



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

COKER'S ENGAGEMENT!
By FRANK RICHARDS.

EDITORIAL.



FRANK NUGENT,
Art Editor.



H. VERNON-SMITH,
Sports Editor.



HARRY WHARTON,
Editor.



ROBERT CHERRY,
Fighting Editor.



MARK LINLEY,
Sub-Editor.

OUR STAFF.

CONCERNING CONTRIBUTIONS.

Ever since the GREYFRIARS HERALD came on the market I have been bombarded with stories and articles from aspiring authors, and some of them have been highly indignant on receiving polite letters back saying that their contributions were not of the requisite high standard for publication.

I am quite willing to publish short stories, etc., from readers—and to pay well for them, too—but the following points must be borne in mind:

1. Write on one side of the paper only.
2. Keep your contribution brief.
3. Enclose a stamped addressed envelope for return of manuscript if unsuitable.

If my chums will only bear these points in mind it will save considerable time, trouble, and annoyance.

BRIEF REPLIES TO HERALDITES.

J. Scott (Carlisle).—Much water must flow under the bridges before "Tom Merry's Weekly" can appear if the present order of things continues. The circulation of the HERALD has "slumped" again this week.

Llewellyn Davies.—Bob Cherry's the champion boxer in the Remove, and not your humble servant.

Sidney B. (Leyton).—Best of luck to you!

Bob Wright (Manchester) writes: "Long life

and good luck to the GREYFRIARS HERALD." And so say all of us!

Miss M. Goldhill (Stoke Newington).—"If at first you don't succeed," etc.

F. R. O'Donoghue (Liverpool).—You are a good weight for your age.

T. H. (Carlisle).—Story not quite up to the requisite standard. See my comments above.

J. Marriott (Liverpool).—If it came to pass that we had to play Dicky Nugent & Co. at footer, the Remove team would be something like this: Goal, Bunter; backs, Snoop and Stott; half-backs, Skinner, Trevor, and Bolsover; forwards, Fish, Wun Lung, Lord Maul-e-verer, Alonzo Todd, and Hazeldene.

"Kitty" (Sheffield) says she prefers to read "a rousing school serial like 'The Pride of the Ring' than all the love tales that ever were." Another feather in Marky's cap!

J. P. (Ipswich).—I hope you and your chums are satisfied now that the Tuck Hamper results appear regularly week by week.

W. Bridges (Finsbury Park) and others.—The publication of "Tom Merry's Weekly" is still in abeyance; but as soon as the circulation of this journal is considered eminently satisfactory the rival paper will appear on the market.

Jimmy R. (Repton).—There are some stirring instalments of "The Pride of the Ring" in store, Jimmy. Glad you are so enraptured with Marky's serial.

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES

THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

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

:: By ::
MARK LINLEY.

"I—I'm done!" moaned Barker.
"It's no good, Welsh! You can't save me! Better go back!" But the plucky rescuer, reaching forward, gripped Barker by the right wrist and the hair of his head. (See picture.)



WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and "DOLLY" GRAY, two light-hearted British boys with a love of boxing, are pupils at Earlingham School, where they have a couple of staunch friends in Mr. Fenn, the master of the Fourth, and Bob Sullivan, the drill-instructor.

James Hobbs, the captain of Earlingham, is expelled from the school for breaking bounds; and the Sixth Form, headed by Verney, rise in revolt, and march in defiant array through the village. The efforts of the Head and Mr. Snope to quell the rebels prove futile, and they refuse to re-enter the school gates until Hobbs has been brought back and reinstated in his position.

(Now Read On.)

Taming a Bully.

NEVER had Earlingham known such stirring times. Not since the Great Rebellion of 1856 had the old school been in such a ferment. The fellows were as sheep without a shepherd. Hobbs had been expelled, and all the prefects were quartered in the old tower on the extremity of Highdown Heath, rebelling against what they regarded as a rank injustice.

For a whole day, the fellows in other Forms had done pretty much as they liked. Whilst the Head and Mr. Snope were making frantic appeals and threats to the rebels, Neddy Welsh

and his friends in the Fourth had been indulging freely in football.

"I s'pose this state of affairs is going on indefinitely," grinned Neddy. "Hope so, anyway. It's a ripping holiday!"

Dolly Gray laughed.

"The Sixth have properly dug themselves in," he said. "Some of 'em are simply rolling in filthy lucre, and they've laid in sufficient grub to feed an Army Corps. Not only that, but they're holding the fort jolly well. I heard that several of the masters, and Hanks the porter, went there this afternoon to try and force 'em to cave in."

"And what happened?"

"They were beaten off," said Dolly. "Verney and the rest put up a great scrap, and Cuttle & Co. came back empty-handed. Serve 'em jolly well right! I'm in full sympathy with the Sixth."

"Same here," said Neddy Welsh. "The Head'll have to give in sooner or later, I'm thinking."

"Bed-time, boys!" said Mr. Fenn briskly, looking into the study.

"Any news of the rebels, sir?" asked Neddy.

Mr. Fenn smiled.

"The position is unchanged," he said. "I have little doubt that the affair will blow over in a few days. It is a storm in a teacup. Either the malcontents will be unable to hold out any longer, or the headmaster will decide to reinstate Hobbs."

**A's for the ASS, so amazing and odd,
Who goes by the name of Alonzo Todd.**

**B's for the BULL, which is Johnny, of course:
A fellow of wonderful vigour and force!**

"Let's hope it's the latter, sir," said Dolly Gray.

"I hope so, too, for Hobbs' sake," said Mr. Fenn. "He is not a bad fellow at heart, and, given another chance, I don't think he would be so rash as to break bounds again. Good-night, my boys!"

"Good-night, sir!"

On entering the Fourth-Form dormitory, a strange scene met the chums' gaze. Hobbs minor, the brother of the expelled captain, was being forcibly held over a bed, and mercilessly lammed with a slipper by Barker, the bully of the Fourth.

"Drop that, you cowardly ead!"

Barker ceased his castigation with a start at Neddy's ringing tones. Then he scowled.

"Mind your own bizney!" he muttered.

Neddy Welsh strode forward, his wrath rising.

"I can't stand bullying at any price!" he exclaimed. "And I've told you so before, Barker! Leave that kid alone, or it'll be the worse for you!"

"He called me an outsider!" snarled Barker.

"And so he is!" said Hobbs minor, wriggling into a sitting posture. "He says he's glad my brother's sacked, the beast!"

"He said that, did he? Then he's a bigger cur than I thought! Cheer up, Hobby!"

For there was a suspicious moisture in the boy's eyes. He was deeply devoted to his elder brother, who had acted as his guide, philosopher, and friend ever since he had been at Earlingham. Hobbs minor was a small, light-haired youth, as unlike his big, blustering brother as possible. And now that the ex-captain had been ruthlessly banished from the school, Barker had sought an early opportunity of bullying the younger boy.

"Put up your hands, you rotter!" said Neddy Welsh, in measured tones.

Barker backed away in alarm. He dared not stand up against any of Neddy's terrific left-handers.

"So you won't fight—what? Then we'll toss you in a blanket, instead. Rally round, you fellows!"

A dozen Fourth-Formers responded. Neddy was getting quite a large and loyal following among the fellows who, only a short month since, had scorned and despised him. Verily, Fate has a remarkable habit of playing strange tricks!

The bulgy Barker, struggling furiously, was deposited in an outspread blanket, and whirled up to the ceiling. He found the experience decidedly painful.

"Yooop!" he roared. "Lemme down, you beasts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Barker didn't go down. He went up—like a stone from a catapult. On one occasion his bullet head almost hit the ceiling.

Then suddenly, as Barker was soaring upwards for the sixth time, a startled voice exclaimed:

"Cave!"

With one accord the avengers let go of the blanket, and Barker came hurtling down. He alighted on the hard floor with a thud that shook the dormitory.

"Ow-ow-ow-ow-ow-ow!" he groaned. "Every bone in my body's broken! Groo!"

Mr. Snope, the master of the Third, came rustling into the room.

"What is all this?" he said, in a grinding voice. "Barker, how dare you take up your quarters on the floor, sir?"

"I ain't doing it from choice!" hooted Barker.

"Silence! Take up that blanket at once, and get into bed! You will write me a hundred lines for impertinence! And if I hear any further sounds of horseplay in this unruly dormitory, which Mr. Fenn does not seem to be able to manage, I shall visit your offences with the cane! Understand that, all of you!"

And the objectionable Mr. Snope quitted the dormitory, leaving the wretched Barker nursing his bruises and vowing dire threats of vengeance.

Neddy the Hero!

GR^{EAT} excitement prevailed at rising-bell next morning, for it was seen that a sharp frost had set in overnight. The roofs were mantled with white, and there was little doubt that Sweetwater Ponds, in the vicinity of the school, were frozen over.

"Ripping for skating!" said Phipps.

The same idea had occurred to a good many fellows. The Fourth-Formers were gradually relinquishing their bad old ways, and settling down to healthy sport; and the prospect of an hour or so's skating seemed most entrancing.

