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The BOYS' FRIEND

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending December 11th, 1915.]



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

JIMMY SILVER'S GUEST!

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

BY 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-

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

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

Evidently Lovell was under the impression that there was a remittance in the letter.

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!"

"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."

"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, when we've been there," said Newcome; "a fat bounder."

"Did any of you chaps chum up with him?"

"My hat! No!" "Did I?" said Jimmy thoughtfully.

"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 belief, I didn't," said Jimmy Silver, shaking his head. "But, to the best 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.)

NEWSAGENTS AND READERS, PLEASE NOTE THAT NEXT WEEK'S ISSUE WILL BE OUR GREAT CHRISTMAS BUMPER NUMBER!



JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued
from the
previous
page.)

GUEST!

"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."
"Oh!"

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

"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 boulder 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 I should like to see you and my other old pals at Rookwood once more. Excuse my not having written before. I hadn't forgotten our friendship, but Toddy is very mean with stamps. I shouldn't like to clear 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 train at Coombe—two-thirty—I shall be pleased to see you there. If not convenient, send me a telegram.—Always yours,
"W. G. BUNTER."

"Why, it's two now!" exclaimed Lovell. "The fat boulder 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. Look here, I'm not going to spend

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 chap."

"Oh, rot! I wouldn't object if it were Wharton or Cherry or Field—any 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!" 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.

A fat face, adorned with a large 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 with Jimmy Silver. "Pleasure to see you fellows again! You got my letter all right?"

"Yes; that's why we're here."

"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 of the eleven, you know. Wharton is rather an ass!"

"He must be to leave you out of the footer clever!" grinned Raby.

"You're right, old fellow. There's a lot of jealousy in footer, too. A skipper doesn't like to be outclassed by one of the team, you know! By the way, I'm rather peckish after that journey. I remember there's a shop here." Billy Bunter

blinked up and down the High Street of Coombe. "I dare say you fellows could do with a snack—what! Come with me; it's my treat!"

It was not an hour since the Rookwood juniors had dined, but they 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 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. 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 anything," 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 glanced at Jimmy Silver, as she made up an account with a cross-nibbed pen on a sheet of wrapping-paper. Jimmy Silver nodded silently. He was responsible for the bill. He wondered rather uneasily what figure it was reaching. Jimmy was hospitable. But he was not a millionaire.

"That's better," said Bunter, at last, eyeing the jam-tarts regretfully. It was evident that he hadn't room for even one more. "I feel comfy now. I'd rather you let me settle this bill, you chaps—"

"Oh, no, not at all!" gasped Jimmy. "Give it to me, Mrs. Wicks!"

Mrs. Wicks passed it across the counter. It came to fourteen shillings and ninepence. Billy Bunter strolled to the door, and stood blinking out into the village street.

The Fistical Four, glad that his back was turned, held a hurried consultation.

Jimmy Silver's supply of cash was limited to five shillings. Lovell added half a crown to it, and Raby sixpence. Fortunately, Newcome, after a hurried search of his pockets, was able to make up the remainder. The bill was settled, and the four juniors joined Bunter.

"Come on, Bunter!" said Jimmy. Bunter yawned.

"Going to walk?" he asked.

"Well, we generally walk."

"Can't get a taxi here, I suppose?"

Jimmy Silver laughed.

"They've never heard of taxis in Coombe, my dear chap," he replied. "All we could get would be the 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 on!"

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 walked down to the station again, and Bunter rolled into the cab, and the Rookwood juniors followed him.

The ancient driver whipped up the ancient horse, and they started for Rookwood. Billy Bunter leaned back in a corner of the cab, and closed his eyes.

"Hallo! Going to sleep?" said Lovell.

Bunter blinked.

"I'm rather fagged," he said. "If you fellows don't mind, I'll take a nap till we get to Rookwood."

"Oh, go ahead!" said Jimmy Silver.

Bunter went ahead. His eyes closed again, and in a few minutes a deep and sonorous snore proceeded from him.

Jimmy Silver & Co. exchanged silent glances.

They could not quite make Bunter out. But it dawned upon them that they were not going to have a happy afternoon.

