

EVERY SCHOOLBOY'S WEEKLY!

The **GREYFRIARS** 1<sup>D</sup>  
**HERALD.** 2

No. 17. Vol. 1.  
 Week Ending,  
 Mar. 11th, 1916.

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

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

YL WAS SUCH A FEW FEET 4

HE MET A VALUABLE DIAMOND. HE SAW A BUNCH OF GLASS

X GE THE DIAMONDS RUBIES SAPPHIRES GARNETS EMERALDS IN A BUNCH OF

CH HEED, HE CAME TO THE

THE VALUABLE DIAMOND WAS USELESS HIMSELF. CORAL THE BEST

THE WORLD IS OF NO VALUE TO US. HE HAS NO USE FOR IT.

MONEY AND TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 14 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

"HIS HIGHNESS!"

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.

#### DON'T FAIL TO READ THIS!

I have just lately heard from the publisher, and he says he wants me to talk to you very seriously on a certain subject. I did my best to shove the job on to Linley, who is really a much more serious chap than I am, as you all know. But Marky says he is not having any—pretty good cheek that for a sub-editor—eh, what? The fellow doesn't seem to realise that his chief mission is to do those things which I don't exactly cotton to. As he refuses, however, here goes to get the job done myself!

It's about

#### THIS PAPER TROUBLE,

which I dare say you have seen mentioned elsewhere. There was quite a long screed about it in the "Magnet" last week, anyway. You have simply got to see that if you won't do what you are asked—which is, to order the GREYFRIARS HERALD in advance from your newsagent—you are putting the little paper

#### IN GRAVE DANGER

of going under altogether! You would not like that, I know. But you cannot have less relish for the idea of it than I have. I don't want to brag, but I have done and I am still doing my level best to give you as good a paper as you could possibly have, and quite a lot of you have written to say that you think that I am succeeding.

#### WELL, REMEMBER THIS,

the HERALD is the youngest of the companion papers, and, though I cannot pretend to know

a lot about the financial side of things, I am jolly sure that while such thumping good value is given for a halfpenny it can't very well be the most profitable. Just suppose the paper crisis develops to a point at which one of the six

#### HAS TO GO UNDER

to give the rest a chance? I don't want to be selfish, but I should hate to have the HERALD that one! And so would you, I believe. Therefore, and accordingly, give an order to the chap at the shop to keep a copy of it for you every week.

#### ABOUT THE STORIES

and other contributions some of you fellows—a good many of you, indeed—are sending along. I am going to give you a few hints—not too many at a time, because I don't want to earn the reputation of being a nagger. Here is one to be going on with—do please write your

#### NAMES AND ADDRESSES

on the stories themselves, as well as on the letters you send along with them. Sometimes the things get mixed up, and I live in dread of returning to someone a yarn that he simply wouldn't be found in the same room with, instead of letting him have back his own priceless pearl of genius!

HARRY WHARTON.

READ OUR FOOTLINES

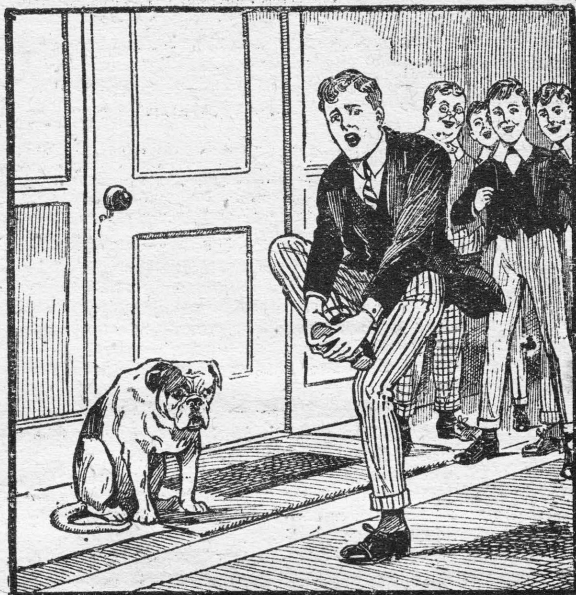


# DICK RAKE'S BULLDOG!

A Screamingly Funny,  
Complete Story, telling of  
a great jape against  
Loder of the Sixth.

By :

**GEORGE BULSTRODE.**



The next moment there was an awful howl from Loder. He danced on one foot and clasped the other with both hands, yelling with anguish. And Cæsar hadn't even moved!

## CHAPTER ONE.

"I SAY, is that beast safe?" Bob Cherry asked that question very doubtfully, as he looked into Dick Rake's study in the Remove passage.

Bob Cherry wasn't nervous of dogs—quite the reverse. Dogs generally took to Bob. But that bulldog in Rake's study was a particularly savage and ferocious-looking beast, and Bob came on him quite suddenly. He was crouched down on the carpet, and he didn't make a movement or sound, but just fixed his eyes on Bob, looking as ugly as it is possible for a bulldog to look.

Dick Rake grinned.

"Doesn't he look safe?" he asked.

"Not very," said Bob, keeping his eyes on the bulldog. "What the deuce are you doing with a dog in the study? It's not allowed."

"That one would be allowed," said Dick Rake. "He's all right. He's never had a bite in his life."

"He looks as if he has a dozen every day," said Bob. "How did you get him here? I didn't see him come in."

"He came in that packing-case."

"A dog in a packing-case?"

"Yes; packed in straw."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Bob, with a stare.

"Honest Injun!" said Dick Rake. "I bought him cheap from old Larazus. He's guaranteed not to growl."

Bob Cherry simply blinked with astonishment. There was the packing-case, and Dick Rake was packing the straw back into it. But

it was the first time Bob had ever heard of a bulldog being sent in a packing-case with straw.

"Stroke him," said Dick Rake. "He won't bite."

"Good dog! Good doggie!" said Bob persuasively, advancing towards the crouching brute in a rather gingerly manner.

He stretched out his hand, but the bulldog didn't move. Then he stroked him. Then he gave a howl.

"You spoofing ass!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was not surprising that the bulldog hadn't moved, as he was made of solid stone.

"A blessed stone dog!" growled Bob in disgust.

"Yes; he was going cheap, so I bought him," grinned Dick Rake. "I thought I could dig up some fun with that bulldog—owing to silly asses taking him for a real dog, and that kind of thing, you know."

"Fathead!"

"I say, you fellows"—Billy Bunter came into the study—"I say, you know, I'll like to know what was in that packing-case—Yaroooh!"

Bunter caught sight of the dog suddenly and jumped back to the doorway.

"Keep him off!" he yelled.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Seize him, Cæsar!" shouted Dick Rake.

The bulldog didn't move, but Bunter did. He went down the passage like greased lightning, yelling at the top of his voice.

"My hat!" gasped Bob Cherry, wiping his

eyes. "That bulldog will be funny. As soon as the prefects hear you're keeping a dog in the study, they'll come along to see about it."

"Just what I'm expecting," said Dick Rake cheerfully. "Lend me a hand with him."

"He's jolly heavy!"

"Quite solid," grinned Dick Rake. "Any-one who kicked that dog would want a new foot afterwards, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The two juniors dragged the bulldog out of the study, and set him in the passage, with his head towards the stairs. He looked so lifelike that it was hard to believe that he was made of stone. He had been a garden ornament at one time, to keep tramps out of his owner's place, and, sure enough, his face was more than sufficient to scare any tramp.

Dick Rake and Bob Cherry went back into the study to wait. In a few minutes Fisher T. Fish came along from the stairs. He had to pass Dick Rake's study to get to his own, at the end of the passage. He came along rather in a hurry; but he stopped in a greater hurry still at the sight of the bulldog.

"Great George Washington!" ejaculated Fishy. "What a savage-looking beast! Shoo! Gerryway, you brute! Shoo! Shoo!"

But the stone bulldog didn't "shoo." He just stayed where he was, and looked straight at Fishy.

"Shoo!" roared Fishy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is that your dog, you cackling galoots?" yelled Fishy.

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"Call him off!"

"He won't come when I call him," called out Dick Rake from the study. "He simply won't move for me."

"Look hyer, I want to pass!" howled Fishy. "Drag him in!"

"Can't you walk round him?"

"Suppose he bites, you mugwump?"

"I don't suppose he will," said Dick Rake.

"He hasn't bitten me. I think he's a very equable-tempered dog; perhaps a bit stony-hearted, but not at all excitable. Stroke him!"

"I guess I'm not putting my fin near him, you galoot!"

"Look here! Walk past him, and I'll bet you two to one he doesn't bite!"

"I guess I'm not taking any. If you don't move that dog, I'll tell Loder you've got a dog here. That's a plain warning."

"Tell Loder by all means!"

"Mind, I mean it!" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"So do I!"

Fishy snorted and slithered away. He wasn't going to be kept away from his study by Dick Rake's bulldog, and he went at once to look for Loder. Two or three fellows came along, but they all stopped at the sight of the bulldog. He looked too dangerous to pass at close-quarters.

## CHAPTER TWO.

"CALL that beast off, Rake, if he's yours!" yelled Bolsover major.

"Caesar! Caesar!" called Rake.

"He won't come in," chuckled Bob Cherry. "He won't move unless a chap uses force. You drag him in, Bolsover."

