GRAND NEW SERIALS IN "THE BOYS' HERALD" WEDNESDAY.

## Boys' Realm-19





A COMPLETE STORY OF JACK NOBLE AND PELHAM SCHOOL.

BENEFITS

"Read that," said Jack, fishing an envelope from his

"Read that," said Jack, fashing an envelope from his pecket.

Russell's face grew serious as he did so.

"Poor old Billy Flipp!" he reinny strap of paper, "Poor old Billy Flipp! You'll help hin, of course? "Poor old Billy Flipp! You'll help hin, of course? I'll be glad to go halves with you, only I can't pay you till next term, Jack. I'll well disease the question of tin later, my son-well well lake up some way of doing it, or I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not your Unche Noble. The poor chap't he for I'm not you I'm not you we just you and I, for we don't want to bother friends Mac, Taffy, and Micky just yet—will run out to Charbury and jaw matters over with Billy."

"Good old Jack!" Russell's eyes shone with affectionate admiration.

"Oh, rather! Your Uncle Jack's a noble—or, pardon, I didn't mean that! I should specify he will be a few to be a few of the property of the part of the property of the part of the property of the part of the property of the Brown of the property of the Brown of the part of the property of the Brown of the property of the Taffy Exam, the Welshman; Macapine, the "Bra' Sectie," and Micky Murphy, of the Emerall Else, were, separately and collectively disgussed when their captain and is leavenant mean more for the part of the property of the property of the part of the property of the part of the property of the part of t

allies went off patiently to practise at the nets. A two-mile walk brought Jack and Russell to the ancient village of Charbury. Charbury was not quite as extensive as London, and the chums had little trouble in unearthing the showman's marquee, which was their destination. The square, redand-white striped structure stood on a piece of waste land. A flag, bearing the impressive name "Flipp," in green letters, flew goily over the front of the tent.

"Whord is the old beares?" "mittend Letters."

gaily over the front of the tent.

"Where is the old beggar!" muttered Jack, as they strolled calmly into the stuffy interior.

"Hi! Mr. Flipp! Show a light, Mr. Flipp!"

"Show a light?" came a pathetic voice from the far corner. "I honly wish Ili could! Billy Flipp! sight as gone hout for good, hif you harsk mo!"

And a thin, weary-looking man slouched out from behind a mountainous pile of packing-cases

The chums' faces were serious as they shook

from behind a mountainous pile of packing-cases and boxes.

The chums' faces were serious as they shook hands with him.

Life the presidency of thought of us, Mr. Flipp.

Life the presidency of thought of us, Mr. Flipp.

Life the presidency of thought of us, Mr. Flipp.

Life the presidency of the pr

"Oh, we're all on the earth! Roberto, what do you think of this, my lad? We're going to take the place of Mr. Flipp is—ahem!—artistes!" Mr. Flipp started. Bot coolly observed that Jack was an as, we may be completely a started to the started that went on lack placible, "You do not seem to he—ahem!—aware that my friends and, parden me, myself, boast theatrical talents that can only be described as marveclious! Now, all you've got to do is, get out a few posters."

"B-but what—" stammered the amazed showman.

got to do is, get out a few posters."

"B-but what—" stammered the amazed showman. Juvenile Jenimes:—that's our professional name, and don't forget to spell it with a 'J'—will give their celebrated mixed entertainment in this marquee to-morrow alternoon and Saturday afternoon," announced Jack. "You get out some good, glaring posters in the meantime. Ohe—er—doors open two thirty, or more than the meantime. Ohe—er—doors open two thirty, or more the meantime. Ohe—er—doors open two thirty, or more than the meantime. Ohe—er—doors open two thirty, or more than the meantiment. However, we'll see how things go first. Now, don't forget—a mixed entertainment." And the captain of the Pelham Third sauntered to the opening of the tent, dragging the gasping Russell with him.

"By Joogher?" cried Manage of the tent, dragging the gripe a jolly good show for you. Mr. Flipp—singing, conjuring, gymnastics, and—and my pal Mae will deliver a discourse in Scotch! Posters, mind! Come on, Bob. Oh, we sha'n't be back again this afternoon, Mr. Flipp! We must have a relearnal, as I'm afraid we haven't given our world-famed show since King George's And the Felham Toriors vanished, leaving the shownan with supiciously moist eyes.

