

## Master Nobody, from Nowhere!

Jimmy Silver's Latest Recruit!

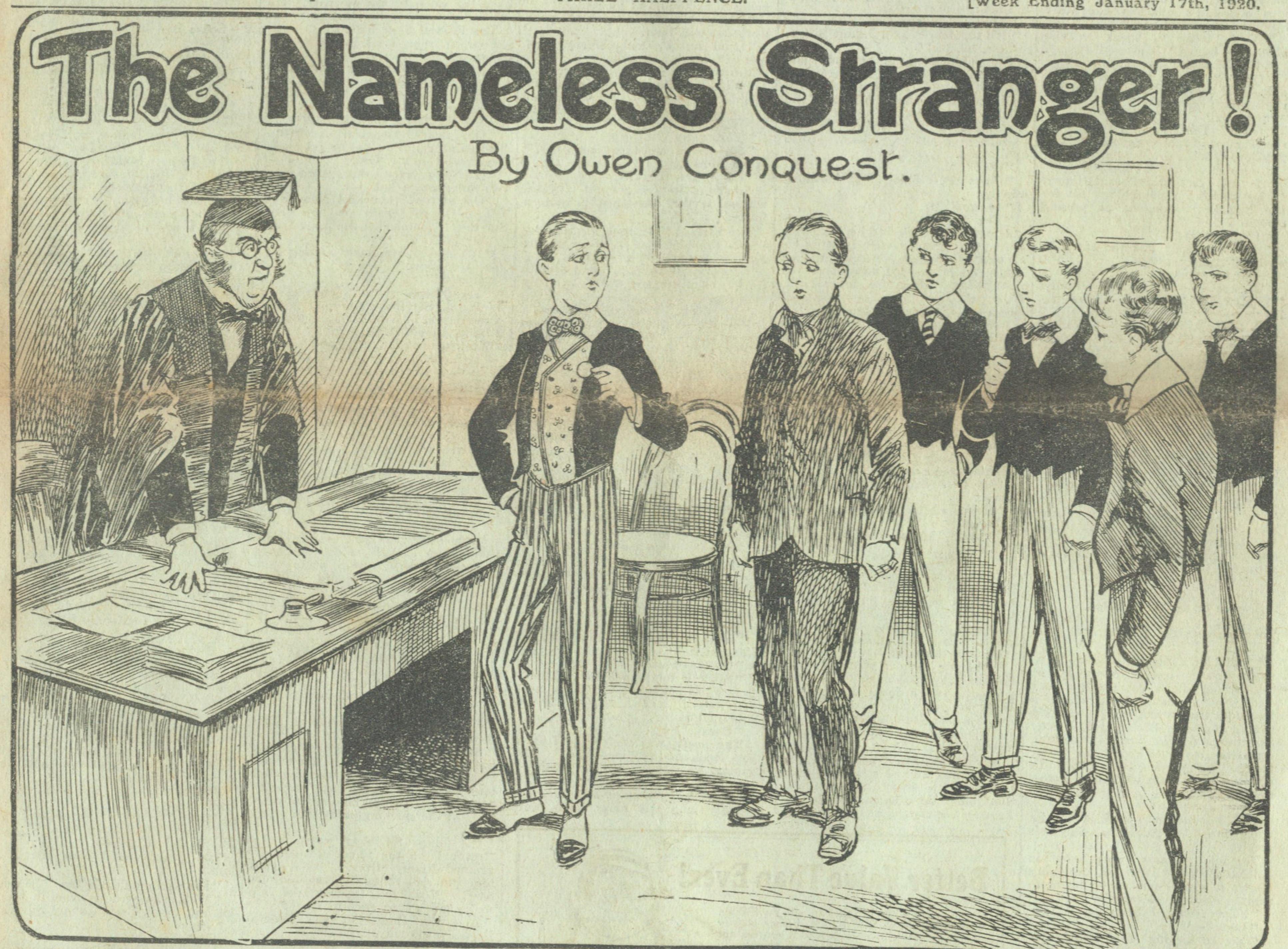


# TWELVE PAGES!

No. 971. Vol. XIX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending January 17th, 1920.



## A STRANGE LIKENESS!

"My dear Smythe," said Mr. Bootles, "I have sent for you to see this lad-" "Well, sir," grunted Smythe. "He bears a remarkable resemblance to you," pursued the master. "The likeness is perhaps a family likeness—" "Nothin' of the sort! I have never seen him before!" growled Adolphus. "Perhaps he's a cousin?" suggested Mr. Bootles. "I've got six or seven cousins, but none of them look like that frowsy tramp!" snorted Smythe. The nameless boy flushed, and the Fistical Four gave Adolphus very expressive looks.

The 1st Chapter. Taken in Hand.

the Shell was enjoying-more or less | The door opened. knock startled him.

less idea of clearing off the smoke blinked at his visitor. There was a knock at the door of happened to be his Form-master at Form. Smythe's study at Rookwood, and the door, or a prefect of the Sixth, Adolphus Smythe hastily removed a the cigarette would have had painful at the sight of Adolphus and the wav- "What the thunder do you want?" cigarette from his mouth. Smythe of results for the sportive Adolphus.

-an after-dinner eigarette, when the Fortunately for Adolphus, it was quired. not Mr. Mooney; and it was not a "Oh, you rotter!" stuttered Adolphus frowned, and extracted Fistical Four uneasily through the He pitched the cigarette hastily into | prefect. Adolphus, caught in the act | Adolphus.

| round his head with the rather hope- | in the midst of a little cloud of smoke, | Certainly he had been startled; but |

ing newspaper.

it was not necessary to attempt to before the door was opened. For if it It was Jimmy Silver of the Fourth | deceive the captain of the Fourth. | Jimmy Silver could see as much Jimmy came in cheerfully, grinning | smoke as he liked in Smythe's study.

growled Adolphus. "I don't remem-"Startled you, old top?" he in- ber askin' you here, Jimmy Silver." "I want you, old chap."

the fire, and waved a newspaper of frantically waving the newspaper. He threw aside the newspaper. I used it to point to the door.

"Hook it!" he said. Jimmy Silver did not hook it. Adolphus lighted the cigarette, with a

scowl of defiance. "Come in, you fellows!" called out

Jimmy.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome, of the Fourth, followed their leader into another cigarette from his case, and haze of blue smoke. He was not on I friendly terms with the chums of the in his study.

Jimmy Silver.

"I have!"

constituted--"

"Is Smythe ready?"

Shut the door after you."

"We've come to speak to you

Adolphus raised his eyebrows.

"It isn't exactly that," said Jimmy.

"This morning I put up the list for

the Bagshot match, as at present

and not me! You know I'm open to

play for Rookwood Juniors. You left

me out. I thought I'd let Rookwood

see what I thought of your dashed

Adolphus shrugged his shoulders.

"you've put forward your claims

often enough, Smythey. You played

for Rookwood before I was skipper,

and you played the goat. But I'm

"I shouldn't ask you to come on if

there were," smiled Jimmy Silver.

"I'm going to give you a chance, as I

said. Not a chance to muck up a

match for Rookwood, of course; but a

chance to get fit to play. See?

Slacking about in a study, smoking

cigarettes, isn't the way to get fit for

footer. We're going for a tramp this

afternoon-a ten-mile tramp across

The Fistical Four chuckled at the

Ten-mile tramps were not in

"You're kicking up a shindy be-

cause you don't get a look in in the

footer. Well, the first step is to make

yourself fit for footer! You see

"Go an' eat coke!" was Adolphus'

"After a ten-mile tramp, you'll feel

"I'm not goin' for a tramp!"

"That's my bizney!" said Adolphus

"My business, too, when you write

'Rotten' across my footer list, be-

cause your name isn't in it,"

answered Jimmy Silver coolly.

"Your mistake! You are! Come

"You're coming out for training."

"I won't!" yelled Adolphus.

roared Adolphus. "I've got some

chaps comin' to see me here this after-

"Banker and smokes-what?"

Adolphus' line. Indeed, Adolphus

found it quite exertion enough to

saunter elegantly across the quad.

"Savvy?" asked Jimmy.

"Look here--"

quite a new man."

"I'm not!"

noon!"

loftily.

expression on Adolphus Smythe's

the heath. You're coming with us."

going to give you a chance."

"Good. Come on."

Smythe of the Shell stared.

"I'm ready."

"Wha-a-at?"

face.

"Cheeky ass!" said Lovell wrath-

"Well," said Jimmy Silver,

right thing, Silver-"

scribble on my paper-"

Adolphus grinned.

Adolphus graciously.



#### NAMELESS STRANGER!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Tired?" asked Jimmy Silver sympathetically. "Never mind; we'll howled Adolphus. "Leggo!" help you. Lend him a hand, you chaps."

"You bet!" grinned Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You-you rotters!". gasped Adolphus Smythe, repenting himrather too late-that he had inscribed his lofty opinion on the junior footer list. "I tell you I won't come!" | With feelings too deep for words, | miles back, made Adolphus almost | new-comer.

Arthur Edward Lovell, with a grin. him at once, to assist him out of his ington of the Fourth was found, with now, old fellow," said Jimmy. wards them. comfortable and luxurious armchair. Erroll, and they both looked very "Are you ready, Smythe?" asked Luxurious armchairs and cigarettes curiously at Smythe and his comcertainly were not a proper prepara- panions. "I'm ready to see the last of you," | tive for strenuous football; and growled Adolphus. "What the Adolphus had asked for it. merry dickens do you mean by shovin'

The Shell fellow clung desperately "Taking him for a walk! We're

about the footer," explained Jimmy. The Fistical Four pulled, and rotter!" howled Smythe.

Adolphus still clung. The armchair Morny laughed.

exhausted Adolphus.

"And that's the chap who claims "Oh!" he said, a little more amic-Adolphus still clung. The armchair ably. "If you've decided to do the shrieked on its castors towards the the passage. He landed in the a foot. There!"
passage in a sitting position, with a "Yarooooh!" "Good! I'm prepared to play in the Bagshot match on Saturday," said passage in a sitting position, with a loud bump.
"Ow!" Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled.

"Come on, old top!" said Jimmy affably.

"Leggo!"

