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The Boys' Realm 1d

Football Series



A BRIGHT AND UP-TO-DATE PAPER FOR ALL BRITISH BOYS AND YOUNG MEN.

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EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

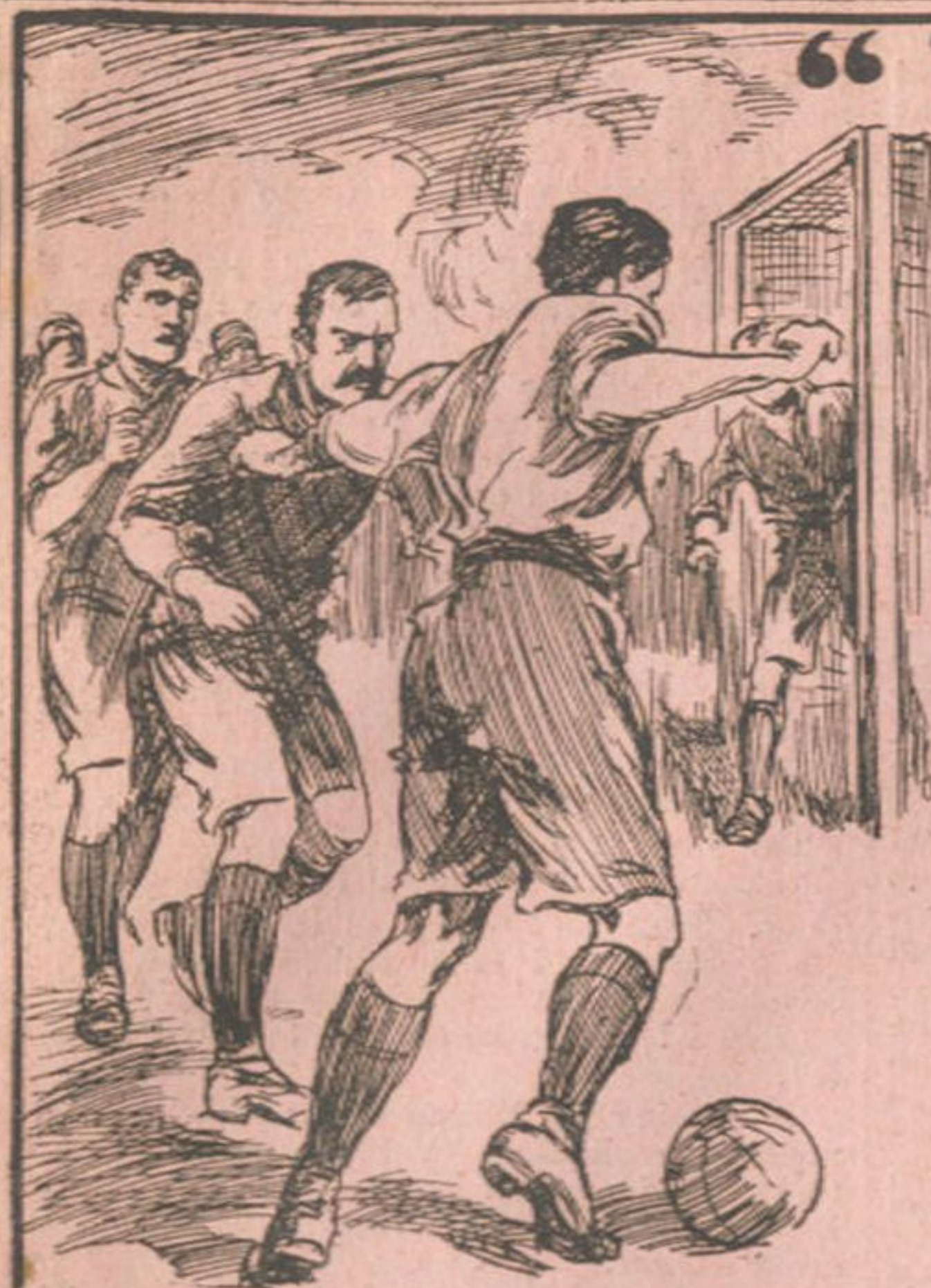
[SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 25TH, 1905.]

Tom Tartar at School.

A MAGNIFICENT STORY OF SCHOOL LIFE.



JERRY WAS LASHED INTO THE CHAIR, AND CARRIED "GUY FASHION" DOWN INTO THE VILLAGE, FOLLOWED BY A NUMBER OF DELIGHTED SPECTATORS.



“For the Honour of the Game!”

A Fine Long,
Complete
Football Story.

By a . . .
Popular Author

Straight from the Shoulder.

“I’ll pay if you’ll give me time, Dowsett.”
“Rats! I’ve heard all that afore. You’ll—” The man broke off suddenly. “Sh, there’s somebody coming down the path. Get into the trees here.”

The speakers were standing in the footpath that led through the Dale Wood towards Abbotsdale College. One, a boy of about sixteen, with a weak face, now full of trouble; the other, a stout, coarse-featured man, dressed in loud checks, with an aggressive-looking watch-chain.

Patter, patter, patter!
The light footsteps of a runner were audible on the path. Dowsett seized the boy by the shoulder and drew him hastily into the shelter of the trees.

But the runner was coming down the path like the wind, and he caught sight of the two as they left the open path, and as he came to the spot where they had been standing he slackened down and halted.

He was a fine-looking young fellow, with a frank, handsome face, and a splendidly developed form, which showed to great advantage in his running garb.

It was Dick Lyndon, of the Sixth Form at Abbotsdale. He was out for a sprint, and he was coming homeward through the Dale Wood when he spotted the two figures on the path.

“I say, Clavering,” he called out as he stopped.

The boy, seeing that concealment was useless, jerked himself free from the other, and turned back to the path.

“Well, Lyndon, what do you want?” he said sullenly and nervously.

“Who’s that fellow with you?”
Dowsett, with a shrug of the shoulders, had taken a cigar from his case, and was lighting it. He did not bestow a glance upon Dick.

“What does it matter to you, Lyndon?” broke out Clavering angrily. Like most weak natures, he was easily moved to anger. “Can’t I be with whom I like without asking you?”

Dick Lyndon flushed.

“I suppose you can, Clavering; but an

Abbotsdale fellow has no business to be hanging about with a bookmaker, and you know it.”
“Who said he was a bookmaker?” said Clavering nervously.

“Unless I am mistaken, he is Dowsett, the bookmaker, who has been staying in Abbotsdale, and whom the doctor specially warned us against.”

“Suppose you leave Mr. Clavering to choose his own friends, young gentleman,” said the bookmaker, looking at Dick with a sneering smile, which made the young fellow’s eyes flash. “He prefers my company to yours; so suppose you vacate? You are not wanted here.”

Dick curbed his temper with difficulty. He felt greatly inclined to plant his clenched fist in the coarse face of the bookmaker.

“Clavering, won’t you come back to Abbotsdale with me?” he said. “That fellow means you no good. I—”

“No, I won’t!” growled Clavering. “Mind your own business! What the dickens has it got to do with you, I’d like to know?”

