



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 1/2d.

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

FOES OF THE SIXTH!
 By FRANK RICHARDS.



EDITORIAL.



FRANK NUGENT,
 Art Editor.



H. VERNON-SMITH,
 Sports Editor.



HARRY WHARTON,
 Editor.



ROBERT CHERRY,
 Fighting Editor.



MARK LINLEY,
 Sub-Editor.

OUR STAFF.

THE WAY TO WIN!

The following letter, from a girl winner of one of our stunning tuck-hampers, comes to hand this week:

"Westcliff-on-Sea.

"Dear Editor,—I wish to thank you most heartily for the splendid hamper of tuck which I received safely yesterday. The whole family has sampled the contents, and voted them excellent.

"I was delighted when I read in last Monday's HERALD that I had won a prize. I did not expect to be successful so soon.

"Some of my friends are coming to-morrow to help enjoy the contents of the hamper, and I shall tell them how they can win one as well.

"I will recommend all your papers to my friends. I feel sure that after once reading them they will take them in regularly.

"Wishing you a prosperous year, and many new readers, I remain, your loyal chum,

"MABEL HURLEY."

I sincerely hope that all my chums who have so far been unsuccessful in our picture-puzzle contest will take fresh heart on reading Miss Hurley's epistle, and go in and win!

CROWDED OUT!

That represents the state of affairs with regard to my postbag this week. Letters con-

tinue to pour in, and as they are all of the same order, bubbling over with compliments on the way in which the GREYFRIARS HERALD is conducted, I feel sure the writers will pardon such a brief acknowledgment. I should particularly like to express my warmest thanks to the following:

S. McK. (Belfast), C. Baldry (Hackney), A. K. (West Norwood), Fred Bullard (Deptford), Leonard Stanley Bullard (Deptford), F. J. Bradley (Northants), Dora Lewis, C.F.V. (Lee), "Sammy," Harold Harper (Sheffield), "A Faithful Reader" (Camberwell), Vera Dewhurst (Blackpool), Gerald B. (Sherborne), Carrie B. (Stratford), Dean Jay (Colchester), William Stevenson (Barrhead), Gerald W. Wright (Lichfield), "A Happy Reader" (Motherwell), Reggie Curtis (Gosport), William R. (near Macclesfield), Charles H. Whincup (Hull), Raymond Pattison and Walter Sherwood (Gateshead), Edward Lindley (Oldham), B. Bowman (Hammersmith), D. Dawson (Birmingham), Leslie Hill (Sheffield), Edward V. (Cardiff), Lilian Riley (Clerkenwell), W. Owens (Kidderminster), A. Ford, and J. Richardson (Southport).

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES



THE MISADVENTURES of MOBBY!

A Most Amusing, Complete Story of Fun and Frolic at Highcliffe School. Specially Written for the "Greyfriars Herald" by

R. DE COURCY.

CHAPTER ONE.

Mobby on the Warpath!

MOBBY'S a beast!

MI think every fellow at Highcliffe agrees on this point—even Pon, who's a beast himself! I s'pose he's quick to recognise one of his own kith and kin.

Since the cold weather set in Mobby's been a beastlier beast than ever! You see, he's always catchin' chills, and sneezin' and snufflin', in class and out. As the thermometer gets lower, so Mobby's temper rises in proportion. He's just like a bear with a sore head, begad!

The latest skirmish with our unworthy Form-Master happened in this wise. Mobby's supposed to put in an appearance with shinin' mornin' face, as Shakespeare says, at early service in chapel. Last Monday, however, he didn't turn up. It was awfully cold, and there were slides in the quad. It looked like snow, too. Mobby hates both. He's too old to slide, and too dignified to chuck snowballs about.

The fact of the matter was, Mobby was a jolly sight too warm in bed to think of turnin' out. He meant to cut chapel, and hoped that Dr. Voysey would either not notice his absence, or wink an eye at it.

Nothin' happened on Monday, so Mobby took his courage in both hands and thought he'd try an encore. Tuesday came, but not Mobby. He stayed away, and snored on his downy couch, while we shivered through the service.

The Head seemed to notice somethin' was wrong. I saw him look keenly at the masters' pew, and frown.

"Mobby's done it now!" I whispered to Frank Courtenay. "His day of reckonin' is at hand!"

And so it was. Wednesday mornin' was one of those periods when you feel like a giddy iceberg, and dream with envy of the inhabitants of tropical Africa, sittin' in front of their little wooden huts, and baskin' in the sun.

Once again the service was conducted without Mobby. We were rather glad in a way,



Bob solemnly turned a somersault, and Mobby fairly danced with rage. "Boy! Wilkinson! How dare you! Are you demented?" (See picture.)

for he's got a wheezy, roof-liftin' voice that cuts through you like a knife.

But Dr. Voysey didn't mean to allow Mobby to carry on his campaign of sloth indefinitely. Durin' first lesson that mornin' he swept into the Form-room with rustlin' gown, and the thunderclouds gatherin' on his classic brow.

Mobby's knees knocked together. His mind was full of a long-drawn-out suspense, as Charlie Peace said, when he faced the hangman.

"Ah, Mr. Mobbs!" said the Head. "I should like a word with you. It is customary for the members of my staff to attend morning chapel, as you know; yet, on three successive mornings, you have failed to put in an appearance!"

"I—I was indisposed!" stammered Mobby.

"Indeed! Then I shall be grateful if you will arrange for your indisposition to assail you at some other time than in the early morning!"

And with that Parthian shot Dr. Voysey withdrew.

Mobby was furious. The Head hadn't troubled to lower his voice durin' the conversation, and he had laid down the law as if he had been talkin' to a slip of a fag.

We had a frightful time of it in class for the rest of the day. Mobby ladled out lines and lickin's right and left, and we went up to the dorm that night with malice and all uncharitableness in our hearts.

But the worst was to come.

In the mornin', when risin'-bell rang out,

A's ALEXANDER, a great man of yore,
Who fought like a Trojan, and revelled in war.

B's BADEN-POWELL, the leader of boys,
Who revel in scouting and similar joys.

I conformed to my usual practice, and turned over to go to sleep again—so did several others. We were awakened swiftly, and without ceremony. Startin' up, I felt Mobby's bony fingers clutchin' at my throat.

"Boy!" he raved. "Depraved sluggard! Rise at once, and perform your ablutions! Did you not hear the rising-bell sound half an hour ago? I will not have you in bed at this disgraceful hour!"

With that, Mobby yanked me, bedclothes and all, on to the floor, with a bump that nearly shook the dorm from its foundations. Then he repeated the performance at several beds, lecturin' the fellows as he went along.

"The boys I have just admonished for laziness," he said, in a grindin' voice, "will bring me five hundred lines by Friday afternoon!"

Then he passed out, slammin' the door furiously behind him.

"The rotter!" growled Smithson.

"The beastly rotter!" exclaimed Tom Wilkinson.

"The mouldy, outrageous, Hunnish rotter!" added Bob Wilkinson, not to be outdone by his brother.

"It's a rotten trick!" declared my chum Franky. "Mobby's been called over the coals for not turning up at chapel, and now he's visitin' his sins on us!"

"We'll make him sit up for it!" muttered Drury.

"But how?" asked everybody.

"Shush!" said Bob Wilkinson suddenly. "I've got an idea. I'm not sure if it'll work all right, but if it doesn't it won't be for want of tryin'!"

"What is it?" we clamoured eagerly.

Bob Wilkinusen chuckled.

"Wait and see!" he said. "I'm not sure yet that it'll pan out as I want it to. Give me time to think it over."

So we agreed to hang on and wait events, and went down to brekker feelin' awfully bucked. We had only one object in life at that moment—to score off the obnoxious Mobby, or perish in the attempt!

CHAPTER TWO.

The Terror by Night!

LANGLEY of the Sixth saw lights out that evenin' in the Fourth-Form dormitory, and we settled down to sleep as usual. Like the soldiers in the poem, we bitterly thought of the morrow, when Mobby would caoussly yank us on to the cold, hard floor.

Just before the usual bout of snorin' was due to commence, Bob Wilkinson's voice exclaimed:

"You fellows awake?"

"What's the little game?" asked Smithson.

"I can't get warm in bed," answered Bob.

"I'm going to turn out and do some gymnastic feats round the dorm."

"But you'll bring Mobby here!" gasped Franky.

"That's exactly what I want to do," chuckled Bob Wilkinson. "Look here, you chaps. When Mobby comes, I'm supposed to be sleep-walkin'. Twig?"

"What the merry dickens?" I exclaimed.

"Don't get excited, Caterpillar! You'll see by-and-by that there's method in my madness."

"Silly ass!" growled Pon. "You'll get it in the neck!"

Quite undismayed by this warning, Bob Wilkinson tumbled out of bed. Whether he had his boots on or not I don't know; anyhow, he came to the floor with a frightful clump.

Then the fun began. Bob's a good gymnast, and he started walkin' round the dorm on his hands. We could dimly make out his form in the darkness.

All went well for a time; then suddenly there was a terrible shindy—sufficient to awaken the Seven Sleepers. One of the washstands went whirling down, and the jugs and basins were smashed to shivers.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" gasped Franky. "There'll be a row about this, I'm thinking!"

Even as he spoke, the dormitory door opened and Mobby dashed in, an electric torch gleamin' in his skinny hand. Mobby's sleepin' quarters were close at hand, and he had turned out in double quick time to see what was the matter.

