

AMAZING NEW SERIAL BY MAURICE EVERARD STARTS TO-DAY!

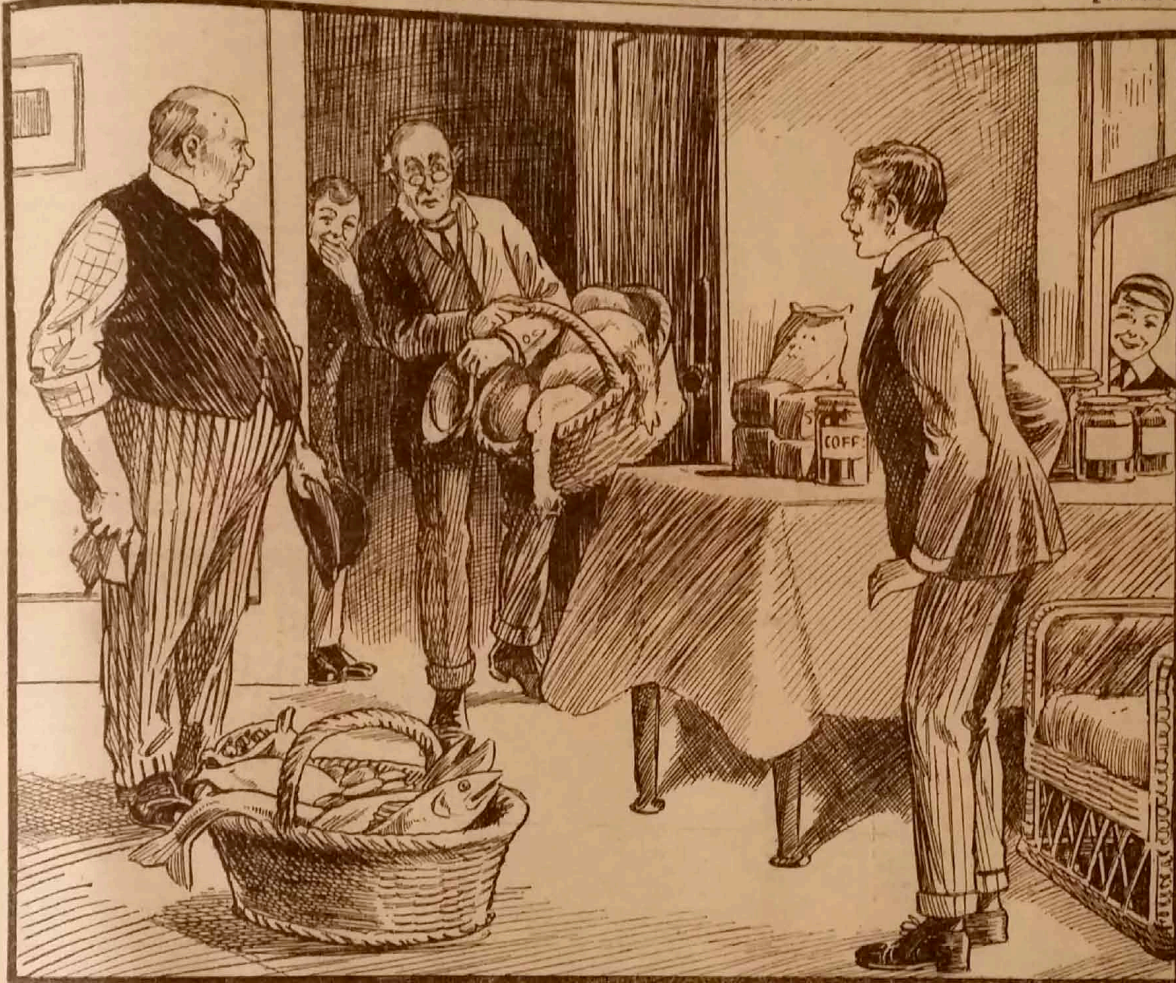
The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 792, Vol. XVI. New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 12th, 1916.]



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"Ask him for it, then!"

"I have, and he bit me with a cricket-stump!"

"Oh, my hat!"

"I've got only eightpence," said Jones minor lugubriously, "and I don't want to spend it on Beaumont. And it wouldn't be enough. Look here, I'm not going to stand it! Why should a chap go up and down the Fourth Form borrowing cash to stand a feed to a beastly Sixth-Former—what?"

"Oh!" said Jimmy Silver.

"And, if there isn't a ripping tea, I shall get skinned!" said Jones minor. "You know how that beast Beaumont goes for a chap—twists your arms, and that kind of thing. I've a jolly good mind to go to Mr. Bootles. Only—only Beaumont's prefect, and—and he's a fibbing beast, and he would deny it all, and I should have him down on me for ever and ever, and—"

Jimmy Silver shook his head.

"Leave Bootles out of it!" he said. "Sneaking won't do any good!"

"Well, what's a chap going to do?" exclaimed Jones minor warmly.

"Beaumont's always up to some beastly Prussian dodge. I told my major in the Fifth, and he told me to go and eat coks!"

"No good bothering your major. Your major can't back up against a Sixth-Form prefect!"

"Well, it's rotten! I want my eightpence," said Jones minor.

"And, besides, it ain't enough for Beaumont. The beast don't care where I get the tin. It will cost six hob at least for the kind of feed he wants, and if it isn't all right, I shall get licked! Bulkeley would put the stopper on, if I told Bulkeley; but he couldn't stop the beast twisting my arms every day for the rest of the term. What's a chap going to do—eh?"

Jimmy Silver reflected. He was due on the cricket-ground for practice; Lovell and Raby and Newcome were waiting for him there. But in his capacity as Uncle James to the Classical Fourth, Jimmy Silver felt that it was up to him to help Jones minor in his difficulty. Jimmy had a clear idea of the duties, as well as the rights, of captain of the Form.

"Something ought to be done," growled Jones minor. "It's too thick, you know. My belief is that Beaumont has lost all his tin blagging. I know jolly well he plays cards—I've seen 'em in his study, fagging there. Serve him jolly well right if I told about him!"

