

The Boys' Realm

of Sport and Adventure.

No. 345. Vol. VII.]

EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, JANUARY 9, 1909.

THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON:



THE RETURN OF THE MISSING CLOTHES!

Read how the Ghost of King's Tracey got a bad fright, and brought back the garments it had stolen. (Laughable, long installment this week.)



Latest Portrait of YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Controller of THE BOYS' REALM - Saturday. THE BOYS' FRIEND - Tuesday. THE BOYS' HERALD - Wednesday.

Special Cup-tie Number.

ON Saturday next, January 16th, the Cup-tie season commences. It is thus that the first round of the competition proper for the English Cup will be played. There will, naturally, be a great deal of enthusiasm...

It is just about this time that the football fever begins to die down. Interest in the various League competitions flags very materially after Christmas...

Altogether, we, as footballers, have much to thank the Cup-tie season for, and I have, therefore, made arrangements to welcome the dawn on Saturday next with a grand Cup-tie number of surpassing merit.

Another special feature of next Saturday's special Cup-tie issue will be a fine long, complete boxing story, by Clement Hale. It will be a tale of Jim Stanley, the Pandy Champion, about whose story appeared a few weeks back.

A Ship's Steward.

A READER, who signs himself "A Bugler and Steward," writes to give me particulars upon becoming a steward on board ship. My chum tells me that his pay is £12 per month, by a paragraph in my Chat stating that stewards received from £6 to £12 per month.

CLUBS' OWN CLERKS.

CHALLENGES FROM READERS' OWN CLUBS. THESE ARE INSERTED FREE OF CHARGE.

- WESLEYAN JUNIOR F.C. (average age 15, weak) require matches for January (on Saturdays) within five miles of London...
NORTH WEST DISTRICT JUNIOR FOOTBALL LEAGUE...
BRAYDAYS UNITED F.C. (average age 15, weak) require matches home and away...
NORTH EAST A.F.C. (average age 13 1/2) require away matches within four or five miles radius...

readers will see in his letter, "A Bugler and Steward" states that this is incorrect. If I should like to join as a steward, however, that my remarks applied to chief stewards only, and not to those positions leading up to the chief stewardship. Nevertheless, I am very grateful to my chum for sending me the information I am printing below, and I am sure that a large number of my readers will find it of great use to them:

"Dear Editor,-To your last issue of The Boys' Realm you gave a reader information upon the work and pay of stewards. You stated that stewards received from £9 to £12 per month, but to contradict you:

"In all probability a beginner would have to take the situation in the capacity of saloon-boy, at a wage of 30s. a month-at the most £2:-

"From saloon-boy he would go as first saloon-boy at £2 10s. From that as second saloon-boy at £3. From that as third saloon-boy at £3, and then he would go in the saloon-part of which he would have to clean out-at £3 10s. From there he could work his way up to chief steward.

"Wishing every success to your paper, I remain, yours truly,

"A BUGLER AND STEWARD."

How to Become a Jockey.

ONE of my Liverpool readers, signing himself J. W. H., wishes me to tell him in the columns of The Boys' Realm how to become a jockey.

Well, first of all, you must advise my reader not to become a jockey, because personally I do not think that jockeyship, although a very clever and possibly a most remunerative, and unless you have strength of mind rarely found in a lad, he is likely to succumb, and the result of course, will be his moral downfall.

But if my reader really thinks he has enough moral courage to "run straight," as the slang phrase is, there is no reason why he should not take up this work, provided he has an small stature and weighs very much below the average.

In order to become a jockey he will first of all have to serve an apprenticeship as a stable lad, looking after racehorses. At first his duties will consist of all the drudgery of stable work, cleaning out the horse stalls, mending up the beds, cleaning harness, and feeding the animals at their regulation times.

After that he will be promoted to riding the horses to exercise, and from this to riding them in trials and on the racecourse are but steps in his career.

To seek a job he must consult the sporting papers, like the "Sporting Life" and the "Sportsman." In those he will find the advertisements of the trainers, and when he sees a likely advertisement he should make application, stating his age, height, weight, and giving his home address. The training establishment he should make application to the head groom.

- MABWEY A.F.C. (average age 16, medium) require matches home and away for January, February, March, and April...
ST. ANDREW'S F.C. (average age 17, weak) require away matches with the club in district on January 30th...
ST. ANDREW'S F.C. (average age 17, weak) require away matches with the club in district on January 30th...
GLoucester ALBION F.C. (average age 18, weak) require home and away matches with any club within five miles radius...
WALTON ALBION F.C. (average age 14, weak) require away matches, Hackney Marshes, Victoria Park, or any local ground. All dates open. Apply to Hon. Secretary, East, 57, Gt. Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, N.E.

A Gamekeeper's Life.

I AM very much obliged to my chum W. P. of Bath, for his kindness in sending me the interesting letter I am printing below. It contains a wealth of practical and interesting information for readers whose ambition it is to become gamekeepers: and from the great number of inquiries I receive upon this subject, I know that the particulars W. P. has kindly supplied will be welcomed by a very large section of my readers:

"Dear Editor,-Seeing an inquiry in the REALM from 'A REALM Reader,' upon how to become a gamekeeper, I will try to explain how such a situation may be obtained. A REALM reader, who contains a wealth of practical and interesting information for readers whose ambition it is to become gamekeepers: and from the great number of inquiries I receive upon this subject, I know that the particulars W. P. has kindly supplied will be welcomed by a very large section of my readers:

"Owl Nest, Holcombe, Bath. 'Dear Editor,-Seeing an inquiry in the REALM from 'A REALM Reader,' upon how to become a gamekeeper, I will try to explain how such a situation may be obtained. A REALM reader, who contains a wealth of practical and interesting information for readers whose ambition it is to become gamekeepers: and from the great number of inquiries I receive upon this subject, I know that the particulars W. P. has kindly supplied will be welcomed by a very large section of my readers:

"The 'Scottish Field' is another paper the advertisements of which he could answer. It is published weekly at 11, Bouthwell Street, Glasgow, at 7s. 6d. a year.

"If a REALM Reader' likes to write me, I will, of course, be too pleased to help him. Your sincere friend,

An Athlete's Questions.

AFTER thanking me for the information I gave a short time back upon long-distance walking, one of my readers, who signs himself "Old Sport," asks me several questions with regard to athletics. I will deal with these questions in turn.

"Old Sport" first asks what he should eat in order to keep fit while training. As long as a boy does not eat to excess, and does not indulge in any of the grosser pleasures, he need not be anxious what he eats. In fact, a boy, or a man, if on often spoil himself by injudicious dieting, can my chum avoid eating too much pastry and other grossy dishes, and does not indulge in too many sweets, he need not trouble about dieting. Of course, he must not smoke, and it is advisable to drink as little tea as possible.

My chum then asks me if it is necessary for him to become a vegetarian. The question I must leave him to decide for himself. Athletes are divided upon this question of vegetarianism. It is a matter of personal opinion. I have often asked by "Old Sport" whether evening or morning is the better time for training. This greatly depends upon circumstances. If a boy is compelled to go very early to business, evening is the better time for him to practise. If, on the other hand, a boy has no other work, and is able to do strenuous day's work in the open air, the morning is the better time to exercise. If

possible, however, I advise my chum practise both in the morning and evening, making the morning practice somewhat longer than the evening practice.

Lastly, my reader mentions that he would very much like to see some hints upon wrestling in the REALM. At the present time a splendid series upon catch-as-catch-can wrestling is appearing in "The Boys' Herald," the Wednesday white companion paper to the REALM. "Old Sport" would not do better than purchase this week's "Boys' Herald" and start reading these articles for himself.

A Cure for a Red Nose.

A CHUM, who signs himself "A Constant Reader," has written to ask me for a cure for a red nose. Now, a red nose is either constitutional, or it is caused through excessive drinking.

If it is constitutional-that is, if a boy's parents or grandparents similarly had red noses, then it is next to impossible to remedy. If, on the other hand, it is caused by indigestion, the cure lies in getting rid, first of all, of the indigestion.

My chum does not tell me to which of these cases his red nose is due. I will suppose it is due to indigestion. Then in that case my friend should take plenty of outdoor exercise, eat sparingly of good, wholesome food, chewing it well, and avoiding all fatty, sweet, and spicy food. The bowels should be cleared regularly, and my chum should wear light, loose clothing, and sleep with his windows open wide. The red nose will soon disappear when the indigestion is cured.

Should "A Constant Reader," however, have been a sufferer with this trouble for a long time, his best plan is to seek the advice of a doctor.

My Brief Reply Corer.

PHYSICAL CULTURE-"A Loyal Reader," Dinnington. You are hardly well developed, being too tall and thin. If you persist in the course of your studies, you will be the star of the "Herald," however, your muscles will steadily become better developed. I am sorry to say that I am not in a position to answer your other queries. You should write to Mr. Arthurs himself.

A GOOD ARITHMETIC BOOK.-J. C. Barrow. You should ask your bookseller to get you Bendiburg's arithmetic book, price one shilling. This book gives examples of every class of arithmetical problems.

FAULTY ENGLISH-"Wedway." Dumberty. The only two books I know suited to your requirements are "Composition Exercises," price 4s. 6d., and "English Practice in Analysis, Parsing, Word Formation, Composition, and Paraphrasing," price 6s. Both books are to be had of Messrs. George Philip & Son's, Fleet Street, London, E.C.

CHOCOLATE.-T. H. Bridged. Eating a little chocolate will not make you short-winded. Of course, if you eat it to excess you will in time become short-winded.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

- STPH B.L.B. F.C. (average age 15) want matches away, within ten miles' radius with gentlemanly clubs, for January, February, G. F. Painter, 4, Herbert Road, Stockwell.
BROOKFIELD LADS' F.C. (average age 14-15) require home and away matches for January, February, March, and April...
ST. STEPHEN'S INSTITUTE F.C. (average age 16) require matches home and away within four miles' radius...
WIRLINGHAM BOYS' F.C. (average age 13) want Saturday morning matches with clubs and schools...
WESLEYAN WANDERERS A.F.C. (average age 16) require home and away matches with any club within five miles radius...
GLOUCESTER ALBION F.C. (average age 18, weak) require home and away matches with any club within five miles radius...
BAILHAM HILL F.C. (average age 15) require a forward and half-back, age about 16; small sub. Apply to Hon. Secretary, D. Bonner, 30, Charlton Road, Tooting, S.W.

- LOYD'S MESSENGERS' F.C. (average age 15) weak) require away matches for January 14th; March 14th; and April 14th...
CHESHIRE ST. MARY'S CHURCH F.C. (average age 16, weak) require home and away matches...
EMMANUEL F.C. (average age 16, medium) require home and away matches within five miles radius...
GENERAL PARK L.B.F.C. (average age 16, weak) want away match for Easter Monday...
BRIMINGTON ROVERS F.C. (average age 18) require several good players; also ground within five or six miles of Marylebone...
WALTON ALBION F.C. (average age 16) want two good players...
TWO LADS (ages 16 and 17) wish to join a football club... apply to H. Dunning, 12, Duckley Road, Bermonsey.



THE PRIDE OF THE TEAM

A Wonderful New Football Tale. By MAXWELL SCOTT.

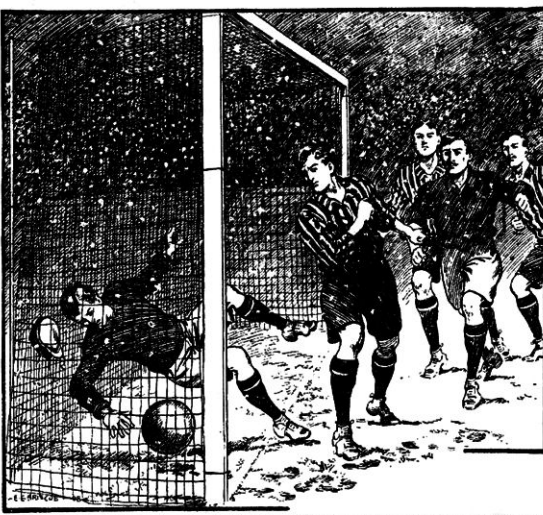
BEGIN THE STORY HERE.

Jack Hartley, a clever young footballer, is in love with Alice Meredith, the daughter of a certain Colonel Meredith, a wealthy landowner in Devonshire. ... PAUL MERCER INTERVENES. MOST of Jack's comrades were waiting outside the door of the directors' room when it came out. ...

