

T/14
GRAND NEW CINEMA SERIAL STARTS THIS WEEK!
 (See Inside.)

The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES! TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

No. 987. Vol. XX. New Series.

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending May 8th, 1920.]

The Ragging of Mornny!



RUNNING THE GAUNTLET!

"Form up, you chaps!" said Jimmy Silver. The juniors formed up in a double row for the "run." Mornnington did not move as he was called upon to run. "Start him!" said Jimmy. Conroy and Pons collared the obstinate junior and flung him between the waiting rows. The fellows nearest to Mornny started lashing out with socks and slippers, and the hapless dandy of the Fourth had to run. He panted along savagely, with swipes raining upon him from both sides.

The 1st Chapter.

Mr. Bootles is Wrathful!

"Mornny! It's rotten!"
 Kit Erroll, of the Classical Fourth at Rookwood, was speaking as Jimmy Silver & Co. came along the Form-room passage. It was close on time for afternoon classes, and the juniors were gathering round the doorway of the Fourth Form-room. Mornnington, with a stump of chalk in his hand, was scrawling on the big oak door, and some of the fellows were chuckling as they looked on. Only Erroll, Mornny's best chum, was remonstrating, and Mornny did not heed his chum.
 "What's Mornny up to?" asked Jimmy Silver, as he joined the group.
 "Playing the goat!" said Erroll tartly. "Chuck it, Mornny, you ass! Mr. Bootles will be coming in a few minutes."

"Let him come!" answered Mornnington, without turning his head.
 "There'll be a row!"
 "Rats!"
 "And it's rotten, anyway!"
 "Rot!"
 Jimmy Silver pushed through the crowd of Fourth-Formers, and looked over Mornnington's shoulder. Then he frowned.
 It was a caricature of Mr. Bootles, the respected master of the Fourth Form, that Mornny was chalking on the oaken door.
 Mornny could draw well when he chose to take the trouble, and he was putting all his skill into this work of art. Lately Mornnington had been called rather severely to account by Mr. Bootles, owing to one of his periodical fits of slackness, and Mornny resented being called to account for anything. He was now

drawing the head and shoulders of Mr. Bootles, much to the entertainment of his Form-fellows. Probably nobody but Mornny would have had the nerve to do it, when Mr. Bootles might have walked along the passage at any moment; but Mornny was recklessness itself.
 "Rather a likeness, what?" remarked Mornny, with a grin at Jimmy Silver, as the captain of the Fourth looked over his shoulder.
 But Jimmy Silver did not grin. He liked and respected Mr. Bootles, and he was quite well aware that the Form-master's recent severity to Mornnington was well-deserved.
 "Bosh!" said Jimmy. "Rub it out! What do you want to rag old Bootles for?"
 "Because he's such a dashed old Hun!" grunted Mornnington. "This

will let him know what we think of him."
 "We don't think anything of the kind of him."
 "Well, I do!"
 "You're an ass, then!"
 "Thanks!"
 Jimmy Silver pushed open the Form-room door, and Mornny had to suspend his artistic work for a moment. But he resumed it, with the door open. The Fistical Four went into the Form-room, and most of the juniors followed them. It was near time for Mr. Bootles to arrive, and they did not want to be on the spot when the Fourth Form-master discovered the caricature. Mild little gentleman as Mr. Bootles was, it was certain that he would be very angry.
 Only Erroll remained with his wilful chum, watching him with great uneasiness.

There was no doubt that the caricature was comic, but it did not make Erroll smile. He was thinking of the wrath to come.
 "There!" said Mornnington, stepping back at last and surveying his handiwork with great satisfaction. "What do you think of that, old scout?"
 "Rotten!"
 "How complimentary you are!"
 "You oughtn't to insult Mr. Bootles. He's a good sort."
 "He caned me this morning."
 "Well, you cheeked him."
 "Erroll, old chap, you're a good boy, but you're too much given to preachin'!" yawned Mornnington. "Let's go in before you get to seventhly."
 "Let me rub that nonsense off the door first."
 "Rot! Let it alone!"
 Valentine Mornnington took his



DETECTIVE TODGERS' FIRST CASE!

A LONG, COMPLETE STORY OF FRANK RICHARDS & CO., OF CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. Chunky Starts.

"It's out!" Chunky Todgers met Frank Richards & Co. as they arrived at Cedar Creek School one sunny morning, with that announcement. There was a beaming smile on Chunky's fat face, and he held up a paper in his podgy hand—the latest number of the "Thompson Press."

"What's out?" inquired Frank Richards.

"My advertisement!" said Chunky Todgers loftily.

"Oh!" ejaculated the three chums together.

Important as that advertisement was to Master Joseph Todgers, it had been quite forgotten by Frank Richards & Co. Now, as Chunky held up the paper for inspection, they chuckled.

"Blessed if I see anything to snigger at!" said Chunky crossly. "I tell you I've been reading all about Foxy Ferrett, the detective, and I can beat him at his own game. If only a murder would happen in the Thompson Valley, you'd see that I'd got the gift. Didn't I find Molly Lawrence's watch when it was lost, owing to my wonderful skill?"

