

"THE BLUE HUSSARS"—NEW ARMY SPORTS TALE.

# The Boys' Realm

of Sport & Adventure.

GRAND  
CHRISTMAS WEEK  
NUMBER



"CAPTAIN JACK."

A Stirring Story of League Football.

By A. S. HARDY.

W. BRISCOE  
'09



he was forced to tip it over the bar for a corner.

Jameson seized it, and put it by the corner-flag, and amidst seething excitement he sent in a beautiful curling ball that sailed over Robinson's head. The ball-back propelled it away from goal, but, leaping high, Dunlop blocked the ball down. Anderson rushed and took it, and slipped it to Jack, who shot at once, the ball hitting the back of the net with terrific force, the goalkeeper falling prostrate just a fraction of a second too late save...

Two goals to one! Welby had been sensationally obtained the lead!

From goal the ball was brought, and a half minute later the players were rushing and thrusting in the game again, and Liverpool, led by the fleet and daring Parkinson, were almost through, when Bailey ran up and the ball bang off the toe of the Liverpool center, as he was about to tip it through.

Roog, along with life to choose between the sides now, and played at a pace that no other match had shown that season, the game went to half-time, and then twenty tired players left the field, anxious to gain a few minutes' respite, whilst two goalkeepers, who had been forced to be on the alert for the major portion of the first forty-five, walked stolidly after.

What a game—and what a gate!

It was the finest struggle since Liverpool had ever met in the ground. The play had been vigorous, and yet so sane in the extreme, so that the spectators, who had been crowded out to play during the interval.

No shady tactics had been employed, and the managers of the two clubs felt proud of the manner in which they had met, and in the reception of the dressing-rooms, and the band came out to play during the interval.

The teams lined up, and a round of hand-clapping greeted the resumption of play. A mist was curling over the ground now, and the light was getting bad, although there was no fear that the game would not be finished.

For a while the play was of a disjointed and desultory character, with a great deal of kicking into touch. Neither side was taking any chances, particularly the Albion, who had gained the lead.

There were not so much of combination, but a greater deal more individual shows in the movements of the players now. The game, too, was no so fast as it had been, and there was not so much to see there and shout about, and the spectators looked on with less attention.

They seemed to come under a spell. It was as if the great moment of the struggle had passed, and their nerves were strained to breaking-point.

One side or the other would emerge the greater from the strife of mind and muscle—but which side would it be?

Of a sudden there was a Liverpool break-away, and with irresistible dash, halves and forwards took flight, and a sent crashing increased to the centre again, and Liverpool eleven could not add to their score.

Parkinson was watchful, alert, ready to snuff the chance that the Albion might have had proved by the consistency of his scoring that he was the man who wanted watching.

At the same minute Parkinson, and then the Albion forward, took the ball to the

other end, and four hard, fast, low shots were directed at Hardy, any one of which might have meant an increase of the Albion score.

But the goalkeeper had a safe pair of hands, and a pair of eyes, and a brain that was firm and steady.

The shots were caught, and the ball was sent down the field again, with the mist growing every moment thicker and thicker, the game neared its close with the visitors still in possession of the lead; although it would have been hard for even the most ardent partisan from Welby to have found any superiority in the visiting team.

True, Albion had the bunch in their favour—they could point to the fact that Liverpool had scored their goal when Welby's first forward was off the field, and might suggest that, but for that they might never have scored at all.

The mist which had gathered thick over the street was now enveloping the city on every hand, and Anfield was enshrouded in the darkling veil long before the finish.

Still, the referee could follow the various incidents of the play, and he felt that there was no justification yet for him to abandon the match.

If the teams had been foul they might have indulged in illegal acts and reprisals; which the referee could never have seen; but they conducted themselves like men, and in the gathering gloom the game petered out towards its finish.

Despairing of their side's success, many of the people on the banks commenced to make their way towards the exits from the ground.

The game looked as good as over, and the win for the Albion assured.

It was two and a half minutes to time. The ball was kicked into touch, thrown irko play, and kicked into touch again, and so on, and in this way Liverpool made their way from their own half of the field into that belonging to the Albion.

One minute and a half to time, and no chance of a score.

Suddenly Robinson threw in the ball, and Goddard, getting to it, tricked Dunlop, and



averted towards the Albion goal. He saw two of the black-and-white checked defenders clear the ball, and then down the centre of the field flashed a quick, active figure in a red shirt.

It was Parkinson, the deadly goal-scorer. He was clear. Goal-keeper slipped the ball to the foot of the centre-forward, and, realising that it was the last chance, Parkinson ran on.

One, two, three men he tricked, and then hard and true he shot, and so fast travelled the ball towards the net that Sturgeon did not see it until it was right on him, and then stretched out his lengthy arms too late.

The ball went by, and as the referee blew his whistle Robinson was applauded by comrades, who had rushed to congratulate him.

Liverpool had somewhat luckily saved the game by equalising the scores by the very last kick of the match.

For a moment the spectators did not quite realise what had happened, and then, as they saw Parkinson's delighted comrades tug at the centre-forward towards the exit from the field, and saw some of the others waving their arms in triumph, they knew the game had been saved, and a last frantic roar went up to and one of the best games Anfield had ever seen.

Outside the Drill-hall. THE place which Jack Fenton had secured for his soup-kitchen, where the ration's parcels were to be taken to the starving women and children of Welby, was an old and dilapidated drill-hall in George Street, and the soup-kitchen was a thoroughfare near to George Street, where Jack Fenton lived.

It was situated in the oldest part of Welby. It was narrow and ill-lighted, and many of the buildings which were not being used as workshops, minor factories, and warehouses were permitted to fall into a state of dilapidation and decay.

Half the buildings in the street were to let. Nobody was taking them because their condition was impossible. Many pounds would have to be spent upon them to bring them into a proper state of repair, and landlords were disinclined to let them at anything but the low and somewhat speculative rents they would secure by handing them over to small traders in Welby.

The truth of the matter was that this street had been included in an improvement scheme for Welby which had been approved of five years before, but which had been only partially carried out, the cost being too rich enough to pay compensation to the landlords—compensation which they would have to pay before the latter would give them permission to sweep this dirty, dilapidated street away.

Sound business men would not take premises in a street which was to be pulled down shortly and rebuilt. Landlords would not improve their property unless they could see their way to getting their money back, and as the corporation would not pay them the compensation asked for as it was, they would be hardly likely to pay heavier compensation upon property which had been improved. And so the street remained dirty, gloomy, only useful as a near cut to certain quarters of the town.

The drill-hall had been in a mouldering state for years. Once it had been used for entertainments and concerts, but with the building of lighter, more comfortable, brighter, and better-ventilated halls, even these entertainments had failed it, and its doors had been long closed.

Mischievous youths and boys had smashed all the windows, which had been protected with wire-netting, and the iron bars from the Slaten had fallen from the roof. The iron pal outside the entrance had been smashed, and twisted out of all shape.

And this was the place which Jack had secured wherein to carry on the charitable work he had conceived.

His first care was to make the place warm and comfortable.

He sought out a builder, a man named Jones, on the Monday after the match with Liverpool—builder who did a number of odd jobs for the Albion, and who had an interest in the football club.

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On the Monday he sent a dozen men down to the drill-hall, and these started at once to clean up the interior, to put in new panes of glass, to

the street, in the vicinity of the drill-hall. They were evidently watching the progress of the building which was to be devoted to their needs.

Poor souls, thought Jack, as he shivered in the biting wind which came sweeping along the gloomy thoroughfare, their need must be great if they despised a bowl of soup with such hungry eagerness.

As the workmen moved away, some of these women, with shawls tightly clutched about their chests, came nearer to the drill-hall, where Jack stood unobscured in the shadow of the doorway.

How lean and feeble they seemed, thought Jack. How the strike had altered them!

What interests in life could these poor souls have now? It was terrible, terrible!

Why would he not see his father end the strike? Why did he hold out for the fast farthing of the bargain he offered them? Why could he not give away a little, and put an end to all this misery and suffering and sorrow?

What had Sir John lost by this strike already? Jack wondered. The loss could not be computed. It must have run into many thousands of pounds.

By what means had the miller worked there would always be a profit for Sir John, even if he gave the strikers all the bread of the mill, as being in the trade.

And what was it they asked? Merely that their wages should not be cut down, but should be allowed to remain at what had been a reasonable rate of pay for many years.

Jack had known his father once as a kind-hearted man. Now he was hard, as hard as steel, and unfeeling, and soured into a bargain-ambler and soured, it may be, by success, which does not always improve a man.

Richard Fenton, his usually cousin, was at the bottom of it all, as Jack will know if only that malevolent influence could be got away from Blackmore Hall, and Lady Fenton's suit of mourning, and the other, there would be an end to all this misery and despair; but, thought Jack, that end could not come.

He was thinking thus when the women, and some girls who accompanied them, and one or two old and broken men, came quite close to him.

They started as they saw him standing there, merging with the shadows. At last one of them stepped up to Jack, and peered into his face.

"It's Mr. Fenton!" she cried.

"Which Mr. Fenton?" said a hard, cold voice, and the woman, turning, Jack saw her, a fierce-eyed, mad-looking woman standing by the side, with her fists clenched as if she would strike him. Harold glowered in her eyes. She seemed scarcely human.

"It's Mr. John Fenton, old Sir John's son," said the first speaker.

In a moment the fierce look upon the woman's face vanished, and a kinder expression took its place.

"Jack Fenton!" she said. "Heaven bless his name!"

Then she looked into his eyes with a haunted, hungry look.

"When do you open the soup-kitchen, sir?" she asked, and the words came in a halting voice.

"On Wednesday," answered Jack, as he stepped forward amongst them. "To-morrow, if I can."

"And what cry rang out at that."

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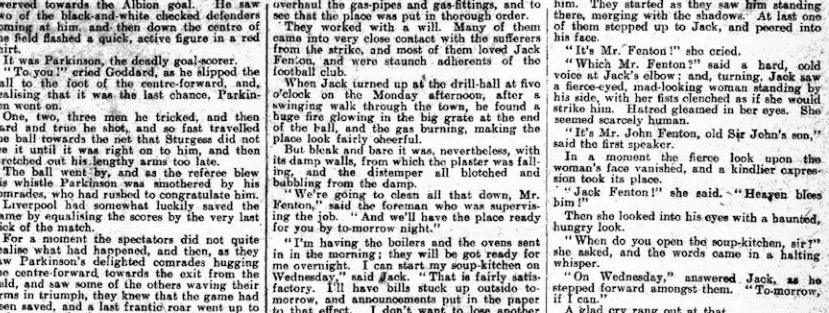
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There were fully a hundred people now running after the goose, and on every side resounded the shouts and laughter of the amused onlookers. (See the Mirth-Provoking Complete Story, "Uncle Bill's Goose," in the Grand Christmas Week Number of "The Boys' Realm," Now on sale, 1d.)



overhaul the gas-pipes and gas-fittings, and to see that the place was put in thorough order. He worked with it to make the gas-pipes come into very close contact with the sufferers from the strike, and most of them loved Jack Fenton, and were staunch adherents of the football club.

