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AND

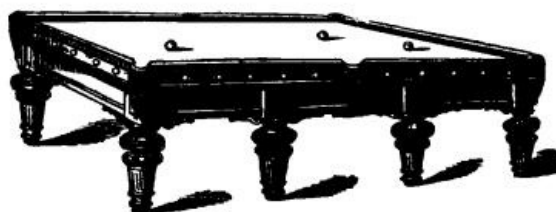
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**PREFACE.**

In bringing my first edition of *Football Reminiscences and Sketches* before the public, I do so with a sense of profound regard for the game and its players, and heartfelt gratitude to numerous friends—some of whom, alas! are no more—for advice and assistance. If my readers consider it worthy of one who has devoted a quarter of a century in attaining that experience necessary to criticise the players of the dead past and those of the living present with fidelity, I will have gained something to be remembered, and be amply repaid for what I have done to assist the spread of the Association game in Scotland. Many of my sketches, under different names, have already appeared in various journals, including the *Daily* and *Weekly Mail*, *Bell's Life in London*, and the "Scottish Football Annual," but I have remodelled some of them very considerably, and indulge in the hope that they may while away an hour or so at the fireside of the Player and Spectator after a big Cup Tie or other interesting match.

THE AUTHOR.

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## **FOOTBALL REMINISCENCES.**

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### ***I.—FOOTBALL: ANCIENT AND MODERN.***

"Then strip, lads and to it, though cold be the weather,  
And if, by mischance you should happen to fall,

There are worse things in life than a tumble on heather,  
For life is itself but a game at Football."  
—*Sir Walter Scott.*

In Scotland, so closely associated with traditional lore, and the acknowledged birth-place of romance and patriotic song, it would be almost dangerous to incur displeasure by attempting to refer to the early history of anything associated with the amusements or recreations of the people, without actually touching on tradition—a point held by some in far greater regard and reverence than actual fact. Under these circumstances, then, I do not want to run the risk of complete annihilation by ignoring the traditional, and even territorial, aspect of Football. That the game was played as early as the tenth century there is any amount of authentic evidence to show, and that it continued to be one of the chief recreations of the people there can be no doubt. Coming much further down, however, the game of Football is referred to, both by historical and romance writers. In Sir Walter Scott's "Lay of the Last Minstrel," we find that the English and Scotch soldiers, in a few hours' actual cessation from skirmishing on the eve of a battle, engaged in "the merry Football play." Our forefathers, however, must have played the game in rather a rude and undignified fashion, if we can believe certain authorities—actual brute force and superiority in point of weight being the indispensable concomitants of a successful side. The matches, too, must have been played utterly regardless of science. Just fancy a couple of crack teams meeting on a heather-covered field, with the "hailing spots" about a mile and a-half apart, and playing a match lasting four or five hours! Could any of our young men nowadays stand such rough-and-tumble work? Happily it is not required. It has been found that a match lasting an hour and a-half, with the ball ever and anon passing in front of one on a level field, is quite enough, even for the strongest back, half-back, or forward. Experience has sufficiently proved that, even in this age of scientific play. So much for the past, and I will proceed to touch briefly on the spread and popularity of football.

To those who only know football as promoted by the Queen's Park, and subsequently by the Vale of Leven, Clydesdale, Granville (now defunct), 3rd L.R.V, and lastly, though not leastly, by the Scottish Football Association, we are almost compelled to offer some information. A quarter of a century ago a Union was formed in Edinburgh to draw up a code of rules to encourage the game of Football, and matches were played between schools and other clubs. These rules were a combination of the present Association and Rugby, dribbling being largely indulged in, but the goal-posts were similar to those now in use under the latter code of rules, and a goal could not be scored unless the ball went over the posts. This game made considerable progress in Edinburgh, being vigorously promoted by scholastic clubs and students attending college. Some years later, when the number of young gentlemen sent over from England to be educated in Scotland, particularly Edinburgh, began to increase, these old rules were subjected to considerable alteration, and eventually assimilated to those of the English Rugby Union, and all the known clubs in Scotland at that time adhered tenaciously to these rules, and under them many exciting games were played between Eastern and Western clubs, the Glasgow Academicals and Edinburgh Academicals being the leading ones. Eventually, however, the new clubs springing into existence in the Western District of the country did not care to play these rules, and, following the example of similar clubs in England, adhered to what they considered an improvement on the old system of Football, and joined the English Football Association, formed in 1863. The first to do this was the Queen's Park, the mother of Association Football in Scotland, in 1867, and the example was soon followed by the Clydesdale, 3rd L.R.V., Vale of Leven, Granville, and others, a few years afterwards. Well can I remember witnessing several exciting tussles on the Queen's Park recreation ground (then the only meeting-place of the Premier Association Club), between the Vale of Leven, Hamilton, East Kilbride, Clydesdale, Granville, and 3rd L.R.V. Since then the spread and popularity of the Association style of play has been so often written about that it is, so to speak, bound up in the actual history of the Western District of Scotland. In Edinburgh, however, the new rules have not made so much headway, the Rugby code being there as extensively played as of yore. Some advances, however, have taken place, and the Edinburgh University has an Association team, and that city several promising clubs, including the Hibernian, Heart of Midlothian, and St. Bernard, and, in Leith, the Athletic, that made such a plucky fight with the Queen's Park in a recent cup tie.

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No one, except a close observer, can believe the earnestness and enthusiasm imparted into the game by the formation of young clubs, but there is one danger which should be avoided. There is such a thing as overdoing; and, depend upon it, if this is continued, the game will suffer. To those who love and appreciate everything in season, the advice I am about to impart will be doubly significant. Football is a winter game, and while it may be all right to practice in spring and autumn, the line is bound to be drawn somewhere, and why attempt to force it down the throats of cricketers, athletes, yachtsmen, and even lawn-tennis players, in the heart of summer? It must not be forgotten that some of our best and most influential football clubs have also cricket clubs and kindred summer recreations attached, and, in the interests of football, these should be encouraged; and to this end I am confident my remarks will be treated with some respect. I am also sure that no one who has taken a deep interest in the game from its comparative infancy, but can look back with extreme pleasure on its development, and even go the length of registering a vow that he will do his utmost to make and uphold it as an honest and manly game, despite isolated assumptions by a few traducers who question such earnestness, and I will endeavour to point them out, and draw comparisons.

"What came ye out to see?" might often be asked by an uninterested spectator who had ventured forth to look at some of the matches. A crowd of young men pursuing a round object, called a

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ball, with great earnestness of purpose. To the young cad, who can think of nothing but the colour of his latest pair of kid gloves, or the check of his newest acquisition in the shape of fashionable trousers, all out-door amusement is considered an interminable bore, the game of Football has, of course, no charm. There is too much hard work for him, and the training required to put one in condition, fraught with all that is called self-denial, he could never endure. The musty old duffer, too, looks upon the game in the light of a deadly sin, which can never be associated in his mind with anything short of idiocy and the most virulent fanaticism. To some of his young men he remarks—"And you call that a grand game, running about a field trying to put a ball near a pair of upright posts, and knocking the first lad down who attempts to retard your progress! Do you call that manly, eh? Would anyone but a pure lunatic run the chance of getting his shins cut, or collar-bone dislocated, indulging in such work, and donning coloured stockings and fantastic shirt the while to make the matter all the more absurd!" He seems to forget that "all work and no play makes Jack a dull boy," and the real meaning of a dull boy and a dull man is irregularity and vexation in the counting-house and office. There are amusements and amusements, and recreations and recreations, but I know of none adapted for the winter months which can be so cheaply indulged in, with so much profit to health, as Football. Accidents do happen occasionally, I admit, but they are exceedingly few when the number of young men engaged in the game is taken into account, combined with the fact that, last year, some of the leading Association matches were played much more roughly than in previous years, it is an astonishing fact that no fatal accident occurred in Scotland. There are, of course, many, if the whole truth must be written, whom the exciting and manly game has failed to touch by its magic and fascinating influence, but they should not be courted, and fortunately their patronage is neither sought nor needed, for they are the men most to be avoided on a wintry Saturday afternoon while one is on his way to see an exciting "cup tie." Depend upon it, they will allure you to some haunt where the language is not even so choice as where the "final" is being played between two leading clubs.

I am fully convinced that when the game was first improved and adapted to stand side by side with others requiring both pluck and skill, the thought never entered the heads of its promoters that some of the laws might be abused, not used. Unfortunately, such is too true, and the sooner these things are discouraged the better. The old precept about warriors feeling a stern joy when they knew they were opposed to foemen worthy of their steel, should never be forgotten by the biggest back, half-back, or the smallest forward. To put it in another way, gentlemanly conduct towards an opponent in the field is pleasing to see, and, indeed, civility is worth much, and costs nothing—only a small effort of self-denial. In this enlightened age, the nation who crows too much over a vanquished foe is naturally detested, and why should not this spirit regulate the game of Football? If this were carefully remembered during the season, there would undoubtedly be such a close bond of fellowship and good feeling amongst Football players that nothing could disturb.

And again, I cannot allow the present opportunity to pass without protesting against a practice, now, unfortunately, too largely followed by a section of the spectators who turn out to all the big events—viz., betting. About as long as I can remember, and it may be before Football, perhaps, was played, many an honest wager was made by the leaders in all out-door sports that they would be the victors, but the practice, I have been assured, never went further. Now it is quite a common thing to see cash dancing about a ring of spectators at a big match, and often the loss of cash to certain individuals means a proportionate loss of temper, and the practice is all the more to be deplored. It is for this end, it is for this avowed purpose, that one and all connected with its development and culture, will strive to their utmost to ennoble and raise Football to a higher and purer level, and consequently discourage, by every legitimate means, betting in all its phases, and the slightest tendencies amongst the players who take part in the various matches towards rough play, and a disposition to indulge in unnecessary charging.

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## ***II.—THE FOOTBALL WAVE.***

Like Dogberry's idea of certain kinds of novel writing, both Association and Rugby Football seem to come to the Scotchmen by nature. My readers can, perhaps, easily remember the clever *jeu d'esprit* on the antiquity of the Gaelic tongue which appeared several years ago advocating the claims of that race as lisping the first "speech" heard in Eden in a manner that must have stirred the blood of Professor Blackie. As the history of Association Football, with which I have only to deal under the present circumstances, is so well-known and a thing of yesterday, its origin, like that of the Gaelic language, is not shrouded in mystery, but actually known (or should be known) to all who take an interest in the game. In my previous article, I tried to trace the origin of football in its rudest form as played by our forefathers, when goal-posts and bars, to say nothing of corner-flags, were unknown. Football now, however, has been reduced to something like a scientific game, and to the credit of England be it said, the Association Rules there first saw the light. Scotch players in the Western District soon emulated their Southern brethren, and from the Parent Club, which had a humble and unassuming origin on the recreation ground at Queen's Park, sprang hundreds of clubs, spreading over the length and breadth of the land with remarkable rapidity. The wave soon rolled all over Glasgow and suburbs, submerged the whole country, and eventually invaded the Heart of Midlothian itself, where the Rugby code had hitherto reigned supreme. The schoolboys who played cricket and rounders in the summertime came out on a wintry afternoon to see their seniors engaged in Association football, and soon felt

the desire creep over them to be members of a club containing lads like themselves. The young men engaged in the city all day thought on the health-imparting exercise it afforded, and had the necessary funds raised to form a club. The artisans, too, from the dusky foundry, the engineer shop, and the factory, soon began to dribble about. The young ones, and even the seniors themselves, had many a collision with mother earth ere they could rely on keeping their pins with any degree of accuracy, and it was rare fun to see a bearded man turning a somersault as he missed the ball in trying to make a big kick. Football is easily acquired in so far as the rudimentary part is concerned, but a great deal of probation is required to convert one into a crack player. Among those who now practice football, and their name is legion, the superior players can be numbered in (to give it a wide scope) hundreds. In fact, to be able to master all the details requisite to win a first-class match, one has to be capable of dribbling, middling, heading, and passing in a way that would do credit to solving a complicated problem in Euclid. It is all very well to talk about brute force and lasting power, but unless these are accompanied by scientific application, they are worth little, and cost much. "The race is not always to the swift," says the old proverb. In at least eight cases out of ten, the match is to the scientific and careful, but of this more anon. There is one thing that can be said about football which in the nature of things must recommend it to all lovers of out-door exercise. Of late years bicycling has obtained a great deal of popularity all over the three kingdoms, both for its usefulness as a speedy means of conveyance, and exercise to the limbs, but that it has its drawbacks has just been made apparent by undisputed medical authority. "The bicycle back," the effect of hard work on the "iron horse," is beginning to appear on the handsome young man who thinks nothing of doing his 50 miles a day, and while walking occasionally with the young lady with the "Grecian bend," the contrast in his case is amusing. To say that there are no dangers of any kind attached to football would be making an assertion which I cannot substantiate, but these are comparatively few. All sports, of whatever kind, have the elements of danger attached to their pursuit, but, with great care, these can be reduced to a minimum. Although I have certainly never observed the round-shoulders of the bicyclist in the football player, I have not unfrequently seen the "football leg." That is a series of cuts about the shin bone, administered by a vicious opponent while (as it generally happens) playing a "cup tie," and last season they were more plentiful than ever. In fact, I heard from the lips of a member of one of the crack clubs that in not a few of the ties they retired from the field "greatly impressed with the unmistakable signs of muscular ability shown by their opponents." This means most undoubtedly hacking and tripping, under the guise of tackling, and if Association football is to go on and prosper such disgraceful acts of tyranny on the football field must forever cease. These "accidents" can, of course, be avoided, and as there are distinct rules forbidding them, clubs would do well to see that these are rigidly enforced.

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### ***III.—A "SWEEP FOR THE CUP;"***

OR,

#### ***HOW PATE BROWN KEPT HIS ENGAGEMENT.***

"What do you say, old fellow, about a 'Sweep for the Cup.' Why, a 'sov.' is nothing to the like of you, and there will be such fun at the lifting." This was said to me one morning about nine, just as I was preparing to get my shaving utensils into working order before turning out to the warehouse. Pate Brown used to make fun of me about my scanty hirsute appendages, and many a time caused me to blush before sundry members of the Druids when he emphatically declared that I was one of those effeminate individuals who shaved, not because they had whiskers, but because they hadn't. This was in September, and a more open year for the respective chances of the clubs in the Cup had, perhaps, never come round.

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I was unattached then. I was, in fact, neither a member of the Druids nor the Nomads, but simply a friend of both, and an enthusiastic admirer of the game. My big brother Angus, it is true, was one of the best men in the Conquerors, and he and I sometimes had animated discussions about the respective merits of the clubs. "Why, Jack, this is only September, it will be more sensible for us to postpone the affair till after the preliminary ties. A lot of chaps to whom I have spoken consider it next to nonsense to draw the 'sweep' so soon."

After a great deal of talking and another meeting, it was agreed to go right ahead with the "sweep," and accordingly the necessary arrangements were duly made, and subscribers' names taken, as well as their cash.

The warehouse of Ball & Field was the largest in the whole city. Their trade connection extended to every known country on the face of the globe. There was a decided charm about the way in which the firm did business, and the kindly, not to say considerate manner, in which they treated employés, who really deserved it. The two leading members of the firm, in fact, were not insignificant prototypes of Dickens' Cheeryble Brothers (with the exception that they were both married). I verily believe that in an hour's notice a couple of excellent teams could have been picked from the house to make a decent match of it anywhere.

The senior himself was an enthusiastic admirer of the game, and one way or another did much to

encourage it by his presence on the field at all the big matches, and if any of the lads, such as myself, Brown, Rose, Wilson, or M'Nab wanted away to play in a big affair, a hint reaching the governor's ears to that effect was amply sufficient. The manager, however, was of a different sort, he hated football like poison. He even relegated the grand game to a pastime suitable for pure and unadulterated lunatics, those, as he put it, "who were too daft to get into Gartnavel." Fancy that! Woe betide the unfortunate half-back or forward, who in a weak moment relied on the magnanimity of "Sour Plums," as he was called, to let him off to a match, without first consulting the governor himself. Sometimes M'Nab forgot to do so, and as his club were frequently in great straits to get him to play, he had to steep his brains to think on a strategic movement to get free, and succeeded; but sometimes with the aid of a "crammer."

Brown, for reasons best known to himself, but which will duly come out as my story advances, was very anxious to be at the "draw," and accordingly duly appeared at the Marie Stuart Hall, Crosshill. There were a lot of pale faces in the room when Pate drew the Queen's Park, Dick Wallace the "Vale," Bill Weldon, Dumbarton, and Sandy M'Bean the Rangers. A rosy-cheeked, country-looking lad belonging to the Q.P. drew Cowlairst, and a general titter ran through the august assembly when that same lad remarked, "he was quite satisfied with his draw, the other crack clubs notwithstanding." Tom Vincent got Kilmarnock Athletic, Alf. Grant the Clyde, Blower Fleming drew the Heart of Midlothian, and Bill Fairfield the Hibernian. I was unlucky enough to secure one of the many insignificant clubs who never survived the first round, and so my "sov." was a dead letter. {23}

The entire "sweep" came to a fine round sum, as the subscribers included a good many of the rank and file of football enthusiasts, and even two "football-daft" members of the upper strata of the Glasgow Police Force, and three of the Fire Brigade, went the length of taking a couple of tickets. There was also Luke Wood, the representative of the "Kick-off," who knew a thing or two about the game. He was in for a pair of tickets, too, and drew the Invincible and Morning Star. He was thoroughly disgusted at the prospect (more particularly as he had been one of the leading hands in getting up the "sweep"); but, as the Yankees say, he gradually "cooled himself down," and got thoroughly reconciled to his loss.

The Cowlairst had to play the Queen's Park in one of the ties, and a determined tussle it turned out to be. The "boys" bore a wild look that afternoon as they emerged from the pavilion at Hampden Park. You could read the anxious and determined character of their mission on every face. They had fully made up their minds to fight hard for the Cup, and really they did. Several of the team were big powerful fellows whom not a few cautious half-backs would think twice before "going for," and two of the forwards were very smart on their pins, but wanted that true mastery of the art of passing and dribbling at the proper time which make up the refined and superior Association player. As for endurance, they did not toil among iron wheels, steel axles, and brass fittings for locomotives, to say nothing of generating steam on the shortest notice, without being "hardy." No, no. They were in the best of condition for the game. The Queen's took them too cheaply, and nearly paid a lasting penalty for their carelessness. The game, in fact, was so closely fought that the teams were unable to overcome one another, and two goals each was the result. Meeting a second time, however, the Q.P. made short work of them, and won by nine goals to none.

The evening before the memorable tussle which put the half of Dumbartonshire into a state of excitement, bordering on the football fever, "Mary, the Maid of the Football Inn," came to the door of the little hotel repeatedly, and after casting sundry glances at the roadway and scanning the passers-by, muttered something about being jilted, and how shamefully she had been used by Bob. Her own Bob, who was always so punctual, and occasionally treated her to a nice walk along the Leven, past Ewing's big work, and even went the length of composing verses in her honour.

"What had become of him? Had Nancy Pringle waylaid him, as she positively swore she would do, on the first opportunity, and start the probationary stages of a drama in real life?" The fact was Bob never came, and no wonder. He was collared by the Dumbarton captain, and carried off to the field to practice for the great fight of the next day, under pains and penalties. He pleaded for Mary, but it was of no avail. "He had," he went on to remonstrate, "promised on his word of honour to meet her that evening and take her to Luckie M'Latchie's booking." Luckie and Tam M'Murtrie (an old footballer) were to be spliced a fortnight afterwards, and the "cries" were in.

With a serious air the captain lectured Bob till he was blue in the face, and told him if he did not put himself in condition for the great battle of the morrow he would be stoned by the town enthusiasts. He remembered when a boy at school scribbling as best he could on his copybook, "Discretion is the better part of valour," and the sentence flashed across his heated brain with all the force of actual conviction. "What was he to do?" "Was it to be football first, and Mary afterwards?" Something whispered "yes; Mary could afford to wait, but the 'Cup' was a transitory article, and the splendid chance his club had of winning it might pass away like a dream." "Why, there was Joe Laidlay, he was in something like the same dilemma so far as his 'lass' was concerned, and if Joe, he thought, could afford to put off his sweetheart, Maggie Jackson, in the same way, he (Bob) considered that he should be able to conclude the arrangement, and make the best excuse to Mary." {24}

Quietly speaking, Bob had an ambition in his football, and it consisted in being a member of the eleven who would at one time or another "lick" the Queen's Park, and went into the practice game with his whole heart, and played all through in good form.

Just a year or so before this the "Vale" would have given the same Dumbarton lot short shift and

no favour on any of the grounds, but matters were altered. They wanted a lot of their old blood, which had in years gone bye carried them through many a doubtful battle. They had lost their grand goalkeeper, and the crack half-back had vacated his favourite position to keep the ball from going between the uprights in "time o' need."

Some of the daring forwards had also bade farewell to the game, and were scattered over the length and breadth of the land. The match, however, had to be played—it would brook no delay—and the spirited captain resolved to make the best of it, although a score of misgivings passed through his mind as to the issue. There was one thing in favour of the "Vale," they had their own ground to play upon, and that was reckoned as worth a goal any day.

Before the start Johnny Freer told his old chums to keep their "weather eyes" open for sudden rushes by the Dumbarton forward division, and before the game was very old, they discovered that the advice did not come a moment too soon. Keeping close on the touch lines till well down among the half-backs, Maclure and his light companion, "the Bird," assuredly did not allow the grass to grow under their leather bars. The ground was a little sloppy from the recent rain, but, strange to say, the Dumbarton men seemed to keep their feet in a remarkable manner. M'Luckie and big Walton tried their very best to intercept the dribblers, but at times they were completely mastered, and Dick Wallace had to come away from his place at back and assist.

The most of the Dumbarton lads were much faster on the ball than the "Vale," and this, added to a slice of luck, aided them in scoring twice, and they consequently won a hard battle by two goals to none, and earned the proud distinction of being the champions.

After the great crowd had dispersed, and lots of silver had changed hands, a solemn silence reigned in that part of the pavilion utilised by the "Vale." "There is no use denying the fact, chaps," said the captain of the defeated team, "these fellows have beaten us on our form this season, and we'll have to make the best of a bad bargain."

Not so, however, in the other end of the house. The victors were "blowing" a good deal of the bad luck they had had, and how they ought to have scored a dozen goals if "Sandy had not repeatedly allowed the ball to graze the goal-posts, instead of attempting to kick it out. They had, however, beaten the 'Vale,' and that was all they cared for, in the said tie. The Rangers they declared they did not fear, and from all they could hear, they were now quite able to meet the Queen's Park face to face." {25}

With the Rangers, however, they had just sufficient to do on their own ground in the first match, but in the second came off victorious by five goals to one.

One Saturday evening we took forcible possession of Jack Cook's lodgings, which were situated near the Marie Stuart Hall, Crosshill. Jack was very fond of billiards, and sometimes pocketed several "pools" of an evening, when a few choice spirits congregated in "The Rooms." Jack's landlady had frequently threatened him with pains and penalties for treating anything approaching "elders' hours" with contempt, and once intensified it to instant dismissal, bag and baggage, for encouraging a lot of his chums in leading the chorus of Dickens' Bacchanalian song:

"We won't go home till morning,  
Till morning, till morning,  
We won't go home till morning,  
Till daylight doth appear,"

at four o'clock A.M., under her kitchen window after a big cup tie, which the Conquerors had won. Jack, as a matter of precaution warned us that we were to comport ourselves with decency, and not rouse the aforesaid lady. Our friend had something in the bottle. We were comfortably seated, and the room filled with tobacco smoke, when a dim shadow was noticed at the door, and turned out to be Willie Fairfield, of the Flying Blues, who had just called to let us know he had received a telegram from Edinburgh announcing the defeat of the Hibernian in the protested match with Dumbarton, by six goals to two.

Willie, it may be mentioned, had drawn the Hibernian in our "sweep," and was, I may inform all concerned, well pleased with his luck when the ticket came out the bag; but now much crestfallen. Bill Weldon, however, who had secured Dumbarton in the same drawing, jumped off his chair at the success of the club he had secured, and remarked—"Look here, boys, Dumbarton are just about good enough to win the Association Cup, and I'll take evens on't." "Done," said a chorus of voices, and Mrs. Blank's parlour was for a few minutes transformed into a betting house on a small scale.

We had a long chat as to the respective merits of the Rangers and Dumbarton, who were to play their tie over again, in consequence of some informality, and after draining Jack's bottle, were accompanied to the door with solemn injunctions not to kick up a row on the stairs.

Weeks passed after this little incident, and the clubs left in our "sweep" were getting small by degrees and beautifully less. The Rangers, Partick, South-Western, Northern, 3rd L.R.V., Arthurlie, Kilmarnock Portland, Alexandra Athletic, Thornliebank, Heart of Midlothian, and even the plucky little Clyde were cleared off the list, and the Queen's Park had their own ado with Kilmarnock Athletic, and only beat that sturdy Ayrshire Club by three goals to two. All that now remained in the tie, in fact, were Q.P. and Dumbarton.

It was Weldon and Pate Brown for it now, and both began to dream of a good pocketful of "sovs."

Pate, who was engaged to charming little Lizzie Green, had been living very carefully for a time in prospect of shortly calling Lizzie his own, was only now a casual visitor to Cook's lodgings. One evening, on his way home from Ball & Field's, Pate began to reckon up his chances of winning the "sweep."

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"One hundred and five subscribers at a 'sov.' a-piece," said he, "why that makes £105. The odd 'fiver' will pay all the expenses, and if the Q.P. win the Cup, why all that will be mine. Oh! glorious Q.P., invincible Q.P., you must and shall win the Cup," raved excited Pate. "Lizzie, my own dear lassie, I have not told you about my speculation, nor will I till the tie is over, and we'll get married this summer yet."

I do not intend to weary my readers with a detailed account of the final Cup ties, for everybody knows there were two played. In the first, when the clubs tied, and Dumbarton had the best of the game, little Pate Brown nearly lost his senses with excitement, and had frequently to lean heavily on the shoulder of Lizzie Green to prevent him from falling under the grand stand.

"What is it, dear, that makes you so terribly pale at a match?" she said to him in a gentle whisper. "You must be ill, for I have never observed you so excited before." Little did the young lady imagine what was at issue, and the cause of Pate's nervousness; but she knew afterwards, and had a jolly laugh over it in her own tidy little house at Govanhill.

Who does not remember the real final tie on Cathkin Park? Such a match will, perhaps, never be seen in Scotland again. How both Queen's Park and Dumbarton played with all the force and dash they could command, and how at length the Queen's Park were the conquerors, and Pate Brown won the double prize.

A few nights afterwards Pate received one hundred sovs. (there were no second and third prizes) in the "Marie Stuart," and when he told the young fellows assembled that he was about to get wed to Lizzie Green, every soul of them (not even excepting Bill Weldon himself, who had drawn Dumbarton in the speculation, and lost a few "sovs." on them too), congratulated him on his choice, and called Pate a "lucky dog."

They all knew and admired the neat little girl who, among other blithe and gentle faces, turned out to see the leading football matches, to cheer the players when they won, and chaff them when they lost.

They were married—Pate Brown and Lizzie Green—and in presence of his old club companions, whom he had invited to spend an evening at his new house, Pate told the simple story of how he had got married to his little darling a year sooner than he expected, all through drawing the Queen's Park in a "SWEEP FOR THE CUP."

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#### ***IV.—FAMOUS ASSOCIATION PLAYERS—PAST AND PRESENT.***

Little did the comparatively small but orderly group of enthusiastic spectators who met around the ropes at Hamilton Crescent Ground, Partick, eighteen years ago, to witness the first International Association match, imagine the ultimate development of the Association style of play in Scotland, and in after years the triumphs which awaited her sons in contests with England. I was present, and shall never forget the manner in which the teams—both Scotch and English—acquitted themselves, and made a drawn game of it.