"We can take the law into our own hands," said Dolly Gray. "There were no lessons yesterday, and I don't suppose there will be until this rebellion bizney is over and done with. Let's hop along to the ponds right away!"

"Good egg!"

When the juniors clattered down into the quad they found fellows of other Forms with skates tucked under their arms, evidently all possessed with the same object.

"Cuttle's not up yet," said Lomax. "How gorgeous! We can put in an hour before brekker!"

Hanks, the porter, glared at the juniors as they passed out of gates.

"Which you're hactin' agen horders!" he growled.

"Rats!"

"Which I considers it my bounden dooty to hinform the 'Ead of these goings-hon!" growled Hanks. "Young rips! Everybody seems to 'ave run wild, these days."

"Go hon!" grinned Neddy Welsh. "Keep your hair on, Hanky darling!"

And the would-be skaters proceeded on their way, leaving the crusty old porter scowling.

Very crisp and clear and inviting the pond looked that February morning, frozen as it was

C's for the CAMEL, a clumsy old Joker;
That's one in the eye for our friend Horace Coker!

D's for the DONKEY, who constantly brays;
We all know young Tubb and his asinine ways!

with a goodly thickness of ice. The fellows were soon enjoying themselves to their hearts' content.

Barker was the only really bad skater among them. He floundered about on the ice like a bull in a china-shop, and his antics caused the rest of the juniors to roar with unrestrained laughter.

Presently, Dolly Gray gave a whoop of delight.

"What the merry dickens——" began Neddy Welsh.

"It's Molly!" said Gray excitedly. "She's come down to skate!"

"Oh, good!"

Neddy's eyes lit up as the slim, graceful figure of Miss Molly Fenn came into view.

"Good-morning!" said the girl cheerfully. "I thought I should have the ponds all to myself this morning, but I'm wrong, it seems. Did dad give you permission to come, or the Head?"

"Neither!" laughed Neddy. "We took French leave!"

"Oh, you wicked boys! I'm shocked at you!"

Molly did not seem very much shocked, however. Her dark eyes were twinkling mischievously, and she entered into the spirit of the thing with great zest.

To and fro, with merry laughter that woke the morning to music, the skaters whirled and swirled, their faces flushed and radiant. Then the tragedy happened!

Barker, who had been blundering about for some time, having many minor falls, suddenly came a most terrific cropper.

The ice gave, and a long, blue line darted across its surface.

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Barker, going ghastly white. "I'm done! G-g-good heavens!"

The ice, though fairly stout, had not been able to withstand the heavy weight brought to bear upon it.

Crack!

It gave way in an instant, and the hapless bully of the Fourth, unable to save himself, was precipitated into the icy water!

The shadow of tragedy seemed to hang over the ponds; and all the fellows stood still, speechless with consternation.

Neddy Welsh was the first to take in the situation clearly and concisely. Without stopping to weigh the consequences, he sped towards the scene of the catastrophe.

"Come back—come back, you mad idiot!" called Dolly Gray, in agonised tones.

And Molly Fenn, her pretty face now pallid, echoed the cry.

But Neddy Welsh, if he heard, did not heed. A schoolfellow was in danger—in peril of his life! The fact that Barker was his bitterest enemy did not weigh with him in that awful moment.

"Hold on!" he shouted. "Hold on, and I'll help you!"

The bully of the Fourth was gripping the edge of the ice with fierce frenzy. His eyes were rolling wildly, and his teeth rattled with the cold.

Throwing himself face downward on the ice, Neddy wriggled his way forward. Had he remained standing, his entire weight would have been concentrated in one place; but by lying down his weight was distributed over a larger area.

"I—I'm done!" moaned Barker. "It's no good, Welsh! You can't save me! Better go back!"

"Rot!" was Neddy's breathless retort. "Hang on a jiffy, and you'll be as safe as houses!"

The plucky rescuer, reaching forward, gripped Barker by the right wrist and the hair of his head.

Then followed a desperate struggle against death. The ice beneath Neddy Welsh cracked ominously, but it still held; and the captain of the Fourth heaved with all his strength. Dolly Gray came up from the rear, and took a tight grip on his chum's ankles.

It was almost by a miracle that the ice remained firm; but it did. After a terrible tussle Neddy Welsh successfully landed the drenched Barker, who had sufficient presence of mind to crawl into safety.

Cheer upon cheer rang out from the tensely-excited throng of spectators as Neddy Welsh made his way from the danger-zone. His popularity in the Fourth was now assured. He was not merely a clever boxer and a courageous captain. He was a real hero, of the type which only Britain can produce.

"You'd better buck up and sprint back to the school, Barker," said Neddy, while Lomax and Lee took off the bully's skates. "I expect you'll get a nasty chill, but it might have been worse."

With something like a sob, Barker extended a limp and dripping hand.

"You're a white man, Welsh!" was all he could say; but his look of gratitude spoke volumes.

Barker's friends hustled him off to the school with all speed; and Molly Fenn, the pallor gone from her cheeks, came up to Neddy Welsh and held out her little, white hand impulsively.

"Barker is not the only one who deems it an honour to shake hands with you," she murmured, in quiet tones. "I think you are a real brick, and a dear, brave boy!"

"Hear, hear!" roared Dolly Gray, at the top of his lungs. "Three cheers for Neddy Welsh! Hip, hip, hip——"

"Hurrah!"

And gallant Neddy, who had so fearlessly faced death to save a foe, found himself acclaimed in triumph as the hero of the hour!

(Another magnificent instalment of this grand serial story will appear next Monday. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD in advance.)

E is for the Elephant, heavy of step;
Bob Cherry's the chap I'm alluding to. Yep!

F is for FISH, an unscrupulous Yankee;
We're feeling fed up with his old hanky-panky.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

BUNTER ON THE MAKE!

"To the Edditer of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—It has come to my notiss that several Brittish prisoners of war in Jermamy are starving, and, as a trew patriot, I am determined to help them in there sorry plyt.

"Will everybody who has got any grub to spare please bring it to me at No. 7 Studdy? Jam-tarts and doenuts are espeshully welcome. I will then forward an abundance of good things to the afoursaid prisoners.—Yore old pal,

"WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

[I am afraid, Bunty, old man, that our prisoners of war wouldn't even get a smell of any grub that happened to come your way. Try and think out another and better dodge!—ED.]

ANOTHER TUCK-HAMPER TRIBUTE!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Editor,—The Tuck Hamper was ripping—there is no other word to describe it. A more carefully selected assortment of tuck could not be found, and it was thoroughly wholesome. No wonder Peter Todd locked William George out of his study while he ate the tempting delicacies! Very many thanks, dear Editor, for such a rattling 'tuck-in'!

"My younger brother declares that he is determined to bag both the cash prize and a hamper, and has even succeeded in solving the first two words of the competition. By so doing, however, his brain was so taxed that he stopped for the time being to collect his thoughts and take a little 'snack' from his share of my hamper. He has not yet started upon the third word of the puzzle, but is making up for it by eating biscuits at top speed.

"With renewed thanks for the stunning hamper,—Your sincere and loyal reader,

"PRIZE-WINNER."

A STUNNING OFFER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Wharton,—By great good fortune I have been able to capture a German helmet on the battlefield. I shall be pleased to award this valuable trophy of the war to the junior who is the first to score fifty goals this season, Wednesday matches included.

"We are going strong in Flanders, and from what I hear of the food-riots in Germany the

G's the GIRAFFE, with a long, skinny neck;
What price Peter Todd, the unspeakable wreck?

disciples of 'Kultur' are feeling decidedly fed-up.

"With kind regards to all of you at the old school.—Yours very sincerely,

"LAWRENCE LASCELLES (Lieutenant)."

[We thank our schoolmaster-friend most cordially for his sporting offer. Methinks there will be some marvellous goal-getting on Little Side before we are many days older. Play up, the forwards, and may the best man win!—ED.]

POOR OLD PROUT WILL FIND US OUT!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—I should like to call the attention of you and your friends to the fact that on Saturday evening next I propose to give a lecture in the junior common-room on 'Mice and their Methods.'

"The lecture will be delivered free of all charge whatsoever, and I shall expect the Remove to muster in full force.—Yours fraternally,

PAUL PROUT."

[I should like to call the attention of dear Mr. Prout to the fact that on Saturday evening next the Remove Amateur Dramatic Society proposes to give a performance of "The Rivals," and cannot, therefore, attend. The worthy Form-master probably thought we should be interested in mice; but "the best-laid schemes o' mice and men gang aft agley," as the poet says!—ED.]

A RATHER RISKY PROCEEDING!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Harry,—I must confess that I have pretty nearly exhausted all my subjects for the Weekly Cartoon, so far as the fellows are concerned, at any rate. Shall I go ahead with the giddy masters? Why not have old Quelchy thumping at his typewriter, or Prout making erratic swipes with a golf-club? Or I could do the Head in his pyjamas! What thinkest thou?—Yours ever,

JOHNNY BULL."

