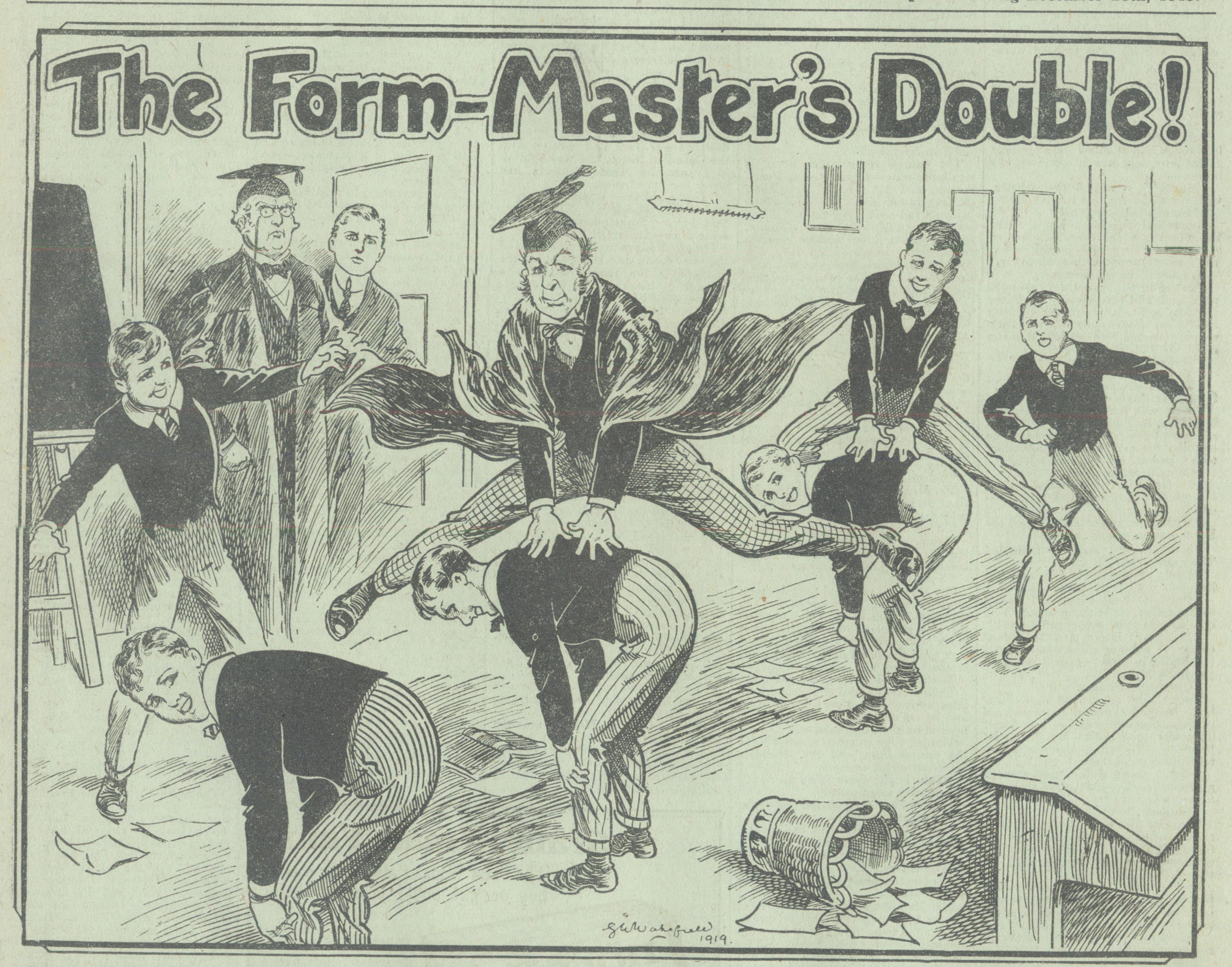


No. 967. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending December 20th, 1919.



# ASTOUNDING BEHAVIOUR OF MR. MANDERS!

With gown flying out behind him, and mortar-board set jauntily on his head, the Form-master went

leaping down the line of backs, to the accompaniment of yells of merriment from the Fourth-Formers. In the wild excitement, the sudden appearance of Dr. Chisholm and Bulkeley at the Form-room door was at first unnoticed. "Bless my soul!" gasped the Head, almost petrified. "Mr. Manders,-what does this mean?"

The 1st Chapter. Discomfiting News.

"Silver!" "Yes, sir!"

"Take a hundred lines!"

"Oh crumbs-I-I mean, yes, sir!" Jimmy Silver, with a wry face, sat down and resumed his work under | Sixth was making himself felt. the eagle eye of Mr. Manders. Mr.

Bootles usually took the Fourth, but | words to Arthur Edward Lovell, on the good-natured Form-master had his left, and those few words had contracted a chill, and was conse- earned for him the lines imposed quently confined to the "sanny." above. Mr. Manders had been called in by the Head to fill the vacant post, and sympathetically. already the "catty" master of the

Jimmy Silver had whispered a few a knife-edge.

"Hard cheese!" murmured Lovell "Lovell!"

Mr. Manders' voice rasped out like | ders.

"Yes, sir!"

"You were talking!" meekly.

"Take a hundred lines for talking | helpmate. in class, and two hundred lines for | He was not the only member of the

hard through his nose, sat down, and wrestled with an impossible problem "Was I, sir?" said Arthur Edward, | that had something to do with a man mowing a meadow, with a dog as

impertinence!" snapped Mr. Man- class who had suffered at the hands of Mr. Manders. Impositions and Arthur Edward Lovell breathed canings had been flowing liberally and,



indiscriminately all the morning, and

the Fourth as a whole were fed up.

ingly round the class, and finally came

to rest on Tubby Muffin, the fat

Reginald Muffin had given up the

problem as hopeless long since, and

was diligently engaged upon eating

toffee. He trembled violently as the

Form-master's sharp eyes glared down

on him, and his jaws stopped work-

broke the stillness of the Form-

"M-um-m-m-mum!"

Again Mr. Manders' rasping voice

Tubby Muffin was in difficulties.

The toffee had attached itself lovingly

to his jaws, and speech therefore was

with a malicious gleam in his eye.

"M-um-mum-m-m-m-"

"Silence!" he thundered.

and Tubby Muffin.

fumed Mr. Manders.

Form-master, grimly.

Tubby helplessly.

help you, my boy!"

you lines, Muffin!"

tory pupils.

a severe caning!"

amongst the juniors.

poised the cane aloft.

the other hand!"

tion of the pen.

"Oh dear!"

turned cold.

"Muffin!" repeated the master,

Suppressed chuckles escaped from

the Fourth, which were quelled as

suddenly as they had begun, when

meek-and-mild expressions, but the

problem went by the board as they

looked on interestedly at the little

comedy enacted between Mr. Manders

"Muffin, what are you eating?"

"This is disgraceful-disgusting!"

Tubby was fairly in the toils, and

he sighed with apprehension. With a

smothered movement of the hand, he

emptied his mouth of the offending

The fat Classical shambled out of

"What were you eating?" asked the

"Don't prevaricate! Lies will not

"I'm not-I-I-I mean, I wasn't

"Enough!" interrupted Mr. Man-

eating toffee, sir-that is to say, I-I

didn't mean to be eating toffee, sir !"

ders. "I will not allow such disgust-

ing orgies in class! I shall not give

Tubby gave an inward sigh of re-

lief. He had expected an imposition

of huge dimensions at the very least.

This was quite unlike Mr. Manders'

usual way of dealing with his refrac-

a gleam in his eye, "I shall give you

"But," resumed the master, with

The fat Classical's hopes sank to

zero. A caning at the hands of the

master of the Sixth would be quite an

ordeal, and at the thought of it he

the appearance of being an athlete.

but his canings were a by-word

"Hold out your hand, Muffin!"

Tubby, glancing furtively at the

cane, extended the hand containing

the toffee he had extracted from his

mouth. At the sight of this sticky

mess Mr. Manders gasped as he

"I have never seen such a mess in

the whole of my career! Hold out

into view. In appearance it was not

unlike the other. Huge splashes of

ink adorned all his fingers. Tubby

was not an expert in the manipula-

Mr. Manders gasped again. His

eyes fairly bulged from his head, and

his brows contracted in a frown that

lesson!" he barked. "And in the

"I intend to give you a severe

boded ill for Reginald Muffin.

"You wretched boy!" he rasped.

The fat Classical's other hand came

commanded the Form-master.

Certainly Mr. Manders did not give

"Oh, good-I mean, yes, sir!"

mumbled

his place, and confronted Mr. Man-

toffee, and sat shaking like a jelly.

"Come here, Muffin!"

"N-n-nothing, s-sir!"

"Mum-mum-m-m-m-m!"

Fourth instantly assumed

the master turned on them savagely.

junior.

"Muffin!"

impossible.

Mr. Manders' eyes roamed search-

FORM-MASTER'S DOUBLE!

(Continued from previous page.)

future I should advise you to wash yourself before coming into the Formroom!"

Tubby nearly crumpled up at that. Swish!

"Ow-yow-ow!"

The cane came down with terrific force, and Muffin doubled himself

Mr. Manders eyed him grimly. "The other hand!" he thundered. "And don't make such a disgusting noise, or I will double your punish-

Swish!

ment!"

"Oh, yowp-gruuugh!" This time the yell did not proceed from the fat Classical. At the critical moment Tubby had pulled his hand away, and the cane, finding no resistance, swept down, gathering velocity as it fell, and finally coming to rest, so to speak, on the bony shin

of Mr. Manders. "Yow-ow! You young scoundrel!

Mr. Manders danced round the Form-room on one leg; clasping his injured shin tenderly. His face was distorted in anguish, and he yelled lustily.

"Yow-ow-yowp!"

The Fourth was grinning now. It was quite a new sight to see a Formmaster, and Mr. Manders at that, dancing round like a Dervish. Huge grins spread over their faces. were in sympathy with Tubby Muffin. Certainly that junior had no business to be eating in class; but then Mr. Manders had no business to be taking the Fourth. That was how they looked at it.

"Yow-ow-ow, the rascal!" moaned the unfortunate master.

The class-room door opened, and the pageboy at Rookwood appeared. He was bearing a buff-coloured envelope in his hand, evidently a telegram. At the sight of Mr. Manders hopping about on one foot a huge grin expanded his face, and he watched as if fascinated. This was a new sight to him. Tupper had never seen a master dancing a cake-walk in the Formroom before.

"My eye!" he gasped.

"Yow-ow-ow!" Mr. Manders glared at the grinning class, and then noting the newcomer, turned savagely upon him.

"What do you want?" he roared Instantly the grin faded away, and the pageboy, with a discreet cough, handed the master the telegram.

"Telegram for you, sir!" Mr. Manders snatched the telegram. quite forgetting his injuries for the moment, and as he read the contents his face changed colour. His hands shook nervously, and a startled expression took the place of his usual sour-

tempered frown. The Fourth looked on wonderingly. Tubby Muffin took this opportune interruption as a signal for retreat, and he crawled back to his place unnoticed by the Form-master.

The pageboy coughed discreetly for the second time, and Mr. Manders came out of his reverie.

"That is all; there is no answer!" he growled ungraciously.

The pageboy disappeared out of the Form-room.

"Old Manders has had bad news," whispered Lovell to Jimmy Silver. "I wonder what it is?" mused

Jimmy Silver. "Serve the beast right!" muttered

Tubby Muffin. Mr. Manders seemed far away from

lessons after receiving that telegram. He seemed to have forgotten the painful incident of which Tubby Muffin had been the prime cause. That was proof in itself that something very startling had upset his usual equanimity.

The Fourth, taking advantage of his negligence, commenced to chatter among themselves, and the one topic of conversation was the telegram.

Quite a buzz of comment went the round, and the Sixth Form-master made no attempt to quell this disregard of authority. Morning lessons were nearly over, and the master was seen to glance several times in the direction of the clock.

"I wonder what's upset old Mandy?" said Raby.

"Blessed if I know!" replied Jimmy Silver.

"Hark at the row!" grinned Arthur

Edward Lovell. The "row," as Lovell expressed it,

was increasing in volume. Every member of the Fourth was talking to his neighbour, and still Mr. Manders made no move.

It wanted five minutes to the hour. As a rule, Mr. Manders kept his class till the very minute of time; but on this occasion he dismissed them with a wave of the hand, and in what appeared to the Fourth an absentmindedness very peculiar to his character.

"Boys, you may go!"

