

SPECIAL
STORY I

THE WRESTLING CHAMPION

THIS
WEEK.

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The

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EVERY BOY'S AND YOUNG MAN'S
STORY AND HOBBY PAPER.



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EVERY WEDNESDAY—ONE PENNY.

WEEK ENDING JUNE 13, 1908.

The WOLF PATROL

*A Story of Baden-Powell's
Boy Scouts*

By John Finnemore



Stirring scenes from this week's chapters of our great Boy Scout story of which everyone is talking.



Flynn, the Golfist!

Written by
CHARLES HAMILTON.

You'll Laugh a Hundred Times Over
the Adventures of Jovial Micky.

The 1st Chapter. Micky Flynn Takes up Golf.

"LOOK out!"

"Hullo!"

"Faith, and I tell ye, look out!"

"But what—"

Poindexter and Neville had just come out into the Close at Cliveden, and were walking down towards the cricket field, when Micky Flynn's excited voice fell upon their ears. They stopped immediately, and stared at their Irish chum.

"Faith, and will ye look out?" shouted Micky Flynn.

"I guess he's off his rocker!" exclaimed Poindexter, staring at Flynn. "What's he doing with that walking-stick?"

"Some new sort of gymnastic exercise," suggested Neville.

There was indeed something rather surprising in Flynn's attitude. He had hold of a walking-stick with a deadly grip, and appeared to be brandishing it in the air for no especial purpose.

"Will ye get out of the way?" roared Flynn.

"What for?" demanded Poindexter. "We are a dozen feet from you, and you can go on with that Indian club exercise without hurting us."

"Indian club, ye ass! It's golfing I am!"

"Whatting?"

"Golfing!"

"Off his rocker," said Poindexter, with conviction.

Dick Neville chuckled.

He perceived a fives ball lying on the ground at the Irish junior's feet, and guessed that the walking-stick was to be used as a golf-club.

"Will ye get out of the way?"

"But I guess we're not in the way!"

"Ye're blocking up the hole!"

"Oh, I see!"

"Faith, and sure a golfer was never bothered by such a pair of silly spalpeens!" exclaimed Micky Flynn.

"Do you call that golf?"

"Faith, and I do intirely! Sure, it's some illigant shots I've made; and when I get a golfing set, I'll surprise ye all. Sure, I'm going to make my shot now; so if ye don't clear, there will be trouble!"

"Oh, better get out of the way, I guess!" said Poindexter. "Flynn isn't any too safe at close quarters at the best of times; and when he starts playing golf with a walking-stick, he's dangerous."

"Faith, and I'll—"

"Come on, Dick!"

The chums of the Fourth hurried out of the way. The walking-stick whirled in the air, and swept down, and the fives ball was sent flying; but it was far from flying in the direction intended by the amateur golfer. Poindexter would have been safer if he had remained where he was.

"Sure, and where's the ball?" gasped Micky Flynn, looking round.

There was a yell from Lincoln G. Poindexter.

"Here it is, you ass, in my eye!"

The American chum was rubbing his eye ruefully.

Micky Flynn looked at him in amazement.

"Faith, and do ye mean to say that the ball hit ye in the eye, Puntpusher?"

"I guess so, you dangerous lunatic!"

"But, sure, ye were not in the line of fire!"

"I should have been safer there, I guess!"

Micky Flynn shook his head obstinately.

"Faith, and it's mistaken ye are, Punt-dodger! The ball couldn't possibly have hit you in the eye, where you are standing!"

"It came right in—"

"I tell ye it's impossible. I made a good stroke, and the ball must have gone straight towards the house."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dick Neville. "What was it came into Punt's eye, then, Micky?"

"Sure, and how should I know, intirely? I'm pretty sure it wasn't my ball. Perhaps it was a wasp!"

"I'll wasp you!" howled Poindexter. And he made a rush at the Irish junior.

Micky Flynn dodged.

"Faith, and keep yer temper, Pinplunger! Don't be ratty, Puntpainter! Accidents will happen in the best regulated golf-links—"

"I'll knock you—"

"Faith, and it's excited ye look, Puntdodger. Sure—Ow!"

Poindexter had the amateur golfer round the neck now, and was proceeding to administer severe corporal punishment to him.

Two red-headed youths came out of the schoolhouse, and stopped to look on with great interest.

"Hullo, Pricey!" exclaimed Pankhurst of the Fourth. "Here's a row in the home circle—the Combine have fallen out at last!"

"Quite so," said Price. "Let's watch 'em."

"Rather!"

The 2nd Chapter. The Golfist in Trouble.

DICK NEVILLE grasped Poindexter by the hair, and Micky Flynn by the left ear, and exerted his strength to separate them.

Whether it was his strength, or the pain caused by his well-meaning efforts, the excited combatants came apart at last.

"Lemmegerratin!" gasped Micky Flynn.

"Whatcherholdinmefer?" panted Poindexter.

"Shut up, you pair of silly asses—"

"Sure, and—"

"Rats!"

"There's Pankhurst and Price standing there grinning like a couple of Cheshire cats, while you're playing the giddy ox!" exclaimed Dick Neville. "You ought to be ashamed of yourselves, both of you!"

"Faith, and—"

"I guess—"

"Chuck it! You're a pair of silly cuckoos!"

"If you had a fives ball bugged in your eye, Dick Neville—"

"If you had a Chicago lunatic get your head in chancery, Dick Neville—"

"Oh, shut up!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankhurst. "Blessed are the giddy peace-makers. What do you want to interfere for, Neville? Why can't you let 'em fight it out?"

