

**THE SCAMP OF THE THIRD!** Teddy Lovell makes his debut at Rookwood in a surprising and sensational manner. The Chums of the Fourth had been led to expect someone a little out of the ordinary—a spoiled child, in fact. But Lovell Minor is more than that, he is—but you will find out from the long, dramatic story below!



ARTHUR EDWARD LOVELL  
of the Fourth Form.

**THE FIRST CHAPTER.  
Uncle James is Worried!**

**H**ALLO! That's Lovell's pater!" Jimmy Silver stopped, as he made that remark.

Four juniors were tramping up Coombe Lane towards Rookwood, in a steady downpour of rain, when they met the village hack coming away from the school. It was a half-holiday at Rookwood, and the rainiest half-holiday the juniors remembered.

Jimmy Silver was enveloped in macintosh, leggings, and umbrella, and all were running with water. His three companions were in the same happy state. They were Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the Colonial juniors. Jimmy's own chums, Lovell and Raby and Newcome, were otherwise engaged that afternoon, and Jimmy had gone for a tramp on the heath with the Colonial Co.—in spite of the downpour.

The village hack came rumbling and splashing in the direction of Rookwood School, the driver muffled up against the rain. The windows were closed, and blurred with water; but Jimmy Silver recognised the stout gentleman sitting inside. It was Mr. Lovell, the father of his chum Arthur Edward, of that ilk.

Mr. Lovell did not glance at the juniors passing. He was sitting very upright, with a frown on his brow; even through the blurred windows Jimmy saw that Mr. Lovell was in a very cross temper. But it was necessary to salute Lovell's pater with respect, and Jimmy changed his dripping umbrella from his right hand to his left, and lifted his dripping cap with his right—a spot of rain running down his sleeve at the same moment.

And that respectful salute was wasted, after all, for Mr. Lovell did not glance through the blurred windows, and did not even see Jimmy Silver; at all events, did not recognise or heed him.

The hack splashed on and passed.

"Lovell's pater, is it?" said Conroy.

"Yes. He seems rather cross about something."

"The weather, perhaps!" grunted Van Ryn. "How you people stand your weather is a mystery to me. Now, in South Africa—"

"Or in Canada—" remarked Pons.

"Cheese it!" said Jimmy Silver. "Bad enough without you fellows grousing!"

"We're not grousing, you ass—only comparing—"

"Well, don't! I wonder what's the matter with Lovell's pater?"

"I wonder how you recognised Lovell's pater. I shouldn't have noticed him—"

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

# THE TWO LOVELLS!

A Top-hole, Long, Complete School Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., of Rookwood.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Author of the famous Stories of Rookwood appearing in the "Boys' Friend.")

"Well, I knew he would be at Rookwood this afternoon," said Jimmy Silver. "As soon as I saw the hack I guessed he was in it, and looked for him. He didn't see me, though. He looked waxy!"

"Oh, blow the rain!" said Conroy, evidently more concerned with the weather than with Lovell's pater, waxy or not. "Now, in Australia, it—"

"He was waxy right enough," said Jimmy Silver, following his own thoughts. "I hope there's been no trouble at Rookwood. He was bringing Lovell minor to the school this afternoon, you know!"

"Was he? Oh, I remember now—a new kid for the Third!"

"That's it!" "Well, he ought to be looking pleased now!" remarked Conroy. "If the new kid is anything like the rest of the Third it must be a relief to land him at Rookwood and leave him there!"

"He wasn't looking pleased; he was looking waxy—"

"Blow the rain!"

"Bless the weather!"

"Oh, come on!"

Jimmy Silver quickened his pace, and the juniors tramped on through the dropping rain to Rookwood.

Jimmy was not feeling quite easy in his mind.

There had been some slight disagreement among Jimmy Silver & Co. of late. Arthur Edward Lovell's chums had found Arthur Edward a little exasperating, Jimmy would willingly have stayed in that afternoon, especially as it was raining, to help Lovell entertain his father and his young brother; but Lovell did not want him, and Jimmy had spent the afternoon out of gates with the Colonials.

But though there was, to a certain extent, a rift in the lute, Jimmy was concerned about his chum, and was a little worried by the grim, angry expression he had discerned on the face of Lovell senior. He wondered whether there was anything amiss at Rookwood, and was anxious to reach the school and ascertain.

The juniors arrived at the gates of Rookwood at last, and tramped in. Raby and Newcome were in the big doorway at the School House when they arrived there. They were waiting for Jimmy.

"Hallo! You look wet!" remarked Raby.

"And feel it!" growled Jimmy Silver.

"Well, you were an ass to go out in the rain, you know!" observed Newcome.

"Rats!"

Jimmy Silver took off his dripping mac and leggings in the lobby, and shook himself. He wrung out his cap and rubbed his face dry, and changed his drenched boots

for shoes. Raby and Newcome watched him. Jimmy was finished before Conroy & Co.; he was anxious to see Lovell. Conroy & Co. were still drying themselves, and making remarks about the weather, when Jimmy left the lobby with his chums.

"Where's Lovell?" Jimmy asked.

Raby and Newcome exchanged a glance. "Don't know!" answered Raby, rather shortly.

