

DELICIOUS TUCK HAMPERS FOR READERS!

# The GREYFRIARS HERALD

No. 16. Vol. 1.  
Week Ending,  
Mar. 4th, 1918.

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

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

HE TAUNTED ME THE TORTOISE SNEER ESS OR

HISS TOOK AFT R 2 I'LL BEAT HIM THE THE

FEAR THE SHORY TD TED HISOPP ENT

TWA SLEEP TAKE ABIDE WITH ME WA WA

SHEED BUT YL SHE THE P ED THE

INWG MORAL SLO & TEADY W THE R

MONEY AND TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 16 of this issue.)



Readers of  
**THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 1d.**

who are not already acquainted with the famous schoolboys who edit this new weekly paper should note that The MAGNET Library, published Every Monday, price One Penny, contains a Magnificent Long Complete School Story dealing with the Adventures of the Chums of Greyfriars School.

To-day's issue of The MAGNET Library contains

**SKINNER, THE SKIPPER!**  
By FRANK RICHARDS.



## EDITORIAL.



**FRANK NUGENT,**  
Art Editor.



**H. VERNON-SMITH,**  
Sports Editor.



**HARRY WHARTON,**  
Editor.



**ROBERT CHERRY,**  
Fighting Editor.



**MARK LINLEY,**  
Sub-Editor.

### OUR STAFF.

#### PEARLS FROM OUR POSTBAG.

A few weeks ago I said I liked getting letters from my readers because they gave me a chance to find out what were the most popular features of the GREYFRIARS HERALD. And I really do like it, though the fact that nearly all the writers approve of nearly everything, rather cuts out the chance referred to! "Couldn't be better!" is jolly nice, but not specially critical, you know.

But some of my correspondents don't hesitate to let me know what they want. Here, for instance, comes "True Blue," with a demand that fairly staggers me. He wants me to run the Greyfriars Roll-Call in serial form!

"I should very much like to know," he says, "the full list of boys and masters in your school. Couldn't you engage a fellow in the Remove to get the names of them together, and then put in a few every week until you get them all in? I feel sure that you will do the above for me, as it will please your readers, and save Mr. Hinton a lot of answering questions."

My dear chap, what's the use? I did suggest the idea to Bunter, thinking it might keep him out of mischief; but, after asking whether "True Blue" had sent along a postal-order or

two, and being answered in the negative, he lost interest in the subject. Bunter says he don't care how much trouble any chap at Fleet way House has to take—that's not his affair!

Selfish specimen, Bunter! But, really, "True Blue," what's the use? Who wants to know about old Tompkinson of the Sixth, who collects beetles and loves Greek and such weird stuff, or little Smith-Brown of the First, who only the other day was having his face washed by nursy, and still needs her ministrations? You hear about all the fellows who really matter, and that ought to be enough, I should think.

Miss Gladys D. Barton, of Birmingham writes very strongly on the subject of the paper and the support it ought to receive. She considers that, as the GREYFRIARS HERALD was launched at the urgent request of the "Magnet" readers, it is only fair that all who urged upon the Editor-in-Chief the advisability of bringing it out should do their utmost to spread its fame and increase its circulation. And she appeals especially to Birmingham boy and girls, whose city's motto is "Forward!" to act up to that motto in this matter. Bob Cherry says: "Hear, hear!" He is usually saying something, but this time it is fairly to the point.

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES



# THE SHAM HUNS!

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

:: WRITTEN BY ::  
**PETER TODD.**

## CHAPTER ONE.

**D**URING the latter part of the year 1915 a series of remarkable disappearances had attracted a great deal of public attention. It was natural that, after Scotland Yard had realised its helplessness in the matter, the assistance of my amazing friend, Herlock Sholmes, should be called in.

Sholmes took up the case willingly enough. There were, as he explained to me, many points of quite unusual interest in it. On my return one morning from the funeral of an old friend and patient, I found him busily engaged with the papers relating to the case.

"Quite a remarkable case, Jotson," he said, looking up. "Needless to say, the police can make nothing of it. We must see if we can help them out a little—ch, Jotson? During the past few weeks, my dear fellow, two hundred persons have mysteriously disappeared from London. Strangest of all, the disappearances are continuing, so it is evident that the same mysterious agency is still at work."

"Extraordinary, Sholmes!"

He nodded, and blew out two large clouds of smoke from his pipe.

"A very extraordinary case, Jotson. Look over these papers, my dear fellow, and tell me your opinion. You have studied my methods."

"I will do my best, Sholmes."

I perused the papers eagerly. I should have been very willing to show that I had achieved some measure of success in my study of his amazing methods. I looked up at last with some degree of confidence.

"Foul play," I said.

"And by whom, Jotson?"

"The Germans."

"Such, I believe, is the police theory," said Sholmes, with a smile. "I do not deal in theories, but in facts, unfortunately. However, let us see upon what you base this theory, Jotson?"

I was somewhat nettled by his bantering tone, and I replied a little warmly:

**A** is for **AUGUSTUS**, the swell of St. Jim's;  
We're always discussing his wonderful whims.



Sholmes was busy for an hour or more, and at the end of that time, two hundred down-cast wretches had been turned from the gates of Jollyboys Hall.

"In each case some sign of German intervention has been discovered. Each of the men who have disappeared was in poor circumstances. Some of them had suffered losses and hardships. Yet, when their lodgings were searched by the police after their amazing disappearance, in most cases a German grammar was discovered. In many cases a German dictionary also came to light. Why should they have purchased these expensive volumes themselves, with their straitened means?"

"Ah! Why?" said Sholmes.

"Moreover, in many cases written sheets of German exercises were found, showing that the unfortunate victims had been studying the German language."

"True."

"In some cases neighbours have given evidence that the victims were heard making guttural and animal-like sounds, evident proof that they were endeavouring to learn to speak in German."

"Quite correct."

"I deduce, therefore, Sholmes, that the German agency in the matter is clearly proved. For some reason, which I do not pretend to fathom, German agents supplied these unfortunate men with grammars and dictionaries. Their disappearance followed. In some cases it is possible—I speak as a medical man—that apoplexy may have supervened as a result of speaking too recklessly in German, and the unfortunate victims may have fallen and

**B** is for **BLAKE**, who plays footer a treat,  
And at boxing is quits a tough fellow to beat.

expired by the wayside. This, however, I admit, would hardly account for two hundred cases."

"Probably not, Jotson. There is no reason why a man of ordinary physical fitness, and with a well-developed larynx, should not speak German for many years, and, indeed, live to a good old age."

"I admit it, Sholmes. For the disappearances I cannot account, but the German agency in the matter appears to me proved beyond the shadow of a doubt. Otherwise, why the German grammars, dictionaries, and exercises?"

I was considerably nettled to see Sholmes burst into a hearty laugh.

"My dear Jotson," he said, "you should really apply for a position in the official police."

"You do not, then, agree with my deductions, Sholmes?"

"I fear that I cannot, my dear fellow. You have overlooked the most important point in the case."

"And that?"

"That the victims were in very poor circumstances."

"I do not see how that affects the case."

"Naturally. Yet it is obvious. Allow me to draw your attention to this paragraph in the daily paper, Jotson."

I glanced at the paragraph. It had not, so far as I could see, anything whatever to do with the matter in hand. It gave a description of a concentration camp in which aliens were interned as follows:

"The sitting up of Jollyboys Hall for interned Germans is now completed. There was some dissatisfaction expressed at first, owing to the lack of marble baths, but this has now been supplied. A seven-course dinner is now provided, the former dinner of only five courses having caused discontent. Some ill-natured critics of the administration have found fault with the circumstance that guns and game-licences are supplied to the interned aliens, but we are assured that without these concessions their comfort would not have been complete. We are happy to say that now their only dread is that the war may come to an end, and that they may be sent back to their own country."

I looked at Sholmes in amazement.

"In Heaven's name, Sholmes, what connection has this paragraph, relating to internment camps, with the disappearance of two hundred inhabitants of London in poor circumstances?"

Sholmes did not reply. He yawned, and rose to his feet, and drew his dressing-gown about him. He knocked out the ashes from his pipe absently on the back of my head.

"Would you care for a little run to-day, Jotson?"

"Certainly, my dear Sholmes! But where?"

"To find the two hundred men in poor circumstances who have disappeared," he replied, with a twinkle in his eyes.

"My dear Sholmes—"

"Come!" he said.

We descended to the street. I was lost in amazement. I could not fathom what mysterious clue Herlock Sholmes had discovered, yet

it was certain that he was not deceived by chance. His deductions were always dictated by cold, clear logic, and the ~~unwieldy~~ of a mystery placed in his hands was a mathematical certainty.

We stepped into a taxi, and sped away through Shaker Street.

Herlock Sholmes sat silent. I asked no questions. For the direction he had given to the driver completed my amazement. It was:

"Jollyboys Hall!"

## CHAPTER TWO.

HERLOCK SHOLMES did not speak during our journey to Jollyboys Hall.

He was examining with care a number of photographs, evidently those of the missing men whose strange disappearance had so startled and mystified the authorities. To a brain like Sholmes', it was nothing to remember every trait in two hundred photographs.

