

THE HEROES OF ROOKWOOD!

Arthur Edward Lovell is worried over the coming of his young brother, and his short temper gets on the nerves of his chums to such an extent that relationship becomes a trifle strained. That is how the trouble is started!

Trouble in the End Study!

By Owen Conquest.

(Author of the famous stories of Rookwood now appearing in the "BOYS' FRIEND.")



 * A Grand Long Complete Story *
 * of JIMMY SILVER & CO., *
 * the Chums of Rookwood. *

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

News for Lovell!

LOVELL!" Jimmy Silver's voice was calling in the Fourth Form passage on the Classical side at Rookwood.

"Lovell! Come on!" Arthur Edward Lovell was seated on the corner of the table in the end study. The door was open, and Jimmy Silver's voice was plainly audible in the study; but Lovell did not heed it. He had a letter in his hand, and was reading it with a clouded brow.

"Lovell!" "Why don't the duffer come?" It was Raby's voice now. "I know he's in the study."

"Deaf all of a sudden." This was from Newcome. "Lovell! Lovell! Arthur Edward Fathead Lovell! Come on!" "Lovell, you ass!"

Jimmy Silver, the captain of the Fourth, appeared in the doorway of the end study, and bestowed a glare upon his chum.

"Lovell! You heard me—"

"Don't worry!" "What?" "Don't worry!" "Why, you ass!" said Jimmy Silver warmly. "What the thump—"

"Don't worry!" said Lovell, for the third time.

"Are you asking to have your napper shoved into the coal-locker, old scout?" inquired Jimmy Silver.

"Oh, dry up!" "We're going to raid Peele's study—"

"Blow Peele!" "He's got a smoking-party on—"

"Let 'em smoke, and be blowed!" "We're going to raid them, and mop up their smokes," said Jimmy Silver. "Why don't you come?"

"Will you give a chap a rest?" bawled Lovell irritably. "I've got no time for fooling round with Peele and his silly smokes. Let 'em smoke till they burst their crops! Don't worry."

"My only hat!" murmured Jimmy Silver, staring at his chum in blank astonishment.

Arthur Edward Lovell's temper was sometimes hasty, but he was not often irritable. It dawned on Jimmy Silver that there was something wrong with his chum.

Lovell, turning his back on Jimmy, glanced his eyes on the letter again. It was evidently that epistle that was worrying him.

"Are you coming?" called out Raby, from the passage.

Jimmy Silver glanced back.

"Never mind now," he said. "We'll call on Peele later. All serene!"

"Well, of all the asses!" said Raby.

"Of all the chumps!" remarked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver smiled, and, without waiting to hear any more compliments from his chums, he stepped into the end study, and closed the door after him. Something was amiss with Lovell, and Jimmy wanted to know what it was.

Lovell did not look up. "I say, old chap—" began Jimmy gently.

"I think I asked you not to worry!" grunted Lovell. "I tell you I don't want any fag games now. I'm worried."

"Yes; I guessed from your extra-polished politeness that you were worried," assented Jimmy Silver. "But what's the worry?"

"Oh, it's rotten!"

"What is?"

"You'll know soon enough, so I may as well tell you," growled Lovell. "It's Teddy."

Jimmy Silver tried to think who Teddy was, or might possibly be. He thought he had heard of Teddy somewhere, sometime.

"Oh, Teddy!" he said, as comprehensively as he could.

"Yes, Teddy?"

"Really?" asked Jimmy.

Lovell seemed to expect him to know who Teddy was, and Jimmy hoped to fish out the information without betraying his ignorance.

Lovell crunched the letter in his hand.

"Yes, Teddy!" he repeated. "I hoped it wouldn't happen! The pater told me last vac, and he was coming with me here—"

"Your pater was?"

"No, you ass," roared Lovell; "Teddy!"

"Oh! Teddy was coming here with you, was he?" said Jimmy Silver.

"I told you so."

"D-d-did you?"

"Of course I did—I mentioned it, at least."

Jimmy Silver cudgelled his brains. Now he came to think of it, the name of Teddy was familiar to him. Who on earth was Teddy?

"I mentioned it," said Lovell. "Didn't I say my pater had an idea of sending my young brother here?"

Jimmy Silver saw light at last.

"Oh! Teddy! Your minor! Exactly!"

"You've seen him," said Lovell.

"I—I remember!"

