

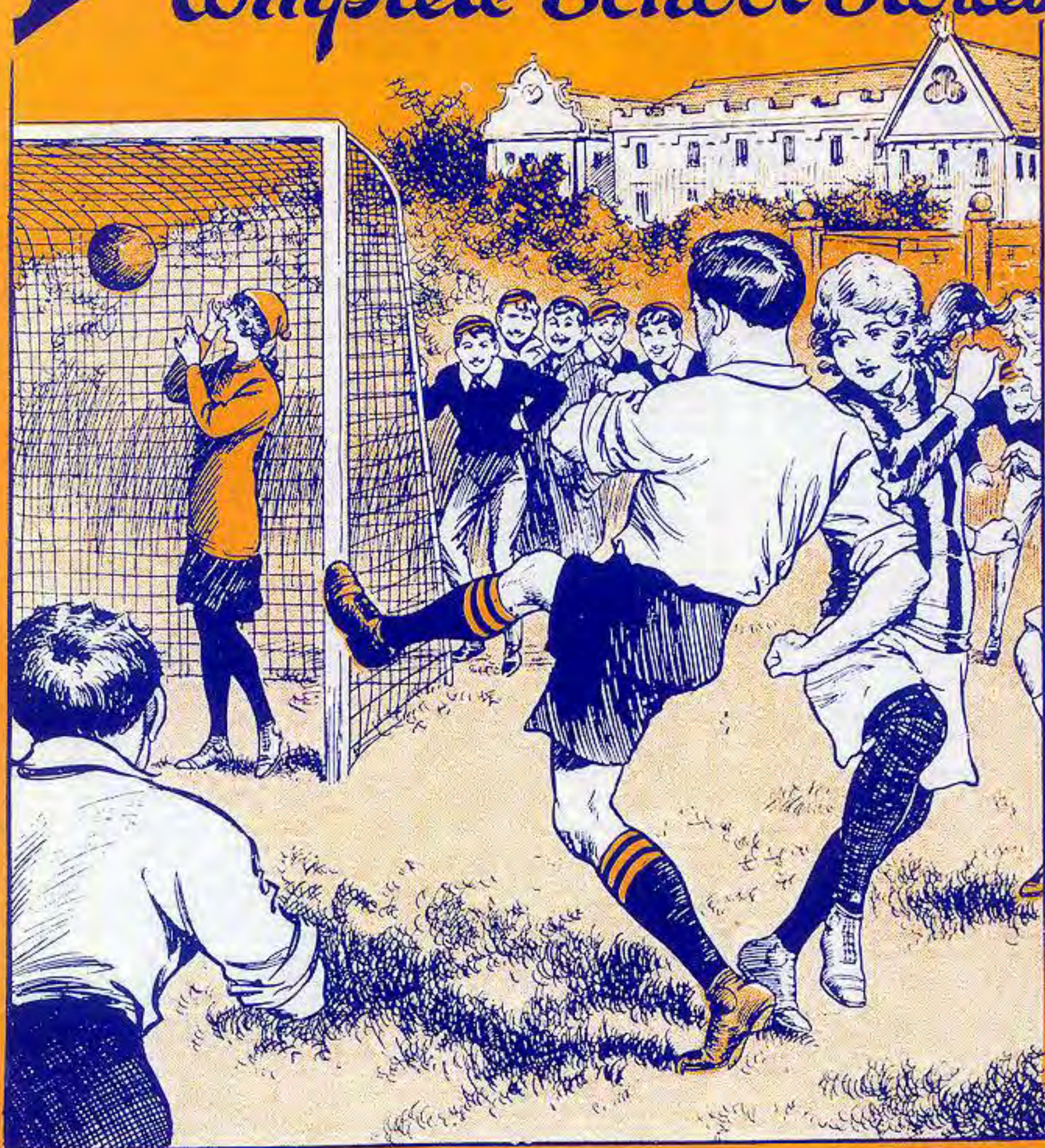
THE SURPRISE FOOTBALL MATCH!

Read how the Greyfriars boys play a team of girls!

No. 943. Vol. XXIX. Week Ending March 6th, 1926.

The Magnet 2^d Library of Complete School Stories

EVERY
MONDAY



HOW TEMPLE MANAGED TO SCORE A GOAL!

(A surprising incident in the footer match between Temple & Co. of the Upper Fourth, and a team of girls.
See the long complete school story inside.)

RIVALS!—From their lofty perch of fancied superiority Temple & Co., of the Upper Fourth, look down upon Harry Wharton & Co., of the Remove, as "mere fags." Mere fags or not, the cheery chums of the Remove are all there when it comes to dealing with the lordly Temple!



A Long Complete Story of Harry Wharton & Co., of the Greyfriars Remove, and their rivals, Cecil Temple & Co., of the Upper Fourth.

By
FRANK RICHARDS.

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Temple Makes Up His Mind!

CECIL REGINALD TEMPLE, leader of the Upper Fourth at Greyfriars, was at home.

Dabney and Fry were in the study with him.

The chums of the Fourth were not looking particularly cheery, a fact which would have surprised an ordinary observer, for there was everything in the room calculated to make the average schoolboy cheerful. A bright fire was burning, sending a warm glow throughout the study, and the table was simply laden with good things ready for tea. There were tarts, and meringues, and pastries in great variety, besides a fine pork-pie, two large cakes, and jam ad lib. The study itself, too, was magnificently appointed. Everything conducive to cheerfulness was installed there, regardless of cost. Cecil Reginald always had plenty of money, and he was accustomed to doing things in style, as befitted the leader of the Upper Fourth. He and Dabney and Fry, in fact, always lived on the fat of the land.

Yet there was a lamentable lack of cheerfulness in the demeanour of Temple, Dabney & Co. Temple's aristocratic visage wore a deep, portentous frown.

"There's no mistake about it, you chaps," he said in dismal tones. "It's rotten!"

"Jolly rotten!" agreed Fry.

"Absolutely!" chimed in Dabney, with an air of deep profundity.

Temple looked round with a flashing eye.

"The prestige of the Upper Fourth is at stake!" he went on, frowning more deeply than ever. "We seem to have been dished all along the line, lately, by the Remove. We're not going to let those cheeky kids crow over us any longer! We're the Upper Fourth, aren't we?"

"We are!" said Fry emphatically.

"And the Remove is a junior Form—quite on a lower plane to the Upper Fourth!"

"Rather!" said Dabney.

"The Remove kids are our inferiors!"

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—they're nothing more than a gang of cheap and cheeky fags!" said Temple, deeply indignant. "The Upper Fourth ought to be top dogs in all matters relating to the Lower School at Greyfriars—what?"

"Hear, hear!" said Fry and Dabney in unison.

"And yet," said Temple, with quite a scowl, "the Removites seem to think that they rule the roost here. They forget that we're their seniors. I tried to fix a match between the Upper Fourth Footer Eleven and the Latham Corinthians, you know, but that cheeky rotter Wharton stepped in and filched the fixture right under my very nose, as it were! He—he had the nerve to forestall me! The Remove has stolen a march over us!"

"Thumping cheek!" said Fry.

Temple struck the table so hard with his fist that Dabney gave quite a jump.

"We're not going to stand it!" he said vehemently. "The Upper Fourth shall never knuckle down to the Remove! The Corinthians are a jolly good team, and we wanted that match. It's ours by rights. The Remove will get licked to a frazzle, of course, and look what a show-up that will be for Greyfriars! The Corinthians are only a boys' team, we know; but they've got a fine reputation, and the newspapers all over the country have been cracking them up. It would be a fine feather in our cap if a Greyfriars Junior team beat them. But, to put the kybosh on the Corinthians, our school will have to put out the strongest team possible. The Remove kids aren't up to the weight of the Corinthians, and it's a presumption on their part to want to play them at all. It's a job for the Upper Fourth Eleven, of course!"

"That goes without saying," said Fry.

Again Temple thumped the table—only this time Dabney was ready for it.

"The Remove have got to be made to take a back seat!" said the Fourth Form leader. "They've been getting too jolly cheeky lately—too big for their boots, in fact. Why, from the way Wharton and his crowd go on, one would think that they ran the whole blessed Lower School of Greyfriars."

"Hear, hear!"

Temple looked very grim.

"I'm jolly well goin' to take matters in hand at once!" he exclaimed. "Wharton and his gang of upstart fags won't have things quite their own way after this, let me tell you. I'll make 'em keep their places and let 'em know that, as juniors, they've got to treat the Upper Fourth with respect."

"Hum!" said Fry dubiously.

"Now, about that Corinthian match," went on Temple. "It's time we got our heads together and thought of a way of baggin' that match from the Remove. I vote we call a meetin' of the whole Form, and I'll put it to the chaps. It's a ticklish problem, and I need all the support I can get. There's no time like the present, and we'll make a big to-do of it. You must admit that there's a lot of apathy in the Form."

"Perhaps the chaps are rather fed-up at seeing you get the kybosh so often, old chap," said Fry dryly.

Temple glared at him.

"Are you lookin' for a thick ear, Fry?" he demanded, with some heat.

"Well, I'm ready to take all you can give me," said Fry, glowering.

The leader of the Upper Fourth breathed hard through his nose, and controlled his rising ire with an effort.

"Look here, Fry, this isn't a time for petty raggin'," he said. "We've got to pull together for the good of the Form and teach the Remove a lesson. It's unity we want, and unity is strength."

"Every bit!" said Dabney approvingly.

"Well, get on with the washing!" grunted Fry. "If you call a meeting, Temple, do you think the chaps will come? I don't want to appear nasty, mind, but I must say that the fellows are rather tired of your wonderful stunts for putting the kybosh on the Remove. Wharton and his lot have usually proved too cute for you. You must admit that, Temple."

"Oh, rats!" growled Temple. "What we want is organised action against the Remove. I'm goin' to call a meetin' and get the support of the whole Form, and then we'll get to business. We'll have refreshments at the meetin', and make rather a social gatherin' of it—what?"

Fry looked enthusiastic at last, and Dabney brightened considerably.

"Refreshments, eh?" said Fry. "That's a ripping idea, old chap!"

"Rather!" said Dabney.

"Right-ho, then!" said Temple. "We'll run over to the tuckshop and get some more things in. Invitations will be sent to all the fellows to turn up in the Form-room later for a social gathering, with refreshments. Then I can put it straight to 'em, and gain their support in a campaign against the Remove."

"Good!"

Temple, Dabney & Co. went downstairs and passed out into the quadrangle.

The Famous Five were standing at the bottom of the steps and they watched the Upper Fourth fellows make for the tuckshop.

"The bounders are going in the tuckshop!" exclaimed Frank Nugent suddenly. "What's the wheeze, I wonder? It was only a little while ago that Temple was in there, spending his filthy lucre on tuck. It seems as though he's buying up another load."

"Yes, it looks jolly rummy," said Harry Wharton thoughtfully. "Perhaps there's a Form feed on in the Upper Fourth. Let's hop over and see what's doing. Careful, you chaps—there are some other Fourth Form duffers going in there."

The Famous Five took a circuitous route to the tuckshop, wherein Temple, Dabney & Co. had installed themselves.

They heard Temple giving orders on a lavish scale, surrounded by a group of admiring Form fellows.

A few minutes later Bob Cherry, who acted as scout and had ventured nearer the door, returned with a wide grin on his rugged face.

"Temple's going to call a meeting of the Upper Fourth, chaps, to discuss ways and means of putting the kybosh on the Remove," he announced. "He's standing a feed, too, so as to make a bit of an impression on the Upper Fourth, and rope in support in his campaign against little us!"

"My hat!" exclaimed Wharton, his eyes gleaming.

"So Temple's on the giddy war-path!" grinned Frank Nugent. "He's going to try and make the Remove sing small. Temple's tried something like that before, hasn't he, and got it in the neck?"

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

"Temple's got his rag out because we've collared the Corinthian match, Harry," grinned Bob Cherry. "He seems to think that it's the bizney of the Upper Fourth to play the Corinthians. Which, as Euclid remarked, is absurd!"

"The absurdfulness is terrific!" murmured Hurree Singh.

"Utter rot, of course!" said Harry Wharton. "Temple's holding a meeting of the Fourth—eh? And there's going to be a feed? He's going to start a campaign against us! Well, you chaps, we shall see how Temple succeeds. We'll chip in at that giddy meeting, and try and make an impression on the Fourth ourselves—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Rather!"

"We'll pass the word round among the other chaps, and visit Temple's meeting in force," went on the captain of the Remove, with a chuckle. "Funds are at a pretty low ebb, and we could do with some tuck. Temple's prog will

come in jolly useful, if we can purloin it. To the victors the spoils, you know."

"What-ho!"

And the Famous Five went off to gather in the clan.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Meeting of the Fourth!

THE Fourth Form was lighted up, and a goodly number of fellows were gathered there. Temple's notice had brought along nearly all the Upper Fourth. The leading lights were there to a man—Dabney and Fry, of course, and Scott and Murphy and Wilkinson and several more. They had turned up promptly for the meeting on learning that refreshments, as well as business, were on the board!

The room was quite crowded, and it bore an unusually festive appearance.

A large trestle table had been rigged up, and the forms drawn round it on either side. On the table was ginger-beer and glasses, and a pile of tuck that was glorious to behold.

There was a cheer as Cecil Reginald Temple rose to speak. He gave a little cough.

"Ahem! Gentlemen—"

"Hear, hear!"

"Go it, Temple!"

"On the ball, old chap!"

The Upper Fourth fellows showed great enthusiasm, and Temple's voice was quite drowned in the storm of acclamation that greeted him. Perhaps the fact that Temple had provided refreshments accounted for the enthusiasm. Cecil Reginald was an elegant and lofty youth, with a somewhat exalted opinion of himself, and there were fellows in the Fourth who hinted that Temple was a bit of an ass and a bore. But the most exacting Fourth-Former had no objection to letting Cecil Reginald run on so long as Cecil Reginald stood the tarts and the ginger-pop.

Temple glanced over the assembly with his usual dignified glance. Perhaps the meeting paid rather more attention to the refreshments than they did to Temple. Still, they told him very heartily to "go it."

So Cecil Reginald Temple "went it."

"Gentlemen, this meeting is called to—"

"Hurrah!"

"To discuss ways and means of squashing the Remove and making those cheeky fags keep their places!"

The Fourth responded with great unanimity.

"Hear, hear!"

"I think it will be generally agreed that the Remove think a jolly sight too much of themselves for a dashed fag Form," said Temple. "For a long time past it has been apparent to all that Wharton and his gang have been getting too big for their boots."

"Rather!"

"True, O king!"

"Things have come to a pretty pass when we allow the Remove—a messy junior Form—to rule the roost in the Lower School," continued Temple, warming to his peroration. "Unless they are sat on at once, there'll be no holding the little rotters. Something's got to be done. We mustn't let the grass grow under our feet, or the prestige of the Upper Fourth will be gone for ever! In fact," said Temple impressively, "in fact, gentlemen, the time has come when every man jack should cheerfully render his services to the common cause."

"Hear, hear!"

"It devolves upon us to rally round and regain our fallen laurels," said Temple, glowering. "Apart from the ragings we have had to put up with at the hands of the Remove, there is the question of footer to consider. The fact is," said Temple, coming to the point with deadly directness, "the Upper Fourth seems to have fallen a little behind in footer matters."

"Hear, hear!" roared Fry enthusiastically; and then, catching a glare from his leader, he gave a cough and tackled a cream-bun with great earnestness.

"The Remove eleven is composed of a gang of cheeky fags who think that they know how to play footer!" continued Temple, ignoring the grins of his Form-fellows. "They even have the audacity to call themselves the Greyfriars Junior Eleven, and they bag matches and get up games with other teams without even giving a thought to the Upper Fourth. That, I say, is sheer and unvarnished cheek!"

"Hear, hear!" said the meeting.

"Gentlemen, I put it to you!" said Temple, with an oratorical wave of the hand. "Is it agreed that the Upper Fourth, as a Form higher and superior to the Remove, can produce better footballers and represent Greyfriars far more nobly than Wharton's crew of noisy fags?"

"Yes!"

"Rather!"

"Every time, old chap!"

"And yet we haven't proved it!" said Temple warmly. "The Remove think that they're top dogs at footer. That cheeky ass Cherry, only this morning, said that the Remove could knock spots off the Upper Fourth at footer. That's ridiculous!"

"Absolutely!"

"We must get busy and show the Remove who's who and what's what!" said Temple. "The cheeky little rotters must be brought to subjection, and the Upper Fourth must assume the leadership of the Lower School, which, after all, is only right and proper, seeing that we are higher than the Remove."

"Bravo!"

"Wharton has had the fearful nerve to fix up a match with the Latcham Corinthians—the celebrated team of young players whose fame has spread all over the county," went on Cecil Reginald. "Now I regard that as a slight and an insult to the Upper Fourth. If the Corinthians are to be played at all, the Upper Fourth eleven must play them. We must bag that match from the Remove and show them that they can't shove themselves in front of us with impunity. The Remove would be licked to the wide by the Corinthians, and it would be a kindness to them to take the match out of their hands and save them from the humiliation of a licking!"

"Rather!"

"Not only that," continued Temple, "but look what a score it would be for the Remove if they did manage to beat the Corinthians! I say 'if,' and lay stress upon it because it's a little word that means such a lot, as Shakespeare says in—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I—I mean Browning—"

"Kipling, you ass!" whispered Fry. "As Kipling says, of course!" said Temple hastily. "Just supposing the Remove did manage to beat the Corinthians—such a thing is not likely to happen, we know—but if, by some miraculous fluke, they won the match, wouldn't they crow about it! Why, there'd be no holding 'em, and the Upper Fourth would have to retire into the background."

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"Shame!" said Temple grimly, "must not occur! The Upper Fourth has more right to play the Corinthians, and we'll leave no stone unturned!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I mean, sturn untuned!"

"Ho, ha, ho!" roared the Fourth.

"Stone unturned!" spluttered Temple, waxing very hot and discomfited. "We'll leave no stone unturned to bag the match from the Remove and lick the Corinthians ourselves. That would put the Remove Eleven's nose out of joint—what?"

"Oh, rather!"

"Hear, hear!"

"The time has come for the Upper Fourth to stir itself from the apathy into which it has fallen!" cried Temple. "Our footer team has not won many matches lately!"

"Any, not many," remarked Scott.

Temple bestowed a glare like that of a basilisk upon the heartless interrupter.

"We—we haven't shone lately at footer. But now we must bestir ourselves and get busy, and let Greyfriars see that we mean business. We're out to win matches and show Wharton's lot how football really should be played!"

"Bravo!"

"I shall coach and train our eleven carefully, giving you the full benefit of my knowledge of the game!"

"Oh!"

"I hope to make the Upper Fourth Eleven really representative of the best footer traditions of the Lower School. Before I can do that some reform is needed, root and branch. I'm going to bring about that reform, and lead the Upper Fourth to victory. The cheeky, rowdy fag crowd in the Remove who have hitherto called themselves the Greyfriars Junior Eleven will be put in the shade. Wharton and his lot will be made to eat humble pie. They will learn that, compared with the Upper Fourth, the Remove is very small beer!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Fourth, roused to great enthusiasm by their leader's stirring words.

"I mean what I say!" cried Temple warmly. "I'm out to make a bid for supremacy over the Remove, and if I fail I shall fall saying—Yaroooooogh!"

A weighty tome, hurled by some unerring hand from the doorway, came whizzing across the room and struck Temple full on the chin. Cecil Reginald, uttering that unintelligible howl, toppled off the chair on which he was mounted and fell to the floor with a crash.

"Wooooooop!"

There was a rush of feet at the door, and, looking round, the Fourth Formers were dismayed to see a horde of Removites, led by the Famous Five, come whooping in, laden with books and cricket stumps.

"Look out!" shrieked Fry. "Remove rotters!"

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Come on, kids!" shouted Harry Wharton, snatching a cricket stump from Peter Todd and leading the charge into the Form-room. "Up, the Remove, and at 'em! Down with the Upper Fourth!"

"Hurrah!"

"Pile in!" roared Bob Cherry.

The Upper Fourth fellows jumped to their feet as the invaders attacked. Latin grammars, dictionaries and exercise-books went whizzing at the meeting, and a chorus of fiendish howls and roars of wrath arose.

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"Buck up!" shrieked Temple, who had jumped up from the floor, rubbing his chin. "Drive out the rowdy rotters! Groooooogh!"

"Sock 'em!" cried Wharton. "That's the style! Remove for ever!"

Biff! Wallop! Whiz! Thud!

Temple's meeting broke up abruptly, and within the space of a very few minutes a battle royal was in progress in the Form-room. The Removites simply swarmed over Temple & Co. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull guarded the festive board, and while the conflict was raging on the floor and among the desks in the Form-room they gathered up the tuck in the tablecloth in one fell swoop and rushed it to the door.

"They've got our tuck!" howled Fry wildly. "Oh, crumbs! Stop 'em!"

"Come back, you little whelps!"

"Yarooooogh! Yah! Geroooooch!" was all Temple could say, as Frank Nugent and Inky whirled him over and sat on him.

The Fourth-Formers made a valiant attempt to stop the plunderers, but Harry Wharton & Co. drove them back.

Bob and Johnny dashed off with the tuck, leaving the Fourth Form room in a pandemonium.

The Removites were quickly masters of the situation. Temple & Co. stood absolutely no chance against such odds. They were rolled on the floor and sat on, and their moans were truly heart-rending to hear.

"Well, Temple, how about putting the kybosh on the Remove now?" said Harry Wharton, grinning down serenely on his rival. "Your giddy speech was so interesting that we waited outside the door to listen to it before chipping in. So you've got an idea into your noddle that you can show us how to play footer, and that you'll bag the Corinthians' match from us! I'm afraid you'll find you've bitten off more than you can chew, old scout, if you try those tricks. You are absolutely N.G. when it comes to playing footer, Temple, though you can't see it. That's the worst of being so conceited."

"Pride goeth before the esteemed fall," murmured Hurree Singh, shaking his dusky head gravely. "The worthy and ludicrous Temple must remember that chickens should not be countfully reckoned before the hatchfulness."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarooooogh!" came Temple's voice in sulphurous accents from below. "Lemme gerrup, you rotters!"

"Not much! Let's bump 'em," said Harry Wharton. "Perhaps that will knock some of the cheek out of the bounders."

"What-ho!"

There was a fresh uproar as the Removites proceeded with the process of bumping Temple & Co. The Form-room resounded with the bumps; the windows fairly rattled, and the dismal yells of the luckless Fourth-Formers made the old rafters ring.

At length Harry Wharton & Co. departed, chortling a great chortle of victory, leaving their vanquished rivals rubbing their smitten parts and bemoaning their lot in tones of deepest woe.

THE THIRD CHAPTER.

Wharton's Wheeze!

THE reverse he had suffered at the inaugural meeting of his anti-Remove campaign did not daunt Cecil Reginald Temple. The leader of the Upper Fourth was not

usually noted as a "sticker" for anything, except so far as his personal appearance went, but now he seemed to be in real earnest.

The day after the meeting, Temple, Dabney & Co. turned out in full footer rig on Little Side, and there they practised strenuously. Harry Wharton & Co., who came strolling up, viewed their rivals' new activities in some surprise, and with not a little mirth.

For the next week or so the Upper Fourth lived footer, and dreamt footer, and played footer every day. Temple kept his men hard at it, and brooked of no slacking. That they came in for a good deal of chipping from the Removites goes without saying. Not a day passed, in fact, without a free fight taking place on Little Side or in its vicinity, between Temple, Dabney & Co. and the humorous hecklers.

Temple's cherished ambition was to turn out an Upper Fourth team that was capable of carrying all before it, and who could reap such sweeping victories that the rest of Greyfriars would bow down unto its members and call them blessed. He wanted the Upper Fourth to make a show where hitherto the Remove had captured all the limelight; and, above all, he wanted to "bag" that Corinthian match for his team. Thus he could show Harry Wharton & Co. that they would not have things all their own way, and that there was the Upper Fourth to be reckoned with in future!

Such were the aims of Cecil Reginald, and he lost no time and spared no trouble in his efforts to accomplish them.

As time went on and the Upper Fourth team waxed busier and busier, Harry Wharton & Co. began to ponder the matter deeply in their minds.

The Famous Five and Squiff, Peter Todd, and the Bounder had tea together in Study No. 1 for the express purpose of discussing Temple's progress.

"The silly fathead!" said Wharton. "Fancy Temple having the nerve to think of his team as the Greyfriars Junior Eleven! Why, a good fag team could give the Upper Fourth crowd a trouncing. Temple's got chaps in his team who hardly know a ball from a goal-post. He says he's going to put the Remove in the shade! Temple's talking out of the back of his hat, as usual."

"Rather!"

"He's mad because you forestalled him in getting the Corinthian fixture," grinned Squiff.

Wharton laughed.

"Well, it's up to the Remove to play the Corinthians—and beat 'em, if possible," he said. "Maltby, the Corinthians' skipper, said he was willing to play the Greyfriars Junior Eleven, and that meant the Remove team, of course. We're the regular junior eleven, and all others are spurious imitations."

"Hear, hear!"

The Co. responded with hearty accord.

"It was a score for the Remove, though, wasn't it, bagging the fixture?" chuckled Frank Nugent. "Temple nearly tore his hair when he got that telegram from the Corinthian skipper saying the match was already arranged with little us. We're always on the picture when there's an important thing going like that—what?"

