

ALL ABOUT OUR FOOTBALL LEAGUE. (See Inside.)

The Boys' Realm 1d

of Sport & Adventure



The Trotting Champion

An Exciting Canadian Sports' Tale by S. S. GORDON.



REDFERN MINOR.

A Rattling Instalment of Charles Hamilton's
Fascinating New School Tale.

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

SIDNEY REDFERN, a bright, fun-loving lad who is a new pupil at St. Dorothy's School. Sidney has an elder brother at St. Dorothy's.
ARTHUR REDFERN, who is a prefect in the Sixth Form. Arthur Redfern is inclined to be easily led, and is under the by-no-means-good influence of
RANSOME, another Sixth-Former, a slacker and a good-for-nothing.
SKELTON and **BROWN**, two Fourth-Formers, and leaders of the Classical side at St. Dorothy's.
TAFFY MORGAN, **VERNON**, and **RAKE**, the leaders of the Modern side at St. Dorothy's, deadly rivals of Skelton and Brown.
At St. Dorothy's there is a deadly and everlasting feud existing between the Classical and Modern sides. At the time of the arrival of Sidney Redfern, the captain of the Fourth Form, who has always been elected from the Classical side, has just left, and affairs are in a complicated state. There are exactly as many Classics in the Fourth as there are Moderns, and the result of the election for a new captain is bound to be a tie. Now Sidney Redfern has arrived, however, his vote will turn the scale one way or the other.

After much persuasion from both sides, Sidney votes for the Classics, to the rage and humiliation of the Moderns.
The Modernites are very jubilant because they have had their study newly painted by the school. Not to be beaten, the Classics, led by Redfern, purchase some pots of green paint, and prepare to freshen up the woodwork in their study.
The following morning, by a ruse, the Classics are drawn away from their study, and on their return they discover, to their anger and dismay, a little band of Modernites slapping paint recklessly on every article they can lay brush on.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

More Paint.

YOU—you worms!" gasped Redfern. Even his breath was taken away for the moment.
There was paint everywhere—green paint—on the window and the furniture, on the crockery and the fireirons, and in great splashes on the walls and the floor. Taffy & Co. had been rather reckless in handling the brushes. The Classical study reeked with paint.
"Hallo!" said Taffy, on his guard as soon as he caught sight of the Classics in the study doorway. "Hallo! I wasn't expecting you. How did you get out of the bike-shed?"
"Ha, ha, ha!" cackled Rake and Vernon.
"You—you've mucked up the whole place," said Skelton. "M-m-my hat! We'll—we'll pulverise you! We'll squash you! Collar them!"
"Hands off!" exclaimed Taffy, flourishing the paint-brush. "I don't want to waste any paint on you, but—well, if you will have it!"
"Gr-r-r-r-r!"
"Well, you asked for it. Now—"
Skelton spluttered paint out of his mouth, and went for his old enemy. They were quickly rolling on the floor; and at the same moment Redfern went for Rake, and Brown for Vernon. Phipps and Taylor followed them in to help, and the latter locked the door, to keep out any Modern juniors who might come that way.
Then the battle went on much against the Moderns. Five Classics piled upon them, and they were pinned down to the floor. Two of the Classics sat upon Taffy, to keep him secure. Redfern rubbed a smear of green paint from his face, and grinned at the captured Moderns.
"You didn't expect us back so soon," he remarked. "You've done a jolly lot of damage, considering that you haven't been long about it. I suppose you'd have painted the walls and the ceiling, if we'd given you time?"
Taffy chuckled breathlessly under the weight of Brown and Phipps.
"Well, it was a jolly good jape, anyway," he gasped. "You wanted the study painted, and we painted it for you."
"Good! And now you want your chivvy painted, and we're going to paint it for you," said Redfern, picking up the brush that Taffy had dropped in the struggle, and dipping it into the paint.
"Here, hold on!"
"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Skelton. "That's the ticket. One good turn deserves another. Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't you put that paint near me!" roared Taffy, squirming frantically under his captors. "Get off, Brown! Phipps, you fat oyster, get off my chest!"
"Not much!"

