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OF SPORT AND ADVENTURE



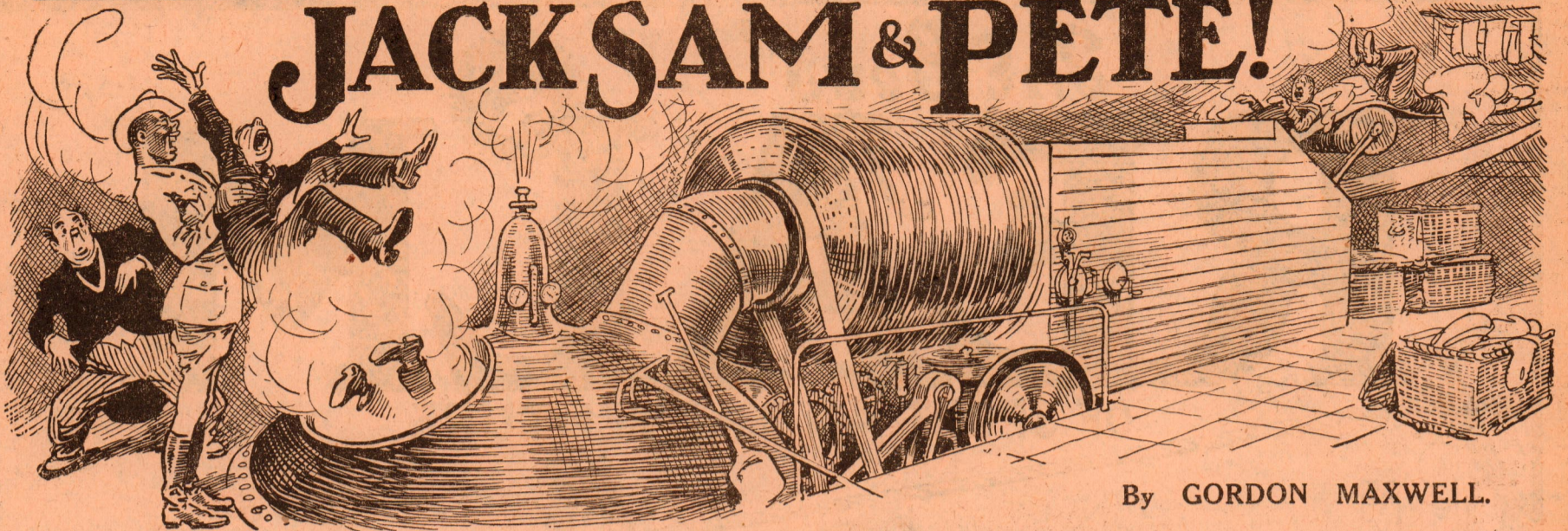
PETE'S LAUNDRY!

There are laughs all along the line in this rollicking complete yarn of JACK, SAM, and PETE!

LARKS IN THE LAUNDRY!

MIRTH AMONGST THE MANGLES!

JACKSAM & PETE!



By GORDON MAXWELL.

The 1st Chapter. Pete Lends a Hand.

PETE was a wanderer at heart, and there were times when he heard the call of the sea. It was on these occasions that he strolled down to the docks at Seahaven and had a pipe and a yarn with any skipper, mate, or dock-hand who seemed disposed to spend an hour or so in his company. Pete loved to talk of other climes and other cities, of the jungles of Africa and the storm-swept China coast; seldom was he so happy as when he met a seafarer who knew the out-of-the-way corners of the globe.

It was a raw morning in early April when he was returning from one of these periodic visits to the docks, and the glum expression upon his dusky countenance suggested that he was anything but happy. It was now some months since Jack, Sam, and Pete had settled down in Seahaven. Pete had acquired the player-managerish of Seahaven Rovers, and had played a lot of football and of sport generally in the town.

"I tink dat dis child am de most miserablist person in dis town!" he grumbled, as he made his way up the steep incline towards the main thoroughfare. "Dere's wild animals to be hunted, and storms to be fought, and treasure to be found, yet here am I stag-hunting in a one-eyed, moth-eaten place like Seahaven!" Pete meant stagnating, of course, but such was his state of mind that he did not notice the slip. "Yes, sir," he told himself, "you're de most miserablist person in de town! 'Smatter ob fact, I'm so miserablist dat I tink it most likely dat I shall burst into tears at any moment! M'yes! I 'spect a mealy-mouthed philosopher wid tin whiskers would tell me dat dere are many people in Seahaven who are worse off dan I am; and to dat mealy-mouthed old hoss I would say— Sorry, my dear! I'm 'fraid I bery nearly biffed you off de face ob de earth!"

"That's all right, sir," said the sad-faced, tired-looking young woman who had staggered out of a narrow-courtyard with a big basket of washing in her arms. "It was all my fault, I didn't look where I was going!" She placed the basket upon the pavement and steadied herself against the brick wall. "I'm 'fraid it's an awkward thing to carry," she remarked, with a brave smile. "Still, I've no doubt that there are many poor souls who are worse off than I am!"

"M'yes!" murmured Pete, his conscience pricking him and bringing a strange light into his dark eyes. "But dere are also lots and lots ob people who are better off dan you—me, f'instance! Now den, dat basket ob washing is altogether too heaby for you to carry, let me hab a go at it!"

"No, sir," cried the woman, in wild alarm. "I wouldn't hear of it! I've been doing it for years now, and I shall be all right in a minute! I only came over a little bit faint!"

"Presactly!" murmured Pete. "By de way, how far hab you got to take dis load ob stuff?"

"To the Royal, sir!"

Pete started as though someone had stuck a pin into him.

"Dat's Amos Gumboil's hotel?" he queried.

"Yes, sir, it belongs to Mr. Gumbriil," smiled the woman. "But I don't think he'd be very pleased if

he heard you call him Gumboil, sir!"

"De poor old hoss has heard it many times, my dear," declared Pete, with a broad grin.

"'Smatter ob fact, being an old college chum, I neber call him anything else but Gumboil! Nunno! Well, I tink it's nearly time we got a move on, 'cause I shouldn't like to keep Amos waiting!"

He was still beaming as he swung the huge basket of washing on to his shoulder and set off up the hill.

"Really, sir," protested the woman, looking rather flustered, "you can't walk along Fore Street like that! What will your friends say if they see you?"

"If dey see me, dey will probably tink dat I hab got myself a new job!" grinned Pete, looking down into his companion's troubled eyes. "By de way, you habn't told me your name!"

"My name's Maggie Bryant, sir!"

Reaching the top of the incline, they turned into Fore Street, and the first person they encountered was a big-limbed, fleshy-faced man in a well-cut morning suit, white spats, and a glossy silk hat.

"Morning, Gumboil, old hoss!" cried Pete, as the mayor pulled up abruptly and stared at his enemy in wide-eyed amazement. "Would you care to gib me a hand wid de washing?"

Amos Gumbriil's pouchy countenance turned purple as he glared from Pete to Maggie Bryant.

"Is this my washing, woman?" he demanded, a snarl in his throaty voice.

"Yes, sir," faltered Maggie, a tinge of colour creeping into her pinched cheeks. "The basket was rather heaby, and this gentleman very kindly offered—"

"This gentleman!" echoed the

This Week's Rollicking Long Complete Story : PETE'S LAUNDRY!

mayor, with a loud snort. "This gentleman!" He jabbed Pete in the chest with his gold-mounted walking-stick.

"Now den, old hoss, don't tickle me like dat, else you'll make me smile out loud!" exclaimed Pete.

Mr. Gumbriil ignored him as he went on:

"Don't you know that you've entrusted my valuable property to the biggest scoundrel in Seahaven, woman!"

"I'm sure it is very kind of Mr. Pete—" began Maggie Bryant, with a show of spirit.

"Kind of him!" shouted Amos, his little eyes glinting. "Of course, it's not kind of him! He means to make off with that linen as soon as your back is turned! I know the thieving hound of old!"

"I shouldn't say that about him, sir," chided Maggie, in her innocence. "Particularly as you and he are old college chums!"

"Old what!" roared Amos, in a voice that echoed down the broad thoroughfare. "Did that black-faced barbarian dare to tell you that we were at the—the—the—same?"

Rage choked the great man, so Pete, who was an expert ventriloquist and voice-thriller, very kindly helped him out. "The same reformatory!" came the rest of the sentence from Gumbriil's gaping mouth.

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, adding his hearty guffaw to the laughter of the crowd that had rapidly gathered—somehow, crowds always did gather when Pete and the mayor encountered one another; the people knew that there was bound

to be some fun. "So you admit publicly dat you were educated at a reformatory, Gumboil, old hoss!"

"I admit nothing of the sort, you insolent bound!" shouted his worship.

"But you just told us so!" grinned Pete. "'Smatter ob fact, I heard dat you got your House colours for pocket-picking!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence, you laughing jackasses!" shouted Amos, glaring round with goggling eyes. "How dare you encourage this scoundrel to insult your mayor!"

"I'm 'fraid I don't need much encouragement, old hoss!" declared Pete, winking at a youthful policeman who was making his way through the crowd. "And now I tink you'd better buzz off, my dear old Gumboil, 'cause I don't like de look in dat constable's optic! Anyway, you'd better go quietly, seeing dat you're de mayor!"

"Officer!" barked the great man, swinging round and fixing his little eyes upon the youthful official. "Disperse this crowd at once! Get a move on!"

The 2nd Chapter. Gumbriil Gets Excited!

THE great man's word was law, so far as the local police force was concerned, and the young constable lost no time in sending the smiling crowd about its business.

"Now," snorted Amos, turning to Maggie, "perhaps you'll be good enough to take hold of that basket of linen and go about your business! Don't gaze at me like a fool!"

Amos Gumbriil was a born bully, and his blustering manner made Maggie Bryant shake with fright.



THIS WAY FOR WASHING! Dodging the weapons of the hooligans, Pete caught them one after another and hurled them into the mouth of the washing machine. Then he turned to look for Gumbriil. The mayor was in a corner of the room, trying to disguise himself as a bundle of dirty linen in a laundry basket!

"You'd better let me take the washing, sir," she said, looking up into Pete's dusky countenance. "You heard what Mr. Gumbriil said—"

"Oh, yes, I heard all right," cut in Pete cheerfully, "and it's quite on de cards dat I shall biff dat gent ober de cranium if I hear him speak to you again like dat! Do you understand, Gumboil, old hoss? You may hab been to a reformatory, but seems to me dat you don't know how to treat a lady when you meet one!"

"Lady!" snapped the mayor, with a grating laugh. "Where is she? If you refer to this washerwoman, I tell you at once dat I believe in keeping my menials in their place!" He fixed his close-set little eyes upon Maggie. "That linen should have been at my hotel half an hour ago!" he barked.

"I must say dat you're a perfect little gentleman, Gumboil, old hoss," remarked Pete, still balancing the huge basket of washing upon his woolly head. "'Smatter ob fact, I s'pose your perfect manners are de result ob your early training! M'yes! Presactly!"

"You leave my manners alone!" "I wouldn't touch dem wid a pitchfork, old hoss!" declared Pete emphatically. "Well, my little men," he ran on, as he observed two urchins, who were gazing up at Amos Gumbriil, with pop-eyed, open-mouthed interest, "what do you want?"

"We want to look at 'im, mister!" answered the smaller of the grubby urchins, pointing a thumb at the Mayor of Seahaven.

"Well?"

"Is that really 'is face, mister?" asked the other youngster, staring fixedly at Gumbriil's queer collection of facial defects.

Amos was fuming and spluttering with rage as Pete pondered upon the question.

"Well, I won't go so far as to say that it is a face," returned the Rovers' player manager; "but it's de nearest approach to de real article dat dis gentleman has eber had! You see, my little men, he happened to catch it in de mangle when he was a tiny baby, and it has neber been de same face since! Not, mark you, dat it was eber a ting ob beauty! On de contrary, it always looked as dough it had been kicked by a camel! 'Smatter ob fact, he hires dat face out as a pattern to a maker ob door-knockers, and—"

"What the brinstone blazes are you blabbing about, you maniac?" roared Amos Gumbriil, his massive frame quivering with fury, and his countenance was growing patchy and purple as he took a threatening step towards the grinning urchins. "Go away, you little rats!" he shouted, catching one youngster a vicious cut across the shoulders with his walking-stick. "I'll— Oooch!"

It was an over-ripe, mushy orange—flung by the other boy—that sped through the air and smote Amos full between the eyes, and he ripped out a wild bellow as he staggered backwards across the pavement and made a frantic grab at his glossy silk hat. His luck was dead out, however, for the immaculate topper toppled off its perch and rolled over and over into the gutter.

"Up, the Rovers!" shouted the urchin who had thrown the orange, as he dashed forward and took a

flying kick at the hat. "On the ball, Jerry!"

"Come here, you little brutes!" roared his worship, tearing along Fore Street after the fleetfooted footballers. "Come back with my hat!"

"Up, the Rovers!" shouted the urchins, getting on with their pretty passing movement, and taking no notice of the obese gentleman who was hot upon their heels. "Set 'em alight, Seahaven!"

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, as Amos and the urchins disappeared from sight in the crowded thoroughfare. "I tink we'll get on wid our washing, Maggie, my dear!"

"Now, den," said Pete, as they set off towards the Royal Hotel, "dere are one or two questions dat I want to ask you, Maggie. F'rinstance, why do you put up wid Amos Gumboil's bullying when you could get plenty ob work from de odder hotels in de town?"

"Lots of people have asked me that, Mr. Pete," returned Maggie, with a tired kind of smile. "I don't like working for him, of course, but I've got to, because I am under contract to do all the hotel washing."

"H'm! A contract, eh?" murmured Pete, becoming almost grave. "And when did you sign dis contract?"

"Some years ago," answered Maggie. "Long before washing materials cost what they do to-day. Soap, soda, and starch have all gone up; and as for coal— Well, I don't make more than a few shillings a week out of Gumbriil's washing contract! But it wouldn't be quite so bad if I hadn't a sick husband to support."

There was a light of admiration in Pete's dark eyes as he glanced down at his frail companion.

"And I tought I was de most miserabest person in Seahaven!" he murmured. Then he said aloud: "How much does Gumboil pay you for doing all de hotel washing, my dear?"

"Two pounds five a week, Mr. Pete," answered Maggie. "That was fair payment when I signed the contract, but the amount of work has increased enormously since then. I now put in twelve to fourteen hours a day, and I can't afford to engage help. I tell you, sir, it's a pretty hard struggle to make ends meet. I suppose I ought not to grumble, but I'm afraid I get a little bit downhearted at times."

"I tink you're splendid, my dear," declared Pete, "and I'm going to make it my business to see 'dat you and your husband hab some ob de comforts ob dis world! It doesn't do anyone any harm to rough it a bit, but I tink you two hab roughed it quite enough. Presactly! Well, dis is where Uncle Pete steps in, my dear. Ah, here we are!" he exclaimed, as they reached the Royal Hotel. "I s'pose I'd better take dis little lot round to de back door."

"That's right," smiled Maggie. "And dere'll be another lot to bring away."

"Bery good, my dear!" grinned Pete. "I sha'n't be more dan 'bout two-free shakes of a tomtit's tail."

Still balancing the huge basket upon his head, Pete strode off towards the back of the hotel, passed through the cobbled courtyard, and marched boldly into a big kitchen.

A sour-looking individual in a kind of butler's livery looked on with an arctic stare as the basket was deposited upon the table.

"And what, may I ask, is that?" he questioned, pointing to the basket with a skinny finger.

"What does it look like, old hoss?" asked Pete. "A plate of whelks?"

The sour-looking individual ignored the question.

"And who, may I ask, are you?" he inquired.

"Ah!" exclaimed Pete. "It is indeed strange dat you should hab asked me dat question. Do you know Amos Gumboil?"

"I know Mr. Amos Gumbriil!" returned the other man, with ponderous dignity.

"Well," said Pete, in a tense whisper, "I am his Aunt Nellie. Now, den, old sourdough, what about de dirty linen? I understand dere's a basket to go back to Mrs. Bryant!"

"Quite so, fellow," agreed his companion. "You will find it in that cupboard. By the way," he went on, as Pete dragged an enormous basket to light, "are you the washerwoman's assistant?"

"No, old hoss, I'm her private

secretary," answered Pete, "and I type all her correspondence on de mangle! Quite so! And who are you, my lad?"

"I," returned the other, inflating his narrow chest—"I am Mr. Gumbriil's major-domo!"

"M'yes," murmured Pete, gazing at the other's egg-like cranium; "wid de accent on de dome, I s'pose! Well, so-long, old hoss! I should move about a bit if I were you, oderwise de moth may get at you!"

He was grinning cheerfully as he strolled into Fore Street with the big basket of dirty washing on his back. "Hi, taxi!" he yelled, as he joined Maggie Bryant. "Jump in, my dear!" he cried as the vehicle pulled up at the kerb.

"No, reall—" began Maggie, a spot of colour burning in each cheek, her eyes bright at the thought of riding in a cab.

gazed up at the notice-board, but it took him no more than two minutes in which to decide upon his course of action.

"I'll do it," he muttered. "So first ob all I had better interview de free Fidgetts! M'yes!"

Hailing a taxi, he drove to the estate office, and in less than an hour he had purchased the "valuable building site" in the name of Mrs. Maggie Bryant, the washerwoman.

So far, so good.

The following morning found a small army of workmen upon the scene, and the amazing zeal with which they set about their job suggested that they had been promised something truly magnificent in the way of wages if they completed their task in record time. The little matter of remuneration was Pete's affair, of course, but the fact remains that never in the whole history of the town had a big concrete building

bang up to date, and dere's not a job dat dese machines can't do! Take dis one, f'rinstance," he said, indicating a mechanical monster with a gaping mouth. "All you hab to do is to put de dirty clothes in at dis end and taken dem out at de other, when you'll find dat dey hab been washed, dried, mangled, ironed and folded! Smatter ob fact, dis machine does eberything but take de washing home to its owner!"

"When can we start, Mr. Pete?" asked Maggie, flushed and excited. Pete had informed her of what he was doing, and she had had time to get used to the idea of running a big laundry.

"At once, my dear!" grinned Pete, who was as happy as a youngster with a new toy. "De whole box ob tricks is in perfect working order!"

"I'm very glad," smiled Maggie, "for Mr. Gumbriil has sent in a double dose of work this week."

"You don't know what you're talking about! To suggest that it's an earthquake—"

"Then what is it that makes this third-rate hotel rock like a ship in distress?" shouted the little man.

"Perhaps a—a heavy lorry is passing the place," suggested Amos lamely. "Anyway, I assure you, ladies and gentlemen, that there is nothing to be worried about. The slight disturbance—"

Clatter! Thump! Crash! Bang! Smash!

"What about that?" shouted the little man, jumping to his feet. "Take my advice, people, and prepare for a horrid end! I know all about earthquakes—"

"Hold your tongue, you little hound!" hooted Amos, looking like a man demented as most of his clients prepared to rush out of the grill-room. "Keep your seats, please! There is no occasion for panic! I feel sure there is a very simple explanation to this extraordinary affair. I will investigate!"

Striding across the carpet, he threw open a stained glass window. No sooner did he do so than a jet of mingled steam and smoke smote him full in the face and sent him tottering backwards across the apartment.

"Look out!" shouted a dozen voices.

The warning came too late, however.

Crashing against a heavily-laden dinner-wagon, the mayor sent it shooting gaily through the open doorway; the mighty crash which followed a few seconds later suggested that the wagon and its contents had taken a perfect header down the stairs.

As for Amos himself, he toppled over sideways and had the misfortune to sprawl across a table and dive head-first into a tureen of boiling soup.

"What stupid prank do you call this, sir?" demanded one of Gumbriil's best clients, who was seated at the table. "Take your beastly bald head out of my tomato soup, sir!"

"Do—do—you think I did it for a joke, you half-baked imbecile?" roared the mayor, straightening himself up and drying his head with a table napkin. "That soup was scalding, you ass!"

"Then all I can say," snapped the other man, "is that you are lucky, for I've never had a hot meal in the place! But I suppose you're favoured, being the proprietor of this glorified coffee-shop!"

A rumble of laughter travelled round the grill-room, and Amos looked anything but amiable as he shook a big fist under the diners' nose.

"I'll have you know, sir, that—"

Whir-r-r-r! Whir-r-r-r! Chug-chug-chug! H-z-z-z-z-z! Chug-chug-chug!

The "chug-chug"-ing was a new noise, and no sooner did it ring out with irritating, monotonous regularity than a dense cloud belched through the open window and filled the grill-room with a species of poison gas that made the diners splutter and choke in a most alarming fashion.

The apartment was thrown into a state of panic and pandemonium as the evil-smelling clouds continued to pour through the window, and it was not long before it was a sheer impossibility to see from one side of the room to the other.

"It's a volcanic eruption!" shouted the little man with the voice. "I know the signs! We shall all be buried beneath an avalanche of boiling lava in a moment!"

"Will you hold your silly tongue, you little rat!" roared Amos Gumbriil, stumbling through the mist. "You said it was an earthquake just now—"

"Perhaps we're going to have both!" shouted the little man hopefully. "We're all booked for a horrible end—"

"Shut up!" roared Amos, as a combined rush was made for the doorway of the grill-room. "There's nothing to worry about, and—"

Chug-chug! Chug-chug! Bang!

"What's that?" cried a score of voices.

"A fog signal!" shouted a wag.

"Mr. Gumbriil! Mr. Gumbriil!" shrieked a platoon of shrill-voiced chambermaids, dashing through the swirling mist. "Mr. Gumbriil!"

"What is it, you maniacs?" roared the great man, who was as red as a freshly-boiled lobster. "Get back to your work, you hysterical females! Get back—"

"The steam! The steam!" shrieked the girls.

(Continued on next page.)



STIRRING UP THE STARCH! Gumbriil looked like nothing on earth as he came to the surface of the vat of starch. "Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, as the mayor made a frantic effort to climb out, only to slip back with a mighty splash. "When you hab finished stirring up de starch, old hoss, we'll take you out and iron you!"

"You either do as you're told," threatened Pete, "or else I scream de place down! Ah, dat's better!" he grinned, as Maggie seated herself in the cab and he closed the door. "De driver will take care ob de basket. What's your address, my dear?"

Pete gave the driver his instructions, and then smiled at Maggie Bryant through the open window.

"You'll hear from dis child in a day or so," he said, "and when you get home I want you to tell Mr. Maggie to keep his pecker up. By de way, you habn't told me his name."

"It's Jim," smiled Maggie—"just Jim!"

"Den," grinned Pete, "I shall be much obliged if you'll just gib dis to Jim, and tell him to buy himself a packet ob cigarettes!"

"Dis" was the crisp five-pound note that Pete dropped into Maggie's lap.

been run up in such an incredibly short space of time.

The brand new structure appeared in almost magical fashion, and splashed across its face in bright gilt letters were the words:

PETE'S STEAM LAUNDRY.

Vanloads of machinery arrived at all hours of the day and night, and a mere matter of hours found the laundry in perfect working order.

In his usual lavish manner, Pete had arranged everything. He had engaged a dozen assistants, including four young fellows who wore peaked caps and uniforms.

The contractors had assured him that everything was in working order, and that the laundry was one of the most complete they had ever constructed. Having made a brief inspection, Pete sent for the washerwoman whom he had befriended.

"Dere you are, my dear!" cried Pete, when Maggie arrived. "Here are your assistants. Dis laundry is

"Is dat so?" murmured Pete, a mischievous twinkle in his eyes. "Den I had better set de machinery going at once!"

