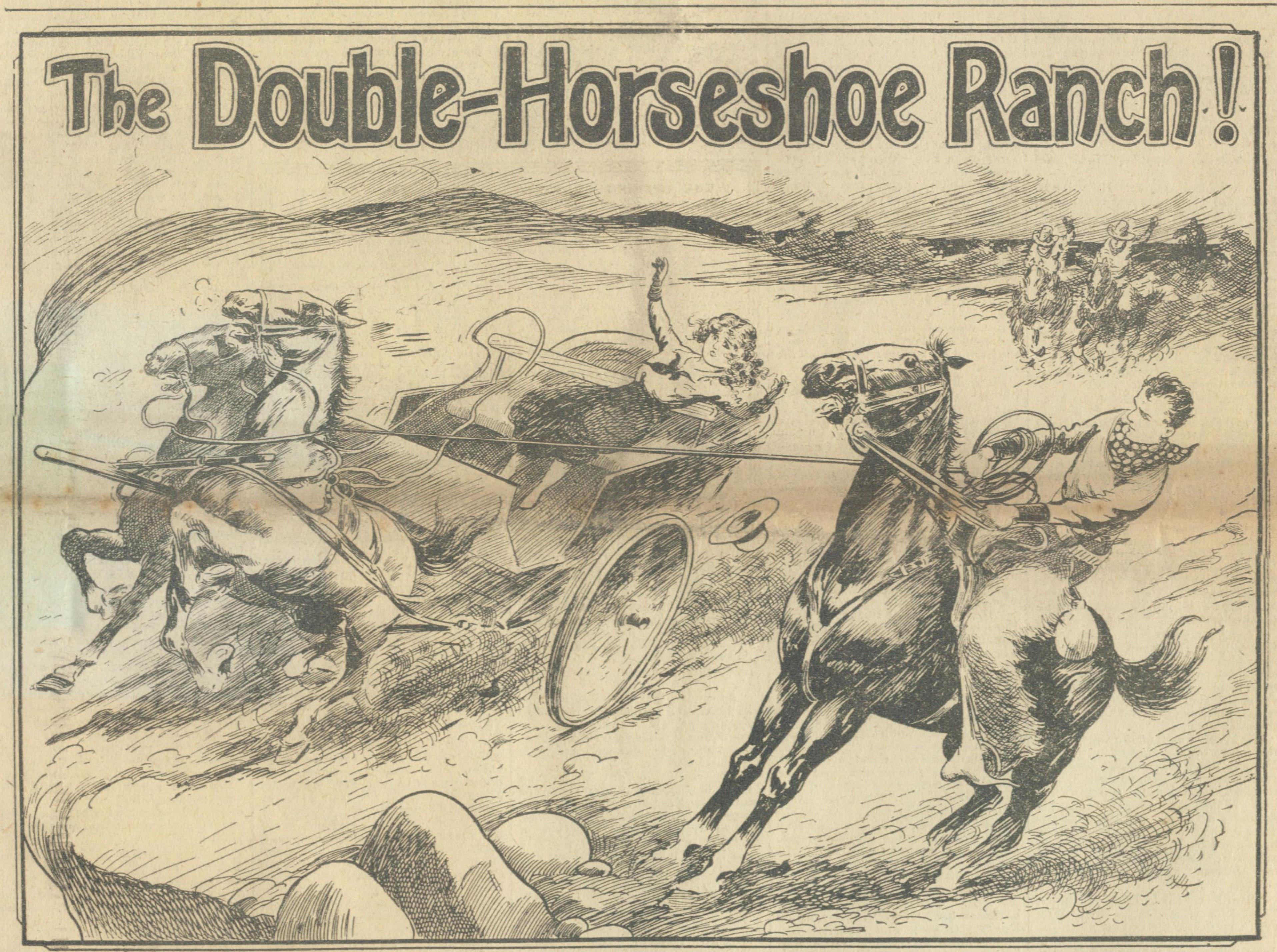
Complete School Stories and Grand New Serial!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending November 29th, 1919.



N THE BRINK OF DISASTER!

Steve unslung his lariat, and hurled it with an expert hand, right over the heads of the runaways. Diabolo stopped dead, his forefeet digging into the hard ground, and the rope grew taut as a bow-string. The girl crouched, white-faced, in the buggy as the horses reared high in the air on the very brink of the canyon!

chested roar of anger, Billy Steele you take it from me."

exclamation of disgust.

"I'd ha' got the skunk that time!" | "I'm ready to go out now, when the Gimme a gun!"

He snatched at one of Steve's pistols. But Steve closed his lingers about his friend's wrist.

generous young Britisher said. "Be- we're alone-eh?". sides, we're white, aren't we? We!

pizen's got it in for you, old man,"

Jose Pascales' Vow! "I wasn't born yesterday," said | Quick as a flash, and with a deep- | Steve lightly. "I'll watch Senor Jose,

pulled out his revolver again, and let | He fixed the lariat to Diabolo's | fly at the fleeing figure of Jose Pas- saddle, and strapped on his spurs, cales. But only a click answered his each of which had a tiny musical bell you all I can. And I don't mind say- which he certainly rode well. finger's pressure on the trigger, and attached to it, making his movements in' I for one'll be mighty glad to see | Jose rode slightly apart from the revenge by-and-by. He would get Billy threw the gun down with an a constant jingle, such as cow. I the ranch change hands. Basnett rest, and his mind was turning on that beautiful caballo (horse), too, if

he growled. "No playin' with him! boys are," he said. "I'm just dying to get started."

"Cow-punchin', or will-huntin'?" grinned Billy Steele.

him what we were after, if he knew!" 'his superb black horse at which every 'of all the ranges, and he had made the most daredevil cowpunchers in

in with you on this hunt. The fact one who looked jealously at Diabolo, For these two things he would never that your dad trusted me with the and that was Jose Pascales, who was forgive the fair-faced Briton. He story sort o' puts it up to me to help | mounted on a great, raking roan, | would watch and wait. His chance allus gives me the shivers every time dark things. He was a Mexican, a he worked properly. He swore it to I look at him. See them eyes o' his, man of fierce passions, but not of his own particular saint, an' I guess ye'll onderstand me. very great courage, except with 'Tain't for me to be hard on a blind | horses. To give the man his due, he man, havin' a brother back in Ontario | was frightened of nothing that stood who's the same, but-well, Basnett's on four legs and which could be not an ordinary blind man. He's | saddled; but he was a coward when he i

"Sure!" agreed Billy. "Seein' Steve Emberton, of the Double-Horse- combat.

"We?" laughed Steve.
"Sure!" said Billy simply. "I'm glances. There was, however, only whole town of Big Horn.

Steve and Diabolo to the Rescue.

The others—the English-speaking "Let him go. It was partly my fault. I got him angry," the only talk about wills when we're sure from the dark, behind fit—were in a merry mood as they There were eight men, including his enemy's back, to honest, fair loped along westward towards their temporary home. They laughed. don't care about shooting men in | we're workin' against the boss now, | shoe outfit, who rode out of Big Horn | He already hated Steve Emberton | smoked cigarettes, joked, and played cold blood." we won't talk too much about the at three o'clock. All were splendidly with all the venom of a base, Latin all sorts of rough pranks on each "H'm! My blood's a bit hot just job, in case Jose gets to know. mounted, and all looked well on their nature. Steve, he considered, had other. Two of them-young fellows now, and it 'ud save ye a heap o' Savyy? Jose's as thick as hair on a horses. But Steve was undoubtedly done him two wrongs; he had robbed. named respectively Jeff Hunter and trouble to do it with Jose. The dog with Basnett, and he'd sure tell the finest-looking figure mounted on him of a black horse that was the envy Dade Simpson-who were notorious as



The 1st Chapter.

Barred !

Jimmy Silver & Co. were at footer

Rawson of the Fourth was in goal,

and Jimmy, Raby, Lovell, and New-

come were plying him with shots. The

Fistical Four were giving Tom Raw-

son quite a busy time, and Rawson

was hopping like a kangaroo between

the posts, keeping his citadel clear.

Naturally, Arthur Edward Lovell did

not heed the voice of his minor at

that moment. It was an injudicious

moment to choose for speaking to him,

Rawson spun the ball out, and there

"Rawson's quite good between the

sticks," Mornington remarked to his

chum Erroll. "I think Jimmy

"Arthur!" hooted Teddy Lovell,

Mornington glanced round rather

"Lovell's rather busy just now,

"I want to speak to him," he said.

"You'll have to want for a bit!"

"Arthur!" shouted Lovell minor.

curiously at the sullen, clouded face

"I think so," assented Erroll.

was a shout from some of the juniors

"Arthur!" growled Teddy.

practice on Little Side, when Teddy

Lovell of the Third came along.

"Arthur!"

in fact.

season."

looking on.

"Well saved!"

for the third time.

of the Third Form fag.

young 'un," he observed.

Teddy gave him a stare.

A Grand, Long, Complete Story of the Chums of Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

of his chums. But there | snapped. was a time for every-

busy to bother about him just then.

The fag moved slowly along the were chortling. A group of Third-Formers were the grass. another as he came by, and Teddy | the field. caught that grin and stopped.

"Well, you rotters?" he said. Wegg & Co. looked at the footballers, apparently unconscious of brow blacker than ever. Teddy's existence.

"You beasts!" said Teddy. Still unconsciousness on the part of

the Third-Formers. They seemed Third?" said Lovell, with a grimace. deaf as well as blind. Algy Silver-Jimmy's cousin in the

Third-came along and joined the other fags, without looking at Teddy. "What are you fellows up to?" asked Silver II. "Never mind Fourth Form footer! Come along! I've out to you!" been looking for you!"

"Right-ho!" yawned Wegg. Silver's right to give him a chance in "'Tain't bad, though, for the Fourth! goal for the junior eleven this That chap Rawson-"

"Oh, bother Rawson! Jimmy's got him, though," added Silver II, as | the ball went in at last from Jimmy Silver's foot.

"Bother Jimmy!" grinned Wegg. "Come on!"

"Look here, you fools-" began Lovell minor.

