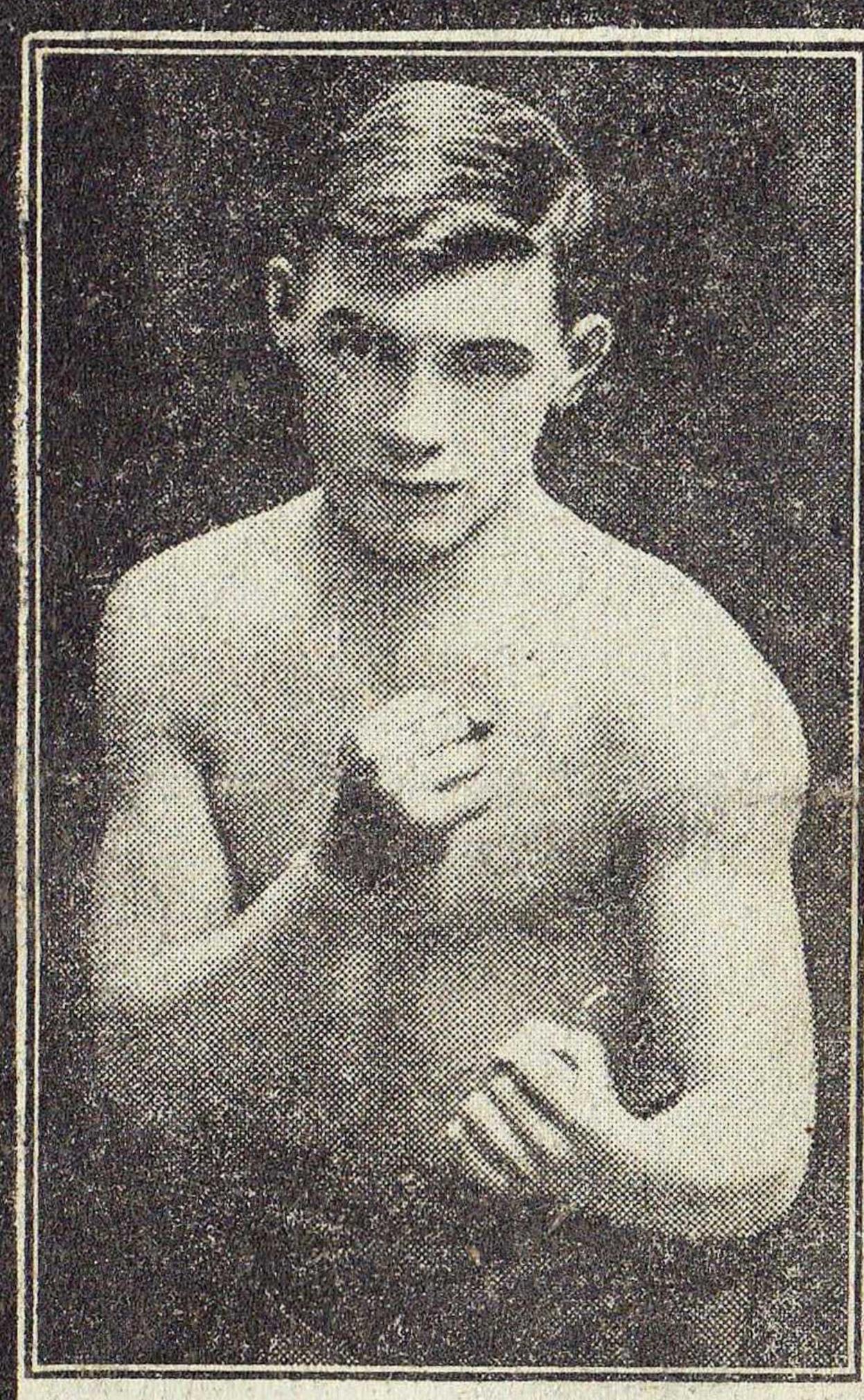
# FREAL PHOTON OF TOWNY FARRISON

(A Coming Boxing Champion) Given Away in This Issue!

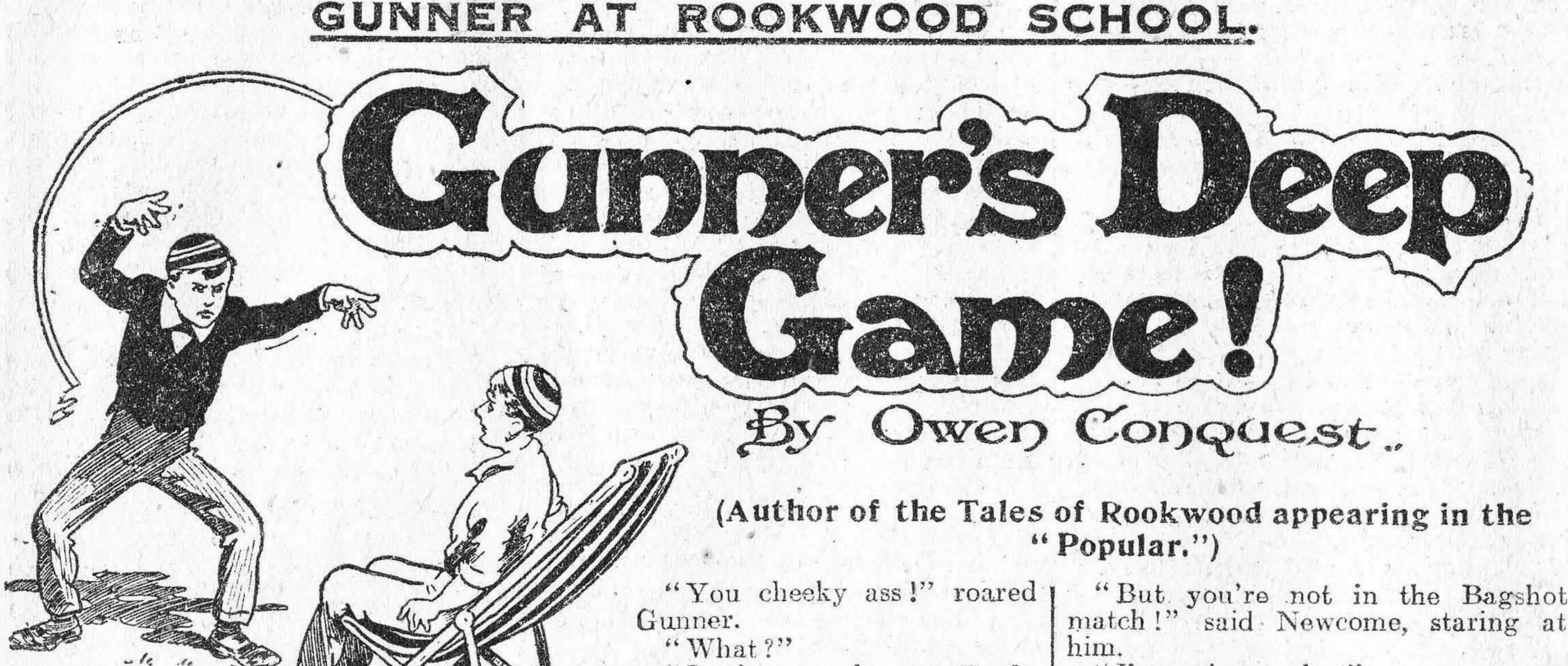






CLEARING THE RING!

