

TUCK HAMPERS and BIG MONEY PRIZES GIVEN AWAY!

The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD



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FULL OF THRILLING STORIES.

The above is a scene from "The Terror of the Range"—See Inside.

OUR RIPPING LONG COMPLETE STORY OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL.



Fishy's Football Syndicate!

Fishy's Latest!

"YOU fellows like some money?" Fisher T. Fish, the American junior at Greyfriars, asked that question in No. 3 Study in the Remove.

Drake and Rodney were playing chess, on a corner of the study table, when Fishy looked in.

Fisher T. Fish had a notebook in his hand, a stump of pencil stuck behind his ear, and a very business-like expression on his sharp transatlantic face.

"Money?" repeated Jack Drake, looking up.

"Yep!"
"Are you giving away quids?" asked Dick Rodney, with sarcasm.

Giving away quids was the very last weakness that Fisher T. Fish was likely to be guilty of.

"Nope! I'm forming a syndicate."
"Which?"

"A syndicate, to rake in the spondulies," explained Fisher T. Fish, in the picturesque language of his native land. "I'm on to a real cinch, and if you want to be in line to pouch the durocks, you'd better hop into the stant. You get me?"

American was not one of the languages included in the curriculum at Greyfriars, and Drake and Rodney had to reflect for a moment or two and translate Fishy's remarks mentally, as it were.

"Oh!" said Drake, at last. "Ask next door."

"The mugs live further up the passage," added Rodney.

"I guess this is the straight goods," said Fisher T. Fish. "Listen to me while I put you wise. You'd like a hand in five hundred quids, what?"

"Oh, yes," said Drake laughing.
"That's two thousand dollars in real money," added Fisher T. Fish impressively.

"Scat!"
"Ever heard of a Sunday paper called 'Pink Pictures'?" continued Fisher T. Fish.

"Never!"
"Normous sale," said Fish. "Millions every Sunday, more or less. They run a football competition."

"Oh!" said Drake, getting a little interested. Football was a subject he was prepared to discuss.

"Twelve games on a coupon, you know," said Fisher T. Fish. "You name the winning teams, and you get the five hundred pounds prize!"

"Perhaps!" remarked Rodney.
"No perhaps about it. If more than one galoot ropes in the winners, the prize is divided. I knew a man who met a chap who had a cousin who heard of a galoot who bagged it once."

"Topping!"

"I guess I've been doing this stunt for weeks—on paper, you know," said Fishy. "Gosling, our pesky old porter, takes 'Pink Pictures,' and I look at his copy to see the coupon. I make up my list every week. Nearly every time I get ten or eleven right out of the twelve."

"Not much good, if twelve winners are wanted," remarked Jack Drake.
Fisher T. Fish smiled superior.

"That's where the syndicate comes in," he explained. "If I get ten or eleven right out of twelve, with one try—what could I do with a hundred tries, or two hundred? Bound to nab the joker, what? That's the idea—you get me? Catch on? The paper costs twopence—it's worth about a tenth part of a cent, but there's the football coupon. A hundred papers at twopence each—how much is that?"

"Hundred pence eight and fourpence," said Drake thoughtfully.
"Sixteen and eightpence."

"Prezactly," assented Fisher T. Fish. "And two hundred coupons—what?"

"Thirty-three bob and fourpence," said Rodney.

"You're there!" said Fisher T. Fish. "That's it! Spot! Thirty-three little bobs and four nimble pennies, and there you are! This hyer football syndicate, sir, is raising that leetle sum, and this infant is going to whack in two hundred coupons next lot. Savvy? Sure thing—the deadeest sure cinch you ever yoke up in your natural. How many chances are you going to take?"

Fisher T. Fish opened his note-book, and extracted the stump of pencil from behind his projecting ear.

"Dozen each?" he asked.
"No fear!"
"How many?"
"Rats!"

"My dear chaps," said Fisher T. Fish earnestly. "You can't afford to miss a chance like this. Squiff and Johnny Bull are taking two each. Linley goes in for one, and Maul-ever has taken a dozen. Vivian six. Smithy six. I've got their names and amounts down here. I guess you're not staying out in the cold. Come into the syndicate! Come in and be warm! You hear me warble?"

Fisher T. Fish's look and voice were very persuasive.

Evidently the business man of the Greyfriars Remove was greatly taken with his new idea.

