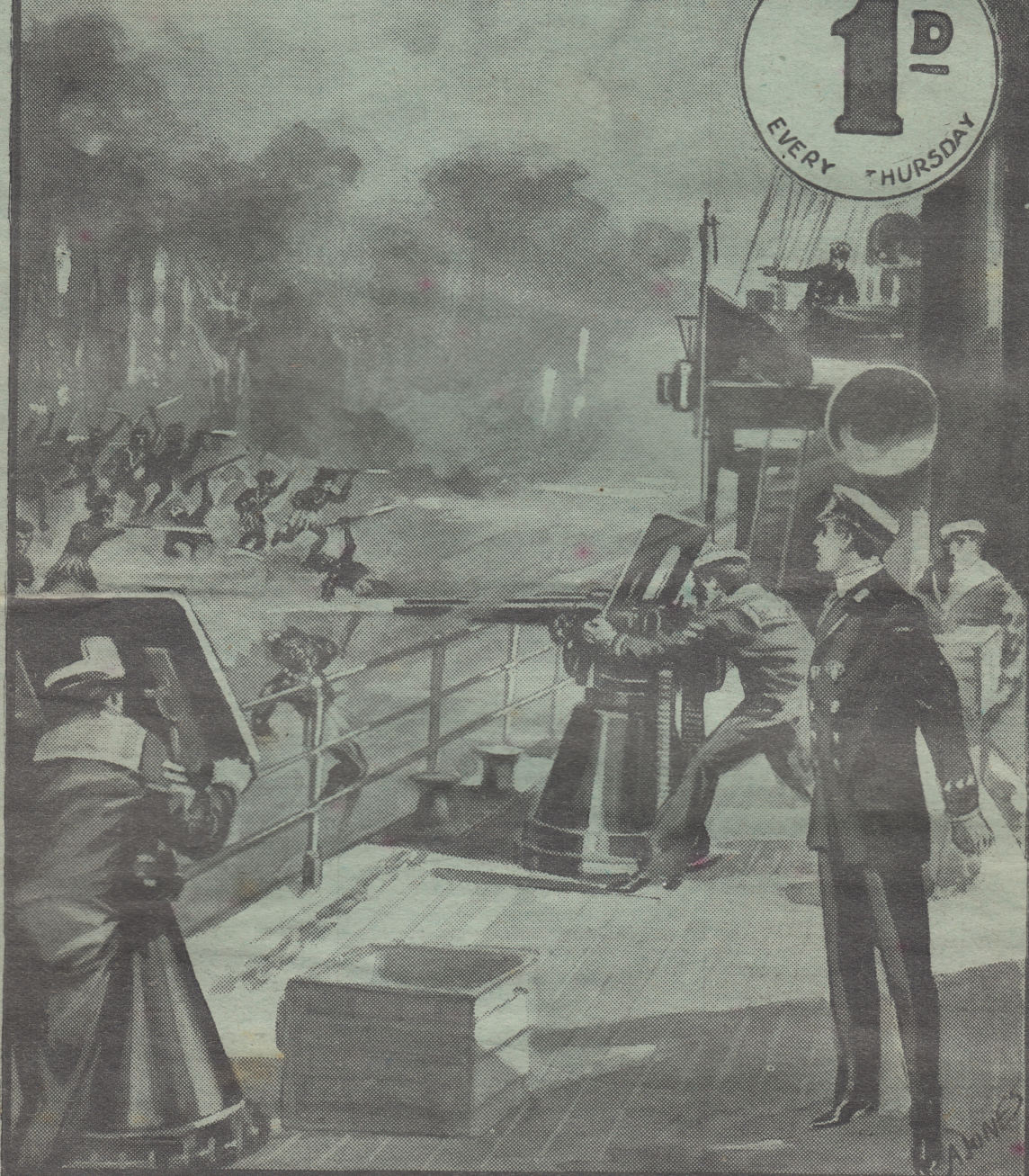


GRAND BUFFALO BILL STORY INSIDE!

THE DREADNOUGHT

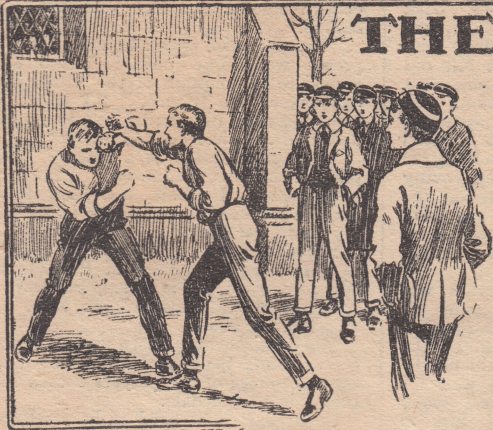
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EVERY THURSDAY



SEALED ORDERS!

