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OR,

The Courage that Conquers.

By BURT L. STANDISH.

CHAPTER I.

ARLINGTON RETURNS.

"Here he comes!"

A carriage, drawn by a handsome pair of horses, was approaching the academy.

In front of the academy was a great gathering of plebes, nearly the entire class seeming assembled there.

On their way from the gymnasium to their room, Dick Merriwell and Brad Buckhart paused.

"What's up?" exclaimed the Texan, in surprise.

"What are the plebes doing?"

"Here he comes!" cried some one in the crowd.

Dick's keen eyes surveyed the approaching team and the occupants of the carriage.

"I believe I know what is up," he said, a peculiar look on his face.

"Enlighten me," urged his companion.

"Chester Arlington is returning to the academy, and his class is out to give him a reception. You know this is the day he was to come back."

"Well, blow me if I don't believe you're right!" burst forth Brad. "I opine that he's one of those in yonder carriage. But who would have thought he could pull such a stroke, even with his own class! So help me, I believe nine-tenths of the plebes are here to give him a greeting! I do, I know!"

Dick nodded.

"It looks that way," he said. "Arlington has made himself pretty solid with his class."

"How did he do it?" sniffed the Texan, wonderingly. "They must be a lot of snobs! Just because he happens to have a father who is a big railroad magnate——"

"No fellow who ever came to Fardale has spent half the money Chester Arlington has spent," said Dick.
"That's right. He's bought his friends by blowing himself on them. Well, I'll allow I don't care for that kind of friendship. It's all off when the money plays out, you bet! Partner, the old hen is in the carriage with him."

"Mrs. Arlington is there, yes."
"And—and his sister?"
"Yes, June is with him."
"Has he got clean over the fall he took?"
"I hear he has almost entirely recovered."
"They reckoned at one time that he might never be able to walk again. He got up mighty quick, it seems to me."
"He did recover much sooner than was expected."
"Pard, I opine he wasn't hurt half as much as he made out."

"I don't know about that. Yes, I know he did not seem to have much of any strength in his legs the night of the fire in the hotel."

"And you sacked him out of the burning hotel and never got so much as thank you from the old hen! That shows the kind of stock he sprang from! She pretends to think all creation of him, and she should have gone down on her knees to you; but she's such a cold-blooded old fossil that she couldn't bring herself to thank you as she ought."

"I desired no thanks from her," said Dick, grimly.

"What? When only a bit before she was threatening to have you arrested as a thief? Well, if I'd been in your boots, pard, I'd seen that she ate a large piece of humble pie. You hear me peep! I just would! It would have done her good."

By this time the carriage was quite near the academy. As it swung round the drive and stopped the plebes thronged about it and greeted Chester Arlington with cheers.

Chester smiled at this outburst and waved his hand at them. He turned to his mother and said:

"You can see how popular I am here. Now you can see how it would be if I had a square show."

"My dear boy!" she said. "It is plain enough! Something shall be done."

June Arlington was looking around. She was dressed in a tasty and stylish manner, and she was the kind of a pretty girl to set the plebes to making goo-goo eyes. However, she paid no attention to them. Her eyes had discovered Dick and Brad at a little distance beneath the leafless trees, and something like a faint smile came to her face.

"What's the matter with Arlington?" shouted a plebe, waving his cap over his head.

"He's all right!" bellowed the others.

"Who's all right?" questioned the first speaker.

"Arlington!" rose from the gathering in a grand shout.

Chester rose and bowed with all the grace at his command.

"Thank you, fellows," he said. "It does me proud to have my classmates welcome me back to school in this manner. At one time I feared I could not return so soon, but, fortunately, I was not injured nearly as much as was supposed at first, and I am almost all right now."

"We've just said you were all right," reminded one of the gathering.

Chester bowed and smiled again. When he chose, he could be very pleasant in his manner, and it must be confessed that he was not entirely lacking in personal magnetism. True he regarded himself as quite a superior party, but he was wise enough to court popularity with fellows he classed as far beneath his level.

This was not the case when he first came to Fairdale. At that time he had been haughty and overbearing to almost every one, and it had seemed he would soon have nothing but enemies, even in his own class. But he had found, not a little to his surprise, that he was not gazed on in awe as a superior person, that he could not dominate over whomever he chose, and that he was likely to find himself without popularity or power if he persisted in the course he had chosen.

That was not all. He had found that Dick Merrick, well seemed to be the acknowledged leader in the school, and Dick soon betrayed the fact that he had no thought of permitting Chester to order him about or even to accept advice that was not to his liking.
Dick had declined to take Chester onto the football team unless he proved his efficiency and fitness for a position. And, therefore, it was not long before Arlington became Dick Merriwell’s bitterest enemy.

Then it was that Arlington set about the task of winning as many friends and followers as possible, and he began on his own class. The plebes wanted a leader, and Chester soon secured the position, which he determined to hold at any cost.

Dick Merriwell was generous to a fault, but, not believing in bought friendship, he did not sow his money with a lavish hand. He was more like the general run of boys, and from his behavior no one would have dreamed that on arriving at age he was to come into a fortune of mammoth proportions.

On no occasion, however, did Chester fail to impress on his friends and companions the fact that his father was one of the richest men in the country.

Chester’s little speech brought forth a storm of applause, and the boys pressed around him to shake his hand as he stepped down from the carriage.

Mrs. Arlington had seen June looking in the direction of two lads who stood beyond the crowd. She adjusted her spectacles and looked in the same direction.

“Is it that young Merriwell?” she asked.

“Yes, mother,” answered June. “You said you were going to thank him for what he did.”

Chester Arlington’s mother heaved a sigh of mingled regret and resignation. Her haughty face seemed to say that it was an unpleasant duty she had to perform, but that she would try to go through it bravely and with the dignity becoming a woman of her station in life. She leaned over the side of the carriage and touched her son’s shoulder with her gloved hand.

“My dear boy,” she said, “I—er—ah—I perceive that—er—that young man, Merriwell, yonder. Will you have one of your friends invite him to step over here to the carriage.”

Two or three of the plebes heard her and hurried toward Dick at once.

“Be careful, mother,” warned Chester, in a low tone.

“He mustn’t think he has done too much.”

“Trust me, my son,” she said, and her face hardened somewhat as she saw Dick Merriwell advancing toward the carriage.

CHAPTER II.

MASTER OF HIMSELF.

“Wants to speak to you, does she, pard!” exclaimed Brad Buckhart, when Dick was told of Mrs. Arlington’s request. “Well, I allow it’s time she opened up that stony old heart of hers and said a thankee. But don’t let her do the high and lofty turn. If she tries that, call her down good and hard.”

Dick made no reply, but walked toward the carriage.

The plebes made room for him to pass. He removed his cap and bowed with grace and politeness to both Mrs. Arlington and June. June spoke, giving him a smile.

Mrs. Arlington seemed to hesitate a moment, and then she began, with that same haughty, chilling air that was offensive, to say the very least:

“I feel it my duty, Mr. Merriwell, to thank you for your action in assisting my son to escape from the burning hotel. Without doubt Chester would have been able to descend the ladder alone, but the fact that you rendered him some aid makes it necessary to thank you.”

Her words were like a slap in the face. Dick saw June turn pale, and he knew she had not anticipated this graceless act from her mother.

Now Dick Merriwell was not always cool and restrained, but on this occasion he was master of himself, even though he felt that the thanks he had received were as much an insult as anything else. He bowed again.

“If I rendered Mr. Arlington any assistance,” he said, “I am glad I was able to do so, for the sake of”—he looked at June—“those who are attached to him.”

Chester Arlington saw that glance, and it enraged him. He knew Merriwell had not helped him from the hotel because of a feeling of regard or liking for him, and he believed Dick did it purely for the purpose of playing the hero before June.
What he did not know was that Dick Merriwell would have done exactly the same had June not been concerned in any way. In such an emergency Dick would not have hesitated to go to the aid of any unfortunate human being caught in the fire trap, casting aside all thoughts of friendship or enmity.

“Oh, I know the fellow!” thought Chester. “He can’t deceive me with his mock heroism.”

And he did not dream that he was a most ungrateful fellow to entertain such a thought.

“I trust,” said Mrs. Arlington, “that in the future there may be no further misunderstandings between you and my son. It seems that at last you must be aware of the fact that Chester is a young gentleman and that it will be to your advantage to treat him as such. I am willing to overlook the past.”

“Which is exceedingly kind of you!” said Dick, who could not entirely hide the sarcasm in his voice.

“I think you should be equally generous,” declared the woman. “You can see how exceedingly popular my son is here at the school, and it must be plain that it will be to your benefit in the future to consult the wishes of one who has such a following.”

Buckhart had drawn near, and he found it hard to keep from informing Mrs. Arlington that where her son had one real friend at Fardale Dick Merriwell had twenty.

“But it’s not my funeral,” he muttered; “and I opine Dick won’t thank me for mixing in, so I’ll keep my tongue between my teeth.”

Dick said nothing. It was impossible for him to speak the words he longed to utter, so he chose to remain silent.

“I have entertained thoughts of taking my son out of this school,” continued Mrs. Arlington; “but have finally concluded to let him remain, even though his superior abilities have not been properly recognized here. I understand that you are in a class ahead of him, and, having been here longer, you are able to use your power to retard his advancement. This I regard as quite unjust, and I hope you will cease to interfere with him in the future.”

“Don’t worry about that, madam,” said Dick. “I assure you that, in the future, as in the past, I will let him alone if he does not trouble me.”

“But he is ambitious, and his ambitions here will be readily attained, I am sure, if your influence is not brought to bear against him.”

“As long as he seeks to do me no injury, I shall let him quite alone, you may be sure of that.”

“Then I see no reason why there should be further trouble. As for this matter of football, of course Chester will be unable to play this season. In fact, if I do not wish him to play at all; but he has set his heart upon it, and I never deny him anything.”

For that very reason she had spoiled her son, although she was not aware of it.

“Next year,” she went on, “he may wish to play. If he remains here, I am sure that, by that time, his superiority will be so apparent that any jealous enemy will be quite unable to balk him.”

In plain words, she meant that Dick was jealous of her son, and the idea made young Merriwell smile.

“Here, madam,” he said, “no one ever gets on the football team without proving their fitness.”

“I am sure my son could have shown you that he has played on excellent teams in the past.”

“What any one has done before coming here does not count; it is what he proves himself able to do here. Mr. Arlington could have come out with the other candidates and tried for a place on the team; but he seemed to think he could be taken on anyhow, for some reason or other.”

“And why not?” exclaimed Mrs. Arlington. “I am sure I do not understand why Chester should be required to take the same chance as any common fellow.”

“This is the common fellow’s country, madam. If he proves himself worthy to rise he rises, and no power can hold him down. Birth or wealth cannot place one on top and keep him there unless he has the brains and ability to stay.”

“I hope you do not mean to insinuate that my son hasn’t brains?” exclaimed the indignant woman.

“I am not given to insinuating remarks. If I have anything to say, I say it plainly.”
She was offended, for this youth looked her straight in the eyes and spoke without the least symptom of cringing or fawning. Her wealth or social position did not awe or overcome him in the slightest degree. This was something to which she was not accustomed, and, therefore, it gave her great displeasure.

Chester was angry, too, and he said:

"Do not waste further words, mother. You have thanked him, and that is all that is necessary. Good-by, mother. Good-by, June. Wait till you come back to Fardale again, and you'll find out how things stand. There will be a change."

He said this with an insolent look toward Dick, who seemed quite unaware that he had spoken.

"Mr. Merriwell," said June, leaning from the carriage, "I hope you will accept my sincere thanks for your many brave and generous acts. I feel that——"

He lifted his hand, smiling.

"Don't overwhelm me with thanks, please!" he exclaimed. "It places me in an awkward position."

"Then I will say no more. I know you are not one to seek praise and thanks. We may not meet again for a long time, so I will say good-by."

She held out her gloved hand.

"June!" said Chester, quickly, "I wish to say a word to you."

He stepped between Dick and his sister instantly, preventing Dick from taking the proffered hand. What he said was spoken in a low tone, and Mrs. Arlington immediately directed the driver to start.

So the carriage rolled away, and all Dick received was a smile and parting wave from June's hand.

Inwardly he was boiling, and he longed to knock Arlington down.

Chester looked at him, laughed and turned to his classmates, who once more gathered about him.

Brad Buckhart came striding up.

"For the love of heaven, pard," he hissed in Dick's ear, "let me soak him for you, if you can't do it! I'll make him think he was kicked by a mule! You hear me!"

But Dick was a complete master of himself, and he took Brad's arm, turning once more toward the academy steps.

"We'll go to our room," he said, in an unruffled tone of voice.

CHAPTER III.

TROUBLE BREWING.

A number of Dick's friends had gathered in his room to discuss football matters. There was considerable excitement on the team.

"Hi say has 'ow it's a blooming mistake!" excitedly declared Billy Bradley, striking an attitude in the middle of the room. "We 'ave no business to play with those 'owling toffs, don't y' 'now!"

"Oh, dear me!" piped up Ted Smart, who was sitting on the table. "How can you talk so, Sir William! I am surprised at you! Why, they are perfect gentlemen! Think how finely we were used the last time we were in Unibertown! It makes my heart thrill with pleasure to think of that occasion!"

"Huah!" grunted Big Bob Singleton. "I suppose you mean the only time we ever were in Unibertown, and that was when we played the U. A. A. that game of baseball last spring."

"That was a fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf-fuf—" spluttered Chip Jolliby, and then he stamped on the floor and made wild grabs at the air in his desperate endeavor to get hold of the word he was trying to utter.

"Whistle, Chip!" cried several, laughing at his comical contortions.

"Whew!" whistled Chip, "That was a fuf-fuf-fuf—whew!—fine old time! Why, they dud-drugged Dick, and we had to fuf-fuf-fuf—whew!—fight for our lives. We all sus-sus-sus-said we'll never go there again."

"They're coming here," squeaked Obediah Tubbs, the fat boy, whose voice did not fit him at all. "We'll jest wipe 'em all over the field, see if we don't. Dern my picter! you watch me sail inter 'em!"

"I'd like to play one clean game of football!" grunted Singleton, his face wearing a look of disgust. "I'm getting sick of this rough-house business. What do you say, Captain Merriwell?"
Dick had been keeping quite still, as he listened to the talk of the others. He was standing with his elbow against the corner of the mantelshelf.

