



Major Thrasher, the retired Army Officer, happened to be walking right in the line of fire. Fortunately the ball was somewhat spent when it got to him, but—! (See "Larks on the Links!" inside.)

#### FROM YOUR EDITOR'S DESK.



By BILLY BUNTER.

DEAR READERS,—A fine, fat feast of fun and fickshun is before you again with the cream -in other words, my own Annual-in the centre of it all. Eight pages, 1 admit, do not bulk large in the make-up of the entire Annual. But, as I said before, I have crammed so much entertaining stuff into my Special Supplement that even my flercest rivalsjealous ignoramusses, who think they know more about real, live journalism than I do-relucktantly admitted, when they saw my pages in proof, that 1 had excelled myself.

MANY a time and oft-perhaps

cause of sport. Smacked in the eye by a cricket ball, with my sholder out of joint through egeess of zeel in field-

ing, I have been cheered by shouts like, "Billy, my boy, you're pluck personified!"

But there. Empty boasting was

oftener than that—I have martered myself to the noble

The scoffers are humbled. It's time, too, they admitted my superiority in this spheer, just as they do in the feeding line, 'cos some of them were in danger of scoffing their silly heads

Every year my Annual-inside-an-Annual behaves like a sort of giant snowball. The core of the snowball is my Annual; the wrapping is letters -millions of them, from every civilised and many uncivilised corners of the Earth. I have long since given up trying to reply to any of them. The spirit is willing, but the pen is weak. The letters praising my last year's Annual have not yet finished coming in. I ask you, what would you do— with last year's letters from delighted korrespondents still flooding into the Editorial Den and getting all mixed up with letters from this year's ditto ditto,

It can't be done, dear readers of both sexes. So I pick out just a very few for brief acknowledgement on this Those whose names have not been singled out for this signal recognition this year can rest content and be mollified with the knowledge that nightly I rest my pillowed head on stacks of their epistollary kommunications!

writeing impatiently in advance?

But writing always makes me hungry. I must hie me to the tuckshop, and bid you adien till another year has flone, and meantime start pegging away, with never-slackening appetite and enthusiasm, with the preparation of next year's jolly old Annual-within-an Annual!

**SPORTING** 

YOUR EDITOR.

#### Q++++++++++++++++++++++++ Answers to Enkwirers.

PATRICK MACPHADDEN (Sandwich Islands).-How the dickens do I know what happens to Marconi's blessed wireless waves when they're finished with? If you had written Marcel waves, now, my sister, Bessie Bunter, might have supplied the information.

Anyhow, why do you want to know?
"WOULD-BE AUTHOR" (Nether Wallop).—That's a funny-sounding place you live in—or is it your idea of humour? Old Quelchy knows all about nether wallops. Your query should have been addressed to him.

Phyllis Staggers (Kalamazoo) .-So you think Orstralier would be blessed with my presence? Blessed if I don't think so, too! But I am afraid England would make a fuss if I attempted to tare myself away from her shores. In fact I'm shore she would. England has need of branes, you know, and it

would be wrong to disappoint her!

"LITTLE JIM" (Klondike).—No, thank you, Little Jim. At present I prefer the known uncertainties of my postal-order-which-never-turns-up the unknown uncertainties of a horrible life of grind in the Klondike goldfields. I'm afraid nothing would turn up there either, and I am sure digging for gold makes a chap fearfully hungry. Brrr!

EPHZIBAH GLOCK (Newcastle).— Couldn't they find you a more com-fortable name than that ? Hard luck, old chap! But it's a poor mind that never rejoices—and after all, beauty is only skin deep. Try Dr. Turpin's Tablets for Twisted Teeth.



SELF!

(NOTE.—Moddesty prevents me em-blazoning my name here, in large type, like some utther fellers are so proud to do .- B. B.).

never in my line. The clan of Bunter abhors it. However, about my sporting self. As I was saying, a Bunter duzzent swank-he does things. In the feeding line, frinstance. Many a time and oft—if I might use the egspression once again—people have turned giddy and faint at the bare sight of me ploughing steadfastly through a gorging contest. On those strenuous okkasions have been born up by the thought

that the loser-who would not be B. B. -was doomed to pay for the feed; and that at the end of the gorgeous meeting fresh laurels would be wound round my brow-in a manner of speaking-by the more enthusiastic members of my audience, roused to sheer, screening frenzy by my grate egshibition.

Jealousy on the part of many rivals has prevented me taking part in hundreds of sporting contests. But I've whacked 'cm all in the tuckshop! It was jealousy on Harry Wharton's part, frinstance, that made it impressible for me to the out but It impossible for me to do ort but cast covetous eyes on the Kricket

Championship, I couldn't-absolootely couldn't—get a game with the Remove.
But old Wingate recognised my value and troo worth as a sportsman.

