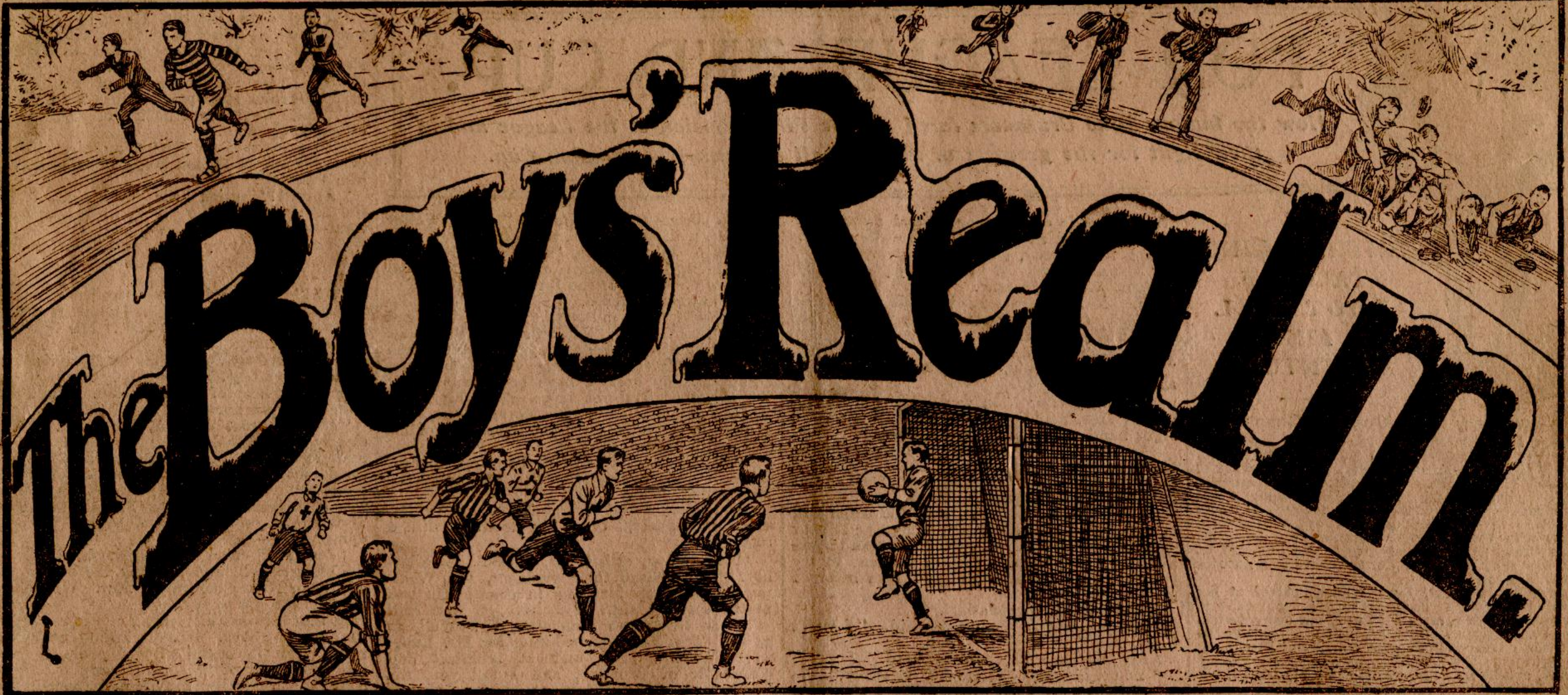


LAUGHABLE NEW SCHOOL TALE. \* BY SIDNEY DREW!



No. 245. Vol. V.]

EVERY SATURDAY—ONE PENNY.

[SATURDAY, FEBRUARY 9, 1907.



THE BLUE CRUSADERS v. ASTON VILLA.  
Green Fists the Ball into the Net.

— E. E. BRISCOE —

*Stories of Sport & Adventure.*



# The Bounder.

A Magnificent Long, Complete Football Story.

By Popular CHARLES HAMILTON.

Author of "Football Fortune," &c., &c.

