

The BOYS' FRIEND ^{1d} _{1 1/2}

TWELVE PAGES!

No. 952. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending September 6th, 1919.

The Right Sort!



HELP FOR THE HEADMASTER!

The newcomer took in the situation at a glance, and sprang boldly to the rescue of Dr. Chisholm. Right and left he hit out, and two of the rascals rolled in the dust.

The 1st Chapter. Not Good Enough.

Bang!
Jimmy Silver of the Fourth Form at Rookwood brought his fist down upon the table in the end study.
"It's not good enough!" he exclaimed.
The leader of the Fistical Four had been sitting at the study table with a very thoughtful expression on his face, and he had suddenly come out of his reverie with that emphatic remark, which resulted in dire consequences for his chums.
Arthur Edward Lovell was writing a letter on one corner of the table, and Raby and Newcome were scribbling away at an imposition as if for dear life.
The sudden crash of Jimmy Silver's fist meeting the table was very disastrous, both to Lovell's letter and the impots.
The inkpot danced dangerously,

and finally scattered a choice selection of blots all over the table.
"Wharrer you doing?"
"You silly fathead!"
"It's not good enough!" repeated Jimmy Silver dreamily.
"Look at my letter!" roared Arthur Edward Lovell.
"I tell you—"
"Look at my impot!" growled Raby and Newcome in unison.
The leader of the Fistical Four did not heed. Lovell's ruined letter, and Raby and Newcome's impots did not appeal to him in the least. He thumped the table again.
"It's not good enough!"
"I should jolly well say it isn't!" roared Raby, holding up his ruined impot. "I shall have to do the beastly thing all over again, and Carthew wants it in half an hour, you burbling ass!"
"Blow your impot!"
"Eh?"

"This isn't a time to be thinking of impots!"
Jimmy Silver's chums glared at him.
"I've got to write this over again!" howled Newcome.
"Oh, rats!"
Jimmy Silver brought his fist down upon the table once more, which rocked ominously.
"I tell you it's not good enough!"
The tea-things, which had been heaped in the centre of the table, danced uncertainly, and a cup half-filled with tea shot out into Lovell's waistcoat.
"There was a roar from Lovell as he dabbed at his waistcoat with his handkerchief.
"You burbling chump, Jimmy!"
"Collar the ass!" exclaimed Raby wrathfully. "He's getting dangerous!"
"I'll teach him to muck up my impot!" howled Newcome.
And with one accord the occupants

of the end study hurled themselves upon their leader.
Jimmy Silver jumped up and backed away, but their grasp was upon him, and he was rushed down upon the floor with the Co. sprawling on top of him.
Raby caught his foot in the tablecloth, and tea-things, impots, and inkpot descended into the fireplace with a clatter.
"Ow! Yow!" howled Lovell, as a flying saucer caught him in the back of the neck.
"Yarooogh!" roared Jimmy Silver, as Newcome sat on his head.
"I'll teach you to ruin my impot!"
"Bump him!"
"That's the idea!"
Bump!
"Ow; Stoppit, you asses. I was going to say—"
Bump!
"Yarooogh!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you—"
Bump!
Jimmy Silver struggled desperately in the grasp of his exasperated chums. What he wanted to tell them was unknown. Raby, Newcome and Lovell did not want to hear it. They were content with bumping their leader.
Bump!
"Yarooogh!"
The study door opened, and Mornington, the junior captain at Rookwood looked in. A grin came over his handsome face as he gazed on the scene.
"What's the little game?" he drawled.
Bump!
"Yow! Help!" roared Jimmy Silver.
"Get out, Morny," said Raby. "Jimmy has suddenly gone dotty, and we're knocking a little sense into him."
(Continued on the next page.)



Continued
from
the
previous
page.

THE RIGHT SORT!

"What's he done?" inquired Mornington, with a chuckle.
"He's mucked up my impot!"
"And mine!" howled Raby.
"He's spoiled my letter!"
"Leggo, you asses! I was only saying— Yow! Lend us a hand, Mornny, and drag these chumps off my neck."
"He looks as if he's had enough," drawled Mornington, "and you chaps look as if you had been through a mangle."

Raby, Newcome, and Lovell paused and looked at each other. Certainly they were in a queer state. Lovell's collar had parted company with his tie, which was somewhere round the back of his neck, and a huge blot of ink gave colour to the complexion of Raby, while Newcome's nose was fast becoming inflamed as he dabbed at the crimson stain which flowed from that organ.

Jimmy Silver sat up breathlessly. He hadn't much breath left, but what little he had he expended in a yell of laughter as he beheld the ludicrous spectacle of his chums.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Raby, Newcome, and Lovell bestowed wrathful glances upon their leader as he sat on the floor, but their wrathful glances changed to merriment as they saw the funny sight Jimmy Silver presented.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Jimmy Silver looked up inquiringly.
"Shut up, you asses!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The leader of the Fistical Four scrambled to his feet, and viewed himself in the mirror over the mantelpiece.

"Great Scott!"
Jimmy Silver's face had suffered considerably in that little scuffle. Evidently the inkpot must have found a resting-place when it left the table, for the greater portion of the ink seemed to have affectionately attached itself to his face.

Jimmy Silver gave a roar as he saw his reflection. In the scuffle he had not noticed the presence of the ink on his face. He had been too busy, but the fact of its presence now alarmed him.

With a rush, he bolted out of the study, and made for the bath-room, and for the next half hour he scrubbed away at his face till it resembled in colour the proverbial lobster. When at length he rejoined his chums who were sitting at the table and writing industriously, he held up his hand.

"I was going to say—"
"Dry up!"
Jimmy Silver snorted.

"You chaps remind me of Horatio who fiddled while Rome was burning. Your blessed impots can wait!"
"Horatio!" roared Lovell, looking up from his letter. "It was Nero!"
"Well, I don't care who it was," said Jimmy Silver hastily. "But you fellows remind me of him. The honour of the Fourth is at stake, and all you can burble about is impots and letters."

"What's the matter with the honour of the Fourth?" asked Raby.
"Why that rotter, Carthew, is going it a bit too thick!"

At the mention of Carthew Jimmy Silver's chums looked up. Mr. Bootles, master of the Fourth Form, had been called away to London on important business, and Mark Carthew, a prefect of the Sixth had been placed in charge of the Fourth during the master's absence, by order of Dr. Chisholm. He had commenced his reign as Form-master with a liberal distribution of canings and impots. Mark Carthew did not like the Fourth, especially Jimmy Silver & Co., and it was in his nature to take advantage of his position, and make things hot for the heroes of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver & Co had had many tussles with the black sheep of the Sixth, and generally came off best,

but it was the prefect's turn now, and he was making himself felt.

"Something ought to be done," murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Hear, hear!"

"Is that what you were trying to tell us an hour ago?" asked Lovell.

Jimmy Silver snorted.

"Yes. You chumps wouldn't listen!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's up to us—the Fourth I mean—to squash Carthew," went on Jimmy Silver unheedingly.

"Hear, hear!"

"And I suggest calling a meeting."

"Good egg!" agreed Raby.

"Let's go and talk to Mornington."

And the Fistical Four made their way to Study No. 4 occupied by Mornington, the junior captain, and Kit Erroll.

The 2nd Chapter. The Meeting.

"Come in!" sang out Kit Erroll, as there came a tap at the door of Study No. 4.

Jimmy Silver & Co. walked in. Mornington, who was looking out of the window, turned round as he heard their approach.

"Well?" he demanded, with a smile.

"I've just dropped in to make a suggestion," began Jimmy Silver.

Mornington nodded encouragingly.

Since he had taken the place of Jimmy Silver as junior captain, he had come to rely upon the judgment and advice of that junior.

"I think it's up to the Fourth to take Carthew down a peg!" went on Jimmy Silver.

"He's too heavy handed!" chimed in Lovell.

"Shut up, Lovell!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I'm doing the talking!"

"Brrr!"

"I think you ought to call a meeting, Mornny, and put it to the vote."

"Yes," drawled Mornington, with a gleam in his eyes. "The rotter isn't playing the game. He caned me this morning for whistling in the passage, by gad!"

The Fistical Four looked sympathetic. They, too, had felt the severity of Carthew's canings.

There was silence in the study for a moment.

"Yes, by gad, I'll call a meetin'," said Mornington, after a pause.

"Good!"

"If we can't think out a way to make Carthew sit up, I'll eat my hat," said Jimmy Silver.

"Don't be so rash, Jimmy, hats cost a deuce of a price these days, and even your indulgent pater would stick at buying you a new one this term," said Arthur Edward Lovell.

"Fathead!"

Mornington scribbled out a notice to the effect that he was calling a meeting of the Fourth Form in the Common-room, and the juniors walked over to the notice board and pinned it up. Instantly the news buzzed round the Fourth, and discussion waxed hot. Practically everyone had guessed that it was to do with Mark Carthew that the meeting had been called, and all eagerly awaited the meeting which was to be held after prep.

As the Fourth took their places at prep, Carthew, ash-plant in hand, strode into the room, and ran his eye over the form.

A gleam of satisfaction came into his eye as he saw the place usually occupied by Tubby Muffin, the fat Classical junior, vacant.

"Where's Muffin?" he asked, with a flourish of the ash-plant.

"I'm here, Carthew!"

Tubby Muffin, books in hand, rolled in at the door, and glanced nervously at the prefect.

"Come here!"

The fat junior, trembling in every limb, went over to the desk.