"I guess I'm open to show you my lists for weeks past," he said. "Always get 'em right excepting one or two. With two hundred coupons, it's a dead sure thing. Can't miss a hay-stack like that. Did you say a dozen each?"

"No!"

"You said six?"
"No; I said rats!" answered Drake, with a chuckle.

Fisher T. Fish looked distressed.
"That's the worst of this mouldy old island," he said. "The inhabitants haven't any go in them! They Haven't any punch! No pep, sir! They'll let the chance of a lifetime float by them regardless. If I were back in Noo Yark, now—"

"How nice that would be—for Greyfriars!"

"Oh, don't be a funny jay! Say, how many coupons you're goin' for?" said Fisher T. Fish. "I'm going to rope the whole Remove into this stunt. I guess I'm going to see you all make money. Every chap takes his whack according to the amount he's put in. No deception, gentlemen—fair all round. I take a double whack for my trouble—that's all. Fair play, what?"

"Yes, that's all right," said Drake.
"But—"

"For the love of Lucy, take a coupon each, at least, so as not to get entirely left!" urged Fishy.

"Your move, Drake," murmured Dick Rodney.

"Bother your chess! Now, look hyer—"

"Good-bye, Fishy!"
"Did you say one each?"
"I said good-bye!"

"For your own sakes, I'm not leaving you out of this," said Fisher T. Fish determinedly. "One each, I guess you mean?"

"Oh, my hat! Give him tuppence, Rodney, if he'll go when he gets it," said Drake.

"Here you are, Fishy; now bunk!"
Fisher T. Fish collected up two tuppences, and smiled.

"Your names are down for one chance each," he said. "Sure you won't take a dozen?"

"No!" roared Drake.
"Can't I interest you in half a dozen?"

"Bunk!"
"Buzz off!"
"Say three, then!" urged Fish.

Drake caught up a cushion from the armchair.

Fisher T. Fish executed a rapid strategic movement towards the door. He was just in time.

Crash!
The whizzing cushion smote the door as it closed after the bony form of Fisher Tarleton Fish.

There was a gluckle in the passage, and a voice inquired through the key-hole:

"Jever get left?"
And Fisher T. Fish went on along the passage, seeking new members of the Great Football Syndicate.

The Syndicate!

HARRY WHARTON and Co., perhaps feeling their responsibilities as the great chiefs and leaders of the Greyfriars Remove, frowned upon the engaging stunt propounded by Fisher T. Fish. They knew Fishy of old; they had heard of his stunts before. As Bob Cherry remarked, they had had some!

They declined to take any chances in the F. T. Fish Football Syndicate.

But it was of no avail; as a poet would say, it booted not! Fishy had too persuasive and persistent a tongue. He was not to be denied. His flow of chin-music was inexhaustible. He urged, he explained, he expounded, he harangued. For the sake of a quiet life, Harry Wharton agreed at last to take a twopenny chance, and Fishy was triumphant. Bob Cherry put in his twopenny, stating that he did so simply to save Fishy himself from an imminent attack of lockjaw. Johnny Bull and Nugent and Hurree Jamsat Ram Singh "came in."

The names of all the Famous Five were down in the syndicate.

The prize—if any—was to be divided. Two whacks were to go to Fisher T. Fish—the remainder to be divided among the competitors, in accordance to the amount they had put in. It was all simple and above-board. For once Fishy was not trying to "chisel" his schoolfellows. He only wanted the capital for his venture; they were to provide the capital, and the profits—if any—were to be fairly divided. And Fishy really had a golden tongue at persuading.

Moreover, his latest stunt looked reasonable, as the Removites had to admit when they examined it.

For a whole month he had tried it on paper, and each time he had come quite near to getting a winning list.

Two hundred tries on the same set of coupons, surely, would "land him home," as he expressed it.

If one try came so near, two hundred tries would "click." Fishy hadn't the slightest doubt about that.

And indeed, it seemed very probable.

As for Fishy's double share, that was fair enough, for he was to have the trouble of filling in two hundred coupons, and sending them off by post.

If the whole prize was bagged, it came to more than two pounds for each "whack" a fellow who took a dozen chances would have well over twenty-four pounds.

If only part of the prize was won, the shares would be still worth having—it was only twopenny a try!

Some of the juniors were quite enthusiastic.

