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The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d}/₂

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

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THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 21st, 1920.

The Other Mr. Bootles!



PREPARED FOR A RAGGING!

The Fistical Four walked right in. Then they stared. Putty was evidently prepared for war. He had fastened on leg-guards, a rug round his waist, and his head was defended by a fencing-mask. He had a breastplate in the form of a teatray, and numerous pillows were disposed about his person. "Ready!" he said. "Pile in!"

The 1st Chapter. Turned Down!

"I've got it!"
It was Teddy Grace—generally known as Putty in the Fourth Form at Rookwood—who spoke.
There were half a dozen juniors gathered in Jimmy Silver's study, and they were busy in discussion. Jimmy Silver and Arthur Edward Lovell, Conroy and Oswald and Townsend, all had something to say, and they were saying it, without very much regard for one another's remarks. Teddy Grace had been rather silent for some minutes—which was quite unusual with Putty of the Fourth.
He was sitting in the window-seat, with a deeply corrugated brow, indicative of intense reflection. He broke his silence by the sudden statement that he had "got it."
But the meeting did not pay much heed. Apparently they were more interested in their own ideas than in Putty's.

The subject under discussion was important—nothing less than the next performance of the Rookwood Players—the amateur dramatic society of the Classical Fourth. Jimmy Silver was keenly interested in it, and so was Lovell; but Raby and Newcome found cricket more attractive, and they had given the meeting a miss.
"We've settled that it's going to be a comedy," said Jimmy Silver, who seemed deaf to Putty's remark.
"That's one thing done. But—"
"I've got it!" repeated Putty.
"But the question arises," said Arthur Edward Lovell—"what comedy? Shakespeare's won't do."
"Too jolly heavy!" said Townsend.
"Something a bit more modern," suggested Oswald.
"I've got it!" came, for the third time, from the junior in the window-seat, in more emphatic tones.
Still the end study seemed deaf.
"Modern comedies," said Jimmy Silver, with the air of a fellow who knew, "are rot! Thin, wire-drawn

stuff, you know, without any beef in them. We couldn't ask the fellows to come and see us playing Shaw—"
"Hardly!"
"Shawly not!" said Arthur Edward Lovell.
This was a pun, but it passed unheeded. The meeting had no time to attend to puns.
"The fact is," continued Jimmy Silver thoughtfully, "there's an old proverb, that if you want a thing well done you'd better do it yourself. That applies to comedies as well as other things."
"Hear, hear!" said the meeting.
"Well, we can write Latin verses," said Lovell. "If we can do that, we can write a comedy, which is easier."
"Of course we can!" said Jimmy Silver.
"I've got it!" bawled Putty crescendo.
Jimmy Silver glanced across to the window-seat.
"Hallo! Did you speak, Grace?" he asked.

"Yes, I jolly well did!" said Grace warmly. "Can't you fellows listen for a minute, and give your silly chins a rest? I tell you I've got it!"
"Keep it, then!" suggested Lovell.
"Take it away and bury it. Now, about writing a comedy, I don't mind offering to do the work—"
"But what about the audience, in that case?" asked Conroy.
"Eh? What about the audience?"
"Will they stand it?"
Arthur Edward Lovell bestowed a very expressive look on the Australian junior.
"If Conroy is going to be a funny idiot—" he began.
"Will you fellows lend me your ears?" asked Putty Grace. "I tell you I've got an idea."
"Time you had, anyhow!" said Conroy.
"Oh, let's give Putty a hearing!" said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "He won't be happy till he gets it. Go ahead, Putty, and cut it short."
"We've agreed on a comedy," said

Putty. "Now, my idea is a comic play of school life—"
"Nothing comic about school life," objected Arthur Edward Lovell. "Jolly serious bizney, if you ask me."
"Oh, it has a comic side!" retorted Putty. "There's the way you do your construe, frinstance—"
"You silly ass!" roared Lovell.
"There's the way Townsend does his hair—"
"Why, you cheeky fathead!" said Townsend warmly.
"Are we going to have a play about Lovell's construe and Towny's top-knot?" asked Oswald.
"No, ass; there are other funny things! There's Bootles!"
"Bootles?"
The juniors stared at Putty. Mr. Bootles was their respected Form-master, and, though undoubtedly he had his funny ways, they had certainly not thought of him in connection with comedy.
"Bootles!" said Putty. "Bootles is just what we want!"

"Fathead! Do you think Bootles would take a part in a Lower School play?" snorted Lovell.

"I don't mean that—"

"Well, what do you mean, if you mean anything?"

"I mean Bootles as a character study," explained Putty. "Bootles is simply a gold-mine to a comedian. Easy enough to make up as Bootles, and an actor like me—ahem!—could imitate his wonderful accent, and the way he jerks his head, like a tortoise looking out of its shell, in a way that would bring down the house."

Jimmy Silver shook his head decidedly.

"N. G.!" he answered. "I wouldn't be respectful."

"An artiste can't afford to be a respecter of persons," answered Putty loftily.

"And you couldn't do it—"

"I could do it on my head, ass!"

"We had that idea before," said Jimmy Silver. "Peele made up as Bootles, and I must say he did it jolly well, though he's a beast in other things. But we cut it out—"

"Never mind Peele!" said Teddy Grace. "I could act Peele's head off! I tell you I've been studying Bootles in class, and he's often struck me as the very thing for farce—"

"My hat! You'd better let Bootles hear you say so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Of course, I wouldn't tell him," said Putty. "I wouldn't hurt his feelings."

"I fancy it's your feelings that would be hurt chiefly!" chuckled Lovell.

"Bootles simply asks to be caricatured," continued Putty. "If not, why does he wear that twopenny quiff of a moustache, and jerk his napper like a tortoise, and say 'What, what?' like a peculiar parrot? I tell you a comedian who saw and studied Bootles would make his fortune on the stage, simply by acting him to the life. Now, I could do it—"

"Bow-wow!"

"The comedy should be written round a central character," resumed Putty, unheeding. "I'll take on the central character—"

"Cheeky ass!"

"And I'll undertake to make 'em simply yell," said Grace confidently. "You leave it to me. I suppose you want this play to be a success? Well, I'll make it a success."

"Ass!"

"I don't mind standing the necessary props myself," said Putty. "My pater will send me the tin if I ask him. I can get the things at Rookham. Leave it to me."

"But we're not going to play Bootles!" bawled Jimmy Silver. "I tell you it's too thick, even if you could do it. Suppose Bootles heard?"

"He won't! He won't see our comedy, I suppose."

"No, but—"

"We sha'n't call the character by his name on the programme. We'll call it Twittles, or something—"

"But—"

"You're as full of butts as a billy-goat!" grunted Putty. "Now, is it a go?"