Dick stepped back without a word more. He saw that it would be a waste of words to argue, but he could not help feeling deeply concerned at seeing a schoolfellow on the road to ruin.

“Look here, don’t you get blabbing at Abbotsdale,” said Clavering savagely. “If you tell tales about me—”

“I shall not tell tales about you,” said Dick quietly. “If you are fool enough to get into the clutches of that rascal, I suppose it’s your own look out.”

“Who are you calling a rascal, you young whelp?” exclaimed the bookmaker, starting forward, his puffy face red with rage, and his hand tightening on the cane he carried.

Dick Lyndon looked at him fearlessly.

“I call you a rascal!” he replied coolly. “You are trying to get hold over a foolish boy, and— Stand back, you mongrel! If you touch me with that cane I’ll wipe up the ground with you!”

But the warning did not stop the enraged bookmaker.

He struck fiercely at the handsome, scornful

face before him, and the next moment Dick Lyndon, catching the blow on his left arm, lashed out with his right, and Mr. Dowsett went rolling over among the roots of the trees.

“Do you want any more?”

Apparently Mr. Dowsett did not, for he sat up, staring stupidly at the boy, and made no attempt to rise to his feet.

Dick turned from him with a smile of contempt.

“If you take my advice, Clavering, you’ll cut that scoundrel,” he said.

“Keep your advice till it is asked for!”

Dick repressed a strong desire to lay Clavering beside the bookmaker with another right-hander, and, swallowing his wrath, sped away up the path towards the college.

The first half had been keenly contested, and had ended without a goal being scored on either side. Dick’s was the first taken in the second half.

“Lyndon—Lyndon!”
“Bravo!”

Dick’s face flushed at the shouts of his school-fellows. His eyes sparkled. He threw himself into the game with fresh eagerness.

“How splendidly Lyndon plays!” It was Mr. Leigh, the second master, who made the remark to the Head.

Dr. Tamworth nodded absently.

“Yes, he is a fine player. I only wish—”

He paused, and did not finish. Mr. Leigh looked at him curiously. There had been something strange and strained about the doctor all day. Something was amiss, he felt. Was it anything in connection with Lyndon, the best footballer and the most popular fellow in the Sixth at Abbotsdale?

The visitors were fighting hard to equalise, and the school did their level best to prevent them.

Presently the home forwards broke away, and swooped down on the Saints’ goal, and after some brilliant short passing Dick Lyndon kicked again for goal, and another mighty shout went up—“Goal!”

A goal it was, splendidly taken. And it was the last one scored in the game. When the whistle blew Abbotsdale had won the match by two goals to nil.

Dick’s schoolfellows gave him quite an



Dick’s right fist was planted between the brute’s eyes with stunning force, sending him crashing to the earth.

Clavering turned to the bookmaker, who was slowly rising, his face convulsed with rage.

“Did he hurt you much, Dowsett?”

The bookmaker rapped out a curse.

“I’ll hurt him!” he snarled. “Look here, Clavering, you have no love for that interfering puppy?”

“I dislike him more than any other fellow at Abbotsdale,” said Clavering viciously.

“Good! Wot was we talking of when he came up? The money you owe me. Shut up, please, and listen to what I’ve got to say! You can’t pay me, and you know you can’t; but if I don’t have my money I shall get you expelled from Abbotsdale.”

Clavering turned deadly pale.

“You wouldn’t do that, Dowsett.”

“Yes, I would; and I will, too, if you don’t pony up!”

“Give me time.”

“Do you think I’m going to take root in this dead hole of a village?” the bookmaker exclaimed. “I’ve got to go North for the races next week. Look here, you can’t pay me. I can show you how to do it, and without the money coming out of your own pocket, either, and, at the same time, how to make that interfering hound sit up.”

And the villain went on to speak in low, eager tones, and at first Clavering started back with a cry of horror; but gradually, as the tempter proceeded, his repugnance seemed to vanish, until at last, when they parted, they were in complete agreement.

The School Match—A Terrible Accusation—Dick Lyndon’s Flight.

“GOAL!”
It was a shout from a hundred throats, and it rang far and wide over the match-ground at Abbotsdale. Abbotsdale was playing St. Cuthbert’s, and the home team were “keeping their end up” in the finest style.

Dick Lyndon was centre of the forward line, and captain of the team. He was doing wonders for his side, playing up like an International. It was a goal kicked by him that brought the enthusiastic shout from the Abbotsdale boys clustered round the ground.

ovation as he came off. While he was in the dressing-room his fellow-players crowded round him with cordial congratulations. The St. Cuthbert’s match was an important event of the football season at Abbotsdale, and Dick had won it for the school, and his friends could not contain their delight.

Afterwards, in the troubled times that came, Dick Lyndon remembered that day as one of the happiest of his life.

He walked back to the school with some of his chums, and in the hall met the doctor. Dick was usually in the doctor’s good books, and he expected a cheerful nod and a few words of congratulation from the Head. But, instead of that, Dr. Tamworth gave him a curt look.

“Come into my study, Lyndon. I want to speak to you.”

“Certainly, sir,” said Dick wonderingly.

He left his friends, who were also wondering what the doctor’s strange manner meant, and followed Dr. Tamworth. As soon as they were in the study the doctor told him curtly to be seated. He remained standing himself.

“You do not know what I want to speak to you about, Lyndon?”

“No, sir.”

“My desk was forced open last night, and a sum of fifteen pounds stolen from it.”

“Yes?”
The doctor looked at him hard. If Lyndon was acting, he was the best actor the doctor had ever seen.

“As it was clear that the thief was one of the Abbotsdale boys, Lyndon, my only course was to order a search of their boxes. A policeman was called in from Abbotsford, and during the first half of the football match he made an examination of them.”

“Yes, sir!” said Dick, still wonderingly.

“Lyndon, do you know that note?”

The doctor, with stern brow, extended a crisp five-pound note towards the boy with an accusing gesture. Dick looked at it.

“No, sir!”

“You have never seen it before?”

“Certainly not!”

“How dare you lie to me?” thundered the doctor, in great wrath. “That note was found by the policeman carefully hidden away



Dick staggered into the dressing-room with unseeing eyes, for at the entrance he had recognised the evil face of Dowsett, the bookmaker.

For the Honour of the Game

(Continued from the previous page).

between two sheets of paper in the bottom of your box."

Dick stared at the doctor, wondering which of them had gone mad.

"In my box, sir?"

"Yes, in your box!"

"Impossible!"

"It was found by the policeman, boy, in my presence."

Dick had turned as pale as death.

"Do you suspect me of stealing that note, sir?" he asked, with forced and unnatural calmness.

"I do not suspect, I know that you stole it, and ten sovereigns besides. I know that you have been seen talking to the bookmaker Dowsett, and so I can guess what your object was. But this I have to say—you have had no opportunity yet of taking the money to the bookmaker, and so I presume that it is still in your possession. Return it to me, and I shall be satisfied with expelling you from Abbotsdale. Refuse to do so, and I shall place the matter in the hands of the police."

