

GREAT NEW BOXING STORY STARTS TO-DAY!

The Boys' Realm

of Sport
Adventure

2^d

PETER JACKSON
OF
MANCHESTER



GRAND XMAS DOUBLE NUMBER.

ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW.

A Rollicking New School Tale by Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.



THE CHAPTER.

THE SMART SET AT ST. DOLLY'S.

There was a blue haze of cigarette smoke in the room, and a husky voice. It was a large, comfortable room—Ramsome's room at St. Dolly's—furnished for a Sixth-Former. Ramsome, indeed, always seemed to have plenty of money, which was a puzzle to the fellows at St. Dolly's, as his people were known to be poor. But that was not the only thing about Ramsome which the school did not quite understand.

Ramsome was sitting in the window-seat, a cigarette between his thin lips. From where he sat he had a view of the old quadrangle of St. Dorothy's, and the wide, green playing-fields. The fine old elms were leafless now, and did not obstruct the football-ground, where even a senior match between the Classical and the Modern sides at St. Dolly's. But he did not even glance in that direction. Football had no interest for Ramsome of the Sixth, but he could make a bet on it, and then, indeed, his interest in a match could be keen.

There were half a dozen fellows in the study as well as his master. They did not all belong to the Sixth, either. It was not customary for a Sixth-Former to entertain Lower-Form boys; but Ramsome had his own ways.

There were Fellowes and Vane, of the Sixth, and Allen and Mills of the Fifth, and even an all-smoking cigarette. Two lads of the Fourth—Gunter and Wake—were sitting on the extreme edges of their chairs, feeling ill-looking uneasy, but in a state of great excitement at being admitted to the smoking of the Smart Set of St. Dolly's. Nobody took much notice of the lads; still, they were permitted to be there, and to watch the elders smoking cigarettes, in defiance of the rules of the school; and that was quite satisfying to the two lads. They felt that this was "the life."

At the same time, the lads were feeling a queer quake at the thought that some prefect might happen along, and catch the Smart Set in the act. The Fifth fellows, as a matter of fact, were not without their terrors, though they concealed their feelings well, and seemed to be greatly enjoying their smoke.

Ramsome blew out a little blue cloud, and though it looked over the faces of the fellows in the study.

"Well, what do you say?" he asked suddenly.

There had been silence in the study for some time. Ramsome's question broke it suddenly.

"I don't know," said Fellowes.

"Better make up your minds. I am going down to Barford this afternoon."

"Are you going to see the match, Ramsome?"

Ramsome smiled contemptuously.

"No, Dolly, Vane. I've something more important to think about than football. I expect to know how the fellows can win their time over it."

"Oh, hang it," said Fellowes. "It's a jolly good game, I suppose!"

"Well, you can go and watch it," he said, "I expect to pull in a tidy little sum of money. You can do the same if you like. But you'll be certain to win. I've had a dead-end, straight from the horse's mouth. But you can do as you like, of course."

"Well, as your chum Redfern major is playing, Ramsome's brow darkened.

"Ramsome's major is no clown of mine. We had a talk over it, but it's never been the same since his young brother came to St. Dolly's."

the interfering young puppy! We hardly speak now. Never mind Redfern major."

"You'll vote for him in the captain's election, I suppose?"

"I shall do nothing of the sort," said Ramsome coolly. "I shall not vote at all, unless it is worth my while. But never mind the election now, or the football, either. The question is about Keen Billy for the Barford Stakes. Are you fellows going to put anything on—and are you coming with me?"

There was another silence in the study.

Under Ramsome's influence, the more reckless spirits had broken many of the minor rules of the school; but the most reckless of them balked at this. It was no light matter to go to the races—it was pretty certain expulsion if it were found out, for one thing, and the sack was a serious matter. Ramsome, certainly, had a knack of getting out of the most serious scrapes; but other fellows might not be so lucky.

"If you don't want to come, I can work the o'clock for you," said Ramsome, as he proceeded to light another cigarette at the stump of the old one. "Hand me what cash you want to put on the p-geese, and I'll manage it for you with the bookies."