"His minor's here, I suppose?"

"Yes."

"His father passed me in the hack, going back to the station," said Jimmy. "He was looking rather edgewise, I thought!"

"I suppose he would be!"

"Anything happened?"

"Ahem!"

Jimmy Silver stared at his chums. It was only too evident that something had happened during his absence.

"My hat! You chaps can't have been rowing with Lovell while his father was here!" he exclaimed.

"Oh, no! No! Not exactly!"

"Is Lovell in the study?"

"I—I think not!"

"Well, I never saw such a pair of owls," said Jimmy Silver, mystified. "Let's get up to the study. I shall be glad to see a fire!"

Jimmy Silver started up the staircase, and Raby and Newcome followed him without a word. Tubby Muffin was in the Fourth Form passage, and he greeted Jimmy with a fat chuckle.

"He, he, he! What a lark!" he said. "Hallo! What are you burbling about, Tubby?" asked the captain of the Fourth.

"He, he, he!"

Jimmy Silver strode on to the end study. Tubby Muffin's fat chuckle followed him. The fat Classical was evidently highly amused.

Jimmy threw open the door of the end study.

Then he jumped.

That celebrated apartment was in a state of disorder that almost defied description. Everything that could be overturned or displaced, was overturned or displaced. The end study looked as if a cyclone had dropped in during the afternoon.

"Great Scott!" yelled Jimmy Silver. "Who's done this? Somebody's been ragging the study!"

"Looks like it!" agreed Newcome.

"What a rotten shame, when Lovell's pater was coming!" exclaimed Jimmy hotly. "Was this done before Mr. Lovell came?"

"Yes!"

"It's rotten! Who did it?"

"Us!"

**Teddy Lovell is Asking for Trouble, and He Gets It—Next Week!**

**THE SECOND CHAPTER.**  
**Major and Minor.**

**J**IMMY SILVER stared at his chums. He had been prepared to hear that the Modern juniors had raided his quarters, or that the rag had been perpetrated by Higgs, or Putty, or some other Classical fellow with a misguided sense of humour. The reply made simultaneously by Raby and Newcome took his breath away. "You did it!" he ejaculated, at last. "Little us!" said Raby, with a grin. "You thumping ass! What have you been ragging your own study for?"

"For Lovell!"  
"What?"  
"Pulating Lovell's leg, you know," explained Raby. "He's been jawing us for a week past about the study being untidy, because his precious minor was coming. We thought it was rather too thick, so while he was gone to meet his pater we got the study ready for him—see?"

"Rather effective—what?" remarked Newcome. "Lovell will think a bit before he lectures his old pals again about keeping the study tidy."

"Oh, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver. "Well, why don't you laugh, you sober old judge?" demanded Raby warmly. "Wasn't it a good jape on Lovell?" Jimmy Silver did not laugh, however. He looked very grave.

He could quite understand his chums' exasperation with Lovell. For Fourth-Form fellows to be lectured and found fault with because a fag of the Third was coming, was really too much to be borne with patience. Jimmy Silver had borne it with patience, but Raby and Newcome had evidently run short of that great quality.

Jimmy could not exactly blame them, but he was worried.

"Lovell's seen this, I suppose?" he said. "Yes, rather. He came up with his pater and Master Teddy!" grinned Raby. "His pater went down to the visitors'-room to talk to him; they didn't go into the study, after all. Wasn't tidy enough."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Newcome. Jimmy Silver smiled faintly.

"That's why Mr. Lovell was looking cross, I suppose," he said. "Very likely. He was slanging Lovell in the visitors'-room. Tubby Muffin listened at the door, and it's all over the Form now. Of course, we didn't mean that to happen. We never thought of that," confessed Raby.

"Where's Lovell now?"  
"Don't know. He gave us a glare after his pater went, and stalked off with his dashed minor. Haven't seen him since, and don't specially want to!" grunted Raby.

Jimmy Silver became very grave. He was rather a more thoughtful fellow than his chums, as it befitted "Uncle James" of Rookwood to be.

"Look here, you chaps," he said quietly. "We don't want the Co. busted up over this Third Form kid. I know Lovell's jolly trying just now—he does make a fellow rather wild with his blessed minor. But we've been pals with Lovell for a long time, and we're not going to quarrel. We've got to bear with him, not because he deserves it, perhaps, but because he's a chum. Now, you can see that?"

"Oh, all right!"  
"You chaps clear up the study, and get it in order, while I look for Lovell," said Jimmy. "We'll have his minor to tea, and make much of him."

"Oh, my hat!"  
"We'll make this our self-denial week!" said Newcome sarcastically. "All right, Jimmy; go and hunt for Lovell, and bring his dashed minor along, and we'll fold him to our waistcoats, and weep over him. Come on, Raby!"

Raby granted, but he assented. The two juniors started work in the end study, undoing what they had done with such humorous intent. Ragging a study was rather easier to do than to undo; but the two juniors put their beef into it, and made good progress. Meanwhile, Jimmy Silver looked for Lovell and his minor.

