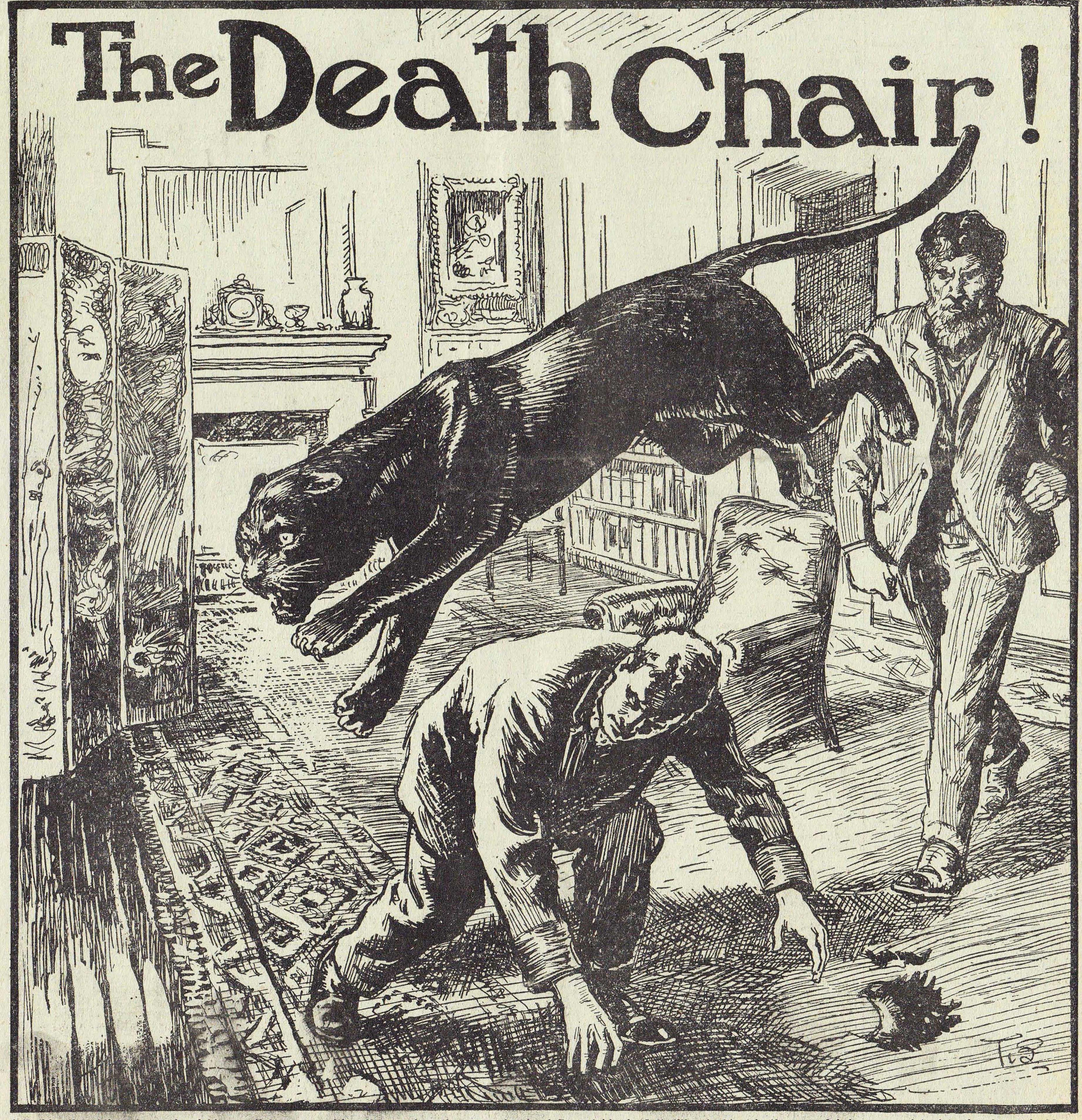
Make Sure You Get Your Bumper Christmas Number of the "Gem"—On Sale Everywhere!

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SEVENTH YEAR!

No. 1,072. Vol. XXII. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending December 24th, 1921.