"Suppose he bites me, you idiot?"

"Chance it!"

"I'm not going to chance it!" roared Bolsover. "Look here, Rake, you ain't allowed to have dogs in the house——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows"—Billy Bunter came up cautiously—"is that beast still there? He ought to be shot. He's bitten me——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Dick Rake.

"Blessed if I can see anything to cackle at!" hooted Bunter. "I had the narrowest escape of my life, you fellows. He flew after me, growling like a demon, and jolly nearly had me with his teeth! I'll jolly well complain to Quelchy if Rake doesn't take him away!"

"Here comes Loder!" called out Harry Wharton. "You'd better get your dog out of sight, Rake."

"Caesar! Caesar!" shouted Rake.

But Caesar just crouched where he was, without taking the slightest notice.

Loder of the Sixth came upstairs, looking very surly. Loder was glad of a chance of being down on Dick Rake; he didn't like the cheery junior of the Remove. Fisher T. Fish was following him.

"A horrible, savage beast," Fishy was saying. "Too dangerous to go near. Teeth like razors, and a fearful deadly growl——"

"Caesar! Caesar!"

Loder strode to the spot. He halted when he saw the bulldog, though. Loder is a big fellow in the Sixth, but he didn't like Caesar's looks.

"There's the beast!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"I guess that beast isn't fit to be loose in the House, Loder."

"Certainly not!" said Loder. "Rake—are you there, Rake?"

"I'm here!" said the owner of the dog, from the study.

"Is that dog yours?"

"Yes."

"How dare you bring him into the House?"

"I didn't see any harm in it, Loder."

"You know you are not allowed to keep animals in the House."

"But that's an extra special one, Loder—not a bit like an ordinary dog. He's quite quiet and tame, and—obedient. He will stay wherever he is put, without so much as winking an eyelid, he will really."

"I shall come you for this, Rake. Call that dog away, so that I can come into the study!"

"Caesar! Caesar!"

Caesar sat tight in the passage.

"He doesn't know my voice yet—Loder. He won't move for me. There's room enough for you to pass him."

**B** is for **BIRMINGHAM**, famous as ever.  
Her sons are industrious, skilful, and clever.

**C**'s for **CHICAGO**, renowned for corned beef;  
And in the machines many men come to grief!

"Go it, Loder!" said Johnny Bull. "You're not afraid of a dog."

"Of course I'm not, you young ass!" growled Loder.

But he hesitated.

A prefect and a Sixth-Former didn't like to admit that he was afraid of a dog, but really Caesar looked an awful beast to get near. Loder knew how the juniors would chortle if he backed out, but he didn't feel inclined to advance. He decided to temporise with the bulldog.

"Shoo!" he said, waving his hands at him. "Shoo—shoo! Get away! Poof! Go!"

Caesar didn't stir. He didn't even move an eye. He crouched there with his eyes fixed on Loder with a stony stare.

"Looks as if he's asleep!" said Johnny Bull.

"He's pretending to be asleep," said Bunter. "When you get near him, he'll snap, same as he did at me. He rushed at me with flaring eyes, and jaws wide open. I had an awfully narrow escape."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You know he did, you cackling asses!" howled Bunter. "I came jolly near being torn to pieces!"

"Shoo!" shouted Loder. "Garraway, you brute! Shoo!"

But Caesar was not to be "shoed." Loder was getting furious, especially as the juniors were all grinning. He knew that they could see that he funk'd touching the bulldog, and he had his prestige to consider, so he screwed up his courage to the sticking-point. He came closer to Caesar, who didn't move, and didn't really seem even to breathe.

Closer and closer Loder came to him, and the Removites stood all ready to bolt as soon as Caesar showed signs of life. But he lay quite still: Loder's eyes gleamed vengefully. He stopped, and drew back his right foot, to give Caesar a terrific kick.

"Don't be a beast, Loder!" called out Wharton. "The dog's done nothing—"

"Hold your tongue!" growled Loder. "I'll kick the beast to the other end of the passage. I'll teach him to growl at me."

"He hasn't growled!"

"Shut up, Wharton!"

Loder wasn't afraid of the bulldog now; the beast hadn't moved, and he seemed so quiet that Loder felt there was nothing to be afraid of.

But he meant to make Caesar pay for the uneasiness he had caused him.

He drew his foot well back, and let fly a terrific kick, as if he were kicking for goal.

Crash!

The next moment there was an awful howl from Loder.

He danced on one foot, and clasped the other with both hands, yelling with anguish.

"Ow! Yow-wow! My foot! Yaroooh! My tut-tut-toe! Yow-ow-woop!"

And Caesar hadn't even moved!

"What the thunder——" ejaculated Wharton.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!"

"Tain't alive!" shrieked Bunter. "Tain't a live dog at all!"

"Yow-ow-woop!"

"I say, you fellows, I knew it all along——"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow-ow-ow-wow!"

Loder hopped away on one foot, groaning deeply. He didn't feel equal to dealing either with Dick Rake or his bulldog just then. He went along on one leg, gasping and groaning.

The juniors roared. Mr. Quelch met Loder on the landing, and stopped and stared at him.

"Loder! What is all this noise about? Loder, what are you hopping about in that ridiculous manner for? Pray endeavour to cultivate something of the dignity of a prefect of the Sixth, Loder! I am surprised——"

"I'm hurt!" yelled Loder.

Then Mr. Quelch caught sight of Caesar.

"Has that dog bitten you, Loder?"

"Yow-ow!"

"To whom does that dog belong?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"It's mine, sir!" said Dick Rake, coming meekly out of the study.

"Rake! How dare you introduce a dog into the House—especially so ferocious an animal——"

"It's an ornament, sir."

"A—a what?"

"Only a stone ornament, sir," said Dick Rake very meekly. "It's not alive, sir!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Quelch. "In—in that case there is no objection to your keeping the—the object, Rake. But what then is the matter with you, Loder?"

"Groo-hooh-wow! I've nearly busted my foot on it!" groaned Loder. "The young villain planted it there for a joke on me—yow-wow—"

D is for DUBLIN, so rich and so rare;  
It's certain to thrive, for the Irish live there!

E is for EXETER, way down in Devon,  
The county compared to the glories of heaven!

F is for FOLKESTONE, the flower of Kent;  
A holiday there can be jolly well spent.

ow!—and I've—yooop!—nearly sprained my big toe— Oh!"

"But why did you kick the dog, Loder? He certainly cannot have attacked you," said Mr. Quelch. "Am I to understand, Loder, that you kicked a stone dog—"

"Yow-ow! I thought it was alive!" howled Loder. "That young villain—"

"You thought it was alive, and you kicked it with such force as to injure your foot!" said Mr. Quelch sternly. "Loder, as it is evident that a stone image cannot have provoked you in any way, I can only attribute your action to sheer cruelty. You are rightly punished, Loder, for your brutality to what you supposed to be a dumb animal!"

"Yow-ow! That young villain— Woop—"

"That is enough, Loder!" said Mr. Quelch majestically. "I am surprised and shocked, Loder. You may go. I trust this will be a lesson to you, Loder!"

And Loder went—hopping. And when Mr. Quelch was gone, too, the Remove howled with laughter till the passage rang. Whether it was a lesson to Loder or not, certainly he wasn't likely to bestow another kick like that on Dick Rake's bulldog!"

THE END.

## ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE.

A few breezy verses contributed by various members of St. Jim's.

A young Scottish stalwart named Kerr,  
Had travelled one night from aferr;  
But, sad to relate,  
All his foes lay in wait  
And daubed him with feathers and terr!

A sturdy, fat fellow named Wynn,  
Became most remarkably thynn.  
It transpired that his pater,  
A noted tuck-hater,  
Had failed to supply him with tynn!

An ill-tempered prefect named Knox  
Once had the most awful of shox;  
When marauding one night  
He was challenged to fight  
By a man six-foot-three in his sox!

A fag who was known as Joe Frayne  
Once treated his chums with disdayne;  
To the floor he did bump,  
And was whacked with a stump,  
But he shouted: "I can't feel the payno!"

There is a young fellow named Gunn,  
Of Grundy's two chums he is wunn;  
And often they tell  
In the ranks of the Shell  
Of the glorious deeds he has dunn!

G is for GLASGOW, whose people are frisky—  
No doubt the result of a "wee drap o' whisky."

## SHOTS AT GOAL.

A Column of Comments Conducted by

H. VERNON-SMITH.

The monthly meeting of the Remove Form Football Club was held in the wood-shed, on Saturday evening last. Conspicuous among the company was Harold Skinner, esq., smoking a fat cigar, and Wun Lung in his Oriental costume. The chair was taken by Harry Wharton, after Bolsover major had vainly endeavoured to pull it away. Mr. Robert Cherry kindly undertook to see that any dissenters got it in the neck.

The chairman, rising to his feet amid a deluge of dead cats and cabbages, let himself go as follows:

"Gentlemen, chaps, and fellows (Hurrah!), it is my pleasant duty (Hear, hear!) to inform you that the Remove Form Football Club (Bless it!) has gone from strength to strength. (What-ho!) We have won dozens of matches (and lost scores!), and next season we hope to do even better (at marbles!). Let us hope (you'll soon dry up!) that the team will remain intact (Bow-wow!), and bring unlimited honour and glory on the fair name of Greyfriars School (Rats!).

