

# TOWSER'S TRIUMPH

A Laughable Complete Story Dealing with the Adventures  
of a Schoolboy's Dog - By *GEORGE HERRIES*

**T**HE finest, most faithful, as well as the most famous, of all the fellows' pets at St. Jim's is my bulldog, Towser. He is also the most lovable and affectionate, as this story will show. It also shows how intelligent he is. This is how it happened. Jack Blake, who shares a study with D'Arcy and Digby and me, had a fine cake sent him, and when we came in from the footer yesterday we thought we would sample it. You can imagine what we thought—and said—when we found that it had disappeared! It was gone—boned—

raided, evidently by some unscrupulous villain whose greed had got the better of his conscience.

"Bai Jove, you fellahs!" gasped Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, who is a bit of an ass, you know. "It's gone, you know! Somebody must have taken it!"

"Did you work that out in your head, without the aid of a net?" said Jack Blake politely.

"Wats!" said Gussy. "We must find out who committed the cwime at once—get on the twack of the wotter at once, you know."

"It was here when we went out to the footer, I know that," said Blake.



Gussy's jump of surprise and fear upset Towser, naturally, and the next minute there was a fearful mix-up!

"It was," said Dig. "I saw it when I went to get my footer boots out of the cupboard. Wish we had eaten it then!"

"Good thing to eat just before a footer match, of course," said Blake sarcastically.

"Better than not having it at all," grunted Digby.

"Yaas, wathah!"

It was then that I had my great idea.

"I know!" I said quietly. "We'll put Towser on the track. He'll soon find it."

"Rats!" growled Blake crossly.

"Soon eat it if he did find it," grunted that ass Digby.

"Yaas, wathah!" said Gussy. "Don't bwing that bwute Towsah into this study, for goodness' sake, Hewwies, deah boy!"

And those three dummies call themselves my chums! Of course I did not take any notice of their absurd remarks.

"I'll put Towser on the job at once," I said warmly. "You fellows are always grouching about Towser—now you'll see what he can do. This is a good chance for him. I'll go and get him at once!"

There was a sort of groan from Blake.

Digby gave a yell.

"Hold on, Herries——"

"Hewwies, deah boy——"

But I didn't wait to argue with the fat-heads. They are always running down poor old Towser for some reason. I just went out and fetched Towser, and brought him up on the chain. Although the best dog in the world Towser is a bit impetuous, and is really better on the chain at first.

Directly Towser got into the room he made a dash for the cupboard—upsetting a couple of chairs as he did so. It was really marvellous the way that dog went straight for the scene of action—just as if he knew already exactly what we wanted him to do. I was awfully pleased. Blake seemed needlessly fussy about the chairs—only one of them was smashed, anyway.

Towser dashed straight at the cupboard, lugging me after him.

"You see how keen he is!" I said triumphantly.

"Look out!" roared Digby. "Mind the pork pie!"

"Blow the pork pie!" I said. "He's on the track of the cake already. He's keen—that's all. You don't understand Towser."

"Bai Jove! He's got it!" hooted Gussy. "The awful bwute!"

"Got what?" I said crossly. They weren't giving Towser a chance—making all that noise.

"The pork pie!" roared Blake, getting fearfully excited. "Stop him!"

Stop him! How could I stop him? I should like to see Blake, or anyone else, stop Towser when he is really keen! He had the pork pie all right—it was only half a one

anyway—and it was the first thing he saw when he got to the cupboard, so he naturally took it. I don't see how you can blame him for that—he was probably hungry, poor old chap.

The fellows didn't seem to think of that, judging by the stupid remarks they made.

"Do be quiet!" I said impatiently. Towser had finished the pork pie now, and it was the only thing left in the cupboard. "He's on the track of the cake all right now. Look out, Gussy, you ass!"

Towser made a bound in the direction of D'Arcy, and growled a bit—simply from keenness, of course. But that chump Gussy got in a funk—as if Towser would have hurt him—and tried to jump out of his way. That upset Towser, naturally, and the next minute there was a fearful mix-up!

The chain got wound round Gussy's legs, somehow—Gussy always was a careless sort of ass—and Gussy went to the study floor with a fearful bump!

The worst of it was Towser dragged me over on top of him, so the three of us were all mixed up on the floor together. The yell D'Arcy gave could have been heard in Timbuctoo, I should think.

"Yawoo! Help! Wescue!" he shrieked. "Blake, Dig! Dwag 'im off! He's bitin' me! Help!"

