

**A DISGRACE TO HIS FORM!**

Teddy Lovell has not set out to make his career at Rookwood a successful one. He finds that sneaks and funks are not tolerated, even in the lower Forms of the school. And he gains contempt wherever he goes. There is trouble for him in the offing!



# The Sneak of the Third!

Another Topping, Long, Complete Story of Jimmy Silver & Co., and Teddy Lovell of Rookwood School

By Owen Conquest

(Author of the famous stories of Rookwood now appearing in the "Boys' Friend")

"Ye-e-es, if you like!" quavered Teddy. "Yah!" roared the Third. "Sneak!" "You young rotters!" shouted Lovell. "How dare you call my brother a sneak!" "Because he is one!" retorted Wegg independently. "He was sneaking to Mr. Bohun the other day, and now he's been sneaking to the prefects! Yah!" "It's not true!" snapped Lovell. Wegg pointed an accusing and somewhat grubby forefinger at Lovell minor across the study.

"Ask him!" he answered. "It's not true, is it, Teddy?" asked Lovell, with a sinking of the heart. Teddy grunted. "Oh, dash it all!" said Jimmy Silver uneasily. "Anyhow, we can't have fags kicking up a shindy in our quarters! Clear off!" "We're not going without that sneak!" "Clear off, I tell you!" "Will you hand him over!" "No!" "Then we'll jolly well take him! Come on, chaps!" bellowed Wegg. And James Wegg valorously led a rush into the end study—in the teeth, as it were, of the Fistical Four of the Fourth—and for the next minute or two there was pandemonium in that celebrated apartment.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Sneak of the Third!

"COLLAR him!" "Crash!" "Yah!" "Kick them out!" "Rescue, Fourth!" "Yah! Oh, my hat! Ow!" There were eight of the fags, and only four of the Fourth; but the Fistical Four were mighty men with their hands. Wegg & Co. had taken on a large order, and they found the execution thereof a difficult matter. Teddy Lovell seemed too breathless and dazed to take part in the conflict. He stood looking on, breathing in great gasps. Fourth and Third were mixed up in a wild and whirling combat. But the alarm was general all along the Fourth Form passage now, and juniors were swarming along to the end study. Mornington was the first to arrive, and then Erroll, and then Rawson and Van Ryn, and Pons and Conroy, and Higgs and Oswald, and they did not stop to ask what the matter was. It was sufficient for them to know that the Third had invaded the passage sacred to the Fourth Form! They piled in without stopping for words.

THE POPULAR.—No. 252.

## THE FIRST CHAPTER.

### Run Down!

"SOMETHING'S up!" remarked Jimmy Silver, pausing, egg-spoon in hand, at the tea-table in the end study. "Sounds like a blessed riot!" remarked Lovell.

There was a sound of running feet in the Fourth Form passage outside, and a roar of distant voices towards the staircase. "Coming here!" said Raby, as the thundering footsteps approached the door of the end study.

Crash! The study door was hurled suddenly open. A diminutive fag, panting for breath, burst into the end study at top speed. He came with a slam against the tea-table, unable to stop himself in time. "Oh!" roared Newcome, as he dropped his teacup.

The cup was nearly full of tea, and the tea was hot. It dropped on Newcome's knees. Newcome's roar could have been heard at the end of the passage.

"Teddy!" exclaimed Lovell, starting up. It was Lovell minor of the Third Form who had burst into the study so suddenly. "They—they're after me!" panted Teddy. "You silly young ass!" roared Newcome. "Look what you've done! Why, I'll—I'll—I'll—"

Words failed Newcome. He mopped the knees of his trousers with his handkerchief, spluttering with wrath. But for the fact that Teddy was Lovell's young brother, Newcome would have attended to him before he attended to the trousers, with dire results to Teddy.

"I'm sorry!" panted Lovell minor. "They're after me! Oh dear!" "Who are after you?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"The Third!" gasped Teddy. Jimmy's question did not really need an answer; it was answered by the appearance of the pursuers at the door.

First and foremost came Wegg of the Third, raging. Behind him appeared Grant and Stacey, Pipkin and Wyatt, and a crowd more of the Classical Third.

"Here he is!" roared Wegg. "Have him out!"

"Yah!" "Now, then," shouted Jimmy Silver, "outside there! What the thump do you fags want here?" "We want that young sneak!" roared Wegg.

"Outside!" "Rats!" Jimmy Silver strode in the way as the wrathful fags began to invade the study. Teddy Lovell backed behind the table. Newcome went on mopping his trousers. Newcome certainly did not care if the fags captured the runaway and lynched him. His knees were rather scalded.

But Raby and Arthur Edward Lovell backed up Jimmy Silver. Wegg & Co. receded into the doorway and passage again, but they did not go farther. It was evident that they were in deadly earnest. Their earnestness was proved by the fact that they had invaded the Fourth Form quarters—dangerous territory for fags on the warpath.

"Shove him out, then!" shouted Wegg. "Have him out!"

"Yah!" "Now, what's all the trouble about?" asked Jimmy Silver pacifically. "Do you want Lovell minor to come to tea?" "To—to—to tea!" stuttered Wegg. "No fear! We want to scalp him!" "To lynch him!" howled Pipkin.

