

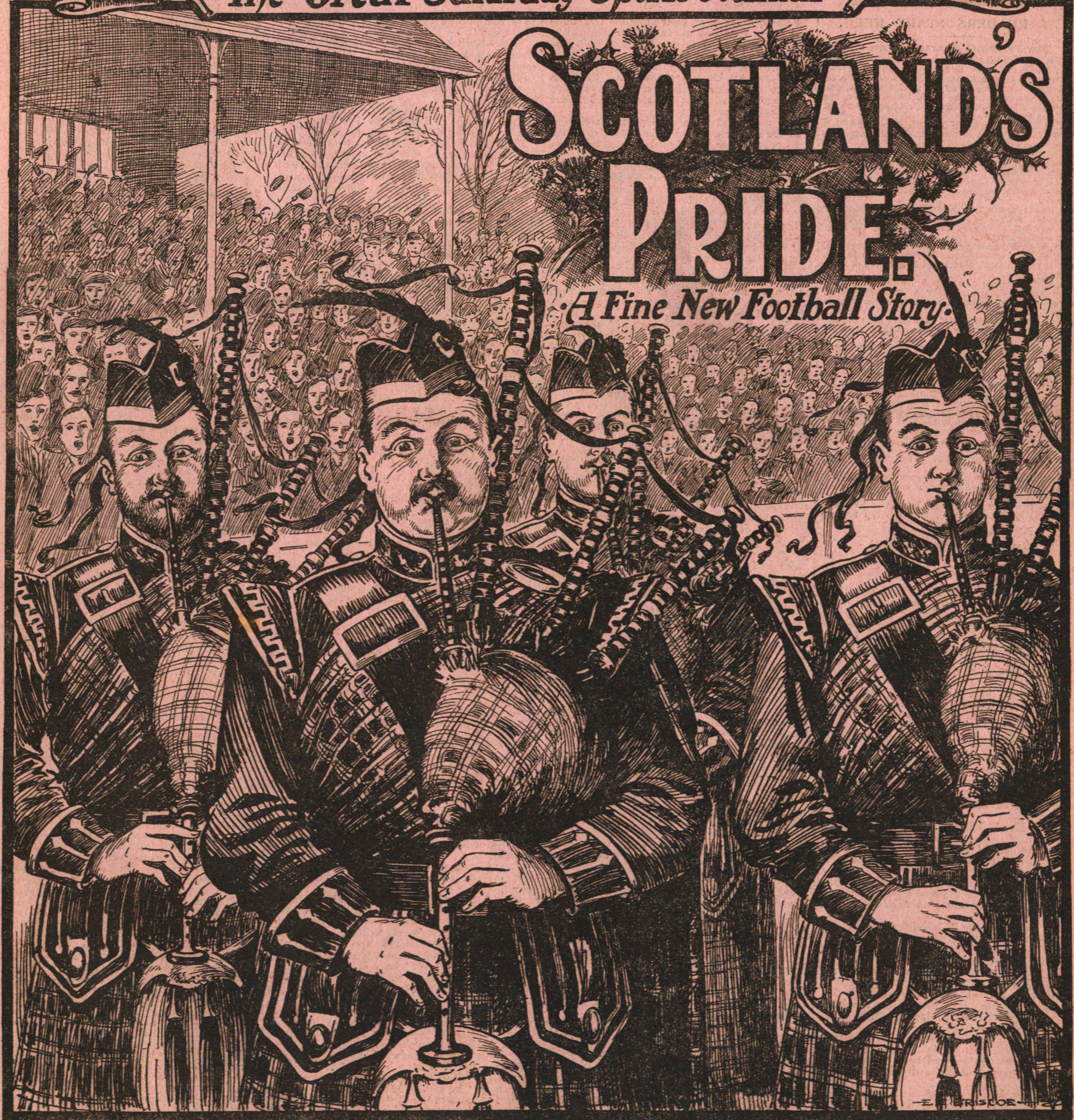
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The Boys' Realm 1^d

The Great Saturday Sports Journal

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THE CHARBURY GOALKEEPER



Another Splendid,
Complete Tale
of
JACK NOBLE
and
PELHAM SCHOOL.

Specially Written
for
THE BOYS' REALM.

THE 1st CHAPTER. A Gallant Rescue.