**THE 1st CHAPTER.**  
**The Outcast.**

THEY called him the Bounder. The name was bestowed upon him the first day he came to St. Egbert's, and it stuck to him ever afterwards. His name was Lawrence; but he was never called anything but "the Bounder." Even after the Lyndale football match— But that is my story.

It was perhaps natural that St. Egbert's should take exception to him. They were very exclusive at St. Egbert's, and they fancied themselves immensely. The Bounder was not one of them. He was with them, but not of them. He came to the school on a scholarship—a measly, beggarly scholarship, as Higgs, of the Fifth, put it. The chaps couldn't be expected to stand it. They cut him from the start, most of them. From the haughty Pooh-Bahs of the Sixth, down to the littlest and inkiest fags, they despised the Bounder, and treated him accordingly.

And the worst of it was that the Bounder didn't seem to mind it very much. He seemed to take in the situation at a glance, as it were, and to settle down to it. He was a quiet, plain sort of fellow, not very handsome, but with a pleasant, cheerful face, and a body well developed by manly exercises. He kept very much to himself, only spoke when he was spoken to, and took his exclusion with aggravating composure.

It was just as if the cad was looking down on us, instead of us looking down on him," Higgs complained to his friends. "It's annoying, that's what it is. But what can you expect," he went on plaintively, "when Corcoran backs him up in that idiotic way?"

Corcoran was captain of St. Egbert's and he was about the only fellow there who wasn't down on the Bounder. He didn't care a single rap whether a chap's father was a duke or a dustman, so long as he behaved himself decently, and turned up regularly in the playing fields. They argued with Corcoran, they talked with him, and at him and round him, but they couldn't convert him from this shocking heresy. The captain of St. Egbert's always had a cheery word or nod for the Bounder. But even he had no idea how dearly the Bounder, in his heart of hearts, prized those friendly signs.

The dead set made against the Bounder excluded him from most of the life of the school. He declined to join the clubs when Corcoran asked him, because he knew that his joining would make bitter blood, and perhaps get the captain himself into difficulties. It was the summer term when he came to St. Egbert's, and he was never seen to take up a bat all the time. He was pretty regular in the gym, but the prejudice of the rest kept him off the cricket field. This gave Corcoran the impression that he didn't care for the school games—a wholly mistaken impression. Football was on now, but nobody expected the Bounder to take an interest in it. But never, probably, had the Bounder felt his seclusion so keenly as when he saw the boys going down to the football ground for the good old game. He was contemptuously alluded to as a "swot" by the very boys who would have bitterly opposed admitting him to the games, and Corcoran was so far influenced by public opinion, and by his mistaken impression of the Bounder, that he never once thought of him when he was puzzling how to make up the college fifteen.

The school game was Rugged, and at Rugged, as at everything else, the Saints fancied themselves extremely. But no one could deny that this season the school was in shocking bad form. Some of the first fifteen of last season were gone, others were off their form, and Corcoran's new recruits were far from being conspicuous successes. The captain was worried; the football reputation of the college was dear to him, and he hated to see the colours of St. Egbert's going down time and again.

"We ain't so bad in the scrum," he said to a meeting of seniors in his study one afternoon. "But where are we to find any three-quarters to make a show against, say,

Lyndale? They've licked us once, and they'll lick us again. Hanged if I don't feel inclined to chuck the whole thing up, and scratch the rest of the matches! What's the good of making exhibitions of ourselves?"

And the meeting looked glum in concert.

"Look at that beast," said Higgs, with a nod towards the window. The Bounder, with a bag in his hand, was crossing the quad towards the gates. "Going off on a jaunt, as usual, while we're worryin' our brains out. A lot he cares for the honour of the school, don't he?"

"Well, after the way you've treated him, what do you expect?" asked Corcoran. "You're an unreasonable animal, Higgs."

"I wonder where ne's going, though?" remarked Harris, of the Sixth. "Do you know, regularly, every half-holiday, he trots off with that precious bag under his arm. My fag told me he saw the Bounder putting football things into it one day before starting."

Corcoran's brow wrinkled.

"He doesn't play footer, does he?"

"He play!" said Higgs contemptuously. "He can't do anything except swot over filthy Latin, and keep his nose in the air. Ha, ha! Fancy the Bounder playing the game!"