We arrived at Jollyboys Hall.

It was a handsome building, surrounded by sumptuous gardens. The soft strains of a band proceeded from the lofty dining-hall, where the interned aliens were sitting down to the first of the usual seven courses. From the deep woods came occasionally the crack of a gun, showing that the shooting-parties had not yet all left the coverts. The whole scene told of a luxurious comfort that spoke well for the sportsmanlike qualities of the British people, who, in the midst of a great war, could provide for their enemies regardless of expense.

"A happy scene!" said Herlock Sholmes, as we entered the dining-hall. "But I fear, Jotson, that our visit will cast a shadow upon the general bliss."

"But why, Sholmes?"

"I fear, Jotson, that there are some here who are not entitled to share in these luxuries. Duty is sometimes painful, but duty must be done."

Most of the diners glanced at us as we came in. Most of them seemed very contented, though a few were complaining of the soup, which, it appeared, was not real turtle. The waiters apologised humbly, and assured them that mock-turtle should never be served again at Jollyboys Hall. Sholmes stopped beside one of the diners, who seemed to shrink from his eye, and spoke to him in German:

"Hack, hack!" said Sholmes quietly. "Donnerblitzen sauer-kraut. Gug-gug-gooch. Grooh-grooh-grooh!" Sholmes speaks German like a native. "Bub-bub—hack—shack—gerrrrrrgh!"

"Das der dem, ja wohl!" stammered the man. Sholmes smiled.

"I am afraid your German will not pass muster, William Jones," he said. "Leave this establishment at once, and return to your home. You are sharing in a splendour that was never intended for such as you."

I stood rooted to the floor.

C is for CUTTS, who's the "blade" of the school;  
A dandified fop, and an infamous fool.

D is for D'ARCY—the juvenile Wally;  
At all times he's most irrepressibly jolly!

Sholmes was busy for an hour or more, and at the end of that time two hundred downcast wretches had been turned from the gates of Jollyboys Hall. Then Sholmes touched me lightly on the arm.

"Come, Jotson!"

We returned to the taxi. As we drove away the merry strains of the band followed us, and hundreds of guttural German voices merrily raised in singing the "Hymn of Hate."

### CHAPTER THREE.

**S**HOLMES did not speak till we were in our sitting-room at Shaker Street once more, and he had written out his report for the authorities. Then he consented to explain. I was, as usual, on tenterhooks.

"You are surprised, Jotson?" he asked.

"I am astounded, Sholmes. You have discovered the hundreds of men in poor circumstances who were missing——"

"Every one, Jotson."

"At Jollyboys Hall?"

"Exactly!"

"But how—why—what clue?"

Sholmes laughed.

"The clue was obvious, Jotson. Did I not observe that the most important point in the case was that the missing men were in poor circumstances? That, added to the fact that it was clear that they had been learning German, supplied all the evidence I needed. My dear Jotson, put yourself in their place. As Britishers they might have perished of starvation, but once they had succeeded in passing themselves off as German aliens, they were assured of every comfort and care. I do not defend their conduct, Jotson, but it was a strong temptation. The idea undoubtedly originated with the first man who disappeared—naturally, without leaving a trace behind him, for had the imposition been discovered, he would have been cast out of the lap of luxury, back into the sordid penury of his ordinary existence. But finding himself a happy dweller in the splendours of Jollyboys Hall, every want provided, every wish anticipated, doubtless he decided to let his friends into such a good thing, and they, in turn, communicated the good news to their friends, so that the number of disappearances increased week by week. Had I not been called in, Jotson, the number of pretended German aliens might have run into millions in the long run, and the accommodation of the internment camps strained to breaking point; indeed, it might even have been necessary to cut down the luxuries supplied to the genuine Germans, which would have caused our great State a very real grief. The scheme, however, has been nipped in the bud, owing to my intervention; and the public may rest assured that in future the splendours of Jollyboys Hall will be wholly reserved for genuine Germans."

THE END.

**E** is for **ETHEL**, whom **Figgy** admires;  
Of singing her praises this youth never tires.

## SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

**H. VERNON-SMITH.**

On Saturday last we played a footer match in fancy dress against St. Jim's, the proceeds of the match to go to the Red Cross fund for wounded British Tommies. A large and loyal gathering assembled on the touch-line, and Harry Wharton, attired as a gallant knight of the Middle Ages, kicked off.

In the first minute I was presented with a lovely opening, but, being dressed as Lady Jane Grey, I tripped up on my train and came a frightful cropper in the goal-mouth, where Fatty Wynn—rightly garbed as Falstaff—stood and grinned at me.

The most elegant figure on the field was undoubtedly Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who, in the role of Good Queen Bess, was a perfect mass of frills and laces. He seemed to spend three-parts of the game on the ground, trying to sort himself out!

Richard Cœur de Lion scored the first goal. Dick Penfold was Little Titch, and did the trick in splendid style, bowling over Figgins (Queen Anne), and sending in a shot that beat Falstaff all the way. At this juncture Johnny Bull, who represented the notorious Dick Turpin, split his breeches, and the game was held up temporarily whilst Bob Cherry (Admiral Jellicoe) clumsily stitched it up.

We led at the interval by one solitary goal, and Manners, who's hot stuff with the camera, snapshotted the lot of us. Then we returned to the slaughter, and Oliver Cromwell (Peter Todd) fired in a hot shot which hit the upright and was deflected into the net.

St. Jim's woke up after this, and Good Queen Bess scored a grand goal, though her monocle fell off in so doing. Shortly afterwards Tom Merry, as Napoleon, brought about the equaliser.

The game was strenuously contested after this, and on the stroke of time Harry Wharton met a pass from Richard Cœur de Lion, and put on the winning goal. Satisfaction prevailed on every side, and we retired to the pavilion in our weird and wonderful costumes with the feeling that we had deserved well of our country.

**F** is for **FIGGINS**, as fleet as a hare;  
A sportsman of valour, reputed and rare.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

## THE POKER FOR COKER!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Cliff House School,  
"Friardale.

"Dear Harry,—I am extremely sorry to trouble you, but I wish to ask a favour at your hands.

"For some time past I have been in receipt of ill-spelt and ill-written letters from a person at your school, known as Horace Coker. From a maze of wild statements, I gather that the aforesaid person wishes to contract a close acquaintance with me, with a view to ultimately forming an engagement.

"Can I rely upon you and your chums to point out to this lvelorn youth the error of his ways? He is beginning to get on my nerves, and I am downright sick of his silly overtures of so-called affection.—Believe me, yours most sincerely,  
"PHYLLIS LLOWELL."

[We have pleasure in informing the charming Miss Phyllis that our editorial staff has already mustered in full force for an excursion to Coker's study. The Fighting Editor will lead the way with a stout poker. Coker's remains will be sent home in a matchbox to his sorrowing parents!—Ed.]

## THE GOOD SAMARITAN.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"24, River Street,  
"Friardale, Kent.

"Dear Sir,—Your little paper enjoys quite a good sale in the village, and it will interest you to know that I spend many an enjoyable evening reading it to my kiddies after a hard day's work on the farm.

"But that is neither here nor there. What I want to write about is this. The other night, when my wife was shopping in Courfield High Street, she stumbled on the kerb and fell in front of an approaching taxi. A boy wearing the Greyfriars colours on his cap picked her up just in time, and ran a grave risk of being bowled over himself. Of course, the wife was very much shaken up, so the boy in question was good enough to assist her all the way to our house in Friardale. He departed at once without revealing his identity.

"May I, through the medium of your excellent little paper, thank that lad from the bottom of my heart for his great kindness? I am not a rich man, and can offer him no reward save in the shape of gratitude for the gallant deed he performed that night; but I hope, if he has

occasion to be passing this way, he will come in and join us in a cup of tea, that I may have the pleasure of thanking him personally.—Believe me, your obedient servant,

"JOHN JEFFREYS."

[The giddy hero who is at present hiding his light under a bushel is requested to come forward at once, that he may bear his blushing honours thick upon him!—Ed.]

## FUSSY GUSSY.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"St. Jim's.,

"My dear Wharton,—On my recent visits to Greyfriars I have been sadly shocked by the slovenly appearance of many of the juniors. No heed whatever is given to that vitally important subject—dress. The apparel oft proclaims the man, and I think you fellows should take much more pride in your personal appearance than you do at present. I notice that many chaps' trousers were actually frayed at the bottoms, so that they looked like utter vagabonds; neither could I discern one fancy waistcoat, save that sported by my fellow-aristocrat, Lord Mauleverer.

"Again, I consider it a beastly shame that Wun Lung is allowed to strut about in flowing robes, instead of conforming to the modern style of dress. I suggest that you shave off his pigtail and put him in Etons without delay.

"As for Bunter, I observed that he actually had four buttons missing from his waistcoat, thereby disclosing a wide range of none-too-clean shirt. Such a state of affairs would shock any disciple of Bond Street, and I trust it will soon be remedied.

"The three great principles to be regarded in life are, in my opinion: (1) Never give less than fifteen guineas for a suit; (2) Always have at least two dozen toppers in stock; (3) Always part your hair in the middle. You will then be a boon and a blessing to modern society.—Believe me, your immaculate friend,

"ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY."