Redfern filled the brush nicely with paint, and approached the captured junior. Taffy struggled and wriggled and squirmed, but it was of no avail. Redfern, with a cheerful grin, began to paint his face, and Taffy's struggles only made the paint slip into his mouth and nose and ears. He began to cough and sneeze, and Redfern painted on steadily.

Taffy's aspect was startling when he had finished.

A junior with a pale green face had never been seen before at St. Dorothy's, and the Classics simply shrieked with laughter. Even Rake and Vernon could not resist a grin.

"Ow!" mumbled Taffy. "I'll squash you for this! Ow, ow! I shall never get that off!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, it's Verny's turn," said Redfern, putting the brush into the paint again.

Vernon wriggled with terror.

The painting was bad enough for Taffy Morgan, but it was more terrible still to the most elegant junior in the Lower Forms at St. Dorothy's.

"I say, don't be a beast!" he gasped. "Really, chappy, you know!"

"Now, look here, Verny, as a patriotic Modern worm, you ought to be willing to follow your leader," said Redfern.

"Ye-e-es! But—Ow! Keep that brush away."

"Oh, you can't desert your leader's colours in this way," said Redfern, shaking his head.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Classics.

"Oh, really, chappy—Oh—ow—yow—gerooocoo!"

Vernon said no more; he only stuttered and mumbled.

While the Classics looked on and shrieked, the Modern dandy was painted a nice green, and a great deal of the paint slopped over on his nice white collar and neat tie. But that, of course, couldn't be helped.

Rake's turn came last. But Redfern wasn't at all tired. In fact, Rake came in for the most liberal painting of all, as Redfern was growing more reckless in the way he laid it on.

"Well, that's done," said Redfern, dropping the brush into the paint. "It's a certain amount of waste; but I don't mind that when it's a question of doing anybody a really good turn. Have you anything more to suggest, Taffy?"

"M-m-m-m-m-m!" mumbled Taffy.

"Anything more I can do for you, Verny?"

"Gr-r-r-r-r-r!"

"And you, Rakey—like a little more turps, or anything?"

"Goo-oo!"

"Blessed if I can understand what they're saying!" said Redfern. "It must be some new-fangled Volapuk or Esperanto they're learning in those rotten Modern classes of theirs. Is it Esperanto, Taffy?"

"Gr-r-r-r-roocoo!"

Redfern shook his head.

"No, I don't catch on."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I suppose they may as well go," said Redfern, unlocking the study door. "Kick them out! I award each of you fellows a penalty-kick."

And Taffy, Rake, and Vernon received the penalty-kicks, and travelled out into the passage with a rush.

They picked themselves up, and turned upon the painters. The doorway of the study was crammed with the Classical juniors, laughing hysterically. Taffy & Co. were inclined to charge at them madly for a moment. But a yell of laughter from up the passage showed them that they had been seen, and Taffy felt the absurdity of the situation keenly. He was even more anxious not to be caught in his present plight by Moderns than not to be caught by the rival side. He didn't wish to look ridiculous in the eyes of his own backers.

"Come on!" he muttered. "Let's get to a bathroom, for goodness' sake!"

"Yes, rather, chappy!" gasped Vernon.

They rushed off. A yell of laughter followed them, which made Taffy snort furiously; but he did not turn back.

"Py Chorge!"

It was a sudden exclamation as a portly figure loomed up before the juniors, and they stopped in dismay.

Herr Rheinberger, the German master of St. Dorothy's, looked thunderstruck.

His glasses trembled on his fat little nose as he stared at the three green-complexioned juniors.

"Ach! Vat is tat? Who vas you? How—Py Chorge, how it vas?"

"It's—it's an accident, sir," stammered Taffy.

"We—we couldn't help it, sir—"

"Ach! Tat is te voice of Morgan."

"Yes, sir. We—"

"Ach! You must be ill—fearfully ill! Vat is it tat you have been doing?" gasped Herr Rheinberger, blinking at the juniors through his spectacles. "I—I am alarmed! You are ill. Come mit me at vunce. I vill vire for te doctor—"

"If you please, sir—"

"Come mit me at vunce!"

