

GREAT NEW BOXING STORY STARTS TO-DAY!

# The Boys' Realm of Sport Adventure

2<sup>d</sup>

PETER JACKSON  
OF  
MANCHESTER



GRAND XMAS DOUBLE NUMBER

REFERN MINOR.

The Concluding Instalment of Charles Hamilton's Fascinating School Tale.

Light at Last. ARTHUR REDFERN stood with bowed head as he faltered out the word. Dr. Cranston looked at him in blank amazement. Arthur's reply took him utterly by surprise, and for the moment he thought the perfect was out of his senses. "You, Redfern! What do you mean?" "I mean what I say, sir."

"Come, Redfern! You are talking nonsense. You have been troubling too much about your worthless brother, and you take the matter too much to heart," said the Head kindly. "You are not to blame. You could not help—" "You don't understand me, sir," said Arthur in a low voice. "I—I have a confession to make. You must not expel Sidney. He is not to blame. It was I—I all the time—I only who was to blame. What he did, I did for my sake—to save me!"

Dr. Cranston's face changed. He could see now that there was something more than morbid self-reproach in this. He sank into his seat, his eyes fixed upon the prefect's white, shamed face. "I—I was in difficulties, sir," I was a fool. I was mixed up with my Captain, and his set—the betting set at the Green Man—" "The Head started violently. "You, Redfern! You—a prefect!" Arthur winced.

"Yes, sir." "I can hardly believe it, though you tell me with your own lips," said the Head, after a pause. "You know the opinion I had of you. You know, too, the creditable result of this confession on your part making?" "I know I shall be expelled." "Naturally! But go on!" "I—I owed the man money," said Arthur dreadingly. "I don't know how I let myself get connected with the rotters at all, but I suppose I was a fool. I've always been a fool, I suppose. I never said 'Yes.' I owed Cunliffe money, and he had to be paid. That was the beginning of the trouble. He threatened to come to you—and show me up, as he called it."

"But I got clear then; and then, like a fool, I plunged into it again. When my minor broke bonds that night, he went to the Green Man, in Wyndale—but it was to warn me to leave and to get in in time to escape discovery." "Good heavens! And he said no word!" "He would not betray me."

"And I—I nearly expelled him for that act of devotion," said Dr. Cranston, in a moved tone. "Redfern, you have much to answer for!" "I should not have let you expel him, sir," said Arthur, with a groan. "I should have done up rather than that. He kept it all down, and I saved me. I—I think I should have kept to it this time, sir, but luck was against me. Cunliffe wanted his money. And they held the same old threat over my head, and—" "Do you mean to say that this latest disgraceful affair was on your account, too?" asked the Head, in a hard voice.

"Yes, sir." "You allowed your young brother to enter into a prize-fight—" "No, no!" cried Arthur. "I knew nothing about it then. Sidney had found out that he needed twenty pounds to save me, and Ran—and he was offered that sum to fight the Chicken at the Green Man. I knew nothing. I would have stopped it, whatever it cost me—they knew that. He did it to save me, sir. He was asked to play a blind game, but it was my fault. He knew that I should be expelled if I did not raise the money." "I am glad you did not know it, Redfern."

"But—but I have to say, sir," faltered Arthur. "Some of Sid's friends in the Fourth were alarmed about him. They knew he was with—with a chap who never does his credit any more—and they came to me to ask me to interfere. When I guessed that he was gone to the Green Man, I hurried there after him. I was determined to bring him away, if I had to defy Cunliffe to do his worst at once." "Very good!" "Then—then I got there, and—and I found it was a fight, and it had already begun, and Sid was getting the best of it. Then—" "You were wrong again."

"I—I thought it would be best to let it finish, as it had started, and Sid win the money to clear me," said Arthur wretchedly. "I know how wrong it was, but I won't try to make excuses for it, sir. I went away, without letting Sid know that I had been there, and came back to St. Dolly's."