And the doctor set his lips in a way that showed he firmly intended to do as he said.

He was bitterly disappointed in this boy. He had admired and respected Lyndon, and to find out that the boy was the blackest sheep at Abbotsdale, that he had been deceiving him all along, had excited him to an unusual degree of anger. And, unfortunately, there seemed no room to doubt the boy's guilt. The evidence against him was too strong.

Dick sat dumb. He was so horror-stricken that he could not fully realise the terrible meaning of the doctor's words.

"Answer me, boy. Will you return the money you have stolen?"

"I have stolen nothing."

"How came this note in your box, then?"

"I don't know," said poor Dick. "I suppose the thief placed it there."

"Yes, and the thief was yourself," said the doctor scathingly. "It is useless to add lies to your guilt. I have been deceived in you. I regard you as the most dangerous boy at Abbotsdale. That you shall remain here is impossible. But if you make restitution I will render your departure as quiet as possible, for, if I can trust your looks, you are not wholly lost to a sense of shame."

"I am innocent!"

"Listen. You shall have the night to think over the matter. If you do not come into my study to-morrow morning at half-past eight with the ten sovereigns you took last night from my desk I shall give you into custody. Now go!"

Dick rose, and staggered blindly from the room. He had a throbbing as if it would burst, his face went alternately red and white. The doctor read conscious guilt in his looks, where he should have seen the agonies of horror and wounded pride. Dick passed from the room, and the door closed. The doctor sighed.

"My hat! Lyndon, what's the matter?"

Half a dozen voices asked the question; but Dick, without replying, signed to his friends to leave him alone, and went unsteadily away to his own study. They looked after him in amazement, with wondering comments.

Dick reached his own room, and locked himself in. He flung himself into a chair and tried to think.

For a long time his head throbbled and buzzed, and he was incapable of consecutive thought. Presently he grew calmer, and looked at the situation more clearly.

He was suspected of being a thief, and the proof against him was overwhelming. To restore the money was impossible, since he had not taken it. Ten pounds! He did not possess so many shillings at that moment. But if he did not take ten pounds to the doctor in the morning, he was to be arrested for theft.

He groaned aloud. The doctor, who had always liked him, had made up his mind that he was a thief. What, then, would be the verdict of others? Whichever way he looked, the prospect was hopeless. There were many at Abbotsdale who would never believe him guilty, he knew. But the proofs, and the doctor's opinion, would weigh heavily with most. And his uncle? That stern, severe man, who never erred on the side of gentleness, what would he think? What would he say when he heard that his nephew had been given into custody for theft? Would he ever allow the boy to enter his house again? Dick knew that he would not.

What could he do?

Long, long the wretched boy sat, thinking, thinking, till at length a definite purpose formed in his troubled mind.

He must leave Abbotsdale.

To wait for the morrow was madness. He had no means of proving his innocence, and he felt that he should die of shame if he felt the hand of a policeman on his shoulder. And to be expelled! He shuddered at the mere thought of it. No; if he was to go, he would go to-night, while he was yet free.

The night grew old; gradually the sounds died away in Abbotsdale College. Slumber reigned; but there was one whom sleep could not visit. Dick Lyndon had few preparations to make. While the rest of Abbotsdale slept, he crept silently from his room, silently down the stairs. In every creak of the stair he seemed to hear a sound of pursuit. His heart

was beating like a hammer when he reached the hall.

Cautiously he opened a window, and climbed out. The moment his feet touched the ground he sped away. A minute later he had climbed the iron gates, and clambered down on the other side, and stood in the public road.

There he stood motionless for a few moments. He looked back at the school with a sob in his throat. He looked over to the shadowy football-field, where only that day he had been acclaimed by a shouting crowd, and the tears ran down his cheeks.

But no time was to be lost. He shouldered his little bundle, and, setting his face against the bitter winter wind, strode firmly away on the road to London.

The Pluck of Dick Lyndon—Fallen Among Friends.

THE splendid training of the football-field stood Dick Lyndon in good stead now. With the light of dawn he looked for pursuit, and he needed all his strength, all his endurance. Of both the champion footballer of Abbotsdale had plenty. Steadily he tramped on, hour after hour, through the winter night, never stopping to rest until the pale dawn was in the sky, and he was many a long mile from the school which had been his home.

Then, wearied and worn, he crept into a barn and flung himself down to rest.

It seemed to him as if he had just closed his eyes when he was awakened by a rough shake.

He started up, and saw a rough face bending over him.

"Out of this, you young rascal. None of your kind wanted here."

An angry retort leaped to Dick's lips, but he realised that he was trespassing there, and so without a word he picked up his bundle to go. The man looked at him curiously.

"Wait a bit, kid. You don't look like a tramp," he said, not unkindly. "Are you hungry?"

Dick nodded, without speaking.

"Come and have some grub, then."

Dick hesitated a moment, and then accepted the rough but well-meant invitation. He shared the labourer's homely breakfast, and he ate with a good appetite, for his mental troubles had not prevented the keen air giving an edge to his hunger. The man asked him a good many questions, which he evaded, but with signs of confusion which did not escape the notice of his interlocutor.

"Look here, take good advice, and go back where you came from, youngster," said the man when Dick rose to depart.

"Thanks," said Dick, "but I cannot."

And he went on his way, considerably cheered by his meal and by the unexpected kindness of the rough-looking individual.

He got a lift in a farmer's waggon later in the day, and when he left it in the afternoon, he was more than twenty miles from Abbotsdale, and feeling a sense of something like security. He avoided towns, keeping as far as he could to unfrequented paths, and only following the main roads when he had no choice in the matter.

Towards evening he came in sight of a pretty village, at the foot of a gently sloping hill. He stopped involuntarily as he came in sight of it, and the tears started to his eyes. For on the village green a crowd was gathered, watching the progress of a game of football, and a loud shout of "Goal! Goal!" reached the boy where he stood.

Absorbed by the sight of the game he loved, Dick stood forgetful of his surroundings. A sharp cry suddenly startled him from his absorption.

He swung swiftly round. A girl was coming down the lane, and she had stopped, as a ruffian-looking man sprang out from the hedge into her path.

He was evidently a footpad, and intended robbery, and had not seen the boy standing there silent and absorbed.

But the girl caught sight of Dick as he turned, and as the ruffian grasped her wrist she cried out for help.

Dick threw his bundle into the road, and ran towards them.

The footpad at sight of him uttered a fierce oath, and gave the girl a brutal push, which caused her to fall heavily into the road. Dick's eyes flashed fire as he rushed at the brute. The man swung up a short, thick stick.

"Stand back, or I'll brain yer!"

Dick did not heed him. Right at the ruffian he sprang, dodging the blow of the stick, which missed his head, but descended with fearful force upon his left shoulder.

Dick staggered, but only for a moment. Then his right fist was planted between the brute's eyes with stunning force, sending him crashing to the earth.

He sprang up again, cursing furiously, only to receive another right-hander full on the jaw, and to fall as heavily as before.