It was absurd. Towser wasn't biting him at all. It was simply his trousers he was tearing—and Gussy has heaps of trousers. There was no great harm done that I could see—but the way Gussy went on was something awful! He struggled like one o'clock to get up. I was afraid he might kick Towser by accident. I shouldn't like Towser to get hurt, but Gussy is a clumsy sort of duffer at times.

Gussy got up at last in an awful stew.

I caught Towser round the neck, and held on to him tight.

"You wottah, Hewwies!" raved Gussy. "Look what your wotten bwute's done! I always said Towsah had no respect whatever for a fellah's twousahs!"

Gussy's trousers certainly were badly torn, there was no mistake about it. But it was silly of him to make such a fuss about a mere accident. He ramped up and down the study.

holding his hand to the place where his trousers were torn worst.

Blake and Digby cackled like a couple of hyenas—which, of course, only made D'Arcy rave worse than ever.

I was having a hard struggle to hold Towser.

"Better buzz off out of the study for a bit, Gussy," I said anxiously. "Towser seems excited about something—he wants to get at you, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake and Dig.

"Hold the wotten bwute in, then!" yelled Gussy. "I wefuse to be chased out of my own study by a wotten bwute of a bulldog."

"Better go, old man," I urged. "Towser don't seem to like you, somehow. I think he knows you are calling him names."

"You—you—you villain, Hewwies——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came again from those two cackling dummies, Blake and Digby.

Towser struggled violently, and I very nearly let him go.

"Look out!" I yelled.

D'Arcy seized a chair, and glared at Towser. It was silly of him—about the worst thing he could do, in fact. Towser hates being glared at.

"Don't stare at him like that, Gussy!" I shouted anxiously. "Of course you'll make him angry if you do that. Don't look at him at all. You know he hates being looked at!"

"You—you blitherin' idiot, Hewwies!"

After all, I was only telling the chump. Towser does hate being looked at. But Gussy did not seem a bit grateful. In fact, he raved worse than ever.

It was Towser who stopped him in the end. Towser gave a terrific growl, and a sudden bound, and my fingers slipped from his collar. He went straight for Gussy, growling like billy-oh.

"Look out!" yelled Blake and Dig and I together.

Gussy did not wait very long. He stopped raving, and made one bound for the door, and bolted off down the corridor like winking. Towser, of course, bolted after him, and I bolted after Towser. I still had hold of his chain, so I had to go.

Blake and Digby, who were almost doubled

up with laughter, bolted as fast as they could after the rest of the procession. We made a good deal of row between us, and all the fellows came out of their studies to see what was up. But they all got out of Towser's way all right.

Gussy made the most noise. He kept yelling out words that sounded like Russian; anybody would think he was a Bolshevnik.

"Help! Murder!" he shrieked, as he pelted along, his eyeglass flying out on the end of its cord over his shoulder, and his torn trousers flapping in the breeze. "Stop him, deah boys! Dwagimoff!"

But the grinning crowd just bolted out of Towser's way. They seemed to think it was rather a joke.

"Pullimoff, deah boys! Dwagimoff!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gussy tore down the stairs and out of the door of the School House into the quad. Two or three fellows were walking in the quad from the direction of the New House. Gussy made towards them, shouting for help, with Towser and me in close pursuit.

The three fellows halted as Gussy neared them. They were Figgins, Kerr, and Fatty Wynn, of the New House, and I could see that they were grinning.

"Hallo, Gussy!" sang out Figgins. "Wherefore this unseemly haste?"

"Been teasing Towser, eh, Gussy? I'm ashamed of you!" grinned Kerr.

"Put it on, old man! He's catching you!" chuckled Wynn.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy dashed straight at the chortling New House Co., and dodged round behind the solid form of Fatty Wynn.

"Help, you fellahs!" he gasped. "He's mad—Towser's mad! Dwagimoff!"

"Here, gerrout! Don't bring him here!" yelled Fatty Wynn, in alarm. "Take the brute away, Herries! Ow! Yaroooh!"

"Look out, Herries!" roared Figgins and Kerr in unison.

Look out! How could I look out? Old Towser nearly had me off my feet, as a matter of fact. Towser takes a lot of holding when he's excited. He's a fine, strong dog, is Towser. Anyway, I hadn't a ghost of a chance of stopping him then. He just dashed headlong

into the four of them—and of course I dashed with him.

D'Arcy gave a howl, and dodged desperately round the others. Towser, of course, made a dash at him, whilst I hung on to his chain for dear life.

The result, of course, was that the chain simply swept all three of the New House Co. off their feet; and we all went down with a terrific bump.