The First Eleven were a man short one day, when Wingate, with knees in his eyes, and bended tears-I mean to say, with tears in his eyes and on bended knees-implored and beseeched me to fill the breach, to bridge the gap, and generally come to the rescue,

I did. A trooly marvellous game it was. Things were going very badly for Greyfriars when I went in to bat. Only a paltry twenty runs had been scored, and nine wickets were down. I quickly altered all that.

I knocked the ball clean out of the field, six times running. The pavilion roof was dented and bashed a good deal. Quite a lot of tiles went west, but I couldn't help that. The Kricket Frenzy had seized me!

Old Quelchy's tile, too, got in the way—his poor old silk hat! As clean way—his poor old silk hat! As clean as a wissle the ball took it off his head. Of course, everybody was absolutely amazed at my marvellous egshibition of batting. Naturally, I made a century, won the match for Greyfriars, and by common consent was unanimously declared to be the Kricket Champion of Greyfriars.

Then, as to swimming. The sketch that heads this article is an untrutha slander. A couple of pairs of waterwings, perhaps, but never have I ploughed through the ocean waves with such a redikerlous collection of lifeboys and things strung round me as that sketch mite lead you to suppose. I have allowed the piktorial slander to appear here simply to confuse my enemies—to show them that a Bunter can soar above such paltry things, and that I leave it to the judgment of his -my-readers to decide wether or not the greatest side of Billy Bunter is his sporting self.



Brown!" said Mr. Prout, bearing down upon me in the Close, on the last half-holiday. "Have you anything on this afternoon? " Of course, sir!"

"Of course, sir!" Anything special, my boy?"

"A fancy waistcoat and a new pair of silk spats, sir!" I said.
"Do not jest with me, Brown! You

know perfectly well what I mean. Have you an important engagement?"
"No, sir."

"Then perhaps you would like to accompany me to the golf-links, and carry my clubs for me?"

arry my clubs for me?

I made a grimace.

"Aren't there any caddies on the links. sir?"

"Yes; but I cannot tolerate them!" said Mr. Prout. "They are inpudent and impertinent to a degree. If it should happen—and it does not very often happen—that I miss the hell often happen—that I miss the ball, my caddy invariably sniggers, and puts me off my game. You, Brown, would not be so rule as to titter at me. That is why I am asking you to come. I will, of course, provide you with tea at the golf-house.

Having nothing special to do that afternoon, I fell in with Mr. Prout's wishes. I hoped that the master of the Fifth would telephone for a taxi the Fifth would be proposed in a clear to come and pick us up at Greyfriars, and convey us to the golf-links. But Mr. Prout didn't believe in luxuries. "We will proceed on foot, Brown,"

he said, handing me his bag of clubs.

It was a long way to the links. When at last we arrived, I was perspiring

at last we arrived, I was perspining profusely, despite the fact that it was a bitterly cold day.

"I suggest, sir, that we have tea first, and that you go round the links afterwards," I murmured.

Mr. Prout turned to me with a snarl.

"When I stand in need of your suggestions, Brown, I will ask you for them! Meanwhile, be good enough to hold your tongue!"

My companion made his way to the first tee. He had two golf-balls in his possession. They were known as "Dimple" and "Pimple." Dimple known as had dents in its surface, and Pimple had bumps. Mr. Prout was at great pains to explain that these golf-balls

pains to explain that these golf-balls had cost him two shillings apiece.

"On no account are they to be lost, Brown," he said. "Each time I make a stroke, follow the flight of the ball with your eye. Then run after it, and stand beside it, so that I shall know just where it has fallen."

"Very good, sir!"

Mr. Prott played Pinnle upon a liftle

Mr. Prout placed Pimple upon a little

mound of earth. He then helped himself to a driver from the bag I carried, and proceeded to chastise the ball, just as he might have chastised an erring pupil. Pimple was a very obstinate ball. When it was struck it rolled stupidly for about two yards, and stopped dead.
"Perdition!" said Mr. Prout.

"If at first you don't succeed-

I began.

Mr. Prout spun round, flourishing his

club dangerously near to my head.
"Pray refrain from quoting moth-caten maxims!" he snapped. "You really are a most trying boy, Brown! Replace that ball on the mound, and I will address it again."

Prout's next shot caused an avalanche of dirt to shoot into my face, almost



"You have done me a serious injury, begad!" he thundered: "I shall have a bump the size of a pigeon's egg where your confounded ball struck me! Dash it, iir, you might have killed me!"

choking me. The Form-master had removed not only the ball, but the mound on which it had rested. "Follow its flight-quickly!" he

panted. " How can I follow the flight of the

ball when I'm blinded?" I growled.
"You should not have got in the
way!" said Prout. "I fancy I have
cleared the bunker!"

"Talking about bunkers," I said, "I feel like doing a bunk myself!"

"Be silent, boy. Go and ascertain where the ball fell!"

I then spent the best part of an hour searching for Pimple. But the wretched ball refused to show itself. It was hiding probably in some tuft of grass, or was peeping out at me from beneath: some stone

I was obliged to give up the search at length, and report to Mr. Prout that Pimple, like the lady in the song, was

lost and gone for ever.