And then he told me that he was to be expelled in the morning. The Head looked at him curiously. "And you, Redfern!" "I came here, sir." The Head was silent for a minute. "You are harder upon yourself than I should be upon you, Redfern," he said slowly. "You have done wrong—great wrong. Your brother has done wrong, too." "It was for my sake, sir." "That does not wholly excuse breaking the rules of the school and disregarding the authority of his headmaster." "But—but—" "But, since your explanation, I shall certainly not expel him," said Dr. Cranston, in a softer voice. "He has acted from a mistaken sense of devotion; but such devotion is too noble and too rare for me to punish it heavily. Redfern minor will remain at St. Dorothy's. The school drew a breath of relief—a breath that was almost a sob. "Thank you, sir!" "As for you—" "I know what must happen to me, sir," said Arthur. "I know it when I came here. I'm—I'm almost glad it's over. I have felt such a cur ever since the Lexham match. I may be able to make a fresh start somewhere. I've had a lesson that will last me for life, I think." "You may be able to make a fresh start here," said the Head quietly. "Oh, sir!" "As I said, you have done great wrong. You cannot remain a prefect. But I think I know enough to be able to see when a repentance is sincere," said Dr. Cranston; "and, indeed, your making of this confession is proof enough. I should be sorry to see your whole career ruined when there is a single chance left to save you, Redfern. It is very clear to me, also, that you have not fallen into these temptations and difficulties alone. There has been a tempter, who has taken advantage of the weakness of your character."

OUR LEAGUE CORNER. Being a Weekly Record of the Boys' REALM Football League.

Table with columns for League Name, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Includes sections for THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LEAGUE (Northern, Junior, Senior), SOUTHERN SECTION, and NORTH LONDON SECTION.

Table with columns for League Name, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Includes sections for SOUTH LONDON SECTION, SOUTH SECTION, and SCOTS AND IRISH SECTION.

me, also, that you have not fallen into these temptations and difficulties alone. There has been a tempter, who has taken advantage of the weakness of your character. Arthur was silent. He had betrayed himself, but he would not betray Ransome. "I will not ask you for the name of this false friend, Redfern; but I will ask you to have nothing more to do with him." "I have already promised that, sir, to Sidney." The Head smiled slightly. Arthur's reply unconsciously admitted the truth of his surmise. "Very well, Redfern. Keep that promise. You say that you have had a lesson which will stay for your life. I think that is very probably so. In any case, I cannot forget that you stand before me self-accused—for the sake of one who is innocent. I shall give you another chance, Redfern. Make the best of it." The tears were running down Arthur's cheeks. "Oh, sir, you—you will allow me to—to—" "To remain at St. Dorothy's? Yes. I think you will try to do better. I know you will succeed if you try. As for this money—you may keep it, which has been paid to your brother for that wretched fight—it cannot be retained. It may be sent to some charity." "But—but I—" "Exactly. I shall see Cunliffe; I shall settle with him. And I shall speak to him in a way that I think will prevent him from meddling with St. Dorothy's boys again." The doctor's face grew very grim for a moment. "You can repay me another time, Redfern, for this money. You are willing to do this?" "Oh, sir, I can never thank you enough! You have saved me from misery."

"You can thank me by leading a straight life in the future, and justifying the opinion I formerly held of you," said Dr. Cranston. "Oh, I will—I will, Heaven help me!" said Arthur. "And in case of a fresh difficulty, especially of one arising out of this affair, come straight to me," said the Head kindly. "Remember, I am your friend as well as your headmaster." "I am not likely to forget that, sir," said Arthur. "Oh, you shall see, sir—you shall see that I'm not fool enough to lose a chance like this!" And Redfern major, when he left the Head's study, seemed as if he were walking on air.

Table with columns for League Name, W, L, D, F, A, Pts. Includes sections for PRIZE FOOTBALL AWARDS FOR WEEK ENDING OCTOBER 30TH, SOUTH LONDON CHURCH OF ENGLAND FOOTBALL LEAGUE, ANFIELD PLAIN AND DISTRICT LEAGUE, LIGHTHOUSE LADS F.C.—Hon. Secretary, T. Pickett, BERRYHILL AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE, DEAF HILL U.F.C.—Hon. Secretary, J. Smith, CHORLTON AND DISTRICT LEAGUE, MARYLEBONE AND DISTRICT FOOTBALL LEAGUE, BROADSHELVY CRUSADERS F.C.—Hon. Secretary, F. A. Neville, THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LEAGUE (Northern Section), SOUTH SECTION, SCOTS AND IRISH SECTION.