[Won't do, Johnny, old man! You will have to moderate your transports, I'm afraid. Our grave and reverend seigneurs wouldn't care to be caricatured, methinks! They are funny enough already.—ED.]

H is the HORSE, who, while standing, reposes;
It's Mauly, whose life is a garden of roses.

THE MUNITION MYSTERY!

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

|| WRITTEN BY ||
PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was poring over a letter when I came into our sitting-room at Shaker Street. His feet rested upon the mantelpiece, and his famous dressing-gown hung in graceful folds about his waist. That he was deep in thought I could see at a glance, for he was smoking three pipes instead of the usual two—a habit of his when he had to deal with some problem that required intense concentration of mind.

He laid down the letter, however, and glanced at me with a smile.

"You are late down this morning, my dear Jotson," he remarked.

"Sholmes!" I exclaimed.

"It is a fact, is it not?"

"I admit it, Sholmes, but—"

He laughed.

"Your amazement is amusing, Jotson. Yet have you not told me that you have studied my methods?"

"To the best of my poor ability, Sholmes," I replied, somewhat nettled. "But in this instance I confess that I do not follow your reasoning. I should be glad to know how you made that deduction."

"I have no objection to explaining, my dear fellow. To you, at least, I do not desire to make a mystery. That you are down late this morning I deduced from a casual examination of the clock."

"The clock!" I could not help exclaiming.

"The clock, Jotson. Look at it yourself, and tell me what conclusion you draw."

"I confess that it tells me nothing."

Herlock Sholmes yawned.

"My dear Jotson, it is perfectly simple. The hour hand indicates nine, the minute hand rests at three. Taken in conjunction, these two facts indicate—as it is not an American clock—that it is now a quarter past nine."

"True!"

"Your usual breakfast hour is half-past



As we left the munition works Mr. Mitcoe stopped us, and shook hands with my amazing friend, with a look of the deepest gratitude. "I shall never forget this, Mr. Sholmes, he said, brokenly.

eight; you are, therefore, three-quarters of an hour past your usual time. From such simple facts, Jotson, I deduced that you were later than usual this morning."

I regarded my amazing friend with speechless admiration.

"But to come to more serious matters," said Sholmes, "I have received this letter—a most peculiar case, Jotson. I should be glad of your opinion."

"You flatter me, Sholmes."

"Not at all, my dear fellow. 'Out of the mouths of babes and sucklings,' you know! A very interesting case, Jotson. You are aware that a large number of munition factories have been established in the country. Our far-seeing statesmen, having consulted the very best expert military opinion, have now decided that cannons are more formidable to the enemy when supplied with shells. Naturally, there was some hesitation at first, but this opinion is now pretty generally adopted, and the result is that munition factories have sprung up all over the country. Gentlemen of all trades and professions—even engineers, as I hear—have been appointed as inspectors of munition works. The work is going on famously, but there appears to be trouble at this particular place"—he referred to the letter—"at Slowcome."

"What has happened, Sholmes?" I asked, keenly interested.

"The details are curious enough. It appears

J's for a thing called the **ICHTHYOSAURUS**. Such a jaw-breaking mouthful is certain to bore us!

J's for the **JACKASS**, who ought to be hung; A pigtailed Chinese, who is known as **Wun Lung**.

that the factory at Slowcome is turning out big shells. But of late a considerable number of these shells have been found to be filled with water."

"Water, Sholmes?"

"Water!" he replied. "I know little of engineering, Jotson, I admit—scarcely more, perhaps, than a munition inspector—but it appears that a shell filled with water is useless for military purposes. The inspector in this especial factory is a very honest and reliable gentleman—a dairyman by profession. He passed the shells as satisfactory, unfortunately having had no training in the business. Now, my dear Jotson, what is your opinion?"

"German treachery!" I replied at once. "Undoubtedly the Germans have discovered that our artillery is, at last, to be supplied with ammunition, and they have taken their measures accordingly."

Sholmes smiled.

"Ah, Jotson, have I not warned you against obvious theories?" he said.

"True! But in this case——"

"You may be right, Jotson. *Nous verrong!*" said Sholmes, rising. "If you would care to come down to Slowcome with me to-day, we shall see. I must investigate on the spot."

Ten minutes later, the 7.63 from Euston was bearing us rapidly towards Slowcome.

CHAPTER TWO.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was very thoughtful during the journey.

I could hardly extract a word from him.

As a matter of fact, I felt decidedly taken with my own theory, and I fancied, for once, that even Sholmes, in his contempt for the most obvious solution of a problem, had overlooked the explanation which had occurred to me. The filling of the shells with water rendered them useless for military purposes, and to whom could such an act be attributed save a German spy?

We alighted at Slowcome, and walked to the gigantic factory. Sholmes was still very thoughtful.

"You are satisfied with your theory, Jotson?" he asked me, with a smile.

"Quite!" I replied, with conviction.

"But the inspector!" he said.

"Perhaps a German, or in the pay of the enemy," I replied. "How can he be trustworthy, Sholmes, when he has passed as satisfactory, shells filled with water?"

"My dear Jotson, the inspector concerned is a milkman well known in Slowcome, and of the highest character."

"You have formed a theory, Sholmes?"

He frowned.

"I do not deal in theories, Jotson. I have, I believe, deduced the correct conclusion from the known facts. But we shall see."

We entered the factory. We were greeted cordially by the manager, who bore the old

British name of Von Gollop. Machinery was at work on all sides turning out the shells that were to crush the Huns to the very dust—at some date at present unfixed. Sholmes looked round him with his usual inscrutable smile.

"I should be glad to see the inspector," he remarked.

"He is here," said Mr. von Gollop. "I will send for heem."

Sholmes shook hands with Mr. Milcoe, the munition inspector.* I noted that he regarded Mr. Milcoe very keenly, and nodded as if satisfied.

"Kindly wait for me in the office, Jotson," he said.

Somewhat puzzled, I entered the manager's office and waited. Sholmes' whole interest seemed to be centred in Mr. Milcoe, the inspector, though he had himself told me that the gentleman was of the highest character. Indeed, as I learned later, Mr. Milcoe had a very wide connection in Slowcome as a family dairyman, and served the best families with milk.

Mr. Milcoe was making his tour of inspection, and, to my amazement, Herlock Sholmes was shadowing him through the munition factory. Did he, after all, suspect Milcoe of treachery? I was puzzled and impatient. I settled down at last to read the newspaper, perusing with great satisfaction the three hundred and seventy-fifth epoch-making speech of the great and revered Mr. Hashquick.

I had scarcely read more than the first ten thousand words, however, when Sholmes entered, smiling.

"We have time to catch our train, Jotson," he said.

"Sholmes, you are not finished?"

"I am finished."

"You have discovered——"

"I have."

"And it was not a German spy?"

He laughed.

"Nothing of the kind, my dear Jotson. Come!"

As we left the munition works Mr. Milcoe stopped us, and shook hands with my amazing friend, with a look of the deepest gratitude.

"I shall never forget this, Mr. Sholmes," he said brokenly. "It was, as you so wonderfully deduced, merely absent-mindedness."

"Exactly!" said Sholmes.

"In future every care shall be exercised," said Mr. Milcoe, wringing my friend's hand. "Mr. Sholmes, you have perhaps saved the Empire—not to mention the Alhambra and the Coliseum. For if the war should last more than seventy-nine years, the result may easily depend upon the supply of shells from Slowcome. Bless you, Mr. Sholmes."

I could scarcely contain my impatience till we were seated in the London express. Sholmes was elated, as I could see by the way he tossed off a swig of cocaine from his flask.

"Sholmes," I exclaimed, "in the name of wonder——"

K's for the KAISER, a blustering brute.
When the Allies get going he'll soon have to scoot!

L's for the LION, courageous and true;
The Bounder's the fellow, between me and you.

"You are mystified, Jotson?"

"Unutterably! You have discovered who placed the water in the shells?"

"Assuredly."

"By whose hand, then, was the foul work done?"

"By Mr. Milcoe's."

"Sholmes! Then he is a traitor?"

"Nothing of the sort, my dear Jotson," smiled Sholmes. "He is a milkman."

"Sholmes!"

"In forming your theory, my dear Jotson, you left out of consideration the cardinal fact that the munition inspector was a milkman by profession. It did not escape me, however. I shadowed Mr. Milcoe in the factory. He is a dairyman of the highest character—but slightly absent-minded. Old habits are strong, Jotson. Mr. Milcoe was a slave to habit. Taken suddenly from his business as a milkman, placed in the position of a munition inspector, his habits could not change so suddenly as his occupation. He had been accustomed to filling his milk-pails with water. Milk-pails were no longer at hand. But the shells were there. From force of habit, he filled the shells with water. Knowing nothing of the nature or manufacture of shells, he was naturally unaware that such an operation rendered them useless. Now that I have put him on his guard, however, he is not likely to make this error again."

"Wonderful!" I exclaimed. "But why, my dear Sholmes, should a milkman be appointed inspector of a munition factory?"

"That is easily explained, my dear Jotson. It is probable that there were no butchers or bakers or candlestick-makers available!"