"No, it isn't, ass! For one thing, you couldn't do it!"

Putty rose.

"Suppose I convince you of that?" he said.

"You couldn't!"

"I'll try. I'll get over to Rookham on my bike to-morrow, and bag the things I want for the part. To-morrow evening I'll make up as Bootles."

"Bosh!"

"And I'll make you think it's really Bootles!" hooted Putty wrathfully. "I'll come to this study as Bootles, and you won't know the difference!"

"Well, if you do, we'll have a Bootles' comedy, and you can play the part!" said Jimmy Silver, laughing.

"Done!" said Putty at once.

And he left the end study.

"Cheeky ass!" said Lovell, with a snort. "Putty can act a bit, but if he thinks he's going to take the fat parts away from the old hands, he's making a mistake. Let him come here made up as Bootles! I'll surprise him if he does!"

Jimmy Silver chuckled.

"We'll let him come, and try to spoof us," he said, "and then we'll jolly well collar him and rag him as a warning. The silly ass! As if he could take us in like that! Now, about the comedy!"

And the discussion went on with animation, minus Putty Grace.

The 2nd Chapter.
Putty Means Business.

Jimmy Silver smiled the next morning as he glanced at Putty Grace in class.

It was evident that Putty had not

given up the remarkable scheme he had propounded in the end study the previous evening. Putty, in fact, very seldom did give up a scheme that had once found a resting-place in his fertile brain.

In spite of the fact that the dramatic society had unanimously turned down the idea, Teddy Grace was sticking to it, and it was quite clear that morning that he was collecting data for the part.

He watched Mr. Bootles as a cat watches a mouse, as if he thirsted for the pearls of wisdom that dropped from the Form-master's lips.

Little Mr. Bootles himself noticed it at last.

Putty was a clever pupil, and had a good place in the class; but he had never distinguished himself for such very close attention to his Form-master before.

Now his eyes were glued to Mr. Bootles, and his ears open for every syllable that fell from him.

He made it a point to speak to Mr. Bootles as often as he could, asking him questions that were really almost frivolous, for the sake of drawing the little gentleman's attention, and studying his voice, his manner, his gestures, and his whiskers.

Mr. Bootles was a nice little gentleman, and his pupils liked and respected him, but his greatest admirer would not have denied that he had his comic ways.

These, of course, were lost upon Mr. Bootles himself, but he was the only person they were lost upon.

When he jerked his head forward in speaking to a fellow, it did remind one inevitably of a tortoise, and his way of ejaculating "What—what?" was undoubtedly entertaining.

Putty Grace was storing his memory with Bootles, so to speak, with a view to the part he intended to play.

Jimmy Silver saw it, and he could not help wondering what Mr. Bootles would have thought and said and done if he had known.

Fortunately, Mr. Bootles did not know, and was not likely to know, though he could not fail to observe Grace's unusual attention.

Tubby Muffin had been called upon to construe, and he had acquitted himself in his usual manner—which did not meet with the approval of his Form-master.

"You may sit down, Muffin," said Mr. Bootles crushingly; "and you may write out that passage fifty times after lessons!"

"Oh!" ejaculated Muffin.

"You neglected your preparation last evening, I think, Muffin!"

"Oh, no, sir!" said Tubby. "I was simply slaving away at it like—like anything, sir!"

"I fear, Muffin, that you are more prone to wander into the paths of exaggeration and prevarication than to pursue sedulously the strait and narrow path of veracity!" said Mr. Bootles, with ponderous severity.

"Splendid!" ejaculated Putty involuntarily.

"What?"

Mr. Bootles' eyes turned on Grace at once in great astonishment.

"What—what—what did you say, Grace? What—what?"

Putty crimsoned.

"I—I—" he stammered.

He couldn't explain that that ponderous speech of Mr. Bootles was a perfect gem for his part in the comedy.

Such an explanation certainly would not have placated the master of the Fourth.

"You were pleased," said Mr. Bootles, "to utter an encomium upon my remarks to Muffin, Grace?"

"I—I—"

"I am very much obliged to you for your good opinion, Grace, but it is perhaps unnecessary for me to point out that a member of my Form is not called upon to express approval of my observations! You will take fifty lines, Grace! What—what? Bless my soul! You are laughing, Silver!"

"W-w-was I, sir?" stammered Jimmy Silver.

"You were!" said Mr. Bootles severely. "There is nothing whatever to cause risibility in this incident, Silver! In order to restore you to a state of gravity suitable for the Form-room, you also may take fifty lines!"

"Oh!" murmured Jimmy.

"I shall expect these lines by tea-time!" said Mr. Bootles. "You will have the kindness to remain serious in class!"

Jimmy Silver was serious enough after that. It was a half-holiday that afternoon, and he was not anxious to gather up any more lines.

When the Classical Fourth were dismissed, Jimmy Silver came up to Putty in the passage.

"You shrieking ass!" he said.

"Hallo! What's the row?"

"You've got me fifty lines!"

growled the captain of the Fourth. "I've a jolly good mind to make you do them!"

Putty grinned.

"Isn't Bootles splendid, though?" he said.

"Eh?"

"For the comedy, I mean. Why, the fellows will simply shriek when I turn him on on the stage!"

"Oh, rats!" growled Jimmy. "You can't do it, and you're not going to do it, and, for goodness' sake, give us a rest on the subject!"

"I'm going to Rookham for the things this afternoon."

"You can go to Jericho, if you like!"

That afternoon Jimmy Silver & Co. were busy on the cricket-field, and Jimmy was bowling to Mornington, at the wicket, when Putty wheeled out his bicycle and disappeared.

The Fistical Four were coming in to tea when Putty came back, and he turned up with a large parcel.

Jimmy Silver glanced at it as he followed Grace into the School House.

"What's that?" he demanded.

"The theatrical stuff," explained Putty. "I've bought the whole shoot at the costumier's. He had just what I wanted. I'm going to my study to practise now. I'll drop in on you presently."

"As Bootles?" snorted Arthur Edward Lovell.

"You bet!"

"Look out for squalls if you do."

"Oh, I'm going to take you in, you know."

"Rats!"

The Fistical Four went to their study, not very pleased. Putty was comparatively a new fellow at Rookwood, and the Co. agreed that he thought much too much of himself for a new fellow. They did not believe for one moment that he could "make up" as Mr. Bootles sufficiently convincingly to "take them in," and if he tried it on, and failed, they agreed that it would be for his own good to make an example of him.

"What about your lines, Jimmy?" asked Raby, as they sat down to tea.

"Bootles said tea-time, you know."

Jimmy Silver grunted.

"How could I do lines when I was playing cricket?" he said.

"Better ask Bootles that!" chuckled Newcome.

