

suffocated or crushed, and he succeeded in freeing himself, but in his struggle his garments got filled with snow, and the snow outside freezing that inside, he was encased in a canopy of ice, and had the greatest difficulty in getting home. Before undressing he had to be thawed.

## A POPULAR NORTH-COUNTRY FOOTBALLER.

John M. Campbell, of Sunderland.



JOHN M. CAMPBELL.

(From a Photograph by W. Blain, Dumbarton.)

JOHN, or, more popularly, "Johnny," Campbell is, as many readers of "CHUMS" are probably aware, the centre-forward of the renowned Sunderland Football Club. Perhaps a few of you have seen him play in the great Metropolis. Northern readers are more fortunate in this respect, as the League tournament affords numer-

ous opportunities of admiring famous professional players.'

He comes from the celebrated Renton team, who beat both West Bromwich and Preston North End, when these clubs were in their prime, for the championship of the world. Renton had his services when they won the Scottish Cup, his age then being only seventeen! I call that first-class—don't you? And undoubtedly he would have reached a higher pinnacle still, if he had remained in Scotland; for he was exactly the sort of centre-forward afterwards required for her international matches.

About the season 1888-89 Mr. Tom Watson and Mr. S. Tyzack induced him for a £10 bonus and 30s. weekly to join Sunderland. (Offer this wage now to a third-rater, even, in Scotland: you'd quickly see his nose turn up in disgust.) And not merely has he added to his own reputation, but from his first game with them he has continued to play such splendid football as to ultimately attain the captaincy of the team, and by his ability help take the League Cup to Sunderland two years in succession.

That keen judge, R. Kelso, deems Johnny the best centre-forward in Great Britain. High praise though this is, I don't consider it far off the mark. His judgment, shooting powers, unselfishness, and wonderful command over the ball are only equalled by J. Goodall, but he beats Goodall in strength and tenacity. Fancy Campbell, excellently built though he is, charging fifteen-stone Dunning, of Aston Villa, into the goal-net! After this feat had been performed, Dunning, with the best of grace, patted Johnny on the shoulder and exclaimed, "Well done, sir!"

Again, just to give you another instance of his pluck.

I remember him getting badly kicked in the face—I believe they were playing Notts County. But in spite of the injury being a severe one, he persevered through the game just as if naught had happened. I could mention lots of other instances, but these will suffice to show his sturdy, unflinching qualities. Johnny says, "In a match fight until the last."

One night, whilst walking to the Sheffield station, after a match in the cutlery town, he and I talked of accidents to players. In his quiet, deliberate style he remarked—

"Some critics think you should never play poor—often never allowing for sickness or injuries; and, though they may not know this fact, they should make necessary inquiries before running a man down who has likely enough struggled through the contest with a skinned knee or shin." Few know what this means better than Johnny, and *apropos* let me impress another precept of his.

"Don't use undue roughness; if you do, you will hurt yourself oftener than your opponent."

Then, again, Sunderland achieved their greatness by unselfish play and sticking together. The team is very much what it was years ago. Their members did not, like some schoolfellows I know, try to play the opposing lot individually; nor were they guilty of that fault—so glaring among junior clubs—four or five players going for the ball when one would do.

"What sort of game pays best, Johnny?" I inquired.

"Passing, and plenty of it; but, when you get in a favourable position, shoot as hard as you can."

"A centre is often crippled by his inside men playing too close on him—they should help the wing players, and only when the centre is hemmed by the opposition go near him. When they do otherwise it allows the opposing centre half-back to considerably nullify the efforts of two men at once."

"Some think scientific play impossible on a dirty ground"

"We play scientifically enough and show well on a heavyish ground—though not always; but I like a bit of mud about. You pass the ball to the man who is in his proper place, and the fellow that tries to stop you can't turn round before it is too late to tackle the person you've put the ball to, because the ground will be slippery."

"How is it your lot do so poorly at Sheffield?"

His reply was to the effect that they were not fated to win. They did their best to conquer, but generally failed. The same remarks he applied to Sunderland's non-success in the English Cup Competition—a competition in which Sunderland are singularly unfortunate. Speaking from memory, last season he scored over twenty goals; the previous season over thirty.

He is good-tempered, and respected so much by the committee that he received a purse containing £50 on his marriage some twenty-four months since. His age is twenty-five; height, five feet seven and a half inches; weight, eleven stone twelve pounds.

"NEUTRAL."

## Sees Things Upside Down.

THE scientists of the University of Pennsylvania are greatly interested in the case of a thirteen-year-old boy, who is one of the rare class known as "mirror writers."

While writing he unwittingly reverses his letters, so that they appear upon the paper as ordinary penmanship would be if reflected by a mirror. He begins writing words or sentences in the upper right-hand corner of the paper, and writes from right to left.

The singular fact about his performance is that he cannot realise the oddity of his work. He does not understand that his writing differs from that of others. The wan, drawn face of the boy, and the eccentricity of his accomplishments, have created quite a furor.

Long-drawn scientific terms have been used to characterise his case. To people, generally, the case is pointed out as the result of sunstroke in infancy. The boy's faculties have been twisted so that, although his eyes are apparently normal, he sees upside down and wrong end foremost.

The boy was admitted to a training school some little while ago. He was then unable to write. When he was placed in the writing class, and a copy set before him, he seemed to understand what was expected of him, and started to work.

His master was surprised when he saw the letters he had formed upon his slate. They resembled nothing to him at first. Again and again he tried to teach him to begin at the proper point, but the lad invariably went astray.

His master thought his work was simply the result of awkwardness and feeble-mindedness. It was not until the boy had learned to form his letters fairly well, although reversed, that the situation dawned upon the master.

Ever since that day the boy has been the subject of interesting study. One doctor thinks the left half of the boy's brain has been arrested in development, and that he is guided in his writing by the reversed images formed in the right hemisphere of his brain. The effect of the tuition bestowed on him at the training school will be closely watched.

SOME men have an iron constitution; others steal.

His Best.—A gentleman was riding in company with one of those sympathising souls ever on the lookout for an opportunity to compassionate affliction.

"What a bad cold you have, sir," said the sympathising one, after a violent fit of coughing.

"I know it," was the reply; "but it's the best I can do."