

“THE FIGHT FOR THE CUP.”—SPECIAL ARTICLE TO-DAY.



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THE MILLIONAIRE'S SON



T. W. HOLMES

THE GREAT SNOWBALL FIGHT AT KING'S TRACEY. (See Within.)



The Duffer of St. Freda's

A Fine Complete Football Tale.
By CHARLES HAMILTON.

THE 1st CHAPTER. The Football Enthusiasts.

"MY word!" said Cardale. He came into the common-room at St. Freda's, where a group of Sixth Form fellows were talking. They all looked at Cardale as he spoke. Cardale, of the Sixth, was the captain of St. Freda's, the finest footballer in the college, and a popular fellow generally. Whatever Cardale said was listened to with great respect, and Cardale spoke now with unusual emphasis.

"What's the trouble?" asked Jones major.

"Anything wrong?"

"Oh, no, but—It's that new chap!"

There was a general grin.

"Oh, Clavering again! What's the latest?"

asked half a dozen voices.

Cardale grinned, too. He seemed half amused and half disgusted.

"Oh, it's too thick!" he said. "That chap takes the cake. He could fill up big encyclopædias with what he doesn't know about footer. What do you think the howling duffer has just asked me?"

"Give it up!"

"Tell us, Cardale."

"He's asked me to let him play in the first eleven in the match against Lowerdale on Saturday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And only yesterday he was asking somebody whether a football was made solid like a cricket-ball, because if it was he thought he wouldn't play football, as it might hurt his toes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, it's too funny!" said Jones major, wiping away his tears. "He told me this morning that he thought marbles a much superior game to football."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And yet he's such a good-tempered beggar," said Cardale. "One can't get angry with him. But, my word, of all the muffs, of all the duffers, of all the soft chumps—"

"He takes the cake!"

"And the fellows roared with laughter. The mere thought of Clavering, the new boy at St. Freda's, was enough to start any one of them laughing at any moment. For the new boy was what Jones major accurately described as a "cough-drop."

St. Freda's was a footballing college. The fellows there prided themselves upon their cricket in the summer; but it was at the winter game that they really fancied themselves. They welcomed the football season with open arms and hearts; they revelled in the great game while it lasted, and they bade farewell to the sportive leather at the season's close almost with tears in their eyes.

There wasn't a Form at St. Freda's that didn't have its own eleven, even down to the Babes in the First Form. They all played football, and played it pretty well, too. But the first eleven, the pick of the Fifth and Sixth, was the pride of the college. Cardale captained it, and he had an array of merry men who had won honours on all the grounds they had played on. It was very seldom that the St. Freda's first came home defeated; more seldom still that their colours were lowered on their own ground. Almost uninterrupted successes had led them to challenge Lowerdale, a team miles above their form, considering mere age and weight; but the St. Freda's fellows were looking forward to victory. A local gentleman, who was a football enthusiast, had promised to present a silver cup to the winners of the match. So the event was really a cup-tie, and St. Freda's meant to win. But even Cardale admitted that they would have to fight hard for it.

And this being the state of affairs at the school, with football the very life of the boys out of the class-rooms, it may be imagined what effect the arrival of a youth who apparently knew and cared nothing for the grand old game had upon the Saints.

And such a Philistine was Clavering!

Clavering had been at a school in the North of England, but his parents, removing to the South, he had come to St. Freda's, not to be too widely separated from them. He had been in the Sixth Form at his old school, and he was transferred to the Sixth at St. Freda's.

Now, if a fellow had come into the Third or the Fourth, announcing that he preferred marbles to football, he would probably have been mercilessly ragged by the juniors, but his oddity would not have attracted general attention at St. Freda's. The grave and reverend signiors of the Fifth and Sixth would have taken no notice of the vagaries of a junior, save to look with an approving eye upon the aforesaid ragging. But when a chap came into the topmost Form—the lordly Sixth itself—and stated opinions that savoured of the rankest possible heresy, all St. Freda's stared. Frankly, they did not know what to make of the new chap.