This time he elected to lie still. Dick picked up the cudgel, and flung it over the hedge. His shoulder was aching horribly, but he tried to conceal his pain, as he turned to the girl and raised his cap.

"I don't think that brute will trouble you any more!" he said.

The girl had risen, and had watched the brief encounter between the boy and the tramp with dilated eyes. There was admiration in her glance at the easy way in which Dick had handled the hulking brute.

"Oh, thank you so much!" she cried breathlessly. "How brave you are! But—but you are hurt."

"It's—it's not much," stammered Dick; but he could not keep back the spasm of agony that twisted his face. "Only a little knock."

"You are hurt!" she repeated, in great distress. "Ah, here is father! Father—father!"

A somewhat severe-looking gentleman was hurrying down the lane, evidently having heard the girl's cry from a distance. The tramp at sight of him sprang to his feet, and disappeared with a bound through the hedge. The gentleman hurried to the girl.

"What has happened, my dearest Alice?"

The girl quickly explained.

"And this gentleman is hurt, papa. He—"

"You must come with me, my lad," said the gentleman kindly. "Here, lean on me—so."

Dick obeyed; he was too dizzy with pain to do anything else. "Come on. My house is very near here, and we will soon have you seen to. I cannot thank you enough for your brave action. Why, bless me, he has fainted!"

It was true. The long fatigue and mental worry, culminating in the fight with the tramp and the serious injury to his shoulder, had overcome the brave lad at last. He lay a dead weight upon Mr. Lonsdale's arm.

He knew no more until he awoke to find himself in bed. He looked round him in bewilderment for the moment, thinking that he must be in his old room at Abbotsdale, and that the late events were only the fevered images of a dream. But recollection quickly came, and he sank back on his pillow with a groan.

A sweet and gentle face looked down upon him the next moment.

"Does it pain you very much?"

Dick looked up at the girl's face, tender with compassion, and felt a strange beating in his heart. How sweet and tender she looked!

"The pain?" he said. "Oh, no, I was thinking."

"You must go to sleep now."

And soon the boy sank into slumber.

Every day after that he saw the girl, usually in the presence of her father. The severe face of the gentleman relaxed when he spoke to Dick, and it was not hard to see that he had taken a liking to the boy.

It was three weeks before Dick was able to leave his bed. He tried to express his thanks to the good Samaritans, but Mr. Lonsdale would not listen.

"You received your injury in defence of my daughter," he said. "It is little enough for us to do to nurse you back to health."

It was when Dick was convalescent that Mr. Lonsdale spoke of a matter which Dick knew must come up sooner or later, and which he sprang from.

"You have told us nothing, my boy. You have told us not even your surname, and have refused to give the names of any friends of yours we could communicate with. Now, I should be a donkey if I did not see that you were concealing something. I have no right to pry into your secrets, but I should like to help you. Will you tell me who and what you are?"

"I cannot," said Dick quietly. "I can tell you this much, that I am honest, and have never done anything I ought to be ashamed of. I can tell you no more."

"You have run away from home?"

Dick did not reply.

"You are young to face the world alone," Mr. Lonsdale said kindly. "Is there nothing that I can do to help you?"

"If you could help me find work," said Dick eagerly.

"What can you do? I have observed that your favourite topic is football," said Mr. Lonsdale, with a smile. "Do you play the game much?"

"I love it more than anything else on earth, I think. I was captain of our team, and was considered a good player."

"Then I think I can find an opening for you. I am managing director of Wilton United, and, if you choose, I can give you a trial as soon as you are well."

Tears gushed into the lad's eyes. To find work, after so brief a search for it, and that work playing the game he loved! He could not utter his gratitude, but his look was eloquent.

The Face of a Foo.

A WEEK later Dick—who had given his name now as Richard Lynn—accompanied Mr. Lonsdale to the Wilton Athletic Grounds to be put to the test. After his long illness he was, of course, out of form, and the manager made allowances for that. His performance was, however, very creditable, and Mr. Lonsdale commended him warmly.

"You think I shall do, sir?" asked Dick eagerly.

"I am sure you will. Keep up steady practice, and I shall play you in a reserve match next Saturday week. If your form is good then, you may have a chance of being put into the first team, and playing a League match."

Dick's eyes danced with delight.

"How can I thank you for your kindness, sir?"

"By doing your duty, and helping Wilton United to win the championship of the League," replied Mr. Lonsdale, with a smile.

"For the present, Lynn, you will take up your quarters in my house. You have no objection?"

"Oh, sir, you overwhelm me with kindness!"

To stay at Lonsdale Lodge was the height of happiness to Dick. Every day he was thrown into the society of Alice.

She was sweet and kind to him, for he was a hero in her eyes, and it is probable that the slight mystery about his past added to her in-

terest in him. Her presence was enough to make Dick very happy.

Yet at times the thought of the disgrace he had left behind would rush into his mind, and he would grow pale with dread.

What if his kind friends should ever hear that black story? Would Alice believe that he was a thief?

Why should she not? She knew nothing of him, save that he made a secret of his past. If she should learn that the secret was a disgraceful one she would despise him.

And Mr. Lonsdale! Kind as he was, he was severe by nature. He was a man who could make few allowances.

He could never pardon dishonesty; he could never overlook a deception. Would he not, if he knew all, think that Dick had deceived him? Would he not therefore believe only too readily that he was guilty?

The thought was misery.

Sometimes Dick thought of telling the whole story. Then he thought of the possible result. He pictured cold faces and averted looks, his happiness gone, himself homeless again. Could he face it? He groaned, and felt that he could not.

To playing for Wilton United he looked forward with pleasure. Yet the publicity of the football field caused him twinges of uneasiness. But he reasoned it out that he was not in any great danger.

It was not likely that any description of him had been circulated; and, in fact, he had changed a little in appearance since his illness. His face was graver, older, more marked. No one would dream of looking for the fugitive schoolboy on the football field, and if anyone noted his features it would be set down for a chance resemblance. Yet he could not wholly banish his uneasiness.

But there was no help for it. He went on steadily with his practice, winning golden opinions from Billy Burke, the trainer.

He pulled very well with the rest of the players. He was the youngest in the team, and was christened the "Kid" by the rest; but they all liked him, for, with all his youth, he was not cocky, and, with all his fine play, he never put on airs. He improved wonderfully, and when the time came to play in the reserve match he was as fit as a fiddle.

Wilton Reserves were playing Langdale Reserves at home. The second team was not especially up to the mark, and Dick was easily best, as Billy Burke declared.

Mr. Lonsdale and Alice were in the grand stand to watch the game, and the enclosures were pretty thickly filled, for the Wilton people were enthusiastic about their footer representatives, and those who had not been able to follow the first team, which was playing away, consoled themselves by coming to see the reserves.

As a new recruit, Dick attracted some attention. He played inside left for Wilton, and when he lined up with the rest a good many eyes singled him out, admiring his manly form and handsome, boyish face.

And one stout individual in loud checks, who had strolled in to pass away an idle hour by watching the game, looked at him and started, and looked again.