He was not heeded. The Fistical in goal, and Arthur Edward Lovell very keenly. He stared after the now?" As a rule, he was very attentive to and caught Algy Silver by the bitterly. his minor's claims upon him-too shoulder.

much so, in the opinion | "Stop, you cheeky cad!" he

Silver II had to stop then, with Teddy's grasp on his shoulder. But Teddy Lovell scowled, he did not speak, and he did not stop and shoved his hands long. He turned round, collared deep into his pockets, and walked Teddy, and sat him down on the away. Evidently his major was too ground with a heavy bump. Then he

watching Jimmy Silver & Co., and It was then that Lovell of the to hike off to Mr. Bohun again with Teddy passed close to them. Wegg | Fourth spotted him, and, the practice | a tale about the ragging, and got and Grant and Stacey grinned at one | being over, Lovell came quickly off | some of them caned. Now they don't

> "Hallo, Teddy!" He gave his minor a hand up. Teddy scrambled to his feet, his

"That beast young Silver-" "Oh dear! In trouble again in the Lovell was an affectionate brother,

"I came down here to speak to you!" growled Teddy. "You wouldn't take any notice when I called

"I was playing footer, kid. Don't even listen to me now!" be a young ass!" said Lovell im- "Well, if you mean that-if you're here. He didn't understand about it patiently. "What did you want to going to be decent-the kids will being called sneaking, at school. And

turned away. Levell threw on his say he can suggest something to put coat and followed him. He was the matter right. Keep a stiff upperworried, but he was really concerned lip. And no more of your yarns to for his young brother, who found the prefects or masters, mind! That's Rookwood so different from home. | what caused the whole trouble!" At home, the spoiled boy of the Teddy nodded sullenly, and Lovell The crowd of Third-Formers walked | family was almost monarch of all he | left him and joined his chums, who | done?"

"What's up?" asked Lovell.

incessant troubles rather a worry.

"Well, you see-" "You heard me!"

"Yes, I do. What is it?"

they call it." "Yes, you told me. Are they still keeping it up?"

"They are, the cads! I-I don't want them to speak to me, of course! I-I hate the lot of them!"

"Oh, don't talk silly rot!" grunted Lovell.

"Well, I do! They're a lot of rotters!" said Teddy, his lip quivering. "I-I wish I could go home! I don't care if they don't like me, but a fellow doesn't want to be cut by everybody. I-I can't speak a word | you?" to anybody now. They pretend not to hear me! They-they-"

Teddy's voice faltered. Arthur Edward Lovell walked on in gloomy silence. Teddy had brought! Lovell. "About my blessed minor." it all on himself, but it was not much use telling him that.

Perhaps a glimmering of that truth | glance. was dawning upon Teddy's own mind, Lemme see-I was going over to but he was ready to repudiate the sug- | Manders' House to speak to Tommy gestion with angry obstinacy all the | Dodd," remarked Raby. "You

"It's rotten for me!" said Teddy. "I-I didn't care at first. I-I was jolly glad to be left alone. But-

"Look here, Teddy, it was your own fault! You told tales to the walked away with his friends, who Form-master, and you couldn't expect the fags to stand that!" said Lovell field, the black cloud still on his brow. Teddy Lovell sat rather dazedly in abruptly. "They ragged you for it, and it served you right; but you had rag you, but they've sent you to Coventry instead. If you hadn't been a silly young ass, you'd have expected it! What did you want to sneak

> "I wasn't going to be ragged!" "You asked for it! But-but this | that.

can't go on!" said Lovell glumly. "You must get out of this scrape | "I don't say he hasn't asked for it. somehow. If you could make them | Still, there's excuses for him. You but he was beginning to find Teddy's | understand that you wouldn't sneak | know he's been spoiled at home-you again-"

"Well, I wouldn't. I didn't rightly | me. It's a sudden change from home understand at first!" muttered Teddy. This was a great concession for Master Teddy, and it made his major glance at him in some surprise. "But-but | to the mater or the pater, if anything how can I set it right? They won't | doesn't please him," growled Lovell.

come round all right," said Lovell. | -and he can see the thing now. He's Teddy gave him a dark look and I "I'll speak to Jimmy Silver. I dare sorry."

away, regardless of Lovell minor. surveyed. At Rookwood it was not were coming in. Lovell minor came That sulky youth was in Coventry | much like that, as Teddy had found. | in to dinner, with a clouded brow. as far as the Third were concerned, "Well, kid," said Lovell patiently, and found plenty of room left for him and, after a few days of that freezing as he walked beside his minor towards on either side at the Third Form Four were testing Rawson's powers residence, Teddy Lovell was feeling it | the School House, "what's the trouble | table. Not a fag spoke to him or looked at him. He was barred by the had no eyes and no ears for his minor. fags, and suddenly rushed after them | "Oh, you don't care!" said Teddy Third, and he was made to feel his position acutely. And by that time I Teddy was wishing, from the bottom !

"They've sent me to Coventry, as of his heart, that he had made rather a different start at Rookwood.

The 2nd Chapter. Uncle James Takes a Hand,

"Jimmy!" The Fistical Four were strolling in the quadrangle after dinner, when Arthur Edward Lovell spoke-rather hestitatingly.

"Yes, old top?" said Jimmy.

"I-I think-" "You do?" murmured Raby humorously. "What's come over

"I think I'd like your advice, Jimmy," said Lovell, unheeding.

"About the footer?" asked Jimmy. "Bother the footer!" grunted

"Oh!" said Jimmy. Raby and Newcome exchanged a

coming, Newcome?"

"I'll come. See you later, you chaps!"

And Raby and Newcome walked off towards the Modern side. Jimmy Silver smiled slightly, and Lovell frowned.

"I suppose they're fed up with my minor!" growled Lovell."

"I suppose you are, too, Jimmy?" "My dear chap, it's barely possible to get fed up with the cheery Teddy. But if you want my advice, go ahead -ain't I your dear Uncle James? Keep smiling, and tell your uncle the

trouble," answered Jimmy cheerfully. "Those little inky rotters in the Third have sent my minor to Coventry," explained Lovell.

Jimmy Silver nodded He knew "It's hard on him," said Lovell. saw that when you were at home with

to Rookwood." "It must be," agreed Jimmy. "At home, he's used to running off "He's really only done the same thing

"That's good!" "But those inky little ruffians don't make any allowances for him, of

course. But this won't do. Teddy's got to be set right with his Form somehow. How's it going to be "Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy. Uncle James of Rookwood was

generally equal to any difficulty that arose; but even Uncle James had to admit that this was rather a poser. To intervene in the weird politics

of the Third Form was a difficult and delicate task.

(Continued on the next page.)



By F. W. WALDEN.

find my lack of inches a handicap on the field of play, for as my readers are probably aware, I am only two and a half inches over five feet, and, so far as I know, I am the smallest footballer at present playing in the firstclass.

The mere fact that I am considered good enough for a place in a firstclass side, is in itself a sort of answer to the question of whether lack of inches is a vital handicap, and my presence in the Tottenham Hotspur team, serves to show that a boy need not necessarily give up any ideas and ambitions in a football direction because he seems likely to be less than the average height.

At the same time, it is no use blinking our eyes to facts, and it is certainly a fact that I often wish most earnestly for a few more inches, and a few more pounds in weight.

Suppose, for instance, the ball comes through the air, and in opposition to me there is a half or a fullback who is somewhere in the neigh-

I have often been asked whether I do under those circumstances is to watch him heading the ball away from me, and to sigh because I can't get "up there." Sometimes I essay a mighty jump in the hope of getting my own head to the ball, but even then it is long odds on the "other fellow." Yes, lack of inches is certainly a handicap when it is a case of "heads up."

Of course, it follows-or it should fellow-that if you have a forward in your team who is smaller than the average, then every possible effort should be made to feed him along the ground, and not through the air. And, as a matter of fact, to feed along the ground is a very good motto for all half-backs, whether their forwards are below the average size or not.

players, would be even better if they would keep the ball low when passing to the men in the front line. Even | succeed if he is not up to the average | with the best intentions in the world, | in weight especially. though, there are occasions in every forward through the air, and it is on | and hustle them if he is to be a real | directions he has advantages. I have

that I had not stopped growing so I it will generally be found, too, that I man to charge the big player, but, on

adopt different methods from the big, sturdy player. Suppose, for instance, that I find myself up against a player-as I almost invariably dowho is two or three stone heavier than am. Obviously, it is not a bit of good me trying to charge him off the ball. Sometimes, when the situation is very desperate. I try it, but nearly always afterwards I wish I hadn't done so, because I seldom charge effectively, while I very often get a

bad shaking. I shall never forget an occasion when I was much younger than I am now. In the exuberance of youth, I went full tilt into a full-back who must have weighed fifteen stone, if he weighed an ounce. I bounded from him like a bit of indiarubber-as I ought to have known I should. But that was not the worst feature of it from my point of view. I spent the next few minutes "pulling myself together" beyond the touch-line, and for the rest of the game was practically useless to my side.

In the interests of his team, no player should run unnecessary risks of finding himself crocked, and, although the temptation to barge into a big fellow is sometimes very strong, always try to resist it.

Being on the extreme wing, I do not get so many hard knocks as I Many half-backs who are very good | might do in some other positions on the field, where, it seems to me, it is well-nigh impossible for a player to

Then again, the little man must on the hefty side.

tions, and the famous William Wed- my only hope of success, lies in sliplock is a centre-half of less than the | ping out of the way of a fellow who average height. But although Wed- is bent on charging me. Pliave heard lock is not so tall as most of the opponents say that they find it explayers with whom he comes in contact, he is a very sturdy player, and always strikes me as being as hard as nails. The exceptions, however, only go to prove the rule, and speak-

"FANNY" WALDEN.



The popular Tottenham Hotspur forward, who is also the smallest player in first-class football.

ing generally, I think the manager who summed up the position thus was about right. He used to say: "There is only one type of player better than a good little 'un, and that is a good

But I must not give the impres-The centre-forward, for instance. | sion that there are nothing but handimatch when the ball must be sent | must be able to dash into the backs | caps to the little footballer. In some bourhood of six feet. All that I can I those occasions when I really wish help to his side in that position, and shown that it is not wise for the little '

our first-class centre half-backs are the other hand, it is not easy for the big player to charge the little one.

There are one or two notable excep- My chief delight, and practically tremely difficult to get their shoulder down to me, and while I am on this topic, I should like to add that the great majority of players I meet, treat me with absolute fairness.

I suppose, too, the little man has an advantage because he has less to carry about with him, and can therefore skip over the turf quickly. Without speed, and without tricks, however, it does not seem to me that there is much chance of the small footballer proving successful. So the thing to do, if you are on the small side, is to develop your cleverness, and work up your speed. Get plenty of ball practice, and always be trying to cultivate new dodges which will help you to overcome the handicaps which arise from lack of inches.