The Fourth-Form class-room very soon emptied, and when the last junior disappeared Mr. Manders again perused the telegram that had caused of a man leaning against the post. him so much consternation.

It ran: "Meet me 12.30 without fail, stile, Coombe. Bring money. - JACK."

"What is he doing over here?" muttered Mr. Manders, half to himself. And he passed a weary hand over his brow.

A few years ago he had been troubled by a younger brother, who had visited him at the school. This brother Jack had been a wastrel, and, what is worse, a thief! Mr. Manders, in his own peculiar way, held a deep affection for his brother, and had shielded him from the police, who were on his track. He had given him money, and booked his passage across to Canada, where Jack had promised to make good.

Mr. Manders had only heard once from his brother from that time, to the effect that he was doing well in the new country. True it was rumours had reached him that when Germany declared war Jack had enlisted with the Canadian forces, and was fighting in France; but those rumours had never been confirmed.

"Twelve-thirty -- bring money!" mused Mr. Manders. "It's nearly that now. I shall have to borrow some money from Dr. Chisholm."

The Sixth Form-master swept out of the class-room, and rustled along the passage to the Head's study. answer to his knock at the door a kindly voice bade him enter.

"Ah, Manders!" greeted Dr. Chisholm. "I wanted to see you. I'm glad you've come. Sit down!" Mr. Manders sat down, toying ner-

vously with his thumbs. "I wanted to see you about these examination papers," resumed the Head, handling a bundle of papers.

"Very good, sir." "I should be very grateful if you would just glance over them and give | me your opinion, Manders."

"With pleasure, doctor," said Mr. Manders, taking the proffered papers. "I came to ask you, sir, whether you would be so kind as to oblige me with a loan until the bank opens."

"Certainly, Manders-pleasure!" said the Head, with a genial smile. "How much do you want?"

"Two pounds would do very nicely, sir," replied the master.

Dr. Chisholm took out his wallet, extracted two crisp pound notes, and handed them to Mr. Manders.

"Thank you very much, sir!" said Mr. Manders, as he pocketed them. "It's awfully good of you." "Not at all. Manders. Pray, say

nothing more about it!" "I will let you have these papers in the morning, sir," remarked the

Sixth Form-master. And he left the Head's sanctum with rustling gown.

A few minutes later he was striding across the quad in the direction of the gates to keep his appointment at the stile in Coombe.

#### The 2nd Chapter. Trapped!

Mr. Manders walked swiftly in the direction of Coombe, and he glanced about him furtively several times. There was just a possibility that someone would recognise Jack as being "wanted" by the police, and it wouldn't do for a master of Rookwood School to be seen conversing with such a person. Still, there was no cause for alarm, as he hadn't encountered anyone up to now along the road to Coombe. The stile loomed up in the distance, and Mr. Manders' heart quickened as he made out the figure

A second glance told him that it was not his brother Jack, and he made as if to pass the stile, but the stranger intercepted him.

"Excuse me, sir," he began. "Are you Mr. Manders?"

"I am!" replied the owner of that name gruffly. "Who are you?"

The stranger smiled. "I am expecting a master from Rookwood School to keep an appointment made by telegram at this stile. Jack Manders sent that telegram, and he requested me to conduct you personally to his lodgings."

Mr. Manders bristled. "Why hasn't my brother met me

himself?" he demanded. "Your brother thought it unwise to show himself in the neighbourhood

after--" "Enough!" interrupted Manders. "I understand perfectly. I presume that you know my brother?"

"I have that honour," said the stranger, with a flourish of his hat, in good imitation of a dramatic actor. The effect was entirely lost upon

Mr. Manders. "Then perhaps you will have the goodness to show me where I can find

my brother?" he said coldly. "With pleasure!" The Sixth Form-master, in company with the stranger, walked in the direc-

tion of a row of tumble-down cottages lined along the dusty road on the outskirts of Coombe, and finally came to a halt in front of one of great age. Mr. Manders sniffed as he ran a dis-

approving eye over the dwelling that sheltered his brother. It certainly did not look up to much, and little like the residences that Jack had chosen in his earlier days.

"Are you sure this is the place?" he demanded of the stranger.

"Quite sure!" replied that worthy. "If you will come in I will acquaint Jack of your presence."

The two men walked up the gravel path, and the stranger pushed open the ricketty old door.

Mr. Manders was ushered into a barely-furnished room, and was told

to make himself comfortable. He selected the only armchair the room boasted, and seated himself.

The next moment there was a startled yell from the master, and he sprawled on the floor as the chair collapsed under him. Then things happened.

The stranger darted forward, and before the astonished master could collect his wits he was handcuffed.

"Bless my soul! What does this mean?" roared Mr. Manders, in

amazement. The grinning face of the stranger

looked down on him. "It means, Manders, that you are

my prisoner." "What?" Mr. Manders fairly gasped.

prisoner, and captured in broad daylight. Such things only happened in

#### novels. But it was true. His hands were securely locked together.

"How dare you-t-this is preposterous-scandalous!" he exclaimed heatedly. "Pray release me this instant-or I shall--"

He glanced about him wildly, and his captor watched him with an irri-

tating smile. "Do you happen to call to mind a boy at Rookwood-a few years ago, name of Dennis?" inquired the stranger.

Mr. Manders racked his brain for an answer, then, looking closer at his captor, he gave a start of recognition. "Dennis-Dennis!" he mused. "Why-why if my memory doesn't fail

me, you are that person." The stranger grinned. "I thought you would call me to

mind," he said. "Perhaps you also remember getting me expelled for an offence I never committed."

Mr. Manders looked uncomfortable. He recalled the Rookwood old boy, and the chain of circumstances which led up to his expulsion from the school. He also remembered that he himself had been the chief witness in that unpleasant affair.

"Well, Dennis, what do you want with me-and why am I made a prisoner in this disgraceful fashion. Where is my brother?"

" "Your brother," began the Rookwood old boy, "is doing very well in Canada, where I had the pleasure of making his acquaintance."

Mr. Manders' face was a study.

"Then why have I been made the victim of this joke on your part-I presume it is a joke." he spluttered. "Oh, yes, it is a joke, Manders, old bird. In fact, you're the joke, or

"Bless my soul. What do you mean? J-joke, I don't understand!" "I have taken a great deal of trouble over you, Manders," resumed Dennis. "In fact, I have made it my business to understudy you for a short

rather you will be!" grinned Dennis.

while at Rookwood!" "Understudy me; what for?" exploded the Sixth Form-master.

"Well, you see, I am going to turn the tables on you. You're going to be fired from Rookwood for an offence you never committed. I happen to know that you are taking the Fourth at Rookwood whilst Bootles is in the 'sanny.' Do you get on to the

Mr. Manders didn't get on to the idea at all. At least, the expression on his face did not appear to give one that impression.

"I-I-I" he spluttered help-

lessly. The Rookwood old boy seemed to

be enjoying the situation. He had seen many expressions on the face of Mr. Manders in the days gone by, but never any like this. The Sixth Formmaster rivalled a contortionist.

"I see that you don't quite understand me," he said, fixing Mr. Manders with his twinkling eyes, "so if you'll give me your attention for a few moments, I'll hasten to enlighten you."

"Proceed!" rapped out Mr. Manders in his bullying tone? His courage was returning now.

"I'm going to be Manders"for a few hours at Rookwood," commenced Dennis. "What?"

"I'm going to be Manders for a few hours at Rookwood," he repeated, "and you-you are going to stay

"Bless my soul! Stay othere? Never!" The Sixth Form-master could hardly

believe his ears. He, a respectable schoolmaster, a prisoner, while an impostor took his place at Rookwood. It fairly took his breath away. "I'm afraid that you will have no

option!" said the Rookwood old boy. "You see, this row of cottages is in a deserted road, and this is the only house tenanted—tenanted by me for the duration of my stay as Mr. Manders, Form-master at Rookwood!" 'This is scandalous!" bellowed the

unfortunate master. "I've never heard of such a thing!"

"You will be chained up in here for the remainder of the day, during which time I hope to carry out my scheme," said Dennis coolly. "Chained?"

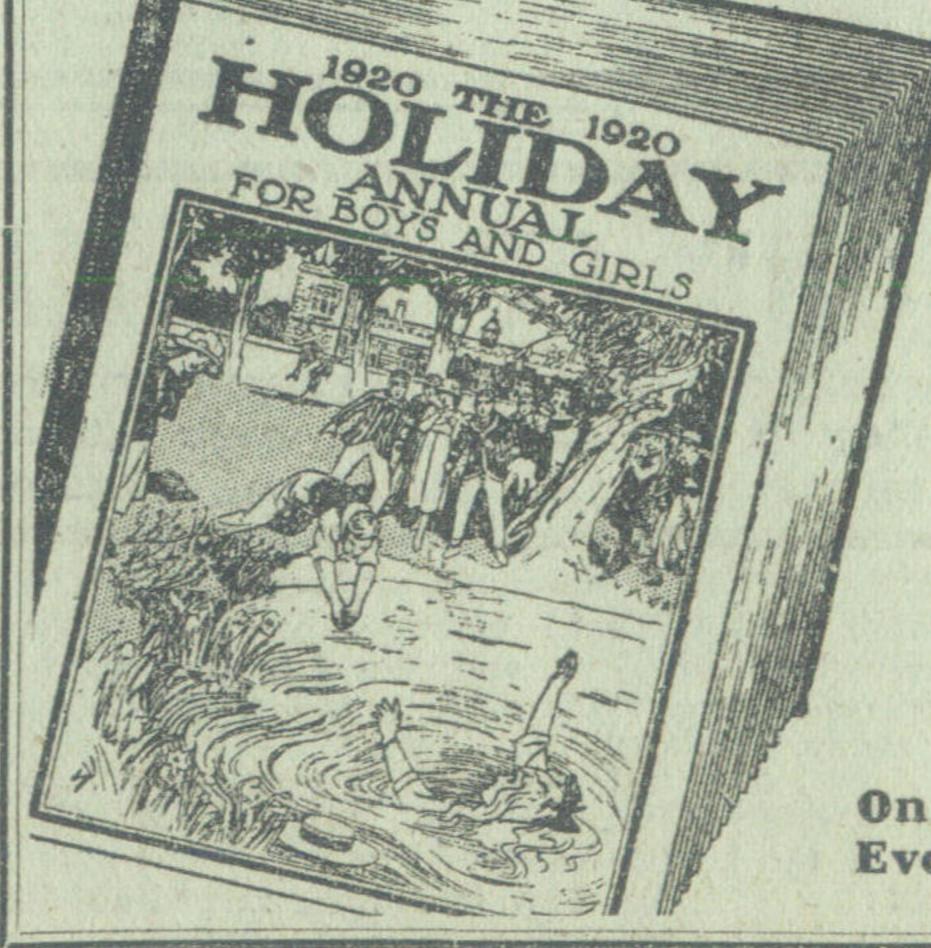
"Yes. You see, I daren't let you roam about, or you will muck up my little game. Fairly takes your breath away, doesn't it?"

It evidently took Mr. Manders' breath away. He could only sit there and gasp.

"I shall leave you enough food to carry on with," went on his captor, quite unmoved. "And I'm going to have a good time in your place up at the school. I'm counted a very good impersonator in my own select circle, and I think I can manage the part successfully!"

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"You shall suffer for this, Dennis!" exclaimed the master somewhat recovering from his amazement. "I shall give you in charge to the

"Police! I shall be miles away by the time you are back at the school. And I fancy you will have your hands full convincing the Head of your in-

Dennis, with a quick movement, strode towards him, and for the second time things happened so quickly that Mr. Manders was left as one in a dream.

When he came out of that happy state, it was to find himself chained round the middle by a leathern girdle, which connected with an iron staple firmly fixed in the wall.

"Good g-gracious!" he stuttered. Then his eyes became rivetted upon his captor.

Dennis was standing in front of a looking-glass, and he held a wig in his hand. That wig was identical in every feature with that of Mr. Manders' scanty mop of hair. And when the old boy carefully placed it on his head, the effect in resemblance was

striking. In features, Dennis was not unlike the Sixth Form-master. He had one of those faces which, with a little make-up, would pass as a very good impersonation of anyone.

True, he was young-looking, but a few deft lines with a make-up pencil soon altered that.

A touch here and there done with the hand and eye of an artist completed his impersonation, as far as features went.

He had Mr. Manders' sullen frown to a nicety, and when that unfortunate person saw his double, as it were, he forgot for the moment his uncomfortable position, and looked on with more than interest.

"How does that strike you, Manders?" grinned Dennis, with a perfect imitation of that master's crusty voice.