Meanwhile, Bob Wilkinson continued his merry antics. He turned three successive somersaults; then rose solemnly to his feet and advanced towards Mobby. We looked on breathlessly from our beds.

For a moment Mobby stood petrified; then he fairly danced with rage.

"Boy—Wilkinson, how dare you! Are you demented, that you should seek to convert the dormitory into a gymnasium in this unprecedented manner? Stop—stop at once!"

But Bob Wilkinson, with extended arms and glassy eyes, walked straight ahead.

"Excuse me, sir," said Gadsby, "but I believe Wilkinson is walking in his sleep."

"What!"

"It's a fact, sir," added Pon. "He's frightened us all out of our wits. Did you hear the washstand go just now, sir? He's dargerous!"

"Gug-gug-good heavens," gasped Mobby, turning pale. "Can it be possible?"

"You'd better stop him, sir," suggested Smithson. "He might chuck himself over the banisters, or something. I once heard of a chap who pitched three hundred feet!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mobby stepped towards the bogus sleep-walker, and took him gently by the arm.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "I will endeavour to get him back to his bed. What a shocking catastrophe! Yow-ow-ow!"

Mobby broke off suddenly as Bob Wilkinson, lumbering towards him, struck out with his fists. The master received a nasty jab in the chest and another on the ear. He fairly yelped with pain, and dropped his electric torch as if it were red hot.

C is for **CÆSAR**—how mighty his reign!
By Brutus & Co. he was ruthlessly slain.

D is for **DRAKE**—gallant admiral, yet!
Who quelled the Armada in days of Queen Bess.

"This boy is mad!" he almost screamed. "Ponsonby, pray assist me! My dear Courtenay! Yellup!"

Bob Wilkinson seemed to be going great guns. Half suffocated with laughter, we sprang out of bed and rushed to render assistance.

"It's all right, sir!" said Pon reassuringly, jabbing his fist into Mobby's ribs. "We're helping you, sir!"

Under pretence of rescuing the luckless Form-master from the assaults of Bob Wilkinson, we pummelled him until he was nearly doubled up. Then Smithson picked up the torch and flashed it on.

Mobby was howlin' and groanin' like anything. He looked as if he had been through a mangle. As for Bob Wilkinson, he was still smitin' at the air with his fists.

Gadsby dashed out into the lobby, to return with a coil of rope.

"Shall I try and lead Wilkinson back to bed, sir, and tie him down?" he asked.

"Yes, yes, do anything!" panted Mobby. "Ow! I am severely hurt. Yow!"

Gadsby calmly approached the somnambulist and took him to his bed. Bob got in as before, and then Gaddy securely tied him up, to prevent further nocturnal disturbances.

Glad enough was Mobby to get back to his own room, where he entered upon a much-needed wash-and-brush-up. And we slept a good half-hour after risin'-bell next mornin', too. Mobby didn't dream of rousin' us. Bob Wilkinson explained to the Form-Master at brekker that he had eaten a pretty hefty supper overnight—a statement which was quite true. And havin' got our own back in full, we could afford to laugh loud and long over the Misadventures of Mobby.

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 "12th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, February 8th, 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. 12, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed

WRITE CAREFULLY Address

E is for EDWARD, the Peacemaker he,
Who caused us to prosper on land and on sea.

F is for FISHER, a gallant sea-dog,
Who never seems stranded or put in a fog.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

THE FEAST OF THE CENTURY!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Harry,—I have instructed my bankers to forward you a remittance for five pounds, which should arrive within a few hours of the receipt of this letter.

"I should like you to utilise the money in holding a bumper spread for those on the staff of your little paper. I am sure the fellow who writes the funny detective yarns deserves it. They're as funny as the German efforts to wreck our trench!

"With best wishes for a fine old feed, in the approved Greyfriars style.—I am, your affectionate uncle,
JAMES WHARTON."

[Thanks, nunky! You're a real sport! The spreadfulness in the studyfulness will indeed be terrific, as our Indian chum puts it!—Ed.]

BILLY BUNTER BARGES IN!

"To the Edditer of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

"Dear Wharton,—I happened to here that there was going to be a ripping spread in your editorial office shortly, and of course you will not forgett such an old and time-onnered friend as the undersigned?

"I shall be happy to do all your cooking, and to take an equal share in the feed afterwards. You know jolly well that noboddy can fry sossidges better than me, and that for making toast I'm simply IT!

"Please reply in next weak's issue of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, and oblige.—Yore old pal,
"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

[Very well, Billy. For once in a way, peace on earth and goodwill towards pigs shall prevail, and we shall be pleased for you to undertake the culinary duties. But, for Heaven's sake leave us a few breadcrumbs after you've been on the warpath!—Ed.]

STRAFE THE YANKEES!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—I guess you are some jay! I sorter calculate that your little rag is getting left some! Why, your slabsided galoot, you haven't even the initiative to advertise! Now, if I was Editor—as I ought to be—I should fill half the issue with tradesmen's ads. Where's your enterprise, you sleepy old scarecrow?

G is for GORDON, who battled and fell
For the priceless old island he honoured so well.

"This silly old island is too lazy for words! Look at the war! I guess you ought to have wiped the Huns off the face of the earth by this time—just a few! Instead of which, you are fooling around doing nothing! Well, I swow!

"I reckon that if that great free country of America was to come in, the whole business would be over in a fortnight. They've got brains on the other side of the herring-pond, and some of our inventors could soon bring something over that would reduce Berlin to ashes. Yes, sir! However, we don't mean to come in while the old-fashioned English are making guys of themselves. When you're prepared to act sensible, and get the Huns on the run, then gallant Woodrow Wilson will be pleased to chip in. When the American Eagle starts to screech, there's going to be some commotion, you take my word! There's no flies on the Stars and Stripes, you bet!—Yours disgustedly,

"FISHER TARLETON FISH,

"A New York Citizen."

[We have had quite enough impertinent interference with this swindling hustler of a Yankee, and if he doesn't moderate his transports, there'll be trouble! We're fed-up with him, and fed-up with the American nation in general. Heaven help us should the day ever come when Britons are too proud to fight!—Ed.]

SOME PERSON UNKNOWN!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Sir,—I am sick of the scandalous set-out directed against me by the precious infants in your Form.

"This morning, on entering my study to partake of breakfast, I found the place absolutely wrecked! The clock, smashed to shivers, was in the fireplace, the table had been sawn through, and the rest of the furniture was in wild disorder; whilst insulting placards had been pinned to the walls.

"I demand the author of this infernal outrage to come forward and confess! If he fails to do so, the matter will pass out of my hands and into those of the Headmaster.

"(Signed) GERALD LODER."

[Our only retort to the arch-bully of Greyfriars is the ancient and classic monosyllable: "Rats!"—Ed.]

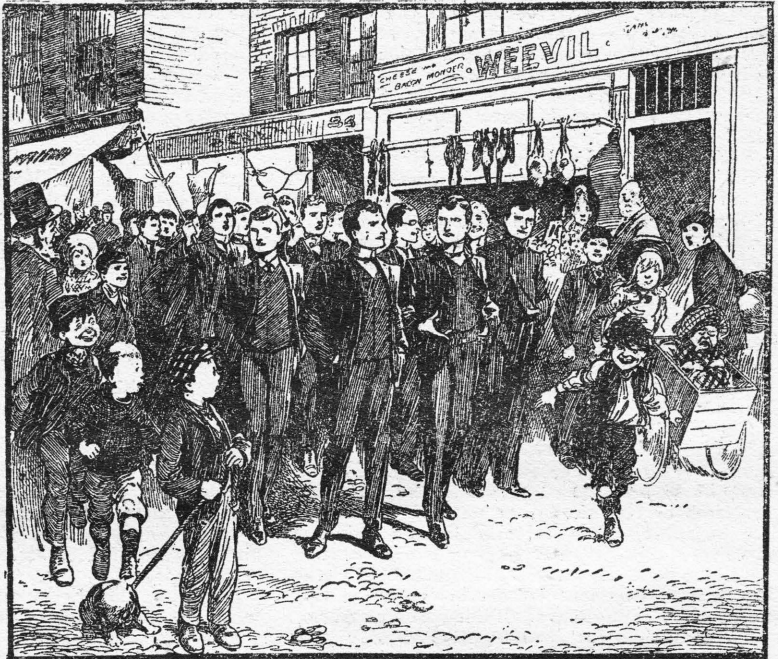
H is for HOLBROOK, of submarine fame;
No "Pompeyite" tires of applauding his name.

THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

The First Chapters of a Magnificent New Serial Story dealing with the Noble Art of Self-defence, and Specially Written for the "Greyfriars Herald" by

MARK LINLEY.

The rebels, with banners streaming aloft, passed into the old-fashioned High Street. The tradespeople and urchins regarded the extraordinary spectacle in astonishment, and numerous small youths kept pace with the procession. (See picture)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and "DOLLY" GRAY, two lion-hearted British boys, bring about a great revival in the Fourth Form at Earlingham, which has hitherto been on the decline. Neddy is appointed to the captaincy, and for a time, at any rate, he succeeds in getting the whip-hand of Bully Barker and his cronies. A football match is organised against Greyfriars, and Neddy Welsh & Co. acquit themselves very creditably. That evening Hobbs, the captain of Earlingham, goes out "on the razzle," and the Head, with three of the masters, rush into his bed-room, suspecting something is wrong. The door gives way at an unfortunate moment, and the worthy gentlemen are precipitated violently into the room. They are astonished to find no trace of the daring Hobbs.