"Quite so!" said Price. "It was amusing to watch."

"Go it, Poindexter!"

"Go it, Tipperary!"

"Faith, and I think—"

"Ob, chuck it!" growled Poindexter. "You two copper merchants can go and eat coke. What price ginger to-day?"

"What price tinned rats?" said Pankhurst cheerfully. "I hear that your popper is sending you some special potted horse from Chicago for a study feed, Puntpusher. You won't ask us, will you?"

"Oh, don't stop here talking to these stupid kids!" said Poindexter loftily.

"Faith, and it's interruptin' my golf ye are, and sure I've lost my ball—"

"Oh, you're playing golf, are you?" said Pankhurst.

"Where has your ball gone?"

"Puntdodger says it went into his eye; but he must have been mistaken, as I sent it in another direction. Anyway, if it went into his golfist! Sure, there's the ball! It hasn't moved!"

eye, it can't have stopped there, so it must be somewhere about. Help me find it, like a decent boy!"

"There it is," said Pankhurst, kicking the fives ball towards the Irish junior. "Let's see if you can land it in Puntdodger's other eye!"

"Faith, and it's holin' it I'm thyrin' to do—"

"I think I'll get a little further off," said Pankhurst. "That walking-stick looks dangerous. There he goes!"

Micky Flynn made a stroke.

Unfortunately there was a slight miscalculation, and, instead of hitting the ball, the stick crashed on the ground with such a shock that it was smashed in two, and Micky Flynn's hands tingled as if he had been electrified.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankhurst. "Good old golfist!"

Micky Flynn stared at the fragments of the walking-stick in dismay.

"Faith, and it's broken intirely."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And sure, there's the ball. It hasn't moved!"

"You'll want a new cleek," grinned Poindexter. "By the way, was that a cleek or a brassey?"

"Faith, and it was neither! It was Grahame's walking-stick, the one he uses on Sundays, and this will annoy him."

Poindexter whistled.

Grahame was the worst-tempered prefect at Cliveden, and he would certainly have been annoyed if he had known that Micky Flynn had borrowed his stick to play golf with. The fact could hardly be concealed from him now. It was an accident, of course, but that would make no difference to Grahame. When his stick was returned in pieces, there would be a record row, that was certain.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankhurst. "I think he is almost certain to be annoyed, Flynn, but he won't feel so bad as you will when he's finished with you."

"Faith, and it was an accident!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"When you play golf with a walkin'-stick, sure, you never know what is going to happen!" said the Irish junior.

"You're right there; but perhaps Grahame won't think that his stick was the proper one to select for the purpose," grinned Pankhurst.

"I say, can't anything be done to it? It can't be a very good stick to smash like that, anyway. Perhaps we could stick it together with a little glue."

Micky Flynn brightened up.

"Faith, and of course we can, Panky! It won't be so strong as it was before, but if we stick it carefully, sure it will look just the same."

"I guess that's a good idea," said Poindexter. "If Grahame were a decent chap, we'd show it to him, and offer to pay for the damage. But the beastly bully would seize on it as an excuse for going for us."

"That's it!" said Neville. "The gluepot's the thing!"

"Sure, and where are ye goin' to get any glue, though?"

"I'll borrow Stumpy's gluepot," said Pankhurst. "He'll lend it to me if I tip him three-pence. You take the stick to your study, and I'll bring the gluepot there as soon as I can get it from Stumpy."

"Faith, and it's a janius ye are, Panky!"

"And it's a silly ass you are, Flynn. Come on, Pricey!"

And Pankhurst and Price walked off towards the porter's lodge. They were not on the best of terms with Stump, the porter, but Stump was always amenable to a tip.

Micky Flynn picked up the two halves of the walking-stick, and put them under his arm.

"Sure, and it was unfortunate, kids!" he claimed. "I don't quite know how I came to make a stroke like that."

"Perhaps it's because you're a silly ass," suggested Neville.

"Faith, and I—"

"We'd better come and help you do the stickin'," Poindexter remarked. "I guess it won't be easy to mend that stick so that it won't show. And if Grahame ever leans on it again there will be a bust-up."

"Sure, that's Grahame's business, isn't it? He shouldn't have such a beastly cheap walking-stick, anyway, when a chap might want to borrow it to use as a brassey."

"Ha, ha! It was thoughtless of him," grinned Neville. "Let's get the pieces to the study before anybody sees them. There's Pankpot looking at us, and he'd give us away to Grahame as soon as look at us. Grahame was in the passage when we came out. Show the fragments under your jacket."

"Faith, and it's right ye are!"

Micky Flynn thrust the two halves of the stick under his jacket. Micky was rather plump in his person, and his jacket fitted tightly enough, so that the concealed halves of the stick bulged out and betrayed their presence to the most casual glance. The juniors entered the school house. Micky ran as quickly, with the idea of getting to the study as soon as possible, and getting rid of the stick, and as his luck would have it, he ran right into Grahame, who was coming out.

The prefect gripped him by the shoulders and shook him.

"You clumsy young ass!" he growled. "What do you mean by running into me like that?"

"Faith, and I—"

Micky's teeth chattered as the prefect shook him. He had to keep his arms tight to his sides, in case the shaking should move the stick from under his jacket. His peculiar attitude was not likely to escape the prefect's keen eye.

"What are you hiding under your jacket, you young rotter?"

"Faith, and sure I—"

"Tell me what it is at once!"