"And if it's lost?" piped out little Gunter, of the Fourth.

Ramsome stared at him in a very disconcerting way, which made the fog which he had not spoken, and with devotedly, too, that the floor would open and swallow him up.

"If it's lost, it's lost," said Ramsome. "If you win, you win. It doesn't need any extraordinary intelligence to work that out!"

"I—I meant—"

"Keen Billy is a cert, as near as can be told, that's all," said Ramsome. "But if any fellow is afraid to bet, let him keep his cash in his trousers-pocket. I want only sportsmen to risk their tin, if I have anything to do with it."

"Oh, I beg your pardon, Ramsome," stammered the lads, covered with confusion. "I—I—"

Ramsome took no further notice of him.

"I'll come with you, Ramsome," said Vane.

"It will be fun, anyway. What about you, Fellowes?"

Fellowes hesitated.

"I—I think I'd like to see the match," he remarked.

"You see, they're saying that the captain's election depends a great deal on the result of the match, and I want to know how it goes, you know?"

"I don't see that it matters to us whether Knowles or Redfern major gets in," said Vane. "But do as you like. I'm coming with you, Ramsome."

"Right-ho!" said the cad of the Sixth.

"Now, if you fellows want to lay any tin, hurry up, as we shall have to be off!"

"You think Keen Billy's a sure thing?" said Allen, of the Fifth, hesitatingly.

"I've said so."

"Yes, but—"

"Facing's full of uncertainties, of course," said Ramsome. "I'll lay the bets, and you'll take your chance. But I don't want to persuade you."

"I'll have five bob on, anyway," said Mills.

"Same for me!" said Allen at once.

"I'll make it a sovereign!" said Fellowes, who was one of the wealthiest fellows in the Sixth. "It's worth a fortune, my word."

"And I—"

Gunter, of the Fourth, was just beginning.

when the door of the study opened suddenly and without warning.

A tall, handsome Sixth-Former stood in the doorway and looked in, and then strode into the room.

It was Redfern major—Arthur Redfern, of the Sixth. A junior, curiously like him in features, but of a more sturdy cast, followed him into the room. That was Redfern minor. There was a dead silence in the study for a full minute.

Arthur Redfern looked at the Smart Set, his eyes gleaming with anger. The smokers went on smoking mechanically, and Gunter and Vane thanked their lucky stars that they had no cigarettes in their mouths. Fellowes, Mills, and Allen had had their money on the table, and it was glimmering there in full view, a pretty plain indication of what had been going on.

It was Ramsome who broke the silence. He was very solemn that Ramsome lost his coolness, and, after the first start of surprise, he recovered it now. Since his brother, Redfern major, he had felt that the time must come when he would have to measure strength with his former dupe.

He deliberately struck a match and lighted a fresh cigarette, an act of defiance that moved the unbounded admiration of the lads.

"Hallo!" he said coolly, looking at Redfern major through the haze. "Come to join our little gathering? You're welcome, though you might have known. Sit down!"

"I did not come here to sit down!" said Arthur coolly.

"Oh, if you prefer standing, there's no objection; everyone to his taste!" said Ramsome smoothly. "Will you have a smoke?"

Gunter littered. Then he caught Redfern minor's eye, and the latter died away with remarkable suddenness.

"Not!" said Arthur quietly. "Put that cigarette down, Ramsome!"

Ramsome's lips set hard. The cigarette remained between them. A green glint came into his eyes.

"What business have you to give orders to

my study?" he said savagely, but still keeping perfectly calm. "You are not a prefect now."

"The Head has restored my prefectship to-day," said Arthur quietly. "I am a prefect again, Ramsome; but even if I were not, I should interfere here. You shall not lead any fellows into scrapes, if I can help it, as you led me. I have never repented you with what you did—and I have never betrayed you. But I tell you plainly—there's got to be a change!"

"Indeed?" drawled Ramsome.

"Yes, indeed! You have been making bets here even now, I believe. There you deny it!"