"You're late!"

"Oh, really, Carthew—" began Tubby helplessly.

"You're late!" repeated Carthew, with a glare.

"I—I'm sorry!" mumbled Muffin.

"Hold out your hand!"

"Look here, I—"

Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Mark Carthew brought the cane down viciously upon the hapless Tubby's ample shoulders.

"Hold out your hand!"

Tubby Muffin, keeping one eye on the cane and the other upon the face of the furious prefect, held out his hand. Carthew, with a glimmer of a smile upon his face, poised the cane aloft, enjoying the terror he fancied the fat Classical was feeling on his account.

Down came the cane, followed by a yell; but the yell did not come from Muffin. And, to the surprise of the juniors, Carthew began to dance about on one leg, clasping the other tenderly.

"Ow! Yow! You young scoundrel!" howled Carthew.

Tubby Muffin had not waited for the cane to reach his hand. At the critical moment he had pulled his hand away, and Carthew had received the full benefit of the stroke upon the fleshy portion of his leg.

He danced round the desk like a Dervish, still clasping his injured leg.

"Oh! Ow! My leg!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors were laughing now; they were enjoying this little scene enacted by Carthew, and they showed appreciation accordingly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Go it, Carthew!"

"Silence!" roared Carthew, realising that his dignity was suffering.

"The next boy who speaks I shall cane severely!"

The laughing died down, and the juniors settled down to their work.

The cause of all the trouble—Tubby Muffin—had quietly rolled to his place, and for the time being was forgotten; but when prep. was finished Carthew collared the fat Classical as he was sneaking towards the door, and waited till all the juniors had passed out.

"Now, you young scoundrel, I'll teach you!" roared Carthew.

And the cane began to play about the fat person of the hapless Tubby.

Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Whack!

"Yaroooh! Ow! Yow! Stoppit, you beast!" howled Muffin.

Whack!

"Yowp! Grroough!"

With a final whack, the enraged prefect flung the fat junior out into the passage, and, with a parting kick, sent him scuttling in a heap. Tubby Muffin scrambled to his feet, forgetting his injuries, and bolted for the Common-room.

Mark Carthew, with a grin, watched him disappear, then collected his books, and walked over to his study.

Tubby Muffin arrived at the Common-room just as the meeting was about to begin. The meeting was a crowded one. Almost all the Fourth was there, and a sprinkling of the Third, who had come to see the fun.

Mornington had appointed himself chairman, and was standing on one of the desks in a striking attitude.

"I say, you fellows!" burst out Tubby Muffin.

"Gentlemen of the Fourth—"

began Mornington.

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it, Mornny!"

"Gentlemen—"

"Hooray!"

"This meeting is assembled," went on Mornington, in a louder tone, "to

discuss ways and means of sitting on Carthew!"

"Good egg!"

"Hip-pip-hooray!"

"We have had enough of the rotter—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And it's up to us to teach him that he can't bully the Fourth!"

"Good old Mornny!"

"Look at Muffin—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Really, you fellows—"

"Shut up, Tubby!"

"Carthew laid it on a bit too thick even for our fat mascot," went on Mornington, "and it's time Carthew was convinced that we don't want him!"

The junior captain paused for breath.

"I know for a fact that Carthew and his parasites are having a little flutter to-night in Knowles' study. I propose that in his absence we decorate Carthew's study, to begin with, as token of our respect for the rotter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly good idea!"

"I put it to the meeting. All in favour of decorating Carthew's study signify in the usual manner!"

A forest of hands shot into the air, and Mornington, with a smile, proceeded.

"Gentlemen, the motion is carried. All that remains to be done is to carry on with the decorating!"

"Hear, hear!"

The meeting broke up, and there was a buzz of voices discussing the situation. Lovell was detailed to watch the movements of Carthew, and to report when the coast was clear. Meanwhile preparations were being made for the decorations.

Jimmy Silver was mixing a doubtful-looking solution of treacle and soot, with which he intended to fill Carthew's slippers, and Raby and Newcome were mixing some white-wash.

Then Lovell burst into the end study.

"He's gone!"

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver.

And the juniors went over to Mornington's study.

"I just saw him go out!" said Arthur Edward Lovell breathlessly. Mornington nodded as Lovell burst out with the news.

It had been decided that six juniors would be sufficient to decorate Carthew's study, and the raggers crowded into the study.

The chosen six were: Mornington, Erroll, Jimmy Silver, Raby, Pons, the Colonial junior, and Oswald.

Lovell was to keep a look-out for any masters or prefects.

"Then we'd better be movin'!" drawled Mornington.

"Hear, hear!"

And the six juniors cautiously went over to the Sixth Form quarters, and reached Carthew's study without encountering anyone.

The 3rd Chapter. Decorating Carthew's Study.

Mornington waited for all the juniors to enter the study, then he locked the door.

"Now set to work, you fellows!"

The "fellows" needed no second bidding.

Swiftly but silently they got to work. Silence was a necessary factor to their rag. If Bulkeley or a master came upon the scene there would be ructions, and, what was worse, a severe caning.

Jimmy Silver began on the fireplace. Taking a shovelful of cinders,

he sprinkled them over the floor. Then the tablecloth was dragged off, and poked up the chimney.

"Go it, Jimmy!" whispered Pons.

The study table was then upturned, and Erroll unscrewed one of the castors, and hid it in the coal-scuttle.

Mornington was busy whitewashing the walls, and if the effect wasn't artistic it certainly was vivid. Somehow or other the pictures on the wall got broken, and reposed in the fireplace in a heap. But that was only a detail.

The juniors paused for a moment and surveyed their handiwork.

"I fancy this will surprise our friend Carthew!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

"What about this cupboard?" suggested Oswald.

"Good idea!"

The contents of the cupboard were overhauled, and some tarts and a pie came to light. The task of flavouring the tarts and pie was left to Raby. Lifting the pastry off the pie-dish, he deposited a quantity of the mixture Jimmy Silver had prepared into the dish, then carefully replaced the cover. The same he did with the tarts. The remainder of the sticky solution he plumped into Carthew's slippers.

"Hallo! Here's his topper!" whispered Oswald.

The topper—the pride of Carthew's eye—was dribbled round the study by the excited juniors, and when it finally came to rest it would have taken a very clever Carthew to recognise the remains as once being his best topper.

Mornington was busy hanging a notice over the gas-bracket, and the juniors stood round and read the inscription.

It ran:

"ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The six juniors saw through the double meaning Mornington had implied.

In Carthew there was ample room for improvement, and the picture his study now presented also provided room for improvement.

"Look out, you chaps!"

The interruption came in the form of Lovell, who knocked excitedly at the door.

"Carthew is coming along! I left him at the top of the stairs."

"Time we were moving, then!" drawled Mornington coolly.

And the juniors, after a final look at the wrecked study, bolted down the passage, just as the heavy footsteps of Carthew were heard coming along.

Down the stairs they scrambled, to be met by a crowd of Fourth Formers, who inquired eagerly as to how it had gone.

Mornington told them in a few words what the study looked like, and the juniors burst out into a roar of applause.

"Good old Mornny!"

"Cave!" yelled Tubby Muffin.

Bulkeley, the captain of the school, was coming along the passage, and the party split up and made for their studies. When Bulkeley came into sight a minute later the passage was deserted.

Meanwhile Carthew was on his way to his study. He pushed open the door and walked in. The leg of the upturned table grazed against his shins, and an oath escaped him. As yet he was unaware of the transformation his study had undergone. It was too dark to make things out clearly, and with a stride he reached the gas-bracket and struck a match. When the gas flared up an amazing spectacle greeted his gaze.

For a moment he stood transfixed, unable to believe his eyes.

"My hat!"

Truly the appearance of his study would have aroused that exclamation from anyone. It was wrecked beyond recognition. Then his eyes caught sight of the notice over the gas-bracket:

"ROOM FOR IMPROVEMENT!"

Lumsden and Talboys, who were passing along, looked in at the study.

"Great Scott!"

"Gee-whizz!" murmured Lumsden incredulously.

Carthew turned on them savagely.

"Do you know anything about this?"

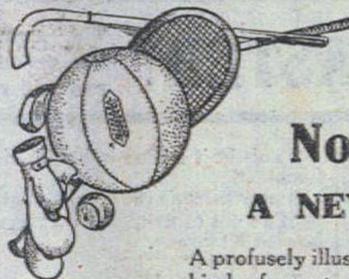
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I expect it is those young sweeps of the Fourth," said Talboys.

"Room for improvement!" muttered Lumsden. "Ha, ha, ha! I agree with the bouncer who wrote that!"

Carthew pushed his way past the laughing seniors, and strode towards the end study, he flung it unceremoniously open and marched in.

Four juniors were seated there, and



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three of the four were writing. Jimmy Silver was reading. His book was upside-down, it is true, but the exasperated prefect did not notice that.

"Which of you young sweeps have mucked up my study?" roared Carthew.

Silence. The Fistical Four looked up, puzzled.

"Is your study mucked up?" inquired Jimmy Silver softly.

"Brrr!" growled the prefect, as he slung out of the study. He was about to make a tour of all the junior-quarters to find out the culprits, but he changed his mind. He strode back to the Sixth Form quarters and instructed the page-boy to clean up his study.

"Look sharp, and get this mess cleaned up!"

The page-boy scratched his head meditatively. He couldn't make up his mind where to begin.

"You had better get the boot-boy to help you!" growled Carthew ungraciously.

