



GREAT SURPRISE FOR ROOKWOOD!

NEW BOY ARRIVES ON AN ELEPHANT!



The BOYS' FRIEND 1^d 1/2

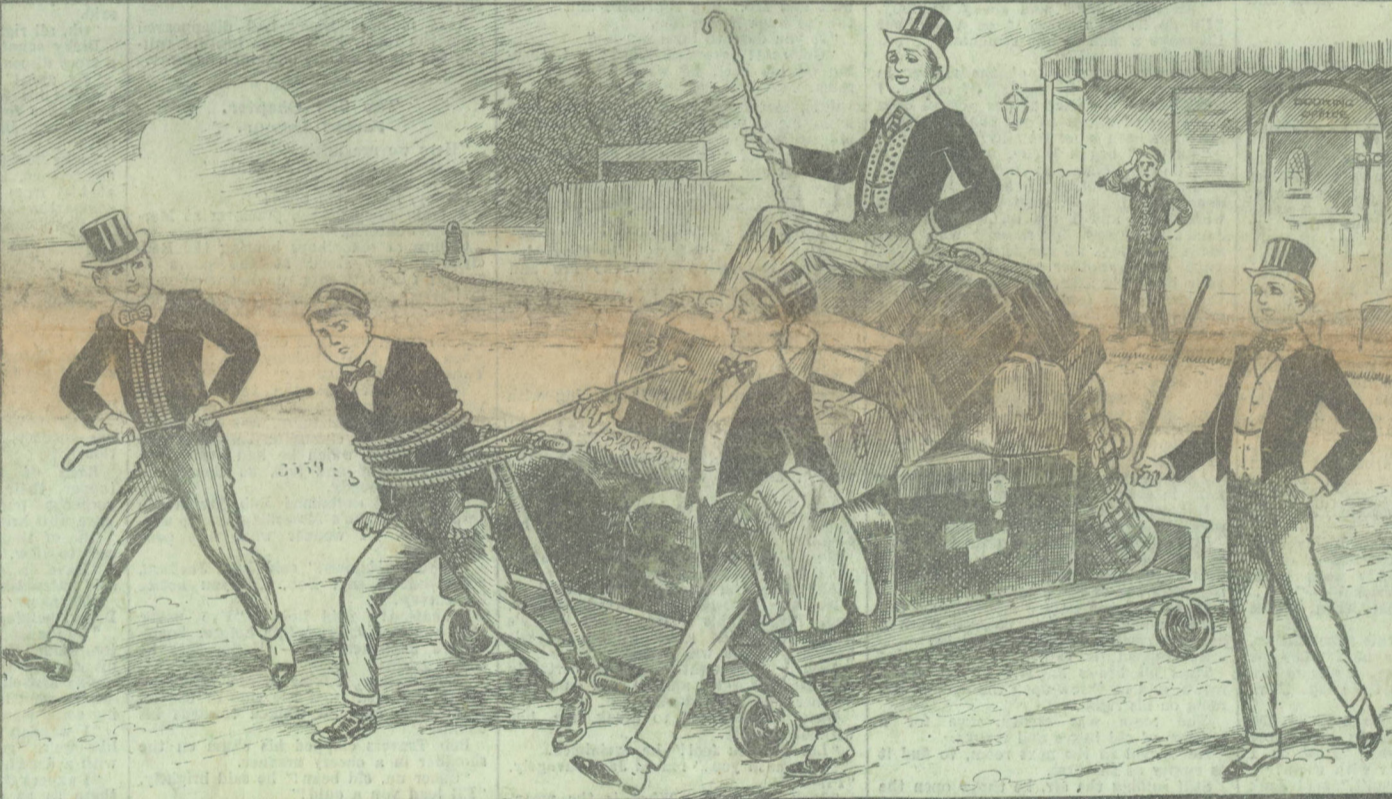
No. 929. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending March 29th, 1919.

The Scapegrace of Redclyffe!

The Opening Instalment of a Magnificent New School Serial
By Herbert Britton.



JACK TURNER MAKES A BAD START! "I say, deah boys," drawled Drake from his seat on the top of the pile of bags, "make the hoss get a move on!" "Kim up!" grinned Drury, digging Jack Turner in the ribs with his walking-stick.

The 1st Chapter Introduces the Scapegrace.

"You have disgraced yourself—"
"But—"
"Worse still, however, you have disgraced the family!"
"Oh, father!"
"It's true, Jack—too true!"
Mr. Turner, a tall, rather handsome-looking man of middle-age, shook his head sadly, and, turning away from his son, he picked up a letter from the table.
The dark-haired boy, at his side, watched his movement intently.
There was a look of deep annoyance on Jack Turner's face, which did not improve when he recognised the handwriting on the letter his father was holding in his hand.
He shifted restlessly from one foot to the other, and had just opened his mouth to speak when his father looked up.
Mr. Turner's face was set in a grim, stern expression, and Jack almost shrank from his gaze.
Never before had the boy seen his father look so angry.
"Father—" he began.
"You may sit down, Jack."
"But—but—"
"Sit down!"
Mr. Turner's voice was sharp and commanding.
Jack promptly sat down.
"You see this letter, Jack?" said Mr. Turner, holding the sheet of paper before him.
"Yes, father; but—"
"Do you recognise the handwriting?"
"Y-y-yes; it looks like Dr. Green's."
Mr. Turner nodded his head in assent.
"You are right," he said. "It is from

Dr. Green, the headmaster of Beechcroft School. I suppose you have no idea as to what this letter is about?"
"N-n-n-one at all," replied Jack awkwardly.
"You did not know your headmaster intended writing to me?"
"I—I—I—" Jack faltered.
"Come, come!" said Mr. Turner impatiently. "Did Dr. Green tell you he was going to write to me?"
"Y-y-yes," stammered Jack helplessly. "He did say something about—"
"You know, then, that Dr. Green does not wish you to return to Beechcroft?"
"Not return!" gasped the boy. "What the dickens—"
"Dr. Green says that he would esteem it a favour if I withdrew you from Beechcroft and sent you to another school."
"Whatever for?" demanded Jack angrily.
"Don't you know?"
"That I don't!" declared the boy. "Why should he ask you to do such a thing? If you pay my fees he ought to be compelled to take me."
"A headmaster is privileged to select his scholars," said Mr. Turner, severely and slowly. "If a boy proves to be undesirable—"
"Undesirable!" gasped Jack, staring at his father with dilated eyes.
"Yes; if a boy proves to be undesirable, a headmaster invariably asks his parents to remove him from the school."
"But, father, surely old Green—I mean, Dr. Green—doesn't think—"
"He does not desire you to return to Beechcroft," said Mr. Turner coldly. "From that you can draw your own conclusions. I have drawn mine, and it

seems to me that your behaviour at the school has not been of the best."
"Father!"
"Did you work hard, Jack?"
"Oh, rather!"
"Did you play football?"
"Yes."
"How many times did you play for the eleven?"
"I—I—I— Oh, I forget."
"Come, you must remember," said Mr. Turner, stamping his foot. "Give me some idea as to how many matches you played in. Was it as many as ten?"
"Oh, yes, father; quite that number!" answered Jack promptly.
"H'm!" Mr. Turner compressed his lips, and turned to the letter once again. "Did you get on with your schoolfellows all right?"
"Yes."
"You never quarrelled with any of the boys?"
"Never!"
"What were your own particular friends like?" asked Mr. Turner.
"Jolly nice chaps!" said Jack at once. "Watson and Bates were two of the best. You'd like them, father, if you met them; I'm sure you would!"
"Ahem!"
Mr. Turner referred to the letter once more, and when he looked up he was looking sterner than ever.
"Did you have a friend named Bingham?" he asked slowly.
"B-Bingham!" stammered Jack, biting his lip. "Oh, yes!" he added quickly. "He was a friend of mine for a time, but I found him out to be a thorough rotter, so I chucked him. He was expelled—"
"So I gather from Dr. Green's letter," said Mr. Turner coldly. "Apparently he was a young blackguard. I understand

that he used to visit the local inn, and drink and gamble."
"That's right," said Jack nervously. He almost dreaded what his father would say next.
"How long after you had discovered Bingham to be a gambler did you remain friendly with him?" inquired Mr. Turner.
"Oh, I threw him over immediately I found out what he was!" said Jack. "He tried to lead me astray, and—"
"Did he by any chance succeed?"
"Certainly not! I—"
"You never played cards?"
"Never!"
"Did you ever go inside the local inn?"
"N-no."
"Or drink at all?"
"No."
"Were you ever tempted to smoke?"
"Father—"
"Did you break bounds at night for the purpose of attending a gambling den in the village?"
"Never, father!" said Jack holily. "I wouldn't have dreamed of doing anything of the sort!"
"Jack—" began Mr. Turner reprovingly.
"I swear I didn't, father!" said the boy, his face flushing. "If you think—"
"I hardly know what to think," said Mr. Turner bitterly. "Your headmaster says that you were one of Bingham's closest friends."
"I—I—I—"
"He also says that you were caught playing cards for money in your study."
"I?"
"Yes, Jack," went on Mr. Turner. "Dr. Green also tells me that you smoked cigarettes, that you were caught on one

occasion coming out of the local inn, and that you did break bounds and attend the gambling den with Bingham."
"D-d-does he say all that?" exclaimed the boy, aghast.
Mr. Turner nodded his head.
"Then he lies!" declared Jack, raising his voice. "There's not a word of truth in what he says. He's an old humbug. He—"
"Jack!"
"So he is!" exclaimed the boy. "He's a liar, and—"
"He is a friend of mine, Jack," said Mr. Turner severely. "My friends are neither liars nor humbugs. But, if I have not made a very grave mistake, my son is both."
"Oh!"
Jack uttered a low groan and sank back in his chair, whilst his father paced up and down the room.
For a few moments there was complete silence in the room.
Jack's mind was in a bewildered state. He knew only too well that his behaviour at Beechcroft had not been all it might have been.
He had "gone the pace" with Bingham and Watson and Bates.
Bingham had been expelled for his wrongdoings, and he and the others had been left off with a caution.
Certainly the Head had been very angry with them, but Jack had never given it a thought that his father would be told of his behaviour.
That was bad enough in itself, but the worse blow of all was the fact that Dr. Green did not wish him to return to Beechcroft.
What would his father do with him? What—
(Continued on next page.)

THE SCAPEGRACE OF REDCLYFFE!

(Continued from the previous page.)

His father's stern voice broke upon his anxious thoughts.

"Do you realise your position, Jack?" asked Mr. Turner severely.

"I—I—I—"

"Don't you see that you have disgraced yourself, and that you have been practically expelled from your school?"

"I wasn't expelled," said the boy.

"Dr. Green has asked me to take you away from the school," said Mr. Turner. "That is practically as bad as expulsion. It means that Dr. Green does not consider you a fit boy to remain at Beecheroff. In his report he says that you are indolent, disobedient, and most unreliable. When I was young I should have been ashamed of such a report."

"But, father—"

"In spite of your statement that you played in the junior football eleven, Dr. Green declares that you were never seen on the football field," continued Mr. Turner, in a firm voice. "Apparently you spent your time in following such unhealthy pastimes as gambling, and smoking, and drinking."

"No, father, I didn't. I assure you I—"

"Don't lie to me!" Mr. Turner raised his voice for the first time. "How dare you tell me such untruths! It seems that you cannot open your mouth without uttering some falsehood or other. I am disappointed in you—more than disappointed."

"Oh, father—"

Jack's voice faltered, and he fixed his eyes on the rug at his feet.

Next moment, however, he looked up, and gave his father a pleading look.

"I'm very sorry, father—awfully sorry," he said repentantly.

"It is rather late in the day to express sorrow," said Mr. Turner austere.

"I—I—I— But it wasn't really my fault," said Jack haltingly. "If it hadn't been for that rotter, Bingham, I should have been all right. He was an awful fellow. He made us play cards and smoke, and—"

"Nonsense!"

"But he did," insisted the boy. "He wouldn't take no for an answer. He had such a way with him that—"

"Ridiculous!" snapped Mr. Turner. "You had a will of your own. You could have refused to have had anything to do with him."

"You don't understand—"

"I understand that you've acted like a young rascal," said Mr. Turner angrily.

"You have proved yourself to be a weak-willed young scamp. You are far different from your twin brother, Richard. He has returned from Redclyffe with an excellent report. He is high up in class, he has been very successful in the school sports, and, as far as I gather, he is very popular in the school. He is bound to do well when he leaves school, but you—"

Mr. Turner paused and shook his head. Apparently he had little hope for Jack.

The latter guessed the thought that was in his father's mind, and a feeling of shame came over him.

"I—I—I'm sorry, father," he faltered. "I'll never do it again—I swear I won't! Give me another chance—send me to another school, and—"

"But you may be compelled to leave there."

"No, I won't!" declared Jack fervently. "I'll never touch another card or cigarette. I'll promise you I'll work hard, and play football and cricket—"

"You promised me that when I sent you to Beecheroff."

"I—I—I mean it this time, father, honestly I do," said the boy. "Let me go to Redclyffe with Dicky. I should like to go there. Dicky says the chaps there are jolly nice, and—"

"There are bound to be boys of the wrong sort at Redclyffe, as at other schools," said Mr. Turner. "How do I know that you won't mix with them?"

"I—I—I promise you I won't," said Jack quickly. "Oh, let me go there, father. I'll pal up with Dicky's friends, and I promise to work hard and make up for lost time."

Mr. Turner thought for a few moments.

"Do you know that a man or boy who cannot be trusted to keep a promise cannot be trusted in anything?" he asked.

"Oh, yes, father."

"If I give you another chance, you'll promise to make the most of it, and drop all those blackguardly ways you have learned?"

"Yes, father. Honest Injun, I will."

"Very well," said Mr. Turner, the expression on his face softening. "I will think over the matter. You may go."

And Jack Turner, considering himself lucky to have come so successfully through the ordeal, left the room.

The 2nd Chapter. Twins Together.

"I want you to look after Jack."

Mr. Turner uttered the remark a few days later to his other son, Dicky.

It was the first occasion he had had of discussing Jack with Dicky, for the latter had been staying with Bob Travers and Jackson, his chums at Redclyffe, and had only just come home.

"Surely you're not going to send him to Redclyffe, father?" said Dicky, somewhat resentfully.

"From which it will be gathered that Dicky was not very fond of his twin brother."

But that was not Dicky's fault.

Dicky certainly possessed a hasty temper, but, for all that, he was a straight-going, loyal type of fellow. He had never hit it with his brother, but that was not surprising considering Jack's little weaknesses.

"Yes, I am going to send him to Redclyffe," said Mr. Turner. "Dr. Hamlin, your headmaster, has agreed to take him,

and I feel sure he will be in better hands there than elsewhere."

"Ahem!" Dicky pulled a wry face.

"Jack has promised me that he will run straight in future," went on Mr. Turner. "He declares that he will never drop back into the old ways, and I am very hopeful that he means it this time."

Dicky pulled another face. Evidently he was not so hopeful as his father.

"He is a weak-willed, easily-led fellow," said Mr. Turner. "In bad hands, there is no knowing what might happen to him. In your charge, however—"

"M-m-my charge," said Dicky, looking.

"Yes; I want you to promise me that you will look after him," said Mr. Turner.

"I want you to take him in hand, to keep him in the straight path, and away from evil companions. Your influence may work a complete change in him, and—"

"I say, father, it's a bit of a job!" protested Dicky, who was not at all pleased at the idea of his brother joining him at Redclyffe.

"It is not an easy job, Richard," said Mr. Turner. "But remember this—your brother's whole future is at stake. If he does not make the most of the next few years, his life may be utterly ruined. I feel that he has wrecked most of his chances as it is, but there is still a chance for him to reform and be a credit to himself and the family. I am giving him that chance, and I want you to help him to make the most of it."

"I hope you've given him a good talking-to," said Dicky.

"I have put the matter very clearly before him," said Mr. Turner. "He has promised never to play cards for money or drink or smoke again, and I am certain that at the present moment he intends to keep this promise. He may, of course, be tempted to break it, but I rely upon your influence to nip the temptation in the bud. Promise me that you will look after him—"

"All right, dad," said Dicky willingly. "I'll do it. It's going to be a job, but I'll make a man of him somehow."

Mr. Turner smiled.

