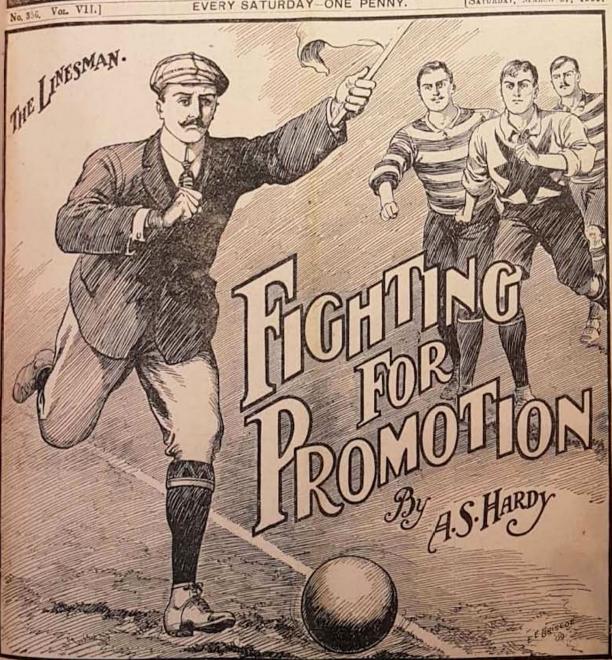
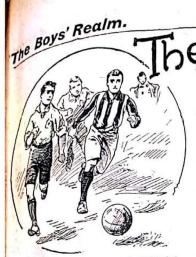
THE FIGHT FOR THE CUP. (SEE NSIDE.)

The BOYS Real d.

of Sport and Adventure.

EVERY SATURDAY- ONE PENNY. [SATERDAY, MARCH 27, 1909.





OUR SECOND COMPLETE SPORTS' YARN.

(anbur)

A Complete Football Story. By CHARLES HAMILTON.

reg ist colored and Enemy, the second pass of a duffer it is a second pass of a duffer it is a second pass of a second pass o

seemed and bey gungaroving the sluming of the sluming of the sluming of the proper place for football in the best of the proper place for football, the sluming of the proper place for football, the sluming of the proper place for football, the sluming of the place of the proper place for football, the place of the proper place for the place of the place

y id.

I forgot the incident the next moment in
remined rush for the ball. The lads
of and swayed in a latighing, shouting
I Ted Hawkesley, Jack's chum, had the
and he passed out to Jack, who was away

Colar him?"

Int Cares was the centre of a rush, and he whished off from goal. But he was not to which of footballers closed round him, a kird, as he had be all flew like a bullet to its

but it did not reach the empty waggon. It was not the goalie who stopped it, but a silk a spot the head of a tall, elegant-looking has gon toe near of the control of t

In addidal had just walked down from be invaystation towards the Goring factory, as a pused near the factory gates to look on the borely in the street with an angry memear. He was extremely well-dressed, but he polished boots to his shining silks when, and carried a light cane in his hand. It was the shining silks when, and carried a light cane in his hand. It was the shining silks when, and carried a light cane in his hand. It was the shining silks when the shining silks when the bind stopped just in the light be goal, and Jack was too busy to see a bar moment.

as that moment. In the last rule the silk hat fairly, and smote lead the young man's head, and it was been as young man lost his come in the shock, and as t down violently, lander midortune, he sat fairly upon the did it was rashed up like a cardboard box for a humer.

and it was crushed up like a cardboard took she hanner.

The was a raw of laughter from some of laughter states, and the samples shad, but not from Jack Carew, in an owner, the young man, and offered with a laud to its young man, and offered with laught of the samples of laughter states, and the samples of laughter shad, and the samples of laug

Ton-you whelp!" he hissed. "Did you

Jack flushed. "I did not kick it at you," he said quietly;

Jack fusione.

"I did not kick it at you," he said quietly;
"it was an accident."

"Yes, I did.

"Yes."
"Ah! I will teach you not to indulge in this horseplay in the streets," said the young man savagely. "You shall be kicked out as a warning to the others!"

warning to the others!" Jack Carew stared at him, and then burst into a scornful laugh.

"I don't think I'm likely to be sacked for this," he said. "I—" T will show you, you young cur!" "Not so many of your fancy names!" exclaimed the lad sharply. "I've told you I'm sorry for the accident; and I will pay for the lat, too, if you like. I've the money in the savings bank. But I'm, not going to be called names by you or anybody else, so I warn you." "You-you brat, is that how you speak to a gentleman?"