For every drink his customers had, he himself had two, with the result that he soon became uproariously drunk. After smashing all the glasses on the wall, and blacking the eyes of three of his customers, he flung the contents of a pint-pot into the face of a constable, who came in to see what the row was about, and finally knocked the constable down and jumped on him. ...

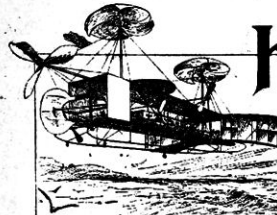
After talking the matter over with Mr. Mercer, I decided, with his entire approval, to defy you to do your worst. It wasn't my fault that Olympic didn't win this afternoon. I tried my best to make them win. ...

car—and I will! Mr. Ellison, the chairman of directors, is an intimate friend of mine. Ben goes to the rank at the end of the road and fetches me a bagun. ...



Jack hurled himself upon Linacre, charged him over on his back, and kicked the ball into the net.

Reinstated. MR. ELLISON had just finished dinner when Mercer and Jack arrived. He greeted the latter with marked coldness, but warmly shook the former's hand. ...



A STORY OF TWO RIVAL INVENTORS.

BEGIN THE STORY HERE.

ATKINSON, having been dismissed from Colonel Boynton's circus through no fault of his own, sets out to find a new berth. He calls at the house of an aeronaut named Captain Hales...

Harry begins to attempt the perilous descent himself, and after some persuasion Captain Hales consents.

Harry's Great Peril. Upon making the ascent the following day, Harry is placed in great peril by the fouling of the ropes of the parachute. The balloon is swept away by the wind...

The Atkinson Aeroplane. At the same time, Harry is busily engaged with the help of Captain Hales, in building an aeroplane from the plans of his own.

Professor Malhallien has an accident with his airship, which greatly delays its construction.

Harry and Captain Hales run short of funds, and sign a contract to exhibit at the New Pleasure Palace at New Brighton...

A Wonderful Flight. SLOWLY, majestically, with her engines throbbing at about quarter speed, the great ocean liner came in from the open sea...

The people came crowding up from the saloons, the deck and the thousand tiny field-glasses were directed at the wonderful aeroplane as it came flying towards them...

There was a tendency to miss fire, and you had tested the ignition, and found it working perfectly only a few minutes before the

Right. But still, there was enough power remaining to propel the aeroplane onward. She had started at a fair speed, and the sails held her aloft, sending her forward with a gliding motion...

The daring young aviator found that his horizontal rudder acted perfectly. The slightest touch of the left possible deflection or elevation, and the flying-ship was sent soaring downward or upward...

Indifferently though the motors were firing, the speed of the apparatus was tremendous, and with a sudden thrill of dismay Harry realized that he was about to fall upon him, because he was too close to it now to make the turn.

There was only one thing to be done; and that was to guide the machine upwards, and clear the vessel by flying over her, and this was no mean task, for he was near to the surface of the water now, and the great, black hull loomed above him like some threatening monster...

Harry gave a pull at the lever which operated the horizontal rudder steadily, for anything like a jerk might bend or upset the aeroplane, or turn her over. His feet were set, his eyes eagerly glued to the front of his machine as he sought for some immediate response to his call.

It came! The level flight of the aeroplane was immediately altered, and he realized, with a thrill of joy, that he was rising, rising, rising high with her, although the motors were miss firing sadly, and threatening to stop altogether.

Should they stop, disaster must immediately follow. He knew that, and his ears were strained to try and catch a more regular beat. He was on a level with the hurricane deck of the great liner now, and driving straight at her. There was still the huge promenade deck, and its tremendous superstructure, and the funnels to be cleared ere the danger was passed.

Slowly as he to the Lusitania now that the passengers, suddenly realizing that there was a danger of a collision, scattered in right and left, the women screaming in fear. Then he saw Harry, and his eyes were riveted to him, and he was preparing to leap into the water for his very life's sake, he heard the motors throbbing steadily again, felt the immediate response in speed, and he was soaring, then up, up, up he rose, soaring over the promenade deck, over the very funnels of the great liner, and on and on he sped, and the smoke cleared, and his mouth choked with the noxious fumes.

The deafening thunder of applause from below from the passengers, who were thrilled and electrified by the wonderful achievement of the young inventor, was heard, and the smoke cleared; he was able to open his eyes, and he saw before him the farther bank of the river, the great city, and the buildings of the city, and he was soaring, then up, up, up he rose, soaring over the promenade deck, over the very funnels of the great liner, and on and on he sped, and the smoke cleared, and his mouth choked with the noxious fumes.

They were answered from the land ahead. Harry laughed aloud. He could not help it. The feeling of triumph was so great, following the escape from so terrible and threatening danger, made him for a moment speechless. The next he was himself again, and, finding his captives on shore, he was throwing their best now. He used his vertical rudder at a wide sweep, facing out towards the sea, and

moving at a tremendous speed, with one of the box-sails or planes inclined at a lower plane than the other, a wonderful and stirring sight to behold.

Then Harry had a daring thing. He was beginning to feel that he was getting out of his instrinet, like a man learning to skate who suddenly controls and commands the use of his runners, and is able to get the inside and outside edges for the first time.

He shut the electric current off, and let the flying-ship speed onward by itself, propelled by its own weight.

In pace at once slackened, but it was succeeded by a steadiness of flight that was thrilling to experience. Harry, as if he were a pilot, as it were, to steer the aeroplane upwards. This had the instant effect of checking its downward course, and she seemed to fly on her own level, skimming the air with a delicate eboness of progress that was amazing.

But naturally her weight bore her slowly, slowly downward, and as the rate of forward motion was checked, the descent became quicker. Harry set his motors to work again, and onward the aeroplane went once more, mounting, upward, upward, upward, now answering her helm perfectly, and obeying the touch of the master hand like a good and faithful servant.

Harry could see the tug which the proprietors of the New Pleasure Palace had chartered to come to his assistance if need be, but he was not to be deterred by their presence in the vain endeavour to keep up with him, and he noticed that the captain of the Cunarder had actually brought his tug alongside.

Harry now varied his method of flight, turning inward, then outward, and still the apparatus worked perfectly. The side of the hull, or plane, seemed to be even greater than they could withstand, and again Harry felt a sensation of triumph steal over him.

As the sun rose, the sun shone to the north-west, right into the full glare of the sun, sweeping ahead, with the glory of the sunlight coating the water, and the water seemed to be in a glow until they seemed to be transparent, and looked like living lengths of fire. The black figure of the young aviator crouching over the controls, and the crowd of spectators in the crowd gathered upon the sands at Seaford, and once again the salvo of cheering burst forth.

It was a long flight, and the young inventor, determined to try the stability and practicability of his aeroplane to the uttermost, pushed her on, and she answered him, and the Mersey, then came round again in a grand sweep, and this time, with his motors firing better than ever, he set off upon his return journey. He was so confident that he would be easily diminished, and it would be wise to get back again ere it was completely exhausted. He was not to be deceived.

His water would mean probably the loss of the aeroplane, for the weights of the motors themselves would be too much for it, and such a catastrophe was not to be thought of.

And so back, without once deviating from the line of his flight, he sped, and the stiff breeze that was blowing, Harry directed the vessel's course.

Men on board sailing and steam craft that he passed over in the Mersey Channel gave him a hearty cheer as he went over their heads. And over there, on the New Brighton pier, he realized that he was being watched by thousands of people waiting for him, with their heads upturned, cheering, shouting, in mental delirium.

Onward and onward the aeroplane swept, keeping steadily to her course, and at last Harry passed from over the waterway back to land, and saw the grounds of the New Pleasure Palace, the great buildings, and the lesser ones, which contained all there was of Colonel Boynton's World.

He could see crowds of people running as hard as they could across the grounds to the athletic enclosure, so that they might be there in time to see the return of the great flying-ship and pushing around the turnstiles where the obtuse attendants checked their admittance.

He saw Captain Hales and Ellen, the latter waving her little gloved hand at him as she stood on tiptoe eager to greet his safe return, and in the centre of the grass plot near to the starting-platform, from which he had commenced his wonderful flight.

Lower and lower he descended now, and as he saw the huge bank crowded with people almost beneath him, he shut off all power, and brood the aeroplane straight on, and then upward turn, and the next moment, with a shock that almost unseated him, but which did little more than jar the elastic framework of the flying-ship, he struck the ground, and was being lifted out by Captain Hales, who embraced him in the full view of the crowd, and then he saw his captives on shore, and he was throwing their best now. He used his vertical rudder at a wide sweep, facing out towards the sea, and

and made towards him. Harry, pale, but triumphant, looked in vain for an avenue of escape, but the crowd of people were running towards him from every quarter.

"Never mind, Harry!" cried Captain Hales. "Let them have their way! They won't harm you!"

Harry had to let them have their way, for he had no other way out. He had not even let him go had the fate of a kingdom depended on it. Harry was seized, lifted high aloft, and borne round and round the enclosure, while the crowd, with their hands and feet raised, and hats and caps were cast into the air with reckless regard and absolute abandon.

Colonel Boynton's Proposal. Harry's triumph was complete. That night every newspaper of Great Britain which had full details of the wonderful flight. They could not say enough in praise of the clever young inventor, who had won the coveted prize of an obscure member of Colonel Boynton's troupe, and who might still be fulfilling his military duties in that capacity, but for the turning away of the triumphant car at Sidington.

Newspaper men came in dozens to New Brighton, and they were all interviewed with the young aviator. But Harry would not be seen. The strain of the flight had been too much for him, and he had been taking a well-earned rest. They retired disconsolate and disappointed; but there it was, Harry would not consent to become their prey, for he had no more to give them, and he had special versions of the amazing flight for their respective journals.

Colonel Boynton and Miss Hales was busy explaining the principles upon which the wonderful aeroplane had been built to the eager thousands who thronged the exhibition tent, while the aeroplane had been left to go to the safe return to the athletic ground.

In a never-ending queue the people extended their hands to shake hands with their interviewer for admission, and for Mrs. Hales and Ellen the turnstiles could not revolve slowly enough. They found that they had all their work cut out for them, and they were crowded into the exchequer, and Ellen felt elated at the thought of the financial success of their return to the world.

One after another bags were filled with silver coins, and when full, were handed to reliable attendants, who awaited their receipt on benches, and then the people were crowded into the main building, where the money was counted, and the receipts were given.

And with the rest of the time Colonel Boynton, with the aid of his wife, had been absolutely nothing. They came to the New Pleasure Palace, and they were all there to see the wonderful flying-machine on which the day's record flight had been accomplished; and that close, they were all there to see the aeroplane, and when full, were handed to reliable attendants, who awaited their receipt on benches, and then the people were crowded into the main building, where the money was counted, and the receipts were given.

The circus entertainment belonging to the World was a success, and it was a great attraction, and the colonel, as he ground his teeth with rage, realised that he must stay at New Brighton to a big financial loss unless matters were put right.

And he had Harry Atkinson to thank—Harry Atkinson, who had once been in his employ—had been a great success, and he had risen in salary, whom he had treated like a dog, and whom he had always looked upon as an ambitious, but brainless, and good-for-nothing creature.

And what annoyed Colonel Boynton most, was the thought that he might have been able to have purchased right in that aeroplane for a few pounds; might have obtained full control over it and Harry if he could have foreseen the success of the young inventor, and the chance of his lifetime escape him, astute and clever man that he was; and as he sat, mood, and ill at ease, he wondered, as he pulled at his moustache, whether it would not be possible for him to obtain a hold over Harry once again by the employment of a "fix."

He put on his hat and went out into the grounds, where he proceeded to make inquiries as to Harry's whereabouts, and learned at last that Harry had gone to the States, and he was home to his lodgings in the Seabank Road to rest.

Colonel Boynton decided to take time by the forelock; and, leaving the purloin of the Falcoo grounds, he strode briskly along the Seabank Road in the direction of Egremont. A stiff,

quick tramp of half a mile brought him to the house in which the Hales and Harry lodged. He mounted the front door steps and knocked. The door was promptly opened, and a well-dressed, portly woman looked with a glance of inquiry at the visitor.

"Good evening, Mrs. Brown," said the circus proprietor, raising his hat. "I'm glad to see you looking so well. I've come to see Mr. Atkinson. They told me he comes on here. If he is visible, I should like to talk a few words with him."