Jimmy inquired up and down the Fourth Form passage for Lovell; but his chum was not there. He looked in at No. 4 first, thinking that Lovell might have gone in to tea with Mornington and Erroll, his own quarters being so inhospitable. Mr. Lovell, apparently, had not stayed to tea. But Morny and Erroll had seen nothing of him.

Some of the juniors were going in to tea in Hall when Jimmy Silver came downstairs. Jimmy joined them.

"Seen anything of Lovell, you chaps?" he asked.  
"There he is, with his minor," answered Hooker of the Fourth, jerking his thumb towards a window recess.

"Thanks!"  
Jimmy Silver turned towards the big, deep windows. Voices proceeded from the recess, as Jimmy came up.

"Oh, don't talk to me! It's a rotten place, and I hate it already!"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Jimmy, as he heard that charming remark from Lovell minor.

"But, old chap—" came Lovell's voice.

"Ahem!"  
Jimmy Silver coughed loudly. Lovell and his minor looked round.

"Here you are, old chap," said Jimmy Silver cordially. "I've been looking for you, Lovell. Tea's nearly ready. So this is your minor? How do you do, Teddy? You remember me?"

Arthur Edward Lovell had bestowed a rather grim look on his chum at first, but there was no resisting Jimmy's determined geniality, and Lovell's brow relaxed. Master Teddy shook hands with Jimmy in a very perfunctory manner. He remembered Jimmy certainly, but he did not take the trouble to pretend that he remembered him with pleasure.

"Quite a long time since I've seen you, Teddy," said Jimmy cordially.

"Is it?"  
"You remember me coming down with Lovell for a vac. once?"

"I remember I chucked a bike-pump at you," said Teddy.

"Ahem!"  
"So I would again!" said Teddy.

Jimmy Silver did not seem to hear that. He was engaged in restraining a deep yearning to take Master Teddy by the scruff of his neck, and knock his head against the wall.

"Shut up, Teddy!" muttered Lovell, flushing with vexation.

"Sha'n't!" answered Teddy.

"Look here—"  
"Oh, don't jaw! I've told you before that I'm not going to stand any jaw!"

"We're getting rather a spread in the study," Jimmy Silver remarked casually. "We want your minor to come, Lovell, if he would care to."

"I'm not coming to the study," said Lovell curtly. "Do you know what those rotters did—"

"Only a joke, old chap—"

"Nice joke for me!" said Lovell bitterly. "I was trying all I could to make it nice for the pater when he was here, and then—"  
Lovell set his lips. "I had a good hour's jaw from the pater. He thinks I'm an untidy, slovenly pig, and don't care about him or Teddy, or—or anything. He said he would have taken Teddy straight back home with him, only it was fixed up with the Head, and he couldn't. He said he had doubts now about leaving him in my charge. He's gone away in a bad temper, and feeling worried. And—"

"I'll come to tea if you like," said Teddy, interrupting his elder brother without ceremony. "I'm jolly hungry, and Arthur doesn't

care if I starve. He seems to want to quarrel with everybody, from what I can see. He's always like that—always rowing or something!"

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.  
"I'll come," said Teddy. "Arthur can please himself. I want some tea!"

"Come on, Lovell, old chap," said Jimmy Silver.

Lovell hesitated. But it was scarcely possible to keep up his offended dignity by staying away from the end study if Teddy went there as a guest.

He nodded with a rather black look: "All right!" he muttered.

"We'll go round to the tuckshop first," said Jimmy, as Lovell major and minor came out of the window recess with him. Jimmy's idea chiefly was to give Raby and Newcome time to get the study in order. "We've got some shopping to do—"  
"All right!"

And the three juniors left the School House, and walked over to Sergeant Kettle's little shop, where Jimmy protracted the shopping as long as he could. But Master Teddy's emphatic repetitions of the remark that he was hungry drove them out of the shop at last, and they headed for the study.

**THE THIRD CHAPTER.**  
**A Happy Tea-party.**

**R**ABY and Newcome had done wonders in a short time.

The end study was looking quite neat and nice by the time Jimmy Silver and his companions arrived there.

The two juniors were, in fact, feeling a little remorseful. Lovell had, in their opinion, fairly asked for the "rag" they had played on him. But on reflection they admitted to themselves that they had been rather thoughtless. They had not intended, certainly, to land Lovell in a scrape with his father, but that had been the result. So their remorse, added to Jimmy Silver's persuasive eloquence, had brought them round to a friendly and even self-sacrificing mood, and they agreed to "stand" Lovell minor with all the politeness and patience they could possibly muster for the ordeal.

This was very fortunate, for Arthur Edward himself was hardly in a compromising mood. It required very determined patience and good-fellowship to get on with Lovell just then.

"Got the stuff?" asked Raby, as they came in. "Right! Hallo, is that your minor, Lovell? Glad to see you, Teddy!"

"Lovell minor coming to tea?" said Newcome effusively. "That's right. Come right in, Teddy! Glad to see you here! Take the armchair, kid, and warm your toes. Tea in a brace of jiffies!"

Lovell minor sat down in the armchair, and put his boots in the fender. He was rather pleased at being made much of in the end study; he took it as his due. He had always been made much of at home, and he would have been surprised if it had been otherwise at Rookwood. As a matter of fact, there were some surprises in store for Master Teddy!

