

# MR. PROUT'S PLUM PUDDING



## A Play in Verse for Amateur Actors' Characters

Mr. Paul Prout

Master of the Fifth

Billy Bunter

The Fat boy of Greyfriars

Matty Wharton

Bob Cherry

Hurree Singh

Fisher T. Fish

} Juniors of the  
Greyfriars Remove

Wun Lung

Doctor Locke

Headmaster of Greyfriars

Mr. Quelch

Master of the Remove

Mr. Hacker

Master of the Shell

NOTE.—This play may be performed by readers of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL without fee or licence on condition that the words "By permission of the Editor of the HOLIDAY ANNUAL" appear on each programme.

# MR. PROUT'S PLUM PUDDING

By the Greyfriars Rhymester.

## ACT I.

SCENE.—*Mr. Prout's Study.*

*(The Master of the Fifth is seated at his table, writing. Suddenly there is a loud commotion "off." Excited voices are raised, and six juniors, all trying to enter the study at the same time, become wedged in the doorway.)*

BUNTER:

I say, you fellows! Stop your bargaining!

WHARTON:

Go easy! Where's the sense in charging!

CHERRY:

Yow-ow! That's my pet corn you're crushing!

FISH:

I'm first, you jays! It's no use rushing!

HURREE SINGH:

You've kicked my shinfulness! Oh, golly!

WUN LUNG:

An accident! Me velly solly!

*(The stampede continues, BILLY BUNTER's ample form blocking the entrance. Suddenly BUNTER, under pressure from behind, shoots into the study, landing on all fours. The others come tumbling after, to alight in various sprawling attitudes.)*

MR. PROUT *(rising angrily to his feet)*:

How dare you! Really, this is shocking!

How dare you enter without knocking?

Pray, what has happened to occasion So fierce and sudden an invasion?

*(The juniors scramble to their feet, all trying to speak at once.)*

FISH:

Say, Mr. Prout—

HURREE SINGH:

Most worthy teacher—

CHERRY:

We've come about—

BUNTER:

Shut up, you screecher!

WUN LUNG:

We wishee shout—

MR. PROUT:

Be silent, creature!

One at a time, in strict rotation, I'll listen to your explanation.

WHARTON:

We saw a notice on your door—

"WANTED—A FAG! Apply at 4

Knowledge of cooking is essential:

Fag must be smart and deferential.

Removites only need apply,

I don't desire the smaller fry.



With voices raised in excitement, six juniors tried to enter Mr. Prout's study at the same time. Suddenly Bunter shot into the room and landed on all fours, the others tumbling in after him.

The duties will be light and genial,  
My fag shall be no slave or menial.  
He shall be studied, do not doubt:  
Apply within, to Mr. Prout."

MR. PROUT:

Ah! That accounts for this intrusion

Upon my scholarly seclusion.

I need a fag; I'm in a fix;  
But not the services of  
*six!*

This sudden rush of applications

Is causing awkward complications!

FISH:

I kinder guess and calculate

That I should suit you, sir,  
first-rate!

I'll sweep your study,  
wash your crocks,

Prepare your grub, and  
darn your socks!

These other boobies—more's  
the pity—

Were never raised in Noo  
York City.

You'd find in them, sir, a  
deficiency

Of "pep," and hustle, and  
efficiency.

I guess that you could  
never wish

A finer fag than F. T.  
Fish.

I'll serve you faithfully and  
meekly

For payment of two dollars weekly!

MR. PROUT (*sternly*):

Fish! You are mercenary-minded!

A fact to which I am not blinded.

You wish to be my fag for payment  
Including, doubtless, food and  
raiment!

I scorn your money-making tricks—

FISH:

Amurricans don't work for nix!

MR. PROUT (*pointing to the exit*):

Quit my presence, you young monkey!  
(*Exit FISH, scowling.*)

CHERRY:

Sir! May I be your fag and flunkey?

MR. PROUT:

What are your qualifications?

CHERRY:

I'd cook at jollifications.



As Bob Cherry passed with the pile of books in his arms, Wun Lung furtively put out his foot. The result was disastrous. Bob sprawled to the floor amidst the numerous volumes.

MR. PROUT:

Can you make pies and patties?

CHERRY:

Just my handwriting, that is!

MR. PROUT:

Would you wash plates and dishes?

CHERRY:

Yes—and obey your wishes.

MR. PROUT:

Are you alert and sprightly?

CHERRY:

No fairy moves more lightly!

