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"HOW THE CROWD INFLUENCES THE GAME!"

GRAND FOOTBALL ARTICLE BY BOB WHITTINGHAM, CHELSEA'S FAMOUS CAPTAIN.



# The BOYS' FRIEND 1 1/2

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending November 1st, 1919.

## Lovell's Minor!



### A SHOCK FOR LOVELL'S PATER!

to the threshold. "What-what!" he exclaimed. "Arthur! Is-is this your room?"

"Here's the study, pater," said Lovell, throwing open the door, and standing back for his father to enter. "We've rather polished it up for you and Teddy!" Mr. Lovell seemed rooted

#### The 1st Chapter. News for Lovell.

"Lovell!"  
Jimmy Silver's voice was calling in the Fourth Form passage, on the Classical side at Rookwood.  
"Lovell! Come on."  
Arthur Edward Lovell was seated on the corner of the table in the end study. The door was open, and Jimmy Silver's voice was plainly audible in the study; but Lovell did not heed it. He had a letter in his

hand, and was reading it with a clouded brow.  
"Lovell!"  
"Why don't the duffer come?" It was Raby's voice now. "I know he's in the study."  
"Deaf all of a sudden." This was from Newcome. "Lovell! Lovell! Arthur Edward Fathead Lovell! Come on."  
"Lovell, you ass!"  
Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, appeared in the doorway of the end study, and bestowed a glare upon his chum.

"Lovell! You heard me—"  
"Don't worry!"  
"What?"  
"Don't worry!"  
"Why, you ass!" said Jimmy Silver warmly. "What the thump—"  
"Don't worry!" said Lovell, for the third time.  
"Are you asking to have your napper shoved into the coal-locker, old scout?" inquired Jimmy Silver.  
"Oh, dry up!"  
"We're going to raid Peele's study—"

"Blow Peele!"  
"He's got a smoking party on—"  
"Let 'em smoke, and be blown."  
"We're going to raid them, and mop up their smokes," said Jimmy Silver. "Why don't you come?"  
"Will you give a chap a rest?" bawled Lovell irritably. "I've got no time for fooling round with Peele and his silly smokes. Let 'em smoke till they burst their crops! Don't worry."  
"My only hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver, staring at his chum in blank astonishment.

Arthur Edward Lovell's temper was sometimes hasty, but he was not often irritable. It dawned on Jimmy Silver that there was something wrong with his chum.  
Lovell, turning his back on Jimmy, glued his eyes on the letter again. It was evidently that epistle that was worrying him.  
"Are you coming?" called out Raby from the passage.  
Jimmy Silver glanced back.  
"Never mind now," he said. "We'll call on Peele later. All serene."





## LOVELL'S MINOR!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Well, of all the asses—" said Raby.

"Of all the chumps—" remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and, without waiting to hear any more compliments from his chums, he stepped into the end study, and closed the door after him. Something was amiss with Lovell, and Jimmy wanted to know what it was.

Lovell did not look up.

"I say, old chap—" began Jimmy gently.

"I think I asked you not to worry," granted Lovell. "I tell you I don't want any fag games now. I'm worried."

"Yes; I guessed from your extra polished politeness that you were worried," assented Jimmy Silver.

"But what's the worry?"

"Oh, it's rotten!"

"What is?"

"This is, of course, you silly owl!" snorted Lovell, flourishing the letter in his hand. "It's come at last."

"That letter?"

"Yes, fathead."

"From home?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Not bad news, I hope?" asked Jimmy, with some concern.

Lovell gave him a glare.

"Do you think I should be worrying over it if it was good news?" he demanded.

"Well, no; I suppose not. I'm sorry, old chap."

"Lot of good that is."

"Ahem!"

Arthur Edward Lovell's manner was not encouraging; but Jimmy Silver did not heed. If Lovell's worry was in proportion to his exceeding gruffness, it was evidently a very big worry.

"Somebody ill?" ventured Jimmy.

"No."

"Well, that's good."

"I suppose so. Anything might be worse than it is," said Lovell sarcastically. "If you get a leg out of I suppose you ought to thank goodness it wasn't your head. All the same, bad news doesn't make a chap feel happy, or inclined to join in a silly rag, or to jaw to a silly ass."

Friendship in the end study was founded as upon a rock; and it was proof against any strain. Jimmy Silver only became more kind and patient.

"Well, if nobody's ill, it isn't the worst," he said. "Keep smiling!"

"Rot!"

"Ahem! But what's the matter? Can't you tell a chap?"

"You'll know soon enough, so I may as well," growled Lovell. "It's Teddy."

Jimmy Silver tried to think who Teddy was, or might possibly be. He thought he had heard of Teddy somewhere, sometime.

"Oh, Teddy!" he said, as comprehensively as he could.

"Yes, Teddy!"

"Really?" asked Jimmy.

Lovell seemed to expect him to know who Teddy was, and Jimmy hoped to fish out the information without betraying his ignorance. Lovell crunched the letter in his hand.

"Yes, Teddy!" he repeated. "I hoped it wouldn't happen! The pater told me last vac, and he was coming with me here—"

"Your pater was?"

"No, you ass," roared Lovell; "Teddy!"

"Oh! Teddy was coming here with you, was he?" said Jimmy Silver.

"I told you so."

"D-d-did you?"

"Of course I did! I mentioned it, at least."

Jimmy Silver cudgelled his brains. Now he came to think of it, the name of Teddy was familiar to him. Who on earth was Teddy?

"I mentioned it," said Lovell.

"Didn't I say my pater had an idea of sending my young brother here?"

Jimmy Silver saw light, at last.

"Oh! Teddy! Your minor! Exactly?"

"You've seen him," said Lovell.

"I—I remember."

"Only once, I think," said Lovell. "I daresay you thought once was enough. He chucked a bike pump at you, when you were home with me one vac."

"I—I remember."

Jimmy did remember now. He had not said so, and wouldn't have said so, but certainly he had thought that one meeting with Master Teddy Lovell was enough. Teddy Lovell was not a lovable youth.

"Is he coming to Rookwood?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Why didn't he come with you at the beginning of the term, then?" Lovell snorted.

"He didn't want to."

"D-d-didn't want to?"

"No."

Jimmy Silver rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"But if your pater had decided to send him here?" he observed.

"His name's been down here for two terms," answered Lovell. "But Teddy didn't want to come. He doesn't want to come now; I know that. I thought it would come to nothing when the pater mentioned it last vac. Teddy always has his own way."

"Oh, I see!"

"I don't know how the pater's fixed it now, to make him come."

"My hat! Wouldn't his saying so be enough?"

Another snort from Lovell.

"You don't know Teddy! He winds the pater round his little finger. If anything is suggested that he doesn't like he has only to make a face. Then it's all changed."

"Ye gods!"

"That's Teddy!" grunted Lovell.

"Then it's a jolly good thing for him to come to Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "That sort of thing is bad for a kid. If a kid's coddled like that, it's awfully rough on him when he has to turn out into the world. He won't get coddled here."

Lovell emitted a groan.

"That's what I'm afraid of," he muttered. "It will be awfully rough on poor old Teddy!"

Jimmy Silver blinked.

"Poor old Teddy!" he repeated.

"Oh! You're fond of him?"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Lovell.

"I suppose I'm fond of my own brother?"

"Ye-es; I—I suppose so. You weren't speaking as if you loved him very much."

"Oh, you're an ass! You haven't any sense, Jimmy Silver. I always said you were a silly chump!"

Jimmy Silver smiled. If Lovell, in his worry and exasperation, found some solace in slanging his best chum, Jimmy did not mind. He was prepared to bear it with great fortitude, hoping that it would do Arthur Edward good to let off steam a little.

"He's a good little chap," said Lovell argumentatively, apparently trying to convince himself rather than Jimmy. "I know he chucked a bike-pump at you. You needn't owe him a grudge for that. He's only a kid."

"I don't old chap."

"You needn't remember that."

"I didn't, till you reminded me."

"He's got a temper," said Lovell. "I know he's got rather a beastly temper. Wouldn't you have, if your pater and mater had been coddling you all the time, and never allowing you to be contradicted, and always letting you have your own way, and turn the house upside-down, if you wanted to?"

"Very likely," assented Jimmy. "A kid would have to be a born angel to stand that kind of training without turning out a bit of a rotter."

"Teddy isn't a rotter! I know he's wilful. But he's a really good little chap. He's got lots of good qualities. They—they don't show much on the surface. That's all."

Jimmy Silver was silent. His first impression—rather a natural one—had been that Lovell was worried at the prospect of having a petted, coddled, and troublesome minor "planted" on him at Rookwood.

But it seemed that Lovell's worry was chiefly on Master Teddy's account. It was very loyal and brotherly of Arthur Edward, and Jimmy liked him all the better for it. But he foresaw trouble.

"So the kid's coming here?" he said, at length.

"The pater's bringing him next Wednesday. I can't imagine how Teddy's come to let him."

"Let him!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Oh, my hat!"

"Teddy won't be happy here," said Lovell. "The fags in the Third won't give way to him."

"I—I rather think they won't! N-n-not likely!"

"It will be rotten for him, and rotten for me. Rookwood ain't the place for him."

"It may do him good, Lovell."

"He'll get into hot water at the start. And—and the pater's written me six sheets about it. I'm to look after him. I'm to bring him up in the way he should go. Of course, I'm going to do my best. But—but Teddy don't do what I tell him. He's independent. It's a thumping worry, that's what it is!" said Lovell, glaring at Jimmy Silver, as if he thought it was Jimmy's fault.

"I—I suppose it is, old chap. But what can't be cured must be endured, you know."

"Do you think I don't know that?"

"Ye-es. Of course. But—keep smiling!"

"As if this isn't bad enough," exclaimed Lovell, in great exasperation, "without a silly idiot talking like a born dummy at a chap! For goodness' sake, let's get down to the footer. You make me tired, Jimmy Silver!"

"Come on, old fellow!" said Jimmy cordially.

He was very glad to accede to the proposal. Even "Uncle James'" sunny good-humour was beginning to feel the strain.

Lovell crammed the letter into his pocket, picked up his footer, and walked out of the study, followed by his chum. When they reached Little Side he proceeded to wreak his feelings upon the inoffensive football, which, fortunately, did not mind.

### The 2nd Chapter.

#### A Surprising New Stunt!

"Raby!"

"Hallo, old top!"

"I wish you wouldn't leave your dashed footer boots strewn around the study!"

