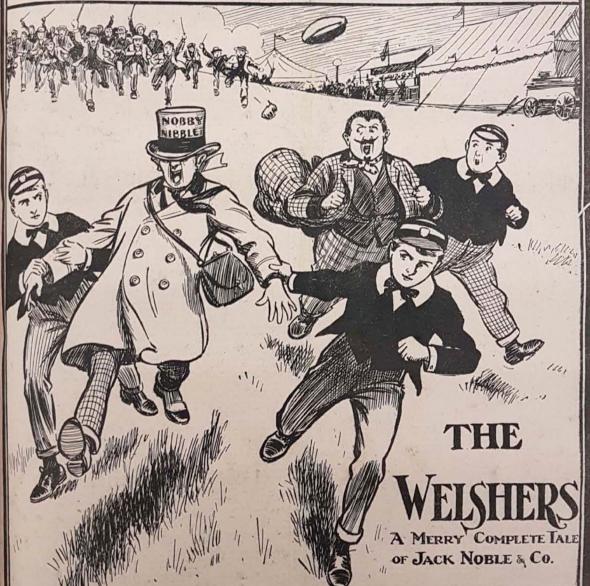
MAXWELL SCOTT'S NEW FOOTER YARN NEXT WEEK.

# Boys Realm.12

The Geat Saturday Sports Paper.



## THE WELSHERS

A Rattling Complete Tale of Jack Noble and Pelham School.

OTICE.—On Saturday, August 13th, Pelham Rescentre, and all country within one mile of it, including Pelham Town, will be out of bounds. Any boy infringing this rule will be summarily dealt with.

"By order, James Hillingroup.

JAMES HILLINGFORD, "Head-master."

"Head-master."

"Blow it," was Jack Noble's disgusted comment, when he read this terse command posted on the school notice board.

"Why, what's wrong! There's nothing new about that, is there." saked Bob Russell. It's between the comment of the school of

"Bosh, I call it." grumbled Jack, extracting small comfort from this.

"Oh, I don't know! Race meetings are pretty rotten affairs if you ske me," said Bob.

"Yes," agreed Jack." Rotten for mugs who greed the said of the said of the served on the right way.

"Like our noble selves," suggested Bob satirically,

"Who just want to stand and look on and enjoy the sport—"continued Jack.

"They're quite all right, ch?" said Bob, finishing the sentence for him.

"Absolutely," was Jack's verdict.

"Alas, alas," sighed his chum, pretending to roll up his eyes, "what sinful words to fall from the lips of babes and sacklings!"

"Here, stow it, you young hypocrita!" snapped Jack. "You know jolly well that if that heastly order want stuck up there, you'd go yoursell got yoursell was Bob's cheerful rejoinder.

"Like a bird." was Bab's a breeful rejoinder.

"Like a bird." was Bab's a breeful rejoinder.

"Like a bird." was Bab's cheerful rejoinder.

Jack seized it, and the compact was sealed. It was decided later that it would only be a "matey" thing to do to give Poddles, the Pellam prize fat boy, a chance of signing on for the desperate venture.

Poddles proved no less ready than they to brave the perils of a clandestine visit to the Pellam Races. He accepted with alacrity.

After all, since neither masters nor boys were allowed to show their noses within a mile of the course, the danger of detection was extremely small.

Moreover, what with one cricket match and another, there would be an much grine as a since seal.

tremely small.

Moreover, what with one cricket match and another, there would be so much going on at the school that afternoon that their absence need attract no one's attention.

So it was settled. Spare tweed caps were to be carried to exchange for their own, blasmed with the Fetham colours, but they were not to both about any other disguise. The contract of the school of the settled of the school of the settled of the

there or not.

care two straws whether they and a right to be there or not. It was coary work witting for Saturday, but It was coary work witting for Saturday, but It was coary with the strain roundablest heard red entiring backfast, announced that Pelliam was already en fete. Less venturesome spirits sighed as they thought of the joys and delights from which they were so ruthlessly debarred, but the trio only aniled darkly. Once lunch was over, they would be of like rockets, and a sauntering tread, they would lounge away for a mile or so in the opposite direction.

After that a right-angled dash across the

opposite direction.

After that a right-angled dash across the Pelham road, and away across country under cover of hedges and ditches to Pendlesham, whence they could approach the racecourse virtually without danger of detection by anyone who was not as guilty as themselves.

The manuscurve was contrived without a hitch.

The manusures was contrived without a hitch. Well before two o'clock, the hour of the first race, they were on Barrow Down, where the races are held, mingling with the crowd pressing about the rails.

ing about the rails.

The Pelham meeting is not a very grand affair, of course, only a pleasurable outing to the gentry and country folk of the surrounding districts. Still, it attracts a very fair aprinking of Londoners, and the usual awarm of third rate bookies whose presence could very well be

dispensed with in the interests of clean, honest

dispensed with in the interests of clean, noness aport.

