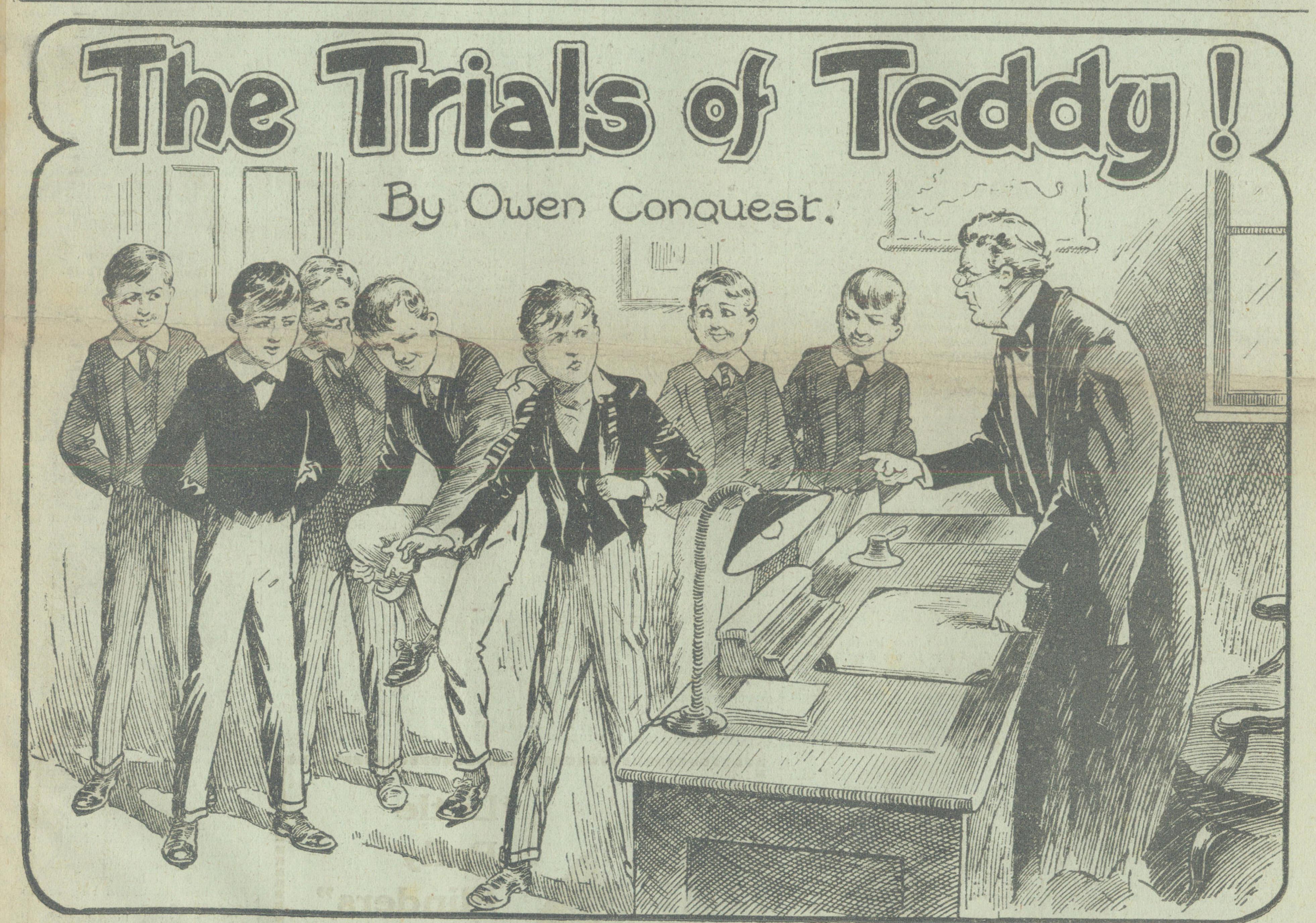


No. 962. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending November 15th, 1919.



JUSTICE—WITH A VENGEANCE!

"You have been guilty of a detestable action, Lovell minor. I'm not surprised that the other boys ragged you as you call it. Kicking another boy is a cowardly and brutal action." Teddy stared

at his Form-master speechless with rage and dismay. He had come there to demand punishment on all who had laid hands on him, and now- "Boys," continued Mr. Bohun, "you will take fifty lines-and you, Lovell, will be caned!"

The 1st Chapter.

Teddy, Too!

"What about Teddy?" Arthur Edward Lovell asked that question with a peculiar doggedness in his manner.

Jimmy Silver suppressed a groan. Eaby grunted,

occupied a large space in the thoughts | pected to remember the existence of | youth the better they liked it. and proper. He did not occupy so over, they did not like Lovell minor. Lovell, his tone growing resentful. Lovell's chums.

Newcome | be done with that half-holiday, Jimmy civil as possible—to Lovell minor, for sideration. "He'll lag."

whistled. And Arthur Edward's ex- | Silver and Raby and Newcome had | his major's sake. But they were far | "He'll get tired, poor little chap!" gentleman.

pression grew a little more dogged. | quite forgotten the existence of from yearning for his company. In | murmured Newcome. Teddy-otherwise Lovell minor. They could not be ex- fact, the less they saw of the cheery. "No need to walk as if it was a

of Lovell major, which was very right fags in the Third Form; and, more- "What about Teddy?" repeated not bound to cover miles and miles,

large a space in the thoughts of He was not an attractive young "Teddy's hardly up to a long tramp. over Coombe Heath," remarked In fact, in discussing what was to They were ready to be civil—as Raby, with an air of judicious con-

race," said Lovell. "I suppose we're walking on a half-holiday. Teddy hasn't seen much of the country round here yet."

Raby grunted, Lovell's concern for his young doubtful.

said Jimmy Silver.



study. Lovell's chums had recog-

nised that it was possible to have too

much of a good thing, even if Lovell

minor was a good thing, which was

"Oh, bring him, by all means!"

"Bring all the Third Form!" sug-

"If you don't want my minor --- "

"Oh, we do-we does!" said Raby.

"Bring him! Fetch him! We'll

wait! We don't mind how long we

wait! Anything for the pleasure of

"Shut up all round!" said Jimmy

Silver, in the authoritative tones of

Uncle James of Rookwood. "Let the

kid come. It may do him good.

Lovell snorted, and turned back

into the quadrangle. His chums fol-

lowed him meekly. They had already

learned that it was no use arguing

with Arthur Edward Lovell where his

minor was concerned. But they were

It was an unwritten law at Rook-

wood, as at most schools, that fellows

in different Forms did not chum to-

gether much. They were of different

ages; they had different interests-

different ways of looking at things.

More especially did that apply to fag

Forms. Jimmy Silver had a cousin

good for a fellow to hang about with

And, in the opinion of his chums, it

was not likely to do Teddy Lovell

Teddy had been about a week at

He had found that the spoiled dar-

He could not even turn his nose up

Rookwood now, and he had not taken

ling business was no use at Rookwood.

He had learned, with intense indigna-

tion, that he could not always have

at a fellow who did not meet with his

lordly approval, without risk of get-

ting a forcible punch on the said nose.

painful to Teddy; but very good for

him, all the same, in the long run.

Which was very surprising and

kindly to the discipline of school.

fellows older than himself.

much good.

his own way.

feeling very restive on the subject.

"If you don't want him--"

gested Newcome, in a sarcastic vein.

"Let's turn it, into a school walk!"

began Lovell, his voice rising.

having your minor's company!"

"Look here, Raby---"

Let's go and rout him out."

"We do-we do-we do!"

"We does-oh, we does!"

he walked on. House.

Published

Every Monday

minor with us no end-ahem!-but | dently tired of his society. a fag to keep with other fags? The Third don't like a kid who hangs around with older fellows. They'll catch it. say he's sucking up to the Fourth."

OF TEDDY!

(Continued from previous page.)

brother, creditable as it was, had "Teddy doesn't get on very well Edward, troubled and worried. already caused soreness in the end | with the other fags," said Lovell shortly.

> "Well, he will have to, some time." "Inky little ruffians!" said Lovell. "They don't understand Teddy."

Jimmy Silver gave it up. Lovell headed for the Third Form-room, from which the sound of voices proceeded He threw open the door and | you're not going to mooch about by looked in. There were a number of fags present-Grant and Pipkin and Stacey and Wegg and Teddy Lovell. And they were evidently not upon amicable terms. Teddy was standing, with a scowling brow, glaring at the other fags, and they were glaring at him, with expressions of contempt and derision.

"Baby Face!" Wegg of the Third was observing, as the Fistical Four appeared in the doorway.

"Little cad!" said Pipkin. "Scowling like a giddy demon in a pantomime," said Grant. "Mustn't chuck a paper ball at his Highness! Hands off his lordship, you know! Yah!"

"Let-me pass, you rotters!" said Teddy savagely. "I'm going out." "You'll go out when we choose,"

retorted Wegg; not that Wegg cared twopence whether Teddy went out or stayed in, for that matter. It was Teddy's tone and manner

that Wegg did not like. "I'm going out now!" roared

"You try to pass!" said Wegg.

"Yes, do!" said Pipkin.

glared. It was only too clear that if in the Third, for whom he had a real | he tried to pass, the other fags incousinly regard; but sometimes he tended to collar him. Once more it hardly exchanged a word with him was borne in upon Teddy that his go!" for weeks together. It was the lofty will and pleasure was not the natural order of things. It was not supreme law.

"You rotters!" he repeated. "Nice names you're calling us, you young Hun!" said Stacey. "Blessed But Lovell was breaking the un-

written law, in his affectionate regard | little hooligan!" "Punch his nose!" suggested Pip-

for his young brother, the spoiled darling of the family circle at home. | kin.

"So I will!"

Arthur Edward Lovell strode into the room at that point. He was in time to save Teddy's nose from the threatened punch. The fags all turned their heads to stare at him.

"What do you Fourth Form cads | want here?" demanded Wegg belligerently "You get out of our Form-room!"

"Come along, Teddy," said Lovell, unheeding.

He took his minor by the elbow, and walked him to the door. Teddy went willingly enough. He was beginning to dread what might happen in the Form-room. A yell of derision from the fags followed.

"I'll lick you presently, young Lovell!" howled Wegg.

less countenances. And the Fistical

Four and Lovell minor turned out of

the gates of Rookwood together-not

The 2nd Chapter.

Adoiphus is Sorry He Spoke.

Lovell minor halted about a dozen

yards from the gates of Rookwood

School. He looked back towards the

"Where are we going?" he asked.

"For a walk," answered his

"I don't want to go for a walk!"

scape with an interested eye. Raby

and Newcome studied the pattern of

the hoof-prints in the dusty road. It

was left to Arthur Edward Lovell to

settle the point with his minor. His

chums only hoped he would be quick

"We're going to have a ramble

Jimmy Silver regarded the land-

school, and then at his companions.

in a merry humour.

brother.

