

Being a Record of the latest Sitting of the Junior Courts of Justice



THE FORTUNE-TELLER

Fisher T. Fish Sentenced for Fraud

THERE was quite a commotion in court when a hatchet-faced youth named FISHER TARLETON FISH was hurled into the dock.

Prisoner gave his age as fifteen and a decimal fraction, and his address as The Aquarium, East-two-hundred-and-ninety-ninth Street, New York City. He described himself as a man of means.

MAGISTRATE: Sure you don't mean a man of meanness? (*Laughter.*)

PRISONER: I guess these hyer court proceedings are a howling farce!

MAGISTRATE: Tweak his nose, Constable Bull, for contempt of court! That's the idea! Now, let's get on with the—er—washing!

MR. ROBERT CHERRY, K.C., who had been making copious notes on his shirt-cuffs, rose to address the court.

MAGISTRATE: Are you the counsel for the—h'm!—persecution?

MR. CHERRY: Ay, ay, cap'n!

MAGISTRATE: Then don't be too long-winded with your opening speech. I'm anxious to adjourn to the tuckshop. (*Laughter.*)

MR. CHERRY: Prisoner is charged, your worship, with obtaining dough by false pretences.

MAGISTRATE: Great Scott! Has he looted a baker's shop?

MR. CHERRY: Nunno, your worship! By "dough," I mean money—coin of the realm—

brass — tin — greenbacks — spondulicks! Prisoner has defrauded several silly mugs at Greyfriars. In fact, he defrauded me! (*Loud laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: In what way, old fruit?

MR. CHERRY: He professed to be able to tell fellows' fortunes by studying the palms of their hands, your worship. For instance, he examined Billy Bunter's paws, and predicted that Bunter would become a coal-heaver. (*Laughter.*) He examined my friend, Mr. Linley's, and said he would rise to dizzy heights, like the fellow who invented dynamite. He examined my own snow-white palms, and he—he said——

MAGISTRATE: Yes, yes! What did he say?

MR. CHERRY (*wrathfully*): That my future would be dark and stormy; that I should be disappointed in love; that a dark-haired villain who called himself captain of the Remove would constantly cross my path and thwart my ambitions. Finally, that my declining days would be spent in a dungeon at Dartmoor. (*Laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: He said that, did he? And what was his fee for giving you this interesting information?

MR. CHERRY: A tanner, your worship. He said that if I gave him another tanner, he'd paint my future in glowing colours! (*Laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: These fortune-telling stunts interest me! I shall be glad if prisoner will step up on to the bench and tell my own.

PRISONER: Yep! I shall be delighted, your worship!

MAGISTRATE: Step this way, then, and mind you don't trip over the slumbering form of the Court Usher!

(Prisoner promptly joined his worship on the bench.)

MAGISTRATE (extending his hand): Now, you see my hand? Does it suggest anything to you concerning my past?

PRISONER: Yep; you haven't had a really good wash for weeks, your worship! (Loud laughter.)

MAGISTRATE: Why, you—you—

PRISONER: You have also been severely caned within the past twenty-four hours.

MAGISTRATE: That's true enough, but don't dwell upon such painful subjects. What of my future?

PRISONER: Everything depends on whether you acquit me or not. If you don't, your future will be blighted, I guess. You'll suffer dreadful agony, occasioned by a swollen nose and two black eyes; you'll be crossed in love; you'll be hurled from your high estate; you'll be haunted by the thought that you've punished a prominent American citizen—

MAGISTRATE: And supposing I acquit you?

PRISONER: In that case, everything in the garden will be lovely. Fame and fortune will be yours. Your present income, consisting of the fines you inflict and the contents of



"Does my hand suggest anything to you?"
"Yep! You haven't had a really good wash for weeks, your worship!" (See this page)

the poor-box, will be doubled—trebled, in fact! And instead of being regarded as the biggest freak who ever sat on a bench, you'll be looked up to with awe and reverence. In short, your worship, you'll make a mark—

MAGISTRATE (grimly): Yes, I think I will! Hand me the court poker, somebody! (Laughter.)