"And got licked for slandering a prefect, and cut by the Fourth for sneaking!" said Jimmy Silver. "Not much catch in that!"

"Well, I'm not going to stand it! You ought to do something—you're Form-captain, ain't you?" said Jones minor sulkily.

Jimmy nodded.

"Keep smiling!" he said. "I'm going to take it in hand. Beaumont is a beast all round, and it's time he was called to order. Let's go and see him!"

And he led the way to the Sixth-Form corridor, followed very dubiously by Jones minor.

"Hallo, here you are!" exclaimed Lovell of the Fourth coming up.

"Why the dickens don't you come, Jimmy? We're waiting for you!"

"Can't come just yet! I've to see Beaumont!"

"Blow Beaumont!"

"The beast is sticking Jones for a tea, and I'm going to remonstrate with him, and point out the error of his ways," explained Jimmy.

(Continued on the next page.)

Bombarded with Tuck!

A Severe Shock for Bully Beaumont!

FAGGING FOR BEAUMONT!

A Magnificent New Long Complete Story, dealing with the Adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. at Rookwood School.

By OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Uncle James Takes a Hand.

Jones minor of the Fourth was looking blue.

Judging by Jones minor's expression, most of the troubles in the world had settled suddenly upon the youthful shoulders of Jones.

Jimmy Silver, coming out of the end study with his bat under his arm that fine afternoon, paused as he saw Jones minor and his worried looks. Jimmy Silver was cheery as usual—

you understudying a moulting fowl, or is there something the matter? If there is, tell your Uncle James!"

Jones minor rubbed his ribs.

"It's that beast Beaumont," he said. "Beaumont of the Sixth, you know. I'm the beast's fag, you know. Br-r-r!"

"And he wants you to fag on a half-holiday?" said Jimmy sympathetically. "Such is life, dear boy! Keep smiling!"

"Tain't that, ass! I don't mind fagging for the beast, if you come to that. But Beaumont's uncle is

coming to see him this afternoon—"

"Well, he doesn't want you to entertain his uncle, I suppose?" grinned Jimmy Silver. "I've heard of Beaumont's uncle—a tremendous big gun—Sir Somebody Something with half the alphabet after his name. Beaumont won't want you to talk to his uncle."

"Fathead! He wants an extra-special tea!"

"Change for you to show what a splendid fag you are!"

"Silly ass!" roared Jones. "That

ain't the trouble. Beaumont's told me to get an extra-special feed ready for his uncle and him, and he hasn't given me any money!"

"Ask him for it, then!"

"I have, and he bit me with a cricket-stump!"

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(Continued on the next page.)



FAGGING FOR

(Continued from the previous page.)

BEAUMONT!

"You shrieking ass!" yelled Lovell. "Beaumont'll skin you!"

The 2nd Chapter, N.G.

Beaumont of the Sixth stared at the two juniors. He was standing before the glass, arranging his tie.

"What the dickens do you fags want?" Beaumont snapped, as he turned round from the glass.

"Just a little heart-to-heart talk, Beaumont!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily. "You want Jones to get your tea, I understand—something extra-special?"

"Yes, I've told Jones—nothing to do with you, Silver!" "Yes, it's got a lot to do with me, as captain of the Fourth, and Uncle James generally!" explained Jimmy Silver coolly.

"Jones is under my wing, you see. Now, Jones is ready to fag, but not to pay your expenses. I sha'n't allow him to do that."

"That's how the matter stands, Beaumont. If you're short of tin, I'll lend you a few bob, if you come to that, on your I.O.U."

"So you've been complaining to Silver, Jones?" he said menacingly.

"Hold out your hand!" "Oh, you ass, Silver!" groaned Jones minor.

"You sily ass, haven't you had enough yet?" snorted Jones. "I've got to!"

"You won't! I'll order a Form licking for you if you do," said Jimmy Silver sternly.

"Well, that's all very well," said Jones minor. "But if Beaumont ain't satisfied, I shall get the licking all the same."

"You can tell Beaumont I'm fagging for him. Tell him I've had a good remittance, too."

"I say, that's jolly decent of you, Silver, and—and I take back what I said about your being a howling idiot," said Jones minor repentantly.

"You cheeky young scoundrel!" roared Beaumont. "Coming to my study and chokin' me, by gad! I'll give you a lesson!"

"Lash! Lash! Lash! Hah!"

The cricket-bat crashed on Beaumont's chest, and the Sixth-Former staggered back, Jimmy Silver

grasped the cane handle of the bat with both hands, and flourished it.

"Keep off, you rotter—" "Groo!" "Hands off!"

Beaumont made a rush at him. The bat clamped fairly on his chest again. Jimmy Silver's fighting blood was up.

Beaumont of the Sixth came out of the School House, and he grinned as he came towards the Fistical Four. Jimmy Silver's wriggings seemed to amuse him.

"Yes, please, Beaumont," said Jimmy meekly.

"Well, I don't mind. Jones is a mucky little ass, anyway. Your licking seems to have done you good!" said the bully of the Sixth, laughing.

"Yes, lots, Beaumont, please." Jimmy's chums stared at him. They could not understand him in the least.

"Well, I'm going out," said Beaumont. "I shall be out all the afternoon, but I shall get back with my uncle about five o'clock. You're to have tea ready at sharp five, and a good tea. I want something extra special!"

"If there ain't a first-class spread, what you've had is nothing to what you'll get," said Beaumont.

"I'll see that there's plenty," said Jimmy Silver, with Quaker-like meekness.

"Well, that's all right." Beaumont walked on, smiling. He flattered himself that he knew how to deal with unruly fags, and that his drastic measures had had a good effect upon Jimmy Silver.

"When he was gone, the Co. turned on Jimmy Silver furiously.

"What the dickens do you mean?" demanded Lovell. "Why, even Loggett wouldn't be such a meek-and-sild worm as you were with that bullying cad!"

"I'm going to fag for him, and I wanted him to agree to it."

"But look here—" "I'm going to see that there's plenty for tea when he comes in with his uncle," said Jimmy.

"You sily ass! Is that what you've given up the cricket for?"

"Then you're a sily owl, and we'll jolly well bump you!" exclaimed Lovell indignantly. "You're letting the end study down!"