"I'm glad you look at the matter in the right light," he said. "Of course, I need hardly say that it has always been a matter of regret to me that you boys have not been more friendly."

"But—"

"I do not blame you—not in the least," said Mr. Turner. "I know you have done your best to keep on good terms with Jack, and I am aware, too, that Jack's weaknesses for rascally ways have made your task all the harder. But you must make another strong attempt for your brother's sake, and for the sake of the family as well. I do not think I appeal to you in vain."

"No fear!" said Dicky, with determination.

"Very well," said Mr. Turner. "I have told Jack he is to accompany you to Redclyffe. Perhaps you would like to chat over things with him. He is in his room, I believe."

"Right-ho!" said Dicky. "I'll go and have a jaw with him now."

And, leaving his father's room, Dicky went in search of his erring brother.

But when he reached his brother's room, Dicky found no sign of Jack.

Concluding that his brother had gone out of the house he went up to the top floor, with the intention of procuring a bag from one of the box-rooms.

Dicky had not walked more than a few yards along the top passage when a peculiar smell assailed his nostrils.

He stopped and sniffed.

Then his brows knitted in an angry frown, and he threw open the door of the room on his right.

The room was empty, save for a number of old boxes and trunks.

He turned to the next room, to find it as empty as the first.

Still sniffing the air, he threw open the next door on his right, and the sight that met his gaze caused him to utter an exclamation of surprise and annoyance.

For the room was full of smoke, and sitting on an old box in the centre of the room was his twin brother, Jack.

Jack's hands were held behind him, and he made no attempt to move as Dicky strode angrily towards him.

"You cad!" exclaimed Dicky indignantly. "You've been smoking cigarettes!"

"S-s-s-smoking!" faltered Jack.

"Now, don't tell me any lies!" snapped Dicky. "I understood you'd promised the pater to chuck all that rot!"

"S-s-s-so I have."

"What do you mean by smoking, then?"

"I—I haven't."

Dicky advanced another step towards his brother, whose hands were still held behind him.

"You lying little toad!" roared Dicky. "What's all this smoke doing here, if you haven't been puffing away at cigarettes?"

"Oh, that's from the chimney!" replied Jack.

"Chimney be hanged!" exclaimed Dicky. "How can it when there's no fire in the grate?"

"I-I-it comes from the other rooms, and—"

"My hat!" exclaimed Dicky wrathfully. "For two pins I'd give you a thundering good hiding for telling such lies! Get up from that box!"

"I sha'n't!"

"Get up, I tell you!"

"Why should I— Ow! Yow! Yooooooooo!"

Jack Turner let forth a frantic yell as Dicky dragged him from the box on which he was sitting, and hurled him across the room.

Dicky turned round quickly, and his

eyes became fixed on the box upon which his brother had been sitting.

For there rested side by side a pack of playing-cards, a box of cigarettes, and a half-smoked cigarette.

Jack was about to make a grab at them when Dicky leaped forward and picked them up.

"Give those to me!" cried Jack savagely.

"No fear!"

"They belong to me, you blessed rotter!" exclaimed Jack. "Hand 'em over!"

"Rats!"

"You—you've no right to touch my property!" said Jack fiercely. "It's like your blessed cheek to come interfering with me!"

Dicky thrust his hands deep into his pockets and surveyed his brother with a grim, set look.

"I thought you'd promised the pater to drop all this sort of thing?" he said.

"So I did!"

"Well, do you call this keeping your promise?"

"What's that to do with you?"

"Everything," said Dicky. "The pater says I'm to take you back to Redclyffe with me, and look after you."

"I don't want you to," said Jack carelessly.

"You cad!" snapped Dicky indignantly. "If you don't care what happens to you, you might think of the family. It would be a fine thing for us if, after having to leave Beecheroff, you were expelled from Redclyffe."

Jack made a gesture.

"Stop chowing the rag!" he said, with a sniff. "I've had all that from the guv'nor. I'm hanged if I know what you want to start for."

"My hat!" said Dicky, gripping his fists hard. "I've a jolly good mind to pile into you and give you a jolly good thrashing."

"I think you might return my property first," said Jack.

"I'm going to put the lot on the fire when I get downstairs."

"You won't."

"Very well," said Dicky coolly. "we'll wait and see. You can come and watch the lot burn if you like."

"If you dare to burn my—"

"Oh, rats!" growled Dicky; and, turning on his heel, he walked out of the room.

Jack stood in the centre of the box-room for a few moments in a state of indecision.

Then, all of a sudden, he darted out of the room and went downstairs.

He was just passing the dining-room when he caught sight of Dicky bending over the fire.

Jack rushed into the room.

"Give me my property!" he shouted.

Dicky looked up from the fire and grinned.

"Sorry, old bean," he said, "but it can't be did!"

"You've had the check to burn those cards and—"

"Exactly—"

"By gad! I—I—I—"

Jack Turner was fairly choking with indignation.

He clenched his fist hard, and next instant he hurled it full into Dicky's face.

Dicky was quite unprepared for the attack, and he was sent reeling backwards.

The colour rose to his face as he regained his balance and stared at his brother.

He clenched his fists, hesitating whether to return the blow.

And whilst he hesitated Jack acted.

He rushed forward in a savage temper, and, flinging his arms round Dicky's body, pommelled away at the latter's back for all he was worth.

Jack was no fighter, but he certainly possessed strength, and he held on to his brother like grim death.

Dicky endeavoured to break free, but without success.

"Let go, you fool!" he exclaimed.

"I'll smash you!" roared Jack savagely.

"I'll—"

"Jack—Richard! What is the meaning of this disgraceful behaviour?"

The words acted like magic on Jack Turner.

He released his hold on his brother and turned round, to find his father gazing at him sternly from the open doorway.

"Whatever have you two been fighting for?" asked Mr. Turner.

"He was bullying me, father, and—"

began Jack, with a fierce glance at his brother.

"Bullying?"

"Yes, father!" said Jack. "I—I was sitting quietly in one of the box-rooms when he came and interfered with me."

"Is that true, Richard?"

"As that!" said Dicky, for as much as he despised his brother he had no intention of telling his father what had happened.

"I hope you don't doubt my word, father," said Jack. "I think you ought to give Dicky a good talking-to. I'm afraid he doesn't want me to go to Redclyffe with him—at least, he said he didn't, and—"

"Shut up, you cad!" exclaimed Dicky wrathfully.

"Richard!" said Mr. Turner reprovingly. "How dare you talk to your brother in that manner!"

"That's nothing, father," said Jack. "He's spoken to me worse than that. I don't think it's fair, after my promising to turn over a new leaf."

"H'm!" Mr. Turner pursed his lips and looked hard at Dicky. "Richard," he said icily, "do you wish me to absolve you from the promise you made, or—"

"No fear!" said Dicky promptly.

"Then why have you—"

Mr. Turner paused as he caught sight of the end of a playing-card lying in the grate.

His mind worked very quickly, and it did not take him long to guess what had happened.

He realised that Dicky had already

taken his brother in hand, but he also saw that Jack had not kept his promise to leave cards alone.

Moreover, Jack had lied once again.

It was a bitter disappointment, but, nevertheless, he felt sure that he could rely upon Dicky to take the erring junior in hand.

Dicky had made the promise, and Mr. Turner felt sure he would keep it.

He was inclined to accuse Jack of telling lies, but thought better of it.

He turned towards the door.

"All right," he said. "You must settle your quarrels together, but please do not try to settle your differences by resorting to fist-cuffs."

Next moment Mr. Turner passed out of the room.

Dicky turned to his brother and gave him a disparaging look.

"You young rotter!" he exclaimed hotly. "What did you want to tell the guv'nor such a pack of lies for?"

Jack drew himself up.

"It was your fault entirely!" he said jauntily. "If you hadn't pinched my property—"

"Your property be hanged!" roared Dicky. "You promised the guv'nor you would chuck that rot."

"I intend to keep the promise, too!" said Jack. "I was just having a last smoke upstairs when you butted in."

"Last smoke! What the dickens—"

"You didn't expect me to throw half a packet away, surely?" interrupted Jack. Dicky snorted.

"I expect you intended to buy another packet when that one had gone!" he said disdainfully.

"Nothing of the kind!" said Jack. "I promised the guv'nor to stop smoking when I got to Redclyffe, and I'm going to keep my promise. If you've got anything more to say—"

"Oh, rats!" said Dicky, somewhat aggravated. "As far as I can see, there's as much chance of the Kaiser becoming King of England as there is of you keeping your promise. Never mind, old nut; you're going to be in my charge, and I guess I'm not going to allow you to disgrace the family. Nuff said! I'll see you again presently."

Next moment Dicky had disappeared from the room, leaving his brother sniffing the air in a most disdainful manner.

The 3rd Chapter. Forced Labour.

"Here we are again!"

"Hallo, there's Dicky Turner!"

"Give him a shout!"

"Aho, Dicky, old bean!"

A train stood at the platform at Mer-ingham Junction.

Groups of schoolboys bearing the Redclyffe colours stood at the doors of several compartments, waving their caps and sticks enthusiastically as they recognised familiar faces down the platform.

Bob Travers and Jack Jackson of the Fourth Form had been chatting together, when they had suddenly espied Dicky Turner in the distance.

They shouted at the tops of their voices to attract their chum's attention.

Dicky waved his hand, but instead of approaching his chums he turned in the direction from which he had come, and gazed to right and left, as though he had lost somebody.

"My hat!" exclaimed Bob Travers in surprise. "There's something wrong with old Dicky. I wonder what he's gone back for."

"Goodness knows!" said Jack Jackson. "But—but I say, Bob, did you notice his chivvy?"

"What-ho!" said Bob. "I've never seen him looking so fed-up before. Something's happened to— Hallo, here he comes again!"

Dicky Turner, looking extremely disconsolate, emerged from the side of the refreshment-room and walked towards his chums.

Bob Travers clapped his chum on the shoulder in a cheery manner.

"Cheer up, old bean!" he said brightly. "I'll lend you a quid!"

"A—a quid!" gasped Dicky in perplexity. "What the dickens—"

"Well, if it's half a quid you've lost I'll—"

"Fathead!" snorted Dicky. "I haven't lost any money."

"Then what are you gazing about you like a boiled owl for?" demanded Bob.

"Because I've lost a silly, fatheaded, burbling idiot!" said Dicky in disgust.

"My giddy aunt!" exclaimed Jack Jackson, with a grin. "Sounds as though you've been carting some antediluvian monster along with you. If you wouldn't mind repeating its name again—"

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Dicky, still gazing around him.

"What did you call it?" said Jack Jackson. "A silly, fat—"

"Don't be funny," said Dicky Turner. "I don't feel in the mood to listen to that rot. I'm looking for my brother."

"Oh, he's the zoological specimen, then?"

"He's a confounded nuisance!" said Dicky. "The boulder dodged me as we got out of the train. I wish the pater had sent him to some other school."

"Hasn't he gone back to Beecheroff?" asked Bob.

"No; he—er—er—the pater decided to send him to Redclyffe," said Dicky Turner, with a sniff. "I wish I'd had something to do with the deciding. I'd—"

"Tut, tut!" said Bob Travers reprovingly. "Brothers should love one another, you know."

guess," said Slade. "Apparently it won't stop wagging."

Jack gave the nuts looks fit to kill, and then turned his gaze in the direction of the window.

He had not been too blind to see that his company was not wanted by the nuts. It was a bitter pill for him to swallow, for previously he had had little difficulty in chumming up with similar types of fellows.

But Drake & Co. had given him the cut direct.

At last there was a grinding of brakes and the train drew into Mervale Station. The doors of compartments were thrown open immediately, and there was a rush of fellows towards the school brakes.

Drake & Co. got out and sneered at sight of the exuberant Redclyffians.

"By gad!" drawled Drake. "What a lot of young hooligans!"

"Disgraceful!" said Spooner, gazing at the brakes, now crowded with juniors.

"Bettah get a cab, deah boys!" said Drake. "I say, porter, get me a cab!"

The porter saluted politely.

"Sorry, sir," he said; "no kebs runnin'. There was one, but it met with a accident las' week, and—"

"Oh, hang!" snapped Drake. "I suppose we shall have to walk!"

"I'm afraid you will, sir!"

"Well, you'd better take the luggage and send it on at once," said Spooner.

"Sorry, sir!" said the porter apologetically. "Can't promise to send it to-day. Short-handed, you know. Men ain't all back from the war yet."

"Look here—" began Slade protestingly.

"It's all right, old sons!" said Drury, with a grin. "We'll manage it all right. Come over here!"

Drury drew his chums aside and whispered to them softly.

Spooner looked up during the conversation and gazed at Jack Turner, who was walking slowly out of the station. Then he grinned.

"Slade and I will collar the young idiot!" said Drury at length. "You others can bag one of those large trolleys. Tip the porter if necessary, and bag a long rope!"

"Right-ho!"

Drury and Slade darted out of the station.

The brakes had already gone, and the road was almost deserted.

Jack Turner was trudging wearily along in the direction of Redclyffe. Suddenly he heard footsteps in his rear.

He turned round quickly, but before he could move he was collared by Drury and Slade.

"Leggo, you rotters!" he shouted.

"What do you mean by—"

"Better not struggle, my dear infant!" said Drury.

"Look here—"

"Here they come!" exclaimed Slade. Spooner and Drake came careering down the station slope, dragging behind them a large four-wheeled hand-trolley, upon which were piled in pyramid fashion fully a dozen bags and portmanteaus.

They came to a stop before the other nuts.

"Got the rope?" asked Drury.

"Here you are," said Spooner, handing the required article to his chum.

Drury took the rope and tied it round Jack Turner's chest.

"What's the game, you rotters?" demanded Jack, struggling furiously.

"We want you to draw our little conveyance to Redclyffe," said Drury blandly.

"I'll be handed if I—"

"Lend a hand, you fellows!"

The other nuts lent their assistance whilst Jack's arms were securely bound to his side.

Then the rope was tied to the handle of the trolley.

Drake jumped up on top of the pile of bags.

"I say, deah boys!" he drawled. "You might make the boss get a move on!"

"You brutes!" shrieked Jack Turner savagely. "Let me go! Lemme—"

"Kim up!" said Drury, digging Jack in the ribs with his walking-stick.

"Ow! Yow! Yarooooogh!"

"Move on, then!" said Drury, chortling.

"I'll give you a cig when you get to Redclyffe!"

"I don't want one of your rotten—"

Ow! Yarooooogh!"

Once again Jack felt the business end of Drury's walking-stick.

"Better start!" urged Drury. "You won't earn that cig if you don't hurry. Now, then, be a good hoss, and— Ah, I thought you'd listen to reason!"

Jack Turner saw Slade and Spooner preparing to dig him in the ribs with their walking-sticks, and he immediately commenced to pull.

The wheels of the trolley rattled on the uneven road, and Drake was compelled to hang on to the bags to prevent himself from falling.

"Now we sha'n't be long!" chuckled Drury. "Comfy up there, Drake, old nut?"

"Yaas; jolly comfy!" drawled Drake languidly.

But the lordly Drake was not to remain "comfy" for long.

He was not to have such a pleasant journey to Redclyffe as he expected.

(Another magnificent long instalment of this splendid new serial in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. I should be glad if readers would write and let me know what they think of this new story.)

TODGERS, THE TERRIBLE!

A Splendid Long, Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD

The 1st Chapter. Called Over the Goals!

"Todgers!"

No answer.

"Todgers!"

Miss Meadows' voice was growing sharper.

Her eyes were fixed upon the fat, unconscious face of Chunky Todgers, whose round eyes were fastened dreamily on the pine-wood desk before him.

Frank Richards reached out with his foot to stir the fat schoolboy, as a warning that the schoolmistress was addressing him.

Unfortunately, it was Bob Lawless' ankle that received the well-meant lunge, and Bob uttered a howl.

"Ow!"

"Lawless!" exclaimed Miss Meadows sharply.

"Ow! Ah! Yes, ma'am!" stammered Bob. "Sorry, ma'am! I—I had a pain in—"

"Be silent, please, Todgers!"

Still Chunky Todgers was oblivious.

All the boys and girls in Miss Meadows' class were staring at him in great surprise.

Chunky, certainly, was a dreamy youth—as dreamy and romantic as he was fat—which is saying a great deal.