And especially if your place is on the extreme wings, try to work up such speed that you will be able to beat the average heavier opponent in a race for the ball. Of course, sheer pace isn't much good unless you can control the ball as well; but, granted the small player possesses these two qualifications, there does not seem to me any real reason why he should not be able to overcome all the handicaps which arise from lack of inches.

Fanny Walden

how," said Lovell. "I'm supposed | ally, just as if it had not been all cut to be looking after Teddy here. The and dried in advance. "You might pater expects it. I haven't been able ask your minor, too." to do much for him so far-"

"That's not you fault." "Well, I've done my best. Butbut what can I do now? If they knew at home how matters stood, they'd expect me to do something." Jimmy Silver wrinkled his brows.

"Is my young cousin in it with the rest?" he asked.

understand." "Hum!"

cousin," said Lovell hesitatingly. "If | cheerily to Silver of the Third, and you were to speak to him, f'rinstance looked inquiringly at Lovell. They --- " Lovell coloured deeply. "I- | were expecting another guest. I know you offered it before, and I-I-I said something rotten about it. | awkwardly. But-but--"

"I might try young Algy," said Jimmy thoughtfully. "He was a bit like your minor when he first camealways kicking over the traces; but | in solitary state in Little Quad. he shook down at last. He's not a bad little chap. If he was talked to,

"It seems about the only thing," said Lovell. "Young Silver's a leader in the Third. If he would come round, the others might follow. That might be a way. Of course, they're all prejudiced against poor old Teddy now. He made an awfully bad beginning here. But he can't go on at daggers-drawn with all the other fags. What's his life to be like at Rookwood if he does? Of-of course, it doesn't matter much to you-"

"But it does, old scout," said Jimmy. "Look here, we'll try it on with Algy, and bring him round. Let's have him in to tea this afternoon, and talk to him nicely. I'll bring him in, and you can bring your minor, and we'll contrive to patch it up between them somehow."

Lovell's face brightened. "That's not a bad idea," he said. "We'll try it," said Jimmy. "We'll kill the fatted calf for Algy, and make him no end pleased with himself, and see how it works."

And so it was arranged, much to Lovell's relief. He could depend on Uncle James, at least, to do his best to heal the breach and pour oil on the troubled waters.

After lessons that day there was a pooling of cash among the Fistical Four, for an extra special spread in the end study. Raby and Newcome entered into the little scheme willingly, though, perhaps, without enthusiasm. They did not like Lovell minor, but they were willing to bear with him for the sake of Lovell major.

Raby and Newcome did the shopping, while Jimmy Silver proceeded to looks for Silver II, and Lovell went in search of his minor.

Lovell-minor was not easily to be found. Third Form fags, whom Lovell questioned, answered that they didn't know, and didn't care, where the sneak was.

Wegg-charitably expressed a hope that he had met with an accident. Grant opined that he might have gone off sneaking somewhere. Arthur Edward Lovell repressed his wrath at these replies, and looked further for Teddy.

He found the fag at last, "mooching " about in Little Quad, with his hands in his pockets, and a moody scowl on his face.

"Hallo, here you are!" said Lovell. "I've been looking for you for a quarter of an hour, Teddy."

"Have you?" answered Teddy indifferently.

"I want you to come to the study." "What for?"

"We're having young Silver of the Third to tea," explained Lovell. "Jimmy thinks we can make the young bounder friends with you over tea-see? Rather a good ideawhat?"

Teddy tightened his lips. "Young Silver bumped me over on the football-ground this morning," he said sullenly.

"Never mind that--" "But I do mind. I'm not going to ask him to make friends with me. Let him ask it, if he wants it."

Lovell breathed hard. "He doesn't want it," he said. "Don't be a young ass! We're going

to try to persuade him-" "Catch me asking favours of the rotter!"

"Look here, Teddy-"

"I won't come." And Teddy walked away, leaving his brother staring. The fag was evidently in a sullen, obstinate mood. Lovell walked back slowly to Big Quad, and on to the School House. He met Jimmy Silver in the doorway, with Algy Silver of the Third. Silver II was accepting the invitation to tea-such invitations seldom

went begging in the Third Form. "Halle, Lovell! Algy's coming to

"Something's got to be done some- | tea with us," remarked Jimmy casu-

Published

Every Monday

Silver II started. "Oh, look here, Jimmy," he began.

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy, dismayed at this disarrangement of his carefully laid scheme. Algy Silver grinned.

"I'm ready, Jimmy," he said. Silver of the Third accompanied the "Yes, every chap in the Third, I | two Fourth-formers to the end study. Raby and Newcome were already there, and the festive board was "I-I thought about your young spread. The two juniors nodded

"Teddy can't come," said Lovell

And five sat down to tea in the end study; while Lovell minor nursed his dignity and his resentment

The 3rd Chapter. Diplomatic!

Algy Silver, of the Third Form, smiled expansively as his eyes roved over the tea-table in the end study. It was a spread of spreads-quite a feast of the gods. In addition to ham and eggs, there were three kinds of jam, and a whole current cake, and a seed cake. This, as Silver II know.' would have said, beat a feed in the Form-room to smithereens. Silver of | coolly. "Don't know the chap at | best." the Third prepared to enjoy himself. I all!"

"What?"

Silver II rose to his feet. The Fistical Four blinked at him,

blushing a little. "Well. I'll cut," said the fag. "I'll always come here and have my leg "He won't come," muttered Lovell. | pulled when you stand a feed like that! Ta-ta!"

Raby chuckled, and Newcome grunned. "Hold on, Algy!" said Jimmy

Silver. "D-d-don't go yet!" "Oh, all right! I'll tell you about another match with the Second, if you

And Algy Silver sat down again.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome exexceedingly bright youth.

the fag, grinning at his cousin. "You stand you a new footer!" don't want me to lend you any money, I suppose?"

"No, you young ass!" said Jimmy, half-laughing.

"Then what is it?". "Well, I want to ask you some-

thing, kid." "I thought so," said Algy Silver. "Go ahead! Like to come to supper in the Third Form-room? Wegg's got a kipper, and we're going to

cook it." Jimmy shuddered. Lovell's minor-young Teddy, you

"I don't know!" answered Silver II

"The others would follow your lead, Third, and Wegg & Co. were looking very likely."

"I-I'm asking it as a favour!"

Jimmy?

"Well, old Lovell, you know---" "Oh, my hat! So that was what you stood me this stunning spread for?" grunted Silver II.

"N-n-not exactly! But-but I'd like you to chip in, Algy, and do what you could. I'd take it as a real favour. Make friends with Lovell minor, and-and give him a chance. changed glances, and strolled out of Try it for a day or two, and see how the study. They felt that it was wiser | it works, anyhow. Look here, Algy! to leave Uncle James to deal with this | You want a new footer-you've told me so. Make it all right for Lovell | young Lovell?" demanded Wegg "What's the game, Jimmy?" asked | minor in the Third, and this study will | hotly.

Silver II reflected. "It won't be so jolly easy," he said. "The fellows are awfully up against him. He got Weggy caned with his sneaking, and Wegg's a pal of mine. Still, if the little beast wants to turn over a new leaf, I might give him a chance. A real new footer?"

"Quite new!" "I don't believe in hitting a chap when he's down," said Silver II ruminatingly. "Perhaps the sneaking cad's had enough. I'll see what I "Nunno! The fact is. it's about | can do, Jimmy. Make friends with him! Ough! When shall I have the

footer?" "On Saturday, if you do your level

"Done!" said Silver II.

"They might." "Well, won't you try it, kid?" asked Jimmy Silver persuasively.

Pipkin. "What does it matter to you,

"Did you say you wanted a thick ear, Pippy?" he asked politely. "Nunno!" "You'll get one one of these days!"

> said Silver II darkly. "You talk too much, Pippy. Any of you chaps seen young Lovell?" "Wha-a-at?"

"Oh, I've had my tea!" said Silver

"Suckin' up to the Fourth!" said

II carelessly. "I was asked by some

"Young Lovell!"

Silver II looked round.

rather shiny.

chaps in the Fourth."

The Third-Formers stared at Silver II.

"What on earth do you want with

"Only to speak to him." "Speak to him!" yelled Stacey.

"That's it!"

"Don't you know he's in Coventry?" demanded Wegg.

"Oh, yes! I think he's had enough, though," said Silver II carelessly. "Can have too much of a good thing, you know. Time we let the poor beggar out. I think."

Algy Silver spoke carelessly but he was breathing rather hard. This sudden change of front was a surprise to the Third, and it was certain to meet with fierce opposition. Algy Silver was not, as a matter of fact, quite sure of carrying his point. He was one of the acknowledged leaders of the Third-but Wegg was a powerful rival, and Wegg's look showed what his views on the subject were.

"You! You think he's had enough!" roared Wegg almost breathless with indignation. "And who are you, anyhow?"

"Think we're all going to turn round as soon as you hold up your silly finger, young Silver?" demanded Grant.

"When father says turn, we all turn!" jeered Pipkin.

"Go and eat coke, young Silver!" "Look here--" began Jimmy Silver's cousin warmly.

Wegg held up a hand-grubby, but commanding. "Shut up, young Silver!" he

ordered. "Lovell minor has been sent to Coventry by the Third. He's staying there. You speak to him, and you'll be sent to Coventry along with "Yes, rather!" "Bravo, Weggy!"

"Who'll send me to Coventry?" he bawled. "I will!" roared Wegg. "So will all the fellows! Do you think you're

Algy Silver's eyes sparkled.

going to give orders to the Form?" "I think he's had enough, and I'm going to speak to him," said Algy Silver. "Give him a chance."

"Rats!" "Who's leader of the Third Form,

"I am!" said Wegg promptly.

"You!" said Algy scornfully. "You couldn't lead a form of bunny rabbits, you couldn't! Why the Second would walk over you at footer if I didn't kick the goals!" "I'm ready to fight any chap who

says I'm not captain of the Third!" "Same here." Wegg pitched his jacket across a

desk, and flourished a pair of knuckly and somewhat fishy fists. "Come on!" he roared.

"You sha'n't have to ask me twice!" said Silver II disdainfully. "You've wanted a walloping for a long time, Jim Wegg!".

"Hold on!" exclaimed Grant. Two or three fags pushed between the rival leaders of the Third. "Chuck that! Look here, young Silver-"

"Yes, look here-" exclaimed

"He's going to be sent to Coventry, too, if he speaks to that young cad Lovell!" said Wegg.

