

COMPLETE JACK NOBLE STORY INSIDE.

# The Boys' Realm 1<sup>d</sup>

*The Great Saturday Sports Paper.*

## THE RISE OF TYNEGATE

*A Great Newcastle Football Tale. By ANDREW GRAY.*



E. E. BRISCO  
1910





# PODDLES' GOAL

A LAUGHABLE COMPLETE TALE OF JACK NOBLE AND PELHAM SCHOOL.

## THE 1st CHAPTER. Jack Noble Protests.

**B**UT—but hang it, Lecky, it's impossible!" Jack Noble, captain of the Pelham Third Eleven cried. "The silly owl can't play for nuts!"

Lecky, captain of the school, shrugged his broad shoulders.

"Can't help it, Noble," he said. "The Head has asked me to tell you about it; you'll have to play him."

Jack dashed his cap down on the field.

"And on Visitors' Day, too!" he cried. "We'll—we'll be shown up!"

Bob Russell, Pelham's junior right-half, now joined in.

"Does Poddles want to play?" he asked.

"Better ask him," Lecky replied, moving away.

The two juniors looked at each other when the big fellow had gone.

The news they had just received had astounded them. The Head of Pelham had expressed the desire that the Honourable Becket Redway, known to his schoolfellows as Poddles, should figure in the Visitors' Day match between Pelham and Harlesdene Academy.

Poddles was a fairly new-comer to Pelham, and couldn't play footer for toffee. In fact, he had never been known to do anything much beyond exist. The only violent exercise he indulged in was tart-removing. Put Poddles on a high stool, place a row of heaped plates in front of him—lemon cheese cakes were his favourites—and he was happy.

"Look here," Jack said at last, "I'm going to hunt the silly owl up. He must know something about it. And if he's dared to put it to the Head, I'll—I'll wring his neck for him!"

Russell grinned.

"I'll bet you don't," he said. "Old Poddles hasn't got a neck! It's all face, right down to his chest!"

Crossing the Close, the two juniors picked up "Fighting Mac."

"I see a peck of trouble in your noble eye, Jack," the Scots lad said. "What is it? Unbosom to your own Macalpine."

Jack poured out the tale, and Mac whistled. The idea of Poddles donning shirt and knickers and following the leather was too funny.

"And you don't want him to play, eh?" he said.

"Certainly not!"

"He'll muck up the whole side!" Jack Noble cried.

"He will," Mac returned; "but that can't be helped. You'll have to play him, laddie."

"Don't be so thundering sure about it," Russell rapped out.

Mac grinned.

"But I am sure, my frabjous pal," he said; "and if you'll kindly walk into the hall and direct your optics on the notice-board, you'll see why."

They strolled into the hall, and halted at the board.

A double sheet of foolscap had been stuck up, on which was written the following notice:

"Visitors' Day. Special Notice.

"Viscount Storrimount has kindly offered to present a special cup to the winners of the Harlesdene v. Pelham Third match. His lordship had promised to be present and present the cup in person."

"Now, my noble warriors," quoth Mac, "don't you see the meaning of it?"

"It's—it's jolly decent of Poddles's pater," Russell admitted.

"Of course it is, my son. And, naturally, the Head wants to make him feel happy; so Poddles, his bouncing son and heir, will figure in the scarlet and gold of the juniors."

Noble saw then that Mac, as usual, had hit the truth.

"Well, we've only one chance left," he said determinedly, "and that is to make Poddles refuse to play. Have you seen his slender form lately, Mac?"

"I haven't; but we needn't wire for Sexton Blake to find him. The tuckshop doesn't close until seven, you know."

His chums laughed at this, and the three of them started for the little shop. Sure enough, the fat form of the latest recruit to junior football was discovered, perched in front of the counter.

"I—I'm thure that you're mithtaken, mith," Poddles had a lip that would have tripped up an elephant. "This is only the ninth tart. I—I'll thwear to it!"

Mac came forward and shook his finger at Poddles.

"Do you know where boys go to who tell crammers, Poddles?" he said.

Poddles knew his man, and turned round sharply.

"You get out of thith," he lisped; "you're alwath barging in on a fellow."

"I am a believer in white truth," said Mac, "and I'm sure you've eaten at least twelve tarts."

"That's what I think, sir," said the girl behind the counter.

"I'll thwear it wath only nine," Poddles reiterated.

But, nevertheless, he descended from his perch, and, taking out a fat, well-filled purse, passed a florin across.

"I—I don't mind paying for the dothen, though," he admitted. "I—I feel jolly full!"

