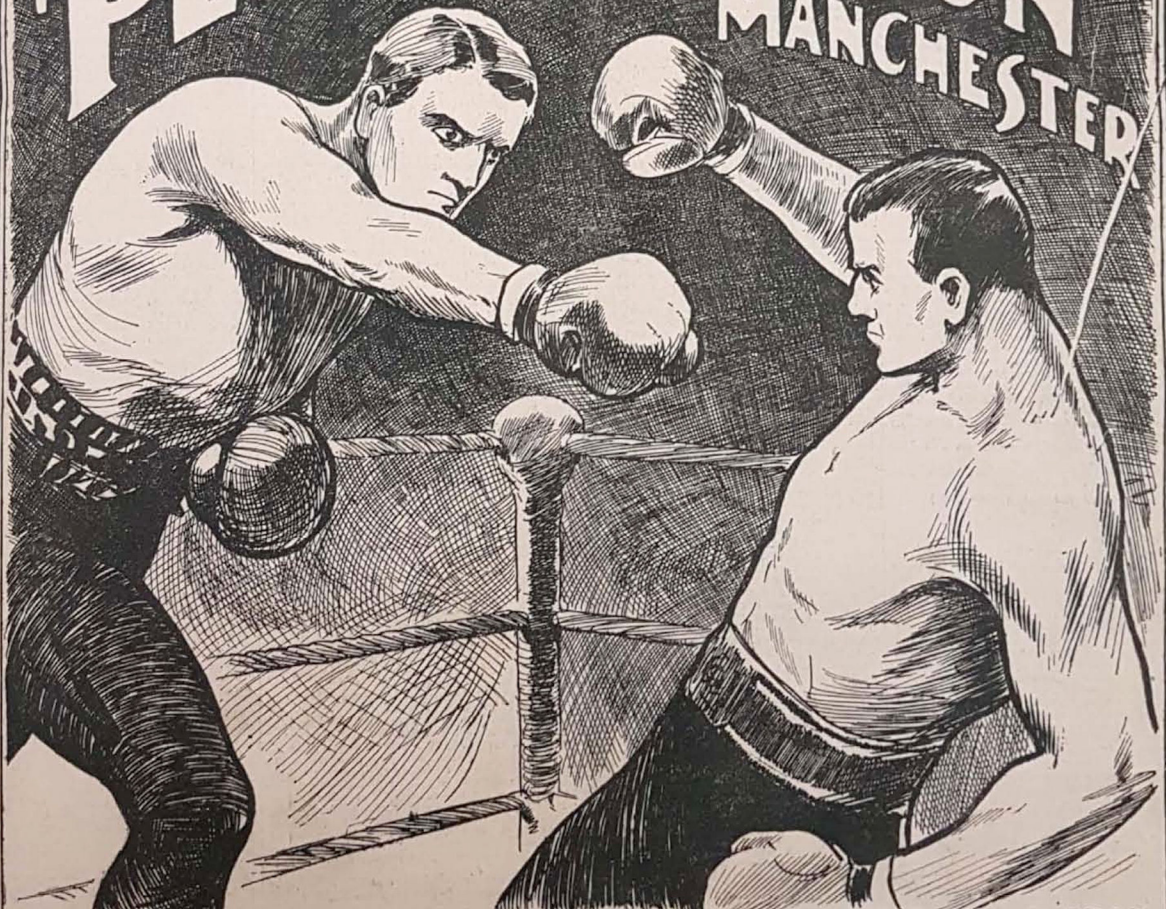


MANCHESTER CITY F.C.--SPECIAL PHOTO & ARTICLE.

# The Boys' Realm 1<sup>9</sup>

*of Sport & Adventure.*

## PETER JACKSON OF MANCHESTER



**NEW BOXING STORY--OPENING CHAPTERS TO-DAY!**



ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.

A Rollicking New School Tale by Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.

that neither his arm nor his leg was broken after all. He rubbed them both to make sure, and looked very much relieved. "I think that to Jones are not broke," he remarked. "I have an enormous pain in mein leg, but it is not broke. Redfern, I think you are lerry careless."

