

“The Haunted Theatre!” An Amazing Mystery Story ^{roy} in This Issue!

The BOYS' FRIEND 2d

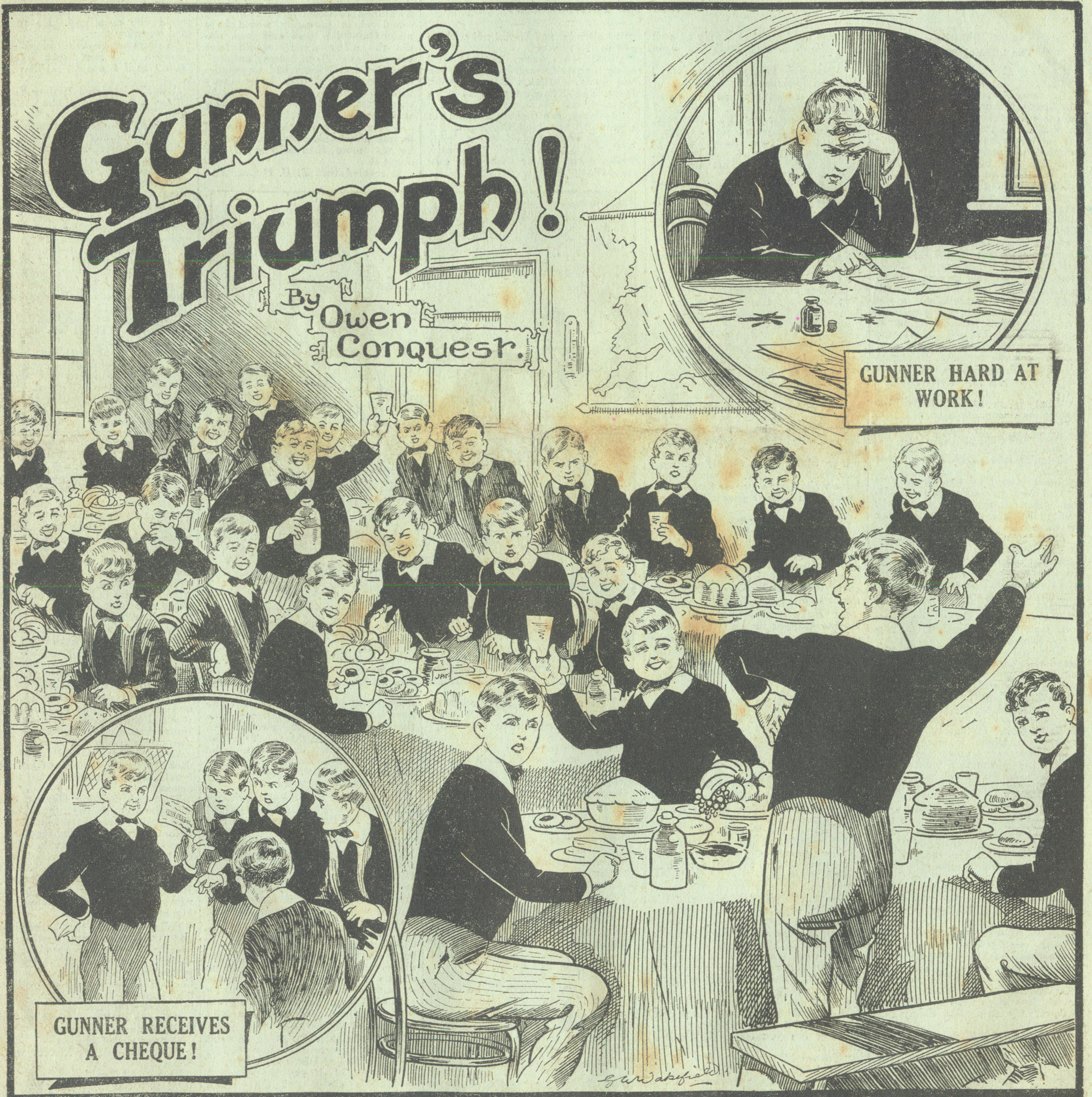
EVERY MONDAY.

SIXTEEN BIG PAGES!

No. 1,197. Vol. XXIV.—New Series.]

THE BEST BOYS' PAPER IN THE WORLD!

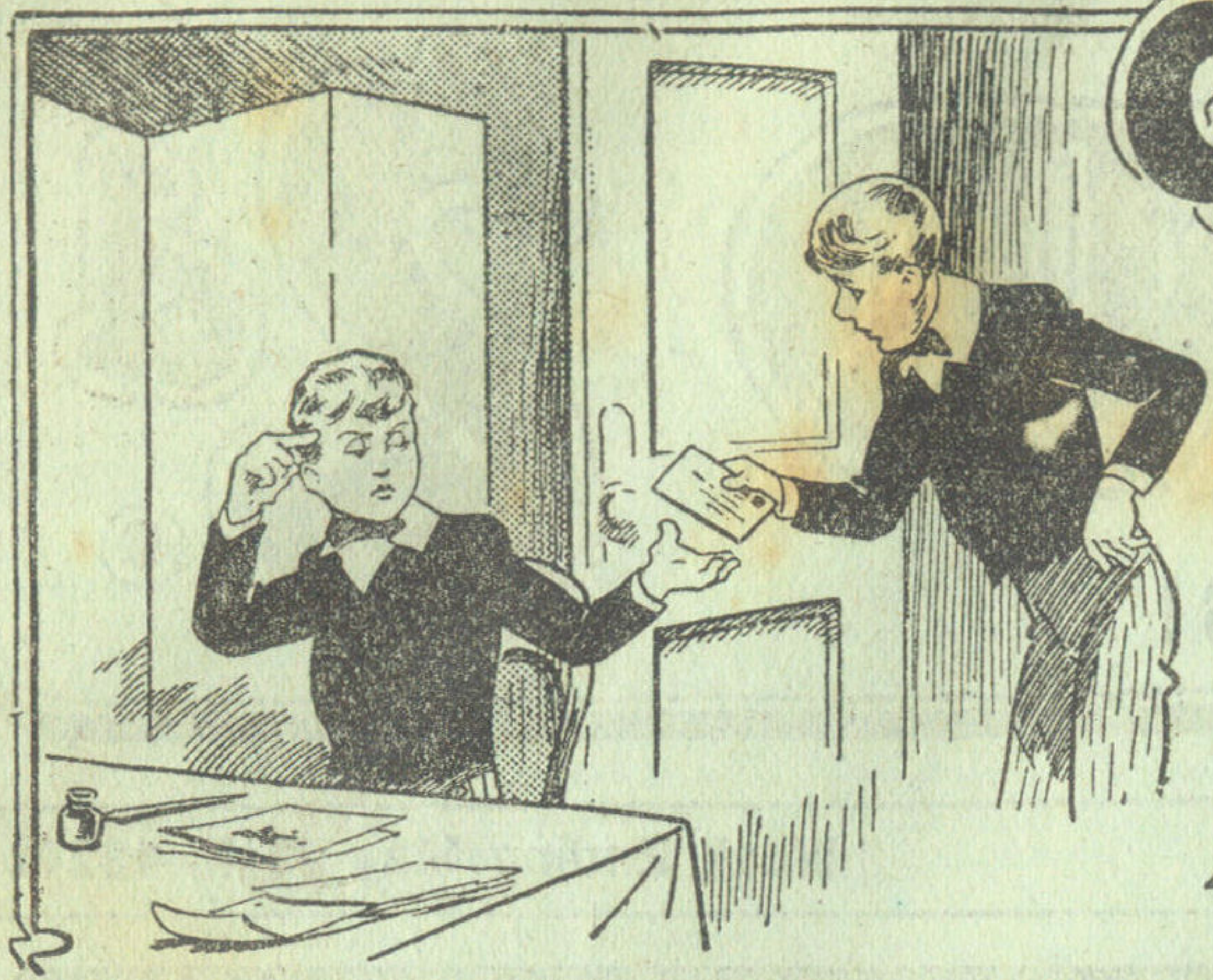
[Week Ending May 17th, 1924.]



Gunner Stands a Feast to Celebrate a Great Occasion!

(A cheerful scene from the great story of the boys of Rookwood School in this issue!)

YOU'LL ENJOY THIS GRAND STORY OF THE BOYS OF ROOKWOOD SCHOOL!



Gunner's Triumph!

By
Owen Conquest.

(Author of the Tales of Rookwood appearing in the "Popular.")

Amazing to relate Peter Cuthbert Gunner suddenly finds himself popular with his Form-mates!

The 1st Chapter. The Literary Man!