"Fellows," he said, "we are in for it, as the athletic committee has decided to accept Uniontown’s offer to fill Riverronth's engagement. We'll have to play the game."

"But that's not saying what you think about it," said Big Bob. "Why were you not consulted about this change?"

Dick shook his head.

"I presume they thought it wasn't necessary," he said.

"You're the manager of the team."

"But I do not arrange the schedule, you know."

"All the same, you should have some say about a change of this sort. What?"

"It's settled now," said Dick, "and we'll have to make the best of it. We trounced those fellows at baseball last spring, for all of their tricks."

"Bub-bub-bub-but it was a close sus-sus-sus-shave," put in Jolliby. "They pup-pup-pup-pup—whew!—played all kuk-kinds of dirty tricks to beat us."

"And this ain't no school team," put in Tubbs. "It's a so-called athletic club team, and they kin be as dirty as they please. I'm agin' playing 'em."

"And I" repeated several others.

"It's too late to back out now," said Dick. "If I had known there was any talk of making this arrangement I would have gone before the committee and fought against it."

"The committee knew what it was doing," put in Big Bob, grimly. "It knew all about our trouble with the U. A. A. baseball team, and it knew we had declared we would never have anything further to do with that association."

"For years," said Dick, "Fardale has desired to enter into contests with U. A. A. because of the money there is in it. Eaton has had the privilege, and this school has been very jealous of Eaton. Last spring Uniontown gave us a baseball game to fill in an open date, and we beat their team."

"Wasn't it a shame!" exclaimed Smart. "We were so sorry to do it!"

"We beat them," said Big Bob; "but think of the fight we had! Uniontown is full of gamblers who bet on their team. The Union Athletic Association is not a straight amateur organization, no matter what it claims. It rings in professionals. Its members and officers make money betting on their teams and their men. That is a well-known fact."

Dick nodded.

"No one denies it," he said. "They expected to find us easy, but there was one fellow who took a fancy to put me out of the game, thinking that would make it a sure thing for Uniontown."

"Sus-sus-so it would," asserted Chip. "You were the only pup-pup-pup-pup—"

"The other feller was the 'pup,'" laughed Obediah Tubbs. "He! he! he! Wasn't that a funny joke!"

"The only pup-pup-pitcher we had," stuttered the lank boy, completing the sentence after a terrible struggle to give it utterance.

"Well, his thug failed to knock you out," said Singleton. "His drug was taken by me by accident, instead of you. And then——"

"And then," said Smart, "he sprinkled Captain Dick on the field with one of those buttonhole bouquet arrangements that squirts water in your eyes."

"Only his arrangement was not filled with water," said Dick.

"Hardly!" exclaimed Singleton. "He had something in it that made you blind, and you pitched the last inning when you could scarcely see the batter."

"And cuc-cuc-cuc-cuc——"

"Cut-cut-cadawcut!" cackled Smart.

"Cuc-cuc—whew!—caught a hot liner right off the bat, putting out the last man," said Jolliby. "That was what bub-bub-broke their hearts."

"No; it was giving up the biggest share of the gate money that broke their hearts," laughed Dick.

"We can do 'em again!" piped Obediah Tubbs.

"I think we can," nodded Dick; "but, as Singleton said, this business of playing with dirty teams is becoming tiresome. Franklin had a lot of ringers, for I have learned beyond a doubt that their man Gray, as he was called, was Plover, the professional. The Tro-
jan A. A. tried to defeat us by roughing it, and we have been up against that kind of business generally. It would be a pleasure to play one good, clean game with a school team in our class. It is this slugging, kicking and general rough-house playing that makes so many persons down on football. At best, it is not a ladies' game, but it is not brutal when properly played."

"It will be a fight from start to finish with U. A. A.," said Singleton. "Those fellows will want revenge for their defeat at baseball, and they will try to get it by knocking the stuffing out of us."

"It's likely you are right about that," nodded Dick; "but we must be ready for anything. We must go into the game determined to win, and I feel confident we can do it."

"Even if we do win," said Bob, "it does not excuse the athletic committee for their blunder in arranging this game. How in the world they came to do it is what I cannot understand."

"I 'eard as 'ow they were divided hon the matter," said Bradley. "Warwick was against hit."

"And he isn’t sore a bit!" grinned Smart, as usual meaning exactly opposite what he said. "He’s delighted over it."

"It may be a mistake," said Big Bob; "but the report has leaked out that the committee was divided on the matter, and that Warne, the chairman, was compelled to vote to decide it."

There came a knock on the door.

"Come in," called Dick.

Earl Gardner entered.

"Have you heard the latest, boys?" he asked.

"The latest joke?"

"No; the latest news. Warwick has resigned from the athletic committee."

"No?" they exclaimed, in astonishment.

"It's straight goods, fellows," asserted Gardner. "He has taken himself off the committee, and says he will have nothing further to do with it. He has made his resignation in writing, too."

"But it may not be accepted," said Dick, who was very sorry to know that John Warwick had done such a thing.

"It has been accepted already," said Earl. "Why, even now the fellows are beginning to discuss who shall take Warwick's place on the committee."

"Look out, captain!" breathed Singleton. "If they get the wrong man on that committee you'll have no end of trouble, for it will be solid against you. It's up to you to get busy."

There was a heavy step in the corridor and the door flew open and admitted Brad Buckhart, who strode into the room. One glance at Brad showed that he was excited and angry.

"Say!" he growled; "do you fellows know what's brewing round this old academy? Well, I'll tell you. Warwick has taken himself off the committee, and already there is a candidate in the field who is working hard for the place. There is to be a meeting tonight to elect another man for the place, and the man who is after it mustn't have it."

"Why not? Who is he?" breathlessly asked the boys.

"He's Chester Arlington," said Brad; "and that is answer enough why he should not have the position. You hear me whisper!"

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CHAPTER IV.

BOUND BY A PROMISE.

Naturally Buckhart was excited. He heartily detested Chester Arlington, and the thought of having Chester on the athletic committee, where he could use his influence in running the affairs of the eleven, was enough to arouse the Texan.

Dick heard Brad's words without the quiver of a muscle. His lips were pressed together, and there seemed a hardening of his jaw, but that was all.

An excited discussion started at once, but every fellow present seemed to feel that it would be a serious misfortune to have Arlington get onto the committee.

"He can't git there anyhow," squeaked Obediah Tubbs.

"He can unless the right influence is brought to
bear against him," declared Brad. "He'll do anything to make the position. He'll spend money like water, and he seems to have a barrel of it to spend."

"But it cuc-cuc-can't be the fellows here will be hub-bub-bought," exclaimed Jollify.

"Wait and see!" said Brad. "This galoot, Arlington, is mighty slick, and he'll play his cards fine."

"If he ever gets onto the committee," said Singleton, "there is going to be trouble for this football team. He is sore because he did not make the eleven, and he will raise thunder. Merriwell, it is for your interest to see that Chet Arlington is defeated in this scheme of his."

Still Dick was silent. He was thinking of his promise to Mrs. Arlington not to interfere with the ambition of her son, a promise that had been made in the presence of June and the gathering of plebes about the carriage.

The keenly interested boys decided to go forth immediately and find out "what was doing." They soon left the room, only Buckhart remaining with Dick.

Merriwell sat on a chair, gazing at the floor, a strange look on his handsome face. The Texan walked over and dropped a hand on Dick's shoulder.

"Tard."

"Well, Brad?"

"This yere is no time to squat on your haunches. You want to get right up and hustle."

"What for?"

"What for? Whoop! Great horn spoon! Didn't you hear me say that Chet Arlington is laying pipes to get onto the athletic committee in place of Warwick, who has resigned?"

"Yes."

"Well, burn my hide and brand me deep! Are you going to squat and let that onery varmint get on?"

"I don't think he will succeed."

"Then you don't know him as well as I thought you did."

"He's not a truly popular fellow."

"Is Phil Warne?"

"No."

"Warne is chairman of the committee. Is Oll Stone?"

"No."

"Stone is on the committee. Is Had Burrows?"

"I don't think so."

"He's on the committee, and he was chairman last year."

"But it is different with Chester Arlington."

"How?"

"He is a thoroughbred cad."

"Sure thing; but you saw how he stood with his own class."

"The piebes alone cannot elect him to the committee."

"They won't be alone."

"He has no popularity outside his class."

"But he's got money, and he'll use it."

"I decline to believe," said Dick, "that the fellows here at the academy can be bought."

"Say, when congressmen and senators can be bought at Washington you don't want to bet your pile that fellows here at school are much different."

"Still I will not believe it," said Dick. "I don't care to take any part in this affair, Brad. I have enough to think of without dipping into this. If my friends oppose Arlington they may work against him; but I am going to keep out of it."

"That's where he wins! Why, you can go out and defeat him in an hour! Just you go to work against him and you will carry things as you like. But if you sit down and don't do a thing, the fellows will think you are indifferent, and he'll carry them."

Dick was strongly tempted to take a hand in the affair, but again he thought of his promise to Mrs. Arlington, and that held him in check.

"If Chet Arlington gets on that committee," said the Texan, "he'll have you in a step all the time. You hear me shout! He will work against you in every possible way, and he'll have power to hurt you. Why, you know that fellow has tried his best to injure the team! Do you regard him as a fit man for the committee?"
"You know I do not regard him as fit," came instantly from Dick.

"Then it's your duty to get out and hustle to keep him off!" exclaimed Buckhart. "What keeps you from it?"

"My word," said Dick, in a low tone. "I cannot break a promise."

"Is that it? Well, if you made any promise that keeps you from doing your duty now you ought to be lynched! That's good and plain, if I have to fight you for it! Why, maybe your promise will lead you to stop your friends from working against the dog?"

"No; I shall not interfere with my friends if they choose to try to defeat him."

"I'm glad to hear it!" exclaimed Brad, scornfully. "Then I'm going out and get into gear. I'll work like a tiger, and it won't be my fault if he gets there."

Brad strode out, slamming the door and leaving Dick to his reflections, which were not entirely pleasant.

"It was a foolish promise!" he finally exclaimed. "I should not have made it, but I did not think at the time that it might put me in a situation like this. I was thinking she meant his honest ambitions, and I would be the last fellow in the world to try to crush a chap who had sincere ambition to get along. I wonder if that promise really binds me."

But when he had thought upon it for some time he concluded that he was bound and could not exert his influence to defeat Chester Arlington in this matter without breaking his word.

No wonder Dick was displeased and troubled over the way things were going at the academy. He felt that the committee had made a big blunder in agreeing to take the U. A. A. eleven to fill the place of Rivermouth, and he could not help being nettled because he had not been consulted at all in the matter. He knew the Uniontown team would fight like a lot of tigers for the game, which they would be satisfied to win by foul means, if they could not by fair. In his heart he was satisfied that Fardale would have to put up a fiercer struggle to hold her own than she had against any team for the season thus far, and the fear that she might be defeated by trickery or treachery was far from agreeable.

But to have Chester Arlington on the athletic committee—that was what troubled him more than anything else.

"He can't get there!" Dick finally exclaimed. "It is not possible the boys here at the academy will permit it. I'm not going to worry about it any more."

Then he picked up a book and began studying.

However, try as he might to fasten his mind on the text, he caught himself wondering if there was a possibility that Arlington would succeed.

Who would run against the fellow for the position? It was important that whoever did so should be a popular man.

Would the right fellow go into the contest?

At last, Dick flung the book aside and sprang up.

"I've got to go out and learn what is being done!" he exclaimed, seizing his cap. "Oh, June Arlington, why did you ever have such a brother! If you were not his sister it would be different."

CHAPTER V.

A WARM MEETING.

There was excitement enough that night when the meeting was called in one of the classrooms to elect a member to fill the place made vacant on the athletic committee by the resignation of John Warwick.

Not all the students at the academy took an active interest in athletics, but the crowd that pressed into the room filled it to an uncomfortable degree.

The friends of Chester Arlington had been hard at work that day, and they were confident that Chester would win. He had resorted to the methods of a politician, many of which are questionable. He had money, and he knew how to spend it to make an effect.

His most formidable rival was George Hardy, and Hardy had never been a popular man at Fardale. Still it was said that Hardy would carry the day in case Dick Merriwell came out openly and took sides with him.

This Dick had been urged by his friends to do.
"No," he said, shaking his head. "Already they say I run the team as I choose, that I have worked all my friends onto it, and that it is not fair. I am going to keep out of this affair and let the boys settle it as they like."

Brad Buckhart pulled hard for Hardy, but he found it difficult to unite Dick's friends on that candidate. It was only by convincing them that Chester would surely win if they did not unite that he succeeded.

There was a third candidate who entered the field late in the day.

It was Joe Savage.

Now Savage was known to be friendly in his talk toward Dick Merriwell, and many of Dick's friends regretted that he had not decided sooner to take a hand in the struggle. As it was, the most of them had been pledged to Hardy by the energetic and wiley Buckhart.

Brad had grown confident as the time for the meeting drew near.

"If all the fellows who have talked favorable stand by Hardy we've got that Arlington crowd buried," he said.

But Buckhart had to learn that pledges and fair talk may not always be relied on, a fact that many a defeated politician has discovered to his sorrow.

The Arlington workers continued their efforts right up to the time the meeting was called to order.

Elmer Dow, who had managed the basketball team once, was chosen chairman and mounted the platform. Having called the meeting to order, he suggested that a committee of three be chosen to count the votes, for it was already settled that the candidate should be elected by written ballot.

Instantly Buckhart was on his feet, proposing the name of Dick Merriwell.

"Gentlemen," he said, quietly, "I think it will be far better to select on that committee those who are not too closely connected with the eleven. For that reason, I must beg you to excuse me from serving."

"No! no! no!" roared the cadets.

"Merriwell! Merriwell!" they stormed.

The Arlington crowd seemed silent. Chester had not failed to note that Dick had not openly entered into the contest against him, although he had expected something of the sort. However, he did not wish to see Dick on that platform.

The outcries showed that the meeting insisted on having Dick serve as chairman of the committee to count the votes.

"Mr. Merriwell," said Dow, "I think you had better reconsider. You can plainly see that you are wanted on this committee, and you will do a favor to the meeting by serving."

"Merriwell! Merriwell!" came from every side of the room.