"I'm so sorry, sir!" said Redfern meekly. "I won't fall out of the tree again if I can help it, sir."

And Skelton and Brown chuckled softly. That was a very safe promise to make. "I think I gifts you lines, ain't it?"

"I-I'd rather you didn't, sir!"

Even Herr Rheinberger, with the enormous pain in his leg, could not help smiling at that remark.

"Vell, vell," he said; "I dare say you are hurt, too, mit yourself, and ve says no more about it, before. Only, mein poy, climb not tat tree again after!"

"Oh, sir!"

"You keep on to ground," said Herr Rheinberger firmly. "I think tat perhaps you prokce your neck, ain't it? You keep on to ground."

And the fat German toddled away to a bench to sit down and recover his breath.

"Well, that's up, then," said Skelton. "You're jolly lucky to get off so cheap, Reddy. Hallo, there goes the whistle for the second half!"

"How are ve to see?"

"Go and crowd the Mods, I suppose."

Redfern minor shook his head.

"Bad form, while the match's on," he said. "Let's get behind the Classical goal, and we shall see something, anyway. When it gets exciting, you chaps can hoist me on your shoulders, and I'll tell you how it's going."

To that cheerful suggestion Skelton and Brown made simultaneously the ancient and classical rejoinder:

"Rats!"

But they made their way to the Classical goal, and joined the crowd behind it, and by dint of rising every now and then upon their toes, they managed to see something of the field of play.

The second half of the match had commenced, Knowles licking off for the Modern side. Knowles's face was not good-tempered now, and his lips were set tight and hard, and there was a glitter in his eyes. The most casual observer could see that the Modern skipper took matters very much to heart, and that the Classical score was worrying him.

Arthur Redfern was quiet and cheerful, but evidently in a determined humour, and out for goals.

The St. Dolly's crowd eagerly watched the rest of the game.

The first half had had plenty of hard fighting, and the strain had left its mark upon the players on both sides.

Arthur, who was in splendid form, seemed to be still as fresh as point, and Knowles was splendidly fit, though not amiable. The Classics, upon the whole, stood the strain well. But the signs of fatigue were plain among the Modern men.

As a matter of fact, the wear and tear of a hard-contested match was showing up in the quality of the players, and before the second half had been ten minutes in progress, it was pretty clear that the Classical side was the stronger of the two.

The Moderns fought well, and Carne in goal was especially good; but the Classical attack was sweeping, and for a long time the struggle was almost wholly in the modern half.

Which, of course, was extremely gratifying to Redfern (Co.).

"We're licking them!" said Skelton, with conviction, as he stared hard at the field, dodging for a view among the crowded heads.

"The Mods can't hold a candle to us!"

"Us," were the Classical senior team, of course.

Redfern minor nodded.

"It looks like it, Skelty. But Knowles is a good player."

"Yes, if he had a better temper. It's not a sportsmanlike thing to scowl when the game is going against you."

Skelton was right; Knowles certainly was scowling every now and then—whenever he did not remember to control his features, as a matter of fact.

He was beginning to realize clearly that, in spite of all they declared to the contrary, the Modern side were not quite up to the Classics in matters of sport; and that discovery was extremely galling to him, especially as the captain's election probably depended upon the result of the match.

Knowles put all his "boots" into the game, and, in fact, he was playing the game of his life, but football is not a "one-man" game. Knowles could not be everywhere, and do everything; and, as the second half wore on, and the Classics pressed hotter and hotter, the tide of fortune ran more strongly against the Moderns, and Knowles could not arrest it.

"By Jove!" said Redfern minor. "Kelly will catch cold if he doesn't get some more exercise!"

Kelly, the Classical goalkeeper, was walking about in his goal, clapping his hands and waving his arms to keep warm, and exchanging remarks with the fellows round the ropes. He had had very little to do since the whistle went.