"Wonderful! Marvellous!" Mr. Manders so far forgot himself

as to say those words of praise. Then he recovered himself, and his frown deepened. It came to him in a

flash that this scheme of Dennis' looked very much like a certainty. His eyes searched everywhere critically, but he could find no flaw.

And he knew the rest would be easy. A cap and gown, and the Rockwood old boy would pass muster as himself under the closest scrutiny. "Ha, ha, ha!"

This time that hearty laugh came in youthful buoyancy. Mr. Manders' crusty voice being dropped for the nonce.

"I can see you are visibly impressed," he said. "But wait! Wait until I have donned the cap and gown!"

He walked over to a cupboard, and foraged around. A few moments later a cap and gown came to light, and with careful precision he commenced to dress.

The effect was startling. He might have been the Sixth Form-master's double. In height, he was perhaps an inch or so taller than Mr. Manders, but that would pass unnoticed unless the two were seen together, which was not likely to happen.

"What do you think of it now?" he asked, adopting Mr. Manders' own peculiar habit of standing.

"It's outrageous—it's——" Words failed the flabbergasted master. He could only stare at his double as if he had seen a ghost.

"But you can't go to the school!" he exclaimed in a burst of eloquence. "Think of my position—I shall be ruined! Humiliated!"

"I'm sorry in a way, Manders," began Dennis, "but I want to teach you a lesson. I shall only be paying you back in your own coin."

Mr. Manders fell to pleading, but it was of no avail, and he finally finished, threatening all kinds of things on the head of his grinning captor.

"It's no go, Manders!" chuckled Dennis. "I must be going now. You see this contrivance?"

He held in his hand an ordinary alarm clock with an extra attachment. "Well, this is connected with the patent lock with which I have fastened you. At midnight exactly

this lock with automatically open, thereby releasing you from your erer-uncomfortable position."

This was too much for Mr. Manders. He nearly collapsed.

"Am I to understand," he said feebly, "that when the alarm strikes midnight I shall be free?"

"Exactly!" The Rookwood old boy, with he knew, expected a severe impot at another glance at his captive, swept | the very least. off his mortar-board, bowed low, and gone, leaving Mr. Manders alone with himself and his thoughts.

#### The 3rd Chapter. The Fourth is Surprised!

"Good afternoon, sir!"

Thus old Mack, the porter, as Mr. Manders, alias Dennis, the Rookwood old boy, swept in at the gates of Rookwood.

The bogus master greeted this friendly greeting on the part of old Mack with a frown, which was in knocked down Jimmy Silver & Co. at keeping with Mr. Manders' usual method of dealing with his subordinates.

The impostor chuckled to himself a dream. as he realised that old Mack had not spotted his "make-up," and strode on towards the Classical House by way of the gym. He did not want to encounter any of the masters until he had settled down in his new role.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were punting a football about near the gym as Mr. Manders came along.

"Good shot, Jimmy!"

stinging shot at low range, which & Co. were too speechless to resume Conroy the Colonial junior had failed to stop. The junior footer eleven were due to play St. Jim's on the Saturday, and Jimmy Silver was getting in as much practice as he could, in order ! faintly. "Manders in goal-my hat!" to wipe up the ground with Tom Merry & Co., as Arthur Edward | certainly. He did not know whether Lovell expressed it.

Conroy picked up the ball ruefully, and kicked it out of goal. Mr. Manders, coming round the corner of the gym, got the full benefit of that lusty

Whiz! The ball struck him fairly in the chest, and he sat down in a puddle with a splash.

Jimmy Silver & Co. gasped in astonishment. Mr. Manders, the tyrannical master of the Sixth, had any of them by name. He must find after a frost, and he had hit it with not even given them lines for sitting out more about them before he did terrific force. A gleam came into his him in a puddle. But what was most | that, or the fat would be in the fire amazing, he had actually consented with a vengeance. to join in the footer practice. Mr. Manders, the master who hated footmatter. A feather would have that moment.

"My hat!" "J-join in, sir?" asked Conroy, in

"Certainly, my boy! I will take your place in goal!" "G-goal, sir!" stuttered Conroy

"Who said the age of miracles was past?" whispered Arthur Edward Lovell.

Mr. Manders, without more ado, took. Conroy's place in goal-a goal which consisted of three chalked lines Jimmy Silver had just sent in a on the gym wall. But Jimmy Silver their practice.

"Pinch me, someone!" gasped Jimmy.

"Hold me up!" murmured Raby Arthur Edward Lovell blinked un-

to believe his eyes, but a sharp command in the well-known tones of Mr. Manders, decided for him that he wasn't dreaming.

"Come along, boy!" rapped out the bogus master. "Don't stand with the ball at your feet-give me a shot!"

"A-a s-shot, sir?"

"I've noticed that you," he resumed, looking directly at the leader ball, or any other sport for that of the Fistical Four, "are a little slow on your feet."

"M-mum-my feet?"

"Yes; you don't make up your mind quick enough!"

"M-mum-my mind?" stuttered Jimmy helplessly.

"If you take my place at goal, I'll show you how a ball should be dribbled, and how you should shoot for goal," said the bogus Mr. Manders, enjoying the situation.

"You-you will, sir?"

"I will!"

goal chalked on the gym wall. Mr. touched him. Manders was going to show him-him, the captain of the junior footer eleven, | ing the full benefit of his own charge, how to dribble a ball, and how to shot away from the Form-master like wind up with a shot at goal. After a rocket, and it was only the steadythat, Jimmy was prepared for any- ing hand of Raby which prevented thing to happen.

The bogus master walked briskly over to the little group of juniors | minutes. noting the surprise on their faces. whereat he had the greatest difficulty in restraining himself from bursting into a laugh. But that laugh he knew would be his undoing, and he determined to save it up until he reached the privacy of his own-or rather, Mr. Manders' quarters.

"What are you staring at me like that for?" he asked grimly.



Mr. Manders dribbled the ball skilfully past the staring juniors, and then, steadying himself, with an eye on Jimmy Silver's position between the "sticks," he sent in a low ground shot which the junior, to his utter dismay, failed to stop. "Good shot, sir!" gasped Jimmy Silver involuntarily.

"Ow-w-what!"

"Oh crumbs!"

moment. Jimmy Silver & Co. thought they were booked for trouble. They knew Mr. Manders' temper, quick to fire, and drastic in its consequences.

"Now we're in for it!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell.

Conroy ran to help the fallen master to his feet, his face full of concern. "I'm sorry, sir. It was an accident.

I never saw you coming!" "Grough, bless my soul!" grunted

Mr. Manders, with an inward chuckle. He scrambled to his feet, helped by the willing juniors. Luckily his wig had not come apart from his natural hair, or the game would have been

up instantly. "Boy!" he roared. "This is a his life-should be such a dark horse. deliberate assault-"

"I assure you, sir, that it was quite Jir an accident!" muttered Conroy. "We never saw you coming, sir!"

chimed in Jimmy Silver. By this time Mr. Manders had put himself to rights little the worse for his sudden descent from dignity. He was entering into the spirit of the thing whole-heartedly, and he determined to surprise the juniors. They

"I'm not hurt," he said. "But you at that moment, that, if Tubby Muffin with a dramatic "au revoir," was | must be more careful in the future. | had told him there was another Great | Get on with your game; in fact, I'll War with Germany, he would have join in myself."

Arthur Edward, with a gleam in his eye, dribbled the ball within shooting [ The faces of the juniors assumed a distance, intending to send in a shot look of sympathy. It was very unfor- that would beat the master hands tunate that Mr. Manders should down. Lovell was considered rather a have happened along at such a hot shot by the juniors, and Jimmy Silver & Co. looked on, quite expecting to see Mr. Manders make a "muck of it."

Whiz!

The juniors rubbed their eyes in amazement. With perfect coolness the master had stopped that stinging shot which would have made many an average goalkeeper wince. This was an eye-opener for the Fourth. Lovell had put his "beef" into that shot, and yet it had been held and cleared with ease evidently born of long practice. That, in itself was quite surprising, but the thing that knocked the juniors all of a heap was the fact that Mr. Manders—the master who had never been known to kick a footer in

Jimmy Silver, his natural dislike of Mr. Manders being for the moment overcome by that magnificent "save."

"It's quite easy, my boy!" said the Form-master cheerfully. "What you boys want is plenty of practice!"

"P-p-practice, sir?" "Yes, practice!"

"My hat!" Jimmy Silver scratched his head in amazement. He was so bewildered believed it.

Raby was the recipient of that ques-

"St-st-staring, sir?"

"Bless my soul! What has come over you boys?" barked Mr. Manders. "You all seem to be afflicted with the same complaint; standing there like so many lunatics, and repeating in parrot-fashion everything I say." Then he turned again to Raby. "Are you ill, boy?".

"Ill-ill!" gasped Raby.

"I said ill, yes!" frowned the master. "But it looks to me more like a case of insanity!"

"Pull yourself together, Raby!" whispered Newcome, who was more collected.

"I'm quite all right, thank you, sir!" said Raby, somewhat recovering from his stupified amazement.

"Good! Let's get on with the

And Mr. Manders, suiting the action to the word, went full tilt at "Oh, well saved, sir!" exclaimed | Conroy, who had the hall at his feet. Crash!

"Ow-yow-yarooh!"

Conroy was a fair weight, but even he could not stand that heavy shoulder charge, specially as he was least prepared for such drastic action. "Ow-yow-yowp!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Manders glared down at the prostrated junior.

"You should be prepared for these things, when you play football, my boy. Don't sit there on the ground yelling in that ridiculous fashion!"

Conroy struggled to his feet caressing his injured person. The ground

Mr. Manders eyed the juniors by the gym was very hard; much amusedly. So far he had not addressed | more so than a footer pitch would be eyes, and he silently avowed to turn the tables on Mr. Manders. The other juniors, recovering from their merriment, were dribbling the footer round Mr. Manders. But the master in the role of a footballer was a great force to be reckoned with. He tackled Lovell with vigour, much to that junior's amazement, and when the little scrum broke up, it was seen that Mr. Manders had the ball at his feet, and was travelling in the direction of the goal.

Conroy ran to intercept him, and with a charge that would have sent any junior spinning, he tried to take possession. To his surprise, Mr. Manders took that charge without flinching. Moreover, he continued on Jimmy Silver walked dazedly to the his course for goal as if nothing had

> On the other hand, Conroy, receivhim from meeting mother earth for the second time in about as many

"Great Scott! He can play!" gasped the Colonial junior.

Mr. Manders certainly could. Leaving the juniors in a tumbling heap, he took another pace forward, steadied himself, and, keeping an eye on Jimmy Silver's position between the "sticks," sent in a low, groundshot which that junior, to his own utter dismay, failed to stop.

"Good shot, sir!" he gasped in-

voluntarily. "Bravo!"

The juniors were bordering on a state of idiocy. That Mr. Manders should not only make rings round them at dribbling, but finally finish up with a magnincent shot for goal completely took their breath away. The bogus Mr. Manders smiled.

"You want a little more coaching, my boys, and you will be quite a decent and formidable team. If you care to adopt me as your coach, I shall be pleased to devote to-morrow's half-holiday in training you."

Mr. Manders, alias Dennis, the old boy, knew inwardly that he would not be at Rookwood on the morrow. Still, his sense of humour was such that he could already imagine the real Mr. Manders' consternation when the Fourth-Formers taxed him with his promise of coaching them.

"Thank you, sir!" said Jimmy Silver, acting as spokesman for the juniors. "We should like you very much to coach us, and-and we think it-er-ripping of you, sir."

"Hear, hear!" "That's all right, my boys. It will

be a pleasure, I assure you." Then the bell went for classes, and Mr. Manders, with a few hurried words, left the juniors chattering among themselves as he strode off in the direction of the Form-room.

"Well, what do you think of it, asked Arthur Edward Jimmy?" Lovell.

"I feel as if I've been dreaming," grinned Jimmy Silver. "Manders a footer player, and hot stuff at that. Why, it's-it's miraculous!" "Hear, hear!"

"It looks as if he's changed for the better," said Conroy. "If I had knocked old Manders over-like I did half an hour ago-yesterday, a caning would have been my reward. I can't make it out."

"Neither can I," said Raby

thoughtfully. "I wonder if that telegram has anything to do with this sudden change?"

"Great Scott!" roared Newcome. "That makes it all the more surprising. You all remember his face this morning. It looked as if something terrible had happened. Well, if it was bad news, Manders wouldn't be so chirpy this afternoon. I've never seen Manders like this before."