He was beaming like a dusky cherub as he strode across to the electric switch that controlled the current. "Are you all ready? Stand away dere!"

Whir-r-r-r! Whir-r-r-r! Whir-r-r-r! Crash! Clatter! Bang! Thump! Bump! Crash!

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, adding his thunderous guffaw to the deafening racket which arose as he pulled down the main switch. "I tink dis is going to be a nice, peaceful laundry! I wonder if my dear old friend Gumboil has noticed anything! Yah, yah, yah!"

As the laundry stood next to Gumbriil's establishment, the mayor would have had to be stone deaf not to hear the racket.

Gumbriil, as a matter of fact, had noticed something, and he was standing statuesque in the middle of his grill-room at that precise moment. It was the luncheon hour, and the sumptuous apartment was well filled, but no sooner did the ear-splitting, earth-shaking racket burst forth than his patrons lost all interest in their food and gazed about them with the light of panic in their eyes.

"I know what it is!" shouted a little man with a big voice. "It's an earthquake! I know the signs, so you can all prepare yourselves to be swallowed up at any moment!"

"Hold your tongue!" roared Amos, as frightened cries came from all parts of the grill-room.

The 3rd Chapter.

"Some" Laundry.

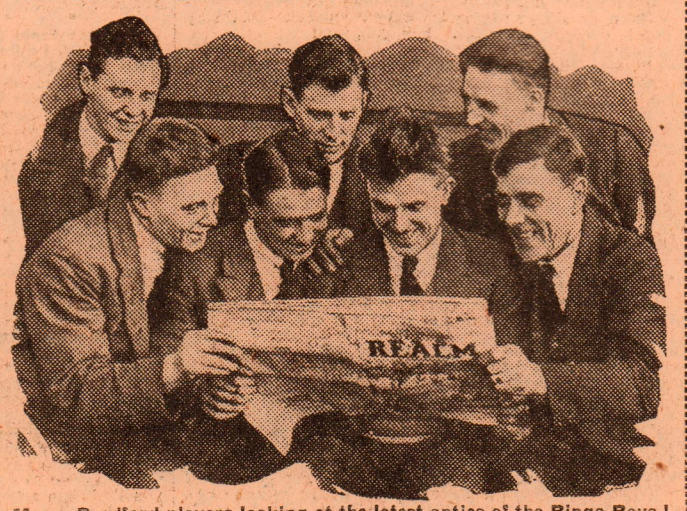
ADJOINING AMOS Gumbriil's hotel was a piece of waste land, and on the tall hoarding which enclosed it was a prominent notice which read:

THIS VALUABLE BUILDING SITE FOR SALE.

Apply—Fudgett, Fudgett, & Fudgett, Fore Street, Seahaven.

There was a thoughtful expression upon Pete's dusky countenance as he pushed his broad-brimmed hat off his forehead and

FAMOUS FOOTBALLERS WHO READ THE "REALM."



Merry Bradford players looking at the latest antics of the Bingo Boys! Back row: W. Atherton, K. McDonald, G. Crowther. Front row: F. Higgins, J. Arnold, J. Clough, and J. Potts.



(Continued from previous page.)

"Don't you think I've noticed the steam, you idiots?" roared Amos. "But it's everywhere, sir; in the drawing-rooms, and the sitting-rooms, and the bed-rooms!"

Amos was choking and spluttering as he eyed the platoon of pop-eyed chambermaids.

"Answer my questions, will you?" he snorted. "What's happening, you—you cackling hens?"

"It's the laundry, sir!" came the shrill chorus.

"Eh? What? Which?" shouted Amos. "Laundry? Laundry? What are you talking about?"

"Pete's Laundry, sir. It's his new building outside!"

No sooner did he hear the words than Gumbriil began to choke again, but it was not the steam that brought on that paroxysm of coughing. It was the name of Pete which seemed to affect his bronchial tubes, and he was quivering from the top of his bald head to the buckle of his white spats as he clenched his fists and shook them fiercely in the humid air.

"I might have known! I might have guessed!" he shouted throatily, working himself into a violent passion. "That black-faced scoundrel's gone too far this time, by heck! I'll have the law on him! I'll clap him in gaol for this outrage! I'll get him ten years, the hound!"

"Why not go the whole hog and get him hanged, old sport?" asked the little man, appearing through the mist and gazing up into his worship's distorted countenance. "Personally, sir, I have the greatest admiration for Mr. Pete's enterprise, and I, for one, wish him the greatest success, if that place next door is his new, up-to-date laundry."

Amos showed his big teeth as he glowered down at the diminutive well-wisher.

"Oh, you do, do you?" he asked, in an ominously quiet voice.

"Yes, sir, I do!" came the emphatic answer.

"Well, take that, you little worm!"

Amos Gumbriil was a very powerful man, and had the mighty punch which he launched found its mark it would have put a speedy end to the little man's interest in the proceedings. But the little man had his own views about the matter; no sooner did he see the forthcoming blow, than he lowered his head and charged forward like a bellicose billygoat.

"Ooooooh!" wheezed Amos, as a hard head struck him full in the waistcoat and sent him staggering off his balance. "Ow-er!"

Thoroughly roused, the little man snatched a big dish of potato salad from a table and flung the sticky mess full at the great man's head. Then, not satisfied with that, he rushed into the fray with a leg of mutton and felled the enemy with a single blow.

"You'd better have some mint-sauce with it!" he breathed, pouring the contents of a sauce-boat over the mayor's upturned face. "And listen to me, Gumbriil," he said, standing over the mayor and wagging a solemn finger. "In future, you try hitting one your own size, you big bully! Good-afternoon!"

Fuming with indignation, he turned sharply and strode out of the grill-room, and Gumbriil nearly had three fits when, later in the day, he was informed that the little man had departed without paying his bill!

The 4th Chapter. Gumbriil Goes Through It.

"HOW'S de old hoss working, my dear?" asked Pete, his smiling eyes upon the mechanical monster with the gaping mouth.

"Fine, sir!" answered Maggie Bryant, who seemed to have become years younger since the day Pete met her with the big basket of washing. The lines of care had vanished, and there was a new light in her brown eyes. "We just put the clothes in at this end and they come out as good as new! It's a wonderful invention!"

"M'yes!" mused Pete. "What time are you going to knock off?"

"I'm afraid some of us will have to work during the night," answered Maggie. "Mr. Gumbriil

has just sent in another load of stuff!"

"Is dat so?" muttered Pete. "And he gets the whole lot done for two pounds fibe a week, eh?"

"That's so," agreed Maggie. "It's in the contract."

"Presactly, my dear!" Pete looked thoughtful as he turned away and strolled off down the room. He had not taken more than a dozen steps before a throaty bellow rang out above the din and racket of the washing-machines.

"Where is the black-faced scoundrel?" roared Amos Gumbriil, staggering through the doorway. "Take me to the infamous hound!"

"Who are you looking for, Gumbriil, old hoss?" asked Pete, strolling up to the great man and grinning into his distorted countenance.

"I'm looking for you, you villain!" shouted the mayor, shaking a big fist under Pete's nose. "What do you mean by it, you madman? How dare you do such a thing? Answer me, fellow!"

"Just a moment, my dear old musical-box!" grinned Pete. "Do I understand dat you are cross wid me about something, Amos?"

"Cross with you?" yelled Gumbriil, his voice rising to a shrill crescendo. "Don't you realise what you're doing, you idiot? You're driving all my best clients out of my hotel—the place is full of steam! They're leaving in shoals! They say the linen's damp! Four of 'em are down with rheumatism! The paper's peeling off the walls in strips! Everyone's sneezing! The confounded place is more like a sanatorium than an hotel!"

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, with that show of brotherly sympathy which he reserved for the mayor. "And how do you account for dis state ob affairs, Gumbriil, old hoss? Ob course, I don't wish to intrude into your private business—"

"It's your business, you infamous hooligan!" shouted Amos, his pouchy features purple with fury. "You're at the bottom of the whole thing!"

"Why, I habn't been near your hotel!" declared Pete, pain and indignation in his tone. "I—"

"It's the steam, steam, steam!" yelled Amos, emphasising his statement by leaping up and down like a jack-in-the-box.

"The what?" asked Pete.

"The steam, you idiot!" roared Gumbriil. "You're filling my beautiful hotel with the filthy, noxious fumes from your filthy, noxious laundry!"

"Is dat so?" murmured Pete, looking troubled. "I'm filling your noxious hotel wid—"

"No, you're not! You're—"

"But you just said—"

"I said you're filling my beautiful hotel with the filthy, noxious fumes from your filthy, noxious laundry! What's going to be done about it?"

"De best ting you can do," answered Pete at once, "is to move your hotel away

Has You Heard Dis One?



Somebody will hab to tie old Sambo up. He'll be de deaf ob me de way he goes on—listen to his latest!

Sambo got a job repairing a road. It was very muddy, and all ob a sudden de foreman heard Sambo shouting:

"Hi, quick! Bring a shubble—bring a pick or something! Rastus am stuck in de mud!"

"Stuck in de mud?" yelled de foreman. "How far am he in?"

"Rastus is stuck in up to his knees!" yelled Sambo.

"Dat's all right! What are you makin' a fuss about?" said de foreman disgustedly. "Let him walk out!"

"He can't!" said Sambo.

"What do you mean?" de foreman asked. "If he—"

"I tell you he am up to his knees in mud!" snorted Sambo.

"Den he can walk out!" de foreman roared.

"No he can't," Sambo replied.

"He am de wrong end up!"

Yah, yah, yah! Dat's a good one for Sambo, ain't it?

from my laundry. By de way," he ran on, as his visitor started to splutter like a damp squib, "perhaps you would care to look round de premises? As you will observe, everyting is up to date. Take dis machine, frinstance!"

He led Amos along the room and pointed to the mechanical monster with the gaping aperture; and Gumbriil, who knew something about machinery, was interested, in spite of himself.

"What's this for?" he asked.

"You might tink it's a patent nail-file," answered Pete, "or a gadget for putting de gum on postage-stamps, but such is not de case!"

"Don't you think I know that, you maniac?" snarled the mayor, stepping up to the intricate mass of wheels, cylinders, and rollers, and looking into the gaping aperture, which seemed to fascinate him. "I suppose you put the clothes into this mouth-thing, first of all," he remarked.

"Quite so, old hoss!" grinned Pete, picking up an armful of washing and thrusting it into the aperture. "Dat little lot will come out washed, ironed, and folded!"

"Very ingenious!" grunted his worship. "There must be some sort of suction! Most interesting!"

Pete Replies!



If anything am worryin' you, old hoss, drop me a line. De latest batch ob letters am answered below.

Abel Lenner (Manchester).—Does a wasp bite, or does it sting; if it stings, where does it keep its sting? Just a minute, old hoss! (Sammy, go out an' catch me a wasp, will you? What do I want it for, image? Neber mind what I want it for; you go an' get me a wasp, de biggest one dat you can find.) Sit tight, Abel, Sammy will be back in a minute, an' den I'll let you know. Bery obliging feller is Sammy—one ob de best. He would do anything for me, and he— (Ooooooh! Jack, get me a blue-bag—quick!) Dat was Sammy, Abel! I don't tink I'd better talk to him just now. You write and ask him about de wasp yourself.

A. B. C. (Cardiff).—Ah 'speak dat your first name am alphabet, old hoss, 'judgin' from your initials! Well, Alf, I dunno dat shootin' old Gumbriil am a bery good idea, because I don't happen to hab my elephant gun wid me. Dere ain't nothin' wrong wid Fido, Alf; he still wakes up bery regular for meals. I know Cardiff bery well—gib my lub to Queen Street and de Parade. I'll let you know when I come your way. Your writin' ain't bery clear; I dunno, you writin' say you hope; dat Fido wedder you say you hope; dat Fido ain't got chilblains or wedder you hab got dem yourself. If you hab got chilblains, a bery good cure for dem am to gib dem a poultice ob hot cross buns.

Only don't hab too many buns in a poultice, else dey might get bad-tempered wid one anudder—bein' bery cross. Yah, yah, yah!

R. W. Percival (Chelmsford).—You say dat you hab asked eberybody in your Abenue how you can be a prize-fighter, but nobody can tell you; will I tell you? What am de idea, old hoss? Do you really want to be a prize-fighter, or do you just want to swank about Chelmsford wid a couple ob thick ears? An' it wouldn't be any good you starting off wid a fight against old Gumbriil like you suggest, 'cause if he fell on you it would take six men twelve days to gather up de bits. You'd better gib up de idea ob bein' a prize-fighter, old hoss; go in for someting peaceful like deep-sea diving or being a steeple-jack.

F. C. (Govan).—You want to know de best position for you to play in your football team. You say you tower de height ob five feet, and dat you weight 4 stone 10 lbs. What kind ob a weight do you call dat, old hoss? Is dat your real weight, or am dat de weight ob your boots? If it am your real weight, den I tink you would make eider a bery good corner flag, or a weight to keep down de back ob de goal-net. I also note dat you hab a bery strong kick in eider foot. (H'm! 4 stone 10 lbs.—and a strong kick in

eider foot! M'yes! Dis feller must be a Scotch gnat!)

Maurice Jones (Buckland Common).—Will I tell you a remedy for a stutter? I habn't eber had a stutter myself, Maurice, but I tink de best ting would be to water it regularly, set in rows a foot apart when de first green shoots appear, employ plenty ob hair oil and bake till it am a crisp golden brown, den serbe wid a trimming ob pigs' trotters and currant cake. Try dis treatment free times a day and shake de bottle well before using; if it don't do de stutter any good, frow it away and buy a new one.

J. Wise (Kempston).—I am sorry, old hoss, but I hab lost Rory. Glad to hear dat your dad am an old friend ob mine. Gib him my regards—I dunno what regards are, but you gib dem to him all de same!

Sid Meredith (Shoreham).—You am discontented wid working on a milk round, 'cause you hab to get up in de middle ob de night to deliver de milk. Can I gib you an idea so dat you won't hab to get up so early. Sid, old hoss, you hab come to de bery feller to gib you dat inflammation. Get de cows to lay deir milk ober night, or else train dem to deliver de milk demselves. Eider dat, or pack up de job an' go in for weight-lifting.

"I shouldn't go too near, my dear old Gumbriil!" warned Pete, playing his cards with skill.

"Rot!" snapped the great man, stepping close to the machine and peering into the cavity.

And then it happened.

Gripping Amos by the ankles, Pete gave a mighty heave and sent his worship plunging head-first into the mouth of the machine, and a stifled yell echoed through the room as his victim gave one wild, convulsive wriggle and vanished from sight!

"So long, old hoss!" cried Pete.

"Stop it! Stop the confounded thing, one of you!" came the husky voice of Mr. Amos Gumbriil, ringing out above the din and clangour of the whirring machinery. "Do something, you fools! Stop the machinery, you black-faced barbarian!"

"It's all bery well for you to tell us to stop it, old hoss," cried Pete, running his fingers through his woolly thatch, "but bless me if I habn't forgot which switch is switch! Yah, yah, yah! Dat's a good one, Amos! Did you hear it, old hoss? I remarked dat I had forgotten which switch is switch!"

"Do something, you maniac!" came Gumbriil's wild bellow from the interior of the gigantic washing-machine. "I'm being boiled in scalding suds, you black villain! Ow! Wow! Help! Ooooh!"

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete. "What are you laughing at, my dear old Gumbriil?"

"I'm being skinned alive, you villain!"

"Two-free little suds won't hurt you, old hoss!" cried Pete reassuringly. "Smatter ob fact, you'll feel quite refreshed if you come out at de other end!"

"If—" shouted Amos, in a panic. "What d'you mean—"

"Sorry, old hoss!" laughed Pete. "P'raps I should hab said when! Hab you got plenty ob soap?"

"I've just swallowed a mouthful of Starlight—"

"Yah, yah, yah!" shouted Pete. "You are a most amusing old hoss, Amos! I really don't know how you tink ob dese tricks!"

"Stop it!" yelled the mayor, as he found himself being carried towards two gigantic rollers. "Stop the thing, you black maniac! Turn off de juice! Stoppit! Stoppit! Too late! I— Ow!"

His worship's cries for help trailed away to a gurgle as he was drawn into that section of the machine which closely resembled a monster mangle. He must have heaved a profound sigh of relief when the enormous rollers—made of rubber—suddenly moved apart to let him through.

—Pete had pulled a lever at the side just in time.

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, as Amos emerged on the far side of the mangle, slipped away down a steep slope, and shot head-first through a brass cylinder.

"You're passing frough de drying department now,

old hoss! I s'pect you'll come out slightly sunburnt!"

As a matter of fact, Gumbriil's face and head were bright scarlet in colour when ultimately he shot out of the far end of the drying cylinder, and he emitted a wild shriek of terror as a leather belt caught him in its coils, whizzed him upwards, and left him dangling from a hook that impaled his coat tails.

"Yah, yah, yah!" shouted Pete, as Amos bellowed and kicked and glared down at the laughing laundry hands, who were enjoying the joke to the full. "Scuse my mirth, old hoss!"

"Fetch a ladder, you hound!" yelled the captive, shaking his fists at his grinning enemy. "Do you think I'm going to hang up here for the rest of the day?"

"Couldn't say, old hoss," answered Pete; "I'll ask de manageress! How long will he hab to stay up dere, my dear?" he asked, turning to Maggie.

"We can't take him down until he's aired, sir," answered Maggie, in a decisive tone of voice.

"How dare you say that, you—you female!" shouted Amos, his bright scarlet countenance turning an attractive shade of purple. "Things are coming to a pretty pass when I have to put up with insults from a common washerwoman!"

"I'm 'fraid you're a bit off de mark for once, Amos, old hoss," grinned Pete, "for dis common washerwoman, as you call her, happens to be de sole proprietor ob dis new and up-to-date laundry! De whole thing is her property, and dat includes de ground on which it stands!"

Maggie became speechless with amazement as she heard the words and understood their full meaning; and then, in a flash, she realised that they could not possibly be true. Mr. Pete was pulling Gumbriil's leg, of course.

"You can't bluff me, you scoundrel!" snorted Amos, twirling like a joint on a spit. "You must have laid out hundreds and hundreds—"

"What I laid out is dis child's business, old hoss," cut in Pete, "but de fact remains dat de laundry itself and de soil on which it stands is de sole property ob Maggie Bryant. Here are all de deeds and papers, my dear," he said, taking two foolscap envelopes from his pocket and handing them to the flabbergasted woman. "Take great care ob dem, and neber tink ob selling out until you hab consulted me! Is dat quite clear to you?"

Maggie nodded mutely; she was unable to speak, and there were tears in her brown eyes.

"So you see, Mr. Gumbriil," said Pete, grinning up at the suspended mayor. "I am not trying to bluff, after all!"

"Then all I can say," shouted Amos, as he swung from side to side, "is that you're a bigger fool than I took you for! Menials should be kept in their places, and I warn you that as soon as you start to pamper them you are heading for a big fall! I know that to be a fact, sir—you're heading for a big fall!"

"A big fall, old hoss?"

"Yes, a big— Oh! 'Elp!"

A sharp, tearing sound rang out as Amos uttered the wild shout, and the next moment he shot through the air like a meteor and plunged head-first into a roomy vat of steaming starch, sending up a shower of milky moisture in all directions!

The 5th Chapter. Amos Gets Annoyed.

YAH, YAH, YAH! roared Pete, as his worship splashed about and spluttered noisily. "You could earn any amount ob money as a trick diver, old hoss!"

Maggie Bryant and her assistants were almost helpless with laughter as they watched the great man wallowing about in the vat, and it is quite on the cards that their hilarity did nothing to put Amos in a peaceful state of mind. Anyhow, the fact remains that he looked as fierce as a dyspeptic gorilla when, ultimately, he thrust his bald head out of the sticky steaming mess, and there was a nasty glint in his close-set little eyes which was not good to see.

Of course, it is quite possible that he was not enjoying himself; in which case, he had a perfect right to give vent to his feelings.

He grimaced and muttered as he glowered round at the knot of laughing spectators, and strange jungle noises came from his lips.

(Continued on next page.)

Address your letters to Pete, c/o The Editor, THE BOYS' REALM, Fleetway House, Faringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

"I'm 'fraid dere's someting de matter wid you, old hoss," declared Pete, with a grave shake of his woolly head. "You know perfectly well dat de doctor told you not to touch starchy foods, yet here you are up to your neck in de stuff, as it were!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" laughed the laundry hands, who, like the rest of the townfolk, had no reason for loving his worship.

"Send those cackling fools away!" shouted Amos, pointing a dripping arm at Maggie and her assistants. "Don't forget that I'm the Mayor of Seahaven, so it'll be a fine thing for the dignity of my office if the story of this—er—mishap gets round the town! Send 'em off, you black hooligan!"

"Yah, yah, yah!" roared Pete, his eyes twinkling as the great man made a frantic attempt to climb out of the vat and slipped back with a mighty splash. "You ain't doing dat starch much good, old hoss! When you hab finished, we'll take you out and iron you!"

Amos looked scarcely sane when he came to the surface for the second time, and there was a wild light in his eyes as he clambered over the side of the vat, swayed dizzily for a long moment, and then toppled sideways and dropped heavily into a basket of soiled linen.

"There'll be a reckoning for this day's work!" he snarled, in melodramatic fashion. "You shall pay dearly for this outrage, you black hound!" He remained in the basket for some seconds before he scrambled slowly to his feet. "You have gone too far this time, Mr. Player Manager Pete!"

"Quite so, old hoss!" agreed Pete, shaking his head. "By de way, don't you tink you'd better go frough de drying cylinder once more? You certainly look a bit damp, old hoss, and de nice crease appears to hab gone out ob your trousers!"

The remark was scarcely taciturn, in the circumstances, for his worship—who was a bit of a dandy in his way—looked like nothing on earth as he stood there with his clothes dripping and a pool of lukewarm starch foaming at his feet. Even a scarecrow would not have deigned to call him brother, but Amos himself did not seem to realise how extraordinary was his appearance.

Shaking himself like a drenched sheepdog, he gulped noisily and glared into Pete's beaming countenance.

"I'm going now," he announced, his husky voice trembling with passion, "and the first thing I shall do is to go to the police and lay information against this place! Do you hear that, you grinning ape?"

"M'yes," murmured Pete. "And it strikes me dat you'll cause a bit ob a stir as you walk frough de town!"

"I'll have the place pulled down, brick by brick!" shouted Gumbрил, his voice rising to a bellow. "I'm the most powerful person in Seahaven, you hound, and I can do anything—once I begin to pull the strings! Mark my words, woman," he snarled, turning to Maggie, whose brown eyes had clouded, "your precious laundry will be pulled down within a week!"

Having uttered the threat, he scowled round and strode out of the place, leaving a very disconsolate woman to gaze after him with tear-dimmed eyes.

"Do you tink he can do anything, Mr. Pete?" asked Maggie, as Gumbрил's squeaking footsteps died away in the distance.

"Not on your life, my dear!" cried the Rovers' player manager, with a reassuring laugh. "For one ting, he won't want dis afternoon's pantomime to come to light; and, for another, he knows quite well dat we'll soon hab dat steampipe attended to if he makes a fuss! As for pulling de place down—well, he's talking frough de mayoral hat! You see, my dear, de Seahaven authorities hab already passed de plans! Amos was only bluffing you, in de same way dat he'll try to bluff you into selling de laundry for a mere ballad—dat is, a mere song! M'yes!"

