



TOM BROWN'S FOOTER REPORT!

When Tom Brown writes his footer report, chaps *will* drop in for a chat. So does the Editor—plus a stump—when he reads the report in print!

TOM BROWN was busy.

As the special reporter of the "Greyfriars Herald," he was working against time turning out a report of the match at Highcliffe that afternoon, where the Remove had beaten Courtenay's team in sensational style by seven goals to one.

And he did not want to be interrupted.

His pen raced furiously over the paper, transferring Brown's impressions of that remarkable game into black and white. His gaze was dreamy and abstracted; for he was at Highcliffe in spirit, although, in actual fact, he was in Study No. 2 in the Remove passage.

The door opened and the slim form of Fisher T. Fish was wafted into the study. Brown glanced up.

"Buzz off!" he said tersely.

"I guess I ain't going yet—no, sir!" replied Fisher T., with a shake of his Transatlantic head. "I reckon I'm hyer on business. Say, Brown, I guess you'd save a lot of time if you wrote that in pencil instead of pen-and-ink."

"Scat, you bony freak!"

Fisher T. Fish seated himself firmly on a corner of the table. Fishy was a business man, and he had come there to drive a bargain.

"I calculate that a pencil's gotta nasty habit of breaking, though," he said, eyeing the busy junior forcibly. "An ornery lead pencil is just punk—pure apple-sauce! What you want, Brown, is a propelling-pencil, with a screw-barrel and a lead chamber in the cap."

"Will you go?"

"Nope!" Fisher T. Fish took a much-worn silver pencil from his pocket. "This is just the thing for you, Brown. Guaranteed solid silver—hall-marked. I calculate the shine's worn off it a bit; but for writing it's just as good as new. I guess I'm treating you on the level in offering this pencil to you for two-dollars fifty, Brown. Say ten shillings in your silly money. Ten smackers!"

Tom Brown glared.

"Will you buzz off, you footling freak?"

"I guess— Yaroooooh! Wake snakes! I—I'll transmogrify you! Ooooooop!"

Brown, losing all patience, jumped up, stuffed the propelling pencil—screw barrel, lead chamber and all—down Fishy's neck, and knocked the American junior's head with a hollow thud on the wall.

Knock!

"Whoooooooop!"

"There!" he breathed murderously.

"And if you don't get out of sight in five seconds——"

Fishy was out of sight in two.

The reporter resumed his description of the match. He resumed it for ten seconds. Then William George Bunter barged in.

"I say, Browny——"

"Ass! Fathead! Chump! Buzz off!" hissed Tom Brown, glaring up from his work.

"Oh, really, Browny! I say, old fellow, you haven't a spare five bob on you, have you?"

"No! Clear off!"

"As it happens," said Bunter pathetically, "I've been disappointed about a pos——"

"If you give me any of your rot about that silly postal order," said Tom Brown, in a low, desperate tone, "I'll bung this inkpot at you. Light out!"

"But this is rather important, old fellow! That beast Toddy is teazing with Vernon-Smith, and that awful rotter Smithy booted me out of his study when I went in."

"Good!" said Browny heartily.

"There's nothing for tea in my study," went on the doleful Bunter. "I'm hungry—actually hungry! I say, Browny, I could do with the loan of a bob till to-morrow."

"So could I."

"You see, my postal or—— Yaroooooogh!" Whiz-z-z!

The ink-pot flew. It landed on Bunter's fat head, and cascaded a kind of negro Niagara down his podgy features. In one second Bunter was turned into a walking likeness of midnight in a coal-cellar.

"I warned you!" grinned Tom Brown. "Now hop it!"

"Grooooooh - hoooooh - groo!" Bunter gouged ink from his eyes and nose. "Ow! Beast! You awful rotter——"

"I've got another ink-bottle here," said Tom Brown, with deadly menace in his voice. "If you don't close my study door behind you before I've counted three——"

Slam! Bunter was gone.

Browny opened the other ink-bottle and resumed his work. A minute or two later the handle of his door rattled again.

Tom Brown breathed hard. He picked

up a Latin dictionary and took a careful aim. The door opened.

Whiz-z-z!

"Yooooop! Why—what—what——"

"Oh, scissors!" gasped Browny.

It was George Wingate, the captain of the school. The Latin lexicon had caught him full on the chin, registering a bull's-eye in one throw. The burly Sixth-Former jumped.

"My only hat! Brown, you young ass, did you throw that book?"

This was a superfluous question, as Brown was the only other fellow in the study.

"Yes, Wingate!"

"If I had an ashplant here, you'd bag six, you young muff!"

"I—I didn't know it was you, Wingate——"

"Oh, all serene! I came to see you about Bunter! I met him a moment ago and he was smothered with ink. Did you do that?"

"Oh, crumbs! Yes!"

"Right! Then you can do me a hundred lines into the bargain. You ought to know by now that you aren't allowed to fling ink."

Wingate strode out, and Tom Brown settled down dolefully to work again. He had not written ten lines before Hazeldene came in with a bag of doughnuts.

