school, Cricket, Football-and Fun!

Boys Realm-19

THE GREAT SATURDAY SPORTS PAPER





Ariving Story By

By A.S.Hardy

school, Cricket, and Fun! UTTONS ["Start with me, then!" said Jack coolly. For a moment it looked as though Clifford meant to try conclusions on the epot with his rival. But past experience had taught him the danger of meddling too far with this sturdy young Third-Former. On the various occasions when the control of the third had to the control of the thin the control of the third had been the control of the co

HEAD was stuck out of the Shell Form room window, and a voice

with in chum, Bob Russell, came out of the maid for opposite.

"Hallo" said Jack. "What's the matter with clifty!"
Seems in rather a bait with the

Seems in rather a bait with that new kid,"

rejied Bob.

(Iffed caught up the boy with the book, at death him a slam on the side of the head the set him recling.

That that!" he shouted, panting with fury.

That that!" he straightened him up with be comed to the control of t

aled Dutton."

"I appose you'll say next your name isn't being!" roared Clifford, dealing the youngster

h sait!" howled the boy, struggling saily. "Let go, you brute! You're half

Man bot Dutton, am I, Noble? My name's

was you're not," said Jack sharply; and may of the boy's cap. "Dutton's got back; in this chap's tow-headed. He's back; in the chap's tow-headed. He's back; it you say so, then?" retorted at all more angry at the blunder he had

A Story of Jack Noble

tea-bell."

"Rum thing those two new chaps being so alike," remarked Bob Russell, as he and Jack strolled towards the dining hall.

"Yes; if it wasn't for the colour of their hair, you could hardly tell em apart," said Jack.

Jack.
"Are they any relation?" asked Bob.
"Not that I know of. But they're both
about the care gg and build, and, rummier
stock the care of the control of the control
"Ought to have some fun out of that," said
Bob thoughtfully.
But neither he was I sale had been

Bob thoughtfully.

But neither he nor Jack had the least idea of how much fun was going to result from the odd resemblance between the two me boys who had arrived together at Pelham.

As they came to the door of Hall, young Padwick, who had evidently been waiting for them, came up.

"Thanks, awfully, Noble!" he said, rather shyls. "It was decent of you to help me just now."

Form room window, and a voice form room window, and a voice fourted by the soulded by the soulde

shyly. It was now."

Jack laughed.

"The Third always stick together," he said.

"We have to, as you'll find out before you've been at Pelham much longer. Whatever you do, Padwick, don't you go Iraging for any of that Shell crowd. And don't have anything to do with 'em, either. They're rotters, most of 'em."

"T mon't." said Padwick fervently, as he

of 'em."

"I won't," said Padwick fervently, as he went to his place at the long table, where the T. State of the long table, where the transport of the long table, where the transport of the long table, where the said Jack to Bob, as they took their easts. "Wonder if he's any use at cricket or footer. I want all the new blood I can get hold of, now that Mac has split his hand, and Grimes is awatting for his exam." be by indignantly.

The young liar!" cried Clifford, seizing is by the collar, and kicking him hard. "I street to you twice out of the window."

Le didn't. I swear you didn't. You ald Datton."

split his name, and occurred the nets and try him "We'll have him up at the nets and try him to morrow," said Bob.

A ved-headed chap

to-morrow," said Bob.
"Yes, and Dutton, too. A red-headed chap like that ought to be able to play."

by up. (lifford!" broke in Jack Noble, which ome up. "You are a beastly bully!" Used, all holding the kid tightly, swung the control of the c

"Yes, and Dutton Soo.) A red-headed chap like that ough and be to play."

"Yes, and Dutton Soo.) A red-headed chap like that ough so he to play."

"Fay word down to Dutton and Padwick." Have well and the boy next him, "that I want them up in the nets at twelve to-morrow to try them for cricket."

"Jack was not disappointed. Both boys shaped well, and after trying their powers of butting and bowling he told them to come up in the afternoon for the practice game between two Third teams.

