

BY TEST—THE BEST!

The GREYFRIARS 1st HERALD. 2

No. 11. Vol. 1.
Week Ending
Jan. 29th, 1916.

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

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

DAB THE DONKEY UNDER THE BED

A BIRD THAT'S HUGE KE THE BIRD

SINDBAD'S CAUGHT THE WASH WAS RIED 2

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KILL SUCCEEDING ROCK OF AGES & T COULD 30,000 OF 20,000 THE 50,000 RUBIES DIAMONDS SAPPHIRES EMERALDS

TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 16 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
FOUGHT FOR AND WON.
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.

PEARLS FROM OUR POSTBAG.

When Bob Cherry staggered in with my post-bag this morning it was more bulky than usual, a fact which I hailed with the keenest delight. I like you fellows to write to me, for it is the chief means I have of knowing what you like and what you dislike in the GREYFRIARS HERALD. Happily, there is very little fault-finding in most of the letters I receive. Indeed, so much praise is bestowed upon our little mag, that I'm having to fight hard against a threatened attack of swelled head.

First of all, a chum, signing himself "A Proud Supporter of the GREYFRIARS HERALD," who hails from Rotherham, writes:

"You ask in the HERALD if any changes could be made. No! That is my candid opinion. To change anything would spoil the paper. Every popular character in the school seems to have a look in. Peter Todd's Herlock Sholmes stories are fine, and so is Mark Linley's 'Pride of the Ring.' Everything is quite all right, and there is nothing whatever to grumble at."

Lance-Corporal Peter Brady, in hospital at Dublin, is a very satisfied sort of Tommy, for he says:

"I am delighted with the GREYFRIARS HERALD, and may mention that those to whom I have recommended it give a very glowing account of it, and have become regular readers."

In the course of a very interesting letter, B. S. Lamb, of Caford, writes:

"The stories are very interesting, and my favourite is 'The Pride of the Ring.' It is marvellous how you can sell the GREYFRIARS HERALD for a halfpenny. I should not grumble if I had to pay one penny or more for it."

I should also like to thank the following reader-chums of mine for their loyal tributes to this journal:

N. Jones (Hanwell), Reginald Evans (Aston-on-Mersey), C. Hudson (Warwick), Joseph Scott (Carlisle), Harold Harper (Sheffield), Hugh Morgan (Dundalk), F. W. H. (Portslade-by-Sea), Bert Spalding (Marlow), E. Stanley Eddleston (Preston), John Hill (Brixton), Arthur L. (Blackfriars), Eric R. Thomas (Birmingham), Jack Styles (Wolverhampton), A. B. (Deptford), Maud Emsley (Brunswick Square), and "Hoping" (Newcastle-on-Tyne).

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 terrific yell, the four masters shot into the room. Mr. Stringer went whirling towards the fireplace, Mr. Snope alighted flat upon the ground, with the Head's fist grinding into his cheek, and Herr Schmidt landed with a crash on both of them.
(See picture.)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

Great changes come about at Earlingham School, where Jack Fenn and Bob Sullivan are installed, respectively, as Fourth-Form master and drill-instructor. The school has been in a stagnant state for some time, and NEDDY WELSH, who fights his way to the captaincy of the Fourth, determines to bring about a revival. "DOLLY" GRAY, his enthusiastic chum, backs him up, and a football match is arranged with the Greyfriars Remove, though nobody knows where the Earlingham eleven is coming from.

(Now read on.)

The Match with Greyfriars.

NEDDY WELSH was not the sort of fellow to let the grass grow under his feet. He realised that he must get a team together with the greatest possible speed.

The first fellow he tackled was Barker. Bully and outsider as he was, Barker was beginning to cower a little before Neddy's supremacy. He was aware that he had met his match, and that it would be wise to fall into line in future with the captain's wishes. No longer was Barker to dominate the Fourth. Another and worthier fellow had usurped his position; and the Form would benefit by the change. The slackers would slack no longer; hard games of footer would take the place of secret smoking in barns, and all would pull together, shoulder to shoulder, for the honour of Earlingham.

A is for AFRICA, land of the blacks,
Where great-hearted Livingstone fell in his tracks.

Barker was sensible enough to drop his antagonism towards Neddy Welsh—for a time, at any rate—and when Neddy approached him on the subject of the Greyfriars match he readily consented to play.

"I've never been on a football-field before," he admitted, rather shamefacedly.

Neddy Welsh gasped.

"You—you've never played footer?"

"I kicked a ball about in the quad when I was a fag," said Barker, "and that's about all. I've got a rough idea of the rules of the game, though!"

"My hat! You must come down to practice at once! A chap of your weight ought to put up a pretty good show at back. What about Lomax and Lee? Can you persuade them?"

"I'll try," promised Barker.

And he strolled away to find the fellows in question. He came upon them in the woodshed, smoking.

"Chuck those things away!" he said. "They won't do your wind any good for the Greyfriars match to-morrow."

"The G-G-Greyfriars match!" stammered Lee.

"What in thunder is footer to do with us?" gasped Lomax.

"My sons," said Barker, "you're to turn out to-morrow in the half-back line."

Lomax whistled.

"Is this a joke?" he asked. "You always were a funny beggar, Barker."

B is for BELGIUM, whose King is a brick,
And handles a gun where the fighting is thick.

"I'm serious enough now, anyway. The Fourth's going to play its first game of footer to-morrow, and, what's more, we're going to win!"

"You're backing up Welsh?" exclaimed Lee, in astonishment.

"Yes. It's advisable to give him a bit of rope at the start. Later on we might get a chance to kick him out of the captaincy; but at present it's as well to lie low."

"But—but we know no more about footer than the man in the moon!" said Lomax. "What guys we should look, flaunting about in front of those Greyfriars fellows!"

"Rats! You'll soon get the hang of it, if you come down to practice. Any old fool can play footer."

Neddy Welsh was delighted when he heard of his latest recruits. Barker, Lomax, Lee, Dolly Gray, and himself—that was five. He still wanted six players, and got them in record time. The five names were posted up on the notice-board, with the request that all would-be players should append their signatures. The sight of Barker & Co.'s names gave the necessary stimulus to the others, with the result that Phipps, Dooley, the brothers May, Percival, and Wyatt made up the eleven. Phipps was a topping goalkeeper, and the two Mays had won considerable renown as forwards in the preparatory school they had attended before coming to Earlingham.

There was raw material in the team, of course; but Neddy Welsh, enterprising and energetic as ever, soon licked it into shape. That afternoon was devoted to hard practice, and Neddy, who was a hard taskmaster, refused to let anyone retire from the ground until darkness spread over the land.

"We shall give the Friars a good tussle!" he said to Dolly Gray, as the two chums sat roasting chestnuts before a blazing fire in their study, later on in the evening. "Harry Wharton & Co. are the hottest of hot stuff; but that'll be all the more credit to us if we win."

The day of the match dawned clear and inviting. Blue, fleecy clouds flitted across the heavens, and the conditions were ideal.

Harry Wharton & Co., of Greyfriars, arrived shortly after dinner. They had had a long and tiring journey, but looked wonderfully fit, nevertheless.

"Here's to a good game!" said Wharton heartily, as he gripped Neddy Welsh by the hand. "What sort of a team have you got?"

"Rather a scratch lot, I am afraid," said Neddy; "but capable of giving you a good tussle."

Mr. Fenn, who was to referee the match, strode on to the field in all the glory of his Norfolk tweeds.

"Ready?" he inquired.

Neddy Welsh nodded, and spun the coin. He won the toss, and decided to kick in the direction of the strong breeze which had sprung up.

The game opened at a terrific pace, and quite a crowd had gathered on the touchline. A football match was a most unusual sight at Earling-

ham, and everyone was wondering how the Fourth-Formers would shape.

Harry Wharton & Co. battled their way against the wind, only to be pulled up by Barker. The bully of the Fourth played clumsily and uncertainly at first, but he soon got into his stride, and repelled innumerable attacks.

Then came Earlingham's turn. Dolly Gray snapped up a pass from Lomax, and raced towards the goal. He shot just at the right moment, but the ball merely struck the cross-bar, rebounding into play. But Neddy Welsh followed up, and sent the sphere hurtling into the net with a lightning drive.

"Goal!"

Earlingham were one to the good. It was a state of affairs for which even Neddy Welsh had scarcely dared to hope.

"Keep it up, old man!" chortled Gray delightedly. "That goal was a corker!"

The home forwards pressed continuously up to the interval; but the Greyfriars defence was founded as upon a rock. No further goals were scored, and the interval arrived with Earlingham enjoying a goal lead.

Neddy Welsh thumped Barker heartily on the back as they came off the field.

"You've done splendidly!" he exclaimed. "The way you kept those bounders at bay was simply stunning!"