"This way!" "I know that!" Adolphus was lifted to his feet, with The Fistical Four took the road to- Smythey?" demanded Jimmy Silver. | hollow, a second figure appeared in "And somebody had the cheek to | Jimmy Silver and Lovell grasping his | wards Coombe, and Smythe of the arms. Raby and Newcome walked | Shell reluctantly took it with them. behind, as he was led away down the "It was your fist!" said Jimmy. passage, and when he hung back, Silver comfortingly. "We're only "You wrote 'Rotten!' across my Raby put in an application of his boot going to do ten miles-" which quite bucked Adolphus.

"I thought it rotten!" explained | And the great chief of the Giddy Adolphus calmly. "Your selections | Goats of Rookwood was marched out | five or six-" always are rotten, Silver. You don't | into the quadrangle in a frame of know how to pick out footballers. | mind that would have done credit to Not one of my friends in the team- | a Prussian Hun.

> The 2nd Chapter. Rough on Adolphus.

"Bulkeley!" howled Smythe. Bulkeley of the Sixth was in the quad talking to Neville, when Adolphus came out with his escort.

The two Sixth-Formers glanced round.

"Hallo, what's this game?" asked Bulkeley.

Bulkeley!"

"Now, Silver—" Bulkeley," explained Jimmy Silver, on the heath he was gasping. with great meekness. "Smythe claims "Come on! What do you mean? a place in the junior eleven and won't mile?" inquired Newcome. There's no match this afternoon," he | be happy till he gets it. So we're | "Ow!" going to give him some exercise."

Bulkeley laughed. "Slacking in your study, as usual, Smythe!" he exclaimed. "I've routed What do you want to stick indoors for on a fine, frosty afternoon?"

"It's-it's c-c-cold!" stammered Smythe.

Adolphus did not care to explain that he had invited a little smokingparty to his study that afternoon. Such an explanation would not have done for the captain of Rookwood.

"Cold, is it?" said Bulkeley. "You'll get colder crouching indoors. Go out and get some exercise!"

BOYS' FRIEND

"Look here, Bulkeley-" "Rubbish!"

Bulkeley walked away with Neville, and Adolphus was left to the tender mercies of the Fistical Four. "Come on, old sport!" said Jimmy

"Leggo, you beast! Bulkeley ought to interfere-he's a prefect!"

"Bulkeley knows the kind of slacking worm you are, you know," said Jimmy. "This way! March! Your boot handy, Raby?"

"What-ho!" coming!" "I-I-I'm gasped Adolphus.

And he came.

Silver.

"And I tell you you will!" said | Adelphus marched down to the gates | hysterical. Fourth—far from it. And he was not Jimmy Silver.

with the playful Fourth-Formers. His Jimmy Silver closed one eye to curious enough.

The Fistical Four closed round the chums, Howard and Tracy, stared at Lovell, and Adolphus' arms were renut of the Shell. | them in the quad, but they did not | leased at last. "Here we are, old scout!" said Four pairs of hands were laid upon intervene. In the gateway, Morn-

"Hallo! Are you kidnappin' our change?"
prize nut?" asked Mornington. "Yah! Beast!" prize nut?" asked Mornington.

going to make him fit for footer." into a fellow's quarters like this? to the arms of the chair.

Shut the door after you."

on a big stone by the footpath. He shrieked.

"Oh, gad! You've got all your sat and pumped in breath." "All together!" said Jimmy Silver. | work cut out, then."

"Ha, ha, ha!" | "Lend me a hand, Morny, you | Four grinning faces looked at the

door. At the door it jammed, and askin'!" he remarked. "I won't lend Arthur Edward Lovell. "What Adolphus was plucked out of it into | you a hand, Smythey; I'll lend you | would he be like after the first half

Adolphus Smythe got out of gates | two miles and a half yet." without further assistance, in quite a "Out of ten!" chuckled Newcome. | direction of his gaze. Where the path hurry.

"Cheer up, old chap," said Jimmy

"Oh, dear!" moaned Adolphus. "You'll feel better after the first

"Ow!" "Right across the heath, you know," chuckled Lovell. "It's rather on his face was too much for the Fistirough going, but you'll get used to cal Four. They yelled.

"Yow! You awful rotters!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Adolphus had to walk as Jimmy

and Lovell kept a grip on his arms. He was feeling quite tired by the time the village of Coombe came in The juniors did not enter Coombe,

but struck off by a footpath through "Yow! Make 'em lemme go, the wood for the open heath.

Adolphus' steps lagged on the footpath. He was breathing heavily. "Only taking Smythe for a walk, By the time the walkers came out

"How do you feel after the first

"Feel up to the other nine?"

chortled Raby. "Oh, you rotters!"

"Stick it out, Adolphus! This is you out about a dozen times, myself. | the way to get into the junior eleven, you know," said Jimmy Silver encouragingly. "Beast!"

> The heath was under the feet of the Rookwood juniors now. The ground was rough, and the "going was heavy. Adolphus felt that life was hardly worth living as he tramped wearily on. His natty boots were

soon thick with mud, and did not look at all like the elegant boots of the greatest nut at Rookwood. Perspiration was streaming down his face, and his eyeglass hung unregarded at the end of its cord. His beautiful white collar was growing damp. His look was that of a suffering martyr. All the woes of the universe seemed to have settled upon the shoulders of the Giddy Goat of Rookwood, to judge by his expression. And still he tramped on.

The second mile landed the party out in the midst of the lonely heath among the old deserted quarries.

Adelphus lagged more and more, and

even George Raby's boot failed to keep him up to time

And the thought of doing another three miles out, and then five whole | Silver, his eyes fixed curiously on the

"You're sticking it really well." "Yow-ow!"

"Perhaps you'd like to run for a

Adolphus Smythe sank breathlessly | him with growing astonishment. on a big stone by the footpath. He "Somebody's after him!" mur-The Fistical Four halted.

"What a polite an' graceful way of a place in the junior eleven!" said you bet!" against St. Jim's, for instance?"

"Oh, dear!" moaned Adolphus. "Any more assistance required?" | "You rotters! I've got to get back. I can never do it! Ow!"

"We can't hang about waiting for you, you know."

"Rotter!" "Look here, if you don't get a move on, Smythey, we shall go on without you, and sha'n't take you for

a walk at all!" said Jimmy. Adolphus started.

The hopeful expression that came

It dawned upon Adolphus that the cheery Co. had been pulling his leg, and that that dreaded ten-mile tramp

was not to be a reality, after all. "Come on, you chaps," said Jimmy Silver, laughing. "You can crawl home, Smythey. We're not going to take you ten miles. We don't want to have to carry your body home to Rookwood."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But next time you meddle with the footer list," added Jimmy severely, "we'll really make you walk ten miles. That's a tip! Scat!"

Adolphus laboured to his feet. He was only too glad of the chance to "scat." Fearful lest the Fourth-Formers should change their minds, he started on the homeward way, limping wearily along the rough track. He turned once, to shake a fist at the juniors, and then limped

Jimmy Silver & Co. went on their way chuckling.

Adolphus of the Shell had had his lesson; it was likely to be a wrecked and doleful Adolphus that crawled into Rookwood again, and certainly he was not likely to be cheerful company at the smoking-party that after-

"I fancy Smythey won't write "rotten" on the footer list again." grinned Jimmy Silver. "We'll make him walk all round the heath if he does. Now, you fellows, hoof it; we've got a long way to go!"

And the chums of the Fourth hoofed it cheerily.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Nobody, from Nowhere!

"My hat! Smythe!" Jimmy Silver jumped.

It was an hour or so since Adolphus had departed, and the chums of the Fourth had tramped a good distance. They had stopped now in a hollow of the heath, near one of the old disused quarries, for tea-tea consisting of bread and cheese, eaten with a keen appetite after their tramp on the heath.

Jimmy Silver glanced up at the sound of footsteps, and uttered an ejaculation as a figure appeared in the hollow.

"Smythe!" At the first glance it looked like

Smythe of the Shell. But if it was Smythe, he had

Four had seen him last, for the newcomer was clad in a tattered and soiled old suit of cheap tweeds-quite a contrast to Adolphus' elegant Etons.

The Fistical Four stared at him. The new-comer was a fellow of Smythe's age, and of the same build, and his features were remarkably like Smythe's, though they lacked the somewhat lackadaisical expression of

the great Adolphus. "Smythe, or his twin brother!" said Lovell in amazement.

"It's Smythe!" said Raby, with a grunt. "I've heard of his dodge before, changing his clothes when he's going pub-haunting!"

"There's no pubs here!" said New-

"It's jolly queer!" said Jimmy

The latter's movements were

seated on the stony bank in the "You can manage without help hollow; he did not once glance to-

> As he came on into the hollow, tramping wearily, he was constantly glancing behind him, over his shoul-

> der, as if in fear of pursuit. The Rookwood juniors watched

mured Lovell. "Looks like it!" "Prefect!" said Raby. "He's

been pub-haunting in that clobber, and a prefect has been stalking him,

"If it's Smythe!" said Jimmy. "It's Smythe right enough!"

The new-comer continued to advance into the hollow, still without looking in the direction of the asked Morny.

"Ow! You beast!"

I can never do it! Ow!"

"And you haven't done more than and spun round, his face going white, and the Rookwooders followed the "Ain't you ready to go on, from the open heath dipped into the

It was that of a short, thick-set man with a stubbly chin and a broken nose. His voice came to the ears of the Fistical Four as he strode quickly towards the tattered youth.

"Found you again, hang you!" "What the merry thunder--" murmured Lovell in blank amazement.

Jimmy Silver rose quickly to his

"I rather think we chip in here," he said in a low voice.

The tattered youth broke into a sudden run, and in a moment more, with the ruffian close behind him, he had run into the Fistical Four.

Jimmy Silver caught him by the arm and stopped him. "Let me go! Let me go!"

"Hold on, Smythe!"

"Let me go!"

The broken-nosed man stopped abruptly at the sight of the Fistical Four. There was a thick cudgel in his hand, and he grasped it and came on again, more slowly.

Jimmy Silver stepped Ibetween him and the fugitive, with a gleam in his eyes.

"Stop!" he said curtly.

