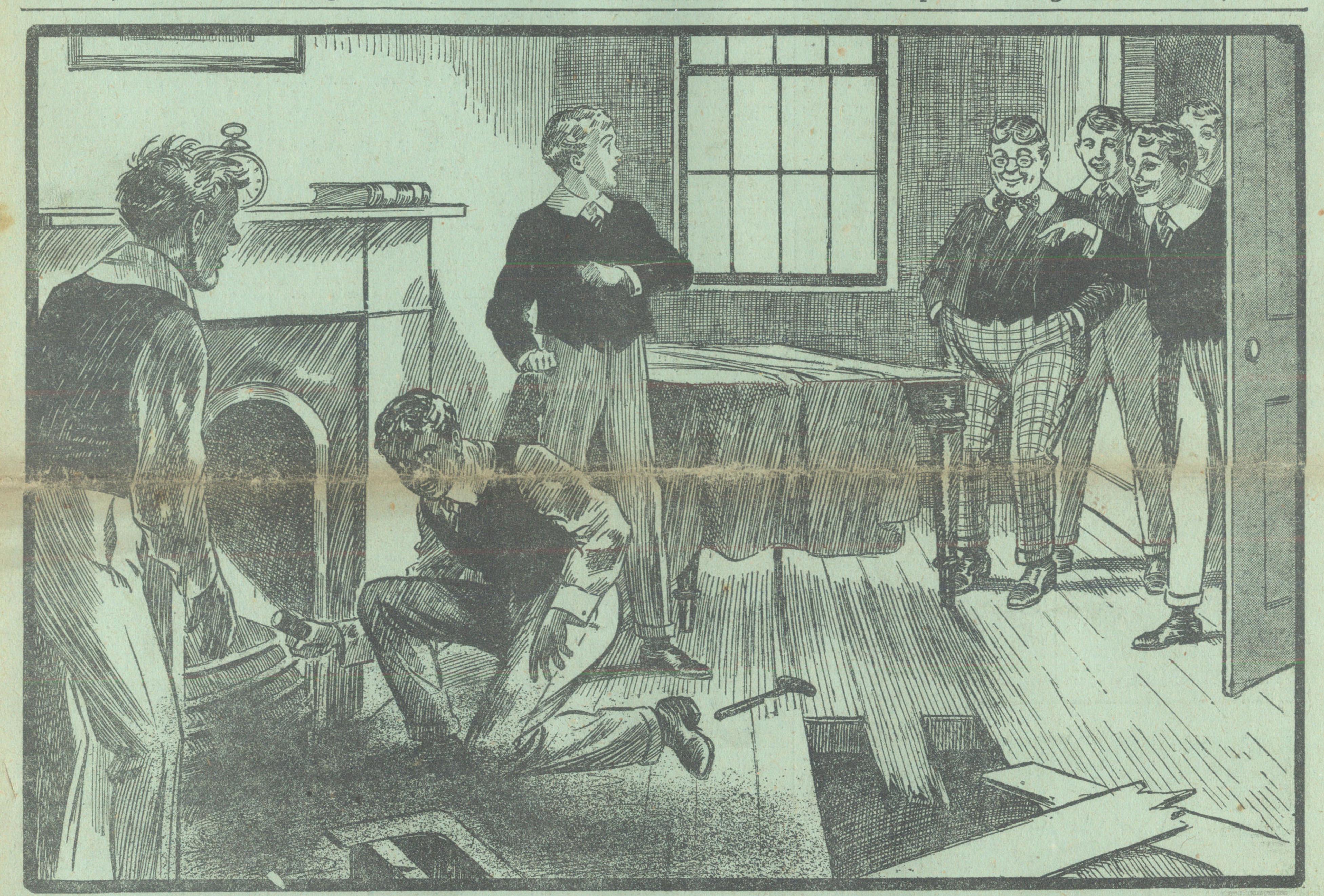
# (WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

No. 757, Vol. XV. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending December 11th, 1915.



A Screamingly Funny Study TOMMY DODD & GO. LOOK FOR THE VENTRILOQUIST'S VOICE! Scene in Our School Story.

# JIMMS IN ERIS GUEST

A Magnificent New Long Complete School Story, introducing JIMMY SILVER & Co. at Rookwood.

OWEN, CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter. A Kind Invitation Accepted.

Jimmy Silver whistled. It was a prolonged whistle, expressive of surprise.

The captain of the Fourth Form at Rookwood had a letter in his hand. His chums-Lovell, Raby, and New- tance in the letter.

come-were watching him read it. | They had very interested expressions.

Evidently Lovell was under the

impression that there was a remit-

"Well," said Lovell, "how much ?"

Jimmy Silver did not reply to the question. He whistled again, more expressively than before.

"How much, fathead?" demanded Raby.

"Eh? Nothing!" "Nothing in the letter?" exclaimed Newcome.

"Oh, no!"
"Well, you ass," said Lovell warmly, "you're keeping us away from the footer while you read a letter with nothing in it! Chuck it away, and come along!"

"I do," said Raby. "Fat chap in gig-lamps. For some weird reason he was in the team—at least, I remember he said so. But they left him out of the match."
"I've seen him at Greyfriars, too, away, and come along!"

"Hold on!" said Jimmy.

"Bow-wow! Let's get down to the footer. Ain't we playing the Modern bounders next Saturday, and haven't we got to be in form?"

"Never mind the Modern bounders now, and never mind the footer! This is a rather queer letter," said Jimmy Silver. "Do you chaps remember when the Greyfriars cricket team came over in the summer-"

"Well, it's hardly long enough ago for us to forget it," said Lovell. "What the merry dickens about the

Greyfriars cricket team?" "Do you remember a chap named Bunter?"

"Bunter? Can't say I do."

when we've been there," said Newcome; "a fat bounder." "Did any of you chaps chum up

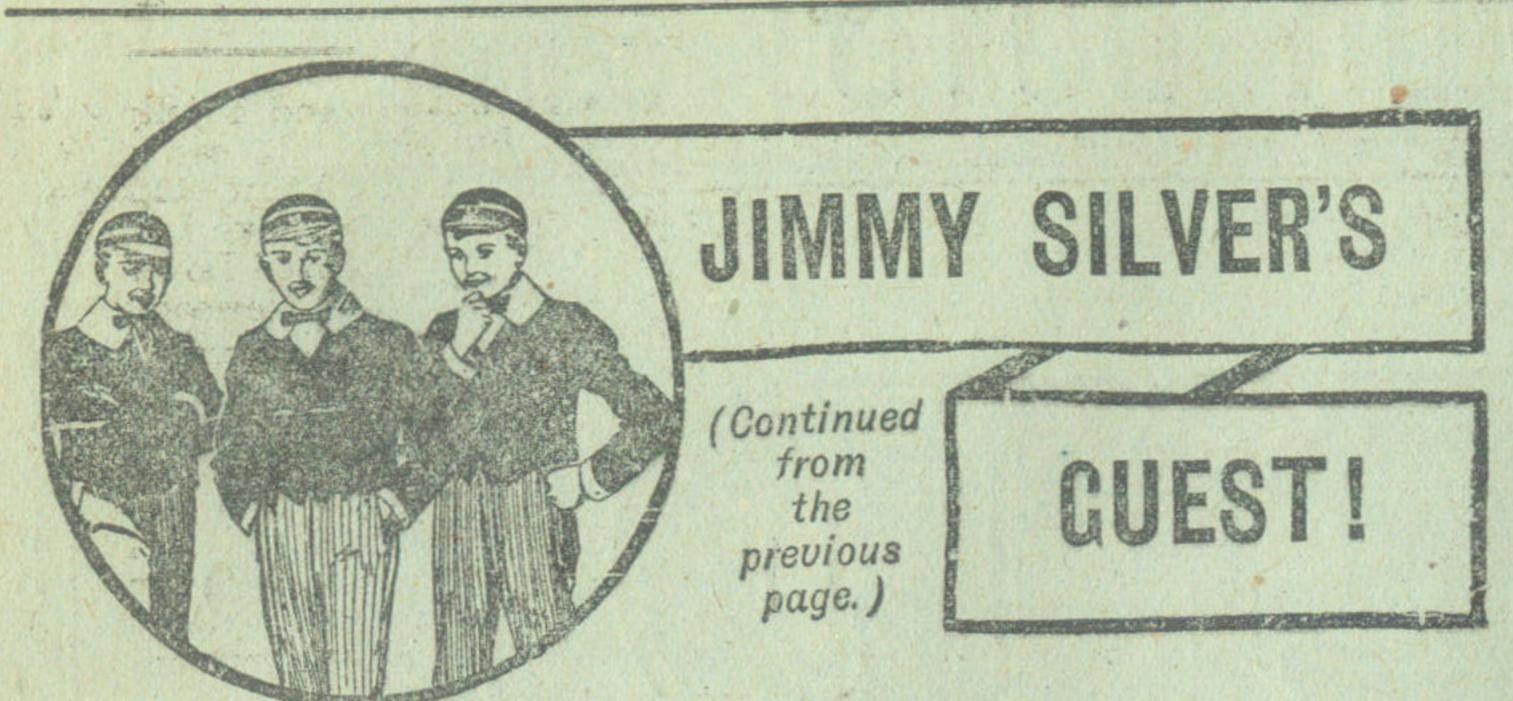
"My hat! No!"