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#### **The Five Dead Internationalists.**

The ranks of the past crack players are beginning to get thinned by the common enemy of mankind. When I think of the busy feet, blithe and happy faces, and merry voices that joined in the game twenty years ago, a sense of sadness comes over me which it is difficult to dispel. "The first International, sir;" yes. Five of the gallant eleven who fought Scotland's battle are dead. Poor Gardner, Smith, Weir, Leckie, and Taylor, football players, have cause to remember thee! It was a hard struggle to keep up football in those days, and as there were no club funds all the items of expenditure had to be brought forth from the capacious pockets of the members. They loved the game, however, those primitive players, and engaged in it for its own sake, without ever thinking of reward. In the words of a great poetess, "We shall sing their praise ere long;" and while it may be thousands of dribblers of the present never heard their names, it is but right that the young ones should not forget what they owe to the Association football pioneers. Yes, the boys of the old brigade are falling out of the ranks in which they served so well, never to muster again on this side the grave; while others, still toiling on, are "scattered far and wide, by mountain, stream, and sea."

#### **Joseph Taylor.**

The admitted chief of the five who have gone to their rest was Joseph Taylor. Of a quiet and unassuming disposition, blended with remarkable firmness, no man who captained the Queen's Park was so much respected both on the field and in private life. None hated unfair or rough play

more. He could not endure it in a club companion, and this was particularly so if his team were playing a comparatively junior combination. Taught in the early school of Association football, when the rules were much more exacting than they are now, he had, along with his colleagues in the Queen's Park, to fight their preliminary battles, and overcome the prejudices consequent on introducing the "reformation," so to speak, in football. Taylor developed into a first-class back when comparatively young, and was chosen to play for his club against England in 1872, when the Queen's Park met that country single-handed, and played a drawn contest. Considering his light weight, he was a fine tackler, returned very smartly to his forwards, and, possessing remarkable speed, completely astonished an opponent by clearing the ball away before the forwards of the opposing club were able to obtain any advantage. He had always a kind and encouraging word to young players, and in 1875 and 1876 was chosen captain of the Scotchmen, and played, in all, five times against England. He died in Govanhill about three years ago.

### **Robert Gardner.**

As the first captain of the Queen's Park in the International of 1872, and also chosen to that post next season in London, Gardner, who has also joined the great majority, was the most extraordinary player of his day. He was so versatile that I have seen him at work in all the different positions of the field—goalkeeper, back, half-back, and even forward—but it was as a goalkeeper that he excelled. A very indifferent kicker out in front, when the ball came up, he sometimes made mistakes with the feet; but when I remember the brilliant men who have since stood between the posts in Internationals and final cup ties, each in their line famous, I must confess that none ever used their hands and weight to greater advantage than Gardner. Possessing a peculiarity of temper which had much of the Scotchmen's sturdy independence, he had a difference with some of his friends, and left the Queen's Park to join the Clydesdale, and did much to assist that club to attain at the time the second position in Scottish Association football. Members of both clubs will not easily forget the manner in which Gardner kept goal for his new combination against the Queen's Park in a cup tie, when three matches had to be completed before the senior club won. He retired from the game some time before his death, which took place at South Queensferry a year and a half ago.

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### **James E. Weir.**

Who could dribble and keep possession of the ball like Weir? In a football sense he was in everybody's mouth sixteen years ago, when crack forwards were few, and neat dribblers fewer. In all the contests the Queen's Park engaged in for ten years, none was more popular among the spectators, and emulated by the then young generation of players, than Weir. He always worked on the right side, and with William M'Kinnon, Angus Mackinnon, H. M'Neil, T. Lawrie, and T. C. Highet for companions, the exhibition of dribbling and passing, with the six forwards, was finer than is the case now with the five. The ball had then to touch the ground after being thrown in straight from the line before being played. Under those circumstances, heading by the forwards was never seen in the field, unless after a corner-flag kick. Well can I remember the match at Hampden Park against the London Wanderers, whom the Queen's Park defeated by six goals to none, when Weir, being tackled by the Hon. A. F. Kinnaird and C. W. Alcock, put his foot on the ball, shook off the two powerful Englishmen, and made a goal. The sad news only arrived lately from Australia, whither Weir had gone some years ago, of his demise. Deceased played in two Internationals, including that of 1872, and no finer dribbler ever toed a ball. He was, in fact, at the time designated the "Prince of Dribblers."

### **Joseph Leckie.**

In every condition of life, no matter the sphere in which one is placed, he has his own peculiarities, and, in a football sense, Leckie, above all the gallant throng who have disappeared for ever from the field, had his. Comparatively short of stature and powerfully knit together, with splendidly moulded limbs, Leckie was one of the most tenacious forwards. While dribbling past an opponent with the ball at his toe, his peculiarity asserted itself in such a way that, once seen, could never be forgotten. Weir, Smith, W. M'Kinnon, H. M'Neil, and, later on, Fraser, Highet, and Richmond, among the army of forwards brought out by the Queen's Park; to say nothing of M'Lintock, M'Intyre, and Baird (Vale of Leven), J. R. Wilson and Anderson (Clydesdale), T. Vallance and P. Campbell (Rangers), and A. Kennedy and J. Hunter (3rd L.R.V.), of whom I will say something later on, had all their imitators in the younger clubs, but Leckie had none. He was, in fine, a player by himself. When he obtained possession of ball, he guarded his body with extended arms drooping from his side, with the back of his hands in front of the thighs, and thus formed a barrier to an opponent who attempted to tackle or take the ball from him. He took part in the first International. He died about three years ago in South Africa.

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### **James Smith.**

The least known, perhaps, of the original International men, but one whose name will ever be honoured by many of the older school of players, and locally Queen's Park members, is Mr. James Smith, who died some years ago in London. Mr. Smith was, in conjunction with his brother Robert, early associated with the game in Scotland, and was an original member of the Queen's Park. Mr. Archibald Rae, the first secretary of the Scottish Football Association, and at one time an active member of the Queen's Park (and a beautiful dribbler in his day), tells an amusing



anecdote of Smith, while playing against the Hamilton Club, leaping on the top of a hedge to win a touch-down, which in those days counted a point in the game. This entirely coincided with poor Smith's play, as he was sometimes very impetuous. He played in the International of 1872 as a forward.

### **William M'Kinnon.**

Dealing now with the past players who are with us in the body, for a long series of years, and, indeed, till within a short period of retiring from the field, no centre forward of his day, and very few since, have equalled M'Kinnon in that trying position. When the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers started the dribbling game on the old drill ground at Govanhill, or rather when that small burgh was "No Man's Land," M'Kinnon was one of its most active players. It is in connection with his membership of the Queen's Park that I wish to recall incidents in his career. In 1874 I made my way over to the South-Side Park to witness a match between the Queen's and the Vale of Leven. Association football was then a very insignificant affair—the Rugby code, with such fine clubs as the Glasgow Academicals and West of Scotland as exponents—engaging all the public attention. The game was free to all. "Ladies and gentlemen, no charge for admission. Come and see our game. Kick-off, 3.30." Well, M'Kinnon, along with the rest of the team, emerged from the old toll-house, close by, to meet their gallant opponents, and Mr. Parlane, of the Vale of Leven (who kept goal so well for that club in many of her best matches), "chaffed" the Q.P. man in amusing manner about his boots (See "[The Conqueror's Football Boots](#)"), which were new, and differed considerably from the style then worn by players. All through the contest, which, by the way, was drawn, with no goals on either side, M'Kinnon was a little stiff, and scarcely played so well as was his wont. He never discarded his old companions, however, and those very boots in after years kicked many a goal both in Internationals and final cup ties. As an indication, in fact, of his genuine ability, he was chosen to play against England oftener than any man in Scotland, with the single exception of Mr. Charles Campbell, who was selected no fewer than ten times as a half-back. Mr. M'Kinnon was engaged in eight, including the first, and in these his country was victorious four times, and two were drawn matches. As a centre forward has to bear the brunt of an attack from the opposing side first, M'Kinnon was the very man to lead on the advance guard. His pluck was immense; and while he rather delighted to dodge an opponent and leave the charging to his backer up, he was a close and beautiful dribbler; could play a hard match without any outward signs of fatigue, and no man before or since could take a corner-flag kick like him. He used to practice this kick, and could place the ball within a few inches of the spot aimed at. Mr. M'Kinnon is still in our midst hale and hearty, and when a good thing in football is announced he generally turns out to see his favourite game, and is not afraid to criticise the form shown by his successors.

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### **David Wotherspoon.**

Mr. Wotherspoon was early associated with the Queen's Park; indeed, one of the original members, and did much in his day for football. When the senior club found it a matter of difficulty to get up an eleven to play in the country, some times at East Kilbride (for you must know that important agricultural centre had a club nearly twenty years ago), Alexandria, and Hamilton, Wotherspoon and Gardner were generally the first volunteers. There were no fares paid in those primitive days out of club funds, and each individual had to square up his own account, like the Scottish cricketer of the present. Although retired now for a number of years, and out of the run of the game, Wotherspoon, who is in business in the city, is always delighted to hear of its development, and proud of what he did in his youth for it. If ever a man had neatness of style, combined with gentlemanly conduct to an opponent on the field, it was Wotherspoon. Considering the fact that he was a light-weight, under 10st., he many a time astonished both opponents and spectators by his magnificent returns at half-back, and I may mention, in passing, that in a match at Hampden Park I actually saw him kick a ball from the centre of the field right through the goal—a feat that very few of our younger half-backs could accomplish now. As I saw him in two Internationals (1872-73), however, it was not as a half-back, but as an accomplished forward, dribbling with great judgment, and passing in a most unselfish way. Mr. Wotherspoon left the Queen's Park to join the Clydesdale a short time after his old companion Gardner, and the two were associated with that club when it numbered among its members such fine players as Messrs. F. Anderson, G. M. Wilson, J. R. Wilson, W. Wilson, J. P. Tennent, J. M'Pherson, W. Gibb, J. T. Richmond, and David's brother, J. Wotherspoon. In the first of the long string of matches which have been played between Sheffield and Glasgow, dating back to 1874, Mr. Wotherspoon was one of the players; and it may be mentioned that, in the same contest, the Glasgow representatives were made up entirely of Queen's Park and Clydesdale men, and that each city scored a couple of goals.

### **James J. Thomson.**

No player among the half-backs of the old school was so much thought of in Association football as Thomson. Once seen and met by an opponent, he could never be forgotten. Tall and stern in appearance, he carried every pound of his heavy weight with the greatest ease, and, what was of more consequence to his club in a hard battle, used it well. He tackled with consummate skill, and had remarkable confidence in himself. For the first three years of his membership no player ever turned out more regularly to practice, and, for a stout man, none could show an opponent a cleaner pair of heels. All the time he was available in the Queen's Park, an International without

Thomson as one of the half-backs was out of the question, and for three seasons (1872-73-74), he was selected for that post against England. In the last event, when Scotland won at Partick by two goals to one, the brilliant manner in which Thomson played will not easily be forgotten by those who witnessed the contest. While F. Anderson (Clydesdale), and A. Mackinnon (Queen's Park), scored the goals for Scotland, Thomson never worked harder in his life, and when the English forwards got near his side, he rarely, if ever, failed to take the ball away from them. Just before leaving for Manchester, Mr. Thomson was chosen captain of the Glasgow Eleven against Sheffield. Some years ago he went to Liverpool, and is now secretary of the extensive butcher business of Eastmans Company (Limited). In addition to his ability as a football player, Mr. Thomson was a splendid sprinter, and carried off a large number of prizes both in Glasgow and Edinburgh.

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### **William Ker.**

Mr. William Ker was captain of the Queen's Park when they leased their first private ground, and did much by his tact and ability to bring on our senior club to seek new conquests in England. Mr. Ker—of whose brother George I shall have occasion to refer by and by—was a most gentlemanly young fellow, and made himself respected by club companions and opponents alike. In the early history of the game a half-back, and even back, did not consider it *infra dig.* to dribble a bit and bring up the ball to goal, provided the match was against a much weaker club, and while Ker was a grand back and beautiful kicker with his left foot, he was also an accomplished dribbler. In a match he never lost sight of the ball for a moment, and when any of his team made a mistake in following up, Ker frequently stepped into the breach himself, and did his best to get the player out of a difficulty. He was too gentlemanly to upbraid a member of the team on the ground, like some captains now-a-days, but awaited an opportunity, and the advice imparted generally did the careless player a world of good. In the famous match at Partick in 1872, Ker showed some very fine play, both in clever tackling and returning the ball; and, if I mistake not, he was opposed on the opposite side by the English captain (Mr. C. J. Ottaway, since dead), and the manœuvring between the pair was something to be remembered. Mr. Ker did not play very long after this game, as he left Glasgow for Canada.

### **Robert Smith.**

Unlike his brother in the manner of his style, Mr. Robert Smith was not by any means an impulsive player, but took in the situation quietly; and while no man ever worked harder in the field, or did more for a club, he was not what could be called a brilliant forward. The brothers, however, did well in the International I have referred to, and considerably helped the eleven to make a drawn battle of it. It may be mentioned that both were then also members of the South Norwood Club (one of the best in England at that time), as they had previously left Scotland for London. Mr. Robert Smith, so far as I am aware, is now in the United States.

### **Alexander Rhind.**

A rare but light dribbler was Mr Rhind. One of the old members of the Queen's Park, and associated with men whose names I have already mentioned in its early struggles, he knew, if I may be allowed to use a simile which is likely to force a smile, what football poverty was, for is it not a fact that he was a member of the Q.P. Finance Committee when the annual subscription was *sixpence*, the yearly income £3 9s. 8d., and as the expenditure amounted up to £4 2s. 4d., the deficit of 12s. 8d. had to be made up by a levy? I never remember Mr. Rhind playing in a match after the International. He is now in Aberdeen.

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### **The First Final Cup Tie.**

The First Final Association Cup Tie, on Hampden Park, I remember well. The clubs fated to meet each other were the Queen's Park and Clydesdale, and the match, considering the fact that the players were comparatively young in the practice of the dribbling game, proved a very fine one indeed. It was on a Saturday afternoon in the middle of March, 1874, and a crowd of fully 2000 spectators attended. The Hampden Park of to-day, with its splendid pavilion and accessories, and beautifully laid-off turf, was not then conceived in the minds of the Match Committee. It was the Hampden Park of yore, now cut up to form a railway embankment. Mr. Hon. Secy. Rae and his companions in office never for a moment imagined that in sixteen years afterwards the new ground, which is crowded nearly every Saturday afternoon with excited spectators, would be made to satisfy the cravings of a football public, and the exigencies of athletic life. There was no such thing as a pavilion then, only a kind of "wee house" at the gate end of the field, for all the world like an overgrown sentry-box, did duty instead. The grass on the field was not even cut in some places, and at the top corner-flag was long and turfy. The spectators, however, of whom a large number were ladies, enjoyed it very much, and the enthusiasm imparted among the youths who were present had a wonderful effect on the spread of the game. It was thought that a draw was inevitable, so well did both sides play till within twenty minutes of the finish, when Mr. Wm. M'Kinnon scored a goal for the senior club, and this was followed by a second from the foot of Mr. Leckie, not long before no-side was announced, leaving the Q.P. the winners by two goals to none. I must, however, go back a little way and say something about the

### **Association Challenge Cup,**

which has caused a new order of things to arise in Scottish football. Well, during the previous year, and, in fact, not long after the first International at Partick, new clubs were formed in many quarters, but more particularly Glasgow and Dumbartonshire, and it was on March 13, 1873, that the Queen's Park convened a meeting of representatives of clubs, and what is now known as the Scottish Football Association was formed. Eight clubs responded, and created the great Association. The eight, who deserve much honour at the hands of players, were:—Queen's Park, Clydesdale, Vale of Leven, Dumbreck, Eastern, Rovers, 3rd L.R.V., and Granville, and those clubs were represented on the committee by Mr. Arch. Campbell (Clydesdale), president; Mr. W. Ker (Queen's Park), hon. treasurer; Mr. Archibald Rae (Queen's Park), hon. secretary; with the following committee:—Messrs. Ebenezer Hendry and Wm. Gibb (Clydesdale), J. Turnbull (Dumbreck), D. Macfarlane (Vale of Leven), W. E. Dick (3rd L.R.V.), T. Mackay (Granville), J. M'Intyre (Eastern), and R. Gardner (Queen's Park). Next in order came the Challenge Cup, and the competition for that trophy was in full swing. The necessary funds were soon forthcoming, and a very neat, but plain, specimen of the silversmith's art was brought forth. The subject for ornamentation was taken from a cut in the *Graphic*, representing a player in the act of dribbling at the first International, and made by Messrs. George Edward & Sons. There you have it now, gentlemen, rather dry reading and technical, though, but nevertheless the infant life of a great competition. By a strange coincidence in the respective matches, and one which the players of a former era will look upon with a sense of sadness, consists in the fact that of the twenty-two who took part in that game seven are dead. Of these the senior club has the misfortune to claim five—Messrs. J. J. Taylor, J. B. Weir, J. Leckie, J. Dickson, and A. Mackinnon; while the Clydesdale, so far as I am aware, has only two, Mr. J. R. Wilson and Mr. Robert Gardner. As I have already given short sketches of Messrs. Taylor, Weir, Leckie, and Gardner, under the head of "Dead Internationalists," and J. J. Thomson and W. M'Kinnon under another, I have only to deal with R. W. Neil, J. Dickson, T. Lawrie, C. Campbell, Angus Mackinnon, and H. M'Neil (Queen's Park), and the whole of the Clydesdale, with the sole exception of R. Gardner.

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### **Charles Campbell.**

Mr. Campbell seems to have had no real starting point in his football career. The love of the game and its early associations came to him as if by nature. I am told that when he was quite a boy he used to appear on the ground at Queen's Park to see his brother Edward playing with old club companions. He soon began to dribble about, and afterwards show splendid ability in long-kicking and tackling, and in 1873-74 played for the Queen's Park in her best matches. The final cup tie, however, was his first big event, and no doubt the lessons and confidence he obtained in that match served him well in after years, when he was destined to be the greatest favourite both among players and spectators that ever took part in any cup tie or International. Mr. Campbell has now retired from active duty on the field, but his love for the game, and the welfare of the players engaged in it, induced him to accept the presidentship of the Association for 1889-90, and one and all are alive to the fact that he discharges his duties with the greatest fidelity. As a brilliant tackler and neat kicker at half-back, it might honestly be said of him that he had no equal. Men who played against him on great occasions (for Mr. Campbell always rose to his best form in these) have good cause to remember how he could "head" the ball away from goal at a critical moment, and get it through quite a forest of legs. As he was not one of the cracks in the final cup tie of 1874, I must honestly confess I can't remember how he played, but as his club scored a victory, and he was one of the half-backs, he must have done well. Mr. Campbell rarely, if ever, spends a Saturday afternoon away from Hampden Park in the winter time; takes a lively interest in his mother club, and, what is of more account, can still play in his favourite position with great dash and precision. He has the unique distinction of playing in ten Internationals with England, and been an office-bearer of his club since 1873.

### **Thomas Lawrie.**

Mr. Lawrie has done much for football in connection with his club and the Association, both by example and precept. In the early days of the Queen's Park he was one of their most brilliant forwards, and in several of the cup ties, notably that between the Queen's Park and Renton, proved the best man on the field. He never shirked his work, or left hard tackling to the half-backs, but sprang on the ball and opponent at once, and generally had the best of it. Of all the fine forwards who received their football education under Mr. J. J. Thomson's, and later on Mr. C. Campbell's and Mr. Joseph Taylor's captaincy, none could keep his feet better on the field; and it was quite a rare thing to see Lawrie grassed by an opponent. Although not much above the middle height, he was a perfect football Hercules, and not long before retiring from the field opponents in some of the matches would frequently make earnest inquiries about whether he were to be included in the Q.P. team on that day. But for an accident to the knee which made him retire, after being chosen to play in the International against England in 1874, Mr. Lawrie would have then represented his club. After giving up active duty in the field, he has rendered noble service by being president of the Scottish Football Association, and loves the game as dearly as ever.

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### **Harry M'Neil.**

The first final cup tie brought into prominence one of the neatest little dribblers and passers that ever played on the left wing of any club. Methinks I see him now, with his quick action, short step, and unselfish play, gliding down the side of the field, dodging an opponent close on the

touch-line, and causing the spectators to laugh immoderately. Spectators are prone to make favourites, and while Mr. Campbell was assuredly one at half-back, Mr. M'Neil was none the less loved among the forwards. While playing in the leading games he was always ready with his joke, and I'll back him to be the best man in the world to explain away a defeat and magnify a victory for the club he loved so well. Mr. M'Neil was chosen seven times to play against England and Wales, and I remember his efforts and their results with pleasure. The only time he was sorely beset was in the International of 1876, when Mr. Jarrett (Cambridge University, I think), one of the English half-backs—a powerful young fellow—tackled him severely. The gallant little Queen's Park man, however, withstood the charges well, and came up from mother earth smiling. That match, however, ended in favour of Scotland by three goals to none. Mr. M'Neil was a member of the 3rd L.R.V. at the start of his career, and also of the Rangers, but joined the Queen's Park in 1872.

### **Robert W. Neill.**

Mr. Neill kept the late Mr. J. J. Taylor company at back in many of the most trying and critical Q.P. matches of 1876, '77, '78, and '80, and in all those years was a familiar figure in the Internationals against England and Wales. As we have previously said about the deceased Mr. Leckie, players have their peculiarities, and Neill had his. He was a really brilliant back and pretty sure tackler, but relied too much on his feet while defending goal, instead of using the breast and head. His individuality consisted in meeting the charge of an opponent with bended knees, and he had the knack of taking the ball away and making a brilliant return in a style that roused the cheers of the spectators. He was a very hard worker to the last, and only retired from football to go abroad some years ago. He has, however, returned to Glasgow, and may frequently be seen at some of the best matches of the season. His play during 1877 and 1878 was exceptionally good, and in those years was in the best form of any back in Scotland.

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### **John Dickson.**

Poor fellow! Mr. Dickson had but a short career, not only in football, but in everyday life. He caught a severe cold one bleak evening coming from Hampden Park after a practice match, and succumbed to the malady of inflammation of the lungs at the age of 28. He started his football life as a back; but when the Queen's Park lost Mr. Gardner he was tried as goalkeeper, and did very well. Tall and gentlemanly in appearance, with neatly trimmed sandy whiskers and moustache, Dickson kicked out in front of his goal very neatly, and was not afraid to meet the charge of an opposing forward. An incident in his career caused a great deal of amusement at the time, however, and is worth recording, just to show the immense faith he had in the infallibility of his old club. It was in a cup tie with the Vale of Leven, when that club beat the Queen's Park by two goals to one. Dickson appeared at goal with an umbrella, as the rain was falling fast, but when the Vale scored their first goal he was obliged to throw away his companion, and work harder than ever he had done before.

### **Angus Mackinnon.**

A powerfully-made young fellow, above the medium height, Mr. Mackinnon was a very fair forward, and always played in the centre with Mr. William M'Kinnon, his namesake, and the pair were a "caution" to meet in a hot tussle. The six forwards took part in the play then, with two on each wing and a couple in the centre, and it was a treat to see how well the Mackinnons worked in their places. Mr. Angus, however, was rather short in the temper, and often had a "few words" with both companions and opponents during a game. He played a very indifferent game in the final tie and some of the matches previously, but was really in excellent form at that same year's International against England, and scored one of the goals. Mr. Mackinnon died about four years ago in Canada.

### **Frederick Anderson.**

If there is one player more than another that deserves to be remembered by his old club, the Clydesdale, for the manner in which he brought it before the public by scoring one of the goals in the third International at Partick in 1874, it is Anderson. He was a very fine dribbler, and about the most difficult man in the Clydesdale forwards to get the ball away from after he had obtained possession. Although not one of the original members, he was early associated with the Clydesdale, and played in the best games of seasons 1874, '75, and '76. He was a bit of a sprinter, and very fast on the ball, with very fine staying power. Many of the backs who played against him during his best days were afraid of Anderson when he got near the sticks. He is now in Manchester.

### **John M'Pherson.**

Mr. John M'Pherson, of the Clydesdale, is a much older player than his namesake of the Vale of Leven. When the Clydesdale went into the game with a dash that astonished even the Q.P., he was one of their finest forwards, and, possessing great speed, was not easily tackled by the best backs of the day. He always played on the right wing, and was a dangerous man at goal. Mr. M'Pherson did much both for football and cricket in Inveraray, and even now takes an interest in his favourite pastime in Rothesay, where he assists his father in the management of the Queen's

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Hotel. It may be mentioned that, in addition to his other qualifications, for "he was so versatile," M'Pherson has acted on more than one occasion as outrider to Her Majesty when she visited the Highlands. In 1875 he played against England.

### **William Gibb.**

I am sorry to say Mr. Gibb is dead, and that the sad event severs the link that bound the whole of the Clydesdale eleven together, with the exception of the blank left by the loss of their accomplished goalkeeper. Mr. Gibb was a tall and powerful young fellow, and I have frequently seen a few of his opponents feeling rather shy before attempting to oppose his progress towards goal. During the winters of 1873, 1874, and 1875, the Clydesdale forward play was good. So brilliant was his form in 1873 that he was taken to Landon to play against England, and scored one of the goals got by Scotland, who were defeated by four goals to two. Mr. Gibb's only fault on the field was a disposition to over-run the ball. He died about two years ago in India.

### **A. H. Raeburn.**

In the first final cup tie Mr. Raeburn was one of the half-backs, and played up with great dash and pluck. If my memory serves me right, he was one of the original members of the Granville Cricket and Football Club when the ground was at Myrtle Park, about a couple of stone-throws from Hampden Park. He was very fond of the game, and no man in the Clydesdale had more enthusiasm. Mr. Raeburn was a fine tackler, and not easily flurried when meeting an opponent, and with such men as the Mackinnons to face in the centre and Weir on the right that day of the final, he had his own ado. He did not play very much after this game.

### **Ebenezer Hendry.**

Mr. Hendry was more of a cricketer than a football player, and made many fine scores for his side during the early years of his career. With the exception of Mr. Gardner and Mr. Anderson, all the members of the Clydesdale could play cricket, and it was more for the purpose of keeping members together during the winter months that the dribbling game was started on Kinning Park (the old home of the senior cricket club of Glasgow). Mr. Hendry was a slow tackler, and took too long to get on the ball, but when he got a fair chance, was a very neat kicker, and showed good judgment.

### **J. R. Wilson.**

During the past season, Mr. Wilson, who had been abroad for a number of years, made a visit to his native city, and was welcomed back by his old friends of the field with remarkable pleasure. No man in the club was more highly beloved and respected, and, in after years, when his brother Walter joined the club and played in several of the leading matches, the pair rarely if ever missed a practice evening. Mr. Wilson was very fast on the ball, and went right ahead when he got possession. In 1874 he was chosen to play for Glasgow against Sheffield. In the cup tie which is now under notice he made some very fine runs, and did much to make a name for the old Clydesdale. It is with much regret I have to announce that Mr. Wilson died in Glasgow only a month ago.

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### **James M'Arly.**

A hard worker and plucky tackler was Mr. M'Arly. For a long series of years he was one of the finest batsmen in cricket that Glasgow produced. Contemporary with Mr. Thos. Chalmers (Caledonian), the pair often met on the field for their respective clubs; but so far as football is concerned Chalmers played the Rugby game for the Glasgow Academicals, while his contemporary was half-back in the Association Clydesdale. About a dozen years ago he went to Manchester, where he is engaged as partner in a large calico printing business; and the other day I had a chat with him about old times, and he enjoyed it immensely.

### **John Kennedy.**

Pressed into the service of his club on very short notice, Mr. Kennedy played in the tie as a substitute. He had only been a few weeks at the game when the match took place, but the young and rising generation of players must remember the substitutes were few in those days, and it is not the first time I have seen a match played with one of the clubs a man short. Kennedy played as a forward, but afterwards developed into a very fair back, and showed capital judgment in that position.

### **J. J. Lang.**

Originally a member of the 3rd L.R.V., Lang left that club and joined the Clydesdale in 1874. He played in the final, I think, as centre forward, and backed up Mr. J. R. Wilson. Possessing splendid dribbling powers, he was a very "showy" player, but his short steps did not make anything like the progress with the ball one imagined at the time. He was a somewhat heavy charger when he got the chance, and frequently preferred to take his man before the ball.