(*In order to test BOB CHERRY's claim,  
MR. PROUT hands him a large pile of books.*)

MR. PROUT:

Walk round my study with these!

CHERRY:

Yes—with the greatest ease!

(BOB CHERRY walks round the study, balancing the pile of books in his arms. WUN LUNG furtively puts out his foot and trips BOB, with disastrous results. The volumes go crashing to the floor, with BOB CHERRY sprawling on top of them.)

MR. PROUT (wrathfully):

Cherry, you clumsy, careless Vandal!  
Your antics are a perfect scandal!  
You are less graceful than a bull!  
Get up at once, ungainly fool!

CHERRY (rising):

Somebody tripped me—sent me sprawling—

MR. PROUT:

Your clumsiness is most appalling!  
Your "fairly movements" are a  
mockery!  
Suppose those volumes had been  
crocery!

Get them up at once—and go!

(Exit BOB CHERRY ruefully, after picking up the books.)

BUNTER (as BOB passes out):

You've lost the job; I told you so!

MR. PROUT (turning to HARRY WHARTON):  
Wharton! You'd better follow  
Cherry.

I know you would be useful—very.  
You are a smart and willing worker,  
You scorn the slacker and the shirker.  
But you are captain of your Form,  
And cares and duties, in a swarm,  
Beset your daily path, my lad;  
And though, no doubt, you would be  
glad

To cook my meals and sweep my floor,  
I can't increase your burdens more.

WHARTON:

Fagging for you, sir, would be  
pleasure—

MR. PROUT:

Yes; but you have so little leisure.  
I could not dream of giving you  
The duties of a fag to do.

Still, I am grateful for your offer—

BUNTER (gleefully): Turned down, old  
chap!

WHARTON:

Dry up, you scoffer!

(Exit WHARTON.)

MR. PROUT:

Three applicants remain, I see.

BUNTER:

And I'm the pick, sir, of the three!

HURREE SINGH:

Most worthy, wiseful sahib teacher,  
Ignore this fat and fatuous creature!  
He cannot bake the cakefulness,  
Nor stew the juicy steakfulness.  
The chopful chop he cannot grill,  
He has no culinary skill.  
His fads and fancies are the oddest.  
But I, good sahib, though so modest,  
Can cook the finest dishes ever!  
I am so capable and clever.  
Should you be wanting, in a hurry,  
A dish of appetising curry,  
I could concoct it in a minute,  
With lots of fire and flavour in it!

MR. PROUT:

I never eat such peppery things!

HURREE SINGH:

Why, curry is a dish for Kings!  
Sometimes I make it in the study,  
When fellows come in cold and muddy  
From taking part in football fray.  
They smack their lipfulness and say:  
"This is the stuff to give 'em, Hurree!  
You are hot-stuff—and so's your  
curry!"

MR. PROUT (smiling):

It really seems to me incredible  
That boys could find your curry edible!  
I hardly think your Indian dishes  
Would gratify my needs and wishes.  
Something more English I desire;  
So, Hurree Singh, you may retire!

(Exit HURREE SINGH.)

BUNTER (aside):

That only leaves Wun Lung and me!  
I shall be chosen! He, he, he!

WUN LUNG (to MR. PROUT):

If you are looking for a cookee  
Farther than me you need not lookee.  
Of all the cooks, from here to China,  
Than li'l Wun Lung there's not a  
finer!

Me velly muchee clever chapee.

Me makee master velly happy.

Me makee pie, all nicee-nicee,

With rabbits, rats, or micee—micee!



MR. PROUT (*in horror*):

What! Rats and mice inside a pie!  
You heathen rascal! I should die!

WUN LUNG:

Micee have flavour most delicious—

MR. PROUT:

Wun Lung, your tastes are most pernicious!

WUN LUNG:

Me makee stew, with lovely snails!

MR. PROUT:

Go! Go, before my temper fails!

(*Exit WUN LUNG.*)

BUNTER:

There's only little me remaining!  
Sir, I will work without complaining.  
I shall be charmed to fill the post,  
I'll make delicious rounds of toast,  
And fry your morning eggs and bacon  
To greet your gaze when you awaken.  
I'll light your fire, and sweep your  
floor,  
And run your errands by the score;  
And buy your groceries and baccy,  
And be your willing slave and lackey!

MR. PROUT:

H'm! Such avowals of devotion  
Quite fail to move me to emotion!

BUNTER:

My cooking will be gladly eaten.  
Why, even Beeton would be beaten  
If she competed, sir, with me.  
I'm such a stunning cook, you see!

