

Bumper Free-Gift Number of the 'Gem' Out On Wednesday!

# The BOYS' FRIEND

TWELVE PAGES!

TWENTY-SIXTH YEAR!

1d  
1/2

No. 1,005. Vol. XX. New Series ]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending September 11th, 1920.]

## Fallen Fortunes !



### IDENTIFIED BY THE MAN IN BLACK !

A bony finger was raised and pointed at the captain of the Fourth. "Step out, Silver!" said the Head. Unerringly the bony finger pointed out the other delinquents, and Lovell, Raby, and Newcome stepped out after their leader.

#### The 1st Chapter. The Alarm!

Criash!

The glass of ginger-beer which Arthur Edward Lovell was just raising went to the floor.

Most of its contents swamped, in transit, over the knees of Jimmy Silver's trousers.

It was Smythe's fault.

The Fiscal Four of the Fourth were discussing ginger-beer in Sergeant Kettle's little shop behind the beeches, when Smythe of the Shell rushed in headlong.

Smythe was in too desperate a hurry to see where he was going. Naturally, he went into Lovell, who was standing in the middle of the little tuckshop, with disastrous results to Arthur Edward's glass of ginger-beer.

"Oh!" ejaculated Smythe breathlessly.

"You silly ass!" roared Lovell, in great wrath.

"You thumping chump!" howled Jimmy Silver. "I'm swamped! I'm soaked! Look at my bags!"

Smythe didn't take the trouble to look at Jimmy Silver's bags. He wasn't interested in the garments

that had received the ginger-beer. He scuttled into the shadiest corner of the school shop, and halted there, palpitating.

"What the thump's the matter?" exclaimed Raby. "Is there a wild bull in the quad?"

"Is some fog of the Second Form after you, Smythe?" asked Newcome, with deep sarcasm.

"Keep out of sight, you fellows!" gasped Smythe.

"What for?"

"He's coming in at the gates."

"He! Who?"

"Him!" gasped Smythe.

"Who the thump is 'him'?" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"Is it hymn ancient or modern?" asked Raby, with an attempt at humour.

"It's him—I mean, it's he—that man, you know," said Adolphus Smythe. "I'm jolly well keeping out of sight. I know that. Don't you fellows show your noses at the door. He may spot you."

Both Lovell and Jimmy Silver had been thinking of summary vengeance upon Adolphus Smythe; Lovell because he had lost his ginger-beer, Jimmy because he had found it. But Smythe's words excited their

curiosity. They wanted to know who the "him" was that had so terrified the dandy of the Shell.

Jimmy stepped quickly to the open doorway, in spite of Adolphus' alarmed warning.

He looked into the quad.

In the distance, Tracy and Howard of the Shell were vanishing round a corner of the School House. Townsend and Topham of the Fourth just showed their heels as they sped into the gym. And near the school gates appeared a figure clad in black.

"Jimmy started as he beheld it. He knew that little man in black, with the dark eyebrows and pointed black beard. And he nipped back quickly into the tuckshop—so quickly that he trod on Lovell's toe, just behind him.

"Ow! You ass!" howled Lovell.

"Keep back!"

"But what—"

"Who—" began George Raby.

"Which—" Newcome began.

"Keep back! He might see us or know us," said Jimmy Silver. "It's that fellow, the new tenant of the bungalow on the Head. He's come up to Rookwood to complain to the Head, as we thought he might."

"Oh!" said Lovell.

"I—I don't think he'd know me," mumbled Adolphus Smythe. "He hardly saw me, though I was in the house, and he got after me with a stick—I mean, he hardly saw my face and—"

"Anybody who got after you with a stick would be more likely to see your back!" agreed Lovell.

"Don't you fellows give me away!" said Smythe. "If you're called over the coals, no need to drag me into it, you know."

"It was all your fault—"

"You needn't have followed us to the bungalow," said Smythe. "We certainly never asked you to. Besides, we booted when we found the house had been taken, and there was a tenant there—and you fellows handled the chap in his own garden—"

"Only because he started on us with a stick."

"You can explain all that to the Head without mentioning me."

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders contemptuously.

Smythe was anxious only about his own precious skin; he did not seem to think that it mattered much whether the chums of the Fourth were licked or not.

"Oh, we sha'n't mention you!"

snapped Jimmy. "But if I get a licking, I'll give you a pink eye for causing all the trouble. If you hadn't gone to the bungalow to smoke we shouldn't have gone after you."

"And if you'd warned us you found the place occupied, we shouldn't have trespassed in the rotter's garden!" growled Raby.

Jimmy took a cautious survey from the doorway again.

The gentleman in black was going on to the School House, and there was not much doubt that he had called to complain to the Head regarding the late trespass upon his property. Jimmy saw him admitted by Tupper, the page, and he disappeared from view.

"Let's hope he won't know us," said Newcome. "He doesn't know our names, anyhow."

"I don't see what he can do, as he don't know our names," remarked Arthur Edward Lovell thoughtfully. "We've only got to keep out of sight."

"Lessons in a few minutes," said Jimmy Silver. "We've got to go to the Form-room."

"We'll dodge in while he's in the Head's study."

"Bother the man!" growled

Jimmy Silver. "I don't see what he's got to complain about. We did not touch a thing. We were occupied when we went into the garden, and we told him so. What does he want to kick up a fuss for?"

"Perhaps the Head will pool-pool it all," said Lovell brightly. "He will, if he's not a bit of a let's-hope he'll be cheery and put the Head's back up."

"Hallo! There's the bell!"

"Coast clear," asked Smythe nervously from his corner.

"The fellows in the School House," said Jimmy Silver. "Let's cut, you chaps. Put it on, in case he comes out and catches us on the hop."

"What-ho!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. quitted the tuckshop, and scudded away to the School House, followed a moment later by Adolphus Smythe. Other juniors heading for the Form-rooms in a much more leisurely manner. But the delinquents had no time to waste; they did not want to be spotted if the gentleman in black came out. To their great relief, they reached the Fourth Form-room without encountering him, and Smythe ran on to the Shell room without stopping to take breath till he was safely inside.

The Fiscal Four were the first of their Form in the class-room. The other fellows followed them in during the next few minutes. Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, came in last.

Jimmy Silver & Co. felt relieved as work began in the Form-room. But it had not been going on for more than a few minutes when there were footsteps in the corridor, and Dr. Chisholm entered. And behind him, they reached the Fourth Form-room without encountering him, and Smythe ran on to the Shell room without stopping to take breath till he was safely inside.

**The 2nd Chapter. Before the Head!**

Jimmy Silver & Co. rose to their feet with the rest of the Form when the Head of Rookwood entered. But they kept their eyes on the floor, and as far as they could, made themselves small. The Fiscal Four were not famous for their modest, retiring qualities; but this was a special occasion, and modest retirement was what they wanted. They only hoped that they were not catching the keen, penetrating eyes of the man in black.

But the hope was faint. The bungalow tenant had evidently come to pick out the trespassers. Mr. Smythe & Co. he had seen little of; but the Fiscal Four had met him face to face, and 'hauled' him, and he had scanned them carefully before they left. They still hoped; but they felt that they were up to the neck in it.

Dr. Chisholm spoke a few words in a low tone to Mr. Bootles, who coughed, and then the Head turned towards the class.

"You might have been heard to drop a word in the room," frowned Topham looked almost ill. They had among the merry smokers who had gone with Adolphus to the bungalow.