The trio of Third-Formers roared, then Noble stepped forward.

"We were looking for you, Poddles, old chap," he said. "We've got something special on."

Poddles had his eyes fixed on a dream of a cream bun. Making a sharp flanking movement, Mac put himself between the counter and his quarry.

"No, you don't, Poddles," he said sternly. "We want to talk to you vera seriously."

"You—you could talk here," said Poddles. "I could lithen to you all right."

"Nothing of the sort. Don't believe him, Poddles!" Russell cried. "We're the only three who know anything about it—in the Lower School, at any rate."

Jack Noble nodded his head.

"And, of course, if you refuse to play, we'll keep the whole thing a secret," he assured him anxiously. "What are you going to do about it?"

"Won't play," said Poddles stolidly, "not—not if fifty Heads athked me. Don't want to be killed."

The two juniors sighed with relief.

"It's awfully decent of you—er—I mean, you know your own mind best, of course," said Jack; "but still, I've asked you to play, haven't I?"

"Yeth!"

"And you've refused?"

"I should jolly well think tho!"

"Then that's settled, Poddles," the junior skipper said, taking no pains to conceal his satisfaction. "You—you can go back to that cream bun as soon as you like."

Poddles turned and trotted back towards the tuckshop at once. Mac looked after him with a queer expression in his keen eyes.

"I suppose you think that you've settled the business?" he murmured at last.

"Of course we have."

The Scots lad looked thoughtful.

**A Stirring**

## BUFFALO BILL

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## THE BOYS' FRIEND.

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Written by Clive R. Fenn, youngest son of the late Mr. George Manville Fenn.

THE BLACK CANYON  
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A STORY OF INDIAN ADVENTURE AND BUFFALO BILL

"Not with a cream bun in your hand!" Jack cried, gripping the fat arm firmly; "you'll have to come out of it. Come along!"

Poddles fairly groaned as they dragged him off.

"Well, what ith it?" he asked, when they were half-way across the grounds.

Jack halted, and eyed him sternly.

"You've had the cheek to want to play in our junior eleven," he announced.

The blank amazement which came into the fat face told them that Poddles, at least, knew nothing about the affair.

"I—I want to play thooceer!" he said. "No jolly fear! Who thaid tho?"

"The Head."

"Great Thoot!"

"It's a fact, my son," said Mac earnestly. "The Head has just discovered that you're—you're a ripping footballer. You've been hiding your light under a bushel, you artful beggar, but he's tumbled to you at last."

"Ith falthe!" the astounded boy lisped. "I—I never played football in my life, and don't want to, either. Ith a beathly game!"

From anyone else this remark might have caused trouble. But Noble and Russell were only too glad to hear Poddles express himself so strongly. There would be less trouble in persuading him to refuse the honour thrust upon him by the doctor.

"It doesn't come up to tart-shifting, I admit," Mac said gravely; "but it has its good points, Poddles."

"Oh, ith all right for those that like it—I don't."

"Well, look here, old chap," Noble said. "Lecky told me about an hour ago that you had to play in the team."

"The whole school is wild with excitement about it," murmured Macalpine.

"I'll bet," he said slowly, "that Poddles plays."

A gasp of disgust escaped from his listeners. But Noble had had proofs of Mac's wonderful canniness before, and a doubt entered his heart.

"I wish you'd explain yourself, you old wizard," he said. "Out with it! What do you think will happen?"

Mac jerked his head towards the school.

"Wait till the Head hears about Poddles refusing," he said; "he'll have something to say about it, I'll bet."

"But, hang it, Mac, even the Head can't make a fellow play soccer if he doesn't want to."

"We'll see," murmured Mac. And that was all they could get out of him.

## THE 2nd CHAPTER. Poddles Must Play.

**S**HORTLY after ten o'clock on the following morning, the Third Form, struggling valiantly to follow Mr. Slaney as he wandered, pointer in hand, over a large map of Europe, naming the principal rivers, etc., had a welcome rest by the appearance of Murdoch, one of the school prefects.

"Dr. Cransford wants to see Podd—er—Redway, sir," the prefect said.

Mr. Slaney waved his pointer in acknowledgment that the message was duly received, then picked out the chubby face of Poddles from the long rows in front of him.

"I trust that you haven't been doing anything which has incurred the wrath of our Head?" the master said, fixing his mild blue eyes on the viscount's son.

Poddles rapidly went over an innocent record of past events, and shook his head.

"I don't think tho, thir," he murmured placidly.