MR. PROUT:

People who loudly blow their trumpets—

BUNTER:

Sir, you should taste my lovely crumpets!

MR. PROUT:

Who laud their prowess to the skies!

BUNTER:

Sir, you should sample my pork-pies!

MR. PROUT:

Who boast of their abilities—

BUNTER:

Just give me the facilities,  
And I'll prepare you, sir, a spread  
Fit for a king—or even a Head!

MR. PROUT:

Well, Bunter, you shall have your chance.

BUNTER:

Hurrah! Excuse me while I dance!  
(*He waltzes gaily round the study.*)

MR. PROUT:

To-night, my boy, at seven o'clock,  
I have invited Doctor Locke,  
And Mr. Quelch and Mr. Hacker,  
To come and pull a festive cracker,  
And share a merry meal with me.  
It is my birthday.

BUNTER:

Eighty-three?

MR. PROUT (*angrily*):

Your statement stabs me like a knife!



Mr. Prout: "Three applicants remain, I see."

Bunter: "And I'm the pick, sir, of the three!"

Boy, I am in the prime of life!  
I'm just as sprightly and as sporty  
As when I was a lad of forty!  
And if you dare, sir, to suggest—

BUNTER:

I'm sorry, sir; I merely guessed.  
Forgive me, sir, for my remark,  
But you look such a patriarch!

MR. PROUT (*suppressing his anger*):

Will you prepare this meal for me?

BUNTER:

With pleasure, sir! And you'll agree,  
And so will Quelch and the Head,  
There never was a finer spread!  
In choosing me to cook your dinner,

You'll find that you have backed a winner.

I'll introduce you, sir, at seven,  
Into a gorger's seventh heaven!  
(Exit BUNTER, beaming.)

END OF ACT I.

## ACT II.

SCENE.—*Billy Bunter's study, which has been turned into a temporary kitchen. BUNTER is in his shirtsleeves, busy rolling out dough. He is surrounded by pots and pans, and other kitchen utensils.*

BUNTER:

See, I am working like a nigger!  
I'm putting all my vim and vigour  
Into the task of rolling dough!  
(*Busily brandishes the rolling-pin.*)  
Prout's feed will be the finest ever!  
And he'll admit that he has never  
In all his eighty years gone past  
Tasted so ripping a repast!

(Enter WUN LUNG.)

BUNTER:

Buzz off, you pig-tailed little Chink!

WUN LUNG (*eagerly*):

Me helpee Bunter! What you tink?

BUNTER (*scornfully*):

How can a heathen from the East  
Help in the making of a feast?  
Besides, this pie is nearly finished.  
I've worked with vigour undiminished.  
I've made a stew that's so entrancing  
That it will set the masters dancing!  
And then, to follow, there's a pie—  
Prouty will laud it to the sky!  
The pie contains good English rabbit;  
I don't possess your horrid habit  
Of making pies containing cats,  
And beastly things like mice and rats!

WUN LUNG:

Micee taste nicee in a pie—

BUNTER:

Ugh! Well, I'm not disposed to try!

WUN LUNG:

Can Wun Lung helpee makee pudden?  
Me sure it will be velly good 'un!

BUNTER:

Hand me that flour-bag from the shelf;  
I'm too much occupied myself.

(WUN LUNG mounts a chair in order to reach down a big bag of flour from the

shelf. He is looking very mischievous. The bag bursts open, and a shower of flour descends upon BILLY BUNTER, smothering him from head to foot.)

BUNTER (*spluttering wildly*):

Ow! Ooooh! I'm smothered! Gug-gug-gug!

WUN LUNG:

Ha, ha! You ought to see your mug!



Bunter: "See, I'm working like a nigger!  
I'm putting all my vim and vigour  
Into the task of rolling dough!"

BUNTER:

You cackling, pig-tailed Oriental—

WUN LUNG:

Me solly! It was accidental!

BUNTER:

I'll give you accident, you duffer!  
I'll make you squirm and squeal and suffer!

(*Snatching up the rolling-pin, BUNTER chases WUN LUNG round the table. But the Chinese is too crafty to be caught, and BUNTER at last desists, panting for breath.*)

BUNTER :

Look what a ghastly state I'm in !  
My hair, my eyes, my nose, my chin,  
Are simply smothered with this stuff !

WUN LUNG :

They'll tink you've used a powder-puff !

BUNTER :

Well, anyway, I shan't be able  
To serve the masters at their table.  
They'd take me for an apparition,  
And I'd be sacked from my position.  
I'll have to spend a busy hour  
In getting rid of all this flour.