"What's the little game, then? We want your remittance for our own tea, not for Beaumont's!"

"Oh, you're a duffer!" said Jimmy Silver. "Can't you trust your Uncle James? My remittance is going to stay in my trousers' pocket, so far as that cad is concerned. I'm going to have plenty of stuff in his study—more than he wants. I'm not going to pay for it!"

"Oh, my hat!" "Beaumont has authorised me to get stuff for his tea," said Jimmy Silver. "I haven't said I'm going to pay for it, have I?"

"Oh, come on! I've got to give the orders!"

"That isn't the way to the tuckshop!" howled Lovell, as Jimmy Silver started for the School House.

"I'm not going to give orders in the tuckshop!"

"Where the merry thunder are you going to give them, then?"

"In Bootles' study!"

"Bub-bub-Bootles' study!" babbled Lovell.

"Yes, Bootles is gone out; you saw him!"

"Quite off! Better give an order for a strait-jacket while you're about it, Jimmy!"

"Oh, follow your uncle, and don't jaw!" said Jimmy Silver.

He led the way, and the Co., in blank amazement, followed him. It was to the study of Mr. Bootles, the master of the Fourth, that he led them.

"What the merry dickens are you driving at, Jimmy?" exclaimed Newcome. "You're not going to fag for Beaumont?"

Jimmy nodded. "Cricket can stand over for once; it isn't a match, anyway. It's a question of standing up for the rights of the Fourth."

"How the thunder are you going to do that by fagging for Beaumont?" demanded Lovell.

"By the way I'm going to fag for him."

"Oh, I—I say, Beaumont is a rather dangerous beast to play larks on," said Raby dubiously.

"So am I," said Jimmy Silver coolly. "But Beaumont has licked me. He's going to pay for that, and for being a rotten bully!"

"That's all very well; but—" "That's all very well; but—" "That's all very well; but—" "That's all very well; but—"

"Here comes the beast!" muttered Raby.

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The 4th Chapter.

Jimmy Carries Out Instructions. Jimmy Silver walked cheerfully into the Form-master's study, and Lovell and Raby and Newcome followed him in.

The master of the Fourth had gone out for the afternoon, so that usually dreaded apartment was quite safe for the heroes of the Fourth. But what Jimmy Silver intended to do there was a great mystery to his chums.

They were more than half inclined to believe that their Uncle Jimmy was wandering in his mind.

Jimmy locked the door when the Fistical Four were within the study.

"Mustn't chance being interrupted," he remarked, in response to the wondering stare of the juniors.

"But what are you going to do here?" shrieked Lovell.

"Give my orders for Beaumont's feed."

"You howling ass—" "Shush! Do you want all Rookwood to know that you're trespassing in your Form-master's study, you ass?"

"Look here—" "I'm bound to order grub for Beaumont—plenty of it. Haven't I told him I would?" demanded Jimmy Silver.

"Besides, his uncle's coming—a very special uncle—Sir Somebody Something or other. Sir Somebody is going to find Beaumont's study well provided—a land flowing with milk and honey. Now shut up while I telephone!"

"Tut-tut-telephone!" stuttered Lovell.

"Yes, ass! What do you think I've come here for?"

"Oh, I—I see!" "Time you did!" said Jimmy Silver witheringly.

Jimmy crossed to the telephone, and opened the directory. Juniors who were good were sometimes allowed to use Mr. Bootles' telephone, on very special occasions. Juniors who weren't good sometimes used it, on occasions when Mr. Bootles was away.

Mr. Bootles, who was a very methodical gentleman, kept a precise list of the calls he made, and he was sometimes exasperated to find that the account from the Telephone Department did not exactly agree with his own account.

This sometimes led Mr. Bootles to make bitter remarks on the subject of Governmental inefficiency and incompetence. Probably some members of the Fourth Form could have explained how it was that Mr. Bootles was charged for more calls than he ever made.

Lovell and Raby and Newcome watched Jimmy in wonder. They could guess that a "whoee" was coming, but they could not see it yet. Their backs were up at the idea of fagging for the Sixth-Form bully to the extent of providing him with an extra special feed at their own expense.

But Jimmy Silver was quite calm about it. Jimmy Silver's active brain had already decided on a plan of campaign.

He took up the receiver, his chums watching him in silence.

"Combe one-0-one!" said Jimmy into the transmitter.

"That's the grocer," said Lovell. "You howling ass, Jimmy, if you order stuff by telephone, you'll have to pay for it!"

"Dry up, old chap!" "But look here—" "Shut up! I've got my number!"

Jimmy devoted his attention to the receiver. "Is that Combe one-0-one? Chunkers' Stores?"

"Yes, sir. Mr. Chunkers speaking."

"This is Rookwood School. Can you send me some things this afternoon?"

"I'm! Difficult to deliver in a hurry, sir, with all the men away at the war! And—ahem!—who's it for, sir?"

Jimmy Silver grinned. If it was a good order from Dr. Chisholm or a master, Mr. Chunkers would find it possible to deliver the goods. If it was some fellow who wanted a tin of marmalade, he wouldn't. Jimmy Silver understood. But Jimmy was prepared to give a good order—a very good order.

"Beaumont of the Sixth," he replied. "You know the name, of course?"

"Oh, yes, sir! What's wanted?" "Rather a lot of things, but only on condition that they're delivered at five o'clock, or very soon after. Sir Charles Beaumont is coming to tea, and I want something extra special. The order will come to about three pounds!"

"Three what?" gasped Lovell. "My boy's just come in, sir," came back Mr. Chunkers' reply, very

cordially. "I shall be very pleased to deliver the goods, sir!" "Very good! Here's the list: Six whole pineapples, very good quality; three tins of corned beef, good, not American; a dozen tins of sardines; three two-pound tins of currant, seed, and salina. That's that!"

"Yes, sir; taking it down, sir?" "A soda siphon, and a dozen bottles of lemonade, a pound of nuts, three pound jars of raspberry, strawberry, and gooseberry jam."

"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Raby. "A large tin of biscuits, three pounds of marmalade, six tins of potted rabbit, went on Jimmy Silver recklessly."

