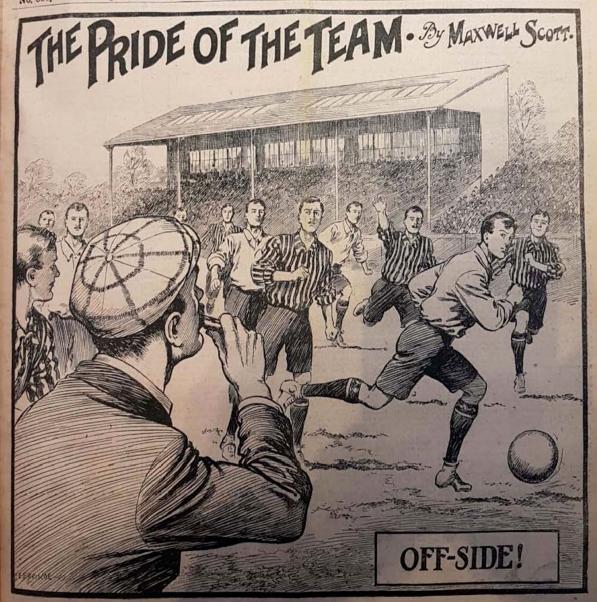
THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. 15,000 PRIZES!

## The Boys' Realm d. of Sport and Adventure.

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EVERY SATURDAY-ONE PENNY

[SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909





THE 141 CHAPTER

HAT cruel luck!"
The menager of Oldenham
Olympic Football Club uttered
the words in accents of dismay.
And the secretary, standing by his side, nodded

And the secretary, standing by his side, nodded gloomily.

They were in the grand stand, looking down upon the field of play, where the Olympians first team was at practice. The Olympians were playing the clubs second field of the Olympians were playing the clubs are grant of the clubs are the company of the clubs and carried property of the Crare, the centre-forward, had failed again and again, with good chayees. He had not improved one of them. The rest of the team were hardly up to the sund mark-but they see only average men, anyway. Crane was a bar guin. But, as Secretary Smith had bitterly marked, the big guin had good off for the last time.

me. Crane was in had form—and he had been oing down ever since he joined the Oldenham

Club.
It was cruel luck for Oldenham. They were not one of the bir Isague club. They were sometimes hard at 10 it to make both ends meet at the end of the sesson. They could not afford big transfer fees. But on a special occasion the directors made an effort, and at a coet the club was not likely soon to recover from, they had secured Crans.
With an accordance of the country of the club was t

ther had secured Crane.

With an average toam, and the brilliant new
eentre to lead them, Oldenham hoped greater
things that season.

centre to lead them. Oldenham hoped greater things that season.

But a change came o'er the spirit of their dream as match after match was played, and Crape showed that the form he had wen his reputation upon was gone.

Crane was a kindly, good-tempered fellow, and a good footballer, but he had a weak and casy-going nature. He was one of those fellows heat dearrhold as being mobody's enemics but their own. Evil influences had been at work, there was no doubt about that—and Crane was not what he had been.

In the first flush of their success in securing Crane, the Olympian hopes had gone up high. They did not hope to finish the season at the top of the League ladder. But they wanted a step near the top. And a few victoria seemed to give them grounds for hope.

Then Crane went off form.

The reet of the club's players were nowhere near his form at beat; but they were not slow to slack when their leader slacked. And the leas state of Oldenham Olympie was worse than their first.

than their first. The management did not announce their disappointment from the house-tops. As yet the word was not publicly known, and Oldenbam enthusiasts were still willing to take bets to almost any amount, staking freely on their own team. The curve of the great game-betting—was as rife in Oldenbam as anywhere else, and on Saturdays hundreds of pounds changed bands on or near the football-ground.

Manager, Stanford more than

Manager Stanford more than suspected ranc's sudden "rot" was due to someone be-ind the scenes who had a financial interest in wering the form of the Oldenham Club.

lowering the form of the Oldenham Club.

But he had no proof of that. The player
himself was sullen when remonstrated with,
and only grimed at the hint that he might be
put on the reserve list. He knew parfectly
well that, but as he might be, Oldenham
no forward to put in his place anything like his
form.

form.

But it was cruel luck for Oldenham.