Algy Silver sniffed. "Send me to Coventry and be blowed!" he said forcibly. "You'll

soon come and ask me out again next time you play the Second at footer."

And with that, Algy Silver turned and stalked out of the Form-room, leaving the fags in a buzz.

There was great wrath in the Third. Wegg was very resolute of sending Algy Silver to join Lovell minor in the cold shades of Coventry, if he was found speaking to the barred fag. But to Wegg's exasperation, he found that he had far from unanimous support in that attitude. Algy Silver had a following in the Form; and, as he had pointed out, he simply could not be spared from Third Form football. And Wegg fairly snorted when he found some of the fags discussing the view that perhaps Algy Silver was right; and the sneak of the Third had

"had enough." It was perhaps fortunate that they



"Go to my study, Lovell minor, and wait there till I come!" thundered the Third Form-master. "I-I Mr. Bohun raised Algy Silver in his strong arms, and carried didn't mean-!" wailed Teddy Lovell. him from the room.

The Fistical Four were very polite !

and attentive to Silver II. Teddy Lovell not being there, Coventry," said Silver II. "Horrid Jimmy's plan could not be wholly carried out: but Uncle James meant to do all he could. And the best way of softening Silver II's heart was by lavishing tuck and politeness upon him. And certainly Silver II was soon in a high good humour.

The juniors talked football over tea -Third Form football. They displayed an intelligent interest in Third Form football that was very gratifying, though slightly surprising, to Silver Secundus. How the Third had played the Second-how Silver II | Silver II, after some reflection. "He had beaten Snooks in goal to the wide | could lick him. Even that young prig -was related over the tea-table, and | wouldn't sneak about his major, listened to with much respect and suppose? Tell Lovell to give him a admiration by the Fistical Four.

Silver II shot an occasional keen | good. glance at Jimmy and his chums, Master Silver was not an obtuse youth by any means. If anything, he was

rather too keen. When the spread drew near its close Silver II surprised the chums of the Fourth with an unexpected remark.

"Jolly good feed! Many thanks! Anything more I can tell you about our matches with the Second?" "Go on, old chap, you're awfully

interesting!" said Newcome. "So are you chaps," said Silver II affably. "Now, before I go, would you mind telling me what you've been pulling my leg for?"

"Ahem!"

"That little beast is sent to little rotter, you know! Sneaks to the prefects. Goes around pitching tales. I wonder where he was brought up?"

"He was rather spoiled at home," said Jimmy. "Must have been. I should think!"

"He's got some good in him--" "Ahem! It worries Lovell a lot, his young brother being on such rotten

bad terms with the Third." "Lovell ought to lick him," said Raby. jolly good hiding. It will do him

Jimmy Silver felt a little worried. He did not seem to be progressing

much, so far. "Well, I'll be off!" yawned Silver II. "Try these chocs, kid."

"Oh, rather! Anything else you want, Jimmy?" grinned the fag. "Look here, Algy!" said Jimmy Silver, coming out into the open at last. "Will you help Lovell minor to get on better terms with his Form?

You could do it!" "Couldn't be done! He's in Coventry!" "But if you came round-".

"I sha'n't come round--"

"Good kid!"

"You can begin savin' up your tuppences to buy that footer!" grinned Algy. "I'm going to work the oracle. The Third will come round! I'll punch 'em if they don't! Saturday, mind!", "That's a go!"

"All right, then!"

And Silver II left the end study, and walked away down the passage whistling shrilly. Jimmy Silver's chums came in, and heard the result of the diplomatic negotiations. "Bribery and corruption!" grinned

"Oh, the labourer's worthy of his hire, you know!" said Jimmy Silver. | "It's worth a new footer, if it works !

out all right." Arthur Edward Lovell nodded. "I'll stand the footer," he said. "I only hope it will work out all right, and give poor old Teddy a chance. He's really a good kid, you know."

Which statement was received in the

end study with an expressive silence.

The 4th Chapter. Nothing Doing!

"You've missed something good." Wegg of the Third made that remark, as Silver II came into the Form. There was a smell of herrings in the Third Form-room, and a slight atmosphere of burning. A feast had been toward in the quarters of the | knew nothing about the new football

which was to be the reward of Algy's peacemaking efforts.

Leaving the fags in an excited discussion, Algy Silver walked out of the School House, looking for Lovell minor. Silver II was striking the iron while it was hot.

Teddy Lovell had had his tea in hall, and he was coming out into the quad afterwards, by himself, when Silver II sighted him. Algy Silver came up to him at once, greeted with an astonished scowl by Teddy.

The Third-Former lost no time in reaking the ice.

"Had your tea, Lovell minor?" he asked cheerily.

"Yes," said the astonished Teddy. "Coming for a stroll round?"

"Oh! You're speaking to me now, are you?" said Teddy Lovell.

"Looks like it, doesn't it?" said Silver II. "I suppose my major's been speak-

ing to you, and Jimmy Silver?" "Yes, that's so. I'm going to do the best I can for you," said Algy Silver. "If you stop sneaking, and play the game, you'll get on all right

in the Third. See?" Teddy scowled.

"When I want your advice, I'll ask for it!" he snapped.

"You can go and eat coke!" said hooted Wegg. "I hear him." Teddy independently.

"Why-what-look here, Lovell minor-" "Rats!"

Teddy Lovell walked away with his nose in the air. The temptation to snub the junior who, with the rest, had "barred him," was too strong, and the wilful fag had not been able to resist it. He grinned as he walked away.

Algy Silver stood staring after him. "Well, my only sainted aunt!" he

ejaculated. There was evidently "nothing doing" at present. The lofty and lordly Teddy was not to be made friends with all at once. But Algy Silver thought of the new football, and decided to try again.

The 5th Chapter. Silver II Does His Best.

"Well, kid?"

Jimmy Silver was looking for his hopeful cousin, when the Third Form went up to their dormitory that evening. Arthur Edward Lovell was with him. Algy Silver stopped for a moment on the stairs as Jimmy spoke.

"Well?" he said. "How are you getting on with Lovell minor?"

"Horrid little pig!" said Silver II. "What's that?" growled Lovell.

"Horrid little pig!" repeated Silver II cheerfully. "I've tackled him, and what do you think? He's turned up his sneaking nose at me!"

"But I'm going to bag that football!" added Algy Silver encouragingly, and he went on with the fags.

"Here's your minor, old chap," murmured Jimmy Silver, as Teddy came in sight, a good distance behind the rest of the Classical Third. "Any good speaking to him, do you think?"

Lovell nodded, and beckoned to Teddy. The fag eyed him morosely. Silver II's advances had had an encouraging effect on Teddy Lovell, but in rather a peculiar way. The merest impression that he was sought after had the result of reviving his conceit and self-importance, which had been on the ebb. Teddy Lovell was far from having learned his lesson yet.

"Why haven't you made friends with Silver II, when he's given you the chance, Teddy?" asked Lovell,

rather gruffly. "I don't like him!" answered Teddy. "The cheeky cad bumped me over to-day. I'm not going to be friends with him unless I choose."

"Can't you see that it will be better for you?"

"I don't care."

"Look here, you little idiot-"

began Lovell hotly. Neville of the Sixth called out from

the direction of the dormitory. "Now, then, get a move on, Lovell minor!"

. Teddy hurried on to the dormitory. His major gave Jimmy Silver an out.

eloquent look.

that?" he muttered. "Blessed if I know," said Jimmy Silver candidly. "I suppose what he

really wants is a thumping good hiding; and I don't know whether that would do him much good, either. Leave him to young Algy."

And the chums of the Fourth went

down to the common-room. In the Third-Form dormitory Teddy Lovell turned in, ignored by the rest of the fags. But Algy called out i "good-night" to him when Neville

put out the light and left. . "Good-night!" Teddy called back, After some lofty hesitation.

There was a wrathful growl from

"You're talking to that cad, Silver

Published.

secundus!" "Go hon!" said Silver secundus. "You know he's in Coventry!"

howled Wegg. "I've let him out!" answered Algy

Silver coolly. "And who are you to let him out, I'd like to know?" roared Wegg, in

great exasperation. "Leader of the Third!" "Do you want me to get out of bed

to you, young Silver?" "Just as you like, old top! You'll be jolly glad to get back again, if you

"Why, I-I-I'll--"

"Shurrup, you two!" called out Grant. "You'll have Neville back if you kick up a shindy! What's the good of rowing over that sneaking outsider?"

"Well, I don't want to row," said Silver II. "But I'm going to let the little beast out of Coventry. I don't like him any more than you do, but I think he's had enough, and I'm letting him off."

"Wait till you're asked!" came defiantly from Teddy Lovell's bed. "Oh, you hear him, young Silver?"

"Well, are you going to let him off after that?"

"Yes, rather. I want that new-I -I mean-"

"You want what?"

"N-n-nothing! Good-night! I'm going to sleep." And Silver II persisted in going to

sleep, and was deaf to the further re-

marks of Wegg & Co. On the following morning, when the Third turned out at the clang of the rising-bell, Algy Silver gave the new fag a genial nod. Teddy Lovell

paused, loftily, and then nodded back. Teddy was last ready to go down, and Algy Silver lingered to go down ample, gave the new junior a nod. now, still under the impression that | too much of Lovell minor. His proit was his own charming self that was | ceedings and his prospects failed to drawing a little civility from the fags | interest them. at last.

quadrangle, and Teddy condescended | did not look so lonely and despondent to be almost genial. Silver II and as before. Teddy came in to breakfast together, and when Teddy asked Stacey to pass the salt, Stacey passed it, and said, "Here you are!"

"Coventry" was evidently break-

ing down. Lovell minor grew more and more elated; and so did Silver II., to whom

the new footer seemed now a "dead It only required a little tact and

sense on Teddy's part now to make up for his bad start in the Third, and get upon a normal footing in his

Even Wegg was getting tired of opposition. He was not an implacable youth, by any means, and, finding that most of the fags were willing to "come round" with Algy Silver, Wegg decided that he might as well let the matter drop. He told Grant that he would give the sneak a chance, and see whether he sneaked

It was unfortunate that Teddy Lovell's sense and tact were not equal to the demand made upon them. So soon as it appeared that his painful scrape was coming to an end, so soon did his unpleasant traits revive, and he resumed the "airs and graces" which had first made him

unpopular. But Algy Silver did not heed

He was determined to be friendly with Lovell minor, at least, until Saturday, After Saturday, and after the new football had been handed over, Lovell minor could go and eat coke. That was how the cheery and business-like Algy looked at it. If Lovell minor had any "hoss-sense," he would be all right in the Third by then; if not, it was his own look-

And that afternoon Silver II. bore "How is a chap to help a kid like the new fag down to the footerground for practice, and Wegg & Co. suffered Teddy to join them without demur.