"And why not?" said Bob Cherry.

"He's actually issuing challenges!" said Peter Todd. "I suppose Temple's got his team right up to the scratch now, and he's hungering for glory. What about accepting his challenge and playing him? We've been training hard for the Corinthians match, and I think

"But, I say, miss," said Temple wonderingly, "I—I don't quite understand. Have you come to see me?" He was answered by a laugh, a very girlish laugh. "Yes," said the fair-haired captain, with a smile. "We've come to play football with you. We are the Wickfield Junior F.C., the team you are booked to play this afternoon!"
(See Chapter 6.)



THE WICKFIELD JUNIOR F.C. ARRIVES!

we may pride ourselves on being pretty hot stuff. We could play the Upper Fourth, and wipe 'em off the face of the earth. That would take Temple down a peg or two, and he wouldn't have the nerve to dream of playing the Corinthians after that."

"Good wheeze!" said Bob Cherry heartily. "What do you say, Harry? Temple has been allowed to go his own sweet way so far, and now's the time to put the kybosh on his little game. He's got to have the wind knocked out of his sails for good and for all!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused the Co.

Wharton, who had been looking very thoughtful, gave vent to a sudden chuckle.

"My hat! I've got a wheeze!" he exclaimed. "We'll play Temple's team incog!"

"Eh?"

"Which?"

"Incog!" said Wharton impressively. "In disguise, you know. My wheeze is for the Remove to play the Upper

Fourth incog, so that they won't know it's us. See?"

"Great pip!" said Bob Cherry wonderingly. "But what the merry thump will—"

"It will be the jape of the season!" exclaimed Wharton. "We'll pull Temple's leg, and make him the laughing-stock of the school. He's rather a high-and-mighty merchant, you know, and his dignity's his sore point. Well, my idea is to wound Temple's dignity, and make him and his footling footballers look a set of prize asses. We'll insert a challenge in the local paper, purporting to come from, say, the Wickfield Junior F.C., and see that Temple accepts the challenge."

"Well?" demanded Johnny Bull.

"The Wickfield Junior F.C. will be the Remove team in disguise," said Wharton, with a chuckle, "and we'll turn up to play the Upper Fourth dressed as girls!"

"Wha-a-at!"

The other Removites in the study

jumped violently at their leader's words. The suggestion quite took their breath away.

"That's my idea," said Wharton calmly. "Temple won't know who the Wickfield Juniors are, and when a team of girls arrives here to play his team he'll be knocked into a cocked hat!"

"Mum-m-my word!" gurgled Bob Cherry.

"It's a certain jape, I tell you!" said Wharton. "We can disguise ourselves as girls, can't we? You remember when we did Wib's last play, 'The Girl with the Golden Hair,' a lot of us had to dress up as girls, and jolly ripping we looked, didn't we?"

"Ye-es," said Squiff. "Most of us looked the part to a T. There was some discussion about Bob Cherry's feet, if I remember."

"Here, you leave my feet alone!" growled Bob, going red. "Why, I'll biff—"

"Peace, my infants!" said Harry Wharton severely. "To get on with the washing again—this jape is going to be a top-notch. We'll get old Wib to dress us up as girls. We can rely on Wibley for that. Wib can't play footer for nuts, but he's a past-master in the art of make-up, and I think we can safely trust him to transform us into quite a bevy of beauties."

"Ha, ha! Rather!"

"Won't it be a knock in the eye for Temple to be beaten by a girls' team?" grinned Wharton. "We'll let 'em sing small over it, and then let 'em know the truth. That ought to stagger the bounders—what?"

"Rather!"

"What do you think of the wheeze?" asked the Remove captain.

"It's a corker!" said Johnny Bull.

"First chop!" said the Bounder. "It sounds a bit wild, but with Wib's help we stand a good chance of pulling it off. It's wonderful what that chap can do with his amateur theatrical props!"

"Right-ho!" said Wharton. "Then it's settled. And, what's more, we must strike while the iron's hot!"

"Hear, hear!"

After a little more discussion the chums of the Remove set out together and rode down to Friardale on their bicycles. Wharton went into the office of the "Friardale Gazette," and inserted an advertisement—and a paragraph that was intended to act as a "puff." The Remove captain looked very cheery as he rejoined his chums in the High Street.

"All serene!" he said. "It was just in time for this week's edition. The editor's going to print the puff as well as the advertisement, too. Temple will be on it like a dinner when he reads the 'Gazette' to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They next paid a call on Mr. Lazarus, who ran a little amateur theatrical shop in the High Street. Mr. Lazarus had a varied and peculiar stock, and he always supplied the Greyfriars juniors with their theatrical "props."

Harry Wharton explained the forthcoming jape to Mr. Lazarus, who rubbed his oily hands, and chuckled deeply.

"Yeth, Master Wharton; I can supply the things you'll want," he said. "They will be ready when you require them."

"Good egg!" said Wharton. "We'll fix the match for Saturday, if possible, and I dare say that will be O.K. May we come here to dress, Mr. Lazarus?"

"Yeth, Master Wharton. Mit pleasure!" smiled Mr. Lazarus. "I will be very pleased to help you young shentlemens in the shoke."

"Thanks awfully!"

Harry Wharton & Co. returned to Greyfriars in cheerful mood, and they looked forward with eager anticipation to the morrow's issue of the "Friardale Gazette."

THE FOURTH CHAPTER.

Temple Takes the Bait!

"I SAY, you fellows, have you seen this?"

Billy Bunter came trotting into the Common-room at Greyfriars next morning, holding a newspaper in one fat hand.

The Common-room was crowded with juniors. In a far corner, holding aloof from the Removites, were Temple, Dabney & Co. They were chatting together on the subject of footer, and, to

all appearances, were entirely oblivious of the existence of the Remove fellows.

Skinner, Snoop, and Stott were engaged in a low discussion on "geegees"—the favourite topic of the cads of the Remove—and they looked curiously at the Owl as he came in.

"Something in the newspaper?" asked Skinner. "What is it, Bunter?"

"There's a footer team issuing challenges!" cried Billy Bunter. "There's a notice and a paragraph about it in the paper!"

Skinner gave a snort of disdain.

"Oh, only footer! What rot!"

Skinner & Co. had no interest in footer matters. Their sports and pastimes were of an entirely different order.

It was really most unusual for William George Bunter to bother himself about paragraphs on football, as a matter of fact. The Owl of the Remove was not a sporting man. His particular realm centred round tuck and topics of a similar gastronomic nature. But Billy Bunter had been artfully bribed by Bob Cherry to take that copy of the Friardale Gazette into the Common-room and spread the message far and wide. There was no fellow at Greyfriars more able to perform that commission than the Owl. Bunter was noted as a news-monger.

"What's that, Bunter?" asked Bolsover major, looking up from the table. "A footer team issuing challenges? Not the Corinthians again, surely? I thought they were booked right up till the end of the season, and that Wharton only managed to get a fixture by the skin of his teeth."

"No, it's not the Corinthians," said Billy Bunter loudly. "This is a team better than the Corinthians, I should say. Listen, you fellows, and I'll read it out."

Billy Bunter adjusted his spectacles and read out the following paragraph from the newspaper:

"FAMOUS FOOTBALL TEAM VISITS FRIARDALE!"

"Our village has been honoured by a surprise visit from the Wickfield Junior F.C., a team of young footballers who have been acquitting themselves well during the present season, and whose fame has been broadcast far and wide. We are particularly fortunate in having the Wickfield team with us, and a savour of added interest is gleaned from the fact that they are issuing challenges to local junior teams. This is a splendid opportunity for the sportsmen of Friardale to match their powers with the celebrated Wickfield Juniors, and team captains are advised to write their acceptances early, as there is bound to be a big demand for games. Further particulars will be seen in our advertisement columns."

"There!" said Billy Bunter. "That's the paragraph. Now here's the advert:

"NOTICE TO LOCAL JUNIOR FOOTBALL CLUBS."

"The Wickfield Junior F.C., now in the neighbourhood of Friardale, are willing to play several matches during the period of their stay. Fixture wanted for Saturday this week. Replies to G. Scott (Captain Wickfield Junior F.C.), care of office of the 'Friardale Gazette.'"

The reading of these announcements drew the attention of everyone in the Common-room.

Cecil Reginald Temple's eyes gleamed, and he nudged his follower.

He stepped across to Bunter's side and whipped the paper from his grasp.

"Thanks, Bunter!" he said. "I'll relieve you of this, if you don't mind. I'm rather interested, you know."

Billy Bunter looked indignant.

"Oh, I say, Temple, that isn't fair!" he exclaimed. "That paper cost me tuppence—"

"Don't tell whoppers!" said Temple airily. "I expect you picked it up somewhere while the owner wasn't looking. Anyway, I'll pay you for it, you fat clam! Catch!"

He tossed the Owl a sixpence, and Bunter caught it—on his snub nose. He picked it up quickly, however, and scuttled from the room, chuckling softly. Sixpence was the price of four jam-tarts at Mrs. Mimble's tuckshop, and thither Billy Bunter made his way with all speed.

Temple, Dabney, & Co. took the newspaper over to their corner and feasted their eyes on the two announcements relating to the "Wickfield Junior F.C."

Dick Rake, Penfold, Ogilvy, and a few other Removites looked rather wrathful at Temple's high-handed behaviour, and they were seriously considering a raid on the Fourth-Formers' corner, when the Famous Five strolled serenely in.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry. "What's the giddy excitement about? Temple hasn't fixed up a footer match at last, has he?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple glared over the newspaper at the laughing Removites.

"No, but I dare say he'll be after one!" grinned Rake. "He snatched a newspaper from Bunter just now."

"I paid for it!" snapped Temple. "You cheeky kids can mind your own business!"

"Like your impudence, anyway!" growled Bolsover major. "I suppose you'll want to challenge the Wickfield team now, Temple?"

"That's my own affair!" said Temple blandly.

Tucking the newspaper into his pocket, he walked out of the Common-room, followed by Dabney and Fry. They passed out in some trepidation, casting uneasy looks at the Removites as they went.

But the Upper Fourth fellows were not molested. The Famous Five intimated to the other Removites, by various subtle signs, that Temple & Co. were to be allowed to go.

Frank Nugent shut the door, and the Co. burst out laughing.

"Temple's caught on!" chuckled Johnny Bull. "Did you see that eager look in his eyes?"

"Rather!" said Wharton. "That newspaper paragraph has certainly made an impression."

Bolsover major looked curiously at the Famous Five.

"Here, what's the game?" he demanded. "Is anything on?"

"You bet!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "Listen, you chaps, and I'll tell you of the greatest jape of the term!"

The Removites gathered round and heard the brief outline of Wharton's deep scheme to make the Upper Fourth look small. And when they heard it they burst out into roars of mirth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's rich!" gurgled Dick Rake. "Really rich, Wharton, old scout! I couldn't have thought of a better jape myself. Temple's taken the bait. I think. He'll lose no time in accepting the Wickfield team's challenge!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And Rake was correct in his estimation.

Temple, Dabney & Co. rushed the newspaper along to the Upper Fourth quarters and gathered their confreres unto them. The two paragraphs were read, marked, learnt and inwardly digested by all, and great was the excitement and eagerness in the ranks of the Upper Fourth.

"It's an opportunity not to be missed," said Temple, smiting his fist to give emphasis to his words. "We'll get a match with this Wickfield team and show Wharton what we can do. Personally, I've never heard of the team before, but they must be worth playing, according to the newspaper. Anyway, the Remove is bound to want a game, and it's up to us to get there first. There's no time like the present, and I mean to put a spoke in Wharton's wheel. I'll pop down to the newspaper office straight away!"

"That's the idea!" said Fry enthusiastically. "We'll keep an eye on Wharton's lot and prevent 'em from going out. We'll get in first this time."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

Temple hurried out of doors to the bicycle-shed.

A few minutes later the Removites, watching from the Common-room window, saw Cecil Reginald pedalling furiously out of the gates.

The Famous Five strolled out into the quadrangle to find Fry, Dabney, and a few other Upper Fourth fellows hovering at the gates. They gave Harry Wharton & Co. grim glances as they came up.

"Sheer off, you Remove wasters!" growled Fry.

"Keep your wool on!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Since when were you appointed custodian of the giddy gate, Fry, anyway?"

The Upper Fourth fellows frowned.

Harry Wharton & Co. made no attempt to go out, however.

Within a very short time Temple came in on his bicycle, looking very red and breathless, but supremely cheerful.

The chums of the Remove noted his looks, and chuckled.

"He's swallowed our announcements whole," grinned Harry Wharton.

Temple, Dabney, and Fry walked indoors arm-in-arm in great good spirits.

In the evening a letter came for Cecil Reginald. He took it up to his study and opened it with a hand that trembled with eagerness.

The address at the top was "Friardale" only. But Temple's eyes danced when he read the following message:

"Dear sir,—I am in receipt of your letter delivered at the 'Friardale Gazette' office this morning, and shall be pleased to fix a match with the Greyfriars Upper Fourth eleven on Saturday afternoon next. My team will arrive at Greyfriars at 2.30 sharp.

"Yours faithfully,

"G. SCOTT,

"Capt., Wickfield Junior F. C."

Temple forgot his usual dignity and deportment in the ecstasy of his success. He waved the letter aloft, and, catching Dabney round the neck, proceeded to execute wild capers round the study.

"Hurrah!" he chirruped. "Then I've bagged the match! We're fixed up for Saturday! How rippin'! Now we'll be able to show the Remove something! Hurrah!"

"Yah! Wow! Gooooogh! Leggo!" gurgled Dabney, making a gallant effort

to keep his feet. "You idiot, Temple, you'll——"

"Hurrah!"

Temple let Dabney go at last, and looked round with a beaming countenance.

"We'll practise like anything for Saturday—what?" he said.

And Dabney gasped, rather breathlessly:

"Oh, rather!"

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

"Miss" Wharton & Co.!

SATURDAY, the red-letter day for Temple, Dabney & Co., arrived at last.

After morning lessons, all thoughts were turned on footer.

The Upper Fourth had been "crowing" considerably over their fixture with the "Wickfield Junior F. C.," and the airs and graces they had assumed made the Remove chortle in secret.

Temple had kept his team strenuously at practice, and, to do them justice, they had been showing better form than usual. There had always been a good deal of slackness in the Upper Fourth, and the Remove had taken the lead in all branches of the Lower School sports. Harry Wharton & Co., in fact, were far and away better than the Upper Fourth team, and everyone at Greyfriars admitted it—except Temple, of course.

Harry Wharton had followed the progress of Temple's team with a practised and critical eye, and he saw that they had still a long way to go before they could aspire to call themselves the Greyfriars Junior Eleven with any justification.

But Temple & Co. held a very exalted opinion of their powers, and what they lacked in prowess they made up for in "swank." Temple, indeed, openly declared that after the Wickfield match he was going to wrest the Corinthian fixture from the Remove. That great match did not take place till the following Wednesday, and Temple, when tackled on the subject of how he would accomplish his end, darkly vouchsafed that "there was plenty of time."

For the present, however, the game with the Wickfield F. C. was the topic of the hour. Everything else paled into insignificance before it.

The Remove were highly interested in that match, too. As Dick Rake remarked when the juniors trooped downstairs after dinner, they wouldn't miss it for a whole term's pocket-money!

Temple & Co. were in high feather.

They were going to win, of course. Temple was certain about that. It was a foregone conclusion, in fact, in his estimation. And Cecil Reginald fairly strutted about Greyfriars, feeling that the eyes of all the world were upon him.

The Remove eleven and William Wibley slipped out of Greyfriars shortly after dinner. Temple & Co. were far too busy preparing for the forthcoming match to notice their going.

The Upper Fourth fellows were all ready at two-fifteen. Temple led his merry men down to Little Side as the school clock was chiming the quarter, and Dicky Nugent & Co. of the Second sent up an encouraging cheer.

Temple looked very lofty and important. He gave the fags a condescending nod, but the group of Removites standing near by he passed with a haughty toss of the head and a superior kind of smile.

The Remove—apart from the twelve absent juniors—turned out in force to

see the match. A great deal of speculation was rife as to whether Wharton & Co. would succeed in "spoofing" the Upper Fourth fellows. Temple was usually easy "game" for the gentle art of leg-pulling, but to take him in with a football team of boys dressed as girls was rather a tall order!

But Harry Wharton & Co. were by no means novices at masquerade. William Wibley, too, was a tower of strength in the working of the deep plot. Wibley lived only for theatricals, and what he didn't know about make-up wasn't worth knowing. The Remove team could not have been in better hands, and they relied on Wib's art and their own artifices to carry them through the jape.

In the little dressing-room at the back of Mr. Lazarus' shop Wibley made startling alterations in the appearance of the Remove eleven. Working with a cunning hand, Wib transformed them so that their own parents even would have been deceived. Most of the juniors made up very well as girls, and it was really remarkable what changes could be effected in them by a wig, a few skilful touches of grease-paint, and some feminine "clobber."

Dressed in footer jerseys, long stockings, and skirts, and wearing assorted wigs, Harry Wharton & Co. looked for all the world like a team of particularly healthy, well-set-up girls. Even Bob Cherry had the appearance of a sturdy lass, in his long golden curls, rosy cheeks, and ruby lips. His feet were certainly large for a girl's, but the boots he wore, being made for footer, did not look inordinately out of place.

"Well, that's the lot!" said Wibley, as he put the finishing touch to Hazeldene's eyelashes, and stood back to survey the results of his handiwork. "My word! You chaps look a regular set of charmers, and no mistake—a sporting beauty chorus, in fact. I rather pride myself on the way I've treated Inky's chivvy. He was a jolly difficult subject at first, but I think you'll agree he's got 'that schoolgirl complexion' very nicely now."

"Rather!"

"Mind you don't give yourself away by your beautiful English, Inky," grinned Frank Nugent.

The dusky Nabob of Bhanipur shook his head—now adorned by a profusion of raven locks.

"I will not talkfully let the cat out of the esteemed bag, my worthy chums," he said. "As your English proverb puts it, the speechfulness is silver, but the silence in time saves ninepence. The shutupfulness of my ludicrous self is the esteemed proper caper."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Are you sure our giddy hair will stay put, Wib?" asked Harry Wharton anxiously. "We don't want it to fall off during the game, you know. That would put the giddy kybosh on everything!"

"You needn't worry about that," grinned Wibley. "Those wigs will want some getting off. They'll stick like paper on the wall."

"Good egg!"

At last all were ready, and Harry Wharton & Co. sallied forth from the shop, Mr. Lazarus smiling expansively and rubbing his hands in great satisfaction as they went.

They certainly looked a very business-like set of girls. The majority of them could not, even by the longest stretch of imagination, be called good-looking, but their feminine appearance was very convincing. No one would have

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dreamed that they were boys in disguise.

Wharton had ordered a brake to convey them from Friardale to the school, and in high spirits the "girls" clambered on board and were soon rattling off at a good pace for Greyfriars.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Surprise for the Fourth!

BILLY BUNTER, standing at the gates of Greyfriars, blinked down the lane as the brake hove into view round the bend.

"I say, you fellows, this looks like a girls' football team coming!" he exclaimed. "I wonder where they're off to?"

There was a crowd at the gates, and all regarded the oncoming brake with great interest. Those who were not "in the know," looked very surprised indeed when the vehicle drew up outside Greyfriars and the eleven "girl" footballers descended.

Smith major of the Fifth raised his cap and grinned as the leader came up.

"Excuse me, miss, but you have made a mistake," he said politely. "This is not a girls' school, you know."

"This is Greyfriars, isn't it?" was the retort, in a sharp, feminine voice.

"Yes; but—"

"Then we have made no mistake. We have come to play football here this afternoon."

Smith major's jaw dropped.

"Wha-at?" he ejaculated. "You've come to play footer! My only hat! Who are you playing, miss?"

"Master Temple, of course!" said the "girl" captain warmly. "Where is Master Temple?"

Smith major staggered away, looking quite overcome.

A howl went up for Temple, and in response the Upper Fourth fellows came over to the gates.

Temple started when he saw the team of feminine footballers.

"Are you Master Temple?" asked the captain, walking forward towards him.

"Yes, I'm Temple," gasped the dandy of the Upper Fourth. "But what—"

"Shake!" said the flaxen-haired skipper, extending a strong hand.

"Eh?"

"I'm very pleased to meet you, Master Temple. A nice afternoon for football, isn't it?"

"Ye-es, toppin'!" said Temple wonderingly, holding out a very limp hand. "But I say, miss, I—I don't quite understand. Have you come to see me?"

He was answered by a laugh—a very girlish laugh.

"Why, don't be so ridiculous, Master Temple! Of course we've come to see you! We've come to play football with you."

Temple's eyes and mouth opened wide—and so did those of his fellow footballers.

"You—you've come to play football with us?" he gasped. "Oh, crumbs! You must be mistaken, miss. We've fixed a match with the Wickfield Junior F.C., for this afternoon, and it will be quite impossible for us to play you. If we weren't already booked up, we—we'd be delighted, I'm sure."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

The "girls" smiled sweetly.

"But we are the Wickfield Junior F.C.!" came the sharp reply from the captain.

Temple gave a jump.

"Wha-a-at!" he almost shouted.

"We are the Wickfield Junior F.C., and we are the team you are booked to play this afternoon," said the flaxen-haired captain blandly. "You received my letter, Master Temple, didn't you?"

"The letter I had came from G. Scott, the captain of the Wickfield Junior F.C.," exclaimed Temple.

"Well, I'm G. Scott—Gracie Scott, you know—and these are the Juniors!"

"Gug-G-Gracie Scott!" stuttered Temple. "Oh, dear! Mum-m-my goodness! I—I—I—"

Temple could say no more. He was too flabbergasted!

The Upper Fourth fellows blinked unbelievably at the team of "girl" footballers, who continued to smile sweetly at them.

The fellows standing round were chuckling in huge enjoyment of the joke. Temple & Co. could not see the funny side of the affair, however. They looked quite wild.

"But—but there's a mistake!" cried Temple dazedly. "We didn't know that it was a girls' team—"

"What difference does that make?" demanded the pseudo girl skipper very sharply. "Can't girls play football as well as boys?"

"Ye-es; but—"

"Then don't be absurd, Master Temple! You asked us to play you this afternoon, and here we are. We are waiting to begin the match."

Temple looked round with a face that was a deep crimson in hue.

"We can't play you!" he cried desperately. "I'm fearfully sorry, miss, but we—we—really, it's impossible."

"Do you wish to back out of the match, Master Temple?"

"Nun-n-no, not exactly, miss!" gasped Temple, hardly knowing what to do or say. "But we—we didn't know—we didn't mean—we never bargained for a girls' team—"

"How dare you cast reflections on us, Master Temple? Do you think that, simply because we are girls, we can be slighted like this with impunity?"

"Nun-n-no, miss, not at all!" stuttered Temple helplessly.

"We have been put to considerable trouble and expense in coming here, Master Temple, and now you refuse to play us!" exclaimed the captain of the Wickfield Juniors, in shrill tones. "Is that the Greyfriars idea of sportsmanship?"

"I—I—I—" stammered the discomfited Fourth Form leader.

"Shame!" roared Bolsover major. "You ought to be ashamed of yourself, Temple! You surely aren't going to turn the poor girls away, after bringing 'em here to play you?"

"Look here—" said Temple wildly.

"Shame!"

There was a storm of approbation from the spectators.

"Play 'em, Temple!"

"Where's your pluck?"

Temple had to give in at last. There was no help for it. The match had been arranged, and the Wickfield Junior F.C. had come. It made no difference, really, whether the Wickfield Junior F.C. were a girls' team or not—the challenge had been issued and accepted eagerly by the Upper Fourth. The other Greyfriars fellows were clamouring for the game to be played, and there was nothing else to do but for Temple & Co. to play it.

Those unhappy youths led the way to Little Side. The Wickfield Juniors followed, tossing their curls, and were shown into a dressing-room.

Arriving on the field, Cecil Reginald shuddered as he looked at the throng of spectators round the ropes.

"You—you burbling idiot, Temple, landing us in for this!" breathed Fry sulphurously. "We've got to play this team of blessed girls with practically everyone looking on. We're the joke of the whole school, and the Remove have got the laugh on us properly! Why didn't you find out before, that the Wickfield team was composed of girls?"

"How was I to know?" hissed Temple. "The paper said nothing about it. We shall win, of course—"

"Br-rrrrrr! What's the glory in beating a girls' team?"

"Treat 'em lightly, and pass it off as a joke!" said Temple desperately. "We've got to put some sort of a face on it. Let's make out we're amused, and that we're playing the girls just for the fun of the thing."

"Oh, all right."

The word went round, and the Upper Fourth team made valiant attempts to smile, and thus give the impression that they were "amused." But the smiles they gave were sickly smiles indeed! They were ghastly, in fact, compared with the smiles of the spectators round the ropes!

Blundell of the Fifth, the referee for the afternoon, was grinning broadly.

Temple and the "girl" captain tossed for ends. The latter won, and promptly elected to play with the wind. The teams lined up, and Blundell, chuckling in huge enjoyment, blew his whistle.

Pheep!

There was an encouraging roar from the ropes.

"Go it, girls!"

"On the ball!"