THE END.

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

Licked at last! St. Jim's was the team that lowered our colours—and most emphatically, too—on their ground last Saturday. We have had many a great and gruelling tussle with Tom Merry & Co., and this time they whacked us fairly and squarely—by 5 goals to 2.

Tom Merry netted goal No. 1 when the game was only five minutes old, and Talbot put on another a few minutes later. Dick Penfold got through for us, but just before the interval Arthur Augustus D'Arcy scored from a well-placed corner-kick, and we were behind to the tune of 3-1.

In the second half we went all out against our formidable opponents, but we might just as well have pitted ourselves against a brick wall. Figgins, Kerr, and Wynn put up a dour defence, and kept us out with comparative ease. Then the ball travelled to the other end again, and Jack Blake put on a couple of goals. It was a forlorn hope, so far as we were concerned, for no team can hope for a successful rally when it's four goals to the bad.

However, we played pretty doggedly in the closing stages, and Harry Wharton scored the best goal of the game with a clinking shot. There our efforts begun and ended. The whistle went with the Saints ahead by 5-2, and we were thus soundly thrashed for the first time in several weeks.

MASTER HARRY WRIGHT,

78, Union Street,

Lower Broughton,

Manchester.

Magnificent Tuck Hampers have been awarded to the following, who each had one error in result:

James Williamson, Rock Bank, Albert Road, Renfrew, Scotland.

H. G. Warwick, 72, Barmouth Street, Bradford, Manchester.

Lennie Brownjohn, 12, Grosvenor Street, Camberwell, S.E.

G. J. Brownson, 1, Association Road, Sunderland.

Sidney Shave, Sunnyside, Highcliffe, Christchurch, Hants.

Lewis W. Newton, Erceldoon, Central Road, Sudbury, Middlesex.

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR NINTH GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST :

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

A miller's son, who had got into the king's favour by reason of his cat, was presented with a beautiful robe by the king. Some days afterwards the cat persuaded the giant occupant of a large castle to turn himself into a rat, whereupon the cat ate him. The cat then told the king it was his master's house, and later the miller's son married the princess.

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

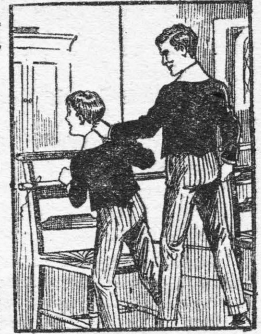
M's for the MONGREL, disliked such a lot;
He's in the Remove, and his name's William Stott!



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



SENSATIONAL SUICIDE CHARGE.

Dramatic disclosures came about in the remarkable case, where William George Bunter was charged before Mr. Justice Wharton with attempted suicide on the 32nd instant.

Magistrate: I cannot help thinking that the community would have benefited immensely had prisoner succeeded. (Cries of "What-ho!" "Hear, hear!" etc.)

For the prosecution, Detective Peter Todd said that Bunter sat down to a meal consisting of a cold rabbit-pie, fourteen inches in diameter, a sirloin of beef, and two dozen German sausages. The latter, at any rate, would most certainly have produced ptomaine poisoning had the prisoner been allowed to dispose of them.

Mr. Harold Skinner, K.C., defending, said that the charge against the prisoner was absurd, for he himself had eaten a quantity of German sausages, and was still alive to tell the tale."

Magistrate: More's the pity! (Laughter.)

Detective Todd: I appropriated the pie and beef, your worship, for the personal consumption of the jurymen. The German sausages have been disinfected and buried in the Head's garden.

Magistrate: Such wise action demands an adequate reward. Take tuppence out of the collecting-box for the Widows' and Orphans' Fund!

Prisoner was bound over to the dock, and received a dozen strokes with a knotted towel, amid terrific applause.

BILLY BUNTER'S YOUNG BROTHER.

Samuel Bunter, who has seldom missed a week in the dock, was charged before Mr. Justice Wharton with wilfully stealing a quantity of ham-sandwiches, valued at ten-and-sixpence on account of their antiquity, from the railway-buffet at Friardale Station.

Timothy Truckle, a porter on the South-Eastern and Smasem Railway, said that he saw accused roaming up and down the platform, casting hungry glances from time to time into the buffet.

Magistrate: Are you sure he wasn't making eyes at the fair damsel behind the bar?

Porter: Yus, yer washup. 'E was a-wantin' to get 'old o' them there 'am-sandwidges, as sure as fate!

Magistrate: But how could he perpetrate the theft in the presence of a girl?

Porter: Which 'e got rid of 'er by a trick, yer washup. 'E says, says 'e, "Look, miss, at that 'orrible smash down the line!" Of course, she dashes hout to see wot's goin' hon, an' then prisoner, 'e does a guy with the grub.

Magistrate (severely): I am surprised that you couldn't catch him.

Porter: When you've got the gout, yer washup, an' rhomeatics crool bad, you don't feel exactly like a champion o' the cinder-path!

Magistrate: No, I suppose not, Mr. Honey-suckle—er—Truckle.

His worship went on to describe the theft as being a particularly mean and despicable affair, and he fined prisoner a sum corresponding to the cost of the sandwiches. Bunter minor would then be soundly bumped, punched, and battered, after which—if he was still in existence—he would be deported to the woodshed. (Loud and prlonged cheers.)

GEORGE TUBB COMPELLED TO BLUB!

A shabbily-dressed, slovenly youth named George Tubb was charged with sticking a pin into a football, the property of the Remove Form Football Club, on the eve of their match with Highcliffe. The ball, which had just been blown up, was reduced to a limp bit of leather, and play was impossible. But for the promptness and ingenuity of Tom Brown in raiding another footer from Coker's study, there could have been no match at all.

Magistrate: Prisoner is a beastly little worm! Anybody got a pin?

Mr. Cherry, K.C.: I have, old sport!

The magistrate then sentenced prisoner to twenty jabs in the calf, and his worship proceeded to administer the punishment himself.

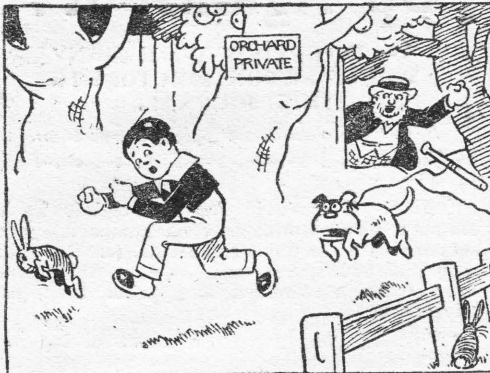
Prisoner: Yow-ow-ow-ow!

Magistrate: That's what you did to the poor old footer! (Laughter.)

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

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

Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) "You little rogue!" the farmer roared.
"You came last week to get a hoard!
How dare you come and pinch my fruit!"
And Squeak, poor fellow, had to scoot!



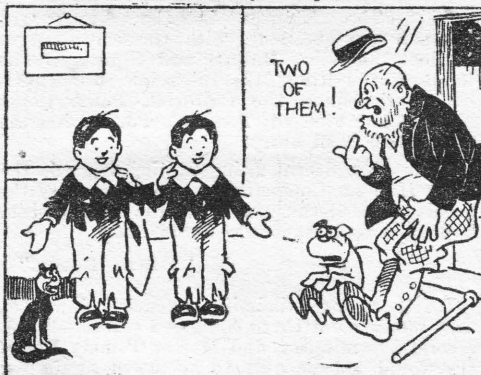
(2) Alas! The pointed teeth of Towser's
Came biting into Squeak's thin trousers.
"Yaroooh!" he howled. "Ow! Gerraway!"
And Farmer Giles exclaimed: "Hurray!"



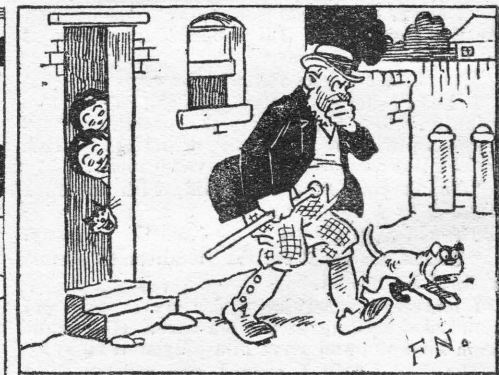
(3) Relief, however, came at last:
The snarling dog could not get past.
And Squeak went leaping through the air,
His breeches torn beyond repair.



(4) "Now, Bubble, shake a leg!" he cried.
"Old Giles is sprinting hard outside!
Let's cut your giddy trucks to bits,
And then he'll have a brace of fits!"



(5) The twins stood smiling side by side,
Their little hands extended wide;
And Farmer Giles turned fairly blue:
"Well, I'll be blowed!" he roared. "There's two!"



(6) The irate gent then strode away:
The twins had fairly won the day.
And both, with faces wreathed in smiles,
Exclaimed: "We think you've got left, Giles!"