"But, sure—"

The prefect, whose curiosity was excited, grasped Micky's jacket to tear it open. Poindexter laid a hand on his wrist and jerked it off.

"I guess you're too curious, Grahame!" he drawled. "You've no right to inquire—"

The prefect turned upon him savagely.

"You young rascals are up to some mischief as usual!" he snarled. "I'll show you whether a prefect has a right to inquire—Come back, Flynn!"

But Micky, taking advantage of Grahame's attention being diverted by Poindexter, was bolting up the stairs at top speed.

"Come back, you young rascal!"

Micky Flynn did not heed.

He might get into a "row" for disobeying a prefect, but nothing like what he would get into if Grahame discovered the fragments of the stick hidden under his jacket.

Grahame ran up the stairs in pursuit. Micky Flynn had a good start, and he ran along the corridor towards Study No. 4, the apartment shared by the Cliveden Combine.

The enraged prefect pursued him relentlessly, deeply incensed at the open disregard of his authority before a dozen grinning juniors.

Micky Flynn dashed into the study, and hurled the two fragments of the broken stick behind the bookcase, and then caught up a lot of buns from the cupboard, and jammed them under his jacket. It was the work of a couple of seconds, but Micky had barely done it when Grahame came bursting into the study.

"Now I've got you, you cheeky young scoundrel!"

"Faith, and I—"

Grahame seized Micky by the shoulder and shook him violently.

"Why didn't you stop when I called you?"

"Sure, it was because I thought you would be annoyed."

"Annoyed at what?"

"Faith, at what I had under my jacket!"

"What have you got there, you young rascal? Show me at once!"

"Will ye promise not to take any?"

"Any what?"

"What I've got here."

"What do you mean? What is it? Is it gunpowder, or some dangerous thing you're bringing into the school?" exclaimed the prefect. "You rascals in this study are always up to some impish trick. Show me at once what it is."

"Will ye promise—"

"Show it me!" roared Grahame, and he shook Micky with such violence that the stick slipped out from under his jacket to the floor. The paper burst, and the buns rolled out on the carpet. The prefect stared at them.

"Faith, and it's busted the bag ye have intirely!" exclaimed Micky.

"You confounded young ass! You needn't have been afraid to let me see those buns," said Grahame angrily. "You are allowed to bring buns into your study if you want to. Yes; but sure it's such an ill-temper baste ye are—Ow!"

"As you have disobeyed my order to show when I called to you, I shall confiscate the buns," said Grahame, who had a reputation among the juniors for supplying the prefect with his own table by timely confiscations.

"But, sure—"

"Pick them up!" thundered Grahame.

Micky Flynn obeyed. The broken bag was



IT'S GRAHAME'S
STICK!

Instead of hitting the ball, the stick crashed on the ground with such a shock that it was smashed in two, and Micky Flynn's hands tingled as if he had been electrified. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Pankhurst. "Good old golfist! Sure, there's the ball! It hasn't moved!"

wrapped round the buns, and Grahame put them under his arm with a grin.

"Faith, and is it takin' them all, ye are, Grahame?"

"Certainly! As a lesson to you to respect a prefect's commands. You are lucky to get off so cheaply, Flynn!"

The prefect quitted the study.

Micky Flynn grinned.

"Faith, and I am lucky, too!" he murmured. "If the spalpeen had known about the busted walking-stick, I shouldn't have got off for a few penny buns. Hallo, ye omadhauns, it's all right!"

And Micky explained to Poindexter and Neville as they came in, and the Combine yelled with laughter over the way the prefect had been taken in.

"But he's got our buns," said Neville.

"Faith, and it doesn't matter intirely. They've been in the cupboard for some days now, and they're pretty stale, and I thought all along that we shouldn't be able to eat them since Puntodger spilt the bicycle oil over them. I don't suppose Grahame will enjoy them very much."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He hasn't seen the busted stick, that's the great thing. We shall be able to glue it up great things. We shall be able to glue it up and take it back to his study, and he won't be any the wiser till he leans his weight on it some day. Then he'll know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The 3rd Chapter. A Lesson in Golf.

MICKY FLYNN picked up the fragments of the walking-stick from the spot where he had thrown them. The stick was not a valuable one, but it had a showy, silver head, and the prefect was known to place a great value upon it. Flynn examined it critically. The breakage was a ragged one, but the two pieces fitted together very well, and when they were glued only a mark would show the joining.

"Sure, and it will be a success," said the Irish junior. "You can do wonders with a little work and a glue-pot. I shall have to be more careful next time, though, in the walking-sticks I borrow to practise golf with."

"Ha, ha! What's put the idea into your head, Micky?"

"Sure, and it's a good idea, and I've been thinkin' of it for some time," said Flynn. "I thought it was about time I started some new idea, as you two fellows have made such howlin' failures lately—"

"What?"

"Well, you made this study the joke of the school over the gardening idea," said Flynn. "You can't deny that, Puntodger."

"You were in it as much as I was."

"Then there was the cycling club, and sure there was the laugh agin us."

"More your fault than mine."

"Faith, and I don't see how you make that out, Puntbuster. You said—"

"Oh, rats!"

"You said—"

"Cheese it!"

"But sure ye know ye're a silly ass intirely, Puntbuster, so I won't pursue the point. It's time I took the lead in this study, I think, and my idea is that we should take up golf, and form a Fourth Form Golf Club—"

"And knock five-balls into fellows' eyes, I suppose?"