## A Final Charity Cup Tie Eleven Years Ago.

Bringing my reminiscences down to 1879, the year above all others when Association football was, so to speak, in a kind of transition stage, the clubs that earned the greatest fame, and justly so, were the Queen's Park, Rangers, and Vale of Leven. Who, among all the gallant throng that played in those clubs—and, for that part of it, the spectators—can forget the exciting tussles engaged in by the trio? In this year the Rangers met the Vale of Leven in the final tie for the Association Challenge Cup, and also in the final for the Charity. Party, or shall I say club, feeling ran as high, if not higher, than now, the excitement was great, and intensified by the fact that the Leven men had been eventually awarded the Association Cup without playing off the drawn match, in consequence of the Rangers not turning up. Later on, too, the crack Dumbartonshire eleven overthrew the Queen's Park in the semi-final of the charities, on Glasgow Green, by four goals to none. Well, it was on Tuesday evening, 20th May, that the battle came off on Old Hampden Park, and both the Rangers and Vale of Leven mustered in strong force. Lovely weather helped to swell the crowd, and some 12,000 people were inside the ground. The Vale of Leven scored almost at once by Mr. M'Dougall, and this looked like the prelude to victory. The Rangers, however, set their teeth, and before the contest closed vanquished their powerful opponents by scoring a couple of goals—one by Mr. Struthers, and another out of a scrimmage. Since then eleven years have come and gone, and with them a new generation of football players. Seeing that the Rangers were the victors, I shall proceed to give sketches of their eleven who played on the occasion, and deal with the Vale of Leven afterwards.

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### George Gillespie.

In connection with the dribbling game in Glasgow, it should be generally known that Mr. Gillespie supplies the link which binds the players of the dead past to those of the living present. He is still to the fore, and does duty as well as ever. Early in his football career Mr. Gillespie was not a goalkeeper, for I am certain I saw him play at back in some of the early matches of the "Light Blues." Nature, metaphorically speaking, never intended him to be anything in the game but a goalkeeper, and a brilliant one, too. How he kept goal in this great match, and dozens of others, is still fresh in the memory both of old players and spectators. He is the only man on the active list who played ten years ago, and had the distinction of appearing against England twice and Wales three times. From the Rangers he joined the Q.P. about six years ago.

### Thomas Vallance.

The early history of the Rangers—their triumphs, misfortunes, joys, and sorrows—have all been shared in by Mr. Thomas Vallance, and he still sticks to them like the veritable leech. Who could captain a young team like he? When Vallance led the Rangers to victory in this final Charity tie, I am sure he was barely out of his teens, and I don't think would even yet hesitate to don the blue jersey of the club were it hard up for a back. Vallance was a back, indeed, and for several seasons, but more particularly that of 1879-80, none in Scotland showed better form. His returns near goal were neat and clean, and without being in any way rough with an opponent. Vallance's length of limb and good judgment often saved his club from losing goals. The whole of the Rangers "lo'ed him like a vera brither," and at practice his word was law. He played four times against England.

### Alexander Vallance.

With quite as much pluck, but awanting in finish and style, the younger of the brothers, Mr. Alexander, was nevertheless a fine back. Lighter made and more easily tackled than Thomas, he had a way of his own in running out the ball before making the final shy, and when this was done well, as it frequently happened in a first-class match, young Vallance received a perfect ovation from the crowd. Alexander was in fine form in this tie, and some of his returns were splendidly made. Instead of going at an opponent with the air of an infuriated bull, as some backs are prone to do now-a-days, he kept close to his man, and waited for an opportunity, which was at once taken advantage of. Like his brother, he is still in the city, and takes a kindly interest in his mother club.

### Hugh M'Intyre.

Mr. Hugh M'Intyre and Mr. J. Drinnan were the half-backs in this contest. No such new-fangled device as three half-backs was ever thought of in Scotland at that time, and you may be sure the pair had hard work. Of all the players sent out by the Rangers, M'Intyre was in many respects the most powerful. He was, however, to be outspoken, the coarsest. Woe betide the light and gentle forward who tried to pass Mr. Hugh! He pounced on his man at once, and with raised back—for he was somewhat round-shouldered—gave the excited spectator the idea that he meant to have the ball at any cost. His weight gave him an immense advantage in tackling, and I think old players will be at one with me when I say that he was the best at that kind of work in Scotland. He was about the first to leave Glasgow and accept an engagement in England. He played against Wales in 1880.

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### James Drinnan.

In the list of the Rangers' eleven who took part in the match under review, the name of Mr. Drinnan does not occur, and I am obliged to proffer an explanation. In the report of the contest one "R. Jackson" is credited with keeping H. M'Intyre company on the occasion. As the incident is past, and Mr. Drinnan no longer amenable to the laws of engineer apprenticeship, he did in this match what a great many men have done before him—viz., played under an assumed name. He was a very fair back, but not sufficiently brilliant to obtain notoriety, and never had the distinction of playing in an International. He was, nevertheless, a very useful all-round player, and could take his place as a centre forward at a moment's notice.

### **Peter Campbell.**

The Rangers a dozen years ago without Mr. Peter Campbell would have been like the Queen's Park now with Mr. William Sellar left out. He was the life and soul of the forward division, and it is not too much to say of him that a finer dribbler and harder worker never kicked leather. Poor Campbell, like so many more of the old lot, is gone to his account! In a terrible storm in the Bay of Biscay, which left many a home desolate, seven years ago, the steamer in which he was chief engineer foundered, and not a soul was left to tell the tale. Quiet and unassuming in manner, Mr. Campbell was beloved by all, and his untimely death is still mourned by the Rangers, for whom he did so much. In 1878-79 he was in such good form that he was chosen to play against Wales, and in 1876 and 1878 did duty for Glasgow against Sheffield.

### **Moses M'Neil.**

The M'Neils are quite a football family, and, what is of more account, have gained distinction in the game. Is it not a fact that Mr. Peter was one of the founders of the famous club nineteen years ago, and that Messrs. Harry, William, and Moses kept the ball rolling on Kinning Park with credit for many a day? Moses is the youngest of the lot, and consequently what may be termed the most modern. He was quite a boy when this cup tie came off, and played with a dash and finish on the left wing that completely astonished all who were present on Old Hampden Park that May evening. Mr. Moses, too, was more than a mere local player, and through sheer force of ability was chosen to play against England in 1880, and acted in the same capacity for Scotland against Wales in 1876. He is still young and active, and resides in the city.

### **William Struthers.**

An original member of the Partick, when that club could boast of having as good a team as now, Struthers was associated with the old pioneers in Messrs. Boag, James S. Campbell, Love, Sutar, Bell, and Smith, and joined the Rangers the previous year before the tie. He was a beautiful dribbler, after the style of Mr. T. C. Highet; went right ahead with the ball close at his toe, and was the most difficult man to tackle in the Rangers. He left Scotland some years ago for England, where he played for the Bolton Wanderers. In brilliant form in the match, he made some fine runs in company with Mr. Campbell and Mr. Hill, and was successful in scoring the first goal got for the Rangers. Mr. Struthers is now in England, where he has settled down.

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### **David Hill.**

A most unselfish player was Mr. Hill. He was slow, but sure, and if ever a man showed an example in the field by at once passing on the ball when necessary, and never opening his mouth from kick-off to time call, it was he. One of the prominent figures all through quite a decade of seasons for his old club, Mr. Hill rendered the Rangers valuable service, and never failed to turn up when he was wanted. In the final Association Challenge Cup match with the Vale of Leven, played shortly before the one I am touching upon, and which ended in a tie, some splendid passing was witnessed between him and Mr. Wm. Dunlop, who, by the way, could not play in the Charity event in consequence of an injury sustained a week before.

### **Alex. Steel.**

Like the other members of the Rangers, Mr. Steel was very young when he joined that club. His enthusiasm for the game, however, was unbounded, and I have been told by an old Rangers' man that he was one of the original "moonlighters" of the club. This phrase gentlemen, requires some explanation. It does not refer to Ireland and its agrarian grievances. No, no. It was only a few choice spirits of the Rangers who, determined to win all matches, used to practice at full moon, and frequently frightened some of the belated lieges in the vicinity of Kinning Park, who swore the place was haunted.

### **Charles M'Quarrie.**

Although retired from active duty on the field, Mr. M'Quarrie is even now in football harness as the treasurer of the Partick Thistle. He did not play in many of the first eleven matches of the club, but being a promising lad was always available as first reserve forward. He was rather a neat dribbler and good backer-up, but a little slow in tackling. He was always a steady player, and did very well in this game. He did not play very much after this tie, but gave up football altogether, till his old love for the game returned some years ago, when he joined the Thistle, and

is one of their most earnest committee workers.

### **Robert Parlane.**

I now proceed to the Vale of Leven men who played in this tie, and goalkeepers, beware! and, let me tell you, don't think too much of yourselves nowadays! We had a great man who stood between the posts a dozen years ago, quite equal at all points to you, and his name was Parlane. Who did not know Mr. Robert Parlane a decade ago? In the early history of Association football some of the best players ever Scotland produced were also good cricketers, and Parlane was one of these, and a grand wicketkeeper. Without saying too much of the men who have over and over again distinguished themselves, I cannot help saying that a better goalkeeper never chucked out a ball. Mr. Parlane did very well in this match, his only fault being a disposition to go away too far from his charge. He kept goal for Scotland against England in 1879, and is now in Belfast.

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### **H. M'Lintock.**

For six years no man ever did better work for his club than Mr. M'Lintock. In fact, the Vale of Leven would as soon have scratched altogether in a cup tie as entered into a doubtful contest without him and their other great back, Mr. Andrew M'Intyre. M'Lintock did more than any of the old school now living to popularise a style of back play which ten years ago was emulated to a large extent all over the country. He had a most graceful way of turning the ball when it came dangerously near the goal, and running it out by dodging an opponent. He used both feet with equal freedom, and was decidedly the cleanest kicker that ever played in the Vale of Leven. It is a curious fact, and one worth noting, that Mr. Forbes adopted much the same style. M'Lintock played against England in 1875 and 1876.

### **Andrew M'Intyre.**

Mr. Andrew M'Intyre was a terrible fellow to meet in a hot scrimmage, and no matter the forwards who opposed—and I have seen three at him in a close tussle in front—M'Intyre generally had the best of it and got the ball clear. His powerfully-knit frame served him in good stead in all the great matches in which he took a prominent part. In the one under review M'Intyre was sorely beset by the pick of the Rangers' forwards, but was always in the right place. No player of his day could work as well in so little space, and get the leather away safely. His only fault was to be a little demonstrative in the field with opponents, and tell them a bit of his mind during the game. In 1878 he was chosen to play against England.

### **J. Macintyre.**

The play of the two namesakes was as different as the poles asunder. Of a fair height and good appearance, Mr. J. Macintyre was one of the most excitable men that ever stood in front of a goal. He generally warmed up at bit, however, and even showed more daring when his old club were playing an uphill game, and I know for certain that in the great drawn matches for the Association Challenge Cup, between the Vale of Leven and Rangers, no man ever did harder work. He was slow to get on the ball, and at times very erratic, but rarely if ever lost an opportunity. Very rough in tackling, he, above all others in the club, was severe on the opposing forwards.

### **J. M'Pherson.**

Among the Vale of Leven back division, which was so powerful long ago, none was more devoted to the game than Mr. M'Pherson, who held his place for several years as one of the backs of whom Caledonia felt proud. Without the least show or fussiness, M'Pherson did his work quietly, and had the credit (and a good one, too) of being next to Mr. John Ferguson, the best-natured footballer in Dumbartonshire. He could play a magnificent game when he liked, and one season particularly—that of 1883—when he was one of the Scottish Eleven against England at Sheffield, ably assisted his team to win a hard match by three goals to two.

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### **J. Macfarlane.**

The Vale of Leven at the time this tie was played had a rare forward combination, and in some of their best matches the dribbling and passing among them were something to be remembered. Macfarlane, however, was certainly not the best of the lot, but a very safe man, and could play equally well on the left wing or the centre, and, if I mistake not, work excellently as a backer-up to J. M'Gregor. Now, when I think of it, he was severely tackled in this match by H. M'Intyre, and was not in such good form as some of the other forwards.

### **R. Paton.**

There are few, if any, old players in Dumbartonshire, and, I should say, spectators as well, who cannot remember the familiar figure of Mr. Robert Paton. A nicely-featured little fellow, with a joke for every acquaintance, he was full of vivacity, and an intense love for his old club, the Vale. Yes, "The Vale." Nobody ever called it anything else. Paton, above all the other forwards who did



so much to make the Leven men beloved at home and feared "abroad," even to the next parishes and the big city of Glasgow, was a fine player, and never kept the ball longer than was necessary if he saw a chance. He played against England in 1879.

### **J. Baird.**

Mr. James Baird was a fair average player, without anything very remarkable about him. The combination, as I have already said, was so good among the Vale of Leven at the time when this great contest took place that an inferior or selfish player would soon have found his level. The forwards, in fact, were all pretty much alike, but with clearly defined degrees of brilliancy, and Mr. James Baird was one of the lesser lights. He was a good runner and smart at following up, but his dribbling was sometimes too wide for the others when following up on the enemy's lines. When hard pressed he often lost the ball, but in a scrimmage in front of the posts he was a rare shot at goal, and scored a good many for his club.

### **J. C. Baird.**

Of all the forwards who learned the game at Alexandria, on the old ground belonging to the Vale, perhaps, in many respects, Mr. J. C. Baird was the most distinguished, and, at the same time, the most gentlemanly. When the Vale of Leven beat the Queen's Park for the first time in one of the ties for the Association Challenge Cup, on Hampden Park, Mr. J. C. Baird played a perfect "demon." On the slippery ground he kept his feet against all comers, dribbled and passed on splendidly, and fairly took the breath away from John Dickson when scoring the goal which gave his club the victory. Mr. Baird was chosen to face England in 1876, and again in 1880.

### **J. M'Gregor.**

If one had met Mr. M'Gregor off the football stage, so to speak, they would never for a moment have taken him for a brilliant and accomplished player at all points. He was all nerve and sinew, and always in grand form. His disadvantages in appearance and weight, however, were kind of blessings in disguise to his club, for the opposing backs sometimes treated him with indifference, and even contempt. This was M'Gregor's opportunity, and never man used it better. If ever he made his way past the backs, and was alone with the goalkeeper, ten to one but his team was a goal to the good in a few minutes. He played against England in 1877, 1878, and 1880.

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### **J. M'Dougall.**

Two years previous to this final tie, Mr. M'Dougall was the most brilliant forward in Scotland, and he and Mr. J. T. Richmond (Queen's Park) were the first two forwards selected to play against England. A fine figure on the field, and a capital dribbler, without being showy, M'Dougall was always near the ball when wanted, and it sometimes took a couple of opponents to get the leather away from him. For three years in succession he was selected to appear against England. In the tie with the Rangers, Mr. M'Dougall was captain of the team, and scored the only goal made for the defeated club.

## **The Great International of 1882.**

The eleven who were chosen to do battle for Scotland in this contest, close upon nine years ago, were considered in many respects the best that had ever donned International caps in any tussle before or since, and a better illustration of the wisdom of the Association Committee in their selection could not have been given than the result itself—viz., Scotland, five goals; England, one. Hampden Park was the meeting-place, and as one of the football giants of the day (E. Fraser) is, like some of my dear old friends, now lying in the grave, and others who took part in the memorable event divided by thousands of miles from those with whom they fought and won for Scotland, I should like to pay a tribute of respect to their football ability, and let the young and rising generation of players know that such men appeared in the arena, and played the game as well as it is done now. The match took place on the 11th March, 1882, and as England mustered a very powerful eleven, the issue was doubtful. About a quarter of an hour, however, after the start, Mr. Ker and Mr. Harrower had a fine run, and Harrower made the first point for Scotland but at half-time the score stood—Scotland, two goals; England, one—Ker having added the second, and Vaughton the one for England. In the last round, the Scotchmen, although playing against a good breeze, had it all to themselves, and scored other three points by Messrs. M'Pherson, Ker, and Kaye. In giving short sketches of the International eleven, I have only to deal with eight of the players, as Messrs. Charles Campbell, A. M'Intyre, and G. Gillespie have already been noticed in previous articles while engaged in other matches. I shall accordingly begin with

### **Andrew Watson (Queen's Park).**

Mr. Watson did a great deal for football in the Glasgow district a dozen years ago, both with his ready purse and personal ability in the game. It was in a great measure owing to his interest and energy that the young Parkgrove Club obtained proper ground, and was fairly put on its way rejoicing. The Parkgrove had a lot of very fine young fellows in its ranks, and for several years made a capital record in numerous matches under the captancy of Mr. Watson. In this

International he played as right-side back in company with Mr. Andrew M'Intyre, and, as an indication of how he and his companion behaved, it is necessary to say that only one goal was got against them. Mr. Watson was a rare "header-out," and was famed for his fine tackling and neat kicking. He had one fault, however, and this consisted in kicking over his own lines occasionally when hard pressed by a dashing forward. In the previous year he was the Scottish captain against England, in London, and led his team to victory by 6 goals to 1.

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### **Peter Miller (Dumbarton).**

When Mr. Miller played in this match, the Dumbarton Club was a power in the land, and not easily beaten. He was left half-back, and had as his companion Mr. Charles Campbell, who captained the victorious eleven. Mr. Miller was remarkable for his magnificent tackling at close quarters, and possessed weight, which told against England in the contest. Again and again I saw him shake off both Mr. Cursham and Mr. Parry, two of the Southrons' ablest forwards, and once Mr. Mosforth and he had an amusing bit of play near the Scotch goal, in which the Sheffielder came off best. Mr. Miller was, altogether, a very fine back, and when he retired a few years ago the Dumbarton Club had considerable difficulty in getting a good man properly trained to supply his place. Next season (1883) he was also chosen to play against England and Wales.

### **E. Fraser (Queen's Park).**

Lost to his club and the thousands of delighted spectators who witnessed his brilliant ability as a right-wing forward, but not forgotten by the members of the old Q.P., Fraser, "though dead, yet speaketh." I question very much if any forward of that time among the mediæval class of players, so to speak, exercised such a potent influence over the spectators, and no style of play was more followed by the younger dribblers than that of Fraser. A son of the manse, he was a highly cultured young fellow, and loved football so devotedly that no amount of hard training was ever shirked by him when under probation for the first eleven. Dribbling beautifully up the side of the field, he had the knack of "middling" the ball at the proper time, and for six years no man ever assisted at the scoring of more goals. He was also included in the following season's eleven against England, and in 1880 did duty for Scotland in the Welsh match. Poor Fraser died in Australia, a few years ago, shortly after arriving there.

### **William Anderson (Queen's Park).**

In the International of 1882 Mr. Anderson and Mr. Fraser played on the same side, and made a very good pair. The former, although not above the medium height, was powerfully built, and few, if any, of his formidable opponents were able to bring him down to mother earth. When he did fall, however, he was never in a hurry to rise, and took matters easy. If one could imagine such a thing as an easy-going football player, it was Anderson, but his failing sometimes came in handy, for he would occasionally make a gallant spurt, and pilot his way through the opposing backs in a way that completely astonished his team and their friends. He showed very well in this match, and the manner in which he and his companion dodged the Englishmen, not even excepting Mr. Bailey, the crack Clapham Rover half-back, will be easily remembered by those who were present. Mr. Anderson is now abroad, and it is something to his credit to say that he played four times against England.

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### **J. L. Kaye (Queen's Park).**

Like a good many fine players of the glorious past, Mr. Kaye received the best of his football training in the ranks of the 3rd L.R.V., and a couple of years, I think, before this big event, joined the forward division of the black and white stripes. Of a good-natured disposition, and a genial fellow to meet both on the field and at the social board, Mr. Kaye was a great favourite all round, and much sought after outside the pale of his own club. He was a very fine forward; a good dribbler, but was much more easily tackled than Anderson, and occasionally felt shy at meeting an opponent who had frightened him in a previous match. He must have done well in this contest, as he is highly spoken about in the newspaper reports, and scored the fifth and last goal got for Scotland. He was also an old and tried hand at Internationals, as he faced the English division three times, and Wales also in the same number of matches.

### **R. M'Pherson (Arthurlie).**

What might be honestly termed the illustration of a fair field and no favour, Mr. M'Pherson's name was added to the International players of that season through sheer force of ability. I saw him play in several matches that year, and his style and smart passing up from the left wing was justly admired. He was Mr. Kaye's companion in this contest, and ably assisted that player to bring up the ball in several splendid runs. Since M'Pherson's retiral from active duty, and also the fact of Mr. Turner, their famous goalkeeper, giving up the game, the Arthurlie have gone back a bit in football ability, but during two seasons they were able to have two nominations for International honours, as Mr. Turner kept goal against Wales in 1882. Possessing great speed and judgment, M'Pherson was a very neat and steady player, and for two seasons at anyrate, a star among all the Renfrewshire forwards.

### **George Ker (Queen's Park).**

A sketch of an International, cup tie, or, in fact, a first-class contest of any kind ten years ago, would be altogether incomplete without some reference to Mr. George Ker, now abroad. From 1880 to 1883 he was Scotland's best centre forward, and the originator of what is now known in football parlance as the "cannon shot" at goal. Many players have since tried it, and made fairly good attempts, but Ker alone could do it to perfection. In this International he gave the Englishmen a taste of his ability in this line. He passed Mr. Greenwood, the English extreme back, and when fairly in front watched how the goalkeeper (Mr. Swepstone) would take in the situation. Ker spun the ball hard from his toe at the proper moment, and sent in a "flyer," which took effect. I am all but certain that if a vote were taken among players and spectators about the place to be assigned to centre forwards, Ker would come out the admitted chief. International honours were his thrice against England.

### **W. Harrower (Queen's Park).**

The Queen's Park had no fewer than five forwards in this season's International, and Mr. Harrower was one. He played in the company of Mr. Ker, and the central division of the Scottish team was unusually strong. In fact, I distinctly remember some remarks made at the meeting of the Association, at which I was present, about the combination at that point being the most powerful ever sent out by Scotland. Mr. Harrower was really a beautiful dribbler, not easily knocked off his pins, and the most unselfish player I ever saw. He has the credit of earning the first goal got for Scotland in the match under notice, and was in the best of form the whole of that season. He took a leading part in the hard work of the Queen's Park for five years.

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### **A Narrow Shave in the 1885 International.**

There are yet other two Internationals, which introduce new faces into the field of play, and the first is that of 1885 at Kennington Oval, London, and ended in a tie, each side scoring one goal. Kennington Oval—in the winter time, at anyrate—is to football in London what Hampden Park is to Scotland in general and Glasgow in particular. The weather was delightful on that afternoon (Saturday, 21st March), and the spectators mustered in considerable force. Not, of course, so largely as we can show in Glasgow, for it takes an enormous amount of attraction to gather a big crowd in London. There was little or no wind to interfere with the play, and as both teams were in the pink of condition, it was an illustration of Greek meeting Greek in the open. The Scotchmen, however, were the first to make matters exciting by scoring a smart goal from the foot of Mr. Lindsay, and this was all the effective work done in the first round. The second forty-five minutes of the play was also of a very give-and-take order, and once Mr. Allan hit the English goal bar with a hard shot, but the ball rebounded into play, and was eventually sent behind. Towards the close, however, the Englishmen, led by Messrs. Bambridge, Cobbald, and Brown made a fine run, and the former put the game square for England. The contest, therefore, as I have already indicated, ended in a tie. As in all the other events that I have already touched upon, many of the players are now scattered far and wide. Some have given the game up altogether, while others are still playing on, and doing football duty as well, if not better, than ever they did before. Taking the eleven in the order of positions, I shall begin with

### **J. Macaulay (Dumbarton).**

Among the brilliant array of goalkeepers who have sprung up to distinguish themselves during the past ten years, none deserves a more kindly notice in any football reminiscences than Mr. Macaulay. The present match was the third he stood sentinel before Scotland's stronghold, and he also played in '86 and '87. His first was at Sheffield in 1883, when I saw him save several splendid shies from the feet of the English forwards, and it is something to add of him that he was included in the Scotch teams who never lost a match with England. In the 1885 contest he kept goal in his best form, and was frequently cheered for the manner in which he got out the ball and dodged the English forwards. Mr. Macaulay was very quiet and unostentatious in his manner, and did his work brilliantly. He returned to Scotland the other day from abroad, and may yet play for some of our leading clubs.

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### **Walter Arnott (Queen's Park).**

Second in the order of teams, but premier in all that pertains to back play, comes the name of Mr. Arnott. Out of all the fine players who acted as extreme backs, none has done better work for his club and, let me say, International matches. It is all very well to say that there were giants in those days, but you all know what befell Goliath, and I cannot help saying that if you were to ask me candidly (taking the question in an all-round way) who was the best back you ever saw, I should have no hesitation in answering that it was Walter Arnott. In the words of the old English ballad, "he feared no foe," and never in the history of football of the present time has such a brilliant man arisen. He has so many remarkable points that I cannot tell them in a brief notice, but as he is still playing well, spectators are at one in admitting his grand ability.

### **M. Paton (Dumbarton).**

The match under review was Mr. Paton's second appearance against England, and he acquitted himself very well. Somehow or other the committee of selection in International matches, while they honestly do their duty, sometimes move in a mysterious way, and the selection of Mr. Paton to stand alongside Mr. Arnott in this contest was, at the time, considered somewhat risky. Not by any means because Mr. Paton was not a good back, but in consequence of the diversity of play shown by the pair. Mr. Paton was nothing if he was not allowed a little latitude, and in some of the matches he came off with flying colours. Arnott and he, however, acted well together. To give Mr. Paton his due, he was a most gentlemanly young fellow, and did his very best for the game.

### **J. J. Gow (Queen's Park).**

It has just occurred to me, and I can't see how the illustration might not with equal force be applied to football as in the honest range of every-day life, that if a "round-robin" were sent about the clubs that tackled the Q.P. in their best matches in the past decade, I am certain that the verdict about the man who was most feared in all the elevens, the name of Mr. J. J. Gow would come out first. He was, in fine, a half-back that the Q.P. had reason to feel proud. Half-backs might come and go—as they undoubtedly did—but Gow seemed in his football career to go on for ever. The most mysterious thing about him was that he was always in the same form, and never had any practice. Football at half-back seemed to come to him by nature, and cost him no effort. He could return splendidly, but at close tackling, and in clearing the ball away, he was sometimes a little slack, and had to make it up by sheer force of hard work.

### **Alexander Hamilton (Queen's Park).**

Not long ago, while "doing" a match at Hampden Park (I think it was Q.P. v. Battlefield, in the Glasgow Cup), I met my old friend in the pavilion looking on and enjoying the sport. Like the M'Neils, the Hamiltons are a football family, and while Mr. James, who is now an active member of the present Q.P., will come under my pen later on, I have only at present to deal with Mr. Alexander. Well, he was something in his day, and by no means to be despised as a forward. He was not a fast dribbler, but when hard work was required, and wasn't it just in the great match against the professional Preston North End, when the Q.P. were able to hold their own, Mr. Hamilton never played better in his life. {48}

### **William Sellar (Queen's Park).**

I have for the most part been dealing with the past, and it is no force of imagination to come straight to the living present, and add that a better left-wing player never appeared in any club or combination of players than Mr. William Sellar. He has a style of his own which is, to give the Battlefield its due, peculiar to that club's ability in the dribbling game. Mr. Sellar did not learn all his football in the Queen's Park, but really perfected his style on Hampden Park, and he is undoubtedly, at the present time, the most brilliant forward in Scotland. Gentlemanly in every sense of the word, Sellar is the fairest player that ever faced an opponent, and no man is more respected on the field. In addition to this contest, he played against England in 1886, 1887, and 1888. It may be mentioned that in 1890, in playing against the 3rd L.R.V., he played from the left in a style never excelled by any forward.

### **Joseph Lindsay (Dumbarton).**

Before this date, Mr. Joseph Lindsay was what might be called an old hand at Internationals, as he had appeared before England in 1881 and 1884, and Wales in 1880, 1881, 1884, and 1885. It is not too much to say of him that he was the most dangerous forward (to an opponent, I mean) of his day, and if the backs were in any way slack, Lindsay "spread dismay around," as he was a dead shot at goal, and rarely, if ever, missed a chance if he got within a dozen yards of the sticks. Lindsay was the best forward in many respects that ever toed a ball for Dumbarton. He was, however, sorely tried in the finishing year of his football life, and in many of the leading matches so closely watched by the opposing backs that he was sometimes fairly done for, and could not get the ball away.

