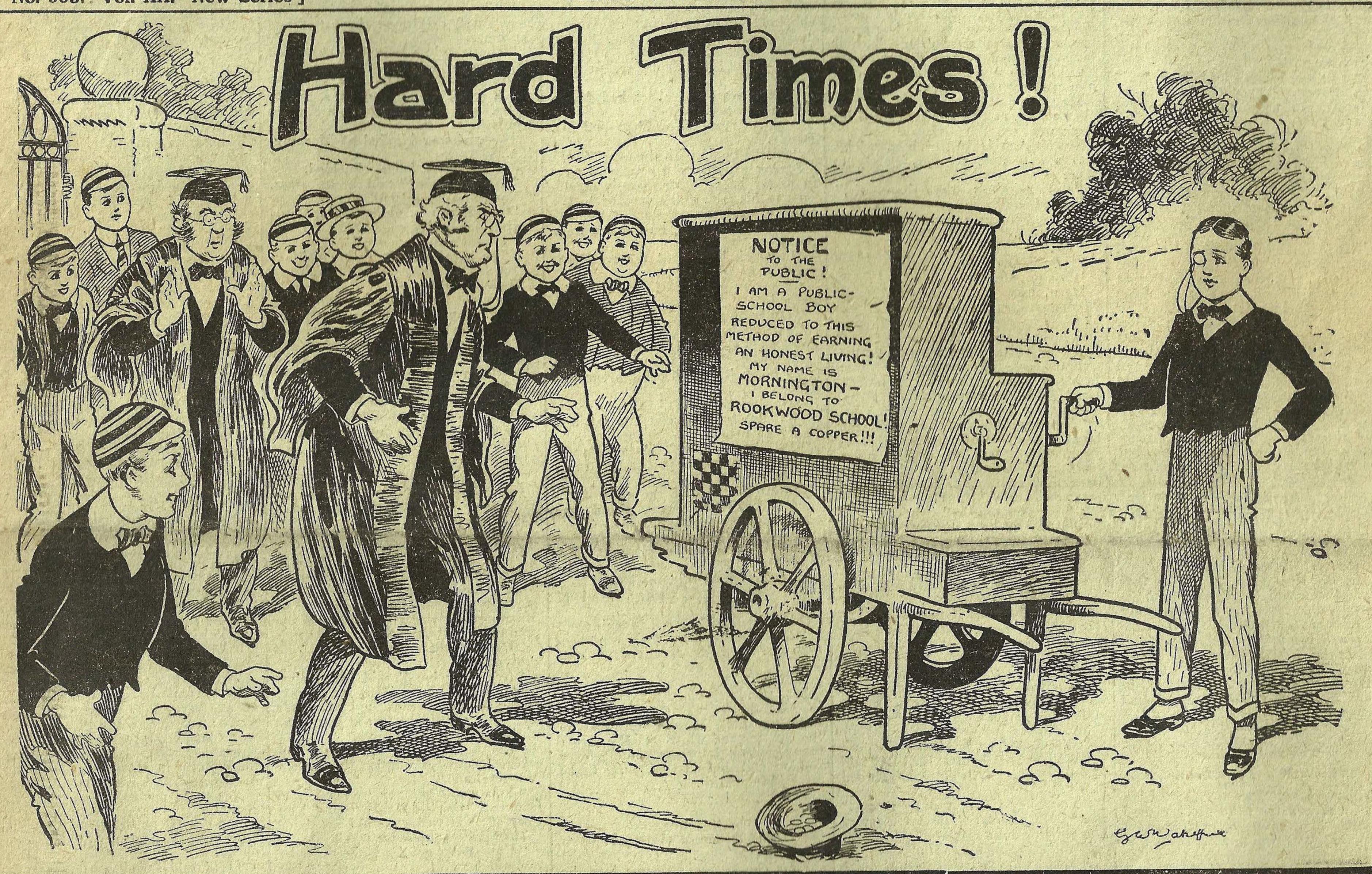
# WOULD YOU LIKE A BIG GASH PRIZE? THEN ENTER FOR OUR SIMPLE GINEMA COMPETITION!

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No. 999. Vol. XX. New Series ]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending July 31st, 1920.



# MORNINGTON'S LATEST!

expression. "How-how-how dare you?" he gasped. "Wretched boy! Have you no sense of shame?" "What's wrong?" asked Mornington in surprise. "I've taken this up as a profession, sir—quite an honourable profession. Would you care to make a contribution to the hat, sir?" "Boy! You—you stop it at once! Stop, I tell you! Mack, turn that young rascal away at once!" thundered the Head. The faces of the juniors were wreathed in smiles as they witnessed this peculiar interview between Dr. Chisholm and the expelled junior.

The 1st Chapter. Rough on Morny!

"It's the Bandy-bird!" Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were sauntering in the quadrangle at Rookwood after morning lessons when they sighted the fat little gentleman trotting towards the School House.

The chums of the Fourth regarded him in surprise. Mr. Bandy, the grocer of Coombe, was about the last visitor they had expected to see at

Rookmond. Mr. Bandy was not "persona grata" there! For was it not in Mr. Bandy's little shop that Mornington of the Fourth had found a refuge after being expelled from Rookwood? Jimmy Silver & Co. were well aware

how wrathful the Head had been, on discovering that the expelled junior had taken service with Mr. Bandy in Coombe. So the sight of the fat little grocer at Rookwood, naturally astonished them.

The Fistical Four bore down upon Mr. Bandy to inquire, and they capped him very respectfully as they stopped him on the gravel path. They rather liked the "Bandy-bird," as Lovell called him; he had proved a good friend to the expelled Rookwooder, who was down on his luck. For, though Valentine Mornington had been expelled, he had left many friends behind him at Rookwood, who were concerned for his welfare.

Jimmy Silver, with great politeness. "Mornin', sir!" puffed Mr. Bandy. The walk to Rookwood in the hot sunshine had rendered the fat gentleman rather breathless.

"How's your new boy getting on?" Mr. Bandy grinned.

"Fust-rate, sir! I've left him in charge of the shop," he replied. "You young gents ain't been to see 'im lately."

"The Head's put your shop out bounds," explained Lovell. "We've all been licked for looking in on Morny! But we haven't forgotten

"Though lost to sight, to memory

dear!" grinned Raby. "We can't send poor old Morny any more orders, though," remarked Newcome. "The last lot was found out, and confiscated, and we got a licking all round. Carthew of the Sixth spied it all out. But, I say, Mr. Bandy, I'm surprised to see you

"I'm surprised to see myself 'ere," answered Mr. Bandy. "But I 'ad a message from Dr. Chisholm, askin' me to call, so I've dropped in to see 'im as one gentleman to another."

"Hem, exactly!" said Jimmy Silver. "I say, you won't let the Head talk you over into sacking Morny, will you, Mr. Bandy?"

Mr. Bandy shook his head. "Certainly not!" he answered. "Young Mornington is a good boy in

"Good-morning, Mr. Bandy," said | the shop and earns his wages. I | the school he had belonged to, was a | age in the eyes of the reverend Head ain't going to sack 'im to please nobody. I've been asked to do it, by your 'eadmaster, and I've refused. Let the boy earn a honest living, says

What?"

"Good!" And Mr. Bandy, with a reassuring grin, progressed towards the School

House, puffing as he went. Tupper met him at the door, and took him in, evidently to see Dr. Chisholm in his study.

"It's jolly queer, all the same, the Bandy-bird coming here," remarked Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "The Head's going to try again to make him sand Morny away, of course. wonder---"

"Bandy won't send him away," said Lovell, with a grin. "Bandy's a cheery socialist, you know, and he's no end bucked at standin' up to the Head and cheeking him. He enjoys

"The Head might bring him round, though," said Jimmy Silver.

"He can't! He doesn't deal at Bandy's shop, and that makes the Bandy-bird independent of him." "Yes, that's so."

But Jimmy Silver still looked very thoughtful. Mr. Bandy's visit was a great surprise, and Jimmy could not help wondering whether it portended a fresh move against the expelled

junior.

thorn in Dr. Chisholm's side; all of Rookwood. Rookwood knew how much it annoyed

Dr. Chisholm stepped through the crowd, his eyes fixed on Mornington and on his placard with a terrific

and exasperated him. The situation was, in fact, an awkward one, and one that could not be allowed to continue. Mr. Bandy's shop was out of bounds, and any Rockwood junior who spoke to Mornington in the village was liable to severe punishment. But for that reason, Mr. Bandy's shop had an irresistible attraction for crowds of the Rookwood fellows; it was turned into a sort of Bluebeard's chamber,

fascinating, because it was forbidden. Mornington's conduct was a defiance of the headmaster who had expelled him, and it was intended to be so. And such a state of affairs was too troublesome to be allowed to continue indefinitely.

the gates, waiting to see Mr. Bandy | a rather guilty look for a moment. as he came out after his visit to the august Head of Rookwood. Jimmy wanted to be assured that it was all right! That is to say, all right for Valentine Mornington. For in this matter the chums of the Fourth did not see eye to eye with their headmaster.

They wondered what the Head found to say to Mr. Bandy.

Certainly the old gentleman could not have anticipated any pleasure in the interview; the fat little grocer, with his red necktie and his defiant The presence of Mornington so near | socialistic talk, was a horrid person-

Yet the fact that he had asked Mr. Bandy to call proved that he hoped to induce the grocer to "sack" the junior he had taken into his service. He had tried before and failed; and if he were trying again now, it must be because he had some inducement to offer to Mr. Bandy.

So Jimmy Silver was uneasy on Morny's account It was some time before Mr. Bandy

emerged and came puffing and blowing down to the gates. There was a satisfied smile upon his

fat face, which looked as if the interview with the Head had gone well, from Mr. Bandy's point of view. "All serene, Mr. Bandy?" asked

Jimmy Silver anxiously. Mr. Bandy paused and coughed, Jimmy Silver & Co. loafed about | and the Fistical Four thought he had

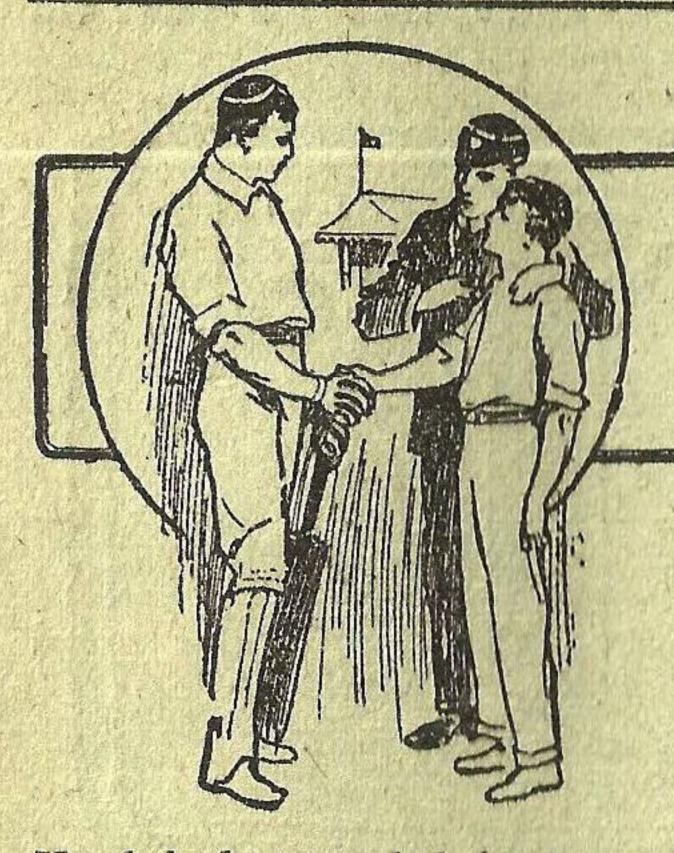
"Oh, yes, Master Silver," he said. "Of course! And by the way, you young gents will be able to come to my shop if you like, arter to-day."

Jimmy stared. "And see Morny?" he exclaimed. Mr. Bandy coughed again.

"My noo boy's leaving to-day," he explained. "Come to think of it, it ain't quite the thing to keep 'im on, agin the wishes of a gentleman like Dr. Chisholm."

Lovell whistled.

Evidently Mr. Bandy had lent ear to the voice of the charmer, and the



(Continued from the previous page.)

Head had succeeded in persuading

It was the "sack" for Morny. "I-I say, that's rather rotten, Mr. Bandy," exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "Are you going to send Mornington away, then?"

"You see, it can't be helped," said Mr. Bandy. "I don't want to be offensive to a gentleman like Dr. Chisholm."

"You've thought of that rather late," grunted Lovell. "You cheeked him no end in your shop a week ago."

Mr. Bandy coughed again. "Dr. Chisholm wasn't dealing at my establishment then," he said. "That makes a difference."

"Great Scott!"