"Yes, sir," replied the page-boy dubiously, and he moved off in search of the boot-boy.

In Jimmy Silver's study strains of merriment could have been heard.

"Did you see his face?" asked Jimmy Silver of his chums.

"Yes, rather!"

"I expect he will report the matter to the Head."

"I don't know, my son," said Lovell. "The Head's had too many complaints already, and he's getting a bit fed up."

"I don't think he will go to the Head," remarked Raby, with a tone of finality.

And Raby proved to be right. Carthew did not report to Dr. Chisholm. After a hurried consultation with his chums, he had decided to take it out of the Fourth Form at lessons. He could make things pretty rotten for the juniors, he knew, and in his own mind every member of the Fourth was to pay for that wrecking of his study. The expression on his face boded ill for the juniors, but a lot was to happen before he took classes again.

The page and boot-boy had their work fully cut out to clean up the mess in Carthew's study, and it took them till long after bed-time before the room looked anything like its former self. The latter part of the cleaning Carthew directed himself, and great was his wrath when his Sunday topper came to light.

The boot-boy grinned as he beheld the remains of the once handsome topper, but a frown from Carthew changed that grin to a look of sympathy.

Carthew looked at his watch, and saw that it was time for lights out. Picking up his ash-plant, he left the study, and strode up to the Fourth Form dormitory.

There was a buzz of conversation going the round as he looked in at the door, which immediately died down as the juniors saw the expression on his face.

One or two juniors were still out of bed, and Carthew's eyes lit up with triumph as he noted this.

Grasping his ash-plant firmly, he strode towards the juniors, and seized hold of Lovell, who was just getting into bed.

"What are you doing out of bed?" he asked grimly.

"Go and eat coke!" replied Lovell.

Whack!

The cane descended on his shoulders, and a yell escaped him.

"Ow-ow!"

"When I come to put the lights out I expect to find you all in bed!" growled Carthew.

Whack!

This time Mornington was the victim.

"Wharrer you doin'?"

"Get into bed sharp!"

There was an angry murmur from the juniors who had watched this treatment, and Carthew, thinking that it was time to stop, as he did not want to risk a mauling from a crowd of juniors, turned out the lights and left the dormitory.

"Beast!"

"Rotter!"

These remarks followed him out, but he did not heed. He was quite aware already of his popularity. He rubbed his hands with satisfaction as he turned into his own room.

"I'll teach the young rotters!" he mused.

The 4th Chapter.

The New Master.

Clang, clang! The rising-bell at Rookwood clanged out, and the Fourth Form dormitory awoke to life—that is, with the exception of Tubby Muffin. The

fat Classical was not a believer in early rising, and he only grunted and turned over.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were soon up, and they sped down to the bathing-pool with their towels over their arms for a morning dip.

As they walked back to the school they saw a trap enter the gates of Rookwood, and seated in the trap was a bronzed young man of military appearance. The newcomer looked up as the juniors walked in, and nodded with a genial smile.

Jimmy Silver & Co. touched their caps and passed on.

"Wonder who that Johnny is?" remarked Raby.

"Looks like a military chap," said Jimmy Silver.

His chums nodded in agreement. In the all-important task of breakfast they soon forgot about the stranger.

Then the bell went for lessons.

The juniors crowded into the Fourth Form-room, and to their surprise Dr. Chisholm was standing in consultation with a stranger. They had expected to see the frowning face of Carthew, the prefect, but Jimmy Silver & Co. recognised the stranger as being the occupant of the trap they had seen before breakfast.

The juniors took their seats wonderingly.

Dr. Chisholm held up his hand for silence.

"Boys," he began, "let me introduce you to Mr. Cardwell, who is taking the place of Mr. Bootles for a short time. Mr. Cardwell has just

Lovell at once settled down to finish his letter.

"I say you fellows!"

The fat face of Tubby Muffin loomed in the doorway.

"Buzz off, Tubby!"

"Run away!"

The fat Classical advanced further into the study. Muffin was too thick-skinned to take hints.

"Have you heard the news?" he inquired breathlessly.

"What, have you come into a fortune?" said Lovell sarcastically.

"Really, Lovell, if I did come into a fortune I would take jolly good care to keep the news away from you!" grunted Tubby Muffin.

"Well, what's all the excitement about?" asked Raby.

"I—I happened to hear the Head say that Cardwell was an officer in the Flying Corps, and that he's got a heap of decorations!"

Tubby Muffin paused.

"Go on, Tubby!"

"He's been wounded in the head by a bullet from a Hun airman; that's why he's discharged."

The Fistical Four looked interested.

Jimmy Silver had great respect for anyone who had served overseas, and Mr. Cardwell had evidently done so.

"I think it's up to us to celebrate his homecoming by giving him a spread!" went on Tubby Muffin.

"Jolly good idea!"

"I am glad you think that, Silver, old chap—I tell you what I'll do. You give me the money, and I'll guarantee that I'll put the finest feed on the

"You'd better write the note, Mornny," said the leader of the Fistical Four.

"I suppose he wouldn't think it cheek coming from us?" suggested Erroll.

It was not an uncommon thing for a junior to be invited to tea in a master's study, but it was rather uncommon for a master to be invited to tea by juniors.

After all, as Lovell said, he could only refuse.

"How shall we begin it?" asked Mornington, taking up the pen and gauging away at the handle by way of inspiration.

"Honoured sir—" began Raby.

"That's too formal."

"Respected sir?" suggested Newcome.

"Too businesslike!" said Erroll, with a shake of the head.

"Can't you put in something about meat-pies?" said Tubby Muffin.

"What on earth's that got to do with the invitation?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Really, Silver, if old Cardwell thinks he's coming to a twopenny-ha'penny feed like they have in the Third, he'll send us a polite refusal."

"There's something in that!" murmured Erroll, smiling.

"I've got it!" exclaimed Mornington. "Leave it to me!"

And he commenced to write with great care:

"The juniors of the Fourth Form request the presence of Mr. Cardwell to tea at six o'clock in the Common-room."



A FACER FOR THE FOURTH! The juniors crowded round the notice-board in great excitement. "What's all this about?" asked Jimmy Silver as he came along with his chums. Then he caught sight of the notice and frowned. "Beastly cad, whoever wrote that!" he exclaimed.

returned from France, and I am sure you will do your utmost to make him comfortable."

There was a buzz of conversation, and all the Fourth Form looked intently at their new master. Mr. Cardwell was a handsome man of about thirty, and the majority of the juniors liked the look of him.

The Head turned to Mr. Cardwell, and after a few words of consultation left the room.

The Fourth Form waited expectantly.

Mr. Cardwell, with a glance over the class, cleared his throat.

"My boys, I'm sure we shall get on well together. You won't find me a hard taskmaster. You will find me just as interested in your sports as in your studies, and, as I said before, I am sure we shall get on well together."

The faces of the Fourth-Formers cleared. They had taken a liking to their new master. Even Tubby Muffin voted him a good sort, which was saying a lot.

Lessons that morning went off without a hitch, and Jimmy Silver confided in his chums as they left the Form-room that the new master was a brick. To which Raby, Lovell and Newcome added:

"Hear, hear!"

The Co. entered the end study, and

table that's ever been known at Rookwood."

"Go and eat coke, porpoise!"

"Fat lot of feed we should see if you laid your fat paws on it first!" said Jimmy Silver.

Tubby Muffin snorted.

"I tell you—"

"Don't gas so much," said Raby.

"Give your chin a rest, Tubby!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver looked thoughtful.

"I say, you chaps, it would not be a bad idea to invite Mr. Cardwell to a feed in honour of his homecoming."

"Hear, hear!"

"It's a good wheeze," said Jimmy Silver; "but how are we going to approach Mr. Cardwell on the subject?"

"Why not write him an invitation in good style, and send it to him by a fag?"

"Good!" said Jimmy Silver.

"Let's get to Mornington's study and write it out."

And the Fistical Four, with Tubby Muffin trailing along in the rear, made tracks for Study No. 4.

Mornington was at home when the juniors entered, and Jimmy Silver, in a few words, detailed the position.

"By gad!" murmured the junior captain. "That's a jolly good idea!"

Kit Erroll backed up his chum with a nod.

Mornington surveyed his handiwork with a look of pride.

"How's that?"

"Ripping!"

"We can give it to the page-boy to take across," said Jimmy Silver.

"Good egg!"

And the page-boy was duly found and despatched with the invitation to Mr. Cardwell's study, whilst the juniors waited anxiously.

The page-boy knocked at the master's sanctum, and a kindly voice bade him enter.

Mr. Cardwell took the letter, and as he perused the contents, a smile crept over his face.

"The juniors of the Fourth Form request the presence of Mr. Cardwell to tea at six o'clock in the Common-room."

"You want an answer, my boy?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Tell my hosts I shall be pleased to accept their invitation."

"Yes, sir."

And the grinning page-boy dexterously caught a sixpence which was tossed in his direction, and departed.

After he had closed the door, Mr. Cardwell took out the note and read it once again.

"I don't know whether it's infra dig for a Housemaster to accept an

invitation to tea from juniors, but I think I'll go," he mused.

And he did.

The page-boy returned to the Classical House to be met by a crowd of juniors with anxious faces.

"Well?" they demanded, in one breath.

"Which as 'ow he said 'e'll be pleased to come!" gasped out the page-boy.

"Hurrah!"

"Now, to prepare the giddy spread!" said Mornington.

And the juniors were very soon busy. They meant to do their master well—very well indeed.

