

# SHOULD SCHOOLBOYS *have* HOME RULE?

By PETER TODD



*Peter Todd, of the Greyfriars Remove, decides that it would be a good wheeze if schoolboys were able to rule themselves instead of being ruled by masters!*

**M**y Cousin Alonzo has been arguing that schoolboys ought to rule themselves instead of being ruled by masters. Most Remove chaps seem to cackle at this idea, but I think it's a jolly good wheeze myself.

Just to see how it would work out in practice, I tried Home Rule for myself all day yesterday. The experiment was a complete success.

I started as soon as rising-bell went in the morning.

"Todd!" I told myself sternly. "Get out of bed at once! How dare you lie there after rising-bell has finished?"

"Sorry, sir!" replied myself to me. "But it's a jolly cold morning and bed's rather comfy and I feel like another five minutes' snooze!"

"Oh!" I exclaimed to myself, more sympathetically. "Well, in that case, of course, Todd, by all means stay on for another five minutes. In

fact, make it ten while you're about it!"

"Thank you, sir!" said myself to me gratefully. And off I went to sleep again.

Well, you couldn't have had a more promising start than that, could you? I began to see great possibilities in the Home Rule for Schoolboys stunt—and I wasn't disappointed!

After brekker, I brought in Home Rule again. I actually caught myself leaning out of my study window, throwing a ripe tomato at Coker, who was passing in the quad!

"Todd!" I thundered, as the tomato spread itself out on Coker's face. "You threw that tomato at Coker! Don't attempt to deny it, boy!"

"Nunno, sir! Sus—certainly not, sir!" gasped myself. "I—I don't know what made me do such a thing."

"Then you should know!" I said, with a laugh that relieved myself considerably. "It's because Coker has been asking to be taken down a peg or two for a long time! I was only joking, my boy! Do it again—and more power to your elbow!"

And that was that! Home Rule for Schoolboys seemed to be working out very well in my case, thank you!

I carried on with it enthusiastically during the day. I gave myself fifty lines in class for throwing an ink-pellet at Skinner, and another fifty for pulling Mosso's leg during French lesson. I ruled myself with a rod of iron all the morning, I can tell you!

Afterwards, I decided to give myself another chance and cancelled the impts.

Later on, I caught myself red-handed fixing up a booby-trap for Loder.

"Todd!" I roared, as I found myself scooting away from the scene of the crime after Loder had copped it. "You fixed up that booby-trap!"

"Ye-es, sir!" stammered myself.

"Boy! How dare you treat a prefect in such a reprehensible manner? Go to my study at once!"



I told myself I could stay in bed for another five minutes. "Thank you, sir!" said myself to me gratefully, and off I went to sleep again.

I shall cane you severely!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

"At once!" I roared.

And I took myself along to No. 7 and gave myself six with Alonzo's walking-stick—or, at least, I would have done, if myself hadn't jumped out of the way of the stick each time!

At the end of the day, my experiment had convinced me that Home Rule for Schoolboys is a rattling good idea—the idea of the future, in fact!

Of course, I realise that in the school of to-morrow masters will still have a place. But they'll be there merely as advisers and equals—not as tyrannical overseers! Just to illustrate what I mean I'll give you an idea of the sort of place the Remove Form-room will be when Home Rule for Schoolboys comes to Greyfriars.

MR. QUELCH: Good-morning, boys!

BOYS: Good-morning, Quelchy!

MR. QUELCH: Well, boys, what's it to be this morning? Latin, History, Geography or—

WHARTON: Chuck it, old sport! We're fed-up with all that tosh. Let's have a lecture on footer instead!

MR. QUELCH: Entirely as you please, Wharton, of course. But I'm afraid that I really do not know enough of football to—

WHARTON: That's all right, old



I actually caught myself throwing a ripe tomato at Coker. "Do it again!" I commanded myself.

bean. We'll do the talking and you can sit down and read the paper or something. Pass the chocs., Bob! Have one, Quelchy? Catch, then!

MR. QUELCH : Oh! My nose!

BOYS : Ha, ha, ha!

VERNON-SMITH : Look here, chaps, why not have a little footer practice while we're about it, instead of wasting time gassing over it? We can use Quelchy's mortar-board as a ball!

MR. QUELCH : Delighted, boys, I am sure. Here it is. Kick it to pieces if you wish. I can easily buy another.

Boys : Good old Quelchy!  
BANG! CRASH! WALLOP!  
SMASH! THUD!

MR. QUELCH : Oh! Whoooooop!  
Excuse me, boys, but you're treading on me! Oh! Would you mind very much if I went?

VERNON-SMITH : All serene, Quelchy! You can buzz! Drop in at the tuckshop while you're out, will you, and bring back a tuck hamper!

MR. QUELCH : With pleasure! (*Exit.*)

Roll on Home Rule for Schoolboys!  
That's my idea about it!

THE END

---

## IN DETENTION

By One Who IS

THE classroom's dusky and forlorn,  
In solitude abysmal:  
I loathe the day when I was born  
Upon an earth so dismal.

The minutes seem to drag along,  
And really I must mention  
I'm sure the clock is always wrong  
When I am in detention!

It beats with loud and solemn tick,  
Like some confounded hammer!  
I'm sick of it, and more than sick  
Of beastly Latin grammar.

I hate this smell of ink and dust;  
I don't know how I stick it!  
I only stay because I must;  
I'd rather be at cricket!

I hear the echoes, far away,  
Through open windows stealing,  
Of free and happy lads at play—  
How miserable I'm feeling!

I hear them on the cricket ground,  
Their cheerful voices blending!  
Oh, when will five o'clock come round?  
The afternoon's unending!

Some chaps are talking just outside,  
I hear their murmured voices.  
The rest are scattered far and wide,  
And everyone rejoices.

Just then a footstep passed the door;  
I thought it quite exciting,  
And listened eagerly for more—  
I'm sick and tired of writing!

A spider on the window glass  
Attracts my mild attention.  
Oh, will it never, never pass,  
This afternoon's detention?

Yes! Hark! The clock begins to chime!  
Ding-dong! Now I'm in clover!  
'Tis five o'clock! Oh, blessed time!  
And my detention's over!

I shut my grammar up with scorn,  
No longer melancholy;  
And glad am I that I was born  
Upon an earth so jolly!