There they were perched on their stands, strung out along the alopes of Barrow Down; white hats, tall hats, straw hats, horsey for coats with buttons as big as oysten) attirped suits, check suits; money belts plastered with crowns and half-crowns, and satchels as big as gladstone bags, each inscribed with the name of the owner in large white letters.

Beside each bookmaker stood his flashy-looking clerk, book and pencil in hand, while round about hovered sundry broken-mosed, thick-cared gentlemen, eval to cut in, cut out, and generally cut up any individual who seemed likely to cause their lords and masters trouble.

trouble.

"Ere yare. Walk up, young gents, walk up and make your fortuns" one bull-necked, beery-looking brute bellowed as he caught sight of Jack and his two chums squeening their way through the crowd. Nobby Nieblet his name was, by the inscription on his satchd, and by his own account he was financially a good deal safer than the Bank of England.

his own account he was financially a good deal safer than the Bank of England.

"Now, then, me noble markesses, what can I do for you to-day? "Ow about Flying Seud at forty to one for the fust race, ch! "Ow about Flying Seud, or-"ere y'are, 'ow about Arkaway at sixties—sixties 'Arkaway, or Gwendoline at a 'undred to one?" It was a moral certainty that neither Harkaway nor Gwendoline would run that day, and that if they did, they would finish nowhere; because the second of t

their solemn promise that they were not to bet a halfpenp during the day. "What are you up to?"

"I wath juth thinking," faltered Poddles, his innocent eyes still fixed on the bookie. "In wath juth the his they pound they have been the fixed over that five poundth auntic gave me to thith nithe kind gentleman to inveth for me."

Five pounds! Jack and Bob both gasped, and so did the bookie, though from two very different reasons. If Poddles had fivepence in invitingly, it would be pounds have sholling so mixingly, it would be pound he was sholling so gave him credit for. Wherever he had about the him to the first him to be the him to the him to have gave him credit for. Wherever he had about the him to have a sent the sound of the him to have a sent the sound of the him to have the him to have a sent to the him to have a sent to the him to have a sent to the him to have a sight case and had been a sight case and had a second lighting grab, made good him, with a face as made the trie jump back with alarm. Bill had got the purse, but so far from appearing jubilant as the fact, he seemed only ansious to get rid of it at all costs. In vain he tried to lick it out of his fingers. The thing stuck like cobbler's wax the purse really did consist for the most part. Against such an opportant for the most part.

And of cobbler's wax the purse really did consist for the most part. Against such an opportunity for a practical joke as this, Poddles had carafully plastered it beforehand with the strey material province, inside it contained, not gold as he had not been applied by the core in the province of the pro

Moreover, inside it contained, not goin as he had hinted, but a cork imbedded with nice sharp pins.

Poddles had originally intended his little prize for some deserving pickpocket, but decided that Mr. tibible's clerk was as worthy contained to the pintended of the pintended of

signal, squared up to a rawboned pokel who had nothing whatever to do with the affair, and his

signal, squared up to a rawboned pokel who had nothing whatever to do with the affair, and hit him plunk upon the nose.

Tripping backwards, the yokel capsized Poddles, who was using him for a dodging-nost to slude the second bully. The result was that the latter caught his toe and butted blindly into the breadhasket of his mate, who promptly grappled with him furiously.

When the yokel, recovering from the bang on his nose, also took a hand in the melce with half a dozen of his mates, there was a very pretty fight indeed, and in the middle of it the first race flashed by, a whirl of galloping hoofs and rustling silk.

Also in the middle of it Jack and Poh houled.

hoofs and rustling silk.

Also in the middle of it Jack and Bob hauled
Poddles to his feet and sprinted him away to
more peaceful regions. They were both inclined to be a little annoyed.

more peaceful regions. They were both inclined to be a little annoyed.

Their idea was that if Poddles had any more surprises of this sort up his sleeve, it was only fair to tell them beforehand, so that they could thereughly enter into the joke.

They were thumping this into him without much regard where his feet were taking him to, when suddenly, to their consternation, to the suddenly to the suddenly the

The man, it appeared, was a wandering crobat, who was about to display some wonerful feat of agility when the three fell over Fortunately, his breath was even more taken

Portunately, his breath was even more taken away than theirs, and long before he was able to sit up and discuss things calmly, the triò half the sit up and discuss things calmly, the triò half the sit up and discuss things calmly, the triò half the sit up and to a quiet correr among the coaches and carriages, and thumped him some have come out with a galumphing hippopolamus than him, and that if he didn't pull himself together he would land them all in the lock-up before the day was over.

They told him to steady himself, and to assist him to that end, they kicked him soundly again and again.

In the middle of this treatment they were startled by an exclamation from the top of the four-in-hand drag behind which they had sought retirement.