The junior Common-room, a fairly large apartment on the ground floor—was soon the scene of busy preparations. Arthur Edward Lovell toured the studies for crockery and chairs, and Raby successfully managed to wheedle some clean white table-cloths from the House-dame.

Meanwhile Tubby Muffin, Jimmy Silver, and Mornington, were busy at the tuckshop. Tubby Muffin's mouth watered incessantly as he watched the quantities the two juniors were laying in. With their arms fully laden, they made their way back to the Common-room, Tubby Muffin puffing and panting with his exertions.

The 5th Chapter.

Trouble for Carthew.

By the time six o'clock rang out from the clock-tower of Rookwood, a.d. was in readiness in the Common-room. One or two of the juniors had decorated the walls with some flags, and the long table spread with white table-cloths groaned under the choice selection of eatables that had been procured from the tuckshop.

Mornington at the last moment had cut down to Coombe on his bike, and had purchased a case of pipes to be presented to the new master. It was really a good idea, so the juniors agreed, and the junior captain lost no time in carrying it out.

He arrived back at the Common-room as the hour struck, just in time to greet Mr. Cardwell on his entry.

"Hip, hip, hurrah!"

The gathering of the Fourth let loose a hearty cheer, as their guest, with smiling face, held up his hand.

"Boys," began Mr. Cardwell. "I thank you from the bottom of my heart for this cordial reception."

"Hurrah!"

And the juniors trooped to their places. Mr. Cardwell occupied the seat of honour at the top of the table, and very soon made himself at home.

A cheery conversation was kept up throughout the meal, and the eatables gradually began to diminish. Tubby Muffin hardly spoke—he was far too busy consuming tarts, but when a word did escape him, it was only a request for another dish of cream-puffs. Mornington and Silver vied with each other in keeping the master's plate full. But all good things come to an end, as Tubby remarked, as he looked hungrily around for another piece of cake.

Mr. Cardwell leaned back in his chair with a sigh of contentment. For a man of about thirty he had done extremely well. Perhaps he remembered his own boyhood days and the feeds connected with them.

Then Mornington, with the case of pipes in his hand, rose to the occasion, as it were.

"Go it, Mornny!"

"Sir," commenced the junior captain, "we feel highly honoured with your presence here this evening. All of us have heard rumours of your experiences in the Flying Corps, and we feel very proud to have you as our Form-master."

"Hear, hear!"

"We should be very pleased," went on Mornington, "if you would accept this little gift, as a token of respect from the Fourth."

And he handed the master the case of pipes.

Mr. Cardwell's face lit up with pleasurable surprise.

"Bless my soul!" he exclaimed.

"This is very good of you, my boys."

"Speech!" roared the Fourth in one breath.

The new master rose to his feet.

"I shall never forget this occasion, my boys, and I thank you, not as master to pupil, but as man to man."

"Hurrah!"

"I want all of you to look upon me as your friend, and if you have any troubles come to me by all means. I shall now proceed to make use of one of these splendid pipes!"

"Hurrah!"

Mr. Cardwell sat down and began to fill one of the presentation pipes and in a very few minutes clouds of smoke filled the Common-room. The juniors managed to keep smiling faces, although the smoke made their cough, but they raised the master



THE RIGHT SORT!

(Continued from the previous page.)

was only smoking in appreciation of their gift. That was the case. Mr. Cardwell knew it was hardly in keeping with the rules to smoke among the juniors, but this was a special occasion.

Soon the Common-room was hazy with smoke, and Mr. Cardwell, glancing at his watch, rose to go. After a few more expressions of gratitude to his hosts, he left them and made his exit, followed by a burst of cheering and the strains of "He's a Jolly Good Fellow!"

"He's a ripping sort!" confided Mornington to Kit Erroll.

"Hear, hear!"

Then the task of clearing up began, and the juniors set to with a will.

Very soon the room was emptied with the exception of Mornington and Jimmy Silver & Co., and they were about to leave when the Common-room door opened and the unpleasant face of Carthew, the prefect, looked in. Carthew was sniffing suspiciously. The whiff of tobacco had reached him in the passage as he was passing, and a gleam of malignant triumph came over his face as he saw who the juniors were. He did not know that Mr. Cardwell had had tea with the juniors and was responsible for the smoky atmosphere.

Carthew's eyes gleamed with malicious triumph.

"So I've caught you!" he said, advancing into the room.

"Caught us?" said Jimmy Silver meekly, with a warning glance at his chums. "What do you mean, Carthew?"

It struck the juniors as being very funny. Carthew knew nothing about the visit of Mr. Cardwell, and the prefect was jumping to conclusions. Certainly the air was thick with smoke, and it looked very much as if the Co. had been smoking.

"I've caught you!" repeated the prefect. "Caught in the very act, you disgraceful young rascals. You've been smoking—I can smell it! The Head shall know of this!"

"Look here, Carthew—"

"Follow me to the Head!"

"But I tell you—"

"Follow me!" thundered the prefect.

The juniors looked at one another. There was not the slightest danger in following Carthew to the Head. The reason of the smoke could be easily explained. Jimmy Silver winked to his chums. He was going to teach Carthew a lesson.

"I should let the matter drop, Carthew!"

The prefect sneered.

"I expect you have been at this rotten game for some time. This time I have caught you, and it is my duty as prefect to report this flagrant case of breaking the rules to Dr. Chisholm."

"Don't be an ass!"

"Follow me!"

And the juniors followed the prefect out of the Common-room along to the Head's study.

Carthew tapped at the door.

"Come in!" came the clear tones of Dr. Chisholm.

Carthew and the juniors entered.

The Head looked up in surprise as he saw his visitors.

"Bless my soul, what does this mean, Carthew?"

"I have brought these juniors," began the prefect, "on a charge of smoking."

"What?"

"I caught these juniors smoking, sir."

"Smoking?"

"Yes, sir!"

"Dear me, this is very distressing. Silver, I am surprised at you!"

"Excuse me, sir," said Jimmy Silver, "but we were not smoking!"

Dr. Chisholm looked puzzled.

"But Carthew states that he found you smoking."

"Certainly, sir!" chimed in Carthew.

"That is not the case, sir," replied Mornington.

"How very extraordinary," murmured the Head. "Did you actually see them with cigarettes in their hands, Carthew?"

"No, sir!" said Carthew reluctantly. "But the room was full of smoke!"

"Indeed!"

"That's right, sir," remarked Jimmy Silver. "But we were not responsible for the smoke. We invited Mr. Cardwell to tea, sir, and after the feed he smoked his pipe."

Carthew's face was a study. He realised that he had put his foot into it.

Dr. Chisholm frowned.

"Mr. Cardwell must be referred to," he said sharply, and he despatched the page-boy for confirmation of Jimmy Silver's story.

"If what Silver states is correct, Carthew, I'm afraid you have been guilty of prejudice and hastiness," said the Head, frowning. "You should find out the facts before you bring anyone on such a serious charge to me."

"Yes, sir!" stuttered Carthew.

Then Mr. Cardwell appeared.

Dr. Chisholm explained the situation, and as he proceeded a smile came over the face of the new master.

"Their statement is quite correct, sir. They presented me with a case of pipes, and if the room was smoky I am certainly to blame. I am afraid it was very thoughtless of me to smoke in the junior Common-room."

"Thank you, Mr. Cardwell!" said the Head.

The new master quitted the study.

Dr. Chisholm turned to Jimmy Silver & Co.

"You are completely exonerated, my boys!"

"Thank you, sir!"

"You may go!"

Jimmy Silver left the Head's study chuckling, and Carthew made as if to follow them, but Dr. Chisholm beckoned him to remain.

"You have done these boys a great wrong, Carthew, with your hasty suspicions, and it points to a very strong prejudice on your part. You must be more careful in the future. Let this be a warning to you, Carthew!"

Carthew listened with burning cheeks. He was feeling his position keenly.

"You may go, Carthew!"

The prefect went. With a face burning with fury he strode over to his study, breathing threats of vengeance upon the heads of the heroes of the Fourth.

The 6th Chapter.

Adolphus Gets His Back Up!

"Your call, Smythe!"

The giddy goats of Rookwood were seated round the table in Adolphus Smythe's study indulging in a quiet game of poker.

"Your call!" repeated Gower.

"I'll bet a fiver, by gad!" drawled Adolphus.

Gower looked uneasy. A fiver was a lot of money to him, but to the reckless dandy of the Fifth a fiver counted as nothing. Gower hadn't got a very good hand, and up to then he had been practically bluffing.

"I'll pass!" he said ungraciously.

The nuts chuckled, and waited for Peele to call. But Peele's call never came.

There was a tap at the door, and before the astonished nuts could hide the incriminating cards, the face of Mr. Cardwell, the new master, looked into the study.

"Excuse me—" began the new master. Then he caught sight of the cards and the piles of money scattered on the table.

A frown came over his face which changed to a look of disgust, and the nuts shivered in their seats.

"Bless my soul! Boys, this is a peculiar scene!" exclaimed Mr. Cardwell.

Adolphus Smythe & Co. exchanged glances of dismay, and fidgeted uneasily.

"It's only a little game!" stammered Peele weakly.

"So I perceive!" replied the master of the Fourth drily.

"Just a little flutter!" said Gower, with an attempt at bravado.

"I shall not report this to Dr. Chisholm," said Mr. Cardwell. "I shall deal with you in my own way."

The giddy goats looked relieved.