Pete, it seemed, had hit the nail



GUMBRIЛ AMONG THE SOAPSUDS! Pete sent Gumbрил heaving into the steaming opening. "So long, old hoss," remarked Pete as, giving one convulsive wriggle, his victim vanished from sight. A moment later, wild howls announced the fact that the mayor was in the soapsuds!

straight on the head, for Gumbрил did not turn his steps in the direction of the police station on leaving the laundry. Instead, he hurried round the corner and ran up the steps of his hotel, and shouts of surprise went up as he passed through the sumptuous lounge, leaving a sticky white trail in his wake.

"Has anything happened, sir?" asked his podgy little manager, hurrying forward with consternation stamped upon his swarthy features.

"No, nothing at all, you great fat idiot!" roared Gumbрил, giving the fellow a push that sent him flat upon his back. "Oh, no; nothing's happened, you imbecile! It doesn't look as though anything's happened, does it?"

Sweeping through the hotel like a human tornado, he made straight for his private office on the first floor, and his blazing eyes popped out of their sockets when he discovered that thirty or forty people were waiting for him—people who were staying at the hotel.

"Ah, here he is at last!" piped a yellow-haired lamp-post of a man brightly. "We've been here for an hour, Mr. Gumbрил, whilst you've been out enjoying yourself I suppose!"

Amos breathed hard as he fixed his smouldering eyes upon the speaker.

"Oh, yes!" he grunted, opening the door and passing into the office. "Quite so!"

"By Jove, has anything happened?" asked the tall individual, repeating the manager's assinine question.

"Oh, no, sir!" returned Amos, with a nasty, murderous laugh. "What makes you tink that?"

"Your—er—clothes appear to be soaked with starch!" explained the tall man. "You're simply smothered!"

"Am I?" asked Amos, showing his big teeth in a grin. "I'd not noticed it until you mentioned the fact! Now then, what can I do for you people?"

"In the first place," piped the human lamp-post, "do you know

that a man named Pete has opened a laundry next door to—"

"Do I know what?" roared his worship, leaping out of his chair as though he had been stung by a scorpion. "Do I—"

"Pray control yourself, my dear sir!" begged the tall man, looking alarmed. "I merely asked you a civil question!"

A murmur broke from the other guests.

"Quite so!"

"Of course you did, Hilary!" Amos dropped back into his armchair and mopped his moist brow with a starch-soaked handkerchief.

"Yes," he said in a weak voice. "I know all about the laundry!"

"Well," said the human lamp-post, "I wish to inform you that Valentine, my little lap dog, has contracted a sore throat through the steam. The precious darling is suffering agonies, and it would break your heart if you heard his hacking cough at night!"

Gumbрил grunted, for he had his own opinion about that. He hated all dogs, at any time, but a lap dog!

"Well, what about it?" he growled. "What's it got to do with me? I didn't give the little cur—h'm!—this precious darling a sore throat, did I?"

"But I hold you responsible," said the tall man. "And there's something else I must mention now I'm here. The noise that comes from that laundry gives him a headache, so I warn you that I shall walk out of the hotel unless you do something in the matter."

"I shall go, too!" barked a retired colonel, who had not paid his bill for seven weeks. "The confounded racket puts me off my food, sir!"

"I tink we're all of the same opinion," put in someone else. "The noise is deafening, and the steam will give everyone rheumatism—if it doesn't poison them. It boils down to this, Gumbрил. You either make a move in the matter or else we leave in a body!"

"Some of you will leave in a coffin if you aren't careful!" muttered

Amos, his little eyes smouldering as he stared into space.

"What did you say, sir?" snapped the yellow-haired lamp-post of a man.

"I said that I thought I could hear little Valentine coughing," answered Amos, with a wintry kind of smile. "Well, gentlemen," he ran on, getting to his feet, "I promise you that this matter shall have my very best attention. I will see the proprietor of the laundry again at once!"

"Who is the proprietor?" asked someone. "What's his name?"

"Pete!" snarled Amos.

"Is it, really?" asked the guest, with a bright smile. "He's quite a jolly sort of bird, isn't he?"

"Oh, very!" muttered Amos, going red about the ears. "Good-afternoon, gentlemen!"

The 6th Chapter. Pay Up!

AMOS GUMBRIЛ looked less amiable than usual as, later in the day, he sat back in his roony armchair and glared into the heart of the fire.

"The cunning black scoundrel!" he muttered, gnawing at his thick under-lip. "He knew perfectly well that this would happen, and he hopes to force my hand. But he sha'n't get his own way this time, by heck! I'll—" His husky voice trailed away as a timely knock came at the door. "Come in, confound you!" he snarled.

The door opened slowly and his dapper little manager glanced furtively into the room.

"What do you want?" barked Amos.

"There's a person to see you, sir!" announced the manager.

"Eh?"

"A person, sir," repeated the little man. "An uncouth, ungentlemanly, unpleasant person, sir!"

"Huh! That's Luke Squeers!" grunted the mayor. "Send him up at once!"

Luke Squeers was the burly stevedore who ruled a mob of hooligans with a rod of iron, and many were

the occasions upon which Gumbрил had employed the band of dock rats to assist him in his schemes of vengeance against Player Manager Pete.

Luke was wearing his habitual scowl as he slouched into the great man's private office.

"I got yer note!" he growled briefly.

"Good!" grunted Amos. "Are the boys with you?"

"Sure!" answered the stevedore, nodding his close-cropped head. "They're waiting round the corner." He narrowed his little eyes and looked as cunning as an old fox. "What lay are we on this time, guv'nor? I suppose it don't appen to ave anything to do with our chocolate-coloured friend—"

"You know that he's had the nerve to open a filthy laundry next door to my hotel, eh?" cut in Amos.

"Sure!" grinned Luke. "Ain't it is machinery that's making this place shake like a jelly?"

"Yes, it is," snarled Amos, "and it is that very machinery that we're

going to smash into a heap of scrap iron. Do you want me to say any more than that?"

"That's the job, ch?"

"Yes," answered Gumbрил, "and it's going to be dead easy. All we've got to do is to get in, and then set about the machines. You told the boys to bring some crow-bars?"

"Sure!" nodded Luke, taking the whole thing as a matter of course. "When do we get busy?"

"At once," answered Amos, levering his massive frame out of the armchair. "Every second is valuable, for most of my clients have threatened to clear out unless I do something—and quickly. As a matter of fact, I've been informed that all the hands have gone home, and Pete's in the place alone. He's either finishing off some work, or else running the machines to spite me. Anyway, I'll meet you and the boys outside the laundry in about one minute. Understand?"

Luke Squeers grunted and slouched out of the room, and it was little more than a minute later when Amos and the band of hooligans passed through the doorway of Pete's laundry and crept towards the main work-room.

"Come right in, my dear old hosses!" cried a familiar voice. "I was beginning to fear dat you had decided not to pay dis friendly call. Dear, dear! If dis isn't my old college chum, Lukie Squeers! And he hasn't changed a bit. He's just as handsome as ever! M'yes!"

"You close yer trap!" growled the burly stevedore, his muscular fingers taking a fresh grip of the heavy iron bar that he carried behind his back.

"Don't forget that I've got a long account to settle with you, you black swab, and—"

"And you hab brought Gumboil and dese oder beauties to gib you a hand in making de settlement, eh?" asked Pete, with a broad grin.

"How dare you associate me with this—this scum of the docks?" shouted Amos, quivering with indignation.

"I don't know, my dear old Gumboil," answered Pete, "unless it is dat I want to hurt deir feelings. After all, dey are as innocent as little babes compared wid you, even dough de said innocent babes are waiting to biff me ober de cranium wid bars ob iron. M'yes! Presactly! Well—"

"At 'im, boys!" roared Luke Squeers, brandishing his murderous weapon as he leapt across the floor. "Lay 'im out!"

"Come on, den!" roared Pete cheerfully. "If you're wanting a li'l bit ob exercise, Lukie, I am ready to oblige!"

He plunged forward as he spoke, and met the gang at the end of the big, crashing laundry machine, just where the steaming mouth yawned. Pete swayed sideways as Squeers' bar came smashing down; the big nigger caught the man around the thighs, heaved him up, then tipped him head-first into the machine. Squeers' wild bowl of amazement and terror was drowned by Pete's roar of laughter as he made for another man.

(Continued on next page.)

LOTS OF EGG-CITEMENT COMING NEXT WEDNESDAY!

JACK SAM & PETE!

by Gordon Maxwell

Gumbрил is sorry that there are such things as Easter eggs! And a few of the eggs he meets were laid about five Easters back!



This rollicking yarn is a real winner! Pete's the boy to keep you smiling—egg-sactly!

"PETE'S EASTER EGG!"

It's a big 'un—big enough to put Gumboil inside. And Gumbрил makes "some" chicken! You'll split your sides at the way he gets "hatched"!

ORDER YOUR "REALM" IN ADVANCE!

JACK, SAM, and PETE!

(Continued from previous page.)

"Yah, yah, yah! Washed and boiled—dat'll be you in two-free minutes, Lukie. Who's de next?"

With a sweep of his mighty right arm Pete sent a second man whirling into the opening; he balked the rush of another, and he followed his mate. Three more were crammed in in quick succession; then the rest tried to escape. They could see that, armed though they were, they stood no chance against the dusky giant.

"Come back!" Pete roared, as he leaped after them. "Anybody would tink dat you didn't want to hab a crease in your trousers!"

He hauled them back, skated them one after the other across the floor, then pitched them in, and turned to look for Gumbri. The mayor, he saw, was doing his best to disguise himself as a bundle of dirty linen in a laundry-basket. Pete grabbed him by the back of the neck and hauled him out.

"I tought dat all de washin' had been frough de machine!" he grunted to himself. "Funny, but I must hab oberlooked dis li'l lot. Anyway, it can go—"

"Put me down, confound you!" yelled Gumbri, above the cries of fear and alarm now gurgling from the machine. "Leggo! Stoppit! Stop—ow!"

Head-first, he went into the machine, and Pete wheeled round to yell to the back of the laundry:

"Now den, you boys, get a mobe on! Dere's anudder lot ob washin' comin' out at de end—catch it in de baskets an' bring it out to be hung up! De dryin' machine ain't workin' jest now!"

At his word the uniformed assistants appeared from the back of the building. They were falling over themselves with laughter as they trotted forward with their big clothes-baskets, and they were in time to catch the first of the gang as he was ejected, dripping wet, from the machine.

The man was too weak to protest, too terrified to make any resistance as he was hurried forward to where Pete had taken his station by a heavy line stretched across the open yard at the back of the building.

One by one, Pete pegged them up, Gumbri came last, and Pete looked supremely satisfied as he stepped back and inspected the line of "washing."

"Let us down at once, you black scoundrel!" roared Amos, adding his husky bellow to the chorus of threats and invective that came from Luke Squeers and his hooligans. "I'll have the law on you for this outrage, you mark my words! I'll force you to close this confounded laundry! I've seen my lawyer, so if you take my advice you'll come right down to business!"

"Which doesn't worry dis child in de least, old hoss," grinned Pete, "cause I'm quite willing to sit down and listen to your big bluff. I'm 'fraid you've found yourself up a gum-tree, Gumboil, old hoss, so if you take my advice you'll come right down to business!"

"What do you mean, you black scoundrel?" snarled Amos, suspicion in his little eyes. "What business?"

"De business ob taking dis laundry off Maggie Bryant's hands," answered Pete, in a quiet voice. "You want to close de place down, so de only ting for you to do is to buy it, lock, stock, and barrel!"

"You're crazy!" shouted Amos. "You're stark, staring mad, man!" "Maybe," agreed Pete complacently. "But I'm not so mad dat I ain't goin' to keep you an' your college chums where you are for a li'l while. No, old hoss! What's more, it is in dis act dat Maggie Bryant comes into her own!"

"And what do you mean by that?" snarled Amos, having the grace to look somewhat uncomfortable.

"For many years," returned Pete, in a low voice, "you hab made dis poor woman work for next to nothing, but now I am going to see dat she gets paid in full! You're a mean-spirited scoundrel, who glories in sweated labour, my dear old Gumboil, but de time has come when you hab got to pull your socks up! Smatter ob fact, you tink it's mighty cleber to get someting for nothin'; but on dis occasion your luck is going to be dead out! I

(Continued in col. 5—this page.)

FIVE SECTIONS FORMING!

The Boys' Realm Cricket League



All communications, requests for registration forms, queries, etc., should be addressed to The Sports Editor, BOYS' REALM Cricket League, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4. Letters needing a reply should be accompanied by a stamp or a stamped addressed envelope.

The response to the preliminary announcements of the Cricket League has shown how much interest the new formation is creating. Inquiries are coming in by every post, and I am able to announce the proposal for five Sections.

Blackburn First!

Blackburn has the honour of being the first in the field. Cricket clubs in this area should get into touch immediately with:

Mr. R. W. Cunliffe,
58, Oswald Street,
Blackburn,
Lancs.

Mr. Cunliffe is keen, not only on getting clubs together for cricket, but to enrol footer teams for the 1927-1928 season. Clubs corresponding with him can be sure of swift attention.

London!

The next formation is a London one, and will be controlled by:

Mr. E. A. Dibsall,
2E, Villa Street,
Walworth,
S.E. 17.

Mr. Dibsall runs the Villdale United F.C., and is well qualified to run a successful section.

Also Wigan.

A letter from the secretary of the Wigan Section advises me that he is anxious to give clubs in his district a chance of playing cricket, so Wigan cricket teams should write to him at once. I say "at once," because the nucleus of this formation will undoubtedly be provided by clubs from the Wigan Football Section, and it would be a disappointment for teams to find that Wigan is already full up. The address is:

Mr. Jas. Heaviside,
2, Vine Street,
Whalley,
Wigan,
Lancs.

Macclesfield.

The fourth announcement of this week comes from our very thriving Macclesfield Section. All the boys up there are very keen—and the keenest of the lot is the Section Secretary. He will welcome inquiries from clubs round about. Write to:

Mr. E. Burgess,
19, Queen's Avenue,
Macclesfield.

Dalston.

Yet another London Section is being formed at Dalston, and it arises out of the present Dalston Section of the Football League. This new formation will be controlled by—

Mr. S. Garnish,
117, Richmond Road,
Dalston, E. 8.

to whom readers in this area should apply.

FREE CRICKET MEDALS!

The 1927 Championship Medal.

All About It!

And now for a few particulars about the new Cricket League.

Any Junior Cricket Club is eligible for membership, but the average-age limit is 18 years.

Each Section is awarded a set of twelve handsome bronze medals, which are presented at the end of the Cricket Season to the club winning the Championship of its Section.

A Section is, in reality, a little league working on its own, and not necessarily in relation to any other Section.

A Section cannot consist of less than eight clubs, but may embody more than this number.

The Medals!

To be eligible for the medals offered by the BOYS' REALM CRICKET LEAGUE, a Section must have commenced playing off its fixtures by June 4th, 1927.

In order to secure the medals, the clubs of a Section must complete their fixtures. That is, the teams in, say, an eight-club Section must play off 14 fixtures—i.e., play each of the other clubs in its Section once at home and once away.

In the event of a team falling out of a Section during the season for any reason, another club may take over its fixtures, after receiving the consent of the Sports Editor, which consent will not unreasonably be withheld.

A Section can receive only one set of medals from the League in one season.

The Section Secretary will receive the medals for him to present them to the Champions.

The medals become the property of the winners, eleven of them going to the team, and the twelfth medal to the first reserve man.

All clubs must fill in the BOYS' REALM CRICKET LEAGUE CLUB REGISTRATION FORM. In return for which each Club will receive a REGISTRATION CERTIFICATE. Clubs not so registered are ineligible to play in the Championship Competitions.

There are no registration forms for players.

There is no entrance fee to the League.

Points and Protests!

All games should be double-wicket matches. Only single-innings games should be played—unless it is agreed

prior to the commencement of a match that the game shall go to the length of two innings.

Points: Clubs shall score:
2 points for a win.
1 point for a draw.

All matches abandoned owing to inclement weather shall be replayed on a date mutually agreed, or the clubs concerned shall forfeit the points.

Protests.—Games concerning which a protest is raised in the matter of average age, shall be investigated by the Section Committee, who shall have the power, if the protest is upheld, to order the defaulting club to lose two points, which go to the protesting club, or for the game to be replayed.

How To Join!

The secretary of an existing club may wish to start a Section in his district. In which case, he should write to the Sports Editor, asking for Registration Forms: upon receipt of his letter, a dozen forms will be sent to him.

These Forms should be filled in by the clubs wishing to come into the Section, and to compete for the Cricket Championship Medals—one set of which is awarded to each Section. The forms should be returned as quickly as possible to the Sports Editor.

As soon as EIGHT Forms have been sent in, the Section will have reached the number of clubs required to make a Section. More than eight clubs, may, of course, go into a Section, but eight is the lowest possible number.

Fixtures.

Registration Certificates are issued as soon as the Forms are received, but a club need not wait for the receipt of its Certificate before commencing to play off its fixtures—providing that the average age of the members does not exceed 18 years, and that the Registration Form bears the signature of the Section Secretary.

The Section Secretary should be elected by the clubs in the Section. Usually, he is the secretary of the club which first applies to the Sports Editor for permission to start a Section in his district. If, however, when the Section is formed he does not wish to carry on this appointment, another Secretary should be elected by a committee comprised of all Secretaries in the Section.

The League is of immense assistance in aiding clubs to make fixtures, because it welds together teams which normally play only friendly matches, offering them trophies for which to compete.

It must be understood that the Sports Editor's ruling in all cases of dispute in connection with trophies is final and binding, and the registration of clubs is accepted only on this condition.

In the event of a club defaulting for the second time, it shall lose two points, and those points shall be awarded to its opponents.

The Section Committee shall have power to determine that a fee shall be lodged by a protesting club; if the protest is not upheld, the fee shall be paid into the Section funds.

JACK, SAM, and PETE!

(Continued from col. 1—this page.)

know perfectly well dat you hab eider got to buy dis laundry or close your hotel, and I guess you'll choose de former course. M'yes! Precisely! Well, you can hab de laundry, old hoss—but you hab got to pay my price for it!"

Pete was revealing another side to his character, and Amos Gumbri was shrewd enough to know that his enemy held the trump card.

"You've got me where you want me, you cunning hound!" he snarled. "How much do you want for the place?"

"Speaking on behalf of Mrs. Maggie Bryant," said Pete, "I will tell you."

Only the peg on the line saved Gumbri from collapse when he heard the price; but neither threat, entreaty, nor argument made the slightest impression upon the Rovers' player manager. In the end, Amos Gumbri was taken down, when he wrote a four-figure cheque that was made payable to Mrs. Maggie Bryant.

Pete was abroad at an early hour the following morning, and the first person he encountered in Fore Street was Mr. Amos Gumbri. Marching behind Amos was a small army of navvies—big-limbed, iron-muscled gentlemen, who looked strong enough to knock a house down, and Pete's dark eyes glowed with interest when he noticed that each navy was carrying a sledge-hammer and a pickaxe.

"Morning, old hoss!" cried the Rovers' player manager cheerfully. "I tink your sons will grow up into fine, strapping lads—don't you?"

A deep-throated chuckle came from the band of navvies, but there was not even the suspicion of a smile upon Gumbri's bloated countenance as he swung round and glared at his enemy. He grimaced unpleasantly, and tried to make a fitting retort, but only strange, unintelligible noises came from between his thick lips.

"And de same to you, old hoss!" grinned Pete.

Gumbri moved on, then he changed his mind and turned round.

"It may interest you to know, you big, black barbarian, that I intend to raze this—this filthy laundry to the ground!"

Pete looked interested.

"I dunno how you'll do dat, old hoss. De place am on de ground now. I don't see how you'll raise it any lower!"

"I said raze—not raise!" hooted Gumbri. "As that doesn't sink into your meagre intelligence, raze means to knock down, shatter, smash, spifficate! I intend to batter that place until not one brick is standing upon another! I shall smash the machinery to smithereens!"

"Den you am going to hab a bery pleasant morning ob it," said Pete affably. "You hab bought de place, so I s'pose you can do what you like wid it!"

"And I intend to do so!" Gumbri snarled, waving the sledge-hammer which he held.

"I s'pose you'm going to un-couple de first brick, so to speak?" commented Pete. "I tink I'll stand by an' watch dat. You'll probably start wid de chimney. You'd better be bery careful dat you don't slip when you climb up de roof. An' if you hit your fumb when you'm smiting dat first brick, promise me dat you will endeavour to control your naughty temper!"

"I am more likely to smite you if I have any more of your impertinence!" Gumbri growled, and he heaved round on his men. "Come along, you laggards! There is work to be done!"

Gumbri's big body was quivering with rage as he turned on his heel and led his party through the doorway of Pete's Laundry, and no more than a minute ticked away before sounds of pandemonium floated out of the brand-new building and echoed up and down the broad thoroughfare.

Amos and his housebreakers had started work!

THE END.

(What a yarn! And what a corker is coming next Wednesday! "PETE'S EASTER EGG" is a riot of laughter! Don't miss it! Read more about it on pages 21 and 26.)

OUT TO-DAY!

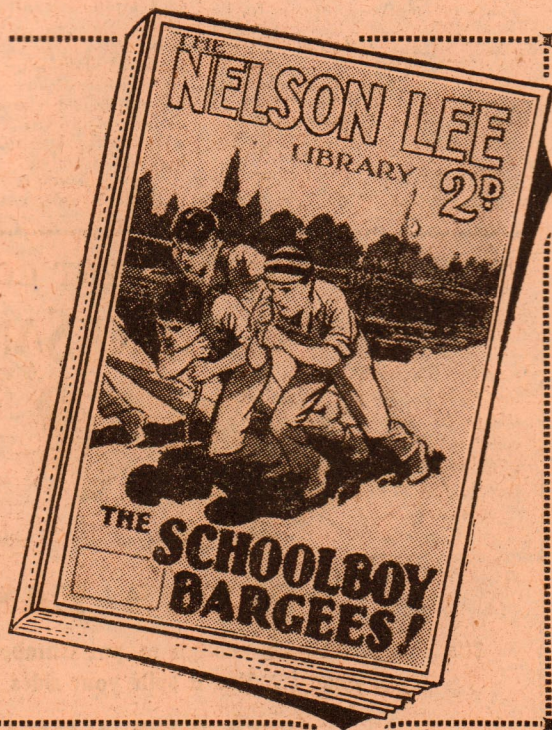
Here's a story that you'll enjoy! It is packed with fun and stirring adventure. The Boys of St. Frank's have found a couple of derelict barges, and they are out to claim salvage.

"The SCHOOLBOY BARGEES!"

That's the title of the story. The boys find that it is mighty hard work being bargees—and adventurous work, too! You can bet that there's piles of fun, and loads of thrills. If you haven't yet met the famous St. Frank's juniors, now's the time to get to know them in—

The NELSON LEE Library.

Every Wednesday! Price Twopence!



CHICK WINS THE TRICK! His enemies think they've caught Chick at last, but he's up to their game—they can't trick Chick!

All For The Albion!

By C. MALCOLM HINCKS.



OUR SPECIAL CUP-FIGHTING STORY!