(Now read on.)

A Stormy Scene.

"MEIN Gott!" Herr Schmidt, who had probably sustained more casualties than any of his colleagues, fairly danced up and down the bed-room belonging to the captain of Earlingham.

"The bird has flown!" observed little Mr. Stringer, picking himself up gingerly from the

fireplace, into which he had had been projected when the door had given way.

"This is monstrous!" thundered the Head. "Hobbs has evidently gone to frequent an undesirable public-house in the locality. I have had my suspicions of him for some time. His offence shall be visited with instant expulsion!"

"And quite right, too!" snorted Mr. Snope, the master of the Third, caressing his cheek, which had come into violent contact with Mr. Cuttle's fist during the wild struggle on the floor of the bed-room.

"Herr Schmidt," said the Head, "you may retire. You also, Stringer. Snope and myself will wait up until that depraved blackguard puts in his belated appearance!"

The German master, snorting vehemently, went back to his own sleeping quarters, followed by Mr. Stringer. Mr. Snope went to don his warm dressing-gown, returning in a few moments. Then he and the Head kept vigil in the captain's bed-room.

The night was not dark, the rays of the crescent moon shimmering fitfully in at the window.

"Hobbs is a dangerous ruffian," remarked Mr. Cuttle, "and we must be prepared, if necessary, for fistic combat. Are you afraid, my dear Snope?"

"Not at all—not at all!" said Mr. Snope

It's IAN HAMILTON, worthy and clever;
To conquer the Hun is his earnest endeavour.

J is for JELLICOE, out with the fleet.
The Germans will find him a tough man to beat.

hastily; though he was shaking like an aspen-leaf the whole time.

An hour passed on leaden wings, but of the errant Hobbs there was no sign. He was probably safely ensconced in the parlour at the Peal of Bells, playing cards with the landlord and other undesirable characters, and little dreaming of the hostile reception which awaited him on his return to the school.

"The hour is late," muttered Mr. Snope, at last. "Had we not better abandon our vigil, sir?"

"We will wait here," said the Head grimly, "till the truant returns, even if he fails to put in an appearance until daybreak. I am a man of iron will, Snope, as you will soon discover!"

Still in his scanty attire, Mr. Cuttle began promenading up and down the bed-room. Suddenly he came to a halt, and wrenched open one of Hobbs' drawers.

"Ah, it is as I thought!" he exclaimed, bringing to light a suspicious-looking bottle. "The wretched fellow keeps strong drink on the premises, and no doubt takes frequent gulps in secret!"

The Head pulled out the cork and sniffed.

"Brandy!" he cried aghast. "Our worst fears, my dear Snope, are confirmed. I little thought to see the day when the vile malpractices of the gin-palace were introduced to Earlingham! This is all-sufficient evidence against Hobbs, even if he has not been to a public-house to-night. To-morrow he will shake the dust of this school from his wayward feet for ever. Earlingham shall know him no more."

To do Hobbs full justice, he had only kept brandy in his bed-room in case of emergency. The bottle in question had been in his possession since the beginning of the term, and very little of the contents had been taken. But Mr. Cuttle was not to know this. For all he knew to the contrary, it was a habit of Hobbs to imbibe strong liquor at all times and at all seasons; and his stern face was sterner than ever as he hurled the contents of the bottle full-pelt out of the window.

There was a sharp hissing sound, and a roar from the quadrangle below.

"Yooooop! What fathead threw that?"

"It is Hobbs!" said the Head, turning to Mr. Snope. "Hobbs himself—returned from his nocturnal orgy in a state of helpless intoxication!"

"B-b-bless my, soul!" stuttered Mr. Snope, making an instinctive grasp at the cricket-stump which stood in the corner.

"We will lie low until he comes in," said Mr. Cuttle. "Quite inadvertently I swamped the brandy into his face, but when he has recovered he will doubtless make his way here. Listen!"

The ivy rustled without. Apparently, Hobbs was swarming up to the bed-room window.

A moment later his head and shoulders came to view. The climber almost relaxed his hold as he caught sight of the occupants of the room.

But he was caught—caught red-handed; and to descend to the ground would be useless. Hobbs was a curious kind of fellow, who was

rarely thrown off his balance for more than a brief instant, and he coolly clambered into the room.

Mr. Snope, fully believing the senior to be under the influence of drink, leapt at him with the cricket-stump, catching Hobbs a terrific swipe on the arm. The captain of Earlingham roared with pain.

"Yaroooo! Keep off, you madman!"

And in self-defence he rushed upon the warlike Mr. Snope, and wrenched the weapon from his grasp.

At the same instant the door of the bed-room burst open, and Mr. Fenn, the popular master of the Fourth, looked in, surveying the extraordinary scene in astonishment. Behind him came Bob Sullivan, the drill-instructor.

"Who—what——" gasped Mr. Fenn, in amazement.

"A rope—quick!" panted Mr. Cuttle. "This desperate scoundrel must be secured at once! He is drunk!"

"I'm not!" hooted Hobbs.

"Hark at him!" exclaimed Mr. Snope. "The enemy has been poured into his mouth to steal away his brains. He is in a drunken delirium, and does not know what he is saying!"

Without waiting to hear more, Mr. Fenn whisked away to the box-room, to return a moment later with a stout coil of rope.

"You wish him to be strapped on to his bed, sir?" he inquired of Mr. Cuttle.

"Certainly!"

"What's the little game?" asked Hobbs. "I'm as sober as any of you!"

Bob Sullivan switched on the electric light, and, stepping into the room, looked the senior straight in the eyes.

"Hobbs has not been drinking, sir," he said quietly. "There must be some mistake. He's a bit flustered, which is only natural under the circumstances, but I'm pretty certain he is not intoxicated."

"He is a dangerous character, anyway," said the Head. "I insist upon him being strapped securely to his bed until the morning, when he shall be expelled forthwith from the school!"

"Mum-mum-my hat!" stammered Hobbs, in dismay.

Mr. Fenn advanced with the rope.

"Are you going to take it quietly, Hobbs?" he asked.

There was a kindly note in his voice that quenched the sparks of rebellion which were kindling in the captain's breast. Hobbs threw himself upon the bed in his clothes, and allowed the master of the Fourth to bind him to the bedstead.

"He is safe now, at all events," said Mr. Snope, with a sigh of relief. "In a few hours' time he will have passed out of our control and into the custody of his parents, who can hardly be congratulated upon possessing such an unruly son."

Hobbs merely grunted; and then the four masters quitted the bed-room, to return to their interrupted slumbers.

K is for **KITCHENER**, leader of men,
Whose Army has triumphed again and again.

L is for **LAWRENCE**, whose duty was done
Right nobly for Britain: his course is now run.

Black and bitter were the thoughts that passed through the captain of Earlingham's mind as he lay there, chafing under his bonds. Why had he been such a reckless fool? He was not intoxicated, certainly; but he had broken bounds to visit the Peal of Bells, and that fact alone was sufficient to get him thrown out "on his neck."

He had been very happy at Earlingham. The Sixth-Formers made no secret of the fact that they were immensely fond of him; fellows in the Lower Forms idolised and hero-worshipped him. For there was much in James Hobbs to be admired, despite his departures from the path of virtue. He was a born leader of boys, the mainstay of the first eleven in both cricket and footer, and generous almost to a fault. Small wonder, then, that the youth of Earlingham placed him on a pedestal. He had long ago enjoyed the limelight—and on the morrow expulsion was to shatter his hopes and wreck his highest ambitions. It was maddening!

Rank Rebellion.

BIG Hall was crowded. Every master, every boy, was in his place; and the Head, his features hard and relentless, swept his gaze over the sea of faces in front of him. Hobbs stood erect, his head held high, in the ranks of the Sixth; but his face was pale, and the dark rings round his eyes betokened lack of sleep.

"Boys," said Mr. Cuttle, in thunderous tones, "I have called you together this morning in connection with a most disgraceful affair. A boy in whom I had implicit trust has been proved to be a frequenter of a low-down public-house in the neighbourhood. During the night I discovered a bottle of brandy in his bed-room! Such a flagrant offence merits instant expulsion. James Hobbs, stand forward!"

There was a murmur from the crowded rows of fellows as the captain of Earlingham advanced towards the raised dais.

"Your name shall be struck off instantly from the school register!" said the Head sternly. "Now go! You are a disgrace to the school!"

"Shame!"

It was no half-hearted cry which arose, but a unanimous shout of protest.

Mr. Cuttle turned purple.

"Silence!" he stormed.

Verney of the Sixth, who was a close chum of Hobbs, sprang from his place.

"This is monstrous!" he exclaimed.

"What! What!"

The Head could scarcely believe his ears.

"It's grossly unfair!" continued Verney hotly. "Hobbs is a jolly good fellow, and you've no right to expel him!"

"Hear, hear!" echoed scores of voices.

"Silence, I repeat!" rumbled Mr. Cuttle.

"Verney, you are deposed from your position as prefect. I will not tolerate such impertinent interference in the discharge of my duty.

Hobbs, leave the premises at once. I have wired your father the facts. A cab awaits you outside!"

Hobbs hesitated a moment; then he caught Mr. Fenn's eye, which was directed upon him. "Better go quietly" was the unspoken message it signalled.

The ex-captain of Earlingham walked steadily to the door. There he turned, and surveyed the crowded Hall.