"Perhaps the tuckshop girl has reported you for eating all her stock," Macalpine murmured behind his hand.

A titter went round at the remark, and Poddles left his desk. When the door closed on him Mac turned to Jim.

"Bet you Poddles comes back a member of the junior eleven," he whispered.

"Oh, rats to you!" Jack muttered.

Poddles took his time in traversing the various passages which led to the Head's study. The most inoffensive of scholars never know what lies before them on such occasions.

But when Poddles entered the dread presence, the smile which greeted him told him that all was well.

"Ah, Redway!" said the doctor. "I wanted to see you. Sit down."

The fat youth perched himself on the extreme edge of a chair.

"I suppose you know about the handsome—I might say, magnificent—gift that your father has made to us?"

Poddles's round eyes widened. Notice-boards never worried Poddles. The only lists he ever read were those to be found pasted outside the confectioners' shops.

"I—I'm afraid I don't, thir," he stammered.

"Most extraordinary," said the Head, glancing at the cherubic countenance in front of him. "I thought all the school knew. Well, your father, Viscount Storrimount, has offered a cup as a special prize for the match on Visitors' Day."

"He'th a beggar at—I mean pater ith alwath doing things like that," murmured Poddles.

"But there was another message in the note I received," the doctor continued. "He said he would like to see you playing in your usual place in the team. Now, I'm afraid I don't follow the—er—sporting side of Pelham affairs too well, and I am not quite sure where you do play."

As a matter of fact, the worthy Head was rather a bookworm, and left the athletic portion of the Pelham life to his masters. He was, perhaps, the only one in the college who would have asked the redoubtable Poddles such a question.

A new strange hesitancy came over the Third-Former. He shuffled his feet, his red face paled, and he seemed to be trying to swallow something—a something much less palatable than the usual fragment of tart.

"Is it—er—back, or"—the Head was trying to dig up long-forgotten terms—"forward?"

"F-forward, thir!" gasped the trembling youth.

"Good! Well, I've already spoken to Lecky about the matter. Of course, I suppose that you were bound to get your place in the junior team, no matter what happened; but I thought that a word from me might—er—make things sure for you."

"I with to goodneith you hadn't!" the luckless Poddles thought.

When the doctor dismissed him he staggered down the corridor, and, finding a cool seat on the stone stairs, sat down to think.

His fairy-tales had come home to roost. As generations of schoolboys have done before him, Poddles had drawn the long-bow freely in his letters home.

His father was a noted sportsman, and the surest way of reaching his heart—and at the same time his pocket—Poddles had discovered was to talk of his sporting career in the coll.

Tarts are an expensive luxury, and the young rascal had spent many a sovereign—fondly imagined by the sender to go for the upkeep of athletic kit—in following his one and only hobby.

Yes, his sins were going to find him out.

"It's awful!" he gasped, rising to his feet at last. "But I'll have to play, even—even if I get jolly well killed!"

He stumped off down the stairs again, full of his woes.

"Why on earth do paters rush into things without conthulting uth first?" he muttered.

"Now, if he'd only written to me, I'd have thaved him the price of the cup; in—in fact, he could have thent me the money inthead. That would have been the more thenthible way."

The deep, settled gloom on his face as he entered the Form-room made Mac chuckle and Noble groan. As Poddles passed the junior captain, Noble touched him.

"What's the news, Poddles?" he asked.

"Oh, rotten!" sighed the scion of a noble house. "I—I have to play in your team!"

"But—but—"

"You can't 'but' at it more than I do, old chap!" sighed Poddles as he passed on. "But it thimply can't be helped."

Jack soon found that Poddles's words were correct. In the afternoon, when the junior team went out for their usual hour's practice, the Head himself came down to the field.

"He's looking for that fat ass!" Russell whispered. "I'd better cut and find the silly owl!"

"I suppose you had," groaned Jack; "but for two pins I'd chuck the team up!"

"Don't rot!" said Russell. "After all, it's only for one game; and it's a friendly one at that."

"Is it? By Jove!" Jack cried. "What about the cup?"

"Well, if we do lose it, it's old Poddles's pater who stands the racket," was Russell's crumb of comfort as he went off to find the newest recruit.

He had to positively drag Poddles out of his study.



"We've only got two days to practice in, my son," he said; "and you'll have to lose at least two stone by that time, so come along!"

That hour's work remained a lasting memory in the heart of the wretched Poddles. The team, knowing that their combination had to be split up, were furious, and, stripped to the shirt, with his braces tied around his fat sides, the unfortunate junior was kept on the go until the sweat simply showered out of him as he ran.

