

**THE CHANCE OF A LIFETIME. 15,000 PRIZES!**

# The Boys' Realm 1d.

of Sport and Adventure.

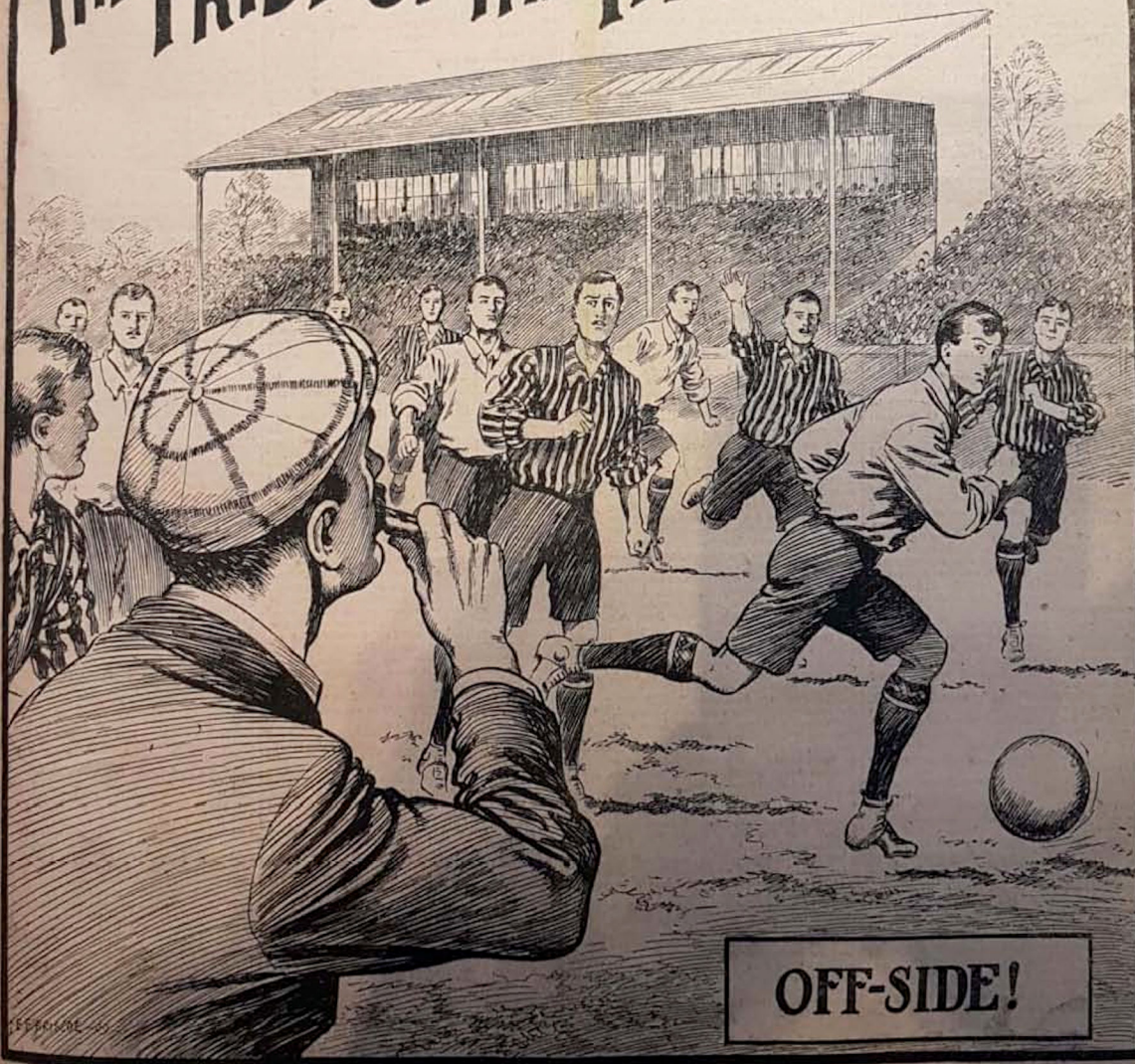


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EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 13, 1909.

## THE PRIDE OF THE TEAM. By MAXWELL SCOTT.



**OFF-SIDE!**



"But I will stand by you, all the while," said all Wayland could say. "But bless you!" was all Wayland could say. "But I will stand by you, all the while," said all Wayland could say.