Clavering was a fine big fellow, with limbs that seemed made for earning him distinction on the playing-fields. Cardale had spotted him at once, and before he had been five minutes at St. Freda's the skipper was talking football to him. He scented a new recruit for the first eleven, then threatened with a vacancy by the intended departure of the inside-right at the end of the term. Perhaps Cardale, in his blunt way, put the matter rather unfortunately at the start.

"You'll have to learn to play footer," he remarked.

Clavering stared at him.

"Learn what?" he ejaculated.

"Yes. We play footer here, you know."

Clavering laughed.

"They played footer at Westlake, where I come from," he said.

"Yes, but we play it," said Cardale, with an emphatic stress on the word "play," as if he believed that the game never was really played anywhere else in its full perfection, as very probably he did. "We play our footer as footer, not as an amusement. I dare say you have played before, but I rather think we

shall be able to open your eyes a little. What?"

"Indeed!" said Clavering.

"Yes, indeed!" Cardale assured him.

"Now, you look a likely sort of chap. I suppose you have put in a good deal of time in the fields at Westlake?"

"Ye-es," said Clavering, with a simple smile, and a lurking glimmer in his eyes. "I used to take little walks in the fields with my kind teachers."

Cardale almost jumped.

"You used to what—with your which?" he yelled.

"I used to take little walks with my kind teachers. I was thought a very good boy at Westlake."

"A—a—a—a very good boy, were you?" said Cardale faintly. "Here's a great strapping fellow, five feet eight, and he was thought a—a—a—a very good boy! Gr-r-r!"

"Aren't there any good boys at this school?" asked Clavering, with an open-mouthed smile of innocence that made Cardale long to shake him. "I'm afraid my mother wouldn't like me to be here if there aren't any nice, gentle boys for me to associate with."

Cardale breathed hard through his nose.

"Have you ever played footer?" he asked.

"Do you mean football?"

"Yes, you ass!" yelled Cardale. "I mean football. Do you mean to say that you have never played the game?"

"Is it played in the summer or the winter?"

It was too much.

The captain of St. Freda's gave the newcomer a glare of disgust and stalked away. The Sixth Form had roared over the story. A youth who did not know whether the game was played in the summer or the winter interested them. They interviewed Clavering in turn, and they found him even more gapingly ignorant than Cardale had found him. It was a case of astonishing the natives with a vengeance. His question as to whether a football was solid or not was only a specimen. He asked hundreds of questions of the same sort. He did not even appear to be sure whether a bat was used in football. The Saints shrieked over the new arrival. The story spread through the whole school, and juniors would come on tiptoe down the Sixth Form passage to see the senior who wanted to know whether a football was solid or not, and who considered marbles the superior game of the two.

The Sixth were amused, but they were annoyed, too. They felt that their escutcheon was besmirched. It was a disgrace to the Form to have so hopeless a muff in it. And yet Clavering was such a good-tempered, good-natured fellow that no one could help liking him.

But his cool request to be admitted to the ranks of the first eleven in their cup-tie with Lowerdale fairly took the cake, and capped the stack.

The Sixth Form felt that even Clavering could not surprise them again; the force of nature could no further go.

"It would be tragic if it wasn't so comic," said Jones major. "It would make us weep if it didn't make us laugh!"

"Yes, rather! Ha, ha, ha!"



The ball flew from Clavering's toe like a stone from a catapult, and hit Morgan's visage with a mighty biff, and laid him flat on his back. There was a yell of laughter from the rest.

"Something ought to be done," said Morgan. "Suppose we took him by the neck and ran him down to the footer-field, and fairly made him learn the difference between a football and a flatiron?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cardale nodded, with a gleam in his eyes.

"By Jove, it's a good idea! We'll take it as a joke, you know, and go through with it for the fun of the thing. And, after all, he's got a ripping physique; and if he learned, he would be useful to us. He may take a liking to the game."

"Then, let's strike the iron while it's hot," said Jones.

"Good! Come on!"

And the half-dozen fellows, grinning in anticipation, went forth in search of the duffer of St. Freda's.

THE 2nd CHAPTER.

The Practice M

CLAVERING was discovered near the football-ground, looking on at a junior game, with his hands in his pockets. The big, handsome, athletic North-country lad looked the beau-ideal of a young footballer. He glanced round as Cardale and his companions came up, and smiled at them.

"Looking on at the footer?" said Cardale cheerily.