All Sore. ARTHUR! Redfern minor clasped his brother Cranston into his arms and waited with a horrible and aching heart. The last quarter of an hour of the blackest in Redfern's young life was happening—what had happened to him? Redfern paced about the room restlessly, the minutes of the minutes then flung himself at last into the bed and had happened? Why did Arthur do back? He came at last. Arthur came in to believe, even as Arthur came in to mean? Redfern started up, his eyes on his brother in blank astonishment. "Arthur!" "The Sixth-Former smiled. "It's all right, Sid!" "All right! How do you mean? Have you told the Head?" "Every word!" "Then—then you're expelled?" "No." "No," repeated the junior disbelievingly. "No," said Arthur. "Sidney, the finest fellow in the world, and the most content to keep straight after that you've given me another chance—expel him?" "My hat!" "I couldn't believe my ears when he said so at first," said Arthur solemnly. "He deserves it; of course, I know that. He's right; you're pardoned, of course, but a wonderful thing is that I've got my chance; and I'm going to make the most of it." "Thank Heaven!" "Not a word of it outside this study, but—but there's going to be a big change." "And Ransome?" "I never mentioned his name, but the Head guessed there was something about Ransome. You needn't have any say in it. The past is done with; it's a world new. And Sid, I'm going to stamp out with St. Dolly's, I swear it!" "I don't see how in Redfern minor's eyes he could so minister." "It's jolly," he said. "It's jolly, Sid. The Head's a brick. My hat! With Sidney and Brown well when I tell them I'm sent to St. Dolly's, after all these years, they'll be better off and tell them at once." "Right-ho!" Arthur gripped his brother's hand as he went, and Redfern minor, as he went to study, his face bright, his heart glad as happy. He burst into the study in the Freshmen passage like a cyclone. Skeleton after Brown were sitting by the fire, with one was drying down, looking very fresh. Taffy & Co. were in the study, looking decidedly miserable too. The Moderns presently to feel the lilt-back of the Church's assembly as they felt it themselves. "Hello!" "The five juniors jumped round at the burst upon, and Redfern minor said: "What the dickens—" "Why—" "What—" "It's all right!" shouted Redfern. "It's a Head's brick! It's all over. Ransome in the garden is just a name. This is what he chuckles, 'oh, ha!'" "Why, what—" "It's all serene!" trilled Redfern; and he grasped Skelton with one arm and Brown with the other, and walked them round the study, in his exuberant joy. "Hurrah!" They crashed into the table, and sent them flying, top and tail upon the floor. There was a noise in the study of the heavy bodies and the yelling of the voices. Redfern came out at a little distance, the top of juniors, and chuckled. "It's all right!" he announced. "You—you as you? It it!" "Ow! I'm hurt!" "Just what I was going to do. Hurrah! I tell you it's all right! It's sticking to St. Dolly's, and it's a world new." "Hurrah!" "Well, in that case," said Taffy, "I'll be to his feet, and dabbing his nose with a kerchief—in that case, we won't be any more!" "Hurrah!" "Hip, hip, hurrah!" "And the shout that reached your ears, all St. Dolly's, and announced to all interested in the matter that the great change was not, after all, to see the last of Redfern minor." THE END.

ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.

A Rollicking New School Tale by Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.



THE LAST CHAPTER.

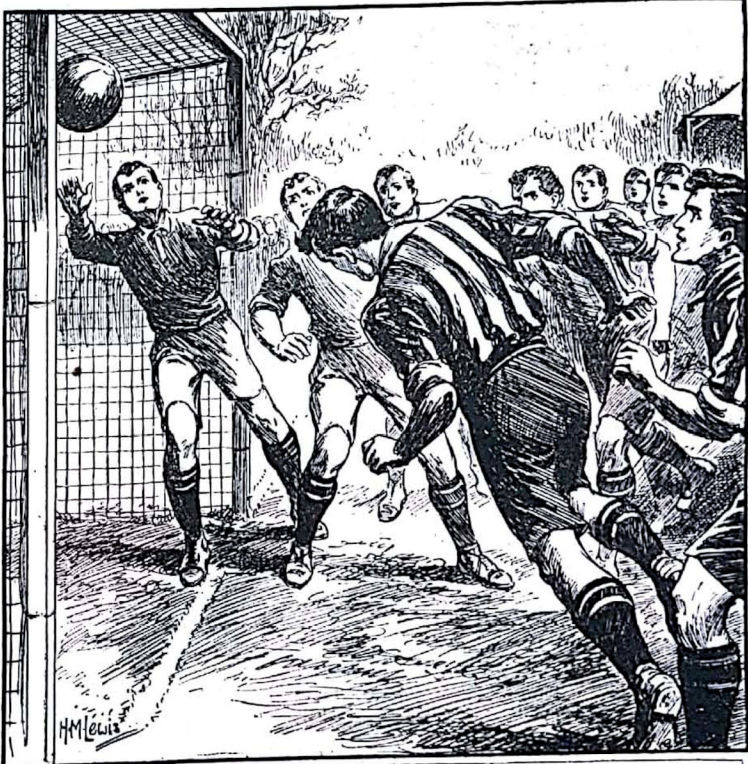
There was a blue haze of cigarette smoke in the room, and a hum of voices. It was a large, comfortable room—Ransome's room at St. Dolly's school—furnished for a Sixth-Form boy. Ransome, indeed, always seemed to have plenty of money, which was a puzzle to the fellows at St. Dolly's, as his people were known to be poor. But that was not the only thing about Ransome which the school did not quite understand. Ransome was sitting in the window-seat, a cigarette between his thin lips. From where he sat he had a view of the old quadrangle of St. Dorothy's, and the wide, green lawn, and the many old elms were leafless now, and did not obstruct the football-ground, where a big match was to be played that afternoon. The modern match between the Classical boys and the Modern sides at St. Dolly's. He did not even glance at the view. He could not have had any interest in Ransome of the Sixth, but he could make a bet on it, and then, indeed, his interest in a match could be keen.