Rollo Dayton swung the Spider high above his head and faced the threatening mob with fierce, flashing eyes. "Back, you rascals!" he roared. "Back, or I'll throw this thing at you!" (A thrilling incident from this week's grand story of the Clean-Sport Crusaders.)



The 1st Chapter. Jimmy Silver is Surprised!

" Oh!"

Gunner jumped.

Never had a Rookwood fellow looked so startled as Peter Cuthbert Gunner did at that moment.

Yet there was nothing particularly Silver. startling in Jimmy Silver's face, as he looked into Gunner's study.

Jimmy's face was rather goodlooking, in fact, and very goodnatured and pleasant. Certainly there was nothing about it calculated to have such an effect on a fellow | who saw it suddenly.

startled. Jimmy's glance seemed to have the same effect upon him as | the Gorgon's glare upon its victims.

He ejaculated "Oh!" in startled tones, jumped up out of his chair, and his hand, holding a book, was hurriedly thrust behind him.

He blinked at the captain of the Fourth, his face growing very red. Naturally, Jimmy Silver was surprised. He was not accustomed to' his glance producing that effect upon fellows.

"What on earth's the matter?" he demanded.

"M-m-matter?" stammered Gunner "Yes, ass! What did you jump

"J-j-jump?"

"Gone potty?" inquired Jimmy Silver sarcastically.

"Nunno!" gasped Gunner.

"Good! You hadn't far to go, if you'd started!" "I-I-I-"

Peter Cuthbert Gunner began to recover himself a little. His hand, holding the book, was still behind him, as he faced Jimmy Silver. But Jimmy did not notice that specially. That Gunner was hiding a book from his view naturally did not occur to him—there was no reason why Gunner should do anything of the kind.

"The—the fact is—" stammered Gunner, "I-I-you-you-that is,

you startled me." "Well, you're a silly ass!" commented Jimmy Silver. "I suppose you didn't take me for a ghost, did you?"

Jimmy eyed him curiously. Gunner's face was still red, and he was obviously confused. If he had been smoking a cigarette, and a prefect of the Sixth had looked in, there would have been reason for his startled confusion. As it was, Jimmy could see no reason at all. Yet Gunner certainly looked as if he had been caught-or nearly caught-in something that he wished very much to conceal.

But Jimmy was not deeply interested. Gunner was a champion ass, anyhow, and why he did things was a matter of little consequence. his own estimation, Peter Cuthbert Jimmy, and elect you skipper in his Jimmy Silver laughed. was a most important person. In the estimation of everybody else, his; unimportance was absolutely without

Gunner.

Fourth. "You're the worst cricketer that ever was, and if you like, I can find time to give you a little coaching."

Gunner quite recovered himself at that. He sneered.

"Coaching-from you!" he said.

"I like that!" "Well, if you like it, come along!" |

braining all the field."

"Is there a chap at Rookwood-even in the Sixthwho bowls as I do?" demanded Gunner hotly.

"No fear! Not even in the Second!" grinned Jimmy Silver. "I'll show you how to hold a bat, too, if you like."

"Talking about cricket," said Gunner, ruthlessly ignoring that kind offer, "are you going to play me in Jimmy, really wondering whether the Bagshot match?"

passage, where Lovell and Raby and sanity; and his present remarks Newcome grinned into the study. were really extraordinary. The Fistical Four of the Fourth seemed greatly tickled by Gunner's | decline to explain-but if you won't question.

"don't talk cricket to me! Coach | Jimmy regarded him reflectively. cricket!"

"Don't be funny, old chap!" urged! Why they sent you to Rookwood! how a fellow could be such a duffer

match!" said Newcome, staring at

"I'm going to be!" "How's that?" asked Jimmy Silver curiously. "As you can't play up to Second Form style, you're not likely to be picked to play for the School. How are you going to manage it?"

"There are ways and means!" said Gunner mysteriously.

"Well, what are they?" asked Peter Cuthbert Gunner was wander-"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled Jimmy ing in his mind. The way Gunner played cricket was really almost His laugh was echoed from the enough to inspire doubts of his

"That's telling!" said Gunner. "I do the right thing, Silver, you'll be "If you're not," said Gunner, made. I shall exert my power."

But undoubtedly Gunner was me! 'Ha, ha! Why, I could give "I suppose you're trying to pull Bulkeley of the Sixth tips about my leg, somehow," he said. "If not, you'd better see a doctor, Gunner.

he muttered. "Jolly nearly caught! If Silver had seen this-phew!"

With which mysterious observation Peter Cuthbert Gunner sat down and opened his book, and began to read and study it with a deep and absorbed attention that he never bestowed upon his lessons.

#### The 2nd Chapter. · Alarming!

Silver looked rather thoughtful as he came out of the School House with his chums.

Gunner was an unimportant person certainly, and Jimmy had matters of much more consequence to think about. He was not used to wasting much thought on Gunner of the Fourth. That burly youth, who was convinced that the Head was an ass for not putting him in the Fifth, and who believed that he could play cricket better than Bulkeley, added considerably to the gaiety of existence in the Fourth Form; but beyond that he had no uses.

But Jimmy, for once, gave him a little thought. Gunner's manner had been so very strange that Jimmy was concerned.

It was already known that Peter Cuthbert was every conceivable kind of a duffer. In Form he was a dunce, though he despised Mr. Dalton's want of sagacity in putting him at the bottom of the class. In cricket he was a regular shriek, though he was convinced that he ought to have been played in the First Eleven on his merits. At boxing he was the last word in clumsiness, though he was always ready for a fight, and would probably have undertaken to box Carpentier if given a chance. Between what Gunner could do, and what he thought he could do, there was a great gulf fixed.

Some of the fellows had wondered

"My hat, that was a near thing!" | Bagshot; he seems to think he's got some way of making you put him in the team. It's queer, I know."

"Jolly queer," said Jimmy. "He's just been talking out of his hat in a very odd way. Is he getting up to some trick or other?"

"Blessed if I know. He's got a book that he's always reading, and he won't show it to me," said Dickinson minor. "I keep on finding him mugging into it, but he won't even let me see the title. Can't be a lesson-book, or he wouldn't want to read it. Except for that, he doesn't seem a bigger idiot than usual."

"A book!" repeated Jimmy. "Well, there's no harm in that. Come to think of it, he was hiding something when I looked into his study. If that's all, there's no harm. thought he might have some potty idea of playing some trick about the eleven."

"Like Morny's trick?" grinned Dickinson. "Nothing of the kind. Gunner hasn't brains enough; and, besides, there's no harm in him. Just a silly ass, you know."

Jimmy Silver nodded, and joined his chums on the cricket-ground, dismissing Gunner from his mind.

Dickinson minor went on to the Schoo! House. It was past tea-time, and Dickinson wanted his tea. Tea in Study No. 7 was always a lavish spread; that was one of Gunner's good qualities. He had heaps of money, derived from the ample profits of Gunner's World-Famous Hardware, and in one way, at least, it was a very good thing to be Gunner's study-mate. Peter Cuthbert spent his money right royally, and Dickinson had lived on the fat of the land ever since Gunner had arrived at Rookwood. For that reason, Peter Cuthbert was a fellow to whom much could be forgiven.