RIVER'S coming down a treat," remarked Bob Russell to his chum, Jack Noble, as they crossed the bridge.

Jack, who was carrying a football, pulled up, and, leaning over the parapet, stared at the rushing water. So did the other two Pelhamites who were with him, Valence and Lawson minor.

"There was a beast of a lot of rain last night," replied Jack, as he watched the stream, yellow and foaming, come pouring down with a tremendous rush and roar through the narrow arches of the old stone bridge. "The ground will be a nasty sop."

"Never mind. It isn't as if we were playing a match. It'll do for what we want!" exclaimed Valence. "Come along, Jack!"

Jack laughed. "All right. Let's shove along. We're going to cut, Bob."

But Bob seemed fascinated by the sweeping flood. He did not move. It was not until Jack called him a second time that he reluctantly tore himself away.

"Phew, but I wouldn't care to fall in there!" he muttered. "Wouldn't that current bang you around! Don't believe Captain Webb himself could swim across it."

"Rot, Bob!" retorted Valence. "It isn't as bad as that. I'll bet there are lots of chaps could swim it. Of course, you'd be taken down a dickens of a way, but you'd get across in the long run."

"You try it, then. I'll bet you three weeks' allowance you can't do it."

"I'm not such an ass," laughed Valence. "All I said was that some chaps could do it. I'm no great shakes at swimming, but I believe Jack could do it."

"Thanks!" said Jack drily. "I'd rather live a little longer, if it's all the same to you. I want to help to beat Charbury Town before I commit suicide."

"By jingo, but I hope you do, old chap!" cried Bob Russell. He and all the rest of the third eleven were vastly proud of the fact that their captain had been chosen by Lecky, the school captain, to play for the school in the annual match against Charbury. The reason was that Blacklock and Shergold, two of the school forwards, were in for the Wyaston Exhibition, and the examination took place on the very day which had been selected for the match.

"They say you'll have a rough time of it," put in young Lawson. "My brother says the town mean to win by fair means or foul. They were awfully sick about getting licked last year, and there's a rumour that that publican chap Lucas at the Black Bull has made a big bet on the town."

"I expect it'll be rough enough, and some of us'll have sore shins," laughed Jack. "But though they're big, they're a regular set of louts, and as jealous of one another as so many cats. I think we ought to hammer them all right."

While they talked they had reached a small, flat piece of turf close to the river-bank, and about half a mile below the bridge. It was screened from the road by trees, and there was a boathouse, where once Jack had been locked up and made prisoner by Clifford, of the Shell, and had, in consequence, nearly missed his first chance of playing for the school.

Jack called the place his trial ground. He was one of those born footballers who play with their heads as well as their feet, and was always trying to work out new passes and combinations. These he used to put into practice on his secret ground, and it was for a trial of this sort that he had brought his three pals down on this bright spring morning.

The four peeled off their coats and waistcoats, tightened their belts, and in a few minutes were at work, rushing up and down the ground in line, and flashing passes quick as light, while Jack coached them by word and example.

At the end of twenty minutes Jack pulled up.

"That'll do," he said. "I think we've got

it down fine, as the Yankees say. No good fagging ourselves out, as we've got a game this afternoon. Let's scoot back and have a tub before dinner."

"Scoot's the word," replied Valence; and off they set. Judging by the pace, their twenty minutes' hard practice had been no more than a breather. Jack Noble believed in keeping himself and his team in tiptop training.

As their feet rattled in unison up the road, which here ran parallel with the river, suddenly there pealed out a terrified scream, followed by shrill shouts of "Help!"

All four boys pulled up instantly.

"Someone in the river!" cried Jack. And, turning sharp to the right, scrambled through the quick-set hedge. The others came tumbling after.

The first thing that Jack caught sight of was two Charbury boys running wildly down the bank, and shouting. Out in mid-stream a small, dark object bobbed among the yellow waves. It was a human head.

The moment the village boys caught sight of Jack and his chums, they stopped, and one came rushing across to him.

"Jim's fell in!" he shrieked, in terror-stricken accents, pointing to the head, which was still visible above the surface of the flooded river.

Jack's reply was to switch to the right, and run hard down the bank. The others followed.

Jack ran until he reached a point about fifty yards below the drowning boy, then stopped and tore off his coat and boots.

"Jack, you can't go into that!" cried Valence, in real dismay.

