

# Nugent Minor's Lesson

by  
Frank Richards

*A Short, Complete Story of  
the Chums of Greyfriars  
School*

Illustrated by R. J. Macdonald

## THE FIRST CHAPTER

At it Again!

"WHERE'S Nugent?"

Wibley of the Remove Form at Greyfriars snapped out that question. He looked cross. In fact, he was cross.

Wibley had come into No. 1 Study in the Remove with a very busy and serious air. Something important was on the tapis. There was a crowd of fellows in the study—Harry Wharton, Bob Cherry, Bull, Hurree Singh, members of the Famous Five, and Dick Rake and Dick Rodney, and two or three more. But Wibley's eagle eye noted at once that Frank Nugent was absent from the gathering.

Nugent was wanted.

For it was a rehearsal, and Nugent was simply indispensable. Nugent's good-looking face and slim figure fitted him for feminine parts in the plays given by the Remove Dramatic Society, of which William Wibley was the great chief and head. Nugent was going to be Portia in the forthcoming production of the "Merchant of Venice," written by William Shakespeare, with modern revisions and improvements by William Wibley.

And when Wib came in, with all the busy, preoccupied manner of an overworked actor-manager, Nugent wasn't there

The rehearsal would actually have to wait.

It had waited five minutes already for Wibley, but that didn't matter. The cast could wait for the actor-manager; but for the actor-manager to wait for a member of the cast was unheard of.

Wibley fairly snorted.

"Where's Nugent?" he roared.

"He doesn't seem to be here, Wib," Harry Wharton observed mildly.

"I can see that. Why isn't he here?" snorted Wibley. "Here am I wasting time and brain tissue, bullying you asses into some remote resemblance to actors——"

"Draw it mild, old chap," remonstrated Bob Cherry.

Wibley declined to draw it mild.

As general manager of the Remove Dramatic Society he had many responsibilities on his shoulders, and—like many older managers—he indemnified himself by ragging his company.

"Not here!" snorted Wibley. "Can't turn up to a rehearsal! Check! Fathead! I'll cut the part!"

"You can't cut Portia out of the 'Merchant of Venice,' old top," remarked Dick Rake.

"Shut up, Bassanio! I'll cut Shylock himself out if I like!" vociferated Wibley.

"Well, that's your part," remarked Johnny

Bull. "No great harm if you cut that out, Wib."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Why, you ass——"

"You bag nearly all the play, anyhow," continued Johnny Bull. "You've nearly rubbed me out as Gratiano, I know that. I've often thought, Wib, that you spread yourself out a bit too much."

"The too-muchfulness is sometimes terrific," remarked Hurree Jamset Ram Singh, gravely.

Wibley slammed a bundle of script on the table with a bang.

"I'll chuck the play!" he roared.

"Easy does it," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Nugent will be along in a minute or two, he only went to speak to his minor."

"Bother his minor!"

"Young Dick's kept him talking."

"Hang young Dicky!"

William Wibley was not to be placated.

"I'll call him," said Rake, who was nearest the door.

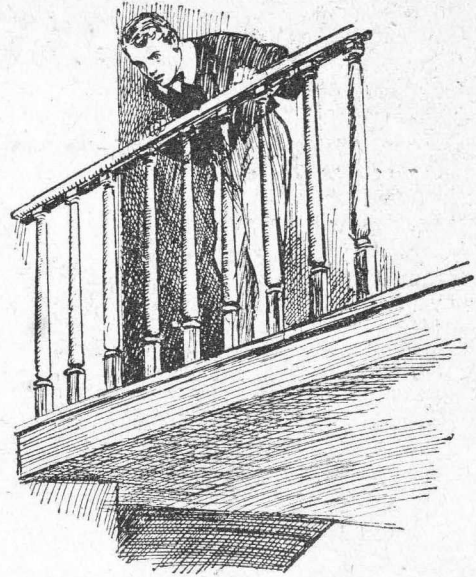
"Do," said Wibley, "and tell him that if he isn't here in two shakes of a lamb's tail, we cut Portia and the whole Court scene."

"Oh, my hat!"

Dick Rake stepped out of the study into the Remove passage.