"The landlady smirked and smiled. She looked at the woman and her husband. She had seen her very many paying guests during the course of the year—as a man to be consulted on the progress of the World's Fair.

"Certainly!" she said, standing aside to let him pass. "Will you please to come in, sir! I'll not ask if Mr. Atkinson can see you."

Colonel Boynton followed the landlady along the passage, and as she knocked upon a door, and in answer to the permission to "Come in," he entered, he pushed open the door, and without so much as by your leave, brushed past her, and found himself face to face with the lad he wished to see.

Had he waited for Harry's permission, it might have been refused him, and he knew it. He made certain of seeing the lad in this way. Harry still looked as if he were under the exertions of the afternoon had taken more out of him than he had expected, and the reaction after his release had not left him feeling brain-weary and ill—was reclining on a couch with his legs stretched out, and his feet in slippers. He was reading a newspaper, but he was recognizing Colonel Boynton he put the book down.

"How do you do, Atkinson?" said Colonel Boynton, smiling as he stretched out his hand to the resting lad. "I've come here to congratulate you on your magnificent flight this afternoon. It was truly remarkable, and you are deserving of all the praise the newspapers are lavishing upon you. I need not tell you how proud I am to think that the foremost aviator of the world is now in my custody. I call you now—was once a humble member of my troupe."

"Thank you, colonel," he said. And the conversation came to an abrupt stop. Colonel Boynton looked at the youth over all past grievances that might exist between them with his honeyed compliment; but he had failed, and he hardly knew how to continue.

Harry, after waiting for some seconds, thought he would help him out. "Well, colonel," he said, "I don't suppose you left your show before the entertainment concluded, and came all this way, merely to pay me an empty compliment. It is not like you if you did. What else have you on your mind? Is there any business you wish to propose?"

was a time when I should have been only too pleased to have had it. That was when I was dreaming of the future conquests of the air, and my aeroplane was only a child of my brain, and my first model had resulted in failure. But everything is changed now, and I fail to see that your offer would give me any advantage other than I have now."

"You can't succeed without money," said Colonel Boynton quickly. "You are right," answered Harry. "and I have money now—plenty of money—as much money as I need. I am working in partnership with Captain Hale, and have no better partner. Our share of to-day's gate will amount to several hundreds of pounds, and a great deal of money will have been taken at the tent structures. I have arranged another flight for next week at the New Pleasure Palace, and will take half the gate as my share. You see, I am not fighting for success now, colonel; it is already mine. If I had not, you would not be here now to offer me a contract for the World's Fair."

Tik colonel's eyes flashed. He knew what Harry was doing with the truth. "When I was a member of your company," Harry went on, determined to speak his mind now, "and applied to you for a paltry rise in wages to two pounds a week, you refused it. You always treated me with the greatest injustice. When I was of service to you over the runaway car in Shillington, you discharged me, and not only that, but you damaged the model aeroplane I had been at great pains and expense to build."

"That may or may not be true," answered Harry sternly; "but I have had no cause to respect you, sir, and I can enter into no negotiations with you. If I were starving, I would refuse it."

"You have settled with the syndicate for another flight next week?" cried Colonel Boynton angrily, as he rose to go. "Yes," answered Harry; "if all is well, the flight will take place on Wednesday."

"It is a menace to my show," thundered the showman, furious now that he had lost all he had hoped to gain. "I shall apply for an injunction. I shall take steps to prevent the flight. You will find before long, Atkinson, that you made a mistake in doubting me. Colonel Boynton does not make an offer twice."

"Good-night, colonel," said Harry languidly, turning over and taking up his book again. "I dare say you can find your way out."

The showman stood in the middle of the room, his face working with rage, clenching his fists, and looking as if he would strike Harry; but he evidently thought better of it, for a moment later, with a furious shout, he turned upon his heel, rushed to the door, fled along the passage, haunched open the street door, and banging it to behind him, went down the front door-steps like a human avalanche.

"I should naturally demand something in return," said the showman, seating himself astride a chair, and twisting his hat nervously around in his fingers. "It is not like taking a business. In return for the money I would advance I should require you to give me a quarter share in all patents you may produce, and a quarter share in all profits that may accrue from the manufacture of your aeroplanes, and I should want you to sign an agreement by which you would waive all credits that may accrue from the World's Fair for a period of seven years—you to be paid for your services, either by fixed weekly salary, or by a percentage of all takings, and a share in the exhibition of your aeroplane models."

Harry answered now. "You refuse my help?" "Yes," said Harry, "I refuse your help. You see, colonel—and he smiled—"I can do without your assistance now, although there

So fierce was his rush that he had swung out through the gate in a moment, and not heeding anything or anybody who might be in his way, he came full tilt against a man who was sauntering along with his hands in his trousers pockets, and the two came heavily to the ground together.

The colonel groped after his bowler hat, which then rolled towards the gutter, picked it up, then gathering himself upon his feet, and faced the fellow who had brought him down. "You heard?" he cried fiercely, raising his gloved hand to strike the man.

"It wasn't my fault, colonel," answered the other blantly as he brushed his clothing down with his hand. "I never expected you to come rushing into me like that. You ought to have looked where you were going. It was my error. Something must have put you out, and I guess I know what it was—your Atkinson."

And he jerked a thumb over his shoulder at the house in which Harry was living. The colonel gazed at the ill-dressed, disreputable fellow for a moment without recognizing him; then, of a sudden, the floodgates of memory were opened, and with a cry of astonishment he let fall his hand.

"Cowley!" he cried, aghast.

A Pair of Soundrels. "YES, sir," said Cowley coolly; "it's me!"

Colonel Boynton walked onward in silence, and Cowley, turning, trudged along by his side. Colonel Boynton, furious at the result of his visit to Harry, was in no mood to be molested by a riffian of Cowley's stamp, and presently, when they had covered a hundred yards together, he wheeled round, stopping in his walk.

"Be off with you, Cowley!" he cried. "I won't have anything to say to you. Get a move on you, or I'll call the police and give you in charge!"

Cowley's vicious face grew savage. "Oh, no, you won't, colonel!" he cried. "On if you try it, I'll leave a mark on you you'll bear the rest of your life. No; that's not the sort of talk to soothe me. You're not an angel; neither are you. I'm thinking, I saw you go into Atkinson's, and I waited for you to come out, 'cos I think I may be of some use to you."

The colonel cast a swift glance at the man. "What do you mean?" he asked. Cowley laughed.

"Colonel," he said, "I haven't much to thank you for, for you gave me the sack after that Siddington affair, but I've got still more reason to hate Atkinson. I never could stand him in the old show days; and he's grown intolerable since. He showed me up when that car ran away; I've not forgotten that. Well, he's a bit of a thorn in your side. He refused to work in with you just now, didn't he?"

"What's that got to do with you?" cried the showman angrily.

Cowley laid a forefinger on the flat of his nose.

"Oh, I know," he cried; "you can't detect me!" He refused to work in with you, didn't he? And he's drawing all the money at the Palace, isn't he? He's going to fly again next week, and he'll draw all the money there is to be drawn from visitors to the pleasure-grounds! Oh, I know; and I tell you something more, colonel! Your show ain't paid of yet. You are hard hit, over head and ears in debt, and can't afford to lose a single penny."

Colonel Boynton looked at his late employer for a moment, and then Colonel Boynton spoke was the truth. How did the fellow come by the knowledge? he wondered. Now, look here, colonel! Cowley went on with an assurance of familiarity which was gall and wormwood to the other man, "you don't like Atkinson—neither do I. You would be glad if something was to happen to put his flying-machine off its flight next week. The people who paid for admission to the ground would be forgiven a failure. I might be able to manage it for you, if you was to make it worth my while."

"You infernal scoundrel!" cried the showman. Cowley grinned. "Hard words don't break no bones," he said. "I'm not a bit afraid of ugly names, and I like it. And people without scruples are useful sometimes."

"How did you get here?" cried the showman. "I followed Atkinson," answered Cowley, with a grin. "I've been in Siddington ever since your show left it. And I've bin starving, but I've managed to get a few clear-out, but I remained. I wanted to get my own back on Atkinson—understand? I nearly did the night before last. He was in the habit of clearing out, and I would have damaged the machine beyond repair, only the quick-eyed young chap happened to hear me, and saw the light through my fingers. He was a good bravo, but I got away without his recognizing me. When he came here I thought I might as well follow him, and he's a fine fellow. He should be here. Some of my old pals have helped me with a shilling or two since I've been out of a job. He's a good fellow, but I don't do house each night for me, and scant rations all the while, and I'm sick of it. I want money, colonel; you give me some, and I'll put the price on Atkinson's Right next Wednesday, sure as I'm here."

"He might injure himself—fatally," muttered Colonel Boynton, with blanched cheeks. "If you were to tamper with the flying-machine, and anything were to go wrong in mid-air, think what it would mean. It would be murder, Cowley."

"You don't think I want to kill the lad, do you, sir?" said Cowley, with an air of injured innocence. "No; not me! I want to get even with him, but I don't want to hurt him. I'll just prevent the flight, that's all, and that would be worth a quid or two to you, wouldn't it?"

"If I did my duty," said Boynton, looking sideways at his rascally companion, "I'd hand you over to the police, Cowley."

"You won't do it," said the rascal, grinning from ear to ear. "You know you won't." Boynton quickened his stride again. He didn't answer.

"They arrived within sight of the New Pleasure Palace, and met a stream of people coming out. "Look here, sir," said Cowley, hastily; "I'm a bit nearer to look at, not respectable, and all that sort of thing, but I'm got the right thing by you. Captain Hales and Atkinson overhaul their blessed aeroplane every day, and they have a look at it of Sundays; but they don't guard it quite as strictly as you do. Now, I'm a clever hand with my tools. I could tamper with the stays and framework in such a way that they would never be able to tell the difference. I could do anything with the blessed machine if it came to that. Just say I'm not working, and I'll be gone in five hours. I haven't had enough to eat for days past. I could do with another job in your employ. What do you say?"

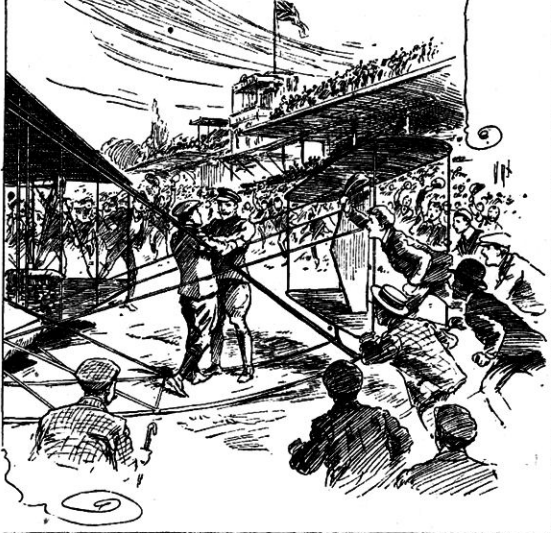
Colonel Boynton's brows met in a frown. He had done many an unscrupulous deed in his time; that was how he came to be manager of the world's Fair—and yet, what Cowley proposed struck him, in a way he studied. Even the terms of Harry Atkinson's refusal occurred to him, and his heart swelled with anger again. He didn't see in the man a fellow of his own class. Cowley, he cried hastily. "Here, take this. It's half-a-sovereign. Come and see me to-morrow. We will walk it over. Now, be off with you!"

"All right, sir," said Cowley, spitting on the half-sovereign for luck, and whisking it into the air, and then, as if he were a bird, he walked along with the crowd towards the alleyway station whistling as he went, with a smug air, and satisfaction.

"That's all right," he muttered; "I've got him. He's my man; he's taken the bait. I know the colonel. Once you lead him on, he'll go where you lead him. He's a young inventor, Mr. Harry Atkinson. I reckon I'll settle the debt I owe you in the course of the next few days. You'll be sorry you ever crossed the path of my James Cowley."

And he burst into a fenshish laugh as he turned in through the doors of a public-house to buy himself the drink he craved.

(Another absorbing, long instalment next week.)



As the aeroplane struck the ground Harry was lifted out by Captain Hale, who embraced him in full view of the crowd. People rushed towards the successful young inventor from all sides.

