

SCOTTISH AND ENGLISH CUP-TIE NUMBER!

# The Boys' Realm 1910

THE GREAT SATURDAY SPORTS JOURNAL.

## MISSING! THE ENGLISH CUP.

WHEREAS THE ENGLISH CUP IS THE PROPERTY OF THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION OF ENGLAND AND THEREFORE THE PERSONS WHOSE NAMES ARE ON THE LIST OF MEMBERS OF THE ASSOCIATION ARE ENTITLED TO SHARE IN THE PROCEEDS OF THE CUP AS HERETOFORE.

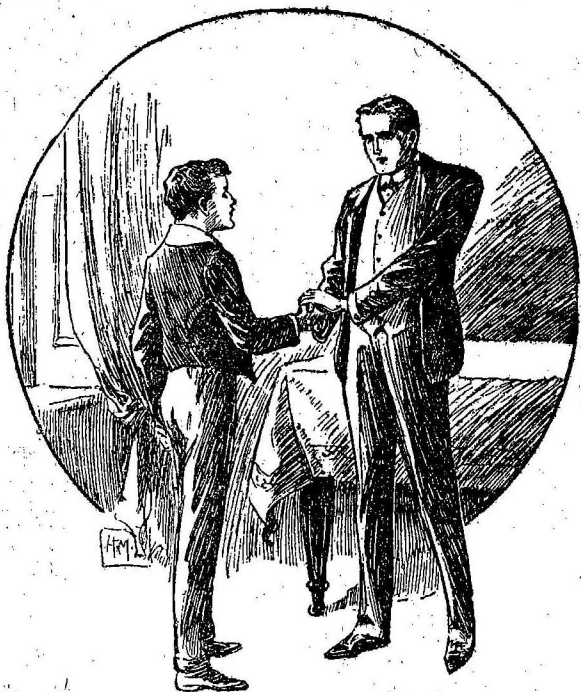


A REWARD IS OFFERED TO ANY PERSON WHO WILL DISCOVER THE CUP AND BRING IT TO THE FOOTBALL ASSOCIATION OF ENGLAND. THE REWARD WILL BE PAID IN FULL AS SOON AS THE CUP IS BROUGHT TO THE ASSOCIATION. NOTICE BEING GIVEN BY ORDER.

# £100 REWARD.

GRAND LONG COMPLETE CUP-TIE STORY INSIDE.





**THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE:**

**ARTHUR REDFERN**, a Sixth-Former and a prefect at St. Dolly's School.  
**SIDNEY REDFERN**, or "Redfern minor," Arthur's brother. A bright, fun-loving lad. St. Dolly's is divided into two educational sections—Modern and Classical. Sidney is a Classical, and firm chums with **SKELTON** and **BROWN**, of the Fourth. A deadly feud exists between the Classicals and the Moderns, the latter being led by **TAFFY MORGAN**, **VERNON**, and **RAKE** of the Fourth.  
**RANSOME**, a Sixth-Former. A slacker and a good-for-nothing, who, exercising a strong influence over Arthur Redfern, gets the prefect mixed up with a betting gang. Thanks to his younger brother, Arthur gets clear of this unsavoury crowd, and promises Sidney that 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 opening of a new term finds the school captainship vacant, and Arthur Redfern and another lad named Knowles are proposed for election. Additional interest is added to the election by the fact that Arthur is a Classical and Knowles a Modern.

Ransome, though a Classical himself, intends voting for Knowles, the Modern candidate, and endeavours to persuade other Classicals to do likewise; but with no great success, thanks to Redfern minor and Skelton.

The day of the election comes, and despite Ransome's efforts, Arthur Redfern heads the poll, and becomes the new captain of St. Dolly's.

Knowles, chagrined at his defeat, is an easy prey for Ransome, who lures him into his clutches, and encourages him to set at naught Arthur Redfern's authority.