As the bushmen rushed, the Maxims on board the Swift spluttered, sending forth a hail of bullets. (You must not miss reading the thrilling and exciting Naval Serial appearing in this issue.)



THE NEW CHUM

A Tale of School Life
and Sport.

By CHAS. HAMILTON

The New Chum Gives Advice.

"Here, you new kid, what's your name—Russell?"

Kit Russell looked round as his name was called.

It was his first day at St. Ethelberta's, but he might have lived there all his life to judge by his cool and unconcerned manner as he strolled across the old quadrangle with his hands in his pockets.

It was Cyril Pankhurst who called to him. Pankhurst was captain of the Fifth, and had a high sense of his own importance and dignity, and the cool glance the new boy gave him irritated him a little.

"Hallo—hallo!" said Kit cheerfully. "What's wanted?"

"Don't hang about there. Get down to the footer field."

"Who may you happen to be?" asked Kit coolly. "And what right have you got to order me about?"

"I'm the captain of the Fifth, and I'll jolly soon show you what right I've got if you don't make tracks!" exclaimed Pankhurst, getting red in the face. "You're not in Timbuctoo or Borriboola-Gha, or wherever it is you come from, now, and—"

"Keep your wool on," said Kit calmly. "I don't know the ropes here yet, and I don't want to buck against anybody if I can help it. Has this chap got a right to order me about?" he continued, turning to Dick Netherby, who was with Pankhurst.

Dick grinned. "Well, he's captain of the Form, you know, and it's his business to see that you don't cut the footer," he said. "Come along!"

"Right you are! I wouldn't miss a footer match for anything, as a matter of fact; but Mr. High-and-Mighty might have spoken civilly, all the same."

Pankhurst was about to make an angry rejoinder, when Dick Netherby caught him by the arm and dragged him away.

"Hang it, Pankhurst, you don't want to get quarrelling now! And, besides, there's no time for a row," he exclaimed. "The new chap doesn't mean any harm, and you might have been a bit more civil."

"He'll have to learn his place," growled Pankhurst. "I'm not going to be cheeked by a wild man from Borneo."

"Oh, come along!"

And Pankhurst suffered himself to be led away. Kit Russell joined the crowd of boys going down to the football field. By listening to the chatter going on about him he soon picked up what was

the special topic of interest just then at St. Ethelberta's.

Some changes were being made in the St. Ethel's first team, and Yorke, the football captain, had arranged the match this afternoon as a final test to some promising recruits he had his eye on.

The field was crowded with boys of all Forms, and Kit Russell joined heartily in the cheer which greeted the rival teams as they came scampering in. They were distinguished by red and blue shirts. Pankhurst was captain of the Blues, while Netherby captained the Reds. Yorke was acting as referee.

Kit watched the game with interest. The young Colonial was deeply interested in the national game, and he fully intended that the time should come when he would play in the school colours. Meanwhile, he contented himself with looking on, and cordially cheering every bit of good play.

And there was some good play to be seen on both sides. Football was taken seriously at St. Ethelberta's. In spite of his recent tiff with Pankhurst, Kit admired the way the captain of the Blues played up. His cheer was as loud as any when the Blue captain kicked the first goal of the match.

Pankhurst was certainly a fine footballer, but he was a little cocky, and rather inclined to show off. Presently the Blue forwards were going in fine style and Pankhurst, with the ball at his feet, made straight for goal. But the Red backs had marked him, and he should have passed out, but the temptation to stick to the ball was too strong.

"Pass," shouted Kit, in his excitement—"pass, you duffer!"

But Pankhurst was already tackled. He was robbed of the ball, and the Reds bore it away with a rush across the half-way line.

Dick Netherby equalised just before half-time. In the second half the Blues put forth their strength. Pankhurst scored another goal for his side, and another was taken before the whistle went. The match ended in a victory for the Blues—3 to 1. Pankhurst was swaggering a little as he went off the field. But he had not forgotten Kit, and as soon as he came out of the dressing-room he looked for the Colonial.

The Colonial Shows His Quality.

"Now, you cheeky, young bounder!" Kit Russell was swung round by a heavy hand on his shoulder. He jerked himself free, and looked calmly into Pankhurst's angry face.

