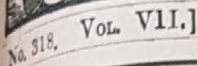


**(See Your
Editor's Chat.)**

of Sport and Adventure



EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

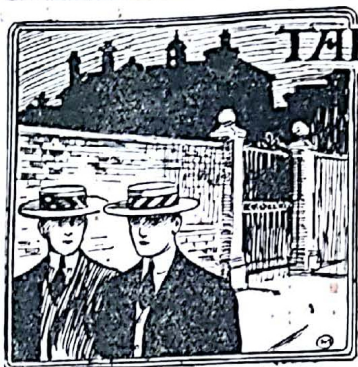
[SATURDAY, JULY 4, 1908.

WON BY INCHES!



A STIRRING
STORY OF THE
OLYMPIC GAMES.

HARRY
LANE



THE 1st CHAPTER.
The School Champion.

A GROUP of small boys were in deep and earnest conversation outside the gates of Parchester College.

"Yes," said one of them, a short, stout lad named Evans. "I think I've done the trick pretty neatly. I doubt if he'll run thirty yards."

"But suppose he twigs it before the race?"

"I don't think he will. The paper'll keep over it till he begins to run, and I've got the colour of that just right. He'd have to squint pretty hard to twig it."

"Suppose he finds out who's done it?" said a pale, thin-faced boy named Taylor.

"Then, I guess we must look out for squalls."

"You must," said Taylor significantly.

"Don't forget it was your idea," retorted Evans. "Anyhow, we're all in it together, and nobody's going to peach."

"Rather not," agreed the others, in chorus.

And now to explain what the trick was that they had been preparing, and for whose benefit—or the reverse—they had laid their plot.

It was May 1st, and on that day at Parchester College there was an annual hundred yards race for the championship of the school, and for the temporary possession of a silver challenge cup, given by an old boy who was a celebrated runner—in fact, an amateur champion. The winner, besides having his name engraved on the cup, received a handsome silver medal as a memento of his prowess, and, needless to say, there was keen competition among the swiftest runners to obtain the coveted trophies.

It was now May 1st, and the race was to be run immediately after morning school at twelve o'clock, on the long asphalt drive in front of the college.

The issue was generally thought to be between two boys, both nearly seventeen years of age, named Rawson and Herries. The former was the biggest bully in the school, the terror of all the junior boys, and generally unpopular. The latter was as much liked as Rawson was hated; and, naturally, most of the collegians hoped he would win.

The small boys standing at the gate had made up their minds that he should, and Taylor had thought of a means of making it nearly certain that Rawson should lose, in any case.

It was a simple scheme. The race being run on the hard asphalt, running-shoes were useless; the competitors ran in canvas shoes with rubber soles. On part of the soles of Rawson's shoes Evans had surreptitiously smeared a thin layer of cobbler's wax, just where the ball of the foot would press the ground in running, and over the cobbler's wax he had placed paper, colored like the rest of the sole. The paper would prevent the wax sticking to the ground till it was worn off, which would be, probably, soon after the wearer began to run; and when once it did begin to stick, it would be impossible to run very fast.

The boys trooped out of school soon after the stroke of twelve in a great state of excitement as to the coming contest.

All save the competitors and a few others made straight for the drive, and lined up on either side of the measured course. Rawson, Herries, and the three other runners made for the gymnasium, where they changed into running clothes, and Rawson put on his shoes without inspecting them at all critically. The gymnasium was quite close to the starting-point, which he reached without any suspicion of his shoes having been tampered with; the paper, as Evans had thought would be the case, preventing the wax from sticking.

Soon the five runners were lined up ready for the start, and two or three of the masters cleared the course for the race.

Another then addressed the competitors. "I shall say 'Are you ready?' once," he said, "and then fire the pistol. Now, then, Rawson—back a little, there! No poaching! Now! Are you ready?"

No response, save that all the runners bend forward more keenly.

Bang!

They are off! From the start, Herries and Rawson single themselves out, and before twenty yards are covered, have, almost in line, a lead of over a yard from the rest. Another ten yards, the pair still leading, Rawson is seen to falter in a peculiar manner; in fact, he almost falls upon the track.

A roar of excited comment from the spectators.

THE BULLY of PARCHESTER.

A Fine Long, Complete School Tale.

