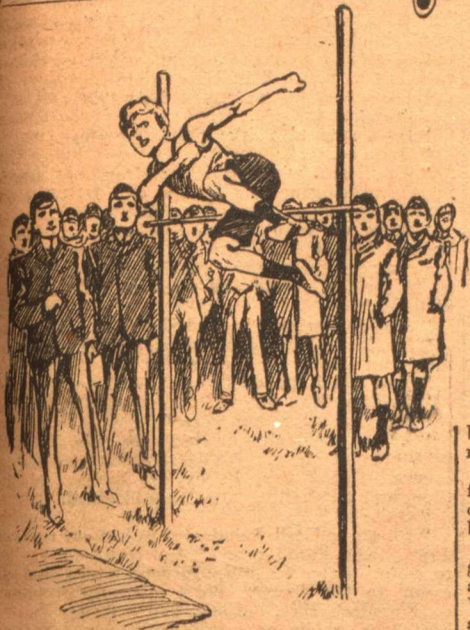


GRAND LONG,  
COMPLETE STORY.

# The Cliveden Sports

Another of Charles Hamilton's Clever Complete School Stories.



## The 1st Chapter.

### Poindexter Suggests Athletics.

"Of course," said Lincoln G. Poindexter, looking round No. 4 study at Cliveden. "Of course, we shall have to celebrate it."

"Of course," assented Dick Neville.

"Sure, and it's right ye are," exclaimed Micky Flynn. "But how are we going to do it? If we don't think of something, those spalpeens Pankhurst and Price are certain to, and we shall be left behind."

"I guess we're not going to be left behind," said Poindexter. "I've thought of an idea for celebrating Founder's Day in good style, and at the same time taking the shine out of the Old Firm."

"Good," said Neville and Flynn together. The Cliveden Combine were deep in council. Founder's Day, which was always a whole holiday at Cliveden, was approaching, and the chums of the Fourth regarded it as absolutely indispensable to celebrate the occasion in a fitting manner. Lincoln G. Poindexter, the American chum, had been thinking things out.

"You see," exclaimed Poindexter, "on an occasion like this, we shall have to make things hum a little. As Micky says, if we don't, Panky and Price will, and we shall have to take a back seat. The Combine is not taking any back seats this journey. We're going to come out on top."

"Faith, and—"  
"My idea is—"  
"It's interruptin' me ye are, Puntpusher—"  
"It's you that's interrupting me, I guess—"  
"Sure, and I—"  
"Shut up!" exclaimed Dick Neville. "If you say another word, Micky, I'll biff you with this lexicon."

And Liddell and Scott rose threateningly in the air in the right hand of Dick Neville. Micky Flynn gave him an aggrieved look.

"Faith, Dicky darling, I— Yow!"  
Dick Neville had kept his word. The Greek lexicon had come down with a bump upon Micky's head, and he gave a yell that might have been heard at the other end of the Fourth Form corridor.

"Ye spalpeen," he roared, jumping up. "Sure and I—"  
"Sit down!" shouted Poindexter, pushing him into his seat again.

"Sure and I won't sit down—"  
But Micky's chums fastened on him, and jammed him in his chair, and held him there, and he had to yield to superior force.

"Now, then, are you going to shut up, or shall we rub your head in the cinders?" demanded Poindexter severely.

"Faith, and I'll shut up, darlings."  
"Mind you do, ass."  
"But—"  
"Oh, dry up! My idea is," said Poindexter, resuming at the point where the Irish junior had interrupted him, "to have a regular kick-up on Founder's Day, in the form of an athletic competition—"

"Good!"  
"We can fix up juniors' sports, you know; no seniors or dogs admitted," said Poindexter, with a grin. "A mile race, and a quarter mile, an obstacle race, a high jump and a long jump, climbing the pole, and wrestling and boxing, and so on. What do you think of the idea?"