"To make an example of him!" shrieked Grant. "Shove him out! Hand him over! He's sneaked! We're going to rag him!" "You're jolly well not!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell. "Clear off, or we'll come out to you!"

"Yah!" "Funk!" roared Wegg. "Hiding in a Fourth Form study! Funk!"

Teddy Lovell quivered. With seven or eight infuriated fags after him, it was no wonder the new boy in the Third had taken to his heels. But the taunt struck him, all the same. He clenched his fists and glared at Wegg.

"Now, order!" said Jimmy Silver. "We're having tea, and we didn't ask for company! Buzz off, like good little fags!"

"Hand that sneak out, then!" "Oh, Lovell minor's staying to tea!" said Jimmy Silver affably. "Ain't you, Teddy?"

Don't Forget the Title of Next Week's Rookwood Story—"Barred by the Third!"

With the odds heavily against them now, Wegg & Co. did not have the ghost of a chance.

They were smitten hip and thigh, knocked right and left, and hurled out of the study.

One after another the yelling fags bumped in the passage.

But there the fags' troubles did not end. The Fourth-Formers were warning to their work. They collared the fags and rushed them along the passage—some by their necks, some by their ankles.

With a rush and a roar the invaders went whirling towards the stairs, amid yells of laughter from the Fourth.

In the end study the Pistical Four remained alone with their visitor. They were rather dusty and breathless.

"Now we'd better get on with the tea!" gasped Raby.

"Precious little left!" grunted Jimmy Silver, surveying the tea-table ruefully.

"There's the eggs on the floor—"

"Trampled on!" growled Raby. "Nice for the carpet!"

"And the jam's in the fender!"

"And the teapot in the armchair! Oh, my hat!"

"Keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "Nothing's so bad that it mightn't be worse!"

"Br-r-r-r!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. set the study to rights as well as they could. The remains of the tea supplies were rescued, as far as possible. The eggs, certainly, were too far gone for rescue, and Jimmy, after a careful inspection of the jam, decided that there were too many cinders in it for it to be edible. Still, there was bread and there was margarine, and there was a tin of sardines. It was possible to keep smiling—with an effort.

"Sit down, Teddy!" said Jimmy Silver, with great politeness. "I hope you like sardines?"

"Not much!" said Teddy.

"Oh!"

"I can make them do," said Teddy.

"Don't be a little pig, Teddy!" growled Arthur Edward Lovell.

Teddy stared at him.

Arthur Edward had not addressed him in that manner before. Arthur Edward had hitherto erred on the side of excessive patience and forbearance with his spoiled younger brother.

"All serene—all serene!" said Jimmy Silver hastily. "Besides, there's a cake. Luckily, that was in the cupboard! I'll get it out!"

Teddy Lovell sat down to tea, and found that he could get on very well with the sardines. It transpired that he had not yet had his tea, and that he was hungry.

"Now, what's all this new trouble about, Teddy?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, after a long and gloomy pause.

"I told Bulkeley!" answered Teddy sullenly.

"What did you tell him?"

"Those cads were jeering at me," said the fag passionately. "I'm not going to stand it. They hustled me in the Form-room, because—because I told the Form-master the other day about what—"

"You shouldn't have gone to the Form master!"

"Rot!"

Arthur Edward Lovell seemed to swallow something with difficulty.

"I'm not going to be persecuted," said Teddy indignantly. "I don't like those rotters. They make fun of me. They chip me because I asked the matron for a hot-water bottle one night. They call me spooney."

"You shouldn't be a spooney, then."

"They call me a sneak, too."

"Well, you are a sneak!"

Teddy jumped up, with a flushed face.

"If that's how you're going to talk I'll get out!" he exclaimed.

"Get out, if you like! I dare say Wegg & Co. are waiting on the stairs," said Lovell caustically.

Lovell minor was heading for the door, but he stopped. He had forgotten the hostile fags for the moment.

"And what are you going to do now?" continued Lovell. "You've got to face them sooner or later."

"I'll go to the Head."

"More sneaking."

"Do you think I'm going to be chased

THE POPULAR.—No. 252.

about and ragged just as they like?" howled Teddy shrilly.

"Stop sneaking, and they'll let you alone!"

"Mind your own business!"

With that, Master Edwin opened the door, stamped out into the passage, and slammed the door after him with a terrific slam.

"The fags will get him now!" remarked Raby.

"Let them!" said Lovell morosely. "I dare say a ragging will do him good. I'm fed up with the little rotter!"

"Ahem!"

And with that the subject dropped.

A few minutes later, however, Arthur Edward Lovell left the end study. And although Arthur Edward had stated that he was fed up with his minor, his chums knew well enough that he was going to see how Teddy was getting on. Arthur Edward's bark was a good deal worse than his bite.

### THE THIRD CHAPTER.

#### Warned Off!

"THERE'S the little beast!" murmured Wegg.

It was the hour of the evening preparation for the Third Form at Rookwood. The Third were all in their places, with the exception of Lovell minor, when Mr. Bohun came in. And Lovell minor entered the Form-room at the heels of the master.

Since the shindy in the end study the Third had seen nothing of the new fag.