Ramsome shrugged these fellows into your own way—these and others—and I tell you, Ramsome, there is to be an end of it. If I get in as captain of St. Dolly's I shall make a clean sweep, I promise you."

"You are not captain yet," said Ramsome, in a silky, dangerous voice.

"No. But I am a prefect, and that's enough; though, as I said, in any case I should interfere. Throw those cigarettes away!"

Arthur's voice rang with authority. Fil Jones and Vane, Mills and Allen, coloured, and threw their smokes into the grate. Ramsome went on steadily smoking, though his face was pale now. He had never seen Arthur like this before. Where had this perfect self come from, and determination? Surely it was bluff! Ramsome's eyes glittered through the haze of the cigarette, which he did not remove from his lips. Arthur Redfern stared at him steadily, and there was a breathless silence in the study.

"You heard me, Ramsome?"

"Yes."

"Are you going to obey me?"

"No."

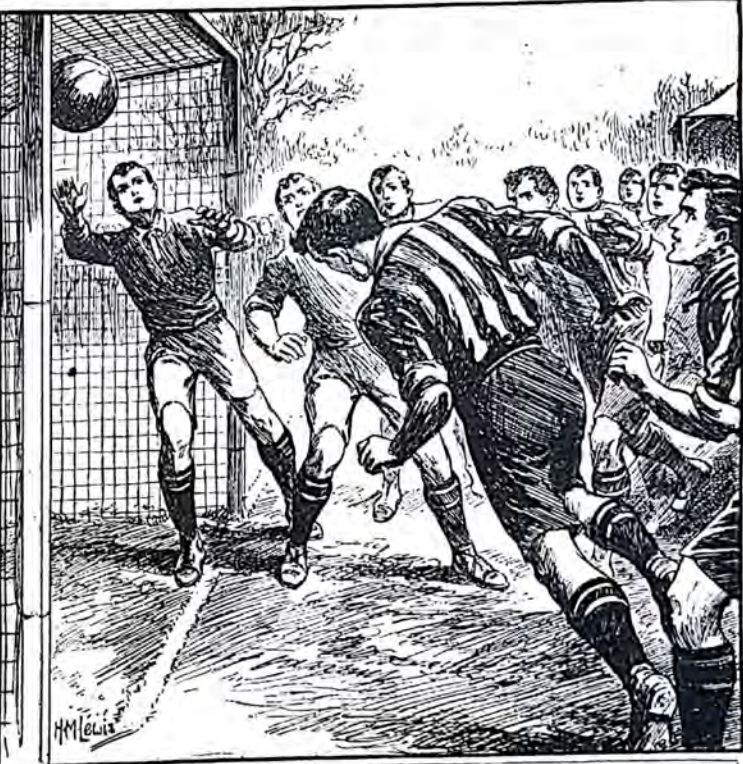
Short and sharp was the answer; Ramsome had hung down the gauntlet. Arthur drew a deep breath. Redfern minor's brow darkened, but he did not speak. It was his major's turn now; but he proved in his heart that Arthur would be equal to the test. For weakness now would be the ruin of the resolve Arthur had made; a defeat at the beginning meant the end of it all.

But there was no weakness in Arthur Redfern's heart at that moment. He took out his watch with a steady hand.

"I give you one minute, Ramsome, to think it over."

"And what then?" said Ramsome, with a sneer. "You will go sneaking to the Head with a tale that your old chum is keeping up your own old habits?"

(Continued on the next page.)



The leather had been sent in; but it bounced back from the goalpost. Arthur Redfern sprang forward, and in the twinkling of an eye the ball was headed into the net.

"I'm hooked on the mixing sound of
 a good instrumental solo," he said. "Good
 (that means a few more). You
 know, they are showing. I think it, and
 I'm hooked on them."
 "I'm hooked on them," under his
 arm, "you must think it, if he
 is hooked on them. That's the image of yours
 to be hooked on them. Really."
 "I'm hooked on them." What price

...and its wide branches afforded
...and gave a splendid view of every
...of the ground. I sat down, some
...and lumber to stand up, to get a
...of the birds of the wood. Redfern
...towards the trees, and the whole
...the Moderns vigorously keeping their
...to take the Classical just as
...to the guarded trunk, and in
...a great branch extending towards
...as yet," said Redfern
...don't let us go to play, in

was standing on the thick branch limb, and having one or nine feet from the ground, in a position in which the keenest of eyes would be wise to allow himself to be cut off.