"Cruel luck!" repeated Mr. Stanford. "You remember what we paid for the transfer of Crans, Smith—"

secretary shrugged his shoulders.

The secretary survey.

"Only too well, sir!"
"And now..."
"Now he is a rotter!"
"He is certainly going off colour. Look at the way Jones of the second team just robbed him of the ball. Might as well play Jones in the first."

"Labing so."
"These is no doubt

him of the ball. Might as well play Jones in the first."

"I was thinking so."

"It's the drink, of course. There is no doubt that Crane drinks, and though he is so reticent about it when I have spoken to him, I know perfectly well that he has lately become utterly rockless in his habits."

The manager nodded gloomily.

"I'm not a faratic on the drink question," be said. "But if anything can utterly rot up a player's form, it's drink. The fool—the brute! Why couldn't he keep off it! But he is too eavygoing to resist temptation, that's the point—and it looks to me as if somebody has an interest in spending money to make him go off form,"

"I shouldn't wonder—"
"If you please, sir—"
Manager Stanford turned round sharply as a groundsman approached.
"What is it!"
"A man wishes to speak to you, sir!"
"I can't see anybody now."
"So I told him, sir, but he won't take no for an arawer. He said that he wanted to see you particularly, and that if I mentioned that be was at St. Freda's with you—
"The man grinned elightly."
"What is be like!"
The man grinned elightly.
"But he looks as if he had

The man grinned elightly.

"Very seedy, sir. But he looks as if he had
seen better days."

"Take him into my room and I'll come

"Take him into my room and I'll come soon."
"Very good, sir."
"Yery good, sir."
And the groundsman retired with the message. The manager frowned.
"Some fellow belonging to my old school, who has gone down in the world," he rewho has gone down in the world," he rewho has gone down in the world, "he rewho has gone down in the world," he rewho has gone down in the world, "he rewho has gone down in the world," he rewith this is the can wait till this is
over," "yelf." But he can wait till this is

over."

And he turned to the game again.
The footballers were playing stackly, evidently not putting their heart into the practice. The rotten form of the captain of the fast team was doubtles the reason.
The manager frowned more darkly than ever as he waitched.

The manager frowned more darkly than ever as he watched. "Speaking of Crane's new habits," said Mr. Speaking of Crane's new habits," said Mr. Smith thoughtfully, "I've heard that he has been that he had heavy he had been for a fact that Schott laid heavy he has a following that he has heavy he had been to deep hand. I've was a well-known character on the Turf before he turned his attention to football. I hear that he has had heavy losses on the Turf, and perhaps he is trying to recuprate himself at the expense of this pame. The bookmakers are the curse of football. I don't suppose that Crane has actually yielded to bribery—it's champages, and apirits, ad lib—that's enough for Schott's purpose."
"So I thought."
"And next Saturday," said Mr. Stanford, with a dark look, "we are nlaving Marchest-

for Schotts purpose."

"So I thought."

"So I thought."

"And next Saturday," said Mr. Stanford, with a dark look, "we are playing Manchester United—a team that will walk over us unless we are in the top of our form."

"Well, I shall speak to Crane plainly. If next Saturday's match is mucked up he will be put on the remetable of the players came off. Crane was looking dupressed and downcast. He knew that he had made an admittable of himself, and it had a bitter effect upon his temper. He was not feeding fix attempts he was not feeding far from a miable, when the anxions manager of Oldenham Olympic tackled him in the dressing-room.

Crane Interviews the Manager. Crane interviews the Manager.

STANFORD drew the centreforward saide to speak to him; he
was too considerate a "let him
on the forward's face was very sullen.

"I want to speak to you," said the manager.

"I dare say you can gues what about."

"I don't see why I should be able to guess,
sir."

It's about your form."

"What's the matter with my form?"
Crane's tone was scarcely respectful, and the nanager's eyes glimmered for a moment. But

hatmager's cycle simmered for a moment. But be went on quietly.

"It is not what it should be, and you know it.
We were beaten disgracefully last Saturday by

We were beaten disgracefully last Saturday by Everton—"

They're a good team."

I know they are," said the manager sharply. "But they ought not to have walked over us as easily as if we were a school side."