THE 2nd CHAPTER Clifford, the Corrector.

Clifford, the Corrector.

Life FORD, captain of the Fourth, bent his arm to rub his aching back. His has a man a m

with one eye through the bottom of the dusty with one eye through the bottom of the dusty with a start of the control of the c

ment. "That's Macalpine;" murmured Clifford,

virtuously, "I'm going to have Pelham School diagraced by that sort of thing? No! I'm joily glad I live the gym." Edlowed a brief council of war between the three. Then they linked arms and strolled to wards the town, blessing the merit below which excused them from returning to school for tea.

Followed a brit council of war between the three. Then they inhele arms and strolled to which excused them from returning in school for tea.

At the beginning of the High Street the trio encountered Bayne and there was, as Childred was them to sugar and there was, as Childred was then no sign in hand, and the alandoned pair placidly continued their way.

Clifford conducted his men to the far outslive of the old town, and suddenly ordered had been considered to the conducted his men to the far outslive of the old town, and suddenly ordered had been considered and the considered was a far and the considered was a far and dive for the swing deors.

"It's the kick-out if we're caught," he whispered fearfully.

"Pools," said Clifford. And throwing one arm around the conscience stricken one and by main.

The trio found themselves in the coffee-room. It was roomy and dusty and musty, and the other around Trince, or graphic was, as the constitution of the cons

And Clifford led his friend into a corner, and for some minutes they conversed in rapid

and for some minutes they conversed in rapid whispers.

Then Clifford insinuated a coin into Mr. Chief and the three Shellites crutiously made their way out into the street. As they sauntered along Clifford whispered to his companions as he had whispered to the actor, and, like that gentleman, Prince and Marker chuckled consumedly. There was no ene like old Cliffy for putting a spoke in Jack Noble's wheel.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

The Rival Shows Downfall.

"No NJACK, d'ye ken ye haven't told us yet what the nature of your ain bit performance is tae be? Is it a song, a Hieland fling, or what?"

or what?"
Macalpine eyed his captain reproachfully as the hand of Third-Form artists strede towards Charbury, and the scene of action.
They were all remarkably fit, in spite of the fact that they had consumed the midday meal at top speed, and they hoped to arrive at Billy Flipp's tent with a clear hour to spare before the doors—otherwise the flap—opened. It was Jack's intention to conduct a second rehearsal, not that he doubted his troupe of Juvenile Jeniases, but simply to give Billy a taste of their quality. It was the general opinion that the showman ought not to be kept in suspense a moment longer than could be helped.
"Ma braw, bonnie Scottie," said Jack, "I

with satisfaction.

"That's Mecalpine," murmured Clifford, with satisfaction.

"Phwat iver's the bhoy talkin' about, at all, at all, all?" exclaimed a second voice.

"Micky Murphy," murmured Clifford, with satisfaction.

"Man Jack, what is it you're ramblin' about, which with satisfaction.

"Man Jack, what is it you're ramblin' about, which with the sound with the

HE IST CHAPTER. t Idea

ref it constructed the many states of the many states of a way? said Boh Russell testily, as a bearty knocking at his study door made, itself heard. "Sheer of the Third Former bent virtuously over his stable, but the way, consisted of two hundred has for "sheering" Mr. Slaney, "I relies to sheer off!" came a polite voice of the sheet of the

which the panels. "Let me in, you sally will all selfer a momentary panes. The partial self-attent and on his face was an extend hestated, and on his face was an extend hestated, and on his face was an extend hestated, and a control of the partial self-attent and produced as a Ciliford—as he was an extended to the control of the contr

Egitho! Ply away!" Russell chuckled int, and opened his drawer. From its deeps nesses he withdrew a curious object—an eige which recombled nothing so much as a panthe, with indiarubber bulb attached, such as ned to fill fountain-pen. Was Robert bete fill a fountain-pen now? It looked like a the carefully dipped the point of the tube mis in-bottle.

imbink-bettle.