Redfern minor and the rest of the Classicals plan a splendid jape on their rivals, the Moderns. They order a dozen or so pair of roller-skates from town, and intend, after perfecting themselves in the art of skating, giving a public display. The whole affair is kept a dead secret, and a large box-room at the top of the school is turned into a nondescript kind of practice-rink. Here the Classicals practise in secret.

Unluckily Taffy and the other Moderns fathom the secret.

(Now read this week's instalment.)

**Painful for Taffy & Co.**

**Q** UET!" Taffy muttered the word in cautious tones.

He was creeping up the stairs to the top box-room, with all the stealth of a Red Indian on the war-trail. Behind him came Rake, and Vernon, equally cautious, equally excited, breathing hard through their noses.

Taffy & Co. were on the track! The finding of the skate key had made all clear to Taffy. He knew now what those mysterious meetings in the box-room meant. He understood the meaning of the bumping and swishing he had heard as he strained his ears outside the locked door. The Classicals had spent those hours in the box-room in practising roller-skating. And as the roller-skates were never seen in the school, it was pretty clear that each time the practice was over they were hidden somewhere in the box-room.

**ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.**

A Rollicking New School Tale by Popular **CHARLES HAMILTON.**

Taffy & Co. were going to look for them. Not a word had they breathed of their discovery, even to the Moderns. It was a dead secret among the three, till they were ready to carry out their plans and "dish" the Classicals.

"Quiet!" It was evening, and the juniors were mostly at prep. in their studies. It was a favourable moment for exploring the box-room without discovery, for there was small chance of anybody being there or coming there at that hour. But Taffy & Co. had to be very careful that the Classicals did not see them go, or hear them on the creaky old stairs.

"It's all right," muttered Rake. "They can't hear us."

"Don't jaw, old chap!" "Look here, you—"

"Not a word! Tread on tiptoe."

"Really, chappy—" "Do ring off, Vernon, old man, and be quiet!"

"You're saying a blessed lot yourself, anyway," said Vernon. "Why don't you set a giddy example of shutting up?"

"Just what I was going to say," remarked Rake.

"Well, of all the asses!" said Taffy. "If they're not stopping here, at a time like this, to begin a blessed argument! My only hat!"

"You began it, chappy."

"Just what I was going to—"

"Hush! Caves! Somebody's coming!"

There was the sound of a footstep in the Fourth-Form passage, from which the narrow staircase to the top box-room ascended. The three Moderns crouched in the dark shadows of the unlighted staircase, and waited anxiously. The footsteps paused at the stair, and they could dimly make out the form of Benson of the Fourth. Benson had apparently heard some sound, for he glanced up the staircase.

The Modern chums scarcely dared to breathe.

But Benson gave the stairs only a casual glance, and then passed on carelessly. The Moderns respired again.

"That was a blessed narrow shave," murmured Taffy. "I suppose even you fellows will be willing to stop jawing now for a bit."

"Look here—"

"Oh, come on!"

Taffy trod cautiously up the stairs, and reached the small landing outside the box-room. He opened the box-room door, and the three passed in, and Taffy carefully closed it. Then the Modern chums breathed with relief.

"Well, we're safe here, chappies," remarked Vernon.

"Just what I was going to say."

"Now we've got to find their blessed skates," said Taffy. "They're hidden in this room somewhere. We've seen them come out after their meetings, and they never had any skates with them."

"No; they're hidden here, right enough."

Taffy lighted the gas, turning it just high enough to show a light for the purpose of searching the box-room. He did not want it to attract attention from anybody who might happen to look up from the quadrangle outside.

In the dim light the three Moderns searched diligently through the box-room.

It was a very large room, and there were several capacious old cupboards in it, and in these, and among the boxes, the juniors hunted, but without discovering any trace of the skates. Taffy examined the wide old

chimney, and even the ivy outside the window, but without result. But one thing was clear to the juniors now that their attention was directed to it. The floor showed signs of scratching and scoring, and was sufficient to prove that roller-skates had been continually used there, even if Taffy had had any doubts otherwise.

