

# The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES!

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No. 949. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 16th, 1919.

## Run Down!



**"Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!"**

when it came out a revolver glittered in it! "Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" was what the remittance-man said.

"Cover the stakes, or pass!" grunted Poker Brown. Mr. Beauclerc nodded. He slid his hand into his hip-pocket, apparently for a further supply of cash, but

### The 1st Chapter. Dark Doubts.

"Beau!"  
"Cherub!"  
Frank Richards and Bob Lawless uttered those exclamations together in startled tones.  
They had come upon their chum—Vere Beauclerc—suddenly, on the bank of the creek. They had missed him after morning lessons at Cedar Creek School, and had been looking for him for some time, when they suddenly found him.  
Vere Beauclerc was sitting on a log by the bank of the stream, his elbows on his knees, and his chin sunk in his hands, gazing out dully over the shining creek, his whole attitude one of deep dejection and trouble.  
Sunk in gloomy thought, the remittance-man's son had not heard the approaching footsteps of his chums.

But he heard their voices, as they exclaimed together in dismay, and gave a sudden start. His handsome face flushed as he looked round and met their surprised glances.  
He half rose, and then sank back again on the log, crimson. But the colour ebbed from his face, leaving him pale.  
"Beau," exclaimed Frank Richards, "what's the matter, old chap? What's happened?"  
"N-n-nothing!" stammered Beauclerc.  
Bob Lawless shook his head.  
"I guess that cuts no ice with us, Cherub," he said, in his direct way. "I reckon there's something very much the matter when you look like that. And I reckon, too, that you're going to tell your pals what it is."  
Beauclerc was silent.  
The two chums halted by the log,

looking down in dismayed surprise on Vere Beauclerc's bowed head.  
Well they knew that the remittance-man's son had had troubles enough, chiefly on account of his father; but it was very unlike the quiet, calm Beauclerc to give way like this. He was trying, now, to regain his usual composure, but it was not easy.  
"Beau, old fellow," said Frank Richards softly, "you can tell us, I suppose? We're your friends, you know."  
Beauclerc smiled faintly.  
"I know!" he answered. "But—but you couldn't help! And—and it's nothing. Very likely I'm mistaken. I—I hope so."  
"Oh!" ejaculated Frank. "Your father—"  
Beauclerc nodded.  
"Poor old Cherub!" said Bob Lawless gently. "But—but—" He

broke off. What could he say to console the troubled lad, who feared that his father was breaking out again into the wild recklessness which, not so very long ago, had earned him an unenviable notoriety in the Thompson Valley?  
In the days when Lascelles Beauclerc, the remittance-man, had been "one of the boys," when he had spent his remittances as fast as they arrived in playing poker at the Occidental, or faro at the Red Dog, or in "painting the town red," Beauclerc had borne the trouble and notoriety it brought upon him with quiet calmness and a face of proud indifference.  
But the remittance-man had changed for the better, and for months past there had been no more industrious worker in the Thompson Valley than Lascelles Beauclerc.

Till of late—  
It was needless for Beauclerc to tell his chums, if he wished to. They knew. Of late, Lascelles Beauclerc had been as frequent a visitor as of old at the poker-room at the Occidental. Many a pilgrim in Thompson had grinned, and remarked that "Old Man Beauclerc" was on a "bender" again.  
"But—but—" muttered Frank Richards.  
Vere Beauclerc bit his lip hard. Even with his best chums it was repugnant to him to discuss his father. Yet, at the same time, the lonely lad's heart was yearning for comfort and counsel—above all, for some friendly assurance that his doubts were unfounded.  
"It's rotten, old chap!" said Bob Lawless, at last. "I—I'm afraid it's no good blinking the facts. I've





**RUN DOWN!**

(Continued from  
the previous page.)

"Excuse me if I look—you did not count the bills." Poker Brown's eyes glittered. "You don't take my word?" The man was ripe for a quarrel. But Mr. Beauclerc answered quietly and suavely: "Your word is good enough, Mr. Brown; but you did not count the bills. Let me see before I pass out." "See, and be hanged to you!" growled Poker Brown. The remittance-man lightly fingered the bills the sport had thrown on the stack in the pool. He smiled. "Satisfied?" grunted Poker Brown. "Quite." "Then cover the stake, or pass!" Mr. Beauclerc nodded. He slid his hand into his hip-pocket, apparently for a further supply of cash. But Vere Beauclerc, who had seen his father place a loaded revolver in that pocket, started violently. The remittance-man's hand came out, and there were no bills in it—but a revolver glittered in his fingers. And the weapon was levelled full at the face of the startled gambler opposite him. "Hands up, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" was what the remittance-man said.

**The 5th Chapter.  
The Last of the Outlaw.**  
"Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones!" The name was repeated on all sides with a buzz of amazement.

with Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones of California. "What's this game?" "You're mad, Beauclerc!" "Let up!" It was a buzz of excited voices round the poker-table. Mr. Beauclerc glanced round quietly. "That man is Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw and murderer," he said. "Call in the sheriff. I'll make my charge good!" "The sheriff's on the piazza—" "Call him in!" Poker Brown's face twitched as the burly form of Mr. Henderson, the sheriff of Thompson, filled the doorway. He made a movement to lower one of his hands, and the remittance-man rapped out: "Keep them up! My finger's on the trigger!" And the gambler obeyed with a bitter oath. Mr. Henderson strode forward. "What's this, Mr. Beauclerc?" he exclaimed. "You charge this man—"

"I charge him with being Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, the outlaw, and I can prove it!" "Prove it, durn you!" hissed Poker Brown. With his left hand the remittance-man pointed to the bills in the pool. "Take those bills, sheriff, and look at them. You'll find they're the bills stolen from the Thompson bank a few days ago. I have the numbers from the manager. I asked him for them." "I have the numbers, too!" said the sheriff. "Well, look!" A deadly paleness came over Poker Brown's clean-shaven face. Mr. Henderson picked up the bills and examined them, in the midst of a deep silence.

every time an outrage was perpetrated by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. When the bank was held up in Thompson the other day, I galloped at once to Tucker's Tailings, and found that he was not there. I was sure of what I suspected—but I had to have proof. That is why I have played cards with him—" A savage curse from the outlaw interrupted Mr. Beauclerc. Vere was watching his father, his face very bright now. He understood at last. "Sooner or later," went on the remittance-man, "I knew that in the fever of gambling he was likely to lose his caution, and produce stolen bills that he did not intend to show in Thompson. Those bills, taken from the bank, he was keeping hidden, no doubt to pass at another time at a distance. But the gambling spirit was too strong for him—as I guessed it would be sooner or later. He chanced it—not knowing that it was what I was watching for. And so he sealed his own fate. If you search in the shanty at Tucker's Tailings I guess you will find the disguise he wears when he goes on the trail, and probably a good deal of stolen property, too. There's your man, sheriff—Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, of California!" Mr. Henderson's heavy hand dropped on Poker Brown's shoulder. "I guess you'll come with me, Mr. Brown!" he remarked. "I reckon you're the right bird; but never fear, you'll have a fair trial. Ah! Would you?" The desperate rascal, throwing prudence to the winds now that he realised that all was lost, leaped furiously to his feet. His hand clutched at a revolver hidden under his coat. But the sheriff's strong grasp was upon him.

remittance-man's home. The trouble that had lain so heavily upon his heart had been lifted at last. "Beau, old chap!" "By gum! The Cherub looks merry this morning!" The chums of Cedar Creek met on the trail, on their way to school. And Frank Richards and Bob Lawless looked in wonder at Beauclerc's bright face. "Good news, you chaps!" said Beauclerc. "The very best!" And he explained. Bob Lawless hurled his hat into the air, in the exuberance of his satisfaction. "Oh, good!" exclaimed Frank. "And Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones is arrested?" "He's in the calaboose now; the Mounted Police are going to hand him over to the American authorities, I think. The Thompson Valley will be rid of him, anyway!" "Hurrah!" It was a happy day for Vere Beauclerc and his chums. And the satisfaction of the chums of Cedar Creek was shared by most of the citizens of the Thompson Valley, relieved for ever of the presence of Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. THE END.