The outcast of the Third had avoided them till prep, and now he had come in at the Form master's heels; but after prep Mr. Bohun would not be there to protect him.

Teddy replied with a sullen scowl to the dark looks he received, and took his place in the Form in silence.

But prep did not begin at once. There was a surprise in store for the Rookwood Third.

Mr. Bohun glanced over his Form, coughed, and addressed them.

"H-m-h-m! My boys, I have received a complaint from Lovell minor and—"

"Sneaking again!" murmured Wegg.

There was a hiss among the fags.

"Silence!" exclaimed Mr. Bohun sharply.

"I have received a complaint from Lovell minor that he has been subjected to persecution, and that violence has been offered him. I desire to impress upon you all, very seriously, that the new boy is not to be molested in any way. Lovell minor is under the impression that what you call a ragging is in contemplation."

"You bet!" murmured Wegg.

"Did you speak, Wegg?"

"N-n-no, sir!" gasped Wegg.

"Very well. Kindly remember, my boys, that I shall keep observation upon you, and that if there is any molestation of the new boy it will be very severely punished. That is all. We will now proceed."

And prep proceeded.

The feelings of the Third Form were too deep for words, if words had been possible just then.

What Mr. Bohun thought of Lovell minor and his complaints they did not know, but they knew that Mr. Bohun was not a gentleman to be trifled with.

The projected ragging of the sneak faded away into the limbo of the things that were not to be.

Lovell minor caught the looks that were turned upon him, and grinned.

Mr. Bohun meant what he said. Whatever his reflections were, he had his duty to do, and he could not allow "raggings" for whatever reason.

Lovell minor felt that he was secure at last.

Indeed, he regarded his invoking the Form master's protection as something in the nature of a master-stroke.

Prep went on quietly.

When that infliction was over, Mr. Bohun quitted the Form-room, leaving the fags to their own devices. The Third generally used their Form-room as a Common-room. They had the right of access to the junior Common-room, but in that apartment they were very much overborne by the Fourth and the Shell. In their own quarters they were monarchs of all they surveyed.

After the Form master's departure the Third gathered in a crowd, noisily and angrily discussing the situation.

Lovell minor, happy in his new sense of

security, was putting his books away in quite a cheerful frame of mind.

"The awful sneak!" said Wegg, in measured tones. "Actually getting old Bohun to jaw us!"

"Worm!" said Silver II. "Better let him alone, though. Old Bohun means bisney."

Wegg set his teeth.

"After his sneaking!" he said.

"Well, it's no good looking for trouble with a giddy Form master. Let the sneak alone. He's not worth touching, anyhow."

"I suppose a chap could pull his nose!" said Wegg. "That isn't molesting him, is it? Old Bohun said molesting."

"Well, pulling a sneak's nose ain't molesting," said Grant, with an air of deep consideration. "Anybody got a dictionary?"

"Good!" exclaimed Wegg. "We'll jolly soon see. Here, don't let that cad get out till we know."

Teddy Lovell was making for the door. Stacey and Pipkin ran to it, and put their backs to it.

"Let me open that door!" bawled Teddy.

"You can open it," said Stacey, grinning.

"We ain't molesting you."

"I can't open it while you're standing against it."

"That's your look-out. We can stand against our own Form-room door if we like, I suppose?"

"Let me pass!"

"We're not stopping you."

"Get a die, somebody!" said Wegg.

Teddy Lovell seized the door-handle and dragged at it. Stacey and Pipkin kept the back of their heels planted against the door firmly. It did not move. Lovell minor gave them a glare of passionate anger.

"Let me open the door!" he hissed.

"We're not stopping you. Open it."

"How can I when you've got your feet against it?" shrieked Teddy.

"Is that a riddle?" asked Stacey politely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You—you rotters!" panted Teddy.

He clenched his fists.

"Punch away!" said Stacey, thrusting out his nose invitingly. "We ain't going to molest you. You hit first, though. Go it! You hit first, and we'll see."

Lovell minor controlled his wrath. If he punched Stacey's nose it was not much use complaining that he had been molested. The strictest Form master could hardly take the view that a fellow whose nose was punched was not justified in punching back. And Stacey was almost quivering with the yearning to punch back, so long as he had received a punch which would put him in the right. There was not the slightest doubt that if Teddy placed himself out of court by hitting first, he would go through the most painful experiences immediately afterwards.

Teddy tugged at the door again. Two or three more grinning fags joined Stacey and Pipkin at the door. It did not open. There was no chance of that. And, meanwhile, Wegg, with intense seriousness, was consulting the dictionary as to the precise meaning of "molest."

### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

#### Mr. Bohun does not agree!

"G O it, Wegg!"

"Got the place?"

"Give a fellow a chance," said James Wegg, turning over the pages. "Molecular—"

"That's not it."

"I'm getting to it. Molecule—"

"Blow molecule!"

"Moleskin—molest— Here it is. Molest! Listen, you chaps," said Wegg. "Here's molest."

"Read it out."

"Shut up a minute, then."

And Wegg read out solemnly:

"Molest—to trouble, disturb, or annoy. From Latin molestus, troublesome—"

"Blow the Latin! We don't want that."

"Trouble, disturb, or annoy," said Wegg, closing the dictionary with a snap. "Nothing there about pulling a fellow's nose."