The speaker then complained that subscriptions were coming in at a very tardy rate, and the defaulters were to stump up at once. Mr. Cherry made a round of the audience, and those who failed to give satisfaction received hefty swipes in various parts of their anatomy. Messrs. Skinner and Bolsover were carried out of the wood-shed on stretchers, amid loud cheering.

Mr. William George Bunter then proposed a hearty vote of thanks to the chairman for the cool and level-headed manner in which he had conducted the meeting. He announced in emphatic terms that Harry Wharton was a real sport, and proceeded to ask for a loan of five bob. The chairman promptly responded—with his boot!

In conclusion, it was stated that Wharton and Vernon-Smith were level in the tussle for Larry Lascelles' German Helmet, each having found the net on forty-two occasions. The writer of this article promised that if he won he would stand a spanking spread to the whole of the Form. The meeting broke up with frenzied shouts of approval.

H is for HARROW, renowned for its school,  
Where hundreds are trained under excellent rule.



# Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.

**AMAZING MID-NIGHT MURDER! SENSATIONAL SCENE!**

There was a considerable stir in the crowded court when a hulking lout named Percy Bolsover was hurled into the dock, formally charged with the wilful murder of "Thomas," the sole-surviving cat of Mrs. Kebble, the House dame. Mr. Mark Linley, K.C., appeared for the Crown, and Mr. H. Skinner, C.A.D., conducted the defence.

Magistrate: Call the first witness!  
Dick Penfold promptly appeared.

I was lying awake in the dorm, your worship, he said, when suddenly there was borne upon the night air the melodious wailing of a cat. Having an ear for music, I remained awake in order to drink in the delicious sound, when suddenly a figure arose from one of the beds, and the rays of the moon showed me it was Bolsover major. He slung a boot through the window with all his force, and the wailing suddenly ceased. When Thomas Cat was discovered dead in the morning, I at once put two and two together.

Magistrate: Now let's hear what the other merchant's got to say.

Mr. Skinner, for the defence, said the charge against accused was just what might have been expected from a pack of silly lunatics. In his opinion, Thomas had met his death in an assault-at-arms with Gosling's bull-terrier.

Magistrate: Then how do you explain the presence of Bolsover's boot on the scene of the crime?

Mr. Skinner: Bolsover was standing on one of the window-sills in the dorm scouting for Zepps, and one of his boots came off and shot down into the Close. This was some time after Thomas Cat had met his death.

Dr. Frank Nugent, who had made a post-mortem examination of deceased, said there had been a deep indenture in the neck, undoubtedly caused by a heavy boot.

Magistrate: Can the cat be produced in court?

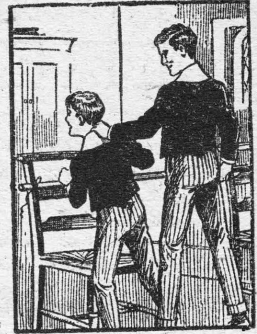
Dr. Nugent: I am afraid there would be—a sort of rummy whiff, your worship! (Laughter.)

Magistrate: Very well! Foreman of the jury, your verdict or your life.

Foreman (promptly): Guilty, your worship!

Magistrate: And so say all of us! Prisoner

will be sentenced to a good dose of the treadmill. His boot shall be consigned to the flames, and may the fire have mercy on its sole! (Loud applause.)



## TUBB GOES THROUGH THE HOOP!

Uttering shrill protests, a cheeky-looking desperado named George Tubb was dragged into the court to answer to a most serious charge.

Magistrate: What's the little pest been doing now?

P.-c. Dick Russell: In the Close, yesterday, your worship, when the shades of night were falling fast, prisoner drove a hoop without showing a rear light, thereby causing grave injuries to several pedestrians!

Magistrate: Where are the victims?

P.-c. Dick Russell: Sitting up and taking a little nourishment in the sanny, your worship. Among the injured are Mr. Robert Cherry, the Court Missionary, suffering from a gash on the shin, and William Gosling, our venerable and hoary-headed porter, who has sustained a compound fracture of the big toe-nail!

Magistrate: I am fed up with warning members of the public to affix rear-lamps to their hoops and other vehicles when travelling through the darkened Close. Tubb shall be sentenced to eat, devour, and thoroughly digest a suet-pudding made last month by Johnny Bull. In other words, he will receive six months hard labour!

## RESULT OF OUR TWELFTH TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION.

Owing to the great popularity of our Picture Puzzle Competition, and the shortage of labour owing to the war, we have been unable to get the result in time for publication in this issue. The full list of prize-winners, however, will appear in these columns next Monday. We crave the indulgence of our readers.

# LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

## STOTT'S SLASHING ATTACK.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Priggish Sir,—It is with a feeling of supreme disgust that I pen this letter.

"Greyfriars, let me tell you (if you don't know it already), is going rapidly downhill. Where are the dashing blades we used to have in the ranks of the Remove? Bulstrode was once a jolly good fellow, who enjoyed an occasional smoke and a hand at nap; but now he's reformed, and gone on the Good Little Georgie tack. Then there's the Bounder, who was once the life and soul of the place, and who held the record for breaking bounds and backing winners. But he, too, has fallen under the influence of you and your priggish confederates, and to-day he's as pious as the moony old monks who formerly inhabited this stately domicile.

"At the present time, it seems that only three fellows can lay claim to being everything that a modern schoolboy should be; and they are Skinner (the best chap breathing), Snoop, and the undersigned. Fish and Bunter are all right at times, but they generally give the show away, with the result that we're hauled up before Quelchy for a licking.

"Let me appeal to all the present Puritans to reform! What a grand thing it would be, to see Priggy Linley strutting about smoking a fat cigar, or Alonzo Todd imbibing whisky! Life would be worth living then, and we should all be members of one jolly brotherhood. 'Eat, drink, and be merry!' would be our motto, and the old school would flourish exceedingly under our fine system of freedom. Plenty of smokes, plenty of card-parties, plenty of poaching on Sir Hilton Popper's estate. It would be simply gorgeous!

"Will all fellows who wish to enlist under our banner kindly present themselves at Skinner's study at once, to discuss the downfall of the Puritans, and the triumph of the roaring blades?

"As for you, Master Priggy Wharton, tremble! Your Day of Reckoning is at hand!—Yours in contempt,

"WILLIAM STOTT."

[The letter printed above should make every decent's chap's blood boil. We are not prigs, neither are we Puritans, but we do think it's the giddy limit for fellows of fifteen to try and turn Greyfriars into a sort of miniature Monte Carlo! Stott is a cad of the first water. He will be sent to Coventry for a week, dating from to-day, and any chap caught in conversation with him will get it where the chicken got the chopper!—Ed.]

J is for JARROW, a town on the Tyne; The ships it produces are famous and fine.

## ALONZO'S CALL TO ARMS!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Editor,—I was shocked, nay, disgusted by the recent remarks of our wild and wayward schoolfellow, Harold Skinner, given publicity in that organ of superlative skill and excellence, the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"It seems neither fallible nor feasible, my dear, dear Wharton, that Skinner could be such a ruthless interloper as to suggest that everybody models themselves on his pattern. I, for one, am afflicted with cold shudders at the very mention of gambling, whilst a Flor de Turnip cigar would usher me prematurely out of the land of the living.

"Let every reader of the GREYFRIARS HERALD join with me in the difficult task of inculcating manlier and nobler aspirations in the breast of Master Skinner! Let us instil into his poisoned mind goodness and gentility, and sow the seeds of loving-kindness in a soul which is now, alas! bleak and barren!

"Arise, my friends, and uphold the right!—Your affectionate contemporary,

"ALONZO TODD."

[Thanks, Lonzy, old man, but we prefer to teach Skinner the error of his ways through the medium of our famous Fighting Editor, who is already on the warpath!—Ed.]

## IN FUNDS AND OUT!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Yah, you Cheeky Beast,—I've got the laugh over you at last!

"My pater sent me a remittance for two quid this morning. He went nap on some jolly good speculation or other, and I shall now be able to have the time of my life!

"I know you will all come kadjing round me for loans, but I shall treat you with the utmost despicion, whatever that is. I intend to make an early visit to Uncle Clegg's shop in Court-field, and have a jolly good feed all on my own. Kadjers can keep off the grass!—Your wealthy reader,

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER."

[So far from causing us to tear our Editorial hair, Bunt's letter has stimulated us greatly. We would remind him that he owes several fellows in the Remove money, amounting, in all, to exactly two pounds. This shall be paid up instanter, and the Fighting Editor, when he has dealt with Skinner the Slanderer, will be delighted to go and collect it!—Ed.]

K is for KINGSTON, which stands on the river, Where gentry go boating to stir up the liver.



# TOO PROUD TO FIGHT!



An Interview with Fisher T. Fish, the American Swank-Merchant.

By the "Greyfriars Herald" Special Representative.

while one of Skinner's Flor de Turnip cigars lolled from his mouth.

"I guess I'm pleased to see you, Mr. Reporter, just a few!" he said, extending a clammy hand. "Come to do business?"