"He's got the cut of a footballer," said Corcoran, his eye following the Bounder. "He ought to be able to play. If he knows anything about the game, he might make us a recruit."

The meeting stared at the captain aghast.

"You'd ask that horrid bounder to play for the school!" gasped Higgs.

"Certainly, if he could help us keep our end up," replied Corcoran.

"Then—then I wouldn't play."

"Quite so," said the captain, with a nod. "You wouldn't, because you're the worst in the team, and I should have to turn you out to make room for him."

There was a laugh, and Higgs turned red.

"But it's no good discussing impossibilities," said the captain, with a sigh. "Let's put our heads together and see how we are to improve the team. If we let Lyndale lick us again, we may as well chuck footer, and take to playin' marbles."

And so they discussed the question without much profit.

But those mysterious excursions that the Bounder made every half-holiday remained in Corcoran's mind. He wondered where the Bounder went, and he decided to ask him in a friendly way. As captain of the school, he ought to know something about it. And the fag's story of football things in the bag rather made him curious.

The Bounder returned just in time for calling-over. He looked healthy and cheerful, and a little tired. The captain found an opportunity of speaking to him.

"Hallo," he said, "you were off, as usual, this afternoon."

"Yes, Corcoran."

"I don't want to be curious about your business, old chap," said the captain, "but these excursions of yours are a bit mysterious. Would you mind enlightening me?"

If any other fellow at St. Egbert's had asked that question the Bounder would have stared at him quietly, and turned on his heel. With Corcoran it was different.

"Not at all," he replied cheerfully. "I go over to Aybrooke. You know, that's where my people live, and it's only five miles from the college."

"You go to see your people?"

"Yes; and for other things."

"What other things? Not to play footer?"

"Yes, if you want to know," said the Bounder, after a long pause. "I used to belong to the Aybrooke club, you know. I go over to play with them whenever they have a match, and I can get away. I like to keep up the footer, and they always give me a welcome. You see, they're of my own class, and good fellows."

"You never told me you played footer?"

"You never asked me."

"No, because— Well, why don't you join the clubs?"

"Because I'm not wanted. Even a Bounder may have glimmerings of pride, you know. Besides, I don't suppose I should be of any use to you, Corcoran. There's no good a chap shoving himself in where he isn't welcome, and making bad blood."

Corcoran pursed his lips thoughtfully, replying only with a nod. The Bounder walked away, leaving the captain of St. Egbert's deep in thought.

Corcoran knew something of the quiet, sterling character of the boy all St. Egbert's spoke of as the Bounder. He knew there was more in him than met the eye. He wondered whether he was up to the form of the first fifteen. He said no word, but he thought the more.

The following Saturday the Bounder was off

as usual. And there was wonder in the playing fields of St. Egbert's, for Corcoran, the captain, was missing. He had gone off somewhere without confiding his object or destination to anybody—merely asking Smith major to keep an eye on the practice.

**THE 2nd CHAPTER.**  
**Corcoran's Pleasant Surprise.**

THE Bounder! Oh, the Bounder!"

Corcoran muttered the words more in sorrow than in anger.

He was standing under an oak-tree on the green at Aybrooke, intently watching a game of Rugged. Round the ground was a large crowd, following the game with keen interest.

The St. Egbert's captain stood at a little distance, but he lost no phase of the game.

The two sides were pretty average—with one exception. That exception was a player in the Aybrooke ranks.

Corcoran had seen some fine Rugged played. He had watched the New Zealanders and the Springboks. But he had never seen a finer three-quarter back than the lad who was called "the Bounder" at St. Egbert's College, but who was the hero of the hour at this quiet village.

And that his own people were proud of him was easily to be seen. At every fine piece of work cheers burst forth, coupled with his name:

"Bravo, Lawrence!"

"That's right!"

"Well run—well run, sir!"

"Hurrah!"

A red-faced old fellow stood close to the ropes, watching with all his eyes. The comments of the others showed Corcoran that it was the Bounder's father. The red face was glowing with pride at his son's achievements.

Corcoran kept back himself. He didn't want the Bounder to recognise him. But he lost nothing of the play. He watched the Bounder through the whole game from start to finish.