"Bulldog" Holdfast dropped quickly on all fours as, with a lithe spring, the enraged animal flew at him! (A thrilling incident in the powerful, long, complete detective drama inside.)

Look Out for Our Greatly Enlarged Christmas Number-Out On Thursday!

ROOKWOOD YARN By

Published

Every Monday

"Cut that out!" Tubby Muffin's hopeful face was looking in at the doorway of Study

The 1st Chapter. Tubby's Little Way!

"Wonderful!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin.

The fattest junior in the Rookwood Fourth was quite enthusiastic.

Smack, smack! Tubby clapped his plump hands Jimmy. together, with a series of reports like pistol-shots.

Jimmy Silver glanced round in

surprise. Jimmy Silver & Co. were on Little Side, taking practice shots at goal. Rawson was between the posts. Rawson had stopped the ball as it was sent in by Lovell, Raby, and Newcome in turn. Jimmy Silver had landed it in the net.

It was a decent shot, but there was nothing wonderful about it. Tubby Muffin's enthusiasm was a little misplaced, as well as unusual and surprising.

"Splendid!" shouted Tubby. "Bravo, Jimmy!"

The captain of the Fourth stared at | him. He was not the least little bit grateful for Tubby's exuberant admiration.

"Oh, I say, Jimmy-"

Rawson threw the ball out. The Fistical Four went on taking potshots at goal. It was not easy to put the leather in with Rawson on guard. But Jimmy Silver landed it again.

Then there was another burst of enthusiasm from Mussin.

"Goal!" he roared. "Hurrah!" Jimmy Silver threw on his coat, and walked off the ground. Tubby Mussin immediately rolled after him. Lovell & Co. went on taking pot-shots -but Muffin was not interested in

"Jimmy, old man, I-I never realised before what a marvellous footballer you are," purred Muffin, as he HOW WOULD YOU LIKE £500 trotted along beside the captain of the 1 Fourth towards the School House. Grunt from Jimmy Silver.

say, Jimmy, talking about tooter---'

"Talk about things you understand," grunted Jimmy Silver.

jolly keen on footer-" "Rats!" "I am, really, you know. I'm going

to take it up seriously this season-" "Might bring down your fat a little if you did," said Jimmy Silver.

"I'm going to buy a new football,

"There's two or three old ones you I thusiasm for the game of football. can punt about till you learn the difference between a goalpost and a goalkeeper," said Jimmy Silver sar-· castically.

"No; I'd rather have a new one," said Tubby. "Do you think a really | panion Papers if you want to go in for good football is worth fifteen-and-six, | competitions!" Jimmy?"

"Oh, yes!"

"You'd advise me to buy it, then?" "Buy it if you want to," said Jimmy.

I'll take your advice, Jimmy. I dare say you wouldn't mind giving me a little bit of coaching now and then."

"Pleased," said Jimmy, more amicably.

Jimmy failed to understand the fat Classical this afternoon. As a rule, only a finger and thumb on his fat ear would induce Tubby Muffin to turn up to football practice. sudden enthusiasm for the great winter game was, therefore, surprising and inexplicable.

Still, if Tubby was going to turn over a new leaf and "quit" slacking | hand. and loafing, Jimmy was quite prepared to find time to help him.

"Thanks very much, old man," said Tubby. "You see, you're such a splendid footballer-"

snapped Jimmy.

"I'd be obliged if you'd help me on a bit at first, when I get my new ball," said Tubby.

"No need for a new ball, fathead!" "Oh, yes! I'm going to have that | new ball for fifteen-and-six. I-I say, Jimmy--"

"Well?"

"Will you-ahem!-will you-" "I'll help you, certainly," said ever it was, being an uncommonly

"I-I mean-"

"Well, what do you mean?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, puzzled, and a little impatient.

"Will you-ahem!-will you lend me the fifteen-and-six?"

It was out now!

Jimmy stopped again, and stared Muffin. Muffin's new-born enthusiasm for footer was quite creditable to him, of course. But there was something that wanted explaining.

"I've not got fifteen-and-six to chuck away," said Jimmy Silver. "You can use the practice ball, Muffin."

"That wouldn't do, you see-"

"Why wouldn't it, ass?" "You-you see-"

"I don't see!"