The juniors understood at last. Mr. Bandy's lofty independence

had been founded upon the fact that Rookwood did not deal at his shop, and that he had nothing to lose by asserting his noble democratic ideals. The offer of the school custom had made all the difference! Mr. Bandy was a great orator among the free and independent democrats who gathered of an evening in the parlour of the Peal of Bells. But evidently he was | he had not done it! a grocer first and a socialist second. The socialist derided the lofty manners of the Head of Rookwood; but the grocer was anxious for his custom.

"So-so-so you're sacking Morny to get the Head's custom!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver in disgust.

Mr. Bandy had the grace to blush. "Well, you see-" he began lamely.

"Rotten!" growled Raby.

Mr. Bandy walked on, feeling that argument would be wasted on these unreasonable youths. The next moment his hat was knocked over his eyes and his feet jerked away from under him, and he sat in the dusty road with a bump and a howl.

great wrath, the Fistical Four had disappeared.

## The 2nd Chapter. The Wolf and the Lamb!

Valentine Mornington stood behind the counter in the little grocery shop with a white apron on, tucked up on one side, and quite a business-like

Form at Rookwood made a very handsome shopboy, and all Mr. Bandy's customers had been pleased by his manners.

There were no customers in the shop at present, and Mornington had a rather bored look on his handsome face.

The truth was that Mornington was growing a little tired of his new and remarkable "stunt."

He had become a grocer's boy in Coombe partly because he had to provide for himself, unless he was to return to his guardian, which he was determined never to do. But undoubtedly his chief object had been to exasperate his late headmaster. He was determined that the warfare between them should not end with his

expulsion from the school.

But though he had to work hard in the service of Mr. Bandy, Mornington had had time for reflection, and reflection had told him that he had "played the goat." His reckless insubordination in the school had left the Head little choice but to expel him, and his peculiar retaliation upon the Head did not alter the fact that

Rookwood was closed to him for ever. And though he generally gave satisfaction to his employer, life at Mr. Bandy's was not like unto a bed of roses. Morny did not mind hard work or early rising or short commons. But he had a strong objection to putting stale eggs in the new-laid box and giving short weight, and some other duties that

Mr. Bandy expected of him. Mornington was, in fact, considering whether the game was worth the candle, when Mr. Bandy rolled into came through, evidently with hostile the shop after his visit to Rookwood. | intentions. He had intended to work |

Mr. Bandy did not meet his new

boy's eyes. He was, in fact, just a little ashamed of himself, though that made no difference to his determination. The custom of Rookwood was too valuable an asset to be disregarded, and Mr. Bandy was prepared to sacrifice Mornington for the sake of it, or a dozen Morningtons, for that matter. But he felt some diffidence about telling the boy so. It seemed an easier method to pick some fault with the hapless victim, work himself into a temper, and "sack" him without explanation.

He started at once. "Loafing, as usual, I see!" was his

beginning. Mornington looked at him. was a new tone for Mr. Bandy to

"I'm minding the shop, sir," answered the junior respectfully. "'Ave you done them eggs like I

told you to,?" "H'm!"

"You haven't?" "N-n-no, sir."

Here was Mr. Bandy's chance. Morny's reluctance to sell stale eggs as fresh he took as a personal reflection upon himself. A dozen eggs that had seen better days were to be distributed carefully among six dozen in a new-laid box and that task had grocer. been left to the hapless shopboy. And

"Loafing about the shop with your impotent fist." 'ands in your pockets, instead of doing your work!" said Mr. Bandy indig- "I'm going for a perliceman now. nantly. "Putting on airs and graces over your employer! Is that what I pay you for?"

"You-you see-" "Settin' up to know my business better than I know it myself!" said Mr. Bandy. "Can I afford to throw them eggs away?"

"They're not fresh," said Mornington mildly.

"Wot's the odds if they ain't?" "Well, if they're sold as new-laid,

you know-" "Well?"

"It's not good business," said By the time he scrambled up, in Mornington. "People don't like to be swindled, even if swindling was right, and it isn't." Mr. Bandy jumped.

"Swindled!" he howled.

Mornington. "What else do you call

"You impudent young rascal!" roared Mr. Bandy. "Is that the way you tork to your master?" Mornington nodded calmly.

Added to the fact that he was quite The one-time dandy of the Fourth "fed" with his life as Mr. Bandy's boy, he could see that his employer was determined to quarrel with him, so he cheerfully met Mr. Bandy halfway. It was a case of the wolf and here?" asked Arthur Edward Lovell, the lamb over again, and whatever looking round. "Or have you been line Morny had taken, the result | shying things about?" would have been the same, as he could see. So he allowed himself the satisfaction of answering Mr. Bandy in plain English.

"That's the way," he said. "Nothin' like callin' a spade a spade, old top. Swindlin' is swindlin', whatever you call it."

Mr. Bandy trembled with wrath. "You're sacked!" he shouted. "Has the Head of Rookwood

tipped you to sack me?" inquired Mornington disdainfully. Mr. Bandy turned purple.

"You-you-you- There's your wages!" he gasped, flinging a fewa very few-shillings on the counter. "Take it and go!"

"My dear old bird, I'm entitled to a week's notice!" answered Mornington. "I'm not going!"

"What?" "Getting deaf, cocky? I'm not goin'," said Mornington coolly. "You've taken me on by the week and I'm entitled to a week's notice from Saturday."

"Get outer my shop!" roared Mr. Bandy.

"Bow-wow!"

"Do you want me to put you out?" Mornington grinned. "I don't mind!" he said. "There

will be a thunderstorm first. But go ahead! Don't mind me, old nut!" Mr. Bandy, panting with wrath, threw up the leaf of the counter, and

himself into a rage, but Mornington had assisted him in that, and there was no doubt that Mr. Bandy was now in a terrific rage.

Morny chuckled, quite enjoying the situation. The junior who had defied the Head of Rookwood was not likely to be terrified by Mr. Bandy.

He picked up a ham from the counter, and stood on the defensive.

"Put that down!" shouted Mr. know," remarked Raby. Bandy. "On your napper, if I do!" retorted

Mornington. "Will you clear hout?"

words. He rushed at the recalcitrant to business. shopboy. "What can

Biff! The ham smote Mr. Bandy he asked politely. on the head, and he staggered. The "Six new-laid eggs, please." weapon flew from Morny's grasp with the smite, and rolled on the floor. The shopboy caught up a chunk of cheese, and hurled it, and it caught Mr. Bandy on his plump chin. He sat down behind the counter, with

"Have some more?" asked Mornington cheerily.

"Ow! Wow! Yow!" gasped Mr. Bandy.

"Shall I begin with the eggs?" Morny caught up a couple of eggs in either hand. Mr. Bandy scrambled to his feet, and retreated to the other side of the counter. After the ham and the cheese, he did not want the eggs.

He shook his fist at the rebellious youth over the counter.

"I horder you out of the shop!" he gasped.

"Order away!" "I'll fetch a perliceman if you don't go!" stuttered Mr. Bandy.

"Rats!" "I mean it!" shrieked the enraged

"Go and eat coke!"

"I'll learn you!" he spluttered. I'll learn yer!"

He backed out of the shop doorway, and as he went a couple of eggs whizzed across the shop. Smash, splash!

One of the missiles caught Mr. Bandy on the nose, another on the ear, as he bolted into the street.

He disappeared, with a howl of "Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mornington.

"I'm coming back with a perliceman!" roared Mr. Bandy, from out-

"Rats!" Mr. Bandy stamped furiously away in search of P.-c. Boggs, of Coombe, and Mornington sat on the counter and whistled. His career as a grocer's boy was coming to a "Well, it is swindling, isn't it?" said | sudden end, but it was going to be an exciting finish.

# The 3rd Chapter. The Order of the Boot!

"Hallo, Morny!" Four cheery juniors came into the little shop, and Mornington greeted them with a nod and a grin.

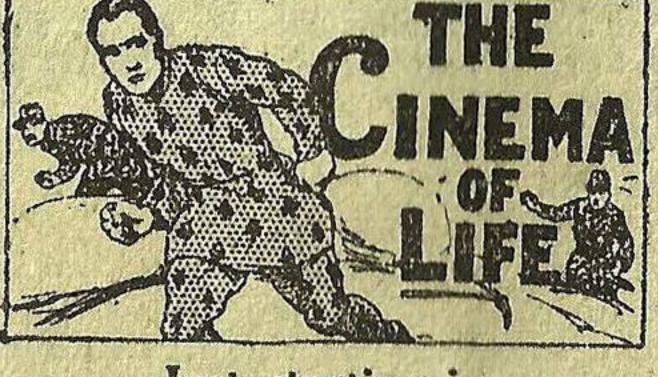
"Hallo, Silver, old top!" "Has there been an earthquake

"Shying things about," answered Morny. "I'm sacked."

"That's why we came," said Jimmy Silver. "Bandy's been to see the Head, and he's bought off-the shop isn't out of bounds now. Has Bandy sacked you already, Morny?" "Yes; a quarter of an hour ago."

"Yet you're still here?"

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"Oh, I'm not goin' yet. I'm goin' to make the Bandy man sit up first," said Mornington coolly. "I knew he'd been bought off, somehow, and was goin' back on me. I'm goin' to give him a high old time before

"Ha, ha, ha!" "I say, he won't give you a good character for your next job, you

"I'm not thinkin' of keepin' on in this business. Excuse me, here's a customer."

the shop, and the Fistical Four Mr. Bandy wasted no more time in | looked on while Mornington attended |

"What can I do for you, madam?"

"I'm afraid we haven't any." "Why, there's a box full, marked | new-laid!" exclaimed the astonished |

customer. "That's only a swindle," explained Mornington calmly. "They're not really new-laid. The best of them are a week old, but most a month or so, and some of them are quite

whiffy." The customer blinked at Morning-

Jimmy Silver & Co. chuckled. "Well, my eye!" said the customer. "You're an honest lad, you are."

"Thank you, madam," said Mornington demurely.

'I want some 'am-" "The ham is a bit leathery—it's a cheap lot of American stuff, and not

fit to eat really-" "My goodness! Is there anything in the shop that's fit to eat?" demanded the astounded customer.

"Very little. As an honest grocer, I'm bound to advise you to deal at the shop over the way."

"Oh, jiminy!" The lady in the shawl retreated Mr. Bandy brandished a fat and without making any purchases, posshopboy had escaped from a lunatic

"You howling ass!" gasped Lovell. "I'm not surprised at Bandy sacking you, if that's your way of doing business."

"Hallo, here comes Bandy!" murmured Newcome. And the village bobby! Phew!" Mr. Bandy rolled into the shop, with P.-c. Boggs at his heels.

He pointed a podgy finger at Mornington, taking no notice of the presence of Jimmy Silver & Co. "Remove that young ruffian!" he

commanded. "Now, my boy," said Mr. Boggs persuasively, "I 'ear that Mr. Bandy 'ave give you the sack, and you won't go! It's my dooty to see you clear

of the premises." "I'm here by the week, and I'm asking for a week's notice," explained Mornington.

"You won't get any week's notice from me," snorted Mr. Bandy. "You clear off, you young rascal!"

Mornington shook his head. "I'm not goin' without," remarked.

"Put him out, officer!" P.-c. Boggs hesitated.

"The boy's entitled to a week's wages in loo of notice," he said. "'Ave you paid him?"

to!" snapped Mr. Bandy. "You'd better pay 'im what he's entitled to," said Mr. Boggs stolidly.

"No, I haven't, and I'm not going

"He can claim it afore a magistrate." "Pay up, Bandy!" chuckled Lovell. Mr. Bandy paused, but he extracted the necessary coins from his pocket at last, and hurled them on

the counter. 'Take your money and go!" he snorted.

"Certainly, old top!" said Mornington, picking up the shillings. Am I bound to go now I'm paid, officer?"

"You are!" said Mr. Boggs, with a grin.
"I've got to pack my bag, you

know. "Mr. Bandy will give you time to pack your bag."

"I won't!" shouted Mr. Bandy. "He's leavin' this 'ouse this minute!" "Yes, you will!" said Mr. Boggs, unmoved. "That's the lor. You pack your things, my boy, and I'll

wait and see you orf." "Thanks, old top!" Mornington left the shop, and Mr. Bandy fumed to and fro while he waited for the rebel to reappear.

Jimmy Silver & Co. waited, too, and Mr. Boggs leaned majestically on the counter and waited.

Morny came back at last, with a bag in his hand-his personal possessions did not require much packing. Mr. Bandy pointed to the doorway.

"Officer, remove 'im!" "I'm goin', old scout!" said Morn.

"Now get hout!" he thundered.

ington cheerily. "Sorry I haven't had time to put the stale eggs in the new-laid box-"

"Get hout!" "Or to mix the sawdust in the

oatmeal-"

"You-you-" "Or the sand in the sugar-" "'Ere, you get off!" grinned P.-c. Boggs. Mr. Bandy seemed on the verge of an apoplectic fit.