[We thank Gussy for his hints, but are afraid our pocket-money is much too limited to enable us to cultivate that high perfection of personal appearance that stamps the repose of Vere de Vere. As to Billy Bunter's waistcoat buttons being deficient, one always notices this after dinner or a tuckshop celebration. Our compliments to Gustavus, and long may he reign in stately splendour!—Ed.]

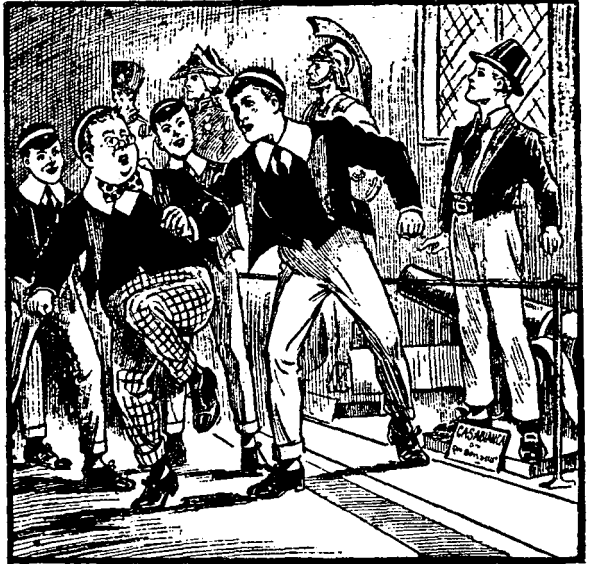
G is for GRUNDY, a silly old clown,  
Who, when on the warpath, is always done brown!

# ROUGH : ON : COKER!

*A Screamingly Funny  
Complete Story of a  
Gigantic Jape. Nar-  
rated in Breezy Style*

: By :

**S. Q. I. FIELD.**



"Hallo, grandpa, what did YOU do in the Great War?" Coker stared at the waxwork, and seemed to find it hard to breathe. Then all of a sudden he whirled round on Bunter and caught him by the collar. It had dawned upon him that the schoolboy ventriloquist was at work!

## CHAPTER ONE.

**C**OKER of the Fifth is looking for Bunter. When Coker finds Bunter there will be—according to Coker—a dead porpoise lying about Greyfriars.

It was not surprising that Coker was wrathful. This is how it happened.

It was a half-holiday, and Temple of the Fourth brought in the news that a travelling waxwork show had stopped at Friardale. There was nothing special doing, so a lot of the fellows decided to go. Temple, who had seen it, said it was pretty good—a big collection of generals, and admirals, and kings and emperors, and things like that, as well as a "Chamber of Horrors," including the Kaiser, and many other celebrated criminals.

Billy Bunter proposed making up a party. Bunter's idea was that a party should stand so much each, to make up the price of admission for him, Bunter being stony, as usual. Bob Cherry said he could stand the price of admission, but he couldn't stand Bunter; there was the difficulty.

"I say, you fellows," chirruped Bunter, "you come along with me, and I'll show you some fun with the giddy waxworks. You know what a splendid ventriloquist I am——"

Everybody said "Bow-wow!" at once.

"What a tremendous ventriloquist I am——"  
"Rats!"

"What a stunning ventriloquist I am!" roared Bunter. "Well, with my wonderful gift of ventriloquism, I can make the Kaiser

speak, you know—the giddy wax Kaiser. I can make any of the waxworks talk. That will be funny!"

"Well, after all, the fat duffer can ventriloquise," said Nugent. "It's the only thing he can do; but he can do that!"

"Oh, really, Nugent!"

"It's worth the bob," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Anyway, you can come, Bunter, and we'll squeeze you in. Only keep out of the Chamber of Horrors!"

"I'm jolly well not going to do anything of the sort!" said Bunter indignantly. "That's the best part of the show. What am I to keep out of the Chamber of Horrors for?"

"Because they mightn't let you get out, if you got in, seeing what a splendid addition you would make to the collection."

"Oh, really, Wharton——"

So Bunter came along. There were a dozen of us of the Remove, and some of the Fourth. We walked down to Friardale, Billy Bunter swanking all the time about the wonderful tricks he was going to play with his ventriloquism.

The waxwork show was being held in the village room, a corrugated-iron affair, where they have Pleasant Saturday Afternoons sometimes for the natives. It was rather a good show—Jaggers' Waxworks, as shown to the Crowned Heads of Europe. Mr. Jaggers himself took the money at the door.

A good many people were there already. The waxworks were pretty good, especially for

**H** is for **HERRIES**, whose dog is a terror;  
**H**e ripe Gussy's trousers to shreds, and no error!

a travelling show. The wax Kaiser was just like life—at least, he looked an awful ruffian. He had a real German helmet, and spikey moustaches, and a face like a kite. We all stopped and looked at the wax Kaiser. Billy Bunter gave his little grunt, which always means that some ventriloquism is coming.

Then the wax Kaiser suddenly said:

"Ach! Mein Gott!"

"Why, it's alive!" exclaimed an old gentleman who was looking on. "The figure is alive!"

"Deutschland uber Alles!" went on the Kaiser. "Sauerkraut und donner und blitzen!"

There was a buzz of astonishment on all sides. Billy Bunter did it very well, which is remarkable, considering what a duffer Bunter is. But he could ventriloquise; no doubt about that.

"This is extraordinary!" said the old gentleman who had spoken first. He was a military-looking old johnny, with white whiskers and a fiery eye, and a complexion like a beetroot, and an eyeglass, and looked a good deal like a caricature himself. "Is it possible that the creature is living?"

"Shutten sie up der jaw!" said the Kaiser, in German—Bunter's German.

The old gentleman turned as red as a turkey-cock.

"Pshaw!" he snapped, and turned away.

"No need to be an uncivil little beast, Buntty!" said Bob Cherry. "Draw it mild, you know!"

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"Wasn't his face worth watching?" he said. "Here comes Coker! Watch me pull Coker's leg!"

Coker of the Fifth came up, with his hands in his pockets. Coker was looking at the show with a lofty eye, as if it really wasn't quite worth his attention. That is one of Coker's ways.

"What's this about a waxwork talking?" said Coker. "I don't believe it can be done. I've never heard a waxwork talk."

"Sie sind ein Dummkopf!" said the wax Kaiser, at once.

Coker fairly jumped, and we all grinned.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Coker. "Must be some sort of a gramophone machine inside the figure. Made in Germany, I suppose, as it's speaking German. What did those words mean? Anybody know?"

"They meant 'You are a blockhead!'" chuckled Bob.

Coker turned red.

"None of your cheek, you fag—"

"Silence mit you, Coker!" said the Kaiser. "You are a blockhead mit yourself, ain't it?"

"Mum-my hat! It—it knows my name!" stammered Coker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go and eat coke, Coker, mit you, dummkopf!"

"Well, that takes the cake!" said Coker, and he looked quite nervously at the wax Kaiser.

"I've never seen anything like that before! It seems weird!"

And Coker walked away rather quickly.

Billy Bunter rolled after him, and we followed Bunter. Coker stopped to look at Lord Nelson, who was there in wax.

"That's jolly good of old Nelson," Coker remarked.

"Thank you!" said Lord Nelson.

Coker nearly fell down.

"It—it talks!" he stammered.

"Talk!" said Lord Nelson. "Ay, ay, you lubber! Kiss me, Hardy! You must be hardy to do it! England expects every man to do his duty!"

"Well, my hat!" said Coker. "It's uncanny!"

"Isn't it—awfully?" said Bob Cherry. "Fairly makes you creepy! These are jolly clever waxworks, ain't they, Coker?"

"It's uncanny!" said Coker.

He moved on, and stopped to look at a wax figure of the kid who stood on the burning deck, whence all but he had buzzed.

And right away the kid said:

"Hallo, grandpa! What did you do in the Great War?"

Coker stared at the waxwork, and seemed to find it hard to breathe. Then, all of a sudden, he whirled round on Bunter, and caught him by the collar. It had dawned on him all of a sudden.

"You fat rotter!" roared Coker. "I remember now—a giddy ventriloquist—what? Playing your fag tricks on one of the Fifth, by Jove!"

"Yaroooh!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll squash you!" roared Coker. "Playing tricks on me! Me, by Jove! Why, I'll make rags of you! I'll—"

"Yow-ow-ow! Rescue!" yelled Bunter.

We rushed to the rescue, and dragged Coker off. Bunter sat on the floor and gasped for breath as Horace Coker stalked away. He blinked at us fiercely.

"What are you cackling at, you rotters?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm injured! Groooh! This is the last time I'll bring you fellows to a waxwork show! Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And I'll jolly well make that beast Coker sit up!" howled Bunter. "He's nearly busted my neck! Yow-ow-ow! I can't get up, I'm injured! Can't you help a fellow up, you giggling idiots?"

"Certainly!" said Bob Cherry, and he took hold of Bunter's ear and pulled. Bunter got up quite quickly.

"Leggo, you silly idiot!"

"Don't you want any more help?" asked Bob.