"Only once, I think," said Lovell. "I dare say you thought once was enough. He chucked a bike-pump at you when you were home with me one vac."

"I—I remember!"

Jimmy did remember now. He had not said so, and wouldn't have said so, but certainly he had thought that one meeting with Master Teddy Lovell was enough. Teddy Lovell was not a lovable youth.

"Is he coming to Rookwood?" asked Jimmy.

"Yes."

"Why didn't he come with you at the beginning of the term, then?" Lovell snorted.

"He didn't want to."

"D-d-d-didn't want to?"

"No."

Jimmy Silver rubbed his nose thoughtfully.

"But if your pater had decided to send him here?" he observed.

"His name's been down here for two terms," answered Lovell. "But Teddy didn't want to come. He doesn't want to come now; I know that. I thought it would come to nothing when the pater mentioned it last vac. Teddy always has his own way."

"Oh, I see!"

"I don't know how the pater's fixed it now to make him come."

"My hat! Wouldn't his saying so be enough?"

Another snort from Lovell.

"You don't know Teddy! He winds the pater round his little finger. If anything is suggested that he doesn't like he has only to make a face. Then it's all changed."

"Ye gods!"

"That's Teddy!" grunted Lovell.

"Then it's a jolly good thing for him to come to Rookwood," said Jimmy Silver.

"That sort of thing is bad for a kid. If a kid's coddled like that it's awfully rough on him when he has to turn out into the world. He won't get coddled here."

Lovell emitted a groan.

"That's what I'm afraid of," he muttered.

"It will, be awfully rough on poor old Teddy!"

Jimmy Silver blinked.

"Poor old Teddy!" he repeated. "Oh! You're fond of him?"

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Lovell. "I suppose I'm fond of my own brother?"

"Ye-es; I—I suppose so. You weren't speaking as if you loved him very much."

"Oh, you're an ass! You haven't any sense, Jimmy Silver. I always said you were a silly chump!"

Jimmy Silver smiled. If Lovell, in his worry and exasperation, found some solace in slanging his best chum, Jimmy did not

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mind. He was prepared to bear it with great fortitude, hoping that it would do Arthur Edward good to let off steam a little.

"He's a good little chap," said Lovell argumentatively, apparently trying to convince himself, rather than Jimmy. "I know he chucked a bike-pump at you. You needn't owe him a grudge for that. He's only a kid."

"I don't, old chap."

"You needn't remember that."

"I didn't, till you reminded me."

"He's got a temper," said Lovell. "I know he's got a rather beastly temper. Wouldn't you have, if your pater and mater had been coddling you all the time, and never allowing you to be contradicted, and always letting you have your own way and turn the house upside-down if you wanted to?"

"Very likely," assented Jimmy. "A kid would have to be a born angel to stand that kind of training without turning out a bit of a rotter."

"Teddy isn't a rotter! I know he's wilful. But he's a really good little chap. He's got lots of good qualities. They—they don't show much on the surface. That's all."

Jimmy Silver was silent. His first impression—rather a natural one—had been that Lovell was worried at the prospect of having a petted, coddled, and troublesome minor "planted" on him at Rookwood. But it seemed that Lovell's worry was chiefly on Master Teddy's account. It was very loyal and brotherly of Arthur Edward, and Jimmy liked him all the better for it. But he foresaw trouble.

"So the kid's coming here?" he said at length.

"The pater's bringing him next Wednesday. I can't imagine how Teddy's come to let him."

"Let him!" murmured Jimmy Silver. "Oh, my hat!"

"Teddy won't be happy here," said Lovell. "The fags in the Third won't give way to him."

"I—I rather think they won't! N-n-not likely!"

"It will be rotten for him, and rotten for me. Rookwood ain't the place for him."

"It may do him good, Lovell."

"He'll get into hot water at the start. And—and the pater's written me six sheets about it! I'm to look after him. I'm to bring him up in the way he should go. Of course, I'm going to do my best. But—but Teddy don't do what I tell him. He's independent. It's a thumping worry, that's what it is!" said Lovell, glaring at Jimmy Silver, as if he thought it was Jimmy's fault.

"I—I suppose it is, old chap. But what can't be cured must be endured, you know."

"Do you think I didn't know that?"

"Ye-es. Of course. But—keep smiling!"