Fiss the keyhole came a scraping, fumbling sed. On tipice Russell appreached the door, the hand, stained with noble evidence of best blour, reached for the key. As noisely as if the metal were so much cotton-we, the key was withdrawn from its cell, and with the sed of t

Species voice warningly.

De pliers worked desperately. Then there is a malled exclamation, and Russell's good with the plant of the plant of the special state of the keyhole was start of the special state of the keyhole was start of the plant of the corridor gas wickel hopes, Bolb waited keyhole was stad out. A low, tense hreathing told said that the time for action had come, keyhole was start of the plant of the pla

A rel! A sound of frenzied dancing with-the And Bob swiftly unlocked the door and staliantly into the corridor—to stand there

Great Jones!" he gasped. "Jack! Well,

M. John Noble eved him in mute repreach to see eye. The other was a mere blot of the see eye. The other was a mere blot of the see that the see that

Hall a mo'!" "ldy a mo!" Russell nodded, and ran rate corridor, to reappear almost immedi-sph baring a bowl of water and a towel. These he placed humbly on his table. And a last, with never a word spoken, made use

All off; queried Jack Noble at length.

Let a light e-bl. Oh, dry up!" he rapped

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Let a light e-bl. Oh, dry up!" h

worse Irown than Noble's "Why, I'm juggered if it's Billy trent at all! Look, there's Billy hang episcente to it."

Here's Billy hang episcente to it."

Flipp's marquee, its green lettered flag flying cally in the beeze, exactly where it had stood yesterday, and on the opposite piece of land was a second tent, when might have made as executed the might have a considerable in the stood tent when might have a considerable it in the middle of the pround. He was standing, a picture of and grief, in the middle for any considerable in the middle of the pround. He was standing, a picture of and grief, in the middle for, and his tent of the head, staring at the rival rection as if it facinated him.

"Hit wasn't ere when Hi went into my ranwan last thing last might," he said mournfully. "When Hi come out 'smornin' there it was spring hur like a list. What do the bounders want to queer my pitch for like that? They can't do theriselves any good unless they git all the trade, which they wont, 'cos there ain't enough people to poround."

"No, there ain't, 'said Jack thoughtfully. "Well, I'm going to have a squint at the retten thing. And I don't, Come with me, they obeyed grumblingly. But the showman del not accompany them, Hand, sell in

They obeyed grumbingly. But the show and get yourselves to modorful to the state of the state of

were dull and insignificant in face of those over the way.

Jack gritted his teeth. What could be done?

"Here," be muttered, "Tim going inside to see if anyone's about. The beastly show dufn't stick itself up. I dare say the whole miserable troups are inside—publishy septiating through the strength of the strength o

"So you're another of—hie—Mas'r Clifford's pals, are ver?" The fellow smiled pleasantly. "Awr!, Make yerself at 'ome. We shall be—hie—startin' the show d'rectly."

One of Master Chifford's pals! Jack started mightly. What did the man mean by that?

Altogether on his guard, Noble artially drew him out, and inside of ten minutes he had learnt—well, more than he wanted.

"Right-ho!" he said carelesdy. "I'll be back in a tick, Mr.— What name did you say?"

"Cripps," acknowledged the beery one

"Cripps," acknowledged the beery one genially.

And Jack belted.
"Here, Bob, Mac, you chapa!" He gathered the Juvenie Jeniusse round him, and pushed Mr. Flipp away, because he was too close. "What do you think? Cliffy's at the bottom of that payed; only Mac placidly murmured:

"Yes. He's tipped three broken-down actor outsiders to get it up, for the sole and special purpose of messing our performance. The fellow i spoke to—he's drunk—mistock me for Prince, and told me everything. Now, what away group to de?

"A the state of the proper state of the special purpose of messing our performance. The fellow i spoke to—he's drunk—mistock me for Prince, and told me everything. Now, what away group to de?

The spoke to—he's drunk—mistock me for Prince, and told me everything. Now, what away group to de?