"If you were a gouldeness you wouldn't to a gentleman?"

"If you were a gentleman, you wouldn't talk a lad like a blackguard!" replied Jack un-

dauntedly.

The young man elenched his teeth hard, and then, suddenly raising his cane, he struck Jack across the face with it.

"There, you impertinent whelp, take that!" Jack stood for a moment as though turned to stone. There was a shout from the factory ladd.

stone. There was
"Give him one back, kid!"
"Sock it to him!"
But Jack did not need bidding.
He fairly flew at his insulter, and, receiving

without heeding a slash of the cane that nearly numbed his shoulder, he struck out with all his strength, and the young man went recling and staggering back, to fall in a heap in the mud. Jack stood over him with flashing cycle. "Get up, if you want some more!" he cried. "You're bigger than I am; but you'll find that you can't strike a Lancashire lad like a dog!" He was convulsed with rance. His cane was on the ground; but he did not touch the factory lad. "Wait!" he said thickly. "Wait, that's all!"

all!"
And he strode into the open gates of the factory. Ted Hawkesley tapped Jack on the shoulder.
"Good for you, lad! That was what he was asking for."
"I'm sorry it happened," said Jack simply.
"But he couldn't expect me to stand that. But but what did he mean about getting me the sack! And what is he gone into the mill for?
I've never seen him hero before.
"I's Smecone to see Mr. Goring, I suppose."

pose."

The football was over, Jack's face wore a sombre look when he went in for the after-noon's work with the rest. For Jack Carew was the only son of a widowed mother, and upon what he carned in the Goring Iactory they mainly depended for their livelihood. If he had offended some customer, or—still worse—some relation of Mr. Goring, the mili-owner, matted with him and with his mother.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

ACK CAREW'S forebodings were not without ground. He had scarcely taken his place at work when he was called away, and told to go into the manager's office. He went there with a sinking heart. The summons was unprecedented, and he felt

He was right. He tapped at the door and entered, and found that the manager was not there; but Mr. Goring, the proprietor of the mill, was seated at his desk, and with him was

a young man whom Jack knew at a glance -

the victim of the unlucky accident outside too factory.

Mr. Goring was a severe-deatured man of fifty-five or six. He had the reputs of a just but hard man, and Jack read his shown but lard man, and Jack read his shown but had been cook, placed face. They sowing man, the me too his clock where Jack's a glitter of spiteful triumph in his erres. There was no struck him, but otherwise has showed no sign of the encounter. He was as clean and edgant as before the accident.

Mr. Goring turned his cold tyes upon Jack.

Mr. Goring turned his cold tyes upon Jack.

assaulted him!"

and, carew, my ron tells me that you have assulted him !!

Jack's heart was like a stone. The man he had struck was the son of the mill owner! He remembered to have heard talk of young Mr. Goring, who had not been seen in Bodham since he was a lad. But even to the manufaring fown some rumour had crept of nicharacter. That he was proud, arrogant, and hardness the folk said. Jack had heard, too, that he was an ancient footbaler of some distinction. In the cold to be desired to the was the said of the sound whether had been a mattern footbaler of some distinction. In the cold that distinction, it was not so easy to say.

"I—I am sorry, sir!" faltered Jack. "It was an accident!
The mill owner's brows contracted.

The mill-owner's brows contracted.
"Indeed! My son tells me a different

story."
"The hound struck me!" said Gerald Goring. "The-tho low factory hound struck

me!"
"You struck me first!"
"You appear to have an altogether mis-taken idea of the position of a factory-hand, Carew," said Mr. Goring drily, "You will draw your wock's money, and leave the mill at once!"

There was no appeal against that hard voice and harder face. There was no mercy in the handsome, insolent face of the mill-owner's son. Jack Carew turned quietly, and left the

son. Jack Carew turned quietly, and left the office.

Ha left the mill, too, with a few coins jingling in his pockel, and his heart like lead. What was he to say to his mother? He was unemployed?

It left the mill, too, with a few coinsinging in his pocket, and his heart like lead. What was he to say to his mother? He was unemployed!

Unemployed! In a slack season! Already through the Lancashire towns thousands of industrious hands were idle; thousands of brave men, willing, eager to work, saw their homes falling to pieces, their children crying for the street, willing, eager to work to be had. And who was been was one of them. His place in the mill—hard work and poor pay as it was—there were hundreds ready to fill.