"Good-bye, you fellows!" he said huskily. "I'm sorry this has happened. It means life-long ruin to me. But I've had a long innings, and I suppose I must pay the piper. Good-bye!"

And Hobbs passed out into the quad, and stepped into the waiting vehicle.

A stony silence followed his departure. Seething discontent brooded in the hearts of most of the fellows, and especially the Sixth-Formers.

"The school may dismiss!" said the Head curtly.

Seniors and juniors filed out of Big Hall. Once outside, Verney called all the members of his Form together.

"Look here," he exclaimed, "are we going to take this lying down?"

"No fear!" said Fane.

"Poor old Hobbs has been shamefully ill-treated," proceeded Verney. "Scores of fellows have broken bounds during this term—in fact, there's hardly anybody who hasn't—and yet Cuttle has come down like a thousand of bricks on Hobbs!"

"Shame!"

"We want him back!" roared Burnside, a big, blustering fellow who would have given his life for the expelled senior.

"And what's more," said Verney, "we'll have him back. Who's game for a rebellion?"

"I am!" cried everybody.

"Good! Then we'll cut lessons this morning, and cut 'em till Cuttle chooses to come to his senses! He can't expel the lot of us. There's safety in numbers, you know!"

"Rather!"

"We'll march down to the village!" said Verney excitedly. "Let's rig up some banners announcing our demands!"

"Hear, hear!"

Half an hour later, just before the bell rang for morning-school, the fellows in the other Forms fairly gasped as they witnessed a strange procession of the Sixth-Formers wending its way towards the school gates. Banners, supported by poles, were raised aloft, bearing such emphatic epithets as "Down With Tyranny!" "Three Cheers for Hobbs!" and "Freedom for Ever!"

"My only hat!" said Neddy Welsh, coming out into the quad with Dolly Gray. "Things are beginning to move! The Sixth are out for scalps, with a vengeance!"

"And Cuttle's on the warpath!" said Dolly Gray. "Look at him! Reminds you of a Fiji Islander doing a war-dance, don't he?"

(Continued in col. 2, page 12.)

M is for **MOORE**, who was famous in battle,
And died at Corunna while muskets did rattle.

AWFULLY DEEP OF SMITHY!

A Screamingly Funny Complete Story. Told in Breezy Style by

TOM BROWN

(Of the Remove Form).



VERNON-SMITH—the chap we call the Bounder—was awfully keen on betting, and that kind, at one time. He chucked it all up, and turned over a new leaf, and he became quite decent. But it was a bit hard at first to get out of old habits, and though Smithy did his best, really, he had some relapses. He had sworn a solemn swear not to bet money any more; but sometimes he would lay wagers in doughnuts and things. The Bounder's luck was really phenomenal—and he never laid a wager without pulling it off. But Fisher T. Fish—that's Fishy the Yankee—set out to catch him, and that's what this story is about.

Fishy declared that it was all rot about the Bounder's luck, and that if Smithy would bet with him, he would dish Smithy easily enough. Smithy refused for a long time, because it was against his new principles, and Fishy used to brag that the Bounder was afraid to take wagers with him. As a matter of fact, it wouldn't have been much use wagering cash with Fishy, because he wouldn't have paid up. Smithy lost patience at last, and took Fishy on.

We didn't know that at first—not till afterwards. One afternoon Fishy had gone out, after a chat with the Bounder. I happened to see him go, and I noticed that he was grinning like a Cheshire cat, that was all.

The Bounder came into the common-room a bit later, where a lot of the fellows were talking. The Bounder yawned a bit.

"Things are getting slow," he said.

"Bow-wow!" said Bob Cherry. "Come down to the footer."

"Blow footer!" yawned the Bounder. "No need to get into form to beat the Fourth next Saturday."

This made Temple of the Fourth look round. Cecil Temple thinks he can play footer, and he

is always going to beat the Remove—that's us—though he never does.

"Cheeky young ass!" said Temple, in his lofty way. "You won't have an earthly on Saturday. This time the Fourth are going to wipe up Little Side with you fags."

"You're playing, Temple?" asked Smithy.

"Of course I'm playing," said Temple, in surprise. "Ain't I captain of the Fourth?"

"You're fit—what!"

"Why shouldn't I be fit?" said Temple, still more surprised. "Fitter than you are, anyway. I don't smoke."

"Well, I don't, now," said Smithy cheerfully. "But what I was thinking of was, how you get on at footer with your queer feet?"

"My feet!" said Temple. "What's the matter with my feet, you ass?"

Temple is rather proud of his feet. They're small for his age, and he wears very natty boots, always beautifully polished. Temple is a good bit of a dandy, and he is always dressed to kill.

"Don't you find that it interferes with the footer, having a toe short on each foot?" asked Smithy.

Temple looked at him as if he would eat him.

"A foe short on each foot!" he repeated.

"Yes. Though I suppose the little toe isn't much use in footer, anyway," the Bounder remarked, in a reflective sort of way.

"You silly ass!" shrieked Temple. "What do you mean? I've got the proper number of toes on my feet."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Smithy. "There's nothing to be ashamed of in being a toe short. Some fellows are born with only four toes, and it can't be helped. Besides, it makes the feet look smaller—it's really an advantage."

"Do you want a thick ear?" bawled Temple, as red as a beetroot, as the fellows began to grin. "I've got all my toes, you thundering ass!"

"Do you mean to say that the little toe isn't missing on both your feet?" said the Bounder.

"Yes, I do, you blithering idiot!"

"Well, that's a queer sort of foot to have!" said Bolsover major. "I never knew you were crooked like that, Temple."

"I'm not!" roared Temple.

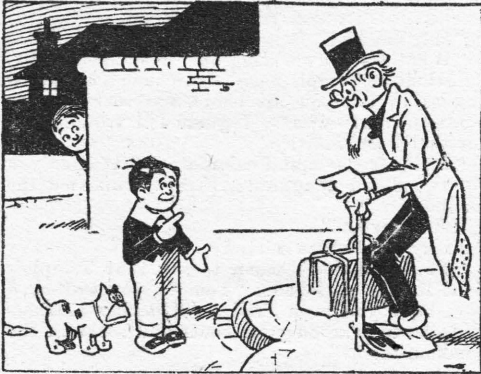
"It's your own business, if you are," said

(Continued on page 12.)

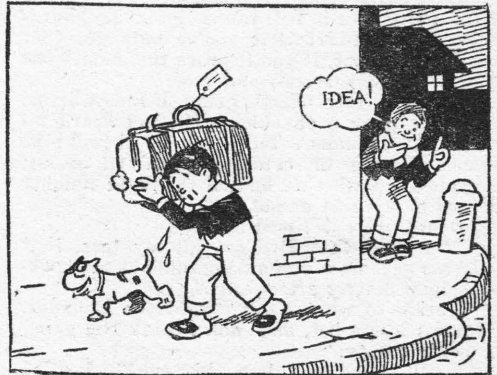
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

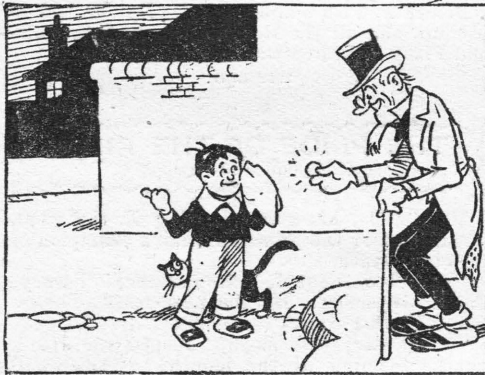
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



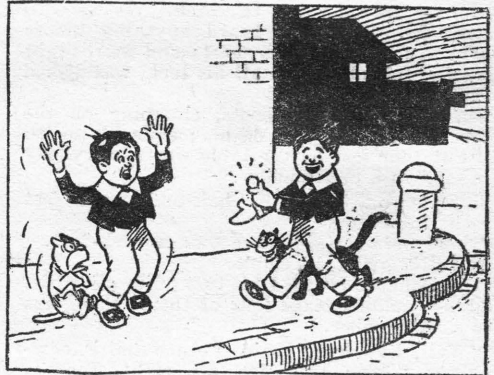
(1) The mirthful Squeak, on business bent,
Espied a lean and cranky gent,
Who cried in tones of exultation,
"Ah! Take my bag round to the station!"



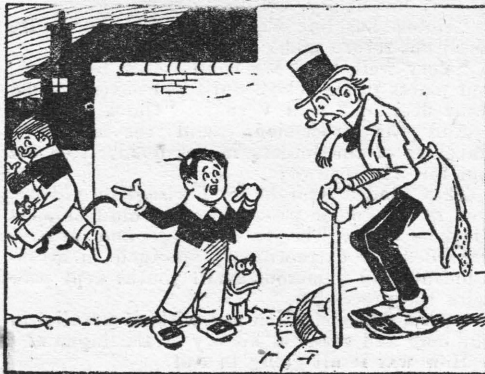
(2) "My stars!" moaned Squeak. "It's half a mile!"
And Fido smiled a knowing smile,
While Bubble, lurking in the rear,
Was smitten with a great idea!



