

**IF YOU WANT A REAL GOOD LAUGH—READ THIS STORY!**

*Chunky Todgers has surprised his schoolfellows on more than one occasion with his weird and wonderful notions. This week he caps the lot with his latest wheeze. As a sub-editor Chunky is a success, according to his own point of view. In reality he is quite another thing. You will all enjoy reading this humorous story!*



# Chunky Todgers— Sub-Editor!



**Another Top-hole Roaring Tale of FRANK RICHARDS & CO., the cheery boys of the SCHOOL in the BACKWOODS!**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER. Glory for Chunky!

**S**ORRY for you, Richards, old chap!"

"Eh?"

"Sorry for you, really."

Chunky Todgers spoke in tones of heartfelt commiseration.

Frank Richards stared.

Frank was feeling particularly fresh and cheerful that fine, frosty morning, and he was not—so far as he could see—in any need of Chunky's sorrow.

"You won't mind, I hope?" continued Chunky Todgers.

"Mind what?"

"I guess it's all the same, if you do. Still, I hope you won't mind."

"Would you mind explaining what you are burbling about?" asked Frank Richards politely. And his chums, Vere Beauclerc and Bob Lawless, looked at the fat Chunky with some interest; Chunky's remarks were as mysterious to them as to Frank Richards.

"Oh! You haven't heard, then?" asked Todgers.

"Heard which?" inquired Bob Lawless.

"About my new post."

"New what?" exclaimed Beauclerc.

"Post!" said Chunky Todgers loftily.

"What sort of a post?" demanded Bob. "What on earth do you want with a new post? To tie your pony to, do you mean?"

"You silly jay!" exclaimed Chunky. "I don't mean a wooden post, you ass!"

"What do you mean, then? Letter post?"

"Nope. A post in an office——"

"Oh!"

"An editorial office!" said Chunky.

"Great gophers!"

Chunky Todgers had impressed the chums of Cedar Creek at last.

"In the 'Thompson Press' office?" asked Beauclerc.

"Yep."

The question was really superfluous; there was only one editorial office in

the Thompson Valley. That belonged to the "Thompson Press," edited, owned, printed, and published by Mr. Penrose. "Congratulations, old chap!" said Frank Richards, smiling. "I didn't know that Mr. Penrose was in want of a sub-editor."

"Or you'd have been after the post?" grinned Chunky. "But you couldn't have got it. Penrose is rather up against you now. Besides, I'm more qualified."

"My hat!"

"And are you leaving school to take up your new duties?" inquired Vere Beauclerc, eyeing Chunky Todgers very curiously.

Chunky was immensely pleased with his new "post," and he could not help "spreading" himself considerably. But nobody was likely to regard Master Todgers as a sub-editor, excepting Chunky himself. Sub-editor, probably, was a flattering name for a boy-of-all-work in Chunky's case; there was not much editing to do in the office of the "Thompson Press." That famous periodical consisted of advertisements, an article or two, some amateur poetry, and "copy" ruthlessly "pinched" from other publications. Mr. Penrose was not particular where he obtained his copy, so long as he did not pay for it.

It was said of old that the pen is mightier than the sword; and Mr. Penrose found the scissors mightier than the pen.

"Pilgrims" who passed Mr. Penrose's office, and heard his second-hand typewriter clicking away at a great speed, often concluded that Mr. Penrose was in the throes of composition. But he wasn't. He was only in the throes of "pinching" copy from Old Country magazines, putting in a few daubs of "local colour" to give it a Canadian flavour.

"Not exactly leaving school," said Chunky thoughtfully. "I'm going for a trial day to-morrow, Saturday, as it's a day off. If I'm all right for the job I shall work half-days for Mr. Penrose."

"You're in luck!" grinned Bob Lawless. "What are the duties?"

"Well, I sweep out the office——"

"Oh!"

"Clean the stove——"

"Ah!"

"Bring in the logs, and set the fire going in the stove."

"Is that strictly a sub-editorial duty?"

"More sub-editorial than editorial, I guess!" chuckled Bob Lawless. "But what's the difference, Chunky, between a sub-editor and a man-of-all-work?"

"Oh, rats! The fact is," said Todgers confidentially, "Penrose was really inquiring for an office-boy——"

"Oh!"

"And I moseyed in, and he told me he was paying two dollars a week——"

"Topping!"

"I offered to take it for one dollar if he'd make me sub-editor."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He agreed at once——"

"I guess he would!"

"So I'm starting to-morrow as sub-editor," said Chunky Todgers, with a great deal of satisfaction. "I don't see what you fellows are cackling at! I hope it's not jealousy. I'm sorry for you, Richards!"