No need to tell the "girls" to go it! They "went it," right from the sound of the whistle.

The feminine forwards attacked with a rush, their hair flying, and Temple & Co., much to their utter stupefaction, found themselves simply nowhere. They were charged aside without ceremony, and left gasping at the suddenness of it all.

Down the field went the bounding leather, right into the Upper Fourth territory, and excited shouts arose from the delighted spectators.

"Bravo, girls!"

"That's the stuff to give 'em!"

"Go it, Miss Goldilocks!"

This latter remark was directed to Peter Todd, who, in the guise of a golden-haired, though rather masculine-looking damsel, was charging down the right wing with the leather rolling at his feet.

The Upper Fourth left-half attacked, and he received such a shove that, as he went staggering to the cold, hard ground, he imagined an earthquake had occurred.

"Miss Goldilocks" simply made rings round Temple's halves, then passed. There was a further round of short, sharp passing and finally Wharton lobbed in the leather with a kick that had amazing force behind it—for a girl!

Wilkinson was in goal, and it seemed to him as the ball ripped its way through his hands that it had been sent in by a howitzer.

Biff! went the ball into the net, and the crowd shrieked.

"Goal!"

"Hooray!"

"Bravo, girls!"

Temple & Co. were dumbfounded. They blinked at their "girl" opponents in something like awe. "Am I dreaming?" said Fry dazedly. "It—it can't be! They're one up already!"

"A mere fluke, of course!" gasped Temple. "Play up, you fellows. We must make up for that at once. These girls seem pretty hot stuff, and you—you needn't let 'em off so lightly. They—ahem!—look as though they can stand some knocking about."

"They can give some knocking about, headad!" said Murphy, rubbing a bump with great tenderness.

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney, speaking from experience.

Pheep! went the whistle, and away went the girls again, their long hair streaming in the wind.

Temple & Co. played up in real earnest, but much to their surprise they found that to make up for the goal that had been scored against them was easier said than done. The "girls" carried all before them. Their team work was a revelation—in fact, it left Temple & Co. quite breathless and dumbfounded. By sheer fleetness of foot and brilliant passing the Wickfield Juniors took the game back to the Upper Fourth half of the field, and when ten more minutes had elapsed the leather found its way once again into the net!

Temple almost choked as he heard the enthusiastic shouts of the spectators.

"Goal!"
"How's that, Temple?"
"I say, this is horrible!" exclaimed Tomlinson major, as the teams went back to their places. "We've got a tough lot to contend with, Temple. These girls know how to play footer, and no mistake. They've got more go in 'em than we bargained for."

"We must trounce 'em, that's all," said Temple, between his teeth. "We dare not get licked by a girls' team! That would be ghastly. Play up like—like anything!"

The Upper Fourth fellows made a desperate attempt to break through into the "girls'" territory after that, and the game waxed fast and furious. The crowd round the ropes was thrilled at the spectacle presented to their wondering eyes. They had anticipated an interesting game—the majority, indeed, had expected it to be a bit of a farce—but the display of classic footer to which they were treated by those amazing "girls" quite took their breath away. The visitors knew how to play footer, and played it well. It was apparent to all that Temple & Co. were hopelessly outclassed. It was amazing, but true.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

Hard Lines on Temple!

HALF-TIME came with the visitors still two up, and Temple & Co. looked crestfallen indeed.

By now the crowd round the ropes had increased, and Temple & Co., as they crawled dejectedly off the field, were greeted with a storm of laughter.

They retired into the dressing-room, and did not re-appear until the time came for the resumption.

The teams lined up again amid a chorus of cheers. Temple & Co. were not looking happy. Their dismal looks showed much in contrast to the radiant smiles of their "girl" opponents.

Pheep! went the whistle, and it was the signal for a determined attack delivered by Temple & Co. But the

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No. 26—Oliver Kipps (of the Remove).



When we think of Oliver Kipps we conjure up a picture of a youthful Maskelyne or Devant, for Oliver Kipps is a conjurer of no mean ability. He can produce rabbits out of top-hats and watches—not his own—out of—well, anything! Kipps certainly made a stir when he arrived at Greyfriars. Possesses a happy-go-lucky disposition that makes more friends than enemies. Keen on juggling, Kipps must have a pretty extensive "breakages" bill to meet at the end of each term, for he is by no means as clever a juggler as he is a conjurer. Shares Study No. 5 in the Remove with Hillary. Hardly shines in the field of sport and knows it, but remains quite content to see other fellows winning the laurels in that direction so long as his position as the Schoolboy Conjurer is unassailed.

"girls" were all there to cope with it. They stemmed the onrush of the Upper Fourth players in a manner that was glorious to behold, drove them back to their own territory, and kept them there. They played like very Trojans, and Temple almost swooned with horror when the ball, not so long later, went into the net again, slammed home by the hefty foot of Miss Gracie Scott.

The crowd chortled.

"Hurrah!"

"Go it, girls!"

"Sock it to 'em!"

Temple & Co. fairly staggered to their places. They blinked at the redoubtable young ladies with wondering eyes. The Fourth had fondly imagined that the game would be a walk-over for them, but now it was only too dreadfully apparent that they themselves were being walked over instead!

Again Temple & Co. attacked in grim earnestness. Infuriated at the bare thought of being beaten by a girls' team, they played as they had never played before. They got through eventually, and simply pounded at the goal. But there again they came up against a tough proposition in the Wickfield goalie. That somewhat slim young lady was ready for every shot, and her wonderful play elicited continuous cheers from the spectators.

Finally, Temple caught her napping. The "girl" goalie was seen to be adjusting her hair, and Temple rammed in the leather in really fine style.

Great cheering arose, but most of it was ironical.

"Bravo, Temple!"

"A goal at last!"

"Who said the Upper Fourth wouldn't break their duck?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Flushed and breathless, Temple & Co. returned to their places, thirsting, like Alexander of old, for fresh worlds to conquer. But no more goals came their way—Miss Gracie Scott & Co. saw to that! Try as they might, the Upper Fourth team could not get through again, and towards the end of the match they were forced to take the defensive in real earnest. They had to play frantically to keep back the girls.

They did their utmost to outwit the fair enemy, but almost on the final blow of the whistle the sprightly Miss Scott robbed Temple of the ball and slammed it well and truly into the net.

"Goal! Goal!"

"Hurrah!"

"They're four up!" gasped Fry. "Oh, my hat! What a fiasco!"

The game was all over now, bar shouting—and so much shouting was there that it completely drowned

Blundell's shrill footle on the whistle which announced the end of the match!

"Hurrah!" bawled Bolsover major. "The girls have won!"

"What price the Upper Fourth eleven now?"

"Licked by a giddy girls' team!" yelled Tubb of the Third. "Oh, my giddy aunt! What next?"

The girl footballers tripped away to the pavilion, smiling sweetly at the discomfited Upper Fourth fellows.

Temple, Dabney & Co. blinked about them in chagrin and despair. Even now it seemed to them that it was some horrible nightmare.

But there was the cold, hard truth confronting them. They had been licked to the wide by the girl footballers! The spectators surged on the field, and Temple & Co. found themselves surrounded by a hilarious, jeering crowd.

"No wonder Temple didn't want to play 'em!" shrilled Billy Bunter. "He could see that the girls were too much for him! Ho, he, he! What a joke! I say, you fellows, what about standing the girls a feed in recognition of their good work? You can all subscribe. I'll collect the money, and I'll get a slap-up feed ready."

"You'll do nothing of the sort, Bunter!" said Dick Rake. "I reckon it's up to Temple to stand the girls a feed. What do you say, you chaps?"

The "chaps" responded with great enthusiasm.

"Rather!"

"It's up to you, Temple!"

"You can't send the dear girls away without treating 'em to a tea!"

"Noblesse oblige, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple & Co. blinked wildly at each other.

Thoroughly and hopelessly humiliated, their one craving was to get away as soon as possible and hide their diminished heads. They did not desire to set eyes on those Amazon young ladies any more. They had had quite enough of Miss Gracie Scott & Co.

But the cries of the crowd were insistent, and after all Temple had to admit that the least he could do was to invite the "girls" to tea before letting them go.

Miss Gracie Scott & Co. came tripping across the field, looking as fresh and sprightly as ever.

Rake and Penfold and Trevor all shoved Temple forward, and the unhappy leader of the Upper Fourth stood before Miss Scott with a very crimson face.

"I—I—er—would you care to stay to tea, Miss Scott?" he stammered awkwardly. "We shall consider it a g-g-great honour if you'll have tea with us before you go."

Miss Scott gave a chuckle and grinned at the other girls. They all nodded their heads with approval.

"Thank you very much, Master Temple," said the Wickfield captain. "You are most kind. We shall be pleased to stay to tea. As a matter of fact, we feel rather peckish—ahem!—don't we, girls?"

"Yes, dear!" chorused the "girls" as with one voice.

Temple & Co. escorted their fair vanquishers indoors. There wasn't room in Temple's study, and as the Form-room was closed, they had to prepare tea in the Rag.

The room was full to overflowing by the time Temple & Co., Miss Gracie Scott & Co., and the attendant gang of Removites were inside. Temple

would have driven out these latter youths, but Miss Scott gently rebuked him, and Rake, Micky Desmond, Wibley, Trevor, Ogilvy, Bolsover major, and even Billy Bunter were suffered to remain.

Temple sent out for the tuck, and a goodly spread was prepared. Miss Gracie Scott & Co. pitched into the feed with vim and vigour. Their appetites, for young ladies, were gargantuan, to say the least! The tuck disappeared with astonishing rapidity, and Dabney had to go over to Mrs. Mumble for fresh supplies. The Removites ate, drank, and made merry at Temple's expense, and that youth mumbled all manner of awful things under his breath.

It was bad enough to be licked by a girls' team in front of the whole school, but to be made to stand a tea to the victors—and to a party of Removites as well—was like gall and wormwood unto Temple's soul.

The Upper Fourth fellows sat at the table and writhed in mental anguish. They ate very little of the tuck. They did not stand much chance, really, against those hungry girl footballers, who, in company with the Removite guests, wrought havoc with the supplies of provender!

A bell sounded in the school outside, and Miss Gracie Scott gave an exclamation in quite a masculine tone of voice.

"My hat! How the time flies! It's time for prep, your chaps!"

"Yes, rather!" said Bob Cherry. "Thanks for the feed, Temple, old scout, but we really must be going now!"

Temple & Co. jumped almost clear of the table on hearing those words.

They blinked at Miss Gracie Scott & Co. as these "young ladies" arose, tossing back their curls.

"Jolly good spread, Temple!" said Harry Wharton, in his natural voice. "We enjoyed it thoroughly—didn't we, chaps?"

"What do?" said the "girls," in distinctly boyish tones.

"It was first-chop, Temple, old chap!"

And Inky, breaking his silence for the first time, chimed in with:

"The first-chopfulness was truly terrific, esteemed and ludicrous Temple!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Had a bombshell dropped in the middle of the Rag, Temple & Co. could not have been more astounded.

They gazed at the "girls" in speechless, unbelieving horror.

"M-m-m-my hat!" gurgled Temple faintly, at last. "Wh-what the—"

"Hurry up, there, Bunter!" said Bob Cherry. "It's time for us to go, you greedy young scoffer!"

There was no mistaking that dulcet voice. Temple clutched the table for support in his amazement.

"Cherry!" he ejaculated. "G-g-good heavens!"

"We—we—we've been done!" stut-tered Fry, in a still, small voice.

"Oh, rather!" gasped Dabney.

There was a roar from the "Wickfield Junior F.C." in stentorian tones that did not match their feminine appearance at all.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Temple & Co. were so utterly taken aback at the revelation that for several minutes they could do nothing but gasp. Their eyes seemed to gog from their heads as they saw the "girls" remove their wigs and rub their rosy countenances. The faces of Harry Wharton & Co. were revealed.

Temple almost dropped.

"Those Remove rotters—dressed like girls!" he managed to gasp out. "Oh, Jiminy!"

"Great pip!"

"Don't look so alarmed, Temple, old scout!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Aren't you glad we're not girls after all?"

"I—I—I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Upper Fourth fellows grew frantic as the horrible truth dawned upon them—that they had been made the victims of a gorgeous jape!

"You spoofing rotters!" howled Fry. "You've palmed yourselves off on us as a girls' team! You—you—you—"

"Rather! And, what's more, we've licked you!" said Harry Wharton cheerfully. "I reckon this is where the Upper Fourth sings small!"

"You—you insolent young hooli-gans—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Rag resounded with the mingled laughter and shouts of wrath.

There was a commotion at the door as a fresh crowd, summoned by Ogilvy, burst in to feast their eyes on the scene.

The boys of Greyfriars came, and saw, and chortled! Temple, Dabney, & Co. stood in the centre of the room, fairly trembling with rage and humiliation. Never before had Temple so fervently wished that the earth would open and swallow him up!

"Poor old Temple!" yelled Dick Nugent. "You've been disfigured, diddled, and done brown, by hokey! My only Aunt Jane, this is a come-down for you, and no mistake!"

"Licked by the Remove, after all, Temple!"

"Four goals to one, and a free feed to follow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

It was too much for Cecil Temple & Co. Human flesh and blood could stand no more. With howls worthy of rabid Hottentots on the warpath, they thrust their chairs aside and hurled themselves on the heartless spoofers.

"Smash 'em!" shouted Temple furiously. "Spifficate the little rotters! We'll teach 'em to—Yah! Wow! Yaroooooop!"

A scene of hectic strife developed. Temple & Co., thirsting for their rivals' blood, entered into the fray with battle, murder, and sudden death gleaming in their eyes. Harry Wharton & Co. backed up nobly, and the other Removites piled into the scrum with right good will.

Nothing could be seen for some minutes but a wild mass of whirling arms, kicking legs, and writhing bodies. The table went over with a crash, and the remains of the feed and the crockery were trampled underfoot.

In the height of the fracas Wingate and a contingent of prefects arrived armed with ashplants. They sailed into the midst of the combatants, whacking out to right and left. Fresh howls of anguish arose, and there was a general stampede for the door. Vanquishers and vanquished alike bolted before those stinging swipes. They stood not upon the order of their going, but fled precipitately to their several domains.

The Rag emptied in no time, and a garish scene of ruin was left behind. It was as though a hurricane had caught the room at full blast and scattered all its contents to the four walls.

All over Greyfriars there were sounds of much laughter that evening. The Remove in particular made merry over the manner in which Temple, Dabney & Co. had been japed. The fags of the Second and Third chortled over it, and



The flaxen-haired forward sent in the leather with a kick that had amazing force behind it—for a girl. Wilkinson made a desperate attempt to save his citadel, but the flying sphere went beyond his reach into the far corner of the net.
(See Chapter 6.)

the mighty men of the Fifth and Sixth gave vent to great mirth.

Only in the habitations of the Upper Fourth was there no rejoicing to be heard. Temple, Dabney & Co. were hopelessly and utterly squashed, and cries of woe and wrath, and all uncharitableness, were the only sounds they could utter!

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

Roker is Put Out!

HARRY WHARTON & CO. came downstairs after morning lessons on Monday and were met in the hall by Trotter, the school page, who was holding a rather grubby envelope in his hand.

"Letter for Master Wharton," he said. "Which it was delivered by hand a little while ago."

Wharton took the missive wondering. It was an envelope of the cheap "penny a packet" variety, and it bore numerous smears and dirty marks. It was addressed to "H. Wharton, Greyfriars School, near Friardale," in a large, scrawling hand.

"My hat!" exclaimed the Remove captain in surprise. "Who's this from, I wonder?"

He tore open the envelope and drew out a letter that was written in the same large, illiterate hand, badly blotted and smudged. As he read the contents his brows knitted together and a frown came over his face.

"My hat! What awful cheek!" he exclaimed. "Listen to this, you chaps!" The Co. gathered round curiously, and Wharton read out the following:

"49, River Street, Friardale.
"To Master H. Wharton of Greyfriars.
"Sir,—It has been brought to the notice of the Riverside Rovers, the

leading football team in Friardale, that yore team has bagged a match with the Latham Corinthians, which will be played on Wednesday next, and I heer-by beg to inform you, as captane of the Riverside Rovers, aforesaid, that we konsider ourselves more entitled to play the Corinthians than yore lot, wich is only a school team. The Corinthians hav no more fixtures avaleable this season, and so we must rekwest you to skratsh the match in our favour.

"Hoping that you will do this at wunce, and that you will let us no bi return.—Yours faithfully,

"H. ROKER, Capt. Riverside Rovers."

The Famous Five drew deep breaths as they gazed at this remarkable epistle.

"My only summer chapeau!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "That licks everything!"

"The fearful nerve of it!" said Frank Nugent indignantly.

Harry Wharton screwed the letter up in his hand and thrust it into his pocket. There was an angry look on his handsome face.

"I've never heard of such impudence in all my life!" he said. "For cool cheek, this takes the cake!"

"Who are these Riverside Rotters, or whatever it is they call themselves?" growled Johnny Bull. "I can't say I've ever heard of them before. I think I remember the name Roker, though. He's one of the village rowdies, isn't he?"

Wharton nodded.

"Yes; Herbert Roker is leader of a gang of roughs who hang about the river at Friardale and cause any amount of trouble," he said. "We've had a few rubs with that crowd in the past."

"So we have, now I come to think of it!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "Didn't

we catch them bullying some kids down by the river one day, and nipped their rotten game in the bud? Lemme sec, it was Roker we ducked, wasn't it?"

"That's right," said Wharton, with a slight smile. "Roker is a big hulking bully, and he terrorises the whole village. He thinks a mighty lot of himself, too, and imagines that he's cock of the walk in everything."

"Well, he won't find that washes with us!" said Nugent warmly.

"No fear!"

"I did hear from Dick Trumper a little while ago that Roker had formed a football team among his gang of roughs," went on Wharton in a low voice. "So that's what they call themselves—The Riverside Rovers. And they want to play the Corinthians on Wednesday, instead of us!"

"What rot!" said Bob Cherry. "We collared that fixture, and we'll stick to it!"

"Yes, rather!"

"Pretty cool, though, isn't it, writing to me and demanding that I should scratch the match in their favour?" exclaimed Wharton. "Can you imagine me handing over the Corinthians match to that team of rotten toughs?"

"Ha, ha! Not much!"

"Roker will get his reply by return, but not quite the sort of reply he wants," said the Remove captain grimly. "I sha'n't be a minute."

He went up to Study No. 1, and, taking out notepaper and pen, he wrote a note to H. Roker that was brief and to the point. This is all it said:

"Dear Sir,—In reply to your impudent letter, you are requested to go and eat coke!—Yours faithfully,

"H. WHARTON,

"Capt. Greyfriars Junior XI."

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He stamped and addressed an envelope to the captain of the Riverside Rovers and went down to his chums. They all grinned when they saw what he had written.

"That's the ticket, my pippin!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "Roker can pick the bones out of that when he gets it."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

They went across the quad and posted the letter. On their way back to the school they met Temple, Dabney, and Fry of the Upper Fourth.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry breezily. "Here are the giddy aspirants to footer fame! Made any more fixtures with girls' teams, Temple?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Cecil Reginald coloured to the roots of his hair.

"You kids can laugh, but you haven't done with us yet!" he said indignantly. "I suppose you think you beat us yesterday?"

"We do—we does!" grinned Nugent.

"You were licked to the giddy wide!" said Harry Wharton, with a chuckle.

"Beaten to a frazzle, by gum!" said Johnny Bull.

Temple snorted.

"Rats! We don't admit the defeat—see?" he exclaimed. "We do admit that you took us in and that we thought you were girls."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Spoofed beautifully, weren't you, Temple, old man?"

"Yes, we were spoofed, and we're not afraid to own it!" said Temple grimly.

"And the fact that we took you for a lot of girls accounts for our losing the match!"

"Eh?"

"What?"

Harry Wharton did not know whether to laugh or be angry. Finally he gave a laugh.

"Oh, don't be funny, Temple!" he said. "You know jolly well that we can knock spots off your freak team! You're talking out of the back of your hat as usual."

"Am I?" said Temple. "All right, Wharton. Wait till later on, that's all. We shall see what we shall see."

And with that dark gem of profundity Cecil Reginald walked away with Dabney and Fry.

Bob Cherry gave an emphatic snort.

"Silly asses!" he said. "I vote we go after 'em and knock some of the fat-headedness out of them!"

"Oh, let them alone!" said Harry Wharton. "Temple will run on, but he'll come a cropper sooner or later."

"The cropfulness of the esteemed and ludicrous Temple will be terrific!" said Inky.

The Removites soon forgot Cecil Reginald in devoting themselves to other important matters that claimed their attention. The chief subject of the day, of course, was footer. The great match with the Latham Corinthians was now only two days distant, and it behoved Harry Wharton & Co. to keep to their training with unabated zeal.

They put in a good deal of time on Little Side that day, and did not go indoors for tea until the shades of evening had begun to fall. They looked a little tired, but were in great good spirits.

Over the cosy tea-table in Study No. 1 they discussed the forthcoming match with the Corinthians in light-hearted and confident tones.

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"You chaps are shaping jolly well!" said Wharton cheerfully. "If we keep up to our present form on Wednesday I think we stand a sporting chance of beating the Corinthians."

"Won't it be ripping if we do?" said Nugent enthusiastically. "Temple will have to shut up shop. It will turn his gas off for good and all."

"Rather!"

Wharton's brow clouded.

"Temple's still on the warpath," he said. "That licking he got on Saturday hasn't damped his ardour much. He's still got designs on the Corinthian match. Temple's an ass, but he'll have to be watched. We can't afford to run risks, you know."

Bang!

It was a sudden noise at the door, and it made the Removites jump. Before they had time to do or say anything, the door was kicked unceremoniously open, and a tall, burly figure walked in.

The newcomer was by no means a prepossessing individual. He was a fellow of about the juniors' own age, or probably a little older; but he was of the towering, muscular type, and looked every inch a bully. He was dressed in a rough tweed suit, with heavy boots and a loud muffler. His face was coarse and particularly unhandsome. His nose was bent sideways—the result of a past fight—and his little green eyes had quite a beady look as they glinted from under his heavy, lowered eyebrows. He had a bullet head on which grew a mop of sandy hair, close-cropped at the back.

The abrupt entry of this strange visitor took Harry Wharton & Co. aback. They looked at him in wonder and astonishment.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry, with a gasp. "What the merry thunder—"

"Is your name Wharton?" demanded the visitor, glaring at the Remove captain.

"Yes, I'm Wharton. What do you want?"

"I'm Roker!" came the burly reply. "Erbert Roker, captain of the Riverside Rovers."

"Oh!"

The Removites looked at Roker and at each other. The sheer impudence of the village lout was almost unbelievable. Wharton's look became very grim.

"So you're Roker, are you?" he exclaimed.

"Yes."

"Well, it's like your cheek, Roker, to come barging in here without being announced!" he exclaimed. "How did you get in, anyway, and who told you this was my study?"

Roker gave a deep chuckle.

"Oh, I've got a pal or two in Greyfriars, you know, Master 'Igh-and-Mighty!" he said. "If you want to know, a chap named Skinner showed me up."

"Well, Skinner had no right to do so," said Wharton, frowning. "I'll see Skinner about it later."

"Never mind, I'm in, ain't I?" sneered Roker. "See 'ere, Master Wharton, I want to know wot you mean about this?"

He dragged a piece of paper out of his pocket, and flourished it before the Removites. They grinned when they saw that it was Wharton's note which he had posted that morning.

"What do I mean about it?" said Harry, with a laugh. "Just what I wrote, of course."

"You told me to go and eat coke!" roared Roker.

"That's right," said the Remove captain calmly. "And I'll repeat it, as you don't seem to be able to take it in. In reply to your impudent letter, you are requested to go and eat coke!"

This infuriated the village bully still more.

"I want to know about that match!" he hooted. "Look 'ere, Wharton, my team wants that fixture with the Corinthians on Wednesday."

"Go hon!" said Wharton. "Then you can tell your team likewise to go and eat coke. And, what's more, you had better go while the going's good!"

"I ain't goin' yet!" roared Roker, waving his arms wrathfully. "I warn you, Wharton, that your rotten team are going to be stopped playing in the match! I won't allow a gang of school-boys to do me out of my rights!"

"Oh!"

"You'd better scratch the game now, before any trouble sets in," said Roker emphatically. "You needn't make up your minds any longer that you're going to play the Corinthians, because you ain't; I won't allow it!"

"Great pip!"

"Don't say I 'aven't warned you," Roker went on threateningly. "You'll 'and over that match to the Riverside Rovers at once, or your rotten eleven will suffer the consequence. If you don't do as I say, I shall come down 'eavy!"

Harry Wharton's eyes gleamed. "Then I think you'd better come down heavy, Roker," he said. "The sooner the better, too. There's no time like the present, and we'll help you with pleasure. Collar him!"

"Look 'ere— Yaroooooogh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Famous Five collared the truculent Roker and he was swept off his feet, and he came down with a bump that shook every bone in his body. He gave vent to a bellow like that of a Bull of Bashan. There was no doubt that Roker had come down heavy, though not in the sense he had intended.

"Yow! Wow! Oh, crikey! Wow-wow!" moaned Roker.

"Now kick him out!" said Harry Wharton grimly. "We don't want a cad like this infesting our study. Out with him!"

