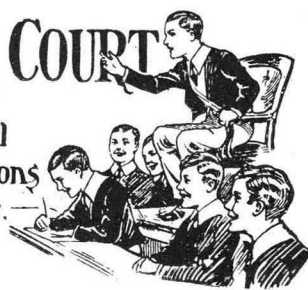




The GREYFRIARS POLICE COURT

A Vivid Account of all the latest Charges & Convictions by Our Special Representative.



AN OLD OFFENDER.

WILLIAM GEORGE BUNTER (fifteen), of no fixed abode, appeared before Mr. Justice Wharton on a charge of loitering and soliciting alms.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said it was a very shocking thing.

Magistrate: "If you are referring to your face, I heartily agree with you!" (*Laughter.*)

Mr. Cherry, proceeding, said that the accused bore a very bad reputation. He had been an ardent cadger from birth, and all efforts to reform him had proved futile.

Magistrate: "He is incorrigible—what?"

Mr. Cherry: "That's a good word, your worship. I'll back it both ways." (*Laughter.*)

Magistrate: "Cut the cackle, and produce the first witness!"

Mr. H. Vernon-Smith, a gentleman of independent means, on being called, said that the accused had approached him in the Close and mumbled something about a postal-order.

Magistrate: "I seem to have heard of that postal-order before." (*Laughter, accompanied by cries of "Tell me the old, old story."*)

Mr. Vernon-Smith: "The postal-order in question has been due to arrive ever since the Flood. It has grown side-whiskers and a flowing beard. This is not the first time I have been molested by the accused, your worship."

Mr. H. Skinner, K.C., C.A.D., for the defence, urged that Bunter was collecting sums of money on behalf of a local charity.

Magistrate: "This is the first time I've heard Bunter's tummy referred to as a local charity." (*Loud and prolonged laughter.*)

Mr. Skinner: "Bunter is a very generous, open-handed fellow, your worship—"

Magistrate: "So am I. Take that!"

(*Exit counsel for the defence.*)

His Worship, summing up, said that this was undoubtedly a very bad case. The accused had for years been imposing on the Greyfriars public, and his previous record showed that he had already served a term of penal servitude for housebreaking. He would be sentenced to three hundred and ninety-nine strokes with the fives-bat, to be administered on the instalment system by all present.

Prisoner (*wildly*): "Ow! Yah! Yaropski!"

Magistrate: "He appears to be of foreign extraction. I shall recommend him for deportation."

NO CHANGE FOR BOLSOVER.

PERCY BOLSOVER, pugilist and weight-lifter, was booted into the dock on a charge of committing assault and battery upon George Tubb, who did not appear.

Magistrate: "At it again, are you? Do you admit striking a fellow half your size, you hulking lout?"

Prisoner: "The answer is in the infirmary, your worship."

Magistrate: "Then you will shortly join him there!"

Prisoner was sentenced to be hanged, drawn and quartered, a fag of the Second being detailed to clear up the mess.

THE FOLLY OF A FAG.

SOBING in terrible spasms, a small child named Percival Spencer Paget was summoned for driving a hoop without showing a rear light, in contravention of the Defence of the Elms Regulations.

P.-C. Wibley deposed to being on duty in the Close at the time of the offence. He said he was the victim of a fearful collision with prisoner's vehicle.

Magistrate: "So you went through the hoop?"

P.-C. Wibley: "No, your worship. The hoop jolly nearly went through me!"

(Laughter)

Magistrate *(sternly)*: "If these cackling asses don't shut up, I shall clear the court!"

Prisoner: "That would be a jolly good wheeze, your worship!"

Magistrate: "Silence, sir! I cannot allow the lives of the public to be endangered in this way. The hoop will be handed over to the next itinerant vendor of old iron who comes along. As for you, you will be flayed alive forthwith!"

The sentence was duly carried out, and likewise the prisoner.

THE FALL OF FISHY.

FISHER TARLETON FISH, an enterprising business man from Noo York, was charged with embezzling the funds of the Greyfriars Pork-Pie and Pawned Pickle-Jar Corporation, of which he was the president.

Mr. H. J. R. Singh, for the prosecution, said that the trickfulness and rascality of the ludicrous Fish were terrific. He had fraudulently converted the funds of the esteemed Corporation to his own use.

Magistrate: "What was the amount, my dusky and learned friend?"

Mr. Singh: "The nimble and elusive tanner, honoured sahib."

Magistrate: "And I suppose he's rigged himself out with motor-cars and fur-lined coats—what?"

Prisoner *(excitedly)*: "I guess you're all wrong! I didn't go within a mile of the

beastly greenbacks. I didn't touch a single red cent. You're a slabsided jay, and——"

Magistrate: "Take a term's hard labour for contempt of court!"