"Did I?" said Jimmy thought-

"You! I don't suppose you did," said Lovell. "But surely you ought to know whether you did or not."

"Well, to the best of my helief, I didn't," said Jimmy Silver, shaking his head. "But, to the bost of Bunter's belief, I did. I must have, as he says so. This letter is from him. He's written on account of our close friendship!"

(Continued on the next page.)



"Great Scott!" "He can't bear the idea of clearing off for the Christmas holidays without seeing us first."

"Can't he, by Jove!" "So he's coming to visit us."

"This afternoon," said Jimmy Silver. "He's accepted our kind invitation to drop in at Rookwood. Did you give him a kind invitation,

"I jolly well didn't!" "Did you, Raby?" "No fear!" "You, Newcome?"

"Rats! No!" "Well, I know I didn't," said Jimmy, rubbing his nose thoughtfully. "Somebody else must have done so, and Bunter's put it down to us by mistake. Looks as if we're going to have a visitor, instead of any footer this afternoon."

"Oh, draw it mild!" grunted Lovell. "Look here, I don't think much of that bounder Bunter. Read out the letter, and let's see if we can dodge him!"

Jimmy Silver grinned, and read out the letter. It ran, in large and sprawling handwriting:

"Dear Jimmy,-Before braking up for the Christmas holidays shood like to see you and my other old pals at Rookwood once more. Ekscuse my not having written before. I hadn't forgotten our friendship, bút Toddy is very meen with stamps. I shoodn't like to cleer off for Christmas without seeing you chaps once more. So I am accepting your kind invitation to drop in at Rookwood, and I'm coming down on Wednesday afternoon early. If you like to mete the trane at Coombetwo-thirty-I shall be pleesed to see you there. If not convenient, send me a tellegram.—Always yours,

"W. G. BUNTER."

"Why, it's two now!" exclaimed Lovell. "The fat bounder must have been in the train long before this letter was delivered. How are you to send him a telegram?" Jimmy rubbed his nose again.

"Certainly, it's a bit too late," he

said.
"It's a plant!" growled Lovell. "He doesn't mean to be put off.

the afternoon crawling round with a

porpoise!"

"Rookwood hospitality, old chap. The Greyfriars chaps did us very well when we were over there."

"Bunter didn't!" "Well, no; but he's a Greyfriars

"Oh, rot! I wouldn't object if it were Wharton or Cherry or Fieldany of those fellows. But-"

"It's up to us," said Jimmy Silver resignedly. "Noblesse oblige, you know. After all, we can spare an afternoon for the sacred duties of hospitality."

"Oh, blow!" Jimmy Silver looked at his big

watch. "Just time to trot down to the station and meet the two-thirty," he said. "Come on! Keep smiling!"

"Br-r-r-r !" said Lovell. But Jimmy Silver's word was law to the end study. The Fistical Four took their caps and sallied forth. There was no time to lose if they were to meet Bunter's train, and they hurried down to the gates.

Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side were chatting in the gateway. Apparently they were in a humour for a rag, for, with one voice, they asked the Fistical Four whether they had found their features in a museum.

But the chums of the Classical side did not reply to that humorous question. There was no time even to bump the three Tommies in the road. They hurried out, and "trotted" down to Coombe.

The 2nd Chapter.

The Honoured Guest.

pair of spectacles, looked out of the train as it stopped in the little country station. The Fistical Four of Rookwood

were on the platform, and they spotted that fat face at once. "Here he is!" grunted Lovell.

Jimmy Silver politely opened the door of the carriage. William George Bunter of the Remove Form at Greyfriars rolled out.

He greeted the Rookwood juniors

with a beaming smile. "Jolly glad to see you," he remarked, shaking hands effusively Look here, I'm not going to spend | with Jimmy Silver. "Pleasure to

see you fellows again! You got my letter all

"Yes; that's why we're

"Jolly long way here!" said Bunter, blinking at them. "Not that I mind, to see old pals again."

The Fistical Four grinned politely. If the Greyfriars junior claimed them as old pals, they did not feel that it would be civil to dispute the claim. But not one of them had the slightest recollection of palling with Billy Bunter. Perhaps W. G. Bunter had a better memory, or a more active imagination.

"How are all the chaps?" asked Jimmy, as they piloted Bunter out of the station.

"Oh, they're fumbling at footer this afternoon!" said Bunter. "I declined to join them. I'm left out

you out of the footer

low. There's a lot of from him. skipper doesn't like to be | silent glances. after that journey. I re- afternoon.

of Coombe. "I dare say you fellows | ing to Rookwood juniors. But there | sat down in the quad forcibly. could do with a snack-what! was no help for it. Come with me; it's my treat!"

wood juniors had dined, but they shook Bunter by the shoulder. politely piloted Billy Bunter to Mrs. Wicks' little shop.

"I hadn't anything in the train, excepting some sandwiches and a pork-pie and some dough-nuts," said beast!" Bunter. "I'm pretty nearly famished! Pile in, you chaps; it's my treat!"

"Not at all," said Jimmy Silver. "It's our treat, Bunter. Pile in!" "Well, if you insist!" said Bunter.

The Fistical Four contented themselves with ginger-pop; and they watched Bunter pile in. They watched him in growing wonder.

Billy Bunter started on pork-pies. | school!" He proceeded to cold ham and tongue. He went on to cake and pie. Dough--nuts came next, and then biscuits and preserves. His round, fat face assumed a very shiny look, and his breathing grew slower. But he went on without a break.

"You chaps aren't eating any- driver. thing," he remarked.

"Nunno; we're not hungry." "I'll have another cake, please. And some more dough-nuts-I like these dough-nuts. And another ginger-pop. And some jam-tarts."

Mrs. Wicks looked rather curiously at Bunter. She had seen some healthy appetites among Rookwood fellows, but nothing to this. She up an account with a cross-nibbed him!" whispered Jimmy. pen on a sheet of wrapping-paper. Jimmy Silver nodded silently. He sion on his face, dashed away to was responsible for the bill. He | intercept Oswald of the Fourth. Dick wondered rather uneasily what Oswald obliged willingly, and figure it was reaching. Jimmy was Lovell came dashing back. Jimmy hospitable. But he was not a million- | Silver found some odd coppers for the

last, eyeing the jam-tarts regretfully. Fistical Four hurried after Bunter. It was evident that he hadn't room ! for even one more. "I feel comfy i now. I'd rather you let me settle this bill, you chaps-"

Wicks!"

and ninepence. Billy Bunter strolled | have attracted notice anywhere. to the door, and stood blinking out | Smythe and Howard and Tracy,

sultation.

Jimmy Silver's supply of cash was | men of zoology. limited to five shillings. Lovell | Jimmy Silver & Co. glared at the was able to make up the remainder. & Co.'s looks. The bill was settled, and the four

juniors joined Bunter. "Come on, Bunter!" said Jimmy.

Bunter yawned. "Going to walk?" he asked.

station-cab-made before the flood."

"Well, that's better than nothing," said Bunter. "I've had a long

journey, you know. I'm tired. Let's take the cab." "Ahem!"

"I'll pay, of course," said Bunter. "You've stood me a ripping feed; now I'll stand you a drive. Come

The Fistical Four would have preferred walking to taking the slow, dusty old station-cab. But it was a case of noblesse oblige, and consideration for a guest came first. They do with their visitor. walked down to the station again, the Rookwood juniors followed him. | bit hungry-" The ancient driver whipped up the | "Hungry!" Jimmy Silver could not |

ancient horse, and they started for help exclaiming. Rookwood. Billy Bunter leaned back in a corner of the cab, and closed his eyes.

