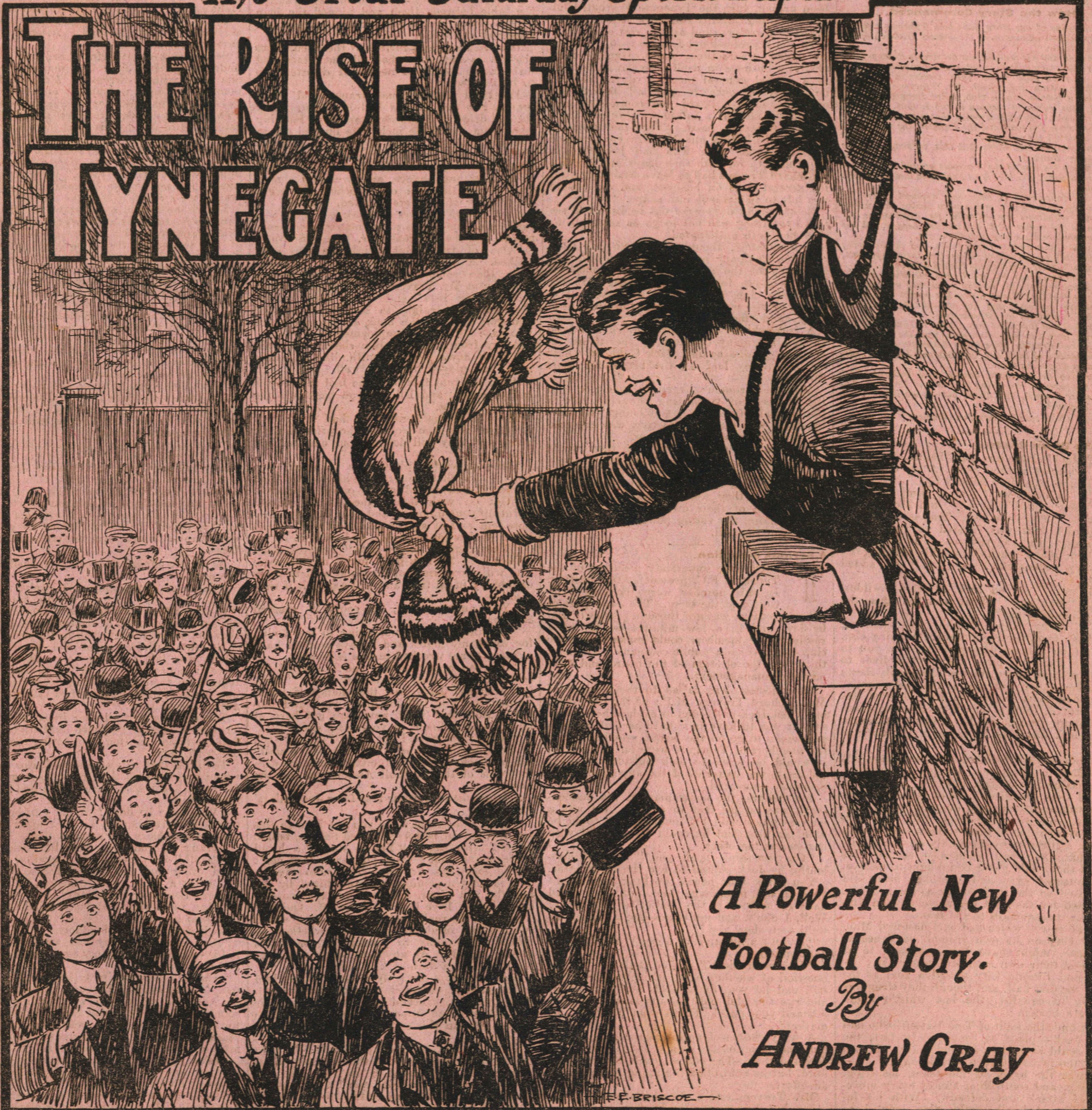


NOW ON SALE! GRAND ENLARGED NUMBER OF 'THE BOYS' HERALD.' 20 PAGES FOR 1d.