Jimmy Silver unfolded his parcel from the school shop, and Raby and Newcome busied themselves with preparations. Lovell's brow gradually relaxed as he looked on.

After what had already happened, he was far from expecting this, and it pleased him and relieved him. The "rag" in the study ceased to occupy such a prominent place in his thoughts.

Jimmy Silver was thinking; and he drew Lovell aside, while Raby and Newcome were busy, and Master Teddy was warming his toes.

"I've got an idea, old chap," said Jimmy. "I suppose Teddy doesn't know anybody in the Third yet?"

"Not yet, Jimmy."  
"Well, suppose I fetch my young cousin here to tea—young Algy, you know. He's in the Third, and if we can make him friendly with Teddy, that's a beginning, isn't it?"

To Jimmy's surprise, Lovell's brow clouded at the suggestion.

In the kindness of his heart, Jimmy had thought of that pleasant little scheme, to make things easier in the Third for the new fag. Apparently Lovell did not regard the suggestion with favour.



LOVELL MINOR, the Scamp of the Third.

"Don't you like the idea?" asked Jimmy in astonishment.

Lovell flushed.  
"No, no! Thanks all the same—but—but—"

"But what?" asked Jimmy, still more surprised. "My young cousin will come if I ask him—you can generally get a Third Form kid to tea if you want to. It will break the ice!"

"I—I—"  
"Algy isn't a bad little kid, and he will help to see your minor through if I ask him, Lovell."

"I—I don't want my minor to get friendly with him!" blurted out Lovell.

Jimmy started.  
"Wha-a-at?"

"I—I don't want to say anything against Silver II., of course," muttered Lovell hastily, "but—but the pater's so particular about Teddy—"

Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.  
He could hardly believe his ears for the moment. He simply looked at Lovell.

Arthur Edward Lovell coloured more deeply, but he was evidently determined.

"Don't take this amiss, Jimmy," he muttered, "but—but you know—your young cousin—he smokes, and—and—"

"He doesn't!" said Jimmy, in a hard voice.

"Well, he used to. You know what a wild little scallywag he was when he first came here!"

"I know that. You know he's different now."

"Well, I dare say he is. But—but the pater—if Teddy did anything of the kind—dash it all, Jimmy, I know the kid's your cousin, but you know he ain't the fellow for Teddy to be friendly with!"

Jimmy Silver breathed harder.

It was true enough that Algy Silver had been an unruly little rascal when he first came to Rookwood—much given to kicking over the traces, though there was at bottom no real harm in him.

Algy Silver had become leader of the Third, and had immense influence in that important Form; and, unless Jimmy could gain his favour for the new fag, it was pretty certain that Master Teddy's airs and graces would earn him a thrashing from Algy before he had been twenty-four hours in the school.

Algy did not share his cousin Jimmy's exemplary patience; and, moreover, he had no motive for putting up with airs and graces from a cheeky new fag. But Lovell's amazing answer quite took the wind out of Jimmy's sails.

In spite of Uncle James' great patience and real regard for Lovell, he came very near quarrelling with Arthur Edward at that moment. He restrained himself, but he could not help feeling bitterly wounded, and he turned away from Lovell abruptly without another word.

"Tea's ready!" said Raby, glancing rather curiously at Jimmy. The other fellows in the study had not heard what had been said.

"Right-ho!" said Jimmy, speaking as cheerfully as he could. "Come up to the table, young 'un!"

"Here's a chair for you, Teddy!" said Newcome.

"Oh, all right," said Teddy. "I say, this study isn't bad."

"Not at all, is it?" said Newcome amiably.

"Of course, it's small," said Teddy. "I suppose all the studies are rather small. I've got a big room at home."

"Oh!"

"My room's bigger than Arthur's," said Teddy. "I wanted it, though."

"Oh!"

"I've got an idea!" said Raby. "What about asking your young cousin up here for tea, Jimmy? He'd like to meet Lovell's young brother."

Jimmy crimsoned.

"Jolly good idea!" said Newcome heartily.

"Might get Algy to bring a kid or two from the Third, and Teddy can make their acquaintance. I'll cut off and tell him if you like, Jimmy."

Lovell kept his eyes on his plate.

"No, thanks!" said Jimmy.

"But Algy would come like a shot," said Raby, puzzled. "Tell him we've got a cake and two kinds of jam, and you can rely on him, and all the Third Form, too, if you wanted them."

"No, no! Never mind Algy."

"Just as you like!"

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Raby dropped the subject, still puzzled, and the feed proceeded.

It was really a handsome spread, and Teddy was hungry, and he did it full justice.

Raby and Newcome did most of the talking, for, to their surprise, Jimmy Silver was very silent. As for Arthur Edward Lovell, he uttered hardly a word if he could help it.

When tea was over, Raby and Newcome rose to clear away the tea-things, also to give a slight hint that it was time for guests to retire. Teddy sat down in the armchair, however.

"You fellows smoke?" he asked.

"Eh?"

Lovell jumped, and Jimmy Silver & Co. stared. Master Teddy gave them a very knowing wink.

"I do!" he said.