But Arthur Edward was deeply concerned about it. "Yah!"

It was very decent of Arthur "Baby!" Edward. Some elder brothers would Teddy's face was crimson with have resented the fuss that was made resentment and indignation as he of Teddy at home, and would have went out into the quadrangle with felt bitter about being expected to the Fistical Four. Lovell was lookplay second fiddle to Teddy on all ing angry. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome preserved expression-

occasions. There was not a trace of that about Lovell. In his eyes, as in his father's, Teddy was a very important person indeed, and it was distressing if Teddy was not satisfied. His chums liked him for it, though

it was exasperating, and they bore with him as well as they could. The Co. were having lessons in the exercise of patience and forbearance in these days.

Lovell marched round the quadrangle, looking for Teddy, who was not visible. Then he headed for the School House, his chums in his wake. Mornington and Erroll were coming out.

"Hallo! You fellows not off yet?" asked Morny. "Weren't you goin' across the heath this afternoon?" "We're looking for Teddy," said

Lovell. "Seen him?" "Sorry, no! My knowledge of the movements of the honourable members of the Third Form is limited." replied Mornington, with elaborate about it. politeness.

right across Coombe Heath, Teddy, old chap," said Lovell.
"Too jolly far for me to walk!"

said Teddy. "I've not got a pair of was marched on. dashed seven-league boots on." "Help!" yelled Teddy suddenly, as

of course!" amended Lovell. "We'll in sight on the road. They were was driven back to the ditch beside: take you to see the old quarries, | Smythe & Co., of the Shell. Teddy."

"What rot!"

"Come on, kid!" "You go on," said Teddy. "I'm | "You're coming with me!" "Oh, rats!" growled Lovell; and

chums, colouring; but they did not Smythe.

catch his eye; they took care not to "What's this game?" grinned Tracy and Howard ran to his aid,

"Teddy!" exclaimed Arthur | -what?"

"So-long!" said Teddy. "I thought you'd like a walk with us, Teddy."

"Well, I don't, thanks." "Look here, where are you off to, ! Teddy?" exclaimed Lovell suspiciously, and beginning to get a little angry at last. "You're not on friendly terms with the fags, and yourself. What are you up to this afternoon?"

"I'm going out with a chap."

"What chap?" "Oh, a chap!" said Teddy vaguely. "Good-bye! Get on with your

He started off again, but this time Lovell caught him by the shoulder

and stopped him. Teddy looked at him with a gleam in his eyes.

"Let go!" he snapped. "Whom are you going out with?" asked Lovell.

"I sha'n't tell you!" "Is it Peele of the Fourth, or Lattrey-the cads who gave you cigarettes the first day you came?"

"Find out!" Lovell grimly. "The pater's left you in my charge, Teddy, and I'm not going to see you disgrace yourself." "Will you let me go, you bully?"

said Lovell minor, between his teeth. "Not unless you tell me whom

you're going with !" Teddy panted.

"I'm going to find out!" said Teddy clenched his hands and shouted furiously. "I'm going to the Bird-in-Hang, to be introduced to some chaps there! So put that in your pipe and smoke it! Now let me

Lovell's grip tightened. "Come on!" he said.

Teddy. "You are!"

no choice about the matter. Lovell was really angry now. It onslaught. was partly his affection and concern | It was a relief to the worried and

was no doubt at all. The fag walked with him some | The hapless Adolphus was knocked

"Come on, you fellows!"

shortly.

The three juniors followed Lovell The chums of the Fourth did not And after the first few minutes of comrades, if not to Lovell. surprise, Teddy began to struggle.

Lovell changed his grasp from the fag's shoulder to his collar; and his grasp was very businesslike. Teddy | Tracy and Howard looked on

"Oh, we needn't go so far as that, two or three Rookwood fellows came to see fair play. Adolphus Smythe

claimed Lovell. "Let me go, then!"

e walked on.

The Co. followed him into the see any old quarries."

I don't want to "Help!" roared Teddy. "Help!" Smythe & Co., who were strolling Smythe & Co., who were strolling

Lovell minor moved a little away. on ahead at a leisurely pace, stopped | and he yelled dismally. "Lovell, old chap," murmured Now that his major had seen him and looked round, in astonishment. "That's enough for you!" growled Jimmy Silver, "I'd like to have your | clear of the hostile fags, he was evi- | They stared blankly at the Fistical | Lovell. Four and their prisoner

don't you think it's really better for | Lovell major glanced hastily at his | "Oh gad!" ejaculated Adolphus

Tracy. "Bullyin' your minor, Lovell and Lovell turned back to his com-

"Looks like it!" remarked had vanished. Howard.

"Shut up, you silly goats!" was Lovell's polite reply. "Go and eat coke!"

"Help me, you fellows!" yelled "Why don't you let the kid go?"

demanded Smythe warmly. "Let him alone, Lovell!"

"Mind your own business!" "You ought to chip in here, Silver!" said Smythe. "It's up to you to see that the Fourth don't bully

little fags." "Oh, cheese it!" growled Jimmy Silver. "The fag wants to go round with a silly smoky ass like yourself,

Smythe; that's the trouble." "Well, why shouldn't he do as he likes?" said Smythe. "Let him alone! You're a rotten bully, Lovell!"

Smack! Lovell's left hand came across Adolphus Smythe's face in a sounding smack. Poor Lovell's temper was excited, and if he could be patient with the exasperating Teddy, he could not display the same patience towards the dandy of the Shell.

back as he was smitten.

"Oh! Ow! Why, you ruffian-" "You asked for that, Smythey," said Raby. "Why can't you mind your own bizney?"

Adolphus Smythe breathed wrath and vengeance. He was not a fighting man, when he could help it; but even the elegant Adolphus could not submit to having his noble face smacked with impunity. He pushed back his cuffs and rushed at Arthur Edward.

Lovell had to release Teddy to put

up his hands. He met Smythe's rush savagely, "I'm not coming!" shrieked hitting out with right and left, and following up the blows with a vigour

that quite dazzled and confused the And Teddy came! With Lovell's | nut of the Shell. grip like iron on his shoulder, he had Adolphus gave ground hastily,

feebly defending himself from the

for Teddy himself that made him | irritated Lovell to punch somebody; angry. But that he was angry there and Smythe of the Shell had the benefit of it.

paces, apparently too much surprised | right and left. In the satisfaction he to resist. Lovell called to his com- derived from punching Adolphus, Lovell forgot Teddy for the moment.

And Teddy, the moment he was re-"All serene!" said Jimmy Silver | leased, had scudded off in the direction of the school.

Jimmy Silver made a movement to in silence. That pleasant afternoon's | follow him, but stopped. It was no ramble was not very attractive now. | business of his to collar Lovell's minor. And the absurdity of startexactly want to be turned into police- | ing on a walk dragging a fag along men to look after a recalcitrant fag. | by the collar was apparent to Lovell's

Teddy vanished round the bend of

the lane, while his major was still hammering the unhappy Adolphus.

grimly. They could not interfere, "Help!" yelled Teddy suddenly, as | with Jimmy Silver & Co. on the spet the lane, and a right-hander that "Shut up, you little fool!" ex- | landed on his chest, sent him spinning backwards into it.

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Fortunately the ditch was dry. But there were beds of nettles in it. The dandy of the Shell reposed in a bed that he found far from comfortable,

"Yow-ow ! I'm stung !" wailed Adolphus. "Help me out, Tracy, you ass! Howard, you fool--"

rades. Then he noted that his minor

"Where's Teddy?" he exclaimed.

"He cut off--"

"Why didn't you stop him?" roared Lovell. "Lovell, old man, if we're going for

a walk, we can't drag Teddy across the heath by his collar!" said Raby. "Confound you!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Which way did he go?"

"To Rookwood," said Newcome. "Look here, Lovell---" Lovell did not wait for him to

finish. He started running up the road in pursuit of the vanished Teddy. Jimmy Silver & Co. stared after him, and then at one another.

"Well, here's a go!" said Jimmy. "Are we going back, too?"

Raby gave a snort. "I'm not going back!" he said. "If Lovell likes to play the fool on a half-

holiday, let him! I'm not going to!" "Same here!" said Newcome. "Well, I suppose we can't go chasing a cheeky fag all over Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver. "Let's get on. If Lovell wants to come, he knows

where to find us." The three Fourth-Formers walked "I'm going to find out!" said Smythe gave a howl and staggered on, leaving Smythe sitting on the grass by the road, bemoaning his injuries, Tracy and Howard looking as sympathetic as they could.

The 3rd Chapter. Ragged by the Third.

Teddy Lovell looked round him cautiously, as he came up to the School House at Rookwood, after a breathless run home.

He had not forgotten the hostility of the fags, and he did not want to fall in with Wegg & Co. just then. He heped those cheery and inky youths had gone out. Teddy was on the worst of terms with his Form. He had quarrelled with several of the fags, and he had irritated them all by what they termed his "airs and graces." The Third were not to be irritated with impunity, as Teddy had discovered. Fortunately, no Third Form fags were in sight, and Teddy scuttled into the house, and ran up to the Fourth Form quarters.

He had an appointment with Peele & Co. that afternoon. The black sheep of the Fourth had "taken up" Teddy, chiefly because that proceeding was annoying to the end study. They found Teddy an apt pupil. He found it very entertaining to play nap in the black sheep's study, all the more because it proved his independence of his elder brother's counsels. But nap in the study was risky, for Arthur Edward Lovell had taken a hand once, and the features of Peele & Co. still showed traces of it. That afternoon Teddy was going out with the Giddy Goats, but the delay in the Form-room, where he had fallen foul of the Third, and then his start with Jimmy Silver & Co. had made him very late.

He was wondering whether he would find Peele & Co. still indoors, as he hurried to Study No. 1 in the Classical Fourth.

He found that study empty: Peele & Co. had long been gone. They had not waited long for their

fag comrade. Teddy Lovell looked round the empty study with lowering brows. His afternoon's excursion was spoiled, all through his interfering major, he con-

sidered. "Oh, it's rotten!" he muttered, as he turned out of the study again, in a dismal mood.

He had been looking forward with great excitement to that afternoon's adventure. There was little real harm in the foolish fag. It was chiefly the desire of adventure and excitement that caused him to fall in with the plans of Peele & Co. The fact that his brother had interfered between him and his new friends only roused his wilful obstinacy.

He loafed about in the deserted passage for some minutes, thinking.



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Out To-morrow.

who would collar him again. But | And he did get it. fellows.

'He grunted angrily as he came | doubt as to what they thought of it. down the stairs at last.

have it, he came upon Wegg & Co. The fags were evidently going out, hustled, and ragged. but at the sight of Lovell minor they changed their intention at once.

"My hat! Here he is!" exclaimed Wegg.

"Here's Baby Face!" grinned Pipkin.

Teddy would have hurried on, but the fags surrounded him in a moment. They closed round him, and hurried him into the junior Common-room,

deserted just then. Teddy made one or two dives to escape, but he was headed off, and hustled into the room, Pipkin closing the door when they were all inside, and setting his back to it.

