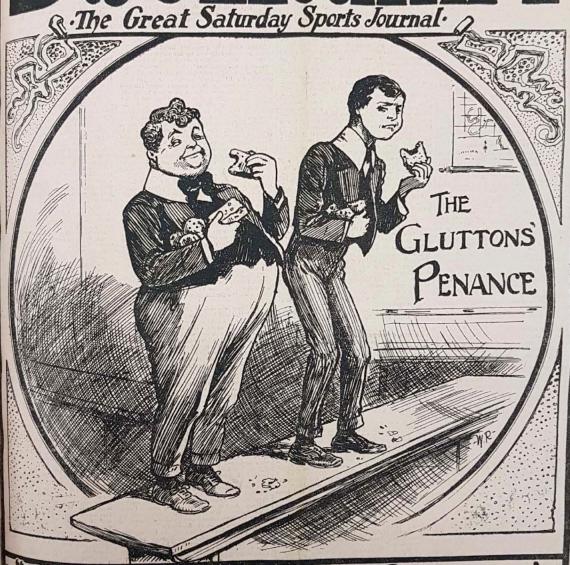
DERBY, CRICKET, AND FOOTBALL STORIES!

# CRAND



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## YOUR TACK NICET - COCCEDED COC JACK Screamingly Funny Complete Tale of Pelham School.

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swen; a miphaced confidence which is been than one serious scrape, to proceed moment he was patting himself to take, and marvelling inwardly at his tears in thicking of taking the short terrates in thicking of taking the short terrates in thicking of taking the short terrate in the himself to be diversified in the same the field to be diversified to the same the field to be diverging, and he was not made aware let until a sudden wild yell of terror, and find the same that t into more than one serious scrape

and Marker were not long in followscapanion's example. Only stopping
to be capaized hamper, they set off
scross the rough ground
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brute's coming after us
when train! It's all your fault, you
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to be the same train train train to be the same train trai your ally mouth !" breathed Clifford

Cation 1 Bang! went the contonts the contont that the contont the contont that the contont the contont that the contont the contont the contont the contont that the contont t

the three Fourth-Formers like a life in the stand unwieldy, and with a ten a life in the stand unwieldy, and with a ten a life in the stand unwieldy, and with a ten a life in the stand in

eighth of a second and the pursuing bull struck the hedge on the further side with a rattling crash of rending branches, and Bayne emerged from his leafy retreat into safety like a cork out of a bottle.

"Yow, ow, help! I'm killed!" moaned Clifford. "Every bone in my body's broken! I'm bleeding to death!"

"You utter as:!" hissed Bayne, sitting up, and rubbing that part of his anatomy which had come in violent contact with the hard, unsympathetic ground. "You frahjous, fatheaded idiot. It's all your own fault. You ought to be locked up in a lunatic asylum!"

"Dolt! Buffoon! Lout!" wailed Marker, crawling painfully to his feet. "This wouldn't have happened if it hadn't been for your maniacal idea of taking a short cut across the field. I hope you've broken your confounded neck!"

"How did I know there was a rotten bull in the beastly field!" shricked Clifford, who'

neck!"
"How did I know there was a rotten bull in the heastly field?" shricked Clifford, who was bristling with thorns like an angry hedgehog. "Do you think I arranged it for my own enjoyment?"

enjoyment?"
For the next five minutes there was a deep silence, only broken by anguished groans and yells as Bayne and Marker rubbed their bumps and bruises, and Clifford extracted six-inch thorns from every portion of his body.
At last the "first-aid" work was concluded,

norns from every portion of his body.

At last the "first-aid" work was concluded, and picking up the muchly-battered hamper the three Fourth-Formers continued their interrupted journey to the school boathouse with all possible speed. Their arrival there saw their worst fears realised.

Drawn up by the bank was the light former.

worst fears realised.

Drawn up by the bank was the light fourcared skiff they had contemplated putting to
their own use that afternoon. Reposing in the
stern was Jack Noble, a commodious hamper
set between his legs, while Bob Russell and
Fighting Mac were at the sculls, preparing to
push off.

Clifford nearly choked with rage and mortification as he realised that he and his cronics
would have to make use of the unwieldy old
Ark.

Ark.
"Here, I say, you rotten fags!" he howled, striding down to the river's bank. "Get out of that tub! We've bagged it for this after-

noon."
"Eh, beg pardon?" drawled Jack, looking

"Eh, beg pardon?" drawieu www.
lazily up.
"I say hop out of that boat, quick and lively!" shricked Clifford, turning purple in the face. "We want it! D'you hear?"
"Go and chew coke!" replied Jack politely and sweetly. "Push off, Mac. Don't mind those tramps. By-by, Cliffy. I'll lend you my steam yacht il you're good. You'll find it on the mantelpiece in my study. Farewell!"