It was not uncommon for Chunky to glide off into a day-dream, in which he happily pictured himself as a character in the latest story he had read; and Chunky devoured all the novels that found their way into the Thompson Valley.

There was not a volume at the mission that Chunky had not pored over, unless, as Bob Lawless had remarked, it had any sense in it.

Every product of the Chicago circulating libraries that came as far north as Thompson found its way sooner or later into Chunky's fat hands; and he revelled in deep mysteries of crime, and followed with bated breath the misadventures of missing marquises.

Even in class he sometimes allowed his thoughts to wander into the land of dream-pictures.

But certainly, even Chunky Todgers had never before been seen so utterly oblivious to his surroundings as he was at the present moment.

A poke in the back from Vere Beaulere only elicited a grunt from Chunky, without waking him up.

Molly Lawrence made a kind attempt to reach him with a hatpin.

But Miss Meadows' voice rapped out: "Molly!"

And Molly withdrew the hatpin, blushing, before it reached Chunky Todgers.

"Todgers!"

Still no answer.

But Chunky was moving now.

He raised his fat hands and moved them to and fro, evidently following out, with his motions, some train of thought that was passing in his fat mind.

"Upon my word!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

She turned to her desk for a pointer.

As her back was turned, Frank Richards reached over to Chunky and gave him a gentle punch.

The punch was not, in point of fact, quite so gentle as Frank meant it to be, and it woke Chunky up quite suddenly, with a startled yell.

"Yooooop!"

Chunky blinked round him confusedly.

Evidently he had been recalled from far-off regions of day-dreamland, and



THE 'FLUENCE VERSUS THE CANE! Chunky waved his fat hands energetically, while his mesmerist gaze was fixed on the schoolmistress' face. "Put that cane down!" he said in a commanding voice.

found it a little difficult to collect his thoughts.

"Oh!" he gasped. "Wharrer you at? I say— Oh! Ah!"

"Todgers!"

"Ye-e-es, Miss Meadows!"

"I have spoken to you half a dozen times, Todgers!" exclaimed the schoolmistress severely.

"H-h-have you, ma'am?" stammered Chunky.

"I have, Todgers. You were not paying attention."

"W-w-wasn't I?"

"You were not, Todgers. You were thinking of something else!" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"Oh—oh, no! Not at all, ma'am!" stammered Todgers.

"You did not hear the question I addressed to you, Todgers?"

"Oh! Ah! Yes—every word!" mumbled Chunky. "I—I—I was just thinking it out, Miss Meadows."

The unfortunate Chunky was hardly aware that he was not following the exact path of veracity in this statement.

He was too confused quite to know what he was saying.

Miss Meadows frowned.

"I will repeat my question, Todgers."

"T-thank you, ma'am!"

"What was the name of the French general killed at Quebec?"

"Jorge Escobedo, ma'am."

"What?"

"I—I mean—"

"What do you mean, Todgers?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless involuntarily, while the whole class grinned.

They knew now that the unhappy Chunky had been dreaming about.

Jorge Escobedo was the name of a Mexican conjurer and mesmerist who had given a "show" in Thompson the previous evening, at which Chunky had looked and listened open-mouthed.

Chunky, in his usual way, had determined to become a mesmerist on the spot, and he had thought of nothing else ever since.

Miss Meadows did not understand, however, and she frowned portentously.

"Silence!" she exclaimed.

"Ahem!" murmured Bob.

"Todgers! Answer my question at once, and answer sensibly."

"Oh! Ah! I—I meant to say Mont-calm, ma'am!" gasped Chunky, getting his confused head clear at last.

"That is correct, Todgers. Now answer another question, you foolish boy! What was Wolfe?"

"A—a conjurer, ma'am—"

"What?"

"I—I mean a mesmerist—"

"A mesmerist!" shrieked Miss Meadows.

"I—I mean— Oh, dear!"

"Wolfe was the British general, Todgers."

"I—I know—"

"I do not know what is the matter with you this morning, Todgers. But you must learn to pay attention to your lessons. You will write out one hundred times, after lessons, that General Wolfe was the British commander at Quebec."

"Oh, dear! Yes, ma'am!"

Miss Meadows gave the unhappy Chunky a severe look, and Chunky Todgers was very attentive after that.

He realised that the pointer would come next, if he forgot where he was again, and followed his elusive thoughts into dreamland.

It was really hard lines upon poor Chunky.

He was not keenly interested in that old battle on the Heights of Abraham, in the early days of Canada, before the French and English settlers had become united into one great nation.

It was all very well in its way, but Chunky was thinking of his newly discovered powers as mesmerist—or, rather, his newly-imagined powers in that line.

In fact, Chunky had a great mind to mesmerise Miss Meadows on the spot, and make her do the lines herself.

But he refrained.

He was not quite sure of his powers yet, and certainly it was very fortunate for him that he refrained from the attempt.

There was not the slightest doubt that it would have led to a liberal use of the pointer.

The 2nd Chapter. Chunky, the Terrible!

Frank Richards clapped his fat school-fellow on the shoulder, as Cedar Creek came out after morning lessons.

Frank was smiling, but Chunky Todgers was very serious, and he gave Frank Richards a lugubrious look.

"Isn't it rotten?" he exclaimed.

"What—mesmerism?" asked Frank.

"Eh! No, you jay!" said Chunky irritably. "Having to stick at lessons, when there's something a lot more important to think about. I guess Miss Meadows is a worry."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't guggle!" said Chunky crossly. "I've got a lot of things to think of now, and I've no time for silly old battles and things. You can grin, if you like, Bob Lawless—"

"I will, I guess," chuckled Bob.

"You're enough to make a Digger Injun grin, Chunky."

"You wait!" said Chunky loftily.

"What are we to wait for?" asked Beaulere, with a smile.

Chunky frowned darkly.

"You fellows are rather commonplace," he explained.

"Eh?"

"Now, I'm not cast in a common mould at all—"

"Oh, my hat!" said Frank Richards.

"I've got character," pursued Chunky Todgers. "There's precious few chaps really like me in British Columbia, or all Canada."

"Precious few!" agreed Bob. "You can beat them all when it comes to circumference, at any rate."

"Oh, don't be a jay! You wait!" said Chunky darkly. "Let Miss Meadows wait, too! I'm not standing much more nonsense. With my powers—"

"Your whatter?"

"Powers!" said Chunky disdainfully. "With my wonderful powers I can do pretty nearly anything I like—when I've had a bit more practice. You saw that Mexican mesmerist chap at Thompson last evening. Well, while I was watching him it came into my head, as plain as anything, that I could do just the same thing if I tried."

"Oh!"

"There's a lot in mesmerism," said Todgers. "Lots, in fact! It simply requires a fellow of strong character and concentrated will-power. That's me."

"You! Oh, crumbs!"

"A fellow with a commanding eye!" said Chunky loftily.

Frank Richards & Co. gazed at him.

They had never suspected Chunky Todgers of having a commanding eye before.

"I'm the very chap to do it!" continued Chunky Todgers. "What that pesky Mexican can do, I can do better. I tried it on that Hillcrest galoot last night, and I nearly had him fixed when I was interrupted."

"You fat duffer!" roared Frank Richards. "You only made Dicky Bird think you'd been trying the whisky at Gunter's store."

"Oh, talk sense!" answered Chunky. "I jolly nearly mesmerised him; and I hadn't had any practice then. I've been practising since. Last night I nearly mesmerised my big brother."

"Did it come off?"

"Well, no," admitted Chunky. "It would have, only he heaved a faggot at me before I fairly had time to get the fluence on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, it depends a lot on the will-power of the subject," said Chunky, who had evidently given the matter a great deal of thought. "At present I don't know that I could mesmerise a strong-minded chap. With a weak mind I could do it easily enough. A chap like you, Richards, for instance—"

"What?"

"Or you, Beaulere—"

"Why, you cheery young ass—"

"I was watching old Escobedo, and I've picked up most of the mesmerist passes," said Chunky. "Some folks say there isn't anything in hypnotism."

"Precious little, if there's anything at all!" commented Frank Richards.

"Why, you saw the Mexican mesmerist last night—"

"Gammon!" answered Frank. "He had it fixed up in advance with his precious subject to go under the influence."

"That only shows you're a silly ass, Frank."

"Thanks!"

"You fat jay!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "I guess the show last night was bunkum. The Greaser is a clever conjurer, but I don't believe he can mesmerise worth a red cent."

"That shows you're a silly ass, too, Bob. I guess I'll prove that there's something in it," said Chunky Todgers. "I've got it down fine, I tell you, and I can work the raffle already."

"Fathead!"

"Well, you watch me," said Chunky. "I won't try on you chaps, because you're my friends."

"You can if you like!" grinned Bob.

"I guess I'll try it on Yen Chin; he's not got a strong mind," said Chunky. "You call him here and see."

Frank Richards called to Yen Chin, the little Chinese, who was in the playground.

Yen Chin came up at once.

"Now, stand there, heathen!" said Chunky Todgers.

The little Chinese blinked at him.

"What me standee for?" he inquired.

"I'm going to mesmerise you, just to show these chaps how it's done."

"Mesmerise pool li! Chinese?"

"Oh, it won't hurt you," said Chunky Todgers reassuringly. "I'm simply going to put the fluence on, and you won't know where you are. If I tell you you're a grizzly bear you'll believe it."

Yen Chin shook his head.

"No tinkee!" he answered.

"Let him go ahead, kid," said Frank Richards. "He could mesmerise a pintree as soon as you."

"La, ha, ha!"

"Allee right! Me do if Flanky say so."

And the little Chinese, with a peculiar glimmer in his almond eyes, submitted to the weird process.

Chunky Todgers stood directly in front of him, fixing his round eyes on those of the Chinese with a concentrated gaze. Then he raised his fat hands and began to make slow, mesmeric passes in the style of Senor Escobedo at the "show."

Yen Chin blinked at him patiently.

A crowd gathered round them, with many chuckles, to watch the hypnotizing of the little Celestial.

Chunky did not heed the chuckles.

His whole mind was concentrated on his task.

Perhaps he had some inward doubts, owing to his want of practice in putting on the magic 'fluence. But, if so, they were soon relieved.

Yen Chin's eyes closed with a sleepy look, exactly as it had happened to Dry Billy Bowers the previous evening, when the senior had put the fluence on.

The chuckling died away.

Surprised stares were fixed upon the stolid, sleepy face of the little Celestial, and Chunky Todgers grinned with triumph.

"He's under it!" he announced.

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards, in great perplexity.

"Phew!"

"Quiet!" said Chunky Todgers. "You just watch! Now I'm going to make him believe he's a grizzly bear. Yen Chin, open your eyes!"

The Celestial's eyes opened, with a far-away look.

"Now you're entirely under my influence," said Chunky. "You're the slave of my will, Yen Chin. Understand?"

"Me savvy!" murmured Yen Chin.

"You're a grizzly bear!" said Chunky. "Growl!"

In breathless silence the Cedar Creek crowd watched the Chinese.

And there was a gasp of astonishment as, in obedience to Chunky Todger's command, he uttered a deep growl.

The 3rd Chapter. A Very Hungry Lion!

Growl!

"Oh, crumbs!"

Chunky Todgers' eyes danced.

He was master of the situation; his wonderful powers had proved more advanced than he had dared to hope.

Here was Yen Chin the slave of his will, and that success opened before him a vista of dazzling possibilities.

He saw himself in his mind's eye—monarch of all he surveyed at Cedar Creek—Miss Meadows and the masters under the magic influence, obeying his orders.

He saw himself laying down the law wherever he went—the sheriff of Thompson bowing to the ground before him; the storekeepers pressing maple-sugar upon him as a free gift, in enormous quantities.

titles. He saw himself, later, elected to the Legislature—and then to the Dominion Parliament. He saw himself Prime Minister of Canada, securely enthroned upon that ultimate Olympian height.

All this Chunky Todgers saw with his mind's eye.

It was probable that he would never see it with any other eye.

He gazed round triumphantly at the Cedar Creek crowd.

Yen Chin, still apparently under the impression—by order—that he was a grizzly bear—was growling away at a great rate.

"Make him jump into the creek!" suggested Ebea Hacke.

Chunky Todgers shook his head.

"No, I won't hurt him!" he said generously. "Chap with terrific powers like mine ought to be careful how he uses them. Shut up, Yen Chin!"

Yen Chin shut up.

"Now stand on one leg!" commanded Chunky.

The little heathen stood on one leg.

"Now on the other leg!"

Yen Chin stood on the other leg.

"Now you're a lion!" said Chunky Todgers. "Now, what are you, Yen Chin?"

"Me lion."

"You're a hungry lion. Roar!" commanded Chunky.

Yen Chin uttered a terrific roar.

Having roared, he made a sudden spring at Chunky Todgers, and seized him.

That action took the amateur mesmerist entirely by surprise—though really Yen Chin was only acting up to his character of hungry lion.

Chunky Todgers went down on his back, with a bump and a howl, and Yen Chin scrambled over him.

"Yaroooh!" roared Chunky. "Gerroff! Why, the heathen beast's biting me! Yoop! Gerroff! Yah! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked the Cedar Creek crowd.

"Yoop! Dragimoff! He's biting me!" howled Chunky.

"Me lion! Me bitee!"

"Yaroooh! Gerroff!"

"No can, Me hungry lion. Me catee fat Chunkee!"

"Yaroooh!"

The schoolboys roared with laughter as the unhappy Chunky struggled under the amateur lion.

But he could not escape.

Yen Chin had him pinned down helplessly, and he was making snatches with his teeth at Chunky's fat hands, and nose and chin.

The bites he inflicted were, fortunately, not very lion-like, but they alarmed Chunky dreadfully.

He was still convinced that Yen Chin was under the magic influence, and if Yen Chin believed that he was a lion, there was no reason why he should not devour Chunky piecemeal.

That was quite a natural proceeding for a hungry lion.

Chunky simply couldn't understand why the Cedar Creek fellows yelled with laughter instead of rushing to his aid.

It had dawned upon everybody but Chunky that the wily heathen had been pulling poor Chunky's fat leg, and that the 'fluence was 'not on.'

"Help!" roared Chunky. "Dragimoff! Can't you see he's biting me? Yoop!"

But the schoolboys only roared.

"Gerroff, you beastly heathen! Lemme alone! Help!"

"Me catee fat Chunkee!"

"Help!"

"Me hungry lion!"

"You're not a lion!" howled Chunky.

"You're Yen Chin—you're not to be a lion any more—yaroooh! Gerroff!"

"No can! Me catee!"

"Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Miss Meadows came quickly out of the lumber school house; poor Chunky's yells had reached her ears.

She gazed at the scene in blank amazement.

"What—what is this?" she exclaimed. "Todgers—Yen Chin—"

"Yaroooh!"

"Yen Chin, release Todgers immediately!"

The Chinese looked up.

"Me solly, Missy Meadee! No can!"

"What?"

"Me hungry lion!"

"Is the boy out of his senses?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"No!" gasped Bob Lawless. "Chunky has been mesmerising him, Miss Meadows."

"Mesmerising him! What nonsense!"

"He's made Yen Chin believe he's a lion," said Frank Richards, almost weeping with merriment.

"Me hungry lion! Fat Chunkee sayee so. Hungry lion wantee catee. Me catee fat Chunkee!"

"Yoop! Help!"

"How dare you talk such nonsense, Yen Chin! Release Todgers immediately, or I shall punish you!"

"Allee light!"

Yen Chin released the terrified Chunky at last.

He grinned cheerfully at the chuckling crowd.

"Chunky vellee clevee mesmelist!" he said. "Too clever, me tinkee. Oh, yes!"

"Oh! Ow! Yow!" gasped Chunky Todgers, sitting up in a dazed state. "Oh—ah!—ow! Oh, crumbs! Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Todgers," exclaimed Miss Meadows severely, "you are an utterly ridiculous boy! Let there be no more of this nonsense!"

The 4th Chapter. The Cheerful Chunky!

Chunky Todgers was not seen again till dinner-time; he appeared to be keeping out of the way of the hungry lion.

But he turned up promptly to dinner—that was a time when the fat schoolboy was always punctual.

There was a grin on every other face at the table, but Chunky's aspect was quite serious.

He did not look at all disconcerted by the hapless failure of his attempt at mesmerism.

Indeed, his look indicated that he was rather pleased with himself than otherwise.

He joined Frank Richards & Co. when they came out after dinner.