The new junior stood panting, with flushed face, glaring at his tormentors.

Grant. "Nice manners! Nice pleasant, agreeable countenance!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cads!" growled Teddy. asked Wegg, ungrammatically, but very politely.

"You!" retorted Teddy at once. James Wegg pushed back his cuffs. "Where will you have it?" he further inquired.

"I'm not afraid of you!" growled Lovell minor, though his heart was beating painfully.

"Take off your jacket!"

"Sha'n'E!"

"Then I'll keep mine on," said Wegg. "Fair play's a jewel!"

"Go it, Weggy!" chirruped Pipkin. "Come off, Baby Face!" challenged Wegg, prancing round Teddy, and making weird and wondrous evolutions with his grubby fists. Sparring he would have called it. "Put 'em

"I-I'm not going to fight you!" faltered Teddy.

Wegg chuckled.

"That's your little mistake; you are!" he answered. "Haven't you called me a cad?"

"So you are a cad!" answered Teddy independently. "Rotten cad!" Bang!

Wegg's grubby knuckles landed on Teddy's nose, and the new fag staggered with a howl of anguish.

"Hurrah!" chortled Pipkin.

"Go it, Weggy!"

"Come on!" roared Wegg, dancing round his enemy like an excited Dervish, with his fistical performance growing still more wild and wondrous. "Are you coming on? Yah! Funk!"

Wegg's knuckles swept at Teddy's nose again. But this time Teddy, excited by the pain in his nose, played up. He rushed at Wegg at the same time, and the two met with a terrific collision. The next moment they were locked in a deadly embrace, struggling, wrestling, pommelling, and yelling, which was the variety of fighting favoured in the Third Form.

Teddy put in two or three doughty punches upon Wegg's face, which made the Third-Former blink. But Wegg was bigger and heavier, and he gave back more than he received. And in a few minutes he had Teddy's head in chancery, and was "pasting" the new fag in great style, amid loud yells and cheers from his comrades.

But there was a sudden yell of agony from Wegg, and he released Teddy and tottered back. The fag had suddenly hacked his shin, and hopped on one leg, clasping the other pain and wrath.

Teddy stood gasping, and sulkily defiant. From all the fags in the room came a howl of wrath and contempt.

"Hacking, by gum!" yelled Pipkin. "Kicking shins in a fight! Hooligan!"

"Ow, ow, ow!" came from Wegg. "Ow! My shin! Yow-ow! Oh!" "Serve you right!" panted Teddy.

"Let me alone, then!" Even Teddy was half-ashamed of what he had done. But the general condemnation only increased his sulky

obstinacy. He glared defiance at the fags.

"Rag him!" shouted Stacey.

"Collar the hooligan!" Teddy made a rush for the door, of the fags. Wegg was leaning on in. the table, wailing; but every other | "My hat!" ejaculated Lovell, as |

He knew where Peele & Co. had gone, fag had his hands on Teddy Lovell. he noted the fag's dusty and disbut he hesitated to follow them There was no doubt that he deserved | hevelled condition. "You've been | there alone. And it was possible that | punishment, and there was certainly | through it!" he would fall in with his brother, | no doubt that he was going to get it.

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hanging about Rookwood by himself | Hacking a fellow's shin was foul | was not agreeable, especially with the play, as well as being a cruel and fear of falling in with his Form | brutal action in itself, and the Third-Formers left the hapless Teddy in no

Teddy's yells and howls died away | right!" In the lower passage, as luck would in breathless exhaustion, as he was bumped on the floor, rolled over,

> His collar was torn out, with his tie. his jacket was split, his clothes looked like rags, when the fags had finished with him. And they were not

> finished till they were tired. covered, the fags streamed out of the room with backward glances of contempt and scorn. And Teddy Lovell sat on the floor feeling as if he had been through an earthquake, and gasping for the breath that would not come:

The 4th Chapter. Sneak!

"Seen my minor?" Arthur Edward Lovell asked that question as soon as he came in at "Nice-looking kid, what?" grinned | the gates of Rookwood. Tommies | on you more than ever for that!" Dodd and Cook and Doyle, of the Modern Fourth, were near the gates, and he called to them.

"He's gone in, old top," answered "Who are you calling a cad?" Tommy Dodd, "some time ago--" "Thanks!"

"Grooogh!" gasped Teddy. all," said Lovell grimly. "Did you get into a fight with Wegg?" "Grooh! Yes."

"He says you hacked his shin." "Ow! So I did! Serve him

"You shouldn't have done that, Teddy," said Lovell very gravely. "That's not Rookwood style, you

"Hang Rookwood! I hate Rookwood!" panted Teddy furiously. "I've written to father to take me away, and he won't! Look at me! Then. Wegg having a little re- The whole crowd of them set on me! Oh! Ow--"

"No wonder, if you kicked a fellow's shins! That kind of dirty trick ; is barred here," said Lovell angrily. "I'm going to the Head!" gasped Teddy. "I won't be treated like

"What are you going to the Head

"To tell him."

"Don't be a young ass!" said Lovell uneasily. "Sneaking won't do any good. You'll have the Third down

"I don't care! I hate them!" "Oh, stow it! Don't talk such rot!" shouted Lovell. "It was a mistake to send you to Rookwood-I see that! Now you're here, you've got I to learn to play the game decently."

at the door of the Head's study, is pockets, he strode away. He had | terest anybody but Teddy.

Lovell minor tapped at the door | ing with your Form-fellows?" of the Head's study.

he had had any doubts, they had been banished by his brother's opposition. Whatever Arthur Edward disapproved, that Master Edwin was inclined to do, in his present mood. "Come in !"

Dr. Chisholm glanced at the diminutive figure that entered his study in surprise. The dusty and dishevelled fag was not exactly in a suitable state to present himself in he asked. that august apartment.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head. "Who - what are you? What does this mean? Let me see, you are Lovell minor. I think?"

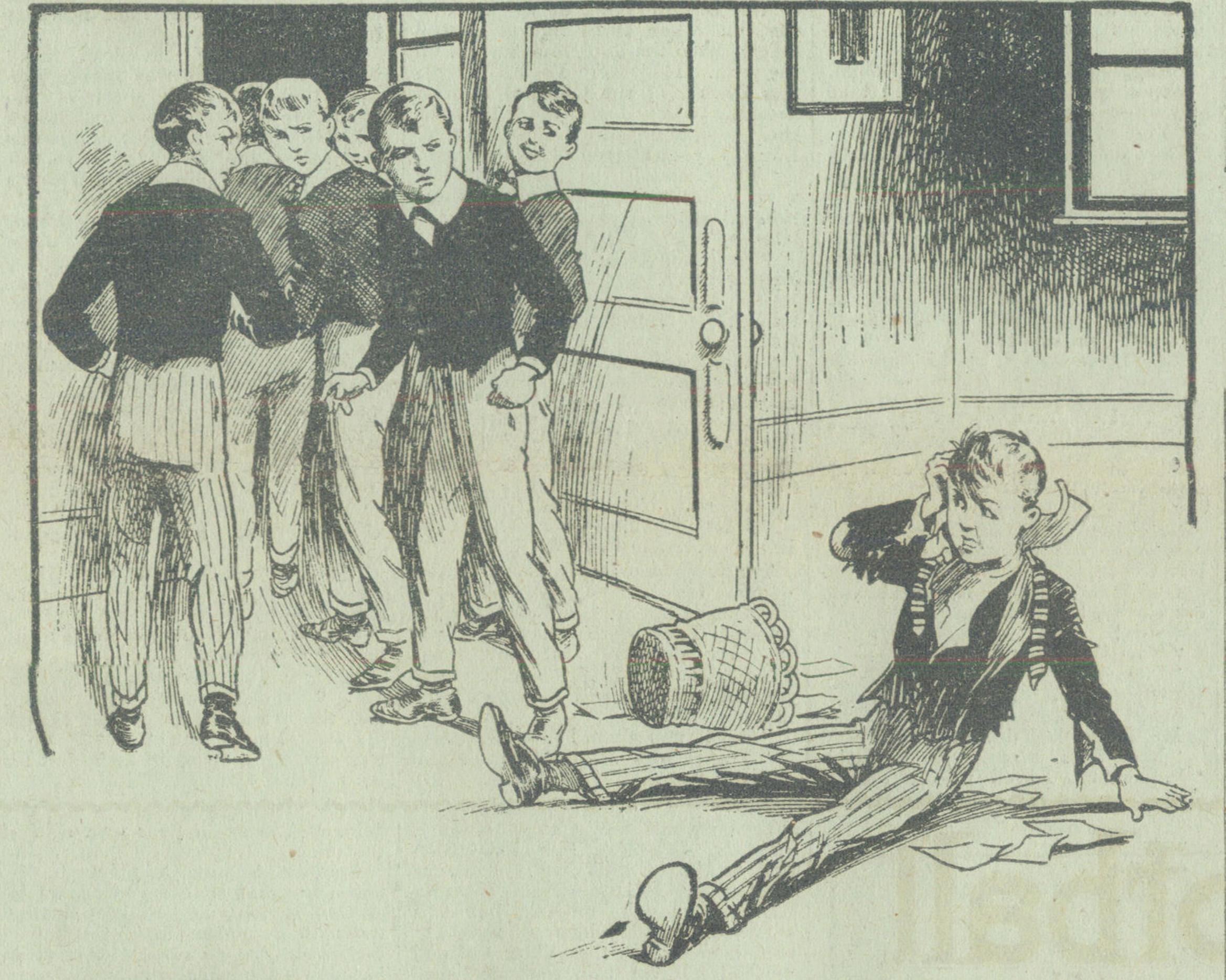
"Yes, sir!" faltered Teddy. Now. that he was in the stern presence of the Head, he was a little scared at his own temerity in coming there. "I-

"How dare you come here in that untidy state?"

"I_I_" "Kindly explain yourself at once, Lovell minor," said the Head severely.

"I've been ragged!" gasped Teddy.

"Indeed! Well!" "I-I-it was Wegg, and-and Pipkin, and-and-"



Teddy's yells and howls died away in breathless exhaustion as he was bumped on the floor, rolled over, hustled, and ragged. His collar was torn out-his jacket was split-his clothes looked like rags when they had Anished with him. Then the Third-Formers streamed out, with many a backward glance of contempt and scorn.

Lovell walked on quickly to the School House.

What he was going to do was not quite clear to his mind, but he felt that it was his duty to keep his young brother away from Peele & Co. that afternoon. He was prepared to hammer Peele & Co. all round, till Wegg was hors de combat. He they lost their desire to go on the "razzle" and take a fag with them. with both hands, and wailing with That seemed the simplest plan, and it was certainly the one most to Lovell's taste. He felt quite a yearning to be hammering Peele.

A crowd of excited-looking fags came out of the House as Lovell arrived there. Wegg called to him. "Looking for that young cad-

what?" "I'm looking for my minor,"

answered Lovell. "You'll find him in the Commonroom-what's left of him!" growled | Wegg vengefully.