After a quarter of an hour of diligent searching the Moderns paused.

"They're hidden in one of the boxes," said Taffy decidedly. "There's a good many to look through; but here goes!"

"Right-ho!"

They began to search inside the stacked boxes, trunks, and packing-cases. Most of them were open to the touch, and could easily be examined. In none of these was found anything like a roller-skate. There were a dozen or more locked boxes, and any of them might have contained the skates.

Vernon eyed them doubtfully.

"Are we going to bust them?" he asked.

"We're going to bust the right one."

"But how are we to tell which has the skates in it, till we've opened it?"

Taffy smiled compassionately.

"It's a jolly lucky thing for you, Verny, that your pater is a jolly rich man," he remarked. "If you had to make your way in the world with your brains you'd be in an awful fix."

"Look here—" began Vernon warmly.

"Oh, don't begin to argue! I suppose there are about twenty pairs of roller-skates, and they weigh something, I suppose. These boxes are empty. Let's lift them one after another, and the one that weighs heavy, has the skates in it."

Rake looked at his leader in great admiration.

"By George," he said, "that's awfully cute of you, Taffy! I should never have thought of that, you know."

"Go on! Let's try it before any of those Classical rotters come bothering."

The juniors lifted the locked trunks in turn. The fifth that they essayed to lift was decidedly heavy, and when they rolled it from side to side there was a rolling and a clinking within it.

Taffy's eyes gleamed with triumph.

"They're here!"

The three Moderns gathered triumphantly round the trunk. It was looked, but the lock was a common one, and Taffy had no doubt he would be able to find a key to it.

"This is where we gloat!" murmured Taffy. "Aha, aha! There's a giddy surprise in store for those innocent Classical chicks!"

"He, ha, ha!"

"Hist!" muttered Vernon.

"What the dooce are you histing about?"

"I heard something—outside!"

"Rats! I didn't!"

"Hark!"

It was a footstep on the creaky stairs. Taffy heard it this time, and his voice died away. The three Moderns looked at one another in dismay. If the Classicals discovered them there they would probably guess all, and the intended surprise for the Classical party would never, never come off. Taffy ran across to the gas and turned it out, and then dived among the trunks.

"Cover, quick!" he muttered.

The Moderns crouched among the trunks. They listened in painful suspense in the darkness. The door of the box-room opened, and they heard a sound of thick and heavy breathing that seemed familiar. There was a scratching sound, and a match glimmered out in the darkness.

The Moderns, peering out from their cover, discerned the plump form and ruddy face of Fatty Spratt, of the Classical side in the Fourth-Form at St. Dolly's.

"What the dickens does he want here?" murmured Taffy.

Fatty Spratt crossed to the gas-jet and

lighted it. Then he closed the door; then he sat down on one of the boxes and opened a bag. The box he sat on was within three paces of the hidden Moderns, and if Fatty had turned his head he could hardly have failed to see them. But Fatty was thinking of anything but the Moderns just then.

From the bag he took an assortment of good things—ham-patties, pork-pies, sandwiches, cakes, tarts, and cream-puffs. His fat face glowed, and his round eyes glistened as he looked at them. He spread them out on the lid of the trunk, and contemplated them for some moments with beaming satisfaction before he began to eat.

The Modern chums looked at one another in utter dismay.

Fatty Spratt had evidently come there for a feed, choosing the top box-room as a quiet spot where he was not likely to be interrupted or requested to "share" by some hungry acquaintance. If he intended to eat all he had brought with him he was likely to be occupied for a considerable time. And Taffy & Co. had no doubts upon that point. They knew Fatty Spratt of old.

"My only hat!" murmured Taffy silently.

They waited.

Fatty Spratt started on the ham-patties, and continued with the pork-pies. All was grist that came to Fatty's mill. The Modern chums, keeping well in cover, watched him as if fascinated.