They noted that he cast a hasty glance in the direction of Yen Chin, and chuckled.

"All serene—the heathen's had his dinner, Chunky!" said Bob.

"I don't know that it would make any difference," answered Chunky, with a shake of the head. "You see, I told him he was a hungry lion, and he's bound to think so till the 'fluence is off."

The chums stared at him.

"The 'fluence!' ejaculated Beauclerc.

"Yes; the mesmeric influence, you know."

"You silly ass!" roared Bob. "Do you still think that Yen Chin was under the 'fluence?'"

Chunky stared at him.

"Why, of course he was!" he exclaimed. "You saw it yourselves, didn't you?"

"Oh, gum!"

"You saw him growl like a grizzly bear, and roar like a lion, when I ordered him," said Chunky warmly. "If that isn't proof, what proof do you want?"

The chums of Cedar Creek simply gasped.

That even the egregious Chunky could not see that Yen Chin had been spoofing him was extraordinary.

"You young ass!" said Beauclerc at last. "Yen Chin wasn't under the influence at all. He was only putting it on!"

Chunky sniffed.

"I'm afraid you're a bit of a jay, Cherub!" he said. "Why, he actually thought he was a hungry lion when I told him so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at. I was putting the 'fluence on him just to prove to you fellows that I could do it, and now you won't believe it when you've seen it with your own eyes!" exclaimed Todgers indignantly.

"Oh, don't Chunky!" gasped Bob. "You'll be the death of me, old scout! You're too funny to live!"

"I guess you're a prize jay, and no mistake, Bob Lawless! Why, the heathen actually tried to eat me, thinking he was a lion!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Talk about Doubting Thomas!" said Chunky, in disgust. "He was nothing to you fellows. If a chap won't believe what he sees with his own eyes, I guess there's no use talking to him. I really thought you had a little more hoss-sense. But look here, I want you to collar Yen Chin!"

"What on earth for?"

"So that I can take the 'fluence off, of course. The mesmeric passes have to be made in a different way to get the 'fluence off; I watched the Mexican man doing it, and I guess I know how. Yen Chin is still under the 'fluence, and he may begin biting me again—or anybody."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here, this is a serious matter!" exclaimed Chunky Todgers warmly. "It's dangerous to leave a chap under the 'fluence. But I can't risk his springing at me while I'm taking off the 'fluence. I want you fellows to hold him."

Growl!

"Look out, Chunky!" shrieked Molly Lawrence. "Here comes the lion!"

Chunky Todgers jumped, and stared round.

Yen Chin was heading for him, showing all his teeth, with a ferocious expression on his face.

Chunky dodged behind Bob Lawless.

"Here, you keep off!" he roared.

"Me lion!"

"Yaroooh! Keep off! Hold him, Bob,

while I get the 'fluence off!" howled Chunky Todgers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Yen Chin pursued the fat schoolboy, growling, and Chunky bolted out into the playground.

After him went Yen Chin, at top speed.

The crowd followed them, shouting with laughter as the fat Chunky streaked across the playground, with Yen Chin in hot pursuit.

"Go it, Chunky!"

"Put it on, lion!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers fled frantically, dodging round the buildings and the wood-stacks, with the lion still on his track.

He made a desperate bound at last, and caught the top of the fence and pulled himself up.

He scrambled astride the top of the fence, gasping, and held on there, while Yen Chin roared below.

"You comee downee! Me lion! Me catee fat Chunkee!"

"Hold him, you fellows!" howled Todgers.

But the fellows only howled with laughter.

The unhappy mesmerist clung to the top of the fence, gasping for breath.

"I—I—I say, Yen Chin!" he panted. "Listen to me! You're the slave of my will, you know! You're a lion—"

"Me savvy!"

"You're to bite Bob Lawless!"

"Oh, gum!" exclaimed Bob. "Better chuck up the lion game, heathen! If you bite me, you'll get a punch in the eye!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bite him!" roared Chunky Todgers venomously.

Yen Chin turned his almond eyes upon Bob Lawless, and Bob held up for his inspection a closed fist.

The heathen grinned. "Fluence all gonee! No hitee nicee ole Bob!"

"Oh!" gasped Chunky. "I—I'm glad it's worn off! Of course, it wears off in time, you fellows! I don't see what you're cackling at."

He descended from the fence, keeping a wary eye upon the heathen, in case the magic 'fluence should come on again.

It might have come on again, but Miss Meadows had come out of the School House, and Yen Chin sidled away.

"The Canadian schoolmistress called to Chunky.

"Todgers, have you done your lines?"

"Lines!" repeated Chunky Todgers. He had forgotten all about his lines. He had been far too busy to think of lines.

"Yes," said Miss Meadows, frowning. "You have had ample time to do your lines, Todgers."

"I—I forgot."

"Then you will remain after-lessons this afternoon to write them," said Miss Meadows severely. "There is no time now before classes. I am very displeased with you, Todgers!"

Chunky Todgers knitted his brows.

"The fact is, Miss Meadows," he said boldly, as the schoolmistress was turning away. "I haven't time for lines."

Miss Meadows turned back sharply.

"What!" she ejaculated.

"I really haven't time, Miss Meadows. Sorry, but there it is."

Miss Meadows stood transfixed, amid a breathless silence.

The mistress of Cedar Creek seemed unable to believe her ears.

"Todgers," she gasped, at last, "have you taken leave of your senses? Do you venture to tell me that you have no time to carry out my orders?"

Chunky Todgers' plump heart was beating rather hard, but he did not hesitate.

A fellow of his powers was not going to be called over the coals and given lines.

"Correct!" he answered.

"Todgers!" stuttered Miss Meadows. "That's how it stands," said Chunky. "I can't do any lines, ma'am. And I want to get off early this afternoon."

"You will do nothing of the sort."

"I really must, ma'am. The fact is, I haven't time for all this lesson business. I shall be late to-morrow morning."

"Late!" breathed Miss Meadows.

"I guess so. I may come along about

eleven o'clock," answered Chunky carelessly. "I may not come at all. It all depends."

Miss Meadows gazed at him.

"This is sheer impertinence, Todgers!" she exclaimed, breathing hard.

"Not at all! I'm simply stating how the matter stands," said Chunky Todgers genially. "No offence, ma'am. I guess you're all right, but I can't be interfered with in any way. I must have my freedom. I've got some rather important things to think of, and I can't be bothered. See?"

"Bless my soul!" said the puzzled schoolmistress. "Todgers, I cannot understand you at all to-day. But I cannot allow this to pass. I shall cane you severely!"

"Will you?" grinned Chunky.

"Yes. Go into the school-room at once!"

Chunky did not stir.

He intended to air still a little further his new-found independence.

But Frank Richards and Bob Lawless took him by either arm, and walked him off to the lumber school.

"Leggo!" snapped Chunky.

"Come on, you born idiot!" answered Bob.

"I'll put the 'fluence on you!" threatened Chunky.

"Oh, mosey on!" said Bob, giving Chunky's fat arm a jerk. "This way!"

And Chunky Todgers "moseyed" on into the school-room.

The 5th Chapter. The 'Fluence That Failed!

"Now, you fat idiot—"

"Now, you blithering jay—"

Frank and Bob spoke simultaneously when they were in the school-room with Chunky Todgers.

They were both angry.

Chunky had only intended to show Miss Meadows what an independent fellow he was, but to the rest of Cedar Creek his conduct looked like sheer, unadulterated "cheek"; and fellows were not allowed to be cheeky to Miss Meadows.

"You want a jolly good hiding," went on Frank wrathfully; "and if Miss Meadows wasn't going to give you one, you'd get it from us! You—you crass idiot!"

"I guess I've a jolly good mind to lambaste him, anyhow!" growled Bob Lawless.

Chunky did not seem alarmed.

He jerked his arms away from the two chums and faced them, with his fat nose in the air and his podgy lips curling.

"Don't you talk about lambasting me! I don't want to hurt you," said Chunky magnanimously. "Not at all! But if I liked I could make you stand still while I walloped you. I won't do it, but I could."

"How could you?" yelled Frank.

"Simply by putting the 'fluence on."

"The—the 'fluence?'"

"Just so. The fact is, there's really no limit to my powers if I choose!" said Chunky in an exalted strain. "You saw how I handled Yen Chin—made him believe he was a bear, and then a lion? That's nothing to what I shall do! You watch out!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Frank Richards, almost overcome. "You—you crass idiot! You'd better put the 'fluence on Miss Meadows, then; that's the only way you can get out of a licking."

"I'm going to!" answered Todgers calmly.

"You're going to!" said Bob faintly.

"You're going to try to mesmerise Miss Meadows?"

"I guess I shouldn't have talked to her like that if she could have cuned me for it," chuckled Chunky Todgers. "Of course, I knew she couldn't do anything! As soon as she comes in I'm going to put the 'fluence on, before she knows what's happening. She will then become the slave of my will, and I could make her cane herself, if I liked!"

"Oh, holy smoke!"

"I shan't do it," said Chunky generously. "Miss Meadows is a good sort, and I like her. But I could, I shall simply mesmerise her—same as I did Yen Chin—and keep her in order."

"Keep her in order!" moaned Frank Richards. "Oh, dear!"

"You watch out!" said Todgers confidently.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank and Bob Lawless laughed helplessly.

They were no longer angry with the fatuous Chunky.

And they knew that he would soon be in need of sympathy, if he tried his mesmeric powers on Miss Meadows.

That lady was very kind and very good-tempered, but it was absolutely certain that she would make an example of the egregious Chunky.

The school-bell was ringing, and the school were coming in, all of them glancing at Chunky Todgers as they went to their places.

Chunky was going to have a caning before all the class, as a punishment for his impertinence to the headmistress, and the general opinion was that Chunky richly deserved it for his nerve.

The cheerful Chunky did not look dismayed, however.

The impending punishment was to be arrested by his wonderful mesmeric powers—perhaps!

Chunky Todgers, at all events, had no doubts.

He lounged carelessly to his place and sat down, conscious that all eyes were upon him, and rather elated thereby.

It was quite a pleasure to the fat Chunky to be the cynosure of all eyes for once in a way.

Miss Meadows came into the school-room with a very grave countenance.

Todgers' conduct perplexed her, but she felt that it was her painful duty to impress some sense of discipline upon his fat mind.

The cane was seldom used at Cedar

Creek, but it was the only resource in this case.

Chunky eyed the schoolmistress calmly as she came towards the class.

"Todgers," said Miss Meadows, looking at him.

Chunky rose to his feet.

He fixed his big round eyes upon Miss Meadows' face with a concentrated glare, which he fondly imagined was full of hypnotic power.

Miss Meadows did not appear conscious of the 'fluence.

She turned for a moment to her desk and picked up a cane, and then looked at the fat schoolboy again.

Once more she met Chunky's mesmeric glare in full career, so to speak, but still it failed of its purpose.

But Chunky was not depending merely upon the power of his commanding eye.

His fat hands came up, and he began to make mesmeric passes.

Miss Meadows was about to speak, but the words were arrested upon her lips by Chunky's astounding motions.

She stared dumbfounded at him, really wondering whether his senses had departed and left him in the lurch.

Chunky's eyes glittered.

He took this as a sign that the 'fluence was getting on.

His fat hands waved more energetically than ever, while his mesmeric gaze remained fixed on the schoolmistress' face.

The whole class stared at Chunky in frozen silence.

They knew what he was at now, and it took their breath away.

Miss Meadows found her voice at last. "Todgers!" she stuttered.

"Close your eyes!" commanded Chunky.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Go to sleep!" murmured Miss Meadows.

"To—to—to sleep!" murmured Miss Meadows. "The boy is mad!" continued Chunky, in the same commanding voice.

"Todgers!"

"Put it down!"

"Boy!"

"If you don't obey me, I shall make you cane yourself, Miss Meadows!" said Chunky Todgers severely. "Remember, you're the slave of my will."

"Bless my soul!"

"I don't want to be hard on you," said Chunky. "I simply intend



Patty of the Fourth!

A NEW LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT ROOKWOOD.
By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

A Traveller With a Trunk!

"Run for your lives!"

"What?"

"Run!" yelled Tubby Muffin.

Muffin of the Fourth came bolting in at the gates of Rookwood, his fat face crimson with exertion, and gasping with wide-open mouth.

Jimmy Silver & Co., who were chatting near the gateway, jumped aside just in time, or the fat Classical would certainly have charged into them like a steam-roller.

Jimmy Silver caught Muffin by the collar as he charged past, to stop him. But Tubby was going full speed, and it was not so easy to stop him.

He swept round, with Jimmy's grasp on his collar, and went right round Jimmy before his fat legs became entangled and he sat down.

"Yoop!" spluttered Tubby.

He sat down and panted.

"You silly duffer!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "What's the row?"

"Run!"

"What are we to run for?" demanded Lovell.

"Yaroooh! The elephant!"

"The what?" shrieked Raby.

"Help! Run! Wild elephants! Yoop! Gimme a hand up! I'm out of breath! Help!"

"Wild elephants!" repeated Newcome. "Is he potty?"

"Oh, dear! Run for your lives!" gasped Tubby Muffin, struggling to his feet. "Wild elephants—whole herds of them—you'll be trampled to death, and tossed and gored—Yaroooh!"

"What the—"

"Run!"

And by way of setting an example Tubby Muffin ran, streaking for the School House at top speed.

The Fistical Four stared after him in bewilderment.

Tubby Muffin was evidently scared out of his podgy wits, but for what reason Jimmy Silver & Co. could not surmise. Certainly they were not likely to believe that herds of wild elephants were in the road outside the gates.

"Potty!" said Arthur Edward Lovell. "This is fatty degeneration of the head, I suppose."

"Look at him!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Oh, my saved aunt!"

Tubby Muffin was speeding on blindly for the House in search of shelter.

Half-way he came on Bulkeley of the Sixth.

He did not even see him.

Bulkeley received the charge of the fat Classical and staggered.

"What—what—who—how—" stammered Bulkeley.

Tubby did not heed.

He rushed on for the steps of the School House, and he went up the steps at a speed that was quite remarkable, considering the weight he had to carry.

A gentleman in cap and gown and spectacles stood in the doorway, regarding the charging Tubby with a frown of disapproval.

It was Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth.

As Tubby came bolting up the steps Mr. Bootles called to him.

"Muffin!"

"Run!" panted Tubby.

"What? What?"

"Wild elephants!"

"Muffin! What—"

But Tubby was not stopping.

He circumnavigated the astonished Form-master and vanished into the House.

His heavy footsteps pounded up the staircase, and he disappeared; a key turned in a study door above.

Tubby had reached the refuge of his study and locked himself in.

"Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr. Bootles.

He blinked out into the quadrangle.

Bulkeley had gathered himself up from the gravel path, and was dusting his clothes, with a very ominous expression upon his face.

"Bulkeley!" called out Mr. Bootles.

The Sixth-Former looked round.

"Whatever is the matter with Muffin? He appears to be frightened."

"Out of his senses, I should think, sir," answered Bulkeley. "He's knocked me over, the young donkey!"

"He seemed to be very frightened," said Mr. Bootles. "Perhaps there is something in the road."

Mr. Bootles blinked in the direction of the gates.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were proceeding in that direction.

Something, evidently, was going on outside which had scared Tubby Muffin out of his fat wits.

"Mad bull, perhaps," Lovell remarked thoughtfully, as the chums of the Fourth moved towards the gates.

"Oh, my hat!" said Newcome, halting. "If there's a wild bull, I don't want to be introduced to him."

"Well, if there's anything of the sort we'd better close the gates," said Jimmy. "Hallo, there's old Mack looking out! What's the row, Mack?"

Mack, the porter, had come out of his

lodge and put his head out of the gateway, evidently having observed the remarkable flight of Tubby Muffin.

The porter did not answer Jimmy Silver's question.

He gave one glance into the road and then bounded back from the gateway as if he had been electrified.

"Oh!" gasped Mack.

He sprinted for the open doorway of his lodge.

"What is it?" roared Lovell.

Mack did not heed.

He sped into his lodge, and there was a sudden bang as the door slammed after him.

The next moment there was the sound of a shooting bolt and the click of a key, and it was followed by the louder sound of dragging furniture.

Old Mack was barricading his door.

The Fistical Four gasped.

"What the merry dickens—"

"I'm jolly well going to see!" said Jimmy Silver determinedly.