"Let him alone, Cyril!" urged Dick Netherby, trying to make peace. "You can't expect a new chum fresh from New South Wales to know—"

"If you think I'm going to let a savage from the Cannibal Islands call me a duffer, Dick Netherby, you're jolly well mistaken!" almost shouted Pankhurst.

"I'm sorry I called you a duffer, since you don't like it," said Kit. "I spoke in the excitement of the moment. You ought to have passed."

"Have you come from the bush to teach us how to play footer?" sneered Pankhurst, all the more wild because he knew that Kit spoke truly.

"Well, I fancy I could give some of you points," answered Kit. "But, look here, I'm a peaceable chap, and I don't want to quarrel with anybody. But I came from New South Wales, and not from Timbuctoo, Borriboola-Gha, or the Cannibal Islands. Just remember that! I don't like being sneered at, and I don't want to be forced to punch your head!"

Pankhurst gasped.

"Punch my head? Why, you howler

"Now, chuck it! If you're captain of the Form, you ought to make things easier for a new chum, and not go for him immediately. You don't play the game."

"Do you hear that, Netherby?" said Pankhurst, with a forced grin. "What do you think of that for a new kid?"

"Well, he's right to a certain extent

"Right, is he? That's only your opinion?" snapped Pankhurst, taken aback. "Well, right or wrong, I'm going to punch his head for his cheek!"

And he hit out forcibly, expecting to see Kit go down like a ninepin. But somehow it didn't work out like that. His blow was brushed away, and a fist that seemed as hard as iron knocked a postman's knock on his jaw, and he staggered back.

He straightened up, glaring at Kit more in amazement than anger.

"So you are going to show fight, are you? All right! Scott! Won't I paste you! Bring him along to the gym, Netherby, since you've taken such a fancy to him. He shall have his lesson now, and, by Jove, I'll make him sorry for himself!"

And Pankhurst strode away.

"I suppose you're ready to fight, Russell?" remarked Netherby.

"Certainly," said Kit, with a glint in his eyes. "If he wants a row, he can have it! He won't bully me, that's certain!"

"Can you box?" asked Dick, as they walked away towards the school.

The young Colonial smiled quietly. "Just a bit."

"Then you may be able to hold out for a round or two. I'll be your second, if you like. Put up as good a fight as you can, and you'll make the fellows respect you, though, of course, Pankhurst will knock you into a cocked hat! He's the best boxer in the Fifth!"

The news of the fracas between the new boy and the captain of the Fifth soon spread, and there was a pretty good assemblage in the gym to see the encounter.

"You'll fight with gloves, of course?" said Dick to Pankhurst.

"No; I won't!" growled the captain of the Fifth. "The cheeky bouncer wants a good hiding, and I'm going to give it him!"

So it was with bare knuckles that the antagonists faced each other. Pankhurst expected to have it all his own way; but when the young Colonial faced him, a good many of the spectators, noting his sturdy form, his deep chest, and his clear, flashing eyes, began to think that the new chum from the far Colony had a chance.

Pankhurst sailed in with a will. He meant to knock the Colonial flying without wasting any time. What exactly happened he hardly knew; but he certainly ran up against a fist like a lump of iron, and he certainly went down with a heavy thump. Lacy, his second, picked him up, nearly as surprised as he was himself.

Pankhurst was cautious after that, but decidedly groggy. In the second round Kit received some severe punishment, but he stuck to it gamely, and gave as good as he got. The third round was all in the Colonial's favour. At the end of it Netherby patted his man on the back.

"Keep that up," he said encouragingly. "I shouldn't be surprised if you pulled it off."

Kit grinned.

"I shall do my best, anyhow."

And he did. The fourth round spelled disaster to Pankhurst. He finished on his back. Still, he would not give in. The enthusiastic comments of the spectators upon the Colonial's form and pluck added to the rage of the Form captain, who saw defeat looming darkly before him. But ere the fifth round ended he could hardly stand, and at the call of time he could not toe the mark.

"We're done," said Lacy.

Kit held out his hand to Pankhurst. There wasn't a trace of malice or triumph about the frank, manly young Colonial.

"Give us your fist, old man!" he said. "We've both had a jolly good slogging, and now let us forget all about it."

"Bravo!" shouted the boys.

And Pankhurst unwillingly gave his hand. But his heart did not go with it. From that hour he hated the new chum.

The Scardale Match.

But if Cyril Pankhurst hated the new chum from a distant quarter of the empire, such was not the feeling of any other lad at St. Ethelbert's.

In fact, the lad from Australia jumped into popularity at a bound.