Me attemnted to push the skiff off from

Mac attempted to push the skiff off from the bank with one of his sculls, and at the same instant, blind with rage, Clifford leaned over and made a grab at the bows of the boat, intending to hold it back. Unluckly for him, Mac's push-off was a good, strong one.

Out into middtene warmer the hiff

Out into mid-stream swung the skiff, and missing his hold Clifford lost his balance as well, and pitched face foremost into three feet of slimy, sticky mud. He landed with a horrible, sucking squelch, and a roar of laughter burst from Jack Noble and his chums.

"Ha, ha, ha! Look at doar Cliffy diving for cels. My hat! Look at his face!"

"Taking a mud bath, Cliffy? What an extraordinary chap you are! Ha, ha, ha!"

Clifford scrambled to his feet, and a pitiful spectacle he presented. From head to foot he was coated with alimy, dripping mud. His was coated with alimy, dripping mud. His

"Taking a mud bath, Cliffy? What an extraordinary chap you are! Ha, ha, ha!" Clifford scrambled to his feet, and a pittful apoetacle he presented. From head to foot he was coated with slimy, dripping mud. His mouth, cars, and nose were full of it, and it ran down his arms and dropped from his finers in great drops.
Clifford danced, yelled, choked, and screamed, and ended up by losing his footing and sitting down again with a smack that sent a shower of mud all over Bayne and Markeling out for the second time, a crowd of juniors came running up, and burst out laughing as they caught sight of the unfortunate Shellite.

And then the skiff skimmed lightly out into mid-stream, the two rowers doubled up with laughter over their sculla. "Good-bye, old sick-in-the-mud" Jack called, and the boat vanished around a curve in the stream.

"Where are we bound, Captain Noble?" asked Mao ten minutes later, when they had got over the laughter and mirth caused by Clifford's diving feat.

"I vote we go to Alligator Island," suggested Jack, leaning back and basking in the bright annight, with the rudder strings over his aboulders. "We can run in the little creek on this side, have a swim while the kettle boils, and have to a fitorward with enthusiasm, and Mao and Iob put their backs into their work, and fairly sent he light skiff streaming and they reached it in just under the proposed Years.

The Boys of St. Basil's," Henry St. John's Seet See "The Boys' Herald," Now on Sale—1d. The Boys Boys of St. Basil's," Henry St. John's Seet See "The Boys' Herald," Now on Sale—1d.

fifteen minutes. Jack steered the craft skilfully into the pretty little creek, almost hidden to the casual passer-by by a screen of green rushes, and Mac leaped out and made it fast. The bank of the island there was carpeted with soft green moss; and out came the hamper with its succulent contents, towels, bathing costumes, and Bob's fishing-red. Ten minutes later the three bow were game.

with soft green means and campeted hamper with its success of contents, towels, bathing costumes, and Bob's fashing-rod.

Ten minutes later the three boys were gambolling and splashing in the clear waters of the Pell. After a race to the other bank of the river and back, which Jack won by a good two lengths, they energed, cool and rafreshed, and dressad again.

Then Bob temporarily enlivened matters by trying conclusions with his fishing-rod, while Jack and Mac spread out the tearthings and lit the spirit lamp. Bob's total catch amounted to two lin cans, and a mouldy old boot coated to two lin cans, and an a tiny roach three-quarters and so, and a tiny roach three-quarters and so, and a tiny roach three-principles of the property of the pro

which a big. Irregular bite was missing, and in the other the vanished tin of sardines.

in the other the vanished tin of sardines.

"Hexcus me, young gents," leered the trainp, in a husky, beery voice. "Kin yer oblige me wiv a tin-hopener?"

There was a moment's surprised silence, and then Bob burst out with angry indignation:

"You dirty, rotten thief! What do you mean by pinching our grub? Hand it over at once, or I'll hand you over to the police!"

The tramp banished his ingratiating air, and thrust his jaw forward ominously.

"Naw then, I don'."

urruse ins Jaw torward ominously.

"Naw then, I don't want none hol yer lip!"
he scowled, advancing a step threateningly.

"Keep a curb on yer tongue!"

"You go and chew coke!" said Jack grimly,
and, his anger getting the better of his disand, be stooped; and, picking up a maw-line
egg one to the cloth, he let fly with unserring
aim.

egg from the cloth, he less of the missile flew true to its mark, and caught the tramp fairly on the forebead. The egg down over the greasy, dirty face.

For a moment the tramp seemed nooplussed at this defiance where he had expected none; and then, with a wild yell of rage, he flung himself at the three lads, swinging his arms like flails. himself at the three lads, swinging his arms like flails.
"I'll 'arf murder you, you young scuts!"
he bellowed.

he bellowed.