"Who's that," he said, turning to a neighbour, "inside left?"

"That? That's a new fellow. His name's Dick Lynn."

"Dick Lynn!"

The man in checks chuckled softly. "Dick Lynn?" he murmured. "Ha, ha! So this is where he is hiding himself. By James, I think I see a way to get a little of my own back for that thump he gave me in the Dale Wood!"

He grinned as he watched the game.

Dick was playing well for his side. In the first half only one goal was scored, and that was taken for Wilton by the new inside-left. Mr. Lonsdale's eyes sparkled with satisfaction.

"He's shaping splendidly, Alice," he remarked. "He shall play inside-left in the first team next Saturday!"

And the girl smiled with pleasure. She had grown to like Dick very much, and she was as pleased at his promotion as he could be himself.

In the second half Langdale scored a goal, and time was getting near the finish, when they lined up again. Dick's eyes were gleaming. He was determined to do all that in him lay to bring off a win for his side. Five minutes before the whistle blew, the home forwards got away in fine style, and Dick, receiving the ball, beat the Langdale backs, and fairly slammed it into the net. There was a roar of cheering. Wilton were two to one now, and Langdale had no time to equalise. A couple of minutes later the whistle blew.

As the players streamed through the wicket, Dick's face was flushed with pleasure at the cheering, and his eyes were sparkling. It was a happy hour for him; but his happiness was not to last. For, among the friendly faces all turned towards him, he suddenly caught sight of a red, puffy countenance, with piggy eyes and thick lips, and upon the latter a smile of mocking derision. It was Dowsett, the bookmaker, and he had recognised him!

Dick staggered, rather than walked, to the dressing-room, his brain in a whirl. Dowsett was there, and had recognised him. The lad could have groaned aloud in his misery. All was over; and, in the hour of success, he saw grimly before him the shadow of the prison gates!

A Respite.

DICK avoided Mr. Lonsdale and Alice as he left the Wilton grounds. He felt that he could not see them yet. They would know the truth now, and what could he say? He did not doubt that the bookmaker had already betrayed him. It could only be a matter of hours before the story reached Mr. Lonsdale.

The young footballer was walking moodily along, when he heard quick footsteps and puffy breathing behind him.

"Dick Lyndon!"

He knew the voice, and turned, with gleaming eyes, to confront Mark Dowsett. The bookmaker was red with exertion.

"What do you want, you reptile?"

"Better language, in the first place," grinned Dowsett. "What did you cut away like that for? I want to speak to you."

"You want to torture me! You sha'n't have that pleasure. Go, and tell your story! You can blacken me in the eyes of those who now trust me!" said the young footballer hoarsely. "But you are not wise to trust yourself within reach of my arm! Do you know that I could kill you with a blow?"

"And be hanged for it!" retorted Dowsett. "But what put the idea into your head that I am your enemy? Suppose I want to speak to you as a friend?"

Dick started.

"What do you mean?"

"Business," grinned the other. "I'll keep your secret."

"You mean that?"

"On conditions, of course."

"Money, you mean?" Dick breathed more freely. He told himself that he was a fool not to have thought of that before. A man of that stamp would do anything for money. "I'm getting two pounds a week from Wilton United. You can have half of it, so long as you leave me in peace!"

"Ah, you think I want to blackmail you?" Dick looked at him in wonder.

"Well, don't you?"

"No."

"Tell me plainly what you mean."

"I am going to keep your secret. That will be doing you a good turn. When you have a chance to do me a good turn, I'll ask you to do it. That's fair play."

"Do you mean to say that that is all you want?"

"Honour bright!"

Dick held out his hand.

"Then I've misjudged you, Dowsett. I beg your pardon."

"Granted!" The bookmaker shook the young man's firm hand in his own flabby one. "We ain't all as black as we're painted, you know!"

There was a brief pause.

"You know all about—that?" Dick asked, at length.

Dowsett nodded.

"What happened after I left?"

"I heard it all from a chap I know there."

Dick knew that he was referring to Clavering. "The doctor was awfully wild at your hooking it with ten pounds, after he gave you a chance to own up, and he sent for the police at once—What's the matter now?" he asked, and staring at Dick, who had made a fierce gesture.

"I suppose it is useless for me to tell you I was innocent?" said Dick bitterly.

The bookmaker grinned.

"You can tell me so, if you like!" he said.

"Go on," said Dick wearily.

"The matter was out of the doctor's hands after that. There was a lively hunt for you by the police, and nobody could guess where you had got to. Of course, your running away showed everybody that you were—hem, excuse me—made everybody believe that you were guilty!" The wretch grinned again. "They have slacked off looking for you now, I believe. If you lie low, there's no reason why you shouldn't keep clear. I'll hold my tongue."

Dick's face was very dreary. They all believed him guilty at Abbotsdale, then! Yet, what could they believe? He had had no alternative but flight and flight had irrevocably sealed his doom in their opinion. He could not repress the sigh that rose to his lips.

"Don't let it worry you," said Dowsett. "You've thrown all that behind you now. You're a good step from Abbotsdale, and in little danger, if you take ordinary care. There's a new life before you, and I see you've made some nobby new friends. You're all right. After the way you played to-day, you will be shoved into the first team, and play in the next League match, for a dead cert."

The little, cunning eyes watched Dick keenly. The young footballer nodded.

"Very likely," he said. "Well, good-bye, Dowsett; I must be getting home. I am more obliged to you than I can say."

The bookmaker watched him as he strode away, a sardonic smile on his thick lips.

"Young fool!" muttered Dowsett contemptuously. "Yes, you'll play in the next League match, I reckon, and then I shall have something to say to you, Mr. Lyndon! Just you wait!"

And the bookmaker went his way.

Dick, in his simple faith, never dreaming of the cunning plans working in his enemy's mind, reached home. He made some excuse to Mr. Lonsdale for missing him after the game; but he could not help noticing that the manager of Wilton United looked at him curiously. Had he been seen talking to the bookmaker? The boy wondered miserably. For the first time he did not meet his employer's eyes.

Terribly Tempted.

A FEW days later Billy Burke gave Dick a sounding thump on the back, in the dressing-room, and, as our hero turned round to inquire the reason of that demonstration, chuckled with great glee.

"Pull up your socks, my boy; you're in luck!"

"What is it?" asked Dick; but already his eyes were sparkling, for he anticipated what was coming.

"You are to play in the match against Twickenham Hotspurs on Saturday."

Dick's face glowed with pleasure.

"Thanks, Billy; that's good news."

"No more than you deserve, Kid."

"What about Price?" Dick's face fell. "I hate to take another man's place!"

"Price can do with a rest."

"That's all right, Lynn," said the individual in question, coming up. "Don't think I shall owe you one, Kid. A rest won't do me any harm."

Dick gripped his hand.

"You're a good sort, Price. This is the chance of my life, and I can't help feeling as pleased as Punch; but I am more glad still that you take it like a real brick!"

The new inside-left was made very welcome in the team. During the next few days there were practice matches, and Dick showed his quality more and more. On the morning of the great Saturday he received a letter from Dowsett.