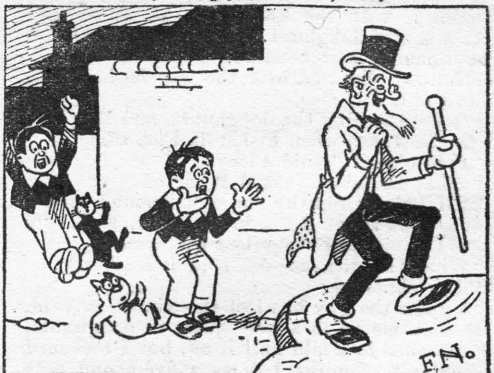
(3) He hastened to the skinny crank,
His brow with perspiration dank.
"I took the bag, and had to skip!"
"Thanks!" beamed the gent. "Accept this tip!"



(4) Then Bubble met the hapless Squeak,
Who staggered backwards with a shriek.
"You rotter! You have boned my money!"
Said Bubble, "Keep your wool on, sonny!"



(5) Then Squeak rushed off to see the gent.
"He lied to you! 'Twas me you sent!
And now the rotter's off, you see!
Just make him give the tip to me!"



(6) The old gent gave a wicked laugh.
"You're done this time," he said, "not half!
Don't be distressed, my little lad,
The penny that I gave was bad!"

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

Vernon-Smith pacifically. "Perhaps I oughtn't to have mentioned it."

"It isn't true, you fathead!"

"Look here," said the Bounder, "I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll bet you a dozen doughnuts against a jam-tart that you've only got four toes on each foot, if you'll prove the matter one way or the other here and now."

"That's a fair offer," grinned Bob Cherry.

Temple gave a chuckle. He had heard all about the Bounder's luck, and he thought he saw a chance of catching him. Of course, Temple knew whether he had the right number of toes on his feet or not.

"Done!" he exclaimed at once.

"If I show that I've got all my toes, that silly ass pays up a dozen doughnuts at the tuck-shop immediately afterwards."

"I stick to what I say!" said the Bounder. "I never lose a bet, and don't think I'm going to begin to-day."

"You'll jolly well lose this one!" chortled Temple.

And down went Temple on the nearest chair, and he began to take his boots off. All the fellows gathered round to watch. We were all interested. We never heard anything before about Temple being toes short; and we thought that the Bounder, with all his luck, was dished this time.

Off came Temple's boots, clumping on the floor. Then he whipped off his purple silk socks. "Put your feet on the table where everybody can see," said the Bounder.

Temple squatted on the chair and put his feet on the table.

There were certainly five toes on each foot.

"Well?" grinned Temple.

The Bounder counted his toes quite solemnly. But he couldn't make four of them; there was the usual number.

"Well, I've lost," said Vernon-Smith carelessly. "Your toes are all right, Temple. Shove on your boots and come along to the tuck-shop, and I'll settle up."

Temple grinned when he went to Mrs. Mible's with the Bounder. He came back with a bag of doughnuts, which he whacked out. The Bounder had been fairly beaten, and all the fellows chuckled over the way he had been dished at last.

We were scoffing the doughnuts, and laughing at the Bounder, when Fisher T. Fish came in.

"Five o'clock," said Fishy.

"What about it?" asked Wharton.

"I'll trouble Smithy for a five-pound note—that's what about it," said Fisher T. Fish. "I guess I've skinned the galoot this time!"

"What the dickens—" said Bob Cherry.

Fishy chuckled.

"I guess the guy has lost this time," he said. "He took me on in a bet—quids to doughnuts. He reckoned he could pull it off, but I reckoned he couldn't. Smithy bet me a five-pound note against two dozen doughnuts that he would make Temple of the Fourth take his boots and socks off in the common-room. I guess that

Temple wouldn't be such a blathering guy as to do it—just a few! I'll trouble you for that five. It was to be done before five—and it's five now."

Then there was a yell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?" demanded Fishy. "I calculate Temple hasn't been such a slabsided jay as to take off his boots and socks in the common-room—what? I guess I'll trouble you for that five, Smithy."

"I kinder guess and calculate I'll trouble you for two dozen doughnuts, Fishy!" chuckled the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fishy's face was a study.

"You—you don't mean to say that Temple's done it!" he shrieked. "Temple, you wall-eyed jay, have you been such a blithering blather-skite as to take off your boots and socks in the common-room?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He has—he have!" chortled Bob Cherry. "Pay up the doughnuts, Fishy, and we'll help Smithy to get rid of them."

Fisher T. Fish simply raved. But he had to pay up, and all the Remove fed on doughnuts, and Fishy looked on with a face like a Hun.

THE END.

THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

(Continued from page 9.)

Mr. Cuttle, his gown flapping in the wind, streaked after the procession like a champion of the cinder-path.

"Stop!" he shouted. "Stop at once! Verney! Fane! Burnside! Do you hear me?"

The Sixth-Formers came to a halt.

"What does this mean?" rasped the Head, almost foaming at the mouth. "You shall answer for this outrageous exhibition, every one of you!"

"We want Hobbs back, sir," said Verney quietly but firmly.

"Hobbs has left Earlingham for ever! He shall not return under any consideration!"

"Very well, sir. We shall refuse to resume our places in the school until you have reversed your decision," said Verney. "Quick march!"

And the procession, amid the delighted chuckles of the juniors in the quad, streamed out into the roadway.

They headed straight for Earlingham village, and in due course passed into the old-fashioned High Street. The tradespeople and urchins regarded the extraordinary spectacle in astonishment, and numerous small youths kept pace with the procession.

Such a demonstration was without parallel in the long and eventful history of Earlingham.

How was it all going to end?

(Another dramatic instalment of this superb serial will appear next Monday. No Heraldite should on any account miss it.)

N is for NELSON, whose name sends a thrill
Through the heart of the nation, which dotes on him still;

The Case of the Pipeclay Department!

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

“ WRITTEN BY ”
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

EVEN Herlock Sholmes looked a little impressed when the Duke of Hookeywalker was shown into our apartment at Shaker Street. His Grace, Percy Augustus, second Duke of Hookeywalker, Earl of Bassbeer, Viscount Fourhalf, Knight of the Shoebuckle, Grand Chamberlain of the Backstairs, Lord Warden of the Royal Gluepot, A.S.S., P.O.T.T.Y., etc., had been one of the greatest figures in politics before the war. His rare gifts of debate, his telling speeches in which even the keenest of reporters could discover no meaning, had naturally marked him out for a great place when war broke out. He had become the head of the Pipeclay Department, a position he filled with brilliance.

That this great and famous personage should require the services of Herlock Sholmes was a flattering tribute to my amazing friend.

Sholmes placed a chair for the distinguished visitor, and pushed a decanter of cocaine across the table. His Grace declined it, however, with a wave of the hand.

“Mr. Sholmes, I trust you will be able to help us. I may say that the result of the war with”—his Grace referred to a notebook—“with Germany may depend upon the result of your efforts.”

“I am entirely at your Grace’s service. Pray give me a few details. You may speak quite freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson.”

“It is a curious affair, Mr. Sholmes. You are aware that I am the Secretary for the Pipeclay Department—the most important of Government Departments in time of war. Under my influence, a reform has been instituted in this Department. Usually the scene of peaceful slumber, it has changed its character entirely—until lately. You are, perhaps, aware of the regulations in the Pipeclay Department?”

Sholmes shook his head.

O's for **O'LEARY**, the man with the smile;
A gallant V.C. from the Emerald Isle.



With a crash the screen toppled over, and Herlock Sholmes sprang upon the traitor. There was a startled cry from the discovered villain!
(See p. cure.)

“I will be more explicit. The usual routine was this. The officials arrived at eleven in the morning, and dozed gently in well-padded arm-chairs till lunch-time. Three hours were taken for lunch, but the whole body of officials were expected to return to their bureaux by four o’clock. They slumbered peacefully until five, when they left for their homes. This arrangement, excellent in peace time, was not, I felt, wholly adequate at a time when the British Empire was at grips with her mortal foe. Loth as I was to interfere with the honourable traditions of the Department, I felt that a change was necessary, at least during the period of the war with”—the Duke glanced at his notebook again—“with Germany. You are aware, Mr. Sholmes, that this country is at war with Germany?”

“I have seen it in the papers,” assented Sholmes.

“Ah, I never read the papers! I was, however, officially informed of the fact, and there is no mistake about it. Having decided upon drastic reforms in the Pipeclay Department, I adopted the use of a very ingenious invention. Regarding it as imperative that the officials of my Department should remain awake at least one hour daily, I had this invention installed. It is an electrical apparatus, by means of which every official, on falling asleep in his chair, receives a slight shock, which awakens him in a few minutes. There is also a gramophone attachment to the apparatus, which

P is for **PRIAM**, the last King of Troy;
His doings are dear to the heart of a boy.

repeats in a loud voice every half hour the sentence: "WE ARE AT WAR!" This is a very useful reminder to the Department, the fact constantly escaping their memory."

"Excellent!" said Sholmes. "I no longer wonder at the distinction your Department has achieved during the war. This invention might be utilised with advantage in other Departments."

The Duke bowed.

"Unfortunately, Mr. Sholmes, some unscrupulous hand has been at work, and the apparatus has ceased to act. That is why I require your assistance. Every morning for the past week the apparatus has been deliberately disconnected, and has not worked. The result has been deplorable. The days have passed in peaceful slumber, as in pre-war times. Despatches have accumulated on the tables. Telegrams have remained unanswered. Armies despatched to distant corners of the earth have been forgotten, and have been cut up by the enemy. I felt that this could not be allowed to continue, Mr. Sholmes, and, as my social engagements have, fortunately, left me one half-hour free to-day, I determined to call upon you."

"I thank you Grace," said Herlock Sholmes. "I shall be glad to be of assistance. Evidently an emissary of Germany has been at work."