His plucky fight, and the generosity he had shown after his victory, were calculated to appeal to healthy British boys, and he soon showed that he had other claims to regard. In affection for the national game he rivalled the

keenest footballers at St. Ethel's. Dick Netherby became his special chum, and Dick was always willing to help him on with his footer, and what Kit did not know about the game he soon learned under Dick's able tuition. His assiduity in the football field attracted the attention of Yorke, who marked the Colonial's keenness, as well as his active athletic form, with an approving eye. He wanted new blood for the first team, which had had bad luck lately in its encounters away from home, and he thought of the Colonial as a recruit.

When Pankhurst learned what was in the football captain's mind he ground his teeth. He was sure of a place in the first team himself, but he was determined that Kit should not be his comrade there. He had won his way upward by hard work and steady practice, and it exasperated him to think that the new boy should go into the team early in his first term. That feeling, added to his dislike of Kit, made him secretly determine that whatever chance the Colonial had he would spoil.

Unfortunately, it was in his power. As captain of the Fifth, he was naturally a good deal depended upon by Yorke, who consulted him about Kit.

"I want you to keep an eye on that youngster, Pankhurst," the captain remarked. "He looks very promising; and I fancy he would fill the place of inside-left when we go over to Scardale. What do you think?"

"It's rather early to say yet," replied Pankhurst. "I'll keep my eye on him."

But as he left the captain, he gritted his teeth.

"Yes, I'll keep an eye on him," he muttered, "and I'll take jolly good care that he doesn't get his cap for St. Ethel's this term, at any rate."

Kit, having buried the hatchet himself, would gladly have forgotten all about his quarrel with Pankhurst. But he was given no chance. Cyril could not forgive his defeat, and the Colonial soon came to realise that he had made a settled enemy.

Then he gave up his attempts to make friends, and let the obstinate fellow go his own way. And for the sake of peace and quietness he bore more than one ill-natured sneer from the captain of his Form.

He had thrown himself heart and soul into footer. There, at least, he fancied Pankhurst's enmity could make no difference to him.

"By Jove, Russell, you'll do!" Dick Netherby exclaimed one day, after a practice match, in which Kit's performance was really brilliant. "Why, you're top of the Fifth in footer, and there are few of the Sixth, I fancy, who can touch you. You'll get into the team that goes to Scardale for a certainty!"

Kit's eyes sparkled.

"Do you think so, Dick?"

"I certainly do! Yorke wants new blood in the team, and I tell you he can't miss your form. We shall all be glad to welcome you in."

"Except Pankhurst," said Kit, with a slight grimace. "He won't like it."

"Well, he is a chap for bearing malice," Dick agreed; "but he isn't a bad sort at bottom. Anyway, I shall speak a word for you to Yorke."

Dick did so, but received no definite reply. The time for the Scardale match, which was an important event in the football season at St. Ethel's, was coming round, and the constitution of the team that was to uphold the

college colours was not yet definitely settled.

"The Colonial seems to have shaped pretty well, Pankhurst," Yorke observed to the captain of the Fifth, the day before the fixture. "I think it rests between him and Lacy to go as inside-left. What do you think?"

"I'd take Russell as a reserve," replied Pankhurst instantly. "He's a good player, I admit, but Lacy is a good deal more reliable of the two. I'd say Lacy, certainly."

Yorke nodded. He had no reason to doubt the good faith of Pankhurst, and as captain of his Form, Pankhurst certainly should have known what he was talking about.

The next morning there was an eager crowd round the school notice-board to see the names of the players chosen for the visit to Scardale.

Kit's heart beat hard as he read the list of names. Without conceit, he knew that his football was quite up to the mark, and he had a good expectation of seeing his own name there. At a late hour the previous evening the final decision had not been arrived at, and he did not know that an enemy had been working against him. His eye ran rapidly over the list.

Terrence; Johnson; Callonby; Hake, Carter, Murphy; Pankhurst, Lacy, Yorke, Netherby, Jones.

In spite of himself his face fell visibly.

"Expect to see your name there?" sneered Pankhurst, who was looking at him. "Like your cheek, you outsider!"

Kit turned away without a word. His expectations had been raised high, and it was a bitter disappointment. He hardly noticed Pankhurst's words, as a matter of fact. Dick Netherby slapped him on the shoulder when he met him a few minutes later.

"Better luck next time, old chap," was his consolation. "I can't think what Yorke is about. He's usually keen to see a chap's form. You're coming as reserve."

And when the St. Ethel's brake bore the team away to Scardale, Kit Russell went, but without any prospect of playing. A good-sized crowd of St. Ethel's lads accompanied the team, intent upon seeing them conquer their old rivals. The last season's record was wholly in favour of Scardale, but St. Ethel's hoped to level matters this year.