and the interfering young puppy! We hardly speak now. Never mind Redfern major. "You'll vote for him in the captain's election, I suppose?" "I shall do nothing of the sort," said Ransome coolly. "I shall not vote at all, unless it is worth my while. But never mind the election now, or the football, either. The question is about Keen Billy for the Burford Stakes. Are you fellows going to put anything on—and are you coming with me?" There was another silence in the study. Under Ransome's influence, the more reckless spirits had broken many of the minor rules of the school; but the most reckless of them balked at this. It was no light matter to go to the races—it was pretty certain expulsion if it were found out, for one thing, and there was a serious matter, Ransome, certainly, had a knack of getting out of the most serious scrapes; but other fellows might not be so lucky. "If you don't want to come, I can work the oracle for you," said Ransome, as he proceeded to light another cigarette at the stump of the old one. "Hand me what cash you want to put on the gee-gee, and I'll manage it for you with the bookies." "And if it's lost?" piped out little Gunter, of the Fourth. Ransome stared at him in a very disconcerting way, which made the fog wish he had not spoken, and wish devoutly, too, that the floor would open and swallow him up. "If it's lost, it's lost," said Ransome. "If you win, you win. It doesn't need any extraordinary intelligence to work that out." "I—I meant—"

when the door of the study opened suddenly and without warning. A tall, handsome Sixth-Former stood in the doorway and looked in, and then strode into the room. It was Redfern major—Arthur Redfern, of the Sixth. A junior, curiously like him in features, but of a more sturdy cast, followed him into the room. That was Redfern minor. There was a dead silence in the study for a full minute. Arthur Redfern looked at the Smart Set, his eyes gleaming with anger. The smokers went on smoking mechanically, and Gunter and Wake thanked their lucky stars that they had no cigarettes in their mouths. Fellows, Mills, and Allen had laid their money on the table, and it was glimmering there in full view, a pretty plain indication of what had been going on. It was Ransome who broke the silence. It was very seldom that Ransome lost his coolness, and, after the first start of surprise, he recovered it now. Since his break with Redfern major he had felt that the time must come when he would have to measure strength with his former dupe. He deliberately struck a match and lighted a fresh cigarette, an act of defiance that moved the unbounded admiration of the fags. "Hallo!" he said coolly, looking at Redfern major through the haze. "Come to join our little gathering? You're welcome, though you might have knocked. Sit down!" "I did not come here to sit down!" said Arthur coolly. "Oh, if you prefer standing, there's no objection; everyone to his taste!" said Ransome smoothly. "Will you have a smoke?" Gunter tittered. Then he caught Redfern minor's eye, and the titter died away with remarkable suddenness. "No!" said Arthur quietly. "Put that cigarette down, Ransome!" Ransome's lips set hard. The cigarette remained between them. A green glint came into his eyes. "What business have you to give orders in my study?" he said savagely, but still keeping perfectly calm. "You are not a prefect now." "The Head has restored my prefectship to-day," said Arthur quietly. "I am a prefect again, Ransome; but even if I were not I should interfere here. You shall not lead any fellows into scrapes. If I can help it, as you tell me, I have never reproached you with led me. I have never betrayed you. But I tell you plainly—there's got to be a change!" "Indeed!" drawled Ransome. "Yes, indeed! You have been making bets here even now, I believe. Dare you deny it?" Ransome shrugged his shoulders. "You are leading these fellows into your own ways—those and others—and I tell you, Ransome, there is to be an end of it. If I Ransome, there is to be an end of it. If I make get in as captain of St. Dolly's I shall make a clean sweep, I promise you." "You are not captain yet," said Ransome, in a silky, dangerous voice. "No. But I am a prefect, and that's enough; though, as I said, in any case I should interfere. Throw those cigarettes away!" Arthur's voice rang with authority. Fel Jones and Vane, Mills and Allen, coloured, and threw their smokes into the grate. Ransome went on steadily smoking, though Jifface was paler now. He had never seen Arthur like this before. Where had the prefect taken this courage and determination? He felt gained this courage and determination? Surely it was a bluff! Ransome's eyes glittered through the haze of the cigarette, which he did not remove from his lips. Arthur Redfern gazed at him steadily, and there was a breathless silence in the study. "You heard me, Ransome?" "Yes." "Are you going to obey me?" "No." "Short and sharp was the answer; Ransome had flung down the gauntlet. Arthur drew a deep breath. Redfern minor's brow darkened, but he did not speak. It was his major's business; but he prayed in his heart that Arthur would be the ruin of the resolve Arthur had made; a defeat at the beginning meant the end of it all. But there was no weakness in Arthur Redfern's breast at that moment. He took out his watch with a steady hand. "I give you one minute, Ransome, to think it over." "And what then?" said Ransome, with a sneer. "You will go sneaking to the Head with a tale that your old chum is keeping up your own old habits!"