"Leggo! Ow! I'll smash you! I'll do for yer! I'll— Yah! Yooooop!"

Up went Roker again in the hands of the Famous Five. He fought with all his brute strength to get free, but found himself powerless in the juniors' strong grip. He was whirled through the doorway, and he came down heavily once more—in the passage outside.

Bump!

"Yarooooogh!"

"Now yank him along to the gates!" said Harry Wharton. "The sooner Roker is off the premises, the better!"

"Hurrah!"

Roker was hustled down the Remove passage, and his yells rose crescendo. Several fellows came dashing out of their studies, attracted by the yells.

"My hat!" said Peter Todd. "What's the rumpus? Who's this giddy merchant?"

(Continued on page 17.)

ANSWERS
Every Saturday — PRICE 2:



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I have managed to secure the services of some of the finest football experts in the country as contributors to our new Supplement. MAGNET readers who follow it regularly can be sure of getting the very latest and most exclusive news, interesting gossip, and information.—H. Wharton, Ed.

Flag-Kicks and Penalties

PARS ABOUT FOOTBALL MEN AND MATTERS.

By The Man in the Street.

PRESTON NORTH END once beat Hyde in the Cup competition by 26 goals to nothing. At the end of the match somebody suggested that it wouldn't be a bad idea to have a recount.

Among the spectators at a recent Cup tie at Blackburn was a man of eighty who had never previously seen a game. He was so fascinated that I hear he is thinking of starting on a playing career very soon.

It is not unusual to find a team which has lost a big Cup tie making all sorts of excuses. But there is a well-known Yorkshire phrase which usually suits the occasion: "Own up and shut up!"

I notice that recently one of the newspapers described Warney Cresswell, the Sunderland full-back, as being very hot. In other words, mustard and Cresswell.

An article by Sam Chedgzoj appears in another column of this Supplement. When I spoke to him about writing it, I asked him exactly how he pronounced his name. His reply was this: "You don't pronounce it; you just sneeze it!"

"Willie" Foulke used to keep goal for Sheffield United when he was twenty-two stone in weight. Forwards used to complain that there was no room on either side of him to shoot into the net.

When the players of Wycombe Wanderers turned up for a Cup tie recently they found that their shirts clashed with those of their opponents. A quick hunt round had to be made, and eventually eleven cricket shirts were found for the Wanderers players. And even then they couldn't score!

"It is about this period of the season that poorly trained teams begin to feel the draught," says Harry Wilding, the Chelsea player. Surely, however, he has got the illustration all wrong. It is scarcely right to say that when players are short of wind they are feeling the draught.

When Sheffield United played Bolton Wanderers at Sheffield the home team spread fifty tons of sand on the frosty pitch. There is no truth in the rumour that the Wanderers turned out for the game with spades and pails.

Until 1892 the Cup Finals were played at Kennington Oval; after this date the Finals had to be played elsewhere, as a result of protests and complaints from the gasometers around the ground. The excitement was too much for them, and many came near to bursting when goals were scored.

Before the alteration of the offside rule we used to refer to the one-back game. When forwards are lured into the offside trap nowadays it must be by means of the "no-back" game.

There is a suggestion that the Airdrieonians should change their name. When about ten thousand people start shouting "Come on, the 'Onians!" the rest of the folk are reduced to tears.

RECORDS WHICH WILL NEVER BE BROKEN

TO talk about records which will never be broken is a risky sort of business. In football, as in other things, you never can tell when the last word has been said. Just take one example from the Cup competition. In 1913, when Aston Villa and Sunderland met in the Final tie at the Crystal Palace, 120,023 people attended. Everybody said that the limit had then been reached, that never again should we see a crowd of such dimensions, and this statement seemed to be fairly safe, because at that time there was no ground which could accommodate more people. But in 1923, when Bolton Wanderers and West Ham United fought their way to the Cup Final, the crowd which attended was far beyond the Crystal Palace figures. As many as 126,047 people paid for admission, and it was officially calculated that another 40,000 at least got into the ground without the formality of paying. Thus we had a Cup Final witnessed by over 160,000 folk. The receipts were £26,000 from that one game alone, and goodness knows what they would have been if everybody had paid. We say now that such a crowd created a record which will never be broken; but who knows?

Keeping to the Cup competition for the moment, there is a record held by the Preston North End club which, in my view, will never be equalled. It is that of winning the Cup without having a single goal scored against them in the whole of the competition, and of going through the same season in the League without once being defeated. That is a dual record which earned for the club the title of "Proud Preston."

I think it is a record which will stand for all time, because in those long-ago days there was nothing like the same level of equality among the clubs as that which exists at the present time. This level of equality can best be realised when it is added that only twice in the whole history of football has the same club won the League championship and the Cup in the same season, and this feat has not been accomplished once during the last thirty years.

Goals now being easier to get, it is extremely unlikely that the experience of Barrow and Gillingham last season will ever be surpassed. These clubs met five times in one round of the Cup before they could decide which was the better side. Fancy two teams playing for nine and a half hours in all! No wonder the men got tired of each other.

Although, as I have said, the fact that the scoring of goals is now much easier makes it specially risky to talk of scoring records which will never be broken, it is quite certain that it will be a long time before any footballer beats the individual record of Steve Bloomer. He was the goal-scorer par excellence of all time, and in League matches alone he found the net 352 times. Add to this many goals in International matches, Cup ties, and friendlies, and you will realise why this famous Derby County man was referred to in awed whispers by goalkeepers as "Steve, the Terror."

The existing records for number of goals scored by one player in a match or by one player in a season may be broken this season because of the new conditions under which football is now played. But I feel fairly safe in saying that no footballer will pass through the experience of W. H. Minter, the St. Albans centre-forward. He played in a Cup tie against Dulwich Hamlet in 1922, and with his own boot Minter got no fewer than seven goals—the full total scored by his side in the game. For one player to get seven was in itself remarkable, but Minter actually finished on the losing side, the other fellows scoring eight times. What an experience!

It is certain that no club wants to emulate the feat of Bolton Wanderers, who some years ago went through twenty-two League matches without tasting the sweets of victory; but every club would like to copy the unique feat of Burnley in 1920-1, when they played thirty League games without defeat. I doubt if any club will do it, though.

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THE RISE OF ROBERT KELLY



HOW
ENGLAND'S
INSIDE-RIGHT
WON HIS WAY
TO FAME



By "REFEREE."

NOT by any stretch of imagination could you call Ashton-in-Makerfield a big place; not by any stretch could you call it an important place—at least, in an industrial connection. But in a football sense you might call it important; to some fervid fans it is very important indeed. Why? Because Ashton-in-Makerfield, which your gazetteer will tell you is in Lancashire, was the birthplace of our one and only Robert Kelly.

Now, footer fan or not, everybody has heard of Bob. If you ever pick up a newspaper at all you couldn't possibly help hearing about him. Such headlines as "Kelly Saves the Game," "Kelly Gets a Hat-trick," "Kelly's Brilliance," and so on, compel attention by the frequency with which they are always occurring. Never for any great length of time is our Robert out of the limelight.

For Kelly, as an inside-right, is one of the greatest things that ever happened in English football. Barring, perhaps, Buchan, of the Arsenal, I would call him the greatest. This view, apparently, is also shared by the International Selection Committee, substantial support of which will be found in the list of Bob Kelly's honours herewith appended.

And not only as an inside-right is Kelly a great forward. He is equally at home in other positions. With Burnley he occupied every position in the forward line at one time or another, and proved himself a brilliant success in each. As inside and outside right he has played for his country, and in each position has given the maximum amount of satisfaction. Could anything I might say speak more glowingly than this of his versatile brilliance? I think not. A man who in five short years has collected eleven International caps, has seven times represented the Football League, and has gained sundry other honours requires little boosting from the pen of such a poor scribe as I.

Examining his history, we find more than a hint of romance in his rise to fame. Somewhere about the middle of November, 1895, Kelly was born in this town of Ashton-in-Makerfield, and after sundry schoolboy football experiences drifted into the ranks of St. Helens Town F.C., where he settled down as an inside-left. It was here that, by his sterling play, he attracted the attention of several well-known English League clubs.

Most notable among them were Preston North End and Burnley. Preston, having taken full stock of him, were seized by an ambition to place him upon their playing strength, and made an offer of £200 to sign him on. In those days—this was in 1913—£200 was a lot to pay for a junior who had never distinguished himself in senior company, so you will see that I am not bouqueting Robert unduly when I say that he was brilliant even at that early age. St. Helens were tempted to close with the offer—would have done probably had not Burnley appeared on the scene. And Burnley, every bit as ambitious as Preston to secure the services of young Robert, came forward with an even larger offer.

Now St. Helens gave pause. But, as Preston were first in the field, it was only playing the game to let Preston know what was afoot. Preston were informed, put another £25 on the original sum, whereat Burnley capped it by another £50. And so it came about that, for a fee of £275, Bob was transferred to the club which has its headquarters at Turf Moor.

Perhaps at that time the Burnleyites felt THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 943.

that they had paid through the nose for an unknown junior. I say perhaps—it is pure hazard on my part—but, if so, how gratified with their bargain must they have been. Bob joined Burnley on November 1st, 1913, and left them last December to go to Sunderland. His value to the club during that time repaid Burnley a thousand times over for the sum expended upon him, and if he had left with a free transfer in his pocket they would still have had the balance on the right side. But Bob did not leave with a free transfer. His fee, it is said, broke the record, considering that it ranged in the neighbourhood of £6,500 to £7,000. Just think of that! In the first place Burnley paid £275 for him; following that Bob gave seven seasons of his best, and assisted the club to win the Cup and create the splendid record of 1920-1; finally he was transferred for £6,500.

As I have said, Kelly left St. Helens as an inside-left, and as an inside-left Burnley persevered with him. But not long did he remain in that position, for soon he was given a place at inside-right, and after that at centre-forward. He pleased in every position, so much so, indeed, that Burnley at once realised they had found a forward jewel whose versatility would enable him to play in any position. And very shortly emergency compelled his club to play him as an outside-right. Here again he dazzled.

But as an inside-right he finally settled down for Burnley, and in that position made a name for himself. Though he was a member of the team that won the Cup in 1913-14, he did not play in the Final, although he had the satisfaction that season of helping his club to win promotion from the Second to the First Division. In many ways, however, the season of 1920-21 was his best.

It will be remembered that Burnley made football history that year. They won the First Division championship with a clear lead of five points from Manchester City, and in winning it created a record, inasmuch as they played a sequence of thirty League games without once being defeated. The inspiration of the forward line that carried Burnley to such an achievement was Bob Kelly, who thereby won his first League championship medal. In addition to this, however, he helped England to win the International championship by appearing in every International match.

It is questioned in some quarters whether the expense Sunderland have entailed in securing Bob is justified, seeing that his age for a footballer is so advanced. I think the best answer to that lies in Kelly's performances since he has been with his new club, for, despite his years, he is showing that he is as good, if not better, than ever he has been.

Yes, I think Bob is worth it. He would be worth it if only for his goal-shooting ability of which he has already given evidence. His record—which, perhaps, is the most entertaining of all reading in connection with this player—is as follows:

INTERNATIONALS.

1920-21-22-23-25.—For England v. Scotland.
1921-22-25.—For England v. Wales.
1921-24-25.—For England v. Ireland.
Total 11.

TRIAL MATCHES.

1921 (2), 1922 (2), 1925. Total 5.

INTER-LEAGUE.

1920-21-22-24-25.—v. Scottish League.
1924-25.—v. Irish League.

PERHAPS the truest thing which has ever been said about the Cup competition is that we should only be surprised when the expected happens. The whole history of the trophy is simply studded with what can only be regarded as staggering results; of unexpected successes and equally surprising failures. In these notes I shall not even make any pretence of recalling all the amazing results—the nine-day wonder games—which have happened even in my time as a player, but I shall just refer to one or two surprising successes which come readily to mind. The followers of football with good memories will not be surprised when I single out for special mention a first round game in which Everton were concerned. It was a result over which the world outside Liverpool doubtless laughed, and though it was no laughing matter for us at the time, we can now look back on it and smile. I refer to the day when the Crystal Palace team came to Goodison Park, and beat Everton by six goals to none.

A First-Class Rout.

It was in the first round of 1922, and the Palace were then a Second Division team. When we were drawn to meet them at Goodison Park it certainly looked a very good thing for us, and I recall on the morning of the match one of the writers in the daily papers—apparently forgetting everything he knew about the Cup—declared that the Palace would be lucky if they got away with less than five goals scored against them. Alas, the boot was on the other leg! One by one the Palace piled up the goals against us until they had chalked up half a dozen. We could not even score from a penalty kick.

A Cheap Team.

In connection with that nine-day wonder game, there is an excellent story told, which ought to be true even if it isn't. The Everton team, which was snowed under that day by the pace and energy of the Palace, was an expensive one, having cost quite a lot of money in transfers. After the match was over there was—so the story goes—a man selling picture postcards of the Everton team. And this is how he was trying to dispose of his "wares." "Here you are, gentlemen! The whole of the Everton team on a postcard. This morning it was worth twenty thousand pounds! You can now have it for twopence!" I suppose that was about our worth in the eyes of our supporters, and in regard to the feelings of the players I will leave them to your imagination.

A Good Joke—for Blackpool.

I have often heard tell how, some years before the War, when the "sale" of ground rights was not uncommon, that Sheffield United, drawn to play at Blackpool, offered

NINE-DAY W

Amazing Cup-tie

have startled the

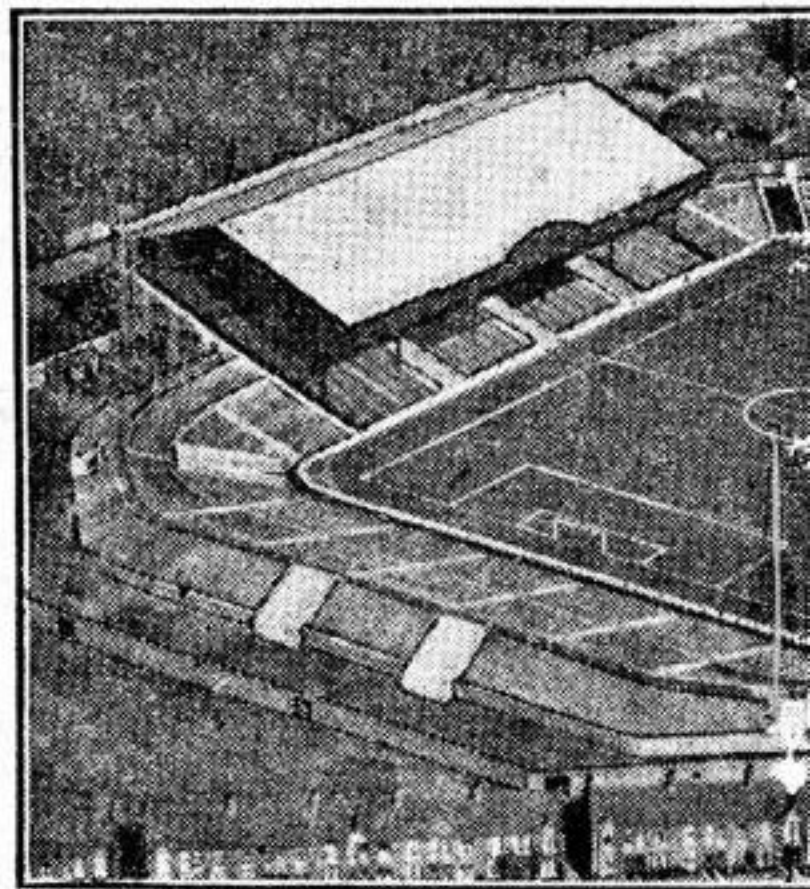
SAM CHE

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"SAM."

WHAT MANCHESTER CITY FOOTBALL & I



Y WONDERS!

up-tie Results that
d the world. By
HEDGZOY,
Ecclestone winger.

West Ham United after being called upon to travel to London.

David and Goliath.

When I was in Blackburn recently, talking over old times with a supporter of the Rovers, he recalled another of these nine-day wonder games. This was in the early days of the War, and the Rovers were called upon to visit Swansea, then practically unknown as a power in the football world. I believe they were in the Southern League Second Division. But instead of the run-away victory for Blackburn Rovers which everybody expected, the Lancastrians were beaten by 1-0. We all recall too, how, a few years back, Worksop Town were called upon to go to Tottenham in the first round to meet the mighty Hotspur. This did indeed look a case of the butterfly on the wheel, but David stood up to Goliath and forced a goalless draw. Just to emphasise how amazing such a result was, the Spurs scored nine goals in the replay. There is one thing to be said about results of this kind—which can be multiplied almost without end—that they do the lowly, struggling club more good than they can possibly do the bigger clubs harm.

A Wonderful Dark Horse Run.

Practically every season we see some club meeting with a surprising amount of success in the knock-out competition, and to me it is always a fascinating pastime to try to pick out the probable dark horse. On this line there have been few more surprising things in recent years than the success of Charlton Athletic in 1923. In the first round this Southern Third side had to go to Manchester to play the City. They triumphed there by two goals to one to startle the world. In the second round they beat Preston North End, and in the third round they knocked out West Bromwich Albion, who were considered favourites for the trophy at the time. It was a wonderful performance to knock out three such favoured First Division teams, and though in the end the Charlton club had to knuckle under to Bolton Wanderers, the eventual winners, they had made everybody sit up and take notice.

Sam Hedgzo

ROUND LOOKS LIKE FROM THE AIR!



(Reproduced by permission of Aerofilms Limited.)

the seashiders a fairly big sum to play the game at Bramall Lane. The money was accepted by the Blackpool club, and the game was duly played at Sheffield. It ended in a victory for Blackpool—a nine-days' wonder which must have been considered about the best joke in the history of football. Blackpool have done surprising things since then, and even last season proved one of the dark horses in the campaign by going to the fourth round ere being defeated, and in their run the seashiders dealt the knock-out blow to



WHAT IT MEANS TO PLAY FOR ONE'S COUNTRY!

By "INTERNATIONAL."

THIS is what might be called the International part of the season—the time when the footballers of the various countries who are showing good form look anxiously to see if their names appear among the chosen. We may take it for granted that it is the ambition of every footballer to be considered the best in his position at the moment, and that is what International selection really means. The honour is certainly much more to the average footballer than the five-pound note which he gets for playing in these big matches, and I have even known footballers who asked if they could have a special medal to commemorate their choice instead of the five pounds.

But while it is true that, strictly speaking, the honours should go to the best players of each country in each season, there is no getting behind the fact that there is a certain amount of luck attached to selection. Let me explain what I mean. The members of the International Selection Committees of the various countries make a habit of attending certain games to watch the players whom, according to répute, seem worthy of consideration for caps. Now, it may well happen that on the day when a certain player is being watched he fails to reproduce his best form, and in this connection I always think it is a mistake to let a player know when the selectors are present at his match.

It has often happened, too, that a player has been unlucky in other ways when being watched. I recall a particular case of a right half-back. On the day the English selectors went to see this player circumstances necessitated him being moved to the centre-half position in his team, and naturally in this strange berth he did not shine as well as he would undoubtedly have done in his accustomed place. So he didn't get a cap.

Just as it is true that some players miss caps most unluckily, so do other players get them in a fortunate way; they take the eye of the selectors just at the time when a player for their particular position is wanted. A couple of years ago the English selectors surprised everybody by choosing Charles Spencer, of Newcastle United, for the centre-half position against Scotland. This was how he came to be chosen. Two days before the selection was to take place members of the Committee which does this work attended a big match in which Spencer was engaged. They didn't go to see Spencer, but some other players. Now, it happened that Spencer played an absolutely inspired game, in which everything came off for him, and naturally he so took the eye that he was chosen in due course, much, as he told me himself, to his own surprise. I do not agree with this idea of choosing a man on the strength of one display. But there you are.

The luck part of the cap business also applies in other directions. A very good footballer may happen to be playing in the same position as that occupied by a superlative man of another club. At the present moment, for instance, what chance is there for any inside-left of England getting a cap in front of Billy Walker, of Aston Villa—perhaps the only player at the moment in the country who can be said to stand out so far above his colleagues as to choose himself? And it is quite certain that, good

though many young English goalkeepers may be at the moment, little consideration can be given to other than Ted Taylor, of Huddersfield Town, and Dick Pym, of Bolton Wanderers.

Mention of Pym also reminds me that a player needs to be with what is called a "fashionable" club before he is seen and consequently picked. Pym was just as good a goalkeeper when he was with Exeter City as he is now at Bolton, but he never got any caps while he was with the comparatively obscure Southern side; and he told me himself that his big reason for leaving Exeter was to get into a club where there would be a real chance of his abilities being recognised. You see, Pym wanted a cap, as does every other footballer worthy of his salt.

It should not be imagined that caps are only awarded to the older and more experienced players. There was once a centre-forward of Sheffield United named Brown who played for his country at the age of eighteen; and Alec Jackson, the present outside-right of Huddersfield Town, played for Scotland in all her International matches last season, although he was only twenty years of age. Another lad who had one wonderful season was Jimmy Dimmock, of the Spurs. In his twenty-first year he played for England against Scotland, and in the same season scored the goal by which Tottenham Hotspur beat Wolverhampton Wanderers in the Cup Final. There can be few who have realised such ambitious dreams.

Dimmock is an outside-left; and another who plays in the same position who gained speedy recognition is Fred Tunstall, of Sheffield United. Within a few months of signing-on for the Sheffield club, Tunstall was playing for England, and was well worthy of the honour, too.

There was a time, not so long ago, when England's full-backs chose themselves. Season after season Bob Crompton, of Blackburn Rovers, and Jesse Pennington, of West Bromwich Albion, were picked almost automatically. There was no chance for anybody else to play full-back for England in those days; but the chance came when they both fell out, and one of the men who was certainly "in" when opportunity knocked at his door was Sam Wadsworth, the left-back of Huddersfield Town.

Here is a curious thing about Wadsworth which perhaps you didn't know. He used to be a forward, and one day when his team was hard up for a full-back Sam was asked if he would play in that position. He said he didn't want to do so, but if there was nobody else he would do his best. And the best of Wadsworth was so good that from that day to this he has been a full-back, and, as many people will tell you, without a superior in his particular department.

I have often heard it argued that, in view of the fact that all players are so keen to get International caps, the honours should go round, and that a player who has been chosen a few times should be dropped to let in somebody else. I don't agree with this idea at all. The pride in a cap arises from the knowledge that the player chosen is considered the best. It would be an empty sort of honour if this or that man played simply because the honours were going round.

A PEEP at the LIVERPOOL TEAM!

by Paul Dry

(Our Travelling Correspondent.)

WHEN I go round knocking at the doors of the big football clubs I always wear rubber on my shoes, because, as you know, rubber is a good shock-absorber. You need shock-absorbers, too, as I discovered when, having taken a look at the dear old, dirty old Mersey, I strolled into the Liverpool ground at Anfield.

I have often been there on match days, but this was in mid-week, and at first I thought I had made a mistake and dropped into a sort of mothers' meeting. The first man I saw was Bill Connell. Officially he is the trainer of the Liverpool lads, but unofficially he is everything else. When I saw him he was darning a pair of socks, and beside him was a sweater which he had just finished darning.

Bill just loves saving pennies for the club which employs him by making the socks and sweaters last much longer than those of any other club, and they told me that when a sweater is too far gone to be darned any more, Connell just pulls the wool out in long strips and uses it to darn other sweaters.

But, of course, this darning business is only a spare-time job so far as Connell is concerned, though he takes a delight in it. He has other fish to fry, as you must have with such a contradictory collection of footballers as Liverpool possess. There is Harry Chambers, for instance, the fellow who can kick a ball as hard with his left foot as any I have ever seen.

Not to put too fine a point on it, Harry is apt to require a fair long tape-measure to go round him. When he turned up at the commencement of the present season—so the story was told to me—Connell looked at him and nearly cried. "I have to get ten pounds off you, Harry, my lad." To which Chambers replied, with that broad smile he always wears both on the field and off: "Perhaps you have; but you don't get ten pounds off me this week! I haven't drawn my first wages yet!"

By way of contrast to Chambers, there is Ephraim Longworth, a "gradely" Lancashire lad, who had to leave Bolton to play football for Leyton before he became recognised as one of the best full-backs in the land.

You won't need to be told that nobody ever refers to Longworth as Ephraim. They call him "Eph," which is pronounced "F." Now, Longworth is the very opposite of Chambers, and the more he trains the more weight he puts on, while a halt in his training causes him to lose weight. Thus you can begin to appreciate the trials of a football club trainer. "Eph" is a real sport, though, and he made me jump in the street on the way to Anfield by sounding the motor-horn of his little car. When he isn't playing football Longworth loves to be playing lawn tennis, and if he has any spare time left he goes in for a bit of rowing.

Between Longworth and Mackinlay there is a little quiet competition going on which is watched with considerable amusement by the people who regularly attend the fine ground at Anfield. It has to do with the knickers worn by these two players. Mackinlay's get wider and wider, and Longworth's get shorter and shorter; but, although I tried my best to gain information, I found no confirmation of the story that the bits which are cut off Longworth's knickers to make them shorter are put on to Mackinlay's to make them wider.