There was no sign of tea when Dickinson minor came into his study, and clumped his bat down in a corner. Gunner gave a start as he came in, and slipped a book into his pocket, but that did not surprise Dickinson. He had seen Gunner do that a dozen times at least during the past week. Any other fellow acting in that way would have excited curiosity, but nobody expected Gunner to act like any other fellow. Gunner had manners and customs of his own.

"What about tea?" asked Dickinson affably.

"Tea!" said Gunner. "Is it tea-Dickinson was a little surprised at

that. Gunner had a healthy appetite, and he was generally acutely conscious of meal-times.

"Well, never mind tea," said Gunner absently. "That cheeky ass Silver has just been here, Dick. He persists that he's not going to play me against Bagshot next week. Just because he's junior captain, you

"The captain generally decides these questions, doesn't he?" murmured Dickinson minor.

"Not where I'm concerned," said Gunner loftily. "I hope you don't look on me as an ordinary member of a fag Form, Dickinson. If the Head had any sense, I should be in the Fifth. I fully expected to be put in the Fifth when I came. You see, as the matter stands, I'm in the Fourth, but not of them. Catch on?"

"Ye-es. What about tea?" "Fortunately," continued Gunner, "I have the power in my hands to make Silver do the right thing. I'm not going to explain to you at present, Dick; but I have power in my hands—great power."

"Have-have you, really?" said Dickinson feebly.

"Enormous power!" said Gunner impressively.

"Oh!" "If I liked," said Gunner, "I could make the Head put me in the Fifth-

or the Sixth, for that matter." "C-c-could you?" "Yes. I may do that, later. By Jove, I could make the governors

appoint me Head of Rookwood, if I Dickinson minor blinked at him. He was thinking about tea, but he

decided to keep near the door. Gunner in this mood was a little alarming. Gunner, deep in his own thoughts.

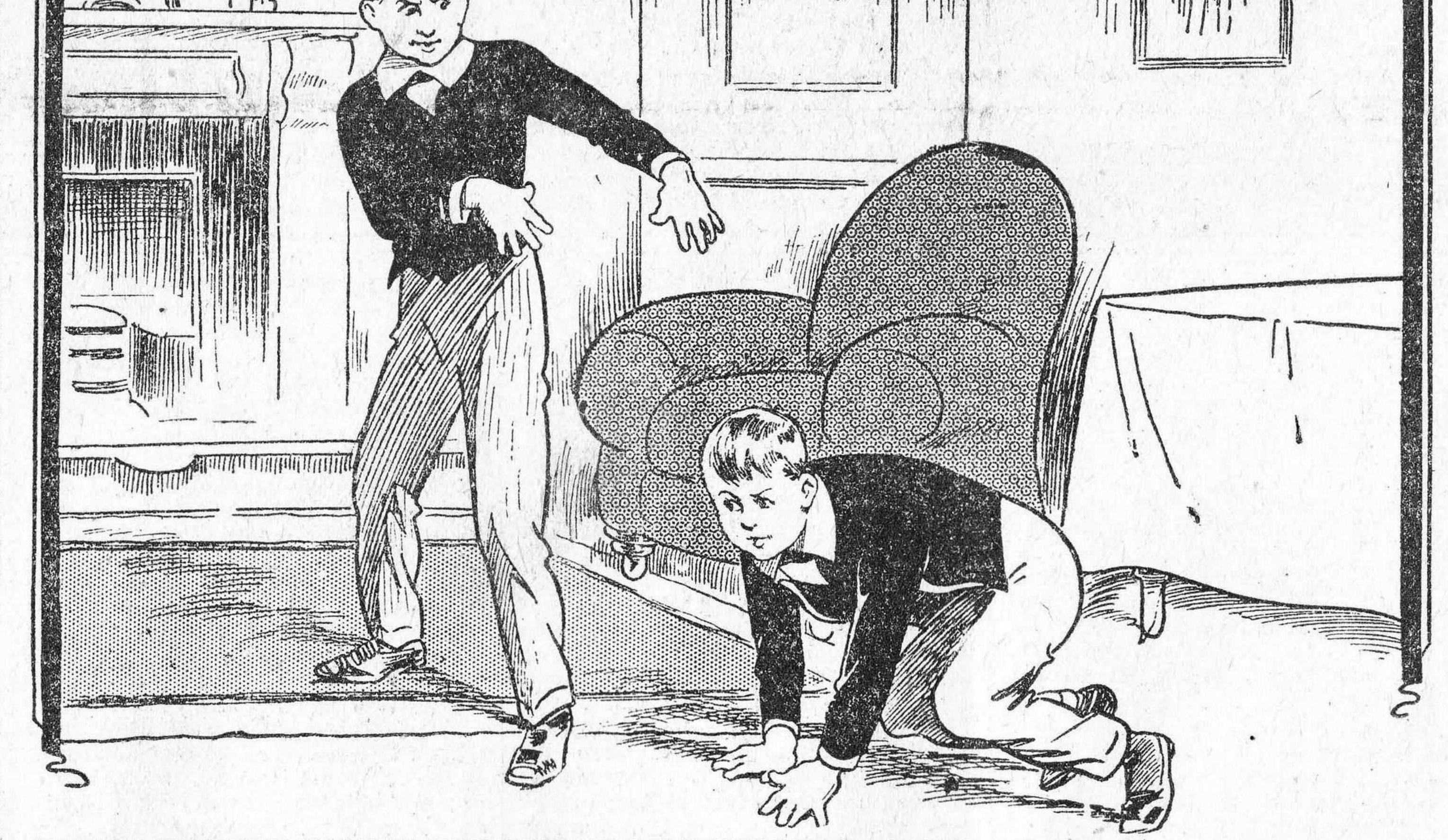
did not notice Dickinson. He began to walk about the study in suppressed

excitement. "It's a great responsibility," he

"Wha-a-at is?" murmured Dickin-

"This enormous power that is in my hands. Fancy being able to make the Head jazz across the quad by lifting my finger?" "Oh, my hat!"

"I could do it," said Gunner-"easily! Of course, I wouldn't!" "N-n-no!" gasped Dickinson. "I-I-I shouldn't, old chap."



Dickinson minor crawled round the study on all fours. "That settles it!" said Gunner as he watched with glowing satisfaction. "I've got the power of mesmerism at last!"

game.

Gunner waved his hand at him. "I don't want any more of your fellows do. You'll find me all right cheek!" he said. "As a matter of on Bagshot day." shot match next week."

"Are the Form going to sack his comrades. place?" chuckled Arthur Edward

"They might do worse," said Gunner contemptuously; "in fact, "W-w-what did you want?" asked they do worse already. Why the fellows keep Silver in the job, I can't "Nothing! I looked in to tell you | imagine. Sheer fatheadedness, that we're going down to cricket suppose. I've offered to stand for practice, and if you'd like to come, election, and nobody backs meyou may," said the captain of the except Dickinson minor. Dickinson minor is the only chap in the Fourth with the brains of a gnat!"

"The only chap who shares your study, and has to pull your leg to keep you quiet, you mean!" grinned

"But the time will come!" said Gunner. "After I've shown the fellows what I can do, in the Bagshot said Jimmy. "I'll try to put you up | match, you won't be able to keep | to a wrinkle about bowling without me out of the team for the big fixtures, Silver!"