"No!" roared Bunter. "Leggo!"

"Oh, all right! Keep it up, Bunter! It's awfully funny, you know!" said Bob encouragingly. "The funniest part was where Coker had you by the neck!"



"Ha, ha, ha!"

Billy Bunter snorted; that part didn't seem so funny to him. He gave Coker a wide berth after that, but he kept his eye on him. Coker was frowning; it ruffled his dignity to have his leg pulled by a Remove chap.

We came upon Coker again later on, and found him looking at a wax figure of Winston Churchill, a chap who is celebrated for sending expeditions to the most extraordinary places. The old military gentleman with the white whiskers was standing behind him, looking at Winston, too. Coker sneered off as we came along, and stepped back and trod on the old gentleman's foot. Coker's boot is a good size, and it looked as if the old gentleman had a favourite corn on that foot, for he simply doubled up when Coker's hoof came down on him.

He gave a terrific yell.

"Yow! Mind where you are treading! Oh, my foot! By gad!"

"Sorry, sir," said Coker very civilly. "I didn't see you, sir."

"You should look where you are treading!" gasped the military gentleman.

"Well, if you come to that, you should look where you are standing," said Coker independently.

"Tain't safe to stand anywhere near Coker, sir," said Bob Cherry. "Coker's feet are four-point-seven, and warranted to kill at forty rods."

"Clumsy young booby!" said the old gentleman, wriggling on one foot.

"Oh, rats!" said Coker.

#### CHAPTER TWO.

COKER had apologised handsomely, and he thought the old gentleman ought to be satisfied. It wasn't Coker's corn that had been squashed; that made all the difference. Coker stalked away, and the old gentleman looked as if he would go after him with his cane. But he decided not to, and limped away growling.

"Why didn't he give Coker a licking?" growled Bunter.

"Well, Coker couldn't help treading on his foot," said Wharton.

"He could help clutching me by the neck, though," said Bunter. "By gum, I'll make that peppery old gent wallop Coker, too!"

"How are you going to do that?"

"You'll see!" said Bunter darkly.

Bunter kept his eyes very carefully on Coker

after that. After awhile, Coker and the old gentleman came near to one another again, when they were looking at a figure of Mr. Asquith, a very famous statesman who is celebrated for uttering more words in a day than a reporter could take down in a week. Both of 'em were looking at Asquith, when Bunter gave his little grunt, and we knew what was coming. We thought he was going to make the wax figure say "Wait and see," or "Everything is going splendidly," or something like that, but he didn't. He didn't make the waxwork speak at all. It was Coker's voice that spoke. Bunter is marvellous at picking up people's voices and imitating them. I dare say it's because there is something wrong with him inside.

"Blessed if that old fool isn't here again!" was what Coker's voice said, though poor old Coker didn't know it.

The old gentleman turned as red as a turkey-cock.

"What—what?" he gasped.

Coker looked round in surprise.

"Did you speak to me?" he asked.

"I will thrash you within an inch of your life, you insolent young rascal!" came the reply, and for a minute we thought it was the old gentleman speaking, but then we spotted Bunter's lips moving.

The old gentleman looked round, surprised at the words himself, for, of course, he heard them. Coker fairly glared at him. He hadn't any doubt at all that the gentleman with the white whiskers had made that remark.

"You jolly well won't!" he said.

"What—what?"

"Silly old fool!"

"Boy! You dare to call me——"

"I—I didn't say that!" gasped Coker. "Why, what——"

"You insolent young scoundrel——"

"Oh, draw it mild!"

"If I were your father, sir," shouted the old gentleman, crimson with rage, "I would give you the thrashing of your life, sir!"

"Rats! You couldn't!"

"What!"

"Go and eat coke!"

"Boy!"

"You're drunk, sir!"

Bob Cherry caught Bunter by the ear; he thought it was going a bit too far. Coker hadn't said a word of all that, and he was just guessing that it was Bunter, and was going to jump at him. But the old gentleman jumped at Coker first.

"Drunk!" he stuttered. "You insolent young

**K** is for **KERR**, who, with **Figg** and **Fatty**,  
Combines in provoking the infamous **Ratty**!

**L** is for **LOWTHER**; at punning he's "**IT**,"  
And doublee chaps up with his wonderful wit.

**M** is for **MERRY**, a Trojan all round;  
No jollier sportsman could ever be found.

knife! Drunk! By gad, sir, I'll do as your father ought to have done many a time—thrash you, sir, till you can't crawl!"

"Here, leggo!" roared Coker, as the military gentleman grasped him by the collar, and his cane swung up. "I didn't say— Yaroooooh!"

Thwack!

The cane came down across Coker's shoulders with a terrific whack. Hurree Singh said that the whackfulness was terrific, and he was right. It made the dust rise from Coker's jacket, and it made poor old Coker give a yell like a Hun with a British bayonet behind him.

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You young rotter, Bunter!" gasped Bob Cherry.

Bunter chortled.

"He, he, he! Serve him right! Go for him, sir; it's disgusting the way he speaks to you, sir! He's always doing it, sir. Give him jip!"

The old gentleman was giving Coker jip, there was no mistake about that. He seemed to think he was beating carpets, the way he laid the cane on.

Coker roared, and Coker struggled, but he couldn't get loose. The old sport had a grip like iron, and it was fixed on the back of Coker's collar. Coker is a pretty hefty fellow, but he had no chance at all against that old military man.

"Leggo!" roared Coker frantically. "I didn't—I wasn't—yaroooh! I never said— Oh, crumbs! I wasn't— Yooooop!"

Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow! Help! Drag-gimoff! Yooo-hooop!"

People were crowding up on all sides. Mr. Jagers rushed up, shouting. But the infuriated old gentleman took no notice. He went on licking Coker.

Coker jerked himself away at last, leaving his collar in the old gentleman's hand. Then he turned on him like a bull, and hit out. Coker's knuckles caught the old gentleman on the tip of his nose, and he went down like a sack of coke.

Then Coker looked round for Bunter. Bunter was already sprinting; he didn't want an interview with Coker just then. But the old gentleman was up again like a jack-in-a-box, and making for Coker.

"Keep off, you silly 'old idiot!" roared Coker. "I tell you, I never— Yaroooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker fairly ran for it. He dodged among the

waxworks and fled for his life, with the old military gentleman after him, licking at him with the cane for all he was worth.

He left us fairly doubled up.

"Oh, my hat!" said Bob Cherry. "That alone was worth the price of admission."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It was rotten of Bunter," said Wharton, wiping away his tears. "But— Ha, ha, ha!"

"A dirty trick," agreed Nugent. "But— Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

We felt quite feeble with laughing when we came out. Half-way home to Greyfriars we found Coker. He was resting on the stile and groaning. Coker often gets some hard knocks, through shoving himself into things that don't concern him; but this time he had fairly caught it. We all stopped and looked at him as sympathetically as we could; though, of course, we couldn't help laughing.

"Got away from the ferocious old codger, then?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Yow-ow-ow! My back!" said Coker.

"Does it hurt?" asked Squiff sympathetically.

"Coker looks as if it does," said Bob Cherry.

"What did you speak so disrespectfully to the kind old gentleman for, Coker?"

"Grooh! I didn't!" howled Coker. "It was that beast Bunter, with his beastly ventriloquism. Tell him I'll skin him when I come in! Tell him I'll slaughter him! I'll pulverise him! I'll—I'll—I'll spifficate him—"

Bob Cherry took out a pocket-book and pencil to make notes.

"Anything else?" he asked.

"I'll smash him! I'll exterminate him! Oh, crumbs, my back! I'll—I'll—"

"Anything more?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cut off, you cheeky fags!" roared Coker.

We trotted on, leaving Coker groaning. When we arrived at Greyfriars, we gave Bunter all Coker's messages for him. Bob Cherry had them down in his pocket-book, and he read them out to Bunter.

Bunter looked rather blue. Then there was an alarm that Coker was coming in at the gates, and Bunter scudded off.

So that is why Coker of the Fifth is looking for Bunter. The last I saw of Bunter, he was hiding under the table in No. 1 Study, and Coker was searching the passage, with a bloodthirsty gleam in his eyes. I think there will be trouble when Bunter turns up.

THE END.

## OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.

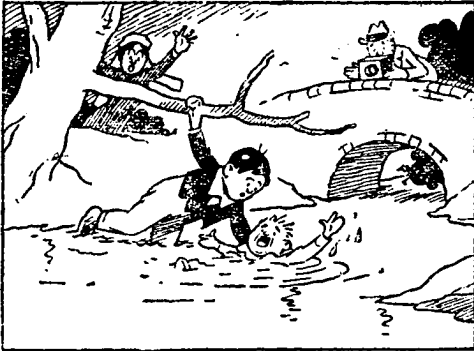


No. 16.—FATTY WYNN,  
Of St. Jim's, in Coal.