"Thank you, old scout!"

"I am, really! This is the chance of a lifetime, and you might have had it. You did a story for the 'Press,' and it wasn't bad for you. Not in my style, of course, but not bad for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I know you feel left, old fellow," said Chunky kindly.

"Don't waste your sympathy on me, old son!" said Frank, laughing. "I really congratulate you! I can see you rising and rising till you are running newspapers——"

"That's it!" said Chunky eagerly.

"All over Canada, from ocean to ocean!" said Frank.

"I guess you're right, Franky. Of course, this is only a beginning. I shall put in first-class work——"

"On the stove?" asked Bob.

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"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see anything to cackle at!" Chunky rubbed his plump hands. "I've been trying old Penrose's typer already. I've had some practice, you know. I've used old Gunten's typewriter at the store. Penrose's machine is a bit of a wreck; it doesn't keep it in order. And when he's squiffy, I guess he shoves down too many keys at once, and they get mixed, and, of course, that doesn't improve a typewriter. But I've got an idea, you galoots. You can come and help me in the morning, if you like."

"Phew!"

"Penrose won't be there till about eleven, and, as there's no school, you can come and lend me a hand. The place is awfully untidy—"

"Ha, ha! We've seen it!"

"And later on I may be able to let you write something for the paper, Richards," said Chunky patronisingly. "With me going over your stuff and improving it a bit, I dare say I could work it in."

"Thanks!" said Frank, laughing. "I won't bother you, Chunky. And I'm not looking for sub-editorial jobs on the stove-to-morrow morning!"

"Same here!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"Now, you might mosey along and lend a galoot a hand," said Chunky Todgers. "There's a lot of sweeping and dusting and cleaning to do, and you fellows could do that while I put in some literary work!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess we'll drop along in the afternoon and see how you're getting on," said Bob Lawless. "We're taking Algy Beauclerc round for a ride to-morrow to show him the country, and we'll call at the office and see you on the sub-editing stunt."

"Hallo! There's the bell!"

And the chums of Cedar Creek headed for the lumber school.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER.

### The Sub-Editor!

CHUNKY TODGERS wore a fat and satisfied smile in class that afternoon.

He was a little absent-minded so far as lessons were concerned.

Miss Meadows noticed that, and she was very sharp several times with Chunky. But Chunky hardly heeded.

Grammar and geography were little to a fellow who was putting his podgy foot on the first rung of the editorial ladder.

Chunky Todgers had long had a persuasion that he could write. Now he was going to have an opportunity.

At all events, he thought he was.

He was determined to be a dutiful sub-editor, and relieve his chief as far as possible of work and responsibility. Soon, he considered, he would be indispensable in the editorial office. Mr. Penrose would wonder how on earth he had managed before his brisk, brilliant sub-editor came.

In his mind's eye, Chunky Todgers saw himself climbing the ladder rung by rung; indeed, two or three rungs at a time. The "Thompson Press" was only a beginning. After getting experience there, Chunky would fall into a more ambitious job on the staff of the Kamloops paper. From Kamloops to New Westminster was, editorially, merely a step. From New Westminster to Montreal and Quebec only another step or two. By that time Joseph Todgers, editor and newspaper proprietor, would be known all over the Continent. After annexing practically all the newspaper business in Canada, he would extend his operations south of the line, and cover the United States with  
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his newspapers. But even that was only a beginning. After the New World lay at his feet there was the Old World. The name of Todgers, newspaper proprietor, would ring through the Old Country. With his brisk, snappy, businesslike methods he would bag all that was to be bagged in the Old Island, and then Australia and South Africa would fall into the net. Wherever the English language was spoken there would newspapers of the Todgers Syndicate be known and read.

Chunky had just reached that point. The earthly globe lay like a ball at his feet, as it were, when a sudden rap on the knuckles from a pointer brought him back to reality.

Rap! Rap!

"Yaroooooh!" roared Chunky.

He came out of the clouds and beheld Miss Meadows standing before him with a frowning brow.

The Canadian schoolmistress was looking both surprised and angry.

"Todgers!"

"Wow-wow!" mumbled Chunky, sucking his podgy knuckles. "Ow! Ow! Wow!"

"Boy! I have spoken to you three times!"

"Ow! Have you?" gasped Chunky.

There was a chortle in the class. Chunky had been day-dreaming, as was not uncommon with him. It was very painful to Chunky to come back from his Newspaper Syndicate, with the globe at its feet, to an ordinary pine form in a backwoods school, with a schoolmistress standing over him with a pointer in her hand! It really resembled a descent from the sublime to the ridiculous.

"What is the matter with you, Todgers? Are you sleepy?"