The cab crawled on to Rookwood. Sitting inactive on that keen, clear

winter's afternoon was not gratifying to Rookwood juniors. But there was no help for it.

The cab stopped with a jerk at the school gates. Jimmy Silver shook Bunter by the shoulder.

"Here we are!" he said.

Bunter grunted angrily.

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

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunter opened his eyes as Jimmy Silver continued to shake.

"Oh! Ah! Yaw-aw-aw!" he said, rubbing his eyes, and setting his glasses straight on his fat little nose. "I believe I've been fast asleep, by Jove!"

"I believe you have!" grinned Jimmy. "Come on; here's the school!"

Billy Bunter rolled out of the cab. Apparently having forgotten the driver and his offer to settle with him. The fat junior sauntered in at the gates. Jimmy Silver & Co. looked at one another.

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

The juniors glanced at Bunter, but Bunter's broad back was turned. They went through their pockets hurriedly.

"Anybody got any tin?" whispered Jimmy.

"Stony!"

"Broke!"

"Same here!"

"There's Oswald in the quad; cut off and screw three and six out of him!" whispered Jimmy.

Lovell, with a very peculiar expression on his face, dashed away to intercept Oswald of the Fourth. Dick Oswald obliged willingly, and Lovell came dashing back. Jimmy Silver found some odd coppers for the driver's tip, and he was duly paid. The cab rolled away, and the Fistical Four hurried after Bunter.

The 3rd Chapter. Pay Up!

Billy Bunter was looking very thoughtful. Several fellows in the Rookwood quadrangle glanced at him with smiles. William George Bunter's ample proportions would have attracted notice anywhere.

Smythe and Howard and Tracy, the nuts of the Shell, were staring at him. Smythe had adjusted his eyeglass to take a good look, apparently regarding Bunter as a curious specimen of zoology.

Jimmy Silver & Co. glared at the nuts of the Shell. They were not particularly proud of their old pal Bunter, and they did not like Smythe & Co.'s looks.

"Come down and see the footer, Bunter," said Jimmy. "There's a good game on this afternoon—first eleven match. Bulkeley and Knowles—"

Bunter yawned.

"Don't care much for footer," he said.

"Like to see my photographs?" asked Newcome.

"Fed up with photographs. When I go to St. Jim's, that chap Manners trots out his photographs. Awful rot!"

"Oh!" said Newcome.

"What price a climb up the clock-tower?" grinned Lovell. "You get a ripping view from there—right out to the Channel."

Bunter glanced at the clock-tower, and shuddered.

"Thanks; I'd rather not."

"Like a stroll?" asked Raby.

"Fed up with walking."

"Oh!" said the Fistical Four. They were rather at a loss what to do with their visitor.

"The fact is," said Bunter, "I was thinking that, as I'm getting a little bit hungry—"

"Hungry?" Jimmy Silver could not help exclaiming.

"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, whose eyeglass seemed glued to Bunter. "Where did you pick that up, Silver?"

"Go and eat coke!" snapped Jimmy.

"Is it the Fat Boy from Pickwick," asked Tracy, "or Fat Jack of the Bonehouse?"

"Oh, really—"

murmured Bunter. "If these are Rookwood manners—"

Jimmy Silver made a signal to his chums, and the Fistical Four suddenly rushed at Adolphus & Co. There was a wild roar from the nuts of the Shell. In a second their silk hats were sent flying, their elegant neck-

ties were dragged out, and they were sat down in the quad forcibly.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Bunter.

"Yaroooh!" roared Adolphus.

"By gad! I'll skin you—Yooooop!"

"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 Greyfriars, leaving Adolphus & Co. in a parlous condition.

The nuts of the Shell were not feeling inclined for any further chipping. They crawled away disconsolately.

There were several fellows in Sergeant Kettle's little tuck-shop in the old clock-tower. They glanced at Bunter as he came in. Billy Bunter gave them an affable nod, and seated himself upon a counter at once.

He rapped out orders, and Sergeant Kettle supplied him, and the Fistical Four watched him dazedly.

How Bunter could eat anything after that tremendous blow-out in the village was a mystery to them.