When Jack turned up at the drill-hall at five o'clock on the Monday afternoon, after a fortnight's work with it, he found a large fire glowing in the big grate at the end of the hall, and the gas burning, making the place look fairly cheerful.

But black and bare it was, nevertheless, with its damp walls, from which the plaster was falling, and the distemper all blotched and peeling from the damp.

"We're going to clean all that down, Mr. Fenton," said the foreman who was supervising the job. "And we'll have the place ready for you by to-morrow night."

"I'm having the boilers and the ovens sent in in the morning; they will be got ready for you overnight. I can start my soup-kitchen on Wednesday," said Jack. "That is fairly satisfactory. I'll have bills stuck up outside to-morrow, worked with it, and put in the paper for that effect. I don't want to lose another minute."

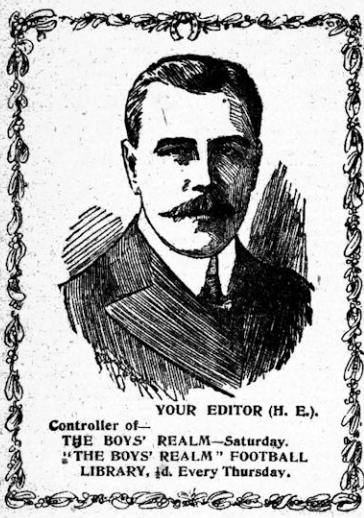
"Did you pay much for the use of the place night and day?" asked the foreman.

Jack Fenton smiled.

"I did not," he said. "The owner of the premises fell ill, and then down the street told him that when he was a lad his father was a victim of a Welby strike, and he has never forgotten the fact ever since. He was told then. A scrap of dry bread for dinner, a little rice boiled in water, and without milk or sugar, whenever they could manage to gain a penny or two, that was their only food upon; and he told me, besides, that his sister had died at the age of sixteen as a result of an epidemic which he had caught. No. He did not charge me much. He gave me the drill-hall rent free, and said that he would do the repairs he possibly could to forward my cause."

Jack went outside when the men left, and saw the doors padlocked off for the night, and then hurried off with the cheerful good-night, and then hurried off with the cheerful good-night, and then hurried off with the cheerful good-night.

Jack noticed men and women standing about the street, in the vicinity of the drill-hall. They were evidently watching the progress of the building which was to be devoted to their needs.



YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Controller of— THE BOYS' REALM—Saturday. "THE BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LIBRARY, 4d. Every Thursday.

YOUR EDITOR'S XMAS MESSAGE

To my Chums— A Right Merry Xmas & a glad New Year— Your Editor.

Once again I have the pleasure of giving my loyal readers the hearty old-fashioned greeting: "A Merry Christmas." In these unsentimental days I am afraid that the words sound rather formal, especially when they are only expressed in cold, hard print. But from the bottom of my heart I mean them, and it would give me the greatest pleasure to heartily grip every reader of the old REALM by the hand, and in person convey my sincere good wishes for the festive season.

Of course, that cannot be! I have many thousands of loyal supporters living hundreds and hundreds of miles distant from these offices whom I can never hope to know personally, whilst the readers who reside in the great metropolises in which the BOYS' REALM emanates, whilst the readers who are in the arm would be tired ere I had clasped one-twentieth of their number by the hand and given them the old, old greeting. It only remains for me, therefore, to convey to all my chums my hearty good wishes through these columns. Gladly do I avail myself of the opportunity of so doing. It is my sincere wish that Christmas, 1909, may be the happiest, the jolliest, the brightest, and the best Yuletide my readers have ever had, and that the new year which will shortly dawn may be for them a time of good health, wealth, and prosperity. God bless you, my chums, one and all.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

Don't Be a Prig.

BEFORE me lies a letter from a Pendleton reader, whose initials are W. B., who tells me that he is seventeen years of age, and employed as a junior clerk. He says that he has no chum, having discarded all the chaps he was friendly with because they smoke, absent themselves from Sunday-school and church, frequent music-halls, and use bad and silly talk. It seems that my chum, W. B., has not acquainted with a young lady of his own age, whom he describes as "a really nice girl," and he wants to know whether he is doing right in taking her out. It appears that her parents have no objection.

Now, the first thing that occurred to me when I read W. B.'s letter was that it was written by a young prig. Mind you, I am not saying anything against church-going or attending Sunday-school, because, to my mind, these are most excellent ways for a lad to spend Sunday. Nor do I agree with his sniping, or constantly attending music-halls. Further, no one abominates more than I do the use of bad language on the part of youths and young men, or, indeed, older people.

But my point is this: W. B. is rather inclined to pat himself on the back and say, "I'm better than they are. I go to church every Sunday. I don't attend music-halls; I don't smoke—indeed, I'm a jolly good sort, if you only knew." That is what leads me to think that he is a young prig, and I want to warn him against it. There's nothing more detestable on the face of the earth than a goody-goody, flabby youth, who prides himself on being better than everyone else.

I don't advise W. B. to go with bad companions. Shun them, at all means. But do come out of your perch, and be a little more of a healthy British boy, and a little less of a sanctimonious prig. Fear God, live uprightly,

do good, but don't go round bragging about it. Now, with regard to W. B.'s girl companion, let me say that, if there is nothing unhandful or secret about their comradeship, I see no harm whatever in their going about together. Indeed, if W. B. is really fond of the young lady, it is possible he will aspire to make a position for himself in life, so that he may later on ask her to share his fortunes.

But, all the same, I think that W. B. has plenty of time for love-making and courting in days to come, and he would be better employed studying hard to fit himself for life's battle than wasting his time in "walking-out" with the girl who has taken his fancy. I have been quite plain and candid with my chum, and I hope he won't take offence at my rather outspoken criticism of his letter.

He is Not Tall Enough.

R. G. lives in Manchester, and he says he is considered very small for his age. He asks me point-blank to tell him how he can become taller. He doesn't beat about the bush like some boys do, and put up a lot of excuses. He simply goes straight to the mark and says: "I am too small for my age. How can I improve this state of affairs?"

Well, R. G., I can tell you that if you take a fair amount of exercise, eat plenty of good food, and lead a clean, healthy life, you will be doing all that humanity possible to improve your physique and stature. More than this I am afraid you cannot do. Plenty of good, plain food, properly digested, will help to provide that muscle and sinew which your body needs. Plenty of exercise will get you into good trim, and enable your body to make the best of the nourishing food you have eaten, and clean habits will keep your body in a healthy state, so that all the advantage which good food and

sensible living can give towards expanding your frame will be yours. Don't forget, R. G., plenty of food, a moderate amount of exercise, clean habits, and plenty of fresh air. This is the secret of improving the growth.

Letters From Girl Readers.

IT is with great pleasure that I note the remarkable increase in the number of letters I am receiving from my girl readers. I am glad to think that I have so many supporters amongst the gentler sex, and I can assure my young lady friends that their letters are always welcome.

The following is a communication I have received from two sisters in Stockport. It is a very kind letter, full of praise for my papers, and good wishes for myself, and I thank my fair correspondents most heartily for writing to me in this friendly strain:

"Dear Editor,—My sister and I are delighted with THE BOYS' REALM, especially the Christmas Double Number, which we think excellent.

"Captain Jack" is our favourite serial, but we certainly thought "Redfern Minor" very good. We are very glad to see a sequel to it, which I am quite sure we shall like.

"We wish you all success with your new paper, 'THE BOYS' REALM Football Library,' and also a merry Christmas.

"We are,

"Yours sincerely,

"G. AND E. C."

How I Help My Chums.

BELOW I publish a letter from one of my Platow chums, who signs himself "A Grateful Reader." It is a letter which speaks for itself, and which needs no comment from me:

"Dear Editor.—It is my desire to thank you for publishing, some months ago, a warning against practical jokes and habits. When at school I fell into impure ways, and was soon in such a condition that I could hardly call my soul my own. However, thanks to your splendid paper, which I have taken in regularly for some years now, I have been able to overcome this evil, and I now feel fit and well again."

My chum goes on to say that he is with THE BOYS' REALM and with the stories contained therein, and finishes up by saying: "You are at liberty to publish this letter as a warning to other lads who are in the same predicament as I myself was before I took advantage of your valuable advice."

"Thank you very much," "Grateful Reader." I am glad to know that through my advice and help you have been able to break yourself of the terrible habit you mention.

"Jack Noble's Christmas Tour."

THE above is the title of the laughable complete football story in this week's issue of "THE BOYS' REALM Football Library," priced 4d. The yarn is crum full of merriment and fun from beginning to end, and will help all who read it to wile away a pleasant hour this Christmas. The instalment of the "Blue Crusaders" which appears in the current issue of our Thursday occupation paper is most exciting and thrilling, and I recommend all my friends to read it.

If you want to give your chum a little Christmas treat, you may order "THE BOYS' REALM Football Library." I'm quite certain he'll appreciate it, and be deeply grateful to you for introducing the paper to his notice.

YOUR EDITOR (H. E.).

THE HISTORY OF PRESTON NORTH END IN PICTURE—CAN YOU READ IT?

First Prize— Handsome "Olympic" Match Football, Bearing the Signatures of the PRESTON NORTH END Team

(Manufactured by F. H. Ayres, the Famous London Athletic Outfitters,

AND Twenty-five Special Consolation Prizes.

Next Week the History of SOUTHAMPTON F.C. will be Published.

Advertisement for Preston North End football featuring a large illustration of a football player and various text elements including '80 to 100', 'they were', 'FINAL LIST PLAYERS', and '3 MILES'.

WHAT YOU MUST DO.

All you have to do is CUT OUT THE PICTURE HERE, PASTE IT ON A SHEET OF PAPER, and WRITE BELOW what you think should be THE CORRECT WORDING.

Send YOUR NAME AND ADDRESS, and forward it, together with the form of declaration below, pre-registered to BOYS' REALM Football Picture Competition (One No. 7, Wellington Street, London) and to reach us not later than by the first post on Monday. Any questions arising after that date will be considered. A Special Signatures Football will be awarded to the competitor whose solution most nearly coincides with the correct solution. Prizes include a handsome and Twenty-five Special Consolation Prizes. Competitors may send in as many solutions as they please, provided each is accompanied by a separate picture form a complete competition in itself. Each paper, accompanied by the form below duly signed. No time shall be taken for more than one possible reading of any word or words to be considered. Only one prize can be awarded to any one competitor.

No. 6.

(Insert name and address in full) entering this Football Picture Competition on also understanding that the decision of the Editor of THE BOYS' REALM on all points respecting it shall be final and legally binding.

The Editor's decision on all points respecting the competition shall be final and legally binding. To be considered for acceptance for the delay or loss of solutions, the post, and no correspondence will be entered into in connection with the competition.

# DEEP WATERS OF MANCHESTER.



## A GREAT NEW BOXING STORY. BY INNIS WOOD.

### THE FIRST CHAPTERS.

**Peter Jackson.** Order undergraduate champion middle-weight boxer of England, and Ragger Blue for his 'Variety,' is a sturdy Manchester lad, dogged, indomitable, and as open and honest as the day.