They knew too well the view the Head would take of the affair, and

visions of expulsion had floated before their eyes.

"Why aren't you at cricket practice?" asked Mr. Cardwell.

"We forgot," muttered the nuts in chorus.

"Don't lie, my boys! A day like this should be spent on the playing-fields, not gambling away in a stuffy room!" said the new master sternly.

"Yes, sir," assented Gower feebly.

"Come with me!" commanded Mr. Cardwell.

The giddy goats rose to their feet, and followed the master downstairs to his study.

Mr. Cardwell gave them each two severe cuts with the cane, and the nuts doubled themselves up, clapping their hands.

The master surveyed them contemptuously.

"You are to go down to the playing-fields, and report to Bulkeley," he said. "I don't want to hear any more reports of slacking, and I shall make it my business to see that you attend games every day!"

Adolphus Smythe & Co. looked sick. If there was one thing they hated it was cricket, or any other sport for that matter; but the gleam in the master's eye bade them obey his commands.

"You may go!"

The giddy goats left the study with furious faces, and trooped over to the playing-fields.

"The beast!" exclaimed Adolphus Smythe.

"The rotter!" roared Gower.

Jimmy Silver & Co. encountered them as they walked over to the nets.

"Hallo, Smythe! Trying to tie yourself up in a knot?" inquired the leader of the Fistical Four sweetly.

Adolphus Smythe bestowed a savage glare upon the humorous Silver, which was entirely lost.

"Cheeky ass!" growled Gower.

"What did you say, Gower?" asked Lovell.

"Oh, rats!"

The Fistical Four arrived at the nets, and the nuts went over to Bulkeley, who was batting.

"Hallo! What do you chaps want?" asked the captain of the school genially, as Adolphus approached him.

"We've come to play cricket!"

"Oh, good! Pile in!" exclaimed Bulkeley, who was surprised to learn of this sudden desire for cricket. The nuts did not explain that they had been sent down to the nets by the new master. Later Bulkeley found out the true facts himself, and ceased to wonder at the sudden desire for cricket. Mr. Cardwell had sent a note over to the captain of the school by the page-boy, explaining things.

That afternoon was a very busy afternoon for the nuts. Bulkeley seemed to take a delight in swiping the ball in their direction, and when tea-time came round Adolphus Smythe & Co. were truly thankful for this respite, and they left the cricket-field with sour faces and weary limbs.

"I call it the limit!" said Peele.

"Yes, by gad!" agreed Adolphus.

Gower looked very thoughtful, and when at last he came out of his reverie, it was with a very emphatic remark.

"I've got it!"

"Eh?"

"Got what?"

"I tell you I've got it," said Gower breathlessly.

"What are you burblin' about?" asked Smythe.

"I've got it!" repeated Gower.

"Sunstroke I should say!" murmured Topham.

"Ass!"

"If you'll listen a minute I'll explain," said Gower excitedly.

"Go ahead!"

And Gower went ahead.

"Ever since this master came to Rookwood I have been wondering where I have seen his name before," explained Gower.

"Well?"

"I remember now. He's a giddy conscientious objector. I saw his name in the paper—A. V. Cardwell—and the blighter was sent to Dartmoor."

"Great Scott!"

"By gad!"

The giddy goats grinned at one another. If such was the case they were beginning to see a way of making Mr. Cardwell sit up.

"Can you prove it, Gower, old sport?" asked Smythe.

"Yes; if I can get hold of an old file of the 'Times' at the bookshop down in Coombe," replied Gower, with a grin.

"Let's cut down there on our bikes," suggested Topham. "We'll make the cad sit up if it's true."

"Yes, rather, the beast!" exclaimed Peele, caressing his hands.

(Continued on page 335.)



BOY MCCORMICK TALKS ON BOXING!

Personal Hints from the Light Heavy - Weight Champion of Great Britain.

"BOY" MCCORMICK.

Holder of Lord Londale's Championship Belt.

Last week I dealt with the boxing position and footwork. I am now going to give you some insight on the judgment of distance and the use of both hands.

JUDGING YOUR DISTANCE.

This requires special and careful attention. It embodies the science of hitting. A simple way for the beginner to practice is to make a mark upon the wall so that it is as near as possible on a level with your chin.

Stand in boxing attitude, and spar up to the mark just as you would to an opponent. Lead off with the left, so that when your arm is fully extended, your gloved hand just touches the mark. Then try your right hand, bringing your right foot forward simultaneously. This will give you a very good idea of judgment of distance, so that in boxing with an opponent none, or very few, of your intended hits will go astray.

When you have practised this movement a few times, you will notice that when your glove lands on your supposed opponent's chin, you are sending out a perfectly straight blow, and utilising the whole of your reach,

send a blow to a vulnerable spot with the whole weight of the body behind the blow—I can assure you his hitting powers would not have a very disturbing effect.

I don't think there has been seen a more fragile form in the ring than Jimmy Wilde's. Yet, although only weighing just over seven stone, he is able to hit with sufficient force to stop a light-weight.

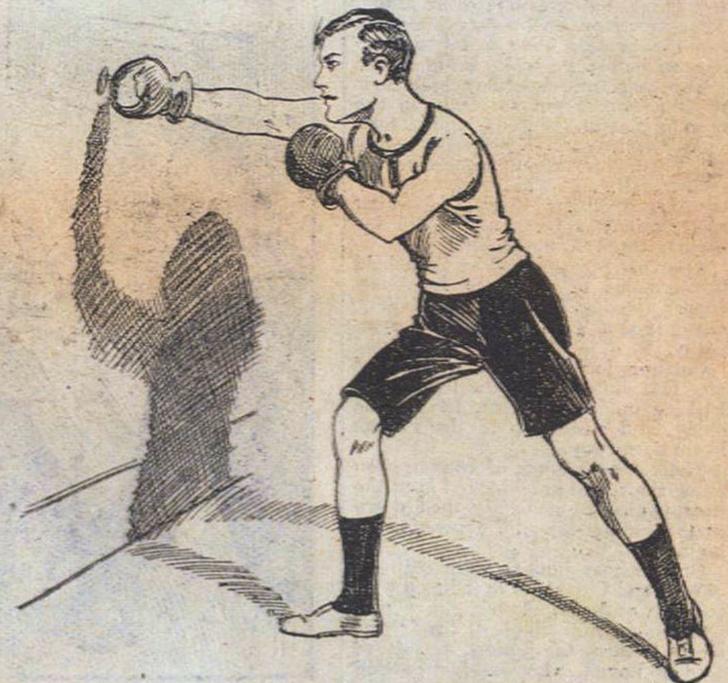
Plenty of practice at the pear-shaped swing-ball will greatly help you to get that mechanical turn of the shoulder and body that is necessary for you to get your whole weight behind your blow. It will also bring out the best of your punching abilities, and speed you up.

THE LEFT HAND.

You will probably understand from last week's article that the left hand is the chief weapon of attack and defence. The importance of possessing a good left hand cannot be impressed too strongly on the beginner.

Thoroughly master the use of your left hand, and you have gone a great way and overcome a big difficulty in acquiring the knowledge of boxing.

I have stated before that when in boxing position, and sparring up to an opponent, your left hand should be pointing direct to his chin. You are



A right "lead" at a mark on the wall, the body turned sideways from the hips to increase "reach." (See accompanying article.)

thereby keeping out of possible danger of a counter from your opponent.

You are hitting, and keeping away from your opponent at the same time!

Probably you have noticed yourself in a contest that many intended blows have been wasted by falling short of their objective, sometimes a matter of inches, sometimes even a foot. This shows bad knowledge of distance judging, and causes a tremendous wastage of energy and strength. Just imagine the feelings of a man who is continually lunging out with great force and missing each time. He would soon become exhausted, and then is the time for his adversary to "wade in."

To get your whole weight behind your blow, and to increase your reach, it is necessary, when hitting with either hand, to turn your body, from the hips, so that when your glove reaches your opponent, you will be facing almost sideways. Try this for yourselves, and you will find that you are increasing your reach by a matter of two or three inches, and you are getting full power behind your punch.

This is the real secret of punching power. Most people are under the impression that because a man happens to possess abnormally large muscles and great strength, it must necessarily follow that he hits with tremendous force. This is utterly wrong, for if he has not the knowledge of the science of hitting—i.e., to

now in a position to stop any rush or attacking movement on his part by merely shooting your left out. You see, you are defending yourself, and at the same time scoring points; also this method, or blow, if applied in the orthodox manner, will very soon put paid to the tactics of a rushing opponent, and cause him to act mostly on the defensive.

Now for leading off with the left. Stand in the correct boxing position, then slowly push your left hand out and just as slowly draw it back. Remember what I have told you about your elbow; take care that it is pointing downward and not out. A little practice like this will soon give you a very good idea of sending your left out, and when you think you are proficient enough, try shooting it out quickly, at the same time bringing the left foot forward smartly a few inches and turning the shoulders as explained in judgment of distance. Take care, however, that you do not step in first and then deliver your blow; the movements must be done simultaneously. Directly your blow has landed, get out of distance at once, unless, of course, your opponent presents you with an opportunity for another dose.

Boy McCormick

THE MAN FROM THE SEA!

A Splendid, Complete Story of
FRANK RICHARDS & CO.
on Holiday at Pacific Point.

BY . . .

MARTIN CLIFFORD.



The 1st Chapter.

By the Pacific.

Boom!
Boom!
Frank Richards listened to the dull, heavy roar that came through the thickening dusk.

