





WANT A TUCK HAMPER?






The GREYFRIARS
HERALD. 1/2






No. 15. Vol. 1.
 Week Ending
 Feb. 26th, 1916.







Edited by Harry Wharfen a Co of Study 1. Greyfriars School.







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






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WE **10**  **PRET** **2** **DILIKE**  **7** **DAYS** **AN**  **MT**

MONEY AND TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 19 of this issue.)



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 3d.

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

FLOORING FISHY!
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.

A GREAT DAY DAWNING!

On Friday, March 3rd, we appear in print. This is by no means an unusual occurrence, since our doings are recounted every week in the "Magnet," but on the above-mentioned date we are given extra-special prominence. Another great threepenny book story by famous Frank Richards will appear, entitled

"RIVALS AND CHUMS!"

and it is bound to make a tremendous hit, after the manner of "SCHOOL AND SPORT" and "THE BOY WITHOUT A NAME." Readers of the HERALD are strongly urged to place an order at once with their newsgents for

"THE BOYS' FRIEND 3d. LIBRARY,"
No. 328!

BRIEF REPLIES TO HERALDITES.

"A British Girl" (Gillingham).—I cordially reciprocate your good wishes.

G. Morris (Hampstead).—Your verses are flattering, but scarcely up to the style of Dick Penfold's. Try again!

"Tom Brown" (Birmingham) thinks that if we discard the Picture Puzzle contest, and gave prizes for handwriting and such-like, the GREYFRIARS HERALD would aspire to still further success. Sorry I can't agree with you, Tommy.

James Hartley Garnett (Cumberland).—You're a sport!

E. V. Pitts (Portsmouth).—That's right. Keep the flag of the good old HERALD gaily flying in Pompey!

F. Brown (Leeds).—Sorry you can't cotton on to Herlock Sholmes. Most of my readers are vastly amused at his weird and wonderful antics. The story you send shows that you possess a certain amount of literary talent, but it is not up to publication standard.

Connie D. (West Ealing).—Bob Cherry, let me tell you, is the most energetic fellow on the editorial staff. Whilst we are preparing the paper for press, he is posted at the door of No. 1 Study for the express purpose of dotting all intruders on the nose—and he does it well, too!

C. R. (Scarborough).—Your suggestion, although a good one, is quite impracticable at present.

V. B. (Camberwell) writes that if by some miraculous chance he bags the cash prize of one pound, in connection with our Tuck Hamper contests, he will straightway purchase two dozen copies of the GREYFRIARS HERALD, for distribution among non-readers. V. B.'s wonderful foresight does him credit!

William Norrie (Greenock).—Many thanks for so kindly giving the good old HERALD a leg-up at your school.

Reg. E. Porter (East Ham).—Mark Linley blushing acknowledges your cheery tribute to "The Pride of the Ring." Best of luck to your friend at the Front!

(A large number of brief replies are unavoidably held over.)

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES



HALVES FOR BUNTER!

A Rollicking, Short Complete Story of wily Wun Lung and the Porpoise of Greyfriars.

Written by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

BILLY BUNTER was hanging about the school gates, when he spotted little Wun Lung coming up the road, with a bag in his hand.

Bunter was "stony" that afternoon—as he was most afternoons, for that matter.

Harry Wharton & Co. had gone out, and forgotten—perhaps—to tell Bunter where they were going. Bunter had offered the honour of his company to Temple & Co. of the Fourth—and the ungrateful Fourth-Formers had left him sitting in the quad, trying to extract his cap from down the back of his neck.

Bunter was feeling morose.

He was also feeling hungry—quite a common state with him. And when he spotted the bag in the little Chinese junior's hand, his eyes gleamed behind his glasses. He rolled out of the gateway to stop Wun Lung, determined to know what was in that bag before Wun Lung proceeded further with it.

"Hold on, kid!" commanded Bunter, planting his ample figure in Wun Lung's path.

"Me in great hully!" murmured Wun Lung. "Walkee waittee!"

"Fagging for Walker, what!" said Bunter.

"No faggee. Walkee askee me fetchee floss village. Chinee good boy—me goey."

"Grub, I suppose?" said Bunter, his eyes glistening. "I'll tell you what, Wun Lung. It's awfully inconsiderate of Walker to take up your half-holiday this way—"

"No mindee."

"But I mind for you!" said Bunter. "It's inconsiderate—"

"Walkee givee cakee for goey."

"That's all very well, but it's inconsiderate, and upon the whole the best thing you can do is to scoff that tuck, and I'll help you," said Bunter firmly.

"No tuckee."

"Eh—what's in that bag, then?"

"Coatee that goey to be plessed by taillee."

Billy Bunter snorted with disgust. Hungry



"Me wantee six cuttee with cane," said Wun Lung, softly. Walker gave a jump, so did Bunter. What a junior wanted six cuts with the cane for, as a reward for going down to the village, was a mystery.

as he was, he had no desire to devour Walker's coat, which had been pressed by the village tailor. Even Bunter drew a line somewhere.

"Let's see it!" he growled. "You're such a blessed fibber, you heathen."

Wun Lung grinned and opened the bag. Sure enough, there was nothing but a folded coat inside.

Bunter grunted.

"Rotten! You can go on, you pigtailed duffer!"

"Me tankee niece polittee Buntee!"

"Hold on, though!" said Bunter. "Walker's giving you something for going down to the village for him."

Wun Lung nodded.

"What's he giving you?"

"Walkee sayee he givee cakee if me likee!"

"Well, a cake's a cake," said Bunter. "I like cakes. Halves."

"Whatttee?"

"Halves!" said Bunter. "You know what halves means?"

"No savvy!"

"Half the cake for me, you heathen!"

"No savvy!"

"Look here!" said Bunter fiercely. "You savvy well enough. I'm going to have halves in what Walker gives you. If you want to be mean about it, I'll stand you a cake when my postal-order comes. But I'm stony this after-

A's for the **ACTOR**, who's **Wibley**, of course; He plays any part with remarkable force!

B's for the **BUNGLER**—a funny old joker Who has the undignified surname of **Ooker**!

noon, as it happen.. It doesn't happen very often, but it's happened to-day. Halves!"

"No savvy!"

Wun Lung made an attempt to dodge past, but Billy Bunter caught hold of his loose garments, and held him fast.

"Lettee go!" howled Wun Lung.

"What do you think Walker would say to you if you took in his coat covered with mud?" said Bunter.

"Walkee whackee little Chinee."

"Exactly. Well, if you don't go halves with me with the cake, I'll jolly well mop up the road with that coat, and you can chance it with Walker."

"Bunttee wantee bullee!"

"Well, didn't I say halves?" demanded Bunter. "When a chap says halves, he's entitled to halves, isn't he? If he can get them, anyway. Now, is it halves, or shall I mop up that coat, and get you a walloping?"

Wun Lung hesitated some moments, blinking at Bunter with his almond eyes. Then a peculiar grin came over his yellow face.

"Bunttee wantee halves in whatee Walkee givee?"

"That's it."

"Allee light. Bunttee havee halves."

"Honour bright?" asked Bunter suspiciously.

"Honour blight."

"Mind, you've got to keep your word, you know."

"Me keepee."

"Good!" said Bunter.

"Bunttee comes with Chinee and takee halves."

"Right-ho!"

Billy Bunter rolled in with the little Chinee, feeling quite relieved in his mind. True, half a cake wasn't much to Bunter, but such as it was, it was a windfall that stony afternoon. And Bunter meant to have a good half.

The two juniors entered the School House, and proceeded to Walker's study in the Sixth-Form passage.

Wun Lung was grinning in his curious way, and Bunter was glad to see that he was taking it so good-temperedly. His own proceeding was a little high-handed, only justified by the circumstance that he was stony, and that nobody would advance him anything on the postal-order he was expecting. Bunter generously resolved to make it up to Wun Lung—when the postal-order came.

Wun Lung tapped at Walker's door.

"Come in!" called out the prefect.

The little Chinee entered, and Bunter rolled in after him. He did not mean to give Wun Lung a chance of "scoffing" the cake before it was fairly halved.

"Got the coat, kid?" asked Walker.

"Me gotttee."