And when would he get another place! When—after days, weeks, or months! When his little after of any in the sill gone; when he was shabby and down at heel; when want and worry had sapped his strength and man bood away, and perhaps turned away when he was near it. If he went in before the usual time his mother would wonder, and question him. He nust tell her; but he shrank from it. Dinner was laid in the little kitchen—anall and poor, but clean as a new pin—when Jack went into his home.

Min as he came in.

She was proud of her boy, her sole support since her "man" had died from the cleated in a health of an account her when Jack went into his home.

Mo as he came in.

She was proud of her boy, her sole support since her "man" had died from the effects of an accident in a mill. She was proud of his sturdy strength, and many a time had she put of her shawl to go down to the common and see him playing in the ranks of the Boldman Athletic, winning shouls of applaise from the crowd of spectators; and there always was a crowd there when the young winger was plants the smile died away from her worn, kindly old face as she caught Jack's look.

"Jack, what's wrong?"

He sank into a seat.

"I'm sorry, mother—"?

"What is it?"

"The sack!"

"Young Mr. Goring hac come to the mill. I had a row with him.

"A—a row with the son of Mr. Goring Jack, what's wrong?"

He sank into a seat.

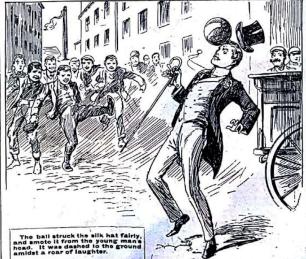
"The vidow's face flushed."

"You, Jack, And be struck you! But—but why?"

"Po you think the same as he does, mother—that a

"No. Jack. And he struck you! Dub-out why?"

He explained drearly. What did it matter not the struck of the struck



as sympathetic; but he had another matter

The Lanbury Winger (cont.).

"You'll be playing for us to-morrow, Jack,

to speak about, one "You'll be playing for us to-morrow, Jack, all the same! He had forgotten Beldham Jack start his place in the morrow's pame. The Abbette were to need a strong team from the neighbouring town of Lindley, and Tel Hawkeeley, the skipper, was somewhat anxions to the result. Jack Carrey shock his head designated the skipper, was somewhat anxions at the result. Jack Carrey shock his head designated by "I don't feel up to feoter now, Ted."
"I don't feel up to feoter now, Ted."
"We shall be nowhere without you. You can't stay at home, and let Lindley walk over us.

Caree was altent.
"He rough about getting out, especially now but it went burt you to play, said thankedep persuasively. "But I won't worry you if you're really not fit. We'll do our less."
If play, all the same, Ted."
"Good."

"I'll play, all the same, Ted."
"Good!"
And Hawkesley left with his face considerably brighter than when he came. The fame of Boldham Ahletie was very dear to the young football captain.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.
Unemployed:

It clatter of the close in the sireet awake Jack Carew the next marining. For the moment he thought he would be late for the mill, and he egrang out to go to. With allow and heavy more meets he dressed timedic as a fresh tramp in search of employment; but after a regule of hours of it. Jack returned unsuccessful and beginning the strength of the stre

rectedly."

Jack leoked at him in wonder.

"I have heard of you," went on the stout gentlemar, smilling at Jack's amazement.

"You are Carew, the champion winger in Boldham Athelic."

The lad coloured.

"I don't know about the champion, sir. I play for Boldham."

"You are playing to-day, I suppose?"

"Yes; the club's meeting Lindley on our own ground."

"Yes; the club's meeting Lindley on our own ground."
"Good! I should like to see the match. You see," explained the slout gentleman, "I take an interest in football. My name is Drake; but I don't suppose you have ever beard of me. I want to ese Boldham play, and I want to see you play with them. Where is the greand!"
Jack Carew tool him. In spite of his despendency at that moment, he could not belo pendency at that moment, he could not belo coubbiler, and it was pleasant to learn that his play had been spoken of outside his native town.

his play had been spoken of outside his native town.

The interest Mr. Drake showed in him was surprising, but it was pleasant, all the same. Willingly enough Jack gave him the particulars of the match, and Mr. Drake thanked him, and walked away briskly, home, but the smile freder from his too as he saw the sad looks of his mother.

"No new, Jack!"

He shook his head.

"I'm afraid it's no good trying in Boldham, mother," he said. "I shall have to go further affek!."