"First-rate!"  
"Faith, and I—"  
The whole of the lower Forms will enter into it," went on Poindexter. "We'll get our respected captain, Trevelyan, to preside. He's always willing to help us in any matter like this. That will give the thing a tone."

"Righto. And the events will be open to all comers," said Dick Neville. "Pankhurst and Price and their friends can enter—and get licked."

"That's the idea. They're sure to enter, and as for their getting licked, it's our business to see to that."

"Faith, and we'll see to it, Puntddodger. Are there going to be any prizes offered?"

"Certainly not, unless you feel inclined to

buy some and offer them round. There will be no objection raised to that."

"Faith, it's jokin' ye are. As founder of the feast—I mane originator of the idea—I think you ought to offer a purse of five guineas or so for the best all-round winner."

"Well, I'll find the purse, if you'll find the five guineas," said Poindexter, with a grin. "But about this idea, chaps, I really think it will work. We'll put up a notice on the board in the hall, and Panky and Price can find it out from that. Is it settled?"

"Certainly!"  
"Faith, Puntpainter, and it's a janus ye are," exclaimed Micky Flynn. "Sure and we'll back ye up loike Britons."

Poindexter rose to his feet. "Then we'll hustle along to Trevelyan, and ask him about letting us have the use of his name," he said, "and the sooner the quicker, I guess, so come along."

And the Combine, with very satisfied looks on their faces, sallied out of the study.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### The Announcement.

"WHAT'S in the wind, Pricey?"  
Two youths with ruddy faces and extremely red hair were coming along the passage, and they met the Combine as the latter came out of No. 4 study. And Pankhurst and Price, otherwise known as the Old Firm, in distinction from the Combine, noticed at once the satisfied expressions upon the countenances of their rivals.

"Something's up," went on Pankhurst. "Those young bounders are working up some wheeze, Pricey. I can tell by the cheerful chivvies they've got."

"Quite so," said Price.  
"It's some wheeze against us, I expect."  
"Quite so."

The big, athletic Sixth Former, who filled the post of captain of Cliveden School—and filled it well—gave them a nod and a cheery smile. He liked the Combine, as did most of Cliveden. Lincoln G. Poindexter's superb coolness, Dick Neville's good nature, and Micky Flynn's irrepressible fun and frolic, made the Cliveden Combine at once popular and prominent.

"We want to ask a favour of you, Trevelyan," said Poindexter.

The Cliveden captain laughed. "Well, go ahead! What row have you been getting into?"

"None this time, I guess. We want to ask your support—"

"A subscription, do you mean?"  
"Oh, no. Just your moral support in an idea we have of celebrating Founder's Day. We're thinking of getting up junior athletic sports, a number of events in which all the lower Forms can enter, with fair play all round. It's rather a good wheeze, I guess."