"Good!" said Walker, taking the coat from the bag. "Lemme see, I told you there was a cake for your trouble. It's in the cupboard—you can take it."

"Chinee no wantee cake."

Walker stared.

"Ek? All right. Cut off, then."

"Chinee wantee something elsee."

"Oh, you want something else?" said the Sixth-Former, puzzled. "What the deuce do you want?"

"Me wantee six cuttee with cane."

Walker jumped. So did Billy Bunter. The Sixth-Former stared blankly at Wun Lung. What on earth a junior wanted six cuts with the cane for, as a reward for going down to the village, was a mystery Walker of the Sixth could not fathom.

"You want—what?" he gasped.

"Six cuttee with cane," said Wun Lung calmly. "Thlee velly soft, and thlee velly hard."

"You young ass—" began Bunter.

"Shut up, Bunter! You want six cuts with the cane, three soft and three hard!" said the astonished Walker. "And what the merry dickens do you want them for?"

Wun Lung chuckled.

"Bunttee goey for me, makee me plomisee halves."

"What!" ejaculated Walker.

"Me givee Bunttee halves."

Billy Bunter executed a strategic retreat towards the door. Walker stepped between the fat junior and the door promptly. He began to understand.

"Me plomisee halves what I gettee to Bunttee," said Wun Lung. "Me gettee six cuttee with cane."

"Oh, my hat!" said Walker.

"Thlee soft, and thlee hard!" said Wun Lung. "Halvee with Bunttee. You give me thlee soft, and Bunttee thlee hard. What you tinkee?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here!" roared Bunter. "Lemme pass, Walker. I—I've got an appointment!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Walker, pushing him back. "You stay here a bit, Bunter. You're going halves with Wun Lung, according to arrangement."

"Oh, really, Walker—I—I say—I—I was only joking, you know. I—I really meant to let Wun Lung off that arrangement."

"Me no wantee lettee off," said Wun Lung calmly.

"Certainly not," said Walker. "A compact is a compact. Hand me that cane, Wun Lung."

The little Chinee handed over the cane.

"Now hold out your hand."

Wun Lung held out his hand, and received his three cuts—very soft indeed. He grinned as he withdrew his hand.

"Now, your turn, Bunter," said Walker, faking a business-like grip on the cane.

"I—I say, Walker—"

"Hold out your hand!" thundered the prefect.

Billy Bunter gasped, and held out his hand.

Swish!

"Yaroooh!" yelled Bunter, in anguish. It

was one of the hard ones, stipulated for by Wun Lung.

"Now the other hand!" said Walker.

Swish!

"Yooop! Groooh! Wooh! Whoop!"

"Now the other hand again," said Walker, flourishing the cane.

"I—I say! Oh, really, Walker, you know

Billy Bunter fell to the ground, and grovelled at Walker's feet.

"I say, Walker, old chap——"

"Don't you 'old chap' me, you fat porpoise!" yelled Walker. "Get up and take the other one!"

"Oh, Walker, old man, really, you know!" groaned Bunter. "I—I think I'm going to faint. It's my heart, you know. Oh, dear me! I think I'm going to die! If I die, there will be an inquest, and all that sort of thing!"

"Get up, you fat toad!" yelled Walker.

Billy Bunter gave a groan.

"If you're at the inquest, Walker," he said, "tell the jury the whole truth. You, too, Wun Lung, you Chinese beast! Tell 'em I explained all about my weak heart, and that—oh-h! Stop it!"

Walker's cane swished through the air, and caught Bunter a stinging cut across his fat shoulders.

"Yaroo! Whoop!" roared Bunter. "Help! Help! Murder!"

Walker bent down and caught hold of the fat junior, and pulled him to his feet.

"You young fool!" he cried. "If you don't hold out your other hand, I'll whack you with a cricket-stump!"

"Grooh!"

"I give you one second——"

Billy Bunter groaned, and held out his fat hand.

Swish!

The cane came down with terrific vim. Billy Bunter fairly doubled up.

"Yow-ow-whoop!"

"Now, you can go!" grinned Walker.

Billy Bunter crawled out of the study, with his fat hands tucked under his fat arms, doubled up like a penknife. Wun Lung followed him, grinning cheerfully. They left Walker roaring with laughter.

"Buntree satisfied!" purred Wun Lung gently.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Buntree likee halves?"

"Yaroooh!"

Wun Lung trotted away, chortling. Billy Bunter spent most of the remainder of that half-holiday squirming and wriggling and groaning. Some people are never satisfied, and Billy Bunter wasn't—though he couldn't deny that he had had a good half!

THE END.

D's for the DRAUGHTSMAN—Frank Nugent's the fellow.
His drawings make even a Turner look yellow!

SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

It is with a feeling of great rejoicing that we welcome the sporting offer made by Lieutenant Larry Luscelles of a real German helmet to the player who is the first to score fifty goals this season. All the Remove forwards are well in the running, for the goal-scorers at present occupy the following positions:

Wharton 38, Vernon-Smith 37, Nugent 35, Penfold and Hurrec Singh 32.

As we still have a dozen fixtures, including mid-week matches, somebody should bag that helmet jolly soon!

So far as the general summary of matches is concerned, our record for the season stands as follows:

Played	30
Won	20
Lost	5
Drawn	5

Included in this table are the matches played when we made a tour of the Southern Counties.

A word of praise is due to our gallant reserves, who have filled the breach on numerous occasions with every credit. Monty Newland and Russell and Squiff have each rendered yeoman service to the side, and but for the fact that there is such a glut of good players they would be appearing regularly.

Readers will regret to hear that Johnny Bull sprained his ankle in the recent match with St. Jim's, and will not be able to turn out for our next encounter. Johnny is in the sanatorium at present, nursing his injury, and his place will be temporarily filled by Morgan. Meanwhile, any fellow who cares to smuggle in some decent tuck to Johnny will be cordially acclaimed as a Good Samaritan.

Harry Wharton wishes me to remind all members of the Remove Form Football Club whose subs. are overdue by about two terms, to dub up instanter. We have purchased several new footers lately, and have had to have one of the cross-bars repaired, so it's up to members to rally round with their pocket-money and keep things going. All defaulters are hereby informed that unless they pay up by Wednesday, they will get it in the neck!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

OUR SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE IN THE WARS!

To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—In accordance with your instructions I interviewed Bob Cherry, the fighting editor, this week, and am now in the sanatorium, with a temperature of 104 degrees.—Yours sincerely,

"THE GREYFRIARS HERALD SPECIAL REPRESENTATIVE."

(We are sorry to learn of the sad fate which has befallen our famous contributor, and shall look forward with no small degree of interest to his next narrative.—Ed.)

A POTTY POET'S PERPETRATION!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Ed.,—I've said I'd sooner be dead than read your rotten rag! A thousand hisses on your head! Your staff I'd like to scrag! 'The Pride of the Ring's' a rotten thing, and so is all the rest! When Pon's comes out get ready to shout, for yours will give it best! I'm much afraid, my dear old chump, you'll never back a winner. Already you have given the hump to your disgusted "SKINNER."

[When the Fighting Editor gets on the ball, there'll be no Skinner left at all!—Ed.]

LODER IN THE WARS AGAIN!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD:—

"The Sanatorium,
Greyfriars.

"Sir,—I am dictating this letter to the matron, to inquire which of the young cubs in your Form fixed up a booby-trap of boots and things on my study door yesterday. My head is a mass of bumps and bruises, and I shall be up here for at least a week. I expect the instigator of the assault foresaw this, and did it for the express purpose of getting me out of the way!

"I refuse to let this matter drop until the guilty party comes to me to confess.

"GERALD LODER."

"Prefect by special appointment."

[Thank you, Loder darling, for your delightful letter, so exquisitely worded, and so gentle in substance! I trust you are enjoying to the full the liquid porridge served up to you every three hours, and that you will soon be sitting up and taking nourishment of a much stronger

nature, procurable only at a pub not a hundred miles from Friardale. Would you like us to come up and entertain you at a nice thrilling game of ludo?—Ed.]

SIMPLY TERRIFIC!

"To the Esteemed Editor Sahib of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Honoured and Ludicrous Sahib,—I should like to commentfully observe what I thinkfully consider of your ragful paper, which British boys readfully enjoy weekfully.

