

AU REVOIR, BUT NOT GOOD-BYE!

An Extraordinary Editorial Notice In This Issue.

The GREYFRIARS HERALD.

No. 18. Vol. 1.
Week Ending
Mar. 18th, 1916.

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

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

WITH HIS TUCK HAMPER IS THE TWF AB
MR JONES IS NOT IN

HE'S ALWAYS HOWLING
OFFER A L B
REWARD £5
ANY

WHO CANNOT GET THE OUT.
HIS

DOWN THE WOLF'S & HE PULLED IT OUT THE BLOW
IT'S A LONG WAY TO TIPPERARY
KEEP THE HOME FIRES BURNING

M HEED HEED THE FUMA
THIS IS MY REWARD
THIS IS JACK'S REMUNERATION
DAILY PPS! THE KAISER JEERED AT IN BERLIN OFFICIAL

THINK YOUR YOUR I'M VERY FORTUNATE DID BIT YOUR
OFFICE

MONEY AND TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES.

(Full Particulars will be found on Page 2 of this issue.)



Readers of
THE GREYFRIARS HERALD, 1/2d.

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

WHEN FRIENDS FALL OUT!
By FRANK RICHARDS.



**TUCK
HAMPER
AS PRIZES!**

Great New Competition!

First Prize £1.

SIX OTHER PRIZES OF
TUCK HAMPER.



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 "18th TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, 'THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,' Gough House, Gough Square London, E.C.," so as to reach that address not later than Tuesday, March 21st, 1916.

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

The result of this competition will be published in the "Boys' Friend."

I enter "The Greyfriars Herald" Tuck Hamper Competition No. 18, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

WRITE CAREFULLY Address.....

READ OUR ALPHABETICAL FOOTLINES

EDITORIAL.



FRANK NUGENT,
Art Editor.



H. VERNON-SMITH,
Sports Editor.



HARRY WHARTON,
Editor.



ROBERT CHERRY,
Fighting Editor.



MARK LINLEY,
Sub-Editor.

OUR STAFF.

OUR LAST WEEKLY ISSUE!

Government Restriction on Import of Paper
Closes the Innings of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

My dear Readers,—Owing solely to the Government's restrictions on paper for printing purposes the proprietors of this jolly little journal have been brought face to face with the reluctant task of closing it down—only temporarily, let us hope. The present issue—No. 18—will be the last of the weekly series.

TAKE IT SMILING!

I know a good many of you will be a little cut up, to say the least of it, on reading this announcement. But we must make the best of a bad job and solace ourselves by promising Wilhelm the Wicked all sorts of dreadful things for having brought us to such a pass. The following facts will serve to soften what must be a severe blow to many of you.

THE COMPETITION CONTINUES.

Our popular Picture Puzzle contests will run merrily on as heretofore, for the famine in paper has not been sufficiently contagious to adversely affect tuck hampers. The competition will in future be found in

THE "BOYS' FRIEND,"

One Penny. Every Monday,

and I sincerely hope there will be no falling-off in entries.

SO DOES THE SERIAL!

We should not be so inhumanly cruel, either, as to deprive our readers from enjoying the concluding chapters of Mark Linley's fine story, "The Pride of the Ring." This will be carried on in our parent paper, the "Magnet" Library, so that every Heraldite should make a special point of ordering next Monday's issue.

THE BEST NEWS OF ALL!

You will all be delighted to hear that an occasional issue of the GREYFRIARS HERALD will be published in supplementary form in the "Magnet" Library. It is proposed, in fact, to include one with the next Double Number of that famous paper.

A FINAL WORD OF GRATITUDE.

In conclusion, I should like to extend my heartfelt thanks to all those who manfully supported the GREYFRIARS HERALD in the eighteen weeks of its career. I sincerely hope these faithful friends will still be on hand, after the war, to welcome this journal when it reappears in all its glory—bigger, better, and brighter than ever.—Yours, in true comradeship,

HARRY WHARTON.

YOU MUST REMEMBER THAT—

"THE PRIDE OF THE RING!"

Mark Linley's Grand Serial Story,
will be continued next Monday
in

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.

Price One Penny.

BUBBLE AND SQUEAK,

The Famous Twins,
will shortly appear in

CHUCKLES, 1½d.

The Popular Friday
Coloured Paper.

OUR GREAT TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION

will appear next Monday and
every week in

THE BOYS' FRIEND.

Price One Penny.

A's for the AUTHOR, I say without shame
I'm a jolly good sportsman, and Skinner's my name.

THE YELLOW PHIZ!

A Magnificent, Long Complete Story dealing with the Further Amazing Adventures of **HERLOCK SHOLMES**, Detective.

Written for the "Greyfriars Herald"

:: by ::

PETER TODD.

CHAPTER ONE.

HERLOCK SHOLMES was examining a series of pawnticketts, of which he had a large and interesting collection, when a visitor was shown into our sitting-room at Shaker Street.

He was a young man with a somewhat pale and harassed face. It was evidently some deep-seated trouble which had brought him to consult my amazing friend.

"Mr. Sholmes!" he began eagerly.

"One moment!" said Sholmes. He finished his examination of the tickets. "Jotson, three of these are nearly up. Perhaps you will be good enough to see our friend Mr. Solomons in the morning. Now, sir, I am quite at your service!"

The young man plunged eagerly into his story.

"My name is Green," he said. "I live in the salubrious suburb of Peckham. I am sorely troubled, Mr. Sholmes, by a mystery that weighs upon my spirits and disturbs my domestic peace. I have recently—"

"Married," said Herlock Sholmes quietly.

Mr. Green started.

"How did you know?" he gasped.

Sholmes smiled.

"To a trained eye it is obvious," he replied.

"A button is missing from your waistcoat, and your coat-collar requires brushing. It is quite evident that you have no longer the advantage of possessing a careful landlady."



At a large window a face suddenly appeared, then as we gazed, it was joined by a crowd more, all looking at us as we stood.

"It is true, Mr. Sholmes. I have married—and when I was united with my dear Sempronia Whilks, I deemed myself the happiest man living! She had every charm that the most sensitive lover could desire or dream of—a comfortable balance at the bank, a large house standing in its own grounds, two motor-cars, and a relation in the peerage. She was a widow, Mr. Sholmes, the late Alderman Whilks having died suddenly after a dinner at the Mansion House. For three months, sir, I was deliriously happy. But now"—he made a tragic gesture—"now, Mr. Sholmes, my happiness is dashed—perhaps for ever!"

"The bank has failed?" I asked sympathetically.

"No, it is not that."

"The motor-cars have broken down?"

"No, no!"

"The mortgagees have foreclosed on the house?"

"No, no! In all those respects, Sempronia is as charming as ever. But a hidden mystery preys upon my peace of mind."

"Pray give me some details, Mr. Green!" said Sholmes. "You may speak quite freely before my friend, Dr. Jotson."

"From the first week at Whilks Hall, Mr.

B is for **BANKER**, a sport I admire ;
My collection of gains rises higher and higher !

Sholmes, I became aware that Sempronia was concealing something from me. One wing of that imposing mansion was never opened to me. Sempronia kept the key, and sometimes she would disappear into those deserted rooms alone, and remain for hours. After a time I grew curious on the subject. I asked for an explanation. To my surprise, Sempronia burst into tears, and begged me to trust her. Mr. Sholmes, I would have trusted her with my fortune, if I had possessed one; but I was uneasy and alarmed. That closed wing of the house became an obsession in my mind. I could not find it in my heart to force an entrance there against Sempronia's wish, but I prowled round the place occasionally, looking at the windows. On several occasions I heard cries proceeding from the rooms, yet it was supposed to be untenanted."

"Cries! Of what nature?" asked Sholmes, interested.

"It was somewhat like the crying of infants, Mr. Sholmes. But when I asked Sempronia for an explanation, she trembled and was silent. Mr. Sholmes, I know well that Sempronia loves me. Only this morning she stroked my hair and called me her dusky little Charley. Yet she keeps this weird secret from me. She tells me that if I knew it I should love her no longer. Mr. Sholmes, I can bear it no more. You must help me to penetrate this mystery, for Sempronia's sake and my own."

"I am quite at your service, Mr. Green," said Herlock Sholmes, rising. "We will proceed at once to Whilks Hall. Come, Jotson, unless you have another engagement."

"My dear Sholmes, I had intended to attend the funeral of one of my patients, but I will come with you with pleasure!"

"You have no more details to give me, Mr. Green?"

The young man hesitated.

"I have, Mr. Sholmes, yet it is so extraordinary I almost fear to relate it."

"Pray proceed!"

"In prowling around the ruined wing, a prey to uneasiness and curiosity, I happened to glance at the windows, and I saw"—Mr. Green shuddered—"I saw a face, Mr. Sholmes. It was a terrible-looking face—yellow in colour, and marked with what appeared to be daubs of black and blue paint. A grocer's boy, who was passing on his way to the kitchen door, saw it too, and ejaculated: 'What a chivvy!' It was indeed an extraordinary and alarming chivvy, Mr. Sholmes! It disappeared at once!"

"Extraordinary!" I exclaimed.

"Since then," said Mr. Green hoarsely, "I have seen it again—and others. In all, I have counted fifteen—every chivvy of them a hideous-looking phiz, as ugly and ferocious in expression as the masks used by the boys on the fifth of November. Mr. Sholmes, I am not dreaming. Extraordinary as it appears, it is the fact!"

Sholmes smiled.