"All right," smiled Dick. "If I am chosen I will serve, Mr. Chairman."

Dow put the vote at once.

"All those in favor of Mr. Merriwell manifest it by a show of hands."

"Up! up!" was the cry. "Up hands!"

"It is a vote," said Dow, looking over the demonstration of uplifted hands.

No one doubted it, and Dick was called to the platform.

Neil Stanton's name was next proposed, and there was no opposition.

Then Brad Buckhart was nominated.
This raised another uproar, for Brad had plenty of enemies. A strong opposition was shown at once.

Brad said not a word, but mentally he observed:

"Well, if I'm elected you bet your boots I'm going to serve! I am, I know!"

The vote was taken by a show of hands. Brad's friends came out strong at this.

But the vote was immediately doubted.

Then there was a showing of hands, while the chairman surveyed the gathering.
When he called for the contrary minded it was seen that Brad had won, and he was called to the platform. He was given a round of applause as he took his seat with Merriwell and Stanton.

Then Dow got up and made a brief speech, in which he suggested the advisability of getting as good a man as possible for the position.

A few moments later, amid the greatest excitement, the balloting began.

"Here are your Arlington votes!" cried a fellow climbing on the seats near one isle. "Right this way for your Arlington votes."

"Arlington! Arlington!" shouted another fellow, standing on the seats near another aisle. "The entering class must have a man on that committee. It's no more than fair. Vote for Arlington. Here you go!"

In fact, it seemed that fellows with Arlington votes were everywhere, and these votes they urged on every one.

Those who favored Hardy were not as well prepared with votes, and Buckhart grew uneasy as he sat and watched the workers for Chester Arlington getting rid of their ballots.

"If that galoot is elected Dick can blame himself," thought the Texan. "He might have crushed Chester Arlington with a word, but he would not say that word."

Dow watched the voters closely as they filed past the ballot box. He had a sharp pair of eyes, and he was looking for "stuffing" and for "repeaters."

"Hold on!" he suddenly exclaimed, closing the box with a snap. "You have voted before, Macomber! That kind of work will not go here, and I want everybody to understand it!"

Macomber tried to pass it off as a joke.

"I believe in voting early and often," he said.

"You may vote as early as you like, but once on a ballot is the limit," said Dow.

Macomber passed on, and the ballot box was reopened.

"How is it going, do you think?" asked Stanton, of Buckhart.

"Blowed if I know!" confessed Brad, in a low tone. "But I'm afraid Arlington will carry it."

"Too bad!" said Stanton, and the Texan knew for the first time just how the third man on the committee stood.

The entire counting committee was unfavorable to the plebe who sought a position on the athletic board. Arlington's friends knew this, and some of them commented on it.

"What kind of a show has Chet got with those fellows to count the votes!" said one.

"He wouldn't have a show if Merriwell was not on the committee," said another. "Merriwell is square, and you can bet your life Chet will get the position if he's elected."

The voting took some time. When it seemed all over Dow rapped on the table beside him and asked if the votes were all in.

"Hold on!" was the cry from the rear.

Into the room a fellow was dragged by three Arlington workers and rushed down the aisle. He was red in the face, but cast his vote, laughing as he did so.

"Here comes another!" shouted a voice.

Another fellow was marched down the aisle by an Arlington worker.

"Bad!" growled Buckhart. "And no one working against the fellow like that! Bad! bad!"

At last there seemed no more to vote, and the polls were declared closed.

A few moments later, amid breathless silence, the counting began.

Would Arlington win?

CHAPTER VI.

THE RESULT.

Ted Smart, Billy Bradley, Chip Jolliby, Bob Singleton and Hugh Douglas were in a group at the rear of the room.

"Dear me!" said Ted. "How slow this is! Why, there's nothing interesting about it!"

Singleton was watching Buckhart's face.

"I'm afraid Arlington has won," he said.
"What mum-mum-makes you think so?" chattered Jollify.

"Buckhart looks worried."

"Hi 'ave an idea it is very close, don't y' now," said Bradley.

The votes had been sorted into three piles, and the committee went over them again.

The gathering was pretty quiet now, as it was a time of great anxiety.

Chester Arlington seemed confident. He was smiling and serene.

Buckhart was seen making some figures, but Dick Merriwell, who watched him, shook his head and seemed pointing out a mistake. Brad nodded, and then the slip of paper with the figures on it was passed to Dow by Merriwell.

Dow rapped for order.

"Gentlemen," he said, "you will listen to your vote. Whole number of votes cast 238. Necessary for choice, 119. George Hardy has 102; Chester Arlington, 97; Joseph Savage, 39. Therefore there is no choice, and another ballot——"

The rest of his speech was drowned in the roar that rose.

Chester Arlington had not won. Hardy led him by five votes.

"Fraud! fraud!" cried somebody.

Instantly there was a surging mob round the fellow who uttered the accusing cry.

Arlington's friends were disappointed. They had anticipated throwing at least a hundred and fifty votes.

"Shut up that fool who is crying fraud!" commanded Chester. "If you don't we'll get it in the neck sure."

So the one who made the cry was choked off immediately.

Another vote would have to be taken, and now the disappointed Arlington crowd set to work with redoubled earnestness. Chester went among them, assuring them that he believed the count had been fair.

"Then how can you account for our failure to poll the number we expected?" he was asked.

"Simply by the fact, as it seems, that a number of those who took votes and promised to support me failed o do so."

A large number of cadets had remained away from the meeting, but now the workers rushed away to various rooms, determined to bring out every one who could be induced to come. Many a fellow who declined to come, or tried to beg off, was brought along by main force and rammed into the crowded classroom:

"It's going to be a heavier vote this time," said Dick. "You bet," nodded Brad, who still looked worried. "I opine Arlington will carry it on the next ballot."

"What makes you think so?"

"I'll bet he has twenty fellows pulling 'em in. If he doesn't make it I shall be relieved."

"If he doesn't make it this time," said Dick, "his chance will grow slimmer."

"What makes you think so?"

"His friends have secured this vote for him by their hard work, and they'll have trouble to hold the fellows they have dragged in here. Arlington is not really popular."

But Brad grew more and more nervous as the voting continued. The Arlington crowd made lots of noise, and it seemed that the majority of those present must favor him.

As before, Elmer Dow was keenly on the alert to prevent fraud, and "repeating" was not attempted. One "call down" was not attempted. One "call down" had been given, and that was enough to make the tricky fellows wary.

After a while the voting decreased. Three times Dow asked if all the votes were in, and each time from the rear of the room came a shout for him to hold on. He waited as one last voter was hurried down the aisle by the Arlington workers, and then he declared the balloting closed.

"Arlington has carried it," said Singleton, regrettfully.

"Hi don't believe hit!" exclaimed Billy Bradley.

"I'm gosh darn afuf-fuf-fraid of it!" admitted Chip Jollify.
The gathering watched the counting of the votes, seeing them singled out into three piles.

Then there was some figuring on paper, and Dick Merriwell was heard to say, "That's right."

The chairman rapped, but the meeting was silent and anxious already.

"Gentlemen," said Dow, "listen to the vote. Whole number cast 253."

"Fifteen more than before," said Smart, to his companions.

"Necessary for choice," announced Dow, "127. Chester Arlington has 111; George Hardy, 101; Joseph Savage, 41. Therefore——"

"No vote!" was the shout that went up.

Arlington had taken the lead on this ballot, but had not received a majority over both his opponents.

Hardy had lost one vote, Savage had gained two, and Chester Arlington fourteen.

"Arlington!" was the cry.

"If Savage would withdraw in favor of Hardy," said Ned Stanton to his companions on the committee, "it would settle things in short order and knock Arlington out."

Dick Merriwell said nothing, but he had seen a fellow he knew as an Arlington worker approach Joe Savage and say something to him. He had seen Savage shake his head, and then the fellow said something more, upon which Savage looked startled and seemed to remonstrate. At this, the fellow snapped his fingers and walked away.

"Something doing there!" thought Dick.

He was right.

"Gentlemen," said Elmer Dow, "the polls are again declared open. Bring in your votes."

Dick was still watching Savage. He saw Joe falter and look round; then, of a sudden, the fellow stepped up onto a bench and cried:

"Mr. Chairman and gentlemen of the meeting, as there seems to be a deadlock, and as it is plain I have very little chance of being elected, I rise to withdraw from the field. At the same time I wish to suggest that those who have cast their votes for me now throw them for Chester Arlington, as I believe it fair and right for the entering class to have a representative on the committee."

Then he stepped down, but he had exploded a bombshell, and there was consternation in the meeting.

Brad Buckhart had shot to his feet as he heard Savage speak Arlington's name, and now he dropped back, gasping:

"I'll—be—shot!"

"Arlington! Arlington!" was the mad cry that went up.

Brad turned to Dick.

"Partner, am I dreaming?" he asked. "Did I hear straight? Did that onery galoot say Arlington?"

"That's what he said," nodded Dick.

"And he pretends to be your friend! Well, he ought to be lynched like a horse thief!"

Dick had been astonished, but he was master of himself, and he did not show his surprise.

"It was worked somehow," he said. "I don't believe Savage really wanted to withdraw in favor of Arlington, but he was driven into it."

"Driven? Driven how?"

"I can't say."

"He's just an onery two-faced——"

Dick's hand fell on Brad's arm.

"Careful!" he said. "Don't raise your voice, old man."

"Give me a gun," growled the Texan, "and I'll sure go out yon and shoot him up some!"

The balloting had begun, and Arlington's friends were working harder than ever.

"We've got them now!" they sang, joyously.

The voting was rushed along at a lively rate, and there was no delay, to drag in any one. In a short time the chairman declared the balloting over, and then the counting of the votes began.

As the members of the committee separated the votes into two piles it soon became apparent that the vote was nearly a tie.

Not all of those who had voted for Savage had swung to Arlington on the recommendation of Savage.

Finally the votes were sorted, and a recount was made.
Brad Buckhart was pale.
“He’s got it, pard!” he whispered. “Got it by one vote! No, by thunder! He shall not have it!”

Then Dick saw Brad, in running over Arlington’s votes, cleverly slip two of them into his palm.
Ned Stanton, however, did not detect the trick.
“What do you make it, Stanton?” asked Dick.
“One hundred and twenty-three for Arlington.”
“That’s right,” said Buckhart, huskily. “And Hardy has one hundred and twenty-four.”
“Then Hardy wins!” said Stanton, with satisfaction.
“Wait,” said Dick. “Let’s be sure of this. Let’s count them over again.”
“What for?” asked Brad.
“Because I want to make sure.”
Dick carried his point.
“Brad,” he whispered in Buckhart’s ear, without looking toward his roommate, “I want you to put back those two votes. Put them back, or I shall have to expose you!”

The Texan turned like chalk. His hands shook a little, and the counting went on.
“By George! we were wrong!” said Stanton, as they finished. “Arlington has one hundred and twenty-five! He wins by one vote.”
“Correct,” said Merriwell, and he gave the figures to the chairman, whose announcement of the result was followed by a mighty cheer for the victor.

CHAPTER VII.
THE PROMPTINGS OF CONSCIENCE.

Brad Buckhart disappeared at once. When Dick reached his room he found Brad there, sitting like a wooden image and staring at the wall.
“Well, old man,” said Dick, pleasantly, “that was what I call a hot meeting.”

The Texan did not stir. From his appearance it did not seem that he was aware Dick had entered the room.
“In a trance, Brad?” asked Dick.
Still Buckhart remained motionless, staring at the wall, a hard look on his face.

“What’s the matter?” asked Dick, stopping in front of his roommate. “What ails you, old man?”

Brad looked at Dick, and there was a mingling of reproach, shame and anger in that look.
“Why didn’t you let me alone?” he demanded.
“That dirty dog won!”
“You mean——”
“Arlington—you know whom I mean! He’s on the committee now, and he will show you in short order that he has power there. Just you wait and see what he does!”

“But he was fairly elected, Brad.”
“Was he? I’m not so sure of that.”

The Texan’s voice was harsh and his manner toward Dick new and strained. He felt deeply the shame of his position. More for Dick’s sake than his own he had sought to keep Chester Arlington from getting onto the committee. Dick had detected him in the act of pilfering the two ballots that gave Chester the position and had compelled him to put them back while the votes were being counted again. No one else knew of this, but Buckhart felt that he had lowered himself in the eyes of his friend and roommate.
“I’m not so sure his election was fair,” he repeated.
“What do you mean? Why wasn’t it?”
“What made Savage pull out just when he did? What made him try to throw his votes to Arlington? There was something behind it, and you know it.”

Although Brad had not noted the incident observed by Dick when Savage was approached by a fellow who seemed to make a demand on him, against which he rebelled at first, but to which he finally succumbed, still the Texan had sense enough to reason it out that there had been an unusual cause back of the action of Savage in stepping out in favor of Arlington at that critical juncture.
“What do you think there was behind it?” asked Dick, curious to learn Buckhart’s opinion on the matter.

“Crookedness! crookedness!” exclaimed the Westerner, rising to his feet and beginning to tramp up and down the room. “I know it! I’m sure of it! I was sure of it all the time,” he went on, eager to say
something to make his own act seem less heinous.

"That is why I was determined that Arlington should not win if I could help it. I could have prevented it."

"Dishonestly! Look here, Brad, I don't think you realized just what you were doing."

Dick attempted to place a hand on Buckhart's shoulder, but it was brushed aside, and the Texan continued his excited striding up and down the room.

"Yes I did!" he declared, grimly. "I knew I was cheating—I knew it! I meant to cheat! I meant to beat Chet Arlington at his own game!"

"Which would have placed you on the same level with him."

"No! I would have beaten him! Look here, Dick, when you go against a slugging football team, when the other side plays rough-house, how do you meet them?"

"I try to call the attention of the umpire."

"What if the umpire will not punish them?"

"Well, as a last resort, I give the boys instructions to make the game hot in the same fashion as the other fellows."

"As a last resort! That's it! Do you think I'm a fellow to choose to do a dishonest thing?"

"I know you would not choose it because your inclination was that way."

"But, in a case like this, I would choose it as a last resort. It was the last resort! It was the only way to keep Arlington from winning."

"Then, Brad, if a man robs your chicken coops persistently, you know he robs it, yet you cannot get proof to punish him by the aid of the law, you think it just that you should turn about and rob his chicken coops, thus making yourself a hen-thief, just to get square with him?"