By A POPULAR AUTHOR.

"He's done! Rawson's beaten!" cried several.

The surprise of the onlookers, save only the little gang of plotters, was intense.

Meanwhile, Herries was yards in front, and as Rawson stumbled, the other three runners rushed past him.

A stride or two more, and Rawson's right shoe came off—stuck to the track. He fell forward on his hands and knees, and was out of the race, while several of the boys ran to his assistance.

Meanwhile, the race was over, and Herries had won comfortably. Loud cheers proclaimed him the champion of the college as he triumphantly breasted the tape.

He had not noticed what had befallen his chief rival, but now, as he learnt that Rawson had fallen, he hurried back to the group that was thronging round his rival.

"It's cobbler's wax—cobbler's wax!" he heard. "Someone's stuck it on his shoes!"

"Some of the kids he's so fond of bullying, I expect," put in another voice. "But he wouldn't have won in any case."

Herries allowed his way through the group to where Rawson stood, holding a shoe in his hand.

"Sportsmanlike way to win, I don't think," he said, as he caught sight of Herries.

"What do you mean?"

"What I say."

"Do you mean to insinuate I knew of this?"

"Well, you're the chap who gains by it, anyway."

"You judge other people by yourself," said Herries, with dignity. "But you don't suppose I'll take the race, do you? We'll run again—to-morrow."

Before Rawson could reply, Herries strode off to the master who acted as starter.

Hurriedly telling him what had happened, he asked that the race might be re-run.

"Quite right, Herries," said Mr. Iles. "I think you can beat him, but he ought to have a fair chance."

He had, the next day, after twelve.

And although Rawson managed to poach a yard at the start, Herries gradually wore him down, and won by a full two yards, amid cheering even louder than that of the previous day.

But Rawson had no intention of letting the matter end with his defeat. He was determined to find out who had played the trick upon him, and to take full vengeance on his enemies.

THE 2nd CHAPTER. A Bully's Downfall.

HE found it no easy matter to detect the delinquents. None of the plotters was likely to sneak wilfully, though Taylor was not above turning "bully's evidence" to save his own skin, should it become necessary. Nevertheless, Rawson argued with himself, it must have been some of the lower boys, and if he thrashed the lot of them, as occasion offered, he would necessarily include the right ones.

So never a day went by without his, on some pretext or another, inflicting pain on one or more of the youngsters, and many were the kicks and cuffs and arm-twistings he administered during the period immediately following after the race for the challenge cup.

Evans, in particular, suffered, for he made

no secret of his dislike for Rawson, as well as of his admiration for Herries, who was the bully's particular aversion. Taylor, on the other hand, curried favour with him as far as possible, and so avoided punishment.

One day Evans and two or three of his chums were strolling across the cricket ground at the back of the college, when Rawson, coming out of a class-room, wherein he had been detained late for some delinquency or other, spotted them. He was in a bad humour as a result of his slight punishment, and wanted an outlet for his aggrieved feelings. Happening to have a fives ball in his pocket, he took careful aim at the smaller boys, and hurled it at them.

It whizzed by Evans's ear, between him and a boy named Wilson.

"Thank you, ball!" he yelled.

Evans, looking round, saw who had thrown the missile.

"It's Rawson!" he said. "Let's cut off!"

"Thank you, ball!" shouted Rawson again.

"Fetch it, you young hounds!"

"I shan't!" said Evans determinedly.

"Let him fetch it himself!"

And, followed by Wilson and the others, he turned rapidly off in another direction.

"You cheeky young beggars!" cried Rawson, at once starting after them at full speed.

They began to run, but without much chance of escape, for the bully, as we know, was fleet of foot, and very soon he had the hindmost, Wilson, by the collar. Whereupon the others stopped also.

"So you refuse to fag, do you?" Rawson began, twisting Wilson's collar, so that the boy could hardly breathe. "We'll see about that. Now, you Evans, fetch that ball! Quick, d'ye hear?"

"What did you chuck it at us for?" demanded Evans surlily. "You might have jolly well hurt one of us."

That was true, for a fives ball is a pretty hard object.

"I'll jolly well hurt the lot of you before I've done!" answered Rawson, still half choking the wriggling Wilson. "Now, will you fetch it?"

