

# HUGE INCREASE OF TUCK HAMPERS!

# The GREYFRIARS 1<sup>st</sup> HERALD. 2

No. 13. Vol. 1.  
Week Ending  
Feb. 12th, 1916.

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

CAN YOU READ THIS PICTURE-STORY OF ALADDIN AND HIS MAGIC LAMP?  
OUR POPULAR ONE-WEEK COMPETITION FOR BOYS AND GIRLS!

BE CO M ING POS SE S S E D O F F U L RUB & THE  
 SL V W AP 2 B D ONWARD CHRISTIAN SOLDIERS THAT'S MAGNIFICENT WARD S SHORTLY  
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 A HOW CHARM ING SHE IS THE KING'S DAUGH TER W ISLE OF WIGHT N P AB A E D ER  
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 H O D H I S C DONKLE TAKEN CHINA CHINA \$

## TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 20 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

**SHIELDING A SCAPEGRACE!**  
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.

### TOKENS FROM LOYAL CHUMS!

In the New Year several keen readers of the GREYFRIARS HERALD were kind enough to send me cards of greeting. Indeed, a correspondent signing himself "Carlo Ratai" sent a selection of ripping cards, one for each member of the staff. I am deeply touched by my friend's kindly action, and wish to thank him from my heart. My warmest thanks also go out to Mrs. Wells, Mabel, Minnie, and Bertha Wells, and James Holt, who were also solicitous enough to think of their Editor in the New Year.

### ANOTHER LUCKY WINNER!

The following letter should act as a stirring incentive to all who have not yet entered for our grand tuck-hamper contests:

"85, Horninglow Road North,  
"Burton-on-Trent.

"Dear Wharton,—I have just received a letter from the Editor of the 'Magnet' telling me I have won a hamper. I am very pleased at my success, and shall always be glad to give your paper a leg-up.

"I have sent in all the competitions so far. In the first two I was unsuccessful, losing by two and three mistakes respectively. This did not deter me, however, but made me more careful in my solutions. My chums are always asking me if I have won anything, so my letter

will give them a surprise. I will endeavour to make them go in for your picture puzzle contests, and have already persuaded two to have a go.

"I have the 'Gem' and 'Magnet' every week, and also your paper, and I find all of them excellent. I am sixteen years of age, and the tales suit me down to the ground. I have always been keen on picture puzzles, and take a delight in solving them.

"I will now close, wishing your journal a happy and prosperous future.—Yours sincerely,  
"DAVID JONES."

### BRIEF REPLIES TO HERALDITES.

Marjorie A.—Many thanks for your nice compliment.

G. B. (Shepherd's Bush).—You will doubtless have seen the results in question by this time. Hope your little boy is now on the high road to recovery.

J. Kimberley (Hanley).—Thank you for pointing out error. Even editors aren't infallible, you know!

J. F. (Trinity).—St. Jim's usually give us a tighter tussle than Rookwood. Many thanks for enlightening new readers.

L. C. (Chiswick).—Sorry you can't quite cotton on to Herlock Sholmes. As the majority of my chums like him, however, I don't think his exploits will shut up shop just yet.

HARRY WHARTON.

# Humbling the Hun!

A Tale of Greyfriars  
. twenty years ago .

*Specially written from the  
trenches*

By Col. JAMES WHARTON.

## CHAPTER ONE.

WE had some lively times when I was a boy at Greyfriars, as Major Cherry will testify. Old Cherry—I'll knock off his military sobriquet for the time being—was always on the spot when there were any japes going; and we shared the self-same study which is now occupied by that select band of youngsters, the Famous Five.

A boy named Pudson was at Greyfriars then. He was the very counterpart of Bunter—a fat, greedy customer who ate enough for six, and then solemnly used to declare he was starving.

Things were pretty strict in those days under Dr. Strong. He wasn't a man given to the quality of mercy, and after a swishing in his study you simply couldn't sit down for days!

Our favourite resort was, of course, the old tuckshop under the elms. We were very fond of it; but as for Pudson, he positively worshipped it as a Pagan worships the temple of his fathers. It was a sort of celestial paradise to him. Morning, noon, and night, when he was in funds, he haunted the place. He seemed to have an almost boundless capacity for gorging; in fact, he almost out-Buntered Bunter at his own game.

Well, one day Pudson got a fat remittance from one of his doting aunts—his titled relations were not myths, like Bunter's—and he determined to have the feed of his life. It was a half-holiday, and we went along to the tuckshop with him after dinner.

Then he did something that made us think the world was coming to an end. He actually offered to stand treat to all of us in the Remove.



"Now for the giddy fireworks!" said Cherry. Biff! Bang! Thud! The books descended with a fearful crash on to the head of Herr Blomberg!

Of course, having only just had dinner, we weren't capable of negotiating more than a snack. Pudson, however, settled down to a tremendous orgy, and we watched him in growing amazement. Accustomed though we were to his extraordinary appetite, we had never seen him in such great form as on that afternoon. It really looked as if he would buy up the whole shop, lock, stock, and barrel.

He started on solids, such as pies and sandwiches, and in half an hour he had stowed away sufficient tuck to provision a small army. Then he got to work on the pastries—they were heavy and indigestible in those days—and we fully expected to see him burst like a balloon at a minute's notice.

The tuckshop dame grew seriously alarmed. She thought Pudson had eating diabetes, or something. He simply wouldn't stop. Tart after tart, doughnut after doughnut, disappeared into his capacious paunch; and he smacked his lips and said it was the nearest approach to a substantial meal that he'd ever had in his school career.

"He'll burst a boiler soon," said Cherry, with conviction; and I quite agreed with my chum.

Even a cormorant's appetite has its limits, and we felt certain that Pudson would explode before long.

Just as he was negotiating his fifteenth marmalade-tart, his fat, podgy face seemed to go suddenly green. He began to realise, at last, that he had fed not wisely but too well.

He went from bad to worse. The very sight of grub seemed loathsome to him, and he sank off the stool and collapsed on the floor, groan-

A's for the ARCHWAY, so tall and sublime,  
Through which we dash blindly at locking-up time.

B's for the BOX-ROOM, where lumber is stored,  
And Bunter has gloated o'er many a hoard.

ing like a Hun who has fallen a victim to his own poison-gas. We tried to shift him, but he was simply immovable.

Then—who should suddenly burst into the tuckshop but the Head himself! He looked simply murderous as he caught sight of the groaning Pudson.

"Wretched boy!" he rumbled. "Arise!"

"I kik-kik-can't!" stammered Pudson.

Dr. Strong fairly danced with rage.

"This is revolting!" he bellowed. "You are weighed down by a mass of sticky and indigestible compounds! Go at once to the sanatorium for a good dose of medicine, after which you will receive a good dose of the birch-rod, administered by my own hand!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Bestial youth, be silent! As for the rest of you boys, I regard you as almost equally to blame. You have doubtless been stuffing yourselves with unwholesome pastry since dinner-time!"

"Nothing of the kind, sir!" I exclaimed hotly.

"Silence, Wharton! As a punishment for this disgusting display of gluttony, the shop shall be placed out of bounds for the Remove Form for a week."

That did it! We were wild as anything—wild with Pudson, wild with the Head, and almost wild with ourselves for not having sufficient courage to bump the severe old gent on the floor of the tuckshop.

No grub for a week! At least, no decent grub! In Hall, the hunks of bread-and-butter were thick as doorsteps, and the jam seemed nothing more or less than a messy concoction of soft soap. We invariably relied upon the tuckshop for anything eatable. And now, thanks to Piggy Pudson, the place was closed by order of the Head!

#### CHAPTER TWO.

CHERRY was the chap who made the suggestion, up in the dorm. that night.

We were fed-up—not with food, for we wouldn't have touched some of the Hall stuff with a barge-pole. We considered it downright tyrannical on the Head's part to close down the tuckshop.

"We simply must get some decent grub," said Cherry, "or we shall pine away!"

"But how can we wangle it?" asked Smithers helplessly.

"A party of us must go over to Courtfield to-night and fetch a supply from Clegg's."

"My hat! It means the sack, or something precious near it, if we're collared!" I said.

"Better be sacked than starved!" was Cherry's rejoinder. "Look here, Jimmy, will you come along with me?"

"Right you are!" I assented. "It's doocid risky, but we've faced the music before."

So Cherry and I remained awake until we thought the coast was clear, and then we broke bounds via the box-room window, and nipped over to Courtfield. Uncle Clegg—he

was a comparatively young man then—served us with as much tuck as we could conveniently carry, and we made our way back to the school.

All went well until it came to scaling the wall. We had an awful fag to get over with our lumber, and then—what beastly luck!—we walked right into the arms of Herr Blomberg, the German master.

It was easy to guess what had happened: The old beast had been making a stealthy tour of the dormitories—a most unpleasant habit of his—and had spotted our absence, and kept watch and ward by the school wall pending our return.