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 beginning to drop into the tuck-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 two-thirty," he said.

"Oh, crumbs!"

Billy Bunter rolled off the stool at last.

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

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

"How much is that, my man?" asked Bunter, blinking at the old sergeant behind the counter.

"Nine shillings," said the sergeant, rather gruffly.

The old soldier did not like being addressed as "my man" by the Owl of Greyfriars.

Bunter ran his fat hands through his pockets.

"By Jove!" he exclaimed. "Lost anything?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"I don't know. I suppose I must have left it behind—my purse, you 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 Rookwood; but he refrained.

"You fellows settle this," said 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 blown!" said Lovell, with more force than elegance.

"You've been spoofed!" chuckled Townsend of the Fourth. "What a giddy visitor to have! I congratulate you on your choice of pals!"

"He's no pal of ours!" growled the exasperated Lovell. "He's simply fastened on us like a leech!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nine shillings, please," said Sergeant Kettle, looking at Jimmy Silver. "Am I to ask the young gentleman for it, Master Silver?"

"N-n-no!" stammered Jimmy.

"We—we'll settle! Oswald—where's



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JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued from the previous page.)

GUEST!

Oswald? Flynn, Jones, Hooker—somebody lend us some tin!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
There was a roar of laughter in the tuck-shop. Billy Bunter was strolling contentedly in the quad. The predicament of the Fistical Four seemed to strike the other Rookwood fellows as funny. Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle, of the Modern side, almost shrieked.

"Spoofed, by gum!" said Tommy Dodd. "Why don't you take him out and drown him?"
"Nice pals these Classical duffers pick up, don't they?" grinned Cook.

"Oh, shut up!" growled Jimmy Silver. "Will somebody lend me some tin till Saturday?"

Loans were forthcoming, amid 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 here—"

"I didn't ask him! You must have!"

"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 smiling!"

"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.

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

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 on the game of football, and expressed 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 Remove, but there was a lot of jealousy about.

"What time do you fellows have tea?" he asked.

"Generally about six," said

Jimmy Silver. "But if you want to start early—"

"Oh, no, that's all right! I've got a late pass," said Bunter. "I needn't leave here before the seven train. I shall have to ask one of you chaps to take my ticket, as I've left my cash behind. Of course, I'll send you the amount on to-morrow!"

Bunter yawned.

"What do you fellows say to a little game of nap?" he asked.

"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," said Lovell, forgetting his politeness for a moment. "If you want to know what we think of that, we

Silver. But they would not desert their leader at that trying moment. They nobly resolved to stand Bunter as long as Jimmy did.

Billy Bunter blinked after Lovell, and grinned. He seemed to be 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.

"Open this door, Jimmy, you silly idiot!"

Jimmy Silver jumped.

It was Lovell's voice from the passage.

Jimmy stepped to the door and threw it open.

Nobody was there.

Jimmy glanced out into the passage with a puzzled look. He had distinctly heard Lovell's voice through the keyhole.

"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, if you don't open the door!"

Jimmy and Raby and Newcome rushed down the passage. Lovell was on the landing, chatting with Oswald of the Fourth.

Without a word his three chums seized him.

"Hallo!" roared Lovell. "What the—"

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

Bump! Bump!

"Now do you feel funny, you fat-head?" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Funny!" spluttered Lovell.

"Why, I'll squash you! You howling asses, what's the matter with you?"

"Next time you want to yell through a keyhole, select some other keyhole," said Jimmy Silver.

"Eh? Who's been yelling through a keyhole?" roared Lovell.

"You have, you ass!"

"You silly chump, I haven't! I've been talking to Oswald for the last ten minutes," stammered 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 thumps, do you think I play tricks like a fag?"

"But—but it was your voice!" ex-

"A ventriloquist, and a jolly good one," said Bunter. "I can imitate anybody's voice, you know—especially a queer grunting voice like Lovell's."

"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 on chopping you with his funny voice— Here, keep off, you know! 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 at all.

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! Groooh! 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!"

"Rats!"

"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 behave themselves!" snorted Lovell.

"Still, I'll say I'm sorry! There!"