"As if this isn't bad enough," exclaimed Lovell, in great exasperation, "without a silly idiot talking like a born dummy at a chap! For goodness' sake, let's get down to the footer. You make me tired, Jimmy Silver!"

"Come on, old fellow!" said Jimmy cordially.

He was very glad to accede to the proposal. Even "Uncle James'" sunny good-humour was beginning to feel the strain.

Lovell crammed the letter into his pocket, picked up his footer boots, and walked out of the study, followed by his chum. When they reached Little Side he proceeded to wreak his feelings upon the inoffensive football, which, fortunately, did not mind.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Trouble in the End Study!

DURING the next few days matters did not progress in the end study with their usual harmony.

Jimmy Silver had exerted his eloquence upon Raby and Newcome, and persuaded those exasperated youths to "go easy" with Lovell, in view of the unusual circumstances of the case. But even "Uncle James" himself found it a little difficult to "go easy."

For there was no doubt that Arthur Edward Lovell was exceedingly trying in these days.

He was worried by the prospect of his minor arriving at Rookwood School. Whether he was the more worried on his minor's account or on his own was not easy to decide.

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MUSIC HATH CHARMS—



20
GRAMOPHONES
MUST
BE
WON.

There's a Wonderful
Opportunity of Winning
a Splendid Portable
Gramophone in the
Simple Contest on
Page 14.

TRY YOUR LUCK!

Certainly the festive Teddy's arrival would mean a good deal of worry and responsibility for Arthur Edward. A spoiled, wilful, probably selfish fellow, would land himself into endless scrapes in the Third Form at Rookwood—a Form that was not remarkable for patience or forbearance.

Lovell major, in his mind's eye, could see himself landed in them, too, in the role of guide, philosopher, and friend to his minor.

It meant worry enough to him; but probably Lovell thought less about that than about the hardships for Teddy, the spoiled darling of an indulgent home, who was to rough it in a fag Form, and the change would be immense. And Lovell cared too much for his young brother not to be discouraged by that thought.

And he felt, in an aggrieved way, that even his own pals were not backing him up as he had a right to expect. They might have stood by him in this, he considered.

Naturally, the end study took quite a different view. If they were civil to Lovell minor they thought that was as much as any reasonable chap could expect. To be told that their quarters, which were good enough for them to live in, were not good enough for a Third Form fag to visit was a little too much. There was a very sore feeling in the end study on that subject.

If Lovell had let it rest there it would have blown over, but Lovell did not let it rest.

His new "stunt" of tidiness was carried to an extent that made his chums quite wild.

Lovell had been known to tip the boys' maid to leave the end study alone. Now he tipped her to give that celebrated apartment her very best and special attention.

The boys' maid earned her tips. Half-written lines, which had to be finished in a hurry, disappeared before they could be finished, and left no trace behind. Botanical notes, laboriously compiled by Newcome, vanished. Football boots, penknives, caps, books, odds and ends of all kinds eluded discovery when they were wanted, having been deposited tidily in mysterious corners and recesses by the faithful maid. Indeed, that energetic young lady was simply devastating.

Nothing could ever be found without a search, and so tidy did the end study become that life grew to be a burden within its walls.

Even that might have been borne, though with much suppressed feeling. But even that was not all.

Lovell groused at herrings being cooked at the study fire. He was afraid the scent

would linger. There was quite a scene when Raby made toffee. True, Raby upset some of the toffee in the fire, and there was a terrific smothering of smoke and blacks. But from Raby's point of view that disaster merited sympathy, not what it received.

And one evening Lovell wanted to know why Newcome persisted in resting his feet on a chair. It was Lovell's own favourite attitude, but he had dropped it of late. Newcome was not prepared to drop it at precisely the same moment.

"Do you call it graceful?" Lovell wanted to know.

Newcome's reply was:

"Shut up!"

Manners were beginning to deteriorate in the end study.

"When my minor comes—" said Lovell.

"Blow your minor!"

"Just like you, Newcome, to take a prejudice against a kid you've hardly seen."

"Lovell, old chap," said Jimmy Silver, "if he was a born angel you'd make chaps take a prejudice against him."

"Just because he chucked a bike-pump at you once!" said Lovell unreasonably.

"Well, he was a little beast to do it!" said Jimmy.

"So my brother's a beast, is he?"

"It seems to run in the family, I think," said Raby.