Buckhart was staggered for a moment, but he recovered quickly.

"Oh, that doesn't apply! That is a different degree of retaliation."

"Then your application does not fit a football game. Brad, you know it is not right to meet dishonesty with dishonesty. That is not the way to combat it."

"It's about the only way to combat it successfully."

"I don't know about that."

"You'll find it is."

"I don't believe any fellow can afford it, Brad."

"Afford it?"

"Yes."

"Why, what—-"

"Every little dishonest thing a chap does weakens his moral nature. It is not often a burglar becomes a burglar at a single step. He descends to that level by degrees. He does some little crooked act in the first place; then he does something worse, and step by step he goes down the hill, until at last he is a thorough criminal."

"Great goodness!" exploded Brad. "You didn't fancy I was taking my first step in crime, did you?"

"No; but I knew it was not right, even to defeat an enemy. I knew you would regret it afterward."

"Not by a blamed sight! You were plumb wrong there, Dick!"

Dick shook his head.

"I was right," he said, with positive assurance. "I sought to save you from the secret shame you must have felt in future when you thought of it."

"Secret shame. How do you know I—-"

"I'll tell you how I know. Any fellow is liable to slip once. I did, Brad."

"You?" gasped the Texan, incredulously. "What are you giving me?"

"Straight goods, old man. Once on a time I did a mean and dishonest thing."

"I can't believe it!"

"It is true. I did it impulsively, and no one but myself ever knew about it. It was not anything of great importance, but, when my blood had cooled and I came to realize just what I had done, I felt like a criminal. I suffered such intense shame and anguish as I have never known at any other time. I resolved to make reparation, but circumstances placed it beyond my power to do so, and to this day I have the unpleasant memory of wronging a fellow being. It taught me my lesson, Brad. It does not pay for a fellow to stoop to anything of the sort, no matter how petty."
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

CHAPTER VIII.
ARLINGTON SHOWS HIS HAND.

The football team soon began to feel the hand of Chester Arlington. He sent men out to practice and directed that they should be tried on the regular team. And he seemed to have the athletic committee behind him, for they backed up his demands. Two of these men, Peter Hicks and Rufus Hoyt, knew something about football and played fairly well.

Dick chafed, for he saw that serious trouble was brewing. He saw that Arlington would try to manage the team through the committee, and that was just what Dick determined he should not do.

"It's a fight, pard," said Brad Buckhart. "Mark what I say, you'll have your troubles with that galoot right along."

Phil Warne was chairman of the committee. In the past he had permitted Dick to run the team on the field just about as he pleased. Now, however, he advised a shifting about of the team and trying them in other positions.

Dick felt that this was more of Arlington's work, for Warne was not the fellow to dip in like that without being put up to it by another.

A feeling of uncertainty and restlessness attacked the team. Dick feared the men were lacking confidence. They had relied on him in the past, and now they saw that he was being ordered about. They had talked over the game with U. A. A., and were almost unanimous on the folly of playing it. What was there to gain by it? The committee had arranged to have the game take place in Fardale. If it had been arranged to play in Uniontown on the same terms as the baseball game was pulled off, they might have urged that winning the game would bring in a large amount of money. But they had agreed to pay U. A. A. a sum of money to come and play the game, which made it almost a settled thing that it would be a financial failure.

U. A. A. had vowed to get revenge on Fardale for defeat in the baseball game. Now it was said that
the Uniontown men were anxious to get up against the cadets and "soak 'em."

It was not to be a game between schools, and so the school spirit was lacking. Neither team regarded the other as a rival in its class. There was no rivalry of a friendly nature.

Some of the boys threatened to rebel, but Dick talked to them and convinced them that it was best to play the game. He knew Arlington would make a great to-do about it, saying he was afraid to play, if the Fardale boys declined to meet the chaps from Uniontown.

Saturday came, and an early train brought the Uniontown players into Fardale. Some of the boys from the academy were at the station to see them arrive and to size up their antagonists. Buckhart was one of these, and he hastened back to the academy, seeking Dick, whom he found in the gymnasium.

"Pard," he said, "guess who's in town?"
"I thought you hailed from Texas?"
"Well, so I do."
"But this guessing racket is a Yankee trick."
"You can't guess."
"I don't think I can. Who is it?"
"Fred Kennedy."
"Kennedy? Who is——"
"Why, pard, you must remember him. He is——"
"Not the dirty whelp who doped Singleton and blinded me when we went to Uniontown?"
"The same."
"Where is he?"
"At the North Hotel."

Five minutes later Dick was on his way to town, accompanied by Brad. They went direct to the North Hotel, which did all the hotel business of the place now that Fardale House had been gutted by fire, and there they sought Kennedy.

His name was not on the register.

He did not seem to be with the strangers from Uniontown.

Those strangers were the "sports" who followed the U. A. A. games and bet on the Uniontown team.

They were looking for bets, and they hailed the appearance of Dick Merriwell.

"Tell us where we can get some of our good money up," said one of the team. "We're betting two to one on U. A. A. Have you children at the academy got any dough you wish to lose?"
"No," said Dick, quietly. "Few of us bet on these games. When we do bet it is for sport, not for profit. Can any of you gentlemen tell me where I can find Mr. Kennedy?"
"Kennedy? Kennedy? What Kennedy?"
"Fred Kennedy."
"From our place? Oh, he isn't with us."

Kennedy was not found, but Buckhart was still certain he had arrived in town, even after they turned back toward the academy.

"He's here, pard," asserted the Texan. "I never make a mistake in faces. That onery whelp stepped off the train, or I'm a Chinaman! You hear me chirp!"

"I should like to meet him!" said Dick.
"And I'd enjoy being with you, pard. There would be something doing, you bet!"

The gamblers from Uniontown found takers for their bets in Fardale, as the villagers had great confidence in the academy team, which had not met defeat while under command of Dick Merriwell. Odds of two to one seemed like a good thing and were gobbled up.

At one o'clock P.M. Dick Merriwell received a shock. He was sent for by the athletic committee, which was in session at the time. When he appeared before them, Phil Warne said:

"Mr. Merriwell, we have concluded that, while you have done splendidly with the eleven, you have not been playing the men in just the right positions. Besides," he went on swiftly, not permitting Dick to speak, "there are two men on the team who are not strong men, and we have concluded to drop them off for this game and try the experiment of supplying their places. We do this now because this is not a game with a school eleven, and we can better afford to experiment than at any other time. If we find we have
improved the team, we shall be very glad. But, we insist that the team be given a fair trial as we have arranged it, no changes being made until we give you permission, save on account of injuries. Here is the line up of the team, with the names of substitutes to be used, if substitutes are required."

There was a strange look on Dick’s face as he took the paper from Warne’s hand and glanced over the line-up of the team. His cheeks flushed and his eyes gleamed.

“Gentlemen of the committee,” he said, his voice distinct but low, “I need not say that I am surprised at your most surprising action. I think you are making a big mistake and are exceeding the bounds of your authority. It is not necessary to call attention to the fact that Fardale has not lost a game this season. Up to this time the making up of the team has been left almost wholly to me. In taking this privilege out of my hands you have handicapped me greatly, making it impossible for me to work to the best advantage. I think the mistake is liable to prove fatal. The shifting about of these players I consider ill advised, the dropping of Kent and Dare weakens the line, and, on the whole, the team as given here will go onto the field to-day greatly weakened.”

Chester Arlington had listened, his lips curling and his eyes expressing contempt. When Dick finished, Chester turned to Hadley Burrows, observing loud enough for the captain of the eleven to hear:

“Didn’t I say he could insult the committee! He has had things his own way altogether too long.”

Instantly Dick’s anger flashed like powder to which a match has been touched.

“You, Arlington, are the cause of it all!” he exclaimed, pointing straight at Chester. “And you are doing it not for the good of the eleven, but to annoy and injure me! I know you, and I know your methods. Yet but for me you would not be on that committee now!”

“What?” cried Chester, astonished. “But for you?”

“Exactly.”

“Bah! You would have kept me off the committee had you dared! I believe you did try to! I believe you did get rid of some of my votes on the first two ballots. You knew you were watched too closely for it the last time, and you didn’t dare try it.”

Dick actually laughed.

“Why, you poor, mistaken duffer!” he exclaimed, unable to fully control his tongue. “It’s surprising how little you really know about the truth!”

“Duffer!” snarled Chester, springing up. “Gentlemen, are you going to permit this? It’s an insult to the entire committee!”

“Mr. Merriwell,” said Warne, severely, “your language is offensive to us all. If you are not satisfied with what we have done, if you do not care to follow our instructions thoroughly——”

“What then?”

“You may resign from the team. Another captain will be appointed in your place.”

In his intense anger Dick came near making a mistake and playing into the hands of Arlington. It was on the tip of his tongue to utter his resignation when he saw Chester leaning forward, breathless, expectant, eager.

Instantly the rush of blood to Dick’s head ceased, his heart seemed to stop its wild hammering, his pulse dropped back to normal, and he was master of himself.

“No, Arlington!” he exultantly thought, “I’ll not do it! You have failed in this.”

“I’ll stick by the team,” he said. “I could not think of deserting it now.”

Warne seemed relieved, while Arlington was plainly disappointed.

“Very well,” said the chairman, dismissing him with a gesture. “You have your instructions.”

CHAPTER IX.

DETERMINED DICK.

The first half of the game was over. The score at the end of the half stood U. A. A. 18; Fardale, 6.

Fardale’s one touchdown and goal had been made on a fluke.
The teams had lined up as follows:

<table>
<thead>
<tr>
<th>Fardale</th>
<th>U. A. A.</th>
</tr>
</thead>
<tbody>
<tr>
<td>Jollyby .................</td>
<td>Right end ..................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Hoyt  .....................</td>
<td>Right tackle ..............</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Gardner  ..................</td>
<td>Right guard ...............</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Tubbs  ....................</td>
<td>Center .....................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Shannock ................</td>
<td>Left guard .................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Bradley ..................</td>
<td>Left tackle ................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Lewis .....................</td>
<td>Left end ...................</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Smart ....................</td>
<td>Quarter-back ..............</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Merriwell ...............</td>
<td>Right half-back ...........</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Buckhart ................</td>
<td>Left half-back ............</td>
</tr>
<tr>
<td>Singleton ................</td>
<td>Full-back ..................</td>
</tr>
</tbody>
</table>

This was a great change about on the home team from the regular order. Buckhart had been taken off left end and given Darrell’s position at half-back, while Darrell was dropped entirely. Lewis, a plebe, had been substituted for Buckhart. Merriwell, Singleton, Smart and Tubbs were the only men who held their positions. Bradley had been shifted from right guard to left tackle, Shannock had been removed from right end to left guard, Jollyby had moved over from right tackle to right end, Earl Gardner had been given Bradley’s position as right guard, and these things had served to break the team up completely, quite taking the confidence out of it.

Gardner had made the run with the ball, which he secured on a bad pass and a fumble, and his had been the glory of Fardale’s only touchdown.

It seemed that Uniontown had the game “on ice.”

The visitors had played a rushing, thumping, roughhouse game. At first the cadets had met them in this business, but they lost spirit when Uniontown kept the ball in the territory of the home team nearly all the time, seeming altogether too heavy and strong.

Dick was desperate. He was determined to do something to bring about a change. With the team as it was, he had small hopes of winning.

Strangely enough, all through the first half, for all of the rough tactics of the visitors, no man was knocked out so that he was forced to retire from the game.

Brad walked off the field by Dick’s side when the half was over. The gym was near enough for the men to run over to it, and this they did.

“The jig is up, pard,” said Buckhart. “They’ve got us! And it is all the work of that dirty dog Arlington! He has ruined the team! I swear it would have been better if I had cheated and kept him from getting onto the committee.”

Dick did not seem to hear Buckhart’s words. He was thinking swiftly just about then.

“We must win this game! I am determined to do it!” he muttered.

“No matter how determined you are,” said Brad, “you can’t do it with this team as she stands.”

Dick heard this, for he nodded.

Reaching the gym, Dick found two fellows ready to give him a rubbing if he wished it.

“We’ll cut it out,” he said. “You fellows go for Hal Darrell. Bring him here.”

Then he turned to Brad, asking:

“Dare, Kent, and Bradley are with the substitutes, are they not?”

“Sure.”

Darrell was found in a minute or so, and brought into the gym.

“Hal,” said Dick, “do you want us to win this game?”

“Sure thing,” said Hal.

“Well, I want you to know that I did not drop you from the team. I was given orders by the committee to play the team just as it lined up to-day. Arlington is the man who did this.”

Hal shrugged his shoulders. Chester Arlington had once extracted from him a promise that he would not play with the eleven, but, at the solicitation of Chester’s sister, Hal had broken his promise and played. Now Chester was punishing him for it by throwing him off.

“I want you to get into your rig,” said Dick. “Will you do it?”

“Are you going to play me?”

“Yes.”

“In defiance of the committee?”

“Yes!”

“I’ll be on hand.”
Dick sent for Bradley, Dare and Kent, with all of whom he talked.

Just as the team was leaving the gym for the field Arlington and Warne came hurriedly into the place.

"Just in time!" exclaimed Warne.

"Go on, fellows," said Dick. "I will be with you in a moment."

At the same time he made a gesture to Buckhart. Brad was surprised. He did not quite understand, but he hurried the others out and followed them.

"In this final half," said Warne, "there is one thing we want you to do, Merriwell. Of course, you can't expect to win, as that team is much older and heavier, but——"

"I must have dropped it in the shower room," said Dick, pretending to be searching for something. "I've got to have it. And I must be out on the field in two minutes. If you fellows have anything to say, come on and say it while I'm searching."

He ran into the room where the boys took their shower baths. There was a plunge in the same room.

Warne and Arlington followed. Dick seemed to be searching, looking swiftly about, his eyes on the floor.

"As I was saying——" resumed Warne.

He got no further. Out of the room darted Dick, and the heavy door banged, shutting in Chester Arlington and the chairman of the athletic committee. Outside there was a heavy bolt, which Dick shot into place.

"Say on, Warne!" he exclaimed, exultantly and defiantly; "but I can't stop to listen. I can't afford to be bothered by this committee during the last half of the game."

He hurried from the now deserted gymnasium. As he was leaving he heard his astonished captives banging on the door of the bathroom and shouting for him to open it.