And I thought he couldn't play football," said St. Egbert's captain to himself, as at last the match ended, and he strolled away. "My hat! I shall have a bone to pick with that chap when he comes back to the coll."

He did not speak to the Bounder then. He left him surrounded by an admiring crowd, and walked to the station. He returned to the college, and was immediately questioned as to what he meant by deserting the big side practice that afternoon.

"I've been on a voyage of discovery," he explained.

"And what have you discovered?" asked Higgs.

"A new three-quarter for the first fifteen."

"Where did you pick it up?" asked Higgs, grinning. "I suppose this is a little joke of yours, Corky?"

"Not at all. I've got a rod in pickle for the Lyndale lot. Higgs, old son, the first fifteen will be forced to prefer your room to your company."

Higgs coloured.

"I don't mind standing out to make room for a better man," he said. "Any decent fellow, of course, would be willing to do that. But who's the recruit?"

"Lawrence."

"Who?"

"Lawrence."

"Do you mean the Bounder?"

"Yes."

"You are joking, I presume?"

"Never more serious in my life, Higgy," replied Corcoran cheerfully.

"Look here, if you think the football committee will stand it—"

"I think they will," said Corcoran quietly. "The committee's going to meet after tea in my study, to discuss the question."

"There's going to be a row, then."

"Rats!"

Higgs lost no time in spreading the alarming report that Corcoran had gone off his rocker, and meant to play the Bounder against Lyndale. The fellows simply refused to believe it at first. Corcoran was joking with Higgs, they said. He couldn't mean it; he couldn't, shouldn't, mustn't mean it. There should be a mutiny first.

The committee met in the captain's study in a humour of expectancy. They didn't know what to believe, but they were determined that the Bounder should not play for St. Egbert's, if they knew it.

Corcoran came to the point at once. He referred to the generally rotten state of the school three-quarter line, and made the happy announcement that he had discovered a new recruit, who would bring credit on the old school, and give St. Egbert's a decided leg-up in the coming Lyndale match.

"But what's his blessed name?" asked Harris uneasily.

"Lawrence."

"Then what Higgs has been saying is true?"

"I really don't know what Higgs has been saying, or whether it is true or not; neither is this meeting called to discuss the sayings of Higgs," replied Corcoran calmly. "Higgs can say what he likes—generally something silly. Lawrence is going into the first fifteen. Any objections?"

"Yes!" was the unanimous retort.

"State 'em."

"He can't play."

"He plays like a Springbok."

"How do you know?"

"Because I went over to Aybrooke this afternoon to see him play, and he was just great. You should have seen him."

"Rot! Playin' in some blinking village team—"

"Do you know more about Rugged than I do, Harris?" asked Corcoran unpleasantly. "If so, perhaps St. Egbert's would rather have you as captain of the sports."

"Well, supposin' he can play?"

"No supposin'. He can play."

"Still, we don't want such a howling outsider in the team. We're decent fellows. He's— What is he? Blessed if I know!" cried Northcote indignantly. "His father's a blessed watchmaker, or something."

"I'm not going to ask his father to play; though I'm too stupid to see that it's degradin' to make watches, if he makes good ones. And I believe he does."

"That's not what I mean. He isn't our class—he's not like us."

"No, and a jolly good thing, too. If he were, I shouldn't want him in the first fifteen. It's because he's head and shoulders better than the best of you that I want him."

There was a howl of indignation.

"To cut the matter short," said Corcoran. "I'm captain of this fifteen, and I'm going to pick my men where I like."

"Then the team ought to refuse to play," snarled Higgs.

Corcoran's eyes sparkled.

"Any man that refused to play would never have a chance of playing again for the school so long as I'm captain," he said grimly. "If there's any more rotting, I'll take a junior fifteen into the field. You can all stick out if you like."

Dubious looks were exchanged. Corcoran was a determined fellow, and he was quite capable of carrying out his threat.

"Well, you're captain," said Harris, after a long pause.

"Has that only just occurred to you?"

"We'll play, of course; we couldn't desert the college and let the Lyndale chaps say we funk'd meeting them. But we don't like it, Corcoran."

"Lump it, then," said the captain of St. Egbert's.

And the meeting broke up.