"Ach!" he exclaimed, in the vindictive way he always had. "So I haf caught you mit meinsel! It is tat you haf proken pounds, ain't it?"

Then the old brute boned our grub and packed us off to bed, saying that he'd report us to the Head in the morning.

We spent a rotten night, for the possibility of being sacked haunted us. However, when the general assembly in the big hall came along, Dr. Strong decided that a lamming would meet the case, and we went through it properly! Each of us was hoisted on to the porter's shoulders and given about a dozen apiece with the confounded birch.

Then followed a chapter of accidents. In our eagerness to get even with old Blomberg we repeatedly woke up the wrong passenger, so to speak. We fixed up booby-traps everywhere, but somehow somebody else always happened along at an unfortunate moment and got it in the neck. So did we, when the somebody else chanced to be a master or a prefect!

But Nemesis overtook Herr Blomberg at last. It was in this wise. Cherry and myself rigged up a gigantic booby-trap on our study door. There were fourteen volumes of all sorts and sizes, stacked one upon the other.

Presently we heard footsteps outside, and chuckled.

"Now for the giddy fireworks!" said Cherry.

Somebody halted outside the door. The handle turned, then— Biff! Bang! Thud! The book descended with a fearful crash on to the head of none other than Herr Blomberg!

His day of reckoning had come at last!

The German let out an agonised yell of pain, and was bowled over like a skittle. Behind him came Mr. Blaine, the Remove-master, who had a jolly narrow escape.

We were simply doubled up with laughter. The Herr lay panting on the floor as if his last hour had come, and Blaine had to assist him to his room, where he was confined for the rest of the day.

As for our little selves, of course we got another licking. But Blomberg couldn't lay it on with half so much effect as the Head, and we grinned and bore it.

After all, what did it matter, so long as we at last had been gloriously successful in Humbling the Hun?

THE END.

C's for the CLOISTERS, through which the winds howl,  
Especially when there's a ghost on the prow!

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

## "SOME" CHEEK.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Say, you Jay,—I guess I'm still sticking to my remarks in last week's issue, some! You and your fellow-countrymen are some idiots!

"You calculated that Germany would get it where the chicken got the chopper, and said the little European dust-up would be over in a fortnight. Guess it's been going on for nearly a year and a half, and this sleepy old isle is content to jog along in the same old way. You let the Zepps come over to kill, and ain't got a single reliable contraption, sir, as can bring 'em down; you let the Kaiser's submarines sink anything that sails the seas; you make a general muck-up of things on land.

"I kinder sorter guess and calculate that you'll only win this little scrap of a war by introducing a brainy galoot to manage things—a business man right from the word go. But, then, that would be impos, as all the clever business men are in the States!

"The cold fact is, sir, that this little island is getting whacked—hopelessly and completely. You begin to babble about brilliant retreats and skilful evacuations. Bah! Any old fool could retreat or evacuate! I reckon it's time you thought about making an advance!—Yours contemptuously,

"FISHER TARLETON FISH."

[We shall be pleased to make an advance right away—to Fishy's study, where he will probably renew his acquaintance with stars and stripes!—Ed.]

## DON'T ALL RUSH!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—I must request the Removite who placed a hair in my cane on or about the 15th instant to offer himself up for immediate punishment.

"Such tricks are not at all to my liking, and I hope the offender will come to my study at once, where a heavy walloping awaits him.—Yours grimly,

GEORGE WINGATE."

[What an entrancing prospect! Sorry, Wingate, old man, but I'm afraid all the Remove chaps will be deaf to the voice of the charmer!—Ed.]

## THE HIT OF THE SEASON!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—Will you please permit me, through the medium of your paper, to make a public announcement, drawing attention to the

D's for the DORMITORY, spacious and wide,  
With beds that are often unoccupied!

fact that on Saturday evening next a magnificent performance of Shakespeare's 'Hamlet' will be given in the Rag, the proceeds to go to Courtfield County Hospital.

Everyone will be interested to learn that the part of Ophelia will be played by popular Phyllis Howell, of Cliff House. Marjorie Hazeldene will be Queen of Denmark.

"The seats are a tanner each for seniors, and half-price for juniors, and Greyfriars chaps should roll up in their thousands.

"The curtain rises at seven o'clock sharp.—Yours sincerely,

ERNEST WIBLEY."

[Thank you, Wib, for giving our readers the tip. With so many "star" artistes on the programme, "Hamlet" should go with a bound. As Prince of Denmark, I suppose I've got to flirt with Ophelia—what?—Ed.]

## THE ARM OF THE "LOR!"

"To the Edditor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

"Young Rip,—Which this is to give you notice that if I catches you up to any more monkey-tricks I shant trouble to take you befour your Headmaster, but will put you in the local lock-up, under lock and key, right away, swelp me!

"Only the other night, while I was on my beet, a number of young hooligans from your school made so bold as to let off two or three pounds of fireworks under me very feet, scorching my trousis all over. Such goings-on ought not to be aloud, and I hope as how you will take timely warning from

"Yores despritly,

"ROBERT TOZER."

[Which we begs to inform our stolid friend that if he makes so bold as to lock us up for letting off a few fireworks, we shall tell the magistrate of his goings-hon when courting the cook!—Ed.]

## HELP WANTED!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—I should like one of the fags in your Form to make a practice of cleaning my golf-clubs each week. For these duties he will be munificently rewarded with twopence.

"The work will be given to the first applicant.—Yours,

"PAUL PROUT,

"Fifth-Form Master."

[We have handed Mr. Prout's letter on to the smallest infant in the First Form, and would request him to bear in mind that the Remove emerged triumphant long ago from its campaign against fagging.—Ed.]

E's for the ELMS, beneath whose sweet shade  
We sit in the summer and swill lemonade.

# 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 excitement was renewed as the Head and Mr. Snope swept through the little street. All sorts of uncomplimentary remarks were levelled at them by the urchins as they passed. (See picture.)



## WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and "DOLLY" GRAY are pupils at Earlingham, a very lively school, which has hitherto been a hotbed of hooligans. A revival takes place when Mr. Fenn, a sound sportsman, is appointed master of the Fourth; but one night Hobbs, a wild and reckless fellow who captains the school, breaks bounds, and is summarily expelled by the Head. Hobbs was a great favourite, and in many respects a good chap, and in consequence of the Head's drastic action, the whole of the Sixth-Formers rise in revolt. They deliberately "cut" morning school, and march into the village with huge banners, demanding the return of Hobbs.

(Now Read On.)

## Shoulder to Shoulder!

**T**HE rebellious Sixth-Formers were going strong. There was no half-heartedness about their action. Hobbs, their hero and acknowledged leader, had been ruthlessly expelled from Earlingham, leaving a gap which none could fill.

Until the Head chose to rescind his punishment, Verney and his fellow-seniors did not intend to re-enter the school gates.

Luckily, they were lavishly supplied with money. Verney and Fane and Burnside each received substantial allowances from their people, and, for a time at any rate, they decided to finance the rebellion.

At the end of the old-fashioned High Street

of Earlingham was a pastrycook, named Harvey, whose shop had been patronised by countless generations of Earlingham boys. But even Mr. Harvey, accustomed as he was to dealing with large numbers, was never more surprised in his life than when the entire Sixth Form, lowering their banners for the time being, tramped into the shop, literally taking it by storm.

Mr. Harvey nearly fell down.

"Gentlemen, I—good gracious! What does this mean?"

"Pork-pies and coffee for thirty, please!" said Verney calmly. "It's all right, Mr. Harvey. We're guaranteed tame and harmless. Anyone'd think the Prussian Guard was marching through the village, to see you look like that!"

"It fair bowls me over, sir!" said the pastrycook. "Which you orter be at mornin' lessons—what?"

"This is a holiday," said Burnside grimly. "Don't talk, man! Buck up with the grub!"

The seniors crowded into the tea-room, which just accommodated them. In a quarter of an hour they were all served, and chatted away merrily.

"The fat's in the fire now!" said Fane. "We've started this move, and now we've got to see it through, right to the bitter end!"

Verney nodded.

"If there's anyone here who's got no stomach for the bizney," he said, "let him say so, and get out!"

F's for the FORM-ROOM, in which we get pat in the musty old Greek and unbearable Latin!

G's for the GATES, which are Gossy's great pride. He shuts them at lock-up, and leaves us outside!

No one stirred.

"We're all standing together in this," said Renton.

"Hear, hear!"

"Good!" said Verney. "We mean to get old Hobbs reinstated at all costs. Even if it means sticking out for months, we'll jolly well do it!"

"Bravo!"

The spirit of rebellion was strong in the breasts of the Sixth-Formers. They were up in arms against Mr. Cuttle and his tyranny, and felt game for anything.

"What shall we make our headquarters?" inquired Clifton.