While playing at Blackheath against a crack London team, Peter receives a telegram from his mother, asking him to come as soon as possible to a certain address in Bethnal Green, where she and her daughter are lodging. Peter starts out immediately after the completion of the match, only stopping to have a few words with

**Otto Carfax.** Otto Carfax, a smooth, unscrupulous character. Carfax is a Christ Church man, a member of the Ragger team, and what is known as the 'Variety' as a "Blood." Peter, though the doltish Carfax, is strangely drawn towards the man. Carfax is in love with Peter's sister, Nellie, and has sworn to make the girl his own, by foul means or fair.

**On arriving at Bethnal Green.** Peter finds his sister and mother in a humble lodging, and learns to his surprise that his father is dead. Peter, though the amount of twelve thousand pounds, but since it has been discovered that all this has been eaten up by suspicious claims and mortgages.

**Police Arrives at "Fairlands."** Despite this stunning blow, Peter puts on a smiling face, and vows to pull things together again. After a hearty meal, he wanders out through the slums of Whitechapel, and falls in with Jim Boyd, one of the finest pugilists, who has opened a boxing saloon in the district.

Boyd, knowing what a clever boxer Peter is, offers to train him, and put him up as champion of the world. Peter accepts this offer, and later meets a deadly enemy of Dan Ball, an unscrupulous crook.

**Meanwhile, Carfax and Richard Jackson.** Peter's uncle, are deep in a scheme to bring the girl and his mother and sister to the gutter. To do this they know they will have to put a stop to Peter's career.

**Kidnapped!** Peter receives his notice to leave from Bethnal Green, and installs them in a little cottage near Basher. He then journeys with Boyd and a herculean and invincible negro named Thunderbolt to the Isle of Wight, where he is to undergo two months' strenuous training, being coached ably by unscrupulous, and then Peter is kidnapped and carried aboard Otto Carfax's steam yacht, the Keestril, which is lying off the coast.

Boyd, Thunderbolt, and a detective named Dickie File soon get on Peter's track, and instinctively guess what is the fate of his nephew.

Boyd and a man named Finch search for the Keestril in a motor-boat, while File and Phosphor, who are sailors, send them an urgent message by means of a consiguards, who signal to the motor-boat.

Boyd raises his hand, and a signal, with nodding-bow, which means, "I am here," and then Peter is rescued. Peter reads the signal. It is news of the missing Peter!

(Now read this story's installment.)

### The Consiguards' Message.

THE message that Jim Boyd read from the flag signalling at the consiguards' station was a queer case for his excitement and exultation.

"Shanklin phone us as follows," it said. "A Something crew going on board Keestril. Bound man taken there this morning. Chinese look-out reports free light going on forecastle-head; one man signalled off. The one man after knocking out most of his assailants, escaped from two armed with revolvers by leaping overboard. Was picked up by consiguards towards nine. Keestril, and taken aboard, bound again, when yacht departed full steam S.W. by S. Has instructed consiguards to report Keestril's whereabouts, and phone just received that the touched Linnnet Cove, near Freshwater, at ten o'clock this

morning, putting boat's crew and sick man ashore, then stood out seaward." Ends.

"Great James!" he shouted, turning to Finch, his face ruddy with pleasure. "Did you boys read that? Let her go, Finch!"

"Don't know the Morse code," said Finch, looking up from his engine. "Where do you want her heading, sir? She's like a grechhound, and will jump to it any moment you slip her."

Lay her straight for Linnnet Cove," said Boyd. "That's where the Keestril touched this morning at ten o'clock, and there's no doubt they had our boy aboard. There's not two men in these parts could mop up a whole yacht's crew single-handed."

"No. Did he do that?" asked Billy eagerly. "He did so!" said Boyd grimly. "The Chinese look-out at Shanklin had him under the telescope, and saw the fight. Lor, what wouldn't I be given to have been there for a couple of minutes."

"Well, it don't surprise me, guv'nor," said Billy Baker. "The fact is, that since 'e began trainin' master Peter, 'as put on a 'tittin' power I've never seen the likes of. That left of 'is 'is a fair thunderbolt! 'You can't escape it, once 'e gets 'is way in, and where it lands it carries every ounce of 'is weight in it. Sailormen are good scrappers, I'll allow, but I'd back Peter to knock out a bunch of eight 'em of 'em at 'is 'ip, if he could get a fair show to keep 'is back out of danger."

"You've got as much jaw as an old woman at two years' landing, 'is winkle and 'is tin!" said Boyd testily. "His opinion, and he was outgunning him. The fact is, that since 'e began trainin' master Peter, 'as put on a 'tittin' power I've never seen the likes of. That left of 'is 'is a fair thunderbolt! 'You can't escape it, once 'e gets 'is way in, and where it lands it carries every ounce of 'is weight in it. Sailormen are good scrappers, I'll allow, but I'd back Peter to knock out a bunch of eight 'em of 'em at 'is 'ip, if he could get a fair show to keep 'is back out of danger."

"Shove her, guv'nor," said Phosphor. "I'm commanded, 'o I must send a telegram to Dickie."

He addressed the wire to the cottage at Appleton, and gave Billy to deliver it. The delay was but short, and a little before two o'clock the motor-launch was noising her way noiselessly through a heavy mist into Linnnet Cove. There was not an iota of the coast that Finch did not know in fine weather or foul, in sunshine or by the blackest night, and all sailormen who have been born and bred and lived by coasting, he had the instinct of shallows and shoals, and had as keen a nose for a covey, a landing-place, or a cove, as a mouse has for cheese, corn, or biscuits.

He brought the launch, light as a feather, along the beach, and landed with a paterod through the fog into Boyd's anxious face. "There's only one road inland from here," he said, his voice strangely muffled in the mist. "You boat your right on leaving this petty here, across a patch of clayey ground to a stone wall protecting a meadow. The wall runs for about a hundred yards up a bit of fairly good hill, that you'll find rare and greasy. You ought to have no difficulty in picking up the tracks of your man, especially if he can't leave my boat."

"An' you'd be no good in a scrap, anyhow."

said Boyd, with a kindly grin at the engineer's eight frame and wavy arms and legs. "But though my arms are a poor sort of weapon, I've not got such a bad headpiece, and with all deference, it seems to me you're taking a lot for granted."

"What are you driving at?" snapped Boyd. "Give it a name, man; I'm full up of mystery."

"Well, seeing that this man Peter of yours seem to have laid out the Keestril's crew," said Finch, "it just as likely as not that the steel man they've put ashore is one of the crew. If his head fell on an iron stanchion, for example, he might be in a bad way, and they'd need a doctor. We'd better try they should go to the way round the island to bring the man here."

"It's curious," said Boyd, with a wide grin. "how the moment you run your nose ashore you leave your senses at sea. Don't you see that?"

"You did, guv'nor, and that's a fact!" said Billy. "You said, says you—"

"I know what I said, you bustled windbag!" said Boyd. "Do you suppose we've nothing to do but sit here and wait?"

"You stay here, Finch, but just off the end of the stage. Pass us one of your extra light. You might as well try to whistle a hymn with that iron in your mouth as see anything through this blankety fog. It'll be a chance, if we don't walk into the water."

"They get away at last, Boyd growling his anathemas as he dragged his feet through the sucking clay, and becoming almost inarticulate with sheer overflow of feeling languages as he found—with a stumble, bruising his shins and knuckles—the rough stone wall that Finch had indicated as a landmark."

After that, however, the progress of the two was no longer tormented by the fear of circling back into the water. The stone wall made an efficient guide, and though the fog hung like wool in the deep cutting up which the two were climbing, the bright light of the binoculars showed them plainly enough the regular traces of four pairs of feet that had preceded them.

Boyd stuck to this trail with the tenacity of a bloodhound. It led them presently to a den door in a stone wall some eight feet high. The door was locked, and as it was of oak, and heavily strengthened with iron bars and great headed nails, it promised a strenuous and a noisy resistance to any onslaught.

"Here, my jumping days are over," whispered Boyd, drawing Billy to the wall as they gave you a back. "You've got to shin over and open that door."

"And if the key's not in it?" growled Billy. "Take the lock off," snapped Boyd. "Here's my knife; there's a screwdriver in it." He leaned against the wall, and Billy, climbing on to his shoulders, got an moment over the coping of the wall. At the same moment his leg was seized in a grip of iron, and a whisper hissed up at him:

"Come down, or you'll ruin all!" "Snakes!" gasped Billy, coming down with a run that nearly dislocated Boyd's neck, and left him breathless and wordless, jerking his head from a collar like a gigantic, gasping toad panting from a pair of water. "If it ain't old Phosphor! Where on earth do you spring from?" thought.

His discourse was interrupted by a rousing buffet under the ear from Jim Boyd, which landed, sitting on the sopping flag, his more mature eloquence still impeded by his fury.

"By James! To think that I give a back to a low-down, gutter-scraping half-puncher like you, only to have one of my own eyes nearly scooped out by your thumb, and my gizzard nearly torn from its bearings by your heel first, and then your beastly claws. You wait till I get you, me boy, that's all!"

"Hist, master—hist!" whispered Phosphor, who was fairly dancing with anxiety, while Boyd, with a look of amazement, and a heavy bear you, it'll spell death to Dickie File."

"And so you're here, are you?" said Boyd, Master Peter's inside the house or not. No one in the village knows anything of them. They say the house belongs to a London gentleman, Mr. Richards; but that's all they know, 'cept that he's got one or two motors, and a steam yacht, the Keestril."

"Come further from the door!" muttered Phosphor. "The way, along the wall. If all goes well, Dickie will meet me here presently. About twenty yards up is the main entrance, and Dickie's coming by the way. We know this is where their car ran after their accident last night. But Dickie's bent on finding out if Master Peter's inside the house or not. No one in the village knows anything of them. They say the house belongs to a London gentleman, Mr. Richards; but that's all they know, 'cept that he's got one or two motors, and a steam yacht, the Keestril."

"And we know," said Boyd, "that Peter was in the village, and that the yacht put in here, and sent ashore four men, carrying a fifth. What's more, we followed their tracks from the landing-place to the house. So there's no doubt in my mind about that they've got Peter tucked away inside there, safe enough, and intend to hold him for a future ransom. But that's just where they count without Jim Boyd."

"And Dickie File!" squeaked a voice that made the three men jump. "Dickie drew nearer, until he came into the circle of a wall light where the heads of Boyd and Phosphor and Billy were grouped closely together. Boyd wrung his hand slyly, and looked his question."

"I've seen him," said Dickie quietly. "He's there all right, wrapped up and strapped up in blankets from head to foot. And what do you think he's doing?"

"Biting at his straps?" suggested Phosphor. "Not 'e, said Billy. "If 'e was strapped, 'e's not a fool, and 'e'd swell to it. And now 'e'll off-swell, and slide out of them blankets as a shelling peas."

"Bully for you, boss!" said Dickie, with a little squeaky laugh. "That's just what 'is doing—lying on his back, sound asleep, and looking as happy as a kid after 'is bottle. I watched him through the skylight for a good five minutes. He's in a bare room with just a bed in it. There's no window but the skylight, and that's barred and cross-hatched so that a cat could scarcely squeeze through. I didn't dare make any signal, or the slightest noise, for I couldn't see all the room, and I didn't know but someone might be on guard over him. It was easy enough to get on to the roof."