"Halle! Here, I say, what's all this about."

sought retirement.

"Hallo! Here, I say, what's all this about?"
demanded a voice which they recognised as
belonging to their old friend, Sir John Borden,
"Why, bless my soul, if it isn't young Noble
and two other young rascals from Petham I
know well by sight!"
"Yes, Sir John, Bob Busell and the

and two other young rascals from Felham I know well by sight!"

"Yes, Sir John. Bob Russell and the Honourable Becket Redway," stammered Jack, a little taken aback.

"What! Act me at Pelham Races? And why not, pray!" demanded Sir John, who, as it happened, was one of the principal patrons of the meeting. Then suddenly a twinkle shot into his eyes, and he burst into a sly laugh. "Ha, ha! Now I see what you mean, I think. The fact is, you didn't want to see me here—eh? Isn't that about the size of it, you young rapscallions!" he added, shaking his flat. "You're breaking bounds, that's what you're doing. Don't deny it!"
The trio grinned sheepishly.

"You young reprobates!" he growled, pretending to become very severe all of a sudden." I suppose you think now that I'm not going to tell Dr. Hillingford that I've caught you, ch' Yes, sir, we're sure you won't," answered

to tall Dr. Hillingford that I've caught you, th?"

"Yes, sir, we're sure you won't," 'answered Jack frank'n.

"Sure I won't. Hoily-toiry! Just listen to their impudence," exclaimed the old baronet, appealing to the party of ladies beside him on the control of all proportion to his fatness, Foddles scaled his way on to the top of the caches, and Jack and Bob scrambled after. From here they had a plendid view of the caches, Foddles scaled his way on to the top of the cach, and Jack and Bob scrambled after. From here they had a plendid view of the

The Boys' Real

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ruck, and level with mach by including ruck, and level with leaders, Now it challenged. The stringle sum of the rival locks are the white arms of the rival locks are shoopened them well in hand beer at a lock and the run of the ruck and the run of the r

"Hurrors"
"Hurrors"
"With a skip and a jump he concerd
dance a little jig of triumph on the set
eatching, his heel in the bark he
back he tumbled on the top of black
toppling head over heels over the site
offy vehicle.

Nevertheles, he managed to clark Set
and break his fall, though he cold set
him altogether. That the old barner wab
uttimately to descend to earth battles
in spite of all they could do, was rules.
Jack clutched one leg. Beb the eines
still he slid further and further down to
of the coach.

still he slid further and further does us of the conch.

"Feddless you gualing clonn" pipels while the ladies shricked with slim. Thunderstruck by the calamity, Poisson has even strength to set does in fetr had been half way to his mouth.

Itowever, Jack's frenzied appell ag galvanised him into life.

In two shakes he was scrambling don wheel.

"Let go. I've got him!" he consumanfully clutching the baronet read hald head, and preparing to withstaf avalanche of flesh and bone saids well projected upon him.

Jack and Bob were compelled to the They could not have held on another selection.

Jack and Bob were compelled to a They could not have held on another we longer.

Down dived Sir John, and der we Poddles, shntting up under his weight held to be the second of the seco

nundred, yards and nut seemed that he of a tent, that they ice has used to be a support of the property of the

locomotive."

'And Froggie's Fot knickerbockers of

Grand Football No. 16. "Craneswood College," a Rattling New Athletic School Tale, Next Saturday's

by with a peacock's feather in the peacock of the peacock's feather in the peacock of the peacock's feather in the peacock's feather in

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"set in a cere." The tide of eagur yourse shake not a cere in the cere in a cere in a

has winden than when he had rise opened with the property already!

Frenges Perhaps—horrible thought—it was been perhaps already!

Frenges with the property already!

Frenges with the property and the property already and the property and the p

ether side.

Raily this creature was a foreigner. Mr.

Saleri blood boiled at the idea of parting
the hard-erned money to an alien.

"That" be bellowed, pushing out his lower
r, ad thrusting his nose almost into More
General's face, for it was he! "'Ow much

Moseur Gerard was promptly hustled on the stand, as was the bookie's intention, which the betting ticket which he was whitely waving, was snatched out of his fam by one of the bireling bullies in the one

The selone his claim now without his was impossible. Mr. Slancy did not but the of course. All he realised was that he realised the selone his of course. All he realised was that he realised the selone his freed, selected the selone his but the selone his selection of the bookie, he determined the selone his selection of the bookie, he determined the selone his selection of the bookie, he determined the selone his selection of the bookie, he determined the selone his selection of the bookie, he determined the selone his selection of the selone his selection his selection of the selone his selection of the selone his selection of the selone his selection his selectio

los generales done at all hazaros.

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To secular done firmly on his nose as a pressury to original process.