"I wonder if they're ever going to kick off!"

Donald Stiles.

"What are you now. There's the referee!"

Mr. Jones, the master of the Fifth Form, in a black jacket and his whistle, had appeared.

Mr. Stames was a keen follower of a prize-giving game, and he frequently acted as

"I've never seen so many on the road before. Most of the masters here, too. Herr Fied of ours, and Crane of the Third. At last, the Herr Rheinberger, too!"

I don't noticed German gentleman stopped on the way, and put his glasses on, and looked down the field.

"To be sure, said, his words being quite audible to the jammers above, whom he did not see. 'Ah! I think I sits here—ain't it?'—and the football, I think take I likes to see

"(In my hat)" murmured Redfern minor.
"Ach! chapeau! Look at the football!"
"Ha, ha, ha!"
"Mind you don't fall on his napper,"
Roosie. He will say things in German if
you do. Hallo, here are the players at last:
They're going to begin."
And every eye was turned upon the football-
ers, where the players were streaming out.

THE 4TH CHAPTER.

ARTHUR REEDERN, the captain of the Classical team, was looking very fit. Redfern minor looked at him with justifiable pride. He had reason to be proud of his elder brother. There was not a footballer or a finer fellow at St. Dominic's. And that fatal weakness of character which had threatened to wreck Arthur's career, seemed to be quite gone, too, of its own. Arthur seemed a new man since the time when Redfern minor had risked so much to save him from his own folly. It was wonderful that Sidney Redfern was proud of his brother and thankful.

Ernie, the new classmate of their captain. Ernie, too, cut a very fine figure. And his face was in good form and eager for a war. It was evident that it would be a heated match, and, worse watching, did more than one fellow wonder said that there wasn't a pin to choose between Arthur Brown and Knowles for school-captain, and that his vote would be given to the winning side of that day's match.

There was little wind, and the winning of the war made little difference. Knowles won a matter of fact, and gave Arthur Red a few licks.

Ernie was on the two teams as they

"Go it, ye classics!" exclaimed Redfern
Lew, as the Classical forwards followed the
"Back up, Mads!" sang out Teddy, with a
glance across his comrades' heads at the
players in the tree. "Play up!"
"Go it, ye classics!"
The Classics were on the ball with a ven-
erous

Forwards were in fine fettle, and the game was superb. Arthur Redfern, who was in the centre, sent the ball out to his left wing, Price, inside, sent it on to Courtney at the back, who, when transferred as he was tackled, Arthur have it again. It was quick and it figured the Moderns a little. Arthur sent on at top speed, dribbling the ball, and he was through the halves before they knew what was happening. The backs rushed in, and the ball was taken by Arthur, only to be recaptured by the right wingers, and rushed on towards the Moderns goal.

"You're going to get a Redfern in, " Kell
"Horrah!"

"The leather canoe whizzing in, and came, the
Modern goldkeeper, bated it out again. He
fished it out twice, and again it came in. He
buckled having no chance of shooting. That it came
again with a mighty eagle of shooting. That it came
a drop at the feet of Arthur Redfern, and only
came again with a sudden whizz that gave the
gun no earthly chance.

"Phop!"

"That was a roar,"
"The father was in the net!"
"Good!"
"Good!" Huzak! "Rah!" "Rah!" "Rah!"
The start, and the Moderns had not had a
look in at all yet. Carmo bowed it out with
triumph. Knowles gave him an unpleasant
look and those who were new enough to be
considered trouper, thought he kept it under.
"Hang it!" murmured "Haji," who had
a good view of the proceedings. "Haji," who had
Carmo's faith. Acts of league, "It wasn't
there have shaped that ball."