"Where does the Head think that you can play?" Jack asked.

"He—he thaid forward!" gasped Poddles.

"Right!" said the skipper. "That means that Lawson minor will have to stand down. You'll have to play outside-left. Do you know where that is?"

"I—I wish it was left outthide—outthide the jolly field!" groaned the winger lugubriously.

Jack promptly sent him out to the left, and the shoot-for-goal game continued. Macalpine, the right-back of the Pelham team, did nothing else but feed Poddles's side of the ground. The fat youth simply breathed in an atmosphere filled with footballs. They came at him from every corner of the ground, and he kicked out wildly at every chance.

"Dribble it a bit, fathead!" Noble roared at last.

The next time that the ball came Poddles's way he made a heroic effort to obey. He took four steps with the ball, then trod on it. His foot shot up into the air, he gave vent to a wild yell, then—

Thud! Bang!

His solid body landed on the sphere, and the ball being only a practice one, promptly gave up the ghost, and burst.

As the fat chap sat up and tenderly ran over his limbs to make sure that they were all there, Jack Noble ran across to him, and lifted up the limp cover.

"You've done it now, you owl!" he said. "You've burst the blessed ball!"

Poddles looked at the thing, then got up.

"I—I thought I heard something go pop," he murmured, "but I thought that it wath me!"

Despite his annoyance, Jack had to drop the ball and burst into a roar of laughter at this quaint remark.

"My hat! But you're the limit, Poddles!" he said. "Hang it, if we do lose on Saturday, we'll get some ripping fun out of the game, anyhow."

"And that's a jolly thight more than I'll get!" said the victim sorrowfully.

**THE 3rd CHAPTER.**  
What Happened When Poddles Remembered.

**P**ELHAM was en fete. The gates were opened wide, and the beautifully-kept grounds were alive with visitors. It was the day of the year, as far as its youthful inmates were concerned.

Fags from the First and Second Forms were swaggering about with the side of ten seniors rolled into one, pointing out the various points of interest to little groups of admiring sisters, mothers, and friends.

With a cigar wedged between his white, even teeth, Viscount Storrilmount paced the grounds, with Poddles—a subdued and melancholy Poddles—by his side. The nobleman was in fine feather, and had a smile and word for every Pelhamite he met.

There was no doubt about it, Poddles's pater was a trump, and gradually the Third-Formers began to see things in a different light.

After all, it was only natural that the donor of the cup—a dream of a cup it was; it made the team's mouth water as they gazed at it standing on its velvet plinth inside the big marquee—should want his son to play.

Poddles had confessed his deceit to Noble, and had made it plain that his pater was not to blame.

"It was the beastly tarts made me do it!" he said. "I—I'll swear off them, if I get over this safely."

The match was due to start at two o'clock, and as the Pelham Thirds were dressing, Jack lined out the plan of campaign.

"Keep the play on the right wing as much as you can," he said. "Let both backs kick up to the right. You, Russell, will have to cover old Poddles here as much as you can. Don't pass to him unless you are forced to."

Russell grinned.

"Right you are, my son!" he said. "I'll see he doesn't burst this ball for us!"

Poddles was strangely silent as these directions were being voiced. A new feeling began to stir in his heart.

He looked at the ten lithe, healthy-looking footballers, and remembered that they were all about his own age.

Yet they were arranging matters so that he would play a mere spectator's part; in fact, they had to do so, because that was all he was fit for.

He looked down at his own fat sides, at his white, beefy limbs and heavy ankles. The contrast almost made him groan. He was not fit to appear among his chums.

He drew a deep breath, and came right up to where the circle of players stood.

"I—I want to propothe thomething, Noble," he said quietly.

The new ring in his voice made everyone turn towards him.

"What is it, Poddles?" Jack asked.

"I—I'm a rotten thwindler," Poddles said, "and I'll only muck your chance up. I'll not play!"

"Don't be an ass! Your pater will be awfully wild."

"Tho I expect," said Poddles; "but—but I'll have to put up with that. I'll tell him the truth, and he can do what he likes."

A murmur ran round the circle. Poddles turned, and made for the door; but before he could reach it four or five hands gripped him, and dragged him back.

"You'll do nothing of the sort!" Jack cried. "You're a brick for offering to do it, Poddles, but we won't allow you. You're in our colours now, and you'll jolly well have to play!"

"I—I—"

"It's no good jawing. Outside-left you're booked as, and outside-left you'll play."

"Hear, hear!"