# The Boys' Realm 1910

*The Great Saturday Sports Paper.*

## THE RISE OF TYNEGATE



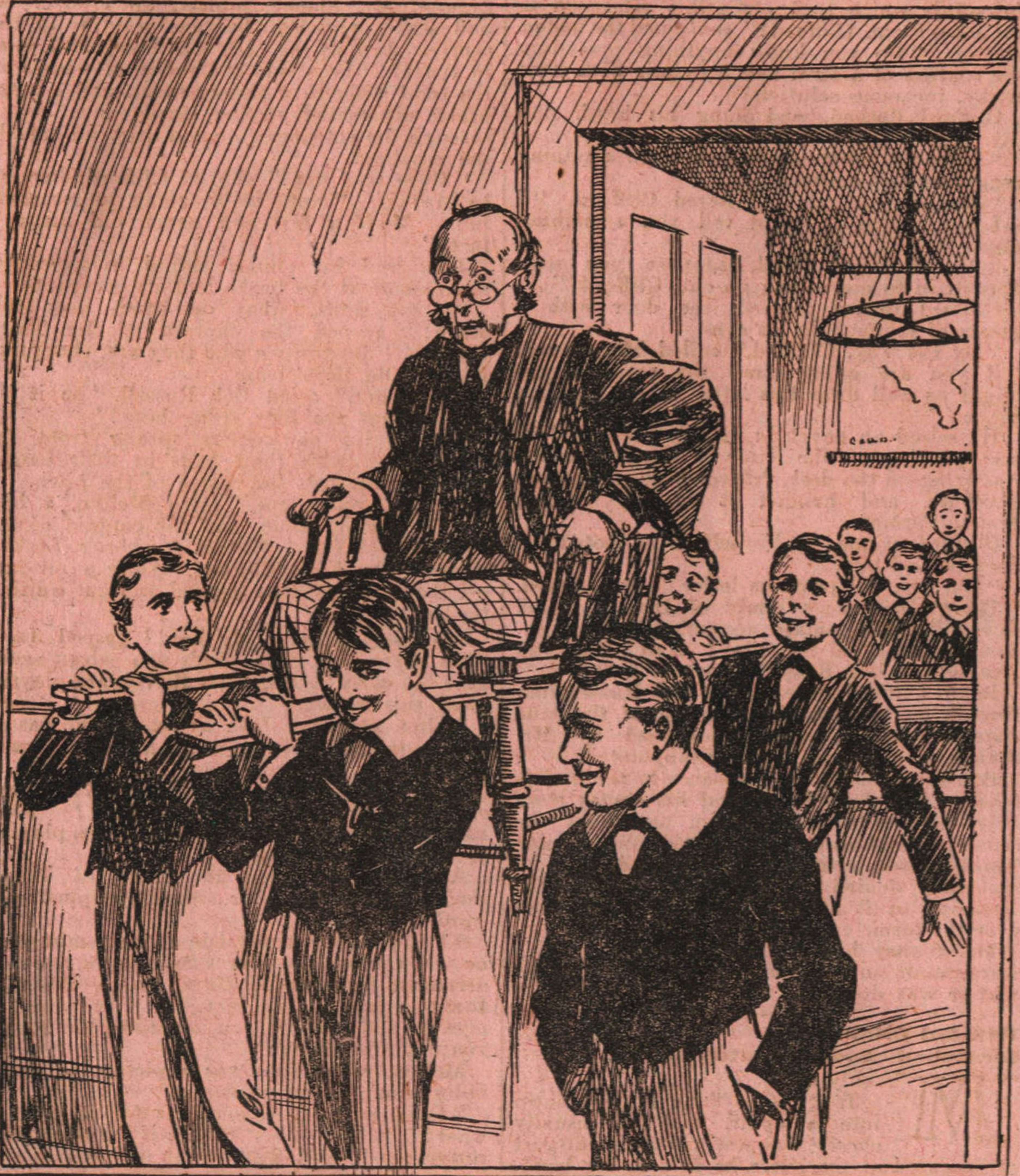
*A Powerful New  
Football Story.*

*By  
ANDREW GRAY*

F. F. BRISCOE

# THE OLD BOYS' MATCH.

A Rollicking Long, Complete Tale of Jack Noble and Pelham School.



Amid irrepressible gusts of laughter, Mr. Slaney was hoisted up on the boys' shoulders, and solemnly carried out of the room.