"I don't want to insure against licks and lickings, and all the ills that flesh is heir to, if that's what you mean," I said. "I want a brief consultation with you on behalf of the GREYFRIARS HERALD."

"That's good! I guess you can tell all the readers that there ain't a feller in the two hemispheres so gifted and accomplished as Fisher Tarleton Fish. I can beat every other galoot out of time, some!"

"Indeed! In what direction does your ability chiefly lay?"

"Waal, I guess I'm a cute fighting man, sir! There's no flies on me. Nope! When I hit out, it's straight from the shoulder, and the galoot who catches my nine-point-seven punch never feels like Oliver Twist."

"But how is it that you, who hail from a peace-loving nation, are so strongly addicted to doling out knock-outs?"

"I reckon it's like this," said my companion, sucking the stump of his cigar with a meditative air. "We Amurricans are quiet enough as a rule, but once we get stirred up, the galoots who cross our path have to watch out! P'raps you'd like to see me give an exhibition of my wonderful prowess?"

"Most certainly," I responded. "I little thought you were a champion fighting-man, in addition to being the Prince of Swindlers. Who are you going to tackle?"

"A fat, beefy bounder called Bunter, I calculate."

"Come on, then!"

We went along to the tuckshop, where Billy Bunter is nearly always to be found. When he's in funds he haunts the place, like a wild beast seeking what he may devour, and when he's stony he goes there on the edge.

Luckily, we didn't draw blank. The fat junior was squatting on a high stool, making ravenous munches at a huge sugary doughnut. He nodded amiably to us as we entered.

Fisher T. Fish plunged into his business at once.

"Bunter, you fat clam," he exclaimed, "I guess I'm going to wipe up the floor with you!"

"What ever for?" said Bunter, without a tremor of alarm in his tone.

"I guess I'm going to show you what we

"WHAT about this week's interview?" inquired the Editor, as I strode into his sanctum.

"This week's interview," I said crossly, "can go to Jericho! There isn't a more downtrodden person in the whole wide world than the GREYFRIARS HERALD Special Representative. Every time I go out to get copy for the giddy paper I come a cropper. It's awful! I got half-drowned when I went over to St. Jim's to see that freak Grundy, and again last week, when your beast of a fighting Editor held my napper under the cold-water tap with malice aforethought. I tell you, I'm fed up with interviewing. Do your own dirty work in future!"

"Shush!" murmured the Editor soothingly. "There's something wrong with your liver when you start gassing in that strain. Be a brick, and rally round the Editorial banner! You've been a contributor from No. 1, and we don't want to see these old stagers falling off. Look! No less than five letters came in from readers this morning on the subject of your interviews. They seem to like 'em."

I grunted, feeling a little more pacified.

"If that's the case," I said, striking while the iron was hot, "I'll put my price up. I want tuppence a column for this week's interview, and a free feed every day in this study."

"Done!" said the chief, with a beaming smile.

And we shook hands on the compact.

"Who do you want me to go and see next?" I hazarded.

"Fisher Tarleton Fish, of New York City. He is to be found, I believe, in No. 14 Study."

"Good egg! I'll rout him out at once."

When I entered No. 14, I found that I had struck lucky. Fishy was in, and his lank, weedy form was reclining in the arm-chair,

L is for LONDON, historic and wide,  
Where men of all sorts and conditions abide.

M is for MANCHESTER, well to the fore;  
A wonderful town which should flourish still more.

American can do when we get our mad up!  
Put up your paws!"

"You're not joking?" asked Bunter, with a curious grin.

"Nope!"

"Positive?"

"Yep!"

"Then here goes!"

And Bunter sprang off the stool with an agility quite foreign to his usual slow, stolid movements.

"Look here," I said, interposing. "This thing shall be done in order. There will be three-minute rounds, with a minute rest in between. A man who is down will have ten seconds in which to rise. Now, then. Peel off your coats!"

Fishy snorted.

"I guess I can tackle that barrel-fronted galoot blindfolded!" he said. "As for rounds, you jay, there won't be any need for 'em, I calculate. I'll give the porpoise the knock-out in the first second, just a few!"

"What about you, Bunty?" I asked. "Aren't you going to prepare for the fray?"

"If this freak of the Wild West is going into it with his togs on, so am I," said Bunter. "I've always longed to come to grips with this confounded swindler. Better requisition somebody to pick up the pieces afterwards!"

I grinned, and took out my watch.

"Ready?" I exclaimed. "Time!"

Bunter pounced up to his scraggy opponent, and brandished his plump fists.

"Where will you have it?" he inquired solicitously. "Speak up, my little man! Don't be shy! What's that? You guess you're not taking any? Well, I guess you are!"

Biff!

Bunter's clenched fist shot out straight from the shoulder. The blow took the Yankee junior in the bread-basket, and he staggered back with a wild yell. The surprise of it all fairly took my breath away.

But Bunter's opening attack was neither a fluke nor a flash in the pan. He followed up with some terrific body-blows, and even the celebrated Jack Johnson could scarcely have given Fishy such a thorough pasting.

"Would you like me to serve up a dainty uppercut?" inquired Bunter, grinning all over his fat face.

"Groo! Let up, you fat beast!"

Bunter, however, was out for gore. Again his relentless fist shot out, taking Fishy within a fraction of an inch of the point of the jaw. He toppled backwards for a brief instant, and then came to the floor with a crash which shook every bone in his body.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" he roared. "I guess I'm a trifle off colour! Oh, gee!"

"Surely you're not finished?" exclaimed Bunter in amazement. "Can't I press you to a little jelly?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" I roared.

Fish struggled into a sitting posture, but all the fight had been knocked out of him. Never had I seen such a complete knock-out. Bunter had not received a single blow.

"I guess——" began Fishy.

Then the door of the tuckshop opened, and he nearly had a fit. So did I. For who should come waddling in but the very counterpart of the fellow who had licked Fishy!

"BUNTER!" gasped the Yankee junior.

"That's me!" said Billy Bunter affably. "What's the matter, Fishy? You look as if you've been under a steam-roller!"

"You—you're Billy Bunter?" I stammered.

"Of course!"

"Then who—what—why——" I spluttered.

"The chap who's just floored Fishy," explained Billy Bunter, with a smirk, "is my cousin Wally. He's come over for the afternoon. Ain't you, Wally?"

Wally Bunter nodded gleefully, and then resumed his attack on the unfinished doughnut.

As for Fisher T. Fish, it was some moments before the full significance of his mistake dawned upon him. When it did, he lurched to his feet and stumbled out of the shop, looking as if he'd seen a ghost.

"That," said Wally Bunter complacently—"that is how we deal with swashbuckling Yanks who are too proud to fight! He'll be a sadder and a wiser youth after this, I'm thinking. 'Nuff said! Have a doughnut!"

(Another of these amusing interviews will appear next Monday. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD in advance.)

### OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.

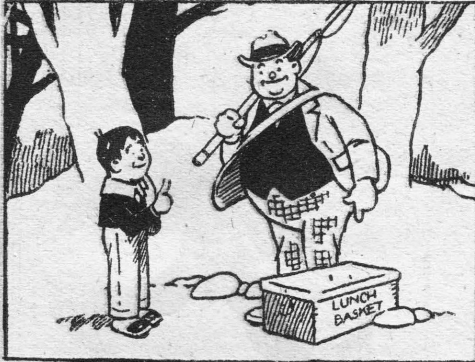


No. 17.—HERBERT SKIMPOLE.  
The Crank of St. Jim's.

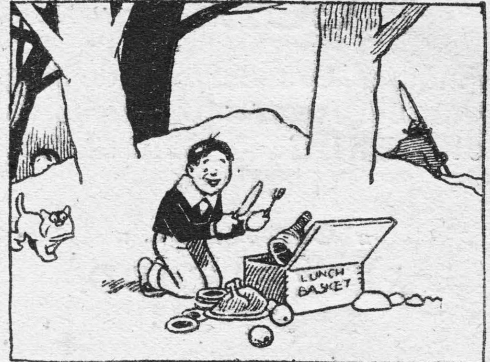
All Contributions from Readers Will Receive Prompt Consideration and Good Pay.

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

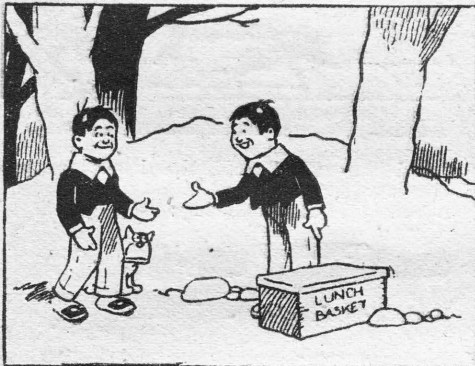
Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



- (1) "Look after this," said Mr. Brown,  
"And I will give you half-a-crown."  
"What-ho!" grinned Bubble. "You're a brick!  
The grub's all right, and here I'll stick."