WUN LUNG :

Me finish Bunter's job meanwhile !

BUNTER :

Can you make puddings in good style ?

WUN LUNG :

Me makee excellent plum-duff !  
Masters will vote it " hotee-stuff " !

BUNTER :

Righto, Wun Lung ; I'll leave you to it.  
Scoop up that flour ; and here's the  
suet.

And all the other things are handy,  
Including just a dash of brandy.  
You've got enough ingredients there  
To make *two* puddings, I declare !  
One for old Prouty's birthday spree,  
The other—(extra good !)—for ME !  
Now, I'll leave everything to you—

WUN LUNG :

Me savvy, Bunter ! Toodle-oo !

(Exit BUNTER.)

(WUN LUNG gets busy. He soon finishes  
the pudding which BUNTER had been  
making, and, tying it into a cloth, puts it  
into one of the pots.)

WUN LUNG :

That pudding will turn out a treatie,  
Fit for an emperor to eatie !  
The masters, eating it with cream,  
Will say, " This pudding is a dream ! "  
But Bunter's pudding, when I makee,  
Will give fat rascal tummy-achee !  
A special pudding it will be,  
For Bunter's benefit. He, he !

(Chuckling gleefully, WUN LUNG com-  
mences to mix the flour for BUNTER'S  
" special " pudding.)

(Enter HARRY WHARTON, BOB CHERRY,  
and HURREE SINGH.)

CHERRY :

Hallo ! What's going on in here ?

WUN LUNG :

Me velly busy ! Kindly clear !

WHARTON :

Making a pudding for old Prout ?

WUN LUNG :

Nunno ! For Bunter, while he's out.

HURREE SINGH :

The helping handfulness we'll render,  
And make a pudding, soft and tender,  
Delightful, dainty, and delicious,  
Nourishing, noble, and nutritious !

CHERRY (laughing) :

When Bunter tastes it, he'll be vicious !

(The juniors cheerfully help WUN LUNG,  
putting into the pudding all the ingredi-  
ents, both suitable and unsuitable, they can  
find.)

WHARTON :

Here's raisins—they will not need  
stoning—

CHERRY :

I fancy they'll set Bunter groaning !

HURREE SINGH :

Here is some curry powder, chums—

WHARTON :

And here's a bag of unstoned plums !

CHERRY :

Red pepper here ! The very stuff  
To give a " bite " to Bunter's duff !

WUN LUNG :

Please passee me that pot of paste—  
It will improve the pudding's taste !

WHARTON :

I think we ought to add some glue  
To make the pudding stick. Don't  
you ?

HURREE SINGH :

A tablespoon of soot's expedient—

CHERRY :

A very " sootable " ingredient !

WUN LUNG :

Me add a bottle of black inkee  
To give a flavour. What you tinkee ?

WHARTON :

Here are some peppercorns and chillies  
To whet that appetite of Billy's !

CHERRY :

A very special pudding, this !

A treat that Bunter must not miss.  
A just reward for all his crimes!  
Stir up, boys!

WHARTON:

These are "stirring" times!

*(The juniors gather round to stir the pudding, which is eventually tied into a cloth and put on to boil.)*

WHARTON:

The queerest pudding I recall!  
It will be like a cannon-ball!

HURREE SINGH:

Bunter, the plump and supercilious,  
Is bound to be a trifle bilious!

CHERRY:

It won't upset his constitution—  
Just an internal revolution!

ALL:

Ha, ha, ha!

WHARTON:

I fancy that completes our toil;  
We'll leave Wun Lung to watch it boil.

*(Exit WHARTON, CHERRY, and HURREE SINGH. The curtain falls at this juncture, to give the impression of time clapsing whilst the puddings are being cooked. When the curtain rises again, a moment later, WUN LUNG is in the act of turning out the two puddings on to dishes.)*

WUN LUNG:

The masters' pudding is delightful!  
But Bunter's—pouf! the smell is  
frightful!

It knockee little Chinees back!

Poor Bunter won't enjoy his snack!

*(Enter BILLY BUNTER, fresh and clean after removing all traces of the flour.)*

BUNTER:

The birthday party's going strong!

I knew that nothing would go wrong.

The masters *did* enjoy their stew;

The pie was just perfection, too!

"Bunter," said Prout, "you are a  
wonder!

The finest cook alive, by thunder!"

And Quelchy mumbled, "That is so!"