"Pound away! Yell away!" he said. "I think there will be sufficient noise on the field so that your cries will not be heard for a time, at least."

He ran from the gym toward the field, and was just in time to go out with the team.

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CHAPTER X.

THE WIND CHANGES.

When the disappointed cadets saw the team go onto the field for the second half they started up and showed interest, for there had been a big change.

With a single exception, the old players were back in their regular positions.

Kent, who had not entirely recovered from injuries received in a previous game, was not at left tackle, although he was waiting among the substitutes. Gardner filled his place. Gardner was not quite large enough for guard, but he was so very fast that Dick had decided to retain him in the line. Shannock and Buckhart were again on the ends. Dare and Bradley were the guards, Jollify was at right tackle, and Darrell assumed his old position at left half-back.

Three members of the athletic committee stared and wondered.

"What does it mean?" asked Anson Day. "Why, I thought Merriwell had been given orders to——"

"Where's Warne?" asked Oliver Stone, excitedly.

"Where's Arlington?" exclaimed Hadley Burrows.

"We must see about this?"

But they looked in vain for either Warne or Arlington.

The cadets were cheering with new life now. Everywhere the red and black was waving.

What a difference there was! Confidence seemed restored.

There was a hush as the spread-out teams waited for the kick-off. In that hush and pause Dick Merriwell's keen ears seemed to catch the sound of faint, muffled shouts coming from the direction of the gymnasium, and he smiled grimly.

Fardale went into the game with a whirl and a rush that almost swept Uniontown off her feet. The home team had snap, ginger, vim and go to it. Every man was in the game. They played together, and they were out for victory.

Getting the ball, Fardale began hammering against the enemy at their thirty-yard line.

The funnel play was tried, and Singleton hit the left wing of the enemy, going through for five yards.

The same play was repeated, the funnel seeming pointed in the same direction. Singleton rushed ahead until near what seemed the point of assault, then suddenly darted out through the side of the funnel, where an opening had been made for him, and went through the left wing of the enemy for seven yards.

Well, this was the kind of stuff! This was playing football!

A third time the ball was given to Big Bob. And now he went forward protected by a wedge that hit
the line in the center. The wedge pressed on steadily until the opposing team began to tear it to pieces. Bob saw a tackler coming through, and, with a deft movement, he tossed the ball out to Dick Merriwell, who had been keeping just back of him on the outside of the edge.

The next moment Singleton was dragged down.

But the ball was gone. Dick had it, and he was away like a flash.

To the right ran Dick, darting past Iott, who tried in vain to reach him. He circled the end and started down the field.

When Chase brought him down he had made full fifteen yards, and the cadets on the seats were mad with delight.

The Uniontown team was startled and not a little dismayed. Instead of coming out weak in the second half, the cadets were stronger and faster than they had been at the beginning of the game.

The ball was carried into Uniontown's territory and steadily driven down toward the goal line of the visiting team. Fardale hammered into the enemy with a dogged persistency that was admirable and told of the sand possessed by the academy lads.

Several times through the game Uniontown had resorted to slugging, and now she tried it again. Jolliby was thumped and Dare was kicked in the stomach. The umpire detected the fellow in the act of kicking and gave him a warning, but the kicker said he had not meant to violate the rules.

Still Fardale would not be stopped. Time after time she made her distance, and the ball was forced down to within ten yards of the goal of the visiting team.

Then the cadets were set back for holding, and an offside play lost them the ball when they had the taste of success on their lips.

It was hard, but Dick stiffened up his team, and they prepared to hold the enemy.

Uniontown seemed to prepare for a kick.

Instead of kicking, however, Uniontown gave the ball to Waldron, while her line buckled down to hold Fardale. Waldron shot forward, rose into the air, hurdled the line handsomely and made six good yards before Darrell pulled him down.

It was a very handsome play, and the visiting crowd had good cause to cheer.

Now Uniontown began to push Fardale back steadily. Now and then, when it was necessary to make a yard or two without fail and Fardale seemed to hold fast, Waldron hurdled. Repeatedly he was successful, and Fardale was driven back to her forty-yard line.

Dick saw that the hurdling was counting against them, and he determined to stop it. He watched closely, and the next time Waldron came flying at the line the captain of the cadets charged from the opposite side.

With a flying leap, Dick shot upward and met the hurdler in the air above the line. Waldron had not expected this, and he was flung backward for a loss, Dick coming down upon him.

The cadets roared their delight at this.

Twice after that Waldron was stopped in the same manner by Dick, who completely ruined the success of his hurdlng.

When Fardale got the ball again she marched straight down the field and pushed it over for a touchdown without being checked at any point.

A goal was easily made.

Dick had a word to say to his men as they spread out for the next kick-off. He was determined to waste no time.

Thus it happened that Fardale did not return the kick. Darrell caught the ball and ran sixteen yards with it before being grassed.

The signal was given for the center back play.

The Uniontown players were surprised to see little Smart take the place of the ponderous Tubbs, while Tubbs retired to full-back and Singleton became temporary quarter-back.

When they started to walk over Smart, however, Singleton backed Ted up, and then Tubbs, with the ball, came smashing into the line and bored his way along. They seized him and tried to drag him down, but he kept on for full ten yards before they could stop him.

"Great work!" laughed Dick. "On the jump now, fellows!"

"On the jump!" cried Ted Smart.

It was the signal for the old "ends around" play. Fardale had never met Uniontown on the gridiron before, therefore the visitors were not onto the cadets' little play of the previous year.

When the ball was snapped the ends and sides of the line seemed to melt backward before the assault of the enemy. The center held fast, while the ends swung round, followed by the opposing men, who were pushing. As they swung round they came in behind the
man who had the ball, and he was thrust forward, a portion of the visitors working against themselves without knowing they did so.

Dick kept this play up, working it once or twice by pulling Tubbs back and letting him slam into the line, until the ball was driven down to within six yards of the goal line.

There Uniontown made a stand and held for three downs. But Dick himself went through on the last trial, and he managed to squirm forward after being dragged down so that the ball was six inches over the line when the piled up men untangled.

Dick was pretty badly hurt, but he succeeded in getting onto his feet, turning the ball over to Singleton.

Darrell held the ball and Big Bob kicked the goal, tying the score.

CHAPTER XI.

A FINE PAIR!

Uniontown was dazed. The remarkable change in the cadets they could not understand. It did not seem that they were playing against the same team at all.

In vain Durkee talked to his men. They were rattled and sore, and they could not stop the gritty cadets. Fardale made another touchdown and goal, and when the game ended the ball was once more within three feet of Uniontown's line.

Again Dick Merriwell was triumphant.

But now he felt that he was on the verge of an explosion. The two captives in the bathroom of the gym would be discovered directly. Then what would happen?

Buckhart reached Dick's side as soon as possible when the game was finished.

"Dick, did you see him?" he asked.

"See whom?"

"Kennedy."

"No."

"He was here."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes; I saw him over there by the gate. I reckon he has taken leg ball by this time."

Together they looked for the fellow, but Kennedy, if present, had lost no time in hastening away.

The cheering of the cadets at the finish of the game had drowned all other sounds, but Dick pricked up his ear as they drew near the gym. He expected to hear a racket coming from within the building.

It was silent as the members of the victorious team entered. Dick wondered if Arlington and Warne had found some method of escaping, but he discovered that the door of the bathroom was still closed. He walked straight over to it and flung it open.

The captives walked out, Warne pale with rage, while Arlington's eyes gleamed vindictively.

"I beg your pardon!" exclaimed Dick, in apparent surprise. "Did I accidentally lock you gentlemen in there? It's too bad! But I am sure you will be pleased to learn that we won the game."

He expected a terrible outbreak from both of the fellows, but in this he was disappointed.

Arlington, however, stepped close to him and hissingly whispered:

"I'll have your life for this piece of work!"

"Thank you," said Dick, loudly enough for those near to hear. "I am glad you accept my apology. The score was twenty-four to eighteen."

Arlington passed on.

Warne had not spoken.

"Well, I'll be hanged!" muttered Brad Buckhart, the truth dawning upon him. "That takes the prize! Why, he shut 'em up so they wouldn't bother him during the last half!"

It was plain that Arlington and Warne had decided that it was best for them to avoid making a scene, but Dick knew well enough that they were not the kind of fellows to forego a chance for revenge.

That night the talk of the academy was the football game. It had become known that the athletic committee was responsible for the shifting about of the players in the first half of the game, and not a few of the students criticised this interference with Dick's part of the business. He had demonstrated beyond a doubt in the last half of the game that he knew the positions to which the men were adapted and that he could lead the team successfully if not interfered with.

In the evening Dick and Brad went into town. As they approached the post office, Dick suddenly grasped his companion's arm and drew him into a doorway.

"What is it?" asked the Texan.

"Look across the street."

"Where?"

"See those two fellows on."

"Yes. Why, one of them is—it's Arlington!"

"Sure."
“And the other is——”
“Fred Kennedy!”
“Right!” exclaimed Brad, triumphantlly. “That is Kennedy! I knew I wasn’t mistaken! Come, Dick, let’s go over there and tackle them! You can do up Kennedy. I’ll take care of Arlington while you even the score with the fellow who blinded you in Union-town.”

But Dick held Brad back.
“Don’t be too hasty,” he warned. “What are they doing together? I’d like to understand that.”
“It is right queer.”
“I should say so! Chester Arlington is a member of the Fardale Academy athletic committee, and is associating with this Kennedy, who is a crooked gambler. Without doubt Kennedy came here to-day to bet money on the football game, and you may be sure he did not bet on Fardale.”
“Arlington is a traitor!” growled Buckhart. “Pard, you can throw him down hard, and it’s up to you to throw!”
“I want to find out just what is doing between these two.”
“They’ll get away!”
“No! I’m going to follow them.”
“I’m with you.”
But Dick knew he could shadow the two far better without the aid of Buckhart, so he insisted that Brad stay back and watch him from a distance.

From the main part of the town Dick shadowed Arlington and Kennedy over that portion known as The Harbor. Buckhart saw him take that direction and then lost sight of him. But Brad was satisfied that Arlington and Kennedy had made for The Harbor, and he followed cautiously.

Dick was peering in at the window of one of the wretched saloons of that quarter when he heard some one approaching. He stepped back, hugging close to the corner of the house, and Brad would have passed.

“Here, you!” whispered Dick. “Hold up, old man. Come here.”

Brad stopped in surprise.
“Is that you, pard?” he asked, in a low tone.
“Sure thing. Come here where you won’t be seen if any one comes along.”

Brad joined him.
“What are you doing?” he asked.
“I’ve followed those fellows here,” said Dick. “They are inside.”

“What are they doing?”
“That is what I can’t make out.”
“And why did they come here?”
“To get away where there would be little chance that they would be seen together by any one they did not wish to see them, I fancy.”

“But the whole thing is a mystery to me, pard,” confessed Buckhart.

Dick touched his arm and cautioned him to keep still.

Somebody was approaching. The street ran close by the corner of the house, and, from their place of concealment, they saw a person passing.

“Great Scott!” whispered Dick, who seemed to have eyes like an owl. “Did you recognize him, Brad?”
“Too dark. Did you?”
“Well, if it wasn’t Joe Savage I’m greatly mistaken!”
“Joe Savage?”
“Yes.”
“Here?”
“That’s what.”
“Well, this thing is growing thick. Where is he going?”

Dick peered round the corner and watched the dark figure pass down the street and vanish in the gloom.

“I may have been mistaken,” he admitted; “but I know he had a walk like Joe Savage, was just about the build of Savage, and looked to me in every way like Savage.”

Then he slipped to the window and again peered into the saloon. He was just in time to see a man with a lamp in his hand conduct Arlington and Kennedy into a back room. After a few moments, he came out and closed the door behind him.

“If there is a window to that room we must find it,” muttered Dick.

CHAPTER XII.

ARLINGTON’S DOWNFALL.

There was a window, and they found it. Further, there was a broken pane of glass in the window. Inside the window some shutters had been closed, but in one of the shutters was a broken strip, and through this crack Dick peered and saw Kennedy and Arlington seated with a table between them.

Buckhart stood on guard while Dick watched those within the little back room of the old saloon.
The broken pane enabled Dick to hear the conversation of the five pairs inside.

"It was hard luck!" said Arlington.

"Hard luck!" exclaimed Kennedy. "Is that what you call it? Hang it, you told me it was certain Uniontown would win!"

"That's right!"

"But Fardale pulled out and won the game. I dropped three hundred dollars."

"And I dropped every blooming cent I have made playing cards in a week, besides what money my mother left me when she went away. I have been skimming a sucker, and all I have left to show for it is his I. O. U.'s."

"You said you had fixed it so it was a sure thing."

"And so I did. Didn't Uniontown have a walkover in the first half?"

"Look here, Mr. Arlington, if you had not given me the cold cash to bet on our team I'd be dead certain you threw me down. Where did you go when the first half was over? You vanished, and you were not seen again by me. Then Merriwell switched the team round and walked into us."

It was plain Arlington did not care to reveal how he and Warne had been trapped by Dick. He hesitated a little, and then told an improbable story about being called away by one of the professors.

"You see I've been in a little trouble here," he said, "and they have been investigating the affair. I was wanted just about then to answer some questions, and I had to go."

"Fishy!" exclaimed Kennedy, suspiciously. "It was a queer time for the faculty to be carrying on an investigation."

"Cis, they do queer things round that old academy. I tried to get away and hurry back, but they wouldn't let me. I thought the game was Uniontown's anyhow, and so I didn't worry about it."

Brad Buckhart could hear some of this, and now he was grinding his strong teeth together.

"A fine chap to have on the athletic committee!" he hissed. "He ought to be lynched!

"There is just one thing led me into this deal," Chester explained to his companion. "That is my hatred for Dick Merriwell. If he were not captain of our team you'd never catch me betting against it. If he were off the team I'd work for it as hard as I could. But I am going to down him if it takes a leg! I'll stop at nothing to do it! I have the athletic commit-
to my father if I did not withdraw and do my best to
give you my vote. If I did so, you would give them
over to me. You have not kept your word to give
them up. You promised to do so to-night if I would
meet you here. Now, do you mean to keep your prom-
ise?"

"No," answered Chester, coldly.

The next moment Savage had Arlington by the
throat and was choking him.