"It's the sea!" said Bob Lawless.

"The sea!" repeated Frank.

He peered through the gloom that surrounded the buggy. On the forest path leaves were whirling in a fierce wind. The driver had his collar turned up, and his cap pulled low over his brow, as he faced the wind. In the buggy the chums of Cedar Creek School were seated.

Cedar Creek and the Thompson Valley were many a long mile away now. Frank Richards & Co. were nearing their destination, where they were to spend their summer holiday on the shore of the blue Pacific. The buggy from the hotel at Pacific Point had picked them up at the nearest railroad stop, and there was a seven-mile drive before them. As the vehicle followed the dusky route Frank Richards had noted the deep roar that sounded faintly in the distance, growing louder and clearer every minute with each turn of the wheels.

"The Pacific!" said Vere Beauclerc, with a smile. "Not very pacific at the present moment, I should say."

Boom!
Bob Lawless grinned as Frank peered into the shadows of the forest path.

"It's a good many miles off yet, Franky," he said. "You've never heard the Pacific in a bad temper before. I have—once. It's going to be a wild night."

"It sounds like it," said Frank.

The wind was roaring through the trees, and occasionally there came to the ears of the chums the crash of falling branches. But, deeper than the roar of the wind or falling timber, sounded the voice of the distant ocean.

Boom, boom!
"The breakers, I suppose?" said Frank.

"Correct! And thundering big breakers at that," answered Bob Lawless. "Bigger than you've seen on your little island at home."

"I've seen some big ones on the North Sea in winter," said Frank.

"You'll see bigger on the Pacific."

The roar in the trees almost drowned their voices. They sat silent as the buggy dashed on.

The darkness thickened.

Frank Richards had looked forward keenly to his first visit to the Pacific coast of Canada. He had thought of the Pacific as blue and sunny and smiling; but evidently it was not to be thus that he would behold the great ocean for the first time. For miles inland sounded the boom of the great rollers breaking on mighty rocks.

The buggy slowed down as it met the force of the wind from the sea. It came out of the forest path at last, and the dark sky was open above the schoolboys. Hardly a star was to be seen; black clouds were scurrying over the heavens, driven by the fierce wind. Louder and more threatening sounded the breaking waters.

Bob caught Frank Richards' arm.

"Look!" he said.

"What is it?"

"The sea!"

In the black distance there were broken gleams of rolling water. In the midst of the blackness a light gleamed and danced.

"A ship!" said Beauclerc.

"A ship at sea—in this weather!" said Frank, with a deep breath.

He watched the dancing light as if fascinated.

Not a glimpse of the vessel was to be had; the schoolboys could not even guess whether it was a steamer or a "windjammer"—a schooner or a full-rigged ship. But the dancing of the light showed how it was rolling and pitching on the stormy sea.

The horse's hoofs rang on a rocky road.

Lights gleamed on the shore, and the driver turned his head for a moment.

"Pacific Point!" he said.

Then he turned to his horse again.

The road was open to the wind from the sea, and Frank wondered at times whether the blast would whirl over the buggy as it swept by. But the man drove on steadily, and the lights of Pacific Point drew nearer and brighter.

A big lumber building, with a piazza and steps in front, loomed up out of the shadows.

"That's the shebang," said Bob Lawless.

There was little to be seen in the darkness. The buggy stopped, and the schoolboys tumbled out, taking down their bags after them. A door opened, and a big man, with red beard and whiskers, came out to greet them. It was Bill Hichens, once a ranchman on the Lawless Ranch in the Thompson Valley, now landlord of the summer resort on the Pacific Coast.

"Young Lawless?" he asked.

"You bet!" answered Bob.

"I guess we shall be all right here," remarked Bob Lawless. "No good-looking round for the bell, Franky. There isn't one, and nobody to answer it, if there were."

"I wasn't looking for the bell," said Frank, laughing. "I'm thinking of supper. That drive's made me hungry."

"Same here!" said Beauclerc. "My hat! Listen to the wind! I wonder how that ship's getting on?"

"All right, I guess," said Bob Lawless. "They're safe enough if they keep well off the coast. I pity any ship that gets too near the rocks at the headland. You fellows ready?"

The chums of Cedar Creek went down to supper. They found a good many other guests at Pacific Point—a fruit-farmer from the valleys, a "drummer" from Chicago, three or four city men from Vancouver and New Westminster with their wives, a mission minister with a large family, and several others. There was quite a cheery party at the supper-table, and conversation ran on lightly, while outside the wind roared and the waves of the Pacific boomed and boomed upon the rocky shore.

"This window opens on the piazza, doesn't it?"

"Yep."

"Well, let's have a look round before we turn in. I've never seen the Pacific before, you know."

"It will keep till morning. It won't flow away in the night, you know!" said Bob, laughing.

"But the storm may be over by morning, and we mayn't have another chance of seeing it like this."

Bob Lawless nodded.

"Well, I'm game!" he said. "I don't know whether Mr. Hichens would approve, but we needn't tell him, so that's all right. By gum, though, we shall get the wind in here if we open the window! Blow out the candle first!"

Frank extinguished the candle, and the window was opened and the big wooden shutters unfastened.

A mighty blast of wind swept into the room, and there was a rattle and clatter as several articles were overturned.

"My hat! This won't do!" said Beauclerc. "Let's get outside and close the shutters again!"

"Right-ho!"

The three chums gasped for breath as they stepped out on the piazza, and the fierce wind beat upon them. The shutters were closed and fastened outside, and the schoolboys stood with their backs to the wall, looking out from the piazza towards the sea.

There was still no rain, but black clouds loomed overhead, and at intervals a forked tongue of lightning pierced the blackness.

When the lightning flashed they were able to see the wide ocean, rolling and tumbling with white edges of foam.

Frank Richards watched for the light he had seen dancing on the waters a couple of hours before; but it had vanished.

He wondered where was the ship that had carried the light.

"Come on!" he said at last.

For a moment the chums stood frozen. Then Bob Lawless panted:

"Come on!"

He dashed away over the rocks, reckless, along the shore of the headland, his chums at his heels.

All three had seen the startling sight, and they knew that in a few minutes—long before they could reach the spot—the schooner would crash upon the headland. Their only thought was to get there as rapidly as they could, to help any survivor struggling shoreward through the waves.

The glimmering foam on their right was their guide as they raced on through the darkness—stumbling and falling and picking themselves up again, bruised and breathless.

Through the boom of the wild waters Frank Richards thought that he heard the crash of the striking vessel, but he could not be sure.

The chums stopped at last, breathless, on a shingly shore, with the waters lashing to their feet. A great bulging rock stopped further progress. They breathed hard, and waited for the lightning. It came, in a vivid flash, and showed them the tossing sea; but the schooner was not to be seen. Sea and sky and wild rocks were all that met their gaze.

"She's down—gone down!" muttered Bob Lawless.

Frank Richards shivered.

It seemed only too certain that the schooner had gone down with all hands, and the chums were too late to render aid, if aid had been possible.

But they were loth to leave the spot while the shadow of a chance remained; and they waited and watched, while the wind buffeted them and the waves foamed at their feet.

And suddenly Bob Lawless darted away from his chums, plunging waist-deep in the foaming water.

"Help me, you fellows!" he shouted in the darkness.

Frank and Beauclerc rushed after him. Bob's grasp had closed on some object tossing in the surf, and his chums lent their aid. It was a body—the body of a man—but whether alive or dead they could not tell. The three schoolboys grasped it, and dragged it from the water, the waves thundering behind them as if hungry for their prey.

Out of reach of the cruel waters, they sank down exhausted upon the shingle, their grasp still upon the shipwrecked seaman.

The 3rd Chapter.

The Man from the Sea.

Bob Lawless was the first to recover.

He sat up, panting.

"I guess that was close for all of us!" gasped Bob. "I was nearly sucked away—" He broke off. "I wonder whether he's alive, poor chap?"

The chums of Cedar Creek staggered up.

They were breathless and panting from their struggle with the water, but their first thought was for the man they had saved.

He had not moved since they dropped him on the shingle.

"Get him into shelter!" said Frank.

Three pairs of hands grasped the seaman again, and he was lifted and carried into the shelter of a big rock, which screened them from the tearing wind.

There he was laid down again on the sand, gently enough. In the darkness it was barely possible to see the outline of his form. Bob Lawless groped over him, and felt for the beating of his heart.

"He's alive!" he said, with a deep breath.

"Thank goodness for that!"

"We've saved one, at any rate!" muttered Beauclerc. "But the rest—"

He shivered.

"Not much chance for them, on this coast, I guess," said Bob. "This poor chap was nearly gone when we pulled him out. But we've saved him, anyhow. I think he's coming to."

There was a faint moan from the seaman.

Even in the darkness the schoolboys caught the glitter of his eyes as they opened—large, glittering, black eyes.

He made an effort to move, and groaned.

"It's all right!" said Bob Lawless.

"You're among friends. You're safe now."

The man gave a violent start at the sound of his voice. As if called suddenly to himself, he sprang up; but his strength was spent, and he fell on his knees.

"Keep still a bit," said Frank Richards. "Why—what—my hat!"

There was a gleam of sharp steel in the gloom. A knife flashed in the hand of the shipwrecked man.

The schoolboys started back.



FROM THE JAWS OF DEATH! Suddenly Bob Lawless plunged waist-deep into the foaming water. "Help me, you fellows!" he shouted in the darkness, and Frank and Beauclerc rushed after him. Bob's grasp closed on some object tossing in the surf, and his chums lent their aid. It was a man, but whether he were alive or dead they could not tell.