### **David S. Allan (Queen's Park).**

Like Sir Roger de Coverley's definition of a great ethical question to one of his numerous friends, "that much might be said of one point," the illustration holds good when applied to Mr. David Allan. Popularity has its duties as well as its privileges, and there is not a single forward in broad Scotland who is so popular and so much beloved by club companions and opponents alike as Mr. Allan. He is, in fine, the most useful man in the Queen's Park, and while all of us seem to grow older as each season comes round, Allan has always that juvenile look which undoubtedly betokens an easy and contented mind. He is not what might be called a brilliant and showy forward, but I'll back him to do the best hour and a half of heavy work in the world without any outward sign of fatigue. I verily believe if Allan were forced to do it, he could play in any part of the field with a few minutes' notice.

### **R. Calderwood (Cartvale).**

In consequence of Mr. R. M. Christie, who had played in the International, of the previous year, meeting with an accident in one of the trial matches, Mr. Calderwood did duty as left-wing forward in this match, and played very creditably. He was by far the best man in the young Cartvale, and a finer country player never came under the eye of an International referee. He was a veritable dodger among the opposing backs, and in this contest gave the Englishmen, but more particularly the Walters and Amos, a lot of trouble. He played a fine game in combination with the rest of the Scottish forwards. In the same season Mr. Calderwood played against Wales in the Principality.

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### **The Final Association Cup Tie of 1886.**

The clubs left in the final tie for possession of the Blue Ribbon of Association football glory in this season were the Queen's Park and Renton. Queen's Park led off by scoring from the foot of Mr. Lambie, and this was all the effective work till ends were changed, when the Renton team made a brilliant charge on the Queen's Park goal, and forced the ball through in a scrimmage. The play immediately after this was so even that a draw looked certain, but the Queen's Park eventually assumed command, and scored other two goals (one by Mr. Hamilton and another by Mr. Allan), and won a hard contest by three goals to one. As most of the Renton players who took part in the match were considered famous in their day, and have not been already introduced to you, I shall give short sketches of their style of play. So far as the Queen's Park team are concerned, however, I have only to deal with new faces in Messrs. R. M. Christie, G. Somerville, and J. A. Lambie, as all the other eight (Messrs. Campbell, Watson, Gow, Harrower, Hamilton, Arnott, Allan, and Gillespie) have already been disposed of in the present volume.

#### **J. A. Lindsay.**

Somehow or other the Renton Club were never very strong in goalkeeping when the perfect form of their forward division was taken into account, but Mr. J. A. Lindsay was decidedly their best. He had what might be called his good and bad days, however, and while he was always clever with his feet, he sometimes misjudged the ball and allowed a "soft thing" to take effect. In the present contest he had hot work in keeping the Q.P. forwards clear. Mr. Lindsay showed such brilliant form in the trial matches of 1888 that he was chosen to represent Scotland on Hampden Park. He was somewhat unfortunate there, however, as England revenged Bannockburn to the extent of five goals to none.

#### **A. Hannah.**

Who does not remember Mr. Hannah's fine fly-kick and powerful tackling? In meeting and judging the ball in the air he rivalled the great Q.P. back himself, but wanted the ability to follow up an advantage. In nearly all the matches in which he took part that season, Hannah worked hard and earnest. He had a peculiar way of turning round to an opponent and taking the ball away from him with the side of the foot, and no man in the Renton team was more feared by an opponent than Hannah. He never played against England, but in 1888 was picked out to represent Scotland against Wales.

#### **A. M'Call.**

In this tie Mr. Hannah had as his companion at extreme back Mr. A. M'Call. In some of the earlier matches in which the latter appeared he was a wild tackler and erratic in charging—rather going for the man, and never minding the ball—but by and by he mellowed down, and returned the leather beautifully from a besieged goal. I remember seeing him in several of the leading games that same year, and he showed a neatness of style which won for him golden opinions. He played against Ireland in 1888.

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#### **R. Kelso.**

Mr. Kelso was a tower of strength to the Renton team at half-back, and did his duty in this contest. Rather a shade rough on an opponent at times, Mr. Kelso could also be generous to the foe when he liked, and sometimes made a brilliant hit at half-back by clearing away the ball from the feet of an opponent, just when the latter was poising for a shot at goal. Like Mr. Leitch Keir, of Dumbarton, he was, and is, a magnificent half-back, and had International honours against England in 1887 and 1888.

#### **D. M'Kechnie.**

In connection with Mr. M'Kechnie's name in juxtaposition with Renton's crack half-back, I must honestly confess I am like Cuddie Headrigg—"Between the deil and the deep sea." I can only remember seeing him twice. I come to the conclusion, then, that he must have been a substitute, and if I am wrong in my supposition I shall be glad to stand corrected. He was at any rate not sufficiently brilliant to get his name handed down to posterity, although it must be said of him that he was a fair average player, and did very well in this game.

#### **J. Thomson.**

Although he had a disposition to "poach" a little now and again, as some forwards are apt to do, for you all know it is human to err, Thomson was a grand player, and made the most of his speed. He never kept the ball longer than was necessary, and if he thought his club would benefit by it, shied quickly in from the touch-line no matter where his companions or opponents alike were stationed on the field. He was really a fine shier, and his dribbling powers beyond dispute.

### **J. M'Call.**

The Renton team had now risen to the acme of their fame, and no player helped them more to attain that position than Mr. J. M'Call. Some clubs carry their position through sheer force of medium ability all round; some have rare luck with their goalkeeping and backs; but, there is no doubt about it, Renton was strong in front, and I question if any man during that season played a better game than the younger M'Call. He represented Scotland in the contests with England in 1887 and 1888 as left-wing forward, and played a fine game.

### **A. Grant.**

When the Renton men carried off the Glasgow Charity Cup that same season, the forwards showed great ability. Mr. Grant was a very neat player. If my memory serves me right, he backed up Mr. Barbour in this game, and did it very well. He was, however, rather slow on the ball, and was often sent to the right-about by Messrs. Gow and Watson. Like Mr. M'Kechnie, he does not seem to have played in many of the Renton's first-class matches, and his name is not found among Internationalists.

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### **A. M'Intyre.**

Mr. M'Intyre was one of the best forwards in the county which has produced so many fine Association football exponents, and acted as centre forward. Like Mr. D. Gow, of the Rangers, when he got fairly on the ball there was no getting it from him and he excelled in hard tackling. Possessing considerable speed, M'Intyre used it to the best advantage, and he had such a liking for dodging round the backs that he sometimes fairly carried away the spectators, and was loudly cheered for his manœuvring.

### **A. Barbour.**

In this event Mr. Barbour was the best man on the Renton side, and kept his feet on the slippery ground in a manner that completely astonished all who saw the contest. He was sometimes fairly puzzled by the clever heading of Mr. Campbell and the terrible tackling of Mr. Arnott, but fought gamely to the last. In close dribbling he was the nearest approach to Mr. William M'Kinnon (Q.P.) I have ever seen, and while he was quite as tricky, wanted the tact to lead an opponent astray. He played against Ireland in 1885.

### **J. Kelly.**

What Mr. Marshall is to the 3rd L.R.V., Mr. Berry to the Queen's Park, and Mr. Groves to the Celtic, Mr. Kelly was to his old club, the Renton—viz., a grand man. Kelly, I think, first came out as a forward, and played as such for his county against Renfrewshire in 1885, and also in this tussle on Cathkin Park, but he eventually developed into a very fine half-back, and played against England as such twice—in 1888 for his mother club, and last season for his new love, the Celtic. His proper place, however, is undoubtedly at half-back.

### **R. M. Christie.**

Slowly but surely Mr. Christie passed all the probationary stages in the Queen's Park on the way to develop a brilliant player, and in 1884 appeared in the International with England. He was in the best of form, and caused the strangers a deal of trouble. He was very strong on his legs, and about the most powerful opponent of his day to meet in a close match. The passing between Christie and Harrower that day was splendid, and fairly astonished the Renton backs and goalkeeper.

### **G. Somerville.**

Mr. Somerville was a very fine all round forward, with a good deal of ability in backing up and middling the ball in front of goal. Mr. Hamilton and he used to make the spectators laugh at the way in which they annoyed the opposing backs by passing the leather to one another in a tantalising way, right in front of the uprights. He was a sturdy player, something of the same make as Mr. David Davidson, of 3rd L.R.V. and latterly Queen's Park fame, with a nerve of iron and, shall I say, a frame of steel. He played against England in 1886.

### **J. A. Lambie.**

A comparatively short career had Mr. Lambie on Hampden Park, but it was fraught with much distinction. He was a grand forward among a fine division, and scored a lot of goals for the

Queen's Park. He was, indeed, at it again in this match, and, as I have already said in the introduction, took one more for the black and white stripes. When nearing the keeper, if he were fortunate enough to pass the backs, he generally looked about for one of his companions to follow up, and was quite an adept at the "screw-kick." Lambie appeared against England in 1888, and is now an active member of the Corinthians. {52}

### **The Association International of 1887.**

As the International of 1887 is, so to speak, a thing of yesterday, I have only introduced it here for two reasons. The first of these is to give me an opportunity of bringing new faces into my reminiscences, and shortly criticising their styles of play, and the second to show you how the admittedly best eleven sent out by England in all her matches with Scotland were vanquished on their own soil by three goals to two. The event came off at Blackburn in presence of some 10,000 spectators—a much larger crowd than ever appeared in London to see the International. The weather was dry overhead during the early stages of the tussle, but a heavy shower of hail fell later on, and this, added to a mud-covered ground, made matters anything but pleasant. The Scotchmen were the first to score, which they did through Mr. M'Call against the wind, half-an-hour from the start; but the Englishmen soon bore down on the Scottish lines, and Mr. Lindley equalised, so that at half-time both nationalities were on terms of equality. Not long after ends were changed, the Scotchmen made one of those determined charges for which they have been famed in many of the International games, and shoved both goalkeeper and ball through between the posts. No sooner, however, had the leather again been started than Mr. Dewhurst, the crack English forward, sent in a shooter, and once more squared the game. It was now "night or Blucher" for Scotland, and after a grand run between Messrs. Marshall and Allan, which was loudly cheered, even though an enemy did it, the young Queen's Park forward made Scotland one goal up. Till the close the Englishmen had several brilliant sallies on the strangers' goal, but the backs—Messrs. Arnott and Forbes—held their own, and Scotland won by three goals to two. Mr. Macaulay kept goal in fine style, and was the captain of the victorious team. The Englishmen chosen to meet the Scotchmen on the occasion were—Messrs. Roberts, A. M. Walters, P. M. Walters, N. C. Bailey, G. Howarth, J. Forrest, E. C. Bambridge, W. N. Cobbald, J. Lofthouse, F. Dewhurst, and T. Lindley. Besides the six who are mentioned below, Messrs. Arnott, Macaulay, Kelso, J. M'Call, and W. Sellar (who have already been noticed) also appeared against England in the same contest.

### **J. Forbes (Vale of Leven).**

Like certain cricketers who can only cut, and are weak on the leg-side, there are several backs playing for fair medium clubs just now who can only return the ball properly if they have plenty of room to work, but Mr. Forbes, who played in this match along with Mr. Arnott, was none of these. You were, in fact, not five minutes in his company as a spectator at a match before you were captivated with the style and finish of his play. In the excitement of the game you imagined it was "all up with the Vale," when a crowd of opposing forwards were observed getting the ball nearer goal. All the time, however, Forbes was maturing his mode of attack, and like the unsuspecting animal that darts upon its prey, the crack Vale of Leven back dashed in, and you were sure to see the ball flying away down the field, with a magnificent return. While kicking he always got his toes well under the ball, and it was quite a rare thing to see Forbes kicking high into the air. A great favourite with his club and opponents as well, Mr. Forbes first appeared against England in 1884, when Scotland won by one to none, so that in both Internationals in which he took part his team were on the winning side. He is now in business in England. {53}

### **L. Keir (Dumbarton).**

When in the spring of 1887 Mr. Leitch Keir was chosen as companion to Mr. Kelso (Renton), and Mr. Auld (3rd L.R.V.), in this great event at Blackburn, almost everybody had confidence in them as half-backs, and I am happy to say that this confidence was not misplaced, for no better trio ever did duty in an International at that important position in the field. For good, even-down tackling, and hard work, both in heading and clean kicking, Keir was one of the very best men who ever played football. So proficient was he at a "free kick," that when a "hand" was given against the opposing team, in most of the Dumbarton matches, Keir was invariably intrusted with the ball; and when the infringement took place near the goal, the opposing team always dreaded his shot. He was also a very fine dribbler for a half-back, and could run out the ball in fine style from a hotly-pressed goal, and send it spinning down the field. In the succeeding year he was chosen to appear against England on Hampden Park, but, like the rest of the Scottish representatives in that fatal contest, he did not show to the best advantage.

### **J. Auld (3rd L.R.V.).**

During the past four or five years, Mr. Auld has been one of the best half-backs in Scotland, and was a decided success in this contest. No club in Britain has produced a string of better backs and half-backs than the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteer Athletic and Football Club. Long ago, many of their most brilliant victories were won by back play alone, and this means preventing their opponents from scoring, and keeping what they had got in the earlier stages of a contest. Among these old and tried hands I must remember poor John Hunter (who is dead), Mr. Alexander Kennedy, who still goes out to see his old club, and delights to give the young ones an advice; Mr.

William Somers, the gigantic high-kicker, now in America, and many more, whose names shall long be remembered in football history: but to Mr. Auld. He is yet a brilliant half-back, and while by no means a heavy kicker, one of the most judicious men in front of a hard-pressed goal I have ever seen. He is a terrible tackler, and sometimes hugs an opponent so tenaciously that he forces the ball away and saves his side. The 1887 match was the only one in which he played for Scotland against England, but he appeared that same season against Wales.

### **J. Marshall (3rd L.R.V.).**

For two seasons, at any rate, and, I think, I might almost say three, Mr. Marshall has maintained the honoured position of being about the best right wing forward on any field. Gifted with an amount of speed, which he uses to the best advantage, combined with rare dribbling powers, he is the pride of the 3rd L.R.V. forward division, and no man is more missed from a match. In connection with the last observation, the Volunteers had to play the Rangers in the third round of the Glasgow Cup without Mr. Marshall, and at the committee meeting before the contest, when this became known, it was like a funeral lodge of Freemasons—nobody cared to speak except the R.W.M. and M.C. Mr. Marshall and Mr. Robertson (Dumbarton) were the right wing forwards on the occasion, and several brilliant runs were made from their side. At the present time he is about the best at middling the ball in front of goal of any player going, and is one of those forwards who never seem to get into a fagged state near the close of a match.

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### **W. Robertson (Dumbarton).**

Some players are fortunate in easily securing their positions among crack teams, while others have to struggle on before their genuine ability is properly recognised. Long ago, ability in selecting a team went for very little, and positions, like kissing, by favour. Mr. Robertson, however, received no favour from any combination, and was selected on his merits. In that same season, I am almost positive, I saw him play in brilliant form in the Final cup tie, when the Hibernian overcame the Dumbarton on Hampden Park by two goals to one, and several of the other matches about the same time. He was a very fine backer up, possessing first-rate dribbling powers, and although a little shy in meeting his opponent when he saw a charge inevitable, rather preferring to use stratagem, was by no means afraid to go into the heart of a scrimmage and face up to much heavier men than himself. This was Mr. Robertson's first game against England, and he has no reason to be ashamed of the way in which he helped Scotland to obtain victory. On the Monday following this match he played against Wales at Wrexham.

### **J. Allan (Queen's Park).**

When Mr. Allan made his appearance in the first match of any consequence for the Queen's Park, he did so well that both club companions, opponents, and spectators were completely astonished at his beautiful dribbling and speed. In Ayrshire, when he played for the Monkcastle Club, he was looked upon as a very fair young forward, but a few practice games on Hampden Park seems to have had a remarkable effect on him, and in one short season he was such a good man that International honours were given him at once. In this tussle, which was one of the most trying of the meetings between Scotland and England, Allan played a grand game, and scored the third and winning goal for his country. The run that resulted in the score was started by Mr. Marshall, and was one of the finest ever seen in any contest. In a football sense, however, to use a simile, Mr. Allan was like Octavian's prosperous star, but with this difference, he vanished from the scene as quickly as he came, so far as first-class matches were concerned, and only re-appeared on Ibrox Park recently against the 3rd L.R.V. and his old club, Queen's Park.

### **Glasgow Charity Cup Final Tie of 1888.**

The Renton Eleven are to-day in the proud position of winning the Glasgow Charity Cup four times in succession—from 1886 down to season 1888-89, and even now the holders of that handsome trophy. In these finals they polished off the Vale of Leven in 1886 by three to one; next season the same club by one to none; in 1888 (the year which I have singled out for review) vanquished the Cambuslang by four to none: and last spring overcame the Queen's Park by three goals to one. In 1888 the Renton men held both cups, and what was of more account, won them by long odds against precisely the same opponents, viz., Cambuslang. In the final for the Association Challenge Cup the victory was one of six goals to one, and in the Glasgow Charity Cup four to none. This was, indeed, the largest score made in the former, and was equal in the latter to that made in 1877 (the first year of the competition) by the Queen's Park, when they defeated the Rangers. Cambuslang, however, were at this time a power in the land, and had previously carried off the Glasgow Challenge trophy in its first season. In addition to this, they are also credited with the record of fast scoring—having taken four goals from the Queen's Park in the last ten minutes of the fifth round of the Scottish Challenge Cup in 1886, but as the Queen's Park had five points on previously, they saved the game by one goal. The event of which I have presently to deal came off on Hampden Park on the 12th May, 1888, and ended in favour of the Renton, as has already been indicated, by four to none. The Cambuslang men played well at the start, and a close match was expected. Through some cause or other, however, they fell away considerably as the game advanced, and J. Campbell scored the first goal for Renton, and this was soon followed by a second from the foot of J. M'Call, the record at half-time being two goals to none in favour of the crack Dumbartonshire club. The second round, strange to say, was

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also well contested at the outset, but the grand forward combination of the Renton told the tale of defeat to the Cambuslang men, and other two goals were added. As none of the Cambuslang team have previously come under my pen, I give them first, and will include three of Renton who have not been noticed.

### **Mr. Dunn.**

More genuine progress has been made in goalkeeping among the Scottish Association clubs during the last decade than the average spectator cares to admit, but it is nevertheless a fact. Mr. Dunn played in most of the best matches of that year, and while he did very creditably in some of the ties, had the misfortune to lose four goals in this contest. The Renton forwards, however, were too smart for the bulk of the Cambuslang backs, and woe betide a goalkeeper when he is not properly supported there! Mr. Dunn had a lively time of it in the contest, and saved some splendid shies from taking effect.

### **J. Smith.**

The Cambuslang team were never famed for the brilliancy of their back play. It was what the forward division had done for that club in some of the most severe and uncertain of their matches that forced them to be looked upon in Scotland as one of the crack elevens. Mr. Smith was rather of the quiet and unassuming order of players, who thought much but said little, and did his work well. He was a fine kicker with either foot, and his tackling was severe, but honest and clean. With a good wind in his favour, few backs could equal him in a long kick, but he sometimes made mistakes near goal when he was hard pressed.

### **Mr. M'Farlane.**

The best back in the Cambuslang eleven that season was undoubtedly Mr. M'Farlane. He reminded me very much of the style of Mr. A. H. Holm (Queen's Park), who captained the Scottish team against England at Sheffield in 1883. He had rare ability in close tackling; used to get the ball away by clever heading, and was the most plucky young fellow to go to the assistance of a half-back one could see anywhere. His only defect—and it was a very bad one—consisted in getting up to an opponent and trying to take the ball away from him in the rear. Sometimes it came off well, but at others his club had to pay the penalty with a free kick.

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### **Mr. Russell.**

In the present contest Mr. Russell was one of the three half-backs, and in no match during that season had a trio such terrible opponents to encounter as the two Campbells, M'Call, and M'Callum, who were perfect demons among the Renton forwards. Russell held out bravely for a time, but was eventually cornered, and, in the second half particularly, "lost his head," and allowed the Renton men to get up to Dunn too often. In some of the smaller matches of the club he played brilliantly, but did not really rise to the occasion in this memorable cup tie, and in most of the tackling came off second best.

### **John Gourlay.**

It has often been said about Cambuslang that it was a club of three names! Those names, however, both individually and collectively, were fearless opponents to meet in any tussle, let alone a cup tie, and to the credit of Cambuslang be it said, no combination of players ever served a club so well, and had such pleasure in their hard work, as the Buchanans, Gourlays, and Smiths. They were more feared than admired by the members of the clubs twenty miles around, than the Elliots, and Armstrongs, or, shall I say, the Græmes, of the "debatable land" long ago. Both Mr. James and Mr. John Buchanan were famous players in their way, but the back was decidedly the best man, and was selected to play against Wales the same season.

### **A. Jackson.**

Cambuslang's style of play, with their fast following up and jerky kicking, suited, or, I might say, favoured the old style of six forwards and only two half-backs, but they insisted on being in the fashion. The three half-backs, however, were only names to conjure with, but nothing in real practice, for Mr. Jackson was always made the kind of "flying man" of the team, and was nothing more or less than a forward. He always joined the latter division when they were attacking an opponent's goal, and retired well up among the backs when his club were pressed at the lines. In 1886 Mr. Jackson played against Wales, and was also included in the team against Ireland in 1888.

### **John Buchanan.**

Although Mr. John Buchanan developed into a very fair half-back, and was selected to appear against Ireland last spring, he was included in the present match under notice as a forward, and I think he then played on the right. He was the fastest dribbler in the team, and a capital tackler. The combination among the Cambuslang forward division, however, on the occasion was

### **James Buchanan.**

Although similar in name, the play of the other Buchanan was quite different from that of Mr. John. He was always cool and collected, and had a fine style of dribbling and passing which sometimes rose to perfection itself, but in his runs he was fond of showing off, and was easily tackled in consequence. But for this fault he would have been chosen to play in one of the Internationals the previous year. No player, however, loved the game and his old club so much, and practised more self-denial to attend the field on the eve of a big match, and do his best for victory.

### **J. Plenderleith.**

Every club undoubtedly has its own ideal type of player, and I am almost sure that Plenderleith was the favourite among the Cambuslang forwards. He had speed—and rare speed, too—and with a kind of long kick that he followed up in a style of his own, made great progress down the field. He kept too close on the touch-line, however, and his great fault was kicking out—a dangerous thing when too near goal in this age of smart throwing in—for I notice a great improvement in this art during the past few years. We are, however, still behind the Englishmen in this respect, as most of them play cricket in the summer, and are consequently good shiers.

### **G. Smith.**

Mr. George Smith was what I might honestly term a fair forward, not brilliant, but steady, and a good backer up. He was, however, always getting too near the line, and often had to submit to the indignity of being pressed into touch, and thereby losing the leather. The fact was he took too much room to work in, and was slow in following up an advantage. To give him his due, however, he was a very earnest worker, could stand a deal of tear and wear during a season, and was always available when wanted in a hurry by his club.

### **James Gourlay.**

There is not a more steady player going at the present day than Mr. Gourlay. He showed remarkable ability in passing and middling, and his fast shies at goal were really splendid. In this event he was at his very best. Once or twice he started well with the ball at his toe, and made tracks for the Renton goal, but was badly supported in the following up, and often got collared by the opposing half-backs. He possessed great speed, like most of the other Cambuslang forwards, and scored a lot of the goals for his club that season in their best matches.

### **H. Campbell (Renton).**

The two Campbells were young players in the Renton team three years ago, and in this match were considered sufficiently good to be included in the forward division that did so well against Cambuslang. Mr H. Campbell was a very fine dribbler and passer, and good at close tackling. The passing in this tie between Mr. J. M'Call and he was splendid, and went a long way in winning the match. He was also a veritable dodger when he got up to the opposing half-backs, and the partisans of the clubs who played Renton in 1888 used to hold their breath when they saw Campbell in front.

### **J. Harvey (Renton).**

Unknown to fame as a regular player in the Renton eleven until the season when this event took place, or it may be the preceding one, Mr. Harvey was one of the victorious forwards. He showed fair judgment, and middled the ball very neatly to the Campbells and M'Call. His dribbling, however, was a shade too wide, and as he had excellent speed, sometimes he over-ran the ball at a time when the other forwards were following close up, and lost chances to score.

### **J. Campbell (Renton).**

Of all the young forwards who graduated in the dribbling game at the village of Renton, there never was a better shot at goal than Mr. J. Campbell. Smart on his legs, with a good appearance, he dribbled splendidly, and half-backs caught a perfect Tartar when they came close up and attempted to take the leather away from him. His style near goal reminded me very much of Dr. John Smith, who scored so many goals in the half-a-dozen Internationals in which he took part against England. Campbell never waited a second before making his parting shot, and sometimes the goalkeeper failed to get the ball before it went spinning through.

### **The Final Association Cup Tie of 1889.**

This tie was decided at Hampden Park on the 9th February, 1889, between the 3rd L.R.V. and Celtic, and ended in favour of the 3rd L.R.V. by two goals to one. The same clubs, however, had

previously met to decide the contest, but both played under protest in consequence of the weather. This naturally caused that additional excitement, which culminated at the final meeting on Hampden Park that Saturday afternoon. The 3rd L.R.V. had long worked for possession of the coveted prize, and twice it was within their grasp, for they played and were defeated in the final ties on two previous occasions—viz., in 1876 by the Queen's Park, who scored two goals to none, and again in 1878 by the Vale of Leven, who overcame the warriors by one to none. If ever a team deserved victory in this event it was the 3rd Lanark Rifle Volunteers. The Celtic were more than foemen worthy of their steel, and considering the fact that the 3rd L.R.V. had come through the ties so creditably, and had that season vanquished the crack English professional combination, the victory was a most popular one all round. As for the Celtic, they are a young and powerful club, and can afford to wait a season or so for victory, for you know "everything comes to those who wait." The crowd was large, the weather fair, and the enthusiasm great. The Volunteers played with the wind, and made their first point out of a scrimmage about twenty minutes from the start, and this was all the scoring in the first round. The play after this was very even, and the Celts were showing off some grand combined efforts, but were unfortunate at goal. At length, however, the Irishmen made a brilliant sally on the Volunteers' stronghold, and Mr. M'Callum put the ball between the posts. After this the play was so even that a draw seemed inevitable, and it was only by the determined play of the Cathkin Park team that at length the Celtic goal was taken for the second time by Mr. Oswald, junior, who was ably assisted in the successful run by Messrs. Marshall and Hannah. The Cup—that trophy which had cost some kind hearts (now silent for ever), an unsatisfied longing, and a constant anguish of patience—was safe to the old club at last! I accordingly give the players who took part in the tie, and start with the 3rd L.R.V.

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### **Downie (3rd L.R.V.).**

Mr. Downie deserves credit for the manner in which he has kept goal for the "warriors" during the past two seasons, when his club played and defeated some of the best in Scotland and England. In this event he had terrible work to perform, and got through it with much credit. So far as I can remember—and it is, indeed, no stretch of imagination—the goal got by Mr. M'Callum could not have been saved by any keeper, as it came out of a scrimmage from the Celtic man's foot like a rocket. Mr. Downie is a very neat kicker-out in front, and shows fine judgment with his hands in clearing the ball away from a crowd of opposing forwards.

### **A. Thompson.**

Mr. Thompson is one of the best backs that last season produced, and had it not been that the two Queen's Park men—Messrs. Arnott and Smellie—had played together so well, and pleased the Committee of Selection in most of the best matches, Mr. Thompson would have been in the great International. As it was, he got the next best position, being chosen to play against Wales. He is a rare tackler, sometimes a little rough, but the finest kicker in front of a besieged goal I have ever seen. Sometimes in the heat of a scrimmage he loses the ball, but has the knack of recovering himself in an instant.

### **J. Rae.**

The Volunteers were remarkably well served with their backs in this tie, and Mr. Rae made a capital companion to Mr. Thompson. He is scarcely such an accomplished tackler, but for neat kicking and feeding the forwards when they are playing an open game, I know none better. He is a splendid man for judging distances, and if he is certain the ball is nearer one of his companions than himself, gets close behind and backs up at once. To see Mr. Rae placing the leather in front of his forwards in a good match is a treat of no ordinary kind, and it may be mentioned that he played against Wales last season.

### **A. Lochhead.**

The three half-backs in the present tie with which I have to deal were Messrs. Auld, Lochhead, and M'Farlane. Mr. Lochhead has been long one of the "shining lights" of the 3rd L.R.V., and while in some respects inferior to Mr. Auld, has one grand virtue to recommend in a football player—viz., patience. His perception is keen and decisive, and if he imagines a daring forward on the other side can be successfully met without close tackling, he never fails to out-manceuvre him, and let the spectators see some rare half-back play. Mr. Lochhead took part in the Welsh International in the spring.