Rather to his disappointment, for he liked Padwick the better of the two. Jack found that Dutton was undown was very keen, but he had playly played before. Dutton, on the other hand, had been two years at a hig private school, and knew the game well. So as Jack never allowed personal feelings to influence him in the selection of his team, he eventually gave Dutton his colours as twelfth man.

"Dutton celebrated his selection by giving a feed to the whole of the Third Form—a feed so costly that it was plain his people kept him well supplied with pocket money."

Indeed, Duttonie hamming, and Jack, afraid to quietly remonstrate with his new man, and tell him that he would have to cut down his supply of cakes. Dutton looked rather sulky, but had to agree to Jack's suggestion.

hade, whose angry at the blunder and the property of the prope so, well come and wash up for any polyton by the sort, Pad-bon, you do anything of the sort, Pad-like down of the sort, Pad-like down of the sort, Pad-like down of the sort of the so

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

Clifford's Challenge.

HAT fellow Noble is getting too cocky for anything, growled Clifford one day, as he sat in the Shell-room among a knot of his particular cronies

OUBLE

"Till fag anyone I choose!" cried Clifford, crimson with rage.
"Start with me, then!" said Jack coolly.
For a moment it looked as though Clifford meant to treat the cool of t

"Better, by the way they talk," said Marker bitterly.
"Well, they won't do it much longer," said Clifford confidently. "We're going to lick the stuffing out of 'em this time!"
"You don't mean to say you're going to play 'em at cricket again?" exclaimed Prince.
Lipolly well am! I'm going to tell young "And suppose they hammer us again?" said Marker, with sarcasm. "Nice state of things there!! be then."
"But they're not. I'm going to make jolly

there'll be then."
"But they're not. I'm going to make jolly
sure they don't!" said Clifford. "For one
thing, they're two of their best mea short.
Macalpine has eplit bis hand, and Grimes isn't
playing. For another—" He stopped

Macalpine has split his hand, and Grimes isn't playing. For another—" Ile stopped abrupily.

"What have you got up your sleeve, Cliff? Let's have it!" said Prince. Il you. I sha'n't tell awrone. When the prince is you. I sha'n't tell awrone. When the prince is you work it is a said to said the said tell are to the said to the said that not one of 'em'll ever dare cheek a Shell chap sgain."

again."

His confidence was so complete that the others stared at him. He glanced round, and went on

again.

"All I ask you chaps is to buck up and practice hard for a bit. We only lost the last match because we were a trifle on the soft side. But this time we've got 'em on toast, and don't you forget it! Now, are you all agreeable to my challenging these kids."

"All All right! If you're so jolly sure you can lick 'em."

That same evening Dutton, on his way to the

box-room to get some jam out of his last hamper, saw Chifford waiting in a doorway. Chifford make a sign which Dutton seemed to understand, for when Chifford walked away the younger box followed.

Chifford led the way to the old fives court, which stood at the end of an alley running off which stood at the end of an alley running of spot treide its. and was about the lonelies spot treide its, and was about the lonelies spot treide its, and was about the lonelies of the walls, and high, rusty wire-netting along the top.

runnous place, with the plaster preining oil the walls, and high, risty wire-netting along the Clifford, with a quick clance all round, slipped inside the entrance. Dutton followed.

"What do you want?" saked Dutton sullenly.
"Don't speak to me in that tone of voice, or I'll jolly well kick you!" returned Clifford, in low, angry tones.

Dutton made no reply. He stood silent, looking at Clifford, but it was so dark that he could hardly see the other's face.
"Yes," said Dutton.
"Think yourself no end of a duke, don't you?" sneered Clifford.
"No," said Dutton.
"Yes," No!" mimicked Clifford. "Answer civilly, or, by jingo, I'll make it hot for you!"

"No," said Dutton,
"Yes," No!" mimicked Clifford, "Answer
civilly, or, by jingo, I'll make it hot for you!"
Dutton relapsed into slence again,
"Can't I make it hot for you!" said Clifford,
"You've told me that about a hundred
times," answered Dutton, "What do you

"You've told me that about a bundred times," answered Dutton, "What do you Clifford raised his hand as if to hit the smaller boy, but checked himself.