"I'll do them after tea," said Jimmy. "I don't suppose old Bootles will say anything; he's really a good sort. Pass the sosses, and never mind the lines!"

The Fistical Four were hungry, and they devoted their attention to tea, which was not finished when Tubby Muffin rolled into the study, with a fat grin on his face.

"I say, Jimmy—"

"Look after the cake!" said Lovell.

"I'm not after your blessed cake!" said Muffin indignantly. "I came to tell you about Putty."

"Well, what about Putty?"

"He's making-up in our study!" chuckled Muffin. "I say, he's imitating old Bootles, and he's doing it jolly well! He's got just old Bootles' cackle when he speaks. Higgs and Jones minor are chortling no end. Jones says if Putty came into the Form-room like that, he wouldn't know him from the real Bootles' bird!"

"Rot!" growled Lovell. "He couldn't take this study in! Let that cake alone, you fat bouncer!"

Tubby Muffin had come with news, but he had a hungry eye on the cake. Lovell picked up a cricket-stump, and Reginald Muffin retired from the end study with a grunt, and without any cake. Lovell kicked the door shut after him.

"I'll keep this stump ready for Putty if he comes here playing the goat!" he said. "I can jolly well tell him—"

Tap!

"Come in!" sang out Jimmy Silver.

The door opened.

The Fistical Four stared at the figure that presented itself in the doorway.

Either it was Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, or his double.

The juniors jumped up.

Prepared as they were for Putty's impersonation, they were not prepared for this.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Lovell, in astonishment.

"Silver!"

"Hallo!" said Jimmy.

"What—what? How dare you address me in that familiar and disrespectful manner, Silver?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bump him!" roared Lovell. "Have his whiskers off! You silly ass! Do you think we believe you're old Bootles? Have him down!"

"What—what? Upon my word— Yaroooooooop!"

With one accord the Fistical Four

rushed upon their visitor, and he came to the floor with a bump, with the four juniors sprawling over him.

The 3rd Chapter.
The Genuine Article.

"Oh! Ah! Ow! Ooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bump him!"

"Give him beans!"

There was a roar of laughter in the end study, accompanied by a roar of anguish from the Fistical Four's unhappy victim.

Along the passage came a crowd of juniors, curious to know what the uproar was about.

At the sight of Jimmy Silver & Co. and their victim there was a howl of astonishment.

"Are you potty?" shrieked Conroy.

"What are you doing to Mr. Bootles?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tain't Bootles!" chuckled Lovell. "It's a dear old practical joker asking for trouble! Bump him!"

"Help! Yoop! Help! Bless my soul!"

"Don't he keep it up?" chortled Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Have his silly whiskers off!" roared Lovell. "The silly ass! As if we'd believe that they were real whiskers! As if they look real! You could see a yard or that they were spoof!"

And Lovell grabbed the whiskers and jerked at them.

"Yaroooh!"

It was a fiendish yell from the owner of the whiskers.

To Arthur Edward Lovell's surprise, they did not come off.

"I say, he's got these whiskers fixed on jolly tight!" ejaculated Lovell, in astonishment.

"Upon my word! Yow-ow! Wooooon! Help! Are the boys mad? Help!"

Conroy rushed at Lovell, and dragged him off by main force.

"You burbling ass!" he gasped.

"Let Mr. Bootles alone!"

"Tain't Bootles!"

"It is, you frabjous ass!"

"I tell you it's Putty!"

"He, he, he!" came from Tubby Muffin. "Putty's still in our study!"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Putty's in the study, making-up before the glass!" said Jones minor.

"Did you think— Oh, my hat!"

Frozen silence fell upon the Fistical Four.

They jumped away from Mr. Bootles as if that little gentleman had suddenly become red-hot.

The dreadful truth dawned upon their minds.

If Putty was still in his study, evidently this visitor was not Putty. And if it was not Putty, it must be Mr. Bootles himself. They had jumped to a conclusion too hastily, and it was the august person of their Form-master that they had bumped on the floor, and it was Mr. Bootles' own genuine whiskers that Lovell had yanked at!

They could not speak.

They could only stand rooted and frozen, staring at Mr. Bootles as if they were mesmerised, while Conroy and Pons and two or three other fellows helped the Form-master to his feet.

Mr. Bootles was breathless and stuttering, and he was in a state of towering wrath, which was really not to be wondered at.

"Bless my soul!" he spluttered. "You—you—you have dared to—lay hands upon me—to lay hands upon your Form-master! Bless my soul! Follow me to the Head at once! You shall be expelled from Rookwood! You—you shall be flogged! You—you—you—"

Words and breath failed Mr. Bootles simultaneously.

"Oh, yo gods!" groaned Jimmy Silver, overcome.

"If—if you please, sir—" stammered Lovell.

"You—you audacious young rascals—"

"It was a mistake, sir!" put in Mornington. "They took you for somebody else, sir!"

"Nonsense! How could they take me for somebody else?" hooted Mr. Bootles. "Do not talk nonsense, Mornington!"

"We—we did, sir!" stammered Jimmy Silver.

"Nonsense!"

"You—you don't think we'd have laid hands on you, sir, if we'd known it was you?" gasped Raby.

"I—I'd sooner have cut my hand off, sir!" stuttered Lovell. And really he hardly exaggerated, in his horror at what had been done. "We—we thought it was a jape, sir!"

"What—what?"

"We—we thought it was a chap got up, sir—private theatricals, you know, sir!"

"What utter nonsense!"

"We—we thought so, sir!"

Mr. Bootles adjusted his glasses, which Oswald had fiddled from under the study table, and blinked at the Fistical Four. The horror they evidently felt, which showed plainly enough in their faces, placated him a little. He realised that there must have been a mistake, though their explanation sounded absurd enough to his ears.

"You couldn't think—we—we meant, sir—"

"I should be sorry to believe that you were capable of a deliberate assault upon your Form-master," said Mr. Bootles, more calmly. "I accept your explanation, absurd as it sounds; but that does not alter the fact that you have hurled yourselves upon me, and dragged me over, and caused me a very severe shock! I shall cane you most severely!"

The Fistical Four were almost relieved to hear it. They had dreaded being marched into the Head's study, to listen to a sentence of expulsion from the school. A caning was light in comparison.

"Oswald, go to my study and fetch my cane!" said Mr. Bootles.

"Yes, sir!"

Dick Oswald scudded away, and Mr. Bootles pumped in breath while he waited. The Fistical Four rubbed their hands in unhappy anticipation. When Oswald returned, Mr. Bootles took the cane and swished it.

"Now!"

What followed was painful—very painful. It was seldom that Mr. Bootles caned severely; but on this occasion he let himself go. By the time he had finished, he was again breathless, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were almost doubled up.

