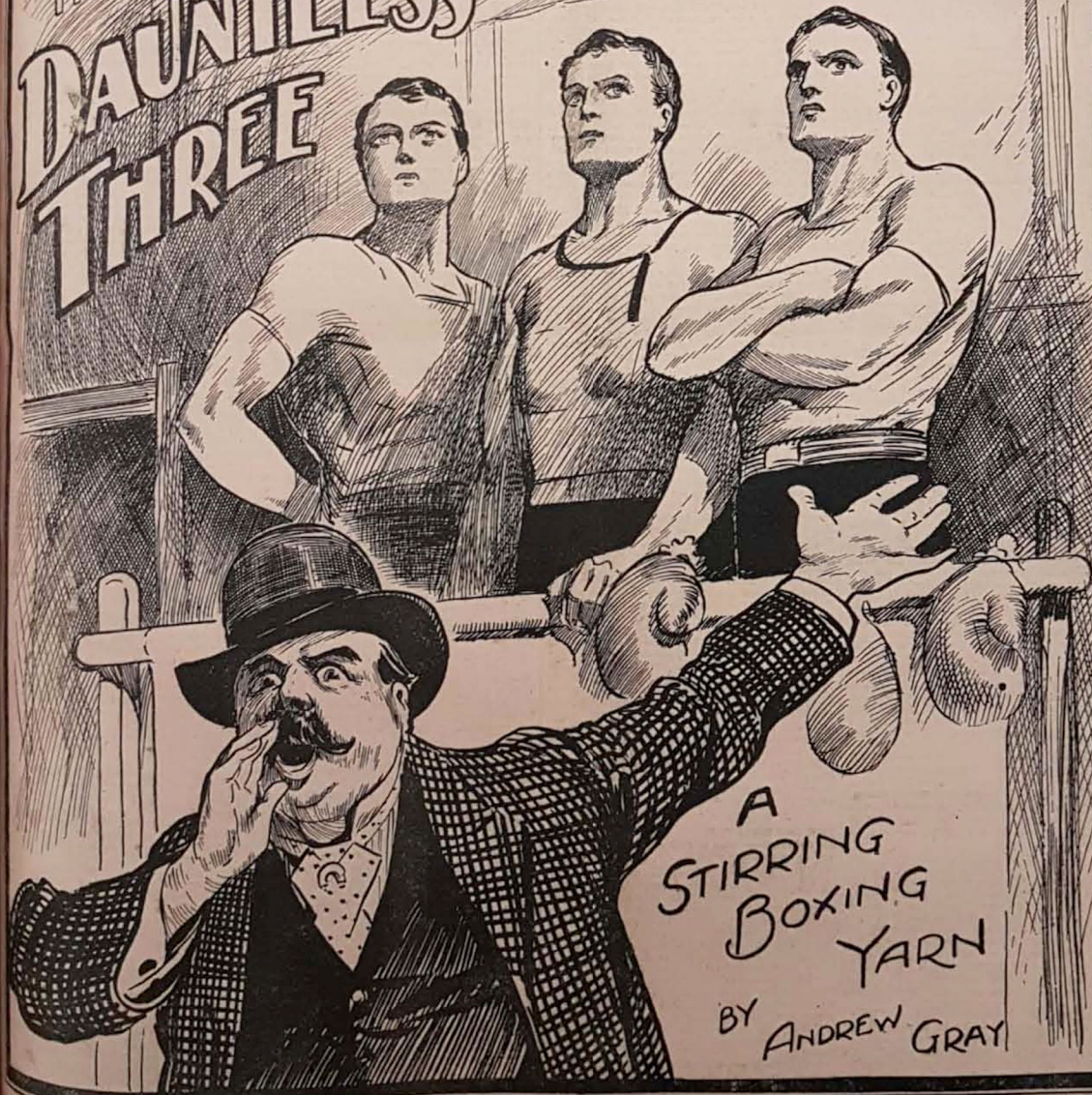


3 GRAND NEW SERIALS IN "THE BOYS' HERALD" THIS WEEK.

# The Boys' Realm

THE GREAT SATURDAY SPORTS PAPER

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THREE



A  
STIRRING  
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BY ANDREW GRAY

# The BATTLE OF PELHAM



## A Rattling Complete Tale of Jack Noble.

When the drill eventually came to an end, there was but one topic of conversation—the impending battle against Pelham.

"What do you think of it, Jack?" asked a score of fellows clustering round the captain.

Jack's opinion was summed up in one word—"prison!"