"Wasn't that an accident?" grinned Bob Lawless.

"Certainly not. I found a clue, and followed it up, and—and there you are!"

"What was the clue?" asked Vere Beauclerc.

"No good going into that; you fellows wouldn't understand," said Chunky Todgers. "I worked the rifle, and that's enough. I wish I could get a really serious case to handle—a murder, or a kidnapping, or something. But folks are so pesky law-abiding in this section. What do you fellows think of the advertisement?"

Frank Richards & Co. surveyed it with grinning faces.

Chunky's latest "stunt" seriously as he took it himself, only moved his schoolfellows to merriment. The wonderful exploits of Foxy Ferrett, the detective in the latest novel from Gunter's Circulating Library, had moved the fat and fatuous Chunky to emulation. But there really was not much scope for an amateur detective at the school in the backwoods; and even along the valley, and out on the ranches, crime was almost unknown, which was rather a disadvantage for Todgers the Detective. Certainly, the other Cedar Creek fellows were not likely to credit Chunky's claims. They were only likely to chortle at his absurdities.

The advertisement was really striking. Mr. Penrose had put it quite prominently in the "Thompson Press," perhaps looking upon it as a good joke. Frank Richards had stood a dollar for the advertisement, after much persuasion from the enterprising Chunky. It ran, in evident imitation of advertisements Chunky had seen in newspapers from Chicago:

THE DETECTIVE YOU WANT!
TODGERS!
DO YOU WANT ANYBODY WATCHED?
LOST YOUR WATCH? LOST YOUR BONDS? LOST YOUR PET RABBIT?
CALL ON TODGERS!
TODGERS DELIVERS THE GOODS!
Any kind of Detective Business Taken Up and Put Through.
Write to Todgers, or Look In.
TODGERS, CEDAR CREEK SCHOOL."

Frank Richards & Co. chuckled loud and long. How Chunky could possibly expect anybody to come to a school for a detective was a mystery to them. Any citizen of the Thompson Valley who happened to want a detective was not likely to look for one in Miss Meadows' class at Cedar Creek. But that obvious fact seemed to be lost on Joseph Todgers.

"What are you cackling at, you silly jays?" Chunky demanded warmly. "Isn't that a jolly good advertisement?"

"Oh, ripping!" said Frank, laughing.

"Doesn't it touch the spot?" demanded Chunky.

"Ha, ha! Sure!" roared Bob Lawless. "Ha, ha, ha! Fancy Chunky watching anybody when he

"Ten dollars and expenses. But I'll do it cheaper for personal friends. If you fellows have missed anything, I'll take on the case, and charge you only half fees. There!"

"You're too generous, Chunky," said Frank Richards, as seriously as he could.

"The fact is, I mean to be generous," said Chunky Todgers. "Besides, I want to show what I can do. Now, is there anything going? Have you fellows missed anything?"

Frank Richards closed one eye at his comrades.

"Well, I missed something yesterday," he said slowly.

Chunky's eyes glistened.

He jerked out a notebook and a stump of pencil, being already provided with those indispensable adjuncts of a detective.



THE TRIALS OF A DETECTIVE! Two masked men rushed in at the doorway, and Todgers went spinning to the floor. His red-bearded client bolted out of the window. Two men in rough homespun were bending over the startled Chunky, their black beards showing underneath the crape masks. "Slay him!" growled one, flourishing his dummy revolver. "Yow-ow-ow-d-don't!" howled Todgers. "Yoop! Keep off!" "Tis Todgers, the detective! Slay him!"

can be seen a mile off! You're rather too fat for a shadower, Chunky. You're more substance than shadow."

"You watch out!" said Chunky disdainfully. "You wait till I get my chance. There may be a robbery at the bank in Thompson, or the Red Dog crowd may go on the rampage and shoot somebody; then you'll see me wade in and nail the man. You watch out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess I'm expecting some answers to this advertisement. I'll take up any case to begin. Of course, I can't expect a murder to happen around here just to please me."

"Nunno! That would be expecting a lot," chuckled Frank Richards.

"I—I suppose you fellows haven't missed anything lately?" asked Chunky.

"Missed anything?"

"Yes. I guess I'll undertake to find any lost property for you—at the usual fees."

"The usual fees!" grinned Bob Lawless. "What are they?"

"I'm your man!" he said briskly. "Let's have the details. You missed something yesterday?"

"Yes."

"Where, and when?" asked Chunky, in the brisk, snappy manner that was Foxy Ferrett to the life.

"After I got home yesterday," said Frank.

"What time?"

"About six."

"Where did it happen?"

"About a hundred yards from the ranch-house, on the prairie."

"What did you miss—some property?"

"Yes; not mine. It belongs to Mr. Lawless, my uncle."

"That's all right. I'll find it for him," said Chunky Todgers. "Now, give me an exact description of the article missed."