## THE 1st CHAPTER. Russell's Stickhard Cement—And a Use for It.

**B**OB RUSSELL, the eccentric inventive genius of Pelham School, gave vent to a fiendish chuckle of delight, and stirred vigorously at the evil-smelling contents of a jampot, which was suspended by a wire over the flame of a gas-jet in Jack Noble's study. Bob was an inventor in name only. The previous creations of his brain had failed lamentably; but Bob turned a stony eye on failure, and swivelled a glimmering orbit on the future success he hoped to attain.

He gave another scooping stir at his steaming concoction, and Jack Noble, the captain of the Pelham Third Eleven, who was busily engaged in jotting down on paper his team for the following Saturday's match, looked up with a sniff and a terrible frown.

"What the dickens are you up to, Bob?" he yelled. "For goodness' sake chuck that filthy muck out of the window! It's enough to choke a chap!"

Bob gave a snort of disgust, and then spluttered and sneezed, as a cloud of yellow smoke puffed up in his face.

"It's not a pleasant smell," he acknowledged bravely. "But then, one must put up with these little drawbacks in the all-glorious cause of science."

"All-glorious fiddlesticks!" growled Jack. "What is it? Another of your rotten inventions?"

Bob drew himself up haughtily.

"This," he snapped, pointing to the contents of the jampot, "is what is destined to be known in the world of trade as Russell's Patent Stickhard Cement. It'll stick anything from stamps to boiler-plates. A few drops on the hoofs of an elephant would hold the mighty quadruped as though rooted to the ground. It's wonderful stuff! It'd stick anything!"

"Well, I can't stick the niff of it, at any rate," coughed Jack Noble. "Great Scott, it's enough to peel the paper off the walls. Can't you go and juggle with it somewhere else?"

"You don't realise what a wonderful discovery I've made!" cried Bob angrily. "Your feeble brain can't grasp the possibilities of my invention. It's—"

"Rats to your inventions!" broke in the Third Eleven captain rudely. "What about your patent football-boot? That was a howling success, wasn't it? Give over, Bob, my lad, give over! You know as much about inventing as the lordly Clifford does

about football. Give it a rest." And Jack buried his head in his papers again.

Just at that moment the study door opened, and Macalpine, Pelham Third's right-back, Valence, and Murphy, the irrepressible Irish lad, came bounding in.

"Oh, here you are, you bounders!" cried Mac. "We've been looking all over the place for you! Drake and McIlvaine are holding a football meeting in their study, an' require the honour of your presence, old sons."

Jack grabbed up his papers, and sprang to his feet with a grin.

"Right, my bonnie haggis! Lead on MacMac of MacMacville!"

Bob carefully placed his precious cement on the mantelpiece, and the five went clattering down the corridor.

Several minutes afterwards the study door was pushed open, and Clifford, of the Shell, poked his long nose cautiously round the corner.

Clifford was the captain of the Junior Football Eleven at Pelham, and, as such, had always treated the members of the Third Form with scant respect. However great their ability, he would never select any of them to play for the junior team. This unfair treatment had excited the anger and indignation of Jack Noble and his chums to such an extent that they had formed an eleven of their own.

The Third Eleven, as it was called, soon made a name for itself on the football-field, and eventually challenged the Juniors to a match.

This challenge Clifford had at first refused to accept, but at last circumstances compelled him to do so, and the result of the match was a defeat for his team by the odd goal in three.

Since then the Juniors and the Third had always been at loggerheads, and Clifford and his cronies seized every opportunity to wreak their spite on their younger rivals, but with very little success. Jack and his merry chums were not easily to be caught napping, and generally managed to turn the tables on the Juniors.

Clifford glanced round the study, and, seeing it was empty, stepped in, followed by his special cronies, Marker, Prince, and Bayne.

"My maiden aunt, what a shocking niff!" sniffed the captain of the Juniors. "Like a blessed soap-factory! I always said the dirty little beasts never washed. It's enough to stifle one. Hallo, what's this?"

He stepped across to the mantelpiece and picked up Bob Russell's cement. There was a

label on the jampot, and, turning it round to the light, Clifford read the rudely-printed inscription on it.

"Russell's Patent Stickhard Cement! My hat, another of that young ass's rotten inventions. Phew, it niffs like bad drains!"

Clifford smacked a small quantity of the cement on the mantelpiece, and then placed the jampot on it. The look of surprise on his face was acute when he tried to pick it up again, and found it stuck as hard as iron. He stared at it open-mouthed for a second, and then suddenly gave vent to a quiet chuckle of delight.