"Be quiet!" the Head's voice broke the deep silence, like a rumble of distant thunder. "I have received a very serious complaint from this gentleman—Mr.—er—Lasker. Mr. Lasker states that yesterday afternoon a number of Rookwood boys invaded his garden and house in a most disorderly manner, and assaulted him in his garden."

Pause!

As yesterday was a half-holiday, and a number of my boys were out of gates, I fear that there may be no mistake in the matter," continued the Head. "From Mr. Lasker's description of the boys concerned, they undoubtedly belong to Rookwood, and I think they are members of this Form."

The Head's glance rested for a moment on the Fiscal Four.

"However, that matter will soon be at rest," said the Head. "Mr. Lasker has come here to pick out the four boys, if they are present."

"Oh crumbs!" murmured Arthur Edward Lovell.

A number of other boys, whom Mr. Lasker believed to be members of Rookwood, trespassed on his grounds earlier in the afternoon. These boys he does not think he could identify, as they ran off as quickly as possible before they were caught. One of the four who came later actually used him violently in his garden, and he states that he is certain of their identity. If the boys are present, they may now step forward!"

"Rowny and Topsy breathed more

freely. They were in the earlier party, and they felt safe now.

"But they did not accept the Head's invitation to step forward. There was still a faint chance that they might not be identified."

The Head paused for a few moments, but there was no response from the class, he turned towards Mr. Lasker.

That gentleman was already eyeing the Fourth with the eye of a hawk.

"Lasker, will you have the kindness to identify the four boys if they are present?" said the Head courteously.

"Certainly, sir!"

Mr. Lasker's voice was sharp and rasping, and not pleasant to hear.

"Come closer to the silent class, and the keen eyes roved from face to face."

Jimmy Silver & Co. stood silent, waiting for the inevitable to happen. A bony finger was raised, and pointed at the captain of the Fourth.

Jimmy Silver said the Head.

Unerringly, the finger pointed to the other delinquents, and Lovell, Raby, and Newcome stepped out after their leader.

"These are the four boys," said the gentleman in black.

"You are certain, Mr. Lasker?"

"Quite certain!" They refused to give me the name of their school, but on inquiry—"

"Edwards. There can be no further doubt in the matter!"

"They refused also to give me their names," said Mr. Lasker, with a sour look at the hapless quartette. "I noted their features, however, very carefully, and they are now afterwards."

The boy who had addressed as Silver was the worst."

"Very good! My silver and the rest, you will go to my study at once, and wait there until I come!" said the Head.

"Yes, sir!"

There were glances of sympathy cast after the Fiscal Four, as they quitted the Form-room.

The Head and Mr. Lasker followed them, and Mr. Bootles was free to resume the interrupted lesson.

In the corridor the Head paused. His manner indicated that he expected the gentleman in black to take his departure.

"You may safely leave the matter in my hands," said the Head.

"The offender will be adequately punished," and the Head passed on.

"I should prefer to see the punishment inflicted," said Mr. Lasker tartly.

The Head frowned.

"Really, my dear sir—"

"In fact, I insist upon it," said the man in black, raising his voice a little.

"Otherwise, I shall not be satisfied!"

Dr. Chisholm assumed his most stately manner.

He was not accustomed to being addressed in this tone, within the walls of Rookwood, and he felt somewhat supreme. His lofty glance sought to have had a withering effect upon the gentleman from the bungalow. But it had no effect at all. Mr. Lasker simply stared at him grimly.

The Head took him to the study.

"I assure you," he began.

The man in black interrupted him without ceremony.

"Unless I am assured, by the evidence of my own eyes, that the offenders are adequately punished, I shall take the matter to another quarter," he said. "It is for you to decide whether you wish the police to be called into the affair."

"Sir!"

"I am waiting for your decision!" said Mr. Lasker grimly.

There was a moment's pause. The lofty staltelness of the Head had produced no effect whatever upon this determined and not very civil gentleman, and the Head was under the necessity of dismounting from the high horse, so to speak—as had indeed happened to him more than once in the course of his stately career.

"You may witness the punishment of the offenders, but please!" he said coldly. "I have no objection to offer!"

"That is all I desire."

"Kindly follow me, sir!"

The Head rustled away towards his study, and the rest followed, and very much on his dignity.

The man in black followed him, his eyes glittering, and his jaw very square. It was clear that he did not care a rap for the Head of Rookwood, and he did not concern himself about any offence he gave. And it was very probable that, had the Head been given his choice, he would rather have cased the gentleman in black than the Fiscal Four!

**The 3rd Chapter. Going Through It!**

Jimmy Silver & Co. were waiting in the Head's study.

They waited in some trepidation.

True, they had excuses and explanations to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster.

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"Why the thump doesn't he come to offer, but it was extremely doubtful how those excuses and explanations would be received by their headmaster."

"They hoped for the best, while they expected the worst."

"I was not apprised of Mr. Lovell's intention to visit Rookwood with his girls. I am—hem—surprised. It is unfortunate that your father should arrive at this—hem—moment—very unfortunate! However, I—"

The Head paused.

Mr. Lasker had given a curious start as the name of Mr. Lovell was uttered, and his sharp eyes fixed on Arthur Edward's face.

"Is this boy's name Lovell, Dr. Chisholm?" he asked.

"That is his name."

The man in black was about to speak again, when a tap came at the study door. Tupper, the page, presented himself.

Mr. Lovell, sir—"

"Kindly show Mr. Lovell into the visitor's room, and inform him that I am engaged for a few minutes."

"Yes, sir!"

Tupper retired, closing the door. Jimmy Silver's eyes were on Mr. Lasker. He had noticed, with surprise, the startling effect of Lovell's name upon the gentleman; and he could not help poking something more into the man in black when Tupper opened the door. Mr. Lasker stepped back so that he could not be seen from the corridor, possibly supposing that the new visitor was following on the passage.

This was so extremely odd that Jimmy could not help being mystified; and it was plain, too, that the Head had observed it, from the curious look he turned upon Mr. Lasker.

The moment Tupper had drawn the door shut, however, the man in black dropped back into his former cold, sour manner of uncivil indifference.

Neither did he pay any further attention to Arthur Edward Lovell, whose name had so startled him for a moment.

Jimmy Silver had not much time to think about the matter, however, for the Head was now dealing with the business in hand, anxious to get it over so that he could deal with his fresh visitor, and get away to the Sixth Form-room, where the Sixth was waiting for him. The Head's time was valued—a fact which his visitors did not really seem to be fully aware of.

"If you have any explanation to offer," Silver—"the Head was saying."

"I have, sir," answered Jimmy quietly.

"You do not deny Mr. Lasker's statements, I suppose?"

"No, sir. But—"

"But you can have nothing to say."

"But, sir, if you will let me explain—"

"I am bound to listen to you, if you have any excuse to make," said the Head impatiently. "Keep it brief. You entered the bungalow in the health yesterday afternoon, and trespassed."

"We did not enter the bungalow, sir—we were in the garden."

"You were trying to force an entrance, when I stopped you!" snapped Mr. Lasker.

"That is true, sir," said Jimmy to the effect that the bungalow has been empty a long time, and we did not know it had been taken."

"The blinds were still drawn, just as it used to be. We had no idea—"

"That is no excuse, Silver. You were well aware that the bungalow and garden were private property, whether tenanted or not."

"Yes, sir; but we had a reason for entering—"

"Nonsense! What reason could you have had?" exclaimed the Head testily.

"We—we believed that some Rookwood fellows were there, sir—gone there to smoke," said Jimmy.

"Oh! you were going to stop them."

"Oh! said the Head. "Did you find them there?"