"The improbability of your story, Mr. Green, renders it all the more likely to be correct, in

my opinion. My system, as you are perhaps aware, is not that of Scotland Yard. But let us go."

And, in a few minutes more, a motor-bus was bearing us to Peckham.

CHAPTER TWO.

WE arrived at Whilks Hall, one of the finest of the great fashionable mansions of Peckham. As we crossed the extensive grounds, Mr. Green pointed out to us the deserted wing. He gripped Sholmes' arm suddenly.

"Look!" he breathed.

At a large window a face suddenly appeared. I could not help a thrill of horror as I saw it. It was a face that, once seen, could never be forgotten—yellow in hue, with strange marks of red and blue and black—a huge misshapen nose, and wide, curling, grinning mouth. As we gazed, it was joined by a crowd more, all looking at us as we stood. Then suddenly a blind was drawn, and the yellow phizzes vanished from our sight.

"You saw them?" said Mr. Green huskily. "What do you say now, Mr. Sholmes?"

Sholmes' look was sombre.

"Let us proceed," he said.

A door opened, and a lady came forth, and Mr. Green ran towards her. It was evidently Mrs. Green, late Whilks. I turned to Sholmes.

"Sholmes, what does this dreadful mystery mean?" I murmured.

He shook his head.

"Jotson, I confess I am puzzled. Let us go on."

We hurried after Mr. Green. The beautiful Sempronia was endeavouring to prevent him from entering the door of the deserted wing. She threw herself on her knees.

"It is useless, Sempronia!" said the young man. "Let me pass with my friends who have come to investigate this mystery. Otherwise, I leave this house to-day, and return to my humble but happy lodging in Camden Town."

"Then I will tell you all!" sobbed Sempronia. "But do not forsake your little Sempy! Follow me!"

She swept into the house. We followed, amazed. What strange mystery was about to be revealed?

"Bobby! Tommy!" called out the beautiful Sempronia. "Gladys! Mary Ann! Willy! Herbert! Charley! Frank! Fred! Wilhelmina! Francesca! Rupert! Cecelia! Ethel! Johnny!"

There was a rush of feet. The hideous faces we had seen at the window surrounded us. Even Sholmes stood dumbfounded. But in a moment more the secret was revealed. With a sweep of her hand, Sempronia removed the fifteen Guy Fawkes' masks from the fifteen faces, and fifteen boys and girls of varying ages stood revealed.

"In mercy's name, Sempronia, what means

C's for the **CARDS**, which are marked on the back;
It's an ancient but very convenient knack!

D's for the **DOCTOR**, who comes in his car
To see to the fellow who's had a cigar!

this?" gasped Mr. Green. "Is this place an orphanage?"

Sempronia drew herself up proudly.

"Nothing of the kind, Charles Green! Forgive me! I have always intended to reveal the truth, but always I have put it off, even as one puts off a visit to the dentist's. When you met me, you knew that I was a widow, but you did not know that I had fifteen children. I dared not tell you; I feared that it would diminish your love, that it would outweigh, in the balance, the bank-account, the freehold house, and the motor-cars for which you adored me. Forgive me, Charles, and take them to your heart!"

"Sempronia!"

"In my dread that you would see them, and

discover my fatal secret, I disguised them with Guy Fawkes' masks," murmured Mrs. Green, "otherwise, the resemblance would have betrayed the secret; but in these masks there is little or no resemblance to my features!"

"None!" said Mr. Green.

His face had cleared, and he drew Sempronia to his heart.

Sholmes and I slipped away quietly. We felt that we should be de trop at that tender scene of reconciliation. As we glanced back from the gate, we saw Mr. Green taking the merry fifteen to his heart, as requested by Sempronia; but, owing to their number, he was taking them on the instalment system!

THE END.

Tuck Hampers Awarded

RESULT OF OUR TWELFTH GREAT
PICTURE PUZZLE CONTEST.

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

Goldilocks, after eating the three bears' dinner, went upstairs and went to sleep in the baby bear's bed. Then the bears returned, and, finding their porridge eaten, rushed upstairs. "Someone's been lying in my bed!" cried father bear. "And somebody's been lying in my bed!" screamed the tiny bear. "And oh, here she is!" Then Goldilocks woke up, and hurried away as fast as she could.

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

A. HAMPSON,

6, Mowbray Street,
Nottingham.

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

W. Eles, 21, Walgrave Street, Newland Avenue, Hull.

R. Barson, 58, London Street, New Whittington, near Chesterfield, Derby.

Edith M. Ham, 5, Queensdale Road, Knowle, Bristol.

P. White, 54, Gooch Street, Swindon.

T. Briggs, 138, Green Lane, Small Heath, Birmingham.

E. Mirams, 95, King's Road, Canton, Cardiff.

Freda Kirkwood, 21, Watling Street, Canterbury.

A. K. Bath, 73, Maxwell Road, Bournemouth.

M. Browning, 2, Maria Street, Millwall, E.

Readers should note that our Picture Puzzle contests are to be carried on in the "Boys' Friend," on sale every Monday. The results of contests Nos. 13—18 will be found week by week in that paper.

A FAREWELL FLING!

Specially contributed,
By DICK PENFOLD.

Farewell, my merry little mag,

My comrade and adviser!

You've got to stop and shut up shop,

Through that confounded Kaiser!

My manuscripts are drenched with tears,

My heart is heavy-laden;

I feel as if I've had a tiff

With some angelic maiden!

Farewell to you, friend Herlock Sholmes!

Adieu, dear Doctor Jotson!

It must be odd for Peter Todd

To have no plans or plots on!

Farewell to Wharton's good advice!

Farewell to Squeak and Bubble!

The whole wide world, it seems, is hurled
In boundless seas of trouble!

Farewell to the Police Court News,

Well written, without defects,

Which used to be devoured with glee

By masters and by prefects!

Farewell the times when we came in

From footer, fresh and ruddy;

And learned to work and never shirk

In Harry Wharton's study!

Farewell to all our jests and jokes,

This is our last endeavour!

When Peace is here we'll reappear,

As popular as ever!

But now we're feeling sick at heart,

And p'raps the greatest curse is

That never more will readers pore

O'er Penfold's stunning verses!

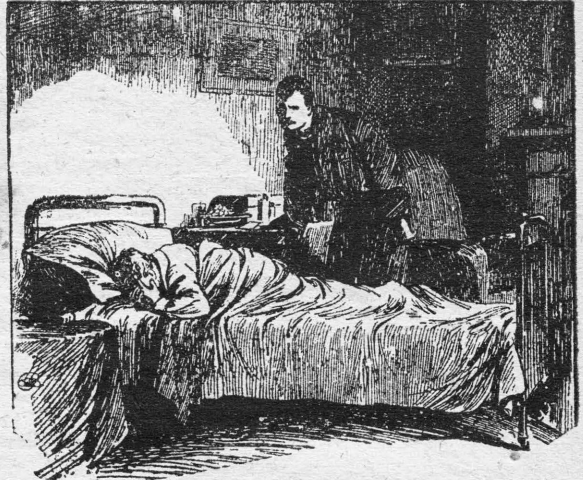
E's for the EVENINGS, inviting though gloomy;
I hunt for my cronies and summon them to me.

THE PRIDE OF THE RING!

Our Magnificent New Serial, dealing with the Noble Art of Self-defence, and Specially Written for the "Greyfriars Herald"

:: By ::

MARK LINLEY.



"Prince, old chap," said Barker, starting forward, "what's the matter?" The fag had buried his face in his hands, and was sobbing as if his heart would break.

WHAT CAME BEFORE.

NEDDY WELSH and "DOLLY" GRAY, two of the best, encounter some stirring adventures in the Fourth Form at Earlingham School. A great rebellion takes place in the Sixth owing to the unwarranted expulsion of Hobbs, the school captain; but Bob Sullivan, the popular drill-instructor, is instrumental in saving the situation, and in securing the reinstatement of Hobbs.

Prince, a fag in the Third, falls into the hands of Barker and his cronies by stumbling across them in an old barn, where they have been enjoying themselves by smoking and card-playing. Prince is being severely thrashed by Barker, when Neddy Welsh intervenes. He rescues the fag from his tormentors, and dashes back to the school, but is at length overhauled by the bullies. The odds are six to one, but Neddy, never faltering, deposits his burden by the roadside and turns to face the foe.

(Now read on.)

A Battle Royal.

BARKER of the Fourth licked his lips with an unholy relish. This was the chance he had longed for and sighed for—to get Neddy Welsh entirely at his mercy. Neddy had administered so many painful thrashings to him in the past that his soul cried out for vengeance.

Had Barker stopped to think, he would have remembered the thrilling and awful moment when he had been submerged in icy water, and how Neddy Welsh had gallantly rescued him

from certain death. But Barker's memory was not an extensive affair. He had been sincerely grateful to Neddy at the time, but, as soon as the shock of the ducking had worn off, all his old animosity and hatred towards the captain of the Fourth had risen anew in his breast.

His eyes gleamed as they dwelt upon Neddy Welsh, who stood, pale-faced but erect, in the roadway, waiting for his aggressors to come on. "I've got you in a cleft stick now, my pippin!" he exclaimed. "Once upon a time, by a miraculous fluke, you licked three of us in the dorm, but you'll find six quite a different proposition!"

"Rather!" grinned Lomax. "Rush the rotter!"

"You cads!" panted Neddy, clenching his hands hard. "Haven't you any sense of fair play? I warn you that if you take advantage of me now you'll be made to sit up for it afterwards!"