"I suggest the old tower on Highdown Heath," said Verney. "That'll serve as a fortress, also, in case of emergency. They may try to take us back to the school by force, you know."

"They'll get it in the neck if they do!" growled Burnside.

"We shall have to take tons of supplies," said Fane. "When we've finished this little snack, we'll buy up the giddy shop."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The hilarious seniors entered into the spirit of the thing with zest. This was the first great barring-out in which they had participated, and the novelty of it appealed to them immensely.

But there were others to whom it failed to appeal at all—notably, the Head and Mr. Snope. No morning lessons were in progress at the school, and Neddy Welsh and his friends of the Fourth had taken advantage of the respite to punt a ball about on Little Side. Meanwhile, a masters' council had been called by Mr. Cuttle, to discuss ways and means of bringing the truants to book.

Mr. Fenn, the popular master of the Fourth, wisely refrained from attending the meeting. He had more than a sneaking sympathy for the rebellious Sixth-Formers, and did not wish the Head to commission him to rout them out with a cricket-stump or some other weapon.

Accordingly, Mr. Fenn sat in his bed-room and smoked his pipe, enjoying the unusual luxury of a rest and a smoke in the middle of the morning.

Bob Sullivan, the drill-instructor, shared precisely the same views as Mr. Fenn, and he, too, discreetly kept off the grass. Not that Bob was afraid to tackle the hefty giants of the Sixth. He wasn't afraid of anything or anybody; but he could not bring himself to agree with the Head's drastic action in expelling Hobbs.

The result was that only four persons were present at the meeting of masters—the Head himself, Mr. Snope, Mr. Stringer, and Herr Schmidt.

"What's to be done?" snapped Mr. Cuttle irritably. "The entire Sixth Form has absconded, and my efforts to stop them proved futile. Suggest something, somebody, for goodness' sake!"

"The best way to avoid bother will be to bring Hobbs back," said little Mr. Stringer.

The Head turned upon him fiercely.

"You think I would humble myself to the extent of giving way to those rascals!" he roared. "Never! Hobbs is expelled, and no human power would induce me to sanction his return!"

"No doubt der poys vill calm down mit demselves," suggested Herr Schmidt.

"On the contrary," chimed in Mr. Snope, "I think they will hold out as long as possible. It behoves us to get them in hand at once. They are doubtless creating a considerable scandal in the village already, and we do not want the fair name of Earlingham dragged through the columns of the daily Press."

"Indeed, no!" said the Head, with asperity. "You and I, Snope, will take the bull by the horns, and endeavour to bring the unruly boys to their senses. Come!"

And, leaving Mr. Stringer and Herr Schmidt to discuss the situation between themselves, the Head and the master of the Third strode from the study, and hastened towards the village, whither the rebels had gone an hour earlier.

#### Face to Face!

"DEAR me!"

Mr. Cuttle almost fell down as they came into the old High Street of Earlingham. The place was simply alive with people—mainly urchins and vagrants—and it was not difficult to tell that something very sensational was under way.

The excitement was renewed as the Head and Mr. Snope swept through the little street. All sorts of remarks were levelled at them as they passed.

"All yer scholars dope a guy, guv'nor?" inquired a diminutive youth, plucking at the Head's coat-tails.

"Begone!" snapped Mr. Cuttle.

"Yah!" cried the urchin, retreating to a safe distance. "You'll 'ave a job to collar 'em agen, Mr. Schoolmaster! They've gorn into 'Arvey's for some grub, and when they comes out I 'opes as 'ow they gives yer socks—see?"

"Bless my soul!" murmured the Head. "Hurry, my dear Snope, hurry! Let us quit this—this hotbed of hooliganism!"

Mr. Snope rustled along in the wake of his chief. Certain missiles, deftly aimed by the village youths, struck him in various parts of his person as he hastened along.

The Head and his subordinate paused when they came to Harvey's. From the sounds of revelry within, it was easy to tell what was going on.

"They are holding a disgusting orgy of some sort!" said the Head. "They shall be made to answer for this! Come, Snope, let us enter together!"

The Head wrenched at the handle of the shop door, but he wrenched in vain. The feasters

H is the HALL, where we gulp down our grub ;  
It's Bunter's pet place, the disquoting young tub !

I's for the IVY we always shin down  
When making a midnight excursion to town.

had been careful to take precautions against possible intruders.

"This is insult added to injury!" rasped Mr. Cuttle, fast losing his temper. "I have a good mind to summon the police!"

He rapped on the door fiercely with his walking-stick. A sound of mocking laughter from within was the only response.

Rap, rap, rap!

An upper window was thrust open, and the heads of several seniors appeared.

"Verney! Burnside! Fane!" bellowed the Head. "How dare you lock me out in the street—ME, your Headmaster!"

"How dare we?" murmured Fane.

"Who is the leader and promoter of this unparalleled outrage?"

"I am, sir!" said Verney stoutly.

"Aha!" said Mr. Cuttle, licking his lips with an unholy relish. "Then you shall be expelled from Earlingham! The rest of the conspirators, seniors though they are, shall be flogged without mercy!"

"Sounds tempting, don't it?" grinned Clifton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Cuttle danced like a dervish upon the pavement.

"Come back! Come back to the school at once!" he stormed.

"Very well, sir," said Verney. "We'll return in good order, on condition that you allow Hobbs to come back."

"Hear, hear!"

"This—is this monstrous! I have never been more grossly insulted in my life!"

"You brought it on yourself, sir," said Burnside.

"You impertinent rascal!"

"My boys," piped Mr. Snope, "let me appeal to your sense of manliness!"

"Shut up, Snopey!"

"Go and eat coke!"

Mr. Snope turned livid.

"You hear them, sir?" he panted.

"I do!" said Mr. Cuttle majestically. "They shall rue the day when they rebelled against my authority!"

"Rats!"

The Head spluttered and choked as if he were about to have an apoplectic fit. Then he shook his fist in undignified fashion at the rebels.

"Beware!" he said tragically. "Your day of reckoning is at hand! Come along, Snope! We can do no more good here!"

And the discomfited couple turned on their heels and strode away. A yell of derisive laughter followed them.

*(Read how the rebels fared in their great barring-out, graphically described in next Monday's extra long instalment of this grand serial story.)*

**J's for the JUNIOR STUDIES, of course,  
Which Coker & Co. try to enter by force!**

## ODE ON A DISTANTFUL VIEW OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

*Versed in the best Oriental Language*  
By HURREE SINGH.

I sing the praise of schoolful days,  
Of happy boyful blissfulness;  
On sunny day the games we play,  
On evenings dark the chessfulness.  
Our wise and venerable Head  
Is worthy our respectfulness;  
We learn to work and not to shirk,  
And likewise much reflectfulness.

Or it may hap, in friendly scrap,  
We biff each other lickfully;  
We never yield when on the field,  
We shoot for goal so kickfully.  
We oft embark upon the Sark,  
And lean upon the oarfulness;  
Then drink of pop within the shop,  
And always ask for morefulness.

The Famous Five are all alive  
With every playful prankfulness;  
And cads and sneaks give wailful shrieks  
When we impart the spankfulness.  
The heartless Skinner and his set  
Are left to mope and moan apart  
From all the rest, and feel depressed  
Like poor Napoleon Buonaparte!

May Greyfriars School, 'neath wiseful rule,  
For ever flourish gloriously!  
Long may we stand, a proudful band,  
Emerging e'er victoriously,  
Upholding right with all our might  
Both fistfully and mentally;  
I thus declaim our worthy fame  
In language Orientally!

### Greyfriars Week by Week.

We have it on good authority that:  
Coker of the Fifth is growing a moustache.  
That Lieutenant Larry Lascelles, now fighting  
in France, has been recommended for the  
D.S.O.

That Nugent minor was seen to wash his  
neck twice in the same week.

That Mr. Prout has covered himself with  
glory in the Friardale Force of Special  
Constables.

That Billy Bunter caused all previous  
records to go by the board by disposing of  
fifty-eight sausage-rolls in one day.

That he spent the following day in the  
sanny.

That the appearance of the GREYFRIARS  
HERALD on the market has won a good many  
new readers over to the companion papers.

That the aforesaid papers deserve it, on  
account of the excellent stories now running.

That our boxing serial is "some" tale.

That next week's features will make a  
considerable sensation throughout the Empire.

**K's for the KEEP, so uncanny and quaint;  
To visit it calls for the pluck of a saint.**



# The Case of the Pawnd Pickle- Jar!

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

∴ WRITTEN BY ∴  
**PETER TODD.**

## CHAPTER ONE.

I HAVE already mentioned, in the course of these memoirs, the curious case of the Pawnd Pickle-Jar. In no case has the amazing insight of my remarkable friend Herlock Sholmes been displayed to greater advantage. How Sholmes, in a few hours, elucidated a mystery that had baffled Scotland Yard for several weeks, I now propose to describe.