A dramatic change came over the game after the resumption. Greyfriars, with the wind in their favour, swooped down upon the Earlingham goal, and Vernon-Smith netted in hurricane style. Phipps, the custodian, could scarcely see the ball, much less save it.

"Level!" exclaimed Bob Cherry, the sturdy-limbed giant, who played at right-half-back for the visitors. "One to one, by jiminy!"

Then Greyfriars, not to be denied, put in another fierce attack. Their forwards were thrustful and clever, and, after twenty minutes' play, Harry Wharton met a pass from the wing and crashed the leather home.

"Oh, my stars!" panted Neddy Welsh. "That's done it!"

It certainly seemed that the plucky Earlingham players were doomed; and when, a few minutes later, Bob Cherry rushed up from the half-back line and scored, it was like driving the last nail into the home team's coffin.

"Buck up, you fellows!" cried Neddy Welsh. "Don't chuck up the sponge! A game's not lost till it's won!"

"I should think not!" said Mr. Fenn. "Into them, Earlingham!"

Dolly Gray again flashed down the wing, and there were none to say him nay. He cut through the opposing defence like a knife, and wound up with a smashing shot, which left Bulstrode helpless.

"Goal!"

Neddy Welsh fairly hugged his chum as they returned to the centre.

"Do it again, you cherub," he said, "and half my kingdom is thine!"

C's for CEYLON, where everything pleases,
Including the natives and sweet spicy breezes.

D is for DENMARK, beloved by the Dane.
May peace and prosperity flow in its train!

Gray grinned breathlessly, and the game proceeded. Time was flying fast now, and Earlingham were still a goal in arrears.

The Greyfriars backs held the fort right gallantly, and their forwards gave up all idea of further attack. The object was to keep Neddy Welsh & Co. at bay for the few remaining moments.

Time and again the home forwards shot, but their luck was dead out. The brothers May, both very good players, struck the upright and crossbar respectively, and Neddy Welsh missed by inches. The excitement was intense, and the crowd on the touchline were on tenterhooks.

Mr. Fenn glanced at his watch.

Only another minute!

Neddy Welsh called his comrades together for a last desperate rally. He gained possession of the leather, and on being charged heavily by Johnny Bull of Greyfriars, lobbed it across to Dolly Gray. It was a critical moment, but Dolly made no mistake. He drove the leather through a forest of legs into the goal, whilst at the same instant Mr. Fenn's whistle rang out shrilly on the air.

"A draw!" gasped the astonished Earlingham crowd.

And then, after a moment of sheer stupefaction, cheer upon cheer rang out from the touchline. After being down to the tune of three—one, Earlingham had suddenly revived, and drawn the game at the eleventh hour.

Neddy Welsh felt highly jubilant, but his cup of joy was filled nigh unto overflowing when, on leaving the field, he felt a sudden tap on the shoulder, and gazed into the radiant face of Molly Fenn.

"That was great, Neddy!" the girl exclaimed. "Simply divine! You must come and have tea with pater after you've changed, and bring Gray with you. You both played magnificently!"

"Thanks awfully!" said Neddy Welsh.

And he pranced away to inform his chum of the grand news.

Trouble for Four!

NO mention has yet been made of Hobbs, the captain of Earlingham.

Hobbs was a strange fellow, with strange ideas. He possessed a bed-room of his own, and, during Dr. Mundy's term of office, had done pretty much as he liked. It was quite a common custom of his, for instance, to clamber down the ivy, after lights out, and visit the Peal of Bells, one of the most notorious and disreputable inns in the neighbourhood.

But even Hobbs was not all bad. He gambled, and smoked an occasional cigarette, but he neither allowed himself to get into debt, or to drain a dozen tumblers of raw whisky in the course of an evening, as is recorded of the average black sheep in a school story. He was very popular, too, not only in the Sixth, but throughout Earlingham, chiefly owing to the fact that he had saved a fag from drowning only a term before.

With the advent of Jack Fern, Hobbs felt that he had better moderate his transports. He did not wish his school career to be cut off untimely by his being thrown out "on his neck." Accordingly, he waited until midnight on this particular evening before setting out upon his usual excursion.

"I'll go down by the stairs, for a change," he reflected, to himself. "That'll give me a chance of seeing if there's anyone on the spy."

At that precise moment Mr. Cuttle, the Headmaster, was making a tour of the corridors before retiring for the night. The sedate old gentleman was minus his coat, gown, and boots, and would have cut a most undignified figure had anyone seen him just then.

Hobbs swung round the corner of the corridor at a most unfortunate moment. Mr. Cuttle was advancing from the opposite direction, and Headmaster and prefect came together with a crash. The shock so startled Mr. Cuttle that he was hurled off his feet, and fell, gasping, to the floor.

The captain of Earlingham, his heart beating fast in the gloom, hastily sprinted off to his own room. The Head called after him.

"Boy! Hobbs! Stop! Come back at once!"

But Hobbs was deaf to the voice of the charmer. He rushed on his way, and Mr. Cuttle rose gingerly to his feet.

He did not care to tackle the burly Sixth-Former alone. There was a defiant air about Hobbs that would have quelled many a sterner man than the Headmaster of Earlingham.

"I'll round up the rest of the masters," thought Mr. Cuttle. "Together we will pay a visit to the wretched boy's bed-room."

Four members of the staff slept close at hand—Mr. Snope, the master of the Third; little Mr. Stringer, who ruled the Second; and Herr Schmidt, the German master. Mr. Cuttle burst into their respective rooms like a cyclone.

"Come at once!" he said excitedly. "I have been grossly assaulted by Hobbs, who was endeavouring to break bounds at this unseemly hour!"

"Teufel! I vill dress mit myself——" began Herr Schmidt.

"No, no! Come as you are, in your night-attire! It is essential that we should lay that desperate scoundrel by the heels, ere he proceeds to further acts of violence!"

And the four masters, scantily clad, and two of them still half asleep, made a combined rush towards the captain's room.

"It is as I expected!" panted Mr. Cuttle. "He has locked the door. Hobbs! Open the door at once! Do you hear me?"

No reply came from within.

"Ah! He is incorrigible!" said the Head, in a grinding voice. "He shall be expelled from Earlingham for this act of insubordination! Snope, Stringer, Herr Schmidt, assist me to force this door open!"

"Certainly!" said Mr. Snope.

(Continued on page 20, col. 2.)

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

BROKEN EGGS OF UNCLE CLEGG'S.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"High Street,
Courtfield.

"Dear Master Wharton,—I regret to have to report, sir, that on Wednesday afternoon last a number of young rips from your school entered into conflict with a party of Highcliffe boys in the vicinity of my establishment, and helped themselves liberally from the egg-box which stood on the pavement.

"Three dozen eggs, valued at fourpence each, were annexed by the varminths in question, and I must insist upon being properly recompensed for the loss, otherwise I shall feel constrained to lay a report before the Headmaster.—Believe me, your obedient servant,
AARON CLEGG."

[As myself was one of the "young rips" referred to in Uncle Clegg's indignant epistle, I feel it incumbent upon me to make good the damage, and a remittance for twelve shillings shall be despatched to the worthy grocer forthwith and instantler. We present to him our profuse apologies. At the same time, it is a bit thick that he should press the claim, considering that at least two dozen of the eggs were—to put it mildly—a trifle strong!—Ed.]

A LETTER FROM INDIA!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Risalpur, India.

"Dear Wharton,—Allow me to thank you and my cousin, Bob Cherry, most heartily for the box of cigarettes you were good enough to send out.

"The Army has made a new man of me, and I am glad to have turned my back upon the old life of debt and dissipation. We have been doing some desultory fighting on the North-West Frontier, and the scraps with the hill tribes of the Himalayas are most exciting. I think I should prefer to be in France, though, fighting the Huns. However, we may be transferred there in the summer.

"With very best wishes for the success of your little paper, which is most amusing and entertaining,

"I am, yours sincerely,
"PAUL TYRRELL (Private)."

[We are glad, indeed, to receive a letter from such an old acquaintance. Many of us remember

Bob Cherry's cousin as being rather wild and wayward, and such a rousing reformation would most assuredly gladden the gentle heart of Alonzo Todd! Best wishes to you, Private Tyrrell, and when you come home on furlough we'll have the finest spread in No. 1 Study that money can buy!—Ed.]

"IF THE CAP FITS—"

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Cliff House School,
Friardale.

"Dear Harry Wharton,—Whilst cycling through Friardale last evening I discovered in the roadway a cap, bearing the Greyfriars coat-of-arms. The size is evidently that of a junior.

"Will those wishing to lay claim to the cap kindly call round at Cliff House after school hours?—Yours sincerely,

"PHYLLIS HOWELL."

[My word! What a rush there will be! I can picture a long queue of fellows, stretching almost to Pegg Bay! And won't there be some caps lost in the course of the next day or so?—Ed.]

PON'S PRECIOUS PREDICAMENT.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Highcliffe School.