He strode on to the gates and looked out.

There was the sound of heavy, thundering footsteps just outside as he did so, and even as he put out his head a gigantic form loomed over him.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Look out!" shouted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver backed away with a jump.

A gigantic elephant was turning in at the gates; and the sight of Solomon in all his glory would not have astonished the juniors more than the sight of an elephant at the gates of Rookwood.

But Jimmy backed too late.

The huge animal was upon him, and as Jimmy jumped back the trunk whipped out and curled round him.

As if plucked away from the ground by a giant's hand, Jimmy Silver was swept into the air by the curling trunk, and whirled into space, with earth and sky and trees whirling round him.

All eyes were fixed upon the elephant and his rider as they came lumbering up towards the School House.

Earth and sky ceased to swim round Jimmy Silver, as he found himself carried steadily in the trunk.

A horrid feeling came upon him, for a moment or two, that he might be dashed to the earth, as he had read of wild elephants doing with their victims. But he was carried onward steadily.

As if in a dream, he heard a voice from above calling to him, from the youth in Etons astride the elephant's neck.

"Keep your pecker up, kid! He won't hurt you!"

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

"It's only his fun, you know!"

"Ow!"

"Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles, as the huge animal loomed up before the steps. "Is—is—is this a dream? What—what? I am convinced that I cannot be awake! Bless my soul!"

There was a hurried tread behind him.

"What—what is this?"

It was the Head.

Dr. Chisholm had seen the extraordinary visitor from his study window.

He hurried to the door, without thinking of the possible danger of meeting such a visitor at close-quarters.

The sight of a Rookwood junior in the elephant's trunk was enough to banish any such consideration from his mind.

He blinked out over his glasses in consternation.

A crowd of Rookwooders gathered round—at a respectful distance from the elephant, however.

At the steps the huge animal halted.

Jimmy Silver, dazed and breathless, found himself set on his feet on the School House steps.

He had not been hurt, but he was doubtful whether he was on his head or his heels for a few moments.

"Yes, sir!"

"You—you are Edward Grace?"

"Yes, sir. I'm often called Putty, sir," said the new boy, with an innocent smile.

"What?"

"Putty, sir. Because I'm considered rather soft, sir," said Grace meekly.

There was a chuckle from some of the juniors.

It ceased, however, as the Head's glance gleamed round on them.

Dr. Chisholm evidently did not consider it a laughing matter.

"Grace! Boy! What—what do you mean by arriving at school in this manner?"

"My father sent me, sir."

"I am aware of that, Grace. Your father did not send you, I presume, mounted upon an elephant!" thundered the Head.

"No, sir; he put me in the train at Clapham Junction."

"Then why—how—"

"There wasn't a cab in Coombe to be had, sir," said Grace meekly.

"A—a—cab?"

"None at all, sir. So I looked round for something else to bring me to Rookwood."

"For—something else!" stammered the Head, as if he could hardly believe his ears.

"Yes, sir; I could have hired a bike," said Grace meekly, "but I had my bag to carry, which would have been awkward on a bike."

"Bless my soul!"

"I thought of a horse, sir—"

"A—a horse?"

"Yes, sir; but I wasn't able to get a horse."

"Boy!"

"But luckily there was a circus camped on the common, sir, so I went there, and was lucky enough to be able to hire an elephant!"

"To—to—to hire an elephant?" stut-

"Pleased!" exclaimed the Head.

"Well, I should have arrived late if I'd walked, sir," said Grace, in an injured tone. "I've paid quite a lot to hire the elephant, so as not to be—ahem!—late. My father told me, sir, never to be late. He says that procrastination is the thief of time, sir!"

The Head stared at the new junior.

That cheery youth's face was quite serious, and it really seemed impossible to suspect him of an intention to pull the Head's august leg.

With all his experience of boys, Dr. Chisholm had never come across one quite like this before; and it was evident that he did not know what to make of Teddy Grace—who was called Putty because he was "soft."

Either he was very soft indeed, or else he was a most reckless young rascal; and the Head could not decide which he was.

"Send that animal away at once!" said the Head at last. "Then you will accompany Mr. Bootles to my study!"

"Yes, sir! Here comes the man!"

And Dr. Chisholm rustled back into the House.

The 3rd Chapter. The New Boy.

"Well, I'm blown!"

"Thus Arthur Edward Lovell, expressing his feelings with more force than elegance.

"Same here!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing.

"The cheeky young ass!"

"He must be soft!"

"The Head will lick him, anyway."

"Serve him jolly well right!" opined Smythe of the Shell. "I never heard of such cheek in a bag, by gad!"

The new junior was in the Head's study with the headmaster and Mr. Bootles.

The man from the circus had led away the elephant, leaving the Rookwood fellows in a buzz of excited discussion.

The sensation caused by Teddy Grace's remarkable arrival was not likely to wear off for some time.

"Anybody know what Form he's going into?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Never heard of his existence before," said Mornington. "Where's Tubby Muffin? He will know."

"Ha, ha! Tubby's hiding somewhere!" roared Lovell. "He thought it was a wild elephant!"

"Well, I'm not surprised he was startled," remarked Jimmy Silver. "I was rather startled when the beast picked me up in his trunk. I've a good mind to punch Grace's head when the other Head's done with him!"

"Rather in a funk, weren't you?" remarked Peele.

"Blue funk, I should say!" observed Gower agreeably.

Jimmy looked at them.

"Do you want your heads knocked together?" he asked politely. "If you don't you'd better dry up!"

"But I say," broke in Lattrey of the Fourth, "that chap must have lots of tin to be able to hire an elephant to ride to school. It was a fool's trick, but it must have cost some money."

Arthur Edward Lovell gave him a sarcastic glance.

"A new chap, rather soft, with lots of tin," he remarked. "What a chance for you, Lattrey! How long will it be before you're teaching him how to play poker?"

"Oh, rats!" snapped Lattrey; and he turned away.

Peele and Gower went with him, and the three seemed to be engaged in earnest discussion as they went.

The black sheep of Rookwood were already discussing the possibility of making a good thing out of a youth who was evidently well off, and who was so soft that he was nicknamed Putty.

Jimmy Silver & Co. proceeded to the Fourth Form passage to look for Tubby Muffin.

That fat youth was supposed to know everything that was going on, and a little over, as Lovell had expressed it.

The door of Study No. 2 was found locked.

Arthur Edward Lovell delivered a terrific bang upon it.

There was a loud howl within:

"Yow! Help! Keep off! Drive it away!"

"You silly ass!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Do you think the elephant's come upstairs? Let us in!"

"Oh! Is that you, Jimmy Silver?" gasped Muffin.

"Yes, ass!"

The study door was unlocked, and Tubby Muffin blinked out unceasingly.

He seemed relieved to find that there was no elephant in the passage.

"I—I say—is—is—is it gone?" he gasped.

"Yes, you duffer; long ago!"

"Oh, all right! Of—of course, I wasn't frightened," said Tubby Muffin. "It wasn't that, you know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I simply came in to have tea," explained Tubby. "I—I locked the door because—because—because—"

"Exactly!" assented Jimmy Silver. "Now, as you know everything, Tubby, perhaps you know who Teddy Grace is?"

"New chap coming into the Classical Fourth," answered Tubby at once. "I happened to hear Mr. Bootles—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at. He's rich," went on Tubby Muffin. "Mr. Bootles was speaking to Mr. Mooney, you know, and he mentioned that Grace was the son of Mr. Grace, a wealthy coal-owner."

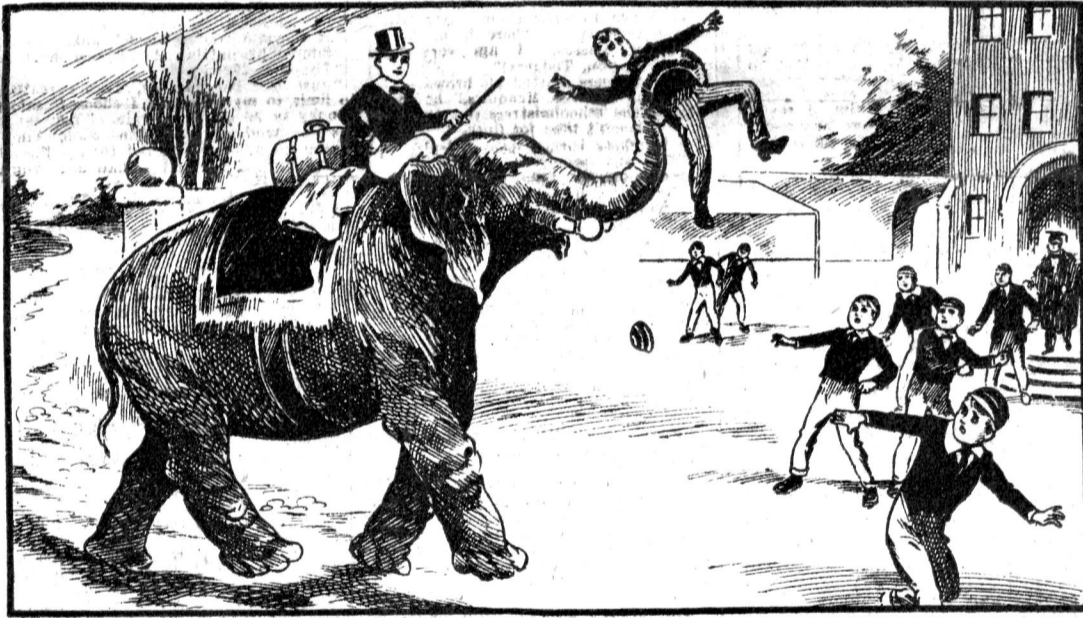
Tubby had quite recovered himself now.

"I say, has he come?" he asked. "I was going to see him when he came, because—because—"

"Because he's rich?" asked Mornington. "Certainly not! I hope you don't think I'd stick up to anybody on account of his money? I was going to see him because—because—"

Tubby Muffin paused, apparently not able to think of a reason on the spur of the moment.

"Well, he's come," said Jimmy Silver. "It was Grace who came on the elephant"



A SURPRISE FOR JIMMY SILVER! "Look out!" shouted Lovell. Jimmy Silver jumped back, but the elephant was upon him. Its trunk whipped out and curled round him, and the junior was swept into the air.

The 2nd Chapter. So Simple!

"Yoo-oo-oo-ooooop!"

Jimmy Silver spluttered breathlessly.

It seemed to him like a nightmare, as well it might.

But it was no dream.

The captain of the Rookwood Fourth was whirling in the air, coiled in an elephant's trunk, and the huge animal stepped on steadily, bearing Jimmy Silver with him into the quadrangle.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome jumped out of the way, aghast.

In the doorway of the School House Mr. Bootles stood petrified, his scanty hair rising almost on end.

There was a yell from a dozen different directions, as the elephant was sighted in the quad.

Juniors and seniors scuttled out of the way of the enormous quadruped.

It seemed to Jimmy Silver that the end of all things had come; he was too dazed even to be terrified.

The elephant trod on sedately towards the House.

Seated on his neck, apparently guiding him, was a youth of about fifteen, in Etons.

The rider appeared absurdly small in comparison with the gigantic animal he was riding, but he was rather a sturdy and well-built fellow.

Behind him on the elephant's back were a bag, a coat, and a travelling-rug.

He stood gasping for breath, half wondering whether he was still alive.

There was a loud trumpeting from the elephant.

The rider tapped the huge head with a stick, and it ceased.

Then he raised his cap to the astounded headmaster.

"Who—who—who are you, sir?" thundered Dr. Chisholm.

"Grace, sir!"

"What?"

"Teddy Grace, sir—I mean Edward!"

"Oh!" exclaimed the Head. "You are the new junior—"

"Yes, sir!"

"M-m-my hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver blankly.

Jimmy had seen a number of new fellows arrive at Rookwood in his time, but he had never seen one arrive like this before.

This new boy was evidently something rather new in new boys.

Teddy Grace did not seem aware of anything unusual in his mode of arriving at school, however.

His round, chubby, cheerful face was quite calm and unconcerned.

He tapped the elephant again with his stick, and the animal knelt down before the steps.

The new junior alighted gracefully and picked up his bag, his coat, and his rug.

"Good boy!" he said approvingly to the elephant.

"Boy!" gasped the Head.

tered the Head, obviously nonplussed.

"Yes, sir; I thought an elephant a good idea, as he was able to carry my bag quite easily."

"Bless my soul!"

"And he's quite tame, sir," rattled on Teddy Grace cheerily. "He takes up people in his trunk, sir, and sets them down. The man showed me how to drive him, and how to tap him to make him take up a chap in his trunk. Would you like to try, sir?"

"What?"

"He would whisk you off in a jiffy, sir!"

"Am I dreaming?" murmured the Head.

"Whisk—whisk me—me—off!"

"Yes, sir; and take you round the quad, and then set you down again all right. Shall I make him—"

The new junior made a motion towards the elephant, and the Head jumped back.

"Grace! You—you utterly stupid boy! I forbid you to do anything of the kind!" gasped Dr. Chisholm.

"It's great fun, sir—"

"Silence! Send that animal away at once! I shall punish you severely for bringing it into the precincts of Rookwood!"

"Oh, sir!"

"Send it away immediately!"

The new junior glanced towards the gates.

"The man's followi'g me, sir; he will take it away. I—I thought you'd be pleased, sir!"



Putty of the Fourth!

(Continued from the previous page.)

and scared you out of your podgy wits, Tubby."

"I wasn't scared!" said Tubby Muffin warmly. "Do you think I'm afraid of an elephant? I simply happened to be in a hurry. If I hadn't been in a hurry I should have stopped and stroked him."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Look out!" yelled Flynn from the passage. "The bullfiant! Look out!"

There was a sound of loud stamping in the passage.

It was made, as a matter of fact, by Patrick O'Donovan's boots, which were of a good size.

But to Tubby Muffin's ears it was the tread of the elephant, and he uttered a howl of terror and dived under the study table.

"Keep it off!" he yelled. "Drive it away! Shut the door! Lock it! Help!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come and stroke him, Tubby, bedad!"

"Yaroooh!"

There was a roar of laughter in the corridor.

"Hallo, what's the joke?" asked a cool voice. And Jimmy Silver looked round, to see the new junior on the landing.

Teddy Grace was strolling airily, with his hands in his pockets, and looking as cool and self-possessed as if he had been at Rookwood a couple of terms at least.

There was none of the shyness of the average new boy about him.

"Hallo!" said Jimmy Silver. "Have you been licked?"

Teddy Grace opened his innocent blue eyes wide.

"Licked!" he repeated. "No. Why?"

"My hat! Has the Head let you off?" shouted Lovell.

"Let me off? I haven't done anything, have I?"

"You've come to Rookwood mounted on an elephant," said Jimmy Silver. "Don't you call that something?"

"Why shouldn't I come on an elephant, if there was an elephant handy?"

Jimmy rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

That question was reasonable enough in a way.

"They wouldn't have thought anything of it in India, for example," said Grace.

"We're not in India," remarked Raby.

"Wasn't the Head waxy?" asked Oswald.

Grace nodded.

"Yes. I thought he was rather in a bate, but he cooled down. I heard him say to Mr. Bootles, as I came away, that the boy seemed to be a perfect fool. I don't know what boy he was alluding to, unless it was one of you chaps."

"Why, you cheeky ass," said Lovell, "he meant you, of course! And my opinion is that the Head's right!"

"He would be pleased to know that, I'm sure," said Teddy Grace meekly. "I say, is this the Fourth Form passage—Classical?"

"Yes."

"Thanks! I'm looking for Study No. 2. It seems that that's to be my study here."

"Here you are," said Jimmy Silver.

"Yaroooh!" came from under the table in No. 2, as the new boy entered the room. "Gerrout, you beast!"

Grace jumped.

"What the dickens—" he exclaimed.

"Yah! Drive that beast away, Jimmy Silver!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What on earth's this game?" exclaimed Teddy Grace. "Why—what—who—"

He stared at Tubby Muffin's face as it blinked out from under the table.

"Oh!" gasped Tubby, in great relief.

"You ain't the elephant?"

"Do I look like an elephant?"

"Is he in the passage?"

"Ha, ha! No!"

"Some beast said he was!" gasped Tubby, crawling out from under the table at last. "I say, are you the new chap Grace?"