Anyway, Liverpool are about the best-turned-out team—in the Beau Brummel sense—in the country, and it is only a matter of time for young recruits like Oxley, Tom Scott, and Edmed to develop their own quaint ideas in attire. These lads will never be able to resist being infected with the general Liverpool idea. Indeed, it is becoming so obvious that Elisha Scott told me that one of these days he is going to turn up with his ostrich feathers stuck in his goalkeeping cap. Perhaps you don't know the story of those feathers. I will tell it to you, though it has nothing at all to do with the fact that Liverpool have a South African goalkeeper on the books named Riley, who will be as good as Scott when he gets the chance.

Elisha the goalkeeper, not the prophet.
THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 943.

received these feathers from a South African admirer last Christmas. It was a very nice present, and with it came a request that, in return, Scott should send a jersey and a pair of football boots. Of course, he did as requested, and it is to be hoped that the South African admirer of Liverpool's goal-keeper is inspired to the same football heights as Scott himself can reach. Scott is the world's best goalkeeper; everybody in Ireland—where he comes from—says so, and everybody in England agrees. So that's that!

Naturally Scott gets twitted, like all other goalkeepers; but when Dick Forshaw was pulling his leg the morning I was there, Elisha related a story which caused him to have the last laugh. This is the story. In a recent match Liverpool weren't doing very well in attack, and goalkeeper Scott was being called upon rather frequently. Once the situation was so desperate that Scott had to run a long way from his goal. Thereupon, according to Elisha's version of the story, a spectator called out: "Hi, come back into goal! You're only making a bad team worse by going up among the forwards!"

However, Harry Chambers got one in on Scott by telling him that he knew one better goalkeeper than the present Liverpool custodian, and that was Chambers' wife. Harry's better half did once keep goal for a ladies' team at Newcastle, and that is, according to Chambers, the real reason why he doesn't keep goal himself—because his wife knows too much about that side of the game.

One thing I noticed about the Liverpool headquarters was the almost complete absence of the smell of tobacco. There are exceptions, of course, but the majority of the players are non-smokers, including Jackson, the new Scot, quiet but most effective Tom Bromilow, Tom Scott, Forshaw, Hopkin, and Longworth.

Football often runs in the family. Will Low has a boy playing centre-half in the Newcastle Schools team, and a young son of Bill Appleyard figures behind him at back. Both these men were great Newcastle players of olden days.

Sunderland recently signed Frank Cresswell, an inside-left, from a South Shields junior club. Frank, who is a brother of the Sunderland back, is seventeen years of age, and played four times for England in schoolboy international matches.

LIGHTNING SKETCHES OF FOOTER CELEBRITIES.



An impression of CHARLIE BUCHAN, the celebrated Arsenal International inside-right, by Jimmy Seed.

TRAINING FOR FOOTBALL

Do's and Don'ts.

By PERCY LONGHURST.

AS every trainer worth his salt knows perfectly well, the art of getting a single individual or a team into a "fit" condition includes a number of "Don'ts" as well as a number of "Do's." And I am by no means sure that the "Don'ts" are any less important than the "Do's." Just for example: It isn't much use taking a daily run, never missing the morning spell of deep breathing and physical exercise, and turning out for field practice if one is going to give way to the temptation to pop a fag between one's lips at every likely opportunity. Smoking is certainly a most important "Don't."

I'm not going to say that a cigarette after breakfast and another one after dinner are going to be so harmful to a chap as to spoil all the good effects of his efforts to keep in condition—that is to say, if the smoke isn't inhaled.

Another "Don't" worth noting is the use of cold water immediately after an evening run or any other form of exercise that heats the muscles and induces perspiration. Cold water upon a hot muscle produces stiffness, causing the stretched fibres of the muscles to contract sharply. That kind of stiffness does not wear off easily. The best thing after exercise is warm (not really hot) water, followed by a cold sponge down, a quick drying, and then a few minutes' massage of the muscles. But always warm water isn't available. In that case don't at once strip off your moist togs and take the cold sponge down, but put on an overcoat, or sweater and trousers, and move about briskly—don't sit down and let the perspiration dry on you—until the heated muscles have cooled down a bit; then get your rough towel or loofah, strip and rub all over very thoroughly, and then have your cold sponge or shower. And don't get into the way of hanging around half-dressed. That's the way chills are caught.

I have mentioned the loofah. It's one of the most useful helps towards keeping the skin in good fettle that you can have, and it's cheap. Sixpence at Woolworth's will get you a good one that will last a long time. It cleans the skin most thoroughly, not only just the surface, but keeps free and open all the millions of those tiny holes in the skin called pores, upon the efficient working of which so much of physical fitness depends.

Staying up late at night and so reducing one's hours of sleep is something to which the trainer should say "Don't" very emphatically. A fellow who works hard all day, no matter whether he is an indoor worker or his job is one calling for vigorous use of his muscles outdoors, requires a decent amount of sleep if he is to keep himself at concert pitch. Some persons need a lot more sleep than others, but a good average for the ordinarily healthy chap between fourteen and twenty years of age is eight hours. Making a habit of taking less means that the body doesn't have a chance thoroughly to recuperate, with the result that listlessness, "that tired feeling," comes over one a very great deal quicker when engaged in the strenuous exertion of a hard-fought game than would be the case. The early fatigue of the muscles, the want of that little extra bit of pace just at the critical moment, the inability to find the necessary staying power to keep going at high pressure during the last ten minutes—any one of which may mean the difference between defeat and victory—is an almost certain consequence of not allowing oneself a sufficiency of sleep.

THE TRUTH ABOUT "SPECIAL" TRAINING.

In the Fight for the F.A. Cup frequent mention is made of "Special" Training by football correspondents. Next week you will learn what Special Training really is.



(Continued from page 12.)

"It's 'Erbert Roker, the captain of the Riverside Rotters!" chuckled Bob Cherry. "He came here to ask us to hand over the Corinthian match to his lot. The idea didn't appeal to us, somehow, and we're just getting rid of 'Erbert. Lend a hand, chaps!"

"What-ho!"

Roker was propelled along in the midst of a crowd of Removites. Down the stairs he went with a series of fearful concussions, and then the frog's-march was continued across to the gates. Harry Wharton & Co. did not stand upon ceremony with the captain of the Riverside Rovers. Roker was sent spinning out into the Friardale Lane, and he landed in the middle of a particularly muddy puddle, where he lay moaning.

"Now then, chaps," said Bob Cherry to his Form-fellows in the gateway. "When I say three, we'll all make a run at 'Erbert and jump on him! Are you ready? One, two, thr— Why, he's gone!"

Roker had sprung to his feet, and he made off in the direction of the village at top speed. A roar of laughter followed him.

When he was a safe distance from the gates of Greyfriars, he turned and shook a muddy fist at the Removites.

"You—you wait, you little 'ounds!" he roared furiously. "I'll pay you out for this!"

He turned again and ran as Harry Wharton & Co. made a movement as if to chase him. He fled at top speed.

"Good-bye, 'Erbert!" sang out Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removites went back to finish their tea, having thus masterfully disposed of Herbert Roker.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Rogues in Conclave!

WHARTON was very busy the next day getting out the list of players for the Corinthian match. The task was not an easy one, as there was so much footer talent in the Remove to select from. Harry was hard put to it to choose the best possible combination of players to put into the field against the celebrated boy-footballers of Latcham.

Quite a number of fellows in the Remove felt that they should have a place in that match, and when the Famous Five walked into the Hall after tea, and Wharton pinned a sheet of impot paper on the notice-board, an excited and eager crowd gathered round. This was the announcement, written in the Remove captain's well-known "fist":

"NOTICE!"

"The following will form the team playing against the Latcham Corinthians to-morrow:

"Goal, Hazeldene; backs, Bull and Brown; half-backs, Cherry, Peter Todd, and Linley; forwards, Hurreo Singh, Nugent, Wharton, Penfold, and Vernon-Smith.

"Reserves: Field, Russell, and Newland.

"The team will travel to Latcham by brake, which is arriving at the school gates at 2 o'clock sharp.

"(Signed) H. WHARTON,
"Captain."

"Well, I'm jiggered!" exclaimed Bolsover major. "Of all the cheek! I'm not in the team! I'm not even a reserve!"

"Nor me!" roared Skinner, who was always ready to foster bad feeling against the Remove captain. "I haven't had a show for a long time, and I think that this rank, rotten favouritism ought to be stopped!"

"Yep; I guess I agree with you, Skinner!" said Fisher T. Fish. "I kinder calculate Wharton's forgotten my existence—some!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Here, hold on, Wharton!" exclaimed Skinner, planting himself in the doorway, as the Famous Five were about to leave. "We're not going to take this sort of thing lying down! You've put all your particular pals in the team, and left out the really good footballers. We want fair play!"

"You surely don't think that you're entitled to a place in the team, Skinner?" asked Wharton.

"Yes, I do!" said the cad of the Remove.

"Well, there must be something wrong with your thinker," said Harry, with a laugh. "I should have it oiled."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner scowled.

"You can laugh, you rotters!" he exclaimed passionately. "You're too fond of riding the high horse at this school. Nobody gets a look-in unless he happens to be on good terms with the Infamous Five!"

Harry Wharton looked round at his Form-fellows with flashing eyes.

"If anyone is dissatisfied with the list I've made out, and can offer any reasonable suggestion for its improvement, I'm willing to listen," he exclaimed. "I'm Form captain, remember, and I'm out for the Remove to beat the Corinthians. I've chosen what I consider to be the best team, and I've dealt fairly with everyone. I'm not such a cad as to give my friends the preference and leave out better players. I think you chaps know me better than that."

The malcontents were silent. Even Bolsover major looked a little abashed. They all knew that Wharton would have put his bitterest enemy in the team if by so doing he felt that the chances of winning would be better assured.

Harold Skinner sneered.

"It's all very well for you to talk, Wharton, but you can't get away from the fact that you have your favourites," he said. "I call upon you to give some of the other fellows a show."

"Get out of the way, Skinner!" exclaimed the Remove captain angrily. "I've no time to waste on rotters like you!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, bump him!" growled Johnny Bull. "It'll do him good!"

"Rather!"

Skinner was seized by many hands and whirled over to the floor. He smote the cold, hard linoleum with a heavy smite, and a fiendish yell escaped him.

"Yarooogh! Wow! You rotters—Yah!"

Bump! Bump! Bump!

"There!" said Harry Wharton, when Skinner had been severely bumped. "Now you've got something to moan about, Skinner. Come on, you fellows!"

The Famous Five went on, leaving Skinner yelling.

When Harry Wharton & Co. had gone Skinner picked himself up, dusty, dishevelled, and looking a picture of woe, and limped out into the quadrangle.

He glanced at the clock, and saw that there was time for him to get to the village to buy some cigarettes, and get back again before locking-up time. So he hurried out of gates and went down the Friardale Lane.

It was getting on towards dusk, and the evening shadows were falling over the countryside. As Skinner passed by the stile at the crossroads, a coarse voice greeted him.

"Good-evenin', Master Skinner!"

The Greyfriars junior turned sharply, to see the burly form of Herbert Roker approaching out of the shadows.

The cad of the Remove looked narrowly at him.

"What do you want, Roker?"

"Just a little information, that's all," was the low reply. "Look 'ere, Master Skinner, I know you ain't on particularly good terms with Wharton and 'is lot, and I want you to 'elp me prevent them from playin' the Corinthians to-morrow."

Skinner's crafty eyes glittered.

"I—I'd do anything to help you do that, Roker!" he muttered. "Wharton ought to be taken down a peg or two, the rotter! But how do you propose doing him in the eye? He's got all his plans laid for to-morrow."

"That's just it," said Roker meaningly. "I want to find out wot plans Wharton 'as made, so I can lay my own plans. If I can waylay the Greyfriars team on their way to Latcham, and put 'em in a safe 'iding-place for the afternoon, I can take my team on to the Corinthians' ground, and Maltby will play me. The trouble is to get Wharton and 'is lot out of the way. I suppose they'll be goin' over by train?"

"No," said Skinner. "Wharton has hired a brake from the village to take the team to Latcham. The brake will be at the gates at two o'clock sharp."

Roker rubbed his large hands with satisfaction.

"That's wot I want to know, Master Skinner, and I'm very much obliged for the tip," he said. "Of course, I can rely on you not to say a word?"

"I'll keep mum, you bet," said Skinner, with a low chuckle. "What's your game, Roker? You'll waylay the brake on the road, I suppose?"

"You've 'it the nail on the 'ead, Master Skinner. The road to Latcham passes through a lonely bit of country over the other side of Courtfield 'Eath, and there are one or two spots there that are ideal for a safe game of kidnappin'. I'll get some fellows from the riverside to lay in wait for Master Wharton and 'is brakeload o' footballers. My pals will stop the brake and set about 'em and fix 'em up so's they won't get any further. Meanwhile, I'll take my team on to Latcham and tell Maltby that the Greyfriars fellows won't be comin', and we've come to play the Corinthians instead. They'll be all ready for the match, and they're bound to play us when they find that Wharton won't be comin'. See the idea, Master Skinner?"

The cad of the Remove nodded.

"Yes, I see, Roker," he muttered. "You can rely on me to hold my tongue about what you've told me. I'd like to see Mr. Magnificent Wharton get it in the neck like that, and I hope your plan succeeds."

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The two rascals parted, grinning. Roker struck off across the fields while Skinner continued on his way to Friar-dale.

As he did so a fat form detached itself from behind the bushes at the side of the lane, and a pair of round eyeglasses glimmered after Skinner.

It was William George Bunter of the Remove.

The Owl gave a deep chuckle.

"He, he, he! My word, what an artful game!" he murmured. "Jolly lucky I happened to see Roker coming and hid myself in case he started any of his rowdy tricks. So he's going to employ a gang of his rotten pals to waylay Wharton's team on the road to Latcham and kidnap 'em, while the Riverside Rovers go on to play the Corinthians! And Skinner's in league with him! My word! I think I shall have a few words to say to Skinner when he comes back. He, he, he!"

Still chuckling to himself, Billy Bunter rolled on to Greyfriars. Arriving there, he stationed himself at the gates, waiting for Harold Skinner's return.

It was close on locking-up time when the young rascal of the Remove appeared in the darkness outside. As he walked in through the gates Bunter strolled up to him, an ingratiating smile on his fat face.

"Hallo, Skinner!" said. "You're just the chap I want to see. I've been disappointed about a postal-order this evening, and if you could advance me a few bob till to-morrow—"

"Go and eat coke, Bunter!" growled Skinner, trying to brush past the fat Remove. "I've heard that yarn too often before. You won't cadge any money out of me!"

"Oh, really, Skinner!" said Billy Bunter, blinking indignantly through his spectacles. "If you think I'm trying to cadge—Yow-ow!"

Skinner gave him a push that nearly knocked him off his feet.

He strode on, but Billy Bunter trotted after him.

"I—I—say, Skinner, you might let me have a little loan, you know—"

"I'll let you have a thick ear if you don't stop pestering me!" said Skinner savagely.

"All right!" said Bunter, still manfully keeping pace with him. "If you refuse me a little on my postal-order, I shall have to approach Wharton, that's all. As a matter of fact, I have a little matter to mention to Wharton—about the Corinthian match, you know. I'm sure he'd be very interested to hear what Roker told you in the lane a little while ago, Skinner."

Skinner stopped abruptly.

"Wh-what did you say, Bunter?" he ejaculated.

"Oh, it doesn't matter!" said the Owl airily. "You needn't bother now, Skinner. I'm just going up to see Wharton, and—Yah! Ow! Wharrer you up to, you rotter?"

Skinner grasped him by one fat arm and swung him back.

"Stop, you fat cad!" he hissed. "What do you know about what Roker told me? Were you listening?"

"Ow! Really, Skinner, if you don't stop squeezing my arm I shall yell out and fetch the other chaps to my assistance!" gasped Billy Bunter, wriggling.

Skinner loosed his grip.

"You were eavesdropping, you rotter!" he exclaimed.

"Really, Skinner," said the Owl, with some dignity, "I hope I'm too honourable a chap to descend to common

eavesdropping. I happened to be hiding behind the bushes, out of Roker's way, and I couldn't help overhearing your conversation. Of course, I didn't intend telling Wharton of the plan to waylay his team to-morrow, and I shouldn't have dragged your name into it, Skinner, but now I come to consider the matter, I feel that it's only my duty to lay the facts before Wharton."

"You'll hold your tongue, you fat cad!" snarled Skinner, panting with fear. "Look here, Bunter, if you want an advance on your postal-order, I—I might be able to oblige you."

"Thanks, Skinner," said Billy Bunter, his indignant demeanour changing. "I thought you wouldn't go back on a pal. Can you manage ten bob?"

"No, I can't!" said Skinner savagely. "I'll give you five bob to hold your tongue, Bunter—"

"Oh, really, Skinner, if you put it that way, I shall have no alternative but to refuse your offer of a loan. I'm sure Wharton would be willing to oblige a pal—"

"How much do you want?" hissed Skinner. "I—I'll lend you seven-and-six. That's all I can manage now."

"Very well," said Billy Bunter. "Gimme the money, Skinner, old chap, and we'll let the rest stand over till to-morrow. I'd rather keep in with an old pal, of course."

Skinner handed over three half-crowns, scowling blackly. It always gave him a pain to part with money. But now it was necessary to keep Bunter's mouth shut. Skinner knew what to expect if Billy Bunter laid his information before Harry Wharton & Co. The price of the Owl's silence had to be paid.

"Not a word of this to Wharton, mind, or I'll smash you, Bunter!" he muttered.

"Oh, really, Skinner, I hope I can be relied upon to stand by a pal!" protested Bunter feebly. "I sha'n't tell Wharton, of course. I value your friendship too highly, Skinner. So long, old chap!"

Bunter rolled away towards the tuck-shop, bent on expending his "borrowed" pelf before Mrs. Mumble closed for the night. Skinner strode on, his brows lowered and his eyes glittering fiercely.

He realised that the "friendship" of William George Bunter was likely to cost him dear. He had been looking forward very eagerly to the culmination of Roker's plan for the morrow, but the fact that Billy Bunter was also "in the know" took away all the savour, and, indeed, rather marred the prospect!

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Temple's Tricks!

"IT'S up to us!" said Cecil Reginald Temple.

The Upper Fourth had come down from the dormitory. The day was bright and sunny, with just that exhilarating touch of crispness in the air that made things right for footer.

Temple had been turning things over in his mind during the night, and had lost quite a lot of his beauty-sleep in the process. The outcome of his prolonged mental exertions was led up to in his remark to Dabney and Fry, as they entered their study together.

"It's up to us!" repeated Temple. "To-day is Wednesday. The Corinthian

match comes off this afternoon, and the Remove are still hangin' on to that fixture. It's up to us to bag the match for the Upper Fourth. It's up to us to act—and act without further delay! Procrastination is the thief of time, you know."

"Well?" said Fry, a little dubiously.

"I've been 'thinkin' things out, and I've hit on a ripping plan!" said Temple, with a chuckle. "I've worked out all the details, and the wheeze is bound to come off!"

"Good!" said Fry. "Tell us all about it, old chap. We're longing to know."

"Oh, rather!" said Dabney.

"Well, Wharton has arranged for a brake to meet his team at the school gates at two o'clock sharp, hasn't he?" said Temple. "Supposin' I rang up the livery stable this mornin' and told them not to send the brake on to Greyfriars, but to wait for the team somewhere else—say at the turnpike, on the Redclyffe Road, at the other side of the wood? The Remove kids would be quite in the dark, and at two o'clock they'd be waitin' at the gates for the brake to turn up. Meanwhile, our team would go over to the turnpike, meet the brake, and drive on to Latcham for the match."

"Jolly good!" said Fry enthusiastically. "There's only one point to be considered, Temple. What about keeping the Remove off the grass? I mean to say, they'd soon get suspicious when they found the brake hadn't turned up, and Wharton would be bound to get on to the phone to the livery stable. Then the whole game would be shown up, and the Remove would go on to Latcham by train."

"I've thought of that!" said Cecil Reginald. "There's another livery stable in Friar-dale—rather a rough show run by a chap named Mugden. We'll call there this mornin', and get Mugden to work a little rag for us. Mugden has an old brake in his stables. We'll get Mugden to send a driver up to the gates at two o'clock with that old brake of his, all primed to work the little plot. He'll make out it's the brake Wharton ordered. The Remove kids will get in without any suspicion, and will be driven away. Then will come the denouement, as they say in the novels. When the brake has reached a lonely part of the countryside, miles from anywhere, it will break down, and the Remove team will be left stranded. See the wheeze?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Fry. "It's great, old man! Mugden is just the man to do the trick for us, too! What a rag!"

"Oh, rather!" chuckled Dabney.

"Then it's settled!" said Temple, looking immensely pleased. "I'll run along to the prefects' room and ring up the livery stables while the coast is clear. Sha'n't be long."

Temple hurried away to the prefects' room. Being yet early in the morning, he had the room and the telephone to himself. He asked for Friar-dale 7-9, and was quickly put on to the livery stable proprietor.

"Hallo!" said Temple. "That you, Mr. Cobbley? About that brake ordered for two o'clock at our school gates, you know. We're—ahem!—altering our arrangements slightly. Will you send the brake to meet the team at the turnpike on the Redclyffe Road, instead? Make it a little later—say two-fifteen."

"You don't want the brake to come to Greyfriars, then?" said the voice at the other end.

"No," said Temple. "Tell your man to meet us at the turnpike at two-fifteen. Will you do that?"

"Certainly, sir. It will be all right."
"Thanks!"
Temple rang off and hurried back to his chums, chuckling gleefully.
"So far, so good!" he announced. "I've made the arrangements with the livery stable. When we've had brekker we'll pop down to Friardale and fix the rest with Mugden. The Remove will be properly taken in—what?"
"Oh, rather!"

Temple & Co. simply bolted their breakfast, and were very restless at prayers. As soon as they were free, they took out their bicycles and pedalled swiftly down to Friardale.

Arriving at Mugden's livery stable, they left their machines inside the gateway and strolled into the yard.

The hostler in charge told them that

cackling. Methinks I'll reconnoitre, and find out what their little game is."
Wib left his machine outside Mr. Lazarus' shop and crossed the road. He stole to the entrance to the livery-stable yard, and scrambled quickly behind the gate, which was drawn back against the fence.



Mr. Mugden was having his breakfast, and would not be long. So Temple & Co. cooled their heels in the cobbled yard, and waited for the stable owner to appear.

Meanwhile, another junior had taken out his bicycle from Greyfriars and ridden into the village, soon after the Upper Fourth fellows. That fellow was William Wibley of the Remove.

Wib had come down to get some things from Mr. Lazarus. The theatrical shop was nearly opposite Mugden's livery stable, and Wibley gave a look of surprise when he caught sight of Temple, Dabney, and Fry standing in the yard.

"My hat!" murmured Wib. "What are those bounders up to, I wonder? It looks as though they've got some deep scheme on, by the way they are

It afforded him an excellent hiding-place, and there he waited, with bated breath, to see what would transpire.

A few minutes later Mr. Alf Mugden, a retired jockey and a local sporting character, came out into the yard.

"Morning, young gents," he said to Temple & Co. "You want to see me?"

"Yes, rather!" said Temple. "As a matter of fact, Mr. Mugden, we'd like your help in a little joke we're going to play on some of our school chaps this afternoon. They want to bag a footer match that we're entitled to, and my plan is to get their team out on the road somewhere, and dump 'em. They want to get to Latcham, and are expecting a brake to call for 'em at our school gates at two o'clock. Now, will you send a man along in one of your

brakes to pick up the young bounders, and instruct him to take a roundabout route and wangle a breakdown in some quiet place where there are no other conveyances available?"

Mr. Mugden chuckled.

"My word!" he said. "That's a bit 'ot, ain't it? You mean you want me to send a man with a brake to take your schoolfellows out and leave 'em stranded so's they can't get to Latcham?"

"That's the idea!" said Temple. "I'm sure you can manage that for us, Mr. Mugden. We'll pay you well. What do you say to a pound?"

He took a rustling pound note out of his wallet and held it out to Mr. Mugden. That worthy's rather bleary

eyes sparkled, and he took the note with avidity.

"Thanks, young gent! You're a toff!" he said effusively. "I'll work the trick for you with pleasure. Rely on old Alf! I've got just the sort of brake and just the sort of driver you want. My eye, what a joke! Two o'clock at the gates of Greyfriars, you say? Right! The job's as good as done!"

William Wibley, secreted behind the gate, chuckled softly to himself.

Temple & Co., after further discussion over the arrangements with Mr. Mugden, took their leave and rode away, looking immensely cheerful.

Wibley soon found an opportunity of sneaking out into the High Street again without being seen.

He, also, looked extremely pleased with himself.

"My only hat!" he murmured, as he crossed over to Mr. Lazarus' shop. "What a deep scheme! Fancy Temple thinking of that all himself!"

Wibley went into the theatrical shop, chuckling, and there transacted his own business with Mr. Lazarus.

He was late in leaving, and fairly flew back to Greyfriars on his bicycle. Even then the bell had rung for lessons by the time he got the machine away in the shed, and when he arrived in the Form-room the Remove were all assembled, and Mr. Quelch met him with a gimlet eye.

"You are late, Wibley!" he rapped. "Where have you been?"

"Down to the village, sir," replied the amateur actor of the Remove. "I—I had some things to get at the theatrical shop, and I left it rather late."