"Sir,—On Saturday last I was cruelly and unwarrantably attacked by some of the members of your staff—a cad named Cherry, in particular—and the precious pack of hooligans made me in a shocking state. I was rolled thrice in a muddy ditch, bumped goodness knows how many times in the rutty road, and my new waistcoat was severed to shreds.

"I shall expect you, you cad of an Editor, to recompense me in full for the damages sustained. If you fail me, I shall report the matter to Dr. Voysey, our Headmaster. Take your choice!—Yours in bitter hatred,

"CECIL PONSONBY."

[Now, Mr. Fighting Editor, hustle round! Just pop over to Highcliffe on your jigger, and pacify this cheeky correspondent. And if you succeed in knocking him into the middle of next week, I'll raise your salary by tuppence a month!—Ed.]

F is for FRANCE, which is beauteous and rare;
Her sons are true blue and her damsels are fair.

G is for GERMANY, home of the Hun,
Whose Butcher-in-Chief wants a place in the sun.

THE FOREIGN SPY!

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

== WRITTEN BY ==

PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

IN the course of his varied professional experiences, Herlock Sholmes has met, and mingled freely with, members of every rank in Society. His famous dressing-gown has been in the lounges of the titled and the wealthy as often as in the haunts of vice and the purlieus of crime. Kings and Princes have visited our humble quarters in Shaker Street, rubbing shoulders with butchers, bakers, and candlestick-makers. But, though accustomed to visits from personages of the highest station, I confess to feeling something of a thrill when, one morning, our landlady, Mrs. Spudson, announced the name of Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain.

For that name, at that moment, was in everybody's mouth. The great diplomat of the age, the untiring Minister, who was regarded with limitless admiration by everyone who did not judge merely by results, entered our apartment, and even Sholmes was a little impressed. At least, I judged so by the fact that he removed his feet from the table, and took both his pipes from his mouth.

"You know me, Mr. Sholmes?" said the great Minister abruptly.

Herlock Sholmes nodded.

"Everyone knows Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain!" he replied gracefully. "If my humble services can be of use to you—"

"That is why I have come to you, Mr. Sholmes. But—"

Sir Obviously paused, and glanced at me. I rose.

"Do not go, my dear Jotson," said Herlock Sholmes quietly. "You may speak quite freely before my friend Jotson, Sir Obviously. Dr. Jotson is kind enough to assist me in my work."

"Very well, Mr. Sholmes. But you will understand that the matter is of the first importance, and must be kept strictly secret. Mr. Sholmes, there is a spy in the Red-Tape and



The Minister touched a bell, and a stout and florid gentleman, with a spiked blonde moustache, entered the room. "Mr. Speistein—Mr. Herlock Sholmes!" said Sir Obviously. The secretary bowed. Herlock Sholmes' next action was amazing.

Sealing-Wax Department, of which I am the head."

Sholmes smiled.

"You have just discovered that, sir?"

"At least, I have the strongest suspicion that such is the case," replied Sir Obviously. "I do not understand that smile, Mr. Sholmes."

"Pray excuse me. But I could have given you the information you have just given me a considerable time ago," explained Sholmes. "The course of political events during the past year points indubitably to the conclusion that there is an enemy influence at work in the Red-Tape and Sealing-Wax Department."

Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain frowned. It was quite evident that he did not relish my friend's remark.

"I can hardly agree with you, Mr. Sholmes. Of course, as a Minister, I cannot be expected to see what is obvious to every man in the street, neither should I desire to do so—I trust I understand too well the traditions of my high office. It may, therefore, be as you say. However, to come to the point. Are you prepared to undertake to discover this secret and malign influence in the Red-Tape and Sealing-Wax Department?"

"Undoubtedly. Pray give me a few details." Herlock Sholmes stretched himself in the armchair, scratching his left ear in a way I knew

H is for **HOLLAND**, whose people—ye gods!
Go clumping about in ridiculous cloths.

I is for **IRELAND**, so peaceful and fair;
That wonderful emblem, the shamrock, grows there.

so well. "What has given rise to your suspicions?"

"The fact that every political move for some time past has been discounted in advance by our enemies. I have even been attacked in some newspapers on that account, as if the conduct of the Red-Tape Department was not my own particular business!" said the baronet, with a touch of natural indignation.

"Has any search been made for the supposed spy?"

"Certainly. Every morning I make it a point to look carefully into the coal-box, under the paper-weight on my desk, and into the receiver of the telephone. So far I have discovered nothing. The aid of the police was invoked, and plain-clothes officers have, for weeks, keep a careful watch upon the taxi-stand at the corner and upon the telegraph-poles at a short distance from my official residence. But the result has been the same."

"You suspect no particular person?"

Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain made a haughty gesture.

"Personal suspicions would be scarcely becoming to the head of the Red-Tape and Sealing-Wax Department, Mr. Sholmes. I am surprised at the question!"

"Your pardon!" said Herlock Sholmes gracefully. "You have, probably, some confidential secretary in whom you repose the most absolute confidence?"

"Certainly; his name is Heinrich Speistein."

"One of our old British names!" said Sholmes musingly.

"A gentleman, sir, whom I trust implicitly!" said the baronet, with emphasis.

"Naturally. His name answers for him," said Sholmes. "The Red-Tape and Sealing-Wax Department would scarcely be expected to repose trust in a Smith, a Brown, or a Robinson. But a Speistein is above suspicion."

"Exactly!"

Sholmes appeared lost in thought.

"Well, Mr. Sholmes?"

"Pray leave the case in my hands," said Herlock Sholmes. "I will make my report in the course of a day or so."

Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain was shown out.

I looked at Sholmes inquiringly.

He lighted both his pipes, and rested his feet on the table, and seemed plunged in thought.

"You have formed a theory, Sholmes?" I asked, at last.

He made an irritated gesture.

"How often have I told you, Jotson, that I never form theories? My business is with the facts. But I confess, Jotson, that at present I see no clue. All is darkness. Sir Obviously's precautions are all very well, so far as they go, but I hardly believe that the spy and traitor will be found in the coal-box or in the telephone receiver, or even under the paper-weight on the honourable baronet's desk. The search must go deeper."

"But the police——"

"I admit, Jotson, that the police have shown unusually keen intuition. It was a cunning

move to watch the taxi-stand. It was a clever stroke to set a watch upon the telegraph poles. For it is extremely unlikely that the spy would hide under a taxi, which might be set in motion at any moment, and highly improbable that he would climb a telegraph pole for concealment. Being unlikely, it was therefore the thing that was most probable to happen. You know my system, Jotson?"

"Quite so. But in this case——"

"In this case it has failed." Herlock Sholmes knitted his brows. "Jotson, I confess that I am quite at sea. If the most unlikely theory proves to be incorrect, how can I even grasp at a clue?"

"You will never be beaten, Sholmes," I said confidently. "Am I permitted to make a suggestion?"

He laughed.

"Certainly, my faithful Jotson!"

"The most unlikely theory having proved incorrect, how would it do to test the most likely one?"

Sholmes started.

I saw a glitter come into his eyes. He rose and paced the room hurriedly, his dressing-gown whisking behind him.

"Jotson!" His voice trembled. "You have benefited by your study of my methods. Jotson, you have given me the clue to the mystery!"

"Sholmes!"

He grasped me by the shoulder.

"Come!" he exclaimed.

"But——"

"Not a word—come!"

A few minutes later we were seated in a taxi-cab, and whirling across London. Shaker Street was left behind.

"Where are we going, Sholmes?" I gasped.

"To the Red-Tape and Sealing-Wax Department."

"But—but for what——"

Herlock Sholmes' reply astounded me.

"To arrest the spy!"

CHAPTER TWO.

SHOLMES did not speak another word till the taxi had stopped at the palatial official residence of Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain, and we were shown into that great statesman's private office. The baronet was evidently surprised to see us, after taking leave of us so short a time before in Shaker Street. But his manner was courteous and polished as he greeted us.

"Mr. Sholmes, you have surely made no discovery, so far?"

"My visit, sir, is in connection with your confidential secretary, who can materially assist us in this case. Kindly send for him."

The Minister touched a bell, and a stout and florid gentleman, with a spiked blonde moustache, entered the room.

"Mr. Speistein—Mr. Herlock Sholmes!" said Sir Obviously.

The secretary bowed.

**J's for JAPAN, a staunch ally of Britain,
Who won't take a rest till the Germ-hun is smitten!**

**K's for KENTUCKY, way out in the West,
All other domains must at once give it best.**

Herlock Sholmes' next action was amazing. With the spring of a tiger he was upon Mr. Speistein; there was a click, and the handcuffs jingled upon the wrists of the confidential secretary of the Minister of the Red-Tape and Sealing-Wax Office.

The surprise was complete.

"Mr. Sholmes!" ejaculated the baronet.