And Dr. Locke exclaimed, "What-  
ho!"

And Mr. Hacker said, "Why, gents,  
Those are my very sentiments!"

They're full of joy and jubilation  
At that most happy celebration.  
And soon you'll hear 'em chant, in  
chorus,

"We wish the pudding set before us!"  
Has it turned out all right, Wun  
Lung!

Speak up! Or have you lost your  
tongue?

WUN LUNG:

The pudding has turned out a treatee  
It would be velly hard to beatee.



Bunter: "Ow! Ooooch! I'm smothered!  
Gug-gug-gug!"

Wun Lung: "Ha, ha! You ought to see your  
mug!"

BUNTER *(inspecting the two puddings)*:  
Which is the masters'? Which is  
mine?

WUN LUNG:

Yours is the big one, fat and fine!

BUNTER:

I think I'll sample just a bite.

I've got a fearful appetite!

*(He sits down, and draws the bigger of  
the two puddings towards him.)*

WUN LUNG:

You are as greedy as a hog—

BUNTER:

Pass me a spoon and fork, you dog!

(WUN LUNG hands a spoon and fork to BUNTER, who sniffs suspiciously at the pudding.)

BUNTER:

By Jove! This pudding *does* smell funny!

WUN LUNG:

But it will taste as sweet as honey!

BUNTER:

Poo! This aroma seems suspicious.

WUN LUNG:

The pudding, though, will be delicious!

BUNTER:

I hope you followed the instructions;

If not, I warn you there'll be ructions!

WUN LUNG:

Proofee of pudding is in eatee.

Taste it! You'll find it nice and sweetee.

(BUNTER is about to start on the pudding when the voice of Mr. PROUT is heard "off.")

Bunter! Is my fag Bunter there?

BUNTER:

Yessir! You gave me quite a scare!

MR. PROUT:

Pray serve the pudding, boy, this minute!

My guests are eager to begin it!

BUNTER:

I'll bring it up, sir, right away!

MR. PROUT:

Splendid, my boy! Do not delay!

(BUNTER snatches up the dish containing his own pudding, and hurries out of study.)

WUN LUNG (in great alarm):

Bunter! Come back! You make mistakee!

That's the wrong pudding that you takee!

(No answer. BUNTER does not return, and WUN LUNG wrings his hands in despair.)

Help! Bunter's fairly done it now!

There's bound to be a fearful row!

When Prouty and the masters taste

That pudding, made of glue and paste,

They will be velly vexy-vexy.



Wun Lung: "Me add a bottle of black inkce To give a flavour. What you tinkee?"

And in a state of apoplexy!

They'll slaughter Bunter for that dishee!

I hear their canes go swishy-swishy!

END OF ACT II.

### ACT III.

SCENE.—Mr. Prout's Study.

(DR. LOCKE, MR. QUELCH, and MR. HACKER are seated at the table, awaiting the last course of their dinner—the plum pudding. The three gentlemen are in excellent spirits.)

DR. LOCKE:

Prout, as a host, has no superior.

MR. QUELCH:

No celebration could be cheerier!

MR. HACKER (placing his hand on his waistcoat):

All is at peace in my interior!

DR. LOCKE:

Frankly, I was surprised to find

A sumptuous dinner of this kind.

I thought that Prout, an old campaigner,

Was an indifferent entertainer.

For old campaigners, you're aware,

Prefer a rough and ready fare.

They cook in billy-cans, you know.

Over a camp-fire's ruddy glow.

The green grass is their tablecloth;  
Their coffee always tastes like broth!  
Their knives and forks are Nature's  
own;

With *fingers* they dissect a bone.  
And I had hardly realised  
That Prout is now quite civilised!

MR. QUELCH:  
His stew was certainly delightful!  
I had expected something frightful.

MR. HACKER:  
His rabbit-pie was just perfection!  
When first we carved it, for inspection,  
I viewed with doubtings the comestible,  
Thinking it might be indigestible.  
But I have neither pang nor pain.  
Why, I could eat the same again!

DR. LOCKE:  
I, too, upon this festal night,  
Have quite a schoolboy's appetite!  
I feel that years have slipped away,  
And I'm a fag, care-free and gay.

MR. QUELCH:  
I trust the pudding will be nice.  
If so, I'll take an extra slice.

MR. HACKER:  
Unless it's sweet and succulent,  
I shall feel rather truculent.  
But I've no doubt 'twill be delicious,  
Tasty and tempting, and nutritious!