"No, sir; they'd found the place occupied, and cleared off before we arrived."

"Who were the boys concerned?"

Jimmy Silver did not answer that question.

He had considered it his duty, as captain of the juniors, to drop on Mr. Lasker's attention the names and their bottle of champagne; but giving the Giddy Goats away to the headmaster was quite another matter.

"You cannot give their names?"

"N-no, sir."

"Then you can scarcely expect me to take any notice of your excuse, Silver. Moreover, even if what you state is quite correct, that does not alter the fact that you did trespass on Mr. Lasker's property, and assault him—"

"He assaulted us, sir," said

Lovell. "He went for us with a big stick, and we had to stop him."

"—states that you assaulted him—"

"I—I said something about his dyed whiskers," murmured Lovell. "Only a—a joke, sir."

"You must not make such jokes, Mr. Lasker," said the Head sternly. "Silver, I will accept your word for it that you had a good motive in visiting the bungalow. But the facts remain. You trespassed where you had no right to use, and you were towards this gentleman. For that offence I am bound to punish you severely."

The Head's words were harsher than his thoughts; but he really had no choice in the matter.

"I was in the garden, sir," said Jimmy technically in the wrong, at least, and Mr. Lasker's threat of going to the police with a charge of trespass and assault troubled the Head very much. He was extremely punctilious on the subject of the names of his school name. On his own account, he would probably have let the offenders off lightly. On Mr. Lasker's account, he had to administer punishment.

"Dr. Chisholm picked up his cane, and the Fiscal Four "went through it" one after another.

The caning was severe, but the juniors took it with all the fortitude they could muster.

For some minutes there was a steady sound of swishing in the study, to an accompaniment of gasps and mumbles.

Only Arthur Edward Lovell came off with a light scolding; and the others, the fact that he was about to meet his father influenced the Head. It was very awkward indeed for the junior to meet his parent doubly so when the severe caning. But even Lovell was quite thoroughly awed.

The Head laid down his cane, and turned a grim brow on Mr. Lasker.

"I trust you are satisfied now?" he said tartly.

"I am satisfied with the severity of the punishment," said the man in black, with a nod at all.

"Dr. Chisholm pulled up his chair.

"I have administered a punishment, in my opinion, adequate," he said. "If you are not satisfied, sir, you may take any steps that seem to you fitting. I have no more to say."

Mr. Lasker bit his lip under his beard.

"The matter may rest where it is," he said. "I take it for granted that I shall be subjected to no further trouble from boys belonging to this school. It is what should happen, you will hear from my solicitor on the subject."

"Your residence and its vicinity will be placed out of bounds for all Rookwood boys," snapped the Head. "Very good!"

The Head touched the bell, and Tupper appeared.

"Show this gentleman out, Tupper, and then ask Mr. Lovell to step here," he said.

"Yes, sir!"

"You boys may return to your Form-room. If your father wishes to see you, Lovell, I will send for you."

The man in black followed Tupper, and the Fiscal Four followed the man in black from the study.

Jimmy Silver's eyes were up to the man in advance of his hands together very painfully; but he had not forgotten the curious conduct of Mr. Lasker, and he rather hoped that Mr. Lovell would be met in the passage. It was in Jimmy's mind that the man in black knew Lovell's father, and was anxious not to meet him; that was the only explanation that seemed to cover Lasker's words and actions in the Head's study. And as he watched the man, he could see that Lasker was in a hurry to go, and that he was watching like a cat as he went down the corridor. But the door of the visitors' room was shut, and Mr. Lovell was not to be seen.

The man in black, without a glance at the juniors, quitted the house, and hurried away to the gates. In the quadrangle he walked so fast that he was almost running.

"Come on, Jimmy!" growled Raby. "We've got to go in. What the thump are you looking after that cad for?"

"He seems in a hurry to go," said Jimmy.

"Well, he's done his business here, and he's come on!" growled Lovell.

And the Fiscal Four returned to their Form-room, and took their places in Mr. Bootles' class.

**1920 Given Free!**

**SUPERBLY ILLUSTRATED FOOTBALL ANNUAL**

**50 Splendid Photographs.**

A complete and accurate guide for the 1920-21 season, given away in 4 parts, the first part THIS week! Full of interesting facts, and full of the latest news. Contains the names of the players, the scores of the matches, and the names of the winners. Also contains the names of the players who have been injured, and the names of the players who have been dropped.

Get your copy now! It is on Wednesday with every copy of this paper.

**The Famous School Story Paper.**

The 4th Chapter. Black News!

Arthur Edward Lovell wore a worried look as he sat in class.

There was a tingling pain in his palms from the caning in the Head's office, but that was not all that worried Arthur Edward.

Lessons did not bother him, for Mr. Bottles, very considerately, passed over the four juniors, leaving them to recover from the castigation before they tackled the valuable instruction he was imparting to the Fourth.

Lovell was thinking of his father's unexpected visit. Mr. Lovell was with the Head now, keeping that worthy gentleman away from his duties in the Sixth Form-room.

Why had he come? Unless there was something amiss with Lovell minor, of the Third Form, Arthur Edward could think of no explanation. But his father's ill and troubled look weighed greatly on his mind. Lovell, in his simple way, was very fond of his father, though he was well aware that the greater part of Mr. Lovell's affection was bestowed upon his younger son. It was, perhaps, natural that it should be so; and Lovell, though he was sometimes hurt, never thought of feeling any resentment on the subject. If it was some childish complaint of Teddy's that had brought Mr. Lovell post-haste to Rookwood with that ill look on his face—the junior was intensely exasperated at that thought! But was it that?—or was it some trouble at home?

Lovell was on tenterhooks, and in the distress of his mind, he almost forgot the pain in his palms, though not quite. His eyes were pretty constantly on the door, and it was a relief when Tupper appeared there with a message for Mr. Bottles.

The Fourth Form-master beckoned to Lovell. "Your father is here, Lovell," he said. "You are to go to him in the visitors' room."

"Yes, sir," said the junior. He left the Form-room, his heart foreboding now of something wrong. Mr. Lovell was alone in the visitors' room when the junior entered.

He was seated by the window with the light on his face, and Lovell felt a pang as he noted how old and pale his father looked. He had never seen his father look like that before.

He ran towards the old gentleman. "Father! What's happened?" Mr. Lovell, who was buried in thought as he sat by the window, started and turned towards his son without rising.

"Arthur, my boy!" His voice faltered. "Father! There—there's something wrong at home?" panted Lovell. He knew now that it could not be simply some complaint of Teddy's.

"Yes, Arthur."

"My father," Lovell could not finish the question, but his father's next words relieved his worst fear.

"Your mother is well, Arthur."

"Oh! I—I was afraid—"

Lovell broke off. "You—you look ill, father."

Lovell smiled faintly. "I have been through a terrible time lately, Arthur," he said; and his manner was gentler to his son than Lovell, ever remembered it to have been before. "I have had news for you, my dear son."

"My sisters—" began Lovell. "Your sisters are well—it is not a case of illness. It is a matter of money, Arthur."

"Oh, money!" Lovell felt his heart immensely lightened. "Only money! Thank goodness it's no worse than that."

"Yes, it is not the worst that could have happened to us, Arthur," said the old gentleman; but he spoke as if that were a new thought to him. "But what's happened, then, dad?" asked the junior curious. "You haven't lost your money?"

"Yes."

Lovell's eyes widened. "Not all of it?"

"Practically all."