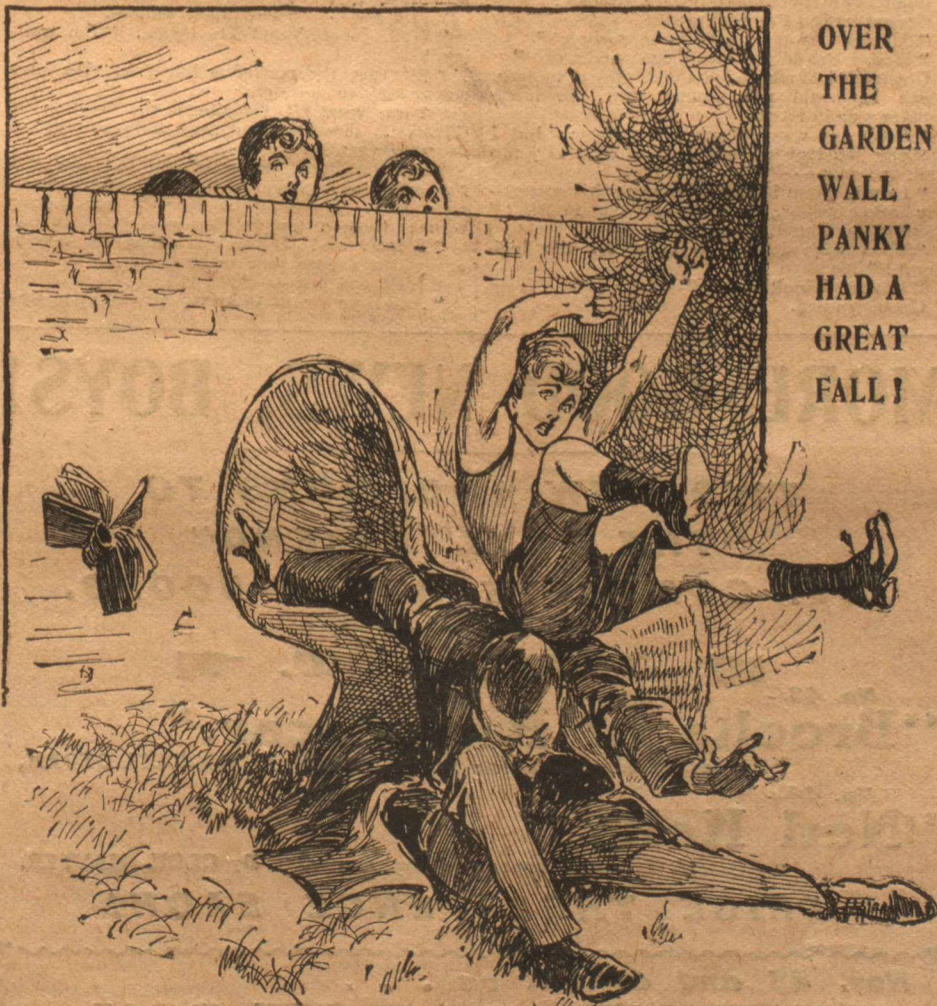
"I guess so, too," said Trevelyan, smiling. "I quite approve of the idea. It is a great deal more harmless than most of your pranks. It will do good, and cannot do any harm, and I shall be glad to help you every way I can."

"Thanks, Trevelyan; you're a jolly good sort," said Poindexter gratefully. "I thought we could rely upon you. Of course, you know more about fixing these things up than we do, and can help us a lot. Then your name at the head of it will give it a tone. We can use your name, then?"

"Certainly!" said Trevelyan heartily. "And come to me for any assistance or advice you need, and I shall be glad to give it."

"Faith, and it's a broth of a boy ye are," exclaimed Micky Flynn enthusiastically. "Sure, I've often thought that the captain of Cliveden ought to be elected from the Fourth Form, but we're quite satisfied with you, Trevelyan."

"Thank you," said Trevelyan, laughing. And the Combine retired, very well satisfied with the interview. Pankhurst and Price were



OVER  
THE  
GARDEN  
WALL  
PANKY  
HAD A  
GREAT  
FALL!

Pankhurst came towards the brick wall with a determined dash, and rose to the leap like a roebuck. Right over he went—his feet well clear of the wall, and disappeared on the other side. The next moment there was a terrific yell. "Ciel! I am killed!" "Great Columbus!" Poindexter gasped. "He's fallen on top of Mossos instead of beside him!"

waiting in the passage, and they watched them come out.

"Look here, you asses, what's the little game?" exclaimed Pankhurst.

"You'll learn, I guess, if you live long enough, Panky."

"What have you been talking to Trevelyan about?"

"Business."

"What business?"

"Our own," grinned Poindexter. "We're going to mind it ourselves. You needn't trouble. Come on, kids, we've got to get the notice written out."

"The notice!" muttered Pankhurst, as the Combine strode away. "What on earth does he mean by the notice, Pricey?"

"Blessed if I know," said Price.

"I can't make out what they're up to."