Vermon nodded his head sagely. "Our esteemed captain hasn't the sweetest temper in the world, chapman," he remarked. "He wants to win badly, too. He did bad savage. Badly had form on a footer field."

"How these Classical eads are yelling, too!" One would think a goaf had never been taken on a footer ground before.

"Goal! Goal! Goal!"

"Oh, ring off! Goal!"

"Yah! Goal! Goal! Hurrah!"

"I say, chapman—"

"Goal! Goal! Bravo. Double!"



A Loughable incident from "The Unseen" in this week's issue of "THE BOYS' REVEAL" is One Hollipenny.

The fans ventured to call Redfern major Reddy in the excitement of the moment. They shouted themselves hoarse and for that first go-around he was "Reddy." "It's tripping!" said Redfern. "Minor, when it was fatigued with yelling. "Reddy" tripping. You see, it's the beginning of the blessed end."

"What ho!" said Skellton and Brown. "You're major is all right, Reddy."

"I should say he is," said Redfern indignantly. "Let me hear anybody say he isn't that's all!"

"Look at Rheinberger, even he's enthusiastic though he doesn't know the difference between football and horseshoe," grinned Brown III.

Redfern glanced down at the fat German. Herr Rheinberger was clapping his fat hands long after everybody else had finished cheering and the game had restarted. The stout her sprang to himself on knowing something about sports and on taking an interest in them. He was clapping excitedly, the general shouting having warned him that something of interest had transpired.

"Ach! It is good, der feetball," he said, "I tink tat it is a game I shall play meinsel, ain't it? Pravo! Pravo! Coal! Coal!"

"My only list!" gamed Redfern. "If it makes me snigger like this I shall drop on his head, I know I shall. Oh, deer!"

"Ach! Coal! Coal!"

"Ha, ha, ha."

"Hallo! There they go again! Bravo, Reddy! Buck up, Classics!"

The Classical forwards were sneezing down the field again in Eire. They passed the ball like clockwork, and again the Modern defence were like clockwork. All ball escaping them all the

time. There was a brilliant attack on goal but Cotto was found equal to it this time. With a powerful kick he cleared to mid field over the heads of the Classics, and the Knuckles saw his opportunity.

The day he relied it started that he was first-class player, he was on the ball in training, and away with it like a flash.

The Classics' halves were nowhere, the back four shield Knuckles went for the goal like

The gasolite was all eyes and hands, ready for anything. But the Modern shipper was too much for him. He stepped his feet at the last moment, he bent a shoulder the far corner of the net, which gave the guardian a chance at all. The leader was in the net in the twinkling of an eye, and the gasolite's despairing clasp swept only empty space.

Then there was a roar!

The Chasicals had shown what they could do in the way of yelling, and now it was the turn of the Moderns. And they showed that they knew.

"Coal!" Coal!" yelled Herr Blumensberg below, his peculiar pronunciation making the word sound extremely comical. "Coal! Coal!"

"Ha, ha, ha! How much a ton?" yelled Brown III, but fortunately the German master did not guess that the question was directed to him.

Krowles walked back to the centre of the field with a B. I. in his hand.

practically unaided, and he deserved the cheer he received. And the cheers were music to his ears. Classics were cheering as well as Moderns, and that might mean votes.

"Jolly good, Knowles, old man!" exclaimed Arthur Redfern, as they came back to the line.

Knowles nodded, with a somewhat sarcastic grin.

He was too keenly anxious about the result of the game to have any time for sportsmanlike feelings about it, and in his heart he characterized Arthur's remark as "humbug." Knowles had a suspicious nature.

The Moderns had not been long in equalizing, and the faces of their supporters brightened again, and their hopes rose high.

It really seemed as if there was little to choose between the two teams. The game was likely to end in a good draw, with plenty of hard work and good play on both sides, the kind of game a football-lover likes to watch.

Arthur Bealman kicked off again.

There was a long snarl of play in end field

With plenty of sharp work that resulted in nothing, the defence on both sides being good and steady. Then the Classics worked round the hall along the touchline, the leather frequently going into touch, but the Classics were able to get all the ball back. The Moderns were forced to concede a corner.