"Mind you," he added, "I don't think much of old Jones's plan. It's a bit too commonplace for my taste. Now, if I were in command—"

"Tell us what you'd do, old son," said Jack's bosom friend, Bob Russell.

"Well, at any rate," he said, "I shouldn't do what our captain is going to do. It's the same old silly business. We march along until we see the enemy, then we flop down and bang away at each other until the umpires get deaf and stop the battle."

"We shouldn't even have the pleasure of banging," grumbled Bob. "No ammunition is to be given out."

"And we mustn't have a jolly good fight at the town louts," added someone else.

"I know," said Jack. "If we don't look out, the thing'll be an awful frost—not a bit like a real battle. Now, the mayor says he wants a real battle, and it's my opinion it would serve the heady mayor and his squalling brats—I mean army—right if we did give them a sample of the real thing."

"But how are we to do it?" asked Russell.

"Old man Jones will never forgive you if you upset his plans."

"Oh, of course, I shall consult with him first. This is my idea: I shall take a party of scouts, march to the rear of the town army, and enter Pelham by the bridge which goes across the river. Now, you know the mayor's house stands close by the bridge. Very well. We shall climb over his garden wall, capture the place, and if the mayor says anything, we'll simply explain that we're carrying out his instructions for real warfare."

Everyone was immensely taken with this plan. Bob, however, seemed doubtful.

"You'll never get Jones to agree to that," he said.

Jack winked.

"I shall only mention the scout part," he explained. "The other part Mr. Jones wouldn't understand. It'll be just the same as old Nelson did at the Battle of Copenhagen. He put his telescope to his blind eye so as he couldn't see the signal to retire. He didn't retire, and won the battle in consequence. If I have any luck, I'll do the same, and win our battle. Of course, I can trust you chaps to keep this dark?"

Everyone swore the deepest secrecy.

"Fancy Clifford and his lot joining us!" said Bob, as he and Jack walked back to the schoolhouse.

"Did they enjoy their first drill?"

"No! I've some idea they didn't!" laughed Jack.

"The lazy beggars have been sacking a bit lately, and—ha, ha—I kept them pretty well on the move. But," he added, suddenly growing serious, "I really wished they hadn't"

joined. As long as Clifford was an enemy we knew how to treat him; now he's one of us, it's a little bit awkward."

"You're right. Two to one Clifford's not so deep a game on. We must look out for equals, Jack."

"There'll be squalls enough if I catch dear Cliffy at any of his tricks! I'd do anything to give him a thrashing, but there's the chap's too crafty to give us the chance. However, he knows nothing of military matters at present, so he can't do us much harm yet awhile."

Jack might have altered his opinion could he have heard Clifford's remarks on receiving the news from one of his followers of the proposed attack on the mayor's house.

But at every body knew everything there would be no stories to tell.

**THE 2ND CHAPTER.**  
**The Treachery of Clifford.**

"And nearer, clearer, deadlier than before! Arm, arm! It is—it is the cannon's opening roar!"

As a matter of fact, it was nothing of the kind. It was merely Mr. Hector Jones haranguing his troops before marching them against the foe. Still, it amounted to the same thing.

Tuesday night—the night of the battle—had arrived at last! Ever since tea-time the school had been one huge bustle. The whole place reeked with the warlike fumes of the awful knots some of the recruits got into in fixing their accoutrements, and the posing before the glass—when at last they got them on—so as if they were fixed right!

Then the trying on of the new uniforms! Fortunately, most of them fitted all right. A few, however, didn't, and the Pug was one of these unlucky ones. Clifford's figure was not a thing of beauty, and his tunic and unmentionables fitted none too well.

But we will not dwell too much on the gloomy side of warfare. Let us rather hurry on to the parade-ground, and take a glance at the gallant troops assembled there.

On the stroke of seven the school gates swung open, and out into the road marched the Pelham School Cadet Corps.

By this time it was getting dusk, thereby adding a touch of realism to the affair. The only sound heard was the tramp, tramp, of the feet on the hard road, and when the army eventually came to a halt in front of the Red Lion, not one of them had the least doubt in their minds that they had embarked on a most perilous and hazardous business. To add to the excitement, the news had got round that a real live colonel—a friend of the mayor's—intended to be present to view the combat.

"Sergeant Noble!" called out Captain Jones.

Jack stepped forward and saluted.

"You will now advance with your party of scouts."

"Yes, sir," said Jack.

He buckled to himself. His plan was to be adopted, after all. When he had first mooted the idea to his chief he had been politely snubbed. Now, apparently, Captain Jones had fallen in with the suggestion.