"Neither can I."

"They're up to something, though."

"Quite so."

"Can't you think it out?" demanded Pankhurst. "I don't see why I should always have to do all the thinking for the firm. I believe you're an ass, Price."

"Quite so—that is to say—I mean—"

"Never mind what you mean; you've told the truth anyway. But I say, if it's a notice they're going to write out, I suppose it must be something to stick up on the board in the hall, so we may as well go there and watch."

"Quite so."

And the auburn-haired chums strolled down to the hall. They had some time to wait, for the drafting of the notice in No. 4 study was a labour of love, and the Combine were not inclined to spoil it for the sake of ten minutes or so.

But at last the patience of the Old Firm was rewarded. Poindexter, Neville, and Flynn came down into the hall, the American carrying a sheet of paper in his hand. This he solemnly pinned up on the notice-board, and there was immediately a gathering of fellows to read it. Without a glance at the Old Firm, the Combine retired from the scene, leaving the notice to be read and digested by the Fourth-Formers of Cliveden.

"Come on," muttered Pankhurst, and he made his way quickly to the notice-board, pushing through the juniors.

He opened his eyes wide as he read the announcement pinned up by the Combine. It ran as follows:

### NOTICE!

To all the members of the Lower Forms at Cliveden!

An athletic competition, confined to the Lower Forms, will take place on Thursday to celebrate Founder's Day at Cliveden. Every fellow in the Fourth Form, the Remove, and the Third will be eligible for entrance in any or all of the events. No dogs or Fifth-Formers admitted.

The athletic sports will be under the immediate patronage of J. Trevelyan, Esquire, Captain of the School, in whose hands the arrangements will be placed, assisted by a committee formed of the heads of the Fourth Form, as undersigned, Gentlemen belonging to the Fourth, Remove, and Third are requested to roll up in their thousands and make the celebration worthy of the occasion.

Signed,  
LINCOLN G. POINDEXTER, RICHARD NEVILLE,  
MICHAEL O'FLYNN.

"Well, of all the nerve!" ejaculated Pankhurst. "Heads of the Fourth! I like that!"

"Quite so!"  
"So that's what they wanted to see Trevelyan about, I say, Pricey," went on Pankhurst, withdrawing from the crowd. "we were asses to let them think of this before us."

"Quite so."  
"We ought to have done it ourselves. I think the idea will catch on. We'll try to make a fizzle of it, though, if only for old acquaintance sake. I've already thought of an improvement we can add to that notice."

"An improvement?" said Price, doubtfully. "Yes; they haven't offered any prizes."

"But you—"  
"Yes, I'm going to offer some for them. Come along, and I'll write out a paper and stick it under that."

And the Old Firm hurried away. And by the chuckles that proceeded a few minutes later from No. 10 study, it seemed as if the auburn-haired chums were busy with something very amusing.

## The 3rd Chapter.

### The Prize List.

"HA, ha, ha!"  
"Ho, ho, ho!"

Lincoln G. Poindexter looked puzzled. From the doorway of No. 4 study, where he was standing, he could hear the shouts of laughter in the hall below, and he did not quite understand.

"Sure and there seems to be some joke on," Micky Flynn remarked, joining Poindexter at the door and listening to the loud laughter from below.

"I guess so."  
"It sounds as if they're standing before the notice-board," said Dick Neville uneasily, going towards the head of the stairs. "They can't see anything so funny as all that in our notice, I suppose."

Poindexter frowned. "There's nothing funny in that, except the allusion to the Fifth-Formers," he said. "I thought that was rather funny, myself. But they weren't laughing up to a few minutes ago. I don't see why they should cackle at a notice like that."

"Neither do I, but—"

"But sure, they're doing it," said Micky Flynn. "They can't be; it must be something else."

"Faith, let's go down and see, then."

"I guess we may as well."  
The Combine made their way down the stairs.