"The Linleyful serial and the Bullful cartoons take my esteemed fancy mostfully, and our Toddyful chum hits the nail headfully, as your English proverb says, with his skitful parody on the ludicrous stories of Sahib Holmes. The twinfal rascals, Bubble and Squeak, make you split buttons waistfully, while the long completeful story of our esteemed selves at Greyfriars is a triumph of artfulness.

"While the esteemed stars shine, and the ludicrous rivers roll slowly, may the GREYFRIARS HERALD maintainfully keep up its circulation numerically. May it be a thing of beauty and a toy for ever, as your English proverb again says with correctfulness.—Your chumful friend,

"HURREE JAMSET RAM SINGH,

"Jam Sahib of Bhanipur."

[We prize our esteemed and ludicrous chump's epistle treasurefully, and hope he will readfully peruse our storyful features when he sits statefully in his native landfulness!—Ed.]

DICK RUSSELL'S COMING TUGGLE!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Whaxton,—I was grossly insulted in the dorm this morning by our old friend Bol-sover major, who called me a white-livered whelp. Of course I wasn't going to stand that, so I called upon him to apologise at once. On his failing to do so, I challenged him to a ten-round contest with bare fists behind the chapel, to take place on Wednesday afternoon, and shall be very grateful if you will come along and see fair play.—Yours sincerely,

"DICK RUSSELL."

[Bely on us, Dick, old chap! You seem to have taken on a hot handful, but those who remember your heroic display in the light-weight championship at Aldershot will expect great things of you. Go in and win!—Ed.]

E's for the EDITOR, sportsman so fine,
(I hope he'll reward me for writing this rhyme.)

: 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.

WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH, captain of the Fourth Form at Earlingham, goes through many exciting escapades with his bosom chum, Gray, nicknamed "Dolly," and greatly distinguishes himself by saving the life of Barker, a blustering bully.

The school is in a turmoil, owing to the unwarranted expulsion of Hobbs, the captain, and the Sixth Form breaks out in open revolt, headed by Verney, a born leader of boys. The Head and Mr. Snope clumsily attempt compromises, but the rebels remain firm, and, ensconced in the old tower on Highdown Heath, defy all efforts to dislodge them.

(Now read on.)

Mr. Snope Gets Stuck!

THE rebels were going strong. They had sufficient provisions stored in the old tower to last them a week, if need be. And the Head was bound to give in by that time, or a nasty scandal would be exposed in the public Press.

"They'll have another try to storm the position," said Verney, "or I'm a Dutchman!"

"Cuttle can try till he's black in the face," was Fane's comment. "He'll find he's walked into a hornet's nest. We're standing shoulder to shoulder against the giddy tyrant—what?"

"Rather!" exclaimed the rest of the seniors.

"Strikes me there's trouble ahead!" said Clifton suddenly. "My hat! Here's a blessed army marching into battle!"



"My dear Snope," protested the Head, "how utterly ridiculous of you to suspend yourself aloft like a—scarecrow!" "It is the fault of that wretched man!" snarled Mr. Snope, indicating the grimy Hanks.

An extraordinary procession was heading for the old tower. Mr. Cuttle had not yet abandoned hope of bringing the rebels to heel; and this time he determined to concentrate on a mighty effort. He walked foremost among the formidable band, with Mr. Snope close at his heels, and in their wake came Hanks, the school porter; Herr Schmidt, the German master; a couple of burly gardeners; and last, but not least by any manner of means, P.-c. Stiggs, who kept law and order in the village. The two gardeners carried a long ladder, a fact which looked decidedly like business.

"Now for the giddy fireworks!" said Verney. "Stand by for action, you fellows!"

Mr. Cuttle pulled up short when he came to the tower, and pumped in breath. He was not an athletic gentleman, and even the shortest of walks caused him to have bellows to mend.

"Verney! Burnside! Fane!" he panted.

F's for the FREAK, so ungainly and odd,
Long-nosed and long-haired, and his name's Peter Todd!

Half a dozen Sixth-Formers crowded out on to the parapet.

"Good-morning, sir!" said Verney cheerfully. "Rather a close day, isn't it, sir, with a touch of thunder in the air?"

"You impertinent rascal——"

"If you've decided to bring Hobbs back, we're quite willing to return to Earlingham as meek as lambs," Verney went on.

The Head gave a roar, which could only be likened to that emitted by an angry bull.

"I have not the remotest intention of acceding to your insolent request!" he said, in rasping tones. "On the contrary, unless you come back to the school at once, I shall take you into custody by force!"

"Ear, ear!" murmured Hanks, the porter, who was far from sober.

Verney laughed lightly.

"We should be sorry to have to return blow for blow, sir," he said. "At the same time, we shall feel compelled to defend ourselves."

Mr. Cuttle choked.

"You would strike me—your Headmaster?" he spluttered.

"If your actions called for it, sir."

The Head glared up at Verney as if he would eat him.

"Billings! Jordan!" he rapped out. "Rear that ladder against the wall at once!"

"Sittingly, sir!" said the two gardeners respectfully.

And, setting the ladder in position, they commenced to swarm up it, one after the other.

"Better go back!" cautioned Burnside. "You'll meet with a hot reception if you show your ugly chivvies up here!"

But the gardeners, ignoring the senior's words, continued to climb.

"Open fire!" said Verney tersely.

And he plunged his hand into a capacious egg-box that stood near by, and took aim.

Billings caught the missile fairly and squarely on his bulbous red nose, and toppled backwards, bowling his companion over at the same time.

Luckily, they were at no great distance from the ground, otherwise it might have been an ambulance case. As it was, the worthy couple sustained severe bruises.

P.-c. Stiggs and the school porter dashed forward at this juncture, and started to swarm up the ladder. Then a perfect deluge of eggs were rained down upon them, and they shared a similar fate to the gardeners. Those eggs were not in a very appetising state, either.

They had been in the old tower ever since the rebellion started, having been retained by Verney against a crisis of the present kind. Their aroma was pungent and nauseous, and the victims roared with wild anguish.

"Who's next?" asked Renton pleasantly.

"There's plenty more where those came from! Like to have a dose, Snopey?"

Mr. Snope, his face livid, righted the ladder, and rapidly mounted. He went further and fared worse than the others. The seniors all

let fly at the same instant, with staggering results to Mr. Snope, who went crashing to earth in undignified fashion. He landed with a thud that rattled every bone in his thin body.

"Oh! Ah! Yarooooooh!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Cuttle, his gown flapping in the wind, danced about like a dervish at the foot of the ladder. But he dared not ascend, fearing the fate which had befallen his hapless subordinates.

"You shall answer for this!" he hissed.

"Not only shall you be expelled from Earlingham, but a most terrible flogging shall precede that punishment! I am determined—ugh! Grooooooh!"

Mr. Cuttle broke off with a roar of anguish at a particularly odorous egg squelched into his face, causing him to sit down with a bump in a mud-pool hard by.

"Let 'em all have it!" said Verney recklessly. "Might as well be hung for a sheep as for a lamb!"

And the Sixth-Formers sent down a perfect fusillade of rotten eggs, before which the besiegers were driven back like chaff before a cyclone.

"Mein Gott!" gurgled Herr Schmidt. "Strafender scoundrels!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hanks! Cripps!" raved the Head. "Bring those hooligans down instantly!"

The school porter passed a grimy hand over his yolk-streaming face.

"Do yer own dirty work!" he growled.

"Which you was responsible for these 'ere goings-hon, an' now you can git hout of it as best you can. I'm done with it, I am! I washes my 'ands of the whole bloomin' business!"

"Take a month's notice!" snapped the Head.

"And glad to get it!" snarled Hanks. "That's the third month's notice I've 'ad this week!"

"My dear man, do be reasonable!" said Mr. Cuttle, in desperation. "These boys are blackguards of the worst type, and they must be captured at all hazards!"

"Capture 'em yerself, then!" snorted Hanks. "I've 'ad enough of this 'ere tomfoolery, I 'ave. Me, wot fought at Waterloo an' Mons, pelted with putrid eggs! It's enough to turn a sober man's 'air grey!"