**TURNING THE TABLES!**

(Continued from page 295.)

It seemed to the unfortunate captain of the Fifth that a forest of boots started up behind him to help him out of Study No. 4. He went out with a rush, and landed on his hands and knees in the passage. But there was no rest for him there. The Fourth-Formers closed round him, and Hansom, of the Fifth, was dribbled along to the staircase, yelling. He bundled headlong down the stairs, and fled. He was followed by yells of laughter. On the lower staircase, Hansom picked himself up dazedly. He rushed down, his only thought to get that tell-tale paper off the notice-board before all Rookwood had seen it. But nearly all Rookwood had seen it already. There was a swarm of fellows round the board, and they were roaring. Even Lumsden and Talboys were grinning. "Hallo! Here he is!" exclaimed Neville, of the Sixth. "My only hat! What have you been doing with your mop, Hansom?" "Ha, ha, ha!" Hansom made no reply. He drove through the yelling crowd with jabbing elbows, reached the board, and tore down the paper. Then he fled for his own study, followed by shrieks of laughter. Hansom of the Fifth was not seen in public again that evening. He did not appear in class the next day. It was stated that Hansom had a cold, and was excused classes. Nearly all Rookwood, however, guessed the nature of his "cold." The hapless Fifth-Former was waiting for his hair to grow! But, cold or no cold, he was unable to lie low long enough for it to grow very much, and his hair presented a rather odd spectacle when he was seen in public again. Hansom was deeply thankful, in fact, that he had signed the paper before Mornington had put in any more work with the scissors. But the paper he had signed was not likely to be forgotten, even after his hair had grown more normal in appearance. Hansom had fagged for the Fourth, and admitted it under his own signature—and there was no getting out of that fact. The Fifth Form chortled him; and even Lumsden and Talboys reproached him. This was the end of his scheme of fagging the Fourth, they told him; and Hansom could not deny it. It certainly was! The thorny question rested after that. Whether Hansom still claimed a right to fag-service or not, he certainly did not intend to enforce his claim. It was, in fact, a game that two could play at; and, having made that valuable discovery, Hansom of the Fifth let the matter drop. But in the Fourth Form there was endless satisfaction. And Morny, who had risen so effectively to the occasion, was no longer called upon even by Tubby Muffin to "resine." THE END.

(Another magnificent story of the Chums of Rookwood School in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND, entitled, "Jimmy Silver's Trial." By Owen Conquest. Order in advance.)



**BEAUCLERC'S GRIEF.** Alone in the shack, the remittance-man's son gave way to the trouble and pain he had felt so long. He did not hear a footstep in the doorway. "Vere!" He started as his name was spoken. "Father!" "Vere, what is the matter?"

Mr. Beauclerc and Poker Brown sat at a card-table near the window, and the remittance-man signed to his son to sit down by them. Vere obeyed in silence. Why his father had brought him there was a mystery to him, and his surroundings were utterly repugnant. The hard, reckless face of Poker Brown filled him with dislike; but he obeyed his father, and sat silent, with an impassive face. A crowd gathered round the poker-table. For several nights past the remittance-man had won heavily from Poker Brown, and the latter was keen on his "revenge." He sat at the table with a big cigar in his mouth and a glass of spirits by his side. It was not a good preparation for a hard tussle, but it was the reckless gamster's way. Beauclerc looked on icily, unmoved by the excitement of the game that followed, though it drew many comments from the onlookers. He understood that it was a tussle—a sort of battle of the giants—between his father and Poker Brown, and most of the habitués of the Occidental were keenly interested in it. The play was deep. There were large sums on the table, and at first the clean-shaven man from Colorado was winning. But he began to lose, and a rather ugly look came over his tanned face. His glass was emptied and refilled several times. There was a murmur among the spectators as a game ended, and Vere saw his father rake in a "pot" which certainly contained over a thousand dollars. The remittance-man's success did not seem to excite him, and it caused no sense of pleasure to his son. Poker Brown sat rather silent, shuffling the cards after the pot had been taken. The remittance-man looked at him with a smile. "Not giving in?" asked Mr. Beauclerc. Poker Brown shook his head, with an oath. "I'll see you!" he answered. "Your deal." The cards went round again. Vere Beauclerc drew a deep breath. Why had his father brought him there? He could not understand. And that smile on the remittance-man's face, the tone of provocation in his voice—it was as if he were bantering the man to play, when common-sense warned the loser to leave off. Vere Beauclerc felt a sickness at his heart. He longed to go, to get away from the sight of it; but he sat still. It was his father's wish, and he obeyed it. He hardly saw the glimmering cards. The money was raining into the pool again, amid excited comments from the Occidental crowd. Other play in the room had almost ceased, and the loungers had gathered round the table to watch the high stakes. Vere Beauclerc was aware that there was a pause, and he looked up. The pool seemed to him to be stacked with banknotes—and Poker Brown was hesitating. The reckless gamsters were playing a "no limit" game, and the remittance-man had put in a bill for five-hundred dollars. It was up to Poker Brown to cover it, or abandon the pot without a struggle. And the sport was hesitating. But the gaming instinct was too strong for him. He turned out his wallet—it was empty. His hands groped in his pockets, and came out empty, too. The remittance-man watched him grimly. Slowly the hand of the gambler went to his breast, and he drew out a bundle of notes. It was apparently a supply of cash he had been unwilling to touch, but in the heat of the struggle he had abandoned prudence, and it was a case of "all in." With an oath, Poker Brown flung a wad of notes into the pool. "I see you, and go five hundred better," he said savagely. "Now cover that, you galoot!" "A thousand dollars there?" asked the remittance-man. "Sure!"

Vere Beauclerc gave a cry. The revolver in the remittance-man's hand never deviated. It was bearing on the startled, enraged face opposite him, within three feet of Poker Brown's nose. The gambler's hands were on the table; he had no chance of drawing a concealed weapon. He glared furiously at the remittance-man. "You—" he began huskily. Mr. Beauclerc's voice rang out again: "Hands up! Unless you put up your hands, Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, I'll shoot you where you sit." "It's a lie!" panted the gambler. "A lie! I'm Brown—Brown, of Colorado—" "You are Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, of California, and I've got you covered. For the last time, hands up!" There was a roar in the poker room of the Occidental now. Poker Brown's teeth came together hard. He cast a wild glance towards the door—then towards the window. But the crowd was thick round the table, and the unwavering revolver looked him in the face. The outlaw's game was up! Slowly, with mad rage in his face, Poker Brown put up his hands, clasping them above his head. Still the remittance-man kept him covered. He was taking no chances

"They are the stolen bills," he said. "These bills were taken from the bank, Mr. Brown, at the point of the pistol, by Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones. How did you come by them?" "I—I guess—" The wretched man's voice faltered and trailed off. There were grim looks round him now, and more than one weapon was in sight. If the man was Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones, who had terrorised the valley, there was no escape for him. And the belief was gaining ground now that the remittance-man was right. Mr. Beauclerc's clear, cool voice broke the silence. "I have been watching the man for a long time. As soon as it came out that Five-Hundred-Dollar Jones' red beard and whiskers were a disguise, I guessed that he had located in Thompson, and that that was how he gained his information for his robberies." "But—" began the amazed sheriff. "Poker Brown was a new-comer in the town, with plenty of money to spend—that is why I looked for him. He pegged out Tucker's Tailings—a worthless claim—and made out that he had made a rich strike there. It was to account for the money he spent, of course. A dozen times I visited the Tailings, without showing myself. I watched the place, and I knew that Poker Brown did little work there—and that he was absent



# Turning the Tables!

A Splendid Complete Story of the Chums of the Fourth Form at Rookwood School.  
By OWEN CONQUEST.

