

# BROUGHT TO HEEL!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

## The 1st Chapter.

### The Kind Uncle!

"There's something jolly wrong with that kid!" said Jimmy Silver. Arthur Edward Lovell yawned. "Eh! What kid?" "Young 'Erbert!" "Lost his aspirates, perhaps!" "Rats! Look at him!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fistic Four, of the Fourth Form at Rookwood, were sauntering in the quadrangle, killing the last ten minutes before afternoon lessons. They sauntered through the old stone arch into Little Quad, and there they sighted 'Erbert.

Lovell was talking cricket and Raby was talking holidays with a genial disregard for one another's remarks.

Newcome was requesting both of them to give him a rest. Jimmy Silver was silent and thoughtful, and he looked more thoughtful than ever when he spotted 'Erbert on the old oaken bench in a shady corner of Little Quad.

Jimmy having drawn the general attention to 'Erbert, the Co. looked at him.

The fag did not see them.

He was sitting on the old bench, with his hands in his pockets, staring straight before him at the fountain and the pigeons fluttering round it, but evidently without seeing them.

His face was dark and troubled, and there was a suspicious redness on his eyelids.

He did not look up.

"Somebody been ragging him," opined Lovell. "Let's ask him who it was, and get on his track and strew the hungry churchyard with his bones."

"Something more than that!" said Jimmy. "He's been like this for days. I've noticed him."

"My hat! I can't say I have," said Lovell.

"You're not Uncle James to all Rookwood!" grinned Raby. "What do you want us to do, Jimmy? Are we to kiss him and call him Albert?"

"Fathead!"

"He does look bothered," said Newcome. "Fags have their own blessed little troubles in the Second Form, you know. Perhaps they've started him on deponent verbs."

"Ass!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. had stopped, but still 'Erbert did not observe them. The Second Former was evidently buried deep in his own gloomy meditations.

"He was always a cheery little chap," said Jimmy. "Even when Mornington first brought him here, a ragged little waster he picked up on the high road, he was cheery enough. Now he's a Rookwood chap, and he's made no end of friends in the Second Form, and he ought to be merry and bright. And for days he's been looking as if he's going to be hanged. I'm going to look into it."

"It's Morny, perhaps," said Lovell. "He was kind to the little bounder when he took him up, but he's got a beastly temper. May have been slanging him. 'Erbert's no end fond of Morny, for some reason I've never been able to guess."

"Well, I'm going to jaw him."

Jimmy Silver bore down on the waif of Rookwood. His chums followed him, really concerned about 'Erbert, now that his evident trouble had been brought to their notice.

It was not easy to guess what that trouble was.

The little tramp and outcast had become a fag at Rookwood, and made friends in the school; and that change in his life was surely enough to make him happy. And, as a rule, he was very bright. Mornington, his protector, was generally kind to him.

Only a few days before 'Erbert had gone out of his depth in the river, and Mornington had saved him from drowning, at the risk of his life. And 'Erbert's miserable mood, as Jimmy has noticed, dated from that day.

"Hallo, young 'un!"

Jimmy clapped the fag on the shoulder.

'Erbert looked up quickly, then.

"Allo, Master Silver!" he stammered.

Jimmy seated himself on the bench beside the fag.

"Now, 'Erbert, what's the row?" he asked.

The fag was silent.

"For some days now you've been looking as cheery as a hungry Hun," went on Jimmy. "Does the war-bread give you a pain in the waist-coat?"

'Erbert grinned faintly.

"No, Master Silver."

"Been rowing with Snooks and Jones minimus, and the other personages of the most noble and respected Second Form?"

"N-n-o."

"Carthew of the Sixth been twisting your arm?"

"No."

"Oh, Lattrey, perhaps; that new cad in the Fourth," said Jimmy, frowning. "Has Lattrey been worrying you, kid? If he has, tell your Uncle Jimmy, and he'll make Lattrey sorry he was ever planted on Rookwood!"

"Tain't Lattrey, sir."

"Well, what is it?"

Silence.

"Come," said Jimmy Silver with kind patience. "There's something up, kid, and your Uncle Jimmy is the merchant to set it right. Can't you tell me what the trouble is?"

'Erbert looked at the chums of the Fourth, and his lip quivered. He saw only kindness in the four cheerful faces.

"I—I ain't going to complain of Master Mornington, sir," he said, with a tremble in his voice. "He's been good to me; more'n I ever deserved, I know that. He found me starving; after old Bill Murphy was killed in the war, and he took me in, and got his guardian to send me 'ere to school, and—and I can't never pay him nohow for all he's done for me!"

"So it's Morny!" said Jimmy Silver, very quietly.

"He ain't done nothing," said 'Erbert quickly. "I—I done something to offend Master Morny, and he won't speak to me."

"Oh!" said Jimmy.

"I—I wish sometimes that he 'ad left me in the river," muttered 'Erbert. "It was splendid of 'im, what he did, sir. He might have been drowned, and he fetched me out. And immediate, sir, he—he called me names, and—and since then he won't speak to me, but he looks at me when I see him like—like he hated the sight of me." 'Erbert's voice broke down.

"I don't know as I've done nothing to offend him, sir."

Jimmy Silver's brow set very darkly. Jimmy had pulled much better with Mornington of late, since the bounder of the Fourth had given up many of his blackguardly ways. But Morny's uncertain and bitter temper was unchanged, and it looked as if the defenceless fag had been the latest victim of it.

"He don't mean to be 'ard, sir," went on 'Erbert. "P'r'aps he thinks I don't care if he don't speak to me. I don't want to worrit 'im. But—why does he look at me like that when he sees me. I ain't never meant to do nothing to make him hate me like he does."

"He doesn't, you young ass," said Jimmy Silver. "It's only his temper, and he'll come round."

'Erbert shook his head.

"He hates me!" he said, in a low tone of miserable conviction. "Arter all he's done for me, too! I—I wish he'd left me 'ungry on the road, like he found me. He hates the sight of me now, sir. I—I wish I could leave Rookwood. I know he wants me to."

"Clang!"

"Hallo, there's the bell!" said Raby.

Jimmy Silver rose.

"Come on, 'Erbert, and buck up," he said. "It's all right—only one of Morny's tantrums. I'll speak to him—"

"Don't you go for to let him think I've been complainin' of 'im, Master Silver," said the fag in alarm. "I wouldn't 'ave Master Morny think that."

"Of course I won't, you young duffer! It's only his tantrums, and if he knew you were taking it to heart he would stop it at once. Morny's not a bad fellow."

"He's one of the best, sir. But—"

"There's that cad Lattrey," growled Lovell.

Lattrey of the Fourth came through

the trees behind the oak bench, and glanced sneeringly at the chums as he passed without speaking.

"The rotter was listening," said Newcome.

Lattrey heard that remark as he passed, but he walked on without taking note of it. The bell had ceased to ring, and the juniors hurried away to the class-rooms, and 'Erbert's troubles had to be left over till after lessons.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Uncle James Loses His Temper.

Directly after lessons that afternoon Jimmy Silver tapped at the door of Study No. 4, and as there was no reply from within he opened it.

Mornington was there, with a cigarette between his lips.

He scowled at the sight of the captain of the Fourth.

"What do you want?" he snapped.

"Only a word or two, Morny."

"Don't talk cricket to me. I don't want to play in the eleven, if that's what you've come about."

"I haven't."

"Well, shut the door after you."

"Out of sorts?" asked Jimmy, in wonder. Mornington had been very keen indeed on a place in the junior eleven only a few days before.

"Mind your own bizney!"

Jimmy Silver coloured. It was Morny of his very worst period over again, and Jimmy felt strongly inclined to take him by the scruff of the neck and rub his aristocratic nose in the hearthrug. With a really noble effort of self-restraint, Jimmy refrained from doing so.

But he did not go. He came in, and closed the door behind him, Mornington watching him with sullen, savage eyes.

"I'm not going to bore you long, my infant," said Jimmy, as cheerily as before. "I want to speak to you about young Murphy—'Erbert, you know."

"Hang 'Erbert!"

"The kid's been in dolorous dumps for days," said Jimmy. "You're not really treating him well, Morny. He thinks no end of you, because you took him up and brought him here, and when you scowl he takes it seriously. I thought I'd mention it, because I know you don't mean to wound the poor kid's feelings."

Mornington sneered.

"How do you know?" he snapped.

"Well, I take it that you don't," said Jimmy.

"Perhaps you're mistaken."

Jimmy Silver looked long and hard at the sneering face before him. Mornington was in a mood Jimmy did not quite understand.

"You can't mean, Morny, that you don't care that you're making that poor kid thoroughly miserable?" he said very quietly.

"Why should I care?"

"Well, anybody but a Prussian Hun would care, I suppose," said Jimmy warmly. "You've done a great deal for 'Erbert, not to mention fishing him out of the river the other day. He looks on you as a sort of little tin god. It would be only good-natured to live up to it."

"I wish I'd left him in the river!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Can't you understand English?" asked Mornington, with a sneer.

"That isn't English—more like German," said Jimmy Silver contemptuously. "You wish you'd left that poor little beggar to drown? Are you mad?"

"Find out!"

"Then," said Jimmy, a glitter coming into his eyes, "it isn't simply your silly temper, as I thought. You're deliberately making that poor kid miserable, because he's idiot enough to be worried by your airs and graces."

"Oh, leave me alone!"

"What has he done?"

"Nothin'."

"Then why can't you be decent to him?"

"Find out!"

"You can't have taken a dislike to him," said Jimmy, in perplexity.

"He's a good little chap, though he has his funny ways. Topsy and Topsy and the rest sneer about his having been a vagrant, and about his

having no name of his own, but you're not a silly snob like that."

"Thanks!" sneered Mornington.

"Murphy's as good a name as any other, and it's the name of the splendid chap who took care of him, and who was killed in Flanders," said Jimmy. "Surely you're not setting up as a snob like Townsend, Morny?"

"Oh, go and eat coke!"

"I don't understand you, Morny."

"No need for you to understand me. Get out of my study and leave me alone."

Jimmy breathed hard.

"Then you're going to keep on like this—scowling at the kid and making him wretched with your rotten temper?" he exclaimed.

"Hang him! I hate the sight of him! I was a fool to bring him to Rookwood!" The words came in a savage, passionate outburst. "What did I want to pick him up on the road for? Why couldn't I leave him to starve, as other vagrants starve? I must have been out of my senses! Hang him! Why couldn't I have left him in the river? Oh, I'm a fool—a fool—a fool!"

"You're not a fool," said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "You're a rotten, rascally, cowardly villain and blackguard!"

Mornington sprang to his feet, his eyes flaming.