"My pater's coming down with him on Wednesday," said Lovell. "You chaps can't make any allowance for a fellow. My pater's awfully particular about Teddy. He will expect me to set him an example and look after him. Nice example—sticking hoofs up on a chair."

"Have I got to be an example to your thundering minor?" roared Newcome.

"Well, you'd be a good example to a wild hippopotamus," said Lovell, "not to my minor!"

"I'm yearning to pull his ears already!" remarked Raby.

"Let me catch you pulling his ears!"

"Lovell, old chap—" murmured Jimmy.

"You don't know my pater, when it's a question of Teddy!" said Lovell moodily. "If he sees the least thing out of order in my quarters he will think I don't care about the kid, and that I'm a slovenly rotter, and—and he will jaw me! I should deserve it, too, if I didn't do everything I could for Teddy. He's a jolly good little kid!"

Lovell's chums looked at him curiously.

From the description of Teddy, they would have supposed him to be anything but a jolly good little kid. In fact, they knew he was nothing of the sort, from the little they had seen of him. But there was something rather touching in Lovell's loyal affection for his young brother, and it disposed them to be patient with him—as patient as possible.

"We're not going to eat the kid," said Newcome. "But lecturing your old pals because of a blessed fag—well, you ought to be able to see for yourself that it's too thick."

"Teddy will be in here a lot."

"Oh, will he?"

"Of course he will. I shall keep him under my eye as much as possible. He's sure to have trouble in the Third, and this study will be a sort of refuge for him."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I want you fellows to be especially kind to him and friendly."

"You're going the right way to work for that, and no mistake."

"Look here!" said Lovell, after a pause.

"Suppose you fellows keep out of the study on Wednesday?"

"Oh?"

"You can do down to the footer field—"

"Suppose it rains?"

"Well, then you can go for a walk."

"In the rain?"

"Yes. I'll tip the maid to give the study an extra rub after lunch. She's very obliging."

"Too jolly obliging, I think."

"And if you fellows don't come tramping in with your muddy boots the room will look fairly decent, and my pater won't find fault."

"I don't want to say anything disrespectful about your pater, Lovell," said Raby, "but I'd like to point out that we're not aiming wholly and solely at pleasing your pater. There's other objects in life."

"Well, we might keep out of the study if Lovell wants us to," said Jimmy Silver patiently.

What Do You Think of Teddy Lovell? Meet Him Again Next Week!

"It would keep the room a bit tidy," said Lovell.

"It's too thumping tidy now!" hooted Raby. "I can never find anything. That blessed maid has done something with my newspaper-cuttings. I had a whole bunch about my brother's regiment, and they've vanished, like everything else lately."

"Do you mean those silly scraps of paper you were always leaving about the study? I suppose they weren't of any value? If they were, I'm sorry I chucked them into the fire, of course."

Raby jumped up. "You chucked my cuttings into the fire?" "Well, the study couldn't be in a litter with fragments of old newspapers, when my minor— Yaroooooh!"

Lovell broke off with a roar as Raby rushed at him. It was the last straw, and George Raby's patience was exhausted.

Lovell's head was in chancery the next minute.

"Stoppit!" yelled Jimmy Silver. Jimmy and Newcome rushed to separate the combatants. Lovell and Raby had both lost their tempers, and they were pomelling hard.

The united efforts of Jimmy and Newcome dragged them apart.

They stood panting and glaring at one another.

"For goodness' sake don't let's have any slogging in this study!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Listen to that!"

"That" was the squeak of Tubby Muffin in the passage.

"He, he, he! This way, you fellows! They're fighting in the end study. He, he, he!"

The door opened, and Mornington of the Fourth looked in.

"Anythin' wrong?" he asked, glancing curiously at the flushed faces of the Fistical Four.

"Mind your own business!" snapped Lovell.

Morny started. "What! Why, you ill-tempered cad—"

"It's all right, Morny," said Jimmy Silver, with a worried look. "Don't mind him. All serene, old top!"

"Sorry I came in," said Mornington shortly. "I won't again in a hurry!"

He turned on his heel and walked away. "Now you've insulted Morny," said Raby, "and you're the chap that's started teaching manners in the study."

"Hang Morny! What did he want to shove in for?"

"He, he, he!"

Tubby Muffin's fat cackle floated in at the door. The fat Classical was staring into the study in great merriment.

Lovell made a rush at him. "You cackling fat rascal! I'll—"

"Yaroooooh!"