And the stout German rushed the three juniors off, without listening to Taffy. He rushed them in the direction of Dr. Cranston's study, and the Moderns quaked with terror. Taffy dragged at the German master's sleeve.

"If you please, Herr Rheinberger—"

"Not a vord! You are ill; it must be te plague. Te Head vill telephone for te doctor from Okeholme—"

"But—but we—"

"Come mit me!"

Herr Rheinberger tapped at the door of the Head's study, and opened it immediately and rushed excitedly in.

Dr. Cranston was seated at his desk, writing; and the sudden entrance of the German master made him start, and two or three blots were scattered over his paper. The Head,

who was the neatest and most methodic of men, frowned with annoyance.

"Really, Herr Rheinberger—" he exclaimed.

"Ach, I am ferry sorry, mein herr!" gasped Herr Rheinberger. "But it is terrible—te illness of te tree poys is fearful! Look at tem!"

"What is this?"

Taffy & Co. reluctantly entered the study with the excited German master.

Dr. Cranston looked at them in amazement.

The three certainly presented a startling sight; but Dr. Cranston, who was not so short-sighted or so excitable as Herr Rheinberger, detected at once what was the matter with them.

"I found tem like tat!" gasped the herr.

"Dey are fearfully ill; it must be te plague, hein? Vill you telephone for te medical man, Herr Doctor?"

"Certainly not! I—"

"But dey are ill—dey are seriously dying!"

"Nonsense, Herr Rheinberger! Cannot you see that their faces have been daubed with paint?" exclaimed the Head.

The German jumped.

"Vat! Paint!"

"Yes; their faces have been painted!"

"Say you so!" gasped Herr Rheinberger.

The Head fixed his glance sternly upon the juniors.

"What does this mean, Morgan?" he demanded.

"If—if you please, sir, it was an accident!"

"What!"

"Well, a kind of accident, sir. We didn't put this paint on our chivvies—I mean our faces—on purpose, sir!"

"I suppose not," said the Head drily.

"We—we were repainting a study, sir, and this happened," said Taffy. "Things got—er—sort of mixed up, sir. We were just going to wash it off when Herr Rheinberger met us, sir. He didn't give us time to explain."

Dr. Cranston frowned.

"I presume there were juniors belonging to the Classical side in the same study when this happened, Morgan?"

"Ye-e-es, sir; now you speak of it, I think there were."

"Ah, I thought so! In short, this is another of the absurd outbreaks between the two sides in this school—what you would term a rag, I believe?"

"I—I—I think you are right, sir, if you don't mind!" stammered Taffy.

The Head suppressed a smile.

"As you seem to have been the victims in this case, and not the aggressors, I shall not punish you," he said. "Go and get yourselves cleaned at once!"

"Yes, sir; thank you, sir!" said Taffy, much relieved.

And the Modern chums gladly quitted the study. Herr Rheinberger, looking profoundly amazed, followed them. Dr. Cranston, when he was left alone, smiled. Then he glanced at his spoiled sheet, and frowned.

Outside, Taffy & Co. found the Classical chums waiting for them with rather anxious faces.

"Is it all right?" asked Redfern. "If there's a row, we're ready to walk in and take our whack!"

"It's all right!" grinned Taffy. "The Head's a brick, look you. But—but we'll make you simply wriggle for this!"

"Ha, ha, ha! You do look green, kid, and no mistake!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Taffy & Co. tramped away to the nearest bath-room; but it was long, long before they removed that paint, and when they had finished there were still traces of it clinging lovingly round the roots of their hair and their ears.

On the Cricket-field.

LUNSFORD came along the Sixth-Form passage, rapped his knuckles at the door of Arthur Redfern's study, and threw the door open. There was a startled exclamation within the study, and a cigarette whizzed into the fire as Ransome started to his feet from the armchair. Arthur Redfern simply turned his head.

Lunsford looked at Ransome, who turned very red, and then burst into an uneasy laugh. There was a slight haze of cigarette-smoke, and the "fag" was still smoking in the grate. Lunsford looked at it, and looked at Ransome with a darkening brow.