The tattered youth ran on up the hollow, but he was evidently at the end of his strength, for he stumbled and fell. Lovell and Raby and Newcome drew quickly to Jimmy Silver's side. They were utterly puzzled by the strange affair, but it was clear enough that the tattered youth, whether he was Smythe or not, was in need of protection.

The ruffian eyed the four schoolboys surlily.

"Out of the way!" he snapped. "You'll let Smythe alone!" said Jimmy Silver quietly.

The broken-nosed man stared at

"His name ain't Smythe!" he said. "Well, whatever his name is, you'll let him alone," said Jimmy Silver.

"Stand aside!" "Rats!" The broken-nosed man swung up

his cudgel. "You mind your own business," he said." I'm looking arter that kid. Now, I give you a second to clear." Jimmy Silver clenched his hands

broken - nosed man was evidently a dangerous ruffian, and his cudgel looked formidable; but the

Fistical Four did not think of budging. They faced the ruffian coolly. "Are you going outer the way?"

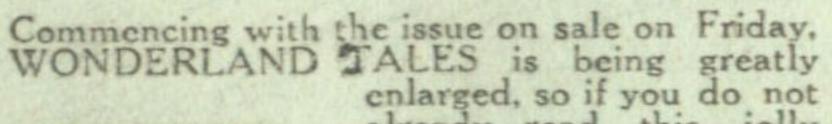
demanded the ruffian. "No."

"Then look out!"

The broken-nosed man rushed forward, whirling the cudgel.

The juniors scattered before the rush, and the slash of the weapon swept only the air; but the next moment Jimmy Silver rushed in, and changed his clothes since the Fistical | before the ruffian could raise his

### Better Value Than Ever!





Carter, the hero

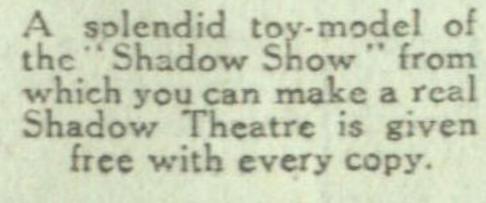
of a thrilling

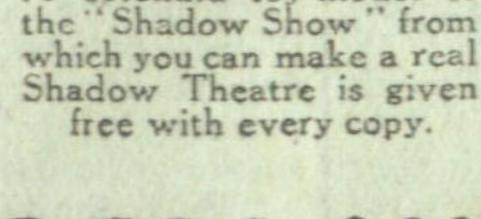
Redskin tale.

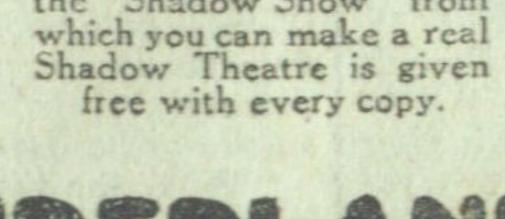
enlarged, so if you do not already read this jolly COLOURED Story Book. now's the time to start taking it in. A happier, brighter or more amusing paper doesn't exist.



free with every copy.











"Tubby Wiggins"—the St.

Ives fat boy who appears

every week in one of Jack

Lewis's famous school stories

wood Fourth hit out. The blow ber." caught the ruffian on the side of the head, and he staggered, with a howl. "Down with him!" panted Jimmy.

His chums did not need telling. As the ruffian staggered, they rushed on him together, and the next moment he was down in the grass.

Lovell jerked away the cudgel from the sprawling ruffian, and sent it spinning over the bushes in the hollow.

Raby's knee was jammed on the ing quietly with them. rascal's chest, and Newcome trampled recklessly on his legs, to the accombroken-nosed gentleman.

"Ow, ow, ow! Let up! Leave off! I give in!" howled the broken-Ow. wow!"

feet.

"At him!" yelled Lovell breathlessly.

But the ruffian was already taking to his heels. The odds were too much for him. As the juniors rushed at him again, he fled, and vanished at top speed out of the hollow.

"Well, my hat!" ejaculated Lovell. "This beats Banagher! Who the thump was he, and what was he doing to Smythe?" "I don't think it's Smythe, after

all!" asaid Jimmy Silver. "Then who the dickens is it?"

"We'll soon see!" The Fistical Four, rather breathless after the struggle, approached the tattered youth, who was on his feet

now. He stared at them uneasily, but the appearance of the Rookwooders was reassuring, and he made no attempt to run.

"Now, then, old top!" said Jimmy Silver. "We want to know who you are. You look like Smythe of Rookwood, but I can see now that you're not Smythe. Who are you?"

The boy did not answer; only stared at the Rookwooders with an expression of doubt and perplexity that was strangely touching.

"What's your name?" asked Lovell.

He shook his head. "I don't know!" he answered in a low voice.

"Wha-at?" ejaculated Lovell. "You don't know your own name?" yelled Raby.

"Well, my hat!"

"Where do you come from, then?" asked Jimmy Silver, fairly blinking at the stranger in his amazement. "I-I don't know."

Lovell eyed him suspiciously. "He's pulling our leg!" said Arthur Edward, with a grunt. "Look here, kid, you must know

who you are, and where you come from?" said Jimmy Silver. The boy shook his head again. "I-I don't know! I can't remem-

can't remember your

"No." "My only hat!"

"Who was that chap after you, then?" asked Raby.

"I-I don't know. I-I was a prisoner," stammered the boy. "I-I got away. I have been wandering on the heath. I-I don't know how I came here." He pressed his hand to his brow. "It's no good-I can't remember."

Jimmy Silver whistled. The trouble and distress in the Jimmy. stranger's face were evidently genuine. Amazing as it was, his statement was plainly true; he had lost his memory. Ill-usage or terror easy to see that the hapless lad had suffered. In the presence of such a calamity the chums of Rookwood hardly knew what to say, or to do, and for some time they stood staring blankly at the stranger without a word.

#### The 4th Chapter.

#### The Nameless Boy at Rookwood.

Jimmy Silver broke the silence at

said. "He's jolly like Smythe of the | mained wrapped in his own thoughts, | Shell to look at, and Smythe may and only his startled eyes occasionally have have -- " know something about him. Must be | wandered round him questioningly. a relation of Smythe's, I should think. In the quadrangle, as Jimmy Silver & | We'd better take him to Rookwood." | Co. headed for the School House, they

"Rookwood!" repeated the boy, were stopped by Carthew of the Sixth. with a start.

you?" exclaimed Jimmy.

effort to remember.

"No," he said at last, "I-I must

"Well, this beats everything!" said "It's true enough, Carthew," said Lovell blankly. "We'd better take Jimmy. ruffian hanging about."

"You'll come with us, kid?" asked Jimmy Silver compassionately. The nameless boy nodded.

"Come on, then!"

Published

Every Monday

The Fistical Four turned home- said Carthew. "You'll get into ward, the boy without a name walk- trouble for bringing a young tramp

He did not speak, as the juniors at once." tramped across the heath, but his eyes paniment of wild howls from the continually roved from side to side, as

if on the look-out for danger. for the broken-nosed man; but that | him." mosed man. "Give a bloke a chance! gentlemen did not reappear, and they

entered the Coombe road at last. He struggled desperately in the "Hallo! Here's Morny!" said "There's a resemblance, but that's grasp of the Rookwooders, and tore Lovell, as Mornington and Erroll himself loose, and scrambled to his came in sight on the road to Rook-

wood. Morny stopped, his eyes dwelling

curiously on the tattered youth. "Whom have you got there?" he

"Blessed if I know," answered

Jimmy Silver. "We found him on the heath, and he's lost his memory." "Gammon!" said Morny incredu-

lously. "Honest injun!"

Mornington scanned the tattered youth's face.

"He looks like Smythe!" he remarked.

cudgel again the captain of the Rook- have heard of it, but I can't remem- "Some young rogue, of course, and he's taken you in!"

him along to the school, and let the "Rubbish! Here, young shaver!" Head see him. We can't leave the | Carthew caught the nameless boy poor chap here, anyhow, with that roughly by the shoulder. "Who are state of great doubt and astonish-

"I don't know."

"What's your name?" "I don't know."

"That's not good enough for me," into the school, Silver. Turn him out

Jimmy Silver's eyes gleamed. "We're going to take him in," he answered. "I think Smythe of the Jimmy Silver & Co. kept a look-out | Shell may know something about

" Rot!"

"You can see he's like Smythenothing. He's a tramp, and he's going out. Get a move on," added Carthew roughly, and he jerked the

The tattered lad went unresistingly. "Stop that, Carthew!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver angrily. "I tell you he's not going."

nameless boy towards the gates.

"You'd better not argue with a prefect, Silver."

"Let him alone!"

"I'm going to turn the young rascal out!" growled Carthew. "Stop him!" said Jimmy Silver, between his teeth.

"Hands off, Carthew!"

"Stand back, you young sweeps! I in here! Buzz off!"

"Yes, sir!"

The Fistical Four bestowed a triumphant grin on Carthew of the Sixth, and marched their protege away to the Form-master's study. Mr. Bootles rustled after them, in a ment. Within ten minutes, all Rookwood knew of the arrival of the nameless boy from nowhere.

#### The 5th Chapter. Great News for Smythe!

"Smythe!" Bang!

"Smythey!" Thump!

"Oh gad!" ejaculated Adolphus. Adolphus was in his study, resting. Howard and Tracy of the Shell were with him, and there was a cloud of he demanded. "Has my brother cigarette-smoke in the study. But come, or hasn't he? Who's like me, Adolphus declined the attractions of you burblin' jabberwock?" banker. After his terrific walknearly four miles-he wasn't in a condition for banker, as he pathetically

There was a sudden commotion at Smythe's door. The door was locked, as a precaution, so it had not opened when the handle was turned from outside. Tubby Muffin's fat fist thumped on the panels, and Tubby's fat voice bawled through the keyhole in tones of great excitement:

"Smythe! Smythey! Smythe!" "Buzz off, you fat wasp!" shouted

Smythe angrily. "You're not comin'

explained to his chums.