"Go away!"
"Eh?"
"Go away!" repeated Gunner. Dickinson minor did not go away. He stood in the doorway of Study No. 7 and stared at Gunner. It was time for prep, and Dickinson minor had arrived at his study for prep. He saw no reason whatever why he should go away. In fact, he couldn't go away—he had his prep to do.

Gunner seemed busy. He was seated at the study table, which was covered with scribbled sheets of impot paper. More sheets lay on the carpet, where they had fluttered from the table.

Gunner's face was serious, not to say solemn. He looked as if he had found out, like the gentleman in the poem, that life is real, life is earnest. His rugged brows were deeply corrugated; his lips were set. There was a dab of ink on his prominent nose, there were many dabs on his fingers and cuffs. Ink had been shed in the study apparently in great quantities.

"What is it—lines?" asked the puzzled Dickinson.

"No!"
"Well, what—"
"Don't interrupt!"
"Prep," said Dickinson minor patiently.

Gunner looked up wrathfully. "I've told you to go away!" he said. "I want the study to myself. Don't talk any more—you'll break the thread."

"The—the what?"
"The thread, you ass!"
Dickinson looked round the study. He could not see any thread.

"I don't see it," he said.
"You don't see what?" snapped Gunner.

"The thread! Have you been sewing on buttons?" asked the perplexed Dickinson.

"You silly owl! I mean the thread of my thoughts. Haven't you sense enough not to jaw when literary work is going on?"
"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Dickinson. Gunner made an impatient gesture of dismissal, and dipped his pen into the ink again. Dickinson, in sheer amazement, stepped in, and glanced at the paper over Gunner's shoulder. But for the information Gunner had given him, he would not have taken it for literary work. What he read was as follows:

"By this time the sunn had sett, and a kloke of darkness kivered the ert. In the dedly stillness not a sownd was herd saive the howl of the wind in the trees, the roar of the kataract, and the rumble of distant thunder."

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Dickinson minor involuntarily. "Is—is—is that literary work, Gunner?"

"Of course it is."
Dickinson felt that if Gunner was right, he would have to revise all his previous ideas about literary work.

"Now go away!" continued Gunner. "I'm just in the vein. I never realised before what a gift I had for descriptive writing. It fairly flows off my pen. I'm doing this story—"

"Oh, it's a story!" gasped Dickinson.

"What the thump did you think it was?"
"I—I couldn't imagine what it was," confessed Dickinson.

"You silly ass! I'm writing this for the 'Pictorial Popular,'" said Gunner. "They're offering twenty pounds for the best complete story.

I'm not hard up, but I may as well bag the quids. They'll come in useful."

"You—you think you'll bag 'em?" stuttered Dickinson.

"Well, others may put in something as good as this, of course," admitted Gunner. "It's not likely, but it might happen. But I'm practically sure of the prize. It says plainly that the prize will be given for the best story. That makes it fairly a cert."

"Oh!"
"Now go away!" said Gunner, settling down to literary work again. "I can't be bothered while I'm in the throes of composition."

"But prep—"
"I'm leaving my prep. Leave yours."

"But Mr. Dalton—"
"Bother Mr. Dalton!"

"Look here, Gunner, I've got to do my prep."

Gunner glared.
"You've got to shut up!" he said. "That's what you've got to do, Dickinson, and the sooner you do it the better it will be for your nose."

Dickinson minor breathed hard. Peter Cuthbert Gunner was accustomed to carrying matters with a high hand in his study. He was always ready to introduce a formidable set of knuckles into any argument. Argumentatively, Dickinson minor could have walked all over Gunner. Fistically, Gunner could have walked over two or three Dickinsons. So Gunner generally had his way.

But it is said proverbially that the worm will turn. Dickinson minor had his prep to do, and he did not see being turned out of his study, and left to face the wrath of his Form master in the morning. Gunner could risk it if he liked. Dickinson minor didn't see risking it.

So instead of going away and leaving Gunner in peace to his descriptive writing, Dickinson minor slammed the door, remaining inside the study.

"Now I want some of that 'able,'" he said.

"What?"
"Make room for a chap."

"Haven't I told you to go away?" roared Gunner.

"I've got my prep to do."

Gunner eyed him in wrathful amazement for a moment or two. He was so unaccustomed to contradiction in his study that he did not realise at once that Dickinson minor was rebelling. When he did realise it he jumped up.

"You cheeky young ass! Get out!" roared Gunner.

"Look here—"

Gunner strode to the door and hurled it open.

"Outside!"

"I won't!" yelled Dickinson. "It's my study, ain't it? I've got my prep to do, and I can tell you— Yoop!"

Gunner grasped his studymate in hefty hands. Dickinson struggled, but he was propelled to the doorway.

In the doorway he put up a brief resistance. Then he went whirling into the passage.

Crash!

Dickinson's roar echoed the length of the Fourth Form passage.

"Now are you clearing?" roared Gunner.

"Yow-ow!"

Slam! The door closed on Dickinson minor. Gunner returned to his literary work. Slowly and painfully Dickinson picked himself up. He shook his fist at the study door, but he did not venture to open it. He had a good allowance of aches and

pains already, and he did not wish to add to the number.

Dismally Dickinson minor limped along the passage and looked into the end study. Jimmy Silver, Lovell, Raby, and Newcome were at work there.

"I—I say, can you make room for a fellow?" mumbled Dickinson.

Jimmy Silver looked up.
"We're four here," he said.
"What's the matter with your own study?"



UNPLEASANT FOR GUNNER! Mr. Dalton picked up a cane from his desk and turned to Gunner. "Hold out your hand, Gunner," said the Fourth Form master sternly. Peter Cuthbert Gunner obeyed. Swish! The cane descended upon his upturned palm and made him jump. "Ow! Wow!" gasped Gunner in despair. "Yoooop!"

"That ass Gunner has turned me out."

"More duffer you to let him," sniffed Lovell.

"Well, you see—"

"We'll come along and talk to Gunner, if you like," said Jimmy Silver.

Dickinson minor shook his head hastily.

"No, no! He's not a bad sort, only a thumping ass! I don't want to row with him. He's doing literary work, he says—"

"What?" yelled the Fistical Four.

"Writing a story for the 'Pictorial Popular.'"

"Great Scott!"

"He's expecting to win a big prize and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And he's turned me out," mumbled Dickinson. "I say, can I do my prep in this study?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"We'll make room," he said.

"Trot in!"

And Dickinson minor ensconced himself in the end study, and gave his attention to prep. In his own study that evening there was no prep. Peter Cuthbert Gunner, in his new role of literary man, was going strong. Sheet after sheet of paper was added to the stack on the table, or fluttered to the litter on the carpet. More and more corrugated grew the brows of Peter Cuthbert—inkier and inkier his fingers and his cuffs.

The 2nd Chapter.

Gunner Causes Gaiety.

Jimmy Silver & Co. regarded Gunner of the Fourth with some interest that night, when they saw him in the Fourth Form dormitory. Gunner had been glued to his study all the evening, and was not seen by any of the Classical Fourth till dorm.

Gunner looked tired, but pleased with himself. There were a good many traces of ink about him.

The chums of the Fourth could not help smiling. Gunner was popularly supposed to be every imaginable kind of an ass. But apparently he had found a new way to display his asinine characteristics. Gunner as a footballer was a good joke; Gunner as a cricketer was a standing jest; Gunner in class was a scream; Gunner in an exam was a shriek! But Gunner as a literary aspirant was really better than all the rest put together. This really put the lid on. A fellow who spelt like a fag in the Second—a particularly backward fag—and whose grammar would have made Quintilian stare and gasp, was not the fellow Jimmy would have expected to "commence author." The Classical Fourth had supposed—erroneously—that they knew every kind of duffer Gunner was. Now he was startling them with a new variation.

Gunner was by no means indisposed to talk about this new feat. Indeed, he was more than willing to talk about it.

It seemed that P. C. Gunner had

"Don't forget to put some stamps in, old bean," said Mornington, with a laugh.

"Eh! Why should I put stamps in?" asked Gunner.

"They'll send the stuff back, if you do. And it's got some value. Waste-paper fetches somethin'."

"You silly ass!" said Gunner. "I don't want them to send it back. I want them to print it!"

"You're quite sure it will be taken on?" inquired Putty of the Fourth sarcastically.

"Yes. I believe they're quite straight," said Gunner.

"Straight! I dare say they are. But what's that got to do with it?"

"Well, if they're straight, they're bound to give the prize to the best man. That's me."

"Oh, my hat!"

"So you're not going to put in the return postage?" chuckled Peele.

"Certainly not! What's the need?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Peter Cuthbert Gunner stared round the dormitory. He found a grin on every face.