Jimmy Silver. "Come down and get, instead of Colney Hatch is a puzzle to, without being weak in the head. And some practice, and try to pick up the me. Are you coming down to practice or not?" "I don't need the practice you

fact, I'm going to play in the Bag- | "Shall we bump him before we

go?" asked Lovell, looking round at

"Not worth the trouble," he said. "Come on!"

The Fistical Four walked away down the Fourth Form passage. Gunner shrugged his shoulders contemptuously and closed the door.

Then his hidden book came into view again. Gunner looked at it and grinned.

NEXT MONDAY'S

FREE BOXING PHOTO

IS OF DICK SMITH POPULAR HEAVY-WEIGHT BOXER.)

Jimmy was beginning to wonder whether Gunner really was weak in the head. His manner, and his remarks had been so very queer.

Dickinson minor, who had the doubtful privilege of being Gunner's study-mate in No. 7, was coming off the cricket-ground as Jimmy Silver & Co. arrived there. Jimmy called to | chose!" him. Dickinson was an inoffensive youth, who contrived to keep peace in the study by pulling Peter Cuthbert's leg to any extent that Peter Cuthbert required, which was a very great extent.

"Have you noticed anything queer about Gunner lately?" Jimmy Silver

Dickinson minor grinned.

"Same as usual," he answered-"more than usual, in fact. Are you going to play him against Bagshot?" "No jolly fear!"

"He says he's going to play; that's his latest," said Dickinson minor. Jimmy Silver nodded.

"He's not a bad chap, you know," said Dickinson, who really was rather

attached to his burly study-mate. "He can't help being an ass. But he seems to think he's going to play

(Continued overleaf.)

sense of responsibility, with enormous power in my hands; I am going to use it with discretion. It came quite ! book out of curiosity, never dreaming | pocket, and opened it. that it would reveal this tremendous gift that I possess."

Dickinson put his hand behind him and unlatched the door. He felt safer with an avenue of retreat open.

"Now," continued the unconscious Gunner "I've studied the matter thoroughly, and I'm fairly well satisfied. But I must make an experi-I'm going to experiment on you, old chap!"

"Sit in that chair," said Gunner

autocratically.

Dickinson trembled. Before he could make up his mind to bolt, Gunner grabbed him by the shoulder, jerked him to the chair, and sat him into it with a bump.

"Keep quite still," said Gunner. "Ow! Yes. A-a-anything you

like, old fellow." Dickinson watched Gunner as if fascinated. Gunner's next precedings were still more alarming.

He raised both hands, and advanced towards Dickinson, with a steady, stony glare in his eyes, fixed on Dickinson's face.

It was too much for the alarmed junior.

With a yell of terror, Dickinson leaped out of the chair, knocking it over backwards, and sprang for the door.

He tore the door open, darted into the passage, and fled.

Gunner stood dumbfounded for a moment; then he jumped to the door and yelled:

"Dickinson! Come back, you chump! Do you hear?"

If Dickinson minor heard, he did not heed. He was vanishing down the staircase.

"The silly ass!" ejaculated Gunner. "I almost believe that chap is potty! What's the matter with him, I wonder? He didn't even know that was going to mesmerise him. Now

can't make my experiment." Gunner frowned. "I shall have to find somebody else! It's very annoying-I can't let out the secret of my immense power, or Silver will be on his guard, and I may not be able to get him under the influence next week. It's dashed annoying! But I've got to put it to the test some-

And Peter Cuthbert Gunner, feeling very exasperated, quitted Study No. 7 in search of a victim.

### The 3rd Chapter. Gunner Tries It On!

"Hallo, Gunner! Trot this way!" called out Jimmy Silver cheerily

The burly figure of Peter Cuthbert Gunner appeared on the cricket field, and Jimmy hailed him. Jimmy had been batting, and now he was taking a rest and keeping an eye on the other juniors. He concluded from Gunner's arrival that P.C Gunner had decided on some practice after as he could master it from the book. all; and Jimmy was generously prepared to help that hopeless dud master the elements of the game.

The way Gunner played cricket was, Jimmy considered, a disgrace to the Classical Fourth. It was worth some trouble to make him a little less of a dud at the great summer game.

. But Gunner did not respond to the invitation in the spirit in which it was given.

"Want some coaching?" he asked.

"Fathead!"

"Offering me some?" jeered Gunner. "Teach your grandmother, Jimmy Silver!"

And Gunner walked on regardless. Evidently he had not come down for practice, after all.

Jimmy shrugged his shoulders. He was not very keen on wasting his time on Gunner, anyhow. And he had plenty to do, licking his team into shape for the forthcoming Bagshot

match. Gunner sat down by the pavilion and looked about him. The cricket field was a busy scene, and of the fellows who were standing about none out.

"Trust me not to do anything of this time Gunner felt that he had the whether he was dreaming. Unless the kind," said Gunner. "I've got a | whole bag of tricks, as it were, at his | the fellow were mad, Raby saw no |

After a glance round him to ascer- antics. tain that he was not closely observed, by chance, too. I just bought that | Gunner slipped the book from his | voice.

> "Mesmerism Simplified" was its title, and it was quite a small booknot much of it for half-a-crown, unless the quality made up for the lack of quantity.

read in that little book that with a ledge he had absorbed. The patient powerful personality, an iron will, should have closed his eyelids heavily ment, to make assurance doubly sure. | and inflexible determination, it was | and sunk into the mesmeric trance. | Gunner, who was evidently going the easy to master the noble science of mesmerism, or hypnotism, and thus emperors might envy

kings and emperors was rather flatter- i

By fixing a quelling eye upon the

passes in the privacy of his study, have been produced. But it wasn't! cussing the weird and extraordinary sometimes even locking out Dickinson Instead of falling into a dreamy, antics of Gunner near the cricket-

Now he had mastered them. As for fixing the victim with a quelling eye, that was nothing to Gunner.

had an eye like Mars to threaten and

quelling glare upon Dickinson minor,

Gunner, was going off his rocker

Gunner was not likely to guess that.

for the last time, before he proceeded

to put the theory into practice. All

was familiar to him-his deep study

had told. He was a master of that

occult science of hypnotism-so far

It only remained to put it to the

and dropped into a canvas chair near

Gunner. The latter slipped his book

into his pocket at once. It was

strictly necessary that his secret should

not be known. When Jimmy Silver,

the eleven for Bagshot nobody was

to suspect that he was doing it under

grinned. Fellows often did grin when

they glanced at Gunner. But the new

junior was serious-not to say solemn.

yawned Raby.

"Silence!"

watched.

features."

"No! Keep silent."

"Not playing cricket, old top?"

"Potty?" asked Raby pleasantly.

Raby gave a shrug, and turned his

glance away to the cricket field. Kit

Erroll was at the wicket, and Tommy

Dodd of the Modern Fourth was

giving him some bowling. Raby

"Look at me!" Gunner snapped

"I've got only one pair of eyes, and

I don't want to damage them on your

In sheer astonishment Raby looked

"Look at me."

Raby glanced at Gunner and

the weird influence of mesmerism.

the following week, put Gunner into

George Raby came off the field

Gunner hastily consulted his book,

explanation of these extraordinary

"Sleep!" said Gunner in a stern

"Sleep!" repeated Raby blankly. "Sleep-in the middle of the afternoon. What do you mean?"