"You're very tender about 'Erbert!" he said, between his teeth. "Well, listen to this, then. I'll make his life a burden so long as he stays at Rookwood, and I'll get my guardian to take him away and turn him adrift. As soon as I can shove him out of the school, he goes, and he goes to starve and beg as he did before. Hang him, and hang you! Now get out!"

"So that's the programme?"

"Yes, confound you!"

"And why?"

"Find out!"

Jimmy's hands clenched so hard that the nails almost dug into his palms.

"You rotter!" he said. "I don't know what you've got against 'Erbert, but you sha'n't act like that without paying for it! Put up your hands, you sneaking, skulking cad! I'm going to lick you!"

"You won't have to ask me twice!" sneered Mornington. "I'm just in a humour for you, or any other meddling fool! Come on!"

Without waiting for Jimmy Silver to come on, Mornington rushed savagely to the attack.

Jimmy Silver's hands went up like lightning.

In a second the two juniors were fighting fiercely.

Jimmy had come to the study with friendly intentions. His friendly intentions were gone now. There was anger and scorn, and something almost like hatred, in Jimmy's breast at that moment. Mornington seemed to him like some foul reptile.

He drove blow after blow at the savage, sneering face, receiving, without heeding, as many fierce blows in return.

Mornington fought with savage energy.

It seemed as, in his black humour, he was glad to have someone upon whom to wreak the rage that consumed him.

But Jimmy Silver was a dangerous customer to choose for that purpose.

For ten minutes the fight went on, and then Mornington lay on his back, gasping for breath and utterly "done." He had received about the severest thrashing of his career.

Jimmy Silver looked at him grimly, panting, and left the study without a word. He went to the dormitory to bathe his face; it needed it.

When he turned up on the cricket-ground, a little later, his chums stared at him. His nose was swollen, his lip was cut, and there was a dark "mouse" under his left eye.

"Morny?" asked Lovell, with a grin.

"Don't speak of him," said Jimmy. "He makes me sick! Let's get some cricket."

And he said no more than that.

## The 3rd Chapter.

### The Last Word.

"Come into my study," said Peele.

"Morny's there."

"Blow Morny!"

The nuts of the Fourth were standing in an elegant group in the window of the Fourth-Form passage.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at cricket practice, but that kind of occupation did not appeal to Peele and Gower, Townsend and Topham and Lattrey. The merry nuts were thinking of the delights of "banker" in the study.

But the "Giddy Goats" of Rookwood were under difficulties. Townsend and Topham shared their study with Rawson, the scholarship junior, and Rawson wouldn't allow either smoking or card-playing in No. 5.

It was like Rawson's cheek, the nuts considered. But Rawson was too burly, and too hard a hitter, to be argued with. Lattrey shared a study with Tubby Muffin, the fattest junior at Rookwood, and the most inveterate talker and tattler.

A quiet game was impossible there. Peele and Gower belonged to Mornington's study, which had generally been the headquarters of the nutty brigade.

But Mornington of late had become savage and disagreeable, and he seemed to have quite thrown over his old amusements.

Peele was looking angry and obstinate now, however.

He had had enough of Morny and Morny's temper. If Morny chose to stand outside the select circle of the Giddy Goats, let him. But let him mind his own bizney at the same time. That was Peele's view.

"Come into my study," repeated Peele. "Hang Morny! It's my study as much as his."

"He will be sure to cut up rusty," said Townsend.

"Let him!"

"Well, there's somethin' in that," remarked Topham. "If Morny don't like it, he can lump it!"

"He's on fightin' terms with Lattrey now," remarked Gower.

Lattrey shrugged his shoulders.

"I'll keep the peace, if Morny does," he said. "If he cuts up rusty, let's sling him out of the study. I've had enough of his cheek, too!"

"Come on," repeated Peele.

And the nuts, having made up their minds, marched on Study No. 4 in a body, prepared to deal with Mornington if he "cut up rusty."

Peele opened the door and strode in, followed by his comrades.

"By gad!" ejaculated Townsend. Mornington was seated in the arm-chair, holding a handkerchief to his nose. The handkerchief was drenched with blood. There was a dark ring round one of his eyes.

"Been in the wars?" grinned Gower.

"I thought I heard somethin' goin' on," said Topham. "A little scrap with Jimmy Silver—what!"

"Fallen out with your new friends, Morny?" chimed in Lattrey.

Mornington scowled savagely.

"Get out!" he snapped.

"We're not goin' to get out," said Peele coolly. "I've brought my friends here, an' they're goin' to stop. How would you like to join in a game of banker?"

"Rot!"

"You wouldn't care for it?"

"No."

"Well, suit yourself. We're goin' to play."

Mornington rose to his feet, his face flaming. His eyes blazed as they rested on Lattrey.

"You cad! I've told you not to set foot in this study!" he said, between his teeth.

Lattrey laughed.

"I'm here at Peele's invitation," he said coolly. "You haven't bought up the study, I suppose?"

"Get out!"

"Rats!"

"Yes, rats, an' many of them," said Peele. "You can be sociable if you like, Morny. If you don't like, get out yourself. I can tell you I'm fed up with your airs an' graces!"

"Fed up to the chin!" said Gower. "If you want to turn over a new leaf, an' become a model youth," continued Peele, "you're welcome to. But we're not goin' to turn over a new leaf at precisely the same moment."

"Blessed cheek, I call it!" said Townsend.

Mornington advanced towards Lattrey, his fists clenched. The rest



of the party lined up round Lattrey at once.

It was evident that if Mornington tackled the cad of the Fourth he had the whole party to deal with.

For a moment or two he eyed them savagely.

Then, gritting his teeth, he passed them, and left the study. He was in no condition for a fight, as a matter of fact, and the odds were too great. A loud and derisive laugh followed him.

Mornington strode down the passage, his brow black.

Erbert of the Second was hanging about the landing, and he gave Mornington an appealing look as he came by.

Mornington replied with a black scowl.

The fag approached him hesitatingly.

"Master Morny—"

"Let me alone."

"Wot 'ave I done?" said poor 'Erbert. "Master Morny, tell me what I've done! I ain't never intended to do nothing to offend you, sir."

"You're an offence in yourself," said Mornington bitterly. "I hate the sight of you! I wish I'd left you to starve on the road. I wish I could be rid of you!"

'Erbert's face was white.

"You mean that, Master Morny?" he asked, in a hushed voice.

Mornington laughed savagely.

"Mean it? Of course!"

"You'd like me to go away from Rookwood, sir?"

"Yes. But you won't. You're goin' to hang on here till I can get rid of you, somehow," said Mornington sneeringly.

"I ain't, Master Morny," said 'Erbert, with a deep, sobbing breath.

"You brought me 'ere, and if you don't want me, I'll go. I won't trouble you no more, sir."

"Hold on a minute," said Mornington, as the fag turned away. "Do you mean that, Murphy?"

"Yes, sir."

"You'll leave Rookwood?"

"Yes."

"And where will you go?"

'Erbert made a weary gesture.

"I don't care! Back to Dirty Dick's tenement, per'aps. I don't care!"

"You can't go to starve," muttered Mornington. "I—I want you to go. But—but I've plenty of money. I'll see that you don't want for anything." He felt in his pocket. "Look here—"

The fag stepped back.

"I don't want your money, Master Morny," he said steadily. "You've been too good to me as it is. I desay I ain't deserved it. I'd like you to give me a friendly word afore I go, but I don't want your money."

"You can't starve," said Mornington harshly.

"I've starved afore," said 'Erbert bitterly; "I can starve again. But I won't touch your money, Master Morny. I'll leave Rookwood as I came. I know this ain't a place for the likes of me. Good-bye, Master Morny!"

Mornington stood still and silent. The fag gave him a last look, turned, and went quietly down the passage.

He disappeared down the staircase, and Mornington drew a deep breath. He knew that 'Erbert meant what he said.

The little fellow, wounded to the very heart, was probably glad to feel that his days at Rookwood were ended. As he had come to Rookwood, so he would leave it, and disappear from Mornington's life for ever.

"By gad, he's goin'!" Mornington's eyes gleamed. "Let him go! Let him go! Once he's gone, he disappears, and I need not fear!"

He gave a hard, sardonic laugh. Then, as he turned towards the dormitory stairs, he started.

Lattrey was looking out of the doorway of Study No. 4.

There was a very curious expression on Lattrey's face. It was clear that he had heard what had passed between Mornington and the waif of Rookwood.

Mornington gave him a fierce look. Lattrey laughed, and turned back into the study. But Lattrey was looking very thoughtful as he joined the nuts round the study table, and it was not wholly of banker that he was thinking.

Mornington went up to the dormitory to bathe his damaged face. He was glad that 'Erbert was going—glad to be saved from the danger that the fag's presence at Rookwood meant for him.

But Mornington was not all bad. The pitiful, wounded look on 'Erbert's face, like that of a hurt animal, haunted him, and remorse was stirring in his breast.

But Mornington, like Pharaoh of

old, hardened his heart. If the waif of Rookwood chose to go forth into the hard, grim world, to the misery and want Mornington had saved him from, let him go. Mornington's hand, at least, would not be raised to stay him.

#### The 4th Chapter.

##### Lattrey Wants to Know.

Jones minimus was indignant.

Jones was fed-up.

Jones, the great chief of the Second Form at Rookwood, had "palled" with 'Erbert, the waif and outcast, thereby greatly honouring the waif of Rookwood.

And for days now 'Erbert had been in the bluest of blues, hardly speaking a word, and avoiding the society of his friends—even the fascinating society of Jones minimus himself.

Jones minimus was getting up a boxing match in the Form-room after prey that evening, and he looked for 'Erbert to take a hand.

He found him sitting on his bed in the dormitory, with a pale, troubled face and heavy eyes. Jones surveyed him with rising wrath.

"Come down!" he said.

ten beb, and p'raps that'll last me till I get a job somewheres."

He sighed. Life at Rookwood had made the old life of want and dirt and privation seem very far behind.

Going back to that dreary life came as a shock to 'Erbert now. It was harder and grimmer, since he had known better things.

But the loyal-hearted fag did not hesitate for one moment. Mornington had brought him to Rookwood, and persuaded his guardian to pay his fees there. He owed everything to Mornington. If Mornington did not want him any longer, he would go.

The door opened, and 'Erbert looked round wearily, expecting to see Jones minimus or another fag of the Second. But it was Lattrey of the Fourth who entered, closing the door softly behind him. All Lattrey's movements were soft and stealthy at all times.

'Erbert gave him a quick look of dislike.

He disliked, distrusted, and vaguely feared the cad of the Fourth, and he had resented Lattrey's evil influence over the superb Mornington. That certainly was at an end now. The

you was like, Lattrey. And if you tell 'im about me, I might tell 'im about you. So you better look out!"

"My dear street arse, I'm not going to stop you from clearing off! The sooner the quicker as far as I'm concerned!"