The despite to the principe strains worked busily. The vanquishing of the Shellite was ever hard work. Clifford was a foreman worthy of the deepset counter-cunning. Moreover, it was only reasonable to suppose that Bayne and Birkett—to say nothing of Prince and Marker—would be close at hand, and waiting for their "There's only one way." Jack's face was set determinedly. "Follow me, all of you, and look as innocent as you can, so as not to draw the crowd after us. Not you, Mr. Flipp; you go in and finish getting things ready."

"Finish gettin ready!" gasped the "Why, you never mean—"Oh, yes, we're going to give our show all the rear of the rival tent. There were no prying eyes to see them there; the Charlurytice had eyes only for the mysterious Mr. X's posters.

quizzically inquiring how it came about that there were two shows, instead of the one they had been expecting.

"Now," said Jacquiett, "there's no one they had been expecting, quiett, "there's no one inside, so you in at the door, and Cliffy and the others are all jawing, and getting themselves dressed up, yonder," He jerked his head towards a roofless, square tent, composed of a wide sheet, stretched round four poles. "All of two got pocket knives?"

All of them had—take ord, and start making-up for our show as fast as you can. We don't want to keep people waiting." And Jack winked. "Ready?" he whispered, when his men had each selected a rope. "Nothly happened: the the start making-up for our show as fast as you can. We winked. "Ready?" he whispered, when his men had each selected a rope. "Nothly happened: then that into the proper law in the start of the start o

Insti-A gentleman in cordurous and a ten-year hat observed that that was what puzzled h and he voiced the opinion of the multitude. Jack had been worrying about the pre-

Jack had been wereing about the precise extent of that multitude. As far as he could roughly figure it out, there were about fifty people—too few, if Mr. Flipp's tent was to be filled twice that afternoon.

"Now, bolt for it!" cried Jack, pointing wildly to Mr. Flipp's tent.

His chums paused, irresolute. Clifford and Marker were scrambling to their feet, and Prince was rolling back his right shirt-sleeve. Callar those fellows, someone! bawled Clifford. "They're the ones who cut down-

Prince those leaves of Collar those leaves of Collar those leaves of Collar those ones who cut seed the Clifford. They're the ones who cut seed the Clifford. They're the ones who a sign at him like a tiger, stifling the remainder of the accusation. True or false, such a cry would have brought the crowd upon such a cry would have brought who was most certainly not to be desired.

Still, thought Jack desperately, there was no reason why his men should not profit by Cliffy's cue. The captain of the Third opened wide his conth.

mouth.

"Hi!" he shouted. "Help us hold 'em, all of you! These are the chaps!"

And his chums took up the cry, drowning by numerical superiority the frenzied counter-cries of the Shellites. of the Shellites.

There was a rush. For a few moments it looked as if Clifford & Co. would be very badly man-handled. But Jack was everywhere at once, giving orders with the coolness of a veteran police-inspector.

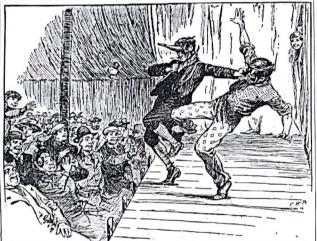
"Bring them this way," he said, indicating ir. Flipp's tent. "Stand back, please, you dies and gentlemen!"

ladies and gentlemen!"
"This way!" shouted a familiar voice, as captors and captives passed through the evergrowing crowd. "Walk hup-walk hup! The celebrated Jurenile Jeniuses are habout to begin their world-renowned performance. Walk hup!

Walk hup! And, in response to his cries, the villagers why began to pass through the entrance to te tent, and take their seats within.

The money was positively rolling in

William Flipp was in his element again.



A large and hard carrot, flung by an unknown hand, caught Prince painfully in the left eye. In his anguish, Prince shot out his flist and neatly doubled his follow Mullah up.