"Hallo! Going to sleep?" said ] Lovell.

Bunter blinked.

of the eleven, you know. you fellows don't mind, I'll take a Bunter. "Where did you pick that Wharton is rather an nap till we get to Rookwood." up, Silver?" Go and eat coke!" snapped "Oh, go ahead!" said Jimmy "Go and eat coke!"

"He must be to leave Silver. Bunter went ahead. His eyes "Is it the Fat Boy from Pick-"You're right, old fel- deep and sonorous snore proceeded of the Bonehouse?"

Price

One Penny

The cab stopped with a jerk at It was not an hour since the Rook- the school gates. Jimmy Silver

"Here we are!" he said. Bunter grunted angrily.

"Lemme alone! Tain't rising-bell! Lemme alone, Bob Cherry, you

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Silver continued to shake.

"I believe I've been fast asleep, by lately. Jove!"

Apparently having forgotten the and seated himself upon a counter at driver and his offer to settle with him. The fat junior sauntered in at the gates. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked | Sergeant Kettle supplied him, and at one another.

"Three and six, please," said the dazedly.

The juniors glanced at Bunter, but after that tremendous blow-out in the Bunter's broad back was turned. | village was a mystery to them.

hurriedly. "Anybody got any tin?" whispered Jimmy.

"Stony!" "Broke!"

"Same here!"

"There's Oswald in the quad; cut glanced at Jimmy Silver, as she made off and screw three and six out of

Lovell, with a very peculiar expres-

The 3rd Chapter.
Pay Up!

"Oh, no, not at all!" gasped Billy Bunter was looking very Jimmy. "Give it to me, Mrs. | thoughtful. Several fellows in the Rookwood quadrangle glanced at him Mrs. Wicks passed it across the with smiles. William George counter. It came to fourteen shillings | Bunter's ample proportions would

I into the village street. | the nuts of the Shell, were staring at The Fistical Four, glad that his him. Smythe had adjusted his eye-A fat face, adorned with a large back was turned, held a hurried con- glass to take a good look, apparently regarding Bunter as a curious speci-

> added half a crown to it, and Raby | nuts of the Shell. They were not sixpence. Fortunately, Newcome, particularly proud of their old pal after a hurried search of his pockets, | Bunter, and they did not like Smythe

"Come down and see the footer, "Oh!" gasped Jimmy. Bunter," said Jimmy. "There's a "How much is that, my man?" good game on this afternoon-first eleven match. Bulkeley and sergeant behind the counter.

Knowles—"
Bunter yawned.

Coombe, my dear chap," he replied. "Fed up with photographs. When his pockets. "All we could get would be the I go to St. Jim's, that chap Manners

"Oh!" said Newcome. "What price a climb up the clock- have left it behind-my purse, you

tower?" grinned Lovelle "You get a ripping view from there-right out to the Channel." Bunter glanced at the clock-tower,

"Thanks; I'd rather not." "Like a stroll?" asked Raby. "Fed up with walking."

and shuddered.

"Oh!" said the Fistical Four. They were rather at a loss what to wood; but he refrained.

and Bunter rolled into the cab, and | thinking that, as I'm getting a little |

"Yes. You have a place here-"

"There's the school shop." "Good! Come along with me. It's my treat this time." "Oh, my hat!"

"By gad!" said Adolphus Smythe, "I'm rather fagged," he said. "If whose eyeglass seemed glued to

Jimmy.

jealousy in footer, too. A Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged Bunter. "If these are Rookwood simply fastened on us like a leech!" manners--"

team, you know! By the out. But it dawned upon them that chums, and the Fistical Four suddenly | Sergeant Kettle, looking at Jimmy way, I'm rather peckish | they were not going to have a happy | rushed at Adolphus & Co. There | Silver. "Am I to ask the young was a wild roar from the nuts of the gentleman for it, Master Silver?" member there's a shop | The cab crawled on to Rookwood. | Shell. In a second their silk hats | "N-n-no!" stammered Jimmy.

blinked up and down the High Street | winter's afternoon was not gratify- | ties were dragged out, and they were

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "Yaroooh!" roared Adolphus. "By gad! I'll skin you-Y00000 !"

"Ow! Help!" shrieked Tracy. "Lemme alone!" spluttered Howard. "Oh, crikey!"

"Come on, Bunter," said Jimmy Silver; and the Fistical Four strolled away with their old pal from Grey-Bunter opened his eyes as Jimmy friars, leaving Adolphus & Co. in a parlous condition.

"Oh! Ah! Yaw-aw!" he said, The nuts of the Shell were not rubbing his eyes, and setting his feeling inclined for any further chipglasses straight on his fat little nose. ping. They crawled away disconso-

There were several fellows in "I believe you have!" grinned | Sergeant Kettle's little tuck-shop in Jimmy. "Come on; here's the the old clock-tower. They glanced at Bunter as he came in. Billy Billy Bunter rolled out of the cab. Bunter gave them an affable nod,

> He rapped out orders, and the Fistical Four watched him

How Bunter could eat anything

They went through their pockets | Bunter had often surprised fellows who knew him well by his powers in that line. He astounded the Rookwood fellows.

"I say, these are ripping tarts!" he said, with his mouth full. "Why don't you fellows have some? It's my treat, you know. Order anything you like."

"We-we've only lately had dinner," stammered Jimmy Silver. "Still, we'll have some ginger-pop!" "Do try the tarts," urged Bunter.

"They're topping!"

Thus urged, the chums of the Fourth tried the tarts. Fellows were driver's tip, and he was duly paid. | beginning to drop into the tuck-"That's better," said Bunter, at The cab rolled away, and the shop to watch Bunter. It was a sight worth seeing. The way he travelled through the sergeant's tuck would have done credit to a hungry Hun. Where he put it was a mystery to his companions. Ample as his circumference was, it seemed scarcely possible that there was room for more inside. But Bunter went on.

"My hat!" murmured Jones minor of the Fourth. "They must starve chaps at Greyfriars, I should think!"

Jimmy Silver made a grimace. "This is his second feed since twothirty," he said.

"Oh, crumbs!" Billy Bunter rolled off the stool at

"I won't have any more," he announced. "I don't want to spoil my appetite for tea!"

asked Bunter, blinking at the old

"Nine shillings," said the ser-"Well, we generally walk."

"Can't get a taxi here, I sup- Bunter yawned.

"Don't care much for footer," he geant, rather gruffly.

The old soldier did not like being

Jimmy Silver laughed. said. said. addressed as "my man" by the Owl "They've never heard of taxis in asked Newcome. Bunter ran his fat hands through

"By Jove!" he exclaimed.

trots out his photographs. Awful "Lost anything?" asked Jimmy Silver. "I don't know. I suppose I must

> know," said Bunter calmly. "Oh!" "It's too bad!" said Bunter.

> "All my money was in my purse, and I've left it behind!" Jimmy Silver might have asked how it was, if he had left all his money behind, that he had been able

to take his railway ticket to Rook-"You fellows settle this," said "The fact is," said Bunter, "I was Bunter airily. "I'll send you a postal-order as soon as I get back to

> Greyfriars." "But - but-" stammered Jimmy, in dismay. "Rely on me," said Bunter. "I'll wait for you outside. Don't