There were half a dozen fellows in the study as well as his master. They did not all belong to the Sixth either. It was not customary for a Sixth-Former to entertain Lower-Form boys; but Ransome had his own ways. There were Fellows and Vane of the Fifth, and Mills and Allen of the Fifth, and the two fags of the Fourth—Gunter and Wake—were sitting on the extreme edges of their chairs, feeling ill-looking uneasy, but in a state of great pride and importance at being admitted to the Smart Set of the Smart Set of St. Dolly's. Nobody took much notice of the fags; still, they were permitted to be there, and to watch the elders smoking cigarettes, in defiance of the rules of the school; and that was quite satisfying to the two fags. They felt that this was "life." At the same time, the fags were feeling an inward quake at the thought that some prefect might happen along, and catch the Smart Set in the act. The Fifth fellows, as a matter of fact, were not without their terrors, though they concealed their feelings well, and seemed to be greatly enjoying their smoke. Ransome blew out a little blue cloud, and though it looked over the faces of the fellows in the study. "Well, what do you say?" he asked suddenly. There had been silence in the study for some minutes. Ransome's question broke it suddenly. "I don't know," said Fellows. "Better make up your minds. I am going down to Burford this afternoon." "Are you going to see the match, Ransome?" Ransome smiled contemptuously. "I don't like, Vane. I've something more important to know how the fellows can spend their time over it." "Oh, hang it!" said Fellows. "It's a jolly good match, I suppose?" Ransome shrugged his shoulders. "Well, you can go and watch it," he said, with a sneer. "I've got something better to do. I expect to pull in a tidy little sum at Burford. You can do the same if you like. Burford Billy is certain to win. I've had a dead-end bet, straight from the horse's mouth, on the Sixth. But you can do as you like, or you can do as your chum Redfern major is playing. Redfern major is no chum of mine. We don't chum up, but it's never been the same since his young brother came to St. Dolly's."

(Continued on the next page.)



The leather had been sent in; but it bounced back from the goalpost. Arthur Redfern sprang forward, and in the twinkling of an eye the ball was headed into the net.

ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Arthur turned crimson. "No," he said, "I shall not go to the Head, the matter is not serious enough for a prefect's report. I shall deal with it myself. If you will stop smoking—"

"Well!" "I shall make you!" Ransome's teeth bit almost through the cigarette. He could not yield now without making himself ridiculous in the eyes of the Smart Set, who were watching him breathlessly. What a fool he had been to light that cigarette out of bravado! But it was too late to think of that now.

Arthur Redfern put the watch back into his pocket. "Time's up, Ransome!" "I'm nearly finished, thank you!" "You will finish now." Ransome gave a shrug. Arthur Redfern made a stride toward him, and his hands fell upon the cad of the Sixth. Ransome was no weakling, but in that strong grip he was whirled from his seat as if he had been a child. He gasped, and then yelled, as the remnant of the cigarette slipped into his mouth. He spat it out furiously, and clenching his hand, struck Arthur Redfern full in the face!