## The 1st Chapter. Unpleasant for Morny!

"Resine!"  
Valentine Mornington stared. Morny had just come up to his study—No. 4 in the Fourth—and he was about to push open the door, when that surprising word, chalked on the panels, caught his eye.  
"Resine!"  
Mornington paused, and blinked at the remarkable word. He did not quite understand it.  
"Hallo! That you, Morny?" came Kit Erroll's cheery voice from within Study No. 4.  
"Yes. Come out here a minute, Kit!"  
"Anything up?"  
"Yes."  
Erroll came out of the study, looking a little surprised. Mornington pointed to the chalked letters on the outside of the door.  
"Look at that!" he said.  
"Oh, my hat!"  
"What the thump does it mean?"  
"Somebody's chalked it there," remarked Erroll—"somebody rather weak in orthography, I should say. Cheeky ass, whoever he was!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. came along the passage from the stairs. It was tea-time, and the Fistical Four were bound for the study. Arthur Edward Lovell had a bundle under his arm, and Raby was carrying, very carefully, a bag of eggs. The four chums stopped at the sight of Morny and Erroll staring at their study door.  
"Hallo! What's that game?" asked Newcome.  
"Only some cheeky ass!" said Erroll hastily. "I'll rub it out, Morny!"  
Lovell blinked at the chalked word.

"Resin," he said. "Resin, with an extra 'e' on the end. What the dickens does it mean? Why should anybody chalk 'Resin' on Morny's door?"  
Jimmy Silver smiled, but made no remark. But Raby chimed in, with a grin:  
"Put the accent on the second syllable, Lovell, old top. Then you'll get at it."  
"Resine!" repeated Lovell. "Oh, resign! I see!"  
And he chortled.

"Resign!" grinned Newcome. "It's a message from somebody who's not satisfied with you as junior captain, Morny."  
Morny's brow darkened.  
"I think I can guess who it was, from the spelling," he said.  
"Tubby Muffin, of course!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "Well, you're not going to resign, Morny, because Tubby Muffin isn't satisfied. Stand him a bun, and he'll think you're the best junior skipper Rookwood ever had."  
"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Mornington did not smile. He was evidently deeply exasperated by that cheeky message from the fattest junior at Rookwood.  
It touched a tender spot, as it were.  
Valentine Mornington had not been junior captain long, but a good many of the fellows who had voted for him had come to the conclusion that they had made a mistake in voting Morny into Jimmy Silver's old place.  
Many of the fellows, who had thought that a change was a good idea, confided to one another now that things had gone better in Jimmy Silver's time.

"Muffin, of course," growled Mornington, "the cheeky cad! I'll talk to him about this!"  
He strode away towards Tubby Muffin's study.  
The hapless Tubby had chalked that message on his door, very surreptitiously, and doubtless firmly believed that he had left no clue behind to his identity. He was not aware that his distinct originality in matters of spelling furnished a clue that could not be missed.

"Morny!" called out Erroll, rather uneasily.  
He did not like the look on his chum's face. Morny had a savage temper when it was roused, and it seemed roused now.

The junior captain did not heed his chum. He strode on to Study No. 2, and threw the door open. Erroll went back into his own room, with a troubled brow. Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged a glance, and followed Mornington to Study No. 2.

There were four juniors in that study at tea—Higgs, Jones minor, Teddy Grace, and Reginald Muffin, otherwise known as Tubby. All four looked up as Morny's frowning face appeared in the doorway.

"Hallo!" said Teddy Grace coolly. "Ever heard of the ancient custom of knocking at a door, Morny?"

"Rot! I want to speak to Muffin."  
"Here I am, Morny!" said Tubby affably. "If you want me to come to tea, old chap, I'm your man. I shall be finished tea here in a few minutes."

"I don't want you to come to tea, you fat rascal!"  
"Eh?"

"Hold on, Morny!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.  
Mornington gave him an angry look.

"You needn't chip in here, Silver. You're not skipper now, if you want reminding of that!"

"I don't," answered Jimmy Silver. "But Tubby isn't worth licking; and besides, he's got a grievance."

"Yes, rather!" said Tubby Muffin, more confidently now he had found a champion. "You ought to resign, Mornington!"

"What?"

"What good are you as captain, anyhow?" demanded Tubby, blinking at the enraged Morny. "You let the Fifth fag us. The Fifth Form never fagged the Fourth in Jimmy Silver's time. They do now. Well, you ought to resign if you can't stand up for the rights of the Form, so you can put that in your pipe and smoke it, Morny!"

"Why, you—"  
"I jolly well did chalk it on your door, and I will again!" said Tubby Muffin defiantly. "Hansom of the Fifth fagged me in his study. You

"Will you get aside, Grace?" asked Mornington between his teeth.

"No, I won't!"  
"Then I'll—"

Jimmy Silver grasped Morny's shoulder as he was striding at Grace. The junior captain gave him a furious look.

"Let go!" he snapped.

"Easy does it, old chap!" murmured Jimmy Silver soothingly. "What's the good of scrapping? Let's keep that for the Fifth now they've got their ears up!"

"You can't bully in this study, Morny!" remarked Higgs. "If you're looking for trouble, there's the Fifth waiting for you."

"Hear, hear!" came from Jones minor.

The Fistical Four were all in the study now. They were between Morny and Tubby Muffin, and evidently intended to see that the fat Tubby was not licked. Mornington's eyes glittered, but, with an effort, he controlled his temper. He gave an angry, disdainful glance round the study, and strode out into the passage.

"He, he, he!" followed him from Tubby Muffin.

"Shut up, you fat sweep!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"I say, Jimmy—"  
"Br-r-r-r!"

"Morny ought to resign, you know, and you ought to be skipper again," said Tubby. "I'll vote for you. I wouldn't have voted for that swanking cad before, only he stood me some tuck. It was really bribery and corruption, you know, and it wasn't right, was it? I can't help despising him. Look here—"

"Oh, dry up!"

Jimmy Silver left the study with his chums. Morny's door slammed as the Fistical Four passed Study No. 4, and Arthur Edward Lovell indulged in a chuckle as the chums went on to their own quarters.  
"He's rubbed it off his door!" he remarked. "Poor old Morny! He

up!" growled Mornington, breaking the silence at last.

"I shouldn't do that, old chap!"

"I haven't really had a chance of making good yet," said Mornington restively. "Tain't all roses being junior skipper. I've a good mind to go along now and give Muffin a thumpin' good hidin'! But he's only said what the other fellows are thinking—I know that."

"Well, Tubby's got a grievance," said Erroll, with a smile. "Hansom of the Fifth fagged him—"

"The fat cad oughtn't to have fagged for Hansom!"

"I know that; but Tubby isn't exactly a hero. Hansom and Lumsden and Talboys had him in their study and licked him. Now, the Fourth don't fag for the Fifth," said Erroll. "We're not going to stand it. Something has got to be done about it, Morny!"

"And it's up to me, you mean?" growled Mornington.

"Well, yes. You're junior captain, and it's up to you to take the lead and give the Fifth a lesson," said Erroll frankly. "Hallo! What on earth's that?"

"That" was a peculiar sound from the passage.

"Yow-ow-ow! Ochohe! Yaroooh! Oh, oh, oh—ow!"

"It's Flynn!" growled Morny.

Erroll opened the door and looked out. A good many other doors had opened, too.

Patrick O'Donovan Flynn of the Classical Fourth was coming along the passage, rubbing his hands dolorously and uttering sounds of woe.

"What's the row, Flynn?" called out Conroy from Study No. 3.

"Ochohe!"

"Bootles been licking you?" asked Erroll sympathetically.

"Sure, it was the Fifth!"

"Hallo! Fagging again?" exclaimed Conroy.

"Yis, intirely!" groaned Flynn.