Jack-" The widow hesitated. Her son

"Jack.—" The widow hesitated. Her son looked at her.
"Yes, mether?"
"Why not try to move young Mr. Goring? Ho cannot be so hard upon you if—if he knew the circumstances. Then, besides, he is a footballer, and he would naturally have some follow-feeling on that subject."
Jack amiled.
Not a bir of it, mother. He belongs to the Note hir of it, mother. He belongs to the under her tree swell amateur clut, and he looks on us factory lade as dirt under his feet—the cur! Where would he get the money he spends if it want for us?"
"Jack, if you were to see him now he has head time to calm down—"
The Lancashire lad gritted his teeth.
"I'd rather starve—'I'd rather—" But there, I ought to this of you first, mother!" He choked over the words. "Til—"I'd go to him?"

I cught to think of you man, monter: a choked over the words. "Till—Till got to him; l'ill try!"

And Jack was as good as his word. He felt that, as far as he was concerned, he would have been cut in pieces first, and the would have been cut in pieces first, and the want for the same that the could not seen that the word of the country of the countr

"H you please, sir—"
"Are you talking to me?" said Gerald Goring, turning round. His friend looked curiously at the lad, and strolled away. Goring's eyes glittered.
"Yes, sir!" The words stuck in Jack's threat, but he got them out. "1-1-1've come to six you to—to pardon me for—for what hape penel vestralay, sir, and to speak a word for me to Mr. Gering!" and to speak a word for "You insolent young tub."
"You insolent young tub."
Jack's eyes blazed, but he ledd back the how words that kepped to his lips. "I can only say I'm sorry, sir. I don't want to leee my employment at this time—I mean. I've my mother to think of! Will you forgive me."

It was cating humble-pie with a vengeance; It was cating humble-pie with a vengeance; and it was torture to the high-spittited lad. But it seemed amusing to Gerald Goring.

"Ha, ha, ha! This is rather a change from yesterday, my lad!"

"Yee had time to think, sir," said Jack

humbly.
"Well, you can take some more time to
think," said Goring, with a sneer. "I'll have
to insubordinate hounds in this mill. Get

Then you won't—
"Till kick you out if you don't get out!
That's the most I'll do for you!"
The byo turned away without a word.
Goring's mocking laugh rang in his ears as he went. He had humbled himself numbled himself to the dust before a man he despised—and all for nothing!
The hoster sounded, and a crowd of hands poured out of the mill. Ted Hawkesley overtook Jack, and sild his arm through his chum's. "Found anything yet, Jack."
Jack shock his head hope farm out all right. By the word had been dear the news!"
"Mr. Drake is in Boldham—have you heard of Drake's—be's the manager of Lambury Ravers. They yo lots come of their best players this teason, and be's looking out for new blood. The fellow are saying that he's cume to Helsham to look for recruits. What do you think of that! I dare say it's only talk; but I shouldn't be surprised to see Mr. Drake looking on a our match this afternoon.

Jack did not reply: he was thinking, and a faint, wild hope had eprung up in his heart.

THE 41b CHAPTER.

THE 4th CHAPTER

THE 41h CHAPTER.

A Biroke of Luck.

I was a bright, cold Saturday aftermoon, and half Boldham had turned out on the common to watch the match between the ground left much to be desired, for the Athletic and the visiting club. The was a page club. Accommedation for spectators there was mone, for those that did not care to stand. But on Boldham ground, poor as it was, there was sometimes seen finer foot ball than was entry accessory for the confort of players and spectators. The Boldham lads played as they worked—hard. And there was a jovial-locking stout gentleman in a foremest place among the crowd, who looked on with approval at the stardy young footballers as Lindley kicked off, and the sides met in strife for the clusive leather.

If was a keen, hard game, Lindley were a little older and stronger than the home team, but they had no forward like Jack Carew. Jack had put away all thought of the froubles on the football-field, he thought only of football. And the secret knowledge that an authority in the world of professional football was watch had afternoon as he had seldem played before; and the Boldham crowd, more than ever delighted with their favourie, cheered him to the echo.

And a stout gentleman dapped his plump

the echo.

And a stout gentleman clapped his plump hands again and again in delight as a little, writt forward went down the field with the ball at his feet, and shouted with the loudest. "Bravo-bravo, Carewi Goal-goal". "Goal I Hurrah!" "Goal That his first half the only goal scored on either side was taken by Jack Carew. In the second or the company of the property of the consummate play of the Boldman winger.

four would have fallen to the visitors during the game but for the consummate play of the Boldman window, where he was wanted, and, if a desperate chance was tried, Jack was to the fore—if the halves were lost, Jack was in their place—and he saved the defence when the hacks were wanting; and the cheers grew thunderous as the game drow to a close and Boldman were still one up.