"Hallo, look there!" exclaimed Skelton. The Modern forwards had suddenly broken away.

They came in line down the field, passing the ball splendidly, and getting through the Classical defence in fine style.

The backs were beaten hollow, by the sudden surprise of the attack, which had changed the aspect of the game completely in a second or two.

two. There was a buzz of renewed interest in the crowd, and loud cheers.

"Go it, Mod!"

"On the ball, Knowles!"

"Hurrah!"

Kelly sprang to attention at once. He met the ball as it came in from Knowles's foot, and fished it out. A Classical back rushed in and cleared—er, rather, did not clear, for he kicked the ball fairly at Knowles, who headed it in in the twinkling of an eye.

Before Kelly knew it was coming it was in the net, and the Modern crowd were yelling with joy and approval.

"Goal, goal! Hurrah!"

"Bravo, Knowles!"

The score was level.

The Modern skipper fully deserved the cheers he had won. He had snatched that goal from adverse fortune, so to speak; but the effort could not be repeated. The Classics were too careful for it to happen a second time.

They rallied after that glimpse of success for their rivals, and hemmed in the Moderns in their own half, pressed for goal. Harder and harder the tussle grew, the Classics getting the better all the time, till at last the leather went in once more, and the Classics were one goal ahead again.

There was no need, only ten minutes to play to the finish, and the Moderns were fagged and disheartened as they lined up for it.

They had little chance of even equalising, and they knew it. But they were resolved to fight to the finish.

Redfern was rubbing his hands gleefully as they kicked off. "It's ripping!" he said. "What do you think of my major, now, kids?"

"Oh, amazing!" said Skelton. "There never was, never will be, and never could be anybody like him."

Redfern minor grinned.

"No rot!" he said. "But he's easily the best footballer at St. Dolly's, and chance it. And he's going to be captain of the school—what?"

"Oh, rather!" said Skelton and Brown heartily. They were quite at one with Redfern minor there.

It was an unpleasant voice behind the juniors. Ransome, of the Sixth, was pushing his way forward, and he pushed Redfern minor very roughly. Ransome had his hat and coat on, and had evidently just come in. Redfern stared at him, his eyes gleaming. He did not like the bullying manner of the cad of the Sixth; and he was surprised, too, at Ransome taking any interest in the football-match.

Redfern had not seen him since the scene in his study, when the Smart Set of St. Dolly's had been so discomfited by Arthur's visit.

"When you pushing?" demanded Skelton angrily.

Ransome scowled.

"Get out of the way, you brat!"

The juniors, reluctantly made way. Ransome reached the front, and looked at the field. The juniors heard him ask a Sixth-Former near him how the score stood.

Harris, of the Sixth, stared at him.

"Hallo, you seen the game?"

"I've been out."

"Oh! Classics are three to two."

Ransome snapped his teeth. He could not restrain himself from an expression of annoyance and chagrin; but it made Harris stare in greater surprise.

"Well, you look a queer chap!" he exclaimed.

"You look as if you'd rather the Moderns won."

"Oh, rats!" said Ransome.

"But he would rather the Mods won, though he's a Classical himself," said Redfern, in a low tone. "I never heard of such a cad! Hallo! Hark!"

It was a roar from the crowd.

"Goal!"

It was needless to ask who had scored it. Arthur Redfern had put the ball in the net. The Classics were four to two now. And, with five minutes more to play, they pressed the Moderns again, harder and harder, and the Classical score stood at five.

Five goals to two.

And that was only the limit because the whistle went. The score might have gone to almost any figure with another quarter of an hour to play. The Moderns were on their last legs, and it was all they could do to pack their goal, and keep the score unaltered till the blast of the whistle relieved them of the strain.

Phip!

The game ceased. The Classics round the field were yelling exultantly.

"Goal! Five to two. Hurrah! Good old Redfern!"

Arthur Redfern's face was bright. Knowles's lips were set like iron as he walked away towards the pavilion. Redfern major tapped him on the shoulder.