Sholmes yawned.

"There is the spy, Sir Obviously. Look!"

He turned out the pockets of the shrinking scoundrel. German banknotes, plans of fortifications, and naval and military lists rolled upon the rich carpet.

Sir Obviously Hardley-Sain stood dumb-founded.

"Mein Gott!" murmured his secretary.

"You may call in the police," said Herlock Sholmes, with a ring of exultation in his voice. "They may leave the taxi-stand, they may cease to watch the telegraph poles. There is your prisoner."

"Sholmes, this is wonderful!"

Sholmes smiled as he leaned back in the taxi and hung his feet negligently out of the window.

"Elementary, my dear Jotson! The suggestion came from yourself, though you were hardly aware of it."

"From me, Sholmes?"

"Undoubtedly. Did you not suggest that, the unlikeliest theory having failed, the likeliest one should be tried?"

"True, but—"

"It was all I needed, Jotson. For, granted that there was a foreign spy in a high and important office, where was he likeliest to be found? Evidently in a high position, and enjoying the fullest faith and confidence of the Minister concerned. Voila tout!"

I could not help but agree. And, proud as I was of having contributed, in ever so humble a degree, to the success of my amazing friend, I acknowledged that it was the simplest case Herlock Sholmes had ever handled.

THE END.

GREYFRIARS ADVERTISEMENTS. CONDUCTED BY FISHER T. FISH.

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L is for LAPLAND, as cold as you please.
If ever you go there you're certain to freeze!

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by
H. VERNON-SMITH.

The match with Earlingham has come and gone. Mark Linley graphically describes the encounter in this week's instalment of "The Pride of the Ring." We were rather unfortunate not to win; at the same time, the plucky play of Neddy Welsh and his comrades in the closing stages earned them a draw. Perhaps, if we play Earlingham again this season, we shall go one better.

One day last week Harry Wharton received a challenge from the Bantam Regiment, stationed at Wapshot Camp. It was an awful day, with rain pelting down incessantly. It had been pouring for goodness knows how long, and it seemed madness to attempt footer at all. But Wharton said he wasn't going to be cowed by a cheeky challenge, so we went over on our bikes soon after dinner.

Of all the swamps I've ever clapped eyes on, the ground at Wapshot pranced off with the whole giddy biscuit factory. It was under water—simply submerged—and Bob Cherry wanted to know why we hadn't brought our towels and bathing-costumes with us, as the conditions were ideal for a swim.

But the Bantams—led by Private Jimmy Travers—didn't seem a bit depressed. Wharton won the toss, and then we plunged ankle-deep into the slush. It was a moot point whether we were supposed to be playing footer or water polo.

Wharton waded through on his own, and scored, and the Bantams retaliated—a diminutive sergeant sending the soaking sphere full into Bulstrode's face, whence it was deflected into the net. You never saw such a game in your life. By half-time we were all drenched to the skin, and were only too glad to avail ourselves of the gas-stoves in the dressing-room. The score was one all.

We ploughed our way through the mire on the resumption like mud-larks. Bob Cherry was unrecognisable. His hair was clotted with mud, likewise his face, and his jersey and knickers had long since lost their original colour. The Bantams, whose Army training probably enabled them to adapt themselves better to the conditions, scored twice in quick succession, and we knew we were whacked. It was impossible to control the leather at all, and although I managed to pop on a goal for our side, I must confess it was a pure fluke. The score was 3—2 in favour of our opponents at the finish, and we were jolly glad to get back to the warmth and comfort of our studies.

M's MACEDONIA, where there are quarrels,
And Bulgars and Turks have to look to their laurels.



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



SOMETHING FOR SNOOP.

Sidney James Snoop, a reprehensible black-guard, sneak, spy, worm, prig, toady, and thief, was formally charged with stealing three bars of Rotterbury's chocolate, the property of Jessie Mimble, proprietress of the school tuck-shop.

Police-constable Johnny Bull described the theft as particularly mean, especially as Mrs. Mimble had to work hard for her living.

Prisoner: I paid for the mouldy chocolates!

Police-constable Bull: That's a brazen lie, your Worship! I will summon Mrs. Mimble, and inquire—

Magistrate: There's no need to do that. The matter is beyond dispute. Prisoner shall be sentenced to the following punishments, to run consecutively: Twelve strokes with the mappole, six hefty bumps on the floor of the court, a licking from each of the jurymen, and a week in Coventry.

Prisoner swooned forthwith in the dock.

THE GREAT BACON-FAT ROBBERY!

William George Bunter was next charged with wilfully appropriating a quantity of bacon-fat, weighing four pounds, from the school pantry. Samuel Bunter, prisoner's brother, was also charged with being an accessory after the fat.

Police-constable Wibley said that he entertained grave suspicions of the elder prisoner, and watched him descend to the domestic regions in the temporary absence of Mrs. Kebble. Accused abducted the fat from the frying-pan, and took it to the cloisters; where he whacked it out with his brother Samuel.

Magistrate: The gentlemen of the jury seem to be engrossed in various copies of the companion papers. Will they kindly lay them aside and do a bit of work for once?

The jury accordingly retired, to return about five seconds later.

Magistrate: Sing out the merry old verdict!

Foreman: Both prisoners are found guilty, my lord. We would bung in a strong recommendation to mercy on account of the age of the younger prisoner.

Magistrate: Right-ho, laddie! William George Bunter, you are sentenced to having fat stuffed down your neck by the leading barrister! The younger prisoner is discharged with a caution.

BOY DIRECTOR OF BOGUS GOLD-MINE—ASTOUNDING REVELATIONS.

Fisher Tarleton Fish, an unscrupulous Yankee, was brought before Mr. Justice Wharton (complete with wig) at the Rag Petty Sessions, on a charge of obtaining money by false pretences.

Prisoner, who bore a very bad record, had recently been posing as managing-director of the Greyfriars Gold-mining Company, Unlimited. According to P.-c. Wibley, he voted himself head cook and bottle-washer at the fabulous salary of three-and-sixpence per annum. At the meeting of directors, only Fish was present. He conducted everything off his own bat, and went round asking people to take out shares in his new venture.

Magistrate: Where is this gold-mine? Let the jury arm themselves with shovels and pick-axes, and go there at once!

P.-c. Wibley (hastily): It exists only in prisoner's imagination, your worship. When arrested, and asked to locate the mine, he led me into Friardale Woods, and showed me a rabbit-burrow. He tried to make out the hole was where he began boring operations.

Magistrate: Oh, trickery and deceit! Oh, base and despicable swindler! Where's the foreman of the jury?

Foreman: Here, your worship!

Magistrate: I will not ask you to consider your verdict. It wouldn't be strong enough. Bring hither a bucket of tar, and a sackful of downy feathers!

Prisoner: I guess you wouldn't have the nerve to lay so much as a finger on a free Amurrican citizen, you slabsided jay!

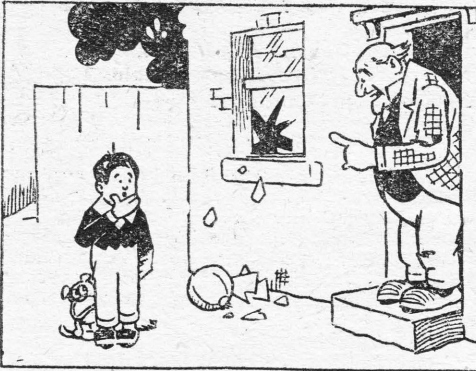
Magistrate: Tar him! Feather him!

The sentence was carried out amid delighted cheers from the crowded court.

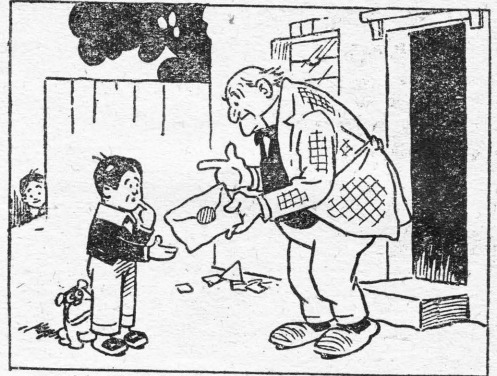
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) "I've caught you now, you reckless cub!
My window's smashed!" howled Mr. Grubb.
"I don't know how you came to do it;
But anyhow, you're going through it!"



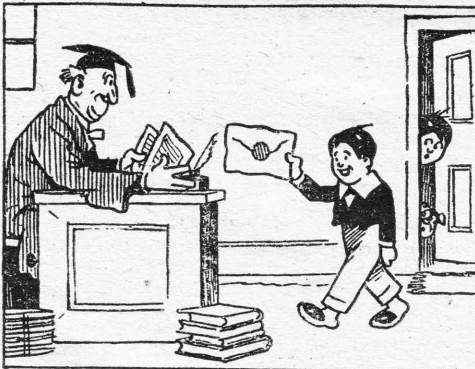
(2) He wrote and gave a note to Squeak,
Who stood at hand in manner meek.
"Take this to your Headmaster now,
And then he'll wallop you, I vow."