Nugent was not in sight, but, on going to the stairs, he saw the missing junior on the lower landing. Frank Nugent had evidently forgotten the rehearsal arranged in No. 1 Study. He was talking to his minor, Dicky Nugent of the Second, in rather raised tones.

Nugent minor looked sullen and derisive, Nugent major looked angry. Dick Rake



Frank Nugent was not in sight, but, on going on to the stairs, Rake saw the missing junior on the lower landing with his minor. (See this page)

could guess that he had cause to be angry easily enough.

"You young sweep!" His voice came over the banisters.

"Oh, chuck it, Frank!" said Dicky Nugent impatiently. "Look here, Gatty and Myers are waiting for me——"

"I want you to promise me——"

"Rats!"

"Only last week you were in trouble with that blackguard Banks, the bookie, and if Rake hadn't lent you two pounds, what would you have done?"

"Don't shout."

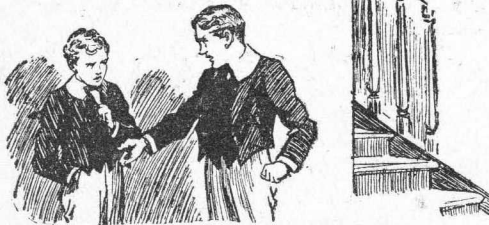
"Well, what would you have done, you young ass?"

"He did lend me two pounds," answered Dicky, as if that settled the question.

"And I've had to square it," said Nugent angrily. "And it's stumped me for weeks to come."

"You shouldn't have; Rake wouldn't have pressed you."

"I know he wouldn't; but I can't owe a chap money."



"You young sweep!" said Frank angrily.

"Oh, chuck it, Frank!" said Dicky Nugent impatiently

"You didn't owe it, I did."

"Could you have paid it?"

"I'm going to pay it, if I have any luck."

"Nugent!" called out Rake hurriedly.

Frank glanced up.

Rake ran down the stairs, and joined him on the lower landing. Dick Nugent gave Rake a nod and a cheeky grin.

"Excuse my bumping in," said Rake, "but you're talking a bit too loud, considering the subject, old chap. You don't want a perfect to hear.

And the rehearsal's waiting in the study."

"What do you think of this young sweep?" exclaimed Nugent, in great exasperation. "You know the scrape he got into last week, that you jerked him out of? Now he won't promise me not to see that rotter Banks again."

"I'm not going to see Banks," said Dicky Nugent. "It's really a friend of his, a chap who—"

"You're not going to dabble in betting again," said Frank. "You ought to be jolly well ashamed of yourself, you young rascal! I've a good mind to write home to the pater, and tell him what you're up to."

Dicky grinned.

"The pater would say it was all your fault, old bean," he answered coolly. "He thinks you ought to keep an eye on me. Look here, Frank, don't get your wool off. Lend me a quid—"

"You—you—" spluttered Nugent.

"I tell you I've got a real sure snip this time," said Dicky eagerly. "I shall get back what I've lost, and—yah! Leggo!"

His exasperated major seized him by the collar.

It was no wonder that Frank was exasperated. His minor's reckless plunge a week or two before had given him endless trouble and anxiety, and the fag had only been saved from exposure by Dick Rake

coming to his aid. Now, utterly heedless of his narrow escape, the young rascal was planning to renew his folly. It was rather too much for Nugent to stand with patience, patient fellow though he was.

He shook Dicky vigorously by the collar.

Nugent minor roared and wriggled.

"You rotter! Leggo! I'll jolly well kick your shins! Yow-ow!"

Shake! shake! shake! shake!

"Now promise me—" panted Nugent.

"I won't!" roared Dicky. "I'll kick your shins! I'll—"

"Hallo, trouble in the family!" grinned Skinner, coming up the stairs. "Go it, Nugent! Kick his shins, Dicky! Come and look at this, you fellows!"

Nugent released his minor hurriedly, his face reddening.