There was a powerful yell from all of us at once. It was said afterwards that the yell was heard all over Rylcombe.

Towser yelled louder than any of us. That clumsy ass Wynn sat down right on top of him—no wonder the poor old dog yelled. It pretty well knocked all the breath out of him, though, which was just as well for Wynn. I told Fatty afterwards that he might have been bitten if poor old Towser hadn't been too blown to bite anyone. It would have served the fat dummy right, in my opinion, if Towser had bitten him. People who are careless enough to sit down on dogs must expect to get bitten. Some people don't know how to treat dogs properly; that's what I say.

The New House Co. and myself and Towser were fairly mixed up. We sprawled and struggled on the ground, and all through everything I hung on to Towser's chain like grim death. I knew there was sure to be trouble if I once let go of his chain. So I didn't.

Figgins and Co. were yelling and struggling like eels. I think they thought they were being bitten, but poor old Towser was too puffed even to nip them playfully.

Of course the more they struggled the more mixed up we got.

"Help!" roared Figgins. "Herries, you ass, lemme gerrup!"

"You—you dummy, Herries! Take that brute away. I—I'll pulverise you—ow, you!"

That was Kerr. Why the two duffers should blame me I don't know. All these New House chaps are unreasonable.

Fatty Wynn was the worst of all.

"Ow! Help! I'm bitten!" he bawled.

"I'm being bitten to death! Dragimoff, you fellows—lemme gerrup! Hellup!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Blake and Digby had come up and were cackling like a pair of silly hyenas. Gussy had sneaked off to change his silly clothes and get himself up like a tailor's dummy again, I suppose.

I was feeling a bit cross by this time after all I'd been through. Besides, I was worried about Towser. I thought the poor old chap might be hurt, with all three clumsy duffers sprawling all over him.

"Take your knee off my neck and let me get up, Figgins, you ass," I said crossly. "Blessed if I know what all the row's about! I hope Towser——"

"Blow Towser!"

"Bless Towser!"

"The brute wants shooting!"

The New House Co. were picking themselves up, groaning and glaring at me—what for, I don't know.

I didn't take any notice. I scrambled up and went over to where poor old Towser was lying quite pumped out.

"Poor old Towser!" I said, patting his head. "Poor old—Hallo!"

I broke off suddenly. I could hardly believe my eyes. For there, within a yard of Towser's nose, was something lying on the grass of the quad. And what do you think it was?

It was a piece of cake!

A piece of cake which I recognised at once by the almonds on top! It was a bit of our cake—of Blake's cake—the cake that was boned from our study! A piece of *the* cake, in fact, we were looking for!

And Towser—my good old dog Towser, had tracked it down!

I gave a yell of triumph.

"Look! Blake! Dig! Look there! Our cake! Towser's tracked it down!"

"What!" yelled Blake and Digby together, while the New House fellows simply stared.

Only Fatty Wynn turned very red.

I picked up the bit of cake.

"Look there! That's a bit of your cake, isn't it, Jack Blake?" I said triumphantly.

"Look at the almonds on the top!"

Blake took the piece of cake and looked at it carefully.

"Yes, that's a bit of my cake, I could almost

swear to it. It was boned out of my study."

"Then—then how did it get here?" said Digby mystified. He's an awfully dense fellow sometimes, is old Dig. To me, of course, it seemed as clear as day.

"Fell out of the pocket of the chap who raided the cake from our study, I suppose," I said, looking hard at Fatty Wynn.

"By Jove!" said Blake softly.

Everyone looked at Fatty Wynn, who was as red as a beetroot by this time. Even his chums, Figgins and Kerr, looked at him queerly.

"Did that cake come out of your pocket, Fatty?" asked Figgins at last.

"I—I meant to tell you chaps, you know," stammered Fatty Wynn. "It—it wasn't a whole one—quite; and I was hungry—simply starving, in fact, sus—so—I—I——"

"You boned it from our study!" shouted Blake wrathfully.

"And didn't even tell your pals!" exclaimed Figgins. "Oh, Fatty!"

"Ate the lot yourself except that measly bit!" hooted Kerr. "You—you fat gormandiser!"

"The fat, raiding villain!" said Digby. "Bump him!"

Fatty Wynn gave a doleful yell.

"Here, hold on! Leggo—I—I——"

"All together," said Figgins firmly, as New House and School House fellows alike laid hold of the unfortunate Fatty. "Now then! Bump!"

"Ow! Yow!"

"Once more!"

"Yow! Yaroo!"

"And another!"

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

"That'll teach you not to be a raiding villain!" remarked Blake.