The production of the bloaded ruffian with a did most firmly on his nose as a pressury of the production o

four eyes, it'll be with this!" retorted the man viciously resting a fist like a frozen leg of lamb against Mr. Slancy's nose, and giving it

"Take yourself out of ere, and your Freggie friend with yer, afore I sets the policeman with yer, afore I sets the policeman end of the policeman of the policeman friend with yer, afore I sets the policeman for the policeman property of the policeman after these honest people what you are! Oh, yes, I know atches, that's what you are! Oh, yes, I know atches, that's he went on, seeing what a shattering result in a floodwood for the same game of yer yer. I want to the policeman of the policeman of

only have month! Think I ain't got my eyes on yey;
This malicious falsehood had its full effect. None of the crowd happened to recognise the luckles from their extraordinary get-up, they might when the full-blown murderers, to say nothing of common pickpockets.

There we have used to the defrauded Frenchmarter would have been buttled far out of reach. Mr. Slaney, we have to be shaken off in this easy fashing the full-blow had been a man-cating tiger he would have caught him that is if the booke had been a man-cating tiger he would cheerfully have caught him by the whiskers and held on.

had been a man-ating tiger he would cheer-fully have caught him by the whiskers and held on.

As it was, he seized the strap of his money-bag and clung like grim death; while Monsieur Gerard, determined to die with him side by side, grabbed his colleague round the neck, yelling shrilly:

"Vive le France! Vive la Justice!"

It was a fail thing to have done. Coming on top of the bookie's denunciation of the pair

"THE

BOYS' REALM"

NEXT

TALE OF THE

GREAT WINTER GAME.

NUMBER

The haven they had marked out for their own happened to be the very one in which was a supported by the support of the support

provision, their hearts nearly out of their mouths, and their yes all but out of their heads.

"Aa-ch!" squealed Mr. Slaney pitcously, when he saw who it was confronted them.

"An-ch!" squealed Mr. Slaney pitcously, when he saw who it was confronted them.

It has been run to earth! 'Veogrance had overtice on the same with the hall of the head overtice.

In another minum! They were doomed! In another minum! They were doomed! In all the same proud position of second master at fellow his proud position of second master at fellow he proud position of second master at fellow in School. He would be ruined for life!

"Allo! So 'ere you are, ch!" gasped Mr. Nibblet, who was really just as much staggered at the encounter as they were.

"Yes," wailed Mr. Slaney breathleady.
"You have found us out. We ought never to have run away, for we are as innocent as bahes unborn."
"Oh, are yer?" said Mr. Nibblet shortly.
"Coll, are yer?" said Mr. Nibblet shortly.
"Say on your mercy. We are not pickpockets, as you so your mercy. We are not pickpockets, as you so your mercy. We are not pickpockets, as you so you will fast, be have dindicretely. Mr. Nibblet—that I laid violent hands upon you; but I ask you to accept my apologies and let us go."

"Oh, do yer!" quoth Mr. Nibblet, looking

fully. "I admit that I behaved indiscreetly, Mr. Nibblet—that I laid violent hands upon you; but I ask you to accept my apologies and let us." "Oh, do yer!" quoth Mr. Nibblet, looking at his faithful Bill and winking out of the corner of his eye. "Well, I don't know about that," he went on after a pause. "You called me a himpostor and a fraud in front called me a himpostor and a fraud in front standard with the standard with the standard will be took into account." "I know I did—I know I did!" wailed Mr. Slaney penitently, "I know I did." "Then there's the money I've lost what I might have taken the money I've lost what I might have taken the money I've lost what I might have taken the money I've lost what I might have taken the money I've lost what I might have taken the high the search of the same collecting the dived into sail his pockets. He even made Monsieur Gerard do the same collecting their united in the search of the said with the said which is the said which

The hapless masters uttered a lainty of deepair.

"Unless—"
"Yes?" squeaked Mr. Slaney.
"Ow would it do if we was to change clothes?" suggested Mr. Nibblet. Mr. Slaneys face lit up with fresh hope at the notion. "Just swap hats and coats like, and then I'd give you the emply satchel, and you and your friend could walk out boldly, pretending you was us."
"Splendid!" cjaculated Mr. Slaney.
"Splendid!" cjaculated Mr. Slaney.
As for Monsieur Gerard, he was as much overcome with joy now as he had been with despair. He was quite speechess with emotion.

emotion.

No sooner had the plan been approved than it was put into operation.

Mr. Nibblet's very horsy-looking garment was about five sizes too large for both his vicining; but Mr. Slancy donned it cheerfully, presenting his mackinteen to the bookmaker in

senting his mackintosh to the bookmaker in exchange.

The bookie's white top-hat, with "Nobby Nibblet" painted round the crown in large black letters, was also so large that it only found a precarious perch on Mr. Slauey's eara. Still, such things were mere trifles.