"I don't see anything to cackle at," he said. "I now what I can do. 'Tain't as if I was an ass like Lovell or—"

"Eh?" ejaculated Arthur Edward.

"Or a nincompoop like Newcome or—"

"What?" howled Newcome.

"Or a dummy like Raby, or a duffer like Silver, or a tailor's dummy like Mornington, or a grubby swot like Rawson," continued Gunner. "You see, I've got brains. That's where it is. I don't brag of it. It just happens. I've got literary gifts, just the same as I've got unusual powers as a footballer and cricketer and—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Brains does it," said Gunner. "You fellows wouldn't understand, naturally. You see, they left you out when the brains were handed round."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Anyhow, you'll see," said Gunner confidently. "You'll see what you will see."

That much, at least, was undeniable, and nobody denied it. Bulkeley came in to put out the lights, and the Classical Fourth turned in, most of them chuckling. Gunner went off to sleep cheerily—to dream of literary triumphs, which would silence the voice of detraction in his Form.

The voice of detraction, as Peter Cuthbert regarded it, was often heard on the subject of Gunner. Nobody shared his opinion of himself.

But even sneering fellows like Mornington would have to admit that Peter Cuthbert was their superior when he handled a cheque for twenty pounds, paid for a literary gem carelessly dashed off in a single evening! Gunner felt that.

He felt that this literary prize would set him in his right place in his Form and in the school. As for the money itself, he cared little. He had plenty of money, derived from the profits on Gunner's Celebrated Hardware. When the cheque came—not if it came, but when it came—Gunner was going to stand a tremendous spread to the whole of the Classical Fourth. He was a generous fellow, and he was going to do the thing in style. Fellows to whom he had mentioned that generous intention hoped sincerely that he would capture the prize. Tubby Muffin wished him success from the bottom of his podgy heart. They hoped—but they did not expect.

The next morning Gunner turned out cheerily at the sound of the rising-bell. He dodged into his study before breakfast to pin together the sheets of his literary work, and jam the bundle into a packet and seal it, with a letter inside in his own original and startling orthography. He had the packet in an inside pocket when he came in to breakfast, bulging his jacket a little.

Fellows who saw that bulge grinned and winked at one another. At breakfast Gunner was very bright and cheery. After breakfast Dickinson minor, who really felt friendly to Gunner, in spite of Peter Cuthbert's high-handed ways, attempted gently to reason with him.

"You're really going to post that stuff, Gunner?" he asked.

Gunner stared at him.
"Do you mean my literary work?" he asked.

"Oh! Ah! Yes!"

"Don't call it stuff, then," said Gunner, frowning. "You should speak more respectfully of literary productions, Dickinson. A common sort of fellow like you should respect his intellectual superiors."

Who is your favourite BOYS' FRIEND character? Write and let Your Editor know!

Dickinson gasped. "Of course I'm going to post it," went on Gunner. "You see, the office is in London, so I can't call in personally with it. I don't suppose Mr. Dalton would give me an exeat for the day."

"I—I don't suppose he would," gasped Dickinson. "Nunno—it's not likely. But, I say, Gunner, old man, hadn't—hadn't you better get some other chap to copy it out for you—"

"Copy it out? Why?"

"Well, the spelling, you know—"

"What's the matter with the spelling?"

"And the—the fist, you know—"

"What's the matter with the fist?"

"And—and the grammar," hinted Dickinson.

"I'm sorry to see this, Dickinson," said Gunner, more in sorrow than in anger. "Very sorry, indeed. I didn't expect my own studymate to give way to jealousy and envy in this manner."

"Eh?"

"Be a man, old fellow," urged Gunner. "Be a man! Try to be pleased by your pal's success—remember that it brings credit on the study, and you can never bring any credit on it yourself, you know, being such a fool. Try to be pleased—but if you can't be pleased, at least don't shout out your envy and jealousy."

And Gunner shaking his head solemnly at the dazed Dickinson, turned and stalked away.

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Dickinson.

"Oh, my only hat!"

That was all he could say. He did not venture to give Peter Cuthbert Gunner any further good advice.

fellow who could have written the 'Pirate's Secret' at a single sitting. I fairly fagged at it, sir, all the time, except for a few minutes when I was chucking Dickinson out for interrupting me. I thought that prep didn't matter in the special circumstances, sir. Don't you agree with me?"

"I do not agree with you, Gunner. Now be silent."

"But, sir—"

"You will go on now, Silver."

"But I say, sir—" exclaimed Gunner.

"Silence!"

"I don't think you ought to give me three hundred lines, sir, for trying to bring credit on the Form. It's not much encouragement to a clever chap to use his unusual intellectual powers."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Silence in the Form!" exclaimed Mr. Dalton. "This boy's obtuseness is not a laughing matter. Gunner, you will write out five hundred lines of Virgil instead of three hundred and—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And if you utter another word I shall cane you!"

Any other fellow in the Fourth would have dropped it at that. But it was said of old that fools rush in where angels fear to tread. Peter Cuthbert Gunner did not drop it.

"I really think, sir—" he persisted.

"You are speaking again, Gunner."

"Yes, sir. I think I ought to point out to you—"

Mr. Dalton stepped to his desk, and picked up a cane.

precious packet duly registered at Coombe post-office.

"You won't get it back, as you haven't put in any stamps," Dickinson remarked, as they walked home to Rookwood.

"I don't want it back. The printed copy will be good enough for me," said Gunner.

"You—you really think it will be printed?" murmured Dickinson.

Gunner shook a warning finger at him.

"Envy again!" he said. "Drop it, old chap. You can't imagine how small it makes you look! Drop it!"

Dickinson minor dropped it. He told the Rookwood fellows that Gunner really had posted that "piffle"—that unspeakable "tripe." Out of Gunner's hearing, of course, Dickinson actually described Gunner's literary work as piffle and tripe. In Gunner's hearing, it was more than his life was worth to give that description of it. That Gunner actually had posted it really dazed the Rookwood fellows. They had felt that even Gunner ought, somehow, to have sense enough to stop short of that. They wondered dizzily what effect it would have upon the unfortunate editor of "Pictorial Popular."

"It won't hurt him!" said Jimmy Silver. "He won't be able to read it! Nobody can read Gunner's fist. And if he could read it he couldn't understand it—nobody can understand Gunner's spelling. Poor old Gunner!"

Jimmy Silver really felt quite a kind consideration for Gunner, doomed to disappointment. But Gunner did not

Gunner made the remark with studied carelessness. He did not choose to appear to be excited about it.

There was a letter for Gunner, and the sight of that letter reminded the Classical Fourth of Gunner, the literary man. For on the envelope was printed, in large letters:

"THE PICTORIAL POPULAR."

Tubby Muffin had seen that letter in the rack. He had raced away with the news to Gunner. Gunner had deliberately left it on view for a good quarter of an hour—controlling his own impatience to see the contents. So when he arrived to take his letter, he found quite a crowd of his Form-fellows assembled. All of them were curious to know what was in the letter—though certainly nobody but P. C. Gunner supposed that it contained a cheque.

Gunner took the letter with a careless air. He seemed in no hurry to open it. Undoubtedly he was enjoying the keen interest which the Fourth were at last displaying.

"Well, let's see what's in it," said Arthur Edward Lovell. "Tain't the tripe sent home, anyhow. The envelope isn't big enough."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Some of these editorial johnnies are jolly polite," said Putty. "They may have written to say that they'll send Gunner's tosh back if he sends stamps for postage."

"Very likely," agreed Jimmy Silver. "I don't see what else they should be writing to Gunner for."

"Surprised!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Surprised isn't the word for it! Knocked right out!"

"We're dreamin' this!" said Mornington.

"Let's see the letter!" gasped Lovell.

Gunner showed the letter. It was merely a printed form stating that payment was enclosed, and that a receipt for the same would oblige.

Gunner was the only fellow present who was not astounded. The rest of the fellows could scarcely believe their eyes.

"Well, congrattars, old chap!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I'm jolly glad! But it beats me hollow!"

"Beats me to the wide!" said Lovell. "But I'm glad!"

"Gunner's got it—got the twenty quid!" gasped Tubby Muffin.

"Fancy that, you fellows!"

"Didn't I tell you I should get it?" said Gunner.

"You did, old chap, you did!" said Dickinson minor. "You were right all along the line, old fellow. Good old Gunner!"

"I—I say, I—I really thought Gunner would bag it, you know," said Tubby Muffin. "You remember my saying so, Jimmy—"

"I don't!" said Jimmy Silver.