SALMON SNATCHER

A GAME KEEPER STORY

Specialty written for THE BOYS' REALM
By T. C. BRIDGES.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Black Michael.
MARTIN PENROSE, keeper to Sir Lucian Holdsworth, of Canterford Court, lay flat among the dead heather and brown bracken on the shoulder of Silliford Hill.

He had no gun with him, only his stout oak stick, and his field-glasses slung in their case over his shoulder. You might have stalked within ten feet, and never seen the stalwart figure in its russet tweeds, so still did it lie among the frust-killed herbage.

His matted feet below and a quarter of a mile away, the little River Croome dashed among the granite boulders, and its murmur came plainly through the keen, still, autumn air to the ears of the young keeper.

"Ugh, it's cold!" muttered Martin; but he did not move. His eyes swept the river, from the swift stickle (just below him to the long, flat pools which lay a mile beyond.

Minutes passed, and Martin's hands and feet grew numb in the frosty air. The sun, low in the south, had already vanished behind a bank of reddish mist, and the temperature dropped steadily. And still there was no sign of life all the long expanse of the valley beneath. Martin shivered.

"The cunning beggar! Suppose he's got wind of my tracked feet below and is now breathing a word to a spot. Suppose I must chuck it for the present."

He was on the point of getting up when suddenly a figure round and so indistinctly outlined—emerged from a patch of gorse a long way down the valley, and began moving slowly but determinedly towards him. His hand was something which resembled a long stick, and over his back a sack.

Down went Martin's eyes than before, and as he dropped he slipped his glasses out of their case, and focussed them carefully upon the distant, solitary figure.

"By Jingo, it was right!" he muttered exultantly. "It's Black Michael, safe enough."

The powerful prismatics brought to his eyes a tall, lean man, of forty-five, a fellow with long legs and long arms who walked for all the world like a wolf—a swift, trim stride, which covered the ground noiselessly, yet with amazing speed.

His face was brown as a nut, while his eyes and hair, black as a Spaniard's, had given the man his nickname of Black Michael. Black Michael was of gipsy birth, and a born loafer. He had never done a day's honest work in his life; but for trapping rabbits, snaring pheasants, setting traps, and so on, he was sought. There wasn't his match in the county. He was the pest of every landowner and gamekeeper a mile round, and so indistinctly cunning that he was hardly ever caught.

"The man would long ago have been driven out of the country, only for the fact that, unlikely as it seemed, he was going to teach, hold and a tumble-down cottage. This place was a perfect plague spot—a haunt of the worst kind of thieves and poachers. He was shrewdly suspected that worse plots than poaching had been hatched under its dingy thatch.

Black Michael, glancing warily from right to left, went straight down to a spot where the Croome spread its clear, brown, amber-tinted water into a wide, shallow pool, fringed by heavy, rounded boulders. Here, sitting on Martin, waiting, watched till the man, reaching the bank, stepped out cautiously across the boulders to the edge of the water. There he crouched and remained motionless, peering over into the pool.

"Bad luck! Thought he'd have tried the deeper pool. I'm no fool fish in it," muttered Michael.

"Now, let's see if you can catch him, goodness only knows. Must have a shot, anyhow."

He slipped his glasses back into their case, and started crawling rapidly across the hillside. It was an education to watch him. Like an Indian he took advantage of every stone of proper size and shape, and he would jump when he got to one of those he would use his feet, and bent double, run rapidly till forced by lack of cover to drop again and crawl.

He was not content with going to a place before he was as hot as he had previously been cold. About a quarter of a mile back of the pool which Michael was watching, a dry stream ran along the hillside. This being the only cover anywhere near the river, Martin hid in it, and managed to reach it without being seen.

Running along behind it, he came to a spot directly opposite the poacher, and waited. He could see Michael quite plainly through the clinks between the stones.

"Now, my beauty, I think I've got you to rights by murdering you with gratification. If there's a salmon in that pool you'd be bound to have it, and then I'm bound to have you. Ah, I think you see something!"

For Michael was now moving quietly as a



The next thing Martin knew they were over the edge, and, still locked in one another's arms, had plunged deep into the sulken pool below.

cut up along the rocks towards the head of the pool. At that moment Martin, glasses as eye, caught sight of a dark back which rose above the still surface of the pool, and then, disappearing, shot swiftly along just beneath the water, sending the ripples curling with the speed of its rush.

"Fourteen pounds, if he's an ounce," muttered Martin, excitedly. "A sad pity if Black Michael snatches him, but it's worth one salmon to catch the ruffian in the act. Sir Lucian won't grudge it, I'll lay."

Late in the autumn the salmon run up to the very heads of the streams to spawn. They come up in the floods, and when the water dries often find themselves stranded in pools from which there is not stream enough to take their big bulk down. There they have to wait till a fresh flood gives them the opportunity of escaping.

In a dry autumn hundreds of fish are imprisoned in this way, and can easily be "snatched" with the steel hook or gaff, which fastened to the end of a stout stick, is the favourite implement of the salmon poacher.

Michael was rapidly following the fish. Frightened, it dashed for the stickle at the top of the pool, and as it struck the shallow top of the great rock rose again above the surface. Instantly the poacher's tall form shot to its full height, the gaff flashed out, and went home, and the water was broken into foam as the big salmon struggled furiously against the cruel steel deep in its shining side.

But Michael was a master of his art. He had the salmon ashore before Martin had covered one quarter of the distance, and as he turned, caught sight of the keeper tearing down the hill.

Instantly he dropped the fish, and, reaching the bank with a single bound, was off full-till down-stream.

Striking to the right, Martin cut across to intercept him.

A couple of hundred yards below was a big cliff of rocks known as the Drones.

Floods had cut away the river-bank and

bared hundreds of tons of loose granite boulders, some of them of enormous size. This was the only cover in sight, and evidently what Michael was making for.

"Why, the man's crazy!" exclaimed Martin, as he saw the poacher scuffle in among the boulders like a half-shoe rabbit. "Or, that's it, by Jove—he means to fight! All right, my beauty, you haven't a gun, and I'm no scared of you!" Gripping his cudgel tightly, Martin ran in among the rocks on the track of the poacher.

The rocks covered only a small area, not more than that occupied by a tennis-court. Martin knew them very well, and was quite sure that he could spot anyone hiding among their clefts in less than five minutes.

All the same, he went quietly. Michael, he felt sure, was either dodging, or else hiding just behind one of the big boulders. It would be awkward if the chap, jumped on him from behind. Black Michael's ugly temper was notorious. Once he got a keeper down he would likely kick him half to death.

It wasn't nice creeping in and out among the boulders, peering round corners, examining every cleft.

"Sort of hide-and-seek I've got no use for," thought Martin grimly. "The chap's lying low somewhere, and listening. He can hear me, and I can't hear him. Bad luck! I wish I had, and I'd have cut him off before he got in here."

The young keeper stood quiet still, and listened. Not a sound. He got angry, and pushed on more recklessly. But not a sign of the poacher.

Five minutes passed. Martin had covered the whole cleft, and seen absolutely nothing. It was fast getting dark.

"This is simply foolish!" he muttered aloud. "The chap can't have gone to ground like a hunted fox, and if he's been dodging I certainly have heard him. I'd only got Grip, he'd soon smell him out."

Martin sprang up on top of the highest rock, and searched the place with his eyes. He jumped from one boulder to another, acting recklessly up and down, so that if anyone had been dodging in the clefts below he must certainly have seen them.

It was no good at all. Michael had vanished as completely as if the earth had opened and swallowed him up.

Martin stuck to it till it got too dark to see, and he was forced to give it up. He had never been in a worse fopper in his life, as he made his way home through the frosty twilight.

THE 2nd CHAPTER. The Stolen Medal.

IT was a good night day. Sir Lucian was fonder of hunting than shooting, but he often had half a dozen men staying, and then the would go out with the guns, so Martin could not pay a second visit to the Drones on that day. However, he promised himself that the following morning he would go down with Grip, his big bandog, and do his best to solve the mystery of Black Michael's disappearance.

But when the second morning came there was news which knocked all other ideas completely out of the young keeper's head.

About seven o'clock, Robin Dawes, the whip, a great ally of Martin's, came rushing up to the cottage.

"I say, Martin," he shouted, before he got to the door, "here's a go!"

Martin stepped into the Court last night, and they've stole a lot of plate, an' all Sir Lucian's medals!"

"The medals! You don't say! Sir Lucian'll be in a pretty way."

"-Way? I tell you, Martin, I'm precious glad I live outside! All the indoor people are catching cold, an' the master's like a madman. They got even his South African medal. All his father's are gone, and that big 'un—Order of St. Michael and St. George, I believe they call it. But the worst is the V.C., that his brother, Mr. Vivian, won before he was killed. Looks to me a bit like spite, for the chaps as stole the medals expect to sell 'em."

"Any trace of who did it?"

"Not a ha'porth. They must ha' been a proper crew, an' the police has been sent for, but they weren't there when I left. You'd best come up. Sir Lucian'll be sending us all out, though I doubt if I do any good."

When Martin got in, crossed a passage into the drawing-room, they found out nothing that wasn't known already.

Who had the medals, how many they were, or what direction they had gone in, were all a mystery. The ground was too hard frozen to show footprints.

Sir Lucian, who was in a royal rage, scolded the police just as he had the servants, and sent a frantic wire to Scotland Yard, asking them to send a good man down at once.

Then he gathered every hand he could get—whips, grooms, gardeners, labourers, even the very page-boy from the pantry—and ordered them to go and search the coverts in every direction.

"I'll give ten pound to the man who first finds the scoundrel's tracks," he declared, "and an' any reliable information, fifty for the capture of each of the scoundrel, an' the chap who gets back my medals for me shall have a double that."

"I'm going to have a pretty tough try for some of that cash," muttered Robin Dawes in Martin's ear.

Sir Lucian said. An idea had suddenly occurred to him.

Black Michael. Could this be some of his grudge? He knew the man owed Sir Lucian a grudge. He had been in the house at Bench the last time that the poacher was convicted, and had helped in giving him a richly deserved three months.

Without a word even to Robin, Martin dashed straight for Michael's cottage. He didn't quite know what he had expected to find, but he thought if Michael were away from home it would lend colour to the suspicion that he might be engaged in getting rid of stolen property.

By his disgust, Michael was sneaking over his gate in the morning sunshine, smoking a short, black clay. From his broken boots to his greasy cap, he had the appearance of a disreputable loafer. A useful-looking pipe of the same material, was shoved keen white tooth as the keeper approached.

Martin walked carelessly by, as if intent merely upon his own business.

As he passed Michael took his pipe out of his mouth.

"Marnin', Mister Penrose?" he said. "You'm early afoot."

"There was a sneer in his voice.

"I was fast getting dark," returned Martin quietly, and passed on.

"They tell me the poacher's been something' cruel an' clever," he muttered.

Foolishly, Martin turned, and sharply re-torted:

"The pitcher may go to the well once to meet often, Michael. You've got to get off with three months next time."

The poacher grimaced. He was delighted at having been so successful.

"You'd say as you must catch your hare afore ye cooks him," he retorted.

Michael had a more serious warning with himself for having given the fellow a sharp rebuff, and was told what had happened, and what had been done, he shrugged his shoulders.

"What's the matter?" cried Sir Lucian

tribrally. "Could I have done anything more... You couldn't have done anything worse... returned the detective... Then the storm burst, and though the Scotland Yard man did his duty, it is hardly wonderful that a week later the local paper said...

But Grip plainly had his own ideas on the subject. He had a wonderful nose, had this high, thin, snuffing at the thin, brown grass, he galloped along parallel to the river-bank...

darkness Martin missed him, and his knuckles beat a snip of stone with a force that cut his hand to pulp... Before he could recover himself, Michael was again on his feet...

"Go-fetch!" he muttered to the dog; and then he spoke a word or two to Robin... What he was next conscious of was the sting of strong spirit in his throat...

The frost was all gone, and the sky heavy and overcast, as Martin that same afternoon started down the river... There had been no rain to speak of for nearly a month...

The bank, undercut by the floods of many winters, overhung considerably. It was not until Martin got half his body over the edge that he caught sight of a solitary spike of granite protruding from the black, peaty soil...

In the struggle they had gradually slipped down till they were quite close to the mouth of the hole... Down, down, with the water still roaring in his ears...

"I'll get you home first, my lad," declared Robin... "How did you find me?" muttered Martin faintly...

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

The Whirly Hole.