Sholmes was lounging idly by the window of our sitting-room in Shaker Street, his hands thrust into the pockets of his celebrated dressing-gown—that somewhat shabby but still gorgeous dressing-gown which has become historic in the annals of crime. I looked up as he uttered a sudden ejaculation.

“Our friend Pinkeye!”

I joined him at the window. Inspector Pink-eye of Scotland Yard had just stopped at the door.

Sholmes smiled slightly.

“My assistance is required again, I fancy, Jotson,” he remarked. “Once more the Criminal Investigation Department has realised its helplessness. Well, well, we must do our best to help friend Pinkeye out of his scrape.”

A few minutes later our landlady, Mrs. Spudson, showed the inspector into our sitting-room.

“Good-morning, Pinkeye! Have the missing bonds come to light yet?” drawled Herlock Sholmes.

“It is about those bonds that I have come to consult you, Sholmes,” said Inspector Pink-eye, sinking into a chair. “I admit, Sholmes, that we have been completely beaten so far. Messrs. Have & Hookit’s War Bonds are still missing. We have the thief safe and sound, but the plunder—” The inspector made a gesture of despair. “Can you help us, Sholmes?”



Herlock Sholmes produced a small bundle of papers, and Inspector Pinkeye gazed upon them dumbfounded. “The—the bonds!” he stammered.

Herlock Sholmes leaned back in his chair, his feet resting negligently on the mantelpiece, his dressing-gown draping carelessly about his knees.

“Pray let me have a few details, Pinkeye,” he said. “You can speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson.”

“I dare say you have seen the case in the papers,” said the inspector. “It beats us, Sholmes. Here is the matter in a nutshell. Mr. H. Walker, chief chashier to Messrs. Have & Hookit, was discovered to have been robbing the firm for years. He was arrested, but not till he had made away with a number of bonds belonging to his employers. These bonds have not been disposed of in the market, and they cannot be found. The prisoner declines to give information. Evidently he has concealed the bonds, as a nest-egg for his old age when he comes out of chokey. But where—that is the question.”

“You have searched—”

“His lodgings have been searched, even the wallpaper being stripped off the walls, every inkpot emptied and examined under the microscope, and his bulldog subjected to Rontgen rays. No trace of the bonds has been discovered.”

“And his person—”

“Subjected to the most thorough examination. Nothing was found upon him but a pawnticket.”

“Ah,” said Sholmes—“a pawnticket! An

L's for the **LIBRARY**—when a chap “crams”  
He always goes there to swot up his exams.

M's the **MEMORIAL** on the school wall  
To celebrate those who in battle did fall.

indication that Mr. Walker has been hard up for ready cash?"

"I suppose so, but it does not represent a large amount. The sum stated on the ticket is fourpence, and the article entrusted to the care of the pawnbroker was simply a pickle-jar."

Herlock Sholmes raised his eyebrows.

"A pickle-jar, Pinkeye?"

"Simply a pickle-jar. Quite unconnected with the case in hand, of course. The pickle-jar has been ascertained to be his own property."

Sholmes nodded.

"Certainly there seems no obvious connection between a pickle-jar and War Bonds to the value of a thousand pounds," he remarked. "And what is not obvious is of no use to Scotland Yard—eh, Pinkeye?"

"Really, Mr. Sholmes, I don't quite follow. Our department has attached no importance whatever to the pawned pickle-jar."

"Naturally!" said Sholmes. "Can I see the pawnticket?"

The inspector made a gesture of impatience.

"I came to you for advice, Mr. Sholmes. Your methods are not the same as ours, but I admit that, in some cases, you have had phenomenal luck. But—"

"Luck, my dear Pinkeye, is not a word in my vocabulary," said Herlock Sholmes, with some asperity. "My method is deduction. I repeat that I should like to see the pawnticket."

With evident impatience, Inspector Pinkeye drew the little slip of cardboard from his pocket, and passed it to Herlock Sholmes.

"Now tell me what you make out of that!" he exclaimed, with unconcealed derision.

Sholmes did not reply.

He took the pawnticket and examined it minutely.

I watched my amazing friend with the keenest interest. Knowing Herlock Sholmes as I did, I should not have been surprised if he had described minutely the hiding-place of the missing bonds, merely from an examination of the pawnticket referring to the pickle-jar. He did not speak for some minutes, but his brow was very thoughtful. Both his pipes went out, a proof of his concentration of mind. It was the official who broke the silence.

"Well, Mr. Sholmes?"

Herlock Sholmes yawned.

"May I keep this ticket for an hour or so?" he asked.

"Oh, certainly! It is of no use to Scotland Yard!" said the inspector. "Perhaps, Mr. Sholmes, you have already discovered the hiding-place of the bonds?"

"Exactly."

"What!"

Sholmes laughed, and rose.

"My dear Pinkeye, as you have already remarked, my methods are not yours. Jotson, my dear fellow, may I trouble you to call a taxi?"

"Certainly, Sholmes."

"Will you do me the honour to remain here a little while, Pinkeye? I shall be absent an hour or so. You will find these cigarettes excellent, and the cask of cocaine is in the corner."

"But—but—" stammered the inspector. But Herlock Sholmes was gone.

## CHAPTER TWO.

"**B**OSH!" growled the inspector.

He stood at the window, watching the taxi as it sped away with Herlock Sholmes. The expression on his face was one of ironical impatience. It was evident that he believed that he was wasting time.

"You may rely upon Sholmes," I ventured to remark. "His experience of pawntickets has been long and varied, extending over many years. At almost every period in his career he has had a large collection of them."

Inspector Pinkeye merely grunted. He did not share my faith in the amazing abilities of Herlock Sholmes. The hide-bound prejudice of the official mind was not so easily overcome.

We waited.

In less than an hour, however, the taxi was heard without, and then we heard the familiar tread of Herlock Sholmes on the stairs. He came in, smiling.

"Well?" snapped Inspector Pinkeye.

"I have had a very agreeable drive," smiled Herlock Sholmes. "I trust you have not been bored by my friend Jotson, Pinkeye?"

"Mr. Sholmes, we are wasting time. Kindly return the pawnticket, and I will return to my duties," said the inspector gruffly.

"Too late!" smiled Herlock Sholmes. "I have parted with it."

"You have parted with it?"

"Yes; but I have something to hand you in exchange."

"And what may that be?"

"The missing bonds," drawled Herlock Sholmes.

He drew a small bundle from beneath his dressing-gown, and laid it upon the table. Inspector Pinkeye gazed upon it, dumbfounded.

"The—the bonds!" he stammered.

"Pray, examine them, Pinkeye, and I think you will find the numbers correct."

"With trembling hands, the inspector examined the bonds.

"They are all here," he said. "In the name of wonder, Sholmes—"

Sholmes shrugged his shoulders.

"My dear Pinkeye, there are the bonds. Good-morning!"

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed, when the inspector was gone.

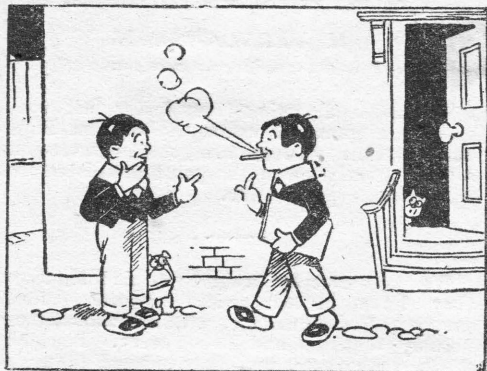
Herlock Sholmes did not reply for a moment.

(Continued on page 12.)

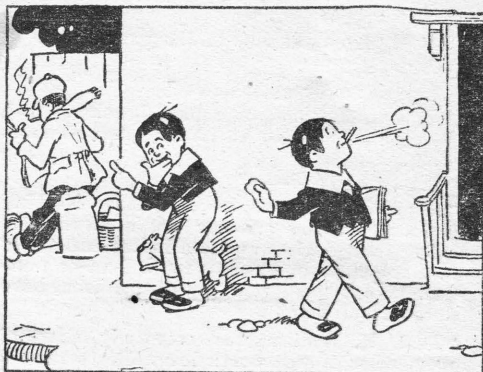
**All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.**

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

Drawn by **FRANK NUGENT.**



(1) "Hullo!" said Bubble. "What's the game?  
You're smoking! It's a beastly shame!  
You're not to collar *all* the fun:  
I've got no fags, so give me one!"



(2) But Squeak puffed on in high disdain,  
Regardless of impending pain,  
Then Bubble spied the grocer's boy:  
"I've got a wheeze!" he cried, with joy.