Of course, I shouldn't like him to be hurt. But it will be funny when Panky drops down beside him from the sky."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here he comes! Go it, Panky!"

Pankhurst was going it. He came towards the brick wall with a determined dash, and rose to the leap like a roebuck. Right over he went—his feet well clear of the wall, and disappeared on the other side.

The next moment there was a terrific yell.

"Ciel! I am keel!"

Pointdexter gasped.

"Great Columbus! He's fallen on top of Mossoo instead of beside him!"

"My hat!" gasped Neville.

The juniors made a spring at the wall to look over and see what had happened. It was only too true. Pointdexter's calculation had been only too true. Instead of alighting a yard or a little out, and instead of the Frenchman, Pankhurst had come down fairly on his shoulders. The cane came down fairly on his shoulders, and Monsieur garden-chair had pitched over, and Monsieur Friquet was exploring the grass with his plump fingers, and Pankhurst had rolled off, and was lying in a flower-bed the most bewildered mortal under the sun at that moment.

"Ciel! Help! A moi! Ciel! It is terreble! I am quite keel!"

Pankhurst looked round dazedly.

The Frenchman, too startled to be able to collect his wits, was lying face downward in the grass, yelling for help and kicking spasmodically.

"Quick, Panky!" whispered Pointdexter.

Pankhurst looked at him, and at the Frenchman. He understood. He sprang to his feet, and caught Pointdexter's extended hand, and was over the garden wall again in a twinkling.

The Frenchman rolled over in the grass.

He was beginning to recover from the shock, and he glared round him in search of the jumper whom he knew must have alighted upon his shoulders.

But there was no one to be seen.

Five grinning juniors had swarmed into the thick branches of a tree overlooking the wall, from which coin of vantage they could watch the bewildered French master without revealing their presence.

Monsieur Friquet gazed about him, and gazed again, and gasped with amazement.

"Ciel!" he muttered, loud enough for the juniors to hear. "I am jump upon, I am knock ovaire, and zere is no vun! I am hurl to ze grass, and zere is no vun! I am bruise and batter, and still zere is no vun!"

The hidden juniors could scarcely restrain their chuckles.

The Frenchman's expression of bewilderment was so utterly comical that they were inclined to shout with laughter.

"Mon bleu! I know not vat to zink, unless ze garden is haunted!" murmured Monsieur Friquet. "It is most strange!"

And he walked away slowly, shaking his head in a solemn and puzzled manner.

The juniors slid down from the tree, choking with suppressed mirth.

"My hat!" gasped Pointdexter. "That was rather rough on Mossoo, and I'm sorry; but it was funny! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure and it was clumsy of you, Panky!" said Flynn. "When a chap has feet your size, he ought to be careful where he clumps them. The proper place for your feet is—"

"There!" said Pankhurst, giving Micky a drive which made him stagger forward and fall upon his hands and knees. "Come on, Pricey!"

Micky Flynn jumped up in hot wrath, but the Old Firm were speeding away, and Micky had no chance of catching them.

The 6th Chapter.  
The Sports.

POINTDEXTER grinned with satisfaction as he looked out of the window of the Fourth Form dormitory on Thursday morning.

It was a fine and fresh April morning, and the sun was shining gaily down from a blue sky; as fine a day as the Cliveden juniors could have wished for.

"I guess we shall have a real good time to-day," the American chum remarked, as he proceeded to dress himself.

The whole Fourth was in high spirits. A whole holiday was a pleasant thing in itself, and the sports competition which had been got up by the indefatigable Combine promised to fill up the day with fun and interest, and make the holiday additionally enjoyable.

It was a pleasant feeling, after morning prayers, to reflect that there was no work to be done, excepting for an hour's preparation after tea, when it would be dark, and the youngsters would have to be indoors anyway.

The morning remained fine, and there wasn't a hint of rain. Pointdexter looked at the sky with a satisfied smile as he came out after prayers.