"Nothing at all," agreed Grant.

"I say, though, it annoys a fellow to pull his nose, doesn't it?" asked Silver II thoughtfully.

"Suppose it does," said Wegg.

"Well, wouldn't that come to the same thing?"

"I don't see it!" said Wegg decidedly.

"We're not to molest the cad! That means, trouble, disturb, or annoy him. But if it meant anything about pulling a chap's nose, it would say so. Trinstance, 'spose it said

**Teddy, the Scamp of the Third, is in Hot Water Again Next Week!**

'Molest—pulling a chap's nose!' That would be quite plain. But if it means it, why doesn't it say it?"

"And it doesn't!" said Wyatt.  
"No, it doesn't! Besides, there's different kinds of annoyance," went on Wegg, with great acumen. "If you annoy another chap by molesting him, that's molesting. But if you annoy him another way—for instance, old Bohun annoys us by bothering us with evening prep, doesn't he?"

"Yes, rather!"  
"But he wouldn't call that molesting us, would he?"  
"Nunno!"

"Then the Head disturbs, troubles, and annoys us when he jaws us—but that's not molesting. The Head wouldn't dream of molesting anybody—but he disturbs, troubles, and annoys jolly nearly everybody, one way or another."

"Right on the wicket!" said Grant. "You ought to be a lawyer, Wegg!"

Wegg crossed over to the door, where Teddy was fuming.

Lovell minor met him with a glare of defiance.

"I'm not going to molest you," said Wegg scornfully. "I'm just going to pull your nose—like that!"

"Yoooooooh!"  
Wegg made a sudden grasp at Teddy's nose, and enclosed it with his finger and thumb, in a grip that was like a vice.

Lovell minor gave a muffled howl of anguish.

"Go it, Wegg!" yelled the Third, in great delight.

"Grooooh! Led do by dose! Ooooooooh!"  
But Wegg did not let go. He compressed his grip harder, keeping Teddy at arm's length. Wegg was a much bigger fellow than Teddy, and he easily avoided his savage kicking and clutching, as he gripped his nose. Teddy Lovell struggled and roared wildly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"  
Stacey & Co. had left the door to gather round and watch, yelling with laughter.

The Form-room door suddenly opened.

Perhaps, after his warning to the fags, Mr. Bohun had deemed it judicious to stroll back in that direction and ascertain that his instructions were being observed. Anyhow, there he was.

Teddy's nose was in Wegg's iron grip, and Teddy was dancing with rage and anguish when the Third Form master strode in.

"Cave!" gasped Pipkin.

Wegg let go Teddy's nose suddenly as if it had become red-hot. Indeed, it looked as if it was red-hot at that moment.

A sudden doubt smote Wegg as to whether his Form master might not regard the pulling of noses as molestation—in spite of the dictionary.

"What is this?" exclaimed Mr. Bohun sternly.

"Ahem—we—I—", stammered Wegg.

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" howled Teddy Lovell.

"What were you doing to Lovell minor, Wegg?" thundered Mr. Bohun.

"Only—only—only pulling his nose, sir!" gasped Wegg. "I—I—I wasn't molesting him, sir!"

"What?"

"Oh, no, sir!" exclaimed Grant eagerly.

"The dictionary—"

"Grant! Fetch me the cane from my desk!"

"Oh, yes, sir!"

Grant fetched the cane, and Mr. Bohun swished it in the air. Wegg's inward doubts intensified.

"Hold out your hand, Wegg!"

"Wha-a-at for, sir?"

"I am going to cane you for molesting Lovell minor after my very clear warning to you, Wegg."

"I—I haven't molested him, sir!" stammered Wegg.

"What? I saw you pulling his nose—"

"That—that wasn't molesting him, sir!"

"Nonsense! Hold out your hand!"

"Oh dear!"

Swish!

"Now the other hand, Wegg!"

"But the dictionary says— Ow—ow—"

"The other hand—at once!"

Swish!

"You may place this cane on the desk, Grant. I trust I shall not have occasion to use it again."

Mr. Bohun strode from the Form-room. Teddy Lovell, with a defiant grin at the fags, followed him out.

James Wegg stood wringing his hands. He

was hurt. The fags surrounded him in a sympathetic group.

"Rotten!" said Grant. "Unjust! He didn't even let you say—"

"Wow-wow!"

"Didn't even let you explain—"

"Oh dear! My hands!"

"He doesn't seem to know the definition of molest," said Pipkin warmly. "Ignorant, you know."

"In a Form master, too! My hat!"

"Sheer ignorance!"

"Wow-wow-ow!" said Wegg, as he rubbed his hands. "Yow-ow-ow! Oh dear! Oh crumbs! Yooooooop!"

The Third Form were full of sympathy. But the unfortunate Wegg, like Rachel of old, mourned and could not be comforted.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

Down on Teddy!

"HALLO! What's on now?"  
It was the following morning, and Jimmy Silver & Co. were sauntering in the quad after lessons. As they came by the archway that led into Little Quad, the buzz of many voices reached their ears.

There was a crowd under the arch.

"The cheery Third!" remarked Newcome.

"Up to some mischief, by the look of them."