Vernon-Smith, who was a very keen youth, looked over Fishy's paper records, and satisfied himself that they were genuine. And Smithy decided to have twelve chances—which cost him 2/-. His example was widely followed—if Smithy thought it was a good thing, many other fellows thought it would be all right.

It was true that what Fisher T. Fish did not know about football would have filled huge and massy volumes.

He played the game as well as, perhaps, Billy Bunter.

But this wasn't a question of playing, but of studying the records and form of League teams from printed information—which was quite a different thing.

"Even Fishy can do that," Skinner remarked, when that subject was mooted in the common-room. "You see, it doesn't need brains."

"I guess I can lay over most of

Greyfriars when it comes to brains," said Fisher T. Fish disdainfully.

"And Fishy won't be able to diddle us," continued Skinner thoughtfully. "We shall see the results of the matches in the following Sunday paper, so Fishy can't pull our leg."

"Look hyer—" roared Fisher T. Fish.

"But the question arises," went on Skinner calmly, "whether any prize is given at all?"

"They give the names and addresses of prize winners," hooted Fisher T. Fish.

"Looks to me all right, as far as that goes," remarked Jack Drake.

"I've looked over the winners in last week's number. The names and addresses are there all right."

"I think that's square," said Rodney; "but—"

"But what?" snorted Fisher T. Fish. "Don't I keep on telling you galoots that it's a dead cinch? One of the coupons out of two hundred is sure to hit the bull's eye!"

"I say, you fellows, I think it's a jolly good thing," said Billy Bunter. "I'm going to take fifty shares in the syndicate."

"Good man!" said Fisher T. Fish.

"You've got some hoss-sense, Bunter. Fifty shares will cost you eight and fourpence, at twopenny each. Where's the eight and fourpence?"

"I'm expecting a postal-order, Fishy—"

"What?" howled Fisher T. Fish.

"You can get the coupons, you know, and I'll settle for them when my postal-order comes—"

"Oh, go and chop chips!" growled Fisher T. Fish, in disgust. "You make me tired, Bunter. Scat!"

"Oh, really, Fishy—"

"Vomoose the ranch," snapped Fisher T. Fish. "Do you think this hyer syndicate runs on the nod? No, siree! I guess not! Nope!"

"I'll tell you what, then," said Bunter brightly. "You get the coupons, Fishy, and I'll settle out of my share in the prize."

"Eh?"

"Being a dead sure thing, I'm bound to get a good whack in the prize if I take fifty coupons," argued Bunter. "Well, I'll pay for them out of my winnings. That's fair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You simply have to advance the eight and fourpence for a week, Fishy, and I'll give you a bob interest on it, if you like!"

"Oh, roll away!" answered Fisher T. Fish rudely.

"I say, you fellows, which of you is going to lend me eight and fourpence?" inquired Billy Bunter, blinking round through his big spectacles.

A general chuckle answered.

"Some person or person unknown, I fancy," answered Skinner. "I don't think you'll find anybody here to do it."

"Oh, really, Skinner—" "Gents!" said Fisher T. Fish. "To-day's Tuesday. To-morrow the order ought to be given at the Friardale newsagents for two hundred copies of the paper—they have to be ordered in advance, you know. Otherwise, we shall get left. They don't have more than two or three copies of 'Pink Pictures' in Friardale as a rule."

"Well, order 'em," said Johnny Bull.

"But there's only a hundred twopennies in the syndicate so far," said Fisher T. Fish. "I reckon I want two hundred twopennies before I order two hundred twopenny papers."

"I'll take a hundred, Fishy," said Bunter eagerly. "Put me down for

the other hundred. My postal-order—"

"Ring off, will you?" shrieked Fisher T. Fish.

"I'm expecting a remittance daily from one of my titled relations—"

"Somebody sit on that fat clam! Now, are you going to take some extra chances, Wharton?"

"No, thanks," answered the captain of the Remove.

"What about you, Nugent?"

"Same as Wharton," said Nugent laughing.

"You, Inky—"

The nabob of Bhanipur shook his head.

"One esteemed chance is enough for my honourable self, my enterprising and ludicrous Fishy," he replied. "I do not expect to see the colour of my excellent twopenny again!"

"I keep on telling you it's a cinch—"

"Dash it all, there's a chance at least you won't get a fully correct coupon," said Vernon-Smith. "If you argue so much, Fishy, you'll have fellows wanting their twopennies back if they lose."