"Yes, sir." "A dozen tins of condensed milk, six tins of cocoa, a couple of pounds of—of—of mixed peel, two pounds of bacon, cut in rashers, three dozen new-laid eggs—mind, the very best—"

"Certainly, sir!" "Six tins of—of prawns, a jar of jelly, a pound of milk chocolate, three pounds of preserved ginger, a jar of honey—"

"You howling ass!" shrieked Lovell. "It's coming to quite an amount! Where are you going to get the money?"

Jimmy Silver did not heed. He proceeded to enumerate more stuff, all of which were faithfully taken down by Mr. Chunkers at the other end of the wire.

"Is that all, sir?" asked Mr. Chunkers, in a silky voice.

Seldom had Mr. Chunkers bagged an order like that.

"Yes, that's all. Send the bill with the goods, addressed to Arthur Beaumont, and tell the man to wait for the money!"

"Mind, I do not want to run an account. I have a great objection to an account. I particularly want the goods paid for on delivery."

"I'll see to it, sir." "And they must come at five or soon after—not before five, as I shall not be on the spot—"

"I'll arrange it, sir." "Thank you, Mr. Chunkers! I rely on you."

And Jimmy Silver rang off.

The 5th Chapter.

Good Orders. "You—you—you howling ass!" gasped Lovell and Raby and Newcome in a breath.

Jimmy Silver smiled serenely. "Who's going to pay for that cargo?" demanded Lovell.

"Eh? Beaumont, I suppose?" "Beaumont!"

"Certainly! I'm ordering that for him, and they'll be delivered to him. Who should pay for them, if I like to know?"

"But—but he won't—" "I think he'll have to!" said Jimmy calmly. "Mr. Chunkers won't have the trouble of sending that cargo up to Rookwood for nothing. I'm pretty certain that when his man has fagged up here with that load on a hot afternoon he won't fag back with the same load."

"You funny ass!" gasped Raby. "It means an awful row! Beaumont will declare he never ordered that, and it will come out that you telephoned."

Jimmy Silver looked surprised. "I shan't conceal the fact that I telephoned," he said.

"You—you won't!" "Certainly not, he's acting under Beaumont's orders!"

"B-h-Beaumont's orders!" ejaculated Newcome.

"Yes. Hasn't he ordered me to get him a spread, best quality, regardless of expense? I'm doing it."

"Oh, my hat!" "I don't see how Beaumont can complain," said Jimmy. "I'll complain of me to Mr. Bootles. I shall simply explain that Beaumont gave me instructions to get him an extra special tea. He did, didn't he?"

"Ha, ha! Yes." "And as for ordering the goods for Beaumont to pay for, that can't be avoided, as Beaumont left me no money to pay for them."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "But he meant you to pay for the grub out of your own pocket," yelled Raby.

Jimmy Silver shrugged his shoulders.

"Of course, Beaumont can explain that to Mr. Bootles or the Head of his House," he said. "Personally, I think Beaumont won't care to mention it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Oh, my hat! What a habit!" gurgled Lovell. "Why, the sixth has shoved himself right into your

hands! You're ordering all that stuff by his express orders! Ha, ha!"

"Exactly!"

Jimmy Silver proceeded to look through the telephone directory again, while his chums sat on Mr. Bootles' table and gurgled with merriment.

"Haven't you finished yet?" exclaimed Lovell, as Jimmy took up the receiver again.

"No fear! This is going to be a feast for the gods!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Number, please?" came the voice from the Exchange.

"Coombe, one-two!"

"That's the giddy fishmonger!" Jimmy explained to his chums. "Mr. Chunkers will be sending some tinned fish, but I think Beaumont ought to have some fresh fish, too. Hallo! Is that Coombe, one-two?"

"Yes."

"Mr. Slipp's?"

"Yes."

"Can you send me some fish this afternoon—soon after five—say, half-past five at the latest?" Beaumont, Rookwood School, "I want two hundred oysters—"

"Great pip!" gasped Lovell.

"And a whole cod—"

The juniors shrieked.

"Three pounds of Scotch salmon! Mind it's Scotch! Must be the very best! The price doesn't matter particularly!"

"Certainly, sir!"

"And six pounds of winkles!"

"Winkles!" stuttered Lovell.

"Beaumont, the dandy—and winkles! Oh, my only Uncle Thomas!"

"And three pounds of shrimps—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Can you let me have the lot at half-past five, Mr. Slipp, for a very special occasion? Send the bill for cash on delivery!"

"Certainly, sir! Rely on me. The name is—"

"Arthur Beaumont, Sixth Form."

"You're sure you want a whole cod, sir?"

"Ahem! Perhaps a half would do—not less than half!"

"Very good, sir!"

"Can I rely on getting them by half-past five? It's a very special occasion—a sort of spread for a distinguished party!"

"Half-past five sharp, sir! And the bill with them?"

"That's it! Thank you!"

Jimmy rang off again. The Co. were reduced almost to hysterics by this time. The thought of that consignment of fish arriving in Beaumont's study while his titled and distinguished uncle was there quite overcame them.

But Jimmy Silver was not done yet. He was turning over the pages of the telephone directory.

"For goodness' sake, chuck it!" stuttered Lovell. "We don't want all the goods in Coombe brought up to Rookwood this afternoon."

"Beaumont said it was to be an extra special spread," replied Jimmy Silver calmly. "As a good fag, I'm bound to carry out the instructions of my fag-master. Do you fellows think I'm overdoing it?"

"Overdoing it! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Coombe, double-three!" said Jimmy into the receiver.

"Who's Coombe, double-three?" asked Raby.

"The poultryer."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"Hallo! Is that Mr. Skinner? This is Rookwood School. Can you send me some fowls this afternoon?"

"Yesir!"

"I want them particularly by half-past five or soon after. Six of the best Surrey fowls, and a couple of ducks!"

"Ten bob each, by gum!"

breathed Lovell.

"Certainly, sir!" came on the telephone. "To whom are they to be delivered, sir?"