"Look here, Dutton, I don't want to be rough on you, but you know jolly well what I could do if I liked. Suppose I told the chaps that your father was a pork butcher?".

"He isn't!" exclaimed Dutton sharply.
"Bon't talk we loud, you young fool! He is not a talk and the was. And a jolly time you'd not got to thank me that they don't.

"I know that," returned Dutton. "You needn't rub it in. What do you want me to do?"
"I'm coming to that." "said Clifford."

needn't rub it in. What do you want me to do?"

"I'm coming to that," said Clifford. "Do you like youn Noble?"

"Not specially. He's always sitting on me about bringing grub into the Forn-room."

"Oh, I know! He loves to put on a lot of said pretend lee's keeping you kids in trained and pretend lee's keeping you kids in trained, and pretend lee's keeping you kids in trained by the property of the property of the property of the property of the young beast?"

"That depends," replied Dutton cautiously, "Depends on whether you can save your skin or not, I suppose?" sneered Clifford.

"Of course, I don't want to get into a row," said Dutton.

"Oh, you won't get into a row! See here! The Shell are going to play the Third again. You know they fluked a win last time?"

"By a fluke, I bell you. But it's not going to happen again."

"How do you know? They're pretty good,

"By a linke, I tell you. But it's not going to happen again."
"How do you know? They're pretty good, I can tell you."
"I don't care how good they are! They're going to be licked this time, and you've got to help."

Dutton gasped.

"I'm playing for them. I can't help."

"Of course you can! What's more, you've got to!"

"How?"

"Don't pretend to be so deuse that you can't understand!" said Clifford. "I suppose it's easy enough to let your side down—to bat and bowl and field badly?"

"What! Sell the match!"

"Continued on the next page.]

(Continued on the next page.)



Dutton, desperate, awang round, lowered his head, and butted Jack full in

THE BOYS' REALM.

"Don't talk high falutin drivel! All I want is to do is to bell me score off that cooky one ass. Noble. It's the easiest thing in the will. All upones not to do is to play your testest and send down soft stuff that a baby del hit."

retrieved, and seed down box sum max a way could bid.

Duttee did not reply. Chiford waited a memorant them went on angrily.

"Are you going to do it or are you not! If you don't. I'll make Pelhant too hot to hold you! I'll—" He stopped suddenly. "What was that!" He serialized, as there care a slutht reading so und from somewhere close at hand. A pose of plaster fell with a crash on the floor of the court.

floor of the result.

"Oh, it's only that resten wall," said Clifford, and tound aroun to Dutton.

"One for all are you going to do what I tell you or are you not."

"I suppose I've not to:" growled Dutton.

"That's all right! I thought you'd see what was good for you. No coe will be any the eriset, and you'll score no end in the long run. Now, then, book it along! I don't want to be seen talking to you."

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

LIFFORD had only just got back to his class from when Price, one of Jack Noble's team, came into the Third

he said, "there's a kid outside wants " Jack

A kid?

"Jack." he said, "there's a kid outside wants to say you."

A kid? Who is he?"

"Young Barrett, in the Second."

"Oh, bother! I suppose he wants his Cesar translated, or a French construed."

"He wants it prefty badly, then. He's so exacted he could hardly speak."

"Wooder what's up?" muttered Jack, rather annoyed, for he had just begun his own evening work. But he were true, "whether the head of the second begun his own evening work. But he were true, "well, kid, what's up?" he went out.

"Well, kid, what's up?" he went out.

"Well, kid, what's up?" he acked.

"On, please, Noble, it's awful! Come where one can hear—"

"What's happened! Have you set the Second Form recon on fire, or has your master caught you cating sweets in class!"