"Father!" Lovell began to understand the seriousness of the thing now. It was not so bad as his father's looks had made him fear; but it was bad, enough. "You—you don't mean that—that we're poor now, father?" he asked, with dismayed incredulity.

"Oh!" said Lovell blankly. "My poor boy," said his father, "I have kept it from you as long as it could be kept, but there is no hope now. Only—we must break it very gently to Edwin—"

"Poor old Teddy!" said Lovell. "He's got to leave Rookwood, and he's only in the Third—"

Something like a blush came upon Mr. Lovell's pale cheek.

"Edwin is not to leave," he said hastily. "Oh!"

"You are the elder son, Arthur, and you must help me to bear this trouble," said Mr. Lovell. "Together we must try to make things as easy as possible for your younger brother."

For a moment Lovell felt a bitter pang. Was it only because he was the elder son that he was to suffer, while his brother was spared? Or was it because his happiness, his advantage, was of less importance in the father's eyes than Teddy's?

But he drove that bitter thought resolutely to the rear.

"You're right, father," he said quietly. "Teddy's only a kid—not even old enough to understand this sort of thing. I—I'm glad there's enough left to see Teddy through."

"About that nothing is certain," said his father; "but—"

"But the fees are paid for both of us for this term, aren't they, dad?" Mr. Lovell coloured again.

"I have acquainted Dr. Chisholm with the circumstances," he said in a low voice. "It is very kind and very obliging. He is willing that the fees paid for you this term shall stand over for Edwin next term."

"Oh!"

"If you are not willing to make a sacrifice for your young brother, Arthur—a mere child—"

"I'm quite willing, father," said Lovell heavily. "It—it's a bit of a shock at first. Am I—I am I to leave at once?"

His father nodded without speaking.

Lovell tried to pull himself together. He tried to drive away that bitter sense of feeling in his breast; the biting sense of injustice.

"If you leave at once, it will lessen, to some extent, the obligation the Head is placing us under," said Mr. Lovell, after a pause. "I am sorry—very sorry, my poor boy. I know this is sudden. But it was for your sake that I said nothing while a single hour remained. But we are ruined, and we must face it."

"Ruined!" Lovell repeatedly the word dazedly. He sank into a chair, and for some minutes there was silence in the room. Lovell was trying to comprehend the disaster.

In the Fourth Form-room Jimmy Silver & Co. sat with the class, thinking chiefly of the ache in their palms, and little dreaming of what their chum was going through in those minutes, so near at hand.

The 5th Chapter. Fallen Fortunes!

Mr. Lovell sat with a deep wrinkle on his brow, drumming on his knee. He seemed a little relieved now that the black news had been broken to his son. The ordeal had been painful enough to him. Lovell began to understand that the news was not to be told to Teddy. As the fog was to remain at Rookwood, there was no need for him to know the changed fortunes of his family, at least, for the present.

Mr. Lovell shrank from dealing such a blow, and it was certain that it would be postponed till the latest possible moment.

Lovell broke the silence at last. His face was pale now, and there was a line on his brows, but that made him look strangely older.

"How did it happen, father? Will you tell me?"

"I have been robbed!"

"Robbed!" repeated Lovell. His father nodded.

"But—but surely—" Lovell stammered. Perhaps some thought of speculation, of losses in the City, had been in his mind. "But if you have been robbed, surely the police could—"

"I had better explain. You have heard of Mr. Pilkington?"

"I remember the name," said Lovell. "A lawyer—"

"He has been my solicitor for fifteen years," said Dr. Lovell. "I do not know whether you have ever seen him, Arthur, but you have heard his name mentioned."

"I think I remember seeing him last year—a little fellow, with grey hair and whiskers," said Lovell.

"Yes. He has absconded. He was trusted by others as well as myself, and was supposed to be a man of the greatest respectability. Since his flight, it transpires that he has had heavy losses on the Stock Exchange through speculation in tin shares—the heavy fall in the price of tin was the cause of his ruin—but you would not understand such details, my boy."

"My investments were all made subject to his advice—the buying and selling was left in his hands. Of course, I never dreamed of his real position, and had no suspicion till the crash came. When it came I learned that he had speculated and lost all his own resources as well as a great deal of money belonging to his clients. But—"

Mr. Lovell set his teeth—"The villain did not fly empty-handed. Only three days before his flight he sold a large batch of securities belonging to me, representing the sum of twenty thousand pounds—"

"Oh!" muttered Lovell. "This sum was to be re-invested in other securities, but it never was re-invested. He took it with him, chiefly, it is believed, in banknotes."

"But—but can't he be traced—found—"

"So I hoped. For weeks the matter has been in the hands of the

"And—and I—"

"You will come home with me." "To-day!" ejaculated Lovell.

"I—I think it would be best, Arthur. I—I fear that it will be necessary for you to find some employment—"

"I don't mind that! I'm not afraid to work," said the junior sturdily.

"A friend in the City will give you an opening in his office, for old acquaintance's sake," said Mr. Lovell. "It—it will be a different career from what I hoped for you—"

Lovell smiled faintly. "I—I ply I wasn't on the modern side here, as it's turned out," he said. "Can't be helped now. Latin and Greek won't be much use in a City office, I suppose, but I can learn. I—I dare say I shall get on in business, and—"

He was able to help you later, dad."

"Possibly, my boy. You will not mention anything of this to Edwin?"

"No. It wouldn't be any good, would it?"

"It would only trouble and depress the poor boy for nothing. And he is so sensitive," said Mr. Lovell. "The junior winced.

"I—I suppose I can tell my chums," he muttered. "They—they'll

spread through the school, if you do, and Edwin will hear of it," said Mr. Lovell anxiously.

Lovell could not repress a slightly bitter smile. It was Edwin—Edwin all the time, who was in his father's thoughts. At some moments Mr. Lovell appeared almost to forget that he had an elder son.

"I must tell Jimmy something," muttered the boy. Jimmy can keep a secret—about baby and Newcome—they'll promise not to say a word, father. You know they—they can be trusted."

Mr. Lovell opened his lips impatiently; but the white misery in his son's face touched him, and he closed them again.

"As you wish, Arthur," he said. "If you can rely upon their discretion—"

"Of course!"

"Very well, then. I will leave you now," said the old gentleman, rising. "You are free of lessons this afternoon, so you can come with me to the station, if you like."

"Yes, father," said Lovell heavily. He fetched his cap, and left the house with Mr. Lovell, stepping into the cab with him.

It rolled out of the gates with father and son, and old Mack, the porter, glancing at them, wondered what was "up."

As he stood on the station platform, watching the train that bore his father away, Lovell was glad that he was to see Rookwood once more, if only for one more day. But it was with a heavy heart that he left the village station, and tramped back along the dusty road to Rookwood School.

His father had come and gone—and one short hour had made all that difference in Lovell the young life. He was no longer the happy, careless schoolboy, who had waited in the Head's study. The poor lad's face was pale and troubled and old, as he tramped in again at the gates of Rookwood—into the green-walled quad that after to-morrow was to be but a memory to him.

The 6th Chapter. A Pal in Trouble!

"Where the dickens is Lovell?" Jimmy Silver & Co. asked that question when the Fourth Form were dismissed after lessons.

They had naturally expected their chum to return to his Form-room after his father was gone, but Lovell did not return. His place remained vacant till the class was dismissed.

He was not in the quad, and was seen in the passages or the quad, and Jimmy Silver bore down upon Lovell minor of the Third, whom he spotted in the quad.

"Has your pater gone, young'un?" asked Jimmy.

Lovell minor stared.