(*Footsteps without. Enter MR. PROUT,  
followed by BILLY BUNTER, bearing  
the pudding on a dish.*)

MR. PROUT:  
Gentlemen, I regret to say  
That there has been a slight  
delay.  
But you will find this pudding  
prime  
Will compensate the loss of  
time.

BUNTER (*setting the pudding on the  
table*):

This pudding is a rare variety,  
The sort they eat in high  
society.

I made it from a recipe  
My titled uncle gave to me.  
He is a waiter at the Ritz—  
They often tip him threepenny-  
bits.

DR. LOCKE (*smiling*):

A titled waiter! Bless my soul!

BUNTER:

Yes; but at present on the dole.

MR. QUELCH:

Bunter is fond of fabrications—

BUNTER:

Why, I've a host of swell relations!  
And this rich uncle—Uncle Ted—  
Sent me the recipe, and said:

"You'll find the pudding more than  
eatable;

In fact, the flavour is unbeatable!"  
A pudding fit for Heads—and Crowned  
Heads;

It was invented by the Roundheads.  
Oliver Cromwell, sick of soups,  
Said: "That's the stuff to give the  
troops!"

He served it to his men and cattle  
Upon the eve of every battle.  
It made them feel so full of fight  
The Cavaliers were put to flight.  
A later Oliver—known as Twist—  
Cried: "Give me more—I must  
insist!"

You'll find the incident in Dickens—

MR. PROUT:

Silence! Your fairy story sickens!

DR. LOCKE:

Bunter, you are a clever cook;



Wun Lung: "Bunter! Come back! You make mistakes!  
That's the wrong pudding that you take!"

Doubtless you've studied Beston's book.

Your pies are poems; and your stews  
Not e'en dyspeptics could abuse.

But tell us no more fairy stories——

MR. HACKER:

Or we will show you where the door is!

MR. QUELCH (*sniffing*):

I seem to sense an odour curious,  
Horrid, obnoxious, and injurious!

DR. LOCKE (*putting his handkerchief to his nose*):

How strange! I sense the very same!

BUNTER:

Please, sir, the pudding's not to blame!

MR. PROUT:

It is a most peculiar smell—  
Like burning glue, and  
soot as well!

The scent is certainly  
offensive.

No need, though, to be  
apprehensive.

This pudding is like  
Cæsar's wife,

Beyond reproach.

Pray pass the knife!

(*A knife and fork are passed to Mr. PROUT, who proceeds to carve the pudding. He finds great difficulty in doing so, and puffs and pants from his exertions.*)

MR. PROUT:

Dear me! This knife  
is blunt, I fear;

But I will nobly persevere.

(*He succeeds at last in carving four portions, which he distributes. His guests examine their pudding, and then wait for each other to sample it, so that a verdict may be obtained. But nobody starts.*)

MR. PROUT:

Don't wait for me, but pray proceed!

MR. QUELCH:

Ahem! I fear I'm off my feed!

MR. PROUT:

But you can find sufficient room  
For *that* small portion, I presume?

MR. QUELCH (*cautiously*):

I'll try a little by-and-by——

MR. PROUT:

Why all this hesitancy? Why?

MR. HACKER:

*My* portion, Prout, is piping hot;  
When it cools off, I'll eat the lot.

DR. LOCKE:

The same remark applies to me;  
Hot pudding never did agree  
With my digestion; so I'll wait  
Until the clouds of steam abate.

MR. PROUT:

Your conduct, gentlemen, is queer!  
You have a perfect pudding here;



Mr. Prout: "It is a most peculiar smell—  
Like burning glue, and soot as well!"

Yet, though your portions are but  
meagre,  
You do not seem the least bit eager  
To eat them up, then come again,  
Like very valiant trenchermen!

MR. QUELCH:

Prout, why not eat *your* portion first?  
Then you can let us know the worst!



(MR. PROUT *blinks rather nervously at his pudding, but he feels he ought to accept the challenge.*)

MR. PROUT:

Oh, certainly! I'll try a sample.

MR. QUELCH (*aside*):

I think he'll find one sample ample!

(MR. PROUT *takes a spoonful of the pudding and raises it to his mouth, his guests watching him anxiously. There is a breathless hush, and then Mr. PROUT leaps to his feet with a wild yell, overturning his chair.*)

MR. PROUT:

Ow! Yow! Yaroooo! My mouth's on fire!

A glass of water I desire!

(BUNTER *hastily picks up a glass of water and hands it to MR. PROUT.*)

DR. LOCKE:

Really, dear Prout, why all this fuss?