"Don't jaje. Noble, please! It's Chifford! He's going to heat you! I heard it all!"
Jack stared, amazed. The hoy was evidently

"Don't pape, Noble, please! It's Clifford! He's going to leas you! I heard it all!" Jack stared, amazed. The boy was evidently in deadly carnest, but he was so excited that lee could hardly speak, and it was some minutes before Jack managed to get at the facts of the case. It appeared that heart in the properties of the sale, the properties of the sale in the second of the sale. There was no time to recover it then, so after tea he went lack to try and do so. Just as he had managed to climb to the top of the wall. There was no time to recover it then, so after tea he went lack to try and do so. Just as he had managed to climb to the top of the wall. Clifford walked into the top of the wall Clifford walked in the top of the wall clifford walked in the top of the wall clifford walked in the properties of the wall of th

on ?"
We haven't been asked yet. When we are, 'll tell you. But you can take it from me, beyon't have any walkcover. We'll find one way of accring off Clifford & Co."
Jack pobe confidently, but, all the same, he da distinctly worried look when he got back to his Form reom.

into his Form-room.

He called up Bob Russell and Valenco and
Price to a corner of the room, and told them
in low tones what he had heard from Barrett.

They simply gasped.

"I knew Chiford was a pretty average

aney simply gasped.

"I knew Chifford was a pretty average rotter," said Bob, after a pause, "but I'a better in the pause of I thought had play such a low-down trick as this. Well, I suppose the best thin to do is to kick Dutton out of the team and play someone clae." play someone clse."
"That's no good," said Jack decidedly.

"THE ODDS AGAINST HIM."

A Superb New Racing and Stable-boy Serial.

JUST STARTING IN

THE BOYS' FRIEND.

"Dutton and Chilord would smell a rat at

"You might kick Dutten out of the team at the last minute," said Bob Russell, "That's shout the only other alternative," "Suppose it to," replied Jack slowly, "But seen that gives the show away. I do wish we could but on some dedge for scoring off Clifferd completely."

could bit on some congrete. Cannot bely.

"Don't see that there's anything else for it but what I raid," remarked Beb. "Who'll you play instead—Padwick!"

"Ye, I suppose so. I sar, what a pity we couldn't play nim as Dutton! He's awfully like him!"

"Yes, I suppose so couldn't play nim as Dutton! He's awfully like him."

"Like as two peas, except for Dutton's cartets. Padwick's hair would give him away in a jully," said Bob.

"That wouldn't matter!" struck in Price excitedly. "His hair, I mean! We could easily give him red hair!
"How to would hair, I mean! We could easily give him red hair!
"How to would have the hair of the him red hair."
"How to would have a sold him to have a work to get the wist."
"Jake pursed his lips in a soundless whistle. "Now you're talking, Price. But where are we to get the wist!"

"I can get that like a shot. My brother's on the stage. He's in Barson's company. If I write to him and tell him the game he'll send me a wig by return of post, and spirit gum to fix it. I know how to stick it on. I've seen my brother make up lots of times."

"Price, you're a nailer!" said Jack. "We'll offer you a vote of thanks if this comes off."

"It's the wie that'll probably come off," put

"It's the wig that'll probably come off," put in Bob Russell.
"Yeu needn't worry about that," said Price.
"I know how to stick it on so that it would hardly come off in a Rugger serum. Oh, I say, won't Cliffy be sick!" he exclaimed, bursting into a chuck!

into a chuckle.

"Steady on, Price! Don't laugh till we're cut of the word!" said Jack. "This gentle jape in't settled up yet. We've still got a lot think about. In the first place, we've got to keep the whole thing dark. In the second, we must get Padwick into some sort of form without Chiffy's crowd being any the wieer."

"He's not in had form," said Valence. "He's been running or playing footer every day."

I know. He's keen enough. But he wants t of practice to make him good enough for Third."

the Third."
"There's your practice ground by the river,"
said Bob Russell. "We must have him down
there every morning."
"That's the scheme, Bob," said Jack. "H
we can only keep it dark wo'll bust up Clifford
all right."

Bub gave a low chuckle.

You bet we will! We'll settle his hash for him. But we haven't had his blessed challenge yet!"

ince scowled.