"Master Arthur Beaumont, Sixth Form, Rookwood School. They're for a very special occasion—standing a big feed, you know; and they mustn't be later than half-past five, or they're no use to me. They have to be—ahem!—handed over to the cook in good time!"

"I understand, sir. Shall I send the bill with them?"

That question was put very politely, but it was clear that Mr. Skinner would not have sent the fowls without the bill.

"Certainly! And instruct your man to wait for the money. I do not wish to run an account; in fact, it is against the school rules to do so."

"Depend on me, sir."

"Thank you!"

Jimmy Silver rang off, and turned to the telephone directory again. But his chums swooped down on him, and dragged him away by main force.

"That's enough!" gasped Lovell. "You've stuck Beaumont for about

ten or fifteen pounds already! Enough's as good as a giddy feast!"

"Well, perhaps that will do," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "Beaumont said it was to be a good spread, ordered too little."

"Too little! Ha, ha!"

Jimmy Silver unlocked the door, and the Fiscal Four left the study, almost weeping. Never had Mr. Bootles' telephone been so useful. There was no doubt that the bully of the Sixth would have a tremendous spread in his study that afternoon. Whether it would please him was another matter.

The 6th Chapter. Plenty of Tuck!

Jimmy Silver & Co. went down to the cricket with clear consciences. They felt that they had done their best. If Beaumont wasn't pleased at the way Jimmy Silver had carried out his instructions, that was Beaumont's look-out.

Jones minor had gone on the river with Rawson and Hooker. Jones minor had been very pleased to leave his fagging in the hands of Jimmy Silver. He could really not have left it in more capable hands.

But about five o'clock Jimmy Silver & Co. quitted Little Side. They wanted to be on the scene when

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Beaumont of the Sixth conducted his uncle into the house. The dandy gentleman with exquisite politeness and attention. Beaumont had every hope that the visit would materialize in a fever; and a fever was worth while. Sir Charles had a somewhat crusty temper, and his nephew had to be very careful with him. But there was compensation in a handsome tip for the waste of an afternoon. That was how the affectionate nephew regarded it.

Mr. Bootles had just come in, and Beaumont introduced Sir Charles, and the baronet stayed a few minutes chatting to the Fourth-Form master in the hall. Then the prefect conducted him to the Sixth-Form corridor.

"This is my study, uncle. I'm so glad to be able to show it to you," said Beaumont, overflowing with affectionate solicitude. "It's really kind of you to have paid me a visit at last. I've made some little preparations for you. I've been looking forward so long to your having tea in the study, you know. I hope you won't be disappointed."

"Not at all, my boy—not at all," said Sir Charles affably. "Quite a pleasure, by gad! Reminds me of my own schooldays. Jolly little room, by gad!"

should deliver goods to the house-keeper!"

"This 'ere is for Master Beaumont, sir—a special order, sir."

"Bless my soul! I really do not see what Master Beaumont wants with such a large consignment of goods. However, I suppose you had better take them in. You may proceed."

Beaumont of the Sixth stared at the door as a burly lad appeared there, with a huge basket on his arm. The lad was a powerful country fellow, but he seemed to have plenty to do to negotiate the basket.

"Master Beaumont 'ere?" he asked.

"I'm Beaumont. What do you want?"

"The goods from Chunkers', sir."

"From—the what?"

"From, Chunkers', sir. And mortal 'oavy, sir," said Mr. Chunkers' messenger. "Worry 'oavy, in this 'ot weather, sir. Shall I put 'em 'ere?"

"Some of your little preparations, Arthur—what?" chuckled the baronet.

"Nunno! Ye-es!" stammered Beaumont. "I—I did not order—I mean—Who told you to bring those goods here, boy?"

"Mr. Chunkers, sir."

"Who—who ordered them?"

"You, sir. Ordered this arter-

pounds fifteen shillings that afternoon than he could have paid three thousand pounds.

He blinked at the grocer's lad, and blinked at the huge piles of merchandise, and blinked at his uncle, whose expression was growing very peculiar.

"Three pounds fifteen, sir. Shall I receipt the bill?"

"You needn't trouble!" snapped Beaumont. "I think Mr. Chunkers must be out of his senses. I did not order those goods, and I'm certainly not going to pay for them!"

"Hey?"

"You can take them back!"

"Take them back! I've carried that there basket near a mile, sir, in this 'ere 'ot weather!"

"That's your look-out. I didn't order the goods, and I'm not taking them! You can get them out of my study, and sharp!"

Mr. Chunkers' young man looked grim.

"Them goods was ordered from 'ere by Master Beaumont," he said. "You're Master Beaumont, ain't you?"

"Yes, but—"

"Mr. Chunkers told me very particular not to leave them without the money. Three pounds fifteen, please!"

"Take them away!"

Mr. Chunkers never said nothing about taking them back if the young gentleman had altered his mind. You said the messenger stolidly.

"You can't do it, sir. I ain't taking them goods back. Not if I know it."

"Don't give me any of your insolence!" shouted Beaumont. "I'll report this to Mr. Chunkers."

"Report away!" said the youth independently. "I've got my orders from Mr. Chunkers, not from you, and which if Mr. Chunkers ain't satisfied with me, I can go on munitions to-morrow if I choose. I ain't taking them goods back a mile on a hot road, not if I know it. And I ain't leavin' 'em without the money."

"I tell you I never ordered them!" roared Beaumont.

"And I tell you you did!" retorted the messenger. "I was there myself when Mr. Chunkers took down the order."

"You lying hound—"

"Arthur!"

"Ye-es, uncle!"

"That is not language to use in my presence!" said the baronet stiffly.

"I—I beg your pardon, uncle; but—"

"If you have ordered these goods, Arthur, you must pay for them."

"But—but I haven't—"

"Nonsense!" said the baronet decisively. "They are delivered to you by name. I see that the bill is made out in your name. Is it possible, Arthur, that you have been so reckless as to order goods you cannot pay for?"

"I—I didn't—"

"Can you pay for them, or can you not?" rapped out the baronet.

"No!" gasped Beaumont. "But I didn't—"

"The lad says distinctly that he was present when his employer took down the order. I see no reason to doubt his statement. It is simply ridiculous, sir, to suggest that the grocer would have sent these goods here without their being ordered, and primed his employe with barefaced falsehoods on the subject."