"The fact is," said Gunner severely, "nobody here believed that I should bag it. A lot of doubting Thomases. I don't put it down to envy—I put it down to sheer stupidity. You've got a clever chap among you, and you haven't the brains to recognise plain facts. That's how it is."

"Go it!" grinned Mornington.

"I'm not a fellow to brag—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"But facts speak for themselves." Gunner held up the cheque. "I'm paid twenty pounds for literary work that I knocked off in a single evening. There's the money."

"No getting out of that," concurred Jimmy Silver. "Gunner can't be such a howling ass as we've always supposed."

"After all, even a born idiot like Gunner may be able to do just one thing!" remarked Newcome thoughtfully.

"Lunatics have been known to be sane on one point!" said Raby, following the same line of argument. "Gunner is a dummy at everything else; but it seems that there's one thing he can do. I suppose they wouldn't send him twenty pounds for nothing."

"Must be a mistake somewhere," said Mornington.

"Blessed if I can see where the mistake could come in," said Jimmy Silver. "The cheque's payable to Gunner—P. C. Gunner! That settles it."

"It does—it do!" agreed Lovell.

There was a natural revulsion of feeling in the Classical Fourth. Gunner's enterprise had been the subject of nothing but hilarity. Yet it had been a success. Money talks—and there was no gainsaying a cheque for twenty pounds payable to P. C. Gunner. The juniors felt that they must have misjudged Gunner somehow. Nobody had supposed for a moment that Gunner had any brains—yet surely only a brainy fellow could have walked in and bagged a literary prize first shot. Like Cæsar of old, he had come, and seen, and conquered. Gunner, for once, was the centre of the limelight, the admired of all admirers.

Gunner was pleased, but serenely so. Had he entertained doubts of success he might have been more overjoyed. But he had expected this. There was nothing for Gunner to get excited about. The matter was simple. A prize was offered for the best story. Gunner had decided to enter for it, had entered, had, naturally, written the best story—as he did the best of everything—and he had received the cheque. There was no cause for surprise or excitement. That was how Gunner looked at it.

But the other fellows didn't, and they were as surprised as if Gunner had scored a goal at football, or kept his wicket up against Jimmy Silver's bowling at cricket.

The Fourth Form of Rookwood buzzed with it.

From the Classics it spread to the Moderns, from the Fourth to the Shell and the Fifth, and the name of Gunner was on almost every lip.

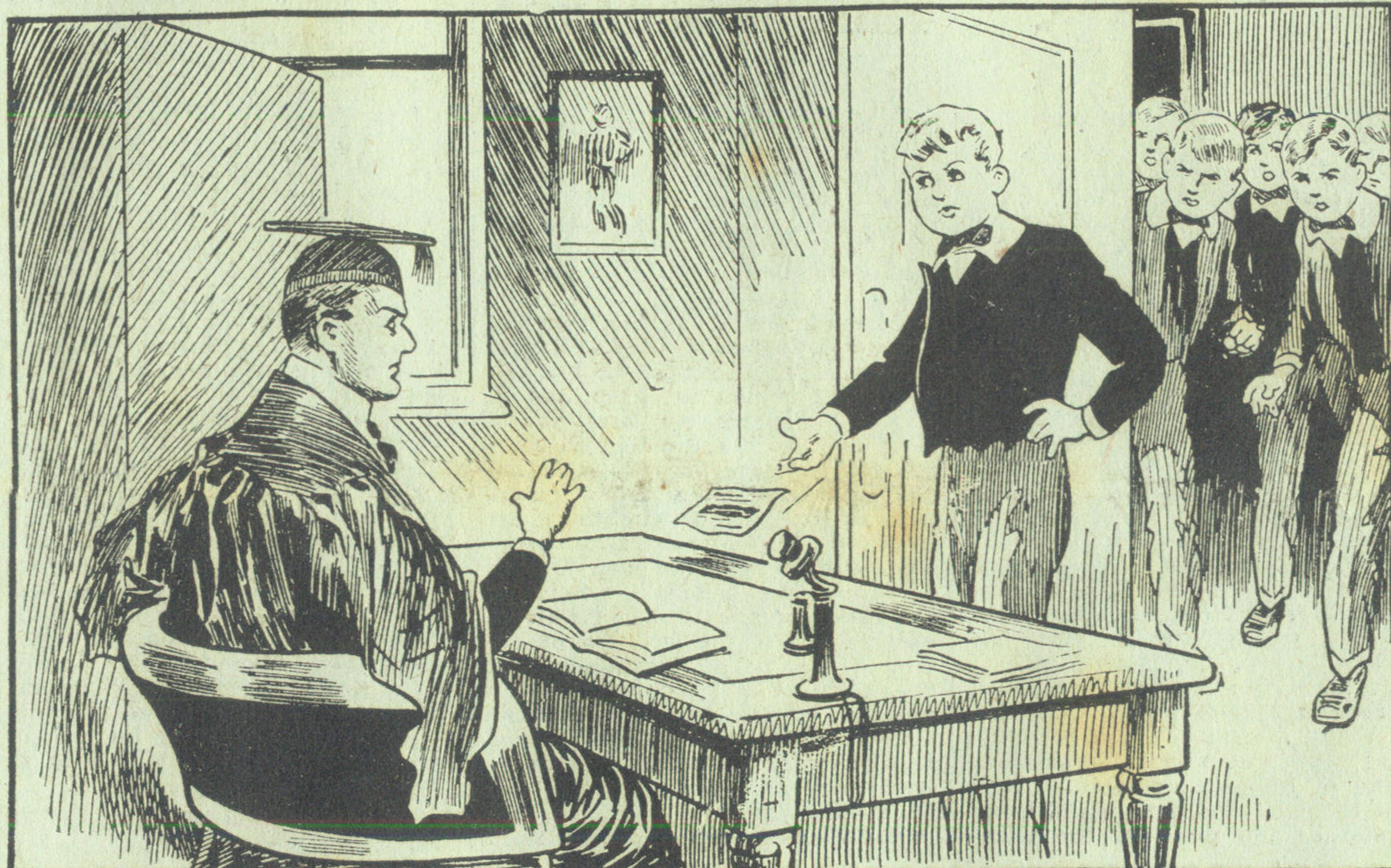
It was glory for Gunner at last. He basked in the sunshine of fame. Suddenly he had jumped into prominence, and now he was very prominent indeed. And the Classical Fourth remembered how Gunner had arranged to spend his cheque when

(Continued overleaf.)

The 3rd Chapter.
"The Pirate's Secret."

Mr. Dalton, the master of the Fourth Form, had never known, till that morning that there was a literary genius in his class.

Had he suspected the existence of such a genius in the Fourth, he never would have suspected that the name of the said genius was P. C. Gunner.



A SURPRISE FOR "DICKY" DALTON! Mr. Dalton looked surprised when Gunner entered his study and he saw that half a dozen juniors crowded in the passage outside his door. "What is all this?" asked the Fourth Form master. Gunner threw his cheque upon the table. "Would you mind cashing this little cheque for me, sir?" he asked, with elaborate carelessness.

That morning he made both discoveries. For P. C. Gunner was called on to construe, upon which it transpired that Gunner had not, the previous evening, prepared the passage for translation. Mr. Dalton was a kind and patient man, who made every allowance for a dunce. So he had often been very easy with Gunner. But he was not accustomed to making any allowances for laziness or carelessness—it being in a fellow's own powers to correct those faults. A fellow who muffed his Latin exercise because he was too dense to understand it was sure of Mr. Dalton's kind sympathy. A fellow who neglected his work was pretty certain to have the vials of wrath poured upon his devoted head. And so it was with Gunner.

"You have not prepared this!" said Mr. Dalton, when Gunner had caused a smile to extend from one end of the Classical Fourth to the other.

"No, sir," said Gunner.

"And why have you not prepared your lesson, Gunner?" inquired the master of the Fourth.

"I hadn't time, sir."

"What?"

"I'm sure you'll understand, sir," said Gunner brightly. "Last evening I was very busy on literary work."

"On what?" stuttered Mr. Dalton.

"Literary work. I've written a splendid story for a prize—"

"Gunner!"

"I'm sure you'll be pleased, sir, to see a Fourth Form fellow bring literary glory and distinction on his Form," said Gunner modestly.

"Upon my word!" said Mr. Dalton, while the Classical Fourth grinned.

"So you'll excuse me, sir, for not having done any prep," said Gunner.

"I was sure you'd understand."

"You foolish, conceited boy—"

"Sir!"

"With any nonsense you may have written, I have no concern," said Mr. Dalton. "But it is my concern to see that you do not neglect your work, Gunner. You will take three hundred lines of Virgil."

"But I've explained—"

"That will do."