"It's only a two-storied building, and there are half a dozen trees with branches overhanging right over the slates. But unless we unroof the place, there's not much show of getting in. The lower windows are all guarded by close-shut iron shutters, and barred into the bargain. They told me that the post-office that the house was once a private doctor's who took a few mad cases, till he went mad himself, and the place was shut up. We may take it for granted that there's no getting in by way of the ground floor, unless we call

(Continued on the next page.)



Peter lifted his hands and the wig at the same time and Phosphor started back with a low cry of amazement. "He Master Peter!" he whispered.



The MAN WITH THE CLASK.

A Christmas School Tale. By JAMES HOWARTH.

THE 1st CHAPTER.

Precursor for the Holidays—Left Behind.

CHRISTMAS was very near. Lessons were at an end at Dalebury House.

The score of two scholars, whose names were made for a consolation Dr. Jison had set himself the task of cultivating, were on the point of departing for their various homes.

Has anyone seen my old footer-boots? If I leave 'em lying about the cleaners are sure to snatch 'em while I'm away.

At the far end of the dormitory the indistinguishable rumble of a half-buried voice could be heard.

In his hand he held a sheet of brown paper, spread with gum-arabic.

No one answered.

Perkins gazed hard and long at Simmins, a confirmed practical joker; but that individual's face bore an expression that varied widely.

"Not guilty, m'lud!" he said, in answer to the secretary's glance. "I know nothing about the boots, Perkins."

"You're a—Perkins was beginning, with the utmost politeness, when Ricks, the janitor, put his head in at the door.

"Time's nearly up, young gen'l'man!" the school porter shouted. "The 'Ead's a-waiting of you all in the gen'l'ral-room."

"You'll be with him in a tick. Give me a hand to strap up this trunk, old chap. Sit on its heels while I draw the buckle tight!"

"No time, Master Arnold, to waste on 'eaps of things to do 'sides 'epin' you young gen'l'man. In an-hour the coaches will be here.

Perkins continued his indignant grumbling. "It's too bad!" he growled, when he had succeeded in freeing his trunk of the sticky substance.

"It's taken me nearly half an hour to get the filthy stuff out. I haven't got a single blessed thing packed yet!"

"That's the matter now?" he asked, glaring around. "Only the heaving backs of his chums were visible. Everyone seemed to be particularly busy at that moment, each was hurried in its owner's box.

Explosive laughter came from all parts of the dormitory. The rest, well acquainted with the stout one's absent-minded ways, had fully expected this to happen.

"What's the matter now?" he asked, glaring around. "Only the heaving backs of his chums were visible. Everyone seemed to be particularly busy at that moment, each was hurried in its owner's box.

"I never saw such a lot of idiotic rackets!" he mumbled, as he cast his eyes over the contents to his collection. "Anyone who did not know what asses you can sometimes be would imagine you were enjoying some huge joke!"

The tumultuous heaving of the backs recommenced; the muffled chuckles increased in volume.

"All right!" muttered Perkins resignedly, as he gave up the puzzle. "You can go on laughing. Pray don't mind me!"

Now, as has before been said, Perkins was very stout. When he stooped, the breadth of person he exposed was extraordinary; and, with the paper still adhering to him, the sight he presented was a truly comical one.

The tearing sound it gave out had the desired effect. The stout one hurriedly sat down, both hands clasped to a remote part of his anatomy.

"Then, catching sight of the grinning Simmins with the torn fragment in his hands, he guessed what had happened. At the same moment he discovered the questionable way in which his best nether garments had been decorated.

The only two who were not taking part in these active preparations for departure were Jack and Frank Simthson, two young Colonials, who had been placed in Dr. Jison's charge for the completion of their education. Their home was in West Canada.

Although in these days of quick travel, when a voyage across the mighty Atlantic means but a matter of a few days, the distance was too great for them to spend the vacation with their own people.

"It is a far fact congealed with amusement. The looker-on fairly howled with laughter, till at last Perkins, naturally good-tempered, found the mirth irresistible, and was obliged to add his bass rumbles to the medley of sounds.

"Cher up, boys!" he said. "The time will soon pass. Before we know where we are they will be all back again once more, and then you can resume your plans for your entertainment.

"Tomorrow I expect an old friend—a Mr. Nickolls, he is in every way more fitted for the task of entertaining you than I. It is on your behalf that I have called him here. We will shut up the school, and resort to my private establishment. The school housekeeper will be going, and Ricks wishes to pay his people a

visit. There will only be my other housekeeper, and our three lads till Mr. Nickolls joins us. There they go!"

"The frolicsome question of seats had been settled. The coaches were about to start.

"Good-bye!" yelled Lester Arnold. "Good-bye to you, and to Frank!"

There was a clatter of good-bye hoofs, a flourish of whips, and a shouting chorus of good-byes as the coaches swung down the road.

"What ever will you two chaps do with yourselves?" he cried. "How will you manage in the time?"

It was not until five coaches that were to take their schoolfollies to the station were drawn up at the door that they realized how completely they were being left in the cold.

"Looks as if he had an old man of the sea hanging on his back," Lester had said, when they were discussing the doctor's evident ill-health.

"In this he guessed correctly. Dr. Jison was watching the departure of the boys with a feeling of relief. But he was not unmindful of the two who would remain in his charge.

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When Perkins stooped, with the paper still adhering to him, the sight he presented was a truly comical one. A titter of laughter ran round the dormitory.





Before he could satisfy his curiosity by plucking away the hideous contrivance that hid the real face below, he heard the click of a key turning in a lock. A door at the opposite end of the main corridor admitted Dr. Jisson.

The Head was even paler than usual. After carefully closing the door behind him, he looked hard at Jockey, and at the man in uniform lying at the boy's feet. From them his gaze travelled towards his friend, who was pillowing Frank's head upon his knee.

"Has he—?" he began, pointing a shaking finger at the figure wearing the mask; then passed, apparently unable to continue.

"He has," Mr. Nickolls quietly answered, as he smoothed the hair back from Frank's white forehead. "The poor fellow has had another of his old attacks, Henry."

The Head-at once in the nearest chair, burying his face in his hands.

"And I was just beginning to think he was getting better!" he groaned. "It is nearly twelve months since he had the last. The specialist said time and perfect quietness was the only cure. Ho has had that, goodness knows!"

Then his troubled eyes caught sight of the open door leading into the secret passage. He flashed an interrogative look at his friend.

Mr. Nickolls nodded.

"Yes," he said, "he has been using that mode of communication with the rest of the household. Years ago, Henry, I warned you not to leave it open. Had you taken my advice this affair would not have happened. Luckily it was not turned out as serious as I first imagined. Fright, coupled with a sharp knock, has rendered the boy unconscious. If fancy, when he comes to, he will scarcely know what has happened."

The Head shuddered.

"As this innocent Frank opened his eyes. Then he sat up and glared at his brother.

"I knew you would do it, you old fated!" he angrily cried. "You've cracked my crown, after all this talk about outraged dignity of course. Why you wanted to drag me about the room, after nearly finishing me, I can't say. I remember feeling you laughing at me in the darkness before I went off. I will—"

He broke off his tirade suddenly, realising how it was strange room. He glared at the silent figure lying near.

"Why—when—what?" he stammered.

"Was Dr. Jisson who answered him. "My poor boy," he said, "the Head, I owe you both an apology, and an explanation. This is your poor creature—resting a tender hand on the head of the nurse who has just arrived at my brother's. Years ago, a too close pursuit of abstract subjects affected his brain. Although an entirely sane man, he began to be troubled with the idea his face was unsightly—no fit to be seen. It was not until a mask had been procured for him his mind was once more made firm."

"Curiously enough, nothing but the most hideous one that could be manufactured would do the trick. We had to invent and enlist the services of one of the property hands at Drury Lane before we could get the exact face we wanted. Unfortunately, my brother turned on his heels to the homicidal tendencies, making it necessary he should be isolated from his fellow creatures."

"That I did installing him in this old house, that happened to fall empty at the time, and being so close to the school, offered exceptional facilities for me to watch over him. My friend and my aged housekeeper are the only two people who have known of his existence here, besides myself. From time to time symptoms of his homicidal mania have shown themselves. Mr. Nickolls and myself have both had narrow escapes. Strange to say, just when his frenzy is at its height, he sinks into sudden unconsciousness, remaining as you now see him, sometimes for hours. It is to that curious trait his disorder is due, unfortunately, Frank's boy. Hush! I believe he is coming to!"



# THE BLUE HUSSARS.

## A Tale of Army Sports in India.

BY CAPTAIN MALCOLM ARNOLD

"Oh, I can't tell you much!" Tom said, dropping on to a bench. "But old Tony, who was regimental orderly-to-day, has just come into barracks, and he says we're bound for Dalkin!"

"Hurrah!"  
"Hurrah!"  
"Hurrah! That's great!"  
"When do we go?"  
"You'll have to wait until Tony comes—and here he is!"

There was a musical jingle in the passage outside, and Moore swung through the door. A perfect storm of questions arose.

"Here! Whoa, whoa!" he cried. "Steady on! Let's get my belt off, for goodness sake!" He went over to his bed, slipped off his white pill helmet, dropped his belt and sword on the bed; then, running his fingers through his crisp, black curls, he swung round.

"Now, then," he cried, "I'm ready!"  
"And so are we," Hammond put in. "Get on with your fad, my son!"

Tony stretched out his long legs.

"You know that there's been trouble at Gilapur—the British Commissioner there had to barricade himself inside his house for four days?"

"Yes, yes; get on!"

"Well, I was very close to the general's door this morning, and, of course, couldn't help hearing scraps of talk now and again. Orders have come from Calcutta to send the best cavalry corps in the Presidency District into that town just to keep order for a bit."

"Hear, hear! Then we were bound to go."

"That's what I thought," said Tony, "but one of the aide-de-camps had the cheek to suggest that the Scarletts were the most suitable for a nice little job like that!"

A roar came from Patsy.

"What is that?" he yelled, leaping to his feet. "The Scarletts better tackle the Blues, the Owls and Bowls! Bad luck to the man who said it, whoever he is!"

"Good on you, Patsy," cried Tom—"that's the talk!"

"Why, we've beaten 'em three times at football—"

"And at tent-pegging—"

"And heads and posts!"

"Besides capturing all their blessed transport last manouvres."

"But the general didn't take any notice of the silly jay!" Tony continued. "He said that there was only one corps in it—that was ours!"

"Bravo!"

"Bless his heart for that!"

"And so I was sent for our colonel, and he fairly jumped with delight when I delivered the message. You should have heard the champagne corks popping as I left. Captain Tringham jolly near hugged me when I went down the steps again."

"Where is Dalkin?"

"Somewhere about a hundred and fifty miles from here," Tony went on. "It's only a sort of buffer state. It's wedged between Nepal and Bhutan. As far as I can make out, there's only one town worth talking about in the whole province, and that's the capital, Gilapur."

"Why the dickens don't we go and take the blessed town at once?" the corporal asked.

"It would save us a lot of trouble."

Trooper Moore was generally admitted by his chums to be of superior attainments. He never "streaked," nor tried to thrust his educational advantages forward, but most of the troop went to him when they wanted advice or assistance.