"Have you young rascals--" began Lovell angrily. "He hacked my shin."

With that statement, and a sniff, Wegg limped on with his comrades, and Lovell hurried to the Commonroom. Teddy Lovell had just succeeded in tottering to his feet, and and in a moment he was struggling | he was leaning on the table, panting | and kicking and howling in the grasp | and gasping, when his brother came |

"I'm going to the Head!" said

Teddy doggedly. "Don't be a fool! If you're going to sneak," said Lovell bitterly, "the proper person to sneak to is your Form-master."

"He's down on me." "You've been such a nice, obedient, respectful chap, I suppose,"

said Lovell with deep sarcasm. "Oh, shut up! I don't want any jaw from you, anyway. I'm going to the Head!"

Lovell minor limped to the door, and Arthur Edward caught him by the shoulder."

"Stop, Teddy--" "Let go!" said Teddy in concen-

Bulkeley will soon stop you!" "I'm not bullying you, Teddy," said Lovell, keeping his temper as well as he could. "I'm trying to make you see sense. I tell you you simply must not sneak---"

"I'm going to the Head!" And Teddy jerked his shoulder away from Lovell's detaining grasp and stamped out into the passage.

His brother followed him. "Teddy!" he called out.

"Oh, shut up!" There was nothing to be done. With deep gloom in his brow, Arthur

Teddy paused involuntarily as he thought he saw the Head's lip curl. "If you have a complaint to make,

Lovell minor, kindly go to your Form-master, Mr. Bohun."

"But, sir, I--" "And leave my study at once."

There was no gainsaying that. Teddy Lovell left the headmaster's study, drawing the door shut behind him. In the passage he stood troubled and uncertain for some minutes.

But the aches and pains he felt all over him-for the fags had not handled him gently-decided him. He trod away at last to Mr. Bohun's study. The master of the Third was trated tones. "You try to bully me in his quarters, looking over a pile here, and I'll yell for a prefect. of exercises, and he gave Lovell master's message,", he said, and minor a rather impatient look.

"What-what are you in that state | for, Lovell minor? Are you not capable of keeping yourself presentable?" snapped Mr. Bohun. Mr. off. his ears burning. The fags Bohun was a kind man as a rule, | looked at one another, with feelings but his new pupil had tried his temper | almost too deep for words.

Nobody seemed to have any sym- | in the Third."

Edward Lovell watched the fag arrive | dishevelled state would have caused something like an earthquake in the and then, driving his hands deep into house. Here it did not seem to in-

"Better have stayed with me, after | done all that he could, and it was | "Ragged!" repeated Mr. Bohun. "Do you mean you have been fight-

He had not stopped to reflect, and if I—"

"I've been set on and ragged, and had had any doubt to reflect, and if I—"

"Well, well, go and make yourself tidy," said Mr. Bohun.

"I've been beaten!" shouted Teddy in indignant wrath. "Bumped on the floor and beaten. It's not

Mr. Bohun looked steadily at him across the table: "Do you wish to lay a serious

complaint before me. Lovell minor?" "Yes, sir."

"In that case, I will inquire into

the matter." "That's what I want, sir," said Lovell minor, much relieved. "I

want them all punished." "You have nothing to do with that, Lovell minor. Kindly do not make such a remark again," said Mr. Bohun frowning. "Against whom

do you make complaints?" "Grant, Pipkins, Stacey, Wegg,

Wyatt, and Peters-" "I will call them here. See if there is any junior in sight in the corridor."

Teddy looked out.

"There's my brother, sir-at the window--" "Call him!" "Arthur!" called out Teddy.

Arthur Edward Lovell spun round from the window at the end of the corridor, where he was glumly staring into the quadrangle. He frowned

inquiringly at his brother. "Mr. Bohun wants you!" said Teddy.

Lovell hurried up. . "Ah! Come in, Loyell! Will you kindly find some boys of my Form, and tell them to come here?" Mr. Bohun gave the names. "Lose no time, please! Well," added the Form-master, as Lovell stood rooted to the floor, "why do you not go?" "Oh! Yes, sir!" gasped Lovell.

The 5th Chapter. Called Over the Coals.

And he went.

"Feel any better, old top?" Grant of the Third asked the question. Wegg was rubbing his shin painfully. The fags had adjourned to the football ground, to watch a match that was going on between the Sixth and Fifth. Wegg, as the recipient of the injury in the Common-room, was a distinguished person at present-he had a lump on his shin, dark and painful, and had already shown it to half the fags at Rookwood.

"Not much," said Wegg. "I can stand it, though! Little beast,

kickin' a fellow's shins!" "Rotten!" said Algy Silver-Jimmy's cousin in the Third, who had joined the fag crowd on the football ground. "I'd have boiled him in oil!"

"We jolly well ragged him!" said Grant, with satisfaction. "We did, rather!" assented

Pipkin. "You kids are wanted!" said a gruff voice behind the group, as Arthur Edward Lovell of the Fourth came up.

The fags gave him deliant looks. "That's the sneaking little hooligan's major!" jeered Pipkin.

"You ought to keep your minor in better order, Lovell!" said Silver II, with a patronising air. "He'll get lynched in the Third if he goes on like this!"

"Mr. Bohun wants you lot in his study!" growled Lovell, angry and ashamed of his errand.

"What lot?" asked Jimmy's

"All who were in the ragging!" "Have you told Bohun?" yelled Grant, in amazement and wrath.

"Of course I haven't you little rotter!" growled Lovell. "Confound your cheek, I've a good mind-" "Then how does he know any-

thing about it?" demanded Stacey. Lovell did not reply to that. "I've given you your Form-

turned away. "Did your mmor sneak to him?"

howled Grant. Without answering, Lovell strode

rather severely, more than once, al- | "Well, you're in for it!" said Silver II. "Better go and get it "I've been ragged!" burst out over. If that young cad's sneaked, Teddy with breathless indignation. | we'll make his life not worth living

pathy for him. This was very dif- | Wegg & Co., with rather dismal, ferent from home. At home, the ap- | as well as vengeful faces, started pearance of Master Edwin in that | for the School House, Silver II

resumed watching the football, passing cheeky comments on the senior play as the game proceeded, and occasionally remarking, in a patronising tone. "Rather good, Bulkeley. Not bad that, Knowles! Go it, Hansom-are you falling asleep?"

The hapless fags filed into their Form-master's study-Wegg limping. The damage to his shin made Wegg limp a little-but as he arrived at Mr. Bohun's door, he limped a lotquite an artistic, anguished limp. If Teddy Lovell had sneaked, Wegg did not see why Mr. Bohun should not know the whole story, and his limp was for Mr. Bohun's special behoof.

"Come in, all of you!" said the Third Form-master severely. "Wegg, Lovell minor states that Kindly | keep still, Wegg! What do you mean by tottering about my study in that | him-" ridiculous way?"

"I-I can't help it, sir!" said Wegg, with a moan.

"What do you mean? Is there anything the matter with your leg?" "Yes, sir!"

"Bless my soul! What is it?" "I-I'd rather not say, sir! I'm not a sneak, sir!" said Wegg, with a grim look at Teddy Lovell. "Nonsense! What is the matter,

Wegg. Tell me at once!" "My shin's been hacked, sir!" said Wegg, with affected reluctance.

"Show it me!" James Wegg pulled back his trouser-leg, and displayed the injury. It was a very ugly-looking bruise, and the Form-master's brow darkened as he looked at it.

"Good heavens! You have been kicked very brutally, Wegg! Who ! did this?"

"Oh, sir"! I-I'd rather not say!" "I shall certainly insist upon knowing, Wegg. However, let that remain for a moment; I sent for you all because Lovell minor states that he was set upon, and used roughly, in the Common-room."

utter disgust and scorn, which made ! Matron at once and show her your the new junior's ears tingle, in spite | bruise, and request her, in my name, of himself. Grant shook a fist at him | to do what she can for the injury. behind Wegg's back.

"You were all concerned in this," | hold out your hand!" continued Mr. Bohun. "I require to know the reason of this unmannerly usage of a new boy-"

"Hasn't Lovell minor told you, sir?" asked Wegg craftily.

"He has told me he was attacked." "Well, he knows why, sir!" said Wegg, and he put on a really artistic stagger, in order to draw attention to his injury once more.

Then Mr. Bohun understood. "Was it you who caused that injury out slowly, but it came. to Wegg?"

"I kicked him," said Teddy sulkily.

"Was that before the ragging?" Teddy Lovell did not reply; but the Third Form fags answered in a sort of chorus:

"Oh, yes, sir! That was why."

Bohun. "Lovell minor, what ex- hooligan again, your punishment will planation have you to give of this | be more severe!" brutal action?"

Quite unexpectedly, he found himself | in the position of accused instead of | rage and bitterness. accuser.

"He was punching me, sir," he grunted.

"Do you mean that you were fighting?"

"Ye-es, sir."

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fighting with?" exclaimed Mr. | sighted in the distance. Bohun, raising his voice.

Teddy sullenly. "He made me!"

Third-Formers.

Wegg, "and I wasn't hurting himnot much. He called me names."

"It appears," said Mr. Bohun, in a deep voice, "that you quarrelled with your Form-fellows, Lovell minor; that you fought with Wegg. and that you kicked him in a brutal and cowardly manner. I am not surprised that the other boys ragged you, as you call it. You have been guilty of a detestable action!"

The fags grinned at one another. "Old Bohun" evidently wasn't such a bad sort after all, they considered.

Teddy stared at his Form-master, almost speechless with rage and dismay. He had not expected this. He had come there to demand punishment on all who had ventured to lay hands on his lordly person. And

"Ragging," continued Mr. Bohun, "cannot be allowed. You will take fifty lines each."

"Yes, sir!" murmured the fags. They did not mind fifty lines very

The fags gave Teddy glances of acted disgracefully. Wegg, go to the late-" You others may go. Lovell minor,

> Mr. Bohun picked up his cane. Quite a joyous gang of fags streamed out of the study. Teddy Lovell stared at his master. He could

> not quite realise the situation. "Do you hear me, Lovell minor?" rapped out Mr. Bohan.

"I-I-" stuttered Teddy. "Hold out your hand at once!"

It was on Teddy's lips to refuse; but fortunately for himself, he did 'Lovell minor!" he rapped out. | not utter the refusal. His hand came Swish! "Now the other hand!"

"I_I_I_" "Obey me, boy!"

Swish!

Mr. Bohun laid down the cane. "Now you may go," he said. "Remember, Lovell minor, that if | -out of bounds!" said Lovell.

"I think I understand," said Mr. | you allow yourself to act like a

Lovell minor did not answer. He Teddy's eyes began to gleam. | quitted the study, squeezing his hands, his heart full to bursting with

> The 6th Chapter. The Order of the Boot.