"Nunno!"

"You were looking very odd, Todgers."

"I—I was thinking."

"About your lessons?"

"Nunno!"

"You must think about your lessons in school time, Todgers. If you allow your attention to wander again, I shall cane you."

"Oh!"

Chunky tried to keep his mind on English grammar after that. It was hard, but he did his best.

Chunky Todgers was glad when lessons were over and he was able to escape from the class-room, where his vast abilities were wasted on such unimportant matters as syntax and orthography.

His fat chin was held well up as he rolled out of the lumber schoolhouse.

It was true that in outward appearance he was a fat schoolboy, and not considered very bright in his class. But that was simply his outward seeming. Inside he was the literary, editorial, and publishing genius of the twentieth century. Only Chunky Todgers was aware of this, but he was quite clearly aware of it. Hence the self-satisfied manner in which he swaggered across the playground to the corral after school.

"Don't you galoots forget to drop in at the office to-morrow," Chunky called out to Frank Richards & Co. as the chums led out their horses.

"Rely on us," said Frank, with a smile. "We want to see you at work, Chunky, sub-editing the stove."

"You silly ass!"

"And editing the logs," said Bob Lawless.

"Br-r-r-r!"

Frank Richards & Co. rode homeward smiling, and Chunky climbed on his fat little pony and trotted off towards Thompson, dreaming golden dreams as he went.

The next day was Saturday, which was a day of liberty to the Cedar Creek fellows. That day Frank Richards & Co. had arranged to take Beauclerc's cousin Algenron for a long ride round the valley, and early in the morning Frank and Bob called at Old Man Beauclerc's cabin.

Were Beauclerc and his cousin were ready, and the four schoolboys rode away together in the clear, frosty morning.

Their way lay through the town of Thompson to the upper valley. The hour was early when they rode into the town, and few of the stores were open.

But there were signs of life at the office of the "Thompson Press."

"There's Chunky!" exclaimed Bob Lawless suddenly, as the four riders clattered down Main Street in the morning sunshine.

There he was!

The door of the "Press" office was open. A rubicund gentleman stood in the doorway, evidently giving instructions to Todgers, who was listening with great respect.

Mr. Penrose's eyes looked red and heavy, and it did not need a second glance to tell that he had been "keeping it up" the previous night in the bar of the Occidental.

Most of Mr. Penrose's profits, such as they were, went in the same direction. And he was accustomed to beginning early at the Occidental. And when he had to set type after an Occidental visit, it sometimes led to queer misprints in the columns of the "Thompson Press." On one celebrated occasion Mr. Penrose had mixed the advertisement of MacNab's dance-hall with the notice of the Valley Mission, with the result that a most surprising announcement appeared in his paper:

"MR. SMILEY

Will address a Meeting at the Mission Hall.

Subject: TEMPERANCE.

Bar Open till Midnight!

JUST TRY THE WHISKY!"

Mr. Penrose blinked at the Cedar Creek chums as they trotted by, and Chunky Todgers gave them a grin. As they rode on, Mr. Penrose started for the Occidental for his breakfast, dropping in at the bar before he appeared in the dining-room.

Frank Richards & Co. rode cheerily out of Thompson into the upper valley, and Chunky Todgers began his new duties in the editorial office. And as he cleaned Mr. Penrose's exceedingly rusty and dusty stove, Chunky continued to dream gorgeous dreams. His bodily presence was in a dusty and untidy log-cabin; but, like the Dying Gladiator of old, his eyes were with his heart, and that was far away.

To a casual observer it would have seemed that a fat and dusty schoolboy was labouring at the rusty stove. But the casual observer would have been mistaken. It was in reality the head and director of the World Newspaper Syndicate. Chunky Todgers could have told him so.

## THE THIRD CHAPTER.

### Something Like Work!

"OH my!" Chunky Todgers stopped to rest.

He had expected Mr. Penrose back early, but the newspaper gentleman had not turned up.

Todgers was not a hard worker as a rule; he did not like work. But, fired by ambition, he had turned over a new leaf. That morning he had done an amount of work that would have put to the blush the Chinaman who sometimes



came in to "do" for Mr. Penrose—on the occasions when Mr. Penrose had a dollar to spare.

Chunky had swept, and he had garbished.

He had dusted, and he had rubbed, and he had scrubbed.

The office looked much the better for it. There was only one other room in the cabin—Mr. Penrose's bed-room. Whether sweeping the bed-room and making the bed formed part of the sub-editorial duties, Chunky Todgers was not quite sure; but he felt that he had better be on the safe side, so he did it.