"Ow, ow, ow! Leave off! I give in!" howled the broken-nosed gentleman. "Give a bloke a chance! ow! ow!" He struggled desperately in the grasp of the Rookwooders as he scrambled to his feet. "At him!" yelled Lovell, breathlessly.

taking him to Rookwood to see juniors rolled him over. whether Smythe knows anything about him."

"By gad! We'll come along!" "Poor chap!" said Erroll. "He on to the School House. looks as if he'd been through it."

Tubby Muffin was the next Rook- | the Sixth was crimson with rage. wood fellow met on the road, and "Silver! Lovell! I-I-I'll-" Tubby displayed a great interest in he spluttered. the stranger at once. Tubby joined | "Ha, ha, ha!" had probably been the cause—it was | the party, very curious to know all | Carthew made a rush after the about the affair. The nameless boy Fistical Four. did not seem to take any interest in the fellows that surrounded him; his | the School House, and were leading face was darkly clouded and troubled, the nameless boy in, when Carthewas if he were wrestling with some in- overtook them in the doorway. ward problem. Several more Rookwood fellows joined the party on the the Sixth-Former. road, all surprised and interested by the strange story, and it was quite a little army that marched up to the gates of Rookwood at last, with the nameless stranger in their midst.

"He's got to be looked after," he out a name did not speak. He re- suddenly.

"Who the thump are you bringing | the prefect.

across his forehead again, as if in an | bully of the Sixth gave a scoffing | laugh.

"Likely story!" he exclaimed. I I will question him myself!"

"Yes, we noticed that; and we're | Yow-ow-ow!" roared Carthew, as the

"Come on, kid!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver breathlessly; and he seized the nameless boy by the arm and ran him

Carthew staggered to his feet.

"He does, and no mistake!" said There was a crowd of grinning juniors round him, and the bully of

Jimmy Silver & Co. had reached

"Now, you young rascals!" roared

"Carthew!" It was Mr. Bootles' voice.

The master of the Fourth had seen

the curious procession, from his study gave a yell of alarm.
window, and he was coming out to Bump, bump! There was a buzz of excited discus- inquire, when Jimmy Silver & Co. It was not Tubby's fist bumping on made a rush for the startled sion in the crowd; but the boy with- arrived. Carthew dropped his hands | the outside of the door this time. It

"Mr. Bootles! These young sweeps

"I saw what happened, from my | "Yow-ow-wow-wow!" window," said Mr. Bootles severely. "You will have the kindness to restrain your temper, Carthew! Silver, who is this—this person that "Hallo! You know Rookwood, do into the school, Silver?" exclaimed you have brought into the school?" Jimmy explained once more.

The nameless boy passed his hand Jimmy Silver explained, and the "Bless my soul!" said Mr. Bootles. "That is very remarkable! You may take the lad into my study, Silver! Thump! Bang!

"Let me in, old chap!" howled Tubby through the keyhole. "I've got news for you, Smythey!" "Cut off!"

Thump! Tubby Muffin was full of news, and he evidently meant to impart it to Adolphus whether Adolphus liked it or not.

"By gad," said Smythe, breathing hard. "We shall have the prefects here if that fat idiot keeps up that shindy! Let him in, Tracy, and we'll scrag him!"

"What-ho!" said Tracy. Tracy of the Shell unlocked the door and threw it open. Tubby Muffin rolled in, almost tumbling over in his hurry.

"Smythey!" he gasped. "Oh! Ah! Leggo! Yaroooh!" Tracy and Howard seized the fat

Classical junior, and Reginald Muffin

was Tubby's head bumping on the inside, and the voice of Tubby rang far and wide with anguish:

"Give him some more, and kick him out!" said Adolphus, with satisfaction. "Bang his napper! Don't mind the door!"

Bump, bump! "Yarooch!" roared Tubby. "Help! Yooop! Leggo! Smythey, you beast, I came to tell you-" "Give him some more!" grinned

Adolphus.

"Your brother's come!" howled Tubby.

Adolphus stared.

"Eh-what? My brother?" he exclaimed.

"Ow! Yes! Ow!" "Why couldn't you say so before, then, you fat idiot?" exclaimed

Smythe. "Where is he?" Howard and Tracy released the fat Classical. Tubby Muffin rubbed his

"Well, where is he?" demanded Smythe. "I didn't know my brother was comin'. Are you gammonin', you fat bounder?"

head ruefully, and blinked at them.

"He's in Bootles' study!" gasped Tubby. "I-I mean, I suppose he's your brother, Smythey, as he's so like you."

Adolphus sat upright.

"What are you burblin' about?"

"That chap-" gasped Tubby. "What chap?"

"That young tramp-" "Tramp!" repeated Adolphus. "Yes," spluttered Tubby. "You

haven't heard? Jimmy Silver found him wandering on the heath. He's lost his memory-"

"Eh?"

"He's almost in rags and tatters!" said Tubby breathlessly. "Carthew was going to turn him out of gates for a tramp. But he's awfully like you, Smythey. The fellows think he must be your brother!"

"A tattered tramp, and like me!" said Adolphus Smythe, with a glare at Tubby that almost cracked his eyeglass.

"Just like you, only rather goodlooking!" said Tubby. "What?"

"I mean, he's just like you, only he doesn't look such an idiot!" "You cheeky, fat bounder!" roared Adolphus Smythe, in great wrath. "Here, collar him, you chaps! Give him some more. What are you chortlin' at, you pair of thumpin'

Howard and Tracy certainly were chortling, but they made a move to collar the news-bearer again. But Reginald Muffin dodged out of the doorway in time.

"Yah!" he howled, from the passage. "I only came to tell you, you beast! I suppose you're trying to keep it dark that you've got a brother a tramp, Smythey!"

"Collar him!" yelled Adolphus furiously. But Tubby Muffin fled.

Smythe of the Shell kicked the door shut, and sat down in his armchair again, with a ruffled brow. He frowned at Howard and Tracy, who were grinning.

"That's jolly queer news!" remarked Tracy. "A tramp, like you! We'd better go and see him!"

"It's only Muffin's silly rot, of course!" snapped Smythe. "How could a tramp be like me, you dashed

idiot?" "You haven't got any tattered re-

lations?" grinned Howard. "If you want a thick ear, Howard,

"Hallo! Here he comes back again!"

Footsteps approached the study door again. Adolphus, with a vengeful glitter in his eyes, jumped up and seized a cushion. "By gad, I'll teach the fat idiot to

bring his silly yarns here!" he exclaimed. "The minute he opens the door I'll squash him!" TREBURY And Adolphus stood with the cushion uplifted in both hands, ready

for the intruding head of Reginald Muffin. There was a tap on the door, and it

opened. Crash!
The cushion descended.

"Yooooop!" "Got him!" yelled Adolphus. "Ha, ha, ha!" "It's Jimmy Silver!" howled

Tracy. It was indeed the captain of the Fourth who had received that sudden swipe, and he sat in the doorway, with a dazed look. But he did not

sit there long. He jumped up, and Adolphus. Smythe dodged round the table. "Here, keep off!" he yelled. "I thought it was Muffin! I-oh-ah-

leggo-blow! Yow-ow!" Jimmy Silver's grasp was upon Smythe, and he jerked the cushion away. Then the cushion rose and fell, and Adolphus Smythe rolled on his expensive study carpet.

"There, you silly ass!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "There and there and there!"

"Ow! Stoppit! I thought it was Muffin!" wailed Adolphus.



#### THE NAMELESS STRANGER!

(Continued from previous page.)

Muffin next time, then! There and general idea; the resemblance was too there and there!" "Help!"

Jimmy tossed the cushion into the | wood fellows. chair at last.

his study at once!"

Adolphus sat up, gasping.

go and eat coke! Ow!" see a chap who's just come-"

"The chap who's like Smythey?" "That's it."

Adolphus Smythe scrambled breath- | Smythe glanced at the tattered lad lessly to his feet.

"He sent me to fetch you."

straight before the glass. "Bootles | worlds would he have admitted that ain't my Form-master."

"Am I to tell him that?" snapped | possibly be a relative of his. Jimmy Silver, as he stepped into the passage.

"H'm! You-you can tell him sent for you to see this lad-" I'm comin'!" said Adolphus, on ] second thoughts, which are proverbially the best.

Jimmy Silver grinned, and went down the passage, and Adolphus, having tied his tie and smoothed his jacket and brushed his hair, followed him, in a far from amiable mood.

#### The 6th Chapter. Awful for Adolphus.

over his glasses, as Adolphus presented himself in the study doorway. | to you, Smythe, in personal appear-Adolphus came in, with knitted ance-" brows.

The Fistical Four and the nameless boy were in the study with Mr.

least two score of fellows were collected, all in a state of considerable excitement.

The arrival of the boy without a name, had caused a sensation, all the more because his remarkable likeness to Smythe of the Shell had been observed by all. That Smythe must "You'd better make sure it's know something about him was the strong to be anything but a family likeness, in the opinion of the Rook-

And there was much chuckling "Bootles sent me here, you howl- among the juniors at that idea. For ing ass!" he said. "You're to go to | the tattered stranger was not-so far | as appearances went a credit to the lofty and aristocratic Adolphus, and "Ow! Ow! I won't go! Bootles | it looked as if some poor relation | This lad is quite a respectable lad, isn't my Form-master. Tell him to of the Smythes had turned up by a | though his clothes are so old and curious chance. If the noble Adolphus | tattered. He speaks quite nicely, and "You're wanted at once, you silly had any poor relations, he was care- evidently belongs to respectable ass!" said Jimmy. "You've got to ful to keep them strictly dark; they people. He has lost his memory, and had not been heard of at Rookwood has, doubtless, wandered from home. "Hallo! The chap Muffin was | before. Now one, at least, was heard | If you could tell me anything about speaking about?" exclaimed Tracy. of, and was attracting general atten- | the lad, Smythe, it might enable me tion-if indeed the boy from nowhere ! was a relation of Smythe's.

as he entered the study, and could not "There isn't any chap, and he's not | help being struck by a familiarity in | like me!" he gasped. "This is some | his look. The likeness, naturally, was rotten yarn you've started, Jimmy | not so obvious to Adolphus as to other fellows, but even Adolphus "Fathead! He's in Bootles' study | could see, in the tattered youth's | now, and Bootles is waiting for you!" i features, a resemblance to the countexclaimed Jimmy Silver impatiently. | enance he was accustomed to see in

the glass. "I'm jolly well not goin'!" said But that resemblance weighed this tattered and muddy youth could

> "My dear Smythe," said Mr. Bootles, in his mild tones, "I have

> "Well, sir?" grunted Adolphus, as Mr. Bootles paused. "Look at him, Smythe!"