"Rats!" retorted Barker. "Take that!"

And his heavy fist came swinging out at Neddy.

The junior easily dodged the clumsy blow, and hit out in turn. The blow caught Barker by surprise, and he gave a roar of rage and pain as Neddy's fist crashed into his face.

"Into him!" urged Lee. "He's not going to use old Barker as a punching-ball, while we're here to prevent it!"

"No fear!"

And Barker's five friends straightway hurled themselves upon the captain of the Fourth.

Neddy met the attack fearlessly, but his heart

F's for the FAGS which we smoke in the shed,
Always on the qui vive for old Quelchy's firm tread!

sank. How could he possibly hope to win the day against six fellows of his own size? His superlative skill and his wonderful science availed him nothing now. He simply had to face the music.

But he would fall fighting, he reflected grimly. They would overcome him eventually, but not before several of them were down and out. So long as he had breath in his body, he would stand up to that formidable array of opponents.

A weighty blow from Lomax caught him on the side of the road, but he reciprocated it instantly, felling his man like an ox with a straight and swift right-hander. Lee was on him immediately afterwards, however, and Crake and Stanning and Archer followed up.

Prince, who had been lying huddled up on the side of the road, struggled into a sitting posture. A mist swam before his eyes as he took in the whole terrible scene. Neddy Welsh was undergoing his ordeal for his sake!

"Stick to 'em, old man!" he cried feebly.

Neddy hit out fiercely, recklessly. He threw science and expert ringeraft to the winds, and resorted to more pugilistic methods. It was the only way. Barker went down for the second time, and Archer went sprawling into the mud; but the other four swarmed round Neddy like vultures, and he saw that the game was up.

If only he had Dolly Gray at his side! What a difference it would make! Gray was a great fighting-man, and the two chums would probably have been able to keep the bullies at bay. But the task was far too colossal to accomplish single-handed.

Then, as if in answer to Neddy's wild hopes, a couple of fellows came dashing along the road to his rescue. They were Dolly Gray and Weston.

"Keep it up, Neddy!" called Gray. "It's all serene!"

Neddy Welsh had been well-nigh exhausted, but the advent of two of the best boxers in the Fourth gave renewed zest to his blows, and he piled in like a Trojan. Crake received a smashing blow on his prominent nose, and rolled over in the mud on top of Archer; and Lomax got a jolt in the ribs that nearly doubled him up.

"Hooray!" shouted Prince encouragingly. "That's great! You'll beat 'em yet!"

Fresh as daisies, Dolly Gray and Weston went briskly about their work. The tide of battle rapidly turned, and the bullies of the Fourth soon found themselves up against it. Their resistance became gradually more feeble, until presently it slackened off altogether, and they were at the mercy of their virile opponents.

"Give it to 'em hot!" panted Gray. "It's a lesson they badly need!"

Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud!

Neddy Welsh and his two companions were doing great execution, and there were yells of anguish from the baffled bullies as some young but strenuous fist found a billet.

"Pax!" howled Barker at length. "We give you best! Ow, my nose!"

"There's no pax when we're dealing with Huns!" said Weston. "We're not done with you yet by long chalks! Where will you have it next?"

"Ow-ow-ow!"

"What's that? You don't want any more? Well, I can't help that. You've asked for it, and now you'll jolly well get it! Take that!"

"Yarooooooh!"

Barker staggered before a well-directed blow between the eyes, and experienced a decidedly painful five minutes at the hands of Weston, who knew how to hit straight from the shoulder.

The assault-at-arms was over at last, and Barker & Co., lurching to their feet, began to feel that life was not worth living.

"That's just a foretaste of what you'll get if you're caught bullying young Prince again!" said Neddy Welsh. "We're not going to stand it, and that's straight!"

"Hang you!" snarled Barker, caressing his injuries, which were numerous and varied. "I'll get my own back one of these days, just you see!"

"I don't care a tuppenny rap for threats of that sort!" said Neddy, in contempt. "Get out of my sight, before I feel tempted to use you for a football!"

Barker limped slowly away towards Earlingham, and his cronies, like so many whipped curs, followed him, with much groaning and grunting.

"Serves 'em right!" said Dolly Gray. "The only way to cure cads of their calibre is to pummel 'em to a jelly! Come along, Prince! I don't think they'll touch you again in a hurry after this!"

And Dolly Gray was right.

Barker's Remorse.

IF Neddy Welsh and his chums imagined that Prince's troubles were over and done with, they were soon to be deceived. Although Barker's heavy hand could no longer touch him, he had by no means recovered from the rough handling he had received in the barn, and the Fourth-Formers found, to their dismay, that he could scarcely walk.

"This is rotten, kid!" said Neddy anxiously. "I didn't think even Barker would go as far as he did."

"What happened?" asked Weston. "Dolly Gray and I are in the dark."

"Why, Barker & Co. were smoking in the old barn, and gambling, too, I believe, when Prince came in. They accused him of spying, and Barker took off his belt and lammed the kid till he was black and blue."

Weston looked horrified.

"What a beastly Prussian!" he exclaimed. "The chap's a born bully, and I'm jolly glad we've given him a licking, though it wasn't half what he deserved! How do you feel now, Prince?"

"Pretty rocky!" said the fag.

And he looked it, too. He leaned upon Neddy

G's for the GOER, the dog, and the blade.
I cover the whole giddy three, I'm afraid!

H are HALF-HOLIDAYS, spent in the study,
Whilst others are sprawling on fields that are muddy!

Welsh's arm, his face wan and pale, and a look of pain in his blue eyes.

"Never mind!" said Dolly Gray. "We'll take you up to the sanny, and the matron will soon put you to rights."

"B-but they might find out that I've been lammed!" stammered Prince. "I've got marks on my back that won't go for a week!"

"Barker must take his chance about that," said Neddy Welsh drily. "He'll go out of Earlingham on his neck if the facts come to light, and I can't say I'm sorry. He's the rankest of rank outsiders!"

Dusk was falling when the little party entered the school gates, and Prince's sorry plight excited no attention. Dolly Gray went off to the study to prepare tea, and Welsh and Weston took the fag to the sanatorium, where he was kindly received by Miss Boyce, the matron.

"He's rather seedy, ma'am," explained Neddy Welsh. "Perhaps it would be wise to put him between the sheets at once."

"Yes, of course," said Miss Boyce, bustling about briskly. "He looks very bad, poor boy."

The two Fourth-Formers quitted the sanatorium, and for a time thoughts of Prince were banished from their minds.

But later on in the evening grave news was circulated as to the fag's condition. He was much worse, and it had become necessary to summon the doctor.

"And all through Barker," said Dolly Gray. "My hat! That cad fairly makes me lose my temper! I'll go round to his study and tell him a few home truths!"

And Neddy did. He found Barker reclining in an armchair, nursing his injuries.

"Get out!" said the bully of the Fourth, half-rising to his feet.

"Thanks! I'll take my time about that," Neddy replied. "Perhaps, now you've half killed that poor kid, you're satisfied?"

Barker turned pale.

"What do you mean?" he said hoarsely.

"I mean that you're the beastliest bully that ever breathed! We've had to take young Prince to the sanny, and now he's dangerously ill. If he should die," went on Neddy, in relentless tones, "his life will be laid at your door!"

Neddy Welsh laid it on thickly. It wasn't really a matter of life and death, so far as Prince was concerned, but that was the only way to bring home to Barker a full sense of his wrongdoing.

Barker lurched unsteadily to his feet.

"Is—is he really bad?" he asked.

All his arrogance had left him now, and he was thoroughly cowed.

"Very bad indeed, small thanks to you!" retorted Neddy.

"Oh, I—I say! I didn't think I hurt him so much as all that!" said Barker. "Honour bright!"

"You didn't take into account the fact that he's a weak kid and quite defenceless!" said

Neddy sternly. "It's your beastly bullying that's brought him so low!"

Barker hung his head, for once in a way utterly ashamed of himself.

"Will it be any use my going up to apologise to him?" he said huskily.

"What's the good of apologising, if you're going to knock him about as much as ever when he gets better?"

"I won't!" said Barker earnestly. "I'll swear to it!"

Neddy Welsh relented a little at the bully's remorseful tone.

"All right," he said. "I won't rub it in any more. You'd better go and see Prince now. It'll buck him up to know you're not going to do him any further mischief."

Barker nodded and quitted the study. He went straight to the sanatorium, and asked Miss Boyce if he might see the sick junior.

"Certainly," said the matron. "I am thankful to say he is much better, Master Barker, but too much excitement is not good for him, so be careful what you say."

"Thank you, ma'am!"

And Barker passed into the room where Prince lay.

It seemed at first that the little fellow was asleep, but on Barker's entry he started up in bed. The sight of his previous tormentor seemed to terrorise him, for he cried out hysterically:

"Keep them off! Keep them off, Welsh; there's a good fellow! They want to lay into me with a belt, and I'm sure I sha'n't be able to stand it! Oh, dear! What shall I do?"

Barker stood mute for a moment, his face working strongly. Then he stepped to the bedside and laid his hand on Prince's shoulder.

"It—it's all right, kid," he said hoarsely. "I've been a brute and a worm, I know, but I sha'n't do you any further harm."

The wild look faded from the fag's eyes.

"Do you mean that?" he asked eagerly.

"Yes, yes! I didn't know I should bring you to this pass. I was mad on being caught smoking and gambling, and lost my head. Can you forgive me?"