"Dear me!" said Clavering. "Is that footer they are playing?"

Cardale nearly choked.

"Don't you know a game of footer when you see it?"

"But why are they struggling over the ball?" asked Clavering innocently. "The chaps in red seem to want to get it up to this end of the field. Now, if the chaps in blue helped them, instead of keeping on getting in their way, they would jolly soon have the ball up this end, and the thing would be done."

The St. Freda's fellows looked at one another. It was stupendous. And the most amazing thing was Clavering's cheerful smile, his utter unconsciousness of having said anything at all extraordinary.

"You'd better have some lessons on the subject," said Cardale faintly. "The game of football is played by eleven players aside, with a ball—"

"But there are only seven players a side there."

"You can play a scratch match for practice seven a side."

"But is it football then?"

"Of course, it is, fathead!"

"But how can a game of seven a side be football, if football is a game with eleven a side?"

"Oh, my word!"

"The game should be played eleven a side," explained Jones major laboriously. "That is the proper game."

"Ah! I suppose if you have eleven players a side you have more than one ball?" suggested Clavering. "Each side has its own ball, I suppose?"

"Oh, you frabjous cuckoo!" murmured Cardale. "No! There can only be one ball. One side has to get it through the other's goal, and vice versa. Every goal counts to the side taking it, and—"

"And who uses the bat?"

"The which?"

"The bat."

"The bat is used in cricket, you shrieking duffer, and not in football. Football is a game played with the head and feet."

"Oh, that simplifies it, of course! I suppose the players have separate innings, as in cricket?"

"Oh, what can we do with him?" gasped Cardale.

"Drown him in the fountain!"

"Jump on his neck!"

"Well, you offered to teach me," said Clavering mildly. "I can't learn without asking questions. It seems to me that it would be fairer to let every player have his regular turn at kicking the ball, as that would save a great deal of trouble and confusion."

"Don't say any more, old chap. I don't want to massacre you," said Cardale. "But I've got a feeling coming over me that I shall do it, if you talk about football any more. I'll give you a little instruction. Here's the ball."

Cardale had brought out a ball under his arm.

Clavering took it and squeezed his thumb into it.

"It's hollow!" he said, looking up.

"Yes," said Cardale patiently. "Remarkable as it may appear to you, footballs are made hollow. There's no more in that football than there is in your head. Now I'm going to show you how to kick." He dropped the footer at the new boy's feet. "Now, let me see you kick."

Clavering kicked, and missed the ball by a good foot or more, and clumped his boot on Cardale's shin.

The captain of St. Freda's gave a fiendish yell and leaped up on one leg, clapping the other with both hands.

"Oh! Ow! Gerrororoooooh!"

"I hope I did not hurt you—"

"Ow! You chortling chump! Ow!"

"Perhaps it would be better for you to stand a little further off the ball while I am practising kicking it."

"Perhaps it would," groaned Cardale, limping away. "Don't stick your silly hoof out as if you were trying to stab somebody with the toe of your boot. Put your silly hoof back, and give a good kick!"

Clavering swung his foot back, and Jones major gave a whoop.

The new boy swung round, in astonishment. "Did that hit you?"

"Ow! You've backheeled my ankle, you shrieking dummy!"

"I'm so sorry—"

"Ow! Oh! Ow!"

"Better give him a wide berth," said Morgan, retreating. "Blessed if I'm going to stay within reach of his hoofs at all."

And the Sixth-Formers made a wide circle round Clavering, and left him alone with the ball.

"Now kick it, duffer!" said Morgan.

Clavering kicked it, and this time it was a good kick. The ball flew from his toe like a stone from a catapult, and biffed on Morgan's visage with a mighty biff, and laid him flat on his back.

There was a yell of laughter from the rest.

Morgan sat up, looking dazed.

"What—what— Oh, let me get at him!"

"Hold on!" cried Cardale. "You told him to kick, you know."

"I didn't tell him to biff me on the chivvy with a footer, look you!" howled Morgan.

"Did it hurt you?" asked Clavering sympathetically.

"Did it hurt? Oh, there isn't a word for you."

"I should like to learn to play football," said Clavering, with a winning smile. "I think I should soon pick up the game. You might do worse than play me in the first eleven against the Lowerdale team."