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"The pater objects," said Teddy cheerily.

"There was a row when he found my room smelling of smoke once. I don't see any harm in a fag or two. Do you?"

"Yes," grunted Raby.

"Oh, you're an old codger!"

To the intense astonishment of the Fistical Four, Master Teddy groped in his pocket and produced a packet of cigarettes. With a manner that he fondly imagined to be that of an experienced man of the world, the astonishing fag offered the packet round.

"Help yourselves!" he said.

"We don't smoke here!" said Newcome drily.

"What rot! You don't mind if I do, I suppose?"

Without waiting for an answer to that, Master Teddy lighted his cigarette, and blew out a cloud of smoke.

"Well, my hat!" murmured Newcome, quite overcome.

Jimmy Silver restrained a smile. After Lovell's observations about Algy of the Third, his minor's conduct was rather entertaining. Lovell's face was crimson with vexation and chagrin.

"Stop that, Teddy!" he muttered.

"Stop what?" asked the fag, looking at him.

"Put that rubbish in the fire!"

"What rubbish?"

"That cigarette, you young ass!"

"What rot!" answered Teddy, blowing out smoke.

Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome were silent. Lovell rose to his feet, jerked the cigarette from Teddy's mouth, and threw it into the fire. There was a howl of wrath from Teddy.

"What the thump are you up to?" he shouted.

"It's not allowed at Rookwood," said Lovell.

"Do you think I'm not going to smoke if I choose?" shouted Teddy furiously. "Mind your own business!"

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"You can't smoke here, anyway!" said Raby.

"I don't want to stop here. You asked me here, didn't you? I'm jolly well going to smoke, though!"

Master Teddy jumped up in great wrath and indignation, and started for the door. Lovell followed him out.

The three juniors looked at one another.

"Well!" said Raby, with a deep breath.

"Precious little waster! Lovell will have his hands full if he's going to look after that kid!"

"He wants looking after," said Newcome.

"I say, Jimmy, why wouldn't you have your fag cousin here to tea?"

"Lovell was afraid he might teach Teddy to smoke!" replied Jimmy Silver drily.

"Oh, my hat!"

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Looking After Teddy!

"HALLO, kid!"

"Oh, my word!"

"Of all the cheeky cubs—"

"Shush!" murmured Peele.

Cyril Peele was lounging in his study doorway when Lovell minor came quickly along the passage. Lattrey and Gower, his study-mates, were with him, and they stared at Lovell minor. For that hopeful youth had a cigarette in his mouth, plain for all to see.

Peele made a hasty sign to his comrades, and greeted Teddy Lovell with great politeness.

Lovell minor panted.

"Got a light?" he asked.

"A—a—light!" stammered Lattrey. "Oh, crumbs!"

Lattrey & Co. were reckless young rascals, the blackest sheep in the Fourth Form at Rookwood. But certainly they never ventured to walk along the passage cigarette in mouth. It was only too clear that Master Teddy, so far, was blissfully ignorant of the manners and customs of Rookwood School.

"Step in!" said Peele graciously.

Peele had his own reasons for being gracious to Lovell's brother, but he was rather anxious to get the cigarette out of general view.

He closed the door rather quickly when Teddy was inside the study.

"Sit down, old chap," said Peele.

"Right, I will," said Teddy, dropping into the armchair Peele wheeled out for him.

"Thanks! You fellows smoke?"

"Oh, yes!"

"Here you are, old tops!" said Teddy.

He extended the packet of cigarettes. Lattrey & Co. exchanged glances, suppressing their mirth. Teddy's man-of-the-world air was almost too much for them. Peele's chums understood what was in his mind, and they played up. It was very amusing to the black sheep to encourage Lovell's brother in proceedings of this sort. It was "one up" against a member of the Fistical Four, and any chance of scoring over the Co. was not to be lost by the young rascals.

Teddy's cigarettes were of a cheap variety. The young rascal was not exactly a connoisseur in smokes. The nuts of the Fourth were accustomed to much more expensive brands. But they accepted a smoke each with all the seriousness they could muster.

Master Teddy felt a good deal more easy now. He had fallen upon kindred spirits.

"There was a quick and heavy step in the passage outside, and Arthur Edward Lovell's voice was heard calling:

"Teddy!"

Lovell minor put his finger to his lips with a grin.

"Don't let on that I'm here!" he whispered.

"My brother wants to jaw me!"

Lattrey grinned, and nodded.

As a matter of fact, the black sheep did not want Lovell to look in just then. It was great fun, from their peculiar point of view, to encourage Lovell's brother to "act the goat"; but it would not have been so funny if Arthur Edward had come raging into the study with clenched fists.

Much to their relief, Lovell's footsteps passed on towards the stairs.

"Make yourself comfy here, kid," said Peele.

"I will," said Teddy. "I say, I like this study. Do you fellows belong to my Form?"

"You young ass!" began Gower warmly.

"Shurrup, Gower!" murmured Peele. "No, young 'un; we're in the Fourth. You're in the Third, I understand."