The money-satchel, emblazoned with a like inscription, completed his disguise, and Moniscur Gerard, meantime, had parted with his Norfolk jacket and green Homburg hat to Rillo.

It was arranged then that Mr. Slaney and Moosoo should emerge from the hiding place first, and if accosted by the police, report that they had found no trace of the fugitives anywhere.

After that, Mr. Nibblet and his colleague magnanimously offered to take their chance of slipping away undetected. In fear and trembling, the two crept under the cart and rose to their feet, steeling themselves for the ordeal.

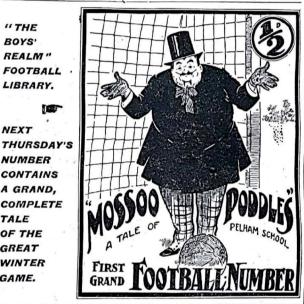
Three figures approaching recoiled at sight of them, and promotly doubled themselves in half, as if seried suddenly with violent internal

pains.

Mr. Slaney, whose spectacles had long been trampled to pieces in the pursuit, was helpless to see who they could be, but Monsieur Gerard, with a hysterical sob of joy, literally flung himself upon the afflicted ones.

The second blow bowled one of their principal aggressors over like a nine-pin, and in the second sec "Come on, Bob! Well man."
"Why didn't the idiots stand their ground?
"Why didn't the idiots stand their ground?
We might have explained things then,"
I expect it was our shout scared 'em.
What has become of the bookie? Is he callowing?"

"I espect it was our shoul scared em. What has become of the bookie? Is he following?"
Yes. Poddles reported that he could see his white hat bobbing along in the rear, and not far from it a couple of policement helmets. Gee-whiz, this was serious with a vengeance! "Stop thief!"
Fortunately, most of the crowd were too incurs on watching the horses in the next race than crane their met of the most race than crane their as bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, to more than crane their see a bring post, and so succeeded in confusing matters with their questions that no one seemed to be quite sure whom they were pursuing, or why. In fact, after a hundred yards or so, Jack had only to sing out. There they go! I see them!" when even the seemed in the direction he post of the seemed that the seemed that the direction had a cally caught a fleeting glimpse of the miserable fugitives; but this was long ago. They were careering down between two tents, now left far behind.



as pickpockets, this apparently desperate attempt to enatch his money-bag, immediately confirmed the crowd that they were raceourse ruffiams of the deepest dye.

In vain Mr. Slaney protested at the top of his voice who he was, and where he came from. In another second there is no doubt whatever that he and the French-master would have been handed over to the police.

Fortunately, however, help was at hand. Jack and his two chums, who had been enjoying the scene hugely from afar, now suddenly realised the serious fate that must befall their masters unless they could create a diversion in their favour.

masters unless they could create a their favour.

With an involuntary howl of "Pelham to the rescue!" they charged into the swaying, scuffling mob, tripping up and shouldering aside all who barred their way.

aside all who barred their way.

The familiar battle-cry, and the swift attack, took the locals by surprise. They turned to see the meaning of it, and for a moment let go their grip of their luckles rictims.

Nor were people money incline.

Nor were people money their staggered to hear that rings and of filling their hearts themselves.

who were the surprise of their stagger of the control of their hearts themselves.

To be caught here, on forbidden territory, even by box who were as guilty as themselves, wen by box who were as guilty as themselves.

with joy and thankfulness, it stung them to maddest panie.

To be caught here, on forbidden territory, even by boys who were as guilty as themselves, was bad enough; but to be discovered amid such disgraceful circumstances as these was impossible. did they realise how utterly foolish they had been. They must fight their way out of this at all costs before they met their rescuers face to face.

Suiting the action to the word, Mr. Slaney swivelled round and landed out blindly at the first nose that came to his fist. It happened to be Monsieur Gerard's; but no matter.

If only they had the kense to get clear away while they had the chance, all might be well. The hapless pair, however, were too utterly overcome with terror to pick themselves up once they had sunk to the ground. Cannas walls hid them on three sides, and a cart on the fourth, and their temptation was to stick where they were until the last race was over and the crowd gone. Unfortunately, this little snuggery had already been marked down by others beside themselves.

tnemselves.

It had already been noticed by several energetic pursuers that, considering that Mr. Nibblet was the aggrieved party, he seemed to be taking only a half-hearted interest in the chase.

chase.

As a matter of fact, the bookie was not As a matter of fact, the bookie was not Caring two pins whether he ever saw Mr. Slaney and the Frenchman again. Indeed, he devoutly hoped he never would.

It was of his own interests he was thinking. It had flashed upon him, as the chase commenced, that to stay where he was, with half the crowd still clamouring for their winnings, meant being cleaned out of every stiver. On the other hand, if he joined in the pursuit, he might be able to give his clients the slip at some lucky turn or another.

Then, when the hue-and-cry had swept far ahead, he and the faithful Bill could sneak away with a satchel still half full of ill-gotten gold.