Gunner looked disappointed. After that stony stare, and the passes he had made, the injunction to sleep ought to have been obeyed, according lieved that it did, anyhow. He had to the half-crown's worth of know-But there was a hitch somewhere, for Raby's eyes opened to their very fullest extent in blank astonishment. "Don't you feel a swimming sort of

feeling?" asked Gunner.

"Swimming!" said Raby faintly. "Yes. Sort of floating in space."

"Fuf-fuf-floating in space?" "Yes, don't you?"

"No, I jolly well don't!" said Raby. He took a grip on the handle of his bat. "Is this a new game, Gunner, or are you off your silly onion?"

Gunner made more passes. Raby

"Sleep!" commanded Gunner. Gunner had practised those weird This time, surely, the effect should But he had heard several fellows dispassive state, George Raby suddenly became extremely active. He jumped out of the chair, with his bat in his brain, never really like anybody else's, hands, and jumped at Gunner.

Gunner caught the business end of circumstances required nerve.

"Look at him now!" breathed Newcome.

The Fistical Four stared. At a little distance Peter Cuthbert Gunner | about, Dickinson. But it doesn't had halted, and he was waving his | matter, anyhow. Sit down I" hands in the air in a most extraordinary manner, as if brushing imaginary flies away. For several minutes Gunner did that before going on his way, and the chums of the Fourth watched him spellbound.

"Well, my hat!" said Jimmy Silver, with a deep breath. "Mad as a hatter!" said Lovell.

And Jimmy Silver began really to feel alarmed for the unfortunate way that might have been expected, from the way he played cricket.

### The 4th Chapter. A Startling Success!

Dickinson minor hesitated. He hung round the door of No. 7 in the Fourth, hesitating long.

He was in a most painful position. It was time for prep, and Dickinson minor hadn't even had his tea. He had missed tea in Hall while at cricket, counting on a lavish spread in his study. Missing tea was bad enough; but he couldn't miss prep. Prep had to be done in the study. And Peter Cuthbert Gunner was in the study!

Since Dickinson had fled in alarm from No. 7 he hadn't seen Gunner. field. What he heard confirmed his dreadful suspicion that Gunner's

had fairly taken a tumble at last. To venture into the study in these "Lie down? What for?"

"Then it may pass off." "I don't know what you're talking

Dickinson minor dropped rather than sat in a chair. He pushed its back against the study wall. Not for the wealth of Golconda would Dickinson have allowed Gunner to get behind him just then.

"You haven't guessed?" asked Gunner.

"N-n-no."

"You" wouldn't! I should have guessed in your place," said Gunner, with a touch of friendly scorn. "But you haven't my brain."

"Thank goodness!" said Dickinson

minor fervently. "What?"

"I-I-I mean-"

"I've been taking up mesmerism," said Gunner "It's called hypnotism, too. I've mastered it."

"Wha-a-a-a-t?"

Dickinson minor opened his eyes. "By fixing a fellow with my quelling eye, and making certain passes, I can reduce him to a state of unconscious helplessness," said Gunner. "That's mesmerism."

"Oh!" ejaculated Dickinson. "Then you're not mad?"

"What?" roared Gunner.

"I-I thought-I-I mean-" "Don't be a fool, Dickinson! I'm going to mesmerise you now, as practice. I won't make you jump out of the window--- What are you grinning at, you dummy?"

"W-w-was I grinning?" "Keep serious, and don't be a grinning ape," said Gunner. "This isn't a laughing matter. Why, there you go again! Fix your eyes on mine!"

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giant engine of the

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Railway,

beautifully printed in

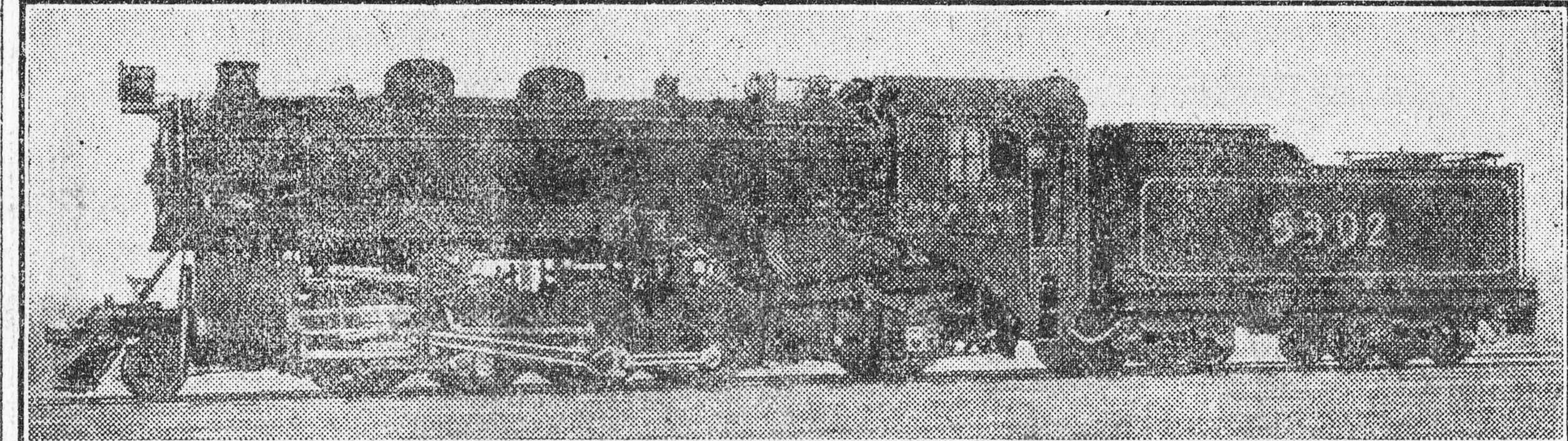
correct colours, is pre-

sented free with the

" POPULAR."

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### Grand Coloured Plate Given Free in This Week's "Popular"!



command-or supposed that he had! I the bat with his chest, and sat down I So long as old Gunny only babbled More than once he had tried a with a heavy bump, and roared. and waved his hands and told fellows to go to sleep, it didn't matter; but "Yaroooop!" and that youth had shown decided | "That's for making faces at me!" suppose he should get dangerous! signs of uneasiness. Gunner did not | growled Raby. "Now, you go on |

due to an alarmed surprise that he, you another!" "Oh crumbs!" gasped Gunner.

not doubt that.

He scrambled up, greatly inclined to pursue Raby and exact vengeance | tating when the study door opened, for that prod. But he restrained his and Gunner looked out. wrath. It was no time for rowing "Oh! Here you are!" he with the Fistical Four. Evidently he | exclaimed. quelling glance. Raby, instead of a pace. But Gunner, he decided, yielding to the occult influence, had only absurdly supposed that Gunner was making faces at him!

'em! When I get fairly going, and wield my terrible and enormous

He walked away, to put in a little | Dickinson felt a cold thrill run down | "Sleep!" commanded Gunner at Lenin and Trotsky might have for help. trembled. He was satisfied that Raby did not suspect that he had been I "W-what about tea, old chap?"