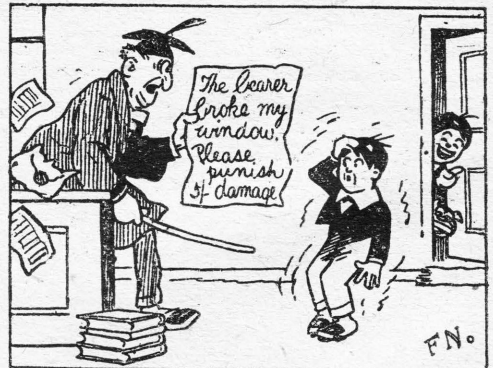
(3) Whilst he was sprinting at the door,
The wretched Squeak encountered Bubble.
"What ever's that?" the latter said.
"A note," said Squeak, "to give the Head."



(4) Then Bubble snatched it from his paw,
And smote his comrade on the jaw.
"Buzz off, for you're not having any!
I'll take it in, and get a penny!"



(5) The Head looked up with beaming grin
As Bubble gaily sauntered in.
"Oh, good!" he murmured. "Hand it over!
It's from my wealthy aunt at Dover!"

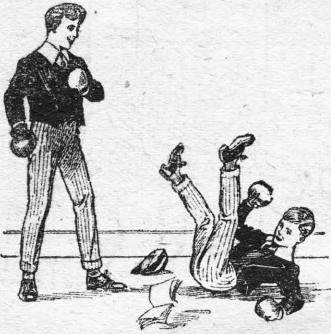


(6) But when the Head had opened it,
The couple almost had a fit!
The artful Squeak let out a roar,
And Fido gaily barked, "Encore!"

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

THE GREATNESS OF GRUNDY!

An Interview with George Alfred Grundy
of St. Jim's, by the "Greyfriars Herald"
Special Representative.



I ACCOSTED the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD as he came off the football-field, oozing with mud.

"What is this week's interview?" I hazarded. The great man paused, and transferred about a ton of mud from his knickers on to my Sunday clobber.

"Who would you like to go and see?" he asked.

I recalled, with infinite satisfaction, last week's trip to St. Jim's to see the immortal Gustavus, who thoughtfully regaled me with a feast of good things. St. Jim's seemed to be a land flowing with milk and honey, and I felt that I might do a great deal worse than go there again.

"Look here," I said, "have you heard of a fellow named Bundy, or Crundy, or something, at St. Jim's?"

"Grundy, you mean," said the chief. "Yes. Rather an uppish sort of customer, in the Shell there, who thinks he's top dog in everything, and always runs up against Tom Merry."

"He's pretty wealthy, isn't he?" I inquired cautiously, having no wish to interview a fellow who couldn't stand me a solitary sardine.

"I believe he's got plenty of filthy here," said the Editor. "Anyway, go over and see him, and write out the blessed interview to-night. Printer's waiting for it."

I nodded, and sped off to the bikeshed for my jigger. St. Jim's was a good way away, farther than I cared to walk, but the prospect of a stunning feed at the other end spurred me on. I'm not a greedy cormorant, like Bunter, but I know how to do justice to a good spread on a keen winter's day.

It was a long, but not unpleasant ride, and I grinned with anticipation as the crusty old porter swung open the school gates.

"Is Grundy knocking about?" I asked civilly.

"Which I hain't Master Grundy's keeper, nor nobody else's!" snorted the porter. "You'd best go hup an' hinquire."

Several fellows were punting a footer about in the quadrangle, and they gave me a friendly nod as I passed through them. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was there, and he made me a sweeping bow.

"Good-aftahnoon, deah boy! I twust you got back to Gweyfwiahs safely last week?"

"Rather!" I exclaimed. "Look here, can you tell me where I can find a cove named Grundy?"

"Yaas, with pleasuah! Step this way, Mistah Weportah!"

The swell of St. Jim's led me to one of the studies in the Shell passage.

"Mr. Gwunday," he said, by way of introduction, "pway allow me to pwesent to you the Special Wepresentative of the GWEYEWIAHS HEWALD."

A thick-set, obstinate-looking fellow sprang to his feet.

"Jolly glad to see you!" he said affably.

I advanced into the study, and Arthur Augustus withdrew.

"Well, old sport," said Grundy. "What can I do for you?"

"I want you to tell me your views on life in general, and sport in particular," I said.

"Sport!" Grundy's eyes fairly gleamed. "There's no finer sportsman throughout the length and breadth of the United Kingdom than yours truly. I could snick a pimple off your nose at twenty paces with a revolver, and swim and dive like a—conger-eel!"

"Indeed! Perhaps we might—er—discuss your achievements over a well-spread table?"

"Blow grub!" said Grundy, greatly to my chagrin. "We'll have a feed afterwards. First of all, I'll trot you round a bit, and give you an idea of what I can do."

"You're very kind!" I stuttered, inwardly abusing Grundy for not setting the ball rolling with a fine feast.

"Kindness comes natural to me," said Grundy piously. "I always was considerate to dumb animals. Kim on!"

And he whisked me out of the study.

"We'll go to the gym first," said my companion. "I always was a dab at club-swinging, and all that sort of thing. Have a turn with the gloves?"

There were several fellows knocking about in the gym, so, not wishing to be dubbed a funk, I complied.

N is for NORWAY, another cold climate,
Where whirlpools are frequent and fishing is prime.

O's for ONTARIO, where there are French,
And British and Yanks, and a race I won't mench.

The next moment I wished the floor would open and swallow me up. Grundy came at me as though I had done him a personal injury. He smote me in the chest and on the chivvy, and I finished up grovelling on my back, blinking at whole solar systems.

"You Greyfriars chaps ain't much cop with the gloves," said Grundy, a little contemptuously. "However, you can't expect much from a tinpot school like that. Now I'll show you the correct way to swing Indian clubs."

And Grundy seized hold of a couple with an almost murderous glare. The other fellows were grinning.

Then the silly ass made some wild passes with the clubs, and caught me a frightful clump on the napper. I howled with agony.

"You—you burbling maniac!" I roared.

"Sorry!" said Grundy blandly. "You shouldn't get in the way, you know. I want the free use of my arms."

I skipped back a few yards, breathing threatenings and slaughter; and Grundy went through his apology for an exercise without further casualties to any of the onlookers.

"So much for that!" said my host. "Now we'll hop along to the footer-field."

I bucked up a bit at this.

"Get in goal!" ordered Grundy, when we reached the ground.

I took up my position between the posts, and then the slaughter began! Grundy stood only a snail's-pace away, and he sent in shots like fireworks. The ball caught me full in the face, and then, before I had properly recovered, the madman buzzed it in again. I got it in the stomach this time, and was simply doubled up. May I never have such a painful experience again!

"I'm fed-up with footer!" I gasped, as soon as I had recovered my breath. "Let's go in and have some grub!"

"Don't be too premature," said Grundy. "I'll take you down to the river first."

I groaned, and followed the extraordinary freak down to the shining Ryll.

"What's the little game?" I queried. "Not going to swim in winter, surely?"

"Of course not, fathead! I'm going to show you how to punt."

And Grundy obtained a punt from the boathouse, and ran down to the water.

He grabbed hold of the pole with an inexperienced hand, and started splashing about with it.

"What the merry dickens d'you call that?" I exclaimed.

"Panting, my son!" said Grundy loftily. "I'm far and away the best fellow at St. Jim's for this sort of thing. Watch me!"

I watched him—in growing alarm. That punt was swaying about ominously, and I had a sort of vague premonition that something was going to happen.

And happen it did! Grundy plunged his pole into deep water, lurching to one side as he did so. The vessel rocked and swayed, and Grundy's wrists and arms followed the pole; then, before you could say 'Fiddlesticks!' he had toppled head-first into the water!

"He can swim, of course," I assured myself.

But I was quite off the map. Grundy floundered about in the water, beating it wildly with his hands, and bawling for help at the top of his voice.

I hated the idea of plunging into the icy Ryll; at the same time, I couldn't very well leave a fellow-creature to drown. Divesting myself quickly of my coat and boots, I took a header into the water, and struck out towards the helpless Grundy. He grabbed hold of me as if I was a sort of lifebelt.

"Don't struggle, you fool!" I hissed. "You'll drag me under!"

But Grundy did struggle, and I had the job of my life to get him safely to the bank. He lay on the grass, gasping and spluttering like a codfish.

I surveyed him anxiously, expecting him to pour out a profuse stream of thanks to me for having saved his life. Instead, all he said was:

"You thundering idiot! You've lugged me out all right, but what about my two-bladed penknife? It's gone under!"