Muffin hesitated, and then dived his = "You fat duffer!" said Jimmy fat hand into his pocket. He drew out "What are you burbling a folded newspaper with a marked = "Look at that, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver looked at it. It was an advertisement, and it ran:

"FOOTBALLS! FOOTBALLS! FOOTBALLS!

GRAND FOOTBALL PRIZE SCHEME!

£500 MUST BE WON!

Send 15s. 6d. for one of our Grand = Match Balls, and particulars of novel Competition. Easy puzzle, and every correct answer receives a share of the prize. £500 must be won!

FOR CHRISTMAS?

TWISTER & CO., Sharp Street, Catcham."

Jimmy Silver looked at that enticing advertisement, and he looked at "Hem! The fact is, Jimmy, I'm Tubby Muffin. He did not look pleased. The mystery was explained now. Reginald Muffin hoped to bag the £500 prize for Christmas; he was willing to expend fifteen-and-six on a new ball in order to enter the competition. Hence his enthusiastic admiration for Jimmy Silver's potshots at goal; hence his sudden en-

> Jimmy knitted his brows. "You fat idiot!" he said. "It's probably a swindle, anyway. How do you know that Twister & Co. are a reputable firm? Stick to the Com-

"I say, Jimmy—— Yaroooooh!" Jimmy Silver took Muffin by the collar with his left hand. With his right he stuffed the folded newspaper down Muffin's neck. Then he walked into the School House, smiling genially.

"Ow, ow! Oh!" roared Muffin.

"Rotter! Oh!" And Reginald Muffin was left making frantic efforts to extract the newspaper from the back of his neck.

The 2nd Chapter. Selling a Football.

"I say, Morny-" Valentine Mornington held up his

"No," he interrupted. "Fifteen-and-six-"

"Buzz off!"

"Erroll, old man---" "Rats!"

brainy chap, and specially fitted for knotty mental problems that would have floored ordinary fellows. £500, which had to be won, was as good as in Muffin's pocket; only a miserable lack of fifteen-and-six stood in the way.

No. 4 in the Fourth. But neither

Mornington nor Erroll was disposed

to listen to the voice of the charmer.

Fifteen-and-six evidently was not to

Muffin sighed and went his way.

He felt that it was hard. Once in

possession of the particulars of the

competition, Muffin had no doubt that

he would elucidate the puzzle, what-

be raised in that study.

Tubby Muffin had tackled Jimmy Silver first. But since then he had made a round of the Fourth and the Shell, and even the Third, like a lion seeking what he could devour.

But nobody seemed keen on lending

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at tea when the fat Classical drifted in. They grinned as they beheld him.

"Raised the wind yet?" chuckled

Arthur Edward Lovell. Tubby shook his head.

"I'll tell you what, you fellows," he said. "You lend me the fifteenand-six--"

"Bow-wow!"

"And I'll let you have the ball," said Tubby generously. "There!" Lovell stared at him.

"Well if we paid for the ball we should expect to have it," he answered. "This study isn't rich enough to buy new footers for other fellows."

"Well, you can have it," said Tubby. "Hand me that fifteen-and-

"But we're not buying a new footer!" grinned Lovell.

"I-I say, Jimmy-" "You're an ass, Tubby!" said Jimmy Silver. "How do you know the ball's any good? Very likely some catchpenny rot!"

"It's a grand new match ball--" "How do you know?" demanded Raby.

"It says so in the advertisement." "Fathead!"

"Look here!" said Tubby Muffin, in a burst of generosity, as it were. "Hand me five bob towards it, and you can have the ball. There!" "Rot!"

"I don't want the ball. It's the prize I'm after," said Muffin. "You stand me five bob, and take the ball when it comes!"

"Rats!"

THE BEST PRESENT FOR CHRISTMAS.

THE GREYFRIARS

1922 ANNUAL 1922

FOR BOYS AND GIRLS

"Rotters!" roared Tubby, in great Muffin fifteen-and-six, even to enrich | wrath, and he rolled out of the end

He drifted on towards the end study. He had tried the Fistical Four. without success. But they were his only hope, and he determined to try them again.