The kick-off was timed for three o'clock, and the afternoon was fine and cold, with a very slight wind, and plenty of light; ideal for football. When the teams ran in, St. Ethel's and Scardale cheered the champions, and when the whistle went, the opening of the match was watched with eager interest.

Scardale lost the toss, and kicked off. They were a splendid set of footballers, looking very fit in their blue shirts, and they were evidently out for victory. They followed up the kick-off by a rush over the half-way line, and the Saints' defence fell back, and there was a sharp struggle in front of the visitors' goal.

Spratt, the Scardale captain and centre-forward, came right through the Saints, and kicked for goal amid a roar from his delighted supporters round the field. But Terrence saved neatly, and again and again he sent out the shots that were rained in upon him, till at last came one that he could not save, and the leather banged into the net.

It was first blood to Scardale, and the home crowd were shouting themselves hoarse over it. The Saints looked grim as they lined up again. Nearly all the

fighting had been in their half, and it looked as if Scardale were the stronger team. The visitors' left wing was specially weak, and the Scardalers had noted it as they soon showed.

Yorke kicked off, and again the home players came rushing on. Their right wing brought the ball well down, and though Pankhurst did well, Lacy was evidently not up to such foes. Hake robbed the Scardale forwards of the ball, but he was charged off it, and again Spratt had it, and was coming down the field like the wind. Callonby tackled him, but he passed in the nick of time to his left, who rushed in and slammed the ball into the goal with a shot that gave Terrence no chance.

A few minutes after that the whistle blew with the score 2 to nil.

The Saints were looking glum now. Two to nil in the first half! What

was of no use. Right up to their goal the blue shirts came in a splendid rush, and Terrence was dazzled by the rapidity of the shots he was called upon to save. Before long, one found the net.

Scardale were cheering almost hysterically. They had confidently expected victory, but not so sweeping a success as this. Ere long another goal was added to the score, making a total of four for the home team.

After that, Yorke and his men, contenting themselves with playing a purely defensive game, kept the enemy off the goal, till the welcome whistle gave them a much-needed rest. The match was over, and Scardale trooped off the field the victors by fours goals to nil.

It was with gloomy and downcast faces that the Saints turned homeward.

"Can't you leave off snapping, Panky?" asked Dick Netherby, in a tone of remonstrance.

"Oh, you shut up!"

"That's what you'd better do, I think. You keep on pecking, like an old hen!"

Pankhurst growled, but said no more. His dislike of Kit was making him unpopular in his Form, and the knowledge of that added to his spite towards the Colonial chum.

A crowd of lads hastened down to the Craye to skate and slide as soon as they were free that afternoon. The river was frozen over, offering a splendid surface for the fascinating sport. But in one place a danger-board was erected, warning adventurers that the ice was thin in that spot.

Kit donned his skates, and was soon skimming merrily over the ice, which



The goalie clutched at the ball desperately, but Kit Russell sprinted forward and charged goalkeeper and ball into the net together.

were the Saints likely to do in the second? Make it a draw, if they were lucky!

Kit Russell's brow was gloomy. The Saints' left wing was their principal weakness, and it was Kit's special place. There, he knew, he could have been a tower of strength to his side. If he had worn the school colours that day, he knew that the first half would have gone differently. But he could only grin and bear it, and fervently hope that St. Ethel's would pull off a victory after all.

Alas for the hope!

In the second half Scardale attacked with a vim that was not to be argued with. Two goals up had encouraged them so much that they felt invincible, and the change of ends brought what wind there was in their favour. Bravely the Saints defended, and bravely they tried to get going, but it

was the most crushing defeat they had ever experienced at Scardale, and they felt it deeply.

The Colonial's Pluck.

"Ugh! Beastly cold!" shivered Dick Netherby, one morning a week or two after the Scardale match, as he got out of bed. "Hang that bell!"

"Never mind," said Kit, jumping up cheerily, as was his wont. "The colder it is, the more likely the ice is to hold." "Oh, it'll hold right enough!" said Lacy. "The Craye is as hard as iron now."

"Then we'll have some jolly skating this afternoon," Kit remarked. It was Wednesday, which was a half-holiday at St. Ethel's. "I'm fond of skating." "Are you a wonder at that as at everything else?" asked Pankhurst.

"Oh, rats!" said Kit, turning away.

was alive with boys, with red faces and flying scarves, and merry shouts and laughter. Kit was clever with his skates, and more than one eye was turned admiringly upon him as he twisted and curved in the most difficult figures.