"Hout you go!" "Good-bye, Bandy!" said Mornington, unabashed. "While Mr. A lady in a red shawl came into Boggs is here, you might explain to him about the weight fastened under the scales. It would interest

him, as a bobby!" And with that Parthian shot, Valentine Mornington walked out

into the street, bag in hand. Jimmy Silver & Co. followed him, chuckling.

They joined Mornington on the pavement. The expelled junior of Rookwood was free again, with the world before him. But he did not seem to be at all cast down.

"What are you going to do now, old chap?" asked Jimmy Silver. "Blessed if I know!" answered Mornington candidly. "I'm not going home to my guardian, and I suppose the Head isn't likely to ask

me to come back to Rookwood." "Ha, ha! Not likely!" "If we can help you began Lovell.

"Thanks-I don't want to borrow your money," said Mornington. "I've got some tin-enough to last me some time, at any rate. Of course, I'm going to get another job."

"Near Rookwood?" grinned Raby. "Naturally. I'm rather attached to my alma mater, you know; I'm not goin' to lose sight of Rookwood, and Rookwood isn't goin' to lose sight of me, if I can help it."

"My dear chap," said Newcome, "you won't get another job in sibly wondering whether Mr. Bandy's | Coombe after the way you've taken leave of Mr. Bandy. You're a bit too much of a firebrand."

"I shall find somethin'. I'm goin' to put up at the Bird-in-Hand for a bit, while I look round." Jimmy Silver started.

"Morny! Not that low den-" "It's cheap, and suitable for a fellow down on his luck," answered Mornington coolly. "I may get a job there—if they're in want of a billiard-marker or a pot-boy. Ta-ta!" With a cool nod, Valentine Morn-

ington walked away. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another. They started back towards Rookwood in a very thoughtful mood.

In Morny's present reckless mood, he was very likely to go from bad to worse; and the Bird-in-Hand Inn, the worst place of its kind in the county, was an extremely undesirable refuge for a youth in Morny's situation and in Morny's reckless temper. Jimmy Silver could not help feeling worried about it.

"If the Head would let him come back to Rookwood--'' he murmured. "If!" said Lovell.

"He wouldn't at any price!" said Raby, shaking his head. "I fancy he'll feel rather bothered when he knows Morny has put up at that awful pub; but he wouldn't let him come back to Rookwood for his weight in

"I wonder-" murmured Jimmy. Jimmy Silver did not speak again as they walked back to the school; but the brow of Uncle James was deeply wrinkled, showing that his thoughts were busy.

# The 4th Chapter. The Petition!

It was Jimmy Silver's idea. The Co. looked very doubtful when Uncle James first propounded it in the end study, but they came round to Jimmy's way of thinking, as they usually did.

Erroll, Morny's old chum, we've it his adhesion, though very dubiously indeed. Conroy, Pons, and Van Ryn, the Colonial chums, agreed heartily. Putty Grace thought it a good idea, and Tubby Muffin declared that it

was a corker. With so much support Jimmy Silver determined to go ahead, and a couple of days after Morny had received the sack from Mr. Bandy a meeting was convened in the junior Common-room at Rookwood.

All the Classical Fourth came to the meeting, and most of the Moderns. The Shell were invited, and the Third; and the Shell and the Third came in great force. Even a crowd of the Second turned up, headed by little 'Erbert, Morny's young cousin.

It had become known that Jimmy Silver had thought of a scheme for helping Mornington, and Morny had plenty of friends left at Rookwood who were willing to help. They did

not yet know what the scheme was,

but they wanted to know. Smythe & Co., of the Shell, wore superior looks, and plainly had come to scoff, rather than to help; and it was the same with Lattrey and Gower and Peele of the Fourth, and Leggett. But most of the fellows were very keen to help Morny in any way they could.

It wasn't as if Morny had been expelled for actual bad conduct; he had been driven away from Rookwood for reckless insubordination. That was bad enough, but it was not a crime. As a good many fellows had remarked, there were worse chaps than Morny at Rookwood, if only the Head had found them out. Smythe was one, and Peele was another, and Leggett was a third. And Lovell said, very feelingly, that it was hard cheese on old Morny to be sacked for being a reckless ass, when those real rascals still kept their places in the school.

If there was a way of helping Morny, nearly all the Lower School of Rookwood were prepared to lend a hand, as the full attendance at the

meeting proved.

When Jimmy Silver came in with his chums, to take the chair, the Common-room was crowded.

Jimmy Silver took the chair by mounting upon it to address the enthusiastic meeting. Lovell and Raby and Newcome gathered round him, Lovell with a cricket-stump in his hand to keep order.

"Gentlemen of Rookwood," began Jimmy Silver, "some of you know the object of this meeting-"

"We all know the object at present standing on the chair!" remarked Cyril Peele; and there was a laugh from some of the juniors. "Order!"

"Some of you know the object of this meeting, and some don't," pursued Jimmy Silver, unheeding. "It's to help Morny-"

"Hear, hear!" "We want him to come back to Rookwood--"

"I don't!" remarked Peele.

"Order!"

"Yooop!" roared Peele suddenly, as Arthur Edward Lovell lunged out with his stump.

The business-end of the stump caught Peele in the ribs. For some time afterwards Cyril Peele was rubbing his ribs, and had no time for interrupting the speaker.

'We all want Morny back, and I think it's possible that the Head might let him come back if he knew how the school felt on the subject," said Jimmy Silver.

"Bravo!" "Of course, I don't answer for the stunt being a success," said Jimmy modestly, "but my idea is to try it." "You're goin' to ask the Head to let Morny come back?" ejaculated Smythe of the Shell.

"That's the idea."

"What rot!" "Utter rot!" said Tracy of the Shell.

"Order, you Shell cads! Shut up!" "Give them the stump, Lovell!" "Look here," began Adolphus Smythe, dodging Lovell. "Keep off, you cheeky fag! Why, you rotter

- Oh gad! Yah!" "Ha, ha, ha!"

Lovell was lunging with the stump, and the hapless Adolphus dodged in vain. He fled from the Commonroom, Lovell pursuing him as far as the door. A final lunge as Adolphus disappeared was answered by a demoniac howl. Then nothing more was heard of Adolphus of the Shell. As the poet has remarked, the subsequent proceedings interested him no more.

After this little interlude Jimmy Silver resumed his address, and there were no disrespectful interruptions.

"The idea is to present a petition to the Head, asking him to let Morny come back to Rookwood," said Jimmy. "We're all here to sign it. Signed by all the Lower School, it's bound to produce an impression on the Head."

"Sure to!" said Putty Grace. "Of course, the Head's a bit of an | ass," said Lovell, "but he's bound to

see reason!" "We won't force anybody to sign," continued Jimmy Silver, "but every

Classical and Modern." "Hear, hear!" "Oh, we'll play up!" said Tommy Dodd of the Modern Fourth. "My

own opinion is that there are too many Classical chaps in this school but—"

"Rats!"

"But one more or less don't make much difference," said Tommy Dodd. "We'll all sign!"

"Hear, hear!"

merry petition?" asked Oswald.

dismounting from his rostrum. "Here you are!"

He laid a sheet of impot-paper on the table, and there was a crowding round of the juniors to read it.

The petition had been drawn up in the end study, and it was a very telling document in the opinion of the Fistical Four. It ran:

"Sir,-We, the undersigned Rookwood fellows, beg to state that we should like Mornington, late of the IVth Form, to be allowed to return to Rookwood.

"We consider that Mornington has had a rough time, and that it would be to the advantage of all parties con-

cerned for him to come back. "We shall be greatly obliged and duly thankful for the same.

"(Signed) J. SILVER. A. E. LOVELL. G. RABY. A. NEWCOME."

"You shove your signatures after ours," explained Jimmy Silver. "Now, then, go ahead!"

"I say, that won't do, Jimmy!" said Tubby Muffin, shaking his head. 'Eh? Why won't it do, duffer?"

"It's no good taking a badlyspelt paper to the Head; it will only at last. make him waxy. You ought to have asked me to draw up the paper." "Where's the bad spelling?" de-

manded Jimmy warmly. "You've got a 'g' in 'signed'

and---" "Ha, ha, ha!"

"And only one 'd' in 'consider.' "

after that, any odd space was taken advantage of, to add another name.

By the time all the juniors had signed, the petition was a very striking-looking document. It bore some resemblance to a map; but it looked most like a paper over which an army of flies had marched, after swimming in the inkpot. However, the petitioners were satisfied with it, which was the great point.

When all was completed, a new question arose-Conroy asked who was going to hand it to Dr. Chis-

There was a pause after the Australian junior's question. Nobody appeared to be very anxious to hand the petition to the Head.

In spite of the fact that it conveyed to that reverend gentleman the public opinion of Rookwood, there was a lurking possibility that the Head might cut up rusty. You never did really know how to take a headmaster, as Oswald remarked. He might be pleased, and then, again, he mightn't. The workings of a headmaster's intellect were strange and mysterious, and beyond the comprehension of mere ordinary mortals. "Volunteers!" said Jimmy Silver,

"Well, I'd volunteer," said Putty Grace. "Only I think Jimmy Silver is the man to do it. It's his idea."

"Something in that," said Oswald. "A lot in it," agreed Lovell. 'Jimmy's just the chap for the job. Cool and collected, you know." Jimmy Silver grinned faintly.

Bootles. "What-what does this mean?"

"A petition to the Head, sir," said Jimmy Silver respectfully.

"A-a-a what?" "Petition to the Head, sir." "Bless my soul!"

Jimmy Silver held up the paper for inspection, and Mr. Bootles blinked at it over his glasses. Jimmy Silver watched him rather anxiously. He was anxious to know what Mr. Bootles thought of the petition before the Head saw it; it was "trying it on the dog," as he expressed it afterwards.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Bootles, faintly. "You-you-you are going to show that—that extraordinary concoction to Dr. Chis-

"Yes, sir! No harm in it, is there,

"N-n-no! But-but Dr. Chisholm is extremely incensed upon the subject of Mornington, with good reason, and-and-really-"

"The Head may change his mind, sir, after hearing what the public opinion of the school has to say!" suggested Lovell.

Mr. Bootles blinked at him. "I think it very improbable, Lovell," he replied. "I-I should certainly advise you boys to go away

at once." The petitioners looked at one another, rather discouraged. "But—but vou'll let us take it in,

sir," stammered Jimmy Silver. "You may please yourself, Silver, certainly; but that is my advice,"

charged by the village grocer, the Head had concluded that the boy, without resources now, would be forced to return to his guardian's house-which was, fortunately, at a considerable distance from Rookwood. But the expected had not

happened. The Head, with intense exasperation, had learned that Valentine Mornington was still in Coombe, and that he had taken up his quarters at the Bird-in-Hand—an extremely disreputable establishment.

Morny was not to be got rid of so easily, that was evident; and the Head was troubled, too, by the knowledge that the wilful boy was in such exceedingly demoralising sur-

roundings. So he had telephoned once more to Morny's guardian; only to receive a snappish reply from Sir Rupert Stacpoole.

The baronet absolutely refused to have anything more to do with his nephew unless the said nephew returned home and apologised for his conduct-which Mornington was very unlikely to do.

Apparently, the expelled junior was to continue to haunt the school with his presence close at hand; for the Head could think of no way of influencing the landlord of the Birdin-Hand, as he had influenced Mr. Bandy.

As a matter of fact, the Head was not, just then, in a suitable mood to hear anything in favour of the exasperating Mornington. His glance, as it fell on Jimmy Silver, was irritable; though, as yet, he did not know the purport of the junior's visit.

"Well, Silver, what is it?" he exclaimed sharply.

"If—if you please, sir—" stammered Jimmy. "Come to the point at once."

"It—it—it's a petition, sir." "What?"

Jimmy Silver laid the document on the desk before the Head. Then he waited; his heart beating unusually fast.

The die was cast now!

Dr. Chisholm, in great astonishment, adjusted his glasses, and looked at the semi-illegible document before

For some minutes he did not seem to make out the full meaning of that document.

Those minutes were painful enough to Jimmy Silver. He waited in cruel suspense. Outside, in the corridor. there was a faint shuffling of feet and a murmur of whispers.

The Head looked up at last. The expression upon his face made Jimmy Silver jump. "Boy!"

"Yes, sir?"

"You-you have dared-" Breath seemed to fail the Head for a moment. He gasped.

Jimmy Silver wished himself well out of the study. But it was too late now, though it was painfully clear that the petition, expressing the public opinion of the Lower School of Rookwood, was not going to be a success!

"You-you impertinent young rascal!" exclaimed the Head, at last. "You venture to dictate to me--" "Oh, no, sir!" gasped Jimmy. "N-n-not at all, sir! Nothing of the

"How dare you bring such a document as this to me?" thundered the Head.

" I—I—we——"

Jimmy's voice trailed away. It was not much use trying to

explain, when it was clear that his very worst possible anticipations were to be realised, and that the Head was going to cut up rusty, exceedingly rusty! Dr. Chisholm rose to his feet, and

looked round for his cane. Jimmy Silver backed towards the door. "Silver, I shall cane you severely

for this impertinence!" "I\_I\_\_"

'Every boy who has signed this impertinent paper will receive five hundred lines, and will be detained for a half-holiday!" "Oh!"