Price '

Three Halfpence

"Five bob!" said Leggett. "Done, then!" said Tubby. "I-I can manage the rest. But you're driving a jolly hard bargain, Leg-

Leggett looked thoughtful.

"Make it five bob!" he said.

"Seven-and-six!" said Muffin.

"I'm not a philanthropist," said Leggett, shrugging his shoulders.

"Just put it in writing." "I-I suppose you can take my word, Leggett?"

"I'd rather have it in black and white."

Muffin hesitated a moment. Having already disposed of the ball to Alfred Higgs, he had a natural disinclination to record his bargain with Albert Leggett in black and white. But he felt that there was no help for it.

He scribbled at Leggett's dictation, signed the paper, and departed with Leggett's five shillings in his posses-

There were ten shillings in his pocket now. He needed only fiveand six. He felt considerably "bucked."

He found Snooks of the Second Form in the quadrangle. He had a little talk with Snooks, and Snooks parted with half-a-crown, on the understanding that he was to have the ball when it came.

Tubby Muffin rolled back to the School House in high feather. Only three shillings needed now, and surely somebody would be found to offer three shillings for a grand new match

Tubby had to be careful. He did not want Higgs to hear him hawking that ball about for sale. Higgs undoubtedly would consider that once was often enough to sell one football!

But Tubby was in luck. He found Lattrey in his study, and Lattrey agreed to give four shillings, on condition that he received the ball when it came. Lattrey, the black sheep and slacker, had no use for a football, but he was certain that he could sell it again easily enough at a

With the required sum in his possession, and a shilling to the good, Reginald Muffin rolled away, elated. There was just time to get to the

post-office and back before lock-up. Muffin trotted off in great spirits. He came back just in time to answer "Adsum" to his name when

Mr. Dalton called the roll. Fifteen-and-six had been despatched to Messrs. Twister & Co., Sharp Street, Catcham. And Tubby Muffin waited anxiously for the arrival of the

grand new match ball, which had so many owners when it arrived, and the particulars of the competition which was to provide him with £500 for Christmas!

The 3rd Chapter. Whose Ball?

"Parcel for Master Muffin." Tupper, the page, brought it into the Common-room. It was a couple of days since Tubby Muffin had raised the wind in so curious a manner, and despatched the postal-order to Messrs.

Tubby jumped up.

"That's my new footer!" he exclaimed.

Several fellows gathered round to look at the new footer when Tubby opened the parcel.

"Looks all right," remarked Higgs of the Fourth. "Worth five bob." And he picked up the footer.

"That's mine," said Lattrey. "What?"

"I gave Muffin four bob for that "Talk sense!" suggested Higgs.

"I gave him five." "Look here-"

"Look here--"

"Muffin, didn't you sell me that ball?" howled Lattrey. "Didn't you sell it to me?" roared

Higgs. Tubby Muffin did not even look at them. He wasn't interested in the claimants. He was interested in the printed paper that had arrived in the

parcel. He was in possession, at last, of the particulars of the competition. Five hundred pounds had appeared in the offing, as it were. Tubby had no attention for anything else.

"Muffin!" roared Higgs. "Eh? Don't worry!" said Tubby

"Didn't you?" howled Higgs. "Didn't you?" shouted Lattrey.

"I say, don't worry a chap when he's occupied," said Tubby Muffin peevishly.

He rolled away with his precious printed paper. But he was not to escape so easily as that.

Higgs made a jump after him, and caught him by one fat ear. There Tubby. "Stand me ten-and-six, Leg- was a fieudish yell from Reginald

"Yarooooooh!"

him to the extent of five hundred pounds, or a portion thereof.

Tubby looked into Study No. 3, the quarters of the Colonial Co. Conroy and Van Ryn and Pons, among them, certainly could have raised fifteenand-six. The three juniors were there, but even before Tubby could open his mouth there was a loud laugh in Study No. 3.