"And bust up prefects' walking-sticks?"

"Sure, accidents will happen!"

"They will when you start playing golf."

"I'm going in for the thing in deadly earnest. There are bound to be accidents at the start. The difficulty is that a full set of clubs are expensive, and I should want ten or a dozen, of course."

"Oh, of course; all beginners do!" grinned Poindexter.

"And sure the funds won't run to it now," said Micky Flynn. "Still, a hockey-stick may come in useful, or even a cricket-stump, and one can afford golf-balls, anyway. I have ordered some from London by post."

"My hat! There will be ructions, I expect."

"I don't see why there should be. If you golfists back me up, we shall become expert in a jiffy."

"If you can become expert at golf with a hockey-stick, or a cricket-stump—"

"I suppose an umbrella would do at a pinch!" said Dick Neville sarcastically.

"Sure, you never know what you can do till you try," said the optimistic Irish junior. "I'm not going to be downhearted, and sure I'm already getting some skill, as I've shown you—"

"Skill at busting walking-sticks, do you mean?" asked Neville.

"No, he means in putting a ball into a fellow's eye!" growled Poindexter.

"Sure, I've already told you that you mustn't be mistaken, Puntodger, and it niver went in ye're eye at all."

"Ah! Can't you see my eye's all red?" howled Poindexter.

"You can get your eyes red without having golf-balls put into them," said Micky Flynn obstinately. "You may have been natchin' intirely. Sure and I never came across such an obstinate boulder before! When ye get an idea into your head, there's no getting it out again."

"You Tipperary lunatic, I tell you the ball nipped into my eye!"

"You Chicago maniac, I tell you it couldn't possibly have done anythin' of the sort!"

"Hallo, another row!" exclaimed Pankhurst, coming into the study. "Go it, ye cripples! Don't mind me."

"Quite so," said Price. "We've got plenty of glue here, if there's any breakages."

But Poindexter and Flynn cooled down at the sight of the Old Firm. They might punch one another's heads in private, but before their rivals they were ever chums; but there was not much rivalry displayed by the Old Firm just now.

They ragged the Combine at every opportunity, and the Combine ragged them; but in a moment of difficulty the rivals of Cliveden were always ready to stand shoulder to shoulder.

"You've got the glue-pot?" asked Poindexter.

Pankhurst held it up to view.

"Rather! Here it is, kid. I had to argue with Stumpy. He wanted a tanner for lending it to me, and then he was suspicious that I wanted it to play some trick with. We compromised on fourpence, which will cost you boulders a penny each. Price has paid the odd penny. You'll have to melt this glue."

"Hold it over the gas-burner, Panky, darling!"

"Yes," said Pankhurst sarcastically. "I'm likely to hold a glue-pot over a gas-burner while the water boils and the glue melts! I think I can see myself doing it. Get some wood, ass, and light the fire!"

"Faith, and it would save time if ye put ye're head under it!"

"I'll put your head in chancery if you don't cheese it on that topic! Nice way to talk to a chap who's wasting time doing you a good turn!"

"Faith, and I apologise, Panky. Ye needn't put ye're head under it."

"Have you got some wood for the fire? The sooner this job is done the better. It will take some time for the glue to dry on the stick."

"I'll soon find some wood," said Neville; and he left the study, and came back in a few minutes with an armful of fuel, raided from the studies up and down the passage. The wood was crammed into the grate and lighted, and the glue-pot jammed into the middle of it.

"That won't take long," said Pankhurst.

"Sure, and while ye're waiting I'll give ye a lesson in golf, if ye like," cried Micky Flynn.

"Will you?" said Poindexter. "I guess there's going to be no golf played in this study!"

"No, there isn't room," agreed Micky Flynn; "but the passage would make an illigant course, regardin' the staircases as bunkers, and the doormat at the end as the tee—"

"And fellows coming along the passage as impedimenta which it is lawful to remove from the course, I suppose?" grinned Pankhurst.

"Faith, and I—"

"Parcel for Master Flynn!" said Stump, the porter, coming into the study.

"Thank you, Stumpy!" said Micky Flynn. "It's my golf-balls come down. You can go, Stumpy. I'd like to tip ye threepence, but I haven't anythin' but a French penny, so I shall have to remember you in my will instead."

Stumpy grunted, and left the study. Micky Flynn opened the parcel, and turned out the golf-balls, and grinned with delight.

"Sure, and it's a start!" he exclaimed. "I wish I had a cleek and a brasseay and a drivin'-iron to begin with, but I suppose a stump will answer the purpose. I've been practising the strokes, and if you fellows would like to see a really fine example of golfin', I'll show ye while the glue's melting."

"We'll watch you from the door," said Neville distrustfully.

"Oh, very well, if you're afraid of a little danger, though there's really no danger at all."

And Flynn, putting some balls into his pockets—lost balls being extremely probable on such a course—picked up a cricket-stump, and went out into the passage.

The juniors watched him from the door with interest. Flynn dropped the ball upon the chosen tee—a doormat in the passage—and took a businesslike grip of the cricket-stump, alias the club.

"Fore!" he shouted.

The warning was unnecessary. There was nobody in the passage. But Flynn, like every beginner, was full of golfing expressions.

"Now, then, watch me!"

"Go it, fathead!"

Flynn carefully addressed his ball. The stroke might have turned out a really fine example of the golfer's art, but accidents will



"Phwat's the matter intirely?" gasped Flynn in amazement. "Is it treadin' on the tail of me jacket ye are, ye gossoons?" Neville gave a roar. "My only hat! He's sitting in the glue, and it's stuck him to the carpet!"

happen, as the young golfist had already discovered.