Fishy grunted.

"With two hundred in the syndicate, I tell you I'm going to romp home," he answered. "I want a hundred more. Now, then, you galoots—"

But the Removites cleared off, and left Fisher T. Fish wasting his sweetness on the desert air.

A hundred twopennies had been raised in the Remove, and apparently the juniors had no more to spare.

"Waal, I guess there's the fags!" said Fishy.

And the enterprising syndicalist paid a visit to the Third Form-room, where his eloquence was turned on once more with full force.

He found the fags suspicious; but eloquence prevailed. When he quitted the Third Form-room, he had a dozen more names down in his notebook.

On Wednesday, Fisher T. Fish found that 150 shares in the syndicate had been issued.

There were fifty more to "go," but he depended on his eloquence to get rid of them by the week-end, and he cycled down to Friardale to give the order at the village newsagents.

Mr. Thorpe, the newsagent, opened his eyes in surprise at such an order as two hundred copies of a twopenny Sunday paper by a Greyfriars junior.

But he booked the order cheerfully enough, and undertook to deliver the consignment at Greyfriars School on Sunday morning. He was accustomed to deliver one Sunday paper there at the porter's lodge; and he was quite pleased to have two hundred and one to deliver, instead.

Fisher T. Fish pedalled back to Greyfriars feeling quite satisfied.

The following Sunday morning, he was going to have two hundred coupons to fill in, and among that number, he was absolutely sure of getting the right one. Fisher T. Fish hadn't the slightest doubt on that point. Whatever the matches were in the list, he was quite certain that he would get at least one coupon, out of so many, quite right. And then the prize would come along, and not only would there be an accession of cash, but his acumen as a business man would be vindicated—the Removites would have to admit that Fisher Tarleton Fish was a cute youth, and a wide-awake galoot, and that he knew what was what—some! It only remained to sell the remaining fifty shares—as the papers had to be paid for on delivery. To that task the transatlantic junior proceeded to address himself with eloquence and energy.

The Business Man On His Mettle!

HERE'S Fishy!"
 "Run for your lives!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Stop a minute, you galoots!" bawled Fisher T. Fish.
 "No fear!"
 "Ha, ha, ha!"

During the following days, that was a common occurrence in the Lower School at Greyfriars.

Fisher T. Fish haunted his school-fellows; he was like unto a ghost that could not be laid.

Every day he cornered somebody and sold some more shares in the syndicate; but the last shares went very slowly.

Two hundred was, in fact, a large number to dispose of, and buyers were few and reluctant.

Fisher T. Fish expounded and argued and urged, till the mere sound of his voice grew a terror to the Remove.

Fellows got into the habit of scudding down passages or dodging round corners when they saw Fisher T. Fish coming.

In the studies they "sporting their oak" against him; but even when a door was locked, a persuasive voice would penetrate through the keyhole.

Before the week was out, there was not a fellow in the Remove who was not bored to tears on the subject of football coupon competition, and Fisher T. Fish's syndicate.

They wished fervently that the inventor of coupon competitions had been hanged, drawn and quartered; they could have kicked Gosling for ever introducing such a paper as "Pink Pictures" at Greyfriars. Even the chance of winning a prize could not compensate for being haunted and harried by the anxious Fishy, who grew absolutely alarmed as the week-end approached and found him still with a dozen shares on his hands.

It did not seem to occur to him to put his own twopences into the syndicate to that extent. He had put in one twopence, and that had given him a pain; Fishy hated parting with money. Somebody had to take the remaining shares; for 200 "Pink Pictures" had to be paid for on delivery. To pay for them himself would have made Fishy ill. So the syndicate had to be filled up; and Fishy grew to be a dreaded and carefully avoided bore in the Lower School.

No fellow was safe from him. At any moment, anywhere, Fisher T. Fish might start up like an unquiet ghost, and say:

"I guess you'd better take another chance or two in this syndicate—"

Fellows almost ran for their lives when they saw him in the distance.

Billy Bunter was prepared to take the shares off his hands—but payment for the same depended on the arrival of a postal-order. The postal-order was due, in fact, over-due, for Bunter had been expecting it ever since he was a fag in the Second Form. But that postal-order "cut no ice" with Fisher T. Fish. He wasn't taking any. He was almost as much bored by Bunter as the other fellows were bored by Fishy.