"Hard cheese, old man!" he said. "You put up a splendid game!"

Knowles stopped, and looked at him savagely. His bitter chagrin at having lost the match welled up in voice and look; he could not restrain it.

"I don't want any of your sympathy," he said abruptly. "You've won, and that's enough. My men did not ask me up."

Redfern major stepped back.

"Oh, very well!" he said quietly.

Knowles gritted his teeth.

"Keep your condolences till they're asked for."

THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:

ARTHUR REDFERN, a Sixth-Former and a prefect of St. Dolly's School. SIDNEY REDFERN, or "Redfern minor," Arthur's younger brother, a bright member. A. BROWN, a First-Former, a member of the two educational societies—Modern and Classical. SIDNEY is a Classical, and firm chum with CHARLES SKELTON and BROWN, of the Fourth. A deadly rivalry exists between the Classics and the Moderns, the latter being led by TAFFY MORGAN, VERNON, and IRAKE of the Fourth.

RANSOME, a Sixth-Former. A slacker and a good-for-nothing, who, exercising a strong influence over Arthur Redfern, sets the prefect mixed up with a "hoop" game. Thanks to his younger brother, Arthur Redfern, he will have nothing further to do with Ransome's shady transactions. RANSOME, resenting this, vows vengeance, and seeks to draw other St. Dollyites under his wing.

THE 5TH CHAPTER.

The Second Half.

"M—M—M only hat!"

Skelton gasped out the words as he clung helplessly to the bough. The sight of Redfern minor and Herr Rheinberger sitting in the grass and staring blankly at one another was too much for him. He clung to the bough overhead, gasping with mirth. Brown III was hanging on convulsively, strange sounds proceeding from his throat.

"Ach!" gasped the German master again. "I tink tat it vas un earthquake. I tink tat knowings vas fall upon me, ain't it?"

"Oh, my Aunt Selina!" groaned Redfern minor. "I—I—I'm sorry, sir!"

"Redfern, ain't it, after?"

"Yes, sir. I—I fell down, sir!"

"Ach, I think tat you fall on me before!"

"I'm sorry, sir!"

"I tink tat I am hurt!" said Herr Rheinberger gaspingly. "I tink tat I preaks to pone in mein leg, and anoder pone in mein arm, after!"

"I hope not, sir!"

Redfern staggered to his feet. He was very much bruised and shaken and breathless, but otherwise not hurt. And he did not think that the German master was really much hurt, either; but he kept a face of awful seriousness as he stared towards him to help him up.

"Can I help you, sir?"

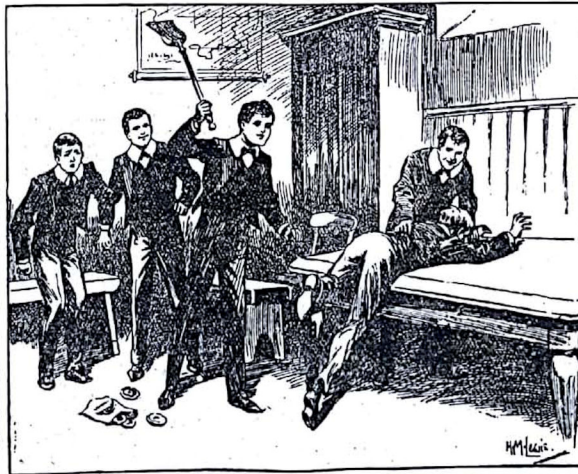
"I tink I preaks a pone!"

"Try to get up, sir!"

Brown grasped the German's hand, and dragged it up. Herr Rheinberger, as a good weight, and Redfern might as well have tugged at the clock-tower of St. Dolly's to pull it down. He glared upward at Skelton and Brown, who were still hanging helplessly on the bough, and chucking away as if for a wager.

"When you've done cackling you might come down and lend a hand," he said.

"Oh, certainly!" said Skelton. "Come on, Brown!"