(His worship, having been presented with the poker, proceeded to belabour the prisoner.)

PRISONER: Yaroooooh! Chuckit! Stoppit! Wharrer you up to, you mugwump?

MAGISTRATE: I'm making a mark—several, in fact! (Loud laughter.)

Having chastised the prisoner, his worship sentenced him to one hour's detention in the woodshed and half an hour's imprisonment in the coal-hole, the sentences to run concurrently.

JOTLAND YARD'S LITTLE JOKE!

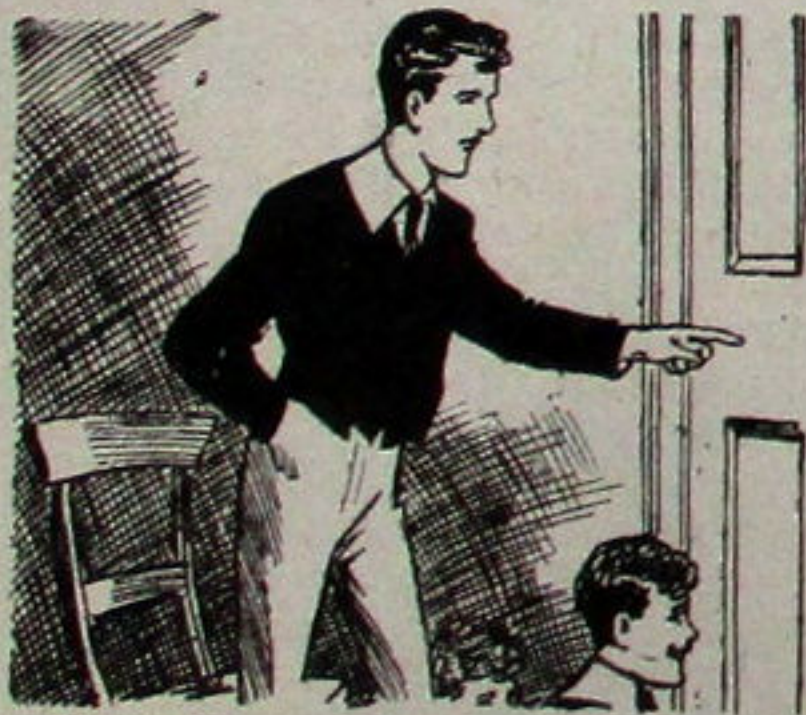
His Worship's Scathing Comments!

A BURLY youth, named George Bulstrode, was charged with ill-treating a fag.

MAGISTRATE: Bullying, eh? Well, this court has a short way with bullies. You will be sentenced to receive ninety-nine strokes with—

MR. CHERRY: Might I suggest that your worship hears the evidence first and pronounces sentence afterwards?

MAGISTRATE: Wouldn't be a bad idea, would it? Call the first witness.



Mr. Robert Cherry, K.C., who had been making copious notes on his shirt-cuffs, rose to address the court. (See previous page)

At this juncture Detective-Inspector Penfold, of Jotland Yard, turned a double-somersault and alighted in the witness-box.

MAGISTRATE (*sternly*): This is not a circus!

WITNESS: No? Then it must be a menagerie!

MAGISTRATE: What leads you to think that?

WITNESS: The sight of your face! (*Loud laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: You'll rouse my magisterial wrath to such an extent that I shall be compelled to dot you on the boko, as the saying goes! Now, you say that prisoner ill-treated a fag?

WITNESS: That's so, your worship.

MAGISTRATE: But he's got a nice, kind face. I can't understand him doing anything like that. Kindly relate the circumstances.

WITNESS: On the 32nd instant, your worship, I was in the Close, disguised as a tree-trunk, when I saw Skinner strolling under the elms, smoking a cigarette. Prisoner came up to him, snatched the cigarette out of his mouth, and crushed it under his heel.

MAGISTRATE: And that's what you call ill-treating a fag?

WITNESS: Precisely, your worship!