George Raby looked up sharply.

The Fistical Four had come in to tea, after footer practice. To judge by Lovell's look, his ill-humour had not been wholly expended on the footer.

"What's that?" demanded Raby.

"Your dashed footer boots are always sprawling round somewhere!"

"And why shouldn't they?" hooted Raby wrathfully. "I suppose I can change my boots in my own study, can't I?"

"It's my study, too, and I like my study kept a bit tidy."

"Wha-a-st?"

"Tidy!"

"You—you—you like the study tidy?" bawled Raby.

"Yes."

"Since when?" grinned Newcome.

Lovell did not answer that question. He stared round the end study with a disparaging look that had a rather exasperating effect upon Newcome and Raby.

"Socks!" he ejaculated.

"What?"

"Socks! Socks in the study! What's the dormitory for?"

"Well, dash it all, there oughtn't to be socks about the study," said Jimmy Silver.

"They're Lovell's!" roared Raby.

"What?"

"Lovell's!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Lovell.

"They've been straying round the study for days," said Raby indignantly. "I've pitched them off the table, and off the chairs, and I chucked them into the coal-locker once. But there they are again!"

Arthur Edward Lovell looked confused for a moment. As a matter of absolute fact, Arthur Edward was not the tidiest fellow in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. His new desire for tidiness in the study was a surprise, and rather an exasperating one, to his study-mates. They could not be expected to assimilate it all at once.

He picked up the socks, and jaunted them into his desk. He had quite forgotten leaving them about a few days before, after getting his feet wet on Coombe Heath. Certainly, he ought not to have done so. It was the limit in untidiness; there was no doubt about that.

"The maid ought to have taken them away," he said sulkily. "What the thump is the maid paid for?"

"Why, you've tipped her yourself not to interfere with things in this study," said Newcome.

"Oh, don't jaw!"

"I want to know what this game is," said Raby hotly. "Here's the slovenliest fellow in the Form, excepting Tubby Muffin, preaching tidiness at us, with his own socks staring him in the face!"

"Jolly old socks, too!" said Newcome. "There's holes in them."

"I've got fed up with those socks," said Raby, pursuing his advantage. "But I haven't said anything. Now I'm getting lectures about my footer boots. Chaps do change their boots in their studies. They don't change their socks there, as a rule."

"Only Lovell!" agreed Newcome.

"Time we had tea," interrupted Jimmy Silver, in the hope of pouring oil on the troubled waters. "Where's the sosses?"

"Are you going to cook sosses?" asked Lovell.

"Yes; we've got a prime lot."

"Don't make a blessed muck with the cooking."

"Eh?"

"It would be a bit tidier and cleaner to have tea in Hall. The study will smell of those sosses."

"Have your tea in Hall if you like!" exclaimed Raby. "What the merry thunder is the matter with you, Lovell? Have you got the tooth-ache?"

"Oh, rats!"

"Tea in Hall!" said Newcome. "I like that! Is the silly ass going potty?"

Grant from Lovell.

There was an atmosphere of excitement in the end study by this time. Lovell's new stunt was not gratifying to his comrades. Jimmy Silver quietly proceeded to fry the sausages. He did not quite understand Lovell, but he guessed that Arthur Edward was still suffering under the effects of the letter from home.

Jimmy had manfully made up his mind to bear with him, as long as he possibly could, and not to rub his head in the cinders till there was positively no other resource.

Raby spread the tablecloth, which drew a sniff from Lovell. Tablecloths in junior studies seldom were spotless. The cloth in the end study was far from spotless. There were stains of tea on it, and of cocoa, and of ink, and some traces of sealing-wax and cycle-oil. Lovell had never found

fault with those trifling things before. He proceeded to find fault now.

"Are we going to have tea on that?" he asked.

"You can have yours on the hearth-rug, if you like!" retorted George Raby tartly.

"Well, it doesn't matter now; but we shall have to have a clean cloth next week, anyhow."

"We get a clean one on Monday."

"And I suppose it will be in that state by Wednesday."

"It will, unless you change your usual manners and customs, that's a cert," answered Raby.

"We'll keep the new cloth back till Wednesday," said Lovell, "and on Wednesday, for goodness' sake don't have your footer boots on the table, or your old trousers on the mantel-piece."

"What's going to happen on Wednesday, then?" inquired Newcome.

"Is the Head coming to tea?"

"My minor is coming on Wednesday."

"Your which?"

"My young brother Teddy."

Raby and Newcome looked at Arthur Edward Lovell as if they would eat him. Jimmy Silver went on sedately with the sausages.

"Your young brother Teddy!" repeated Raby. "That little scally-wag—"

"That blessed little imp we saw at your place!" said Newcome.

"Sosses are done!" said Jimmy Silver hastily. "Anybody got the plates? Plates! Plates! Plates!"

"So we're getting this lecturing because Teddy is coming here on Wednesday!" said Raby, almost breathless with indignation and wrath.

"We're not to have footer-boots in the study, because a little—"

"Plates!" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Look here, Raby—"

"We're getting a distinguished visitor, so we're to mind our p's and q's!" snorted Newcome. "A distinguished little scally-wag—"

"Plates!"

Lovell began to glare.

"My minor's coming to Rookwood," he said. "He's going into the Third Form."

"Jolly glad he isn't coming into the Fourth!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Well, I'm glad of that!" said Lovell sarcastically. "He would share my study, and I couldn't have him in here along with footer-boots and dirty tablecloths."

"Dry up, old chap!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Where's the plates?"

"Dash the plates!" shouted Raby angrily. "So we're to be lectured about the study being untidy because a thumping fag of the Third Form is coming here! Of all the cheeky dummies—"

"Easy does it!" said Jimmy Silver.

"If Master Teddy gives us a look-in, we'll do the honours, and give him a good time. Now, those plates—"

"If Master Teddy gives us a look-in, this study, I'll jolly well pull it for him!" retorted Raby.

"Will you?" roared Lovell.

"Yes, I will!"

"You'll want a new face afterwards!"

"Rats!"

"My minor's coming here on Wednesday, and the place is going to be decent—as decent as possible. I'm not going to have Teddy thinking that we pig in like—like—like we do."

"Blow Teddy!"

"Blow Teddy!"

"Plates! Plates! Plates!"

"I never heard of such thumping cheek!" exclaimed Raby. "Us—us, in the Fourth—on our best behaviour on account of a dashed fag—a Third Form fag! Jimmy's got a cousin in the Third, but I don't remember Jimmy asking us to put our best bibs and tuckers on for him."

"My brother's a bit different!"

"Oh, is he!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, beginning to share Raby's and Newcome's indignation now. "Look here, Lovell—"

"Any other fellow's chums would stand by him at a time like this!" said Lovell resentfully.

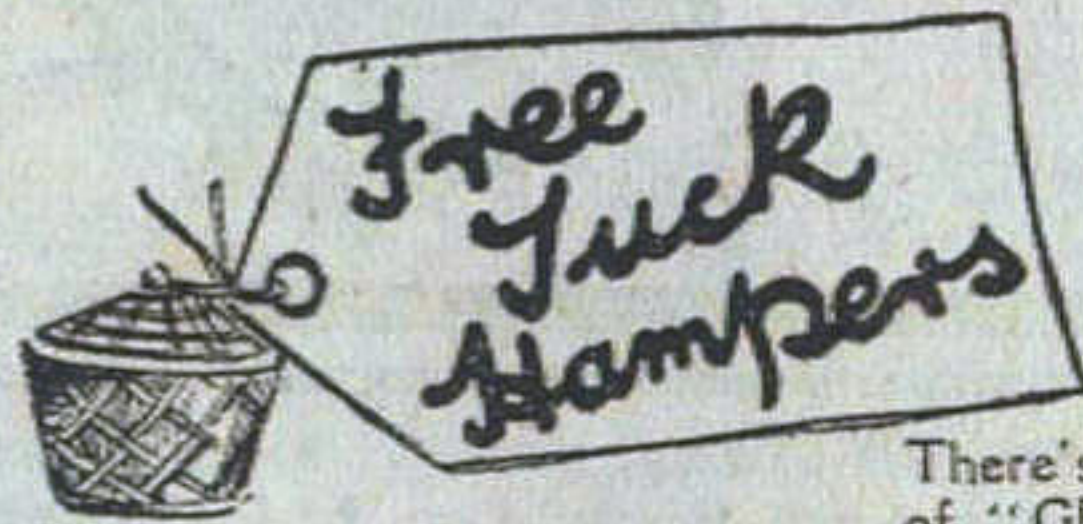
"A time like what?" hooted Raby.

"Nothing special about this time that I can see. Other fellows have had fag brothers come to the school without any fuss. And there isn't a fag at Rookwood that isn't worth a dozen of your precious Teddy!"

"What?"

"Don't I remember the little bouncer," said Raby, "chucking a bike-pump at Jimmy, because the dear boy was in a temper! In a temper! I'd have taken the temper out of him if I hadn't been a visitor!"

"He'd better keep clear of this study!" said Newcome. "His temper won't go down here! He'll find him-



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self licked before he knows what's happening to him."

"You'll have to lick me first, you rotter!"

"Well, I wouldn't mind doing that! I've a jolly good mind to do it, anyway!"

"Come on, then, and do it!" snorted Lovell.

"I jolly well will—"

"Shut up, both of you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver, pushing between his excited chums. "Look here, Lovell, you're playing the goat, and you'd better stop it!"

"Rats to you, and to the lot of you!" growled Lovell. "Nice way for a fellow to be treated because he wants the study decent for once! Go and eat coke!"

Lovell strode to the door, and jerked it open.

"Tea's ready, Lovell—"

"Hang tea!"

Lovell strode out of the study, and closed the door behind him with a terrific slam.

The three juniors looked at one another.

"Well!" said Raby, with a deep breath.

"Well!" ejaculated Newcome.

"Let's have tea!" said Jimmy Silver shortly.

The three sat down to tea in a very decomposed humour. Arthur Edward Lovell had tea in Hall, nursing his wrath. There was a rift in the lute in the end study, with a vengeance, and if Arthur Edward Lovell had really wished most fervently to prejudice his chums against the newly-arriving minor, he certainly could not have taken better measures to that end.

The 3rd Chapter.

Trouble in the End Study.

During the next few days matters did not progress in the end study with their usual harmony.