"Here's old Lovell!" Jimmy Silver & Co. were rambling among the quarries on Coombe Heath "And you kicked a boy you were when Arthur Edward Lovell was

Lovell was striding along, with his alarm. "I didn't want to fight him," said | hands driven deep into his peckets, and a moody frown on his brow. "Sneak!" came in a hiss from the Jimmy Silver whistled shrilly, and Lovell glanced up and caught sight | "Silence! Wegg, if you forced! of his chums. He joined them, with la nod.

"Yes." said Lovell curtly.

The Co. did not ask any questions about Teddy. Lovell's look was enough to tell them that there had been unpleasant happenings at Rookwood, and that he did not wish to talk on the subject.

The Fistical Four rambled on the heath, more or less cheerily; Lovell's glum mood cast its shadow over his chums. The sun was sinking beyond the hills when they turned their steps in the direction of Rookwood.

The juniors were following a footpath across the fields from the wood towards Coombe Lane, which brought them within view of the garden gate of the Bird-in-Hand, at the back of the inn, when three figures slipped quietly from the gate, and hurried up the path. They were Peele, Lattrey, and Gower, of the Classical Fourth, sneaking away from the inn after their surreptitious visit there. Lovell's eyes glittered as he saw them.

"Those cads!" he said. "They "And you, Lovell minor, will be were going to take my minor there caned," said Mr. Bohun. "You have I this afternoon. I suppose he was I

Jimmy Silver.

Raby. "Look here, we want to get | speaking to Teddy just then. in to tea. We're late already."

to punch those cads. I told them I he passed the fag. "Banker in the would if they didn't leave my minor | study-what? Mind a prefect doesn't alone!"

"Oh bother!" grunted Raby. him, to overtake Peele & Co.

with rather startled expressions, as | Study No. 1, to wait for his Fourth they heard hurrying footsteps behind | Form friends there. them. They were relieved to find that the pursuers were only their last. Form-fellows. Their guilty consciences had pictured a prefect or a gas. The study was deeply dusky, master.

"Have they made you a prefect, by any chance?" drawled Peele.

"You were going to take my minor there!"

"Take him!" sneered Lattrey. "We were going to let him come! He didn't want much takin'; Oh, you rotter!" Bump!

Lattrey went down in the grass heavily, as Arthur Edward Lovell hit out. He stayed there.

"Now, you two!" said Lovell, who was evidently on the war-path, and not disposed to count odds. Peele and Gower backed away in | too!"

"Look here, you fool--" stuttered

Lovell rushed on. The two slackers of the Fourth | a change, with a vengeance. tackled him together, as there was no help for it. But they did not fare they were on the ground, and Lovell was glaring down at them.

"You so much as speak to my minor again!" said Lovell, breathing hard. "Look out, if you do! Every time I hear of it, I'll go for you-like that! You'll get tired of it in the long run!"

"Hang your minor!" gasped "Keep the sneaking little Lattrey. scoundrel away from our study! him?" faltered Teddy. Speak to him! He's not fit for a decent chap to speak to!"

Lovell drew back his boot, and Jimmy Silver caught his arm, and hurried him on.

The Fistical Four tramped on to Rookwood, Peele & Co. following more slowly, dabbing their noses as they followed.

Lovell's drastic measures were rather effective. It was highly probable that the black sheep of the Fourth would drop the acquaintance of Lovell minor. Encounters like this were rather too high a price to pay for the doubtful pleasures of Teddy's

Teddy Lovell was hanging about the Fourth Form passage when "Well, he didn't go, after all," said | Jimmy Silver & Co. came in. He gave the Fistical Four a dark look, "They were going to take him, and turned away to avoid his brother. though!" Lovell quickened his Lovell tramped on up the passage doggedly, with his chums. He, on "What are you up to?" asked his side, was not specially desirous of

"Waiting for the merry sportsmen "Get in to tea, then! I'm going | -what?" giggled Tubby Muffin, as catch you! He, he, he!"

"Hadn't you better cut off, young But Lovell's chums hurried on with | fellow?" said Kit Erroll good-

naturedly. The three black sheep looked round | Teddy grunted, and went into

The Giddy Goats came in at

Teddy had not ventured to light the and the black sheep of the Fourth "Hallo, you chaps!" said Lattrey. | did not observe him at first. Peele "You've been to the Bird-in-Hand | was muttering an oath, as he felt for the matches and lighted the gas.

Then the Fourth-Formers saw their visitor.

Teddy looked at them rather timidly. The three juniors were showing signs of the trouble with Arthur Edward Lovell, though Teddy did not guess, then, what had happened. And the trio were in a vile temper.

"You!" ejaculated Peele savagely. "I-I was late this afternoon," faltered Teddy. "My brother kept me. I'm sorry I missed you chaps

"Hang your brother, and you,

"Wha-a-at!"

"Get out of this!" growled Gower, rubbing his nose.

Teddy blinked at them. This was

"I-I-" he began. "Kick him out!" muttered Gower. "He called me names, sir," said Vou've come, after all," said New- very well. In a couple of minutes "That bullying brute, Lovell, may look in any minute, and if he finds him

"I don't care if he does!" said Teddy.

"Don't you?" sneered Gower. "Well, we do! We're not going to fight your confounded brother regu-

"Have-have you been fighting

larly every day on your account, I can

"You scrubby little cad!" said Cyril Peele, in concentrated tones. "We only took you up to make your brother wild! Do you think we want sneaking little fags in this study?

Out you go!" Teddy jumped back as Peele made a stride towards him.

The change of front in the Giddy Goats' study almost dazed the hapless

Peele followed him up, and grasped him by the collar, spinning him round towards the door. Peele had made up his mind that Lovell minor had to be dropped-lest worse should befall him. And, having made up his mind to that, he had no reason to hide, further, the contempt and dislike he felt for Lovell's brother.

He spun Teddy, yelling to the door "Let go, you bully!" yelled Teddy." "I'll kick your shins! I'll--"

"Will you?" said Peele grimly. He dropped Teddy on his feet in the doorway, and drew back his foot. His boot landed on the fag, and Lovell minor went spinning out into the passage, with a wild howl. The door slammed on him.

Teddy Lovell collapsed against the opposite wall. There was no welcome for him now in the Giddy Goats' study, and to the end study he was angrily resolved not to go, and downstairs, he knew what kind of welcome awaited him among the Third. The fury in his breast died away in utter wretchedness, as he limped away down

THE END.

the stairs.

(Next Monday's long, complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co. is entitled "A Disgrace to His Form!" Don't miss it!)



been talked about quite a lot, and all | ing of it in the past. sorts of suggestions have been put forward for improving it. Mind you, that years ago is was possible for a this talk about the off-side rule is not | forward to be off-side anywhere on a new phase. So long as I can remember having anything to do with area has been restricted, so that a football the rule has been a bone of contention, and I expect the people who make the rules under which football is played have given more time and thought to the consideration of it than to any other which

is on the books. I remember how I used to puzzle over it when I was a youngster- | strongly in recent times that we ought | very simple points. perhaps like you are to-day-and I to abolish completely a rule which In the first place, as I pointed out don't mind admitting on the quiet | worries everybody. That it does | above, a player cannot now be offsulted in consequence of an argument | denying. when I was only about "so size," over | It is responsible for frequent stop- | Therefore, when his side is on the this question of off-side.

Just recently the off-side rule has | have not been satisfied with the work-

Perhaps you may not remember the field. Now, however, the off-side player cannot be off-side if he is in his own half of the field when the ball is last played. Personally, I think this alteration

was quite a good one, and it still gives the defenders plenty of room in which to operate. I have, however, seen it urged very

a question whether or not I was off- | pages in some games, and the referees. |

rule as the off-side one is necessary | Another important point to be | Off-side tactics, too, can very often for the good of the game. In other | borne in mind is that you cannot be words, it may be an evil, but it is off-side so long as you keep behind a necessary evil, which we have got the man in possession of the ball. abolish real combination among the forwards.

If we must have this rule, then, the real point to be considered—and it affects every type of game, from the International match right down the line to the schoolboy encounter-the best thing to do is to sit down and consider how to overcome any of the drawbacks which arise from this off-

side rule being in operation. After all, when forwards shriek a lot about being pulled up for off-side by the tactics adopted by players like McCracken, they are rather confessing their own inability. Theoretically, it ought to be as easy for forwards to overcome off-side tactics, as it is for defenders to put those off-side tactics into operation. How can it be done? The reply to that question is by the observation of one or two

the field when the ball is last played.

Looking at the matter broadly, I field, and keep on your own side of throwing you off-side, keep behind however, I believe that some such | that line. | the man in possession of the ball.

to put up with in the interests of real | Suppose the outside-right is dashfootball. If the rule were abolished | ing down the wing, the inside wing altogether, it seems to me most likely | men should watch carefully so that that at the same time you would | they keep just a trifle behind that

HORACE BARNES,



The famous inside - left for whom that at least one stand-up fight re- | worry a lot of people there can be no | side so long as he is in his own half of | Manchester City F.C. paid the record | transfer fee of £2,500.

defensive, a forward should take uphis | outside wing man. If they do that side when I scored a goal. And now, I I know, would heave a big sigh of position just in his own half of the they will still be in a good position having risen all the way from relief if the rule-maker drew a blue field. Then, when the ball is kicked for a dash on the goal when the ball obscurity to first-class, I still find my- | pencil through the rule, thus striking | forward to him, he cannot possibly be | is sent across. If, in their eagerness, self involved in long arguments over | it off the books altogether. Speak- off-side no matter what the position | however, those inside forwards get ing as a forward who has been pulled of the opposing full-backs. | in front of the outside man with the The mere fact that the rule has been | up very often when a goal seemed | In some circumstances, then, when the later centres, the changed so frequently in itself serves likely to be coming my way, I do not to show that the rule-makers are not suppose I should shed many tears with it or at any rate they if there were no such thing as off-side. So, if the opposing full-backs are intent on the opposing full-backs. satisfied with it, or, at any rate, they 'if there were no such thing as off-side. 'line drawn across the centre of the opposing full-backs are intent on '

be overcome by a player who, instead of passing the ball, does a dash through on his own. The full-back who adopts off-side tactics relies on the man with the ball passing it to a colleague. In going forward to throw the latter off-side, the full-back may leave a wide gap through which the player in possession can dash right through to goal. The beauty about this individual dash through is that it will probably deter the opposing full-backs from even attempting to exploit the "one-back "game, as it is called.