When Saturday came round, Billy Bunter was the only fellow in the Remove who was not the happy possessor of one or more shares in the great Football Syndicate.

On that day, Fishy had still six to dispose of—in spite of his almost frantic efforts.

Saturday afternoon was an anxious time to Fishy. His throat was sore with arguing and expostulating. But the shares remained unsold, and in the common-room that evening, Fishy was on the trail again.

"Six left, you galoots!" he announced.

Bob Cherry waved his hand wildly at him.

"Go away!" he howled.

"Six shares in the syndicate—"

"Shut up!"

"Buzz off!"

"Silence! Dry up! Go and eat coke!"

"Buzz a chair at him!"

"I guess you galoots—Yaroooh!"

roared Fisher T. Fish, as Bolsover major hurled a hassock.

Fisher T. Fish sat down suddenly.

"Well hit!" roared Bib Cherry.

"Turn the table over on him!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Fisher T. Fish was on his feet in a twinkling.

"You silly jays!" he howled. "I guess—"

"Bump him!"

The hapless Fishy escaped from the common-room just in time, with his last six shares still unsold. He lurked in the Remove passage till bedtime, watching for stray juniors, but without success. Only Bolsover major came up, and at the first word from Fishy, he landed out with a heavy boot, and the transatlantic business man fled.

But in the dormitory that night, Fisher T. Fish started once more. The remaining shares had to be sold before morning, though the skies fell.

"Can't I interest some of you galoots in a few more shares for the Football Syndicate?" he inquired. "I guess—"

A pillow flew.

Fisher T. Fish went sprawling across a bed.

"Yow-ow-ow! I calculate—"

"I say, you fellows, lend me a bob and I'll take the other six," said Billy Bunter. "I'll settle up out of my postal-order, Drake, old fellow!"

Jack Drake burst into a laugh, and tossed a shilling to William George Bunter.

"It's worth a bob to shut Fishy up!" he said. "My hat! It's really worth pounds and pounds!"

Fisher T. Fish sat up briskly. He did not mind being bowled over by a pillow, if he filled up his syndicate.

"Hyer you are, Bunter," he said cheerily.

Bunter handed over the shilling, and his name was duly entered in Fishy's note-book for six shares.

There was peace at last in the Greyfriars Remove.

Fishy had ceased from troubling, and the Removites were at rest.

It was quite heavenly, Skinner declared, not to hear Fishy urging the sale of shares in his syndicate; it seemed too good to be true, that his voice was really stilled at last.

"Whatever we get—if we get anything," remarked Skinner, "we shall have earned it, by standing Fishy's chin-wag all the week. I vote that we lynch him if he ever says 'football competition' again!"

"Hear, hear!"

Fisher T. Fish sniffed disdainfully.

"I guess I sha'n't worry about making you galoots rich any more," he said. "I reckon I'm going to use my share of the prize as capital, and run it in future on my lonely own. Yah!"

"The prize hasn't come yet," remarked Drake.

"I guess it's coming! With two hundred coupons, I—"

"My hat! He's beginning again at the beginning!" exclaimed Bob Cherry.

"Chuck a boot at him!"

"Dry up, Fishy! Give us a rest!"

And Fisher T. Fish snorted and turned in.

On the following morning, Mr. Thorpe arrived at the porter's lodge at Greyfriars, with a very large bundle in his pack.

He had Gosling's Sunday paper; and he had a stack of two hundred copies for Fisher T. Fish.

Fishy was at the lodge to meet him, and he handed over the sum of one pound thirteen and fourpence, with a flourish—the capital of the syndicate.

Then he took the bundle of papers and marched off triumphantly to the School House with them—accompanied by a crowd of shareholders in the syndicate.

Fisher T. Fish went into the Rag with his big bundle, and pitched it on the table.

The juniors gathered round, and



There were yells on all sides. The juniors had bought two hundred copies of "Pink Pictures" for the football coupon—and there was no coupon!

Fishy gave them a glance of disdainful superiority.

"I guess you galoots can clear off," he said. "You can't help me, I'm filling in the coupons."

"Let's see what matches are arranged," said Bob Cherry.

Fishy nodded.

"Yep! I guess you can do that."

He opened the bundle. Two hundred copies of "Pink Pictures" were there. Fisher T. Fish took the top paper off the bundle and opened it.