"I fear that nothing can be done," said Mr. Snope, mopping his face with a cambric handkerchief. "The only way will be to starve them out. If we give Harvey, the only grocer in the village, strict injunctions not to supply them with foodstuffs, they will soon come to their senses, and, faint and famished, will give in."

"Perhaps you are right, Snope," murmured the Head. "Let us retire in good order."

But the seniors had no intention of allowing the party to do that. They discharged a hail of ammunition from the parapet, and the masters and menservants were forced to flee with all speed.

G's for the **GLUTTON**, a barrel called Hunter, Much hungrier than the proverbial hunter!

H is the **HUSTLER**, who hails from New York. No chap can stand Fishy, the long-legged stork!

Panic broke out in their midst as the eggs came crashing into them, and they fairly flew back to the friendly shelter of Earlingham, streaking along like champions of the cinder-path.

Jordan and Billings, with much grunting and growling, went back to their duties; and Herr Schmidt retired to his own room to remove the sticky mass of egg from his face and hair.

Once inside the school precincts, the Head ordered Hanks to lock the gates, so that none of the boys should break bounds and supply the outlaws with food. Mr. Cuttle was quite oblivious of the fact that he had left Mr. Snope far behind. The master of the Third had found it impossible to keep pace with the others, and it was not until the Head and Hanks had departed to their quarters that Mr. Snope arrived at the gates. He tried the handle, but it failed to turn.

"Dear me!" he murmured. "What a nuisance that the gates should be locked at this premature hour! I suppose I must summon Hanks by ringing the bell."

And Mr. Snope rang it, with a peal that awakened the echoes.

There was no response. Hanks had retired to his little parlour for an additional dose of the cup that cheers. He heard the bell, but was far too comfortable to shift.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Mr. Snope. "Hanks must be absent, unless he is in one of his periodical lethargies attendant upon intoxication. What ever shall I do?"

He pulled the bell again, without relaxing his hold.

The violent din became intolerable at last, even to Hanks. The porter shuffled to his feet and stepped out into the quad.

"Man! Revolting reprobate! How dare you keep me waiting all this time?" exclaimed Mr. Snope.

"Keep yer 'air on, guv'nor!" was the porter's retort. "Which I've lost the key, an' you'll 'ave to climb over. It orter be pretty easy to a long-legged cove like you!"

"Dissolute wretch! You are evidently under the degrading influence of drink! How do you suppose I am going to scale such a barrier?"

"You'll 'ave to do it as best you can," said Hanks, looking on with an air of interest. "I 'ope as 'ow you don't rip up them sportin' trousers!"

With a groan of dismay, Mr. Snope surveyed the tall gates, crested by a row of formidable spikes. In the words of the popular song, he didn't want to do it; but the prospect of remaining in the roadway for an indefinite period was appalling.

Mr. Snope gingerly commenced his task. All went well until he reached the top of the gates, and then the tragedy happened. One of the spikes pierced the seat of his nether garments, pinning him down, so that he remained aloft like a trussed fowl.

"Ho, ho, ho!" roared Hanks. "That's the

wu't o' them second-'and trousers! They don't stand much wear an' tear!"

"Insolent ruffian! Help me down!" panted the terrified Form-master.

The Head, who had witnessed the scene from his study-window, hastened to the spot.

"My dear Snope!" he protested. "How utterly ridiculous of you to suspend yourself aloft like a—a scarecrow!"

"It is the fault of that wretched man!" snarled Mr. Snope, indicating the grimy Hanks.

The Head swung round angrily upon the porter.

"Go into your lodge," he thundered, "and remain there until you have once more attained a state of sobriety!"

Hanks lurched towards the Head, brandishing his big fists in the air.

"I—I'm shober as a judge!" he declared thickly. "If any cove says otherwise, I'll dot 'im on the nose! I ain't afraid of any man—me, wot served at Trafalgar an' Bakerloo! Where will you 'ave it?"

"Dear me!" gasped the Head, skipping out of the way. "Not only is this bestial wretch drunk, but he is also demented! Hurry down to my assistance, my dear Snope, or I shall sustain a severe assault!"

Mr. Snope clung quivering to his perch.

"I c-cannot get down!" he stammered. "Not on your side, at least. You must get rid of Hanks as soon as he has recovered from his drunken carouse!"

"Hey? What's that?" demanded the porter. "Don't you dare, you skinny scarecrow, to happily then there words to me, as is a hup-riant an' shober man! For two pins I'd set the dorg on yer! You makes me fair sick with yer wheezin' voice, you long-legged hootopus! I'm goin' to get a drink!"

Hanks shuffled back to his gin-and-water without another word. As he entered the lodge the key of the gate fell from his pocket, and Mr. Cuttle advanced and picked it up.

"Get down on the other side, Snope," he said, "and I will unlock the gates."

Mr. Snope complied. He descended with some difficulty to the ground, leaving four square inches of trousering straggling on the spikes. Then Mr. Cuttle let him in.

Just as they were about to proceed into the building, the clanging of a bicycle-bell was heard in the roadway, and they swung round sharply, to observe a wildly-excited youth gesticulating through the bars of the gate.

"Who is that?" exclaimed the Head, sharply.

"It's me, sir—Phipps of the Fourth!" was the reply. "I've got news—jolly important news!"

"Explain yourself!" rapped out the Head.

Phipps paused, in order to make his announcement as dramatic as possible.

"Hobbs has returned!"

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

I's for the IMP, who is always in trouble.
If it's not Dicky Nugent it must be his double!

J's for the JOKER, consistently merry.
Who else is as sunny and blithe as Bob Cherry?



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



SOMETHING FOR SQUIFF!

There was a stir in the Court to-day, when Sampson Quincy Ifley Field, alias Squiff, was charged before Mr. Justice Wharton with committing assault and battery upon Robert Tozer, an officer of the law.

Mr. Skinner, K.C., prosecuting, said the assault took place in Friardale Lane at midnight on the 32nd instant. Accused had been into Courtfield to procure provisions for a midnight feast, and on his return he was encountered by Police-constable Tozer, who ordered Squiff to chuck the grub in the gutter and submit to being handcuffed.

Magistrate: This is as interesting as Grimm's Fairy Tales. Proceed, my dear fellow!

Mr. Skinner: Instead of obeying orders, accused charged Mr. Tozer violently in the stomach, causing him to collapse in the roadway. He will be unable to resume his constabulary work for a week.

Magistrate: Good egg! Go ahead with the verdict, gentlemen of the jury!

After a long and heated argument on the jurymen's bench, the foreman rose.

"We find prisoner guilty of the noble and illustrious action laid to his charge, your worship, and suggest that he should be amply recompensed out of the Poor Box."

Magistrate: That is impossible, as the Poor Box has been raided by the notorious criminal, William George Bunter. However, Mr. Field, for his great gallantry, will receive ninespence from the collection on behalf of the waifs and strays.

Prisoner helped himself to the money amid loud and prolonged applause.

THE POOR BOX ROBBERY!

Pale and podgy-faced, William George Bunter was hustled into the dock, charged with callously appropriating two pennies, an unused foreign stamp, and a shirt-button from the Poor Box.

According to Detective Peter Todd, the robbery was carried out with remarkable foresight and daring, prisoner having perpetrated it in the dead of night. Such a mean and despicable theft, said Detective Todd, merited instant and condign punishment.

Mr. Skinner, K.C., for the defence, submitted that accused was walking in his sleep, and committed the theft when he was not responsible for his actions.

Magistrate: He never is! (Laughter.) Detective Todd said that Mr. Skinner was a born liar, or he would never have become a barrister. If Bunter was really walking in his sleep, it was a dangerous action, which necessitated a drastic cure.

Magistrate: I quite agree with you, old feller-mè-lad! Bunter, you will be put on short commons for a week.

Prisoner (expostulating): Oh, really, you know, I'm a scraggy skeleton already! (Loud laughter.)

Magistrate: How dare you tell such a whopper, you burbling great bladder of lard! Bump him!

The sentence was carried out with eager frenzy by nearly everybody present. The prisoner's remains were interred in No. 7 Study.

THE WHITE FEATHER NUISANCE!