"You should have noted the direction it took!" said Prout. "Really Brown, you are a most incompetent caddy! Your negligence has cost me the sum of two shillings. I shall now have to use Dimple."

Mr. Prout seized the sole surviving ball, placed it on a mound, and attacked it savagely. More by accident than design, he made a wonderful drive. Dimple went careering into space. Mr. Prout puffed out his chest with

"There would be a fuss about that stroke had it been made by Braid or Vardon I" he said.

"There'll be a fuss about it now sir!" I said with a chualda "The sir!" I said, with a chuckle. "It's hit Major Thrasher on the head!" "What!" Mr. Prout saw that I

spoke correctly.

Major Thrasher, the retired army officer who lived near Greyfriars happened to be walking across the course, right in the line of fire. For-tunately, the ball was somewhat spent when it got to him: but it gave him a nasty crack on the head all the same. Spluttering with fury, the major came striding towards Mr. Prout.

"You have done me a serious injury, begad!" he thundered. "I shall have a bump the size of a pigeon's egg where your confounded ball struck me! Dash it, sir, you might have killed me!"

Mr. Prout was equally wrathful.
"You spoilt my stroke!" he said.
"The ball would have travelled another dozen yards at least, had you not got in the way. You are a clumsy intruder, sir!"

"And you, sir!" thundered the najor, "are a public danger! You ought to be chained up!" Mr. Prout was

almost foaming at the mouth. "Where is my ball? What happened to it after it struck you?"

"I put it in my pocket," said the major, "and there it is going to remain!"

"But it is the only golf-ball left in

my possession-So much the better! You won't be able to do any more damage!

Mr. Prout glared flercely at the major. The major glared fiercely in

return. "Give me back my golf-ball!" spluttered Mr. Prout;

"I refuse, slr! The public must be protected!"
"Were I a younger man," said Mr.

Prout, "I should recover the ball by

The major snorted contemptuously.

"Bah! Do you suppose you would stand the slightest chance of overcoming a seasoned warrior like myself? You flatter yourself, sir!"
"Until you return my ball, I shall

be unable to proceed with my game !

said Mr. Prout.

"And a good job, too, begad!" said the major and he turned on his heel and strode away.

Mr. Prout looked as if he would follow. But he thought better of it.

'Come, Brown," he said, turning to

me, " we will go and refresh our-

I brightened up considerably at this. Mr. Prout's idea of a good tea, however, did not coincide with my own.

'I have lost golf-balls to the value of four shillings this afternoon," he said, "and I must be economical. I will merely order you a cup of tea. Brown. Are you hungry?" "Ravenous, sir!"

"Ravenous, sir!"

"Then you may have a modicum of shortbread with your tea. It will cost me an extra penny: but I promised you a tea, and I must keep my word."

I have had some disappointing teas in my time; but the tea I had that afternoon at the golf-house was the limit One cup of lukewarm tea, I thought of my cosy study at Grey-friars, and of the choice array of tuck set out on the table, I could have hurled the piece of shortbread at Mr. Prout.

"A meal like this, Brown, is far better for you than a miscellaneous assortment of indigestible and messy compounds!" said Prout. "This cup of tea will fortify you for your journey back to school!"

I emitted a deep and hollow groan. And I resolved that never again, under any circumstances, would I act as caddy to Mr. Prout. He may get hold of some guildess youth on the next half-holiday. But the name of that youth won't be Thomas Brown!

# WHEN WE ALL FLY!



By BOB CHERRY.

FROM the master's point of view, aeroplanes for all would be a calamity. You would have fellows popping over to Paris for a half-holiday and getting stranded in France with engine trouble. Or you would have them taking a nose-dive into the English Channel. The result would be a thinning in the rasks of the would be a thinning in the ranks of the Form-room!

Then, again, you would have air-hogs. Can't you just picture Coker of the Fifth flashing through the ether like greased lightning and finally colliding with his Form-master's machine?

Billy Bunter in an aeroplane would be an enormous peril to the public. he an enormous peril to the public. He would be barging and bumping into everybody in the course of his flight. Then, when he felt peckish (but, then, does Billy ever feel otherwise!), the fat junior would attempt to land on the roof of the tuckchop. What a walker there would be! wallop there would be

Alonzo Todd, the gentle duffer, would Alonzo Toda, the gentle dutier, would be a priceless idiot of a pilot. Alonzo would come down quicker than ever lie went up. The bits of his machine would strew the Close, and he would not be moved to make further experiment, in this would stream the contrary. In this contrary, the contrary that contrary the contrary the contrary the contrary that contrary the contrary the contrary that contrary the contrary that contrary the contrary that contrary the contract that contract the cont ments in flying. On the contrary, he

ments in flyling. On the contrary, he would be moved to the nearest hospital!
Godling the porter in an aeroplane would be a sight for gods and men and little fishes! But I don't think you would ever persuade Gosling to go up in "one of them noo-tangled contraptions," as he calls them. No, I don't

think you will ever find him "galli-wantin' about" in the clouds! If Lord Mauleverer flew, he would

imagine, in a moment of forgetfulness that he was on his sofa study. Mauly would take forty winks in mid-air, and goodness knows what would happen to the poor old "'bus." Quite probably he would never wake up again in this world!