"I fear so, Mr. Sholmes. Spies have informed the plotters in Berlin of the existence of the electric awakener, and they have determined to cripple the efforts of this country by putting it out of action."

"Are any Germans employed in the Pipeclay Department?"

The Duke smiled slightly.

"Naturally!" he replied.

"You do not suspect—"

"My dear Mr. Sholmes, it is a maxim in the Pipeclay Department that Germans are above suspicion. We leave that kind of thing to the halfpenny papers."

"Is it possible for a stranger to penetrate into the Department?"

"Quite. The doorkeeper has received strict injunctions to remain awake at his post, but it is possible, of course, that these injunctions are neglected, owing to the general soporific atmosphere of the place."

Herlock Sholmes looked thoughtful.

"I had better make my investigations upon the spot," he said, rising. "Come, Jotson."

In a few minutes, the Duke's car was bearing us to Whitehall, where we were shown at once into the Pipeclay Office.

CHAPTER TWO.

THE palatial Department was buried in silent slumber.

From the various bureaux came only the soft sound of peaceful breathing.

Outside the newspapers were crying the latest news: "Magnificent Retreat!" "Heroic Retirement!" But their raucous voices did not

penetrate into the peaceful depths of the Pipeclay Department.

There all was peace.

The Duke glanced at Herlock Sholmes.

"You see, Mr. Sholmes," he remarked, "the apparatus is out of action at this moment. Otherwise, instead of the sound of peaceful breathing, the whole building would throb with yawns."

Sholmes nodded.

"I must see it," he observed.

We were led into the Duke's private cabinet. It was there that the apparatus was installed. By the simple device of a switch in the wall, the electric awakener would be set in motion.

"Every morning," said the Duke, "I turn on the switch at eleven o'clock. Then I leave the Department, my daily labours ended. Observe!"

He pressed down the switch.

Immediately, from the adjoining apartments, came a sound of loud yawning. The awakener was at work. From the gramophone attachment a deep voice came, repeating the sentence: "WE ARE AT WAR!" Thus reminded of the fact that had escaped their memory, the whole body of officials rubbed their eyes and set to work. I could scarcely repress an exclamation of admiration for this great invention, the installation of which in the Pipeclay Office proved that we are very little, if at all, behind the Germans in real efficiency.

The Duke turned off the switch again. The yawning died away, and once more the peaceful sound of deep breathing was heard. The Pipeclay Office had sunk once more into somnolence.

"You see," said the Duke, "how terribly we are handicapped in this war by the apparatus being tampered with. I look to you, Mr. Sholmes, to discover the villain who tampers with it!"

"I will do my best," said Herlock Sholmes. "Pray turn on the switch again! Exactly! Now retire behind this screen!"

We stepped behind the screen, and waited. Loud yawning was heard from various directions, showing that the awakener was in full action, and that the labours of the Department were proceeding. Important letters, neatly tied with red tape, were carefully stacked into pigeon-holes. Busy pens traced out "Observations upon the Remarks of the Forty-fourth Report of the Seventh Committee of Inquiry into the Alleged Lack of Waistcoat-buttons in the Patagonian Expeditionary Force." The Pipeclay Department was in full swing!

We waited in silence. Herlock Sholmes' face was inscrutable.

The Duke had sunk into an easy-chair, and his eyes had closed. But, in spite of the slumberous influence around, I did not think of sleep. I watched the inscrutable face of Herlock Sholmes.

There was a soft step upon the rich, thick carpet. We peered from behind the screen.

A fat and florid man, with a blonde spiked moustache, had entered the cabinet, and with

**G's for QUEBEC, where Wolfe fought and fell ;
A hero whom Britishers honour so well.**

**R is for ROBERTS, of famed Kandahar,
Whose praises are chanted at home and afar.**

a grin of fiendish cunning upon his face, was creeping towards the switch of the electric awakener.

His fat and podgy finger pressed the switch.

The inevitable result followed.

In a few moments the Pipeclay Office was buried in slumber. The awakener had ceased to act!

With a crash, the screen toppled over, and Herlock Sholmes sprang upon the traitor. There was a startled cry from the discovered villain, and he turned to flee. His feet, however, were entangled in Sholmes' dressing-gown, and he fell heavily to the floor. Before he could rise the handcuffs were on his wrists.

The Duke, awakened by the crash of the screen, started to his feet. Startled suddenly from slumber, he did not realise where he was.

"My Lords," he said, "I beg to assure your lordships that the prosecution of the war is proceeding as well as can be expected. The general average of wakefulness in my Department exceeds—"

His Grace evidently fancied for the moment that he had awakened from a nap in an "Exalted Place."

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed. "What has happened, Mr. Sholmes?"

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"There is the villain who turned off the switch, your Grace!"

The Duke stared at the handcuffed traitor in amazement.

"But—but he is a German!" he exclaimed.

"One of my most faithful employees! Is it possible that I have been deceived in him? Call the police! Villain, imprisonment for a week awaits you for this treachery, and I shall consider very seriously whether to employ you again in the Pipeclay Department!"

CHAPTER THREE.

"SUCCESS again, Sholmes!" I remarked, as we walked homeward to Shaker Street. "But how did you know that the traitor would come—"

He smiled.

"I had reasoned it out, Jotson. The rascal had turned off the electric awakener, and fancied that the Pipeclay Department was put out of action for the day. By turning it on again, I drew him into the snare. Finding the officials awake at their desks, he would guess that someone had entered the Duke's private cabinet, and turned on the apparatus. He came at once to stop it, and plunge the Department into its usual slumber. Then we had him! I am glad, Jotson, that the Duke called me in. With the electrical awakener in full action, it appears probable that the Patagonian Expeditionary Force will, in due time, receive the full supply of waistcoat-buttons—and, perhaps, even ammunition. Who knows? I think I have fairly earned the Duke's handsome cheque; and we will have kippers for tea, Jotson!"

THE END.

S is the SULTAN, of Turkey, of course;
He'll find that his troops will be conquered by force.

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

The football season is three parts through, and from now until mid-April the Remove Eleven has fixtures galore. We have yet to play St. Jim's, Highcliffe, Rookwood, Courtfield, and Redclyffe, and there are many minor matches with village teams.

Great will be the competition to see who can top the list of goal-scorers for the season. Wharton stands a great chance; but Frank Nugent and the author of this article aren't far behind. Dick Penfold and Hurree Singh have each netted a dozen times so far, and they, too, are well in the running.

Greyfriars First is going great guns. A short time ago, when Wingate and Courtney couldn't turn out, St. Jim's wiped up the ground with them; but with a full combination they are now going from strength to strength. Good luck to the giants of the Sixth!

The Fifth-Formers have been making champion asses of themselves, as usual. There is no doubt that the team would do very well without Coker, but when the great Horace is playing, it is all up with his side. Blundell must be a prize idiot to dream of including such a clumsy freak, and one can only conclude that he does it because of the lavish remittances Coker receives from his doting Aunt Judy.

Temple & Co. have played some good games of late, though they can't seem to beat the Remove. There have also been various mud-larking scrambles on the part of the Babes of the Second and Third; but, of course, this doesn't come under the heading of football.

On the whole, Greyfriars has demonstrated more than ever that she is a great footballing school. Long may the grand winter game continue to flourish in our midst. May victory follow victory, until no other school in the county, ay, and in all England, can hold a candle to the jolly old Friars!

CYRUS K. SPANNER'S GREAT STUNT!

A STORY IN TWO PARTS.

(The Concluding Chapters.)

By **FISHER T. FISH.**

CHAPTER TWO.

WAS Cyrus K. Spanner off his rocker? That was the question of the day in the pit.

Cyrus K. Spanner was buying wheat—by the bushel, by the ton, by the car-load.

At this period of his career, Cyrus K. had a cool five million dollars. In twenty-four hours he had bought wheat to the tune of twenty millions.

The market was fairly gummed. They could not make it out. It was a cert that C. K. Spanner was buying for a rise. But if the rise did not come before settling-day, Cyrus K. would be blown out. Slick as he was, he would be a lame duck. They knew that he was some business-man. But this time it looked as if he would come out at the little end of the horn.

Wheat was still easy. Cyrus K. could buy as much as he liked. Another twenty-four hours and Cyrus stood to shell-out thirty million dollars. It was touch and go. If wheat did not rise he was a gone coon.

And still there was no news from over the herring-pond.

Did Cyrus K. feel any doubts?

He never turned a hair. All day long he sat in his office on the thirtieth floor in East Three-Hundred-and-Seventy-Ninth Street, cool as a clam, with the 'phone bells going like a Wagner orchestra. He was still bulling the market. Odd times, perhaps, a dread gripped his heart. What if there should be no war, after all? That spelled ruin to Cyrus K. But he hoped.

It came buzzing over the wires at last:

War!

It struck the American market like a cyclone. Banks busted. Old-established businesses, months old, collapsed like houses of cards. Wall Street fairly staggered. From Sandy Hook to 'Frisco the market had the jumps.

Cyrus K. Spanner held on. Once more, as in the days of his hustling youth, Cyrus had got there.

Wheat was rising.

It rose like a patent elevator.