"All this can be kept secret. You will have a chance to gain again, and at least you will not be harmed by betraying me. I have nothing to gain by betraying you."

"I am not a man who is down at his heels," said the manager, "I will soon fix you up. I'll take all the money I can get, and I'll be glad to see you." "I'll be glad to see you," said the manager, "I'll take all the money I can get, and I'll be glad to see you." "I'll be glad to see you," said the manager, "I'll take all the money I can get, and I'll be glad to see you."

"I'm not afraid of you!" said the manager, "I'm not afraid of you!" said the manager, "I'm not afraid of you!" said the manager, "I'm not afraid of you!" said the manager, "I'm not afraid of you!"

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Schott had always had a good reputation for paying up. But now, as he knew perfectly well, he never could pay his losses.

A ruined man, hovering on the brink of exposure, he had leaped to rescue himself over the Manchester United match. If Oldham won, he was utterly ruined; There would be nothing for it but rapid flight, leaving everything unpaid, not only gambling debts, but many other debts in which the police would take a kindly interest. Everything would be gone, and he would face, a ruined and penniless wretch, to begin life over again, at fifty-five, in a foreign land.

No wonder the bookmaker was furious. And he found little sympathy in Crane. The dismissed forward had seen Dick Wayland play, and noted his form. Shame was working in his heart, and he was glad, in secret, that Oldham had a chance after all.

"I shall ruin myself," said the bookmaker, when he met Crane one day at their usual haunt. "I suppose you have heard that Olympic have a new forward—a man who is said to be the best forward of the season?" "Yes, I've just seen him play. He's a wonder—better 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 snapping 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 say Satan takes care of his own!"

"What do you mean?"

"I mean that Oldham Olympic won't win on Saturday."

The bookmaker hurried away, leaving Crane in amazement. Schott's face was darkly flushed, his eyes gleaming under their heavy lids.

"Olympic will not win!" said the bookmaker in a low and sullen tone. "Who says? What do you mean?" "I mean that if Olympic win, you will end the day in prison!"

Dick Wayland stared at the bookmaker the full force of the threat.

"I—you—you scoundrel!" he muttered at my side false to lose the match!"

"It has been done before. Why not again?" said the bookmaker, with a grin. "I am a desperate man, I tell you I am ruined likely to stick at trifles. If I am ruined, you are ruined, too. I will not fall alone. I shall be penniless; you will be in prison."

"It is impossible!"

"A hundred pounds for yourself!"

"Keep your filthy money," said Dick fiercely. "Oh, you tempt me to take you by the throat and shake your worthless life from me!"

The bookmaker started back. "Wretch! What harm have I ever done you? You have made a victim of me long enough. I had ten thousand pounds when I came of age, and you had taken it here at four rounds a week, and am trying to earn my living honestly. Now—now you must come across my path again!"

The bookmaker faltered with a sneer. "What about the match to-morrow?" "I cannot—I cannot! I shall play to win."

"Then you will be playing for a cell in Portland!"

Dick Wayland shuddered. "Even that—even that! I could not betray Stanford now!"

"Then you will be arrested as you leave the match ground, or did the bookmaker really?" "or sooner if the police can get to work quickly enough!"



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

"Fiend!" ejaculated Wayland, his face twitching. "Be sensible, then. A hundred pounds if the match is lost, and safety. Otherwise—!" "Oh, my 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 Wayland went on slowly to his lodgings, with the unsteady step of a drunken man. His senses seemed to be reeling, and he could not think.

"What was to do? Play the game and get to prison, or betray the man who had succored him in distress, and trusted to his honour?"

"Feel fit?"

Manager Stanford asked the question rather anxiously the following afternoon. Dick Wayland was looking somewhat pale, and there was an expression in his eyes the manager did not quite understand. The centre-forward nodded.

"Good! as rain!" he said. "We are going to win to-day."

"Good! I'm glad you feel like that. Manchester are in good form, though."

"We would win to-day?" said Dick Wayland between his teeth. "If we were playing the top team in the League, we shall win."

"Good, again! I'm glad you feel so confident. By the way, that bookmaker fellow Schott is on the ground. He was rescued by Crane going off his form. I hear that he has a small fortune laid against Olympic. If he is hard hit, it may keep the cad off football, and that would be a good thing."