Now, when I go a'flying, I—

(No, you don't swank here, Bob Cherry! I'm Editor of this little outfit, and if there's any swanking to be donc—ahem!—B. Bunter, Editor.)

### ENGLISH AS SHE IS SPOKE!

++++++++++++++++++

(By the St. Jim's know-all. No prize for guessing his identity .- B. B.)

YOUNG Scottish stalwart named Had travelled one night from aferr; But, sad to relate, All his foes lay in wait

And daubed him with feathers and

A sturdy, fat fellow named Wynn, Became most remarkably thynn. It transpired that his pater, A noted tuck-hater, Had failed to supply him with tynn!

An ill-tempered prefect named Knox Once had the most awful of shox; When marauding one night He was challenged to fight By a man six-foot-three in his sox!

A boy who was known as Joe Frayne Once treated his chums with disdayne; To the floor he did bump,

And was whacked with a stump. But he shouted: "I can't feel the payne !

There is a young fellow named Gunn, Of Grundy's two chums he is wunn; And often they tell In the ranks of the Shell Of the glorious deeds he has dunn!

## THE SCHOOLBOY HEADMASTER!



By DICK RUSSELL.

THE age of miracles is past, So other fellows tell me; But let me state the curious fate That recently befell me.

In cap and gown I strode about, A strong and sturdy giant; With frenzied joy, I birched each boy Who dared to be defiant!

The masters all had changed to fags, The prefects into boot-boys;
When I was nigh they used to cry.
"My hat! We'd better scoot, boy!"

Old Quelchy had to toe the line. And nurmired many sore words:
And as for Prout, he skipped about
Among the dashing forwards.

None dared dispute my iron will, Or come to me complaining; I caused old Locke a nasty shock By giving him a caning!

The chaps who played about in class Were flattened to a jelly ; I made them work, and never shirk: They scrawled out yards of Shelley 1

I'll tell you how I flogged old Quelch, While he was wildly screaming— Great Scott! The bell! Oh, what a scill NELL BEEN



A catastrophic, bank bursting interview with Tubby Muffin of Rookwood. by the Special Representative of Billy Bunter's Annual,

"T TI! Stop!" I was just whizzing out of the gates on my jigger when the familiar voice of Sanmy Bunter of the Second Form hailed me from the

"Go and eat coke!" I roared, in return.

But Sammy, his fat little legs going like clockwork, seemed intent on busi-

ness, so I dismounted. "What's the matter?" I enquired. " Want me to cash one of your major's

"Numno!" panted Sammy, his fat face streaming with perspiration. "I say! You're going over to Rookwood, aren't you?"

"Yes."
"You're
Muffin?" going to Tubby see

I am."

"Good! Just wait while I pinch Nugent minor's bike, and I'll come

along."
"No, you jolly well won't!" I said wrathfully. "I don't want a lumbering great porpoise like you to come over and eat the Rookwood fellows out of house and home! Keep off the grass!"
Sammy Bunter's eyes gleamed behind be included.

"Look here," he said, "there's no need to cut up rusty! Would you like to earn a quid or so?"
"Don't rot!"
"I'm deed serious!!" his spectacles.

"I'm dead serious!" said Sammy. "I'm dead serious!" said sammy.

"Listen! Let me come over with you,
and then I'll chellenge Tubby to an
eating contest. You can back me up to
beat him to a frazzle. The Rookwood
chaps, of course, will pin their faith to
This. "How does that strik you?" Tubby. How does that strike you?"

I gave a low whistle.
"What a wheeze!" I exclaimed.
"If only it can be worked!"

"It'll be worked all right, don't you fret!" said Sammy, with a smirk, "I can eat Tubby off his head!"
"That's a go then!" I exclaimed.
"But half a jiffy! Who's going to supply the grub?"

"The losing side," said Sammy. "If I beat Tubby the Rookwood fellows must stump up for the tuck, and give you a quid in addition. If Tubby beats me—which is next door to impossible—

the boot's on the other foot."
I had great faith in Sammy Bunter as a gorger, for he could eat his major to a dead heat every time, so to speak. He could stow things away in an

astounding manner: and although Tubby Muffin was nearly as bad, he wasn't quite up to Sammy's weight. So I congratulated myself that I was on to a good thing.

Besides, it was about time I made my reporting bizney profitable.

"Buck up, Sammy!" I said. "It's a long, long way to Rookwood!"

Sammy Bunter scuttled away, to return in a few moments with Dicky Nugent's bike. Dicky was playing footer against the Third, and was not likely to discover the loss till afterwards. Sufficient unto the day was the evil

Billy Bunter's a rotten cyclist, and Sammy proved to be even worse. How we managed all those miles without casualties is still a mystery to me.