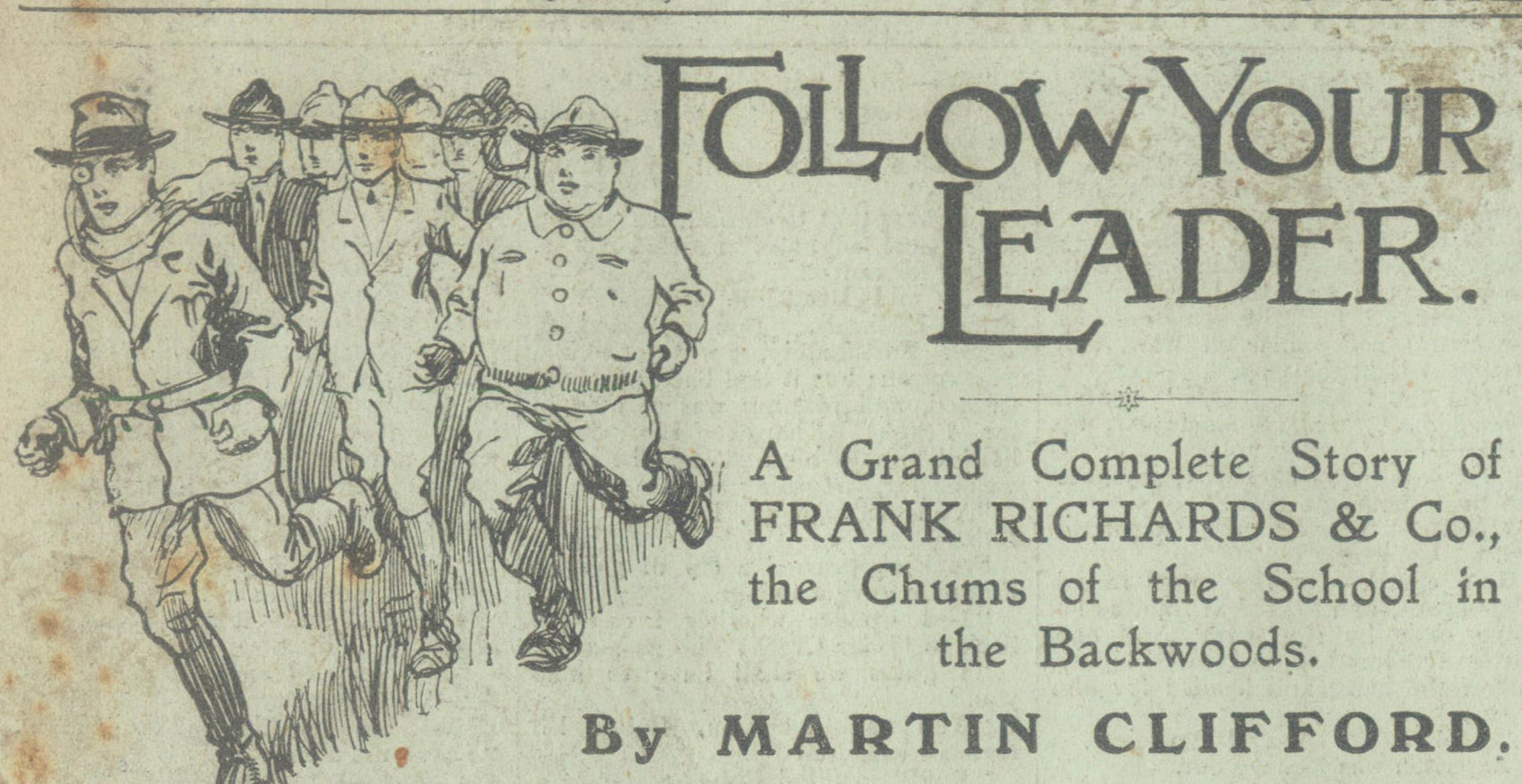
Of course, even with the best will in the world, and no end of care, there will be occasions when the forward will find himself in an off-side position. But so long as care is taken and some brains brought to bear on the situation, those occasions should not be many in the course of the average game.

The secret of the success of McCracken and his imitators lies in the fact that they have thought quite a lot about the art of throwing opposing forwards off-side.

That being so, it is up to the forwards in their turn to think seriously about this off-side rule, and, before going on the field, to have some scheme in their heads by which the off-side tactics may be overcome.

entirely with one's feet. The player's head should be used as well, not only to head the ball with, but to think.

Football is not a game to be played



The 1st Chapter. Algy Does Not Follow.

"Follow your leader!"

"Come on, Algy!" But Algernon of Cedar Creek halted.

The playground at Cedar Creek School was crowded after morning lessons were over. It was a sharp, frosty day, and Bob Lawless had started the game of "Follow-yourleader" to keep warm. Eben Hacke was leading. He had clambered on the high stake fence that surrounded the playground, and jumped from it to the roof of Mr. Slimmey's cabin. And after him went a stream of shouting schoolboys, Frank Richards & Co. well to the fore. But Algernon Beauclere stopped.

the cabin roof was a rather risky the school-room at once." proceeding in more ways than one. The roof was sloping, and any jumper who did not keep a careful footing was liable to roll off it to the ground, with painful results. And it was likely that Mr. Slimmey, hearing a succession of crashes on his roof, might come out in a state of wrath

and excitement. But it was not the risk that deterred Algernou. It was the fact that Mr. Slimmey's cabin had been newly tarred. The dandy of Cedar Creek did normaind the risk, but he minded his clothes very much. So he stopped, and gazed after his comrades placidly through his eyeglass.

"I'm not comin', thanks!" he called

"Oh, come on!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc. "Follow your leader, you know."

"Buck up!" shouted Frank Richards.

Algernon shook his head.

"I'm not goin' to get my clobber tarred," he answered. "I'll watch you. Go ahead." "Oh, Fats!"

"Yah! Funk!" chirruped Chunky Todgers.

Algernon shrugged his shoulders. He did not like being called a funk,

perhaps; but that was better than getting his natty riding-breeches daubed with tar-at least, Algy thought so. From the roof of Mr. Slimmey's cabin Eben Hacke gave him a yell. "Funk!"

Then he jumped from the cabin to the roof of a low shed adjoining, and thence to the ground, and ran on. Jump after jump came on the cabin roof as the Cedar Creek fellows followed Hacke. There was a sound of a stir within the cabin, and Mr. Slimmey came running out, his eyes wide open and startled behind his gold-rimmed glasses.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed Mr. Slimmey. "What-what-what is this? What ever is happening?"

Bump, bump, bump!

"Goodness gracious!" Chunky Todgers, who had more weight to carry than his schoolfellows, was the last of the line. The other fellows fled, but Chunky was slower. He sprawled on the sloping roof, clutching at it, and gasping. "Todgers!" exclaimed Mr.

Slimmey.

"Ow! Oh!" gasped Chunky. "Oh

He scrambled up, and jumped down to the shed, Mr. Slimmey whisking round the cabin at the same time to intercept him. As Chunky jumped to the ground, Paul Slimmey gripped him by the collar.

"Boy, how dare you jump on my roof?" he ejaculated.

"Ow!" stuttered Chunky. "Only a game, sir-follow your leader, you

know. Owl" "You young rascal!" exclaimed !

Mr. Slimmey. "You might have I broken a limb; you might have burst in the roof! You will be punished for this-you, and all the others!"

"Oh dear!" "I am glad to see, Beauclerc, that you were not joining in this reckless folly," said Mr. Slimmey.

"Oh yaas, sir!" said Algy. Chunky. Todgers gave the dandy of Cedar Creek a far from cordial look. Algernon would certainly have been caught if he had ventured upon Mr. Slimmey's roof, and he was to escape because, as Chunky supposed, he had funked the danger.

"Yah! You rotter!" grunted Chunky.

"Silence, Todgers! I shall report this to Miss Meadows," said Mr. Slimmey angrily. "Go after the Jumping from the high fence to others, and tell them to assemble in

"There's one galoot had too much sense to follow, anyhow," said Eben Hacke, with a sneer. "Your precious dude cousin! He was afraid to follow!"

Beauclere coloured angrily.

"Don't talk rot!" he answered. "He was not afraid."

"Why didn't he follow on, then?" "Too much sense, perhaps."

"That kind of sense ain't good enough for Cedar Creek!" growled Hacke: "I'll jolly well tell him what think of him, when Miss Meadows is through with us!"

Beauclerc bit his lip, and was silent. The disconcolate crowd made their way into the school-room; where Miss Meadows soon appeared, with Mr. Slimmey.

looking very severe.

"Funk!" hooted Chunky Todgers. "My only hat! What's the row?" "We've all got half an hour's detention!" growled Dick Dawson.

"Well, that isn't my fault. is it?" "You would have been in it, too, if you hadn't been afraid to follow your leader!" growled Hacke.

"But I wasn't afraid," said Algernon calmly. "I didn't want to get the tar on my bags, that was all."

"Rot!" "Rats!" "Funk!"

Hacke shook his big fist at the Honourable Algernon, and stalked away. The other fellows followed him, leaving Algy alone with Frank Richards & Co. The dandy of Cedar Creek looked at them.

"This is rather surprisin" he remarked. "I don't see why the fellows have got their rag out. A fellow isn't called upon to make his bags tarry if he doesn't want to, I suppose?"

"Oh, rot!" grunted Bob Lawless. "Bother your silly bags! You ought to have followed!"

"So you think I was funkin', too?" "Well, you ought to have fol-

"You were an ass, Algy!" said Vere Beauclerc, with a frown. "You seem to go out of your way to make the fellows think badly of you!"

"But I'm not a funk, really," explained Algernon, with perfect calm-

"Oh, we know that!" snapped Beauclerc. "Hacke himself doesn't really think so, after the way you got him out of the ice the other day. But you make the fellows think so. Who's going to believe that you were only afraid of soiling your idiotic bags?"

Algernon nodded thoughtfully. "I see!" he assented. "Next time we play follow-your-leader I'll have

some old clothes handy." The Canadian schoolmistress was "You silly ass!" exclaimed Frank Richards.

Soon after dinner the detained schoolboys had to go into the schoolroom, where they were set a task to keep them busy till the usual time for lessons.

It was at two o'clock that the rest of the school came in, the Honourable

Algernon among them. Eben Hacke gave him a savage

It was only a week since Algy had saved the bully of the lumber school from the broken ice on the creek, but the effect of it had evidently worn off. For a few days Hacke had refrained from his usual surly manners towards the dandy of the school, but he was quite his old self again now. Indeed, the fact that he was under so deep an obligation to the Honourable Algy seemed to make him more

He was palpably glad of this chance of being "down" on the elegant youth from the Old Country, and was determined to make the most of it.

Algernon, however, did not seem affected in any way by the looks and murmurs of the other fellows in Miss Meadows' class. They were feeling sore over their punishment, and Algy graciously made allowances for them.

But probably he was glad when lessons were over, and he rode away from the school homeward with Frank Richards & Co. The atmosphere of Cedar Creek was not a happy one for him that afternoon.

The 3rd Chapter. Algy's Challenge!

"What's the matter with the

A good many glances were turned upon the Honourable Algernon when he arrived at Cedar Creek the next morning.

His appearance presented a rather surprising change.

The Honourable Algernon had started at Cedar Creek in a silk topper and Etons; but, though he had been persuaded at last to give up that extremely distinctive garb, he had not given up his natty elegance by any means. His clothes were expensive and elegantly cut, and contrasted considerably with the rough homespun worn by most of the Canadian schoolboys.