Alas, how base is man's ingratitude! I believe I could have eaten Grundy at that moment. After all the fag of bringing him safely to shore, all the thanks I got was a telling-off because his tuppenny-ha'penny penknife had gone to the bottom!

I couldn't trust myself to speak just then. I left Grundy where he lay, and sprinted off to the school. Seizing my jigger, I scorch'd back to Greyfriars in record time. And here I am, suffering from a frightful chill, in the sanny.

And if anybody starts prating to me about the greatness of Grundy, I'll jolly well scalp him.

THE END.

(Another of these interviews will appear next Monday. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD early!)

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 11.—ROBERT OGILVY.
Of the Remove Form.

P is for PORTUGAL, tacked on to Spain,
Where maidens are pretty as here they are plain.

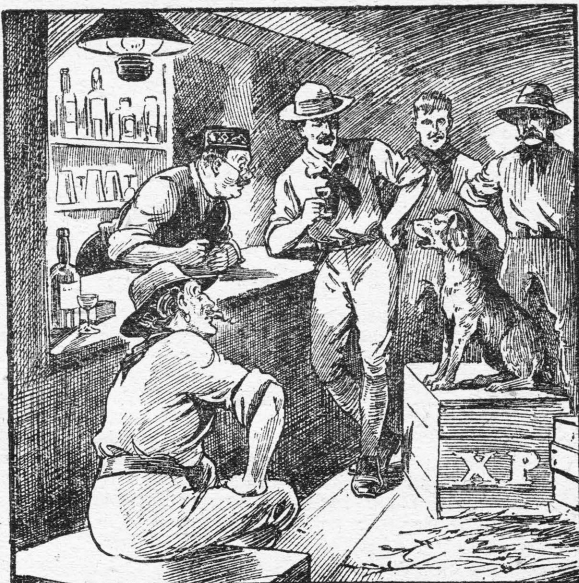
Q is for QUEENSLAND, a flourishing show,
Where all the "k-nuts" of Australia grow!

The True Tale of the Talking Dog!

*A Screamingly Funny
Complete Story about
a New Boy's quaint
yarn on his first day
at Greyfriars.*

Specially Contributed

By S. Q. I. FIELD.



"What did he give you for me?" asked the talking dog. "A hundred and fifty dollars," said my uncle. "Stingy hound!" said the talking dog. "I'll never speak another word again!" (See picture.)

CHAPTER ONE.

NONE of us could make head or tail of the new American chap who came to Greyfriars for a few terms about two years ago.

His name was Hannibal K. Snow, and he was about the coolest bird who had ever walked into Greyfriars.

He was not an ordinary American chap, like Fisher T. Fish. He never said that he guessed anything, and he never cal'klated anything. He never said that the U-Nited States was the greatest, richest, heftiest country on earth, and he never talked about his father's dollars. You know the sort of chaps that they send over from America to get the corners planed off 'em! But Hannibal K. Snow was not one of that sort. He was quiet and affable. When he went before the Head he held out his hand, and said that he was glad to make the Head's acquaintance, and that if the Head would visit his people at home, at Washout, Wyoming, they would give him a real high old time, and put him across the hottest bit of broncho horse-flesh that he had ever seen in his life.

Of course, the Head was a little rattled at being invited to have a high old time in Washout, Wyoming, and to ride broncho horses over the boundless prairies. But he could not say much, as Hannibal K. Snow really meant what he said, and said it so nicely and politely.

So he tried to do the heavy, jocular on Hannibal, and asked him, in a fatherly manner, what was the cause of a big scar across Hannibal's wrist.

"That was an Indian, sir," said Hannibal, as polite as you please.

"A Red Indian?" asked the Head.

"Yes, sir," replied Hannibal.

"And why did he do it?" asked the Head.

"He didn't like me, sir," said Hannibal.

"Why, my boy?" said the Head.

"Cause of grandfather Snow," said Hannibal.

"Because of your grandfather?" said the Head, very surprised.

"Well, you see, sir, grandpa couldn't eat his breakfast till he'd shot an Indian," responded Hannibal. "And this Redskin saved it up for me. He shot at me from behind a bush."

"Why, he might have killed you!" said the Head, turning pale at the idea.

"He would—only I shot first!" said Hannibal.

That curled the Head up. All he could say to Hannibal was that he hoped he would not tell too many of his adventures round the school, and put ideas into the boys' heads.

"That's your business, sir, not mine," said Hannibal, as cool as you like.

The Head pushed him off after that. He said that Hannibal was a strange boy—which is the Head's way of saying that a chap is a rum pup. He put him in the dormitory with us, because he thought our dormitory was the quietest and most orderly bunk-house in the school. Which it was, when it was not getting into mischief, in those days.

Well, of course, you know the old rule of our dormitory, which says that a new chap must tell a story or drink a glass of salt-and-water on his first night at school.

R is for **RUSSIA**, our ally so brave,
Who teaches the Boches the way to behave.

S is for **SCOTLAND**, the land of the heather,
Whose stalwarts stand shoulder to shoulder together.

When bed-time came Hannibal hit the hay, as he called going to bed. But, of course, we couldn't let him go to sleep before he had spun his yarn or drunk his glass of salt-and-water.

And William George Bunter was wild to ask him all about the things they got to eat in America. He wanted to know whether Hannibal had ever tasted buffalo-hump, and whether it was true that the marrow-bones were very delicious.

Hannibal was very good-natured over it. But he said that he had promised the Head that he would not excite us chaps by telling us his own adventures.

I expect that the Head was afraid that the whole of the Remove Form would get the Red Indian fever, as they did a term or two ago in the Third Form, when they got scalping one another with box-wood hunting-knives carved from school rulers, and nearly roasted a fag to death by lighting a fire under him which they couldn't put out. They are horrid little brutes in the Lower Third, always playing pirates or Red Indians or some game of that sort.

But Hannibal said that sooner than drink a glass of salt-and-water, he would tell us a tale which happened to his uncle at a place called Skidoo, in Nevada. I'll just let him tell it in his own words.

CHAPTER TWO.

"WAL, boys," said he, "Uncle Jake was around for a good gold-mine. An' up along in Nevada, prospectin' he walked an' he walked, an' he hit the rocks and didn't find much trace of pay-dirt till he was near broke.

"His clothes wuz all worn out, an' his boots were broken so that his toes were playin' peep-through the uppers.

"It was that way that he came into Skidoo, which was a pretty consid'able minin'-town in those days. It may have gone bust now, or may not. That's the way with those mining-towns. Sometimes they hit it up as high as Gilroy's kite, sometimes they don't.

"But Skidoo was doin' all right. There was four saloons in the town—that is what you call ho-tels in this country—and they were all doing well. Each of them had a man told off to play the piano all day long. He got ten dollars an' his grub, but he had to keep the ragtime going from eleven a.m. till eleven p.m. But the boys were kind to these musical gents, and when they were pleased with them they filled the pianos with pennies till the works wouldn't go. When they wasn't, they used to shoot 'Dixie' all the way down the piano with their guns—what you call their re-olvers. But, of course, they never plugged the gentleman at the piano, 'cause he had a card on his back, specially printed, and it said, 'Don't shoot the pianist, gents; he is doing his best.'

"Wal," continued Hannibal, in his sleepy, slow drawl, "that was Skidoo when my uncle struck it, powerful thirsty, and with only the price of a drink in his pocket.

"But a yellow dog had followed him all the way down the mountain trail into the town, an' he knew that this was a sign of luck. It was anybody's dog—a great, rough, yellow mongrel, with a miserable, 'Take-me-home-an'-shoot-me' sort of look in its eye. It only had one eye, and it had lost its tail when one of those cruel Mexican chaps had tied a stick of dynamite to it.

"The dog followed my uncle into the saloon, and the bar-tender came behind the counter, looking at uncle and the dog as if he didn't think a sight of them.

"'What d'ye want?' he asked my uncle, with a 'drink-up-and-get-out' tone in his voice.

"'I'll have a mint highball!' says my uncle.

"'And I'll have a sandwich, mister,' piped up the yellow dog, as clear as you please.

"The bar-tender, he said nothing, but he bulged his eye at uncle and he bulged his eye at the dog. An' he gave uncle his mint-highball with a bit o' mountain ice floating in it. And he gave the dog a sandwich. And my! That dog had a mouth for a sandwich! He swallowed it like a flash, and wagged what was left of his tail by way of saying grace.

"The bar-tender said nothin', but he went to the speaking-tube and whistled up to his boss, who was playing billiards upstairs.

"'Say, boss,' he whispered, 'come down, quick. There's a talking dog in the saloon! We've got to get it. It'll draw the whole county, and it'll beat the other three saloons to a frazzle. It's the goods! It's a fair cinch! It is the only one of the bunch. It is the great main squeeze!'