MR. PROUT:

That pudding, sir, was nauseous!

MR. HACKER:

Was it not tasty and delicious?

MR. PROUT:

Sir, it was *not*! I feel quite vicious!

MR. QUELCH (*smiling*):

Perhaps your youthful cook put in Some special kind of vitamin?

BUNTER (*to MR. PROUT*):

I'm sorry, sir, for this disaster——

MR. PROUT (*furiously*):

You've tried to poison me—a master!

BUNTER:

Oh, really, sir, I wouldn't dare!

The law would hang me by my hair!

MR. PROUT:

Ugh! Let me take another drink!

I've tasted soot, and glue, and ink,

And lots of other dreadful things!

Oh, how my palate smarts and stings!

DR. LOCKE:

Prout, I suggest you cease complaining,

And give this wretched boy a caning!

Bunter has played a wicked hoax——

MR. PROUT (*snatching up a cane*):

And I'll administer six strokes!

BUNTER (*backing away in alarm*):

Help! Save me! Stop this execution!

Think of my feeble constitution!

It's all a blunder, I'm afraid——

*That's not the pudding that I made!*

(MR. PROUT *is about to wield the cane when there is a knocking without. Enter WUN LUNG, carrying a pudding on a dish.*)

WUN LUNG:

Bunter make velly sad mistakes!

Wrong pudding, gentlemen, he takes!

Please believe little Oriental

That it was purely accidental!

He left the rightee one behind;

It will taste beautiful, you'll find!

(*Sets the pudding on the table.*)

DR. LOCKE:

Ah, this new pudding smells delightful!

MR. QUELCH:

Its predecessor, sir, was frightful!

(DR. LOCKE *cuts himself a slice of the new pudding, and takes a spoonful very gingerly. Then he smiles.*)

DR. LOCKE:

A pudding of the finest quality!

A fitting climax to our jollity.

Bunter is vindicated, quite!

This pudding is a sheer delight!

WUN LUNG:

It mellee in the mouthee—what?

BUNTER:

I made that pudding. You did not!

(DR. LOCKE *carves the pudding, and distributes portions to the masters, who eat it with obvious relish. BUNTER and WUN LUNG look on, with beaming faces.*)

DR. LOCKE (*rising to his feet*):

Dear Prout, upon this happy function

I can declare, without compunction,

Of feasts I've never had a finer!

I offer you congratulations.

And my sincere felicitations.

MR. PROUT:

I thank you, sir, with cordiality,

On this occasion of hilarity!

DR. LOCKE:

A vote of thanks I now propose

To this plump cook of yours, who shows

That he's a culinary artist;

Of cooks, undoubtedly the smartest!

MR. QUELCH:

That vote is seconded——

MR. HACKER:

Hear, hear!



BUNTER :

Your words  
are music to  
my ear !

I now will  
make an  
answering  
speech

To each and  
all, and all  
and each.

I shan't be  
more than  
half - an  
hour,

Speaking with  
eloquence  
and power.

Now, first of  
all—

DR. LOCKE  
(*hastily*) :

I must depart !

I have some  
urgent work  
to start.

(*Exit* DR.

LOCKE.)

MR. QUELCH :

I have to lecture, now, on Venice—

MR. HACKER :

And I have promised to play tennis !

(*Exit Messrs. QUELCH and HACKER.*)

MR. PROUT :

I must be going, too, I fear—

WUN LUNG :

And I'll Wun Lung must disappear !

(*Exit MR. PROUT and WUN LUNG, leaving*

BILLY BUNTER alone in the study, with his  
half-hour speech undelivered.)



After taking a spoonful of the pudding, Mr. Prout leapt to his feet with a wild yell, overturning a chair. "Ow ! Yow ! My mouth's on fire ! A glass of water I desire !"

BUNTER :

Beasts ! Fancy clearing off like that,  
Just as I had my speech all pat !

They've missed a wonderful oration.

However, I've one consolation—

There's lots of pudding still left over,  
So Prouty's cook will be in clover !

(BUNTER seats himself at the table, and,  
with beaming face, proceeds to demolish the  
pudding.)

CURTAIN.

## AU REVOIR—

No, this doesn't mean a long parting with all the cheery schoolboy characters you have met in the preceding pages, for they appear each week in the Companion Papers set out below :

"THE MAGNET"

Harry Wharton & Co.  
Every Saturday

"THE GEM"

Tom Merry & Co.  
Every Wednesday

"THE POPULAR"

Jimmy Silver & Co.  
Every Tuesday

These weekly story-papers present the finest type of wholesome, manly reading that it is possible to procure anywhere at the modest price of 2d. per copy. When you're lonely, then, the remedy lies ready to hand.—THE EDITOR.