GET TO KNOW—

Chick Chandler, a clever young footballer and manager of Oldford Albion. Chick makes an enemy in

Fred Tomlin, whom he has deposed from the centre-forward position. The young manager forms the "Push Gang,"—which consists of all the young footer enthusiasts in Oldford—whose aim is to stimulate enthusiasm in the town for the Albion. Their mascot is a goat named Buster. Chick's three chief lieutenants are Sam Snodger, Bonsor—commonly known as Bones—and pretty

Marjorie Mainland, Marjorie, unknown to herself, is heiress to £10,000. The only person, other than a lawyer, who does know this is Fred Tomlin.

The Albion win their way into the final of the F.A. Cup, and the Push Gang organise a dance. Chick goes with Marjorie. Suddenly he sees a man drop something on the floor of the dance hall, and an alarmed cry of "Fire!" is heard.

Instantly there is a panic, but Chick dashes forward in an attempt to prevent it.

(Now get down to this week's stunning chapters.)

More Push than Panic.

IT is the easiest thing in the world to start a panic, but once started it is one of the most difficult things to stop. Chick Chandler, in his fancy dress as Napoleon, had momentarily checked it by his dramatic punch to the jaw of the man who had yelled "Fire!" The blow that had sent the culprit crashing to the floor and his cry steadied the people with stronger nerves.

But a rolling cloud of smoke sent a little group plunging and shrieking for the main exit.

Bones, in his disguise as a lamp-post, responded to Chick's appeal for the team and members of the Push Gang to rally round by rushing in front of the panic-stricken ones.

"Back!" he shouted.

He might have been King Canute defying the waves to advance. The half-dozen frightened young men and women in fancy dress rushed on. The lamp-post went down beneath them, and was trodden on.

Everyone was becoming panic-stricken again, but Chick had three of the Albion players with him now, and it was the impudent-looking Napoleon who sent a white-faced youth flying, grabbed a pretty girl round the waist, swung her out of the crush, and passed her to Darkie Green.

"Keep your heads!" he shouted as he nearly knocked the head off a frightened man who aimed a savage blow at him. "Crumbs! An infants' school would have more pluck and discipline than you've got!"

Sam Snodger, portly pierrot, had picked up the unfortunate Bones. "You'll soon be all right!" said Sam.

"All right, be blowed! Six of 'em stood on me, and the biggest blighter in the room camped out on my ear, and— Here comes another rush! You stop 'em this time!"

Footballers and some of the older members of the Push Gang had

rallied round Chick. The band was playing again, panic rushes were checked, but still people were being passed rapidly out, whilst Chick and a couple of men made for the seat of the fire, half blinded by the smoke and choked by the fumes.

Fred Tomlin, who had come to the dance as a dashing cavalier, with sword and plumed hat, was as white as a sheet. He knew there was little or no danger, that the smoke and fumes had been caused by the bottle of phosphorus he had paid Hobbs to drop, but he had seen Chick knock down Hobbs and check the panic, and felt that his daring scheme to get the young heiress into his power had been ruined.

Huddlestone, dressed as a policeman, but looking by no means as cool as one, stood beside him. They had made all their plans carefully. Huddlestone's landlady had agreed to keep the girl a prisoner in the attic of her house, and it was only a question of getting Marjorie Mainland out into the quiet street at the side of the building, and rushing her round to the lodging-house; but they had relied on the panic to achieve this, not troubling what disaster occurred so long as they succeeded in their object.

But with Chick making for the danger spot, Tomlin saw his chance.

"Quick, Huddy! There she is. Tell her Chandler told you to take her to the house where a lot of people are taking shelter until the danger's over. Rush her out through the side door. I'll be immediately behind you!"

The weak-willed left-winger, who through his gambling habits and his association with Fred Tomlin, had found himself involved in a business that scared him, and for which he had no real heart, pulled himself together and rushed through the smoke to the pretty pierrette's side.

Marjorie had kept her head and refused to join in the panic; but knowing that Chick was busy in trying to avert the disaster, and feeling that she was becoming faint and giddy from the fumes, was making her way towards an exit, longing for fresh air.

And a big young man in a policeman's dress was beside her.

"Come on, Miss Mainland. Mr. Chandler asked me to get you to the house, where a lot of people are taking shelter until we see if it will be possible to resume the dance. He wants everybody out quickly, but without a panic."

In the ordinary way Marjorie would probably have thought it strange that Chick should have sent this young man, of whom she knew he had a very poor opinion, to take care of her, but with the smoke wreathing round her, dazed by the fumes and the excitement in the hall, she could not think clearly, and she took the proffered arm, longing to get out into the air.

The hall was emptying now. From somewhere came the clanging of a fire-bell, and it was just as Chick was telling a brass-helmeted fireman that he had seen a man

drop a bottle which had immediately caused smoke and fumes, that he saw Huddlestone hurrying Marjorie through the side exit.

"Phosphorus!" said the fireman. "Some fool joke. Soon have this out, and—"

But Chick was not listening. Following Huddlestone he had seen a gay cavalier, and recognised the man as Tomlin. Despite all the excitement, his brain was working coolly and logically. Tomlin and Huddlestone were up against him, they were the last two men in the world he would trust to look after the girl he loved. He was not needed in the hall now. Thanks to his somewhat drastic measures, it had practically emptied without panic, and the firemen were in charge.

"That's a licker!" said Chick. "I can look after my own girl!"

He had been looking after her when he had dashed upon the man who had dropped the bottle, and sent him flying. In averting the panic and preventing a great disaster that would have filled the town with horror, he had been thinking of the girl he loved somewhere in that glittering throng, but he had realised that he had to serve others as well as the girl who was uppermost in his thoughts, and had carried on with his job.

Now he was free, and Napoleon streaked across the hall towards the exit through which Marjorie had vanished with Huddlestone, with Tomlin in close attendance.

He gulped in the fresh night air gratefully; then he saw that Huddlestone was dragging Marjorie

along at a run, and that the cavalier was running behind them. Napoleon pressed the black hat firmer on his head, and also broke into a run.

Chick Hits Out.

THE few people about stared blankly at the sight of a burly policeman running, with a very pretty and dazed-looking pierrette, with a man in satin breeches and huge plumed hat in close attendance. On their heels came a very lifelike Napoleon with three-cornered black hat at a rakish angle on his dark head, and a broad red ribbon across his white waistcoat.

And Napoleon was rapidly gaining!

To a man who could run faster with the ball at his toe than most men could run without that handicap, the tight breeches and black knee-boots were but little check. White to the lips and absolutely desperate, Tomlin whipped out his stage sword, and flung it full at his pursuer.

Chick made one of those swift swerves that had troubled so many clever backs, and raced on, the sword tinkling on the pavement.

"Chick! Help!"

Marjorie, revived by the cool air, and her brain clearing, had realised that something was wrong, and was struggling to get away from Huddlestone, who ran on, dragging her by the arm.

The one-time crack left-winger had a good turn of speed, and he was relying upon Tomlin to hamper Chick in some way whilst he hustled his victim into the house round the corner.

But the cavalier was no match for Napoleon. Chick gained his side, dodged the attempt to trip him, and caught him a blow under the chin that dropped him to the pavement.

"Help! Police! Murder!" screamed an hysterical woman on the other side of the road, but Chick ran on. Huddlestone was a much bigger man than himself, but that did not trouble him in the least, and just on the corner he overtook the man who was dragging the pretty pierrette along, and planted himself in front of him.

"What's the game?" he demanded.

Huddlestone, despite his bulk was no fighter, and he knew that if Chick Chandler started on him he would half kill him. A glance over his shoulder showed him his friend Tomlin stretched unconscious on the pavement.

"W-what h-have you done to my c-chum?" he stammered to gain time to think of some excuse.

"What I'm going to do to you in about two ticks unless you answer my question!" retorted Chick grimly.

His arm was round Marjorie, who had wrenched herself free from the nerveless grip of the left-winger, her breathing coming in little, panting gasps.

Huddlestone, thoroughly frightened now, thought of the story he and Tomlin had decided to tell in the unlikely event of anything going wrong.

"I'm sorry, Mr. Chandler, but

Tomlin and I wanted to have the credit of saving Miss Mainland from the fire. We don't seem to have been very popular with the boys just lately, and we thought it would do us a bit of good."

"Do you mean that you started the fire to make you popular?" demanded Chick in a rasping voice.

Huddlestone looked horrified. "Oh, no, Mr. Chandler! Of course we didn't, but when danger threatened we resolved to save Miss Mainland."

"And why were you rushing her off down here?"

That was a facer, but in his desperation, Huddlestone rose to it, weak though his explanation might be.

"Someone said the wall was likely to fall outwards, we expected a panic, and determined to get her well away, and we didn't want you or anyone else butting in!"

Chick looked at him suspiciously; that story sounded very feeble, but he realised that men in moments of excitement and panic did do strange things. Before he could question Huddlestone further, a policeman—with a little crowd behind him—came up. Another helmeted figure was bending over Tomlin.

He stared at the man in the policeman's uniform, and then realised that it was a fancy dress.

"It was the bloke dressed as Napoleon what did it, guv'nor!" said a small boy, who had quite failed to recognise the popular young manager of the Albion in his strange dress.

But the policeman recognised him. "What does this mean, Mr. Chandler?" he asked.

Chick explained, and Huddlestone repeated his unconvincing story.

"Well you've properly knocked that chap out, and he cut his head when he fell. We'll have to take him to hospital. I shall have to report the matter, and he may charge you with assault, though of course if he threw the sword at you before he was hit he wouldn't have anything of a case."

"The whole thing's a licker!" said Chick. "The fire was caused by a man dropping a bottle of phosphorus and then trying to create a panic. Well, you know where to find me if you want me, constable. Come on, Marjorie, we'll see if they've cleaned things up, and if we can get on with the dancing."

The policeman stared after Napoleon and the pretty pierrette as they walked back towards the hall.

"Cool as a cucumber, that chap!" he said admiringly. "They say he prevented a terrible panic in that crowded hall."

"He's a wicked, cruel brute!" declared the hysterical woman whose screams had brought the police on the scene. "The way he knocked that poor young man down and nearly killed him!"

"After the other bloke had chucked his pig-sticker at him, missis," said a man. "Be fair!"

The policeman forgot his official dignity and reticence.

"Tomlin's a bigger man than he

(Continued on next page.)



"NAP" CATCHES THE CAVALIER NAPPING! "Help, Chick!" cried the girl, as the mook policeman hustled her away. Tomlin, disguised as a Cavalier, had stayed behind to delay Chick. But Chick jumped in and caught him a blow under the chin that dropped the rotter to the pavement!



The BINGO BOYS

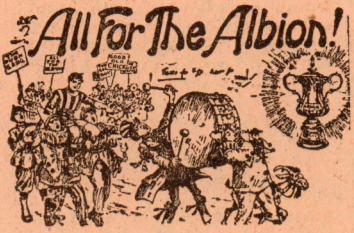
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COMING SHORTLY!

A Rousing Cricket and Sports Serial!
"LUCKY JIM!"
 You'll count yourself lucky when you get down to this rollicking new cricket and motor-racing yarn.



(Continued from previous page.)

is, and I'll lay Chick Chandler had some good reason for giving him that punch. If you ask me I should say that there'd been some strange happenings to-night!"

Then he recalled his official position as he saw another policeman wheeling a stretcher along the road. "Pass along there; pass along!" he said, and cuffed the ears of the small boy who was importantly lingering in the limelight.

The fire brigade had quickly dealt with the small fire that had given off such dense smoke and fumes, and the hall was soon habitable again. Following Chick's example, the other dancers crowded back to resume the evening's gaiety, but Chick thankfully escaped dancing, and set off to make inquiries about the bearded man whom he had knocked down.

"I really do seem to have been busy to-night!" he said to himself. "I wonder how many charges will be brought against me to-morrow!" No one knew anything about the bearded man whose build had

seemed vaguely familiar to Chick. Of course he might have recovered and slipped out, or someone who had not returned to dance after the shock might have got him out. No member of the Albion team knew what had happened to him; but Bones, looking a rather knocked about lamp-post, thought he must have been one of the people who had walked over his ear.

"Some people like this sort of thing," he said gloomily, "but I don't call it a bit bright and breezy!"

But he cheered up when he was awarded the handsome suitcase, the second prize for the best costumes.

"Come in handy when we go to Wembley!" he said.

Chick had taken the first prize—a set of silver fish knives and forks.

"They'll be useful some day, little girl!" he said, and Marjorie blushed prettily.

But as he drove home Chick was a little worried about that biff he had given Tomlin. He did not want any trouble now, with the Final a fortnight on Saturday.

Plans for the Final!

ABOUT ten o'clock the next morning Chick Chandler was talking to the trainer on the Albion's ground.

"Fred and I are hardly on speaking terms these days, sir," said Tomlin senior. "A policeman brought him home last night with a couple of stitches in his head, and

he told me that you'd given Fred a punch as he and Huddleston had been running with you—with Miss Mainland, but Fred wouldn't say a word. He stopped in bed this morning and looked pretty groggy. He said a doctor was coming to see him."

"Well, I hope he soon gets right! I didn't mean to cut his head," said Chick, a little uneasily.

"The whole affair last night is a strange business," said the trainer guardedly, and Chick went off to his office to deal with his correspondence before changing into shorts and sweater for the morning's work.

And he had just settled down to it when Marjorie opened the door of his private office. Her face was very pale.

"Detective-Sergeant Moore!" she faltered.

A quietly-dressed young man of somewhat military bearing stepped into the room.

This was a licker, but Chick faced the situation coolly.

"Come to arrest me, sergeant? Mind if I dictate two or three urgent letters to my secretary first?"

"Arrest, Mr. Chandler! Oh, you mean the Tomlin affair! He's made no charge, and, of course, he daren't. Of course, if you'd killed him, it would have been awkward, but the hospital people evidently think little of his injuries or they wouldn't have let him go home. No, I have come to talk to you about what happened last night. I'm told you saw a man deliberately drop a thin glass bottle,

(Continued at top of next page.)

TEN SHILLINGS WON!

IS YOUR CLUB HERE THIS WEEK?

PRIZE FOOTER PARS.

Each week the Editor will award TEN SHILLINGS for the most interesting paragraph concerning a reader's football club. ALL CLUBS MENTIONED IN THIS FEATURE, other than that winning the first prize, WILL RECEIVE A TABLE FOOTBALL GAME! All letters should be addressed to the BOYS' REALM, "Prize Footer Pars," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C. 4.



A Noteworthy Record.

ST. ALPHONSUS BOYS' CLUB (Liverpool) is a brave little Mersey-side club composed of working lads. They start with a smile and finish up with one, but they have not had the support they deserve. Last year, when the Club's three teams won three cups, the official of the L.U.B.C.—when he presented the cups and medals—told them they had done what was thought an impossibility in bringing home to one club the three cups. It was something that could not happen again. That remains to be seen! Glad to have that photo, lads, and take a *Football Game* this week.

Some Shooting!

POWELL STREET JUNIORS (Wolverhampton) while playing a match burst two balls, broke two flags, and had four players hurt, but, despite this heavy list of casualties, trotted home with a glorious victory—6-1. (*Football Game*.)

Let 'Em All Come!

DUCKWORTH FOLD ROVERS (Bury) are not a bit fastidious so long as they can meet good-fighting teams. They had a drubbing at the outset of their career, but they have been doing all right since. They challenge any team in Bury, players not over thirteen years of age, irrespective of football rig. (*Football Game*.)

Doing Well!

FENTON STREET A.F.C. (Barrow) are mighty keen and turn out in red and green shirts. Fenton Street play at the Risedale Rec. Grounds. There was nothing exactly uncommon in their luck at the start, but after they had signed on two new players they only lost one match, which shows that new blood is good. Their best feat was licking an hitherto unbeaten team. (*Football Game*.)

Parkin Gets 'Em!

EAST END UNITED F.C. (Dundee). They have a centre-forward bearing the name of Parkin, who is leading goal-scorer in the team. He has 30 goals in 12 matches to his credit. This is making a habit of it! The record score in one match is 17; Parkin registered 9 as his total that day—and a jolly useful sort of fellow to have about! The club made money out of a cleverly-devised gift scheme, and are doing well. (*Football Game*.)

Beating the Heavier Ones.

AUDENSHAW CENTRAL F.C. (Audenshaw) can give a rattling good account of themselves. They have encountered much weightier teams and have whacked them to the wide. Audenshaw bumped into a bad bit of trouble in the course of an engaging little friendly match for the leather went west, and there is nothing to be done with the burst fragments of a ball. But funds bucked up and all was gay again. Their centre-forward has scored 34 goals in 23 matches. That's the stuff! (*Football Game*.)

Poor, But Game!

ALDBOURNE SCHOOLBOYS F.C. (Aldbourne) got going with such a small

fund that it hardly counted, but football depends on other things than £ s. d., and there is a player called Humphrys in the team who knows his way to goal! Play of this kind has brought a lot of good fortune. (*Football Game*.)

"Thanks to Goalie!"

MOUNTCOLLYER JUNIORS F.C. (Belfast) have a goalkeeper who understands his business to a T—also came to the aid of the club and supplied their ball. Weekly subscriptions of a penny each have kept things going. The players' ages range from 11 to 14—they may be small but they're good. (*Football Game*.)

Belfast Grit.

ERINVALE F.C. (Belfast) started football in the street, but though it was good practice it would not do. From these small beginnings, and with untried players, the team has bumped into a splendid success. Last season they won 21 out of 37. This season they are again going great guns, winning 16 out of 19. Their great goalkeeper has saved 4 out of 9 penalty kicks—not soft ones, either! (*Football Game*.)

Good Old Edmonton!

SIXTH EDMONTON (Upper Edmonton) have only lost two matches; one of these because the game had to be played with eight men. The trusty octave did their best, but numbers told. They play in a local Cup Final on Easter Monday. Good luck to 'em! (*Football Game*.)

A Good Tonic.

HOPE CELTIC (Rochdale) have a stylish way of getting goals. They had a bit of hard cheese at the start, but that acted as a tonic. They got up team spirit, and went in for what might be dubbed community playing. One match went to them 16-11. Goals want getting, but Celtic can get 'em. But they're on the fringe of bigger things. (*Football Game*.)

Triumphs and Trophies.

GREET'S GREEN WESLEYAN F.C. (West Bromwich) started its career with some sound and interesting friendly matches, and then mounted stage by stage, joining the Handsworth and District League, and winning first place and the

THEY WIN 10s.!

HIGHBURY VALE JUNIORS F.C. (BULWELL). After one defeat the Vale pulled up their socks and won the next eight matches in fine style. They now have a good chance of bringing home the local league championship and cup. Their goal-getter, who makes a hobby of it, is J. Smith, centre-forward, with 35 to his credit. W. Bryan (22 goals) and H. Morris (17 goals) are doing nicely.

West Bromwich Albion Shield. They are going well, and no mistake! This season's goal average stands at 52 for, 5 against! (*Football Game*.)

Hard Luck!

CRYSTAL JUNIORS F.C. (Belfast) are all ex-schoolboys, and they had a good season last year, winning 19 matches out of 20. After that came a bad spell, for the goalkeeper was hurt in trying to save a vital goal. The match was finished with ten men. This year's record is not bad, but they don't get things all their own way, though they have lost only three games. (*Football Game*.)

Plenty of Go!

DREW ROAD F.C. (Silvertown) have a great deal of go in them, and when they played Frederick Road they won 7-6. The half-time score was 6-5. Then Frederick Road equalised. The ball was shot up to Drew Road's goal and their back missed it. Fredericks' forward found the net—but two minutes before full time Drew Road rushed home the winning goal. (*Football Game*.)

A Welsh Champion.

MERTHYR THURSDAYS F.C. (Merthyr) have a centre-half by name Sam Gibbons. They all think his name will figure prominently by-and-by, and as he can score nine goals in a match this speculation seems likely to be realised. The team has had rough luck one way and another, but there were stout fellows behind to push aside difficulties. They have scored 78 goals this season. (*Football Game*.)

In Cellar Cool.

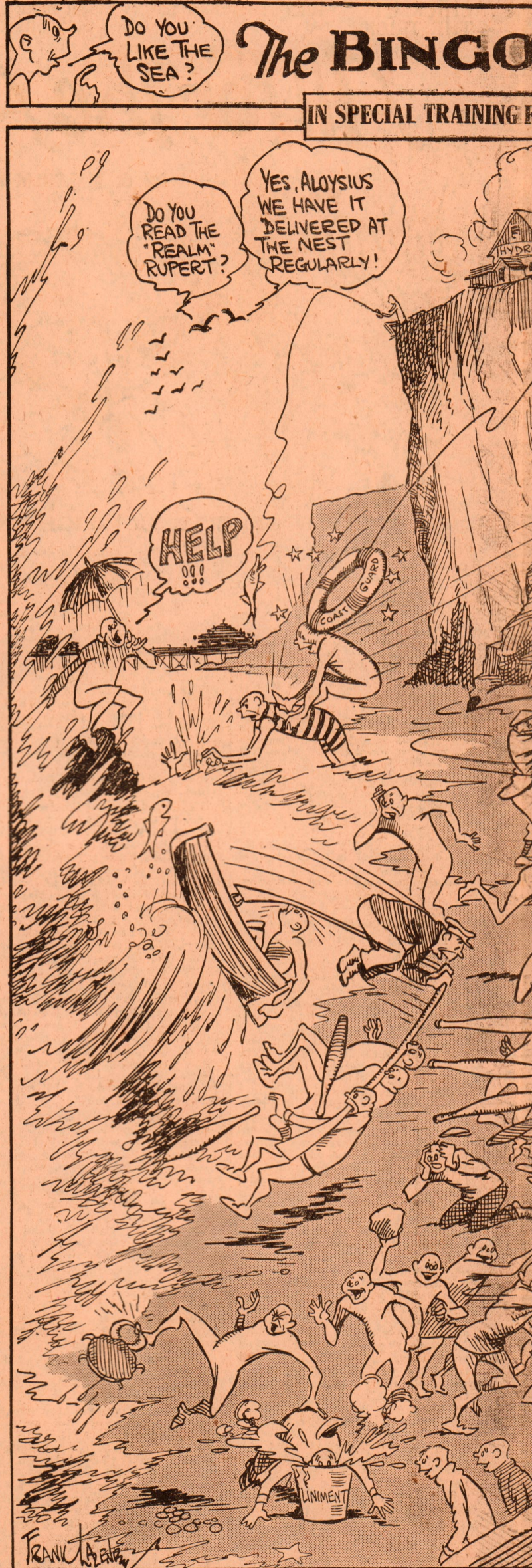
CALEDONIA THISTLE F.C. (Glasgow) had secured a cellar for their committee meetings, but the factor heard of this arrangement, and, evidently not being a keen footballer himself, put a resolution to the committee that they should turn out; they did. They have saved up enough cash to get jerseys—Navy-blue with a thistle. They are going ahead steadily now. (*Football Game*.)

A Chance for the Cup.

ST. STEPHEN'S A.F.C. (Wigan) commenced their football career last season as a friendly team and played 26 matches, winning 21. They joined the REALM League, and have worked like good 'uns for the Wigan Section. They have eight homes and three aways yet to play, and reckon they have a chance for the Cup. Good luck, St. Stephen's! (*Football Game*.)

Topping Triers!

MEAD'S ATHLETIC (Milton Regis) consists of boys who have just left school. Last season they played all friendlies and only lost one match. They hated losing that game, as it broke a good record, and, besides, there did not seem any real necessity. But their luck was out. They were winning 1-1 nil up to ten minutes from time, when grim disaster stalked along. Their centre-forward and outside-right got crooked, and that's how Mead's lost, but not at all ingloriously, by 2-1. (*Football Game*.)