The Fourth-Formers agreed on that unanimously. Something extraordinary had come over the usually "catty" Sixth Form-master to

account for this sudden change. "I don't know what's caused this sudden transformation," said the leader of the Fistical Four, "but I hope it's a change for good. Manders is top-hole like this. Blessed if I know what to make of it, though."

That was the general opinion of the juniors. And with thoughtful faces they strolled over to the Fourth-Form class-room. Little did they dream that more surprises were in store for them in that place of learning.

The 4th Chapter. Mr. Manders in a New Light.

"It's going fine!" Thus Mr. Manders, alias Dennis the

Rookwood old boy, as he stood at the desk in the Fourth Form classroom. The bell had just stopped, and the Fourth-Formers were already trooping in for afternoon lessons. The juniors looked at their master intently. News goes the round very quickly amongst schoolboys, and already the exploits of Mr. Manders | as a footballer had reached them by way of Tubby Muffin, the Peeping Tom of Rookwood.

There was a satisfied expression on | self." the face of the Form-master as he watched the juniors take their places. He had made an important discovery. On the desk of the real Mr. Manders he had found a list of all the juniors who had been given impositions. This was very successful to his plan of action, as he could now learn the names of the juniors.

hand and confronted his class. "Stand up these boys," he began. "Silver, Lovell, Muffin."

The juniors as their names were called rose from their places with some surprise. By the time Mr. Manders had finished the list of the delinquents half the Fourth were on their feet. Evidently the real Mr. Manders had been going strong. The bogus master quickly mastered each boy's name, and reaching the end of the list he cleared his throat.

"Boys," he commenced, "I have decided to cancel all impositions for to-day."

And to the utter amazement of the Fourth he tore the list in pieces and deposited them in the wastepaperbasket.

"My hat!" "Great snakes!" "Gee whiz!"

Such were the remarks that floated to his ears. He had intended to surprise the juniors, and he had certainly succeeded. A hubbub of conversation commenced between the surprised juniors, which he instantly quelled with a wave of the hand.

"Silence, boys! Proceed with your

The Fourth settled down to work, but the chatter which followed proved that their work was of a divided nature. Mr. Manders' generosity was the chief topic amongst them, and their Latin suffered in consequence.

Mr. Manders opened his desk and produced a volume of Livy. Finding a page with the corner turned over, he decided that that was the last page the Fourth had learned in their previous lesson. Anyway, he determined to try it, and turning to the juniors he held up his hand.

"Let me see! We are at Book 21, are we not, Silver?"

"Yes, sir."

"Then kindly construe."

Jimmy Silver rose from his place und construed.

The bogus Mr. Manders had forgotten most of his Latin, and it was lucky for him that it was not for him to construe, but the class. As long as he showed a sufficient air of wisdom all would be well.

Jimmy Silver was rather good at Latin, and he could have construed for ever and ever. But he would have been surprised if he had known that the Form-master was following him with envious wonder, and wishing that he could do it as well.

Jimmy Silver went on for about five minutes. Then Arthur Edward Lovell was called upon to construe.

Arthur Edward was not quite up to Jimmy Silver's standard in Latin, and he made a series of blunders. But Mr. Manders never interrupted him. All the same, the looks on the faces of the other juniors told the bogus master that he was making some glaring mistakes.

"That will do, Lovell," he said. "You are a little shaky on Latin, and you will have to go over it with

me some time."

That was really clever on the Formmaster's part. Arthur Edward, with a slight crimson patch surmounting his cheeks, sat down.

"Jolly decent of him!" whispered Raby.

"Muffin, carry on from where Lovell left off," commanded Mr. Manders.

Tubby Muffin awkwardly stood up and commenced

He was hopeless at Latin, and although the bogus Mr. Manders was | the door, and Dr. Chisholm, followed not very much his superior in that | by Bulkeley, the captain of the school, direction, he knew enough of Book 21 to see that the fat Classical was hopelessly off the rails.

"I perceive, Muffin, that you are rather slow at Latin," he said.

Tubby Muffin blinked. "Am I, sir?" he stammered. "You see, I can't concentrate my mind on Latin, sir. I'm nearly frozen with

ment was quite true. His face was blue with cold. It was a very sharp

winter's afternoon, and the fat junior, who did not indulge in any sports to cause a healthy circulation, was shivering with the cold.

"So you're cold, are you, Muffin?" "Yes, sir, that's it."

"Then I'll soon get you warm," said Mr. Manders. "Stand up,

The Fourth stood up wonderingly. "We will have half an hour at leap-frog. I feel rather chilly my-

"Leap-frog!" "Oh, my hat!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Is he potty?"

The Fourth-Formers gasped in astonishment. This was a new side to the character of Mr. Manders. Never in the history of Rookwood had a master been known to suggest Mr. Manders took the list in his | leap-frog as a means of exercise in the Form-room. They did not mind, however. Most of them hated Latin, and leap-frog would come as welcome diversion to the afternoon's task. The majority of the juniors at that moment classified Mr. Manders as mad. They held their breath as they waited for his next words.

> "Clear the desks out of the way, my boys," commanded Mr. Manders, with a twinkle in his eye.

> In a moment the juniors, only too glad to leave off work of the booklearning variety, were scrambling over the desks. Laughing and talking excitedly, they jumbled all the desks into one corner, and the noise that accompanied this move could have been heard in the Modern's house.

"Take that desk off my foot!" yelled Kit Erroll.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shouldn't have such big feet, dear boy!" grinned Valentine Mornington. Crash!

One of the desks had come toppling down, and several inkpots flew out, splashing their contents all over the

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Stick it, Jimmy!"

Jimmy Silver had rushed forward, and was trying to hold the remainder of the pile of desks from following their neighbour's example. But his strength was not equal to the task. Crash, crash, crash!

Three more desks toppled to the floor, and several more inkpots danced merrily.

The juniors hardly noticed Mr. Manders. That master was wiping his eyes. Never had he laughed so much in all his life, and if the Fourth-Formers had seen him at that moment, the game would have been up. His was no longer the frowning, sullen face of Mr. Manders, but a face of a man of about twenty-five years younger.

"That will do, boys!" As the Fourth heard that wellknown voice, they turned and confronted their Form-master. But the twinkle in his eyes told them that he was enjoying the fun as much as they. Whereat they pondered still

more. "Line up!"

of leap-frog, half of them making backs for their fellows.

"Follow me!" commanded Mr. Manders.

And with a run he commenced to leap the backs of the juniors. "Ha, ha, ha!"

Mr. Manders, with gown flying out behind him, and mortar-board set jauntily on his head, was halfway through the line of backs before any of the juniors had attempted to follow him. Then they entered into the spirit of the game, and, with yells of merriment, passed along the line.

The din was audible in the passage, and the Fourth-Formers quite expected an interruption in the shape of Dr. Chisholm. Still, they argued orders were orders, and, after all, they were only carrying out their instructions.

"Go it, sir!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mr. Manders had reached the end of the line, and, taking up a stand a few yards away, bent his back in the approved leap-frog position.

The Fourth-Formers leaped over him, and they in turn made backs.

There was a rustling movement at entered the Form-room. Both stood in petrified amazement, unable to believe their eyes.

"Your turn, sir!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "Right-ho, my boy!" grinned Mr.

Manders. And he commenced to leap along the line once more.

"Boys!" roared Dr. Chisholm, rais-The latter part of Tubby's state- | ing his voice above the din. "Stop | this at once-do you hear me?" Evidently the Fourth didn't. They

were so engrossed in their game that they had not noticed the arrival of the Head.

"Bless my soul!" gasped Dr. Chisholm. "Mr. Manders, what does this mean? Cease this at once!"

"Oh my hat, the Head!" Jimmy Silver uttered the warning, and the juniors stood frozen to the floor. Not so Mr. Manders, however. He continued to leap the remaining back, which was very disastrous for him.

At Jimmy Silver's warning cry the juniors had straightened themselves, and Arthur Edward Lovell, following their example, stood up just as Mr. Manders was about to leap his back. There was a terrific collision, and both parties descended to the floor with a bump.

"Ow-yow-yowp!"

"Grough-ow-yow!" moaned Mr. Manders, sitting on the floor in most undignified position, and rubbing his head.

"Manders," roared the Head angrily, "what does this mean-and what are you doing down there?"

The bogus Mr. Manders scrambled to his feet and met the stern glance of Dr. Chisholm.

"Just a little exercise, sir!" he said. "The boys were cold and I thought a game of leap-frog would restore their circulation."

"Indeed!" said the Head drily. The Fourth-Formers quailed before the angry glitter in his eye. "Bulkeley," resumed the Head,

"kindly take over the class from Mr. Manders." "Very good, sir!"

"I should like to speak to you in my study, Mr. Manders, at once, if you please!"

And the Head rustled majestically out of the room, leaving the juniors in the hands of Bulkeley. Mr. Manders, with inward nervousness, followed him out. This was the first time Dennis had seen Dr. Chisholm for several years. The fear and respect he had held for him in his own schooldays came back to him with a rush.

#### The 5th Chapter. The Order of the Boot!

Mr. Manders walked along the passage to his own quarters. Before entering the Head's sanctum he had a little plan of his own to carry out. Up till now everything had run smoothly, and as he surveyed himself in the looking-glass he burst into a hearty laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" If Dr. Chisholm could have seen the supposed Mr. Manders now, light would have dawned upon him.

The Rookwood old boy strode over to a cupboard and extracted a bottle from its recess. It contained yellowish - coloured liquid which smelled abominably of alcohol.

Then he did a strange thing. Extracting the cork, the bogus Mr. Manders liberally soaked his clothing with the strong-smelling liquid.

"It's a pity to waste all this whisky, especially as it costs such a deal of The juniors lined up for their game | money," he mused. "But it's in a good cause."

Good cause or not, it had the effect of surrounding him with the odour of a public-house, which, as it happened, was exactly what he wanted it to do.

"Beastly - smelling stuff!" he grinned. "Still, I fancy it will do the trick. I'll kid old Chisholm that I've been drinking."

And he commenced to walk, or, rather, stagger, about the room in fair imitation of a drunken man. "Better be getting along now."

With a final glance at the lookingglass, he rolled out of his study into the passage.

Old Mack, the porter, was just outside sweeping the passage floor, and | Mr. Manders deliberately bumped into him.

"'Ere, wot's the game, Mr. Manders, sir?" roared old Mack, as he sprawled on the passage floor.

"Gi-hic!-game!" said master. "Hic-ic! It's no game, Mack, old-hic!-sport!"

Mack eyed Mr. Manders suspiciously. He could see, or, rather, he could smell, that the master had been as this.

And he accompanied his words with a sniff in the direction of Mr. he thundered. Manders. "Dr-hie!-inking, Mack! Hie!-

never! I'm a-hic!-tee-hic!totaler!" Mack glanced along the passage furtively.

"You had better get inter your room, Mr. Manders. If the 'Ead should come along he'd see you!"

"Hie! I don't care a hie!-about the Head!" went on the bogus Mr. Manders, acting perfectly. "Let him -hic!-come along!"

"Oh, my eye!" gasped old Mack. He had never seen a master in this condition before. And this was Mr. Manders! It fairly took him off his

"Hie! I-hie!-like you, Mack!" And Mr. Manders clasped old Mack affectionately round the neck.

"'Ere, 'old on, sir! Chuck it, sir! The 'Ead-he might come along!" "I'm-hic!-holding on, ain't I,

Mack, old-hic!-sport?" Mr. Manders had Mack in a loving embrace, and he held on grimly. The old porter was at his wits' end as to how he could get the drunken master safely out of the way. Dr. Chisholm's

door was not far away along the

passage, and he might come along

any moment to see what the disturbance was about. Using all his strength, old Mack pushed Mr. Manders into his own study, and seated him in an armchair. He managed to untwine the arms from around his neck and stood there surveying the master in bewilder-

ment. "Hic!-Mack!" mumbled Mr. Manders.

"Yes, sir?" "Get-hic!-the bottle out of thehic!—cupboard!"

Old Mack shook his head, and wagged a reproving finger at the master sprawling in the armchair.

"Which as 'ow you've 'ad enough," sir, with all doo respect to you, sir!" "Well-hic!-if you won't-hic!give me another drink, take me along -hic!-to Dr. Chisholm, Mack!" "Eh?"

"You-hic!-heard what I said!" "But you can't see the 'Ead in this 'ere condishun, sir!" said Mack help-"I-hic!-tell you I want to see-

hic!—the Head!" said Mr. Manders, with some attempt at command. "Which as 'ow I says you can't, then, sir!" said Mack doggedly. "Why, 'e'd fire you if 'e saw you

like this!" Mr. Manders struggled to his feet, and clutched frantically at the mantel-

shelf for support. There followed a crash, and the clock reposed in the fireplace, a broken heap. The alarm seemed to take it into its head to cause a com-

motion, and it rang with piercing shrillness as the ruined clock lay on its side.