"I've got a name for this," thought Martin, as he took in the possibilities of the situation... "I can get down all right, but Grip can't, and Michael's waiting for me with a club, it's going to be awkward."

But Martin wasn't the sort of man to hesitate where his duty was concerned... "Here goes!" he muttered...

Martin's head was bursting. He could last no longer. He was giving up. Anything, even death, he would take now...

"Poor Martin, who was really quite helpless, was carried home, and put to bed between his blankets, and when at last the shivering fits passed, and he got warm, he was once asleep...

Grip, crawling on his stomach close beside his master, growled again... The young keeper's lips set grimly, his eyes flashed... "We've got to get him this time."

Grip, his whole body stiff and tense, stood peering down. He seemed to understand the situation even a bit as clearly as his master... "Martin gave a sigh of relief as he found himself on the bank of rock..."

He realised that he was in the grip of the current, and that he had not one ounce of strength left to battle against it... "Oh, the intense relief of filling his lungs once more with fresh air! He looked down...

"My medals," replied the other—"every one of them—safe and undamaged!"... "So 'twas Michael stole them?" gasped Martin...

"Martin glanced at Grip... "I've half a mind to let you go, boy," he muttered... "I'm afraid," he said at last... "Ah, now's our chance! He sees a fish..."

It was plainly artificial. Shovel-marks showed in the stiff, greasy silt at its mouth... As he balanced there, one hand against the bank, the other gripping his stick, he was aware...

The rapid was no great length, but the fall was heavy, and the strongest man would have been hard put to it to shoot it in safety... "The rapid was no great length, but the fall was heavy, and the strongest man would have been hard put to it to shoot it in safety..."

"More Splendid Long, Complete Yarns will appear in next week's SPECIAL CUP-TIE ISSUE of The Boys' Realm. ORDER YOUR COPY NOW!"

He lay still for another minute, watching and considering... "Nothing for it but a bolt across the open. I'm afraid," he said at last... "Ah, now's our chance! He sees a fish..."

It was far too low to stand upright; the floor was wet and greasy, and covered with loose pebbles... "Martin made out a curve just in front. Beyond that was ink-darkness..."

"So it was you pulled me out, old lad!" muttered Martin as he lay dragged himself slowly and painfully out of the water... "Dear old beast, I shall't forget it in a hurry!"

"The Boys' Realm' FOOTBALL GUIDE 1908-9 2s"

He had a faint idea of the danger... "Besides, for all he knew, Martin's pals might come to find out what had become of him... "But the grip was too strong. Martin, in agonies of suffocation, struck out heavily, and though he could barely see his enemy, was lucky enough to catch him a heavy blow between the eyes..."

"The force of the poacher's rush had driven the keeper far back towards the mouth of the hole... "But the grip was too strong. Martin, in agonies of suffocation, struck out heavily, and though he could barely see his enemy, was lucky enough to catch him a heavy blow between the eyes..."

"And with a last look at the drowned poacher lying in the water at the distance, was Martin gathering dusk of the winter evening, Martin rose, and started home..."

"Contributions by 'LINEMAN' W. L. BASSETT, C. L. B. COVERDALE, WALTER BULL, ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN, &c., &c."

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"Foul Play," a Tale of the Grand Champion, by Clement Hale, appears next week. If your newsgate is out of stock send three penny stamps to these offices, and it will be forwarded post free.

SOME LONDON FOOTBALL GROUNDS.

THE PREMIER SCOTCH CLUB.

A Chat About Their Histories by ALAN R. HAIG-BROWN, the Renowned Corinthian.

All About Queen's Park F.C., who introduced the Association Game Into Scotland.

HAVE you ever considered what a wonderful place London is for football-ground...

who fought so valiantly in last year's ties, have made their headquarters for matches in Scotland...

It would not become me to claim to have played well in many important matches, neither would it be the truth...

Next we will go to Stamford Bridge, not so famous as the Crystal Palace, but taken all round, superior to it...

On their own ground they have lost a League match, after leading by three goals to none, against Burny...

There are few grounds in the metropolis without a history which makes them somewhat famous.

First, we will go to the Crystal Palace, outwardly one of the finest, if not the finest, grounds in England...

But that is the bad side of the Crystal Palace ground. Seldom has it failed to be on its best behaviour for the Final Tie in the F.A. Cup...

It is the home of the Cup Final the Crystal Palace will long be famous, so famous that one almost forgets that the Crystal Palace team,

AS mentioned last week, the first captain of Queen's Park F.C. was William Ker. This gentleman afterwards played in the first International match between Scotland and England...

They lined up as follows: R. Gardner (captain), goal; W. Ker and J. J. Taylor, backs; J. J. Thomson and J. Smith, half-backs; R. Smith, A. Rhind, W. McKinnon, D. Wotherspoon, J. B. Weir, and R. Leckie, forwards.

It is stated that the rival teams gave each other three hearty cheers when the game ended, thus proving themselves true sportsmen.

Queen's Park were never slow to take their share in any effort which was being made to encourage and foster a love for football.

I am taking you on no geographical tour, but will just view the grounds in the order in which they loom largest in the imagination...

Big gates are the siewes of professional football, and what Woolwich and Chelsea do not know about big gates few other clubs know.

The following year Queen's Park entered the English Cup competition. They received losses until the semi-final round was reached, when the team, captained by the Wanderers...

By this time Association football was becoming a popular game in Scotland. The

enthusiasm and clever play of the Queen's Park team brought other clubs into existence.

the Queen's Park team, the Scottish F.A. was founded. The following year the clubs affiliated during the first season that was held in the metropolis...

The Scottish Cup competition was then inaugurated, and Queen's Park and Clydeale met in the final tie

in March, 1874, before 2,000 spectators—a huge concourse of people for those days. The match was played on an excellent Hampden Park ground, and Queen's Park triumphed.

During the early part of the existence of this Scottish football club, Queen's Park were the best team, and they retained their position until March, 1876, that they sustained a defeat.

But on one point Queen's Park have always retained their position. They have never contracted professionalism, and they stand alone as the only amateur team taking part in representative League football games.

ADVICE TO YOUNG CAPTAINS.

W. I. BASSETT, the Famous International, Gives Some Useful Tips to Junior Skippers.

YOUTH is the time when enthusiasm should be generated, and nowhere is the youthful enthusiasm more in evidence...

There are more difficult tasks than that of acting as captain of a team of youthful enthusiasts; but still, the task is its awkwardness...

Pessimism is often attended by gloomy expressions; in fact, the one almost implies the other. Now, cheerful men are comparatively easy to control...

One of the greatest gifts—in fact, the greatest gift—the ball-player needs is sunny disposition. To the youth with the sunny disposition hard knocks and heavy charges, together with stray, accidental blows...

the gloomy player under his wing, and try to point out the folly of harbouring distrust of his adversaries.

Never let any individual act in a manner which is calculated to upset the sociability and good fellowship of the side.

Good fellowship is everything in football, and if you have a man in the team, good fellows though he may be, who assumes the rest of you then the sooner you get rid of him—in a polite way—the better.

The captain should always impress upon his men to let each match stand by itself. Prefixed to each match is the evil thereof, so to speak, and it is not to be single-toned or such a kind of vendetta when anything has gone wrong in a game against a particular team.

No game, when I was a youth, was considered to have finished unless the players had some sort of social intercourse, and it is when such social intercourse is in progress that you find out what good fellows your opponents are, and that they find out what good fellows you are.

Every young captain should most religiously encourage the social element in connection with the game. If a team are known as a set of good fellows, and it is not on any one thing whatever you call the form of relaxation you have after the game, they are far more likely to receive courteous treatment from the field from their opponents than they would be if they were noted for sullenly disappearing the moment the match was over.

(More splendid complete football articles in next week's issue of THE BOYS' REALM.)

THE LAWS OF THE GAME.

Do They Need Revision? Asks Mr. F. R. NEWMAN (Hants F.A. Referee).

THE immense number of questions which are asked and answered through the various sporting papers and periodicals, prove that, to hundreds of football enthusiasts, the laws of football (not rules, mark you) are a matter of great concern.

All this proves that something more clearly defined is necessary. There is plenty of work for the International Board (Re Rule 50) when they meet in June, if they will only take the matter up.

The game should, or must, be started by eleven players on each side. Do away with the twelve-yard penalty kick mark for reasons you will see later.

The kick-off to be in any direction. The advantage of winning the toss is very obvious as a player who has the wind and help from the sun, wind, and, sometimes, rain, not to mention a sloping field. The law says the winners shall have the option of a throw or a kick-off.

advantage. Think it out for yourself. I think the thirty minutes is not too long, but I am of the opinion that at the expiration of the allotted time, play should be continued until the ball crosses either the goal or touch-line.

I had a good illustration of this a few weeks ago when Portsmouth Reserves were playing in a South-Eastern League match at New Hampden Park, for it is then that the two great amateur clubs of England and Scotland meet.

Of course, it cuts both ways, but I think my suggestion would be welcomed by the gentleman who refereed the game in point, and who, of course, could not allow the goal, as it was scored after the whistle had gone.

After a goal is scored, the losing side, etc. Suppose the score is 5 goals, and B, 0, and B scores. Does the losing side kick off? Of course, B may score four more goals.

"The ball is in play if it touches the referee or linesman when in the field of play." Why those who are in charge of the ball should not be in play if it struck anyone out of the prescribed field, my point, however, is that where the ball strikes a referee, a "throw-down" for "time" has not to be seen an unfair advantage gained.

on many occasions, by the accidental striking of the referee. Only last Saturday I saw a certain goal prevented through it.

I think it would have been better if a player could be thrown in as he is liked, provided he is not allowed to advance over the touchline into the field of play. Then the "throw-in" would be a distinct advantage to the side which threw it, and the change would certainly act as a deterrent to the "kick-out," as his side would not profit thereby.

THE BOYS' REALM THE FAIRY TALES OF THE SEA. A Bright, Breezy Tale of the Sea.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTHERN LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for various Northern League teams.

THE BOYS' REALM SOUTHERN LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for various Southern League teams.

THE BOYS' REALM NORTH LONDON LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for various North London League teams.

THE BOYS' REALM SOUTH LONDON LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for various South London League teams.

THE BOYS' REALM SCOTS LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for various Scots League teams.

THE BOYS' REALM IRISH LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for various Irish League teams.

MANCHESTER UNION LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for Manchester Union League teams.

SOUTH SHIELDS & DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for South Shields & District Junior League teams.

KIRKDALE AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for Kirkdale and District Junior League teams.

MURFREY JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Table with columns for club names, P.W., L.D., F., A., Pts. for Murfrey Junior League teams.

LIST OF PRIZE FOOTBALL WINNERS FOR WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 12TH.

Table listing prize football winners for the week ending December 12th.

ST. HELEN'S AMATEUR LEAGUE.

Newtown Vics. F.C.—Hon. Secretary, G. Hibbert, 14, Victoria Street, St. Helens.

HUNGON AND DISTRICT JUNIOR LEAGUE.

Felpham F.C.—Hon. Secretary, F. G. Fay, Felpham, near Bognor.

MONTROSE JUVENILE ASSOCIATION.

Melville F.C.—Hon. Secretary, J. Potter, 80, Melville Lane, Montrose.

MANCHESTER UNION LEAGUE.

Southern & Newpoh's F.C.—Hon. Secretary, D. Partington, 17, Hamilton Street, Hulme, Manchester.

The First Chapters are Here Retold in Brief.

CAPTAIN IRETON, the commander of the brig Sea Breeze, was a man of a most unenviable temper. There is some mystery connected with Captain Ireton, in which also are concerned the lives of several of his crew.

LIEUTENANT DAULTON, the first officer of the Sea Breeze, and JACK BREEZE, the boatman, a faithful old seaman, late of the Royal Navy. Notwithstanding his curious disposition Captain Ireton was a great favourite with his crew.

The Sea Breeze comes in contact with the pirate vessel, the Firebrand, and a fierce fight takes place. Captain Ireton and Lieutenant Daulton are severely injured. The Firebrand is beaten off and the brig, and a lad of about fifteen rescued from the wreckage, to the mast of which it is discovered he is engaged in the work.

Our Hero Determines to Land on the Rocky Isle—Davey Evinces His Obedience to Captain Breeze—The Doctor's Dilemma—The Start. CAPTAIN IRETON, Lieutenant Daulton, and Captain Breeze were seated in the chief cabin, consulting as to the best way to attack the pirates.