Kennedy sprang up, caught the bottle and struck
Savage over the head, dropping him to the floor.

Then Dick Merriwell smashed the window, burst
the shutters open and went into that room.

But the rascals did not wait for him. With the first
impact of breaking glass, they leaped toward the door,
through which they disappeared.

Dick lifted Savage, whose head was cut and bleed-
ing.

Buckhart followed Dick into the room by the win-
don window and was on hand when the proprietor of the sa-
loon came hurrying in.

"What's happened here?" asked the man who ran
the place.

"Where are those fellows who were here?" dem-
anded Dick, who was tying a handkerchief about
Savage's bleeding head.

"They dusted out. But who are you, and where
did you come from? My window is broken, and——" 

"I'll pay for the window," said Dick. "The entire
damage isn't more than two dollars. Here is five."

The man took the five-dollar bill Dick extended.

"Can you stand, Savage?" asked young Merriwell.

"I—I think I can," said Joe. "But that rap took
the nerve out of me. I'm limping as a rag. They ran!
Arlington got away! I—I didn't get what I came for."

"But you'll get them all right," said Dick, grimly.

"Don't worry about that."

"You bet!" growled Buckhart.

"We must get you to a doctor who can sew up your
scalp where it was cut by that bottle. You're bleeding
pretty freely, and that must be stopped. Take hold,
Buckhart. We'll get him out of this quarter if we
have to carry him."

Between them they got Joe out of the saloon and
started for the respectable portion of the village.

"We didn't get a crack at those galoots!" said Brad,
regretfully. "I opined we'd have a lively time when
you smashed the window and went jumping in there."

Savage grew stronger after getting out into the open
air.

"That devil!" he muttered. "Dick, I know you
must think me a pretty cheap fellow. I can't help it.
I believe I am pretty cheap. But Arlington is slick.
He got me into a bad scrape. I had an idea no one
could beat me playing poker, but he's the slicest thing
in the business, and he skinned me clean to my eye-
teeth. He had my I. O. U's, and he was going to use
them against me. That's how he forced me to with-
draw and permit him to get onto the committee. He
has no right there!"

"Don't worry about that," said Dick. "He'll not
stay on that committee. He will resign Monday, and
you'll get your I. O. U's on the same day."

* * * * *

It came about just as Dick had said it would, for, to
the surprise of all, Chester resigned Monday morning,
positively withdrawing from the committee.

George Hardy was chosen without opposition to fill
the place made vacant.

Savage received his I. O. U's. Monday.

Dick had threatened to expose Chester, and fear of
the consequences, disgrace, shame, expulsion from
school, had compelled Arlington to do exactly what
was demanded of him.

For June's sake Dick let up then and bound Brad
Buckhart to silence.

Would June ever know what he had done for her
sake?

THE END.

The Next Number (347) Will Contain

DICK MERRIWELL'S READINESS;

OR,

Who Stole the Papers?

Well, here is a case of wolf eat wolf for you! It's
the low down limit as far as low down work goes. But
the question is, "Who stole the papers?" Somebody's
in for it hot and heavy, and if you Tip Toppers don't
feel mad as hornets when you read this last piece of
treachery we will be surprised. At the same time it
shows what a clean, nery, daring fellow like Dick
Merriwell can do when he's up against it. Don't fail
to read 347.
APPLAUSE NOTICE.

It has been truly said that the Applause Column is read the world over. The first reason for this vast popularity is because the column appears in what is universally admitted to be the king of all published weeklies,

The Winner of the Grand Prize at the Paris World’s Fair,

TIP TOP WEEKLY.

But the second reason is just as important and cogent, namely, the high excellence of the letters written by our readers, which appear in this column. Indeed, these letters have been so highly praised that Street & Smith, always anxious to serve and benefit their great public, have decided to offer twelve valuable prizes for the twelve best letters received from Tip Top readers in the next six months. These twelve prizes will be

TWELVE GOLD FOUNTAIN PENS

of the highest grade.

Now, then, all our ambitious young letter writers will be anxious to win one of these fine prizes. All you have to do is to follow these directions:

Write a letter to Tip Top Weekly, discussing any feature of the famous publication, its characters, plots, athletics, contests, tournaments or anything that impresses you especially; then write across the top of it "Prize Letter," and send it to Street & Smith. So that the contest may be absolutely fair, the readers of Tip Top are to act as judges, and the letters which receive the greatest number of votes will be awarded the prizes. Come on now, boys and girls! Show us which one of all our young Shakespeares are the best letter writers.

APPLAUSE.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 18.

A preacher’s son about thirteen years old, was caught reading a Tip Top by his father, a very prominent preacher of Glad gospel. The boy shook and trembled, for he had been caught at the same thing once before, and told if he was caught again he would regret it to the last day of his life. The father took the Tip Top away from the boy, but did not destroy it, as he had done on a previous occasion, but, instead, he sat down and read it, just to see what it was like. About an hour later Mr. Preacher called the boy to his study, and said: “Albert, I did not think you would disobey me in regard to reading novels, but I am glad you did. If you will only take Dick Merrivell for an example, you surely will not go astray and become a black sheep, but be an ideal, honest American boy.” Albert was astonished as he left his father, but still more astonished when a week later his father took him down the basement to an old storehouse which now was a well-equipped home gymnasium, the idea of which the preacher got by reading Prof. Fourmin’s advice to young athletes. Albert’s father told him to make good use of the “gym,” and if he (Albert) wouldn’t mind, he would come down occasionally and help him.

Wishing good health and long life to Burt L.,
Detroit, Mich.

WILLIAM F. PROEFKE.

Well, this is the spirit that conquers and ought to have great weight with all Tip Top readers.

PRIZE LETTER NO. 19.

Various reasons have been assigned why the Tip Top is far in advance of all like publications, but one, and that an important one in my estimation, appeals to me more than all the others, and that is the vivid accuracy with which Mr. Standish describes all sporting events from a billiard game to a boxing contest.

Nothing so disgusts the well-posted person—that is, one who clearly understands the various games, than a description that so woefully displays the ignorance of the writer, and reads more like a story of a fashionable wedding, or some other society event. In reading of a baseball game, under Mr. Standish’s influence, for the time the reader is seated in the stand, he watches the pitcher “outwind,” sees the hit, and wants to rise and cheer as the ball clears the fence, and the runner circles the bases. It is the same with a football game or other contest. Mr. Standish clothes his stories in such entrancing language, that the reader is transported from the prosaic stand of a mere onlooker to that of a participant, becoming so imbued with the spirit of the occasion that everything seems most real. Tip Top contains many points of excellence; in fact, there is nothing in it with which fault can be found, but this reason that I have given, the one that appeals most to boys and young men deeply interested in healthy indoor and outdoor sports, is the real reason for Tip Top’s marvelous success.

JOHN F. CRENEM.

Excellent! There never was anything said more to the point than what you have said. A poorly described athletic contest is like a glass of stark three-quarters water. But Mr. Standish is an accomplished athlete himself, loves sport for sport’s sake, and writes about it in the clearest and most vivid style of any athletic writer of the day.

I have been a devoted reader of Tip Top for some time. Burt L. Standish is all right; his stories are fine, finer, finest. I like Frank, Bart, Dick and all of their friends, but I like to see Dick and his friends taking the lead, but I also like to hear of Frank and his friends again. I am devoted to our new friends in Tip Top, but I do not mean for the old ones for the new. This is my first letter to you in praise of your weekly. Hoping you will not think me too forward, I remain,

Dunlap, Ind.

VIOLET CLAYTON.

I used to hear from you and that both old and new Tip Top characters are pleasing to you. Dick’s school days are of great interest to everybody, just as Frank’s were before Dick’s day.
TIP TOP FOOTBALL
ALL AMERICAN TOURNAMENT
FULL PARTICULARS OF THE GREAT
ALL AMERICAN TOURNAMENT
AND OTHER FOOTBALL FEATURES
WILL BE FOUND EVERY WEEK IN
TIP TOP WEEKLY

550 Regulation Rugby Footballs
Awarded as Prizes

THE GREATEST PRIZE OFFER EVER MADE!

THE FOLLOWING ARE THE

Boys of America (Ogdensburg, N. Y.), 24; Independents (Ogdens-
burg, N. Y.), 6.
Boys of America—Larry Lockin (capt.); r. t.; Lee Maverick, r. t.; Dick
Dangendorf, r. g.; Grimsey, c.; Chip Conway, l. g.; Caleb Spaulding, l. t.; Buck Badger, l. e.; Dick Carr, q.; Joe
Rockwood, r. h. b.; Little Grif, l. h. b.; Dart Keenan, f. b. Independ-
ents—E. Laheeck, r. c.; John Post, r. t.; B. Smith, r. g.; M. O’Neill, c.; Ed. Snell, l. g.; Willis Kurtz, l. t.; J. T. Mitchell,
l. e.; E. Lyon, q.; Matt Gibbord, r. h. b.; Fred Skillman, l. h. b.;

Young Michigan (Detroit, Mich.), 5; Military (Detroit, Mich.), 2.
Young Michigan—W. McIntyre, r. c.; M. Finly, r. t.; Bert
Antis, r. g.; E. Boll, c.; Roy McCarty, l. b.; H. Graham, l. t.;
C. Antis, l. e.; G. Boll, q.; F. Fisher, r. h. b.; G. King, l. h. b.;
Joe Kelly, f. h. Manager—E. Boll, Military—W. Morel, r. c.;
J. Livingston, r. t.; J. Standard, r. g.; W. Evans, c.; E. Welch,
l. g.; L. Nufer, l. t.; F. Buckberry, l. c.; L. Forchty, q.; D. For-
chty, r. h. b.; M. Mintan, l. h. b.; C. Gensaw, l. b. Manager—
F. Buckberry.

Y. C. C.—Goodrich, r. e.; Bortner, r. t.; Miller, r. g.; Eisen-
hart, c.; Jacobs, l. e.; Tauer, l. t.; Dodson, l. g.; Hawkins, q.;
Peters, r. h. b.; Bailey, l. h. b.; Smithers, f. b.; Y. C. S.—Yost, r. c.;
Tifern, r. t.; Smith, r. g.; Barnett, c.; Bair, l. g.; James,
l. t.; Henck, l. e.; Rupp, q.; Duest, r. h. b.; Shearer, l. h. b.;
Katz, f. b.

Y. C. C.—(Regular team); Yost, r. c.; Tifern, r. t.;
Smith, r. g.; Barnett, c.; James, l. g.; Love, l. t.; Baur, l. e.;
Rupp, q.; Duest, r. h. b.; Shearer, l. h. b.; Katz, f. b.

Brunswick (Brunswick, Me.), 18; Little Falls (Little Falls,
Me.), 19.
Brunswick—(Regular team). Little Falls—Jones, r. c.; Eaton,
R. t.; Hargrave, r. g.; Paige, c.; Holly, l. g.; McGriff, l. t.; Ritch,
l. e.; McGuire, q.; Eells, Cumber, l. h. b.; Moore, l. h. b.;
Avant, f. b. Manager—Peck.

Brunswick (Brunswick, Me.), 18; Oliver (Mere Point, Me.), 0.
Brunswick—(Regular team). Oliver—Leggett, r. c.; Roher,
R. t.; Sullivan, r. g.; Roach, c.; Trouman, l. g.; Smith, l. t.;
Touney, l. e.; Clay, q.; Echlester, r. h. b.; Bronson, l. h. b.; Rad-
ley, f. b. Manager—Peck.

SCORES FOR THE WEEK:

Brunswick (Brunswick, Me.), 51; Little Falls (Little Falls,
Me.), 0.
Brunswick—(Regular team). Little Falls—Jones, r. c.; Eaton,
R. t.; Hargrave, r. g.; Paige, c.; Holly, l. g.; McGriff, l. t.; Ritch,
l. e.; McGuire, q.; Eells, Cumber, l. h. b.; Moore, l. h. b.; Avant, f. b.
Manager—Peck.

Brunswick (Brunswick, Me.), 51; Blaine H. S. (Blaine, Me.), 6.
Brunswick—(Regular team). Blaine—Hewes, r. c.; Arnold,
r. t.; Musselman, r. g.; Powers, c.; Tompkins, l. g.; Brent, l. t.;
Rump, l. e.; Cook, q.; Finlay, Potter, r. h. b.; Stewart, l. h. b.;
Carley, f. b. Manager—Peck.

Brunswick (Brunswick, Me.), 6; St. Cloud (Brownpin, Me.), 6.
Brunswick—(Regular team). St. Cloud—Zemher, r. c.; Wal-
ters, r. t.; Wade, r. g.; Crocker, c.; Morris, l. g.; Lacer, l. t.;
Hancher, l. e.; Gallonay, q.; Attenden, r. h. b.; Ringer, l. h.
Ayres, f. b. Manager—Peck.

Brunswick (Brunswick, Me.), 57; Brainerd (Lisbon, Me.), 0.
Brunswick—(Regular team). Brainerd—Reilly, r. c.; Pier-
seal, r. t.; Rourke, r. g.; Danahey, c.; Clarkson, l. g.; Egan,
McGovern, l. t.; Jacobs, l. e.; Mullally, q.; Wade, r. h. b.; Mahel,
l. h. b.; Dillion, f. b. Manager—Peck.

Merriwell, Jrs. (St. Louis, Mo.), 56; Bayards (St. Louis,
Mo.), 10.

Merriwell, Jrs.—H. Schemmelthorn, r. e.; Robert Holcomb,
r. t.; E. Chappell, r. g.; George Obenberger, c.; F. Hoff-
man, l. g.; G. Schermerhorn, l. t.; A. Bradshaw, l. g.; Fred Oben-
binder, q.; Shelby Tierny, r. h. b.; William Schaffer, l. h.
Hartman, f. b.; Bayards—Charles Smith, r. e.; James Mac,
r. t.; William Lupper, r. g.; Edward Ryan, c.; James Smith, l.
G.; Guy Stimpson, l. t.; Harry Deboy, l. e.; Eugene Parker,
q.; Chas. Kennedy, r. h. b.; Chas. Bland, l. h. b.; Seal Hatten,
f. b. Manager—Ferd. Obenberger.

Merriwell, Jrs. (St. Louis, Mo.), 25; Fountain Pk. Rounders
(St. Louis, Mo.), 16.