But on this particular morning the Honourable Algernon looked anything but elegant or dandified.

He was dressed, in fact, more roughly than any other fellow in the school, in well-worn homespun, which looked as if it had been bought second-hand at a very low price.

Only the eyeglass gleamed in his eye as usual. Without his celebrated monocle the Honourable Algernon would have felt quite lost.

"Hallo!" ejaculated Chunky Todgers. "Have you pawned 'em,

"Where's your clothes?"

"My dear man, I have changed my clobber for a particular purpose," said Algernon gently. "We are goin' to play follow-your-leader to-day, and I'm not goin' to spoil my clobber." "Oh crumbs!" said Todgers.

"Who's goin' to play it with you, you funk?" sneered Eben Hacke. "Nobody here, I reckon."

"You, dear boy!" answered Algy. "I guess not. You'd be afraid to follow!"

"But I'm not goin' to follow-I'm goin' to lead!" explained Algernon cheerily. "You're goin' to follow, old scout, unless you're afraid, of course!"

"What?" roared Hacke. "Gettin' deaf, dear boy? You're goin' to follow, unless you're afraid," Algy repeated calmly.

"I guess I'll--" Hacke clenched his hands.

"Hold on!" interposed Bob Lawless. "If Algy means business, we'll give him a chance. That's only

"He's only chewin' the rag!" said

Hacke savagely. "Shootin' off his silly mouth, that's all!"

"You'll see after lessons!" answered Algy.

And Cedar Creek went in to school. After morning school Algernon strolled elegantly in the playground,

apparently not ready yet. "After dinner," he said, when Frank Richards questioned him.

"Not much time between dinner" and afternoon lessons."

"Lots of time! Who cares for afternoon lessons?" "What?"

"Suppose we're a couple of miles away when the bell goes, for instance?" remarked Algernon.

Frank Richards stared at him. "We jully well sha'n't be!" he axclaimed warmly,

"Look out!" shouted Beaucierc. Algernon raced on, with the steer thundering on his track. His face showed no sign of fear as he glanced back over his shoulder, his eyeglass still gleaming in his eye. He changed his direction a little, and headed for a clump of timber on the plain.

"Oh dear!" mumbled Chunky. The fat Chunky rolled dismally | began. away.

Mr. Slimmey, with a frowning brow, started for the lumber schoolhouse. "Shall I come with the others, sir?" asked Algernon.

"You need not." "I was playin' the game, too, sir,"

said Algernon. "You did not jump on my roof." "Only because it was tarry, sir," said Algernon cheerfully

"Nonsense! You may go." "Oh, all right, sir!"

And Algernon strolled away. Meanwhile, the Cedar Creek crowd had received Chunky's message, and they were heading for the schoolhouse in rather a disconsolate mood.

"After all, I guess it was rather thick," remarked Bob Lawless. "That silly jay Hacke oughtn't to have led l over Slimmey's roof."

Eben Hacke gave a snort.

reckoning," said Frank Richards, laughing. "We can stand it." "Slimmey looks waxy!" said he inquired. Chunky Todgers.

"No wonder!" said Vere Beauclerc. "It was really too bad. Hacke ought to have had more sense."

"Mr. Slimmey tells me-" she

"I guess it was only fun, ma'am," said Bob Lawless meekly. "We really forgot about Mr. Slimmey being in his caboose, ma'am."

"That is no excuse, Lawless." "N-n-no, ma'am; but--"

"Every boy concerned in this reckless escapade will come in to lessons half an hour before the usual time, and will be given a detention task," said Miss Meadows.

"You may go now." And Miss Meadows frowned, and left the school-room.

"Oh!"

The 2nd Chapter. Not Popular.

The Honourable Algernon Beauclerc was sauntering peacefully in the playground, when the Cedar Creek fellows came out again. He turned "Well, after the feast comes the his eyeglass upon them with a cheery smile.

"Called over the coals, dear boys?"

Algy's nose. "You skunk!" he roared.

Eben Hacke shook a big fist under

"Oh gad!"

"Besides, I believe Hacke only led over that tarry roof as a joke on me!" said Algy, shaking his head. "That's very likely; but you ought

to have followed." "What rot!" said Algy cheerfully. "Don't you care what the other

fellows think and say about you?" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc. "Oh yaas! But I'm not really a funk," urged Algernon. "To-morrow

I'll bring some old clobber-" "Ass!" "And I'll be leader, if you like;

and I'll lead where dear old Hacke will think twice about followin'!" "Rot!" "And where you fellows will think

twice about followin', too!" said Algy, his eye gleaming behind his eyeglass. "Bosh!"

Algernon gave it up. When the Cedar Creek fellows came

in to dinner, the cheery and smiling Algernon received a good many grim looks. Whether he was "funky" or not,

it was certain that he had refused to take the risk of the game, and had escaped the punishment that had fallen on all the rest, and that caused resentment on all sides

"You won't have any choice in the any special powers as a sprinter matter, unless you own up that you're afraid to follow your leader!" chuckled Algernon.

"Oh, my hat!" answered the announcement with a loud and contemptuous snort. "I'm not takin' a hand!" he

grunted.

"Afraid, old scout?" asked Algy. Hacke clenched his fists.

"I'm not afraid to follow where you | lead, you pesky jay! But you're only chewing the rag!"

Algernon, glancing round at the grin- and could "shoot" them in a canoe. ning crowd of Cedar Creek fellows, I If Algy had gone in it was very called me a funk for not followin' have followed. Fortunately, Algy Hacke's lead yesterday. Now I've | was only gently pulling the leg of refuse will have to own up that they're funks-like our friend Hacke!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Hacke. "I guess I'll follow you fast enough! Let's see you jump on Slimmey's roof!"

"Not at all! We're goin' outside. Are you ready?"

"Oh, we're ready!" said Bob Law-

"Come on, then!"

Algernon started for the gateway at a gentle trot. Frank Richards & Co., laughing, followed him, and the rest of the crowd came on behind. Fifteen or sixteen fellows streamed out of the gates after the Honourable Algernon.

Algernon started towards the creek. There had been a thaw, and the ice on the creek was broken. Here and there a sheet of ice clung to the bank, but the middle of the stream was open, with fragments of ice floating on it, on the way to the Thompson River. Algernon, without even a pause, plunged into the ice water, and swam.

There was a yell from his followers.

"Stop!" "Come back!"

"You silly chump!"

Algernon swam on regardless. The Cedar Creek fellows stared at one another. Algernon was leading the way, and, under the circumstances, it was difficult to refuse to follow. Bob Lawless laughed, and plunged in, and Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc followed. Then came Dawson and why the other fellows shouldn't-Lawrence, Hopkins and Chunky Todgers, and several more. And then Eben Hacke, gritting his teeth, plunged into the icy stream. But there were fellows there who could not swim, and they remained on the bank, with sheepish looks, as the swimming crowd followed their leader.

The 4th Chapter. Follow On!

The Honourable Algernon Beauclerc scrambled out of the water on the further side of Cedar Creek, and shook himself. He glanced back at the heads that dotted the creek, and grinned.

"Come on, dear boys!" he called

The weather was cold and sharp, and the contact of the water freezing. But Algernon paused to take out a handkerchief and wipe his eyeglass before he started again. With his monocle gleaming in his eye, the dandy of Cedar Creek started at a trot down the bank.

Bob Lawless was the first to drag himself out of the water, and Frank Richards and Vere Beauclerc came next. Then the whole draggled crowd came out.

"Run for it, you galoots!" exclaimed Bob. "I guess you'll freeze stiff if you stand still!"

"What-ho!" gasped Frank Richards through his chattering teeth. The Cedar Creek crowd ran along

the bank on the track of Algernon at a good rate. There were nearly a dozen fellows following still, and they were determined that Algy should not be able

to say that they were "quitters." "I guess the tenderfoot won't keep

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(Continued from the previous page.)

this up long," growled Eben Hacke. "Half a mile is about his limit, I reckon."

But the American schoolboy was out in his reckoning.

Algernon had shown the Cedar Creek fellows how he could ride, but they had not seen him display before. They saw it now.

Algy kept on at an easy trot. The running crowd followed the bank of Cedar Creek as far as the After dinner Algernon announced rapids, and close by the rapids Algy that he was ready. Eben Hacke paused and looked at the stream. It looked as if he was thinking of plunging in again, and Bob Lawless yelled an excited warning.

"Stop, you silly gopher!"

The rapids ran hard and fast. carrying down chunks and wedges of ice to the lower level, as well as driftwood in heavy masses. It was little better than suicide to plunge in, even "You'll see! Gentlemen," said for a fellow who knew the rapids well,

"I only ask for fair play! You've | doubtful whether the followers would got some old clobber on, I'm ready! | the followers. After a long look at challenge every fellow here to the rapids, he turned away from the follow my lead, and the fellows who stream, and struck off through the timber.

"Thank goodness!" murmured Vere Beauclerc.

"Look hyer, it's about time we got "Oh, stow the chinwag!" growled back to Cedar Creek!" exclaimed Eben Hacke restively. "We shall be late for lessons!"

"Can't be helped!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Haven't we undertaken to follow our leader?"

"I guess we shall get into a row with Miss Meadows!"

"Very likely." "There'll be trouble!" hooted Eben Hacke. "I say, you tenderfoot, you can let up on it. I'm going back !" Algernon looked round.

"Going back?" he called out.

"Afraid?"

roared Eben Hacke. "It's nearly time for lessons." "Funk!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Every fellow who doesn't follow is a funk," said Algy, with calm cheerfulness. "If you're afraid to miss lessons, own up you're a funk, and sneak off!"

"I'm not afraid!" yelled Hacke. "Follow on, then!"

And Algy ran lightly on, increasing his speed. Eben Hacke snorted with wrath, but he kept on. After his many and personal remarks to the dandy of Cedar Creek he could scarcely give in. But he was thinking very seriously of what Miss Meadows would say when the escapade was over. Still, if Algernon risked that, there was no reason especially as they had accused him of

It was pretty clear that Algy meant to make his comrades pay dearly for having expressed that opinion of him.

He put on speed, displaying running powers that astonished his followers. Harold Hopkins tailed off breathlessly, and a couple of other fellows did the same. But the rest ran on with grim determination.

Even Frank Richards & Co. were

in a grim mood. The tenderfoot from the Old Country was not to be allowed to say that he led where Cedar Creek did not dare to follow.

Beyond the timber lay the open grasslands of the Thompson Ranch, the biggest ranch in the valley. A number of steers were grazing in sight, and Algernon headed directly for the herd.

Bob Lawless shouted to him, and quickened his pace to overtake the leader.

"Sheer off, Algy!" he shouted. "It's not safe to get too near those

"Rats!"

"Do you want to be gored, you fathead?"

"Oh, I'm not afraid!" "We're not afraid, you silly gopher, either, but--" "Follow on, then!"