MAGISTRATE: I suppose you think that's funny?

WITNESS (*in alarm*): Anybody would think that I was the prisoner!

MAGISTRATE: So you are! Where's the public executioner?



William Gosling, the keeper of the gate, was the next prisoner to appear. (See page 142)

P.C. JOHNNY BULL: Here, your worship!

MAGISTRATE: Take this map-pole, and belabour our humorous friend until he squeals for mercy!

VOICE FROM THE GALLERY: Lay it on, Johnny! The bounder got me convicted last week for making faces at the magistrate! (*Laughter.*)

VICTIM: Hold on! You can't commit assault and battery on me! I'm a detective!

MAGISTRATE: And a very defective detective, at that! Pile in, Johnny! You needn't be afraid of busting the map-pole! (*Renewed laughter, followed by shrill yells of anguish from the victim.*)

PRISONER: What about me, your worship?

MAGISTRATE: You're acquitted, old bean. Hop it!

PRISONER: But aren't I to be recompensed for all the inconvenience I've suffered?

MAGISTRATE: Oh—ah—certainly! Take a jimmy-o'-goblin out of the poor-box, will you?

PRISONER: But the poor-box has been removed from its accustomed hook on the wall, your worship.

MAGISTRATE: That's a tragedy! Still, it can't be helped. The court will adjourn for a few minutes, while I go to the tuckshop and fortify myself with a few siphons of soda-water.

As his worship left the court, it was noticed that one of his coat-pockets presented a somewhat bulging appearance. Evidently it contained the missing poor-box!



William Stott was charged with smoking a fat cigar during court proceedings. (See page 143)

GOSLING'S GRIEVANCES
Distressing Scene in Court!

WILLIAM GOSLING, the keeper of the gate, was the next prisoner to appear. He saluted the Bench by respectfully tugging his forelock.

MAGISTRATE: It grieves me more than I can say to see a man of your age in the dock. There is some excuse for the younger prisoners, who have not yet arrived at years of discretion. But when a man of ninety-four so far forgets himself as to—

PRISONER (indignantly): Which I ain't ninety-four yet—not by long chalks!

MAGISTRATE: Then what, pray, is your age?

PRISONER: I've seen sixty-seven summers an' sixty-eight winters, yer worship.

MAGISTRATE: H'm! You are not yet seventy?

PRISONER: Hindeed not, yer worship! I hurls the hinsinuation back in yer teeth!

MAGISTRATE (grimly): If you are not yet seventy years of age, what do you mean by going down to the post-office in the village, and drawing an old-age pension?

PRISONER: Oh, crumbs! I—I—

MAGISTRATE: Either you are defrauding the Government, or you are a direct descendant of Ananias! Which is it?

MR. CHERRY, K.C.: I submit that it's both, your worship! (*Laughter.*)

PRISONER: The—the fact is, yer worship, I—I've just turned seventy!

MAGISTRATE: Same here! I've just turned



On his Worship's return it was noticed that his complexion was a sickly yellow. (See opposite page)



After a brief interval Mr. Prout came charging into court. He carried a Winchester repeater. Barristers and jurymen fled for their lives! (See opposite page)

seventy prisoners out, and ordered them to the dungeons! And you'll be the next one!

PRISONER: Spare me, yer worship! Think of me wife an' fambly!

MAGISTRATE: You know jolly well that you're a flighty young bachelor, Gossy! By the way, what's the charge against you?

MR. CHERRY: The charge is a very serious one, your worship. Last night six members of the Remove Form paid a visit to the cinema at Courtfield. When they got back to Greyfriars they found the gates locked. They called upon prisoner to unlock them, but he refused. He remarked, "Wot I says is this 'ere—'ow dare you young rips come rolling up at this time o' night? Which I'll report yer."

MAGISTRATE: Did he carry out his threat?

MR. CHERRY: Yes, your worship. He summoned Quelchy, and the six fellows got it where the chicken got the chopper.

CHORUS FROM THE GALLERY: "Shame!" "Scrag him!" "Pulverise him!" "Give him six months' hard, your worship!"