Tubby Muffin fled for his life. Lovell did not come back into the study. Jimmy Silver & Co. did their prep that evening without him, Lovell doing his in the Form-room by himself—like Achilles sulking in his tent.

The merry brightness seemed to have departed from the end study. It was all the fault—unconsciously perhaps—of Lovell minor; and the feelings of Lovell's chums towards that hopeful young gentleman were—what Lovell might really have expected them to be.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Nice for Lovell!

WEDNESDAY was a rainy day. The rain came down in the old quadrangle of Rookwood with an irritating persistence, and the old beeches were weeping.

There was no footer that afternoon, and few fellows felt inclined for a tramp in the mud and the rain. Most of them remained indoors, and mooched about the passages or the studies, making remarks about the weather that were frequent and painful and free.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not feel inclined to turn out. Lovell wanted them to keep out of the end study, and his desire was so utterly unreasonable that it was not to be wondered at that it irritated the three juniors.

The boys' maid, duly tipped, devoted her special attention to the end study that morning. It shone like a new pin when she had finished with it.

Lovell surveyed the study after dinner with considerable satisfaction. That precise old gentleman, his father, could have found no fault with it, and even Master Teddy might have been satisfied. Lovell's chums were not so well pleased. With the rain pouring down in the quad, the juniors naturally wanted the study. There was no fire in the Form-room or the Common-room, and it was cold. The fire was laid in the end study, but not lighted. Lovell had explained to his licensed chums that he didn't want the grate stacked with ashes and cinders when Teddy arrived.

Newcome wanted to "mug up" botany, as there was nothing else on, and he naturally wanted to do it in his own study. He also wanted to get his botanical specimens in order; the maid had tidied them up with a vengeance. Raby had a book he wanted to read—before the study fire, in a comfortable chair, with his feet on another. But undoubtedly Lovell was right in considering that the newly-swept and garnished study would lose most of its polish if it was inhabited by a gang of careless juniors. He thought it quite reasonable to ask his chums to leave it alone till his visitors had come and gone.

Jimmy Silver acquiesced. Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the three Colonials, were going for a tramp on the moor in mags and leggings, and Jimmy arranged to join them. He vainly endeavoured to persuade Raby and Newcome to join the tramping party.

"Tramp in this thundering rain, because a thundering fag is coming to Rookwood!" breathed Raby. "Not if I know it!"

"But we as good as agreed to leave the study alone this afternoon!" urged Jimmy Silver.

"We won't go in the study of we're not wanted there," said Raby. "But we're not going out, are we, Newcome?"

"No fear!" said Newcome emphatically.

"The fact is, we've got something on for this afternoon," said Raby, with a glimmer in his eyes. "You cut' off with the merry Colonials, Jimmy."

Jimmy looked rather uneasy.

"Well, what is it?" "Never mind, you cut off. There's Conroy hooting for you like a steamer's syren."

"Silver! Jimmy Silver!" bawled Conroy. Jimmy hurried off and joined the Colonials. He was in a rather troubled mood, but there was nothing he could do.

Raby and Newcome grinned as they watched the party go down to the gates in the rain.

"Just as well Jimmy's gone," remarked Raby. "He's such a patient old codger, he wouldn't like the little game."

"Just as well!" agreed Newcome. "I wonder what Lovell will say?"

"Let him say what he likes." George Raby breathed hard. "Are we going to be turned out of our study, and lectured and jawed as if we were inky fags in the Second, because a spoiled kid is coming to Rookwood! My hat! Lovell oughtn't to be surprised if we licked the kid the minute we set eyes on him."

"I daresay it would do the young cad good."

"Hallo, there's Lovell!"

Lovell came along in macintosh and cap. He was going down to the station to meet his father and young brother, and bring them to Rookwood. He glanced at his chums, and looked rather grim. Feeling was in a rather high state of tension among the old pals of the end study at present.

He did not speak to Raby or Newcome. They watched him pass out of the house, and tramp down to the gates, with his umbrella up.

"Any other chap would have asked his pals to go with him," said Raby. "It would have been rotten, but we'd have done it! But it appears that we're not the right quality for Master Teddy! Us, you know."

"Let's get up to the study," said Newcome. "The coast's clear now. We're not going to stay in it, as we've agreed not; but—"

"But the silly ass will wish we had by the time he sees it again."

And with grinning faces the two juniors repaired to the end study, where they were very busy for a considerable time afterwards.