"Can't I? You watch!" retorted Jack. Then, with a sudden change of tone: "One of you go and try to get a rope. You and Bob hook it down to the bend where the trees are. I mean to get ashore there if I can."

Without another word he took a run, and, jumping as far as he could from the bank, dived far out into the yellow, rushing flood.

"You go for the rope, Lawson!" cried Valence, taking command. "Bob, come with me." He rushed off towards the spot which Jack had indicated, followed by Bob, while Lawson, after one terrified glance at Jack, who was now swimming with strong, steady strokes slantwise across the river, went off at record speed in the opposite direction.

When Jack took to the water he knew very well that it was hopeless to expect to breast the stream that was running. That was why he chose to dive in at a spot so far below the point where the boy was struggling for his life. His idea was that the drowning boy would be swept down to him, and he would meet him and catch him.

Close under the bank the current was not so strong, and for a few yards he made good progress. But as soon as he reached the main

rush of the flood he found himself almost helpless. In spite of his struggles—and he was a powerful swimmer—he was swept down-river at a great pace.

Raising himself as high as he could out of the water, he tried to catch sight of the boy, but was horrified to find that nothing broke the yellow, muddy expanse, except bits of floating stick, rushes, and other rubbish swept down by the flooded river.

All of a sudden something rose right in front of him. It was an arm flung up in a last desperate effort for life.

Jack made three furious strokes, caught it, and then, before the drowning lad could clutch him in a deadly hold, managed to shift his grip, and get his left hand on the collar of the boy's coat.

The effort left him so weak that for the moment he was unable to do more than paddle feebly, just sufficient to keep his head above water. The racing flood whirled him and his now unconscious burden like straws downstream. He heard shouts, and, glancing round, saw that he was rapidly nearing the bend where Valence and Bob Russell were standing with anxious faces waist deep in the water.

It was now or never.

Beyond the bend the river narrowed again, and ran furiously between high banks. Once in that long, swift stretch there was no hope of rescue, and Jack was perfectly aware that he would never be able to keep afloat until he reached the end nearly a mile below. The water was bitterly cold, and the chances were that cramp would seize him before many minutes were over.

Taking a long breath, he started swimming hard towards the point. The weight of the water was like a wall. At first it seemed that he was making no headway at all. Alone he could have done it, but the weight of the drowning boy pulled him back, and at every stroke the rush of the flood seemed bent on tearing his burden from his grasp.

Every muscle was wrenched and aching. The rough water broke clean over his head, and his brain reeled with its angry roar. If Jack Noble had not been blessed with something more than a fair share of British bulldog pluck, he must either have let go the boy whom he was trying to rescue, or else have given up altogether.

But gasping for breath, he fought his way across the muddy, swirling torrent, while the encouraging shouts of his chums came faintly to his ears above the boom of the raging river.

He was opposite the point, but still some yards away.

It was too late.

He could never reach it.

"Catch hold, Jack!" came a yell from Valence, and something splashed into the water a foot or two in front of his nose. He snatched at it with the energy of despair. It was the end of a long branch, which Valence, almost up to his armpits, and only saved from being swept away by Bob Russell's hold, was stretching out to him.

Next moment Jack was swung round under lee of the shingle bank on which Valence and Bob were standing. He dropped his feet, and felt firm ground, and presently was seized by both his chums, and still grasping the rescued boy, hauled ashore by two sturdy pairs of arms.

"By jingo, but that was a near squeak!" cried Valence. "How are you, old chap?"

"Never mind me," muttered Jack, dropping almost fainting on the grass. "Look to the kid. I'm afraid he's done for."

There were ambulance classes at Pelham, and both Valence and Russell had some idea of first aid. They turned the boy over on his face, and set to work.

A moment later there were shouts from up the towing-path. Here came Lawson carrying a coil of rope, and half a dozen men behind him, running hard. Among them was the village doctor, whom he had happened to meet driving across the bridge.

"Got him? Hurray!" shouted Lawson.

"Jack got him all right, but I'm awfully afraid he's done for," replied Valence gravely.

The doctor swooped down on the little boy,

and, tearing open his shirt, put his ear to his heart.

"Not a bit of it!" he exclaimed. "He'll be all right. Here, roll him in my overcoat; keep him warm. No need to worry about him. It strikes me that this plucky chap needs my care the more of the two." And, pulling out a flask, he put it to Jack's blue lips.