A little later Corcoran looked into the Bounder's study.

"Hallo!"

"Hallo!" said the Bounder cheerfully.

"We shall want you on Wednesday."

"Eh?" said the Bounder, not understanding.

## Five Minutes With Sandow.

**What Part of the Day to Exercise.**

No hard and fast rule can be laid down; exercise according to leisure and inclination, but never until two hours have elapsed since the last meal.

**What to Wear When Exercising.**

Exercise stripped down to the waist if possible, flannel trousers supported by an elastic belt (not too tight); if a singlet is worn it should be of wool and cut away round the arms. Avoid anything tight round the wrists and neck.

**Where to Exercise.**

Exercise in a large well-ventilated room with the windows wide open, or even in the open air, if convenient, taking care to avoid chills and draughts. If possible, stand before a looking-glass, as it enables you to see the various muscles at work; it helps you to gain a greater command over each individual muscle.

**How Long to Exercise.**

This is a very difficult question to answer, and a certain amount of common-sense must be brought to bear on the subject by the pupil. As a general rule the average person will find five or ten minutes per day enough to start with, gradually working up to thirty minutes per day, as the pupil gets more accustomed to the work. Don't mistake laziness for weakness.

**Abnormal Development Impossible.**

It must be clearly understood that if the exercises are performed according to the directions given, all the muscles in the body will be developed in an equally perfect manner, and that no muscles in the body are abnormally developed at the expense of others.

The exercises will be equally suitable for those who are no in robust health and who wish to develop themselves into sound men, and for those who are now healthy and strong but who wish to obtain great muscular development.

Boxing will be dealt with in the first of these articles, then wrestling, football, hockey, running, walking, etc., and special exercises for the development of the principal muscles used in these sports will be illustrated and described.

(To be continued.)

N.B.—We urge upon our readers to write to No. 4, Sandow Hall, Victoria Embankment, London, W.C., and they will receive by return of post a booklet entitled "Sandow's Way to Health and Strength," which describes how Sandow developed his great strength, and how others may improve their physical condition in a similar manner.

"We shall want you on Wednesday—the Lyndale match, you know."  
 The Bounder stared at him wide-eyed.  
 "You don't mean that you want me to play for the school?"  
 "Yes; that's just exactly what I do mean."  
 "But I can't!"  
 "I saw you at Aybrooke to-day."  
 "You saw me?" exclaimed the Bounder, in amazement.  
 "Yes; I went over on purpose. I had smelled a rat, you see. We want you; we can't do without you. You'll play?"  
 "The fifteen won't like it."  
 "I'm asking you."  
 "I'd do anything to oblige you, Corcoran. I'll be glad to play. But—"  
 "No buts. Remember, I depend upon you."  
 And Corcoran went away whistling.

**THE 3rd CHAPTER.**  
**The Bounder's Triumph.**

THE match day came—a clear, cold day, with a sharpish wind blowing. The St. Egbert's fifteen were not feeling particularly cheerful when they turned out. The presence of the Bounder in their ranks was as a thorn in their side.  
 Black looks had been cast at the Bounder many a time and oft since his selection for the first fifteen. But they had no more effect upon him than they might have had upon a stone image. He was playing to please Corcoran, and for the sake of the school, and the disgust of the others was nothing to him. Something like contempt shone in his steady eyes when he caught a nasty look. It was for all the world, as Higgs had said, as if he were looking down upon them instead of being looked down upon. And that made the Saints very wild.  
 The sight of the Lyndalers in their blue shirts, looking very fit, rather pulled the team together. Stronger than any other feeling in their breasts was the desire to beat the rival side. They could even forgive the Bounder if he put up a good game. But, as Higgs said, that was impossible. What did the Bounder know about Rugby?  
 "He'll let us down; that's what he'll do," groaned Harris. "The Lyndalers will have the grin of us. He'll make an exhibition of himself."  
 "And of us," grumbled Northcote. "I am convinced that old Corky is off his rocker."  
 "Not much doubt about that. Look at the Bounder—how smug he looks!"  
 "The beast!"  
 "Now, then, what are you grouching about?" broke in Corcoran. "Pull yourselves together, lads! The Lyndale lot are in first-class form. Do you know that their captain, Bruce, has kicked goals for the county?"  
 It was not cheerful news. However, the Saints pulled themselves together, and they looked a good side as they went into the field.  
 Round the ropes clustered about all St. Egbert's, eager to see the match, still more eager to see what kind of an exhibition the Bounder would make of himself. It was noted that the Bounder looked very cool and self-possessed, and not at all oppressed by the knowledge that he was facing the most dangerous team the school ever met, and that the Lyndale captain had kicked goals for his county.  
 But then, of course, that was just like his cheek! The kick-off fell to the Saints, against a cutting wind. That was bad luck to start with, and the Lyndalers did not fail to take advantage of it. They were soon in the home territory, coming on gaily, and the first scrum was formed right up to the school twenty-five.  
 The Lyndalers were mostly bigger and heavier than the Saints, and it was soon seen