Which was quite correct. Raby did | late."

not suspect that. "That chap Gunner's fairly dotty!" | "I haven't--" "Oh, dry up, ass!" said Raby.

Silver.

must be getting quite rocky in the jazz across the quad, if I liked," said crumpet. I wonder if we ought to Gunner. "I told you I'm going to mention it to Mr. Dalton. He ought | make Jimmy Silver put me in the to see a doctor."

"Blessed if I catch on," said Jimmy | remember?" he had picked up for half-a-crown- Raby's astonishment grew. He If this goes on, something will have you better go and lie down for a bit," "Mesmerism Simplified"—and by blinked at Gunner, wondering to be done."

That was what worried Dickinson. know that Dickinson's uneasiness was | playing the giddy ox, and I'll give | Suppose he got at the poker before a fellow could get out of the study?

Dickinson minor had good cause for | could be as big a fool as he liked, Raby walked away indignantly, and | hesitation. Belated tea and prep drew | Dickinson thought; that didn't matter Gunner sat and blinked after him. I him to the study; but being shut so much. He did not state his The experiment had been a failure. | up with Gunner was no joke, in the | thoughts to Gunner. That would Even Peter Cuthbert Gunner could present state of Gunner's powerful have led to a serious case of assault

The hapless Dickinson was still hesi-

wanted a little more practice with the "H-h-here I am," said Dickinson, hypnotic passes, or else with the with a feeble smile. He backed away did not look dangerous. He looked very impatient, but that was all.

"Wondered what on earth had "Let 'em wait!" gasped Gunner. | become of you," said Gunner. "Come "I'll show 'em! Wait till I've had | into the study. I want you."

Dickinson, taking his courage in both was in deadly earnest, and it was no hands, as it were, followed him in. I time for merriment. For several He decided to keep the door open. | minutes Dickinson minor endured his That reflection consoled Gunner. But Gunner strode to it and shut it. ordeal, and kept a straight face.

more practice. He needed only a his spine, as Gunner stood with his last. little, he was convinced of that, before | back to the door. He debated in his he became an autocrat before whom | mind wildly whether he should yell

"Now." said Gunner. nearly mesmerised. | murmured Dickinson. "It-it-it's

"I've had my tea."

Raby told Jimmy Silver. "What do | "Never mind that. I want you to you think he was doing? Waving his help me, Dickinson. I'm going to paws at me, and telling be to go to I tell you the secret," said Gunner imsleep. What do you think of that?" | pressively. "You're going to help "Wha-a-t?" ejaculated Jimmy me with the experiment. You can have tea when we've finished; lots of "He did," said Raby. "And he stuff in the cupboard. I'm going to asked me if I felt myself floating into | tell you the secret of my enormous space." power, old fellow."

"Great Scott!" "Oh dear!" moaned Dickinson. "Poor chap!" said Lovell. "He | "I told you I could make the Head eleven for Bagshot next week. You

| Silver, puzzled. "He's jolly queer. | "Ye-e-es. I-I say, Gunner, hadn't I suggested Dickinson weakly.

"Yes, old top!" murmured

Dickinson. Dickinson was feeling a great sense of relief. He didn't mind old Gunny playing the goat, if it amused him. He was only too glad that Gunner wasn't mad, as he had feared. He

and battery in Study No. 7. "Now, I'm going to put the occult influence on you," said Gunner. "I shall only make you believe you're a rabbit and run round the study on your hands and knees. You won't be hurt. Do stop grinning, for goodness' sake! There's nothing to snigger at. Now!"

Gunner began to make passes. He made passes for several minutes, and all the time his quelling eye was fixed on Dickinson.

Dickinson made heroic efforts not just a bit more practice. I'll show He stepped back into the room, and to laugh, or even to smile. Gunner

"Don't feel sleepy." "Sure?"

"Quite."

The passes recommenced.

"Feel sort of floating in space?" asked Gunner.

"Sort of dreamy, helpless feeling?"

"Look here, Dickinson, you're setting yourself against the influence," said Gunner. "I don't want to row with a chum, but if you try to spoil this experiment, of course I shall jolly well lick you."

Gunner was getting cross. "Now, can you sleep?" he asked,

after some more passes.

"No." "Better give it me straight," said Gunner in a tone of menace. "I don't want any fooling. What do you feel like now?"

"Hungry," said Dickinson. Gunner gave a snort of disgust. "Thinking about your blessed tea, while I'm trying to work an

(Continued on page 636.)

paid any attention to Gunner. That youth had mightier matters than cricket in his mind. He had looked for Dickinson minor, and looked in vain. His study-mate, for reasons known to himself, did not want to at him. Gunner rose and stood bemeet Gunner, much as Gunner wanted to meet him. Some other fore the junior. His eyes were fixed on Raby, with a deadly, stony glare victim had to be found for the wonderful experiment Peter Cuthbert in them-a quelling glance, if Raby was bent upon. Gunner felt that it | had only known it. As Raby blinked at him in utter was time he got down to business. For over a week he had been study- amazement, Gunner raised his hands ing deeply that wonderful little book | and made several passes.

finger-tips.

Published

Perhaps it did. Gunner firmly beacquire a power which kings and

The thought of being envied by ing to Gunner.

According to the book, he was the very fellow for it; for he had a powerful personality, an iron will, and an inflexible determination-at all events, he believed that he had.

destined victim, and making certain passes with his hands, it was possible for a powerful personality like | did not even know that they were Gunner's to reduce the victim to a hypnotic passes; he was utterly state of helpless obedience, so that he | ignorant of the enormous power would submit to any command with- acquired by Gunner for half-a-crown. out even knowing what he was He gripped his bat. doing.

minor for the purpose.

Like Hamlet's respected pater, he

Prod!

### POLRUAN'S QUEST!

By MAURICE EVERARD.

(Continued from page 629.)

Joe's well-merited reproof earlier in the afternoon.

A few minutes after six o'clock the word was passed for every man to have his revolver in readiness for a only to relieve Pengelly of the fight at close quarters, but to depend | Moorish lamp, was soon in the thick on rifle-fire should the enemy show of things. up in strength at the walls.

they went over the top with the ling in the wind.

agility of cats. A mass of brown men in blue cotton pantaloons rose to meet them, but withered away before rapid fire Joe's fellows had gained the first ! ditch, and, breaking through a hastily-improvised stockade of bamboo poles, found themselves in front of a small fort.

This was rectangular in form, with a small bastion at each angle, the fortification consisting of a well-built parapet and ditch, round which ran a strongly-built line of bamboo palisades, the whole so effectually screened by bushes and piled-up undergrowth that its existence had never been suspected.

Here they met with something of a check, gunfire breaking out at all four corners, so that at least seven of the attacking-party were hit before the i palisade could be breached. This was done by Dick's initiative. He suddenly thought of the idea of concentrating rifle-fire on one spot less than a yard square, and before a dozen guns had emptied their magazines a hole appeared in the defences large enough to admit of the passage of a human form.

"This is my show!" cried the boy; and slinging his Winchester over his shoulder, he went forward on hands and knees.

At the entrance he paused to gather strength to climb the ditch. A moment later he was through, a Service pistol gripped in his right hand.

The tiny compound was crowded with shouting and gesticulating natives. At sight of the solitary attacker a silence fell upon them, broken immediately by the crack of Dick Polruan's weapon. Two of the little brown-skinned men went down, and before the smoke had cleared away Rawson was at his friend's side.