PRISONER (pleadingly): Which I was only doin' my dooty, yer worship! It went against the grain to 'ave to report them young gents, but dooty comes before everythin'. You know wot Cromwell said at the Battle of Waterloo? "England expects that every man this day will do 'is dooty!" Well, I follered that there maxim.

MAGISTRATE: Prate not to me of duty! You got six fellows into a row—

PRISONER (*with a sudden burst of anger*): An' I'm glad—werry glad! The young rips in question ain't given me a single tip all through the term! I've attended to their luggidge for 'em—I've 'elped 'em in all sorts o' troubles—I've bin a perfect father to 'em. I 'ave—an' they ain't so much as said, "'Ere you are, Gossy, 'ere's tuppence. Go an' drink our 'ealth in Guv'ment ale!" (*Laughter.*) Alas! 'ow black is man's ingratitude!

MAGISTRATE: Who were the six fellows in question?

PRISONER: There was Master Skinner, an' Master Snoop, an' Master Stott, an' three more of the same kidney.

MAGISTRATE: And they've not given you a tip all through the term?

PRISONER: Not a penny-piece, yer worship! Master Skinner said as 'ow he'd remember me when 'is ship came 'ome; but his ship—like Master Bunter's postal-order—is a long time comin'! (*Laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: I'm jolly glad you reported the mean, stingy beasts! And I hope Quelchy laid it on good and hard! As for you, Gosling, I am satisfied that you acted from the best of motives, and from the highest sense of "dooty." You are acquitted.

PRISONER: Yer worship's kindness is far in excess of yer personal beauty! (*Loud laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: Go—or you'll find yourself charged with contempt of court!

Prisoner shuffled away.

REPORTS IN BRIEF

William Stott was charged with smoking a fat cigar during the court proceedings.

MAGISTRATE: Has he finished the cigar?

MR. MARK LINLEY, K.C.: No; but it's nearly finished him, your worship. (*Laughter.*)

MAGISTRATE: I'll trouble you to hand me the unfinished cigar. Thanks!

His worship then left the court, remarking that he would be back in half an hour. On his return it was noticed that his complexion was a sickly yellow.

MAGISTRATE (*to prisoner*): I cannot congratulate you on your choice of cigars. The beastly thing's made me feel quite ill!

PRISONER: What! Have you been smoking my cigar?

MAGISTRATE: Not at all. I merely took it away in order to have it dissected. I found it totally unfit for human consumption, in the same way that you're totally unfit for human society! You will receive a round dozen with the court poker.

P.C. Johnny Bull carried out the sentence, and the members of the Greyfriars Ambulance Corps carried out the prisoner.

A guileless-looking youth named Alonzo Theophilus was charged with loitering in the coal-cellar for an unlawful purpose.

MAGISTRATE: What were you doing?

PRISONER: My brother Peter called me a silly ass, and when I remonstrated with him he told me to go and eat coke. I therefore adjourned to the coal-cellar. (*Loud laughter.*)

Prisoner was handed over to the medical authorities, in order that his mental condition might be inquired into.

Mr. Paul Pontifex Prout was summoned for discharging firearms to the peril of the public.

Prisoner—possibly because he happened to be a master—did not appear.

MAGISTRATE: Where's the Court Usher? Oh, there you are—fast asleep, as usual. Rouse yourself, man, and go and tell old Prout to come here at once!

COURT USHER: I'd rather you delivered the message yourself, your worship!

MAGISTRATE: Go, varlet!

After a brief interval, Mr. Prout came charging into the court. He carried a Winchester repeater.

MAGISTRATE: Help! Murder!

MR. CHERRY (*soothingly*): You are in no danger, your worship. Mr. Prout is levelling his weapon at the foreman of the jury.

MAGISTRATE: Therefore he's bound to hit me.

The next moment there was a loud report, followed by a shattering of glass.

Barristers and jurymen and constables fled for their lives, and there was no need for his worship to say, "Clear the Court." Mr. Prout had already cleared it.