that their pack outclassed the Saints. In spite of the shouted encouragement from the crowd to buck up and put their beef into it, the school forwards were yielding to the steady pressure of the Lyndalers. The ball came out from a maze of legs, and a Lyndale three-quarter captured it and was off like a shot.  
 Then there was a sudden roar from the crowd. The blue shirt was down, a red jersey over him, and the ball, dropped from his hands, had been captured by Harris in a flash. Who had made that prompt tackle?  
 The Bounder!  
 Harris made a good run, and the next scrum was well in the enemy's territory. The St. Egbert's pack bucked up for all they were worth, but again the superior weight of the Lyndalers told.  
 "Play up, Saints!" cried Corcoran.  
 The Saints played up, but it did not avail them. The ball came out to a Lyndale three-quarter, who escaped with it, and beat the home defence, and passed just in time to a comrade as he was tackled, and that comrade, handing off the school full-back, ran in and grounded the leather right under the bar.  
 "Try! Try!" shouted the supporters of the visitors gleefully.  
 The try was easily converted, and Lyndale were five points up.  
 Kick-off was followed by a vigorous attack by the Lyndalers, and a scrum was formed in the home half. On the outskirts of it hung the three-quarters with eager eyes. The ball was heeled out by the home forwards, and a home three-quarter was on it like a flash.  
 Off he went, like a streak of red across the field.  
 Three Lyndale forwards streamed into his path, and he dodged two of them, and left the third on his back, and handed off a clutching half.  
 Then on, running like a racer.  
 And a gasp of amazement came from the crowd.  
 "The Bounder!"  
 They had never seen a finer burst on the Rugger field. And the man who was doing it was—the Bounder!  
 The despised Bounder!  
 But he would never get through—never if Lyndale could help it! There was only the full-back in his path, but a three-quarter was racing on almost within reach of him. The crowd gasped as the pursuer made his tackle. As if instinctively feeling his peril, the Bounder made a spurt, and shot just out of reach of the clutching fingers.  
 "Well run, sir! Oh, well run!" roared the crowd.  
 And then came cheering cries.  
 "Buck up, Bounder!"  
 "Buck up, old man!"  
 But the full-back was upon him now. How the Bounder twisted! The full-back made his tackle, but the Bounder worked out of it like an eel; the Lyndaler staggered and almost went down, while the Bounder tore on over the line.  
 "Try!" shrieked St. Egbert's, as one man.  
 "Try! Oh, glorious!"  
 A try it was, and when it was converted, the crowd cheered frantically. Five for St. Egbert's—and the score was equal.  
 "Good old Bounder!"  
 A strange smile came over the Bounder's flushed face.  
 It was strange and thrilling to the outcast to hear himself cheered by the boys of St. Egbert's.  
 The game went on, with varying fortune. Every eye now followed the Bounder, and marked his play. And splendid play it was. At half-time no further score had been made,