In other words, Mr. Nibblet contemplated aving "Welsher."

In other worse, "Playing "Welsher."
He had been fully aware that it might come to this if fortune's tide ran unfavourably, therefore, while strolling round the course that morning, he and Bill had kept their eyes peeled for some snug corner into which they could dodge if the worst came to the worst.

First Grand Football No. Next Week! "Out to Win," Maxwell Scott, Positively Commences! THE BOYS' REALM.

The trie, of course, were Jack and his two thums, who, now that the hue and cry had dwindled away, were returning the hue and cry had dwindled away, were returning the hue their matters had made incred up in that ridi. The sight of the treed up in that ridi. They shricked cutristly.

They would be the tried to their risible larged out a beerified "lity Jove!"

"By Jwre what!" demanded Bob, marking the note of alarm in his voice.

"The crowd!" gasped Jack, "They're busting cyrywhere for this beauty, Nibblet, He's a celebratic when the had to do with it.

"No, not a Welshman—a welsher, a bilker! Half the people haven't been paid out yet, and they're hunting for him to tear him to pieces!"

"Tear him to pieces! I hope they won't. He's got my clothes on. He's in there!" protested Mr. Slaney.

"Tear him to pieces, I he's in there!" pro-tested Mr. Slaney.
"He was, but he in't now," retorted Bob, who had dropped on the tents to get a glimper of the was the best of the state of the state of the "Now don't mean to say he's gone-gone already!" demanded Mr. Slaney, with indig-

nation.

"Gone? Of course he has!" answered
Jack, with irritation. "Can't you see, sir,
that you've been spoofed?"
"Spoofed, Noble! You dare to use such

Jack, with irritation of the content of the content

And not only were they following hotfoot in rear, but they were cutting across from the flank to head them off. Suddenly Jack bethought him of Sir John Borden. He would stand their friend in this

affair, he was sure, if only they could get to

affair, he was sure, if only they could get to him breefing sharp to the right, he steered the blindfolded Mr. Slaney to the enclosure where the carriages were drawn up. One four-in-hand had already got its team harnessed up in readiness to depart, for the races were now nearly over. Jack proyed devoutly that this reach might to Sir Johndon 11 was. The oldernount of the standard farewell to his box and gathering up the ribbens, when suddenly his eyes fell on the extraordinary group stampeding towards him. Standard when the suddenly he eyes fell on the extraordinary group stampeding towards him. Standard when the suddenly his eyes fell ought these were actually two welshers who were being brought to him to be summarily dealt with. But then those in charge of them were not police, but the same three merry young scamps who had lunched with him only a little while before.

fore. Sir John might well rub his eyes and strain

bestor's John might well rub his eyes and strain his area to catch their excited shouts.

The young blackguards are in trouble, that's evident!" be thought, and whipped up his horses to meet them.

"Hi, what's wrong? Who have you got there—welshers!" he demended, as the quintette of refugees came clattering up.

"Yes—no!" roplied Jack breathles!y.

"We'll explain afterway." exclusived the be-wilded baronet, watching with mingled amarement and indignation Jack tear open the door of the coach and bundle his weird proteges inside.

door of the control o drive on!

drive on! "urged Jack, his breath sobbing in his threat.

In the second seeing the supposed scelebers stuffed into a magistrate soach, hang back in wonder; but some vicious-looking strangers held on, as if determined to have their victims' blood.

Sir John saw this, and, thinking it wiser to reserve his questions until a more leisurely opportunity, gave his leaders a fick which sent them straining at the traces.

The coach lurched forward, gathering speed at every yard. In vain the hue-andery spurted. At the foot leading the hird, and Jack had been supposed to be the closing chapter.

There was still a final incident to come, however.

There was still a final incident to come, however.

They had at last shaken off the pursuit, and were actually pulling up to release the two masters from the shuttered interior of the four-in-hand, when suddenly Poddles leapt to his feet with a shrill "View hallo!" Following the direction of his pointing finger, Jack's eyes at last it to tray men skulking like

Following the direction of his pointing nuger, Jack's eyes at last lit on the men skulking like weasels along the other side of the hedge bounding the road.

"The welshers! That's Nibblet and his pal, or I'll eat my hat!" cried Jack, ready, in his excitement, to dive headforemost in pursuit of them.

pal, or all teat in the seatherment, to dive headforemost in pursuit of them.

Sir John, however, held him back,

"Why, they're half a mile ahead, yet," he laughed. "If you start running after them now they'll only bolt across country. Our game is to close up as near to them as wo can, and then jump."

Jack realised the wisdom of this as once. Jack realised the wisdom of this as once. They could see the two secundrels eyeing them as they shuth along, wondering if they hard anything to fear from the four-in-hand or not. Then, as it advanced, they took cover to wait for it to pass by.