The stove fairly shone, and the fire burned brightly in it, diffusing a grateful and comforting warmth through the cabin. The bench had been scrubbed down, loose types picked up from the floor and put into the case.

Chunky, being only a sub-editor and not a compositor, did not yet know anything about "dissing" type, and he put the loose types anywhere in the case. So it was probable that the next number of the "Press" set up by Mr. Penrose would exhibit some pleasing varieties of misprints.

Many other duties done, Chunky set to work on the typewriter. That machine had seen service. Once upon a time it had figured in a Chicago office. Being scrapped, it had progressed through numberless second-hand shops, till its eventful career terminated in the Thompson Valley. Mr. Penrose had picked it up as a bargain in Kamloops. As Mr. Penrose had given only a dollar and a half for it, no doubt it was a bargain.

It presented certain difficulties to the manipulator. One or two of the vowels were gone, and the keys to which they had belonged imprinted only a black dab on the paper. But Mr. Penrose was accustomed to his machine. He could guess with wonderful facility what his typewriting was intended to convey.

Chunky feasted his eyes on that typewriter. In that dusty, rusty, crusty old machine he saw visions of future greatness. His sub-editorial efforts were to be typed on it—articles, leading articles, works of fiction, splendid poems—all sorts of literary things.

He cleaned the typer, and he oiled it—using plenty of oil. He brushed the type—what remained of it—and gave a turn to some loose screws. Mr. Penrose was not particular on such points, and he often worked in danger of his machine falling to pieces under him.

Then Chunky rested.

No wonder he ejaculated "Oh my!"

He was tired.

He had put in more work that Saturday morning in the office than he was accustomed to putting in in a whole week at school. But he was satisfied with the results. He could not help thinking that Mr. Penrose would be very pleased when he came in.

Chunky had brought cold beef and bread and cheese for his dinner, and he proceeded to devour them while he waited for the editor to come in. Mr. Penrose had told him that it was to be a busy day—and from the time Mr. Penrose apparently intended to begin, it was probable that the afternoon and evening would be crowded.

The fat sub-editor had finished his lunch, and was dozing by the stove, when Mr. Penrose came in at last.

Chunky started up and rubbed his eyes. Mr. Penrose's face was slightly flushed, and his gait a little uncertain. He gave Chunky Todgers a severe look. The look was all the more severe because there was a dark ring round one of Mr. Penrose's eyes. That eye had

evidently come into violent collision with something hard.

"Hallo! Lazing!" exclaimed Mr. Penrose.

"No fear!" said Todgers warmly. "I've done everything there is to be done. I guess I was waiting for you to mosey in."

Mr. Penrose glanced round him. He could not help noticing the difference in the aspect of his office.

"Good!" he said. "If you keep on like this, Todgers, you'll make a very good office-boy!"

"A what?"

"Office-boy!"

"Sub-editor, I suppose you mean!" said Todgers, with dignity.

Whatever Chunky's duties in the office might be, he certainly did not mean to be deprived of his rank.

Mr. Penrose grinned. Chunky's fancy for calling himself a sub-editor had induced him to accept lower wages than Mr. Penrose was prepared to offer to an office-boy. On the same terms, he could have called himself managing-director, if he had liked, so far as Mr. Penrose was concerned.

"My mistake!" said Mr. Penrose gracefully. "I mean, sub-editor. Have you had your dinner?"

"Yep!"

"Ready to work?"

"You bet!"

"Very good!"

"Accident to your eye, sir!" murmured Chunky Todgers, as Mr. Penrose began turning over a pile of ancient magazines from the East.

Mr. Penrose rubbed his eye. There had been an argument in the bar-room at the Occidental after Mr. Penrose's fifth drink, and 'Frisco Bill had had the better of the argument.

"Ah, yes!" said Mr. Penrose. "Punch-ball, my boy!"

"Eh?"

"Punch-ball—punching it like that, you know. Ball jumped back—hit me fairly in the eye!" said Mr. Penrose.

"Oh!" gasped Chunky.

Todgers was not really a bright youth, but he blinked at that explanation. Certainly he was not aware of the existence of any punch-ball in the Occidental Hotel at Thompson.

Mr. Penrose turned over the magazines, blinking at them rather painfully. "Lemme see! Can you type?" he said.

"First-rate!" said Todgers.

"You've had practice?"

"I've often worked the machine at Gunten's store," said Chunky. "Kern Gunten used to get me to do the bills on it, and give me maple-sugar for it—I mean, I used to do it out of friendship."

"Good! Sit down!"

Chunky Todgers sat down at the typewriter blissfully. This was a little more sub-editorial than cleaning the stove or making the bed. He wished that Frank Richards & Co. could come in and see him now.