Jimmy Silver had exerted his eloquence upon Raby and Newcome, and persuaded those exasperated youths to "go easy" with Lovell, in view of the unusual circumstances of the case. But even "Uncle James" himself found it a little difficult to "go easy."

For there was no doubt that Arthur Edward Lovell was exceedingly trying in these days.

He was worried by the prospect of his minor arriving at Rookwood School. Whether he was the more worried on his minor's account or on his own was not easy to decide. Certainly the festive Teddy's arrival would mean a good deal of worry and responsibility for Arthur Edward. A spoiled, wilful, probably selfish fellow would land himself into endless scrapes in the Third Form at Rookwood, a Form that was not remarkable for patience or forbearance. Lovell major, in his mind's eye, could see himself landed in them, too, in the role of guide, philosopher, and friend to his minor.

It meant worry enough to him; but probably Lovell thought less about that than about the hardships for Teddy, the spoiled darling of an indulgent home who was to rough it in a fag Form, and the change would be immense. And Lovell cared too much for his young brother not to be discouraged by that thought.

And he felt, in an aggrieved way, that even his own pals were not backing him up as he had a right to expect. They might have stood by him in this, he considered.

Naturally, the end study took quite a different view. If they were civil to Lovell minor they thought that was as much as any reasonable chap could expect. To be told that their quarters, which were good enough for them to live in, were not good enough for a Third Form fag to visit was a little too much. There was a very sore feeling in the end study on that subject.

If Lovell had let it rest there it would have blown over, but Lovell did not let it rest.

His new "stunt" of tidiness was carried to an extent that made his chums quite wild.

Lovell had been known to tip the boys' maid to leave the end study alone. Now he tipped her to give that celebrated apartment her very best and special attention.

The boys' maid earned her tips.

Half-written lines, which had to be finished in a hurry, disappeared before they could be finished, and left no trace behind. Botanical notes, laboriously compiled by Newcome, vanished. Football boots, penknives, caps, books, odds and ends of all kinds eluded discovery when they were wanted, having been deposited tidily in mysterious corners and recesses by the faithful maid. Indeed,

that energetic young lady was simply devastating. Nothing could ever be found without a search, and so tidy did the end study become that life grew to be a burden within its walls.

Even that might have been borne, though with much suppressed feeling. But even that wasn't all. Lovell groused at herrings being cooked at the study fire. He was afraid the scent would linger. There was quite a scene when Raby made toffee. True, Raby upset some of the toffee in the fire, and there was a terrific smothering of smoke and blacks. But from Raby's point of view that disaster merited sympathy, not what it received.

And one evening Lovell wanted to know why Newcome persisted in resting his feet on a chair. It was Lovell's own favourite attitude, but he had dropped it of late. Newcome was not prepared to drop it at precisely the same moment.

"Do you call it graceful?" Lovell wanted to know.

Newcome's reply was:

"Shut up!"

Manners were beginning to deteriorate in the end study.

"When my minor comes—" said Lovell.

"Blow your minor!"

"Just like you, Newcome, to take a prejudice against a kid you've hardly seen."

"Lovell, old chap," said Jimmy

he will jaw me! I should deserve it, too, if I didn't do everything I could for Teddy. He's a jolly good little kid."

Lovell's chums looked at him curiously.

From the description of Teddy they would have supposed him to be anything but a jolly good little kid. In fact, they knew he was nothing of the sort, from the little they had seen of him. But there was something rather touching in Lovell's loyal affection for his young brother, and it disposed them to be patient with him, as patient as possible.

"We're not going to eat the kid," said Newcome. "But lecturing your old pals because of a blessed fag—well, you ought to be able to see for yourself that it's too thick."

"Teddy will be in here a lot."

"Oh, will he?"

"Of course he will. I shall keep him under my eye as much as possible. He's sure to have trouble in the Third, and this study will be a sort of refuge to him."

"Oh my hat!"

"I want you fellows to be specially kind to him and friendly."

"You're going the right way to work for that, and no mistake."

"Look here!" said Lovell, after a pause. "Suppose you fellows keep out of the study on Wednesday."

"Eh?"

"You chucked my cuttings into the fire!"

"Well, the study couldn't be in a litter with fragments of old newspapers, when my minor—Yarooooogh!"

Lovell broke off with a roar, as Raby rushed at him. It was the last straw, and George Raby's patience was exhausted.

Lovell's head was in chancery the next minute.

"Stoppit!" yelled Jimmy Silver.

Jimmy and Newcome rushed to separate the combatants. Lovell and Raby had both lost their tempers, and they were pommelling hard.

The united efforts of Jimmy and Newcome dragged them apart.

They stood panting and glaring at one another.

"For goodness' sake don't let's have any slogging in this study!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Listen to that!"

"That" was the squeak of Tubby Muffin in the passage.

"He, he, he! This way, you fellows! They're fighting in the end study. He, he, he!"

The door opened, and Mornington of the Fourth looked in.

"Anythin' wrong?" he asked, glancing curiously at the flushed faces of the Fistical Four.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Lovell.

Morny started.

Lovell might really have expected them to be.

The 4th Chapter. Nice for Lovell!

Wednesday was a rainy day. The rain came down in the old quadrangle of Rookwood with an irritating persistence, and the old beeches were weeping.

There was no footer that afternoon, and few fellows felt inclined for a tramp in the mud and the rain. Most of them remained indoors, and mooched about the passages or the studies, making remarks about the weather that were frequent, and painful, and free.

Jimmy Silver and Co. did not feel inclined to turn out. Lovell wanted them to keep out of the end study, and his desire was so utterly unreasonable that it was not to be wondered at that it irritated the three juniors.

The boys' maid, duly tipped, devoted her special attention to the end study that morning. It shone like a new pin when she had finished with it. She was a dutiful young lady, and she had tidied the study till it was hopeless to look for anything that was wanted. She had even polished the clock, and it was a little difficult to tell the time by that clock afterwards. It looked better, certainly; and it was silent, which was, perhaps, an advantage, as it had had a very loud tick. But it persisted in informing the Fistical Four that it was eleven-thirty when it wasn't anything of the sort.

Lovell surveyed the study, after dinner, with considerable satisfaction. That precise old gentleman, his father, could have found no fault with it, and even Master Teddy might have been satisfied. Lovell's chums were not so well pleased. With the rain pouring down in the quad, the juniors naturally wanted the study. There was no fire in the form-room or the common-room, and it was cold. The fire was laid in the end study, but not lighted. Lovell had explained to his incensed chums that he didn't want the grate stacked with ashes and cinders when Teddy arrived.

Newcome wanted to "mug up" botany, as there was nothing else on; and he naturally wanted to do it in his own study. He also wanted to get his botanical specimens in order; the maid had tidied them up with a vengeance. Raby had a book he wanted to read—before the study fire, in a comfortable chair—with his feet on another. But undoubtedly Lovell was right in considering that the newly-swept and garnished study would lose most of its polish if it was inhabited by a gang of careless juniors. He thought it quite reasonable to ask his chums to leave it alone till his visitors had come and gone.

Jimmy Silver acquiesced. Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the three Colonials, were going for a tramp on the moor in macs and leggings, and Jimmy arranged to join them. He vainly endeavoured to persuade Raby and Newcome to join the tramping party.

"Tramp in this thundering rain, because a thundering fag is coming to Rookwood!" breathed Raby. "Not if I know it!"

"But we as good as agreed to leave the study alone this afternoon!" urged Jimmy Silver.

"We won't go in the study, if we're not wanted there," said Raby. "But we're not going out, are we Newcome?"

"No fear!" said Newcome emphatically.

"The fact is, we've got something on for this afternoon," said Raby, with a glimmer in his eyes. "You cut off with the merry Colonials, Jimmy."

Jimmy looked rather uneasy.

"Ragging the Moderns?" he asked.

"Oh, no; never mind the Moderns. Too jolly rainy for ragging."

"Something nearer home," said Newcome.

"Well, what is it?"

"Never mind—you cut off; there's Conroy hooting for you like a steamer's syren."

"Are you coming, Silver?" called out the Australian junior.

"You chaps are not thinking of any jape on Lovell, surely?" said Jimmy Silver, in distress and alarm.

"My dear man, Conroy will burst his crop if you don't go."

"Buck up, Jimmy!"

"Silver! Jimmy Silver!" bawled Conroy.

Jimmy hurried off, and joined the Colonials. He was in a rather troubled mood; but there was nothing he could do.



TROUBLE IN THE END STUDY! "Stoppit!" yelled Jimmy Silver. He and Newcome rushed to separate the combatants, and their united efforts dragged Lovell and Raby apart. "For goodness' sake don't let's have any slogging in this study!" exclaimed Jimmy.

Silver, "if he was a born angel you'd make chaps take a prejudice against him."

"Just because he chucked a bike pump at you once!" said Lovell unreasonably.

"Well, he was a little beast to do it!" said Jimmy.

"So my brother's a beast, is he?"

"It runs in the family, I think," said Raby.

"My pater's coming down with him on Wednesday," said Lovell. "You chaps can't make any allowance for a fellow. My pater's awfully particular about Teddy. He will expect me to set him an example, and look after him. Nice example—sticking hoofs up on a chair."

"Have I got to be an example to your thundering minor?" roared Newcome.

"Well, you'd be a good example to a wild hippopotamus," said Lovell, "not to my minor!"

"I'm yearning to pull his ears already!" remarked Raby.

"Let me catch you pulling his ears!"

"Lovell, old chap—" murmured Jimmy.

"You don't know my pater, when it's a question of Teddy!" said Lovell moodily. "If he sees the least thing out of order in my quarters he will think I don't care about the kid, and that I'm a slovenly rotter, and—and

"You can go down to the footer field—"

"Suppose it rains?"

"Well, then you can go for a walk."

"In the rain?"

"Yes. I'll tip the maid to give the study an extra rub after lunch. She's very obliging."

"Too jolly obliging, I think."

"And if you fellows don't come tramping in with your muddy boots the room will look fairly decent, and my pater won't find fault."

"I don't want to say anything disrespectful about your pater, Lovell," said Raby; "but I'd like to point out that we're not aiming wholly and solely at pleasing your pater. There's other objects in life."

"Well, we might keep out of the study if Lovell wants us to," said Jimmy Silver patiently.

"It would keep the room a bit tidy," said Lovell.

"It's too thumping tidy now!" hooted Raby. "I can never find anything. That blessed maid has done something with my newspaper cuttings. I had a whole bunch about my brother's regiment, and they've vanished, like everything else lately."