A wriggling, dilapidated worm, answering to the oily name of Snoop, was formally charged with accosting George Wingate, the captain of Greyfriars, in the Close, and presenting him with a white feather, on account of the fact that he was not serving with His Majesty's forces.

Magistrate: You measly rotter! Why, old Wingate's worth twenty of you!

Mr. Skinner, interposing, said he didn't see why a hulking lout like Wingate shouldn't be helping to give the Huns beans. He was only seventeen, true, but he could easily put his age up a couple of years.

Voice from the gallery: P'r'aps he's a conscientious objector! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Wingate's a real white man, and anyone who contradicts that statement will go out of this Court on his neck. Do you contradict it, Mr. Skinner?"

Mr. Skinner (hurriedly): Nunno!

Magistrate: You just saved your bacon! As for prisoner, as he seems so fond of feathers, he shall have a liberal quantity shaken over him from a sack, and carefully plastered down with tar. The public executioners will get on with the washing!

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.



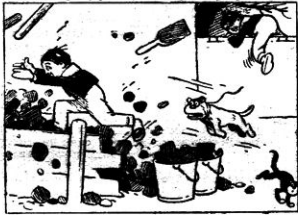
(1) "Fill these at once," said Mrs. Reany,
"If you would like to earn a penny."
"What-ho!" said Squeak. "I'm on to that!"
And forth he sallied with the cart.



(2) "My hat!" he said, and softly smiled,
"Old Bubble will be feeling fied!
I've done him for a giddy tip!"
And pussy purred, "Hurray! Hip-hip!"



(3) But Bubble, on the wall, reached over,
And cut the string that fastened over.
"Now we shall see what we shall see!
Go for him, boy!" he cried with glee.



(4) The wretched Squeak was filled with dread,
He heard a snarl, and turned and fled.
The humps of coal flew left and right,
"Ye gods!" grinned Bubble. "What a sight!"



(5) "I'll take the giddy coal!" said Bubble,
"And be rewarded for my trouble.
I've done that silly Squeak down proper.
He little knew he'd come a cropper."



(6) The coal was taken up in style,
Said Mrs. Reany, with a smile,
"Here's twopence, as you've been so quick!"
And Bubble grinned, "I've won the trick!"

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

THE CAPTURED SUBMARINES!

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

“WRITTEN BY”

PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

THE efficient manner in which our Navy has dealt with the submarine menace is well known. The part played in the affair by my amazing friend, Herlock Sholmes, has not, however, been communicated to the public in the official reports. It is not generally known that, as a matter of absolute fact, the failure of the German submarine campaign was largely due to my amazing friend. But honour must be given where honour is due.

I was reading the obituary notices of some of my patients one morning, in our sitting-room in Shaker Street, when Sholmes came in, and I could not help glancing at him in some surprise. He wore a skipper's cap, and his famous dressing-gown was tucked into high sea-boots.

“My dear Jotson,” he said, “are you a good sailor?”

“I am quite at home upon the water, Sholmes. In those far-off peaceful days before the war, I frequently made the trip from London Bridge to Southend. On more than one occasion I have ventured upon the remotest recesses of the turbid Serpentine.”

“Good! I require an experienced seaman as first mate of the Spoof Bird. You shall have the post, Jotson.”

“Where are we going?” I asked.

“Hunting,” he replied. “You are aware, Jotson, that the German submarines have caused a good deal of havoc among our shipping. The authorities, for reasons best known to themselves, have not cared to avail themselves of my services. I have, however, decided to step in. A trim craft, the Spoof Bird, lies ready. We have but to embark.”

“You have formed a plan, Sholmes, for dealing with these pests?”

“Naturally, Jotson. But you will see.”

I forbore to ask further, knowing my friend's dislike of questioning. I followed him. Shaker Street, with its old familiar motor-buses, and its familiar, haunting scent, was



Sholmes was an accomplished seaman. His voice rang out from the bridge, giving orders. “Take a double reef in the propeller! Lower the topgallant sails into the engine-room! Hoist the main deck overboard!” These orders were promptly obeyed.

left behind, and we embarked upon the Spoof Bird, and ere long we were cleaving the wild waters of the North Sea.

I admit that I was in some perplexity.

The Spoof Bird was a well-found craft, but I could observe no means aboard for dealing with submarines. There were no guns, and there was no ammunition. The absence of ammunition I could have understood, on the supposition that Sholmes was acting upon expert advice from high quarters. But I had expected to see guns. No guns, however, were visible.

Several large packing-cases were piled on the deck, the contents of which Sholmes did not acquaint me with.

Sholmes was tireless. In the intervals of absorbing cocaine and smoking some thousands of cigarettes, he kept an intent watch upon the sea with a very large telescope. Towards evening, he turned to me with a smile of satisfaction.

“The enemy are in sight, Jotson.”

I felt a thrill.

“A submarine, Sholmes?”

“A submarine,” he replied.

A dark object appeared upon the waters. Herlock Sholmes rapped out a rapid order. A large packing-case was immediately tossed over the side, and it floated between us and the submarine.

“Sholmes, in the name of wonder——”

Sholmes did not reply.

**K's the K-NUT, who's resplendent in dress.
His name, by the way, I will leave you to guess.**

**L's for the LIAR; I say without bias
That Bunter can beat the renowned Ananias!**

The submarine was approaching rapidly, and all his skill was needed to save the Spoof Bird from the treacherous torpedo.

Sholmes was an accomplished seaman. His voice rang out from the bridge, giving orders.

"Take a double reef in the propeller! Lower the topgallant sails into the engine-room! Hoist the main deck overboard!"

These orders were promptly obeyed.

Like a thing of life, the Spoof Bird flew over the wild waters, and the submarine and the floating packing-case vanished astern.

Herlock Sholmes rubbed his hands with satisfaction.

"One!" he said, with his inscrutable smile.

"But, Sholmes, I do not comprehend!"

"My dear Jotson, have you forgotten the old proverb, that little boys should not ask questions?" said Sholmes.

"True. But—"

"Moreover, if I should explain now, it would spoil our usual little explanation in the sitting-room at Shaker Street, which should properly come at the end of the story," added Sholmes.

"I submit to your judgment, Sholmes. But I am amazed."

"By this time, Jotson, you should be accustomed to amazement."

I felt the force of my friend's remark, and was silent.

Our cruise continued, and each time that an enemy submarine was sighted, a fresh packing-case was dropped overboard, and, owing to Sholmes' wonderful seamanship, the Spoof Bird eluded the enemy.

It was not till the last of the packing-cases had been disposed of that the prow of the Spoof Bird was turned for home.

When we arrived at Shaker Street, I could contain my impatience no longer.

"Sholmes," I exclaimed, "I am on tenterhooks."

"Remain, my dear Jotson, upon tenterhooks a little longer. I am waiting for a report from the Admiralty."

"But—"

"Pass the cocaine!" said Herlock Sholmes.

I passed the cocaine, and was silent.

CHAPTER TWO.

I COULD not help wondering about this strange affair. That Herlock Sholmes' apparently mysterious action was based upon some amazing and far-reaching plan, I knew. But it was not till a

week later that I learned the astounding facts.

One morning, when I came down to breakfast, I found Sholmes in high good-humour. He was reading a long report, but he looked up as I came in, with a smile.

"Well, Jotson, your curiosity is about to be satisfied," he said. "The submarine campaign has been an eminent success."

"I am overjoyed to hear it, Sholmes. And the result—"

"You remember that there were twelve packing-cases on board the Spoof Bird, Jotson?"

"Exactly."

"Twelve submarines have been captured," said Sholmes, rubbing his hands. "The crews were in a helpless condition, and fell easily into our hands."

"But how—why? It was your work, Sholmes?"

"It was my work, Jotson, though I doubt whether my name will appear in the official communications. That, however, I do not desire. I derive my satisfaction from the knowledge that I have dishied the enemy, and that Admiral Von Whiskerpitz will be tearing his hair."

"You promised me an explanation, Sholmes."

"I am ready to give it, my dear fellow. You did not know the contents of those packing-cases?"

"Some terrible explosive?"

"More dangerous than that, Jotson."

"Some deadly chemical?"