Beaumont gasped. It was ridiculous to suppose anything of the sort, on the face of it. The Sixth-Former almost wondered whether he had walked in his sleep, and ordered those goods.

"I am sorry to see"—the baronet's voice rumbled like distant thunder—"I am very sorry to see, Arthur, that a nephew of mine is so careless in money matters as to order huge quantities of unnecessary goods, knowing himself to be unable to pay for them. Doubtless, sir, you intended to have the goods left here on credit, and to trust to chance to make the payment at some future date—a most reckless and imprudent proceeding!"

"Nunno! I—I never—"

"Or am I to understand, sir, that you ordered these goods to be delivered during my visit, to bamboozle me, sir, into paying for them?"

"Oh, crumbs! I—I—I mean—"

"Pay this lad at once!"

"I—I can't! I—"

"I ain't going without the money, I know that!" said Mr. Chunkers' young man stolidly. "Not if I 'ave to wait 'ere all night, I ain't!"

"You young rascal, I ain't!"

"Silence!" thundered Sir Charles. "I am addressed by you, Arthur—shocked, disgusted, by gad!"

"But, uncle, I didn't! I never—I—"

"Enough! I presume, sir, that you have insulted in this manner and



"I want you to send two hundred oysters to Beaumont, Rookwood School," said Jimmy Silver, through the telephone. "And a whole cod, three pounds of Scotch salmon, and six pounds of winkles." The juniors roared. "Winkles!" exclaimed Lovell. "Beaumont, the dandy—and winkles! Oh, my Uncle Thomas!"

the goods began to arrive. Jimmy's liberal orders on Beaumont's account had been confided to a select few in the Fourth, and Oswald and Flynn and two or three others were in the secret.

Towards five o'clock the juniors posted themselves to look out for the arrivals.

Five was striking when Beaumont of the Sixth was seen to enter at the gates, accompanied by an old gentleman with a white moustache and a man with a purple complexion. This was evidently Sir Charles, the distinguished visitor upon whose account Jimmy Silver had taken so much trouble.

Jimmy Silver & Co. settled behind the beeches as Beaumont and his uncle crossed the quadrangle. They did not want to catch the Sixth Form bully's eye at that moment.

"Beaumont will expect to find tea ready in his study," murmured Lovell. "The goods haven't arrived yet."

"The first lot can't be long now; it's turned five. I say, that old Johnny doesn't look like a chap to appreciate a joke, does he—even a good one?"

"He doesn't—he don't!" grinned Oswald.

"Well, it's Beaumont's look-out. He can't say that I haven't ordered enough to please a hungry Hun."

Beaumont started a little as he entered the study after his uncle. There was no sign of tea.

His teeth came together hard.

He had distinctly ordered Jimmy Silver to have the spread ready at five—an extra special spread. And the table was not even laid.

"The young villain!" muttered Beaumont. "I'll skin him—I'll scap him—"

"What did you say, Arthur?"

"N-nothing, uncle. Will you take the armchair while I—I call my fag? I'll wring his neck!"

"Eh?"

"N-nothing! Sit down, uncle, will you?"

Sir Charles sat down.

"As a matter of fact, I am a little hungry," he said graciously. "Why, what's the matter, Arthur? Have you got the toothache?"

"Toothache! Nunno!"

"Well, don't grit your teeth like that; it sets mine on edge."

"O-certainly, uncle. I didn't mean—"

"Very cosy little quarters," said the baronet, more graciously.

He broke off at a voice was heard in the passage. It was the voice of Mr. Bootles.

"Bless my soul! What is this—what-what? Why are you bringing that basket here, my lad? You

noon, to be sent up by five—very mortal, 'oavy! And 'ere they are, and mortal 'oavy!"

The grocer's lad began to unpack the basket, Beaumont watching him as if mesmerized. His uncle's eyes opened wide. Beaumont had told him that he had made some little preparations. But these preparations could hardly be called little.

Tins of pineapple, of corned beef, sardines, and rabbit were piled on the study table, with jars of jam, boxes of biscuits, cakes, bottles, pots, tins, jars, and all sorts and conditions of things.

A pyramid was gradually formed on the table, till there was scarcely room for anything more.

Having landed his cargo, so to speak, the grocer's lad paused, and breathed hard, and mopped his brow with a handkerchief.

"And 'ere's the bill," he said.

"The—the—the bill!" stammered Beaumont.

"Yesir. Three pounds fifteen shillings, sir."

"Eh?"

"And, please, I'm to wait for the money, sir."

The 7th Chapter. Money Wanted.

Beaumont gasped. He could no more have paid three

improvident extravagance with the idea of entertaining me. Perhaps you thought, sir, that I had an insatiable appetite for potted rabbit and tinned pineapples and cake and biscuits and chocolate. As you have recklessly ordered these goods on my account, and you cannot pay for them, I will settle the bill. But I do not thank you for this childish extravagance—quite the contrary. And I am sorry to see, Arthur, that a nephew of mine can be guilty of profligacy.

"But I—I—I—" stammered the unhappy Beaumont.

"Enough!"

Sir Charles took out his purse, and threw the money on the table.

"There is your money! Receipt the bill! Take this shilling for yourself."

"Thank you kindly, sir!"

Mr. Chumbers' young man left the study with his basket, quite satisfied. Sir Charles fixed a basilisk eye on the unhappy Rookwood.

"I am surprised at you, Arthur! You may make the best use you can of that ridiculous mountain of goods. I shall not stay to partake of them. Your conduct has shocked and disgusted me. I shall take my leave at this moment. Pah!"

"But, uncle, I—I assure you—"

"I regard myself, sir, as having been the victim of a trick—an unworthy trick!" thundered the baronet. "I have paid your bill—"

The baronet broke off as a man with a shiny complexion and a fishy smell and a huge basket appeared in the doorway of the study.

"Master Beaumont, sir?"

"What do you want?" yelled Beaumont.

"The fish, sir!"

"The what?"

"The fish, sir, from Slipp's."

The 5th Chapter.
Fish and Fowls.