I know to could be lefted. Now, Crane, you know to well that we have nobody like your old form well that we have nobody like of the country o

acquaintance of Isaao Schott for the first thing."
I suppose I can choose my own personal friends?"
Not until you have backbone enough to

friends?

Not until you have backbone enough to keep straight, said the manager teredy, "You will here Schot, and remain under my "You washing too much!"

"We poy you to play, not to fool about with a ball—"

"We pay you to play, not to food assure with "You can put me on the transfer list as soon as yout like."

The manager's gest flashed.

"Very well, I'll take you, or you can take your place on the transfer list. I've had comigh of fooling.

The man's bow to be!"

"Well, what is it to be!"

"You can do as you like," said Crane

That settles it, then." manager turned on his heel and walked 77

"That settles it, then."
The unanger turned on his heel and walked away.
Ten minutes later Crane left the Olympio ground, and a few minutes walk from the gates, a stout, thickset man, with a rod, flushed face, joined him.
It was Schott, the lookmaker.
Schott was not a pleasant man to look at.
Ile was unpleasantly lat, and his face showed the signs only too plainly had, the bours and the signs only too plainly had, that purplish flushed the presence of the late of the kind to make his weakness worse.

He looked inquiringly at Crane.
"Anything wrong?" he asked, noting the sulem brow of the centro-forward.
Crane modded shortly.
"What is it?"
"The sack."
The bookmaker started violently.
"The sack! But—"
Crane sullenly explained.
A griu overspread the fat face of the bookmaker.
"You startled me for a moment," he said.

maker.
"You startled me for a moment," be said
"I was afraid you meant that Olympian had
a new player in your place. That would be

They are going to play a second-team man.

serious."

"They are going to play a second-team man, I suppose."

"That won't hurt me."

Crane looked at him curiously.

"What do you mean?"

I mean that if Olympic won the match next Saturday, I should be a ruined man," see that the second of the secon

Joness 1 make a haul this Saturday, I shall have to fiee the country.

"Great Scott! I never thought.—"

"But it is all right. The Oldenbam people believe in their team as if it were gifted with magic," said Schott, with a sneer. "I have bets here to the tune of over five hundred pounds, and if Oldenbam loses I am eased."

The centre-forward looked gloomy.
"I never thought! Abould come to this," he said miserably. "Mind. I never took your money to let Oldenbam down!"

The bookmaker grinned.

Crane had never accented actual money, some ray of honour he had left prevented him from going quite so low as that; but he had accepted endless champagne, and all sorts of other benefits, knowing perfectly well that if he lost matches, his friend would be recompensed. And he had not purposely lest matches—the had simply allowed himself to drift into win them, which it was impossible for him to "It's all right," said Schott. "You'll want cash took sealt!"

win them.

"It's all right," said Schott, "You'll wan I cash now, and if all goes well on Saturday, I can stand you a fifty,"

Crane nodded gloomily.

The fifty would be welcome enough; but at that moment he wished the bookmaker anywhere but in Oldenham, and would have given a good five years of his life never to have men a good five years of his life never to have men a good five years of his life never to have men a good five years.

But it was too late now.

THE 3rd CHAPTER. Wayland's Confession

ANAGER STANFORD came in looking flushed and annoyed. He had
done quito rightly, he knew in
the man would have been worse than uncless
against which the centre-forwardagainst matchester United. But now what was
to be due! And what would his fellow-directors as of the matter!

The magner started, as he saw a man in
shainly attire rise from a chair to meet him.
It had foresten the existence of the stranger
who had called and was waiting for himthe man who claimed to be his old schoolfellow.

"Ah!" He looked at the man, and uttered a cry of amaxement. "You, Dick!"

"Ah!" He looked at the man, and unrered a cry of amazement, "You, Dick!" The man nedded grimly. He was a young man-much younger than Mr. Stanford—but his face was thin, pale, carrown. His form was athlete, active, and he carried himself well, but his clothes were in the last stage of shabbiness.

That he had seen better days, and see a last of them, was perfectly charged and a see a last of them, was perfectly charged and a see a last of them are a see a last of the manager of Oldenburg and a see a last of the see a last

of luck?"

Dick Wayland nodded again,
He could not speak for the n

Stanford, God bless you!"