"Leave me alone, then!" said 'Erbert. "Wot you come 'ere for?"

Lattrey regarded him curiously. His curiosity was keenly aroused by Mornington's strange and savage conduct towards the waif he had recklessly befriended.

Jimmy Silver attributed it to the changeable and false nature of the dandy of the Fourth.

But Lattrey was accustomed to looking deeper into things, and he knew that there must be something more than that in it. What it was he did not know, but he meant to know.

That there was something behind it—something to Mornington's discredit—Lattrey was assured.

If there was anything to be discovered which would give him a chance of repaying Mornington's contempt and scorn, Lattrey meant to discover it.

'Erbert did not speak, and he did

He intended to know the facts, but bullying was the least likely method of getting them out of 'Erbert.

"Don't be rusty, kid!" he said. "The fact is, I know Morny better than you do, and I was wondering if I couldn't heal the trouble between you. I'd do anything I could."

'Erbert gave him a quick look. He did not trust Lattrey or his motives. But so far as he could see, there was nothing to be lost by Lattrey's intervention, and the bare possibility of being reconciled to Mornington made his face flush with hope.

"You couldn't do anything," he muttered. "Even if you would—and you wouldn't. You don't like to see fellers friendly and 'appy."

Lattrey bit his lip. But his voice was soft and friendly as he answered.

"Tell me what the trouble is, and I'll guarantee to set it right, if it can be done. You'd like to be on good terms with Morny again?"

"Course I would!"

"Well, then, it's only some misunderstanding, I suppose, and I dare say I could see right through it at once and set it right."

'Erbert looked at him doubtfully.

"You might!" he admitted.

"Well, then, what's the cause of the row?"

"I don't know."

"You don't know!" ejaculated Lattrey, staring at the fag, taken aback by that reply. 'Erbert nodded without speaking, and Lattrey gazed at him in silence and perplexity.

#### The 5th Chapter.

##### Lattrey's Discovery!

Lattrey broke the silence at last.

"You don't know what Morny's got against you?" he asked.

"No."

"Hasn't he told you?"

"No."

"Have you asked him?"

"Yes."

"What did he say?"

"Nothing."

"Well, my hat!"

Lattrey was utterly at a loss. Evidently the matter was not as he had suspected vaguely—that the fag, used by the dandy of the Fourth to communicate with his shady friends outside Rookwood, had gained a hold somehow over Mornington. It was not that.

"But how did it begin, then?" asked Lattrey, after a pause. "Perhaps somebody's been pitching Morny a yarn?"

"Tain't that."

"How do you know?"

"It was that arfternoon the fellows was playing at Bagshot," said 'Erbert. "You 'ave 'eard of it. I went out of my depth, an' got cramp, an' Master Morny came in for me an' pulled me out. Then—"

"It was decent of him," said Lattrey. "I wondered why he took the risk."

"You wouldn't 'ave," said 'Erbert, with a curl of the lip.

"Do you mean that Morny turned on you after saving your life?"

"Yes."

"But why?"

"I don't know."

"He can't be mad, I suppose!" said Lattrey musingly.

"I can't understand it, and you can't neither," said 'Erbert. "And Master Morny, he won't explain. He won't say nothin'! Arter he pulled me out of the river, he turned on me, 'cause why, I dunno!"

"But something must have happened," said the puzzled Lattrey.

"It wasn't nothing. Only he saw that mark on my shoulder," said 'Erbert. "He spoke about that, and asked me why I'd never told 'im it was there. But why should I 'ave mentioned it? I never thought nothing about it. It couldn't be because I 'adn't told 'im of that, could it?"

"A mark on your shoulder!" said Lattrey, in a slow, distinct voice.

"Yes."

"What sort of a mark?"

"It's a birthmark, I s'pose! Lots of fellers 'ave birthmarks," said 'Erbert. "Leastways, I've been told so. Nothin' agin a chap!"

Lattrey looked at the fag with a strange expression in his eyes.

"How old are you, Murphy?" he asked suddenly.

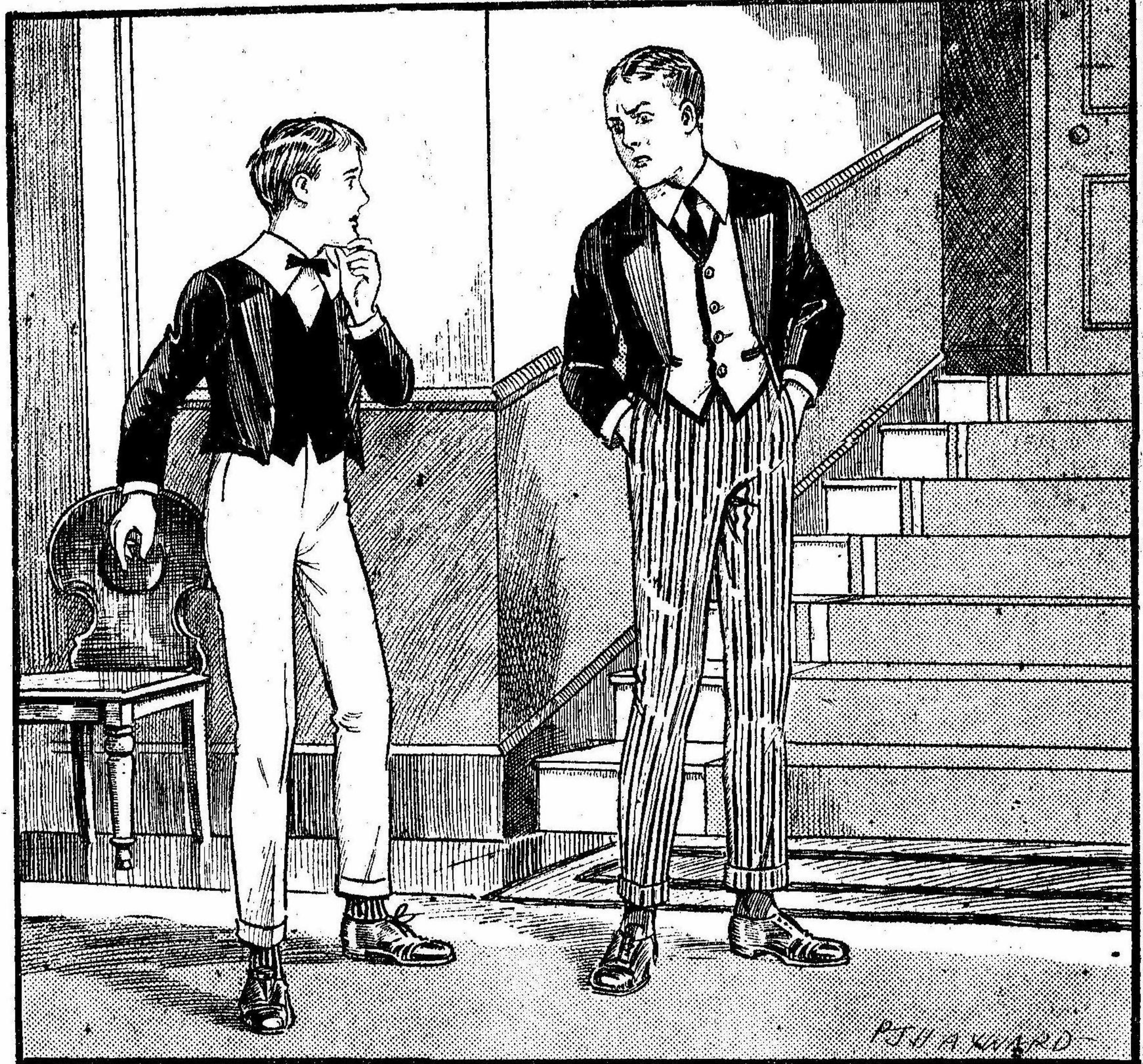
"Ow should I know! I s'pose I'm about thirteen. I dunno!"

"Your name isn't Murphy, is it?"

"Course it ain't! Old Bill Murphy looked arter me for years afore he went to the war an' was killed by the Germans. That's why I was called Murphy."

"And where did Murphy find you, then?"

"I was left on a common arter some gipsies 'ad been there, so I've 'eard. I don't know nothin' about it! Wot does it matter? All that



"Wot 'ave I done?" said poor 'Erbert. "I ain't never intended to do nothing to offend you, sir!"

"You're an offence in yourself," said Mornington bitterly. "I hate the sight of you! I wish I'd left you to starve on the road!"

'Erbert shook his head.

"We're going to box," said Jones.

"I told you you'd be wanted. What are you moping up here for?"

"I ain't moping, Jones!"

"You've been moping for days on end!" said Jones minimus, exasperated.

"Looking like a boiled owl all the time. What's the matter with you?"

No answer.

"Are you seedy?" demanded Jones.

"No."

"Well, what's the row, then?"

"There ain't no row!"

"Are you coming down to the Form-room?" snapped Jones.

"Not jest now!"

"Well, you're a silly ass, and I'm fed-up with you!" said Jones minimus emphatically.

And he marched out of the dormitory, and slammed the door with unnecessary force.

'Erbert did not even glance after him.

His heart was too heavy for Jones' wrath to move him in any way. In fact, in a few seconds he had forgotten Jones' existence.

"I've got to go!" murmured 'Erbert, staring with blurred eyes at the darkening square of the window.

"Tain't no good saying nothin'.

The 'Ead wouldn't let me go if I asked. I got to get out quiet. I got

two could not have been on worse terms than at present.

"I thought I'd find you here, kid!" said Lattrey, with a note of kindness in his silky tones.

'Erbert did not answer.

"I heard what you said to Jimmy Silver this arfternoon," said Lattrey, "and what you said to Mornington in the passage."

"You're always 'earin' somethin' that don't concern you!" said 'Erbert, with quiet scorn. "You're a sneakin' spy, that's wot you are!"

"I've had my eye on you for some time!" said Lattrey coolly. "I've noticed how Morny has turned on you, and it's made me curious."

"Can't you mind your own business?"

Lattrey laughed.

"Perhaps I don't choose to!" he said. "Keep a civil tongue, kid! You intend to bolt from Rookwood! It seems. A word dropped to the Head would jolly soon put a stop to that!"

'Erbert started.

"You ain't goin' to sneak?" he muttered.

"Not at all. I don't care twopence whether you go or stay; in fact, I think Rookwood isn't the place for your sort!" said Lattrey contemptuously.

"Nor for your sort, neither!" said 'Erbert. "The 'Ead would boot you out fast enough if he knowed what

not look at Lattrey. The latter broke the silence.

"You've fallen out with Morny, kid?"

"Find out!"

"Not much finding out needed."

"Well, if you know you needn't ask me!"

"But why?"

No reply.

"Morny's an unreliable fellow, but I don't see why he should turn on you like this for nothing. You haven't given him away?"