"I will give you six men and a corporal," announced Captain Jones. "Directly you come in touch with the enemy, fall back. Corporal Russell, Macintosh, Evans, Lawson, Valence, Primes, and Clifford, you are all to accompany Sergeant Noble."

It was just as well the darkness hid Jack's expression of disgust. Five of them were all right; but Clifford and his toady, Prince! Really, this was too much of a good thing.

Unfortunately there was nothing to be done. Here were his orders, here were the scouts, and

(Continued on the next page.)

### THE 1ST CHAPTER.

**The School Receives a Challenge.**

THE war epidemic first broke out a few days after Mr. Hector Jones's arrival to take up the post of under-master at Pelham School. Previous to his appearance on the scene, the school drills, held in the gymnasium, had been voted a success. Incidentally, Sergeant-instructor Keppel had been voted a beat—but that is not here nor there. The fact remains that the Pelhamites, prior to the advent of Mr. Jones, were utterly unmoved by the charms of military life.

Then the new master, drawing himself up to his full height of sixty-four inches, declared that Mr. Hector Jones, late lieutenant of the 5th Battalion of the Loamshire Territorials, intended to form a cadet corps, and all those who joined would be presented with uniforms and carbines.

That did it. The Common-room was besieged, names flowed in, and by dinner-time next day fifty Lower School fellows, including Jack Noble, the captain of the third form, had enrolled themselves under the name of Mr. Jones. Thus the cadet corps began an established fact.

A month went by. The war fever having set a good way towards abating; on the contrary, it increased, and, overflowing the boundaries of the school, reached Pelham itself, and the mayor of that historic town, not to speak of the patriotic Mr. Jones, harangued the youth of Pelham, and started a cadet corps there. Altogether, it was a stirring time, and there had always been rivalry between the town and the school, frequently resulting in a breach of the peace, both corps could be said to be on a perpetual war footing.

"All a dozen recruits just joined," Master Noble announced Sergeant Keppel one morning on meeting the latter on his way to drill.

"Thought the new uniforms would fetch 'em," "Good!" said Jack Noble. "Who are they?"

"Master Clifford and his pals."

"Clifford?" exclaimed Jack in surprise.

"Patriotic feelings and a stolen sense of duty," returned the sergeant drily. "At least, that's what young Clifford told Mr. Jones. I'll just get you to put 'em through their paces. Think you'll be able to manage 'em?"

"Rather," chuckled Jack.

Really, the news seemed too good to be true. Jack's hated rival, a raw recruit! A recruiting military knowledge into him.

"By Jove, I'll drill him!" thought Jack.

He had Clifford joined, after all his efforts to get at "schoolboy soldiers!"

Patriotic feelings and a stolen sense of duty! Clifford possessed the same of them. No, there must be some other fellow, whatever it was, he had played too well in his hands. The chap would have to run him down.

Jack's mind flattered himself, when some superior officer in great respect, but this public announcement of plans, which should have been kept a dead secret, was a little too much even for him. He could only express his feelings by a series of loud snorts.

Mr. Jones took no notice. Probably he never heard the snorts. For five minutes he continued his remarks. They were full of military terms. Whatever the intrepid Mr. Jones may have lacked in practice, he had a good store of the thing at his fingers' ends.

"And now," he concluded, "I hope you and the town boys will forget 'your private differences, and not indulge in any fighting—that is to say, fighting outside the rules laid down by the military authorities.'"

Mr. Jones then sauntered across to the batch of recruits, and gave them a few hints as to their behaviour.

"Above all," he said, "respect and obey your superior officers."

Clifford looked at Jack and sniffed contemptuously; so did Clifford's followers. Quite unconscious of the bomb he had dropped in the ranks of the recruits, Mr. Jones ambled off.

The drill lasted about an hour, but long before the end of that time, Clifford and his friends had had enough of it. They were marched hither and thither; they doubled the rules; they stood at ease now and then and it can safely be said that not for many a long day had they displayed so much activity. Did they flag, Jack whipped them up to fresh exertions with a few curt words, not included in the drill-book. Deep were the vows of vengeance Clifford swore; in fact, he was within an ace of jacking up the whole thing, but something restrained him. In due time our story will reveal what this "something" was.



Striking down a couple of stalwart foomen who were endeavouring to trip him, Jack fought his way to where the rest of the scouts were gathered, and for some minutes a stern struggle ensued.

Please Hand This Copy to a Chum When You Have Done With It, and Oblige—Your Editor.