Teddy Lovell had a fancy for footer, but his play left very much to be desired. Wegg had picked up sides on the ground, and Teddy was given a place; and as he got into Wegg's way, clumsily enough, Wegg promptly shoved him out of it. Teddy sat on the ground and yelled.

"You rotter!" he howled, as he scrambled up. "What did you shove angrily. me for?"

"Keep out of the way, you ass!" snapped Wegg.

"I sha'n't play, then!" "Keep in your place, you fool!" shouted Wegg, as the opposing side

BOYS' FRIEND

Teddy sniffed, and walked off. "Well, my hat!" ejaculated Wegg

came rushing down the field.

blankly. Third Form footer was not a very precise game, but Teddy's proceedings were a little too irregular. He walked off loftily, careless of the fact that he left a gap in the line. Wegg called another fag in to fill his place, and shook a threatening fist after Teddy's retreating form.

Algy Silver joined Teddy after the game was over. He thought it a judicious moment to put in a word

of friendly advice. "You shouldn't have walked off like that, Lovell minor," he said.

"I'm not going to be shoved over!" "You got in Weggy's way, you know," remarked Silver II mildly.

"You mustn't mind a shove or two at footer!"

"Well, I do mind," said Teddy tartly. "I'm not going to be shoved, I can tell you! I don't like Wegg,

"You're such a likeable chap yourself!" murmured Silver II.

"And I don't want any cheek from you!" said Teddy.

"I don't mind being friends with you, as you seem so keen on it, but I'm not going to take any cheek, and you may as well understand that first as last!" said Teddy.

"Oh, my sainted aunt!" said Silver II, and he walked away with that. He had come very near losing all chance of the new match-ball by planting his fist full on Lovell minor' nose. And he walked away, out of reach of temptation.

> The 6th Chapter. The Limit!

Jimmy Silver and Lovell looked for Teddy later that afternoon. Raby with him. On the stairs several of and Newcome had another engagethe Third glared at them; but two or | ment. They were quite willing to three, following Algy Silver's ex- leave the attractive fag to his major and Uncle James. The opinion of Teddy condescended to recognise Raby and Newcome was that they them. He was feeling rather elated | were seeing and hearing a great deal

Jimmy and Lovell found the new Algy Silver walked with him in the | fag in the quad-by himself. But he

"Getting on all right now, what?" asked Arthur Edward. "No more Coventry, kid?"

Teddy smiled in a lofty way. "Oh, they've come round!" he said. "I thought they would. I suppose I may as well be civil to them."

"Eh? I-I suppose you may as well!" ejaculated Lovell. "What do you mean? Young Silver-"

"Young Silver's been bothering me no end!" said Lovell minor. "I can't say. I like him very much; but he insists on being friendly whether like it or not. I suppose I needn't them no longer. James Wegg gave a snub him. I can't stand too much of it, though."

"He, he, he!" That cachination came from Tubby Muffin of the Fourth. Tubby was very much tickled by Lovell minor's remark.

"Well, what are you gurgling for, you gurgling image?" demanded Arthur Edward Lovell irritably. "He, he, he!" chortled Tubby

Muffin. "Cheeky little cad! When young Silver is only making up to him to get a new match-ball out of Jimmy--"

"You fat rotter!" roared Lovell. "So you've been at the keyhole again?"

"I-I haven't!" exclaimed Muffin, jumping back. "I just happened to hear -- Here, keep off!"

Tubby Muffin fled. "What did that fat idiot mean?"

very curiously. "Oh, only blowing off gas, as

"Do you want to be sent to

Coventry again, you young ass?" "I don't care!" said Teddy independently.

"If you won't have any sense---" he began.

"Have you been giving young Silver anything to make friends with me?" asked Teddy suspiciously and

"Do you think he's done it because you're such a nice chap?" growled | you wallop him!" said Stacey. Lovell. "Don't be a fool!"

Teddy's eyes gleamed. "So that's it, is it?" he exclaimed hotly. "I call it mean! Just like you, Arthur, to play a trick like

"Wha-a-at?" "I'll jolly soon tell him what I think of him, too!" exclaimed Teddy bitterly. "I'll show him whether I want his friendliness or not!" "Teddy!" exclaimed Lovell. in

alarm. But Lovell minor was hurrying away into the School House. Lovell made a stride in pursuit, and then

stopped. "What's a chap to do with him?"

he exclaimed helplessly. "Goodness knows!" said Jimmy. "He's got his back up now because we persuaded your young cousin to give him a leg-up. Jevver see such a howling little idiot!" exclaimed

"Let's get out!" said Jimmy. "To be quite candid, old chap, I've had enough of Teddy for to-day. So have you. Let's get out!"

Lovell desperately. "If he rows with

Lovell nodded gloomily, and followed his chum. Meanwhile Teddy was heading for the Third Form-room.

His heart was full of bitterness. He had loftily allowed Algy to make friends with him, being very standoffish all the time, and inwardly he had wondered a little that Silver II

had kept up the pursuit, as it were. And now it turned out that Silver II was doing it for quite other motives-apparently, because he had been promised a match-ball! Teddy Lovell seldom thought of consequences, and he did not stop to think now. He went into the Third Formroom with a black brow. A number of the Third were getting tea there over the Third Form fire, and there was a smell of scorching muffins.

"You're burning them, young Silver!" Wegg was saying, as Lovell minor came in.

"Hallo, here's his nibs!" said Pipkin humorously.

Silver II looked round. "Hallo, young Lovell! Come and There was a rush of the fags towards help me with the muffins!" he called

out, very genially. "I want to speak to you!" said

Lovell minor savagely. "Go ahead, old top!"

"You've been sucking up to me the last day or two!" said Lovell minor, his eyes gleaming at the astonished fag. "I've found out now what you've been doing it for." "Eh ?"

"Because my brother's going to give you a new footer!" said Teddy, with bitter contempt. "That's it! Welle you needn't speak to me again, Algy Silver! I don't want your friendship, I can tell you."

Silver II reddened. It was a most unfortunate disclosure

before a crowd of the Third. Algy's motive in showing so much kindness to the outcast of the Form had puzzled Wegg & Co. It puzzled

"My hat! Was that it? You "Well, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver. | wanted to let the young cad out of Coventry because his major --- "

> "It wasn't his major!" said Algy "You're going to get a new footer for letting him out of Coventry?"

shouted Pipkin. "What a rotter?" Algy Silver was scarlet now. "I-I-I thought-I thought he'd had enough. I--" Silver II stammered. For once he was taken

quite aback. "You thought he'd had enough, because you wanted a new footer!" roared Wegg. "Pulling our leg all

the time! I call it beastly mean!" "Rotten!" said Grant. "I wouldn't have thought it of you, young Silver."

"I_I_I_" "I-I-I-" mimicked Wegg. "Mean, I call it; beastly mean! And the young cad's given you away, too! asked Lovell minor, eyeing his major | You might have known he would. That's his sort."

Algy Silver's eyes glittered at the usual!" growled Lovell. "Never new junior. He laid down toastingmind him. Look here, Teddy, you'd | fork and muffins, and pushed back his | better make the most of young cuffs. The fags gathered round bed in the sanatorium, and the doctor Silver's friendship. It mayn't last | eagerly, forgetful of tea. Whatever | had come. And Teddy Lovell had had been Silver II's object in culti- been taken in to the Head. And the "I don't care whether it does or | vating the acquaintance of Teddy | news ran like wildfire that Lovell Lovell, it was evident that there was | minor was to leave Rookwood on the going to be no more of it, but some- | following day-expelled from the thing quite different.

Teddy Lovell, a little scared at the storm he had raised, backed away. Arthur Edward Lovell breathed Algy Silver followed him up grimly.

"Put up your hands, you little cad!" he said. "I sha'n't get the footer now, anyhow. I've had enough of you and your sneaking ways! I'm going to give you a thundering good | hiding instead!"

"Bravo!" chirruped Pipkin. "Mind, he'll sneak to a prefect if "I'll chance that!"

Lovell minor backed away till he brought up against a desk, and could back no further. Algy Silver followed him up, and as Teddy was brought to a halt he hit out.

"Yow!" howled Tedding as he caught the enraged fag's knuckles with his nose.

"Well hit!" roared Wegg, "Go it! You'll get a licking when he sneaks about it, so you may as well take it out of him."

Apparently Algy Silver took the same view. for he attacked Lovell minor hotly, hitting out right and

Teddy Lovell put up his hands and fought hard, but he was no match for Silver II, who was as hard as

nails and in a furious temper. The fags looked on, cheering delightedly, as the unpopular junior was knocked right and left. If Algy Silver had fallen in the estimation of his form-fellows by the disclosure of the match football episode, he was quite reinstated now. Even Wegg felt quite brotherly towards him, as he hammered the outcast of the Third.

A right-hander on the chin sent Teddy Lovell spinning against a desk, gasping and howling. He sprawled over the desk, and Silver II waited for him to recover. Teddy's punish-

ment was not finished yet. As he sprawled, the fag's hand came in contact with a ruler that lay

on the desk. Teddy did not pause to think. He was burning with rage and resentment and pain, and in that passionate mood he was capable of anything. His grasp closed on the thick ruler, and in another second, he was springing

forward, with the weapon uplifted. There was a yell of alarm and consternation from the fags.

"Look out, Silver!" "Oh, look out!" But it was too late. Even as they shouted Teddy Lovell struck savagely. and the ruler crashed on Algy's head.

Crash! "Good heavens!" panted Wegg, white to the lips. Algy Silver had fallen like a log.

him. For a moment Teddy Lovell clutched the ruler, and eyed them like an animal at bay. But they did not heed him. They were swarming round Silver II, who lay extended on the floor, motionless.

"He's killed him!" It was a horrified gasp from Stacey. and the words struck Teddy Lovell . like a blow in the face. He staggered back, the ruler dropping from his hand, with a crash, to the floor. He leaned heavily on a desk panting-

almost sobbing. "Algy, old chap-" stuttered Wegg.

"He's stunned!" "Oh, look!" There was a ooze of crimson under Algy's Silver's thick hair. His face was white; his eyes closed. " The savage blow had stunned hims

"A-a-a doctor!" gasped Pipkin. "Call Bohun!" panted Wegg. "Call him-quick-" Two or three fags rushed frantically

from the room. Wegg raised Algy Silver's head on his knee; but Silver II's eyes did not open. In less than a minute, Mr. Bohun hurried in in

"What is this Stacey says? Good heavens! Who has done this?" "I-I didn't mean-" wailed Teddy Lovell.