The answer was typical of the warm-hearted, affectionate Prince.

"I forgive you freely, Barker," he said. "I'm glad—oh, so glad!—you've come to tell me this. It's made me feel tons chirpier!"

Barker smiled, and smoothed out the junior's pillows.

"Now try and get to sleep," he said, in unusually soft tones. "I'll ask the matron if I can stay up with you."

"Please don't trouble," began Prince. "I—"

But Barker was gone. He secured the matron's permission, and then went off to the Fourth-Form dormitory for his dressing-gown.

He expected to find Prince asleep on his return, but such was not the case. The fag had buried his face in his hands, and was sobbing as if his heart would break.

It's for the IDOL of all the fast set.
They vow Harold Skinner's the best chap they've met!

J's for the JUGGINS named Fisher T. Fish,
Who's full of conceit, but quite easy to dish!

"Prince, old chap," said Barker, starting forward, "what's the matter?"

Prince looked up at his companion with streaming eyes.

"I was thinking," he said, "what a wretched time I'm having at Earlingham. Nobody seems to want me, and I get nothing but cold looks on all sides. P'r'aps—p'r'aps it would be better if I was dead!"

"Hush! You mustn't say that!" said Barker, feeling a strong inclination to blub himself.

"But it's true!" protested Prince. "I'm leading a dog's life here. I've tried to play footer, but they chuck me off the field, and say I'm neither use nor ornament. And I haven't a single friend!" he added bitterly.

"You have!" interposed Barker.

"Name him!"

"Myself!"

"You?"

"Yes. I'll be your friend for ever and a day—if you'll have me, that is!"

Prince stretched out his hand impulsively from the coverlet.

"That's awfully decent of you!" he said warmly.

"Rats! It's up to me to atone for the way I've knocked you about in the past, and I'll do it, too! Now try and go to sleep, kid, and when you get well again you'll find that you're not half so lonely and friendless as you imagined. Good-night!"

"Good-night, Barker!"

And a few minutes later Prince was fast asleep, a happy smile playing about his lips.

As for Barker, he felt a different being. New and nobler thoughts were passing through the bully's mind as he kept his all-night vigil by the bedside of the slumbering fag. After all, he reflected, why shouldn't he play the game, as others did? Hitherto, he had effected to look upon such fellows as Neddy Welsh as being first-class prigs, but he knew, in his heart of hearts, that they were simply sound British boys, with a fine sense of honour. And in future, thought Barker, he would try to model himself on the same pattern.

But can the Ethiopian change his skin or the leopard his spots?

The Chance of a Lifetime!

"COME in, fathead!"

Thus spoke Neddy Welsh, as a sharp rap sounded on the door of his study, where he was seated at tea with Dolly Gray and Weston.

The door opened, and Bob Sullivan, the drill-instructor, came in.

Neddy turned crimson.

"I—er—that is to say—" he stammered.

"You want to apologise for calling me a fathead—what?" laughed Bob. "Don't trouble. I've been called worse names than that in my time, especially when I've effected a knock-out against a universal favourite. Any chance of a cup of tea?"

"Yes, rather! And there's a dry sardine in

the cupboard, if you want to sit up and take a little nourishment."

"Thanks! The cream-buns will suit me all right," said Bob, sinking into a chair. "Look here, Neddy. I've come to see you on a most important matter. Ever heard of Ben Barnes?"

"The boy boxing marvel?" said Neddy. "I should just think I had! He's a sort of ninth wonder of the world, isn't he?"

Bob Sullivan nodded, and slowly sipped his tea.

"He's jolly hot stuff," he observed, "and to my knowledge he has never been beaten. I was thinking of matching you against him."

"Me!" gasped Neddy, nearly upsetting a pile of crockery in his amazement.

"Exactly. You've got tons of pluck and plenty of stamina, and ought at any rate give him a run for his money. At the present time he happens to be making a tour of the public schools, and undertakes ten-round contests with the best junior boxers. So far, he's knocked out four fellows right off the reel, and I want you to put a stopper on his little list of successes. Twig!"

Neddy's eyes gleamed. He was ever glad of an opportunity of proving his fistic prowess, and had heard so many thrilling tales of the redoubtable Ben Barnes that he longed to make his acquaintance, and, if possible, put him out of action.

"I'm on, like a shot!" he said. "Have you ever seen the kid box, Bob?"

"I can't say that I have. I know for a fact, though, that he's not more than fifteen. It'll be a feather in your cap if you lick him!"

"Yes, rather!" said Gray and Weston together.

"I'll do my level best, you bet!" said Neddy.

"Then supposing I wire for him to come here to-morrow evening?" said Bob Sullivan.

"Good egg!"

"He can come by the train that gets to Earlingham at five," continued Bob. "How will that do?"

"Topping!" said Neddy promptly.

"All serene, then!"

And the drill-instructor finished his tea, and went off to write and despatch the telegram.

The news of the forthcoming contest spread like wildfire throughout the school. The high-and-mighty men of the Sixth expressed the opinion that Neddy Welsh didn't stand a dog's chance of defeating the boy marvel. The Fifth-Formers, too, loudly averred that Welsh would be pummelled to a jelly; but most of the fellows in the Fourth took quite a different view. They had witnessed Neddy's demonstrations of the noble art on numerous occasions, and felt that he would prove a foeman worthy of his steel, even if he did fail to wipe up the floor with the much-talked-of Ben Barnes.

A party of juniors wended their way to the little railway-station the following afternoon to meet the boy boxer. They wondered curiously what manner of fellow he was.

(Continued on page 12.)

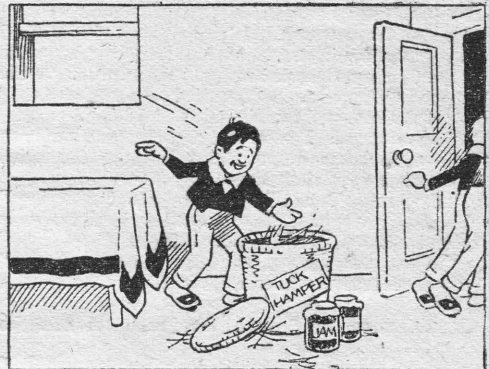
Next Monday, **Our Great Tuck Hamper Competition** will appear in the **"Boys' Friend."** Price 1d.

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

Drawn by FRANK NUGENT.



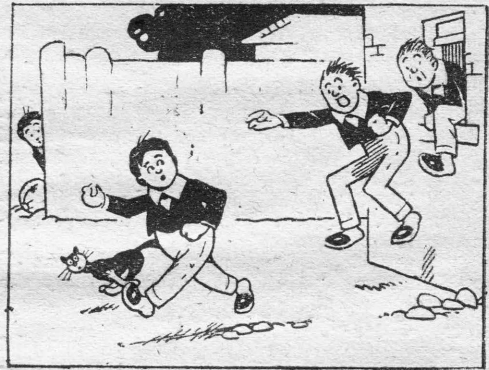
(1) "What have we here?" cried Johnson major.
His chum replied, "Some tuck, I wager!"
And Bubble gazed upon the scene,
With envy smitten blue and green.



(2) The lucky fellows then passed out,
And Bubble gave a joyous shout.
Said he: "I'll scoff the jolly lot,
And those two louts can go to pot!"



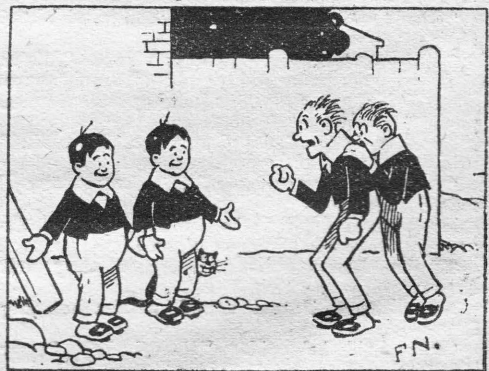
(3) When Johnson and his chum came back
Friend Bubble had enjoyed his snack.
"He's wolfed it!" Johnson major yelled,
"For just look how his tummy's swelled!"



(4) Then Bubble had to swiftly scoot,
With the avengers in pursuit,
"Stop! Stop!" they shouted, in despair,
But Bubble sprinted like a hare!



(5) Just round the bend he met his twin.
"Here, take this ball, and tuck it in!"
And Squeak, although he looked dismayed,
Received the footer and obeyed.



(6) When Johnson and his chum came round,
A pair of grinning youths they found.
"Great Scott!" gasped Johnson, turning blue,
"I'd give a world to know who's who!"

If you like Bubble and Squeak look out for them in "Chuckles," Every Friday, ½d.

"Slim and wiry, I should say," said Phipps. "Plenty of springs about him."

But Phipps was quite offside. When the train rumbled in, and the boxer stepped from a second-class carriage, and approached the juniors, they had the surprise of their lives.

Ben Barnes was a fat, podgy-faced individual who gave the impression that he knew no more about boxing than a canary. He blinked at his escort in surprise.

"Ben Barnes?" queried Neddy Welsh.

"That's me! I say, it's awfully good of you fellows to come down and meet me like this! Is there a grubshop knocking about?"

"I shouldn't advise you to start gorging," said Dolly Gray. "You'll need to be in tip-top trim to knock Neddy out to-night!"

"What the merry thunder do you mean?" gasped Barnes. "I don't want to knock him out."

"Oh, come off!" said Weston. "Don't be funny!"