"Do you, Mr. Daulton, think that the plan is good?" asked the Waif. "I do. That it will want the greatest caution not to get a scolding for as the captain is doing, these men know every method of warfare, be it by land or sea."

"What is your opinion?" replied Captain Ireton, who was still unable to leave his bed. "For these men are up to all kinds of warfare. Besides, you should risk your young life in such a desperate work. True, you have good cause to like Davy; but no reason, such as I have, to seek such dire revenge."

"Then there is the black fellow as we saved off the sinking ship, Dick as he calls him now." "He may be of service to us. I will go and see him presently. See that the boats are well manned, and that the men are fully-armed. We are concerned in some dangerous work before this adventure is over."

"The men, who by this time knew that the new captain was not to be played with, touched their hats and pulled at the cap." "Now, then, Master Davy," said the captain kindly, "what's the matter with you?" "The dwarf remained silent."

"I know nothing of Captain Daulton," crowed the doctor, "but I have guessed. They all hate me, and I hate them. I want my liberty, and nothing more. Let me go. I can swim ashore." "You forget the sharks, my young friend," said Captain Breeze. "They might stop you."

"The doctor could say no more, for incautiously he had approached within the length of the dwarf's chain, and with one bound he was upon him, and had seized him by the nape of his neck." "The doctor uttered a fearful shriek, and with a desperate effort tore himself free and fled, leaving his chair for the worse on—the dwarf's possession."

"So, pretending to be very angry, he ordered the boatman to go and fetch him up." "Listen to me, Master Davy," he said sternly. "If my men had had their way, you would have been flung into the sea. I saved you, but I have not yet finished with you. You see the men are getting all ready for you to be flogged. If, however, you promise to be tractable, I will not have you punished."

"I will go and speak to him," said Breeze. "I will go and speak to him," said Breeze.

The dwarf nodded his head, and Captain Breeze continued:

"But at the same time, I warn you that at the least attempt at trickery I will shoot you. Do you understand that?"

"And the doctor?"

"And you consent to those terms? If so, you shall have a good meal before we start."

"I agree. Let me have the food!"

"The Waif gave orders that the dwarf should be fed, and then went below to see after the negro who had been saved from the burning ship, but, far from being as well as Barnacle had declared him, he found the man raving in delirium, speaking some African language."

"Then came the most solemn part of the duty of a captain. The burial of the dead.

"Poor Barn! All the old crew of the Sea Breeze loved him, and the officers knew of his gallant and kindly actions he had done.

"The ship's bell was tolling out the summons to the crew, and officers were gathered on the quarter-deck.

"The grating on which the body lay, sewn in a hammock, and covered with a flag, was pulled up to the level of the feet projecting a little over the gunwale.

"In a solemn tone Captain Breeze read the funeral service, all standing with uncovered heads."

"At one part of the service one of the sailors draws the flag away from the body. Then, as the solemn words of the service will care much about that. But you can do what you like. Here, Peter, help Master Davey Dump in."

"Davey Dump!" screamed the doctor.

"You surely do not mean to tell me that you intend to take that little witch with you?"

"In good truth I do, doctor, and I look upon it as the best of my life."

"But you will not have him in this boat?"

"Indeed, but I shall," replied the Waif, who, truth to tell, enjoyed the doctor's fears.

"So did Master Davey, with a horrible yell, he leaped into the boat.

"With another, but a different kind of yell, the doctor leaped out, trying to jump into another boat; but he was not so agile as Davey, and fell into the water.

"In spite of all discipline, the men burst out into roars of laughter.

"A shark—a shark—a shark!" yelled the men, as the doctor's head bobbed up.

"Yah! Help me—help me!" roared the unfortunate doctor, holding up his arms.

"But the men were laughing so heartily that they could not assist him.

"Down he went again, and the laughter grew louder, until Captain Breeze called out:

"Are you mad to let a man drown, or be eaten by sharks?"

"In an instant the men were silent, and the next time Dr. McTaggart appeared, so many bookbags and hands were stretched forth to save him that his clothes were almost torn off his body.

"Oh, my clothes! You will not leave a particle of them on my body!" he yelled.

"Never mind your clothes," laughed Breeze.

"But the tails of my coat have gone! Was it the sharks that bit 'em off?"

"I should rather think it was," said the doctor, as he held one of the tails from the bookbag he held, which had been the real destroyer of the doctor's garments. "To see these things done by creatures around you was something awful."

"Oh, lor! And what a narrow escape I have had!" cried the doctor, with a shudder.

"Worse nor that," said the doctor, "I saw a seal; but you fought like an angel."

"Did I?" cried the doctor, delighted.

"Did I? Well, in my youth, I did practice boxing."

"Silence, there," cried Captain Breeze, for though the doctor did not know it, he was reminding your editor, and he will be less of them to dry. Give way, there, and keep all the boats well together."

The Search of the Island—Strange Disappearance of Dr. McTaggart and Peter Painter—The Witch of the Rock.

LOWLY the boats pulled towards the shore.

"They passed the remains of the burned vessel, now high and dry on the coral reef on which she had struck, and pulled straight to the rocky islands.

"They pulled about for a proper landing-place, in spite of the repeated assurance that there was none from Davey Dump."

"At last they let the little man have his way, and pulled up to the side of a rock on which they were able to land; but not without some difficulty, for the tide being low, the rock was some feet out of the water. However, they scrambled on shore, and leaving two or three men in each boat, ordered them to keep at least twenty yards from the shore, and to hold themselves in readiness should they hear any alarm."

"Then the party set forth. They crawled all round the rocks, and caused many a sea bird to fly out in sea uttering its wild scream.

"They tried to climb to the top of the rock but failed—utterly failed. Do what they would, they could not find the trace of a living creature; and Captain Breeze at last gave the word to return to the boats.

"Now then, lads," he said, as he reached the boats, "let me go through the muster roll."

"Davey, do you know where my two missing men have gone?" asked Captain Breeze.

"No, my mother might."

"Your mother! Do you mean to say that she has led them away from us?"

"No; but she has wondrous charms to find out all sorts of things."

"But I do not believe such nonsense," replied the captain impatiently. "Still, the dwarf to himself, 'I may as well go with the adult and see the old woman. Come, Davey, lead the way, and we will go and see your mother.'

"You must go alone with me," growled Davey. "I dare not take more than one person."

"And why not?"

"Because she would cure me and wither me up like the branches of old sea sails to the sailors," replied Davey. "So you must come alone with me, or not at all."

"Be it as you will," said Captain Breeze; "I will go with you alone. But listen to me, Master Davey. If I catch you attempting to play any tricks upon me, I will blow that ugly head of yours to pieces."

Captain Breeze gave orders to his men to remain on shore, and then started off with the dwarf.

Climbing over rugged rocks, passing along such narrow ledges, that if the captain had not been used to climbing he would have been

worly mother, and I am not afraid; so I would ask you to proceed at once, as time

"Follow me," replied the dwarf; and he led the way to a spot where an em-tiro grew, covered with a network of roots.

"A weird-looking tree, with twisted, leafless branches, and scathed with lightning.

"This is my staircase," called the dwarf.

"Follow me," replied the dwarf.

"Go on, I have no fear," replied Captain Breeze impatiently.

"He passed the trunk of the tree the dwarf drew a rope, at the middle of which was an iron ring.

"He passed the middle of the rope round the tree, threading one end through the ring.

"Follow!" he said; and seizing that half of the rope which had been passed through the ring, at once descended to a narrow ledge of rock about twenty feet below.

Here the dwarf looked up, and uttered a scream like that of a screech-wal.

"Come down," he cried. "She is at home, and expects you, so make haste!"

"Expect me?" thought Captain Breeze. "If she does she must indeed be a witch. How could she know of my coming?"

"Swinging himself down by the rope, the captain found the stairs by that half of the rope which had not been passed through the ring.

"He pulled it gently, and, of course, the ring slipped away; and in a few seconds he had unfastened the rope from the tree, and coiled it round his arm.

"What I discovered that they had reached the mouth of a small cave.

"Follow me!" said the dwarf, and he passed into the cave; and the next moment they were in total darkness.

"Listen!" said Davey. "She is holding a conversation with the fiend. Do you hear the spirits?"

Captain Breeze did listen, and could plainly hear what appeared to be the roaring of an immense furnace.

"What a noise!—such a rushing, roaring sound, which he attributed to the sea and the wind as they beat and raved round the rocks.

"Hush, she is waiting," cried the dwarf.

"Sure enough there was a peculiar call, followed by an evilish laugh.

"Then, in a cracked voice, was chanted:

"Close to my portal,
Stands a strange mortal.
Mother's or father's love never he knew.
Foss would have drowned him—
Dark was the day, that the first breath he drew.
E'en his mother's milk he was able to suck
(Child of the darkening wave!)
Ask what question you dare,
But be warned, and beware!"

"It must be confessed that Captain Breeze was a little taken aback at hearing himself so accurately described by a person he had never before seen in all his life.

"Ha, ha," grinned the dwarf. "I told you that she knew you. Will you enter now?"

"I am going to refuse to enter the Waif.

"Give me your hand and guide me, for I cannot see an inch before me."

"Wait! I will soon have a light," said the dwarf, and a minute after the instant he appeared with a flaming torch in his hand.

"How he had gained it Breeze could not tell. He lit the light on the torch, and was able to examine the cave. It was a low, vaulted passage, with many strange twists and turns. The walls were decorated with bones and skulls, both human and of beasts.

"What think you of our cave?" grinned the dwarf. "Is it not beautiful? But come, I must not keep you waiting of the Rock waiting, or she will be angry."

Leading the way, he passed down to the end of the cave, and here there was a long, narrow passage.

Down this they went, until they reached another cave. Here, seated on the skull of a gigantic bird, was a woman who appeared not to have more than a score of years of age; having been beautiful, although now it was as cadaverous as that of a corpse.

"I am going to refuse to enter the Waif, and I had not lost the gloss of the raven's wing, but was now a grizzled grey, and hung in loose, wild locks about her shoulders. She sat in a long robe of some coarse blue stuff.

"She cast a sharp glance at the captain as he entered the cave. It was a cave as decorated in the same way as the other was, only that there were more human skeletons here. In different parts of the room were stuffed sea monsters, birds, and other creatures.

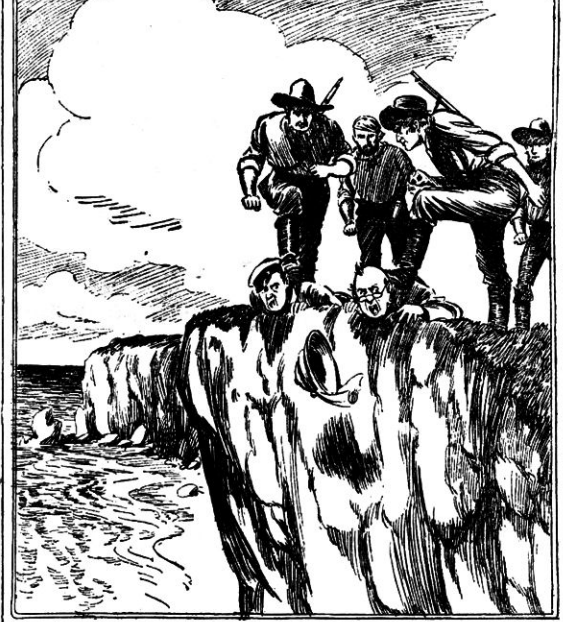
"Waif of the Waves," cried the hag, as the captain entered this terrible place, "what messenger dost thou have with the Witch of the Rock?"

"In truth, good mother, I scarcely know," replied our hero; "but first let me know since I am going to refuse to enter the Waif, where are my doctor and man, Dr. McTaggart and Peter Painter?"

"The Waif of the Waves will never see them again!" roared the hag, and then burst into a shrill laugh.

"Wah, wah," cried Captain Breeze, "if you know what has become of them I charge you tell me! Nay, mock me not, for I shall hold you answerable for their lives!"

"Hold me answerable!" laughed the crone.



A heavy foot was placed on Peter's back, and another on the doctor's. Fear held them both motionless.

The men stood ready, and answered one after the other to their names—save two.

"Dr. McTaggart!" cried the captain again and again, but no answer came.

"Who saw the doctor last?" demanded Captain Breeze.