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



"NO!" I said firmly. "That's final—straight from the shoulder! I wouldn't go to St. Jim's again to interview anybody, not for all the gold in the Indies! I caught a beastly chill through going to see that idiot Grundy, and fishing him out of the water; and Bunter let me down in an eating contest against Wynn, and I had to stomp up a whole term's pocket-money. This week I should like to interview somebody locally.

The Editor of the HERALD grinned a wicked grin.

"Right you are!" he said. "I'll hand over the reins of office to you for two hours, in which time you will have interviewed all sorts and conditions of people. How'll that suit you?"

I felt awfully bucked. You see, I rather fancy myself as an Editor, and have always thought I'd make as good a one as Wharton. It's no good my telling him this, though. He only gets his rag out.

"I'm on, like a shot!" I said. "You buzz off to the footer, and I'll conduct the editorial affairs in your absence."

The chief nodded, and withdrew.

I hadn't been in the editorial chair two minutes when old Blogg, the postman, staggered in with a huge bag of letters. This looked like business, with a vengeance!

"Thank you, Blogg!" I said, with as much dignity as I could muster.

The old chap glared at me from the doorway.

"Which it's usual for the Hedditor to gimme a tip!" he hinted.

I muttered something under my breath, and chucked a shilling at the old cove. He caught it on his nose, and serve him jolly well right!

The first letter I opened was written in a big, bold scrawl, and ran as follows:

"Dear Editor,—You are a rogue and a

Up Against It!

AN INTERVIEW WITH MANY
WOULD-BE CONTRIBUTORS TO
THIS JOURNAL.

By the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.

swindler! I went in for the eighth Tuck Hamper Competition, and on comparing my solution with the published result, I find that I only had twenty-five errors. Why, therefore, have I not received a hamper of tuck, as advertised?

"Wishing your paper the worst of luck,—
Your swindled reader,

"FRED FLOGGINS."

Before I could master my astonishment at such an insolent and uncalled-for epistle, the door opened and Gosling, the porter, groped his way in, weighed down by many manuscripts. He dumped them down, mopped his heated brow, and eyed me suggestively.

"Don't gape at me like a country yokel!" I snapped. "What in thunder d'you want?"

"Which Master Wharton 'ave bin in the 'abit of givin' me a tip!" snorted Gossy, standing on his dignity and the doormat the same time.

With something like a groan, I shoved a tanner into his horny palm. I had no tin of my own, but Johnny Bull, who's simply rolling in filthy lucre, had lent me a quid; and this sum looked as if it were fast evaporating.

Gosling grunted his way out into the passage, and I returned once more to the postbag. This time a letter from Mudville arrested my eye. It ran thus:

"Sir,—The features in the GREYFRIARS HERALD are excellent, with the exception of Herlock Sholmes, Bubble and Squeak, 'The Pride of the Ring,' the Interview, the Alphabetical Footlines, the Editorial, Police Court News, Shots at Goal, Penfold's Poems, and the Complete School Story.

"The only decent thing in the paper is the Tuck Hamper Competition, which occupies the minds of modern infants to the exclusion of hopscotch and marbles.—Yours truly,

"TOMMY ROTTE."

I felt an overwhelming, frenzied desire at that moment for three things—a cricket-stump, a solid five minutes, and Master Tommy Rotte. He would not be able to sit down again for some weeks, I warrant!

Then the door opened again, and Trotter, the page, ushered in Mr. Alonzo Todd, a long-

N's for the NANNYGOAT, gentle and frisky;
'Tis Valance, who's never been known to drink whisky!

haired, poetically-inclined freak with a meaningless smirk. He advanced into the room, and took possession of the solitary arm-chair. Trotter lingered in the doorway.

"What's up?" I fairly barked.

"Which it's usual, sir, fer me to receive a tip hevery time I shows a young gennelman in, sir."

Saying all sorts of horrible things, I got rid of another tanner. The state of affairs was becoming decidedly desperate.

The pageboy slung his hook, and then I turned to Mr. Todd.

"I have here," said that worthy benignantly, "fifteen yards of manuscript, containing a poem on the Cauliflower's Courtship. Allow me to read you a few spasms."

And the silly ass started off something like this:

"The turnip stood in a shady bower,
And a tear was in his eye,
As he gazed in the face of a cauliflower,
Which stood on the ground near by.
But Colly was coy, and gave her love
To a broad bean stalking up above."

"Enough!" I said hastily. "Another word, Mr. Todd, and I shall grovel at your knees in a fit! Have mercy!"

"You think the verses would be better for a little more fire?" asked Alonzo critically.

"That is exactly what they do need," I assured him. And, snatching the precious effusion from his hand, I at once consigned it to the flames.

"My dear Editor—" began Alonzo reproachfully.

"Don't 'dear Editor' me! Get out!"

The poetical freak didn't budge, so I sent him spinning into the passage, along which I dribbled him just like a footer.

No sooner had I resumed my post than Mr. Percy Bolsover was ushered in. Trotter didn't ask for a tip this time. Probably the expression on my face warned him that he had better keep off the grass.

"Hallo!" said Bolsover gruffly. "How's the HERALD going on—hey? Rotten, I suppose! Still, you can't expect otherwise, with such a collection of mealy-mouthed contributors as you've got! Take this article on prize-fighting, or I'll proceed to assault and battery! I'm fed-up!"

"I refuse to take any articles— I began.

"Then take that!"

And the bully's fist came crashing into my face, causing me to see whole solar systems.

"Will you take it now?" hissed Bolsover.

"Yow! Yes, I'll take any old thing, so long as you leave off!"

"Good! You're getting wise in your old age! Here you are. The thing's not more than five hundred thousand words in length. You can knock out that silly old 'Pride of the Ring,' and run this as a sort of serial—twig?"

And, leaving me stranded with his yards and yards of manuscript, the hulking lout withdrew.

During the next ten minutes I interviewed all sorts and conditions of people. Fisher T. Fish wanted me to accept an article on "How to get rich quick"; Skinner had indited some stuff entitled, "How Smoking Keeps you Fit," and he said he'd have my blood if it didn't go in; and Bunter brought in some hints which he'd cribbed out of Mother Beeton's Cookery Book.

Then young Nugent of the Third came along, grinning all over his chivvy.

"What cheer!" he said serenely. "I've brought you along another serial, on the same lines as 'Skorned by the Skool,' which made such a big hit."

"It won't be the only thing that can make a hit!" I said grimly. And, hitting out straight from the shoulder, I sent him spinning into the coal-scuttle.

"Yaroooooo!" he roared.

"What's the little game?"

"I'm fed-up with these blessed 'interruptions!' I growled. "Get out!"

And, terrified by the expression on my face, the fag darted to the door, shedding pages of manuscript as he went.

When at length the Editor put in an appearance, I grabbed up the poker, and made a furious onslaught upon him. I didn't stop to tell him the why and the wherefore, but simply let him have it—hot! He's spending the rest of the day in the sunny, so I've got one consolation out of the whole sorry bizney, after all!

And never, never more shall I attempt to edit a paper. Nuff's as good as a feast!

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

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 14.—DICK PENFOLD,
Of the Remove Form.

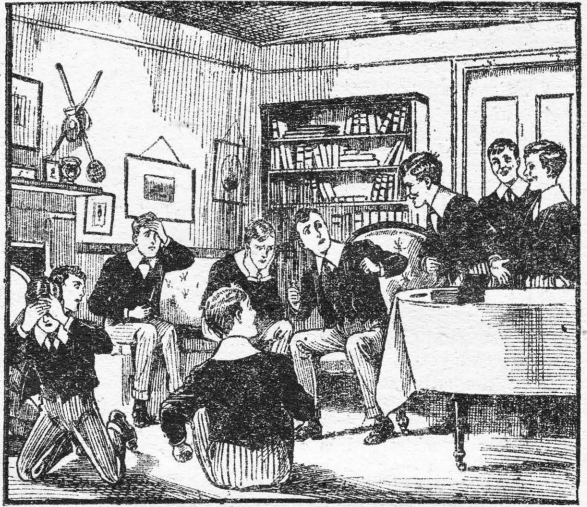
O's for the OSTRICH, unrivalled at eating.
Methinks Billy Bunter will ne'er get a beating!

P's for the PIG (please refer back to "O"),
For Bunter's a hog from the very word go!

SMOKES FOR SMYTHE!

A Complete Story of Rock-wood School, related by Jimmy Silver in No. 1 Study, and specially written for the "Greyfriars Herald"

By **HARRY WHARTON.**



"Ow-ow! I can't smoke another!" moaned Adolphus.
"Lemme off, and I'll never bring another cheroot into the school! Help! Oh, dear!"

CHAPTER ONE.

ADOLPHUS was going it. Smythe of the Shell—called by his nutty pals Adolphus—was a blade of the first water. He would confess himself that he was a sad dog; though some of the fellows preferred the description "miserable puppy." It depended on the point of view.

Smythe had always been doggish. He smoked cigarettes instead of turning up for footer, and he played little games of nap for bob points in his study. He knew all about the form of the gee-gees, and could always give you a sure snip for the Swindleton Handicap or the Mugg's Plate. What he didn't know about gee-gees wasn't worth knowing. What he didn't know about footer would have filled a whole library.