"You've got it."

"You can come to this study if you like, old chap," said Tubby Muffin hospitably. "This is a really nice study—mine, you know. You'll find Jones minor all right, too. Higgs is rather a beast, but we put up with him. You'll be comfy in this study. Do come!"

Teddy Grace stared at the fat Classical.

"You're awfully good!" he said.

"Not at all," said Tubby. "The fact is, old fellow, I like you, you know."

"My hat! And you've known me about ten seconds!" said Grace. "This is very flattering."

"My dear fellow, I know a good chap when I see him," answered Tubby Muffin affably. "Of course, I don't know anything about your father being a wealthy coal-owner."

"Wha-a-at?"

"It's simply that I like you," explained Tubby. "We shall get on together, I'm sure of that. Do come!"

"The fact is, I've come," said Grace.

"Mr. Bootles says this is to be my study."

"Oh, good!" said Tubby Muffin, with great satisfaction. "I say, what a lark it was, your coming to school on an elephant! I wasn't scared at all, you know. When you know me better, you'll know that I'm practically as brave as a lion."

"You look it!" said Grace.

"Yes, don't I? Sort of lofty manner and fiery eye, and all that!" said Tubby faintly. "Being a new fellow here, Grace, you'll want looking after a little. Don't you be afraid. I shall protect you."

"Thanks!"

"Not at all; rely on me. By the way,"

added Tubby Muffin, glancing at the doorway and sinking his voice, "do you happen to have a half-crown about you you don't want, Grace? I've run out of tin, and I wanted to stand a rather nice tea for—for you, you know; sort of welcome to Rookwood."

Teddy Grace eyed the fat Classical. There was no doubt that Tubby Muffin thought the new junior soft, and he was certainly losing no time in getting to work.

A smile of great simplicity came over Teddy's face.

"Would half-a-crown be enough?" he asked.

Muffin beamed.

"Five bob would be better, of course," he answered. "If you could make it five bob till—till Saturday—"

"But is that sufficient?"

Tubby could have hugged him.

He believed in striking the iron while it was hot; this delightful, trustful simplicity might not last long at Rookwood.

"Make it ten!" he said.

"Well, if you think ten's enough—"

said Grace, hesitating.

Tubby Muffin decided to go the whole unicorn, so to speak.

"I'll tell you what, Grace," he said, "make it a quid, old chap."

And Tubby held out a fat hand that almost trembled with eagerness.

"Gold or notes?" asked Grace.

"Eh! It doesn't matter which."

Grace felt in his waistcoat-pocket and squeezed a coin into Tubby Muffin's fat hand, and quitted the study.

As the door closed after him, Tubby emitted a fat chuckle of glee.

He blinked at the gleaming coin in his hand in unutterable delight.

But that expression of delight changed somewhat as he looked more closely at the coin.

For the coin of the realm that lay in Tubby's fat palm was not a sovereign. It was a bright new halfpenny.

And Tubby Muffin looked at it, and looked, and looked; and the expression on his fat face grew quite extraordinary as he looked.

The 4th Chapter. Obeying Orders.

"After prep!" said Cyril Peele.

"Yes. You're very good."

"Not at all."

Jimmy Silver paused as he came along from the staircase.

Jimmy was due in the end study for prep, where Lovell and Raby and Newcome were already at work.

He had been over to the Modern side to see Tommy Dodd on football matters.

As a matter of fact, he had forgotten the new boy's existence.

But Teddy Grace, alias Putty, was brought back to his mind, as he came into the Fourth Form passage on the Classical side.

Putty was chatting at the door of No. 1 with Peele, Gower, and Lattrey.

The trio were exceedingly civil to Grace.

In fact, their manner was flattery itself.

It was doubtless very agreeable for a new fellow, a stranger in the school, to be taken up and "battered" in this way by three old hands; and Teddy Grace was looking pleased.

But Jimmy Silver did not look pleased.

He was quite aware of the object of the shady trio in "battering" the new fellow, who seemed both wealthy and simple—quite a "catch" for Peele & Co.

The trio went into their study as Jimmy came along, and Grace moved on to his own.

Jimmy Silver hesitated a moment or two, and then overtook the new fellow and tapped him on the shoulder.

Grace looked round with a smile.

"You'll excuse me," said Jimmy. "As you're a new kid here, and don't seem quite up to the ropes, I think I ought to tell you—"

"Go ahead!"

"You've just been making some arrangement with Peele and his friends, in the first study."

"That's so."

"I don't want to butt in," explained Jimmy. "But I'm going to give you a tip."

"You're jolly good!" said the new junior, holding out his hand.

Jimmy glanced at the open palm in surprise.

Grace seemed to be expecting something.

"How much?" he asked.

"How much what?" asked the captain of the Fourth.

"Didn't you say you were going to give me a tip?" asked the new junior innocently.

"Well, of all the chumps!" said Jimmy Silver. "You duffer, I don't mean a tip—I mean a word of advice!"

"Oh, I see! That's jolly good of you! My father told me always to listen to good advice."

"When you meet those fellows after prep, you may be asked to play cards, or some such rot," said Jimmy. "That kind of thing goes on in that study. I'm speaking to you as a new chap who doesn't know the ropes. You'd better keep clear of anything of the kind. It's against the rules here, and it means bad trouble if it's found out—apart from the rottenness of it. See?"

"I see."

"You seem to have more money than sense, from what I've seen of you," added Jimmy. "If you get into a little game in Peele's study, you'll have more sense and less money, see?"

Grace laughed outright at this sally. "Thanks very much," he said. "I'll remember that."

Jimmy went on to his own study, very doubtful about whether his good advice would be of any use to the new junior.

But he had done all he could; and if Putty chose to get into trouble after that warning, it was his own look-out.

Putty looked after him with a rather amused smile, and then went into No. 2, where Tubby Muffin and Jones minor and Higgs were at work.

Alfred Higgs gave him a rather disagreeable look.

"Oh, you're the new kid!" he snapped. "That same!" agreed Putty.

"And they've bunged you into this study?"

"Oh, he's welcome here," said Jones minor tolerantly. "Let the kid alone, Higgs. You're always grousing."

Higgs grunted.

"We were three already," he said. "And Muffin takes up enough room for two. Why couldn't he be bunged in on Mornington and Erroll? Bootles ought to have more sense. I suppose Bootles sent you here, you young greenie?"

"Yes."

"Well, you can tell him from me that he's an old chump!" growled Higgs.

"Certainly."

Teddy Grace turned to the door.

Jones minor grinned, and Higgs jumped.

"Where are you going?" roared Higgs. Putty looked back.

"To Mr. Bootles' study," he answered. "Wha-a-at for?"

"To give him your message."

"You—you—you crass idiot!" roared Higgs. "If you do, I'll give you a jolly good hiding!"

Putty looked surprised.

"Don't you want me to take your message?" he inquired.

"No, you idiot!"

"Then why did you give it to me?"

"Oh, shut up!" was Higgs' reply. "Of all the howling idiots—of all the shrieking dummies—"

"Jolly near potty, I should say," remarked Tubby Muffin, whose friendly regard for the new junior seemed to have vanished—perhaps on account of the new halfpenny.

"Fancy putting that fool in here!" said Higgs. "I suppose they think this study is a home for idiots!"

"Well, they would, wouldn't they?" remarked Putty.

"What?"

"Only agreeing with you, you know," said Putty innocently.

"I suppose," said Higgs darkly, "that you can't help being a fool. But if you are a cheeky fool, Master Putty, you'll get scragged. Remember that."

"I will," assented Putty.

"You won't have any prep to do, as it's your first day here," continued Higgs, "so you can make yourself useful."

"I'm going to unpack my books and things."

"Your books and things can wait. You can get supper while we're doing our prep."

"Oh, let him alone!" said Jones minor.

"Shut up, Jones! I shouldn't mind giving you a thick ear, though you have got a major in the Sixth!" said Higgs.

"Grace, or Putty, or Blaster, or whatever your name is—"

"Yes, Higgs, or Wiggs, or Piggs, or whatever your name is—"

"Haven't I told you not to be cheeky?" roared Higgs. "You're on the point of getting scragged, I can tell you. Now, I'm going to have toasted cheese for supper. You're going to toast it."

"Am I?" said Putty doubtfully.

"You are! You'll find the cheese in the cupboard and a frying-pan underneath. You toast it in the pan. Make up a fire."

"What with?"

"Find something!" said Higgs.

"Blessed if I care what!"

"But—"

"If that cheese isn't ready when I'm ready, I'm sorry for you, that's all," said Alfred Higgs.

And he settled down to finish his prep. Putty remained in thought for some minutes, while his study-mates were working at the table.

Apparently he decided to obey the orders of the Fourth Form bully, for he went to the study cupboard and got out the cheese.

Then he looked round for fuel, the fire being nearly at its last gasp.

Higgs grinned over his prep as he heard the fire crackling.

His instructions were being obeyed.

There was a pleasant scent of toasting cheese in the study before prep was over.

Jones minor was the first to finish, and he rose from the table, yawned, and pitched his books away.

"Hallo, how are you getting on, cocky?" he asked, with a grin.

"First-rate," answered Putty.

"Blessed if I know where you found any fuel," said Jones minor. "We're right out of coal and wood."

"Higgs told me to find something," answered Putty simply, "so I found something. I couldn't find anything but books. But they were all right; those with stiff covers made quite a good fire."

Jones blinked at him.

"B-b-books!" he stuttered.

"Yes; there wasn't anything else."

"You—you dangerous maniac!" howled Jones. "Have you been burning our books to make a fire?"

"Not yours; only Higgs'."

Alfred Higgs jumped up as if electrified.

"My books!" he roared.

Putty nodded, with a smile.

"Yes. I looked into them first for the name," he said. "I've only burned your books, Higgs, as it was for you, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Jones minor. And Tubby gave a fat chuckle.

The expression on Higgs' face was extraordinary.

"You—you—you've burned my books!"

he stammered, as if unable to believe the evidence of his ears. "You—you—you—"

"There wasn't anything else," said Putty, in surprise. "You told me to find something, and said you didn't care what."

"I—I—I—"

"You were going to lick me if the cheese wasn't ready—a hiding, you said," pursued Putty. "I was bound to get it ready. I didn't want a hiding, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Higgs did not laugh; he gasped with fury.

"Mum-mum-my books!" he spluttered. "Why, I—I—I'll smash you! I—I—I'll squash you! I—I—I'll—"

"But you told me—"

"You told him, Higgs!" yelled Jones minor. "Your own fault for being such a beastly bully, Higgs! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll smash him!" shrieked Higgs.

He rushed frantically at the new junior, who dodged round the table.

He was a good deal more active than the bulky Alfred, and he dodged quite easily; and they went round the table thrice, while Jones minor yelled with merriment.

"Stop him!" howled Higgs.

"Stop him yourself!" grinned Jones. "He's only done what you told him."

Higgs grasped the table to drag it aside. As he dragged it, Putty dodged out of the study.

The bully of the Fourth rushed after him, and reached the door as it slammed.

He grabbed the handle and dragged at it; but it was held from outside, and the door did not open.

"Let go!" roared Higgs.

"But you're going to lick me, you know," came a cool, soft voice from outside.

"Let go!"

Higgs clasped both hands on the door-handle and dragged with all his strength.

It was unfortunate for Higgs that the junior outside let go at the same moment.

The door flew open suddenly, and Higgs went half across the study, bumped into a chair, and rolled on the floor.

He lay on the carpet, gasping for breath, and feeling as if he had landed in the middle of an earthquake, for a full minute.

When he recovered himself he scrambled up, and rushed to the open doorway with a deadly gleam in his eyes.

But the corridor outside was empty; the new junior had vanished.

The 5th Chapter. Something Like a Scrap!

"Trot in, dear boy!"

Cyril Peele spoke in his sweetest tones as the study door opened, after a quick tap, and Teddy Grace stepped in rather hastily.

Putty closed the door behind him at once.

Peele & Co. had finished prep—they never prolonged their labours more than they could help—and they had been making some little preparations for their distinguished guest.

A bright fire burned in the grate, and the table was cleared of books and papers, and a comfortable armchair was drawn up to the fire for the visitor.

"Sit down, old fellow!"

It was some time before the dusty and dishevelled nuts had reduced themselves to order and were able to proceed with supper.

Neither were they feeling very amiable towards their guest, though their politeness did not wane.

He had lured them into that struggle, and they inwardly resolved that he should pay for it when the "little game" began.

Outwardly, all was harmony.

The supper was excellent; Cyril Peele had taken care of that.

There were good things galore, and Putty was pressed on all sides to partake of them, which he did with hearty goodwill and good appetite.

Supper was over at last, and Peele & Co. prepared for the more serious business to come.

The table was cleared.

Peele produced a little silver box from some recess and opened it, displaying a pack of playing-cards.

"Never played poker before?" he asked.

Putty shook his head.

"It's quite simple," said Peele blandly. "You'll pick it up in a brace of shaker."

"You'll like it," said Lattrey.

"Oh, I'm sure I shall!" said Putty cheerily. "Are we going to play poker now?"

"That's it."

"Shall I get the poker?" asked Putty innocently.

"Wha-at?"

"You'll want the poker, I suppose."

"The—the poker!" repeated Lattrey dazedly.

"Yes; you can't play poker without a poker, surely?" asked Putty, with a look of surprise.

The nuts of the Fourth stared at him blankly.

Apparently unconscious of their transfixed astonishment, Putty rose and picked the poker out of the fender.

Poker in hand, he smiled at the astounded nuts.

"I'm ready!" he announced.

"You—you—you're ready!" bawled Peele. "Oh, my hat! Oh, gad!"

Lattrey drew a deep breath.

"You're makin' a mistake, Grace," he said. "The game of poker is a card game."

Putty looked puzzled.

"Oh! Not juggling with a poker, or anything like that?" he asked.

"Nunno."

"You play it with cards," explained Peele, as patiently as he could. "You have a little money on it, too—to make it interestin', you know."

"Do you?"

"That's the idea. Begin with a bob, you know," said Gower. "Of course, we wouldn't play—ahem!—for money—that is, big stakes. But there has to be something on the game; that's one of the—rules."

"Sit down, old fellow, and we'll have a round to show you," said Peele.

Putty did not sit down. He remained standing, and for reasons best known to himself he kept the poker in his hand.

"I'm so sorry!" he muttered.

"Nothing to be sorry about that I can

see," remarked Peele, with a stare. "Now, we take five cards each—"

"Don't give me any, thanks."

"Eh? You can't play without cards?"

"You see, you didn't say at first that it was a card game," explained Putty, with sweet simplicity. "If you'd mentioned it, of course, I should have told you that I never play cards for money!"

"Wha-at?"

"In fact, I've promised my father never to!" said Putty.

Peele & Co. exchanged glances with gleaming eyes.

Their polite urbanity was wearing thin now.

"Well, this isn't really playin' cards for money, you know," said Peele, after a pause. "It's really a lark."

"Oh, we're going to play for nuts?" asked Putty.

"N-n-no! Just a bob or two, to make it interestin', you see."

"So sorry!" murmured Putty. "By the way, I think I'd better be getting along and seeing about unpacking my books. Would you fellows like to come and help me?"

The three nuts rose to their feet.

The expressions on their faces were decidedly unpleasant now.

There was a humorous glitter in Teddy Grace's eyes, which they did not mistake.

Under his soft manner there was the firmness of a rock, and the three young rascals realised that there would be no poker played in that study with Putty in the game.

It dawned upon them that the soft new junior, who was called Putty because

he was so soft, had been pulling their legs all along—that he was quite "up" to their game, and had allowed them to rope with which to hang themselves.

As they realised that the polite manners of Peele & Co. dropped from them like a cloak.

Their eyes gleamed at the new junior.

"So you've been foolin' us?" said Peele at last, his voice trembling with rage.

Putty burst into a laugh.

"My dear chaps, you've been fooling yourselves!" he answered. "Why don't you laugh?"

"Laugh?" repeated Peele.

"Yes; it's funny, if you look at it the right way."

Peele gritted his teeth.

"It may be funny," he said; "but you won't feel funny by the time you get out of this study. Collar him, you fellows! We'll rag the cheeky cad till he's black and blue!"

The three nuts came round the table at Putty.

Teddy Grace did not seem alarmed; perhaps he had expected that development. His hand came up, with the poker in it.