They dared not move; they hardly dared to breathe. Fatty Spratt was not only a Classical, but he was the most talkative fellow in the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's. If he discovered the Moderns there, it would not be many minutes before Redfern minor knew it; and Reddy would guess what they wanted there, too.

"We've got to stick it out!" murmured Taffy silently, the moving of his lips indicating to his chums what it was he wanted to utter.

And Rake and Vernon nodded silently, and prepared for the ordeal.

Fatty Spratt slowly progressed through his substantial meal.

Taffy & Co. would have given worlds and universes to rush forth from their place of concealment and bump Fatty on the floor, and plaster his fat face all over with jam-tarts and cream-puffs and pour his lemonade down his back.

But that would have been to betray themselves utterly; and they restrained the natural impulse.

Fatty Spratt was a big eater, but a slow eater. It seemed to the tired and cramped Modern juniors that his attacks upon the pile of provisions made no sensible diminution of it; yet they knew he would not move till he had finished the whole.

Cramp attacked their limbs, and they suffered endless pains and tortures; but they hardly dared to move, even when the "pins and needles" ran tingling through their limbs.

Once Vernon could not avoid uttering a slight gasp, and Fatty Spratt was seen to start and glance round him.

The Modern chums held their breath.

But Fatty only just glanced round, and then resumed his work of destruction upon the jam-tarts.

Taffy & Co. sat huddled up, cramped and forlorn, burning with suppressed wrath. It seemed to them an age before the last tart was in the hand of Fatty Spratt, and was conveyed to his mouth.

Fatty's jaws seemed to linger lovingly on the final tart.

His fat face seemed fatter and ruddier than ever, his round eyes seemed to be bulging, and a sort of shininess had come all over his skin. Fatty Spratt had "done himself well," as he would have expressed it.

He rose at last from the trunk, with a deep sigh of satisfaction.

Taffy almost gasped with relief.

"He's going— My hat!"

For Fatty Spratt sat down again on the trunk. Either his exertions had tired him, or he felt a natural disinclination to move in a hurry after that heavy meal.

He sat on the trunk, resting.

The Modern juniors groaned in spirit.

Would the villain never go?

Five minutes—six—seven, by Taffy's watch, Fatty Spratt sat there, like Hercules resting after his labours.

(Continued on the next page.)

**HOW TO PLAY "SOCCER."**

By **STEVE BLOOMER**, the Great International Player.

**How to Win Matches.**

**I** WANT you boys to remember that there is no royal road to assured success in football, but there is a way of deserving, and, in the majority of games, experiencing victory, if a side has a combination of really efficient players. It must, however, be thoroughly understood that in writing this article I am referring to a team which, we must take it for granted, is composed of triers, and that each player is individually worthy of his place in the side.

The real success of a team I always attribute to three reasons. The first is that they are thoroughly fit; the second, good combination and a perfect knowledge of one another's methods—this is one of the greatest essentials in first-class football—and the third, that the

players work or play together in absolute harmony of feeling; in other words, they must be more like members of one family than mere strangers to one another, meeting only because they are compelled to do so, owing to the calls of the club.

I have already told you something about the art of keeping fit, and I only hope those of you who had an amount of fat have managed to get rid of it, and those who had neither fat nor muscle have at least acquired some of the latter.

The next great factor of success, good combination and perfect knowledge of one another's play, is only brought about by constant association on the field. I have known big clubs to pay tremendous sums of money for the transfer of players with great reputations—and, mind you, they have been worthy of their reputations—but yet, perhaps, their presence in the team on the first few occasions that they have been included has been disastrous to the side, and spectators have openly shown their disgust at what they call the waste of money, and the shunting of old members of

the team to make room for the new. Those people don't know how necessary it is for one player to thoroughly understand another's methods, and once this has been learned the new blood may even be worth twenty times more than has been spent. I don't care what side you may put in the field, unless every player fits in with his neighbour, disaster is bound to be the outcome.