"Has he been here?" he asked. "Didn't you know?" exclaimed Jimmy, in astonishment.

"No fear. Are you pulling my leg?" asked the fat suspiciously. "The pater wouldn't jolly well come here without seeing me, I know that. I'd have been called out of the Third to see him."

"Well, he's certainly been here," said Baby. "Your major was called out of our room."

Teddy Lovell looked very injured. "Well, that's rotten of the pater," he said. "I suppose Arthur's got a tip from him, and—"

But I suppose he's left one with Arthur for me. He couldn't do less. Where's Arthur?"

"That's what we want to know," said Newcome.

"It's jolly queer," said Teddy Lovell, still suspicious. "I believe you fellows are pulling my leg. I'll jolly well ask old Mack whether my father's been."

"Why, you suspicious little beast!" began Jimmy Silver warmly.

"Bow-wow!" retorted Lovell minor.

He walked away to the porter's lodge, and the three Fourth-Formers followed him. It occurred to them that Lovell might have gone to the station with his father, though even in that case he might have been back long ago. Mack would know, and they decided to ask him.

Teddy was first on the spot, and he was questioning the school porter on the porch of the Co. came up. "My father's been, then? How jolly queer! Where's my major? Have you seen my major, Mack?"

"He went out in the keb with Mr. Lovell," answered Mack. "And—"



FALLEN FORTUNES! Lovell ran towards the old gentleman. "Father, what's happened?" "Arthur, my boy, I've come to tell you that we're ruined, and you must leave Rookwood to-morrow!" said Mr. Lovell.

police, till all hope has been given up at last. The man has vanished—utterly. There is no longer any doubt that he has succeeded in getting out of the country. It is known that he had his passport ready, and that it was vided by the French consul in France, doubtless, was his destination—as a step to a safer quarter. Probably he is in South America long before this."

"Then he'll never be found—"

"There is practically no hope. I cling to a faint hope that something may be discovered of him—that some reclamation. But—in sober truth—there is no hope. While a shred of hope remained I would not tell you. But now—"

Lovell nodded drearily.

He understood that there was, indeed, no hope, or the Mack news would never have been brought to him.

"There is little left," continued his father. "We have the house—little more. Only, by the most rigid economy shall we contrive to keep our heads above water. I—I hope that one of your uncles may find the money for Edwin to remain at Rookwood—later. It is not certain."

he was surprised to hear that I'm leaving."

"Would it not be better to leave without seeing them, as they are in class at present?"

But at that Lovell's face flushed rebelliously.

"Leave without saying good-bye to Jimmy and the others," he said to Mr. Lovell made a testy gesture.

"I cannot wait here," he said. "I—I suppose the boys could be called out of the Form-room to say good-bye, or—"

He paused. "Perhaps it would be better for you to come home to-morrow, Arthur. Dr. Chisholm is very kind, and he suggested that you should have a day or two to get used to the idea. If you think so—"

Lovell breathed more freely. "I'd rather leave it till to-morrow," he said. "This is awfully sudden, father. It wants getting used to."

"Perhaps you are right. There is no pressing need for you to leave, so far as that goes, to-day. But be very, very careful that you do not acquaint Edwin with the state of affairs."

"I'll be careful," said Lovell. "Neither must you speak to the other boys, as the tale will soon

have left with Arthur Edward for him.

"Old Lovell's still out of gates," said Jimmy Silver. "I hope there's nothing wrong at home for him. It looks rather queer."

The chums of the Fourth lounged about the gateway, waiting for Lovell major to reappear, in a rather uneasy mood. They had quite recovered from the Head's caning by this time, and all their concern was for their chum. They were not even thinking about reprisals on the man in black at Heath Bungalow—a subject that had been in their minds earlier in the afternoon.

"You fellows busy?" called out Mornington in the quad, with a grin. "If not, come along to the nets!"

"Waiting for Lovell to come in," answered Jimmy Silver.

"Well, there he is," said Morny, with a nod towards the gateway, at which Arthur Edward, tired and dusty, had just appeared.

Lovell had come back from Coombe by byways, in no hurry to arrive. He had been trying to think out his new position; but the poor fellow was not much accustomed to concentrated thinking, and his mind was almost in a whirl. He was tired with a long walk, and in the deepest of low spirits.

His face brightened a little as he saw his chums waiting for him, but the black depression in his looks did not escape them. It made Mornington glance at him curiously, too. Tubby Muffin, hovering near at hand, grinned. Tubby concluded that Lovell had been "rowed" by his pater, and seemed to find something entertaining in that theory.

"Oh, here you are, old scout!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver. "We wondered what had become of you."

"I say, Arthur"—Teddy Lovell "buted in" before the junior could join his chums—"I say, why did the pater go without seeing me?"

"He—he was in rather a hurry—I mean, he had a train to catch, kid!" stammered Lovell.

The Third-Former gave a discontented sniff.

"He had time to see you, anyhow! I know he'd jolly well rather see me than you any day! You know he would, too!"

"Never mind, Teddy!" said Lovell patiently.

"Oh, I don't mind!" said Teddy.

"But did he leave a tip for me?"

"N-n-no!"

"He didn't!" exclaimed the fag; his voice rising in shrill surprise and indignation. "Did he hand you one?"

"No."

"Honest Injun?"

"Yes, yes!"

"Then what the thump did he come for if he didn't want to see me, and didn't tip either of us?"

"He—he wanted to speak to me, that's all, kid."

"What about?"

"Oh, about things!" said Lovell.

"You're jolly mysterious!" said Teddy, greatly dissatisfied. "Look here, you tell me!"

"Well, I'm going to leave Rookwood, that's all!" muttered Lovell.

Teddy had to know that much, at any rate, and Lovell hoped that that would save eluding further explanation.

The fag opened his eyes. Jimmy Silver and Raby and Newcome opened theirs, too—wide.

"Leave Rookwood? You!" exclaimed Jimmy.

"Yes, old chap."

"This term?"

"To-morrow."

"What thumping rot!" exclaimed Raby. "You can't! You sha'n't! What the merry dickens is your father thinking of?"

"The pater knows best, you know," faltered Lovell.

"So you're leaving, are you?" said Lovell minor, who appeared to

receive this blow with commendable fortitude. "What a surprise! I say, Arthur, you're sure the pater didn't leave a tip for me?"

"Quite sure."

"It's queer—not like the pater, especially as I wrote to him yesterday, and told him I wanted to buy Jones minimus' white rabbit,"—said Teddy, evidently much perplexed. "Look here, if you're going home to-morrow, old man, you can mention it to him, will you?"

Lovell nodded heavily, and moved on. Teddy did not detain him any longer. Now that certainty had been reached on the important subject of the tip that had not been left, Lovell minor was not yearning for his brother's company.

"Nothin' wrong, I hope, Lovell?" said Mornington, eyeing Arthur Edward as the fag scuttled away.

"Eh—nobody ill, if that's what you mean, Morny."

"You're really leavin' Rookwood?"

"Yes."

"Isn't it rather sudden?"

"Yes, it does seem so, rather," assented Lovell, with an elaborate attempt at carelessness of manner. "The fact is, the pater's going to put me in an—an office—old friend of his in the City, you know. Nothing like starting young, you know."

"My hat!" said Mornington.

He nodded, and walked away, discerning that Lovell was labouring under some emotion he was trying to suppress, and that the poor fellow wanted to be left with his chums.

Lovell's face was twitching.

"There is something wrong," said Jimmy Silver quietly. "Come up to the study, old chap. Can you tell us what's happened?"

Lovell groaned.