Smythe was going it strong now. Some of the fellows gasped when they saw his box of cheroots. Jimmy Silver snorted at it. It amused Smythe to show off that box of cheroots in the common-room—after making jolly sure that there weren't any masters or prefects near. He liked to get Jimmy Silver's back up. And he asked several fellows to drop in at his study and smoke some of his cheroots, which he said were very expensive, and the very best brand. And Townsend and Topham of the Fourth accepted his invitation, as well as Tracy and Howard and Selwyn of the Shell.

"The silly asses!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "Cigarettes are bad enough. But cheroots!"

"Smythe's going it," said Lovell. "Serve him right if a prefect should drop in while he's smoking."

"No danger of that," said Raby. "There's a First Eleven match on, and all the Sixth are out of doors. Smythe knows that."

Jimmy Silver frowned.

"He ought to be stopped," he said. "Tain't only that the silly ass is ruining his own health, and playing the giddy ox generally, but he's getting the other fellows to do the same. Towny and Topy are in our Form."

"And no credit to it, bedad!" said Flynn.

"Quite so; still, they're in the Fourth, and they oughtn't to be got into Smythe's study to share in his silly rot. If they haven't sense enough to look after themselves, it's up to us."

"Good egg!" said Oswald. "What about ragging them? Jolly good opportunity, while all the prefects are out of doors. Bootles is out, too."

"Leave it to your Uncle James!" said Jimmy Silver serenely. "We've ragged Smythe before, and it does him no good. Though you bray a fool in a mortar, yet will not his folly depart from him—he will go on braying. I've got a wheeze, my sons—a ripping wheeze—a top-hole, gilt-edged, check-action wheeze. Smythe has laid in a special supply of strong smokes to make a beast of himself this afternoon. Well—"

"Well!" said the Co.

"Well, we're going to see that Adolphus thoroughly enjoys those smokes!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're going to see that he has enough of them. We're going to encourage him."

"Eh?"

"You follow your Uncle James!"

Jimmy Silver started for the Shell passage, and his chums followed him wonderingly. That their Uncle James had a wheeze in his head they could see, though they couldn't guess what it was. Jimmy tapped at Smythe's door. The door was locked.

"Go away!" called out Smythe.

Q's for the **QUADRUPED**, crawling about,
Named Gosling, a victim of asthma and gout!

R's for the **RAT**, which is Sidney James Snopp.
Did ever you see such a crass nincompoop?

"I want to come in!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Get the coal-hammer, Lovell!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're going in. It seems that we shall have to break the lock."

Smythe did not wait for the lock to be broken. He knew that Jimmy Silver was a fellow of his word. He unlocked the door, scowling. Jimmy Silver marched in, with Lovell and Raby and Newcome and Elynn and Oswald after him.

The Giddy Goats were already going it—sitting round the study with cheroots alight, and trying to look as if they enjoyed it.

"Look here, what do you want, you cheeky fags?" demanded Smythe indignantly.

"Get out, do!" said Townsend. "We're enjoyin' ourselves!"

"Yes, you look it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Lock the door, Raby. We don't want to be interrupted. We've come here to see you smoke, Smythe."

Adolphus Smythe stared.

"Is that all you want?" he exclaimed.

"That's all!"

Smythe laughed.

"Well, if that's all you want, you can have it," he said. "Go ahead, dear boys! Let these Good Little Georges see how it's done."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Giddy Goats went on smoking. Lovell & Co. looked exasperated; they didn't like being called Good Little Georges. Smythe's idea was that every fellow who wasn't a black-guard was a Good Little Georgie. And the juniors did not understand what Jimmy Silver was at. There were six cheroots going, and the atmosphere was like a tap-room, and it made them feel ill. But Jimmy Silver never turned a hair. He just stood watching Smythe, and the other fellows stood watching him, and waiting.

The Giddy Goats were grinning at first, but they soon left off grinning, and they began to slacken down with the cheroots. After a bit, the only chap in the study who was smoking was Adolphus Smythe himself. He was tougher than the others, and he got to the end of his cheroot, and pitched the stump into the fire.

"Go on, Adolphus," said Jimmy Silver quietly.

Smythe shook his head.

"One's enough for me," he said.

"Not at all. Take another!"

"I don't choose to just now."

"It isn't what you choose; it's what I choose," explained Jimmy Silver. "You're going to smoke that whole box of cheroots."

"Wha-a-at!"

"And these blithering idiots can watch you do it, and see what a ripping thing smoking is for kids," said Jimmy Silver. "Now, then, begin."

"I won't!" roared Smythe.

"Collar him!"

Smythe made a rush for the door, Jimmy Silver caught him by the collar and spun him

back, and he dropped into his chair like a sack of coke. Lovell and Raby took him by the ears, and Newcome by the hair, and he was held tight in his seat.

The Co. understood Jimmy Silver's little game now, and they were all grinning.

"Will you begin that cheroot, Smythe?"

"No!" yelled Smythe. As a matter of fact, Adolphus was feeling a little uneasy inside already. "No, I won't!"

"Have you a pin, Lovell?"

Adolphus Smythe looked at Jimmy Silver as if he would bite him. But there was no help for it, and he lighted the cheroot. He smoked it very slowly, but he had to smoke it. Jimmy Silver watched him like a cat.

The other Giddy Goats looked on with sickly faces. They were only too glad that Jimmy Silver was not making them smoke, too. Ever the reek in the study was enough to make a fellow ill. Adolphus Smythe's face was very queer by the time he had finished his second cheroot.

"Now let me go, you beasts!" he howled.

"Take another, Smythe."

"Groooh! I won't!"

"Pooh! What are two cheroots to a gay dog like you?" said Jimmy Silver. "We've come here to see you enjoy yourself, and you're going to do it, by gum! Take another smoke! Got that pin handy, Lovell?"

"Keep that pin away!" shrieked Smythe. "I'll—I'll do it!"

"Go ahead, then!"

Adolphus went ahead. Not a word was spoken in the study as he smoked his third cheroot. Oswald opened the window to let some of the smoke out. Smythe's face was white as chalk now, and it was turning green.

"Jolly good smokes—what?" said Jimmy Silver.

"Ow! Yaas! Ow!" gasped Adolphus.

"Take another!"

"I won't!"

"Lovell, that pin——"

"Groooooogh!"

Lovell had to jab the pin into Adolphus twice before he would light up the fourth cheroot. His face was nearly yellow by this time, and his eyes were staring. He looked such a picture of misery that he might have touched the heart of a Hun. But he got through the fourth cheroot.

"Bravo!" said Jimmy Silver. "You're a goer, Adolphus! You're a blade! You're a dog of the dogs! Take another!"

"Ow-wow! I can't!" moaned Adolphus.

"Oh, dear! Lemme off, and I'll never bring another cheroot into the school! Help! Oh, dear!"

"Another'll turn him inside out!" said Lovell.

Jimmy Silver seemed to consider.

"Well, you can put the box into the fire, Adolphus, or smoke them, whichever you like," he said at last.

S is the SKUNK, and the toughened old sinner;
The school never bred such a rotter as Skinner!

T's for the TIGER, in fighting excelling,
When Bob's on the track many noses are swelling!

Adolphus rose with a groan, and picked up the box, and tottered to the fire. It didn't matter to him at that moment that the smokes had cost him a tanner each, and that there were over a dozen left in the box. He would have given a ferm's pocket-money rather than have smoked another of them.

The box went into the fire and crackled up. Then there was an awful gurgle from Adolphus. He fell on his knees on the rug, with his head over the fender—like a Channel passenger putting his head over the rail.

Gurgle-gurgle-gurgle!

"They have queer ideas of enjoyment in this study, don't they?" said Jimmy Silver. "Who'd think that Adolphus was enjoying himself at the present moment? It's cost him two bob for that enjoyment alone. Go it, Adolphus!"

"Grooh! Geroooh! Gurgle! Grooo!"

"Now, you other chaps," said Jimmy Silver, "if you'd like another smoke——"

"Ow! Don't be a beast!" groaned Townsend. "Let's get out! I feel sick! Grooh!"

Jimmy Silver opened the door, and the Giddy Goats fairly bolted. Jimmy Silver & Co. followed them, grinning. Adolphus Smythe remained alone in the study. He couldn't go. He was fixed there, kneeling over the fender, in a state like a volcano in eruption. His cheroots were burning up in the fire, but he was only thinking of his internal convulsions.

Adolphus wasn't seen again that day; and even the next morning he had a white and hollow look. The mere mention of the word "cheroot" made him shudder. For a long time after that there were no more smokes for Smythe.

THE END.

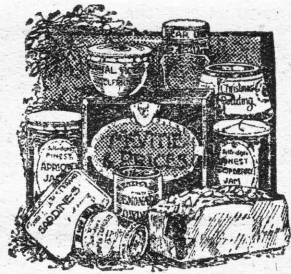


TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

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 "14th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, February 22nd, 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. 14,
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE
CAREFULLY

Address.....