Prince, Bayne, and Marker, scenting trouble for someone, grouped round expectantly.

"What's the matter, Cliffy—what's the wheeze?"

"Out with it, old son! Don't keep it to yourself!"

"What's the giddy jape?"

Clifford gazed vacantly at the ceiling.

"It's just struck me," he said, with a sly wink, "that our venerable young friend Russell is a very clever child, and ought to be encouraged in his scientific researches. I am sure he doesn't realise what an excellent cement he has concocted, and I think it is our duty to open his eyes to the fact."

His three chums looked puzzled.

"What do you mean?" Prince asked.

Clifford gave another chuckle.

"Well, we're due for mathematics in another twenty minutes," he continued, "and the Third take them with us under old Slaney. Noble, Russell, Mac, and Valence all sit on the same form—the front one on the left-hand side, opposite us."

"What the dickens are you raving about?" snapped Marker. "I fail to see what that has to do with young Russell's stinking cement."

"Come along with me, and I'll show you," grinned Clifford, picking up the pot of stickhard, and also the broad, flat paste-brush. "Let's get down to the Form-room before any of the others turn up."

## THE 2nd CHAPTER. Fun in the Form-room.

**I**N mystified silence Prince, Marker, and Bayne followed Clifford down the corridor to the Third-Form class-room. It was empty at the time, though another quarter of an hour would find it tenanted by several dozen intelligent and industrious scholars, being drilled in the rudiments of geometry by Mr. Slaney, the quick-tempered master of the Third Form.

"This is the form where Noble and his mouldy crew sit," grinned Clifford, with a wave of his hand, when they had gained the room. "Don't you chaps think it could do with a coat of varnish?"

Prince, Marker, and Bayne looked at one another, and a broad smile spread simultaneously over their faces.

"My hat, you're a genius, Cliffy!"

"Great Scott, what a howling good jape! Ha, ha! I can see young Noble's face when he sits down!"

"Jemima, it's a champion idea!"

Clifford blushed beneath this volley of praise, and then, uncorking the pot of stickhard cement, slapped a thick coat of it along the Form with the brush.

The cement was thin in consistency, and almost colourless, and showed hardly at all on the shiny, polished, wooden form.

Clifford surveyed his handiwork with a look of satisfaction.

"Well, if that don't surprise Noble & Co., I don't know what will!" he grinned delightedly.

"It won't do their bags any good, at any rate," smirked Prince. "They'll either have to leave them behind, or call the carpenter in and be sawn out."

"Come on, we'd better shift off now. We don't want to be found here when young Noble and his gang of infants come in!" said Clifford. He made a grab at the pot of cement, which he had stood on Mr. Slaney's desk, and at the same moment Bayne knocked clumsily against him. Clifford staggered, and over went the cement, a sticky stream gushing down right on to the seat of Mr. Slaney's chair.

"You wallowing great idiot!" cried Clifford, aghast. "Look what you've done! By jingo, there'll be no end of a row! If old Slaney gets stuck down he'll raise the roof! Come on—quick! Barge off!"

The Junior captain grabbed up the remains of the pot of cement and the brush, and, with his three chums at his heels, dashed out of the room.

They were only just in time, for no sooner had they vanished than footsteps came clattering down the corridor, and Jack Noble, Mac, Russell, Murphy, and Valence came rushing in.

"That's settled, then," said Jack. "You'll have to stand down on Saturday, Valence, and—"

He broke off short. "What the dickens is the matter with you, Bob?"

Bob Russell, a puzzled look on his face, was sniffing at the air.

"Funny—sniff—smell," he said. "What on earth is it? Seems familiar to me somehow. I can't—"

"Why, it's your rotten cement!" cried Jack indignantly. "You don't mean to say you've brought it in here with you?"

"Of course not, ass!" retorted Bob. "I left it on the mantelpiece in our study. And yet it's just like it. By jingo, it seems stronger over here!"

He walked over towards the form Clifford had

so carefully prepared, sniffing all the time, and then let out a wild howl of rage.

"Here it is—here it is!" he shouted frenziedly. "Some rotten cad's pinched my stickhard an' smeared it all over our seat!"

"What a dirty trick!" yelled Valence angrily. "Who the dickens did it?"

"I'm thinkin' that's not hard to guess," put in Mac quietly. "I saw Clifford and his gang come out of here as we came down the corridor."