"Do you mean those silly scraps of paper you were always leaving about the study? I suppose they weren't of any value. If they were, I'm sorry I chucked them into the fire, of course."

Raby jumped up.

"What! Why, you ill-tempered cad—"

"It's all right, Morny," said Jimmy Silver, with a worried look. "Don't mind him. All serene, old top."

"Sorry I came in," said Mornington, shortly. "I won't again in a hurry."

He turned on his heel and walked away.

"Now you've insulted Morny," said Raby, "and you're the chap that's started teaching manners in the study."

"Hang Morny! What did he want to shove in for?"

"He, he, he!"

Tubby Muffin's fat cackle floated in at the door. The fat Classical was staring into the study in great merriment.

Lovell made a rush at him.

"You cackling, fat rascal! I'll—"

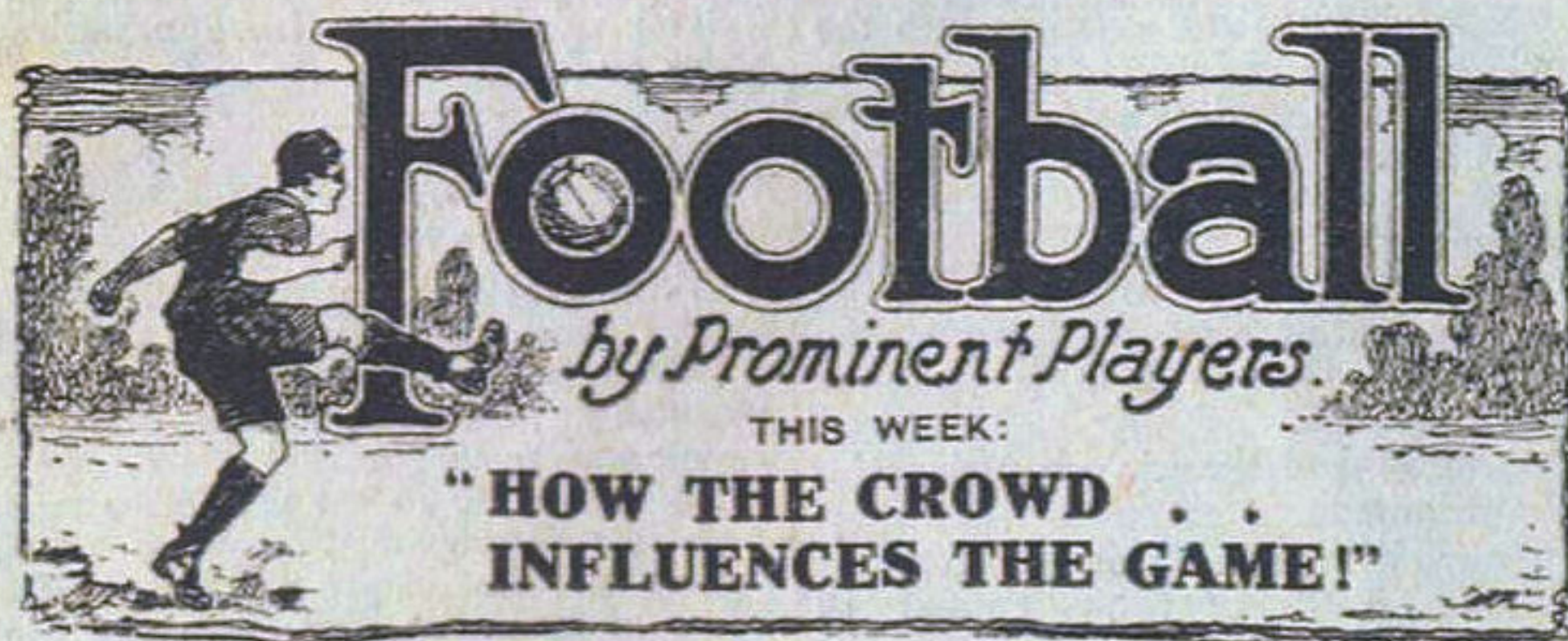
"Yarooooogh!"

Tubby Muffin fled for his life.

Lovell did not come back into the study. Jimmy Silver and Co. did their prep that evening without him; Lovell doing his in the form-room by himself—like Achilles sulking in his tent.

The merry brightness seemed to have departed from the end study. It was all the fault—unconsciously, perhaps—of Lovell Minor; and the feelings of Lovell's chums towards that hopeful young gentleman were—what





By "BOB" WHITTINGHAM.

I wonder if you have ever thought of the influence which the football spectators have on the play and the players? Believe me, that influence is distinctly marked in several directions, and I should say that to a very large extent the onlookers decide what sort of a game they themselves witness.

In the first place, speaking for myself and for most of the professional footballers with whom I come in contact, I would much rather play before a large crowd than before a small one. It seems somehow as though a ground filled to overflowing with spectators instils its enthusiasm into the players, whereas empty benches seem cold and uninviting, and make the player feel cold too.

It doesn't matter so much if the crowd is a small one on a small ground, but a small crowd on a huge

ground seems all out of place somehow, and I am certain that, speaking generally, I play my best games before bigger and more enthusiastic onlookers.

As you know, we of the Chelsea team get into the way of expecting a mighty crowd of people to see our matches. At Stamford Bridge we get anything up to sixty thousand with fair frequency, and I believe the ground has accommodation for something like ninety thousand people.

Without being a prophet I should say that this holding capacity will be sorely taxed before this present season has run its course, for on every hand there are signs of boundless enthusiasm, and unmistakable evidence that the game is in for its greatest boom season. But fancy playing on that huge ground at Stamford Bridge when there are only five thousand people or so present. The place looks

absolutely empty, and the mere thought of it makes me feel cold.

Writing of Chelsea, however, reminds me that the average crowd which attends our games is different in some respects from the crowds you get in the provinces. They always seem readier in London to cheer the visiting team.

Possibly this is accounted for by the fact that when Newcastle or any other provincial club comes to town, there are quite a number of people in London who have come from that place, and who go to see the match anxious to see the visitors win. Hence these visitors get more cheers for clever play than the visitors get at the average ground in the country.

And you may take it from me that the cheers of the crowd matter quite a lot to the football-player. In the majority of matches the home team wins each Saturday, as you may have probably noticed. Why is this? Well, partly, of course, it is because the home players are familiar with the peculiarities of the ground, but quite as much it is because the home team get more cheers, and more encouragement from the spectators.

I sometimes think that if spectators knew just how some of the players feel when their efforts are jeered at they would be inclined to be less severe. I know some of us are thick-skinned, and even rude remarks are apt to go in at one ear and come out at the other so far as the seasoned, experienced player is concerned. But it is for the youngster, getting perhaps his first trial in big company I would specially appeal.

Did space permit I could tell you of quite a lot of young players who have been very sad as the result of their first experience before large crowds of people. Probably they have felt nervous, and in consequence

"BOB" WHITTINGHAM,



Chelsea's clever captain, who has written this article specially for the BOYS' FRIEND.

have not been able to play up to form. Then the spectators have said rather cutting things, and many a promising boy has been tempted to give up trying to please the onlookers.

One word of encouragement for a young and new player is worth a ton of criticism. Believe me, the average footballer who is off his game, and putting up a rotten show, knows

it well enough, without being told in so many words by the onlookers.

Because the play of a team, as well as of individuals, can be so largely influenced by the attitude of the onlookers, I want to say a word to the supporters of those sides which have been so unfortunate as to make a bad start this season. You supporters want your team to do well, of course. The best way to help them to do well, is to assume that they are doing their best, and to give them every encouragement.

Don't stay away from the ground just because they have lost a match or two. Keep on going. Urge them on, and it is long odds that they will quickly find the turning in the long lane of defeats.

In the same way, too, the football spectator has it largely in his power to determine the sort of game he sees. By that I mean that if he makes up his mind to condemn wholeheartedly any foul play, then the games will be clean.

If, on the other hand, the onlooker bids his favourites "get their own back," then there is a direct incentive for the players to indulge in doubtful tactics. The average big football match is strenuous enough, and passions get roused quickly enough, too, without the spectators helping. Their influence should be in the other direction.

Yours faithfully,

Bob Whittingham

LOVELL'S . . .  
MINOR!

(Continued from previous page.)



Raby and Newcome grinned, as they watched the party go down to the gates in the rain.

"Just as well Jimmy's gone," remarked Raby. "He's such a patient old codger, he wouldn't like the little game."

"Just as well!" agreed Newcome. "I wonder what Lovell will say?"

"Let him say what he likes," George Raby breathed hard. "Are we going to be turned out of our study, and lectured, and jawed, as if we were inky fags in the Second, because a spoiled kid is coming to Rookwood! My hat! Lovell oughtn't to be surprised if we licked the kid the minute we set eyes on him."

"I daresay it would do the young cad good."

"Hallo, there's Lovell!"

Lovell came along in macintosh and cap. He was going down to the station to meet his father and young brother, and bring them to Rookwood. He glanced at his chums, and looked rather grim. Feeling was in a rather high state of tension among the old pals of the end study at present.

He did not speak to Raby or Newcome. They watched him pass out of the house, and tramp down to the gates, with his umbrella up.

"Any other chap would have asked his pals to go with him," said Raby. "It would have been rotten, but we'd have done it! But it appears that we're not the right quality for Master Teddy! Us, you know."

"Let's get up to the study," said Newcome. "The coast's clear now. We're not going to stay in it, as we've agreed not; but—"

"But the silly ass will wish we had, by the time he sees it again."

And with grinning faces, the two juniors repaired to the end study, where they were very busy for a considerable time afterwards.

There was a considerable noise in the study as they busied themselves there, and it attracted the attention of a good many juniors whom the rain had kept indoors. Quite a crowd gathered outside the study, to look in at the door, opened by the inquisitive Tubby Muffin.

"Well, my hat!" said Townsend. "What are you duffers doin'?"

"Breakin' up the happy home!" grinned Peele.

"What's the game?" asked Rawson. "Ha, ha, ha!"

The sight was really an extra-

ordinary one. Raby and Newcome were apparently occupied in wrecking their own study.

The table was up-ended, the chairs thrown over, the books scattered, the wastepaper basket emptied in the middle of the floor, and firewood and coal littered about the grate and fender. There were ink splashes on the windows and the looking-glass. Coal dust was tramped into the carpet and the hearthrug.

All the painstaking efforts of that obliging lady, the boys' maid, were set at naught. The end study had sometimes presented an untidy appearance before. But it had never looked as it looked now.