Gunter struggled in vain. He was laid face downwards across the table, and Skelton kept him there with a slip of iron. The warden! The flat of the shovel made the dust rise in clouds from Gunter's garments. The Junior wriggled and yelled.



And he strode on. But grim looks of disapproval followed him from all sides, and more than one murmur...

THE 6th CHAPTER. Canvassing for Votes.

REDFERN MINOR was busy. He sat in the study shared by the three chums, with a paper before him on the table...

Redfern minor was not deep in a mathematical problem, nor was he composing Latin hexameters for the critical eyes of a Form-master...

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"You young cad!" Ransome caught up a cane from the prefect's table, and ran into the passage. The three juniors scuttled away; it was useless to stay and argue with the senior at that moment...

Arthur did not reply. He glanced at the juniors. "Cut!" he said briefly. "What-ho!" said Skelton, with equal brevity. And the Classical chums "cut."

Ransome looked furiously at the Classical. He closed the door. The Modern prefect covered the cane. For the moment their eyes met—full—and then Ransome turned away. Not a word had been exchanged. But in that glance Ransome expressed all he felt of hatred and malice...

"I hate them!" said Ransome between his teeth. "Both the Redfern! And I'll make them sorry yet that they made an enemy of me!"

"Then I can depend upon your vote?" "Yes; and upon all the votes I can muster! Look here, Knowles, I may as well put plain; said Ransome abruptly. "I should naturally vote Classical, but I think you'll be a better skipper in many ways for St. Dolly's."

"Thanks!" "Redfern major has set himself up to start a puritanical crusade," said Ransome savagely. "There's to be no smoking in the Sixth; a chap is never to have a game of billiards or back a horse! We're all to bow to Redfern major and his confounded minor, and I, for one, am not going to stand it!"

"If you get in as captain, you'll have more sense than to meddle; you'll know when to keep one eye closed, and not bother your head about the other!" "The Modern prefect met his eyes, and then dropped his glance. There was quite a long pause. "What do you say, Knowles?"

"Good!" said Ransome, with evident relief in his face. "Then I back you up through thick and thin, and there are a dozen fellows who'll vote as I tell them, too!" "Good!" said Ransome, with a gloomy look. "Redfern major's party may not all be there."

"Why not?" "They're bound to turn up in force." "That's all right! Leave it to me!" said Ransome. And he left the study. Knowles ran to the door. "Ransome! Look here, no tricks, you know!"

But Ransome was gone. Knowles hesitated a moment, undecided whether to follow him or not; then he stepped back into the study, and closed the door.

THE 7th CHAPTER. No Intimidation. SIDNEY REDFERN and his comrades lost no time in getting out of the Sixth-Form passage. Canvassing for votes was all very well, but that was not a healthy quarter for them just then. They turned into the Fifth-Form quarters, and recommenced operations there.

Most of the Fifth were as keen about the election as the juniors were. But the Fifth were a dignified Form—not quite so senior as the Sixth, but senior enough to stand very much on their own feet. They appreciated being canvassed for, and they were fags of the Fourth, and so the Classical chums soon discovered.

Vane's study was the first they entered. Fellowes and Milward were there, and the Fifth fellows were discussing the election. They fixed a very unpleasant stare upon the juniors when the latter presented themselves.

"What do you want?" demanded Vane, who had not forgotten the scene in Ransome's study, in which Redfern minor had borne a part. "We're canvassing for votes." "Oh!" said Fellowes. "And you've come to canvass the Fifth?" "Exactly!"

"No cheek about it!" began Milward. "No cheek about it!" began Milward. "No cheek about it!" began Milward. "No cheek about it!" began Milward. "No cheek about it!" began Milward.

were seized. They struggled, but in vain, in the muscular grip of the Fifth-Form fellows. "Here, let go!" exclaimed Redfern minor indignantly. "What are you up to?" "Kick them out!" grinned Vane. "Hold on!" "Oh, oh, oh!" "Yarook!"