A Smashing New Series of Complete Yarns! "...EIGHT... NINE... OUT!" COM SHOR Real-life stories of the Ring, specially written for the REALM by popular Arthur S. Hardy.

THE BOYS

IT DOESN'T TASTE SO WELL AS LEMONADE!

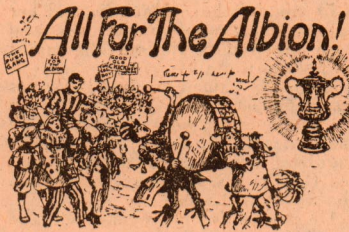


...NG FOR THEIR CUP FINAL!



A Rousing Cricket and Sports Serial!
"LUCKY JIM!"

You'll count yourself lucky when you get down to this rollicking new cricket and motor-racing yarn.



(Continued from previous page.)

the report from the fire brigade confirms that. Can you describe the man you saw drop the bottle and afterwards knocked down?"

Chick described the man. "Of course, with the mask over the top of his face one has got precious little to go upon, but something about his build and his mouth seemed vaguely familiar, and it's just dawned upon me who he reminded me of—that chap Hobbs."

The detective started, he had been rapped over the knuckles for failing to get the man, who was badly wanted by the police. A beard! If Hobbs had grown a beard he might not only have left the "rabbit warren" undetected, but got back there, but he kept his thoughts to himself.

"Tell me about the street affray that followed," he said.

Chick told him. "Ah!" said the detective, stroking his chin. "Huddlestone, eh? Do you believe his story?"

"No, I don't!" replied Chick bluntly. "Almost as soon as they got outside Marjorie felt certain that something was wrong, and if the story was true, Tomlin wouldn't have thrown that sword at me in the hope of injuring me and giving them time to get away. I believe the whole thing was a put-up job, and that

chap who reminded me of Hobbs was in league with them."

"Well, there are certainly some grounds for your theory, Mr. Chandler," agreed the detective casually, and rose to go.

Back at the station he had a long, private interview with the superintendent, and a little while later a plain-clothes man leaving the station met another coming in.

"Something's up, Jim," he said, in a low voice. "Moore and the old man have been having a long confab; the "rabbit warren" is to be watched again, and young Huddlestone is to be kept under observation."

"Over that affair outside the Agricultural Hall last night?"

The other man shrugged his shoulders.

"Search me! But Moore's after him, waiting for him to trip!"

On the following Monday evening there was a meeting of the directors of the Albion, the sort of meeting a manager likes, when the chairman is beaming, and everyone looks genial, and there is a sort of you're-doing-very-well-and-we-leave-it-to-you air about them. It was true there was one director who did not look genial; but Chick knew Gregson hated him, and ignored his scowl as he stated his plans for the team.

"After a heavy Easter programme a change of air and a little relaxation from heavy work will do the boys good," he said. "We have to be in Cleesby to play the Town on Easter Monday, and I suggest that we travel there on the Saturday after our home match, and don't return until the Wednesday evening, giving a day and a half for final preparation before leaving for London on Friday afternoon."

Miskin nodded.

"Good idea! Fix it!"

"It seems to me totally unnecessary," said Gregson. "It's all very well for Chandler and his men to kick their heels about idly at the seaside, having an Easter holiday at our expense, but I think it would be far better to save the money and keep the men in hard training at home."

"And send them to Wembley stale and tired!" flashed Chick, open defiance in his eyes.

"Chandler's right!" said the little chairman. "Team won't laze, and will keep in strict training, but have lighter work. Don't think there is any more business before the meeting."

Gregson was on his feet.

"There's one matter I want to raise," he said. With Miskin supporting the young manager over the trip to Cleesby, he knew he stood no chance of stopping it; but he was out to get a pin-prick in at Chick if he could not seriously injure him. "It's about the matter of tickets for Wembley. As a director of the club I was only able to obtain three out of the large number we secured, but I understand that our manager has allotted fifty to members of a juvenile mob calling themselves the Push Gang, and that they are to be sent to town at our expense."

Chick faced him calmly.

"So far as the latter part of the statement is concerned, it is quite untrue. The Push Gang will go to London at their own expense, assisted by funds raised by the dance last week. With regard to the first part of the complaint, I consider it better policy for the club to have loyal supporters at Wembley than those whose loyalty is open to suspicion!"

Gregson went purple in the face. (Continued on next page.)

SEE PAGE 22 FOR DETAILS OF THE "REALM" CRICKET LEAGUE!



The Boys' Realm Football League



Any reader interested in the League should write to the Football Editor (enclosing a stamped and addressed envelope), who will send him the fullest possible information by return of post. His address is: THE FOOTBALL EDITOR, THE BOYS' REALM, Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

I am getting piles of letters concerning the 1927-8 season. Quite apart from the letters which come to me, I am informed that everywhere Section Secretaries are busy answering local inquiries—this is particularly the case in Glasgow.

Well, it's all to the good, and if the new REALM Cricket League arouses half as much interest it will be a big formation. Full particulars of the Cricket League are given on Page 22.

The Cricket League.

It cannot be pointed out too often that the new formation has two definite aims, namely, to foster the summer game, especially in certain areas where only lack of opportunity has relegated it to the background, and to keep Sections together.

Fighting Formations.

It would be a thousand pities if rattling good Sections which have worked up to a pitch of organised perfection, and where everything is trim and taut, should suffer any weakening in the few months during which football is off the bill.

The Twin Leagues.

When the final goal is kicked for the present season there might be a certain falling away without another leading interest. Any lack in this way is supplied by the REALM Cricket League.

Keep the Ball Rolling.

It is to everybody's interest for a Section to be kept in a fit state, so that when the 1927-8 season starts, we are all in apple-pie order. Then we shall have real progress, for no time will be lost in making up leeway. There will be no false starts, and no bad patches to worry us.

Representative Matches.

Now is the time for inter-Section matches. Challenges are being banded back and forth, and many games are being arranged. One or two of the Sections newly-formed this season do not find their funds sufficiently strong to undertake the travelling expenses essential to a representative game of this nature; their turn will come next season.

Speaking of funds reminds me that you will find the chat on Page 28 of this issue useful; it applies to cricket, but the observations and hints contained therein are just as adaptable to football clubs.

What About Next Season?

What is the REALM Football League going to do for the 1927-8 season? That is the burden of many inquiries which are coming in to me. Well, I think the best answer to that is to suggest that we wait and see. You will remember that the range of trophies was considerably increased at the beginning of the present season. Trophies will be considered in good time for me to make announcements in regard to 1927-8.

The Realm Knock-Out Cup.

Only one REALM Knock-Out Cup has been earned this season. This goes to our

redoubtable Manchester Section, who have completed their four Divisions early in the season. Those divisions have played off practically all their fixtures, and games for the Knock-Out Cup have already started. I shall be making another announcement in this matter shortly.

Dundee Section.

A new Section of the REALM Football League has been formed at Dundee. The secretary is Mr. Fred Brand, 29, Mains Loan, Dundee, and local clubs should get into touch with him at once.

Leicester Section.

I have received from Mr. B. Stevens, the secretary of the Leicester Section, a copy of the excellent programme got up for the inter-Section match, Nottingham v. Leicester. I must congratulate Mr. Stevens on the whole turn out, including the word of advice on the back: "Notice.—This League will not be responsible for anyone left behind!" That's a useful hint to hurry up stragglers.

Portadown.

Latest news from Portadown shows Bohemians and Mourneview Swifts scrapping at the top of the League table. Hillview Albion and Edenderry P.E.S. are close behind them. Edenderry P.E.S. scratched to Hillview Albion, and the latter were credited with the points. Athletic Rangers, Edgar Swifts, and Glenevry Juniors could do with a slice more luck.

Govanhill and Springburn.

This Section is running a Knock-Out Tournament, commencing in April, for the benefit of Glasgow clubs not admitted to the Section and those low down the table. The League table shows Albert H.G.F.P. right at the top, with Osborne Thistle a creditable second. Albert Victoria want some luck, but Polmadie Hawthorn has done well all things considered. Govanhill Victoria, Dennistoun Victoria, Govanhill Thistle, Clydesdale Rovers and Huxley Star all have made a right excellent show. L.M.S. Glenburn put up some stubborn work, but failed to get as much good fortune as they deserved. More luck was needed

by Peter's Hill Victoria, Springburn Argyle, Garnetdale United, and Annandale.

The junior division is proving a great success, and letters from all over Glasgow are being rushed in, and replies sent out as quickly. Mr. William Moran is a hard-working secretary. I know from personal experience the amount of work entailed by a steadily-growing formation such as Govanhill.

Alfreton Section.

Highfield St. Martin's F.C. has just been registered with this Section. A return match with Nottingham is to be played the first week in April, when a good game is anticipated. At a committee meeting held recently, it was arranged that each club paid half-a-crown to Section funds, and a concert is planned, the proceeds to go to the same purpose.

Leigh Section.

Briarcroft Juniors are at the top of the League table; second and third places go to Nevison Street Ath. and Hindsford O.E. Tyldesley, Bedford United, and Wigan Road have nothing to be ashamed of in their record. Gin Pits Wesleyans and Alex. R. Juniors could do with a bit more luck.

Lewisham.

The Lewisham Section proposes to issue a challenge to the Bexley Heath Section. The Lewisham League table reveals the splendid victory of Glen when it beat Southend 16-2. Bellingham defeated Hillcrest, and the Nines had a notable win over Hildaine. Ellwell went down before Myrtle. Everybody at Lewisham is happy, and they send good wishes to other REALM clubs.

Wigan.

Sutton Hill Juniors had to postpone their match with Castle Hill owing to half their team being down with flu. Standish has been in the same hard case. The League table shows Standish Works at top with twelve wins in fourteen games; Sutton Mill Juniors are not far behind. Britannia Juniors played fourteen and lost five. Ince Athletic, Whelley's S.S., and St. John's all managed to give a good account of themselves. Castle Hill Juniors, Wigan Celtic, and St. Michael's come a bit lower down, while Ince Celtic, Spring View, and Swinley need better fortune, which will no doubt be theirs next season.

Swinley are looking forward to the Wigan medal competition, and the same with Spring View; both reckon to get a real chance to show what they can do.

Macclesfield and Manchester.

It is good news that Mr. Burgess, the hard-working Section Secretary at Macclesfield, who has been laid up with the flu, is now back at his job. In his absence the heavy work of this rising Section has been most efficiently carried on by Mr. G. C. Morris. Macclesfield is very keen on an inter-Section match with Manchester, and I have no doubt this fixture will be arranged. The Macclesfieldians will be certain of a keen game. Manchester will probably be the venue.

CRICKET PARS!

What about a few lines concerning your cricket club—what it did last season and what it's going to do in the new season which will soon be starting. The Sports Editor offers Prize Bats and Balls and Table Cricket Games for cricket paragraphs. They will be judged in the same way as the footer pars opposite. Address your letters to THE BOYS' REALM, "Prize Bats and Balls," Gough House, Gough Square, London, E.C.4.

COMING
SHORTLY!



OVER THE CLIFF! "Look out!" cried Chick. But his warning came too late. There was a rumble as a piece of the cliff gave way and Darkie disappeared.

"What do you mean by that?" he roared.

Chick shrugged his broad shoulders.

"You seem to have bit on the meaning!"

Two of Gregson's toadies were on their feet, protesting.

"He asked for it!" murmured the genial director.

And the chairman was hammering for silence.

"I may say, Mr. Gregson, that I fully approve of Chandler's plan for sending a section of the band of very loyal supporters who have been of such great assistance to us to Wembley, and my great regret is that we did not have more tickets."

"I've been insulted!"

"Well, you asked for the retort, Gregson. You have quibbled at the policy of the board for some time, and have shown a feeling against Chandler that does not tend towards successful and happy working of the club. If you are dissatisfied, I suggest that you should sell out your interest. You are scarcely likely to have a more excellent time for doing so."

"Hear, hear!" said all the directors but Gregson's two toadies, and the florid publican, realising that he had gone too far and been badly beaten by the youngster he had determined to crush, strode from the room, choking with rage.

That upstart office-boy shall pay for this!

Plotters at Work!

AND as he walked back to his big public-house near to the ground he was thinking of a plan that had occurred to him, but which he had hesitated to put into operation. But he had no qualms now; he did not care what happened so long as he got his revenge upon Chick Chandler. He had hated the youngster from the start. Chick had spoilt his plans, had defeated all his attempts to have him removed, and now he had humiliated him before Miskin and the board, openly hinted that he was disloyal and working against the club.

He was almost mad with rage and hatred as he thought of it, and he kicked open the doors of his own saloon-bar, and as they swung back with a crash behind him, the solitary occupant of the bar turned with a start, and he saw it was Fred Tomlin.

A gleam of satisfaction came into the publican's face when he saw him. "Hallo, Fred! Hear you've been laid up. Come into my private room. I want to have a chat with you."

"All right!" said Tomlin, without enthusiasm. He was looking very

gloomy, and he moodily lit a cigarette.

"So you've been making another attempt to get your own back on that glorified office-boy and failed, eh?" said Gregson.

Tomlin started.

"How do you know that?" he asked sharply.

"Put two and two together! The police can't understand it, but I can. I know you and Huddleston were behind that fire at the Agricultural Hall on the night of the dance, and that you were out to kidnap the Mainland girl. The police are fools, but then, they don't know as much as I do. Chandler nearly finished you, didn't he?"

An ugly scowl came to the face of the trainer's son.

"I've been in bed three days, and I'm still on the injured list, only went back to the office this morning. I'll get my own back for that if I have to wait a lifetime."

The venom in his voice delighted the publican.

"We'd better work together, Fred," he said softly. "We've got the same object in view, and I see a way to check Master Chick—to stop the Cup coming to Oldford; and that will hit him harder than anything."

"It's easy enough to talk!" growled Tomlin, who had seen so many of his high hopes of revenge shattered.

"This isn't mere talk! Look here! Do you remember that five-ton Thornycroft lorry being stolen from a contractor's yard here about a month ago?"

"I remember reading about it. But what's that got to do with Chick Chandler?"

"I happen to know the man who pinched it, altered its appearance, and took it to London, where he does a little contracting business with that and a pinched Ford tonner. He's doing well now, and can afford to go straight; he'd simply hate to go to the place where I could send him, so he'll be ready to oblige me in any little thing I ask him, even to charging into the charabanc that takes the team from the hotel to the Stadium."

Tomlin paled.

"Man alive! That might mean murder!"

"Quite an accident. A skid, or something wrong with the steering!" said Gregson, with a wave of his podgy hands. "It doesn't follow that anyone will be killed, but it's a dead cert there will be minor injuries, and a crooked and shaken team will take the field."

Tomlin's brain reeled. Robbing Chick of the Cup would be a great revenge. Supposing there should be fatalities, and Chick was one of them? That would mean that even

if he couldn't have Marjorie and her money Chick would never win, and with him out of the way he might still stand a chance.

Evidently Marjorie had not yet come into her money. He had given his employer her address, and he had thanked him casually. Cautious inquiries had elicited the fact that old Grover was lying seriously ill in the South of France.

He might live for weeks yet, and with Chick out of the way there might be still a chance of him handling that ten thousand pounds to which Marjorie Mainland, all unknown to herself, was heiress.

"Why are you telling me this?" he asked abruptly.

"Because you'll be in a position to give me certain information about the arrangements of the team in London. I shall go to London tomorrow and see my man, and we must have a talk afterwards. The big thing is, are you in with me?"

"Yes," said Tomlin, so hoarsely that he did not recognise his own voice.

An Easter Egg for the Albion.

THE Albion's ground was packed for the last home match of the season, and even without the efforts of the Push Gang there would have been enthusiasm enough and to spare.

The Albion wanted but four points to make certain of going up, and five to win the championship, for their victory on Good Friday had given them a lead of two points over their nearest rivals, and now, as the Easter Saturday match drew towards a close, the excitement on the packed ground became intense. The Albion led by a goal, but the visitors were attacking strongly now. The right half, evidently thinking of the vital match next Saturday, had been inclined to rest on his oars, once the Albion had taken the lead.

"Keep it out!" yelled the Push Gang.

"Blessed if this is bright and breezy!" groaned Bones.

Sam Snodger was too excited and apprehensive to find speech.

"There goes the big, braw laddie!"

Sandy McCraile, the centre-half, had dropped back, and he plunged into the skirmish in front of goal.

"Good old Sandy Andy!"

And then a great roar.

"What a beauty!"

"Sandy, with the ball at his feet, dodged between two opponents, passed out prettily to Darkie Green, while Chick was racing down the centre.

"Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick, Chick,

Get an Easter egg for me!"

The Push Gang's jazz band was blaring. In the stand people could scarcely keep their seats.

Plop!

Right across the goalmouth.

"Shoot!"

Chick Chandler shot.

It was a great shot—a hot shot that no man could have stopped, save by a fluke, and for the moment there was dead silence. Then came the roar:

"Goal!"

This meant victory. There were only a few minutes left for play, and with a lead of two goals there was nothing to fear. The Push Gang led the cheers for them; they kept up the cheering while tired men kicked the ball aimlessly about for the few minutes that remained for play, and the ground was rapidly emptying of people with smiling faces when the final whistle shrilled out.

"Two for one, and the Cup won, too!"

The Push Gang were hard at it at the top of their voices. For a few moments the crowd did not quite grasp the meaning of this new slogan; then it flashed upon them. The Albion only needed two more points to go into Division One, and it was the pious hope of the Push Gang that they would also secure the coveted trophy, and bring off a wonderful double that would make them for ever famous in football history.

"Two for one, and the Cup won, too!"

Everyone took up the cry. On the far side of the ground the crowd had climbed the railings and police were running out to head them off, the panting players making for the dressing-rooms. Chick was beaming as he gained the home team's room. Tomlin, the trainer, was hoarse with excitement.

"It's as good as done, sir!" he said. "If only you beat Cleesby on Monday we're safe!"

"Och!" said Sandy.

"And we ought to be fresher on Monday, after our little holiday by the sea!" declared Chick, with a still broader grin. "Buck up, boys! There'll be a light tea in the refreshment-room, then the charabanc takes us to the station, and we'll be at Cleesby for supper."

A few weeks ago no one would have dreamt that the Easter Monday's match at the East Coast town would become such a sensational one, a match upon which promotion, and possibly the championship of the Second League depended. What a crowd of holiday-makers there would be, and what a fight the seassiders, themselves in danger of relegation, would put up.

It would be some match, and if they could win it, it would leave the road clear to Wembley, with no further promotion worries. Chick was sorry Marjorie could not get away, but there was a reserves match on Monday, and a good deal to attend to at the office. Still, she would be going up to London with his parents to see the great match at Wembley.

"Two for one, and the Cup won, too!"

Chick murmured the slogan to himself as he dressed. Promotion and the Cup! At the start of the season he had been an office-boy with the club he now ruled. Now he was a

crack centre-forward, and manager of the club that was the sensation of the season!

"It's a lick!" said Chick Chandler.

On the Eve of the Final!

CLEESBY was a big fishing port, it was also a popular holiday resort, and so crowded at Easter that it was said that hundreds were sleeping in bathing-tents on the beach. Certainly, the front was packed as three young men in sports suits, each carrying a golf club, left the Ship Hotel about eleven o'clock on the Monday morning and set off at a rapid walk towards the cliffs beyond the promenade.

"Ma wor-r-d, it's going to be war-r-rm this afternoon, ye ken!" said Sandy McCraile.

Chick and Charlie Green agreed.

It was more like summer than April. A warm sun made the promenade uncomfortably hot and gleamed on a perfect blue sea, and the three young men were glad when they got to the end of the promenade and began to ascend the steep, winding path leading to the cliffs, which had not found favour with the trippers.

At the top of the path they found themselves on a fine stretch of short turf, dotted with gorse bushes. A pleasant breeze cooled them after their climb, and they stood gazing down upon the town below them.

"There's the football ground," said Chick. "I'll bet it won't hold more than about half the people who will want to get in this afternoon."

"Mon," said Sandy grimly, "let's hope ye'll be more glad after the match is over!"

"Yes," said Chick thoughtfully, "we badly want those two points, and then we'd only have to think of the Cup. Come on, we won't talk football, we'll play golf—of sorts!"

He took a small white ball from his pocket, and, spreading out, they began to pass it from one to the other. Chick had found it good exercise, and a help to keeping his eye in.

Sandy was far and away the finest hitter.

Crack!

Darkie, the speedy left-winger, was going all out after the white ball travelling towards the edge of the cliff. In his excitement he went perilously near the edge.

"Look out!" shouted Chick.

But he was too late. There was a rumble and crash, a piece of the cliff gave way, and, with a shriek, Darkie disappeared.

Chick stood, sick with horror, unable to move. Vaguely he was aware that the Scot was beside him.

"Mon, puir Darkie's gone, promotion's gone, and so's yon Cup!"

(Go on with you, Sandy! Chick's not beaten yet. There'll be another thrilling instalment of this great yarn next Wednesday. Order in advance!)

COMING NEXT WEDNESDAY!

All Fresh!

"PETE'S EASTER EGG!"

And Gumbrell's inside it! What a scream! Pete has a glorious Easter, and about the only thing he doesn't do is to build a hot cross bun factory!

Got Him at Last!

"SHINER'S EXCURSION!"

Shiner & Co. pinch a Chinese train—and find themselves chased by Wonky, the pirate. Wonky gets captured at last—and it's Corny the camel who does it! This is a yarn you'll tell your pals about.

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All About the Scottish Cup Final.

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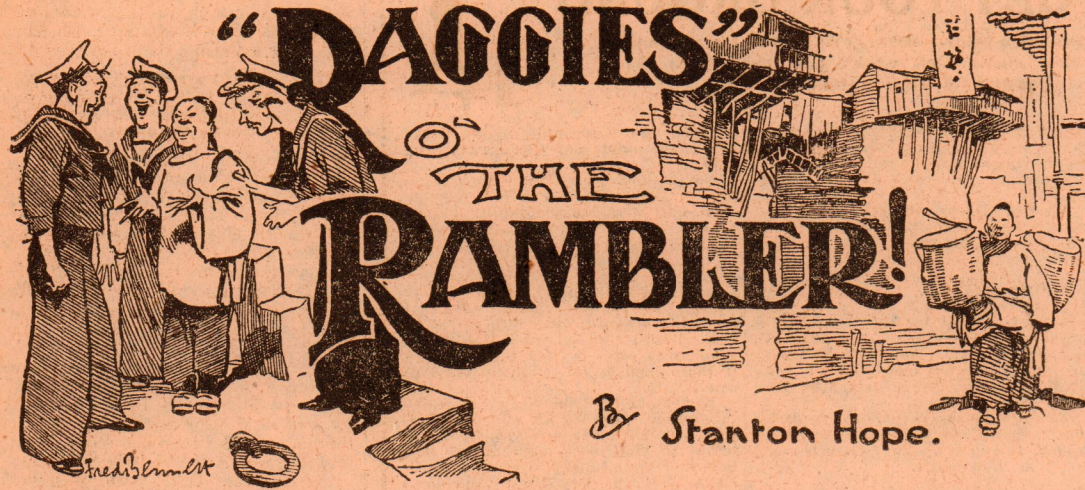
**SPECIAL ANNOUNCEMENT
OF STUNNING NEW
FEATURES.**

TELL YOUR PALS!