In support of this argument, I would call your attention to the straggly play you see in an international match.

When the players may be brought together for the first time from all corners of the country.

In my opinion, a good League side, having always played together, would often make a better fight in an international than the collection of brilliant individual players who are chosen to battle for their country. I mention this to give you some idea of the absolute necessity of combination if matches are to be won, so I advise you to stick to the same side as much as possible, and play upon the principle that you are all relying upon one another.

Now, don't forget what I have said about perfect harmony and good fellowship. By this I mean that ordinary nodding acquaintanceship is not good enough. Combination whilst playing is a great necessity, but, apart from this, there must be the tie of brotherly feeling. I have known what you might call inferior teams, so far as skill is concerned, go on to the field and win games with first-class sides, simply because, in addition to understanding one another's play, they understood one another's feelings, and were on the warmest possible footing of good comradeship. This feeling of good comradeship, and even affection, makes a great difference in the play of a side, and should, in my opinion, be furthered, as much as is possible by the officials of a club. The least amount of friction, or the presence of

**an habitual grumbler**

in a football team, upsets everything, and, personally, I would give little for the chances of continued success of any side if the spirit of enmity reigns instead of harmony.

(Another splendid article next week.)



Taffy was getting desperate. If Fatty sat there much longer Taffy knew that he would not be able to resist the impulse to rush out and roll him over; and then all would be up!

Suddenly Fatty rose to his feet, with another sigh, this time one of exertion. He toddled slowly to the door, and walked out.

"My only hat!" gasped Taffy. "I—I think I should have burst in another minute!"

"I'm cramped all over!" groaned Vernon.

"I've got pains in every blessed inch of every blessed limb!"

"Just what I was going to say!" grunted Rake.

"Well, it's no good grumbling," said Taffy.

"Who's grumbling?"

"And no jolly good arguing either," said Taffy severely. "Let's get out of this beastly place before some other Classical beast comes along."

"What about the skates?"

"Blow the skates!"

"But—"

"Oh, do come on; and don't jaw!"

And Taffy led the way from the box-room. They crept cautiously down the stairs, and got into the Fourth-Form passage. There they assumed a careless air as they strolled towards their own study.

Fatty Spratt was standing in the passage, leaning against his doorpost. He seemed very much disinclined to exertion.

He blinked sleepily at the Modern chums as they came by.

"Hallo!" he said. "You look jolly dusty."

The Moderns did not reply. They seized upon Fatty Spratt without a word, and bumped him down in the passage.

Fatty let out a surprised yell, utterly confounded by this sudden and unexpected attack.

The Moderns bumped him down, and bumped him again, and rolled him over; and then marched on, somewhat relieved in their minds.

Fatty Spratt slowly righted himself, and sat up—dusty, dishevelled, his collar torn out, his necktie streaming, and his jacket up round his shoulders.

He gazed after the retreating forms of Taffy & Co. in blank bewilderment.

"Mad!" he murmured at last. "Mad as hatters!"

And Fatty Spratt crawled into his study, still in a state of the most profound astonishment.

Something Like a Row!

**R**EDFERN MINOR jumped up. He was sitting in the study at work at the table, getting through his prep, and Skelton was opposite him, dividing his attention between work and roasted chestnuts.

Brown III. was not there. He had suggested that prep. was dull work, and that a cup of tea would help them through it. Redfern had cordially agreed, and suggested in his turn that Brown should go and fill the kettle and light the fire when he came back.

Brown did not seem eager to adopt this suggestion; but finally he departed with the kettle, remarking that he expected to find the fire lighted when he came in again. His expectation was not likely to be realised, as neither Redfern nor Skelton had stirred from the table while he was gone.

But Redfern jumped up as Brown came in. He came in in the most unexpected manner. There was a pattering of rapid footsteps in the passage, and the junior came dashing in at top speed, the kettle held before him, and liberally splashing its contents over the floor.