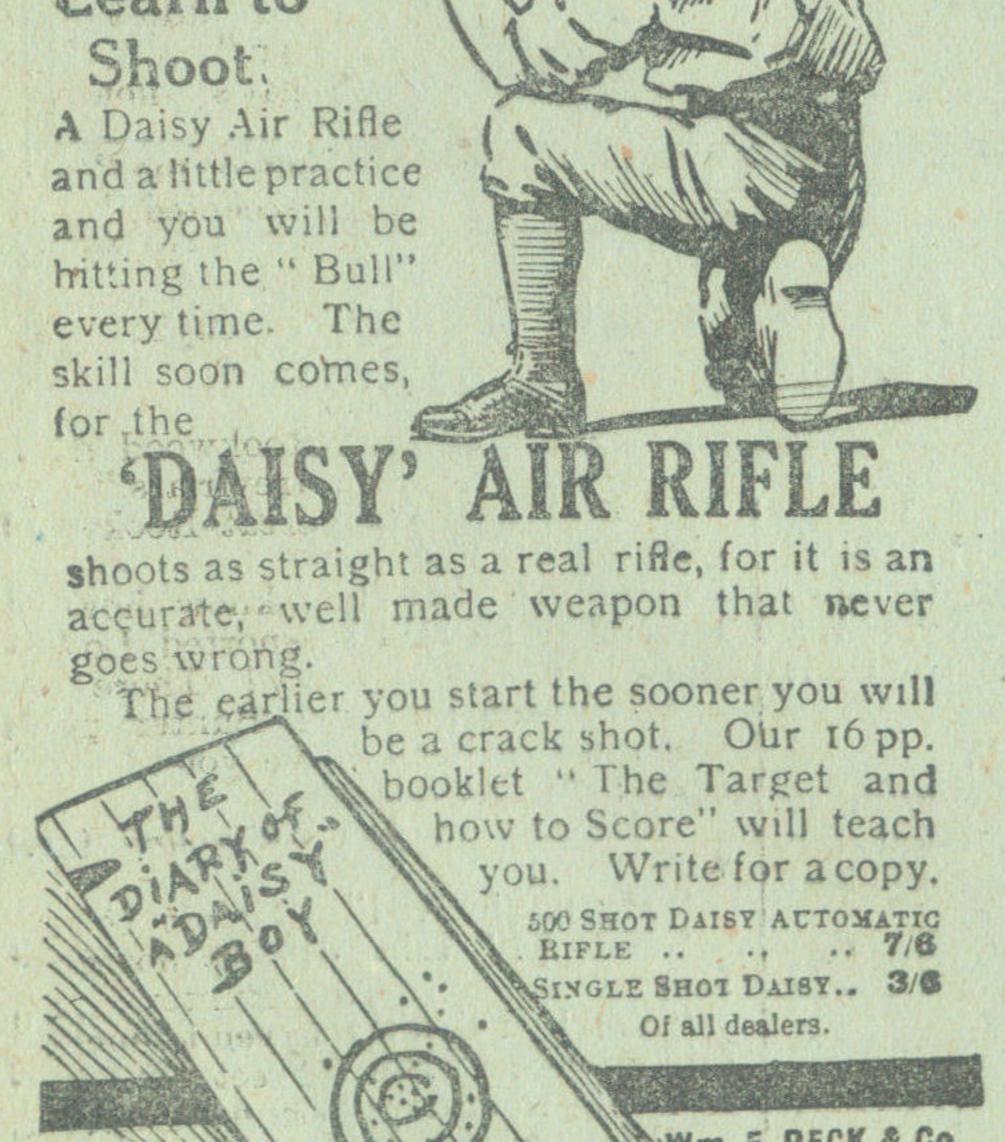
> be long!" The fat junior walked out of the shop, leaving the Fistical Four in a state of dismay that amounted to consternation.

"Well, I'm blowed!" said Lovell, with more force than elegance. "You've been spoofed!" chuckled Townsend of the Fourth. "What a giddy visitor to have! I congratu-

eleve!" grinned Raby. | closed again, and in a few minutes a | wick," asked Tracy, For Fat Jack | late you on your choice of pals!" "He's no pal of ours!" growled "Oh, really-" murmured the exasperated Lovell. "He's

"Ha, ha, ha!" outclassed by one of the They could not quite make Bunter Jimmy Silver made a signal to his "Nine shillings, please," said

here." Billy Bunter Sitting inactive on that keen, clear were sent flying, their elegant neck- "We-we'll settle! Oswald-where's





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Continued trom previous page.)

Published

Oswald? Flynn, Jones, Hooker- | Jimmy Silver. "But if you want to somebody lend us some tin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, of | morrow!" the Modern side, almost shrieked.

"Spoofed, by gum!" said Tommy Dodd. "Why don't you take him little game of nap?" he asked. out and drown him?"

"Nice pals these Classical duffers pick up, don't they?" grinned Cook.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Jimmy some tin till Saturday?"

howls of laughter, and the nine shillings were duly handed to Sergeant Kettle. Then the Classical Four, with heightened colour, left the tuck-shop, leaving the other fellows howling.

Outside, Lovell grasped Jimmy Silver by the shoulder and shook him.

"I'm fed-up!" he snorted.

"Same here!" groaned Jimmy. "Nice sort of a rotter to ask

"I didn't ask him! You must

"I didn't!" roared Lovell.

"Well, somebody must have! That fathead Raby--" "No jolly fear!" said Raby. "I wouldn't be found dead within a

mile of him!" "Well, we've got to stand it," grunted Jimmy Silver. "Don't forget Rookwood hospitality. Keep

"Oh, rats!" "Shurrup! Here he comes!"

Billy Bunter rolled up with a beaming smile. He was feeling very contented. His visit to Rookwood was panning out very satisfactorily, from Bunter's point of view.

"Anything wrong, you fellows?" he asked.

Perhaps he had noted the somewhat grim expressions on the faces of the Fistical Four.

"Nunno! N-no!" "Let's go down to the footer,"

suggested Lovell.

smiling!"

At that moment Lovell would have taken a fiendish delight in making the fat and unwieldly junior play

But Billy Bunter shook his head. "Fed-up on footer," he said. "I'd like to rest for a bit. Where's your

study?" The Fistical Four piloted Billy Bunter to the end study.

# The 4th Chapter. Bunter is Too Funny!

Jimmy Silver & Co. were feeling somewhat harassed by this time. Rookwood hospitality was all very well, but they were fed-up with Bunter.

They wanted to keep smiling to the end, if they could, and they felt thankful that Bunter would have to catch an early train. They were beginning to suspect, too, that there was no mistake in the matter, and that nobody had invited Bunter to

Rookwood. The Owl of Greyfriars had simply planted himself upon them for the half-holiday; but the recollection of Greyfriars hospitality made the chums anxious to stand it to the end

if they could.

Bunter stretched his fat limbs in the armchair, and blinked at them amicably. He was in high feather. He favoured them with some views pressed his opinion frankly of Harry Wharton of Greyfriars, who declined to play him in the Remove eleven. By rights, according to Bunter, he ought to have been captain of the jealousy about.

tea?" he asked. "Generally about six," said him, and then looked at Jimmy up with merriment in the armchair.

start early-" "Oh, no, that's all right! I've There was a roar of laughter in the got a late pass," said Bunter. "I tuck-shop. Billy Bunter was stroll- needn't leave here before the seven ing contentedly in the quad. The train. I shall have to ask one of predicament of the Fistical Four you chaps to take my ticket, as I've -through the keyhole. seemed to strike the other Rookwood | left my cash behind. Of course, I'll fellows as funny. Tommy Dodd and send you the amount on to-

> Bunter yawned. "What do you fellows say to a "For buttons?" asked Lovell.

Bunter snorted contemptuously. "Of course not. I'll play you for I O U's, as I'm short of tin!"

"You won't play for money here," Silver. "Will somebody lend me said Lovell, forgetting his politeness for a moment. "If you want to Loans were forthcoming, amid know what we think of that, we if you don't open the door!"

their leader at that trying moment. | rushed down the passage. Lovell was one," said Bunter. "I can imitate They nobly resolved to stand Bunter on the landing, chatting with Oswald anybody's voice, you know-especially as long as Jimmy did.

and grinned. He seemed to be seized him. thinking some minutes; then he grinned again.

"I'll show you fellows a trick," he said. "It simply makes 'em roar at Greyfriars!"

"Go ahead!" said Jimmy.

silly idiot!" Jimmy Silver jumped.

passage. Jimmy stepped to the door and vou?"

threw it open.

Nobody was there. Jimmy glanced out into the keyhole," said Jimmy Silver. passage with a puzzled look. He had "Eh? Who's been yelling through distinctly heard Lovell's voice a keyhole?" roared Lovell.

"Well, of all the silly asses!" he exclaimed. "What an idiotic trick for Lovell to play!"

Jimmy closed the door and came back to the table, and sat upon it. Barely had he seated himself, when Lovell's voice was heard again from the passage:

"Jimmy Silver!" "Hallo!" called out Jimmy.

"Open the door!" "Open it yourself, fathead!"

"I'll give you a thick ear, Jimmy,

"Hallo!" roared Lovell. "What

the---" Bump!

"Yaroooh! Wharrer marrer? Leggo! Yow-ow!" Bump! Bump!

head?" roared Jimmy Silver.