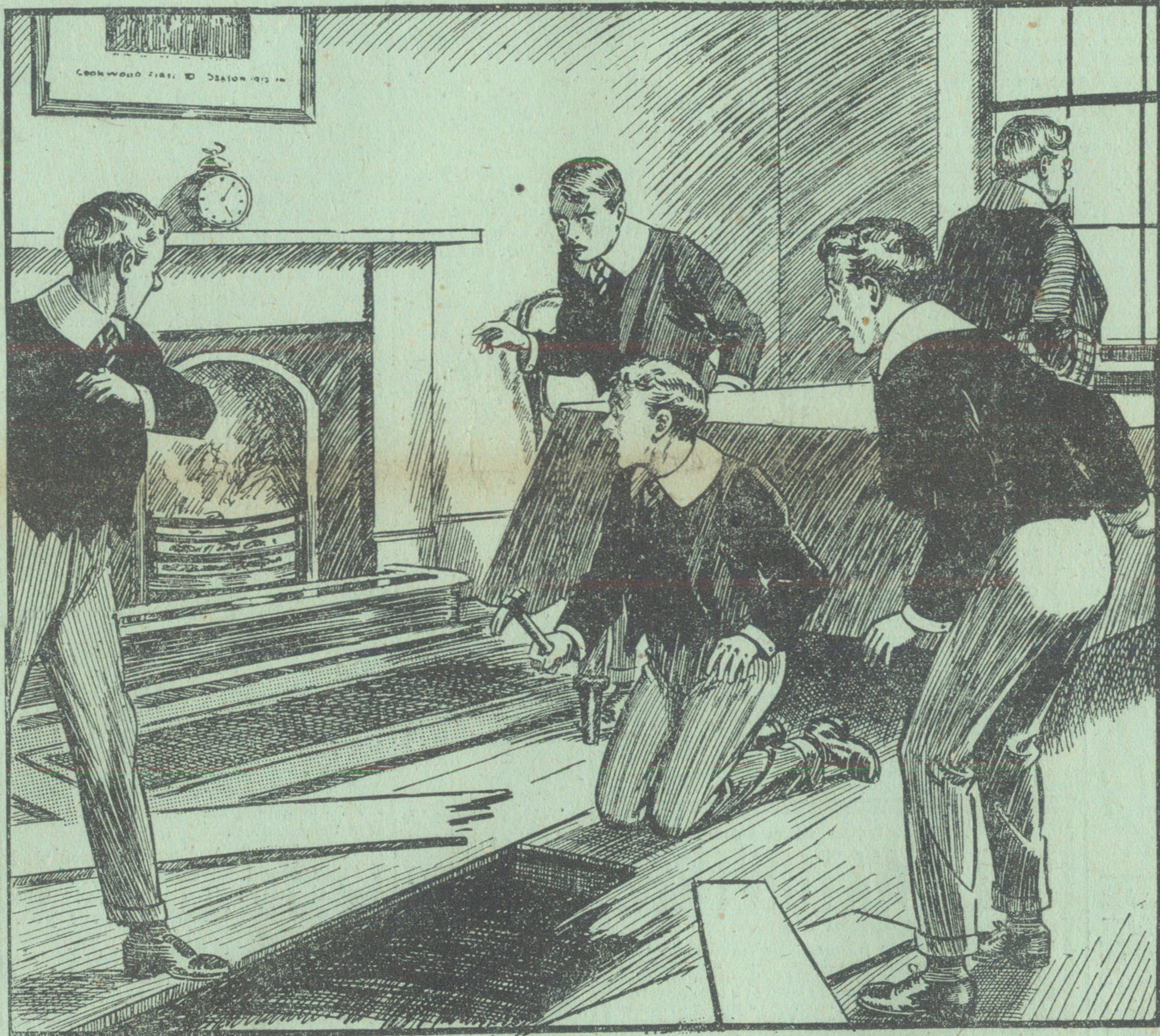
"All serene!" said Bunter magnanimously. "I forgive you!"

Grunt!

"Come and bathe your face, Bunter," said Jimmy.