"The funniness seems to be all on your side," said Barnes. "Never mind! Let's get along and have some grub. I'm simply famished!"

Greatly mystified, the Fourth-Formers escorted Ben Barnes to Harvey's tea-rooms, in the High Street. Within a few seconds of his arrival, the boxer was rapping out orders right and left.

"Poached eggs on toast, and a tea-cake, please!" he said. "What's that? Half a tea-cake? No fear! Dish up a whole one—two, if you like! Also a dozen pastries, to follow. What'll you have, Squelch?"

"My name's Welsh," said Neddy, a trifle indignantly. "And I don't want to have anything to eat, thanks!"

"Oh, rats! Don't cut up rusty with a chap!" said Barnes. "Ain't you going to share the friendly kipper?"

Neddy Welsh burst into a laugh.

It was difficult to be angry with such a model of sheer idiocy as Ben Barnes was proving himself to be.

"Very well!" said Neddy. "I'll have a couple of cream-buns!"

"Good! That's the spirit! And what about the rest of you?"

"My hat!" murmured Dolly Gray. "We've stumbled across a giddy philanthropist, you chaps! Make it a chunk of cherry-cake for me, please!"

"And a daffy of doughnuts for this child!" said Weston.

"And I'll have some of those macaroons!" mused Phipps.

Mr. Harvey bustled about briskly to meet the growing demands showered upon him.

"I do like a s' nice mince-pie!" sang out Archer.

Ben Barnes turned round with a beaming face.

"Pile in!" he said. "Everybody's happy here!"

And everybody was. The juniors set to work on the good things with avidity, delighted to

find that the boy boxing marvel was such a generous and open-handed fellow.

"It—it beats me altogether," stammered Neddy Welsh, "how that lump of lubber can hold its own in a boxing-ring—and against public school champions, too!—passes my comprehension!"

"Same here!" said Dolly Gray.

"The fellow's a perfect pig!" said Phipps. "He seems to be eating the shop up! Pine-apple chunks now—on top of poached eggs! My only aunt Sempronia!"

Ben Barnes was indeed going great guns. His appetite seemed equal to that of a fully-fledged cormorant, and the Earlingham fellows stared at him in amazement. It became more and more incredible how he could possibly indulge in a ten-round contest with the gloves after a bestial exhibition of that sort.

Long after the others had eaten and were filled, the jaws of Ben Barnes champed intermittently. Neddy Welsh & Co., in the course of their school career, had heard weird and wonderful stories of a youth at Greyfriars named Bunter, who could eat sufficient at one sitting to provision a platoon of soldiers. But Ben Barnes was the limit—the extreme outside edge! He seemed to out-Bunter Bunter.

"I—I say!" said Neddy, unable to keep silent any longer. "You won't be fit for anything if you go on at this rate. It's like shovelling tons of letters into a pillar-box. Better come away."

Barnes grunted.

"I'm just about getting set!" he said.

"My hat!"

"Has somebody confined you in a place for a fortnight without food?" inquired Dolly Gray. "That's the only conclusion I can come to. Blessed if I know where you stow it all!"

Even Ben Barnes was whacked at last, and Mr. Harvey, the teashop proprietor, was gasping. At any moment he expected the extraordinary youth to go off like a penny balloon.

"Ah," said Barnes, with a deep intake of breath, "that's tons better! I feel like a giant refreshed! Now we'll get along to the school."

"Which there's a little bill as wants settlin'!" said Mr. Harvey, with a cough. "Fifteen-and-six, please!"

Ben Barnes turned to Neddy Welsh with a sweet smile.

"You'll see to that part of the bizney, of course?" he said.

Ned nearly choked.

"But—but it was your treat!" he stammered.

Barnes laughed.

"Queer notions some fellows have!" he observed. "As I'm the stranger within the gates, it's up to you to entertain me. Buck up and pay the bill, or the man will begin to get cross."

And Ben Barnes waddled, rather than walked, out of the shop.

"Well, I'm jiggered!" said Neddy Welsh, at length. "This beats the band! Fancy that fat fraud taking us in like this! We've got to pay for this beastly orgy off our own bat!"

"Fifteen-and-six!" repeated Mr. Harvey, extending a greedy palm.

**K's KING OF DIAMONDS, and long may he reign,
Till I've trobled my winnings again and again!**

**L is for LUDO—oh, take it away!
It's the game that the prigs and the Puritans play!**

"We must have a whip-round for it, that's all!" said Neddy, with a worried frown. "I've got five bob!"

Dolly Gray and Weston added half-a-crown each, and Phipps and Archer made up the rest. Then, with furious faces, the unfortunate feasters accompanied Ben Barnes to Earlingham with feelings altogether too deep for words.

The Mystery of Ben Barnes!

"**H**ALLO!" exclaimed Bob Sullivan. He was standing in the old gateway of the school when the little party made its appearance.

"We've brought the giddy champion," said Neddy Welsh, somewhat huffily. "Strikes me he knows more about gorging than boxing. Still, we shall see what we shall see. P'raps he'll astonish the natives when we get in the gym."

"Blessed if I know what you're gassing about!" said Barnes, in bewilderment. "What's boxing to me, anyhow?"

"Why, it's your living, isn't it?" gasped Bob Sullivan.

"Gee-whizz! I seem to be making extraordinary discoveries to-day! It appears that I've got to meet that skinny chap Squeelch in the gym."

"If you call me skinny——" began Neddy, wrathfully, advancing with clenched fists.

Bob Sullivan gripped the incensed junior by the collar, and swung him back.

"Don't commit assault and battery here, Neddy," he said. "Leave that till you get in the gym."

"My hat! I'm simply itching to paste that podgy-faced villain!" said Neddy Welsh. "I can't for the life of me understand how he came to be such a marvellous boxer!"

"I'm no more marvellous than most fellows, I suppose," said Barnes modestly. "Still, if you're determined to knock me into a cocked hat, there's nothing more to be said."

The gym was packed to its utmost capacity long before the appointed time. Everybody was wildly excited, and wondered what sort of a show Ben Barnes would put up. It was not always safe to judge by outside appearance, and possibly Barnes was not so flabby as he looked by a long way. He would not be the first dark horse to deceive the public.

Bob Sullivan was referee,

and when at last the participants entered the ring, the cheering was terrific.

Ben Barnes' pose was by no means typical of a skilled fighting-man. He shambled awkwardly into the ring—a pot-bellied, clumsy clown, against whom Neddy Welsh stood out in marked contrast.

"Time!"

Neddy sailed in to the attack with great vim, and his hard fist crashed full into his opponent's chest, causing him to gasp with pain.

Fired by his successful start, Neddy attacked fiercely and confidently, and Barnes was driven back before his determined onslaught. Half-way through the round he was fairly lifted off his feet by a spanking uppercut, and the audience gave a roar of mingled laughter and surprise. Was this the wonderful champion who had taken the world by storm? It seemed amazing. Any fag in the Third could have put up as good a show as Barnes, if not better, and the whole affair seemed to be an insoluble mystery.

Bob Sullivan began to count, and the prostrate boxer just managed to regain his feet in time. He was badly knocked about for the rest of the round, and retired to his corner with divers' grunts and groans.

"Oh, dear!" he murmured. "It's awful! I didn't bargain for this!"

Bob Sullivan scanned him closely.

"I think I tumble to your little game," he said. "You're pretending you can't box, and towards the end you'll go in and win! If that's the dodge, I should advise you to chuck it!"

"Don't be an ass!" groaned Barnes. "D'you think I'm letting him knock me about for fun? Ow! I'm hurt!"

The second round was a sheer farce. Barnes, hopeless alike in attack and defence, floundered helplessly in the ring at the mercy of his virile opponent. Neddy Welsh smote and spared not. He remembered the incident of the tea-shop, and thoughts of how he and his comrades had been hoaxed lent zest to his blows.

Biff!

A straight drive, more powerful than the rest, caught Ben Barnes in the ribs, and effected a knock-out. The so-called boxing marvel went to the floor with a thud, and he made no effort to rise while Bob Sullivan counted him out.

"Licked, by jiminy!" exclaimed Dolly Gray. "Licked in the second round! Mum-mum-my hat! Wonders will never cease!"

Then, while the school

OUR WEEKLY CARTOON.

By JOHNNY BULL.



No. 18.—GEORGE HERRIES.
Of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's.

M's for the MIXTURE, reluctantly taken
By me when my nerves are disordered and shaken!

N is for NAP, so get healthy and ruddy
By coming for a game in my study!

looked on spellbound, there was a sudden interruption at the back of the gym, and a handsome, sturdy-looking stranger pushed his way forward.

"What in thunder do you want?" asked Bob Sullivan, in amazement.

The intruder looked equally amazed.

"Surely you know that as well as I do?" he exclaimed. "I'm Ben Barnes!"

"Ben Barnes!"

Bob Sullivan almost fell down as the intruder thus revealed his identity. He was even obliged to clutch at the ropes for support.

A cry of amazement burst from the lips of the spectators. There had been no lack of thrilling incidents that day, but this capped the lot.

"I'm sorry I happen to be a bit late," went on the new-comer calmly. "I was to have arrived here by the five o'clock train, I know, but I had to keep an appointment with my trainer. However, better late than never."

"But—but this fellow here says his name's Ben Barnes!" gasped Ben Sullivan.

"So it is!" growled the prostrate youth.

"Great Scott!"

"There's something jolly fishy about this!" said Neddy Welsh. "One of the two must be an impostor!"