"Course I ain't!" growled 'Erbert.

"I know you've been mixed up in his shady games, fetching and carrying messages, and so on. Have you been keeping back some letters he's given you to keep a hold over him?"

'Erbert gave the cad of the Fourth a look of bitter disdain.

"That's the sort of trick you might play," he said. "I ain't that sort!"

"Look here, kid, if you've got something—something compromising—in Morny's handwriting, I'll make it worth your while to hand it over to me."

"Oh, shut up!" said 'Erbert contemptuously. "You make me sick!"

"Then it isn't that?"

"If you wasn't a low 'ound, worse nor a Prussian, you wouldn't think it could be!"

Lattrey's eyes glittered for a moment. But he kept his temper.





BROUGHT TO HEEL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

ain't got nothin' to do with Master Morny, I s'p'ose?" Lattrey laughed, a strange, low laugh, that made the waif of Rookwood start and look at him sharply.

"I fancy you've done well to tell me about it, kid," he said. "I rather think I can set matters right, after all."

"You can't!" "Suppose Morny came to you, and asked you to stay at Rookwood?" "He won't!"

"He might! But let me see that mark on your shoulder, kid! I'm rather curious about it."

"Oh, rot!" said 'Erbert irritably. "Wot does it matter?" "It won't hurt you, I suppose. And, I tell you, I think I can set matters right between you and Morny."

"If you could do that—" "I think I can. Let me see that mark!" 'Erbert impatiently unfastened his collar, and turned down his jacket and shirt, exposing the shoulder to view.

Lattrey scanned his shoulder, and the strange mark on it, with eyes that glittered like diamonds. A mark of deep crimson hue, in form strangely like the head of a wolf, and evidently a birthmark, was what met his eyes.

"By gad!" muttered Lattrey. "By gad!" "Well, are you done?" grunted 'Erbert.

"Yes." The fag refastened his collar. Lattrey watched him with a strange expression. He understood the whole of the mystery now, though he did not choose to acquaint the fag with his knowledge.

His eyes were burning. "Stay here, kid," he said. "You're not going to disappear from Rookwood, and vanish where you can't be found again!" He laughed softly. "No fear! You're going to remain at Rookwood, where a finger can be laid on you at any minute, if you're wanted."

'Erbert stared at him. "What are you gettin' at?" he said. "I ain't going to stay unless Master Morny wants me to, and he don't!" "He will ask you to stay!" said Lattrey coolly.

"Ow do you know?" "I'm going to use my influence with him," said Lattrey, with a smile. "You ain't got no influence with him. He can't stand you!" said 'Erbert. "He won't hear a word from you!"

frame of mind, but with a new hope in his breast. To the loyal little waif all the light of life depended upon Mornington's good-humour and friendship. He was quite content to let everything else go, mystified as he was, if only he could regain that!

Lattrey went down the dormitory stairs with a smile upon his face—a smile that had something feline, almost tigerish, in it. He had the whip-hand of the superb Morny at last, and he meant to use it without mercy. And 'Erbert, all unsuspecting, was the instrument of his power.

The Fistical Four were in the Fourth Form passage, and they looked at Lattrey, struck by the expression on his face. "Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver. "What dirty trick have you been playing? You look in high feather."

And the Co. chuckled. Lattrey laughed lightly. "I'm feelin' specially chippy, because I'm doing a good deed," he said. "My hat!" "Draw it mild!" remonstrated Lovell.

"Honest injun!" said Lattrey calmly. "I do good deeds by way of relaxation, you know—a sort of relief from my usual ways. Now I'm goin' to act in a way that Good Little Georgie himself might envy."

"Off your rocker?" asked Jimmy Silver in wonder. "Not at all. I suppose you've noticed that Mornington has been hard on that scrubby little rascal, 'Erbert, and making him sit up, with his airs and graces?"

Jimmy Silver's brow darkened. "I know I've hammered the cad for it!" he growled. "Ha, ha! That's your way, not mine! I'm going to chip in, like a good model youth, and make it up between them."

"You!" exclaimed the Fistical Four, with one voice. "Little me!" "You can't, and you wouldn't if you could!" said Raby directly. "You'd rather see any fellows on bad terms than good terms."

"Well, wait and see!" said Lattrey. "I'm going to use my moral influence over Morny, and persuade him to better things. Ha, ha, ha!" He went along to No. 4, Jimmy Silver & Co. staring after him. Lattrey had succeeded in astonishing the Fistical Four.

"Gas, I suppose," said Newcome. "Blessed if I know," said Jimmy, much mystified. "But if Lattrey does that he isn't half the cad I've thought him. I hope he'll succeed, if he's telling the truth."

And the Fistical Four "waited and saw," with considerable curiosity, sincerely hoping that little 'Erbert's troubles were going to end, even by so miraculous a happening as a kind and friendly action by Lattrey of the Fourth.

The 6th Chapter. Brought to Heel. Peele and Gower were working at their prep in Study No. 4, and Mornington was smoking a cigarette in the armchair. He was not working, and the self-willed dandy of the Fourth was accustomed to neglecting his work when he chose. He preferred to "chance it" with Mr. Bootles in the morning.

"I'm done!" said Gower, rising. "Come down, for goodness' sake! Can't stay here with that scowling image!" Peele was finished a few minutes later.

"Comin' down, Lattrey?" he asked. "In a few minutes," said Lattrey. "You're not stayin' here with Morny?" exclaimed Gower in astonishment. "Yes; just a minute."

"You're welcome to him!" grunted Peele. And the two juniors left the study, leaving Lattrey alone with the dandy of the Fourth. Mornington rose to his feet, his eyes glittering. Lattrey watched him coolly as he pushed back his cuffs.

"No need for that, Morny," he said softly. "I'll get out of the study if you want me to. Do you?" "Yes, you cad!" "Only if I go it will be to borrow Mr. Bootles' telephone and send a message to my father!"

"What do I care?" "I think you do, Morny. Mr. Lattrey, I think I told you, is the inquiry agent employed to find Cecil Mornington, the missing heir to the Mornington property."

"I know your father is a sneaking spy, like his son!" said Mornington contemptuously. "What does it matter to me?" "I have some information to give, dear boy."

Mornington stood very still. "The pater would be very pleased to hear what I happen to be able to tell him," smiled Lattrey. "He has been engaged for years on a merry inquiry after the missing heir of Mornington. He stands to finger a handsome reward if ever he finds him."

"He never will find him!" said Mornington in a low, husky voice. "Who knows? He's looking for a kid about twelve or thirteen, who was stolen by gypsies, and who bears on his shoulder the birthmark of the Mornington family—the red wolf's head. The same mark that you have on your own shoulder, Morny, that all the Morningtons are born with."

Lattrey laughed. "And I could tell him where to look for the merry youth, old scout!" Mornington breathed hard. "You could?" "I could!" "And where?" "Rookwood School!"

There was a deep silence. Mornington sank back into the chair he had risen from. Evidently he was no longer thinking of kicking the detective's son out of the study. Lattrey smiled and seated himself on a corner of the table, swinging his legs. He was master of the situation now.

"It puzzled me why you turned on 'Erbert as you did," he continued in careless, drawing tones. "I thought the kid might have got some hold over you, and might pass it on to me. I knew there was somethin' behind it, and meant to know what it was. Knowledge is power, dear boy. But I never dreamed of this. Pass me a cigarette, old chap."

Mornington did not move. Lattrey helped himself to a cigarette from the case on the table, lighted it, and blew out a little cloud of smoke. He was enjoying the position. The superb Mornington, whose lofty contempt and disdain had so often made him writhe with helpless rage, sat almost crouched in the armchair, pale, hunted, stricken. There was a keen relish for the cad of the Fourth in watching his white face. He could afford now to feed fat his old grudge.

"I never dreamed of this," Lattrey continued, smiling, and showing his teeth. "By gad! I wonder I did not—I knew you'd turned on the kid just after you'd pulled him out of the river. Of course, you saw the mark on his shoulder then; you'd

never seen it before. You knew then that he was your cousin—Cecil Mornington, the rightful heir to all you have and hold. That if he knew the truth you'd be a beggar—a beggar!" He repeated the word with enjoyment. "That you'd be dependent on him for your daily bread—a change with a vengeance! What a merry chance, Morny. The tramp you picked up on the road last term was your own cousin! If you'd only known it! What a chance! Don't you bless yourself for the good deed?"

No sound came from Valentine Mornington. He sat still, only his eyes fixed upon Lattrey's mocking face, with burning hatred in their depths. "Erbert of the Second, the waif and ragamuffin, master of Mornington Manor and the Mornington millions!" Lattrey laughed. "If he only knew! And my father's the detective employed to find him! I might finger a slice of the reward if I told him what I knew. Not a big slice, perhaps. The pater's a bit close in money matters. But you're going to make it worth my while to hold my tongue, Mornington."

Still no word from the dandy of the Fourth. "You'd like him to leave Rookwood—and vanish," Lattrey grinned. "You could snap your fingers even at me, then—what? It won't do, Morny. If he goes, I shall see that my pater gets on his track! But he won't go. You're going to ask him to stay, Morny. You're going to be decent to him an' make him stay. I want him to remain at Rookwood. Are you going to do as I want?"

Mornington did not speak. "I'm waitin' for your answer, Mornington," said Lattrey grimly. "Yes." The word came almost in a whisper from Mornington.

"Good!" "You cad! You hound! What else do you want?" muttered Mornington. Lattrey laughed. "Oh, you guess that I want somethin' else?" He smiled. "Yes, I shall want a good deal. You were my pal when I came here, Morny; we were birds of a feather. I feel friendly towards you now. You're a bigger rascal than I am, aren't you? I rather admire you for it. We're going to be friends again. Are we going to be friends, Morny?"

There was a threatening note in Lattrey's voice. "Yes." "Good! You're going to give up the goody-goody game, and you're going to be your old self—one of the merry boys. One of the merry nuts, Morny. You're going to give Jimmy Silver and Erroll and the rest the go-by, and stick to your dear old pals. Are you?"

"Yes," breathed Mornington. Lattrey slipped off the table. "Good!" he said. "I'm glad you're so sensible, Morny. You've got to toe the line, and it's remarkably sensible of you to do it without a fuss. I'm not a chap to bear malice." He chuckled. "Not a bit of it! I'm willin' to be friendly and enjoy your charmin' society, Morny. I'm not goin' to pay you out for your airs and graces. Some fellows would; but I'm easy-goin'.

We're goin' to be great pals, and if you choose to back up against Jimmy Silver, I'll help you to become captain of the Fourth. I could work it. I've got more brains than all that gang in the end study put together. And when I'm hard up you're goin' to hand out a banknote or two, like a real pal. You'll never miss it. Besides, it won't be your own money! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Is there anything else?" asked Mornington, in a dull voice. "That's all at present." Lattrey stepped to the door and opened it. "Jimmy Silver!"