He had a first-class certificate of education, and, although one of the youngest men in the regiment, had already qualified as an interpreter. Apart from these advantages, he was an all-round athlete, and, with the exception perhaps of Tom Hammond, was the finest footballer in the regiment.

Naturally, his word carried weight, and the troop turned to him as the corporal voiced his queries.

"Same on," Tony, no-ton, Patsy said; "let's have your opinions on the matter! Or we never know you to be far off."

"Well," said Tony, "it's easily understood why our Government allows the rajah to rule with his independence. Nepal is a mighty state, and Bhutan isn't too small, either. Together they could make a lot of trouble; but, while Sikkim on the one side, and this little state

### THE 1st CHAPTER. Marching Orders.

"WHAT'S the hurry for, Tony?"

Mr. Nickolls had just clattered through the narrow cantonment gates, pulled up his charger sharply.

"We're off, my son—off at last!" he replied. Tom Hammond looked up eagerly.

"To Dalkin!" he cried.

"Got it first time, Tom," Tony said; "I've just come from headquarters. The 'old man'—there is no disrespect in this term used by Tommy Atkins to designate the colonel of his unit. Custom has set the seal on it—'has to go up at once.'"

"But, I say—"

"Can't stop now, Tom!" He and the orderly lifted his reins again. "Wait until I come back from the mess. Then you'll hear all about it!"

He trotted slowly across the square, making a handsome figure in his clean khaki and spotless equipment.

Hammond, full of the news, hurried across the square towards his troops bungalow. Morning parade was over, the majority of the troopers were busily engaged in cleaning up their kit.

"Tension!" yelled Hammond, as he entered the door.

One or two men leaped to their feet at the command, which usually heralds the appearance of an officer.

When they saw Tom's handsome face smiling at them, there was a growl of disgust.

"Got away vid ye!" a big Irish lad cried, brandishing his pipelock sponge threateningly. "Pshaw, the blazes do ye man by boucain' in on us loike that? I thought it was the general come to promote me at last!"

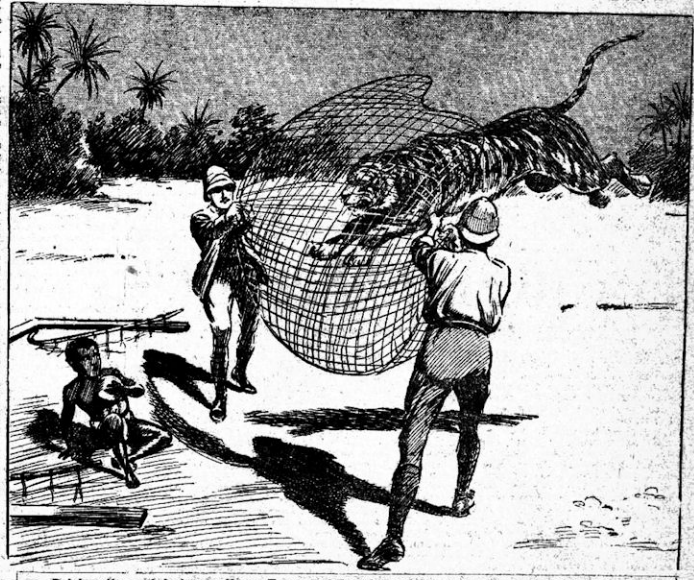
The idea of O'Keefe—Patsy Keefe, the boy-riding and hardest nut in the Blue Hussars, with more "red ink" on his sheet than any three men in the corps—expansion made the room a scene of merry merriment.

"Ha, ha, ha! Promote you, you old tank!" laughed Hammond.

"All right, ye bastards," he grinned. "It's a good job I have some wain to laugh at! Up! A poor set av miserable manouvres ye'd be widout me, O'im thinkin'!"

Frazier, Corporal Saunders turned to Hammond.

"Your face is as full of news as my paper," he said; "let's have it!"



Poising the net between them, Tony and Tom leaped forward. One swing lifted the meshes clear of the sitting child. Then, just as the tiger rose to spring, the huge net was flung out above it. (An exciting incident from next week's grand instalment.)

THE END.

(Two more fine complete tales next Saturday.)

on the other, keeps them apart, they can't combine and become dangerous. Now, do you 'bule'?"

"Wood!" Tom said. "Tony's scored a goal. He's usual. I told him to give you any idea when we have to start!"  
"I believe I can guess at it," said the handsomely dressed trooper. The clerk in the stables and the attendant in the kitchen-chief had been alerted from the usual seven to four days. This means that we leave by the next moment. I will send for your outfit."

"Sixton Blake the second!" cried Tom. "And I but you're not far out."

"The conversation is general, and Tom's took advantage of it to beckon to Tom."

"Let's have a stroll outside, old chap," he said. "I want to have a quiet talk to you."  
The three stumps retired out along the wide verandah. Tony was evidently disturbed by something.

"Why this long face, old chap?" Tom asked.

"I was just going to explain," the young trooper returned; "I've heard a rather strange bit of news."

"He waited until they were quite clear of the bungalow, and then plunged into his tale."

"You know that old tobacco-merchant, Hassan Khan—who had next September the Durba bazaar? Well, he and I are great pals, you know."

"Tom nodded."

"The crumb to be, Tony, he said: 'I haven't forgotten your dive into the Teesta River—'

"Was Abdullah?" Tony put in. "There wasn't a bit of danger. However, old Hasan is a decent sort of chap, and has made quite a pal of me in his way."

"I went to him this morning on my way to Government House, and we chatted for a few moments. He told me then that he was a rather unfeeling fellow."

"No. Why, I always thought he was a Pathan."

"So did I," Moore went on. "But I believe that Dakshin is a full-blooded Mohammedan state—hardly a Hindu in it, you know."

"But the chief is called 'Rajah,' isn't he?"

"He's a Hindu, I'm sure," said Tony; "but I believe his proper title is Rajawar. However, it doesn't matter a brass button to us. Hasan told me that he was a very decent sort."

"Is he, by Jove!" Then why in the name of thunder doesn't he look after his blood-thirsty subjects?"

"Because he has a young fanatic for a next-of-kin," Tony explained. "Prince Ahmed is the beauty's name, and it is he who is causing all the trouble. Are you ready for a walk in town to-night?"

"Rather, my son!" Tom said.

"Then I'll meet you at six o'clock as usual at the Moore building, will you? Will stroll up to the bazaar and see what friend Hasan has to say. We might get some handy information from him, you know."

"Ah, now I think I see what you're driving at, you old beggar!" he said. "There may be promotion in this, and you want me to be in it."

"Tony nodded his head."

"The first thing," Tom said, "he replied, 'I can see a bustling time ahead for us; and if you don't score a point or two over that bullying-bound this time, I'll be blotted!'

"The man and the Moore building, I'll be blotted in the best sense of the word. They had enlisted together, had gone through their recruits' drill, and were now being sent to London to meet the draft out to the Blue Hussars, to join the same troop, 'B.'

"Unfortunately, Tom had managed to incur the enmity of the famous sergeant-major of the squadron. When still a recruit, Burt, the warrant-officer in question, had approached him for some of the famous sergeants' medals. Tom, being a clean, tidy soldier, had impressed the fiercest-sergeant-major favourably."

"The sergeant-major, however, objected to the rather menial work which such a post entails. He was of good parentage, and was fairly well educated."

He had enlisted, hoping to rise, and he knew that to set as a sergeant would rather spoil his chances of becoming a corporal."

"Pooh! enough, he had told Burt this. When the warrant-officer promptly became embittered. Tony could not stand it.

"So Trooper Hammond found that he had made an exceedingly powerful enemy, and one which he could not stand in his way on more than one occasion."

"Tony Moore, on the other hand, had been twice within the previous year, and asked if he would accept the lance stripe. Tony had refused; and the reason of his refusal was known."

"I'll not be placed a step above you, old chap," the loyal trooper vowed; "you're as good as a sergeant-major as they are in the squadron. When I take promotion, you'll have to be doing the same!"

"Hallo!" Tony knew that his chum meant it. He was only just in time to see the long native had the strength of a tiger, and fought with the fury of that terrible beast."

"Tom managed to plant his hard fist into the brown mask above him; then the man, straddling across his straggling body, yelled as he flew his fists at Tony."

"But before the blade could descend Tony was on him. One leap brought his knee against the other's, and he was on his feet, gripping at the raised arm, he swung it, and the man, who the vicelike grip brought a shriek of agony from the native. The knife dropped from his hand, and Tony jumped back the fellow was dragged clear."

"Don't let him go—don't let him go!" Tom protested, scrambling to his feet.

"But that was useless. The catlike swerve of the lithe body sent Tony reeling; then the man, with one bound, was on his feet."

"By Allah, thou shalt suffer for this!" he yelled.

"At him, Tom!"

"The two men sprang forward together, but they were too late. The long beggar turned and with one quick bound gained the centre of the roadway. Then, with his robe tucked up, he shot away as fast as he could, and was gone."

"Burt's face palled a little. He had simply been hitting the lead."

"You'll what?" he roared.

"Go to the adjutant and find out how much fodder is missing," Tony said, with a very serious expression on his face; "it's just as well to know."

"If he hears of you patting your nose anywhere near the orderly-room, look out!" yelled Burt as he swung round and hurried away."

"Tony chuckled gleefully."

"What are you doing him that time," he said.

"Eh—what?"

"Yes, you did," Tony agreed bitterly. "But I don't think I shall ever forget myself, and so for the sneering bravo."

"And get three months' imprisonment for your pains. Not if I can help it, old chap!" said Tony.

"Tom grumbled as he began to rub the dirt and dust from his clean khalgi."

"I'd jolly never get in handy to-night!" he muttered. "I don't think that beggar argued. He won't get off so easy next time, I'll bet!"

"Tony looked up and down the deserted street, and shrugged his shoulders." "Well, there's no good of hanging about here as he remarked. 'We'd better get along to Hassan's and see if we can't get a sniff.'"

"Perhaps he'll be able to explain."

"We won't mention this business, Tom. It has nothing to do with him, and it would only give the old chap to think that his guests were attacked like this. 'We'll sing dumb, but we don't mind.'"

"I say, what a ripping place!" Tom gasped.

"Tony smiled. It was not the first time that he had been inside the luxuriously-furnished room."

"You wouldn't think that old Hasan owned such a splendid place," he remarked.

"Tom did not reply, he was so amazed at the heavy, shimmering tapestries on the wall, there have been times when he has come from underneath."

start, the stranger dropped his head towards his broad curly mustache.

"Look out, Tom!" Tony yelled.

"Tom saw the gleam of a thin blade of steel: this, closing with the man, he caught him across the chest, and he fell on the ground."

"The long native's feet flew off the ground, and the next thing he knew he was lying on his back on the roadway, blinking up at the sky above."

"Tom was sprawling across his chest. A moment was all that he had in a moment the young trooper was fighting for his life."

"Three wild, vicious linges of the knife were made before Tom's straggling hand came around the wiry wrist, then over and over on the silent roadway the two combatants rolled, writhing and as fast as lightning."

"It had all happened so suddenly that Tony had taken back for the moment. Then, realising the chum's danger, he darted forward."

"He was only just in time to see the long native had the strength of a tiger, and fought with the fury of that terrible beast."