One after another, the three juniors were yanked to the door, and sent flying into the passage with powerful kicks, which would have been useful on the football-field, but which seemed to the juniors quite out of place now.

Redfern, Skelton, and Brown went reeling along the passage, to sprawl in a heap half a dozen paces from Vane's door. Three grinning faces looked at them from the doorway of Vane's study. "M-n-my hat!" gasped Skelton. "Going to do any more canvassing for votes?" asked Vane.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fellowes and Milward. "N-no; I think not!" gasped Redfern. "Vane slammed his door, and the three juniors picked themselves up. Skelton and Brown glared accusingly at Redfern. "Well, I must say you've blessed idea of canvassing for votes is turning out a howling success!" said Skelton.

"Oh, rather—I don't think!" remarked Brown, with emphasis, as he dusted his trousers. "Oh, rats!" said Redfern. "Perhaps we'd better confine the canvassing to our own Form, that's all!"

"Yes, perhaps we had." "There wasn't much doubt that it would be wiser to do so. The three juniors turned their steps towards the Fourth-Form passage. As they entered a group in earnest conversation caught their eyes.

"Hallo!" said Redfern. "Ransome jawing to Taffy & Co.! What does that mean?" "It means that he's voting Modern." "Yes, I'm pretty sure of that." "Ransome was speaking very earnestly to the three Modern juniors. Taffy & Co. were clucking, and they seemed so interested in what Ransome was saying that they did not even notice the Classical chums passing them.

"Let us get down to the common-room," said Redfern. "Gunter and Wake are there." "What do you want with them?" "A little jaw. You see, it's important to see that there's no intimidation in this election." Explained Redfern minor. "Gunter and Wake are both Classics, and they both belong to that precious Smart Set, with Ransome at the head of it. If Ransome votes Modern, he'll try to make them vote Modern, too."

"And they'll do it." "They jolly well won't! That would be intimidation, if they voted as Ransome told them, because they were afraid to refuse." "Well, we can't help it." "Yes, we can! I'm going to see them, and explain that they needn't be afraid of Ransome, and that we shan't allow any intimidation under any circumstances."

"I don't see." "Never mind! You never do see anything, you know. Come on." "Let her, young Redfern—" "Oh, come on; there's no time to jaw!" "Rats! You always say that when you've said your own say!" "What a chap you are to argue! Come on!"

They descended to the common-room. As it happened, Gunter and Wake were the only fellows there. Most of the Fourth Form had already crowded into the hall, where the election was to be held. The two junior members of the Smart Set were eating tarts from a basket, and Redfern minor guessed where those tarts had come from. They were a bribe for the votes of the two juniors.

"Hallo!" said Redfern minor, halting in front of the two Fourth-Formers. "Aren't you going to vote this evening?" "That's all right!" said Gunter. "There's plenty of time—half an hour yet." "We're canvassing for votes," explained Redfern, taking out his notebook. "I suppose we can rely upon you two to vote Classical!" Gunter and Wake exchanged uneasy glances. "You see," said Gunter.

"You see," said Gunter. "You are Classics!" said Redfern severely. "You are not going to be bullied and intimidated into voting against your own side, I suppose?" "Well, Ransome said—" "No! Ransome said; he's a worm! Are you going to vote Classical?" "No!" said Gunter, with a touch of defiance. Redfern frowned darkly.

"Then you're going to back up a Modern candidate against your own side?" "Rotten traitors!" growled Skelton. "Worms!" said Brown. "I suppose we can vote as we like!" said Gunter defiantly. "We think Knowles will back up our captain. He won't meddle like Redfern minor!" So that was that.

"Rotters!" said Skelton. "You're going to vote Modern for the sake of a bag of tarts. Blessed Esau—selling your birthright for a mess of pottage!" "They're jolly good tarts," said Wake. "Look here, you're going to vote Classical!" said Redfern decidedly. "Ransome has no right to try to influence you in any way. It's intimidation, to say nothing of bribery and

corruption by means of tarts. You're going to defy the bully—" "He hasn't bullied us." "Yes, he has, but you're too busy studying tarts to notice when you're losing your own independence!" Wake said, with a grin. "We haven't!" "As head of the Fourth Form we can't possibly allow any intimidation on the matter of the election."