A PLEASANT RECEPTION FOR MR. LOVELL. "Here's the study, pater," said Lovell, throwing open the door and standing back for his father to enter. "We've rather polished it up for you and Teddy!" Mr. Lovell seemed rooted to the threshold. "What—what!" he exclaimed. "Arthur! Is—is this your room?" (See Chapter 4.)

There was a considerable noise in the study as they busied themselves there, and it attracted the attention of a good many juniors whom the rain had kept indoors. Quite a crowd gathered outside the study to look in at the door, opened by the inquisitive Tubby Muffin.

"Well, my hat!" said Townsend. "What are you duffers doin'?"

The sight was really an extraordinary one. Raby and Newcome were apparently occupied in wrecking their own study.

The table was up-ended, the chairs thrown over, the books scattered, the wastepaper-basket emptied in the middle of the floor, and firewood and coal littered about the grate and fender. There were ink-splashes on the windows and the looking-glass. Coal-dust was tramped into the carpet and the hearthrug.

All the painstaking efforts of that obliging lady, the boys' maid, were set at naught. The end study had sometimes presented an untidy appearance before. But it had never looked as it looked now.

Raby looked round with a grin at the grinning crowd at the doorway.

"Looks all right—what?" he remarked.

"But what on earth's the game?" asked Rawson.

"Preparations for a distinguished visitor."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You see, we've been bullied and jawed for nearly a week because Lovell's minor is coming," explained Newcome. "We're not tidy enough for him. We don't come up to the high standard of a Third Form fag. We're asked to keep out of our own quarters this afternoon, so that it will be spotless for him. So we're giving the room a finishing touch for the young gentleman."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"A little jam on the tablecloth will improve it, Raby."

"Yes, and some coal on the mantelpiece."

"A trifle of margarine round the book-case—"

"And some marmalade on the gas-globe."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

There were howls of laughter in the Fourth Form passage as the great preparations proceeded. The Fourth-Formers were quite grateful to Raby and Newcome for providing that free entertainment on a rainy afternoon. By the time the two juniors had finished they were rather dusty and sticky, but they were feeling satisfied—they felt that they had done their work well.

What Lovell would feel about it was another matter. But it could not be denied that Arthur Edward Lovell had asked for it.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

A Little Surprise!

"**T**HIS way, father!"

There were a good many eyes on Lovell as he spoke.

Arthur Edward had returned from the station with his father and the new fag. Mr. Lovell had taken Master Teddy in to see the Head, and Lovell waited for them in the Hall. When they rejoined him he led the way up to the Fourth Form passage.

There were smiles on all the faces they passed.

Mr. Lovell, a stout gentleman of fifty, dressed with great precision, was known to some of the fellows, and they saluted him respectfully. But they could not help smiling as they thought of the study he was being led to. Master Teddy also attracted some attention. He was a slim youth, rather good-looking, in a pouting, petulant way. The expression on his face was not merry or bright. His brow was clouded—in fact, he looked sulky. It needed only a glance to discover that Master Teddy was not pleased at coming to Rookwood School.

"Cheeky-looking little cad!" murmured Higgs of the Fourth, when the party had passed. "If his pater wasn't with him, I'd give him a lick to take that scowl off his face!"

Lovell glanced round. The smiling faces he passed perplexed him a little. He had noticed Raby's and Newcome's amongst them. Raby and Newcome did not come forward to speak to his father.

"My study's at the end, father," said Lovell.

"Yes, my boy—I remember it," said Mr. Lovell. "I hope I shall find it a little tidier than when I last visited you. I spoke to you on that occasion about it. I am quite aware that boys will be boys, but you must remember now, Arthur, that Edwin will look to you for guidance."

"Yes, father, I thought of that!"

"I wish it were possible for Edwin to share your study—"

"That wouldn't be allowed, as he's in a lower Form, father."

"No; I made some reference to it in speaking to the Head, but it seems that it is not feasible."

"I don't want to," remarked Master Edwin, breaking his sulky silence. "I'm not going to be stuck in with Arthur."

"Wouldn't you like to, kid?" asked Arthur Edward, looking a little crestfallen.

"No, I wouldn't!" answered Teddy, with charming candour. "I'm not going to have you interfering with me."

"I'm not going to interfere, Teddy, and—"

They progressed up the Fourth Form passage, Master Edwin staring about him with sulky looks.