"Yes; but it's a secret. It's not to be talked about, for Teddy's sake. We're ruined, that's all!"

"Lovell!"

"Let's get into the study!" muttered Lovell. "I—I don't want to—to let the fellows see—"

His voice faltered.

"Come on, old fellow!" said Jimmy Silver softly.

He slipped his arm through Lovell's, and Raby and Newcome followed them, in almost stunned silence, into the School House. Not a word was spoken further till the door of the end study had closed upon the chums of the Fourth.

THE END.

(Another Rookwood yarn, entitled "Parted Chums!" in next Monday's issue. Be sure you read it!)

AN EXCEEDINGLY FUNNY TALE OF THE CHUMS OF THE BACKWOODS SCHOOL!



CHUNKY TODGERS' MASTERPIECE!

A Grand Tale of Frank Richards & Co. of Cedar Creek. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

The 1st Chapter. High Art!

"Certainly not!" Miss Meadows' voice was very sharp and decided. "But, ma'am—" urged Chunky Todgers.

But Joe Todgers, of Cedar Creek, did not go; he wasn't prepared to go yet.

Frank Richards & Co., who were in the playground, glanced round as the voices proceeded from the porch of the lumber schoolhouse.

Miss Meadows, generally the sweet-tempered of schoolmistresses, was annoyed, to judge by the tart tone of her voice. But Chunky stood his ground.

"You see, ma'am—" he recommenced. "I think you are an utterly absurd boy, Todgers," said Miss Meadows severely.

"But—"

Miss Meadows turned back into the schoolhouse, leaving Chunky standing, undecided, in the porch.

The fat youth seemed inclined to follow the schoolmistress and repeat his request, whatever it was; but Bob Lawless took him by a plump arm and led him out into the playground.

"Look here—" "When Miss Meadows speaks like that it's time to draw in your horns, you fat duffer!" said Frank Richards.

"Yes, but—" "Come away, Chunky!" said Vere Beauclerk, with a smile. "You will get 'camed' if you bother Miss Meadows."

Chunky Todgers gave an expressive grunt. His face was very peevish and discontented.

"It's simply rotten!" he said, as he allowed the Co. to draw him away from the porch.

"But what's the trouble?" inquired Frank Richards. "What have you been asking Miss Meadows?"

"Only to let me off lessons this week." "Oh!" ejaculated Frank.

"That's all!" "Well, if that's all, I wonder why Miss Meadows was rusty?" said Bob Lawless, in a tone of deep sarcasm.

"It's rotten all round," said Chunky Todgers, in deep discontent. "I asked popper to send a note to Miss Meadows to excuse me this week, and he—"

"What did he say?" "He didn't say anything. He just reached for the cow-hide," confessed Chunky Todgers. "I—left at once, without waiting for him to say anything."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "All very well for you galoots to cackle!" said Todgers resentfully. "I've simply no time for lessons this week—Popper don't understand, of course—he never does understand me. I'm like the chap in the novel I got from Gunten's Circulating Library last week—misunderstood at home, you know, by commonplace relations, who don't see that I'm a genius. I call it hard lines!"

"The Co. yelled." Chunky Todgers, in the role of misunderstood genius appealed to their sense of humour.

"Oh, you can cackle!" snapped Todgers. "We will! Ha, ha!" "It's simply rotten!" You know I've taken my big room at Chu Chung's laundry in Thompson, to use as a studio. Only a dollar a week—

"Cheep, if you've got the dollar," said Bob.

"Well, the rent's running a bit. That can't be helped. I shall pay Chu Chung in full when I sell a picture."

"But how's an artist to get to work when he's rounded up at school every day?" demanded Chunky Todgers indignantly. "I've explained to Miss Meadows, and she don't see the point; women never do understand, you know. I just asked for a week away from school, to attend to my art—"

"Your art! Oh crumbs!" "My art!" said Chunky firmly. "And she's refused. Why, Chu Chung may come down on me for the rent, and turn me out before I get a masterpiece painted, at this rate."

"I guess that's very likely." "Of course, I'm not going to stand it," said Chunky. "Art comes first. Life is short, and art is long, you know."

"Where did you get that from?" grinned Bob. "That's what the clap says in the novel—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, he cackle away!" said Todgers disdainfully, and he rolled away in great disgust.

The Cedar Creek chums chuckled merrily. "He could be an imaginative youth, and he could always be depended upon to model himself on the hero of the latest novel he borrowed from Gunten's Circulating Library."

Unhappily, the latest hero had been a misunderstood painter, who reached fame and fortune after many trials; which was the explanation of Chunky's having realised that he was, in sober truth, a painter of wonderful abilities, only waiting for a chance to show his genius.

Having succeeded in "sticking" Frank Richards for a supply of canvas and colours, and having borrowed a dollar to pay the first week's rent of his "studio," the backwoods artist was ready to begin on a distinguished career. It was a drawback being a dweller in a sparsely-settled section of British Columbia; but Chunky was prepared to overcome all difficulties by the force of his genius. It was another drawback that he did not know how to paint; but that was really a matter of little moment, as it happened. For Chunky's latest hero had been an advanced Impressionist painter, and to become an advanced Impressionist it really was necessary to know how to paint.

In the drawing lessons at school Chunky had never distinguished himself; but then, impressionism was unknown at Cedar Creek.

The real difficulty was that Chunky was expected to turn up at school morning and afternoon, excepting on Saturdays; and on Saturdays there was generally something to do on the Todgers' homestead.

Even Michelangelo could not have made his name if he had been allowed no time to colour on canvas; it was, indeed, fortunate for that great man that he had not been born in British Columbia in the twentieth century, and sent to Cedar Creek School. Given equal chances, Chunky Todgers was quite prepared to beat Michelangelo at his own game. But a misunderstanding father, and an unsympathetic schoolmistress stood in the way.

As for the meritment of his school-fellows on the subject, Chunky did not mind that; it was quite a common thing for a youthful genius to be derided by the common herd. Chunky realised that he could not hope, in that respect, to escape the fate of other geniuses.

Frank Richards & Co. smiled when they met Chunky at dinner. The fat brow of the backwoods artist was moody. Over his moody brow strayed a loose curl—a careless sort of artistic curl, which cost Chunky

Todgers no end of trouble to keep in order; his hair naturally being about as curly as a candle.

Chunky met the smiling glances of the chums, and frowned. There was an expression of determined resolution on his fat face when he left the dining-room.

Frank Richards & Co. looked for him a little later in the playground, but did not find him.

They made the discovery that his fat little pony was missing from the corral.

And when the school-bell rang, and the Cedar Creek fellows came into the school-room, Chunky Todgers was not among them.

"Chunky's late," Frank remarked, as they sat down at their pinewood desks.

"The peaky sa!" muttered Bob Lawless. "I wonder whether he's taken French leave, after all?" "I guess he has," remarked Bunker Honk the schoolboy from Chicago.

"I saw him riding for Thompson a quarter of an hour ago." Frank whistled softly. "He's gone to his studio, then."

"I guess so," Honk chuckled. "There'll be a row." And then there was silence as Miss Meadows came into the school-room.

The 2nd Chapter. A Genius in Trouble.

Miss Meadows noticed the absence of Joseph Todgers at once. Probably Chunky's extraordinary request—to be excused from lessons

The two schoolboys came out into the playground in great spirits. They were feeling quite grateful to the amateur artist of Cedar Creek at that moment. A ride through the scented pine-woods was ever so much more agreeable than geography and grammar in the school-room.