"Would you like to be skipper?" asked Cardale.

"Well, yes, I fancy I could captain a side pretty well, you know."

"Oh, I shall hit him soon!" murmured Morgan.

"Suppose you got up a trial game?" said Clavering. "You would find me much improved playing in a regular side, you know. I should really like to play in a match with you fellows. It would be exciting."

"Yes—for everybody within reach of your feet!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But it's a good idea," said Cardale, with a sudden twinkle in his eyes. "We'll do it, Clavering—you shall play in a scratch match to-morrow afternoon."

The others looked at Cardale in amazement. They did not see what the St. Freda's captain was getting at.

Clavering nodded, with a pleased look.

"That will be very nice, Cardale. Of course, you will be very gentle with me, as I am a beginner?"

"Oh, of course!" said Cardale, grinning; and he picked up his football, and walked away with his friends.

As soon as they were out of sight of Clavering, Jones major halted, and grasped Cardale by the shoulder.

"What on earth do you mean?" he demanded. "Do you think any of the Sixth are going to play in a match with that unutterable idiot?"

Cardale laughed.

"Yes, my son—you are going to play with him."

"I'll see you—"

"Wait a minute. We're going to rot him, my boy—rot him to the top of his bent. He thinks marbles a better game than football, and he can't kick anything but other fellows' shins. Well, we'll get him in a scratch game and rot him."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Morgan.

And a grin dawned on Jones major's face.

"We'll rush him all over the field," pursued Cardale, warming to the subject. "We'll race him off his legs. Whenever he gets into the way, we'll biff him out of it. We won't give him a second's rest. We'll make him stick the game out for the full time, and by the time we've finished with him, he'll be sorry he came to a footballing college. And the sooner he changes into another school, the better for him and for us."

"Good!"

And the Sixth-Formers grinned and chuckled over their plot and the prospect of "rotting" the new fellow to an unlimited extent before a shrieking crowd. And, curiously enough, at that very moment the new fellow was grinning, too, as if he, too, had something in mind that amused him.

THE 3rd CHAPTER.

A Great Surprise.

ON the following afternoon Cardale & Co. were ready.

The St. Freda's captain had formed two elevens for a scratch match, and had put down Clavering as a forward, at right. Cardale, joker as he was, did not believe in wasting time, and he looked on the scratch match as good a practice for the eleven that was to meet Lowerdale in the cup-tie. All the members of the first eleven were included in the twenty-two, most of them on Cardale's side, opposed to that which included the new boy in its ranks. That side was captained for the nonce by Jones major.

The story of the intended joke had spread through the school, and nearly everybody seemed aware of it except Clavering.

Clavering was as innocent and unsuspecting as usual. He asked several more idiotic questions that day on the subject of football, and every fellow at St. Freda's congratulated himself on the lesson the duffer was to receive in the afternoon.

The kick-off of that peculiar match was timed

for three o'clock, and long before that hour the boys of St. Freda's had begun to gather round the ground.

They were looking forward to an entertainment, and there was a struggle among the juniors for favourable places.

Fourth and Third tussled for standing room next to the ropes, and most of the Upper Forms were there, and it was rumoured that some of the masters were looking out of their windows, so far had the fame of the school's duffer spread.

Clavering was easy and unconcerned. He came down to the ground at ten minutes to three with a long coat on, and his football things on underneath it.

They were rather surprised to see him in the garb of a player, Cardale having expected that he would have to be lent things.

There was no denying that Clavering made a very handsome and sturdy figure in his football shorts and shirt, and his limbs were a picture.

"I didn't know you had the things," Cardale remarked. "What the dickens have you got football things for, when you don't play football?"

Clavering simpered.

"I thought I should like to play in the first eleven," he said. "I came to the school prepared, you see."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"By the way, I hope you will think over that, Cardale. I should really like to play against Lowerdale on Saturday. I say, what do you say to a sporting offer? If I take three goals in this match, will you play me against Lowerdale?"

There was a yell of laughter from all who heard the speech.

The whole side was not likely to take three goals against a team captained by the mighty Cardale himself.