Dick Wayland smiled grimly. "He will be hard hit," he said.

His heart was throbbing, throbbing. His medical adviser had warned him to beware of excitement; that any sudden strain might, in his present state, be fatal 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? Isaac Schott was not given to taking matters like that into consideration at all.

**THE 4th CHAPTER.**  
**Wayland Meets Schott.**

Wayland stopped. It was Friday afternoon, and he was leaving the Oldham football-ground in the dusk, after an afternoon's practice.

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

"For 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?"

"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 playing against Manchester United on Saturday?"

"Yes," said Dick wondrously.

"If Oldham win, I am a ruined man!"

"You have been betting—betting on football?"

"I am in it to the tune of a thousand pounds and more."

"More fool you! Olympic will win."

The game was packed with spectators. The fans of the new centre forward had gone forth in three quarters of Oldham, and were to be seen all about the ground. Manchester United were known, too, to be in good form, and a match with the famous northern team was expected withering.

Thousands of spectators on the teams as they turned out Manchester in red shirts and white knickerbockers, Oldham in blue and white. Both teams looked in excellent form. Dick Wayland, the home captain, his face a bright smile. And Isaac Schott could not get a word in.

The bookmaker was in suspense, and his heart was thumping. There was a strange notice it. He had lost his own excitement for the game that was beginning.

Manchester placed the splendid game that it usually expected of them, and there was no doubt that they outclassed the home team in a whole. But the new Oldham captain was not only that he was a splendid player, that he had pace and agility and judgment that were marvellous, but he seemed to have the strength of three or four, the willingness of a monkey, the speed of a deer. In the first ten minutes of the game he was through the Manchester defence, beat Holden and Burgess, and slammed the ball into the net, in spite of the efforts of Wilcox. There was a deafening roar from ten thousand throats.

"Goal!"

"Hurrah! Oldham!"

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 as he waited.

"What did it mean?"

Wayland simply playing to keep up appearances, or did he intend to defy Fate, and win the match for his side?

There was no telling. The bookmaker could only wait. But he swore to himself that if Wayland should win, his ruin should suffer the worst that a savage revenge could inflict upon him.

Dick Wayland was thinking of that, too; but the thought was only a spur to him, for the young footballer had made up his mind. Oldham were to win, whatever happened afterwards. If this was to be his last football match, it should be a good one. He would finish up his brief League career with a victory.

And in the second half he was evidently on his mettle. Two goals followed one another in quick succession, and though Manchester scored again, they could not get level. They played up grandly, but Oldham were playing up, too, as they had never played before; and the white went, and the home team were five to three, and the crowd were shrieking themselves hoarse with delight.

"Hurrah!"

"Oldham! Wayland—bravo!"

Men pressed forward to shake Dick's hand as he left the field of play. They slapped him on the back, they yelled and cheered. He escaped into the dressing-room, and there he was received with an ovation from the team and the managers. Mr. Stanford squeezed his hand ecstatically.

"Good, good!" he kept on repeating. "Well, Dick, we shall soon hear the top of the League this season, after all, Dick."

But Dick's face was grim. He wanted to get away. When the arrest was made, he did not want to be there before a crowd of his own dark thoughts. He did not get for some time notice a whisper that was passing through the room; but a sudden word caught his ear.

"Dead—yes, he was picked up dead. He had bet against Olympic, and had a big loss."

Dick Wayland started.

"Heart disease, I suppose!" said another voice.

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

"What is it?" muttered Dick huskily. "Whom 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 he was shrieking out some thing about 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 ceased to beat. It was a terrible end for such a life. Heaven have mercy on him!"

Dick's brain was in a whirl as he walked toward the door. He had played the game, but he had not won. He was a free man, but he was not to pay the price. Only one man was not to pay the price—Isaac Schott. He was so seized. Yes, he repeated the manager's words—Heaven have mercy on the unhappy wretch who had gone so suddenly to his account!

And Heaven has had mercy on me, muttered Dick. "I will deserve 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 splendid complete sports yarns will appear next week.)

... the manager, "I'll take all the money I can get, and I'll be glad to see you." "I'll be glad to see you," said the manager, "I'll take all the money I can get, and I'll be glad to see you."