The Head's voice was heard in the passage, heard with dismay. Evidently there was going to be no occasion for cheering.

Instead of cheering, there was a Head's sight when the study-door

sound of scampering feet! The army had fled, before the Head could glance out of his study.

"Silver, hold out your hand!"?

"Oh dear!"

Greatly dispirited, Jimmy Silver held out his hand. Swish, swish, swish!

The swishing of the Head's cane could be heard at the corner of the ing the affair of Mornington with Mr. | passage, where a few of the bolder Bootles. Morny having been-dis- spirits had lingered. Jimmy Silver's



"I horder you out of my shop!" roared Mr. Bandy. "Order away!" replied Mornington coolly. Mr. Bandy brandished a fat and impotent fist. "I'll learn yer!" he spluttered. "I'm going for a perliceman now. I'll learn yer!" He backed out of the doorway, and as he went a couple of eggs whizzed across the shop. Smash! splash! One of the missiles caught the grocer on the nose, another on the ear, as he bolted into the street.

said Tubby Muffin. "And you've I left out the 'z' in 'concerned.' " "You silly ass!" said Lovell.

'Sign your name, and dry up." "Shall I alter the spelling first, Jimmy?"

"No!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Sign your silly name, and buzz!" scorn, and signed his name. He

deficiencies of the spelling. There was a procession past that the school, and all that." valuable document for some time, each fellow stopping to sign his Howard of the Shell.

name, and pass on. Whatever effect the petition had upon the Head, there was no doubt | the wink, and we'll all cheer in the that the Rookwood juniors regarded passage.' it as a very excellent idea.

Public opinion, as Arthur Edward Lovell sagely remarked, had to be fellow is expected to play up, regarded. Kings and emperors and prime ministers were kept in order by public opinion. And it was the same in a school, according to Lovell. And they were the public opinion of Rookwood - they all agreed on that. The opinion of practically the whole Lower School was bound to have some weight with the Head. Indeed, Lovell said he would disregard it at his peril.

The available space on the impot paper was soon filled with signatures, "Who's going to draw up the more or less legible. But there were plenty more to come, and the further "It's drawn up already; only wait- signatures were traced round the ing to be signed," said Jimmy Silver, margin. The margin was filled, and

"I'll take it on, if nobody else is | said Mr. Bootles, and he rustled keen on it," he said. Nobody else was keen on it; that

was quite clear. Jimmy picked up the document.

"We'll all come as far as the Head's study," said Lovell, courag-"We'll see you through, eously. Tubby Muffin gave a grunt of Jimmy. I daresay the Head will be glad to see this petition—it will get added a smudge and a couple of him out of an awkward position, you blots; perhaps to make up for the know. He can let Morny come back. as a concession to public opinion in

> "You're a silly ass, Howard! If the Head agrees, Jimmy, you tip us

"Good!"

Jimmy Silver marched off boldly, with the petition in his hand, and perhaps with some lurking mis- few of the weaker spirits sidled away givings in his breast. And the whole army of juniors marched after him -modestly resolved to remain outside the Head's study during the interview, but prepared to cheer no end if the result was favourable.

# The 5th Chapter. Not a Success!

Mr. Bootles was coming out of the Head's study as the army arrived. He glanced in astonishment at the

wide corridor from end to end. "Bless my soul!" ejaculated Mr.

"Hum!" said Raby. "Hem!" remarked Newcome. "I say, old Bootles don't seem to think there's much in it," observed Tubby Muffin, doubtfully.

"Well, Bootles is a bit of an ass," said Lovell. "Yes, that's so."

"We're going to try it on," said Jimmy Silver, determinedly. can't do any harm, if it doesn't do any good. The Head ought to know "I don't think!" murmured | what we think on the subject." "Yes, rather!"

Jimmy Silver stepped to Head's door, and tapped. There was a breathless hush in the crowded passage. "Come in!"

The Head's deep voice had a rather dismaying effect on the juniors. A along the corridor and disappeared. But most of them stood their ground, though they kept back out of the

was opened by Jimmy. Taking his courage in both hands, as it were, the captain of the Fourth stepped into the Head's study; feeling a great deal like the celebrated Daniel when he stepped into the lion's den.

Dr. Chisholm was seated at his desk, with a frowning face. A few numerous array that crowded the minutes before, he had been discussanguished ejaculations could be heard

"Now you may go!" rumbled the Head, pointing to the door with his cane. "I shall keep this document until all the boys whose names appear there have been punished. You may go."

Jimmy Silver went, almost limp

ing.

He came round the corner of the passage, with his hands tucked under his arms, and deep woe in his coun-

tenance.
"Five hundred lines each!" said

ovell.
"Ow!" said Jimmy.
"After all, it was a rather rotte"

"Arteridea—"
"Wow!"
"Had it bad?"
"Yow-ow-wow-wow!"
It was some time before Jimmy Silver's anguish subsided sufficiently for him to think of Mornington again. But his sympathy with the

expelled junior never took again the form of presenting a petition to the Head. Once was enough.

The 6th Chapter. Morny's Latest!

"What a horrid row!"

Arthur Edward Lovell made that remark the following day, after morning lessons. The chums of the Fourth were in the quad, when strange and weird sounds of music reached their ears from the direction of the gates.

reached their ears from the direction of the gates.

A hurdy-gurdy had stopped in the road, close to the gates of Rookwood, and the raucous sounds could be heard almost all over the school.

"Why the thump doesn't Mack send the merchant away!" growled Rahy.

Raby.

"He seems to be enjoying the music," grinned Jimmy Silver.

Old Mack, the porter, had come out of his lodge, with the intention of despatching the itinerant music

merchant. Instead of that, however, old Mack had stopped in the gateway, and was staring out into the road with his eyes almost bulging from his head.

"Something going on there," said Jimmy Silver curiously. "Let's go and look!"

The Bisting France.

and look!"

The Fistical Four sauntered down to the gates. Tubby Muffin was there, and he yelled to them as they came along.
"This way, you chaps! It's Morny!"

"This way, you chaps! Its Morny!"

"Morny!" howled Jimmy Silver.

"He, he, he! Yes, Morny!"

The Fistical Four broke into a run.

They came breathlessly up to the gates, and an astonishing sight met their eyes. A barrel-organ was in the road opposite the gateway, and the musician turning the handle was Valentine Mornington! He was grinding out a doleful tune, which bore some distant resemblance to "The Bogie Man." But the resemblance was very distant.

But that was not all. A large placard was fastened upon the organ, large enough to be read at a distance. It bore a striking and well-displayed inscription. Jimmy Silver gasped as he read it:

gasped as he read it:

NOTICE TO THE PUBLIC!

I AM A PUBLIC SCHOOL BOY
REDUCED TO THIS METHOD OF
EARNING AN HONEST LIVING!

MY NAME IS MORNINGTON.

I BELONG TO ROOKWOOD
SCHOOL!
SPARE A COPPER!!!

A frowsy old hat lay on the ground beside the organ, for the reception of coppers from a compassionate public. "My word!" breathed Lovell. "That—that—that's Morny's latest stunt!"

stunt!"
"Morny, you awful ass——"
Mornington ground on at the

organ.
"Look 'ere!" stuttered old Mack.
"This won't do! You move on, you

young raskil! You take that thing away from 'cre!"

Mornington looked at him.

"This is a public road," he said.
"I can grind my organ here if I like. I'm not on Rookwood ground."

"You clear orf!"

"Rats!"

Tubby Muffin had sped into the quad with the news, and it spread like wildfire over Rookwood.

Crowds of fellows came swarming down to the gates, to stare at the amateur organ-grinder, and howl with laughter.

Mornington ground on.

"By gad!" said Townsend of the Fourth. "Spare a copper for an old Rookwooder! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell.

"What will the Head say?"

Coppers showered into the hat, and sixpences and shillings, too. The Rookwooders felt that the entertainment was worth it, especially when (Continued on page 512.)

# BEET & DIE If you are in need of any advice concerning health and general fitness write to "The Health Editor, The Boys' Friend, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4." All queries will be personally answered by Mr. Longhurst. Seize this opportunity of securing first-rate information and advice FREE!

#### (A Splendid Series of Articles on the All-Important Subject of Muscular Development.) By PERCY LONGHURST.

Forms of the "Struggle."

There are several varieties of the "struggle" other than that described last week, but the principle of all remains the same. Whichever form is used, be careful that you don't make the mistake of getting the feet very close together, or allowing the opposing bodies to touch anywhere except at the chest. One variety is carried out thus:

The parties stand facing each other;

close together, or allowing the opposing bodies to touch anywhere except at the chest. One variety is carried out thus:

The parties stand facing each other; the arms are extended forward, slightly bent at the elbows, and the opposing hands locked by interlacing the fingers. Then the pushing and resisting commences. Other forms are with only one hand used—that is, fingers of right hand interlaced with those of the other fellow's left hand. And then your left against his right. Still another way is to have the hands lifted to full arm stretch above the head. This requires the bodies to be slanted well forward, and the feet really wide apart.

There is still another, but it is somewhat more difficult, and the contest should not be kept up very long. Attacker and defender stand back to back so that just the shoulder-blades are touching. The arms are extended sideways and at about the level of the shoulders; then opposite hands are locked as before, and the defender resists the attacker's attempt to drag or shove him across the floor.

Don't forget the deep breathing after each exercise.

A lot of hard muscular work and a good deal of fun can be got out of the following. The two chaps stand side by side, but facing in opposite directions. The attacker then presses his left shoulder against the defender's left, and, without breaking the contact, tries to shove him across the room, the defender, of course, resisting. Recollect that the shove must be continuous and steady; it is not a football charge. This done, change places and sides, the attacker becoming defender, and right shoulder shoving against right shoulder.

After this, let the attacker go behind the defender—who should lean forward—and clasp him about the body, just below the waist. Then he proceeds to lug him backwards, but by a steady pull, not a series of vigorous jerks.

The following is a good leg exercise. Let one sit on the floor, palms of the

by a steady pull, not a series of vigorous jerks.

The following is a good leg exercise. Let one sit on the floor, palms of the hands on the floor at sides to preserve balance. The other takes hold of the left ankle with both hands, lifts the foot from the floor, and carries it away to the left, the owner resisting. Then similarly with the right foot.

#### Your Favourite Game ?

I was having a talk a while ago with a well-known medical man who has been making a very thorough inquiry into the relationship between games and physical efficiency—which, of course, includes health. Some of the conclusions at which he has arrived are very interesting; not only that, but they are of very great value. His position as the medical chief of an important branch of our Army gave him plenty of opportunities of

carrying out examinations and making exhaustive tests. What he had to say, therefore, is to be accepted without hesitation.

The best men from the military point of view, he declared, were found amongst those who were enthusiastic players of all athletic games. They had greater physical endurance, could be better depended upon "to stick it out," and had—to use a term which will be thoroughly well understood by everyone with experience of sport—"more guts" than those who did not spend part of their leisure in enjoying the playing of games.

"Lat fellows do their special exercises if they like," he said. "If they're not carried to excess, they won't do any harm, and they will do some good. But, for goodness' sake, don't let them give up all their time to the going through of muscular movements, to the following of some physical culture system. Let them spend—and particularly does this apply to the vounger ones—the great bulk of the time they have at their disposal for recreation in such games as Rugby football—the finest physical ("game' there is—such athletic sports as boxing and wrestling, swimming, and cross-country or road-running. These are the exercises that are going to give them health and strength, fitness and endurance. For a chap to shut himself up in a room and go through twenty movements of this exercise with dumbbells, or forty movements of that kind with an exerciser, is a waste of time if he's able to spend it in getting out of doors or in the water. And don't let him forget the importance of breathing properly. So far as I can tell, there's go not one in a million even amongst athletes who do breathe properly. Nearly all teaching of breathing has been upon entirely wrong lines up to the present."

Well, that's something with which I entirely agree. Do away with athletic games, and vou do away with

Nearly all teaching or breating has been upon entirely wrong lines up to the present."

Well, that's something with which I entirely agree. Do away with athletic games, and you do away with one of the most valuable forms of health and strength giving exercise. Games bring enjoyment as well as exercise, and there's a big advantage in getting that enjoyment. There can't be any real pleasure, for instance, in spending a couple of hours in the lifting of heavy weights—nothing like as much as will be derived from getting outdoors and taking part in a jolly, hard-working game which exercises lungs and heart and muscles, which leaves one pleasantly tired, and generally makes one feel one has had a jolly good time.

Never neglect games.

Cross-Country Running.

#### Cross-Country Running.

Cross-Country Running.