"I can soon prove my identity, if that's what you want!" said the stranger.

And, opening his hand-bag, he produced a couple of silver medals, on which his name was engraved.

"That seems genuine enough," said Bob Sullivan. "Then this other fellow must have been taking us in! My word, what a sell!"

"I tell you I'm Ben Barnes!" hooted the fat youth, struggling into a sitting posture. "I ought to know who I am, I suppose? The Head will bear me out, too, if I ask him!"

"The Head?"

"Certainly! My pater arranged with him to send me here!"

Light dawned upon Bob Sullivan at last. This flabby individual must be a new boy, and, by a remarkable coincidence, he bore the same name as the celebrated boxer.

"This—this is extraordinary!" gasped Bob. "Why couldn't you tell us this before, you young idiot?"

"I thought you knew, of course! I couldn't understand all along why they were so keen on my fighting this chap Squelch! And now I've been lied! Oh dear!"

"Serves you jolly well right for that jape you worked off on us in Harvey's bunshop!" said Neddie Welsh warmly.

The new boy picked himself up, and made tracks for the nearest bath-room. He looked as if a wash and brush-up would do him good.

"Now we'll go ahead with the genuine article!" said Bob Sullivan. "Gentlemen, I regret that, owing to an unfortunate misunderstanding, you have been deprived of the real boxing match. However, it will now take place, and may the best man win!"

"Hurrah!"

The fellows gazed with interest at Ben Barnes' well-knit figure. He differed from his namesake as chalk differs from cheese. He was smiling confidently as he entered the ring, for, possessing the twofold advantage of weight and reach, he expected to make short work of Neddy Welsh.

"Time!"

No sooner was the word out of Bob Sullivan's mouth than the two combatants rushed at each other as if they meant to end the affair in half a minute.

Ben Barnes was indeed a marvel, but Neddy Welsh stood up to his whirlwind attack in superb fashion, and gave back blow for blow. A sharp rap on Neddy's right cheek was reciprocated with a counter to the jaw, and the first round ended with honours easy.

"Good man, Neddy!" murmured Dolly Gray enthusiastically, as he applied the sponge to his chum's face. "You're standing up to him in great style! Don't forget the straight left! It's worth everything else in ringcraft put together!"

But would Neddy Welsh hold out? That was the question. Barnes seemed to have more stamina in him, and naturally, for he was a boxer of vast experience, despite his lack of years. In the next four rounds he enjoyed a slight superiority.

Undaunted, Neddy Welsh fought on. One of his blows—a well-timed left-hander, right on the mark—fairly brought down the house, and the fellows cheered him to the echo. It was a sight after their own hearts.

The seventh round saw Barnes forge rapidly ahead. He drove out his right and left in swift succession, and towards the end of the three minutes he got home a terrific blow on Neddy's temple, which caused the Earlington champion to be floored with a crash.

Looking grave, Bob Sullivan began to count. Neddy leapt to his feet quite early in the proceedings, but he seemed fairly limp and helpless, and only the call of "Time!" saved him from defeat.

"Go in and win!" Dolly Gray said to him, when Bob Sullivan called up the contestants for the eighth time.

Ben Barnes felt serenely confident. He knew that, even if Neddy survived the whole of the ten rounds, he—Barnes—would be awarded a win on points.

But there was one possibility which had not occurred to the boy champion. What if Neddy Welsh were to effect a knock-out?

Neddy saw that this was his only chance, and he watched every movement of Ben Barnes, as a cat watches a mouse. Barnes was fighting coolly and a little recklessly, and just before the conclusion of the round he dropped his guard for a brief second.

(This magnificent serial story will be continued in our companion paper, the "Magnet" Library, and next Monday's issue will contain a grand, long instalment.)

O is for **OPIUM**—I wish I could buy it!
Alas! not a dealer round here will supply it!

P is for **PORT**, which I've had once or twice.
I'd guzzle whole gallons, it tastes jolly nice!



Police-Court News at Greyfriars.

With Profuse Apologies to the Daily Papers.

By OUR SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT.



STORMY SCENES IN COURT.

His Worship Assaulted from the Dock!

The sudden closing-down of the GREYFRIARS HERALD had a dramatic sequel in the court to-day, when Peter Todd, John Bull, Frank Nugent, Richard Rake, and George Bulstrode were hauled before Mr. Justice Wharton for refusing to keep the peace. The charge against the two first-named was particularly serious, inasmuch as they were both members of the Remove Special Constabulary.

Magistrate (severely): Why are you here, Bull? Been tossing somebody on your horns?

Bull: Don't rot! It's jolly serious. Here have I been slaving at cartoons in every second of my spare time, and then the blessed HERALD goes and shuts up shop! Result—I'm left stranded with two hundred and thirty-six sketches, and not a cent. for any of 'em!

Magistrate (relenting): Take tuppence compensation-money from the Poor Box!

Bull (fiercely): Tuppence! Why, it wouldn't pay for a decimal fraction of the indiarubber I've used! I'm fed-up! Take that!

At this juncture accused hurled an alleged box of paints at his worship, causing a compound fracture of the nasal organ. The learned gentleman was compelled to dab furiously at the injury with his cambric handkerchief, which speedily became bloodstained. Mr. Justice Wharton then shook it wildly at the prisoner.

Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C. (interposing): You shouldn't do that, your worship!

Magistrate: Why not?

Mr. Cherry: Because it's like a red rag to a Bull! (Laughter.)

His worship, ignoring his learned friend's remarks, sentenced Bull to be turned out in a field and shot. (Loud applause.)

The prisoner Todd, in a voice shaken with emotion, then pleaded guilty to having caused a disturbance, and said he'd be pleased to cause fifty if only they'd let him carry on with his celebrated Herlock Sholmes stories. That eminent author, Mr. Mark Linley, was continuing his serial in the "Magnet"; why, then, should he (Peter Todd) be left out in the cold? It was a sin and a shame!

Magistrate: We're all in the same boat. Go and do twenty-five years oakum-picking!

Collapse of prisoner.

In a voice squeaking with indignation, Frank Nugent asked his worship how the merry thunder he thought mankind was going to survive without the rollicking revels of Bubble and Squeak.

Magistrate: They'll survive a jolly sight longer than you, and chance it! Send him to Chicago at once for immediate admission into the corned-beef machines!

A couple of constables promptly proceeded to place prisoner in a packing-case.

Richard Rake and George Bulstrode, the two remaining offenders, said that they had each written a dozen stories dealing with passing events at Greyfriars School, and these wonderful masterpieces would never appear, neither had they been paid for. Unless the cash was forthcoming at once, prisoners would be reluctantly compelled to black his worship's eyes and biff him in the fifth rib.

Magistrate: You saucy young scoundrels! You will be sentenced to—— Yooooop! Help!

At this juncture both prisoners leapt boldly out of the dock, and rushed pell-mell at his worship before the constables responsible for their custody woke up. The magistrate glanced wildly around, saw that there was no way of escape, and then, whipping off his wig, dashed into the fray.

Rake and Bulstrode went great guns, to the accompaniment of roars of approval from the general public. William George Bunter took advantage of the confusion to loot the poor-box to the uttermost farthing, and conflicts began to wage in every part of the court.

Magistrate (rolling over the prostrate form of Mr. Cherry, K.C.): Oh, my dose! Yow-ow-ow! Clear the court, you blockheaded burlbers!

Mr. Cherry: Gerroff me chest, you slabsided villain!

The battle raged with unabated fury.

Barristers and jurymen and ushers were mixed up in a fierce and deadly affray, with his worship in the centre, and at the time our correspondent quitted the rag the warriors had not succeeded in sorting themselves out.

Q is for QUELCHY, who comes creeping round; But through our alertness suspicions are drowned.

R's for ROULETTE; it's a game of sheer luck; But as for yours truly, he never gets stuck!

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR.

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

DR. LOCKE SURVIVES THE SHOCK!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"My dear Wharton,—I am indeed sorry to learn that your promising little paper is to be cut off in the flower of its youth. During its brief innings it caused universal amusement and delight. My daughter Molly shares in my disappointment.

"One must, of course, be prepared for such calamities in this time of war. I trust that you and your staff will continue to accumulate ideas, so that, when your paper reappears to make glad the hearts of British boys, it may be a bigger attraction than ever. Believe me,
Yours fraternally,
HERBERT H. LOCKE.
"Headmaster."

TOM MERRY'S TRIBUTE!

"St. James' School,
"Rylcombe,
"Sussex.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—So the poor old HERALD is shutting up shop? I'm genuinely sorry to hear it, and so are we all. Gussy has discarded his fine raiment and put on sackcloth and ashes for the occasion! But you must admit that you are more fortunate than we, for "Tom Merry's Weekly"—bless it!—never even saw the light of day.

The HERALD was really a ripping little rag, and its contents were top-hole. When you appear again announcing that Prussian Kultur has gone to pot, and the Kaiser with it, may I be there to see it!—Yours very sincerely,
"TOM MERRY."

THE FAIR PHYLLIS WEEPS!

"Cliff House School,
"Friardale.

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.
"My dear Harry,—I enclose a bill amounting to fifteen shillings for handkerchiefs, as the girls here have been shedding tears by the pailful since they learned of the untimely end of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Seriously, though, we are awfully sorry about it, and like the monarch in the poem, will never smile again until your journal once more graces the bookstall.—Sincerely yours,
"PHYLLIS HOWELL."