"Sure, I've got something to say to Morny. Where is the thafe of the worruld?"

Flynn looked in at the door of No. 4, and Mornington gave him a surly glance.

"You omadhaun!" shouted Flynn.

"What?" snapped Morny.

"Ye spalpeen!"

"What are you babbling about?"

"Sure, I've been fagged!" yelled Flynn, in wrath and indignation.

"Lumsden and Brown major, bedad, told me to fetch a cricket-bat, begorra, and laid into me with a stump when I wouldn't go! Call yourself a skipper! Phwat are ye going to do about it? Think Jimmy Silver would have let the Fifth fag us and rag us? Yah!"

And, having relieved his feelings with those emphatic remarks, Patrick O'Donovan Flynn meandered on to his own study, still rubbing his hands and yowing and wowing.

"Yah! Resign!" came a yell from Tubby Muffin along the passage.

Mornington kicked his door shut. There was a grim silence in Study No. 4 as Morny and Erroll went up with their tea.

Morny had plenty of food for uncomfortable thought.

Since he had been junior captain the Fifth had renewed their ancient claim to fag the juniors—a claim fiercely disputed by the Fourth.

In Jimmy Silver's time, certainly, Hansom & Co. had been given as good as they gave, and they had found it judicious to let the Fourth alone. Now they had their ears up again with a vengeance. Jimmy Silver was dutifully standing aside, leaving the lead to be taken by Morny, loyally prepared to back up the new captain to any extent. But the new captain was rather at a loss. It was not easy to decide how to deal with the presumptions of the Fifth.

Hansom & Co. were determined to assert what they were pleased to consider their rights; and they were setting to work with some strategy. They had "tried it on" with the Fistical Four, and failed dismally. But with Tubby Muffin they had been successful; and so the ice was broken, as Hansom expressed it to his chums, and the principle established.

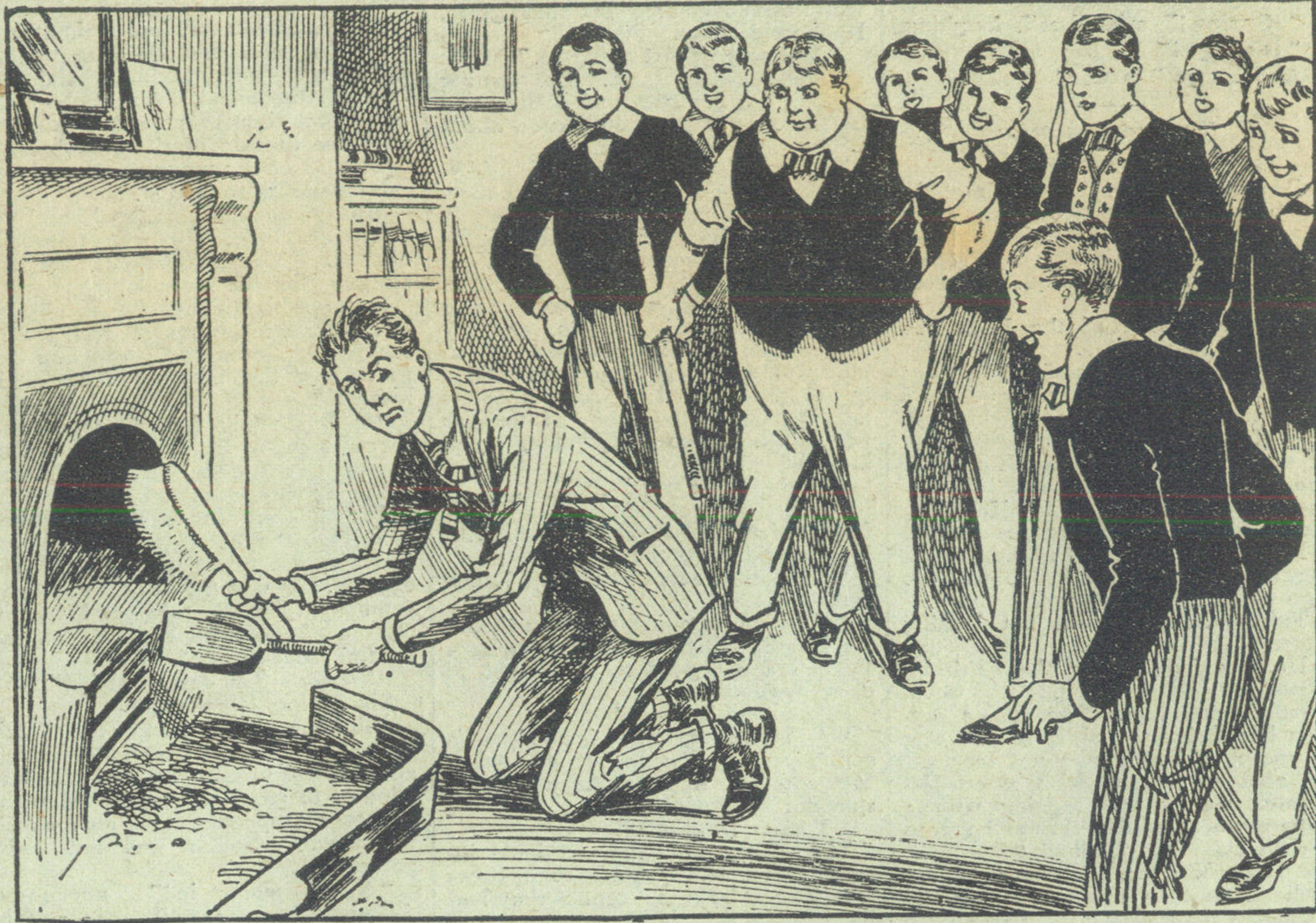
Flynn was the next victim; and though he hadn't actually fagged, he had been licked for refusing to fag, which came to much the same thing.

Licking the Fifth in return was too large an order. The big seniors of the Fifth were rather too hefty for that.

Mornington wondered what Jimmy Silver would have done in his place. It was quite certain that the former junior captain would have devised some scheme for bringing the heroes of the Fifth to reason.

There was a tap at the door as Morny finished tea. He took no heed of it, but Erroll called out "Come in!"

It was Teddy Grace who came in.



**HANSOM FAGS FOR THE JUNIORS!** With a furious face, Edward Hansom knelt at the fender, and swept up the grate and sorted cinders from ashes under Morny's direction. And as his first attempt did not give satisfaction, Morny ordered him to sift them all over again! With a face like a Prussian Hun, Hansom of the Fifth obeyed. There were loud chortles from the Fourth Form crowd as they watched him.

"You've been chalking on my door!"

"Not at all, old chap! I—I don't want you to resign—I don't, really!" stammered Tubby Muffin. "Pi-pip-pip—perhaps it was Jimmy Silver—"

"What?" exclaimed Jimmy, looking in over Morny's shoulder.

Tubby jumped.

"I—I didn't see you, Jimmy, old chap! I—I meant perhaps it was Lovell!"

"Me?" roared Arthur Edward.

"Oh dear! Nunnio, not you, old fellow—certainly not! Pip-pip—perhaps it was Erroll, or—Oswald, or—somebody, you know—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky, fat cad!" exclaimed Mornington angrily. "What do you mean by it?"

"Nothing at all!" gasped Tubby, edging behind Teddy Grace's chair.

"I—I never meant anything, you know!"

"ought to pack up. You're no good! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mornington made an angry stride at Tubby Muffin. Teddy Grace rose from his chair, and stood in the way. Putty of the Fourth was smiling, but he was quite determined.

"Hands off, Morny!" he said quietly.

"Get aside!"

Putty did not move.

"You're not going to touch Tubby!" he said. "What he says is quite true. You ought to back us up against the Fifth, and put a stop to their cheek. If you don't, it's high time you resigned!"

"Yes, rather!" chimed in Tubby Muffin, keeping behind Teddy Grace.