"That'll teach you to tell your chums another time what you've raided!" grinned Figgins.

"Ow! Grooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As for me I never in my life felt so proud of Towser as I did then.

"That shows you fellows once for all what Towser can do!" I said triumphantly, as I

stroked Towser's head. He was recovering rapidly, and was sitting up now.

"What's that?" said Blake.

They all stared at me.

Then I saw that the silly chumps hadn't even yet realised what a magnificent performance it was of Towser's.

"Do you mean to say you dummies can't see yet what Towser's done?" I said indignantly.

They still stared at me as if fascinated.

"I see that Towser's caused an infernal uproar and trouble!" said Blake.

"He's also torn Gussy's trousers and nearly sent him into a fit!" said Digby.

"Not to mention bowling us all over the quad!" snorted Figgins. "Blow Towser! I say."

"Bless Towser!" said Kerr.

"The beast ought to be kept in a cage as dangerous!" grunted Fatty Wynn.

Now I ask you, did you ever know such a thick-headed set of dummies in your lives? Blessed if I ever did! It's—it's almost incredible!

Still, I was as patient with them as I could be. I saw it all myself, of course. For a moment I felt like leaving them in all their ignorance—they were so hopelessly thick-headed. But in justice to old Towser, I decided to explain. I would prove to them; once and for all, what I have always said—that Towser can track down—well, almost anything; and that he is the most wonderful dog that ever lived.

So I explained to them.

I pointed out that all the time we thought Towser was chasing Gussy, he was simply tracking down the cake. He knew at once that it was the cake that we were looking for, so he went straight off as hard as he could go on the track of it! No one could say he wasn't keen. Why, he nearly pulled my arms out! Of course, with that ass Gussy dashing along in front of him, yelling and waving his arms, everyone thought Towser was chasing him. But of course it wasn't that at all—that was absolutely proved now. Towser had dashed straight out of the School House on the track of the cake, straight across the quad for the New House fellows, and wound his

chain round their legs so they couldn't escape ! And there was the missing cake—all that was left of it, at least—in the pocket of one of them ! Why, Sexton Blake's famous bloodhound couldn't have tracked down a missing article in quicker time ! It was simply marvellous.

The five fellows listened to me in silence, staring hard at me all the time. Their eyes seemed to be almost bulging from their heads, in fact. As I explained the simple story of Towser's remarkable intelligence the expression of stupefaction on their faces was almost idiotic. I suppose it simply took their breath away to find it proved what a marvellous dog Towser was. They never appreciated Towser properly before. After this they'll have to change their tune, I fancy.

When I had finished I just stood there smiling and enjoying my triumph—or rather, Towser's triumph. Towser did not seem a bit concerned himself. I was patting his head, and he was thoughtfully eating the last bit of Blake's cake.

For at least a minute no one spoke. Then Blake took a deep breath.

"Well, m-my hat!" he exclaimed. "My only aunt's latest panama! If that doesn't beat the blessed band!"

That was all he said. He was too overcome, I suppose, by his realisation at last of Towser's greatness.

The others did not say anything at all. They simply stared at Towser and me—rather like a set of stuffed fowls, I thought.

Then Towser growled. He seemed to have quite recovered now.

The fellows walked off after that—still without saying anything more. Their feelings seemed too deep for words. I dare say they were.

I was left alone with my dear old Towser. What a day it had been!

I simply hugged him—till he growled a bit. Towser doesn't much like being hugged. But what a day!

I shall always remember it as the day of Towser's Triumph!

THE END.

## The Sights of Greyfriars

### THE PUNISHMENT ROOM



AMONG the many Greyfriars sights  
I think I ought to mention  
The place where culprits spend long nights  
Of dreary, dull detention.  
Within this bleak and barren room  
They sit in silent sorrow  
And wait for their approaching doom—  
Expulsion on the morrow!

As in a vivid dream they see  
The fellows all assembled  
Before the Head, at whose decree  
A host of boys have trembled.  
They see, as in a nightmare black,  
The prospect that awaits them;  
They know that it will be "the sack,"  
No gleam of hope elates them.

The midnight chimes ring out; and still  
They wait, with wild surmises;  
They yet have many hours to kill  
Before the grey dawn rises.  
No bright and pleasant thoughts enhance  
The gloomy situation;  
They'd give the world to have a chance  
To save their reputation!

These verses are not merry ones—  
The subject's far from merry,  
And does not merit jests or puns,  
It's grim and gruesome—very!  
Then take a warning from this rhyme  
Ye blades and gay marauders!  
Remember, a career of crime  
May lead to "Marching orders"!