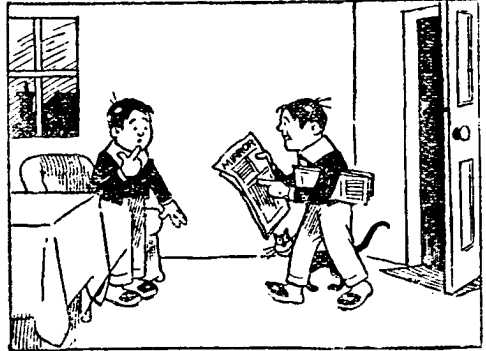
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

# THE ROLICKING REVELS OF BUBBLE AND SQUEAK, THE TERRIBLE TWINS.

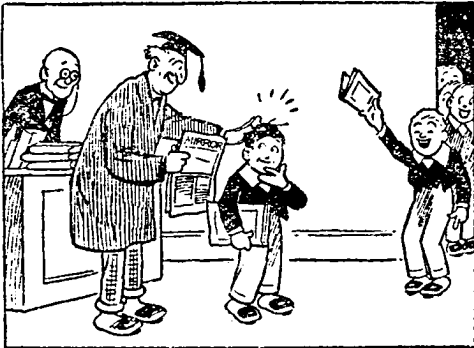
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



(1) "My child! My child!" the nurse did shout,  
"All right," said Squeak, "I'll fish him out!"  
And as he nobly did the trick,  
The snapshot jockey gave a click.



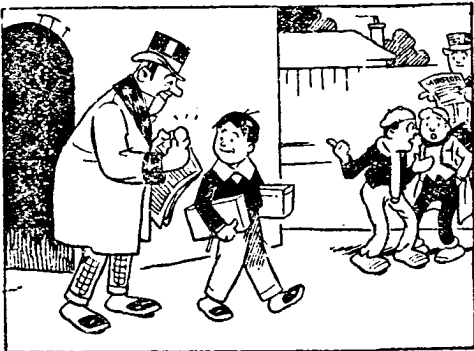
(2) Next day the hero gave a caper,  
"Oh, look! My photo's in the paper!  
Oh, golly! Ain't it ripping, Bubble?  
I'll get rewarded for my trouble!"



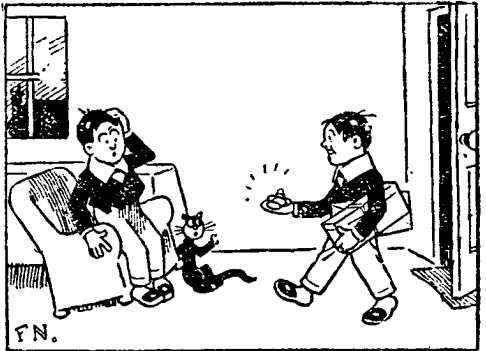
(3) The Head then spied the noble twin,  
And clumped his napper with his fin.  
"Well done, you dashing, daring boy!  
You've filled my very soul with joy!"



(4) A lady coming from a shop  
Then bade the little fellow stop,  
"Some chocolates for you, dear," said she  
"You saved the baby, I can see!"



(5) The twin got tips and tips galore;  
They crowded on him more and more.  
"I'm proud of you!" beamed Mr. Brown,  
"Accept this battered half-a-crown!"



(6) While Squeak was slacking in his chair  
He heard a footstep on the stair.  
Then Bubble came, and turned him blue  
By saying: "They thought I was you!"

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



# Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



## AN OLD ACQUAINTANCE!

Gerald Loder, an incorrigible cur with over two hundred previous convictions standing to his credit, was charged with wilfully and wantonly enlisting the services of Wun Lung, a Removite, for fagging purposes. Wun Lung conducted the prosecution off his own bat, George Bulstrode acting as interpreter.

Magistrate: "Time and again have I had to make it clear that the Remove Form is exempt from fagging. It is little short of monstrous that louts like Loder should repeatedly ignore a fixed custom. With so many distinguished members of the Sixth present in court, we cannot very well proceed to assault and battery; but I solemnly warn prisoner that if he offends again, he will get it where the chicken got the chopper!" (Loud applause.)

receive a dozen strokes each with the map-pole. Take them below, Constable Bull, and see that the strokes are justly and fairly administered."

P.-c. Bull: "What-ho, your worship!"

A moment later piercing screams rang through the court.

Magistrate (to remainder of the League of Looters, Limited): "You hear those sounds, reminiscent of pig-killing? Well, you will know what to expect if you appear before me again!"

Gatty, one of the prisoners (doggedly): "Why don't you give us a lamming as well? We're all equally to blame. You funk the wrath of the Third! Yah!"

## A GLARING ACT OF "FRIGHTFULNESS!"

The court was adorned at this juncture by the presence of many of the nobility and gentry, including Messrs. George Wingate and Arthur Courtney. It was noticed that his Worship Judge Wharton sported a pink tie with green spots, and that his wig had come back from the laundry.

The next offender to appear was a hulking lout named Percy Bolsover. He was formally charged with letting off gigantic crackers in the Remove dormitory on the evening of the 30th, in order to delude the fellows into thinking a Zeppelin raid was in progress.

Detective Peter Todd, prosecuting, said it was a mean and despicable thing for members of the public to try and terrorise their comrades in such a flagrant manner. Mr. Alonzo Todd, the gentleman who occupied the end bed, had been scared out of his wits.

Magistrate: "That's news! I didn't think he had any!" (Laughter.)

Mr. Skinner, K.C., for the defendant, urged that prisoner was wandering in his mind at the time of the alleged outrage.

Magistrate: "Hereditary lunacy is no excuse. I will not tolerate this continued revelry by night. Bolsover will be sentenced to fifty stripes save one with the broomstick!"

The public executioner undertook the castigation, Mr. Wingate kindly consenting to see fair play.

## THE LEAGUE OF LOOTERS, LIMITED.

There was quite a sensation in the crowded court when six inky-fingered youths were thrown bodily into the dock.

P.-c. Johnny Bull growled out the evidence.

"The young rascals you see in the giddy dock, your worship," he said, "have banded themselves together as the League of Looters, Limited. Their object is to emulate the Crown Prince and lay hands on everything they conveniently can. Only last night I caught them in the very act of annexing cushions from the Remove studies. They had made quite a collection when I arrested them."

Magistrate: "Every credit is due to you, Bully boy, for nipping such a dastardly scheme in the bud. Take tuppence from the Widows' and Orphans' Fund!"

P.-c. Bull: "I can't your worship! Prisoners have looted the box!"

Magistrate: "My sainted aunt! Who are the ringleaders?"

P.-c. Bull: "Richard Nugent, George Tubb, and Percival Spencer Paget, your worship."

Magistrate: "It is not my wish to make corporal punishment a common occurrence in this court. However, the present case demands it, and the three prisoners named will

**N** is for **NOBLE**, a youth from "Down Under,"  
At all kinds of sport he's a muscular wonder.

# : THE : PRIDE OF THE RING!

A Magnificent Serial Story  
dealing with the Noble  
Art of Self-defence, and  
Specially Written for the  
"Greyfriars Herald."

:: By ::

**MARK LINLEY.**



The whole school, fired by the same impulse, swayed forward in a menacing mob. The Head stood thunder-struck!

## WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and his chum, "DOLLY" GRAY, are pupils at Earlingham, a very lively school from which Hobbs, the captain, has been expelled for breaking bounds. Angered by his expulsion, the Sixth-Formers combine in a gigantic barring-out, and, mustered in the old tower on Highdown Heath, hold the fort against all comers. The Head and Mr. Snope, the Third Form-master, have just returned from an attempt to dislodge the rebels, when a junior named Phipps approaches them with the startling intelligence that Hobbs has come back.

(Now Read On.)

## Bob Sullivan Takes a Hand.

"HOBBS returned?" gasped the Head. "Preposterous!"

"It's a fact, sir!" said Phipps excitedly. "Honest Injun, sir!"

"Where is he? Where is he?" exclaimed Mr. Cuttle, dancing to and fro on the flagstones in his wrath.

"He's joined the rest of 'em, sir, in the old tower."

"Amazing!" said Mr. Snope. "I never heard of such a piece of brazen effrontery! Doubtless, Verney and the rest of these rascals sent him a wire, urging him to go and join them!"

"That is evidently the case," said Mr. Cuttle. "Upon my soul! This unparalleled affair is becoming more complicated every hour! Unless something can be done I shall have to summon the police, and risk a scandal. It is most distracting!"

O is for OWEN, courageous and steady;  
An intimate friend of redoubtable Reddy.

Whilst Mr. Snope and the Head were discussing the great barring-out, Mr. Fenn, the master of the Fourth, came up, looking considerably agitated.

"I am alarmed for my daughter Molly," he explained. "She went for her customary stroll this morning, and has not yet returned."

"Dear me!" gasped Mr. Cuttle. "When troubles come, they come, not in single spiles, but in battalions, as Shakespeare very truly remarks!"

"Never mind Shakespeare now," said Mr. Fenn. "Molly must be found without delay, or I don't know what I shall do. I cannot for the life of me speculate what has happened. Have I your permission to send out search-parties to hunt for her, sir?"

"Certainly, certainly!" said the Head. "This is a great blow to you, my dear Fenn, and you have my sincere sympathy."

Mr. Fenn nodded, and went back to the building. He summoned Neddy Welsh and Dolly Gray, and several others, and acquainted them with the sordid details of Molly's disappearance.