"It was round," said Frank Richards gravely, while his comrades chuckled. "About eighteen inches in circumference."

"Yes?"

"Marked with painted circles."

"What on earth was it, then?"

"A target."

"A—a what?"

"A target," said Frank Richards cheerfully. "Bob stuck it up, you know, and we were practising with our rifles. I missed it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob Lawless. Chunky Todgers' face was a study for a moment.

"You—you pesky jay!" he exclaimed at last. "Do you mean that you were shooting at a target and missed it?"

"Exactly."

"You silly ass!" roared Chunky. "That wasn't what I mean at all."

"It was what I meant," said Frank, chuckling. "You asked me if I'd missed anything, and I told you. Aren't you going to take up the case?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Chunky Todgers jammed the notebook and pencil back into his pocket, with a withering look.

"You silly chump!"

"Hollo! There's the bell!" said Vere Beauclerc.

And Frank Richards & Co. strolled on to the lumber school-house, smiling; and the amateur detective of Cedar Creek followed, with a snort.

The 2nd Chapter. A Very Injured Youth.

Chunky Todgers' latest stunt caused a good deal of merriment at Cedar Creek, and for some days there was much laughter on the subject, and Chunky received plenty of chipping from his schoolfellows. He bore it all with lofty serenity. He was waiting for his chance to come, and when that chance came he was going to show these doubting Thomases what his quality really was.

Unfortunately, the chance seemed a long time coming.

No doubt Chunky's famous advertisement had been read by a good

tive work was getting on, and whether Chunky had put Foxy Ferrett into the deep shade. But Chunky only replied with grunts. He had no news for them.

But on Friday, the last school-day of the week, he tackled Frank Richards & Co. after lessons.

"I haven't had an answer to my advertisement yet, you galoots," he told them in the playground, with a very serious visage.

"Not really?" asked Frank.

"Nope!"

"Did you expect any, you chump?" inquired Bob Lawless.

"The fact is, one advertisement isn't much good," explained Chunky. "You have to keep it up. You've got some money in the bank, Richards. I'm relying on you to see me through."

"Oh, my hat!"

Frank Richards' money in the bank seemed to haunt Chunky Todgers. Somehow Chunky seemed convinced that if a fellow had any money in the bank he, Joseph Todgers, had a good claim to some of it. Chunky was a little bit of a Socialist without knowing it.

"My idea is this," said Chunky. "You come along with me to Penrose's office and fix it up. We'll arrange for a standing advertisement for six months—"

"Will we, by Jove?" ejaculated Frank Richards.

"Yep! That will only cost you about twenty-five dollars."

"It won't!" answered Frank.

"If you're going to be mean—"

"I am, old scout!"

"Of course, if you wanted to do the really proper thing you'd stand me, say, a thousand dollars," said Chunky.

"What I really want is to take an office in Main Street at Thompson and—"

"Phew!"

"And furnish it with a roll-top desk, and so on, from Montreal, and engage a clerk—"

"Oh crumbs!"

"And a typist. Then I could start in proper style."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I ain't easy, beginning a serious business while a galoot's still at school, you know," said Chunky, with a sage shake of the head.

"Has that just occurred to you?" said Beauclerc, with a laugh.

"And—and I can't begin at home," said Chunky. "I couldn't have my clients calling there—"

"Your what?" yelled Bob Lawless.

"My clients. I couldn't have them calling there. Popper wouldn't understand. He might give me the cow-hide—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And it looks a bit unbusinesslike to give the school as my address in my advertisement, doesn't it?"

"Ha, ha! Just a few!"

"So if Frank will do the decent thing and start me in an office in Main Street—"

"Fathead!"

"Do you mean to say you won't Frank Richards?" demanded Todgers, with deep and sorrowful reproach.

"Yes, rather!"

"You've got money in the bank and—"

"It's staying there!" answered Frank Richards cheerfully. "Good-night, Chunky!"

"Hold on! I haven't finished yet, you—"

"We have!" answered Frank.

And the chums of Cedar Creek departed.

They did not see Chunky Todgers again till Monday.

On Monday at Cedar Creek the fat youth was looking less cheery than of yore.

He met the Co. with a reproachful look, more of sorrow than of anger. Evidently he looked upon himself as an injured party.

There was no advertisement of Todgers, Detective, in the current number of the "Thompson Press." And Frank Richards had money in the bank! Those two facts taken together, impressed Joseph Todgers with a deep sense of injury.

His wonderful gifts could not find free play and bring him fame and fortune because Frank was keeping his money in the bank, instead of handing it over to Chunky! No wonder Master Todgers looked sorrowful and reproachful.

Naturally, Chunky was not silent about his injuries, especially as he was much given to chinwag.

The following day Frank was surprised when Molly Lawrence asked him:

"What have you been doing to Chunky?"

"Nothing that I'm aware of," answered Frank. "Is anything the matter with Chunky?"

"He says you've treated him badly."

"Does he?" ejaculated Frank.

"He's telling all the school," said