"I'm looking at him," answered Adolphus, as disrespectfully as he

"The circumstances are most remarkable, Smythe," pursued Mr. Bootles. "I have questioned this unhappy lad, and it appears that he has suffered from some shock that has "Come in, Smythe!" said Mr. | deprived him of his memory. Evi-Bootles, blinking at the Shell fellow | dently he has been ill. Now, the boy bears a most remarkable resemblance

Adolphus.

Mr. Bootles peered at him over his allow the lad to answer." "He oughtn't to have been brought

"It is very plain-in fact, striking, Smythe," he said mildly. "You are both apparently of the same age, and extremely alike in feature. Indeed, | quietly. if this lad were dressed as you are dressed, I think it would be difficult to tell one from the other."

Smythe set his lips. "Even if the fellow happens to be like me, I don't see that it concerns me, sir," he answered. "I don't know anythin' about him."

"That is what I wish to ascertain, Smythe. The likeness is perhaps a family likeness-"

"Nothin' of the sort."

"You speak very positively, Smythe," said Mr. Bootles, with another blink at the dandy of the

"I'm quite positive that that ragged outsider isn't any relation of mine.' answered Smythe savagely. "Jimmy Silver's started this up against me, to make the fellows talk---"

"Kindly do not talk nonsense, Smythe," said Mr. Bootles severely. "I noticed the resemblance at once, and that is why I sent for you. to get into touch with his parents and---"

"I can't!"

"You have never seen him be-

"Never!"

"Have you any relation—a cousin or a brother-about the age of this "My brother's five years older than

I am," grunted Smythe.

"But a cousin--" "I've got six or seven cousins, but Smythe sulkily, trying to get his tie | nothing with Smythe. Not for the | none of them like that frowsy tramp," snorted Adolphus.

> The nameless boy flushed, and Jimmy Silver gave Smythe an expressive look. But for the presence of Mr. Bootles, Jimmy would have given him something more emphatic than a look.

> "You cannot help me in the matter, then, Smythe?" asked Mr. Bootles. with a glance of strong disapproval at the angry Adolphus. The Formmaster was plainly disappointed.

> "No, sir !" Mr. Bootles turned to the nameless boy again.

"My dear lad," he said kindly. "Have you ever seen Smythe before? Do you recognise him?"

"How could be recognise me, sir?" broke in Adolphus passionately. "I tell you I've got nothin' to do with "I don't see it, sir!" growled the fellow."

"Kindly be silent, Smythe, and

less boy looked at him long and earnestly and shook his head at last. "I do not know him, sir," he said

'Is the name of Smythe familiar to you, my poor boy?" asked Mr. Bootles.

"I-I think I have heard it, but-I do not remember."

"Of course he doesn't know me," muttered Adolphus, much relieved, however, that the tattered stranger did not claim him as a relation. "How could he know me? He's never seen me before, an' I've never

"That is all I wished to know, Smythe," said the Fourth Formmaster coldly. "You may go."

seen him."

Smythe of the Shell quitted the study, glad to be dismissed. His face was dark as he tramped away through ! "I tell you he's not my relation!" a grinning crowd in the corridor. Whether he knew the nameless boy or not he could see that the juniors meant to take the view that the boy from nowhere was a relation of his.

"His brother, right enough," Tubby Muffin remarked, as Smythe passed him. "I dare say he's been in the workhouse, you know; looks like it. Have you got any more relations in the workhouse, Smythey? He, he, he!"

Smythe stamped on savagely and disappeared into his own study in a Hunnish frame of mind. It was like the nameless fellow's cheek to resemble him, from the lofty Adolphus' point of view, and Smythe was not at all disposed to admit that the resemblance was so close as it appeared to others.

And there was a lurking fear in Adolphus' breast that the tattered stranger might, in very truth, turn out to be a relative of his. The Smythes had not always flourished | met Jimmy Silver in the hall. in wealth, and Adolphus was aware that he had relations whom he had never seen, and whom he never mentioned at Rookwood. There were Smythes "in trade"-an awful thought to Adolphus; there were even Smythes who worked-still more awful thought; wretched Smythes who did not even spell their name with a "y," and yet who were indubitably related to the Smythes of Smythe Lodge. Such horrors Adolphus had always carefully kept out of his thoughts, and now-"

Suppose this tattered wretch was a relation, after all? Suppose it came out, and all Rookwood knew! Adolphus groaned in anguish of spirit at the thought.

Luckily, the fellow would soon be gone. Tracy came back to the study with the news that Mr. Bootles had taken "Master Nobody from Nowhere" to the Head. Dr. Chisholm was to decide what was to be done with him.

Bootles. In the corridor outside, at 'spectacles. Adolphus set his lips. The name- 'to Rookwood at all!" exclaimed

Adolphus savagely. "Jimmy Silver only did it to worry me, the cad! It's all rot about losing his memoryspoof all along the line!" "Bootles believes him!" re-

marked Tracy.

"Bootles is an old fool!" Tracy gave his chum a very curious

"You're sure you don't know the

chap?" he asked. "You silly ass!" roared Adolphus. "How could I know a ragged tramp?"

"Well, the fellows think-" "Hang the fellows!".

"After all, everybody's got relations he don't want to trot out into the limelight!" said Tracy comfort-

Smythe gritted his teeth.

he hissed.

"All serene, old top, don't get excited," said Tracey soothingly. He's not your relation, then, if you like queer about the likeness, though, ain't

"Oh, shut up!"

Smythe strode out of the study and slammed the door, leaving Tracy grinning. The dandy of the Shell tramped out into the growing dusk of the quad, affecting not to see the smiling glances turned upon him by the juniors he passed.

In an unenviable frame of mind, the snob of Rookwood paced under the old beeches. After all, the fellow would go soon-that was his only comfort. He would be sent to the workhouse or the police-station. Rookwood, at least, would see the last of him. But he had not gone by the time the gates were locked, and Smythe came back into the house in an apprehensive frame of mind. He

"Has he gone?" he asked. "That chap? Oh. no," answered

Jimmy. "He's not going." Smythe almost staggered.

"N-n-not going!" he ejaculated. "No: the Head says he's to stay at Rookwood, and be looked after till his people are found."

"Oh gad!" Adolphus turned away without. another word. The Head had decided, quite oblivious of Adolphus' view on the matter, and that night the nameless boy from nowhere slept under the old roof of Rookwood.

THE END.

DON'T MISS Next Monday's long complete story of the Nameless Stranger · entitled "The Boy Without

a Memory." By OWEN CONQUEST.



#### By GEORGE HOLLEY,

The famous ex-Sunderland International, who now plays for Brighton. and Hove Albion.

Only the footballer has a proper, in the length and breadth of the appreciation of the many different | various football-grounds, amounting kinds of pitches upon which he has to to several yards between the play in the course of a season. I am | maximum and the minimum. And. now referring specially, of course, to | believe me, it affects the forward line the first-class player, because my boy of a first-class side quite a lot to be readers will have their own ideas of called upon to operate on a pitch the different pitches they play upon.

If boys of to-day are anything like the boys of my day they won't care so much about what kind of pitch ! they've got. What will really worry them is whether they have any pitch | the touch-line, because the ground is

youth when I was just as likely to find | ground gives the forwards a feeling my toe in contact with a brick as with the ball, while others - well, a ploughed field would have been a fine pitch as compared with them.

However, we will assume that you have a decent sort of ground, and that the opponents you meet have decent grounds. Even then it is surprising how many varied sorts of pitches are hit on in the average season.

It may surprise some people to know that even among the First-League clubs there is a considerable difference

which is considerably narrower than that upon which they usually play.

Passes from the centre-forward which are meant for the outside wing ! man go whizzing past him and over narrower than the centre-forward is I have played some games in my used to; and, moreover, a narrow that they are "on top of each other" all the time.

> Then we come to the state of the turf, and here the variety is very marked, indeed. It ranges from the bone-dry, but usually grass-covered pitch, met with at the commencement of the season, to the bare mud-heap which you get, say, in January and February, when a quick thaw has followed a long spell of frost or snow.

> The nicely-covered ground, which is not too hard, is the best of all for the footballer, and on it he ought to

not too lively.

At the beginning of the present season I played on one or two pitches on which football was a real delight, but, alas! in the wear and tear which the grounds get during the first few months, most of the grass disappears -generally by Christmas, if not before-and we get the bare ground instead.

It is a big mistake to imagine, as many people do, that a hard ground coupled with a light ball, should produce good football. On such a surface it is terribly difficult even for the finished player to keep the ball in control, and I generally find that the object is too much in the air; and football, as a well-known manager once remarked, "is a game which ought to be played on the carpet."

However, it is no part of my business in these notes to tell my readers what sort of football they should play on a ground when the best football is possible. The real business I am concerned with is the sort of play most likely to bring success when the pitch is far removed from perfect.

On a greasy, treacherous surface, on which the players slip and skid in a manner which amuses the spectators but doesn't amuse the players overmuch, it is no use any team trying fancy work.

On such a pitch the ball skids when you expect it to travel slowly, and stops dead in a pool when, in the ordinary way, it has been kicked with enough strength to reach a mate perfectly. Perhaps the best summing-up of the style of play on such a ground is "kick the ball and run after it." By that I mean that every pass must be a forward pass, and that it is absolutely useless to attempt fancy twists and

keep their feet as it is for the well up all the time. attackers, hence the value of the quick- | Personally, I would much rather rush-forward policy. I have seen play on a really muddy ground than many a side win matches on such a on a merely slippery one. On a muddy pitch simply because the forwards surface you can control the ball, but have given the defenders no peace. | these heavy grounds, with a mud-They have hustled and bustled them | covered, heavy bak, take a lot out of

#### GEORGE HOLLEY



Who has written the accompanying article specially for the BOYS' FRIEND.

all the time, and the treacherous nature of the going has led to those defenders making no end of blunders. When they have kicked the ball it has skidded off their boots, while sometimes they have slipped and missed the leather entirely.