The Fistical Four slowed down to glance at the fags in passing. It was evidently a meeting of the Third, and a very excited meeting. And they wondered if it had something to do with Lovell minor.

Wegg of the Third was addressing the fags, amid a good many interruptions. His look was fery.

"It's got to be settled!" he was saying.

"Hear, hear!"

"He ought to be lynched!" exclaimed Pipkin.

"The sneak!"

"Go it, Wegg!"

Lovell flushed red. He had no further doubt whom the indignant fags were referring to. Jimmy Silver made a movement to walk on, but Lovell remained where he was, so his chums, exchanging a glance, remained

with him. Wegg of the Third went on, in a loud and indignant tones:

"The fellow's a sneaking cad—"

"Hear, hear!"

"And we can't rag him for it, because he sneaks to the Form master every time, and we get licked—"

"Shame!"

"He's a disgrace to the Third Form!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Instead of licking us for ragging him, old Bohun ought to ask the Head to turn him out of Rookwood!"

"Bravo!"

"But he won't! Now, are we going to have that uppish young cad turning up his nose and putting on airs and graces, and sneaking—"

"No fear!"

"Well, something's got to be done, then," said Wegg. "I suggest sending the beastly little prig to Coventry! He's a disgrace to the Form, and he's barred by the Form from this minute on! Agreed?"

"Yes, rather!"

"You bet!"

"Bravo!"

There was no doubt that the Third Form agreed. Moderns as well as Classicals were there, and they were unanimous. In all the Third Form of Rookwood there was no dissentient voice.

"Then he's going to be sent to Coventry," said Wegg. "Not a fellow in the Form is to speak to him!"

"Not a syllable!" said Tunstall, the Modern.

"Not a giddy whisper!"

"Don't speak to him—don't answer if he speaks! Just cut him dead!" said Wegg.

"We can't rag the little beast, with old Bohun watching us; but we'll see how he likes that!"

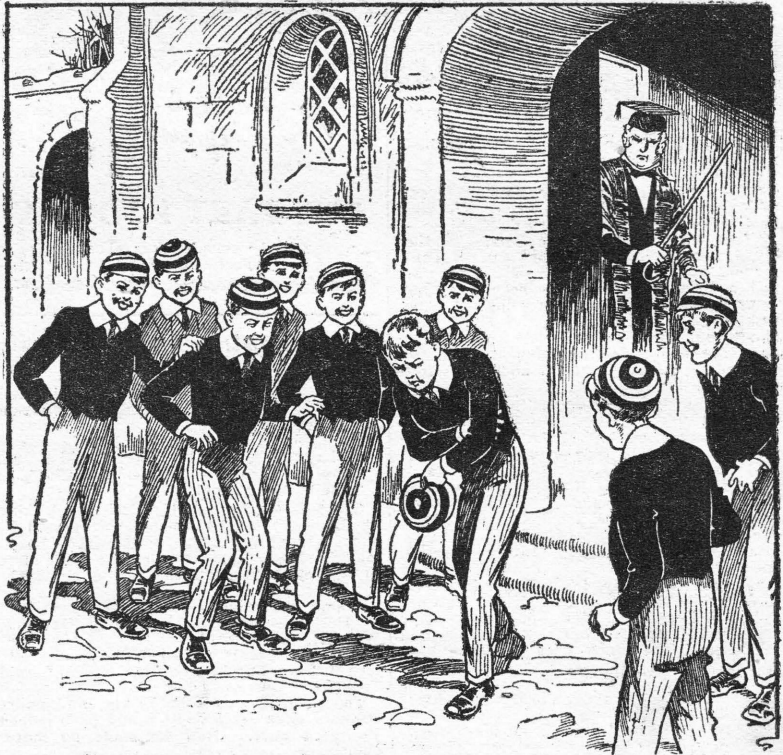
"What-ho!"

"Hallo, there's his major!" ejaculated Stacey, catching sight of the Fistical Four outside the archway.

Wegg gave Arthur Edward Lovell a glance.

"We're sending your young cad of a minor to Coventry!" he hooted. "Put that in your pipe and smoke it! Yah!"

"Yah!" roared the fags.



A CANING FOR THE SNEAK! Teddy came out of Mr. Bohun's study at last. His face was pale. Squeezing his hand, the hapless fag passed down the row of grinning faces. The fags fairly hooted. "That's what he wanted!" grinned Wegg. There was no pity for the sneak of the Third. (See Chapter 6.)

Lovell clenched his hands, but Jimmy Silver took his arm and walked him on. A howl from the Third followed them. The fags were evidently inclined to visit the sins of Teddy upon the head of his major and the heads of his major's friends.

"Cheeky little rotters!" muttered Lovell savagely. "I've a jolly good mind— Let go my arm, Jimmy!"

"Come on, old chap!" said Jimmy quietly. Lovell went on, frowning.

He left his friends a few minutes later, and walked away by himself. This new development in the Third troubled him, and he wanted to think it out. And though his chums sympathised with him personally, he knew they had very little sympathy to waste upon Master Edwin.

Teddy was in the quadrangle, and he was looking more cheerful than for some days past. Mr. Bohun's intervention had had its result, and Teddy was relieved from persecution at the hands of his Form-fellows. He found it a great relief, and he was rather inclined to look upon it as a victory. Lovell came up to his minor as he spotted him standing near the fountain.