Then there was a breathless hush.

The corner-kick was taken by North, and every eye was on the alert as the leather was dropped, and Arthur Redfern made a gallant attempt; but the Lick did not materialise.

The wind deflected it the merest trifle, and it

d. Next Saturday.

bounced from a goalpost back into the field of play, and was instantly cleared.

Hollern minor grunted.

"Hard there!" he said. "Really hard there! Yah!"

Here Riehminger looked up, seeing the punners on the bench shake his head for the first time. He blinked at them through his squinted eyes.

"If you want to pass the ball," he said, "pass it to me."

"Yet it is, aren't you?" It is wonder real!"

"Oh, no, no!" grinned Skeeton. "It was a cake this time."

"Shut up, you nut!" whispered Redfern, almost choking.

"Acht! A goose!"

"Yes, sir! I'll tell you when it's a coal, sir!" said Skeeton. "Sometimes it's a coal, and sometimes it's a cake, sir, according to the weather and the boss."

"Acht! Mein goodness!"

"Hurrah!" roared Tuffy & Co. "Go it, Model!"

The Moderators were attacking in force. The Glassers had fallen back for the day.

force of their goal; but the Moderns were wincing they way on amiably, with a fine exhibition of passing that brought ringing cheers from their supporters.

Faster and harder was the play, and the ball popped out of the press like a pop from a gun. Again and again it was fisted out by the goalies. And then, again, and Kelly cleared each time, and had Gladstone's racers.

"My lad!" muttered Redfern musingly and anxiously. "They're pressing home! Why don't the beggars clear?"

"Kick, kick!" yelled Taffy & Co., in huge delight.

A charge rolled Arthur Redfern were, and

North rolled over him. Knowles added himself to the heap, and snarled savagely as he dragged himself up. Prior, the Classical left back, cleared at last, kicking the ball over him with a whirr. It was a tremendous kick, carrying the ball past the half-way line, and it went slanting to the touch.

Redfern immediately released one hand to take out his watch and look at it. He gave a low whistle.

"Close on half-time," asked Brown III.

"Yes. Five minutes more to play."

"And the score equal," grunted Skelton.

"I really think the Classics might give us one more goal before the whistle blows—I do."

"Well, they're trying!" grinned Brown. They certainly were trying hard. Arthur Hottel and his red-shirted followers were attacking hotly; but the Moderns defended gamely, and the Classics did not seem able to get through.

"Play up, chaps!" muttered Arthur. "We must have that other goal!"

All the Classics made a steady, combined effort.

The excitement was breathless. Here Rheinberger blinked through his glasses, and called up to the juniors to know what was going on. But they did not even hear him. Their eyes were glued to the football field. The fat German mounted upon one of the benches, to look with more advantage over the crowd at the crossbar.

His head was within a foot of the bough. Redfern was standing on, and in danger of getting a knock as the bough swayed under Redfern's weight.

"Go," cried Redfern, nuder. "Share 'em out! Go it! Give 'em home! Now, there, all together, and you've done 'em!"

There was a roar. The leather had been, sent flying.

A Modern bark was upon it, and he kicked it clear; but—
A Classical head was in the way, and in the twinkling of an eye the ball was headed into the net!
There was a gasp and a roar.
"Goal!"
"Bravo, Rodfren major!"
The whistle blew. The first half of that historic match was over. The Classics were one up.
Knowles' face was dark and clouded as he walked off the field. Tuffy & Co. said nothing. But the Classical juniors and south. They

"Hurrah, hurrah!" yelled Redfern minor, and forgetting his own warning, he clapped his hands loudly.

The next moment he was clutching at the bough to save himself.

"My hat!" gasped Skelton. "Look out!"

"Oh! I'm—off!"

"Great Scott!"

Perhaps it was fortunate for Redfern minor that the German master was just underneath him. It wasn't fortunate for Herr Rheinberger.

"My hat!"

"And then sat up in the grass, dazed and dumb, and stared at one another."

(To be continued in next week's *Boys' Realm*, which will return to its usual size and price—in large pages, too. Please.)