But with the downfall of the rival theate an inspiration struck Noble. He beckenned to an intelligent-looking youth, who was betraying an alarming tendency to inspect the remains of the cords that were still fixed to the tent-pegs. "Here's a shilling for you," whispered Jack. "Now, do you think you could run back to the village and fell a good yarn? Go and let every-bedy know there was an opposition show stuck up opposite Mr. Flipp's, and, somehow, the blessed thing's fallen in a heap! Make all your pals come and have a look. "The shilling had all your pals own and have a looket. "It won't 'ard to old Flipp a hit o' good, will it? He, you see me bring 'em up, mister!" "That was a good wheree," grinned Bob, as the youth vanished at a trot. "That ought to Garden of the shilling had it would be a shill you have the shilling had gang! Scatter, you chaps!" But that command outraged every instinct of Jack Noble's band. Instead of retreating, they drew together, and Clifford, Frinca, and Marker came at them in a mad-buil rush, blindly hurling aside those onlockers who stood ganing in the control of the little beasts!" panted Clifford, investign as desired as a first parted Clifford, when the structure of the shilling had the part of the little beasts!" panted Clifford, when the structure of the shilling had be shilling the foreigns active the Firebries.

eir path.

their path.

"Collar the little beasts!" panted Clifford, himself making a ferocious clutch at Fighting Mac's arm. "Hang on to 'em!"

The next moment the valiant leader of the Shell was lying on his back, wondering what magic power had changed Mac's disengaged arm into a mule's hind leg. Marker lay beade his captain, for his own part uncertain whether the statement of the state

Jack was the tripper. He had caught sight of reinforcements hurrying up to the enemys ranks—reinforcementa in the shape of the beery Mr. Cripps, with two other gentlemen of smilar appearance.

THE 4th CHAPTER. The Great Performs

at Performance.

ON'T be afraid of hurting 'em, my sons!"

Year grinned as he stood by and to the stood by and to the stood by and to the stood by a stood

ON'T be afraid of hurting 'em, my sons!"

Jack grinned as he stood by and handed lengths of stout cord to Russell, Held by Macalpine, Taffy, Micky, and Mr. Flipp himself, the captured Shellites were speedily trussed up in Bob's trickiest knots. Their prison was the canvas dressing-room behind the stage.

As for Mr. Cripps and his fellow-professionals, they had discreetly vanished.

"They'll wriggle out of them ropes, I don't think," observed Mr. Flipp, as the last nocse was alipped., "Now III place my heye to this slit what hoverlooks the hauditorium, and His search of the control of the control of the canvas, there would be a healthy crowd for the canvas, there would be a healthy crowd for the second "house"—thanks to that brilliant idea of Jack's.

"Wo'll make a start," said Jack. "Buck up. Bob!"

Bob was busy at a cracked looking-glass, His

"We'll make a start," said Jack. "Buck up, Bob!"
Bob!"
Bob was busy at a cracked looking-glass. His fingers moved rapidly over his face, and soon burnt cork had done its work, and Russell was a nigger of the blackest hue. A very high collar with pointed ends, a bob-tailed coat, with many brass buttons, and a glossy top-hat, completed his disguise.

"Juvenile Jenius Number One," announced Mr. Flipp, "will render a coon song. Werry pathetic this is, ladies and gents."
There was no accompaniment, not even a banjo. Undaunted by the fact that, behind the back curtain, most of his colleagues had fingers in their cars, Russell began.

At the end of the first verse the audience sat

The Boys' Realm.

gentlement; and the second sec

although ne mathematical the turn.
"Nothing!" chuckled Jack. "They're and
They just stay there for a be withing!" chuckled Jack. "They's and un't heep? They just stay there for a be and then the folkel! They are beggard! If they are the degring of the beggard! get mobbed! If they are the beggard! get mobbed at the sound of the sound o

in the front row. I'm just going to marcasy!"

"Speak up, please!" called out a stock of
lady at this juncture.

"Oh, you shut up!" snapped Price. "ê
home, you—you balloon!"

"There, now! Did you 'ear thail" demanded the old lady indignantly. "Sin-pa
a-settin next to line that!"

"What time did you say the balloo au
going up!" asked Prince, rather mee look
"Shouldn't wast to omeh gas beforehat
you know!"

"A Shallite broke off abruphty. A large."

when boards, amid cheers that made as what was the stamps. Gravely the Welshama selected from the pile, unlaced on this show a sked the company importantly to lead to the watch and charine. With this heterogeneous collection be just brilliantly, the stumps coming faulty of the brilliantly, the stumps coming faulty and the state of the stumps of the stumps have been supported by the stumps of the stumps of