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"Yes," said Teddy. "I'd like to dig in this study. I could get on with you fellows."  
 "I'm sure you could," assented Peele. "I hope you'll give us a look in sometimes."  
 "Oh, I will, certainly! If my brother interferes with me, there's goin' to be a row," said Teddy independently. "I'm my own master, I suppose?"  
 "Of course you are," said Lattrey. "I'd keep that up, if I were you."  
 "I'm jolly well going to!"  
 "Teddy!" came a voice in the passage.  
 "There he is again!" grunted Lovell minor.  
 "Can't let a fellow alone for a minute or two."

"Teddy! Where are you?"  
 Lovell had been downstairs after his vanished minor, but had not found him, and he had returned to the Fourth Form quarters. He had stopped almost outside the first study to call his name, guessing that he had been asked into one of the studies. Peele & Co. regarded one another rather uneasily.

"I say, put that smoke out of sight, kid," muttered Gower.  
 "What for?"  
 "Your major might look in."  
 "Let him!"  
 "But—but if he sees—"  
 "I don't care what he thinks."  
 "Have you seen my minor, Muffin?" came Lovell's voice in the passage. "What are you grinning at, you fat frog?"  
 "He, he, he!" came Tubby Muffin's fat chortle.

"What's the joke, you grampus?"  
 "Look in Peele's study!" chuckled Tubby Muffin. "He, he, he! Young Lovell wanted a light for his cigarette—"  
 "What?"  
 "He, he, he!"

"Put it out of sight, kid!" gasped Lattrey, as Lovell's grasp was heard on the door-handle.  
 "Rats!" retorted Teddy. "I'm not afraid of my brother."

It did not occur to the fag for the moment that his three new friends were afraid of Arthur Edward. He was soon to make the discovery.

The door was thrown open.  
 Lovell looked in, with lowering brows. His eyes glittered as he saw Teddy in Peele's armchair, smoking. The three Giddy Goats drew together, rather alarmed by Lovell's look.

"Teddy!" gasped Lovell.  
 "Hallo!" said Teddy coolly.  
 "Put that smoke away."  
 "Sha'n't!"

Lovell's eyes gleamed at Peele & Co.  
 "So you asked my young brother in here to smoke, you cads?" he shouted.  
 "He didn't need much askin' to smoke," said Peele, with a sneer.  
 "You rotter!"

Lovell strode straight at Peele.  
 "Here, hands off, you fool! Back up, you fellows!" panted Peele, as Lovell assailed him.

Lovell was not in a good temper, and the discovery of the Fourth Form fellows encouraging the foolish fag in his folly was the last straw. Whether Teddy was to blame or not, there was no doubt that Peele & Co. were to blame, and Lovell "went for" the three at once, without thinking of counting odds. As a matter of fact, the three weedy Goats were not too much for a sturdy fellow like Lovell to tackle, especially when he was in a furious mood. Peele's defence was knocked aside in a moment, and Peele went to the floor under a terrific drive, yelling.

Lattrey and Gower "backed up" desperately as Lovell turned on them. They assailed Arthur Edward together; but their assault was feeble. Lovell's blows sent them spinning right and left.

"Oh! Yoooop!"  
 "Ow! Get out! Yow-ow!"  
 The three merry blades lay sprawling on the carpet, and they did not get up again. They were safer where they were until Lovell had gone. Lovell gave them a glare of angry contempt, and turned to Teddy, who had watched his warlike proceedings with wide-open eyes.

"Come out of this, Teddy!"  
 "Sha'n't!" retorted Teddy.  
 What happened next surprised Teddy: in fact, it rather surprised Lovell himself. But his temper was at boiling-point now. He grasped the fag by the collar, and spun him out of the armchair.

"Now, come!" he said, between his teeth. "Oooocch!" yelled Teddy.



**ASKING FOR TROUBLE!** Teddy Lovell sat down in the armchair and pulled out a box. He extended it towards the chums with a knowing wink. "You fellows smoke?" he asked. "I do!" (See Chapter 3.)

The cigarette had slipped into his mouth, and the warm end was not palatable.

Lovell minor spat out the cigarette furiously, and turned a passionate glare upon his brother, who still held him by the collar.

"Let go, you bully!" he shouted.  
 "Come out of this!"  
 "I won't!" shrieked Teddy.  
 "You will!"

And Teddy did, for Lovell major exerted his strength, and swung the yelling fag clear through the doorway into the passage. Peele staggered to his feet then, and kicked the door shut after them.

### THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

#### Nice Boy!

**L**ET ME GO! I'll kick your shins!" roared Lovell minor, struggling in the grasp of Lovell major in the Fourth-Form passage.

"Shut up, you little fool!" panted Lovell.  
 "Let go!"

"Will you come with me quietly?"  
 "No, I won't!"  
 "Then I sha'n't let go!"

"I'll kick your shins!" yelled Teddy.

"By gad, what an interestin' scene!" yawned Mornington, looking out of his doorway. "Who's that interestin' youth, Lovell?"

"My minor!" snapped Lovell.  
 "Oh! Nice boy!"  
 "You can mind your own business, Morny!"

"I'm mindin' it, old sport! I suppose I can look on at a dog-fight if I like!" said Mornington, shrugging his shoulders.