"Stanford, God bleas you."
"Sit down, old chap," sand Stanford of the Stanford of Stanford of

like this, Stanford. I was half afrom the here."

The manager looked at him reproached, the here."

The manager looked at him reproached, the here."

I should have thought you knew bear in the here. "Everybody else has turned his here." Everybody else has turned his here. "Everybody else has turned his here." "Everybody else has turned his word with the here. "Everybody else has turned his word with the here. "I haven't was at St. Freda."

"We were good chuma then." "We were good chuma the here. But after we left school, we at the difference." "I wen to the dogs—that in "If you had let me know.""

"If you had let me know."

"I was ashamed to let you know. Beat, what good was it? I was a fool, a— kied, here with the here with the here. "I was a fool, a— kied in human shape—a sounded who he fitted by my folly, and never quitted me his here. "Poor old Dick!"

"Poor old Dick!"

The young man clenched his hand.

"Poor old Dick!" The young man clenched his hands com

The young man clenched his hands one in the young man clenched his hands of your hands here the curse of my lay the water hands he influence him! He was a mera brought and the spired ha all the time—yet I all brown him to guide me where he would. But—hus fair to guide me where he would. But—hus fair to guide me where he would. But—hus fair to guide me would not hereak, you see. I dee a time would turn your back on me if you have all it is a supposed to the head hands one face hefore him. Deephid the old days when he had known Doephid the old days when he had known Doephid the old days when he had known Doephid hand sa a happy and carcless lad.

There had been no lines on the laft he in those days when he had here the most popular fellow at a first had here the most popular fellow at the had here. The here had been in his contribution of the college does not in all hig maken. The change during a few years was strillar. But you don't known for the contribution of the college does not in the season of the college had the season of the had about the only thing I have left—and this about the only thing I have left—and this about the only thing I have left—and this about the only known about that, Dick Tom.

I don't known about that, Dick Tom.

I don't known about that, Dick Tom.

"I don't know about that, Dick. There room for you in the Old Country, I shell think. But—"

think. But—"
But you don't know all."
Tell me all, then," said the Oldeha manager quietly,
The young man's face flushed. He was shifter some moments. When he spoke, it was the offers.

an effort.

"I won't deceive you, Stanford, I can here intending to say nothing about it. Id not know how you would receive me. Between the property of the same in the races. I had lost heavily, and I was one night the races. I had lost heavily, and I was done in with him, and other fellows of its same kidney.

"Go on," said the manager, as Warland was the same with him and other fellows of its same kidney.

"I had to be said to be manager, as Warland."

"Fighting for Promotion," by A. S. Hardy, Starts Next Week! Tell Your Friends!

"Hat I will stand by you, all the

will will stand worth.

If the can be kept severet. You will promote that the can be kept severet. You will promote that the can be kept severet. You will promote that the can be kept severet. You will promote that the can be kept severet. You will promote that the can be kept severet that the kept sever

no the moderns

But-but form you're in, you'll be better whatever form any reserve I could from the place; and a week's practice will wondern. You'll take it on, Dick, and do wondern.

in his place, "You'll take it on, Dick, and do en' wonder." You'll take it on, Dick, and do en' wonder. You'll take it on, Dick Wayland, acts were moist.

"It is an anything, and do my best, after "I'll is on anything, and do my best, after "I'll do sil would, if it out me my life. I "I'll do sil would, if it out me my life. I "I'll do sil would, if it out me my life. I was a start of the life it was to be supported by the life." I want to form, but if I fail it shan't be for want of the start word had opened to him.

Is the old days he had been a keen and entirely and the last of the life it was a word had opened to him.

Is the old days he had been a keen and entirely and start had been and he had found a life had apped away holteome spell of poverty had arter like tonic, and he had found a last it had a strength, holteome spell of poverty had after like tonic, and he had found a last it had a strength and he had found a last it had strength shorten he had physique. He was peasably a tonic, and he had found a last the first, and steady practice soon the old fleetness, all the old cunning, came each to him, and the Oldenham First regarded him with amazement at practice in the ground. He was better than Crane in / Crane's best poentis, and there was no sign of slacking least him. He threw himself into the game least and soul.

short him. He threw himself into the game lear and soul.