"I guess this is a stroke of luck!" grinned Bob Lawless as they crossed over to the corral for their horses. "Chunky's done us a good turn. But of all the thumping asses—"

"Of all the howling duffers—" chuckled Frank. "Ha, ha, ha!"

In great good humour, the chums led out their horses and mounted, and rode away to Thompson.

They came into Main Street, Thompson, with a merry clatter of hoofs, and stopped at Chu Chung's laundry.

There was no doubt that Chunky Todgers was there, for his fat little pony was hitched to a post near the laundry gate.

Frank and Bob dismounted and tethered their horses, and entered the yard, where an immense amount of washing was hung out to dry.

They knew their way to Chunky Todgers' room, which they had visited before. A wooden flight of steps led up to a little pinewood balcony, on which the "studio" opened. There was one window to the room, not very large; but it had the north light, which was what the painter wanted. Chunky knew all about north lights since he had read

"What the thump are you doing, rather?" said Bob Lawless. "Paint must be cheap to pile it on like that."

"We've come for you, Chunky," said Frank. "Oh, don't be funny!" "Miss Meadows has sent us to take you to school."

"Rot!" "You've got to come, old scout," said Bob. "Awfully sorry to interrupt the flow of genius, but after all it will save the paint. Are you ready?"

"You galoots clear off!" said Chunky disdainfully. "You can look at the picture, if you like, before you go. In fact, you can stay and act as my models, if you like."

"What's it all about?" asked Frank Richards. "Can't you see it's a battle?"

"Well, I guess that much," chuckled Frank. "I suppose those dabs of red are British soldiers."

"That's it! This is the Battle of Bunker Hill," explained Chunky. "I've decided to begin with an historical subject. These ragged-looking chaps are the Yankees; those that are not dead are running away—see?"

"Is that quite historical?" asked Frank. "Well, it's near enough. It doesn't seem to be quite agreed who actually won that battle," said Todgers. "Of course, an historical picture must be painted from the patriotic point of view."

"What is this?" asked Bob, pointing



THE MASTERPIECE THAT WAS! The picture was disclosed. The boys stared. The hideous of a large brush and a can green paint, painted but the picture.

for the week—was fresh in her mind. There was a gleam in her eye as she glanced over the easel.

"Todgers is not present! Richards, do you know where Todgers is?" "Ahem! N-n-not exactly, ma'am."

"Do you know, Lawless?" "I—I couldn't be sure, ma'am."

Lessons began, and the first lesson ended without Joe Todgers putting in an appearance. It was clear by that time that Todgers was not merely late; he was playing truant.

That was a matter upon which Miss Ethel Meadows had very severe ideas. "Richards!" "Yes, ma'am."

"I think you can guess where Todgers is if you do not know." Frank hesitated. "Has he gone to the town to carry out the foolish scheme he mentioned to me this morning?" exclaimed Miss Meadows.

"I—I suppose so, ma'am." "I have no doubt of it!" said the Canadian schoolmistress, frowning. "Richards, you and Lawless will go at once to Thompson, and bring Todgers here. You know the place?"

"Ye-es." "Then go at once, and lose no time!" "Very well, ma'am."

Frank Richards and Bob Lawless left their places at once and quitted the school-room, followed by some envious glances from the other fellows.

"Paul the Painter," his latest romance from Gunten's.

The door was open, and the chums of Cedar Creek looked in. Chunky Todgers was there, busily at work.

Upon a rather roughly-constructed pinewood easel, of Chunky's own make, was his canvas, and Chunky stood before the canvas with palette and brush.

There was plenty of colour on the canvas, and plenty on Chunky's hands, and not a little on his face.

The schoolboys suppressed their merriment with difficulty as they watched the Cedar Creek artist. Apparently, Chunky was painting a battle-piece. Although the picture was in the Impressionist style, not only "advanced," but very advanced indeed, the objects depicted therein bore some remote resemblance to actual objects. The onlooker could see that the picture was supposed to represent a battle—the huge blobs of red could only be meant for red coats, and the terrific smudges of black were some sort of a representation of cannon-smoke. Chunky was so deep in his artistic labours that he did not observe the onlookers outside, and was not aware of their presence till Frank Richards and Bob Lawless restrained their merriment no longer, and burst into a roar.

Then the painter started and spun round. "Hallo! What the thump are you galoots doing here?" he ejaculated.

ing to a daub in the middle of the picture.

"That's a machine-gun." "Oh, gum! But there weren't any machine-guns then!"

"Well, it will do for an ordinary cannon," said Todgers, who was evidently more impressionist than the Impressionists themselves, and was, indeed, anticipating more modern developments of art. "If you chaps like to stay as models I'll put you in as British officers. I'm going to get Honk to come as a model for the other side. I want some lantern-jawed faces—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bob. "You'd better tell Honk that."

"I'm going to," said Chunky innocently. "I'll get him here on Saturday. It's a compliment to him to put him in a picture that will be hung at the Exhibition in Montreal. I'm going to ask you fellows to stand by his side, and lend me some money to pay for the packing and carriage. It will come to a tidy little sum, you know, from this distance. I shall pay you when the picture's sold."

"I think I'll keep my dollars in my trousers' pocket," remarked Bob Lawless. "Are you ready?"

"Ready for you as a model?" "No; ready to come back to school."

"I'm not coming!" "But Miss Meadows—"

"You can tell Miss Meadows to go and chop chips!" retorted Chunky Todgers independently. "I'm not

going to muck up my artistic career at the very beginning to please Miss Meadows. Tell her so!"

"I guess I'm likely to give her that message," grumbled Bob Lawless. "Come on, Chunky! We're bound to take you back!"

"I tell you I'm not coming!" roared Chunky Todgers.

"And I tell you you are, old scout! King's right," grumbled Bob Lawless.

"Leggo!"

"Take his other arm, Franky."

"Leggo, you—you pesky Philistines!" roared Chunky Todgers. "You've made me dumb crimson lake on the American general's left eye!"

"Never mind. Probably he was seeing red at the time," said Bob. "So it's quite in order."

"You silly jay!"

"This way, Chunky!"

"Don't I keep on telling you that I won't come!" shrieked Todgers.

"Keep on as long as you like, old scout!"

And the enraged artist did come. He was walked out of the "studio," and down the steps, and away to his pony, and bundled on the pony's back like a sack of wheat.

Bob Lawless took the reins, and the pony was led down Main Street. Chunky Todgers righted himself in the saddle.

"You—you rotters!" he spluttered.

"All for your own good, dear boy," said Frank Richards, laughing.

"I'll get whacked now; but you'd get an awful whacking to-morrow if you didn't turn up at all this afternoon."

"I don't care! I—"

"But it on," said Bob.

"The reins were taken into a gallop on the trail. All the way to Cedar Creek Chunky Todgers was telling them, in a very loud voice, what he thought of them—and what he thought was extremely uncomplimentary. But the names only choked in response, and they arrived at Cedar Creek school with their prisoner.

"I'll jolly well tell Miss Meadows what I think of this," gasped Chunky. "I've been hauling off my pony. I'll let her know that I'm not standing any of her rot!"

"You wait till I speak to her!"

But when Chunky Todgers stood in the presence of Miss Meadows that his resolve seemed to have vanished from his mind.

He took two swishes with the cane without a murmur, and went to his place like a lamb.

"If this occurs again, Todgers," said Miss Meadows severely, "I shall communicate with your father, and request him to punish you in an adequate manner."