There is one objection to this most excellent form of exercise—those who live in towns can't get much opportunity of indulging in it. It's the only objection there is. Road-running is a substitute, if not a very good one. But where large open spaces or commons do exist in the locality in which a chap happens to live there is no reason why he should not try to obtain permission from the authorities—I dare say it will be re-

quired, and, anyway, it is better to avoid trouble by getting the permission—to indulge in a two or three mile trot over the grass. This is better than road-running, for the air above these open spaces is more pure than in the streets of a town, and, in addition, there is no danger from passing traffic to worry about. The permission obtained, the next thing is to hunt up half a dozen chums and get them to join in.

make a real race for the finish take care that the distance sprinted doesn't make more than a hundred yards or so.

Try to breathe as much as possible through the nose, and do not get into the habit of breathing snatchily. Do your best to empty the lungs of the used-up air. It is that which makes you feel bad.

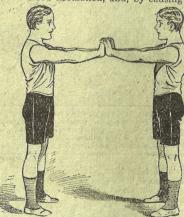
The Swimming-bath.

join in.

Such running is very different from track-running. The muscles are held much less stiffly, the running is more easy and natural. You don't want to make it region.

make it racing.

This is the kind of running which gives a fellow endurance. It develops his lungs and strengthens his heart without any fear of producing strains. It makes him tough and wiry. It does an enormous amount of good to the blood circulation, and, by causing



A form of the Struggle

gentle perspiration, helps to get rid of a deal of waste matter which will persist in accumulation in the body, no matter how good his health is.

Don't let the runs be too long. Go over the ground first and shape out a rough two miles course. This may be increased to three miles when the runners have brought themselves into decent condition. But four miles ought to be the absolute limit.

Don't let the pace be great—certainly not the best pace of the fastest runner of the bunch. If he is allowed to set the pace the slow runner will get discouraged and drop out, perhaps to abandon the game altogether. Or else he'll make a violent effort to keep up with the leader, with the result that he may do himself some serious injury. Anyway, he'll get no pleasure out of the game. And to extract pleasure from your athletic recreation should be the chief object. Exercise without enjoyment of it is nothing but disagreeably hard work which brings little benefit.

Start slow, so as to get the muscles warmed up and that the lungs may get accustomed to the demand made upon them. Later the pace may be increased for a brief spell, with a return to the slow jog-trot. If you

#### The Swimming-bath.

If you have—as you ought—a swimming-bath not far away from where you live, make the best use of it. There you will not only be improving on nonline, knowledge of what is or acquiring knowledge of what is

There you will not only be improving or acquiring knowledge of what is perhaps the most valuable physical accomplishment it is possible to possess; but, at the same time, you will be having a most enjoyable time, improving to an enormous extent your bodily strength and vital health, and gaining for yourself a resisting power against colds and coughs and other far more serious diseases, such as may be acquired in hardly any other manner.

One of these days there'll be provided a sufficient number of swimming-baths to serve the needs of all as frequently as required. Don't wait until then; get as much swimming as you can now. It is far easier to learn to swim when young than when thirty years have been reached; and if you are a regular swimmer, long before you are thirty years of age you'll have built up a physical system strong and efficient enough to guarantee a continuance of good health throughout a long life.

Amongst the natives of the South Pacific Islands it is the usual thing to

tinuance of good health throughout a long life.

Amongst the natives of the South Pacific Islands it is the usual thing to see youngsters only just big enough and strong enough to walk able to swim most efficiently. Of course, they have the sea at their front door, so to speak; they go into it when they're babies, and they pass a large part of the day in the water. Of course, we at home can't do this, but it is possible for every follow to make more use of the local swimming-bath than he usually does. I know there are hundreds who go in practically every day when they can; but there ought not to be mere hundreds, there ought to be thousands—tens of thousands.

Take a dozen average boys and ask how many are able to swim. You'll be lucky if you find half who can do so. They don't realise what they are missing. Learning isn't difficult, and a small ability in swimming will give more enjoyment and real physical benefit than a corresponding degree of knowledge and ability in any other sport.

I don't say anything about racing.

knowledge and ability in any other sport.

I don't say anything about racing. That's quite a minor consideration. A lad who can swim well enough to keep himself afloat is a better one than he who can't, even if the latter weigh a stone heavier and measures two inches more around the biceps and can do fancy tricks on the horizontal bar. The one who can, not only swim himself, but is able to take on the job of saving the life of a drowning person, is worth two non-swimmers.

If you're a non-swimmer, make up your mind to it that this summer you

really will learn. Stick at it until you do learn. Improve yourself all you can. Go into the bath as often as you can. It costs money? Sure, it does; but it is money well spent. Better spend your money in a swimming-bath than at a picture-palace.

#### Trick Feats of Strength.

Those who had "inside" knowledge were aware that a goodly number of the wonderful feats of strength which were seen performed by professional strong men on the music-hall stage were tricks. Some were actually illigitimate—not at all what they were represented to be—while others were what may be called "trick" feats. The breaking of a massive iron chain by the contraction of the biceps muscle, and the snapping of solid coins between fingers and thumbs, were examples of the former kind. In some way or other, by the use of acids or by filing not easily to be detected, the chains that were actually broken had been "doctored." Sometimes the strong man would put on a pair of gloves when breaking a coin—just to save his skin from being cut. Yes; but those gloves would be provided with metal plates having a couple of projecting clips into which the coin to be broken would slip. A sharp wrench—I am not going to say that a good deal of real strength was not required for this—and the coin would be broken in halves.

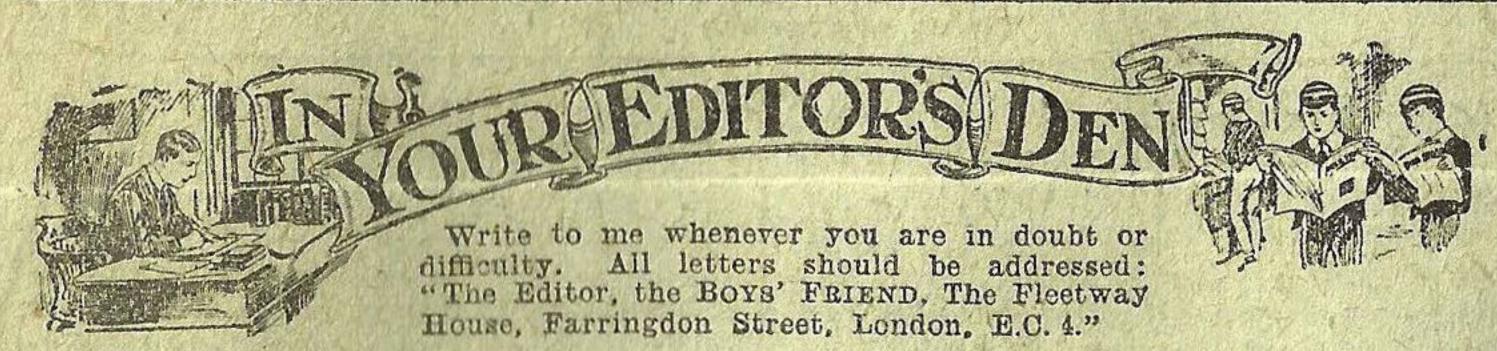
Some of the feats, however—such as those that were performed by Vansittart, the "Man with the Iron Grip," who used to break an ordinary tennis-ball in halves with his fingers, and break horseshoes assunder were genuine. The best feat I eyer saw him perform—in a club dressing-room—was to take an empty quart champagne-bottle between fingers and thumb, holding it by the neck, and then, simply by working his fingers, without assistance from the other hand, slide his grip gradually down the bottle, over the shoulders, and lower, until he had the bottle standing on the palm of his hand.

A good example of the "trick" feats I have referred to is the bar-bell one notable strong man owned, which was heavier at one end than the other. By constant practice he had learned exactly where to grip the wars as to divide the weight equally. Others who tried, not knowing the trick, in-variably failed to lift the weight above the head, which the strong man did with ease. Still another trick was to have a shaft to the bar-bell so

a firm grip of it.

Here is a trick you can try for yourself. Stand upright, feet together, and place the finger-tips of one hand on the top of the head, elbow out sideways. You can now safely challenge any friend to lift your hand from your head with one hand, that hand taking an over grip. It seems simple enough, but it can't be done.

(Another splendid article next Monday.



Our next week's issue will be the 1,000th number (new series) of the Boys' Friend, and in honour of the occasion I have prepared a really tiptop bumper number. To commence with there will be the opening chapters of a magnificent new serial of the Wild West, written by one of your favourite authors, Mr. Gordon Wallace, who achieved such popularity with "The Double-Horseshoe Ranch." This new story of the West is, in my opinion, even better than anything this popular author has ever written, before, and I want you to accord it a real hearty welcome to our pages. Tell all your friends about this new attraction and persuade them to start with the first instalment of

### "REDSKINS AND RUSTLERS!" By Gordon Wallace,

The next long complete story of the chums of Rookwood will be a scout story, in which the juniors pay a visit to the great scout festival at Olympia. The title is:

"JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT THE JAMBOREE!" By Owen Conquest.

And another splendid instalment of our grand new adventure serial is full of exciting interest from first to last. I have already received scores of letters in praise of this new serial by ; youthful heroes intervene. I advise ] Mr. Sidney Drew, and you can take it from me that this story becomes more interesting from week to week as the author cleverly unwinds his plot. Be sure and read

#### "THE GOLDEN TRAIL!" By Sidney Drew.

Also a long, complete story of Frank Richards & Co. is included on the programme. Harold Hopkins, the Cockney schoolboy, is in trouble, and Frank Richards and his chums endeavour to assist him. What the trouble is, and what part the Cedar Creek fellows play in this splendid story, you will learn from

#### "DOWN ON HIS LUCK!" By Martin Clifford.

And another instalment of our cinema serial, with Phil Fernie well to the fore, will satisfy all my readers who have been following the exploits of Joe Fosdyke's Film Company. You must not miss

### "THE STAR OF THE FILMS!" By Tom Bridges.

Next on the programme is a specially-written article by a Scoutmaster of the 3rd Hampton Troop of Boy Scouts, relating in glowing I style the events of the Boy Scouts' I

Jamboree at Olympia. I want all my chums to make a point of reading this fine article, which is entitled

#### "THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL JAMBOREE."

By Scoutmaster, 3rd Hampton Troop. And another thrilling instalment of our schoolship serial, with Dick Dorrington & Co. in the limelight, so to speak. Dr. Crabhunter is chased by a herd of bank-oxen, and things are looking very black for him when our

#### all my chums to read "THE SCHOOLBOY ADVEN-TURERS!" By Duncan Storm.

Last, but by no means least, there Editor, which will be of special interest to Boy Scouts. Do not miss

#### "HEALTH AND EXERCISE." Conducted by Percy Longhurst.

I feel sure my chums will appreciate this full programme, and will agree with me when I say that no other paper on the market offers such a bumper three-ha'pennyworth. I can almost hear you saying "Hear, hear! Long live the 'Green 'Un'!".

# OUR VILLAGE.

A correspondent tells me that he went to spend a few weeks in a pleasant village. He was a lucky sort of bargee to have the chance, since after London Town a quiet village at this time of year is bad to beat. I often think I should like a month sitting on a gate looking at what is going

and sheep, and, perhaps, trying after | the last kind best. You see it is this the carp in the deep pond under the willows. A visit to a farm has its interest. You may be a bit clumsy with a pitchfork, but there is generally something an outsider can

## A SUMMER HOLIDAY.

Did you ever stop at a farm in the South at hopping time? If you did you will know what I mean. There is something pretty wonderful about life in a valley in Sussex. The hops are not ready yet, but they scent the countrysides pleasantly even now. coming along and enjoying his pleasant time? I let it go at that.

# THE BEST FRIEND.

Now, is he the chap who agrees with you always—who, in short, is just an echo of yourself-or will the true friend prove himself a veritable on, and having a chat with the cows | stinging-nettle at times? I shall give

way. The fellow who is simply a mush of concession shows weakness. Friendship is not a question of saying the placid, soft thing, but of standing out for what is right. There is too much chop logic and talk in most so-called friendships. Friendship is a largely silent business. Two chaps feel at one in many things. They do not want to talk about them.

## A COMFORTING THEORY.

If you take the trouble to look into You can pick as many hops as you | what was happening in back ages you is a splendid article by our Health just think you will, or you can roam are simply bound to be struck by the round the farm buildings. There is fact that things that happen now are a rare lot to see about a farm. Where precisely similar to things which octhe folks get the old furniture and curred in the old days. The reason whatnots from beats the band. You is easy to guess. It has been human cannot help but appreciate the life. nature all the way. You find the London might be a hundred miles same misunderstandings, the same away. You can walk for miles with growls, the same way of taking out seeing as much as a red-roofed things. There are numerous folks cottage or a house of any sort. It is | who regard this age of ours as mighty at times such as these that you feel special and distinctive, but it really sure the farmer has the best of it. | isn't anything of the kind. It is just He growls. He would not be a a genial carrying on of other ages. farmer if he did not. But may it not | We have the same experiences and be that he wants to put others off dilemmas. Civilisation picks up a lot of quaint extras, but it does not clear away the obstacles which humanity always found confronting it on the

# HARD TIMES!

(Continued from page 304.)

they considered what the Head would

There was a rustle and an exclamation, and Mr. Bootles came pushing through the crowd at the gates, looking very agitated.