Merriwell, Jrs.—(Regular team). Fountain Pk. Rounders—
Roy Farland, r. e.; Elmer Brady, r. t.; Tom Brady, r. g.; James
Schonover, c.; Hayward Challiss, l. g.; Harry Levi, l. t.; Geo.
Morton, l. e.; Robert Humphrey, q.; George Smith, r. h. b.;
Frank Miller, l. h. b.; C. Cump, f. b. Manager—Ferd. Oben-
binder.

Warriors (Manchester, N. H.), 38; Crescents (Manchester, N.
H.), 0.
Warriors—Higgins, r. c.; Kearns, r. t.; Rochford, r. g.; Ar-
nold, c.; Crane, l. g.; McCord, l. t.; Barr, l. e.; Gilmore, q.; J. Halsey, r. h. b.; Stanton (mgr.), l. h. b.; Murphy, f. b.; Cres- more, l. g.; C. M.; Mays, f. b.; S. M.; W.; Frank Williams, c.; Hugo Johnson, l. g.; George Miller, l. t.; Ed. Frankenthal, l. e.; Henry Winbolt, q.; Frank Cook, r. h. b.; Bill Butler, l. h. b.; Fat Williamson, f. b. Manager—Fred Cotrell.

Warriors (Chicago, Ill.), 2. Arlingtons—Cairdoff, r. e.; M. Holzer, r. t.; W. Holzer, r. g.; S. Anderson, c.; Newton, l. g.; L. Siff, l. t.; Ringer, l. e.; N. Rosen, q.; Goodearth, r. h. b.; Engle, l. h. b.; Harry H. Liff, f. b.; Monarch, Jr., l. h.; J. Andersons, c. e.; Carter, r. t.; Black, r. g.; Blumenhall (sub. for Williams), c.; Hermann, l. g.; Carle, l. t.; Johnson, l. e.; M. Anderson, q.; P. O'Leary, r. h. b.; Marks, l. h. b.; J. O'Leary, f. b. Manager—M. H. Siff.

Regular Team (Placerville, Cal.), 42; Eldorado (Eldorado, Cal.), 0.

Regular Team—Worden, r. e.; Bass, r. t.; Davis, r. g.; Craig- head, c.; Flurschultz, l. g.; House, l. t.; Barker, l. e.; Hessell, q.; S. Anderson, c.; Newton, l. g.; L. Siff, l. t.; Ringer, l. e.; N. Rosen, q.; Goodearth, r. h. b.; Engle, l. h. b.; Harry H. Liff, f. b.; Monarch, Jr., l. h.; J. Andersons, c. e.; Carter, r. t.; Black, r. g.; Blumenhall (sub. for Williams), c.; Hermann, l. g.; Carle, l. t.; Johnson, l. e.; M. Anderson, q.; P. O'Leary, r. h. b.; Marks, l. h. b.; J. O'Leary, f. b. Manager—M. H. Siff.

Regular Team (Placerville, Cal.), 33; Grammar (Placerville, Cal.), 0.

Regular Team—Grammars, E. Hale, l. e.; J. Mell, r. t.; B. Davies (capt.), r. g.; C. Dascomb, l. g.; G. Flurschultz, l. g.; E. Horn, l. t.; M. Watt, l. e.; L. Richards, q.; L. Westlake, r. h. b.; J. Woodward, l. h. b.; C. Ball, f. b. Manager—Hugo Benson.

Amateurs (Middleton, O.), 6; Hamiltons (Hamilton, O.), 0.

Amateurs—F. Bonnell, r. e.; H. Hughes, r. t.; B. Thompson, r. g.; W. Conklin, c.; D. Davis, l. g.; J. Sheldon, l. t.; G. Sheets, l. e.; H. Bachman, q.; C. Freeze, r. h. b.; G. Wills, l. h. b.; J. Smith, f. b. Manager—R. Schagen, r. t.; W. Gardner, r. l.; W. R. Mason, f. b.; F. John, f. b.; B. Yoder, r. g.; Rup; c.; Skinfling, l. g.; Butthoff, l. t.; M. Soh- ngen, l. e.; Townsend, q.; Dodge, r. h. b.; Eberhart, l. h. b.; Hawley, f. b. Manager—John C. Sheldon.

Hillwood A. C. (Providence, R. I.), 19; White Stars (Provi- dence, R. I.), 0.

Hillwood A. C.—W. Cushion, r. e.; F. Columbo, r. t.; K. Sher- wood, r. g.; L. Lipman, c.; W. Swanson, l. e.; E. Horton, l. t.; J. Ryder, r. e.; A. Adams, q.; W. Hurley, r. h. b.; W. Baaske, l. h. b.; J. Kelley, f. b. White Stars—G. Schean, r. e.; W. Gardner, r. t.; C. Young, r. g.; B. Allen, c.; F. Cahill, l. g.; E. Baldwin, l. t.; E. Fabro, r. e.; H. Myers, q.; L. Creamell, r. h. b.; A. Cook, l. h. b.; B. Stanley, f. b. Manager—W. Baaske.

High Flyers (Davenport, Ill., 20), 0; Giants (Moline, Ill.), 36.

High Flyers—Y. Young, r. c.; W. Thompson, r. t.; H. Grell, r. g.; B. Lucas, c.; D. Mauter, l. g.; W. Bennings, l. t.; W. Orth, l. e.; H. Gerotts, q.; H. Bennings, r. h. b.; A. Young, l. b. j.; J. Fries, f. b. Giants—A. Bartell, r. e.; G. Rolls, r. t.; B. Foster, r. g.; L. Kimball, c.; R. Putman, l. g.; W. Bowling, l. t.; C. Gardner, r. e.; M. Hunt, q.; H. Newburg, r. t.; H. Thomas, l. h. b.; J. Burrell, f. b.

High School (Scranton, Pa.), 6; School 32 (Scranton, Pa.), 0.

High School—Ralph Williams, r. e.; Roy Deihl, r. t.; George Franse, r. g.; Joe Gibbs, c.; Rob Daniels, l. g.; George Hughes, l. t.; Edward Jenkins, l. e.; Newton Roberts, q.; Allen Beddoes, r. h. b.; John Williams, l. h. b.; Hiram Antrim, f. b. Manager—Hiram Antrim. School 32—Edward Brown, r. e.; Herbert James, r. e.; W. Prange, f. b.; George Evans, l. e.; Earle Smith, l. t.; Edward Davis, l. e.; Cromwell Oliver, q.; Jack Davis, r. b. h.; Albert Evans, l. h. b.; Frederick Jones, f. b. Manager—Cromwell Oliver.

Liberty Boys of '76 (New York City), 28; Yanbas (New York City), 0.

Liberty Boys of '76—Smallpox, r. e.; Precuzyzko, r. t.; Pecorillo, r. g.; Fonso, c.; Pushcart, l. g.; Barber Tony, l. t.; Michael, l. c.; K. Stott, r. h.; B. B. Call, r. h.; Black Tony, l. h.; Yanbas—Reggio, r. e.; John Reggio, r. t.; Ernest, r. g.; Flower, c.; James, L.; Dalgliss, l. t.; Hugh, l. e.; Smith, q.; Burns (capt.), r. h. b.; Frankel, f. b.; Farrel, f. b. Manager—John W. Scudino.

Oakland A. C. (Bayside, L. I.), 171; Brooklyn F. C. (Brooklyn, L. N.), 6.

Oakland A. C.—(Regular team); Brooklyn F. C.—(Names of Brooklyn F. C. players not obtained). Manager—Chas. Wrede.
Prof. Fourmen: I am an admirer of Tip Top, and also of all the rest of Street & Smith's books. Hearing and believing that you inform all the readers of your library on any question relating to athletics, I make bold to ask of you a favor. Please send me advices as to just how to form a football team; how to set the team at practice; duties of the captain, and how to place the players according to their abilities. By so doing you will oblige one of your most fervent readers,

L. ROSENBERG.

You will find everything you wish to know in regard to football by reading my article on that subject in No. 341 of Tip Top.

Prof. Fourmen: I would like to ask you a few questions. My face is quite pale, and I would like to know how to get some color into it. I do not have many headaches any more after following your advice. I have a good physical development in the legs and arms, but I am rather hollow between the neck and shoulders. Please tell me how to develop these parts. I play football and baseball. Are these good exercises? My age is fourteen and my height is 5 feet. I can expand my chest nearly four inches. Are these records about the average? Hoping to see this in print soon, I am, yours,

AN ATHLETE.

Go into a course of training and you will find that exercise will bring color to your face. For the neck and shoulders, use chest weights, dumbbells and Indian clubs. Yes both baseball and football are good exercises.

Prof. Fourmen: Please send me one of your books of information on playing rugby and football. I am a reader of the Tip Top Weekly. JAMES SINGLETON.

Read Tip Top No. 341 for all suggestions in regard to football. You may procure it by sending to Street & Smith; charges, five cents.

Prof. Fourmen: Being one of the great admirers of Tip Top, I believe I am entitled to the right to ask a few questions. Please name and tell me about other academies such as West Point where you do not have to pay to enter, or that are supported by the State or the government; or tell me of some one to whom I can write to secure the desired information. And please tell me the cost of chest weights, dumbbells and swinging clubs. Please write soon, as I am very much interested. Thanking you in advance, yours truly,

FRANK BURLEN.

I know of no other academy such as you speak of but the U. S. Naval Academy at Annapolis. To find all information in regard to sporting goods, write to A. G. Spalding Co., Nassau street, New York City.

Prof. Fourmen: As I am very much interested concerning physical culture, I would like to ask a few questions. Is 5 feet 2½ inches tall enough for a boy who is nearly sixteen? Is 30 inches normal and 35½ inches expanded large enough for a lad of my age and height? Can I do the 35-yards dash in 5 1-5 seconds, the 25-yards dash in 3 1-5 seconds; standing broad jump, 7 feet 3 inches; can lift a 25-pound dumbbell from the floor and over my head with one hand, and can jump over a fence 3 feet high in a standing jump. These records were made without training and with ordinary street clothes on, How are they? I exercise regularly for ten minutes with Indian clubs and fifteen minutes with dumbbells at night just before retiring, and for ten minutes with Indian clubs and five minutes leg exercises the first thing in the morning. How is my course of training? I hurt my arm at the elbow from putting the shot, and am using witch hazel. I close with cheers for the Tip Top.

Prof. Fourmen: As a reader of Tip Top, I would like to ask you a few questions. 1. Is exercising at about four o'clock good for one? 2. Kindly recommend to me a good book which tells how to reduce weight. Wishing Tip Top success, I remain yours,

BILLY BRADLEY.

1. Yes, but before breakfast is a better time, though if after- noon is more convenient, take as much as you can then.

2. Exercising and dieting will reduce weight. Avoid starchy and fat foods, and read my article, "Training Table for Young Athletes," to be found in Tip Top No. 256.

Prof. Fourmen: Will you please advise me through Tip Top Weekly how I can increase my weight? I am thirteen years old and only weigh 89 pounds. I am trying for right guard on a football team, but am a little too light. Thanking you in advance, I remain

A. K.

Follow my "General Advice to Young Athletes," to be found in Tip Top No. 265. Take only of good exercises, and your general good condition will help increase your weight.

Prof. Fourmen: I am thirteen years old, and I weigh 68½ pounds. I do not take many exercises, only box and ride a bicycle. I am not very strong. How can I get stronger and heavier? Hoping you'll answer. Follow my "General Advice to Young Athletes," to be found in Tip Top No. 255. By judicious exercising and care of yourself, you will become stronger, and in forming good hard muscles and being in first-class condition, you will soon find your weight increasing.

Prof. Fourmen: Being a constant reader of Tip Top, I will ask you, as many others have been doing, to answer in next week's issue, the following questions: I am sixteen years three months old, weigh in clothes, 115 pounds, am 5 feet 5½ inches tall; forearm, 10½ inches; calf, 11 inches; wrist, 6 inches; ankle, 8½ inches; reach, 27 inches; chest, normal, 38 inches; chest, expanded, 31½ inches. I have never taken any exercise other than baseball, bicycle riding, and evas. 1. What is the quickest way to, enlarge my calf to 14 inches? 2. What exercise should be taken to do so? 3. Is one-half hour in the morning, and ten minutes in the evening long enough to show much development
in six weeks? 4. What is a good lung exercise? How do my measurements compare with the average boy of my age? Thanking you in advance, I am, respectfully yours. NEW ORLEANS.

1. Which of the exercises are fatigue producing?
2. Running, skipping the rope and bicycle riding.
3. Yes.
4. Try the breathing exercise in open air.

Professor Fournier: I have been a constant reader of Tip Top Weekly for a long time. I think I can easily say that Tip Top Weekly is the best ever published, although I have read a good many. Please excuse me for taking the privilege of asking a few questions. 1. What do you think of my measurements? Age, thirteen; 5 feet 3 inches tall; chest, normal, 32 inches; chest expanded, 34 inches; neck, 14 inches; hips, normal, 11 inches; forearm, 11 1/2 inches; calves, 13 inches; waist, 27 inches. Can jump 8 feet standing broad jump, 11 1/2 feet running broad jump; can run a mile in 14 minutes. 2. My left arm is weak. What would you do to strengthen it? 3. I have a pain in my side when I run hard. What would you do to remedy it? Hoping to see this in print, I remain, AN AMATEUR.

1. Your measurements and records are good.
2. Do you notice the pain stop exercising. Don’t let it worry you.

COMPARISON OF THE BIG TEAMS.

With the big games so near at hand, the critical period of the training of the big Eastern college football teams has come, and it should soon be possible to get some sort of a line on their relative strength. There is no good basis for prediction on the football scores already made, and it is not safe to say that because Harvard made only 6 to 0 against Brown, Harvard has a team greatly inferior to that of last year, when the Crimson scored 48 to 0 against Brown.

Nor does it follow that because Yale beat Brown 10 to 0 two weeks ago, the Blue will have an easy time against a feeble Crimson. Brown went to Cambridge prepared to play the most desperate game of the season, and the fact is that while the Providence men kept Harvard from running up a big score, Brown once got within striking distance of the Harvard goal line.

Theoretically, therefore, Harvard played quite as good as did Yale. The goals do not count, and no one expects this better than the coaches. Harvard’s faults were fumbling, high tackleing and failure to gain distance by line bucking. These faults have now to be corrected.