The Remove master's brow grew very grim.

"I have noticed, Wibley, that you pay far more attention to matters pertaining to amateur theatricals than to your lessons," he said sternly. "I cannot allow you to neglect your school work so wantonly. You will remain behind after lessons, Wibley, and do an extra half-hour's reading."

"Oh, crumbs! Er—yes, sir!" gasped the unfortunate Wib.

The Remove looked sympathetic, and Bob Cherry gave Wibley a commiserating word as he passed up the gangway.

"Silence!" rapped Mr. Quelch. "Bunter, will you kindly construe?"

Wibley sat down, Billy Bunter rose reluctantly to construe, and the lesson proceeded.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Plot and Counter Plot!

NEVER before had the Remove been so eager to leave the musty Form-room as they were that morning.

As soon as the bell rang they all trooped out—with the sole exception, of course, of William Wibley.

Wibley was looking almost frantic. He was bursting with the news he had to tell Harry Wharton, but so far he had had no opportunity of getting a word with him.

He tried to call Wharton as the Form dismissed, but Mr. Quelch's eagle eye sought him out, and, at the master's sharp command, he had to open his Latin grammar and apply himself diligently to the verb conjugations.

The Famous Five were in great spirits as they went out into the sunny quadrangle.

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"No more lessons for to-day, but plenty of footer!" said Bob Cherry cheerfully. "It looks as though Temple has given up hopes of doing us in the eye, after all. Hallo, hallo, hallo! Here's old Bunter—arm in arm with Skinner! They look jolly pally, and no mistake!"

William George Bunter rolled out of the School House with Harold Skinner. Bunter was holding Skinner's arm affectionately, but Skinner did not appear to be very pleased.

"Don't take any notice of those bounders, Skinner," said Bunter loftily. "This way to the tuckshop."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Skinner gave his fat companion a perishing look, but suffered himself to be led away.

"You—you blackmailing little cad, Bunter!" he hissed under his breath, when they had gone a little way. "I won't have you cottoning on like this. Let me go, will you?"

"Oh, really, Skinner!" protested the Owl indignantly. "I hope you're not going back on an old pal?"

"I'm not going to be made a laughing-stock of!" exclaimed Skinner. "I gave you seven-and-six yesterday, and I expect you to leave me alone, you fat rotter."

"But I'm hungry—famished, in fact," said Billy Bunter. "I really can't wait till dinner-time. Let's go over and have a snack at the tuckshop, Skinner. You can stand treat."

"I can't!" roared Skinner.

"Really, you know! You had a remittance this morning, so you can't be hard up. Come on, Skinner."

"I—I won't! Clear off, you greedy cad!"

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly through his spectacles.

"Look here, Skinner, if this is the way you're going to treat me, I shall be reluctantly compelled to dispense with your friendship," he said. "I dare say Wharton would be only too willing to stand me a feed, especially if I tell him what I know."

Skinner panted.

He saw Harry Wharton & Co. walking up, their eyes fixed curiously on him and Bunter. He turned quickly to the Owl, his face white and savage-looking.

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"I'll let you have five bob after dinner, Bunter," he hissed. "Run off now, or Wharton will smell a rat. If he finds out how you're blackmailing me you'll catch it, too."

"Oh, really, Skinner, I don't see how Wharton can smell a rat," said Billy Bunter warmly. "Gimme that five bob now, or I shall be obliged to ask Wharton for a loan."

If looks had the power to kill, the glare that Skinner gave him would have petrified Billy Bunter on the spot. The Owl had a hide like a rhinoceros, however, and Skinner's look had not the slightest effect. Bunter held out a fat hand, and Skinner, with an effort, gave him five shillings.

Almost as soon as Bunter took the money in his fat hand, there was a rush of footsteps behind, and he received a smite on the shoulder that made him jump clear of the ground.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" said Bob Cherry's dulcet voice. "Wherefore this thushness? What are you dunning Skinner for money over, Bunt?"

"Yow! Groooogh! Really, Cherry—"

"There's something fishy here," said Peter Todd, who had joined the Famous Five. "It isn't like Skinner to part with money to Bunter unless he had some very good reason. What's the game, Bunter?"

"Ow! Dud-d-don't roar at me like that, Toddy!" gasped the Owl, blinking nervously. "There's no game on, really. Skinner and I are old pals, you know, and he's advancing me something on my postal-order. Yow-wow-wow! Leggo my ear, you rotter!"

"What's the game, you fat clam?" roared Peter, grabbing his studymate's ear and tweaking it. "There's something underhand going on, and I mean to find it out!"

Skinner had fallen back, his face almost green with fear. Harry Wharton's suspicions increased. He took Bunter by the shoulder and shook him.

"Now, Bunter, tell us what rotten trickery you and Skinner are up to?" he exclaimed. "I'm captain of the Remove, and it's my business to stop any caddishness that may be going on. You and Skinner have something on between you. What are you hiding?"

"Yow! Wow! Nothing! Leggo!" wailed Billy Bunter. "I'm hiding nothing, really, Wharton! I don't know anything about Skinner and Roker—Woooop!"

"Roker!" ejaculated the Remove captain, with a start. "What's that about Roker? Is Skinner mixed up in some scheme with that rowdy, then?"

"No!" roared Bunter. "Ow-ow-ow! I'm sticking by my old pal! Skinner hasn't seen Roker—wow-ow! He doesn't know anything about the plot to kidnap your team this afternoon. Yarooogh!"

The Removites gathered round, looking grim. Skinner essayed to run away, but Johnny Bull swung him round into the centre of the circle.

Billy Bunter was grasped in many hands, and finally the whole story was bumped out of him.

Harry Wharton & Co. were astounded.

"So Skinner told Roker about our plans for this afternoon!" exclaimed Harry, knitting his brows angrily. "And Roker has hired a gang of river-side rowdies to waylay our brake and kidnap us, while he takes his team on to Latcham to play the Corinthians! My hat! You rotten traitor, Skinner!"

"Let's frogmarch 'em both!" said Bob Cherry. "Kim on, Skinner!"

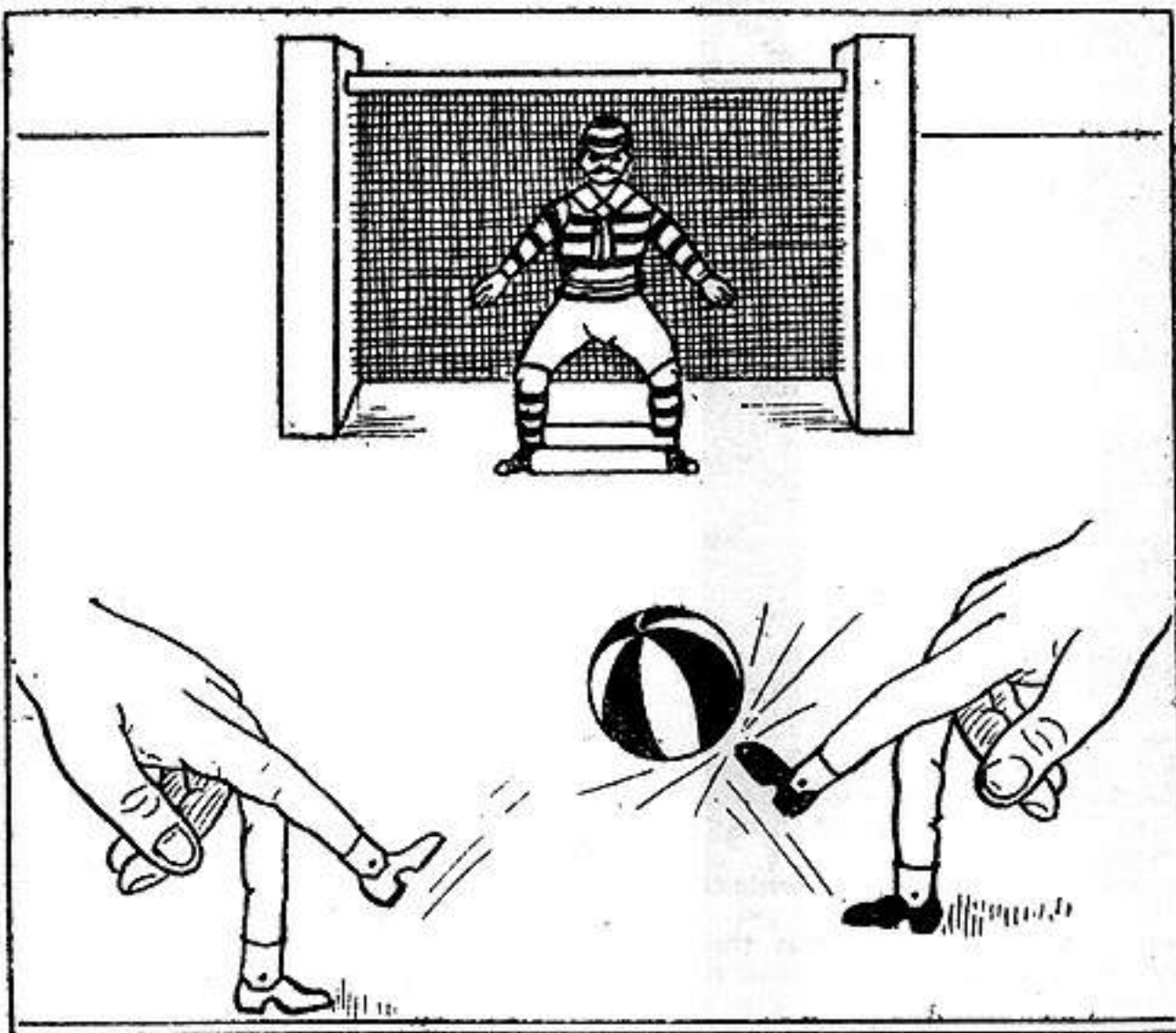
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"Yarooogh!" roared the black sheep of the Remove, as Bob whirled him over.

"Ow-wow! Help! Fire! Murder! Yarooogh!" howled Billy Bunter.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not spare the two plotters. Skinner and Bunter were severely frogmarched under the elm-trees, and by the time their Form-fellows had finished with them, they had hardly the strength to crawl away.

The Removites were discussing Bunter's revelations, when Wibley came running up. He had just been released from detention.

"I've been wanting to speak to you all the morning, Wharton!" he gasped breathlessly. "I found out a plot of Temple's to stop you from getting to Latcham this afternoon. Those Upper Fourth bounders mean to have you stranded on the road and turn up at the Corinthians' ground in your place. Listen, and I'll tell you all about it."

Harry Wharton & Co. listened in thrilled amazement whilst Wibley unfolded his tale.

Harry drew a deep breath when he had finished.

"My only hat! The deep bounders!" he exclaimed. "Wib, old chap, you've done us a jolly good turn!"

"The good-turnfulness is terrific!" said Hurree Singh.

"Thank goodness, old Wib spotted 'em and got to know of it in time!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "We seem to have a whole network of intrigue drawn round us this afternoon. Roker laid a plot to kidnap us, Wib. We've just heard all the details from Bunter."

Wibley gasped when told of the Riverside Rovers' scheme.

"My only hat! Then you'll be able

to knock both the plots on the head, Wharton," he exclaimed.

The Remove captain's eyes gleamed with a merry light.

"I think, chaps, that we might very well let the giddy conspirators carry on with their dirty work," he said. "You say, Wibley, that Temple rang up the livery stable this morning and told them to send the brake to the turnpike?"

"Yes," said Wibley. "I overheard the whole plot from behind the gate. Temple was telling Mugden all about it. His team will meet the brake at the turnpike and drive on to Latcham for the match, leaving you chaps to go off in the other brake to be dumped somewhere on the road—at least, that's Temple's intention."

"Right!" chuckled Harry Wharton. "And a gang of toughs, employed by Roker, will be waiting on the road to Latcham to look out for a brakeload of Greyfriars footballers and kidnap 'em! Now, chaps, supposing Temple did succeed in capturing our brake? He and his giddy team would drive right into the hands of Roker's gang! The rowdies wouldn't know the difference, and they'd go for Temple & Co. and put 'em out of the running as per their instructions. See what I'm driving at?"

"Great pip!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "You mean, Harry, that you'll let Temple go ahead and bag our brake and—"

"Yes, and we'll let Roker's gang go ahead and bag Temple & Co!" laughed Harry Wharton. "We'll drive off in the other brake for a little way, just to let Temple think we've fallen into the

trap, and then we'll make the driver take us to Courtfield, and we'll pick up the Latcham train there."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Jolly good wheeze, Harry!"

"Not a word to anyone, mind!" said Wharton. "Temple must not suspect that we know anything. We'll leave him to put his awfully clever plans into execution—what?"

"Rather!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the Removites strolled away chuckling.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

A Shock for Temple & Co.!

AFTER dinner, all was excitement at Greyfriars—in the ranks of the Lower School, at any rate!

Harry Wharton & Co. prepared for the match as though nothing untoward had taken place. The eleven went down to the gates with a throng of admirers when the clock was on the verge of striking two, and Temple, Dabney & Co. followed at a distance, grinning all over their faces.

At two o'clock promptly a brake drove up to the school gates, and Harry Wharton & Co. clambered nimbly on board.

"Right away for Latcham!" sang out Bob Cherry cheerily. "On, ye lads, to victory!"

"Hurrah!"

The driver cracked his whip, and the brake rattled away down the Friardale Lane.

Temple & Co. fairly hugged themselves with mirth.

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"They're gone!" exclaimed Fry. "They've fallen into the trap like giddy lambs!"

"Oh, rather!"

"Now we must be off to the turnpike to meet the other brake," said Temple. "All our footer things are hidden in the hollow tree in the wood, and Wilkinson is mounting guard over them. We'll fetch 'em on our way to the Redclyffe Road. Hurry up!"

The Upper Fourth fellows left Greyfriars and made their way into the Friardale Wood.

A good number of Removites were trekking for the station to catch the train to Latcham. Temple & Co. managed to leave without arousing suspicion.

They put on their footer things hurriedly in the wood, and reached the turnpike at nearly twenty past two. A smart-looking brake was waiting there. The driver touched his hat to them.

"Master Wharton?" he said.

"Good-afternoon!" said Temple. "Your instructions are to drive us as quickly as possible to Latcham, my man."

"Yessir!"

"Climb in, chaps!"

Temple & Co. jumped up into the brake, and away they went, smiling broadly at the success of their plans!

"There'll be a bit of a row with the other Remove fags when we get to Latcham," said Temple. "But these are fine horses, and we'll reach the Corinthian ground first. That'll give us time to palm ourselves off on Maltby, the captain, and then we can remain in the dressing-room till it's time for the match to commence!"

"Oh, rather!"

The brake bowled on at a fine pace. Across Courtfield Heath it went, and along the wide country road that led to Latcham.

The road narrowed as the brake descended into a wooded valley. Thick trees skirted the bank at either side. Rounding a bend, Temple & Co. heard the driver give an exclamation of alarm. A rope had been stretched across the road from either side, and the driver had to be very quick in reining in the horses, otherwise there might have been a nasty accident.

"My hat!" exclaimed Temple, as the brake stopped. "What a mad trick! Who put that rope there, I wonder? I — Oh, g-g-good heavens!"

His eyes almost started from his head when he saw a crowd of rough-looking fellows pouring out from behind the bushes. The Fourth Form footballers jumped to their feet in alarm. The brake was surrounded, and Roker's pals looked up at Temple & Co. with ugly, threatening expressions.

"Come down out o' there!" said one thick-set rascal, who was evidently the leader. "We want yer!"

Temple drew back, clenching his fists. "Here, what's the game?" he exclaimed.

"You're the chaps from Greyfriars School, ain't yer? You're off to Latcham to play the Corinthians?"

"Ye-es; but—"

Temple was interrupted by a roar of coarse laughter.

"Then 'op down out o' that, quick!" said the ringleader thickly. "You ain't goin' to play no Corinthians this afternoon, my young bucks!"

Tomlinson major turned to the brake driver desperately, but saw that it was no use attempting to drive on. Two hefty-looking fellows held the horses' heads.

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Temple set his teeth as Roker's cheery friends gathered closer round the brake.

"We must make a fight for it, you chaps!" he said. "Buck up!"

Even as the words left Temple's mouth, the ambush party swarmed towards the brake.

The Upper Fourth fellows stood shoulder to shoulder, and commenced to hit out gamely, but they were no match for their heavier adversaries. Game to the last, and delivering several telling blows on Roker's pugilistic pals, they soon found themselves completely overwhelmed.

The ambush party piled on them with a whoop of triumph. Ropes were brought up, and Temple & Co. were made prisoners.

The brake driver, who had backed up Temple & Co., was also secured.

The ringleader of the ambush party, rubbing a bump on his chin, looked round savagely.

"Shove the brake into that field," he snarled. "No one will spot it be'ind the 'edge. We'll keep these young coves in the barn and mark time on 'em till five o'clock. 'Urry up, there!"

The brake and horses were taken through a gate higher up the road and into the field beyond. Temple & Co., meanwhile, were hustled through the hedge and across to an old, tumbledown barn, where they were incarcerated.

Thereafter, their captors proceeded to while away the afternoon playing nap and smoking, and as they watched Temple & Co.'s feelings were too deep for words.

Harry Wharton & Co. did not go far in the other brake. No sooner were they out of the village than Bob Cherry and Peter Todd yanked the driver from his seat and secured him to one of the seats inside. Johnny Bull took the reins and drove on to Courtfield station.

They arrived in advance of the train, and so, leaving the tied-up driver inside his brake, they crowded on the platform and waited for the train to come in from Friardale.

All the other Removites were on board that train, and the journey to Latcham was completed amid much laughter.

The juniors all marched to the Corinthian ground, which was in the centre of the town. The seats were well filled when they arrived. Harry Wharton's brow grew very grim as he saw Roker and a team of burly footballers talking to Maltby, the Corinthian skipper, on the ground.

"Then the Riverside Rover rotters are here already!" he exclaimed, between his teeth. "Come on, you fellows, we'll soon settle their hash!"

"What-ho!"

A horde of determined-looking juniors dashed on to the Corinthian ground. Maltby and Roker & Co. regarded them in astonishment, the latter fellows receiving a nasty shock.

"Why, what the dickens—" began Maltby, who was a fine, sturdy fellow and a typical sportsman.

"I'm Wharton!" exclaimed the Remove captain quickly. "Here's my team, and we've come to play you. Roker and these other rotters have no right to be here!"

"But Roker brought a message from you," said Maltby. "According to the letter, your team had been unavoidably detained at Greyfriars, and you requested me to play the Friardale team instead."

"Then the note was a fake!" said Harry Wharton, his eyes flashing at the scowling Roker. "I never sent such a

message. These cads planned to rob us of the match, but they haven't succeeded. They aren't fit to be on a decent football ground, Maltby, and we'll get rid of them for you. Grab them!"

"Spifficate the rotters!"

The Removites attacked with a rush, and Roker & Co. went down, roaring fiendishly. They fought doggedly enough, but Harry Wharton & Co. soon had them well in hand. The Friardale rowdies were rolled in the mud, and trodden on, and sat on, and then they were bumped round the field, to the accompaniment of roars of laughter from the Latcham folk!

They looked a set of ghastly wrecks by the time the process was over. Muddy, bedraggled, and sore in mind and body, they rushed to the gates, intent only upon putting as much distance between themselves and the Greyfriars juniors as was possible.

Meanwhile, Wharton & Co. were preparing to take the field. Both the Corinthians and the Remove team looked very fresh and sturdy. Cheers arose on all sides, and the spectators looked forward to seeing a good match.

And they were not disappointed!

The coin was spun, and Greyfriars won the toss. Then the game commenced, and it was evident from the outset that it was going to be a Spartan tussle.

The Corinthians attacked in the forceful, sweeping style that had made them famous. They had an outside-right who was the last word in speed and cunning, and Maltby himself proved by his play that he was more than worthy of his place as captain of that fine boys' team.

But Harry Wharton & Co. were foemen worthy of their steel. They soon showed the people of Latcham that they had come to take some of the wind out of the sails of the home team. They repelled the Corinthians' attacks in right noble manner, and made several raids into the enemy territory.

Harry Wharton and the Bounder played magnificently, and the rest of the eleven worked in perfect harmony with their skipper, passing in grand style always at the right moment. Their team work was classic, and several times

"FRIENDS DIVIDED!"

By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

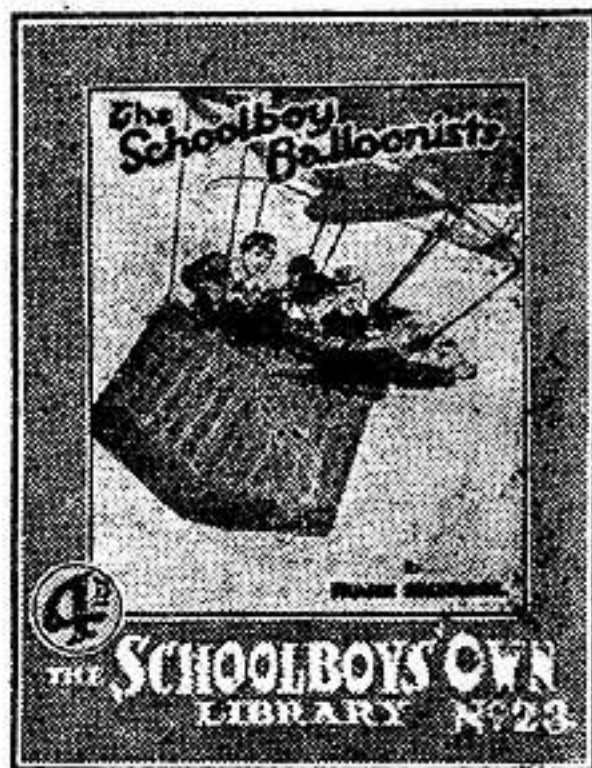
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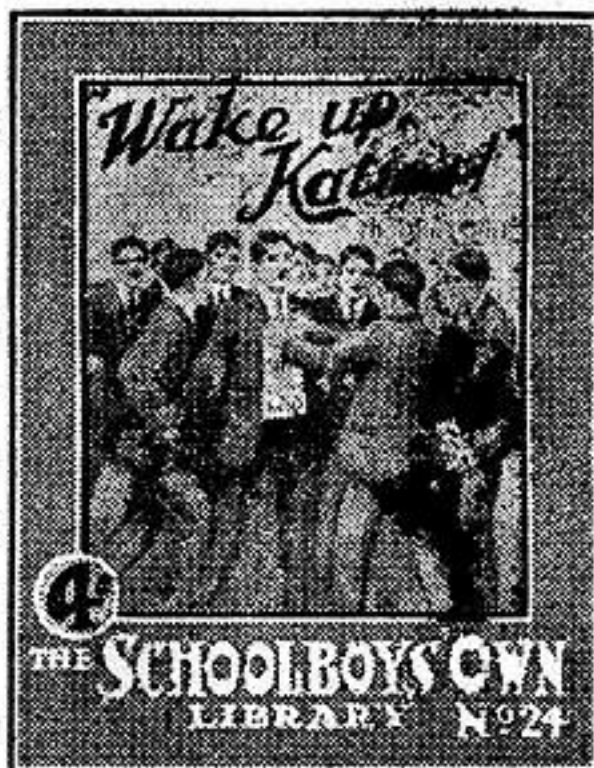


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the Corinthians had to open their eyes wide!

Hurree Singh, on the left wing, was as swift as an arrow, and as elusive as an eel. He came, indeed, as a revelation to the Corinthian crack winger. He was always to be found in the thickest of the fray.

The game was a game of thrills unlimited. A couple of corners fell to the Corinthians, but nothing materialised; and then the outside-right got round Johnny Bull and shot the ball into the net.

"Goal!" shouted the Corinthian supporters ecstatically.

But not long after it was the Greyfriars' fellows turn to shoot. Harry Wharton & Co., plunging in with grim resolve to make up for that set-back, took the bounding leather gallantly towards the citadel. Vernon-Smith wormed his way through the Corinthian defence like a wizard, and in spite of the valiant efforts to stop him, he sent in a great shot which had the home goalie literally beaten hands down.

"Hurrah!" yelled the Friars.

"Played, Smithy!"

It was then a stern struggle for supremacy right up to half-time, and players and spectators alike were worked up to a pitch of thrilled excitement.

Both teams were quick to get to work after the interval. Bob Cherry came into prominence after ten minutes of hot play. He fastened on the ball like a terrier, and, although a half-back, Bob took it right through on his own with long, sweeping strides.

As the Corinthians came charging determinedly at him he passed to Harry Wharton, and the Remove skipper was away with the ball like lightning. He spun it across to Penfold when mepaced, but received it back again, from a beautiful header, a moment later. Then straight to the goal went Harry, the ball bobbing at his feet. He scored with a fast, rising shot that the goalie, running out, missed by a fraction of an inch.

The Greyfriars fellows were jubilant, and the home partisans looked anxiously at their team.

The Corinthians played desperately after this. The game grew fast and furious. Maltby led a fierce attack on the Friars' goal, and Hazeldene had the busiest time of his life. But he did not falter. No one could hold a candle to Hazel as a goalie when he liked to give of his best, and this afternoon he played for his life. He and Johnny Bull, and Brown seemed to be repelling attacks all the time. At length Maltby snapped up the ball from a short pass and sent in a lightning drive. Hazeldene made a desperate effort to save, but in vain. The leather crashed fairly and squarely into the net.