The spirit pulled Jack round. He had been very near fainting. Following the doctor's directions, Bob and Valence took him by the arms, and helped him up the towing-path to the bridge. There they put him in the doctor's pony trap, and he was driven back to the school and put to bed.

THE 2nd CHAPTER. A Friendly Warning.

THERE'S a man wants to see you, Mr. Noble," said the school-sergeant, appearing at the door of the Third Form classroom.

It was the next day after his adventure in the river, and Jack, fully recovered, but not quite up to footer, was deep in a book over the fire.

"Who is he, Snark?"

"I think he's the father of the little chap you pulled out of the river yesterday, sir. His name's Granger."

Jack's face fell. The last thing he wanted was to be thanked.

"Murder, Snark! Can't you tell him I'm out, or playing footer, or something?"

"No, sir," replied Snark, with a twinkle in his eye. "If I did, he'd only wait till you were in. Best come along, and get it over. He's in my room in the gate lodge."

Jack got up reluctantly, and followed Snark across the quadrangle. A decent-looking, neatly-dressed workman was waiting in the sergeant's little room.

"Is this the young gent, Mr. Snark?" he exclaimed, as Jack came in.

"This is Mr. Noble," replied Snark, and slipped out.

The man stretched out a horny hand, and Jack took it.

"I ain't much of a hand at talking, sir," he said, and his voice was not very steady, "but Jim's mother and me were more grateful than we knows how to tell. He's our only one, sir, and it would have broke our hearts if we'd lost him!"

"That's all right," said Jack. "I'm only jolly glad it happened to be there."

Granger shook his head.

"All very well for you to make light of it, Mr. Noble, but there might have been a many there, and him drowned just the same. It's more than most would have done, even grown men, to go into that there river, running like it was yesterday. It was a fine bit o' work, sir."

"Nonsense! You make too much of it. How is the little chap? All right, I hope."

"Right as rain, sir. I hopes you're none the worse?"

"Not a ha'porth. I'd have been playing footer, only the doctor made me promise to slack to-day."

"Be you one of them young gents as is playing against Charbury Town on Wednesday?" asked Granger.

"Yes, I'm in the team," replied Jack, a little astonished at the sudden turn in the conversation.

Granger hesitated. He seemed to be anxious to say something, and yet to hardly know how to begin. At last he burst out:

"You beat 'em last year, sir?"

"Yes," said Jack. "The school has won the match two years running."

"They don't intend as you shall win this time, sir!"

"What on earth do you mean?" exclaimed Jack, in surprise.

"Well, sir, you'll understand as I don't altogether like to tell on them. But I played football myself when I were younger, and it ain't right what they're doing; and, seeing what I owes you, I said to myself as the best thing I could do was to tell you."

He paused.

Jack, much amazed, remained silent.

"I'll tell you, sir," went on Granger. "But I won't tell no one else, and I want your word as it sha'n't go no further."

This time it was Jack who hesitated. He hardly knew what to say. Probably this was a mare's nest; but if not, and foul play was really intended, it was better for even one of the team to know what was up, than for the entire number of school players to remain in ignorance.

"All right," he said at last. "I'll keep whatever you tell me to myself."

Granger leaned forward, and spoke in low, eager tones.

"You know the town hasn't got no goal-keeper as is worth anything?" he asked.

"They hadn't last year," replied Jack. "There was a duffer called Grindle, who couldn't stop a shot to save his life."

"Grindle ain't playing this time," said Granger impressively.

"They've got someone better?" asked Jack.

"So much better, sir, that you ain't likely to get anything past him."

Jack laughed.

"He'll be a wonder if he can stop Lecky's shots. It would take something like an International to do that."

"Well, sir, this chap ain't actually been played for England, but there was talk of it two years ago. An' if he had played, he'd have played goal."

Jack pricked up his ears. This sounded interesting.

(Continued on the next page.)

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THE BOYS' REALM,
April 16, 1910.

"Who is this wonder?" he asked.
"Ever hear of Hutchins, of the Warlingford Wanderers, Mr. Noble?"
"Of course I have. But what's he got to do with it?"

"He's the chap as the town have got to play for them against the school."

Jack started.
He could hardly believe his ears.