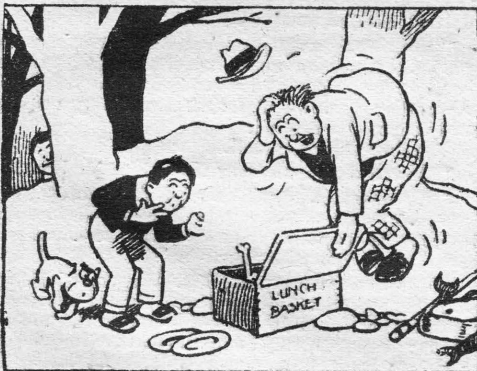
- (2) A curly head showed through the trees.  
"It's Squeak!" said Bubble. "I've a wheeze!  
With Fido's help, and decent luck,  
I'll soon get rid of all the tuck!"



- (3) When Squeak came toddling on the scene,  
His comrade smiled a smile serene.  
"Look after this," he said, with glee,  
"And then you'll get a tip, you see!"



- (4) "Good lad!" said jovial Mr. Brown,  
"You've fairly earned your half-a-crown."  
And Bubble, safely hid from view,  
Said, "Soon there'll be a frightful stew!"



- (5) Then came a roar of loud dismay:  
"Great Scott! The grub's been stole away!  
You little sweep! You've wolfed the lot,  
And now you'll catch it jolly hot!"



- (6) The man was mad with rage, and—whack!  
His rod was broken on Squeak's back.  
"Yow-ow! He's bahay!" yelled the twin,  
And Bubble grinned a gleeeful grin!

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

# THE KAISER'S CODE!

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

|| WRITTEN BY ||  
**PETER TODD.**

## CHAPTER ONE.

I HAVE often referred to the fact that my amazing friend, Herlock Sholmes has frequently placed his marvellous talents at the service of the police. Inspector Pinkeye, of Scotland Yard, in particular, has reason to be grateful to him, notably in the famous case of the Pawned Pickle-jar. It is much to be regretted that Sholmes has never been given full credit for his inestimable services. Indeed, it is painful to relate that, upon more than one occasion, the authorities have preferred their own facts to Sholmes' theories. Such an instance occurred in the case of the Kaiser's Code.

I am perfectly well aware that Inspector Pinkeye does not believe in the Kaiser's Code. Needless to say, I take Sholmes' view of the matter. After my amazing experiences with him at Shaker Street I am not likely to lose faith in the judgment of my astounding friend.

Herlock Sholmes was smoking a pipe and several cigarettes one morning after breakfast in our room at Shaker Street, when Inspector Pinkeye was shown in. Sholmes gave him a friendly nod.

"What is it this time, Pinkeye?" he asked. "Help yourself to the cocaine, my dear fellow. You can speak quite freely before my friend Dr. Jotson."

"A very curious case, Mr. Sholmes," said the inspector. "Of course, we are quite capable of dealing with it ourselves—"

Herlock Sholmes smiled ironically.

"But I admit that I should like to have your opinion," said the inspector. "Kindly look at that postcard."

He laid a postcard on the table, and Sholmes glanced at it carelessly. I followed his glance, and could not repress a start of surprise.

For this is what was written on the card:

"Kt. to K 2.

W. J."

I could see that Sholmes was interested, for he allowed several of his cigarettes to go out.



As Sholmes and I looked out of the window we saw inspector Pinkeye hurrying away.

"And now this," said the inspector, producing another card.

It contained the following:

"P takes R. Ch.  
W. J."

Herlock Sholmes' eyes glistened.

He turned over the cards, and found that both of them were addressed to "George Wopps, Esq., Forest View, Sluggs' Road, Peckham."

"Well," said the inspector, "what do you make of that, Mr. Sholmes?"

Herlock Sholmes yawned.

"Nothing; excepting that these cards were posted by a man about six feet high, with a sandy moustache and a cast in the left eye, dressed in a brown ulster, and wearing a fancy waistcoat," he replied.

The inspector started.

"How did you discover that, Mr. Sholmes?"

"My dear Pinkeye," drawled Sholmes, "your methods are not mine, and it would be useless for me to explain. Let us get to business. What is it you wish me to do?"

"For some time past, Mr. Wopps, of Peckham, has been receiving these mysterious communications, and it has come under the notice of my department," explained the inspector. "Evidently it is a secret code. At least, it appears such."

"It is such," said Sholmes calmly.

"I am glad you agree with me, Mr. Sholmes."

said the inspector, evidently relieved. "In war time one cannot be too careful. The efficiency of the German spy system is well known, and if we had the time, we should certainly keep a watch upon the Germans now living in England."

"What steps have you taken, inspector?"

"I have made inquiries concerning this man Wopps. He is a retired grocer, and lives a very quiet life, chiefly amusing his leisure time in playing chess."

"Probably a blind."

"Possibly," assented the inspector.

"I said probably!"

"I do not dispute your judgment, Mr. Sholmes. The house has been watched, and all visitors carefully scrutinised. Nothing of a suspicious character has been observed; but, remembering your methods, Mr. Sholmes, I have come to the conclusion that that fact alone is very significant."

"Extremely so," said Sholmes drily. "How did you obtain possession of the cards?"

"They were discovered in the sanitary dust-bin by one of my men."

"That is remarkable," I ventured to observe. "It looks as if Mr. Wopps attaches little importance to them."

Herlock Sholmes smiled.

"My dear Jotson," he said, "how often have I told you that the obvious is necessarily incorrect? If Mr. Wopps appears to attach no importance to these postcards, that is a direct proof that he attaches the greatest importance to them."

"I stand corrected, Sholmes," I said meekly.

And indeed I could not help being astounded at this fresh proof of the perspicacity of my amazing friend.

"You want me to decipher this, I presume?" said Sholmes carelessly.

"Exactly," said the inspector. "Once the cipher is read, we have evidence in our hands, and can proceed to action. But I fear that even you, Sholmes, may fail."

Sholmes made a gesture, and the inspector was silent.

My friend's eyes were fixed upon the mysterious cipher. We watched him anxiously—the inspector with doubt, myself with perfect confidence. I felt that, however deep the mystery, Sholmes would not fail. I was right.

Herlock Sholmes looked up at last.

"The first card reads 'Kt. to K 2,'" he said calmly. "K evidently stands for Kaiser."

The inspector drew a deep breath.

"And the 2?" he asked.

"You are probably aware that the present Kaiser is William II."

"True. But the 'Kt.'"

"Evidently an abbreviation of 'Kraut,'" explained Sholmes. "You may know that Germans subsist largely upon a dish known as sauer-kraut. Deciphered, the message means simply this: 'Sauer-kraut to Kaiser Wilhelm II.' Evidently it refers to some attempt to baffle the British blockade of Germany, and

hints that sauer-kraut is the article of which they are most in need."

"By Jove!" said the inspector. "And the second card, Mr. Sholmes?"

"P takes R. Ch." said Sholmes musingly. "It is perfectly clear. Prussia takes risk—meaning that the Kaiser takes the risk of the shipment being seized by the British Fleet, so that no loss will fall upon the traitor who is trading with the enemy."

"And the 'ch'?"

"'Ch' are the second two letters of the German word 'schnell.' Schnell means quick. It means that there is no time to be lost."

"Thank you, Mr. Sholmes." The inspector rose to his feet. "With this evidence in our hands, we can obtain a search-warrant. Good-morning."

"I advise you to search the house, and secure the incriminating evidence which is undoubtedly there," said Sholmes. "Let me know your success on the telephone."

"Certainly."

The inspector hurried away.

## CHAPTER TWO.

**B** UZZZZZ!

It was about two hours later that the telephone bell rang. Sholmes took up one receiver, and I the other. Sholmes was looking somewhat elated. Only his powerful brain could have penetrated the secret of the Kaiser's secret code, and he knew it. The glory of the capture of the man who was trading with the enemy would fall to Inspector Pinkeye, but for that my friend cared little.

"Is that Mr. Sholmes?" came the inspector's voice over the wires.

"Yes, inspector. Have you been to Mr. Wopps?"

"I am 'phoning from there," replied the inspector.

"You have made the arrest?"

"Nunno."

"Then what has happened?"

"Mr. Wopps has explained the matter satisfactorily."

Sholmes gave a somewhat bitter smile.

"Oh, the police?" he murmured.

"It is quite all right, Mr. Sholmes," went on the inspector's voice. "Mr. Wopps is a chess player."

"That is a blind, my dear fellow."

"Not at all. He is in the habit of playing chess by correspondence with a friend at a distance, named William Jones. Mr. Jones' initials are signed on the cards, you will remember."

"And what is Mr. Wopps' valuable explanation of the cipher?" asked Herlock Sholmes, with a smile of sarcasm.

"On the first card, 'Kt. to K2' stands for 'Knight to King's second square.' It was Mr. Jones' move in the game then under progress."

"Egregious!" murmured Sholmes. "And the second card?"

"P takes R—ch," said the inspector. "That stands for 'Pawn takes Rook—check!'"

"My dear Sholmes," I ventured to remark, "the explanation is most plausible."

Sholmes smiled.

"The fact that the explanation is plausible, Jotson, is convincing proof that there is nothing in it."

"Most true!"

"And you are satisfied, inspector?" asked Sholmes.

"Quite."

Herlock Sholmes laughed.

"Then if you are satisfied, inspector, I have no more to say. Good-bye!"

Sholmes rang off.

"What will you do in the matter now, Sholmes?" I asked.