"Hallo!" he said gruffly.  
"Hallo!" grunted Teddy.  
"How are you getting on in the Third?"  
"Much better," said Lovell minor, with a defiant look. "Mr. Bohun won't let them touch me."

"I've just heard them talking," said the Fourth-Former. "They're going to send you to Coventry for sneaking!"

"Eh—what's that?"  
"I mean, nobody in the Third is going to speak to you again."

"I don't care!"  
"You'll find it rather unpleasant when it begins."

"Rats! I don't want them to speak to me! I don't want you to, either, if it comes to that!" retorted Master Teddy independently.

"Teddy, old man," said Lovell earnestly, "it's not too late to put yourself right with your Form. Own up that you've done wrong—"

"I haven't done wrong—"  
"You've sneaked—"

"I've had their caddish tricks stopped!" said Teddy viciously. "I'll go straight to Mr. Bohun if they worry me again! And, look here, Arthur, I want you to stop interfering with me! It was your fault that I've had to break with Peele and Gower and Latrety in the Fourth!"

"If it was a fault, it's mine," agreed Lovell.

"Well, I want you to mind your own business!" said Teddy savagely.

"That is my business!"

"You meddling ass!" exclaimed Lovell minor. "I tell you I won't stand it! What business is it of yours if I smoke?"

"Lots!" answered Lovell quietly. "Father asked me to look after you here. I can't prevent you from being a sneak, I suppose, and a spoony; but I can keep you from being a blackguard, and I'm going to! And, look here, Teddy, a lot of the Third know about your smoking in Peele's study. Suppose they took a leaf out of your book, and sneaked to the Form master about it? How would you like that?"

Teddy started. That consideration had apparently not entered into his mind.

"They—they wouldn't!" he exclaimed.

"Why shouldn't they sneak if you do?" said Lovell bitterly. "Do you want it all on one side? Not that they will. They're inky little ruffians, but they're not mean enough to give a fellow away. That ought to be a lesson to you."

"Oh, rot!" said Teddy, rather uneasily, however.

"Look here, Teddy, it's not too late. Go to Wegg—he's a bit of an ass, but he's not a bad fellow, really—tell him you're sorry you sneaked, and you won't do it again, and ask them all to look over it. Then stop putting on airs and graces, and acting like a spoiled baby. Then you'll get on all right in the Third. I— Do you hear me, Teddy?" shouted Lovell.

Teddy had turned his back on his brother, and was walking away.

He certainly heard, but equally certainly he did not intend to heed.

Arthur Edward Lovell breathed hard as he looked after him. He was strongly tempted to rush after the cheeky fag, take him by the shoulders, and give him the shaking of

his life. Never had Arthur Edward felt so keenly desirous of shaking Teddy.

But he restrained his wrath. He walked gloomily away, with his hands driven deep in his pockets. He had done all he could, and it was useless. Lovell minor had to take his chance.

### THE SIXTH CHAPTER. Sent to Coventry!

"PASS the salt, Grant!"  
Teddy Lovell made that request at the Third Form table in the dining-room. From the Fourth table Arthur Edward Lovell was looking across rather anxiously at the fags.

Grant seemed deaf.  
He went on sedately eating his dinner, as if Master Edwin Lovell had not spoken.

Teddy stared at him.  
"Will you pass the salt?" he asked, more loudly.

Still Grant did not heed. His face was expressionless as he negotiated a dumping with his fork.

"Pass the salt, Pipkin, will you?"  
No answer.  
"Are you deaf, you fool?"  
Silence.

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The Only ABC Guide to Wireless

1/3 Per Part

**BUY PART 1 TO-DAY**

To be completed in about 20 Fortnightly Parts.

"Dear me!" said Mr. Bohun, glancing along the table. "What is the matter there? What is the matter, Lovell minor?"

"I've asked Grant to pass the salt, and he won't, sir!" gasped Teddy, in crimson indignation.

"Grant, if you have the salt—"

"I haven't it, sir. It's there," said Grant.

"Pass it to Lovell minor if he needs it!"

"Oh, certainly, sir!"

Grant passed the salt then, without looking at the angry fag by his side. He passed it, with averted face, placing it within Lovell minor's reach. Lovell minor gave him a glare by way of thanks, and helped himself to the salt.

Dinner proceeded.

"This is a jolly good pudding for once, Wegg," said Grant.

"Yes, for once!" agreed Wegg.

"I'll have another helping, Pipkin," said Teddy.

The pudding was near Pipkin, and under ordinary circumstances he would have helped Teddy at once. Now he made no movement.

"Do you hear me, Pipkin?"

Stony silence.

"You rotter, give me some pudding!" said Teddy, in a fierce whisper.

"Dear me, there is a great deal of chattering going on at this table," said Mr. Bohun. "Kindly talk a little less, my boys!"

"I want some more pudding, sir," said Teddy, in a loud voice.

Mr. Bohun looked along the table.

"You may help yourself, Lovell minor."

"I can't reach it, sir."

"Well, ask one of the other boys to help you, then. Don't be silly!"