"Mornington!" he gasped. "Cease! this at once! These—these disgrace-

ful proceedings-" "Nothing disgraceful that I know of, sir, in turning an organ for a living," answered Mornington.

"Go away at once!" said Mr. Bootles faintly. "The-the Head is coming!"

"Let him come, if he cares for music!" said Mornington. "I'm sure I'm honoured by such a distinguished audience. Hallo! Good-mornin', sir! Any special tune you'd like?"

crowd, his eyes fixed on Mornington | back to the School House. There was and on his placard, with a terrific expression.

gasped, at last. "Wretched boy, have you no sense of shame -- "

"What's wrong?" asked Mornington, in surprise. "I've taken this up as a profession, sir, quite an honourable profession. Would you care to make a contribution to the hat, sir?"

"Boy, you—you— Stop it at once! Stop, I tell you! Mack, turn that young rascal away at once!" [ (Another grand story of the Chums of thundered the Head.

"Oh, lor'!" murmured old Mack.

"You don't care for music, sir?" asked Mornington affably. "You wouldn't care for me to come along to-morrow, sir, and play in the

"Ha, ha, ha!" Mornington picked up the wellfilled hat.

"I'm going, sir," he said. "Any fellow who cares for music-this kind of music-can hear me grinding outside the Peal of Bells this afternoon. I'll pay your school another visit tomorrow, sir."

"If—if you dare—" "Good-afternoon, sir! Keep your

wool on!" And, with that parting salute, Valentine Mornington picked up the handles of his barrel-organ, and trundled the instrument away down

the road towards the village. The Head stood gazing after him, as if transfixed.

His expression was extraordinary Dr. Chisholm stepped through the I as he turned away at last, and hurried a roar of laughter the moment the Head was gone. Morny's latest stunt "How-how-how dare you!" he had taken Rookwood by storm, and the juniors yelled over it. But the hapless Head was not inclined to join in the general merriment. He paced his study with contracted brows, wondering what was to be done with Mornington, without finding an answer to the question.

THE END.

Rookwood School next Monday.)

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and Twenty Consolation Prizes of Splendid Pocket-Knives.

THE FOURTH SET OF

PICTURES DE

All the BOYS' FRIEND readers, I feel sure, visit the local Cinema at least once a week, and, having taken that for granted, I have designed this simple competition with a view to its being popular with all my chums.

In the adjoining columns you will see the fourth set of six pictures which, on careful study, will reveal the titles of popular Cinema Pictures.

All you have to do is to write underneath each picture the title of the film you think it suggests. Below you will find an example picture, which represents the film entitled, "Daddy Long-Legs." and the remaining pictures are just as easy.

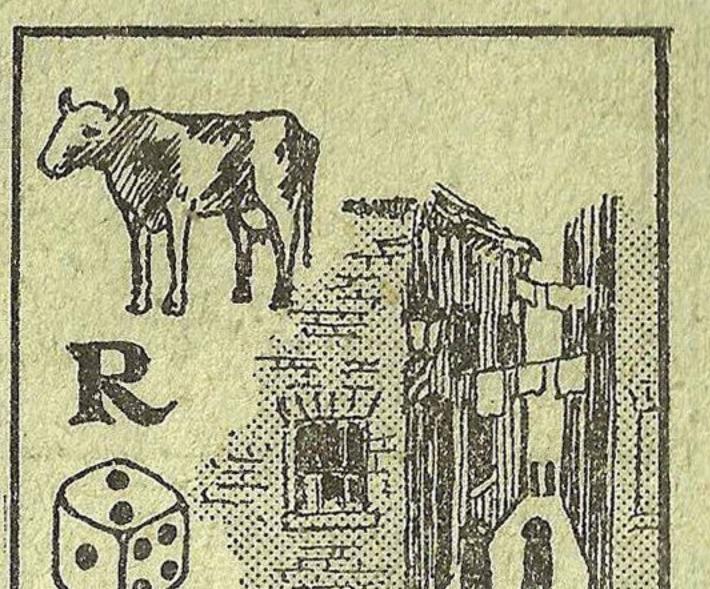
There will be four more sets of pictures, and when the last set appears I will announce in this column when your solutions are to be sent in to me.

Readers can send in as many sets as they like, but in each case the solutions must be written underneath each picture appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND.

To the readers whose efforts correspond most correctly with the list of titles I have locked in my safe, 1 will award the above prizes in order of merit.

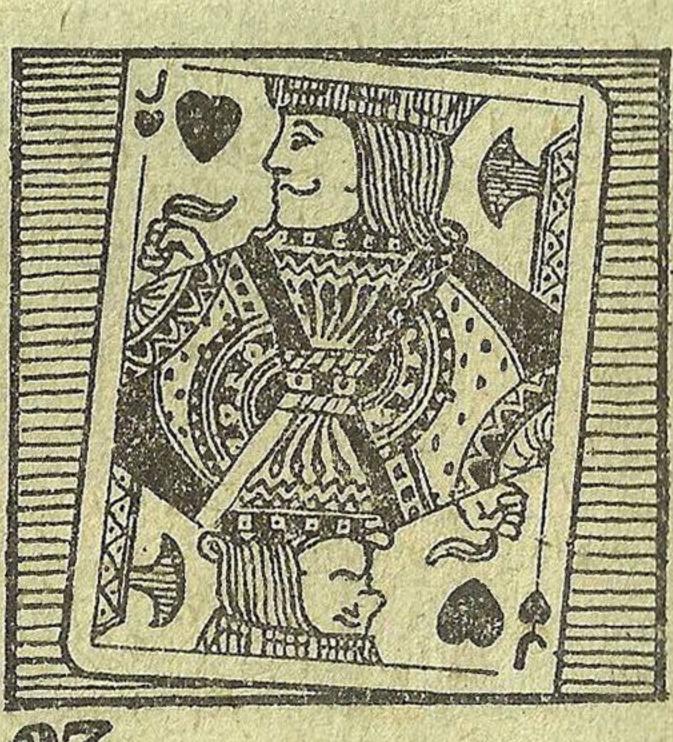
Remember that Your Editor's decision must be accepted as absolutely final in this competition.

EXAMPLE:



The

The End.







PRICE

Heep your completed efforts by you. Do not send in any sets of pictures until the closing date of the competition is announced.

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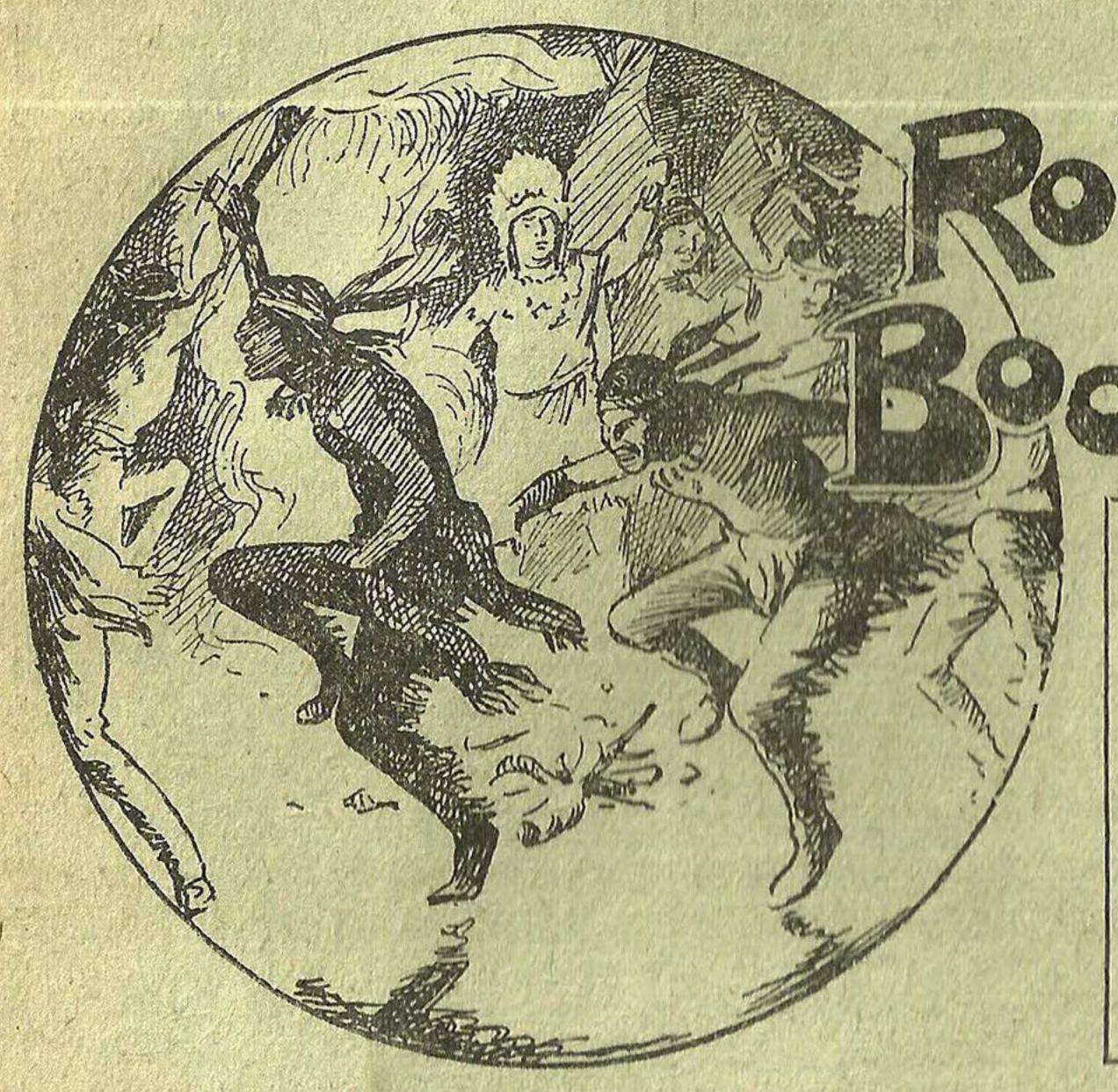
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Published

Every Monday

OUNDING UP ILLECCES

Splendid, Long, Complete . Story of . FRANK RICHARDS & Co.,

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

### The 1st Chapter. The Troopers on the Trail.

"I guess that's the show!" Sergeant Lasalle raised his ridingwhip, and pointed, as he spoke.

Against the sky of black velvet, in the distance a red glow danced and wavered and vanished and appeared again.

Vere Beauclero watched it eagerly. It was the reflection of a fire in the distance—evidently a huge bonfire to cast so wide a reflection.

Beauclerc and the sergeant were following a wild track in the hills, leading their horses, the footing being too uncertain for riding in the darkness of the night. Behind them came the five Canadian Mounted Police troopers, leading their steeds in single

Since leaving the camp of the liquor smugglers, the sergeant had lost the trail in the darkness, the traces left in the rocky soil being few and faint. He was seeking the Indian village, for which he was assured that the smugglers had headed. Beauclerc knew the direction in which it lay, but not its exact whereabouts; but the glow that suddenly danced in the sky was a sure guide.

"I guess they've got a big fire going," the sergeant remarked. "It's a jamboree, I reckon; and that shows pretty plainly that the firewater has arrived. That's the Kootenay village yonder, my boy, and I guess the boot-leggers are already there."

"It looks like it," said Beauclerc. "That's too big for a trapper's campfire. If the boot-leggers are there, Bob Lawless and Frank Richards are there, too!"

"I guess so. Don't you worry, sonny," said the sergeant, kindly. "I guess we shall find them all right. They're prisoners, that's sure; but I reckon we'll get there in time

He paused.

The red glow in the sky was wider and more constant. Evidently the great fire in the Indian village was burning high. The jamboree was probably already in progress, and if the fire-water was flowing, there was terrible danger for the white prisoners, though the Indians, when sober, would not have been likely to harm them. Under the influence of fire-water there was likely to be bloodshed among the Redskins themselves, and at such a time, white prisoners would scarcely escape unhurt.

Vere Beauclerc realised that clearly, as well as the sergeant, and his anxiety for his chums deepened.

Sergeant Lasalle turned to his men and rapped out a brief word of command, and the troopers looked to their carbines.

It was very probable that the weapons would be needed, if they arrived when the Redskins were in a state of intoxicated madness. The little party pushed on.

They were threading their way over a rocky and precipitous hillside, descending into a valley where the Indian village lay.

In spite of their haste to get to the Kootenay village, it was impossible to proceed at more than a walk. But from the trackless rocks, they came out at last into a beaten trail which ran almost directly towards the glow in the distance.

"Mount!" said the sergeant. It was possible to ride now; this track was evidently the Indians' accustomed path to the village.