Raby looked round with a grin at the grinning crowd at the doorway.

"Looks all right, what?" he remarked.

"But what on earth's the game!" asked Rawson.

"Preparations for a distinguished visitor."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You see, we've been bullied and jawed for nearly a week, because Lovell's minor is coming," explained Newcome. "We're not tidy enough for him. We don't come up to the high standard of a Third Form fag. We're asked to keep out of our own quarters this afternoon, so that it will be spotless for him. So we're giving the room a finishing touch for the young gentleman."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A little jam on the tablecloth will improve it, Raby."

"Yes, and some coal on the mantelpiece."

"A trifle of margarine round the bookcase—"

"And some marmalade on the gas-globe—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were howls of laughter in the Fourth Form passage as the great preparations proceeded. The Fourth Formers were quite grateful to Raby and Newcome for providing that free entertainment on a rainy afternoon.

By the time the two juniors had finished, they were rather dusty and sticky, but they were feeling satisfied—they felt that they had done their work well.

What Lovell would feel about it was another matter. But it could not be denied that Arthur Edward Lovell had asked for it.

## The 5th Chapter.

## A Little Surprise.

"This way, father!" There were a good many eyes on Lovell as he spoke.

Arthur Edward had returned from the station with his father and the new fag. Mr. Lovell had taken Master Teddy in to see the Head,

and Lovell waited for them in the Hall. When they rejoined him, he led the way up to the Fourth Form passage.

There were smiles on all the faces they passed.

Mr. Lovell, a stout gentleman of fifty, dressed with great precision, was known to some of the fellows, and they saluted him respectfully. But they could not help smiling as they thought of the study he was being led to. Master Teddy also attracted some attention. He was a slim youth, rather good-looking in a pouting, petulant way. The expression on his face was not merry or bright. His brow was clouded—in fact, he looked sulky. It needed only a glance to discover that Master Teddy was not pleased at coming to Rookwood School.

"Cheeky-looking little cad!" murmured Higgs of the Fourth, when the party had passed. "If his pater wasn't with him, I'd give him a lick to take that scowl off his face."

"Blessed if I can see what Lovell sees in that cheeky little sneak!" remarked Tubby Muffin.

"He don't look as if he's got much sense," remarked Flynn. "But sure, he'll get some knocked into him before he's been at Rookwood long."

Lovell glanced round. The smiling faces he passed perplexed him a little. He had noticed Raby's and New-

## OWEN CONQUEST

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**THE GREYFRIARS HERALD,** so it's bound to be good! There are many other splendid features in this new addition to the famous Companion Papers, so . . .

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come's amongst them. Raby and Newcome did not come forward to speak to his father.

"My study's at the end, father," said Lovell.

"Yes, my boy, I remember it," said Mr. Lovell. "I hope I shall find it a little tidier than when I last visited you. I spoke to you on that occasion about it. I am quite aware that boys will be boys, but you must remember now, Arthur, that Edwin will look to you for guidance."

"Yes, father, I thought of that!"

"I wish it were possible for Edwin to share your study—"

"That wouldn't be allowed, as he's in a lower form, father."

"No; I made some reference to it, in speaking to the Head, but it seems that it is not feasible."

"I don't want to," remarked Master Edwin, breaking his sulky silence. "I'm not going to be stuck in with Arthur."

"Wouldn't you like to, kid?" asked Arthur Edward, looking a little crestfallen.

"No, I wouldn't!" answered Teddy, with charming candour. "I'm not going to have you interfering with me."

"I'm not going to interfere, Teddy, and—"

"I'll take jolly good care you don't!"

"Edwin, you are not to speak to Arthur in that manner. Arthur will be the best friend you have at Rookwood," said Mr. Lovell with some severity.

"I didn't want to come to Rookwood."

"Now, my dear boy—"

"I don't want to stay here," grunted Master Edwin. "You never let me do anything I like!"

"Teddy!"

"Shall we get on to the study?" asked Lovell, his ears crimsoning as he heard a faint chuckle from somewhere. He was acutely conscious of the fact that half a dozen fellows in the passage heard this interesting colloquy between Mr. Lovell and his younger son.

"Yes, yes," said Mr. Lovell hastily.

They progressed up the Fourth Form passage, Master Edwin staring about him with sulky looks.

"Who's that fat bouncer?" asked Teddy Lovell, staring at Tubby Muffin, who was grinning in the doorway of Study No. 2.

Tubby Muffin heard the question, which Master Teddy did not trouble to ask in a subdued voice, and his fat face grew red and wrathful.

"Eh? That's Muffin, of my form. Come on!"

"Looks like a giddy barrel, and no mistake!"

"Edwin, you must not make such remarks," said Mr. Lovell.

"Well, he does look like a barrel," said Edwin.

"Silence, sir!"

Edwin pouted, and looked sulky again.

"I am sure you will like Rookwood, when you have been here a little while," continued Mr. Lovell.

"I sha'n't!"

"My dear boy—"

"Rotten place, I think!"

"You'll get on all right, Teddy, in the long run," said Lovell. "Rookwood's a splendid old show."

"What rot!"

"Well, here's the study, pater," said Lovell, colouring with vexation.

"We've rather polished it up for you and Teddy!"

He threw open the door, and stood back for his father to enter, without looking into the study.

But Mr. Lovell looked into it, pausing on the threshold.

He looked into it with an extraordinary expression on his face.

He seemed rooted to the threshold of the room.

"What—what!" he exclaimed.

"Arthur, is—is—is this your room?"

"Yes, dad—"

"Is it always in this state?" thundered Mr. Lovell.

"Oh, no," said Lovell in surprise.

"Of course, I'm always tidy—ahem! But we're a bit polished just now, on account of— Oh, oh! My hat!"

Lovell was looking in now. "Why—what—what—oh—"

Lovell fixed a frozen gaze upon the end study.

He had left it spick and span, like a new pin. And now—the hapless Arthur Edward could scarcely be-

lieve his eyes. Master Teddy burst into a loud giggle.

"I—I—I—what—" stammered Lovell.

He blinked helplessly into the study—at the coaly carpet, the overturned furniture, the inky windows, the dusty, scattered books and papers. It seemed like an evil dream.

Mr. Lovell's face was like a thunder-cloud.

"So this—this—this bear-garden is specially prepared for my visit," he stammered. "I should be glad to know what it is like in ordinary times, if this is specially tidy."

"I—I—I—"

"This when your young brother comes here for the first time—this! This is the example you are setting him. This is the room you receive him in, on his first day in the school."

"I—I—I—"

"I am ashamed of you, Arthur!"

"This—this— I—I—I—" babbled the hapless Lovell. "I—I—I— Somebody's been here. It's a rag!"

"A what?"

"A rag!" gasped Lovell. "Somebody's been ragging the study while I was out. Oh, dear! Those bouncers—Raby—I knew they were up to something— Newcome— Oh dear—"

"Your friends?"

"Yes, I—I suppose so. It—it's a rag! I'll—I'll— Oh dear!"

Words failed Lovell.

Mr. Lovell turned from the doorway with an angry sniff.

"I decline to enter a room in that state!" he snapped. "I am surprised at you, and ashamed of you, Arthur! I have brought Edwin here to be practically placed in your charge, and this—this is how I find you! It is unattractive! I refuse to step into the room! What I have to say to you I will say in the visitors' room! Not a word! Let us go down!"

Mr. Lovell whisked back along the passage with a purple face. Lovell followed him with Teddy, who was grinning.

"What a go!" whispered Teddy. "The governor's in one of his tantrums now, and no mistake. You're going to get a jaw! Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell made no reply to that sympathetic speech. He followed his father downstairs in utter dismay. The door of the visitors' room closed on them, but a murmur could be heard from within, by fellows in the corridor; and Tubby Muffin, who ventured nearer the door, returned chuckling, to announce that Lovell's pater was "going it!"

Lovell's pater "went it" for quite a considerable time.

And when he departed at last, and some of the juniors gathered round Lovell with the kind intention of chipping him, the look on his face was quite sufficient to stop any thought of chipping.

Raby and Newcome exchanged a rather remorseful look as Lovell passed them. But Arthur Edward did not look at his old chums. Without a word he passed them, with Lovell minor.

(Next Monday's grand, complete tale of the chums of Rookwood is entitled, "Looking After Teddy." By Owen Conquest. Don't miss it!)





# FOUL . . . PLAY!

A Grand, Complete Story of  
**FRANK RICHARDS & Co.,**  
and the Honourable Algy at the  
School in the Backwoods.

BY . . .  
**MARTIN CLIFFORD.**

### The 1st Chapter.

In This Style, Fifty Cents!

"Ha, ha, ha!" Frank Richards & Co. looked round as that sudden burst of laughter rang through the playground at Cedar Creek.

"Algy again, I guess," murmured Bob Lawless.

And Bob was right. Vere Beauclerc frowned a little, as his two comrades smiled. The Honourable Algernon was Beauclerc's cousin, which made some difference. Beauclerc did not exactly enjoy his cousin Algy being the object of merriment.

"What's up now?" said Frank.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I don't see—" began Beauclerc.

"Well, here he comes."

The Honourable Algernon Beauclerc was sauntering across the playground towards the lumber schoolhouse, outside which the Co. were standing.

Nearly every eye in the playground was on him, and every face wore a grin; but for the moment the Co. could not see the cause.

True, Algy's monocle was gleaming in his eye, but Cedar Creek was used to Algy's eyeglass by this time. Algy had been at the school a week or more now, and they had had time to get used to it.

Algernon was very nicely dressed, it was true. He had been prevailed upon, at length, to abandon his Etons, and his topper, and his high, white collar. But his clothes, though in more accordance now with his surroundings, were very elegantly cut, and of a beautiful fit. And nothing could induce Algy to part with his monocle. He had parted with his topper with a pang; but parting with his eyeglass would have cost him too many pangs.

He strolled gracefully towards his friends, swinging a light cane, and, apparently, unconscious of the fact that he was the centre of a sudden eruption of mirth.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Eben Hacke.

"In that style, how much?"

"Fifty cents!" yelled Chunky Todgers.

"Dear at the price!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I don't quite see the joke," remarked Bob Lawless, a little puzzled.

"What's this game, Algy?"

Algy shook his head.

"Don't ask me," he yawned. "I haven't the faintest idea. Perhaps it's your necktie, old scout."

"What?"