"Hic!—stop that beastly row, old sport!"

Mack did. Crossing to the window, he pushed it open, and then, grasping the offending clock, hurled it far away into the quad.

"Are you-hic!-sure you won't have a drink, Mac? Hic!" asked Mr. Manders, proffering the empty bottle. "No, thankee, sir! I don't drink -that is to say, I never hindulge

when as 'ow I'm on duty." "Ha, ha! Mack, I know you!" "We-hic!-come of the same stock, don't we? Hic! Drink and be merry,

for to-morrow---" "You're fired!" chimed in Mack under his breath.

Mr. Manders pulled out a pipe from his pocket, and with shaking hands filled the bowl. He looked around for a means of ignition, and his eye was directed to a sheaf of papers on the table. Those papers had been given to the real Mr. Manders for inspection purposes by the Head. In fact, they were the coming examinationpapers. But the bogus master did not trouble about that. Anyway, after reaching for them a few times unsuccessfully, he at last clutched them triumphantly. A few seconds later and they were a heap of black ashes, while Mr. Manders, puffing away at his pipe contentedly, con-

"Do you know-hic!-Mack-hie! -I don't like Dr. Chisholm's face-

Tap, tap! "Hic! Come in!"

tinued to babble with Mack.

The door of Mr. Manders' room drinking-drinking heavily, so he opened, and, to old Mack's dismay, thought. Mack himself was very the majestic and dignified figure of fond of his little drop of cold tea, as | Dr. Chisholm appeared on the threshe called it, but he never went so far | hold. At the sight of the supposed Mr. Manders lolling back in his chair "You've been drinking, Mr. Man- and reeking of spirits the Head's ders!" he said, shaking his head sor- brows contracted, and his face, so rowfully. "Which as 'ow I can smell | genial as a general rule, assumed a stern and hard expression.

"Manders! What does this mean?"

"Hie! Hallo, doc, old-hic!sport!" greeted the bogus master cheerfully.

The Head then turned to old Mack with a questioning look. That worthy, seeing that the game was up for the l

master, decided in his mind to explain the circumstances of his own

presence if he should be asked. "Mack!" began the Head. "How is it that you are a party to this disgraceful and disgusting orgy?"

"Horgy, sir?" floundered Mack. "I ain't 'ad no horgy. I was a-sweepin' of the passage when Mr. Manders, sir, 'e comes along bit merry-like and knocks me over."

Old Mack stopped for breath, scratching his head by way of inspiration.

"Go on, Mack," said Dr. Chisholm

grimly. "I could see, sir, that Mr. Manders 'ad 'ad one too many, and so I says to meself, I says, 'Mack, it's a matter of dooty for you to see that that there

master don't get copped--' " Mack paused for another breath. "So I brought 'im in 'ere, sir. And that hexplains all as far as I am

concerned, sir." "Very well, Mack! You may go,"

said the Head quietly. And old Mack left the study, his brain in a whirl at this new departure of Mr. Manders.

When the old porter had closed the door Dr. Chisholm turned to Mr. Manders. To his indignation, that master was asleep-or, rather, he was pretending that sleep had overcome

"B-bless my soul, Manders!"

The Head shook the inert mass in the armchair, and the only response was a feeble and guttural: "Get-hic!-away!"

Dr. Chisholm was getting angry now. A master in this condition! Why, it was unheard of-disgraceful!

A few more shakings and Mr. Manders sat bolt upright, as if just awakening. He blinked uncertainly at the Head, and the look that he saw on the worthy doctor's face told him that his plans were working out successfully.

"Manders, I can see that you have been drinking-drinking! You, a master at a respectable school! It is most disgraceful! Your person literally reeks of spirits, Manders! What have you to say?"

"Say-hic!-I haven't been hic! -drinking!" muttered the bogus master.

"Don't be so utterly ridiculous, Manders!" said the Head contemptuously. "I won't have this kind of thing at Rookwood, and I'm not going to overlook your offence! I must say that I'm surprised and shocked!"

"Hic! Ha, ha! Hic!" Mr. Manders was doubled up with

drunken laughter. An angry glint came into the Head's eyes, and his jaw set a little

more aggressively. "How dare you, sir, make me your subject of drunken revelry! Go! Consider yourself no longer a master of Rookwood! I won't ask you for your resignation! You will leave the

school at once!" "Hic! Leave the school! Hic! Ha, ha! I don't care a-hic!-for the

school! Hic!" Dr. Chisholm crossed over to the bell-push and rang. A minute later grinned Mr. Manders knowingly. the page-boy appeared. He had heard all about Mr. Manders from old Mack, but his face gave no sign of his knowledge.

"Order my car at once," said the Head. "Very good, sir."

The page-boy retreated to impart his message to the chauffeur. "Now, Manders, I must request you to hand over the examination-

papers I gave you this morning," said Dr. Chisholm grimly. "Hic! Examination-papers? There they are!" muttered Mr. Manders.

And he pointed to the little heap of ashes in the fireplace. "Good heavens! You have destroyed them?" thundered the Head. The only response to that justified burst of wrath from the Head was a

#### The 6th Chapter. Exit Mr. Manders.

peal of drunken laughter.

Words failed Dr. Chisholm at that moment, and it looked as if he would strike the grinning master, but a knock at the door saved him from

that indiscretion. "The car is here, sir," came the voice of the page-boy.

Old Mack also appeared in the doorway with the chauffeur, and the Head beckoned to them. "Kindly assist Mr. Manders to the

car!" he commanded. "I will send his luggage on." Mr. Manders, alias Dennis, chuckled

inwardly as he heard this. Here was the finish of his little stay at Rookwood as Form-master.

Mack and the chauffeur crossed over to him and grasped him firmly,

(Continued on page 516.)



Published

Every Monday

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

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

#### The 1st Chapter. Glory for Chunky!

"Sorry for you, Richards, old chap!" "Eh?"

"Sorry for you, really."

Chunky Todgers spoke in tones of heartfelt commiseration.

Frank Richards stared. Frank was feeling particularly fresh and cheerful, that fine, frosty morning, and he was not-so far as he could see-in any need of Chunky's sorrow.

"You won't mind, I hope?" continued Chunky Todgers.

"Mind what?"

"I guess it's all the same, if you do. Still, I hope you won't mind."

"Would you mind explaining what you are burbling about?" asked Frank Richards politely. And his chums, Vere Beauclerc and Bob Lawless, looked at the fat Chunky with some interest; Chunky's remarks were as mysterious to them as to Frank Richards.

"Oh! You haven't heard then?" asked Todgers.

"Heard which?" inquired Bob Lawless.

"About my new post."

"New what?" exclaimed Beauclerc. "Post!" said Chunky Todgers loftily.

"What sort of a post?" demanded Bob. "What on earth do you want with a new post? To tie your pony to, do you mean?"

"You silly jay!" exclaimed Chunky. "I don't mean a wooden post, you ass!"

"What do you mean then? Letter

Nope! A post in an office-"

"An editorial office!" said Chunky. "Great gophers!"

Chunky Todgers had impressed the chums of Cedar Creek at last.

"In the 'Thompson Press' office?" asked Beauclerc.

"Yep."

The question was really superfluous; there was only one editorial office in the Thompson valley. That belonged to the Thompson Press,' edited, owned, printed, and published by Mr. Penrose.

"Congratulations, old chap!" said Frank Richards, smiling. "I didn't know that Mr. Penrose was in want of a sub-editor."

"Or you'd have been after the post?" grinned Chunky. "But you couldn't have got it. Penrose is rather up against you now. Besides, I'm more qualified."

"My hat!"

"And are you leaving school to take up your new duties?" inquired Vere Beauclerc, eyeing Chunky Todgers very curiously.

Chunky was immensely pleased with his new "post," and he could not help "spreading" himself considerably. But nobody was likely to regard Master Todgers as a sub-editor, excepting Chunky himself. Subeditor, probably, was a flattering name for a boy-of-all-work in Chunky's case; there was not much

editing to do in the office of the "Thompson Press." That famous periodical consisted of advertisements, an article or two, some amateur poetry, and "copy" ruthlessly "pinched" from other publications. Mr. Penrose was not particular where he obtained his copy, so long as he did not pay

for it. It was said of old that the pen is mightier than the sword; and Mr. Penrose found the scissors mightier

than the pen. "Pilgrims" who passed Mr. Penrose's office, and heard his secondhand typewriter clicking away at a great speed, often concluded that Mr. Penrose was in the throes of composiin the throes of "pinching" copy from Old Country magazines, putting in a few daubs of "local colour" to give it a Canadian flavour.

"Not exactly leaving school," said Chunky thoughtfully. "I'm going for a trial day to-morrow, Saturday, as it's a day off. If I'm all right for the job I shall work half-days for Mr. Penrose."

"You're in luck!" grinned Bob Lawless. "What are the duties?" "Well, I sweep out the office-"

"Clean the stove-"

"Ah!" "Bring in the logs, and set the fire

going in the stove."

tion. But he wasn't. He was only | said Chunky kindly. "I am really | you on the sub-editing stunt."

"Don't waste your sympathy on me, old son!" said Frank, laughing. "I really congratulate you! I can

"That's it!" said Chunky eagerly. "All over Canada, from ocean to

"I guess you're right, Franky. Of course, this is only a beginning. I shall put in first-class work-"

"On the stove?" asked Bob.

sorry for you!"

see you rising and rising till you are running newspapers---

ocean!" said Frank.

I that my style is better than his——" I ladder.

eleven, and, as there's no school, you can come and lend me a hand. The place is awfully untidy-"

"Ha, ha! We've seen it!" "And later on I may be able to let you write something for the paper, Richards," said Chunky patronisingly. "With me going over your stuff and improving it a bit, I dare say I could

work it in."

"Thanks!" said Frank, laughing. "I won't bother you, Chunky. And I'm not looking for sub-editorial jobs on the stove to-morrow morning!"

"Same here!" grinned Bob Law-

"Now, you might mosey along and lend a galoot a hand," said Chunky Todgers. "There's a lot of sweeping and dusting and cleaning to do, and you fellows could do that while I put in some literary work!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess we'll drop along in the afternoon and see how you're getting on," said Bob Lawless. "We're taking Algy Beauclerc round for a ride to-morrow to show him the country, and we'll call at the office and see

"Hallo, there's the bell!" And the chums of Cedar Creek headed for the lumber school.

#### The 2nd Chapter. The Sub-Editor.

Chunky Todgers wore a fat and satisfied smile in class that afternoon. He was a little absent-minded so far as lessons were concerned.

Miss Meadows noticed that, and she was very sharp several times with "Nope! On the paper, you ass! Chunky. But Chunky hardly heeded. Penrose will soon be leaving the Grammar and geography were little editorials to me. He's rather lazy, to a fellow who was putting his podgy but he's got sense, and when he sees | foot on the first rung of the editorial

World. The name of Todgers, newspaper proprietor, would ring through the Old Country. With his brisk, snappy, business-like methods he would bag all that was to be bagged in the Old Island, and then Australia and South Africa would fall into the net. Wherever the English language was spoken there would newspapers of the Todgers Syndicate be known and read. Even that was not all. There were other fields to be conquered. Newspapers in French, in Italian, in Russian, in Japanese, and the round globe would be Chunky's so far as the newspaper business was concerned.

Chunky had just reached that point. The earthly globe lay like a ball at his feet, as it were, when a sudden rap on the knuckles from a pointer brought him back to reality. Rap! Rap!

"Yarooooh!" roared Chunky. He came out of the clouds and beheld Miss Meadows standing before him with a frowning brow.

The Canadian schoolmistress was looking both surprised and angry.

"Todgers!" "Wow-wow!" mumbled Chunky, sucking his podgy knuckles. "Ow!

Ow! Wow!" "Boy! I have spoken to you three

times!" "Ow! Have you?" gasped Chunky.

There was a chortle in the class. Chunky had been day-dreaming, as was not uncommon with him. It was very painful to Chunky to come back from his Newspaper Syndicate, with the globe at its feet, to an ordinary pine form in a backwoods school, with a schoolmistress standing over him with a pointer in her hand! It really resembled a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"You are not giving attention to your lessons, Todgers!" exclaimed Miss Meadows severely.

"Lessons!" said Chunky, with a scornful snort.

He could not help it. Lessons, when only a minute ago his vast abilities had been directing the greatest press syndicate the world had ever seen-or, rather, had not yet seen.