Quito unconcernedly. Sir John tooled his team abreast of the spot where they were hidding, then clapped on his brakes, and pulled the horses back on their haunches.

Before the coach had come team a stop, the three lads were in the road, and the two grooms after them.

Through a time, of course, Mr. Nibblet was the coach had come in the fight again, beating, and the collection were in full flight again, beating a consequence of the coach and the collection were in full flight again, beating across the plouphed field like hares. In the large were old compared to their pursuers, however, nor was their wind so sound. Before they could gain the other side, Jack, Poddles, and Bob were at theu like stag-hounds, making a plucky effort to pull them down.

hounds, making a plucky chort to pair them down.

The arrival of the grooms, who had been destatched to their assistance by Sir John, clinched the matter, and head over heels the wormaways were rolled in the dirt.

"All right," panted M Nibblet, on whose head Jack and Foddless ere sitting, "we'll give up! You've copped us fair!"

Then his bloodsbot type lit on Mr. Slaney, who was hastening across the furrows with as dignified a mich as was possible under the

circumstances.

"'Allo!" quoth the bookie, unabashed.
"'Blowed if it ain't old Giglamps again!
Why, we're quite a nice little family party, we

Scoundrel!" hissed Mr. Slaney, striding up and addressing himself to one of the grooms, under the impression that he was the fugitive bookie, for without his glasses he was as blind

under the impression that no was the under the bookie, for without his glasses he was as blind as a bat.

The croom, with well-trained self-restraint, the croom that it is the croom to be a self-restraint, the croom a friend of his master's. He wanted to know briefly who Mr. Slaney was "getting at." Realising his mistake, and somewhat crestfallen, Mr. Slaney diverted the vials of his wrath on to the proper head. The effect of his attack was utterly spoilt, however. Mr. Nibblet only laughed at him to take him forthwith before the imagistrate, he agreed that nothing would suit him better. He knew he had done wrong, he said, and now he would never rest until he had eased his conscience by teling the whole world how hadly he had behaved.

He was only sorry to find that the two gents.

haved.

He was only sorry to find that the two gents he had imposed upon so cruelly, were masters of a certain famous school near by. He regretted it, hecause, in making a clean breast of it himself, he was afraid that some narrowminded people might think that those same gents, by frequenting such wicked places as raceourses, and making bets, had been setting a bad example to the boys.

Still, he had his duty and his conscience to consider. He would have liked to have kept sociolate. He winked at Mr. Slaney, who shuddered. Then Jack and his chums bogan to grin, and finally. Sir John, who had joined they group by that time, chuckled outright.

"It seems to me, gentlemen," he said, "that these reques had rather got you in a cleft stick. I know Dr. Hillingford, and his avereion to either his buys or masters attending Petham Race.—here he turned a twinkling eye on "Parhaps, under the circumstances," he went on, "it would be better to compromise," "Ear, 'car!" chimed in Mr. Nibblet heartily. He was only sorry to find that the two gents

The Boys' Realm

distinct, you ruffing to trying to from the weighted to glance. If am adjust on the weighted to the trying to from the weighted to the trying trying to the trying trying trying to the trying trying

third race.
"Now, 'cre's the cash, and on by a put up twenty quid as conceined by a Pelham Cottage 'Orspital, and on by a two for me and Bill to get 'one also hard and a bargain, air?"

a bargain, sir?"
"Don't dare to haggle with a scoundrel! Address your rough a gentleman here. I'll have your rough a such trafficking!" fumed South & Address your transp. A hir. Slaney, and turning his bet.

group.

Mr. Slaney however, had no been a Mr. Slaney however, had no lead to the left for his round had a lead to the left for he left for he left for some his conceined between the left for his his conscience detailed. For himself, o was glad enough for his borrowed plumes, and rices to garments in exchange. So, also, as to Gerard.

Gerard.

This ceremony completed, they leave the Nibblet and the faithful Bill to go the unmolested, while they trooped but

Jack and his chums, however, de

Jack and his chums, however, deal part company at that point, making the across country to Petham School.

There was no need for them to brain their mineters to keep strict silence their mineters to keep strict silence and their mineters to keep their their mineters to keep their they were a bound later they were a bound later they were a bound later they were a formal part of their silence and their their were a second to the second their silence and their

day's doings. That went without notes that an hour later they were sure their names at "call-over" with low us cent as babes. Not a soul had mise that day, not even Mac and their closes that After tea, the trio were stolling or cricket-field, conning over the day tures, when they caught sight of the tures, when they caught sight of the actions of the control of th along t

"Slaney and Mossoo," whispered And they all raised their caps politely pair slunk by with a guilty flush spec cheeks.

But where was the gay green hi ra peacocks' feather? And where in Slaney's loud check suit? They had vanished like a dream.

They had vanished like a dream.