"Oh, yes!" murmured Cardale, with tears in his eyes. "If you take three goals, old chap, I'll play you against Lowerdale. We'll win the cup for sure, then."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a bargain," said Clavering quietly.

"You fellows hear what he says—if I take three goals I play against Lowerdale on Saturday."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall remind you of it."

"Oh, we'll witness the compact," said Harris. "We'll make Cardale stick to it—if you take the three goals. Why not make it three hundred?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

But Clavering only joined in the laugh. It was impossible to put him out of humour. The two elevens came out of the pavilion, Cardale's men in red shirts, and Jones major's team in blue. There was an ironical cheer of greeting to Clavering.

"There he is!"

"Play up, duffer!"

"On the ball, mug!"

Clavering only smiled. The teams walked into the field, and the captains tossed. It was only a scratch match, and it was more for fun than football, but it was played on regular lines. Mr. Owens, the master of the Fifth Form, was referee. He was smiling as he blew the whistle.

Jones major kicked off.

The red shirts, well led by Cardale, came sweeping down the field in the first few minutes in a fine rush.

There were cheers from the spectators at the sight of Cardale "on the ball," dribbling the leather through a throng of foes. No one of the scratch team seemed able to touch the St. Freda's captain. He ran like lightning, he kicked wonderfully well, and he seemed to elude his opponents by magic.

The first goal was kicked for the red shirts in the first five minutes.

Jones major grinned ruefully as he kicked off again. He wanted to do his best, and he would gladly have won even a scratch match; but he knew that he had no earthly chance with St. Freda's captain against him.

The red shirts rushed forward again. This time they remembered the intention of "rotting" the new fellow, and they gave the inside-right a great deal of attention.

The shouts of the laughing crowds urged them on.

"Go it, mug!"

"Let duffer have it!"

"Let's see the duffer pass!"

But, curiously enough, some of the keener spectators came to notice that the duffer was not shaping so absurdly as they had anticipated.

He did not kick any of his comrades, nor even any of the enemy, and he showed not the faintest trace of being run out of breath, or off his legs. As a matter of fact, after a quarter of an hour's play, he looked fresher than anybody else on the field, with the exception of Cardale.

"The beggar's got wind!" said the Saints, one to another.

The beggar certainly had wind. He had luck, too, apparently—unless his next departure was to be ascribed to first-class play, which nobody thought of for a moment. For Cardale, seeing an opening before him, left off all thought of rotting the duffer, and made a break for goal, the ball at his foot. There was a clear space, halves and backs being nowhere, and the goalie had already shown that his defence was not reliable.

Every looker-on counted it as a certain second goal for the reds; but in a second it was seen that a figure in a blue shirt was racing along beside the captain of St. Freda's.

"The duffer!"

The duffer it was. He was covering the ground like greased lightning, as somebody graphically remarked, and, marvellous to relate, gaining on the St. Freda's captain. He did not shoulder Cardale off the ball; he simply passed him by sheer speed, and took the ball away from his foot.

There was a yell of amazement as the ball went into touch from the foot of Clavering, and Cardale seemed bewildered, hardly knowing for the moment how he lost the leather.

"My hat!" shrieked Jones major. "Is he bewitched, or what?"

"Or inspired?" said Harris.

"The duffer!" exclaimed Cardale, in blank amazement. "Well, my hat! If it isn't a miracle! The villain must have been rotting, and knows more about football than I do! Where did he get that pace from?"

The ball was thrown in, and the tussle recommenced.

Cardale kept a curious eye upon Clavering, and there were further surprises in store for him.

No goals fell to the lot of the duffer in the first half, but whenever the ball came his way he dealt with it in a masterly style.

"It's fools luck!" said Jones major, as the only possible way of accounting for the phenomenon.

It seemed that it must be. When the first half ended, the score remained one goal to nil; but it was admitted on all hands that the reds would have taken a couple more goals but for the vigilance of the duffer.

What did it mean?

"He must be a born footballer, and now it's come out suddenly," said Jones major, in the dressing-room. "I say, duffer, you've done pretty well."

"Oh, thank you!" said Clavering. "Now I come to play the game, you know, I think it is much better not to have a bat."

Jones snorted. His hopes of the duffer had begun to rise, but this reply dashed them to the ground again. The fellow was evidently a muff, a hopeless ignoramus.