"What is the matter with you, Todgers? Are you sleepy?"

"Nunno."

"You were looking very odd, Todgers." "I-I was thinking."

"About your lessons?"

"Nunno."

"You must think about your lessons in school time, Todgers. If you allow your attention to wander again, I shall cane you." "Oh!"

Chunky tried to keep his mind on English grammar after that. It was hard, but he did his best.

As a matter of fact, English grammar was worth knowing by a fellow who was going to be the editorial phenomenon of the century. Such a phenomenon ought not, for instance, to split his infinitives, as Chunky frequently did. But the great mind of Todgers was too great for such small matters to find room in it. If Todgers' ambitions were realised, the whole world would be provided with split infinitives in daily, weekly, monthly, and annual editions.

It was possible, however, that these vaulting ambitions would not be realised.

From sweeping out Penrose's office to becoming the director of a World Newspaper Syndicate was a longer step than Chunky at present supposed.

Chunky Todgers was glad when lessons were over and he was able to escape from the class-room, where his vast abilities were wasted on such unimportant matters as syntax and orthography.

His fat chin was held well up as he rolled out of the lumber school-

It was true that in outward appearance he was a fat schoolboy, and not considered very bright in his class. But that was simply his outward seeming. Inside he was the literary, editorial, and publishing genius of the twentieth century. Only was only a beginning. After getting | Chunky Todgers was aware of this, ground to the corral after school.

"Don't you galoots forget to drop in at the office to-morrow," Chunky called out to Frank Richards & Co. as the chums led out their horses.

"Rely on us," said Frank, with a smile. "We want to see you at work Chunky, sub-editing the stove."

"You silly ass!"

"And editing the logs," said Bob Lawless.

"Br-r-r-!" Frank Richards & Co. rode home

"J'll catch you a lick with this book next time you make a mistake," said Mr. Penrose. "Like that!" "Yarooh!" "That's the best way of avoiding mistakes! Now take a fresh sheet and start again."

"Is that strictly a sub-editorial !

"More sub-editorial than editorial, I guess!" chuckled Bob Lawless. "But what's the difference, Chunky, between a sub-editor and a man-ofall-work?"

"Oh, rats! The fact is," said Todgers confidentially, "Penrose was really inquiring for an office-boy-"

"And I moseyed in, and he told me he was paying two dollars a week-"

"Topping!" "I offered to take it for one dollar if he'd make me sub-editor."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "He agreed at once--" "I guess he would!"

"So I'm starting to-morrow as subeditor," said Chunky Todgers, with a great deal of satisfaction. "I don't see what you fellows are cackling at! I hope it's not jealousy. I've said that I'm sorry for you, Richards!" "Thank you, old scout!"

"I am, really! This is the chance of a lifetime, and you might have had it. You did a story for the 'Press,' and it wasn't bad for you. Not in my style, of course, but not bad for you!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I know you feel left, oldefellow," I

"When!" murmured Beauclerc.

"He's got sense enough to see that. Then I shall practically have the whole production of the paper on my hands. I shall have to quit school then. I shall be a rather busy galoot." "And will Penrose do the stove

"Ha, ha, ha!" "You jay, we shall take on an office-boy, then!"

"Not another sub-editor?" grinned Bob. "Certainly not! I shall jolly well keep my office-boy in his place, I can

tell you!" said Chunky promptly. "Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at!" squiffy, I guess he shoves down too many keys at once, and they get mixed, and, of course, that doesn't an idea, you galoots. You can come and help me in the morning, if you

"Phew!"

Chunky Todgers had long had a persuasion that he could write. Now he was going to have an opportunity.

At all events, he thought he was. He was determined to be a dutiful sub-editor, and relieve his chief as far as possible of work and responsibility. Soon, he considered, he would be indispensable in the editorial office. Mr. Penrose would wonder how on earth he had managed before his brisk, brilliant sub-editor came.

In his mind's eye, Chunky Todgers saw himself climbing the ladder rung by rung; indeed, two or three rungs at a time. The "Thompson Press" experience there, Chunky would fall | but he was quite clearly aware of it. Chunky rubbed his plump hands. into a more ambitious job on the staff | Hence the self-satisfied manner in "I've been trying old Penrose's typer of the Kamloops paper. From Kam- which he swaggered across the playalready. I've had some practice, you loops to New Westminster was, know. I've used old Gunten's type- editorially, merely a step. From writer at the store. Penrose's New Westminster to Montreal and machine is a bit of a wreck; he doesn't | Quebec only another step or two. By keep it in order. And when he's that time Joseph Todgers, editor and newspaper proprietor, would be known all over the Continent. After annexing practically all the newspaper improve a typewriter. But I've got | business in Canada, he would extend his operations south of the line, and cover the United States with his newspapers. But even that was only a beginning. After the New World "Penrose won't be there till about lay at his feet there was the Old ward smiling, and Chunky climbed on

his fat little pony and trotted off towards Thompson, dreaming golden dreams as he went.

The next day was Saturday, which was a day of liberty to the Cedar Creek fellows. That day Frank Richards & Co. had arranged to take Beauclerc's cousin Algernon for a long ride round the valley, and early in the morning Frank and Bob called at Old Man Beauclerc's cabin.

Vere Beauclerc and his cousin were ready, and the four schoolboys rode away together in the clear, frosty morning.

Their way lay through the town of Thompson to the upper valley. The hour was early when they rode into the town, and few of the stores were open.

But there were signs of life at the office of the "Thompson Press."

clattered down Main Street in the morning sunshine.

There he was! The door of the Press office was open. A rubicund gentleman stood

in the doorway, evidently giving instructions to Todgers, who was listening with great respect. Mr. Penrose's eyes looked red and

heavy, and it did not need a second glance to tell that he had been "keeping it up" the previous night in the bar of the Occidental.

Most of Mr. Penrose's profits, such as they were, went in the same direction. And he was accustomed to beginning early at the Occidental. And when he had to set type after an Occidental visit, it sometimes led to queer misprints in the columns of the "Thompson Press." On one celebrated occasion Mr. Penrose had mixed the advertisement of MacNab's dance-hall with the notice of the Valley Mission, with the result that a most surprising announcement appeared in his paper: "MR. SMILEY

Will address a Meeting at the Mission Hall.

Subject: TEMPERANCE. Bar Open till Midnight!

JUST TRY THE WHISKY!" Mr. Penrose blinked at the Cedar Creek chums as they trotted by, and Chunky Todgers gave them a grin. As they rode on, Mr. Penrose started for the Occidental for his breakfast, dropping in at the bar before he appeared in the dining-room.

Frank Richards & Co. rode cheerily out of Thompson into the upper valley, and Chunky Todgers began his new duties in the editorial office. And as he cleaned Mr. Penrose's exceedingly rusty and dusty stove, Chunky continued to dream gorgeous dreams. His bodily presence was in a dusty and untidy log-cabin; but, like the Dying Gladiator of old, his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away.

To a casual observer, it would have ! seemed that a fat and dusty schoolboy was labouring at the rusty stove. But the casual observer would have been mistaken. It was in reality the head and director of the World Newspaper Syndicate. Chunky Todgers could have told him so.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Something Like Work!

"Oh my!"

Chunky Todgers stopped to rest. He had expected Mr. Penrose back early, but the newspaper gentleman had not turned up.

Todgers was not a hard worker as a rule; he did not like work. But, fired by ambition, he had turned over a new leaf. That morning he had done an amount of work that would have put to the blush the Chinaman who sometimes came in to "do" for Mr. Penrose—on the occasions when Mr. Penrose had a dollar to spare.

Chunky had swept, and he had garnished.

He had dusted, and he had rubbed,

and he had scrubbed.

The office looked much the better for it. There was only one other room in the cabin-Mr. Penrose's bed-room. Whether sweeping the bed-room and making the bed formed part of the sub-editorial duties, Chunky Todgers was not quite sure; but he felt that he had better be on

the safe side, so he did it. The stove fairly shone, and the fire burned brightly in it, diffusing a grateful and comforting warmth through the cabin. The bench had been scrubbed down, loose types picked up from the floor and put into

the case. Chunky, being only a sub-editor and not a compositor, did not yet know anything about "dissing" type, and he put the loose types anywhere in the case. So it was probable that the next number of the "Press" set up by Mr. Penrose would exhibit some | Thompson. pleasing varieties of misprints.

set to work on the typewriter. That | fully. machine had seen service. Once upon a time it had figured in a Chicago office. Being scrapped, it had progressed through numberless secondhand shops, till its eventful career terminated in the Thompson valley. Mr. Penrose had picked it up as a bargain in Kamloops. As Mr. Penrose had given only a dollar and a half for it, no doubt it was a bargain.

It presented certain difficulties to the manipulator. One or two of the vowels were gone, and the keys to which they had belonged imprinted only a black dab on the paper. But Mr. Penrose was accustomed to his machine. He could guess with wonderful facility what his typewriting

was intended to convey. Chunky feasted his eyes on that "There's Chunky!" exclaimed Bob | typewriter. In that dusty, rusty, for article—ahem!—lemme see! Lawless suddenly, as the four riders | crusty old machine he saw visions of | can put in Poker Jim's 'Sunset on future greatness. His sub-editorial | the Rockies.' He's agreed to pay half efforts were to be typed on it- advertisement rates for a column. My articles, leading articles, works of eye! We shall want a story to cover fiction, splendid poems-all sorts of two whole pages. Hum, hem, hum!" literary things.

He cleaned the typer, and he oiled it—using plenty of oil. He brushed the type-what remained of it-and gave a turn to some loose screws. Mr. Penrose was not particular on such points, and he often worked in danger of his machine falling to pieces under him.

Then Chunky rested.

No wonder he ejaculated "Oh

He was tired. He had put in more work that Saturday morning in the office than he was accustomed to putting in in a whole week at school. But he was satisfied with the results. He could not help thinking that Mr. Penrose would be very pleased when he came

Chunky had brought cold beef and bread-and-cheese for his dinner, and he proceeded to devour them while he waited for the editor to come in. Mr. Penrose had told him that it was to be a busy day-and from the time Mr. Penrose apparently intended to begin, it was probable that the afternoon and evening would be crowded.

The fat sub-editor had finished his lunch, and was dozing by the stove, when Mr. Penrose came in at last.

Chunky started up and rubbed his eyes. Mr. Penrose's face was slightly flushed, and his gait a little uncertain. He gave Chunky Todgers a severe look. The look was all the more severe, because there was a dark ring round one of Mr. Penrose's eyes. That eye had evidently come into violent collision with something hard.

"Hallo! Lazing!" exclaimed Mr. Penrose.

"No fear!" said Todgers warmly. "I've done everything there is to be done. I guess I was waiting for you to mosey in."

Mr. Penrose glanced round him. He could not help noticing the difference in the aspect of his office.

"Good!" he said. "If you keep on like this, Todgers, you'll make a very good office-boy!"

"A what?" "Office-boy!"

"Sub-editor, I suppose you mean!"

said Todgers, with dignity.

Whatever Chunky's duties in the office might be, he certainly did not mean to be deprived of his rank.

Mr. Penrose grinned. Chunky's fancy for calling himself a sub-editor had induced him to accept lower wages than Mr. Penrose was prepared to offer to an office-boy. On the same terms, he could have called himself managing-director, if he had liked, so far as Mr. Penrose was concerned.

"My mistake!" said Mr. Penrose gracefully. "I mean, sub-editor. Have you had your dinner?"

"Yep!"

"Ready to work?"

"You bet!"

"Very good!" "Accident to your eye, sir?" murmured Chunky Todgers, as Mr. Pen-

ancient magazines from the East. Mr. Penrose rubbed his eye. There had been an argument in the barroom at the Occidental after Mr.

rose began turning over a pile of

Penrose's fifth drink, and 'Frisco Bill had had the better of the argument. "Ah, yes!" said Mr. Penrose. "Punch-ball, my boy!"

"Eh?" "Punch-ball-punching it like that, you know. Ball jumped back-hit me fairly in the eye!" said Mr. Penrose.

"Oh!" gasped Chunky. Todgers was not really a bright youth, but he blinked at that explanation. Certainly, he was not aware of the existence of any punchball in the Occidental Hotel at

Mr. Penrose turned over the maga-

Many other duties done, Chunky | zines, blinking at them rather pain-

"Lemme see! Can you type?" he

"First-rate!" said Todgers. "You've had practice?"

"I've often worked the machine at Gunten's store," said Chunky. "Kern Gunten used to get me to do the bills on it, and give me maple-sugar for it-I mean, I used to do it out of friendship."