"Fish," gasped Beaumont—"I fish from—from Slipp's!"

Sir Charles scouted.

"So this is some more of your extravagance, Arthur!"

"I haven't ordered any fish!" yelled Beaumont.

The man from the fishmonger's looked surprised.

"I'm afraid you ain't the right young gentleman, sir. Master Silver told me this was Master Beaumont's study."

"This is Master Beaumont's study, and this is Master Beaumont!" broke in the baronet. "May I ask what you have in that basket?"

"Oysters, sir, and winkles, and 'arf a cod, sir, and salmon!"

"Good heavens!"

"I didn't order it!" shrieked Beaumont.

"I think you are out of your senses, Arthur. What possessed you to order half a cod, and— and winkles? Do you think I eat winkles, sir?" shouted Sir Charles.

"No, no! I—I—"

"Four pounds ten to pay, sir," said the fishmonger.

"Wha—a-t!"

"Shall I make out the receipt, sir?"

"I won't pay it!" yelled Beaumont.

"I didn't order any fish, or oysters, or— or winkles. Take them away!"

"Not!"

"Take all that stuff out of my study at once!"

The fishmonger looked dangerous.

"I don't understand this 'ere," he said. "If this 'ere bill ain't paid on the nail, I'm going straight to your 'eighbour, young man!"

"I should recommend you to do so!" snorted Sir Charles. "I should assuredly recommend you to do so. If you think, nephew, that you can

bamboozle me, sir, into paying bill after bill, I can assure you, most emphatically, that you are mistaken. I leave you to your own devices, sir."

And the baronet, in great wrath, stamped out of the study.

Beaumont sank helplessly into a chair. He was almost overcome. The fishmonger was looking at him grimly, and there was evidently no help to be had from his uncle. A fishy hand held out a fishy bill to the unhappy prefect.

In the quadrangle, a group of merry juniors grinned at the angry and disgusted baronet came striding out. Sir Charles did not glance at them. He strode away directly to the gates. His visit to his nephew had cost him three pounds fifteen, and Sir Charles could hardly be blamed for supposing that his nephew had tricked him into paying for large supplies for his study. But Sir Charles did not mean to pay any more. Beaumont was left to his own devices in dealing with the fishmonger.

"Hallo, the giddy guest is departing!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

"Surely he must have been satisfied with the amount of tuck provided!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Beaumont seems to have satisfied the grocer somehow. I wonder how he's getting on with the fishmonger?"

The juniors chuckled hysterically. They were near Beaumont's study window, which was open. They soon discovered how he was getting on with the fishmonger. Beaumont's voice could be heard, raised almost to a shriek.

"Take it away! I tell you I didn't order it, and I'm not going to pay for it. I couldn't if I wanted to. Take the rubbish away!"

"I ain't moving them goods, sir. I'm waiting for the money."

"I won't pay a cent!"

"Then I'm goin' to your 'ead-master!"

"Go, and be hanged!"

Beaumont was white with rage and chagrin. His uncle's visit had been "mucked up" with a vengeance. The expected tip had not been forthcoming, and the proposition of the old gentleman might be a difficult task. Certainly, he had enough groceries laid in to last him for the rest of the term, if that was any comfort.

But the fishmonger remained to be dealt with. He had set down his basket, and evidently did not intend to move it.

The fishmonger was angry—that was natural enough—at getting such a reception, after toiling a mile with a basket on a hot afternoon. He looked very much inclined to lay his fishy hands on Beaumont of the Sixth.

"Young swindler!" said the fishmonger. "That's what you are! I s'pose you reckoned I'd leave the goods without the money—wot!—and then we could whistle for it. Well, I give you a minute to pay this 'ere bill!"

"Hang you! Got out!"

"Then I'm going to your head-master! Hallo!" The fishmonger, as he turned to the door, was confronted by a man with a basket on his arm.

"Master Beaumont's study?" asked the new-comer.

Beaumont glared at him furiously.

"You—you—what do you want?"

"The poultry, sir!"

"Poultry!" shrieked the unhappy Beaumont.

"Yes, sir; the fowls and ducks."

"Fuf-fuf-fowls and ducks!"

"Yesir, Six Surrey fowls and two ducks. Three pound seventeen to pay, please."

"Got out!" roared Beaumont.

"Hey!"

"I haven't ordered any fowls, or— or ducks. I won't take them! I won't pay for them! Go to thunder!"

The poultryer's man looked astounded, as well he might.

"You're Master Beaumont?" he asked.

"Yes, you fool!"

"Then there ain't no mistake. And I ain't leaving them fowls without the money, neither. You'll pay me three pound seventeen, and you'll pay it on the nail, and without calling a man names, neither!"

"I won't pay a cent!" yelled Beaumont. "It's a swindle! Has everybody in Coombe gone mad?"

"Another swindle!" hoisted the fishmonger.

"He's a regular shaper, mate! He's ordered this 'ere fish, and he don't want to pay for it."

"He'll pay for these 'ere fowls, or there'll be trouble!" said the poultryer's man. "My gov'nor told me to be careful, seeing as the goods

was ordered by a young gentleman at school."

"Take your rotten rubbish away!" hoisted Beaumont.

"Then's best Surrey fowls, and they ain't rotten rubbish, and if you don't, and over three pound seven taster, I'm going to your head-master!"

"Go and hang yourself!"

"Come alonger me, mate," said the fishmonger. "We'll soon bring the young swindler to his senses!"

The two men left the study together, evidently with the intention of seeking the Head of Rookwood, and presenting their bills to him.

Beaumont of the Sixth remained in the study—with the groceries, the fish, and the fowls.

The bully of the Sixth hardly knew whether he was on his head or his heels. Unless the tradesmen of Coombe had gone suddenly mad that afternoon, he could not account for the extraordinary delivery of goods in his study.

A few minutes later Mr. Bootles looked in with a grim brow.

"Beaumont! You are wanted in the Head's study! Follow me!"

And Beaumont followed him, in a dazed state.

The 9th Chapter.
Guiltless Jimmy.