The crowd looked curious and eager when the footballers lined up for the second half. The duffer of St. Freda's had surprised them so much that they were prepared for more surprises; and they received them, too, as the second half of that curious game wore on.

For the duffer of St. Freda's seemed to wake up now.

He did not content himself with backing up his captain, and unostentatiously helping his side, as he had seemed to do in the first half.

He struck out on a line of his own; a line that amazed the spectators, and both amazed and delighted Jones major, who began to see a possibility looming ahead of beating the school captain in the scratch match.

After a quarter of an hour of tussling to and from, Morgan brought the ball down the field, and a blue back cleared over the half-way line.

Three red forwards were ready to rush on the ball, but a lithe figure in a blue shirt forestalled them.

There was a roar as the duffer was seen speeding up the field with the ball at his feet.

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, duffer!"

"On the ball! On the ball!"

The red shirts couldn't stop him. He tricked the halves, and seemed to walk round the backs. The goalie was watching him like a hawk; but Clavering changed his feet almost in the act of kicking, and sent the leather into the least expected corner of the net. There was a wild whoop!

"Goal!"

"Goal!"

Clavering had scored a goal!

There was no doubt about it; the ball was in the net, and the goalkeeper picked it up with a rueful grin.

"My only hat!" muttered Cardale. "I've found him out—he was rotting, too! We were rotting him—and he was rotting us—laughing in his sleeve at us all the time! The young monkey! No beginner ever played football like that."

"Fool's luck!" said Jones major.

"Rats!" said the captain of St. Freda's, with spartan brevity.

The sides lined up again. The score was level now; but it was not destined to remain so. The duffer of St. Freda's was on his mettle. He was entering into the spirit of the thing now.

Bucked up, as it were, by the unexpected discovery of a budding International in their ranks, the blues made greater efforts, and they brought the game right into the red shirts' half, and kept it there, fighting their way to goal. There was a sudden rush of the forwards goalward, and Jones passed to the duffer—a thing he would not have dreamed of doing at the beginning of that game. But the duffer nobly justified Jones major's faith in him.

He took the ball with his toe, and sent it in with a movement so quick that the eye could hardly follow it. The next instant he was on his back, charged over by a heavy rush of Morgan; but he grinned as he bumped down. He knew that the ball was in the net.

St. Freda's could scarcely believe their eyes.

It was the second goal taken by the duffer—and the North-country lad seemed to be as fresh as a daisy still! The crowd were prepared for anything now; and they were hardly surprised when Clavering, ten minutes later, beat the red backs by a clever bit of finesse, and got the ball into the net for the third time. They had come to expect it of him.

It was the last goal taken; the whistle went within five minutes, and Jones major had the

proud consciousness of being the victor by three goals to one—although he had not taken any of the goals himself.

The crowd cheered the duffer as the teams went off, and his comrades thumped him on the back till he was sore. Cardale rushed up to him and caught him by the shoulders.

"You rotter!" he exclaimed.

Clavering grinned at the captain of St. Freda's.

"You were rotting, too," he remarked. "I was only taking a leaf out of your book, you know."

"You—you—you boulder! You said you didn't play—"

"Oh, no; hold on! I didn't say I wasn't a footballer. You jumped to that conclusion yourself, by the questions I asked. I never gave you a word of information on the subject."

"But why—how—"

"Ha, ha, ha! You jumped on me when I first came, you see, and you seemed to know so much about it, and to be so assured that I knew next to nothing, that I thought I'd give you your head," drawled Clavering. "It has been rather fun, too. Shall I have to learn footer, do you think?"

"You were rotting all the time, then?"

"I suppose I may as well own up to that."

"And you're an old footballer, you young beggar!"

Clavering chuckled.

"Well, as a matter of fact, I was football captain at Westlake," he said.

"You—you—you—I've a jolly good mind to give you a blessed licking!" said Cardale. "But I won't. I'll play you in the first eleven against Lowerdale instead!"

And he did! And the St. Freda's team came home from Lowerdale on Saturday, victors by a bumping score of five goals to two; and as they entered the gates, borne high on their shoulders was the duffer of St. Freda's, who had kicked three of the five! It was chiefly due to him that they had won the coveted trophy, and sent Lowerdale home thoroughly trounced.