"Resign! Yah!"

Mornington clenched his hands hard, and his eyes glittered at Putty of the Fourth. That cool youth regarded him unmoved. Morny's dark looks had no terrors for him. He was made of rather sterner stuff than Tubby Muffin.

don't seem to be making much of a success of it!"

"He hasn't really had a chance yet," said Jimmy.

"Oh, you're an ass, Jimmy! If you put up again, you'd get nine in ten of the votes!"

"Well, I sha'n't try!" said Jimmy. "Give Morny a chance. We agreed to give him a chance, didn't we?"

"He's had his chance," said Raby, "and precious little he made of it!"

"Oh, bow-wow! Let's have tea!"

And the Fistical Four set to work getting tea, and the subject of Mornington was dropped.

## The 2nd Chapter. Putty's Idea!

Valentine Mornington's handsome face was dark as he sat down at the tea-table in Study No. 4.

Erroll was silent, but good-humoured.

He was accustomed to tolerating patiently the variable moods of his chum.

"I've a jolly good mind to chuck



# Turning the Tables!

(Continued from the previous page.)

Morny did not even look at him. Putty of the Fourth was smiling and good-humoured, as usual; but Morny was anything but good-humoured just then.

"More trouble with the Fifth?" remarked Putty.

"Yes—we've seen Flynn!" said Erroll, with a slight smile.

"What are you going to do about it, Morny?"

"Find out!" was Morny's polite reply.

Teddy Grace coughed.

"I've dropped in to make a suggestion," he observed.

"You can drop out again?"

"So I will, when I've made my suggestion!" answered Putty, with undiminished good-humour. "This won't do, Morny, you know! Hansom is letting alone the chaps who are too hefty for him, and biding his time. But he's getting the Fourth to fag—some of them. Tubby's been told to go to his study and clear up!"

"Is he goin'?" snapped Morny.

"Well, I've told him not to; but he's afraid of getting another licking, so I fancy he'll go."

"I'll thrash him if he does!"

"No, you won't, old top!" said Putty cheerfully. "That isn't the way to stop fagging for the Fifth!"

"Who'll stop me?" demanded Mornington, with a glitter in his eyes.

"Well, I will, for one—and I fancy most of the fellows will stop you fast enough! That isn't the way. We've got to stop the Fifth."

"Well, anyhow, that's my business, not yours!"

"But you seem so jolly slow getting on with your business, Morny! That's why I'm going to offer a suggestion."

"You can keep it!"

"Oh, let Putty run on!" said Erroll. "He has good ideas sometimes. What's your suggestion, Putty?"

"It's a ripping, good idea!" said Putty modestly. "I think of things, you know. But it will need all the fellows to back up to carry it out, and they'll back up if Morny calls on them."

Mornington's brow cleared a little.

"You can run on," he said.

"Thanks; I will! The Fifth have got their ears up, and they've got to get their dashed ears down again. That's agreed, isn't it?"

"Yes."

"We can't—ahem!—lick them; they are too hefty for that. But they claim to fag the Fourth; and that's a claim they've got to give up. Well, what's sauce for the goose is sauce for the gander, isn't it?"

"I suppose so; but I don't quite follow—"

"If the Fifth fag the Fourth, why shouldn't the Fourth fag the Fifth?"

"Eh?"

"That's the stunt!"

"But—"

"I don't say they'll fag if we order 'em!" grinned Putty. "I don't mean that. But suppose we catch Hansom on his own—"

"Yes?"

"Yank him along to this quarter, where his friends can't rescue him—"

"Oh!"

"And fag him!" said Putty.

"He wouldn't fag!"

"Then we'll try the same method with him that he tried with Tubby—lick him till he does fag!" said Putty cheerfully. "That's the stunt. We'll make him clean up grates and wash teacups—"

"Oh, gad!"

"And fag him till he goes down on his knees and begs pardon, and signs a paper—"

"Signs a paper?" yelled Erroll.

"Yes, signs a paper giving up his claim to fag the Fourth—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"He wouldn't!" gasped Mornington.

"He might be persuaded to—by shaving his eyebrows off—"

"His—his eyebrows!"

"Certainly; and his hair!" said Putty. "Before he was quite bald, I am sure he would agree!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There was a roar of laughter in Study No. 4. Putty grinned at the junior captain complacently.

"Rather a nobby stunt—what?" he asked.

"Ha, ha! Yes, if it will work!"

"That's for you to manage, Morny! I've only made the suggestion, you know. Think it over."

And Putty of the Fourth lounged out of the study. Mornington looked at his chum, and smiled.

"Not a bad idea—what?" he remarked.

"Ripping!" said Erroll, laughing. "It's a go!"

And a "go" it was!

### The 3rd Chapter. Hansom is satisfied!

Edward Hansom, the captain of the Fifth, was looking quite cheery as he came into his study with his bat under his arm. Lumsden and Talboys followed him in, with equally cheery looks.

The great man of the Fifth had reason to be satisfied.

Reginald Muffin was in the study! Muffin, certainly, was not ordinarily a person whom it was delightful to behold. There was a plentiful lack of appreciation in his own Form for the delights of his society. But on the present occasion, in Hansom's study, he was, as it were, a symbol.

He was of the Fourth, and he was fagging for the Fifth! He was the sign of Hansom's victory.

Tubby, however, was not looking cheery.

He was fagging for the Fifth by Hansom's lofty order, lest worse should befall him. The junior captain had failed to put Hansom's ears down; and Tubby was not in want of another licking with a cricket-stump. So he was fagging with a deep sense of injury. It was no wonder that he had chalked "Resine!" on Morny's door. He was feeling inclined to take much more drastic measures than that if such had been possible.

He gave the Fifth-Formers a dark look.

But Hansom of the Fifth did not intend to have dark looks from his fag. He took Tubby Muffin by a fat ear.

"What are you scowling about?" he inquired pleasantly.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Now, then—"

"Pip-pip-please, I—I wasn't scowling!" wailed Tubby Muffin. "Leggo my ear, you beast!"

"What?"

"I—I mean, please, Hansom!"

"That's better!" grinned Hansom, releasing Tubby's fat ear. "I don't want any cheek from my fag, Muffin!"

"Ow!"

"Why, you've broken one of the cups, you clumsy young villain!"

"Pip-pip-please, I c-c-couldn't help it!" gasped Tubby.

"Give me that stamp, Lumsden!"

"Here you are, old top!"

Whack!

"Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin.

"Oh, you rotter!"

"What?"

"I—I mean, d-d-don't!"

"If you break any more of my crocks, Muffin, I'll scalp you!" said Hansom sternly. "I can't have fags breaking crocks in my study. You've got to replace that cup!"

"Ow!"

"Bring a new one next time you come here to fag!" said Hansom.

"P-putty says I'm not to come—"

"What?" roared Hansom.

"I—I mean, I'm coming, whether Putty likes it or not. I—I like to come, you know!" moaned Tubby.

"You'd better!" growled Hansom.

"I'm going to make you my regular fag, Muffin."

"Oh dear!"

"You're to turn up here every day at tea-time. I believe you can cook. You're to get my tea every day."

"Ye-es, Hansom!"

"And if you burn the toast, Muffin, I'm sorry for you—that's all!"

"I—I won't b-b-burn it, Hansom!"

"You'd better not. Now, then, you haven't cleared up that grate. It's horrid dusty. Pile in!"

"I—I was j-just going to."

"Well, get to work. I'm coming back in ten minutes, and if the room isn't like a new pin, you'll know about it!"

"Ye-es, Hansom!" groaned Tubby.

The Fifth-Formers put down their bats, and lounged out of the study again, grinning. Their lofty claims to fag-service were being admitted after all—at least, by Reginald Muffin.

"That's only a beginnin', you know," remarked Hansom, as they strolled down the passage. "I'm going to bring all those unruly kids to reason in the long run. Dash it all, it's better for them as well as us—nothin' like discipline, you know!"