"It's ripping!" said Neville.

"I guess so!"

"Sure, and we're going to let it rip!" said Micky Flynn. "Our friends will be here soon, so let's get ready to receive them."

It had been arranged for a good many visitors to come down to the school to see the sports. Pointdexter's "popper," who was in England, was one of them, and many of the mothers and sisters and cousins of the juniors had accepted pressing invitations, and agreed to come down to Cliveden to view the prowess of the youthful champions.

Dr. Rayne took a kindly interest in the proceedings, and had consented to view them. Trevelyan was master of the ceremonies. With the assistance of the Combine in committee, he had made all the arrangements. Everything was ready by ten o'clock in the morning, when the sports were to commence.

Pointdexter senior had arrived, and he came out with the Head of Cliveden. The gay hats and dresses of feminine visitors gave a touch of colour to the scene.

The first event of importance was the mile, for which there were six entrants, including Pankhurst and Pointdexter. It was well-known that the result lay between the two last-named, but the other entrants made the matter more exciting. The crowd looked on eagerly when six juniors in light running-clothes toed the line to start.

Trevelyan was the starter. The pistol popped, and the half-dozen juniors broke away in line.

In the first lap Gatty and Greene dropped out. Simpson was left out at the second, and Philpot at the third; but Pointdexter and Pankhurst remained, and they were running neck and neck.

Loud shouts from their backers rang over the cinder-path.

"Go it, Panky!"

"Buck up, Puntpusher!"

"Good old Tinned Beef!"

Mr. Pointdexter, standing beside the doctor, watching the race with deep interest, gave the Head a rather curious look.

"What does that reference to tinned beef imply, sir?" he asked.

The Head smiled rather uneasily.

"I—er—I am rather afraid it is a personal reference to your son, Mr. Pointdexter," he said. "Of course, it is meant in good part."

The Chicago millionaire laughed.

"I can answer for it that the tinned beef turned out by Pointdexter and Co. is right stuff!" he exclaimed. "Other firms may be rotten. If you ever come to Chicago, Dr. Rayne, I shall be happy to personally show you over the Pointdexter factories."

"Thank you!" murmured Dr. Rayne. "I should be delighted."

"Hurrah! Pointdexter wins!"

The millionaire looked quickly to the track again.

Pointdexter was forging ahead; but Pankhurst

but it's a pity. We shall have to make it up in the other events."

"Rather! They're throwing the hammer now, and Gatty is safe for that. I've seen him do it at a fair. That's nothing to us. After that comes the long jump, so you'd better go and get ready. And mind you do it!"

"I'll do my best."

There was a buzz of interest in the crowd when the competitors prepared for the long jump.

Price was the representative of the Old Firm and Micky Flynn of the Combine, and there were six or seven other entrants.

The jumping was watched with keen interest.

Flynn and Price were easily first of the crowd, but as it happened, they exactly tied as to distance.

"Price and Flynn will jump again!" said Trevelyan.

And the two competitors retired for a fresh run.

"Go it, Pricey!" yelled Pankhurst. "Put your beef into it!"

"Buck up, Flynn!"

"Faith, and it's bucking up I am!" called out Flynn.

"Don't waste your breath talking!"

"Sure and ye spoke to me, Neville!"

"That's no reason why you should answer."

"Faith, and I—"

"Shut up, and go it!"

"Sure and—"

"Ready!" called out Trevelyan.

And the juniors essayed the long jump again. There was a roar from the crowd.

"Bravo, Pricey!"

Price had done it. The representative of the Old Firm was a foot further than Micky Flynn, and there was no doubt that the Old Firm carried off the honours of the long jump.

Pankhurst cheered till he was hoarse.

"Bravo, Price! Good old Price! Hurrah!"

"Quite so!" gasped Price.