But he had not reckoned with Jack and his companions. Though they were small and light they were strong, lit, and agile; and, before the trainp quite knew where he was, Bob thrust his foot between his legs, and he struggled up, only to be sent flying for a second time; and Mac pinned him down by sitting on his head while Bob held his ankles.

"What shall we do with the thieving rotter?" panted Jack. "Give him a good tanning?"

"No, no! Heave him in the river?"

"No, no! Heave him in the river!" cried Bob Russell. "The brute doesn't look as if he'd had a wash for ten years!"

he'd had a wash for ten years!"

Bob's suggestion met with instant approval; and, despite his threats and whines for mercy, the unfortunate tramp was lifted in the air, and carried to the river's edge.

"One, two, three-and a coshter!" cried Mac, as they swung him backwards and forwards. At the last word they released their

Out over the stream shot the tramp with a ild yell, and vanished with a tremendous Out over the stream shot the tramp win a wild yell, and vanished with a tremendous splash, to reappear above the surface a moment later, pulling and blo that he had not indulged in the surface and the surfa

wait till I get alsone: I'll wring your cleased necks for you!"
"You're not coming ashore here!" said Jack grimly; and, grabbing up a clod of earth, he hurled at the oncoming ruffian.
It caught him on the top of the head and burst like a shell.

(Continued on the next page.)



In a second Bob and Mac had followed their rounn's example, and a rain of missiles hailed around the swimming tramp.

He stood it throats, he turned tail and swum off around the upper end of the island.

As can be imagined, Mr. Esan Scrubb-for such was the name of the tramp—was by no means in a very smindle temper, and one can judge of his siturise, and his delight in a swall way as well, when, on turning the end small way as well, when, on turning the end were wearing cans with the same bake as had graced those of the three who had cast him so agnominously into the river.

They were Chiford, Hayne, and Marker.

The first named, after his impromptu mulbahli, not wishing to waste a valuable hall, and had had a sum and the sum of the sum of

"Here, I say, who the—where the—"
Bang! Bang!
Smack! Smack!
Mr. Esau Scrubb was enjoying himself

Samelet Samelet.

Mr. Esan Scrubb was enjoying himself Mr. Esan Scrubb was enjoying himself mightly.

He used his oar as though it were a flail, and sent great waves and spouts gushing over Clifford, Bayne, and Marker. In five minutes they were drenched to the skin: in ten dripping wet, and, amazed beyond his they beat a hasty retract minute of deal with.

Then Mr. Scrubb ceased his exertions, and, springing ashore, gathered up the four corners of the tablecoth, bundling all the eatables into the centre.

With this over his shoulder he leaped into the Ark, grabbed up the oars, and rowed off downstream as though possessed.

Hat Scrubb Companions canne charging across the island, and took in the situation. In a moment they had regained their skiff, shipped the oars, and were giving chase to the absconding tramp.

Hand over hand they overhauled their quarry; but, seeing that capture was imminent, Mr. Esau Scrubb, without any premaining ashore, waished amongst the thick rushes. With the stolen boat in tow, Jack Noble, without any premaining ashore, vanished amongst the thick

ning ashore, vanished amongst the thick with the stelen boat in tow, Jack Noble, Mac, and Bob rowed back in triumph to Alligator Island. The Fourth-Formers' grub was completely unestable, thanks to the rough handling and the wetting it had sustained; and, taking com-passion on their rivals, Jack and his chums invited Clifford & Co. to share their eed with

invited Ultrora a 55 to 1. Them. Marker and Bayne accepted with genuine gratitude, but Clifford stuck his lordly mose in the air and refused with dignity. Rather than break bread with worm-caten fags he

vowed he would chew his own boots; so when Jack Noble, Mac, Bob, Marker, and Bayne repaired to the other side of the island to eat and make merry, Clifford sat him down by the flowing stream and wept salt tears of rage and

Howing serons and the control of the was as sulky as a bear; and as the Ark made its way down-stream to Pelham he sat in the stern, silent and glum. One thing was certain. He meant to get his own back ou Jack Noble & Co.

The question was—how could it be done!
THE END.

(See this week's "E.R." Football and Sports Library for a long, complete tale of Jack Noble & Ca.)

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premier team matches will round.

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The Second Dicision or to the Team (the average a must not exceed fixten) who improved in their Satu

must not exceed nations and pair was preformed in their Steady may be a performed to the steady may REGULATIONS. .

# (d) The cup and medals will be provided of the cricket season to the dals as which your Editor, the Sonary, a unpile consider to held the bet sea matches played between the dals size

(c) Strict investigation will be made by fer of the League into the bona-fee of the clubs and their fixtures.

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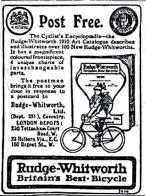
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