The juniors were genuinely distressed. They entertained a deep regard for the vivacious, sweet-tempered Molly Fenn, who came to witness their games, and to share in the bumper repasts in Neddy Welsh's study.

"We'll start the search at once, sir," said Neddy. "There's no clue to guide us, worse luck, but if we spread ourselves out and make exhaustive inquiries in the various villages we may discover something."

"I sincerely hope so, Welsh," said Mr. Fenn,

P's for the PORTER, who's stolid and stout,  
A hefty old jossor who suffers from gout.

pressing the junior's hand warmly. "I know you will do your best."

And the juniors set out on their mission.

"Five bob for the chap who finds Molly," said Neddy Welsh, "and as big a feed as he cares to order!"

"My hat! I'm on to that!" said Barker.

"Like a shot!" added Lomax.

But no luck attended the efforts of the searchers. They spread out in all directions, scouring copses, tramping over muddy fields, and inquiring at cottages in the hope that Molly Fenn would be discovered. But nothing tangible resulted. The only point of interest was gleaned by Neddy Welsh, who learned that a party of gipsies had encamped on Cranleigh Moor.

Neddy at once vended his steps in that direction, but, although he saw a score of brown-skinned Romanies—men and women—gathered around a brushwood fire, there was no trace of Molly Fenn. Unseen by the gipsies, the junior scoured every caravan, and every nook and cranny in the encampment, but all to no purpose.

Neddy Welsh was about to retire from the scene when the excited chatter of two of the Romanies came to his ears. Dropping on all fours, he listened intently to catch what they were saying.

"The chi will be quite safe with Bet," one of the men remarked, with a chuckle.

"Ay!" answered his companion. "They have sent search-parties out to hunt for her, but she will never be found. Bet can keep her for a week, or a month, if need be, and then the schoolmaster gent will have to pay a huge ransom for her release."

Neddy Welsh gave a start. There was no question that the "chi" referred to by the two rascals was Molly Fenn. It only remained for him to discover where the woman called Bet was hiding the girl.

But although Neddy strained his ears to catch further conversation, the gipsies had lowered their tone, and he was unable to comprehend a word.

"No go!" he murmured, rising to his feet. "I've got a clue, though, and a jolly good one! Now to get back!"

Dusk was falling rapidly as Neddy Welsh made his way back to Earlingham. Overhead the storm-clouds were gathering, and there was every indication of a tropical deluge before long, with perhaps thunder and lightning thrown in. The junior quickened his pace, and reached the school-gates just before the first spatter of rain-drops descended.

He was the last in of the searchers, and Mr. Fenn and Bob Sullivan, the drill-instructor, waiting at the gates, regarded him anxiously.

"Any news?" asked Mr. Fenn eagerly.

"Yes, sir."

"Thank Heaven! You have found Molly?"

Neddy shook his curly head gravely.

"I am afraid it will be an impossible task to find her to-night, at any rate."

"Where is she?"

"I can tell you nothing, sir, beyond this. A party of Romanies are camping out on Cranleigh Moor, and one of the women has taken Molly away with her—where, I don't know. Molly must have fallen into their hands when she went for her stroll this morning. It's rotten!"

Bob Sullivan buttoned up his raincoat with a determined expression on his face.

"You'd better get to bed, Neddy," he said quietly. "I'll take on the search."

Mr. Fenn caught the speaker by the arm.

"It is madness to venture out on a night like this!" he exclaimed. "Hark at the wind and the rain! You will be soaked to the skin before you have proceeded a hundred yards. I am keen—desperately keen—to recover Molly, but I insist upon the search being held over until the morning."

"And I insist on going to-night!" was the reply. "To-morrow may be too late! It is of no use your trying to dissuade me, Mr. Fenn. My mind is made up."

"Well, if you will go, I suppose there is nothing more to be said. Heaven bless you!"

And Bob Sullivan, returning his colleague's cordial handshake, stepped out into the darkness and the now fast-falling rain.

#### The End of the Rebellion.

THE storm raged with demoniacal violence as the young drill-instructor swung along the country road. He had already mapped out a plan of campaign. He would visit the gipsy encampment on the moor, and remain in the vicinity until he could pick up a substantial clue as to Molly's whereabouts.

That he was running a grave risk he well knew, for gipsies, especially those of the rough-and-ready order, are not to be trifled with. If his presence near the camp was detected, he would have to fight hard for liberty and perhaps life.

But Bob's resolution never wavered. He well understood Mr. Fenn's anguish of mind, and meant to leave no stone unturned to bring Molly back to the school in safety.

On and on he went, breasting the driving rain and the fierce, tameless wind, until presently the lights of Cranleigh came in sight.

Bob Sullivan soon battled his way through the little village, and stepped out across the moor. His clothes, wet and soaking, clung to his body, but he heeded not the discomfort.

At last he came upon the encampment. The gipsies were all in their caravans, and the place had a gloomy, forbidding appearance.

As Bob began to look round for a place of shelter, from which he could keep a watch on the camp, he heard footsteps descending the steps of one of the caravans.

Bob promptly dodged out of the way, and sought refuge behind a clump of gorse.

A man passed within a few feet of him, bearing in his hand a large basket stored with provisions.

O's for the QUALMS by our fellows concealed  
When meeting the Saints on the football field.

R is for REDFERN, a go-ahead fellow,  
Who often makes Figgins & Co. look quite yellow!

"Grab!" murmured Bob, under his breath. And, rising swiftly and silently, he followed in the man's wake.

It was easy to guess where the gipsy was going. The woman called Bet wanted food, both for herself and her captive, and the man was conveying it now, late at night, so that his movements might not excite attention.

Bob followed the Romany for nearly a mile over the bleakest stretch of moorland imaginable. The man stopped suddenly at an old and disused barn, and, rapping softly on the battered door, he entered.

"Well, I'm blessed!" muttered Bob. "Who'd have thought of hunting here for Molly, in a one-sided shanty like this?"

A moment later the man reappeared, deep in conversation with the woman known as Bet. They paced to and fro in the intense darkness, and presently stopped about a dozen yards from the barn.

This was Bob Sullivan's chance. He was inside the rickety little building like a shot.

"Who's there? Oh, who's there?" came a girlish voice.

"Bob—Bob Sullivan," was the reply. "Keep quiet, Molly, or we shall be spotted. I've come to rescue you from these demons."

"Heaven bless you!" said the girl, with a sob of relief. "I have been here all day, and it is unbearable."

"Quick!" panted Bob.

In a twinkling they were out in the open, and fleeing for their lives.

A yell of rage followed them, and the man who had brought the provisions, seeing what was afoot, came dashing after the fugitives.

"Oh, dear!" gasped Molly. "We shall be caught like rats in a trap! I—I can't run fast!"

"Never mind," said Bob reassuringly. "The danger's over now. You go on, and I'll deal with this kidnapping Johnny!"

Molly went ahead, and the drill-instructor turned to face the gipsy, who came plunging on like a madman.

"Take that!" exclaimed Bob.

And he hit out with all the force of his strong right arm. The blow caught the Romany full in the face, and he fell like a log, and rolled over on the wet turf with a groan. Bob Sullivan, the ex-middle-weight boxing champion of England, knew how to hit straight from the shoulder.

"Want any more?" he asked.

"No, confound you!"

"Then take yourself off, and account yourself lucky that I'm not going to hand you over to the police, as you richly deserve!"

Slowly the gipsy picked himself up, and Bob Sullivan could see his dark eyes gleaming

through the gloom. But the fellow made no further onslaught upon his powerful adversary. Realising that he had met more than his match, he slunk away.

Bob then rejoined Molly, and assisted her to the school. The girl was weak from want of food, and the driving rain beat pitilessly into her fair face.

A light shone through the window of the porter's lodge. Mr. Fenn was there, and the Head, waiting up for Bob's return.

The drill-instructor rang the bell with joyful vigour, and the two men who had been keeping vigil ran out.

"Is that you, Sullivan?" asked Mr. Cuttle.

"Yes, sir; and I've found Molly!"

The Head swung open the big gates, and a moment later father and daughter were locked together in close embrace.

Molly recounted her experiences as she sat before a blazing fire in the lodge, and when the narrative was finished Mr. Fenn turned to Bob Sullivan with glistening eyes.

"I'm a poor orator," he said, "and cannot thank you now for this night's work. Perhaps later on I shall be able to give you at least a small glimpse of my gratitude."

"Draw it mild!" laughed Bob Sullivan. "I'm not one of your plastered saints, you know!"

"You are a very good and a very noble man!" interposed the Head, with feeling. "I, too, owe you a debt I can never hope to repay. Molly is more to me than you might be supposed. Ask any favour of me you wish, my dear Sullivan, and it shall be granted."

"You mean that, sir?" asked Bob eagerly.

"Every bit!"

"Then—then let Hobbs resume his position as captain of Earlingham!"

The Head paused. He had not bargained for a request of this sort. But he had given his word, in the presence of Mr. Fenn and Molly, and it was up to him to keep it.