"Tom managed to plant his hard fist into the brown mask above him; then the man, straddling across his straggling body, yelled as he flew his fists at Tony."

"But before the blade could descend Tony was on him. One leap brought his knee against the other's, and he was on his feet, gripping at the raised arm, he swung it, and the man, who the vicelike grip brought a shriek of agony from the native. The knife dropped from his hand, and Tony jumped back the fellow was dragged clear."

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"Tom did not reply, he was so amazed at the heavy, shimmering tapestries on the wall,

the heaps of silken cushions, and the jewelled lamps, which lighted the interior."

"Why, the old stall outside doesn't look as though it was worth tuppence!"

"The words were by extension in this country, old chap," Tony said. "Some of those dirty hovels are certain palaces inside."

"An absolute awaked back from the door was in the fact it was so important. He had taken off his simple cotton garb which he wore when attending to customers, and was now arrayed in such a smart coat of figured silk. The strong brown hand which he thrust out to welcome the lads was covered with glittering rings."

"I am pleased to see you," he said, in slow but perfectly pronounced English.

"While the words were being brought in the meal I wear a small diva d'indoo."

"Sit down," he said, "and we will have a little supper. Then we can talk."

"How on earth did you know that?" Tony asked.

"The Blue Hussars go to Dalakim on Saturdays, and I know you are dressed!"

"How on earth did you know that?" Tony asked.

"There are no secrets in the bazaar, my friend," he said. "You British talk in front of servants, and I know that."

"Well," said Tony, "and what do you think about it?"

"Has looked at the lad who had plunged into the icy river to rescue him from drowning, and shook his head gravely."

"I am glad that Dalakim is to be honoured by a visit from such an illustrious corps, but I am sorry for the corps."

"Why?"

"Because there is much trouble and bitterness before you," continued the merchant.

"Glasgow is a nest of conspiracy and corruption. There are those who have undertaken is bigger than anyone imagines."

"Oh, if it comes to fighting—"

"Oh, if it comes to fighting—"

"That's just what it never will come to," he explained; "not, at any rate, while the old boys are so on my hands."

"That's a cheerful prospect, I don't think!" muttered Tom.

"Ah! May the police be denied him!" Hassan muttered. Then, aloud, he continued: "He is a leader of the sect which hates the British ruler and Government. It is a very strong, too. Stranger now that the ruler is old; he is your chief enemy. If you can do more than to find out what he is doing, you will have done much to bring peace to my poor little birth-land."

"The merchant, the meal-checked their conversation for some time; but when the lads had eaten heartily of the face—native dishes, but they were not very different from those they had had at Hassan's and had three naghales prepared, and they returned to the divan to smoke the mild fragrant tobacco."

"I bar the ordinary cigarettes and plug," Tony remarked, "but this is a fine thing; you will be smoking is extra good."

"It's the scented water through which the smoke passes that makes it taste so ripping, old boy," Tony replied, drawing blissfully at the silver mouthpiece.

HASAN sat very quiet for a moment, his keen eyes half-closed. Then he turned to Tony.

"You have not said anything to me about anything from me," he began, "and so I am still your debtor for..."

"I say, change the subject!" the young Hussar put in. "You've annoyed me a dozen times for the little thing I did. Hang it all, it was only a case of getting wet for a few minutes."

(Continued on the next page.)

## THE PLAY "SCORER."

By STEVE BLOOMER, the Great International Player.

### A Further Chat on Goalkeeping.

REMEMBER a case of a goalkeeper coming out which ended in the simplest of goals being scored. The match in which it took place, I think, was between the final five for the Association Cup between Derby County and Millwall, and J. W. Smith was the man who scored the goal. The incident had its origin in Warren, the Derby half-back, ballooning the ball to a tremendous height and distance, but although it was so high and so far, it was not a goal, there was never any real danger of its reaching the net so long as a man stood between the post.

But for some reason or other Sutcliffe rushed out to meet the ball, and just then the sun burst out from behind a cloud and shone full in the face of the great goalkeeper as he looked upward. This, of course, had the effect of making him lose sight of the ball, which

boomed just behind him, and kept bouncing about the ground until it trickled into the net. I do not mention this to point out any mistake of Sutcliffe's, but merely as an extraordinary incident.

I wonder how many of you know that between a first-class goalkeeper and his two backs there is a perfect understanding? Probably you are not aware of it, but I know of it, and I can tell you in a very plain and simple manner in which a ball will allow the ball to go to the goalkeeper and, by a half-cent and a careful run, intercept the on-coming forward.

There is one man I shall never forget for his eagerness to be in the thick of everything. He is mainly a defender, but he is not a defender by his backs, but I am inclined to think that he would far rather have done all the defending work than any other man in the team. This was Jack Robinson, and I can assure you that although I have known him since I could first kick a ball, yet

there have been times when he has come from underneath a heap of struggling forwards

triumphant but absolutely unrecognisable.

I don't think I am far wrong in saying Robinson has broken nearly every bone in his body during his career, in addition to partially crippling his hearing since he has had so many accidents to the daring manner in which he played. There never has been another goalkeeper like him, and there never will be. Jack was just great!

Now, let us get back to work. I want to refer to against a great finding which I have noticed in the early days of my career—yes, and sometimes in First League games. I refer to the manner in which the ball is generally got out of the hands of the forwards in games in which the goalkeepers have become more or less popular idols with the crowd. Many of the best keepers used their feet as well as their hands, and they were just as likely to glance off the knuckles and fly into the net, or over the line and give a corner, as they are so to head the ball into the net. As to this risk, I defy any goalkeeper to set against

a ball in a manner which will help his forwards unless he has a certain amount of luck.

I haven't the slightest doubt that catching a ball in the two hands and throwing it away to the wayward man does not look so attractive to the onlookers as it does to the goalkeeper, but when all the players are in the vicinity of goal. Of course, at other times a goalkeeper might get a corner, and he might be glad to give it to a forward. In kicking up the field, or in the air, a goalkeeper might get a corner, and not in the centre, whilst the kick should never be made too high.

"You are sure to be the mistake of thinking that you can learn the art of goalkeeping from a book. You cannot. But you can take notice of hints when they are given to you, and you can be a very good goalkeeper when you are playing. For I am absolutely certain that it is only by practice that you can hope to become a great goalkeeper, and that is particularly true in this particular department of the game."

A goalkeeper should be a strong kick, have a good reach and height, an active and clear brain, and unshakable confidence.

Steve Bloomer.

**THE BLUE HUSSARS.**

(Continued from the previous page.)

"The merchant looked at the handsome face in front of him admiringly.  
"Getting well-oh?" he repeated slowly.  
"That's your way of making a compliment. I have thought of something which will be very useful to you. I own a small house in Gilapur. It is of no use to me just now. But it may be useful to you. Use it while you are stationed there."

"Ach! You are not going to refuse again. I hope. It is such a small thing this time."  
Tony saw that the man was really troubled, so he said:  
"I don't suppose that we'll have much opportunity of using the house," he said; "but, still, I accept your offer."  
Hassan withdrew a heavy ring from his finger, and handed it across the divan.  
"You will show this to the servant," he said; "he will know that you have authority."  
Moore took the ring, and slipped it into the loose pocket of his khaki jacket.

"And now," Tom said, "can you give us any hints. I mean, do you know of any way by which we can bring those beggars round to our side?"  
Their native host smiled.

"I do," he said. "The native of Dalakim is a roguish, but he is also a sportsman. You will never win by the sword; but you may do by more peaceful means."  
"What are they?"  
"Go in for every sport you can. Tackle the native troopers at their own game. They are excellent horsemen, and the rajwar encourages them. Get your officers to arrange gymnastics, get your best tent-peggers and swordsmen to enter, and the men of the town will judge you by your success."  
"I'd like to play them a game at football," said Tony, with a grin.

"How would a wrestling-match go?" Tom asked.  
Hassan shrugged his shoulders.  
"Football is not known there yet. But you will find plenty of good wrestlers to face."  
"Well, we'll just have to do our best!" Hammond murmured. "From what I can make out, it isn't going to be a picnic exactly; but somehow or other, I believe we'll pull through."  
"I hope you do," said the merchant gravely.

"I will be able to go back to Gilapur then," he was sent across the borders three years ago because I was one of those who favoured the British rule."  
It was late when the two troopers left the hospitable house, and made their way back through the narrow streets towards the rations-men. Tony had received full instructions from the merchant where the house in Gilapur was situated, and the two lads rather enjoyed the idea of having a private residence to themselves.

"We'll be big pots, old chap," Tom said. "I don't suppose we'll be a very swagger place; but, still, it will sound very 'O.T.' when we say, 'Come and see us at our town house!'"  
"What?"  
"As they turned out of the bazaar, two figures in native dress came out of a side alley and glided past them. The troopers did not pay much attention to the men. Had they done so, they might have found something sinister in the way in which the taller of the two peered at Tom as he passed.

"Thou art sure that there is no mistake?" the tall man muttered, when the troopers had cleared out of earshot.  
"On my head be it, O Protector," the other replied, with the slow, whining tremble of the dark-haired one at the house, and the other is the dark one's friend."

"But why go to Gilapur," the tall man murmured, half to himself. "By Allah, I wish I had killed the dog when I had the chance. Who knows what plots those two Feringshees have planned?"  
His sinewy hands clenched, and a dull fire blazed in his dark eyes. Standing well over the rest of the crowd, he often used the strength of the hillman, Prince Ahmed, a valiant foeman worthy of any man's steel, as Tom and Tony had proved a few hours previous.

"The man is one of Hassan's indoor staff. The merchant had taken the rogue with him when he had fled from his native land. And with the characteristic gratitude of the lower-class Mohammedan, he was eating his master's salt, and, at the same time, acting as a spy for the Rajwar."  
"Twas well that I came here as I did!" Ahmed continued, biting savagely at the thin curl of his black moustache. "To-morrow I can go back to my home. By Allah, we shall be ready for them! They will find that Gilapur is not sleepy India! We will not bend so easily to the yoke! Curse them—curse them!"

In his rage he stopped, and lifting one loose-sleeved arm, absently touched the forehead of the man, who had unconsciously soldiers had gone.  
"Allah helping me, I will drive those and thy masters like sheep from our land!" he barked.

**THE 3rd CHAPTER.**  
**At Gilapur—The House of Hassan.**  
"RAW swords!"  
Clear and crisp, the colonel's rattling sword, as he came from the long line of troopers moved, then a forest of five hundred blades flashed in the sun. The curious throng gathered outside the high walls of Gilapur shivered.

What were the Feringshees about to do? Since daybreak the ragged hordes had been crawling round the walls of the British troopers. They had seen the snakelike column wind down the hills and stretch out along the plain until they reached the town.  
Man, woman, and child, they had rushed to the eastern gate to watch the troopers enter. "Beh, beh, beh, mameh, mameh," the women shrieked. "The come to kill! Fiee-lee-lee, while there is yet a chance!"  
For a moment the crowd rocked, and it would not have taken much to create a panic. But when the Blue Hussars started forward again they did so in columns of fours, and at the pace.

Colonel Viailoux's orders had been short and to the point.  
The Blue Hussars will ride into Gilapur with drawn swords!"  
File after file the gallant regiment passed beneath the wide arch of the gate and into the narrow streets. The bare swords of each man's side was a symbol which most of the watchers quickly understood.