"Dry up, Morny, old chap!" whispered Erroll.

"What rot! This is quite amusin'!"  
 "He, he, he!" cackled Tubby Muffin. "Lovell don't like his minor smoking! He, he, he!"

Fellows were looking out of their studies all along the passage, and some were gathering round the brothers. Most of them were laughing. There had been some talk in the Fourth about Lovell's minor, owing to Arthur Edward's somewhat injudicious talk on the subject in the end study. The juniors were rather interested in the hopeful youth, especially after the information imparted by Tubby Muffin.

"Make him let go!" howled Teddy. "You bully! Let me go!"

"Come downstairs!" muttered Lovell. "You've got to see your Form-master!"

"I won't!"  
 "You must, Teddy!"  
 "I won't!" yelled Teddy. "I'll write to father about this! I'll tell him you started bullying me as soon as he was gone! Let go my collar!"

"Let the kid alone!" said Higgs of the Fourth. "What are you bullying a fag for, Lovell? Let him alone!"

"What on earth's this row?" asked Conroy, coming out of his study.

Lovell did not answer. He was bitterly chagrined and humiliated by the scene. Nearly all the Classical Fourth had gathered round. Only the door of the end study remained shut. Jimmy Silver & Co. were judiciously keeping off the grass. Lovell, by sheer strength, forced the yelling fag away to the staircase, followed by laughter from the juniors.

But Master Teddy was by no means disposed to give in. He had been too spoiled at home to think of yielding up his own sweet will and fancy. He clung to the banisters and yelled, utterly regardless of the fact that his yelling was heard far and wide.

"Let go, you bully! Let go!"  
 "Here comes Bulkeley, Lovell!" called out Putty of the Fourth.

Lovell set his teeth. He could not help it. It looked as if he was bullying his minor on the latter's first day at Rookwood, but he could not help it. He could not allow Teddy to smoke in the black sheep's study.

Bulkeley of the Sixth came up the stairs two at a time. His brow was grim.

"Now, then, what's this row?" he demanded gruffly.

"Leggo!"

"Let that kid go at once, Lovell!"  
 Lovell, crimson and panting, released his minor. Teddy Lovell gasped for breath, glaring defiance at his major.

"Hallo, that's a new kid!" said Bulkeley, looking rather curiously at the fag.

"It's my brother!" said Lovell shortly.

"And what are you handling him for, please?"

"He—he—I—" stammered Lovell.  
 "Because he's a rotten bully!" howled Teddy shrilly. "I'm not going to stand it! I'm not going to be bullied! I won't stay at Rookwood! I'll go home!"

"Shut up, you little ass!" growled Bulkeley.

Have You Seen the Fine Long Story of Rookwood in the "Boys' Friend" This Week?

"Lovell, this isn't the way to treat your minor, his first day in the school!"  
 "You—you don't understand—" stammered Lovell.

"No, I don't!" said Bulkeley sharply. "What's he doing up here, anyway? Has he seen the Head?"

"Yes, yes! I—I just met Mr. Bohun downstairs, and he told me to bring my minor to his study."

"Well, that's not the way to take him—by the collar. Lovell minor, you can clear off, and go to your Form-master at once!"

Lovell minor looked at Bulkeley rebelliously. But there was something in the big Sixth-Former's manner that stopped the rebellious words on Teddy's lips. Teddy did not know who the Sixth-Former was, but he understood that he was not a person to be "cheeked."

"I don't know where he is," he answered sullenly.

"You might have shown your minor the way about, Lovell."

"I—I—"

"Well, I'll take him! Come with me, kid!" Bulkeley went down the stairs again, and did not look back to see whether the fag was following. He took that for granted. But Master Teddy hesitated, in two minds whether to follow the prefect, or to return to Peel's study and finish his smoke.

"You'd better go, kid!" said Putty of the Fourth good-naturedly. "That chap is captain of the school, you know. Cut after him!"

Lovell opened his lips, and closed them again. If he had told Teddy to follow Bulkeley, it was pretty certain that the fag would have refused to go. Even after what had passed, poor Lovell was anxious to protect the obstinate fag from his own folly.

Fortunately for Teddy, he decided to do as Bulkeley had told him, and after a last glare at his major he trotted down the stairs after the Sixth-Former.

Bulkeley glanced round in the lower passage, and found the fag at his heels. "This way!" he said.

He led the way to Mr. Bohun's study, and knocked at the door. "Lovell minor, sir!" he said, opening the door.

"Thank you, Bulkeley! Come in, Lovell minor!"

Teddy Lovell entered the study, and Bulkeley closed the door and walked away. Lovell was looking over the banisters, anxious to see whether Teddy was in for more trouble, and greatly relieved to see him disappear quietly into Mr. Bohun's study. Bulkeley glanced up at him.

"Lovell!" he rapped out.

"Yes, Bulkeley!" muttered the Fourth-Former.

"That minor of yours is new here. It would be only decent to look after him a bit at first, and help him through!"

"I—I—"

"And taking him by the collar isn't the way to do it!" said Bulkeley gruffly. "Try to be a bit better-tempered with him!"