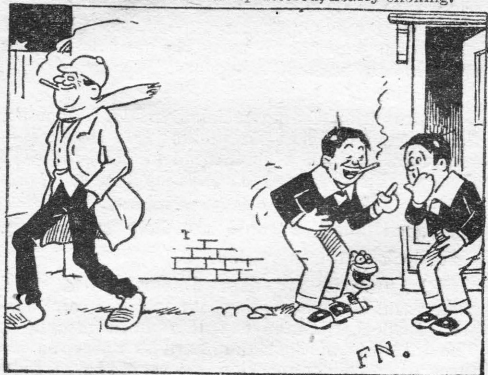
(3) He deftly took the fellow's weed,  
And dashed away with all good speed.  
"Come back! Come back!" the victim shrieked:  
But round the corner Bubble streaked!



(4) The grocer Johnny followed suit,  
To catch the chap who bagged the loot.  
He came upon a small youth smoking:  
"You're nabbed!" he spluttered, nearly choking.



(5) He boxed the little boulder's ears,  
Regardless of his threats and tears.  
"I 'ardly like to give you pain;  
But don't you pinch my fags again!"



(6) Of course, poor Squeak was innocent,  
And couldn't make out what it meant.  
And while he gaped in dire dismay,  
The grocer fellow stalked away.

FN.

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

He was lighting his pipes with his usual methodical care.

"Sholmes, you amaze me more and more. You have discovered the missing bonds?"

"So it appears, Jotson."

"Merely from the clue of the pawnticket?"

"Evidently."

"You astound me, Sholmes!"

"My dear Jotson, you should be accustomed to being astounded by this time," said Sholmes chidingly.

"True. And yet——"

"A perfectly simple case, Jotson. Nothing was found on the prisoner but a pawnticket relating to a pickle-jar placed in the custody of a Mr. Solomons in security for a loan of fourpence. What would you, my dear Jotson, have deduced from that?"

"That H. Walker was extremely short of money, when it was worth his while to raise a loan of fourpence by pawning a pickle-jar," I replied.

"Exactly the conclusion that the police came to, Jotson," Sholmes smiled. "But I did not come to that conclusion, Jotson. Consider a moment, my dear fellow. Fourpence, certainly, is not a sum to be despised. But the purloiner of the bonds had a more powerful motive. If he had pawned a clock, or a walking-stick, or a parrot, the police theory might have held water. But have you not remarked upon the extraordinary circumstance that the article pawned was a pickle-jar?"

"I confess, Sholmes——"

"Not a jar of pickles, you observe, but a pickle-jar," resumed Sholmes. "Does that tell you nothing, my dear Jotson?"

"Nothing, Sholmes."

"My dear fellow, you are fully qualified for a high position in Scotland Yard," said Herlock Sholmes, with a smile. "Observe! The thief's object was to discover a safe hiding-place for the bonds. What securer place could he find than the interior of a pickle-jar placed in the keeping of a common, or garden, pawnbroker? His object was not to raise the useful, but far from lavish, sum of fourpence."

"Sholmes!"

"I presented the pawnticket to Mr. Solomons, Jotson, and claimed the pickle-jar. Inside it—somewhat stained with disused pickles, but still recognisable—reposed the missing bonds. Voila tout."

"Marvellous!" I could not help exclaiming.

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"Elementary, my dear Jotson. But, until your valuable memoirs appear in the Press, Jotson, Inspector Pinkeye will remain mystified. The intellect of Scotland Yard is not equal to discerning the connection between the missing bonds and the Pawned Pickle-Jar."

THE END.

N's for the NAMES which are carved on the seats  
By Old Boys who once did miraculous feats.

## SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

We had a diversion from footer last week, playing a game of water-polo against Highcliffe instead. As there are goals in water-polo, a brief description of the game in this column will be quite permissible.

We went over by brake to Highcliffe, where they have heated swimming-baths. Some pretty good swimmers were in our ranks, too—notably Wharton and Bob Cherry. Ponsonby & Co. were there, and they sneered at us, as usual, but we just ignored them.

Frank Courtenay & Co. were in great form from the start. You ought to have seen that Caterpillar chap flashing through the water! He was like a streak of greased lightning.

Bulstrode kept goal for us, the same as he does on the footer field, and he had a busy time of it. Shots were rained in from all sides, and the Highcliffe chaps let out a resounding cheer when he was at length beaten by Frank Courtenay.

Our fellows retaliated hotly, and the game waxed fast and furious. A good many chaps got a severe ducking, and I remember I had a delightful grapple with the Caterpillar, which resulted in his total immersion. After a time Harry Wharton scored in hurricane style, and the outlook was much brighter for us.

Bob Cherry's speed in the water was simply dazzling, and he did yeoman service for us, scoring twice in as many minutes. Highcliffe rallied strongly, and Courtenay netted again, making the score 3-2 in our favour.

The game was touch-and-go after this, but we held out gamely to the end, and Bulstrode kept the citadel intact. It was a gruelling struggle, and we were all jolly glad to seek the comforting glow of the dressing-room afterwards. Frank Courtenay & Co., like the bricks they are, entertained us to a top-hole spread, and we returned to Greyfriars in the dusky winter evening feeling that we had deserved well of our country.

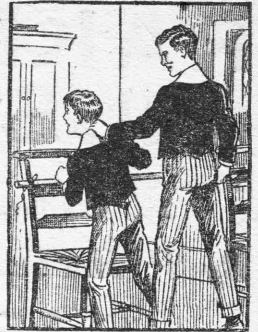
O's for the ORCHARD. I always remember  
The sackful of apples I bagged last September!



# Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

*With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.*

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



## DESPERATE GANG BROKEN UP!

Three ruffians of the worst type—Cecil

Reginald Temple, Ernest Dabney, and William Fry—were charged before Mr. Justice Wharton with wilfully breaking into the Editorial Office of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, with intent to do grievous bodily harm, and to interfere, if possible, with the publication of the paper.

Police-constable Johnny Bull, giving evidence in guttural tones, said he was engaged in drawing the weekly cartoon when the door of the premises was suddenly thrown open, and prisoners entered. They were armed to the teeth with pokers and cricket-stumps.

Magistrate: You needn't tell me all this, as I was there at the time. They mucked up my Editorial, the hooligans! Gentlemen of the jury, I don't wish to influence your decision in any way, except by saying that if you don't return a verdict of "Guilty," you'll get the sack! Now you can get on with the washing!

The jury promptly brought in a verdict of "Guilty."

Magistrate: I congratulate you upon your excellent judgment. Prisoners shall be sentenced to six strokes each with Quelchy's golf-club. Detective Todd, administer the dose at once, and lay them on with the full force of the right arm!

Detective Peter Todd: Trust me, your worship!

According to a prominent physician who was present, prisoners would not be able to sit down for several days.

## BUNTER'S LOVE AFFAIRS!

William George Bunter, a frequent offender, was charged with making overtures of affection to Miss Phyllis Howell, of Cliff House School.

For the prosecution, Mr. Robert Cherry said that for a flagrant piece of cheek, prisoner's recent conduct pranced off with the whole giddy biscuit factory. Mr. Cherry proceeded to read to the court the following letter, which accused had addressed to the charming schoolgirl:

"Dear Miss Howell,—I hope to avail myself of the liberty to come over and have tea with you one day this week. I can easily borrow Tom Brown's bike for the occasion." (Loud expostulations from Mr. Brown.)

"As you have seen from my figure, I am

a splendid athlete—born for the playing-fields. Presumptuous beasts like Bob Cherry can't hold a candle to me. Most girls admire great sportsmen, and I can tell from the looks you dart at me when I am in your company that you are raving mad over me." (Cries of "Shame!" "Lynch him!" etc.)

"After the feed, I shall be pleased to trot you round for a bit in the village, where you will doubtless do me the favour of buying me a box of chocolates." (Shouts of "Sponger!" "Cad!" "Worm!" "Beast!" "Outsider!" etc., etc., etc.)

"Meanwhile, believe me, dear Miss Howell, "Your own affectionate,  
"BUNTY."

Foreman of the jury: Can we chip in with our verdict at once, your worship? We're dying to see prisoner get it in the neck!

Magistrate: Right-ho! I suppose you find him guilty?

Foreman: Not half, your worship!

The magistrate then sentenced Bunter to be placed in the centre of the court, and utilised as a football, the barristers to play against the jurymen. After the match, if there was anything left of prisoner, he was to be sentenced to a term of three hours' hard labour in the woodshed. His worship expressed his sincere sympathy with Mr. Cherry, who blushing agreed to take Bunter's place at the projected feed.

## SIDNEY SNOOP GOES THROUGH THE HOOP!

Sidney James Snoop, an oily individual, was brought into the dock, formally charged with putting a drug into Bulstrode's tea, in order that the Remove goalkeeper might give a poor display in the next match.

"Fortunately," said Detective Peter Todd, "I spotted Snoopey in time, and was able to warn Bulstrode."

Magistrate: Good man! Take a few coppers out of the poor-box!