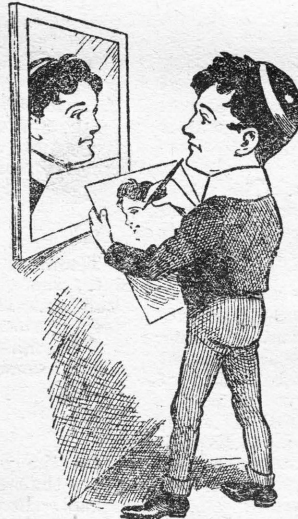
The wheat pit was swarming with lame ducks. Cyrus K. came out on top. Over in effete Europe, prices were rising—bread was up! Bread, the food of the poor, was in the grip of Cyrus K. Spanner. Cyrus held on like grim death to a nigger. It was a corner in wheat. Where so many galoots had gone under, Cyrus K. Spanner had succeeded. The corner was a success—the cinch had materialised.

Over the herring-pond there was weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth. In the great cities the famished poor paid double for their bread, when they had anything to pay with. That was their funeral.

In his palatial office on the thirtieth floor, at No. 10,168, East Three-Hundred-and-Seventy-Ninth Street, Cyrus K. Spanner could not hear their cries. He had enough to do to attend to sixteen telephones.

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By **JOHNNY BULL.**



No. 12.—**JOHNNY BULL.**

Drawing Himself! Drawn by Himself!

CHAPTER THREE.

CYRUS K. SPANNER lives in the most expensive brownstone mansion on Fifth Avenue—during the hours yearly that he can spare from his office,

Mrs. Spanner is the most expensively-dressed female in New York, and her jewellery alone is estimated at 1,200,000 dollars. She has four cars, of a total value of 30,000 dollars. Her pet dog cost a cool 2,500 dollars. She wears Paris hats at 3,000 dollars each. Her yacht was specially constructed at a cost of 100,000 dollars. She spends 20,000 dollars per annum on reporters alone, to describe the functions that take place in the 500,000-dollar mansion on Fifth Avenue.

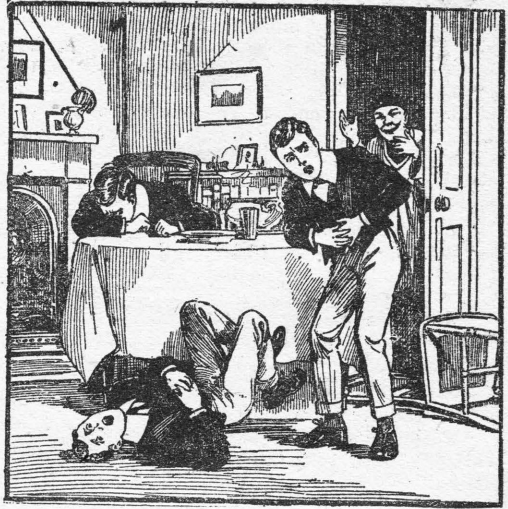
THE END.

T are the **TOMMIES** who, leaving their benches,
Went forward to face the fierce Hun in the trenches.

FAGGING FOR LODER!

An extraordinary short story showing how our Wily Chinese Contributor scored off Bully Loder of the Sixth. Told in best English

By WUN LUNG.



Lodee, Walkee, and Jarne looke awfully sickee.

HANDSOME Bob Chelly tinkee Chinese spelled no goodee. Spelled allee same speakee. Lats!

Wun Lung velly good boy. No likee fagee. What you tinkee?

Lodee callee "Fag!"—Chinese bunkee. Lodee wantee supper, no wantee cookee. Lodee catchee poor little Chinese.

Lodee marchee poor little Chinese into studee, and takee up stickee.

"Now, you little heathen beast"—Lodee speakee allee same Plussian Hun—"I want supper ready in half-an-hour. I've got some fellows coming. If it isn't ready, you'll get skinned."

"No savvy!"

Whackee! Whackee!

"Do you savvy now?"

"Wow—wow! Me savvy!"

"I thought you would, you Chinese image. Half an hour, mind!"

Chinese lubbee shoulder, painee velly muchee.

"Whatee cookee?"

"Anything you like," Lodee sayee. "I'm short of tin, but I dare say you've got lots. If you haven't, find something somewhere. Mind, if supper's not ready at nine sharp, I'll skin you, and you can take that as a warning."

Whackee! Whackee!

Lodee goee out.

Poor little Chinese in fixe. No wantee payee cashee for beastly Lodee. Tinkee killy Lodee, but old Quelchee whackee with stickee.

Chinese tinkee lots. Tinkee great wheeze. Findee glub for Lodee, cookee velly nicee. Lovely soupee—Chinese velly good cookee. Nicee smellee.

Lodee comee in with Carne and Walkee, all hungry. Lodee sniffee.

"Hallo, that smells good!" Lodee sayee. "So you've found something, you little pig-tailed monkey?"

"Me findee for handsome Lodee."

"Smells jolly nice," sayee Walkee. "That little beast is a good cook. What is it, Wun Lung?"

"Nicee soupee, handsome Walkee."

"Where did you get the stuff?" askee Lodee. "Me findee. Findee anything for handsome Lodee. No lickee poor little Chinese."

Lodee takee liddee off saucepan and smellee, velly pleased.

"Rabbit, I suppose," he said. "It smells jolly good, anyway. Lots of it, too. You can have some if you like, Wun Lung, after we've finished."

"Chinese no wantee. All for handsome Lodee!"

"Well, dish it up!" sayee Lodee.

Chinese glinniee.

Dishee up lovely soupee. Beastly bullies sittee down lound table, sniffee velly happy. Chinese servee soupee—nicee soupee, with nicee meatee floatee in glavee.

"Is it rabbit?" asked Walkee.

"Nicee labbitt, handsome Walkee. Eatee—velly goodee!"

"Well, we're in luck," sayee Carne. "We don't always get rabbit for supper, especially when we're stony. I think we'll give Wun Lung a regular job as fag—what?"

"Jolly good idea," sayee Walkee. "The heathen can cook. It's jolly good, though it seems to have rather a queer flavour for rabbit."

"That's the way he cooks it—spices and things, I suppose," sayee Lodee. "It's really ripping. Look here, Wun Lung. I'm going to keep you for my fag."

"No fagee Lemove, Lodee."

"Oh, we don't fag the Remove, don't we?" sayee Lodee. "We'll see about that. Hand me that cricket-stump, Walker!"

"No lickee. Me fagee!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Always cookee for handsome Lodee, allee samee. Always cookee nicee labbitt."

U are the **UNITS** which make up a whole
To battle and win, with Berlin as their goal.

V's for **VICTORIA**, during whose reign
No world-war occurred, with distress in its train.

Velly nicee labbit soupee, and all thee beaste eatee velly muchee. Wun Lung waitee and servee. When nicee soupee allee gonee, Lodee yawnee.

"That's topping," sayee Lodee. "Now we'll wind up with a smoke. You can cut off, Wun Lung!"

Me goey to door, and opee widee.

"Mind, I shall want you again to-morrow evening," Lodee sayee.

"Whattee cookee?"

"Whatever you like," glinniee Lodee. "Another rabbit, if you like. This one was a corker!"

"No finee nother labbit, Lodee. Misseee Kebble no have another cattee!"

Lodee jumpee. Walkee turnee palee.

"Cat!" yelled Lodee.

Me noddee.

"No findee glub for beastly Lodee. Findee. cattee, cookee velly nicee. Lodee likee eatee cattee?"

"Groooh!"

"Ow!"

"Yurrrrg!"

Lodee, Walkee, and Carne look awfully sickee.

"You horrid little heathen beast!" yellee Walkee. "Do you mean to say it was a—a—a cat?"

"Groooh!" sayee Lodee.

Me glinniee.

"Nicee cattee, Walkee. Cattee velly sickee—

die in coal-hole. Me findee and cookee for handsome Lodee. Me faggee to-morrow—me cookee doggee. What you tinkee?"

"Gerrroooogh!"

"Oh, dear, I do feel bad!"

"Gurrg!"

"I—I'll scalp him!" yellee Lodee.

Me lunnee.

Stopee in passage and listen. Lodee, Walkee, Carne, in studiee, gloanee, velly sickee. No likee lovely soupee any more. Wishee no eatee. Me callee other chappee; tellee little jokee. Gleast clowd listen outsidee Lodee studee. Flom studee comee only:

"Groooooooh!"

"Gurgle-gurgle!"

"Wow-wow! Gerrrrh!"

"Yurrrgh!"

Beastly bullies no likee. Awfully sickee. Chinee tinkee cattee goodee eatee—Lodee no tinkee!

"Oh, my hat!" yellee handsome Bob Chelly. "Loder's been having supper on Mr. Kebble's old cat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooooooogh!" comee flom studee.

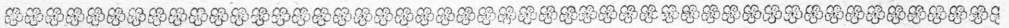
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oooo-er!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Plaps beastly Lodee no faggee poor little Chinee any more! What you tinkee?

THE END.



Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR SEVENTH GREAT
: PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST :

The correct rendering of our Seventh Picture Puzzle is as follows:

Jack sold his mother's cow for five beans which grew into a great beanstalk. At the top Jack found a giant's castle.

While the ogre was slumbering, Jack stole his bags of gold and harp, and ran away with them, but the enchanted harp cried out, and the giant pursued him down the beanstalk, but our hero cut down the stalk, and slew the monster."

The following competitor, who sent in a perfectly correct solution, has been awarded the cash prize of £1:

J. P. GREENLY,
3, Bath Road,
Southsea,
Hants.

W's for WELLINGTON, daring old duke ;
Of all his successes not one was a fluke.