"Let that be a lesson to you," said Mr. Bootles grimly. "I came to your study, Silver, as you had not brought me your lines. Are they done?"

"Ow-wow! No, sir!"

"They are doubled," said Mr. Bootles.

And he tucked his cane under his arm and marched away. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another dolorously.

"Ow-wow-wow!" mumbled Lovell.

"Oh dear!"

"Ow! Yow!"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "I say, you fellows do look a set of lame ducks! He, he, he!"

Lovell directed a feeble kick at the fat Classical. Muffin dodged it easily, and chuckled again.

"Muffin, groaned Jimmy Silver, "tell Putty Grace we're coming to slaughter him—when we feel better! Ow!"

"He, he, he!"

The Fistical Four limped into their study and slammed the door, to shut out the grinning crowd. And, although there was plenty of sympathy for them among the juniors, there was no doubt that the Rookwooders saw the comic side of the affair; and as the door closed on the hapless Co. the chuckles in the passage were loud and long.

The 4th Chapter.
Punishing Putty!

There was woe in the end study that evening.

There was not precisely weeping and wailing and gnashing of teeth, but there was something near it.

After being handled and rolled over by the juniors—even in an absurd mistake for somebody else—it was natural that Mr. Bootles should have considered it an occasion for severity. And he had laid on the cane not wisely, but too well. Never before had the chums of the Fourth dreamed that their little Form-master was so athletic.

It was time for prep, but, instead of thinking of prep, the Fistical Four groaned and moaned, and groaned again, and said things.

"Who'd have thought the little beast had so much beef in him?" moaned Lovell.

It is much to be feared that Arthur Edward was alluding to his Form-master in that disrespectful way.

"Yow-ow-ow!" was Jimmy Silver's answer.

"I don't blame Bootles," groaned Raby. "After all, we bumped him over, and that idiot Lovell tugged at his silly whiskers—"

"Can't blame Bootles. But that villain Putty—"

"That fathead Putty—"

"That putty-brained scallywag Putty—"

"That—that unspeakable, burbling jabberwock Putty—"

On the subject of Putty Grace the suffering juniors were eloquent. They thought of a surprising number of things to say about Putty. All the things they said were unflattering.

"You have agreed to allow Grace to take the principal part on a certain condition—"

"P-P-Putty hasn't told you, sir—"

"gasped Jimmy Silver, in amazement.

"I am aware of the whole circumstances, Silver. It appears that you have agreed with Grace that he is to take the principal part in the comedy on condition that he succeeds in making himself up as myself to the extent of deceiving you as to his identity—"

"Ye-es, sir!" muttered Jimmy, utterly confused. "I—I—"

"Very good," said Mr. Bootles. "And as Grace has fulfilled his part of the contract, you will be called upon to fulfil yours, Silver. All the Form are witnesses."

"Wha-a-at? I—I—"

"Oh crikey!"

"My hat!"

There was a howl of amazement in the Common-room.

It was caused by Mr. Bootles. That gentleman had taken hold of his whiskers, and with a jerk removed them from his face.

With another jerk he removed his eyebrows, and then his moustache. Then he whisked off a wig and a cap.

And then, though the make-up was still on his face, it was possible to recognise Putty of the Fourth.

The Fistical Four stared at him blankly.

"P-P-Putty!" stuttered Lovell.

"Tain't Bootles at all—"

"Putty, you spoofing villain—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mornington. "It's a fair catch! You took him for Bootles, and no mistake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver blinked.

There was no doubt that it was a fair catch. Even now Jimmy could hardly believe that it was indeed Putty of the Fourth who had walked into the Common-room, made up as his Form-master, and caned the Fistical Four one after another.

Putty grinned cheerfully.

"I think you'll have to admit that it's a catch—what—what?" he remarked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I regret exceedingly that I have been compelled to chastise you for your own good—what—what?" continued Putty, in the voice of Mr.

Bootles, and there was a bowl of laughter.

"You—you—you spoofing rotter!" gasped Lovell. "You—you've taken us in, you—you—"

"Didn't I tell you I would?" chuckled Putty. "You see, that's why I was keeping my door locked while I was making-up as Bootles; and to account for my not being here when Bootles arrived. Ha, ha! My dear kids, I've pulled the wool over your eyes all along the line, and you can't deny that you did take me for Bootles, as you let me cane you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm holding you to the arrangement, dear boy," continued Putty genially. "The principal part in our comedy is going to be a Bootles'

character, and I'm going to play it—what—what?"

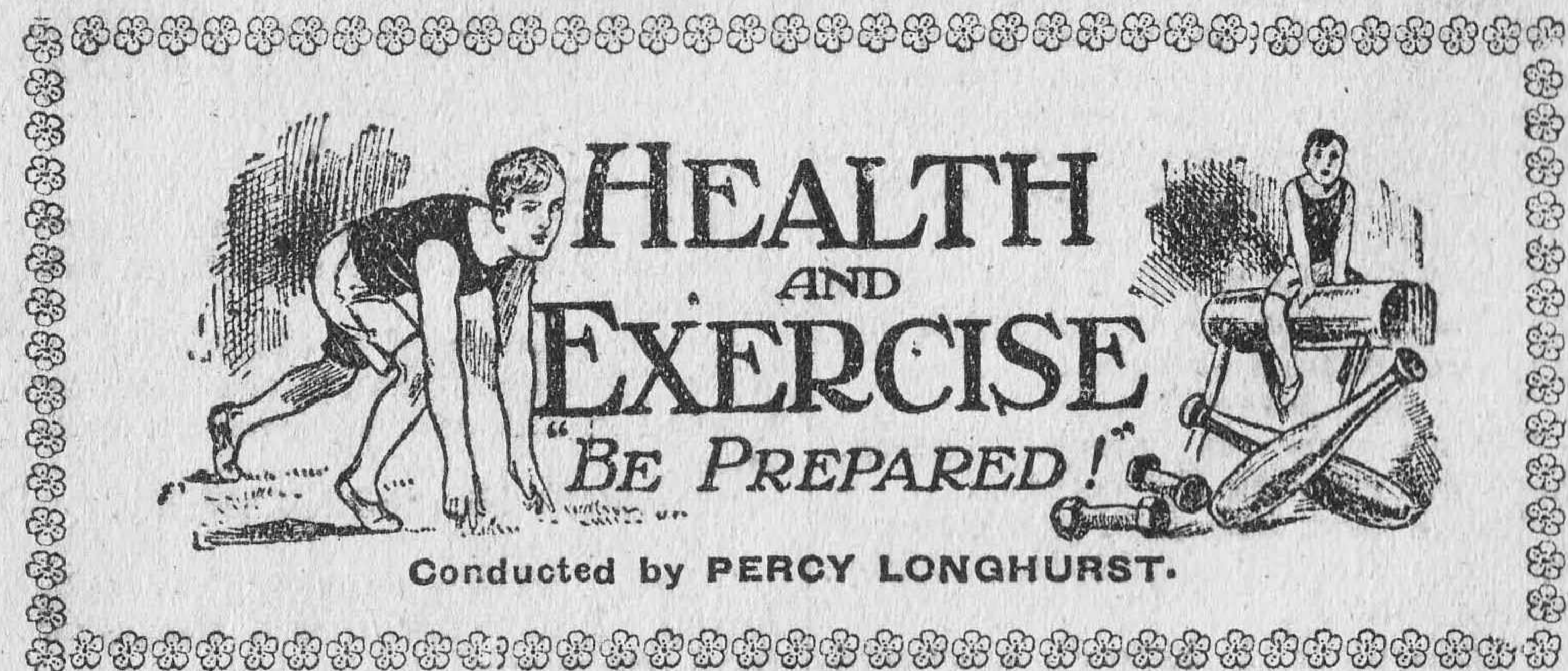
Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath. "It's a go!" he said. "I said so, and I stick to it. And now bump him!"

