and as good as Sherlock Holmes at his very best. Look hyer, Wharton did give Mrs. Chirpey ten quids— Keep off, you jays!"

"And a jolly decent thing to do, as it was his own money," said Bolsover major. "I'm sorry, Wharton, and I advise you to thrash that silly idiot till he can't say 'yep.'"

Wharton didn't need that advice. He was chasing Fisher T. Fish round the table, and Fishy was dodging desperately.

"I guess I take it back!" he yelled. "I reckon I was off-side! I admit I got left! Keep off! Yow-ow-ow-ow!"

Wharton had him at last.

The next few minutes were very lively for Fisher T. Fish.

We all stood round in a ring and looked on, and we enjoyed it—but Fishy didn't. Fishy was yelling like a whole army of Huns. Fishy had often told us what a terrific fighting-man he was, when his "mad" was up, but perhaps his mad wasn't up this time; at least, he was licked to the wide, and he didn't put up a fight worth mentioning.

In about three minutes the amateur detective was on the floor, gasping and groaning, and groaning and gasping, as if he were doing it for a wager.

"That isn't for accusing me," said Wharton. "Nobody but a silly idiot would have listened to that. That's for spying, and chattering out my private affairs in public, like a mean skunk. Get up and have some more!"

Fisher T. Fish groaned.

"I guess I've had enough! Wow-wow! I reckon I'd make potato-scrappings of you, only— Yow-ow-ow! Gerraway!"

And it was nearly ten minutes before Fishy was able to crawl away to bathe his face.

It came out afterwards that Wharton's uncle had put twenty pounds in the Post Office Savings Bank for him at Christmas, and Wharton had drawn out half of it to save Mrs. Chirpey's little home. He had the withdrawal-paper come down to the post-office, because he didn't want the matter talked about in the school, and he had never said a word about it till Fishy dragged it all out. Fisher T. Fish hadn't found that out when he was making his valuable discoveries. Fishy looked as limp as a rag for days afterwards, and when fellows asked him, chortling, if he was keeping up the detective bizney, Fishy groaned deeply and said he wasn't. Fishy was fed up.

THE END.

OUR AGONY COLUMN.

WILL THE STOUT GENTLEMAN, with glasses, who took away a full hamper by accident last Saturday night, kindly return same intact, otherwise the disgusted owner will give him a . . . [Censored, Ed., GREYFRIARS HERALD.]

IF THIS SHOULD MEET THE EYE of PERCY BOLSOVER, he is hereby warned that an action to recover physical damages is to be taken against him by the undersigned Fighting Editor of the "G. H.," acting on behalf of sundry juniors who have been badgered, bullied, and battered by the said Percy Bolsover. And that the said action will take place at the first chance.—(Signed) Robert Cherry, Fighting Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

MEN OF GREYFRIARS!!! Is it not a Scandal that the old School, intended for the Sons of Gentlemen, should be polluted by the presence of uncouth youths, whose only excuse for being here is that they have won admission by means of paltry scholarships? All in favour of a movement for the expulsion of the rotters, by public petition, please communicate with Harold Skinner, Esquire.

FOR SALE AND WANTED.

GRUB WANTED! Any amount bought for cash. When writing, state contents of Hampers, and whether home-made or the work of professional pastrycooks.—W. G. Bunter, Remove Form, Greyfriars.

FOR SALE, my valuable treatise on the Natural History of Greyfriars, with Special Notes on the Habits and Instincts of the Grub-eating Animals (Bunter Gluttonia).—Address: Alonzo Todd, Esquire, Greyfriars.

I BUY old Gramophone Records, Old False Teeth, Old Fountain Pens, in fact, any Old Thing offering a chance of bringing in an honest penny these hard times.—Apply: Fisher T. Fish, The Old Firm, Greyfriars.

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR FIFTH GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST :

THE correct rendering of the pantomime story, portrayed in the GREYFRIARS HERALD No. 5, is as follows:

"Cinderella, left at home by her two ugly stepsisters while they attended the Prince's ball, was called upon by her fairy godmother, who supplied her with a lovely white dress, and a carriage and six cream ponies for her to go to the ball in. At twelve o'clock she lost her glass slipper, but although the sisters tried it on, it would only fit Cinderella, who afterwards married the Prince."

One competitor submitted a correct solution, and the cash prize of £1 is therefore awarded to:

G. McCALMAN,

94. Effingham Road, Lee,

London, S.E.

Eleven magnificent Tuck Hampers have been distributed among the following competitors, each of whom had only one error in result:

Lewis Lee Gough, 81, Wilson Street, Middlesbrough.

Kitty Battersby, 7, Rosebery Avenue, West Bridgford, Notts.

Jack Richards, 10, Salisbury Street, Thernaby-on-Tees.

L. Darby, 41, Chester Road, Macclesfield, Cheshire.

George Baker, 8, Thornton Avenue, Chiswick, London, W.

Cyril Chapman, 2, York Place, North Wingfield, near Chesterfield, Derbyshire.

Eileen Margaret Couser, 5, Grand View Terrace, Victoria Road, Cork, Ireland.

R. H. Griffith, 137, Cambridge Road, Seven Kings, Essex.

A. Kaye, 9, King's Mill Lane, Huddersfield.
Marjorie Gibbons, 204, Wimborne Road, Winton, Bournemouth.

Joseph H. Hampton, 15, Swan Lane, Evesham, Worcestershire.

Particulars of another great Tuck Hamper contest appear in this issue.