"Don't crowd a fellow," he said, backing towards the door. "If you do, you may get a lunge—like that—"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Or a tap—like that—"

"Yooooop!"

"Or a poke in the ribs—like that!"

"Yah! Oh! Yooooop!"

Peele & Co., yelling with pain and rage, jumped back from the reckless lunges of the poker.

Putty reached the door and put his left hand behind him to open it, keeping his eyes on the enraged nuts.

The trio rushed forward as the door opened.

But again the lunges of the poker drove them back, yelling.

"Ta-ta, old nuts!" said Putty sweetly; and he slammed the door and walked down the passage, into the arms of the Fistical Four.

"Hallo!" cried Jimmy Silver. "What are you carrying round a poker for?"

"I've been playing poker—"

"What?"

"This kind of poker, and they don't seem to have enjoyed it—Dear me, here they come!"

The study door flew open, and Peele & Co. rushed out furiously.

They stopped at sight of Silver & Co. The Fistical Four grinned.

It occurred to Jimmy Silver that his good-natured warning to the new junior had not been needed.

Peele & Co., with scowling faces, retreated into their study.

"Another 'friendship' broken!" sighed Putty. "I suppose these things happen because I'm soft. I'm called Putty, you know, because I'm so soft."

And Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled. They had discovered by that time exactly how soft the new fellow was.

THE END

(Another splendid complete school-story next week, entitled "The Scamp of Rookwood," By Owen Conquest. Don't forget to order next week's BOYS' FRIEND in advance.)

THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!

AN AMAZING NEW ADVENTURE SERIAL

— BY —

DUNCAN STORM.

FOR NEW READERS.

The astounding news that the KAISER has escaped in a super-U-boat reaches CY SPRAGUE, the famous American detective, and CAPTAIN HANDYMAN, who resolve to go in search of the arch-villain and bring him to justice.

They leave the London docks in a vessel called the South Star, taking with them a merry band of boys, chief amongst whom are DICK DORRINGTON, CHIP PRODGERS, ARTY DOVE, SKELETON, PORKIS, and PONGO WALKER.

LAL TATA, a cheery Hindu, and TOOKUM EL KOOS, a native wrestler, are also amongst the party, as well as the boys' pets, CECIL, the orang-outang, HORACE, the goat, and GUS, the crocodile.

It has already been described how Captain Handyman discovered a large submarine base belonging to the Kaiser, and blew it up. The Kaiser, however, had got away on a super-U-boat.

Later the boys captured Baron von Slyden, one of the Kaiser's agents. Captain Handyman told the boys to take Slyden in hand. The boys were delighted with such a task. They dressed the Baron in Etons, and after being beaten in a fight with Arty Dove, von Slyden was forced to do ordinary school work with the boys. He succeeded in making his escape, but was recaptured and confined to his cabin. Meanwhile, the boys prepare for an expedition to the famous Peak of Teneriffe.

(Read on from here.)

The Wrecked Waggonette.

It was a merry party that assembled on the deck of the South Star in the dawning of a glorious day, ready to go ashore to the mole of Santa Cruz, where donkeys and guides were awaiting them for the ascent of the famous Peak of Teneriffe.

It had been decided that Cecil, the orang-outang, was to go, and that Horace, the goat, was to accompany the party by way of exercise.

Horace, who had been imprisoned in a coal-bunker, was a disgraceful sight when he was hauled out in the dawning and showed up on deck by the boys, bleating querulously.

Horace did not want to go anywhere. And he did not want to be washed.

But the boys were firm with him.

He was as black as a sweep.

As Skeleton said, nobody would have cared to be found dead near such a scarecrow of a goat.

So Horace was tied by his horns to the steel foremast of the South Star.

A bucket of soft-soap was produced, and mops and scrubs, and Horace was mopped all over with soapsuds till he disappeared in suds like a glass of ginger-beer.

In vain he bleated and struggled at the stout lashings which held his horns.

He butted his head into the foremast till it rang hollow as the boys scrubbed him with brooms till the soapsuds turned black.

Then the crew came along with the hoses, with which they were washing the deck.

There was plenty of pressure in the



TREED BY THE BEAR! "Wow!" yelled Skeleton, as he looked down and saw the bear close to his heels. "Yobble! Yobble! Yobble!" chattered Cecil, the orang-outang, reaching down a huge pair of paws from the tree.

hoses, for the pumps of the South Star were powerful pumps, and the engine was running at full speed.

They let Horace have it in four powerful jets of sparkling sea water, which burst on his shaggy hide in a cloud of spray.

It was the hosing down that upset Horace most.

After that he stood quite still whilst the boys rubbed him down with rough towels, oiled up his hoofs, tied a big pink ribbon round his neck, and slipped on his head a miniature straw hat with the school colours.

And when it was all over Horace was as tame as Mary's little lamb.

He followed the boys down to the boat, which was waiting alongside, and took his seat in the stern alongside Cecil, who was dressed in a very neat Eton suit, straw hat, and lemon kid gloves.

The boys gave three cheers for the South Star, and another three for Captain Handyman, and another three for Horace.

And when they saw the face of their unwilling schoolfellow, Baron von Slyden, peering out at them through the bars which covered the porthole of his prison cabin, they gave him three cheers as well.

Then away they rowed to the shore, the six Kroo boys bending to their oars, keeping time in a queer, dirge-like song, which consisted of the repetition of one single word—"Bo."

These happy niggers were all in their best clothes, for they, too, were going with the expedition to the peak, to lend a hand in pitching camp and carrying the grub.

Silver, Maintop, Tarbrush, Bo, Quashy, and Timbertop had faces on them this

morning that shone as though they had been newly blackheaded.

As soon as the boat was alongside the quay they tumbled out of her, and threw the tents and the bags of biscuits and other provisions ashore with great heartiness.

"Hi, Quashy!" shouted Skeleton anxiously, as Quashy started hurling a hamper about in the boat. "Go easy, there! That's my nosebag! I've stowed a bride-cake on the top of a lot of raspberry puffs!"

Skeleton's solicitude for his nosebag was swiftly dispelled by a sudden scatter of hoofs behind the little party.

The boys turned, and there was Horace with his head lowered, and with mischief in his eye.

It is the custom in the town of Santa Cruz to drive the goats from the surrounding hillsides into the town every morning, and to lead them in small herds from house to house, milking them in the streets as the customers require the milk.

For the island of Teneriffe, hot and volcanic, has but little pasturage for cattle, and depends for its milk supply on the goat.

It was a huge Spanish billy goat who had caught Horace's attention.

He was leader of the flock which had been led down to the quay to be milked for the numerous little cafes and coffee-stalls used by the boatmen, coalies, and other wharf workers.

The name of this goat was Alonzo the Terrible.

He had a bell round his neck, and fancied himself as the boss goat of Teneriffe.

He had licked every billy goat within

reach on the island, and had a reputation to keep up.

He had scented Horace the moment he had set hoof on the wharf.

The boys were horror-stricken when they saw Horace face to face with Alonzo the Terrible.

"Pongo! You silly ass!" exclaimed Dick. "I gave you Horace's neck-rop to hold. What did you let him loose for?"

"I gave him to Skeleton to hold for a minute whilst I tied my bootlace. It's not my fault," replied Pongo, in aggrieved tones. "He's not my goat any more than he's your goat!"

It was too late now, however, to stop the combatants.

And it might have been dangerous to try.

For a yell had gone along the wharf amongst the coalies and the boatmen that Alonzo was on the warpath again for the butting championship of Teneriffe.

In a few seconds the two goats were surrounded by a rough mob of coalies, who came tumbling up out of the coal barges, and who left their early morning coffee at the tables of the little cafes, eager to see the fight.

"Five to one against the English goat!" yelled the local sports.

"Maw!" bleated the Spanish goat in threatening tones.

Horace was quiet and watchful, his green eyes glittering like emeralds in the morning sunshine.

He merely pawed the cobbles that paved the wharf, and waited for his adversary to start the tournament.

There was a sudden rush of hoofs, and Horace sprang forward to meet his antagonist.

Crack!

The two heads came together with a smack that echoed round the whole harbour.

The bell that was hung round Alonzo's neck rang violently.

He blinked and recoiled.

"Bullseye!" shouted Porkis. "What'll ye have, Horace? Pint o' nuts, or a good cigar?"

"Shut up, you idiot!" whispered Dick. "We don't want to stir up this gang of coalies, or we'll have more trouble than we know how to chew."

It was plain, however, that Alonzo the Terrible quickly realised that Horace was no ordinary island goat.

He stepped back gingerly a dozen paces.

"Maw!" he bleated, as much as to say: "See me this time!"

He leaped forward like an arrow from a bow, trying to work off a stunt which had proved very successful in fighting the native goats.

This was a sort of break from the off which, avoiding the head of the adversary, gave the attacking party a chance of boosting his opponent in the ribs and knocking the wind out of him.

But Horace was there.

He saw his enemy's design in his eyes as he came on.

There was a boost and a lift.

It was Horace's good, old-fashioned upper punch with the force of a battering-ram behind it.

It lifted Alonzo the Terrible from the ground like a ball, and sent him flying into the air like a shuttlecock from a battledore.

The crowd scattered and rushed back as Horace charged forward.

A yell of wonderment and horror went up from them as Horace was there to receive Alonzo as he fell.

Boost!

Alonzo never even touched the ground.

With a terrific butt Horace sent him flying skyward again.

Up, up he went, describing a huge parabola, descending with a terrible crash and a shivering of glass through the roof of the small fish-market, where he tumbled on to the heads of a group of fishermen.

The fishermen fell flat with Alonzo in a pile of sardines.

Alonzo kicked a huge skate, and the skate, lashing out with his tail, whipped the chief of the fishing guild, the admiral of the fishing fleet, across the face.

That upset the fishermen.

In a second they had leaped out of the fish-market, thinking that it was a put-up bit of horseplay on the part of the coalies

to throw the goat through the roof of their market.

"Now you've done it, Horace!" cried Porkis in horrified accents. "There won't be any Peak of Teneriffe for us. We shall finish the morning in the lock-up!"

Arty Dove had dashed forward, just in time to prevent the chief of the fishermen from sticking six inches of murderous knife into the chief of the coalies.

Arty's method of tackling a riot was simple.

He took the two combatants by the scruff of their necks in his powerful hands and cracked their heads together till they dropped their knives.

Then he threw the desperadoes on the hard lava paving-stones, with a thump that knocked the fight and murder out of them.

Then he calmly pocketed their weapons.

But it was Horace who quelled the riot.

Infuriated by the fighting coalies and fishermen, he leaped forward, snatching his neck-rop from Porky's fingers.

The British police themselves might have taken a lesson from Horace in the swift dispersal of a mob. Before any harm was done by the fifty knives that were gleaming in the morning sunshine Horace was amongst them, butting right and left.

Rioters shot up into the air. Coalies were hurled far out over the edge of the stone wharf into their coal-barges, or into the blue water, as though they had been shot from a catapult.

The rest of the rioters, with a yell of fear, fled before this determined attack.

Then Horace trotted placidly back to the leading waggonette, which was waiting to take the boys across the island, and bounded with a single leap into the vehicle.

"Whip up, Pepe!" cried Dick Dorrington to the Spanish driver, who was grinning all over his face. "Let's get out of this before they shove us in gaol!"

The boys leaped on their donkeys. The waggonette started off with a clatter of hoofs and a shower of sparks from the shoes of the mules.

Arty Dove, who had seized the reins of the leading waggonette, nearly drove the vehicle over the edge of the quay.

Lal Tata yelled at the top of his voice, as half the tyre of the wheel hung over the edge of the capping stones of the wharf.

"Make care, Artee—make care!" he yelled. "You will precipitate us into coal-barges to the great damages of our necks!"

Arty only grinned, and whipped up the mules.

The boys and the Kroomen drove their donkeys forward in a compact little bunch, cheering at the top of their voices. They were through the line of puzzled police before these were aware what was doing. Then away they clattered through the sleepy streets of Santa Cruz, on the dusty road to Tacaronte and Orotava.

It was not till they were clear of the town that Captain Handyman drew a long sigh and lit his cigar.

"If you are looking for trouble," he remarked genially, "you have only to go off on an outing with a beanfeast of a tame goat and a few wild schoolboys. It is more by good luck than by good judgment that we haven't picnicked to-day in the town gaol!"

It was a merry drive across the island; the road winding round amongst the wild hills of lava, in the hollows of which lay rich vineyards, and tomato-fields, and fields of the new potatoes, which find their price in the London markets in the early months of the year.

Captain Handyman pointed out to the boys the wild scrubby-looking cacti that grew on the hills.

"It was off those cactuses, boys," he said, "that the islanders drew their wealth."

"What sort of wealth, sir?" asked Pongo respectfully.

"Cochineal, my boy," replied the captain. "The stuff that they use for colouring up medicines and strawberry-ices—"

And the pink bits of icing on the wedding-cakes!" put in Skeleton hungrily.

"That's it," replied the captain, puffing at his cigar. "This cochineal dye was made of an insect that lives on the cactus. It is a little red insect that grows in a lot of white fluff—sort of first cousin to the American Blight that comes on the apple-trees at home."

THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER

By DUNCAN STORM.



(Continued from the previous page.)

He puffed at his cigar meditatively. "It was the Germans that busted up the trade," he said. "They pinched the secrets of dyes made from coal-tar from us, and they improved on them. They learned how to make dye that was as good as cochineal, and one morning the people of Tenerife woke to find themselves busted. So they had to take to growing tomatoes and new potatoes and bananas for the British market, and that's what they are doing now."

Presently the wagonettes, followed by the cavalcade of shouting boys and niggers, arrived at the summit of a long ridge, from which they had their first view of the mighty snow-covered peak. Then Arty, who insisted on driving the leading wagonette with its team of four mules, greatly to the fear of the Spanish driver and the horror of Lal Tata, let her go down the other side of the mountain ridge.

It was in this wagonette that Horace had taken refuge. "Hoy, hoy, boy!" shouted Arty to his team of mules.

The mules all switched back their long ears together. They seemed to recognise Arty's voice.

The wagonette leaped over the rough road. And the more the wagonette leaped the more Lal Tata shouted, for the vehicle, as it bounded from lump to lump in the rough road, was beginning to gather speed.

The Spanish mule is not quite so stubborn as his South American cousin who enlists in the British Army.

When he makes up his mind to go, he goes. And the Spanish donkey is as fast as the Spanish mule. He is not the tiny mule we are accustomed to see in England, but a tall, upstanding chap with long legs, as fast as a horse.

So when Arty put speed on the wagonette, the cheering boys whipped up their donkeys, and chased the wagonette downhill.

Lal was now bouncing like an india-rubber ball in the bumping vehicle, which threw him up and caught him as though it were playing a game of trap-ball with him.

"Artee-Artee!" yelled Lal, as the wagonette rattled gaily down the slope of the mountain in a cloud of dust. "Artee-Artee! Stop so vociferous driving of cabs! You are breaking my bones!"

Cecil, chattering and frightened, too, was hanging on to the back of the driver's seat, as groups of date-palms, bananas, oranges, fuchsias, and huge geranium-bushes slipped past in a cloud of dust.

"Keep your hair on, Cecil!" shouted Arty, as Cecil plucked at his jacket. "You trust it to Uncle Arty—he'll bring you through on time!"

"Maw!" bleated Horace, who did not like the jolting.

"Ma-maw!" he bleated again, as he was hurled into the air.

"Stop! Help! Send lifeboats! Fire!" yelled Lal, as he bounded up and down, smacking first on one seat of the vehicle, then on the other.

The Spaniard on the box with Arty was now yelling, too. But presently he stopped yelling. He saw that it was no use making a song about things.

The mules had taken their heads, and were running away.

Arty braced himself on the driving seat, with the reins turned about his mighty hands. He hauled at the heads of the mules, till the reins were as tight as banjo-strings.

The boys, riding in the rear of the runaway, jammed on their caps, and cheered as they swept down the hill.

The runaway wagonette was travelling now like a fire-engine.

"Gobble, gobble, gobble!" chattered Cecil.

"Maw, maw, maw!" bleated Horace, as he was bumped first on his horns and then on his heels.

"Ho, ho, ho!" wailed Lal. "This is going to end in catastrophic smash up!"