"I've asked Pipkin, and he won't," growled Teddy.

"Bless my soul! Pipkin, have you refused to help Lovell minor?"

"I haven't said a word to him, sir," answered Pipkin.

"Lovell minor, you seem much too ready to make complaints," said Mr. Bohun. "Pipkin, help Lovell minor to the pudding."

"Yes, sir."

Pipkin helped Lovell minor—a remarkably small helping. Teddy disposed of it in a couple of minutes.

"Give me some more," he muttered.

Pipkin remained unconscious.

Teddy, with a furious look, rose to his feet and reached across the table at the pudding, and dragged it towards him.

"Lovell minor!" rapped out Mr. Bohun.

"How dare you sprawl across the table in that manner? Sit down at once!"

"I want some more pudding, sir—"

"Sit down!" exclaimed Mr. Bohun angrily.

"Have you no manners? Have you no sense of propriety? Sit down at once! Leave the pudding there! You do not require more than two helpings."

"But I haven't—"

"Silence! Sit down this instant!"

Lovell minor looked rebellious, but he sat down, relinquishing the pudding, almost choking with wrath. He was beginning to understand now how matters stood. He was feeling, and looking, rebellious; but he did not venture to disobey Mr. Bohun. Teddy had learned by this time that Form masters had to be obeyed.

The sulky fag was consumed with anger and chagrin till dinner was over, and the juniors were dismissed.

The Third-Formers were grinning as they came out.

The sentence passed upon the sneak of the Third was beginning to take effect, and the fags were rather enjoying it: it was a good deal like a new game to them.

It was all the more interesting as a game, because Lovell minor's sulky and furious looks showed how much effect it had on him. If he had taken it quietly, and with an air of indifference, the fags might have tired of the game, but Lovell minor's looks were an entertainment in themselves.

In the passage, Teddy Lovell came up to Wegg & Co. with a black scowl on his brow.

"So you're not going to speak to me—what?" he demanded.

Wegg & Co. stared at him blankly without replying. A brick wall could hardly have been more expressionless and discouraging than that stare. Teddy clenched his fists in helpless rage.

"You hear me, Wegg, you rotter?"

"Teddy!" called out Lovell, as he came out of the dining-room with Jimmy Silver & Co.

Teddy Lovell did not hear his major.

"Can't you answer, Wegg?" he said between his teeth, his voice trembling with passionate anger.

Apparently Wegg couldn't. At all events, he didn't.

"Come on, you chaps!" said Grant.

"Tain't raining! Let's punt a ball about before lessons, and shake down those blessed dumplings!"

"Right-ho!" said Wegg.

Biff!

Teddy's temper failed him as Wegg turned to follow Grant, as if completely unconscious of Lovell minor's existence. And Teddy's clenched fist smote James Wegg fairly on the nose.

Wegg spoke then. He couldn't help it. What he said was:

"Yarooop!"

"Teddy, you young ass!" shouted Lovell.

"Let him answer, then!" growled Teddy.

"Lovell minor!" Unfortunately for Teddy, Mr. Bohun was coming out of the dining-room at that moment. "Boy, how dare you!"

"I—I—"

"You have complained to me of being ill-treated by boys in your Form!" exclaimed Mr. Bohun. "Yet I see you strike one of your Form-fellows entirely without provocation."

(Continued on page 17.)

and smiled. It was clear that Frank was on his old footing with the Cedar Creek crowd.

Miss Meadows turned to the cousins as they came in, the lesson stopping. She gave Frank a kind smile.

"Come here, Richards!" the schoolmistress called out.

Frank joined her before the class, his cheeks red, but his eyes very bright. The buzz in the school-room deepened, and Miss Meadows made a sign for silence.

"Richards, your cousin has made a discovery here to-day. No doubt he has told you of Yen Chin's confession."

"Yes, ma'am," said Frank.

"There is no doubt in my mind now that the letter sent to Molly Lawrence was a forgery," continued Miss Meadows, her voice heard in every corner of the school-room, in breathless silence. "Yen Chin has confessed that Gunten bribed him to obtain a copy of your handwriting, the day before the letter was written. The conclusion is plain. The matter is very serious, and I shall see your uncle and Mr. Gunten about it. For the present, Richards, the matter rests there, and you return to Cedar Creek cleared of all suspicion of having acted in the base manner for which you were condemned."

"Hurrah!" came from Bob Lawless.

Miss Meadows smiled.

"I am sorry, Richards, that you were condemned unjustly. I cannot blame myself for being deceived by what looked like conclusive evidence, but I am very sorry! Your name is cleared, my boy."

And Miss Meadows shook hands with Frank Richards before the class, and Frank went to his place.

"I'm sorry, old scout!" whispered Tom Lawrence, as he passed.

Frank nodded cheerily.

"All serene!" he said. "You were taken in. It's all right."

"Me solly, too, ole Flanky!" murmured Yen Chin.

"You little rascal!"

Molly Lawrence did not speak, but her glance was eloquent, and showed that Frank Richards was forgiven for what he had not done!

That afternoon was a very happy one to Frank Richards. When lessons were over he was surrounded by a friendly crowd as he came out of the lumber schoolhouse. In his happiness he could almost have found it in his heart to forgive Kern Gunten's black treachery.