### **Mr. M'Farlane.**

The 3rd L.R.V. were in perfect training condition in the tie, and well can I remember both Auld and M'Farlane coming in for a large share of hugging by excited partisans as they made their way up the steps towards the pavilion of the Queen's Park Club that memorable Saturday afternoon. Mr. M'Farlane is really a fine all-round player, and this season is keeping up his form in a way that both astonishes and delights his old friends. His "heading" in front of goal is very fine, and has saved many a shot from taking effect.

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### **J. Oswald, Junior.**

No better pair of dribblers ever served a club than the two Oswalds—senior and junior—last season, and had more genuine success in the games in which they played. The forward combination, with these two men at their best, was decidedly the most powerful in Scotland, and undoubtedly won the match for the Volunteers against the Celtic. Mr. Oswald, junior, however, was the better of the two, and the manner in which he scored the second goal, which gave the Third the victory, was quite a treat to all who saw the tie that day on Hampden Park.

### **J. Oswald, Senior.**

The senior Oswald, as he was called, to distinguish him from his companion of the same name, played against England in the spring, and was as good a dribbler, but not so fine a judge of a goalkeeper's ability to get at the ball when the forwards were crowding round, and sending in shots thick and fast. The passing among the forwards of the 3rd L.R.V. that day was so good as to defy criticism, if that were possible, and Oswald, senior, was no exception to the others. The pair, however, loved the loaves and fishes of England better than the 3rd L.R.V., and are now "o'er the Border and awa'."

### **J. Hannah.**

In some of the best games of the 3rd L.R.V. last season the passing and following up between Mr. Hannah and Mr. Johnstone were not to be beaten anywhere for splendid judgment and properly matured forward play. There are what is known to the player as certain degrees of pluck and endurance, and while I have in my mind's eye some forwards in other clubs, including Mr. William Berry, the Queen's Park light-weight, who must of necessity come under the first, I am inclined to rank Mr. Hannah among the second. He is, however, a first-rate man.

### **W. Johnstone.**

Last in order of forwards, but by no means lacking in genuine ability, with rare dribbling powers, comes the name of Mr. W. Johnstone. He played a very steady game all through this tie, and was as fresh as paint after the whistle sounded the finish. Although not such a determined tackler as some of the other forwards not only in his own team, but in the Celtic as well, he is the most earnest worker in the whole club, and in his probationary days would practice unceasingly to attain perfection in certain points of the game in which he was deficient. He played against Wales in 1889, and in 1887 against Ireland.

### **J. Kelly (Celtic).**

Although Mr. Kelly is, so to speak, unknown to the game as a goalkeeper, he promises to become a good man below the bar. The ability of the Celtic goalkeeper, however, is certainly not equal to the back and half-back play; and, while Kelly did very well in this match, his duties were rendered less difficult by the splendid defence shown at back by Mr. M'Keown, and the grand half-back efforts of Mr. M'Laren. He has several good points, including the clever fisting-out of the ball, but is not a strong kicker, and sometimes goes too far away from his charge.

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### **P. Gallacher.**

When the Celtic were hard pressed on several occasions, Mr. Gallacher always fell back on his goal, like the prudent general who covers his retreat, and no man did more heading and breasting in running the ball out that day. He wants the judgment of his companion in the same position, but makes up for it by fearless and unceasing work. He was hard pressed several times by Marshall and Oswald, sen., and had the worst of the tackling, but he generally came up smiling, and renewed hostilities with Spartan bravery.

### **M. M'Keown.**

Mr. M'Keown was decidedly the best back on the losing side that day, and his defence near goal splendid. He is not, however, particularly careful in his returns, and sometimes kicks over his own lines when hard pressed, but there can be only one opinion as to his genuine ability in close tackling—he can do it to perfection. During the game, even Marshall, who is not afraid of anybody, sometimes steered clear of M'Keown by passing up the ball to Johnstone instead of keeping possession to the last. He played against Ireland the same year.

### **W. Maley.**

The Celtic had as their three half-backs in the contest under review Messrs. W. Maley, J. M'Laren, and J. Kelly (the latter of whom has already been mentioned in a previous article). Mr. W. Maley, if I am not mistaken, is a young member of a very young club that has made a name for itself in a couple of seasons. He has, however, a deal to learn before he can be classed alongside Kelly and M'Laren. He is kind of slipshod in his mode of tackling, wanting finish, but nevertheless a dangerous man to meet in a charge.

### **J. M'Laren.**

The finest half-back of the Irish combination is undoubtedly Mr. J. M'Laren, and in this tie his play was really magnificent. When the Volunteers' forwards again and again got near the Celtic goal, he was the first to checkmate them, and, not contented to work his own place successfully, frequently went to the assistance of some of the forwards when he thought they had more than enough to do. He played for his old club, the Hibernian, against Wales in 1888, and in 1889 against England for the Celtic.

### **M. Dunbar.**

Mr. Dunbar was one of the most active men in the Celtic forward division in this match, and showed very good dribbling, but was easily tackled when getting near goal, and more than once "removed" off the ball by Auld and Lochhead. He is, however, a steady worker, and most reliable when backing up. Mr. Dunbar, if I am not mistaken, was at one time a member of the Cartvale, and played for Scotland against Ireland for that club in 1886. {62}

### **R. M'Callum.**

In his general style of play Mr. M'Callum was not unlike Mr. William M'Kinnon (Dumbarton), who flourished from 1881 to 1885, and was one of the best forwards in that county. He was not such a tricky and cunning tackler, however, but faced up to his man with a confidence that betokened superiority. He was, like the rest of the Celtic forwards, a good dribbler, and possessed considerable speed. For a young player he was also very judicious in passing the ball, and during this contest he helped to start some of the best runs of the day. He played against Ireland, at Belfast, in 1888, and is now located in Blackburn, where he partners Harry Campbell on the right wing of the Rovers.

### **W. Groves.**

It was in the final tie for the Scottish Challenge Cup between the Hibernian and Dumbarton in 1887, which the crack Edinburgh team won by two goals to one, that brought Mr. Groves into special notice, and it may be, for aught I know, caused him to be carried off by the Celtic later on. Like a good many other players, he varies a bit in his style. Some days he is easily tackled; while at others not a single back or half-back on the field has a chance with him, and it must be said of him that he is one of the neatest dribblers of the day. He played against Wales in 1888.

### **J. Coleman.**

Among the forward division of the Celtic, Mr. Coleman was a decided acquisition, and during that same season scored a lot of goals for the new Irish combination, which came to the front with something like the rapidity of "Jonah's gourd." A beautiful dribbler and runner, he made several grand spurts towards the 3rd L.R.V. goal, but had a weakness for keeping the ball too long, and was often tackled by the sure feet of Rae and Thomson. In speed and general play he reminded me very much of Mr. William Miller (3rd L.R.V.), an International against England as far back as 1876.

### **T. Maley.**

When the whole of the Celts were at their best, and this happened pretty often last season in their Challenge Cup ties, Mr. T. Maley generally rose to the occasion, and led his team brilliantly. His steady-going style is much liked, not only by his colleagues, but spectators, and it is quite a rare thing to see him grassed by an opponent. When approaching the goal with the ball, he is like the priest who had a "wonderful way wid him"—slipping through the backs in a manner that is sure to make the goalkeeper gnash his teeth, and wish Maley was far enough away. {63}

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## ***V.—THE PIONEERS OF ASSOCIATION FOOTBALL IN SCOTLAND;***

**OR,**

### ***"THE CONQUEROR'S FOOTBALL BOOTS."***

My football boots are getting what might be called shabby genteel now, and no wonder. If they could speak they would tell you many a strange episode in the life of an Association football player, and how he kept his place in a leading club for nearly a dozen years. They have been old and dear friends, those well-worn boots, and although now somewhat curled up at the toes, have kicked many a good goal out of a hot and exciting scrummage in front of an opponent's upright

posts, and even in an International tussle; but now that they, like myself, have retired from active duty, and may reasonably be supposed not to be encumbered with existing prejudices, which in the nature of things might more or less interfere with expressing an honest opinion about the Association football player of the past or his colleagues and successors, I will introduce them to you, and in figurative language allow them to tell their own unvarnished tale. My last advice, however, to you, my old friends, before leaving you to the tender mercies of a scribbler, is not to answer all the questions he thinks proper to put. Please don't tell him what you heard or saw after leaving the football field clinging to my sole and instep, of my love intrigues, my stolen interviews with blue-eyed Annie, and when she jilted me and got married to Charlie Quilter, who played "left wing" in the Flying Blues. Charlie must have regretted what he did more than once.

The Blues used to play us a couple of games in the year, and not long before Charlie got married he was, as a matter of course, one of their eleven. On that occasion I felt nettled to think that a big, broosy-faced, lispng fellow like Charlie should have "put my eye out," and could not resist the temptation of frequently crossing to his side during the game, and "going" for him. Oh! how my old companions, my boots, behaved on the occasion—the very laces almost burst with indignation; but Quilter, poor soul, never gave a winch, and bore it with becoming fortitude. He has now, like myself, got settled in life (I am a confirmed bachelor), and we are still the best of friends, for that "blue-eyed Annie loved him, too," was one of those things I could never forget. It is too bad, however, in me to block the way with this dissertation, and not allow Mr. Boots to begin. I shall leave the rest to him with confidence.

Well, once upon a time (began Mr. Boots), I was a combination of circumstances. That is to say, I went through many processes even before I became mature leather, and one afternoon I was brought to a small shoemaker's shop in Crosshill tied up in a bundle. There were lots of cuttings in that bundle—butt, ben, wrapper, cordivan, kid, calf-skin, and even sheep-skin—but I was then a shapeless piece of wrapper, kipp, and calf-skin. When I was trysted there were few, if any, football boots made, and the old man who was entrusted with my construction was a strange old "cove." He could make a pair of ordinary boots with any one, but was not so sure about me. I was ordered by a genteel, nice-looking lad, with red cheeks and clear black eyes. He addressed the representative of St. Crispin in a musical voice, but I then formed an opinion of my future master, that he would be a little conceited and arrogant at times, and this has proved correct. The instructions about covering my soles with bars was specially impressed on the old man's memory, and every detail was carried out to the letter. When we were completed, my brother and I, you would have admired us. If it were possible to have anything handsome in the boot line, except, perhaps, a tiny, fur-lined lady's slipper, it was us. We were sewed with substantial rosen-end, the division between the inseam and soles was filled up with real leather skivings, and not the trashy "jump" which makes up the bulk of the soles of football boots nowadays. The more, in fact, I think of it, the more I am convinced that the present make of football boots is a new-fangled device in the shoemaking trade, for are they not now got up of American leather, brass nails, and other abominations, free of import duty! My master, I remember, came for me (please consider that I am also representing my brother, for, like the Siamese twins, the one can do nothing without the other) on a Saturday. He told the old man that he was going to play a match with the Leven Crows that very afternoon, and must have me. I was barely finished, but Tate's son got the bars put on all right, and I was handed over to the tender mercies of my new master. He was quite delighted with my appearance, and looked with pride, and even satisfaction, on my well-polished uppers and wrapper soles. There was even a half-'un going at the paying.

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The Leven Crows were a young and powerful club, possessing more speed in running than any real football ability at the time. The club to which my master belonged was the first to introduce the new ideas in the game, as they were then called, in Scottish soil, and as there were only three clubs in existence at the time of which I am referring, the contests, as a matter of course, were few and far between, and, consequently, looked forward to with more than ordinary pleasure. The other two clubs were the Greenvale and the Kilback, but they were not of much account (so my master had often said, and he was supposed to be a good judge). I heard him say the Conquerors had "licked" these clubs over and over again, and that they weren't in the same street. When I was being laced up, however, for the fray that afternoon in the old toll-house on the road to Battlefield (the Conquerors had no such modern requisite as a pavilion then), I heard Bob Gardens express quite a different opinion about the Greenvale, and even go the length of saying that they had a draw with them on the previous evening after a hard fight. This demonstrated a fact that was useful to me in my subsequent career, viz., never to credit what other folks (especially football players) said about the ability of opponents in the heat of a tussle. Talking about the Leven Crows, they were not to be despised. Although the haughty Conquerors had given them their first lesson in Association football, they were fast coming up on them in some of the points of the game. I heard my owner say that the first lesson was given at Alexandria, and on that occasion the Crows, who were then crack shinty players, arranged themselves in the field as if for a match at that ancient Scottish game. That they had not forgotten their first game with the Conquerors was amply illustrated in the present, which, I might again repeat, was my first outset in public life. I was stiff at first, and pressed my master's instep rather hard shortly after the kick-off. The contest was played on the Recreation Ground, and was witnessed by very few spectators. True, there were certainly many choice spirits residing near the spot, who came out to see us and enjoy a quiet outing, and have a friendly crack.

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Little did these club companions imagine that that small but enthusiastic gathering of spectators was the harbinger of crowds composed of thousands of excited spectators who now assemble to

witness big Association matches every Saturday, not only to see the Conquerors, but other clubs, very slightly removed from them in ability, playing "Cup ties." The Crowers' forwards showed great pace, and one of them, Will Cumming, repeatedly got past me, despite the smart manœuvring of my master. Will, however, was somewhat wild in his dribbling, and could not keep the ball close enough to his toes. Jim Wild was my master's backer up on the occasion, and as Jim was decidedly the finest dribbler that ever toed a ball, and kept his place for ten years against all comers, afterwards the pair managed to intercept Cumming before he got close enough on goal to make a shot. The Crowers' goalkeeper was a good one, and could clear his place of defence with great ability, but the backs were not of much account. Pate M'Wherry and Luke M'Tavish did the work at half-back, but their kicking was somewhat feeble when compared with those of the Conquerors, Tom James and Willie Keith. The Conquerors were far too anxious to score, and for some time kept up a close cannonade at their opponents' goal without effect. Bob Prentice used his hands cleverly, and, though the goal was again and again endangered, not one of the forwards on my master's side could get the ball under the tape. A fine run was made by Wild, Lucky, Grind, Short, and my master, and the ball brought up to within a few feet of the Crowers' goal, but at the last second, Johnny Forrester, one of their centre forwards, kicked it behind. This gave the Conquerors the corner flag-kick. My master, who was quite an adept at corner flag-kicks, was sent to the spot, and placed the ball in a good position, but Bob Prentice got it up in his hands at a critical moment, and threw it clear. Good runs were eventually made on both sides, and once the Crowers nearly lowered our colours, but nothing was got by either, and the game was drawn. In those days the rules observed were somewhat different from those in vogue now. The game was far prettier. There was none of that heading which forms such important factors in the style of modern playing. When the ball was thrown in from the touch-line the rule insisted that it had first to land on the ground before being touched, and consequently head play was unnecessary, and dribbling was, as a matter of course, considered the most important point, combined with taking smart possession of the ball as soon as it touched the ground after being thrown in. My master was smart at getting on the leather, and, next to Jim Wild, he was the most accomplished dribbler in the Conquerors. If there is anyone capable of telling what he could do, 'tis I. How he used to keep my toes in a circle as he left the grass behind his heels, piloting the ball past the opposing backs, I know to my loss, and a very great depreciation in tear and wear. He was a veritable "dodger," this owner of mine. Never afraid of a charge, he would, in order either to secure the ball or keep it, attack the biggest man in an opposing team, aye, and knock him over, too. Sometimes he lost his temper when things went against him, and, while his remarks to an adversary were somewhat cutting and at times verging on impertinence, they were always within the scope of "Parliamentary." In after life, however, my master found several foemen worthy of his steel amongst backs and half-backs in the Flying Blues, the Crowers, the Cedargrove, Red Cross, and North Western, and he sometimes came off second best.

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It is all very well to say that there were "great men in those days." So there were, but the same remark can be made equally applicable now, for they are even more common, and you find them scattered over the length and breadth of the land. It would decidedly weary you, my friend and reader, were I to detail all the games in which I have taken an active part, and you will at once admit that I may succeed in pleasing you better if I give a short sketch of the leading clubs and players who have wrought so hard and done so much to make the Association game so popular. Jim Wild has been mentioned in connection with his club (the Conquerors), but it is necessary to give him a line or two more. There was no other Association club in Scotland when the Conquerors were put into ship-shape order, and consequently no opponents to play. They could not challenge themselves to mortal combat, and there were none but Rugby clubs, whose members treated the new order of things in football as childish amusement, and unworthy of free-born Britons. "Give us," they said, "the exciting runs, the glorious tackling, the manly maul, and the beautiful dropped goal, and we will meet you a bit of the way, but not otherwise. We don't believe in loafing about the field at times, when only one or two of the side are engaged; we want to be active." "Well," said the Conquerors (one of whom had been offered a place in the Twenty in the Rugby match between Glasgow and Edinburgh), "you don't know Association rules, or you would never make such absurd assertions about the new game. If there is really any inactivity in football while being played, that inaction is clearly shown in a Rugby maul, where the one half of the side are merely spectators. Besides, your game is only half football; in fact, a combination of football and handball knocked into one. Your run with the ball under the arm is only a display of speed; it has nothing whatever to do with football. We want the grand dribbling run with the ball at the toe, the smart passing and middling of the Association, and we will enjoy it." Such good-natured banter went on at first between two opposing interests, but by and by the difference culminated into something more.

As a sort of *quid pro quo* for the courtesy extended to an Association player by the Rugby contingent in the Inter-city match, Tom Chaloner, the very *beau ideal* of a Rugby player, was asked, and promised to play in the first International Association match at Partick in 1872. Tom even came out to the Recreation Ground at Crosshill, and practised with the Conquerors as goalkeeper, and promised well in that position, but through some cause or other he did not play when the eventful day came. If ever a man could handle a ball and kick a goal as a quarter-back in a Rugby game, it was Chaloner. He was the pride of all the Rugby clubs in the country side, and was as well, indeed, if not better known in his brilliant career as a cricketer. Who in Scotland could bat like Tom? He was not a hitter to a particular side of the wickets; all was alike to him. He could cut, drive, hit to long and square-leg, and oh! how far! He would have made a grand Association football player, but he preferred to stick to the Rugby style, and was equally

successful, at least to his club's satisfaction. The first match between England and Scotland at Partick, nineteen years ago (which, by the way, is worthy of note, was played by members of the Queen's Park exclusively), did a great deal to spread Association rules in Glasgow and district, and, in fact, eventually all over Scotland. Hitherto there used to be a couple of months of interval between the end of the Rugby football season and the starting of athletics and cricket, lasting from March till May, and as the football players of the old dispensation were still in trim, but with exhausted fixtures, not a few of them, belonging to two of the leading clubs, did not consider it *infra dig.* to have a "go" at the new rules, "just to see how they could stand it."

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The outcome of this hastily-formed notion was that a sort of Nomadic team, calling themselves the Western Pilgrims, was formed, and three or four matches, and good ones, too, were played between them and the Conquerors and also the Cedargrove. The Pilgrims showed themselves no mean opponents in the new game, and, after holding their own with the Cedargrove in a drawn game, had a good tussle with the Conquerors on the recreation ground at the Park, and were only beaten by a goal to none, the goal, I remember, being made in the last five minutes by Bob Gardens (who could dribble and play forward as well as keep goal). A few of the Pilgrims took kindly to the Association rules, and while that season lasted two of the leading forwards joined the Cedargrove, and turned out capital players. Another joined the Druids, and became a famous goalkeeper, even going as far as playing for his country in the International match, and the fourth turned out a leading man in the Holyrood Crescent. Talking about the above goalkeeper, Aleck M'Gregor was one of the finest fellows that ever stood with his back to a goal. There was the cheerful disposition, the gentlemanly demeanour to opponents or associates whenever he appeared on the field. His knowledge of the Rugby game made him a most useful man at goal, where the keeper of that charge is the only man under Association rules who is allowed to touch the ball with his hands. With the ordinary goalkeeper the punt-out kick, when dexterously executed, was considered the most effective mode of saving the ball from going under the tape, when the use of the hands to knock it out was not deemed necessary, but Aleck preferred the drop-kick, which is one of the redeeming features in the Rugby style of play, and this he could do almost to perfection. I have seen him (for I have, by-the-bye, taken part against him in several matches) lift a ball after it had come pretty smartly from my right toe, and dropping it on the ground before him, kick it as it rose, bounding away over the heads of the Conquerors' forwards as they besieged the goal like a hive of bees on a June morning. He had decidedly the advantage over the modern "punter," inasmuch that the leather was always sure to go higher out of reach when the place of defence was besieged, and farther out of the way of lurking backs and half-backs, who, as a matter of course, crowd down behind the forwards when an attack is made on an opponent's stronghold.

There were other instances which came to my knowledge (that is, if my reader can imagine anything so queer as a pair of boots possessing such an immensely human gift) of converts from Rugby to Association style of play, or rather perverts, as they were designated, but enough has been said to show how Association football gained a hold on the young and rising generation, and how it spread all over the western and north-western portion of the country, and, like the proverbial Eastern magician's wand, caused goal-posts and corner-flags to spring up in every village and hamlet with remarkable rapidity. Close to the shores of several Highland lochs, where a big kick by a stalwart half-back endangers the ball being swept away by the tide, one can see the game played of an evening by the village youth with great earnestness of purpose. By and by the new rules made remarkable progress, and as the public liked the game, and deserted the Rugby matches to see what they considered the most easily understood rules, the breach between the rival contingents widened, and eventually the Jews had no dealings with the Gentiles, and so they both continue playing the games they consider the best.

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What changes have taken place in clubs and players during the last few years! Faces, blithe, happy faces, now gone forever, can be remembered by the old spectators, although the present scarcely ever heard their names; but I will not go very far back. Poor Dixy (for he is dead now)—well can I remember his first introduction to the Conquerors. My master had been indulging, in company with Bob Gardens, Jim Wild, Willie Keith, and others, in a punt about on the evening preceding a match with the Red Cross, and, after shaking hands and passing the usual compliments, the practice game was started, and in it the newcomer showed well, and kicked cleverly with both feet. He was, however, just a shade too slow, and I frequently tackled him, and secured the leather, giving it a deal of "toe" after passing close in on goal. The club were badly off for a goal-keeper after Willie Keith left for America, and, as John was not backward in making a display of his ability, he offered to act as goal-keeper. It would take too long to recount the games in which he and I were engaged in the subsequent career of the Conquerors, but an incident or two will not be considered out of place. If Dixy had one weakness more than another it consisted in a lively sense of his own importance as a crack goalkeeper, and the supposed invincible qualities of his club, which he often declared could not be beaten. He improved wonderfully in his new position, and, while playing some of the junior clubs, which were by this time beginning to spring up, it was positively amusing to see how John would advance quietly from his goal when it was besieged, and punt the ball contemptuously away with quite a crowd of young ones close up, awe-stricken at the agility shown by such a bulky form.

A few of the Red Cross and Cedargrove forwards sometimes gave him a fright, and in one match with the Leven Crowers he was fairly outwitted by Boyd and Ned M'Donald in a cup tie. I fought hard in that memorable battle myself, and never got such a saturation with water and mud in my career; but we were beaten. I will not easily forget Dixy as he came to the field on that occasion, carrying his umbrella to the goal-posts, and laying it against the left one. He, poor fellow,



expected his club would have an easy victory, and this belief was shared in by not a few of the eleven besides, including my master, who had, by the way, emerged into a centre forward since the last match with the Kilmarackers, and as a consequence he gave me a deal of extra work as a backer-up to Mat. Angus. In fact, not long after I was carefully laced and ready for the fray that wet afternoon, the Conqueror's eleven had a confab about the tactics they should pursue, and Joe Sayler, our captain (who is now no more, and lost to his club for ever), remarked it would take them all their time to beat the Crowers. He had, I could see by his anxious looks, grave doubts on the issue. At the outset of the game the rain poured down in torrents, and as most of the play was on the Crowers' portion of the field, the umbrella was put up, amid the laughter of the partisans of John's contingent and the pent-up indignation of the followers of the Crowers, who mustered strong on the occasion, and demonstrated a strength of lungs truly astonishing. John, by and by, when the battle became hot, had to discard his old friend and comforter, and work in front of his fortress in a way that he had never done before, and when the terrible tussle ended, the Conquerors were beaten by two goals to one. When chaffed on the "umbrella incident" ever afterwards Dixy was silent, and declared that in using it he did not hold his opponents too cheaply, but simply with a desire to save himself from a ducking. John was also a capital oarsman, and when he was suddenly cut away in the pride of his manhood, he was barely 30 years of age. He was greatly lamented, and his handsome figure is missed from the football field.

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John's death reminds me of a young and promising forward named Smith, who used to play on the left wing of the Cedargrove in company with a smart companion named Seward. Young Smith was a very enthusiastic football player, and missed few, if any, practice games. Poor lad, I met him twice in one season in matches with the Cedargrove, and it took all my master knew to prevent him from getting clean past the Conquerors' backs and scoring. He was a nice dribbler, and like Fred Adamson (an old member of the same club), went straight ahead with a splendid hold of the leather. Talking about Fred, I remember that player, in company with Johnny M'Phedran and James Wilton, going for big Thomas, who was then the Conquerors' captain, and played at half-back. Thomas was an awful fellow to meet in a charge, and a hundred to one was sure to send his opponent to grass. Johnny, however, who was a little bandy-legged, held tenaciously to the ball, and while Thomas was eagerly watching his opportunity, Fred sent him flat on his back, and the ball was close on goal in an instant. There was a hard scrummage, and in the nick of time, Joe Sayler (who was then the crack sprinter of the Conquerors), dashed up and got the ball clear before it reached the keeper. Poor Smith, he caught a severe cold one evening, and eventually succumbed to a painful malady. The Cedargrove were at one time hard to beat. In fact, in the early history of the Scottish Football Association Challenge Cup, they pressed my master's club hard for the trophy, and were only vanquished—after three games—by one goal to none.

The Red Cross were also dangerous opponents, and possessed not a few capital players. There were John Huxter, Sandy Kenneth, Jack Williams, Joe Drummond, and Bill Millins. They were not easily beaten. Sandy Kenneth, though rather a quiet-looking customer to meet in the street, developed into one of the finest half-backs that Scotland ever produced. He was always cool and collected, and, although by no means a very hard kicker, could judge the ball to a hair-breadth. Sandy was especially clever in tackling, which he could manage without deliberate charging. If the ball got up close on the goal which he defended, he would follow the dribblers, and with a clever manoeuvre on the left foot, obtain possession, and after nursing the ball for a few minutes, would, amid the applause of the spectators, send it spinning down the field. Then there was Bill Summons. He was rather a volatile customer, and a perfect football coquette. There was scarcely a club of any pretensions in Glasgow but what Bill had wooed. He, however, stuck well to the Red Cross, and did some splendid service in their best matches, but eventually left them and joined the Conquerors, who, by the way, were just a shade too ready to take over the best men of other clubs by holding out tempting baits in the shape of big matches. Bill, with all his faults, was a grand back, and I question if anybody in Glasgow could make a finer kick when he set his mind to it. He had his failing, to be sure, and who hasn't? He was sometimes most erratic while playing important matches, and, especially on a windy day, would make grave mistakes with too heavy kicking.

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Jack Huxter, too, of the Red Cross, was a very fine player, and a "caution" to get past at back (poor fellow, he, too, like Dixy, has gone to his account). He was a dangerous man to meet in the heat of a tussle near the goal-line, and woe betide the daring forward who would attempt to take the ball from Jack there. His only weakness was a frequent desire to "go" for the man instead of the ball, and charging rather heavily. Although a back, he was by no means an inferior dribbler, and possessing good speed, sometimes astonished the members of his own club by the smart runs he would now and again make in company with the forwards when the leather was in an opponents' territory. He stuck like a veritable leech to the Red Cross, and turned out most faithfully to all their important matches. I must not forget Willie Millins, who was one of the neatest dribblers of his day. He has given up football now. Getting a clear start, many an exciting and clever run he made for the Red Cross. I heard my master say that in a match for the Association Cup between his club and the Cedargrove, he once made a goal after dribbling the ball almost the entire length of the field.