"Lemme see!" murmured Mr. Penrose. "We've got—lemme see! There'll be eight columns ads. One for article—ahem!—lemme see! I can put in Poker Jim's 'Sunset on the Rockies.' He's agreed to pay half advertisement rates for a column. My eye! We shall want a story to cover two whole pages. Hum, hum, hum!"

Mr. Penrose examined the old magazines once more.

"I—I say, sir—"

"Don't talk!"

"But—but I can help, sir!" said



AN UNHAPPY TIME FOR THE NEW SUB! "How am I to know which is the story or which isn't?" demanded Chunky Todgers indignantly. "I'll catch you a lick with this book the next time you make a mistake," said the editor of the "Thompson Press." "Like that!" "Yaroooh!"

(See Chapter 3.)

Todgers eagerly. "I'm prepared to write a story for the paper, sir—no extra charge, if you like—"

"Don't be a young jay! Sit quiet!"

"But I'm rather clever at—"

"Shut up!"

When an editor said shut up, it was part of a sub-editor's duties to shut up. Chunky realised that. So he shut up, though very reluctantly. He was prepared to place his gifts as an author at the disposal of his chief. His chief wasn't prepared to accept the gifts, however.

Mr. Penrose made his selection from the magazines at last. He found two stories in a couple of numbers—one dealing with gold-mining in Australia, the other with cowboys in Texas. Mr. Penrose's intention was to weave the two together, putting in Canadian topography, and run the new version to the required length for his purpose.

This was a way of getting "copy" that Chunky Todgers was not yet acquainted with—though not an uncommon method with editors in Mr. Penrose's circumstances.

"Ready?" he rapped.

"I guess so!"

"Now write as I dictate!"

Chunky had his paper on the roller ready. His fat fingers were on the keys.

"The early sunrises were glinting on the summits of the Darling Range—I mean the Rocky Mountains—"

began Mr. Penrose.

Click, click, click, click!

"When Texas Jim—no, better make it Canadian Jack—when Canadian Jack—"

Click, click, click, click!

Chunky Todgers was typing away at a great rate.

"Let's see what you've done," said Mr. Penrose.

He leaned over Chunky's shoulder, and the typist turned up the paper for his editor to look. It ran:

"The early sunrises were glinting on the summits of the Darling Range—I mean the Rocky Mountains—when Texas Jim—no, better make it Canadian Jack—when Canadian Jack mounted his mustang—no, his horse—mounted his horse and started at a gallop through the bush—no, over the prairie. The handsome young Australian squatter—I mean Texan cowboy—that is to say, Canadian rancher—the handsome young Canadian rancher— Got that?"

Chunky Todgers looked up at his editor for commendation. But there was no commendation for Chunky Todgers. Greatly to his surprise, Mr. Penrose did not seem pleased. He gave a loud snort of disgust, instead of uttering the words of praise that Chunky was confidently expecting.

"You silly young jay!" roared Mr. Penrose, in exasperation.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Do you call that writing to dictation?"

"I guess so. What's the matter with it?" demanded Chunky warmly. "I guess I've written down every word you spoke."

"You slabsided young idiot!"

"Look here—"

"You pesky, wooden-headed mug-wump—"

"I—I—I guess—"

Mr. Penrose doubled one of the magazines in his hand, as if about to use it upon Chunky Todgers' astonished head. Fortunately he refrained.

"You pesky young idiot!" he said. "You're not to put down every word I say. I'm making up a story. You're to type the story. Don't you understand, you little jay? Put down the story and leave out the rest!"

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"How am I to know which is story and which isn't?" demanded Todgers indignantly.

"I'll catch you a lick with this book next time you make a mistake," said Penrose. "Like that!"

"Yaroooh!"

"That's the best way of avoiding mistakes. Now take a fresh sheet and start again."

Chunky Todgers rubbed his head ruefully, and put a fresh sheet of paper in the machine. Then he recommenced. Perhaps the rap on the head had jolted his intellect into great activity, or perhaps the anticipation of another rap at the next mistake brightened him up. At all events, he managed to distinguish the story from Mr. Penrose's running comments, and the first page was filled to the editorial satisfaction.

"That'll do," said Mr. Penrose. "Put in another sheet."

Chunky was not an expert typist, and his fat fingers were aching a little from the unaccustomed exercise. But he was there to work—there was no mistake about that. There was more to come—much more—and it was Chunky's business to type as fast as it rolled from Mr. Penrose's tongue. He set to work bravely.