"But I tell you, sir—"

"Silence!"

"Shurrup, Gunner, you ass!" whispered Jimmy Silver anxiously.

But it was one of Gunner's distinguishing characteristics that he opened his mouth too often and too wide. He never seemed to realise that it ever was time to shut up.

"You don't seem to catch on, quite, sir," Gunner persisted. "I haven't been slacking. I worked hard last evening. It isn't every

"Hold out your hand, Gunner." Swish!

"Now be silent!"

"Ow!"

After that, even Gunner was silent. As he said afterwards to sympathising but grinning juniors, a fellow couldn't argue with a beast who yanked a cane into the argument. The cane being at Mr. Dalton's disposal, Gunner realised that he had to drop it, and he did.

"That's the worst of having an ignoramus for a Form master," he told Jimmy Silver & Co. after lessons. "Of course, Dalton doesn't know anything about literature, and doesn't care. But even Dalton will come round, I think, when he sees my work in print."

"When!" chortled Arthur Edward Lovell.

"It's only a matter of a couple of weeks," explained Gunner. "I'm posting it to-day. You can cackle if you like—"

"Thanks, we will! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, cackle!" said Gunner scornfully. "You're as jolly ignorant as Dalton himself, which is saying a lot. You don't deserve to have a literary chap in your Form, any more than he does. Still, when it comes off I expect to hear you bragging that you know a chap who writes."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Fistical Four.

And Gunner snorted and stalked away. Dickinson minor walked down to the village with him, and saw the

commiserate himself. He was very merry and bright—and his anticipations were rosy. Other fellows in Gunner's situation might have hoped for the best, and yet been troubled with slight doubts of success. Not so Gunner. He had no doubts. The thing, he explained, was not a swindle. If it was "straight," the prize had to go to the best man. Gunner was the best man. So there you were!

During the next few days Gunner was the object of much hilarious interest. But the matter was soon forgotten—by all but Gunner. While the Classical Fourth in the stress of other interests, forgot that they had a literary man in their midst, Peter Cuthbert Gunner was counting the days that had to elapse before the announcement of his success should cause the sensation of the term at Rookwood School.

The 4th Chapter.
Money Talks.

"My cheque, I suppose."
"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Children's Best Coloured Paper
JUNGLE JINKS
Out on Thursday—Price 2d

"You wouldn't," said Gunner contemptuously. "I fancy there's a cheque in the letter—though, of course, it may only be the announcement that I get the prize."

"Let's see it, old chap!" urged Dickinson.

Gunner opened the envelope at last. He drew out a slip of paper, which he calmly unfolded, under a score of pairs of interested eyes. From inside the slip of paper he drew another—which, as he opened it, was seen to be engraved.

It was a cheque!

There was a buzz of astonishment among the juniors. They could see the words "Bank of England" on the cheque! Putty of the Fourth broke the amazed silence.

"Queer that they should post somebody else's cheque to Gunner by mistake! Very careless to put it in the wrong envelope."

"Oh!" gasped Raby. "That's it, of course!"

Gunner smiled, and held up the cheque.

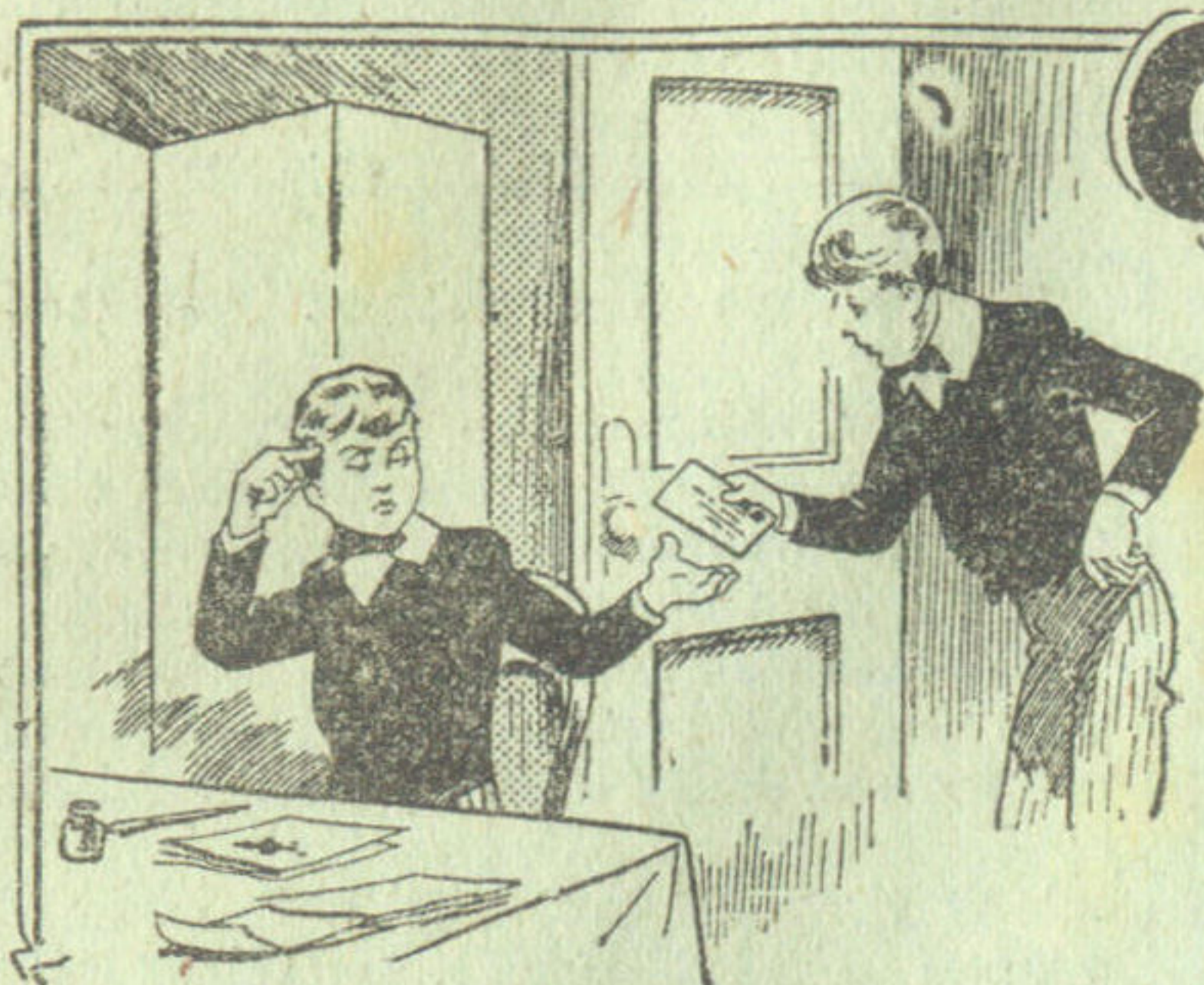
"Look at it!" he said calmly.

The juniors looked. Obviously Putty's explanation was not the right one. For the cheque was payable to Gunner.

Plain as plain English could make it, there it was—"Pay P. C. Gunner Esq., the sum of twenty pounds."

Peter Cuthbert Gunner smiled cheerily and serenely.

"You fellows seem surprised!" he remarked.



Gunner's Triumph!

By
Owen Conquest

(Continued from previous page.)

he got it. They found that Gunner was keeping to his programme. Dickinson minor was seen giving magnificent orders in the tuckshop on behalf of Gunner. The great spread which was to celebrate Gunner's success as an author was coming off, and just then there was no doubt that Gunner was popular.

The 5th Chapter. Gunner the Great!

"Dicky Dalton!"
"We'll come with you, Gunner!"
"Come on!" said the great man. Sergeant Kettle, in the school shop, smiled and shook his head when offered a cheque for twenty pounds to cash. The sergeant's till did not contain any such sum.

It was Tubby Muffin who suggested Dicky Dalton, and Gunner adopted the suggestion. Mr. Dalton sometimes kindly cashed a postal-order for a member of his Form, and Gunner saw no reason why he should not cash a cheque. Indeed, somebody had to cash it for Gunner, as it was drawn on a London bank and crossed. And Gunner was rather pleased by the thought of presenting it to Mr. Dalton. Mr. Dalton had characterised his literary work as nonsense. He had contemptuously applied that expression to the "Pirate's Secret." Gunner bore no malice, but he did contemplate with pleasure showing Mr. Dalton the cheque he had received for the "Pirate's Secret." It would be an eye-opener for Dicky Dalton. Perhaps he would comprehend at last what a genius he had in his Form?

Quite a little crowd of fellows walked to Mr. Dalton's study with Gunner. They were rather curious to see the effect of the news on Dicky Dalton.