Prince scowled. "Bumplicus young asses!" he muttered. "You'll find yourselves taken down a peg, or 'I'm much mistaken!". "We may get licked," said Jack blandly. "Cricket's a beastly uncertain game, and we're short two of our men. But we'll do our little bear the world like to amite with the principle of the world like to smite Noble in the cyu Bu he would like to smite Noble in the cyu Bu he knew better. He gulped down his rage.

Noble in the eye. B gulped down his rage.

gulped down his rage.
"Can't you play before Saturday week?" he asked sharply.
"No; we've got a friendly with Kettering-ton next Saturday, and we can't have the ground on Wednesday. Anyhow, as chalenged team, we've the right to fix the date."
Its folded the note, and handed it over to Prince, who took it, and stalked off with as lordly an air as he could command under the circumstances.

HE 4th CHAPTER.

Dutton's Capture

Twest the morning before the match, and Jack Noble and Bob Russell were walking up to the rebool from the practice ground by the river, where they had been giving young Padwick a last coaching in the noble arts of batting and howling. "He's come on wonderfully," said Bob, with much satisfaction.
"I should rather think he had!" exclaimed.

much satisfaction.
"I should rather think he had!" exclaimed Jack. "The young beggar is so jolly keen. That's what I like about him. "Pon my word, I believe he's every bit as good as that rotter, button. We've got Cliffy on toast this journey!"

"Sh! Don't speak so loud! There's Dutton just the other side of the road! Jove, he's heard us! Quick! I not let him go!"

As Beb sprame arross he road, Dutton, who had been walking opposite, but a little behind the other had been walking opposite, but a little behind the other had been walking opposite, but a little behind the other had been walking opposite, but a little behind the other had been dish through a wicket had been dish through a wicket behind the form of the paying field, and series de for all he was worth across the grass. Fridently he meant to go over the fence on the far side, and so gain the school gates. Fridently he meant to go over the fence on the far side, and so gain the school gates. "We must eatch him, Jack!" cried Bob. "He's heard what you said, and the gaine's up if he gates in ahead of us!" I not a far like a hare. But he was no match for Jack, who wah he fastest fellow challed him. Luckly, it was simed dimed time, and the field was empty, so the closed on the boy. Dutton, desperate, swung round, lowered his had, and butted Jack full in the stomach.

Down went Jack, and, with a yell of triumph, Dutton rushed on.
"Stop him, Bob!" gasped Jack, struggling to his feet.
But Dutton was already at the palings. It

triumph, Dutton rushed on.

"Step him, Bob!" gasped Jack, struggling to his feet.

But Dutton was already at the palings. It looked all China to a rotten orange that he would escape.

The palings were of wooden uprights pointed at the top, but, only about three feet high. Dutton boldly tried to jump them. He would have done it easily only that his foot slipped on the greasy turf, and, catching his toes on the top of the paling, he came down with a crash on his face on the far side.

In a trice Bob was over, and before the ether could get to his feet had him tight.

"What shall we do with him?" he asked Jack, as the latter came turrying." That's where we'll put him. The old cricket-shell, said solkey to find him there. He turned on Dutton. "You make as sound, you young retter, and you'ld be.

make a sound, you young some.

But Detton, though not much hurt, was too frightened to say a word. He realised that Jack and Bob knew the whole plot, and that, whatever happened, he was not going to play that afternoon.

There was a clump of shrubs at this corner of the field. Behind its shelter, they garged Dutton, and then took him back between them to the old cricket store-shed on the far side of the field.

to the old cricket store-shed on the far side of the field.

"There's a good lock," said Jack; "but we'll make him safe. Give me one of those net-ropes, and I'll tie him. There'—as he knotted the cord tightly—I'll has been trouble the against the cord tightly—I'll has been trouble the against the late of the cord tightly—I'll has been the conditional tightly and the late in the conditional tightly and the late in the late!"

I would be a conditionally serves you right. Come on, Bob. We mustn't be late!"

he late!"

To their great relief they found, on reaching the dining-hall, that no one had seen or heard of their performances. Of course, Dutton's absence was noticed, but the general idas was that he had gone to the tuckshop and forgotten

dinner.