"Two-all!" said Peter Todd breathlessly. "Keep it up, Friars! We'll get our revenge!"

There was still some time to go, and the Corinthians pressed hard, determined to win. But every fellow on the Greyfriars side was equally determined to do or die. Both attacking forces were superbly brilliant, and the defenders put up rock-like oppositions. It was a gruelling game, and quite nerve-racking for the spectators, who shouted themselves hoarse in the various thrilling phases of the play.

It was Vernon-Smith who turned the tide in the Friars' favour. With jaw set firmly and eyes glinting, he went down the wing with the speed of the wind. The spectators applauded his magnificent runs, his elusive manoeuvring of the ball, and Vernon-Smith kept going, despite all efforts to outwit him.

"Shoot, Smithy—shoot!" came the roar.

Maltby came charging down, but not before the Bounder had shot. The goalie could scarcely see that shot, let alone save it. The ball landed in the top corner of the net before that astounded worthy knew what had happened.

"Goal!"

The ground reverberated with the cheering.

"Good man, Smithy!" exclaimed Harry Wharton, patting him on the back. "Oh, good man!"

There was no more scoring, although the Corinthians came on again and again with terrific onslaughts. The Remove defence was impenetrable, and the whistle went at last with the score 3-2 in the Friars' favour.

"We've saved our bacon!" gasped Frank Nugent. "My word! It was a grand game!"

Maltby shook Wharton's hand.

"Jolly good game!" he said breathlessly. "You deserved to win, by Jove!"

The Latcham people cheered as loudly as any. Harry Wharton & Co. were in jubilant mood, as they had every good reason to be. They had beaten the Corinthians—and beaten them nobly.

There were high jinks in the Lower School at Greyfriars that evening. The Remove rejoiced and made merry.

Temple & Co. returned, looking sore and unhappy, having been kept in the barn all the afternoon. Harry Wharton & Co. met them in the Hall and told them of their win.

"My hat! Then you got there, after all?" gasped Temple. "Well, I'm glad you've won, Wharton. We—we give you best, you boulder!"

And Temple, Dabney & Co. retired to their own quarters rather crestfallen and chaster in spirit, whilst the merrymaking in the Remove proceeded apace.

THE END.

(Look out for a screamingly funny yarn of Harry Wharton & Co. next week, entitled: "FISHY'S - DEBT-COLLECTING AGENCY!" by Frank Richards. You will laugh till your sides ache over this story, boys!)

THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 943.

THE WRECKER!—Usually the Managing Director of a football club is keen to see his club do well, but Lionel Speedlow is an exception to the rule, for his one aim is to drag the good name of the Wanderers in the mud!



The CASE of THE LANGSDALE WANDERERS

Introduction on
page 25.



A Powerful New Football and Detective Story, featuring Ferrers Locke, the private investigator, and his clever boy assistant, Jack Drake.

Licked to the Wide!

SINCE the last fixture Speedlow had been in touch with several officials of the F.A., into whose ears he had poured a moving story of disappointment, of non-support from the Wanderers and of their insubordination. And insubordination, even in football circles, is punishable.

Abbot the full-back, Strang, the inside-right, and Woodward, the skipper of the Wanderers, were hauled over the coals and suspended for a fortnight. In the case of the two last-named suspension meant resignation, for neither Strang nor Woodward felt inclined to continue with a team under the management of Lionel Speedlow. But Abbot, the full-back, was not in such a strong position. He was too old a man to resign from a club in the hope of finding a job elsewhere, and he hoped against hope that Speedlow, when the ban of suspension had been lifted, would at least put him into the reserves.

But Speedlow had no intention of doing anything of the kind. Abbot once had kicked him; Abbot himself was going to be kicked!

There was a smile of great satisfaction on the face of Speedlow as he received the resignation of Woodward and Strang. The smile was still there when the Wanderers turned out for their next game. This time it was the return match with Banrable.

Langsdale showed little enthusiasm about the fixture, however. The local press had proclaimed in indignant voice the changes Speedlow had made in the team. It was hinted that three new men he had signed on to fill the places of Woodward, Strang, and Abbot were newcomers to professional football.

And so they were. If Langsdale only knew it the three newcomers to the Wanderers were men of very doubtful character indeed. A glance at the kit they brought with them to Langsdale would have revealed such astonishing instruments as jemmies, wire cutters, etc. Strange kit indeed for professional footballers!

Yet Speedlow knew all there was to know about their antecedents, while they, on their part, rejoiced in secret to

think that they had pulled the wool over the eyes of the Wanderers' managing-director. The trio had yet to learn that they were mere pawns in the under-handed game Speedlow was preparing to spring upon the town he hated.

Curly Taylor watched the changes in the team with ill-concealed horror. He thought it strange that Speedlow should allow him to remain when there was such a splendid opportunity of suspending him. But it suited Speedlow's game to appear friendly and charitably inclined towards his less fortunate cousin. And that was where he understood human nature. The football fans who turned out for this return match against the Banrable F.C. saw that Curly was in the team, and breathed sighs of relief.

"That chap Speedlow isn't quite the worm we are inclined to think him," one old enthusiast in the stand remarked to his neighbour. "Otherwise he would have shoved his cousin out into the cold with Woodward and the rest."

"No; he's every sort of a fool," came the slow reply. "But I really think he's making these changes because he imagines it will be for the good of the team."

Which, in effect, represented just then the feelings of the majority of the people watching the game—feelings that were to undergo a violent change before the match drew to a finish.

And what a game!

In less than three minutes from the kick-off Banrable—who had been soundly licked in their previous match—burst through the home defence, Travers, their centre-forward, sending in a low ground shot that had Baker, the goalie, beaten all ends up.

It was a nasty set-back to the team working under new conditions, and tended more to put them off their game than if they were playing three men short. As a matter of fact, the Wanderers were, in effect playing three men short for Jagers, Spindle, and Bowsley, the successors to Woodward, Strang, and Abbot, were passengers right from the kick-off.

The match against Banrable constitutes one of the blackest pages in the history of professional football, for the Wanderers were licked to the tune of twenty-seven goals to nil!

Long before the match drew to its normal close thousands in the grandstand jostled their way out of the ground in deep anger and disgust. It was amazing and unparalleled in football history. The cheaper stands were emptying from the kick-off in the second half, whilst the terraces now contained about five hundred spectators where they had, at the beginning of the match, housed five thousand!

Silas Chisholm was boiling with rage. He could control himself no longer. With an animal-like roar he grabbed Speedlow, who was standing by his side in the empty stand, by the sleeve of the coat and almost shook him.

"Do you see what you've done?" he shrieked. "Man, you've killed Langsdale football. Twenty-seven goals to nil! Heavens, it's a tragedy!"

Speedlow's eyes glinted. He was accomplishing what he had set out to do. And it had been easier than he had anticipated. Twenty-seven goals to nil!

He shook himself free of Silas' detaining hand.

"Don't put your filthy paws on me!" he growled.

"You worm! You cad!" stormed Silas. "You've deliberately set out to ruin our football. By thunder, you'll pay!"

"Be careful what you say," interrupted Speedlow coldly. "There's such a thing as slander. You wouldn't like me to take you to court, Mr. Chisholm?"

"Take me to court!" roared the director. "I'd like to take you to the Thames and drop you in. Look here, Mr. Speedlow, this can't go on," he added, in a calmer tone.

"Can't?" echoed Speedlow, with a supercilious drawl. "What I say goes with the Wanderers' team, you understand, Mr. Chisholm. If you are not satisfied sell out your measly hundred two-pound shares."

"That I will!" said Silas sharply. "I'm not tacking my name on to a disgrace like you. I'll sell out fast enough! I can see what you're heading for."

"Good! You can inform your fellow shareholders who are pleased to call themselves directors that the same applies to them."

For one moment it seemed that Silas would fell the mocking Speedlow to the

ground, but he restrained the impulse just in time and stamped moodily away from the ground.

This, then, was the end of his hopes! Speedlow held all the trump cards. The formation of the Langsdale F.C. began with the old man Taylor, who with his eccentricity had bound up the hands of the directors in such an effective fashion that they were directors only in name. And the end of the Langsdale F.C. lay in the hands of his rascally nephew, Speedlow.

It was galling in the extreme, and Silas ground his teeth with rage as he tramped off the field. Passing through the turnstiles, he heard the derisive roars of the few remaining spectators as the game between the Wanderers and Banrable drew to a close, and Silas stopped for a second, his face working tragically. Old man that he was, Silas, who was football crazy, was as near to blubbing as a schoolboy.

In contrast to him was Speedlow. His face was expressionless as the teams came off the pitch, but in his innermost heart he was exulting with unrestricted freedom at the success of that afternoon's destructive work.

Curly Taylor, white and strained, limped off the field like a man who has seen a ghost. Twenty-seven, nil! It was almost unbelievable. Try as he might, Curly had met with scant support in trying to stave off the raids of the Banrable eleven in the first ten minutes of the game. Jagers, the centre-half, had been worse than useless, and upon Curly had evolved the job of combining his place with that of centre-half. Spindle, the new inside-right, was even worse than his companion. For he had miskicked time and time again. And as for Bowsley, the new full-back—well, he hadn't shown in the picture at all, except aimlessly to run about.

Curly gritted his teeth. How on earth these three new recruits had ever palmed themselves off on Speedlow as footballers was amazing. Why, they had not a schoolboy's notion of the game!

But Curly was not to know that "Marlow," a friend of Speedlow's, had suggested filling up the team with three "undesirables" who dabbled in burglary in their spare time, or the fact that the said friend had lost no time in sending along three men of his own selection carrying—as arranged with Speedlow beforehand—forged references as to their footballing ability.

Had Curly known of these circumstances he would have been more surprised than he was, and doubtless he would have felt a trifle uneasy, for three cracksmen in the team spelt trouble ahead for someone.

And that someone was going to be Curly himself!

On the Ashes of the Old!

THE local newspapers had something to shout about after that memorable match against Banrable and indignation ran high. The subject of the fall of the Wanderers, of Speedlow's mismanagement was the talk of the clubs, of the taverns—everywhere where men congregated of an evening.

Yet there was no redress. Speedlow himself would be the one to suffer if Langsdale football continued on these lines, for the gate receipts would drop alarmingly. Little did the Langsdale folk know that Speedlow cared nothing about gate receipts. He had a million of good money to run through, and the

loss of a few thousand in Langsdale football was a mere bagatelle to him.

There was just a hope that the F.A. would take him to task. But that, at the present stage, was unlikely. In any case he could snap his fingers at the Association if he liked, for their only influence over Lionel Speedlow lay in the fact that they could strike the name of the club off their rolls and suspend Lionel Speedlow from taking part in any phase of football management until the end of his days, both of which punishments he knew of and treated for what they were worth.

Curly Taylor had tried to remonstrate with his cousin, but Speedlow had said plainly enough that he knew what he was about.

"And kindly keep your advice until it's asked for," he had added. "Otherwise you'll share the same fate as Woodward and Strang and Abbot."

From that day onwards Taylor never spoke to his cousin unless it were absolutely necessary.

Meantime, Silas Chisholm, Ephraim Woodley, and Thomas Priestley discussed together the fate of the Wanderers.

"It's the end of things so far as we're concerned," said Woodley miserably. "And that dog Speedlow wants us to sell out, does he?"

Silas Chisholm nodded.

"Well," grunted Woodley. "I'm going to sell out. For business reasons I can't afford to be in such a smash as the Wanderers are heading for."

That seemed to be the general idea.

It was the next day, therefore, that Silas Chisholm and company called at the Rookery to see Mr. Speedlow. They found him at home, very much at home. The house rang to the sounds of revelry, for Speedlow was entertaining a number of his sporting friends from London.

Speedlow swayed unsteadily on his feet as he confronted the directors of the Wanderers.

"What the—hic!—do you want?" he demanded.

THE OPENING CHAPTERS.

After the death of MARCHANT TAYLOR, founder and managing-director of the Langsdale Wanderers, FERRERS LOCKE, the world-famous criminal investigator, is called in by the Home Secretary to sift the peculiar evidence relative to Marchant Taylor's end, which seems to indicate the mysterious affair as being the work of a secret society.

Locke arrives in Langsdale to find that, after a deal of legal argument, the entire fortune of Marchant Taylor has been left to LIONEL SPEEDLOW, his eldest nephew, while CURLY TAYLOR, Speedlow's eighteen-year-old cousin, is allowed ten pounds a week, on the understanding that he continues to play for the Langsdale Wanderers.

In his new role of managing-director, Speedlow makes a hash of things, for he knows next to nothing about football. Having ineffectually tried to suspend the team's most valued player, Speedlow is handled by the enraged Langsdale football fans.

In a burst of spiteful rage, and swearing that cost him what it may he will ruin Langsdale football, Speedlow returns to the Rookery. There he intercepts an anonymous letter addressed to Curly, instructing that worthy to look between the pages of "Nicholas Nickleby," where, it is stated, he will find a later will bequeathing to him the late Marchant Taylor's fortune.

Realising his position if this is true, Speedlow tosses the all-important document into the fire and rushes for the library. Ferrers Locke, however, who has good cause to be near at hand, retrieves the half-burnt sheet of paper. With the assistance of Drake and Curly Taylor, he succeeds in reconstructing the message. But the book itself is not to be found.

(Now read on.)

"We've come to talk business," said Silas Chisholm.

"Business!" screeched Speedlow. "A gentleman, confound you, doesn't talk business at his home at this hour of the day."

"I assure you our particular piece of business won't take long," said Chisholm, restraining his growing anger. "We've come to sell out—"

"Ah!" Speedlow's eyes glittered craftily. This was business he was prepared to listen to, even though it interrupted his gentlemanly leisure.

"Come in!" he said.

They walked in, their faces expressing the deepest disgust at the ribald laughter and raised voices of Speedlow's friends. But Speedlow did not keep them long. He seemed to have anticipated the business that had brought the directors there for the necessary transfer forms were drawn up and a cheque-book was handy.

Inside ten minutes the directors of the Wanderers had been bought out, Speedlow, offering no objection to the purchase price of each block of shares. As a matter of fact he would have paid treble the amount, so keen was he to have the management and ownership of the club all to himself. Rich men could afford to indulge their whims—and his was the ruin of the once popular Wanderers Club.

In a silent and solemn procession Silas and his fellows filed out of the house. At the gates, Silas spoke.

"That's the finish of it so far as we're concerned," he said. "But I have a suggestion to make, my hearties. With the money we have just realised we could start the ball rolling to produce another Langsdale team. It will be an uphill task, but I am prepared to devote all my time and my money to it. Are you chaps game to stand in with me?"

"Game!" said Ephraim Woodley, who was renowned for his tightfistedness. "I'll invest every penny I've got to restore the good name of Langsdale footer, Silas."

The other directors opened their eyes at this generous statement from such a noteworthy man of thrift, and their enthusiasm soared to a great height.

There was a general chorus. Where Langsdale football had been dragged through the mud, as it were, these plain everyday business men made a compact to start a fresh club.

From a window of the dining-room Speedlow watched his late visitors assemble at the gates, watched the expressions on their faces as Silas addressed them.

He saw, too, the general shaking of hands as though these business folk of Langsdale had struck a bargain and were demonstrating it in the usual British fashion.

And for the rest of the evening Lionel Speedlow felt a trifle uneasy—a growing sense of uncasiness that developed with the passing of the hours and the increased hilarity of his guests.

Had he killed Langsdale football, after all? He asked himself the question repeatedly.

The Man from Birmingham!

"ALL the football results! Final!"

The throaty cries of a newspaper boy, as he tore along the muddy thoroughfare of Corporation Street, Birmingham, drew little attention from passers-by, for the simple reason that it was raining hard. Everyone seemed anxious to get home.

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as quickly as possible. Even interest in football events had received a shattering blow with the sudden and unexpected arrival of that rain-storm.

But there was one old gentleman, whose silver hair and white beard gave good indication of his age, who stopped the newsboy.

"All the latest—" the newsboy was beginning again, when the old gentleman stopped him with a gesture.

"Is the Langdale result through?" he asked, with more eagerness than seemed consistent with his age.

"Yus, guv'nor," came the cheeky retort. "If you included them in your two 'ome and two away you've lost your money!"

"Eh?" ejaculated the old gentleman. "Are you inferring that the Wanderers lost?"

"Oh, no; it's only a rumour!" grinned the lad, shaking a stream of water from his cap. "They must 'ave thought they was playing cricket! Thanky, guv'nor!"—as a copper was thrust into his hands. "All the latest results! Final!"

He darted away, leaving his late customer standing on the edge of the pavement peering at the columns where the football results were to be found, apparently regardless of the rain.

"Twenty-seven nil!" The ejaculation was hissed through the old gentleman's teeth. "Good heavens!"

He peered again to make certain that his eyes had not played him false. But there it was. Twenty-seven nil—against the Langdale Wanderers! It was the record score of the season. But the old man was not thinking of records. His eyes flashed fire, and, muttering some remark that was caught up and lost in a sudden gust of wind, he began to stride along the pavement at a pace that would have done credit to a man half his age.

That he had some fixed purpose in view in thus hurrying was evidenced by the way he continually glanced at the clocks he passed.

"I'll just do it," he kept muttering to himself. "Just!"

He was heading for the station. Five minutes later he was purchasing a ticket. Then, still with that remarkable energy which had characterised his previous actions, he strode towards a platform indicated by a kindly-disposed porter.

Barely had the old gentleman climbed aboard when, with an earsplitting hoot of its siren, the engine began to move.

"Just" managed it, muttered the belated traveller, mopping his forehead with a silk handkerchief. "Only just!"

But had he known in advance the kind of journey he had embarked upon he would not have congratulated himself so heartily. For barely had the south-bound train got full steam up and was clear of the junction signals, when the driver turned a horrified face to his fireman.

"The brakes, man!" he said wildly. "They're fast!"

The fireman, alive to the peril these tidings portended, leapt forward. His face showed ghastly white in the glare of the furnace.

"Jammed!" he exclaimed hoarsely. And then, as full realisation of what that meant burst upon him, he pointed ahead grimly.

"The seven o'clock goods train, Alf!" he cried. "See, she's about a mile ahead of us now!"

The driver nodded. He jammed the

throttles shut, but the train barely slackened. He was doing all he knew to stop that train from the threatened disaster ahead, for the goods train was due to be switched on to another line two minutes before the south-bound train passed the points.

"We sha'n't do it!" he muttered through tightly drawn lips. "We're on the down gradient, and making speed at every second. 'We'll strike that tail van. Good heavens—"

He ended in a hoarse cry of horror as the red light of the slowly moving goods train ahead came up out of the night with startling distinctness. The signal was against the south-bound express, but the train swept past the astonished man in charge of the signal-box with a roar and a rattle that blanched the colour from his cheeks, for he knew that the express was out of control.

He flew to the signal telephone and phoned the disastrous tidings ahead, hoping against hope that the goods train would be diverted from the main line in time to avoid the disaster in its wake. But it was a forlorn hope. He knew just as well as did the fireman and driver of the runaway train that a crash was inevitable.

The south-bound express was thundering down the sharp gradient at a terrifying pace. The driver had cut off the steam, but it seemed to make little difference. It was only a question of minutes now, unless the driver of the goods train ahead realised his peril and plied all the steam he could in a desperate attempt to reach the points in time.

Passengers in the express instinctively knew that something was wrong, for the carriages were swaying and rocking from side to side in an alarming manner. And then came a terrifying crash and a rushing of steam as the engine of the express drove through the tail truck of the goods train like driving through matchwood. A shock ran right through the carriages of the express, followed by the clashing and tearing of wheels as the carriages left the rails. In a moment all was pandemonium.

Cries mingled piteously with the crashing of breaking glass, of torn woodwork, of mangled ironwork. The engine of the express had telescoped its way through three trucks of the goods train ahead, and was now lying on its side, belching steam and smoke, a tangled, sorry mass of steel.

The carriages in its wake lay piled up one upon the other, inextricably mixed, and over them rose a dancing flame and a cloud of smoke. In two minutes the first three carriages of the southbound express were afire. From the rear of the train came the terrified passengers, eager and willing to give every assistance in the work of rescue, despite their own injuries. But their task was a difficult one.

From amidst the piles of wreckage issued the moans of the sufferers, and from beneath the third carriage, which was now a blazing furnace of twisted steel and buckled woodwork, issued a cry that pierced the heart of everyone who heard it.

"Help! I'm burning alive! Oh! Help!"

Then silence.

But one young man broke from the group of horrified passengers and advanced upon that seething mass of burning destruction. Regardless of the flames he moved onward. His keen young eyes had sighted the moving

limb of a man pinned beneath the wreckage of the wall of the compartment. And with a bound he grasped hold of that limb with one hand, whilst with the other he tore frenziedly at the blazing woodwork and tossed it clear. It was a slow job, and the gallant young rescuer was badly mangled and burnt himself before his task was done. But sheer perseverance carried him through. The wreckage entangling the stricken man beneath him was dragged clear enough at last to allow of a body being pulled through it.

And other passengers, seeing now that there was a sporting chance of saving a human life, rushed forward and lent a hand. Slowly, so slowly that it seemed an agony of time, the victim of the blazing carriage was dragged clear.

The clothes were burnt from his unconscious body. That he was badly injured was obvious at a glance, and with solemn gentleness the party laid him down on the embankment and did what they could for him.

Medical assistance was rushed to the scene of the disaster as fast as telephone and motor-car could summon it, and with the rest of the victims of that catastrophe the unconscious passenger was hurried off to the nearest hospital. There was, of course, nothing in the way of documentary evidence to identify him, for his clothes only hung upon him in threads. Even his features were burnt and distorted so as to be of little help in this difficult task of identification.

But he was that same gentleman who had bought a newspaper of the boy in Corporation Street—the man who had made such energetic efforts to catch that particular southbound train; who had congratulated himself upon catching it.

The Evidence!

"HAVE you heard the news, sir?"

Turville put the question to Curly Taylor at breakfast next morning as he helped his young master to coffee.

"Are you referring to the railway smash?" asked Curly, looking up from his paper.

"No, sir," said Turville. "Not that that isn't terrible news," he added, shaking his head sorrowfully. "But I was referring to something nearer at hand."

"You are talking in riddles," said Curly.

"Then you haven't heard that Mister Speedlow has bought out Mister Chisholm and the other directors of the club?"

"What?" Curly nearly dropped his breakfast-cup in his agitation. "Are you sure?"

"Only too sure," muttered Turville, with a frightened glance over his shoulder. "The Langdale directors came here last night, and the whole deal was fixed up. I—er—overheard Speedlow—ahem!—Mister Speedlow crowing about it to his precious friends from Oxford."

Curly's face was a picture of woe and consternation.

"But that means the break-up of Langdale football," he said.

"That was done, sir, if I might say so in all respect, when the directorship passed from the old master's hands into

those of his nephew. Ah, if only you had come into the fortune, Mister Curly. We should have had a different tale to tell."

Young Taylor thought of the missing will which Ferrers Locke alleged proved the Rookery and all Marchant Taylor's money to be his just inheritance and a fleeting spasm of bitterness against an unkind fate took hold of him. But his youthful spirits soon balanced the momentary depression.

"You must be mistaken," he said to Turville at last. "Even Speedlow wouldn't go as far as that."

"As far as that?" echoed the old manservant. "It's my firm belief that he means to destroy Langsdale football for good."

"But he will lose money in such an event?" retorted Curly Taylor. "And cousin Speedlow, remember, loves money."

"But he loves revenge, too," came the answer. "I'm an older man than you, sir, begging your pardon," added Turville. "And it strikes me that Speedlow doesn't care a rap how much money he loses over Langsdale football. After all, he's a millionaire, and a millionaire can throw away a few thousands if he feels a bit spiteful against his fellow men."

There was a certain strain of logic in the old servant's remarks that struck home.

"And to think that I am bound by my word to earn my bread-and-butter in that rascal's employ," said Curly Taylor savagely. "Something must be done. I'll see cousin Speedlow and ask him what he means by it."

"You needn't trouble!"

Both Turville and young Taylor started guiltily as that remark fell upon their ears. They turned and saw Lionel Speedlow framed in the doorway of the breakfast-room. There was a malignant grin on his face that deepened as he saw the flutter he had put Turville and Curly Taylor in.

"Very gentlemanly of you both to speak behind my back," he said, advancing slowly into the room, "considering that you both earn your bread-and-butter from my bounty. Still, it's no more than I expect from you, cousin Richard. And as for you, Turville, consider yourself no longer in my employ."

"And right pleased so to consider myself!" exclaimed Turville, with some heat. "I'd lose all respect for myself if I stayed in this house much longer. And now that I am under no obligation to you, I'll give you a piece of my mind!"

"Don't trouble!" yawned Speedlow. "Your voice irritates me, Turville. I wish you good-day."

"I wish you—" began Turville, and there was no mistaking the destination in which he desired Lionel Speedlow to proceed. But he pulled himself up, at a sign from Curly Taylor.

That youth advanced upon his cousin.

"You hound!" he rapped. "How dare you take a petty revenge upon a harmless servant! He's been working in this house for thirty odd years, and yet you would send him out!"