"Somethin' seems to be excitin' the general risibility," said Algernon.

"Unless it's your necktie, dear man, I really can't guess what it is."

Bob Lawless turned pink.

"What's the matter with my necktie?" he breathed.

"Nothin' at all—really nothin'.

But the way it's tied—"

"The way it's tied?" said Bob.

"Yaas; and the colour—"

"The colour?"

"Yaas; and the stuff it's made of—"

"The—stuff—"

"Yaas; there's a certain amount of room for merriment in that necktie," said Algernon, fixing his eyeglass upon it.

"Still, it's rather personal to burst out cackling like this."

Bob Lawless stared at the Honourable Algernon. That it was Algy who was the subject of that outburst of mirth was quite clear; but Algy either could not or would not see it. He preferred to attribute it to Bob's necktie, which certainly was not such a thing of joy and beauty as Algy's.

"Well, you—you—" murmured Bob, almost overcome by the cool cheek of the dandy of the lumber school.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the playground.

Algernon Beauclerc turned round, jamming his eyeglass a little more firmly into his eye, to survey the laughing schoolboys.

As he did so, the cause of the outburst dawned upon Frank Richards & Co., as Algy's back was turned towards them.

On Algy's elegant back a placard was fixed with a hook.

On the placard—evidently borrowed from a store in Thompson Town—was the inscription in bold black letters:

IN THIS STYLE, 50 CENTS.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Co. in chorus.

"Begad!" ejaculated Algernon.

He spun round at the unexpected burst of laughter behind him. His placarded back was exhibited to the crowd in the playground once more, and there was another roar:

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you fellows laughin' at?" inquired Algernon. "Anythin' ticklin' you, Frank Richards?"

"Ha, ha! Yes."

"In that style fifty cents!" yelled Eben Hacke.

stickin' this on my back!" exclaimed Algernon indignantly.

He made a rush towards Eben Hacke.

That burly youth was doubled up with merriment, roaring. But he roared in quite another way as Algernon suddenly seized his nose between a finger and thumb.

"Ooooooch!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

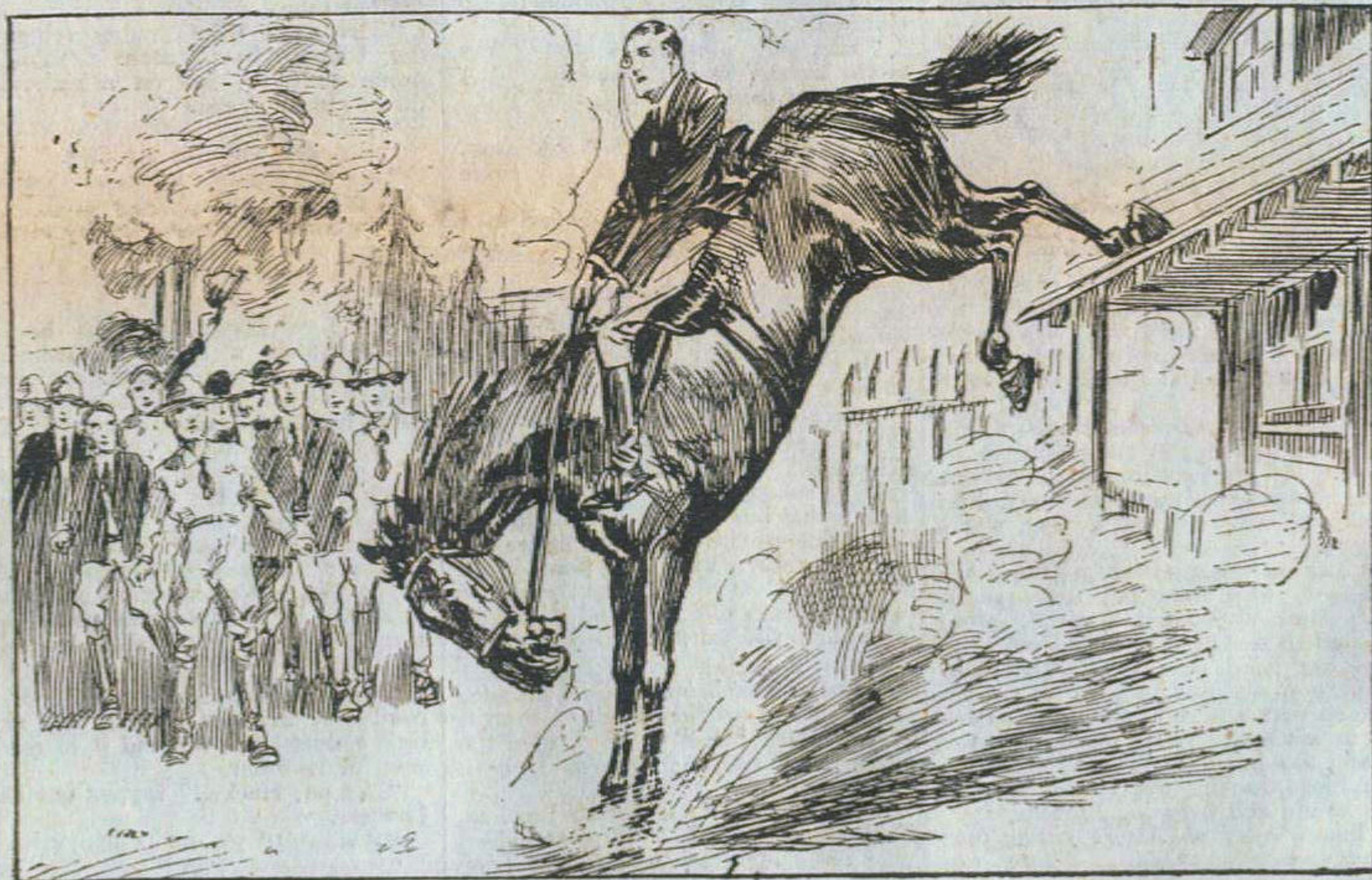
Hacke tore his nose away the next moment, and jumped at the dandy of Cedar Creek with clenched fists. Miss Meadows ran quickly between them.

"Stop!" she rapped out.

"I—I—he—he—I—" spluttered Hacke.

"You should not play such tricks on a new boy, Hacke," said Miss Meadows. "As for you, Beauclerc, if you act in this manner again, I shall punish you severely!"

"The rotter was impertinent, madam!" said Algy.



**ALGY'S TRIAL!** The horse stopped with startling suddenness, flinging up his hind legs. But Algernon was well back in the saddle, the stirrups almost at the horse's neck as he sat back. "By gum! He can ride!" muttered Bob Lawless.

"Now, I wonder what that boulder means by that?" exclaimed Algy.

"What is fifty cents in real money, Vere?"

"About two shillings in English money," answered Beauclerc laughing.

"And what does it mean?"

Algy looked round at the laughing crowd again. Just then Miss Meadows stepped out at the porch.

"Beauclerc!" she exclaimed sharply.

Algy turned round.

"Why are you carrying that ridiculous card on your back?" exclaimed the Canadian schoolmistress.

"I, madam?" exclaimed Algy in astonishment.

"Yes. Take it off at once!"

Algy blinked.

"Is—is there anythin' on my back!" he ejaculated. "Take it off, Vere—why don't you take it off, you ass?"

Vere Beauclerc reached out his hand, and unhooked the placard. Algernon's face was a study as he gazed at it.

"In this style, 50 cents!" he murmured dazedly. "Oh, gad!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a shriek from the playground.

"By gad! That's why that ruffian Hacke pushed against me—he was

"Silence! Go into the schoolroom, and wait there till lessons!"

Algernon looked rebellious; but he had learned, by this time, that Miss Meadows had to be obeyed, so he walked into the schoolroom, and sat down there. Eben Hacke rubbed his crimsoned nose savagely as Miss Meadows went into the house.

"I—I—I guess I'll make cold meat of that gold-darned dude!" he spluttered.

"Pulling my nose—my nose, by James! I—I—I guess—"

"Did it hurt?" grinned Chunky Todgers. "You yelled as if you'd caught it in a gate. He, he, he!"

The bully of the lumber school gave the fat, cheerful Chunky a glare. He was not in the humour then for Chunky's chuckles.

"Did I?" he gasped.

"You did. Ha, ha—yaroooooh!"

The next moment Chunky Todgers was yelling too, as Eben Hacke smote him.

Eben Hacke stamped away angrily, leaving the fat Chunky sitting in the playground, roaring.

### The 2nd Chapter.

Algy is Ready!

Eben Hacke gave Algernon a ferocious glare as he came into class with the rest of Cedar Creek a little

later. Algy did not even notice him. He was depositing his eyeglass very carefully in his pocket. Miss Meadows did not allow him to wear that adornment in class, though Algy sometimes sported it there from habit. He put it away as the schoolmistress came in, however.

Hacke sat down with a black brow. More than once the bully of the lumber school had been on the point of "lambasting" the Honourable Algernon, as he expressed it; but Miss Meadows had an eye on him. His bullying ways were well known, and he was not allowed to wreak his wrath on the new fellow, which Eben regarded as very hard lines indeed. He was half as large again as Algernon, and twice as heavy, and Algy could certainly not have stood up to him, which Eben regarded as being quite sufficient reason for licking the Cedar Creek dandy, apart from his somewhat exasperating manners and customs. And now Eben's prominent nose had been pulled, and it was the last straw.

Ebenzer was thinking of his injuries as he sat in class that morning, and he gave Algernon many black looks, of which Algy Beauclerc was blissfully unconscious. The lofty Algy had pulled Hacke's nose for his "dashed impertinence," and there he apparently considered the matter ended. But it was very far from ended.

When the Cedar Creek fellows came out after lessons that day Ebenezer Hacke came up to Frank Richards & Co., his eyes gleaming at Algernon, who was with his friends.

"You pesky dude!" said Hacke.

Algernon extracted his eyeglass from his pocket, jammed it into his eye, and surveyed the burly Eben calmly.

"Bedad! Did you address me?" he asked.

"Yep!"

marked. "Take your nose away, Hacke. It really isn't a beautiful thing to look at, don't you know?"

Eben burst into a scoffing laugh.

"And that critter's a Cedar Creek chap!" he exclaimed contemptuously.

"A soft galoot that can't scrap, and can't ride, and can't—"

Algernon looked round.

"My dear man," he said, "I'll ride anythin' on four legs in Canada."

