

Two Grand New Serials This Week!

The Boys' Realm 1d

of Sport & Adventure



CAPTAIN JACK

A Stirring Tale of League Football, by Popular A. S. HARDY.



REDFERN MINOR.

A Rattling Long Instalment of Charles Hamilton's Fascinating 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 of 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.

A few weeks later St. Dorothy's is playing a cricket match away with a rival school named Lexham. This is a very important match, and all St. Dolly's intend being present.

Arthur Redfern is playing for St. Dolly's, and as both he and Ransome are greatly in debt to a book-maker named Cunliffe, Ransome tries to persuade Arthur to sell the game, so that by betting on Lexham they can win enough money to pay Cunliffe.

This Arthur Redfern refuses to do, and in the St. Dolly's innings he plays a splendid game, and puts his side in a practically winning position.

Ransome waylays Arthur by the pavilion, and informs him that unless he can bring about a defeat for St. Dolly's, Cunliffe, who is on the ground, intends showing him up.

Taffy Morgan overhears this conversation, and later, noticing how weakly Arthur is bowling against Lexham, he comes to the conclusion that he has consented to sell the game. Taffy rushes off and informs Redfern minor of this. Redfern flares up at what he thinks is a base libel against his brother, and deals Taffy a blow which sends the Modernite flying head over heels.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

The Shadow of Shame.

REDFERN MINOR stood over the fallen Modern junior, his fists clenched, his chest heaving, his eyes blazing.

"Get up!" he said, between his teeth.

"Get up, if you want some more!"

Taffy rolled on the grass, and then sat up, blinking dazedly and confusedly at the angry junior.

"Wh-wh-what!" he stammered.

"You've come to me with lies about my brother," said Redfern, in a voice trembling with rage. "Now get up, and back up your words with your fists. I'm ready for you, you cad!"

Taffy flushed hotly. He slowly rose to his feet.

In his excitement, in his anxiety to prevent somehow the loss of the match, he had certainly acted rather hastily, and he had not taken into consideration the probable effect of the news upon Arthur Redfern's younger brother.

Redfern minor had jumped to the conclusion that it was a gibe from the Modern junior, and in any case he was not likely to believe it easily.

"Put up your hands!" said Redfern savagely.

Taffy kept his hands at his sides.

"I didn't come here to fight," he said. "I came—"

Redfern laughed scornfully.

"No; you came here to tell a lie about Arthur—about my brother, and you don't want to fight. But you've got to, whether you want it or not! Put up your hands, or I'll give you the coward's blow!"

Taffy's face was crimson.

"I tell you—"

Redfern advanced upon him, and Taffy backed away. He was not afraid. He had

to exercise the greatest self-control to keep from taking Redfern minor at his word. But there was no time for fighting then. That could come afterwards.

"Redfern, don't be a fool! I tell you—"

"Hold on, Reddy!"

It was Skelton who spoke. He had slipped down from the fence, startled by the sudden outbreak, and he caught Redfern by the shoulder.

Sidney shook off his hand impatiently.

"Let me alone!" he said. "The cad says—"

"Shut up!" said Taffy, in a hurried whisper. "There's no need to spread it all over the school."

"Do you think I believe it, then?"

"I'll prove it to you!"

"You cad!"

"You're calling me some pretty names," said Taffy, compressing his lips. "You've knocked me down, and I haven't returned your blow. I'll settle all that with you later. At present there's something more important. I tell you—"

"Hold on, Reddy—"

"Leave me alone! Do you know what he says?" said Redfern hoarsely. "He says my brother is selling the match to Lexham—that he's losing for the school on purpose!"

"My word!"

"I didn't want the thing gassed about," said Taffy quietly. "You've told Skelton yourself. No need for it to go further, if you can stop your major from doing what he's trying to do. Stand back, you fool!"

Skelton dragged Redfern back.

"Don't be an ass, Reddy! There's something in this—"

Redfern turned on him fiercely.

"What! Do you say the same?"

"No, I don't. But there's something in it. Taffy isn't the chap to make up a yarn like that. I suppose it's a mistake," said Skelton pacifically; for Redfern, in his present mood, was as ready to turn upon friend as foe. "But I think you might hear what Taffy says, instead of slogging him on the jaw."

"It's a lie!"

"It's not a lie!" said Taffy. "I suppose I was a fool to come to you, instead of going to Lunsford. It's the truth. Do you think it's a pleasure to me to find a St. Dolly's fellow playing a game like that?"

"Now, shut up, Reddy, and listen to him. Taffy's a Modern worm, of course, but he's honest inun all through, I'll say that for him. And you ought to know it by this time."

Redfern was silent.

He did know that the Welsh junior was the soul of honour, upright and frank as the daylight; but the accusation against his brother had robbed him of his usual calm reasoning.

"Oh, that's all right!" said Taffy. "I understand how he feels about it, and I might have broken it a bit more gently; only there's no time to waste. It's not all Redfern major's fault, either; he's been driven into it by that cad Ransome."

"That sounds likely enough."

"Well, go on," said Redfern sullenly.

"Mind, I don't believe a word against my brother, I'm willing to believe that you've made a mistake."

"Listen, then, and see for yourself!"

And Taffy related, almost word for word, what he had heard from the top of the pavilion. His manner was so earnest, and the tale so circumstantial, that his words carried conviction, in spite of the hearer's prejudice.

Redfern's face became pale as death.

He had known much—too much—about his brother's connection with Ransome, and through Ransome with Mr. Cunliffe, of the Green Man in Wyndale.

That Redfern major was mixed up with a set of betting men, that he broke bounds from the school, and was guilty of many reckless actions, Sidney knew, or suspected. But this—this was the culmination!