Bob rushed forward to grasp him and stop him forcibly. But the Honourable Algernon put on speed, and eluded his grasp.

"Look here, this isn't good enough!" gasped Chunky Todgers. "I'm going back !"

And back Chunky Todgers went. Chunky had no taste for bearding half-wild steers on their native heath.

another fellow Another and dropped behind, and started back towards Cedar Creek. They were getting winded with the long run.

But Frank Richards, Bob, and Beauclerc kept on, and Eben Hacke plodded on doggedly. For very shame's sake Hacke could not give in. Lawrence and Dawson were still in the running. But the remainder of the crowd had tailed off now, and disappeared in the rear.

"Oh, the thumping ass!" panted Beauclerc. "If the steers cut up rusty--"

"I guess they will, if that jay goes too near them-on foot!"

Heedless of danger, Algernon trotted cheerfully on.

Two or three of the steers raised their heads, and looked at him, as he came close by the herd. And one savage-tempered animal came loping out of the herd, and headed for him with a rush.

"Look out!" shouted Beauclerc. Algernon was looking out.

He did not turn back, even then, He ran on, keeping clear of the angry animal, and raced on, with the steer thundering on his track.

Beauclerc.panted. It looked as if the reckless tenderfoot would be overtaken, and the heavy steer would thunder over him,

trampling him into the plain. Algy glanced back over his shoulder, his eyeglass still gleaming in his eye. His face showed no sign of fear.

He changed his direction a little, heading for a clump of timber on the plain-a "prairie island," as it was

called in the west. He reached the trees about three yards ahead of the steer, and plunged in among them, catching himself up into a low bough.

The steer trampled below, snorting. Frank Richards & Co. halted. By the terms of the contest they had to follow Algy, but passing the angry steer at close quarters was no joke.

And the animal, disappointed of its prey, turned towards them, and came thundering back, evidently with the intention of attacking.

"Scatter!" exclaimed Bob Lawless. "Are we going on?" gasped Frank. "I guess I am. Cedar Creek isn't going to get left by a durned tender-

foot!" growled Bob. "Same here, then!"

The schoolboys scattered before the rush of the steer, who paused, glaring at them in turn, as if uncertain which to follow. Dick Dawson and Lawrence were speeding back towards Cedar Creek. They had had enough of the chase. Eben Hacke made a movement to follow them-but he paused. By that time the bully of the lumber school probably repented that he had provoked the challenge, but he would not give in now. He was savagely determined to keep up as long as Algernon did.

"Oh, I swow!" he gasped. "I'm going on, and I'll hammer that goldarned tenderfoot when I get hold of him! I'll hammer him till he can't

crawl!"

Keeping at a distance from the steer, the four schoolboys circled round, and ran for the timber island. The steer broke into a rush in pursuit, but they reached the trees ahead of him, and swung themselves into the branches.

There was a call from Algernon. "Come on!"

Algy was leaving the timber clump

on the other side. "Wait till that brute's cleared off, you dummy!" shouted Bob Lawless.

"Rats!" "Wait, I tell you!"

"Funk!" retorted Algy.

"What!" yelled Bob furiously. "Funk!"

"Why, I-I-I guess I'll-" Words failed Bob Lawless. He dropped from the tree, and went plunging on through the tangled larches in pursuit of Algy. Frank Richards and Beauclerc and Hacke followed him. There was a bellow behind from the steer; but, fortunately, it was stopped in the tangled underwoods, and, after savagely bellowing, it emerged from the timber and trotted back to the herd. And Algernon, keeping easily ahead, ran lightly across the plain, swerving round in a wide circle towards Cedar

The 5th Chapter. The Finish!

Creek again.

Frank Richards uttered that exclamation suddenly as he fell, with a crash, into the rough grass. "Oh! Ah! Ow!"

Bob and Beauclerc halted at once. "What's up, Franky?" "Ow! My ankle!" "Oh, you greenhorn!" exclaimed

Bob. "You've put your foot in a

gopher-hole! Let's look at it!"

"Ow-ow!" mumbled Frank. "Oh, come on!" growled Eben

Hacke. "We've got to stand by Franky

"I guess that tenderfoot isn't going to beat me, anyhow!" snorted Hacke.

And he ran on. Bob and Beauclerc stopped with Frank Richards. Bob examined his ankle. Fortunately, it was not so bad as a sprain; but it had been painfully twisted, and running was at an end for Frank Richards. His chums helped him to his feet, and he stood | water and gasping for breath. on one leg, breathing hard.

"You can't go on, I guess?" said

Frank suppressed a cry of pain as

his ankle gave a twinge. "I-I wonder whether I can get back to Cedar Creek?" he gasped.

"I guess we shall have to help you." "You can keep on, Bob. I'll

"Rot!" grunted Bob. The rancher's son was bitterly chagrined at having to give up the chase. But there was no help for it; he could not abandon his chum.

not get back without help. "Take his other fin, Cherub!"

Frank could not go on, and he could

grunted Bob.

manage somehow."

"Right-ho!" With Bob assisting him on one side and Beauclerc on the other, Frank Richards limped back homewardswith three or four long miles to limp before he could arrive at Cedar

Creek. Meanwhile, Eben Hacke was putting on speed. He was the only follower left now, though the leader was still going strong. Hacke's teeth were set, and his eyes were glittering. He intended to put an end to the run by overtaking Algy, and hammering him black and blue.

But again he was a little out in his reckoning. For, as fast as he in- do," said Algy. "I shall have to creased his speed, the Honourable carry you." Algernon did the same, and he kept his distance ahead with ease.

"Stop!" shouted Eben Hacke. Algy glanced back. "Giving in?" he asked. "Nope!" hooted Eben. "I'm going

to smash you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, you wait till I get my paws on you!" gasped Hacke. "I guess I'll give you something to cackle

And he ran on. Frank Richards & Co. were out of sight now. Making a wide sweep to the east, Algernon was circling back towards Cedar Creek, below the rapids. Hacke struggled and panted on his track. His breath was giving out, and Algy could easily have left him standing; but, as Hacke began to fail, the dandy of Cedar Creek slackened his pace. Every now and then Hacke put on a spurt, in the hope of clutching hold of him, but he did not succeed in getting within clutching distance.

Cedar Creek was in sight again now, shining in the wintry sun a good distance ahead. Below the rapids it was broader, and if Algy took to the water again, Hacke was well aware that he could not follow. He had not strength enough left to swim the creek again.

The Honourable Algernon seemed almost as fresh as paint. The long run across rough country had hardly told upon him. Cedar Creek drew nearer and nearer till Algy trotted out on the bank at last.

"Stop!" howled Hacke. Algy paused then, and looked round.

"Ready for a swim?" he called out. "Hang you!" "Ha, ha! Funk!" Hacke made a desperate rush to get

to close quarters, and Algy plunged

into the water. Hacke stopped on the Algy, swimming easily, looked back at him from the shining surface of the stream and grinned.

"Funk!" Hacke gritted his teeth, and plunged in. His rage was so great that it seemed to give him new strength, and he swam furiously after Algy. But in the middle of the

Algy swam on cheerfully. But he paused suddenly as a choking cry came from behind.

stream his strength failed him.

"Help-help!"

"Oh, my hat!" muttered Algy. He whirled round in the water. The laughing expression left his face as he saw that Hacke was in difficulties. Even as he turned, Hacke's head | we'll have a longer run!" went under.

"I'm coming!" shouted Algy. He swam back swiftly, and caught at Hacke's collar as Eben's head | too. came up.

"Hold on to me!" he gasped. Hacke's face was white, but he gave Algy a furious look. It was the bitterest pill of all to swallow; but life itself was at stake now, for he could never have reached the bank unaided. He held on to Algy, and the tenderfoot of Cedar Creek piloted him on.

"Gol-darn you! I'll smash you for this!" spluttered Hacke.

Algy chuckled, and swam on. He reached the bank at last, and dragged his burden ashore. Hacke sank down in the frosty grass, streaming with

Algy looked down at him. "Better get up!" he remarked.

"Hang you!"

"Look here, if you don't keep in motion, you'll freeze!" said Algy. "Don't you know it may mean your

death?" "I-I guess I can't help it! I'm done! All your fault!" muttered Hacke, between his chattering teeth. "Leave me alone!"

Algy shook his head.

"I'm not going to leave you alone, old top," he answered. "I'm going to help you. Come on."

"Let me alone!"

"Rats!" Algernon bent over the bully of the lumber school, and dragged him to his feet. Hacke stood unsteadily,

holding on to Algy with both hands. "That's right-lean on me," said Algernon encouragingly. "If you can't trot, we'll walk."

"Hang you!" "Hang away; but come on!"

Eben Hacke staggered on, with Algy supporting him. There was nearly two miles between them and the school. They tramped on in silence, Hacke leaning more and more heavily upon his companion. He gave a groan at last, and sank upon his knees.

"I-I can't keep on!" he gasped. "Then there's only one thing to

"You fool! You couldn't!" "I'm geing to try."

It was no light task to carry Eben Hacke. He was a burly and heavy fellow, and Algy was slim and lightly built. But there was plenty of sturdy strength in Algy's elegant form, as he proved now. With a powerful effort, he pulled Hacke upon his shoulders, and started with him.

How he covered the distance to Cedar Creek he hardly knew. But he did cover it, and the lumber school came in sight at last.

Algy was on the point of exhaustion when he staggered in at the gates of Cedar Creek. Afternoon lessons had ended at the

backwoods school. Boys and girls were crowding out into the playground, when Algy tottered in with Eben Hacke on his back.

There was a shout. "Here he comes!" In a moment Algy was surrounded by a crowd. Miss Meadows came quickly out of the schoolhouse.

"What-what has happened?" she exclaimed. Frank Richards and Bob Lawless relieved Algy of his burden. Algy staggered, and caught Vere Beau-

clerc's shoulder for support. "Sorry!" he gasped. SSorry, Miss Meadows! I know I oughtn't to have cut lessons, but-""

"I will deal with that matter later!" said Miss Meadows severely. "Go into the kitchen at once and dry your clothes, you reckless, foolish boy! Lawless, kindly look after Hacke!"

Before a blazing log fire in the school kitchen, Algy of Cedar Creek soon dried himself, and recovered his cheerful smiles. It took Eben Hacke a much longer time to recover.

Frank Richards & Co. looked at

Algy grimly when he joined them. "What a rippin' run-what!" he remarked. "I guess I've a jolly good mind to

punch your silly head!" growled Bob Lawless. "We nearly had to carry

Franky home--" "Beauclerc!" It was Miss Meadows' voice.

"Yes, ma'am!" "Come into my study!" The Honourable Algernon was rubbing his hands ruefully when he came out again. But he contrived to smile as the chums of Cedar Creek mounted

their horses for the homeward ride. "Never mind!" he remarked. "We had a jolly good run. Next time you want to play follow-my-leader. I'll be leader again, if you like, and "I don't think!" chuckled Frank

Richards. And the Honourable Algy chuckled

THE END.