"But we haven't been intimidated," barked Gunter. "Your mistake; you have." "I tell you—" "My dear ass, if you don't vote Classical, it's dated in your own hand," said Redfern. "We haven't!" "Are you voting Classical?" "No!" yelled Gunter.

"Then we shall have to put down this rotten intimidation with a strong hand," said Redfern resolutely. "Collar them!" "Gunter and Wake sprang up in alarm, and were immediately seized by Skelton and Brown. The two weedy, pasty-complexioned members of the sturdy athletes of the Fourth, they were helpless in the grasp of Skelton and Brown.

"Leggo!" exclaimed Gunter. "Hold them!" "Now then, we've got to rescue you from this loathsome tyranny," explained Redfern. "We're not going to allow intimidation of the Fourth in matters of voting. You see, you are to vote Classical—" "Rats!"

"Or else get the licking of your lives!" Redfern minor took the shovel from the grate. Gunter and Wake eyed it very uneasily. "Lay Gunty across the table, Skelton, and hold him there!" "Right you are!" Gunter struggled in vain. He was laid face downwards across the table, and Skelton kept him there with a grip of iron.

"Now then, Gunter, honest injun—" "No!" yelled Gunter. "Thwack!" "Oh! Ow! Yow! Yarook!" "Thwack, thwack, thwack!" "The fat lot of the novel made the dust rise in clouds from Gunter's garments. The junior wriggled and yelled.

"Sorry," said Redfern firmly, "but we can't allow intimidation in the matters of voting. Are you going to vote Classical?" "Classical—honour bright!" "Yes," gasped Gunter. "Good! Let him go. Wake, are you going to follow Gunter's noble example, and resist intimidation in the matters of voting? Vote Classical, or shall I lay on with the shovels?" "I—I'll vote Classical," said Wake, nervously eyeing the shovel.

"Honest injun?" "Yes." Redfern threw the shovel into the grate with a clang. "Jolly good!" he exclaimed. "You'll be glad some day when you look back to this time, that I was here to help you resist tyranny and intimidation, and to preserve your independence to vote as you please."

"What-ho!" said Skelton and Brown heartily. "Come on!" said Redfern. "There may be some more intimidation going on, and we haven't much time to look into it before the election comes off. We shall have to turn up in hall pretty soon."

And the Classical chums left the common-room. Redfern looked about him outside in surprise. The gas had been turned on, and it was quite dark in the passage, and it was quite dark in the passage, and it was quite dark in the passage. "Some silly ass up to larks!" growled Redfern. "Don't show your napper against the wall, or you'll know it. I—Oh! What-ho—help!"

Hands, invisible in the darkness, suddenly grasped the three juniors. They seemed to be groping about, when they found them all over, and they did not have the slightest chance to resist. Struggling ineffectually, they were lifted off their feet, and rushed along in trampling feet. Save for panting breath and tramping feet, there was no sound. But Redfern knew that it was an ambush—an ambush of the Moderns, and that they were in the hands of Taffy & Co.

"Leggo!" he gasped. "Leggo, you rotten! Yah! Leggo!" There was only a faint chuckle in response. A door was opened, the juniors were bumped in upon a bench, the door closed, and a click. The next moment Redfern minor was upon his feet in the darkness, hurling himself furiously at the door; but it was fast and securely locked, stumbled upon somebody, and fell, and there was a yell from Skelton.

"Prisoners!" gasped Redfern. "You were evidently 'canvassing,' too!" Redfern, Skelton, and Brown were prisoners, locked in, and the election almost due!

(Another rollicking long instalment will appear next week. Don't forget to tell your chums about "Peter Jackson of Manchester," our grand new boxing yarn.)