He could not find a word to say; in spite of himself, he could not help believing. Skelton's face showed that he hadn't a doubt. Brown, who had joined them, looked as Skelton looked—immediately convinced.

"I jolly well know how you feel about it," said Taffy quietly. "I'm sorry to have to tell you. Nobody knows but ourselves, and we'll all keep it dark, except Vernon and Rake, and they'll be as mum as we are. Only something will have to be done. Look here, Redfern major doesn't want to do it. He began bowling jolly well. Only that cad Ransome spoke to him on the field, and then he went off his form."

Redfern nodded silently.

He had noticed that incident himself, and that it was after Ransome had spoken to him that Redfern major had played so badly.

The bitterness in the boy's heart was worse than the bitterness of death.

His brother's shame, known and discussed among half a dozen juniors! Good heavens, what would Arthur say if he knew?

And he must know. As Taffy said, something would have to be done; the match could not be thrown away to please the prefect's rascally friends.

"Well, what do you think?" said Taffy. "I thought you could speak to him in the tea interval; there's your chance. It's too rotten to have the last big match of the season thrown away."

"Yes, rather!" said Skelton.

"I—I don't know what to do," said Redfern.

"You believe me now?"

"I—I don't know. I suppose you're telling the truth, unless you've dreamed it all. I'll speak to my brother, anyway."

"That's right. You ought to be able to reason with him, if anybody can, and it won't come so rough from his minor," said Taffy.

"Don't say a word about other fellows knowing, if you can help it. It would make him feel awfully cheap, you know. After all, it's all that cad Ransome's fault."

Redfern nodded, and turned away. He made his way with slow, heavy steps towards the pavilion. And Taffy could more than forgive him for that hasty blow that had been given, as he watched the drooping of the lad's head, which had always been so erect.

Arthur's Reply.

THE cricketers had knocked off for the tea interval, and the Lexham fellows were discussing that cheery meal with light hearts. The score had run higher, and they were now 100 for five wickets. With six wickets in hand, and only 71 runs wanted to win, and plenty of clear summer daylight before them, their hopes were high. The unexpected score of St. Dolly's would not worry them, after all. They were certain now to pass it, and probably have several wickets left at the finish. And they rejoiced accordingly.

Arthur Redfern looked quiet, and almost sullen. Lunsford had not said a word to him. What could he say? Reproaches were useless, and would have been out of place. Redfern major had failed, unexpectedly but completely. The great hopes of the school were to be dashed to the ground.

Lexham would win, as they usually did, and the long record of defeats would be unbroken. Lunsford had to take the prospect with the best grace he could. He could not understand Redfern major; but he was far from suspecting anything like the real cause of the falling-off.

Some of the other fellows, however, were not so quiet about it. They asked Redfern major what was the matter with him. His replies were so short and irritable that they soon gave it up. Arthur was not in a mood for talk. The feelings in his breast were not enviable.

He frowned darkly as his young brother came up to him, as he sat outside the pavilion with a cup of tea on his knee. The sight of Sidney irritated him then, he hardly knew why. Perhaps it was because he felt, for the first time, that he could not look the boy in the face.

"Arthur—"

"What do you want?" broke in the senior irritably. "What do you come here for? You know I've told you I don't want a fag bothering me in public!"

Redfern bit his lip.

At any other time an answer like that would have sent him away with a wounded heart, without a word in reply. But not so now. He did not budge.

"I want to speak to you, Arthur."

"You can't. Get out!"

"I must!"

Arthur started. This was quite a new tone for his minor to take with him—this lad, who had borne all his whims and his indifference with unflinching patience.

"What do you mean, Sidney?"

"It's important!"

"Stuff! We recommence in five minutes! Get away!"

"I must speak to you!"

Arthur frowned darkly.

"Do you want a licking, Sidney?"

"No. I must speak to you." Redfern lowered his voice. "It's important! Don't get into a wax, Arthur! You must listen! It's about the match and Ransome and Cunliffe!"

"What!" breathed Arthur, staring at the junior with wide-open eyes.

"I've heard—"

"You've heard! What have you heard, you young hound?"

(Continued on the next page.)



"Oooocch!" From the dusky garden came a stream of water, jetting forth from a powerful hose. It descended into the very centre of the brake, splashing the startled and dismayed Classics, and drenching them from head to foot at the first burst. (A laughable incident from next week's long instalment.)

Redfern winced, but he went on quietly: "I've heard about it—why you're losing the match, that's all!"

Ransome. "Can't you see they're looking at us?" The publican winked. "All right, my buck. I'll see you later, I suppose?"

Redfern stop bowling, I suppose," remarked Skelton thoughtfully. "Well, that's all that could be done. If we'd spoken to Lunsford, and he'd believed us—which isn't likely—he could only have taken off Redfern major from the bowling."

been able to prevent it; what Taffy could do had been done, and it had been of no avail. "It's rotten!" said Taffy. "Beastly rotten!

OUR CRICKET LEAGUE.

Tables and Prize-winners for Week ending August 7th. BRISTOL "BOYS' REALM" JUNIOR CRICKET LEAGUE. Table to end of July. P. W. L. D. Pts.

"THE BOYS' REALM" CRICKET AVERAGE CONTEST. Name of Player..... Address..... Name of Club..... Performance for week ending September 4th..... Signature of Captain..... Address.....

Table of Averages up to Week Ending August 7th. No. Times of Not Outs. Average. H. Laycock (Leeds) .. 11 5 764 127.33

Taffy seized his chum by the throat and pinned him against the pavilion. Vernon wriggled and gasped. "Now, you shut up!" said Taffy. "I'm thinking this out, and I'm not going to be interrupted. Look you—"