"Very well," he said, after a moment's reflection. "After all, it is but small recompense for what you have done to-night. I will summon the school together in the morning, and acquaint them of my decision."

The news of Molly's timely rescue from the hands of the gipsies excited much comment when it became general knowledge, and Bob Sullivan's name was in everybody's mouth. The fellows took their places in Big Hall next morning in a state of eager suspense.

"Boys," said the Head, "I have a momentous announcement to make to you this morning. I have decided to reinstate James Hobbs in his position."

"Hurrah!"

The cheering which broke out from the

**S** is **ST. JIM'S**, so inspiring and famous;  
At cricket and footer they frequently shame us.

**T** is for **TALBOT**, good-natured and great,  
Who's always relied on to play the game straight.

**U** is quite **USELESS**, you all will agree;  
So with your permission I'll pass on to "**V.**"

crowded ranks of boys was deafening, for Hobbs was a universal favourite.

"As for those members of the Sixth Form who have seen fit to cause an unseemly riot," went on the Head, compressing his lips, "they shall be summarily expelled from Earlingtonham!"

"Shame!"

The whole school, fired by the same impulse, swayed forward in a menacing mob. The Head stood thunderstruck.

"Stand back!" he roared.

But the insurgents continued to advance—howling, threatening, clamouring. The dia was deafening.

Mr. Penn touched the Head on the arm.

"I think it would be wise to meet their wishes, sir," he murmured. "Things will become fearfully complicated if the whole school gets out of hand."

"Perhaps you are right," said Mr. Cuttle. Then, in penetrating tones, he added: "Silence, boys! Your request is granted."

A fresh burst of cheering rang forth. The fellows were pacified now. The rebellion was over, and the participants had got off scot-free.

"Come along!" said Neddy Welsh, when the dia had subsided and the school had been dismissed. "Let's give old Hobbs a jolly good welcome back!"

"Rather!"

And a jubilant procession of juniors streamed out of the school gates, and marched gaily along the road which led to Highdown Heath.

(Another thrilling instalment of this breathlessly-exciting serial will appear next Monday. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD without delay.)



## 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 "16th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, March 7th, 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. 16,  
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE  
CAREFULLY

Address.....



# The Seven Plagues of Greyfriars!

A Stormy Interview with Bob Cherry, Our Fighting Editor. By the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.



I DIDN'T have to go far to interview Bob Cherry. He was in the editorial sanctum at the time the Editor commissioned me for the job, so I tackled him right away.

Bob's a jolly good fellow all round, and I didn't mind interviewing him a little bit, especially as he was in funds, and would probably be willing to stand me a substantial spread at the end of the bizney.

"First of all," I said, "I should be interested to witness a demonstration of your duties as Fighting Editor to the jolly old *HERALD*."

"Right you are, old sport!" said Bob. "If you accompany me on a tour of the school buildings, I'll open your eyes to a few little things. We'll go round and visit the Seven Plagues of Greyfriars."

"What the merry dickens are they?" I inquired.

"You'll jolly soon see. Come on!"

We went first of all to Skinner's study. The door was locked, and there were sounds of revelry within. Skinner's a blade, a dog, and a goer, and it's not at all unusual for him to sit behind locked doors and sample the fragrant aroma of a Flor de Turnip, or bury his head in some sporting paper that deals in sure snips and dead corts.

My companion rapped briskly on the door of the study.

"Who's there?" came a startled voice.

"It's me—Bob Cherry! Open this door at once, Skinner, or I'll smash you to a jelly!"

Knowing Bob to be a fellow of his word, Skinner whipped the door open before you could say ninnepence. Then we strode into the room, fighting our way against the pungent odour of cigar-smoke.

Bob Cherry groped out towards Skinner, and raised him up by the scruff of his bony neck.

"This," he said to me, "is the First Plague of Greyfriars. It's a gambler, a smoky beast, and a menace to civilisation!"

Skinner scowled.

"I'm not so black as I'm painted," he said.

W's for WYNN, who's a giant for tuck;  
He could eat up a bunshop without getting stuck.

"Aren't you? Then you jolly soon will be!" And Bob Cherry hustled his victim towards the chimney, and shoved him bodily up it.

A perfect avalanche of soot descended on Skinner's devoted head, and he spluttered like water being turned on at the main.

"Ug-ug-ug-ugh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The scene struck me as being decidedly funny, and I roared with laughter. When Skinner saw the light of day once more, he was as black as the ace of spades. Soot was simply clotted about his hair and face, and a Christy Minstrel would have been "also ran" by comparison.

Bob Cherry sent the First Plague spinning, and he landed with a crash on the other side of the study, leaving a sooty trail on the carpet.

"So much for number one!" said Bob. "Come on!"

We went next to No. 7 Study in the Remove passage.

"Here," said my companion, "are plagues two, three, and four. Bunter's the second, Alonzo Todd the third, and Dutton the fourth. Bunter ought to be in a pigstye; Alonzo's a silly ass for inflicting his pamphlets and his jaw-breaking phrases on his long-suffering schoolfellows; and Dutton's a nuisance through being as deaf as a giddy doornail. I'll tackle 'em all together. It'll save time."

And, to the unbounded astonishment of the three juniors, the Fighting Editor sailed in to the attack. He smote Bunter in the ribs, nearly causing him to explode like a penny balloon; he dotted Alonzo on his prominent nasal-organ, and almost knocked Dutton's noddle through the bookcase. A series of yells accompanied the proceedings.

"Yow! Cherry, you rotter——"

"My dear fellow, pray control your angry passions——"

"Ow, my napper!"

We retired from the scene with many chuckles, leaving the freaks to nurse their respective injuries.

"The Fifth Plague," said Bob, "is rather a different proposition. I sha'n't be able to meet it in a hand-to-hand tussle, as it happens to be a prefect."

We wended our way into the Close, and paused outside the window of Loder's study.

X is an XTRA hard letter to do;  
I'm in the same boat as I was with old "U."

Here the Fighting Editor drew from his pocket a reliable pea-shooter, together with several rounds of ammunition. Then he clambered on to the window-ledge.

"Good!" he murmured. "The beast is at home. Here goes!"

A perfect fusillade of hard peas was despatched into the study, and there were loud and fearful yells as the shots found their billet. Gerald Loder, the Fifth Plague, was having a most unpleasant experience. Every time he tried to rush to the window a storm of peas drove him back. It was fine fun, and I was almost sorry when the entertainment came to an end through lack of ammunition.

"The next plague on the list," said my companion, "is a thing called Coker, or Poker, or something. It's in the Fifth Form, and occasionally writes crude doggerel which it calls poetry."

"Coker!" I exclaimed.

"That's it. We'll make it sit up!"

"But you can't tackle a Fifth-Form fellow!" remonstrated.

"Rats! Come along and see the fun!"

We proceeded to the Fifth-Form passage. The door of Coker's study stood ajar, and we caught a glimpse of him at the table, bending over a manuscript. He was evidently turning out some more of his precious poetry, which was guaranteed to move the gods to tears.

Bob Cherry nudged me to remain still, and crept into the study on tiptoe. Then he silently produced a length of cord, and before Coker could even look up, his arms were pinioned to the chair, and he was powerless.

"You cheeky young cub—" he began wrathfully.

"Bow-wow!"

"I'll get even with you for this!" Coker raved. "Untie me at once!"

"Not this evening!" grumbled Bob. "Some other evening, my dear Horace! Come on, Mr. Reporter!"

And we quitted the study, leaving Coker foaming at the mouth with rage.

We adjourned to one of the bath-rooms next, and I regarded my comrade in unfeigned astonishment.

"Who's the Seventh Plague?" I exclaimed. "Surely he doesn't hang out in the bath-room?"

The Fighting Editor made no reply. We entered the stuffy little place, and then, before I knew what was happening, the beast gripped me by the collar and thrust my head under the cold-water tap, and turned it on full!

I simply yelled as the cold stream disported itself all over my face and neck.

"Here, what's the little game?" I spluttered. "What in thunder have I done that you should treat me like this?"

Bob Cherry smiled sweetly as he stood and surveyed me in the doorway.

"You," he said calmly, "are the Seventh Plague!"

THE END.

## Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR ELEVENTH GREAT  
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST

The correct rendering of our 11th Picture Puzzle is as follows:

As Sindbad the Sailor was slumbering under the egg of a large bird called a roe, the bird's claws caught in Sindbad's clothing, and the sailor was carried to a valley covered with precious stones. Here he encountered the Old Man of the Sea, who at once settled on his back. But Sindbad, by a trick, succeeded in killing him, and then collected thousands of the gems.

The following competitor, with only two errors, wins the cash prize of £1:

JOYCE SWIFT,

10, Albert Road, Waterloo, Liverpool.

Tuck Hampers have been sent to the following seven competitors (in order of merit):

S. Armstrong, 25, Green Lane, Wolverhampton; S. Matthews, 23, Lindisfarne Terrace, N. Shields; A. Collins, 97, Butler Street, Oldham Road, Manchester; J. M. Gardiner, 14, Hawthorn Road, Elgin; S. Brooks, 10, Hardman Road, Charlton, S.E.; D. Mulcahy, 20, Conduit Street, Belfast; A. E. Hamley, 2, Manor Street, Cathays, Cardiff.