QUELCHY'S PRACTICAL SUGGESTION!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Wharton,—What widespread disappointment there will be when it becomes com-

S is for SNOOP, who I'll do in the eye,
When he joins in a flutter at cards by-and-by.

mon knowledge that the GREYFRIARS HERALD has ceased to be; and what a debt the Kaiser will ultimately have to pay! In my opinion the boys of Britain will be so indignant about the affair that those who have not already done so will join the "Boys' Friend" Anti-German League without delay.

"With sincere condolences, and hoping your journal will speedily reappear with its flag flying more proudly than ever,—I am,
Your master and friend,
HENRY QUELCH."

FATTY WYNN'S FINE FEED!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"The New House,
"St. Jim's.

"Dear Wharton,—I've got a sad confession to make to you. It was Figgy who persuaded me to do it—with a cricket-stump!

"Last time we were over at Greyfriars I was roaming about on my own when, glancing into No. 1 Study in the Remove passage, I noticed that the table was laid for tea. I was simply famished, I can tell you, having had nothing to eat since partaking of a pile of sandwiches at the railway-buffet, half an hour earlier, so I sat down and demolished the good things.

"I dared not tell anybody what I'd done, or I should have got it in the neck; but I now have pleasure in enclosing a remittance for five bob for grub consumed, and hope you chaps will be sports and bear no malice.

"With kind regards from the immortal Gussy and all the rest of us.—Yours hungrily,
"DAVID WYNN."

[Thanks, Fatty, for your confession and remittance. The latter has come in jolly handy, as the Cliff House girls are coming over to tea this afternoon. The unfortunate part of the whole bizney is that, thinking Bunter to be guilty of theft, we subjected him to a severe bumping! However, we will give him a stale sardine as compensation!—Ed.]

THE MYSTERY BOX!

"To the Editor of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.

"Dear Master Wharton, Sir,—Which I, begs to hinform you as how a big box containing pervisions was brought to my lodge yesterday by the carrier, without no lable on same. Will him as claims it come down for it at wance.—Yours respectfully,
WILLIAM GOSLING."

[On making inquiries at the lodge, we find that the box Gossy mentions has disappeared—so has Bunter!—Ed.]

T's for the TEMPER in Bolsover's face
When he finds, to his chagrin, he hasn't an ace!

CALLING : ON : COKER!

A Screamingly Funny Complete Story, told in Breezy Style

By **S. Q. I. FIELD,**
Of the Remove Form.



P.-c. Bunter advanced into the room, his handcuffs jingling in his pocket. "Master Coker 'ere?" he said, in a deep voice. "What the thunder —!" gasped Coker.

CHAPTER ONE.

"I WANT to borrow——"
"Seat!"

"But I want to borrow——"

"Nothing doing!"

"I say, you fellows, I want to borrow——"

"Shut up, Bunter!"

It was quite a chorus in No. 1 Study in the Remove at Greyfriars.

There were seven or eight juniors in the study when Billy Bunter blinked in. It was a meeting of the Remove Dramatic Society, with Wibley in the chair. It was really too bad for Bunter, the most relentless borrower at Greyfriars, to "wedge" himself into the meeting with a statement that he wanted to borrow.

Harry Wharton pointed to the door, and Bob Cherry picked up a cushion.

"Get out, Bunter! We're busy!"

"But I want to borrow——"

"Hasn't your postal-order come?" snorted Johnny Bull.

"Oh, really, Bull, I want to borrow——"

"Travel!" roared Bob Cherry. "Money's tight, and we're busy! Now, I give you two seconds——"

"I don't want any of your rotten money——"

"Eh?"

"What?"

"Which?"

Bob Cherry dropped the cushion in sheer astonishment.

"You don't want any money?" he gasped.

"No, you silly ass!" said Bunter, blinking at him angrily. "I haven't come here to borrow your measly tuppences. Anybody would think I was a chap who was always borrowing money, the way you jaw."

U's for the UNITY shown by my chums,
In gambling like mad for most fabulous sums.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I want to borrow some of those props."

"Our dramatic props?" said Wharton.

"What on earth for?"

"Fan me!" murmured Bob Cherry. "Bunter doesn't want to borrow money! Fan me!"

"Oh, really, Cherry! Look here, I want some of those props—whiskers and things, and the bobby's clobber and helmet that Wibley used the other day——"

"What for?" demanded Nugent. "You're not going to raise the wind by selling off the property of the dramatic society."

"No jolly fear!" said Wibley emphatically; and Hurree Singh declared that the no-fearfulness was terrific.

"Tain't that!" roared Bunter. "I'm not hard up——"

"Oh, fan me!"

"You silly ass! Look here, I want those props!"

"But what for, if it's not to pawn them?" asked Wibley.

"That's it!" said Bunter. "I'm out for revenge!"

"Re-what?"

"Revenge," said Bunter. "Revenge is sweet, you know——"

"Better have some butterscotch," said Bob Cherry. "That's sweeter, and more in your line."

"But who's been doing what, Bunty?" asked Wharton, laughing.

"Coker," said Bunter—"Coker of the Fifth! You know what a beast he is. Well, I looked into his study, out of sheer kindness of heart, to offer to cook for him, because he's standing a feed. And what do you think he did?"

"I can guess," grinned Wharton.

V's VERNON-SMITH, who has changed for the bad;
He used to be quite a respectable lad!

"I just happened to try one of the tarts, and before I could finish it the beast grabbed it and shoved it down my neck."

"Ha, ha, ha! Was it sticky?"

"Of course it was, you ass! Then he kicked me out of the study—hard," said Bunter. "The awful beast, you know! And Potter and Greene stood there laughing like hyenas. I'm going to make Coker sit up! I know how!"

"How?" demanded the whole meeting, with one voice.

"Going to lick him?" asked Bob Cherry.

"Well, I can't lick a Fifth-Form chap very well—"

"Go hon!"

"I'm going to arrest him."

"Wha-a-at!"

"For riding without a light," said Bunter.

"You're going to arrest Coker of the Fifth?" shrieked Wharton.

"Yes, rather. That's what I want Wibley's bobby clobber for."

"Oh, great pip!"

"You fellows know what a splendid actor I am—"

"Great Kitchener!"

"Wib's rather good at disguises, but nothing like me—"

"Modesty, thy name is Bunter!"

"I'm a regular dab at it. I've often thought that I ought to take the leading roles in our amateur theatricals—"

"But you couldn't get anybody else to think so," grinned Bob Cherry.

"There's a lot of jealousy about," said Bunter disdainfully. "I'm used to that. I know fellows don't like being put in the shade by a really clever actor. But you'll see. I want to borrow the bobby clobber and a false beard. I'm going to make myself up the same way Wib did when he scared the cabby who was swindling the soldiers. If Wib could do it, it stands to reason I could."

"That's logic!"

"Of course it is."

"Clear as Euclid," said Nugent. "Whatever a lesser mortal can do, Bunter can do better."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I see anything to cackle at. When I'm got up as a bobby I shall look—"

"Like a bobby who's got a wide acquaintance among the cooks."

"Oh, really, Cherry! I shall look the part to the life, with my wonderful powers of impersonation, and my abilities as an actor. Coker will be taken right in. He came in on a bike to-day after dark without a light. He's liable to be fined, and I shall say I've come from Courtfield for him. I'll make him sorry for himself, the beast!"

Billy Bunter was in deadly earnest.

The chums of the Remove lay back in their chairs and shrieked.

Bunter's opinion of himself as an amateur actor was shared by William George Bunter alone. But Bunter had no doubts. What Wibley could do he could do better—that was how he looked at it.

"You can cackle!" he growled wrathfully. "I'm used to jealousy and envy of my splendid powers. Just you hand over the bobby clobber and you'll see!"

"Oh, dear!" said Wharton, wiping his eyes.

"Don't, Bunter! You'll be the death of us!"

"The deathfulness will be terrific, Bunter! I have a painfulness in my esteemed ribs!" moaned Hurree Singh.

"You fat duffer," said Bob Cherry, "Coker will spot you at once, and boot you out of his study again."

"Oh, really, Cherry! You'll see. Look here, will you lend me the props?"

"You're looking for trouble, you ass."

"Rats! I don't want your advice, Wharton. I know you're ratty because most of the fellows really think I ought to do Hamlet instead of you."

"Oh, dear!"

"It's time this jealousy ceased," said Bunter, with dignity, "and I think it's jolly mean of you if you don't lend me the props."

"Fathead!" howled Wharton. "You can have the props if you like, but you're playing the giddy ox. You can't make up like Wibley. Why, I couldn't do it!"

"I know you couldn't! I can, though."

"What about the gig-lamps?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"Some bobbies wear glasses," said Bunter.

"That won't be noticed. My figure, too, is good for the part—you need a really stalwart and imposing figure."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, are you going to lend me the props?" demanded Bunter, exasperated. "I've had enough of your cackling!"

"You can have them, fatty," said Wharton.

"But if you'll take a tip—"

"I don't want advice from a chap who is jealous of my acting."

"Well, go ahead. We'll come along and collect up the pieces when Coker has done with you."

Billy Bunter sniffed.

Wharton unlocked the property-box, and the Owl of the Remove proceeded to make-up for the part. The dramatic society's meeting was suspended—the juniors were laughing too much to get on with business.

The "bobby clobber" worn by Wibley in his comic parts was plenty large enough for Bunter, as Wibley always padded it out. Bunter did not need much padding. He put it over his tight Etons, and very nearly filled it out.