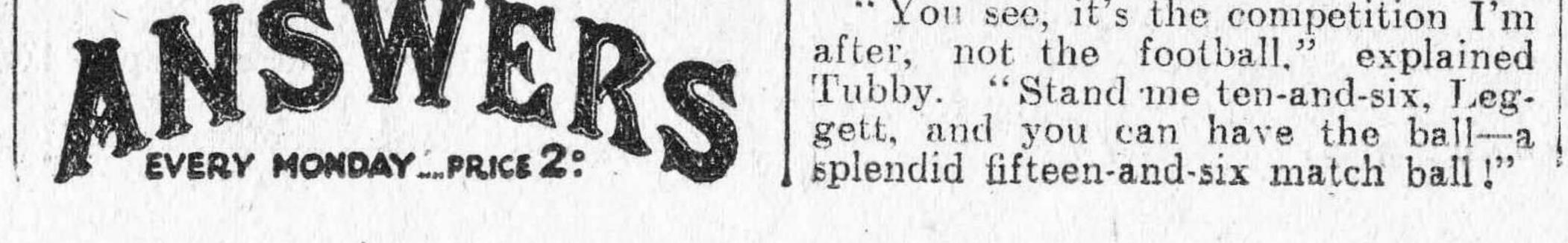
"Ha, ha, ha! Clear out, Tubby!" "I say---"

"Don't trouble; we know all about it!" chuckled Conroy. "Nothing doing, old fat tulip!"

"Fifteen-and-six-" "Kick him, Pons! You're nearest." "Certainly!"

Tubby Muffin retreated before the Canadian junior could help him away with his boot. He was not there to gather up kicks.

"Well, of all the rotters!" murmured Tubby, in disgust. "Fancy being knocked out of a certain big win for want of a few bob!"



study, leaving the Fistical Four chuckling.

He drifted along to his own study-No. 2. There he found Putty Grace and Higgs. "Stand me five bob towards it, and

to Grace. "I'll take that on, if you like," said Higgs. "The thing must be worth five bob."

you can have the ball!" said Tubby

"Done!" said Tubby at once. The fat Classical left the study with Higgs' five shillings in his pocket. He was feeling elated. He had made a

After some thought Tubby rolled towards the Modern Side. He was looking for Leggett. Leggett of the Modern Fourth was a businesslike youth, who had a reputation for driving keen bargains. Tubby found him in his study, and Leggett grinned at the sight of him.

"I want to make a bargain with you, Leggett.

beginning.

"You see, it's the competition I'm after, not the football," explained gett, and you can have the ball-a | Muffin as he was jerked back.

"Now. whose ball is this?" demanded Higgs ferociously.

"Yow-ow-ow! Yours! Leggo!" Lattrey grabbed Muffin's other ear. "You sold me that ball for four bob!" he shouted.

"Yarooooh!" Snooks of the Second came into the Common-room, with an expectant

look on his face. "Your parcel's come, hasn't it, Muffin?" he asked. "Where's my footer?"

"Yours!" ejaculated Higgs. "Yes. Muffin sold me that footer for half-a-crown."

"Why, the-the-the fat swindler!" roared Higgs. "That's three fellows he's sold it to!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. came along to the Common-room, and Tubby Muffin velled for help.

"Jimmy! I say, Jimmy, make em leggo! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Hallo! What's the trouble?" asked the captain of the Fourth. "Leggett's asking for you, Tubby." "Oh dear!"

"He says he saw a parcel come for you," said Lovell. "Here he is."

Albert Leggett came in. "You've got the parcel, Muffin?" he asked.

"Oh dear!" "I say, that looks a decent footer," said Leggett. "Is that it you've got hold of, Higgs?"

"That's it. And-" "Hand it over, will you?" said

Leggett. "Why the thump should I hand over my football to you?" demanded Higgs.

"Your football! It's mine." "My hat!" yelled Lattrey. "Have you bought it, too?"

"It's mine!" howled Snooks of the Second. "I paid him half-a-crown for it in advance."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "I-I say-" gasped Muffin.

Perhaps Tubby had not foreseen all four claimants claiming the footer at once; or perhaps he had not thought about that side of the matter at all. Certainly, it was a difficult situation now for Reginald Muffin to deal with.

"You young rascal, Muffin!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Do you mean to say you've got money out of four fellows for the same football?" "Nunno! I-I--"

"He had five bob out of me for it!" bellowed Higgs; "and I'm jolly well bagging the footer!"

"You're not!" exclaimed Leggett hotly. "I gave him five bob for it, and I've his written receipt to show for it."