"That's the talk, Jack!"

Macalpine nodded across to Poddles.

"And don't be too sure that you won't be of use," Macalpine said. "You've got weight if you know how to use it."

Poddles was to remember that last remark—yes, and make use of it, too.

Promptly at two o'clock the whistle shrilled, and the crowd of Pelhamites and visitors settled down to watch the match.

The Harlesdene team were well-known and respected rivals. They played a clean, bustling game—not, perhaps, so scientific as the Pelham string, but good to watch.

They had a sound defence, and two of their forward line—Dermott and Griffiths, centre and inside-right respectively—were noted opportunists in front of goal.

It was Dermott who initiated the first attack, and the ball swung into the Pelham ground at a rare speed. Noble was soon into his stride.

From wing to wing the ball sped, always

would never come his way—from his own side, at least. They knew better than to trust it to his unskilled feet.

Nearer and nearer the Pelham line pressed towards the opposing goal.

"Come along, the school!"

"Keep it up—keep it up!"

"Bravo, Noble! Well played!"

Jack had leaped in front of a Harlesdene back, and whipped the ball from his toe.

Turning like an eel, the plucky forward sprinted a few paces; then, steadying himself for the effort, he banged the ball at the goal.

Thud!

With both fists wedged together, the goalie leaped up, striking at the leather as it came.

"Well saved!"

The leather streaked out again. A yell went up from the watching crowd:

"Noble—Noble!"

Jack's head appeared above the group of players waiting for the ball to descend. One swift side-touch turned the sphere back. Again the goalie made an effort. He succeeded in turning the leather, but it rolled behind the line on the left of the goal.

"Corner—corner!"

Someone kicked the ball up towards the corner-flag. Poddles saw it coming, and hesitated. Russell ran forward.

The stout lad knew that, in his position, he ought to have taken the kick. But he stopped, and waited until his fellow-winger took it.

The ball travelled quickly down the line, then went behind before reaching the goal.

From his position in front of the marquee, Viscount Storrilmount saw what had happened. He turned to Lecky impatiently.



Down went the heavy back; on pounded Poddles, and then he lashed the ball at the net. The goalie never even attempted to stop the leather. It was in before he caught a glimpse of it.

beyond the centre-line. The contingent of spectators from the rival school was not slow to open the cheering.

"Bustle 'em, Dene—bustle 'em!"

"Away with it, Dermott!"

"O-o-oh!"

That long-drawn cry—half sigh, half shout—which greets a close shot for goal welled up as the ball crossed the line.

Evans, the Pelham goalie, looked very thankful as he recovered the leather and trundled it out to Macalpine.

The free kick sent the ball well up the field, and the pressure died away a little.

Russell came into the picture then with one of his neat displays. Noble's injunctions were faithfully followed: The ball never left the right wing of the Pelham line during its passage through the half-line.

Running along the left touchline, Poddles followed the play with breathless interest.

Not a single trick or move escaped him now. He was picking up his first real lesson at the glorious game. He saw with what ease and skill Russell steered the ball round a challenging defender.

Just a tap to the right or left, then a quick follow, and the ball was dribbling forward in front of the toe.

The stop and turn, the carefully-timed pass, the trick of bending the knee to catch a bouncing ball as it arose—he watched them all hungrily, eagerly. For the first time in his life he was really anxious to play. The old sporting instincts of his ancestors awoke in him, never to die again.

"Pass it to Poddles!"

Someone yelled the words out from the ropes. The stout forward felt a wave of shame surge through his veins. He knew that the ball

"That wasn't right, you know," he said. "They ought to have let Becket take the kick."

With an effort, Lecky succeeded in keeping a straight face.

"Russell is supposed to be a surer shot, sir," he explained.

"Humph! Well, that didn't flatter him, then," the viscount muttered. "I'll bet Becket could have done better."

"Goodness knows what he'll say when poor old Poddles does get a chance!" the school captain thought, edging away from the marquee.

Again the play opened out, and the exchanges ruled fairly even. It was proving an even game, each side having nothing to show as an advantage.

Once Griffiths, the Harlesdene crack, got the ball on the right, and passed it out to his outside man. Poddles was lying too far up; but he stirred himself, nevertheless.

The rival forward, however, went off like a rocket, with the ball at his feet, leaving the stout forward yards behind in no time.

That was the only chance which came Poddles's way during the whole of the fierce first half. He ran up with his line at every attack, and back again at each failure; but there was no doubt about it, he was a passenger, and nothing more.

When the pheeep! halted the play, and the teams cantered off the field, the scoring was still to come.