Yet the man evidently believed implicitly what he was saying.

"It's true, sir," he added—"true as I'm standing here!"

"But what in the world would bring a fellow like that down to a potty little place like this?" exclaimed Jack. "Besides, of course, everyone will know who he is."

"Oh, no, they won't, sir," returned Granger confidently. "Not much they won't! It's not likely as anyone down in this part of the country will know him by sight, seeing as he comes from the north; and, of course, they'll play him under another name."

"But he'd get in no end of a row if it came out," objected Jack. "I shouldn't have thought that the town could have paid him enough to make it worth his while."

"They're not paying him one penny," declared Granger. "He's doing it out of spite!"

Jack stared.

"Spite!" repeated Granger emphatically. "Years ago, when he were a youngster, he played against the school, and there was summat wrong. He played foul, they said. Anyways, he were ordered off the field, and he were proper angry about it. Always said he'd have his revenge, so I've been told, and that's what he's after this time."

"Seems to me he'll get it, too," groaned Jack, to whom the prowess of Hutchins as goalkeeper was no secret. "But look here, Granger, surely you'll let me tell our captain, Lecky?"

"You promised you wouldn't say nothing to nobody, sir. I wouldn't have told you, only I was that grateful for what you did yesterday, and I thought as how it might give you a chance, just by yourself, so to speak. You see, it's this way, sir. Lucas, down at the Black Bull, he's made a bet o' fifty pounds on the town, and he's my landlord; and if so be it came out as the school had been warned, he'd know fast enough who'd done it, and it wouldn't be very good for me."

"No, I suppose not," said Jack. "But, 'pon my word, Granger, I almost wish you hadn't told me. It puts me in an awful hole!"

After Granger had gone, and Jack had returned to his chair by the fire in the Third Form class-room, he wished more than ever that Granger had kept his mouth shut.

To feel that the school was going to be beaten by a rank swindle was simply maddening, and he knowing all about it, yet unable to enlighten the rest of the team.

He did not open his book again, but sat there thinking and worrying till his head began to ache.

When Bob Russell and the rest came down from the playing-field, they found him so silent that they all got into a regular panic that he had caught cold, or was going sick, and wouldn't be able to play; so they brewed hot cocoa, and brought it him, and Valence cut him a huge hunk of a cake he had just had from home, and the whole of them coddled him till at last he burst out laughing, and asked if they wanted to kill him by kindness.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. The Winning Goal.

IF the day fixed for the Charbury match had been made to order it could not have been finer. An easterly breeze had dried the ground till it was faster than it had been all the season. The sun shone brightly, but the air had a cool, bracing nip which prevented it from being too warm.

Sharp at three the two teams turned out. They formed as complete a contrast as could well be imagined. The townies were half as big again as the school, yet the expert would not have backed them on that account. Great, hulking, loosely-built chaps, they had not half the training of their smaller, more compact adversaries.

There was a tremendous crowd along the ropes.

Naturally, the whole school had turned out, and almost the whole of the Charbury townfolk were also on the ground, besides quite a number of people from the neighbourhood for some miles round. They were there to shout for the town, and it was whispered that the town meant to turn the tables on the school, after being defeated for two years running.

As for Jack, he had eyes only for the townies' goalkeeper, and he had no difficulty in spotting him. He was almost the only one of the eleven, barring, perhaps, Carver, the captain, and Elkins, one of the halves, who looked like a player. Tall, as a goalkeeper should be, broad shouldered, with small, light blue eyes, and a great, craggy chin, he had a really formidable appearance.

He was playing under the name of Smith.

Carver span a coin, and when Lecky lost the toss a roar of applause broke from the serried ranks of the townsmen. But Lecky only laughed. There was very little choice of ends, and, in any case, the sun would be lower during the second half, and the shadows longer.

As he had fully expected, Carver chose the western end, and, without delay, the ball was kicked off, and the match began.

For the first five minutes nothing happened of a startling nature, but from the beginning it was plain that the school combination was

infinitely superior to that of their opponents. Lecky's team worked like a machine, while the townies, though they played up like men, were constantly late in passing.

Then Carver—who was really a good man—got the ball, and for a moment looked dangerous. The game surged back towards the school goal, and the townspeople roared with delight.