"Hallo!" exclaimed Redfern. "What the— Look out!"

But Brown was going too fast to stop. He rushed right into the table, and the table simply staggered. Brown clutched at it to save himself, depositing the kettle fairly on top of the work that had taken the juniors the last half-hour to get through.

Skelton gave a yell.

"Oh, you giddy ass!"

Redfern minor looked round for the cause of Brown's frantic haste. It was soon apparent. Knowles, the Modern prefect, looked into the study, with a red and angry face. Behind him was Ransome, also looking angry.

"Here he is!" exclaimed Ransome.

Redfern stepped in between the gasping Brown and the two seniors as the latter entered the study.

"What's the row?" he said quietly.

"Mind your own business, you cub!" said Ransome.

Redfern's eyes sparkled.

"Get out of our study," he said. "I don't care if you are seniors. You've no right to shove yourselves in here!"

"I am a prefect, you young sweep!" said Knowles angrily.

"Yes—a Modern prefect. You know jolly well we're under the prefects of our own side," said Redfern minor independently.

"Let Brown alone!"

Knowles snapped his teeth.

"I am going to lick him! The young cad shoved his kettle on my clothes in the passage."

"It was an accident," said Brown, gasping for breath. "I didn't know you were just going to turn the corner, Knowles. How should I?"

"It was not an accident. Ransome saw you."

"Oh, Ransome!" said Redfern minor contemptuously. "Ransome would say anything."

The cad of the Sixth flushed with rage. "I saw Brown do it, and it was not an accident," he said. "If I were Knowles I would lick him for his cheek."

"I'm going to!" said the Modern prefect savagely.

Redfern minor drew a deep breath. It was no light matter for a junior to resist a prefect; but, as he had said, each side at St. Dolly's had its own prefects, and they were not expected to interfere with the other side. If Knowles came into a Classical study, he came in his private character.

The prefect stepped across towards Brown, who promptly put the table between him and his pursuer. Knowles ran round the table after him, and Brown dodged; and Ransome sprang to stop him.

That was enough for Redfern minor. He put out his foot, and Ransome tripped over it, stumbled headlong, and rolled on the hearthrug.

"Oh!" yelled Ransome.

He sprang up in a fury, and rushed at Redfern.

In a moment more the study was a scene of wild commotion.

The uproar was at its height when the form of the captain of St. Dolly's appeared in the doorway.

"What's all this confounded noise about?" exclaimed Arthur Redfern irritably.

He looked at the scene in astonishment.

"Knowles!"

The scuffle ceased. Knowles, red and dishevelled and angry, glared at the captain of the school.

"What on earth does this mean?" exclaimed Arthur. "I came up to stop the row, and didn't expect to find a prefect scuffling with juniors!"

"Mind your own business!" said Knowles hotly. "Do you think I'm going to be cheeked by the cads in this study, because you've taken them under your wing. There's been enough of rotten favouritism since you became captain."

The three juniors looked round the room, and then looked at one another.

The study was simply a wreck.

Everything was broken and upset, and the juniors themselves were in a dishevelled and dusty state, and aching all over from the hard knocks they had received.

"Well, this is jolly!" said Skelton at last. "Still, I'm jolly glad we stood up for our rights."

"Yes, rather!"

"Phew! What's this?" exclaimed Brown suddenly.

He stooped and picked up a crisp and rustling slip of paper from the floor. It was a banknote for five pounds.

Skelton and Redfern minor stared at it.

"My hat!" exclaimed Redfern. "Which of you chaps has been robbing a bank, and shedding his ill-gotten gains over the floor?"

Skelton chuckled.

"Knowles or Ransome must have dropped it in the row."

"Ah, of course! I didn't think of that."

"Somebody had better take it and inquire," said Brown. "Blessed if I want to go to Knowles's study just now, though. He seemed annoyed at that kettle bumping on his waistcoat in the passage."