Something Like a Sell!

WELL? The juniors looked at Fisher T. Fish inquiringly.

He had opened the paper at the page usually devoted to the football competition, where the coupon was printed, with the names of the twenty-four clubs engaged in a dozen matches for the following Saturday.

But something seemed to be wrong. The expression on Fisher T. Fish's face was changing—it was growing quite extraordinary.

He gazed into "Pink Pictures" as if he could scarcely believe his eyes.

"Oh, gum!" he ejaculated, at last. "Great Jerusalem!"

"What on earth's the matter?" asked Jack Drake, in astonishment.

"Yow!" mumbled Fishy.

"What's happened?" demanded Wharton.

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Something wrong?" said Rodney.

"Blessed if I see what, though. I suppose the coupon's there, Fishy?"

"Nop!" groaned Fisher T. Fish.

"What?"

"Eh?"

"What the thump—"

There were yells on all sides. What-

ever the shareholders in the syndicate had expected to come of the competition, most assuredly they had not expected this. They had bought two hundred copies of "Pink Pictures" for the coupon—and there was no coupon!

It was incredible!

In a moment, a dozen copies were snatched from the bundle, and the juniors were tearing them open and searching them through.

There was the football page—with the results of the previous week's matches; and the result of the previous week's competition. The £500 prize had been won by half a dozen persons and shared out. But there was no coupon for the current week!

The competition had lapsed!

For some reason, best known to themselves, the publishers of "Pink Pictures" had dropped the football competition for that issue!

There was no coupon with twelve matches on it, or any matches—there was no offer of cash prize of £500 which must be won!

There was nothing!

Certainly there was the Sunday news—gruesome accounts of murders, and pages of pictures depicting the latest rebels, criminals, and politicians. That did not interest the Removites—their taste in reading was not quite the same as Gosling's.

Fisher T. Fish groaned.

"No coupons!" he said faintly.

"Done! Spoofted! Diddled! No comp! No prize! No two thousand dollars! Oh, dear!"

"It can't be so," exclaimed Harry Wharton, staring into the paper. "But—but I can't find any coupons—"

"It isn't there," said Drake. "My hat! What a sell—what an awful sell!"

"The selffulness is terrific."

"You awful ass, Fishy!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "If they were stopping the competition, they must have had a notice in last week's paper!"

"They hadn't!" yelled Fisher T. Fish. "Nothing of the sort!"

"Then—"

"It's a plant!" shrieked the unhappy Fishy. "No coupons! By gum! Hyer's two hundred rotten silly picture papers, and no football coupon! Oh, Jerusalem!"

Fisher T. Fish almost tore his hair.

There was one glimmer of comfort for the unhappy founder of the Greyfriars Football Syndicate! Only a single twopenny of his own had been invested in that useless bundle of papers. The rest had been subscribed by the shareholders—the disappointment was great; but Fishy was only actually twopenny out of pocket in cash! That was a comfort.

It was a comfort to Fisher T. Fish, but not to the shareholders in his famous syndicate.

"You silly ass!" said Johnny Ball.

"You've worried us up and down the school for a whole week, and nearly turned our hair grey, and now thirty-three bob has been thrown away on this rubbish! You prize idiot!"

"You crass dummy!" said Bolsover major.

"You frabjous jabberwock!"

"Bump him!"

"I—I guess—I never knew—how could I tell—I—I—I—" stuttered Fisher T. Fish.

Jack Drake laughed.

"It's our own fault for going into it," he said. "I make you a present of my copies of the paper, Fishy! But if you ever say 'football competition'

to me again, it's your nose for my knuckles! Got that?"

Fisher T. Fish only groaned. He was quite overcome.

The Removites found a little solace in kicking the bundle of "Pink Pictures" up and down the Rag, and then they departed. Fisher T. Fish seemed to recover a little, and he hurried after them.

"Hold on, you galoots!" he exclaimed. "Wharton—Drake—"

"Well, ass?"

"There've football competitions in other papers," said Fisher T. Fish eagerly. "They don't all play these tricks. Now, if you fellows will come into a syndicate—"

"What?"

"I guess we'll try the 'Scratchy Bits' competition, and with two hundred coupons—"

Fisher T. Fish got no further.

The indignant Removites collared him, and bumped him on the floor of the Rag—hard!