# INDEX



A	PAGE		PAGE
Adventurers, The Greyfriars <i>Story</i> ..	111	Greyfriars Adventurers, The <i>Story</i> ..	111
Affair of Honour, An <i>Story by Geo. E. Rochester</i> ..	167	Greyfriars Domestic Corner, The <i>Edited by Squiff</i> ..	89
A Lesson for Coker! <i>Story by F. Richards</i>	9	Greyfriars, "Leading Lights" at ..	202
Arrested for Treason! ..	112	Gussy's Latest Stunt! <i>Story by Martin Clifford</i> ..	39
<b>B</b>		<b>H</b>	
Bunter's Birthday Party! <i>Poem by Dick Penfold</i> ..	166	High Days and Holidays :	
Bunter's Report! <i>Story by Frank Richards</i> ..	203	Camping Out ..	34
<b>C</b>		Chums Awheel ..	192
Cedar Creek Detective, The <i>Story by Martin Clifford</i> ..	217	Skating ..	209
Comet to Majestic, From ..	35	Summer Vac, The ..	162
<b>D</b>		Hippomobile! <i>Story by W. H. Morris</i>	103
Day in the Life of a Page, A ..	263	Home, Sweet Home. <i>By Vernon-Smith</i>	239
Demon of the N'Gombi River, The <i>Story by Cecil Fanshaw</i> ..	25	How They Came to Greyfriars. <i>By the Editor</i> ..	3
Domestic Corner, The Greyfriars <i>Edited by Squiff</i> ..	89	<b>I</b>	
<b>E</b>		Incidents in the Life of a "Mountie" ..	238
Excelsior! <i>Poem by Hurree Singh</i> ..	88	<b>L</b>	
<b>F</b>		Last Laugh, The <i>Story by Teddy Grace</i>	92
Famous Fights at St. Jim's. <i>By George Darrell</i> ..	21	Leopards of N'Tumbo's Town, The <i>Story by Duncan Storm</i> ..	241
Famous Public Schools .. Pages 87, 102,	159	Lesson for Coker, A <i>Story by F. Richards</i>	9
For "Bonnie Prince Charlie" ..	49	Luck of the Line, The ..	214
From Comet to Majestic ..	35	<b>M</b>	
<b>G</b>		"Making Up" ..	160
Golden Arrow, The ..	165	Mr. Prout's Plum Pudding. <i>Play in Verse by the Greyfriars Rhymester</i> ..	266
		<b>N</b>	
		Nature Story. <i>By Clive R. Fenn</i> ..	98

# INDEX—(continued)

P	PAGE	R	PAGE
Plates in Colour:		Rookwood, "Leading Lights" at .. ..	178
At Grips With the Devil Fish!		Rough on Toddy! <i>Story by Tom Brown</i>	81
	<i>Facing p. 32</i>		
Last Lap, The .. ..	<i>Facing p. 192</i>	S	
Off! .. ..	<i>Frontispiece</i>	St. Jim's, "Leading Lights" at .. ..	20
Stand Fast the Twenty-Eighth!		Smart Tricks, Three .. ..	264
	<i>Facing p. 177</i>	The Thin Red Line! .. ..	177
		Stepping on the "Gas"! .. ..	192
Plates in Photogravure:			
Arrested for Treason!	<i>Facing p. 112</i>	T	
Eye of Science in War, The		Taking the Risk! <i>Story by Bert Kemp-</i>	
	<i>Facing p. 80</i>	<i>ster</i> .. ..	193
Jacobite Conspirators at St. Jim's!		Three Smart Tricks .. ..	264
	<i>Facing p. 49</i>	Tidings of Victory! .. ..	97
Tidings of Victory!	<i>Facing p. 97</i>		
Pleasing Dear Thomas! <i>Story by Owen</i>		W	
<i>Conquest</i> .. ..	179	War from an Armchair! .. ..	80
Plum Pudding, Mr. Prout's <i>Play in</i>		When! <i>Poem by Dick Penfold</i> .. ..	110
<i>Verse by the Greyfriars Rhymester</i> ..	266	When Reynard Came to Fernside.	
Puzzle Picture .. ..	216	<i>Nature Story by Clive R. Fenn</i> .. ..	98
		When You Can't Go Out .. ..	163