If the forwards are playing right up to the defenders on such a day they are able to make full use of the

be able to play the game as it should | Moreover, it should always be re- | mistakes which are bound to happen, be played-real scientific football. | membered that on such a pitch it is | and that is why, on a treacherous Every pass goes true, and the ball is just as difficult for the defenders to surface, I advocate the policy of play

the player, and when these sort of pitches are encountered with anything like frequency, it is absolutely necessary for every player on the side to be right up to concert pitch as regards physical fitness.

Again, of course, the wind has quite a lot to do with some games of football. When a side is playing with the wind at their backs. I like to see them taking shots at goal on every conceivable occasion. The wind gives added power to the kicks, and although a goalkeeper may stop some of the shots some of the time, even the best goalkeeper in the world won't stop all the shots all the time.

Moreover, the wind plays funny tricks with the ball, and very often the goalkeeper will find that a shot for which he has set himself in perfect position will be turned by the wind sufficiently out of its course to render the saving of it a very difficult. if not absolutely impossible task.

So when you are playing in a match with the wind at your backs. shoot hard and shoot often. And when you are playing with the wind in your face, keep the ball low. That is the only way to make it travel.

Teo Holley



Published

Every Monday

Grand, Complete Story of FRANK RICHARDS & Co., and Chunky Todgers, of Cedar Creek School.

#### By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

#### The 1st Chapter Chunky Takes It Seriously.

"Chunky!"

"Where's Chunky?"

"News for you, Chunky!" Chunky Todgers glanced up im-

patiently.

It was after dinner at Cedar Creek, and Chunky Todgers had withdrawn to the deserted school-room, where he was lying on a rug before the big log fire. The fat youth was resting on his elbows, his fat chin supported in his podgy hands, and his round eyes | were glued upon an open volume on the rug. Chunky Todgers was reading-or, rather, devouring-that volume, and the interruption irritated him.

For the volume was an entrancing one—the latest addition to Gunten's Circulating Library at Thompson. It was entitled "Lost Sir Charles, or the Mystery of the Missing Baronet." And Chunky was enjoying it. Missing baronets and lost marquises and rightful heirs delighted Chunky Todgers, whose romantic thoughts wandered far from the surroundings of a backwoods school.

Chunky was in the last chapter, where Lost Sir Charles had turned up and claimed the old estate and the baronial hall, and ejected the wicked Sir Felix, and was about to clasp Lady Gwendolina to his manly breast. It was no wonder that Chunky gave an impatient snort, as Frank Richards & Co. came into the school-room and called to him.

Chunky waved a fat hand at the

three schoolboys. "Git!" he said laconically.

"Bift look here--" began Bob Lawless.

"Vamoose the ranch."

"News for you, old chap," said Vere Beauclerc persuasively.

"Absquatulate!" howled Chunky Todgers.

"It's something to your advantage, Chunky!" urged Frank Richards. "I say git, and I mean git!" snorted Chunky. "Can't you see I'm

reading? This book has got to go back to-night, or I have to pay an extra five cents. Leave a galoot in peace, gorl-darn you! Git!" But the chums of Cedar Creek did

not "git." They came up to the fire, and Bob Lawless waved a newspaper at the exasperated Chunky.

"Look at this, Chunky-" " Git!"

"It's the Kamloops paper-"

"Blow the Kamloops paper!"

"You're wanted-" "Eh?"

"Advertised for !" said Bob Lawless.

"What?" "Something to your advan-

tage-- " "Oh !" Chunky Todgers sat up on the rug.

He was interested at last, and even Lost Sir Charles had to wait, and the Lady Gwendolina remained unclasped, as it were, so far as Chunky Todgers was concerned. "Let's look at it," said Todgers.

Bob Lawless handed him the paper, and indicated the advertisement with his forefinger. Chunky Todgers scanned it with great curiosity.

Frank Richards & Co. stood round

him, grinning.

Their expression was sufficient to led Chunky to believe so. tell that they had come into the | Sometimes, in a rosy day-dream, he school-room to pull Chunky's fat leg. | had seen himself claimed by the Pulling Chunky's leg was a not un- white-haired old marquis, his true common entertainment at Cedar father, who, for mysterious reasons, Creek. Chunky's romantic dreams had placed him in charge of Mr. made him an easy victim. But William Todgers of the Thompson Chunky did not even observe the Valley, perhaps to save his life from three merry grins that surrounded | the machinations of a wicked uncle. breathless seriousness.

ment, though it did not specially con- family, and not his father at all.

cern anybody at Cedar Creek School. It ran:

"If Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington will communicate with Messrs. Have & Hookit, Montreal, he will hear of something to his advantage."

"Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington!" murmured Chunky Todgers, rolling the name upon his tongue, as it were, with relish.

It was such a name as Chunky Todgers loved.

Chunky enjoyed always had names | ancestral estate. like that; and often had Chunky, as | he read of a Howard, a Courtenay, a | traordinary vision to escape his fat

Chunky did not confide any of those romantic dreams to the old folks at

Mr. Todgers would probably not have been pleased at the idea of turning out to be a faithful retainer, Mr. Todgers not being in the least romantic.

But Chunky had sometimes pictured quite a touching scene-Mr. Todgers in tears as he parted with his adopted son, all the Todgerses standing round wet-eyed, Chunky himself affected by the parting, but feeling it his duty to The heroes of the novels that accompany the marquis back to the

When Chunky had allowed that ex-Plantagenet, a De Courcy, or a lips, it had been received with such De Vere, bemoaned the fact that he 'howls of laughter that he had reChunky started.

"Wha-at?" he ejaculated. "Why didn't you tell us?" de-

manded Bob.

"Eh? Tell you what?" "Your real name," said Bob, with

the solemnity of an owl. "Mum-mum-my real name!" stut-

tered Chunky. "Yes, you galoot! So your name's Arlington after all-Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington--"

"Wha-a-at?"

"And you're found out!" said Frank Richards solemnly.

"Clean bowled out!" said Beauclerc.

Chunky Todgers blinked at them.

As he read the advertisement of Messrs. Have & Hookit, the thought had passed through his mind, how delightful it would be if that advertisement in reality applied to his fat self.

But his thoughts had not, as yet, gone further than that.

Now they went further-consider-

ably further. Here were three fellows who believed that he was the very Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington who was

being inquired after by lawyers. After all, why not?

Stranger thing had happened-at least, in the novels which Chunky borrowed from Gunten's Circulating Library.

What if he were really-"Own up!" said Bob Lawless sternly.

"I-I-I guess-" "Now, then, the truth, Chunky Todgers-I mean, young Arlington!" gasped Frank Richards.

"I-I say, don't-"

"Don't what?"



"All hail!" chortled Bob Lawless. "Bow down, you common persons-bow down." "Ha, ha, ha!" Chunky's fat cheeks flushed. For a moment he had taken this greeting as an appropriate tribute to his high-born importance, but he realised now that the Cedar Creek fellows were making fun of him. "Look here you silly jays-" began Chunky.

was doomed to struggle through | gretted it; and it was now locked up |

romantic fancy. Indeed, Chunky's fancy had wandered so far that he had sometimes had a half-formed idea that Todgers wasn't really his name, but that if the

truth were known, it would turn out that he was a scion of the De Courcies or the De Veres.

events, extensive novel-reading had

him. He was reading the advertise- He saw himself-in his mind's eyement in the Kamloops paper with | handed over to the marquis by Mr. Todgers—the latter turning out to be It was a rather interesting advertise- simply a faithful old retainer of the I Creek Thespian Society.

existence under the name of Todgers. in his own plump bosom, as a darling Todgers, certainly, answered all the | idea he dwelt on in secret thoughts. usual purposes of a name, but it did | But Frank Richards & Co. knew all

not in the least satisfy Chunky's about it; hence their visit to the school-room with the advertisement for Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington.

Who M. F. Arlington might be, they did not know, and did not care very much; probably some wastrel who was being inquired after by his relations.

But they felt that the advertisement Such things had happened-at all was just the thing for Chunky Todgers; and the fat schoolboy's expression showed that they were right. Chunky read it, and read it again,

and murmured several times "Marmaduke Fitzrov Arlington," as if he loved the sound, as indeed, he did.

Frank Richards & Co. were grinming; but they contrived to compose their faces as Chunky looked up at last from the rug before the fire.

Bob Lawless pointed an accusing finger at him.

"Revealed at last!" he exclaimed, in the best manner of the Cedar "Don't tell the other fellows-yet,

"Yet?" murmured Bob.

"Because-" stuttered Chunky. "Well?"

"Because-because it's a dead secret, you know-powerful family reasons," said Chunky Todgers, blinking at the chums of Cedar Creek.

Frank Richards & Co. stared at him. How far the fatuous Chunky would allow his leg to be pulled, they did not know; but Chunky's cheerful acceptance of the name and identity of Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington was too much for their gravity. They burst into a yell of laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

#### The 2nd Chapter. Chunky Arlington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Frank Richards & Co. velled. Chunky Todgers stared at them in

surprise at first, and then in growing indignation. He did not see any reason for merriment.

"Look here, you silly jays!" he exclaimed at last. "Where does the cackle come in? If this is rotten jealousy--"

"Jealousy!" ejaculated Frank Richards.

"I guess that's what it looks like to me. As if it was my fault that my real name is Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington!" exclaimed Todgers indignantly.

"Oh, my hat!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers rose to his feet. His vivid imagination was in full swing now, and he was Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington, or, rather, he hoped he was so fervently that he almost believed he was.

He drew his fat little figure up to its full height-which was not really very commanding-and surveyed the

hilarious trio with a lofty look. "Enough!" he exclaimed.

"Wha-a-t?" "Enough!" said Chunky Todgers, in the manner of Sir Charles in his novel. "Let this cease!"

"Cease!" murmured Frank Richards. "Do you mean chuck it?" "I guess I mean what I say. You

common fellows--" "Us which?"

"Common fellows ought to show more respect to your betters."