It was Algernon's weak point that had been touched. With all his soft ways, he was a good rider, as Frank Richards & Co. had found, rather to their surprise. There was good stuff in Algernon, as Bob Lawless had observed, but it did not show on the surface.

"I guess you couldn't ride my horse!" said Hacke jeeringly.

"What rot!"

"Will you try?"

"Yaas, certainly!"

"Hacke's horse is rather a tough critter, Algy," said Bob Lawless, a little uneasily. "You'd better leave it alone."

Algernon smiled.

"Let him trot it out," he answered.

"If there's a gee in Canada that I can't ride I'd be glad to see it. My dear man, I could ride Hacke's horse's head off!"

"I guess you'll back down when you see the critter!" sneered Hacke.

Algernon fixed his monocle upon Hacke with good-tempered contempt.

"My dear kid, that remark is in your usual good taste!" he said. "If you want to see me ride your horse, trot it out."

"Business?" asked Hacke, as if still sceptical.

"Oh, yaas!" said Algy carelessly.

"I guess I'll bring him out on the trail, then."

"Right-ho!"

Eben Hacke strode away towards the corral to fetch his horse, with a grin on his hard face. Algernon walked towards the school gates to wait for his challenger on the trail outside.

His companions went with him, Frank and Bob feeling rather ill-at-ease. Vere Beauclerc did not seem uneasy, however, and he smiled reassuringly at his chums.

"It's all serene, you fellows!" he said. "Algy is a good many kinds of an ass, but he can ride."

"Thanks!" yawned Algernon.

"I don't like the look in Hacke's eye," said Bob Lawless. "He means mischief, that pesky galoot does. His horse may be savage to-day."

"I think Algy will manage him all right."

"Well, he's in for it now," said Bob.

Frank Richards & Co. waited on the open trail, and a good many of the Cedar Creek fellows gathered round. They were curious to see an exhibition of buck-jumping, with the dandy of the school in the saddle. Hacke's horse was well known as a rather vicious brute, very different from the handsome pony Algy rode to school.

Algernon, being plentifully supplied with cash, had selected the best pony to be bought in the Thompson Valley for his own use, and it was a really handsome "critter." Very different from the big, raw-boned, savage-tempered brute that belonged to Ebenezer Hacke.

In a few minutes Eben Hacke led his horse out at the gates. Algernon surveyed it critically through his eyeglass.

The horse was a little restive, but not looking specially vicious just then. It was ready saddled and bridled.

"Hyer he is!" announced Hacke.

"And I guess you'd better keep off him, tenderfoot, and own up you can't ride. He don't like strangers."

"Give him to me!"

"Waal, here he is!"

"Look out!" called out Tom Lawrence. "That critter will begin buck-jumping as soon as you get a leg across him."

"Yaas, all serene."

Algernon examined the girths and shortened the stirrups. Eben Hacke watched him with a sarcastic smile. The horse started away uneasily as Algy touched the girths.

"Quiet, old boy!" said Algernon.

"Like a ladder to get up with, Algy?" called out Chunky Todgers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shall I bunk you up, dude?" grinned Eben Hacke.

"Rats! Stand back!"

The horse was shying nervously, and there was a growing irritation visible in his looks. Algy did not mind, however. If the creature had been really dangerous, the Honourable Algernon would not have backed out at this stage of the proceedings. There was plenty of pluck hidden under Algy's soft and elegant manners.

Appearances were deceptive, as the Cedar Creek fellows were to discover.

"Anythin' for a quiet life!" he re-





## FOUL PLAY!

(Continued from  
the previous page.)

furiously at that moment. His grip was like iron on the reins, but the horse was beyond control.

Algernon sat in the saddle grimly. His eyeglass gleamed in his eye; his hat had blown off, and his hair was loose in the wind. But he was perfectly cool and collected.

Even a good rider might have failed to keep his seat on the horse in its present mood. But Algernon was keeping it.

The galloping steed swept by the gates and thundered on towards Thompson Town at a terrific burst of speed.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Bob Lawless, dropping from the fence again. "What the thunder is the matter with the critter? He looks mad! Did you see his eyes?"

"There's something wrong with him," said Beauclerc between his teeth. "Hacke has played some trick—"

"Eh? What trick could he play?" "I don't know; but the horse is mad at this moment," said Beauclerc.

"That's not buck-jumping—the animal's frantic!"

"I guess it does look like it," said Bob soberly.

"Here he comes!" yelled Chunky. Clatter, clatter, clatter!

Algernon had succeeded in wheeling the horse on the Thompson trail, and he was coming back at a furious speed.

From various coigns of vantage, the schoolboys watched him, safe out of the reach of the animal's hoofs.

Algernon was still firm in the saddle.

His face was a little pale, and his teeth were set, his lips drawn in a tight line. His brows were wrinkled over his gleaming eyeglass. But he was still as cool as ice.

"Look out!" he shouted, as he came thundering up.

But the warning was needless; the Cedar Creek fellows were looking out sharply enough.

Vere Beauclerc watched his cousin with a white face. There was no help for Algy; it was a struggle between him and the infuriated horse, and it had to be fought out to a finish.

That there was something wrong with the horse was clear now to all eyes. It was not merely a vicious temper that was the matter with him—though what the matter was, was a mystery.

Close by the school gates the horse stopped with startling suddenness, and Beauclerc gave a gasp, as he looked to see Algernon shot over the lowered head of the animal. But Algernon was well back in his saddle, the stirrups almost at the horse's neck as he sat back. With his nose to the trail, the horse was flinging up his hind legs, looking every moment as if he would roll over head-foremost.

The quality of Algy's riding was pretty evident then. There was hardly a fellow in the watching crowd who could have sat the frantic horse through that ordeal; and Algy was sitting him as if born to "witch the world with noble horsemanship."

"By gum! He can ride!" muttered Bob Lawless.

"Jump down, Algy!" shouted Frank Richards, as the horse, as if exhausted by his own fury, stood for a moment or two nearly motionless, panting and steaming.

Algernon did not heed.

"Get down, you fool!" roared Eben Hacke, whose harsh face was pale and perspiring now. "Take your chance!"

But it was too late, if Algy had wanted to take his chance. The horse glared around with bloodshot eyes at the little group, then leapt forward like a shot from a gun.

Crash, crash, crash! rang the hoofs on the hard trail.

"Oh, my hat! How is this going to end?" muttered Frank Richards.

"He'll be killed!" groaned Chunky Todgers.

Crash, crash!

The schoolboys gazed on, spell-bound.

The horse was excited now to a pitch of fury that was terrible to look upon. More than once he had reached round with his teeth, snapping at the rider's legs, but Algy was on the watch, and the white, snapping teeth had not touched him.

Now the animal rose perpendicularly on his hind legs, and instead of coming down on his forefeet again, rolled backwards into the trail, his legs thrashing the air.

Beauclerc suppressed a cry. It seemed a miracle that Algy was not pinned under the weight of the horse. But he had leaped clear at precisely the right moment, keeping the reins in a grip of iron. As the frantic horse rose again, Algy was in the saddle once more, and the horse leaped up with the undaunted rider on his back.

Crash, crash, crash!

The movements of the animal were almost too rapid to be followed by the eye, as he reared, and jumped, and kicked, and plunged. He burst into the furious gallop again, and once more tore along the trail in the direction of Thompson. In less than a minute horse and rider had vanished from sight.

"Let's get our horses!" gasped Frank Richards. "We'd better follow goodness knows what will happen now!"

"Correct! Come on!"

Frank Richards & Co. rushed to the corral for their own mounts. In a couple of minutes they rode out on the trail, and started in pursuit of the vanished buck-jumper. The rest of the crowd remained round the school gates in excited, breathless discussion. Not a fellow there thought of starting homeward till the result of that strange struggle between horse and rider was known.

The three schoolboys rode hard up the Thompson trail, with the deadliest fear in their hearts for Algy.

"There he is!" exclaimed Bob Lawless at last.

"Dismounted!" exclaimed Frank. The buck-jumper was quiet at last.

He stood in the trail, trembling in every limb. Algy holding the rein and soothing him. The saddle lay in the grass. Frank Richards & Co., as they rode up, could see that the girths had burst.

Algernon glanced round as they arrived. He was breathing hard, but looked quite cool.

"Thank goodness you're safe!" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"Safe as houses, old scout! The girths burst," said Algernon. "A jolly good thing they did, too!"

"But you—"

"Oh, I landed on my feet, old chap. I believe I mentioned that I could ride," drawled Algernon.

"Well, you can ride; no mistake about that," said Bob Lawless. "The critter looks quiet enough—"

"He's not been tormented with a bunch of thorns now," said Algernon quietly. "Look at that."

He pointed to the broken girth, and then to the horse's heaving flank.

"Jerusalem!" gasped Bob Lawless.

"It was Hacke's little joke," said Algernon. "He saddled the horse before he brought it out, you know, and he put that bunch of thorns well under the saddle-girths. You can figure out for yourselves what the poor brute felt like when the thorns began to work into his skin." And Algernon smoothed the horse's dripping neck soothingly.

Bob Lawless' brow was like thunder as he picked up the bunch of thorns, stained with blood now. Under the girth, the horse's skin had been cruelly scored.

"By thunder!" said Bob Lawless, between his teeth. "By thunder! Of all the dirty tricks—The poor horse—"

"I'm goin' to thrash the rotter for that!" said Algernon. "I don't mind for myself, but think of the poor old gee—"

"Let's get back," said Bob abruptly.

The chums walked their horses back to the school, leaving Hacke's saddle lying in the trail. Bob Lawless remarked that Hacke could fetch it if he wanted it. And a shout greeted them as they arrived at the gates of Cedar Creek.

### The 4th Chapter. Rough Justice.

"Here they are!" squeaked Chunky Todgers. "The tenderfoot ain't dead!"

"He's off the boss, though," remarked Lawrence.

Eben Hacke stepped towards his horse as the new-comers halted, with a rather uneasy expression.

"Where's my saddle?" he demanded.

"Half-way to Thompson, in the trail," answered Bob Lawless.

"You can see that the girths broke."

"And you left it there?" shouted Hacke.

"Yep!"

"Why, you gol-darned jay—"

"And look at that!" said Bob Lawless, holding up the bunch of thorns.

"Look at that, all you fellows!" Hacke bit his lip hard. He had not expected his trick to come to light. But it had come to light now, with a vengeance.

"What on earth's that?" asked Dick Dawson.

"And look at the critter's flank!" said Bob.

"Phew!"