Flynn had chosen a mat outside a study door as the teeing ground, careless of the fact that the study was probably occupied, and that the door might be opened at any moment.

He had whirled up his club, and it was swinging round his head, when the door suddenly opened, and Greene of the Fourth came out.

The next instant there was a terrific yell from Greene. The descending club caught him across the shoulder, and to judge from the yell he gave, it hurt him.

"Hallo!" gasped Micky. "I'm sorry; but faith, what do ye mean by gettin' in the way?"

"Ow! You beast, you've broken my shoulder-bone!" roared Greene; and he fairly hurled himself upon the amateur golfist.

"Faith, and—"

"I'll wipe up the ground with you!" roared Greene. "I'll teach you to wait for me outside my study and swipe me with a cricket-stump!"

"Faith, and it's playin' golf I was after."

"I'll golf you!"

"Help! He's off his onion! Come and drag him off, ye spalpeens!" roared Micky Flynn.

But the juniors in the doorway of Study No. 4 were doubled up with laughter, and they did not come. Micky Flynn rolled on the floor, and Greene bumped his head on the linoleum.

"Help, ye omadhauns!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Greene gave Flynn another bump, and then rose to his feet.

"You won't swipe me with a cricket-stump again in a hurry!" he said, with a satisfied look, as he went downstairs.

Micky Flynn staggered up, looking very dusty and dishevelled.

"Ye spalpeens—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess we're waiting for that stroke," said Poindexter. "It's a long time coming."

"Faith, the ball's lost now—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Never mind, I've got plenty of thim, and—"

"Hallo! What's that?" exclaimed Pankhurst.

A fearful smell of burning and smothering came from the study, together with a hissing from the fire.

"It's the glue-pot!" exclaimed Neville.

The juniors rushed into the study. The glue-pot was boiling over, unnoticed in the excitement of the lesson in golfing. Poindexter snatched it from the fire, and the next moment let out a yell worthy of a Red Indian on the warpath. The handle was hot, and Poindexter held it only a second. Then the glue-pot dropped from his hand, and water and melted glue ran in a stream over the square of carpet which adorned the floor of No. 4 Study.

The 4th Chapter.

In the Grip of the Glue.

WELL," said Pankhurst, in measured tones, "of all the silly asses—"

"Ow!"

"Of all the jabbering idiots, bedad—"

"Ow!"

"Of all the howling duffers—"

"Ow!"

"Of all the gibbering imbeciles—"

"Ow!"

Each junior present had a remark to pass upon Poindexter's action, to which remarks the chum from Chicago replied only in monosyllables, as above, as he sucked his fingers.

"Most of that glue wasted," said Pankhurst,

stooping to pick up the glue-pot. "We shall have to stand old Stumpy another threepence—ow!"

He had caught hold of the wire handle of the glue-pot, and he found it hot. He let the pot fall again more quickly than he had picked it up, and there was a fresh spurt of glue on the carpet.

"Ow—wow!"

"You utter ass!" exclaimed Neville witheringly. "Do you think that tinned-beef duffer hadn't spilt enough?"

"Ow! Why didn't you tell me the handle was hot, Puntpusher, you beast?"

"What do you think I dropped it for, then?" howled Poindexter.

"I thought you were a clumsy ass!"

"Hot is it?" said Micky Flynn, putting the end of his stump through the handle of the glue-pot and lifting it. "Sure, and there's a way to handle these things, kids! It's a pity I wasn't first in the study when the glue boiled over. I could have lifted it up in a jiffy loike this—"

As the Irish junior spoke the glue-pot slipped off the smooth stump and bumped down upon his foot.

Micky gave a yell and hopped clear of the floor.

"Ow, ow, ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Neville. "You could have done it like that, could you? Well, I don't see that that would have been much of an advantage!"

"Ow! Tare an' ounds! Howly mother av St. Patrick! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure, there's some glue spilt on me boot, and it's comin' through the bootlaces!" yelled Micky Flynn.

Dick Neville sprang to the rescue in a twinkling. He ripped the bootlaces open with his pocket-knife, and jerked the boot off. It was done with wonderful quickness and great energy, and the shock made the Irish junior sit down suddenly. He sat down in the midst of the melted glue. Fortunately, it had cooled rapidly on exposure to the air, and Micky only felt a warmth through the seat of his trousers, which he hardly noticed at the time.

The sudden bump on the floor had jarred him from head to foot, and he sat glaring at Dick Neville wrathfully.

"Ye howlin' spalpeen, phwat on earth did ye do that for?"

"I had to get your boot off quick, old chap."

"Ye spalpeen, and for why?"

"The glue was burning you through the bootlaces, wasn't it?"

"No, it wasn't, ye gossoon, I felt that it was just goin' to—"

"Well, you must be an ass!" said Neville. "If you yell out before you're hurt, you must expect to be misunderstood. I thought you were being burnt."

"Sure, and ye've spoiled me illigant boot-lace!"

"Can't be helped. Your own fault, for being such an ass."

"And faith, I believe ye've ripped open the skin on me foot!"

"Bosh!"

"Sure, and it's bleeding intirely!"

"Rats!"

Micky Flynn tore off his sock to see if the foot was bleeding. The sock certainly had been ripped down as well as the bootlaces, but the foot was not more than slightly scratched.

Micky grunted.