Dicky, with a furious look at his major, darted off down the lower stairs and escaped,



Frank shook Dicky vigorously by the collar. Nugent minor roared and wriggled. "You rotter! Leggo! I'll jolly well kick your shins! Yow-ow!" (See this page.)

followed by a howl of laughter from Skinner. Nugent turned savagely on Skinner, but Rake slipped an arm through his and drew him away. Nugent allowed himself to be led up to the Remove passage. His face was crimson and troubled.

"Come in to the rehearsal old top!" said Rake soothingly.

"Oh, hang the rehearsal!"

"Wibley's getting his hair off—

Let him!"

William Wibley appeared in the doorway of No. 1 Study.

"Oh, you're here, Nugent!" he snorted.

"Yes, ass!" snapped Nugent.

His temper was decidedly ruffled—quite as much as the Remove actor manager's.

"Do you know we're waiting?" said Wibley.

"Wait!"

"I give you one second!" said Wibley.

"After that, I cut the part!"

"Cut it, and be blowed!"

And Frank Nugent stalked away angrily, leaving William Wibley on the verge of a volcanic eruption.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### Something Like a Dodge!

"It's too bad!" growled Dick Rake, when he came into No. 3 Study to tea, after the meeting in Wharton's study.

"What's too bad?" asked Rodney.

"About Nugent."

Rodney nodded.

He sympathised with Frank Nugent, whose path, when duty drove him to keep an eye on his minor, was a thorny one.

"You can't do anything, old chap," he said.

"Well, it's a pity," said Rake. "I rather like Nugent, and we're good friends now. It's rotten for his minor to be worrying him

like this. If he were my minor, I'd give him the licking of his life!"

"Same here, but Nugent doesn't seem to think of that."

"Not that it would do much good, perhaps," Rake remarked thoughtfully. "He's an obstinate little brute! You know the trouble he was in a week or two ago. Now he's actually beginning again. He's going to win back his losses, or some such rot!"

"He wants a hiding!" grunted Rodney.

"It's rough on Nugent," said Rake. "I've got a pretty clear idea of how things stand at their home; his people will blame Frank if anything goes wrong with Dicky. Of course, a chap ought to keep an eye on a young brother at school; but it's a hefty job, looking after young Dicky! It seems that he's been trying to raise a loan from Nugent to try his luck again, with some sporting



Rake sat on the corner of the table and watched Wibley. He was trying on some of his make-up as Shylock. "You make up jolly well, Wib," remarked Rake. (See page 17.)

friend of Mr. Banks at the Bird-in-Hand. Jevver hear of such an obstinate little idiot? And if he doesn't get any cash, he will plunge on tick, and there'll be the same trouble over again—a sharper to pay, or a row! He ought to be stopped somehow!"

"He should be left to take the consequences. So long as Nugent stands between him and trouble, he'll keep on!" said Rodney.

"I suppose he will. I wish I could think of a way——"

"You can't! Let's have tea."

Russell and Ogilvy came into the study, and the discussion ceased.

But Dick Rake remained very thoughtful.

He was concerned for Nugent. He could not help liking Frank, all the more because of his unflinching affection for his troublesome young brother. What Dicky Nugent wanted was a severe lesson, and undoubtedly, if he had been left to take the consequences of his folly, the lesson would have been severe enough. A flogging from the Head would have brought the young gentleman to his senses in very quick time.

But Dicky, half-unconsciously, relied upon his brother to help him out if trouble came, and Frank, with all his indignation, never failed to come to the rescue. But it was fairly certain that a time would come when he could not protect the reckless fag, and

then there would be trouble. Once before Mr. Banks had threatened to come up to the school if he was not paid, and Dicky had been in a pitiable state of terror until the money was found to square the sharper. If Mr. Banks had called on the Head, instead of getting his money, the flogging Nugent minor would have received, in consequence, might have been a very valuable instruction to him.

After tea, Dick Rake strolled out of the

study and took his way to No. 6, which belonged to William Wibley and his study-mates. Desmond and Morgan were out, and Wibley was there alone, still rather ruffled in temper. Wibley was going over his "props." As head of the Remove Dramatic Society, he had charge of the property-box, which was very well supplied. A good deal of Wibley's own pocket-money went to supplying it, as well as



"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Who's the merchant?" The "merchant," unknown by sight to the Greyfriars fellows, was coming in at the gates, when Gosling barred his path! (See page 18.)

the funds subscribed by the R.D.S.