"Nothing!" said Sholmes firmly. "Unless the authorities call me in, I shall make no move in the matter at all. Importation of sauer-kraut into Germany is undoubtedly going on, on a large scale, but I cannot move in the matter. Doubtless the inspector will realise his egregious mistake, and return later to ask my aid. I shall not refuse it."

It is with deep regret that I record that Inspector Pinkeye did not return to ask for further aid in the matter. Whether he realised his egregious blunder, even, I am unable to state. So far as my knowledge extends, no further step has been taken in the case of the Kaiser's Code. The fault is not Sholmes'.

THE END.

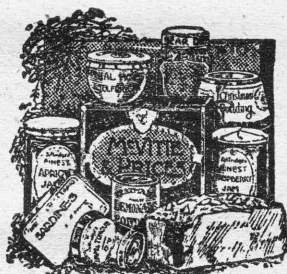


## TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

Great New Competition!

First Prize £1.

SIX OTHER PRIZES OF  
TUCK HAMPERS.



This week I am giving the above splendid prizes, which will be awarded for the best efforts in the following simple little task. On the cover page you will find an attractive picture-puzzle, and I want you to try to make it out for yourselves. I myself wrote the original paragraph, and my artist drew up the puzzle. The original paragraph is locked up in my safe, and the first prize of £1 will be awarded to the reader whose solution is exactly the same as my "par." The other prizes, which consist of hampers crammed full of most delicious "tuck," will be awarded to the readers whose solutions are next in order of merit. If there are ties for the money prize, this will be divided, but no reader will be awarded more than one share.

Should more than six readers qualify for the tuck hamper prizes, these will be added to.

You may send as many solutions as you please, but each must be accompanied by the signed coupon you will find on this page.

Write your solutions IN INK on a clean sheet of paper, fill up coupon below, and pin to this, and address to "17th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, March 14th, 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. 17,  
and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.*

Signed .....

WRITE  
CAREFULLY

Address .....

P is for PARIS, where all have a passion  
For dressing in style, and quite up to the fashion.

Q is for QUEENSTOWN, which deals with the mails  
Of a ship that from here to America sails.

# : 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.**



Neddy possessed a fine turn of speed, but, handicapped as he was with his burden, he knew in his heart of hearts that he was beaten.

## WHAT CAME BEFORE.

STIRRING scenes are enacted at Earlingham School, where Neddy Welsh and "Dolly" Gray are pupils. Hobbs, the captain, is expelled by the Head, and the Sixth-Formers, highly indignant, take the law into their own hands and organise a big barring-out, wiring for Hobbs to come and join them.

Meanwhile, great excitement is caused by the sudden disappearance of Molly Fenn, the popular, charming daughter of the master of the Fourth. It transpires that she has fallen into the hands of a roving tribe of gipsies, from whom Bob Sullivan, the drill-instructor, is instrumental in rescuing her. The Head asks Bob to name his own reward for his gallantry, and he replies that he would like to see Hobbs restored to his former position in the school. The Head accedes to this request, and also finds himself forced by the boys to grant the rebels a free pardon.

(Now Read On.)

## The Return of Hobbs.

EARLINGHAM village was once again the scene of a lively demonstration. Dozens of juniors marched in wild procession through the old-fashioned High Street, filling the air with uproarious song. James Hobbs, the genial, great-hearted skipper, who had been ruthlessly expelled from the school, was to be borne back in triumph to the old place he had come to love with all his heart. The occupants of the old tower on Highdown Heath knew nothing of the startling turn

events had taken. Cut off from the outside world, they had known nothing of Molly Fenn's disappearance, or of Bob Sullivan's gallant appeal on their behalf. As a matter of fact, they had mustered in full strength on the parapet that morning, expecting another effort on the part of the authorities to oust them from their fortress.

"We're quite ready for squalls," said Verney. "There's another box of rotten eggs left, and we've a dozen water-pistols between us. What's more important still, we know how to hit straight from the shoulder, so I think we can look after ourselves all right."

"Yes, rather!"

"I—I say," muttered Hobbs. "You fellows will get yourselves into the dickens of a scrape over this bizney!"

"Who cares?" said Burnside recklessly. "Cuttle's already expelled us fifteen times, and threatened to birch us every five minutes!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And you chaps have done all this for me?" said Hobbs, in tones vibrant with emotion.

"Rats!" said Verney. "We're lovers of justice, that's all! Fancy the old beast giving you the sack just for breaking bounds! It's unheard-of!"

"Besides," said Clifton, "there's safety in numbers. I don't see how he can expel the entire Sixth Form, which gives the school the lead in everything. There's nothing whatever to worry about, Hobby. We mean to hang on here tooth and nail until the Head comes to his senses!"

R is for ROME—what a wonderful place!  
No passage of Time can its glories efface.

S is for SOUTHSEA, a seaside resort,  
Adjacent to Britain's most prosperous port.

"Hear, hear!" exclaimed Renton. "I say! What's all the giddy rumpus?"

Strange and weird noises were approaching from the distance. The strains of inharmonious mouth-organs and tin-whistles, blended with the shouting of merry voices, were borne on the morning air.

The sounds of revelry drew nearer, and presently the procession came into view, headed by Neddy Welsh, Dolly Gray, and Barker of the Fourth.

"They're Earlingham chaps," said Verney. "Great Scott! Surely the whole blessed school hasn't risen in rebellion?"

"Looks as if you've hit the right nail on the head, old man!" said Renton. "All those kids must be coming here to reinforce us!"

"My hat! Then the school's run riot!" grinned Fane. "These are stirring times, my friends!"

On nearing the old tower, the juniors suddenly burst out with the time-honoured but none the less telling refrain:

"For he's a jolly good fellow!"

referring, of course, to Hobbs.

The noise was most discordant, and would have done credit to a tribe of Red Indians on the warpath.

"What a row!" said Fane. "They seem to be enjoying their little selves! It sounds simply stunning; but, then, I've an ear for music!"

When the last chorus, rendered with a full-throated energy which almost rent the skies asunder, had died away, Neddy Welsh stepped forward from the rest.

"What, in the name of all that's wonderful, are you kids up to?" gasped Verney.

"We've come to bring you back," was Neddy Welsh's reply.

"But—but what——"

"The Head's caved in at last. He's promised to restore Hobbs to the captaincy, and to grant all you fellows a free pardon. Hurrah!"

"Hurrah!" echoed the noisy throng of juniors.

"I—I—blessed if I can believe it!" stuttered Verney. "It sounds too good to be true!"

"It's a fact!" said Neddy joyously. "Bob Sullivan happened to save Molly Fenn from being held to ransom by ginsies, and Cattle was awfully pleased. He told him he could demand any favour he wanted, and Bob said he'd like to see Hobbs reinstated. Then he insisted upon the Head letting you chaps off for carrying on the giddy rebellion!"

"Sullivan's a brick," said Hobbs—"a brick of the first water! I say, you fellows, this is great!"

"It is—it are!" said Fane. "Whoever would have thought it?"

The great rebellion, without precedent in the annals of Earlingham, was at an end, and the honours rested with the rebels. Exactly which side would have won the day had not Bob Sullivan put in his appeal was an open

question. But it didn't matter now, anyway. Peace had been proclaimed between masters and prefects, and the Sixth Form at Earlingham would resume the even tenor of its way.

The crowd cheered Hobbs to the echo as he descended from the fortress, and they insisted upon hoisting him on their shoulders for the triumphal march back to the school. Verney, too, was treated in like manner. He had proved himself a born leader of boys, and a loyal and faithful chum to Hobbs throughout the recent crisis.

The old school wall was clustered with fellows when the processors returned, still shouting at the top of their lungs. Hobbs almost broke down at the mighty demonstration. His heart was touched by such unwavering loyalty, and, although he said little, new and nobler thoughts were passing through his mind at that moment.

The captain's first action, on being lowered to the ground in the quad, was to seek out Bob Sullivan and thank him profusely for the part he had played in bringing about a happy settlement to the troubles with which Earlingham had been obsessed. Bob received him cordially, and expressed the hope that they would pull well together in future for the honour and glory of the old school, which bade fair to flourish more and more under the genial sway of so gallant a skipper.

#### Barker Breaks Out Again!

**B**ARKER of the Fourth, although he had seemed a sadder and a wiser youth since the memorable occasion on which Neddy Welsh had rescued him from almost certain death in the skating calamity on Sweet Water Ponds some weeks before, had by no means relinquished his bold, bad ways. His reformation was merely a flash in the pan. Bullying was a sort of passion with Barker. He was never happier than when he could get a smaller boy's head in chancery.

Prince of the Third was his latest victim. Prince was a small, girlish-looking fellow, with an affectionate disposition, and was still practically a new boy. Barker had therefore pounced upon him at the earliest opportunity, and tried his hardest to make the little fag's life not worth living.

To make matters worse, Prince was unpopular in his own Form, owing to the lamentable fact that he couldn't play games. He was not a slacker, or a funk either, but he simply couldn't play footer for toffee. The harder he tried the more he blundered, until at last the Third-Formers banished him from the football-field, and he was compelled to spend most of his half-holidays in going for long rambles alone.

He conformed to his usual practice on Wednesday afternoon, while his Form-fellows encountered Dick Nugent & Co., of Greyfriars, at footer.