Sammy I had one joy remaining: Bunter came along a few minutes later and I stopped him in the roadway and gave him the bumping of his life!

Pedestrians just managed to hop out of the way in time. Sundry fowls had narrow escapes of being crushed under wheel. And on nearing Rookwood, Sammy's machine nearly skidded into Mr. Railton, who's one of the Housemasters there.

However, we got there at last, and Tubby Muffin, who had been notified several days before of my coming, greeted us at the gates.

"Here I am." said I. "with the Greyfriars second string prize porpoi se as it were. He wants to eat his way through a feed against you!"

Tubby Mutfin's eyes sparkled. He had a ravenous look about him which suggested that he was in the throes of

horrid starvation.
"I'm game!" he said. "If I can't beat that silly scarcerow in eating, then I'm weak and ailing, or something!"

Sammy Bunter grinned all over his

"Just come along to the tuckshop,"

he said, "and I'll jolly soon show you!"
"Half a jiffy!" said Jimmy Silver, who, with his chums, had stopped to gaze at the beaming, expectant features of Sammy Bunter. "This shall be done

of Sammy Bunter. "This shall be done in order. What are the terms of the contest?"

"If my man wins, as he's bound to do," I said, "you've got to brass up for the grub consumed, and pay me a quid over and above that. It your champion cormorant wins, by some mirsculous means, then I have to pay the the grub and vive you a quid." for the grub and give you a quid.'

"Ripping!" said Raby. "Couldn't be fairer! Kim on! This way to the tuckshop! Ha, ha, ha! We'll set the pigs feeding in no time!" "Good afternoon, Sergeant!" said Jimmy Silver cheerily, as they all trooped into the tuckshop. "We've come to buy you up. Will it be all right if we settle the bill afterwards?"

Sergeant Kettle opened his eyes wide when he saw Jimmy Silver and Co. with Tubby Mutlin in tow. Tubby Mutlin was not their "meat" exactly. But Jimmy Silver was buying the grub, and the gallant Sergeant cared not who ate it. He nodded assent to Jimmy's

question. "Right! Now we'll set the ball rolling with sausage rolls. Half a dozen for each, please, Sergeant!"

Sammy and Tubby were served with the rolls, and the exhibition began. had felt serencly confident up to now that Sammy Bunter would carry off the honours. But as I watched Tubby Muffin frantically chewing away I began to have qualms. Tubby was, indeed, going great guns. He got through three rolls to Sammy's two. Supposing he were to win after all? It wouldn't bear thinking of ! I should have to pay out almost a term's pecket money !

"Buck up, Sammy!" I murmured.

Buck up, Sammy: I murmuted.
Bunter smiled complacently.
"Trust me!" he chuckled. "I'm in
great form. Wait till we get to the

pastries!

The sausage rolls were demolished, and then came the ham sandwiches. Bunter was a very valiant trencherman so far as ham sandwiches were concerned, and as he got through them at a terrific rate my hopes revived.

But Tubby Muffin showed no signs of wavering. Indeed, he seemed impatient for the next course. When the sandwiches were finished, six goodsized doughnuts were set before each

of the competitors.

"Stick it, Tubby!" roared the spectators, for the tuckshop was crowded by this time. "Go it, you glutton!"

I fully expected Tubby to show some signs of distress by this time, but he really seemed only to be starting. He champed away contentedly, and Sammy began to look a bit wild. Tubby's unaccustomed popularity did not seem to hunger was almost unbelievable!

"I—I'm beginning to be least. His

nunger was almost unbelievable!

"I—I'm beginning to feel a bit—er
—played out!" Sammy stuttered.

"Oh, rot!" I growled. "Don't
chuck up the sponge yet! You can
beat Tubby any day of the week.
Keep going, for goodness' sake—or
you'll ruin me!"

Sammy rhyangel kerts."

Sammy plunged heroically into the fourth doughnut. Tubby, who had already finished, waited impatiently until his rival was ready for the next item—pork pies; big, well-stuffed, juicy fellows. Slowly but surely these disappeared, six apiece.

Then came a dramatic pause, whilst

gorged contestants breathed the heavily.

"Try chocolate cream next!" said Lovel. "Give Sammy and Muffin six bars each!"

"Good egg!" said Jimmy Silver, and straightway ordered what was destined to be the last item on the bill

Tubby Muffin pitched into the chocolate like the horrible glutton he wasand is. A beatific smile lurked about the corners of his over-stuffed mouth. He looked, indeed, as though he were

just getting into his stride.

As for Sammy Bunter, he was whacked, hopelessly and completely. He told me that the delicious chocolate cream tasted to him like rancid tallow candles, and that he couldn't possibly negotiate six whole bars. I replied that if he didn't I'd negotiate six tremendous kicks on his fat person.