# PETER'S



TOMKINS (ON THE MOTOR) FEELS A BIT OUT OF IT

## SWISS MILK-CHOCOLATE

but St. Egbert's had held their own; and everyone knew that half their success was due to the Bounder. The home team was outclassed by the visitors—except for the Bounder. He was worth any two of the Lyndalers. What speed! What resource! What keenness! Good old Bounder!  
 Half-time gave the two teams a much-needed rest. The game had been a grueling one. In the interval Corcoran spoke cheerily to the Bounder.  
 "Keep it up, old son. Only keep it up, and you'll see."  
 And the Bounder grinned.  
 "I'll do my best for the school, Corcoran."  
 "Not that the school deserves it at your hands," said Corcoran. "But I fancy there's a change coming, old man."  
 The second half opened amid breathless excitement on the part of the crowd. Nobody would be surprised now at anything the Bounder did. But the Lyndalers were bucking up, too, and they were not done yet. A try fell to the visitors, and a little later the Lyndale skipper dropped a goal in fine style.  
 Then came the Bounder's chance once more. He received a pass from Harris, and was away like lightning. His quick eye had noted an opening in the enemy's defence, and he was swift to take advantage of it. He went through Lyndale like a knife through cheese, and made a splendid burst for the goal-line. A three-quarter raced at him and made his tackle, but could not stop him. The Saints cheered frantically as they saw the Bounder dash on with the foe clinging to him. The full-back dashed out, and under his tackle the Bounder staggered, recovered himself, and plunged forward.  
 "He's down!"  
 Down he was, but right on the line, and the ball was grounded well over, and the Bounder had scored a try with two of the enemy clinging to him.  
 Loud and long rose the cheering.  
 And though the try was not converted, the home crowd was wild with delight. Loud and louder rang their shouts.  
 "Good old Bounder!"  
 Hard and fast play, with no advantage to either side, followed. Minutes wore away, and scrum followed scrum, and there was no scoring. The Saints began to look at their watches, and to realise uneasily that the visitors were four points ahead.  
 But now the school made a fine advance, and with as pretty a bit of combined play as one could wish to see, brought the leather up to the enemy's line, and Harris crossed. It was another try to St. Egbert's, and they were now ten to twelve.  
 Then more hard work, heavy scrummaging, and little result. The Lyndalers could not

enlarge their score, but they counted upon certain victory. Minutes were precious now, and still the school were baffled by the visitors.  
 "Buck up, Bounder!"  
 "Give us one more!"  
 The Bounder's eyes sparkled. He was watchful as a cat. If he only had a chance...  
 It was close upon time now.  
 But the chance was to come, though it would have escaped any less keen and ready player than the Bounder.  
 The Lyndale back sent the ball up the field, and the Bounder swooped down upon it like a streak of lightning.  
 Round him the Lyndalers closed. There was a foe on either side, two rushing on in front, one behind with outstretched, clutching fingers. The Bounder could not have got past of them unless by a miracle; but he did not think of trying. He ran forward a few paces, dropped the ball, caught it beautifully as it rose, and sent it soaring through the air. The next instant he was down, with three blue jerseys sprawling over him, but the eyes of the crowd watched the flight of the ball.  
 "Goal!" shrieked all St. Egbert's, as the leather flew over the bar. "Goal!"  
 The whistle went two seconds later.  
 The Bounder staggered to his feet. There was blood on his face from a damaged nose, and he limped a little. But he was smiling.  
 "Hurrah! Good old Bounder!"  
 The crowd surged over the field. The Bounder was caught up in willing arms, and carried off shoulder-high. And the first man to seize him was Higgs, of the Fifth, yelling and cheering like a maniac.  
 It seemed like a dream to the Bounder.  
 But it was real enough. He had been the outcast—he was now the hero of the school. Whatever faults the Saints possessed, a healthy love of sport, and a deep and sincere admiration for a splendid player of the grand old game, could be numbered among their virtues. They forgot that the Bounder was a pariah—he was a hero! He played the game as they had seldom seen it played before. He had won the great match for St. Egbert's—won it on the stroke of time. They did not merely take him to their hearts, they idolised him.  
 The Bounder never lost his name. Even after the Lyndale match they still called him the Bounder, but in an affectionate, playful sort of way, devoid of offence. And when new boys come to St. Egbert's, and talk footer, and think they know something about the game, the old boys smile superior, and say:  
 "But you should have seen the Bounder play Lyndale!"



The Bounder had scored a try with two of the enemy clinging to him. Loud and long rose the cheering.

THE END.  
 (Next week "The Winning Goal" by Charles Hamilton. Don't miss it.)