



Billy Bunter's Postal Order!

SOME AMUSING EXTRACTS
FROM THE FAT JUNIOR'S
DIARY

Monday

I WAS in the middle of a delightful dream when rising-bell rang. I dreamt that one of my titled relations—Baron Bellamy de Broke Bunter—sent me a postal order for twenty shillings. With a beaming face I rolled into the tuckshop, and gave orders right and left to Dame Mimble.

I had sampled about a duzzen jam-tarts, and was in the act of rolling a strawberry ice on my tongue, when the rising-bell roodly shattered my dream, and I awoke feeling awfully peckish. However, I regarded my dream as a happy omen that a postal order would arrive for me this morning; and I jumped out of bed, scrambled into my togs, and rushed down to meet the postman. My heart beat high with hope, and when the postman rummaged in his bag and handed me a letter, I made sure my dream had come true.

But alas! the letter was merely a little bill from the Elysian Café in Courtfield, where I had dined a few days ago, and then

discovered that I had left all my money behind at Greyfriars! The proprietor of the Café had added a note to the bill, as follows: "Please settle at your earliest inconvenience." Sarkastic beast!

Tuesday

HOPE springs internally in the human breast, as the poet says; and I hoped to find myself in luck's way this morning. Things are getting rather unplezzant for me in the Greyfriars Remove, as I have borrowed trifling sums of money here and there, and my credditors are pressing me for repayment. I can clearly see that I shall have no chance to settle down until I settle up!



"My credditors are pressing me for repayment!"

So it was with an anxious mind, as well as a hopeful one, that I rolled down to the gates to meet the postman. "Any letters, Blogg?" I asked eagerly. "Yes, Master Bunter." There was one letter, and I pounced upon it greedily. But there was no crest on the en-

velopo, so I knew it could not be from a titled relation. However, sometimes my untitled relations turn up trumps with a remittance, so I did not despair—until I saw the letter! It was a circular from the Society for the Care and Culture of Cannibals, begging for subscriptions.

"The small sum of five shillings," the circular ran, "will keep a cannibal in socks and mittens for the whole of the winter." I crumpled the letter savagely in my hand, reflecting that the small sum of five shillings would keep a starving school-boy in tuck for the whole of the morning!

Wednesday

ANOTHER disappointing this morning. It seems to be raining disappointments just lately! Had a letter from my Uncle Claude, and foolishly expected that my long-delayed postal order had turned up at last. Uncle Claude is as rich as Crocus—or whatever the fellow's name was—and he could afford to send me a postal order every day of his life. Eagerly I opened his letter, only to find that it contained a lecture on thrift, and a printed pamphlet entitled, "HOW TO SAVE MONEY." How on earth can a fellow save money, I should like to know, when his wealthy uncles won't send him any to save?

Saturday

THURSDAY and Friday were blank days. No letters of any sort, from any source. My creditors have become so threatening that I have had to lock myself in my study for hours together, to avoid their attentions! I have been hunted and hounded all over the school, and it hasn't been a happy eggspereience, I can tell you!

This morning, however, the postman handed me a letter, and I saw by the handwriting that it was from my Aunt Prudence. Imagine my joy when, on opening the letter, a postal order fluttered to the ground! At last—at long, long last—my postal order had arrived! My creditors swarmed round me like flies round a honey-pot.

"Bunter's postal order has come!" they shouted. "Square up, Billy!"

But I didn't see the fun of squandering my postal order in paying off a few trumpery debts. I snatched it up, and took to my heels. Straight for the tuckshop I

fled, with my creditors hot on my heels like a pack of wolves. Breathlessly I pushed the postal order across the counter to Dame Mimble.

"Give me five bobs' worth of tuck, ma'am—quickly!" I gasped. "Then these rotters won't be able to claim my postal order!"

Dame Mimble picked up the postal order, and gave a sniff.

"I should not dream of supplying goods to the value of five shillings, Master

Bunter," she said sourly, "when this postal order is merely for sixpence!"

"Sixpence!" I groaned, aghast.

"Yes—and I cannot change it here," said Dame Mimble. "It is made payable to you at Courtfield post office."

I nearly collapsed. The prospect of having to tramp all the way to Courtfield, just to cash a postal order for sixpence, was anything but cheering.

I felt very dissatisfied, and my creditors were dissatisfied, and Dame Mimble was dissatisfied; in fact, there was dissatisfaction all round, as a result of the long-delayed arrival of my postal order!



"Straight for the tuckshop I fled, creditors hot on my heels like a pack of wolves!"

Bunter Goes Skating!



"BRING me my skates!" the porpoise cries.

"The lake is frozen over;
The ice, they state, will bear my weight,
So I shall be in clover!"

Then off we go a cheery crowd
(We can't keep Bunter waiting);
What Greyfriars boy does not enjoy
The thrills and spills of skating?

The charming girls of Cliff House school
Are keen to join our party;
Wharton and Toddy, and everybody,
Give them a greeting hearty.

We halt beside the frozen lake,
Our skates we gaily buckle;
"Bunter the Great will demonstrate!"
Cries Cherry, with a chuckle.

"He always was a slippery chap!"
Exclaims the grinning Wharton;
"This sheet of ice, so grand and nice,
Billy will now disport on!"

Then Bunter makes a sudden dash,
And skates with vim and vigour;
No "Figure Eight" will he create—
He'll cut a comic figure!

Like the plump hero, long ago,
Of Dickens' "Pickwick Papers,"
He rolls and reels, he grunts and squeals,
And cuts some curious capers!

Then comes a most terrific crash!
A painful, sharp concussion;
And Bunter lies beneath the skies—
He's glaring like a Prussian!

Such dire disasters always come
When Bunter's demonstrating;
And, bruised and sore, he'll never more
Prate of the joys of skating!



THE GREYFRIARS FANCY-DRESS BALL!

WHEN GREYFRIARS HOLDS ITS
NEXT FANCY-DRESS BALL —



HARRY WHARTON WOULD
LOOK WELL AS A KNIGHT
IN ARMOUR —



WIBLEY COULD
BE "SHYLOCK"



BOB CHERRY MIGHT
GO AS A CAVE-MAN
AND —



BOLSOVER IS ABSOLUTELY
CUT OUT FOR AN EXECUTIONER
WHILE —



HURREE SINGH WOULD
NEED NO MAKE-UP!

C. H. CHAPMAN



BILLY BUNTER COULD THINK
OF NOTHING BETTER THAN TO GO
AS A JAM TART!