"Hacke put those thorns under the girth, when he saddled up," said Bob. "That's what made the critter so wild. Algy might have got his neck broken, for all Hacke cared."

"I reckoned he would get thrown off," said Hacke sullenly. "He needn't have stuck on so long if he hadn't wanted. I never reckoned he would get hurt, 'cept a bump or two."

"You cowardly rascal!" exclaimed Frank Richards hotly. "And what about the horse?"

"It's my horse!" growled Hacke.

There was a buzz among the Cedar Creek fellows as they crowded round the now quiet animal. There was indignation on all sides. The remarks that were addressed to Eben Hacke made that youth's ears burn.

Algernon pushed back his cuffs.

"I'm goin' to lick that brute!" he said. "You've been lookin' for a scrap with me, you rotter; now's your chance!"

"I'm ready for you, you pesky dude!" growled Hacke.

Bob Lawless pushed the warlike Algernon back.

"Hold on!" he snapped.

"I'm goin' to thrash him, I tell you!" exclaimed Algy.

"My dear chap, you can ride, but you can't thrash a fellow twice your size," said Frank Richards. "Leave him to us!"

"I'm goin' to try."

"You're not!" grunted Bob Lawless. "Hacke is goin' to get worse than you could give him, you jay. You fellows, you see what the brute's done. He's risked breaking a chap's neck; and that's not the worst. Look at the boss. Hacke's going to smart for it!"

"I'm ready to fight any galoot here!" growled the bully of the lumber school.

"That isn't what you're going to do, though," said Bob. "You're going to be ridden on a rail, and ducked in the creek."

"Yes, rather!"

Hacke clenched his big fists.

"I guess I'd like to see any galoot ride me on a rail!" he roared.

"You'll see it soon. Get a rail, Franky, will you?"

"You bet!" answered Frank Richards.

Bob Lawless tethered the horses. Hacke made a stride towards his steed, and was unceremoniously shoved back. Vere Beauclerc and Tom Lawrence collared him by the arms, and held him.

"Let me go, hang you!" said Hacke between his teeth, struggling in their grasp.

"Hold him!" said Bob.

Hacke was held fast enough. The whole Cedar Creek crowd were exasperated by his foul play, and there were plenty of hands ready to hold him.

Frank Richards returned in a couple of minutes with a big rail. Half a dozen fellows held it in readiness for its rider.

"Get on, Hacke!" rapped out Bob Lawless.

"I won't!" roared Hacke.

"Stick him on!"

Hacke struggled savagely, but three or four fellows had hold of him, and he was pitched astride of the rail. The rail was swept into the air, and Eben Hacke had to clutch at it with both hands to save himself from a fall as it was lifted shoulder high.

"Let me down, you pesky jays!" he howled.

"Go ahead!" called out Bob Lawless.

"Stick to it, Hacke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The crowd surged away towards the creek, shimmering at a distance in the setting sun. Hacke roared and howled as he clung to the rail. He jumped from it once, and stumbled and crashed on the ground, with a howl of anguish. He was promptly collared and flung on the rail again, and it was lifted once more. After that Hacke decided that it was wiser to keep his place, and he clung to the rail with hands and legs, gasping and spluttering.

"Let me down! Oh, you jays! Oh, oh, ow!"

The crowd came along the bank of the creek, Eben Hacke riding the rail in their midst.

"In with him!" shouted Bob Lawless.

"Stoppit!" roared Eben Hacke.

"You pesky galoots! Stoppit! I—I—I guess— Oh! Ooooch!"

Splash!

The rail was tipped, and Eben Hacke shot off into the shallow water by the bank of the creek.

He disappeared into two feet of water and mud with a mighty splash.

"I guess that's good enough for the galoot!" said Bob Lawless.

"Ooooooch!"

Eben Hacke's head and shoulders rose from the water. He had sprawled in thick mud at the bottom, and he was almost unrecognisable when he came into view again. Mud was thick on his face, and in his nose and mouth and ears, and thick in his hair. Mud and water streamed from him as he splashed towards the bank.

"Oh, oh, ow! Groogh! Ooooooch!" he spluttered.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, you galoots! Ow, oooch! Oh, Jerusalem!" gasped Hacke. "I guess I'll— Ow, ow! Groooooch!"

"I guess you'll think twice before you play a dirty trick like that again, you low-down skunk!" said Bob Lawless. "It's not good enough for Cedar Creek!"

"Groooooch!"

The crowd, laughing, turned back towards the school. Frank Richards & Co. untethered their horses, while Hacke, crawling from the creek, limped up the trail after them, shedding mud and water at every step. His appearance was greeted with loud chuckles by the Cedar Creek fellows. The bully of the lumber school stopped outside the gates, squelching mud, and shook a wet and muddy fist at Frank Richards & Co.

The chums of Cedar Creek had mounted their horses, and Bob Lawless had taken the reins of Hacke's steed, as if to lead it away.

"Give me my critter, you fool!" howled Hacke.

Bob Lawless shook his head.

"I guess I'm taking your critter home with me to the ranch," he answered.

Hacke jumped.

"Taking my critter home!" he spluttered.

"I guess so. He wants seeing to, and I'm going to take him to the ranch for the vet to see him," answered Bob Lawless.

"You crazy galoot!" yelled Hacke furiously. "He's my critter, ain't he?"

"You can have him again when he's got over your rotten trick," said Bob Lawless coolly. "He's not fit to be saddled now, and won't be for a day or two. I'm taking him home."

Hacke spluttered with fury.

"How am I to get home, then?" he howled.

"Walk!" answered Bob Lawless laconically.

"I'm going to have my boss!" roared Hacke.

"Rats!"

The chums of Cedar Creek started. Hacke made a rush after them, amid loud laughter from the schoolboys now starting for home. He grasped the reins of his horse, and held on to them.

"Let go, Bob Lawless, you galoot!" he panted.

Bob Lawless had his own reins and his riding-whip bunched in one hand. He let the reins go, and gripped the whip, and brought it down across Hacke's knuckles with a sounding lash.

There was a wild howl from Hacke as he released his horse.

"Yow-ow-ooop!"

"Have some more?" asked Bob grimly.

"Yow-ow!"

"Come on, you fellows!" said Bob.

And Frank Richards & Co. rode away up the trail into the timber, with Hacke's horse trotting beside Bob.

Eben Hacke stood in the trail, looking after them, panting with wrath. The chums of Cedar Creek disappeared into the timber, and the bully of the lumber school turned slowly away.

"I guess that will be a lesson to that galoot," remarked Bob Lawless, glancing at his grinning chums. "I suppose you jays think I've been a bit high-handed. But the critter wants looking to, and it's precious little looking to Hacke would give it. He thinks he can do as he likes with it because it's his own horse. It's time he learned better."

Frank Richards laughed.

"Quite right, old scout," he answered.

"Yaas," remarked Algernon, with a nod. "Right on the wicket, dear boy. But you should have let me thrash the rotter, you know."

Whereat the chums of Cedar Creek chuckled. While they road cheerily homeward with the led horse, the hapless bully of Cedar Creek had the pleasure of tramping a mile along the Thompson trail to recover his saddle, and then of heading for home—on foot. And by the time he trudged into his home it was possible that Eben repented of his sins.

THE END.

The general expectation was that Algy would roll helplessly off the horse's back at the first jump.

Algy vaulted into the saddle with an ease and grace that rather surprised the schoolboys to begin with.

"He can mount a critter!" remarked Dick Dawson, in a tone of wonder, and there was a laugh.

"Hold on to his ears, Algy!" yelled Chunky Todgers.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh gad!" said Algy. "I think you must be a little loose in the crumple, Hacke. There's nothin' in ridin' this horse."

"Jest you see!" grinned Hacke. "If you keep on him three minutes I'll eat my hat!"

"You'll have to eat your headgear, then, dear boy. I'll run him up and down the trail."

Algy touched the horse lightly, and trotted up the trail towards the creek.

For a minute or two the horse trotted on obediently, and gave no sign of trouble. But as Algernon wheeled him in the trail to ride back to the school gates, he began. He came round with a whirl, and suddenly his forefeet flew into the air, and he stood almost perpendicularly on his hind legs, pawing the air.

There was a gasp from the watching crowd. This was the beginning of the expected display of "buck-jumping"—and it was beginning in style.

Almost every one of the spectators expected to see Algernon go spinning over the horse's lashing tail, and there were exclamations of alarm from several.

"It's too bad!" exclaimed Lawrence. "He may be hurt—"

"He asked for it!" grinned Hacke.

Crash!

Algy was still in the saddle, his knees gripping the flanks of his mount. The horse came down on his forefeet with a crash that made sparks fly from the stones in the trail. And Algernon was still in the saddle.

### The 3rd Chapter. The Buck-jumper!

Crash, crash!

The buck-jumping was going on in deadly earnest now.

The crowd of schoolboys watched the scene breathlessly.

Hacke's horse was growing wildly excited. Up and down he went, first on his hind legs, then on his forefeet, with his nose almost touching the ground. It seemed a miracle that the rider was not pitched out of the saddle like a pip from an orange.

But he sat tight.

Crash, crash!

"My hat!" murmured Frank Richards. "Dash it all, I can ride, but—but I'd rather not be on that gee just now."

"I guess he's a real sockdolager!" said Bob Lawless. "There's something wrong with the brute. I've never seen him as mad as that before."

"Only buck-jumping," said Eben Hacke.

Vere Beauclerc compressed his lips. "Have you been doing anything to the horse, Hacke?" he asked.

"Eh, what?"

"That isn't ordinary buck-jumping. The brute seems nearly mad."

"That's only his temper, I guess."

"He ought to be shot for a temper like that!" growled Bob Lawless.

"The dude asked for it, didn't he?" sneered Hacke. "If he can't ride, he shouldn't have got on the critter."

"Look out!" yelled Chunky Todgers. "He's coming!"

"Oh, Jerusalem!"

There was a sudden scattering of the crowd outside the school gates.

Hacke's horse, after two or three minutes of frantic bucking, had suddenly burst into a furious gallop, straight at the watching crowd.

The schoolboys scattered on all sides.

If the raging horse had burst through the crowd, there would have been serious injuries on all sides, if not fatalities.

Some of the fellows rushed into the playground, and others swarmed on top of the fence. The trail was empty almost in an instant.

Clatter, clatter, crash!

"Hold him in!" yelled Hacke, from the top of the gate.

But the rider could not hold in the