"Hallo!" said Jimmy, looking round. "Morny's sorry about 'Erbert. I've used my good influence. If you'd like to make the dear kid happy, bring him here, and behold the touchin' reconciliation."

Jimmy Silver came along to the study. He looked grimly at Mornington, upon whose face were very visible the traces of Jimmy's fists. "Do you want 'Erbert?" he asked. "Yes."

"Well, I'll fetch him, if you like. I'm glad your going to act decently," said Jimmy. "He's in the Second dorm!" said Lattrey.

Jimmy nodded, and walked towards the upper stairs. Lovell and Raby and Newcome gathered round the study, surprised and interested. It really looked as if Lattrey had done the good deed he had told them about.

The deadly paleness of Mornington's face struck them at once. They looked in a puzzled way from one to the other of the two juniors in the study. Lattrey met their glances smilingly. Mornington did not look at them at all.

Jimmy Silver came along in a few minutes with 'Erbert. "Come in, kid!" called out Lattrey. 'Erbert entered the study timidly. His eyes were fixed anxiously, questioning, upon Mornington. "It was all a misunderstanding, kid," said Lattrey airily. "I've made Morny see it, and he's sorry. Ain't you, Morny?"

Mornington looked up. His eyes burned as they fell on 'Erbert. But his face cleared. The eager, wistful expression on the little waif's face struck some chord in his breast. This was the lad he had befriended with thoughtless generosity, and whom he was wronging with deliberate intent. And the lad, ignorant of the truth, ignorant of what his existence meant for Mornington, was only hoping for a kind word from his lips.

Some better feeling surged up in Mornington's breast. Perhaps it was the contrast between poor little 'Erbert's eager, loyal affection and the cynical villainy of Lattrey of the Fourth. Morny's face softened, as if in spite of himself, and he made a step towards the waif of Rookwood.

"I'm sorry, 'Erbert," he said huskily. "Don't remember anything I said to you. It was only my rotten temper! I—I was worried by something—never mind what! I don't want you to leave Rookwood. Forget all about it, kid."

Lattrey gave him a curious look. The words came from Mornington's heart, and Lattrey could see it, and it perplexed him. He did not understand the better impulse in Morny's wayward heart. 'Erbert's face lighted up. "Oh, Master Morny!" he stammered. "I—I don't mind. I felt 'urt, that was all. I don't mind at all. I dessay I worried you, wot has always been too good to me, and I never deserved it. I wouldn't go for to offend you for anything in the world, Master Morny!"

"All serene, kid," said Mornington. Jimmy Silver & Co. walked away. Jimmy were a perplexed frown. "I don't catch on!" he said, at last. "My hat! You don't mean to say there's anything that Uncle James of Rookwood doesn't catch on to!" exclaimed Lovell, with an air of great astonishment, and the Co. grinned.

"Fathead!" said Jimmy Silver frowning. "I don't catch on! On the whole, I rather wish I hadn't hammered Morny. He'll have that eye for a week!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "He's made it up with 'Erbert. I'm glad of that, and he seems to have made it up with Lattrey. He's a queer beast. There seems to me to be something behind this, and I don't catch on."

Other fellows in the Classical Fourth were surprised, as well as Jimmy Silver, when Mornington came into the Common-room that evening. He was walking with his arm linked in Lattrey's, and the two seemed on the best of terms. Apparently the old friendship was quite restored between the two black sheep of Rookwood, and in public, at least, Lattrey did not betray the fact that he held the whip-hand.

THE END.

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By **MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

## The 1st Chapter.

### Frank Richards of St. Kit's.

"Franky!"  
Frank Richards, of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, was seated at the table in his study, and did not look up as his name was called.  
He had a sheet of impot paper spread before him, and was chewing the handle of a pen, apparently as an aid to reflection.

It was Wednesday—a half-holiday at St. Kit's—a sunny summer's day, and the day—though Frank little dreamed of it at that moment—was destined to be his last at his old school.

The future was hidden from the eyes of the cheery, sturdy junior in the old, dusky study. St. Kit's was his world, and his thoughts hardly wandered beyond the grey old walls.

"Come out, you duffer!"  
Two juniors burst into the study wrathfully.

"What are you sticking in here for?" demanded Fatty Babbage warmly. "Chuck that bosh away, and come out!"

"If it's lines, you can leave them over," said the other junior, Sir Digby Valence of the Fourth. "Get a move on!"

Frank Richards waved one hand at his study-mates.

"Dry up!"  
"Look here—"  
"Cheese it! I'm just getting going."

Frank Richards dipped his pen in the ink and began to scribble.

Valence and Babbage, in astonishment, looked over his shoulder, and they grinned as they read:

### "NOTICE!"

The Form Match—Fifth Form v. Fourth—will take place this afternoon on Little Side.

Stumps will be pitched at two-thirty."

Frank Richards laid down his pen, and rose to his feet with a look of satisfaction.

"That's all right, I think," he remarked. "Now I'll stick this on the notice-board."

"You ass!" exclaimed Valence, in measured tones. "The Fifth have told us about a hundred times that they won't play us. They only condescended to play the Shell as a favour. Bullinger of the Fifth would as soon think of playing the Second as the Fourth."

"We're going to make them!"  
"How are we going to make them, ass, if they won't?"

"There are ways and means, my son," said Frank cheerfully. "Come along, and let's stick this up."

"But—"

"Rats! Come on."  
Frank Richards cut short the argument by marching out of the study with the notice in his hand.

His study-mates followed him downstairs, with a considerable amount of exasperation expressed in their looks.

"Oh, you duffer!" said Valence. "Bullinger's going out this afternoon. I heard him say so."

"So did I," assented Frank.

"Well, then—"

"Here we are!"

Frank stopped at the notice-board in the lower hall, and duly pinned up his paper on the board, amid a dozen other notices, less important ones, from the point of view of the captain of the Fourth.

"Hallo! What are you fags up to?"

It was Bullinger of the Fifth who asked the question, as he lounged along to the notice.

He stared blankly at the paper pinned up by the Fourth-Former.

"You cheeky young ass!" he exclaimed. "Haven't I told you any number of times that the Fifth won't play a fag team? Take that notice down at once!"

A dozen fellows had gathered round to read the notice, grinning.

But Bullinger was not grinning; he looked angry.

Bullinger's view was that it was miles below the dignity of the Fifth-Form team to meet the fags on the playing-fields, though the fags averred that Bullinger's real motive was a fear of getting thoroughly licked at the great summer game.

The challenges of the Fourth were

declined without thanks; and, indeed, the Fifth-Formers made merry over the bare suggestion that the juniors could play the high and mighty Fifth.

But Frank Richards had his own views about that.

He was skipper of the Fourth-Form team, and it was his belief that the Fourth could give the senior team a hard tussle—if only the Fifth could be induced to forego their dignity for once, and play.

"Take that down, Richards!" roared Bullinger.

"No fear! Can't I put a notice on the board, if I like?" demanded the captain of the Fourth. "Besides, the match is coming off this afternoon—"

"It's not coming off, you young ass!"

"Stumps pitched at two-thirty," said Frank, unmoved.

"You—you—"

"You'll have your team ready, Bullinger?"

"I—I—"

"And get ready for a licking," pursued Frank cheerfully. "I warn you that we're in topping form!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors, tickled by the expression on the great Bullinger's face.

Bullinger seemed at a loss for words.

Perhaps he felt that it was a time for actions, not words. He made a grab at the paper, and jerked it away from the board, and then started towards Frank Richards.

"Give him a licking, Bully, old boy," said Tucker of the Fifth encouragingly.

"I'm jolly well going to!" growled Bullinger.

Bullinger's heavy hand fell upon Frank's shoulder. The next moment three pairs of hands fell on the big Fifth-Former.

Before he knew what was happening Bullinger's feet swept up from the floor, and the Fifth-Former sat down with a heavy bump.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Ow!" gasped Bullinger. "Oh! Ah! Why, I'll—I'll—ow!—I'll—"

Bullinger of the Fifth scrambled to his feet, and glared about him for his three assailants. But Frank Richards & Co. were gone, and they had scuttled half-way across the quadrangle before Bullinger was on his feet. Vengeance had to be postponed.

"Well, where now?" asked Fatty Babbage, as the three turned out of the gates of St. Kit's. "Better keep clear of Bullinger for a bit, after that."

"We're going to wait for him," said Frank.

"Eh? What for?"  
"To persuade him to play us at cricket this afternoon."

"Look here, Frank—"

"Follow your leader, and don't jaw, old son," said the captain of the Fourth.

And he led the way down the dusty lane towards the village, followed by his mystified chums.

## The 2nd Chapter.

### Frank Richards' Way.

Bullinger of the Fifth was still looking a little cross as he quitted St. Kit's about half an hour later, and strode away down the lane towards the station.

The captain of the Fifth was going on a little excursion that afternoon—an excursion which was to be interrupted. There was a sudden shout as he passed a thick clump of willows in the lane.

"Collar him!"  
Bullinger started back as three forms rushed out of the willows. But he had no time to prepare for the charge.

He was bowled over in a twinkling, and descended upon his back in the dusty lane.

Frank Richards' knee was planted upon his broad chest, pinning him down, and Fatty Babbage sat on his head, while Sir Digby Valence trampled recklessly on his wriggling legs.

"Got him!"  
"Hurrah!"  
"Gurrroogh!" spluttered Bullinger. "You young villains! Gurrroogh! Lemme gerrup! Yurrrgh! Gerroff my head!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
"Better keep still!" grinned

Frank. "You're bagged, my son! Don't wriggle like that, or I shall bump your head on the ground like this—"

"Yah!"

"Or like this—"

"Yoop!"

"Better take it calmly."

Bullinger gasped, and decided to take it calmly. He was in the hands of the Philistines, and there was no help for him.

"What's your game, you young rotters?" he gasped. "What are you playing this trick for? Look here, I've got a train to catch—"

"All serene; you won't catch it."

"I suppose you know I shall skin you for this?" roared Bullinger.

"You're going to make it pax," smiled Frank, "and you're coming back to St. Kit's."

"Eh? What for?"  
"To play the Fourth at cricket."

"Why, I—I—I—" stuttered Bullinger.

"Now, be a good boy, and say 'yes' nicely," urged Frank.

"I'll skin you!" roared Bullinger.

"Are you going to play us?"  
"No!"  
"Sure?"

"Yes, you young rotter!"  
"Right-ho! Hand me the scissors, Dig!"

"Here you are, old son!" grinned the youthful baronet.

Bullinger's eyes opened wide as Frank Richards took the scissors from his chum. Frank opened them, and took a grip on Bullinger's hair with his left hand.