Pankhurst rather prided himself on his ability in that line, but he soon saw that he was not a patch on Kit, and a sudden anger smouldered in his breast.

"Look out, Pankhurst!" called out Kit, suddenly seeing the captain of the Fifth gliding towards a dangerous quarter. "Look out! See that board!"

"Oh, mind your own business!" snapped back Cyril. "If you're afraid, you can keep off! It's safe enough for me!"

And, out of sheer obstinacy and bravado, he kept on.

"Come back, you idiot!" shouted Netherby.

"Oh, rats!"

Kit stopped himself on the ice, and looked after Pankhurst. The latter half turned, and looked at him with a sneering laugh.

"Are you afraid to follow?" he called out tauntingly.

Kit flushed. It was hard to resist such a challenge, and yet it was madness to venture on the thin ice. He was making a movement when Dick Netherby reached him, and grasped his arm.

"No; you don't, you frabjous ass!" said Netherby grimly. "Keep where you are."

A shout rang over the frozen river. The ice under Pankhurst had given a long, threatening crack, and the water was oozing out about the feet of the too venturesome skater.

The sight of that brought Pankhurst to his senses at once. He could not swim, and he knew that the water there was deep. He made a hurried attempt to return, but even as he did so there came a louder crack from the ice, and it broke fairly under him. With a wild cry he sank into the black water. He clutched at the edge of the ice where he had gone in, but it crumbled and broke in his fingers. His face, white as ashes and wild with terror, looked out from the dark waters for a moment, and then vanished.

A cry of horror came from the on-lookers. The face reappeared the next moment, and again the feeble fingers crumbled the ice.

"Where are you going?" shouted Netherby.

Kit did not reply. He had torn off his skates, and went with a rapid slide towards the gap in the ice. The thin crust crumbled beneath his weight, but in a flash he reached the gap, and dived in beside Pankhurst.

He was only just in time. Cyril's frozen fingers could not find a hold, and it wanted only a moment more to see him drawn under the ice to certain death. Kit's strong grasp supported him, and the brave lad swam vigorously, holding him fast.

Kit was a splendid swimmer, but the cold of the water was something terrible. He felt it creeping into the very marrow of his bones.

"Help—help!" he gasped.

Help was already coming.

The moment the ice broke under Pankhurst, some of the boys had started off for aid. As Kit, fighting gamely for his life and Pankhurst's, cast a desperate glance towards his friends, he saw a dozen boys running back towards the river, bearing between them a long ladder. But would they come in time?

The cold was nipping him like a vice. He kept in rapid motion, but his strength was being sapped away.

Pankhurst was a helpless burden. He had sense enough not to struggle, and so encumber his rescuer; but he was half dead with cold and fright. Yet it was not only of his peril that he was thinking. Several times his blue lips moved, and at last he spoke:

"Let me go, Russell! I'm dragging you down!"

"Rats!" mumbled Kit. "Sink or swim together!"

Pankhurst groaned.

"Oh, what a beast I've been to you, and now you—you—"

"Never mind all that! Ah, thank goodness, here comes the ladder!"

They were shoving it out cautiously over the ice. Would the thin crust bear it? It was doubtful, but it was

the only chance. Fortunately, it was a very long one, and when the end reached the gap, there was a considerable length of it extending over the firm ice.

Kit grasped it with one hand, and helped Pankhurst to get a hold.

"Can you hold on?" he muttered anxiously.

"Yes. But you?"

"Never mind me! Pull away, boys!"

The ladder was drawn back, with Pankhurst clinging to it, for he had no strength to crawl upon it. For some way the ice crumbled under him; but then it held, and he was drawn out of the water, and over the ice, till he was near enough to the rescuers to be seized and dragged away.

Kit was still swimming in the water. His face was contracted with cold, his teeth chattering. It seemed to him that he could never hold out till his turn came, but he struggled on gamely.

At last, after what seemed an age, the ladder came sliding towards him again. His hands were almost too frozen to hold it; but he made a desperate effort. Slowly but surely he was dragged away from the shadow of death. And as soon as he found himself among his comrades again, he fainted dead away.

Kit Gets His Cap for St. Ethel's.

Kit Russell knew no more till he awoke to find himself in bed at St. Ethelbert's. And there he remained for a week or more. His splendid constitution pulled him through what might have been a serious illness. But Pankhurst was not so lucky. When Kit was up and doing again, Cyril was still in bed, recovering, but very slowly, from the effects of his immersion in the freezing Craye.