"I didn't know it was you," said Ransome awkwardly.

"No," said Lunsford grimly; "you thought it was a master, who had caught you playing a trick worthy of a silly fag in the Third Form. You were smoking!"

"I don't see why I shouldn't have a cigarette now and then if I like!"

"I suppose you don't—if you haven't any respect for your wind, or for the rules of the school, and if you don't think a chap in the Sixth is called upon to set a decent example to the youngsters," said Lunsford scornfully.

"If you were a junior I should lick you, and you know it. But I didn't come here to jaw you!"

Ransome yawned, and sank into the arm-chair again. Arthur had not spoken. He was frowning a little, but did not seem to know what to say. He had not been smoking.

"I came here to speak to you, Redfern," said Lunsford.

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"Go ahead!" said Arthur shortly.
 "If you're particularly engaged, I dare say I can manage to drop in another time," went on Lunsford, in a tone so pointed that even Ransome could not ignore it.

He rose from his chair.
 "I'll be getting along," he remarked. "See you later, Arthur!"

Lunsford's eyes watched him grimly out of the study. The door closed, and the captain of St. Dolly's gave a grunt. Arthur watched him irritably. If Lunsford had said a word against Ransome then, Arthur would have flown into a temper; but the St. Dolly's captain did not do so. He seemed relieved when Ransome was out of sight, and he turned to Arthur with a more confidential look.

"I've looked in to speak about the cricket, Arthur," he said. "You know our last big match of the season is pretty close now, the match with Lexham."

Arthur nodded without speaking.
 "We want you," said Lunsford. "You know what Lexham are—not a school team that we can lick easily, but a strong lot of fellows. They have always given us a hard tussle, and I hear that they are in better form than ever this time. Early this season they wiped the ground with us, as you know. They are bragging that they're going to do the same thing over again when we visit them this time; but they're not going to if I can help it."

Arthur looked a little more interested. He had always been very keen on cricket, though of late he had neglected the game for far less manly pursuits.

"You want me to play?" he asked.
 "Yes; we must have you. We could do without you in the batting, perhaps, but your bowling is the best on the side. Last time you were the one who gave the Lexham chaps the most work to do. You will be playing, Redfern?"

"Of course, I will, if you want me. I thought rather, lately, that you wouldn't have been sorry to get me out of the eleven."

"I shouldn't, if you went on in the same way you've been going on lately," said the captain of St. Dolly's frankly. "You can't say you've put in the amount of practice a member of the first eleven ought to put in."

"I've had other things to attend to," said Arthur, a dark shade crossing his face.

"I won't ask what they were, but I'll say this—a St. Dolly's chap oughtn't to have anything to attend to to take his attention off the most important match of the season."

"Oh, all right! I've told you I'll play." Lunsford drummed on the table with his fingers.

"Yes, good so far; but that isn't quite enough. If you're going to play, I want you to turn up for regular practice with the first eleven. No more slacking. A slacker's no good to us. But keep your wool on. I'm offering you your cap for the first eleven in a big match. Half the Sixth would jump at the chance; they would slog away at the nets for weeks on the off chance of getting it. It isn't a thing to turn one's nose up at, Arthur. Look here, I want you to go in for this thing. I don't want to preach to you, but you've been going the wrong way to work lately. Chuck it up, and stick to the cricket. Put in a little more time on the cricket-field, and a little less with Ransome!"

"If you've got anything to say against my friend—"

"Don't be so touchy, old chap! You can't say yourself that Ransome is a sportsman. He never plays anything, unless it's billiards at a pub. But leave Ransome out of it. You've got another reason for being careful now; a young brother in the school."

"Confound him!"
 "My dear chap, you can confound your whole family if you like, and I won't interfere. To come back to the subject, will you put in steady practice from now until the Lexham match, and tell me that I can rely on you?"

"I suppose so."
 "Good! Come down to the practice now."
 "I'll be along presently; I want to speak to Ransome."

Lunsford compressed his lips for a moment, and then he nodded shortly and quitted the study.