There was a sharp crop-crop of the scissors.

Bullinger writhed as a lock of hair fell over his nose. Bullinger wore his hair a little long, and prided himself upon its curly locks.

"Wha-at are you doing?" he yelled. "Are you c-c-cutting my hair?"

"Just so."

"Leave off!" shrieked Bullinger, struggling furiously. "Why, you young villain, you'll make me a regular sight! Leave off! Oh, crumbs!"

"Are you going to play us at cricket?"

"No!" yelled the Fifth-Former.

"Then you're going to be bald," said Frank calmly. "I'm going to cut your hair till you agree. If you don't agree by the time I've cleared your topper, I'm going to begin on your eyebrows."

"Crop-crop!"  
"Stop it!" shrieked Bullinger, as another curly lock fell over his frantic face.

"Say when!" smiled Frank.

Bullinger made a terrific effort to throw off his tormentors, but it was in vain. Fatty Babbage had him by the ears and collar, holding his head down. Valence was on his legs, and Frank's knee was planted firmly on his chest. He was powerless.

"Crop-crop!"  
The captain of the Fourth evidently intended to be as good as his word.

"Stop it!" gasped Bullinger. "Don't you dare— Oh, crumbs! I—I'll think it over. Leave off!"

"I'll go on cutting your hair while you think, old chap. Your brain works rather slowly, and it's no use wasting time."

"Stop! Chuck it! Leave off!" raved Bullinger. "I—I'll play your fag team if you like!"

There was no help for it. Bullinger simply dared not show up at St. Kit's again with his head cropped close like a convict's.

Frank withdrew the scissors from his thick hair.

"Honour?" he asked.

"Yes," groaned Bullinger.

"You'll play the Fourth, with the usual Fifth Form team this afternoon, stumps to be pitched at half-past two?" asked Frank.

"Ye-es."

"Promise!" chuckled Fatty Babbage.

"I—I promise."

"And you're going to make it pax?" asked Frank.

Bullinger groaned with wrath and fury. But it was clear that he would not get out of the hands of the merry juniors till he made it pax.

"Pax!" he said, with an effort. "Good!" Frank slipped the scissors

into his pocket. "You might as well have agreed at once, dear boy."

"Gerroff!"

"Right-ho! I—"

"Frank!"

Frank Richards jumped up from Bullinger of the Fifth as his name was spoken behind him. A gentleman had come upon the scene from the direction of the village, evidently walking from the station to the school. His eyes were fixed upon the group of St. Kit's fellows in astonishment.

"Frank!" he ejaculated.

"The pater!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

## The 3rd Chapter.

### Startling News.

"Pater!"  
Frank Richards stood before his father, his cheeks crimson.

Fatty Babbage and Sir Digby Valence released the Fifth-Former, who staggered breathlessly to his feet, feeling his hair with one hand, as if to ascertain how much was gone.

Mr. Richards gazed at his son.

"Frank, what does this extraordinary scene mean?"

"I—I didn't expect to see you to-day, dad," said Frank, without directly answering the question.

"You didn't tell me you were coming."

Bullinger gave a snort, and strode away up the road towards the school.

Wrathful as he was, and inclined to wipe up the earth with the three heroes of the Fourth, he had given his word, and Bullinger was a fellow of his word.

The Form match was to take place. Valence and Babbage stared at the landscape, apparently interested in fields and trees.

The little trick they had played on Bullinger of the Fifth was quite in accord with the ideas of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, but they did not know what Mr. Richards would be likely to think about it.

"You were coming to St. Kit's, pater?" asked Frank.

Mr. Richards nodded.

"Yes; I was coming to see you, Frank. We will walk to the school together."

To Frank's relief, he made no further allusion to the peculiar scene he had so suddenly come upon.

Frank made a sign to his chums, who cut off to the school. Their business was to inform the Fourth-Form cricketers of the arrangements for the afternoon.

Frank walked beside his father, who proceeded at a more leisurely pace towards the school.

Mr. Richards walked on in silence for some minutes.

Frank stole a glance at his face several times, and his own cheery look clouded as he saw how pale and strained his father looked.

A vague sense of foreboding troubled the junior, but he did not venture to break the silence.

"Are you occupied for this afternoon, my boy?" asked Mr. Richards at last.

"We're going to play the Fifth at cricket," said Frank. "If you've time, pater, you can see us beat them. It's quite an unusual match. The seniors never play us. We—we were persuading the captain of the Fifth to play the match when—you came along, dad. He's agreed."

Mr. Richards smiled.

"I see. Well, you must play your match," he said. "Father and son passed in at the old gateway of St. Kit's. 'Take me up to your study, Frank. I shall see the Head afterwards. I have to talk with you, my son.'"

"Is—is anything wrong?" faltered Frank.

"I shall tell you all soon."

Frank led his father into the School House and to his study in the Fourth. The cheery brightness which was characteristic of the junior's face had faded out of it now.

Calm and quiet as his father's face was, Frank could see the signs of trouble in it, and his heart was full of misgivings.

Mr. Richards sank down in the armchair in the study, from which his son hastily removed a cricket-bat and a racket.

"Sit down, Frank." Mr. Richards glanced round the study—somewhat untidy as junior studies were apt to be, but very cosy and homelike.

"Frank, my dear lad, I am afraid I have bad news for you."

Frank watched his face without speaking. He was thinking of his father, not of himself. His father was the only parent he had known since his earliest years, and there was a deep bond of affection between them.

"Frank! If you had to leave St. Kit's—"

"Leave St. Kit's!" echoed Frank, in dismay.

"My poor boy, I am afraid it will come hard upon you," said his father compassionately.

Frank drew a deep breath.

"I can stand it, pater, if it's necessary," he said. "But—but what's happened?"

"I have had a heavy loss, Frank. I am a poor man now," said his father. "I—I should perhaps have told you something of this earlier, but—but I left it till I could make some plans for the future. Almost all I had, Frank, was invested in an undertaking in India, where my young years were passed. It has failed, and—all is lost!"

"Father!"

"I know it is hard upon you, my boy—"

"But—but you?" said Frank.

"What are you going to do, dad?"

"I have been offered a post in India, Frank, and I have accepted it," said Mr. Richards. "But you? Will it hurt you very much to leave St. Kit's?"

"I can stand it," said Frank. "Of course, I know I can't stay here if the money's gone. Never mind about me, dad. Of course, I sha'n't like saying good-bye to all the chaps, especially Dig and Fatty, but—but I'm not going to complain." He smiled faintly. "It's rather sudden, that's all!"

"I could have warned you, but—"

"I'm glad you didn't," said Frank. "It would only have spoiled my last days here, thinking of it."

"That was what I thought, my boy."

"When am I leaving, dad?"

"At once, I fear."

"And—and—"

"Your uncle in Canada has offered to give you a home, Frank, if you care to go," said Mr. Richards. "You remember your uncle, Mr. Lawless, who came from Canada to visit us years ago. My dear boy, I should like to take you with me, but the district in India I am going to is no place for you. Later, it is possible that I may be able to send for you. Meanwhile—"

"Canada!" said Frank.

His face had brightened.

"You would like that, Frank?"

"Yes, I'd like it, dad," said the junior frankly. "I remember Uncle Lawless; he was a good sort."

"He wrote to me as soon as he heard of my misfortune, Frank, and made his offer at once," said Mr. Richards. "He thinks that a year, perhaps, in Canada would do you good, and certainly I agree with him. You cannot remain at St. Kit's, and you must have a home, my boy. And you are not a slacker, Frank—if it is necessary to rough it a little, you will not shrink."

"No fear!" said the junior. "I—I wish Fatty and old Dig could come along, that's all. But it's all right, dad. Don't you worry about me."

"You will travel in charge of the captain of the steamer, and Mr. Lawless will meet you in Montreal," said Mr. Richards. "That is all I need tell you now, Frank. It is possible that my affairs may come round in time, and then— At all events, we must hope for the best. I am glad to see you taking it so bravely, my boy!"

"All serene, dad!" Frank's face was resolutely cheerful, though his heart was a little heavy. "When am I leaving school?"

"I intended to take you with me to-day, Frank. I have already written Dr. Cranston on the subject. But you shall not lose your last half-holiday. I shall stay for the cricket-match, and we will leave afterwards."

"The cricket-match!" said Frank absently. He had forgotten his



There was Bullinger of the Fifth. The fellows will want me to captain the Fourth. If you don't mind, dig!"

"There's no hurry, Frank," Mr. Richards rose to his feet. "I will go to the Head now."

With a kind smile, Mr. Richards left the study.

Frank Richards was alone—alone with his new prospects, and the sudden, startling change that had come into his young life.

**The 4th Chapter. His Last Match!**

"Ready, Frank?"

Fatty Babbage rolled into the study.

"I saw your pater go down," he remarked. "The old sport looked rather grim, Franky. Anything up at home?"

Frank did not reply. His brows were knitted in thought, and he hardly heard Fatty's words. Sir Digby Valence lounged in.

"The chaps are on the ground, Franky. Don't let your pater keep you away from the match," he said. "Hallo, what's the matter?"

"Been getting jawed?" asked Babbage anxiously.

"Pater come down specially to rag you?" asked Sir Dig.

Frank smiled faintly.

"No. Only—I'm leaving St. Kit's to-day, when my father goes!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

Frank's study-mates stared at him in dismay.

"Leaving St. Kit's!" exclaimed Valence incredulously. "I say, draw it mild, Franky!"

"It's true, Dig!"

"B-b-but what are you leaving for?" exclaimed Fatty Babbage. "Is that what your pater's come down to tell you?"

Frank Richards nodded, and explained quietly, to his chums.

Valence and Fatty listened in dismay.

"Rotten!" said Fatty dolorously.

"Beastly!" groaned Dig.

"It is rotten," said Frank. "I don't want to leave St. Kit's, and—and you fellows. But—but I'm going to look cheerful about it. The pater's cut up enough, as it is, without me making a long face. Besides, it ain't so bad, in some ways. I'm going to see a bit of the world—one of the best bits, in fact. And it can't be helped!"

"I suppose you don't feel much up to cricket this afternoon, then?" said Valence. "Better tell Bullinger he's let off."

Frank Richards shook his head promptly.

"No fear!" he said. "We're going to play the Fifth, and we're going to beat them. I want to give old Bullinger something to remember me by."

"Good man!" said Dig affectionately. "Let's get down, then. Better play cricket than mope, any day!"

And in a few minutes the three juniors were in their flannels, and making their way to Little Side.

The Fourth Form of St. Kit's was there almost to a man. The members of the Fourth-Form Eleven were grinning, in great spirits.

The story of how Frank Richards had induced Bullinger to agree to the match tickled the Fourth immensely. They greeted their captain with a cheer as he came down to the ground with his bat under his arm.