WONKY ON THE WARPATH!

The Chinese pirates are out to blow up the Buzzfly. But the jolly raggies—to say nothing of old Corny—find plenty of fun in this week's laughable yarn!



A ROLLICKING LONG STORY OF FUN AND ADVENTURE AMONG CHINESE PIRATES!

The 1st Chapter.

Alarming "Reports!"

"CR-R-R-RUMPH!" To Boy "Shiner" Bright and little Tich Bailey, who were passing along the starboard alleyway of H.M.S. Buzzfly, it was as though a six-inch shell had burst in the gunboat. Both were hurled backwards against a steel bulkhead with a force that knocked almost every ounce of breath out of their bodies, and the pungent odour of burnt gunpowder assailed their nostrils.

"Spike me!" gulped Shiner. He and Tich stared dazedly across the alleyway to the open door of a workshop, from which dense fumes were pouring. As they looked, the figure of a young bluejacket staggered out, his face and hands blackened and his uniform torn and smouldering.

"If it ain't Dusty Rhodes!" ejaculated Tich, jumping up. "What's up, Dusty?"

Dusty swayed about in the smoke-filled alleyway, along which startled tars were hurrying from both directions.

"Wassup?" he repeated, with a gulp. "My Number One hat for one thing—it blew up the ventilator-shaft!"

He swayed unsteadily, then sat down with a bump on the steel deck. "Look after him, Tich!" cried Shiner. "Strikes me he's in a bad way."

Choking and spluttering, he turned to enter the workshop in which the explosion had taken place, and a volley of questions were hurled at him from several shipmates who dashed on the scene.

"What's the bobbery?" demanded Bodger Lees, the cad of the lower deck.

"Sounded to me like a bomb, mate," returned Shiner.

Bodger paled, and so did his toady, Boy Horace Stoop. H.M.S. Buzzfly was tied to the wharf at Hoochow on the Leemoon Lake; Shiner had recently been temporarily transferred to the gunboat from H.M.S. Rambler for special duty. There were many implacable Chinese foes in the neighbourhood. Chief among them was Wong Kiang, the notorious pirate, and it occurred to Bodger and Stoop at once that Wonky might have hidden a bomb in the ship—also that he might have hidden more than one bomb.

"A b-b-bomb!" stuttered Bodger, edging away. "Come away, Stoop. We—we'd better go and find one of the officers and tell him. There might be some more bombs about."

As Bodger and Stoop set off on their self-appointed errand, Shiner entered the workshop, followed by several of his shipmates. There was an acrid smell of gunpowder, but the port was open, and the smoke was gradually lessening. Numbers of tools, nuts, bolts, and other things, including a pot of glue, had been scattered over the deck, but the workshop, with its steel bulkheads, did not appear to have been damaged.

Commander Dill, the first lieutenant, and Petty Officer Gurney arrived, and there was some keen questioning as to the cause of the violent report and Dusty's blackened and scorched condition.

Dusty himself still appeared too dazed to give any clear idea of the affair. His only statement was a rambling one to the effect that he was gluing bamboo supports to a box-

This Week's Story:
BOMBS IN THE BUZZFLY!

kite he was making, when "all of a sudden somethin' went bang."

"It sounds to me, then, as though the explosive—whatever it was—went off with a time-fuse!" muttered the skipper. "I hope, Rhodes, you will be able to give a clearer account of this mysterious and disquietening affair after you have been treated by the surgeon in the sick bay."

"It sounded to me like a bomb, sir," remarked Shiner. "I was wondering, sir, whether that cunning rotter, Wonky—that is, Wong Kiang, the pirate—could have got past our sentries and left a bomb about the ship."

"It hardly seems credible," grunted the captain. "Yet the fact remains, there was a violent explosion, and I must not ignore the possibility that Wong had something to do with it. If the bomb was of the home-made Chinese variety, it would account for the fact that it failed to do much damage. Other bombs made by the same hands, however, may be about—perhaps bigger bombs! Gurney, have the ship searched from truck to keelson, in case any other infernal machines are on board!"

Amid the greatest excitement the search of the gunboat was made. Everyone joined in, even the officers. Not a sign of a bomb was found, however, though Bodger Lees and Horace Stoop managed to snaffle a box of dates and several oranges while industriously searching their shipmates' kit.

The 2nd Chapter.
Bodger's Bomb!

THE search over, Shiner and Tich went to the pantry of their little pal, Woo Sam, the Chinese messboy. There, to their surprise, they found Dusty; who, having been rubbed with carron oil and given a big pill in the sick bay, had returned for "light duty." The duty he was engaged on at the moment was picking the stalks off raisins and eating the fruit of his labours.

"Hallo, old coffin-face!" cried Shiner cheerfully. "Glad to see you sitting up and taking nourishment. Seen the skipper again?"

"Ay," grunted Dusty. "He asked me whether I noticed any bombs or things afore the big bang. I hadn't, and I told him so. Likewise, he asked me a lot more questions, but I couldn't remember nothin'!"

"I see," remarked Tich. "Your mind's a perfect blank."

"What d'you mean?" demanded Dusty suspiciously. "I simply couldn't remember nothin' about that explosion—leastways, not until after I'd left the skipper's cabin. Then it all came back to me!"

His two raggies and little Woo Sam looked at him with fresh interest.

"Here, shut the pantry door," said Dusty mysteriously. "Now, gather round, mates, and I'll tell you somethin' I ain't exactly going to shout through a megaphone from the signal-bridge. It was me that let off that bomb!"

"You?"

"S-sh! Even if I went to the

skipper and explained, he wouldn't properly understand. You see, it—it was a joke."

"A joke!" echoed Shiner. "I didn't notice you laughing much, matey, as you came sailing out of the workshop with your chivvy looking like a sweep's, and your clothes smouldering like a guy on the Fifth of November."

"Ass!" hooted Dusty. "I wasn't doing it to amuse myself! I'd just made a cardboard bomb filled with gunpowder from about a hundred Chinese crackers. I was then in course o' making a kite, and me idea was to tie the bomb on the tail of the kite. Then, one night, when old Gurney went up in the observation-balloon, we could have flown the kite up under the basket, and scared him out of his skin by exploding the little bomb with a time-fuse. With just my usual bad luck, my toy bomb rolled down the bench and touched the lamp I was usin' for heating the glue!"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Tich.

"Ha, ha, ha!" grinned Shiner. "Still, you were wise, Dusty, not to go bragging about your little doings in the workshop to the skipper. He might have taken a dislike to you."

"Yesee!" remarked Woo Sam. "Me tinkee nicee kind kipper no makee too muchee laugh at joke of ole coffee-face. Much better for fiend Dusty to lie low like giddy oyster."

"Mum's the word," agreed Shiner. "Come to think of it, mates, it's quite likely that old Wonky, or one of his spies might try to leave bombs in the Buzzfly. It'll do more good than harm for all hands to be on the alert. Feel fit enough, Dusty, to parade with the shore-party?"

"Ay, Shiner," moaned Dusty. "I think I can just stagger ashore for some leave, though I dare say you blokes will have to pay for a sedan-chair to get me round the town."

The dinner-call sounded on the bugle; even Dusty, in spite of his hurts, showed wonderful sprightliness in getting to the mess-deck. During the meal the sole topic of conversation was bombs, and it was generally agreed that Dusty had had a narrow squeak. Dusty himself admitted that "it might have been worse," while keeping mum about how it had all happened.

Dinner over, there was a rush for the sleeping-flat, and the leave-men quickly got ready for the shore.

"Old Gurney's told me off to do an errand for the skipper in town," remarked Bodger, borrowing Stoop's hair-oil. "Let's hope, mate, as the owner tips me handsome."

Going aft together, the cronies approached the skipper's cabin, where Bodger had been told to report before leaving the ship. No one was in the alleyway, and the door was half open. The cabin was in silence, save for a rhythmic ticking noise which proceeded from a small object wrapped in paper lying on the deck just inside.

Bodger bent lower and peered at the object, and the blood slowly drained from his cheeks. In a bunk just across the cabin was the skipper, in vest and trousers, enjoying his afternoon nap. And there on the deck was that little package, with its sinister ticking.

Drawing a deep breath, Bodger hastily placed Stoop between himself and the object.

"B-b-bomb!" he stuttered. "It's one of them infernal machines, set with a clockwork time-fuse. Chuck it out of the port, Stoop, you're the nearest!" He gave his smaller crony a violent shove into the cabin, and Stoop emitted a squeal of terror.

"Buck up, it's going off!" whooped Bodger.

The thing was right at Stoop's feet and in a frenzy to save his own skin he snatched the packet from the deck and dashed to the open port.

Commander Dill woke with a start. "What the deuce—" he began.

"It's a bomb!" yelled Stoop, and hurled the sinister packet through the open port to the stones of the quay outside. Then, pale-faced, and with cold beads of perspiration on his brow, he stepped back, his wan, heroic smile inviting the skipper's approval. Thereupon Bodger came tremblingly into the cabin, not to be out of the picture when the medals were handed out.

The 3rd Chapter.
The Spy!

A STOUNDED by Stoop's yell of warning, the skipper bounded from his bunk. He paused, as though expecting to hear the second explosion of the day. Nothing happened, and, darting to the open port, he peered out. Next instant one of his hands shot out and yanked Stoop to him by the collar.

"Look!" he thundered.

Standing on tiptoe, Stoop peered out of the port, while Bodger also strove to get a vision of the outer world. Utterly flabbergasted, the precious pair saw that the package

hurled out by Stoop had broken open. There, lying on the quay, was the skipper's best clock, now a thing of broken glass and twisted springs.

"What is the meaning of this outrage?" rumbled the skipper.

Stoop shook like a leaf. "Pup-pup-please, sir," he stammered weakly, "we—we thought it was a b-b-bomb!"

"We!" ejaculated Bodger. "Believe me, sir, I didn't do it! I heard something ticking on the deck, though, and then I saw old Stoop—I mean Boy Stoop—shy it through the port."

"I'd put that clock on the little table near the door, ready for Lees to take into Hoochow for repairs," snapped the skipper. "It may have fallen off and started going, but the statement that you thought it was an infernal machine, Stoop, appears to me a feeble excuse for an unwarrantable practical joke. Go and collect the mechanism of that clock from the quay, and afterwards report to Petty Officer Gurney, who will find you work to do."

Curtly dismissed by the skipper, the pair left his cabin and marched forward. Then, well out of hearing of the commander, Bodger suddenly doubled up and guffawed with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Fancy bustin' the skipper's clock! What a jape, Stoop!"

"Yah, y' braying ass!" hooted Stoop. "You were scared to touch it yourself when you thought it was a bomb, and so you egged me on to do it. You were in a blessed blue funk!"

"Blue funk!" echoed Bodger, still laughing. "Why, you silly, butter-brained whelk, I was only having a game with you. I never for a moment thought as you'd swallow that dope about it being a bomb!"

Words failed Horace Stoop, and, knowing he was no match for the burly Bodger with his fists, he gave a final hoot of rage and bounded up on deck.

Bodger himself followed a few moments later, still choking with amusement that his pal should have had his leave stopped. The leave men had not yet fallen in, and there seemed to be some sort of row in progress on the after deck.

The hub of the discord appeared to be Fan Chin, the Chinese washerman who had been "doing" for the Buzzfly, and had just come aboard with the latest results of his labours. All the officers had their linen washed by Fan Chin, and at times the ratings—who for the most part did their own washing—entrusted him with paint-spotted or greasy articles of attire. Among the babel of voices about Fan Chin, Bodger heard the voice of Shiner raised in anger.

"Tar me! Is this the jumper I gave you, you grinning heathen idol? What the thumb have you been scrubbin' it with—a garden rake?"

While Shiner waved his torn and ruined jumper, others indignantly told Fan Chin what they thought of him. During the hubbub Gurney arrived, and Fan Chin, with a sickly grin, handed him what looked not



SHINER'S UNLUCKY DIP! Shiner plunged the jar into the tub of lemonade. "What's the meaning of this?" roared the skipper, drenched to the skin by the terrific splash that arose. "It's—it's a bomb!" gasped Shiner. "I've put it in the tub to make it harmless!"

unlike a remarkable piece of Maltese lace.

"Tearin' tornadoes!" gulped Gurney. "Is this my vest? Why, for two pins I'd—"

Exactly what Gurney would have liked to have done to the washerman was never known, for Commander Dill arrived on deck at that moment. "What's the trouble here?" he demanded sternly.

"This Chink, sir," gulped Shiner, jerking a thumb at Fan Chin. "He's got nails in his mangle, or summat."

The skipper's eyes grew wide and glassy as he spotted some of his own washing.

"Good heavens!" he gasped. "Me only washee in plover Chinese way," whined Fan Chin. "First me put in lake, then rub plenty soap on dirties, and makee beat with two rocks."

"That's just the trouble, sir," groaned Gurney. "Instead o' scrubbing clothes with their fists, these heathens hammer 'em with flat rocks and knock seven bells out of 'em." The captain gazed at the ruined washing, handed Fan Chin payment for his labours, and pointed sternly to the gangway.

"Never show your face aboard this ship again, my man!" he warned.

Gurney escorted Fan Chin to the head of the gangway, and suddenly planted a boot behind him and sent him hurtling down to the quay. Gurney looked a little more pleasant as he went back to fall in the leave men, but his face froze again as he heard a Chinese voice behind him.

"Please, you got any socks or trowsers for washee?"

At first Gurney imagined it was Fan Chin returned, but he saw that this was another Chinaman, a bent figure, with many wrinkles in his screwed-up face. The petty officer was about to order him off the ship when Commander Dill intervened.

"We may as well try this fellow, Gurney," he remarked. "We'll make it a bargain with him, however, that he's to do the washing at the pump on the quay, so that the gangway sentry can keep an eye on him. And in no part of the washing process must he use those great flat stones in vogue in this country for beating the wet clothes."

With an ingratiating grin, the new washerman, who said his name was Wun Hi, agreed to the arrangement, and, after some bargaining about prices, went below to collect the officers' "dirties."

"Crumbs, I don't like the look of that Chink, mateys!" muttered Shiner, as he and his raggies fell in. "Old Wun Hi may be a better washerman than Fan Chin, but at a Chink beauty show his chivvy wouldn't earn one mark out of a hundred."

It was not often that Shiner took a dislike to anyone unless it was a proved rotter.

Could he have seen Wun Hi while that worthy was collecting washing in the deserted alleyway near the officers' cabins, he would have got the shock of his young life. For during a brief interval, the Chinaman rested his twisted face by allowing it to relapse into its natural form, obliterating most of those disfiguring wrinkles, and he straightened his bent back, proving himself to be big-built and muscular. And there, instead of Wun Hi the washerman, stood Wong Kiang, the terrible pirate and sworn foe of the British!

**The 4th Chapter.
"Gangway, Corny!"**

IF Shiner & Co. failed to guess the identity of Wun Hi, they certainly did not dream of the amazing ninety-miles-an-hour happenings which were destined to shake the gunboat that very day. And for most of the strange happenings—certainly the final result of them—there was no doubt that the Buzzfly mascot was chiefly responsible.

The mascot was good old Corny the camel, the personal property of Shiner & Co., and highly popular with the tars. It was Corny who began the trouble—Corny, who was supposed to be peacefully grazing near the Temple of the One-Eyed Cat.

The officer of the watch, with Petty Officer Gurney at his heels, inspected the leave party, which was then dismissed to go ashore.

"Mates," remarked Shiner, pausing on the deck near the gangway. "I hear as old Gurney's going duck-shooting up the lake. He's taking the picket-boat, so what about asking him to give us a lift to the eastern end of the town?"

The raggies agreed, and Shiner

RUNNING A CRICKET CLUB.—No. 2.



HOW TO GET YOUR GROUND!

This is the second of a helpful series of articles on forming and running a cricket club. Last week's chat dealt with the question of raising funds.



Last week we talked about acquiring funds for your club. We'll take it that you've succeeded. There is now another important problem to be confronted, the securing of a ground on which to play your games. Now, if you go the right way about it, you should have success.

Do it Now!

Are there any Corporation or Council pitches in your district? Right, you won't do better than to secure one of these! Drop a letter to the Chairman of the Sports Committee of the Council; tell him that you want to rent one of the pitches.

You should then receive a reply wherein will be stated the fees for renting one of the Council's pitches. If these are satisfactory, don't waste time in forwarding your acceptance of the terms. You see there are so many clubs who are in need of pitches, that delay is fatal. If you don't grab at once, you may receive the answer: "Sorry, all our pitches are now booked!"

But, of course, there are plenty of other pitches besides those controlled by the local Council authorities. What about your football pitch? If you can secure that for the summer, all well and good! Secure it!

Getting it Ready!

It will need some attention, however,

before cricket can be played upon it, as you'll readily realise. This can easily be overcome if you and the club members are prepared to spend a few evenings upon it.

First of all, the "wicket" itself, that is, the part where the stumps will be pitched, and the ground between these two spaces, must be rolled well. That's simple enough, if you can borrow a roller from someone. An ordinary garden lawn roller will do!

Then you must see that the grass is nicely cut. You can use your own lawn mower for that. Another roll—plenty of rolling, and then more rolling! Stick at it, and your pitch should be in a fairly good condition.

Measure off the twenty-two yards for the "wicket," mark off the two creases, and there you are. Your pitch is ready for your first match.

Other Methods.

Now there are also clubs who have no football pitch, and who will not be fortunate enough to secure one of the Council's pitches. Well, that means some work for you! Scout around, roust out some gent in the district who has a piece of spare ground large enough for a pitch. State your case to that gent, tell him you're willing to pay for the loan of the ground, and then trust to luck!

When you've secured his promise of the pitch, follow out the advice given above.

Now, supposing all these three ways are barred you, there's no luck for you. Well, don't fret, and give up the idea of ever having a cricket side. There's one other way open to you. Insert an advert in your local paper, stating that you are willing to share a pitch with another side, who has a ground; that you are willing to halve the expenses, and that you will conform to their terms.

If you're fortunate, you'll thus secure a pitch at perhaps less expense than if you applied for a pitch of your own.

You should not have any difficulty in securing a ground for your matches, then, if you'll take the advice given you here. If you meet with failure the first time you attempt to secure a pitch, don't give up. Try again—and keep trying, until you are successful! Persistence will pay you in the end, and when you're enjoying yourself during the glorious summer afternoons and evenings, you'll pat yourself on the back for your hard work in making things a success.

Next week, we hope to tell you how to secure your kit, for no club can possibly play cricket without a kit! Right—kit next week!

(Another helpful article next week.)

approached the petty officer and came smartly to attention. Perhaps it was the prospect of an afternoon's duck-shooting which had put the martinet in better mood, for he quite cheerfully agreed and mentioned that anyone else who wanted a lift could tumble in the boat as well.

Those who availed themselves were Shiner & Co., little Woo Sam, and Bodger Lees. At the end of a ten minutes' wait, Gurney himself, armed with a sporting shot-gun and many boxes of shells, also entered the picket-boat and ordered the bowman to push off.

The distance was about a mile and a half to the eastern end of Hoochow. But they had proceeded about a mile along the edge of the lake, when Shiner's keen eyes noted a tiny pennant creep up the halyards of the Buzzfly, which looked like a toy in the distance.

"Great snakes! The recall pennant!"

Gurney glared back at the gunboat and gave a moan.

"Hang the luck!" he grunted.

With a savage tug at the wheel, he brought the picket-boat round in a semi-circle and headed back for the ship. A mechanical semaphore was spasmodically working on the Buzzfly's signal-bridge, and Shiner spelled out the message: "Boys Bright, Rhodes, and Bailey, to return immediately. O.O.W."

The faces of the raggies presented a picture of misery, and Dusty at intervals emitted hollow groans. As they drew nearer to the Buzzfly, they saw that there was a good deal of commotion on the quayside of the ship, and a big crowd of Chinese loungers were collecting.

Then they caught a glimpse of Corny's serpentine neck, ugly head and flopping hump, and guessed that their splayfooted pal was the cause of the disturbance.

The picket-boat ran alongside the port gangway, at the head of which the frenzied officer of the watch was performing a sort of war dance.

"Come on! Tumble out, my lads!" he bellowed to the raggies. "That confounded camel of yours is making himself a thundering nuisance. Lend a hand! All right, Gurney, we shall have enough now—you can push off again!"

The cause of all the commotion was speedily made apparent. It appeared that Corny had eaten through his tethering-rope and had come to pay an uninvited visit to his young masters on board the Buzzfly.

Before anyone had divined his intention of coming aboard, he had ambled half-way up the sloping gangway, one end of which rested on the stone quay and the other on the after-deck of the ship. Then he had stumbled, and his bulky body had got firmly jammed between the stout wooden gangway rails.

"The captain's gone ashore," the officer of the watch told Shiner, "and that camel's got to be shifted before his return. As the brute is yours, you and these other lads can help to move him!"

The chums peered through a group of their own shipmates at Corny,

wedged in the gangway over the wide space of water between the ship and the quay.

"Move him, sir!" echoed Dusty. "Strikes me nothing but a bomb under that gangway will shift him!"

"Get busy helping that working party to rig the derrick," rumbled the officer. "You, Bright, go below and fetch one of those rope-nets used at the ammunition hoists."

The proceedings on board the Buzzfly were watched by a jabbering and amused crowd of Chinks on the quay—a crowd that grew larger with every passing minute.

The derrick was soon rigged, and Shiner volunteered for the task of getting a stout rope-net hitched round Corny's body. To do this, he had to go ashore by the for'ard gangway and approach Corny from behind.

"Look out that the gangway don't break, Shiner!" cried Dusty, in alarm. "It's bent already!"

Gingerly Shiner crept behind Corny and laid an affectionate hand upon him.

After much difficulty, he succeeded in getting the rope-net under Corny's body and hooked together above the camel's ungainly hump. Then the order was given to "hoist away."

Slowly the steam-winch began to chug and creak, and inch by inch Corny was hoisted out of the gangway by the stout rope overhead. Directly the winch stopped, he remained suspended by the rope from the derrick about eight or nine feet above the gangplank, spinning round like a great trussed chicken before a grill fire. The O.O.W. was just about to order the derrick to be swung farther outward so that the camel might be lowered to the quay, when he noticed the presence of Wun Hi, the new washerman.

The Chinaman had collected all the dirty linen below, and carrying it before him in the form of a huge bundle, went barging on to the gangway.

"Come back there, that man!" bellowed the officer.

Wun Hi, alias Wong Kiang, took one upward glance. Then with a mighty yell, the Chink dropped his bundle of washing and threw a double somersault backward down to the quay. There, on hands and knees, he gazed back at the suspended Corny in utter stupefaction.

Howls of ribald laughter greeted his performance.

"Enough of this!" roared the officer of the watch. "Let's have a couple of turns on the winch, engineer, and then we'll swing the brute back ashore."

The steam-winch gave a couple of coughs, and Corny went another few feet aloft, much to his indignation.

"Belay there!" bellowed the O.O.W. The engineer stopped the winch, and simultaneously there was a report like the firing of a twelve-pounder as the derrick-rope broke high above the camel.

Thud!

Corny came down like a ton of bricks on top of the huge bag of washing, and the crash of splitting timbers mingled with the sound of his fall as the gangway smashed clean in half. A mighty splash followed, and Corny and the broken gangway hurtled into the water between the ship and the quay.

"Howlin' catfish!" yelped Shiner, covering his eyes. "Good-bye-ee, Corny!"