"Here, I say, that's not in the programme! Oh, my hat!"

Putty of the Fourth had gained his point, but that was not all that he had gained. He had gained also a record ragging, and the Fistical Four collared him, and bumped him, and rolled him on the floor till the hapless impersonator yelled for mercy. After which Jimmy Silver & Co. felt better.

THE END.

(Next Monday, another long complete story of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled "Putty's Plight!" Be sure you read it!)



HEALTH AND EXERCISE
"BE PREPARED!"
Conducted by **PERCY LONGHURST.**

Round Shoulders.

Round shoulders in adults may be a result of the occupation followed, due to the constant bending over to the work at a bench or desk, pushing a barrow, etc., but in those who have not yet grown up the trouble is due to weakness of the spine or muscles, or, more generally, in slackness in holding the body. Sitting "all of a heap," slouching instead of walking, dropping the head, all tend to cause the shoulders to become rounded.

It is a condition that one should take pains not to fall into, not only because rounded shoulders look bad, but the position causes a shrinking in of the chest. This means that the lungs never have a fair chance of being fully expanded. You can't breathe properly and be round-shouldered at the same time.

Where the trouble does exist it may be cured—though it's much less difficult to prevent than to cure—by taking proper exercises and sticking to them, doing them every day. At the same time, the head must be properly lifted, so that you are looking straight in front of you, not on the ground, and the chest well expanded.

A good exercise is to stand about a foot from an open doorway, hands on the jambs, and about the height of the shoulders. Now bend the arms, and let the body sink forward, toes only on the ground. Go as far forward as possible. Hold the position a couple of seconds, and then push back to original position, keeping the elbows well out.

Other useful movements are the familiar chest-opening exercises—arms extended forward and horizontal, fists clenched, then carrying the arms as far back as they will go without allowing them to drop. Hold position some seconds, return quickly, and repeat until muscles ache slightly. Another is to stand upright, carry arms behind the back, keeping quite straight, and grasp a wrist with the other hand. Hold tightly, throw head and shoulders back somewhat, and lift the hands as high as you can. Another good one is to clench fists, bring arms up at sides as though you were "showing your muscle," palm to the front. Now stretch the shoulders sideways as far as you can, revolving them back to original position. Go on until tired.

If you faithfully practise the jujitsu "struggle" I have described you will never become round-shouldered.

Training for Distance Races.

The half-mile, and anything beyond it are usually known as distance races, and the training for these is quite different from that which is best for the sprint runner. The sprinter trains to increase his pace, the distance racer to improve his stamina or endurance. Which is not to say that the distance runner needn't worry about pace at all. Not by any means, any more than it is to say that the sprinter need not pay attention to the development of endurance. But with the runner up to a quarter-mile, speed is the first consideration; beyond that distance, it is endurance that is chiefly aimed at.

The half-mile is a difficult race to run, the inexperienced runner not knowing where he should make his most speedy effort. It is of no use his running the first half at top-speed, for he will find himself wholly winded long before he gets to the winning-flag. On the other hand, he must not take things too easily at first, or he will find himself with too much ground to make up towards the end of the race. Judgment is required.

The rule is to cover the first half in quicker time than the second half. This means that in his training he is a lot the better if he can get a companion to hold a watch and time him during his practice runs. This determines the kind of training he has to do. It means that three days a week, if he can practise every day, he must practise going at racing pace for distances of a quarter-mile and 600 yards. This should be taken on alternate days. Practising starting must not be left out.

On the other days of the week he might run, say, 1,000 yards at racing speed for a quarter-mile, and then slowing down. This will develop stamina without causing any loss of pace. On one day, let him run the full distance, but taking the last 200 yards at the very best pace he can do. This will help him to learn how to finish strongly. And finishing in a half-mile race is an important matter.

Here is a schedule that should suit most:

Monday: Short sprints. A couple of starts. Full distance to get an idea of time.

Tuesday: 600 yards, racing speed.

Wednesday: Two or three short sprints. Then 1,000 yards, top-speed first quarter.

Thursday: Fast 30 yards. Full distance, easy.

Friday: Sprints. Racing pace 600 yards.

Saturday: Starts. Full distance as in race.

Next week I will deal with the mile.

Ju-Jitsu Training (continued).

The pole work has a number of varieties of movements, and these should be learned in the order as explained. And this is important—between the completion of each exercise and the change from the attacker to defender, let both parties spend a good half-minute in deep breathing, stomach out when breathing in, stomach drawn in exhaling (breathing out).

The position for the next exercise is with the pole grasped as previously described, but held just below the middle of the body, horizontally. Feet of defender should be together, toes out. During the exercise the defender turns slowly on his heels. The attacker, holding the pole firmly, the defender resisting, begins to walk around the other, away to his left,

Both being ready, the attacker—using both hands—lifts the pole upwards against the defender's one-handed resistance, and tries to carry it over and behind the other's head, and thence down a trifle below the level of the shoulders.

The contest settled, the same performance is gone through with the attacker standing at the right of the defender, who grips the pole with his left hand.

A rest for breathing, and then comes a change of places.

A splendid exercise is that obtained with the pole held about breast-high—the opponents are directly facing each other—grips about shoulder-width apart. The attacker, leaning over to his left, forces the pole over sideways—naturally, the defender has to bend sideways also—until the end is resting on the floor.

A Healthy Mind.

You are all aware what is the meaning and purpose of this regular practising of all athletic exercises and games which I am anxious to help you to acquire. It is the getting and keeping of a strong and healthy mind in a strong and healthy body. It is that combination which makes the real man, the man who is credit to himself, his family, and his country, the kind of man who is worth something, the sort of fellow whom you couldn't help but like, and whom you'd like to be your friend, and have with you if ever you happened to get into an ugly corner.