But Carver never got a shot, for Whitburn, one of the school backs, tricked him, and in an instant the position was reversed. A sharp bout of clever passing by the school, and the ball was in front of the town goal.

Lecky saw his chance, and, trapping the ball, sent in a cracking shot. But Hutchins was there—very much there. His movements were like lightning, and he fisted the ball out with a punch that sent it yards up the ground.

"By Jove, that's a warm customer!" Jack heard Lecky mutter in a surprised tone. "A sight better than Grindle!"

"I should rather think he was," groaned Jack to himself.

But he had no time for regrets.

The ball came flying towards him; and like a flash he had passed it to Lecky.

Again Lecky fired it in, this time aiming for the left-hand lower corner of the net. Hutchins, or Smith, who was at the other side, flung himself full length upon the ground, and, with a movement quick as a striking snake, tipped it round the post.

Jack ground his teeth.

He had never seen a hotter shot in his life, nor a finer save. He felt that Granger had told him no more than the truth when he said that the school would never get past the redoubtable town goalkeeper.

Now the school had their blood up.

They realised that they had no soft thing before them, and they played up like fury.

For the next ten minutes Hutchins had a

Their supporters along the ropes howled encouragement, and for the moment matters looked serious for Pelham.

But Lecky kept his head; and in a minute or two the tide turned, and the game surged back up the field.

Jack, still feeling the effects of his accident, was good for little for the time being; but his hard training was telling, and he was pulling round.

Slowly the school drove down upon the town goal.

Their play was extraordinarily good. The boys were like a machine, and the greater weight and strength of the townsmen went for little against the perfect combination of their smaller adversaries.

Still, they played up desperately; and when a quarter of an hour passed without either side scoring it began to look as if the match would result in a draw.

A rush by Whitburn, ably backed by Vesey, and the ball was driven over the line. The school were awarded a corner.

Lecky took the kick.

It was a clever shot, and one of the school forwards, Harvey by name, made a red-hot shot at goal. But again Hutchins was equal to the occasion, and, with a cat-like spring to one side, he sent the ball flying over the bar; and once more a groan of disappointment broke from the ranks of the school supporters.

"Play up, the school!" came shouts, as the ball was once more kicked off.

And nobly the team responded to the call.

Jack, now quite himself again, got the ball, and, by a sharp, clever bit of dribbling, ran well down towards the town goal. One of the backs came at him, and he passed to Lecky.

But Lecky, in difficulties, sent the ball flying back to Jack. Jack gave a quick glance round. The other town back was rushing at him; but,



"Catch hold, Jack!" came a yell from Valence, and something splashed into the water an inch or two in front of his nose. It was the end of a long branch, and Noble snatched it with the energy of despair.

busy time. But he was quite equal to the emergency, and saved two more strong attempts to score on the part of the school.

The townspeople on the ropes cheered him like mad; but the town team, finding themselves unable to hold the smart and nippy schoolboys, got sulky, and began to play rough, and the referee was forced to sharply caution two of the offenders.

This did not mend matters.

At least, not for long.

Presently Jack, having secured the ball from a throw in, was flashing like a swallow in and out through the big townies, and was almost clear when a long, bony, tow-headed back came charging wildly at him, with fury in his eye.

Exactly what happened next Jack never knew. Only that he was lying flat on his back, gasping in an agonising effort to get his breath back. The townsman's knee had got him below the belt; and presently he had to be helped off the field, very sick, and for the moment good for nothing at all but to lie quite still.

His loss was a serious one to the school; for, though Jack himself had so far done nothing especially brilliant, yet all the time he had been feeding Lecky with quick, unselfish passes.

Still, the remaining ten school players managed to keep the townsmen away from the goal; and half-time came with the score love all.

When the Pelhamites came running into the pavilion they were astonished to find Jack sitting up; and, in spite of remonstrances, he insisted upon coming back to the game.

The moment the whistle blew it was plain that the townies meant to score if possible. They made a heavy rush, and took the ball right down to the school end; and for the first time during the match the school goalkeeper had his work cut out to keep the ball out of the net.

besides him, there was no one between him and Hutchins.

As the big fellow came tearing at him, Jack, instead of trapping the ball with his foot, kicked it forward, and ran after it. The back, making a desperate effort to twist round, slipped and fell. The field was clear for Jack to shoot at goal.