But the spirit of rebellion was rising in Evans's breast. He was a sturdy and plucky boy, and he had with him, in Wilson and Travers, two allies who would not fail to back him up.

"No, I won't!" he said defiantly.

Rawson let Wilson go, and dashed at him in a blind fury. But, quick as thought, Evans dodged under his arm, with the result that he nearly fell forward on to his face. Before he could recover himself, Evans had sprung at him, and, hitting with all his might, caught him a sharp blow behind the ear.

"Come on, you chaps," he cried at the same time; "we've stood enough of his bullying! Let's go for him!"

Rawson stood amazed. Never in the whole course of his bullying career had such a thing happened to him. What is more, he did not like the look of things at all. Singly, one after the other, he could have thrashed his adversaries with ease, but a simultaneous attack by three or four of them was quite a different matter.

However, they didn't give him time to think over the situation. Evans, Wilson, and Travers all rushed at him at once, and the fourth boy, Knox, after hesitating a moment, then did the

same. Blows were simply showered upon the bully, and if they were simply showered upon the bully, they were hard enough to be felt. On his part, Rawson was not very soon as a terrific right-handed boxer, and he could rejoin the attack. And so it went on the shin. Travers took a good

"You coward!" shouted Evans. "By way of reply, Rawson took a good

also, but missed, and then Wilson joined in.

It was hot and hard work for the whose small assailants gave him no

"I'll pay you out for this later," as he vainly tried to defend himself, rapid blows.

But already they recognised their efforts as his became feebler, and of threats and curses, which he

"He's nearly done!" said Evans. "We'll give him a lesson this time!"

And they did.

Not till, bruised and sore all over, yelling for mercy, did they cease

their enemy, when they finally

and almost weeping, on the ground

The bully had, that was not likely

as Evans knew, that a lesson it was

end of the matter. They knew Rawson

for that. And unpopular though he was

most of the school fellows, he was a

boy, and the thrashing he had received

doubtless he resented by others of

who wouldn't approve of the law into

the law into their own hands.

So it turned out.

That evening, Evans and his

were summoned into the Fifth Form

there to explain, first their refusal

Rawson's ball, secondly their

in assaulting and battering one of

It was quite a formal trial, in

were the prisoners, Rawson the

head of the Fifth the judge. Ta

was, who would defend the accus

Herries said he would.

"I wouldn't stick up for kids w

cheeky as a rule," he said; "but

how Rawson's always been bull

think they did quite right."

There were several others present

this view, so Evans and the

feel hopeful. They might get of

if not—well, the prospect of a

hiding—was not a pleasant one.

Rawson gave anything but a

of the affair. Having inadvertently

ball at a bird, he said, he had

Wilson to fetch it, as he had a

do. Whereupon, he said, all four

had set upon him, and taking him

had overpowered him.

The version given by the am

different, and it was the true one.

showed a badly-bruised shin in

allegation, that Rawson had kicked

Rawson, in answering the question

put to him, contradicted himself

The judge, a boy named Hurrell,

in favour of the accused, and af

question of guilty, or not guilty—

hiding—was put to the vote. By

votes to eleven the Fifth Form

favour of Evans and his chums.

not off-foot, though with a warni

judge not to be too cocky in con

Rawson was very angry indeed,

one or two more of the big boys

these, Hubbard by name. Before

and the two vowed that before

would make Evans, even more

the ringleader, suffer even more

verdict had gone against him.

And Rawson also declared th

should be made to regret the p

taken in the affair.

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THE 3rd CHAPTER. The Exford Match.

BUT although the chaste

bully by his small adversar

theme for a few days of

ment and discussion, s

collegians, it was soon

was impending boy in the

of almost every boy in the

the annual cricket of Exford, a

and the rival college was

twenty miles distant. The match

an early date in June, as the

among the best players for the

in the eleven was very keen

Hayes, a Sixth Form boy, was

team, in which he had three

before the great ones a certainty

places was regarded as the

who had been twelve man

and who, in one or two

had shown good form. Other

were Rawson, Hubbard, and

Wilkins, who was a good

colours—Hubbard and Her

score made against the

would have it, Rawson and

more brought into rivalry,

place in the team. Both

but Herries was decidedly

and field of the pair. Raw

useful slow bowler on his

In the last match given

Exford, Rawson was given