Bullinger was not looking pleased. He had come along with the Fifth Form team, and some of the seniors were amused, regarding the fag match in the light of a joke. But Bullinger was not in a good temper.

The most careful arrangement before the glass had not quite enabled him to conceal the gashes in his luxuriant curls. He was more inclined to "mop up" the field with the Fourth-Formers than to play them at cricket. But Bullinger had given his word, and his word was his bond.

Frank Richards grinned as he met the frowning glance of the captain of the Fifth.

"Ready, old son?" he asked cheerfully.

"Yes," growled Bullinger.

"Same here!"

"I suppose I've got to give you a cricket licking, as I've agreed," grunted Bullinger. "Single innings match."

"Just as you like."

The two skippers—the big burly Fifth Former and the slim junior—tossed for choice of innings, and luck was with Frank Richards.

"We bat," he remarked.

And Bullinger grunted again.

Bullinger's idea had been, if he batted first, to knock up 50 runs in a short time, and declare—and then mop up the junior wickets at top

speed. Thus that absurd match would have been brought to a close at the earliest possible moment.

But he comforted himself with the reflection that the juniors would be all out for a dozen or so, so it wouldn't be necessary for the Fifth even to make 50. Bullinger led his merry men into the field, and Frank Richards went to the wickets with Sir Digby Valence.

Few would have guessed, looking at Frank Richards then, that he had received, only a short half-hour before, news that had changed the whole current of his boyish life.

It was characteristic of Frank that, while he was on the cricket-field, he dismissed all other considerations from his mind.

It was his last day at St. Kit's, his last match on the school playing-fields, and he meant to mark it, if he could, by a victory over the Fifth Form cricketers—such a victory, as had often been schemed and anticipated in the Fourth Form studies.

After that day life at St. Kit's would be a closed book to him.

He was to begin life afresh in a new country, amid new surroundings—amid the boundless prairies of Canada instead of the fields and woodlands of Old England, with the mighty

ping the middle stump out of the ground, went on its journey.

The fieldmen were not looking for that swipe, and it was a second or two before they realised that the batsmen were running.

But running they were, and hard. Once, twice, thrice.

Sir Digby Valence was starting again, but Frank Richards waved him back.

There was no time for a fourth. The ball was coming in from Bullinger straight for the wicket.

Crash!

But the bat was in the crease, and the umpire shook his head.

"Not out!"

"My only aunt!" said Bullinger.

He gave his chum Tucker an expressive glance. He had expected better things than that from Tucker, and his look said as much. Tucker blushed. He took the ball for the next shot against Valence with the air of a fellow who was going to do or die.

Tucker's best ball had been baffled by the skipper of the junior team, but it stood to reason that Dig would fall an easy victim—at least, so Tucker said to himself. And he looked surprised when the youthful baronet stopped the ball dead, and then the

amazement of Bullinger, who regarded the captain of the Fourth with a new respect.

Fatty Babbage fell at last to Tucker's bowling. After that batsmen came and batsmen went, each adding his quota of runs, and all the time Frank Richards was steadily scoring.

It was Frank's "day," there was no doubt about that.

"Last man in!"

"My word!" said Bullinger dazedly. "This is a dream—a giddy dream. Do you see that young villain Richards is at 96, Tucky?"

"I do!" said Tucker gloomily.

"And I'm going to see him top the century, and if those young villains bowl anything like they bat, we shall have plenty to do to pull the game out of the fire."

"My word!" was all Bullinger could say.

The ball whizzed down again, and Frank Richards let himself go at it. There was a roar from the crowd.

"Well hit!"

"Run, you beggars—run!"

"Bravo!"

Once, twice, thrice, and a fourth time—and just home! The Fourth Form roared. It was the century for Frank Richards of the Fourth.

thought of a licking at the hands of a fag eleven was enough to spur them on to great efforts.

But they found plenty of quality in the Fourth Form bowling. Wickets went down at a good rate, though the runs came pretty fast.

Bullinger looked, and felt, serious when the score stood at seventy for five wickets down.

At that rate it was not going to be an easy victory, if it was a victory at all.

It looked as if the Fifth Form captain, like Frank, would be "first in and not out." Bullinger was a mighty man with his hands, the best bat in the Fifth, and he made hay of the junior bowling.

But the other batsmen came and went quickly enough.

There was a delighted roar round the field when three successive wickets went down to Frank's bowling.

"The hat trick! Hurray!"

"Well bowled, Franky!"

"Bravo!" It was Mr. Richards' deep voice. "Bravo!"

The Fourth Form fellows were gathering round the ground as the news spread of the tough fight the Fourth were giving Bullinger's team.

Bullinger was looking grim and anxious.

The Fifth Form score had topped a hundred, but eight wickets were down.

The runs piled up, however, and at the next fall of a wicket the score stood at a hundred and twenty-two.

"Last man in!"

The words ran from mouth to mouth.

"Eight to tie, nine to win!" muttered Bullinger of the Fifth. "If I only had the bowling—"

"Eight to tie, nine to win!" Fatty Babbage chuckled in Frank's ear.

"Lucky Bullinger hasn't got the bowling, or they'd do it!"

Frank grinned and nodded.

"Look at old Bullinger's chivvy," chuckled Sir Digby Valence. "Looks as if he's enjoying it, eh? Fancy Bullinger having to go all out to play the Fourth! Why, they don't tussle like this when they're playing the merry old Sixth!"

Frank tossed the ball to Valence.

"Go in and win, Dig. Benson major isn't much class. You'll do it!"

"I'll try," said Dig.

Benson major, at the batting end, was looking quite anxious. But he knocked away the ball for a single run, and Bullinger, to his great delight, was brought to the batting end.

All the Fifth looked relieved.

Bullinger was the man to bridge the narrow margin required for a win before another wicket fell.

Sir Digby bowled his next ball very carefully, and Bullinger rewarded his care by driving it to the boundary. And the next one he cut away through the slips for two.

The Fifth cheered loudly. The score had jumped to 129, and only one was wanted to tie, two to win. Bullinger grinned. He felt equal to a dozen, if they had been wanted.

There was a shade of anxiety on Dig's face as he sent the ball down again.

Clack!

The bat gleamed, and the ball whizzed away. The batsmen were running.

But a keen eye was on the ball. A figure in white was running, dodging, and now backing—backing, with up-raised hand and steady eye, amid a breathless silence of excitement on the crowded field. And the ball floated down into the outstretched palm, as if seeking its rest, and was held! A terrific yell awoke every echo of St. Kit's.

"Caught!"

"Oh, well caught!"

"Bravo, Frank Richards!"

"Hip-hip-hurray!"

There was a rush on the field, and the captain of the Fourth was caught up in a dozen arms and hoisted shoulder-high. For Bullinger of the Fifth was out, and the Fourth Form had won that match by a single run, and Frank Richards had made the winning catch.

Amid a roar of cheering, the ruddy, breathless junior was borne shoulder-high off the field to the pavilion, and set down before his smiling father.

"Hurray! Hurray!" roared the Fourth.

Frank gasped.

"We've beaten them, dad!"

"Beaten the Fifth!" roared Sir Digby Valence, tossing his cap into the air, careless where it came down, or, indeed, whether it came down at all. "What price Bullinger now? What price us? Hurray!"

"I say," said Fatty Babbage, clutching the excited Sir Digby by the arm, "don't you—er—think that we might celebrate Frank's show by—er—"

(Continued at foot of next page.)



"Wha—at are you doing?" yelled Bullinger. "Are you c-o-o-utting my hair?" "Just so," said Frank Richards, as he cut away with a pair of scissors at the Fifth-Former's curly locks.

Rockies on the skyline, instead of the grassy English downs.

But while he remained at St. Kit's, if only for a few more hours, he was still captain of the Fourth Form, and a St. Kit's fellow to the finger-tips.

His face was calm, his glance cool and clear, as he took up his position at the wicket to take the first over, with the eyes of all the Fourth upon him.

Bullinger tossed the ball to Tucker, the best bowler of the Fifth.

"Go and get that cheery young monkey out, Tucker!" he said.

And Tucker grinned.

"Leave him to me!" he said.

Tucker went on to bowl, and the Fifth Form field looked on smiling, some of them with their hands in their pockets. They had not the slightest doubt that Frank Richards' wicket would go down before the first ball of the great Tucker.

But a change came o'er the spirit of their dream.

The ball that was to demolish the Fourth-Former's wicket went down like a bullet.

But the expected did not happen.

As often happens in the great game of cricket, it was the unexpected that came along.

There was a sharp "clack" as the gleaming willow met the whizzing leather, and the ball, instead of whip-

ping the middle stump out of the ground, went on its journey.

By gum!" said Tucker.

It was dawning on Bullinger & Co. now that the match was not the absurd walk-over they had expected it would be—not, at all events, if Richards and Valence were fair samples of the rest.

And it dawned upon them more and more as the game proceeded.

Bullinger rubbed his eyes when the board registered 25 for Frank Richards alone, and 15 for his chum. The Fourth-Formers round the field were roaring.

Frank Richards had long been resolved upon that match with the Fifth, and he had worked hard to get prepared for it. But even the most sanguine of the Fourth had not expected to see Fourth-Form fellows stand up to the seniors in this way.

Sir Digby Valence was out at last to a catch by Bullinger. Fatty Babbage came on to take his place.

Fatty was a steady bat of the stone-wall variety, and he played a solid, steady game, leaving the scoring mainly to his skipper.

Frank Richards was thinking only of cricket now. Indeed, he seemed to be living and breathing it.

He was well set at the wicket, and the best of the Fifth-Form bowling could not touch him, much to the

amazement of Bullinger, who regarded the captain of the Fourth with a new respect.

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(Continued at foot of next page.)



# LET US GET INTO YOUR EDITOR'S DEN!

I would like all my readers to look upon me as their real friend, someone to whom they can come for help and advice when they are in doubt or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to be of use to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would like to write to me.

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself; let me know what you think of the BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, The BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."

## ARE YOU SATISFIED?

To my mind, this issue of the BOYS' FRIEND is the finest that has ever been put on the market. Do you hold the same opinion? Are you satisfied with our two magnificent new stories, "The Boys of the Bombay Castle" and "Frank Richards' Schooldays"?

There is something very fresh about these two new tales. The themes of the yarns are entirely new, and I feel confident that they make a welcome change to the stories which they succeed.

I want all my loyal readers to write and let me know what they think of the tales in this number. Let me know your opinions on the new stories, and also let me know what you think of the other tales in the issue.

Don't think for one moment, my chums, that I am asking solely for complimentary criticism. If there is a certain tale in this number that you do not like, don't be afraid to say so. Candid criticism is always of great assistance to an editor who is trying his utmost to satisfy the requirements of all his readers; and I assure you that I shall value any criticisms that you care to send along.