Mr. Penrose found great relief in the services of his new assistant. Instead of grinding at the typer himself, he walked about the office with a big cigar in his mouth and dictated. It was much easier for Mr. Penrose. It wasn't for the unfortunate Chunky. Sheet after sheet rolled from the roller, and was replaced; and still Mr. Penrose was dictating, and Chunky was clicking and clicking at the keys.

Todgers was no longer Head of the World Newspaper Syndicate—his dreams had left him in the lurch. He was only conscious of fatigue and dizziness, and a growing desire to cut Mr. Penrose short by hurling the typewriter at him.

And still the droning voice came through the dimness of the oil-lamp, dictating, ceaselessly dictating, and Chunky's almost numbed fingers dabbled at the clicking keys.

"And he drew her to his heart with a sigh of the most perfect happiness!" said Mr. Penrose, at last. "The end."

"Eh?"

"That's the lot."

"Ow!"

Chunky staggered to his feet.

How many hours—or rather centuries—he had sat at that awful typewriter, he did not know. He felt as if he had grown old at it. Mr. Penrose himself looked rather tired. Chunky blinked at him dizzily, and gave a sort of hysterical laugh.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! What's the joke?" asked Mr. Penrose.

"Oh dear!" Chunky wiped his perspiring forehead. "Ow! I believe my blessed head is turning round! Ow!"

He leaned on the bench, gasping.

"Mind the office till I come back," said Mr. Penrose.

"Eh?"

"I've got to speak to a man at the Occidental. Back soon."

Mr. Penrose put on his hat and vanished.

Chunky Todgers collapsed into his chair.

He groaned.

His hapless brain was still swimming from several hours of unaccustomed and concentrated work. The delights of sub-editing were gone. If this was sub-editing, Chunky Todgers felt that he would rather be splitting logs. He looked up at last dazedly, as there was a sound of footsteps in the doorway.

But it was not Mr. Penrose returning. Frank Richards & Co., with smiling faces, looked into the editorial office.

#### THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

##### Quite Un-Editorial!

"HALLO, Chunky!"

"Hallo!" moaned Todgers. "You look a bit fagged, old chap," said Frank.

"Wow!"

"Been hard at it?" inquired Bob Lawless.

"Yow!"

"Begad! Have you done that lot, old top?" asked Algy Beauclerc, glancing at the sea of typewritten sheets on the bench.

"Oh! Ow! Oh dear!"

"You must have been piling in, kid," said Vere Beauclerc.

"Wow!"

The sub-editor of the "Thompson Press" was evidently not in a happy frame of mind.

He blinked dolorously at the chums of Cedar Creek.

"I—I say, Penrose is a beast!" he said. "I—I don't know whether I shall keep on this job. If it wasn't for the prospects, I wouldn't." Chunky was recovering a little. "Still, there's the prospects. This is only the beginning. Later on—"

"Hallo! Here comes Penrose!"

"You fellows had better clear," said Chunky. "Can't have schoolboys hanging round an editorial office."

"Why, you cheeky ass!" said Bob.

"Vamoose the ranch, old chap!" answered Chunky.

The chums of Cedar Creek returned to their horses, which they had left tethered outside along with Chunky's pony. Mr. Penrose passed them in the dusk, zigzagging towards the office. He left a delightful aroma of rum behind him as he passed.

The chums watched Mr. Penrose's painful progress. The editorial gentleman caught the doorpost just in time. Then he navigated himself into the office.

Chunky Todgers blinked at him.

It was evident, at a glance, that Mr. Penrose had been sampling the tangle-foot at the Occidental, not wisely, but too well.

His face was flushed, his limbs unreliable, and his eyes had a fishlike look. He stared at Chunky Todgers as if surprised to find him there.

"Who are you?" asked Mr. Penrose, fixing his eyes upon the fat schoolboy with a deadly look.

Chunky started.

"Eh! I'm Todgers!" he answered.

"You know me, I guess."

"I do not know you!" answered Mr. Penrose. "I repeat that I do not know you. What are you doing here?"

"Oh, my word! I—I—I'm sub-editor!" gasped Chunky in dismay.

"You lie!"

"Eh?"

"You lie!" said Mr. Penrose, still with that deadly look fixed upon the startled and terrified Chunky.

"Oh dear!"

"You have come here," said Mr. Penrose, with painful distinctness, "to rob my office."

"I—I haven't, I—I guess I—I—"

stuttered Chunky, with a longing glance towards the door. But his chief was between him and the door.

"You are aware, young man," continued Mr. Penrose, "that we have the biggest circulation west of the Rocky Mountains."

"Oh crumbs!"

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## THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

## Rookwood Wins!

**J**IMMY SILVER & CO. went into the field when Greyfriars batted again, Bulkeley looking on with a grim brow. Newcome had come in, tired and dusty, and he grinned as he saw Bulkeley at the pavilion. And he learned with great satisfaction that his device had enabled Morny to put up a record of innings, and that the match was safe.