"Good! Sit down!"

Chunky Todgers sat down at the typewriter blissfully. This was a little more sub-editorial than cleaning the stove or making the bed. He wished that Frank Richards & Co. could some in and see him now.

"Lemme see!" murmured Mr. Penrose. "We've got-lemme see! There'll be eight columns ads. One

Mr. Penrose examined the old magazines once more.

"I-I say, sir-" "Don't talk !"

"But-but I can help, sir!" said Todgers eagerly. "I'm prepared to write a story for the paper, sir-no extra charge, if you like-"

"Don't be a young jay! quiet!"

"But I'm rather clever at-" "Shut up!"

When an editor said shut up, it was part of a sub-editor's duties to shut up. Chunky realised that. So he shut up, though very reluctantly. He was prepared to place his gifts as an author at the disposal of his chief. His chief wasn't prepared to accept the gifts, however.

Mr. Penrose made his selection from the magazines at last. He found two stories in a couple of numbersone dealing with gold-mining in Australia, the other with cowboys in Texas. Mr. Penrose's intention was to weave the two together, putting in Canadian topography, and run the new version to the required length for his purpose.

This was a way of getting "copy" that Chunky Todgers was not yet acquainted with-though not an uncommon method with editors in Mr. Penrose's circumstances.

"Ready?" he rapped.

"I guess so!" "Now write as I dictate!"

"Go it, sir!"

Chunky had his paper on the roller ready. His fat fingers were on the

"The early sunrays were glinting on the summits of the Darling Range -I mean the Rocky Mountains-"

began Mr. Penrose. Click, click, click! "When Texas Jim-no, better

make it Canadian Jack-when Canadian Jack--" Click, click, click!

"Mounted his mustang-no, his horse-mounted his horse, and started at a gallop through the bush-no, over the prairie. The handsome young Australian squatter-I mean Texan cowboy-that is to say, Canadian rancher -- the handsome young Canadian rancher --- Got that?"

Click, click, click! Chunky Todgers was typing away

at a great rate. "Let's see what you've done," said

Mr. Penrose. He leaned over Chunky's shoulder, and the typist turned up the paper for

his editor to look. It ran: "The early sunrays were glinting on the summits of the Darling Range

-I mean the Rocky Mountainswhen Texas Jim-no, better make it Canadian Jack—when Canadian Jack mounted his mustang-no, his horsemounted his horse and started at a gallop through the bush-no, over the prairie. The handsome young Australian squatter-I mean Texan cowboy-that is to say, Canadian rancher - the handsome young Canadian rancher— Got that?"

Chunky Todgers looked up at his editor for commendation. But there was no commendation for Chunky Todgers. Greatly to his surprise, Mr. Penrose did not seem pleased. He gave a loud snort of disgust, instead of uttering the words of praise that Chunky was confidently expect-

"You silly young jay!" roared Mr. Penrose, in exasperation.

"Wha-a-at?" "Do you call that writing to dicta-

"I guess so. What's the matter with it?" demanded Chunky warmly. "I guess I've written down every word you spoke."

"You slabsided young idiot!" "Look here-"

"You pesky, wooden-headed mug-

"I-I-I guess--"

Mr. Penrose doubled one of the magazines in his hand, as if about to use it upon Chunky Todgers' astonished head. Fortunately he refrained.

"You pesky young idiot!" he said. "You're not to put down every word I say. I'm making up a story. You're to type the story. Don't you understand, you little jay? Put down the story and leave out the rest!"

"How am I to know which is story and which isn't?" demanded Todgers indignantly.

"I'll catch you a lick with this book next time you make a mistake," said Penrose. "Like that!"

"Yaroooh!" "That's the best way of avoiding

mistakes. Now take a fresh sheet and start again."

Chunky Todgers rubbed his head ruefully, and put a fresh sheet of. paper in the machine. Then he recommenced. Perhaps the rap on the head had jolted his intellect into greater activity, or perhaps the anticipation of another rap at the next mistake brightened him up. At all events, he managed to distinguish the story from Mr. Penrose's running comments, and the first page was filled to the editorial satisfaction.

"That'll do," said Mr. Penrose. "Put in another sheet."

Chunky was not an expert typist, and his fat fingers were aching a little from the unaccustomed exercise. But he was there to work—there was no mistake about that. There was more to come-much more-and it was Chunky's business to type as fast

tongue. He set to work bravely.

Mr. Penrose found great relief in the services of his new assistant. Instead of grinding at the typer himself, he walked about the office with a big cigar in his mouth and dictated. It was much easier for Mr. Penrose. It wasn't for the unfortunate Chunky. Sheet after sheet rolled Mr. Penrose. "I repeat that I do from the roller, and was replaced; and still Mr. Penrose was dictating, and Chunky was clicking and clicking at the keys.

Todgers was no longer Head of the World Newspaper Syndicatehis dreams had left him in the lurch. He was only conscious of fatigue and dizziness, and a growing desire to cut Mr. Penrose short by hurling the typewriter at him.

And still the droning voice came through the dimness of the oil-lamp, dictating, ceaselessly dictating, and Chunky's almost numbed fingers dabbled at the clicking keys.

"And he drew her to his heart with a sigh of the most perfect happiness!" said Mr. Penrose, at last. "The

"Eh?" "That's the lot." "Ow!"

Chunky staggered to his feet. How many hours-or rather centuries-he had sat at that awful typewriter, he did not know. He felt as if he had grown old at it. Mr. Penrose himself looked rather tired. Chunky blinked at him dizzily, and gave a sort of hysterical laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Hallo! What's the joke?" asked Mr. Penrose.

"Oh dear!" Chunky wiped his "Ow! I beperspiring forehead. lieve my blessed head is turning round! Ow!"

He leaned on the bench, gasping. "Mind the office till I come back," said Mr. Penrose.

"Eh?"

"I've got to speak to a man at the Occidental. Back soon." Mr. Penrose put on his hat and

vanished. Chunky Todgers collapsed into his

He groaned.

His hapless brain was still swimming from several hours of unaccustomed and concentrated work. The delights of sub-editing were gone. If this was sub-editing, Chunky Todgers felt that he would rather be splitting logs. He looked up at last dispiritedly, as there was a sound of footsteps in the doorway. But it was not Mr. Penrose returning. Frank Richards & Co., with smiling faces, looked into the editorial office.

#### The 4th Chapter. Quite Un-editorial.

"Hallo, Chunky!"

"Wow!"

"Hallo!" moaned Todgers. "You look a bit fagged, old chap," said Frank.

"Begad! Have you done that lot,

old top?" asked Algy Beauclere, |

"Been hard at it?" inquired Bob Lawless. "Yow!"

glancing at the sea of typewritten sheets on the bench.

"Oh! Ow! Oh dear!" "You must have been piling in,

kid," said Vere Beauclerc. " Wow!"

The sub-editor of the "Thompson Press " was evidently not in a happy frame of mind.

He blinked dolorously at the chums of Cedar Creek.

"I-I say, Penrose is a beast!" he said. "I-I don't know whether I shall keep on this job. If it wasn't for the prospects, I wouldn't." Chanky was recovering a little. "Still, there's the prospects. This is only the beginning. Later on-"

"Hallo! Here comes Penrose!" "You fellows had better clear," said Chunky. "Can't have schoolboys hanging round an editorial office."

"Why, you cheeky ass!" said Bob. "Vamoose the ranch, old chap!"

answered Chunky. The chums of Cedar Creek returned to their horses, which they had left tethered outside along with Chunky's pony. Mr. Penrose passed them, in the dusk, zigzagging towards the office. He left a delightful aroma of

rum behind him as he passed. The chums watched Mr. Penrose's painful progress. The editorial gentleman caught the doorpost just in time. Then he navigated himself into

the office. Chunky Todgers blinked at him. It was evident, at a glance, that Mr. Penrose had been sampling the tanglefoot at the Occidental, not wisely, but too well.

His face was flushed, his limbs unreliable, and his eyes had a fishlike as it rolled from Mr. Penrose's look. He stared at Chunky Todgers as if surprised to find him there. "Who are you?" asked Mr. Pen-

rose, fixing his eyes upon the fat schoolboy with a deadly look. Chunky started.

"Eh! I'm Todgers!" he answered. "You know me, I guess." "I do not know you!" answered not know you. What are you doing

here"" Oh, my word! I-I-I'm subeditor!" gasped Chunky, in dismay.

"You lie!"

"You lie!" said Mr. Penrose, still with that deadly look fixed upon the startled and terrified Chunky. "Oh dear!"

"You have come here," said Mr. Penrose, with painful distinctness, "to rob my office" "I-I haven't. I-I guess I-I--"

stuttered Chunky, with a longing glance towards the door. But his chief was between him and the door. "You are aware, young man," con-

tinued Mr. Penrose, "that we have the biggest circulation west of the Rocky Mountains."

"Oh crikey!" "I am quite aware of your purpose in sur-sur-surreptitiously visiting these offices, sir," said Mr. Penrose. "Knowing that our circulation is the biggest, sir, in the West, you expected to find cash on the premises, sir-you have come here, sir, to rob me! I have caught you in the act, sir, and

now I will---" Mr. Penrose made a rush at

Todgers. Before the astounded Chunky could dodge, the editorial grasp was upon him. It was only too clear that the tanglefoot at the Occidental had rendered Mr. Penrose quite incapable of recognising his sub-editor, or reven knowing that he had a sub-editor at all. It was fortunate for the subeditor that Frank Richards & Co. were near at hand.

Chunky let out a terrified yell. "Yaroooh! Help! Frank! Bob!" "Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bob Law-"This isn't editorial at all! Come on! Poor old Chunky is going

to get damaged!" The chums of Cedar Creek rushed

"Collar him!" Mr. Penrose was grasped, and dragged from his victim. He rolled over on the floor, and then sat up, blinking, with a serene smile.

"Come on, Chunky! Better quit!" grinned Bob Lawless. "Oh dear!"

Chunky Todgers was glad enough to quit. He rushed for his pony. Frank Richards & Co. followed him. and mounted their horses, what time Mr. Penrose curled up on the floor, with a happy smile, and went to sleep.

Chunky Todgers turned up at Cedar Creek School on Monday. And in answer to inquiries, he stated, quite forcibly, that he was staying at school instead of going into the newspaper business. The "Thompson Press " had lost its sub-editor.

THE END.

### THE FORM-MASTER'S DOUBLE!

(Continued from page 508.)

Between them they propelled the drunken master out into the passage, which was crowded with seniors and juniors alike. The news had spread very quickly, and one and all had turned out to see Mr. Manders fired from Rookwood. There was no love lost between him and most of the Rookwooders.

"Here he comes!" whispered

Jimmy Silver.

"Great Scott!" "Positively reeks of it!"

"Drunk, by gad!" Such were the remarks that greeted

Mr. Manders' appearance in the

"Boys!" thundered Dr. Chisholm. "Go to your studies at once! Do you

The Rookwooders felt the Head's righteous wrath in the look that accompanied his words, and none dared to disobey. They turned, and very soon the passage was emptied as they hurried off to their studies.

By this time Mack and the chauffeur had succeeded in conducting the bogus Mr. Manders to Dr. Chisholm's car, and they bundled him in unceremoniously.

Then the Head appeared, and they

made way for him. "Manders," he commenced quietly, "I can't express my feelings in adequate words, but you understand that you are never to come near Rookwood in the future. You have disgraced yourself abominably. The money that you borrowed from me will be deducted from your salary, which I will send on to you in the morning."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The bogus master so far forgot his role as to burst into a youthful fit of laughter. He felt so elated with himself. Everything had gone off without a hitch.

The Head started a little as he heard that burst of merriment, but he put it down to Mr. Manders' drunkenness.

"Good-hic!-bye, old bean!" said the bogus master affectionately.

Dr. Chisholm did not respond to that friendly farewell. Instead, he issued a few instructions to his chauffeur, and the latter, starting the engine, jumped into his seat at the wheel.

The car drove off, purring gently, and the bogus Mr. Manders leaned out of the window, waving his mortaboard dramatically at the Head's receding figure until the gates were reached. Then he leaned back on the luxurious cushions, with a sigh of contentment.

What a sensation would prevail at Rookwood when it became known that the Mr. Manders who had been dismissed from the school was not Mr. Manders at all, but a Rookwood old boy! Dennis could imagine the greeting Mr. Manders would receive on his arrival at Rookwood after his short captivity. His reflections were brought to an abrupt ending as the car pulled up at the station.

The chauffeur attempted to assist the master out of the car; but Dennis waved him aside, and pressed a handsome tip into his outstretched palm.