"I think I did," said one of the men. "When we were up by the deep gully up yonder, the doctor bribed Peter Painter to go with him to seek for a mirabulous, confabulous, daisyous, or something like that, which he had heard grow upon these rocks."

"And did that fool go with him?" demanded the captain sternly.

"I rather think he took the two pounds and slipped away with the doctor."

"At this the men could not help laughing, but Captain Breeze was in no humour for mirth.

"Silence!" he cried. "Do you not know that we are most likely standing on a mine? Those pirates I still believe to be hidden on this island. Where, I cannot say, but I shall keep the ship close to the rock, discover them, and to prevent them receiving any relief from their comrades."

"What can we do now, sir?" demanded Barnacle.

"I scarce can say. I wish I had ordered the doctor out of the boats."

"He'd get out on one of the boats, sir, at all events," said Barnacle, with a grin.

"I pray you be quiet! Let no word pass to a moment. Where is Davey?"

"I'm here," said Davey, standing forward.

unable to follow, the dwarf danced along as if it were the easiest part in the world.

"Now and then he would pause and look behind to see if his companion was following.

"Who saw the doctor last?" he cried. "We shall soon be there. Oh, yes, very soon!"

"The sooner the better," muttered Captain Breeze. "Your mother must be as agile as I if she climbs this mountain often. Or, perhaps, she goes in for the proper witch's trade—a broom, and of leaves."

"At length they reached a deep fissure in the rock, at the brink of which Davey paused.

"This fissure was not much more than six feet wide at the top, but seemed to be much wider at the bottom, where the sea beat in with such force that the spray reached the place where Captain Breeze stood.

"The rocks, which were evidently of volcanic formation, had taken the most fantastic forms, and the captain could scarcely believe that art had lent its aid to nature."

"Here and there a jutting piece of rock resembled a horribly grotesque head, no doubt the same way as the other was, only that the pebbles which formed the eyes, he had no doubt had been placed there purposely by the artist. The artist wished to increase the weirdness of the place.

"Why do you pause here?" said Breeze.

"It is not a pretty spot, nor a pleasant one. I have seen it no pleasant one. This is the way that the wicked spirits come to my mother."

"A most fit path. But I wish to go to your

THE BOYS' HERALD.
ONE PENNY EVERY WEDNESDAY.

THE WAIF OF THE WAVES.

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Bah! Do you not know that I have power to call up spirits from the deep who would rend you limb from limb to protect me..."

Tophat to light the magic cauldron! I thank the Deity for the cauldron..."

"Spirits of the vasty deep, Ye who never rest or sleep, Spirits of the hidden fire, Casting pestilence most dire..."

Scarcely had the witch concluded this incantation than there seemed to be an explosion in the wild beach of the cauldron, and livid flashes of fire sprang from the hole..."

hand, Captain Breze leaned over and gazed down the hole in the cauldron..."

not, then you are an impostor, and in both cases I had better be free of you..."

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"Do you know who were my parents, when I was born, my mother started up, and I say I know all, but dare not reveal my knowledge..."

In spite of all his incredulity, our hero could not help being started, and the voices were on undoubtedly those of the early pre-historic Painter..."

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"Foul Play," a Tale of the Dandy Champion, by Clement Hale, appears next week.



The CAPTAIN. A FINE LONG, COMPLETE FOOTBALL TALE. BY CHARLES HAMILTON.

"They would be laughed at in Widbrook itself; the very kids would poke fun at them. They won't take a licking from us if they can help it."
"But I don't see how they can help it."
"I don't, either; but I feel certain they've got something up their sleeve," said Jack, with conviction.

Hammond walked on for a little way with a thoughtful frown on his face. It was Saturday afternoon, and the streets were crowded with fellows leaving their work. Hammond spoke again abruptly after a few minutes.
"Here's something in what you say, Jack, though I can't guess at their little game. Suppose we go over and have a look at them this afternoon before we turn out for practice? I know they're playing at home."

"Well, it's not more than twenty minutes' walk. Then we'll go after dinner."
"Good!"
And the lads separated at Jack's door. Jack went in to dinner still with that frown on his brow. He felt convinced that Widbrook Wanderers had a surprise prepared for their rivals; but, coddled his brains as he might, he could not guess what it was, and had thought of to escape impending defeat.

Jack Nelson jined his club again in time that he walk over to Widbrook club, was not a great distance from Slagdale. They arrived in time to see the commencement of the match the Wanderers were playing at home.
There was a difference between the Widbrook club and the Slagdale. The Widbrook fellows were playing in a really good ground, had a more expensive place and better fittings generally.

They carried themselves, as a rule, with an air of superior superiority, which was not very gratifying to lads who were conscious of playing a better game.
The crowd to witness the match on the present occasion, the friends of the Wanderers being there in strong force. They were playing a club of their own called the Northey Rangers. Hammond, and Nelson hardly looked at the latter. Their eyes were fixed on the Wanderers as they lined up for the kick-off.

"My hat!" muttered Jack Nelson.
And Hammond's teeth came together with a click.
"Two new men in their ranks," said Jack; "that's the little secret! They've taken on two new recruits to lick us, and they're trying them on the match."

"That's it!"
"And I've seen them before," said Jack, a little bitterly.
That fellow at centre-forward is Dave Birt, who was professional player for two years, and has played in Second League teams. And look at centre-half; that's Wright, who played in an amateur for a First League team last year."

"The cads!" said Hammond.
There was no other word for it. "Playing the game was not exactly to be called playing the game.
And, as a matter of fact, both Hammond and Nelson shrewdly suspected that the two new men had received some consideration—secretly, of course.

Fellows who had played for League teams were not likely to be in the line of the local football for nothing. That, however, it would be impossible for the juniors to prove, even if they cared to rake up so unpleasant a subject.
"Well, I call it rotten!" said Jack, as the whistle went and the game started. "Those two chaps make all the difference. How are we to make any headway against League players?"

"We can't."
"Then you're done in."
"Looks like it," said Ted gloomily.
"Whatever it's objected."
"We haven't any right; and they would say it was only an excuse for getting out of a job too big for us. They'd scratch the match."

"Then they've got us!"
"Yes," said Hammond grimly, "they've got us!"
The two lads looked on in silence at the play. On the whole, however, Northey and Widbrook were about equally matched, but just now Widbrook simply walked over their visitors.

Two new recruits made all the difference. A youthful amateur side was not likely to offer much opposition to fellows who had taken part in the stern struggle for League honours.
The visitors were walked over, and goal after goal was scored by Wright and Tait, till the score was four to the first half alone.

Nelson and Hammond looked on with glum faces. When the following Saturday came, they would certainly put up a better fight than the Northey fellows were now doing; but against a forward and a half like Tait and Wright, they knew that their defence would be unable. Slagdale played a fine game, but it was no use expecting miracles of them.

In the second half the success of Widbrook was still more pronounced. The match ended on the home side eight goals to one, and the Widbrook crowd cheered them as they came off the field. Hammond and Nelson were standing close to the spot where the players, panted, and Melville, the Widbrook captain, nodded to them with a smile. There was a harsh guttural remark in his eye.

"Well, do you think of the match?" he grinned.
"Of you were bound to win?" said Hammond curtly.
"Feel a little nervous about next Saturday?" laughed Melville. "We've got a couple of new recruits. I dare say you've noticed them."

"You will be playing them against us?"
"Of, yes; I think so."
And Melville passed on, grinning, and most good-naturedly were grinning too. The Wanderers had been uneasy, but they felt secure enough now. Their prestige was quite safe, and they were not likely to be troubled. And the means they had used to reach that security did not trouble them. They regarded it as a praiseworthy stroke of policy on the part of their captain.

Hammond and Nelson walked home in silence. They had looked forward very much to the next Saturday match, but now it was only a defeat that they had to look forward to.
A defeat on fair terms they would not have over-reached was not pleasant.

"Well, we'll give them a tussle, anyway," said Hammond at last.
"Of course, if you want to," said Jack, with a whole side of his face. "I'm sure we'd do our best."
"That's all we can do," agreed Jack. "Only it's a licking."

And they went to their own ground, where their comrades were awaiting them for a practice match.
THE END CHAPTER.
The certain fact.
SLAGDALE JUNIORS turned out a good team, and there were sufficient playing members of the club to form two sides for a practice match.

The Slagdale ground left much to be desired. Over in Widbrook the Wanderers had a ground that was well equipped with dressing-rooms, and some accommodation for spectators. There was a field to spare.

The Slagdale youngsters had a portion of a field reserved for them, and the Slagdale youngsters had had to take very good care of it themselves. The ground belonged to Mr. Lacey, Jack's employer, one of the richest manufacturers in Lancashire, whose interest in the great game was very keen. His son, Frank Lacey, was a Corinthian, and his exploits were often talked of in the Slagdale school. Mr. Lacey was proud of his son, and it was partly this that led him to take an interest in the game of young players.

The ground was lent to the boys, and the goal-posts and nets had been a present from the kind-hearted manufacturer when the club was founded. More than once Frank Lacey, when he had happened to be at home, had come over to the ground to see the youngsters play, and often had given the gold of his own aid. The boys naturally looked up to and respected the Corinthian very much.

The play had commenced, and the youngsters were in the thick of it, when a handsome young fellow of about twenty-two came strolling down to the ground, humming the air of the latest football song.
The boys were too busily engaged to notice him for the time, and he stood with his hands in his pockets, looking on at the play with a smile on his handsome face.

Hammond was captaining the Slagdale side, and Jack Nelson had taken command of the scratch team he was new to him. Nelson was playing up splendidly. He was light, lithe, and active, and the way he worked a path through opposing halves and backs was wonderful.

No one seemed able to stop him, and twice already he had found himself in possession of the net. Hammond's eyes glinted with satisfaction at the exploits of his chum, though at the moment he was still playing his best to win him.
There wasn't a trace of jealousy in the Slagdale captain's heart. He was only too glad to see Jack in such form. It gave him a glimmering of hope for the next Saturday when they met the Wanderers.

"By Jove," muttered the onlooker at the game, "that's a beauty! He's playing up like a young international!"
Jack had taken the ball fairly from the foot of Bert Robins, an opposing half, and was skimming a pass with it. He dodged the backs

in masterly style, dribbling the ball fairly round their feet, and rushed for goal. He tricked the goalkeeper, and sent the leather into an unexpected corner of the net.
"Goal!" shouted the spectators, clapping his hands. His shout drew the attention of the juniors to him.

"Mr. Frank!" exclaimed Jack Nelson. "I didn't see you, sir!"
Frank Lacey laughed.
"Quite right. Keep your eyes for the game. Play up, my lad. I'm going to see the finish!"
And Frank Lacey stayed for the finish, watching the junior game with great interest.

When the match was over, and the boys had changed, the heir of half Slagdale walked part of the way home with Jack Nelson, who was naturally very proud of the honour of being seen in Slagdale streets with Mr. Frank. It was Frank Lacey, the Corinthian winger, not the heir of half a million, whom Jack respected so highly.

Frank Lacey chatted cheerily about football and kindred matters as he walked by Jack's side, and he soon referred to the next Saturday's match.
"I hear that you are playing Widbrook Wanderers next week," he said. "Aren't they a team a little above your weight?"

"They ought to be," said Jack frankly.
"But they are mostly swaggers, sir. They could cut off any player, and they are as we do; but they don't."
"So you are going to cut them?" laughed Frank.

"I don't know. We expected to—and we did want to take them down a peg, after all that Frank, shaking hands with the lad as he parted. "Play hard, and do your level best. I shall walk over there to see the match, I think, as I am staying over next week at my father's."

And he walked away with a cheery smile. But Jack's face was a little overcast when he joined Ted Hammond.
"Is he rotten?" he said. "Yesterday I'd have been jolly glad to have Mr. Frank see our side."

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THE 10th CHAPTER. The Slagdale Footballers.

"I'VE got something up their sleeve," said Jack Nelson, his boyish brow wrinkling in a thoughtful frown. "They're no ordinary boys that they are. But I'm blessed if I can guess what it is."

And Ted Hammond, the youthful captain of Slagdale Junior Athletic, nodded. The two lads were walking home from their place of business in Slagdale when Jack Nelson made the remark. Slagdale Juniors were a club of working lads, mostly employed in the workshops of Slagdale.

They played football as most Lancashire lads do, putting all their heart and all their "beef" into it. Nelson and Hammond were discussing a matter of fact for the following Saturday afternoon—a fixture which had occasioned the lavish footballers some anxiety.