"More dangerous than that."

"Some poisonous gas?"

"Still more dangerous, my dear Jotson."

"In Heaven's name, Sholmes, what terrible secret did those packing-cases contain?"

Sholmes smiled.

"German sausages!" he replied.

"German sausages!" I exclaimed.

"Nothing more nor less, Jotson. Consider. The submarine crews were far away from land. For days and days they had not tasted German sausages. They examined the packing-cases left floating behind by the Spoof Bird; they found them to contain German sausages. You can easily guess the result—an orgy in the submarine. Not one of the sausages, probably, was left undevoured."

"True. But still, you forget, Sholmes, that German sausages, though perhaps fatal to civilised stomachs, are an accustomed article of diet among the Huns."

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 15.—ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY,
Of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

"I do not forget, Jotson," said Sholmes coldly.

"Excuse me, Sholmes, then how—"

"I have not told you all. In each of the sausages were cunningly concealed a fragment of American potted beef, specially imported from Chicago for the purpose."

"Sholmes!"

"You will now comprehend, Jotson. The sausages they would have survived, their systems being inured to such diet. But the Chicago beef, Jotson, put the lid on. That mysterious compound, the ingredients of which are known only to the American inventor, was too much for them. Completely overcome, they lay sick and feeble, at the mercy of wind and waves, and submarine after submarine was snapped up by our patrols before they could recover."

I could only gaze at my amazing friend in silent admiration.

THE END.

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR TENTH GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST :

The following is the correct rendering of our tenth picture puzzle:

There were once two children who were left to the care of a wicked uncle, who determined to kill them, and so get their riches. He employed two ruffians to take the two into the wood and kill them, but they decided to lose them instead. At night, the children, tired out, laid down, and the birds covered them with leaves.

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

WILFRID BARNES,

Grangemount, Grangetown,
Sunderland, Durham.

Magnificent Hampers of Tuck will be despatched to each of the following, whose solutions contained only one error:

Dorothy Didcote, 44, Leadhouse Road, Easton Road, Bristol.

Granville Peach, 46, York Street, Oldham.

H. W. Peach, 46, York Street, Oldham.

W. Hammond, 24, Spencer's Road, Maidenhead, Berks.

Geo. Cook, 3, Church Path, Percy Road, North Finchley.

F. A. Dyer, 114, Clifton Street, Roath, Cardiff.

A. Cheyne, 18, Windsor Cottages, Scotstoun, Glasgow.

THE ROUTING OF ROOKWOOD!

With Apologies to "The Battle
of the Baltic."

By **DICK FENFOLD.**

Of Wharton and his team

Sing the glorious day's renown!

'Twas a sweet, delightful dream

When they diddle Rookwood brown!

And their figures on the field

Proudly shone

As they faced the foe, nor feared,

While the fellows wildly cheered,

And, in manner strange and weird,

Led them on!

Like as sentinels alert

Stood the backs and half-backs fine;

Then the leather swiftly flew

'To the speedy forward line.

"On the ball!" the captain cried,

As they flew;

Then old Smithy, rushing hot,

Dodged the backs and took a shot.

Then a cheer! The 'Friars had got

Safely through!

Again! Again! Again!

And the forwards did not slack,

Till the plucky Rookwood men

Sent the leather skimming back.

Their shots along the field

Slowly boom,

Then cease, like idle boast,

As they only hit the post,

And on all the Rookwood host

'Sets a gloom!

Now joy, Removites, raise,

For the triumph of your might!

May your heroes win the praise

Of full many a well-fought fight!

And yet amid the glories

Of your fame,

Just think of those who tried,

And who played well for their side,

Upholding, in their pride,

Rookwood's name!

O's the **OUTSIDER**, who bowls fellows over,
A favourite pastime of Bully Bolsover!

P's the **PHILANTHROPIST**, dear old Alonzo,
Who tends to the barbarous tribes in Isonzo!

THE RAT-CATCHERS!

A Screamingly Funny, Long Complete Story, Specially Contributed at the request of our Editorial Staff by Monty Lowther, the Tame Humorist of St. Jim's.

The gum streamed over Levison's head, and mixed and flowed with the ink. Levison snorted and spluttered, and gasped furiously in the hands of the avengers.



CHAPTER ONE.

“WATS!”

“Eh?”

“Wats!”

“What's the matter?”

“Wats!”

“If you say rats to me, Gussy,” said Jack Blake seriously. “I shall be under the painful necessity of rubbing your noble nose in the coal-locker! Now, what's the matter with you?”

“Wats!” repeated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. “Oh, wats!”

Jack Blake did not waste any more time in words. He laid a powerful grasp upon his noble chum, and jerked him towards the coal-locker.

“Welsease me, you ass!” yelled Arthur Augustus. “You fwightful duffah, you are wumplin' my collah! Welsease me—”

“What the merry dickens is the row?” asked Herries, as he came into the study.

“Tea ready?” demanded Dig. “What's the row?”

“Welsease me! Wescue, deah boys!”

“Are you going to say what's the matter, then?” roared Blake.

“Yaas, Wats!”

“Then bang goes your napper into the coal-locker!” said Blake grimly. “You mustn't say rats to a Yorkshire chap.”

“You uttah ass— Gwooooh!”

Arthur Augustus struggled violently. His aristocratic features were in dangerous proximity to the coal-locker.

O's for the QUACK, who is called Doctor Short. To give him his due, he is not a bad sort.

“Will you welsease me, you wottah?” he roared.

“Oh, chuck it!” said Herries. “We've come in to tea; not to see two owls doing a Merry Widow waltz. What's the row about?”

“Gussy says rats to me—”

“You uttah duffah! I wasn't sayin' wats to you!” shrieked Arthur Augustus. “I was sayin' that the mattah was wats. But if you do not welsease me at once, I shall give you a feahful thwashin'!”

There was a sudden roar from Digby, as he looked into the study cupboard.

“Where's the grub?”

“Gone, deah boy,” panted Arthur Augustus.

“Gone! Who's taken it?”

“Wats!”

“What?”

“Wats!” gasped Arthur Augustus.

“Don't you know who's scooped the grub?” shouted Herries.

“Yaas, wathah!”

“Who, then?”

“Wats!”

“I suppose it's a new game,” said Blake. “Lend a hand, and we'll bump him.”

“Yes, rather!” said Herries wrathfully. “If a chap can only say rats when you ask him a sensible question, he wants bumping!”

And the three chums of the noble Arthur Augustus grasped him together, and he descended upon the study carpet with a bump that made the dust rise from it.

“Yow-ow! Yawoooh!”

O's the REMOVITE of vigour and muscle. It's Wharton, who's famous in many a tussle!

"Now, then," said Dig, "who's taken the grub?"

"Wats!"

"Still going it?" said Blake. "Give him another!"

"You howwid boundahs! Gwooh!"

Bump!

"Yow-ow! Wescue! Help! Yawwooh!" roared Arthur Augustus.

"Now, who took the grub?"

"Don't I keep on sayin' wats?" shrieked Arthur Augustus.

"Yes, and as long as you keep on saying rats we shall keep on bumping you for your cheek!" said Blake. "Give him another!"

"Hallo!" exclaimed Herries suddenly, as a small dark object leaped out of the study cupboard, and scuttled across the study, followed by another, and another. "My hat!"

"Eh! What is it?"

"Rats!" said Herries.

Jack Blake stared at Herries, neglecting to bump Arthur Augustus in his astonishment.

"Have you caught it, too?" he roared. "Are you beginning to burble like Gussy?"

"Ha, ha! No. But I know now who's taken the grub."

"Who has, then?"

"Rats!" said Herries.

"Yaas, wathah; just as I said. Wats!"

"What the merry thunder——" Jack Blake broke off, as a rat jumped out of the cupboard and scuttled out into the passage. "Oh, rats! I see! Rats!"

"You uttah ass!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, wrenching himself away. "Haven't I told you a dozen times it was wats?"

Blake burst into a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha! I didn't know you meant that kind of rats. I thought you were saying rats."

"So I was sayin' wats, you uttah fwabjous chump! It's wats that have scooped the grub."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There is nothin' to cackle at, you duffah! I am goin' to give you a feahful thwashin' for handlin' me wuffy and wumplin' my collah——" Blake dodged round the table.