Amid a babel of English and Chinese voices, the orders of the O.O.W.—whatever they were—went unheeded. Naturally the broken halves of the wooden gangway floated, and a mighty cheer rent the air as Corny came bobbing up near them. In addition to Corny, about a couple of hundred pieces of washing from the burst bundle strewed the water between the Buzzfly and the stone wall of the quay.

"Good old Corny!" whooped Shiner. "Swim on down to the water-steps, matey!"

Whether by luck or instinct, Corny actually did progress in the right direction. With the rope-net trailing from his ungainly body, he scrambled out on to the wide steps and shook himself like a St. Bernard dog after a bath.

**The 5th Chapter.
Corny Returns!**

IN the midst of the hullabaloo which greeted Corny's effort, a rickshaw came charging through the mob of natives on the quay. Out of it bounced Commander Dill, who had heard of the rumpus in the town. To his raucous orders from the quayside, the crew of the Buzzfly reeved ropes over the floating gangway and hoisted it on board.

The new washerman meantime secured a sampan, rescued the washing, and humped it back on board by way of the for'ard gangway, and Shiner took the rope-net from Corny and began neatly to roll it up.

Commander Dill, with dignified tread, made a path through the amused Chinese spectators and ascended the for'ard gangway. But no sooner had he gained the deck than Corny again walked up the plank and arrived on deck.

"What are you going to do about the animal, sir?" demanded the perspiring officer of the watch.

"Have the confounded camel tethered to the mast!" ordered the irate skipper. "To-morrow get Gurney to heave a heavier rope on the derrick, and sling the beast ashore and have him sold! I won't have him attached to the ship any longer!"

"If Corny's going to stay aboard for to-day, sir," puffed Shiner, who had come up. "I s'pose me and my raggies can push off on leave again?"

"No, you may not!" snapped the officer. "You'll stay aboard as long as this wretched mascot of yours remains!"

"The worst of it is," remarked Tich, when things had quietened down a bit, "that there's no keeping old Corny tied up. The skipper's ordered him to be roped to the foremast, but he won't stay there for long. Corny'd gnaw through any rope as wasn't made of steel wire, and I desay he'd file through one of those with his ugly teeth if he was given time enough."

"Old Corny likes a bit of leave, same as the rest of us, mateys!" said Shiner cheerfully. "After all, remember what he's done for us. Ain't he saved our lives more'n once? I shall be sorry to see him sold. He's a real lucky mascot, and who knows but what it was p'rhaps best for us to lose our leave this afternoon and come back to the ship?"

"Rot!" retorted Dusty. Drawn by a common impulse, they wandered to the pantry and found their little Chinese chum making a big tub of lemon-squash near the pantry door.

"Yum-yum!" mumbled Shiner, drawing a hand across his mouth. "That looks a bit of all right, don't it, mates?"

"Lemonade allee same for nicee kind kipper, who will give plenty big party on board to-night," answered Woo Sam. "Still, me give good ole laggies one piecee drink each."

The three chums were "wetting their whistles" when there was a sudden shuffling movement on the far side of the pantry near a door that led through to the galley.

Just one glimpse they obtained of a blue-clad Chinese figure, and then the intruder vanished.

"Tar me!" exclaimed Shiner. "That was ole Wun Hi, or I'll eat my sea-boots!"

"Me t'inke that was debased new washeeman!" rumbled little Woo when they returned. "He too much pinchee glub flom my pantry!"

Even as he spoke, Bodger Lees and Horace Stoop halted at the pantry door.

"What's that?" demanded Bodger. "Has that heathen Wun Hi been a-robbin' the pantry? What's he pinched?"

"Me no sure," answered Woo Sam. "To-day me find too mucchee candy-peel, laisins, and nicee ginger gone for walkee-walk. Me t'inke debased ole washeeman same go with them."

"Oh! Is that so?" exclaimed Bodger. "Come on, Stoop!"

Out of hearing of the pantry, Bodger paused and addressed his crony, with whom he had "made it up."

"Did you hear what that beastly young Chink said, Stoop?" he whispered. "The new washerman,

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Wun Hi, has laid his hands on some stuff from the pantry. Let's go and root the lubber out!"

"What for?" demanded Stoop.

"We ain't going to act as giddy policemen for that beastly little dishwasher!"

"O' course we ain't!" grinned Bodger, giving him a playful nudge in the ribs. "We're going to pinch the pincher, and pinch in turn anythin' he's pinched. Got me? He, he, he!"

The 6th Chapter!
In the Magazine!

IN the ammunition magazine of H.M.S. Buzzfly crouched the sinister figure of a Chinaman garbed in blue poplin. A big stone jar fitted with a cork and with fibre bindings was clasped tightly in his arms.

The steel door of the magazine had been left open carelessly by the ship's gunner, who had been checking cordite, and so it was that Wun Hi—alias Wong Kiang, the pirate—was able to gain access to the most vulnerable and important compartment in the warship.

Very cautiously he put his head out and peered up and down the alleyway. From the direction of the pantry for'ard he could hear the voices of Shiner & Co. and little Woo Sam in conversation. No one else seemed to be about, and with a guttural grunt of satisfaction he withdrew into the magazine.

The compartment was in semi-darkness, for it was situated amidships; he had to leave the door ajar so that he might see at all. His foot struck against an iron chain coiled on the deck, and he gave a gasp of deadly fear as he almost dropped the jar out of his hand.

For this was no jar of ginger, stolen out of the pantry. It was a ginger-jar filled with picric acid—a dangerous explosive—and but a few minutes before he had obtained it from the galley, where he himself had hidden it after smuggling it on board.

The perspiration was in beads on his saffron face as he gingerly set the bomb down on the deck. From one of his wide sleeves he took a box of Chinese matches, and his slant eyes gleamed as he surveyed the dull outlines of the shells and cordite stored in the magazine. He had but to light one of the fibre strings which was cunningly passed through the cork, and in another five minutes the firing of the bomb would cause a terrible explosion in the magazine and blow the Buzzfly half-way to Peking!

Very, very cautiously he rolled the jar over on to its side, and prepared to strike a match. It was essential that he should light the particular fibre string he had rigged as a fuse, or he might cause a premature explosion which would destroy him as well as everyone else on board. The burning of the fuse, however, would give him exactly five minutes in which to make his get-away from the ship into Hoochow before the Buzzfly made her last voyage skyward.

Wong Kiang fumbled with the matches, and inwardly gloated at the terrible revenge he would wreak.

These British bluejackets had already rounded up all the original members of his pirate horde, and they were now serving terms of imprisonment in various gaols. True, Wonky had enlisted others under his banner, but he had lived for this hour of revenge—especially against the redoubtable Shiner & Co., who had proved the biggest thorns in his side.

He struck one of the sulphur matches, which spluttered into a blue flame, sending fumes into his face which made him give a choking cough. The flame turned from blue to orange as the woodwork of the match caught, and flickered on his evil face as he bent lower over the bomb towards the fuse.

And then his blood turned to water, and he started back into an upright kneeling position as the steel door of the magazine was pushed slowly open.

"Ah, here's the rotter!"

It was Bodger's low cry of satisfaction as he entered, with Horace Stoop in tow.

The kneeling Chinaman stared at them wide-eyed as the faint light illuminated the two tars. He was trapped, and he had a swift mental vision of facing the rifles of a British firing party.

The first tension was ended as the flickering flame of the match reached Wonky's fingers, causing him to give a sudden yelp of pain.

"Push the door to, Stoop," ordered Bodger. "Don't let the lubber get out!"

In the semi-darkness the pirate felt under his jacket for a knife, but hesitated to attack, knowing that the tars would immediately set up an uproar that would rouse the ship. With the cunning of the Oriental, he first decided to try the effect of bluffing.

"Whaffor you cleepie in here?" he inquired, in an injured tone, as he rose.

"Well, spike me!" chuckled Bodger gruffly. "If you don't take the blessed gingerbread!"

"The giddy old preserved ginger, you mean, Bodger!" grinned Stoop. "See, he was just going to have a tuck in when we arrived!"

"So that's what you came sneakin' into the magazine for, eh, you yeller

sentry hoofing it into Hoochow as fast as his legs would carry him. His own carefully arranged programme had been upset, but there was still a good chance that an accident to his bomb in the magazine might blow the Buzzfly sky-high.

The 7th Chapter.

A Jar for the Japers.

RID of the presence of the Chink, Bodger told Stoop to close the magazine door rather more.

"Yummm! Now for a feast of ginger!" he mumbled, his mouth watering. "Lend us your jack-knife, Stoop!"

"Left it in me ditty-box," answered Stoop. "You've got yours, ain't you?"



CORNY COMES DOWN!

Thud! The rope by which Corny was suspended snapped, and the camel crashed down upon the huge bag which lay on the gang-plank. With a crash of splitting timbers the gangway smashed clean in half.

freak?" grunted Bodger. "Now, what else did you pinch out of the pantry?"

A wave of hope swept over Wong Kiang. His quick, cunning brain realised that these two lads had not the foggiest notion of the real sinister reason for his presence in the magazine. They clearly imagined he was there to gorge himself on the quiet with some stolen ginger.

As it happened, Wonky had also "lifted" some candy-peel and raisins from the pantry before the trouble had occurred with Corny the camel. With a sigh of resignation, he now produced what was left of them and handed them over to the two cads.

"Please me no pinchee any more chow!" he whined. "Nicee kind sailce-boys, no tell exalted kipper of ship, or poor Wun Hi losee good job as washeman!"

Bodger and Stoop exchanged amused glances in the gloom; they were not in the least anxious to report the matter. All they wanted was the tuck for themselves.

Cramming a handful of raisins into his mouth, Bodger jerked a thumb towards the door.

"Gerrount of it, y' big thievin' lubber!" he gurgled. "Me and my pal will look arter this preserved ginger for you. And to-morrow you've got to pinch some more candy-peel out of the pantry and bring it to us. See?"

"Allee light!" grinned the Chinese rogue, edging for the door. "Me leave nicee ginger here!"

Stoop assisted Wonky outside with a lusty kick to the stern-sheets which sent the Chink hurtling across the alleyway and brought his face up against a steel bulkhead. Damaged both fore and aft though he was, the pirate went streaking like a flash along the alleyway up on deck and down the gangway.

He was last seen by an astonished

Bodger gave a snort.

"No," he replied. "I lost it, and me lanyard as well, yesterday. I s'pose it will turn up in the scran bag. But that don't help us at present. We've got to get this jar open, and we can't go a-chasing round the ship looking for a knife. Here, pass us that small steel ramrod."

He squatted himself astride the jar, which was on its side, blissfully unaware that under him was enough explosive to blow him into the middle of next week. Then, taking a grip of the ramrod that Stoop handed him, he whistled a tune softly to himself and began to jab and prod at the fibre strings that bound the cork.

When they refused to part he began to thump the top of the jar itself in an attempt to break it off. Could Wonky only have seen him through a long-distance telescope, the pirate would have doubled up with laughter. For Bodger had only to hit that jar in the right place to wipe the name of the Buzzfly off the Navy List!

£500 WON!

RESULT OF

FOOTBALL COMPETITION No.13

Owing to a re-arrangement of fixtures the match between Sunderland and Leicester City on the coupon was not played on February 26th and was therefore ignored in the adjudication. One hundred and forty-seven competitors correctly forecast the results of all the remaining matches so. THE PRIZE OF £500 has been DIVIDED among them.

Lack of space precludes our publishing the names and addresses of these winners, but a full list is open for inspection on application at The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

"Sh-sh! Don't make all that thumpin' row!" implored Stoop. "If any officer comes and cops us in here we shall be in the rattle properly!"

So Bodger placed the ramrod down and took a box of matches from his pocket.

"I've got it, matey!" he said cheerily. "I'll jest burn these 'ere strings off the cork—and then what-fo for a nice bit of 'ot ginger!"

He struck a light and applied it to a coiled piece of the fibre. Immediately, to the surprise of the cronies, it began to fizz and give off a tiny fountain of red sparks.

"Spike me!" exclaimed Bodger, rising and standing over the jar. "Jest like a squib, ain't it, mate?"

"Crumbs, it ain't 'arf pretty!" laughed Stoop, bending low.

A clatter of footsteps along the alleyway brought their heads round like tee-to-tums.

Splash! The skipper went head first into the lemonade, sending a wave of it hurtling over Woo Sam.

"Ow! Wassee matter!" yelled Woo.

"Never mind!" howled Shiner. "Yank him out!"

Fzzzzz!

The fuse had almost reached the cork of the ginger-jar bomb. The perspiration was bursting from Shiner's brow.

Woo yanked out the skipper, and, half shutting his eyes, Shiner crashed the jar into the remains of the lemonade in the tub, again drenching the captain and the mess-boy with the splash. Immediately the fuse was extinguished, and Shiner weakly reeled back and clutched a piece of candy-peel on a dresser, as though seeking nourishment after his effort.

The commander fumed and spluttered, and little Woo danced round him, mopping him down with a greasy dish cloth.

"What is the meaning of this outrageous conduct?" thundered the skipper, his eyes like glass marbles. "How dare you offer such insult to your captain, boy?"

Shiner sprang to attention.

"It—it was like this, sir," he stammered. "I saw a thing as I thought was a b-b-bomb, and I thought it best to take no chances."

Hearing footsteps in the alleyway, Commander Dill turned sharply. Dusty, Tich, Bodger, and Stoop were peering in.

"Please, sir," cried Bodger, coming forward, "Shiner Bright was a-tryin' to steal some preserved ginger from us. That new Chink washerman had pinched the jar from the pantry, and me and old Stoop after a desperate scrap won it from him, and was a-lookin' at it to see that nothin' had been eaten out of it."

The skipper swung round on Shiner again.

"So this is your bomb!" he exclaimed, pointing at the object in the ruined lemonade. "A jar of ginger!"

Shiner was a trifle pale. He knew there was the possibility of his having made a mistake; he knew, also, that if that was the case, the least he would get would be a sound birching at the hands of Gurney—no light ordeal!

"I—I hope as you'll examine the jar, sir," he suggested. "There was a sort of string fixed to the cork of it, and it was spluttering like a squib—a fuse, I thought it was. And seeing that the jar was in the middle o' the magazine with that fuse a-burnin', I thought it right to get it out, jest in case any harm was done."

"In the magazine!" echoed the skipper, startled. "You mean to tell me, boy, that you saw sparks in the magazine?"

"That was so, sir," replied Shiner. "Weren't it, raggies?"

"It were," spoke up Dusty and Tich.

"Pup-pup-please, sir," stammered Bodger, "me and Stoop didn't light it. It was old Wun Hi wot did that. We was trying to put it out."

A keen judge of character, the captain of the Buzzfly was not deceived by Bodger's shifty words. He picked the jar out of the lemonade and set it on a low shelf.

"I should judge, my lad," he said sternly, facing Bodger, "that you and this other lad, Stoop, were trying to open it yourselves. It was you who set fire to this fibre, Boy Stoop!"

Stoop almost jumped out of his skin.

"No, sir, it wasn't!" he almost shrieked. "It was Bodger—straight, it was!"

"Ah, we have the truth about that, at any rate," the captain rumbled. "Hand me that knife, messboy!"

Woo handed over the knife, and the skipper rapidly cut the fibre strings, and, after a considerable amount of difficulty, prized out the cork from the jar. Next, he tipped the jar up and poured some of its contents into a saucer.

His hands trembled slightly with emotion as he set the jar down again, and the watching boys saw every drop of blood drain from his tanned cheeks.

"By heavens! Picric!" he gulped.

Except for the clatter of feet along the alleyway outside, you might have heard a pin drop in the Buzzfly. Everyone seemed frozen to the spot as they looked from the skipper's ashen face to the pale, greenish liquid in the saucer. Then Bodger and Stoop clutched one another for support, and slowly sank back against the door.

"Sufferin' wheels!" breathed Bodger hoarsely. "And to think, (Continued on page 32.)"

THE LAUGHING STOCK OF THE TOWN!

Manager Crocker says that is what the Ragged Ramblers will be when they've played Steelvale United in the Charity Cup. Read how Ginger and his team got on in these rattling chapters.

GINGER—FOR PLUCK!

BY
**ROBERT
MURRAY.**

Ginger and his team are drawn against a League Club! Are they down-hearted? Not they! They're out to bring off the surprise of the season.



How This Rousing Story Started.

UPON the death of his uncle, Terry Tyrill—popularly known as Ginger—finds that he is now the owner of Raggs' Rents, a block of tenements in the poor district of Steelvale; he also inherits the sum of five hundred pounds. Raggs' Rents are in a shocking condition of disrepair, and Terry decides to spend the five hundred pounds in renovating them. He also decides to live there himself. Terry makes friends with Sergeant Boom—an old soldier who has a steel hook in place of his right arm and a wooden stump for his left leg.

Ginger joins Raggs' Ramblers, a team composed of boys from the Rents. Henry Crocker—managing director of Steelvale United—wants to buy the Rents, but Terry—through his lawyer—refuses.

The Ramblers enter for the local Charity Cup Competition, and are drawn against Steelvale United. It does not seem as though Ginger's team can possibly stand any chance against the professional club.

(Now read on.)

The Ramblers in the Limelight!

GINGER TERRY and his chums stared excitedly at one another. It was extraordinary news. By some strange freak of chance, Steelvale United Reserves and Raggs Ramblers had been drawn together in the First Round of the local Charity Cup!

And though the Cuptie was to be played on the United's spacious enclosure, the tenement footballers were not one whit deterred. They were not afraid of the professional side. Though they could scarcely hope to beat them on their own ground, they were determined to put up a rousing good fight, and show the people of Steelvale that the lads of Raggs' Rents knew something about the great game, and were quite justified in entering for the Charity Cup Competition.

"My hat, what a smack in the eye it would be for Henry Crocker if the Ramblers came out top-dog!" remarked Tom Carter.

"It certainly would," agreed Ginger grimly. "As it is, I'll wager he gets a big surprise when he learns the result of the draw. We're the team he's sneered at and despised, and tried to make a laughing-stock of. Roll on Wednesday! I've got a hunch that the United are not going to win the Charity Cup this year!"

Many of the people congregated outside the town hall had never heard of Raggs Ramblers, and many wondering comments were passed when they read the result of the draw.

"The United Reserves at home to Raggs Ramblers! Never heard of such a club! Where the dickens does it come from?"

"Bust if I know. It's never entered for t' Cup afore!"

Sergeant Boom puffed out his cheeks as he glowered fiercely at the crowd.

"Never heard of Raggs Ramblers?" he roared indignantly, in a voice that must have been audible from one end of the High Street to the other. "Well, just wait till next Wednesday, and you'll hear all about 'em! If you want to get an eye-opener, don't fail to turn up at the United's ground, and you'll see a game that'll make you wonder why you've never heard of Raggs Ramblers before!"

"It must be the team that plays on that piece of waste ground at the back of Raggs' Rents!" exclaimed someone amid the press of people. "The Ragged Ramblers, that's

what they call 'em! They've scarcely got a shirt or a pair of football boots between 'em!"

A ripple of laughter greeted this statement.

"And they've had the cheek to enter for the Charity Cup! Great snakes, it's a wonder their entry was accepted!"

"The United Reserves'll make hay of 'em! They'll give 'em Ragged Ramblers when they meet!"

"Don't you be so sure," said a young workman, with a meaning jerk of his head. "I've seen the Ramblers play, and they've got a mighty smart team. Wait till you see their centre-forward! He's real mustard, and a heap better than any centre-forward the United have got. You can't miss him—a tall, ginger-headed chap, who can run like a hare, and shoots as straight as a gun. Bust me if that isn't him standing there next to the bloke with the wooden leg!"

Scores of pairs of eyes were turned curiously in the direction of Ginger Terry, whereat the latter flushed uncomfortably, and commenced to move away in the midst of his companions. He had no desire for any publicity, but Sergeant Boom was not so modest.

"Ay, here's the finest centre-forward Steelvale's ever seen," he declared proudly. "And if you don't believe me, just you go up to the United's ground on Wednesday and see for yourselves. If you haven't heard of Raggs Ramblers before, you're jolly soon going to!"

"Bravo, well-spoken, peg-leg!" applauded the young workman who had championed the Ramblers' cause. "I'm with you! I'll take six to four the United Reserves won't be in the Second Round of the Cup!"

No Sportsman!

MEANWHILE, in his office up at the United's ground, Wallis McKee, the new manager, was seated at his desk, rubbing his chin ruefully as he studied the balance-sheet he had been making out.

There was not the slightest doubt that the club was almost at the end of its tether, and would have to go into liquidation unless gates improved or Henry Crocker chose to put up more capital to cover running expenses.

Wallis McKee leaned back in his chair and tapped his pen moodily against his teeth. Strangely enough he was thinking of Terry Tyrill, the ginger-headed young centre-forward he had seen play for the Ramblers the previous week.

McKee was a good fellow at heart, and he bitterly regretted the part he had played in inviting Ginger Terry up to his office on what had proved to be a wild-goose chase. He had been quite sincere in his desire to get the young footballer signed-on for the club, as he had been perfectly candid in his admiration of the lad's play.

He gathered up the papers in front of him, but set them down again as the telephone-bell suddenly rang.

"Hallo! Yes, McKee speaking," he said, as he placed the receiver to his ear. "What's that—the draw for the First Round of the local Charity Cup? So the United Reserves have been drawn at home. Against whom? What! Raggs Ramblers! Jumping snakes!"

Wallis McKee slammed the receiver on to its hook, and sank back

into his seat with a dazed look of astonishment on his face. It was an extraordinary coincidence, but the very team of which he had just been thinking had been drawn against the United Reserves in the First Round of the Charity Cup!

"Well, I'll be eternally confusticated!" said the football manager slowly, a glint of excitement creeping into his eyes. "I wonder what Crocker will have to say when he hears this news. By James, I can't help hoping that the United will get licked. It might open Crocker's eyes for him, and persuade him to sign on Terry Tyrill, and a few of the Ramblers' best players. I'm betting it'll be a great game, which ever side wins, and young Tyrill's sure to be out for blood after the way he's been treated!"

Once again Wallis McKee gathered up his papers, and rapping on the door, passed through into Henry Crocker's private office. He halted as he saw that the managing director was not alone. Though McKee did not know it, the visitor was John Jackson, the late manager of the Steelvale United F.C.

"You're nothing more or less than a dog in the manger, Crocker!" Jackson was saying heatedly. "You know that the United is heading straight for the rocks, and you won't lift a finger to save it. I know very well that I could put the club on its feet again. I have offered to relieve you of your shares at a nominal price, and out of sheer spite you have named a prohibitive figure. You haven't an ounce of sportsmanship in you!"

Henry Crocker's cheeks purpled, and he breathed heavily through his nose.

"Confound your impudence, don't you dare talk to me like that!" he snarled. "I tell you candidly now that I wouldn't sell you my controlling interest in the United for ten times the sum you have offered me! Let the club go to blazes—that's my funeral and no one else's!"

"You have the public to consider," challenged John Jackson. "It will be a crying shame if the United has to drop out of the League. Put a good team in the field and all Steelvale will rally to the United's support."

"Hear, hear!" muttered Wallis McKee, under his breath. They were the same sentiments that he had expressed to Crocker on innumerable occasions, but without result.

"You've heard my last word! You're wasting my time, and your own as well," sneered Henry Crocker, tilting his cigar contemptuously. "This is my club, and I run it to suit myself!"

John Jackson bit his lip. He realised that it was useless to argue further with the man, and with a resigned shrug of his shoulders, he picked up his hat and left the room.