It was not long before the Hussars came there in pairs, but were prepared for war.  
A native crowd never cheers, but it is usual to hear some slight murmuring of approval as the troops pass them. Gilapur, however, was ominously silent. During their mile ride to the west the squares in front of the houses, there was only one voice raised in greeting.  
From a hovel a hag leaped out, and yelled at them as they passed.

The appearance of the vicious old beldame made one or two of the troopers grin. But Tony Moore shrugged his shoulders as he glared at the creature.  
"Nice sort of welcome that—eh?" Hammond replied, with a grin.  
"Didn't quite catch it, old chap," Hammond replied.

"Well, she wishes Allah, through the kindly assistance of Mahomet, to wither us all ere the coming of the moon," Tony explained.  
"The deuce she has wrapped Tom."  
"O'keele—who was in the same four as the two chums—glanced back at the hag.  
"Be quick! You are all murdered," if we get as withered as you are, old dear, wad be timpler and spottier, win we're as old as you are, I'd be had!"

Across the wide square the colonel led his men. Then, halting them, they formed into lines and advanced towards the gates of the palace, where a big pavilion had been erected.  
Beneath it, on a raised dais, a group of native officers stood, and the centre of them, chatting to the British Commissioner, was the stout rajah.

When the troops halted, and the colonel had saluted the, the old ruler stepped forward and lifted his bejewelled hat to his turban.  
"Welcome to Gilapur," he said, in a quavering voice.

Colonel Viailoux acknowledged the greeting, but his great eyes, wandering around the duffer faces behind the ruler, saw nothing but enmity in the glances directed at him and his men. "What might have been an awkward moment was skilfully avoided by the Captain Henry, the British Commissioner."  
He stepped forward, saluted, and then bowed over to the Rajwar.

"I have been putting things in order for your coming, sir," he said. "I hope you will find everything as skilfully arranged."  
The colonel took the hint, and, wheeling round on his charger, he galloped back to the head of his men.

His regiment filed past the ruler, each squadron coming to the "Carry" as they passed the dais. The old rajah rose and bowed to the ruler, and said something like a grudging murmur of admiration stole around the native officers.  
"Rigid, immovable, as though men and horse were moulded together, the fours rode past."  
Captain Henry heard a rustle, and glancing round, saw that Prince Ahmed had suddenly thrust his dark face forward, and was glaring at a certain file of Hussars now just approaching.

"What?" the British Commissioner asked, the commissioner glanced at the troopers. Tom and Tony, although handsome enough, had nothing about them to justify the interest which their presence knew among the British rule levelled at them.  
"Hum! Now I wonder what on earth does that fellow mean?"  
"I could have understood it had that young beast glared at an officer. But these lads were ordinary troopers. I must remember that."

Half an hour later Tony and Tom were busily engaged in attending to their mounts and the horses. The colonel had been transformed into a stable. Their seven days' march through the hills had made them very glad to find a roof above their heads.  
The place fairly hummed as the troopers rushed to and fro, some carrying fodder, others swinging pale-faced in their strong hands.

"It's a wet place this has never seen so much life before," Tony said, glancing around at the red adobe walls.  
"I think we're thundering lucky to strike another crib," he said. "With a little bit of alteration it will make a ripping barracks."  
"It strikes me that it has been a menagerie of some sort," his charge went on. "With little niches in the walls where the idols used to stand, I fancy. Rather a come-down, you know, from our present quarters."  
"Come-downed up and patted the neck of his mare."  
"Reached up, he barked," he said. "I think that our stable here is better than any dirty wooden dog. What do you say, old girl?"

The tired animal nosed its soft nose into his hair, then turned again to the feed in front of her.  
"She says, 'Both the gods, as long as I have been in my own life with a smile.' And it's a jolly good answer, too."  
A harsh voice broke in on them suddenly.  
"Come along, Hammond!" It was a farrier's voice, and a very loud one. "Load up again—eh? Get on with your work, do you hear?"

He fairly barked the words at the lad. Tony saw Tom's face tighten, and, knowing that his chum was tired and hot from the long march, was afraid that he might lose his temper.  
"He turned to Bert at once.  
"I'm afraid that it's my fault, sir," he said. "I should be in my own life, but we've both finished work, and were just jawing over things."  
The rajaw was a universal favourite, and even the vindictive warrant-officer softened as the steady eyes met his.

"That's just what you would say," he muttered, turning on his heel. "Pity you had a look-out for a better chum."  
Tony wheeled round with glaring eyes. Bert was already on his feet, and, with long lines, examining the horses as he went.  
"The beast! The cad!" Hammond broke out.  
"By Heaven, I'll not stand much more of his bullying!"  
He threw down the leather bucket he had in his hand, and looked at Tony.  
"I talk to you, you know, were a dog!" he went on. "And that snore as he went! I tell you, Tony, I shall go for him some day. If you won't mind interfering, it'll give him the chance of a parting sneeze."  
As if I wanted anyone to stand between me and double!"

"Oh, as to you, you old fustard!" said Tony. "He didn't mean anything of the sort. Besides, whatever he meant, what does it matter to me? No one told me that of you; not even the best that said it!"  
"He hates me, I tell you," Tom went on. "I wish you had interfered. I wish you stood ready to stop the lad did his rage mount to rush after his persecutor. 'Hates me!'"  
"And some day I—I—"  
"Some day you will laugh at him," said Moore. Then, linking his arm in his chum's, he commenced to drag him toward the wide door. "You're no more to go, so go and see if there isn't a decent meal to be had, where."

(This powerful new military pun will be continued

**BRADFORD CITY F.C.**

An interesting Article Giving the History of the "Citizens" since the Formation of the Club.

**A BRIEF SUMMARY.**  
BRADFORD CITY are a clever First League team, the club having been formed in 1903. They colour being red and white, blue and white, and blue and white knickers. The City ground is situated at the Valley Parade, Manningham. They were members of the Second Division of the English League in season 1903-4, and finished tenth from the top, with the following record: Goals scored, 32, won 12, 15, drawn 7; goals for 45, goals against 59; points 31. The following year they were eighth from the top, and in 1905-6 they lost the elevation ticket. April, 1907, however, found them fifth on the list; whilst in 1907-8 they were champions of Division 11, and thus secured promotion. So far they have done extremely well this season.  
The following particulars concerning the men who play for Bradford City for this season will interest all their supporters. It is interesting to note the large number of Scotsmen to be found in the team.

**Robert Campbell.**  
Campbell, who is a native of Ayrcyre, plays at right-back. His height is 5ft. 7½in., and he weighs 16st. 2½lb. He has previously been identified with Craigston Strikers, Partick Thistle, Glasgow Rangers, and Millwall. He is the elder brother of David Campbell, an English League and in the Southern League, and has represented the Scottish League. He is a powerful kick, and a robust tackler.

**George Chaplin.**  
Chaplin is the City's left-back, and, like Campbell, he hails from across the Border. His native place is Dundee, and he is a Scottish League player, having previously played against Wales. He joined the City in 1908. His aburnk looks make him easily distinguishable on the field of play.

**John Cormie.**  
The Bradford City team is rich in Scotsmen. Cormie is another of them, a member of a family of footballers. He plays at centre-half, weighs 13st. 7½lb., and stands 5ft. 10in. He has previously played for 3rd Lanark, Reading, and Glasgow.

**Frank O'Rourke.**  
Still they come. O'Rourke is also a Scottish International, late of the Ardrossian. He joined Bradford in April, 1907. His position is right-back, and he is 5ft. 8in. in height, and weighs 12st. 6lb.

**James Speirs.**  
Speirs is a Glasgow laddie, and learned his football in the great Scottish capital. He has played for Glasgow, Annandale, Maryhill, Glasgow Rangers, and Livingston, and has been capped for Scotland against Wales. His age is 24, he stands 5ft. 10½in., and weighs 12st. He occupies the position of inside-left.

**Peter Logan.**  
Logan, Speirs's partner on the left wing, hails from Edinburgh, and is 5ft. 7½in., and he weighs 13st. He first played outside-left against Leeds University, and speedily proved that Nature intended him for that position, and he has since occupied the same places. He learned how to control the elusive leather with Alva Rangers and Edinburgh St. Bernard's.

**George Robinson.**  
Robinson is a veteran who joined Bradford City in 1903, when the club was formed, having previously been with Alva and a Scotch League. His height is 5ft. 11in., and he weighs 12st. 11lb. He plays at right-half.

**E. A. Lintott.**  
Lintott is an all-round athlete, and excels at football, cricket, and tennis. He plays at left-back, and stands 5ft. 11in., and he is 26 years of age, and has played footer practically all his life. He has represented England and Ireland, and Wales, and was formerly identified with Devon, Plymouth Argyle, and Queen's Park Rangers. He is a native of Godingal.

**Robert Whittingham.**  
Whittingham plays at inside-right, is 5ft. 7½in. in height, and weighs 12st. 6lb. He plays for Bradford City as a centre half and goal-keeper. Experts attribute much of Bradford's success this year to the fact that he is a native of Bradford. He has previously played for Blackpool and Burdlen Port Vale.

**Richard Bond.**  
This is Bond's first season with Bradford City. He plays outside-right. His height is 5ft. 6in., and he weighs 10st. 10lb. He is a native of Bradford, and has played in League football for seven seasons.  
(See this week's "BOYS' REALM" FOOTBALL LIBRARY for a striking group portrait of the Bradford City team. Now on sale, one Halfpenny.)

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THE PRINCIPAL CHARACTERS ARE: ARTHUR REDFERN, a Sixth-Former and a prefect...

ARTHUR REDFERN, a Sixth-Former and a prefect of St. Dolly's school. SIDLEY SEABRIGHT, or 'Redfern minor,' Arthur's brother...

RANSOME, a Sixth-Former. A shaker and agood-for-nothing...

The opening of a new term finds the school captainship vacant, and Arthur Redfern and another lad named Knowles are proposed for election...

Ransome, though a weakling himself, intending voting for Knowles, the Modern candidate...

Ransome gives a little tea-party in his study, and suddenly steps in to find Knowles and several others smoking...

A Bad Beginning. ARTHUR REDFERN staggered towards the door of the study...

But Knowles shook his head and quitted the study. One by one, Ransome's friends dropped away...

Ransome and his friends were on their feet now, looking on in tense interest and alarm. There was alarm in every face...

His eyes were gleaming with satisfaction. All was going well—for him! For nothing now could head the breach between the two seniors...

Back to the door Arthur Redfern staggered; but there he collected himself. Then he made an effort to throw himself back...

Arthur Redfern wrenched himself loose, and with a great effort heaved at Knowles back. The Modern prefect staggered against Ransome...

The sound of the struggle had already attracted attention. There was already a patter of feet in the corridor.

When it became known that the captain of St. Dolly's was fighting with the head Modern prefect, all the school would be there.

Knowles faced the captain, flushed and panting. "Get out, then!" he said.

"I will go," said Arthur, controlling his temper with a mighty effort.

"Yes, mind your own business!" said Knowles irritably. "Get out!"

"Keep your wool on!" said Plimsoll, in surprise. "I was only asking a civil question!"