Wibley gave Rake a short nod as he came in.

Rake had been given the part of Bassanio in the forthcoming play, and he had acquitted himself, so far, to Wibley's satisfaction. At least, Wibley had told him that, though he would never be an actor, he would scrape through. Wibley was rather an exacting commander.

"Busy?" asked Rake.

"Yes."

Rake sat on the corner of the table and watched him. Wibley was trying on some of his make-up as Shylock, and he looked very queer with a large nose and a long beard, and an ancient skull-cap over his white collar and Etons. The face of Shylock and the body of William Wibley of the Remove made a very striking combination.

"You make-up jolly well, Wib!" Rake remarked.

Wibley grunted.

"I know that!"

"I've heard the fellows say that you've made up in lots of characters, and quite taken them in, before I came," went on Rake.

Wibley condescended to smile.

Wibley was an artist, in his own way, and the artistic temperament is always amenable to a little judicious flattery.

"My dear chap," he said, "I could make-up as your own father, and you wouldn't know the difference."

Rake laughed.

"I rather think I should," he remarked.

"But I've heard that you made up as Mossoo once, and weren't spotted."

"That's correct."

"Would you have the nerve to go out of doors made-up?"

"Of course. Nerve enough for anything."

"I've been thinking out an idea!" said Rake.

"Something to do with theatricals?" asked Wibley.

His manner indicated that if it wasn't, Rake needn't take the trouble to expound his idea, whatever it was.

"Well, yes."

"Go ahead, then."

"About Nugent—"

Shylock's brow darkened.

"Don't talk to me about Nugent! I'd cut him out of the play if we could spare Portia! I wish I could get someone else for the part. I'd drop Nugent like a hot potato! Cheeky ass."

"He's rather bothered about his minor."

"I know that! Bother his minor!"

"You know that the young ass is playing the goat?"

"I think all the Lower School knows it," grunted Wibley. "Nugent makes a fool of himself butting in. It's a standing joke, his playing kind old uncle to his young brother."

"But it's jolly decent of him," said Rake.

"I dare say it is. I know he mucked up the rehearsal," said Wibley sourly.

"I've thought of a way of helping him out."

"Go and do it, then."

"With your help."

"Rats!"

Apparently Wibley was still greatly incensed against the junior who had failed to play Portia in the rehearsal in No. 1 Study.

"You're the only fellow that can help," said Rake soothingly. "It's only through your wonderful skill in making-up—"

Wibley thawed again.

"I don't quite catch on," he said amiably.

"Suppose you explain."

"I think that young rascal wants a thorough fright, to cure him of playing the goat, and worrying other chaps," said Rake. "Suppose some boozey bouncer from the Bird-in-Hand called at the school to see him—"

Wibley burst into a laugh.

"It would scare him out of his wits, I think. The Head would flog him if he knew what all the fellows know."

"Well, that's the idea," said Rake. "It nearly happened—only some money was found to settle with the sharper. It may happen again if Nugent minor goes on. My idea is to take the bull by the horns. If you can make-up as Mossoo, as the fellows say, you can make-up as a sporting character, rather the worse for rum."

"Eh?"

"And if you had the nerve—"

Rake had touched the right chord.

"You ass!" said Wibley. "I'd have the nerve to walk through Friardale made up as Lloyd George."

"Well, then, if there's any stuff wanted for making-up, you can get it at old Lazarus's ir Courtfield."

"Props. cost money," said Wibley, sententiously.

"I'll stand a quid," said Rake. "I wanted

to make a contribution to the dramatic society funds, anyhow. And the stuff will come in useful for our plays. What?"

"Now you're talking." Wibley was beaming now. "Blessed if I thought you had brains enough to think of a dodge like this, Rake. It shows that a fellow often isn't such an ass as he looks."

"Why, you cheeky duffer——" began Rake warmly.

"Shush! Let's talk it over, and then we'll walk down to Courtfield and see old Lazarus."