"You, Lovell mmor!"

"I-I never meant-" "Go to my study, Lovell minor and remain there till I come!" thundered the Third Form-master. Mr. Bohun raised Algy Silver in

his strong arms, and carried him from the room. Some of the fags followed him, and they came back to the Formroom with seared faces.

"He's in the matron's room," said Stacey, in low tones. "Bohun's telephoning for the doctor. Wha-a-at's going to happen now?"

It was not long before the Third Form of Rookwood knew what was to happen. Algy Silver was put to school.

"And a jolly good thing, too!" said Wegg; and there was none to dissent.

Expelled from Rookwood! That was the news that was to greet Lovell of the Fourth when he came in from his walk with Jimmy Silver.

THE END.

(Another long complete story of the chums of Rookwood next Monday, entitled "Teddy's Last Chance!" Don't miss it!



Published

Every Monday

THE CEDAR CREEK AUTHOR!

A Grand, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., the Chums of the School in the Backwoods.

The 1st Chapter. Dicky Bird Causes Trouble!

Whiz, whiz!

Frank Richards jumped. Two snowballs came through the frosty air, and one of them broke on Frank's chin, and the other lifted his hat from his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Two or three figures showed among the frost-blackened larches, as Frank Richards staggered back, and

sat in the snow. They were Dicky Bird & Co., of Hillcrest School. Their yell of laughter reached Frank's ears as he bumped in the snow, and gasped. Whiz, whiz, whiz! The snowballs rained round him as he sat.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! You rotters!" roared Frank Richards wrathfully.

"Ha, ha, ha!" Frank struggled to his feet, with the snowballs still raining on him. Frank Richards had been strolling in the timber, within a hundred yards of the gates of Cedar Creek School. Frank was generally quite on the alert, but there was no doubt that he had been caught napping this time by the Hillcrest raiders. He had been thinking of anything but snowballing, as he tramped under the trees with a notebook in one hand and a pencil in the other, occasionally dabbing notes into the book. For Frank Richards was beginning early his career of authorship, and he was in the throes of literary composition when the snowballs arrived.

Only a short time ago he had won a prize in the "Thompson Press" with a short story, and Mr. Penrose, the editor, had astonished and delighted him by securing his services for regular contributions. And all Cedar Creek School felt decidedly proud when they read in the "Thompson Press " 210

"FROM A WESTERN WINDOW!" Sketches of Canadian Life. By Frank Richards.

Needless to say, Frank Richards gave plenty of time and thought to his new work. Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc' missed him a good deal on the ice and in the snow fights in the playground, and it is possible that Miss Meadows did not find him so industrious as usual in class. Frank was giving his very best attention to his series of sketches in the "Thompson Press," and Mr. Penrose had expressed great approval of the numbers that had already appeared.

It was really too bad for a budding author to be interrupted by such an absurdity as snowballing. But he was! Dicky Bird didn't care a continental red cent about literary compositions; but he found satisfaction in landing a snowball on the youthful author's nose. And he landed two or three there, as Frank Richards scrambled dizzily up.

"Give him beans!" shouted Dicky Bird.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Whiz, whiz! Crash! Smash!

Frank Richards dodged the fire as well as he could. His notebook flew in one direction, his pencil in another. The Hillcrest fellows roared as they pelted him.

It was quite a daring raid on the part of Dicky Bird & Co. They had ventured very near the gates of the rival school. In fact, they had come over looking for trouble; but it was | Bob Lawless & Co., as they came the hapless schoolboy author who had found the trouble.

Whiz! Crash! Smash!

Window," clutched up handfuls of snow to return the fire. From an author he had suddenly become a schoolboy again. And there was a howl from Dicky Bird as a snowball

caught him in the eye. But the odds were too great, and I

Frank started towards Cedar Creek, | Todgers. "I say, here's his notebook. retreating with his face to the foe, and returning the fire as he went. | jays piled on him! Listen to this-" The Hillcrest fellows followed him up, pelting.

his eyes on the enemy as he retreated, but the result was rather unfortunate. He stepped backwards into a deep drift, and suddenly felt himself going. | the edge of the drift. At the bottom "Oh!" he gasped.

the sight of the Hillcresters.

into the hellow, which was piled with | snow tumbling upon his head, at the a depth of nine or ten feet of snow.

nearly buried. "Great gophers!" ejaculated Dicky | "Hallo! There you are, Franky!" Bird. "Chuck it, you chaps! We'd] better get him out of that!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" The Hillcresters ran forward. But at the same moment there came a

He was making up yarns when those

"Never mind that now! Where's Frank? Frank!" roared Bob Law-It was necessary for Frank to keep | less. "Where are you, you gopher?" "Here! Help!"

"Oh, here he is!"

The Cedar Creek fellows arrived at of a sort of tunnel in the deep snow In an instant he disappeared from Frank Richards was gasping and shouting. He struggled in vain to Down he went, with a plunge fairly | climb out, and his efforts only brought risk of burying him alive. Bob Law-In a twinkling Frank Richards was less held on to a larch and grinned down at him.

"Get me out!" howled Frank. "I'm freezing! Get a rope or something! Buck up, for goodness' sake!"

"Right-ho, old scout!" Beauclere rushed off to the school The 2nd Chapter.

"Richards!"

"I am afraid you have caught a very bad cold, Richards!" said Miss

nose was red, and his eyes were streaming. There was no doubt that he had caught a severe cold, which he was not likely to get rid of in a hurry.

afternoon in that state, Richards," said Miss Meadows. "You had better go home at once. Do you think you can ride? Otherwise, I will let Black Sam drive you in the buggy."

-atchoo!-Miss Meadows!" gasped | Time for lessons, Beauclerc. I say, Frank. "That's all right-atchoochoo!"

"Wrap yourself up carefully, then," said Miss Meadows. "Your cousin shall ride home with you. I will you?" asked Chunky Todgers. "I'd

"Thank you, ma'am!"

nearly time for afternoon lessons at Cedar Creek. It was pretty plain that Frank was not in a state for lessons. A few minutes later Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc came into the kitchen.

"Feeling bad?" asked Beauclerc. "Atchoo-yes."

"It's rotten!" groaned Frank. "Oh, you'll soon get over a cold, old chap," said Beauclere comfort-

"I wasn't referring to the atchoo!

"What's the matter, then?" asked

The Woes of an Author.

"Atchoo!"

Meadows. "I-I-I-atchoo!" sneezed Frank. Miss Meadows looked critically, but sympathetically, at the schoolboy crouching over the log fire. Frank's

"You cannot stay to lessons this

"Oh, I can-atchoo!-ride all right

speak to him now."

Miss Meadows left him. It was

"Well, I guess I'm going to take you home," said Bob. "Buck up!"

ingly.



"Hold on Franky!" "I am holding on!" roared Frank Richards. "Buck up!" "Altogether!" said Bob, and the Cedar Creek fellows dragged on the rope. The schoolboy author came powdering through the snow, and landed on firm earth, gasping.

had been spotted, and Bob Lawless | the half-buried schoolboy below. and Vere Beauclerc came racing up, followed by Dawson and Lawrence and Hopkins and Chunky Todgers. The tables were turned on the Hillcrest fellows now.

"Go for 'em!" roared Bob Lawless. "Look out!" shouted Dicky Bird.

More Cedar Creek fellows were speeding up, and the Hilleresters took to flight. Bob Lawless and his com- | chap?" asked Bob. rades pursued them through the timber, pelting them at a great rate, till the Hillcresters gained the open trail, and fled for their lives.

"Help!"

That loud cry fell on the ears of breathlessly back from the pursuit of the Hillcrest fellows.

"Hallo! That's Franky's toot!" ex-Frank Richards, forgetful of his claimed Bob. "Where is he? I was drying himself before the kitchen notebook and of "From a Western | thought those jays were going for him. But I didn't see him--"

"Help!" "This way!" exclaimed Beauclerc. The Cedar Creek fellows ran in the

direction of the cry.

"Help!"

shout, and a rush from the direction, for a rope. In a few minutes he re- | Bob. "Awfully sorry to be missing of Cedar Creek School. The raiders | turned with it, and it was lowered to | lessons? Ha, ha!"

> "Hold on, Franky!" "I'm holding on! Buck up!"

"All together!" said Bob. The Cedar Creek fellows dragged on the rope, and Frank Richards came powdering through the snow, and was landed on firm earth, gasping. His

chums helped him to his feet. "How did you get in that fix, old

"Atchoo!"

"Eh?"

"Atchoo-choo-choooh!"

"Oh, by gum; you've got a cold, old chap! Come on!"

"Atchooo!"

Frank Richards was hurried away to the school. Chunky Todgers followed with the notebook. And while Frank fire Chunky Todgers, in the porch, read aloud from the notebook to a "He's in a drift!" yelled Chunky | sneezing from the kitchen. | Press " to get anything well written | thought of illness had entered his

"No, ass !"

"Then what's the racket?"

"My contribution!" gasped Frank "Eh?"

"To-morrow morning is the last date for sending it along to Mr. Penrose's office," said Frank lugubriously. "I've been taking a lot of trouble over it-atchoo! I-I can't write in this state. Oh dear! I—I shall have to miss this week's number.".

"Too bad!" said Bob. "You see, it's beastly awkward." said Frank. "Mr. Penrose has announced a regular series of stories. dealing with Jones the emigrant and his family-my characters, you know. They're to appear weekly; and he

says they're-atchoo!-good." "So they are," said Beauclerc-"jolly good! The only good thing in the paper, as a matter of fact."

Bob Lawless nodded. "That's O.K.," he said. "Mr. Pengrinning crowd the rough sketch of rose's editorial articles don't amount "Thompson Press"-"From a Wes- awful tosh. The news columns are tern Window." And the reading was rot, and the rest is advertisements. It to save his life.

in its columns. It beats me how Franky does it. But he does."

"I can't this time," mumbled Frank Richards. "It's rotten! You-you see. I never thought anything about being ill, and I've told Mr. Penrose I'll send in a story regularly every week."

"Jones & Co. will have to miss a week, that's all," said Bob cheerily. "It will make the readers all the keener for next week's number."

"H'm! It's rather awkward for Mr. Penrose, especially as he will beatchoo!-relying on the copy to-morrow morning.