He had not been gone two minutes when Ransome looked in.

"Oh, our respected grandfatherly captain is gone!" he remarked. "Curious how Lunsford doesn't seem to like a nice, cheerful chap like myself."

Arthur grunted.
 "He wants me to practice regularly till the Lexham match," he said abruptly.
 "I guessed as much," said Ransome, nodding. "I read it in his eye. He had his cricket look on."

Arthur laughed, in spite of himself.
 "Well, I've undertaken to do as he wishes," he remarked.

"Good!" said Ransome. "Go in, and win! I think it's a jolly good idea for you to play in the Lexham match—ripping, in fact! What are you staring at?"

"That isn't what I expected you to say."
 "Well, they say it's the unexpected that always happens," said Ransome, with a grin. "But this match may be a good thing for us—both of us."

"For me, yes; but for you—how?"
 "Oh, I'm not thinking of getting my cap for the eleven!" grinned Ransome. "That's not in my line. I've always told you that I think

cricket is too much like work; but you know what Lexham is—a manufacturing town—and the people there take a lot of interest in the local cricket team. I've heard that when Lexham are playing a good match as much money changes hands on the field as on a small race-course."

Arthur started. Ransome was watching him with narrowing eyes.

"Betting on cricket?"
 "Why not?"
 "Oh, hang it, Ransome, you know as well as I do. It's—it's blackguardly."

"Blessed if I can see how it's worse than betting on horse-racing," said Ransome, yawning. "Matter of opinion, I suppose. I've no objection to pulling in a couple of ten-pound notes over the match. If you have, you needn't bet."

"Ten pounds!"
 "Yes, and more, if we like—if we can be tolerably certain how the match is going."

"It looks to me about even chances."
 "H'm! I can easily pick up bets in Lexham, and win—enough to pay Cunliffe, and something over. What?"

"Ah, enough to pay Cunliffe, and get rid of him!" muttered Arthur to himself; then, aloud:
 "Ransome, old fellow, we've been a pair of fools!"

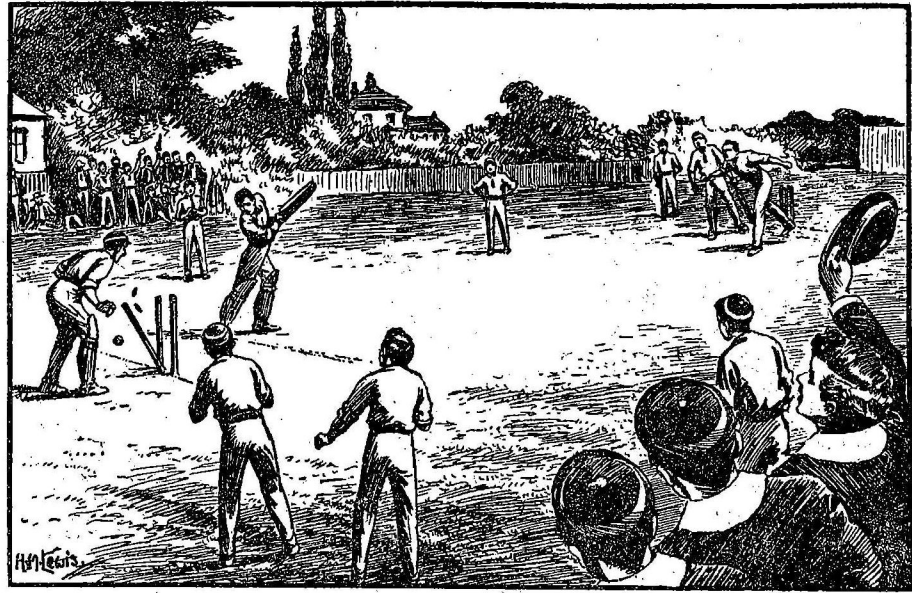
"Oh, I don't know. Anyway, it would be a relief to get him settled with, if only to be able to make a fresh start."

Arthur shook his head.
 "None of that for me, Ransome. If I get clear of Cunliffe once, I sha'n't put my head into such a trap again."