Prisoner: "I guess——"

Magistrate: "I kinder sorter guess and calculate you can vamoose to the cells. You will be sentenced to receive the Order of the Boot—and may the Head have mercy on your sole!"

ASTOUNDING SCENE IN COURT.

MAGISTRATE MAULED BY A WITNESS.

PETER TODD, who was remanded at the last Tuckshop Sessions, was brought up again before Mr Justice Wharton on a charge of high treason.

Mr. R. Cherry, K.C., for the prosecution, said that prisoner had uttered seditious phrases, calculated to cause unrest in the Remove. He had inferred that the Captain of the Form was a chopheaded chump, and that he—Todd—ought to boss the show.

Magistrate: "Gimme the black cap! I must pronounce sentence right away. Can't stand this sort of thing!"

Mr. M. Linley, Counsel for the defence: "Hold on, your worship. Fair play's a jewel!"

Magistrate: "All serene. Call the first witness."

(At this juncture a loud clamour arose in Court, and voices were heard bawling, "Dutton! Tom Dutton!")

Magistrate: "Go ahead with the merry chorus. Never mind me!"

P.-C. Wibley: "Shall we fetch the witness in question, your worship?"

Magistrate: "Yes—on an ambulance, if necessary." *(Laughter.)*

(Enter Dutton, after an interval of ten minutes.)

Magistrate *(addressing witness)*: "Todd, here, has been charged with high treason——"

Witness: "Eh! You be careful what you're saying!"

Magistrate: "W-w-what!"

Witness: "Lost my reason, have I? My hat! I—I'll slaughter you!"

Magistrate: "I said 'treason,' not 'reason,' you silly duffer!"

Witness: "Yes, and so will you if I get near you! If you think I've lost my reason, and you're going to make me suffer, you're quite offside!"

Magistrate: "A megaphone—a megaphone—my kingdom for a megaphone!" (Laughter.) "Now look here, Dutton, old chap—"

Witness: "You're right. I *am* a glutton for a scrap! Take that—and that—and that!"

(*Hereupon witness leapt from the box, and proceeded to chastise his worship with his magisterial wig.*)

Magistrate: "Keep off the grass!"

Witness: "Silly ass, am I? I'll jolly soon show you!"

Biff! Bang!! Thud!!!

Magistrate: "Yow-ow-ow! Clear the Court! Bring the stretcher-bearers! Sound the fire-alarm! Yah! Gro! Gerroff me chest! I'll give you all the money in the poor box, Dutton, if you'll let me alone!"

Witness: "So I've lost my reason, I'm a silly ass, and I'm going to suffer—what? Well, I rather think the boot's on the other foot. Just let me roll my sleeves back. Then you'll see some fireworks!"

SENSATIONAL FAG SUIT.

GERALD Loder, a hulking lout of seventeen, strode into the Court and demanded a divorce from his fag, Richard Nugent, on the grounds of desertion and neglect.

Loder conducted his own case, and there was no defence.

Magistrate: "Why can't you live in harmony together?"

Loder: "The young rascal burnt my toast, scoffed my cake, used my sporting papers to light the fire, refused to go down to the Cross Keys for me, and when I had arranged for a big supper party he went off to play marbles."

Voice from the Gallery: "Bow-wow!"

Magistrate: "Put that puppy outside!"

When the subsequent scuffle had died away, the following letter was produced and handed round the Court:

"Dear Loder,—I feel I cannot stand you any longer. I'm fed-up! You can go and eat koke! You are a beastly booly! I hate you with a never-lasting hatred. Yah! Cook your own moldy bloters in fewcher! I hope they choke you!—Yours in sollum kontempt,

"R. NUGENT."

Magistrate: "The number of divorces just lately is most alarming. This case is particularly touching and moving, so much so that I think Loder ought to be touched and moved too. Out with him!"

(*Loder, owing to circumstances over which he had no control, hurriedly left the Court. There was the sound of a distant bump, accompanied by a yell of anguish.*)

Magistrate: "Have you removed the nuisance?"

P.-C. Wibley: "Yes, your worship. It was hot work, and I think I deserve some slight recognition——"

Magistrate: "Yes, yes. Take a penny out of the poor box!"

THE SOAP-STEALER.

A DIMINUTIVE, grubby-looking youth, giving the name of George Tubb, appeared in the dock, charged by Police-constable Johnny Bull with stealing a piece of soap.

Magistrate: "Impossible!"

P.-C. Bull: "I saw him with my own eyes, your worship."

Magistrate: "I am amazed and gratified at such evidence of reform on the part of the prisoner. He evidently stole the piece of soap with a view of cleansing his neck for the first time in history." (Laughter.)

Prisoner was bound over to keep the piece for six months.

The Court then adjourned.