"Ha, ha! I'll take it!" said Redfern. "It wouldn't do to leave it hanging about. Knowles may miss it, you know—or Ransome—which ever it belongs to. I'll ask them both, and find out the owner."

"Right you are."

And Redfern minor took the banknote and left the study.

The Five-pound Note.

**R**ANSOME was standing in his doorway in the Sixth-Form passage. There was a cloud upon Ransome's brow, and a very unpleasant glitter in his eyes. Ransome had had some hard knocks in the scuffle in the junior study, and Ransome was a fellow who never could stand hard knocks.



Fatty Spratt spread out his array of cakes, tarts, and pastries on one trunk and planted himself on another. Then he commenced his meal, and the concealed Moderns groaned in silent anguish as the minutes flew by.

"There's been nothing of the sort," said Arthur, flushing. "You know jolly well you've no business here."

"I'll do as I like!"

"You won't bully us in our own study," said Redfern minor, between his teeth. "Nor that cad Ransome, either!" He picked the poker out of the grate. "Now, begin again, if you like, and you'll get some of the cracks."

"What's it all about?" demanded Arthur.

Knowles growled.

"Find out!"

"Then you'll get out of this study!" said Arthur decidedly.

"I'll please myself about that."

Arthur's face set grimly.

"You'll get out of this study, and Ransome, too!" he said. "You seem to forget that I am captain of this school. You'll go!"

Knowles looked at him. Ransome looked at him too, and quietly stepped out into the passage. The Modern prefect saw that he would have no help from his friend, at all events. He bit his lip and stepped out.

Arthur Redfern looked severely at the juniors.

"I don't know what this row was about," he said. "But you heard what Knowles said. If I stand up for this study I get accused of favouritism, because my minor's here. When you start these rows, I think you ought to remember that."

"But we didn't start it, Arthur," said Redfern minor earnestly. "It was Ransome at the bottom of it all. I believe he's at the bottom of every blessed atom of trouble that ever happens here. He put Knowles on to rag us, and, of course, we weren't going to stand it from a Modern."

Arthur nodded shortly, and quitted the study.

Although he had been the means of bringing about a fight between the captain of St. Dolly's and the head Modern prefect, it was noticeable that Ransome never entered into a fight himself. If he had a score to pay off, he generally found a quieter and safer way. There were bruises on Ransome's face, and one of his eyes showed a strong tendency to close. But that was probably not all that was troubling the cad of the Sixth. The deep wrinkle in his brow seemed to indicate some trouble more deeply seated.

He was evidently waiting at his door to catch somebody as he passed. He looked up quickly as a door opened up the passage. Courtney of the Sixth came out of Arthur Redfern's study. He came down the passage, and nodded to Ransome in a distant way; but Ransome made him a sign to stop.

"Come into my study a minute, will you, Courtney?"

"Yes, if you like."

The good-natured Sixth-Former stepped in. He wondered what Ransome could want; for they were not on the best of terms. The cad of the Sixth coloured a little as he met Courtney's eyes.

"Well?" said Courtney, in wonder.

"Look here, Courtney, it's an odd thing to ask, but—will you lend me some tin?"

Courtney stared.

"Certainly!" he said. "How much?"

"Five pounds."

Courtney looked at him, and laughed.

"You're joking, I suppose?"

"I'm not," said Ransome. "I've allowed a bill to become overdue—it's for some things I ordered last—last term, and I've got to meet it. As a matter of fact, I had forgotten it. It's come on me suddenly, with a note to say that if it isn't paid it will be sent to my father."

"Phew! That's rough!"

"I shall have the money next week," said Ransome. "I know you sometimes have big tips, and I thought you might help me out."

"I would if I could," said Courtney. "But, my dear chap, five pounds is a big sum. I don't think I could raise more than fifteen bob till Saturday, and then not more than thirty. It's beyond me."

"Oh, all right!"

"Why not try Knowles?" suggested Courtney.