"That's all right. I don't believe in too much washing. It's not good for the health," said Bunter. "I must say you fellows haven't much of a sense of humour. I set 'em in a roar at Greyfriars with my ventriloquism. Wharton comes to me sometimes and begs me to give 'em a show in his study. Fellows in the Sixth ask me to give 'em an entertainment on special occasions. Even the Head—"

"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 black-guardly!"

"Pretty slow here, ain't you?" said Bunter. "Well, have you got a cigarette?"

"No!"

"You smoke at Greyfriars, do you?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Well, the spoonies don't—Wharton and that lot," said Bunter.

"But I'm rather a blade. I go the pace a bit, you know!"

"Oh!"

"I don't get much chance of smoking in the study—that beast Toddy goes for me with a cricket-stump, 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 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 struggle. "I've got to speak to Oswald about the footer!"

Lovell quitted the study.

Raby and Newcome looked after him, and then looked at Jimmy

"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 ass— My hat!"

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 Raby.

Billy Bunter chuckled.

"Hallo, in there!" It was Lovell's voice again from the keyhole. "You silly asses, why don't you open the 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 him!"

"Hear, hear!" said the Co.

The three juniors rushed out of the study, leaving Billy Bunter doubled up with merriment in the armchair.

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, 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 had rolled out of the end study, and he was chuckling as if for a wager. Evidently he was in possession of an extra good joke.

"He, he, he! It's all right! It wasn't Lovell!"

"Who was it, then?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Me."

"You!"

"What-ho! That was the trick I was going to show you," grinned Bunter. "Funny, wasn't it? I'm a ventriloquist."

"A—a—a what?"



JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued from the previous page.)

GUEST!

"Yes, rather!" said Bunter. "It's 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.

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."

"Silver!" rapped out Mr. Manders. "Yes, sir!" said Jimmy meekly. "What are you doing on this side?" Mr. Manders evidently scented a "rag."

The 6th Chapter.

The Tommies to the Rescue.

"What the thunder!" ejaculated Tommy Dodd. "Tare an' 'ounds!" exclaimed Doyle. "Phwat was that?" "It—it sounded like a groan!" gasped Cook.

The 7th Chapter.

Kill that Wasp!

"Stop!" The hilarious Classics 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.

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"It's somebody under the floor!" shrieked Tommy Dodd. "Great Scott!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "That can't be—it can't!" He looked at Bunter. Billy Bunter was staring out of the window into the quadrangle, and seemed unconscious of what was happening in the study.



JIMMY SILVER'S

(Continued from the previous page.)

GUEST!

to be buzzing about. But there was 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, I shall be stung!"

Buzzzzzz!

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

"Groooh!"

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 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!

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 sins!

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 blank dismay. Manders had heard them, Manders knew. Visions of a

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!

Dick 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. 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.

"No room on my plate," explained Bunter. "Wait till I've finished these. An egg only takes me a 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 train."

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

"Yes, but perhaps we'd better drop 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 the village they dropped in at Mrs. Wicks'. When they reached the station, Jimmy Silver had just enough money left to take Bunter's ticket.

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?"