You don't play games and go through exercises solely to make your muscles well-developed and strong; you don't go in for athletic pastimes for no other reason than the winning of prizes or the hope of beating records. If you practise faithfully, these things may come—some of them certainly will. No; your object is to win for yourself health and strength, but not only of the muscles, but of the mind, the character.

A dirty mind in a strong and healthy body is like a clod of filth in a jug of milk. The milk is spoiled.

A mind that resembles that clod of filth wholly spoils the fine body, which in time will be good for nothing. Because by-and-by, that dirty mind will influence the body; it will cause it to do things it should not do, and to leave undone the things that ought to be done.

The fellow who is always thinking dirty thoughts, who uses dirty language, who wastes time in hunting for and looking at dirty pictures, will very soon come to neglect his body. To do these things is a sign of a weak mind, and a weak mind, sooner or later, will lead to the body becoming weak. It can't take a pride in a strong and healthy body. It sees no use for that. So the body becomes neglected, and, before long, health and strength disappear.

You can't help meeting dirt; I know that very well. But it is possible to refuse to have anything to do with it. It is possible to handle it if you can't help touching it. It

is possible, if you will take the trouble, to avoid thinking about it.

And these are things I want to see you do with companions who are dirty of mind. Get away from them, and go and have a healthy run in the fresh air or a jolly game. Don't give them a chance of trying to make you like themselves.

Some More Trick Feats.

There are scores of trick feats of strength—though by this I don't mean that the weakling by means of them can always get the advantage over a really strong chap; only that their success depends rather upon knowledge and knack than actual muscular force—and, generally speaking, they will "come off" all right—so long as the other fellow doesn't know the secret. Here is a really good one. I've seen more than one girl, not particularly robust, but who'd practised the dodge very thoroughly, get the better of some stalwart specimens of the stronger sex.

The idea is to interlace fingers with the individual you wish to surprise, and assert that you can force him on his knees. And so you will, no matter how much stronger and heavier than you he is, if you know the trick and he doesn't.

Take hold as shown in the drawing. And don't forget that a lot depends upon how you take hold. Let your fingers get well home, and press firmly just above your opponent's knuckles, thus forcing them straight. This gives you the initial advantage. Then the effort begins, and, if you have taken hold as directed, the other fellow's hands and wrists will be slightly underneath yours.

When he makes his effort, don't press or shove against him. Just try your utmost to force your hands straight upwards. To do this, you will have to drop your elbows a little; but probably he won't notice that.

Keep your forearms vertical, and your hands above your elbows—he'll probably think he has forced you into the position—shove strongly upwards, and he can work until he's black in the face, but he won't be able to force you down, no matter how strong he is. His own arms will be almost horizontal, and in this position he can't exert a quarter the force you're bringing into play.

Let him go on working until he gets tired, and then you can become the aggressor, when you gain command by forcing his hands back upon the wrist, from where, keeping up your effort, you can bring him to his knees.

Of course, you mustn't give the game away by making your effort so apparent to him as will carry your hands very high.

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The next move begins with the defender holding the pole in front of him—at the waist-line—but with one hand only—the right, which is about six inches from the end. The attacker holds with both hands, right towards the end, left about middle of pole. His position is a little to the defender's left, and they are facing in opposite directions. The defender's grip is with knuckles upwards; the attacker's left hand has palm upwards, but the back of his right hand is uppermost.

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A LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF THE CHUMS OF CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL



THE CHUM FROM CHICAGO

A Grand
Complete Story
of Frank Richards & Co.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter.

A Pilgrim and a Stranger!

"Sa-ay!"
That ejaculation, with a strong nasal accent, caught the ears of Frank Richards & Co. as they trotted up the trail towards Cedar Creek School one fine morning.

The three chums pulled in their horses at once.

From the cedars and larches beside the trail, a youth of about their own age had emerged, and he was holding up a bony hand as a signal for them to stop.

The chums of Cedar Creek regarded him rather curiously.

He was a stranger to them, and apparently a newcomer in the Thompson Valley, and they rather wondered how he came to be wandering alone in the almost trackless timber.

"Hold on, bub!" continued the youth, coming out into the trail.

"Well, we're holding on," said Bob Lawless good-naturedly. "What's the trouble? Buck up! We're late!"

They were cutting the alfalfa on the Lawless Ranch, and Frank Richards & Co. had been helping. Miss Meadows had allowed them an hour's leave; but the hour was up, and they were anxious to get to school.

"I reckon I'm looking for a trail," said the youthful stranger.

"Well, you've found one," said Vere Beauclerc. "Is this the one you want? Where are you going?"

"Cedar Creek,"
"The school?" asked Frank Richards, with interest.

"Yep."
That reply increased the interest of the Co. in the young stranger. Apparently it was a new schoolfellow whom they had found wandering in the timber.

"Some sort of a one-horse backwoods school, I guess, strewed about hyer somewhere," continued the youth. "There don't seem to be a guide-post in all this benighted country! I'm from Chicawgo."

"Walked from there this morning?" asked Frank innocently.

The youth stared at him.
He was a very sharp-looking youth, with keen eyes and pointed features, but it did not seem to dawn upon him that the Cedar Creek schoolboy was pulling his leg.

"I guess not," he answered. "Don't you know Chicawgo is over a thousand miles from here?"

"Then you must have ridden?"
"Oh, come off! You can't take a rise out of B. H. Honk!" said the youth derisively. "That's me, you know!"

"Honk!" repeated Frank. "Is that your name?"

"I guess so. Bunker Hill Honk," explained the youth. "Named after Bunker Hill, where we whipped you Britishers!"

This polite speech earned him a rather grim stare from the Cedar Creek fellows.

"Where you whatted?" ejaculated Frank. "In our history-books the whipping was the other way round."

Master Honk nodded.
"Very likely," he assented. "But we get the facts, you know. But what I want to know is, where is that pesky, goldarned, one-hoss backwoods school? I left Thompson Town nearly two hours ago, and I haven't lit on it yet!"

"You missed the trail, then, and it runs straight enough from Thompson to Cedar Creek," said Bob.

"I guess I was taking a short cut."
"And lost yourself!" said Frank, with a smile.

"I guess I may have gone round a bit," said Master Honk cautiously, evidently unwilling to admit that he had lost himself. "Of all the benighted, one-hoss countries, give me Canada! I guess this country was the leavings after the States was made! Here am I—"

Bob Lawless set his horse in motion again.

"Come on, you fellows!" he said. "I'm not enjoying this polished conversation!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Frank and Beauclerc followed Bob, leaving B. H. Honk standing in the trail staring after them.