THE END.

CLUB NOTICES.

Challenges from Readers' Own Clubs. These are inserted free of charge.

(Continued from page 552.)

CORONA F.C. (average age 14, weak) have some open dates for the present season. Ground, Wormwood Scrubs.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. Blott, 90, Lancaster Road, North Kensington.

FROMESIDE A.F.C. (average age 14-15, weak) want matches on the following dates: February 6th; March 27th; April 10th, 17th, 24th. Ground, Dudham Downs.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. Herbert, 22, Eldon Road, St. Agnes, Bristol.

ST. DUNSTON'S O.B. A.F.C. 2nd XI require matches home and away within five miles of Stepney. Dressing-room and ground, Wanstead Flats.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, C. Watkins, 101, Harford Street, Stepney.

NORTH STAR UNITED F.C. (average age 14) require away matches within a six mile radius of Hackney. One date (March 20th) open on their ground (Well Street Common). Also require a good goalkeeper within the district of Hackney; a small entrance fee and subscription necessary.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, G. Rice, 55, Porth Street, Mare Street, Hackney.

PRIMROSE F.C. (average age 14, weak) require away matches. All dates open to all comers at the same age.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, H. Grovenor, 42, Gravel Lane, Southwark.

CRESCENT UNITED F.C. (average age 15½, weak) require away match for Easter Monday within six miles of Upton Park.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. Nigar, 173, St. Mary's Road, Upton Park, E.

ST. AUGUSTINE'S F.C. (average age 14, weak) require away matches for this season; all cards answered.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, S. Newman, 15, Holms Street, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

CHESTERFIELD UNITED F.C. (average age 17) require home and away matches with respectable clubs within eight miles of Chesterfield. Also two good players, forwards preferred; small subscription.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, W. Beresford, Lower Hipper Street, off Beetwell Street, Chesterfield.

CLAPHAM WANDERERS F.C. (average age 16, medium) want matches for Thursdays within a radius of four miles of Clapham. All dates open.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, J. Baker, 2, Wallis's Court, Clapham, S.W.

CLIFTON HALL C.C. (average age 19, medium) require home and away matches for the coming season. Ground, Finsbury Park.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, R. Felstead, 28, Durham Road, Finsbury Park, N.

PRIORY UNITED F.C. 2nd XI (average age 14, weak) require home and away matches for rest of season. Ground, Hackney Marshes.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, J. Best, 57, Gt. Cambridge Street, Hackney Road, London, N.E.

ANFIELD JUNIORS F.C. (average age 14½, weak) have all dates open. Teams within five miles' radius of Liverpool.—Monday teams only need apply to Hon. Secretary, J. Roberts, 14, Lake Street, Anfield, Liverpool.

BELGRAVE F.C.—Match wanted for Easter Monday thirty to forty miles out. Private ground and dressing required. January 30th; February 13th, 20th, also open home or away.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, W. Baldock, 24, Meyrick Road, Willesden Green.

MATCH WANTED for Easter Monday at Birmingham (average age 18, medium).—Apply to Hon. Secretary, E. J. Fisher, 11, Henry Street, Sarton Hill, Bristol.

ASCENSION CHOR F.C. (average age 13, weak) require matches for Saturday mornings.—Apply to Hon. Secretary P. Shaw, 4, Winton Road, Custom House, London, E.

ASHBURNHAM ROVERS F.C. (1st XI, average age 17; 2nd XI, average age 15) require matches for all dates on their ground (private with dressing) at Mill Hill Park. All dates open till April 17th, including Good Friday.—Apply stating average to Hon. Secretary, C. V. J. Errett, 232, Merton Road, Wandsworth, S.W.

BRUNSWICK F.C. (average age 16, weak) require an away match for January 25th. Clapham or Brockwell preferred.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, F. Dorey, 54, Sturgeon Road, Kennington, S.E.

A RESPECTABLE TEAM (average age 15, weak) would be pleased to arrange a match (away) for any Sunday morning.—Apply to Hon. Secretary, A. Steel, 11, Cumberland Market, Regent's Park, N.W.