At a bend in the road Arty yelled. Up the hill was toiling an ox-wagon laden with a heavy block of stone. The Spaniard who was leading the oxen lost his head.

He backed his beasts, and the wagon dropped through the hedge of cacti, lifting his astonished oxen from their feet as the runaways roared past their noses.

The pace was too good to last, and the pull on the reins was too great to be withstood by the Spanish harness, which was very ancient, and tied up with bits of string.

There was a crack. The reins had snapped short in Arty's powerful hands. Arty simply turned head-over-heels, and fell backwards over the driving-seat amongst his companions.

At the same moment the ancient vehicle hit a big ledge of lava-rock that projected through the road.

Arty, Horace, Cecil, and Lal flew into the air together.

with the yelling Spaniard clinging to the box and the front wheels.

Then they came to a full stop, their heads turning simultaneously to look at the mix-up in the dusty roadway.

Cecil was sitting up holding his head in both paws.

Horace, who had been hurled into a cactus-bush with Lal, was trying to kick himself free of the prickles.

He was mostly kicking Lal, who howled dismally.

Arty, sitting up to his middle in dust in the road, was looking with a mild expression of wonder at the remnants of the reins which he held in his mighty hands.

"Well, I never!" he exclaimed. "Of course, these things are bound to happen if they make reins of brown paper!"

"Are you hurt, Arty?" gasped Dick Dorrington, as he dashed up and slipped from his saddle.

"Hurt? Course I'm not hurt!" replied Arty. "But the wagonette is busted all right. I think I must have pulled it in halves!"

"Ho! Dick!" groaned Lal, from the cactus-bush. "Come and extricate me from this pricklesome plant, which is filling me with needles like some pin-cushions! And take away this ferocious goat! He kicks me to little pieces with his sharp hoofs!"

With the help of clasp-knives and a lot of cutting away of the evil prickly-pear, Lal and Horace were released from the hedge.

Horace was not in a very good temper about it, either.

He was as full of spines as a hedgehog, and the boys had to tie his feet, whilst Arty went over him pulling out the prickles.

Cecil was crying, not so much because he was hurt, but he had ripped his beautiful lemon-coloured gloves into ribands, and the seat of his smart Eton trousers was gone.

So the boys camped by the roadside till the rest of the party should come on with them.

Arty, ever resourceful and genial, comforted Cecil, and patched the seat of his trousers, with part of a donkey's nosebag.

Dick, producing his knife, extracted six dozen cactus-prickles from various parts of Lal Tata's body, with a dexterity that would have done credit to a qualified surgeon.

Presently the rest of the party, with the other wagonette, came up.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Captain Handyman. "Had a smash, boys?"

"Nothing much, sir," replied Arty airily. "We put the brake on the mules a little too quickly, that was all, and the rotten old hemp-coop of a wagonette came in halves."

"We'll soon fix that," said Captain Handyman cheerfully. "We helped the gentleman with the ox-cart out of the hedge a mile or so back, and he was cracking on about you chaps. He was calling you 'barbaros.' That's Spanish for savages, and he didn't seem to think a lot of you, to judge by the rest of his language!"

Then he turned to the Kroo boys, who were looking on grinning and laughing at the wreck.

"Turn to, boys," ordered Captain Handyman. "You've got plenty of ropes and gear in this cart. Stick that old orange-box together, and don't be all day over it, either."

"Yaas, sar!" replied Maintop readily. The mules were backed, and the wrecked portions of the wagonette were brought together.

The Spanish driver looked on in speechless wonderment, as the handy Kroo boys swarmed over the wagonette with ropes and tools, screwing, hammering, lashing, and splicing.

All he could say was that they were "hijos de demonios," or sons of demons.

At any rate, well inside twenty minutes, the old wagonette was on its legs, or, rather, on its wheels again.

As Arty remarked, it was not quite as good as new, but it was a thoroughly sound, reliable vehicle, ready to go anywhere or to do anything, from dropping off a precipice to climbing up to the roof of a house.

All the same, Horace stoutly withstood the efforts of the boys to shove him into the wagonette again.

Horace had had enough of carriage exercise.

He preferred to walk.

So he was tied up with a rope behind the second wagonette.

Then on they went again, at reduced speed, rattling into Orotava in fine style amidst the cheers of the populace, who, never having seen an orange-ouang before, thought that Cecil was some extraordinary specimen of English school-boy.

Skeleton's Peril!

At Orotava the wagonettes were put up in a shed, whilst the party stayed for an early dinner, after which Skeleton promenade round the gardens of the hotel, seeking fresh fruits from the wonderful collection of trees.

Skeleton tasted the red berries of the coffee-bushes that were growing in the garden, whilst Cecil climbed up into a date-palm, and got busy amongst the dates.

It was a tall date-palm, in a secluded part of the garden, as tall as a high railway-signal.

But Cecil ran up it like a lamplighter, and was soon busy stripping the dates from their long, leathery stalks, and stuffing them in his ugly mouth.

Skeleton stood down below, and wished that he, too, was a monkey.

One or two dates dropped from the palm as Cecil stripped the stalks.

Skeleton picked these up and tasted them.

They were delicious and full of sugar.

Skeleton looked round. Nobody was within sight.

It was a stiff climb, but he thought that he would join Cecil amongst those delicious dates at the top of the tree.

The trunk of a date-palm is fairly rough, and gives a good hold.

Skeleton seized the great shaft and went slowly up.

All went well till he was thirty-five feet up the pole.

Cecil was another fifteen feet above him in the feather crown of the palm.

Then Cecil began chattering violently.

"Shut up, you silly ass!" said Skeleton, looking up. "Don't give the show away!"

Skeleton thought that the shaking of the crown of the palm caused by his climbing was the cause of Cecil's perturbation.

If he had looked beneath him he would have seen that the cause of Cecil's agitation was a bear.

This bear was a small Syrian honey-bear, the pet of the proprietor of the hotel.

In the ordinary course of things the bear was kept chained up.

But Chip and his chums had thought that a bear-hunt would be a very good bit of sport.

So they had let the bear loose, and were now chasing it through the gardens with merry shouts.

The bear had obtained a back view of Skeleton, as he slowly and laboriously climbed the palm.

There were a few dates on the grass below the palm, and the bear, having tasted these and found them sweet, decided that it would follow Skeleton up the tree.

Cecil had ceased to gather dates.

He was seated in the top of the palm, jibbering as though he had seen a ghost.

Skeleton laughed as he looked up.

"You are a silly duffer, Cecil," he said. "What are you making all that fuss about? I shan't shake you out of the tree!"

He edged a little bit higher up the pole of the palm, and was now about six feet below Cecil.

"Chuk-chuk! Chuk! Chuk! Chuk!" gabbled Cecil, pointing downwards.

"I don't see anything to 'Chuk' about," said Skeleton, laughing, as he embraced the palm with arms and knees.

"Jimmy, this old palm is worse to climb than a Scotch fir!"

Skeleton felt a soft pat on the seat of his trousers.

The bear was up to him now, for its powerful claws held the trunk as easily as spike nails.

Skeleton laughed again as he felt the pat.

"Is that you, Dick?" he asked. "Get down a bit. We can't all get into this tree. Why don't you go and scrimp your dates off another palm?"

There was no answer from the supposed Dick.

Cecil was in a fearful state of excitement now.

He kept on pointing down at the bear, trying to attract Skeleton's attention to it, and was jumping about in the head of the palm like a cat on hot bricks.

"Hi! Keep still, Cecil!" said Skeleton, as the top of the tree swayed about.

"How do you think I can climb up with you shaking the tree about like that? Shut up, Dick!"

This last remark was addressed to the bear, who, getting impatient at the way Skeleton was blocking the road, again patted the seat of his trousers, a little more impatiently this time.

"Look here, Dick," said Skeleton firmly, as he hitched himself up another six inches. "If you don't stop slapping me, I'll give you a push in the face with my foot!"

The bear patted again.

This time his claw engaged in the cloth of Skeleton's trousers, and there was a sharp ripping sound.

Skeleton lost his temper.

He hitched himself up a good foot at one heave.

"Look here, Dick," he said severely, "you may think yourself jolly funny, but I call it a caddish thing to tear a chap's trousers. When I get out of this tree I'll dot you one on the nose! And—Wow, wow, wow!"

Skeleton's remarks were broken off short as, twisting his neck, he looked down and saw the bear close on his heels.

"Yobble, yobble, yobble!" chattered Cecil, hanging down a huge pair of paws from the tree.

Skeleton grabbed them, and Cecil hauled him up into the feathery nest of the crown with a jerk that nearly dislocated his arms.

Up the bear came.

He was thinking only of the sweet dates. He was a very tame and friendly bear, and, like all bears, he loved sweet things.

He had always been the pet of the people who visited the hotel, and he had no evil intentions towards Skeleton.

But Skeleton did not understand this. He did not know much about the Canary Islands, or of their fauna and flora.

There are no more wild bears in the Island of Tenerife than there are in the Isle of Wight.

But Skeleton, who hated geography and only loved cookery-books, did not know this.

He clung to Cecil, and Cecil clung to him, chattering angrily.

The bear, grinning amiably, crawled up the trunk, closer and closer, till he was just under the crown of the tree.

His fat head and slobbering jaws were thrust through the greenery of the tuft.

One paw, armed with sharp-hooked claws, grabbed a hold close by Skeleton's foot.

Then Cecil lost his nerve.

With a chatter of angry fear he shot out at the other side of the palm-top, swinging himself down with his great paws, and sliding down the forty-five feet of trunk like a streak of greased lightning.

Skeleton tried to follow him, missed his foothold, and fell, grabbing, as he fell, the base of one of the great, tough palm-fronds.

On this he swung in mid-air, kicking, struggling, and yelling at the top of his voice, as he was danced up and down, forty feet above the ground, by the tough elastic frond, which sprung and bent like a trout-rod.

The bear took no notice of Skeleton.

He was busy clawing dates off their stems and stuffing them into his mouth.

But Skeleton's yells were not long in calling assistance.

The boys came rushing through the garden.

"It's that bear! He's nailed old Skeleton somewhere!" he heard Dick's voice shouting. "I knew he'd get up to some mischief if you chaps let him loose! And there goes old Cecil sloping through the bushes!"

Then he looked up and saw Skeleton dangling against the blue sky like a worm on a hook.

Dick took in the situation at once.

"Hang on, Skeleton!" he yelled. "Skeleton was hanging on for dear life; there was nothing else for him to do."

Dick rushed through the garden to the hotel, followed by his chums.

In an incredibly short space of time they were back again, bringing with them the six Kroo boys, and dragging between them the huge, stout canvas hatch-cover, which the niggers had brought with them by way of a tent.

This was rapidly spread like a fireman's sheet below the pendant Skeleton, all hands clinging to the sides and stretching it tight.

"All right, Skeleton!" shouted Dick. "Let go! We'll catch you!"

Skeleton hesitated a moment.

It is not easy to let go of a thing when you are hanging forty feet above ground.

But the huge palm-branch by which he hung made up his mind for him.

It suddenly snapped, and down Skeleton came with a bump and a crash, falling like a bomb in the middle of the sheet, where he bounced like a pea on a drum.

The head of the palm, released of its weight, swung back like a catapult.

Growing and spitting, the bear was hurled out of the top of the palm, and the horrified boys saw him hurtling through the air like a projectile.

But, luckily, he was slung into the top of a big tree of Seville oranges.

There was a shower of the great golden globes as the bear hit the tree with a crash, got a hold with his sharp claws, and, dropping from branch to branch on to the ground, darted off like a streak to the barrel at the rear of the hotel, which was his kennel.

Skeleton sat up in the middle of the sheet and scratched his head, looking round the laughing ring of faces that surrounded the sheet in a dazed manner.

"Did you chaps see a bear just now?" he asked.

"Bear!" exclaimed Dick innocently. "What bear? Why, you must be potty, Skeleton! There are no bears in the Island of Tenerife!"

Skeleton sighed as they dropped him on to the ground.

"It must have been that dozen oranges I ate after dinner," he said. "I thought they might not agree with me after all those bananas and that melon! Where's Cecil?" he added, with a sigh.

"He's run to get himself a perch on a donkey," said Dick. "The mules and burros are packed up. The expedition is just starting for the Peak. So pull yourself together, Skeleton!"

The boys ran through the gardens, dragging the breathless Skeleton with them. And there, in front of the hotel, they found their string of mules and donkeys waiting for them.

They were soon mounted and off, riding up the stiff little lava paths that wound up through the foothills of the Peak, by little orchards of oranges and lemons and bananas, on which the noontide sun was beating down fiercely, distilling the sweet scent of the orange-blossom till the air was heavy with it.

Porkis took off his cap and fanned himself.

"Phew!" he said. "I'm melting like a tallow candle! What on earth do we want all these blankets for? What do you want blankets for when you are amongst the bananas all a-blowing and a-growing, and the oranges and the dates—What price the dates, Skeleton?"

Skeleton grinned.

"You wait till we are a little bit farther up the hill, my son," he said. "You'll be glad of your winter overcoat then. This is a wonderful island. We will be snow-balling to-morrow morning!"

"Then we might meet a Polar bear up there!" replied Porkis, with a wink.

(Another magnificent long instalment of this splendid serial in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND. I should be glad if readers would write and let me know what they think of this new story.)

IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

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."

FOR NEXT MONDAY!

Our next of the famous series of Rookwood stories deals with the further adventures of "Putty"—otherwise Teddy—Grace, the new junior in the Fourth Form, who has already created more than a little stir in the old school, as you all know.

The title of the story is "THE SCAMP OF ROOKWOOD!"

By Owen Conquest, who is here seen in his best form. Teddy Grace—invertebrate practical joker as he is—gets into extremely warm water, and makes an enemy of the bully of the Sixth Form. But Putty has a little way of getting his own back. How he does it in this case I will leave my readers to discover for themselves when they read next week's story.

The next story dealing with the adventures of the chums of the School in the Backwoods deals with a marvellous "find" by Dicky Bird & Co., of Hillcrest, and is entitled

"DICKY BIRD'S BONANZA!"

By Martin Clifford.

This wonderful "find" is credited entirely to Hillcrest, but as my readers may well imagine, Frank Richards & Co. do not altogether "get left"—in fact, they know a good deal more about the matter than Hillcrest wots of! Kern Gunten plays a part in this story, and those who

know Kern will not be surprised to hear that it is a decidedly ignoble part.

The second instalment of our grand new school serial,

"THE SCAPEGRACE OF RED-CLYFFE!"

By Herbert Britton,

carries Jack Turner, the scapegrace brother of Dicky of that ilk, still farther into the bad graces of his new school-fellows. Jack seems quite unable to realise that the little ways he is accustomed to do not "go down" with any but the worst element at Redclyffe, and that his brother's friends frankly regard him as "undesirable." However, this fact is pointed out to him with more force than politeness next week; and it is to be hoped that he will take the gentle hint, and mend his ways before long.

In the next instalment of our splendid adventure-story,

"THE BOYS WHO CAUGHT THE KAISER!"

By Duncan Storm,

the chums make the acquaintance of a real Spanish brigand, known as the Terror of Tenerife, who has ideas on the subject of ransom which the boys feel bound to combat. A dramatic finale, in which the boys are to figure as the victims, is arranged by the obliging Terror. And then Dick Dorrington thinks it time to make the first counter-move!

A PERSONAL NOTE.

Our big family of Companion Papers—viz., the BOYS' FRIEND, the "Gem," the "Magnet," the "Penny Popular," and "Chuckles," is now once again united under the original Controller and Editorial Staff, who have returned from active service more or less intact with, I regret to say, one exception.

Mr. F. J. Coombs had been on our staff only a few months when, at the call of war, he relinquished his work here, and, in common with every other fit man in this office, joined the Army. He will never return, alas! But to us who have come back his memory will be ever green.

We have "taken over" again from the loyal men who carried on in our absence, and are "getting busy" right away with new plans and new ideas and new energy—all directed towards one end, and one end only—viz., the development of the BOYS' FRIEND and its Companion Papers. So look out for some grand new features and really top-hole stories—and give us your valued assistance in making the good old BOYS' FRIEND and its Companion Papers

MORE POPULAR THAN EVER,

if possible. And if you have any suggestions or requests to make, or any ideas to put forward, don't fail to send them along to the man who will appreciate them, and will reply to each correspondent personally—that is, of course,