Ransome shrugged his shoulders.
 "Just as you like. I don't see that he's such a bad chap. He's giving up a lot of time over that affair, now, isn't he?"

"I don't quite understand his game."
 "It's good nature, I suppose. Never mind that, now. Let's get down to the cricket, and see what chance you've got of taking Lexham wickets."

And the two Sixth-Formers went out, Arthur



"Hurrah!" shouted Redfern minor, Lunsford's wicket was down. A fast ball had whipped the middle stump out. There was a roll of cheering round the field.

with his bat under his arm. Lunsford welcomed him to the field with a genial smile, and Arthur was soon busy. Ransome stood idly by the ropes, with his hands in his pockets, watching him.

There was no doubt that Arthur Redfern was a good batsman, though he was not in his best form now, owing to his late neglect of practice. But it was in bowling that he was more dangerous.

Even Lunsford, the best bat at St. Dolly's, found it difficult to keep up his wicket against Arthur's bowling, when the prefect was in his best form.

Now he was somewhat off his form, yet the ball came down in a dangerous way every time, and Lunsford had plenty of work to do. The word passed round that Redfern major was bowling to Lunsford, and there was a general gathering to see him at work. Among the crowd lining the ropes appeared very prominently Redfern minor and his friends, and they cheered every good ball, and every good hit of the batsman, with loud and enthusiastic impartiality.

"Your major can bowl, Reddy," said Skelton. "He's been rather cutting the cricket lately, but he hasn't forgotten the trick. Look there, Lunsford's out!"

"Hurrah!" shouted Redfern minor.
 Lunsford's wicket was down. A fast ball had whipped the middle stump out. There was a roll of cheering round the field.

For a fellow who had just been clean bowled, Lunsford looked remarkably pleased.

"Ripping!" he exclaimed. "That's a ball that will make Lexham sit up, and no mistake." Arthur's face was looking brighter than it had looked for weeks.

On the cricket-field once more, among the old familiar sights and sounds, he felt more like his old self, and the black troubles that haunted his thoughts were banished for the time being.

And when, after an exhibition of bowling that many a county bowler might have envied,

he came off the pitch, his look was as cheery, and his laugh rang as merrily, as any in the cheery crowd of flannelled cricketers.

"My hat, that was ripping, Arthur!" exclaimed Redfern minor impulsively. Then he drew back, colouring, as he remembered his brother's words of a few days ago.

But Arthur only laughed cheerily.
 "Oh, so you're here, Sid!" he said, clapping the junior on the shoulder. "You must let me see what you can do on the cricket-ground some time. Have you forgotten those tips I gave you last holidays?"

"Hardly," said Redfern, flushing with pleasure; and Arthur passed on, leaving him the proudest and happiest junior in all St. Dolly's.

The Notice.

"SKELTON!"
 Skelton did not reply, or look up. It was afternoon in the Fourth-Form room at St. Dolly's, and the Fourth Form were busy. They were following their Form-master upon a personally-conducted tour among Latin verbs, and the master had suddenly turned to Skelton with a question. But Skelton's thoughts were far away.

"Skelton!"
 Still Skelton did not look up. Redfern minor looked round anxiously. He would gladly have warned his chum, but Skelton was too far from him. The captain of the Fourth Form was deeply interested in his exercise-book, apparently, for he was conning it over with engrossed looks.

"The ass!" muttered Redfern. "What the dickens is he up to?"

Spratt was sitting next to Skelton, but with the Form-master's eye upon him he did not venture to speak or even nudge the captain of the Fourth. But Taffy Morgan, who was at the desk behind, tried to reach out with his foot, and give Skelton a push. Rivals as Classicals and Moderns might be out of the Form-room,

"Read it aloud, at once!" rapped out the Form-master.

Skelton cleared his throat. His face was very red.

"I am waiting for you, Skelton," said the Fourth-Form master, in an ominous tone.

"Ye-e-es, sir. Notice!"
 "What?"
 "Notice, sir."

"What do you mean, Skelton? Are you impudent enough to jest with me?" exclaimed the Form-master angrily.