The following seven competitors, with one error, receive a Tuck Hamper:

Thomas Parker, 40, Queen Street, Kidsgrove, Staffs.

Reginald J. Cotton, 165, Whitehead Road, Aston, Birmingham.

Stuart H. Rawlinson, Hodge House, Broad-bottom, Cheshire.

L. G. Payton, 125, Russell Avenue, Wood Green, N.

J. W. Hollington, 66, St. Leonards Street, Bromley-by-Bow, London, E.

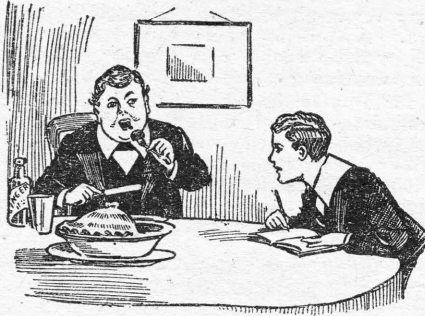
J. Russell, 115, Ramsden Street, Barrow-in-Furness.

Walter C. Borton, 94, Boulton Road, Handsworth, Birmingham.

X is XERXES, a monarch of old,
Who revelled in war and delighted in gold.

GLORIOUS GRUB!

An Interview with Fatty Wynn of St. Jim's, by the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



HI! Stop!" I was just whizzing out of the gates on my jigger when the familiar voice of Billy Bunter hailed me from the rear.

"Go and eat coke!" I roared, in return.

But Bunter, his fat little legs going like clockwork, seemed intent on business, so I dismounted.

"What's the matter?" I inquired. "Wharton got an apoplectic fit, and wants me to do the Editorial this week?"

"Nunno!" panted Bunter, his fat face streaming with perspiration. "I say! You're going over to St. Jim's, aren't you?"

"Yes."
"You're going to see Fatty Wynn?"

"I am."

"Good! Just wait while I pinch Inky's bike, and I'll come along!"

"No, you jolly well won't!" I said wrathfully. "I don't want a lumbering great porpoise like you to come over and eat the St. Jim's fellows out of house and home! Keep off the grass!"

Billy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles.

"Look here!" he said. "There's no need to cut up rusty! Would you like to earn a quid or so?"

"Don't rot!"

"I'm dead serious," said Bunter. "Listen! Let me come over with you, and then I'll challenge Wynn to an eating contest. You can back me up to beat him out of time. The St. Jim's chaps, of course, will pin their faith to Wynn. How does that strike you, Mr. Reporter?"

I gave a low whistle.

"What a wheeze!" I exclaimed. "If only it can be worked!"

"It'll be worked all right, don't you fret. I can beat Wynn off his head!"

"That's a go, then!" I exclaimed. "But half a jiffy! Who's going to provide the grub?"

"The losing side," said Bunter. "If I beat Wynn, the St. Jim's fellows must stump up for the tuck, and give you a quid in addition. If Wynn beats me—which is next-door to impossible—the boot's on the other foot."

I had great faith in Billy Bunter as a gorger. He could stow things away in astonishing number and variety; and although Fatty Wynn was nearly as bad, he wasn't quite up to Bunter's weight. So I congratulated myself that I was on to a good thing.

Besides, it was about time I made my reporting bizney profitable. Only last week I biked over to St. Jim's to see that champion ass Grundy, whom I was obliged to fish out of the river, and ruin a suit of clothes in so doing. This being the case, I didn't see why I shouldn't get a little of my own back.

"Buck up, Bunt!" I said. "It's a long, long way to St. Jim's, you know."

Billy Bunter scuttled away, to return in a few moments with Inky's bike. The Nabob of Bhanipur was playing footer against the Fourth, and was not likely to discover the loss until afterwards. Sufficient unto the day was the evil thereof.

Bunter's a rotten cyclist. How we managed those twenty miles without casualties is still a mystery to me. Pedestrians just managed to hop out of the way in time; birds and feathered fowls had narrow escapes of being crushed under wheel; and on nearing St. Jim's Bunter's machine nearly skidded into Mr. Ratcliffe, who's one of the Housemasters there.

However, we got through at last, and Fatty Wynn, who had been notified several days before of my coming, greeted us at the gates. Figgins, Kerr, and Redfern, whom I knew by sight, were with him.

"What sort of animal's that?" grinned Redfern, indicating Bunter.

"It's the Greyfriars prize porpoise," I said. "I'm going to pit him against yours."

Fatty Wynn's eyes sparkled. He had a ravenous look about him which suggested that he was in the throes of starvation.

"I'm game!" he said. "If I can't beat that silly scarecrow in eating, then I'm weak and ailing, or something."

Bunter grinned all over his fat face.

Y are the youths who, quite close to the Yser,
Are dealing a smack at that madman, the Kaiser.

Z is the ZEAL which is always displayed
By brave British sons, who are never afraid!

"Just come along to the tuckshop," he said, "and I'll show you!"

"Half a jiffy!" said Figgins. "This shall be done in order. What are the terms of the contest, you reporter johnny?"

"If my man wins, as he's bound to do," I said, "you've got to brass up for the grub consumed, and pay me a quid over and above that. If your champion cormorant wins, by some miraculous means, then I have to pay for the grub and give you a quid."

"Ripping!" said Redfern. "Couldn't be fairer! Kim on! This way to the tuckshop!"

As we crossed the quad the Terrible Three, and D'Arcy, and Grundy, and Jack Blake, all toddled along to see the fun.

"Good-afternoon, Mrs. Taggles!" said Figgins, raising his cap. "We've come to buy the shop up. Will it be all right if we settle the bill afterwards?"

"Certainly, Master Figgins!" said Dame Taggles, in astonishment.

"Right! Now, we'll set the ball rolling with sausage-rolls. Half a dozen for each, please, ma'am!"

Bunter and Wynn were served with the rolls, and then the bestial exhibition began.

I had felt serenely confident up till now that Billy Bunter would carry off the honours; but as I watched Fatty Wynn frantically chewing away I began to have qualms.

Fatty was, indeed, going great guns. He got through three rolls to Bunter's two. Supposing he were to win, after all? The possibility wouldn't bear thinking of! I should have to pay out almost a term's pocket-money!

"Buck up, Billy!" I murmured.

Bunter smiled complacently.

"Trust me!" he chuckled. "I'm in great form. Wait till we get to the pastries!"

The sausage-rolls were demolished, and then came the ham-sandwiches. Bunter was a very valiant trencherman so far as ham-sandwiches were concerned, and he got through them in next to no time. My hopes revived, and became as strong as ever.

But Fatty Wynn showed no signs of wavering. Indeed, he seemed impatient for the next course. When the sandwiches were finished, six good-sized dough-nuts were set before each of the competitors.

"Stick it, Fatty!" roared the spectators. "Strong and steady does it, old man!"

I fully expected Fatty Wynn to show signs of distress by this time, but he didn't. He champed away contentedly, and Billy Bunter began to cast several anxious glances in his direction.

"I—I'm beginning to feel a—bit played out!" he stammered.

"Oh, rot!" I growled. "Don't chuck up the sponge yet awhile! You can beat Wynn any day of the week! Keep going, for goodness' sake!"

Bunter plunged heroically into his fourth dough-nut. Wynn, who had finished, patiently

waited until his rival was ready for the next item.

"Twy chocolate-cweam next!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Give Wynn and Buntah six bahs each!"

"Good egg!" grinned Figgins.

And he straightway ordered what was destined to be the last thing on the bill of fare.

Fatty Wynn pitched into the chocolate like a Trojan. A beatific smile lurked about his mouth, and he confided to Figgins and Kerr that he was just getting into his stride.

As for Bunter, he was whacked, hopelessly and completely. He told me that the chocolate-cream tasted like tallow-candles, and that he couldn't possibly negotiate six bars. I replied that if he didn't, I'd negotiate six kicks on his fat person.

With a desperate groan, Billy Bunter got on with the washing.

Fatty Wynn soon finished. His opponent, however, only managed five bars, and all the threats and abuses in the world would not induce him to continue. A mighty cheer went up from the crowd in the tuckshop. Bunter was beaten!

I was almost dazed. Was it possible that Bunter, the fattest and greediest cormorant in all Greyfriars, had allowed himself to be beaten in the gormandising line?

The voice of the tuckshop dame broke in rudely upon my reflections.

"That'll be eight-and-six, please!"

"And a quid for little us!" chuckled Figgins.

Like a fellow in a dream, I paid over the money to the respective claimants. It left me with exactly twopence-halfpenny!

"I—I can't understand it!" I gasped dazedly.

"Then let me explain," said Figgins. "When you fixed up an appointment with Fatty Wynn the other day, Kerr guessed what would happen. He knows Bunter of old, and knew he would get up to some dodge or other, so that he could have a jolly good feed. In the ordinary way, he could beat Fatty hollow."

"And why didn't he to-day?" I panted.

"Because, my son, we put poor old Fatty on short commons. Up to the time of the contest he hadn't eaten a solid meal for a couple of days! Consequently, he was in great form this afternoon!"

"You—you—" I choked. "Oh, you deep bounders!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With feelings too deep for words, I recovered my jigger and prepared to ride back to Greyfriars, forlorn and penniless.

But, stay! I had one consolation. Billy Bunter came along a few minutes later, and I stopped in the roadway and gave him the bumping of his life. Inky gave him another when he got back to the school for boning his bike; so I didn't lose one pound eight-and-six for nothing!

(Another of these amusing interviews will appear next Monday. Order now!)