The countryside was dressed in the mantle of glorious spring, and Prince felt unusually

**T**'s for **TORQUAY**, which is bracing and sunny;  
A visit is worth every bit of the money.

**U** is for **UXBRIDGE**, a suburb out West,  
Where most of the people are wise and well-dressed.



happy, despite his solitude, as he tramped across the fields towards Cranleigh.

He paused, after a three-mile jaunt, to take a rest in an old barn which he knew well. It was a ramshackle old place, around which were woven many strange legends of mysterious murders and spectres that stalked abroad at night.

On opening the rickety door, which was half off its hinges, the fag stood stock still with amazement.

An extraordinary scene met his gaze. Half a dozen Fourth-Formers, including Barker, Lomax, and Lee, sat in a row on the rustic seat, puffing away at cigarettes, and clasping cards in their hands. It was by no means an uncommon custom of Barker & Co. to improve the shining hour by such manly indulgences.

Barker gave a sudden start as the barn-door opened, and a pallor swept over his face. But he recovered himself in an instant on seeing who the intruder was, and sprang to his feet.

"You cheeky young cub!" he roared. "You've been spying on us!"

"I haven't!" retorted Prince indignantly. "What a caddish thing to say, Barker! I didn't think anybody was in here!"

"Tell that to the Marines!" said Barker harshly. "It won't do for us. You're going to get it in the neck properly this time, my pip-pip!"

"Yes, rather!" said Lomax. "Give the little brute socks!"

Prince turned to flee, but Barker's heavy hand descended on his collar, and he was swung back into the barn.

"Hold him," said Barker, "while I take off my belt. I'll lam his beastly hide for him!"

"Let me go!" gasped Prince, in dismay.

"Certainly—when you've taken your gruel! Let's shove him across your shoulders, Lee!"

"Good egg!"

And the hapless victim was hauled up into position, despite all his expostulations and entreaties.

Crack!

The heavy belt, swung with the full force of Barker's right arm, descended on Prince's back, causing him to scream with pain.

"Go it, Barker, old man!" said Lomax. "Make him holler like one o'clock!"

Once more the cruel weapon came down with deadly force, and the fag's teeth bit deep into his lip as he strove to keep from yelling. He felt that he could not stand many more of those savage lashes.

Barker laid on two more strokes, and was proceeding to deliver the fifth, when the door of the barn was again thrown open, and Neddy Welsh, panting and breathless, dashed in.

The captain of the Fourth took in the whole scene at a glance.

"You rotters!" he exclaimed, in ringing tones. "Leave that kid alone!"

Barker smiled. He could afford to smile now, since Neddy Welsh, being alone, afforded an easy prey.

"For poking your nose in where it's not wanted, Mr. Priggy Welsh," he said, "we'll give you a jolly good lamming, too!"

"You're quite at liberty to start!" retorted Neddy, rolling up his sleeves ready for action. "You're six to one, but, of course, it's impossible to expect fair play from cads of your type! Come on! I'll tackle you one at a time, or all together!"

Prince, released from the grasp of his tormentors, staggered forward and touched Neddy on the arm.

"It's jolly good of you to chip in like this, Welsh!" he muttered; "but you'll only get the same as I've had. Better scoot while there's a chance!"

"Rats! D'you think I'm going to allow these Prussians to bash you about like that? No giddy fear!"

And Neddy, without further time in words, sailed in to the attack, hitting out fiercely. The bullies quailed before his furious onslaught.

Weak and exhausted though he was, Prince chimed in to the best of his ability, and, fighting with their backs to the wall, he and Neddy kept the cads at bay for a full minute. Then Barker's sledgehammer fist shot out, and sent the plucky fag spinning to the floor, where he lay prone.

The cowardly blow set Neddy's blood a-tingle. He hit out with all his force, and Barker was lifted clean off his feet by a delightful uppercut. Then Lomax was floored, and the other four, seized with sudden panic, shrank back.

This gave Neddy Welsh his opportunity. Stooping swiftly, he lifted the semi-conscious Prince in his arms, and dashed out of the barn and away across the fields, till he reached the road which led to Earlingham.

Neddy possessed a fine turn of speed, but, handicapped as he was with his burden, he knew in his heart of hearts that he was beaten. Barker and the rest were out of condition through excessive cigarette smoking, but fury lent them wings, and they fairly flashed along in Neddy's wake.

Still sprinting at top speed, and retaining his hold of the pale-faced junior, Neddy Welsh turned his head, and saw that Barker & Co., armed with heavy stieks, were racing round a bend in the road. Nothing daunted, he set his teeth and spurred with all the power of which he was capable.

"Stop!" roared Barker, from the rear.

Inch by inch the cads of the Fourth gained upon their prey, until only a few yards separated them from the fugitives. At last, seeing that the game was up, Neddy Welsh stopped short, laid his charge gently down by the roadside, and turned to face the oncoming foe.

"Got you!" hissed Barker, with savage glee. "There's no escape this time!"

*(What happens to Neddy Welsh will be vividly described in next Monday's extra-special instalment of Mark Linley's grand serial. Order your copy of the GREYFRIARS HERALD in advance, and urge all your chums to do likewise.)*

V is for VENICE, built on a lagoon,  
Where lovers glide forth in gondolas to spoon!

W's for WINCHESTER, stately and grand,  
The rarest and fairest old town in the land!

# HOW TOM BROWN CAPTURED THE KAISER!

An amazing complete story.

A Thrill from start to—  
Specialy contributed to  
The "Greyfriars Herald."

By  
**JOHNNY BULL.**



## CHAPTER ONE.

"ONCE, when I was in the Army—"  
Everybody in No. 1 Study stared at Tom Brown as he made that last remark.

It was after a match with St. Jim's, and the Saints were staying to tea. They were having tea in half a dozen studies along the Remove passage. Tom Merry and Blake and D Arcy were in No. 1, with us. D'Arcy had been talking about the war, having an elder brother out in Flanders killing Huns. Then Tom Brown made his remark, and D'Arcy fixed an eyeglass in his eye, and blinked at him.

"When you were in the Army!" he repeated.

Tom Brown nodded.

"Yes."

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy, while the other fellows grinned. "I should have thought you were too young to go into the Army, deah boy!"

"So I am," said Tom Brown. "But, you see, I wangled it. It was last summer vac. It didn't last long—not so long as I'd have liked. It was a ripping life, while it lasted."

And Tom Brown sighed.

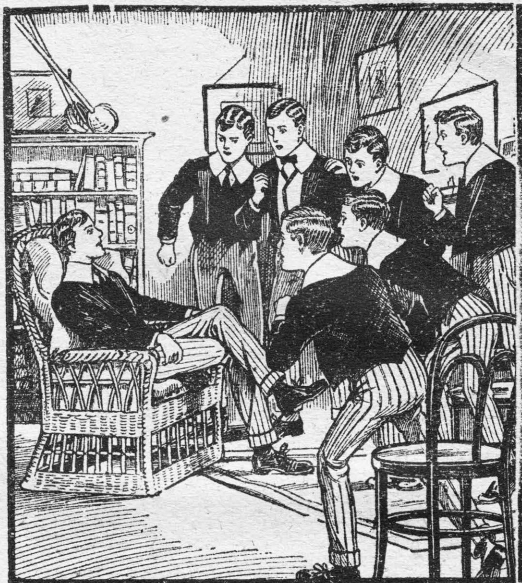
"Bai Jove! I'd like to know how you got in," said D'Arcy, while Tom Merry and Blake looked puzzled. "It's a feahful thing to be too young to go into the Army, you know—I feel that vewy much. I am convinced that things would go bettah at the fwont with a fellow of tact and judgment there. Pway tell us how you managed it, Brown, deah boy."

"If you fellows would care to hear the story—"  
said Tom Brown modestly.

"Go ahead!" said Wharton. "Don't pile it on too thick."

"I'll keep within the exact facts, of course," said Tom Brown. "I hope you don't think I'd pull your leg."

X leaves me stumped, I am forced to admit;  
There isn't a town in the world that'll fit.



"Once when I was in the Army—"  
Everybody in No. 1 Study jumped up in amazement,  
and stared at Tom Brown as he made that  
remark.

Bob Cherry chuckled and the St. Jim's chaps looked perplexed. Tom Brown was as solemn as an owl, but the Greyfriars fellows knew Tommy's solemn chivvy. Tom Brown brought a wonderful sense of humour with him from New Zealand. You never know when he is pulling your leg.

"My deah chap, of course we don't think anythin' of the kind," said D'Arcy. "It sounds watah steep, but if you explain how you wedged in—"

"It was easy enough," said Tom Brown. "I was staying with a chap for the summer vac, and he had relations at the Front, and I've got relations in the Anzacs, and so, naturally, we had a lot of war jaw. Well, one evening a splendid wheeze flashed into my brain. It was as simple as A B C, and I wondered I'd never thought of it before."

"Bai Jove! I'm anxious to heah that wheeze."

"You see, we had been doing a war play, and I had been made up as a man in khaki. I'm rather a dab at making-up, you know. Well, it came into my head to make myself up as a chap of twenty-five, and enlist."

"Gweat Scott!"