"I guess you've had a rough drive here," said the big man. "Here, Long Lung, tote this truck in!"

A Chinaman came out and relieved the chums of Cedar Creek of their bags, and carried them into the lumber hotel.

Frank Richards smiled a little as he followed his chums into the building.

He had been thinking of a seaside hotel such as he had seen in his native island. But Pacific Point did not bear the remotest resemblance to Brighton or Scarborough.

The hotel was built of lumber and logs, and there was no other building in sight save a few sheds. A holiday at Pacific Point meant "roughing it."

But Frank had been too long in the Canadian West to mind roughing it.

There was homely comfort, and the chums of Cedar Creek were quite prepared to dispense with "trimmings."

Long Lung showed them to their room, in which there were three camp beds in a row, and a big window looking towards the sea.

But the window was protected by thick wooden shutters at the present moment. The whole building, firm as it was, seemed to shiver in the blows of the wind, as if smitten by a giant's hand.

"I guess that racket will keep us awake a bit."

Bob Lawless made that remark when the three chums went to their room at an early hour.

The storm was increasing in violence, and every board in the lumber hotel seemed to be creaking and groaning.

Frank Richards sat on his bed; but he was not thinking of turning in.

His new surroundings and the close proximity of the stormy Pacific excited him, and he did not feel inclined for sleep.

"Feeling tired?" asked Bob.

"Not a bit!"

"What are you thinking of?" asked Vere Beauclerc, looking at Frank with a smile.

"Going out!" said Frank.

"The shebang's closed up for the night," said Bob. "And I reckon it's none too safe out of doors, Franky, with falling trees and branches. We're under the wing of Mr. Hichens here, you know; the popper's put us in his charge. I reckon he will look glum if we go down to go out."

The 2nd Chapter.

The Wreck.

Every window was shuttered, and there was no eye to observe the three schoolboys as they went down the steps of the piazza. In front of the lumber hotel the ground lay open to the shore, and the chums hurried towards the sea, and did not stop till the spray was lashing in their faces.

Vast, limitless, the great ocean rolled before them, the black gloom alternating with ghastly light as the lightning gleamed.

The foam from the breaking waves rolled almost to their feet as they stood and watched the storm-tossed sea.

Frank Richards uttered a sudden exclamation:

"Look!"

Overhead, a blinding sheet of lightning irradiated the dark heavens. For some moments the rolling sea was as clear as by day. And in those lurid moments a vessel came into sight—a dismasted schooner—driving heavily on towards the rocks of the headland, a quarter of a mile from where the schoolboys stood.

Then deep, dense blackness.

The wrecked schooner vanished like a spectral vision, swallowed up by the black night.



THE MAN FROM THE SEA!

(Continued from the previous page.)

The action of the shipwrecked man was utterly unexpected, and the fear came to them that he had lost his senses in his struggle with death.

"Mind what you're at!" shouted Bob Lawless. "Put that sticker away! You're among friends now."

"Chi parla?"

"Wha-a-at?"

The chums of Cedar Creek heard the words in a foreign tongue, without understanding them.

They could guess that it was the tongue of a Latin race, and that was all.

The man was peering at them suspiciously in the gloom, the knife still in his hand. He was evidently on his guard.

"Chi parla—non posso vedervi!"

"You're in Canada," said Bob Lawless. "Bless your little heart, you haven't got wrecked among Red Indians or cannibals! You're in no danger here; you're among white Christians, my man. Put away that sticker!"

"Can't you speak English?" asked Beauclerc.

"Inglese? Capisco. Si, si, signori!"

"Some blessed Spaniard or Italian!" muttered Bob Lawless.

"I think that's Italian," said Beauclerc.

"You are English?" came the voice in the gloom.

"Canadian—same thing," answered Bob Lawless. "So you can speak English?"

"Oh, yes, I speak English!"

"You'd better speak it, then. Your own lingua is a bit too deep for us," said Bob.

"Put away your knife!" said Frank.

The man was still peering at them. In the confusion of his first conscious moments he had spoken in his own language; but it was clear that he could speak English as well. He was in no hurry to put away his knife; but it disappeared into his belt at last.

He rose slowly to his feet.

"Where did you find me?" he asked abruptly.

"We pulled you out of the water."

"Cospetto! Then you have saved my life?"

"Something like it."

"Grazie tanto!" The words were grateful, but the man's tone was indifferent; he was not even looking at the schoolboys, but was staring round him. "The ship—did it come ashore?"

"I guess it's gone down."

"Is anyone else saved?"

"We've seen nobody."

The man muttered to himself in a savage tone. The schoolboys could not understand his words, but they had a strong suspicion that he was cursing.

"You have seen nobody?" he asked, at last.

"No."

"Not a man with a brown beard—a big man with a brown beard—an Englishman?"

"Nobody at all," said Bob.

"A friend of yours?" asked Frank.

The Italian showed his teeth for a moment in a strange grin.

"Si, si, si! A friend! Un amico—carissimo amico mio! I am very anxious to find him. If he is lost—ah, cospetto!—if he is lost—"

He broke off with muttered curses in a strange tongue. "Tutto perduto! Niente—niente—niente!" He cursed again. "But perhaps he has come ashore. He may be found!"

"I guess nothing will be found till dawn," said Bob Lawless. "You'd better come along with us to the hotel."

The man started.

thing about him that aroused suspicion and distrust.

"A rather tough customer that galoot, I guess," murmured Bob Lawless. "Pesky handy with his knife, too. Still, we'll tote him along and give him a night's shelter."

The man came back towards them at last.

"Lead the way!" he said.

"Come on, then," said Bob. "By the way, what's your name?"

The foreign seaman hesitated before he replied.

"Beppo," he answered, at last—"Beppo Lazarini."

It came into the minds of the three chums—they hardly knew why—that the man was speaking falsely; that he had paused to think of a false name before answering.

Bob Lawless led the way along the headland in silence.

The Italian seaman followed slowly, stopping every now and then to look towards the sea.

He seemed hardly able to take his eyes from the hungry waters that had swallowed up the schooner.

It was a weary tramp over rock and shingle, through the fierce wind, back to the lumber hotel. But the schoolboys reached it at last. A single light gleamed from one of the lower windows; and Bill Hichens, in great surprise, opened the door at Bob's knock, and stared at the schoolboys.

"You out of doors!" he exclaimed.

"There's been a wreck," said Bob hastily. "A schooner's gone down on the headland."

"By gum!"

"We've saved one man."

"Good for you!"

Mr. Hichens looked curiously at the Italian seaman as he entered with the schoolboys. He closed the door, and then had another long look at the man who had been saved from the sea. Frank Richards & Co. looked at him, too, in the lamplight.

Beppo Lazarini, as he called himself, was a slim, lithe fellow, dressed as a seaman, roughly. He was rather handsome in a dark, swarthy style, and his eyes were big and black and gleaming. Mr. Hichens gave him a civil greeting, but the chums could see that he was not favourably impressed by the man.

"You young jays had better get off to bed!" said Mr. Hichens. "You can leave this man to me."

And the schoolboys were glad to get to their room and get their wet clothes off; and in spite of the boom of the storm, they were soon in bed and sleeping soundly.

The 4th Chapter. By Whose Hand?

Dawn flushed up on the wide waters of the Pacific.

Before the sun fairly showed over the mountains inland Frank Richards & Co. were out of bed and down on the beach.

Only Mr. Hichens and the Chinese servants were down when they appeared, and in answer to their questions, Mr. Hichens informed them that the rescued sailorman was still sleeping in the barn.

Frank Richards & Co. lost no time in getting along the headland to see whether anything remained of the wreck.

The storm had almost passed, and the wind had dropped, but the sea was still rolling roughly. Turbid waves glimmered in the morning sunlight, and broke on the headland with a deep murmur.

The juniors scanned the sea in vain for the wrecked schooner.

The vessel had evidently gone down; but there were plenty of fragments from the wreck floating on the waves, or strewn along the shore. Casks and planks, spars and torn rigging, and a staved-in boat lay along the shingle, tossed there by the sea.

There were no bodies to be seen, as they had feared.

"They'll come ashore later, I guess," said Bob Lawless. "I guess there wasn't anybody saved, excepting our Italian friend. I wonder who that chap was that he was speaking of—the Englishman with the brown beard?" He said he was his friend.

"He did not mean that," said Vere Beauclerc quietly. "He was an enemy of the man he spoke of."

"That struck me, too," said Frank Richards. "I—I wonder if there was trouble on the schooner before she went down? That fellow had his knife very handy, and it looked—"

He paused.

"I wonder?" said Bob.

The chums walked slowly back towards the lumber hotel for breakfast. On the staved-in boat they read a name—The Eliza Smith, evidently the name of the schooner that had gone down. Beppo Lazarini seemed to be the sole survivor of the Eliza Smith, though it was quite possible that other survivors had straggled ashore further along the coast. As they drew near to the lumber hotel the schoolboys discerned a crowd gathered on the beach.

Bill Hichens was there, with most of the visitors at the hotel, and several fishermen. They were gathered about some object that lay on the sand, and the juniors hurried up to see what it was.

"Stand back, you kids!" called out Mr. Hichens.

"What is it?" asked Bob.

"One of the bodies from the schooner."

"Oh!"

"Dead?" asked Frank Richards, in a hushed voice.