With a despairing groan Sammy got

on with it.

Tubby Muffin soon finished. Sammy managed only five bars, and all the threats and abuse in the world would not induce him to continue, Sammy was beaten-by a solitary bar of chocolate!

I was almost dazed. Was it possible that Sanmy Bunter, the second fattest and greediest cormorant in all Greyfriars, had allowed himself to be beaten in the gormandising line? And by an outsider like the bloated Muffin !

The rasping voice of Sergeant Kettle broke in rudely on my mournful

brone in reflections.
"That'll be eighteen - and - six, please!"
"And a quid for little us!" chuckled Jimmy Silver.

Like a fellow in a dream I paid o ve the money to the respective claimants. It left me with exactly twopence halfpenny.
"I-I can't understand it!" I

gasped dazedly.

"Then let me explain," said Jimmy Silver. "We put this beast Tubby on short rations a couple of days ago, for raiding our tuck. Up to the time of this contest he hadn't caten a solid meal for forty-eight hours. Consequently he was in great form this afternoon, and-

"You-you-", I choked. "Oh, you-you-you-" Words failed

"Ha, ha, ha! Poor old Greyfriars! Still, you have the consolation of knowing that the stakes you've lost are going to be spent in a good cause. I think, you fellows "—Jimmy turned to the Co.—" we might present the winnings to the Cottage Hospital fund, eh?

With feelings too deep for words I recovered my jigger and prepared to ride back to Greyfriars, forlorn and practically penniless.

But stay-I had one joy remaining. Sammy came along a few minutes later and I stopped in the roadway and gave him the bumping of his life. Dicky Nugent gave him another when Sammy got back to the school, for boning his bike. So I didn't lose one pound, eighteen-and-six entirely for nothing!

(If I had been there Tubby Muffin wouldn't have stood an earthly-not if he had been on hunger-strike for a fort-night! Xah! Serve you right for taking young Sammy !- B. BUNTER, Editor.)

# POOR QUELCHY!



#### Why life is hard for the Greyfriars master!

" Now, Bull," said Quelchy. "Who was Chaucer?

"Your question makes me quake with awe, sir!"

"Skinner! Recite the works of Spencer!"

"I can't. I've got no common-sense, air!"

unter! What do you know of Hood?" "Bunter!

"It's put on prams to make kids good!"

- "Now, tell me, Russell, what was Moore?"
  - "Please, sir, what Oliver Twist asked for!"
  - "Nugent! Recite to me from Browning!
  - "I can't, sir, while you stand there frowning!"
  - "Bolsover major! Who was Keats?" "A chap who manufactured sweets!"
  - "Newland, pray tell me, who was Scott?"
  - "Forgive me, sir, I've clean forgot!"
  - "Wun Lung! Who was the man
  - "Me velly solly-me lorgettee!"
  - "Brown! Where was the abode of Pope?"
  - "He lived at Rome. I'm right, I hope?"
  - "Stott! Tell us what you know of Shellev."
  - "He lived on apple-tart and jelly!"
  - "Todd, pay attention! Who was "I'm sorry, sir-I couldn't say ! "

# A GREYFRIARS "CASE."

BRUTAL - LOOKING youth named George Tubb was summoned for wilfully and with malice aforethought, thrusting a penholder through a herring and afterwards cooking it.

The prosecutor, Mr. P. Todd (for the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Fish), told the magistrate that this was a glaring act of fright-fulness. He suggested that prisoner

should be flayed alive.

Magistrate: More mess! (Laughter.)

Mr. M. Linley, counsel for the defence, submitted that the herring was already deceased at the time of the alleged ill-treatment.

Magistrate: That is neither here nor there. Would my learned friend care to have a pitchfork thrust through his body after his demise?

Mr. Linley: No, your worship. I didn't look at it in that light. Come to think of it, I fully agree with the prosecutor.

Prisoner was sentenced to ninetynine strokes with the map-pole, and the magistrate said he would after-wards be sent to a reformatory. One of the barristers suggested that the sanatorium would be a more suitable place, under the circumstances !



"They who in kwarrels interpose Must often nurse a swollen nose!" -Frank Feernought's motto.

S LOWLY the trane rolled into the station. Slowly the door of a first-class smoker was pushed open.

Slowly a youth in eatens dessended from the trane. Slowly he threw his eyes round the platform—but noboddy was struck. Swiftly he hailed a passing porter.

Porter ! " " Yessir ? "

" Send my trunk and portmanter up

to St. Ted's, will you? Slipping a couple of &d's into the porter's horny palm, the youth in catens terned on his heal. The station hack was waiting outside, and the very aneshunt hoarse was berrying its head in a nosebag. Our hero jumped into the hack in such a nimbel manner that it was easy to see he was a grate ather-

lete. "St. Ted's, please!" he s poking his head threw the winder.

The driver wipped up his hoarse, and the hack rolled away with its yewman burden. Frank Feernought-for that was our hero's name-looked rather grim as he was shaken up and

down as if he was in a dice-box.