"Nothin'!" agreed Talboys.

"It's simply rot that they shouldn't fag for the Fifth as well as the Sixth. Why shouldn't they?"

"No reason at all!" agreed Lumsden.

"Well, we're going to make them! As I said, it's better for them, too. It does a kid good to be taught to obey orders."

"Of course it does!"

"And tea in the study is much more comfy with a fag doin' the work. My opinion is that faggin' is a splendid institution!"

"Toppin'!" said Talboys.

The chums of the Fifth quite agreed on that. Possibly their views would have been different if they had been fags. But they weren't fags, so they did not consider that aspect of the case.

Hansom's foot helped Jones minor out of the study, and he fled to the quarters of the Fourth, bursting with rage and indignation, to pour his woes into sympathetic ears.

Tubby Muffin, however, was rewarded with a tart for his fag services.

He left Hansom's study in a more contented frame of mind than the hapless Jones.

"I believe in treatin' fags well," Hansom remarked to his chums. "Lick 'em till they know their place, and then treat 'em well. That's my idea."

And Lumsden and Talboys agreed that it was a good idea.

### The 4th Chapter.

#### In the hands of the Amalekites!

"Ready?" whispered Mornington.

"Ready!" Jimmy Silver whispered back.

And there was a hush.

On the landing of the lower staircase six juniors of the Classical Fourth were in ambush, with bated breath.

The light on the landing had been turned out. All was dark, and all was silent.

Mornington and Erroll, Jimmy Silver and Lovell, Conroy and Rawson, were the six. And there were many more of the Fourth waiting, with bated breath, in the Fourth Form passage, up the next staircase, till the signal should be given that the enemy had walked into the trap.

Hansom of the Fifth was the enemy!

Hansom had been under observation for some time—in fact, all the evening. Scouts of the Fourth had ascertained when Hansom was at prep in his study. They had noted that Lumsden had gone down to the gym with Brown major, and that Talboys remained in the study doing "maths." They had noted, especially, that Edward Hansom had gone along to the Sixth Form quarters after prep.

A breathless scout had rushed back with the news that Hansom was in Bulkeley's study, talking to the captain of Rookwood. Probably Hansom was discussing cricket matters with the captain of the school, little dreaming of the measures the wrathful Fourth were taking.

Morny was in command, and he rapped out orders that were promptly obeyed. The ambush of six was stationed on the lower landing.

Hansom had to pass that landing, if he returned to his study. And one of the junior scouts had heard him call to Talboys that he would look in for him.

All was ready for Hansom; and there was a thrill of excitement among the juniors when a step was heard on the stairs.

The landing was in darkness, but from below came a glimmer of light, and the ambushed juniors watched eagerly. It was a Fifth-Former who came up, but it was not Hansom. Jobson of the Fifth stumbled on the landing, and grunted.

"Where's that dashed light?"

Six juniors lay very low.

Jobson went on into the Fifth Form passage, without troubling about the light that was out. He was allowed to pass, and he passed without even suspecting that an ambush was there. Jobson was not their game.

"Next man in!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell, when Jobson's footsteps died away, and there was a subdued chuckle.

Next man in was Hansom himself. The juniors caught a glimpse of him in the light below, and they hardly breathed as he came up the stairs. There was a grunt from Hansom as he came to the landing.

"That dashed light out! Some fag playing tricks, I suppose. Br-r-r!"

Hansom came on.

"Now, then!"

It was a sharp call from Mornington.

There was a rush of feet, and before Edward Hansom knew what was happening he was seized on all sides, and he went down on the landing with a crash.

"Oh! Yooop! Ah-h-h-h!"

"The bag—quick!"

"Yaroooh! Leggo! Help!"

The next moment a bag was over Hansom's head, and was drawn tightly round his neck.

"Got him!"

"Quiet!"

"Bring him along."

Hansom of the Fifth struggled furiously.

After the first moment or two of blank astonishment, he guessed, easily enough, into whose hands he had

fallen, and struggled and wrestled and punched and roared for help.

But the bag over his head drowned his yells, and six pairs of hands made short work of his resistance.

He was lifted from the floor and rushed away to the next staircase.

Morny gave a whistle, which was answered from above, and a swarm of juniors came dashing down the upper staircase.

"Got him?" gasped Raby.

"You bet!"

"Hurrah!"

"Lend a hand!"

"Yank him along! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Grooog-ogooogggh!" came a voice from within the bag. "Oh! Ooooooh! Grooooch! Oooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wriggling wildly in the grasp of his captors, Hansom of the Fifth was whirled up the stairs. He was a good weight, but his weight was nothing in so many hands making light work. Nine or ten juniors had hold of him now, and Tubby Muffin and Jones minor had an ear each through the bag. And they pulled at the ears with great vim. They had fagged for Hansom, and now they were indemnifying themselves. And the wild, weird, and woeful sounds from within the bag hinted that the captain of the Fifth was feeling the situation acutely.

There was no doubt that he was.

The unfortunate fagger of the Fourth was upside down as he was rushed along the Fourth Form passage, and his head bumped several times.

But nobody was thinking about Hansom's head.

He was rushed into Study No. 4, and deposited on the carpet with a resounding bump.

He rolled there, gasping.

The juniors swarmed into the study after him. Morny and Erroll and the Fistical Four, Conroy and Van Ryn and Pons and Rawson, found room in the study with Hansom. The rest congregated round the door. All the Classical Fourth were there, with very few exceptions, and some of the Modern Fourth; though the latter, at that hour, were supposed to be in Mr. Manders' House. But Tommy Dodd & Co. were not to be left out of this.

Edward Hansom sat up on the carpet, clutching at the bag on his head. He snatched it off and got his head out—a very ruffled and dishevelled head. He gasped for breath, and glared furiously at the grinning juniors.

"Yooooooh!" was his first remark.

"Go it!" said Jimmy Silver encouragingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you—you—" Hansom stammered breathlessly. "You—you—you cheeky young scoundrels!"

"Let me give him a cosh!" gasped Tubby Muffin. "I've only pulled his ear, so far. He fagged me, you know. Stumped me! Lemme gerrat at him! I want to give him a cosh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tubby Muffin, valorous as a lion now, rushed into the study, with his fat fists clenched.

"Here, hold on!" exclaimed Mornington.

"I'm going to give him a cosh!" roared Tubby Muffin. "He's fagged he, hasn't he, and stumped me, too?"

"You—you—" gasped Hansom. Biff!

A fat fist smote the breathless Fifth-Former on the nose, and he rolled on the carpet again.

There was a roar from Hansom.

"Now, lemme give him another! I'll—"

Jimmy Silver dragged the infuriated Tubby back.

"Stop it, you mad porpoise!"

"I've only given him one!"

"Roll that barrel out!" said Mornington.

"Look here, Morny, I'm going to give him one in the eye!" roared Tubby Muffin indignantly. "I tell you—"

The indignant Tubby was pushed out. Hansom of the Fifth was scrambling breathlessly to his feet, quite wild with rage. His nose showed signs of the heavy punch that had been delivered with Tubby's weight behind it.

"I—I—I'll smash you!" panted Hansom.

"Go ahead!" grinned Mornington.

Hansom went ahead. He was far too enraged to count odds at that moment. He made a furious rush for the door, hitting out as he rushed.

The juniors piled on him at once.

Against such heavy odds, even the athletic Fifth-Former had not the ghost of a chance. He went to the floor again with a crash.



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"Now stay there!" said Mornington.  
 "Better stay there, old top!" advised Teddy Grace. "Every time you get up you'll be knocked down."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Hansom tried his luck again, however. He scrambled up and rushed on the juniors. Down he went again, bumping. And this time he stayed down. He was too breathless for any further resistance just then.