Mr. Slaney was attired, as usual, in at black jacket and pepper-and-said diseat. in place of his pancake cap of tweel was crowned with a modest roundsbout hated dark felt.

Gone, were Mossoo's Norfolk jates that the said of t

(Another rollicking Jack Noble yern sed we while don't forget that "Museo Poden," complete football yarn, appears in the "BK Library on Thursday next, September 18th)

### THE GRAND WINTER GAME

A FEW WORDS OF ADVICE TO THE JUNIOR PLAYER BY YOUR EDITOR.

T is always a matter of great satisfaction to me to think that football has gained such a hold on the lads and young men of our country. I am convinced that youngsters are all the better for indulging in this manly, licalth-giving pastime, and that there is no better way for them to keep them-selves fit than by going in hot and strong for forthall.

there is no better eay for them to keep themselves fit than by going in hot and strong for
football. The grand old winter game is a greater
health giver than many folks imagine, and for
this reason I am always glad to see boys and
young men taking it, up. And in addition to
adding to a youngster's health and strength, it
develops his character in a marked degree.
The boy who is keen on footer and tries to
excel at the great winter pastime, learns those
important lessons of self-control, of coolness
in moments of emergency, of quick decision, of
pluck and manliness.

Three is no better school for training and developing a lad's character, and bringing to the fore all that is highest and best within him, than

#### the feetball field

That is why I am so anxious to do all I can to foster a love for the grand old winter game in the bearts of my reader. The grand is a straight of the grand is a straight of the grand of the grand of the grand content of the "leather" to go in for footer, and those who already play to continue to do so so long as they have the opportunity. I am not talking about something I know to the grand old game myself. I know its fascination, I know

its unique powers as a character-trainer and a health-giver, and I commend our national winter pastime to every youngater as a sport which they owe it to themselves to go in for. I look on the playing of footer by a lad as an absolute duty. Don't waste precious hours loafing about, lads! Get out into the open and play

the grand old game.

Believe me, you will in this way add marvellously to your stamins and fifness, and will at the same time develop the important powers of coolness and level-headedness, and of pluck and resource, which will stand you in And now, let me give a few words of definite advice, as laid down by famous professional players, to those of you who want to excel in whatever position on the field you may occupy. Take the forward first.

That well-known authority, Mr. W. I. Bassett, says that the ideal inside forward, and especially

#### the ideal centre-forward

must have a combination of good qualities. One weak inside man will do a great deal of damage in impairing the combination of a forward line. One of the great things which an inside player should do, is to draw the opposing centre-half away, so that the work of the centre-forward on his own aide may be facilitated. It is not so of the inside man to give the centre as many chances of getting clear as possible. This he can often do by

dexterously drawing the centre-half away. A great deal of ingenuity is required to do this, and it is always better if the inside man is clever enough to skip through himself and score if his ruse should fail to come off.

if his ruse should fail to come off.

Supreme control of the ball is another important point. Every forward should be an export dribbler, and I strongly urge my readers who play in the first line to practise hard in order to excel at dribbling.

Now for the half-back.

Mr. Walter Bull, the famous professional player, lays it down that one secret of

#### successful half-back play

is the existence of a proper understanding between the various members of the defence. Without such an understanding nothing can be achieved in the shape of combined play.

without such an understanding nothing can be achieved in the shape of combined play.

If you would become an deficient combination player you annyour factor players must act the player you are not provided to the players and backs should work according to a preconceived plan of campaign. When the wing-half proceeds to tackle the outside man, the centre-half should fall into position in order to mark one or more of the opposing inside forwards, and, further, he must be ready to try and intercept the centre which the outside man generally seek to put arrows. Capable half-back is ability to use the head.

It is, perhaps, the best policy to trap the ball and control it with the foot, when you have plenty of time to do so; but the ball often comes to you at a great height, and if you

cannot use your head, a forward will with his, and you will be left defeat; it could not be a first of the second of the second

the fast line of defence

that famous player. Arthur Carlier that a goalkeeper must her originality, intuition, and skill. He says that master in the art of quickly maked mind.

mind.

matter that requires mind.

in picking up a ground shot. Most a crampa them, and story from the high crampa them, and story from the high crampa them, and story from the high a the ball to the boll with the fast, and the hands at the sixth the fast, and have the hands at the sixth the fast, and have the hands at the sixth the fast, and have the sixth the fast, and the sixth the fast, and it is that which go at the ground sixth the fast, and it is that the high sowe to be considered and is that the high sowe to be considered and is that the high sowe to be considered and is that the high sowe to be considered and is that the piace where the considered posts, at the piace where the considered posts, at the piace where the considered posts, at the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the considered posts are the sixth that the piace where the sixth that the piace where the piace

Grand Football No. 1d "Craneswood College," a Rattling New Athletic School Tale, Next Saturday's