A quarter of an hour later Dick Rake and William Wibley were strolling amicably out of the gates of Greyfriars.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER Mr. Jorrocks Looks In!

"HOUTSIDE!" Mr. Gosling, the school-porter, uttered that command warmly and indignantly.

A dozen fellows who were within hearing looked round at the sound of the porter's indignant tones.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Who's the merchant?"

The "merchant," unknown by sight to the Greyfriars fellows, was coming in at the gates, when Gosling barred his path.

He was not a pleasant-looking man.

In person he was short and fat and stumpy. He wore very old riding-breeches, and a fancy waistcoat and cutaway coat. The waistcoat was further adorned by a thick, rolled-gold watch-chain. His face was red, and ornamented with bushy eyebrows, a bristly moustache, and patchy whiskers. His whole appearance was not unlike that of an ex-bruiser, and several of his front teeth seemed to be missing. His bowler hat was stuck on the back of his head rakishly, leaving in view a mop of untidy hair.



"Whom do you want to see?" asked Nugent hastily. "Young gent somethin' like you to look at," said Mr. Jorrocks, pointing his stick at the junior. (See page 19.)

"My only hat!" ejaculated Harry Wharton. "There's a picture for you! What on earth can he want here?"

"Chap like that can't have any business here!" said Nugent, staring at the disreputable, sporting-looking gentleman.

"Houtside!" repeated Gosling warmly. "Houtside! Wot I says is this 'ere, you hike off."

"Keep yer wool on, old cock," said the sporting gentleman. "I've called 'ere on business."

"Callin' to see the 'Ead, p'r'aps?" suggested Gosling, with crushing sarcasm.

"Nix! I've got business with one of the young gentlemen."

"You 'ave!" exclaimed Gosling in astonishment.

"Yes; the young gent what calls at the Bird-in-'And!" explained the visitor. "I'm Joe Jorrocks—I dessay you've 'eard the name."

"Not being a reader of the Noogate Calendar, I ain't acquainted with the name," said Gosling, still more crushingly.

"Oh, come off!" said Mr. Jorrocks impatiently. "I ain't got no time to waste

a-jawing to blooming menials."

"Houtside!" roared Gosling.

"I'm coming in, old gent."

Mr. Jorrocks marched on; and, as Gosling barred his entrance, he gave the old gentleman a poke in the ribs, which caused Gosling to sit down rather suddenly, with a gasp.

"Oh, lor'! My heye!" spluttered Gosling.

He sat and blinked at Mr. Jorrocks, who walked on cheerfully into the quadrangle, under fifty pairs of staring, astonished eyes.

"My only sainted aunt Sempronia!" murmured Bob Cherry. "There's trouble for somebody if that merchant don't clear off sharp. What on earth is he after?"

Nugent caught his breath.

"It—it can't be——" he muttered.

He left his chums and ran towards Mr. Jorrocks.

"Frank!" called out Wharton.

Nugent did not heed him. The fear was in his mind that this might be one of the disreputable acquaintances Dicky had made at the Bird-in-Hand—that it was Nugent minor Mr. Jorrocks had called to see. His exasperation with his minor changed into anxiety for him at once. Mr. Jorrocks gave the junior an affable nod.

"Arternoon!" he said genially.

"Whom do you want to see?" asked Nugent hastily.

"Young gent, somethin' like you to look at," said Mr. Jorrocks. "I don't rightly remember his name, but I know him to look at. Jest called in to see him about the leetle business he has in hand with Mr. Banks at the Bird-in-'And. No 'arm, I suppose?"

"You—you had better go at once!" gasped Nugent, thankful that the man did not remember his minor's name, for there was no further doubt that it was Dicky that Mr. Jorrocks wanted to see.

"And why?" demanded Mr. Jorrocks.

"You'll get the kid into trouble!" breathed Nugent. "If the Head saw you, or his Form-master——"

"Ain't I a respectable man, what can call on a young gentleman?" demanded Mr. Jorrocks warmly.

Nugent gasped.

"Ye-e-es, of—of course; but——"

"But what, then?" said Mr. Jorrocks surlily.