A Laughable incident from "The Unseen Enemy," a fine complete tale of Jack Noble in this week's issue of "THE BOYS' REALM FOOTBALL LIBRARY." Now on Sale—One Halfpenny.

The faze ventured to call Redfern major. Reddy in the excitement of the moment. It shouted themselves hoarse over that first goal. "It's tipping!" said Redfern minor, when he was being teased, and yelling. "Simply ripping! You see, it's the beginning of the blessed end."

"What ho!" said Skelton and Brown. "You major is all right, Reddy!" said Redfern indignantly. "Let me hear anybody say he isn't that's all!"

"Look at Rheinberger, even he's enthusiastic though he's a bit of a snob," said the difference between football and basketball, grumbled Brown III.

Redfern glanced down at the fat German. Here Rheinberger was clapping his fat hands long after everybody else had finished clapping and the referee was blowing the whistle. The stout bore turned himself on knowing something about sports, and on taking an interest in them. He was clapping excitedly, the general shouting having warned him that something of interest had transpired.

"It is a good, der feetball," he said. "It tinkt all it is a game I call play myself, all it is! Bravo! Bravo! Coal! Coal!"

"My only hat," said Redfern. "If I make a mistake I'll be like this I shall drop on my head and know I like it, Oo, dear!"

"Ach! Coal! Coal!"

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Hallo! There they go again! Bravo!"

Reddy clapped up, Cheers!"

The Black forwards were sneezing down the field again in line. It passed the ball like clockwork, and again the Modern defence like clockwork, the ball exciting them all the

practically unaided, and he deserved the cheer he received. And the cheers were music to his ears. Classics were cheering as well as Moderns, and that might mean votes.

"Jolly good, Knowles, old man!" exclaimed Arthur Redfern, as they came back to the line.

Knowles nodded, with a somewhat sarcastic grin.

It was too keenly anxious about the result of the game to have any time for sportsmanlike feelings about it, and in his heart he characterized Arthur's remark as "humbug."

Knowles had a suspicious nature.

The Moderns were not long in equalizing, and the face of their supporter brightened again, and their hopes rose high.

It really seemed as if there was little to choose between the two teams. The game was lively, and the play was of a quality that required hard work and good play on both sides. The kind of game a football-lover likes to watch.

Arthur Redfern kicked off again.

There was a long spell of play in mid-field, and the result was that the Moderns scored nothing, the defence on both sides being good and steady. Then the Classics worked the ball along the touchline, the leather fringed with red, and the Moderns, Classics advancing all the time, till the Moderns were forced to concede a corner.

Then there was a breathless hush.

The corner-kick was taken by North, and the result was a goal. The leather fringed with red, and Arthur Redfern made a desperate attempt, but the kick did not materialize. The wind deflected it the merest trifle, and

There was a gasp and a roar.
"Goal!"
"Bravo, Rodfern minor!"
The whistle blew. The first half of that Lis-
toric match was over. The Classics were on
up.
Knowles' face was dark and clouded as he
walked off the field. Tally & Co. said nothing.
But the Classical juniors said much. They
shouted, and they yelled, and they laughed,
and tossed their caps into the air, little caring
whether they ever found them again.
"Hurrah, hurrah!" yelled Rodfern minor,
and, forgetting his own warning, he clapped his
hands heartily.
The next moment he was clutching at the
bench to save himself.
"My head!" cried Skelton. "Look out!"
"Oh! I'm off—"
"Great Scott!"
Perhaps it was fortunate for Rodfern minor
that the German master was just underneath him.
It wasn't fortunate for Herr Rhein-
berger.
Rodfern fell fairly upon his shoulders, and,
naturally, grasped hold of him wildly to save
himself. He lost sight of the German reclining
off the bench, and they came to the ground
together with a bump that brought a gasp like
creeping steam from Herr Rheinberger.
"Aah!"
"My hat!"
And then they sat up in the grass, dazed and
dumb, and stared at one another.

(To be continued in next week's *Boys' World*, which
will give you the most acute and price-cutting page,
our *Franky*.)