The Slagdale youngsters had had a most successful season so far, but in challenging Widbrook Wanderers they had, in classic phrase, bitten off more than they were likely to be able to chew—at least, in the opinion of the greater part of their public.

For the Wanderers were much older and stronger in many ways. They ought to have been able to wipe the Slagdale boys off the face of the earth, and they had declared their intention of doing so.

Only a few observers noted the fact that, while the younger club were in perfectly fit condition to make a strenuous fight for victory, the Wanderers had allowed themselves to slide to a dangerous extent.

As a matter of fact, the Wanderers prided themselves to some extent on class superiority, and adopted to look down on the working boys' club.

They swaggered about football, but when they played the game their play was not always up to the mark. The whole-hearted success of the Slagdale lads was unknown in Widbrook.

Older and stronger as they were, it was quite possible that when the two sides met on the football ground, the fitness and excellent training of the younger team would carry the day. Ted Hammond and his chum Jack Nelson were confident of success, and in fact, the Wanderers themselves had begun to experience doubts.

Their affected superiority over the Slagdale had almost led them to decline the challenge; but they had to accept it to save their face, and they had promised to simply wipe up the juniors as a punishment for their cockiness.

The Slagdale boys serenely awaited the wiping-up process, without feeling very nervous.
"They average a year or two older than we do," Ted Hammond had remarked, "but they are all gas and swagger. They ought to be able to sit on us, but I believe they shall knock them sky-high; and I believe they're beginning to think so themselves, too."

matched. Now he'll only come to see us lick. Hammond set his teeth. "I feel jolly well inclined to tell Melville what I think about it, and scratch the match!"

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

Frank Lacy talked a few days. It was a fine day. Jack Nelson was walking towards Slagdale in the middle of evening, after a visit to a neighbouring town, when two forms loomed up in the gloom, and he stopped as he recognised Melville, the captain of the Widbrook club, and his friend Tracy.

"Fenny for your thoughts," said Melville, grinning. "You are looking pretty down in the mouth, my son."

"The thing of next Saturday, perhaps," taunted Tracy. "Well, I suppose he knows it's a licking for the kids," said Melville. "I thought all along they would be sorry for their cheek!"

"Oh, yes, rather." "The 'side' of the Widbrook players put on was always intolerable; but under the present circumstances it was hard to endure."

"I don't know about that," exclaimed Jack boldly. "We should have made you sorry for accepting the challenge, I expect, if you had played a game."

"Well, if you call it fair to take on two League players against a junior club, I don't, that's all."

"I suppose I can play any member of the club I like?" "Yes, if they are bona-fide members of the club—though, even then, it would be sharp practice. But they're not."

"An ugly look came over Melville's face." "So you can't take my word on that point?" Jack shrugged his shoulders.

"What the good is it to talk?" he exclaimed. "I didn't mean to say anything about this matter, but we may as well say it out. You can't pull the wool over my eyes. If you endure, we should have you hollow, and you've taken on two players who are practically professionals, simply to save your prestige, and you know that I don't care if they are professionals, but it amounts to that."

"You young cub—" "Better language, please!" said Jack fiercely. "And while we're on the subject I'll say it all out. I believe you're paying Tait and Wright, as I know jolly well they wouldn't join a junior country club for the fun of the thing!"

"It's a lie!" "It's not a lie! It's the truth, and you know it. We shall have to see if they remain in the club after next Saturday."

"They can leave whenever they choose, of course!" "Yes, and they will leave when their job is done. You are going to heat us on Saturday, but it won't be fair play."

"Yes, we are going to heat you, and make you sing as small as ever you sang in your lives," said Melville, between his teeth. "And if you say anything more, we'll give you a hiding now to start with!" added Tracy.

"Jack's eyes blazed. "You couldn't do it! You can't fight any better than you can play football, and you can only win at either by foul play."

the panting laid to his feet. He looked down upon the lad, with a cheery smile. "So it's you, Nelson! I am glad I came along just then. Which way are you going?"

"They'll walk with you." "I'm much obliged to you, sir," said Jack, as the young Corinthian strode along by his side in the dusk. "They were going to duck me in the ditch."

"The rascals! I think I have seen them before." "They are Melville and Tracy, of the Widbrook Wanderers, sir."

"What! Quarrelling with members of a rival team, Jack?" Jack Nelson coloured. "I suppose I oughtn't to have lost my temper, but—but it's hard to lose a footer match by sharp practice."

"How do you mean? Have you had any foul play from the Wanderers?" Jack hesitated a moment. He did not like to place himself in the position of complaining, but he felt that he must explain.

"I'll tell you about it, sir," he said, after a pause. "You can judge whether it's a fair business or not."

"Go ahead!" said Frank Lacy tersely. And Jack explained in a few words how he had been deceived by the Wanderers. "I was not aware of their trick until I had been out for some minutes."

"These two men, Wright and Tait, are practically professionals," he said. "It is inconceivable that they would join a small local club without ulterior motives. It looks to me as if they are being paid for it."

though I've played against the best teams in England. Eh, what do you say? Will your skipper play me?" Jack grinned.

"He'd be jolly glad to, sir! But—but will you really play for a side like the Slagdale Juniors, sir—will you really?" "There's my hand on it," said Frank. "Tait Hammond to come and see me about it, and we'll make all arrangements. It's settled."

Jack Nelson seemed to be walking on air as he hurried off in search of Ted Hammond. It was not only the prospect of licking the Wanderers, but the honour of playing a Corinthian on the Slagdale side. As for the match, that was all right now. Tait and Wright were good players, but Frank Lacy would walk over them. With Lacy in their ranks, the Slagdale had every reason to be confident. It was a Roland for an Oliver, with a vengeance.

Ted Hammond gave a hurrah that rang the length of the street when Jack told him. And from that moment the spirits of the Slagdale Juniors went up with a bound.

THE 4th CHAPTER.

SATURDAY afternoon was a fine, clear, cold winter afternoon—ideal for football. On the Widbrook ground the Wanderers were early ready for their visitors. The kick-off had been fixed for three, and it was now a quarter to, and the boys from Slagdale had not yet arrived.

"I shouldn't wonder if they funk it, after all," Melville remarked to Tracy, as he looked out of the doorway of the pavilion. "They know they've got to earthy against us."

Tracy nodded, with a grin. "That's so—you can tell that by the fury with which they've been talking to me."

"You'll have given him a hiding for his cheek if that continued Lacy hadn't come up. Never mind; we'll give them a licking to-day, and put the cuds in their place."

"Ha, ha! Yes! Ten minutes to three." "Hallo, there's a brake!" "Melville's having thoughts if they could afford it," sneered Melville. "Is it the Slagdale lot?"

"Yes, look! But I say, who's that with them?" "You'll see!" "He's come to see the match, I suppose—come to see them licked!"

"He's come to see the match, I suppose—come to see them licked!" "But—but I suppose he can't be playing?" "Playing? Frank Lacy play for a working boys' club? What ho!"

"It's impossible!" "But the Widbrook fellows now discovered that it was not impossible; that it was not only possible, but the fact. When they learned that Frank was playing for the visitors, an extremely glum look came over the faces of Tait and his friends."

"They were fairly caught!" "Any objection they might have raised to an adult playing in a junior team was discounted in an instant by the fact that they were playing two adults themselves."

Both Tait and Wright were older than Frank Lacy, and one at least of them had been a professional. Melville simply hadn't a leg to stand on. He could only acquiesce quietly, without a word being said, with deadly rage and uneasiness in his heart.

A poorly crowd had gathered to see the match, and when it was known that there was a Corinthian in the visiting side, he was loudly cheered. Every eye was turned upon Frank Lacy, who, the instant he stepped into the field, was hailed, and every fit he looked in the red shirt of Slagdale, head and shoulders above his comrades, sturdy lad as they were.

Frank was taking his share as winger, leaving the centre to Hammond, and he had refused Hammond's urging to accept the captaincy.

To all urging he had replied with a laugh and a shake of the head. He was simply playing for the fun of it, under the leadership of a captain, with a total absence of anything like ambition, more than ever endeared him to the Slagdale fans.

The sides lined up, and the home team took the kick-off. The game started, and from the first it was fast and furious.

That the Widbrook fellows' football was, as Jack had said, mostly swaggar and lounce, was soon seen when they were opposed to the hard and steady play of the lads from Slagdale.

The addition of Tait and Wright to their ranks would certainly have turned the scale in their favour; but the presence of the stalwart Tait and Wright was more than enough for them.

In high spirits, the Slagdale lads threw themselves into the game. "The ball!" all the time, and most of the tussling took place in the home half. Frank Lacy slammed the ball in twice, and the Slagdale lads had had a near run at the whistle went in just before the whistle went for the interval.

The first half ended with Slagdale five goals up. "The spectators cheered then loudly, and the noise of the game spreading through the town, looked down on the crowd in the second half, so that ere long there were some hundreds of people watching the game."

The Slagdale lads snuggled gleefully as they rested for the brief interval. They had entered into the fun of the thing, and from that point of view, it was funny enough.

The two junior teams fought out the match without allies on either side; the home team would certainly have been backed, but so long as they were not being over-powered as the one they were getting now.

Slagdale had taken five goals to nil the first half, and the home team had had a near run off their legs. What was the second half to be like?"

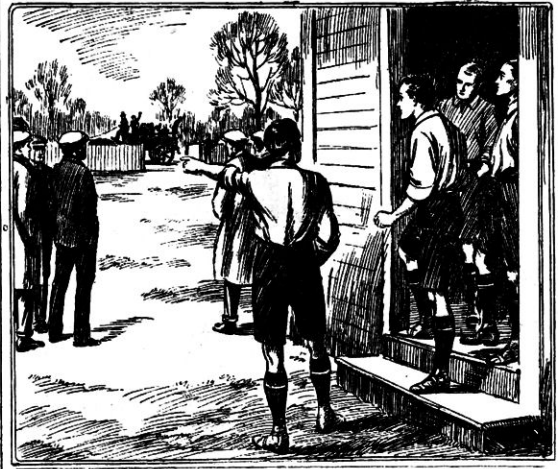
The Slagdale Juniors poured out for the re-employment of play in gay spirits. Frank Lacy wore a genial smile. Many of the spectators were laughing, too, for many of them knew the peculiar circumstances of the match, and were quick to catch on to the joke.

When the whistle went, Slagdale kicked off, and again they plunged boldly into a fast and hard game. The wind was in their faces now, but it made not the least difference to them. They rushed the home team fairly off their legs, and on several occasions the Widbrook fellows stood gaping while the visitors slammed the ball home into the net.

Frank Lacy was not with a couple of goals; but he put "paid" to every effort of Tait or Wright to get at the Slagdale goal. His quickness, his grasp of the game, were wonderful, and they had not the ghost of a chance when his eye was upon them.

As for the Wanderers, they were gasping like fish out of water. They were being played to and fro, lashing their feeble attacks, and getting through their weak defence with ease.

Goal after goal was added to the Slagdale score, till the game assumed an almost farcical aspect, and the crowd were laughing too much to be serious.



Melville pointed excitedly towards the drag containing the members of the Slagdale football team. "They've got Frank Lacy with them," he cried. "Surely they don't mean to play him!"

"That's what we think, sir. But we can't do anything." "No, I don't see how you can, unless you scratch the match."

"Then the whole neighbourhood would say that we funk it!" "Frank Lacy pursued his lips a little. "It's a difficult position," he said. "You can't scratch the match, and at the same time you go to it knowing you will be licked by—well, by sharp practice, if not actual foul play."

"They've been too clever for us," said Jack despondently. "We can play footer, but we're not up to tricks like that."

Frank Lacy broke off. A smile dawned upon his face. The smile broadened to a laugh. The laugh became a roar. It was evident that something had suddenly struck the young Corinthian which tickled him extremely.

Jack looked at him in surprise. "What's up, ha, ha! Is he roarin'?" "My hat! Ha, ha, ha! Jack, my lad, I can see a way out of it!" "Yes, sir?" "I said eagerly. "They've taken on two players above your weight—"

"Suppose you served them the same trick—" "But whom could we play, sir?" said Jack, in amazement. "Play me!" "You, sir?" "Yes!" said Frank, with a roar of laughter. "I shall be down here on Saturday—and you'll be fun if they can play Wright!" "And Tait, you can play me. I'm an amateur,