"That's all right. I'll ride over and tell him, when I've taken you home,"

said Bob. "Thanks, old chap! I suppose that's all that can be done."

Chunky Todgers looked in. "Here's your notebook, Richards.

Franky, you can't write your stuff in that state-" "I know."

"Would you like me to write it for do it like a shot."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. Vere Beauclerc chuckled, and even Frank could not restrain a watery grin. Chunky's generous offer was not likely to be accepted.

"Thanks, awfully!" gasped Frank. "But-but-"

"I don't mind the trouble," said Chunky generously. "I believe in standing by a chap when he's down. Luckily, I can write."

"Old Penrose has refused my stuff, you know," said Chunky. "That's his rotten bad taste. He doesn't know anything about literature, I guess. But we can work the riffle all right. I don't object to writing under your name, Richards."

"Ha, ha! I do!" gasped Frank. "You do? What rot! The fact is," said Chunky Todgers impressively. "I've been looking at your notes here, Richards, and I really think I could knock the thing into shape. To be candid, I think I could do it in rather better style. You don't mind my saying so?"

"Not at all." "F'rinstance, your characters ain't really quite up to the mark-if you don't mind my mentioning it. Your man Jones, the settler, I could improve him a lot. And his family-you haven't exactly hit them off. Not bad, you know, but not as I should do

"Very likely," grinned Frank. "I'd improve the whole lot. Now, as the same characters run every week in your series, it would be rather useful to you to have them all knocked into proper shape, wouldn't it? I'll do it for you." "You might knock them out of

shape," suggested Frank. "Now, look here, Richards--" "The bell's stopped," said Beauclerc. "Come on, Chunky; you'll be

late for class." "Wait a minute. You accept my offer, Richards?"

"No fear!" "But look here-"

Vere Beauclerc seized the fat and fatuous Chunky by the arm, and hurried him out of the kitchen. There seemed to be a plentiful lack of appreciation for Chunky's gifts as a literary artist. At all events, the offer to improve the characters in Frank Richards' "series" was not likely to be accepted.

"Now we'll get off," said Bob. And in a few minutes Frank Richards and his Canadian cousin were riding homeward on the snowy

The 3rd Chapter. Hard Lines.

"Atcheo!"

"Poor old chap!" said Bob. "Oh dear! Give me another hand-

kerchief." "Here you are. That's the fourth."

"Grooogh!"

Frank Richards certainly was in a rather painful state. The cousins had reached home after a rapid ride, and Frank had been promptly bundled off to bed. With a hot-water bottle at his feet, and blankets piled on him, he was feeling a little better, but not much. Bob Lawless hung round the bedside sympathetically.

Frank's eyes were watery; his nose red and watery, too; and his head ached. He had nourished a faint hope that he might be able to sit up in bed, and turn off the required "copy" for the Thompson paper. But that hope had vanished now. He Frank's regular contribution to the to much, and the poetry he puts in is could not have written a paragraph, with his head throbbing as it was now,

accompanied by an incessant sound of | was quite a leg-up for the "Thompson | But he was distressed about it. No

mind when he had undertaken to furmish a weekly story of the "Jones Family" to the local paper. He could have turned off the story earlier in the week, and he fervently wished now | every week?" that he had done so. He had pondered over it a little too long. It was a lesson Frank Richards did not fortill the morrow if it could be done today. But on the present occasion the schoolboy author was fairly "stumped." There would be a yawning gap in the "Thompson Press" that week.

"It's no good, Bob," said Frank dispiritedly. "I can't write anything to-day, nor for another week, I'm afraid. This dashed cold has fairly got hold of me. I'll take jolly good care, another time, to keep well ahead with my copy, in case of accidents.

"Never mind, old chap! I'll buzz

over and tell Penrose."

"Tell him I'm awfully sorry, Bob, and I'll try to be on time next week," said Frank. "It's a shame! He's told me the series is popular, and it's doing the paper good. He was giving me four dollars each for the yarns, too, and he doesn't usually pay for contributions to the paper. He says it's caught on in Thompson, especially as he's made a lot about its being written by a chap still at school. But it can't be helped. Tell him I'm awfully sorry, and I'll take jolly good care in future to let him have plenty of copy in hand, in case anything happens."

"Right-ho!"

"And buzz off at once, old fellow." "I'm off!" replied Bob.

And, leaving Frank Richards to sneeze and gasp, and dab his eyes and nose, Bob Lawless descended the stairs, and went for his horse. He was glad to be able to do some-

thing for his hapless cousin, though all he could do was to ride over to Thompson with the news.

Bob Lawless galloped down the snowy trail, and turned into the road by the river for Thompson. He did | poetry by inhabitants of the Thompnot lose time by the way, and the afternoon was still early when he rode into Main Street, and stopped at the office of the "Thompson Press."

The rancher's son tethered his horse to a post outside, and entered the

Mr. Penrose was at work at his bench.

A big oil-stove filled the office with | by the fire. warmth and a smell of oil which, added to an odour of printers' ink, and a smell of damp paper, made an atmosphere that contrasted strongly up your columns." with that outside.

Mr. Penrose nodded to Bob across a case of type.

"Hallo, young Lawless! I guess Richards' copy-eh? I was afraid it

was going to be late." "You see -- " began Bob. "Hand it over!" said Mr. Penrose.

"I guess I've got nearly all the paper set up. I'm leaving two columns for Jones. Ha, ha! It was a lucky strike, young Lawless, when I happened on Frank Richards. I don't mind saying so. No end of galoots awfully interested in 'Jones' Clearing.' It's the real goods, I guess! And how that kid turns it out beats me! I've been told by a dozen pilgrims that it's the best thing in the paper. That's rot, of course! But there's no doubt that it's good."

"I guess so," agreed Bob. "But

"Well, shove it this way! You've brought it, haven't you?" "Nunno!"

"Look here!" said Mr. Penrose severely. "You tell young Richards that I'm relying on it, and it's got to go in! I've advertised this series, siree, to appear regularly every week. This paper has a reputation to keep up. It's got to go in, though the skies fall-savvy?" "Frank's ill-"

"Sorry; but never mind, if he's

done his copy." "But he hasn't!"

Mr. Penrose let several types fall to the floor in his consternation.

"What! Mean to say that I'm not going to have it this week?" "Frank's awfully sorry--"

"Jehosaphat!"

"He's going to be jolly careful in future to keep well ahead, so that it can't happen again."

"Look here!" roared Mr. Penrose. "Never mind the future; we're living in the present, I believe!" "Yes, but-"

"'Jones' Clearing, by Frank Richards, has got to go in!" "It can't, you know, as it's not written!"

"Well, jumping Jerusalem!" ejaculated Mr. Penrose, in utter disgust. "I guess it's hard lines," said Bob. "Frank's awfully cut up about it. But it can't be helped, Mr. Penrose. You must leave it out for a week."

"Can't be done!"

Published

Every Monday

"But--" "Don't I keep on telling you that the room. it's advertised to appear regularly

"Yes, but now-"

"Oh, rot! What does he want to get ill for? I've no time to get ill." get in after life-never to put off work | Mr. Penrose gave a snort. "Well, well! Can't be helped! I shall have to manage somehow. Tell young Richards I'll manage."

"Right-ho!" said Bob. And he quitted the newspaper office,

leaving Mr. Penrose still grunting. The rancher's son rode homeward in the gathering dusk. He found Frank nose when he returned.

asked Frank, between a cough and a | Carefully Cultivate!' Oh, my hat!

"He's going to manage all right this week."

"Oh, good! Atchoooooh!" "He was a bit edge-wise, but he saw that it couldn't be helped," said Bob. "Don't worry! You'll be all right for next week's number."

And Frank Richards had to be as content as he could with that consolation.

The 4th Chapter. Borrowed Plumes.

The following couple of days were not happy for Frank Richards.

He had to stay away from school, though that in itself was not exactly a heavy blow. But he had all a healthy youth's dislike for being ill and shut up. Those two days were distinctly unpleasant.

He remained in bed, and, with the care he was receiving, he found himself on the mend. The cold had fastened on him badly at first; but he was getting rid of it, and on Saturday he was able to come downstairs.

On Saturday the "Thompson Press " made its weekly appearance; but that week's number possessed no cious story. He found some more interest for Frank Richards. Mr. Penrose's editorial columns, amateur son Valley, and advertisements for MacGahan's whisky, had no charm for him. It was on Sunday morning that the paper arrived at the ranch, Billy Cook bringing it over from Thompson for Mr. Lawless.

Mr. Lawless was out on the ranch when it came, and Bob brought the paper in to Frank, who was sitting

"Here you are, Franky!" said Bob. "Nothing in it any good this time; but we'll see how Penrose has filled

Frank Richards nodded.

Bob opened the paper, and his expression changed as he looked at the page which, for some weeks past, had you've moseyed along with young been devoted to "From a Western Window, by Frank Richards."

"Great gophers!" he yelled. Frank looked at him. "What is it?" he asked. "It's here!" howled Bob.

"Eh! What's there?" "Your yarn." Frank jumped.

"My yarn! What rot! I haven't written it!" "I know you haven't; but it's

here! Listen to this!" gasped Bob. "Give it to me!" exclaimed Frank. The chums looked at the paper together. Frank Richards' eyes fairly bulged as he looked. There it was, as large as life. It was too astounding to be comprehended for the

moment. But there it was. "'From a Western Window.' Sketches of Canadian Life. By Frank Richards. No. 5, 'Jones' Mortgage.'"

Frank Richards blinked. For a moment he wondered whether his mind was wandering, whether he had somehow written his weekly story after all, and sent it to Mr. Penrose. and forgotten all about it. But that was not possible. But how was it possible for his story to appear under his name, when he had not written

Frank Richards was as yet unaccustomed to the methods of Transatlantic journalism. Mr. Penrose had | yarn this week-you wrote it, after served his apprenticeship to news- all, ch? And it's better-quite in my paper work in New York, where he own style, in fact. Really, you had learned many things that Frank | know." Richards had never as yet dreamed "I dare say it is!" grunted Frank.

"It isn't my story!" stuttered

Frank. "It's under your name!" Bob gave a roar. "The awful spoofer! That's what he meant when he said he would manage. He's written a. blessed yarn himself, and put it in under your name!"

"Impossible!" "Well, look at it! Read it!" yelled Bob.