The party pushed on at a trot. Redder and brighter grew the glow in the sky and the sergeant's quick

tant yelling. It was plain that the a limb. Their captors were taking no Indian jamboree was in progress. "Halt!" said Sergeant Lasalle,

suddenly.

The troopers stopped. "I guess there's horsemen ahead of

us on this trail." said the sergeant. "Quiet! Dismount, and take cover." Vere Beauclero's heart throbbed with impatience.

He was thinking of his two chums, prisoners in the lodges of the Redskins, at the mercy of the maddened savages.

"Sergeant Lasalle-"" he muttered. "Silence!"

Beauclerc was silent. He could hear no sound on the trail ahead, but it was evident that the quicker ears of the sergeant had warned him.

further risks with them.

Outside, the big fire was blazing, and the squaws were busy cooking buffalo-meat and other meats in preparation for the feast.

The cargo of fire-water, brought to the village by Hiram Hook and his gang, had been transferred to the lodge of the chief, Thunder Cloud.

Half-a-dozen armed braves stood guard over that lodge to keep the fire-water from pilfering hands.

Frank Richards could see the scene from where he lay in the lodge. He was no longer thinking of escape. The raw hide thongs that cut cruelly into his flesh made that impossible. The chums of Cedar Creek could

but await their fate, whatever it was; and they feared the worst.

"That villain, Hook, will set the Redskins on us, if he can," said Frank. "We hurt him in trying to get away—" "The pesky rascal!" said Bob,

bitterly. "I guess I almost wish I had finished him."

"Here he comes."

The buffalo-robe at the opening of the lodge was dragged aside, and the leader of the boot-leggers looked in.

Hiram Hook's bearded face was pallid, and he stood a little unsteadily.

In the struggle, before the chums of Cedar Creek had made their attempt at escape, the ruffian had been struck down, and although his wound was not very serious, it was painful. His shoulder was thickly bandaged under his coat.

His eyes glittered down at the bound schoolboys, under his thick, beetling brows.

"I guess you won't get loose agin," he said. "I guess you'll be sorry you tried to stick me, young Lawless."

"I'm sorry it's turned out no worse," answered Bob Lawless. "But you'll get hanged some day, that's one comfort."

Hiram Hook scowled and strode into the lodge and dealt the rancher's son a heavy kick.

"I guess that will stop your tongue," he remarked.

Bob's eyes gleamed at him, but

he made no answer. Hook waved his hand towards the

blazing fire and the throng of Redskins gathered round it. "They're beginning," he said. "I

reckon they'll soon be through the feast, and then the whisky will begin to flow. Do you know what's going to happen then?" No answer.

"I was goin' to leave you hyer to take your chance," continued the boot-legger. "I guess it would have been a mighty poor chance when the Reds got mad. But I've fixed it

"By gum!" he muttered. "I guess I'd have liked to get my hands on that scallywag, Frank!"

"I suppose he means what he says, Bob," said Frank Richards. "He's brute enough for anything. But, anyhow, the Indians wouldn't have let us alone when they were drunk."

"I guess not." The chums of Cedar Creek continued to watch the scene without, through the opening of the lodge.

The Redskins were gathered about the great fire, and the feast was

already going on. Hiram Hook and his followers, the three half-breeds, were making their

preparations for departure. But for the wound Hiram Hook had received in his struggle with the

schoolboys, the boot-leggers would have been gone already. Now they were in a hurry to get

Hiram Hook and Black Henri examined the packs on the mules, and then mounted their horses. The other two half-breeds had joined the Indian feast, but Hook called them away, with oaths and threats; and the four rascals mounted at last and started.

The Indians scarcely heeded their departure.

Thunder Cloud, with stately hospitality, had invited the boot-leggers to join in the feast, an invitation Hiram Hook was far too cautious to think of accepting.

The boot-leggers rode away into the night, and vanished from the sight of the prisoners in the lodge. "They're gone!" muttered Bob Lawless. "It's rotten to think of those rascals getting clear, Frank, after the harm they've done."

The chums continued to watch. They observed that some of the squaws had collected up all the weapons of the braves and taken them away, a proceeding that rather puzzled Frank Richards at first.

But Bob Lawless, who knew more of the customs of the Redskins. explained it.

"That's always a preliminary to a

fire-water jamboree," said Bob. "As soon as they're full, they'll begin to quarrel and fight, and if they had knives and tomahawks at hand, half the village would be wiped out before the morning. They know what's coming, you see, and they always have the weapons put in a safe place before they start drinking. As it is, I guess two or three will get killed by midnight."

Frank shuddered.

"And that villain brings that stuff to them for a rotten profit, knowing the harm it does!" he muttered. "It's as bad as murder!"

"I guess it's quite as bad. Hallo, there they come with the fire-water."

The weapons having been taken away, and doubtless concealed in a safe place out of reach of the braves, some of the squaws were bearing the whisky jars from the chief's lodge to the feasters.

The jars were set down, and then the squaws turned from the scene -probably to seek safety for themselves, in the wild scene that was to follow.

The jars passed among the Indians. in solemn silence at first, but as the fiery liquid was poured down thirsty throats, the silence and gravity of the Redskins speedily disappeared.

A babel of voices arose, guttural shouting and singing soon mingled with threats and angry looks.

Some of the Redskins started a wild dance round the fire, several of them snatching flaming brands from the fire, which they waved in the air as they danced.

The jamboree was growing fast and furious now.

Frank Richards and his comrade watched, with throbbing hearts. At present they seemed to have been utterly forgotten, but at any minute, they knew, the Redskins might remember them. And then-

"Hallo, they're going it!" muttered Bob.

The first quarrel was in progress. Two braves, with flaming eyes, were gesticulating furiously at one another, with a torrent of words, taunts, and abuse, in the Kootenay dialect.

Some of the Redskins gathered round them, urging them on; others continued to drink or dance, without

regarding them. The two disputants soon proceeded

from words to blows.

They closed and struggled, and each groped at his belt for the knife that — fortunately — was no longer there. But for the general disarming of the Redskins, two dead men would have fallen in a minute more. As it was, they fought with hands l and feet and teeth, like a couple of



In the darkness beyond the radius of light cast by the fire, Frank Richards caught dim glimpses of rapidly-moving horsemen. The burning brand came closer to him; he was to be the first victim. Crack! The light had almost touched the pile of brushwood when a rifle shot rang out, and the Indian gave a fierce howl and toppled over. Help was at hand!

The troopers drew their horses aside from the trail, and tethered them in a clump of stunted pines.

Then, carbine in hand, they waited. By that time, Beauclerc and the rest could hear what the sergeant had heard—the sound of hoofs on the hard soil, and the jingling of stirrups and bridles.

In silence, finger on trigger, the | "I'm glad he went back and didn't Canadian troopers waited for the unseen horsemen to come up.

## The 2nd Chapter. The Indian Jamboree!

"Frank, old chap!"

Bob Lawless rolled over and wriggled into a sitting posture, with his back to the lodge-pole.

After their desperate attempt to escape, dragged back into the village by the Redskins, Frank Richards and Bob Lawless had been thrown into the lodge. They were bound hand and foot with rawhide thongs, so ears even detected the sound of dis- | securely, that they could hardly move

In any case, they would hardly have escaped with their lives, when the Redskins became intoxicated; and their attempt to escape had exasperated the savages.

"I guess it looks pretty bad for us, Frank," went on Bob Lawless. "I wonder where the Cherub is now." "Poor old Beauclere!" said Frank,

get landed with us, anyhow." "There's a chance yet," said Bob, hopefully. "I'm sure that the sheriff of Thompson will clip in, the minute Beauclerc tells him about the boot-leg

gang---"It's no good thinking of that, Bob," said Frank Richards, quietly. "He couldn't possibly get here before

to-morow, if at all." Bob was silent. Neither of the chums knew that Vere Beaucleic had fallen in with a party of Canadian Mounted Police.

in search of the boot-leggers, and had

up for you now; I've bargained with old Thunder Cloud to fix you when I'm gone. Understand that?" "I know you're brute enough for

anything," said Frank Richards. "I guess you're going to pay for

this," said Hiram Hook, touching his wounded shoulder. "You'll pay for it arter I'm gone; I'm having no hand in it. I'm getting out now. I'm finished my trade with the Injuns, and I guess this hyer village won't be healthy for white men when the Injuns get the pi'son aboard. I reckon they'd murder me as soon as you when they're drunk. I'm lighting out—and arter I'm gone you two aire going to have front place in the jamboree. The Injuns ain't mad enough to fetch you yet; but jest you wait till they're full of tanglefoot."

With that, the ruffian turned and strode out of the lodge.

Bob Lawless was tugging at his

raw-hide bonds, but he tugged in

not gone on to Thompson at all. Had they only known it, it would have cheered them and given them hope.

wild cats, rolling on the ground and yelling with fury.

The schoolboys watched the scene, spellbound.

One of the combatants tore himself loose, and snatched a half-burnt log from the fire. He dealt his adversary a stunning blow with that weapon, stretching him senseless on the ground.

whisky jar.

There was a sudden howl among the Redskins, and two or three of them left the rest, and started towards the prisoners' lodge. They had remembered the white prisoners!

Frank Richards' eyes met Bob's. "They're coming, old chap!" mut-

tered Bob huskily.

The howling Redskins burst into the lodge, and the next moment the two prisoners were seized and dragged

#### The 3rd Chapter. Roped In!

"Halt!"

Sergeant Lasalle rapped out the word.

Hiram Hook gave a violent start, and an oath left his lips.

The four boot-leggers, with the pack mules, had ridden down the track from the Indian village, intending to be a good many miles away in the mountains before morn-

Not for a moment had Hiram Hook suspected that there was danger for him. He did not even believe Bob Lawless' statement that his chum had gone to Thompson for the sheriff; but, even if that were true, Hook knew that help from Thompson could not possibly reach the Indian village before morning. He was utterly taken by surprise when a sharp voice ordered him to halt, and six sturdy figures in scarlet coats loomed up round the party in the dim starlight.

The carbines were levelled, and the boot-leggers were covered before they | does he come to have their horses knew that foes were at hand.

"Hands up!"

Promptly enough, up went the hands of Black Henri and the other two half-breeds.

Even in the gloom, they knew the scarlet coats of the Canadian North West Mounted Police, and they knew better than to offer resistance to those doughty paladins of the frontier. But Hiram Hook was made of sterner stuff.

Capture meant a long term of imprisonment; that was one of the risks | legger.

of his peculiar profession. After the first instant of surprise, the boot-legger drove his spurs into

his horse's flanks. To abandon his packs, which represented all the profits of his rascally expedition, was a heavy blow; but he was only thinking of his liberty,

which was more precious than even his profits.

He dashed on savagely, in the hope of bursting through the ambush and escaping into the darkness.

But it was not to be. Crack!

Hook's horse pitched forward on its knees and rolled over.

The boot-legger was thrown from the saddle, and sprawled, halfstunned, on the rocks.

Before he could collect his scattered senses, a trooper had him by the back of the neck, and a revolver was pressed to his temple.

"I guess this is where you pass, pardner," drawled the Canadian trooper.

Hiram Hook "guessed" so, too. "Let up!" he gasped.

"Hands-sharp!" said the trooper,

and, as Hook was slow to obey, he gave him a playful tap with the barrel of the revolver.

The boot-legger sullenly put his hands together, and the handcuffs closed on his wrists and clicked. He sat up dazedly, handcuffed and

helpless. Black Henri and the others had Hook.

dismounted obediently, and were handcuffed also. The capture was complete.

said Sergeant Lasalle. "Now we'll keep them secure while the troopers see who these beauties are, though pushed on. The horses were tethered reckon there isn't much doubt. Show a light on this rascal; he seems the only white man here."

A lantern gleamed on Hook's Indian village.

savage face.

The sergeant eved him keenly. "Look hyer, what does this hver mean?" demanded Hiram Hook. He through by bluster. "Who aire you, anyhow?"

"Don't you know our uniforms?" know the North West M.P.s when you see them."

"I guess so, now I look at you," said Hook. "You couldn't expect me to see in the dark, like a cat, sergeant. What have you stopped me for?"

"Boot-legging," answered the sergeant crisply.

about it, and I'll tell you this: I'll and the fact that he richly deserved let you hear of this again at Kam- it was no comfort to him. As the Then he turned to the nearest loops," said Hook blusteringly. "You Canadian troopers rode away the this hyer, sergeant, and shoot his the night. critter. Somebody's got to pay for that hoss."

"Why didn't you stop when called on, then?" demanded the sergeant.

"I guess I reckoned you was rustlers holding me up," answered Hiram Hook. "I can't see in the

"Your pards seem to know us pretty well," answered the sergeant

drily. "What's in those packs?" "Pelts, bought from the Injuns for ready money," answered Hiram ground, breathing stertorously. Hook. "I guess you won't find nothing else."

"Not bought for smuggled firewater?"

"Nope!"