"No sooner said than done!" went on Tom Brown. "I made one jump to the make-up box, and doctored my chivvy before the glass. I put on a moustache, and dabbed in a few lines to make my face look older, and then shoved on some grown-up clothes. There was only one difficulty—I wasn't tall enough for a line regi-

Y is for YORK, so beloved by the "Tykes"—  
A splendid old city that everyone likes!

ment; but, you see, I'd heard about the Bantam Brigade. Without stopping to say a word to a soul, I buzzed off to the recruiting-office, and asked them to put me down for a Bantam."

"What a thundering nerve!" exclaimed Tom Merry. "But surely the medical Johnny bowled you out?"

"No fear. You see, he didn't examine my face, and I'm sound in wind and limb. And there was a tremendous rush of recruits, so the medical Johnny was rather hurried. He passed me, and I signed on. You can't imagine the feeling that came over me when I realised that I was a soldier! I thought of Greyfriars, and how the Remove would lose all their matches at footer and cricket while I was away killing Huns—"

"Oh, did you, by Jove?" said Wharton.

"I did," said Tom Brown, "and then I thought of my people out in New Zealand; but I knew they'd approve of what I'd done, when they knew—especially if I bagged a V.C. for the Brown family. I had time to say a hurried good-bye to the pal I was staying with, and then I had to go into camp."

"You weally got as fah as that, bai Jove?"

"I got further than that. In camp the life was a bit hard, I must say, for a chap who'd come straight from school. But I stuck it out. I trained for three weeks, and they passed like a flash. It was lucky it was in the long vacation. I don't want to boast, but I must say that I became the crack shot of my company, and our captain patted me on the back for winning several pots for the Bantams. I got ahead with the training so rapidly that after three weeks I was put into a draft for Flanders."

"And you hadn't been found out all the time?" ejaculated Blake, staring at Tom Brown blankly.

"Not the slightest suspicion!"

"Well, my hat!"

"You mean to say that you went to Flanders in khaki in the vac?" howled Bob Cherry.

"I'm telling you exactly as it happened. We had a good crossing—the transport was chased by a German submarine, but a destroyer came up in time, and sank the Hun within twenty yards of us. I could hear the German captain yelling "Mein Gott" as he went down. We landed at Boulogne. Boulogne was a bit different from what it used to be—tents, and soldiers, and waggons, and khaki everywhere. My company was sent up the line at once."

"And you with them?" exclaimed Blake.

"And I with them. We were in action three days after landing, and fellows I knew dropped right and left of me, but I never got a touch. After that, we had a rest, and then we were sent into the front trenches. It was a hard life in one way, but merry enough in another. I became such an expert at digging that I soon got promotion."

"Bai Jove!"

"Lance-corporal first, then full corporal, then sergeant, almost in the twinkling of an eye. Then came my great chance. A German bomb

dropped in our trench, and, without stopping to think, I seized it and hurled it out again. It exploded in the Boche trench—we were very close, in the advance lines—and blew a whole crowd of them to the place where Huns go when they die. It happened that General French was inspecting our trench at the time, and he saw my action, and called me out before all the Bantams."

"Bai Jove! General French did!"

"Yes. He spoke a few words in praise of my courage—though really I had acted on the spur of the moment, without thinking—and asked me whether I would have a V.C. or a commission. Well, I thought it out. I thought the V.C. would be ripping to hang up in the study when I got home to Greyfriars, but, on the whole, I decided on the commission. That was how I became a lieutenant in the Bantams."

## CHAPTER TWO.

EVERY fellow in the study was blinking at Tom Brown. He was quite serious, and evidently relating it all just as it had happened. D'Arcy's eyes had opened so wide that his eyeglass fell off.

"Naturally, that step up made me keener than ever to go forward. I knew that what the Army wanted was a Colonial in high command, you see, to buck things up. I volunteered for a raid on the German trenches, and captured a dozen machine-guns, and that night I was a captain."

"Not a field-marshal!" ejaculated Bob Cherry.

"No, simply a captain," said Tom Brown quietly. "And I didn't get any further step after that, worse luck. But I did my best, and if everything had turned out as I hoped, I might have been a field-marshal. I came within an ace of capturing the Kaiser himself."

"The Kaisah! Gweat Scott!"

"Word had got round in the lines that the Kaiser was visiting the Front on the enemy's side. Of course, all the fellows were keen for a go at the old rascal. I turned it over in my mind, and determined to have a shot at it."

D'Arcy polished his eyeglass slowly and thoughtfully. We could see that he was thinking whether he could disguise himself and wedge into the Army when he got back to St. Jim's, the same as Tom Brown had done. Tom Brown went on:

"I turned it over in my mind a hundred times, as I squatted in my dugout. It fairly grew on me, that idea of capturing the wicked old man who was responsible for the war. How to get at him, that was the question. I hit on a plan at last, and I called on General French."

"On General French?"

"Yes, on General French, and asked permission to try. I explained my plan, and the Field-Marshal gripped my hand and said simply, 'Go it!' I went back to my billet, and called together four of my best men. We had

captured a good many Hun helmets and uniforms. I disguised them, and myself, in Hun rig, and daubed our faces with trench mud, and we set out. The idea was to penetrate the German lines as Huns, and get hold of the Kaiser by hook or crook. Perhaps it was rather a harebrained scheme, but General French considered that, even if we didn't capture the Kaiser, we might bring back heaps of useful information."

"Yaas, that was quite poss."

"I don't mind confessing that my heart beat like a hammer as we crept towards the German lines. I thanked my stars that I'd always been very careful with my German lessons, and could speak their lingo. As we crawled towards the Hun trench, a hoarse voice shouted in the darkness:

"Wer da?"

"Freund! I replied.

"The German Johnny told us to come forward, and we went, and you can bet we were feeling rather queer, finding ourselves walking right up to a machine gun."

"Bai Jove!"

"But we passed muster all right. I explained in German that we had been cut off by the British, but had escaped, and the Huns supposed we belonged to the Bavarians—they were Prussians in that special place. Well, we were allowed through the lines, and told the way to the Bavarian corps. We marched on as bold as brass—not looking for the Bavarian quarters, of course, but for the Kaiser's quarters. We soon found them—a tremendous big tent, a good distance behind the lines, of course. The royal flag of Prussia floated over it, and gold-laced officials were passing in and out. Then I halted my men in cover, to wait till Wilhelm went to bed. It was quite late before the tent was dark and silent, and then we chipped in."

Tom Brown paused to mop up a glass of ginger-beer. Then he went on:

"It was a deep dark night. There was a sentry outside the tent, but we crept on him from behind, and down he went with a rifle-butt on his cranium. He never moved again. Then we whipped into the tent. It was very dark, but a loud snore and a smell of schnapps guided us to the Kaiser's camp-bed. I reached his bed, knife in hand!"

"Gweat Scott!"

"I shook him gently by the shoulder and he woke and blinked at me in the dark. Dark as it was, I could see that his face was white. I whispered in his ear:

"One call, and you die!"

"He shivered, and did not call out. Then I went on:

"Not a word! Resist, and you're a dead pig, Kaiser or no Kaiser!"

"He did not resist. Germans only have pluck when they're in crowds, you know. Catch 'em

singly, and they howl for quarter. The Kaiser said 'Mein Gott!' in a very low and shaky voice, and acted like a lamb. I had brought a French uniform hidden under my greatcoat, and this he was forced to put on, and then I daubed mud on his face so that his features couldn't be recognised, and gagged him with a German sausage we found in the tent. Then we led him forth."

"You—you led the Kaisah forth!" murmured D'Arcy.

"Yes. Back through the German lines we went, marching him in our midst. Whenever we were challenged, I said in German that it was a French prisoner we were taking to do some dangerous digging under the enemy's fire. You know, the Huns make their prisoners work under fire, so there was nothing to excite suspicion in that. We marched on, stopped by nobody, though we were frequently challenged, till we reached the outermost trench. You can guess what I felt like, after we had passed the last sentry, the last gun, and stood upon the open ground between the German and the British lines."

"And—and the Kaisah?"

"He went like a lamb, trembling in every limb. We marched him on and on, stumbling through the darkness, and afraid every minute of being blazed at by our own friends. We had to chance that. Never shall I forget how my heart jumped when there came a sudden challenge in English:

"Halt! Who goes there?"

"Friends, with a prisoner!" I answered.

"Then I gave the pass-word, and we advanced. We marched in under levelled rifles, the Bantams thinking perhaps it was a trick, but as soon as they recognised me, there was a yell! Officers and men came crowding down on all sides, among them the Commander-in-Chief himself. He wrung my hand.

"Thank Heaven you have returned, though you have not captured the Kaiser!" he said, with deep emotion in his voice.

"That was the climax! I took a wet rag and rubbed the prisoner's face. The features of Wilhelm II. were revealed. General French stared at him like a man in a dream.

"The—the Kaiser!" he ejaculated.

"Your prisoner, sir!" said I.

"There was a roar of cheering from all the trenches close at hand. It was the proudest moment in my life. General French grasped me by the hand, and then—then—"

"Then?" said D'Arcy breathlessly.

A sad expression came over Tom Brown's face.

"Then," he said slowly and regretfully—"then I woke up!"

THE END.