"Sure, and ye might have cut me foot off, ye illigant lunatic!"

"If that's all the thanks I get for coming to the rescue so promptly, I'll leave you alone next time," said Neville severely.

"Sure, and I wish ye would, unless ye're prepared to buy me a new pair of socks and another bootlace."

And Flynn commenced to put on his sock again, and his boot, and to fasten up the latter with the fragments of the cut lace. Poindexter and Pankhurst were still sucking and rubbing their fingers. But the burns were really very slight, and the pain soon abated. Micky finished fastening his boot, and essayed to rise.

But he did not rise.

He had been sitting for nearly five minutes in the glue, and it had quite set now, and Micky, to his amazement, found himself unable to get up!

"Phwat's the matter intirely?" he gasped in amazement. "Is it treadin' on the tail of me jacket, ye are, ye gossoons?"

"I guess not," said Poindexter. "Why don't you get up?"

"Sure, and I can't!"

"Can't! What do you mean?"

"Sure, and I'm stuck to the carpet somehow!" howled the unhappy Micky. "Phwat's the matter with the thing intirely?"

Neville gave a roar.

"My only hat! He's sitting in the glue, and it's stuck him to the carpet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Faith, and there's nothing funny in this glue!" growled Micky Flynn. "Stop your cackling, ye giddy omadhauns, and give a fellow a hand up. There's nothin' to cackle at in this!"

"Yes, there is!" grinned Neville. "There's Micky Flynn!"

"Sure, and it's stuck down I am! Help me up intirely!"

"You won't get up entirely, Micky. The seat of your trousers will be left there."

"Bedad, lend me a hand!"

"Get a grip, all of you!" said Poindexter, taking hold of Micky's arm. "When I say, jerk, you all jerk!"

"Right-ho!"
The juniors gripped hold of the unlucky Irish junior.
"Now, then, all together!"
"Go it!"
"Faith, and I—"

With a tremendous jerk and an ominous tearing sound, the Irish boy came up from the carpet. The juniors yelled with laughter at the result. Micky Flynn was wearing a pair of light trousers, and a considerable portion of the seat of them had been left sticking to the carpet.

"Faith, and there's a cowl draught in this study!" gasped Micky.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Bedad! Sure, and there's a patch gone from me illigant trousers! Ye clumsy spalpeens, some of you will have to pay for them intirely!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You shouldn't sit down in the glue, you duffer!"

"You'd better go and get them changed," chuckled Pankhurst, "while we clear up this fearful mess. This carpet will never be the same again!"

"Faith, and I—"

"I'll stick the stick together for you while you're gone, and you can put it back in Grahame's study, and he'll be none the wiser," said Pankhurst.

"Sure, and me illigant trousers are ruined intirely!"

"Be thankful you've got another pair," said Poindexter. "I guess you'd feel the draught going about in those after this!"

"Faith, and I—"

"Go and change 'em, ass, while we clear this up! The carpet's ruined. It's all through your taking up golf. You see the effects of playing golf now, I hope, and you'd better give it up in time!"

"Faith, and I think—"

"Oh, go and change your things, and give us a rest!"

And Micky Flynn thought he might as well.

The 5th Chapter. Caught!

"FLYNN!"

Micky Flynn gave a jump. He had left Study No. 4 to hurry upstairs to get on a fresh pair of nether garments, and in the passage an awe-inspiring figure in cap and gown bore down upon him. It was Dr. Rayne, the Head of Cliveden, on his way to Mr. Lanyon's study. He stopped at the sight of the junior.

"Flynn!"

"Yes, sir!" said Micky, stopping obediently, and taking care to keep directly facing the Head.

"What do you mean by going about in such a dishevelled state? Your collar is unfastened at the back, your necktie is hanging out, your waistcoat is rumpled up, and your trousers are covered with dust."

Micky groaned inwardly.

He had been left in a dishevelled state by the scrimmage with Greene, after the abortive lesson in golfing, and he had not yet had time to put himself to rights. It was cruel luck to meet the Head at that particular moment.

"If you please, sir—"

"You are looking dirty and untidy and slovenly," said the Head sternly. "Why, even one of your boots is tied up with fragments of lace! Flynn, I am surprised at you! I never expected to see even the most careless junior in the school in such an absolutely disgraceful state!"

"If you please, sir—"

"Well, if I please, what?"

"I—I— It was an accident—"

"What was an accident?"

"You see, sir, I was playing golf—"

The Head started.

"You were playing what?"

"Golf, sir. I was usin' Green's doormat as a tee, and he came out, and my club swiped him, and then he went for me."

"That is no excuse for your appearing in this state in the corridor. I can do no less than report you to your Form master. I shall not deal with the matter myself," said the Head.

"Mr. Lanyon can use his discretion about the matter, but certainly it is necessary to bring so discreditable an incident to his notice."

Micky Flynn brightened up. Mr. Lanyon, the master of the Fourth Form at Cliveden, was a good-natured little man. Micky would rather have had ten lickings from him than one from the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

"I am now going to Mr. Lanyon's study," said the Head grimly. "You will precede me there."

Micky did not move.

"Do you hear me, Flynn?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then go at once!"

"Ye-e-es, sir."

But still Micky Flynn did not move. He dared not turn his back to the doctor. What would happen if the Head saw him in such a state he dared not imagine.

"Flynn! Are you disobeying me deliberately, or do you not understand?"

"Ye-e-es, sir. You want me to follow you to Mr. Lanyon's study—"

"I want you to precede me there."