"Yes, sir; I—I mean, no, sir," stammered Skelton, who was so confused that he hardly knew what he did mean. "You see, sir, it's a notice—a—a notice I was drawing up as captain of the Fourth Form, sir, to post on the notice-board in the hall, sir."

"Oh, I see! We will hear this precious notice which is more important than lessons in school hours," said the Form-master, with heavy sarcasm. "Pray continue, Skelton."

"Notice," said the unhappy Skelton—"notice to the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's. Having been elected Form captain at the late election, I, the undersigned Herbert Skelton, do hereby and peremptorily call a meeting of the Form—"

"Indeed!" said the Form-master grimly. "Go on! I am quite interested, though I hardly agree that this is as important as Latin grammar in school-time. Pray continue."

"A meeting of the Form," mumbled Skelton. "All members of the Fourth Form are commanded by these presents to repair to the Form-room at seven o'clock this evening, to discuss matters of great interest to the whole Form. Any Modern cads who do not turn up will be excluded."

There was a giggle in the Form.
 "Ah! Is that all, Skelton?"
 "N-n-n-not quite, sir."

"Then read out the rest."
 And Skelton, blushing more deeply than ever, read on:

"All Modern kids are commanded to attend the meeting, and are hereby directed to wash their hands and put on clean collars. Form meetings being held at rare intervals, Modern kids are expected to wash for the occasion, if they do not wash between times."

The Classical juniors giggled again, and the Moderns looked furious.

"Signed, H. Skelton."
 "A most excellent notice," said the Form-master. "Not erring on the side of over-politeness, perhaps, and perhaps a little—er—personal. Let me see, Skelton. This most important meeting, far transcending in importance any mere school work, is to be held at seven o'clock, I think, in this Form-room?"

"Ye-e-es, sir," stammered Skelton.

"Ah, I am afraid I shall be compelled to interfere with this important function. At seven o'clock this evening, Skelton, you will take your books into No. 1 class-room, and will write out a hundred lines of Virgil."

"Oh, sir!"
 "That completed, you will write out one hundred times, I must not think of extraneous matters in school hours. You understand, Skelton?"

"Ye-e-es, sir."
 "Then you may go back to your place."
 And Skelton went back to his place.

Skelton's face was glum till classes were dismissed. When the Fourth Form crowded out, Taffy tapped him on the shoulder, with a grin. "Form meeting still on?" he asked.

"Oh, go and eat coke!" growled Skelton.
 "Never mind," said Taffy consolingly. "We'll give you a look in while you're doing your lines, and comfort you with cheerful conversation."

Skelton stamped away. The whole Form, Classicals as well as Moderns, were chuckling over the notice which had been read out in the Form-room. After tea, Skelton glumly took his books and made his way to the class-room where his imposition was to be done.

A crowd of Modern juniors met him in the passage with sympathetic remarks:
 "I say, Skelton, is the meeting postponed?"
 "Shall we put on the clean collars, all the same?"

"Oh, buzz off, you silly asses!" growled Skelton; and he went into the class-room and slammed the door.

Taffy opened it and looked in.
 "Anything we can do for you?" he asked sympathetically. "We'd do anything for the undersigned, Herbert Skelton."

Skelton grasped his Latin grammar and hurled it, and Taffy closed the door just in time. The volume bumped on the door and fell. Skelton took hold of his Virgil, and held it grimly ready, with a gleam in his eyes.

Taffy chuckled in the passage.
 "Our Classical friend is waxing wroth," he murmured. "We—Hullo! Cave!"

The juniors scuttled off as the portly figure of Herr Rheinberger came rolling along the passage. The German master gazed after the disappearing forms, and blinked through his spectacles.

"Ach! It is that they are after some mischief before," he murmured. "I think that I looks in te room, ain't it? I think that it is vun shoke of some sort."

And Herr Rheinberger opened the door and stepped in.
 "Whizz! I am killed!"
 A heavy volume smote Herr Rheinberger on the chest with a mighty smite; and the fat herr staggered, and sat down in the doorway with a bump that seemed to shake the floor.

(Another rattling long instalment next week.)