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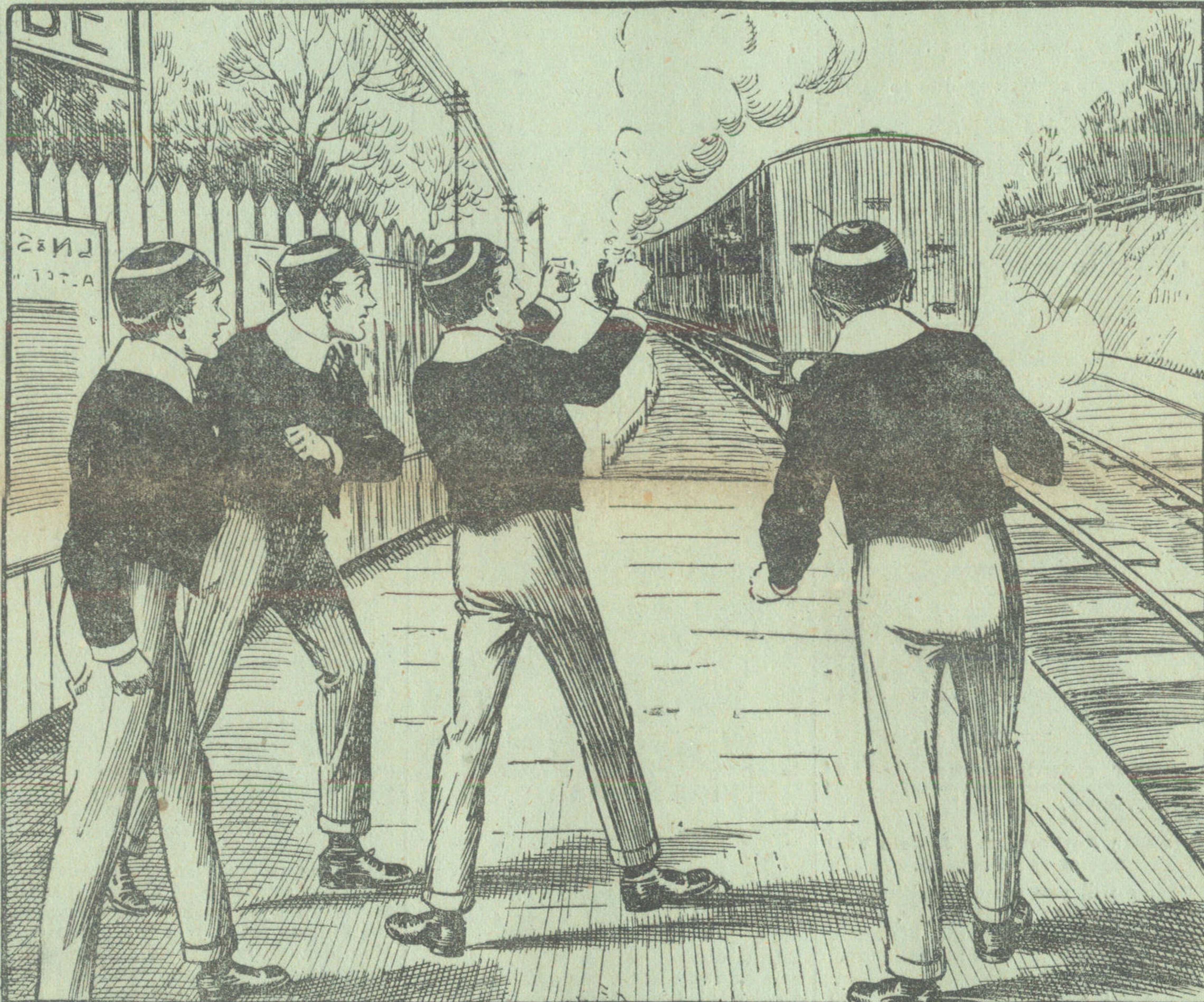
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On the platform the Fistical Four looked at one another. Lovell sparred in the air, as if smiting at an imaginary face. "Coming to see us again early next term!" he exclaimed. "Well, if he does, he won't go home alive, that's all!"

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

"He, he, he!"

"Bump him!" roared Lovell, exasperated.

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!

"Yaroooh! 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 late.

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 up—"

"Yow-ow! I can't move! I'm injured—yow-ow!"

"Tea's ready!" said Oswald. "In my study—"

Billy Bunter's roars suddenly ceased. Injured as he was, he re-

"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? No! Well, all right, I can fill up with something else!"

"Fill up!" murmured Jones minor. "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 peculiar expression upon his face, turned a whole pineapple out of a

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't 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. I 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 does, he won't go home alive, that's all!"

"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 of this great number to-day!)

TALES TO TELL!



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ALTERING THE CASE.

"Yes, sir," said the tramp, in a whining voice, "I've been in a dozen battles, and now I'm starving."

The old major's sympathy went all out to the disreputable-looking individual who pleaded with him. He felt in his pocket, and withdrawing half-a-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 goal-posts, a ball, and one or two other articles. But these were trifles to the Scrumptonians.

"It's like this," explained the captain. "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 money-box. '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.

OUT OF 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 calm.

"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 ZEPPELS.

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 nut-gathering 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 grandmother.

"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 storyettes 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.