Kit rejoined his school-fellows, to find himself a hero. The whole school united to praise his splendid pluck and unselfishness, and his Form worshipped him. It was fortunate that he was a cool, sensible lad, or he might have had his head turned. But he bore his blushing honours thick upon him without betraying a single symptom of swelled head.

Yorke, meanwhile, was in an unenviable frame of mind. The date of the return match with Scardale was coming round, and it was clear that Pankhurst would not be able to play. Pankhurst was one of the best.

In the former match the Saints' left wing had been their weakness, in spite of Pankhurst, the inside-left being nowhere against the Scardalers. With a new outside, who was not a patch upon Cyril, the Saints might as well give away the match. So the football captain wore a worried look, and could not be comforted.

But Pankhurst, as he lay in the college hospital, was turning over many matters in his mind. In those terrible minutes when he had looked grim death in the face, and the brave Colonial had come between him and the king of terrors, his dislike of the new chum had melted away, and a whole-hearted shame for his previous conduct had taken possession of him.

As he progressed towards recovery, his chief thought was to make amends, and as soon as he heard that Kit was up and about, he sent word to the Colonial chum that he wanted him.

Kit came in, quite frank and friendly, seeming to bring the fresh air in along with him.

"I want to thank you, Russell,"

Pankhurst said. "You saved my life. You might have been drowned yourself."

"Oh's that nothing!" said Kit cheerily. "You'd have done it for me."

Pankhurst coloured a little.

"I—I hope I would," he said hesitatingly.

"Of course you would. I'm glad to hear that you're much better. You must buck up and get well in time for the Scardale match."

"That's what I want to speak to you about."

"Yes?" said Kit wonderingly.

"I did you a dirty trick!" blurted out Pankhurst. "Yorke would have put you in, and I—I led him to think you were not up to the mark, when I knew—"

The Colonial's face had become grave.

"I'm sorry to hear that, Pankhurst. Not so much on my own account, though it was a keen disappointment to me. But if you thought I could help to win for St. Ethel's, you ought to have thought of the school."

"I know I ought," said Pankhurst. "I was a cad. I—I'm sorry."

"Don't say anything more about it," said Kit generously. He knew what it must have cost the captain of the Fifth to make this confession, and his was a forgiving nature, like most thoroughly healthy ones. "It's all over now, anyway."

"But it isn't. I'm going to speak to Yorke, and—"

"I shouldn't. No good getting yourself into a row. Let bygones be bygones."

"You're a splendid fellow, Russell," said Pankhurst, with tears in his eyes. "But anyway, I can fix it for you to play for St. Ethel's in the return match."

Kit's eyes sparkled.

"But the team is full."

"I shall be out of it. I sha'n't be well enough to play. The doctor says so. I'll see that Yorke puts you in my place. He's worrying now a lot about it, I know."

Kit gripped his hand.

"That's splendid of you, old chap! I hope it will come off."

And come off it did. When Yorke came in to talk to the invalid, Pankhurst plunged into the subject at once.

"You've altered your opinion rather suddenly," Yorke remarked. "Sure it isn't simply because he saved your life?" he added, with a smile. "Gratitude is a good thing in its place, but football is football, and not friendship."

"Well, see for yourself, Yorke. It's a week before the Scardale lot come over, and in that time just watch Russell yourself and see what he's like. You'll have plenty of time to put him to the test. I should play him inside, and put Lacy outside, if I were you."

"We'll see," said Yorke, with a nod.

He took Pankhurst's advice, and marked the Colonial chum's form in practice matches, and soon came to the conclusion that Kit was the recruit he wanted. And the day before the date appointed for the Scardale return match, Yorke clapped the lad from New South Wales upon the shoulder.

"You'll do!" he exclaimed. "You'll have your cap for the college, Russell."

A Great Game.

The Scardale footballers came over to St. Ethelbert's the next day in a rather cocksure mood. Their previous victory had had that effect upon them.

(Continued on page 31.)

THE NEW CHUM.

(Continued from page 14.)

They intended to come, and see, and conquer. But there was a little surprise awaiting them.

The afternoon was cold and sharp, with a stiff wind blowing. The field was crowded. Boys from both schools thronged there, with many spectators from the neighbouring village. The ground was in good condition, the white lines gleaming like strings of pearls from the emerald turf. When the teams came on to the field, both looked in good form for a tussle. The Saints' team was the same that had visited Scardale, with the exception that Lacy was now playing outside-left, and Kit Russell inside. Spratt of Scardale looked over the team, and saw only one new face there, and grinned to himself. He anticipated an easy victory.