But what was the good, with that big, hard-faced goalkeeper in the way? If Lecky's best shots had been in vain, how could Jack hope to succeed?

Jack caught the confident grin on Hutchins's face, and the sight made him desperate. All of a sudden there came to him an inspiration.

It was a trick, and Jack scorned tricks. But surely anything was fair against a fellow like this, who was playing under a false name in a team where he had no right to be, and who, moreover, was doing it out of spite!

As he reached the circle Jack trapped the ball with his foot. He stared straight at the man in front.

"Look out, Hutchins!" he hissed sharply.

At the unexpected sound of his own name Hutchins gave a sharp start; and at the same instant Jack kicked with all his might—a low, hard shot, directed to the left-hand corner of the net.

Hutchins made a frantic dive to stop it; but that moment's hesitation had been fatal. He was just too late, and the ball, grazing the tips of his outstretched fingers, lodged safely in the net.

The school went mad.

They fairly shrieked with triumph, yet for the moment the applause gave Jack no pleasure. He felt that he had not played the game, and the knowledge was bitter. Even Lecky's quiet but hearty "Oh, well played, Noble!" was hardly consolation; though at any other time praise from the school captain

would have been more to him than all the applause in the world.

There was still about ten minutes left before the call of time, and the townsmen, sullen and savage at the unexpected defeat of their champion, made one more desperate effort to, at any rate, equalise.

But the school, bucked beyond measure at the almost equally unhelped-for goal, never gave them a chance, and within a few minutes were once more bombarding the town end goal.

But Hutchins had pulled himself together again, and Jack saw that there was not the least chance of catching the fellow napping a second time.

There was not the same cool confidence about him which he had showed all the earlier part of the game, but rather a savage determination that there should be no further scoring on the part of the school.

Presently Whitburn made a strong attempt at goal; but Hutchins punched the ball out with such force as drove it many yards up the field. Then Lecky sent the ball thundering in again, but only to meet the same fate.

The whole of the last ten minutes the school were fighting hard for a second goal; but Hutchins was equal to the occasion, and not once did the ball reach the net. And when at last the whistle blew and the match was over the school were victors by the one goal which Jack had scored.

The townsmen were not pleased.

If they had taken their defeat in good part Jack would have been sorry for them. But their lowering faces and scowling looks utterly destroyed any sympathy he might otherwise have felt.

Lecky went up to Carver.

"Good game!" he said cheerily. "We only just licked you. That goalkeeper of yours is a wonder!"

Carver muttered something, then turned his back and marched off, followed by his team, leaving the school team, staring, scandalised by such a display of ill-manners.

The Third Form fairly fell over one another in their efforts to be first to congratulate Jack; and he was escorted back to the school by an enthusiastic crowd of his chums and admirers.

After a tub and a change he and Valence and Bob Russell were enjoying hunks of cake over their class-room fire when Snark turned up with a note for Jack.

Jack read it, and his face turned rather grave.

"I'll have to slide out for a bit, you fellows. I'll be back soon."

And, flinging on his cap, he ran out.

The note was from Hutchins, and asked Jack to come out and speak to him at the corner of the road, below the school.

"Wonder if he means to make trouble?" muttered Jack to himself.

But he was not the sort to shirk an explanation if Hutchins wanted one.

He found the big goalkeeper standing alone at the corner in the dusk.

He stared hard at the boy.

"So you know who I am!" was the man's first remark. "How did you find out?"

"I'm not going to tell you that," answered Jack.

"You wouldn't have scored that goal if you hadn't called my name," said Hutchins grimly. "I know that well enough! But we should have scored a lot more if you hadn't been playing; and you know jolly well you hadn't any right to."

Hutchins gave a short laugh.

"That's true!" he said. "Have you given me away?"

"No; I haven't said a word."

"Are you going to?"

"No. I was told who you were in confidence. Of course I shan't let it go further."

Hutchins gave a sigh of relief.

"Don't mind saying I'm glad of that. You could have got me in a proper row with my own people."

"I don't want to get you into a row," replied Jack. "Only, it seems to me, a fellow who holds the position you do in the game ought to know better than to break the rules."

Hutchins laughed.

"You're right!" he said. "I shan't do it again. I've no wish to lose my job. Anyhow, I hope to hold it long enough to keep goal against you when you're playing for the Corinthians."

And he melted away into the darkness.

THE END.

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