Then there was a lot of smaller fry, including good players belonging to the Dumbrook, North-Eastern, Gallowgate Rovers, the Locomotive Slashers, Thornians, Northern Jumpers, Edinburgh Irishmen, Partick Unfortunates, and last, though by no means least, the Flying Blues. There was no club in Scotland, except, perhaps, the Vale Crowers, that had made so much progress in the game as those Flying Blues, and few, if any, were gifted with the same amount of self-confidence.

The Blues, nevertheless, had good reason to feel proud of some of their members, for they were young and active, and the very ideal of smart football players. It was a lucky thing for them when they migrated from the north and established themselves in the old ground vacated by the Cedargrove. Had it not been for that lucky arrangement, they might have wasted their football lives in obscurity, and gone down to Association posterity "unhonoured and unsung." Their success was as remarkable as it was swift and decisive. Possessing any amount of pluck, they tackled all and sundry in the district, and the second year, after gaining something like a first-class reputation, won nearly every game they played. Their captain, Tom Vincent, was a grand back, and, indeed, one of the crack men in that position, of whom Scotland has now so many to select from; and then there was Bentback, Bill Donoup, Jack Drummer, and Mat Neil, all fine players at their respective positions. Never shall I forget the match between the Blues and the Conquerors for the Association Cup a dozen years ago, about the last big match in which I took an active part. My master's team had had bad luck though, for after pressing the Flying Blues till within a few minutes of the game, the Blues beat the Conquerors by one goal to none, Bill Donoup sending the ball under goal at the last minute, although the story goes that he had a bet of a "sov." that the Conquerors would win, and it was even admitted that he was heard to say, when kicking the goal, "Here goes my blooming sovereign!"

Although now stowed away in the corner of a large chest, side by side with jerseys, caps, knickerbockers, and other football requisites, as a remnant of the glorious game, my master sometimes visits me to think over the past, and I often hear him say that, although he does not play now, he still goes to see some of the leading contests, and at them picks up many queer stories of the modern players. Last year's crack men, as he sees them crowding in his "mind's eye," are not, he says, unworthy representatives of those of the past.

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## ***VI.—HOW CLUBS WERE STARTED LONG AGO.***

When the summer game of cricket was far more extensively played in Glasgow and District than it is now, those who understood the feelings and aspirations of young men engaged in it repeatedly considered the question in all its aspects, and a combination of circumstances have occurred within the last decade which had seriously affected that game. The City of Glasgow could not, of course, afford to remain in a stationary condition to suit the convenience of a few thousands of cricketers. New streets had to be formed, new houses built all round, and with this advance upon civilisation came the deadly blow to cricket—at least juvenile cricket—and those clubs soon disappeared from the field. Ground after ground was swallowed up, and on the scene of many a hot and exciting match blocks of houses, railway stations, churches, and public works may now be seen. The Scotch youth, and for that part of it (just to give the sentence greater weight), the British youth, loves some kind of manly sport. Cricket he could no longer play for want of good and level ground, but then there was another game which, at least, could be played or learned under easy circumstances, even on a quiet street or big "free coup," and that was Association football. They soon took to it kindly, and many of them struggled hard and procured a ground. Not one, of course, like that on which they used to have their cricket matches long ago, but one on which Farmer Lyon grazed his cows and sheep, and they had it for a trifle. What did they care about ridges and furrows, or that it was a difficult matter to see the lower goal-posts when you were at the east end? Not a straw. The only matter which annoyed them (and this only happened occasionally) was Lyon's bull. Their club colours were red jerseys, with a small white stripe, and "Jock" (that was the animal's name), used to scatter the lads about on the Friday evenings when they were engaged in a big side. The players generally managed to clear out in time, but the infuriated animal once goared the best ball the club had, and next morning, as they had to play the "Invincible" of Glasgow Green, a subscription had to be raised for a new one. Football can thus be played under much more favourable conditions than cricket, or almost any other out-door game, at less expense, and this, in a great measure at least, is the secret of its popularity amongst the masses. It can also be played under nearly every condition of the atmosphere. Nothing seems to frighten the Scotch Association football player. Rain, hail, snow, and even frost, is treated with cool indifference. In England the ball is quietly laid aside with the advent of April and forgotten till the Autumn leaves are yellow and sear, but in Scotland Association football seems to have no recognised season at all, so far as the younger clubs and even a few of the seniors are concerned. With the sun making one's hair stick to his head with perspiration, and the thermometer at 90 degrees in the shade, they play away in the summer-time, and at Christmas attempt to dribble in half-a-foot of snow. Meantime the question about football being blotted out can, I think, be easily answered in the negative, and upon these will depend the future prospect of Association Football in Scotland. There are, in fact, "breakers ahead," and a strong and determined hand will have to take the wheel. The greatest of these is the "professional" football player, and the next the "greed of gate-money." "O! we never heard of a professional football player in Scotland," exclaims a chorus of voices; "there is no such thing. It's only in England." My remark, of course, is only beginning to be realised. The definition of professional in athletics "is one who runs (plays) for gain." Everybody knows what that means. If you receive any money whatever, directly or indirectly, from your club (except out of the private purses of the members), you are a professional. Are there not clubs, with great reputations, who have such members? If these are allowed to continue on the club books simply because they are good players, the committee are doing a great injustice to the other members, it may be under a mistaken notion. Now, as football has always been looked upon as a purely amateur game, and

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played by young men for their own amusement, it is to be hoped that the day is far distant when the professional football player, or even worse, the professional football "loafer," who does not work, but preys upon his fellow-members, will appear in a general form. In all conscience, if the public wish to see professional football (and I know from experience they don't), what would they think of the All-Scotland Eleven against the Champion Eleven of England? That might sound all right, but with the recollection of how professional athletics of all kinds (with the remarkable exception of cricket) are now conducted, and their low associations, woe betide football when the professional element is introduced. It will assuredly be the signal for its decline and fall. As for the greed of gate-money, of which some clubs are so fond, much might be said. When I refer to the clubs who try to gather as much cash as they can during the season in order to pay their legitimate obligations and meet the heavy item of ground rent, I show up an honourable example, and one worthy of imitation; but when I hear of clubs who have gathered ten, yea twenty times more than is required for such purposes, and even get handsome donations besides from their patrons, deep in debt at the end of the season, I begin to wonder where all the money has gone. I ask a young gentleman who has only lately become a member, and he tells me he knows nothing about the finance committee, but throws out grave hints about sordid motives and bare-faced applications for pecuniary assistance. In this respect clubs must be above suspicion, if they want the delightful game to hold its own and prosper. As a *quid pro quo* for this vicious practice, however, there is no game whose players are so charitable as those connected with Association Football. There is not a club in the Association that is not ready to play a "Charity Match," and far more has been given to the funds of charitable institutions by the actions of Association football clubs than all the other games in Scotland put together.

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## ***VII.—THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL;***

OR,

### ***NED DUNCAN'S DREAM.***

#### **Scotland v. America, 1901.**

While on holidays, enjoying myself at a quiet and beautiful sea-side village on the shores of the Firth of Clyde, I received a note from a friend reminding me that an old football chum was still on the sick list, and making little or no progress towards recovery. In fact, his life, which had recently been enfeebled by an incurable malady, was slowly but surely drawing to a close. Last time I saw him he referred to the fact that he had some MS. which he wished Mr. John M'Dowall, his successor in the secretaryship of the S.F.A., and myself, to read over, and when this came into my mind I resolved to repair to Glasgow at once, ere it might be too late.

It was just as well that I did, for poor Ned Duncan was fast sinking when I got permission from his widowed mother to visit the bedside. Ned, I may mention, was one of the most enthusiastic players of his day that ever kicked a ball, but was obliged to give up practice in consequence of the unfortunate circumstances I have just mentioned, and of late had only been a spectator at the leading games. He received me that evening with a kind smile of recognition, and his pale face beckoned me to come near. I was certainly much touched with my old friend's appearance, and tried as much as possible to cheer him, but it was of no use.

He said he knew he was going to the silent land. The doctor, in fact, had told him he had only a few days to live, and he was glad I had come to bid him farewell, and take over some straggling notes he had compiled last summer about the football of the future. "Going home one evening," he continued, "after an International match, I fell into a deep sleep, and had a remarkable dream. I thought I saw a great match between Scotland and America. Real genuine players glided past, scrimmaging with each other for the ball; thousands of spectators, new and beautiful youthful faces, graced the area allotted to spectators; the hum of thousands of excited voices greeted my ears, and"—Here poor Ned's voice failed.

After a few minutes repose, the old player gasped, "But what need I tell you more. Here is the MS., and make what use of it you like."

My dear old friend is now under the turf he loved so well to play on when in the zenith of his fame.

Having eventually opened the packet, the first sentence which met my eyes was "Ned Duncan's Dream; or, The Great International of 1901."

I will, therefore, leave poor Ned to tell his own tale, and what he saw in his vision, which at any rate has the merit of originality about it. As more extraordinary dreams have come to pass, there is no saying what the beginning of the twentieth century may bring forth, for International football matches with Australia, America, and Canada have been talked of, and some of them even played, during the past year or two, and may become accomplished facts.

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I must, however, return to the MS., which reads after the following style:—

"It was in April, 1901, on a Saturday afternoon, that the Yankees came to Scotland to play a match with our crack Eleven. The Universal Postal Service, which scattered letters all over the world at the rate of one half-penny per ounce, conveyed a formal challenge from the Americans to Scotland that the Yankees would be delighted to meet an eleven of that country in an even game of football. The New World men of course meant business, and our secretary, who was a capital fellow, much liked by the Scottish Football Association for his kind and obliging disposition, was instructed to accept the challenge and welcome the strangers to Glasgow.

"Previous to the time I speak of, the Americans had beaten the Australians and Canadians, and were considered by their own friends invincible even to the extent of a couple of goals. The Canadians, by the aid of the Electric Express Line's fast steamers, had been able to leave Montreal in the morning and return in the evening from New York, defeated but not disgraced. The Australians were a little longer on the way, as the improved appliances for driving ships had not yet attained that perfection there which had been shown in most of the ports and rivers of the British Isles. They were experimenting, however, and some good in that direction was looked for daily, and a new Express Company floated. The Americans had also beaten the Englishmen the previous year at New York, and, as their own newspapers had it, 'came over to crow in the Land o' Cakes.' The great shipping trade of the Clyde ere this was, so to speak, causing a new order of things to arise all over the world. Large and beautifully-built steel and bronze vessels left the Clyde every day for all parts of the earth.

"They had annihilated space and bridged the Atlantic in earnest, and the 'electrics' (once called steamers) could go from Glasgow to New York in little over twenty-four hours. Yes. 'Daily to New York, Montreal, California, and New Mexico. Splendid accommodation for first-class passengers: 120 knots per hour, and no vibration.' So read the advertisement in the leading Glasgow newspapers. Why! what did it all mean? One hundred knots per hour—3000 in twenty-four hours! To New York in a day! I had certainly heard of the swallow taking an early breakfast at the uttermost part of England and picking up a late dinner on the shores of Africa, all in one day; but 120 knots an hour with an 'electric,'—it was just enough for flesh and blood to comprehend at once.

"'Well,' said a friend of mine with some experience in the marine engineering line, 'I have long thought on electricity as the great motive power of the future, provided it could be properly stored, and now you see what it has come to.'

"In fact, our coal supply—one of the sources of Britain's greatness—was getting exhausted, and electrical appliances had become an absolute necessity. The strain could no longer be borne of one huge vessel consuming 500 tons of coal in twenty-four hours, and those blessed electrics were not introduced a moment too soon.

"The learned men of France, who had long been working earnestly to solve the problem of electric economy, were beaten in the race, and a perfect system of stored electricity introduced and successfully applied to the propulsion of ships, patented by Professor Scotland Thomson, nephew of the late Sir William Thomson, of blessed memory.

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"Lots of other remarkable events had been occurring in our history, but none so marked as the introduction of the 'electrics.' The people of Scotland had very nearly lost their individuality. Old Caledonia was to be simply a name. Englishmen invaded Glasgow, Edinburgh, Dundee, and even *Ultima Thule*, and overran the country with their ideas of social life. They made slow progress at first, but came in hordes, and the invasion was irresistible. They, of course, introduced all their newfangled ideas about games and pastimes, and compelled us to submit.

"Parliament had got so mixed up and thoroughly disgusted with the question of Irish Home Rule, which cropped up every session, that in an evil mood it had threatened pour all Scotland with assimilation of the Law of Jurisprudence, but failed. King Albert the First, however, had, out of respect to the great city of Glasgow—the Second City in the Empire—created his third son Duke of Glasgow, for you must know the House of Peers was still extant, but greatly reformed and limited in power. It could only veto a law passed by the Commons once, and there was no more about the matter.

"The match, you may be sure, was the general topic of conversation all over Scotland several weeks before it came off, and on the Friday evening, when the Americans arrived and put up at the Express Hotel, Glasgow, the excitement was great. The preparations and arrangements for the struggle were on a grand scale, and good weather alone was wanting to make it a success. That evening several of the Scotch team strolled into the billiard-room of the Express Hotel to welcome the young Americans, and had a chat with them about football in general, and the spread of the rules all over the world.

"The eventful day at last dawned, and a finer April morning could not have been desired. Play was announced to begin at 3.30 p.m., and long before that time Bruce Park, Cathcart Road, was half-filled with spectators, and presented a fine sight.

"The crowd around the field was certainly the most remarkable that had ever gathered together in Glasgow. As the game was no ordinary one, they flocked from all quarters. Most of the towns in Scotland supplied their quota to swell the multitude, and as railway travelling was cheap and convenient now compared to the original football days of the Queen's Park, Clydesdale, Vale of Leven, Rangers, Dumbarton, Granville, 3rd Lanark Volunteers, Partick, Clyde, Alexandra Athletic (of which poor Duncan was hon. secy.), and a host of other clubs, a two-hundred-mile journey,

which was easily accomplished in an hour, was considered next to nothing. They were there— young men and maidens from London, Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Blackburn, Darwen, Bolton, and Sheffield—all bent on making a day of it. The road to Bruce Park, indeed, was a sight to see, despite the fact that the Cathcart Railway carried its thousands that afternoon to the south-side. There were not a few buxom country girls in the crowd, enticed thither by no great love of the game—which, of course, they did not understand—but by their sweethearts, just to let the young persons of the place see that they had lads as well as their neighbours. There was one winsome lassie among them, however, who would have done credit to Burns' incomparable 'Queen o' the Glen.'

"Emma was the only sister of a young farmer in the district. It is a mistaken notion to suppose that farmers in Scotland are by far too plodding a class to indulge themselves in anything savouring of English games and pastimes, particularly football, but this is a mistake. I know several farmers in the country who love the dribbling game dearly, and do their best to promote its interests in the way of supplying ground to not a few young clubs dotted over the country. In fact, Emma was the beauty of the whole parish, and all the young men for miles around were well aware of it. No one could deny it, and even the most unreasonable of fellows, Charley M'Gowan, the schoolmaster, and Alfred Walker, the lawyer's clerk, were forced to acknowledge it.

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"Talk about Sydney's heavenly Geraldine,' said young M'Gowan to me one afternoon on the road to practice, 'she beats her hollow.' M'Gowan, however, was a bit of a cynic, and Emma soon cast him off for Walker. He was a fine singer, and in after years, when he became a confirmed bachelor, delighted to sing songs about the inconstancy of the fair sex. He used to hum out Goethe's 'Vanatos,' and more particularly that verse with reference to the fickle fair ones, which ran

"I set my heart upon woman next—  
Hurrah!  
For her sweet sake was oft perplexed;  
But ah!  
The false one looked for a daintier lot—  
The constant one wearied me out and out—  
The best was not easily got.'

The Yankees, however, had a high opinion of our feminine beauty, and the impressions made on the gallant youths that Saturday afternoon were of the most favourable order. The Romans, in fact, were not more captivated with the beauty of the Sabeian maidens than were the young Americans with the lovely Scottish girls who gave them such a hearty reception at Bruce Park in April, 1901.

"Walt Vanderbilt, their captain, was a fine-looking young fellow, about 25 years of age. Ere this the young Americans had completely discarded whiskers, and Walt formed no exception to the rule, with his closely-shaven cheeks and well-formed moustache. Good work in the field in the way of practice had made Walt's form show complete development, and I am inclined to think that a finer specimen of a football player never toed a ball. The goalkeeper of the team, too, young Lincoln, was rather a nice-looking fellow, nearly six feet high, and well-proportioned, with eyes sparkling with humour, but he lacked the fine open countenance of his captain.

"The other members of the team were much of the ordinary type of humanity, just like our average football club men, with any amount of nerve and energy. If they felt excited at the magnitude of the work they had in hand they concealed it well, and looked as if they were merely entering the field to do a little practice. They wore the sign of the American eagle, dotted over with the emblematical stars and stripes. Our fellows had also an imposing appearance, with the lion-rampant on their jerseys, and, although looking rather douce and uncertain about the game, determination was depicted on every face.

"The names of the gentlemen who entered the field were as under:—

"*Scotland.*—F. Wallace (South-Side Swifts), goalkeeper; T. Glen (Queen's Park), D. Smollet (Vale of Leven), backs; W. M'Millan (Dumbarton), F. M'Neil (Rangers), half-backs; K. M'Geake (Pollokshields Athletic), P. Livingstone (Kilmarnock), K. Watt (Edinburgh Rovers), T. Stewart (Volunteer A.C.), T. D. Coats (Paisley Combination), and G. F. Turnbull (Clyde), forwards.

"*America.*—W. R. C. Lincoln (New York Caledonian), goalkeeper; V. H. Grant (Texas Rovers), W. C. Vanderbilt (Hamilton State Swifts), backs; J. H. Armstrong (Chicago Association), D. Steel (Nebraska Electric), half-backs; D. C. Bramey (Victoria Boys), R. S. Chandler (Utah Gentiles), P. Whitehouse (Newhaven), J. S. Bryan (Alaska Pilgrims), W. D. Bangle (San Francisco Racers), and T. Lawrence (Washington House), forwards.

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"*Umpires.*—J. W. Marindin (South Australia), and D. Y. Jones (Canadian Association). *Referee.*—W. H. Littleton (English Association).

"Before the game began, the Yankees offered to bet level money, and some of their red-hot plungers even went the length of two to one on their chances; but they were promptly told that the days of betting and wagering at football matches, cricket, horse-racing, and all genuine sport, were now numbered with the past in the United Kingdom.

"Gentlemen, in fact, who loved and enjoyed sport for its own sake, and for that part of it, ladies too, had voted betting 'low and unmanly,' and even degrading, and as Parliament had been

repeatedly petitioned on the subject, a bill was almost unanimously passed in the dying year of the nineteenth century abolishing betting.

"The Loyal Irish Party (late Home Rulers), and the Rado-Toro Democratic Party (led by Lord Randy Chapel-Mountain), whose hair was beginning to get silvery-grey, and his long moustache to match, did not even oppose the bill, and it passed. Never did a legislative enactment work such improvement among the masses as this bill. It completely banished all needy souls and black-legs from the arena of honest sport, and left the field to those who came out of an afternoon and evening to enjoy themselves in an honest way.

"The coarse language, too, of which our forefathers justly complained twenty years ago, had almost disappeared, whether through the effects of the School Board, I would not like to say, but one could now take sweetheart or wife to enjoy themselves, provided always, of course, the weather was at all suitable.

"As for professional football players, no such thing had been heard of for years. They certainly died hard, but eventually no club would have anything to do with them.

"What is that?' 'Oh, it's the bell to begin.'

"Well, the game did begin in earnest, immediately after a fair lady had thrown out the leather ball from the Grand Stand at the right-hand side of the field. There was no tossing for choice of ends, for a new rule had been just added to the revised code enacting in a most chivalrous way that strangers or visitors be allowed to select the side of the ground they preferred to play on for the first half-hour—for you must know, my readers, the term now allowed for the game was one hour, and that when the ball was kicked into touch, there was no throwing back into play with the hands, but it was kicked from the touch-line straight out before play was again resumed.

"For some time the forwards kept the leather close to themselves, and the Yankees on the left wing, by a fine piece of manœuvring, were successful in getting it away, amid tremendous cheering. Chandler, who was one of the fastest sprinters in the world, and had beaten the record in San Francisco in the fall of last year, got through his men in brilliant form, and came down on the goalkeeper like 'winkum.' Just as he was poising himself, however, for a final shot, M'Neil deliberately crossed the field from the opposite side, and after dodging about the young American, rushed in and took the leather away, and keeping it between his feet for a couple of seconds, kicked it clear of the Scotch goal. A good deal of heading afterwards occurred near the home goal—the ball getting close on the lines several times, and even passing them. Many considered before the game began that the Americans would never have a 'look in' at all, and great was their dismay when they actually beheld their champions hotly pressed on their own ground, and look like losing the day. With a brilliant charge the Yankee forwards crowded round the Scotch sticks like a hive of bees on a June morning, and a straight shot from the foot of D. Steel, who rushed in from his place at half-back, caused the ball to glide past the Scotch goalkeeper like a rocket.

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"This was the signal for tremendous excitement. Crowds of partisans and friends who had come over with the strangers, and many enthusiastic lovers of the game and fair play, raised a loud cheer, again and again renewed, at this piece of grand play on the part of the Yankees. The intensely interested Scotchmen, however, while they certainly admired the pluck and fine play of the visitors, and cheered in a mild kind of a way, even though an enemy wrung it from them, kept very quiet, and not a few white faces might have been seen about the wire fence which kept spectators and players apart on Bruce Park on that memorable day. They, however, kept their own counsel, and quaintly said to the Yankees who chaffed them on the point, that howling was a very good thing in a way, but it should not be indulged in till people were out of the wood.

"The teams then faced each other in midfield, and the ball had no sooner left the Scotch captain's foot than it was taken away, and dribbled down the centre by Bryan, Whitehouse, and Lawrence, and when half-time was called the latter was just finishing a good shy, which sent the ball over the bar. According to the new rules a quarter of an hour was allowed as an interval, and during that time speculation ran high as to what was destined to be the final issue.

"To indulge for a moment at the idea of the Americans beating the Scotch on their own ground in the great International was a sore point for the bulk of the spectators with Scotch faces, but they said very little. They had a secret hope that their champions would eventually pull off the game, even though they had a goal to make up, and only half-an-hour to do it. They had, it was remembered with pride and satisfaction, pulled through many a doubtful match before, and Scotchmen, it was well known, were not easily beaten.

"The young lady again threw up the ball, and Tam Glen, getting a good hold of it at his left foot, made one of the finest fly-kicks ever seen in a match, and the forwards on the Scotch side following well up, completely puzzled the Yankee backs and half-backs by their brilliant passing. Before you could say Jack Robinson, M'Geake shied for the American goal, and the ball knocked off the cap of the goalkeeper, and, hitting the bar, bounded back into the field of play. A hard and exciting scrimmage followed, and amid breathless excitement the Yankees cleared their goal. Five minutes of very even play followed, and then the Scotchmen set their teeth and made a desperate effort for victory.

"Only ten minutes of the game now remained to the good, and there was, you may be sure, no time to lose. One goal behind, and at the great International, too! It would never do to allow America to whip creation, even at football! One final effort; no, two final efforts, and it was done.

"The Scotch captain was seen to whisper something to his team, and in a few minutes the grandest run which was probably ever witnessed since football became a scientific sport in the world, was started, and, before the American backs, half-backs, and goalkeeper could realise their position, the Scotchmen bore down on the visitors' goal, and literally dribbled the ball clean through. This was, you may be sure, the signal for an outburst of cheering, which must have been heard over the half of the big city of Glasgow, which now contained over a million of inhabitants.

"The game, however, was not yet won—it was only a tie—and when the representatives of Brother Jonathan again started the ball only four minutes remained, but it proved a bad four minutes for the representatives of the stars and stripes. Another run, backed up by a shooter from the left foot of Turnbull, settled the great International for that year at anyrate. Those who had hitherto viewed the game in moody silence began to come out of their shells (talking piscatorially) and join in the universal huzzah.

"The Yanks were now fairly cowed, and when another grand piece of play by Stewart, backed up at the proper moment by Watt, put a third goal to the credit of the Scotchmen, the visitors, in the most gentlemanly way, heartily joined in the cheering for the victors. When the referee's whistle was sounded, the Scotchmen were declared the winners of a hard-fought field by 3 goals to 1. The crowd completely besieged the pavilion at Bruce Park at the close, and cheered lustily as the Scotch champions made their way up the steps. Nor were the vanquished Americans forgotten. They came in for a round of hearty cheers for their pluck.

"There was a dinner given to the distinguished strangers in the evening, and the usual complimentary toasts proposed and duly acknowledged; but, as I was not present, I am unable to say who spoke best and gave the most enjoyable song.

"At anyrate, a happy evening was passed, and, after spending a day in Glasgow, the Yankees sailed on the following Monday morning for New York, where they duly arrived without any mishap, after the fastest passage on record, having covered the distance from Greenock to Sandy Hook in twenty-three hours fifty-nine and three-quarter minutes."

Such is "NED DUNCAN'S DREAM; OR, THE GREAT INTERNATIONAL."

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## ***VIII.—THE PATRONS, SPECTATORS, AND POPULAR PLAYERS.***

They are to be found in all ranks and conditions of life, from the lord of the manor down to the apprentice-artizan and newly-fledged young man from shop and warehouse. Like love, football, for the time, at least, levels all distinction; and albeit I know, for that of it, many a well-matched pair, who have met for the first time on the grand stand at Hampden Park, looking back with feelings of intense pleasure to the time when their "infant love began." Were it not, in fact, that Caledonia is at times so "stern and wild," and that football and frost can never flourish together, the game would be far more extensively patronised by the fair sex. At a cup tie or an International match, it is quite a common thing to see the Convener of an adjacent county,<sup>[A]</sup> the city magnate, the suburban magistrate, the Free Kirk minister, and the handsome matronly lady, standing side by side with the horny-handed mechanic, the office-boy, the overgrown schoolboy, and the Buchanan Street "swell." They all watch the game and surroundings in their own particular way. I once heard a quaint, but nevertheless true, idea of how some of the more familiar visitors give way to a certain failing, which in itself can scarcely be called such, but is not unfrequently looked upon with amazement by the stranger. The Scotchman, it is said somewhere, is not so much respected for the manner in which he goes about a thing as the way in which he does it, and the remark, when applied to this particular case, will be all the more potent. Here it is:—"Where are you going to howl to-morrow (the query is put on Friday), Jack?" "Oh! the Queen's and Vale, of course; they will have a close thing of it, and there will be rare fun," says Jack. "Old Anderson was very indignant last Saturday, and declares that he will never stand near me again at any such matches. He was quite ashamed of my howling, and positively charges me with digging my thumbs into his ribs, and nearly strangling his youngest son at every scrimmage near each goal." "It serves you right, Tom. I was always afraid something of that kind would happen; you shouldn't be so demonstrative." Tom was silent. He was as jealous of his own propriety and good behaviour as anybody could be, but being of a most excitable nature, he did things in the heat of a tussle for which he was afterwards very sorry, and many ignored the fact that he was an old Rangers man, who scored the first goal for that then young club in a close and exciting game with the once powerful Clydesdale. As the Association rules are very easily learned in theory, the great bulk of the spectators show an acquaintance with them which is pleasing to see, and when an assumed infringement takes place, it is generally heralded from some part of the field by a partisan of the contending elevens. The only apparently unintelligible point to them is the "off-side" rule, and I have seen a goal kicked in this way hailed with deafening cheers and waving of hats and handkerchiefs. These manifestations, however, were turned into low growling when the leather was sent away by a free kick. The ladies, too, talk about "free kicks," "corner-kicks," "heading," "hands," "beautiful passing and dribbling," as if to the manner born. I cannot, however, dismiss the subject of spectators without referring to the use and abuse of a free and unrestrained vent to pent-up feelings. There is the low, vulgar fellow, whose collarless neck and general coarseness of exterior and language indicates that he possesses all the vices but none of

the virtues of the "honest working man." Work he will not, except he is compelled, and although to "beg he is ashamed," he would be the first to do a mean action if he had the opportunity. It is he who, by his foul tongue and very breath, contaminates the atmosphere he breathes, and brings some of the matches into disrepute. Unfortunately he has paid his money at the gate (sometimes he gets over the fence), and you can't turn him out; but he makes hundreds miserable. He is, in fact, one of the "unimproving and irresponsible," and moral suasion has no power over his hard and stony heart. Sometimes in an evil moment his vulgar remark is challenged by one of the players on the contending sides, and this gives him an air of importance. There is nothing, however, which shows a want of gentlemanly bearing in a team more clearly than paying the least attention to exclamations from excited spectators. They should treat them with silent indifference, and if needs be, contempt, and play away as if there were nobody present at all. It is sometimes, nevertheless, very hard for country clubs to come to Glasgow and play for the city charities, and get howled at by this class of spectators at certain stages of the game. The great bulk of those around, however, are indignant at such conduct, and regret it all the more on account of being utterly unable to prevent it. There is another spectator, too, who not unfrequently forgets himself, and he is to be found on what might be termed the "touch-line" of society. He is the fast young man, who considers you a perfect nonentity if you don't bet. I don't mean betting on football pure and simple, for he only lays a few "bobs" on it, but on the latest quotations for the Derby, the St. Leger, the Waterloo Cup, or the University boat race. His "screw" is not very big at the best, but he can always lay "half a sov." on the event, whether his landlady's bill is paid or not, and touching that little account of Mr. Strides, the tailor, why, he'll pay it when he "makes a pile." He thinks too much of himself ever to get married, and the young ladies of his acquaintance may indulge in a sigh of relief at escaping from the toils of such a consummate fool. When he has something "on" a match, and sees that it is lost, he not unfrequently opens out, and is not over choice in his language. The game, however, goes on, and is greatly enjoyed by the general spectator, despite such drawbacks, and if you happen to go to the same locality on a similar occasion, you are all but sure to see old and familiar faces crowding round the stand and area.