Leggett flourished the sheet of impot paper, adorned with Reginald Muffin's signature.

"I don't care if you've got a ton of receipts," said Higgs. "I know I'm having that ball, when I've paid for "So have I," said Lattrey. "I paid

four bob." "I paid half-a-crown!" howled Snooks.

"You got it cheap, Snooks," chuckled Lovell. "It looks worth about three bob."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I-I say, do leggo my ears!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I-I say, I-I can explain. It—it was all Jimmy Silver's fault!"

"Eh? How was it my fault?" demanded the astonished Jimmy. "You wouldn't lend me fifteen-and-

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Lattrey made a grab at the ball, and, taking Higgs by surprise, jerked it away from him. He darted to the door with it, evidently on the principle that possession was nine points of the law.

Leggett rushed in, however, and grasped Lattrey before he could escape. He whirled him round, and Lattrey Laggered against a chair and rolled over. The football dropped from his hand. In an instant Leggett had hold of it, and was springing to the doorway. Once he had that footer safe on the Modern Side, Leggett felt that he could bid defiance to all comers.

But Snooks of the Second was not to be denied. Snooks put out a foot just in time, and Leggett tripped over it and fell on his hands and knees. The football rolled away.

Higgs rushed to retrieve his

Tubby Muffin was left unattended for the moment. He made the most of the moment. How the contest for the footer ended, Reginald Muffin did not care, so long as he was clear of the dispute. He made a jump to the door, and fled down the passage, as Higgs grabbed the disputed footer.

Higgs was the biggest fellow in the Fourth, and a hefty fellow in a scrap. He relied on that to see him through. He put the footer under his arm, and held up a big fist to defend it.

"You fellows can settle the claim on Muffin how you like-get your money back or take it out of his hide, any old thing you please. I'm sticking to the

"It's mine!" howled Leggett, Lattrey, and Snooks in chorus.

"Go and eat coke!" The three eyed Higgs wolfishly. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked on, grinning, wondering how the queer dispute would end. Lovell offered the loan of his pocket-knife to cut the article into four; but that humorous offer was not even listened to.

"Hand over that ball!" roared Lattrey.

"Rats!" with the footer under his arm. As | a rule, both Leggett and Lattrey | stamp. "I fancy we shall be a long | pecting two fifty at least. Thanks | were careful to avoid trouble with | time sceing the whale." | for the stamp, Jimmy. I'll return it | the burly Higgs. But they were bully of the Fourth.

Higgs had to drop the footer to | "Then where on earth do you come | hours. tackle the two of them. He tackled | in?" asked Raby. | He spent his five hundred poundsengaged.

fled breathlessly.

"Snooks bags it!" "After him!" yelled Lattrey. "After him!" panted Higgs.

He came into the end study smiling, I think so?" to borrow a stamp

"Hallo! Got the quids?" asked Silver. Silver & Co. grinned.

"Bravo!" grinned Raby. "Re-

you? It's really a sprat to catch a loccur to everybody!" said Tubby. his cheque.

Silver, laughing, as he tossed over a only a hundred pounds. But I'm ex-

"Oh, it's a cert," said Muffin con- | when I get the prize." excited now, as they saw the football | fidently. "Of course, I mayn't get | on the point of vanishing from their | the whole prize. One or two other | And Tubby Muffin rolled away to | gaze like a beautiful dream. They | fellows may bag a whack in it. But | post his solution. made a simultaneous rush at the I hardly think so. It needs brains, I you know."

them quite easily, knocking them | "Rats to you, Raby! Wait till you | in his imagination-at least five hunright and left, and Snooks pounced | see the quids," said Tubby Muffin | dred times. Sometimes he decided on the ball while he was thus disdainfully. "I've worked out the to have a motor-car, sometimes he puzzle, and I'm sending in the answer | favoured a winter vacation in Naples, Leaving Higgs and Lattrey and to-day. They have to be in by at other times he determined upon a Leggett still struggling, Snooks | Saturday. Result announced a week | gorgeous time in London in the vac, darted out of the Common-room, and later. Even if I get only a hundred painting the West End red. He pounds, I shall feel fairly satisfied."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "I should!" chuckled Jimmy. "What's the puzzle?" asked New-

> come. "On, I don't mind showing you!" to crawl by.