Chunky Todgers—in spite of the interruption to the flow of his genius—was as good as gold for the remainder of the afternoon, and it was pretty certain that his escapade would not happen again. For he thought of the family cowhide at the Todgers' home—stead—an instrument with which Todgers senior was remarkably hefty.

He reflected bitterly that Michelangelo and Tintoretto and Raphael had never been hindered in their career by a cowhide, and he felt it was hard lines. But he realised, all the same, that he had better not let Miss Meadows make the threatened communication to Mr. Todgers.

The 3rd Chapter.

B. H. Honk is Wrathful.

"Honk!"

"Yep?"

"I want you to-morrow—Saturday—"

Chunky Todgers addressed the chum from Chicago, as Cedar Creek came out after lessons on Friday.

Bunker H. Honk paused inquiringly.

"What's on for to-morrow?" he asked. "I'll come if I ride, I guess, if you'll lend me a horse."

"That's that! I want you as my model—artist's model, you know."

There was a chuckle from Frank Richards & Co. and from a dozen other fellows, who had heard Chunky's remark. Frank had wondered how long it would be before Todgers realised that he was playing the goat, and gave it up. Evidently Chunky had not realised it yet.

Honk grinned, but he did not seem displeased. It was rather a compliment to be asked to sit as a model, even by an artist of Chunky's calibre.

"I guess if I was painting Apollo I'd work from my own photograph and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm painting the battle of Bunker Hill," pursued Chunky. "I want you as a model for the rebel general."

"I guess I'm your antelope," said Bunker H. Honk at once. "I was named after the battle of Bunker Hill, and I'm your mutton, with the wool on. I hope you'll make it something like me."

"Leave that to me," said Chunky reassuringly. "It's lucky your having come to my break, Honk, in time for my model. There isn't another fellow here would do, not one. You see, I want to catch a real lantern-jaw effect—"

"Oh?"

"To bony, stony, lantern-jaw sort of face is what I want, Honk. You paid for the last lot, Franky—"

"Franky always was a bit of a jay!" commented Bob Lawless.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind standing the cash for another lot, Franky—"

"Your supposer is out of order, then!" answered Frank Richards.

"I should mind very much."

"I'll settle when the picture's sold."

"Bow-wow!"

"You see, I've quite run out of all my reds, owing to the soldiers' coats being red," explained Chunky. "I suppose I can make the enemy all greys and blues, but—"

"Defeated!" yelled Honk. "I guess that general wasn't defeated. That general was victorious, sir!"

"Oh, don't be funny!"

"I calculate—"

"Your calculations are a bit out, Honk," grinned Bob Lawless.

"I reckon—"

"And you're out in your reckonings," said Frank Richards.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess if you're painting any such picture, you'll get a sockdologer right on your cazebs," said Bunker Honk, shaking his head.

Todgers. "I guess I'll mop you up, sir, and make such little shavings of you that you'll be blown away. You hear me remark?"

"Look here! Are you going to be my model?" demanded Todgers testily.

"Nope! And I guess that if you say that general was defeated, sir, I'll wipe up the playground with you, hyer and now!"

"I'll say you like you!" said Bob Lawless promptly.

"I-I guess—"

"And I'm waiting to be mopped up," said the Canadian schoolboy cheerily.

"I guess my popper will be expecting no home," remarked Bunker H. Honk. "I'm wasting time talking to you jays."

Only a couple of hours had been put in at the studio.

"Jever hear of a genius, trying to bring credit on his country, being brought in this way?" asked Chunky pathetically. "The first great painter that Canada has produced, you know."

"Hard cheese!" said Frank Richards. "But your picture ought to take long to paint—the way you paint it."

"Well, I'm getting on pretty fast, in spite of difficulties," confessed Chunky. "I never really knew I could handle the brush so easily. I've already got over a hundred figures on the canvas. The trouble is, the paint is going. You see, I wasn't able to order so many tubes of colour as I really needed, owing to not having had money. You paid for the last lot, Franky—"

"Franky always was a bit of a jay!" commented Bob Lawless.

"I suppose you wouldn't mind standing the cash for another lot, Franky—"

"Your supposer is out of order, then!" answered Frank Richards.

"I should mind very much."

"I'll settle when the picture's sold."

"Bow-wow!"

"You see, I've quite run out of all my reds, owing to the soldiers' coats being red," explained Chunky. "I suppose I can make the enemy all greys and blues, but—"

"Defeated!" yelled Honk. "I guess that general wasn't defeated. That general was victorious, sir!"

"Oh, don't be funny!"

"I calculate—"

"Your calculations are a bit out, Honk," grinned Bob Lawless.

"I reckon—"

"And you're out in your reckonings," said Frank Richards.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I guess if you're painting any such picture, you'll get a sockdologer right on your cazebs," said Bunker Honk, shaking his head.

Todgers. "I guess I'll mop you up, sir, and make such little shavings of you that you'll be blown away. You hear me remark?"

"Look here! Are you going to be my model?" demanded Todgers testily.

"Nope! And I guess that if you say that general was defeated, sir, I'll wipe up the playground with you, hyer and now!"

"I'll say you like you!" said Bob Lawless promptly.

"I-I guess—"

"And I'm waiting to be mopped up," said the Canadian schoolboy cheerily.

"I guess my popper will be expecting no home," remarked Bunker H. Honk. "I'm wasting time talking to you jays."

And the youth from Chicago started for the gates, wisely deciding that the best way to mop up the playground with Bob Lawless, who was a much more formidable antagonist than Chunky Todgers.

"Well, I call that rotten!" said Chunky, in disgust. "The only face in the school that would do me shall have to make you do, Eben Hacke. After all, you've got a chivvy like a hatchet— Yarroooh!"

Eben Hacke's heavy hand smote Chunky on top of his hat, crushing it down on his round head. Hacke walked away without even troubling to make a remark, leaving Chunky to extricate himself from his crushed Stetson.

self open to leg-pulling from the other fellows—an amusement in which they indulged themselves freely—which added to B. H. Honk's irritation.

One Saturday Honk came with some of the other fellows to view the terrific smudge which Chunky fondly regarded as a masterpiece.

"And he had to be forcibly restrained from smudging it with a rag, though if he had done so it would not have detracted much from its value as a work of art."

Bunker Honk's resentment amused the Cedar Creek fellows almost as much as Chunky's artistic career. The day came at last when the great work was completed, and Chunky—still with "Paul the Painter" in his mind—invited his schoolfellows to what he termed a "private view."

"Saturday afternoon, at three," said Chunky to a crowd of Cedar Creek fellows. "All are welcome. Mr. Penrose will be there. He's going to do an article on the subject of the 'Genius of the Backwoods,' and that sort of thing, you know. Calling attention to the fact that the first great painter produced by Canada draws upon the world for his Golden West, instead of the effete East."

"At advertisement rates?" chuckled Frank Richards.

"Well, yes; but he's agreed to make a reduction. I'm to have a colour for every three dollars. You chaps can lend me a dollar each—"

"Good-bye!"

"I say, you'll come to the view, won't you?" said Chunky, possibly thinking it would be easier to extract a few more dollars from guests to his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

Quite a crowd of the Cedar Creek fellows agreed to come to the private view when they heard that the refreshments were to be served in his studio, "There will be refreshments—"

"Good! We'll come!"

when the masterpiece was to be displayed to a crowd of wondering and admiring eyes.

"Where's the refreshments?" inquired Tom Lawrence.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

"The—refreshments?" stammered Chunky.

"Yep; where are they?" several voices demanded.

THE END.

(Another tale of Frank Richards & Co. in next Monday's issue.)