U's for the UNICORN, skipping about
With rifle in hand, and his name is Paul P——t.

V's for the VIPER—our precious pal, Pon;
A villain who badly needs stamping upon.

BUNTER'S PRISONER!

A Screamingly Funny, Long,
Complete Story, told in Breezy

Style by

JOHNNY BULL.

CHAPTER ONE.

"OH, what a rotten sell!" Billy Bunter blinked after the postman, and groaned. There had been letters for some of the fellows, but none for Bunter. Bunter had been expecting a postal-order—he generally is. But the postal-order hadn't come, and Bunter looked as glum as a Hun getting his first bath in a detention camp.

"Hasn't it come?" said Bob Cherry, sympathetically. "Have all your titled relations given you the go-by at one fell swoop?"

"Oh, really, Cherry! I'm not thinking about myself," said Bunter. "It's that poor old prisoner I'm thinking of."

"Eh! What prisoner?" asked Wharton.

"My prisoner in Germany," said Bunter.

We all stared at Bunter. For Billy Bunter to bother himself about prisoners in Germany was really the limit. Some of the Greyfriars chaps, when they had spare cash, used to make up parcels of grub to send to the prisoners in Germany, but we never expected Bunter to take it on. So we were interested.

"So you've got a prisoner, have you?" said Nugent. "When did you start him?"

"Oh, really, Nugent, I've sent him lots of things. In fact, I send him a parcel regularly every fortnight, and it's due again to-day—a chap at Göttingen, you know, where they make em work in the quarries. I'm awfully disappointed about that postal-order not coming, because of that poor old prisoner. The Huns don't give 'em enough to eat, you know."

Wharton had had a remittance by that post, and his hand went into his pocket. But he hesitated.

"You're such a fat spoofer!" he said.

Bunter blinked at him indignantly.

"Oh, really, Wharton! I don't want a loan from you, either. In fact, I'd refuse to accept it, so there!"

"What's the prisoner's name?" asked Wharton.

"Jones."

"Regiment?"

"Wiltshire."

"Number?"

"33579."

"Well, he's got it pat," said Bob Cherry.



Billy Bunter was looking like a Hun now. Whenever he blinked round to see if we were still on his track, his very spectacles seemed to glitter with rage.

"After all, why shouldn't Bunter be doing a decent thing once in a way? How much do you want for the parcel, Bunter?"

"Five bob."

"Let's make a raise," said Bob.

So we made a raise—a bob each—and handed it to Bunter to get the parcel for his prisoner.

"Thanks awfully," said Bunter. "I wouldn't accept this—you know how particular I am in money matters—but I can't bear to think of that prisoner chap going short. I'll let you have this back out of my postal-order tomorrow!"

And Bunter toddled away to get the tuck for his prisoner. We went up to No. 1 Study to tea. We found Peter Todd there.

"Please I've come to tea," said Toddy. "We're stony in our study. I've lent my last half-crown to Bunter for his prisoner's parcel."

"Oh, you have, have you?" said Wharton.

"Yes. It costs him five bob, you know, and Dutton stood him the other half-crown. Rather decent of Bunter, isn't it?"

"The decentfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh. "The swindlefulness is also great!"

"The fat bouncer's just stuck us for five bob for his prisoner," said Bob Cherry. "I suppose he's not sending two parcels."

Peter Todd jumped up.

"The podgy spoofer!" he exclaimed. "I thought it was too jolly decent for Bunter, all the time. Why, I'll scalp him!"

Peter Todd rushed out of the study to look for Bunter, and we all followed him. We got to the tuck-shop, but Bunter wasn't there.

W's the WORM who makes all the chaps wild;
'Tis Walker, who shines in the ways that are wild.

X is the letter I constantly dread.
It haunts me by day, and distracts me in bed.

Mrs. Mimble said he had just been in to buy ten shillings worth of tuck.

"Now he's gone away to a quiet corner to scoff it!" hooted Peter.

He hunted high and low for Bunter, but we didn't see him till he came in to calling-over. Then he was looking very shiny and pleased with himself, and he had a smear of jam on his chivvy.

When we came out of hall, Peter Todd took him by the collar.

"Now, you fat bounder——" he began.

"Leggo, Toddy, you beast!"

"What have you done with those two five bobs?" demanded Toddy.

Bunter blinked at us through his big glasses with an injured expression.

"I've sent the parcels off to my prisoner," he said. "I—I wasn't able to send it last time, owing to being disappointed about a postal-order, so I sent both at once this time—see?"

"You haven't scoffed it yourself?" asked Peter suspiciously.

"Oh, really, Toddy! If you can't trust me, I shall decline to let you make me another loan for my prisoner."

Peter Todd grunted.

"Where did you get that smear of jam on your chivvy, then?"

Bunter rubbed the jam off.

"I—I thought the chap wouldn't mind me having one jam-tart out of the lot!" he said. "You see, it's an awful trouble wrapping up parcels, and I've had to go down to the post-office and——"

"So that's where you've been?"

"Where did you think I've been?" said Bunter indignantly. "Look here, Toddy, if you can't trust me, I decline to discuss the matter with you."

And Bunter rolled away, snorting.

The next day Bunter was talking a good deal about his prisoner, and Lord Mauleverer lent him five bob to send another parcel. The day after that, he asked Vernon-Smith for five bob, to send a parcel. The Bounder closed one eye at him.

"It won't hurt you, Smithy," urged Bunter. "You've got lots of tin. This chap has been half starved by the Huns. I take all the trouble, you know. You simply place the money in my hands——"

"And it stays there!" said Vernon-Smith.

"Oh, really, Smithy, if you can't trust me——"

"Not an inch!" said the Bounder.

"Well, I think you're an unpatriotic beast!" said Bunter. "Just think what would happen to Greyfriars if those chaps didn't keep the Germans out? Why, the Huns would burn down Greyfriars as soon as look at it. They're dead nuts on schools, and cathedrals, and things like that. Just think what would happen to you if those chaps in khaki were to let the Huns get in. If all the fellows in the Remove were as patriotic as I am, they'd raise a good round sum, and place it in my hands, to send whacking parcels to those prisoners."

Vernon-Smith seemed rather struck by this. He turned to us. We were in the common-room.

"What Bunter says is quite right," said the Bounder thoughtfully. "What do you fellows say? Suppose we raise a good sum, and let Bunter have the job of buying tuck for the prisoner? Bunter's a good hand at shopping for tuck."

"And a better hand at scoffing it!" said Toddy.

"I don't like that remark, Toddy," said the Bounder, shaking his head. "It implies a doubt of Bunter's personal honour."

"Never knew he had any!" grunted Peter.

"Oh, really, Toddy——"

"Well, I think it's a good idea," said Vernon-Smith. "Bunter's prisoner is genuine enough; I've seen his name in the list. I suggest that every fellow who's got any tin whacks out, and I'll take charge of the funds, and hand them over to Bunter for shopping purposes."

"Jolly good idea," said Bunter heartily. "You hear what Smithy says, you fellows."

We looked at Smithy. Smithy is generally cute, and rather given to being suspicious, and if he could trust Bunter, it looked as if it was all right.

"You really think it would be all serene, Smithy?" Wharton asked.

"I'm certain of it," said Vernon-Smith. "Bunter can be relied upon to carry out the arrangement to the last button. It's a half-holiday to-day, and plenty of time for wrapping up the parcel—a good, big, whacking parcel—that will make that chap open his eyes when he gets it. Now, then, shell out!"

CHAPTER TWO.

Vernon-Smith went round with a jug, to collect the cash. He started himself with five bob, which was very handsome, and after that lots of fellows shelled out. If Smithy, who was so keen, thought it good enough, it seemed all serene. Wharton put in two bob, and I stood a tanner, and Inky shelled half-a-crown. Tom Brown dropped in a bob, and Squiff three bob. Lord Mauleverer made it half-a-quad.

Billy Bunter watched Smithy going round, with his eyes wide open behind his big spectacles. He seemed in a sort of trance of delight.

Peter Todd poked him in the ribs.

"What are you looking so chippy about?" he demanded.

"Yow-ow! I—I'm thinking of what the prisoner will feel like when he gets that stunning parcel!" said Bunter. "Think of his feelings, Toddy!"

Toddy only grunted; he didn't trust Bunter. Vernon-Smith came back to the table with the jug, and turned out the cash, and counted it.

"How much?" said Bunter eagerly.

"One pound twelve-and-six," said Smithy.

"Oh, good! Hand it over!"

"One pound twelve-and-six worth of tuck

won't all go in one parcel," said Teddy. "There's a weight limit."

"Bunter don't mind the trouble of making up two or three parcels, or even four or five, do you, Bunter?"

"Not at all," said Bunter. "Hand it over!" "Here you are."

Smithy handed the cash to Bunter, and the Owl slipped it into his pocket, and started for the door.

"Well, my belief is that that prisoner won't see much of it," growled Toddy.