It was a couple of days later, and of the ball, you know, and it stands to | "Oh, it couldn't be less than fifty!" Tubby Muffin was in a cheerful mood. | reason it means them. Don't you | said Tubby Muffin confidently.

"Fairly obvious," said Jimmy

Lovell, with a chuckle. And Jimmy | "You think I'm right? Well, I

"Rats!" whale, you know." "Everybody hasn't my brains, you Higgs strode towards the door "Here's the sprat," said Jimmy know. I sha'n't grumble if I get

"Do!" said Jimmy, laughing.

After that, Reginald Muffin lived in a state of expectation, counting the

dropped into the habit of saying was no possible doubt on the subject. The week seemed to Tubby Muffin

"When I get my money" as if there | tuckshop with the money-if any.

The football fell to the Common-room floor and bounced away. THE PRIZE FOOTBALL! Immediately there was a concentrated rush for it by the several juniors to whom it had been sold!

the new football.

simultaneously at Higgs.

The burly Fourth-Former whirled round as they clutched. He lost his footing, and sat down-heavily.

Bang! Silver. Higgs had sat on the ball!

for that ball afterwards. But three furious juniors and a ferocious fag went seeking Reginald Muffin up and and slaughter. Tubby Muffin was | doesn't." not a bright youth, but he was too bright to be found just then. They sought him, but they found him not.

The 4th Chapter. Tubby's Prize!

"Five hundred pounds!"

The three juniors rushed in pursuit, said Tubby Mussin. "You can't enter! Higgs & Co. eyed him surlily at of Snooks, and Jimmy Silver & Co., for it, you know, without sending | times, but the remote chance of reyelling with merriment, followed fifteen-and-six for a footer. You get ceiving their money back made them them, quite interested in the fate of this paper along with the footer. | decide to wait. If Tubby got the I'm the only chap at Rookwood prize, or part of the prize, well and Snooks was almost at the end of going in for it."

Fourth came strolling round. There "He's rather a beast," said Muffin. | chasers of the burst football. was a terrific collision. Oswald went | "I've promised him a pound out of | The great day came at last, and one way, Snooks another, and the the prize to keep him quiet. Rotten, there was a letter for Muffin. The football a third. As the ball rolled | you know-he says that if the prize | name of "Twister & Co." on the flap along the corridor, Higgs made a | doesn't come, he's going to slaughter | of the envelope made Tubby's fat rush at it, but Leggett and Lattrey me, and he doesn't think it will come. heart thump as he saw it. were close behind. They clutched Silly ass, you know. I've had to He tore the letter open. It conpromise a pound each to Lattrey and tained a printed slip, giving the Leggett and Snooks. They were answer to the missing word puzzle, positively violent about it, you know and announcing that there had been

hundred. I can afford it."

"But if it doesn't come, it looks to me as if you're booked to be There was no very keen claimant | slaughtered four times over!" chuckled Lovell.

"Oh, it will come all right!" "Better buy a 'Daily Mail' and

cesn't."
"Ha, ha, ha!" The Fistical Four looked at the Jimmy Silver laughed.

"This footer's mine," he said. mured Tubby Muffin complacently. | Tubby proudly. "They're the makers done with you, old top."

good. If he didn't-really, if he the passage. He glanced back, and "The other chaps haven't your didn't, Tubby's life was not likely to saw the three racing in chase, and ways of raising the wind," said be worth living at Rookwood afterput on speed. He came to the corner | Jimmy. "How are you getting on | wards, unless he found some other of the passage just as Oswald of the | with Higgs in your study?" | means of satisfying the four pur-

-blaming me just because they were a number of winners, and that the quarrelling over that football. Still, shares of the prize would be "Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Jimmy I sha'n't miss four pounds out of five | despatched to each winner in a few

> Muffin's face fell a little. "Well, I've won, anyhow," he said to Jimmy Silver. "Looks as if I sha'n't bag the whole five hundred, though."