Redfern's eyes blazed. He whirled Ransome off his feet, and flung him away; and the cad of the Sixth crashed out of the door, rattling and banging with rage. Arthur stood over him, his fists clenched hard. "Is that enough, Ransome?" Ransome made no reply, he was panting for breath. The Smart Set, who had been on the study, excepting Gunter and Wake, who seemed rooted to their chairs with terror. Ransome staggered to his feet at last.

"Yes," he said quietly; "I shall remember this, Redfern—and I will make you remember it." Arthur smiled scornfully. "I want you to remember it," he said; "and the others, too. There will be no gambling, smoking, or blackguardism of any kind in the Sixth while I'm step it. If I failed in my duty as a prefect before; I shall not fail again. That's all!" He turned to the door.

"Come on, Sidney," said Redfern minor cheerily. "I'll help those two young beggars out. They belong to my Form, and I'm going to keep a parental eye on them!" And Redfern minor took a grip with either hand upon the collars of Gunter and Wake, and jerked them off their chairs. Arthur smiled, and quitted the study. Redfern minor swung the two fags towards the door, feebly resisting.

"Come on, my infants," said Redfern minor cheerily. "I'm going to look after you. March!"

"I say, Reddy—Ow!" "You!"

Redfern minor was applying his boot, not at all gently, to the rear. Under this forcible persuasion the junior members of the Smart Set bolted out of the study and down the passage, Redfern keeping close behind with active boot, as if he were taking a footer down the study. They were yelling, and considerably hurt, by the time they dodged into a study and escaped.

Ransome remained alone—battered, furious, white with rage and spite. Redfern major had been his true enemy, rather, his duped victim; there had been little friendship on Ransome's part. But now in St. Dolly's, or in the wide world, Arthur Redfern had no bitter enemy than Ransome. "That's the beginning of the end, Sid," said Arthur Redfern to his minor a few moments later. "You see, old man, I'm going to keep my vow."

And the brothers clasped hands.

The 2nd CHAPTER. A Most Important Occasion.

"SUCH a lot," said Redfern minor thoughtfully—"such a blessed lot depends on the result of the football match to-day."

face, had a voice in the election of the captain of the school. On such occasions Jack was as good as his master, so to speak; the most diminutive, ink-fingered lad had as much to say in the prefect, at whose frown he trembled.

And the Fourth Form, being more numerous than the Fifth or the Sixth, was of more importance on three occasions than the other two classes of the school, in which the Fourth-Formers felt to be quite in accordance with the fitness of things.

Any school election at St. Dolly's was certain to be disputed, for the school was divided into two sides—Classical and Modern—and each side was certain to put up a candidate. And so it was now, for when Lansford left Redfern major and Knowles of the Sixth, put in their names as candidates for the vacant post. Redfern major was a Classical; Knowles belonged to the Modern side—a side that had not been long in existence at St. Dolly's, but was very numerous. The Moderns received a sound commercial education, instead of the old classical training, much to the disgust of the Classical youths, who wanted to know what the public schools of this country were coming to; while the Moderns, on their side, made unpleasant remarks about old fogies and pedants and stick-in-the-mud duffers, and so forth.

Redfern minor naturally took the matter very much to heart. "Not only am I a Classical scholar, but it was my elder brother who was standing at the Classical candidate, and so, if St. Dolly's was not to go to the dogs at express speed, it was absolutely imperative for Redfern major to get in as captain."

"I think we can depend upon most of our side to vote Classical," said Redfern, tapping on his knee with his finger. "That's the best of the Classical side—the old brigade—they're loyal. They'll back up my major."

"Yes, rather," said Skelton. "But about the Modern worms," went on Redfern, with a thoughtful frown. "They're as thick as thieves, you know. It's no good arguing with them; it's really disgusting. The way they stick to one another, and won't listen to reason."

"A curious sound came from Brown. He bent down hurriedly and looked at his roasting chestnut; as Redfern turned a wrathful look upon him. "What's the matter, Brown?" "Nothing," said Brown hastily. "Then what were you guggling about?" "I—I wasn't aware that I was guggling."

"Well, it sounded to me as if you were guggling. If you can't do anything but guggle at a time like this, Brown Tertius, why—"

"I eat, these chestnuts are ready." "Cheer up! Talk about feeding while Rome's burning!" exclaimed Redfern junior indignantly. "If you're looking for a thief, eat, Brown III."