Peter Cuthbert was a great man now. Fellows felt rather remorseful for having written him down an ass, so to speak. And some fellows realised that it would be rather a good thing to be on pally terms with a chap who could bag twenty-pound cheques whenever he liked. Tubby Muffin already loved Gunner like a long-lost brother. Dickinson minor realised that he had always—or almost always—looked on Gunner as somebody very much out of the common. Peele and Gower and their set were already handing out flattery in great chunks. But the chunks could never be too large for Gunner. He swallowed them whole and asked for more.

Other fellows felt that somehow they must have misjudged Gunner, and they owned up that it was rather a distinction for the Classical Fourth to have a literary fellow in it—a fellow who had simply to dash off something, send it along to London, and then cash a cheque. Such things seemed almost too good to be true.

So an admiring crowd accompanied Gunner wherever he went, and they accompanied him to see Mr. Dalton. That gentleman was rather surprised when Gunner presented himself, with half a dozen friends, in the study, and with a dozen more friends hanging about the doorway and the passage.

"What is all this?" asked Mr. Dalton. Gunner laid the cheque on the table.

"Would you mind cashing this little cheque for me, sir?" asked Gunner with elaborate carelessness.

"What?"
"A little cheque I've had for some literary work, sir," said Gunner casually.

Mr. Dalton picked up the cheque with blank astonishment in his face. He looked at the cheque, he looked at Gunner.

Never in his life had the master of the Fourth been so astonished.

"Is it possible, Gunner, that you have received a cheque for twenty pounds, for—for something that you have written?" exclaimed Mr. Dalton.

"Looks like it, sir," said Gunner, with a smile. "There's the cheque."

"There it is, sir," grinned Tubby Muffin. "Twenty pounds, sir. Gunner's an awfully clever chap, sir."

Mr. Dalton seemed utterly perplexed.

"Are you sure there is no mistake in the matter, Gunner?" he asked.

"Certainly!"

"If you have gifts of this kind, it is extremely odd that you should have displayed no sign of them, to my knowledge," said the puzzled Form master. "I cannot help thinking there must be some mistake."

Gunner smiled rather bitterly.

"Certainly!"

Gunner endorsed the cheque, and left the study with his little army. Mr. Dalton was left staring blankly at the cheque in a state of amazement, from which he did not soon recover.

"I—I say, Gunner," stammered Tubby Muffin, in the passage. "I—I say, what about the spread?" The spread, in Reginald Muffin's estimation, was the most important incident in the transaction—the brightest jewel in the great man's crown.

"That's all right," said Gunner. "I've got a fiver in my pocket—that will see us through. Dalton can take as long as he likes over the cheque."

"Bravo!"

"Good old Gunner!"

"Every chap in the Fourth is invited, Classical and Modern," said Gunner. "We'll have it in the Form-room. No room in the study. I want all my friends round me now."

"Bravo!"

Gunner was gratified by having all his friends round him at the spread in the Form-room, and the name of his friends was legion. No fellow at Rookwood, indeed, had so many friends as Gunner had on this particular afternoon.

"A great occasion for the Fourth, and a great occasion for Rookwood," resumed Gunner. "Rookwood has turned out great men in its time—great generals, and great diplomats, and great artists and literary men. Now it has turned out another."

"You're not turned out yet, Gunner," said Dickinson minor, misunderstanding.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't be a silly ass, Dickinson. Old Boys of Rookwood have covered themselves and their school with glory, in all the corners of the earth," said Gunner eloquently. "In fact, Rookwood's cup of glory is overflowing. But it is not full yet."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Go it, Gunner!"

"It was reserved for me to achieve distinction in the literary line while still a junior in the school," went on Gunner. "Properly speaking, of course, I shouldn't be a junior. I ought to be in the Shell, or the Fifth, but the Head doesn't see it. The Head's rather dense."

"Oh!"

"Owing to the Head being dense, and not seeing that he's got a fellow of uncommon intellect here, I'm in the Fourth," said Gunner. "I'm

new literary work; and Dickinson minor, so far from thinking of butting into the study when Gunner was in the throes of composition, not only kept outside, but warned other fellows, in a deep whisper, to tread lightly as they passed the door.

The great man's meditations were not to be disturbed. His literary work was not to be interrupted. Dickinson minor was quite enthusiastic about it. Indeed, he realised that it would be rather a good thing for him to be the studymate of a fellow who could bag twenty-pound cheques almost without effort, and who handed out his literary gains in so open-hearted a manner.

Jimmy Silver & Co. had grinned when first they heard of Gunner as a literary man. But they did not grin now. Money talks; and if there was money in Gunner's scribbling, it was not a matter for grinning. That day, at least, Gunner, the literary man, was taken quite seriously in the Rookwood Fourth. He had gone up like a rocket; and the juniors did not yet know that he was destined to come down like the stick.

But when a letter came for Gunner, with the style and title of the "Pictorial Popular" on the envelope, even Dickinson minor admitted that Gunner might be interrupted. There might be another cheque in the letter. It might contain a request for more literary works. It was a matter of intense interest in the Classical Fourth.

So Dickinson minor carried the letter up to the study with a crowd of the Fourth at his heels.

Gunner looked up, and passed his hand across his brow with a gesture of a literary man interrupted in the midst of deep intellectual efforts.

Dickinson, with great respect, handed him the letter.

"Oh! Another letter from my editor!" said Gunner carelessly.

The juniors were properly impressed.

"Open it, old bean," said Lovell.

"We're awfully keen, you know."

"Oh, all right!"

Gunner opened the letter, watched by eager eyes. It was then that he remarked that he was blessed if he understood it.

"No cheque?" asked Dickinson minor.

"Eh! No."

"Let a chap see it."

"Blessed if I catch on to it," said Gunner. "The man seems to be a fool. You can read it."

Jimmy Silver held up the letter, and the juniors crowded round to read it. It ran:

"Dear Sir,—Owing to a clerical error, caused by the similarity of names, a cheque which should have been sent to one of our authors, Mr. P. C. Gunter, was despatched to you yesterday.

"We shall be obliged if you will return this cheque in the enclosed stamped envelope.

"Apologising for any inconvenience to which you may have been put, we are, dear sir,

"Yours faithfully,

"The 'Pictorial Popular,' Ltd."

There was a moment of silence in the study when that letter had been perused. The juniors looked at one another. Gunner, whose powerful intellect did not work rapidly, still seemed puzzled. But the meaning of the letter was clear enough to everybody but Gunner.

"I think I remember mentionin' that there was a mistake somewhere," murmured Mornington.

There was a postscript to the letter. Jimmy Silver could not help feeling sorry for Gunner. But also he could not help grinning as he read the postscript.

"P.S.—Your manuscript entitled the 'Pirate's Secret,' which we regret to say we cannot use, will be returned to you on receipt of stamps to cover the postage."

"The sting's in the tail!" murmured Putty of the Fourth.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The man's a fool!" said Gunner.

"According to that, they're turning down my work."

"Go hon!" murmured Lovell.

The powerful brain of P. C. Gunner worked slowly. But it worked. He grasped the terrible truth at last. By a clerical error, such as occurs now and then in a busy office, a cheque had been sent to him which should have been sent to P. C. Gunter; and the return of that payment was now required. And his own literary masterpiece—

"All your own fault, Gunner," said Dickinson minor. "I told you you'd better put stamps in."

(Continued on page 736.)

BOYS' FRIEND FAVOURITES!

CAPTAIN PINEAPPLE OF THE CORMORANT.



A typical British sailor and a gentleman, is Captain Horace Pineapple, who, at just over forty years of age, is experiencing at the moment some of the most amazing adventures which have ever come his way.

Strong and as fit as the proverbial fiddle, Pineapple, in spite of his years and his red, aggressive beard, is really a strikingly handsome man. A strict disciplinarian, he always likes to see a ship which he has command of scrupulously clean. It is first thought with him that a vessel should be the pride of the whole

crew, and that is as it should be with every man who skips a ship. But although Pineapple is by nature stern when aboard his ship, he is, nevertheless, a very kind-hearted man, and always willing to lend a helping hand to those who deserve it.

If wealth should fall to anyone in this world, then it should to Captain Pineapple, for all his life he has had an uphill fight to keep going. Strange though it may seem, almost every ship he has commanded since first he gained his master's ticket has had something of a shady nature hanging over it, or else there has been some blackguardly rascal aboard who, out of sheer jealousy towards Pineapple, has done his best to injure the little captain. Still, in spite of all this, and of the fact that on obtaining his last command—that of skipping the Cormorant on a world's cruise—Captain Pineapple discovered that once again he had fallen in with a crooked venture, it seems that at last his troubles will be surmounted, and that he will become a comparatively rich man.