Frank Richards glanced down the column with wide-open eyes. The "story" began as follows:

"Jones, of White Pine, had con- treme youth, however, I made it a tinued to carefully cultivate his point to read your story, and was | "Eh? What the thunder is a clearing-"

sprang up, pitching the paper across | this week, I was shocked as well as

"Look at it! Under my name, and you. Richards, to cease-" splitting the infinitive! Oh, my "Please let me explain, Miss

"Splitting the which?"

"Look at it!" howled Frank. "Look! 'To Carefully Cultivate!' to write while you were unwell," said Do you see it? Only a Goth could Miss Meadows, "but-" write like that! Only a Philistine! Only a-a-a cannibal!"

"Phew!"

"Hasn't the howling idiot ever been to school?" roared the outraged Richards still mopping his hapless author. "If he hasn't, what does he mean by trying to write English when "Well, what did Mr. Penrose say?" he doesn't know the language? 'To

Frank Richards sank back into his

chair. Words failed him. The enterprising editor had "man-

aged." Failing to receive Frank Richards' copy in time for press, he had not left a blank—that was scarcely possible. He had not filled the columns with extra advertisements. He hadn't even written something under his own name. He had calmly used Frank Richards' name, and Frank Richards' characters, and put in a story in the "series," incidentally splitting infinitives, and placing them, as it were, to the credit of Frank Richards!

"Why," said Frank, finding his voice at last, "if Miss Meadows should see that, she'd want to put me down into the kids' class for using grammar like that! I-I shall have to show her this, and explain-in case she sees it. Oh, isn't it rotten! I-I'll go and see Penrose on Monday!"

"We'll both go and see him!" said Bob. "We'll make him print an explanation in next week's number and

own up!" Frank picked up the paper again, and glanced over Mr. Penrose's presplit infinitives further along. Mr. Penrose was quite liberal with them -if, indeed, he was the author. And the story itself was utter trash. The "characters" mere caricatures of Frank Richards' own property. Frank's characters were drawn from life-the new author's were drawn from Frank's, and carelessly and clumsily at that.

"That chap ought to be splitting logs, not writing stories!" said Frank almost tearfully.

"He prefers to split infinitives!" grinned Bob.

"And putting my name to this awful rot-". "We'll see him on Monday, and

talk to him!" said Bob. "Shall I take the shotgun with us?" Frank Richards laughed. "I feel rather inclined to," he said.

"Anyhow, that's an end of my blessed stuff in the 'Thompson Press. Perhaps I've started rather too early, anyhow. That finishes it, at all events."

And Frank Richards quite made up his mind on that.

The 5th Chapter. A Burnt Offering.

Frank Richards was well enough to ride to school on Monday, and he started with Bob Lawless at the usual time. Beauclerc and his cousin Algernon met them on the trail. Beauclerc had a copy of the "Thompson Press" in his hand.

"Look at this, Frank!" he called

"I've seen it," answered Frank, "What are you going to do?" "Call on Penrose after morning

"We'll come," said Beauclerc. "If you'd like to wreck the office we'll

lend you a hand!" "You bet!" said Bob Lawless emphatically.

The chums arrived at Cedar Creek, where chunky Todgers met them with the "Thompson Press."

"I say, Richards, you're improving," said Todgers. "I've read your

"It would be!"

Miss Meadows beckoned to Frank from the porch; and the schoolboy author hurried to her. The Canadian schoolmistress was looking rather

"My dear Richards," she said quietly. "I think I ought to speak to you about your story in the local paper this week."

Frank suppressed a groan. I was very much surprised to find that a boy in my class was writing for the local paper," continued Miss Meadows. "Considering your exvery pleased with it-above all, with | split infinitive?"

Frank Richards uttered a howl, and your really excellent English. But surprised to find that you have "The-the-the Goth! The Van- written in the most slovenly styledal! The Philistine!" he yelled. worse than slovenly. I recommend

Meadows," said Frank eagerly. "I

"Possibly it was due to attempting "I did not, ma'am! I never wrote

that silly rot at all!" exclaimed Frank

"What? Your name appears on

"I couldn't do the copy this week, and they've put in that awful bosh under my name, so as not to break off the series, I suppose."

traordinary!" exclaimed Meadows. "I am very glad, Richards, at least, to find that you. are not responsible for this slovenly travesty of the English language."

Frank Richards was in a rather excited mood that morning during lessons. He was looking forward anxiously to his visit to Mr. Penrose, and to the plain remarks he was going to make on that gentleman's exceedingly up-to-date American methods.

He was glad when morning lessons were over.

Bob Lawless and Vere Beauclerc joined him as he led out his horse

and mounted in the trail. The three schoolboys rode away at a gallop for Thompson. There was no time to lose, to catch Mr. Penrose before he left for lunch. Mr. Penrose was the staff, as well as the editor of the "Press," and when he was not in the editorial chair or at the compositor's bench, the office was locked up.

Three breathless riders clattered up to the newspaper office, and were glad to find that the door was not yet locked. Bob Lawless kicked it open | dashed line for you!" unceremoniously, and the chums of Cedar Creek entered.

Mr. Penrose was washing his hands in a tin bowl that stood near the handpress on which the local paper was turned out. He glanced round at the schoolboys, and nodded cheerily.

"Hallo! Glad to see you about again, Richards!" he exclaimed. "I guess you left me in a hole last

"J--" began Frank.

"But I reckon it was all right-I managed," said the editor, with a smile, as he began towelling his hands. "I dessay you've seen the paper--"

"I've got it here." "Rather neat, what?" smiled the happy editor. "I was simply leftbusiness man-never really left for numbers of magazines around. I hunted them over-picked out a story I thought would do-re-wrote it, and altered it to make it suit, and put it

in! No harm done!" "No harm in borrowing my characters without even asking me first, and scribbling a heap of silly rot and leave my name out?" about them and spoiling them!"

hooted Frank. · Mr. Penrose stared. ejaculated. "Jerusalem!" he

"Now, see here--" "No harm?" said Frank. "Well, of all the--"

"Came as a bit of a surprise to you, hay?" said Mr. Penrose, smiling | planation next number, about-" again. "Yep-I dare say it did! But, you see, I was left in the lurch | "How can I give myself away like for copy."

"You could have missed it out for a week."

"Not after advertising that it was Let it go at that?" to appear," said Mr. Penrose, shak- Frank Richards hesitated. ing his head. "The Thompson Press' has a reputation to consider." at last.

"And what good will it do the will be as clear as daylight what I the sheriff!" you've done."

Mr. Penrose laughed.

say the yarn's quite up to the mark, but it will pass with the rest. The reader will think the author was a bit off colour for once, if he thinks about it at all. But bless your little inexperienced heart, readers don't do much thinking!"

"Well, by gum!" said Bob Lawless. "Do you suppose that Franky is going to keep it dark, then?" Mr. Penrose, started.

"Eh? Yep! Of course! It won't do to give it away, of course!" "I shall tell everybody who knows me!" shouted Frank, in great wrath. "Do you think I'm going to have

split infinitives?"

Apparently Mr. Penrose knew more of hustling newspaper methods than of the grammar of his native tongue.

Frank Richards stuttered. "What-what-what! "Oh, my hat! You-you-"

"Now, don't get excited, my dear kid!" said Mr. Penrose soothingly. "There isn't room in the business world for an author's vanity! I admit you've a claim for the dollars. I guess I'm ready to pay for the use of your characters, and name, and all that. I'll hand you half the usual figure. That will pay you, as you get it without putting in any work. What?"

"It's not that."

"Two dollars for lending me your name and things, instead of four "Bless my soul! That is very ex- | dollars for the trouble of writing the Miss story," said Mr. Penrose, "If you ask me. I guess that's a jolly good offer! Take it or leave it!"

"I'll leave it!" said Frank indignantly. "I'll tell you what I want, Mr. Penrose."

"Well, you can tell me, I guess." "I want you to print an explanation in the next number, that the story was not written by Frank Richards at all."

"Now, look here, sonny-"

"Will you do it?" "Nope!"

"I insist!" exclaimed Frank wrath-

"You can insist, my little man, till you're black in the face," answered Mr. Penrose good-humouredly. "The 'Thompson Press' don't climb down like that. You send in your copy regularly, and you won't see any duds come out under your name. Every time you miss, I stick in something to fill the blank.

That's business!" "You don't!" roared Frank Richards.

"I guess I do!" "Then I won't write another

"No fear!" exclaimed Beauclere Mr. Penrose shrugged his shoulders.

"I hope you'll think better of that. Richards. If you don't, I shall have to go on borrowing your name every week---"

Frank Richards was speechless. "You-you-you'll use my nama whether I write for you or not?" he gasped at last.

"Correct!" "We'll jolly well see! Come on: you chaps! We've got to call on the sheriff before we go back to school!" "Hold on!" ejaculated Mr. Peilrose in alarm. "What are you

calling on the sheriff for?" "To ask him to chip in, of courseaccording to law! If we lived in a clean left. But bless you, I'm a big town, I could get an injunction to stop you-you know that. The long. Luckily, I've a lot of old | sheriff's the law here, and he will do

as well." "Don't you do anything of the kind!" howled the alarmed Mr. Penrose. "Why, that would give tine whole game away, and spoil the

circulation, and-and-" "Will you stop the series; then, "I-I-I guess I shall have to, if

you insist," grunted Mr. Penrose.

"That's good enough, then!" "But you don't mean-" "Yes, I do! I'm not writing anything more, and that's the finish! And I want you to put in the ex-"I can't!" gasped Mr. Penrose. that? It's impossible—you can see it's impossible! You're leaving me

in a hole as it is, stopping the series! "Well, let it go at that!" he said

"And you'll destroy all the remainblessed paper's reputation to have | ing copies of that number with the that silly, ungrammatical tosh shoved | dud in it, and I'll see you do it!" said into it?" demanded Frank. "Do you | Frank determinedly: "That's the think anybody will be taken in? It | condition. Otherwise, I'm going to

For about ten minutes the unhappy Mr. Penrose was arguing with the "Nothing of the kind! I don't | wrathful author-quite forgetful that he was already late for lunch at the Occidental. But he argued in vain. Frank Richards was adamant, and Mr. Penrose had to give in And in the presence of Frank Richards & Co., all the remaining stock of the current number of the "Thompson Press" was taken out, piled in a heap in the yard, and set fire to. Then Mr. Penrose went off lugubriously to his lunch, and Frank Richards & Co. rode back to school. And the Cedar Creek author was a schoolboy again-for the present, at

THE END.

people supposing that I write down (Another grand complete story of the Chums of the School in the Backwoods next Monday.)