It was Lovell's voice from the | "Why, I'll squash you! You howling asses, what's the matter with

"Next time you want to yell I through a keyhole, select some other

"You have, you ass!" "You silly chump, I haven't! I've been talking to Oswald for the last ten minutes," stuttered Lovell.

"Rats!"

"But it's a fact," said Oswald, in wonder. "He has, you know." "I tell you he's been yelling like a lunatic into the study."

"And I tell you he hasn't." "Of course I haven't!" roared Lovell, scrambling up breathlessly. "You silly chumps, do you think I play tricks like a fag?"

"But-but it was your voice!" ex-

Silver. But they would not desert Jimmy and Raby and Newcome "A ventriloquist, and a jolly good a queer grunting voice like Lovell's." s long as Jimmy did.
Billy Bunter blinked after Lovell, Without a word his three chums a queer grunting voice like Lovel.
"What—" ejaculated Lovell.

"Or a squeak like Newcome's." "Why, you fat idiot--" began Newcome indignantly.

"Oh, really, Newcome! Funny, wasn't it?" chuckled Bunter. "It was me all the time, you know. I knew you'd go for Lovell if I kept "Open this door, Jimmy, you "Now do you feel funny, you fat- on chopping you with his funny voice - Here, keep off, you know! "Funny!" spluttered Lovell. Only a joke! Yah! Keep him off!" roared Bunter.

Bunter had stated that it was very funny. Perhaps it was. But Lovell had been bumped hard, and it was excusable if he did not find it funny

Instead of showing appreciation of Bunter's exquisite humour, Lovell made a rush at him, quite forgetting that he was a guest, and got his head

into chancery. Then the roars that rose from Bunter were like unto the roars of a bull; and the Rookwood juniors roared, too, with laughter. To Bunter it no longer seemed funny.

# The 5th Chapter. Bunter the Ventriloquist,

"Yaroooh! Help! Yowp! Yowp:, . Grooch! Draggimoff!"

Thus William George Bunter at the top of his voice.

Jimmy Silver was the first to remember that Billy Bunter was there in the sacred character of a guest. He rushed at Lovell and grasped him. "Chuck it, Lovell!"

Punch! Punch! Punch! "Yaroooh! Help! Beast! Yah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Chuck it!" roared Jimmy Silver. "Bunter's a guest, you fathead! Is this how you treat visitors?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Raby and Newcome added their grasp, and Oswald seized Bunter, and the two were dragged apart. Lovell panted.

"Lemme get at him!" ""Yaroooh! Oh, dear! Beast! Look here, if this is how you treat a -grooh-guest--"

"Lovell, you ass-" "Never mind, Bunter."

"But I do mind!" roared Bunter. "I'm hurt! That silly idiot has broken my nose, and dislocated my jaw, and blacked both my eyes! I'm going to lick him! Hold my jacket, somebody!"

"Hold the fiery porpoise, not his jacket," said Raby.

"Let him come on!" roared

Lovell. "I'll teach him to play tricks and start three burbling idiots scragging me!" "Shush!"

Billy Bunter was not really much hurt. Lovell, excited as he was, had punched carefully to avoid his big glasses. It was Bunter's fat nose and chin that had suffered chiefly. He caressed them with a pair of fat hands, and glared. "If this is Rookwood hospitality

" he snorted.

"Apologise, Lovell!"

"We'll bump you again if you don't. Think of the good name of the end study, you fathead!" said Jimmy Silver severely.

"Well," said Lovell, calming down, "I'm sorry I-I didn't give you a few more, Bunter." "You fathead, that's not a

apology!" "It's all you'll get out of me."

"Your apology is accepted," said Bunter loftily. "I don't want to lick! you, as I came here as a visitor." "Lick me! Why, you fat toad

"Shut up, Lovell!"

"I must say that Rookwood manners wouldn't do for Greyfriars," said Bunter. "We don't treat Rookwood fellows like this."

"Rookwood fellows know how to "Still, I'll say I'm sorry! There!" "All serene!" said Bunter mag-

nanimously. "I forgive you!" Grunt!

"Come and bathe your face,

Evidently he was in possession of an for the health," said Bunter. "I "He, he, he! It's all right! It a sense of humour. I set 'em in a roar at Greyfriars with my ventrilo-"Who was it, then?" demanded quism. Wharton comes to me some-"Me," in his study. Fellows in the Sixth ask me to give em an entertainment. times and begs me to give 'em a show ask me to give em an entertainment

> "And you're really a ventriloquist?" said Jimmy Silver, with some interest.

"Hallo! Are you there, gasfitter?" shouted Tommy Cook. "Here I am!" said a voice which, to the amazement of the juniors, came from the chimney. "In-in the chimney?" gasped Tommy Dodd.

think it's bad form and blackguardly!" "Pretty slow here, ain't you?"

said Bunter. "Well, have you got a cigarette?" "You smoke at Greyfriars, do ass- My hat!"

you?" asked Jimmy Silver. don't-"Well, the spoonies Wharton and that lot," said Bunter. "But I'm rather a blade. I go the pace a bit, you know!"

"I don't get much chance of smoking in the study-that beast Toddy goes for me with a cricketstump, you know. But we have merry little parties in the box-room!" Billy Bunter chuckled. "We're awfully goey, some of us!"

Jimmy Silver looked at the fat on the game of football, and ex- junior with a mingling of contempt and compassion. Courtesy to a guest forbade him to utter his.

thoughts. "Excuse me," said Lovell, who seemed to be having an inward Remove, but there was a lot of struggle. "I've got to speak to

"You silly ass-"

"I'll wallop you, you idiot!" "Will you, by Jove?" exclaimed Jimmy warmly, and he jumped off the table and rushed to the door and threw it open. "Now, you burbling

The passage was empty.

Jimmy Silver looked out in blank amazement. It seemed impossible that Lovell could have had time to dodge out of sight so quickly. But he was not there. Why Lovell should be playing such kiddish tricks, like a fag in the Second Form, was a mystery.

Jimmy slammed the door. "Must be off his rocker!" said

Billy Bunter chuckled. "Hallo, in there!" It was Lovell's voice again from the keyhole. "You

door? You silly duffers!" "I'm fed up with this!" exclaimed Jimmy wrathfully. "If that's Lovell's idea of a joke, he wants bumping badly Let's go and bump

silly asses, why don't you open the

Alousy about.

"What time do you fellows have | Oswald about the footer!" | "Hear, hear!" said the Co.

"What time do you fellows have | Lovell quitted the study. | The three juniors rushed out of the Bunter. "Funny, wasn't it? I'm a Raby and Newcome looked after study, leaving Billy Bunter doubled ventriloquist."
him, and then looked at Jimmy up with merriment in the armchair. "A-a-a what?"

I claimed Jimmy Silver, taken quite aback. "Do you think we don't know your

.voice?" hooted Raby.

"I tell you I didn't!" "Oh, rats!"

"If you can't take my word, Jimmy Silver-" "I know your voice, fathead!"

"Then you can take that---" "Hold on!" exclaimed Oswald, behave themselves!" snorted Lovell. dragging Lovell back. "Don't begin to scrap, you duffers! There's some mistake."

"He, he, he!" The juniors stared round as they heard that fat chuckle. Billy Bunter Bunter," said Jimmy.

had rolled out of the end study, and "That's all right. I don't believe he was chuckling as if for a wager. In too much washing. It's not good extra good joke. | must say you fellows haven't much of

wasn't Lovell!"

"What-ho! That was the trick I on special occasions. Even the was going to show you," grinned Head-"

Jimmy Silver.

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(Continued trom the previous page.)

a gift, you know."

"I'm sure of that," agreed Jimmy. Jimmy's idea was that it must be a gift, as Bunter wouldn't have had the brains to learn it. But he did not explain that.

"I'll show you what I can do, if you like," said Bunter. "I can make my voice seem to come from anywhere, you know."

"Let's hear you do it," grunted Lovell.

"Bow-wow-ow-wow! Grrr!" Lovell jumped almost clear of the floor, as the barking and growling of a savage dog sounded at his very heels. He spun round in alarm. Then he almost staggered. No dog was to be seen in the passage.

"Why-what-where-" "Gr-r-r-r !"

"My hat!" Lovell spun round again, as the savage growl came behind him. "Where's that dog? What the thunder-"

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Rookwood juniors.

Lovell gasped.

"Do you mean to say that was you, Bunter?" he exclaimed, incredulously. "He, he, he! Yes, rather!"