Dr. Chisholm eyed Beaumont sternly as he followed Mr. Bootles into the study. The fishmonger and the poultryer were there, both looking angry, and looking strangely out of place in that severe apartment.

"Beaumont—the Head's voice was sharp and cutting—kindly explain what this means. It appears that you have ordered a large quantity of goods you cannot or will not pay for."

"Nothing of the sort, sir," said Beaumont desperately. "I can't imagine why the things have been delivered to me—"

"Beaumont!"

"It's true, sir. I never ordered them."

"There must be some mistake," said the Head, frowning. "You are sure you were directed to deliver these goods to Master Beaumont at this school?"

"Ere's the name on the bill, sir."

"And look at this, sir."

"You assure me you did not order the goods, Beaumont?"

"On my word, sir."

"Then I must inquire further. Can you assert that Master Beaumont ordered the goods, personally or in writing?" asked the Head.

"It was by telephone, sir," said the fishmonger. "I was present while Mr. Slipp took down the order."

"Did you telephone an order, Beaumont?"

"Certainly not, sir! I've been out all the afternoon. I—I think I see now, sir. Somebody must have used my name on the telephone," gasped Beaumont.

"That is possible, of course, though it would be a very curious proceeding—"

"Jimmy Silver!" howled Beaumont suddenly. "I see it now."

"What?"

"It was Silver, sir—Silver of the Fourth!" almost shouted Beaumont.

"It's plain enough now. I fished him for being cheeky, and he's done this out of revenge."

"Have you any proof of your assertion, Beaumont?"

"I know it was Silver, sir. I'm sure of it. I—I ordered him to get my tea ready while I was out, and he's done this—"

"Silver shall be questioned. Mr. Bootles, may I request you to call Silver here. He is in your Form."

"Certainly, sir."

Mr. Bootles whisked out of the study, and returned in a few minutes with Jimmy Silver. The captain of the Fourth did not look alarmed. He was quite calm and cheerful, and he bestowed a friendly nod on the infuriated Beaumont.

"Silver," said the Head, fixing his eyes on Jimmy's innocent face, "I have sent for you to ask you a question. Did you order a large quantity of goods by telephone, to be delivered to Beaumont this afternoon?"

"Yes, sir," said Jimmy promptly.

"I know it!" howled Beaumont.

"Silence! Did you use Beaumont's name on the telephone, Silver?" asked the Head, his brows setting grimly.

"Yes, sir."

"And why, Silver, did you play such an unbecoming trick?"

"Trick, sir!" repeated Jimmy, in surprise. "It wasn't a trick, sir—although it was only what Beaumont told me!"

"Beaumont told you!" exclaimed the Head.

"Certainly, sir."

"It's a lie!" shouted Beaumont. "Silence! This matter must be thrashed out. Kindly tell me the whole particulars, Silver."

"Yes, sir. Beaumont told me to have tea ready in his study—a very extra special spread, sir, as his uncle was coming. I'm bound to lag for Beaumont, sir, if he orders me, as a prefect in the Sixth—"

"Yes, yes. But he did not tell you to order these goods?"

"He left the matter to my discretion, sir," said Jimmy blandly. "As it was a very special occasion, I took the liberty of using Mr. Bootles's telephone. There was no other way of ordering extra special goods in time."

Beaumont's face was a study.

"Beaumont did not tell me exactly how much to order, sir," went on Jimmy calmly. "I may have overdone it a little. I'm not an expert caterer, of course, though I hope I shall always do my best for a prefect. As Beaumont had authorized me to make purchases for him, I was entitled to order the goods in his name. I didn't want them myself, of course—they were for Beaumont."

"—they were for Beaumont?"

"That's correct," said the Head. "But you must have been well aware that whatever money Beaumont handed you to procure his tea would not be sufficient to cover these very extraordinary orders?"

"But Beaumont didn't give me any money, sir," said Jimmy cheerfully. "The Head's brow darkened.

"Did you intend Silver to order goods for you on credit, Beaumont?" he demanded.

"No, no, sir."

"Yet you did not give him any money to pay for the goods he was to order for you?"

"I—I—I forgot."

"You should not have forgotten, Beaumont. It appears, then, that you ordered your tea to procure you a meal of unusual proportions, and did not provide him with the money to purchase the articles required. Naturally, a thoughtless junior would conclude that you intended him to order the goods for you to pay for on delivery, or on credit. What else could he conclude?"

Beaumont nearly choked.

He did not dare to explain to the Head that he had expected his tea to provide for him out of his own pocket.

"Silver appears to have acted as you might have expected him to act, as he was bound to conclude that you desired him to order goods in your name," said the Head. "He appears to have ordered huge quantities in a reckless manner, doubtless from your having told him that you required something very special. You should not trust a careless junior in such matters, Beaumont."

"I—I didn't—I—"

"It appears that you did. You have acted with flagrant carelessness," said the Head severely. "You may go, Silver. I do not hold you to blame."

"Thank you, sir."

Jimmy Silver left the study. As he left he heard the Head's next words: "You authorised Silver to order goods in your name, Beaumont. He acted very carelessly and irresponsibly, but you are undoubtedly responsible. There can be no question about that. You are called upon to pay these accounts."

"I—I—I—"

"As you are probably not prepared to meet such sums, I will pay them myself, and the bills will be sent to your father. As you probably have no use for such a quantity of goods you may take them to the home-keeper, and an allowance will be made for such as can be used. You may go; and I trust this will be a lesson to you to be more careful and circumspect in money matters."

Beaumont of the Sixth left the study without replying. He could not reply. His feelings were too deep to be expressed in words.

Jimmy Silver had always been in the Sixth-Form bully's black book, and he was more so than ever now. But the cheery Jimmy did not mind. The whole Fourth howled over the story of how he had fagged for Beaumont, and the Sixth-Form chuckled over it when it reached their ears, and it was long before his Form-fellows allowed Beaumont to hear the end of it. Jimmy Silver was very called upon to lag for Beaumont again. He was really much more estimable than Beaumont's tag—but the bully of the Sixth preferred Jimmy.

THE END.

(Another magnificent long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "The Unwelcome Guest!" Order your copy in advance to avoid disappointment.)

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