The two captains tossed, and the visitors won. St. Ethel's had to face the wind, which was blowing with wintry keenness.

It was an initial advantage for Scardale. Yorke kicked off, and the game was lively from the first moment.

The ball passed to and fro for some time, but at length the visitors got going, and tried the rushing tactics which had been successful when last they met the Saints.

They came through gallantly, and were soon besieging the home goal.

A St. Ethel's back, however, sent the ball away with a powerful kick. A Scardale half rushed at it and sent it forward again to Spratt. But before the Scardale captain could deal with it, a nimble figure in the St. Ethel's red was there. It was Kit Russell. He did not try to trap the ball, but just sent it across to Yorke, who tore away with it, and was speeding through the Scardale half in a flash.

In a moment the Scardale blue shirts were racing up the field in pursuit. The halves were nowhere or anywhere, and Yorke beat the backs easily. Right in went the ball with a whiz, but it came back again from the fist of the custodian, to fall almost at the toe of a back. But before he could clear Kit, who had come up the field like lightning, was upon him, and he was

robbed of the ball. The next instant it was flashing into the net, with a shot that gave the goalkeeper no earthly chance.

"Goal!"

It was a wild yell from the Saints round the field.

The Saints had begun well. The first success put fresh heart into them, and entirely obliterated the unpleasant recollections of the last match. They felt that they were fully a match for their opponents, and that they would wipe out their defeat. They were in high spirits when they lined up again.

Deeper and more eager grew the interest of the spectators as the fight waged on.

Kit had the ball; he passed to Yorke, who sent it out to the right wing as he was tackled. It was sent in again, and then some rapid and brilliant passing puzzled the defence. It looked like a certainty for St. Ethel's, when a visiting back, in sheer desperation, played the ball behind the corner-flag.

Instantly Yorke claimed the corner. Kit Russell strolled over to take it. There was a breathless hush. Ah!

Kit dropped the ball fairly at Yorke's toe, and the captain sent it in. From the head of a Scardale back, interposing in time, it came back again without passing the posts; but Dick Netherby was there. Biff! Up sprang the goalie in a desperate attempt to save as the ball came in from Netherby's head. It was in vain. The leather was in the net!

Two up for the School!

No wonder the Saints cheered!

No wonder the visitors looked dogged and grim when they faced the enemy again!

Soon afterwards came the interval. The play had been hard and wearing, and both sides needed a breather. Both showed signs of the strain when they came out again. But there was one player at least who looked as fresh as a daisy, upon whose iron frame the wear and tear of the match seemed to have made no impression. And that one was the Colonial chum.

The change of ends brought the wind in favour of the home team. Even the most ardent supporters of Scardale were despondent now. With the disadvantage of the wind, what were they likely to do in the second half?

At least they put up a good fight.

The Saints' rushes were well met, and time and again they were baffled. But that could not last. Presently a tireless figure came streaking through the defence, some of whom had played themselves out and could hardly raise a run. Gallantly on came the Colonial chum, and gallantly the red shirts of St. Ethel's swept on to back him up. Gallantly, too, the Scardales fought to defend their goal, but they fought in vain. Shots rained in on the goalkeeper till he hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels, and soon the ball was climbing up the back of the net. And it was from the foot of Kit Russell that it went in.

From that moment the Scardale game slacked off perceptibly. The terrible Colonial seemed to have taken the heart out of them. Another goal was taken by Netherby, from a pass by Russell. Four up! And still ten minutes to play!

"We must have one more at least," was the thought in the mind of every Saint. That was what they wanted to wipe out the disgrace of their crushing defeat at Scardale. And that was what the visitors were determined they should not have.

And as the time drew nearer, the struggle became keener, the Scardalers mustering up all their remaining energy to defend their citadel. At last!

In goes the ball, from Yorke's foot. Goal? No; out it comes from the goalie's fist. In again. Surely now? But the goalie is clutching at it desperately. He has it, advancing from his goal-line—then right forward goes Kit Russell, and goalkeeper and ball are charged into the net together.

Phip! It is the whistle.

With a frenzied yell, the Saints' crowd into the field, and the Colonial chum is seized and carried back to the pavilion by a roaring throng, shoulder-high! The defeat which has weighed so heavily upon the Saints is more than wiped out. Five goals to nil! But the Scardalers take their licking like true sportsmen and Britons, and their voices are added to the ringing cheers for the Colonial chum.

And Cyril Pankhurst, when Kit came to tell him the glorious news, gave him a grip of the hand that told more than words.

THE END.

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