"I've heard sum kweer tails about St. Ted's!" he mermered. "The felloes their are very ruff on new boys. Thank goodness I no how to hold my own in fistick kombatt! They'll find me a tuff fiting-man, and I shall stand no nonsense. I feer no foe in shining armer!

In the midst of thes medditations, Frank Feernought, with his brane in a fogg, found himself in the kwadrangle

of St. Ted's. When he stepped out of the hack, their was a sudden rush of feat, and he found himself surrounded by a serg-ing jossling klammerous krowd. Their was a fello their who was taller than our hero by several feat. He was a terribul fello, with pertruding jors and a face like a chunk of Margate rock. This was Savage of the 4th-Savage by

name and Savage by naycher.

"Hi, you new kid!" he said roodly.

"What's yore name?"

"Frank Feernought!"
"How's yore father?"

"He's kwite all rite, eggsept for a tuch of the roomaticks," said Frank.

with crushing sarkazzum. " And who are you?

My name's Savage-" "You look it!"

"Hear, nun of yore check!" cried the boolly of the 4th. "Their was once a fello who insulted me. They berried him in the Head's garden." "With fool military capers?"

With fool militery cnners?



His blows rained like summer haid upon the faces and boddies of his opponents. One after anuther they went crashing to the ground, wear they lay like loggs, with all the stuffing nocked out of them.

" No, but they berried him. And if you don't want to share the same fate you'd better hold yore piece!" Ratts!

"If you say 'Ratts!' to me, young Feernought-

" More ratts!" This was more than Savage could stand. He became as savage as a savage savage.

"Take that !" he cride, rushing at our hero.

Frank Feernought stept swiftly to one sighed. He was not to be caught napping. The boolly's fist sang harmlessly past his ear. Then Frank terned, and put every oz. of strength into a nock-out blow.

Crash! Savage fell like a logg. The 98

other felloes erged him to rise, but he lay proan. "I'm dun!" he groaned, betwene

his klenched fists.

Frank Feernought flicked a speck of dust from his jackett.

"Take him away to the sanny." he said. "His kattergery is now C3. I may be rong, but I fancy he will be bedeighed for life!"

I may be rong, but I many he will be bedridden for life!"

"Shame!" cried a skore of voices.
Frank faced the krowd with heeving cyes and flashing chest.

"If I here anuther word," he cried horsely, "I shall lay out the hole lot of you!"

"Shame!" repeated the voices.
That was two rough for Frank Foor-

That was two much for Frank Feer-He dubbled his fists, and nought. rushed into the throng, hitting out lett and rite. Biff! Thud! Biff! Thud! Fellows fell like 9 pines in all direckshuns. You nevver sea such a kommotion.

Frank Feernought did deadly dam-midge. Not for nuthing had he learnt innings. Not for nutning had he learnt the nobel art of self-defience. Not for nothing had he put in six yeers of sollid training in the Jun.

His blows rained like summer hale upon the faces and boddies of his

opponents. One after anuther they went crashing to the ground, wear they lay like loggs, with all the stuffing nocked out of them.

The gate porter came running to the

spott. "Stopp that!" he cried. "Stopp it,

you yung hooligan! Do you here?"
For answer, Frank Feernought
spun round, and gave the gate porter a blow in the chest, which maid him

koff.
"Take that, you interfering old buffer!" he cried. And then he looked round for fresh worlds to konker.

Biggun of the 6th was the neckst person to arrive on the seen. He bore down upon Frank with a feerce glint in his eyes, and a wart on his nose.

"You mad yung fool!" he showted.

"You mad yung 1001!" he showted.
"Have you suddenly taken leeve of
yore sences? You karn't come hear
and start laying out feiloes holesale,
like this. It isn't dun!"
"Go and eat koke!" said Frank

skornfully.

"Don't you tork to me like that! Don't you no who I am? I'm Biggun, the skipper of St. Ted's!"

"I don't want to here anything about you and yore peddygree!" said Frank. "And if you lay so much as a little finger on me you'll rew it for the rest of yore life!" the rest of yore life !

Now this sounded abserd, bekawse Biggun was a big 'un in evry sence of the term. In statcher he stood about the term. In statcher he stood about sevven feat as the crow flies. Frank Feernought only came up to the senior's weskitt button. But we have alreddy seen what our hero could do when he was roused. He was roused every morning at seven o'klock; and now he was roused in the afternoon,

for a change.

"You cheeky yung bratt!" cride
Biggun, in toans of high dungeon.
"I—I'll jolly well——" But he got no ferther.

dashed his Feernought Frank klenched fist fool into the senior's ugly mugg.

in aggerny.

What is all this about?" cride a sharp voice. And Mr. Swishingham, the master of the 4th, came striding on the seen, his gown flapping in the

brees.

The kwadrangle prezzented a strange and garstly site. Yewman forms were stron about everywhere. And in the midst of the debris—pronounced "day-bres"—stood hansom Frank Feernought. Although very hot from his eggsertions, Frank faced the master coolly.