The minute dinner was over Jack and Bob hurried off to change. They had to meet Price, and holp in the disguising of Padwick before they went up to the field. This job was done in an empty study. Price knew his work down to the ground, and when the red wig was on, and Padwick's eyebrows had been darkoned a little, it was simply impossible to tell him from Dutton.

Dutton.
Padwick himself was in the highest spirits. He was delighted to get the chance of playing for the Form, and Jack folt certain he would do all he knew to aid in defeating the Shell.

THE 5th CHAPTER.

be knew to aid in defeating the Shell.

THE 5th CHAPTER.

"Woll Played, Padwick!"

VEN for a big school match the muster had nover been heavier. Every bey in the school who could get away, nearly all the masters, and a good sprinkling of outsidors were on the ropes before two o'clock. The first match, in which the Shell had gone down before the Third, had caused an extraordinary sensation in the school, and now the news that Clifford meant to wipe out the former defeat had brought to getter the biggest crowd that ever gathered to winness a mere Form match on the Pollam Playing fedd to keen eye on Clifford as he tossed him for first innings on the pavilion steps. It was not difficult to see the supressed climines and the school of the

Clifford, thinking the boy not a little puzzled by Padwick's he commenced his innings. He remainder of the over, and then Life hall to Padwick.

the commenced his "Predayard business, the commenced his "Predayard business, the last of the Advises." The captain of the State of the State of the Predayard his prepared to give the Third of the prepared to give the Third of the Predayard his prepared to give the Third of the Predayard his prepared to give the Third of the State of the Third of the State of the Sta

But the Third-Formers were not down to have it all their own way. Their inary in a sensational fashion. Frime fend and special way and a special way and Valance for 4 runs. Loud and long level the Shellites, and Chilford's brow change. Another half an hour, and half the dense been dismissed for 20 runs, and it looks so on the Shellites and chilforn and a special way to the shell the

on the Shell getting an easy victor, and the Padvick came to the single, and the Padvick came to the single his bat like a veteran. Clifford and a ponderous scowl, portentions and full elast meaning, but Padvick paid no attestic. "Play up, Padvick!" Jack had said is as he had left the pavilion. "Were depended on you now, old man. If you fail, see he match, and Clifford will think you came at your agreement after all thinks.

He played the game of his life, and trude up 30 runs off his own hat, scoring the man hit with the last man facing him nervolva the opposite wicket.

the opposite wicket.

Clifford almost fainted with bind no. 5 had been hoist with his own petart, who had been hoist with his own petart, who had been hoist with his own petart, who had had been to be had been hoist with his own petart with a beauting some striding un with a beauting smile. He always glad to see the Third win.

"Congratulations, Noble, on a well-were tory! And let me tell you this-root say largely to this youngster here. If he great has he has begun he will be a credit not the Third, but to the school."

If Clifford had been angry below, Lety words reduced him to a state of perfect had fury.

words reduced him to a state of personfury.

"I'll hammer that young Dutten iste a's
first," he sturmered, as he wiled of to
Prince, "and I'll kick him out of Pellan be
wards! The butcher brai! I'll make tay
too hot to hold him!"

A quiet voice came from behind.
"Why are you so rabid with butten, tight
I thought he was rather a pai of your. Is
know him at home, don't you!"

Know him at home, don't you!"

Clifford whirled round, who he leving
with rage, and saw Jack woble, leving
with rage, and saw Jack woble, leving
innocent as a woolly lamb following him.
"Y you!" he stuttered.
"Really, Clifford, you should seen it see
an honest licking butter."

As Levy at a's
of mild remonstrance. had be bould seen
hadn't been for Dutton we should seen
hadn't been for Dutton we should seen

"Hifford's look of rage, turned to not like."

"Hifford's look of rage, turned to one like."

"Hifford's look of rage, turned to one like."

inda's been for Dutton we should seek by won."

Ciliford's look of rage turned to and distributed with the constraint of the constraint of

and Jack drily.

And carefully closing the deef, Jack is procious pair to their explanation.

THE ENU. Want Another Jolly Good Paper? Try "The Boys' Herald," Our Famous Wednesday It's Spitting!