He was centra-forward of the team, and capital. There had been some murmuring at first at the insposition of a skipper who was a total ganger to the whole side. But Wayland's easily as player soon bilenced all murmurs. The short of the sking in keeping him one up to the short of the short of the shipself of the short of the shipself of th

lookiler, and to like him well as a jolly good felor, and they were ready to follow him anymental the state of the state

paid up. Schott had always had a good reputa-tion for paying up. But now, as he knew per-fectly well, he never could pay his losses.

A runned man, howevering on the brink of ex-posure, he had beped to recomp himself over the Manchester United match. If Oldenham won, he was utterly ruined. There would be mething for it but rapid flight, leaving everything un-paid—not only gambling delse, but many other debts in which the police would take a kindle interest. Everything would be gone, and he begin her a ruined and penulies wretch, in lead, and the second of the property of the land.

No woulder the her second of the property of the second of the pro-

begin life over again, at filty-five, in a foreign land.

No wonder the bookmaker was futious. And he found little sympathy in Cane. The dismissed forward had seen Dick Washand play, and morel his form. Shame was working in his breat, and he was glad, in secret, that Oldenham had a chance, after all.

It shall he ruined—ruined!' said the bookmaker, when he mel Crane one day at their man, and the said to be the best forward of the season!'

"Yes. I've just seen him just. He's a wonder—heter than I ever was."

The bookmaker muttered an oath, "I've heard about him, but haven't seen him, he said. 'I haven't heard his name yet. Do you know him! Is there any chance of sparing him."

Crane shook his head.

"I think not. Wayland looks too decent

"What! What name did you say!"
"Wayland—Dick Wayland."
The bookmaker broke into a terrible laugh.
"Dick Wayland! What luck! They s
Satan takes care of his own!"
"What do you mean!"

Satan takes care of his own!"

"What do you mean!"

"What do you mean!"

"What do you mean!"

"What do you mean!"

"The bookmaker harried away, leaving Grano in amazement. Schott's face was darkly flushed, his eyes gleaming under their heavy

"Olympic will not win!" said the book-naker, in a low and sombre tone. Wastand stared at him.
"Why not! What do you mean!"
"I wan that if Olympic win, you will end

by day in prison 1.

Dark Wayland stared at the brokmaker and by the brokmaker of the brokmaker of the brokmaker of the brokmaker.

the full force of the threat,

12. You was considered, he mattered at last. Do you mean that you want me to play my side fact the match?

13. The property of the match?

14. This been done form, Wivened again?

15. This been done form, with a grin laugh. The match match match the match?

16. The match match match match match the match match the match m

It is impossible!"
A hundred pounds for yourself...

"A lundred pounds for yourself—" all Dick ferrely, "Oh, you leant me to take you by the throat and shake your worthless life from the throat and shake the shake shake shake shake the shake shake

land!

Dick Wayland shuddered.

"Even that—even that! I could not beiray
Stanford now!!

"Then you will be arrested as you leave the
match ground," said the bookmaker couldy;
"or soner if the police can be got to work
quickly enough!" NIET SELECTION OF THE S 

In the first five minutes of the game Wayland was through the Manchester defence, beat Holden and Burgees, and slammed the ball into the net.

lids. His heart was throbbing, throbbing. His medical advisor had warned him to bewars of excitanent; that are sudden atrain might, in his present state, be latal to him. But he had forgotten that now. It was a chance—a chance to save himself, after all. And what if he bought it at the price of crime and misery for another? I saae Schott was not given to taking matters like that into consideration at all.

THE 4th CHAPTER.

Wayland Meets Schott.

"Wayland Meets Schott.

"AYLAND!"

Dick Wayland stopped. It was friday afternoon, and he was leaving the Oldenham football-tice.

A man in a fur-lined coat and a silk hat—a man with a red face with a purplish flush on it—had stepped into his way, and Dick Wayland stopped.

For a moment the new centre-lowered.

land stopped.

Yor a moment the new centre-forward turned deadly pale.

"You!" he muttered. "You here!"
Schott grinned.