"Well, my hat!"

"Didn't it make you jump?" chortled Bunter. "Scared you out of your wits, what?"

"I wasn't scared; only a bit startled-"

"He, he, he!"

"Look here, you fat bounder-" "Shush!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's jolly clever, Bunter-I mean, it's a wonderful gift. Can you do that whenever you like?" "Certainly!"

"You must have a jolly queer throttle," said Lovell. "Something wrong with it, I should say."

"Why, you ass-" "Will you ring off, Lovell? Where's your Rookwood manners? Bunter, old chap, come with us and I them.

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter. "It's | see the Moderns. Let's see you pull Tommy Dodd's leg."

"Good egg!" chorused the Co. "I don't mind," said Bunter. "But

what about tea?"

"Tea!"

"Yes; I'm getting a bit peckish!" "Oh, dear!"

"We-we shall have to have tea in Hall!" said Raby. "I'm afraid it won't run to it in the study."

Bunter grunted. "I could have had tea in Hall at Greyfriars," he said discontentedly. "Well, you see-"

"Bring your pal to tea in my study," said Dick Oswald, coming to the rescue. "We're having rather a spread, and we'll kill an extra-special fatted calf."

"Better make it a fatted bullock for Bunter," murmured Lovell.

"Thanks awfully. Oswald," said ! Jimmy Silver gratefully. "Now let's go and see the Modern worms, and on my face." spring Bunter on them.

"I'm game," said Bunter. "Any old thing!" The fat junior strutted, feeling invested with new importance, as the Classical juniors marched him

Even Lovell was grinning now. In all their alarms, and frays with the Modern juniors, they had never had a chance like this. It was their first opportunity of "springing" a ventriloquist on Tommy Dodd & Co. The prospect of pulling the Modern leg almost consoled the Fistical Four for Bunter's visit.

The Fistical Four and Oswald and Bunter sauntered out into the quadrangle together, looking for the Moderns. Tommy Dodd & Co. were not to be seen, so the Classicals crossed over to Mr. Manders' House. Mr. Manders, the senior Modern-master, was in the doorway, and he frowned a little at the sight of Jimmy Silver | Tommy Dodd stepped quickly aside. & Co. Mr. Manders generally frowned at the sight of those cheery youths. There had been old troubles between

"Silver!" rapped out Mr. Manders. "Yes, sir!" said Jimmy meekly.

"What are you doing on this side?" Mr. Manders evidently scented a

"Taking Bunter to see Dodd, sir. Bunter's come over from Greyfriars this afternoon."

"Oh! If there is any disturbance, Silver, while you are here your conduct will be reported directly to the Head."

"Thank you, sir," said Jimmy demurely.

Mr. Manders frowned again, and Jimmy Silver & Co. went on. They arrived at Tommy Dodd's study, and thumped on the door. Jimmy threw the door open.

The three Tommies were there. They were gathered round the table, upon which lay the sum of eightpencehalfpenny in coppers. The Modern chums were debating how eightpencehalfpenny could best be expended for

"Hallo, Classical cads!" Tommy Dodd, looking round. "My hat! Where did you pick up that prize-porker?"

"Just looked in to see you, Tommy Dodd," said Jimmy cheerfully. "Why, what have you been doing with your face?"

"My face!" said Tommy, passing his hand over his countenance. "What-"

"There's something sticking on itlooks like a squashed gooseberry-"

"What! I didn't know-" Tommy Dodd spun round to the glass. "Why, you silly ass, there's nothing

"My mistake," said Jimmy blandly, "It's only your nose. I didn't recognise it as a nose for a moment-"

"If you want to go out of this study on your neck-" began Tommy Dodd wrathfully.

Tommy Dodd paused. From under | damage!" said Lovell. suddenly a low, deep groan, so bloodcurdling that it made all the juniors jump.

The 6th Chapter. The Tommies to the Rescue.

"What the thunder!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd.

"Tare an' 'ounds!" exclaimed | plank came slowly up. Doyle. "Phwat was that?" "It-it sounded like a groan!"

gasped Cook. Groan! The dreadful sound came again.

It was fairly under his feet. "What on earth-"

"Let me out!" came a faint voice. "Oh, let me out! I'm suffocating! I'm dying! For

"It's somebody

under the floor!" Groan!

"Great Scott!" gasped Jimmy be-it can't!"

He looked at Bunter was starseemed scious of what spider-webs. was happening in the study.

"Let me out!" The voice was faint and exhausted. "I'm

"Who-who are you?" gasped Tommy Dodd. "Help!"

"Where are "Under the

floor! "How the

thunder did you there?" howled Tommy

Tommy Dodd an opening-". seized the study carpet, and the voice. floor were re- "Help! Oh, Help!"

I'm dying!"

"My hat!" said Tommy Dodd. "Somebody's got under the floor somewhere, and crawled along here, I suppose. Who are you?" he shouted.

"I'm the gasfitter!" moaned the voice. "I got under the floor to see to the pipes, and I've lost my way. Help, I'm suffocating!"

"Well, of all the duffers!" gasped Tommy Dodd.

Groan!

study itself.

"We'll help you," shouted Tommy. "Buck up! We'll soon have you out as ink, gasping: "He ain't there

Tommy Dodd made a bound for his tool-chest. In a moment more, he was kneeling with a hammer and chisel in his hand. He hammered and chiselled away desperately at a joint in the plank.

"Shove in the poker, Cookey, when I get it loose!" he panted.

"Right-ho!" Cook stood ready with the poker. "Buck up!" Groan!

The groan was fainter now, and full of anguish. Jimmy Silver & Co. stood dumbfounded. Bunter was still looking out of the window. If this was the work of the Greyfriars ventriloquist, it was certainly very remarkable. They wondered.

Bang!

Tommy Dodd worked away like steam. The planks were well set; but Tommy was working like a Bang, bang! Grind! Trojan. Crash!

"It's coming!" gasped Doyle. "My hat! You're doing some

his feet, as it seemed, there came | "Blow the damage-I suppose and sped after his chums. we've got to save the chap's life?" panted Tommy Dodd. "Buck up, my

man-we're helping you!" A low moan responded, fainter and weaker.

Tommy Dodd had succeeded in loosening the end of the plank. Tommy Cook shoved in the poker, and wrenched. With a creak the

Moan! The sound was directly below the opening. The three Tommies grasped the rising plank, and dragged it away with a wrench. A dark and somewhat smelly orifice lay before them-darkness below, and dust and spiders' webs. Tommy Dodd, on his knees, peered into the opening.

"Where are you?" he called out. There was no reply. The groans and moans were silent now. Tommy Dodd peered in amazement into the dust and cobwebs. He could see the joists below-there was a space of a couple feet between the study floor, and the ceiling of the room below. But, excepting for spiders, that space was untenanted.

"He-he's not here!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "He-he can't have crawled away! He wouldn't! The voice was just here. Lend me your Billy | electric torch, Cook."

Tommy Dodd flashed the electric ing out of the torch into the dusky space under the window into the floor. He squinted to right and he quadrangle, and squinted to left. But nothing was to uncon- be seen, save joists and dust and

"Well, my only hat!" "Haven't you found him?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"He-he's not here!" "Sure, he must be there!" exclaimed Tommy Doyle. "Didn't we hear him?"

"We heard him right enough. But---"

"Hallo! Are you there, gasfitter?" shouted Cook. "Here I am!" said the voice.

To the amazement of the Modern | sir." juniors, the voice came from the chimney. There was a fire in the study grate; but the voice came unmistakably from the chimney.

"In-in the chimney!" Tommy Dodd.

another in con- "How did you get into the chimsternation. ney?" gasped Cook. "There can't be

"Help! I'm scorching!" shrieked at his left ear.

dragged it aside. "Better put the fire out!" sug-The planks of the | gested Oswald.

vealed. They were Tommy Dodd caught up a jug of strong, wide water and dashed it on the fire. Mr. Manders bucked and jumped

got under the study floor from the and Jimmy Silver & Co, retreated to the door. But the three Tommies "Let me out!" moaned the voice. | faced it heroically. They were dusty, "I'm suffocating! I can't find the | they were black, but they were way out! I've been here for hours! anxious to save the life of the unfortunate gasfitter.

"Now you can come down!" shouted Tommy Dodd up the chimney.

"Help me! I'm wedged in!" "Good heavens!"