"Well don't bother!" Knowles kicked the door shut after him.

ARTHUR REDFERN'S VOW. A Rollicking New School Tale by Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.

temper with a mighty effort. "I will go, to save disgraceful scenes before all St. Dolly's!"

Knowles clicked his teeth. "Go, then. That's all I ask!"

"I shall expect an apology from you," said the captain of St. Dolly's sternly.

"I hope I shall see you as soon as I leave you to think it over." And Arthur Redfern stepped out of the study...

"What's happened, Redfern?" exclaimed Plimsoll, of the Fifth.

"Hello, you chaps! What's happened? Been a row?"

"Yes, said Ransome. "Oh, mind your own business!" said Knowles irritably.

"Keep your wool on!" said Plimsoll, in surprise. "I was only asking a civil question!"

"Well don't bother!" Knowles kicked the door shut after him.

"Look here, my chaps," he said roughly, "don't say anything about this, outside our school. It's not a thing to jaw all over St. Dolly's!"

"I was nodded emphatically. "You're right, Knowles!"

"Are you going to apologise to Redfern?" asked Ransome, with a sneer.

"But if he doesn't wish it to go any further, I don't. I'm sorry I lost my temper, and that's a fact; though I wouldn't tell Redfern so!"

"But it must go farther unless you apologise," said Ransome, who could make a handling like that quietly.

"Not likely!" said Ransome. "But why not have it out?"

"Good heavens!" muttered Knowles. "What would the Head say if he heard? A fight between a head prefect and the captain of the school!"

"He would never hear."

"Besides, Redfern has forced it upon you," said Ransome. "You are only standing up for your rights, and the rights of your friends. Sit down and have a smoke!"

But Knowles shook his head and quitted the study. One by one, Ransome's friends dropped away...

felt that there was trouble ahead, black trouble and that though they disliked interference from Arthur Redfern...

enough, none of them could look to the future with clear the air.

same cynical coolness displayed by Ransome.

Late alone, Ransome shrugged his shoulders and settled down to read a slightly coloured sporting paper, lighting a fresh cigarette to assist him in the task.

As a consequence, Arthur Redfern had gone to his study. He had been on his feet when he had been drawn into the study...

had laid for him. His minor was waiting for him in his study, dealing with junior football.

looked at Arthur as he came in, and noted at once the expression upon his face.

"Anything wrong, Arthur, old chap?" The quick, affectionate question was very different from the way Redfern minor would have spoken not so very long ago.

as he came in, and noted at once the expression upon his face.

"I thought I heard some row up the passage," said Redfern minor anxiously. "What has happened?"

"Oh, it's Ransome, of course! You know, Sid, the vow I made when I've become captain; that I'd see that no other fellow was led into the same trouble that fell upon me!"

"Yes, Arthur; and I said I'd help you. "I thought Ransome would have sense enough to turn over a new leaf, the same as I did. He was far deeper in that rotten business than I was, and he ran a much greater risk of being expelled if it came out. Instead of getting him to do the same as I've done, I've only made an enemy of him."

"He was always your enemy, Arthur. "I suppose he was, in a sense; at all events, he's an open enemy now. He's got Knowles under his thumb, just as he used to have me, and he is determined to make as much trouble as he can, unless I let him and his precious Smart Set alone."

"Which you won't do?" Arthur's eyes gleamed. "Never!"

"Good for you!" "Only there's been a row," said Arthur. "Knowles has struck me!"

"Struck you?" exclaimed Redfern minor, in astonishment. "The bound!"

"That's the beginning," said Arthur bitterly. "Of course, these are only one thing for me to do. I can't bring the matter before the Head—I suppose that's my strict duty, as captain of the school—but it would make the fellows all look on me as a sneak and a coward. I must fight Knowles."

Redfern minor drew a deep breath. "Fight him?"

"Yes. Of course, that is Ransome's game. I am to open my term as captain with a fight with the head prefect of the Modern side. If it gets to the doctor's ears—"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"Pshaw!"

"But it can't be helped. Unless Knowles apologises—which he won't do—I shall have to meet him." Redfern minor looked dismayed. "Well, it can't be helped!" said Arthur, more briskly. "What was it you wanted to see me about, Sid?"

"Oh, only about our junior football club!" said Redfern minor. "It doesn't matter; I won't bother you about it now, it's quite evident that the captaincy was not to be a bed of roses for Redfern major."

A Mysterious Meeting. "KEEP up a good fire, Rake, old man," said Taffy Morgan, the great chief of the Modern juniors in the Fourth Form at St. Dolly's. "It's a jolly cold, and we want the kettle to boil for tea."

Rake looked into the coal-socket. "All right, what's the matter?" "Oh, there's some left, chappy," said Vernon. "Can't be all gone."

"Then you've been jolly extravagant," said Taffy. "We've used up our allowance, and we shall have to pay for more. Who's got the tin?"

"By Jove," said Vernon, "I haven't, chappy! My last allowance went for the sardines."

Rake did not reply verbally, but he turned his trousers-pockets inside out as his contribution to the discussion. Taffy grunted.

"I don't know what you can get," he remarked—"the one the tuck came in from your palter, Rakey. Run and fetch it out of the box-room."

"I'm making toast." "So you are. Run and fetch it out of the box-room, ferny."

"I'm going, I'm not." "Look you, we can't have the fire going out in this weather!" exclaimed Taffy severely. "I'll be damned if I'll let you go at your own will!"

"Well, you go and fetch the box." "Rotten slackers!" said Taffy; and he rose to go.

It was cold in the passage, and dark on the stairs. The particular box-room in which the box Taffy wanted was deposited was on the same floor as the dormitories. Taffy went up the stairs, and groped along to the box-room. The gas-jet in the passage did not cast its light there.

To his surprise, Taffy suddenly discerned a streak of light shining from under the door of the box-room.

"What's up?" "The box-room, as a rule, was tenanted by empty boxes and other lumber, and seldom was anybody in there. It was some member of the Smart Set looking for a quiet corner in which to smoke a surreptitious cigarette.

Taffy wondered who it was there, and he turned the handle of the door quietly, intending burst it open suddenly, and surprise the lurker, whoever he was.

"Oh!" said Taffy the next moment. The door was locked, and Taffy had inadvertently knocked his nose against it as he shoved the handle and did not budge. "He rubbed his nose, and kicked the door."

"Who's in there?" "Hallo!" came a voice from within. "Open this door!"

"Name!" "Eh—what? I'm Morgan, of the Fourth."

"One by one, Morgan, of the Fourth," said "Open this door!"

"Rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"

"More rats!" "More rats!" "More rats!"



Bratt whirled right into Taffy, and the two of them went to the floor with a crash. Then the door was slammed and looked again.

Taffy was on his feet again in a second; but the door of the box-room was shut with a slam, and the key turned in the lock.

The Modern junior hammered at it furiously, but his hammering was only answered by loud creaks and shudders from within.

"You rotters!" roared Taffy. "What's it all about, anyway?"

"I have no reply to that question. Having considerably hurt his hands on the door, Taffy gave up hammering and retired. He was growing impatient, when suddenly a door opened with a puffing up. Spratt was fat, and short of breath, and when he was going upstairs he could generally be heard at quite a distance.

"Spratt, old fellow, what's your story? It occurred to him that this was another Classical proceeding to the mysterious meeting in the box-room."

"Spratt, old fellow, what's your story? It occurred to him that this was another Classical proceeding to the mysterious meeting in the box-room."

"Well," said Spratt confidentially, "I thought it might be a feed. That might be a good way of cutting it, you know. I don't know what else there is to make it worth while climbing up on those blessed stairs."

"I'll come in with you, Spratt."

"Come on," said Spratt. "Keep behind me, and dodge if when I enter. Of course, you know you'll come out again."

"I don't care, after I've seen what's going on. All right, then."

And Taffy, chucking softly, followed Spratt to the door of the box-room. Spratt's ample figure, aided by the dusk, quite concealed Taffy. The Modern left the door untripped, out of curiosity. He knew that the mysterious meeting, upon which he had lighted purely by chance, must be a good one against the Modern party. If it were simply a meeting, there would be nothing to see, except Classical juniors. On the other hand, if the meeting was a good one, it might be going on, and in that case a good look into the box-room would give the whole show away.

Spratt tapped at the door, and looked round nervously over his shoulder at Taffy.

"Keep close," he whispered.

"Brown's voice came through the keyhole in response to the tap.

"Me!" said Spratt, promptly and ungrammatically.

"Enter, Spratt!"

The door was opened. But on this time the Classics within were waiting for their guard. The door opened only half-way, and several fellows inside kept their feet against it, so that it could not open so far.

"Back up!" said Redfern minor. "Don't be all right about it, Spratt is going on."

Spratt walked in, and Taffy pressed close behind him. In an instant he was seen, and the Classics jammed the door upon him. At the same moment Redfern gave him a push that sent him staggering back, and the door, shutting hard, buffed him up the knees and the nose he relied on.

whirled right into Taffy, and the two of them went to the door together with a crash. Then they both got up, and looked.

"Oh!" gasped Taffy.

"Oh!" gasped Taffy.

"I've got a message for you," said Courtney awkwardly. "This is a beastly bad business, Knowles."

"What quarrel with Redfern?"

"That was yesterday," said Knowles, with a yawn. "I fancied it was all over by this time."

"I really don't see how you could have found out that. Knowles, I'm sorry for Redfern to pass over a thing like that. He has been giving you time."

"I don't think it over. You ought to apologise."

"You know the Redfern was only doing his duty as captain of the school in interfering in what was going on in Ransome's study. You can't tell me as a prefect you ought to have interfered, without waiting for Redfern."

"I don't think it over. You ought to apologise."

"I suppose you mean a fight. Well, I am ready to accept it."

"I suppose you know what a rotten affair a fight between the captain of the school and a prefect will be. You're a prefect, you know the doctor's ears it would be enough to lose Redfern the captaincy. Do you want that?"

"The fellows flushed crimson.

"Well, I can't help it," he said at last. "I won't apologise, that's flat. As for the Head getting to hear of it, why should he? I shall not say a word, and I suppose Redfern won't, and our secrets will keep the secret."

"What time and place will suit you?"

"Any time and place will suit you?"

"I don't care for Redfern. But Courtney has pointed out that if it caused Redfern to be sacked from the captaincy, the fellows would look on it as a public job by the school."

"I don't see how the Head can hear of it," said Ransome, with a peculiar look in his eyes.

"I'm among us four, unless Redfern lets his minor know. He seems to tell his minor nothing, and I'm sure of his minor than with anybody in the Sixth. I think."

"The boy might chatter."

"I don't know about that," said Knowles, with a short laugh. "I shall try my best, of course, but I don't feel very certain about the result."

"I think you'll win."

"The two seniors remained in talk till the time for the meeting, and then they left the house together. Ransome had packed a few requisites for the fight in a bag. The early morning had long set, and the moon was sailing over the chapel, a cold, white light streaming down upon the buildings and the wide quadrangle.

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"His fist seemed to move like lightning. His arms came through Knowles' guard; he caught him under the chin, and with a staggered Knowles came on like a bull, but reeled back panting from a defence he could not make, and as he recoiled, Redfern's major came on.

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