If the contents of this number meet your desires, and if you agree with me that the new yarns are something out of the ordinary, I should esteem it a great favour if you would tell all your chums about the splendid attractions now appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND.

"Frank Richards' Schooldays" is going to be a ripping series, and I know very well that a boy has only to read one story in the series and he will want to read more. Let your chum read this issue of the BOYS' FRIEND, and then persuade him to become a regular reader. I assure you I shall greatly appreciate any help my chums care to give me to obtain new readers for the BOYS' FRIEND.

## NEXT MONDAY'S PROGRAMME.

### "GAME TO THE LAST!"

By Owen Conquest.

My chums are, no doubt, following the present series of Rookwood stories with added interest. Mr. Owen Conquest is, indeed, working them up very well, and next Monday's fine yarn will hold you from start to finish.

The missing heir to the Mornington estates has been found, and Valentine Mornington, the bouncer of Rookwood, knows that he is no longer entitled to the fortune upon which he has been living. Lattrey, the cad of the school, knows this, too, and he holds the power which he possesses over Morny's head.

For the time being, Mornington keeps the knowledge of his discovery of the missing heir to himself, and, strange to say, he takes up cricket seriously, and is chosen to play for Rookwood against Woodend.

Lattrey, however, has a cunning scheme in mind. If only he can force a member of the Rookwood team to play a losing game, he realises that he can make a lot of money by betting on the result. Mornington is chosen as the cad's prey, and he threatens to divulge the name of the missing heir if Morny fails to lose the game for his side.

What does Mornington do? Does he give way to the cad of the Fourth and lose the game for his side, or does he play the game and run the risk of Lattrey carrying out his threat? For the correct answer to these questions you must read next Monday's magnificent tale of the Rookwood chums.

### "WESTWARD HO!"

By Martin Clifford.

In next Monday's splendid long, complete tale of "Frank Richards' Schooldays," Frank Richards journeys to the land of the Maple Leaf, where he meets a cousin of his, who

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Every Friday.

announces that the two are going to school together.

Bob Lawless, Frank's cousin, is a very high-spirited youngster, up to all manner of jokes and wheezes. And, to tell the truth, Frank Richards has some very anxious moments when he does not know whether his cousin is telling the truth or whether he is joking.

Bob is determined upon pulling Frank's leg, and when a body of redskins appear upon the scene when the two are crossing Canada there is considerable excitement. But after this an amazing revelation takes place, and you will find much cause for laughter when reading about the way in which Bob Lawless successfully japes his cousin.

### "THE FINK PEARL!"

By Maurice Everard.

As I have no doubt many readers of the BOYS' FRIEND know, pearl-diving is most dangerous work, and, therefore, you can be sure there will be no lack of thrilling incidents in next Monday's magnificent tale of Dick, Frank, and Joe.

Pieface saves the life of a savage, and the latter is so grateful that he presents the black boy with a valuable pink pearl. Pieface is naturally

elated at possessing such a magnificent pearl, but the latter leads to a great disaster. What this disaster is you will learn when you read next Monday's fine tale of the Crusoe Island adventures.

### "THE SCHEMING BOXER!"

By Herbert Britton.

In next Monday's splendid story of Bob Travers a new boxer comes to the booth. He is a conceited little prig, with an extremely bad temper. He boxes Bob Travers, and, losing his temper, gives way to foul tactics. One of Bob's chums complains to the boxing showman, with the result that the new fellow is called over the coals.

The latter immediately shows great enmity towards Bob, and in a cunning way schemes to bring about Bob Travers' disgrace. He is successful, and Bob finds himself practically proved guilty of having committed a low, despicable act.

### "THE BOYS OF THE BOMBAY CASTLE!"

By Duncan Storm.

Mr. Duncan Storm has worked up the second instalment of his great new serial in a splendid manner. Bully Flashman, who has always been used to getting his own way, finds his masters in Chip, Tom, and Fred, and they turn the tables on him in a splendid manner.

There is also a most laughable scene in the class-room in next Monday's instalment. Lal Tata is taking the class, but unfortunately at the time the vessel is rocking considerably, and, being a bad seaman, Lal soon finds himself in the throes of seasickness.

Always eager for some fun, Chip makes the situation worse by mentioning fat pork. Lal Tata is popular with all my readers, and I am, therefore, sure you will derive much enjoyment from reading of the part he plays in next week's instalment.

In conclusion, allow me to urge

every one of you to make a point of ordering next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance. Owing to the stupendous attractions which are now appearing, there is bound to be a big demand for the "B.F." Therefore, failure to order your copy in advance is bound to bring about bitter disappointment.

## OUR COMPANION PAPERS.

A good many of my readers are already, I know, also readers of our Companion Papers, the "Gem" and "Magnet."

But, for the benefit of those who are not, it seems worth while here to point out that those two bright little papers, though the necessities of war-time have made them smaller than of old, are better than ever, as most of their readers agree.

Martin Clifford, who is giving you so big a treat each week in his account of the schooldays of his friend, Frank Richards, contributes a splendid long story to each issue of the "Gem." This week it is entitled:

### "D'ARCY'S DEAL!"

and it tells how that highly popular character, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, buys a pony, and of the complications which result. The chief feature of the "Magnet" is, of course, the long complete story by Frank Richards. This week's yarn:

### "PARTED PALS!"

is one of the very best. There are other attractions in both papers, and in two or three weeks' time a new serial of school life will be starting in the "Gem."

Your Editor

## FRANK RICHARDS'

(Continued from the previous page.)

## SCHOOLDAYS!

Form victors, and borne towards the study.

It was an excited gathering, and every single junior there seemed bent upon making Frank Richards' last hours at the old school the happiest of his life.

"Have some more cake, Frank, old scout," said Sir Digby.

"Try the paste," said Fatty Babbage.

"Sample the jam," said another. Frank Richards' face broadened into a huge smile.

"It's awfully good of you chaps," he said. "But really, I can't manage any more. I—"

"Well, give us a speech, then," said Fatty quickly.

"Hurrah! Speech! Speech!"

The juniors were adamant in their request for a speech, and, seeing no way out of the difficulty, Frank Richards rose to his feet to address his chums for the last time.

Complete silence instantly reigned in the crowded study.

"It's awfully decent of you fellows to treat me like this," said Frank Richards, with a touch of nervousness.

"Don't mench," put in Fatty Babbage, munching away at a bun.

"I assure you I greatly appreciate your kindness," went on Frank, "and I shall always cherish my schooldays at St. Kit's as the happiest of my life. I'm jolly sorry to have to leave all you fellows, and"—a lump suddenly rose in Frank's throat—

"and I hope and trust that we shall all meet again some day, and recall the jolly times that we have had at the old school."

"Hurrah!"

Frank Richards sat down to the sound of tumultuous cheering on the part of his chums. They cheered him again and again, and the sound could be heard throughout the length and breadth of St. Kit's.

Frank Richards' last tea at St. Kit's had indeed been a happy and memorable one!

It was over!

The excitement had died away, and there was a shade of thought upon Frank's sunny face, though he still looked his cheerful self.

The news had spread that Frank Richards was leaving, and when the old hack came from the station there was a crowd to bid him good-bye.

Fatty Babbage and Sir Digby Valence were lugubrious, poor Fatty, indeed, being perilously near the point of blubbing. Every fellow wanted to shake hands with Frank Richards for the last time two or three times over.

Even Bullinger of the Fifth came to shake hands and tell Frank he was sorry that he was going.

It was over at last!

The hack rolled away, with Frank and his father, and in the dying sunset Frank Richards looked his last upon the old school.

A few days yet, and Frank Richards stood upon the deck of the steamer as it throbbed its way out to sea, and the great western ocean rolled before him; and beyond the ocean his thoughts sped in advance to the new and wonderful land which was to be his new home.

THE END.

## NEXT MONDAY!

### "WESTWARD HO!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.  
DON'T MISS IT!

## FIGHTING THE FLAMES!

By HERBERT BRITTON.

(Continued from page 79.)

farmer. "Ain't that good enough? The young varmint! I had to chase 'em off my field with a whip! This young rip, here, must have come back afterwards and set fire to my rick!"

"I did not set fire to your rick!" exclaimed Tom hotly. "I did not leave the school after call-over, and I defy anybody to prove that I did!"

The Head tapped his desk with a penholder.

"I am sorry, Grayson, that I must doubt your word," he said quietly.

"You admit that you crossed Farmer Hayes' field earlier in the evening, and that he chased you with a whip?"

"Yes, sir," replied Tom. "And I consider it disgraceful that he should always chase us with a whip. We do no harm in his field, and—"

"That is apart from the matter we are dealing with," interrupted the Head. "I can see that you feel extremely vindictive towards Farmer Hayes, and therefore I much regret I am compelled to believe you guilty. There seems no doubt that— Dear me! What is all this commotion about?"

The noise of rushing feet had suddenly become audible in the passage, and next moment the porter of Beechside opened the door of the study, and led in the figure of Bob Travers.

"What is the meaning of this interruption, Cornish?" snapped the Head.

"Which as I've brought in this young feller, who ses 'e knows who set fire to the rick," explained the porter quickly.

"What is that?" demanded the Head.

Bob Travers stepped forward, and explained to the Head of Beechside all that had occurred the previous evening, and Dr. Neale listened eagerly to every word.

"You have the handkerchief with you?" asked the Head.

Bob handed it over.

"H'm!" muttered the Head.

"F. M." Let me see, we've only got one boy in the school bearing these initials. Frank Morton must be the boy. Cornish, tell Morton of the Fifth that I want to see him immediately!"

"Certainly, sir!" said Cornish meekly. "And, beggin yer pardon, sir, but now I comes to think of it, Master Morton came in wery late last night. I would have mentioned it before, only it clean slipped my memory."

"Fetch Morton, will you, please?" said the Head curtly. And the porter ambled off at once.

Five minutes later he returned with the Fifth-Former, a spiteful-looking fellow of the bullying type. At first, when the Head questioned him, he denied flatly that he had been near the rick, but under careful cross-examination he became so flurried that he bowled himself out completely.

And in the end it was proved that he had set fire to the rick, out of spite to the farmer for having chased him with his whip two days previously when he had been caught on the farm, helping himself to the fruit.

Fifty pounds was the sum that Morton senior had to pay for his son's treacherous act; but, as Tom Grayson said afterwards, it served the bully right. He had been a terror to the Fourth-Formers for some time, and the shock of the exposure kept him quiet for a good while.

Tom Grayson's name had been cleared of all suspicion, and he showed his thankfulness in a right and royal manner that afternoon, when the boy boxer and the Beechside juniors were gathered in Tom's study.

THE END.

## NEXT MONDAY!

### "THE SCHEMING BOXER!"

By HERBERT BRITTON.  
DON'T MISS IT!