**The 5th Chapter.**  
**Sauce for the Gander.**

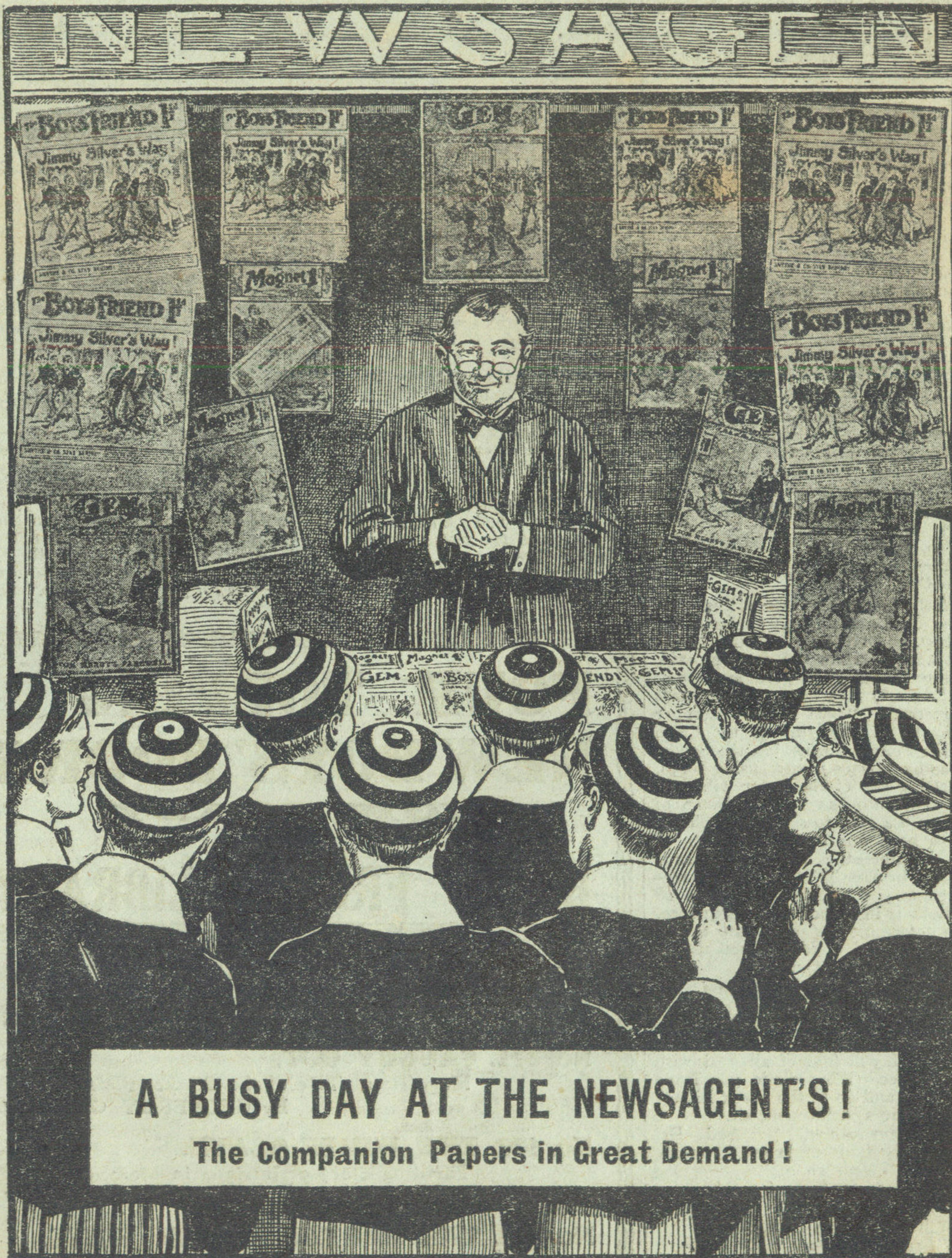
Valentine Mornington glanced round at the juniors in the passage.  
 "See if any of the Fifth are coming," he said. "They may have heard."  
 "Right-ho!" said Putty.  
 Putty of the Fourth cut off to the stairs. But he returned in a minute or less, smiling.  
 "All serene!" he said. "No alarm!"  
 "Good!"  
 "Ow, ow, ow, ow!" Hansom was mumbering, from his seat on the carpet.  
 "If there's an alarm, and they try a rescue, they've got to be stopped!" said Mornington.  
 "You bet!"  
 "Now, Hansom—"  
 "Grooooh!"  
 "Sit up and pay attention, Hansom!"  
 "Wow!"  
 "You've been fagging the Fourth!" continued Mornington, with a stern glance fixed on the gasping Fifth-Former.  
 "Oooch!"  
 "You're goin' to have a lesson."  
 "Ow! Wow!"  
 "You've been brought here to fag!" said Mornington.  
 "Eh?"  
 "Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Hansom, still gasping, blinked at the grinning juniors. He was in the toils, and he realised it; his lofty frowns had no more effect on Morny and his followers than water on a duck.  
 And he could see that the Fourth-Formers meant business.  
 "Get up, Hansom!" rapped out Mornington.  
 Hansom staggered to his feet.  
 "Get to work!"  
 "What?"  
 "The grate is rather grubby," said Morny. "You're to sweep it up. There's a broom there. Then you're to polish the fender!"  
 "Wha-a-at!"  
 "After that, there's teacups for you to wash up!"  
 "Wa-wa-wash up!" repeated Hansom dazedly.  
 "Exactly!"  
 "You cheeky fag!" shrieked Hansom.  
 "Are you going to begin?"  
 "No!" roared the captain of the Fifth.  
 "You know how you persuaded Tubby and Jones to fag. You'll get some of the same if you don't begin sharp!"  
 "I-I-I'll—"  
 "Are you going to fag?"  
 "No!" shrieked Hansom.  
 "Collar him!" said Mornington.  
 Hansom put up his hands as the juniors closed in on him. He was down almost in a twinkling, however, and the Fistical Four grasped him and stretched him over a chair.  
 "Tubby, take that stump!"  
 "What-ho!" giggled Tubby Muffin.  
 He grasped the cricket-stump very readily. Tubby had not forgotten his own stumping in Hansom's study. He was ready to repay that stumping now with compound interest.  
 "A dozen to begin with!" directed Mornington.  
 "Leave it to me!"  
 Whack, whack, whack, whack!  
 Tubby Muffin was not an athlete; but he put remarkable muscular powers into the stumping. Hansom of the Fifth was well placed to receive it. He wriggled, and roared like a bull, as the lashes rained down.  
 Whack, whack, whack!  
 "Stoppit!" shrieked Hansom. "I'll—I'll— Oh, my hat! Help! Yoop! Yaroooh! Stoppit!"  
 Whack, whack, whack!  
 "Yooooop!"  
 Whack, whack!  
 "Help!"  
 "Chuck it, Tubby! That's a dozen!"  
 "Lemme give him some more!"  
 "Hold on! Are you going to fag now, Hansom?"  
 "No!" raved Hansom.  
 "Give him another dozen, Tubby!"  
 "He, he, he! You watch me!"  
 Whack, whack, whack! Tubby seemed to think he was beating

carpets. The wild howls of Hansom of the Fifth rang through the study, though they were almost drowned by the roars of laughter from the Fourth.  
 "Say when!" said Mornington, laconically.  
 "Yow-ow-ow! Yoop! Stoppit!"  
 "Say when you've had enough, old top!"  
 "That's a dozen!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "Give him a rest, Tubby!"  
 "Have you had enough, Hansom?"  
 "You young fiends—"  
 "Will you fag now?"  
 "No!" yelled Hansom desperately.  
 "Go it, Tubby!"  
 Tubby Muffin "went" it. Whack, whack, whack! The energy of the fat Classical seemed quite undiminished. It was a congenial occupation for the ill-used Tubby. Whack, whack, whack!  
 Hansom made a frenzied effort to drag himself away; but the Fistical Four had him fast. The stump continued to rise and fall.  
 "Your own medicine, you know," said Jimmy Silver. "That's what you gave Muffin till he fagged!"  
 "Yaroooooh!"  
 Whack, whack!  
 "Stoppit!" yelled Hansom. "I—I—I give in! Ow! Stoppit!"  
 "Hold on, Tubby! You'll fag, Hansom?" asked Mornington.  
 "Yow-ow-ow! Yes!" groaned the Fifth-Former.  
 "Good! Let him go!"  
 Jimmy Silver & Co. released the captain of the Fifth. Hansom leaned on the mantelpiece, and gasped. It was, as Jimmy had remarked, only a dose of his own medicine; but it was evidently not to Hansom's taste. Discipline was a great thing; but it had its drawbacks when applied to oneself.  
 "I'm waiting, Hansom!" remarked Mornington.  
 "I—I—I—" gasped the hapless senior.  
 "Get on with the fagging, sharp!" And Hansom obeyed.