The whistle went at last, leaving Boldman victors by one to nil, after a gruelling game, in which they hed the odds against them all the time.

There was a flush of healthy exercise and of There was a flush of healthy exercise and of pleasure in Jack's 'clacks as he came off the field with his comrades, amid ringing cheers. For the moment he forget that he was out of a berth; like the was one of the unemployed. The Boldham folk pressed round him, to shake him by the hand, to thung him on the class among those who congratulated him was a court gentleman, whose face by this time "Splendid!", Splendid!", Splendid!, The hope splendid!", Splendid. The property of the property of

important to say to you. It was you after you've changed, if you've no other engagement."

And when Jack was in his every-day attire again he raid goed-how to his friends, and Mr. Brake walked with him towards his home in the humblert question of Boldham. The manager of Lambury Rovers was smiling with satisfacted all the way. He talked foot-hall to the as no detail of the great game, the did not know to the finger-tips.

But he did not broach any personal matter did they excluded the fine of t

I have ventured to call, madam," he said, "I have ventured to call, madann." he said, "because I am going to try to take your son away from you. I have come to Beldham to look for fresh blood for the Lambury Club. You see, we are not rich enough to buy players like some of the bligger clubs. And I've always had a presumation that good material was to be found among the lads of my mative county. I have seen your son play, and if I can persuade him, he will join Lambury Rovers."
"Oh, sit?" "Oh, sit?"."

"Oh, sir!"
"What do you say, lad?"
Jack's eyes were dancing. He had faintly hoped for something of the kind: but to have his daring lopes realised—more than realised. His look was a sufficient reply to the football-

manager.

"understand that you're employed in Beldham," sei did Mr. Drake. "I don't know what you as getting, but I can undertake to get Ing. but I can undertake to get Ing. but I can undertake to get I have best my job, sir," said Jack simply.

"In then that clears the ground. But stay i" Mr. Drake's face changed a little. "It is nothing—you understand, be frank with me. Lanhury Rovers do not want any player who has been sacked for any kind of shady action."

Jack crimsoned.

Jack crimsoned and kind of shady action."

Jack crimsoned a line of the shady action."

Come, tell me with a simple frankness that cried in the simple frankness that cried him on the shoulder.

"I don't blame you, Jack; the fault was less yours than his, at all events. It makes no difference to my offer. I underlake that you shall draw two pounds a week from the start, What do you says."

"God bless you, sir!" faltered the poor widew; and the was week!

"Oh, sir!"
"God bless you, eir!" faltered the poor widow; and she was weeping tears of joy when the manager of Lanbury Rovers took his leave.
Mr. Drake chuekled gleefully as he left the

house.

"I'm in luck! A fine lad—a fine lad! Aud Gerald Goring, too! How curious that our next match but one is with Lantham Wanderers—Goring's club. The young dandy will have the pleasure of facing the factory lad in a fight for the Lanworth Leigue Cup. And I don't think the factory lad will play the wore of the two!"

THE 5th CHAPTER.

On Equal Torms.

ACK CAREW lived in a dream for the next few days.

It was a delightful dream; and it was some days before he was sure that he would not awake.

At Mr. Drake's suggestion Mrs. Carew moved to Lanbury, so that Jack could live near the Rovers' training ground, and still have the advance of staying with his mother. Every practice, and he was so assiduous so painstaking, so determined to excel, that the Lanbury trainer was delighted with him.

There was no nonesses about Jack. He knew he was a good player, but he knew he had much to learn; and he was eaged, and grateful to all who could help him. By the other decent fellows their received. They were not up to the lovel Mr. Drake desired. Lambury was a small club fighting its way to the front, and Mr. Drake's system of notting recruits was turning out well—in Jack Carew's case, at least.

Adult have strived his harlest.

Adult have strived his harlest.

Adult have strived his harlest.