Greyfriars were putting up a gallant fight in their last innings, and it was a long one. The sun was sinking behind the grey old tower, and the shadows were lengthening as the batsmen came and went.

For a long time Bulkeley remained watching the cricket, but at last he rose and walked away.

Mornington had not been seen again, and it was probable that he had gone back to Rookwood. Bulkeley had waited till the game was close on its finish. Jimmy Silver glanced after him from the field as he went. He understood how angry Bulkeley was, and did not wonder at it. And he understood, too, how angry the Head would be when he received the prefect's report. The reckless Mornington had put a rod in pickle for his own back, and Jimmy wondered whether it would mean the sack for the defiant junior.

It was Jimmy Silver who took Greyfriars' last wicket. Greyfriars had knocked up 109 runs in their second innings, but a wide margin of victory was left to Rookwood. Jimmy Silver & Co. were elated, and they did not forget that it was to Mornington that they owed the quota of runs that made the difference between victory and defeat.

Harry Wharton & Co. took their defeat cheerily; they had enough successes in their record to be able to afford a defeat with a good grace. And Jimmy Silver & Co., tired but very cheery, stared for Courtfield for a rather late train, most of them discussing Mornington, and what could have become of him.

Their surmises on the latter point were soon set at rest. While the cricketers were waiting for their train, Valentine Mornington strolled on the platform and joined them.

"Oh, you're not gone home, then?" Jimmy Silver exclaimed.

Mornington shook his head, with a grin. "No; I hoped that Bulkeley would clear, and I'd have come back," he said. "He seems to have waited, to dish me. I saw him come along and go into the station half an hour ago. He was lookin' quite cross."

"Jolly savage, you mean!" said Lovell.

"As you so elegantly and graphically express it—jolly savage," assented Mornington. "He seemed to think that I ought to have let him lead me home, like a naughty little truant. Bulkeley always was rather an ass. I needn't ask you how the match went—you won?"

"Hands down!" said Lovell, with great satisfaction.

"Good! Would you have done it if I hadn't come, Silver?"

Jimmy shook his head.

"No; Newcome couldn't have knocked up so many by half as you did—eh, Newcome?" Newcome laughed.

"Admitted!" he said. "Morny's won the match, and so have I—by keeping Bulkeley off the grass."

"That was a bright idea!" grinned Mornington. "Well, perhaps dear old Bootles and the magnificent old Head will forgive me everything when they hear what a toppin' victory we've won. What?"

"Not likely!" said Raby.

"Well, I suppose it isn't likely," assented Mornington. "I shall have to face the music. Terrific, isn't it? Hallo! Here's the train!"

The cricketers piled into the train. All of them were thinking of the reception that awaited Mornington at Rookwood School; but certainly the scapegrace of Rookwood seemed the most careless about the prospect. He chatted and joked cheerily on the way home, and his gaiety was evidently not forced. He had enjoyed his day out, and he was in a merry mood. Yet the matter was very serious.

"Here we are again!" said Mornington airily, as the returning cricketers were admitted by old Mack at the gates of Rookwood. "Quite late home for once. Hallo! Here's Bulkeley! I hope you got home all

(Continued in next column.)

## "CHUNKY TODGERS— SUB-EDITOR!"

(Continued from page 10.)

"I am quite aware of your purpose in sur-sur-surreptitiously visiting these offices, sir," said Mr. Penrose. "Knowing that our circulation is the biggest, sir, in the West, you expected to find cash on the premises, sir—you have come here, sir, to rob me! I have caught you in the act, sir, and now I will—"

Mr. Penrose made a rush at Todgers.

Before the astounded Chunky could dodge, the editorial grasp was upon him. It was only too clear that the tangle-foot at the Occidental had rendered Mr. Penrose quite incapable of recognising his sub-editor, or even knowing that he had a sub-editor at all. It was fortunate for the sub-editor that Frank Richards & Co. were near at hand.

Chunky let out a terrified yell.

"Yaroooh! Help! Frank! Bob!"

"Oh crumbs!" gasped Bob Lawless. "This isn't editorial at all! Come on! Poor old Chunky is going to get damaged!"

The chums of Cedar Creek rushed in.

"Collar him!"

Mr. Penrose was grasped and dragged from his victim. He rolled over on the floor, and then sat up, blinking, with a serene smile.

"Come on, Chunky! Better quit!" grinned Bob Lawless.

"Oh dear!"