Yale over Syracuse of 24 to 0 is not as great as it should have been, according to opinion of experts here. A team that beat Brown 10 to 0 should have run away from the Syracuseans, and a 24 to 0 score is not an overwhelming one under the circumstances.

The fact seems to be that Harvard is improving more consistently than Yale. Brown, playing as she did against Yale, would at least have scored if not won from Harvard. Yale, however, to-day has a team unquestionably superior, in nearly every respect, to Harvard’s, and if the New Haven crew can draw the game before the big game, as they, of course, will, Harvard is likely to be defeated.

The Yale-Princeton game is likely to be a hard battle, for Princeton is showing much of the same consistent improvement that is apparent at Cambridge. However, Yale should win.

Of the Harvard-Pennsylvania game, there is not great doubt. On the face of Pennsylvania’s showing thus far, Harvard ought to win easily, but Captain Barry of the Brown team, who has played against both Harvard and Pennsylvania, told the Cambridge coaches that Harvard would not win easily.

The practices and the games scheduled, will go far toward determining the probable outcome of the so-called “big games.”

Dan Hurley, who played back of the line for Harvard, was consigned to the line heroes in the intercollegiate and preparatory leagues. He played for Boston Latin two years ago, and was prominent on the freshman team at Cambridge last year.

The Harvard-Brown game gave neither college much to boast of. Harvard expected to run up a larger score, and Brown expected to win.

The smaller college teams are performing all kinds of queer stunts this year. Apparently weak teams are defeating strong ones.

All things considered, Brown has about as hard a schedule for the season as any college team, with the possible exception of Carlisle. Besides games with Pennsylvania, Harvard and Yale, Brown has Columbia and Lafayette to meet.

The college football season has passed into the period when the big football teams are gradually coming into their real strength.

George Brooke, in his review, says: “The writer remembers distinctly the development of Penn’s ’94 eleven. After narrowly escaping defeat in at least three of the early games, the team in the last month gained nearly fifty per cent. in strength and finished the season with signal victories over its strongest rivals.”

The victory over Bucknell should have a good effect, and if the Quakers pull out of the rough and improve as a big team should, they will win deserved praise.

Says George Brooke: “I saw Columbia play Princeton, and as the former come down to Franklin Field I will watch them closely. If the brace of the Quakers is real they stand a fighting chance of winning. If they play a stubborn first half and hold back Weeks and Smith, then they may win out in the second.”

The Columbia men went up in the air badly against Princeton when they found that they were up against real football. They have a smooth, cool-headed quarterback in Billy Erb, ex-Stanford, but their right end is weak. Gardner should go around the left, and Columbia has no quarter at all.

There is one thing that Penn must do to win against Columbia, and that is to send her line men through and knock down the opposing kicker after he punts. He kicks so short that it is easy for him to put his end on side.

IMPORTANT GAMES OF THE SEASON.

TIGERS WIN.

It was Princeton’s day. Princeton 21, Columbia 0. So stood the final score of the first important game that Princeton has played this season. There was an attendance of 7,000 persons on Princeton Field, many of whom were among the educational and other prominent men invited to attend the inauguration of President Wilson.

From early morning special trains poured in their loads of passengers decorated with the Orange and Black and the Blue and White colors. The Columbia team arrived in Princeton early afternoon, and after a light lunch went to the field immediately.

The Columbia cheerleaders had most of the sections on the new bleachers at the east side of the field. The Blue and White flags waved in triumph every time the visitors gained an advantage. McClave of Princeton made the most spectacular run of the game and made a touchdown. Weekes of Columbia was much in evidence, making several good runs. There were a number of changes on each eleven on account of injuries, none of which, however, are thought to be serious.

HARVARD, 6; BROWN, 0.

The strong Brown eleven met defeat at the hands of Harvard on Soldiers’ Field, by the score of 6 to 0. Fully 25,000 interested spectators were in attendance. The grounds were in excellent condition and the day could hardly have been improved upon. Brown lived up to all that had been said of her, and particularly in the last, snappy game, while Harvard went about in that old, slipshod manner which the team has manifested constantly this season.

Brown kicked off to Harvard’s twenty-five yard line. There was a beautiful fumble, but Marshall succeeded in pulling the ball out of the mix-up. On a subsequent fumble by Harvard, Brown gained a yard, but was downed, and then gained fifteen yards and Knowlton took the ball. He made good for thirteen yards and Kierin duplicated the trick. Then in two rushes later placed it over the goal.

In the second half, after the kick-off, the ball was kept about Harvard’s twenty-yard line until Knowlton took it around left for fifteen yards. Scudder of Brown made the prettiest tackle of the day, catching Gradyton through Harvard’s center for a loss of ten yards. Harvard lost the ball on a fumble and
TIP TOP WEEKLY.

Brown punted to the twenty-yard line, whereupon Marshall made good for thirty-five yards. This was duplicated by Marshall the second time, but Harvard was eventually stopped without gains. Harvard made further gains of thirty-five yards on five plays when time was called. Final score: Harvard 6, Brown 0.

OLD PENNIES WINS.

The University of Pennsylvania broke her streak of bad luck by winning from Bucknell by a score of 6 to 5. Pennsylvania put a weak team against the strong Bucknell lads, and the absence of Captain Gardner and the early retirement of Dale, for injuries, because of old injuries, almost resulted fatally to the Red and Blue. Neither side scored in the first half, but after ten minutes of play in the second half, Bucknell by continued short gains, carried the ball for ninety yards for a touchdown, but Johnson failed to kick the goal.

Pennsylvania played a plucky, aggressive game, and, though they lost the ball three times within the five-yard line, they also lost a good chance of a score by touchback, it was not until five minutes before the end of the game that they showed Marshall over the goal line. Mitchell kicked the goal that won the game.

YALE WINS EASILY.

The Yale football team defeated the University of Syracuse on Yale Field October 25 by a score of 24 to 0.

The Blues were the best form they have exhibited this fall. When Syracuse did get possession of the ball, she proved a fast article of football. Yale's goal was in danger but once. Brown, Syracuse's captain, got in a pretty run of fifty yards, handing the ball on Yale's ten-yard line. Glass, on the next play, passed through and visitors back for a loss. Syracuse then tried Morris for a field goal, but he didn't make good, and it was Yale's ball on her twenty-yard line. The work of Glass was phenomenal. Time and again he broke through and caught the visitors for losses. Wilhelm and Coffin also showed up well.

CORNELL, 57; VERMILION, 0.

Cornell had little trouble in piling up the big score of 57 to 0 against Oberlin, the final tally representing the comparative strength of the teams. Oberlin made the first down only three times in the game. This was in the second half, when Cornell had practically a substitute team in the field. Lakin, left end, for Cornell, played a star game. After a substantial gain, a score was obtained the Cornell regulars were taken out and saved for Princeton here. The game was devoid of sensational plays.

SOLDIERS WIN WITH EASE.

In the football game between West Point and the team from Williams College the soldiers won, 28 to 0. Williams was clearly outclassed, and West Point's score would have been larger but for the fact that in the second half West Point substituted several new men of inferior ability. The West Point goal was at no time in danger. The only striking incident of the game was a touchdown by Barlett after a sensational run of eighty yards.

THE NAVY DEFEATED.

Dickinson beat the Navy at Annapolis in a one-sided game, by a score of 6 to 0. The Navy was outclassed, and the score does not indicate the time the playing of the visitors. Both teams were penalized for off-side play frequently.

INDIANS, 63; MEXICO, 0.

The Carlisle Indians played the Medics of Philadelphia in Carlisle, and were victorious, 63 to 0. The medical men were heavy, but the Indians were too quick for them. The Indians made five touchdowns in the first half. In this half William made the longest run ever seen here, 105 yards. In the second half the Indians started with a lot of substitutes, who found the medical men too dull marks. In this half the Indians made five touchdowns and Charles kicked a goal from the fifteen-yard line. Final score: Indians 63, Medics, 0.

WISCONSIN BEATS KANSAS.

Wisconsin met Kansas with all the regulars in the game, and defeated her to the tune of 38 to 0. The Kansas team came down twenty-four strong, with their coach, Arthur Curtis, captain and right tackle of last year's Wisconsin team. The first score was made by Juneau by a drop kick from the fifteen-yard line after eleven minutes of play. Kansas held Wisconsin for downs on the five-yard line once, and was forced to punt on Love's kick-off. Bash made a sensational run of thirty yards to the center of the field. Wisconsin then pushed the ball down to the field goal line, but Vandervoom fumbled the ball and Kansas punted from the twenty-five-yard line. Juneau made the second touchdown by a plunge through tackle after several long gains by Haumerson, Juneau and Vandervoom. The Kansas team put up a strong defense, breaking through Wisconsin several times. Chicago, 65; Illinois, 0.

Orange and Blue, the colors of bruises, were very appropriate to the University of Illinois for the 2,000 Illinois roosters returned to Champagne with bruised hopes and a battered team. The Maroon had triumphed to the tune of 6 to 0.

It was a dismal day for football, and 10,000 spectators sat in the driving rain to watch the prettiest struggle of the year so far.

Chicago's new play consisted of a variation of its usual formation this year. It differed in that the end was placed behind one of the backs, two men plunging into the line, the third man taking the ball and following. It did not prove particularly effective.

KANSANS IN FAIR SHAPE.

The Kansas University football team leaves here for Chicago. The youngsters from the Sunflower State are anxious to line up against Stagg's Chicago Maroons and it is probable that the two teams will line up to-morrow afternoon on Marshall Field for a short scrimmage. The Jayhawkers are in fair condition after their hard game, and while they were considerably bruised up, it is thought all will be in condition to play against Knox College at Galesburg, Ill. Center Rush Richardson is still sick and Peters is troubled with lame shoulders as a result of Wisconsin's magnificent interference. The visitors are satisfied with their showing as a whole against the Badgers and the game, excepting the last seven minutes, when Wisconsin scored 12 points. The muddy ground was a great advantage to the heavy Badgers and Kansas was unable to make use of their fast-team work exhibited in their signal practice. The critics here all agree that the youngsters gave the Badgers their hardest game of the season and the visitors are very popular here because of their clean, manly, sportsmanslike football and the popularity here of Coach Curtis. Despite the fact that Knox College defeated Northwestern by a score of 10 to 0, the general opinion is that the fast, consistent playing of Kansas will win them their coming game. The Knox line weighs 183 pounds, or about eighteen pounds more than Kansas, while the backs are about equal in weight, and the contest should be one of the hardest. The little fellows with this ten-pound advantage in the line is playing left guard as a result of Ackerman's absence from the team. In the coming game against Knox the members of the team realize that again they will be up against more matured and heavier players, but have a confidence born of determination to win. The Knox players have gained quite a reputation this fall for their ability in the slugging line and well-known officials will probably be selected in Chicago, so this part of the game will be eliminated.

MANAGER'S COUPON.

Managers Name: ____________________________
Address: __________________________________
State: ____________________________
Game Between: ____________________________
and
Number Tip Top Posters Put Up: __________
Attendance: ____________________________
550 Foot Balls Given Away!

Regular Rugby Foot Balls Awarded as Prizes to the Fifty Teams presenting the best scores at the end of the season. Each player in each one of the winning teams will receive

One Regulation Rugby Foot Ball—550 in All.

The Greatest Prize Offer Ever Made in the United States for any Athletic Contest.

That TIP TOP awarded as the prize in last year's Foot Ball Contest.

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Four Complete Baseball Outfits for Four Entire Teams.

Magnificent Prizes! Splendid Opportunities!

Remember That TIP TOP now Offers 550—RUGBY FOOT BALLS—550 in the Second Annual TIP TOP Foot Ball Contest.

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Now's Your Time Managers! Don't let this splendid opportunity slip through your fingers. Get your team in trim at once and get in your coupons for every game during the season.

Those teams having the best scores at the close of the season will be declared the winners. The team having the best record will be declared THE TIP TOP CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM OF 1902, and in addition to regular prizes will receive—An AJI Silk Pennant—bearing the legend which announces—Their Championship. All Official Scores will be published in TIP TOP Weekly. The contest will be decided on the scores published in TIP TOP. Don't miss a single game! A coupon for every game!

Read These Directions

For making out Score Coupons: The manager of each competing team after every game should write the names of his players in the left hand column of coupon in such a manner that the position of the respective players are indicated by the letters in the middle column. He should then write the names of his opponent's team in the right hand column. In case score coupons of more than one game are to be sent in at the same time, only the coupon of the first game should have the names of the manager's team. In the left hand column of the remaining coupons, the manager should write "Regular Team." Be sure to give the same, town and State of both teams.

Score Coupon for TIP TOP FOOT BALL CONTEST. (Cut out on dotted line.)

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Manager.

FIFTY FOOT BALL POSTERS FREE! SEND FOR THEM.
TIP TOP PRIZE GALLERY

PRIZE PHOTOGRAPH No. 15

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SECOND ANNUAL PHOTOGRAPHIC CONTEST

A Full Photographic Outfit GIVEN as a PRIZE

FOR THE BEST AMATEUR TIP TOP PHOTOGRAPH OF ANY ATHLETIC EVENT OR ATHLETIC TEAM

If you want a FINE and COMPLETE PHOTOGRAPHIC OUTFIT, here is your chance. All you have to do is to get a good, clear picture of any of the following subjects:

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7. A Shot Put  
8. A Hammer Throw  
9. An Athletic Team  
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11. A Bicycle Race  
12. A Wrestling Match  
13. An Ice Hockey Game

ALSO SEND A DESCRIPTION OF WHAT THE PICTURE REPRESENTS

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THE BEST PHOTOGRAPH WINS THE PRIZE
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It's Up To You!
Has your team got the steam to land some of those 500 Foot-Balls?
YOU CAN DO IT

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YALE!

YALE is a Sure Winner this year.
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LOOK these four gladiators over.
ENDEAVOR to follow Yale methods and spirit.

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It's Up To You!
Has your team got the speed to land some of those 500 Foot-Balls?
SURE AS COAL!
And remember

BREKA-CO-AX-CO-AX

YALE!

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TIP TOP FOOT-BALL CONTEST

(SEE PAGE 32.)
The chance of a lifetime! You won't let it slip if you're primed to the brim with

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YALE!

Captain Chadwick, Yale.

Tackle Hogan, Yale.

Guard Hamlin, Yale.

Tackle Goss, Yale.