"Will you meet me for a few minutes before the match to-day? At the end of Wood Lane will be a good place. Please don't fail. Very important. Will wait for you at ten."

Dick wondered what the bookmaker could have to say to him that was so very important. Had he heard something from Abbotsdale?

At ten o'clock he arrived at the rendezvous, close to the spot where he had first met Alice Lonsdale. The bookmaker was waiting there, leaning against a tree, and smoking a cigar.

He gave Dick a nod.

"Glad to see you. You are looking fit."

"What did you want to see me for? I shall have to hurry," said Dick.

"You play against Twickenham to-day?"

"Yes, as inside-left."

"I thought you would, when I saw your play the other day. Now, this is a big match, and a lot depends on you."

"I shall do my best," said Dick, wondering what on earth the bookmaker was driving at.

"Will you?" said Dowsett grimly. "That's just what I am going to speak about. There will be a good thousand of the Hotspur backers on the Wilton ground to-day, along with the home crowd. Has it occurred to you that there will be big bets on the match?"

"I dare say that will be the case; it often is," said Dick, in wonder. "But what has that to do with me, Dowsett? I never bet."

"But I do," said the bookmaker; "I get my living that way. I have bet against United, and I have two hundred pounds to lose if you win, and a good deal more than that to win if you lose. Do you understand?"

"I am sorry for that," said Dick sincerely. "If you had spoken to me earlier I would have told you what form we were in. I am almost certain we shall win."

"Are you?" said the bookmaker, with disagreeable emphasis. "You had better think twice about it. I told you that if I did you a good turn I should want you to do me one. The time has come. Wilton United are going to lose this match."

Dick turned deadly pale.

"Do you mean that you want me to lose it?"

"Yes."

"You—you hound! So that is the meaning of your pretended friendliness."

Dowsett laughed.

"It's business with me. But I will do the fair thing. When the match is lost, you shall have twenty of the best—twenty golden quids! What do you say?"

"I say that you are the meanest, crawling reptile on the face of the earth, and that I'd rather die than do as you ask!"

"Ho, ho! Is that your tune? All right. So our thief must put on virtuous airs, must he?" He started back a couple of paces. "Hands off! You will lose the match, or go to prison! You fool—you imbecile! I have only to speak a word to the nearest policeman, and you are marched off to gaol, to be branded as a thief for ever! What will your chums of Wilton United say then? What will Miss Alice say? Ah," said the bookmaker, with an evil grin, "that touches you, does it? You see, I know all about it. I have taken care to keep myself well informed. When Miss Alice knows—"

"Oh, silence!" said Dick, in an agony.

"Will you do as I ask? I don't want you to give yourself away. Don't take goals. Let the Spurs win by the narrowest margin, so that they do win. That's all. Nobody will suspect you."

"Do you know that I could kill you as you stand there?" said Dick hoarsely. "You—you loathsome reptile, do you know what you are asking? Don't you understand that death would be a thousand times preferable? They trust me—they rely upon me. Do you think I could have a rag of self-respect left if I betrayed them? Do you think I have no feeling for the honour of the game? Oh, you can't understand! You are not a man!"

The bookmaker had listened to the passionate outburst with a sneering smile.

"I have said my say," he answered coldly. "If Wilton United lose the match to-day, you are safe. If they win, you will be arrested as you leave the match-ground. That is all."

And he turned and walked rapidly away. Dick

called after him, but he did not even turn his head. The young footballer remained alone, a prey to the blackest thoughts.

It was more than time for him to appear at the ground, but he did not think of that. He had forgotten all but this new fearful pass things had come to.

What was he to do?

He knew that the man would keep his word. The spiteful glitter in his little piggy eyes had told as much. Dick realised his folly in believing, as he had done, that the scoundrel was capable of feeling a generous impulse. He knew that the villain hated him, that he had never forgotten the knockdown blow in the Dale Wood. He would have been glad to revenge himself at once, if his interest had not made him forbear. He saw in the young footballer a tool for making money, and so he spared him.

But for how long? Suppose Dick yielded this time, was it not certain that the villain, encouraged by his success, would demand fresh services—fresh betrayals? Where would it end? Dick could guess. The end would come with the end of the football season, when the bookmaker, having no further use for him, would have no further motive for keeping silence. Then he would speak—then he would glut to the full his long-delayed vengeance.

Could he play the men who trusted him false? "No, no—never!" he cried.

He was a footballer; his own honour, and the honour of the game, were dear to him—the honour of the grand old game! It was his duty to make sacrifices for that.

But such a sacrifice! He leaned against a tree and groaned aloud.

"What shall I do—what shall I do?"

"Mr. Lynn—Dick!"

It was Alice's voice. The girl stood before him, her eyes wide with wonder.

For the Honour of the Game.

DICK started at sight of the girl, and a hot flush swept over his face. For the moment he could not speak.

"You are ill!" cried Alice, with a look of deep concern.

He shook his head.

"I am not ill."

"What is the matter, then? You know I am your friend," said the girl softly. "This is the spot where we first met. Tell me what troubles you."

A wild longing came over Dick to tell her all—to pour out the story of the past, and plead with her to believe that he was innocent.

But the words would not come.

A thief!

He could not tell her. It was too horrible. Suppose he should see doubt creep into her face—doubt and disbelief? He felt that he would go mad.

She laid a gentle hand on his arm.

"Won't you tell me, Dick?"

"Alice"—he clasped both her hands and held them tightly—"Alice, tell me what to do! I am standing on the verge of a precipice. If I do what is right I am utterly ruined. If I do what I know to be wrong I shall escape for the present, perhaps altogether. What shall I do?"

She looked at him full in the eyes.

"Do what is right, Dick."

"And the consequences?"

"Face them like a man!"

He released her hands. She was blushing deeply. A new light sprang into the lad's eyes.

"I will do it, Alice. And when I am gone you will try to think kindly of me?"

"Gone, Dick!"

"You will understand soon," he said, slowly and sadly. "Good-bye, Alice! I am late. When I see you again you will probably know all, and then you will not take my hand."

He hurried away, leaving the girl standing pale and agitated.

Dick had to take a growling from Billy Burke for being late, but he took it quietly. He hardly heard a word the trainer said, as a matter of fact. He was thinking of the coming match, and the part he was to play in it.

He went for a short stroll at noon, and as he came back the figure of the bookmaker appeared in his path. Dowsett looked at him with sneering inquiry.

"Have you made up your mind?"

"Yes," said Dick quietly.

"What are you going to do?"

"I am going to do my duty."

And, without another word, he strode away, leaving the bookmaker grinding his teeth.

"He dares not!" Dowsett hissed. "He dares not! But, if he does, I will have no mercy!"

A prey to deep uneasiness, the bookmaker took his place to watch the match. He had counted confidently upon Dick's submission, and had laid heavy bets against Wilton. If the home team won his loss would be serious. He ground his teeth with savage rage at the thought.