Chunky Todgers was glad enough to quit. He rushed for his pony. Frank Richards & Co. followed him, and mounted their horses, what time Mr. Penrose curled upon the floor, with a happy smile, and went to sleep.

Chunky Todgers turned up at Cedar Creek School on Monday. And in answer to inquiries, he stated, quite forcibly, that he was staying at school instead of going into the newspaper business. The "Thompson Press" had lost its sub-editor.

THE END.

(More thrills and laughs in next Tuesday's long complete story of THE CHUMS OF THE SCHOOL IN THE BACKWOODS. Tell your pals about this exciting series of Wild West yarns, for if they miss them they will be missing a grand treat.)

(Continued from previous column.)

right, Bulkeley, without my care, and that you didn't pine too much for my fascinating company!"

Bulkeley came through the shadows with a grim brow.

"You're to come to the Head at once, Mornington!" he said grimly.

And Morny, with a wink at the cricketers, which made some of them chuckle, in spite of the seriousness of the situation, walked away with Bulkeley to the School House, followed more slowly by Jimmy Silver & Co.

Mornington had saved the match—but at what cost to himself!

THE END.

(Through his recklessness and daring Mornington has placed himself in an extremely unpleasant and, not to say, dangerous position at the school. How he extricates himself you will learn in next week's fine long complete story, entitled: "THE SCAPEGRACE OF ROOKWOOD!")

## "HARD TIMES!"

(Continued from page 6.)

There was a heavy step outside, and the door was flung open. The red and angry face of Gerald Cutts of the Fifth Form looked in.

"Have you got— My hat!"

Cutts did not need to complete his question. Even if the goods on the table had not been recognisable—and some of them were—the faces of the tea-party in No. 10 would have been enough for him.

"You young scoundrels!" roared Cutts. "Here, I say, hands off, you impudent little ruffians! Oh, my hat!"

Jack Blake and Herries and Digby fairly jumped on him. In the grasp of the three juniors, Cutts of the Fifth went whirling back into the passage. Talbot and Kangaroo rushed to their aid.

There was a sound of confused scuffling and struggling and gasping in the passage.

Arthur Augustus closed the door.

"Bless my soul!" said Miss Priscilla, in amazement and alarm. "What—what—"

"It's all right, madam—quite all right!"

"Quite!" said Tom Merry breathlessly. "Only a—a—rather rude and rough fellow, dear. He—he often acts like that. I'm afraid he's been rather—rather badly brought up. Those chaps are going to take him away."

"Dear me! I hope they will be gentle with him, though he seems very obstreperous and ill-bred."

"Yaas, wathah!"

Blake came back into the study, looking rather flustered.

"Has that noisy boy gone?" asked Miss Priscilla.

"We've put him—I mean, we've taken him into my study," said Blake. "The other chaps are staying with him. They seem rather fond of his company, and they won't desert him."

"Dear me! I hope they are treating him kindly, in spite of his rudeness."

"Oh, yes. Talbot is sitting holding his hand," said Blake. He did not add that Herries was holding Cutts' other hand, and that Kangaroo was on his neck.

When the celebration in No. 10 was over, and Miss Fawcett was escorted away, they passed the door of No. 6, which was closed. Muffled sounds could be heard from within, and Tom Merry hurried the old lady past the study rather quickly.

Tom Merry & Co. came back, after seeing Miss Priscilla off at the station, with cheerful faces. There was a five-pound note in Tom's pocket—a very handsome tip from Miss Priscilla to her dearest little Tommy.

The Terrible Three proceeded to Cutts' study in the Fifth Form passage. They found Cutts in a terrible temper.

However, he accepted due payment for the raided tuck, and even carried his complaisance so far as to charge the Terrible Three ten shillings too much. He also gave them his opinion of them with some forcible expressions, and would certainly have proceeded to assault and battery, but for the fact that three could have put in more assault and battery than one. He took it out in slanging, and he was still going strong when the chums of the Shell left him.

"I think we've come through remarkably well," Monty Lowther remarked, as the juniors sauntered away to the Common-room. "Cutts doesn't seem to be satisfied. He was always a grumpy sort of cad. We shall be able to settle up all our little debts now."

"And I can get my films!" said Manners, with deep satisfaction.

"And the study will be tidied over till the allowances come in," said Tom Merry. "Why grouse? That giddy old philosopher was right when he said that everything was for the best in the best of all possible worlds. Study No. 10 always comes out on top."

And peace and contentment reigned in the one-time stony study.

THE END.

(You will all enjoy reading next Tuesday's extra-special, long complete story of St. Jim's, entitled: "RATCLIFF THE SECOND!" by Martin Clifford, which introduces a new and extraordinary character. Further particulars will be found on page 28.)

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