"Please go out!" breathed Nugent. "There'll be an awful row! I'll—I'll bring the fellow you want to see outside the gates. I promise——"

"Why can't I see him 'ere?" demanded Mr. Jorrocks. "Why can't a man walk up to the 'ouse and ask for a young gentleman he knows?"

"I tell you——"

"Stuff!" said Mr. Jorrocks.

And he walked cheerfully on towards the schoolhouse, leaving Frank Nugent rooted to the ground.

Harry Wharton caught his chum by the arm.

"Don't worry, Frank; it can't be Dicky he wants!"

"It is!" muttered Nugent.

"Good heavens!"

"He—he ought to be stopped, somehow!" muttered Bob Cherry. "But—but——"

The Famous Five stared after Mr. Jorrocks. He had nearly reached the schoolhouse now—the centre of a hundred pairs of staring eyes by this time. He did not seem to be disconcerted by the general amazement his appearance caused. He walked on quite jauntily, and nodded and smiled to some of the fellows near at hand. Dick Rake and Rodney were on the schoolhouse steps, and they exchanged a glance at the sight of him.

"Nugent minor's merry visitor!" murmured Rake.

Rodney smiled.

"Better tell Dicky!" he said.

"Yes, rather!"

Rake hurried into the house. He found Nugent minor in the Form-room passage with two or three other fags. Dicky Nugent was engaged in a warm argument with his chums, Gatty and Myers, who were on rather hostile terms with Dicky since his late development as a sporting man. Rake called to the fag.

"Nugent minor!"

"Oh, don't worry!" called back Dicky, without turning his head.

"There's a man asking for you!"

"Tell him to go and eat coke!"

"You'd better go out, Nugent minor. He gives the name of Jorrocks, and says he's come from the Bird-in-Hand!"

Dicky Nugent jumped.

"Wha-a-at?" he stammered.

"Oh, my hat!" yelled Gatty. "Some of your sporting friends come to see you, Dicky! What'll the Head say?"

"It's the sack!" said Myers solemnly. "The merry sack! I'm sorry for you, Dicky, but you can't say we didn't warn you! Can he, Gatty?"

"He can't!" said Gatty.

Dicky Nugent did not heed the fags. He was staring at Rake, with a white face, and standing quite still, as if rooted to the floor.



"A—a—a man from the—the Bird-in-Hand!" he gasped at last.

"So he says!"

"He—he can't want me!"

"He says he does!"

"I—I can't see him!" panted Nugent minor. "Tell him—tell him to go! Tell him to clear off! Oh, the fool, to come here! Oh, dear!"

"The game's up, Dicky!" said Gatty, with a shake of the head. "I must say it serves you-right! Doesn't it, Myers?"

"I must say it does!" assented Myers rather sadly. "Dicky's asked for this; now he's got it!"

"He's got it, no mistake about that!" said Gatty.

Dick Rake turned to walk away, and Nugent minor ran after him and caught him by the sleeve.

"Make him go away!" he breathed. "I—I never thought—I never expected—"

Why, this will mean an awful row! The fool—the brute, to come here! Get him away, Rake, there's a good chap!"

"My dear kid, I don't know how to handle public-house loafers!" answered Dick Rake. "They're in your line, not mine!"

"I—I say—"

Rake shook the fag's hand off and walked away. Dicky Nugent, with his knees knocking together, limped after him. Somehow—anyhow—he had to get rid of this awful visitor before the Head saw him, before Mr. Twigg saw him, before the prefects saw him.

The fag almost tottered out into the quadrangle.

But there was no chance, naturally, of getting rid of the obnoxious visitor unseen. As Dicky Nugent put his head out of the schoolhouse, he saw a flashy, sporting-looking gentleman—whom he easily guessed to be the visitor—standing by the steps; and on the lowest step stood Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove. Mr. Jorrocks's progress had been stopped.