"Oh, keep your wool on!" said Brown. "The election's not till seven to-night, and we've got to dine first. No harm in baking chestnuts, I suppose?" "B-r-r-r! There's more important matters than chestnuts to think of. How is that blessed election going? That's the point."

"I suppose most of the Classical will back up the Classical candidate," said Skelton, "and most of the Moderns will back up Knowles. Only, a blessed lot depends on the footer match. If we win, it will mean a Modern captain, but if he's not up to my major in—"

"And if the Modi win—"

"Then I'm afraid Knowles will get in."

"And then St. Dolly's may as well shut up shop, and have done with it," said Redfern, with an exaggerated air of doom. "There never has been a Modern captain of St. Dolly's yet. I don't know what will happen if Knowles gets in."

"It will be rotten."

"Of course, I've nothing against Knowles," said Redfern. "Knowles is all right, in a way. I don't like to him, but I wouldn't condemn a chap just because I don't like to him."

Redfern said this in the most magnanimous way, and Skelton nodded a full assent to his magnanimity. "But he's a Modern—a chap who takes German instead of Greek, and chemistry instead of Latin—one of those beasts who don't do awful mathematical problems in their heads—a fellow I can't stand," said Redfern minor. "I don't deny that he plays a good game of footer, but he's not up to my major in a long line."

it did not move. He jerked again, and the door opened about half an inch, and then remained fast.

"What's the matter with this door?" he roared. "Who's been playing the giddy goat with this blessed door?"

"It's fastened," said Brown, in surprise—"fastened on the outside."

"Go hon!" said Redfern sarcastically. "How long did it take your mighty brain to guess that?"

He shook the door furiously. There was a chuckle in the passage outside. Redfern kicked at the door.

"You Moderns are strong!" "Ha, ha, ha!" "Enfasten this door!"

"Sorry; no time to stop," said a sweet voice outside. "We're off to the footer match. We hope you will get good places—when you arrive!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Tally, you beast!" "Hu, ha, ha!"

And Tally & Co., leaders of the Modern side of the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's, went on their way, chuckling gleefully. Redfern wrenched at the door. But a cord was stretched taut across the passage, from the handle to the handle of the door opposite, and the cord was very strong.

"My only hat," said Skelton. "This is a go!" "Oh, land a hand here!" grunted Redfern. "That's the good of jawing!" Lent a hand!

"How long did it take your one to catch hold of the blessed handle?" "Ass! I never said there was."

"Look here, Reddy! I'll take the handle in both hands, and get a good grip, you put your arms round me and pull, and Brown can put his arms round you and pull, and we'll have it open, if we bust something."

"Catch hold!" And they caught hold. Redfern's strong hands closed on the door-handle with a grip like a vice, and Skelton dragged on him, and Brown dragged on Skelton.

"Now, put your beef into it!" said Redfern. "Pull!" And they pulled.

"I—I can feel something coming! Oh!" "Something came; it was the handle of the door, which wasn't built to stand a strain like that. It came off in Redfern's hands, and the three juniors shot backwards."

"Brown buried his head in his hands, and Skelton bumped on Brown, and Redfern bumped on Skelton.

Three distinct and formidable roars rang through the study. "Ow!" "Ow!" "You—you asses!" gasped Redfern, as he staggered on his feet.

"Why, it was your fault!" shrieked Skelton. "Who pulled the blessed handle off the door?" "Oh," moaned Brown, "I'm squashed!"

"It was Reddy's fault—"

"You can't get an ankle off, but if you like," said Redfern severely; "I'm going down to the footer."

"Oh! Ow!" "The inside crowd having come off, the outside party fell away the cord with it. Redfern minor opened the door, and passed out into the corridor.

"Oh," gasped Skelton, "I got somebody's blessed knee in my back!" "Somebody bumped his silly back on my knee," grunted Brown.

"Oh!" "Ow!" "You rats! Let's get down to the footer." And they followed Redfern minor.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. Classicals and Moderns.

THERE was already a crowd round the senior football-ground of St. Dolly's. The crowd was large, and it was increasing. It still wanted a quarter of an hour to the knock-off, but there was a great deal of keeness shown in getting good places. Fellows of all Forms were there, all interested, all eager. The influence the result of that match will have on the captain's election was known to all; but without that consideration, the match itself was likely to be a keenly contested one. It was a senior match between the Classical and the Modern sides.