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[A] The late lamented Mr. A. B. Stewart, Convener of the County of Bute, was an enthusiastic admirer of the game, and many will miss his handsome firm and kindly remark when future matches are played on the leading grounds in Scotland.

The modern Association football player is a man of some ability. As a rule he is temperate in his habits, with a good appetite, and sound in limb. Long before he knew what football was, he was blessed with a large share of health. When a boy at school he used to be remarkable for punctuality, but occasionally got into trouble from neglected lessons, in consequence of a weakness for indulging in out-door sports. He loved the rude style of football, then played, dearly (he knew of nothing better), although goal-posts, touch-lines, corner-flags, and other modern appliances were totally unknown. As for "hacking," it was endured by all and sundry with the air of martyrs. Why, if you had not nerve enough to "give and take" in that line, your chance of getting near the "goal score" was remote indeed, and you were looked upon as a coward and the verriest noodle. He, of course, grows older, and by and by joins an average club, and gets on very well. The crack football players, however, have many maturities. They generally come slowly, but surely, and leave behind them powerful impressions. They are like the occasional planets, not the stars which are seen every evening if you care to look towards the "milky way." They are mostly fine-looking fellows, with pleasant countenances and grandly-moulded limbs. They have just passed a severe course of probation in the football field, without even an outward trace of anxiety. The vagaries of the game admit of no distinction of class. The crack player is, in fine, found among all classes—in the gentleman's son, in the clerk at the desk, and the lad in the workshop. There may be different ways of working out the latent ability, but sooner or later it begins to show itself. Some thought it was scarcely fair in the Duke of Wellington to say that "Waterloo was won at Eton." There is not the least possibility of doubt such a remark might be misunderstood, and many feel inclined to charge the "Iron Duke" with ignoring the services rendered by the non-commissioned officers and men of the British army, for everybody knows that none but the sons of the opulent class can ever gain admittance to Eton. It looked, in fact, very like the credit being given to the officers for winning that great battle. Wellington, however, had his eye on the football and cricket grounds when he spoke these words, and no doubt intended to convey the idea that these games went a long way in bracing up the nerve which served so well on the battle-field. Close adhesion to the practice of any game really and sincerely creates fresh possibilities of that perfection and discipline. And why should this not be so in football, particularly as it is a game regulated by sharply-defined maxims? Everyone can't be the captain of an eleven; and as for Wellington's remarks, the most humble member of the team may show the greatest ability. You may belong to the most "swellish" of clubs, and have a fair reputation, but you are not chosen to play in the International. Your father may be the "Great Mogul" himself, but that has no effect. The coveted place can only be attained by merit, and this is one of the most successful and meritorious traits in Scotch Association Football. You don't, as a rule, even get a place now by reputation, and so much the better. When clubs were few and good players fewer, you were not unfrequently favoured with one, whether you deserved it or not, but now the matter is different, and justly so, since we cannot go into a single town or village in Scotland without seeing the practice ground and goal-posts of the now omnipresent football club.

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I am getting old and stiff now, at least in a football sense, but have seen and played in, perhaps, more big matches in my time than many will be inclined to give me credit for now. Somehow or other the modern player does not seem to go into the game for the pleasure it affords nearly so heartily as his representative of yore, but it may be that the Compulsory Clause in the Education Act has made him more refined, or, if you like it, a good deal more cunning in hiding his animal spirits and exuberance of innocent fun. Be that as it may, the Association Football of to-day does not really possess the same charm to me as it did ten years ago.

I was once a very fair player, but never considered sufficiently brilliant to get my name handed down to posterity as the crack half-back of the "Invincible Club" of bygone days, or proclaimed aloud in the secret recesses of the great "houf" where football players now retire to spend a social hour after finding themselves the victors of a hard-fought field. I must admit, however, that I did some clever things which the newspapers of that era ought to have at least given me a "puff" for, but they didn't; in fact, I never, like Byron (Lord Byron, I mean), awoke one morning to find myself famous, because my football was that of days long ago, in an obscure (to football, at least) country town; and, besides, the game then was conducted in rather a rude and undignified fashion. Talk about rules, we had those which might, for all I know, have been framed by the "Chief Souter of Selkirk" himself to suit the peculiar mode of playing on the streets at Shrovetide (a practice still in vogue near that Border land). Our captain knew nothing of such new-fangled devices as the Rugby code, and far less of the Football Association. Ours, in brief, was a sort of combination of both styles of play. To win a "hail," as it was termed, the opposing side, with shoving, hacking, and other descriptions of horse-play, had only to pass the ball over the line, and it was won. Touch-lines, corner-flags, twenty-five flags, and even upright posts, and the usual concomitants of the scientific game of to-day, were unknown. This leads me, then, to the point of tracing the rise and progress of the game in Scotland during the past dozen years, leaving its antiquity and origin, about which there are mere surmises, an "open question." That it was played, however, in Edinburgh and Glasgow at least twenty years ago, under rules somewhat similar to those now adhered to by the followers of the Rugby Union I can well remember, and this was the only kind of football known by the young athletes of that time. Over a dozen years ago many were the exciting contests engaged in by not a few of the clubs still in existence.

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The oval ball, with its historical associations, has a charm for them. They then talked about the Association style of play with something akin to contempt. "What," they might have been heard to say, "is the fun of looking at people 'bobbing' a ball about with their heads, and the half of a team doing nothing, while a couple or so of the players are engaged at a time? Give us the closely-packed maul, the exciting individual run, with the ball under the arm, the gallant struggle to ground it over the opposing line, and, above all, the beautifully dropped goal." "But nobody goes to see your matches now," remarks a newly-fledged convert to the Association style of play, who has come to see the "Inter-City," "they got disgusted with your never-ending mauls and shoving matches, preferring to witness scientific manipulation of the ball in dribbling, and passing with the feet." "Pshaw! do you imagine we care a straw for gate-money? We play the game for the love of it, and the genuine exercise it affords," retorts the old Rugby adherent, "and respect it all the more on that account." "Oh! it is all very well to tell one that, but don't your leading clubs still charge for admission to their matches?" "Yes; but this is more in the way of keeping out the roughs from the field than for gain." Such conversation I have overheard myself, and none of the sides made much by it.

Well can I remember the birth of Association Football in Scotland, and look back to the time when there was not as many clubs as I could count on the fingers of one hand. In 1870, a semi-International contest, under Association rules, was played in London between Scotch men living in England and an English Eleven, and continued till 1872, when, on November 30th, the first real International match between England and Scotland took place in Glasgow. In that same year, early in the season, the celebrated Queen's Park Club (to whom Scotland owes the introduction of the game), entered the lists for the English Challenge Cup, and were drawn against the London Wanderers. It was at that point that the matches which had hitherto been played in London between London Scotchmen and Englishmen were given up in favour of an annual match between Scotland and England, to be played alternately in London and Glasgow, and, if possible, so to arrange the contest that the Association match might be played in England the same season that the Rugby match would be played in Scotland, and *vice versa*. It might be as well here to say that the celebrated Scotch club and the Wanderers, then in the zenith of their fame, played a drawn game with no goals on either side, but finding it too difficult a job to meet the Englishmen again, they scratched. Since then, however, the Rugby and Association Internationals take place regularly as each season comes round, in Scotland and England alternately. It is a curious fact, and one worthy of record, that the Scottish Rugby Football Union and the Scottish Football Association were both constituted in the same year—viz., 1873. The Union was formed after the International Rugby match at Glasgow, Dr. J. Chiene, of Edinburgh, being in the chair on the occasion. The Scottish Football Association was formed under the presidency of Mr. Robert Gardner, the once famous goalkeeper.

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The annual competition for the Association Cup, when the clubs who entered for it the first year only numbered 16, were proceeded with in a much more gentlemanly way than is the case now, but the reason is obvious. Hitherto young and inexperienced clubs never dreamt of entering against opponents with whom they knew they had no chance, and, consequently, the competitions were left to be fought out among the cream of exponents of the dribbling game. As each year came round, however, and young clubs began to multiply exceedingly, many of them considered they should have a shy at the "Cup," and as the entry-money for membership to the

Association was only a nominal sum, they competed, and were never heard of after the first tie. No one who has watched the progress of Association Football in Scotland can for a moment deny the fact that the Challenge Cup has been the chief factor in assuring its popularity and rapid development all over the Western District of Scotland, and when its original promoters inaugurated the competition, it was done with the honest conviction of spreading a knowledge of the Association rules, together with generating a spirit of friendly rivalry amongst clubs.

That it has been eminently successful in the former respect is admitted, but I can't say the same thing so far as "friendly rivalry" is concerned, and one has only to remember the manner in which some of the ties are conducted to point out that the term "questionable conduct" would be more appropriate. When I hear of men and lads deliberately kicking one another, and charging wildly when the ball is about ten yards away in front, I begin to consider that the time has positively arrived when the Scottish Football Association, if it wishes to retain its hold, should interfere, and make a selection of clubs to compete for the "blue ribbon" of Association glory. Quadruple the subscriptions to the Association if necessary, and, above all, revise the bye-laws in such a way that what is known as a "rough game" would be impossible. It is but fair, however, to the Scottish Football Association to state that they have long been alive to the fact, and have since taken the matter up while deciding protests.

The Association Rules, however, are immensely popular with the people, and in some of the big matches it is quite a common thing to see 10,000 or 15,000 spectators. I have heard of such people as those who actually hate cricket and football, and make it a constant aim to prevent those over whom they have some influence from engaging in the manly sport. They occasionally flit across one's path like an evil spirit, and disappear as rapidly, but leave behind a chilling effect on the imagination, far more intense than the terrible nightmare after a disastrous defeat. They cannot see the fun of spending valuable time in such a way. If you follow one of those gentle "cads," however, at the close of an evening, he may be seen, cue in hand, earnestly engaged at the billiard table. He is not in a happy mood, for he is one of the losing side, and there is a wild look about his eyes. He sometimes gets home rather early in the morning, and is not particularly careful of his choice of companions at times. They are childish amusements, these games at cricket and football, "and none but silly people," he continues, "would ever think of engaging in, or even encouraging, them any way."

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And another thing. There is a sort of prejudice to football, and, in fact, to a lot of healthful outdoor exercises, in Scotland, among the older people, who can scarcely endure the thought of spending time under any circumstances; and parents are often the cause of degenerating a kind of deception more common than one would believe—viz., playing under assumed names. Surely it is much better for the young men to spend a spare afternoon on the football field, enjoying the fresh air, than being, perhaps, engaged in questionable "time-smashing," in the way of playing cards, draughts, or drinking. On asking a well-known dribbler the other day how it came about that he played under a *nomme de guerre*, "Was he afraid to let his real name be known?" The answer was conclusive. The governor was sometimes inexorable, and treated him to a lecture on filial obedience and the inevitable consequences of neglecting business. He positively debarred him from playing again, but Tom was not to be done. Taking advantage of the old fellow's absence from home, he yielded to the solicitations of his captain, and played under an assumed name, dribbling and passing in such beautiful form that thousands of spectators applauded his efforts, and his side won in a canter. As the non-indulgent parent did not observe Tom's name in the papers, his little deception was never found out, and he continued doing duty for his club in this way for a couple of seasons. And of the yet fine player who thinks he will retire as each season comes round, something must also be said. His eye has not yet lost the gleam of honest rivalry, and he snorts like the war-horse as each season comes round to be in the thick of the fight. He retired, it may be, last season, for good, as he thought, but the fascinations of the goal-posts and flying corner-flags was too much for him as a spectator at the first big game, and he yielded for another year, but it will be his last, for Maud, his beloved and beautiful Maud, will claim him as her own before June. "We have been long engaged," he is heard to say to an old club companion, "but this blessed football, of which I am very fond, has been the cause of putting off the marriage."

I once knew a fine young fellow, a crack half-back, who was so anxious to play in an "International," that he positively swore he would never get married till he was one of the chosen team. He kept his word. He played twice for his country, got married, and, as the "unexpected does not always happen," is now the father of what may some day prove a race of stalwart football players. His handsome, though now slightly-bent form, is still often seen when a great event is being decided, accompanied by his wife and children, and woe betide the captain of his former club if he allows it to be beaten. "Well played; keep him off the ball, can't you!" he is heard to exclaim, till he is red in the face, and he goes home to dinner with something like an appetite.

None but those who have positively come through all the grades of football probation really know what amount of labour, to say nothing of self-denial, is needed to make a crack back, half-back, or skilful forward. Sometimes one has to be contented with a place in the Second Eleven for years, before some incident, it may be, brings him to the front, and reveals true merit. In football, of course, as in other things, I have found that the best men were not always in their best places, and when this was the case, what is known as favouritism came in bold relief, but in the end the club in which such stupidity was rampant suffered very severely. It did all very well when the club were engaged in ordinary contests with weaker opponents, but it came out in some of the

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big events, in which the guilty club predominated in the selection of men to represent a city, a university, and even a country. Fortunately, however, I can honestly say that during the last few years there has been little of this practised, and Scotch football under both rules is all the better in consequence.

While every enlightened mind is willing to go a long way in advocating equality, the line must be drawn somewhere, and I am inclined to think at that stage where gentlemanly feeling and courtesy are absent. A very obscure individual may, by his conduct on the field, show that he at least can be a gentleman. In all such manly sports social distinction ought to be sunk, and that great and noble equality—that equality and love of honest worth which is so dear to the Scotch (and let me also say English heart) be ever remembered, when team meets team on the football field. We are shown noble examples of how in days gone by, peer mingled with peasant on the cricket field, strove with each other on the curling pond, and why should not such things exist in football? Let me hope that as each succeeding season comes round the noble winter game will in proportion show greater improvement, both in club and individual integrity, as well as higher scale of moral worth.

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## ***X.—THE DUEL NEAR THE FOOTBALL FIELD, AND THE CAUSE OF IT.***

"And you tell me, Frank, that the old ground is at last cut up to form a railway embankment?" said Bob Smith to Frank Green (whose sister, by the way, had got married to Pate Brown last season), as they met one evening at Crosshill.

"They will be long in finding a ground like Hampden Park, I'm thinking," replied Green, with the recollections of pleasant games and glorious victories for the Black-and-Whites, to say nothing of numerous gains to Scotland in matches with England and Wales.

Since this meeting of Bob and Frank, however, the said Black-and-Whites have got pretty far forward with a new ground quite close to Hampden Park, and it is now being levelled up and put into condition. The railway embankment referred to is part of the Cathcart Railway, which will assist very considerably in opening up rapid communication between Glasgow and the whole of the suburban burghs lying south.

While referring to the Southern Suburbs, which, it may be mentioned, are closely associated with the rise and progress of Association Football, I cannot refrain from alluding to several genial souls who have helped to make them what they are. None, however, is entitled to claim more consideration and credit than Provost Goodfellow, of Suburbopolis, whose official life, so to speak, has been spent in the cause of suburban organisation, accompanied, of course, with a due regard for Association Football.

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You must know, my brave Scotch readers, and those hailing from South of the Tweed, that the Provost of a Scotch burgh or town occupies the exact position of the English Mayor. He is the head of the municipality, and is, in fact, a kind of ruler of all he surveys, but about his "right to dispute," particularly when the November election comes on, why that is purely a matter of opinion.

Well, the ruler of Suburbopolis was not a despotic man. He was certainly a little pedantic, and who, I should like to know, would not be inclined to lean that way if they had taken part in a great annexation fight with the chiefs of the big bouncing city of Glasgow, and beaten them too?

Some years ago, it may be briefly explained, the Glasgow authorities devised a scheme, whereby all the suburban burghs were to be taken under the wing of Glasgow and lose their entire independence, and Suburbopolis, being close on the touch-line, was to be attacked first. Glasgow, in fact, was to act as the veritable annaconda, and swallow it up, but she didn't.

Scotch Radicals, talking politically, had not hitherto much faith in what they considered an effete hereditary legislature, such as the House of Lords, but if there was one thing more than another calculated to bring about a Conservative reaction among the Glasgow suburban authorities, it was the attention paid to their vested interests by the Peers.

The Commons had spurned their entreaties to maintain independence with scorn, and even relegated them to Bumbledom, but their lordships, to whom the case was appealed, literally strangled the said annaconda before she began to devour, and Suburbopolis, along with other five thriving burghs, were saved from municipal death, and still retain their Provosts. Provost Goodfellow was a most genial soul, and particularly fond of Association Football.

He could talk about dribbling, passing, and backing-up, as if to the manner born. The only thing, in fact, which he did not fully understand was the "off-side rule," and many of greater pretensions were as far at sea regarding that said rule as the worthy Provost. He was the life and soul of Charity Cup Ties, and never failed to turn out to patronise them. Even the charming young ladies of the family (for you must know his honour had three handsome daughters) knew a good deal about the rules, and had several excited discussions with their brother Archie (who was a member of the Camphill), and Bob Lambert (of the Black-and-Whites), as to the respective merits of sundry clubs.

These young ladies, too, had a long string of admirers, and no family acquaintance was more eagerly sought after than that of the Goodfellows. Suburbopolis, however, was by no means devoid of a galaxy of feminine beauty and well-developed male forms, who might have been seen of an evening leaving the handsome villas and terraces around the Park (for which the inhabitants were not taxed).

There were, of course, the families of Colonel Black (an old warrior, who had been through the Crimea and Indian Mutiny), the Redpath girls, whose mother was a widow, the Snodgrass young ladies (three in number), the Misses Bland, residing at Jessimine Lodge, and, of course, many more lesser luminaries. The Colonel's daughters, or "Golden Slippers," as one of them was called by several members of the Camphill, who had caught her in the act of watching a practice game on the eve of a big Cup Tie, wearing a pair of fur-lined slippers, and had her heart set on the Camphill beating the Black-and-Whites, was, indeed, the most handsome girl in the burgh.

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I would not dare to attempt a pen-and-ink sketch. It would fail in its effect. It's all very good for you fellows who have no soul for feminine loveliness to talk about girls, like babies, being all pretty much alike, but you are wrong—entirely wrong. Jenny was, in fine, a "bonnie, bonnie lass," and scores of young fellows, I know, would have gone considerably out of their way to have received "ae blink o' her bonnie black e'e." Emma, although scarcely so tall, was very like her sister, only shorter in the temper.

After sundry matches at the field, Jack Black used to take a few of his companions up to the Hillhouse, and the young ladies received them graciously—congratulating them when they won their matches, and "chaffing" them unmercifully when they lost.

There were at least three suitors for the hand of Jenny, but one of them resided in London, and the other at Skyview Villa, a couple of hundred yards from Hillhouse. It can be easily imagined that the local man had the advantage in the courtship, being, as the special correspondent always prides himself in adding to his communications, "on the spot."

Bob Lambert was, to be sure, a welcome visitor at Jenny's residence, and a fast companion of her brother Jack, and what was more, Bob was quite a favourite with the old Colonel, who admired his fine appearance in the football field, and the brilliant manner in which he could "back-up" when that was needed to win a game. Bob, I must confess, was really a nice-looking fellow, with black curly hair, and a good broad chest. His features were well formed, and he possessed penetrating dark grey eyes. There was one thing, however, which told against Bob in many ways, and that was his hasty temper. He could brook no rival in his position as the best forward in the Black-and-Whites, and a word or two from the captain at a practice game was sure to upset him. He sometimes, in fact, took the pet altogether.

Once, when playing a Cup Tie with the Athletic Park, he met his match in Charlie Walker (another of Jenny's sweethearts), who played at half-back, and the work done all through that eventful match was seen between the pair. Talk about coming in contact with "mother earth," why that was positively child's play when the two met.

Walker was also a powerful fellow, and it was a case of Greek meeting Greek. "Bumping at Oxford," to use an aquatic term, why it was nothing! At one time Bob was seen tossed up in the air as if from the horns of an infuriated bull, and at another Charlie was observed lying on the field at Bob's feet. What did they care about the ball being fifty yards off? Not a straw, so long as they tackled and kept each other away from it. "That's not football," says one, "it is horse play." "Never mind about football in a Cup Tie," says another, "let the heaviest team win; go into the fellow." "Oh! gentlemen, gentlemen, fie, fie, Association Football is an amateur game, and as long as I play it," said the captain, "there shall be no cruelty done on either side."

Little did the spectators know the real cause of the inordinate tackling done by Bob and Charlie, but the secret soon came out. The pair had previously been rivals for the hand of Jenny Black, and Bob was looked upon as the winner. At least Charlie had not been seen at the Black's Villa for two or three months, and before this he always made it his house of call. But what about Harry Carts, Jenny's English sweetheart? Why, I had almost forgotten him.

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A team of Cantabs had played the Black-and-Whites just a year previously, and Harry was one of them. He had been invited to spend an evening at the Colonel's house, and had fallen desperately in love with the bonnie Scotch lassie. Bob was also specially invited and was present that evening, and although trying to be as affable as possible to the friendly stranger and opponent, could barely hide his jealousy when the gallant English forward kissed the lovely girl's ruby lips in a game at forfeits.

Bob said nothing about it to Jenny, but Emma, the youngest sister, whispered to her brother Jack that Bob's eyes had a wild look that evening. The matter, however, was soon forgotten, as Harry Carts left Glasgow the next evening for London, after his gallant team had played a drawn game with the Scotch Black-and-Whites—the first one ending in that way, be it observed, that had ever been played between them and an English team on Scottish ground in the memory of the proverbial "oldest inhabitant."

Harry Carts, to give him his due, was one of the best Association football players ever England produced. When Mr. C. W. Alcock and a few choice spirits in London, it is true, first opened the eyes of many football players to the value of the Association rules, and inaugurated the Football Association in 1863, Harry was a mere child. Appearing at college, however, he soon showed a liking for the dribbling game, and never lost a moment in doing his best to acquire everything he

was likely to know about it.

Just the season before our story opens, he had been chosen from an imposing array of names sent in by his club, and also the branch Associations, for an honourable place in the "Great International." His superiority, in fact, put his place beyond doubt, and he stood to represent his country first, and club afterwards, in a tussle which proved disastrous to England; but it was admitted by all who witnessed the match that Harry was one of the best men on the Field, and, in company with his half-back, showed the best form and pluck—the victorious Scotchmen notwithstanding. How the pair above mentioned tackled and passed up, to say nothing of backing and nursing the ball, I know full well, for I saw the game. Harry and his companion, in fact, were again and again cheered for their magnificent dribbling, and when the eventful game was over Harry was carried shoulder-high, in real Scotch form, to the Black-and-White's pavilion.

The incident did not escape Jenny and her sister, who were standing on the gravelled walk in front of the pavilion. Jenny was sympathetic when she saw the handsome young Englishman cheered by the excited crowd, and when the excitement culminated into carrying him shoulder-high to the pavilion, a brilliant flash from her eye told the tale of regard. The young lady, despite assertions to the contrary, must have at least admired the young Englishman; and among the blithe and gentle faces who swept their cambric handkerchiefs over their heads, none were more demonstrative than the Black girls. They saw, with something akin to pride, Harry let gently down at the pavilion door, followed by their brother Jack, Jim Wallace, and Bill M'Clelland, all of whom had done great work in the big match.

Harry did not lose sight of the handsome face which had haunted him all the previous summer, notwithstanding his flirtation with the Italian girls in Venice. Venice, beautiful Venice! It was in thy classic city, close to the scene of the great Italian poet's labours and triumphs, that poor Jack Vincent (who used to play left wing in the Swifts) was found crowned, after attending a ball. Poor Jack, I think even now I can see his handsome, but withal, comical face, when he used to dodge sundry half-backs while playing for his club. Poor fellow! grave hints were held out at the time that he had met with foul play, but nothing more was ever heard about the matter, and Jack's friends never got any satisfaction. {90}

I am, however, going off the line with my brief story. Carts, in fact, felt Jenny's face haunting him wherever he went, and on the earliest opportunity came back to Scotland, asked the dear little girl to be his wife, got the crusty old Colonel's consent, and the pair were all but apparently engaged to be married at an early date. Harry was splendid company either on the field, at the Black-and-White's room in Battlefield Hotel, or at the villa. He could sing a good song, tell a good story, and crack a wild joke. Harry used to sing a new song about football, the chorus of which jingled out:

"In measured blow, the dancing feet,  
Now moving slow, now galloping fleet;  
With a leap and a curl,  
With a sweep and a twirl."

He declared that the song was original, but Archie, who was a bit of a book-worm, and never neglected taking in the "Monthlies," expressed grave misgivings about having seen something like it applied to a skater in "Scribner's Magazine."

Bob Lambert and Charlie Walker, the other two young fellows who were looked upon as Jenny's admirers, were terribly shaken in heart and spirit when they heard of her flirtation with the handsome young Englishman; but such a thing as an engagement between them was never for a moment entertained. Bob was too much a man of the world to suppose that Jenny would ever give him up for another; and poor, soft-headed Charlie, why, he was sure the Colonel's favourite daughter loved him still.

Matters went on in this way for some time. The football season was now about closed, as the month of May was at hand, and all the big matches had been lost and won, including the Challenge Cup Tie, which Dumbarton had carried off. For several evenings Bob and Charlie had not come across one another (although Charlie was also a member of the Black-and-Whites, as well as the Athletic Park). Bob had blamed Charlie for telling some stories about a fine young girl whom the former had promised to make his wife a year previously. The poor girl, it was hinted, had been jilted to such an extent by Bob, that she had broken her heart, and pined away and died.

One evening the pair met at the entrance to the pavilion on Hampden Park, where a lot of the players were lounging about smoking, after having done with their sides. Most of the club fellows knew that Lambert and Walker had not spoken to each other for a long time, even to the extent of exchanging the usual salutations about the weather. They were, therefore, much astonished to see them in earnest conversation. Menacing looks were exchanged, and something like curses—not deep, perhaps, but loud—were heard from the rivals' lips.

The fact was, the men had arranged to settle their "little difference" with swords. What do you think of that, my nineteenth century intelligent reader, with all your boasted approach to civilisation and sacred respect for life? Why, a cold-blooded duel with swords, and in the French fashion, too! Both hot-headed youths knew comparatively little about the handling of the chosen weapons, nothing more, indeed, than what they received while training in the Volunteers; but it was a "point of honour," and they would do their best. {91}

Several of the Black-and-Whites, who had heard about the proposed "meeting," had a secret consultation with Ned M'Gill and Davie Merricks, who, it was whispered, had taken the friendly job of "seconds," and the whole affair was "adjusted." With swords this was impossible, and they resolved to resort to the respectable and honourable weapon, the revolver.

The two men who were to face each other in terrible earnest, you may be sure, slept little or none during the preceding night. "Four o'clock sharp, mind, at the grass field, near Hagg's Castle," said the brave seconds, "and it will be all over in a few minutes." Charlie shuddered when he heard the last words (which, by the way, were deliberately intended for him).

"*A few minutes, and all will be over,*" Charlie muttered; "what if I should be killed?" His very teeth (which he used to whiten with cigar ashes, and was so proud about), were chattering. Thousands of ideas floated across his heated imagination. He saw his past life before him, and the only consolation, if it could be called one, lay in the thought that, should it come to the worst, Jenny Black's eyes would be dimmed with tears at his misfortune. He felt sure the dear lassie loved him, and he would brave death a thousand times rather than endure the anguish of seeing her married to a useless fellow like Bob Lambert.