The next event was the boxing, at which Pankhurst was adjudged by the referee to get a



Neville drew ahead, but Price was a dark horse on this occasion, and close to the tape he suddenly put on a spurt that carried him a yard ahead of his sole adversary. Pankhurst gave a roarer. "Price wins!" And the victorious quarter-miler was cheered to the echo.

put on a spurt, and shot forward, and again they ran neck and neck.

"Buck up, Panky!"

"Go it, Tinned Rats!"

"Buck up! Last lap!"

It was the last lap of the mile; but still the two juniors were running neck and neck.

Each was putting forth his whole strength now, running for all he was worth, with fixed eyes and set face.

There was a yell as Pankhurst was seen to draw slightly ahead.

Only a dozen yards now!

"Buck up, Poin!" roared Neville and Flynn.

The words of his chums seemed to lend a last spurt of speed to the American chum. He put on a terrific spurt, and passed Pankhurst, and the next moment he was breasting the tape.

Less than a foot behind, Pankhurst reeled against the tape a second later. But there was no doubt as to the winner.

The Fourth Form yelled itself hoarse.

"Pointdexter wins!"

"Good old Chicago!"

"Hurrah!"

Pointdexter had won the mile!

The 7th Chapter.  
Honours Divided.

POINTDEXTER had started the ball rolling, as it were, and the chums of the Combine were determined to keep it going; but the Old Firm were in a determined mood also.

"You did jolly well, Panky!" said Price, as he rubbed his friend good after that arduous run, "but not quite good enough."

Pankhurst grunted.

"I know that, Pricey."

"It was as near as it could be, Panky, but Puntpusher pulled it off. It can't be helped,

little the better of Dick Neville. Then came the obstacle race, in which Micky Flynn was victorious. Several more events, in which other juniors were successful, followed, and then came an interval for lunch.

"I guess honours are about equally divided so far," said Lincoln G. Pointdexter, as he discussed a lunch and the affairs of the morning with his chums. "We've got to get ahead of the Old Firm in the afternoon, that's all."

"Faith, and we'll do it intoirly."

"Hallo, popper!" said Pointdexter, looking up as his father strolled over to join him. "I know what you're going to say."

"What is that, Lincoln?" asked Mr. Pointdexter, with a smile.

"You are going to stand a feed to all the winners in the events to-day," said the junior grinning.

"I wasn't going to say anything of the kind!"

"Now, popper!"

"But as you suggest it, I think it's a real good idea," said Mr. Pointdexter genially, "and I'll be glad to have all the winners to a feed with me after the sports are over. I was going to congratulate you on winning the mile, Lincoln."

"I guess it wasn't bad, popper, considering the opponent I had," said Pointdexter. "Panky is a ripper on the cinder-path. There's no mistake about that. But about the feed? What do you say to a select party in the common-room after the sports?"

"I guess that's all right."

"Sure and I can suggest an improvement," said Micky Flynn.

"Dry up!" said Neville.

"Faith, and I—"

"Oh, come, what is the improvement?" asked Mr. Pointdexter, with an amused smile.

"Sure, and why limit the feed to the winners?" said the Irish junior. "The losers will want consoling, and sure the fellows who didn't enter at all will be just as hungry as the rest."

"I guess that's so."

"Faith, and it's a millionaire ye are, and so why not stand a feed to all the Lower Forms—"

"Oh, draw it mild, Micky!" remonstrated Lincoln G. Pointdexter.

"Not at all!" said the millionaire, laughing. "I think Flynn's idea is a good one, and an improvement on yours, Lincoln, and I shall carry out the idea, too."

"That's real good of you, popper."

A bell rang, and the millionaire nodded and strolled away. The juniors walked down to the field again, and Neville slapped Pointdexter heartily on the shoulder as they went.

"You're a lucky dog, Poin!" he exclaimed. "I'd give something for a few poppers like that."

"Sure, and a rich pater is a useful thing to have about the house," agreed Micky Flynn.