"Great gophers!" gasped Bob Lawless. The chums stared at Todgers as if

he had mesmerised them. Chunky gave them a lofty, disdainful look, raised his fat little nose high

in the air, and walked away. "Lost Sir Charles" lay unheeded

on the rug. Even the fact that he had to pay an extra five cents on that volume if it was not returned to the Circulating Library that night had escaped Chunky's memory. He was no longer even curious to know what happened when Sir Charles clasped Lady Gwendolina. "Lost Sir Charles" was nothing to him now-for was he not lost Marmaduke-now happily found?

But he took the Kamloops paper with him. He did not mean to lose sight of that startling advertisement.

Frank Richards & Co. stared after him as he rolled out of the schoolroom.

"Well," ejaculated Bob Lawless, with a whistle, "we've done it now!" "We have!" stuttered Frank. "The silly ass really thinks-"

"But how can he think any such rot?" exclaimed Beauclerc in blank amazement. "I suppose he knows he's Joe Todgers of Todgers' Farm?" Bob chuckled.

"My dear chap, Chunky's read about a thousand novels, and in every one there's a lost marquis or something, who's been supposed to be a cowboy, or a rancher, or a shopman, or a pirate. Chunky doesn't see why he shouldn't turn out a marquis like the rest. He doesn't know that these stunts only happen in print and not in real life."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, dear!" said Frank Richards, wiping his eyes. "I thought we were going to pull Chunky's leg, but that the howling ass should take it seriously-ha, ha, ha!"

And the Co. went off into a fresh roar. They were still chortling when Beauclerc's cousin Algernon came

into the school-room with a puzzled expression on his face.

"What's up with Todgers?" he asked. "Have his novels been getting into his silly head again? He's just told me his name is Arlington-"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "He's asked me if I know the Arlingtons in England," said Algernon with a stare. "He says they're advertising for him."

"Well, do you?" grinned Beb. "Eh! My pater's head-keeper is named Arlington," said Algernon. "I suppose that isn't the one Chunky

wants, though." "Ha, ha, ha! No; Chunky wants a marquis at least. You see, he's turned out to be the missing heir,"

exclaimed Bob. "Heir of what?"

"Goodness knows. Better ask Chunky." Clang! Clang!

"Hallo, there's the bell." The Cedar Creek boys and girls came trooping into the school-room, and Frank Richards & Co. took

their places in Miss Meadows' class. Chunky Todgers came in last-sauntering up the school-room with a very easy and assured air. He seemed in no hurry to take his place; in fact, he was lounging elegantly against a desk when Miss Meadows

came in. schoolmistress Canadian The

glanced at him, and raised her eyeprows.

"Take your place, Todgers!" she

rapped out. Chunky glanced at her carelessly. Todgers of Todgers' Farm might be ordered about by a backwoods schoolmistress, but with Marmaduke Eitzroy Arlington it was quite another matter.

"Sorry, ma'am," said Chunky. "I sha'n't be able to attend lessons this afternoon."

"What?"

"I've got to be off, ma'am." "What do you mean, Todgers?" asked Miss Meadows quietly. "Are you ill?"

"Not at all, Miss Meadows." "Then explain what you mean at once!" exclaimed the schoolmistress

sharply. "Certainly, ma'am. I've got some family affairs to see to-"

"Some what?"

"Family affairs. The truth has been revealed-" "Eh?"

"The mystery of my birth is revealed at last, madam," said Chunky Todgers, blinking at the astounded schoolmistress.

"Bless my soul!" stuttered Miss Meadows. "Are you out of your senses, Todgers?"

"Oh, no! I've got to go home now to prepare to go to Montreal," said Chunky. "Montreal?"

"Yep! My aristocratic relations have been advertising for me," explained Chunky. "I shall have to see the lawyers."

Miss Meadows looked long and hard at Chunky Todgers.

She did not know that romantic youth so well as his school-fellows knew him, and did not guess that he was under the impression that he was a missing scion of a noble family. She only supposed that Chunky was actuated by a misplaced sense of humour. So she picked up a cane

from her desk. "Come here, Todgers!" she said. Chunky eyed the cane in some

dismay. "I-I say, ma'am-"

"I do not know why you are talking such nonsense, Todgers," said Miss Meadows, "but certainly I shall punish you for doing so in the school-

"I-I-I'll leave it till after lessons. ma'am: the-the laywers can wait --- " stammered Chunky.

"Hold out your hand!"

"Oh. dear !! Swish!

"Now, go to your place. Todgers!" said Miss Meadows severely. "And if there is any more of this nonsense

"Yow-ow-ow!" There was no more. Chunky went to his place, and sat down, squeezing his fat hand dolorously. He did not even venture to hint to Miss Meadows ! that it was impertinent to deal so sharply with a scion of the noble house of Arlington. He had had enough, and, for that afternoon, Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington was as Todgers had been accustomed to be.

#### The 3rd Chapter. Mr. Todgers Does Not Own Up.

Frank Richards & Co. grinned, as they led their horses out of the gates of Cedar Creek School after lessons, and came on Chunky Todgers mounting his fat, little pony in the trail. Chunkey gave them a lofty and

aristocratic look. "So long, Marmaduke!" called out

Bob Lawless. "Ha, ha, ha!"

dainfully

"You watch out!" said Chunky dis-

The chums of Cedar Creek rode away chuckling. Chunky Todgers trotted off on the Thompson trail. with a very serious fat face. He was thinking as he rode homeward in the

winter dusk-very deeply. More and more it was borne in upon his fat mind that he was, in reality, the very Marmaduke for whom the Montreal lawyers were advertising. He had always felt that he was not of common clay. There was "something about him which," as a novelist would say. What was there in common between him and the roughand-ready Todgerses who worked on the homestead? They had "no use" for novels. They did not care a continental red cent about lost Sir Charleses or Lady Gwendolinas. They never pictured themselves turning out to be missing heirs or lost marquises as Chunky did. In fact. they would probably have preferred

ate in Europe. Between Chunky Todgers and any other Todgers, there was a great gulf

their Canadian farm to any marquis-

fixed; and the explanation was simple was simply a faithful old retainer, who had emigrated with the missing heir. That was as clear as daylight to Chunky Todgers.

Published

Every Monday

Aristocratic tastes had been a part of Chunky's nature from the earliest times. He hated work-he always had hated it. Often and often it had required an application of the parental cowhide to induce him to cut the snow away outside the farmhouse door in winter, or to drive the cows home in summer. Then there was his appearance-handsome, lofty, commanding. True, Chunky Todgers appeared handsome, lofty, and commanding only in his own eyes. But surely a fellow could trust the evidence of his own eyes.

Taking one consideration with another, it was pretty clear that Chunky Todgers was not what he seemed. That there was a mystery connected with his birth, and that although he was "with" the Todgerses, he was not "of" them; just like Sir Charles in his latest novel, who had been supposed to be a mere fisherman till he turned out to be the heir of a baronial hall.

Then there was the fact that Frank Richards & Co. had seen at once that he was the chap the Montreal lawyers were advertising for. True, they had pretended afterwards that it was only a joke; but Chunky was not to be taken in that way-not Chunky!

And the fat Todgers rode homeward, with the settled determination of "having it out" with his supposed parent.

The wish was father to the thought with Chunky; but he had a wonderful power of believing what he wanted to believe.

By the time he reached home, he was in a stern mood, prepared to take a very high hand with that old retainer of his family, who had passed for his father so long.

On reaching home, however, Chunky devoted himself to supper first. He was hungry, and the enormous appetite he had cultivated as a Todgers, did not fail him as an Arlington.

The Todgerses were a numerous family, and there was always a crowd at the family board. Chunky had never really minded it before, but now he was feeling extremely incommoded by the crowding round of all these plebians.

It really was a cheek for a swarm of Todgerses to be jamming round the heir of Arlington in this way.

Fortunately, the Todgerses were unaware that they were disturbing the aristocratic repose of an Arlington.

After supper the younger Todgerses went to bed. Chunky had an evening task of arithmetic to do, and Mr. and Mrs. Todgers, and his brothers Bill and Jack, gathered round the log-lire, while Chunky worked on a corner of the table.

portunity of "having it out" with old Mr. Todgers, who was smoking the respectful and submissive as Joe pipe of peace in the chimney corner, after his day's work on the farm.

Mrs. Todgers went to see to the progress of a venison pie, and Bill and Jack departed to see the cattle safely housed for the night. And then Chunky's opportunity came.

He blinked across at his father. Mr. Todgers placidly smoked and regarded the fire, unconscious of the stern expression on his son's face, or the deep thoughts that were working in Chunky's fat brain.

Chunky coughed to draw his

attention. But he did not draw it. Mr. Todgers smoked on, half-dozing; and Chunky coughed again and again. At last his father looked up irritably. "You been catching a cold?" he

demanded. "Nope!"

"Then hold your row!" said Mr.

Todgers.

Chunky gave a snort, instead of a cough.

It was a little too much for Marmaduke Fitzroy Arlington to be told to hold his row" by an old retainer of the family.

"Look here--" he began hotly. "Dry up!" said his father.

"I've got something to say." "Cut it short, then, and get to

"I want to know the truth," said Chunky Todgers, with a deep breath. His heart was beating faster now. He had taken the plunge.

Mr. Todgers removed the pipe from his mouth in his astonishment, and stared at his hopeful son.

"Wot's that?" he ejaculated. Chunky breathed hard.

"I want to know the truth!" he

"Jest you tell me wot you mean, -to Chunky's mind. Mr. Todgers | Joe," said Mr. Todgers darkly. "I've got the cowhide handy."

"You won't give me any more cowhide!" said Chunky boldly, though his heart was in his mouth.

"Won't I!" stuttered Mr. Todgers. "Nope! Now I know who I am

"Who you are!" said the old gentleman dazedly.

"The truth has been revealed."

"I always suspected there was a mystery," said Chunky.

"What?" "Now I know the truth." Mr. Todgers blinked at him, and his horny hand wandered towards the family cowhide. But he withdrew it,

and called out: "Mary Ann!" "Well?" came Mrs. Todgers' voice, from the cooking department.

"You come in hyer, Mary Ann! Joe's ill. I guess."