"Yarooooop!"

"There!" gasped Wharton. "That's what you want, you ass! Now promise never to say football competition again!"

"Yow-ow!"

Bump!

"Yaroooooh!"

Bump!

"I guess I promise!" howled Fisher T. Fish. "I calculate I'm fed-up with them—yow-ow-ow!"

And the juniors streamed out of the Rag, leaving the hapless pioneer of football syndicates sitting on the floor, trying to get his second wind.

The life of Fisher Tarleton Fish, during the following week, was scarcely worth living.

Jack Drake let the matter drop; and so did Harry Wharton and Co.; but not all the fellows were so amenable to reason.

Especially the Third Form fags whom Fishy had inveigled into the syndicate were wild with wrath.

And especially Billy Bunter!

As Bunter had come into the syndicate with a borrowed shilling, it might have been supposed that he would go easy with the syndicalist. But far from it! Bunter was Fishy's most determined creditor. He claimed the return of that borrowed shilling. He haunted Fisher T. Fish. A dozen fags, at least, were on Fishy's track, demanding the return of twopennies; and Billy Bunter was like unto a shadow to him. Deeply and bitterly Fisher T. Fish repented him that he had ever thought of forming a football syndicate to rope in prizes. He was not likely to form another! In two days he had three fights on his hands—and he only avoided several more by shelling out twopennies—which gave him really severer pain than punching. And that week, "Pink Pictures" was on sale at Greyfriars at greatly reduced prices. It was a twopenny paper, but anybody in the neighbourhood of Greyfriars was able to obtain that number for a humble halfpenny; and even at that reduction Fishy was unable to get rid of the stack.

When he balanced his accounts he was money out of pocket—not to mention a shaded eye and a swollen nose—personal souvenirs of the great and disastrous Football Syndicate!

THE END.

There will another grand, long complete story of the chums of Greyfriars School next week. Avoid disappointment by placing your order for next week's issue of the "Boys' Herald" right now!

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THE CASE OF THE LAME SNAIL!

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HERLOCK SHOLMES opened his morning mail with his fish-knife while consuming his breakfast kipper. From one envelope he drew forth a small green slip of paper, and his face split into one of his rare dazzling smiles.

"Here's luck, my dear Jotson!" he said genially. "The other day I entered a shilling football sweepstake, organised in aid of the Home for Mentally Defective Detectives. All the teams that play in the Lambeth League, including such well-known exponents of the game as the Vine Street Vampires, the Kilburn Kickamrums, and the Blind School Reserves, were put in a hat and drawn for—"

"And the team you drew, my dear Sholmes, was—"

"The Wobbly Wanderers!" exclaimed Sholmes excitedly. "One of the best in the league! If they don't score the most goals to-day I'll stop taking cocaine with my coffee!"

He rose from the table and placed his hand affectionately on my shoulder.

"This afternoon we will make merry, my dear Jotson," he said. "You shall accompany me to see the Wanderers whack the Vampires."

"But, my dear Sholmes," I protested, "what about the patients?"

"You must risk a few of 'em getting better," said Sholmes. "A day in the fresh air on the Gaswork Marshes will do you all the good in the world."

A little after two o'clock that afternoon, my amazing friend hooked his stick in my ear and led me to the football ground.

Sholmes, who had insisted on coming in his favourite mauve-and-green check dressing-gown, seemed to be recognised instantly by everyone.

Promptly to time the rival teams made their appearance on the ground, the Wobbly Wanderers in green jerseys with pink trimmings, and the Vampires in strawberry shirts with lemon stripes.

No referee was available, for refereeing for the Vampires and Wanderers was considered unlucky. At the last meeting of these old rivals, the referee had lost things—first his temper, then his whistle (which he swallowed), and, lastly, an ear and six teeth.

The game started briskly by the Vampire's centre-forward kicking the ball into the eye of the opposing inside-right. It was soon evident that it was going to be a big goal-scoring game, for the Wanderers netted three times in the first half, while their opponents found the net twice and the goalkeeper's eye once. The smile on the face of Herlock Sholmes revealed his inward satisfaction at the progress of events.

After half-time, the teams returned to the attack with redoubled violence, and two or three players from both sides were carried to the local hospital by obliging spectators.