The American youth broke into a run in pursuit.

"Hyer, sa-ay!" he shouted. "You haven't told me the way to Cedar Creek!"

"Better tell him, Bob," murmured Frank.

Bob Lawless gave a grunt. Bunker Honk's remarks on Canada had not pleased him.

"Oh, I'll tell him!" he answered. He checked his horse, and glanced round at the panting Honk.

"You want the trail to Cedar Creek?"

"Yep!" gasped Honk.

"Turn round and keep straight on!"

"Waal—"
"Keep right on, and you'll reach the school in time," said Bob. "It's rather a long way!"

And Bob Lawless rode on with his chums.

Master Honk, without troubling to thank him for his information, turned in the trail, and tramped away.

"Bob!" exclaimed Frank.

Bob Lawless shrugged his shoulders. "I've given him the straight tip," he answered. "That's the way to Cedar Creek, if he keeps on far enough. I've told him it's a long way, and so it is—about twenty-five thousand miles that way. He will have to walk through the States and Mexico and South America, and swim the Pacific, and walk over the South Pole—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And by the time he's done that, he may have learned that it's a good stunt to be civil when asking favours of strangers!" asked Bob. "He's lucky to get off without a licking for his cheek! Come on!"

Frank Richards glanced back rather remorsefully to see Bunker Honk disappearing in the distance—en route for the South Pole, apparently. But Bob was determined that the youth from Chicago should have his lesson, and it was not for Frank to interfere.

Ten minutes later the chums arrived at Cedar Creek School, and joined Miss Meadows' class at lessons.

Lessons that morning were not interrupted by the arrival of Bunker Honk.

The 2nd Chapter. The New Boy!

"There's a new chum coming to Cedar Creek."

Chunky Todgers afforded that information to Frank Richards & Co. as they came out of the lumber school after dinner.

The chums smiled.
Chunky prided himself on being first in the field with any news that was going; but on this occasion, at least, his news was known beforehand, owing to the meeting on the trail.

"Name of Honk," continued Todgers. "Galoot with a knife-blade nose, and an accent you could chop with a lumberman's axe. I saw him yesterday in Gunten's store. He's the son of old Honk."

"Who's old Honk?" inquired Frank Richards.

The Co. were rather curious to know how the Honk family came to be located in the Thompson Valley.

"You know, they've found gold on the Hopkins' clearing," said Chunky. "Old Isaacs is taking it up, you know, and he's sent for an engineer from the States. That's the man Honk. He's brought this specimen with him, and he's sending him to school at Cedar Creek. I didn't think much of the galoot myself—too nose, and too all

there. He says that Thompson is way behind the littlest township in the back blocks of Arkansas."

"Does he?" growled Bob.
"He ought to have been here this morning, according to what he told me," said Todgers. "I shouldn't wonder if he missed the trail."

"I shouldn't wonder!" agreed Bob, with a grin.

"Hallo! There's the galoot!" exclaimed Chunky, with a jerk of his fat thumb towards the gates.

B. H. Honk was coming in. He looked dusty and tired, which was not surprising, as he had been on the tramp all the morning.

His thin face was very red with exertion and warmth, and his hat and clothes were plentifully besprinkled with dust and cottonwood-flowers.

A good many glances were turned upon him as he came into the playground from the trail. He called out to Harold Hopkins, who happened to be standing near the gates.

"This hyer Cedar Creek School?"

"That's it!" answered Hopkins.

"Oh gum! What a show!"

With that disparaging remark, Bunker Honk tramped on across the playground towards the lumber school-house, leaving Hopkins staring.

He started a little as he came up with Frank Richards & Co., evidently recognising them at once.

"You galoots hyer?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. We belong to Cedar Creek," said Frank, with a smile.

Bunker H. Honk pointed a bony forefinger at Bob Lawless.

"Why didn't you put me wise on the trail?" he demanded.

"But I did," said Bob. "You only had to keep straight on."

"I met a cattleman, and he told me I was going in the opposite direction from this hyer shebang," hooted Honk.

"You don't know what a chop-suey joint is?" asked Honk derisively.

"Where was you brought up? Where was you raised? But where's that grub? I'm hungry!"

"In the school-house."

Honk looked round.

"Waal, p'int out the school-house," he said. "If there's a school-house, p'int it out."

"There it is."

"That shed?" asked Honk, staring at the lumber-built house in surprise and disdain.

"Yes, that shed, as you call it," said Frank. "And the grub will be gone if you don't buck up!"

"That lets me out!" said Honk.

And he scuttled into the porch; and a minute later his shrill, acid voice was heard in argument with Black Sally.

"The dear boy!" murmured Beauclerc. "I think I can foresee some trouble for that merchant at Cedar Creek if his manners don't improve."

"If they don't improve, he'll get them improved for him!" growled Bob Lawless. "Why the thump couldn't he stay on his own side of the line?"

Honk's argument with Black Sally, apparently, turned out in his favour, for he stayed in the dining-room to a late dinner.

He came out presently, picking his teeth with a pine-chip, and came towards Frank Richards & Co.; but the Co. strolled away before he could join them. They were "fed" with the society of Bunker H. Honk.

Miss Meadows called him into her sitting-room, no doubt to inquire why he had not arrived earlier; and a few minutes later Bob Lawless was called in by the Canadian schoolmistress.

Frank and Beauclerc waited rather anxiously for Bob to emerge. They were not at all sure what view Miss

"There's the bell!" said Frank hastily.

The school-bell put an end to the altercation, and Frank dragged his Canadian cousin into the school-house.

"Just in time to save your bacon, I guess!" said Honk.

Bob stopped.

"Let me go, Frank—"

"Rats! Come on!" answered Frank. "He isn't worth punching! Get a move on, and don't be an ass, old chap!"

And he piloted Bob into the school-room, where the rest of Cedar Creek followed; and the new chum from Chicago took his place in Miss Meadows' class.