"If you can prove that, all the better for you," said Sergeant Lasalle. "You're not the party that dropped a couple of whisky-jars on the prairie and left them behind at night?"

"I guess not." "We shall see. You haven't seen anything of two schoolboys in these hills to-day?"

Hiram Hook started.

"Schoolboys!" he repeated. guess I shouldn't be looking for schoolboys in this quarter, sergeant. You're dreaming, sure!"

"He's lying, sergeant!" exclaimed Vere Beauclerc. "Here are the

"What?"

"My friends' horses are here," said "I know them well Beauclerc. enough. This is Frank Richards' horse, and that's Bob Lawless'. How with him? Ask him that."

Beauclerc had looked at once at the two led horses, guessing to whom they belonged, and he had recognised Frank's and Bob's steeds immediately. The sergeant gave a grim laugh.

"You're sure of the horses, kid?" he asked.

"I know them as well as I know my own," answered Beauclerc.

"How did you come by those horses, my friend?" asked the sergeant, fixing his eyes on the boot-

"I guess we bought them off the Injuns, too. They had some hosses to sell; and if they're stolen hosses, I guess that ain't my funeral. I bought 'em fair and square."

"Well, you've only got to prove that, and you'll be all O.K.," said the sergeant sarcastically. "There's plenty of law in Canada—more than you'll want, I reckon. If you're not the party of boot-leggers I've been looking for for three or four days I'll eat my Stetson—and I reckon I sha'n't have to do that!"

"Where are my friends?" exclaimed A single shot rang out, and Hiram | Vere Beauclerc, coming to the handcuffed boot-legger. "What have you done with them?"

"I guess I ain't seed them," answered Hiram Hook stolidly.

"You are lying!" exclaimed Beauclerc fiercely. "Are they in the Indian village?"

"No good asking me; I ain't seed hide nor hair of them," said the bootlegger. "I bought them hosses fair and square, and that's all I know

about it. "Are they still living?" asked the sergeant sternly.

I keep on telling you I don't know nothing about them?"

"We'll get nothing out of him," said the sergeant. "Bind the lot of them to these trees, my lads, and we'll get on.

"I guess I'll have the law on you for this, sergeant!" blustered Hiram

You're welcome to!" answered the sergeant drily.

The four rascals were tied to the "I guess it's a clean round-up," | trees with their own trail-ropes, to close at hand.

> Then the troopers remounted their own steeds, and rode on towards the

> Hiram Hook gazed after them, with bitter rage in his heart.

He had a savage hope that the two the prisoners. prisoners in the kootenay village had had a faint hope yet of getting | already been placed beyond the power of telling the facts; though, even so, he had little chance of avoiding his just punishment. Fer, whether Frank stared in the direction of the soundsmiled the sergeant. "You ought to | Richards and Bob Lawless were found or not, there was plenty of evidence in the village that a cargo of contra-

band liquor had arrived there that night, and the proof against the bootleggers was clear enough.

In fact, Hiram Hook realised that his boot-legging career had come to a sudden and complete termination, and that the prospect before him was one "I guess I don't know anything of hard labour within stone walls; can't ambush a peaceful trader like | ruffian spat out impotent curses into

### The 4th Chapter. Saved from the Flames!

Frank Richards and his comrade gave themselves up for lost as the Redskins dragged them from the

The scene in the Indian village was almost indescribable now.

Some of the Redskins had drunk themselves senseless, and lay on the Others were staggering to and fro; others, again, still helping themselves from the whisky-jars. In two or three places infuriated braves were fighting with one another amid a hurricane of yells and shrieks.

A crowd of the liquor-maddened ruffians gathered round the two prisoners as they were dragged forth. In the midst of a howling mob, the chums of Cedar Creek were swept towards the fire.

Thunder Cloud, the chief, was sitting on a log, drinking from a horn goblet, with some of his stately dignity still in his manner. He lifted his head and looked at the prisoners as they were dragged past him. And Bob Lawless shouted to him.

"Chief! Stop them!" Thunder Cloud shook his head with

drunken gravity.

Sober, he would never have allowed the two schoolboys to be done to death in his village, having too wellfounded a respect for the white man's Government and the red-coated police of the North-West frontier. But he was not sober now. Thunder Cloud was as intoxicated as any of the howling savages round him. All fear of the possible consequences-indeed, all power of considering the consequences at all—had left him.

"Paleface dog!" he answered. "You shall die! Your scalps shall hang on the pole of my wigwam!"

He addressed the braves in their own tongue, evidently giving an

There was a howl of approval from the excited savages.

Some of the braves rushed away, and returned with two lodge-poles, which were jammed in the ground and set up near the fire.

Held by half a dozen of the Redskins, Bob and Frank watched the preparations, with sickness in their hearts.

All hope had left them now.

They knew what the lodge-poles were being set up for; they were to serve as torture-stakes, where the prisoners were to perish in the flames, according to the ancient custom of the "noble savage" before the white man came to the country.

As soon as the poles were set up the two schoolboys were bound to them in an upright position with raw-hide

They were only six feet apart; and the two chums looked at one another with white faces.

Brushwood and faggots were stacked round them, and an Indian caught a flaming branch from the fire to set light to the pyres.

"Good-bye, Frank, old man!" muttered Bob Lawless hoarsely.

Thunder Cloud stepped forward, "Ask me another, sergeant. Don't staggering a little, and waved back the Indian with the flaming brand. He put his hand to his belt for a

scalping-knife, but there was no knife there. In his drunken stupidity, the chief did not seem to remember the disarmament that had taken place, though it was the invariable Indian custom. He groped and groped for a knife, blinking round owlishly for it in a way that would have been comic under less fearful circumstances.

The old ruffian evidently intended to "raise the hair" of the prisoners before they were sacrificed, and add the ghastly trophies to those already adorning his lodge-pole.

In the pause in the proceedings a sound came from the silence of the night surrounding the Indian village a sound that struck upon the hearts of

It was the staccato beat of hoofs upon a hard soil. Gallop, gallop, gallop!

the sound of galloping horses. Was it possible— Was it, perhaps, the boot-leggers

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless

returning, or a new party of Redskins arriving for the feast, or-the wild hope thrilled in their hearts-was it help that was coming?

The Redskins did not seem to observe, or, at least, to heed, the sound in their savage excitement.

All eyes in the ferocious throng were fastened upon the prisoners bound to the stakes, and on the savage old ruffian groping for the knife that he could not find.

Thunder Cloud's dizzy brain seemed to grasp the fact, at last, that he had no knife, and he stepped back and signed to the man with the brand to set fire to the piles.

The Indian came forward, having re-lighted the branch in the fire.

Gallop! Gallop!

The horsemen were nearer now. In the darkness beyond the radius of light cast by the fire, Frank Richards caught dim glimpses of rapidly-moving forms, though they were too far off for recognition.

The burning brand came closer to Frank Richards: he was to be the first victim.

Crack!

The light had almost touched the pile of brushwood, when a rifle-shot rang out, and the Indian gave a fierce howl and toppled over.

The brand dropped on the ground, a foot or less from the pile to which it had been about to be set.

It flamed and smoked there, while the man who had dropped it rolled and howled, helplessly, his leg broken by the bullet that had struck him.

The shot and the sudden fall of the Indian, had a startling effect on the Redskins. They spun round and stared in the direction whence the shot had come, blankly, evidently utterly astounded.

Gallop! gallop! The horses hoofs were thundering now, and the riders were clear in the light from the great fire; six scarletcoated horsemen, and a schoolboy, riding at frantic speed. Sergeant Lasalle was ahead, with a smoking carbine in his hand. It was evidently the sergeant who had fired the timely shot that saved Frank Richards.

Vere Beauclero caught sight of the two figures bound to the stakes, and waved his hand, and urged on his black horse to frantic speed. He passed the sergeant, and dashed on into the midst of the Indians, with utter recklessness.

There were yells and howls as the black horse dashed the Redskins aside. knocking down four or five of them, and dashing across them, ere the startled crowd cleared back out of the way of the rush.

Right up to the fire Beauclero dashed, and he sprang from his horse before it had stopped.

In a second he was springing to-

wards his chums, knife in hand. He hardly seemed to note the presence of the Redskins at all but it was fortunate for him that the six

mounted police were there. A howl of rage and defiance rose from some of the Redskins, and had they been armed, it is probable that a desperate affray would have taken place. Fortunately for them, as well as for the troopers, they were without weapons.

Some of the bolder braves sprang at the horsemen as they dashed up, and were knocked away with the butts of carbines, and stretched on the ground. But the greater part of the Redskins scattered before the charge of the troopers, fleeing among the lodges to escape the horses' hoofs. Sergeant Lasalle had warned his men not to fire unless it was strictly necessary, and it was not needed.

While the troopers were scattering the crowd of Indians, Vere Beauclere dragged away the brushwood piles. and slashed through the raw hide that bound his chums.

One Redskin made a spring at him, with clutching hands and Sergeant Lasalle dealt the wretch a blow on the jaw, that sent him spinning, and laid him on his back.

In a few minutes Frank Richards and Bob Lawless were free. The Redskins, with loud howls, were scattering on all sides, driven headlong by the riding-whips of the troopers.

"It's the Cherub!" gasped Bob Lawless, hardly realising whether he was awake or dreaming. "Beauclerc, leggers. old chap-" "Beau, old man!" panted Frank

Richards. He grasped one of Beauclerc's hands and Bob the other.'

"Thank heaven we arrived in time!" breathed Beauclerc. "Oh! When-when I saw you-and that villain going to set fire to the wood-" He broke off, panting, almost overcome by his emotion.

Sergeant Lasalle came towards the two rescued schoolboys, and shook hands with them.

"Safe and sound, eh?" he asked,

genially. "We didn't get here any too soon, I guess."

"Just in time to save our lives, sergeant," answered Bob Lawless. "I guess I've never been so glad to see

a red coat before." "Same here," said Frank Richards. "But how the thump did you get the Mounted Police here, Beauclerc?"

"I fell in with them, riding to Thompson—they were coming up the Thompson Valley, looking for the boot-leggers," explained Beauclerc. "They came on at once with me."

"Jolly lucky for us they did," said Frank Richards. "But the bootleggers are gone, sergeant; they've been gone a good hour-"

The sergeant laughed. "Don't you worry about the bootleggers, sonny," he said. "We've got them-they walked right into our

hands." "And we found your horses with them," explained Beauclerc. "They wouldn't tell us anything, but we

knew you must be here " "You've got Hiram Hook" exclaimed Bob Lawless, joyfully. "You've roped in that bulldozer?"

"If his name's Hook, we've got him," answered the sergeant. "I guess this means ten years for him. You boys can swear to his bringing the liquor here, eh?"

"Yes, rather." "Thank goodness that rascal hasn't got away," said Frank Richards. "He's the cause of the trouble here." The Indians would never have harmed us but for the fire-water. Bob, old chap, we shall see Cedar Creek again, after all."

'I guess I never reckoned I should. ten minutes ago," said Bob Lawless. "Hurray!"

That night-or the remainder of it -Frank Richards and Bob spent in the lodge where they had lain as prisoners. Vere Beauclerc shared the lodge with them, and the sergeant and the troopers camped by the fire. There was not much sleep for any of them, but they rested well on their guard. Two troopers were sent to bring in Hiram Hook and the other prisoners, and the boot-leggers passed the dark hours in handcuffs. The Kootenays had almost cleared off, but squaws and papooses peered at the red-coated troopers from among the lodges.

In the early dawn, Sergeant Lasalle prepared to take the trail.

A sobered, and very repentent and apprehensive Thunder Cloud, came up to the sergeant at dawn, full of apologies and excuses. It was, as the hapless chief pointed out with many gestures, the fire-water that had caused the trouble, but for the firewater, his young men would never have lifted a finger to harm the little white chiefs.

The sergeant talked to the old chief in stern tones for about ten minutes, and Thunder Cloud cringed away when he had finished. All that remained of the fire-water was carefully collected and poured away, and the

jars broken. Then the troopers mounted, with the chums of Cedar Creek, and the prisoners, and rode out of the village. They left a very dejected tribe behind them. Thunder Cloud and his braves had a bad headache all round. added to an apprehension of what

might happen to them later. Glad enough were Frank Richards & Co. to turn their backs on the Indian village, where they had passed through such terrible peril. Glad, too, were the chums, to see Hiram Hook riding, tied to his horse, en route for trial and prison. The bootlegger gave them savage looks during the day's ride without detracting from their satisfaction.

Late in the afternoon, the chums parted with the Mounted Police who rode on to Thompson with their prisoners, while Frank Richards & Co. headed for home. Needless to say, their reappearance caused great relief and joy-and, now that they were safe out of the perils that had fallen upon them so thick and fast, the chums were not sorry for their adventure. They had gone through a terrible experience; but they had the satisfaction of knowing that they had very materially assisted the Canadian troopers, in rounding up the boot-

THE END.

# Next Monday! DOWN ON HIS LUCK!

Another Grand Story of the Chums of Cedar Creek.

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.