"Sure, and it wouldn't be respectful, sir," said Micky eagerly. "I'd rather follow you, sir, if ye don't mind."

"You will do as I tell you, Flynn."

"Plaze, sir—"

"Walk before me at once!" exclaimed the Head, losing patience. "Do you hear me, Flynn?"

"Yes, sir," said Micky reluctantly. And he began to sidle down the passage in front of the amazed and incensed doctor. But he was speedily called to order.

"Flynn, what do you mean by walking sideways in that ridiculous fashion? Is this intended for deliberate impertinence?"

"Oh, no, sir! Not at all, sir!"

"Then why are you walking in that absurd fashion?"

"If—if you please, sir, I've got a pain in my other leg, sir!" stammered Micky.

"Flynn! How dare you trifle with me in this manner? I shall see that Mr. Lanyon canes you severely. Now walk along before me to your Form master's study, or I shall lose patience with you."

"If you please, sir—"

"Obey me instantly!"

Micky groaned, and obeyed.

"Dear me!" murmured the doctor. "What is the matter with—with your garments, Flynn?"

"Sure, and I'm sorry, sir—"

"The—the seat of the garment appears to be missing! How dare you appear in public in such a state? So that is why you wished to follow me, Flynn! Well, you shall follow me now—to my study, where you will receive a flogging!"

"Oh, if you please, sir, it wasn't my fault! Sure, and I sat down in some glue that had been upspilt—I mean upset—and it stuck me to the carpet, sir—"

"Then you should not have appeared—"

"Sure, and I was only goin' up to change my trucks—I mean garments, sir."

The Head tried not to smile.

"Ahem! If you assure me that this was an accident, Flynn, and that you were now going up to change your—er—garments—"

"Faith, and it's the truth, sir!" said Micky Flynn eagerly.

"Very well. Under the circumstances I will give you an imposition of fifty lines from Virgil, and—and you may go and change your—er—garments."

And the Head rustled on.

Micky drew a breath of relief.

"Sure, and that was a narrow escape! Faith, there's more trouble than I expected in takin' up golf as a pastime intirely!"

The 6th Chapter.

A Little Joke on Grahame—More Golf:

PANKHURST looked up with a grin of satisfaction as Micky Flynn re-entered Study No. 4 ten minutes later, looking a little more clean and respectable.

"It's done!" announced the chief of the Old Firm. "Jolly well, too, I take it!"

"Quite so!" said Price.

"I guess it's all right," Poindexter agreed.

"Look at it, Micky."

Micky looked at the walking-stick. Pankhurst had glued the broken ends, and fitted them together carefully. The exuding glue had been wiped off, and the mend was perfect, only a faint mark on the wood showing where the joining occurred. Micky nodded.

"Jolly good!" he said. "Faith, and it's a janius ye are, Panky. I couldn't have done it better myself."

"You couldn't have done it so well," said Pankhurst.

"Quite so."

"I guess it will do," said Poindexter.

"You've got to dodge it back into Grahame's study now. The sooner the quicker, before he misses it."

"Faith, and I'll take it now," said Micky.

"Ass!" howled Pankhurst, as the Irish junior laid hold of the stick. "If you lift it now it will fall in half; the glue's not set yet."

"Faith, and I forgot that intirely!"

"We'll have tea first," said Poindexter.

"After tea it will be set hard enough to take away. Will you two copper merchants have tea with us? We've got a good supply."

"Certainly," said Pankhurst. "Very pleased, on the understanding, of course, that there is no Chicago tinned stuff in the spread."

"Don't you be so funny, Panky, or you will go out of this study on your neck!" said Poindexter. "Let the tinned beef alone."

"My dear chap, I wouldn't touch it with a barge-pole."

"If you want a thick ear, Panky—"

"Oh, pace in the family!" exclaimed Micky Flynn. "Why can't ye all be quiet and peaceful like myself? Let's have tay, and after tay I'll show ye some wrinkles in playing golf—"

"You'll give us wrinkles if you keep on as you've started."

"Of course, there are always little difficulties at first. But I'm getting on, and, sure, I can show ye how to putt a ball—"

"In a fellow's eye?"

"Faith, I've already explained to ye that ye're mistaken about the ball coming in your eye, Poindexter; but if ye won't be convinced, sure there's no arguin' with ye!"

And Micky Flynn changed the subject, and made the tea. The five juniors had a very cheerful tea together, supplies being, as Poindexter said, in good feather in Study No. 4.

Over tea Micky Flynn entertained them with the result of his studies of the royal and ancient game of golf. His remarks bristled with links and bunkers and hazards, cleeks and brassies and drivers, baffies and mashies and niblicks.

He did not get off the subject till Poindexter took up the teapot and solemnly vowed to pour the contents over him if he mentioned a single word in connection with golf again. Then the juniors had a little rest, and were able to talk cricket.

After tea, the stick was examined, and the glue was found to be set. Micky Flynn put the stick under his arm, and took it to Grahame's study. He listened for a moment outside the study door, and as there was no sound within he concluded that Grahame was absent, and entered, to put the stick in its place.

"Who's that? Flynn!"

Micky gave a gasp of dismay. Grahame was sitting at his table, with something that looked suspiciously like a betting-book in his hand. He had been intent upon it, and that was the reason of the silence which had deceived the junior.

"What do you want, Flynn? What are you doing with my walking-stick? Do you mean to say that you had the cheek to borrow that stick from my study?" exclaimed the prefect, rising to his feet in angry amazement.