"Pax, Gussy!"

"Wats! I'm goin'——"

"There you go again!" grumbled Blake. "Why didn't you say rodents, and I should have understood. Rats in the study cupboard! My hat!"

"Yaas, wathah! I found them there when I went to get the grub out for tea," gasped D'Arcy, "and we might have caught them, you duffah, if you hadn't been such a silly wuff ass, you fwabjous chump!"

"How the dickens did rats get in the study cupboard?" ejaculated Dig. "There's never been rats there before."

"Must be a hole in the wall," said Blake ruefully. "Look at the grub—fairly gnawed to rags. Hallo, there's another!" He jumped back as a big brown rat scudded past him. "Why, the place must have swarmed with them!"

"Yaas, wathah."

Blake lighted a bike lantern, and scanned the interior of the study cupboard. Such of the "grub" as was left was quite spoiled; even Fatty Wynn of the New House wouldn't have thought of tackling it. But the closest examination failed to reveal the opening through which the rats had obtained access to the study cupboard.

"How the dickens did they get in?" exclaimed Blake, in perplexity.

"Pwaps they came in ffrom the passage, deah boy."

"And climbed up their own tails to get into the cupboard?" asked Blake sarcastically. "Or perhaps they bunked one another up."

"Bai Jove! I nevah thought of that!"

"There must be a hole somewhere, and I can't see it," said Blake. "We shall have to stick Tom Merry for some tea. And I'll borrow Taggles' rat-trap, and set it in the cupboard to-night. Cut off and ask Taggles for it, somebody!"

Arthur Augustus went to the door.

"And ask the house-dame for a bit of cheese as you come back, Gussy."

"I shall not pass the house-dame's room comin' back, Blake."

"Yes, you will, ass, if you're going to see Taggles!"

"I am not goin' to see Taggles, deah boy. I am goin' to change my collah."

And the swell of St. Jim's went to change his collar, and Jack Blake went himself to Taggles' lodge to borrow the rat-trap.

CHAPTER TWO.

"CAN'T!" said Taggles.

That was the school porter's laconic reply to Blake's request for the temporary loan of a rat-trap.

"But I want it," explained Blake.

"Can't 'elp that, Master Blake."

"There have been rats in our study cupboard," said Blake. "I want to set the trap to catch them to-night. Let me have it, Taggy, old scout, and I'll tip you a tanner next time Gussy gets a remittance."

"Which there do seem a reglar plague of 'em in the School House," said Taggles, in surprise. "Fust, in Master Levison's study, and then in yours. It's that 'ere 'aving grub in the studies wot does it."

"Well, lend me your rat-trap, Taggy," said Blake. "Why can't you lend it to me?"

"'Cause I've got only one, Master Blake, and I've lent that to Master Levison."

Blake started.

"Levison of my Form?"

"Yes. Master Levison he comes to me yesterday, and he says, says he, that he's seen a rat in his study, says he. So I lends him my trap. And which I can't lend it to two pussons at the same time, Master Blake."

"Right-ho, Taggy."

Jack Blake walked away from the porter's lodge, looking very thoughtful. It was the

first he had heard of rats in Levison's study; he had supposed that the rats in Study No. 6 were the first to make their appearance. There was a gleam in Blake's eyes as he returned to the School House.

Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth was in the Hall, and Blake hailed him. Lumley-Lumley shared Levison's study, with Trimble and Mellish.

"How are you getting on with the rats in your study?" asked Blake.

"Rats?" repeated Lumley-Lumley, in surprise. "There's no rats in my study—unless you mean Levison and Mellish and Trimble."

Blake grinned.

"I mean the four-footed sort. Hasn't Levison set a trap in your study to catch rats?"

"Not that I know of."

"Oh!" said Blake.

He went back to Study No. 6, relighted the bike-lantern, and made a fresh examination of the cupboard. There was not a crack or a crevice to be discovered, through which a rat might have been supposed to have made its entrance. Yet rats had been there—five or six of them, at least.

Blake's face was very grim as he went along to Tom Merry's study in the Shell passage. His chums had already arrived there, and explained the sad circumstances, and met with generous hospitality.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry. "Don't look so solemn, there's lots to go round."

"Thanks!" said Blake, sitting down. "It's a jolly queer happening. You fellows remember I hammered Levison yesterday for putting tacks in my footer boots?"

"Yes."

"Well, now there's rats in our study cupboard, and they've scoffed and spoiled a feed we had laid in, regardless of expense," said Blake.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy turned his eyeglass upon Blake in great astonishment.

"Weally, Blake, I uttably fail to see any connection between hamwewing Levison and wats gettin' into the studay cupboard!" he said.

"You would!" agreed Blake. "There's lots of things you fail to see, Gussy, even with the aid of a glass eye."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Blessed if I quite see the connection, either!" said Tom Merry.

"Perpend!" said Blake. "I've examined the cupboard, and there isn't a hole in it big enough for a mouse to get through, let alone a rat!"

"That's queer!"

"Yaas, that's vewy queeah; but pewwags they got in fwom the studay somehow. Wats are awfl'y clevah beasts, you know."

"Of course they might have made a pile of Gussy's silk hat, and climbed over it," said Blake. "But, unless they did that—"

"I regard the suggestion as widiculous, Blake!"

"Go hon! Unless they did that, they must

have got a helping hand into the cupboard," said Blake. "The queer thing is, that Levison borrowed Taggles' rat-trap last night, because of rats in his study, and Lumley-Lumley, who shares the study with him, hasn't heard anything of rats there."

"Bai Jove! That is wathah wemarkable!"

"Yes, isn't it?" said Blake grimly. "Rather too remarkable!"

Tom Merry laughed.

"Has Levison still got the rat-trap?" he asked.

"Yes. Taggles couldn't lend it me, because Levison still had it."

"Then I'd advise somebody to stay awake in the Fourth-Form dormitory to-night," grinned the captain of the Shell.

"Just what I was thinking," said Herries.

"Yos, rather!" agreed Digby.

"But what is there to remain awake for, deah boys? I pweesume you do not think of watchin' for the wats, and catchin' them?"

"Only one!" said Blake.

"Gweat Scott! You are goin' to remain awake and watch for a wat?"

"Yes."

"You uttah duffah! You will not be able to catch him!"

"Two to one in doughnuts that I do," said Blake. "If that particular rat is active to-night, I shall catch him!"

"But how will you catch him, you ass?"

"By the neck."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Uttably imposs! I wagah ten to one in doughnuts that you fail to do anything of the sort!"

"Done!" said Blake promptly.

And the whole study chuckled, much to the perplexity of the honourable Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

CHAPTER THREE.

LEVISON of the Fourth glanced rather curiously at the chums of Study No. 6 when they came into the Fourth-Form dormitory that night.

Blake & Co. did not appear to observe it.

They turned in as usual, and Kildare put out the light in the dormitory. After the usual buzz of chatter, the juniors settled down to sleep.

But they did not all settle down.

Jack Blake remained very wide awake. So did Herries and Digby, though, as a matter of fact, their eyes closed in slumber at last.

But Blake did not sleep.

He was waiting and listening.

Half-past eleven chimed out, and Blake felt that if his vigil lasted much longer, he would have to prop his eyelids open. But it did not last much longer. The chime of the half-hour had hardly died away when there was the sound of a movement in the sleeping dormitory.

The sound came from Levison's bed.

Blake lay quite silent. He heard the faint

sounds as Levison slipped on his clothes and glided to the door. The big door closed softly.

Then Blake slipped out of bed, and a match flickered out. He knew that it was Levison who had left the dormitory, but he meant to make sure. The match glimmered on Levison's bed. It was empty.

Blake blew out the match.

"Yaw-aw-aw!" said Herries, as he was shaken by the shoulder. "Wharrer marrer? 'Tain't rising-bell!"

"Wake up, fathead!"

"Grooh!" said Digby, rubbing his eyes.

Blake shook Herries, who yawned and sat up, and then awakened the Honourable Arthur Augustus.

"Bai Jove! What's the mattah, deah boy?"