Tommy Dodd paused, but only for a moment. Then he threw off his

jacket. The chimney was wide, affording ample room for Tommy Dodd. Careless of soot, he squeezed over the grate and put his head up the chimney. He withdrew it again as black

"He ain't there!" "What?" yelled Cook and Doyle.

"There's nobody there!" "Oh, rats! He must be!"

put his head up the chimney. He came out again as black as Tommy Dodd and as puzzled. "Nobody there!" he gasped.

Cook took the electric lamp and

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the Classical juniors, unable to contain their merriment any longer. Tommy Dodd glared at them-a

very black look indeed! He was as black as a Christy Minstrel.

"You silly asses, what are you cackling at?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on, Bunter, chappy!" The Bang, bang! Crash! Thump! | Classical juniors retreated from the study. Jimmy Silver paused to speak one more word in the doorway. "We thought we'd entertain you a bit, you Modern duffers, with our tame ventriloquist. Ta-ta!"

"Ventriloquist!" shrieked Tommy Dodd.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver slammed the door

Tommy Dodd & Co. looked at one another, dumb for a moment. Tommy

Dodd found his voice. "Ventriloquist!" he stuttered. "That—that fat pig is a ventriloquist! It's a jape! Look at the floor. Look at the grate! L-l-look at me!"

"Afther thim!" roared Doyle. Tommy Dodd bounded to the door. He was not in a fit state to appear in public certainly, but he forgot that in his fervid desire to get to close quarters with the humorous Classicals. Cook and Doyle followed him fast.

They rushed out on the landing. Jimmy Silver & Co. were speeding downstairs.

"After them!" yelled Cook. "Hold on!" The voice of Mr. Manders was heard below, and the three Moderns stopped. They did not wish Mr. Manders to see them in their present state. "Cut it!"

Tommy Dodd & Co., breathing vengeance and soot, whipped back into the study. Vengeance had to be But vengeance was postponed. already upon the track of the Classical japers, in the shape of Mr. Manders.

# The 7th Chapter. Kill that Wasp!

"Stop!"

The hilarious Classicals had quite forgotten Mr. Manders. They were thinking only of keeping at a safe distance from the sooty Moderns. But Mr. Manders was there! His

long, thin form interposed as the juniors were racing for the door, and he raised his hand commandingly. Jimmy Silver & Co. halted in dis-

"Stop!" repeated Mr. Manders. "How dare you race about the House in this disorderly manner? I presume that you have been quarrelling with

my boys—as usual! I have already warned you, Silver!" "Not at all, sir!" said Jimmy Silver. "We-we never quarrel,

"Then why were you rushing downstairs like a crowd of wild animals?" demanded Mr. Manders.

"Ahem!" "I will not have this horseplay in The juniors "Here I am! Help! I'm scorch- "I shall proceed to ascertain what you My goodness!"

Mr. Manders broke off suddenly with that exclamation, and started back, as a deep, droning buzz came

Buzzzzzz!

"Bless my soul! A wasp, at this season of the year!" he exclaimed. Buzzzzzz!

It was at his right ear now, and planks, firmly There was a terrific sizzling and splut- like a restive horse. Mr. Manders nailed down to tering. The three Modern juniors had a holy terror of wasps. He had the joists. Cer- raked out the fire in tremendous been stung once. Certainly it was a tainly nobody haste. Blacks and ash rose in clouds, 'remarkable time of the year for wasps

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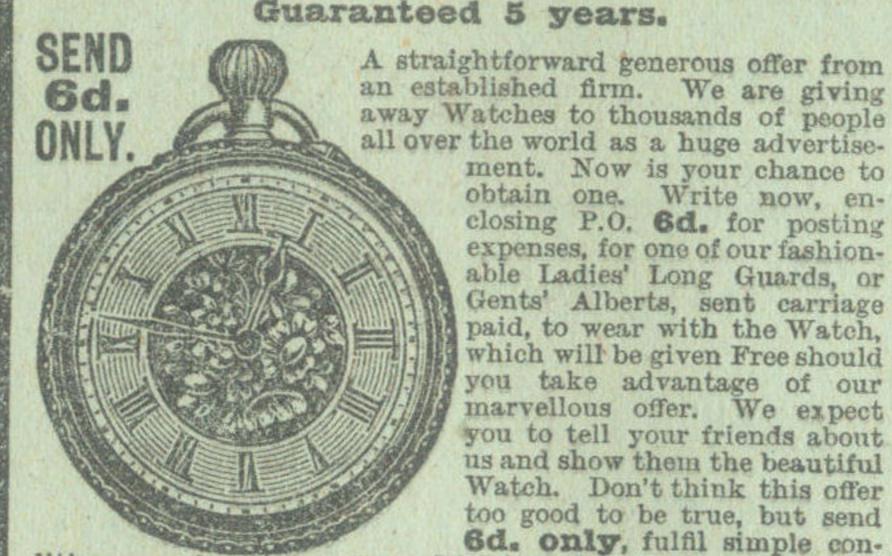


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(Continued from previous page.)

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the buzz-which was unmistakable. Buzzzzzz!

It was round Mr. Manders' startled head now, as if the wasp were seeking a favourable spot to alight.

"Dear me!" Mr. Manders waved both hands wildly in the air. "Silver -Lovell-do you see that insect? Pray drive it away! Dear me, shall be stung!"

Buzzzzzz! "It's on your neck, sir," said Billy Bunter cheerfully.

"Grocoh!" Mr. Manders smote himself on the neck with such force that he uttered

a yelp of pain. Jimmy Silver & Co. tried hard not to chuckle. They guessed that the Greyfriars ventriloquist was at work again.

"Is it gone?" gasped Mr. Manders. "Thank goodness! Silver, I was about to say --- Bless my soul, there it is again!"

Buzzzzzz! It was close to Mr. Manders' right i ear, and he jumped to the left. Then the buzz came into his left ear, and he jibbed to the right. Then it was round the back of his head, and then under his chin. It seemed to the startled and flurried master that a whole swarm of wasps were buzzing round him. Buzzzzzz!

"Silver-Oswald-Raby-pray see if you can-oh, dear!-kill that wasp! Oh, upon my word, I shall be stung! This is most unnerving! Kill it, please! Strike it with your caps!" Buzzzzzz!

"Do you hear me, boys? How dare you laugh! I command you to kill that wasp at once!" shouted Mr. Manders.

"Certainly, sir!"

Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed to the rescue, twisting their caps in their hands. They could not see any wasp, but they could see Mr. Manders, and they were quite willing to hit!

Whack! Whack! Whack! Thump! "Be careful!" shrieked Mr. Manders, as the twisted caps smote him on all sides. "Do not strike me! Lovell, keep your cap out of my eye, you stupid boy! Silver, the wasp is not on my nose-do not touch my nose, you utterly stupid dolt! I think it is on my shoulder-yaroooh-you have almost dislocated my shoulder, Oswald, you unspeakable booby. Oh, dear! Cease—cease at once!"

Buzzzzzz!

sins!

The moment the juniors ceased to smite at Mr. Manders the buzz recommenced. Mr. Manders, confused and flurried almost out of his wits, rushed away down the passage, hoping to shake off the obnoxious insect by flight. Certainly, if the wasp had been there, he had received enough smites to slay it.

Buzzzzzz! The buzz pursued him down the passage, right to his study door. But it died away when he was in the study, and Mr. Manders threw himself into a chair and gasped for breath. The wasp was gone at last! Jimmy Silver & Co. marched, grinning, out into the quad, and they almost hugged Bunter. The Owl of Greyfriars had atoned for all his

As soon as they were at a safe distance from Mr. Manders' House their pent-up feelings found expression in a roar.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Kill that wasp!" chuckled Oswald.

"Oh, my hat! Didn't I give him a whop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" "He will have a prize nose after

this!" "And a thick ear!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors simply doubled up with mirth. But a sudden sharp and acid voice interrupted their merriment. "So that is how you speak of me, you young rascals?"

It was the voice of Mr. Manders. Jimmy Silver & Co. spun round in | my study-" blank dismay. Manders had heard them, Manders knew. Visions of a ceased.

to be buzzing about. But there was I flogging in the Head's study danced

before their eyes. "Oh!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

"Why-where-" "What-"

"How-\_\_\_\_"

Mr. Manders was not to be seen. The juniors rubbed their eyes. There was no sign of the Modern master anywhere near them.