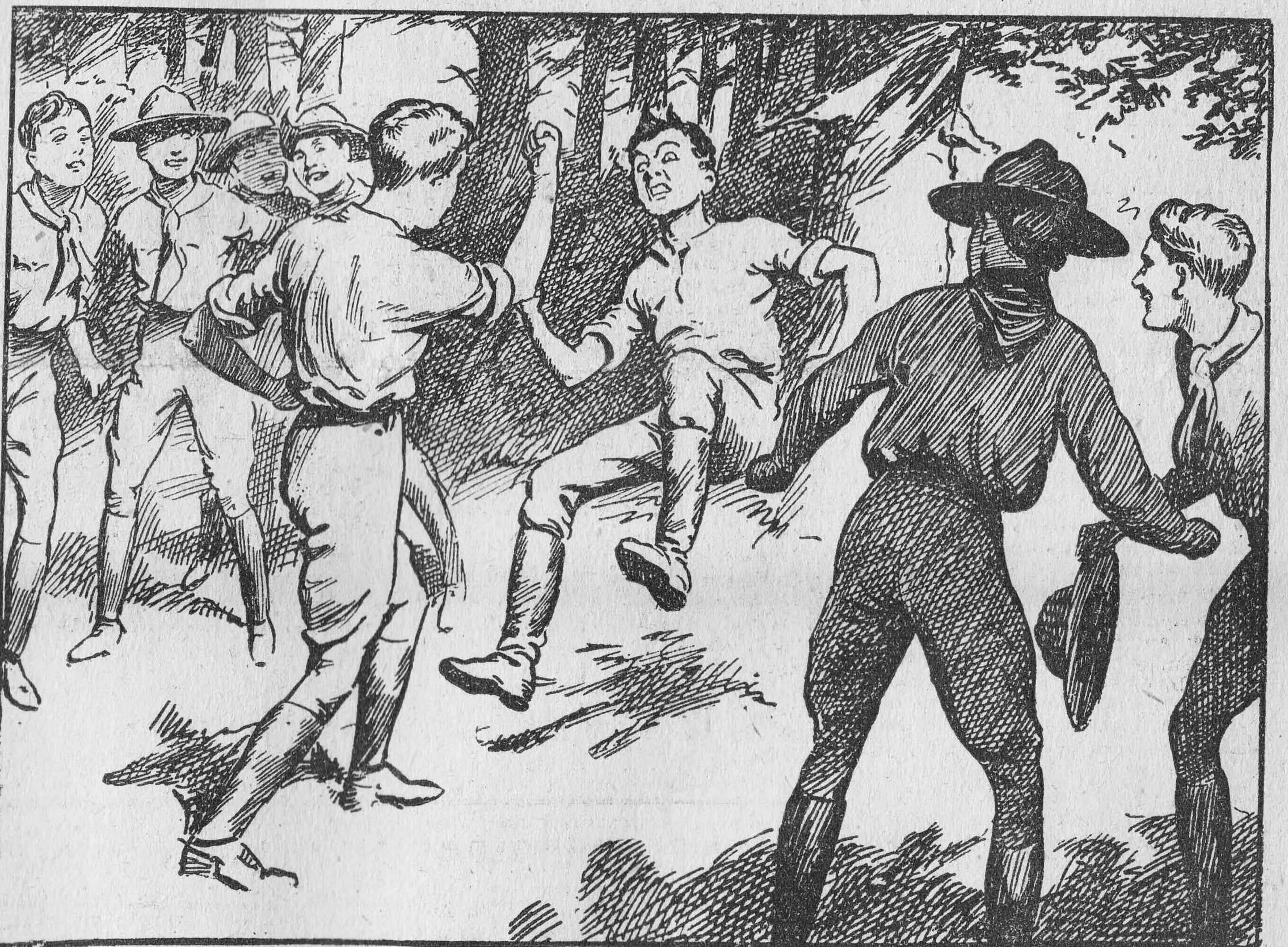
The 3rd Chapter. The Heathen's Way.

Bunker Hill Honk attracted a good deal of attention on his first day at Cedar Creek.

It was clear at a glance that Master Honk prided himself upon being a very "spry" fellow, "all there," and up to every move in the game. He was willing to confide to everybody that he guessed he had cut his eye-teeth in Chicago, and that there was very little any galoot could teach him in a way-back, mislaid, back-number country like Canada. He had a delightful candour in expressing his opinion upon his surroundings. His firm conviction was that in his native city he had learned pretty nearly all that was to be learned; but polite manners, evidently, had not been in the curriculum.

But Master Honk had no use for polite manners. He could not figure out their value in dollars and cents, and, therefore, they had no value in his sharp eyes.

Such a youth was not likely to be popular among the cheery young



SOME FIGHTER! Bump! Honk sat down in the grass heavily. "Oh Jerusalem!" he gasped. "I guess I'm done!"

"You only had to keep on. I told you it was a long way. You just had to walk round the earth—"

"Hay?"

"Nothing much for a bright galoot like you," said Bob. "I should have expected you to do it in about three hours, and come up smiling."

"Say, I call that playing it low down!" said Honk. "I guess I've a mind to whip you!"

"Go ahead!" said Bob cheerfully. "If you can whip one side of me it will be a surprise. You're welcome to try!"

"I guess I could make shavings of you if I got my mad up," said Honk impressively.

"You'd better keep your mad down, in that case," said Frank Richards, laughing. "Get in before the dinner's all cleared off, and you may bag something to eat. You must be hungry."

"I guess I could polish off a seventy-five cent do in a chop-suey joint," said Honk.

"Translate, Bob," said Frank Richards.

But Bob Lawless shook his head. This was a variety of the American language that was beyond even his powers.

Meadows might take of the little trick he had played on the stranger from afar.

Bob's face was flushed as he came out.

"The pesky scallywag!" was his first remark.

"Trouble?" asked Frank.

"I've had five minutes steady chin-wag," said Bob. "That pesky jay spun Miss Meadows the whole yarn. She thinks I oughtn't to have sent the scallywag astray."

"Well, you know—"

"Oh, rats!" said Bob crossly. "I've a jolly good mind to collar him now, and put his head under the pump."

"I guess you couldn't do it!"

It was Honk's voice at his elbow, and the rancher's son spun round, with a very grim look on his face.

"I guess we'll see about that!" he said.

Honk backed away a pace or two.

"Keep your wool on," he said soothingly. "I don't want to hurt you. But don't you try to take a rise out of me again, or there will be thunder, I can tell you."

"You pesky mugwump!" growled Bob. "I believe you'd crack in two if I hit you!"

"I guess—"

Canadians, but Honk did not seem to mind that. Perhaps he had no use for popularity.

He affected an amused disdain for the class work in Miss Meadows' class, and informed Frank Richards that he could do it on his head, with his eyes shut.

It was noticeable, however, that he did not distinguish himself in class, and he was unfortunate enough to give Miss Meadows the impression that he was a backward pupil.

Frank Richards rushed his Canadian cousin away after lessons, to avoid a collision with Master Honk. He had no fears for Bob in the event of an encounter, but he did not want to see the rancher's son punching the newcomer on his first day at school.

Bob demurred, but gave in; he had taken a considerable dislike to Master Honk, but he was a peaceable fellow, and willing to avoid trouble.

The three chums rode away from Cedar Creek immediately lessons were over, therefore; and Master Honk, who spotted them ride away, grinned—the grin of complete misunderstanding.

"I guess that galoot knows what's good for his health," he remarked to Chunky Todgers, jerking a bony