Bob, on the other hand, was really a cool and determined fellow; and while Charlie was in the throes speculating about probable dissolution before the morrow's sun should rise, Bob was actually priding himself on superior ability in handling a revolver. He was, in fact, far too arrogant a man to imagine that *he* could be shot by a silly boy like Walker. He had made up his mind to shoot straight when the signal fell, and indulged in the devilish pleasure it would afford him to read a "true and particular account" of the duel in the Glasgow evening papers, if good luck would favour him in escaping to the Continent.

"These fellows are not going to come up to the scratch," said Ned M'Gill to the other honourable gent—as they passed the Clydesdale Cricket Ground a few minutes to four o'clock on that memorable morning. Ned, however, was wrong. Through the grey dawn a muffled figure was observed crossing the Pollokshields Athletic Club's Park, and making direct for the old castle. Almost simultaneously came a second individual from the vicinity of Crossmyloof, smoking a cigar. There was no doubt about it, for on closer inspection the figure was that of Lambert, who generally indulged in a good cigar, as he had a friend in the Anchor Line who was always supplying him with "weeds."

A very short time sufficed to measure the distance, but the would-be *murderers*, no doubt, considered it an age. When the seconds advanced along with their men to the fatal spot, and placed them twenty paces apart, Charlie put one in mind of the poor misguided boy in "The Rivals." His hand shook, and his knees almost touched one another.

*The signal was given*, and bang went the revolvers from both sides. None of the young men, however, seemed to have been hit; and while Charlie was almost sinking on the ground from excitement, Bob might have been seen examining his weapon with suspicion, at the same time casting a glance at his rival and wondering why he did not fall. A second or two more, and the latter fired another shot, and this time poor Charlie dropped his pistol and fell back on the grass. {92}

Bob was satisfied he had done the business now, and taking the advice of Davie Merricks, he fled for his life; getting the early train for Greenock and thence per steamer "Golden Eagle," to the Isle of Man.

The "seconds" (and a few strange figures that were seen lurking about) of course, lifted the supposed dying man from the grass, and as his "life's blood ebbed away," they whispered about being willing to fill a last request. Poor Charlie's brow was covered with blood, and as he himself expressed the terrible sensation of "feeling a pistol ball bobbing about in his brain," arrangements were hastily made for having him consigned to relatives. Accordingly his lodgings were sought after and easily found by the excited hansom driver who had taken them near the fatal spot.

All the time the affair was going on the driver threw out grave hints about reporting the whole matter to the police. When they reached Greenfield Avenue, however, there was still some life in Charlie, but he said he "knew he was dying," and forgave everybody who had taken part in the rascally business.

Higgins, the hansom driver, was as good as his word, and after leaving the place, went direct to the Suburbopolis Police Office, and got the whole matter reported. Not very long after the police surrounded the house in Greenfield Avenue, and Provost Goodfellow (who, it may be remarked, was the only magistrate at home when the affair took place, and had to be aroused for the purpose), came in all haste to take the "dying deposition." Meanwhile Dr. Barrister, one of the best of the local surgeons, was in attendance.

The doctor, however, suspecting something soon after feeling the supposed wounded man's pulse, and judge of the surprise, to say nothing of indignation, when the doctor, and then the Provost, began to indulge in a hearty fit of unrestrained laughter. The "seconds" knew their business well, for they had *loaded the weapons with blank cartridges and a few drops of bullock's blood*, and some of the contents of Bob's pistol had hit Charlie on the brow.

Poor Charlie, he was so terribly shaken and nervous after being hit that he was long in getting the better of the fright. Like the French prisoner whom the cruel authorities of the "Inquisition" determined should be experimented upon as a victim of imagination in the way of supposed

bleeding to death, Charlie, although he had not received a scratch, thought he was dying fast, till the doctor informed him of the imaginary wound.

A few days afterwards the affair was "hushed up," and nobody was better pleased when he heard the true state of matters than Bob Lambert himself. His friend Jim Campbell had sent a letter to Douglas Post Office, to be called for, under a fictitious name, and Bob soon returned to Glasgow.

When little Jenny Black was told the same morning of the duel, that Charlie Walker had been shot by Bob Lambert, she fainted clean away, and afterwards refused to be comforted. "To think that she, a poor weak girl, should have been the cause of such a terrible tragedy," she was heard to say to her sister, "I'm afraid I'll never get over it." When the true state of matters, however, was revealed, and the whole affair brought up in its real light, it afforded immense merriment all over Suburbopolis, and when football players met to spend a social hour, the duel between Bob Lambert and Charlie Walker is, of course, alluded to as a standard joke. {93}

A few months afterwards there was a nice wedding at Colonel Black's villa, and strange as it may seem, both Lambert and Walker were there, together with quite a crowd of football players and their sweethearts.

The reader will, of course, easily make out who wore the bridal dress, and looked lovely in it, too. Surprise, however, not, it is to be hoped, altogether unmixed with satisfaction, will be expressed, when the bride-groom appears in the person of Charlie Walker, Jenny's own love. Harry Carts, the handsome Englishman, she certainly admired, but did not actually love sufficiently to make a husband of. He, in fact, seemed to have been too fond of company, and in correspondence a coldness had sprung up between them, and ended in two parting letters.

Jenny loved Charlie Walker best, and accordingly gave him her heart and hand. "What he had suffered for her sake," the young lady was heard to express to a confidant, "no one but himself knew." They are, however, now a happy pair, and when Cup Ties and big matches are being played near Suburbopolis, you will be sure to see Charlie and his handsome wife on the field.

As for Bob Lambert, who was forgiven, he became more of a man in subduing his temper and general disposition, and one evening told his old rival that he would never forget till his dying day—"THE DUEL NEAR THE FOOTBALL FIELD."

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## ***XI.—THE FINAL TIE FOR THE ASSOCIATION CHALLENGE CUP—1889-90.***

### **TWO MEMORABLE MATCHES.**

A couple of matches had to be played before the final tie for the Association Challenge Cup was decided, and at the earnest request of numerous friends I have reproduced my articles on both games, which appeared in the Daily Mail, and trust they will be considered worthy a place in the volume. The following is the

#### **First Match.**

This important contest, which had to be postponed the previous Saturday in consequence of the dense fog which enveloped the city and suburbs in semi-darkness, came off at Ibrox Park, and resulted in a draw—each side scoring a goal. Early in the forenoon the weather in every particular looked like a counterpart of the previous Saturday, and it was not till well on in the day that the Association Committee finally decided to go on with the match. Even with this short notice, combined with the fact that heavy rain came on and continued till well on in the second half, the attendance of spectators was large, about 11,000, and this is borne out by the cash lifted at the gate, some £500. Of this the Association gets a third, and the other two-thirds are equally divided between the contending teams. The proceeds of the stand, however, went to the Rangers' funds, as that club gave their ground free of charge to the Association to play off the tie. Paisley Road and Govan Road presented a scene to be remembered from two o'clock till well on for 3.30 P.M., being thronged with vehicles of every kind, from the carriage and pair, the hansom and cab, down to the modest van. Pedestrians, too, were numerous, and on the Govan Road the Vale of Clyde Tramway Company, with extra cars, reaped a good harvest. On the way down, and in the field itself, the usual good-natured banter was largely indulged in, and as football enthusiasts, like the rest of impatient spectators, are only human, they were in better temper at the start of the contest than was the case at the finish. The meeting of the Queen's Park and Vale of Leven, in fact, revived old times among the once brilliant players of both clubs, many of whom were present on Saturday to "fight their battles o'er again." "Dae ye ken," said an old man as the game proceeded, "I wis present at old Hampden Park on the wet Hogmanay afternoon long ago, when the Vale licked the Queen's by two to one in a Cup tie, and I wish'd ye'd a' seen the Queen's Park committee men and their supporters that day when the bare fac' wis kent. I'm thinkin' they didna crawl sae crouse, and maybe they'll get a fricht the noo." When the Vale scored their goal a wag, primed with a fair-sized pocket pistol, no doubt containing the best—well, every public-house salesman will tell you at anyrate, it is the "best," and charge for it, too, as "special"—began to lilt a verse of the popular pantomime song, "Their funeral's to-morrow," hinting heavily about the {94}

decline and fall of the Queen's Park. Many saw the point, and laughed; while others gave the jolly fellow a look that betokened contempt and dismay. "Wait till the second half," said a quiet supporter of the senior club, "and ye'll see what they can dae; they're only making some fun." In pressing forward, leaning against the pailings, were not a few critical rivet boys and iron-workers, whose running comments were amusing in the extreme. Of some young fellows who came down from the city dressed up in style, one of the "black squad" was heard to say, "Don't they look blooming 'swells,' with their gloves and G.O.M. collars, and you wid think that the whole landed property about is theirs, even to Ibrox Park itself. Crush up, Bob. We've paid our money as well as the lot, and must get share of the view. Crush up." "Man, jock, they've got a new ile for training and rubbin' up the fitballers noo. It's whit they ca' herbuline, and it keeps out the cauld and warms ye unca' much; but the smell's sae strong that it nearly blin's ye." No doubt some kind of specific was required on such a trying day as Saturday, for it was indeed a clear case of illustrating the old adage, when exclusively applied to man, about the survival of the fittest. There is this about Ibrox Park, however, which certainly recommends it to the impartial spectator—fine even turf, without a flaw, and no advantage even to the home club itself when playing matches. It is well sheltered, and the arrangements for the big crowd were ample, and well carried out by the Rangers' committee and the Scottish Football Association, for whom Mr John M'Dowall, the secretary, acted with much credit. The Govan policemen (at least most of them) love a good game at football as dearly as the old Highland landlady lo'ed a lord, and what is more, their respected chief shows them a good example, as he is generally to be found at Ibrox Park, in company with other burgh officials, when there is a good thing on. The early editions of the evening papers were largely in request, not by any means for the purpose of reading, as all attention was directed to the game, and in the anxiety to see the players before the contest began, but for the sole purpose of being "sat on." The supply was soon exhausted, and one speculative newsboy, taking in the situation at a glance, disappeared for a short time, but came up smiling towards the grand stand ten minutes afterwards with a bundle of brown paper wrappers, which he disposed of like penny pies at twopence per sheet. The judges of the game had very difficult duties to perform, and to their credit be it said they did the work without fear or favour, and we are quite certain gave general satisfaction to the players. The spectators, however, treated the unfavourable conditions of the atmosphere with indifference, and even contempt, and long before the time announced for the kick-off they crowded around the pailing and surroundings to get a good view of the game. In consequence of the wet weather very few ladies were present compared with what has turned out at previous finals. The Vale of Leven emerged from the pavilion first, and were well received. A few minutes afterwards came the Queen's Park, who were also loudly cheered with cries of "Good old Q.P." The toss between the two captains was watched with much earnestness, and when the Leven team ranged themselves in front of the ball from the gate end, it became apparent that they had won. The Queen's Park, by Hamilton, kicked off against the wind, and a short run by Berry was successful in sending the ball so near the Vale of Leven goal that one of the strangers put it behind, and gave the Queen's Park a corner-flag kick. This was followed by a close scrimmage, in which the ball came near Whitelaw, who sent it down the field. A "foul," however, by Paton gave the Queen's Park a lift, and in a second scrimmage the ball was again put behind the lines. Another corner-flag kick was the consequence, and it took the Queen's Park well in on goal, where the tackling was very severe. The ball again bobbed about the posts, but the Vale men showed splendid back play on the slippery ground, and sent it clear. After this Bruce and M'Millan had a good run on the left for the Vale of Leven, and the former had a shy that went past the left post. The kick out by Gillespie was followed up by a steady run on the part of Allan, Berry, and Gulliland, and the former shied wide past the right post. After the kick out, the Queen's Park kept up the pressure, and it was some time before the ball emerged from Vale of Leven territory, which it did from the foot of Rankin. Some even play ensued, and then the Vale had a run by the right forwards, and, in kicking clear, Arnott slipped a bit, and the ball, getting the upper of his boot, rolled over the lines and gave the Vale of Leven a corner-flag kick. It was taken by M'Lachlan, but he cut the distance too fine, and the ball rolled harmlessly over the bar. In turn, Gillespie's kick-out was followed by a run on the part of Sellar and Hamilton, and a "hand" by one of the Vale of Leven backs gave Smellie a chance of doing something with a free kick. It was very hard work, however, for both, and the opinion began to gain ground that the team who could keep up their stamina longest would be the winners. The ground, in fact, was a bit treacherous, and in some cases when the ball landed, after a long kick, it bounded clean over the heads of the backs, and some mis-kicks now and again occurred. Seven minutes from half-time, the Vale men made a smart spurt, and, after some clever passing, the ball was taken possession of by M'Lachlan, who jumped in and headed it between the posts—just a few inches from the right side—amid cheers and counter cheers. The teams then faced up in the centre, and, from a good start, the Queen's Park got up to their opponents' lines, and Berry just missed the goal by a foot. After this the Vale of Leven had a good run down on the Queen's Park lines, and a fast shy by Osborne was caught up and punted out by Gillespie, and another immediately afterwards, from the foot of Bruce, was cleared by Smellie. The half-time signal, however, was given, leaving the Vale of Leven one goal ahead. The strangers had now the kick-off, and made considerable use of it, for the forwards backed up well, and a slip by one of the half-backs of the Queen's Park gave the Vale of Leven a corner-flag kick. The ball was fairly managed, but Bruce, who had it at his toe, was tackled by Smellie, and sent down the field. The Queen's Park had now a brilliant turn at the Leven goal, and several hard shies at the posts were cleverly returned by the backs. The Queen's men, however, kept pressing on, and had a corner-flag kick, which was taken by Sellar, and splendidly sent out by Wilson. The play after this was straggling a bit, and falls were frequent in Vale of Leven territory, but the Queen's men were very unlucky at goal, and could not get the ball through—Gulliland, with a hard shy, only missing by a shave. The ball eventually passed the Leven lines in a scrimmage not

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long afterwards, and as it was put over by one of the defenders, another corner-flag kick was the consequence. Time was now wearing on, and do all they could, with hemming in their opponents and making innumerable shies at goal, the Queen's Park could not score, and a corner-flag kick did not mend matters. After this the Vale team improved very much in their forward play, and M'Lachlan and Bruce again had a fine run up the field, and as Arnott, in tackling, let the ball go over the lines, the Leven team had a corner-flag kick. The shot from the pavilion end was very well taken by one of the half-backs (M'Nicol), and the Queen's Park goal had a narrow shave, as the ball was caught by Robertson in the nick of time and cleared. The Queen's Park were soon at it again, however, and not only drove their powerful opponents off, but completely invaded their stronghold. Crowding round Allan, Berry, Gulliland, Sellar, Hamilton, and even the Queen's half-backs had shies at the Leven goal, but Wilson saved brilliantly. When time was drawing to a close the excitement became very intense, and while the friends of the Vale of Leven were jubilant and hopeful about the issue, the partisans of the senior club, who came to see their favourites conquer, were proportionately sad and crest-fallen. "They cannot do it now," said a chorus of voices well up on the stand, "but see this, boys," remarked an old football follower, as Arnott rolled up the sleeves of his jersey with a determination which gave new life to the game; and as it has been said frequently before that the Queen's Park can rise to a great occasion, assuredly they did on Ibrox Park on Saturday. One minute or so more and all would be over. Pressing their opponents very hard with shots at goal, corner-flag kicks, scrimmages almost under the goalkeeper's feet, they were again and again repulsed by grand work on the part of Wilson, and as the ball emerged out of the pack after a free kick it was sent a bit down the field towards the Queen's Park half-backs. Here Bruce, the most prominent forward of the country club, got possession, and was about to beat Stewart, when Arnott and Smellie came to the rescue, and the ball was immediately sent back to the Vale goal, where, after a terrible scrimmage, from a "free kick," it was put between the posts by Smellie. The vision of a glorious victory for the Q.P. had by that time faded away like a dream, and a crowd of the senior club's followers had actually left Ibrox Park in disgust, when a tremendous cheer burst forth from the ground signalling a point for the Queen's Park, who had "turned" the doubtful day again. The scene which followed was truly exciting. The Q.P. followers gave vent to their strained feelings with an outburst of cheering which must have been heard in some of the neighbouring police burghs, including Partick on the other side of the river, while those of the Vale kept quiet in disappointment. The teams then began the struggle anew, and from the kick off the Vale of Leven men made a grand run up on the Queen's Park goal, and had a couple of corner-flag kicks in succession, but the Queen's Park backs sent the ball clear, and a few seconds afterwards the whistle sounded, leaving one of the most remarkable games ever played in the final tie for the Association Challenge Cup drawn, with one goal all. The following are the teams that played in both games:—Queen's Park—Goal, Gillespie; backs, Arnott and Smellie; half-backs, M'Ara, Stewart, and Robertson; forwards, Gulliland, Berry, J. Hamilton, Allan, and Sellar. Vale of Leven—Goal, Wilson; backs, Whitelaw and Murray; half-backs, Osborne, M'Nicol, and Sharp; forwards, M'Lachlan, Rankin, James Patton, Bruce, and M'Millan.

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## Second Match.

The destiny of the Challenge Cup has at length been decided for the season, and the Queen's Park are the conquerors after one of the finest games ever seen on Ibrox Park—the victory being the narrow one of two goals to one. The game, it may be remembered, was drawn on the previous Saturday, when each side had scored a goal, and, strange as it may seem, the Queen's Park only saved themselves then, as they have done now, towards the close of the contest, and converted what looked like a defeat into a victory. Between 12,000 and 13,000 spectators were present, and as the weather was fine the match was a most enjoyable one. The cash drawn at the gate amounted to fully £600, and, as on the previous meeting, will be equally apportioned among the two clubs and the Association. The city cabbies made a day of it, and pocketed a good round sum. They handled the ribbons with a dexterity which in some cases was really alarming, and threatened the lieges with accident. "Drive us to Ibrox Park, mind, in ten minutes, or we'll be late for the kick-off," and the promise of an extra sixpence did the business, although Jehu's old friend and brother must be passed on the road. In some cases this was overdone, and a horseless machine with only one wheel might have been seen near Bellahouston Academy, awaiting "alterations and repairs," and on the same road some "spills" also occurred. The remarks round the pavilion, stand, and approaches were, as usual, both instructive and amusing, and let the impartial spectator know how the land lay, and the kind of company he was for the moment keeping. All sorts and conditions of men and boys were there to see the match. A hasty glance, in fact, revealed the astonishing fact that nearly all classes in the country were represented—city magnates, iron-masters, shipbuilders, ministers of religion, doctors, schoolmasters, clerks, mechanics of all kinds, and a much larger contingent of ladies than we have seen on any previous occasion. From the cheers and counter cheers which greeted the goal-scoring by the senior club it was apparent that their followers were in the majority, but when the young Vale of Leven got the first point, the cheers which followed showed that they had also a large number of partisans, who honestly believed in the club's ability to win the cup. In the first round, indeed, the Vale players showed much better combination all over than the Q.P., and reminded many of the Vale of yore. The second half, however, revealed the senior club at their best, and from the manner in which they acted together and kept up their staying powers, they really deserved to win. As we have already said, the gossip among the spectators was both bright and original. A demonstrative

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supporter of the senior club was rather personal with his remarks, and was asked by a lover of the game, but not a partisan of either club, to keep quiet "and not let everybody know he was a born fool." "Oh! yes; it's all very fine, but the band at Alexandria 'ill no play at the station yet: the Vale canna' win noo," said he, as the Queen's team put the ball through a second time. A well dressed young fellow on the stand near the press table was very funny, and if ever a man enjoyed the game it was he. In the exuberance of his joy at the Q.P. scoring, he danced on the little spot allotted to him on the stand, and in doing so nearly overbalanced himself. "Ye'll be the better o' a half yin after that narrow escape," said one of his friends, handing him a bottle. After he had swallowed a fair amount of the liquor he stole a hasty glance at the bottle, and found to his disgust he had been drinking "The Vale of Leven blend." "It's a' richt," said his country friend, "ye'll maybe need it a' yet; the Vale are not beaten the noo; the Queen's man tak' anither goal before that occurs," and so they did. "Oh! a' say," remarked a born East-Ender, for whom we are perfectly certain the Clyde and Thistle, according to his self-importance at any rate, had played their best on Barrowfield and Beechwood, "look at that; it's no' fair to gie the Vale a free kick for that; it's the auld way; gie't ta the yin that mak's the maist noise." "Yes," said another, who looked every inch a dyer from the celebrated football county of Dumbarton, and maybe the Vale of Leven district itself, "did ever ye see the likes o' that, and frae sic a swell club, tae?" as Robertson bowled over Bruce on the grass, and cleared the ball away. Wilson, the Vale of Leven goalkeeper, came in for a fair share of praise; and so did Arnott, Smellie, Sellar, Gulliland, and Gillespie for their brilliant play, but many were in ecstasy about young Wilson. "His mither 'ill be a proud woman the day when she kens how well he kept goal for the Vale; there's nae doubt about it, Wilson's the coming man between the sticks for the International on Hampden Park on 5th April next," said a red-faced man, wearing a glengarry. Old and respected members of both clubs were again present to cheer on their successors to victory, and we observed several original members of the once-famous Clydesdale, including two who took part in the first final tie for the cup on old Hampden Park. Several old Rangers were present, too, who remembered well the series of exciting matches played by them against the Vale of Leven, when no fewer than three hard battles had to be fought before the destiny of the cup was settled for the year. The sad news, too, was announced in the papers of the sudden death of another famous forward (Mr. J. R. Wilson), who took part in the first final tie between the Queen's Park and Clydesdale on behalf of the latter club. Many of the "Old Brigade" viewed the contest with mixed feelings. "You seem excited, Bob," said a friend to an old Q.P., and no wonder; time is fleeting fast; the game will be done in a quarter of an hour, and, dear me, the Queen's have not even scored. "Not at all, not at all," said the Q.P. old player, tearing at his moustache in a manner that threatened that hirsute appendage with instant annihilation, "I think they will, at anyrate, make it a draw, for see how they press the Vale now. Oh! they've done it; see that," as Hamilton sent the ball between the posts. "The extra half-hour is sure to be played now," said another, as the Vale of Leven men brought down the ball to mid-field, and kicked off. There was, indeed, great excitement, and as the Queen's Park again and again pressed their opponents, and finally scored a second goal, it was a dozen times intensified, and the subsequent play made the Q.P. men more bold and determined. The Vale of Leven, as on the previous occasion, appeared in the field of play first, and had a punt about with the ball for a few minutes, when their opponents emerged from the pavilion and had some practice round the upper goal, while the umpires and the referee were arranging the preliminaries. The visitors won the toss, and played with what little wind there was in their favour. Hamilton kicked off, and Berry followed his forward companion, but Murray turned the ball, and M'Millan and Bruce had a nice run, and caused the ball to get near the Queen's Park goal, but Smellie caught it on the rise and sent it down the field. It was taken up on the left side, and Sellar ended a brilliant run by passing the leather fairly across the goal to Gulliland, and that player made a rare shot at goal, but Wilson was on the alert, and caught the ball very smartly, and sent it out. Here a close scrimmage was followed by another shot on the part of Allan, but the ball went over the lines. After the kick-out, the Vale of Leven men made a fine run up on the Queen's Park goal, and M'Lachlan had a long shy that caused Gillespie to throw away the ball in a hurry. The strangers played well together, and had by far the best of it, and made the Q.P. backs work about as they had never done before. Paton had another shy, and then the left outside forward had one that came so close on the bar that Gillespie had again to chuck out in double quick time. After this, Gulliland had a fast run down the field, and ended the run with a parting shot that went past on the right post. Some even play then occurred, but the Leven forwards manœuvred together better than those of the Queen's Park, and a fine piece of passing by Sharp, Osborne, and Bruce ended by the latter making a shy that touched the tips of Gillespie's fingers and went through the goal, close to the post. The point was so smartly made that it fairly took away the breath from the Queen's Park friends, and caused the faces of the supporters of the country club to beam with delight, while the cheering for the then successful team was long and loud. The players then faced up in mid-field and renewed the battle, and not very long thereafter the Queen's Park gained their first corner-flag kick, but it was a poor one for Sellar, and the ball was soon cleared away by the Vale of Leven backs. The Queen's team, however, kept well in front of their opponents' goal, and another corner-flag kick was succeeded by an exciting scrimmage, and then a shy by Gulliland was cleverly cleared away by Wilson. When half-time came, however, the Leven men were swarming round the Q.P. posts. The contest was then renewed in terrible earnest, and the Queen's Park, with one goal against them, had the wind in their favour now. The Vale of Leven, however, had the kick-off, but the ball was at once returned by M'Ara, and the Queen's Park found themselves right in front of the Leven goal, where one of the backs fouled the ball close on the right post. The shy was taken by Allan, and the ball hit the bar, but after an exciting scrimmage it was cleared by the Vale backs. The Queen's Park, however, were soon on it again, and the next five minutes' play was nearly disastrous to the Leven team, as no fewer than five corner-flag kicks were given to the Queen's Park, in consequence of kicking behind on the

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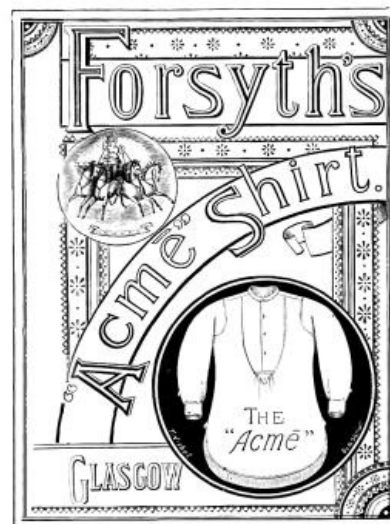
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part of Leven men. The defence, however, was excellent, and by slow degrees the ball was worked clear, and M'Lachlan had a run down on the Glasgow club's goal, where the whistle of the referee told the spectators that the dashing forward was off-side. He did not seem to hear the whistle a bit, but coolly went up to the Queen's Park posts and kicked the ball through without the least opposition. The kick-out in front was followed by a fine run on the part of Gulliland and Berry, but Whitelaw managed to tackle the Q.P. young forward, and the ball was soon sent back. It did not go far, however, for the Q.P. forwards kept it among them for a time. The Leven men had now a good run on the left by Sharp, and Stewart sent the ball behind his own goal. Rankin took the corner-flag kick, but Arnott got on the leather in an instant, and sent it spinning up the field by one of his famous returns. From this point till the call of time the Queen's Park were fairly in it, and played, perhaps, as they had never done before. Defeat stared them in the face, and the game was fast drawing to a close. Barely a quarter of an hour and the destiny of the cup would be settled. As on the previous Saturday, however, the Queen's men played worthy of a great occasion, and won the trophy. Pressing their opponents up on the goal, they kept them there for a time, and although the ball was seen to go out and in among the shoal of busy feet a few yards from the posts, Wilson and the backs cleared brilliantly. At length, however, Allan had a corner-flag kick, which was managed so neatly that Hamilton got the ball in a good position and headed it through. This gave new life to the senior club and their supporters, and the cheering was again renewed when a few minutes after the next kick-off the Queen's Park drove the Vale team before them, and again had hot work near Wilson. The Queen's half-backs, who had hitherto not acted so well together in the earlier stages of the game, metaphorically speaking, "came out of their shells," and, along with the forwards, took an active part in the siege. Shots were aimed thick and fast at the goalkeeper, and at length Stewart, with a shooter, sent the ball spinning through, making the second goal for the Queen's Park. The teams then faced up in the centre, and the tremendous cheering which greeted the scoring of the second goal had scarcely died away when the Vale team made one last but brilliant effort to equalise, but they were driven on by Smellie and Arnott, and at length the whistle sounded, leaving the Queen's Park the winners of a match in every way worthy of the final tie for the Challenge Cup by two goals to one. Although the strain now and again was pretty heavy on the players when at close quarters, the contest all through was conducted in the most friendly way, and showed a marked contrast to some final ties played a few years ago. It may also be mentioned that the premier club have not held the trophy since 1885-86, when they defeated Renton by three goals to one; but of the seventeen matches played in the final the Queen's Park have carried off no fewer than nine, while the Vale come next with three.

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