"That's settled him!" grunted Crocker. "Well, McKee, what do you want?" he went on, as he realised the presence of the manager.

McKee ignored the question as he stared thoughtfully after the departing figure of John Jackson.

"I take it that gentleman was trying to buy your shares in the club, Mr. Crocker?" he asked curiously.

"Yes, he was. He offered to buy them at par," volunteered the managing director.

McKee's eyes widened with astonishment.

"Great Scott! I should have thought you would have jumped at such an offer!" he exclaimed. "As things stand at present, I don't suppose anyone else would give you sixpence apiece for your shares!"

Henry Crocker scowled blackly at his manager.

"You mind your own business, McKee!" he snapped. "I'll please myself what I do with my shares. I'd rather sell them to someone else for sixpence apiece than allow that confounded upstart, Jackson, to have them! But I don't intend to sell at all! If the club goes under, let it go under!"

"It certainly looks like going under," muttered McKee, as he placed his weekly balance-sheet in front of Crocker. As usual, it showed a heavy loss, and there was very little capital left in the bank—scarcely enough to run the club for another couple of weeks!

Henry Crocker bit his lip sullenly as he studied the figures. He knew that John Jackson was right. The latter's words rankled in his mind. He was a dog in the manger in the attitude he had adopted.

He knew that the club was heading straight for ruin, yet he wouldn't lift a finger to save it; nor would he transfer his controlling interest to

anyone else. It was a spiteful, unreasonable stand to take—but Henry Crocker was a spiteful, unreasonable man.

"And I've just heard the result of the draw for the First Round of the local Charity Cup," said McKee quietly. "The United has been drawn at home."

"What's that? Oh, the Charity Cup!" grunted Crocker disinterestedly. "We win that every year, don't we? I wouldn't waste time entering for it if it wasn't necessary for me to keep in with the mayor and the council. Drawn at home, eh? Against whom?"

"Raggs Ramblers,"

"Raggs Ramblers?" echoed Crocker puzzledly; and then a look of consternation spread across his face as the truth dawned upon him. "Great Scott, you don't mean that gang of hooligans who kick a ball about at the back of Raggs' Rents?" he roared, springing to his feet. "Do you mean to say we've got to allow that horde of ragamuffins to play on our ground, and use our dressing-rooms? And that cub Tyrill will accompany them, I suppose?"

"No doubt," agreed the manager, with a quiet smile. "Then you will be able to see for yourself what sort of a game the lad plays, Mr. Crocker, and judge if I was justified in advising you to sign him on for the United."

Henry Crocker snapped his fingers contemptuously, and a glint of malevolence crept into his eyes.

"This is where I knock young Tyrill clean off his perch," he chuckled. "Thinks he can play football, does he? I'll make him and his filthy, vagabond team the laughing-stock of the town! Why, they don't stand a dog's chance against the United! They'll be blotted out of existence. We'll have to have a chartered accountant to keep toll of the goals scored against them! That gang of hooligans daring to play against the United! By James, we shall see some fun on Wednesday!"

"I would advise you not to be too certain on that score, Mr. Crocker," said McKee seriously. "You have never seen Raggs Ramblers play, and I have. Because they are a tenement team, and suffer other handicaps, it doesn't say that they can't play football. There are several players in the team who will be eagerly sought after before they are much older. Tyrill is a born centre-forward. Take it from me, the United Reserves won't have it all their own way on Wednesday. In fact, judging by the way they have been performing lately, very likely they will get beaten!"

Henry Crocker snorted, and stared incredulously at his manager; then his eyes narrowed as he realised that McKee was dead serious.

"Huh! We can soon get over that," said Crocker at length, with a chuckle in his throat. "I shall put our strongest team in the field. You can't tell me that Raggs



CATCHING IT COLD! Terry and his chums entered the palatial dressing-room. "What's this funny gadget?" grinned Hayes, pulling the string that worked the shower bath. A howl of laughter went up as he was drenched to the skin by a deluge of icy water!



(Continued from previous page.)

Ramblers will stand a dog's chance against the United's first eleven?"

McKee started, and stared doubtfully at the managing director.

"But that would not be fair, Mr. Crocker," he pointed out. "In fact, it would be very much the reverse of fair. It has always been customary to field our reserve team in the Charity Cup, and if we do otherwise it will cause a great deal of comment."

"I don't care a button what people think!" snapped Crocker.

McKee shook his head gravely.

"I am sorry to see you taking this step, Mr. Crocker," he said soberly. "It wouldn't matter so much if the Ramblers beat our reserves, but what on earth would the result be if they defeated our Third League team?"

Henry Crocker glared scornfully and pittingly at his manager.

"Get out of here! You're crazy!" he sneered. "And don't forget what I said. The United's first eleven is to turn out for the First Round of the Charity Cup on Wednesday. And if they don't beat the Ramblers by a dozen clear goals, I'll sack the lot of 'em!"

Before the Game!

MANAGER WALLIS MCKEE was quite correct in the prophecy he had made.

Every person in Steelvale who had any interest in football and in the First Round of the local Charity Cup were scarcely able to believe their eyes when they opened their papers on the Wednesday morning and read the news that Steelvale United F.C. was putting its strongest team into the field against Raggs Ramblers.

Some people said that it was unfair, and not a sporting thing to do; others declared that it didn't matter a hang, for, from what they had seen of the United, and judging by the position they occupied in the Northern Division of the Third League, there was little to choose between the first team and the reserves.

Asked for an explanation, Manager McKee made a vague statement to the effect that the team had been selected by Mr. Crocker, who thought the players needed more exercise.

Sid Yates' freckled face was a picture of astonishment and consternation as he came dashing into the Ramblers' clubhouse with a crumpled copy of the local paper in his hand.

"It's true, boys," he declared. "Here it is in black and white! The United is playing its first eleven—the same team as was beaten by Accrington Stanley last week!"

The footballers eyed one another uneasily. They had been prepared to meet the reserves, but it was somewhat disconcerting to learn at the last moment that they were to be opposed by an eleven that was comprised of the best players the United had on their books.

"Crocker's at the bottom of this!" declared Terry Ginger, a spot of indignation flaming in his cheeks. "He's done this out of sheer spite. He wants to see us licked to a frazzle; but, by Jinks, it's not going to come off if I can help it!"

A roar of assent went up at once. "That's the way to talk!" thundered Sergeant Boom encouragingly. "Let 'em all come, say I! What does it matter which team the United put in the field? We'll give 'em something to get on with!"

"And, by gosh, wouldn't it be a smack in the eye for Crocker if we were to beat the first team?" suggested Ginger, his eyes dancing with excitement. "I reckon it would finish the United for good and all—not that I want to see that happen."

Henry Crocker's unexpected move had acted as a stimulant instead of a damper on Terry Tyrill and his chums of the Ramblers. They were more determined than ever now to give of their best against the United that afternoon. They had nothing to lose, but they would create a big stir in the football world were they to prove successful against the Third League club's strongest professional team.

One other effect Henry Crocker's strange action had done. It had stirred the interest and curiosity of

the Steelvale football fans, and there was destined to be a bigger crowd on the United's ground that afternoon than the turnstiles had registered for many a long week.

Henry Crocker scowled sullenly as he noted the way the ground was filling up. He would not benefit by it. Every penny of the gate money was to go to the local hospital, according to the conditions under which the Cup competition was run. "Thunder and blazes, why can't we get a gate like this for our League matches?" he snarled, glaring accusingly at Wallis McKee, as though he was responsible for the lack of support accorded the club. "What's the special attraction today?"

"Raggs Ramblers, I should imagine," replied the manager candidly, and smiled as Crocker stamped disgustedly away.

Ginger Terry and his chums set out from Raggs' Rents in a body, led by Sergeant Boom and sundry enthusiastic supporters, who included Sally Norris and her crippled brother, who was disposed comfortably in his wheeled-chair.

It was no great distance to the United's well-equipped enclosure, and there was a brief hitch when the footballers presented themselves at the players' entrance. The attendant was not prepared to admit them without some authority, and it was not until Manager McKee was summoned that the difficulty was overcome.

"Glad to see you again, Tyrill," he said sincerely, as he shook hands with the young centre-forward. "I

CRICKET MEDALS GIVEN AWAY!

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have wanted to see you. I hope you don't bear me any ill-feeling over what occurred here the last time we met. I can assure you that I hadn't the slightest notion that Mr. Crocker had any other motive inviting you up to the ground. I thought everything was above-board."

"I don't doubt that you did, Mr. McKee," replied Terry promptly. "I guessed at once that Crocker had hounded both of us. I'm hoping I'm going to get a bit of my own back this afternoon."

"I wish you and your team the best of luck!" declared the manager. "I suppose I shouldn't say it, but I should like to see the Ramblers win. It might persuade Crocker to buy some new players and put the club on its feet again."

It was at McKee's suggestion that Sally Norris and her crippled brother were allowed to take up a position inside the rails to one side of the clubhouse; and, leaving them thoroughly happy and contented, Ginger joined his chums in the dressing-room.

He was no stranger to the place, having worked on the ground as a programme-boy, but Sid Yates and the others had never been inside such a place before, and their eyes goggled with admiration and wonder as they surveyed the fittings—the shower-baths, plunge-baths, massage-table, and other appliances.

"My hat! Bit of a difference to our old shack!" grinned Hayes, the diminutive outside-right. "Like a blessed palace! What's this funny gadget? Wow! Hellup!"

Hayes had landed himself in trouble at once, and a howl of laughter—of unsympathetic laughter—burst from his chums. Quite innocently the right-winger had placed himself beneath one of the shower-baths, and jerked the string, with the result that he was promptly doused with a shower of icy-cold water that soaked him to the skin.

For the first time Ginger and his companions donned the brand-new shirts and knickers that had been stolen from them by the Doolan Street gang, but which they had recovered just in time for the Charity Cup.

Outside the local police band was playing rousing tunes in the middle of the pitch, and people were still streaming in to take their places in the stand and on the slopes.

The Great Cup Fight!

IT certainly was the biggest crowd that had been seen for some time on the United's enclosure, and there was no doubt that Raggs Ramblers were the star attraction that afternoon.

Time was getting on, and Ginger and his chums took a final hitch at their knickers, saw to it that their laces were securely fastened, and then, picking up a practice ball, Sid Yates led them out of the dressing-room.

A tremendous burst of cheering greeted the Ramblers as they filed out by the side of the stand, spick-and-span in their new black-and-red shirts and knickers.

"Here they come! Here come the Ramblers."

"Ay, that's them! Hurrah!" "Bravo, the Rents! Come on, the tenement boys!"

"Ragged Ramblers, indeed! They're a fine looking lot o' lads!"

"That's their centre-forward—the chap with the ginger-nob. He needs watching—you wait and see!"

Ginger and the others were literally stunned and bewildered by the wealth of their reception. Roll upon roll of cheering echoed around the ground, and it was pretty obvious that the occupants of the Rents were there at full strength.

For the first few moments the Ramblers were utterly overawed by the size of the ground in comparison with their own cramped pitch at the back of the Rents. The goals seemed a mile apart, and the spectators twice that distance away, but this illusion was more than compensated for by the beautiful condition of the turf and the clean white lines that marked out the playing area.

All eyes were fixed upon the Ramblers as they swung the practice ball amongst them, and the appearance of the United team passed practically unnoticed. It was an ominous sign. It showed that the spectators were not in sympathy with Crocker's move in fielding his strongest team, and many sarcastic comments were made.

"Here come the Giants!" "Now, then, the 'Vale! Here's your chance to win a match!"

"Is that the best team you've got? Why ain't Crocker playing?"

A roar of laughter greeted this sally, and the home eleven looked grim and dour, and none too pleased with their reception as they congregated around the far goal, rubbing their hands, shaking their heads, and talking together in undertones.

It was evident that the Ramblers were not at all the type of team they had anticipated meeting. They had been given to understand that they were called upon to play a gang of ragged, sloppy, half-baked street urchins, instead of these, clean, well-built, alert lads, who were taking slashing pot-shots at a goal that was defended by a custodian who seemed to know his business from A to Z.

Just as Terry beat Sid Yates with a stinging drive that almost lifted the crossbar out of place, the referee came running out, and blew a peremptory blast on his whistle.

Sid Yates and Crape, the United captain, joined him in the centre, and the three exchanged handshakes before a coin was spun in the air.

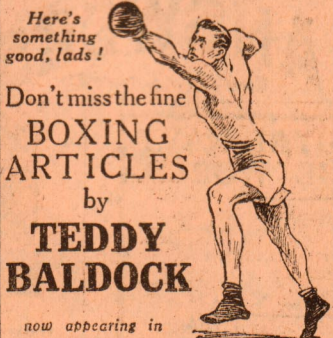
Another howl of delight went up as it was seen that Yates had won the toss, and ran back to take his place in the southern goal.

The teams lined up as follows:

Raggs Ramblers: Yates; Carter and Booth; Symes, Huggins, and Bale; Hayes, Wood, Tyrill, Duggan, and Swift.

Steelvale United: Chatfield; Crape and Jope; Edwards, Way, and Kennard; Lyall, Gooch, Pollard, Deer, and Loder.

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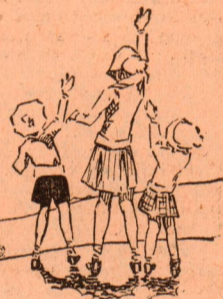
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A pin could have been heard to drop as Pollard planted himself in front of the new ball, and kicked off.

The United attacked at once through the agency of Lyall and Gooch, and Booth was early in the picture with a skilful tackle that dispossessed Gooch when he was in the very act of sending in a dangerous centre.

As cool as a cucumber, Booth swung the ball to Swift on the left-wing, and the latter and his partner, Duggan, between them, put in some pretty passing work before the ball was slammed into touch by a vigorous back. From the throw-in the leather went to Bale, the Ramblers left-half, who lobbed it to the centre for Terry to take it in his stride. He swerved wide of the opposing centre-half, and ran on to drive in a rasping shot that was only inches wide of its objective.

"Hard luck, Ginger!" "Keep it up, Ramblers!"

The period of mid-field play that followed the goal-kick speedily convinced the spectators that not only were the tenement lads holding their own, but they were faster, and showed a better understanding than their professional rivals.

It was extraordinary the manner in which the Ramblers had adapted themselves to their unfamiliar surroundings. The vast ground and the thousands of spectators did not seem to affect them in the least; in fact, they seemed just as much at home on the United's pitch as did the home team itself.

"Bullets and bayonets, the boys are playing better here than they do on their own mud-heap!" exploded Sergeant Boom delightedly.

"They're holding 'em! There's nothing to choose between 'em! Hurrah! Go it, the Ramblers!"

Huggins was playing a great game for his side. He completely bottled up Pollard, the United's centre-forward, and the latter was unable to make any headway at all. His one scoring attempt was a long-range drive that Sid Yates gathered as unconcernedly as though he was playing "catch," and sent Hayes away with a kick that landed the ball well over the half-way line.

In the vain halves and back tried to check the progress of the Ramblers' flashing outside-right. He danced down the touchline as light as a feather, and carried the ball almost to the corner-flag, with the left-back in close attendance.

Amid a howl of delight Hayes pulled up, diddled the defender with a tricky piece of footwork, and then ran coolly towards the goal, and sent in a beautifully-placed centre.

But Terry had no chance to get to the ball. It was almost a foul charge that shouldered him vigorously out of the way, leaving the right-back free to trap the leather and clear his lines. Many of the spectators shouted for a foul against the centre-half, who had tackled Terry whilst he was still yards from the ball, but the next instant Huggins had sent the leather slamming back into the goalmouth again.

Terry had just picked himself up, and was running towards the centre of the field. Neither he nor the United defenders dreamed that the ball would be returned so swiftly after the back's clearance, but Terry saw it soaring towards him.

There was no time for him to trap (Continued on the next page.)



(Continued from previous page.)

the ball, turn round, and put in his shot, for long before that the backs would have thrown him offside, merely by running half a dozen yards up-field.

A murmur of disappointment broke from the spectators. It seemed to them that the ball must pass high over Terry's red head, to fall plump into the safe hands of the watchful goalkeeper.

Then, with one lightning movement, the Ramblers' centre-forward leaped high in the air and got his head to the ball in such a manner that, though it did not change its direction, it swerved sharply off its course, and flashed past the dismayed goalie into the back of the net.

Terry knew that he had scored long before he could spin round and see whether the ball had gone behind, or passed between the posts.

Such a howl of delight went up as almost burst his ear-drums, and must have been heard from one end of Steelvale to the other:

"Goal!"
"By gosh, he's scored!"
"The Ramblers are one up!"
"Hurrah! Hip-pip-hurrah!"
"Good old Ginger!"

Staunch supporters of the United—the few who were left—rubbed their eyes and stared incredulously at one another. Surely this was the last straw! This team of tenement lads had drawn first blood, and taken the lead over the United on their own ground! There was something wrong; it was a state of affairs that could not possibly last.

"The United are only playing with them. They haven't got into their stride yet."

"That's it. They haven't taken them seriously enough. These boys are just a bit better than they expected them to be. That goal'll wake 'em up. You just wait and see. The sparks are going to fly now!"

Henry Crocker's jaw had dropped, and his eyes were bulging in their baggy sockets as he stood in the clubhouse listening in dismay to the demonstrations of the crowd.

"I told you the United were up against a good side," remarked Wallis McKee quietly. "Did you see young Tyrill head that goal? That's the sort of thing he might have been doing for the United if you'd allowed me to sign him on in the first place."

Then the manager turned and fled. His reply was more forcible than polite.

Sergeant Boom was bawling and flourishing his steel hook like a madman. Twice he had trodden someone heavily on the toes with his wooden peg, but he didn't care. The Ramblers had scored, and it was Terry Tyrill who had steered the ball into the net.

There were tears of joy and pride in Sally Sunshine's blue eyes, and her crippled brother was so excited and elated that he threatened to pitch headlong out of his invalid-chair.

"Isn't it great? Isn't Terry just wonderful?" he was exclaiming over and over again; and there was no one to dispute his statement.

Now the teams were lining up again, and the tumult faded into tense silence. From the moment they kicked off it was easy to see that the United players were thoroughly roused, and that they were determined to score, no matter what methods they adopted.

There was little science, but plenty of vigour in the attack they im-

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PLYMOUTH A.	v. BRIGHTON & H. A.
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- Any alteration or mutilation of the coupon will disqualify the effort. When more than one effort is submitted, coupons must not be pinned or in any other way fastened together.
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- In the event of ties between competitors, the prizes will be divided at the Editor's discretion, but no competitor will be awarded more than one prize or share of a prize.
- No correspondence will be allowed, nor interviews granted.
- The prize of £500 will be awarded to the competitor whose forecast of all matches on the coupon is correct or most nearly correct. Any match abandoned or not fully played for any reason, will be ignored in the adjudication.
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- All entries must be sent through the post, and any received after THURSDAY, APRIL 21st, will be disqualified. No responsibility can be accepted for any effort, or efforts, lost, mislaid, or delayed. Proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery. Unstamped or insufficiently stamped efforts will be refused.

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diately launched, but they were able to make but little headway against the Ramblers' rocklike defence.

Tom Carter and his partner, Booth, were playing like automatons that afternoon. Their tackling was deadly, their placing of the ball superb, and the way in which they backed each other up stamped them, as two of the surest, cleanest backs one could wish to see.

Half-time came with the United still striving vainly to score that equalising goal. Whatever Henry Crocker had to say to them in their dressing-room during the interval they certainly showed no great improvement when the game was resumed.

Their play was wild and fierce, and frequent fouls against them only served to rattle them more and more and give their quicker, lighter opponents more opportunities to display their skill.

The climax came half-way through the second half, when Terry Tyrill secured the ball near the half-way line, and, despite all attempts to trip him, charge him, tackle him, by any or all means, he ran clean through the defence, and sending

Crape, the captain and right-back, flying head-over-heels, planted the ball in the net with a shot that the goalie never saw.

Now the play grew rougher and rougher, and the spectators commenced to voice their disgust in no mild manner.

"Play the game, United!"
"Cut that rough stuff out!"

But the home team had thoroughly lost their heads. A minute before "time" Hayes was badly fouled in the penalty area; and Terry completed the United's discomfiture by taking the spot-kick and crashing the ball into the net with a drive that the goalie made no attempt to save.

It was the finish of the most amazing match that had ever been played on the United's enclosure. The professional club's strongest eleven had been soundly trounced by a team of tenement lads, who

ANSWERS

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hitherto had been known as the Ragged Ramblers!

As the spectators swarmed on to the field, booing the losers for their unsportsmanlike play, and cheering the worthy winners for their brilliant display, Henry Crocker threw his cigar to the ground, and stamped it savagely under his heel.

He knew, by the action he had taken that day in placing the first team in the field, that he had brought the Steelvale United F.C. to certain ruin.

And he himself was threatened with utter ruin unless he could purchase the freehold of Raggs' Rents, which was owned by the red-headed youth who had reduced the United's defence to impotence that afternoon.

Little did Crocker realise the strange way in which Fate was to come to his aid within the next few days, and bring about his own salvation and that of the United as well, and wreak a great change in the lives of Terry Tyrill and his chums!

(Look out for more rousing chapters next week. Do you order your REALM in advance?)



(Continued from page 29.)

Stoopy, mate, that for about two minutes we stood over that jar watchin' that fuse a-burnin'!"

Gradually the skipper regained his composure, and, walking across to Shiner, he suddenly thrust out his hand.

"My boy," he said, in a voice quavering with emotion, "by your splendid initiative and promptitude you have saved the lives of all your shipmates, and have saved your ship, too. Another few seconds, and that fuse would have reached the picric in the bomb."

Fearfully embarrassed, Shiner looked to right and left, and became aware that Corny was peering into the pantry. Thereupon a slow grin spread over his face.

"Why, there's the chap what really saved the ship, sir," he said. "If it hadn't been for good old Corny, me and my raggies wouldn't have been recalled from leave, and so the bomb might have gone off, after all. I hope, sir, as you'll remember as he was the lucky mascot in the case."

"I will, Bright," smiled the captain. "And to-morrow, instead of selling the animal, you may take him back to his grazing ground. But for goodness' sake tie him up with a wire rope!"

The news of the discovery of the bomb and Shiner's heroism spread like wildfire through the ship. It was generally agreed that Wun Hi, the new washerman, was a pirate in disguise, and possibly none other than Wong Kiang himself—an opinion which was correct.

On the following morning the captain assembled the whole ship's company on the quarter-deck. There, before them all, he again shook Shiner by the hand and thanked him officially on behalf of the whole crew.

"Your magnificent heroism in carrying that lighted bomb from the magazine is worthy of more substantial acknowledgment," he concluded. "and your shipmates will be gratified to know that I am sending a special dispatch to the admiral of the China Station, recommending you for a medal for your great gallantry."

Shiner flushed the colour of the bars on the White Ensign at the jack-staff. And then his ears were almost split by the thunder of cheers that burst out from the assembled ship's company. The sound brought hundreds of Chinese rushing through the streets of Hoochow to the quay, only to be disappointed by seeing no fresh entertainment by Shiner's lucky mascot, Corny the camel!

(The raggies are here again next week in a magnificent long yarn of fun and thrills. "SHINER'S EXCURSION!" is simply packed from beginning to end with adventure and surprises! Do not forget to order your REALM in advance so as to be certain of obtaining your copy!)

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