Prisoner bore a very bad record, and the magistrate, in sentencing him to be hanged by the neck till his face was red, said it was no more than he deserved.

Mr. Percy Bolsover, the chief hangman, was elected to carry out the sentence, and afterwards the prisoner!

**P** is the **PASSAGE** through which we must pass  
When free from the brain-racking tension of class.

# RAKE'S RUSE!

A Screamingly Funny, Long, Complete Story of a Great Jape.

By P. HAZELDENE.

## CHAPTER ONE.

COKER's cheek was, as Inky said, terrific. All Greyfriars knew that the Remove Dramatic Society were going to do "Julius Cæsar," and that Wharton had asked for the lecture-hall.

The Remove were to have the lecture-hall on Saturday evening, and the Remove actors had been rehearsing on and off for a very long time.

Then Coker of the Fifth chipped in.

Coker is head of the Fifth Form Stage Club, which is really only a cheap and spurious imitation of our dramatic society. Coker is an ass, and can't act for toffee, and if he didn't stand all the exes of the Stage Club out of his own pocket, there wouldn't be any stage club at all.

Of course, we never bothered our heads about what the Fifth Form Stage Club might be up to. We could play their heads off any time. But on Friday, after lessons, we found a notice on the board, in Coker's fist. The cheek of it took our breath away.

This was the notice, written—and spelt—by Coker of the Fifth:

### "GRAND MATTINAY.

"To-morrow (Saturday) a performance will be given by the Yth Form Stage Club, of Shakepeere's 'Julia Cæsar,' with Horace Coker in the title-roll, supported by all the Tallent of the Stage Club. The performance will take plaice in the Lecture-Haul.

"Doors open at three. No charge for admishun. All are invited. Remove Fags will be ekespected to wash their nex.

"Signed, HORACE COKER,  
"President Vth Form Stage Club."

"Well, of all the nerve!" said Bob Cherry.

"Of all the cheek!" said Wharton. "We're doing 'Julius Cæsar' in the evening, and charging threepence a time."

"The cheeky rotter!" said Squiff. "He knows we're doing it—there's our notice on the board—and he must have seen it when he put this bosh up."

"It's a dodge to cut the ground from under our feet," said Nugent. "After seeing 'Julius



Mr. Prout unlocked the door and threw it open; and Coker, as Julius Cæsar, pounced out, blind with rage. "You rotten, cheeky beast!" he roared, before he saw it was Prouty. "What!"

Cæsar' for nothing in the afternoon, fellows won't pay threepence to see it again in the evening."

The Remove were furious. Coker's matinee fairly knocked the wind out of their sails.

"Let's go and see Coker!" exclaimed Wibley. "We'll put it to him straight. We can't have all our rehearsals wasted. It's a rotten trick."

A crowd of fellows rushed off to Coker's study.

Horace Coker was there, with Potter and Greene. They were trying on Roman togas. Coker looked at the juniors in his lofty way.

"Cut off," he said. "We're busy!"

"Look here, about that matinee," said Wharton wrathfully.

"That's all right," said Coker. "No tickets required. You just come in at the doors!"

"We haven't come for tickets, fathead!"

"We've come to tell you you've got to chuck it," howled Bob Cherry. "We're giving 'Julius Cæsar' on Saturday evening."

"By Jove, are you?" said Coker. "Well, go ahead and give it!"

"No objection," said Potter, with a chuckle, "so long as you don't want us to come and see you give it, of course!"

"Wish you luck!" said Greene blandly.

"We're charging threepence admission," said Wharton.

"Well, charge it!" said Coker.

"The fellows won't pay to see it in the evening, after seeing it for nothing in the afternoon."

"I don't suppose they'd pay anyway, dear

**Q's QUELCHY'S STUDY**—alas and alack!  
I pass my hand tenderly over my back!

**R is the RAG**, where the meetings are held,  
And any usurpers are instantly quelled!

boy. I rather think they'd want paying to see your fag plays!"

"Why, you silly ass——"

"You cheeky fathead——"

"How does this toga look, Potter?" said Coker, unheeding.

"Topping!" said Potter.

"Look here," roared Wharton, "you've got to chuck it. This is a trick. You know we were giving 'Julius Cæsar' in the evening."

"My dear kid, how should I know what you fags might or might not be doing?" said Coker in surprise. And Potter and Greene cackled like hyenas.

"You saw our notice on the board!" shouted Bob. "It's been up for days."

"Come to think of it, I did see a smudgy paper, with some bad spelling on it," said Coker. "Was that a Remove notice?"

"You've done this on purpose to dish us," said Wharton.

"Seniors haven't time to bother about dishing fags," said Coker loftily. "Run away and play!"

"Are you going to chuck it?" demanded Wharton.

"Hardly."

"Then we'll bring all the Remove, and rag the performance."

Coker laughed.

"Mr. Prout will be there," he remarked. "Our Form-master is taking a front seat. I don't recommend you to start ragging. Prout may get waxy."

"Oh, you spoofing rotter!"

"Now, about this toga!" said Coker calmly.

"Bump him!" shouted Johnny Bull.

"Rescue, Fifth!" shouted Potter.

There wasn't a chance to bump Coker. The beast had expected that visit, and the other beasts were all ready. Before we could lay hands on Coker, Fitzgerald and Bland and half-a-dozen more big fifth-formers came in, and we were bundled out of the study on our necks. They dribbled us down the passage, and we were rather dusty and rumpled when we got away.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry, when we were safe in the Remove passage. "Coker's dished us this time. A matinee in the afternoon will knock the performance in the evening sky-high."

"Might change the bill," said Wibley, "only you duffers couldn't mug up new parts in the time."

"I say, you fellows," said Bunter, "if you like to change it to 'Hamlet,' I'll play Hamlet for you."

"Fathead!"

"We've got to put a stopper on Coker somehow," said Harry Wharton, frowning. "It's a trick to dish our play, and it's up to us to dish Coker's play. But how are we going to do it."

"The howfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Jamset Ram Singh.

"We've got to do it. It will want thinking out."

"The thinkfulness will also be terrific!"

"We can't rag the beasts with Prouty there," said Johnny Bull.

"Might rag 'em as they go there in their costumes," suggested Squiff.

"They won't do that. They've got the room behind the lecture-hall as a dressing-room, same as we do."

"Something's got to be done, anyway."

That evening the Remove fellows were thinking of only one thing—what was going to be done to dish Coker. Lots of the fellows had suggestions to make. Billy Bunter wanted to play "Hamlet" instead of "Julius Cæsar," with Billy as the Prince of Denmark; Fisher T. Fish said that if the bill was changed to "Othello," he would play Othello for us, and show us how they acted "over there." Bolsover major said that if we made it the "School for Scandal," he would do Charles Surface or Sir Peter Teazle, just as we liked. We didn't like. Every fellow had mugged up his bit for "Julius Cæsar," and we had the costumes all ready; and Mr. Quelch was coming to see the play, too. We simply couldn't change the bill.

Nobody had thought of any wheeze by bed-time, and the Remove went to bed in a rather excited frame of mind. Coker & Co. were rehearsing in the Rag when we went to bed, with the door locked. We could hear Coker spouting: "Let me have about me men that are fat," etc. Potter was Brutus, and Greene was Mark Antony, and Fitzgerald was Cassius. They had really spoofed Coker into taking Cæsar's bit, by telling him he ought to play the title-role—so when Cæsar was killed they'd get rid of the duffer out of the play, and run it themselves.

The next morning every chap in the Remove was thinking of "Julius Cæsar" and Coker's matinee. Even fellows who weren't in the caste, and didn't care much about the play, were waxy at Coker's cheek. Mr. Quelch was down on some of us in class that morning for whispering; but the fact was, we couldn't help thinking about "Julius Cæsar."

After dinner there was a meeting in Wharton's study, and nearly all the caste crammed themselves in. Only Rake was absent. Dick Rake was doing Cassius in our play. Everybody in the study was talking at once, mostly about scragging Coker, when Rake came in.

Rake was grinning. He laid two keys on the study table.

We all looked at the keys.

"What's that for?" asked Wharton.

"That's the giddy wheeze!" said Rake.

"You've thought of a dodge for dishing Coker?"

"Exactly!"

"Like your cheek, and you a new kid!" said Johnny Bull.

"Bow-wow!" said Rake. "Coker's got to be dished, and you chaps haven't the brains to do it, so this is where I come in."

"Why, you ass——"

"Order!" said Toddy. "What's the wheeze,

**S** is the **SANNY**, for those who are queer.  
They give 'em hot milk, so I'd sooner be here!

**T's** for the **TOWER**, so send up a shout  
In honour of Bob Cherry's great barring-out!

and what have those two blessed keys got to do with it?"

Rake chuckled.

"One's the key of the lecture-hall," he said, "and the other's the key of the room behind the lecture-hall."