## The Tuck That Cheers.

By a Tuck Hamper Winner.

My chums are crazy with delight,

With joy they fairly scamper;

The glorious news was learned last night:

I've won a giddy hamper!

The pater says I'm going mad,

And badly need a muzzle.

Says mater, "Don't reproach the lad,

He's solved the Picture Puzzle!"

My word! The grub is just divine!

There's cake and jam and honey,

Sardines and biscuits (jolly fine!);

It's worth a mint of money!

I think I'll hold the spread to-day,

And Jack and Jim and Gerald

Can help to stow the things away

Awarded in the HERALD!

So take my tip then, readers true,

Who envy my position;

Cut out the form and enter, too,

This stunning competition!

And if by luck you win the tuck,

To share with dad and mother,

Your comrades will applaud your pluck

And make you win another!

Y's for the YOUTH who is writing this verse;  
I think you'll agree that it might have been worse!

# THE GREATEST FIGHT IN THE HISTORY OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.

By ROBERT CHERRY.



ROBERT CHERRY,  
Fighting Editor.

[EDITOR'S NOTE.—As so many readers of the HERALD have written for particulars of the greatest fight which has ever taken place at Greyfriars School—a bout which would compare with the famous Williams v. Tom Brown fight at Rugby, or the "Slogger" Sawyer v. Simms affair at St. Jim's—we commissioned Robert Cherry to search for details. The search entailed an exchange of something like twenty letters with old boys, and the point is still unsettled. Still, if the Pryor-Ransom set-to is not actually the greatest fight Greyfriars has witnessed, it certainly is one of the greatest.]

**E**XACTLY what was at the root of the trouble between Jack Pryor and Stanley Ransom, it is almost impossible to say now, for the trouble, whatever it was, happened in the Christmas term of 1875.

As it is not possible to discover it seems that it was simply a case of two Sixth-Formers, who were thrown together a lot in prefect duties and on the playing-field, being unable to hit it off. There is ample proof that Jack Pryor and Stanley Ransom were not even on speaking terms for the better part of the term, and matters appear to have been nearly as bad as that for a couple of years when the unpleasant affair was brought to a startling head.

Jack Pryor, in the course of his duties as prefect, saw Stanley Ransom leaving the school long after lock-up one night, and waited for his return. As appears to have been Pryor's way, he bluntly accused the other senior of breaking bounds. Ransom's answer is not known, but no doubt it was a galling one, and a blow was struck.

No one knows who struck it, but the news suddenly flashed through the school that Pryor and Ransom were to fight. There was a tremendous amount of excitement when it was learnt that the fight would take place on the last day of the term, within an hour of the departure of the stage-coach—there was no railway serving Friardale in those days.

Everybody understood the reason for the postponement, because both Pryor and Ransom were leaving that term, and they wanted to take good "reports" home to their people, a

decent enough motive, which most of the fellows appreciated. But the wait was very trying, and it is a wonder that the secret was kept for over a month, for Pryor and Ransom both went into strict training, and often watched each other at glove work in the gymnasium.

Then, early one morning, within a few days of Christmas, all Greyfriars made its way to a certain clearing in Friardale Wood.

Both principals were already there with their seconds, but it was too dark for faces to be seen. A real roped-in square was rigged up, and everyone waited breathlessly for daylight.

Presently Stanley Ransom sprang over the ropes, and, with a ringing laugh, threw off his jacket.

"If it's light enough for your man," he sang out to Pryor's seconds, "it's light enough for me?"

Pryor didn't answer, but he vaulted the ropes instantly, and, just as the first grey streaks of dawn found their way through the trees, the two stood up to one another, scaling to within a few pounds of each other's weight.

Some plumped for Pryor, because of his better shoulders and arms; others expected Ransom to win, on account of his finer legs and wonderfully-developed middle section; but there seems to have been very little really to choose in the two fellows.

"Time!" was given in an excited voice, and Ransom sprang in, with Pryor on his way to meet him. Ransom lashed out with a left-hand drive, but Pryor was not as hot-headed as a good many appear to have thought him, for he swept the blow aside, and jabbed hard to the body.

Ransom went back on his heels for an instant, badly jolted, and Pryor was giving nothing away. He drove for the face with a flash-like left, was out of distance, and swept his right to the short ribs.

He connected, but Ransom made amends. He uppercut his man with a terrific right, then fought him right across the ring, until he was almost upon the ropes.

Once Pryor did actually touch the ropes, and it appears to have roused him to a wonderful extent. Ransom had been carrying everything before him for the last few seconds, and perhaps he was over-confident. All the spectators agreed that he might have paved the way to

victory at that point in the first round of the great fight, if he had not been in such a hurry.

As it was, Ransom threw caution to the winds in a reckless attempt to finish out of hand, using both weapons with all his strength, and with only one thought behind them—to hand over the k.o.

Pryor must have used his head wonderfully, for he seems to have drawn his opponent into a trap. Up to the moment Pryor's back touched the ropes there was only one man in it; then Pryor shot forward.

He, too, had a reckless strain in his temperament, and Ransom's left to the face seems to have been passed unnoticed by Jack. He was in and under the other fellow's guard, and his left streaked for the face. Almost at the same instant Jack's right swept up in a semi-circle, and there was never a doubt about connection being made.

The upper-cut landed full on the point of Ransom's jaw, and he was flung back a couple of yards. He swayed a little, then dropped to his knees, and an excited voice called "Time!"

There were cheers, and counter-cheers, and everybody talked at once without troubling to listen. It had been an amazing first round, and both principals had suffered punishment.

So equal were the exchanges in the opening half of the second round that there was scarcely a point to choose between the two, but the closing stages saw a great change.

Ransom was fortunate in being within distance with a heavy jab to the body, and Pryor's hands dropped. Ransom seized his opportunity with lightning-like quickness, and he caught at man to the ropes again. One terrific left-hand drive from him would have finished most fights, but Jack Pryor was as hard as a rock, and round two finished as the first had, with an upper-cut from Jack's right, which levelled matters up again, and sent Ransom to the ground for the second time.

The excitement now threatened to get out of hand, for it reached such a pitch that, at this late date, it is impossible to get clear details of the next five sessions.

At the seventh meeting Ransom appears to have had it all his own way, sending Pryor down twice within a few seconds. Each fall, though, was the result of a clean blow from the shoulder. In those days throwing an opponent by means of wrestling holds was included in the tactics of the ring, but neither of the Greyfriars champions seem to have favoured the method. It was clean, hard hitting all the time, such as would have been judged fair in the ring to-day.

The seventh round came to an end with Pryor very weak and badly battered, and the general opinion was that Ransom had the fight in his hands.

At the eighth encounter Pryor electrified the spectators and roused his partisans to enthusiasm by rushing it at the start, and fighting his man to a standstill.

The fight which Ransom seemed to have won in the seventh round now ran entirely in Pryor's favour, and the excitement which attended the ninth session can be imagined. So great was it that again there are no details to be obtained. From the ninth round to the fifteenth it was a case of terrific hitting on both sides, and it is certain that the sixteenth meeting must have found both principals a good deal the worse for wear.

But they were game to the last, and the pace was amazingly fast. Both Pryor and Ransom attacked at the very onset, Pryor scoring with a heavy left. A second later this was equalised by a brilliant hook from Ransom. Then there followed a spell, in which both fellows appear to have fought recklessly for the knock-out.

It came suddenly and sensationally. Ransom saw an opening, and sprang in. His splendid left streaked to the point of Pryor's jaw, and his right was back for the follow-up; but Jack Pryor must have been a giant as far as stamina was concerned. His favourite upper-cut came into play again—a blow which was very near his last one; but it was a terrific shot.

Ransom appears to have countered instinctively, and his right drive never looked like missing. It landed full on the point of the jaw, and Jack Pryor swayed.

Just for a second he kept his feet; then he toppled over gracefully, and fell flat on his face.

"One—two—three—"

Pryor moved. He even raised himself on his elbow, but he fell back again.

"Four—five—six—"

Then someone else shouted, an excited sort of yell:

"Look at Ransom!"

There was no need to shout, though, for everyone was looking. Ransom was leaning forward, a sleepy expression on his handsome, rugged face. Then he slipped down, and lay where he fell like a log. He, too, was down and out before Pryor had had time to take the count.

I have to thank Canon Harper, of Wayland, near St. Jim's College, for the bulk of the above details. It was he who refereed the fight, and, of course, his verdict was a draw.

It is Canon Harper, too, who supplied the two, perhaps, most interesting facts of all—the one, that Pryor and Ransom left Eriardale, a couple of hours later, seated together on the front seat of the stage coach, and sharing the same rug; the other, that Jack Pryor had been quite within his rights in accusing Stanley Ransom of breaking bounds, but if he had made further inquiries he would have learnt that Ransom had a special permit from the Head to be outside the school.

In the face of that, it is pretty safe to say that there was no real cause for the fight, except that it was one of those things which had to happen, and, according to Canon Harper, the very best thing in the world that could have happened, for it turned two enemies into chums.

THE END.