"What a distrustful chap you are!" said the Bounder. "Come on, and let's help Bunter do the shopping!"

Billy Bunter stopped quite suddenly.

"I don't want any help," he said. "I'm prepared to take all the trouble. In fact, I can do it much better on my own. Don't you fellows bother."

Vernon-Smith shook his head.

"That's generous of you, Bunter," he said. "But we all know what a generous chap you are. But we're not going to take advantage of your generosity. That wouldn't be playing the game. Come on, you chaps!"

"I say, you fellows, you keep off the grass!" said Bunter crossly. "I tell you I don't want any assistance in shopping for my prisoner!"

And he rolled off. Vernon-Smith walked after him at once, and we walked after Smithy. Some of the fellows were grinning now, as they began to tumble to the Bounder's little game. Bunter blinked back at us in the quad, and stopped.

"What do you fellows want?" he growled.

"We're going to help in the shopping."

"Look here——"

"Oh, get on, or we shall lose the post with the parcels!" said Vernon-Smith.

Bunter snorted, and rolled into Mrs. Mimble's shop. We all followed him in, and stood round while he gave his orders.

"No sardines," said the Bounder, as Bunter was ordering them. "You're not allowed to send tins to Germany. The Huns use them for munitions."

Billy Bunter was very fond of sardines.

"Look here, I'm going to send my prisoner sardines!" he roared.

"Can't be did! They'd be left out of the parcel, if you sent them," said the Bounder.

"Nothing in tins, Bunter."

The Owl looked at Smithy as if he would like to eat him. But he had to give in, and there was nothing bought in tins. But there was a ripping lot of tuck for that one pound twelve-and-six—jam in jars, and preserved fruits, and pickles, and biscuits, and cake, and marmalade, and all kinds of things that could be bought in glasses and bottles and jars. It was nice to think of the prisoner's feelings when he should get that whacking consignment. But Bunter didn't seem to be so pleased as before, somehow. In fact, he was looking quite grumpy.

Mrs. Mimble made out the bill, and it came to eightpence more than the fund, and the Bounder paid that out of his own pocket.

"You'd better borrow a basket to carry that

little lot away in, Bunter," said Vernon-Smith. "Sure you don't mind the trouble of wrapping them all up by yourself?"

Bunter brightened up again.

"Not a bit," he said; "in fact, I'd prefer it. You fellows can leave the wrapping-up entirely in my hands."

"You hear that," said the Bounder, looking round. "I hope, Toddy, that you've got a better opinion of Bunter by this time. Wrap 'em up here on the counter, Bunty, and you can use Mrs. Mimble's scales. Each parcel must not weigh more than eleven pounds, you know, or it will be refused at the post-office."

Bunter's face fell again.

"I—I'd rather wrap them up in my study," he said.

"But you haven't any scales there, and you mustn't exceed the weight-limit, or they don't be taken. Besides, Mrs. Mimble's got wrapping-paper here, and string. We'll see that they weigh all right, and, if you like, we'll help you carry them to the post-office."

"I don't like!" snapped Bunter.

"The parcels will weigh a lot, you know, all together."

"I don't care!"

"Well, if you'd prefer to carry them by yourself——"

"I'm doing this for the sake of the prisoner," said Bunter, with dignity. "Trouble to myself doesn't count. I insist upon carrying them to the post-office entirely on my own!"

"Just as you like," said the Bounder. "But we'll see them properly wrapped up."

Bunter grunted, but he couldn't very well object; so the parcels were weighed out on Mrs. Mimble's scales, and wrapped up. Mrs. Mimble found us some old cardboard-boxes and straw packing, and they were wrapped up nicely. Bunter was looking very morose all the time, but everybody else was grinning. As the Bounder was determined to see the parcels wrapped up under his eyes, Bunter soon struck work, and left us to do the wrapping.

But we didn't mind. The whole lot made five parcels, all well under the weight-limit. Bunter looked on, grunting. He seemed very impatient for us to finish, and kept on hurrying us up.

"It's all right, Bunter," said Bob Cherry reassuringly. "There's lots of time to get to the post-office."

"I'll take the lot down on my bike, if you like," said Squiff.

"You won't!" said Bunter. "I'm doing this. Trouble personally is of no account whatever to a patriotic chap like me."

"Bravo, Bunter!" said Vernon-Smith. "I'll address them for you, if you like."

"Oh, you can do that!" growled Bunter.

Vernon-Smith addressed all the parcels very carefully in two places, according to regulations. Then Mrs. Mimble lent us a basket, and the five parcels were all put in it. It made a tidy weight.

Billy Bunter picked up the basket and toddled out of the tuckshop with it. It was jolly heavy for himself, but nearly everybody knew by that

time that he hadn't any intention of carrying it as far as the post-office in Friardale. But it didn't go exactly as Bunter supposed it would.

"Come on!" said the Bounder. "Anybody feel up to a little walk down to the village?"

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

"The ratherfulness is terrific!"

We marched down to the gates after Bunter. He was fagging along and grunting with that heavy basket, and perspiring and panting. He didn't see us at first, and he stopped about a dozen yards from the gates, and turned off from the road to go through a gap in the hedge.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" called out Bob Cherry.

"Is that a short-cut to the post-office, Bunter?"

Bunter jumped, and blinked round at us.

"Oh, I—I say, you fellows, what—what are you following me for?" he stammered.

"We're taking a little walk down to the village," explained the Bounder. "We'll keep you company, and lend you a hand if you get tired."

Billy Bunter glared at Smithy like a Hun. He picked up the basket again, and tramped on towards Friardale. We tramped on after him, chucking. Everybody but Bunter thought it very funny, but Bunter didn't seem to. Whenever he blinked round to see if we were still on the track, his very spectacles seemed to glitter with rage.

We arrived in the village at last, and Bunter stopped outside the post-office. He was breathing very hard, and snorting like a grampus.

"I say, you fellows," he mumbled, "I—I'm a bit fagged. I'll wait here a bit to rest. Don't you trouble to wait."

"No trouble at all," said the Bounder. "We'll rest, too."

"Look here, you rotter——"

"Eh—what's the matter?" asked Smithy, in surprise. "Any of you fellows know what Bunter is ratty about?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter glared and watched us, and we watched him. Then he said:

"You can carry the parcels in, you beasts! I'll carry one!"

He took the parcels out of the basket, Bunter taking the biggest one. Then we stopped.

"Well, why don't you go in?" growled Bunter.

"After the quality!" said Vernon-Smith cheerily. "You first, Bunter!"

"I'm coming in in a minute, you beast!"

"So are we," said the Bounder.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The way the fellows yelled showed Bunter that the game was up. He could see now that we weren't going to take our eyes off the parcels till they were safely posted. He made a sudden jump, and cleared off with the one he had in his hands. Vernon-Smith put out his foot, and the parcel went to the pavement, and Bunter rolled in the road and roared.

"Yow-ow-owwwwoop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Better let me carry this for you, Bunter," said the Bounder, picking up the parcel.

"That's the second time you've started off in the wrong direction! Come on, you chaps!"

We carried the parcels into the post-office, leaving Bunter sitting in the road. We posted the whole lot, and came out again, and found Bunter dusting his clobber and looking like a Hun. He blinked at us.

"Where are those parcels?" he gasped.

"Posted!" said the Bounder. "You've taken so much trouble, Bunter, that we thought we ought to do that little bit for you."

"Beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Rotters!"

"What's Bunter ratty about?" asked the Bounder, in astonishment. "The prisoner's fund has been a tip-top success, and the parcels are all safely posted. I can't see anything for Bunter to complain about."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We walked away towards Greyfriars, and Bunter shook a fat fist after us. It was an hour before Billy Bunter came limping in, dead beat. Lots of the fellows congratulated him on having provided for his prisoner so splendidly, but Bunter only snorted. And after that the Remove didn't hear anything more of Bunter's prisoner.

THE END.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

Prominent Persons at Greyfriars School Air Their Views.

BOB CHERRY (the Fighting Editor): "With a few men like Larry Lascelles on the job, we *sha'n't* be long! I am optimistic enough to predict that hostilities will cease this year."

BILLY BUNTER: "Well, you know, there's only one individual who can end the war, and that's—no, it's not Lord Kitchener, or Haig either, it's the present writer. When I've cleared away a lot of the personal jealousy that's proving such a beastly stumbling-block to me, I shall go nap, and take the world by storm!"

FISHER TARLETON FISH (the Prince of Swindlers): "Waal, I kinder sorter guess and calculate that this little Yewropean shindy won't be settled until we Noo-Yorkers take a hand. When the Ammurrican Eagle starts to screech, these little nations like Germany will be wiped clean off the map. Yep!"

ALONZO TODD (the warm-hearted philanthropist): "I have already discoursed with my Uncle Benjamin upon this important subject, and he informs me that the dilatory and sanguinary struggle will come to a climax when treaties of peace have been signed."

HURREE SINGH (the Jampot Sahib of Bhanipur): "The ludicrous warfulness will concludefully terminate when the Kaiserful beast has been bootfully kicked off the esteemed earth."