The kick-off was for half-past three. The enclosures were crammed, and in the stand Mr. Lonsdale and his daughter were early in their places. Alice's face was a little paler than usual. She was anxious about Dick. She knew that he was in terrible trouble, though she could not guess what it was.

The band were discoursing sweet music, till, at length, having bid good-bye to "Bluebell," they marched off. The players streamed into the field, and the two captains tossed for choice of goals. The home captain won, and pointed to a goal, and the Wilton crowd cheered. It was a fine, clear day. What wind there was was in Wilton United's favour.

The whistle blew, and Twickenham Hotspurs kicked off, and followed it up with an advance in force. For a time the battle was all in the home half. Finally the Wilton forwards got

away, and by a brilliant display of short passing brought the leather right down the field to the mouth of the visitors' goal. There was a stubborn struggle there, and suddenly from the midst of it the ball went from a player's head right into the net, escaping the goalie by a foot or more.

And a roar went up.

"Goal! Hurrah!"

It was inside-left who had headed the ball into the net. Mark Dowsett ground his teeth, while Alice Lonsdale's eyes sparkled with pleasure.

"Splendid!" cried Mr. Lonsdale.

The 'Spurs tried hard to equalise before the whistle blew, but the home team played a fine defensive game, and no more goals were scored before half-time.

The brief interval over, the teams lined up again. As Dick came on the field for the second half, he caught the malignant glance of Dowsett. But it was powerless to move him. He had resolved to do his duty, for the honour of the game. Nothing else counted.

The kick-off was followed by some lively passing, and the home forwards got away as before. This time, however, they were well tackled, and a 'Spurs back skied the ball, and Twickenham, centre-forward, trapped it a minute or so later in midfield, and escaped with it. He seemed like a streak of lightning on the move, easily beating the home halves and full-backs, and all now depended upon the goalkeeper. He made a gallant effort to save, but in vain. The leather almost grazed the tips of his fingers, and lodged well in the net.

A shout rose from the 'Spurs backers, of whom there were at least a thousand on the ground.

The teams had equalised, and there did not seem to be a pin to choose between them.

"We must win, we shall win!" Dick said to himself, with grim determination. The thought that, if Wilton United lost, the bookmaker would think he had sold the game, was more than enough to spur him on.

And eyes grew wide with wonder and admiration as they watched the home inside-left. He was the soul of his side. He was here, there, and everywhere. Just where he was wanted, there he invariably was. His splendid play infused new life into his comrades. Scarcely ever was the leather in the home half now. Almost all the fighting was on the visitors' side of the half-way line, and frequently right up before the goal. The 'Spurs tried in vain to get away. And, in spite of their efforts, Dick, passing to his centre, gave him an easy kick, which he successfully took, and the score stood at two to one.

The whistle shrilled out. The game was over; Wilton United had won by two goals to one. Dick's companions caught him up and carried him back to the dressing-room on their shoulders amidst ringing cheers, and thousands of faces were turned towards him; but among them the brave footballer saw only one clearly—a puffy, cruel face, with spiteful eyes gleaming. And in that savage face he read his doom.

The Blow Falls!—Welcome News.

"READ that, please!"

Mr. Lonsdale's voice was hard and strained as he placed a letter in Dick's hand. The young footballer had expected it, but his heart was like ice now that he knew the blow had fallen.

The letter was brief.

"The young fellow you know as Dick Lynn is really Dick Lyndon. He is a thief. He fled in the night from Abbotsdale School after robbing the headmaster of a sum of money. The police are looking for him. They will soon be here to confirm what I say."

The bookmaker had not let the grass grow under his feet.

Dick laid down the letter, and faced Mr. Lonsdale with a quiet despair in his face.

"Well?"

The question was sharp and hard.

"It is a lie," said Dick steadily. "My name is Lyndon. I was accused of theft. I was innocent."

"Then why did you fly?"

"Because the doctor was convinced of my guilt."

"Is it true that the police are looking for you?"

"I have no doubt of it."

There was a short silence.

"I will go," said Dick. "This letter shows that my enemy has wired to Abbotsdale, and the police will be here to arrest me. I will not bring disgrace upon you sir. Your name shall not be connected with mine in the papers, I will return immediately to Abbotsdale and give myself up. But before I go, I swear to you that I was innocent."

There was a tap at the door. Alice came in timidly.

"Papa—"

She looked at them inquiringly.

"Let Miss Lonsdale hear what I have to say," said Dick quietly.

"Speak on."

"I was innocent." He briefly but clearly told the story of the accusation made against him at Abbotsdale, and his hurried flight, and how the bookmaker had recognised him in Wilton. "I can only say, sir, that I was innocent," he concluded. "And now, good-bye!"

Alice sprang forward.

"Dick! I believe you—I believe you! Father, tell him he is not to go!"

"Stay, Dick!"

FOR THE HONOUR OF THE GAME.

(Continued from the previous page.)

Mr. Lonsdale's voice was grave but friendly. Dick looked at him with swimming eyes.

"You believe me?" "I believe you, my boy. This day you have played up like a man, for the honour of the game, and I will not believe that you ever acted dishonourably. Give me your hand."

The tears welled into Dick Lyndon's eyes. He could not help it.

"But, Mr. Lonsdale, you have forgotten—the police—"

"Let them come. I shall be your bail. And this affair shall be sited to the very bottom, and the guilt fastened upon the true culprit."

But the police did not come; it was Dr. Tamworth who came to Lonsdale Lodge that night. He was shown into the room where the three were together, and Dick rose, pale but collected, at the sight of the Head of Abbotsdale. But he soon saw that it was not reproaches he had to expect from the doctor.

"Lyndon! My poor boy! Can you forgive me? Your innocence is proved, Dick. Clavering has confessed."

"Clavering!"

"Yes. It was he who stole the money, at the instigation of a bookmaker named Dowsett. He was caught in a similar attempt last week, and then my eyes were opened; and when I examined him he broke down and confessed. He gave the gold to the bookmaker, and the note, which the villain was afraid to take, was placed in your box to incriminate you, and turn suspicion from the real culprit. Clavering has been expelled from Abbotsdale, and I have set the police on the track of the greater villain. My dear boy, forgive my stupid blunder, for it caused me almost as much pain as it must have caused you."

There were tears of happiness in Dick's eyes. He could not speak for some time.

"I have nothing to forgive, sir," he stammered at last. "You were deceived. Oh, Alice, you know I am innocent now!"

"I never doubted it, Dick," the girl said softly.

Dowsett contrived to evade the police, and fled to parts unknown. The doctor wished Dick Lyndon to return with him to Abbotsdale, but Mr. Lonsdale declared that he could not part with his inside-left, and it was agreed that Dick should play for Wilton United until the end of the season. But when he goes back to Abbotsdale, he will leave his heart with the girl whose noble counsel helped him to do right when he was terribly tempted, and strengthened his resolution to play his best for the honour of the game!

THE END.

(I want all my readers to take particular notice of this fine football story, because it is written by the author of our new football serial, which starts in next week's grand Christmas Double Number—price 2d. Be sure you read it.)

OUR TWELFTH GRAND WEEKLY

Football Competition.