The crowd was very quiet, for the football at St. Dolly's. They prided themselves upon their cricket, upon their hockey, and upon their sprinting and their swimming, and upon a few other things; in fact, they had altogether a very good opinion of themselves. But among all things they prided themselves upon, there was no doubt that footer was an easy first. They played football, as they told their friends, with a secret on the "played." To get one's cap for the first eleven at St. Dolly's was not to obtain a snicure. A fellow who worked his way into the first eleven had to work to keep his place there. There was a great many of the fellows in the Fifth and Sixth, Classical and Modern, would have given a little finger for the much-coveted cap.

And this made the election of the school captain an anxious question to both sides, for the school captain at St. Dolly's was the football captain, and each side felt that it had most to expect from a captain of its own selection.

But it was also a fact that many of the best football players cared more for the distinction of being Classical than for anything else, and they were bound to vote for the fellow they considered the fittest to uphold the honor of St. Dolly's.

The Classicals prided themselves upon their connection with the traditions of the school, and their connection with the sports, but they were not less keenly interested in the Moderns. Their heads were full of the Modern side's fine footballer—a little known, but a very good one, and fault-finding, and sometimes a little bit of a temper, but playing a splendid game. Moderns had known where a Modern captain could be found, but had not known where to find the Classical captain. It was a fact that Arthur Redfern's election had fallen due on the morning of the match, and that the election was to take place on the same day. The candidates were of equal weight, was a well-known fact, and it was probable that the result of the football match would be the scale.

Hence the utter earnestness displayed by the school. All other matters were of no account. Classicals and Moderns gave up their usual field to watch the great game.

There were, of course, a few Moderns on the side—better known as Tally & Co. who were jammed in against the Moderns, and were mostly of their own party, were in high good humour. They had second left their rivals of with fourth in their study—two causes which they placed up as the visible result of the football ground.

Quite a number of the Moderns, who these Classical duffers will get on in time for the match!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Yes, Modern worms!"

Tally arranged his benches in the ground, and they bestowed a powerful shower upon the Modern chums. Tally & Co. chuckled.

"Yes. Come over here, and I'll give you a thick ear."

"Haven't time to lick you now," said Tally loudly. "I'll dot you on the nose after the match!"

"Yah!" "Boo!"

And with that exchange of compliments, the Modern juniors turned their attention to the game. It was a cold, keen winter day, and the level green of the field was looking very inviting. Redfern, Skelton, and Brown pushed among the fags with powerful shoulders to gain a front place. All St. Dolly's seemed to be crowded round the ropes, as well as a great many of their acquaintances from outside the school, and all good places had long been taken up.

"We're late," said Redfern minor. "This is the worst of gorging chestnuts in a study instead of attending to business."

"Why, you—"

"Of course, you can waste time talking if you like, but I think it would be better to get a good place in the game before it starts."

"Here, who are you turning?" demanded a Modern youth, snoring his head and glaring at the Classical trier.

"I'm showing you, Norton, old chap," said Redfern minor.

"You—you Classical cad! What are you showing me for?"

"To shift you, of course. I want to get in front."

The reply to Norton's question was a perfectly reasonable one, but it did not seem to have the effect of pacifying him. He turned the colour of a beetroot.

"You're a Classical cad," he shouted. "Here's Classical cads showing."

"Rah! Down with the Classical cads!" "Keep 'em out!"

And a crowd of Modern fags wedged themselves round Norton, and presented a sort of Macedonian phalanx to the attack of the Classical chums. They greeted the Classical with yells and hoots, and warm invitations to get on with the game.

"Come on, you—"

"You're over slow to accept." "Elbow and knee, and down with the Modi!"

"What's—?" There was a scramble and a scuffle immediately. Redfern & Co., backed up by the other Classical, wedged their way on. The Moderns resisted desperately, and Tally & Co. were squeaking to a squeaking and a hooting and a bubbling that was heard all over the school.

A tall, somewhat thin-featured fellow came out of the pavilion, and cast an angry glance at the struggling juniors.

"Stop that row!" he exclaimed, in a sharp voice. "Do you hear? What do you mean by making a row on the grounds? You're all Classical cads showing."

"It's all right, Knowles; it's the Modern worms sticking in the way."

Knowles frown was in a minute, if you don't stop it!" he exclaimed.

As that would have meant a general fight of the juniors, and a few more minutes of Classical stop showing. The scramble, however, became worse than ever. But the Moderns had followed Knowles out, and the Sixth-Formers, who were very big, handsome fellows, being, in fact, his elder brother.