"Yes, I am here Glad to see you again."
"Oh." muttered Dick, "you here! What do you want! Haven't you done me harm enough."

enough?"
"I am not here to do you harm."
"Thank Heaven for that!"
The bookmaker chuckled.
"I have come to do you a service—and myself one at the same time. You are plaving against Manchester United on Saturday?"
"Yes," said Dick wonderingly,
"If Oldenham win. I am a ruined man!"
"You have been betting—betting on foot-ball?"

bally I am in it to the tune of a thousand pounds

and more."
"More fool you! Olympic will win,"

"Fiend!" ejaculated Wayland, his face "Fiend!" ejacutated vayanus, twitching.
"Bo sensible, then. A hundred pounds if the match is lost, and safety. Otherwise. "Give me time to think!" muttered Dick hoarsely.
The bookmaker smiled. He felt that he had

won.
"Take your time," he said. "To-morrow I shall be on the ground. If Olympic win, look

out!"
The bookmaker walked away. Dick Way-land went on slowly to his lodgings, with the unatedy step of a drunken man. His ensee seemed to be reeling, and he could not think. What was he to do? Play the game and go to prison, or betray the man who had accoured him in distress, and trusted to his honour 1

Feel fit?"

"real BI" Manager Stanford asked the question rather anxiously the following afternoon. Dick Wayland as cooking somewhat pale, and there was a expression in his eyes the manager did noot quite understand. The centre-forward noot quite anxiously the same way the sam

not quite understand. The centre-forward nodded.

"Right as rain!" he said, "We are going to win todax,"
"Good! I'm glad you feel like that. Manchester are in good form, though," who would win today," said Dick Wayland between his teeth, "It may be the like that. Manchester are in good form, though, "We shall be to pream in the top team in the said of the said.

"He will be hard hit," he said.

The ground was packed with apreadors. The fame of the new center forward had gone forth, and three-quarters of Oldenham seemed to be a properly and the packing the rules are forther and the packing the rules are forther and the packing the rules are forther to the packing the rules are forther and white seems.

Thousands of the seems.

Thousands of the seems.

Thousands of the seems at they turned out Manchester in red shirts and white han kets. Oldenham in thue and white. Both teams leaded very fit. The seet of a fit, purple faced man in the crowd sought out lettrayed and the packed only the seems.

Both teams leaded very fit. The seet of a fit, purple faced man in the crowd sought out lettrayed and. And Isaac Schott could only wait, and lay. And should be a supported to the seed of "Goal!"
"Hurrah!"
"Good old Wayland!"

But that was only the beginning. As the first half wore on, Manchester scored twice; but two more goals were added to the home score, and at the interval they were three to two. Isaac Schott ground his teeth M be

two. Isaac Schott ground his wested.

"What did it mean?"
Was Wayland simply playing to keep up appearances, or did he intend to dely Fate, and win the match for his side?
There was no telling. The bookmaker could only wait. But he swors to himself that if Wayland failed him now he should suffer the worst that a savage revenge could inflict upon him.

Wayland failed him now he should suffer the worst that a savage revenge could inflict upon him.

Diet Wayland was thinking of that, too; but the thought was only a spur to him, for the same property of the same property

voice. "Yee, he had been suffering from it for

voice.

"Yes, he had been suffering from it for some time."

"What is it?" muttered Dick huskily.

"What is it?" muttered Dick huskily.

"Nhom are you talking of?"

"Isaac Schott, the bookmaker."

"Dead" said Mr. Stanford quietly. "It is terrible. I hear that at the close of the game he was noticed to be labouring under great excitement, and was shrieking out something about the police and arrest. He was probably more deeply involved than anyone knew. Then he suddenly fell to the ground, and when he was picked up his heart had cased to beat. It was a terrible end for such a life. Heaven have mercy on him!

Dick's brain was in a whil as walked homeward. He had played the game but he was not to pay the penalt. One man had known his secret, and at man's life were saided. Yes, he energy on the unbappy wretch who had guoe so suddenly to his account!

"All The world had mercy on me," mut-

account!

"And Heaven has had mercy on me," mutered Dick: "and I will desarre it, too. A straight course in future. One lesson like this is enough for a lifetime, And Dick Wayland kept that resolution.

THE END.

(More spiendid complete sports yarns will appear next week.)