And the captain of Rookwood walked on, without waiting for a reply from the unfortunate Lovell. Lovell bit his lip hard, and came down the stairs to wait for his minor.

It was some time before Teddy emerged from Mr. Bohun's study, and when he did so his face was dark and sulky. His eyes glittered as he saw his brother in the passage.

"How did you get on with your Form-master, Teddy?" asked Lovell, speaking as calmly and cordially as he could.

"Find out!"

"Teddy, old chap—"

"Oh, shut up! Let me alone!"

Lovell minor turned his back on his major and walked away. Lovell made a movement to follow him, and then desisted.

With a heavy heart he ascended the stairs and passed through a grinning crowd in the Fourth-Form passage to the end study. In that study he found Jimmy Silver & Co., who assumed an elaborate unconsciousness of the scene in the passage. Lovell gave them a grim look, pulled out his books, and started on his preparation, with a knitted brow. It was not a happy evening in the end study.

THE END.

(There will be another fine long complete story of Rookwood in next week's bumper issue.)

THE POPULAR.—No. 250.

**"DONE AGAIN!"**

(Continued from page 21.)

"Hands off, I tell you!" growled the half-breed.

"You'll see!" answered Bob; and he swung the yelling Yen Chin towards his pony. "Get on that hoss, you rascal!"

Black Louis made a savage stride towards Bob, the hunting-knife half drawn from his belt. Billy Cook thrust his rifle forward. His finger was on the trigger, and his steady eye gleamed along the barrel with a deadly gleam.

"Go slow!" said the Canadian ranchman laconically. "I guess you'll find trouble if you don't, my Injun friend!"

Black Louis halted, and the other half-breeds, with lowering looks, gathered round him. Billy Cook eyed them coolly.

"Nope, I reckon I wouldn't try a rush if I was you," he remarked. "Cause Why? Black Louis gets the first ball, and I reckon I've another for some of you! And the sheriff of Thompson has a rope for the whole crowd if there's bloodshed in this section. I reckon I'd go slow!"

Billy Cook's advice was too good not to be taken. The half-breeds went slow—very slow indeed. Black Louis jammed the knife back into his belt and turned away with a muttered oath.

The hapless Chinese was thrown upon his pony, with a woebegone face. Then Bob Lawless held out his hand.

"Twenty dollars," he said briefly—"and sharp, before I start on you with my whip!"

"Nicey ole Bob—"

Whack!

"Yow-ow-ow!" yelled Yen Chin. "Allee light! Me wantee payee nicey ole Bob!"

With a dolorous face, the heathen handed out the twenty dollars—fortunately, still safe in his pocket, owing to the prompt pursuit.

"Now, you goey 'way!" he said disconsolately.

"We're going," agreed Bob, "and you're coming, too!"

"Me stayee—"

Whack!

"Lettee up!" yelled Yen Chin. "Me comee! Me wantee comee!"

"Come, then!"

And Yen Chin came!

The next day, at the lumber school, Yen Chin was all repentance and pathetic looks. But his pathetic looks were wasted on Frank Richards and Co., and when he sidled up to them, Bob Lawless' heavy boot cut short his remarks, and he fled. The heathen Chinese had passed the limit this time, and there was no more forgiveness for him.

THE END.

(You simply must not miss next Tuesday's roaring Wild West yarn. It's the real goods! Tell all your pals about it!)

**"RESTORING THEIR RIGHTS!"**

(Continued from page 18.)

So saying, Tom Merry handed over the petition. A hush fell upon the assembly as the Head perused it. It was a hush of expectancy. What would the Head do? Would he be very angry? And, if so, would his anger be directed against the fellows who had signed the petition, or against Mr. Ratcliff?

Having read the petition the Head folded it up and put it in his pocket.

"You may leave this matter in my hands, Merry," he said quietly.

"Thank you, sir!"

The fellows on the platform formed a gangway for the Head to pass through. And a taxicab conveyed Dr. Holmes up to the school.

The St. Jim's fellows followed, excitedly discussing the petition, and the possible consequences.

When the Head arrived at the school the first thing he did was to send for Mr. Ratcliff.

Nobody knew what passed at that interview between Headmaster and House-master. But it was observed that Mr. Ratcliff looked even more sour and ill-tempered than usual when he emerged from the Head's study.

"The Head's given him a jolly good dressing-down, I expect," said Jack Blake. "Serve him jolly well right—the old tyrant!"

"Yes, rather!"

Later in the evening an announcement appeared on the school notice-board—an announcement which sent the St. Jim's fellows into ecstasies of delight.

**"NOTICE.**

"The ban on football has been removed; and those who have had football confiscated should apply to Mr. Ratcliff for their return.

(Signed) "RICHARD HOLMES,

"Headmaster."

That was all; but it was enough. Mr. Ratcliff's brief reign of terror had come to an end. That was one good thing. And the Anti-Football League had come to an end. That was another good thing.

The grand old game of football would be revived with renewed zest at St. Jim's, and—to quote a time-worn phrase of Monty Lowther's—everything in the garden was lovely!

THE END.

(Next week's splendid tale of the chums of St. Jim's has a laugh in every line. Don't forget—the title is "Glyn's Spectroscope!")

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