"You're shaping all right," Russell told Poddles. "As long as you keep quiet, you'll sail through without your pater being a whit the wiser."

"But—but I haven't done a thing," Poddles said bitterly.

"No; but that doesn't matter. You haven't made any mistakes, and that's what you've got to fear, old chap," the forward explained.

"We'll have what wind there is in our favour this half," Noble put in; "and, with a little luck, we ought to beat 'em."

"Although you're only playing with ten men," the stout lad thought.

But when play recommenced Jack found that the "little luck" was long of coming.

There was signs that the Harlesdene crowd had made up their minds to put all they knew into the last struggle.

The flying Dermott was always dangerous, and Noble had all his work cut out to blanket him. Attack after attack was developed and carried out by the rival forwards, the ball swinging to and fro from side to side with deadly persistency.

Fighting Mac was playing at the top of his form that afternoon, and his defence work caused yell after yell of delight to peal up from the admiring crowd.

Fiercer and fiercer grew the hot fight, faster and faster the pace. The Harlesdene line seemed to be everywhere. Griffiths and Dermott never seemed to leave the half-line, yet the panting Pelham goalie still held his citadel.

"Let's have one, 'Dene!"

"Now, then, Dermott!"

"Buck up, Griffiths!"

Excitement was making the spectators crowd and sway together against the ropes.

They wanted to see a goal scored—wanted to yell, and so relieve their feelings.

"Now, then, Pelham!"

"Wipe 'em up!"

The handicap of always having to keep the play on one side of the field was beginning to tell on Noble's team. The right-wingers were almost exhausted, owing to the extra work placed on them.

The minutes began to close down, and Noble caught sight of the referee glancing at his watch. Jack's jaw tightened at the sight.

Time was nearly up, and the goal had not yet been reached.

Once more the Harlesdene bore down the field. Noble went out to head off the attack. Griffiths had the ball, and, as Jack challenged him, tried to pass it into the centre towards his captain. A mad rush brought Jack up to the leather before Dermott could collar it.

Then, knowing that this was practically his last chance—his team's last chance—Jack went off with the ball himself.

He carried it over the centre line before the visitors could challenge him.

Then, as the two halves closed down, he swung it up to Russell.

"Now, then, the school!"

Russell flashed away at a tangent, hoping to outrun the other half. But the Harlesdene defender was comparatively fresh, and he pulled up on the forward foot by foot until they were running side by side.

Russell glanced round hurriedly. Between him and the right-winger was the half; he knew that he could not swing the ball across in that direction.

Then on his left he caught sight of the big form of Poddles, jogging along a yard or so in the rear.

"I'll have to do it," the inside-left thought; "it's our only chance."

And so, for the first time in the game, Poddles received a pass.

He could hardly believe his eyes when he saw Russell's foot curl round and the ball shoot forward towards him.

His heart gave a quick throb; then a yell broke out:

"Poddles—Poddles! Shoot—shoot!"

Like a man in a dream, the stout forward felt the ball touch his foot. He turned it more by instinct than anything else, tapped it forward, and ran after it.

The heavy thud, thud, thud of rushing feet made him look up. The big right-back of the Harlesdene, his jaw set and eyes gleaming, was rushing straight at the fat Pelhamite.

For a moment Poddles hesitated; then dimly there came back to him Fighting Mac's words: "You've got the weight, if you know how to use it."

Then, just as the back lowered his shoulder, Poddles was on him.

It is doubtful whether that huge back ever had such a charge during his whole football career.

It was fair enough—not that Poddles knew whether it was fair or unfair—but it was blind, reckless, in its mad fury.

Had the back been a stone wall twenty inches thick Poddles would still have gone for him. He meant to get that ball past the human barrier or die!

The defending goalie had a swift glimpse of a round, white face, with staring eyes, rushing towards him, while the big back rolled over and over on the turf; then—thud!

Poddles lashed the ball at the net.

The custodian never even tried to stop the leather. It was in before he caught a glimpse of it.

The stout forward's rush carried him right up against the post. And as he stood there, trying to make out what on earth had happened, he heard a long, shrill whistle sound from somewhere.

As he turned his head he caught sight of a line of players tearing towards him, yelling as they came.

And the next instant he was in the centre of a crowd of cheering team-mates.

Poddles had won the match!

THE END.

(Another splendid, complete tale of Pelham School next Saturday. Jack Noble also appears each week in "THE BOYS' REALM"; FOOTBALL LIBRARY—1d. every Thursday.)