"Right first time, Mac!" cried Jack indignantly. "The beastly sneaks! They must have pinched it out of the study an' smeared it all over our form!"

"I'll wring Clifford's rotten neck!" bawled Bob, positively dancing with rage; then he suddenly stopped, and a slow smile crept over his freckled face. "No, I won't," he said with a quiet chuckle—"no, I won't! Ha, ha, ha!" And he suddenly burst out laughing.

Murphy touched his head pathetically.

"Poor beggar, the shock's turned his brain! Stark, staring mad!"

"Mad your grandmother!" scoffed Bob. "I'll soon show you whether I'm mad or not! Which form do Clifford and his crew sit on?"

"That one!" said Jack, surprised at the sudden question.

"Well, supposing we change forms with 'em? Exchange is no robbery, eh?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

As the others caught the gist of Bob's idea they burst into a roar of laughter, and Jack smacked his chum on the back.

"Ha, ha, ha! By jingo, you're a marvel, Bob, old son! We'll hoist Cliffy & Co. with their own petard. They'll only have themselves to blame!"

Working with feverish activity they dragged the heavy forms across the room, and soon had the cement-besmeared one placed ready for Clifford, Bayne, Marker, and Prince.

A few seconds later the tramp of many feet approaching down the corridor, gave notice of the advent of the rest of the mathematics' class. Jack and his chums darted to their seats, and were each deeply engrossed in a book when the door opened a second later to admit the rest of the Third and the Fourth, including Clifford & Co. The captain of the Juniors cast his beady eyes keenly around the room as he entered, and a cunning gleam of triumph shone therein as he noticed Jack Noble and his chums seated, as he thought, on the fatal form. He nudged Bayne, and smothered a chuckle of delight.

"Diligent youths!" he sneered. "Wrapt in their studies, improving the shining hour—rotten lot of prigs!"

At that instant the door opened again, and Mr. Slaney stalked in, and threw a sour glance around.

"Silence!" he cried. "Kindly note that this is a class-room, not a bear garden! To your seats!"

With many an ill-concealed grin Jack and his chums watched Clifford, Bayne, Marker, and Prince plant themselves unsuspectingly on the prepared form—the form which they themselves were supposed to be adorning.

Mr. Slaney donned his mortar-board, and leaned back in his chair.

"Open your books at page sixteen," he bade. "Clifford, kindly go to the board and solve this problem for the edification of your fellow students. If two straight lines intersected by— Did you hear what I said, Clifford?"

Clifford had heard what Mr. Slaney had said, and tried his best to carry out the Form-master's orders. But Bob's stickhard cement had got to work with a vengeance, and the form and the seat of Clifford's trousers had sworn lifelong friendship, and were locked in a loving and inseparable embrace. Clifford writhed, twisted, tugged, and grew very red in the face, not yet realising what was the matter.

"Let go my bags, you fathead!" he hissed, turning furiously on Trimble, a fat, lazy Fourth-Former who sat behind him. "Don't play the giddy goat; let 'em go!"

The guileless Trimble, whose thoughts were far away, centred on the contents of the school tuckshop, turned a pair of surprised eyes on Clifford.

"Your bags—your bags!" he stammered. "What do you mean? I haven't touched them!"

Then blank, horrible realisation suddenly dawned on Clifford, and his eyes nearly goggled out of his head in mingled rage and chagrin. His splendid joke had miscarried—in some inexplicable way the forms had got jumbled up, and here he was caught in his own trap, securely cemented to his seat. The captain of the Juniors nearly choked with anger, and made another ineffectual effort to free himself, but with no success.

"What is the matter with you, Clifford?" roared Mr. Slaney, banging his fist on his desk. "Do you refuse to do what I tell you? Get up at once!"

"I—I—I can't!" stammered the unhappy captain of the Junior Eleven. "I can't move—I'm stuck!"

"Can't move—stuck? Rubbish! Fiddlesticks! Get up at once!"

Clifford, stung to desperation, gave a terrible wrench, and then sunk back with a yell of dismay as a loud rending sound echoed through the room. Something had torn, that was evident.

"Ha, ha, ha!" A roar of laughter echoed through the room.

"Clifford!" snapped Mr. Slaney, the Form-master sarcastically, "since you are unable to rise unaided, perhaps Bayne and Marker can assist you. Bayne, Marker, kindly set Clifford on his feet and bring him over here."