"I should advise you to run away and pick flours!" he said. "You re-

member the old rime :

'Those who in kwarrels interpose Must often nurse a swollen nose!'"

"Boy!" roared Mr. Swishingham. " Depraved yung hooligan! I can only

konklood that you are demented."
"So you think I'm a candid date
for Colney Hatch, do you?" showted
Frank. "I don't no who you are, and

I don't care: I've had enuff of yore insultations. Stopp that one!"

So saying, our hero lornched his left, strate from the shoulder, and Mr. Swishingham went down for the kount. Of corse, it was a very serious thing to strike a master. It's one of the things that isn't dun in skools. You can strike a good idear; you can strike lucky: but you must nevver strike a master.

Mr. Swishingham staggerd to his feat, and taking a wissle from his pockitt, he blew it (the wissle, not the pockitt). Instantly their was a rush of feat, and a krowd of felloes came

running on the seen.

"I have been struck!" cried Mr. Swishingham. "I am simply thunder-struck! Take this boy away to the headmaster's studdy! He shall not remane anuther hour at St. Ted's! He shall be publickly dispelled!"

Frank Feernought fought like a wildert six the knowld closed in upon him.

cat as the krowd closed in upon him, But he had no chanse against a hundred and thirty-nine fellowes, menny of whom were armed to the teeth with

kricket stumps.

They bore Frank away to the Head's studdy, wear Mr. Swishingham was already opening the case for the prossecution.

"Feernought!" said the Head:
"Within a few minnits of yore arrival at this sect of learning, you have kommited assault and battery on twenty-five boys, the kaptin of the skool, and a Form-master! Why. I beleeve you would attack even me if you had \( \frac{1}{2} \) a chanse!"
"Not \( \frac{1}{2} !'' \) said Frank.
"Retched boy!" said the Head,

in toans of thunder, wile the lightning flashed from his eyes. "You are dispelled from the skool in deep disgrace! Go-and nevver darken these doors

Frank Feernought crawled away. Was he about to look his last on the old skool, wear he had spent so menny happy minnits? No jolly feer!

As soon as he got out into the

kwadrangle he discovered that the skool was on fire, and he swarmed up a ladder and reskewed the Head's dorter from a watery grave.

For this act of gallentry he was aloud to stopp at the skool.

I will now deskribe his ferther pro-gress—how he rappidly climed the ladder-

(No you won't, Dicky-me-lad; You take a short run. We've had quite enuff of you!—B. BUNTER, Editor.)

#### UP - TO - DATE ۶<del>-----</del>

SING a song of sixpence, a pocket full of rye, Bunter's postal-order is coming

by and by. When the letter's opened, the chaps

will start to sing:

"Bunter's cash has come at last--what a curious thing!"

I dreamt that I dwelt in marble halls, And I dined on a fragrant kipper. . I awoke to the sound of Bob Cherry's bawls

And the lusty whack of his slipper!

The boy stood on the burning deck When Sawbuttee had fled. (This is how Rake recited it,

And Bulstrode punched his head!)

Little Sammy Bunter sat in a shunter Eating a railway lunch, When Billy espied him, and sat down

beside him-And soon there was nothing to munch!

"Mother, may I go out to swim?"
"Yes, my little grub,

For many a year has passed, I fear, Since you had a morning tub!" 260

Old King Cole was a merry old soul, And a merry old soul was he. But he wasn't so merry as old Bob Cherry,

Who's always bursting with glee! ojs.

'Tis the voice of the sluggard, He says, with a frown,
This early 'getting up'
Will soon 'get me down'!"

Little Jack Horner sat in a corner, Eating a priceless pie.

The pie was "priceless," for, you see
He'd stolen it—that's why!

Ride a cock horse to Banbury Cross, But don't put Bunter on your hoss. For Billy's weight is half a ton, And your poor old steed will be undone! Of all the girls that are so sweet, There's none like Bessie Bunter, Who grimly sets herself to eat Whatever may confront her!

Hey diddle diddle, the cat and the fiddle,

The cow jumped over the moon. The Greyfriars porpoise jumped over a fence,

And collapsed like a pricked balloon;

Jack Spratt could eat no fat. Bunter said, "All serene. You can digest my Sunday hat, I'll scoff your fat, old bean!

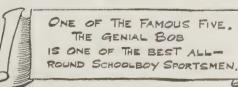
Higgledy-piggledy, my black hen, She lays eggs for gentlemen. Her eggs are much preferred at home, To Macaulay's "Lays of Ancient Rome."

Coker had a motor-bike, His very own, you know; And everywhere that Coker went That bike refused to go!

Georgie Porgie, pudden and pie, Kissed the girls and made them cry: Georgie Bulstrode can't do this-He can find no girls to kiss!







# WHEN SCHOOLDAYS END!



What shall I be? Day-dreams of what the Future may hold!