The chauffeur was too amazed to utter any words of thanks. Ten minutes before, this master had been as drunk as a lord, and now he was actually walking unassisted into the station-yard! It was too much for the chauffeur, and, muttering to himself, he clambered into his seat and drove off in the direction of Rookwood.

"My eye! Wot a nerve!"

That remark escaped old Mack, the porter, as he beheld the form of Mr. Manders, who had summoned him from his lodge at one o'clock in the morning.

"Open the gates at once, Mack!" fumed Mr. Manders. "At once! Do you hear?"

"Which as 'ow I 'ear all right, Mr. Manders; but I ain't a-going to open them there gates for the likes of you! You're fired!"

Mr. Manders' hopes sank to zero as he heard old Mack utter those last two words. Then Dennis' plan had succeeded, while he, helpless and alone, was a prisoner in a deserted cottage. The alarm-clock had gone

off at twelve o'clock, and, true to Dennis' prophecy, the leathern girdle which had held him captive had automatically released itself. He had hastened back to Rookwood, fearing the worst, and evidently the worst had happened.

"I says you're a-fired," repeated Mack-"fired for disgraceful conduct -namely, drunk, or, as the 'Ead would say, non compus mensis!"

"But, I tell you, Mack, I have been a prisoner since mid-day! Dennis, a Rookwood old boy, captured me by a clever ruse and took my place up at the school in order to get me disgraced!" pleaded Mr. Manders, not very hopefully, however.

"Oh, oh! That's a wery likely story, ain't it?" chuckled Mack.

Mr. Manders dropped his pleading, and fell to commanding again, but without success.

"Mack, open this gate at once! command you!" he rasped.

"Not likely, you drunken old rascal!" replied Mack, becoming warlike at once. "Clear hout, or I'll clear you!" he threatened, waving his lusty arms.

Mr. Manders saw that it was hopeless to force an entrance in Mack's direction, and his mind set to work swiftly for the alternative. The alternative was the wall. Mr. Manders was not an athlete, but he made up his mind to scale that wall somehow. He could not stay out in the cold all night. Turning he stamped off out of sight, while Mack, grumbling to himself, once more sought the comfort of warm sheets.

Mr. Manders walked for some distance along the school wall until he came to a spot slightly lower from the ground than the remainder of the old structure. With a leap, his hands clutched the top of the wall, and he commenced to haul himself up.

It was a very painful process, and his hands and knees suffered in consequence: but at last he sat astride the wall, triumphant-monarch of all he surveyed, so to speak. Then, lowering himself to the other side, he set off at a brisk pace in the direction of the Head's sanctum.

A light was burning in the room, from which he gathered that Dr. Chisholm was working late.

work in some surprise when there came a knock at his door. Wonderingly he bade the visitor enter. His eyes nearly bulged from his head when he saw that his visitor was none other than the master he had dismissed a few hours previously.

"What are you doing here, Manders?" he inquired, in a hard voice. "I can see that you have been taken in, too," began Mr. Manders, his face

working with excitement. "What do you mean? Explain

yourself!" "I have been the victim of a very clever plot-a plot contrived and

carried out by a Rookwood old boy, named Dennis." "Indeed!"

The Head's tone was not encouraging at first, but, as Mr. Manders related his experiences, starting at his receipt of the telegram, his face cleared, and the hostile expression softened down to concern. The un- i eye as he perused that peculiar fortunate master told his tale with | epistle. such conviction that, by the time he had finished, the Head began to see through the whole plot.

"So he was a Rookwood old boy, was he? Ah, I remember now! He was expelled for being found in a licensed house. A very peculiar way he has of getting his own back. presume that was the motive?"

"Yes, sir."

"Ahem!" Dr. Chisholm almost smiled. The humorous side of the affair struck

Mr. Manders was silent. "Dear me! Have you noticed this,

That question escaped Mr. Manders as he beheld an envelope on a small

table near by, addressed "Dr. Chisholm, re Manders." "How on earth did that get

there?" asked the Head, puzzled. He took the envelope, ran his thumb along the edge, and com-

It ran:

menced reading.

me, now that I have taught Mr. Manders a lesson, to explain a few I wish to break the news things. quietly. But the master you expelled to-night was not a master at all-Dr. Chisholm looked up from his don't faint!-in short, it was my lof Rookwood!" Don't miss it!)

worthy self-Dennis, a Rockwood old boy. You may think my sense of humour somewhat peculiar, but the fact remains. Perhaps you remember expelling me from Rookwood a few years back for being found in a pub. Mr. Manders was the chief witness in that little affair, and, although I received the full sentence from yourself, I was innocent. Still, that doesn't rankle within me; it was Manders I had the grudge against. No doubt he will tell you everything, as I haven't time to write more at the moment. Don't think too hardly of me for this little escapade, doctor, but just look upon it as a schoolboy jape, and a very clever one at that-

"My respects to Manders! Hope he doesn't bear any malice.

"ARTHUR DENNIS, M.A., B.A.—ahem!"

There was a twinkle in the Head's

"Well, everything is explained, Manders. I think you had better get back to your duties-or, rather, your bed just now."

"Very good, sir!"

"The boys will have to be acquainted with this masquerade of young Dennis in the morning." And Mr. Manders left Dr. Chis-

holm's room, and tottered up to bed, where he slept the sleep of exhaustion. Great excitement prevailed the next morning at Rookwood when it

became known that Mr. Manders' place had been taken by a Rookwood old boy.

"No wonder the chap could play footer!" remarked Lovell.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It dawned on them now, and, needless to say, Jimmy Silver did not approach the real Mr. Manders on the subject of coaching the junior footer team. That crusty master soon settled down into his old state, and impositions and canings became the order of the day once more. But it was a long time before Jimmy Silver & Co. "Dear Dr. Chisholm,-It is up to | forgot "The Form-master's Double!"

THE END.

(There is a special Christmas story of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "The Ghost

Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. All letters should be addressed: "The Editor, the BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4."

Readers of the Boys' FRIEND are invited to contribute short original paragraphs of general interest for publication on this page. Cash prizes of five shillings and half-a-crown, according to merit, will be awarded to the senders of all paragraphs published.

## "RHYMESTER" COMPETITION

In this competition the First Prize of Fifty Shillings has been awarded

Harry Leslie Barber, Hope Terrace, Clayton West,

Nr. Huddersfield. 1. And brightens up existence.

3. Tendered my resignation. 4. Such games will "stoney" break

5. A jolly care-free lad I.

The five prizes of 10s. each have been awarded to:

L. A. McCann, Lodge Farm Cottage, Beaulieu, Hants. Miss Isabel Newton, 23, Barrington

Street, Clayton, Manchester. E. B. Childs, Glancare, Dalkey, Co.

Dublin. Wm. J. Stone, Glen Cottage, Murrin Road, Maidenhead.

H. O. Rabson, Seeburg, Westville Road, Thames Ditton. H L. J. Wood, 61, Crayford Way,

following six competitors:

Pocket-knives have been sent to the

Crayford, Kent. R. G. Bones, 53, Barnmead Road, Beckenham, Kent.

Miss Norah Dodd, 6, Park Terrace, Grange Road, Darlington. Russell Simpson, 81, Sandmere Road,

Clapham, S.W.4. F. D. Blackmore, 60, Whitworth Tom Berrow, Burnell Cottage, Berwick Road, Shrewsbury.

## NEXT MONDAY'S

near now, and in the next issue of the Boys' Friend my chums will find a story, which is entitled: thoroughly Christmassy atmospherean atmosphere of good cheer, of holly, of snow, and also of ghosts! For Christmas is the great time for fireside ghost stories, related with bated breath to the family circle sitting round waiting for the chestnuts to roast! We will hope for the holly and the snow-if not for the ghosts!-in real life this peace Christmas; but if we are disappointed in that, as we often are, the next best thing is to have a full muster of these special Yuletide items in your favourite paper. Unfortunately, exigencies connected with paper and printing do not allow of the issue of a double number this year, but in Next Monday's

BUMPER CHRISTMAS NUMBER, published at the usual price, my chums will find a treasure-house of good, wholesome, and seasonable readingmatter, enlivened by bright pictures. That I can promise them. A more detailed description of next week's contents is given below.

#### NEXT MONDAY'S ATTRACTIONS

There is a tip-top budget of readingmatter on the programme for next Monday's issue of the Boys' FRIEND. Mr. Owen Conquest has obliged with a special Christmas story which will, I am sure, delight all my chums. This particular story is full of mystery, and can safely say that Owen Conquest has given us of his best in

"THE GHOST OF ROOKWOOD!"

Next on the list is a long, complete yarn of Frank Richards & Co., relating in vivid style the adventures of the Cedar Creek heroes during the Christmas-time is drawing very Christmas holidays. None of my readers should omit to read this fine

#### "SNOW-BOUND!" By Martin Clifford.

Also another ripping instalment of our grand new adventure serial of which Steve Emberton is the leading light. Jose Pascales makes things very hot for the young Britisher, and events take a dramatic turn in

"THE DOUBLE-HORSESHOE RANCH!" By Gordon Wallace.

Another long instalment of our treasure-hunting serial, which will be followed with keen interest by all my chums who look forward to reading the exploits of Dick Dorrington & Co. in

"SKULL ISLAND!" By Duncan Storm.

And a splendid instalment of our school sporting serial in which Bobby Tate & Co. assist Charles Roberts, the convict, in his bid for liberty. Don't

"THE SPORTS OF ST. CLIVE'S!" By Arthur S. Hardy.

There is another boxing article by Stanley Hooper, and all those of you who are followers of this noble sport ? Rookwood Rhymester," will be the will appreciate his valuable hints. ) judge, and he will award the prizesculled from a lengthy experience of ring-craft.

Last, but not least, there is a ripping little article, specially written for the Christmas Number of the Boys' FRIEND by Clive Fenn, entitled:

"UNCLE BILL AND CHRISTMAS TIME!"

## No. 2.

who submitted the following lines:

2. Who never thinks of playtime.

Road, Dublin.

#### OUR NEW WEEKLY COMPETITION! (No Entrance Fee required)

Have you tried our novel competition yet? Just glance down the next column and make up your mind to enter for this simple and yet in- My pupils have requested me, teresting feature. The Rookwood Rhymester, who gained such popularity with his "Personalities" series, has induced some of the leading lights | I at Rookwood to write verses about themselves. All you have to do is to supply the last line in each verse-it must rhyme with the sixth line and also carry on the theme of the verse. I'm master of a junior Form, It is not difficult, and you will find it provides no end of amusement. Don't think that you have to use words of great length-plain, simple English

When you have succeeded in supplying the missing "last lines," send in your effort to "Rhymester Competition, No. 7," THE BOYS' FRIEND, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4. Competitors' efforts must | They do not seem to care a jot reach the above address not later than first post, December 22nd. A postcard They treat the Form-room as a jest, will be sufficient.

will do.

Your Editor, assisted by "The twelve of them each week-to the readers who send in the best "last | Unless they cause unseemly noise, lines," in his opinion. By the act of entering this competition, every competitor binds himself, or herself, to accept your Editor's decison as

CASH PRIZES FOR READERS!

"MYSELF!" By Mr. Bootles.

(Master of the Fourth Form.) Dear readers, to address you, And I have done so, as you see. I hope it won't depress you! have no very special theme Which I may string my lyre on, Nor is my poetry a dream

Most trying of positions! sometimes have to make things warm. And give out impositions.

I often have to wield the cane To check my erring pupils; But, though it often gives them pain, CASH PRIZE OF FIFTY

They set me at defiance; For maths or modern science. And sometimes bring a cat in. Their knowledge is not manifest

My boys are not a brilliant lot,

And yet, of course, boys will be boys; In fact, I rather like them; I hesitate to strike them. They're little monkeys, on the whole,

But that's to be expected;

And frequently, upon my soul,

| And yet, in spite of all the strife And everyday distraction, I would not throw aside this life

> Which gives me satisfaction. The man who cannot bear to face Each juvenile disaster, And grows severe and sour of face,

The last line of each verse is left for you to supply. You need not write out the poem in full in sending in your attempt; just send in a card with the five "last lines" written on it and your name and address. Now for the prizes. For the most meritorious effort-the one which I consider "rounds off" Mr. Bootles' poem the best-I shall award a

# SHILLINGS.

For the 5 next best efforts,

FIVE PRIZES OF TEN SHILLINGS EACH.

and for the next six. Consolation Prizes of 6 Splendid Pocket Knives.

ENTER FOR THIS INTERESTING COMPETITION TO-DAY!