"It does!" agreed Jimmy. down and round about, breathing fire | sign the insurance coupon, in case it | "If there's ten winners, I shall only | get fifty pounds!" said Tubby Mussin rather ruefully.

puzzle. It was not a very difficult "Fifty pounds isn't bad!" he reone. There was a missing word to be | marked. "Let's hope it will be as | supplied to a sentence which ran: | much as that. Let's hope, at least, | (Mind you read the grand Christ-

The fat Classical waited more eagerly than ever. Every morning

and afternoon after lessons, three juniors and a fag looked for think I am, you know. I say, won't Mussin, to see whether his letter "Not yet," said Muffin. "I want | it be glorious when the cheque for | had arrived. The few days mena stamp, that's all. I've done the live hundred pounds comes along!" | tioned by Messrs. Twister lengthened puzzle, and the quids are as good as | said Tubby Muffin, his eyes glisten- | into nearly a week, and between expectation and anxiety, Reginald "Ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "I Mussin was in almost a frantic state. member your old pals when the quids | should say that that prize will have | No doubt there was a lot of clerical come rolling home." to be whacked out among the whole work in connection with that huge "I will!" said Tubby generously. lot who go in for it." competition—Tubby realised that. 'Lend me a tuppennny stamp, will "Oh, that missing word wouldn't But he was feverishly anxious to get

With regard to the spending of his prize, he had reluctantly given up the idea of a motor-car. It looked as if it wouldn't run to that now. He had moderated his transports, as it were, and come down to a motor-bike. It remained to be seen whether the prize would run even to that!

At last, after lessons on Friday, Tubby Muffin found a letter in the rack, with the name and style of Twister & Co. on the flap of the en-

"Here it is!" he gasped.

A crowd of fellows gathered round Tubby Muffin, eager to see the prize, and perhaps to congratulate the prizewinner. Higgs and the other claimants were foremost. They intended to have their due before Tubby had a chance of getting to the

Tubby inserted a fat thumb into the envelope, and jerked it open. There was a folded letter inside, and Tubby Muffin unfolded it with fat fingers that trembled with eager-

The letter was printed-which looked as if Messrs. Twister & Co. had had to turn out quite a lot of them. Adhering to the letter was a twopenny stamp.

Muffin blinked at it. "Well, where's the cheque?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Where's the money?" hooted Higgs. "You owe me a pound, you fat spoofer!"

Tubby Muffin stared at the letter. His fat jaw fell. He seemed hardly able to credit his

"M-m-mum-m-my hat!" he articulated at last. "What's the news?" chuckled

Lovell.

"Oh dear!" Lovell jerked the letter away and held it up for the crowd to read. There was a yell of merriment. The letter ran:

"Sir,-Herewith we have pleasure handing you your share of the £500 prize in the Football Competi-

"The number of prizewinners amounting to 60,000, your individual share of the £500 prize amounts to 2d. (twopence) which we enclose .-Yours faithfully,

"THE ADJUDICATOR."

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Rookwood juniors. "Tuppence!" gasped Tubby

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Fifteen-and-six for a rotten football that bursts if you touch it, and twopence on the letter!" roared Lovell. "And a tuppenny prize! You get the postage back, Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh dear!" groaned the Rookwood prizewinner. "I-I say, it's a swindle, you know! What's the good of tuppence? Oh crikey!" "Where's my pound?" bellowed

"Gimme my half-crown!" shrieked Snooks of the Second.

"Muffin!" yelled Leggett. "Muffin!" howled Lattrey.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Here, I say, hold on!" roared Tubby Muffin. "Leggo! Yarooh! You can—can have the prize if you like! Yaroooh!"

"Divide it!" shrieked Lovell. "I'll lend you a pair of scissors to divide the prize!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh! Ow! Yow! Help!"

Tubby Muffin fled for his life, with three juniors and a fag hot on his track. The four purchasers of the burst football seemed excited. Certainly they did not seem likely to get much recompense out of Tubby Muffin's handsome prize.

Tubby Muffin departed into the quadrangle at great speed, with Higgs & Co. in his wake. The five of them vanished into the quad, all going strong!

"You can get the best footballs that it will come to four pounds. If | mas story of the adventures of it doesn't, I think you'll be in want Jimmy Silver & Co. appearing in "I've filled in 'Twister,' said of a coffin when Higgs & Co. have the enlarged bumper number of the BOYS' FRIEND. Out on Thursday.)