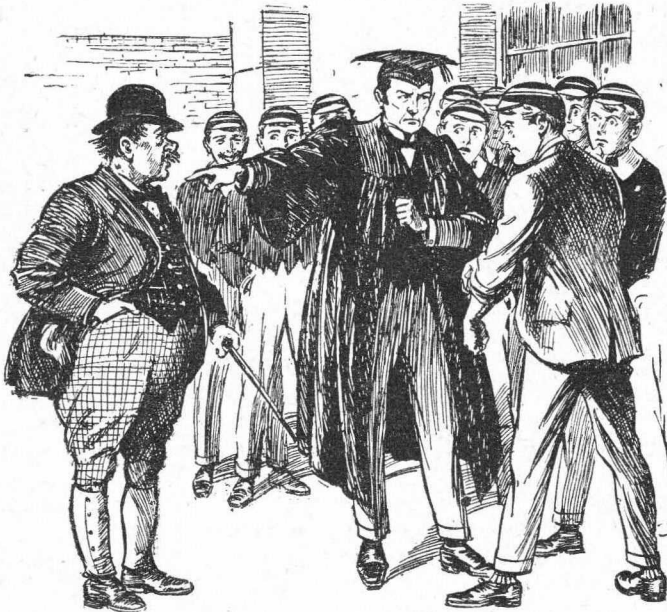
Dicky backed out of sight instantly.

He did not know Mr. Jorrocks by sight, but he had no doubt that the man was one of the loafers of the Bird-in-Hand who had seen him visiting Mr. Banks there. To be claimed by him in public! Dicky trembled at the thought. As he backed into the house again, white as a sheet, he heard the loud voice of the sporting gentleman.

"Name of Jorrocks, sir!

I've called to see a young friend of mine— young sporting friend of mine and Joe Banks, sir! Had the pleasure of making his acquaintance, recent, at the Bird-in-Hand, sir! I dessay you know the place! Put a bit on a 'orse, he did, like the young game-cock he is, sir!"

With a throb of terror at his heart, Dicky Nugent fled as if for his life, looking like anything but a young game-cock! He had only one thought in his mind—to hide himself out of sight—anywhere, anyhow—



"Wingate!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch. "Yes, sir!" The captain of Greyfriars drew nearer. "Will you see this man off the premises?" (See page 21.)

until that dreadful visitor was gone. He scudded up the stairs, bumping into Billy Bunter and sending the fat Owl of the Remove flying. Heedless of Bunter's roar of wrath, he fled on, darted into the upper box-room, and plunged headlong into Lord Mauleverer's biggest trunk, and drew the lid shut!

There, with palpitating heart, the hapless sportsman of the Second Form waited, palpitating and perspiring, and scared almost out of his reckless wits!

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

### A Lesson for Dicky!

MR. QUELCH eyed the genial Jorrocks sternly.

A crowd of fellows had gathered round, looking on in amazement and something like amusement. Wingate of the Sixth had drawn near, ready to escort the sporting gentleman out of Greyfriars with a grip on his shoulder, at a sign from Mr. Quelch.

Dick Rake came out of the schoolhouse smiling. For a second his eyes met those of Mr. Jorrocks, and he closed one eye slightly.

No other sign passed between them. Rake joined Rodney and the Famous Five in the thickening crowd.

"Man!" stuttered Mr. Quelch, seeming to find his voice with some difficulty. "Jorrocks, if that is your name——"

"That's it, sir—Jorrocks! Pleased to meet you, sir! Care to drop in at the bar-parlour of the Bird-in-'And any evening, sir, and you'll be very welcome, sir."

"Mr. Jorrocks, leave this place immediately."

"Hay?"

"Kindly go at once!" thundered Mr. Quelch. "I do not believe for a moment, sir, that you have acquaintance with any Greyfriars boy, and I believe your coming here, sir, is only a drunken freak. If you do not immediately go, I shall have you removed."

Frank Nugent breathed hard.

If only Mr. Jorrocks could be got rid of without having given away the fact that it was Nugent minor he had come to see!

Mr. Jorrocks blinked at the Remove master.

"I ain't going without seeing my young friend," he protested. "Walked over to see

'im, I 'ave. Who are you, anyhow? Call yourself somebody, I don't think. I wanter see my young pal. Why, I got a message for him from Joe Banks about the 'orse he's backin'."

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a yell from the juniors. But under the roar of laughter Frank Nugent groaned.