"Let 'em have it!" cried Harry, rushing forward; but a blow from a kreese knocked his gun from his grasp, and he went down.

Dick saw a lithe brown body drop to the earth, a curved blade between the fellow's teeth. With one swing of his gun he brought the butt down on the shaven head, and the native

crumbled up. Pieface was the next to come through, and the yell he gave as he sprang forward, armed only with a long club, studded with iron spikes, might have been heard a mile away.

'I show yo' what dis li'l black the native prisoners. bebby can do!" he shouted, grinning Towards evening, the little party—
from ear to ear; and, heedless of the looking very bedraggled and service
EVERY MONDAY PRICE 2:

who ached to wipe out the stigma of, peril to himself, he swung his weapon so vigorously that four went down at the first onslaught.

The honours of the day, however, were reserved for Joe, who, pausing

"Clear a space, you byes!" he At last Joe's whistle shrilled, and | yelled, his bushy grey beard stream-

As if by magic, Frank, Dick, and Harry fell back, and paused to watch Joe whirling his terrible weapon around in an ever-widening circle, as at close range. Within three minutes | he paid out more and more of the stout brass chain. With each revolution groans and cries would arise, as body after body, battered beyond all resistance, went down in a convulsive

> Nothing could have cleared the court so effectually, and in less than three minutes the natives who had escaped were running for the gateway leading to the street.

Grantley saw the opportunity and

Rallying a company of some twelve men, of whom Harris and the Scotsman were two, he ordered them to concentrate their fire on the opening.

When the rising smoke cleared away, it was seen that the ditch with out was piled high with squirming bodies and motionless forms.

If the attackers had suffered somewhat seriously-Joe had, later, to marshall a group of eighteen injured men-the enemy had fared so much worse that they had no further stomach for fighting.

From house to house the white men went, driving out a number at the revolver point. Before the last of the light was really gone they were masters of the village, and the natives were streaming in straggling groups towards the hills.

"The battle of Thong Nam has been won," said Joe, an hour later, when the injured had been attended to. "From the prisoners I have learned that this was the only considerable force between us and Haiphong. We can rest here for a couple of days, replenish our stores, and then carry on in comfort."

No one was sorry to hear such good news, for the past week had placed such a strain upon all of them that scarcely a dozen could have completed the journey had the enemy harassed them further.

The following day was spent almost entirely in alternate periods of rest and cleaning equipment.

Though guards were posted, there was practically nothing for them to do, and the time passed peacefully enough.

Towards noon of the second day, when the sun had lost something of its power, a start was made, the injured being carried on stretchers by

worn, it must be confessed-struck the famous mandarin road which runs through the rugged, forest-clad, mountainous region of the Sung Thoi.

To the west the way was bounded by a chain of rocky heights, green with vegetation, and here a number of beaten soldiery had taken refuge, but made no effort to molest them.

Now the road lay through a stretch of country wildly magnificent, rising and passing round the flank of one mountain after another, serpentining through beautiful thickets of bamboo and delightful ravines, full of dense undergrowth, palms, and creepers.

The sight of herds of deer, and an occasional black panther, broke the monotony of the march.

numerous fires had to be kindled to tinuous cop-cop could be heard as his leg pulled. they stalked the valley in search of

For three long days, and often far into the night, as the road was now wider, the march continued, and by the coolness of the air they knew that at last they were coming within sight of the coast.

On the morning of the fifth day they were awakened by Joe, and as they tumbled from their rough beds, and followed him to the top of an adjacent knoll, they beheld what they all regarded as one of the most wonderful sights they had ever seen-the blue waters of Along Bay sparkling in the sunlight.

Away to the north wound the river, with its soft mud-banks covered as far as the eye could reach with green mangroves.

Opposite, and many leagues distant, were the high spurs of the mountain range, extending towards the frontiers of Kwang Tung and Kwang Si.

But perhaps more pleasing still was the picture unfolded exactly twentyfour hours later, when, having followed the windings of the sluggish waterway, their jaded eyes caught their first sight of Haiphong, a town which presented all the appearance of a well-built European city, with its floating wharves, well-built streets, and-most novel of all-tram-cars.

To see people in smart clothes walking about, to listen to the hum of life which rose from the city, to see ships and sailing craft once again, was more than reward enough for the hardships they had endured since the good yacht Enchantress went to pieces on the inhospitable shores of the Gulf of Tonkin.

Exactly seventeen days from leaving the swamp where the treasure was buried they walked into the city, to make fresh plans, and to bring to completion the adventure on which they had embarked.

(Another long instalment of this fine adventure story will appear in the Boys' Friend next Monday! In addition, there will be a fine boxing photo of Dick Smith!)

# GUNNER'S DEEP GAME!

By OWEN CONQUEST.

(Continued from page 632.)

"That's the sort of dummy you are, is it? Well, I can jolly well tell you that you won't have any tea till I've carried through this experiment successfully. Fix your eyes on mine."
"Oh dear!" said Dickinson minor.

Dickinson was conscious of an aching void within. The thought of not getting his tea until Gunner had succeeded as a hypnotist was dismaying. There was only one resource-At night, when a halt was called, Dickinson's usual resource when he found Gunner too overpowering. scare off marauding tigers, whose con- | Peter Cuthbert simply asked to have

> More passes. Gunner's quelling glance was now a deadly, stony, threatening glare. He was determined, and he was angry, and half inclined to interrupt the seance by giving Dickinson minor a terrific hiding. Dickinson knew the danger-

"Sleep!" said Gunner, almost ferociously.

To his delight, Dickinson minor's eyelids drooped.

"I knew I could do it!" murmured | ally. Gunner. "But the proof of the pudding's in the eating. I've actually Gunner kindly "It's all right. done it now. Jolly lucky for some You've been mesmerised, and going fellows that I've got a sense of re- i on all-fours. I made you believe you sponsibility, along with enormous and were a rabbit. Ha, ha, ha!" terrible power. Poor old Dickinson.

momme

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important experiment!" he exclaimed. | He's smiling in his sleep. Wake up, Dickinson!"

Dickinson's eyes opened.

"Now, Dickinson, you're utterly under my influence, and have no will of your own," said Gunner. "Your personality is merged in mine. There's only one will between us, and that's my will. You are a rabbit, Dickinson. Now, what are you?"

"A-a rabbit!" answered Dickinson minor. "Go round the study on all-fours." Dickinson minor dropped on his

hands and knees, and went round the study thus. Gunner watched him with glowing satisfaction.

"That settles it! You can get up, Dickinson." Gunner made a series of reverse passes. "Now, come to! I command you! You're Dickinson minor again. The influence is off!"

Dickinson minor passed his hand I over his brow. He felt that that was the proper thing to do in the circum-

"Where am I?" he asked dramatic-

"In the study, old fellow," said

Ha, ha, ha!" roared Dickinson, glad that he could laugh at last.

"You looked no end funny, thinking you were a rabbit!" chuckled "D-d-d-did I?"

"You did, old fellow. How do you feel now?" "Hungry."

"You can have your tea now, old chap. The experiment's finished. I'm satisfied."