Then he put on the big boots, and the belt, and the whiskers. Then he dabbed his fat face with grease-paint. Then he put on the helmet.

Harry Wharton & Co. gasped when he turned round from the glass, with a smirk of satisfaction. Bunter was quite satisfied with his make-up—perhaps because he was short-sighted.

But to the other fellows he did not look much like a policeman. He looked like what he was—Billy Bunter of the Remove in a bobby's outfit,

W's the WAR, which is rather absurd,
For it's closed up the Cross Keys and jolly Blackbird!

X is 'XEMPTION from serving the King.
I'm only fifteen, and a jolly good thing!

with a dab of grease-paint and a set of false whiskers on his fat face.

"Rather nobby—what?" said Bunter.

"Oh, dear!"

"I say, you fellows, would you know I was me if you hadn't seen me make up?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"The knowfulness would be terrific!"

Bunter sniffed.

"I was an ass to ask you!" he said scornfully. "I might have known that you'd be jealous as usual!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Well, don't jaw about it till I've done with Coker," said Bunter. "I'm going to his study now to arrest him for riding without a light. I'm going to march him off, too. I say, you fellows, have you got any handcuffs?"

"There's a pair in the pocket of the tunic," said Wibley, almost choking. "Mind Coker doesn't put them on you."

"Rats!" Bunter groped in the pocket, and clinked the handcuffs. "Good! That sounds businesslike. I may let Coker off if he offers me a big tip, like a real policeman, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle!"

Billy Bunter marched from the study, bent on vengeance, leaving the chums of the Remove in hysterics.

CHAPTER TWO.

COKER of the Fifth was in his study, with Potter and Greene, getting on with the evening preparation. Horace Coker had forgotten all about Bunter. He was going to be reminded of him now.

There was a loud knock at the door.

"Come in, fathead!" sang out Coker.

The door opened, and a strange and startling figure presented itself to the view.

At the first glance it looked like a fat policeman.

At the second glance it looked like Bunter of the Remove, got up in a most extraordinary way.

Coker and Potter and Greene stared at him blankly. The extraordinary sight took their breath away for a minute.

P.-c. Bunter advanced into the room, jingling the handcuffs in his pocket.

"Master Coker 'ere!" he said, in a deep voice.

"What the thunder——" gasped Coker.

"Ha! You are Master Coker?"

"Eh! You know I am, you fat idiot!"

"Don't call me names, young man, or it will go 'ard with you before the magistrates!" said P.-c. Bunter.

"Wha-a-at!"

"I arrest you in the name of the law!"

"Eh?"

"You were seen riding without a light!" said the fat policeman. "I've come 'ere from Court-field for you, Master Coker! Better come quietly!"

"C-c-come quietly!" said Coker faintly.

"Yes; and I warn you that anything you may

say will be took down, to be used in hevidence against you!"

"My hat!"

"My aunt!" said Potter.

"My only sainted Sam!" said Greene.

P.-c. Bunter produced the handcuffs, and clinked them under Horace Coker's astonished nose.

"'Ands, please!" he said sternly.

"What!"

"I'm going to put the darbies on!"

"He's mad," said Coker—"stark, staring, raving mad!"

"None of your cheek, young man! Har you coming quietly, or har you not?" roared P.-c. Bunter. "If I 'ave to use my truncheon, you'll know it!"

"He ought to be looked after," said Coker. "Don't throw that book at him, Potter; the poor chap can't help being mad. But he certainly ought to be seen to."

"Har your coming, Master Coker?"

"Oh, my hat!"

"Then I shall 'ave to use violence!"

P.-c. Bunter drew his truncheon. Coker jumped up.

"Here, mind what you're doing with that club!" he yelled.

"Put out your 'ands for the darbies, then!"

"Collar him, you chaps!" shouted Coker. "He's mad and dangerous! He may do some harm with that club!"

"Hands off!" shouted Police-constable Bunter.

"Master Coker, I harrest you in the name of the law! Come 'ere!"

Potter and Greene made a run at Bunter, to seize him from both sides, but they jumped back as he swept the truncheon round. That truncheon looked dangerous, even in Bunter's hand.

"Collar him!" shouted Coker.

"If I 'ave to 'it you, you'll know it!" said Bunter. "Now, come 'ere!"

"Yaroo!"

Coker yelled as the fat policeman made a lick at him with the truncheon. Coker dodged the truncheon, and it came down on the table, and smashed the inkpot to smithereens. Then Coker yelled again:

"Collar him! He'll smash up the place! He's mad!"

"He ain't mad, you ass!" shrieked Potter. "It's a jape!"

"Jape!" roared Coker. "I'll jape him!"

"Mind that club——"

"Oh, rats!"

The truncheon was really dangerous the way Billy Bunter was flourishing it, but Coker rushed in. He dodged the club, and caught Bunter round the body, and there was a terrific crash in the study as Bunter went to the floor.

"Yow-ow-ow-wwwoop!" roared Bunter. "Yarooop! Yow-ow! Rescue! I say, you fellows—— Yaroooh!"

"Japing me—what?" roared Coker. "I'll give him japes! Bunter, you fatheaded cuckoo——"

Y's for the YOUTH who won't finger a card.
He ought to be sentenced to several months' hard!

Z's for the ZEAL which I always employ
in counting my winnings with infinite joy!

"I ain't Bunter; I'm a policeman! Yarooog! Leggo—"

Bump! Bump! Coker was beating the carpet with Bunter, and Bunter did not enjoy it.

"A policeman, are you?" panted Coker. "I'll give you policeman! You silly, fat porpoise!"

"Yow-ow! Leave off! I—I'm not a policeman; I'm Bunter!" wailed the Owl of the Remove. "I own up! Yaroooh!"

"Not much owning up needed!" grinned Potter. "You silly owl! We knew it was you when you put your silly face in."

"Yaroooh!"

"I'll policeman him!" gasped Coker. "Hand me that truncheon!"

Potter handed over the truncheon, and Coker stuffed it down Bunter's back, to an accompaniment of awful yells from Bunter. Then he squeezed the helmet down over him till he was nearly suffocated. Then he put the handcuffs on his fat wrists.

"Grooh-hooh-goo!" came from Bunter, in muffled tones, under the helmet. "I—I own up! Leggo! Only a lark, you duffers! Yarooogh!"

"Now I'll dribble him down the passage!" panted Coker. "I'll jape him! I'll arrest him in the name of the law, by gad! I'll give him policeman!"

"Yow-ow! Leggo!"

Billy Bunter whirled through the study doorway, and he landed in the passage with a bump. Then Coker dribbled him down the passage.

But in the passage there were a crowd of Remove fellows. Harry Wharton & Co. had come to see how Bunter was getting on as a policeman. They soon saw.

"Rescue!" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Yow-ow! Help!" shrieked Bunter.

"Bound to help a policeman in the execution of his duty!" chuckled Nugent. "Go for Coker! Besides, he's damaging our props!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors rushed to the rescue. Bunter needed it. As he was handcuffed, he couldn't resist, and Coker was simply spoiling the property of the dramatic society with his boots.

Coker of the Fifth was bowled over, and the Removites picked him up and pitched him into his study. Then P.-c. Bunter was rushed away to the Remove quarters.

He plumped into the armchair in No. 1 Study and roared.

"Ow! Yow-wow! I'm hurt! Yaroooh! Get this beastly helmet off! I'm s-s-suffocating! Get these rotten handcuffs off, you cackling beasts! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The weeping juniors extracted Bunter from the helmet, and got the handcuffs off. They could hardly move for laughing. Then the tunic and the bobby's trousers were peeled off Bunter. They were a little dusty and damaged, but the dramatic society thought it was worth

it. They had not laughed so much for whole weeks.

"Oh, dear!" groaned Bunter. "That beast Coker spotted it somehow; I don't know how!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There's nothing to cackle at! Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt!"

"What did you expect?" gasped Bob Cherry. "You can't get so near Coker's boots without getting hurt. But I'll tell you what, Bunter—we'll lend you some more clobber, and you shall disguise yourself as the Merry Widow and call on Coker again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Billy Bunter did not accept the offer. He had had enough of calling on Coker.

THE END.

WHEN WILL THE WAR END?

Prominent Persons at Greyfriars School Air Their Views.

MR. PAUL PROUT: "When the Friardale Special Constabulary is let loose upon the Huns they will at once bawl for peace. My Winchester repeater is cleaned ready for action."

WILLIAM GOSLING (the well-known authority on broomsticks): "Which I 'opes it may be soon, young gent, the price of gin 'aving gorn up that awful!"

LORD MAULEYERER: "Please go away, begad! I'm tired."

HAROLD SKINNER (Chief of the Society of Howling Cads): "I don't know and I don't care! What's the war to me, anyhow?"

SMALL ADVERTISEMENTS.

(Censored where desirable by the Editorial Staff of the GREYFRIARS HERALD.)

LOANS! LOANS!! LOANS!!! Fisher T. Fish, of U.S.A., begs to inform the Nobility and Gentry of Greyfriars that he will make cash advances on terms favourable to himself. I guarantee to charge only three hundred per cent. interest. Thousands of testimonials from previous victims.—Fisher T. Fish, The Old Firm, Greyfriars.

FAG WANTED, must be early-riser, able to clean boots, lay table, cook kippers, wash up without breaking china, and generally see after a gentleman's study. No applicant with a dirty neck need apply.—G. Wingate, Captain of Greyfriars.