"And what the merry thunder——"

"Coker & Co. were going in at two or soon after. They're going to dress up in the back room, and the audience are coming in by the lecture-room door."

"We know that, fathead!"

"Well, when they've got into the lecture-room, a kid about my size is going to sneak along and lock the door on the outside," said Rake.

"But——"

"And then lock the lecture-room door. See?"

"Blessed if I see!" said Bob Cherry. "When the crowd comes to go in, they'll soon get the door open, somehow."

"Not if the play isn't coming off."

"But it is coming off!" roared Johnny Bull. "We can't stop it!"

"Oh, listen to your Uncle Dick!" said Rake.

"There'll be a notice on the door of the lecture-room, as near Coker's fist as I can make it, and exactly in Coker's spelling."

"But—but what——"

"Give me a pen and some impot paper, and you'll see."

We all gathered round Rake, as he started scrawling. Then there was a yell of laughter in No. 1 Study that could have been heard at the other end of the Remove passage.

## CHAPTER TWO.

COKER & Co. marched into their dressing-room soon after two o'clock.

Coker was looking very chippy.

The way he had dished the Remove bucked him no end. As a rule, the Remove dished Coker. But this time Horace felt that he had scored. And he was sure of a good audience, too. All the Fifth were coming, and some of the Sixth, and most of the fags intended to come as there was no charge. Lots of fellows had promised to come, because the weather had been rainy, and it looked as if there wouldn't be much doing out of doors that afternoon. As it happened, however, it turned quite fine, and a good many fellows were sorry they had promised Coker. But they felt that they had to come, as they'd said they would.

Then Coker expected all the Remove to turn up, looking for a chance to "rag." Not that there would be much opportunity of ragging, with old Prout sitting in the front row as stiff as a poker.

So Coker was in high feather.

The "Julius Cæsar" company changed into their stage togs in the little room, in great spirits. Naturally, they were too busy to notice that, while they were changing, a key was

slipped into the lock on the outside, and turned. They never even knew they were locked in.

Dick Rake sauntered away, with the key in his pocket, and locked the lecture-room big door on the outside, and took that key away too. Then he stuck the notice on the door.

This was before half-past two. The performance was to begin at three—if Coker & Co. weren't late, as very likely they would be.

About three o'clock, Temple of the Fourth came along with Dabney and a set of Fourth-Form chaps. They were going to the play, and they wanted front seats.

"My hat!" exclaimed Temple, looking at the notice on the door. "Well, if that isn't exactly like that fathead Coker!"

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Postponed, by gum!" said Fry. "Well, it's just like Coker. He won't catch me turning up next time, I know that."

The notice on the door was in a big, sprawling fist, which might have been Coker's or anybody's. But the spelling of it was quite Coker's. It ran:

### "NOTICE!

"Owing to unavoydable cirkumstances, the performance of 'Julius Cæsar' by the Vth. Form Stage Clubb is postponed. A further annowncement will be maid in dew coarse.

"BY ORDER."

"Silly ass!" said Temple & Co. together, and they hooked it.

Blundell, the captain of the Fifth, came along with a lot of seniors soon after. They were looking rather blue, because the weather was ripping, and they'd rather have gone out. But they had promised the Stage Club to support the performance. Blundell whistled as he saw the notice.

"My only hat!" said Blundell. "When will that chap learn to spell? That's enough to make all the fags cackle at the Fifth."

"Postponed, by gum!" said Gully. "Well, you never know your luck. I think there ought to be a vote of thanks to Coker for postponing it. Let's hope it's postponed sine die. Come on; I'm going out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Fifth-Form chaps marched off, glad to escape, as a matter of fact.

Mr. Prout, the master of the Fifth, met them in the passage. He stopped to speak to them.

"Are you not going to the performance, my dear boys?" he asked.

"It's postponed, sir," said Blundell.

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Prout. "It is somewhat inconsiderate of Coker to postpone the performance at the last moment like this. I have put off another engagement this afternoon to attend. You are sure it is postponed, Blundell?"

"There's a notice on the door, sir."

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Prout went back to his study, and

U's for the UNDERGROUND PASSAGE so eerie.  
Of exploring its depths we never grow weary.

V's for the VAULTS, which are cobwebbed and cold,  
Reminding us all of the Friars of old.



Blundell & Co. went out to the footer. More and more fellows came along, and looked at the notice, and sniffed, and made remarks, and cleared off.

"Silly ass!" said Tubb of the Third. "Catch me coming to his rotten plays again! Let's get out, Paget!"

"Awful fathead!" said Bolsover minor. "Why, he was simply begging us to come, yesterday, and have our minds improved. Silly ass!"

And the Third cleared off.

"Looks like rather a frost," chuckled Bob Cherry. "When Coker tumbles, he will find it rather hard to gather up his audience again."

"The hardness will be terrific!" grinned Hurree Singh.

All the Remove fellows were enjoying the weeze.

Coker's audience was scattering far and wide—some down to the footer-ground, some out in the meadows, and some along the river. They weren't likely to be gathered into the lecture-room that afternoon, even if Coker came out in his toga and laurel-wreath to look for them.

"Isn't it just like Coker?" said Hobson of the Shell, when he came along with his friends. "Here I've put off going to see a chap at Redclyffe to come and see his rotten play, because he asked me. Now it's postponed!"

"Something gone wrong with the works, perhaps," said Hoskins. "Let's see if Coker's about."

He tried the door, and found it locked.

"Locked out, by gum!" said Hobson.

So Hobson put his mouth to the keyhole, and yelled "Silly asses!" into the lecture-room, and cleared off with the Shell chaps in quite a wax.

### CHAPTER THREE.

**W**HERE'S the giddy audience?" said Potter.

"Blessed if the place isn't empty!" said Coker, in astonishment.

It was about twenty-past three. Julius Caesar & Co. were a little late, but they were ready at last.

Coker and Potter came on the stage from the wings, and looked through the curtain, expecting to see the lecture-hall crammed.

There wasn't a soul to be seen.

Coker almost fell down with astonishment.

"Where the dickens are they?" he exclaimed. "Everybody knew it was three o'clock exactly. We're a bit

late, but that's only given 'em plenty of time to come in. Where are they?"

"Well, they haven't come," said Potter.

All the players came on the stage, and looked through the curtains. They were all dressed in costume and painted ready, from Julius himself down to the Third Citizen, but they didn't feel inclined to ring up the curtain and start without an audience.

"Blessed if I can understand it intirely!" said Fitzgerald. "What's kaping the silly spalpeens away?"

"One of you cut off and see what's the matter," said Coker. "Tell 'em we're all ready."

Bland of the Fifth, whose business was to help dress the actors and shift the curtain, was the only chap not in costume, so he cut off. But he only got as far as the door of the dressing-room. That door didn't open.

"I say," yelled Bland, "we're locked in!"

"Locked in!" howled Coker.

"Well, the door won't open!"

"Great Scott!"

Coker rushed to the door, and tugged and lugged, and lugged and tugged, but it didn't come open. He yelled through the keyhole, but that door opened on a back passage, and there was nobody near.

"Some cheeky fag has played this trick!" growled Coker. "Get out through the lecture-room, Bland."

Bland hurried across the stage again, and jumped down into the lecture-room and scudded for the big door. But that wouldn't open either.

"It's locked!" he roared.

"Well, unlock it, fathead!" Coker roared back.

"It's locked on the other side, ass! Anyway, the key isn't here!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Julius Caesar & Co. came streaming along the empty lecture-room to the door. Coker tugged at it, but it didn't open. He roared through the keyhole:

"Come and open this door!"

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry's voice outside.

"Is that you, Coker?"

"Have you locked this door, you cheeky fag?"

"Is it locked?"

"Yes, it is! Unlock it!"

"I haven't the key."

"Then who has, you young rotter?"

"Are you always as polite as that, Coker, when you're asking a favour?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

### OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 13.—PERCY KIPPS,  
Of the Remove Form.

**W**'s the **WINDOWS**, so often done in  
By chaps in the Close who are playing to win.

**X** is for **XENOPHON**, writer of Greek,  
Whose volumes we utilise three times a week.

"Open this door!" raved Coker. "It's a trick! Rescue, Fifth!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The Fifth are playing footer!" chuckled Rake through the keyhole. "Everybody's gone out, Coker, old son! They've chucked the matinee!"

"You young villain!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker roared and raved and banged on the door. The row he made could be heard over nearly all Greyfriars. Outside, the Remove fellows yelled themselves hoarse. But Vernon-Smith gave the tip from the end of the passage.

"Cave! Prouty's coming!"

"Buzz off!" gasped Harry Wharton.

The whole crowd bolted, Rake shoving the key into the door before he went. When Mr. Prout arrived on the scene he didn't find a soul in the passage. He was frowning at the terrific hullabaloo Coker was kicking up inside the lecture-room. He unlocked the door and threw it open, and Coker, as Julius Cæsar, pounced out, blind with rage.