"The boss came tumbling downstairs quick. He was a big, fat, red German, with a masterful eye.

"He looked at my uncle, and he said, 'Sir, I am pleased to make your acquaintance. You are having a drink with me?'

"'I'll have another mint highball,' says my uncle, very meek.

"'And I'll have another sandwich,' said the yellow dog, sitting down and hitting a flea off his ear with his hind foot. 'And not so much mustard on this sandwich,' continued the dog, speaking as clear as a preacher. 'Hi don't like mustard, Hi don't. It makes me feel as if a torchlight procession had gone down my throat!'

"That's what the dog said, and the boss nearly dropped off his perch with surprise. But he gave my Uncle Jack another mint highball free of charge, and he gave the dog a sandwich that had no mustard on it.

"Then he looked my uncle very hard in the eye.

"'Are you selling that dog, sir?' he asked.

"Of course, my uncle couldn't sell a dog that

T is for **TURKEY**, a slovenly nation,
Which seems to be asking for extermination.

U is for **UTAH**, where gold doth abound;
No wealthier country could ever be found.

didn't belong to him. But he said, casual-like, 'He's worth a hundred and fifty dollars to me.'

"The boss didn't say another word. He was glad to get such a prize so cheap out of a poor man. He drew out his pocket-book, and paid down a hundred and fifty dollars in bills on the counter.

"Then the talking dog looked up at my uncle with a pitiful look in his eye.

"You've been selling me, master," said he.

"I have, old pardner," says my uncle, very sorrowful. "But I can't afford to buy you sandwiches at Skidoo prices. And this nice gentleman will give you a good home."

"What did he give you for me?" asked the talking dog.

"A hundred and fifty dollars," said my uncle.

"Stingy hound!" said the talking dog. "I'll never speak another word again!"

"And he didn't! That dog never spoke again!"

The soft drawl from Hannibal's bed died away, and a great silence fell upon Dormitory 4.

It was Bob Cherry who broke it.

"I don't want to be rude, Hannibal," said he, "but I think your Uncle Jake must be a bit of a liar."

"He's not," replied Hannibal softly, from under the bedclothes. "But he's a bit of a ventriloquist."

A groan went up from the chaps in the dormitory.

"Sold!" exclaimed Vernon-Smith.

"So was the dog; and you've bought the pup!" said Hannibal softly. "Now, good-night, you chaps!"

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 to this, and address to "11th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, February 1st, 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. 11,
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE
CAREFULLY

Address.....

V's for VANCOUVER, a charming old isle,
On which kindly Fortune is destined to smile.

W's for WALES, and it would be most hard if
It got no supplies from the coalmines of Cardiff.

CYRUS K. SPANNER'S GREAT STUNT!

A Story in Two Parts.

By *FISHER T. FISH.*

CHAPTER ONE.

CYRUS K. SPANNER belonged to one of the oldest families in the United States. The family records extended back to the year 1880, and beyond.

But, unlike the effete aristocrats of Europe, Cyrus K. was no slouch.

C. K. Spanner knew something.

His motto was, "Get on, or get off the earth!" He was a hustler from the word go. At fifteen, an age when the inhabitants of a certain played-out old island are still thinking of cricket and football, Cyrus had got there. He had invented an improved manufacture of wooden nutmegs for export. At nineteen, he worked seventeen hours a day, pouching an average of 100 dollars per hour. At twenty-one, he was quite bald, very short-sighted, and had chronic dyspepsia and 1,000,000 dollars. To put it short, he was a shining example to the slow-going merchants of the Old Country.

It was August, 1914.

Cyrus K. Spanner sat in his office on thirtieth floor, No. 10,168, East Three-Hundred-and-Seventy-Ninth Street.

He was busy—just a few! Sixteen telephone-bells were buzzing at once, and you can bet that Cyrus K. had to hump it.

An expensively-dressed feminine stepped from the down-town trolley, and hustled into the shebang. Her garb was worth at least 10,000 dollars. Her jewellery would have been figured at 20,000 dollars in any store in the country. This striking-looking female shemozzled into the elevator, which slid up to the thirtieth floor of the skyscraper before you could say dollars and dimes.

Cyrus K. Spanner, with a receiver to each ear, was phoning. Suddenly that 30,000-dollar feminine stood before him.

Cyrus adjusted his powerful head-lights, and looked at her.

Something familiar in her face seemed to strike him. He had seen her before, he would go nap on that, but he could not place her.

"Madam," said Cyrus K., "this office is private."

"Cyrus!"

Then he recognised her. It was his wife! Cyrus K. Spanner had been so busy at the office that he had not seen her for some years.

"Seleucia!" he exclaimed.

In spite of the multifarious business concerns that occupied his powerful brain, he remembered her name quite well.

He put down the receivers. The phone bells buzzed on unheeded. Cyrus was prepared to devote two minutes to Mrs. Spanner, busy man as he was. This was, perhaps, a weakness. But even an American business-man has his weaknesses. He could not forget how they had wandered, hand in hand, in the expensively-laid-out suburbs of Hugginsville, before the invention of the wooden nutmegs had brought him fame and fortune.

"What is it, Seleucia?" he asked.

Mrs. Spanner lowered her voice as she responded:

"Cyrus! It's a cinch!"

"What's the goods?" asked Cyrus.

"Wheat."

Cyrus shook his head.

"Nothing doing!" he replied. "What's level?"

"Listen!" whispered Mrs. Spanner. "Prince Pumpstein has ordered a new Saratoga." Cyrus K. started. "He has booked his passage on the next liner." Cyrus' eyes gleamed behind his expensive gold-rimmed glasses. "It means war!"

"Germany——" said Cyrus breathlessly.

"And England!" said Mrs. Spanner.

"Straight goods?" gasped Cyrus.

"Solid!"

That was enough. Mrs. Spanner humped into the elevator, and absquatulated. She had given Cyrus the griffin. It was enough!

Cyrus K. Spanner hustled to the 'phone. In seventeen seconds he had buzzed instructions to his brokers. That day there was a surprise in the wheat-pit.

(Part 2 will appear next Monday.)

F. T. FISH.

THE LAY OF THE LAZY LORD.

By **HERBERT MAULEVERER.**

The Cliff House girls are pretty pearls,
I like 'em all, begad;
Miss Clara's neat, and very sweet,
And Marjorie's not half bad.

Their dark eyes shine with lustre fine,
Their smiles I'd love to bag;
I cannot go and tell 'em so,
Because it's too much fag,

The only work I never shirk,
But carry out with zest,
Is sprawling back, serene and slack,
To take a little rest.

Why should a peer be made to hear
The constant clash of toil?
The chaps who rave that he should slave
Want boiling well in oil!

The roarin' fire's my chief desire;
Heap on more fuel, please!
And let a chap enjoy his nap
In unmolested ease.

The chaps who play their lives away
In footer fierce and grim,
Can boldly bear such wear and tear—
But I'm not in the swim!

A quiet life, away from strife,
Is ripping to the core;
What glorious bliss to lay like this,
And simply—Sno-o-re!!!

THE SCHOOLBOY HEADMASTER!

By **DICK RUSSELL.**

The age of miracles is past,
So other fellows tell me;
But let me state the curious fate
That recently befell me.

In cap and gown I strode about,
A strong and sturdy giant;
With frenzied joy, I birched each boy
Who dared to be defiant!

The masters all had changed to fags,
The prefects into boot-boys;
When I was nigh they used to cry:
"My hat! We'd better scoot, boys!"

Old Quelch had to toe the line,
And murmured many sore words;
And as for Prout, he skipped about
Among the dashing forwards.

None dared dispute my iron will,
Or come to me complaining;
I caused old Locke a nasty shock
By giving him a caning!

I fed the school most scantily
(Except my pretty daughter)
On ancient lamb and curried ham,
Washed down with microb'd water!

The chaps who played about in class
Were flattened to a jelly;
I made them work, and never shirk:
They scrawled out yards of Shelley!

I'll tell you how I flogged old Quelch,
While he was wildly screaming—
Great Scott! The bell! Oh, what a sell!
I'VE JOLLY WELL BEEN DREAMING!

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR SIXTH GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

CORRECT SOLUTION.

Dick Whittington, a scullery-boy in the employ of a rich merchant, had for a pet a cat. He sent the cat away on one of his master's ships, and it was afterwards purchased by a foreign potentate, who, pleased with the way it cleared his palace of rats, gave Dick six bags of gold for it. Later, Whittington was elected Lord Mayor of London on three times in succession.

One Competitor Correct wins £1:

WILLIAM VERRALL,
Sennocke,
Eversfield Road,
Reigate.

Next in order of merit win a hamper each:
Miss Roma Crews, 99, Clapham Road, Lowestoft.
Tom Thompson, 92, Maiden Lane, Clubmoor, Liverpool.
Harold Batts, 12½, South Bar, Banbury, Oxon.
A. E. Alderslade, 85, Petherton Road, Highbury.
Joseph Thorns, 7, Guns Lane, West Bromwich.
Frank Kirk, 33, Church Street, Rawmarsh, near Rotherham.