"Wingate!" exclaimed Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir!" The captain of Greyfriars drew nearer.

"Will you see this man off the premises?"

"Certainly, sir."

"Look 'ere, I'll speak to the 'Ead," protested Mr. Jorrocks.

"You will not be allowed to disturb the Head," said Mr. Quelch. "You are a ruffian, sir! You will depart at once."

"Look 'ere——"

Wingate's hand dropped on the shoulder of Mr. Jorrocks. The big Sixth-former stepped up to the stumpy, fat sporting man.

"Get a move on!" said Wingate briefly.

"But about seeing my young pal——"

"Cut that out, and come along."

With Wingate's iron grasp on his shoulder, Mr. Jorrocks had no choice about going along. Wingate marched him down to the gates and into the road, amid loud protests from Mr. Jorrocks and yells of laughter from the Greyfriars crowd that followed.

"Now cut!" said Wingate. "I don't want to handle you, but if you're not out of sight in two minutes——" His brow set grimly.

Mr. Jorrocks was out of sight within the two minutes!

\* \* \* \* \*

It was an hour later that William Wibley, of the Remove, came in at the gates, with a bag in his hand and a grin on his face. Dick Rake and Rodney met him at the gates, grinning too.

"All serene—what?" asked Wibley, alias Jorrocks.

"Right as rain!" chuckled Rake.

"Poor old Nugent looked rather knocked over."

"I told him at once, after you—after Mr. Jorrocks had gone," said Rake, laughing. "It's all right."

"And what about Dicky?"

"He's disappeared."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He had one blink at Mr. Jorrocks from the door, and it seems to have been enough for him," chuckled Rake. "I fancy he's fed up with Bird-in-Hand loafers now! He bunked, and he's not been seen since. His major's hunting for him high and low."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wibley carried his bag, containing the outward semblance of Mr. Jorrocks, up to his study in the Remove passage. Harry Wharton and Co. were in the passage, and they grinned at the sight of Wibley. The Famous Five were in the secret now, though it was very carefully being kept from going further. Frank Nugent was engaged in searching for his minor, who had completely vanished from sight.

"We'd better help look for Dicky!" Rake remarked.

The juniors proceeded to hunt for the vanished fag. It was Bob Cherry who discovered him at last, in the box-room. He thought of looking into Mauly's big trunk, and as he raised the lid there was a squeak of terror from inside. The sportsman of the Second blinked up at Bob in an agony of apprehension.

"Is he gone?"

"Your friend from the Bird-in-Hand?" grinned Bob. "Oh, yes, he's been gone more than an hour, if you mean Jorrocks."

"Did he—did he mention my name?"

"I didn't hear him."

Dicky Nugent crawled out of the trunk.

"Oh, dear!" he groaned.

"Had a good time?" asked Bob genially.

"Oh, dear!"

Dicky Nugent limped away.

And if ever there was a young rascal who repented of his misdeeds, it was Dicky Nugent just then. He had had a much-needed lesson, and he never learned the fact as to the real identity of Mr. Jorrocks!

THE END

## Sports and Sportsmen

No. 1.—FOOTBALL



The whistle goes: away we rush,  
A pack of breathless players,  
Forging our way through seas of slush  
And mud piled up in layers.  
We love to hear the welcome cries  
Of "Goal!" and "Oh, well shot, sir!"  
We all laud football to the skies,  
A grand game, is it not, sir?

The pace is fast, the game is keen,  
It is a thrilling tussle!  
The forward play is swift and clean,  
And skill combines with muscle.  
The half-backs play with might and main,  
The backs are strong and steady;  
The goalie uses fist and brain,  
And he is ever ready.

And so the stirring fight goes on  
In manner grim and glorious,  
Until the game is fought and won,  
With cheers for the victorious.  
And those who fought and failed to win  
Don't nurse their sorrows after;  
They meet reverses with a grin  
And leave the field with laughter.

Such is the spirit of the game,  
And may it long continue!  
And may it ever be our aim  
To strengthen nerve and sinew,  
By taking part in wins and routs,  
And rousing football battles,  
While schoolmates urge us on with shouts  
And whistles, flutes, and rattles!