But that was not to be. Gunten was yet to be dealt with.

THE END.

(There will be another fine story of Frank Richards & Co. next Tuesday.)

**"MORGAN O'  
THE MAIN!"**

(Continued from page 6.)

And when Don Jose asked him what he said, monsieur smiled—a vague smile.

"I had a mind to prepare a new lodging for you, senor," said he. "But tell me," he murmured. "Do you believe in dreams?"

Despite himself, the Don could not repress a start at the unusual question.

"How now, Sir Governor?" he frowned. "Ist taken leave of your senses?"

But the Governor seemed to be going to sleep. He slipped lower and lower in his chair, till his velvet hat fell over one eye, giving him a lop-sided appearance. With a snort of disgust, the Spaniard went to the door.

"Senor," called monsieur, "in my dream methought I was hanging outside my own castle walls!"

Don Jose stopped as if shot. In an age of superstition, the Don was more superstitious than most.

"Monsieur," he asked—and his voice trembled—"was that all your dream?"

The recumbent figure drew itself upright and adjusted its hat.

"Not quite," he said. "For I dreamed the pirate Morgan had the hanging of me!"

Don Jose turned white as a sheet. He looked fearfully around the room, as if he expected the dead buccaneer to spring from behind the arras. Then, after a last look at the Governor, he fled; but as he went monsieur called after him, and every word came to the Don with startling distinctness.

"As Morgan hanged me," he said, "he gave me a message to carry to the shades."

And the pallid Don came trembling to the door.

"He bade me tell them to prepare a place for you!"

Then with a crash the door shut to, and monsieur was alone with the price of his treachery.

Don Jose's footsteps died away in the distance, and monsieur rose unsteadily to his feet.

"Pierre!" he called. And as the man's dark face appeared monsieur yawned. "To bed with you. I will spend the hours seeing that Senor Admiral has not cheated me!"

And he reached for a canvas bucket, full to the brim with the Spaniard's gold.

(Another long thrilling instalment of our powerful romantic serial in next week's bumper issue.)

**"THE SNEAK  
OF THE THIRD!"**

(Continued from page 10.)

"It wasn't! He—he—" stammered Teddy. "I saw the whole occurrence," exclaimed Mr. Bohun. "Wegg was not even looking at you when you struck him."

"He wouldn't answer me," muttered Teddy sullenly.

"What! You dare to say that you struck Wegg because he did not answer you?" exclaimed Mr. Bohun in amazement. "Follow me to my study at once, Lovell minor. I shall punish you most severely. Come!"

"I—I—"

"Silence! Follow me at once!" Mr. Bohun strode away, and Lovell minor, after an instant's hesitation, followed at his heels.

The fags looked at one another with delighted grins.

Wegg was rubbing his nose, but he was grinning, too.

"Oh, what larks!" murmured Grant ecstatically.

The fags crept along the passage, to listen as near to Mr. Bohun's door as they could venture. There was a sound of swishing from the study, mingled with suppressed howls from Lovell minor.

"He's getting it!" chuckled Wegg.

"He's a Bohun and a blessing this time!" chortled Stacey, and the fags chortled gleefully.

Lovell of the Fourth stood near the big doorway with a clouded brow. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome went out into the quad.

Teddy came out of Mr. Bohun's study at last.

His face was pale, and there were heavy, unshed tears in his eyes. He started as he saw the crowd of fags in the passage.

They did not speak. They lined up, for the hapless outcast to pass between two rows of grinning faces. They expected him to scowl and glare; but the unfortunate Teddy was past scowling and glaring at that moment. He was only thinking of the ache in his palms.

Squeezing his hands together, and trying hard to keep back his tears, Teddy Lovell limped away, leaving the fags chortling in his rear.

"That's what he wanted!" grinned Wegg.

"He wouldn't be happy till he got it!" chortled Pipkin. "He's got it!"

"But he don't look happy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Teddy Lovell limped on, and his major joined him near the door.

Lovell's face was very kind and tender.

"Poor old chap!" he said softly. "You've had it hard, Teddy?"

"Oh! Ow!" muttered Teddy. "The beast! Oh, the rotter! He'd no right to cane me! I wish I'd kicked his shins now!"

"Teddy, old chap—"

"Oh, shut up!" said Teddy.

And he went on, leaving Arthur Edward apparently attempting to gulp something down.

Lovell's look was very sombre as he joined his comrades in the quadrangle.

"How's Teddy?" asked Jimmy Silver, with as much sympathy as he could muster for friendship's sake.

"Teddy? Oh, I don't know—never mind him!" muttered Lovell. "Let's go and punt a footer; I'm fed up with him."

"Right-ho!"

And the subject of Teddy was dropped. But Arthur Edward Lovell, fed up as he was, remained thoughtful while he was punting the footer with his chums. He was thinking of Teddy, and wondering whether he would ever get on better at Rookwood, and whether he could help him to get on better. If he could, Arthur Edward Lovell's loyal affection would not be wanting, though in his heart he could not help acknowledging that the fags were right, and that Lovell minor was a disgrace to his Form.

THE END.

(There is thrill and drama in next week's grand Rookwood story. Don't miss reading it.)

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