"You rotten, cheeky beast!" he roared, before he saw it was Prouty.

"What!"

"Oh, I—I didn't see you, sir!" stuttered Coker.

"I trust, Coker, that your remark was not addressed to me?" said Mr. Prout, in a voice like a 4.7 gun.

"Nunno!" gasped Coker. "I—I thought——"

"Kindly make less noise, Coker! If this ridiculous disturbance is repeated, I shall punish you severely!"

And Mr. Prout swept away, very waxy.

"What—what the thunder——" gasped Coker.

"Blow Prout! But where's the audience?"

"Look!" shrieked Potter, pointing to the notice on the door.

Coker looked; Coker gasped; Coker stuttered.

"That's why there isn't any audience," said Greene. "Oh, my hat! It's a Remove trick, and the fellows have all gone out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the end of the passage. "What price matinees now, Coker?"

Coker didn't answer. He rushed out, and caught his feet in his toga and rolled over in the passage, with a terrific bump. Before he could get upright again the Removites had all clear off, yelling.

Coker's matinee didn't come off.

Julius Cæsar & Co. didn't feel inclined to play to empty benches, and there was no gathering up the audience again. The Fifth-Form Stage Club had to chuck it, and Coker's feelings on the subject could only be guessed at; they couldn't be described. But the Shakespearian drama had a chance that evening, when the Remove Dramatic Society gave "Julius Cæsar" in great style.

THE END.

## Tuck Hampers Awarded

**RESULT OF OUR EIGHTH GREAT  
: PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST :**

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

A wicked wolf had eaten Red Riding Hood's grandmother, and got into her bed, so that when the little girl arrived she cried out, "What great ears you've got!" "All the better to hear with," answered the wolf. "And what a great mouth you have!" "All the better to eat you with"; whereupon the wolf jumped out of bed, but a woodman shot the wolf, and saved Red Riding Hood.

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

ALBERT JAMES LANE,  
Tamworth Road, Shirley,  
Birmingham.

We have considerably extended our prize list this week, and the following seventeen competitors have been awarded Tuck Hampers:

Miss D. Jay, 94, Kendall Road, Colchester, Essex.

A. Price, 608, The Hawthornes, Quinton, Birmingham.

W. Wedgbury, junior, 56, Market Road, Nantyglo, Mon.

F. J. Crittenden, 14, Vansittart Street, New Cross, S.E.

S. Rothwell, 93, Grane Road, Haslingden, Lancs.

J. H. Mason, 19, Castle Street, Tyldesley, near Manchester.

W. J. Hiskett, 19 Christchurch Street, West Frome, Somerset.

P. Phillips, 99, Durham Road, Newport, Mon. Lottie Stapleton, 10, Ashover Terrace, Manning Street, Nottingham.

H. A. Ford, 45, Brockleshurst Street, New Cross, S.E.

L. Jackson, 21, Freckleton Street, Blackpool.

W. Harvey, 101, Needham Road, Edge Lane, Liverpool.

L. Wallis, 14, Edgerton Road, Bishopston, Bristol.

L. Coltham, 202, Falkner Street, Liverpool.

W. Thow, 50, Innes Street, Inverness.

A. Brasted, 12, Shaftesbury Road, Brighton, Sussex.

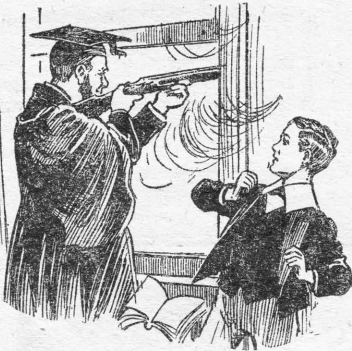
F. Keating, 17, Boswell Street, Bootle, Liverpool.

Readers should note that many more Tuck Hampers are again offered this week. The Competition Picture is on the cover, and the coupon, with particulars, will be found on page 20 of this issue.

Y's for the YEW-TREES behind the school chapel,  
Where rivals have met in a hand-to-hand grapple.

# AN ASSAULT-AT-ARMS!

An Interview with Paul Prout, M.A.,  
Master of the Fifth Form. By the  
"Greyfriars Herald" Special Repre-  
sentative.



**I** WAS feeling just about fed-up with interviewing people, when the Editor sent for me.

"Now, look here, old chap!" he said. "You might just run round and interview old Prout."

"I might!" I growled. "On the other hand, I might not. If you'll let me off doing two pages this week and make it one instead, giving me full pay as usual, I'll see what I can do for you."

"You—you blackmailer!" stuttered the Editor. "I suppose I must humour you. But next week I shall want two full pages."

"Blow next week!" I said. "Sufficient unto the day is the evil thereof!"

So I trotted round to Prout's study, with my eternal notebook clutched in my fist.

Rapping briefly on the door, I entered. A singular sight met my gaze. Old Prout, with his coat off and his shirtsleeves rolled up, was busily engaged in cleaning his celebrated gun—a Winchester repeater, which repeated a jolly sight too often for our comfort.

"Come in, my boy!" said Prout genially. "What do you wish to see me about?"

"I am the special representative, sir, of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

"Ah, a splendid paper, ideal for the youth of our great nation, except when it holds up masters to ridicule! There is one other fault, too, which I feel compelled to bring to your notice."

"And that is, sir?"

"Why, the deplorable absence of an article on shooting! Vernon-Smith's 'Shots at Goal' column might well be dispensed with. In the language of you boys, it is—ahem!—so much jimmy-rot! At least ten pages out of the twenty should be devoted to shooting—a most excellent pastime for old and young, and most essential

now that the nation is writhing in the throes of a deadly war."

"I quite agree with you, sir," I said. "But, then, I don't happen to be the Editor, so I'm not responsible. I am aware that I have the honour of addressing a celebrated rifle-shot who made history in the Rocky Mountains."

Prout beamed. He simply revels in flattery when it's laid on in large chunks.

"At present," he said, "I am engaged in getting my rifle into trim."

"With what object, sir?"

"Aha!" Prout rubbed his hands briskly. "It is the burning ambition of my life," he confided, "to wing a Zeppelin! At any night now the fiends incarnate of the sky might soar over here to slay. And when that momentous and thrilling time arrives"—Prout drew himself up to his full height—"I shall be quite ready!"

"But surely a Zeppelin would be a bit beyond your range, sir?" I hazarded.

"Not at all."

Prout lit a cigar, and seized his weapon, with an almost fiendish expression on his florid face. Then he strode to the window.

"See!" he exclaimed. "A bird is perched upon the school gates! It is only a sparrow, thereupon I feel no compunction in speeding it to its doom! Watch me!"

Prout levelled the rifle, pressed his flabby cheek against the butt, and took aim. There was a deafening report, followed by a terrific smashing of glass.

"B-b-bless my soul!" stammered Prout. "I must have missed my objective!"

He had. The bullet, instead of despatching the sparrow to the happy hunting-grounds, had crashed right into Gosling's window, smashing it to smithereens.

There was a mighty uproar out in the Close, and Gossy, who was luckily in one piece, came rushing out of his lodge with a poker.

"The Germans!" he raved. "Where's the desprit willains? Lemme gerrat 'em!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Prout hastened out to apologise, and I had a thrilling view from the window of the master and porter locked in a deadly embrace. The fun was too good to be missed, so I scuttled down into the Close with all speed.

"Unhand me, scoundrel!" Prout was shouting, livid with rage. "How dare you assault me in this unprecedented manner!"

"Ow dare I, hindeed!" snorted Gossy, glaring down at the smoking gun. "Which you might

'ave blowed me hout of 'ouse and 'ome! I never 'eard of sich a thing!"

"It was an accident, man!" panted Prout. "Release me at once, you—you ruffian, or I will lay a report before Dr. Locke!"

But Gosling was fully convinced that Prout had either taken leave of his senses, or that he was a German spy. The couple broke away, and then Gossy started pounding into Prout for all he was worth. We looked on, weeping with laughter.

"Go it, ye cripples!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Oh, my hat!"

Master and porter were going at each other hammer and tongs, and the dust was flying in all directions.

What the outcome of it all would have been

goodness only knows, had not Quelchy come running on the scene, with Wingate and Courtney at his heels. The two seniors laid violent hold on Gossy, and sought to pacify him, while Quelch linked his arm in Prout's, and marched him away into the building. The master of the Fifth had sustained numerous casualties, for his nose was swollen and one of his eyes looked like turning an art shade in grey.

Then, with many hearty chuckles, I sped off to the editorial sanctum to acquaint the readers of the HERALD with Prout's assault-at-arms.

*(Next Monday's interview will be entitled "Up Against It!" and is guaranteed to make you roar. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD early.)*



## 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 "13th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Squar, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, February 15th, 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. 13,  
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.*

Signed.....

WRITE  
GAREFULLY

Address.....