**Y is for YANKEELAND, where there's no fighting,
And all close their eyes to the wrongs that want righting.**



The Cheeryful girl was going for Hanks with both fists. Bash, bash! Biff! Bang! Thump! Wallop! "Oh, my eye! Oh, dear! Leave off!" yelled Banks. (See picture.)

THE atrocious and disgusting conduct of the esteemed Hanks had caused immense infuriation. It was the worthy Wibley who suggestively proposed the wheezy good scheme by which the atrocious Hanks was at lastfully squashed. But to begin beginfully.

The esteemed beastly Hanks dwells residencefully at Pegg. He does not play gamefully. He found the harmful and unnecessary amusement in snowballing the esteemed girls of Cliff House School. As the esteemed young ladies are our chumful pals, we were naturally infuriated. As our Cherryful chum remarked, if the beastly Hanks knocked off our hats with his beastly snowballs, that would be all right, because we could give him beans, and what our esteemed Form-master, the august Quelchey, would call quid pro quo. But to knock off a girlful hat is not playing gamefully, because at snowballing a girl is cackle-handed, and, besides, she cannot dot a boko punchfully.

So we used to go out sometimes to look for Hanks searchfully, to give him beans; but the beastly Hanks always kept off the grass. But when we were not in proximity, he would snowball the esteemed Marjorie and the elegant Miss Clara, and knock off their venerable hats, and all the girls of Cliff House regarded him with terrific nervousness.

Then the brainy Wibley came to the rescue with his first-class wheeze. Wibley is great on amateurish theatricals, and he thinks of nothing else, and that was how the great wheeze flashfully came into his brain. He came into No. 1 Study, and told us.

"I've thought of a dodge for putting the stopper on that beast Hanks!" said the esteemed Wibley.

THE AWFUL THRASHFULNESS!

A Breezy, Short, Complete Story, Told
: In the Best Oriental Language by :

HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH,
Of the Remove Form.

"Good egg!" said Bob Cherry. "Roll it out, my son! Tell me how to get within punching distance of the cad, and I'll stand you a currant-bun!"

"It's N.G.!" said Wharton. "The rotter always keeps out of sight of anybody who can tackle him! He only goes for girls!"

"That's my idea," said Wibley. "Hanks don't show up when there's a chap in sight who could give him beans. But he shows up fast enough when it's a girl. Well, my idea is to fix it up for a girl to tackle him, and give him a hiding."

"But a girl couldn't," said Nugent. "He's a big, strong beast, and he wouldn't mind punching a girl; he's that sort."

"You don't tumble!" said Wibley. "Now, you know what a dab I am at disguising and impersonating, and all that. I could make myself up as a girl, so that Hanks would think I was one, if he saw me trotting round Cliff House. Only I don't know whether I could lick Hanks, that ain't so much in my line. But Bob could make shavings of him."

"Well, I'd jolly well try!" said Bob Cherry. "The awful rotter hit Miss Clara in the eye with a snowball yesterday. He knocked Marjorie's hat off the other day. Think of that!"

"It's a jolly good idea!" said Wharton. "Only what sort of a girl would Bob make? Look at his feet!"

"Let my feet alone, fathead!" said Bob.

"And look at his face!" said Nugent, very dubiousfully. "His face would want a lot of altering to look like a girl's."

"Your face will get some altering, and will look like a tomato, if you don't shut up!" said Bob growfully. "It's a jolly good idea, and I'm going to try it. I think Wib's a giddy genius for thinking of it."

So we considered it talkfully, and decided on the wheezy scheme. And that afternoon we walkfully proceeded to Cliff House to tea, and Wib carried a big bag, with the girlful clobber in it.

Marjorie & Co. were infuriated with the disgusting Hanks, and they heard the wheezy idea with great joyfulness. We dressed up Bob Cherry in the gardener's shed. His esteemed

features were not beautiful enough for a girl, but Wibley made his face up skilfully, and with amazeful astonishment we observed that the worthy Bob was quite good-looking when Wibley had finished. With lengthy goldful hair, and pink cheeks, he looked quite different. The blousy and skirty clobber over his own clothes made him look somewhat fatful, and even Wibley could not disguise the enormity of his feet, but Wibley said it was good enough. The clothes were hooked and stitched upon him securely, because, as the English proverb says, the stitch in time goes longest to the well.

When the disguise was finishfully completed, the esteemed Bob slipped out of the school garden, unseen by the estimable Miss Primrose, who, perhapsfully, might not have enjoyed the wheezy scheme. Our Cherryful chum walked away towards the village of Pegg, hoping to fall in with the beastly Hanks. It was some time before the esteemed wretched Hanks showed up.

But presentfully a snowball came whizzfully through the air, and it knockfully crashed on the girlish hat. The esteemed Bob looked round, and saw the beastly Hanks grinning at him from a footpath in the field.

"Oh, dear!" said Bob, in the high-pitched, squeaky voice of an esteemed feminine. "You bad boy! I will tell Miss Primrose!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Hanks. "Here's another!"

The beastly Hanks laughed roarfully, and stooped down to gather up another snowful ball. The deep and astute Bob began to run, but very slowly. The rotten Hanks rushed out into the road after the suppositious girl, snowballing for all he was worth. The snowballs smashed all over the esteemed Bob, and he squeaked girfully, waiting for the beastly Hanks to get closer. Then he stopped suddenly, and turnfully rounded, and rushed at the surprised and astonished Hanks.

"Now put up your hands, you cad!" said the wrathly Bob.

"Oh, come off!" said Hanks. "I'd punch yer head as soon as look at yer. Oh, my eyes! Oh, crumbs! Yaroooh!"

The Cherryful girl was going for Hanks with both fists.

The beastly Hanks hit out. The beastly person could have licked any girl, but the infuriated Bob was ratherfully too much for him. And, as the wretched Hanks believefully supposed that he was a girl, it was the surprisefulness of his life.

Bash, bash! Biff! Bang! Thump! Wallop! "Oh, my eye! Oh, dear! Leave off!" yelled Hanks, as Bob's left and right banged whackfully on his esteemed and disgusting face. "Oh, crumbs! I won't never do it no more,—not no more! Oh, crikey! Yow-ow-ow! Keep off!"

Bang! Crash! Bang!

It seemed like a terrific earthquake to the beastly Hanks. Rightfully and leftfully he was knockfully punched, and his esteemed nose streamed crimsonfully, and both his disgusting

eyes were closing up, and his mouth looked twice-fully as large. And the infuriated Bob was still hitting away like a steamful hammer.

"I give you best!" said Hanks yellfully. "I give in! I won't snowball you agin! Oh, dear! Leave off! Oh, my eye!"

Bang, bang, bang!

The beastly and funkful Hanks started to run, and the Cherryful girl chasefully pursued him, and gripped him neckfully, and rubbed his esteemed face in the snow and mud. The wretched Hanks wriggled and gurgled, and howled fearfully. The thrashfulness was simply terrific.

"Groo-hooh-hooh! Leggo!" said Hanks moanfully. "I've had enough—I tell yer I've had enough! I won't never come near Cliff House again! I won't do it no more! Leave off, miss, for the love of mercy! Do leave off!"

"You bad boy!" said the Cherryful girl, in feminine, squeaky voice. "If you've had enough, I'll chuck it; but, if ever you snowball a girl again, I'll give you a real thrashing next time! Get out!"

So he picked up the yellful Hanks and pitchfully chucked him into the ditch. The miserable Hanks came out crawlfully, smotherfully covered with mud, and took to his disgusting heels.

Our Cherryful chum came back grinfully. "I don't think Hanks will bother you any more, Marjorie," he said chucklefully.

And he was rightful. The beastly Hanks never came near Cliff House afterfully, if he could help it, and when the esteemed young ladies went out walkfully, the worthy rotter always gave them wide berthfulness. He never knew that the Cherryful girl was the esteemed Bob, so he was always funkfully afraid of getting another Awful Thrashfulness.

THE END.

THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

(Continued from page 5.)

And the good gentlemen fairly hurled themselves upon the offensive door.

It opened with dramatic and precipitate suddenness, taking them all unawares. With a terrific yell, the four masters shot into the room. Mr. Stringer went whirling towards the fireplace, Mr. Snope alighted flat upon the ground, with the Head's fist grinding into his cheek, and Herr Schmidt landed with a crash on both of them.

"Ow-ow-ow!"

"Dear me!"

"Bless my soul!"

With agonised mutterings, the masters sorted themselves out, and glared furiously round the room, like beasts of prey seeking what they might devour. But Hobbs, the captain of Earlington, had vanished as mysteriously as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up!

(To be continued next Monday.)