Even his Form master envied him! It was rather rotten of Dicky Dalton, he felt.

"There can't be any mistake, sir," said Dickinson minor. "The cheque's payable to Gunner, and it came in a letter from the 'Pictorial Popular.' Gunner's got the letter."

"Show me the letter, Gunner."

Gunner handed over the letter, and the envelope, which bore the style and title of the "Pictorial Popular," and was addressed to P. C. Gunner, at Rookwood School.

Mr. Dalton looked as he felt—more and more perplexed.

There was no denying the evidence of his eyes, but he could not understand it.

For he did not merely think that P. C. Gunner was a dunce and a duffer—he knew it!

There was a long silence. Gunner was smiling, rather ironically. He wondered how long Mr. Dalton was going to take to admit self-evident facts.

"Well, Gunner," said the Form master at last, "if this is quite in order I congratulate you."

"Oh, thanks!" said Gunner. "I assure you that it's in order, sir."

"I cannot cash a cheque for this sum," said Mr. Dalton. "Neither should I care to do so without passing it through the bank. If you like, I will pay it into my bank to-day, and when it has been honoured I will hand you over the money."

The juniors' faces fell. The cash was wanted at once for the great celebration. But Gunner did not turn a hair.

"Very well, sir," he assented. "I am much obliged."

"You must endorse the cheque, Gunner."

A dozen fellows helped to carry in the supplies. Sergeant Kettle had seldom or never had such a rush of custom.

Jimmy Silver & Co. honoured the occasion with their presence. They were as perplexed as Mr. Dalton; but they were pleased, and they congratulated Gunner sincerely. How on earth he had done it they did not understand; but he had done it, and they were glad. And there was no doubt that Gunner was celebrating his success in a hearty and open-handed way. Gunner might be every known kind of an ass, but he had his good points.

The Fourth Form of Rookwood turned up to a man. All the Classics were there, and the Moderns came over led by Tommy Dodd. Gunner's generous hospitality was not confined to the Fourth, either. Symthe & Co. of the Shell drifted in, and were welcomed. Algy Silver and Teddy Lovell brought a gang of the Third. Even Snooks of the Second was allowed to wedge in with some of his inky-fingered compatriots.

It was a glorious occasion.

Gunner did the honours, loftily but graciously. He was, of course, called upon for a speech. There was really no need to call upon him—he intended to make a speech anyhow. But it was universally felt that a fellow who was standing such a spread had a right to talk as much as he liked, and fellows were not bound to listen.

"Gentlemen—" said Gunner.

"Hear, hear!"

"This is a great occasion."

"Bravo!"

"Pass the cake!" squeaked Tubby Muffin.

"Shut up, Muffin!"

But whatever wealth comes his way it can be said without hesitation that the gallant little captain will have earned every bit of it.

In his adventurous career, Captain Pineapple has also seen service in the British Navy. During the late War he was one of the first to answer his country's call when she was in urgent need of men, and right well did he acquit himself. Now he belongs to the Royal Naval Reserve, and if at any time he should be needed to help his country again, then he will answer the call in double-quick time.

Cool in face of danger, plucky in the extreme, Captain Pineapple is also a tough proposition with his fists. In spite of being small of stature, he will never funk standing up to an opponent, however formidable. As proof of this, one has only to remember the way in which Pineapple dealt with Pete Sankey when first he became acquainted with the young American. Sankey resented Pineapple's interference when he was smoking and gambling on the Cormorant when the skipper first came aboard. He struck the little captain a blow on the face, a fight ensued, and Pete got the worst of matters, in spite of his greatly superior height and weight. However, Pete Sankey is now greatly attached to Pineapple, and that in itself just shows how difficult it is to do anything but admire and respect such a splendid fellow as the little captain undoubtedly is.

(Look out for another BOYS' FRIEND Favourite.)

treated just as if I were an ordinary fellow like you fellows."

"But I don't mind," said Gunner magnanimously. "Genius will out! Genius can't be kept down."

"Bravo!"

"It's not my way to brag—"

"Oh!"

"I state facts. What I've done, I've done. The Rookwood Fourth has produced a literary genius. It's me. I've pointed out to you fellows, lots of times, that I'm the only chap in the Form with any brains to speak of. You've never believed me."

"Oh! Nunno!"

"Now you see it for yourselves," said Gunner. "This is only a beginning. I'm going on. I don't boast. I don't swank! I only say that in time to come Rookwood will be known as the school where Peter Cuthbert Gunner was educated. That will be its greatest title to fame."

"Oh crumbs!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gunner sat down amid cheers and roars of laughter.

"Rather a neat speech, what?" he whispered to Dickinson minor.

"Oh, great!" gasped Dickinson.

Gunner was satisfied with his speech. The other fellows were satisfied with the spread. So there was general satisfaction; and the great celebration ended with satisfaction all round.

The 6th Chapter. Quite a Surprise!

"Blessed if I understand this!"

It was the following day.

For twenty-four hours the glory of Gunner had been undimmed.

It was known that he had started a



HEALTH AND SPORT

Conducted by

PERCY LONGHURST.



Look out for more of these useful stick exercises.

Training for the Mile.—(Continued.)

Preliminary preparation finished with, wind in decent order, and meaning to do your daily bout of exercise, you start four more weeks serious work. If you can give three evenings a week, so much the better. In that case, if possible, make them alternate. Thus:

Monday.

Run a mile, taking the first quarter at racing pace—not quarter-mile race pace—and just trotting easily over the remaining three-quarters of the mile. Have a short rest, then take a couple of fast sprints, say 30 yds. and 60 yds.

Wednesday.

Two fast sprints, 30 and 50 yds. These will wind you up for a fairly fast quarter-mile, after which rest for a bit. Then trot easily three-quarters of a mile.

Friday.

Run one and a half miles, the first half-mile at mile racing speed, then slowing down to last 100 yds. of distance, when try to pick up pace a bit so as to get a strong finish.

If in addition to above you can get in a good four to six mile walk at a fair pace during the week-end—all helping to develop extra staying power—you will have done quite sufficient.

It is not well, if the race be on a Saturday, to continue your training up to the Friday night. The Friday's work—as above—may be brought forward to the Wednesday, and on Friday do no more than two or three 30 or 40 yds. sprints.

The mile is a race long enough for a lot of judgment to enter into it. You ought to cultivate a strong finish, that is to say, that you must leave a bit in yourself to enable you to add to your pace over the last 100 or 150 yds. This you will get as directed above. When to make this effort, to hit up the pace, depends entirely upon the race and the way the other chaps are running. As a rule, don't try to get the lead and keep it; that means taking a lot out of yourself. If you can get up second or third, with still a quarter-mile or 300 yds. to go, be satisfied. When you make your effort, put all you can into it. Go past your opponents as fast as you can; they will think you are fresh even if you are not feeling that way. But if you make this effort too soon, you will find that you haven't the strength and staying power to keep up the effort. You will also find yourself being overhauled towards the finish by the fellows you lately passed. When you do make the effort, try to get up on your toes a bit, like a sprinter. This brings other muscles into play, and relieves the tired ones.

To do your best, you should have a bit of timing during your practice; this will help you to run to some kind of a schedule. The mile ought not to be run by going as fast from the start as you can, and then gradually slowing down right throughout the race. If you run to a schedule, this can be prevented. Thus, if you can do the mile in five minutes and think that is good enough to win, let your times be something like this. Quarter-mile, 70 secs.; half-mile, 2 min. 25 secs.; three-quarter mile, 3 min. 45 secs, leaving 75 secs. for the last quarter.

Don't run a trial more than once in ten days.

As to dieting, there is little need to worry. Some foods should be

GUNNER'S TRIUMPH!

(Continued from page 724.)

"You're a silly ass, Dickinson! It seems they've turned it down!" said Gunner. "The man's a fool! A dummy! In fact, a blithering idiot! What did they make him an editor for, when he doesn't know a good thing when he sees it? That's what beats me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I shall send the stamps," said Gunner. "I shall demand the return of the manuscript. I shall refuse to let him have it now if he begs for it."

"I—I would!" gasped Dickinson.

"And I shall tell him what I think of him!" said Gunner.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"As for the cheque," said Gunner. "That's nothing; I don't care about that. But the man's cheek—his colossal ignorance—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, don't cackle in my study!" snapped Gunner. "I don't see anything to cackle at myself! What are you cackling about, you dummies?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the juniors.

They crowded out of Gunner's study, still cackling. Gunner did not see anything to cackle at, but it was evident that the Classical Fourth did, for the Fourth Form passage was in a cackle from end to end.