"If you ever feel inclined for a swap, Puntdodger, I've got a couple of old uncles you can have for him."

Pointdexter laughed.

The crowd were gathering again. The first feat in the afternoon's programme was the climbing of the greased pole, which was looked forward to with much amusement. And it afforded amusement when the juniors essayed the climb.

Loud shouts of laughter greeted the climbers as they slipped down the pole, and it was some time before Gatty finally reached the top, and he was cheered loudly as he waved his hand over the summit. Then came the quarter mile, for which Price was entered, Dick Neville being his chief opponent, and the most dangerous one. The race excited a great deal of interest.

Greene, Hill, and Maxwell dropped out, leaving the race to Neville and Price before it was half-run.

Neville drew ahead, but Price was a dark horse on this occasion, and close to the tape he suddenly put on a spurt that carried him a yard ahead of his sole adversary. Pankhurst gave a roarer.

"Price wins!"

And the victorious quarter-miler was cheered to the echo.

The hundred yards was won by Pankhurst, and the Combine were looking serious now. The honours of the day were more in favour of the Old Firm than of the Combine, and it could not be denied that Pankhurst and Price had kept their end up well. The auburn-haired chums were looking very pleased with themselves and things generally.

"You must pull off the wrestling, Pricey," said Pankhurst, "and I'll take the high jump, and then the Combine will have to hide their diminished heads, and no mistake."

"Quite so!" grinned Price.

But the wrestling did not fall to the Old Firm. Dick Neville came out top in that, and Price was beaten.

The high jump was the last event, and more than a dozen juniors were entered for it. Pankhurst and Micky Flynn were undoubtedly the best.

They soon showed that their quality was superior to that of their rivals. One by one, as the height was raised, the juniors dropped out, and Neville and Pointdexter were the last to go, excepting Panky and Flynn; they remained. They were the last two, and the height was raised again for them.

Micky made a run, and baulked, and the juniors laughed. But Pankhurst did exactly the same, and then, after a grin at one another, the rivals retired for another essay.

This time both of them cleared it.

"Good!" said Trevelyan. It was a really good jump for juniors, and the captain of Cliveden nodded approvingly.

Again the rivals dashed forward. This time Micky barely cleared, and Pankhurst again stopped. There was a shout for Micky.

"Hurrah! Micky wins!"

Pankhurst had lost the last event. Micky Flynn, however, slapped him on the back.

"Faith, and ye deserved it, me bhoey!" he exclaimed heartily. "It was a rippin' try, and no mistake. It's proud of ye I am!"

Honours had been divided; it could not be denied. Neither the Old Firm nor the Combine had come out of the competition decidedly ahead of the other, but as neither was ahead, neither, of course, was behind, and so they were pretty well satisfied; and it was agreed on all hands that the sports had been a great success, and that Founder's Day had passed in the merriest manner possible.

And the wind-up provided by Mr. Pointdexter was keenly appreciated, and gave a splendid finish to the day.

The whole of the Lower Forms at Cliveden crowded into the common-room to enjoy a feed at the millionaire's expense, and a ripping feed it was.

The juniors sang, "He's a jolly good fellow," at the tops of their voices, in honour of their kind entertainer, Pankhurst crashing it out on the piano; and if the piano was sometimes behind, and sometimes in advance, and if the voices of the juniors were tracking a variety of tunes at a variety of different speeds, who could be so captious on such an occasion as to find fault with little things like that?

No one at Cliveden, certainly. Mr. Pointdexter made his acknowledgments in the heartiest way, and declared that if any of his young friends ever visited Chicago he would be delighted to personally conduct them in a tour of inspection over the Pointdexter factories. Whereat the juniors laughed and cheered again. And the feed finished in the jolliest manner, and it was a long time before the juniors forgot the Cliveden sports on Founder's Day.

THE END.

Six pages of complete stories next week.

Next Week's Issue will contain an announcement of a

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