Mrs. Todgers came in. "He's talking strangely," said Mr. Todgers. "I won't cowhide him till I know. Sounds as if he was deliriouslike. Look at him!"

"What nonsense is this?" demanded Mrs. Todgers, with a severe look at her son.

Chunky faltered a little. He had expected the old retainer of the Arlington family to own up, as soon as he knew that Chunky was aware of the truth. But Mr. Todgers was acting exactly as if he really was

Chunky's father. But the fat hero of Cedar Creek stuck to his guns. Perhaps a horrid doubt smote him for a moment; but he simply could not part with all his rosy dreams at once.

"Well?" snapped Mrs. Todgers. "Look at that!" said Chunky. He held up the Kamloops paper, indicating the advertisement with a podgy forefinger. Mrs. Todgers glanced at it.

"What about it?" she asked. "That's me!" said Chunky. "Eh?"

"I want you both to tell me the truth." said Chunky, while the astounded parents blinked at him. "It is time the secret of my birth was revealed."

"Bless my life and soul!" gasped Mrs. Todgers.

"Mad!" said Mr. Todgers. "Mad as a hornet! This hyer comes of eating too much. I allers said it wouldn't do him any good."

"I'm going to Montreal," said Chunky determinedly. "But I want you to tell me the truth first. Who

"Who are you?" said Mr. Todgers dazedly. "Why, you're Joe Todgers, ain't you?"

Chunky smiled. "So it has been given out," he said. "But now I demand to know the secret of my birth."

"Where did he ever larn sich lang-But Chunky only toyed with his | widge?" said Mr. Todgers helplessly. "It's them books from libery, He was merely waiting for an op- that's what it is," said Mrs. Todgers.

"Novels and such." "It isn't!" roared Chunky. "Look here! I forgive you! I know you had some good reason for passing me off as a Todgers-perhaps to save my

Jerusalem!" gasped Mr.

Todgers. "But now it is time for the truth to be revealed, and for me to take my right name," said Chunky. "You understand that?"

Mr. Todgers looked at him fixedly, and rose to his feet. To Chunky's alarm, his horny hand closed on the cowhide now.

"It's them books from the libery has done this," said Mr. Todgers. "Turning of his brain, and no mistake. But I reckon a dose of the cowhide will set him right again. Come hyer, you young jay."

"Look here--" "Come hyer, I tell you!" roared

Mr. Todgers. "I tell you -- Don't you dare to - Yaroooooop!"

The next moment Chunky Todgers was in the grasp of his irate parent, and the cowhide rose and fell. Whack, whack, whack!

"Yooop! Yow! Yaroooooop!" Whack, whack, whack!

"There!" gasped Mr. Todgers. "Now you mosey off to bed, you young idjit; and if I hear any more of this pesky rot, you look out for the cowhide again!"

"Yow-ow-wooop!" "Off with you!" roared Mr. Todgers, flourishing the cowhide. And Chunky Todgers fled.

It was some time before Chunky

slept that night. He was thinking more of the cowhide than of the secret of his birth;

white-haired marquis greeting him on the steps of a baronial hall.

> The 4th Chapter. Chunky Takes the Plunge,

"Hail!" "All hail!"

Chunky Todgers started.

It was the following morning at arrived in a far from amiable temper. The whole Todgers family was chuckling, at home, over Chunky's amazing stunt, and the breakfasttable that morning had been a sort of martyrdom to the unhappy Chunky.

But instead of being cured thereby of his absurdity, Master Joseph Todgers seemed to be only confirmed in it by opposition and ridicule.

The attitude of the Todgerses he attributed to plebeian envy. Indeed, as he asked himself bitterly, what else could an Arlington expect of such a crowd as the Todgerses?

Chunky had shaken the dust of the Todgers' homestead from his feet in a wrathful mood, to ride to Cedar Creek that morning.

As he led his fat pony into the playground he met with a surprise! Frank Richards & Co., and a dozen other fellows, gathered round him as he came in, bowing almost to the ground, with exaggerated respect. Chunky stared at them.

"All hail!" chortled Bob Lawless. "Bow down, you common personsbow down!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Chunky's fat cheeks flushed.

For a moment he had taken this greeting as an appropriate tribute to his high-born importance. He realised now that it was a humorous demonstration. The Cedar Creek fellows were making fun of himmaking fun of an Arlington!

"Look hyer, you silly jays--" began Chunky Todgers heatedly. "Remember your old pals in your

prosperity, Chunky!" implored Bob. "Keep a corner for me in the baronial hall."

"Ha. ha. ha!" Chunky Todgers drew himself up to his full height-such as it was. His fat little nose turned up, and his lip curled, like the lip of Lost Sir Charles in the novel. His whole attitude was expressive of aristocratic disdain.

"Away!" he snapped. "What?"

"Keep your distance!" Chunky Todgers scornfully. guess this is baseborn envy!" "Oh. my hat!"

"I sha'n't be here much longer," said Todgers. "I shouldn't have come to day, only old Todgers had the cowhide---"

"Do you mean your father, you disrespectful young idiot?" exclaimed Frank Richards.

Chunky sniffed. "I mean old Todgers!" he retorted. "Chunky, you awful chump!" exclaimed Bob Lawless.

Chunky waved a fat hand at him. "None of your familiarity, Bob Lawless!" he snapped.

"Mum-mum-my what?" "Your beastly familiarity!" said Chunky Todgers, with ineffable scorn. "Kindly keep your distance, and don't address me, if you can't show proper respect to your superiors. I sha'n't be here long. I shall be starting for Montreal soon. I expect to go straight on to England---" "Phew!"

"Until then, I expect to be treated with respect," said Chunky. "Otherwise, keep your distance. I've no use for plebeian familiarity." "Great gophers!"

Chunky Todgers walked on loftily to the corral with his pony, leaving the Cedar Creek fellows gasping. Bob Lawless rubbed his nose.

"Ain't he a coughdrop?" he demanded. "I guess I always knew that Chunky was a born idiot; but who'd have thought this?" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers was the cynosure of all eyes when Cedar Creek went in to lessons that morning.

The class was in a state of suppressed merriment all through lessons. Chunky was the only fellow who did not share in the general merriment; he was in a lofty and scornful mood. But he was called over the coals several times by the schoolmistress of Cedar Creek. Inflated by the new discovery of his own importance, Chunky could scarcely prevail upon himself to attend to lessons, and he answered Miss Meadows in a careless and flippant way, which naturally roused the wrath of that astonished lady. The heir of the Arlingtons was rubbing his podgy hands when the Cedar Creek fellows came out of the schoolhouse after morning lesons.

At dinner Chunky Todgers was and it was not till he was asleep that | observed to have a very thoughtful the entrancing vision returned of a expression on his chubby face Every

other face at the table wore a smile: but Chunky was not in a smiling mood. He had serious food for thought.

After dinner he joined Frank Richards & Co. in the playground, There was a chuckle from the Co. as he came up; but Chunky did not heed

"I'm in a bit of a fix, you fellows," Cedar Creek School, and Chunky he said seriously. "Under the circumstances, I guess you ought to stand by me. I may mention that I sha'n't forget you when I come into the estates."

"What estates?" queried Frank Richards.

"My family estates, of course. You see, as the matter stands, I'm hard up, with a fortune waiting for me." "What fortune?"

"My fortune," exclaimed Chunky testily. "You saw what the advertisement said-something to my advantage! That can only mean that I'm coming into a fortune. You said so yourself at first---"

"Ass!" exclaimed Frank Richards. "I tell you we were only pulling your leg, because you're such a born chump. Is that plain enough?"

Chunky only smiled. "You can't get out of it like that!"

he answered.

"Oh dear!" "I may as well say that old Todgers practically owned up last night

"Owned up!" yelled Bob. "In a way, yes! He started on me

with the cowhide--" "Serve you jolly well right, you

"That was because he dared not answer questions," said Chunky, with the smile of superior knowledge. "On second thoughts, I don't think old Todgers is really a faithful retainer of the Arlingtons-"

"Not really?" gasped Beauclerc. "Nope; I think it's more likely that he is a varlet---"

"A varlet, in the pay of the conspirators," said Chunky. "What conspirators?" shrieked

"A-a-a what?"

Bob Lawless. "The conspirators who are keeping me out of my title and estates, of course. Probably my wicked uncle."

"Oh crumbs!" "His actions seem to prove as much!" said Chunky. "As for that crowd of commonplace Todgerses. I "I don't give a continental red cent for

the lot of them!" "Your brothers and sisters, you fat

"They're not Arlingtons---"About as much as you are, you crass ass," said Frank Richards.

"I wish you'd keep to the truth, Richards. But I don't want to argue the matter with you-you're baseborn, and you don't understand how to treat an aristocrat with proper respect. What I want to say is this; I'm in need of some dust to see me as

far as Montreal---" "You're not going to Montreal!"

shrieked Bob. "I guess I'm not going back to the Todgers' place," said Chunky. "I've had enough of their plebeian envy. I'm going to ride straight down to Kamloops, and take the cars east."

"Great Scott!" "Now, how much can you lend me?" demanded Chunky. "I needn't point out that it's an honour for chaps like you to lend money to me. You can see that for yourselves. How much is it to be?"

"Oh, my hat! Look here-" exclaimed Frank Richards, catching Chunky Todgers by the collar, and shaking him.

Chunky jumped back.

"Unhand me!" "Wha-a-at!"

"Unhand me!" said Chunky Todgers scornfully. "Now, are you going to make up twenty dollars for me "Ha, ha! No!"

"I guess I'll manage without, then," said Chunky, "and I shall refuse to ask you to my ancestral hall when I take possession of it."

"When!" chuckled Bob Lawless. Chunky Todgers sniffed, and turned

When the bell rang for afternoon classes, most of the Cedar Creek fellows looked out for Chunky on their way to the school-room. But Todgers was not to be seen. His place was empty in the class-room, and Miss Meadows inquired for him in vain. Frank Richards & Co. looked at one another blankly. Their little joke on Chunky had had an unexpected and rather dismaying result. Chunky Todgers was gone-while Cedar Creek gathered for lessons in the lumber school, the fat and fatuous Chunky had started-to hear of some-

thing to his advantage. THE END.