(Which Every Reader Can Enter.)

Five Shillings a Goal for a Correct Forecast.

Rules and Conditions.

The following Southern Division League Matches will be played on SATURDAY, DECEMBER 2nd, and Your Editor offers a Prize of FIVE SHILLINGS for every goal made by the winning teams, and the total amount will be paid to the reader who most correctly forecasts the result of the matches to be played on that date.

What readers have to do is to strike out the Names of the Teams they think will lose. If they think any match will result in a draw, do not strike out either name.

All the forecasts must be made on the Competition Form given herewith. Competitions, marked on outside of envelope "Twelfth Football Contest," should be sent to the Competition Department, THE BOYS' REALM Office, 7, Waltham Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C., so as to reach us not later than First Post Saturday, December 2nd. Any forecasts received after that cannot be included in the week's competition, and will be disqualified. The Editor's decision must be considered FINAL, and all competitors who wish to enter for the Prizes offered can only do so on this understanding. In the event of the winning forecast being sent in by more than one reader, the weekly prize will be added to or divided at the discretion of the Editor. Another Competition will be announced Next Week.

THIS IS THE FORM. CUT IT OUT.

- Brighton and Hove Albion v. Bristol Rovers. Northampton v. Fulham. Norwich City v. Luton. Reading v. Portsmouth. Watford v. New Brompton. West Ham United v. Queen's Park Rangers. Southampton v. Swindon.

Name

Address

THE TRIALS OF FOOTBALLERS.

Hints on the Treatment of Sprains and Bruises.

A VERY vulnerable portion of the body is the knee, and it is very easy to sprain it, especially in playing Rugby. The reason why the knee is likely to get into trouble in that game is because of the many sudden dives and rushes which are necessary, and "football knee" is frequently incurred. It is a strange fact that hesitancy and timidity more frequently bring about these sort of accidents than do vigour, keenness, or determination. I want to give my readers a few hints on how to treat and how

to avoid football knee.

First, with regard to the treatment. This should be practically the same as applied to a sprained ankle, but in addition a rough-and-ready splint should be applied before the player is carried off the field. That is practically all that need be done until a doctor arrives, or until the injured player is taken to one. Like all other things the logic of that last sentence is bound up in the well-known phrase, "If the mountain won't come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain," the player in this instance being, of course, the prophet.

Now a hint or two on the avoidance of football knee. My readers will agree with me that there are of necessity many ways in which

the knee-joint

may be sprained. Perhaps the most common is when a player—generally a three-quarter Rugby man—travelling over the ground at high speed suddenly finds himself confronted with an opponent, whom he thereupon tries to dodge. He makes a sudden swerve, and darts off practically at right angles. To do this he plants his heel firmly in the soil, his leg being extended and outstretched. In this position the member in question has little spring left in it, for it is practically rigid, at the same time having the whole weight of the body thrown suddenly upon it. Naturally

the greatest strain

is felt at the centre at the knee-joint, and football knee is contracted.

Now, it is quite possible for this strain to be avoided. If the player, instead of digging his heel into the ground makes a point of performing all swerves and dodges on his toes, he will gain the benefit of the spring in the arch of the foot, and the general rigidity will not be so great.

I have seen players running at full speed suddenly lessen their length of stride, yet in no way minimising the rate at which they are travelling. This is very liable to bring about a sprain of the knee-joint.

And now, to conclude this brief series of helpful articles on the subject of

the trials of footballers,

let me tell my friends that when they are in the pink of condition, when they are trained to the minute, there is far less likelihood of their coming a cropper. It has been noticed time and again that there are always more accidents at the beginning of the footer season than occur later on—a fact which proves beyond all doubt that when not in training the muscles do not properly perform their work. Those of my readers who wish to be as free as possible from accident should see during the summer months that they go in for plenty of cricket and tennis. In this way they will do all that is possible to guard against accidents.

THE "REALM" FOOTBALL LEAGUE. Two Solid Silver Challenge Cups

OFFERED TO BONA-FIDE ASSOCIATION CLUBS OF NOT LESS THAN ONE YEAR'S STANDING. * * *

Solid Silver Engraved Medals for Each Member of the Two Winning Teams. Solid Silver Medals for the Runners-Up.

FIRST DIVISION & SECOND DIVISION. HOW THIS GREAT SCHEME WILL BE WORKED.

Ever since THE BOYS' REALM has been practically turned into the official journal for Junior Football Clubs, Your Editor and the Special Football Editor have been turning over in their minds some workable scheme whereby bona-fide amateur football clubs could participate in a great competition for the grand Challenge Cups mentioned above. The result is that the following scheme has been worked out:

THE FIRST DIVISION CUP

will be presented to the team (the average age of members of which must not exceed 18) which puts up the best performance in their matches played on the following dates:

(See opposite)



SATURDAYS—

- DECEMBER 9, 16, 23, 30. JANUARY 6, 13, 20, 27. FEBRUARY 3, 10, 17, 24. MARCH 3, 10, 17, 24, 31. APRIL 7, 14, 21, 28.

RULES AND CONDITIONS.

- (a) Only clubs which have been established at least one season (exclusive of the present) are eligible for entry, and the respectability and standing of the club must be vouched for by some responsible person. (b) Where clubs have two or more teams, only the premier team matches will count. (c) Clubs desirous of entering this contest must fill in the form below, and send it, together with a list of their engagements on the dates mentioned above, and a letter from the president of the club to the Secretary, BOYS' REALM Football League, 2, Carmelite House, Carmelite Street, London, E.C., not later than December 5th. (d) The cups and medals will be presented at the end of the football season to the clubs in each section which Your Editor, the Secretary, and another referee consider to hold the best record in the matches played on the dates stated above. Points to be allowed as follows: Two for a win, one for a draw; the points to be counted as in the First, Second, and Third Divisions of the Football League. If two or more clubs are equal, the goal average shall decide the winners. The decision of the referees (Your Editor, the Secretary, and another referee) on any question of dispute in this competition to be final. (e) After the contest has started we shall, each week, publish a table showing the positions of the clubs at the time of going to press. Secretaries must, therefore, send in each week the full result of their Saturday match. These results must reach the Secretary of the BOYS' REALM League at the above address not later than the Tuesday morning following the match. (f) Strict investigation will be made by the controllers of the League into the bona-fides of the entering clubs and their fixtures. (g) All matches to be played under the Rules of the Football Association. (h) The Cups to be won outright.

THE SECOND DIVISION CUP

will be presented to the team (the average age of members of which must not exceed 15) which puts up the best performance in their matches played on the following dates:

(See opposite)



SATURDAYS—

- DECEMBER 9, 16, 23, 30. JANUARY 6, 13, 20, 27. FEBRUARY 3, 10, 17, 24. MARCH 3, 10, 17, 24, 31. APRIL 7, 14, 21, 28.

HERE IS THE FORM OF ENTRY.

Form with fields for Date, Club, Average Age of Members, Senior or Junior, Secretary's Name, Address, and a statement of agreement to the rules.