There was really nothing else to be done. Tubby Muffin was prepared to go on with the stumping till bedtime; and the other fellows were ready to hold Hansom while he stumped. It was fagging or stumping; and Hansom had had enough of the stump.  
 So he fagged.  
 There were loud chortles from the Fourth Form crowd as they watched him.  
 With a furious face, Edward Hansom knelt at the fender, swept up the grate, and sorted cinders from ashes under Morny's direction. And as his first attempt did not give satisfaction, Morny ordered him to sift them all over again. With a face like a Prussian Hun, Hansom of the Fifth obeyed.  
 Then he started washing up the tea-things.  
 There were howls of irrepressible merriment from the Fourth. The doorway and the passage outside were crammed with hilarious juniors.  
 But Hansom did not feel like laughing. His face, as Lovell remarked, resembled that of a demon in a pantomime as he washed up. He ventured to let one cup fall to the floor, and his ears were promptly boxed for the breakage. After that he was careful not to break any more crockery.  
 "He hasn't polished the fender!" squeaked Tubby Muffin, when the washing-up was finished.  
 "Get on with the fender, Hansom!"  
 "I—I—I'll—"  
 "Keep that stump handy!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 Tubby Muffin was ready with the stump. But Hansom did not want any more of it; he had too many aches and pains already. He started on the fender, and polished away as if his life depended on it. The juniors shrieked with laughter as he fagged. The sight of the captain of the Fifth on his knees in Morny's

study, polishing the fender was irresistible.  
 "I think that will do!" said Mornington at last. "You've done that quite well, Hansom!"  
 "Now let me get out of this, you young rotters!" hissed Hansom. He was thinking, with anguish, of what all Rookwood would say when the story of the fagging spread over the school. It was not likely to remain a secret.  
 "Not just yet!" said Mornington. "I've got a paper here for you to sign, Hansom."  
 "Read it out!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.  
 Morny read out the paper:  
 "Whereas I, Edward Hansom, of the Fifth Form, have had the cheek to think of fagging the Fourth, and whereas I have been justly compelled to fag for the Fourth myself, I hereby certify that I give up my cheeky claim to fag-service, and humbly beg the pardon of the Fourth Form, and promise to behave myself in future like a good boy. As witness my signature,  
 —"  
 Hansom's face was a study as he listened. Morny dipped a pen in the inkpot and presented it to him.  
 "You sign your name there, Hansom."  
 "I won't!" roared Hansom.  
 He made a frantic rush for the door. But he was promptly collared, and plumped into a chair.  
 "Hold him!" said Mornington cheerfully. "Give me the scissors, Kit!"  
 Erroll handed him the scissors. Hansom, helpless, in the grasp of five or six fellows, looked at him with dire apprehension, wondering what he was going to do with the scissors. He soon discovered.  
 Snip!  
 A lock of hair brushed past Hansom's nose, and fell on the knees of his

trousers. And there was a shriek from the Fourth Form crowd.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
**The 6th Chapter.**  
**Victory!**  
 Hansom of the Fifth sat petrified. He could scarcely believe his eyes. Snip!  
 He began to struggle frantically.  
 "Better keep still," advised Mornington. "I might snip your ear by mistake—"  
 "Yarooooh!"  
 "There! I told you so!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "You—you—you young villain!" panted Hansom. "Let my hair alone!"  
 Snip! Another lock fell.  
 "My dear man, I'm going to cut every hair off your head, if you don't sign that paper!" said Mornington. "And if you don't sign it then, I'm goin' to begin on your eyebrows!"  
 "Oh, you—you—"  
 Snip, snip, snip!  
 The scissors were getting busy.  
 Mornington was not an experienced hairdresser. He got the hair off fast enough, but it could not be called a neat job. There were bald spots showing on Hansom's head now.  
 "You—you— Stop it!" gasped Hansom. "You—you're disfiguring me! You—you young hooligan! Stop it!"  
 "Are you going to sign the paper?"  
 "No!" shrieked Hansom.  
 Snip, snip, snip, snip!  
 There was a rain of hair on Hansom's knees.  
 It was more than flesh and blood could bear. Already Hansom's appearance was likely to evoke smiles when he appeared in public. He howled to Morny to stop it.  
 "Hold on! Stop it! I—I—I'll do anything you like!"  
 "You'll sign the paper?"  
 "Yes!" gasped Hansom.  
 "Just in time to save your top-knot!" said Mornington.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Give him a pen, Putty."  
 Putty Grace placed the pen in Hansom's fingers. The Fifth-Former hesitated a moment, calculating the chances of a struggle. But there was really no chance; and Morny gave a threatening flourish with the scissors. Hansom decided to sign.  
 "Your usual signature, you know," said Mornington coolly. "If it isn't quite your usual style, Hansom, off comes one of your eyebrows, and I'll draw up a fresh paper for you!"  
 And that timely warning caused Hansom to change the intention that had already formed in his mind.  
 With a Hunnish look on his face, the hapless Fifth-Former signed his name at the bottom of the paper.  
 Morny examined the signature carefully.  
 "Your eyebrow goes off, if it's not all right!" he remarked.  
 Fortunately for Hansom, the signature was all right. He had not ventured to depart from his usual style.  
 "That will do!" announced Mornington. "I'm going to post this paper up on the board, Hansom, for all Rookwood to read!"  
 "Oh! You—you let me go!"  
 "After it's posted up!" agreed Mornington.  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "Keep him here till I come back, you fellows!"  
 "Yes, rather!"  
 Mornington left the study, and Hansom, helpless in the grasp of the juniors, groaned in anguish of spirit. He could guess with what hilarity that precious paper would be read when it was put on the notice-board.  
 In a few minutes Mornington returned, with a smile on his face. Hansom gave him a wolfish look.  
 "Posted it?" asked Lovell.  
 "Yes; I've pinned it on the board," smiled Mornington. "Bulkeley, of the Sixth, was reading it when I came away. He seemed rather amused!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 "There's quite a crowd round the notice-board now. Most of the fellows seem interested—especially the Fifth!"  
 "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.  
 "I—I—I'll make you sit up for this!" gasped Hansom. "I—I—I—" "We've done with you now, old top! I think you mentioned, Jones, that Hansom booted you out of his study when he was done with you?"  
 "Yes, rather!" said Jones minor, with a vengeful glare at Hansom.  
 "Sauce for the gander!" said Mornington. "Kick him out!"  
 Jones minor rushed in for the first kick. But none of the fellows were backward in coming forward. It was a unique occasion; a chance that was not to be missed.  
 (The conclusion of this story appears on page 291.)



**JUST A REMINDER!** "The Boys' Friend" and the "Magnet" Library appear every Monday, the "Gem" Library every Wednesday, and "The Penny Popular" every Friday—so that readers of the famous Companion Papers are well provided with wholesome literature throughout the whole week. Verb. sap!