"I will. Of course, you won't mention this?"

"Of course not," said Courtney, and with a nod he quitted the study.

Left alone in the room, Ransome clenched his hands hard, and bit his thin lips. The wrinkle between his brows deepened to a furrow.

"What the deuce shall I do?" he muttered. "It's the chance of a lifetime. Ben Bolt must carry off that race, and I can't lay without the ready-money. With a five-pound note now I could raise a hundred pounds next week. It's a dead, sure snip, and it's the chance of a lifetime. Courtney can't lend me the tin, and Knowles can't. I've asked him already. What the dickens—"

He paused, and uttered an angry exclamation. A boyish face was looking in at the open door of the study. It was Redfern minor's.

"You cub!" he exclaimed savagely. "What do you want here?"

"Nothing," said Redfern.

"Get out!"

"Certainly. I looked in to ask you if you had lost a five-pound note?"

Ransome started violently.

Redfern's words chimed in so curiously with his thoughts, that for the moment he could not help thinking that the junior was mocking him. He started forward.

"You young cub! I'll break your neck!"

Redfern retreated warily into the passage.

"Keep your wool on," he remarked. "If you haven't lost the note, you can say so, I suppose, and I'll go and ask Knowles."

"What do you mean?"

"Somebody dropped a five-pound note in my study," explained Redfern. "It doesn't belong to Skelton or Brown or me, so I suppose it was you or Knowles dropped it there."

Ransome's face changed. There was a steely glitter in his eyes as he fixed them upon Redfern minor.

"Oh, I see! Come in!"

Redfern came into the room again.

"You picked up a five-pound note?" said Ransome.

"Well, Brown picked it up. Somebody dropped it in the row," said Redfern cheerily. "As it doesn't belong to us, we thought it must belong to either you or Knowles, and I've brought it along to see, you see."

"Let me see it."

Ransome felt carefully through his pockets, as if to ascertain whether there was a banknote there. He knew perfectly well that there was not. He uttered an exclamation.

"By Jove!"

"You've lost a note?" asked Redfern minor.

"Well, mine's gone!"

"Then this is yours?"

"I suppose so."

"Look at the number," said Redfern minor.

"Do you take the numbers of your notes? I never do. I never have any notes."

Ransome took the note, and made an elaborate pretence of comparing the number with an imaginary number in his pocket-book. He nodded as if satisfied.

"That's all right," he said.

"It's your note?"

"Yes."

"Good!" said Redfern minor. "Ta-ta!"

"Thank you for bringing it to me," said Ransome. "It was very honest of you."

Redfern's lip curled.

"Thank you for nothing," he retorted. "I suppose anybody who wasn't a worm would return any money he found, wouldn't he? There are no thieves in my study."

Ransome changed colour at the word. Redfern minor walked out, and returned to his own study.

"It's all right," he announced. "The note belonged to Ransome, and he had the number in his pocket-book. That's settled."

"And so is our blessed study," grunted Skelton. "I wonder if we shall ever get it in order again."

Meanwhile, Ransome had placed that banknote carefully in his pocket-book. His actions for the next few minutes were curious. He stood for a while in deep thought, and then he opened the pocket-book, took out the banknote, and went down the passage to Knowles's study. He stopped outside the door, the banknote crumpled in his hand, and his brows knitted. But he did not enter. With quiet steps he returned to his own study, and once more the five-pound note was placed in the pocket-book.

Then Ransome donned his hat and coat, and quietly left the house.

He turned his back upon St. Dolly's, and strode away swiftly through the gloom. The banknote was in his pocket. But did it, as he had told Redfern minor, belong to him? Ransome, the black sheep of St. Dolly's, had gone pretty near the limit many times in his career as a "sportsman." Had he passed it now?

(Another rattling long instalment will appear next week. A grand, long complete school story appears every Thursday in the "B.R." FOOTBALL LIBRARY.—Ed.)