"Yep!"

There was a buzz of voices in the crowd round the body. In every voice there was a note of horror. And it dawned upon the chums of Cedar Creek that there was something the hotelkeeper had not told them. They pushed forward, and saw the body that lay in the sand.

One glance was enough for them, and they turned away, sick at heart.

"Better get away, you youngsters," said Mr. Hichens.

The schoolboys were glad enough to get away. Their faces were white as they moved towards the hotel.

"That man wasn't drowned last night!" muttered Bob Lawless huskily. "You—you saw—"

"It's horrible!" muttered Frank. "There must have been fighting on the schooner before she went down. He was killed—"

"It was a knife-thrust," said Bob, in a low voice. "And—and that Italian chap—who was so handy with his knife—he must know something about it."

"He ought to be detained, and made to tell what has happened."

"He will be, I guess."

The same thought had evidently occurred to Mr. Hichens, for he was proceeding towards the barn where the Italian seaman had been given shelter, with a couple of other men. The schoolboys followed. It was evident that some terrible tragedy had happened on the schooner the previous night, and that there had been bloodshed on the ill-fated vessel; and Beppo Lazarini, of course, must know what the facts were.

Mr. Hichens entered the barn, with the others at his heels.

The Italian was stretched out on a pile of straw, sleeping, but he awoke instantly at the sound of footsteps and started up.

His big black eyes turned questioningly upon the new-comers. His dusky hand rested on his belt, close to the haft of his knife.

"Che cosa e?" he asked quickly.

"What is it?"

"There's a body come ashore from the wreck," said Mr. Hichens quietly.

"E dunque?"

"It's a man who's been killed in a scrimmage."

Lazarini started.

"Non capisco niente—I know nothing of that!" he answered.

"Was there fighting on the ship last night?"

"No."

"Then how was the man killed?"

"Io non so—"

"Speak English!"

"I know nothing—chi lo sa!" said Lazarini. "I myself was in the fore-castle, asleep. I was thrown into the sea, and that is all I can tell you."

"I guess that isn't good enough. You will be detained here, and handed over to the authorities when I've sent news of the wreck," said Mr. Hichens. "Give me that sticker of yours. You're better without that."

Lazarini's eyes gleamed.

"I am a prisoner?" he exclaimed.

"That's the size of it."

"And why—why?"

"Tell you give a good account of yourself, my man," answered Mr. Hichens. "I shall lock you up in a room in the hotel till someone comes to take charge of you."

He made a step towards the Italian.

Lazarini sprang back, and his knife flashed out.

He backed away from the burly Canadian, still threatening with the knife. The open window of the barn was near, and, with a sudden spring, Lazarini clambered through it and dropped outside, before he could be seized.

"Stop him!" shouted Mr. Hichens. Frank Richards & Co. rushed round the barn.

But Lazarini was already fleeing at top speed, and he ran up the beach like a hunted hare.

There was a shout, and five or six pursuers dashed on his track; but the Italian had a good start, and he vanished among the rocks.

Mr. Hichens shouted to Long Lung for his horse, and in a few minutes he was riding in pursuit.

Frank Richards & Co. went in to breakfast in an excited frame of mind. Half an hour later Mr. Hichens returned unsuccessful. Beppo Lazarini had vanished and was beyond pursuit. That afternoon two of the North-West Mounted Police arrived at Pacific Point, and after a few minutes' stop at the lumber hotel they rode away in search of Beppo Lazarini.

The 5th Chapter. In Direst Peril!

"This isn't quite the holiday we were expecting, I guess!" remarked Bob Lawless.

The chums of Cedar Creek were strolling along the beach, in the golden afternoon, by the blue sea.

The storm was quite gone now, and the Pacific rolled calm and blue, shining in the sun, beautiful and blue as far as the eye could reach towards the setting sun.

The three chums were not thinking much of their planned holiday—of the riding, fishing, swimming, and sailing they had arranged to fill the summer days.

The tragic happenings of the previous night were in their minds, and their thoughts ran incessantly upon the strange mystery of the sea.

What had happened on board the ill-fated schooner as she drifted to her doom on the rocky shore? That was the question that was on their minds, and to which no answer could be found. Had it been a mutiny—had a deadly struggle been proceeding while the hapless vessel was driving to her tragic end? It seemed likely enough, and it was more than likely that whatever crime had taken place Beppo Lazarini had had a hand in it.

No more bodies had been washed up, though a good deal of wreckage had come ashore. The chums wondered what had become of the big man with the brown beard of whom Lazarini had spoken. The probability was that he had found a grave beneath the treacherous waves of the Pacific; but they could not help thinking of him, and hoping that he had, perhaps, reached safety somewhere on the shore. They kept their eyes well about them as they walked along by the sea, in the faint hope of finding some trace of a shipwrecked survivor.

"I guess I don't feel like holiday-making," went on Bob Lawless. "I'd give a good deal to find that that chap Beppo spoke of had got ashore. I suppose there's little enough chance of it."

"It's not likely, but it's possible," said Frank. "If he was a good swimmer he had a chance. And if he got ashore he might have landed anywhere along the coast for miles."

Bob Lawless halted suddenly.

"By gum! Look!" he exclaimed.

He pointed to the sand at his feet. Deep in the soft sand was the imprint of a foot.

The track ran along the sand for some distance ahead of them, and disappeared round a mass of high rocks.

"Might be anybody—" began Frank.

Bob shook his head.

"The folks at the hotel don't come up here," he said. "We're miles now from Pacific Point. And there isn't another building along the coast for a long way. I wonder—"

"Let's follow it, anyway," said Beauclerc.

"I guess we will!"

There was a possibility at least that the track had been made by some survivor of the wreck, and the chums of Cedar Creek followed it with keen interest. It ended where the soft sand was replaced by a path of rocky, stony soil.

There was no one to be seen as the chums stared round them on the silent, lonely beach.

They listened, but there was no sound save the scream of a wheeling sea-gull.

"Somebody made that track, and it's fresh," said Bob. "Anybody landing here might think the whole coast was deserted. I guess we're going to find the galoot who's left

his footprints here. Scatter among the rocks, and call out if you find any sign."

"Right-ho!"

The chums separated, and were soon lost to one another's sight among the big rocks.

Ten minutes after he had parted with his chums Frank Richards came on the track again, in a patch of sand among the rocks. It was a patch before the opening of a deep, shadowy cave in the rocks, and Frank looked curiously into the dark opening.

He was about to whistle to his comrades, when there was a quick step behind him, and he turned.

"Is that you, Bob? Oh!"

The dark, swarthy face of Beppo Lazarini was close to him, grinning evilly. Frank stared blankly at the Italian.

He had supposed that Lazarini was far away by that time, fleeing from the pursuit of the mounted police. It was a surprise—and not a pleasant one—to find the swarthy seaman close at hand.

Frank jumped back.

"Taci!" muttered the Italian threateningly. "Silence, signorino, on your life!"

His knife was in his dusky hand, and the signal whistle died on Frank Richards' lips.

The swarthy seaman came closer.

"So you have found me!" he said between his white teeth.

"I was not looking for you," answered Frank calmly, though his heart was beating with great throbs.

"Then what are you doing here?"

"I was following a track in the sand—"

"My trail?" said Lazarini.

"I did not know it was your trail. I supposed—"

"Chi lo sa? Well, now you have found me, and you will not take the news back to your friends!" said Lazarini sourly. His black eyes glittered at the English schoolboy, and his hand closed on his knife.

Frank's heart thumped.

"I helped to save your life last night, Lazarini!" he said.

Lazarini shrugged his shoulders.

"And now you have brought it into danger!" he said. "If I am discovered here—"

"What is to prevent your escape if you choose?"

Lazarini laughed.

"I do not choose," he said. "I cannot go till I have found my friend from the schooner—the big Ingleso with the brown beard. But I cannot let you tell that I am here. I am sorry, signorino, but you have run your head into this, and it is your own fault."

He made a step towards Frank, who backed away, his hands clenched.

"It was you who murdered the man on the schooner last night, then!" he said. "You are an assassin!"

Lazarini did not answer, but he made a spring forward. The ruffian's murderous intention was plain enough, but Frank did not lose his presence of mind, terrible as the danger was. His eyes were fixed upon the swarthy ruffian, and he sprang back, and eluded the rush. But his foot slipped on a smooth pebble, and he staggered and fell.

The next instant the swarthy ruffian was upon him.

But the murderous blow never fell.

There was a sudden whiz, and a jagged rock came hurtling through the air, and it struck the swarthy face full on the jaw.

Lazarini uttered a yell of agony, and spun blindly away from the fallen schoolboy.

The knife clattered on the rocks.

Bob Lawless came tearing up, with another lump of rock in his hand.

"Bob!" panted Frank.

Beppo Lazarini was scrambling up, his swarthy face black with fury, and as he did so the second rock crashed in his face. He rolled on the sand, and Bob Lawless, bounding forward, seized the knife and grasped it.

"Now, you hound—"

The two schoolboys rushed on Lazarini. But the lithe Italian eluded them, and darted away among the rocks. Vere Beauclerc joined his chums, and the three followed the fleeing ruffian together, but they pursued him in vain. Lazarini had vanished amid the rocks of the rugged shore, and he was not seen again. The chums of Cedar Creek gave up the pursuit at last, and turned homeward to Pacific Point.

But they did not believe that they had seen the last of the ruffian. And events were to prove that they were right.

THE END.