With but five minutes to go, the score stood seven goals to six in favour of the Wobbly Wanderers. That any other team in the Lambeth League would top the score of seven goals in the matches being played elsewhere that afternoon was extremely improbable. Like Sholmes, I felt the sweepstake was as good as won. The vision of a bumper fish-and-chips supper was before my

eyes, when a startling thing happened. In attempting to clear from a rush by the Vampire forwards, the left full-back of the Wanderers miskicked. The ball went spinning from his toe and over his head. The Wanderers goalie, who had gone to borrow a pipe of tobacco from one of the spectators, arrived back between the posts a second too late. Twisting and squirming like a thing possessed, the ball dropped on the ground in the goal-mouth, bounced up against the crossbar, and rebounded into play.

"Goal!"

The cry of triumph which went up from the Vampires was drowned in wild shouts of protest. Then a violent argument started, in which the teams and near-by onlookers joined in a pandemonium of sound. The Vampires claimed the ball had dropped into the goal and spun back against the crossbar; the Wanderers maintained it had fallen outside the goal-line. For some



"The fact is," went on the amazing detective, "the snail was not in the place it is now when the ball fell on it."

minutes the argument raged, with no solution of the incident in sight. The crowd in our immediate vicinity, which, like ourselves, had not been in a position to judge the flight of the ball, began to wax impatient. Then an ex-policeman, who was standing on my toes, was struck with a brilliant idea.

"Settle it by arbitration," he shouted. "Let Mr. Herlock Sholmes decide!"

This way of settling the dispute was taken up with great enthusiasm by others round us.

"We—want—Mister—Sholmes!"

Willing boots assisted my friend and me on to the football pitch. As Herlock Sholmes picked himself up and strode towards the excited group of players, a sudden hush fell over the scene. The rival captains, who had been trying to make themselves heard for over ten minutes, rapidly exchanged views. Then one of them stepped forward and led the famous detective to the goal-mouth. Herlock Sholmes was the cynosure of all eyes as he picked up the football and

drew from his pocket a large magnifying glass. Having examined the ball carefully, he stooped and surveyed the ground in the region of the goal-mouth. Standing near to him, I drew patterns in the mud with my walking-stick in interested silence. Around the goal in a wide circle grouped the players and spectators.

For some moments Herlock Sholmes worked quietly and systematically, and then he gave a little murmur of satisfaction. There was an expectant craning forward of heads.

"You've discovered where the ball fell, Mr. Sholmes?" asked the Vampire captain eagerly.

Herlock Sholmes nodded and pointed to a small object in the goal-mouth.

"I have," he said. "It dropped on this snail, and cracked the shell of the unfortunate creature, as these marks on the ball testify."

"Wonderful, Mr. Sholmes!" exclaimed the captain. "Then, as the snail is over the goal-line, that proves the Vampires equalised?"

"On the contrary," said Herlock Sholmes, "the fact that the ball bounced from the snail's back proves that no goal was scored."

An excited murmur ran through the onlookers.

"The fact is," went on my amazing friend imperturbably, "that the snail was not in the place it is now when the ball fell on it. It was here."

He pointed out a track in the mud which led from them to a spot a few inches on the other side of the goal-line.

"No snail in the possession of all its faculties would leave a lop-sided trail like this," said Sholmes. "The fact is, this track was made by the snail after it was lamed by the descent of the football. The poor little creature dragged itself through the mud in obvious pain."

Herlock Sholmes brushed away a tear and restored the magnifying glass to his pocket. I remained in mute astonishment. The track in the mud pointed out by

Sholmes had been made by my walking-stick as I had idly traced patterns on the ground! The game was resumed, but there was no further score, and it ended seven goals to six in favour of the Wobbly Wanderers.

Not until we were back in Shaker Street did I dare broach the subject, which had been on my mind since the afternoon.

"My dear Sholmes," I remarked, "never have I known you to make a mistake. Yet that track you pointed out as having been made by the lame snail was, in reality, the mark drawn in the mud by the ferrule of my stick. Your mistake cost the Vampires a goal."

"Well, it's an ill wind that blows nobody any good," mused Sholmes, as he lifted a dainty morsel of fried plaice between his finger and thumb. "It was a mistake on the right side of the goal-line. Have you forgotten already, my dear Jotson, that I drew the Wobbly Wanderers in the sweepstake?"

And my amazing friend hid a prodigious wink in the cocaine tankard.

THE END.