A fat chuckle from Billy Bunter enlightened them.

"He, he, he! Oh, my hat! He, he, he! Weren't you scared? He, he, he!"

"Why, you fat toad," shouted Lovell, in mingled relief and wrath, "was that you, springing old Manders' toot on us?"

"He, he, he!"

gained a perpendicular attitude with remarkable alacrity.

"Come on!" he said. "I'm awfully hungry!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" And the Rookwood juniors repaired with their guest to Oswald's study.

# The 8th Chapter. At Last!

Oswald was standing a "spread" on a lavish scale. His study-mates, Jones minor and Hooker, were present, as well as the Fistical Four-and Bunter. Oswald had laid in ample supplies—so he supposed. But he did not know Bunter yet. I Billy Bunter took his place at the table, with his little round eyes gleaming behind his glasses. The "snacks" he had had during the afternoon did not seem to have impaired his appetite in the slightest degree.

Hooker had fried a dozen rashers to begin with. Bunter cheerfully helped himself to six of them. There were a dozen eggs on the table. Four were transferred at once to Bunter's plate.

"Won't you have some more?" gasped Hooker.

minute."

tin upon a plate. Bunter cheerfully drew the plate towards him. The Rookwood juniors gazed at him as if mesmerised, as he started on the pineapple.

"I'm fond of pineapple!" said Bunter.

"You-you must be!" gasped Jimmy Silver.

The pineapple disappeared. Nothing but biscuits remained. Billy Bunter glanced round the table, and started on the biscuits.

"I can always fill up with these things!" he remarked. "You don't have much in the way of solids here, I see. But don't mind me, I dare say I can get some sandwiches in the

"S-s-s-sandwiches!" gasped Oswald. Bunter looked at his watch.

"Yes, but perhaps we'd better drop | battles, and now I'm starving." in at the tuckshop first. We've got time. It's bad for the health to begin a long journey hungry."

"Hungry! Oh, crumbs!"

Jimmy Silver slipped out of the study. For ten minutes he was busy wildly borrowing money up and down the Fourth Form. Then Billy Bunter was helped on with his coat, and they started. They dropped in at the school shop, and when they reached "No room on my plate," explained | the village they dropped in at Mrs. Bunter. "Wait till I've finished Wicks'. When they reached the these. An egg only takes me a station, Jimmy Silver had just enough money left to take Bunter's ticket.



# ALTERING THE CASE.

BANARARARARA

"Yes, sir," said the tramp, in a whining voice, "I've been in a dozen

The old major's sympathy went all out to the disreputable-looking individual who pleaded with him. He felt in his pocket, and withdrawing halfa-crown, handed it to the tramp.

"There you are, my man," he said. "Go and get yourself something to eat with that. But, I say, do you mind telling me in what regiment you served?"

The tramp took a tight hold on the half-crown, and said:

"I was in no regiment, sir. I'm a cinema actor!"-Sent in by D. Baker, Colyton, Devon.

# A TRIFLE OFF-SIDE.

The boys of Scrumpton village had formed a football club, but before they could play they needed a set of goalposts, a ball, and one or two other articles. But these were trifles to the Scrumptonians. "It's like this," explained the cap-

tain. "We must all subscribe, but them as 'as most must give most." There being no sign of dissent

amongst the young footballers, the captain continued: "Now, there's Jimmy Simpkins.

'E told me only yesterday that every time 'e takes a dose of cod-liver oil 'is mother puts a penny in 'is moneybox. 'E must be getting quite rich by now, so---"

"No, I ain't!" bawled Jimmy Simpkins. "I've found out it's all a 'have'! When it gets to 'arf-a-crown muvver takes it out and buys anuvver bottle!"-Sent in by Ernest Wilson, Horsforth, near Leeds.

# THE FASHION.

Bridget, the servant, was being called over the coals. Her mistress, with a gleam in her eyes, was laying down the law in a firm manner. "Where is that piece of cold beef

that was left from supper last evening?" she demanded. "I put it in the safe, and it's not there now." Bridget's face remained perfectly

"The cat ate it, ma'am," she said

simply. "The cat!" exclaimed the mistress. "What cat?"

Bridget's face became glum. "Oh, crumbs, ma'am!" she muttered. "Ain't yer got a cat?"-Sent

in by R. Lofthouse, Tottenham, N.

BAFFLING THE ZEPPS. Tourist: "How far is it to the

village of Slocum?" Native: "Foive mile, sir. But ye

be walking away from it." Tourist: "But the signpost directed me this way."

Native: "Maybe, sir. But we've had 'em all turned round so as to fool the Zeppelins and hother henemy haircraft."—Sent in by F. C. Cowlin, Portsmouth.

# NUTTY.

Little Willie was out on a nutgathering expedition with his grandmother.

"Can you crack nuts, granny?" asked little Willie innocently.

"Ah, I wish I could!" replied granny. "But my teeth are far too

bad for cracking nuts." Willie heaved a sigh of relief. He

handed his bag of nuts to his granddoes, he won't go home alive, that's | mother. "Will you please hold these, then,

while I go back for some more?" he asked. - Sent in by Miss Marie Jupp, Deptford, S.E.

> MONEY PRIZES OFFERED! Readers are invited to send on

postcards storycttes or short interesting paragraphs for this feature. For every contribution used the sender will receive a money prize. All postcards must be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND and "Gem" Library, Gough House Gough Square, London, E C.



On the platform the Fistical Four looked at one another. Lovell sparred in the air, as if smiting at an imaginary face. "Coming to see us again early next term!" he exclaimed. "Well, if he does, he won't go home alive, that's all!"

"You-you fat beast, you gave me a start!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I thought-

"He, he, he!" "Bump him!" roared Lovell, exas-

perated.

With one accord the juniors seized the Greyfriars ventriloquist and bumped him on the quad. Ventriloquising Manders was all very well, and very funny; but a line had to be drawn somewhere—and Jimmy Silver & Co. drew it at ventriloquising themselves.

Bump, bump! "Yarooh! Why, you beasts-leggo -yoooop!" roared Billy Bunter.

"Hold on; he's a guest, you know!" gasped Jimmy Silver, remembering that important fact a little

Bunter sat on the ground and roared.

"Yow-ow-ow! I'm hurt! Yah! Catch me coming to see you again, you hooligans! Yow-ow-ow!"

"Ahem! Sorry-lemme help you

"Yow-ow! I can't move! I'm injured-yow-ow!" "Tea's ready!" said Oswald. "In

"Oh!"

The first course was partaken of sparingly by the Rookwood juniors. Bunter cheerfully demolished more than half of it. Sausages came next. There were six, beautifully fried.

"I must say that's ripping," said Bunter, as Jones minor put the dish on the table. "I'm rather fond of sosses. But ain't you fellows going to have any?"

The juniors blinked as Bunter turned the six sausages out upon his own plate. Certainly they had intended to have some. But they did not seem to have much chance. "Nunno!" stammered Oswald.

"We don't really care-ahem!" "Not at all!" mumbled Lovell. "That's your mistake," said Bunter, with a shake of the head. "Sosses are good. Got any more?

something else!" "Fill up!" murmured Jones minor.

No! Well, all right, I can fill up with

"Ye gods!"

A cake came next-a whacking cake. Billy Bunter's eyes glistened at the sight of it. This time the other fellows were in luck; they got a slice each. By the time they had finished their slices, Bunter had finished the rest of the cake. Dick Oswald, with a Billy Bunter's roars suddenly peculiar expression upon his face, Injured as he was, he re- turned a whole pineapple out of a of this great number to-day!)

Billy Bunter beamed at them from the carriage window, as the Fistical Four said good-bye to him. "Thanks awfully!" he said. "I've

had quite a good time-quite. 'Tain' your fault if I'm going off a bit peckish-hard up, what! Thanks all the same. Good-bye! I'll come and see you again early next term. won't forget; it's a promise!" The train rolled out of the station.

On the platform the Fistical Four looked at one another. Lovell sparred in the air, as if smiting at an imaginary face. "Coming to see us again early next

term!" said Lovell. "Well, if he

"If he does-" said Jimmy Silver; but he could not finish. Words could not express all these things he would do to William George Bunter

if he visited Rookwood again. THE END.

(Next week's Grand Christmas Bumper Number of THE BOYS' FRIEND, price 2d., will contain a magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co., entitled "The Rookwood Raiders!" To avoid disappointment, you should order your copy