Mr. Dalton did not smile when Gunner, showing him the new com-

munication from the "Pictorial Popular," reclaimed the cheque to be returned. It was rather difficult not to smile; but Mr. Dalton contrived not to do so. He did not smile till after Gunner had left his study.

But in the Classical Fourth there were many smiles.

For twenty-four hours there had been glory for Gunner, but now the glory was gone. Having gone up like the rocket, he had descended like the stick. Gunner, the literary man, was now a subject only for hilarity. Like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, he had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof.

Gunner was not down-hearted. His excellent opinion of himself was unabated. He explained that there was nothing to be surprised at in the occurrence; it was simply that he had been dealing with a crass ass!

And the Classical Fourth agreed that there was undoubtedly a crass ass in the affair. But according to the Classical Fourth, the name of the ass was Peter Cuthbert Gunner.

THE END.

(Simply grand: "The Crushing of Carthew!"—next Monday's long complete story of the chums of Rookwood School. Don't miss it! Order your BOYS' FRIEND in advance and avoid disappointment!)

Exercises with a Stick.—(Continued.)

Exercise 5.

Erect position, feet apart, stick vertical, and facing centre of body, top about level with chin, grasped with both hands, thumb edge uppermost. Left grip 4 inches below top and 6 inches away from body, arm bent, forearm horizontal, elbow outward. Right arm straight, by side, hand forward and with convenient grip of stick. Keeping stick upright all the time, left hand strongly resisting, right hand forces stick upwards to fullest stretch of the left arm.

Pause to take in and exhale a deep, full breath. Left hand then forces stick down to fullest stretch of right arm, right resisting.

Four complete movements. Be sure to keep stick quite upright.

Exercise 6.

Reverses action of No. 5. Start with stick held in final position, reached at completion of first part of No. 5 movement; i.e., left arm stretched upwards, right hand end of stick opposite chest. Left hand strongly resisting, right hand pulls stick down until arm is fully extended and stretched downwards.

Pause for full breathing, then reverse movement, left hand drawing stick upwards, right resisting.

Four complete movements.

Exercise 7.

Erect position, left foot well advanced; stick horizontal and across right side, a few inches below right hip. Left arm diagonally across body, so that hand, palm uppermost, grasps stick about 4 inches from end, same distance between hand and where stick touches body. Do not turn body to right, but keep it faced squarely to front. Right arm fully extended behind body, hand with convenient grip of stick, knuckles facing outwards. Left hand resisting, right thrusts stick straight forward, maintaining horizontal position, to fullest stretch of left arm. Keep body fully erect; right arm not to bend.

Pause for breathing, then reverse movement, left arm thrusting, right resisting. Continue to fullest stretch of right arm.

Two complete movements. Then two complete movements, exactly similar to above, but with changed grip of left hand, knuckles being uppermost.

Exercise 8.

Is identical with No. 7, but right foot is advanced and stick held across left side of body.

Exercise, as No. 7, is in two parts—change of hand grip. Two complete movements each part; four in all.

Exercise 9.

This is a repetition of Exercise 5, the only difference being that the vertical stick is held with the right hand in the upper position, and providing the resistance against the upward thrusting of the left hand. For

the return movement, the right hand thrusts, the left resists. Four movements.

Exercise 10.

The same as Exercise 6, except that the right hand has the upper position. Four movements.

Exercise 11.

Movement is same as for Exercise 7, but instead of the body being held quite erect and thus most of the work being done by the arm muscles, as the stick is forced forward the body bends from the waist—not the hips—thus allowing of an extended movement of the stick and the bringing into play of the powerful shoulder muscles and also the big chest—pectoral—muscles. Do not omit to keep arms straight.

Return movement, change of grip, and repetitions same as for Exercise 7.

Exercise 12.

This movement is identical with Exercise 11, but with the stick held on the left side of body. Remember that with this change there is reversal of the advanced foot.

Exercise 13.

Position is with left foot well advanced, but the body, instead of facing straightforward as in Exercises 7, 8, 11, and 12, is facing a quarter-right. Stick is horizontal across right side, about midway between hip and armpit; left hand has forward grip, knuckles up; left forearm almost horizontal across front of chest; elbow well bent. Right elbow also bent, and carried well back and upward. See to it that during movement the right elbow is not allowed to drop. Right hand has knuckles up. As right arm thrusts stick forward, left hand resisting, the body bends forward from hips, still lower and more forward as left arm is extended, and to allow of greatest possible extension the left knee is well bent. During whole of movement an effort must be made to keep the stick always horizontal. At end of movement right heel should be just off the ground.

For return movement the left hand thrusts, the right arm resists, and as the movement continues, left arm bends, right heel gets back to floor, and the body returns to upright position as at start.

Two complete movements, then two more, with left hand grip changed, palm coming uppermost.

Deep, slow breathing as before between each complete movement.

Exercise 14.

In all respects the same as Exercise 13, except that stick is on left side of body, right foot advanced, and right hand leading.

Exercises 15 and 16.

Exactly the same as Exercises 13 and 14 respectively, except that starting position of 15 and 16 is the finishing position of 13 and 14, and that the rear arm pulls upon the stick while the forward hand resists.

400 MODEL 15/3 CASH

2/6 Weekly

is all you pay for our No. 400A Model "Marvel"—the finest cycle ever offered on such exceptionally easy terms. Brilliantly plated; richly enamelled; lined in two colours. Sent packed free, carriage paid, on 15 DAYS' FREE TRIAL. Fully warranted. Prompt delivery. Money refunded if dissatisfied. Old machines exchanged. Big bargains in slightly factory soiled mounts. Tyres and accessories 33% below shop prices. Buy direct from the Factory and save pounds. Write TODAY for testimonials and illustrated art catalogue.

Mead Cycle Co. (Inc.) (Dep. B. 290), Birmingham.

75 STAMPS, 41d.—Laureos Marque, Grenada, Reunion, Soudan, Montserrat, etc. 15 Chile, 6d. 10 Persia, 6d. 40 Italy, 9d. 50 Austria, 5d.—BROOKS, 43, Edmund St., Camberwell, Eng.

YOURS FOR 6d. ONLY

This handsome full-sized Gent's Lever Watch sent upon receipt of 6d. After approval send 1/- more, the balance is then payable by 6 monthly instalments of 2/- each.

Simpson's Ltd. (Dept. 122), 94, Queen's Road, Brighton, Sussex.

NERVOUS FEARS

How many people fear meeting others, travelling in Trains, Trams, Tubes, or Buses, mixing in Society, going into a Restaurant, or of having anything important to do? Such Nervous Fears are ruin to any man or woman's chance of success in life. Become Nerve-Strong, Self-Confident, Bright, and Happy by sending immediately 5 penny stamps for particulars of the Mento-Nerve Strengthening Treatment. **GUARANTEED CURE OR MONEY REFUNDED.**

GODFREY ELLIOTT-SMITH, Ltd., 543, Imperial Buildings, Ludgate Circus, London, E.C. 4.

CONCERTS, Patter, Crosstalk, Joke Books, Comic Sketches, Vent. Dialogues, etc. List 1d. **JACK FINN, Magdalen Street, COLCHESTER.**

WHEN ANSWERING ADVERTISEMENTS PLEASE MENTION THIS PAPER.

Hundreds of Working Models

such as The Tower Bridge, Cranes, and Sandwheels can be built with Kliptiko, the boy's constructional toy without tools. Full details are given in a coloured booklet which also describes Wenebrik—the wonderful architectural toy for girls. Send a postcard to-day for a free copy.

Kliptiko

Obtainable from Drapers everywhere.

William Bailey, Edward Works, Weaman St., Birmingham.

HEIGHT COUNTS

In winning success. Let the Girvan System increase your height. Send P.C. for particulars and our £100 guarantee to Enquiry Dept., A.M.P., 17, Stroud Green Rd., London, N. 3

MY GREAT OFFER

I supply the finest Coventry built cycles from £5-5-0 cash or 2/- weekly. Any cycle sent ON 14 DAYS' APPROVAL, PACKED FREE AND CARRIAGE PAID on receipt of small deposit. Write for FREE BARGAIN LISTS. Satisfaction or Money Refunded. **O'Brien**, The World's Largest Cycle Dealer. Dept. 25, COVENTRY

FREE! 25 BULGARIA Stamps to those sending postage (abroad 6d.) and asking to see Approval Sheets. — **F. FLORICK, 179, Asylum Road, Peckham, London, S.E. 15.**

All applications for Advertisement Space in this publication should be addressed to the Advertisement Manager, **BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.**