"Who's that fat boulder?" asked Teddy Lovell, staring at Tubby Muffin, who was grinning in at the doorway of Study No. 2.

Tubby Muffin heard the question, which Master Teddy did not trouble to ask in a subdued voice, and his fat face grew red and wrathful.

"Eh?" That's Muffin, of my form. Come on!"

"Looks like a giddy barrel, and no mistake!"

"Edwin, you must not make such remarks!" said Mr. Lovell.

"Well, he does look like a barrel," said Edwin.

"Silence, sir!"

Edwin pouted, and looked sulky again.

"I am sure you will like Rookwood, when you have been here a little while," continued Mr. Lovell.

"I sha'n't!"

"My dear boy—"

"Rotten place, I think!"

"You'll get on all right, Teddy, in the long run," said Lovell. "Rookwood's a splendid old show!"

"What rot!"

"Well, here's the study, pater," said Lovell, colouring with vexation. "We've rather polished it up for you and Teddy!"

He threw open the door, and stood back for his father to enter, without looking into the study.

But Mr. Lovell looked into it, pausing on the threshold.

He looked into it with an extraordinary expression on his face.

He seemed rooted to the threshold of the room.

"What—what!" he exclaimed. "Arthur, is—is—is this your room?"

"Yes, dad—"

"Is it always in this state?" thundered Mr. Lovell.

"Oh, no!" said Lovell, in surprise. "Of course, I'm always tidy—ahem! But we're a bit polished just now, on account of— Oh, oh! My hat!" Lovell was looking in now. "Why—what—what— Oh—"

Lovell fixed a frozen gaze upon the end study.

He had left it spick and span, like a new pin. And now—the hapless Arthur Edward could scarcely believe his eyes. Master Teddy burst into a loud giggle.

"I—I—I— What—" stammered Lovell.

He blinked helplessly into the study—at the coaly carpet, the overturned furniture, the inky windows, the dusty, scattered books and papers. It seemed like an evil dream.

Mr. Lovell's face was like a thunder-cloud.

"So this—this—this bear-garden is specially prepared for my visit!" he stammered. "I should be glad to know what it is like in ordinary times, if this is specially tidy!"

"I—I—I—"

"This, when your young brother comes here for the first time—this! This is the example you are setting him. This is the room you receive him in, on his first day in the school!"

"I—I—"

"I am ashamed of you, Arthur!"

"This—this— I—I—" babbled the hapless Lovell. "I—I— Somebody's been here. It's a rag!"

"A what?"

"A rag!" gasped Lovell. "Somebody's been ragging the study while I was out. Oh dear! Those bouncers—Raby—I knew they were up to something! Newcome— Oh dear!"

"Your friends?"

"Yes, I—I suppose so. It—it's a rag! I'll—I'll— Oh dear!"

Words failed Lovell.

Mr. Lovell turned from the doorway with an angry sniff.

"I decline to enter a room in that state!" he snapped. "I am surprised at you, and ashamed of you, Arthur! I have brought Edwin here to be practically placed in your charge, and this—this is how I find you! It is undutiful! I refuse to step into the room! What I have to say to you I will say in the visitors' room! Not a word! Let us go down!"

Mr. Lovell whisked back along the passage with a purple face. Lovell followed him with Teddy, who was grinning.

"What a go!" whispered Teddy. "The governor's in one of his tantrums now, and no mistake. You're going to get a jaw! Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell made no reply to that sympathetic speech. He followed his father downstairs in utter dismay.

The door of the visitors' room closed on them, but a murmur could be heard from within, by fellows in the corridor; and Tubby Muffin, who ventured nearer the door, returned chucking, to announce that Lovell's pater was "going it!"

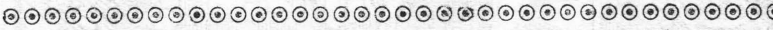
Lovell's pater "went it" for quite a considerable time.

And when he departed at last, and some of the juniors gathered round Lovell with the kind intention of chipping him, the look on his face was quite sufficient to stop any thought of chipping.

Raby and Newcome exchanged a rather remorseful look as Lovell passed them. But Arthur Edward did not look at his old chums. Without a word he passed them, with Lovell minor.

THE END.

(You must not miss reading next week's topping long complete of Jimmy Silver & Co. of Rookwood, entitled: "The Two Lovells!")



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