Dickinson minor was glad that Gunner was satisfied-glad, too, that he was so easy to satisfy He proceeded to transfer the good things from the study cupboard to the table, and to satisfy himself. He felt that he had earned his tea.

"Pile in, old chap!" said Gunner. "You've helped me in your small way, you know. The mouse and the lion over again-what? Of course, I knew that I had this great power, but now I've proved it. Just think, Dicky! Next week when I put the influence on Jimmy Silver I'm going into the eleven for Bagshot. Ha.

"Ha, ha!" echoed Dickinson

Gunner, in high feather, walked about the study, almost crowing with satisfaction. And Dickinson minor as he made an ample tea, could only wonder what would happen when the egregious Gunner attempted to put the "influence" on Jimmy Silver!

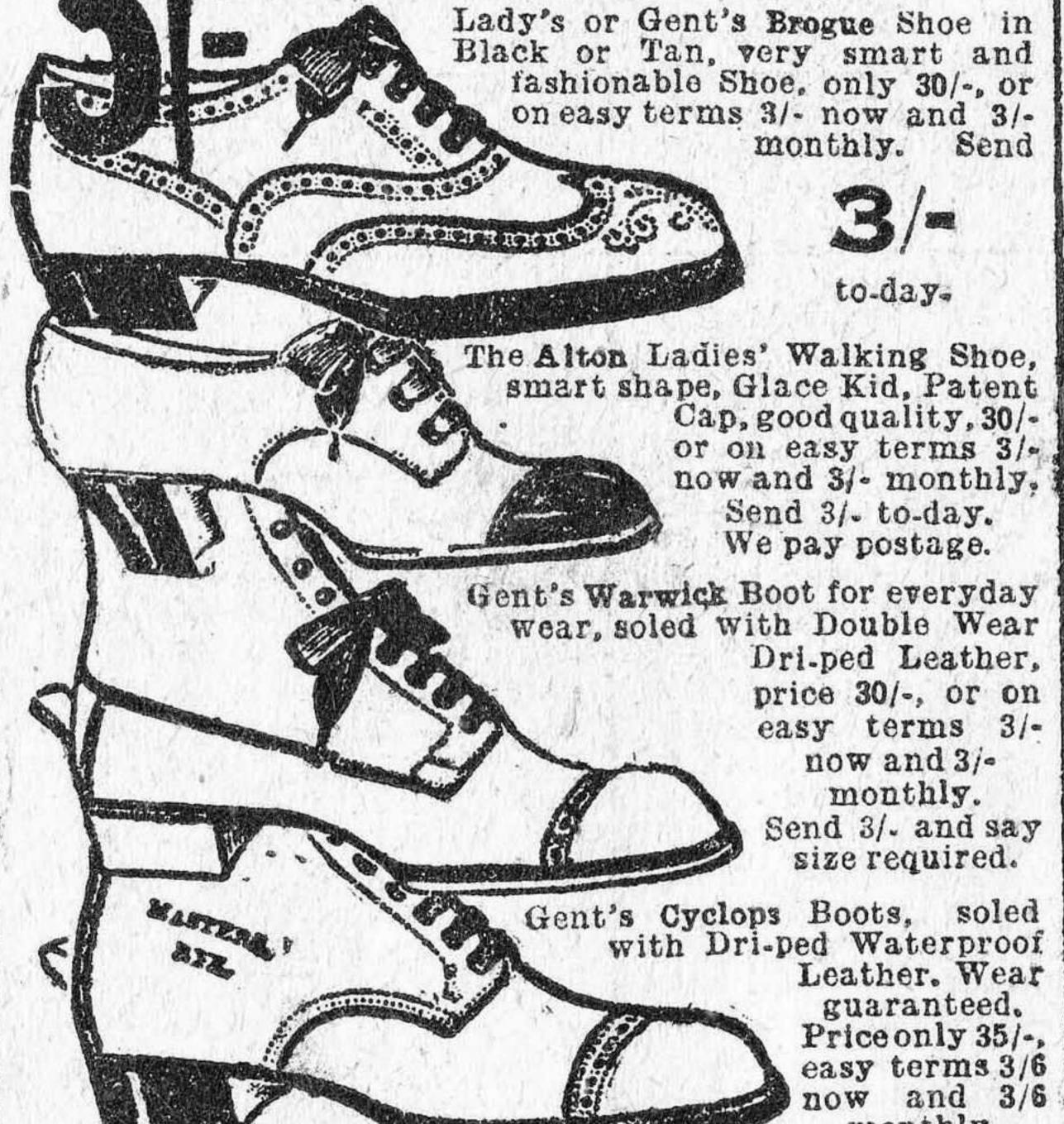
THE END.

("Gunner's Latest!" is the title of next Monday's magnificent story of Rookwood School. The boxing photo will be of Dick Smith!)



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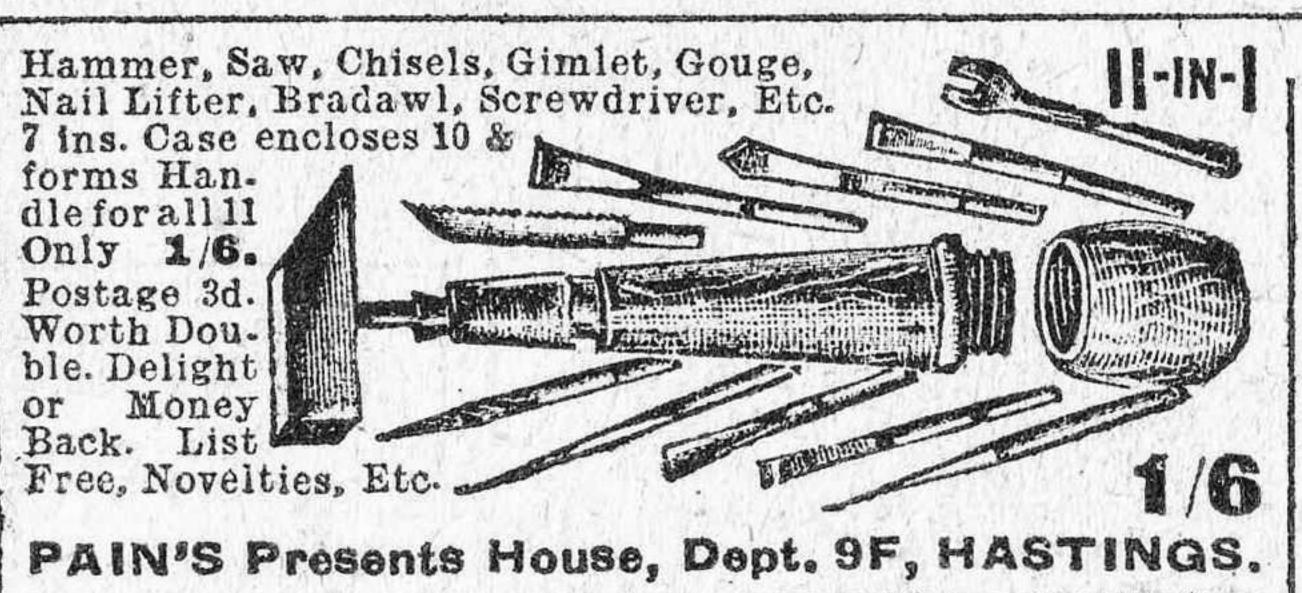


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