"Faith, and ye see—"

"Give me that stick!"

Micky Flynn was simple in some things, but he had a shrewd suspicion that if he gave the stick to Grahame he would feel it across his shoulders the next moment. So he dropped it upon the carpet and bolted. Grahame sprang forward. In a second he had caught up the stick from the floor; another second, and he was on the track of the Fourth-Former.

"My hat, sure and he's after me!" panted Micky Flynn. "Ow—begorra—"

A form loomed up before him in the passage, growing dusk now. He stopped as he recognised Trevelyan, the captain of Cliveden. A moment more, and the pursuer had overtaken him. Grahame did not see Trevelyan coming along; he was thinking only of vengeance. He nearly ran into Micky as the latter unexpectedly stopped. He had the stick in the air, and he brought it down with a terrific whack across the junior's shoulders.

Micky gave a fiendish yell. There was a crack, and the stick flew into two pieces. Grahame simply staggered back. He had meant the whack to be a severe one, but he had never dreamed of breaking a walking-stick upon the junior's shoulders.

"Grahame"—Trevelyan shouted out the name as he ran up—"are you mad? How dare you strike a boy like that? You coward!"

"Faith, and me back's broken intirely!" exclaimed Micky Flynn.

It had been a cruel blow, and he was hurt; but not, of course, so much as if the stick had really been broken across his shoulders. The walking-stick had parted where it had been glued together, and a much lighter blow would have sufficed to snap it; but of that fact neither Grahame nor Trevelyan had the slightest suspicion.

"I—I didn't mean to hit so hard!" panted Grahame. "I—I never thought—"

"My back's broken! Ow—ow! Sure, and my backbone's broke into three pieces!"

"The boy must be terribly hurt!" exclaimed

Trevelyan anxiously. "The stick has actually broken across his shoulders. A thick stick, too!"

Micky would have kept up the pretence of being seriously injured to terrify Grahame, but he could not bear to deceive the kind-hearted captain of Cliveden, whose distress at his supposed injury went straight to the Irish lad's heart.

"Sure, and I'm not hurt, Trevelyan!" he exclaimed impulsively. "It was only rotti'!"

"But the stick was broken across your back!"

"The young scoundrel had taken it from my hit him so hard, but—"

"You can explain all that to the Head," said Trevelyan.

Grahame started.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that this is going to be reported to Dr. Rayne," said the captain of the school sternly. "That is my duty. A prefect who is guilty of such brutality cannot be allowed to remain a prefect—"

"I—I—"

"Faith, and it's all right, Trevelyan!" exclaimed Flynn. "Sure, and I'd rather not make a fuss; and I really did borrow his stick without askin' permission. I'd rather nothing more was said about the matter."

Trevelyan hesitated for a moment.

"Very well. As Flynn does not seem to be much hurt, I will pass over the matter at his request," he said, at last. "But you must apologise to Flynn, Grahame."

The prefect ground his teeth. But he knew that Trevelyan was not to be trifled with, and he dared not refuse.

"I am sorry, Flynn," he almost hissed.

Micky waved his hand loftily.

"Sure, and I pardon ye, Grahame," he said. "But please think over the error of your ways, my boy, and try to be more decent in the future. I shan't let ye off so lightly the next time."

Grahame gritted his teeth as he picked up the two halves of the stick and walked away. Trevelyan looked searchingly at the junior.

"I cannot help thinking there is some trick here," he said. "Grahame acted like a brute; but how did the stick break, Flynn?"

Micky grinned.

"Sure, it had already been broken, Trevelyan; playin' golf, and Panky stuck it together again with glue."

The captain of Cliveden laughed heartily.

"You young scamp! Ha, ha, ha!"

He laughed again as he walked away. He could imagine what Grahame's feelings would be when he discovered that the stick had been glued together, as he would when he looked at it. Micky was chuckling, too, as he returned to the study, and the Combine and the Old Firm roared over the story.

"Faith, and now I'll give ye that demonstration of the art of playin' golf," said Micky Flynn, pushing back the tea-table into a corner.

"Will you?" said Pankhurst. "Then I think I've got another engagement just now—oh, Pricey?"

"Quite so," said Price promptly.

And the Old Firm quitted the study.

"Look here, the thing's as simple as A B C," said Flynn, taking up a hockey stick from a corner, and dropping a golf ball in the centre of the room. "I'll putt that golf ball into the corner of the fender, to show you how easy it is."

"Look here—"

"Sure, it's you that's to look intirely. Now, then, watch!"

Micky Flynn swung the hockey stick round his head. Poindexter jumped out of the way just in time.

"You howling ass, you nearly brained me!"

"Faith, and if ye had any brains you wouldn't get too near me when I'm playing golf," said Micky. "Now, here goes!"

The club swept down and missed the ball and crashed against the table. There was a crash as it went over, and the crockery was mixed up in a heap on the floor in more pieces than could ever be counted.

"Begorra, that was a slip! Next time, I guess!" roared Poindexter, jerking the hockey stick away, and pitching it into a corner. Then he took hold of Micky's ears.

"I'll twist 'em off," said Poindexter. "unless you promise, honour bright, to give up golf, and never attempt to play it again."

"I won't—ow, ow!—no—yes—I won't—ow—yes, I will! I—ow!—promise, ye spalpeens—honour bright! Ow!"

And that essay at golf, which had wrecked the study, was the last demonstration of the royal and ancient game given by Flynn, the golliwog.

THE END.

[Another grand complete story next week.]

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