The trainer reported highly of him from the first; at the end of a week he was tried in a match, and his splendid play, of consistent excellence from first to last, won golden opinions on all sides. The trainer declared that he was for the splitting of the progress with keen pleasure. The trainer, "that for the lad, sir," the don't know what we thould do against Lanthum next was completed and the progress with keen pleasure. The stable but the splitting the was not only his own qualities, but the splitt of enables to the team to the but he was not only his own qualities, but the splitt of enables to the team to the but he was not only his own qualities, but the splitt of enables to the team to the but he was not only his own qualities, but the splitt of enables to the team to the but he was not only his own qualities, but the splitt of enables in the splitting the sum of the splitting the symmetric of enables in the symmetric of enables in the symmetric of enables in the splitting the symmetric of enables in the symmetric of enables in the symmetric of

infused into the rest, Lanlary frought their way into the final lower worth Cop, but Mr. Dreak and Rower worth Cop, but Mr. Dreak and Rower hard a control of the final lower hard as the thought of S. Now I have hard to meet Gerald Goring be that the for the cut that we will be the for the cut that part of Laurenheim, the form of the cut that the form of the cut that would willingly have cuined in the would willingly have cuined in the would willingly have cuined in the form of the cut turned out so well for him: "My a view of least on which was the cut turned out so well for him: "My a view of least on the cut turned out so well for him: "My a view of least on the cut turned out so well for him: "My a view of least on the cut turned out so well for him: "My a view of least on the cut turned out so well for him: "My a view of least on the cut turned out so well for him turned out so well for him turned out so well for him turned to the cut turned out so well for him turned out so well for him turned to the cut turned out so well for him turned out so well for him turned to the cut turned out so well for him turned to the cut turned turned to the cut turned turned turned to the cut turned tu fooling, the damanted amateur who was thousands was only the equal, on the field, of the factory lad he had be injured.

find, of the factory lad be had to had be lead injured.

Jack Carew was in his best Poulds to Mark Carew was in his best Poulds to when the day arrived.

There was a big crowd in the Labour closures when the hour came. Propos had cup. When the teams turned for the cup. When the teams turned on an analysis of the cup. When the teams turned on an analysis of the cup. When the teams turned on an analysis of the cup. When the teams turned on an analysis of the cup. When the teams turned had been compared to the cup. When the teams turned on an analysis of the cup that the cu

en he tossed with the Lambury shippe "Yes," said the latter cheerfully, sh we had been able to pick up a te-

wish we had been also to love up a few a like him."

Gerald bit his lip, and Jack laughed to The visitors won the tose, and the side

A certain swagger was visible in manner of the anniteurs at the start, but ten minutes play that vanished. For, at the end of ten minutes the skipper, securing the ball from skipper, securing the ball from the skipper, securing the ball from the skipper, securing the ball from the skipper securing the skipper

And try as they would, the vision on not equalise by half-time, and the tens off the field with Lanbury still one on it. When they kicked off for the escode that the tens of the field with Lanbury still one of the great deal more determined. Great deal more determined. There was no doubt that they content but the still the tens of the still the

home team to some extent, but they had man who was a patch on the new late

man who was a patch on the new belowinger.

Afr. Drake, in the grand stand, rubbed blump hands with glee.

"Good! Splendid! What a next rubok to ball's in again! Hurrah!"

The ball had gone in again from a laid toot, again from a clever pass by the winger. Gerald Goring's face was properly again from a clever pass by the standard of the standard of

was a rost.
"Go it, Carew!"
"On the bull!"
"Kick! Kick!"
"Goal!"

"Goal!"
The ball was in the net. Three up let le bury, and a quarter of an hour more is ju And now the Lantham faces were fine a dark; what hope had they of even equire.

one's Year hope had they of each deforing packed his goal for defences he fee was a Lanbury winger who came heart of defence for the goal for defence the fee was a Lanbury winger who came heart of defence like a knife through butter, and is the goalkeeper hands down.

Four up for Lanbury and the same and the goalkeeper hands down and the same trought of the field, victors in the by four goals to nil; a score that made the properties yell with design, throw their hats into the air, not carify a where they came down, or whether they came down, or whether they came down, or whether they came down at all.

Leek was almost mobbel by his salinger.

came down at all.

Jack was almost mobbel by his ethical state of the state of the

not feel like cheering anybody just het.

Jack Carew's friumph was most pink
than he knew; but the lad was more or of his enemy than. His own common to the conjunt for him, and in his delight he form
—and, in fact, almost forgot the prosimad in fact, almost forgot the prosimad injured him. And one of the prosimonnents in lis life was when, since he are
the was chaired back to his frozend, and
the shoulders of a shouting from the promother came in massement and prints in
him, and were with pleasure and prints in
yells of the enthusactic Lanbour, fallow to
nounced that her son was the winset out. cup!

(Grand complete justball and lanten - doing