"Clear off this table, Browny!" said he briskly. "I want to lay the tea. I've got some prime doughnuts for tea. Eight of them. One for you, one for Bulstrode and six for me!"

"Shove off! I'm busy!"

"What rot! I'm going to lay the tea. This is as much my study as yours!"

Tom Brown's eye rested on Hazeldene. There was such a homicidal expression in it that Hazeldene dropped the doughnuts and backed out of the study.

Browny picked out a doughnut and consumed it, and then his pen once more travelled over the paper. It was still travelling when Harry Wharton breezed in.

"Finished your copy, Browny?" he asked. "I must post the stuff off by the five-thirty post."

"Just finished now," replied Tom, blotting the last page.

Harry Wharton took the manuscripts and turned to the door.



As the door opened Tom Brown sent the dictionary whizzing across the study. It landed with no little force on the chin of George Wingate.

"I haven't time to read it," he said. "I suppose it's quite all right!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Righto, then!"

Harry Wharton went away, leaving Brown to start on a second doughnut.

The copy was posted to the printer, and a week later the printed edition of the "Herald" was sent to the school. Tom Brown was just going along to buy a copy, when Harry Wharton entered the study. There was a nasty look in his eye, and in his hand he held a cricket stump.

"I thought you said," Wharton observed fiercely, "that your footer report was O.K."

"Well, wasn't it?"

The youthful editor produced a copy of the "Herald," and flung it at the New Zealand junior.

"Look at it!" he said in grinding tones.

Tom Brown looked at it blankly. It ran:

REMOVE'S SENSATIONAL VICTORY.

HAT-TRICK BY WHARTON.

HIGHCLIFFE 1—GREYFRIARS 7.

The Remove scored a run-away victory at the expense of Highcliffe this afternoon, beating their near neighbours by seven goals to one. Highcliffe were unfortunate in being without Butes and Smithson, who are suffering from severe colds, and this so disorganised their defence that the Remove forwards had things all their own way.

Greyfriars played well throughout, Wharton at centre-forward and Brown at right-back being specially prominent.

("Blessed is he that bloweth his own trumpet," murmured Wharton at this point, while Brown grinned.)

The home team won the toss, and elected to kick with a slight breeze at their backs. The



A LITTLE VERSEFULNESS

By Hurree Singh

FROM India's coral strandfulness
Across the wide Pacific,
I come to this fair landfulness;
The journey was terrific.
I go to British schoolfulness
And learn the English lingo;
I shiver in the coolfulness:
The cold is hot by Jingo!

The Sahib Queich has brainfulness
To teach the grammar muchful,
And sometimes grabs the canefulness
And bellows "Hoid toes touchful!"
Then comes the awful whackfulness
Of bamboo smiting person;
To canefulness or sackfulness
I have the great aversion.

I learn the English chatfulness
From the well-known Moonshree Bunda,
And when I'd got it patfully
He said I was one wonder.
But Bobbly Cherry's shriekfulness
Whene'er I try to speak it
Oft makes me seize his beakfulness,
And when I've got it—tweak it.

I play the cricket gamefulness;
A fair old knock-out I am;
But it is not the samefulness
As that I played in Siam.
At footer, too, I shinefulness
And score the goals prolific;
My passes from the linefulness—
They are—well, they're terrific!

ball was set rolling by Wharton, and Vernon-Smith immediately sold him a propelling-pencil with a screw-barrel and lead chambers in the cap.

("Oh, crakey!" murmured Brown.)

Wharton refused the pencil and shot hard at goal. Hollings, the reserve goalie, fumbled, and the ball rolled over the goal-line. Greyfriars were one up in the first five minutes.

Highcliffe, who were expecting a postal-order that evening, threw an ink-bottle at the referee, who told them to buzz off. The visitors' half-backs kept a tight hold of the Highcliffe forwards, who throughout the game tried hard to sell a propelling-pencil with screw-barrel and postal-orders in the cap.

Just before half-time Vernon-Smith scored a second goal, and the ref. gave him one hundred lines for ink-throwing. This disheartened the Highcliffe team, who until then had been eating doughnuts on an ink-pot. Hurree Singh made things worse still when he threw a postal-order at the ref. and hit him on his propelling-pencil with screw-barrel and doughnuts in the cap. The Greyfriars goalie did not stop one hundred lines all the afternoon, and the only doughnut scored by Highcliffe was the result of a delay in the post.

Harry Wharton scored his third goal amid applause, and immediately afterwards went to tea in Vernon-Smith's study, who kicked him out with a propelling-doughnut.

"Well?" asked Wharton.

"Gug-gug-great Scott!"

"That's all you can say for yourself, is it, you prize, chump?" exclaimed the enraged Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald." "This is the result of relying on the word of a fat-headed reporter!"

Wharton took a business-like grip of the stump and advanced into the study.

Immediately afterwards there was a terrific uproar in Study No. 2. It sounded like the bombardment of Quebec.

But it wasn't.

It was merely the Editor of the "Greyfriars Herald" having a slight "chat" with his reporter!

And great was the chat thereof.

THE END