"Gerrup!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"We're going to catch that rat," explained Blake. "Buck up, fathead!"

"I wefuse to be called a fathead, Blake, and I uttably fail to see how you are goin' to catch a wat in the dark!"

Blake jerked the bedclothes off his noble chum.

"Turn out, you slacker."

"I am not a slackah, you ass!" Gwooh! It is cold. I will turn out, if you like, but it is uttably impos to eetch a wat without a twap.

"We're going to lay a trap for him," grinned Blake.

"I weally do not compwehend—"

"You wouldn't! Get your clobber on!"

Arthur Augustus sniffed, and put on his "clobber." The four chums silently left the dormitory, Blake leading the way. Every light was out in the School House of St. Jim's, and the darkness in the passage was dense.

"Weally, Blake—" began D'Arcy.

"Shurrup, ass!" said Blake, in a fierce whisper. "Do you want to alarm him?"

"Eh? Alarm whom?"

"The rat we're going to catch, dummy!"

"If you are jokin', Blake."

"Dry up, and follow your leader."

The juniors stole silently down the stairs into the Fourth-Form passage. Blake led the way into No. 5 Study. Arthur Augustus found his voice again.

"The wats are in our studay, deah boy— No. 6."

"Dry up."

Arthur Augustus sniffed and dried up. Blake stationed himself at the door, keeping it a few inches open.

About ten minutes later, there was a stealthy footstep in the passage. It passed into Study No. 6, and a door softly closed.

"Bai Jove!" breathed Arthur Augustus, in tremulous excitement. "That must be a burghal, deah boys!"

"Fathead! It's the rat we are after."

"But it was walkin'!"

"Of course it was. Come on!"

Blake led the way out of No. 5. There was a faint glimmer of light through the keyhole of

Study No. 6. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gasped with astonishment.

"Gweat Scott! There's a light."

"The rat has lighted the gas," said Herries. "He's got it turned low, though."

"Impos, Hewwies!"

Blake bent his head at the door. Within the study could be heard a whirring and squeaking, as of rats in a trap.

"Follow me!" whispered Blake.

The door of Study No. 6 was thrown suddenly open, and the four juniors rushed in. A startled exclamation greeted them.

The gas was turned half on. A junior, half dressed, was kneeling on the floor beside a large wire rat-trap. He had a hat-box in his hand, and had just opened it. His intention was plain—to drop the rats out of the wire trap into the hat-box—in which reposed Arthur Augustus' best Sunday topper and an expensive Panama.

"Levison!" gasped Arthur Augustus.

"I—I—," stutted Levison.

"Caught!" said Blake grimly.

"Handa off!" panted Levison, as Blake's grasp closed like a vice on his collar.

"Gweat Scott! What is the wottah doin' here, deah boys?"

"Can't you see what he's doing?" grunted Blake. "He's set that trap in the cellar somewhere, and caught the rats, and he was going to put them in your hat-box."

"Bai Jove!"

"Just as he put the other lot in the study cupboard."

"Oh, cwumbs!"

"I—I—I— It was only a joke!" stutted Levison. "I—I—"

"We've caught the rat," said Blake. "You owe me ten doughnuts, Gussy!"

"Gweat Scott! Was Levison the wat you were speakin' of, you ass?"

Blake chuckled.

"Of course he was, fathead."

"Oh! I compwehend now."

"Sure?" asked Blake. "I'll try and work it out in diagrams for you, if you like."

"Weally, you ass—"

"Well, you've caught me," said Levison sullenly. "Now, take your paws off my collar."

"Not just yet!" said Blake cheerfully. "We don't allow rats in Study No. 6. Give me the ink, Dig."

"Here you are," chuckled Dig.

Levison began to struggle fiercely. Herries gripped his arms, while Blake held his collar. With his free hand, Blake up-ended the ink-bottle over the head of the captured "rat." There was a horrified gasp from Levison as half a pint of ink streamed over his hair, down his face, and all over him.

"Gurrrrrgggh!"

"Now the gum!"

"Let me go!" shrieked Levison. "I'll yell! I'll wake the house!"

"Do!" said Blake. "The House-master would

W's the WORKER, who never gets slack;
It's Marky, so give him a slap on the back!

X is an 'XTRA hard letter to find;
It'll pass on to Y, if my readers don't mind.

like to know about your ratting expeditions. "Here's the gum, deah boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The gum streamed over Levison's head, and mixed and flowed with the ink. Levison's face disappeared under it. He gonged his eyes, and snorted, and spluttered, and gasped furiously. But Blake was not finished yet. He intended the cad of the Fourth's lesson to be a severe one.

"Now a shovel of soot!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Groooh! Lemme go! Yow-ow-ow-ooop!"

The soot mingled with the gum and the ink. Levison's state was simply terrific by that time. Faint gurgles and gasps came through the awful mixture.

"There!" said Blake considerably. "I think

that will do. Will you go ratting again, Levison?"

"Gerrrrroogh!"

"Now kick him out!" said Herries.

Bump!

Levison landed in the passage. He sprang up, leaving inky and sooty stains behind him, and fled for the dormitory. Not to bed, however. He was likely to be busy for a long time at the washstand before he could go to bed.

"What are you goin' to do with the wats, deah boy?" asked Arthur Augustus.

Blake chortled.

"Shove 'em into Levison's hat-box!" he said.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The rodents were conveyed into Levison's study, and the trap opened over Levison's hat-box. They dropped in, in a squirming heap,

(Continued on the next page.)



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 "15th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, February 29th, 1916.

Remember that my decision must be accepted in all matters concerning this competition as absolutely binding.

and the lid was closed on them. Then Blake & Co., feeling that they deserved well of their country, went back to the dormitory.

There was a sound of busy splashing from Levison's washstand as they came in.

"Going strong?" asked Blake affably. "Don't forget us next time you go rat-catching, Levison. We'll always be pleased to catch the rat-catcher!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison made no reply; he was too busy with his ablutions. The chums of Study No. 6 turned in again, and were asleep long before Levison had finished washing. And when

Levison of the Fourth turned out in the morning, there were stains of ink and soot still remaining, and he had an extremely sticky feeling in his hair. And when he went down and found his Sunday topper gnawed to ribbons by rats—of his own catching—Levison's feelings were too deep for words.

But Study No. 6 were eminently satisfied. That day Levison spent chiefly in scratching or combing his hair, to which the gum clung lovingly, and the other fellows in chortling over Blake & Co.'s success in catching the rat-catcher.

THE END.

A VOICE FROM THE PAST!

By AN OLD BOY.

I remember, I remember,

In dear old Greyfriars School,
The studies and the common-room

Wherein we played the fool.
My hat! It was a ripping time,
So full of rousing fun!

I often wish that I was back,
But now my course is run!

I remember, I remember,

Old Quelch and his cane;
I often used to catch it hot,
And couldn't sit for pain!

He caught us feasting in the dorm,
And flogged myself and cousin;
But now I gladly would return,
And face another dozen!

I remember, I remember,

The chums so staunch and true,
Who joined me in my escapades,
Resolved to dare and do.
But now those chums are far away,
To serve on land and sea;

Oh, would I had a magic wand
To bring them back to me!

I remember, I remember,

The footer field so vast,
Where forwards flashed towards the goal,
The ball rebounded and passed!

GREYFRIARS WEEK BY WEEK.

(Contributed by Numerous Wags.)

WE HAVE IT ON GOOD AUTHORITY THAT—

Mr. Prout is sporting an armlet.

Loder gets "cross" when he loses his "keys."

Mr. Twigg, in his recent fishing exploits on the Norfolk Broads, netted two small minnows, an antique tin-kettle, and a hundredweight of reeds.

Fisher T. Fish is "doing his bit," which means doing everybody else!

Horace Coker's affection for the fair Phyllis leads to results that fairly make him "Howell"! "The Pride of the Ring," by popular Mark Linley, is right on the wicket, having a long innings, and "not out" of anybody's hands.

The fags of the Third now bathe daily—in ink!

Skinner is having a shot at the captaincy of the Remove; but, like Tipperary, it's a long way to go!

Tuck Hampers are all the craze just now.

They are kept far beyond the reach of the celebrated boa-constrictor, Billy Bunter.

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