"I have no further use for him," said Speedlow languidly. "His voice worries almost as much as yours does."

"You cad!" exclaimed Curly heatedly. "I'd like to see you stripped of all your money. I'd like to turn you loose amongst the Langsdale folk—"

"Ah, it's the money!" laughed Speedlow. "Perhaps you wish it had come to you, eh?"

"Perhaps some of it will," said Curly recklessly, thinking just then of the will that had yet to be discovered.

"So you would give yourself away in advance, my young hotheaded cousin," said Speedlow, his eyes gleaming strangely. "You have burglarious instincts. Aha! I shall have to keep my loose change under lock and key. And perhaps I'd better remove the takings of yesterday's game from the offices at the club before you do something rash, eh?"

"Don't talk such confounded rot!" replied Curly.

"I'm not talking rot," said Speedlow. "You know too much about the club offices for my liking. I shall certainly have the takings removed from the club safe without delay. Thompson," he added, with a glance over his shoulder.

At the word a stockily-built individual strode into the room. He was attired in servant's livery, which was incidentally the most prepossessing part about his whole appearance.

Curly Taylor and Turville looked astonished at this new arrival to the Rookery.

"My new butler-valet," said Speedlow grandiloquently. "Thompson, you doubtless heard what my cousin had to say just now?"

"Every word, sir," answered Thompson respectfully.

"Very good. You will, I hope, have no cause to remember it, but really there is no knowing what my hotheaded cousin will do."

Although there was an air of banter thrown into the words, Curly Taylor could not help but note the underlying significance.

"Why, you cad," he began, his fists working with his emotion. "Why don't you say what you mean straight out? What are you driving at?"

"I am driving at nothing," replied Speedlow, albeit there was a crafty gleam in his eye. "But, really, cousin, you see how a few words spoken in the heat of the moment may place anyone in an awkward hole. Why, you are red with confusion. One would almost say that you had helped yourself to the contents of the club safe already."

But that was more than flesh and blood could stand. With a cry of rage Curly leapt upon his cousin and seized him round the throat in a savage grip.

"You insinuating cad!" he hissed. "I'd like to choke the vile words back into your throat!"

"Thompson—" gasped Speedlow.

But there was no need to summon the new butler-valet. Perhaps with an idea of ingratiating himself into his master's good books at an early opportunity, he rushed forward, and with scant ceremony dragged Curly Taylor from his cousin.

"Thank you, Thompson!" panted Speedlow, fingering his neck tenderly. "The beastly ruffian. Just hold him for a moment until he cools down!"

Speedlow's glance suddenly rested on Turville, and it seemed to enrage him. "Get out, you old fool!" he exclaimed—"get out! If I see your ugly face inside this house in twenty minutes' time I'll have you flung out! Your money?" he added, as Turville seemed about to speak. "Here, take it!"

He tossed a five-pound note across the room with a gesture of contempt.

Turville stooped and picked it up.

"I'll take it," he said, and his voice broke a little. "Not because I'm so poor, for I've been a thrifty man, but because it isn't your money. If it were your money I'd fling it back in your face!"

For a moment Speedlow appeared startled.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean this," said Turville firmly. "This money is what my late master earned by hard-working, honest toil—money that would have gone to Mr. Taylor there if the old man had only known as much about you when he made the will as I know about you now."

And with that Turville stamped out of the room.

Speedlow's face was a study in changing emotions as he watched him go. He had lived on the brink of a volcano since he had intercepted that mysterious missive addressed to his cousin. And for one fleeting moment Speedlow had imagined that Turville knew something.

But the expression on Speedlow's face did not pass Curly Taylor unheeded. He read the full story there, and was tempted to accuse his cousin there and then. But to do so he realised, just in time, would be to play into his hands. He would deny all knowledge of the anonymous letter, and it would be a difficult matter indeed to convince anyone in authority that he had intercepted it and almost wholly destroyed it. With so much at stake it would take even more than the bare word of Ferrers Locke and the burnt fragment of the letter in his possession to convince a number of legal gentlemen that the whole thing was anything but a hoax.

And Curly had other things to think of at that moment, for he glimpsed the stalwart figure of Inspector Towley trudging up the drive.

Speedlow caught his glance, and peered through the window of the breakfast-room himself. His face was turned from the view of Curly Taylor—a circumstance that permitted a gloating smile to cross it as the inspector drew nearer. One might almost say that Speedlow was expecting the official gentleman.

Thompson detached himself from the side of Curly Taylor as there came a violent summons at the door-bell.

He returned a moment later with Inspector Towley at his heels.

"Good-morning, inspector!" greeted Speedlow.

But Inspector Towley was evidently labouring under the stress of something pretty exciting in police circles, for he uttered no greeting in reply, but came down at once to brass tacks.

"Mr. Speedlow," he began, in his best official manner, "I have to inform you that the club offices of the Langsdale Wanderers were broken into during the night by some person or persons unknown—"

Curly Taylor almost jumped clear of the floor as he listened to the inspector's words, for Speedlow's remarks of a few moments' back came home to him with startling vividness. Instinctively, he felt that something was in the wind—something directed against him.

(What's in store for young Curly now, boys? Mind you read next week's thrilling instalment of this amazing serial.)

Next Monday's Programme!

TWENTY PRIZES OFFERED EVERY WEEK!

On an earlier page you will see an announcement concerning the remarkable offer I hinted about in last week's Chat. Now these Table Football Games are just the thing to give you an exciting hour or two on a dull evening. And think of it, my chums, all you've got to do to win one is to jot down on a sheet of paper or a postcard any interesting sight you have seen on the football field. Now this should be within the scope of every man jack of you, and it should therefore make a strong appeal. By the same token you will realise that it is impossible for me to give every man jack of you a prize. Still, the offer is a genuine sporting one. Twenty of these wonderful footer games, where you actually kick the ball with a footer boot attached to your finger, are offered every week to the twenty readers who send in the most interesting paragraphs. Now buckle to and try to win one of these topping prizes.

A CIRCUS STORY!

Several readers have asked me for a circus story in which Harry Wharton & Co. can play a prominent part. Well, I have passed on the suggestion to Mr. Richards, and he's promised to let me have a yarn—perhaps two, perhaps three—dealing with this fascinating subject. So keep your eyes on the Chat for further announcements, you fellows.

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"THE GOODS!"

Those two words coming from a loyal reader at Newport adequately express the general opinion of the new football supplement: Splendid! Just wait until you've seen the completed supplements that have passed through my hands, and your enthusiasm for this new venture of Wharton's will go up by leaps and bounds.

For Next Monday!

"FISHY'S DEBT COLLECTING AGENCY!"

By Frank Richards.

That's the title of the next long complete story dealing with the chums of Greyfriars. As you can see for yourselves, Fisher T. Fish, the cute American junior, plays a prominent part in it—but he is not quite cute enough. I'm not saying more at this juncture; just read about his latest wheeze in next week's issue.

"THE CASE OF THE LANGSDALE WANDERERS!"

Lionel Speedlow has set out to catch his younger cousin, but Speedlow, with all his money, is only half a match for Ferrers Locke and Jack Drake. You'll find that he bites off more than he can chew in next week's grand instalment. Don't miss it!

THE FOOTER SUPPLEMENT!

There will, of course, be another special four-page supplement dealing with the greatest of winter sports. It's better than any of its predecessors—and that's saying something.

YOUR EDITOR.



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WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS
PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER

THE RISE OF ROBERT KELLY

HOW ENGLAND'S INSIDE-RIGHT WON HIS WAY TO FAME

By "REFEREE."



NOT by any stretch of imagination could you call Ashton-in-Makerfield a big place; not by any stretch could you call it an important place—at least, in an industrial connection. But in a football sense you might call it important; to some fervid fans it is very important indeed. Why? Because Ashton-in-Makerfield, which your gazetteer will tell you is in Lancashire, was the birthplace of our one and only Robert Kelly.

Now, footer fan or not, everybody has heard of Bob. If you ever pick up a newspaper at all you couldn't possibly help hearing about him. Such headlines as "Kelly Saves the Game," "Kelly Gets a Hat-trick," "Kelly's Brilliance," and so on, compel attention by the frequency with which they are always occurring. Never for any great length of time is our Robert out of the limelight.

For Kelly, as an inside-right, is one of the greatest things that ever happened in English football. Barring, perhaps, Buchan, of the Arsenal, I would call him the greatest. This view, apparently, is also shared by the International Selection Committee, substantial support of which will be found in the list of Bob Kelly's honours herewith appended.

And not only as an inside-right is Kelly a great forward. He is equally at home in other positions. With Burnley he occupied every position in the forward line at one time or another, and proved himself a brilliant success in each. As inside and outside right he has played for his country, and in each position has given the maximum amount of satisfaction. Could anything I might say speak more glowingly than this of his versatile brilliance? I think not. A man who in five short years has collected eleven International caps, has seven times represented the Football League, and has gained sundry other honours requires little boosting from the pen of such a poor scribe as I.

Examining his history, we find more than a hint of romance in his rise to fame. Some-where about the middle of November, 1895, Kelly was born in this town of Ashton-in-Makerfield, and after sundry schoolboy football experiences drifted into the ranks of St. Helens Town F.C., where he settled down as an inside-left. It was here that, by his sterling play, he attracted the attention of several well-known English League clubs.

Most notable among them were Preston North End and Burnley. Preston, having taken full stock of him, were seized by an ambition to place him upon their playing strength, and made an offer of £200 to sign him on. In those days—this was in 1913—£200 was a lot to pay for a junior who had never distinguished himself in senior company, so you will see that I am not bouqueting Robert unduly when I say that he was brilliant even at that early age. St. Helens were tempted to close with the offer—would have done probably had not Burnley appeared on the scene. And Burnley, every bit as ambitious as Preston to secure the services of young Robert, came forward with an even larger offer.

Now St. Helens gave pause. But, as Preston were first in the field, it was only playing the game to let Preston know what was afoot. Preston were informed, put another £25 on the original sum, whereat Burnley capped it by another £50. And so it came about that, for a fee of £275, Bob was transferred to the club which has its headquarters at Turf Moor.

Perhaps at that time the Burnleyites felt THE MAGNET LIBRARY.—No. 943.

that they had paid through the nose for an unknown junior. I say perhaps—it is pure hazard on my part—but, if so, how gratified with their bargain must they have been. Bob joined Burnley on November 1st, 1913, and left them last December to go to Sunderland. His value to the club during that time repaid Burnley a thousand times over for the sum expended upon him, and if he had left with a free transfer in his pocket they would still have had the balance on the right side. But Bob did not leave with a free transfer. His fee, it is said, broke the record, considering that it ranged in the neighbourhood of £6,500 to £7,000. Just think of that! In the first place Burnley paid £275 for him; following that Bob gave seven seasons of his best, and assisted the club to win the Cup and create the splendid record of 1920-1; finally he was transferred for £6,500.

As I have said, Kelly left St. Helens as an inside-left, and as an inside-left Burnley persevered with him. But not long did he remain in that position, for soon he was given a place at inside-right, and after that at centre-forward. He pleased in every position, so much so, indeed, that Burnley at once realised they had found a forward jewel whose versatility would enable him to play in any position. And very shortly emergency compelled his club to play him as an outside-right. Here again he dazzled.

But as an inside-right he finally settled down for Burnley, and in that position made a name for himself. Though he was a member of the team that won the Cup in 1913-14, he did not play in the Final, although he had the satisfaction that season of helping his club to win promotion from the Second to the First Division. In many ways, however, the season of 1920-21 was his best.

It will be remembered that Burnley made football history that year. They won the First Division championship with a clear lead of five points from Manchester City, and in winning it created a record, inasmuch as they played a sequence of thirty League games without once being defeated. The inspiration of the forward line that carried Burnley to such an achievement was Bob Kelly, who thereby won his first League championship medal. In addition to this, however, he helped England to win the International championship by appearing in every International match.

It is questioned in some quarters whether the expense Sunderland have entailed in securing Bob is justified, seeing that his age for a footballer is so advanced. I think the best answer to that lies in Kelly's performances since he has been with his new club, for, despite his years, he is showing that he is as good, if not better, than ever he has been.

Yes, I think Bob is worth it. He would be worth it if only for his goal-shooting ability of which he has already given evidence. His record—which, perhaps, is the most entertaining of all reading in connection with this player—is as follows:

INTERNATIONALS.
1920-21-22-23-25.—For England v. Scotland.
1921-22-25.—For England v. Wales.
1921-24-25.—For England v. Ireland.
Total 11.

TRIAL MATCHES.
1921 (2), 1922 (2), 1925. Total 5.

INTER-LEAGUE.
1920-21-22-24-25.—v. Scottish League.
1924-25.—v. Irish League.

PERHAPS the truest thing which has ever been said about the Cup competition is that we should only be surprised when the expected happens. The whole history of the trophy is simply studded with what can only be regarded as staggering results; of unexpected successes and equally surprising failures. In these notes I shall not even make any pretence of recalling all the amazing results—the nine-day wonder games—which have happened even in my time as a player, but I shall just refer to one or two surprising successes which come readily to mind. The followers of football with good memories will not be surprised when I single out for special mention a first round game in which Everton were concerned. It was a result over which the world outside Liverpool doubtless laughed, and though it was no laughing matter for us at the time, we can now look back on it and smile. I refer to the day when the Crystal Palace team came to Goodison Park, and beat Everton by six goals to none.

A First-Class Rout.

It was in the first round of 1922, and the Palace were then a Second Division team. When we were drawn to meet them at Goodison Park it certainly looked a very good thing for us, and I recall on the morning of the match one of the writers in the daily papers—apparently forgetting everything he knew about the Cup—declared that the Palace would be lucky if they got away with less than five goals scored against them. Alas, the boot was on the other leg! One by one the Palace piled up the goals against us until they had chalked up half a dozen. We could not even score from a penalty kick.

A Cheap Team.

In connection with that nine-day wonder game, there is an excellent story told, which ought to be true even if it isn't. The Everton team, which was snowed under that day by the pace and energy of the Palace, was an expensive one, having cost quite a lot of money in transfers. After the match was over there was—so the story goes—a man selling picture postcards of the Everton team. And this is how he was trying to dispose of his "wares." "Here you are, gentlemen! The whole of the Everton team on a postcard. This morning it was worth twenty thousand pounds! You Albion, who were considered favourites for the trophy at the time. It was a wonderful performance to knock out three such favoured First Division teams, and though in the end the Charlton club had to knuckle under to Bolton Wanderers, the eventual winners, they had made everybody sit up and take notice.

A Good Joke—for Blackpool.

I have often heard tell how, some years before the War, when the "sale" of ground rights was not uncommon, that Sheffield United, drawn to play at Blackpool, offered

NINE-DAY WONDERS!

Amazing Cup-tie Results that have startled the world. By

SAM CHEDGZOY,
the famous Everton winger.

West Ham United after being called upon to travel to London.

David and Goliath.

When I was in Blackburn recently, talking over old times with a supporter of the Rovers, he recalled another of these nine-day wonder games. This was in the early days of the War, and the Rovers were called upon to visit Swansea, then practically unknown as a power in the football world. I believe they were in the Southern League Second Division. But instead of the run-away victory for Blackburn Rovers which everybody expected, the Lancastrians were beaten by 1-0. We all recall too, how, a few years back, Worksop Town were called upon to go to Tottenham in the first round to meet the mighty Hotspur. This did indeed look a case of the butterfly on the wheel, but David stood up to Goliath and forced a goalless draw. Just to emphasise how amazing such a result was, the Spurs scored nine goals in the replay. There is one thing to be said about results of this kind—which can be multiplied almost without end—that they do the lowly, struggling club more good than they can possibly do the bigger clubs harm.

A Wonderful Dark Horse Run.

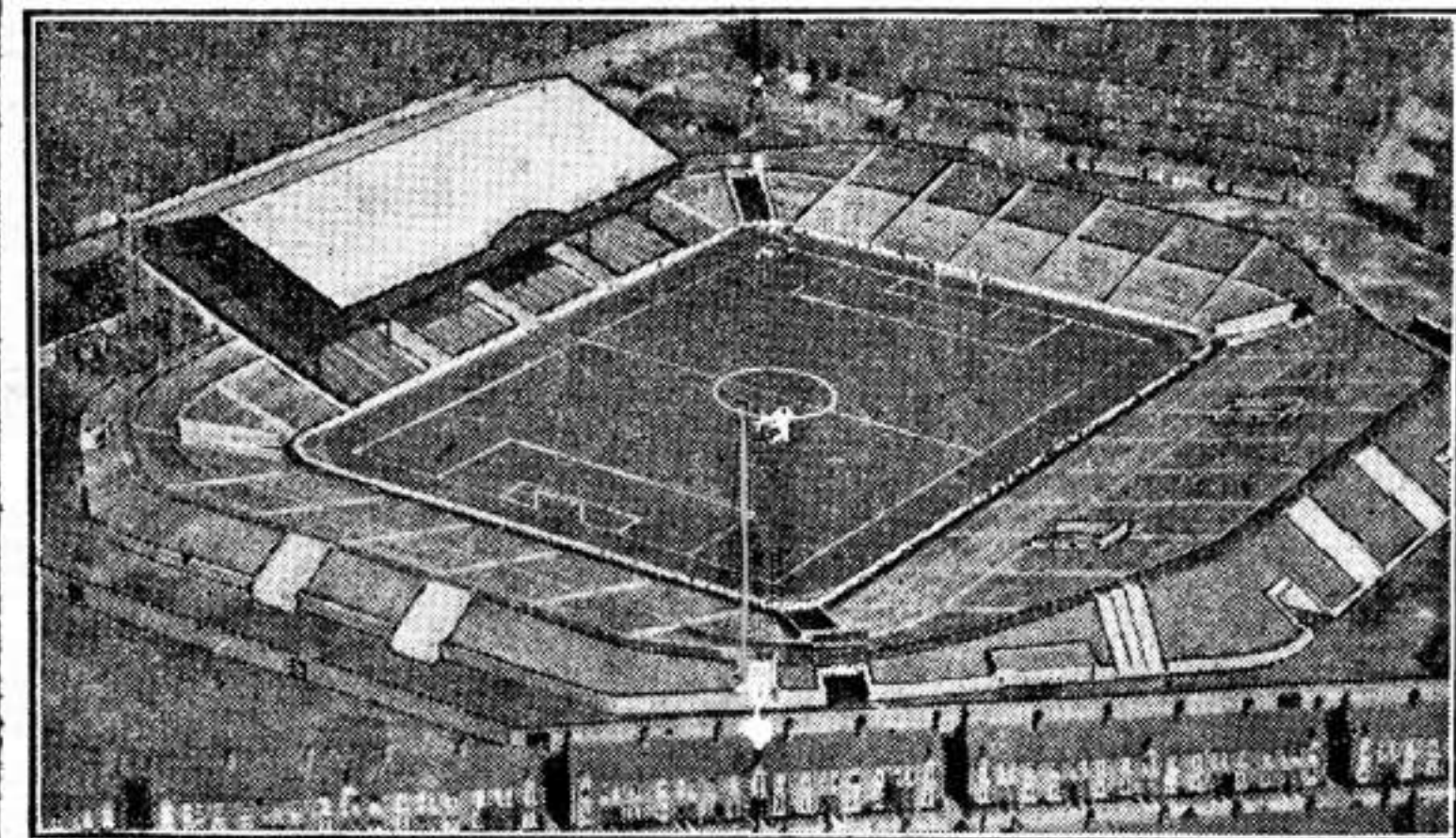
Practically every season we see some club meeting with a surprising amount of success in the knock-out competition, and to me it is always a fascinating pastime to try to pick out the probable dark horse. On this line there have been few more surprising things in recent years than the success of Charlton Athletic in 1923. In the first round this Southern Third side had to go to Manchester to play the City. They triumphed there by two goals to one to startle the world. In the second round they beat Preston North End, and in the third round they knocked out West Bromwich Albion, who were considered favourites for the trophy at the time. It was a wonderful performance to knock out three such favoured First Division teams, and though in the end the Charlton club had to knuckle under to Bolton Wanderers, the eventual winners, they had made everybody sit up and take notice.



"SAM."

Sam Chedgzoey

WHAT MANCHESTER CITY FOOTBALL GROUND LOOKS LIKE FROM THE AIR!



(Reproduced by permission of Aerofilms Limited.)

the seashiders a fairly big sum to play the game at Bramall Lane. The money was accepted by the Blackpool club, and the game was duly played at Sheffield. It ended in a victory for Blackpool—a nine-days' wonder which must have been considered about the best joke in the history of football. Blackpool have done surprising things since then, and even last season proved one of the dark horses in the campaign by going to the fourth round ere being defeated, and in their run the seashiders dealt the knock-out blow to



WHAT IT MEANS TO PLAY FOR ONE'S COUNTRY!

By "INTERNATIONAL."

THIS is what might be called the International part of the season—the time when the footballers of the various countries who are showing good form look anxiously to see if their names appear among the chosen. We may take it for granted that it is the ambition of every footballer to be considered the best in his position at the moment, and that is what International selection really means. The honour is certainly much more to the average footballer than the five-pound note which he gets for playing in these big matches, and I have even known footballers who asked if they could have a special medal to commemorate their choice instead of the five pounds.

But while it is true that, strictly speaking, the honours should go to the best players of each country in each season, there is no getting behind the fact that there is a certain amount of luck attached to selection. Let me explain what I mean. The members of the International Selection Committee of the various countries make a habit of attending certain games to watch the players whom, according to repute, seem worthy of consideration for caps. Now, it may well happen that on the day when a certain player is being watched he fails to reproduce his best form, and in this connection I always think it is a mistake to let a player know when the selectors are present at his match.

It has often happened, too, that a player has been unlucky in other ways when being watched. I recall a particular case of a right half-back. On the day the English selectors went to see this player circumstances necessitated him being moved to the centre-half position in his team, and naturally in this strange berth he did not shine as well as he would undoubtedly have done in his accustomed place. So he didn't get a cap.

Just as it is true that some players miss caps most unluckily, so do other players get them in a fortunate way; they take the eye of the selectors just at the time when a player for their particular position is wanted. A couple of years ago the English selectors surprised everybody by choosing Charles Spencer, of Newcastle United, for the centre-half position against Scotland. This was how he came to be chosen. Two days before the selection was to take place members of the Committee which does this work attended a big match in which Spencer was engaged. They didn't go to see Spencer, but some other players. Now, it happened that Spencer played an absolutely inspired game, in which everything came off for him, and naturally he so took the eye that he was chosen in due course, much, as he told me himself, to his own surprise. I do not agree with this idea of choosing a man on the strength of one display. But there you are.

The luck part of the cap business also applies in other directions. A very good footballer may happen to be playing in the same position as that occupied by a superlative man of another club. At the present moment, for instance, what chance is there for any inside-left of England getting a cap in front of Billy Walker, of Aston Villa—perhaps the only player at the moment in the country who can be said to stand out so far above his colleagues as to choose himself? And it is quite certain that, good

though many young English goalkeepers may be at the moment, little consideration can be given to other than Ted Taylor, of Huddersfield Town, and Dick Pym, of Bolton Wanderers.

Mention of Pym also reminds me that a player needs to be with what is called a "fashionable" club before he is seen and consequently picked. Pym was just as good a goalkeeper when he was with Exeter City as he is now at Bolton, but he never got any caps while he was with the comparatively obscure Southern side; and he told me himself that his big reason for leaving Exeter was to get into a club where there would be a real chance of his abilities being recognised. You see, Pym wanted a cap, as does every other footballer worthy of his salt.

It should not be imagined that caps are only awarded to the older and more experienced players. There was once a centre-forward of Sheffield United named Brown who played for his country at the age of eighteen; and Alec Jackson, the present outside-right of Huddersfield Town, played for Scotland in all her International matches last season, although he was only twenty years of age. Another lad who had one wonderful season was Jimmy Dimmock, of the Spurs. In his twenty-first year he played for England against Scotland, and in the same season scored the goal by which Tottenham Hotspur beat Wolverhampton Wanderers in the Cup Final. There can be few who have realised such ambitious dreams.

Dimmock is an outside-left; and another who plays in the same position who gained speedy recognition is Fred Tunstall, of Sheffield United. Within a few months of signing-on for the Sheffield club, Tunstall was playing for England, and was well worthy of the honour, too.

There was a time, not so long ago, when England's full-backs chose themselves. Season after season Bob Crompton, of Blackburn Rovers, and Jesse Pennington, of West Bromwich Albion, were picked almost automatically. There was no chance for anybody else to play full-back for England in those days; but the chance came when they both fell out, and one of the men who was certainly "in" when opportunity knocked at his door was Sam Wadsworth, the left-back of Huddersfield Town.

Here is a curious thing about Wadsworth which perhaps you didn't know. He used to be a forward, and one day when his team was hard up for a full-back Sam was asked if he would play in that position. He said he didn't want to do so, but if there was nobody else he would do his best. And the best of Wadsworth was so good that from that day to this he has been a full-back, and, as many people will tell you, without a superior in his particular department.

I have often heard it argued that, in view of the fact that all players are so keen to get International caps, the honours should go round, and that a player who has been chosen a few times should be dropped to let in somebody else. I don't agree with this idea at all. The pride in a cap arises from the knowledge that the player chosen is considered the best. It would be an empty sort of honour if this or that man played simply because the honours were going round.