

# UNIQUE CHARLIE CHAPLIN ISSUE!

## The BOYS' FRIEND I.

(WITH WHICH IS AMALGAMATED "THE DREADNOUGHT.")

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ONE PENNY.

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### STUPENDOUS NEW FEATURE!

(By Special Arrangement with the Essanay Film Company, London.)

## OUR MAGNIFICENT CHARLIE CHAPLIN FILM-PHOTO STORY.

### No. 1: CHARLIE THE TRAMP.



1.—Charlie Chaplin, the marvellous mirth-merchant of the "movies" was absolutely down on his luck, and was padding the hoof in search of much better fortune, when he came across Corlie Hayseed, who was about to be robbed by a very rough gentleman of the road. "To the rescue!" Charlie boldly roared, and springing at least six feet into the air, he landed fairly and squarely on the hefty gentleman's chest protector.



2.—Having thus taken the wind out of the hefty gentleman's sails, Charlie turned to the fair damsel. "Good morrow, fair maiden!" he quothed. "My he—ro!" gushed the maiden, and at her invitation Charlie toddled along beside her, as she wended her way homewards. "Hi! This young man looks as though a job of work would do him no harm," muttered the damsel's father, after a formal introduction. "I'll get him busy!"



3.—And shortly afterwards Charlie was hustling about the farmyard, looking much busier than he really was. "I don't know what this curious feeling under my waistcoat is," he giggled, "but I believe it's love. Yes I'm in love! I know I am!" And as love is blind he didn't notice the three tramp gentlemen when he pushed his barrow into them. "That's 'im," roared our friend of the first picture. "He rescued the girl, so now we'll have his life!"



4.—But they agreed to spare him on condition that he assisted them to burgle Farmer Hayseed's House. "Very well. On this occasion I will, but don't ask me twice," said Charlie. "Mind you come up the ladder I'll leave against the window tonight—then I'll be ready to receive you!" And he added to himself as he flapped back to the farmhouse: "Ho yes, I certainly will be ready to receive you!" And ready he was, too—with a large sized mallet!

THE FINISH OF THIS PICTURE STORY WILL BE FOUND ON PAGE 278 OF THIS ISSUE!



# ONE AGAINST THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

remarked Lovell. "Then he must have got into the House and come here for his things. But you've been before Bootles came down."

"He can't be scared now," said Oswald. "But he's gone away."

"I suppose that's the surprise he was talking about," said Jimmy Silver. "Well, he's gone, and that settles it."

The excited juniors crowded downstairs again. "Bulkeley was in the hall, and Jimmy Silver started to ask the great man of the Sixth a question."

"Who's Guntar, you fool!" said "Nobby" Knives. "Nobby knows what he's become of him," said Bulkeley shortly. "He wasn't in the punishment-room when Mr. Bootles came down. This wonder is he didn't break his neck getting out of the window."

The Classical Four sauntered out into the quad. There they found a crowd of juniors from the Modern side, all curious to know what had happened. Tommy Dodd & Co. of the Modern side were almost as much interested in Guntar as the Classics among whom he had dwelt during his short stay in the punishment-room.

"So he's gone," said Tommy Dodd. "Good riddance! I should say—the blessed young burglar."

"Bulkeley!" said Jimmy Silver. "I suppose it was Guntar—the tuckshop's man bargled!"

"Great Scott!"

There was a crash for the tuckshop. Sergeant Kettle kept that little establishment on the ground floor of the ancient, dilapidated clock-tower of Rockwood. The new clock-tower, a massive brick structure on the Modern side of the school, had a large diamond-paned window was broken. Sergeant Kettle was in the shop, looking very flustered and angry.

"Been bargled, sergeant?" asked Jimmy Silver.

The sergeant snorted.

"What? I'd like to meet 'old of the rascal!" he said. "Ah! my stock taken away—good art of it, by gum! A whole lot of nice little things, and my counters on 'em—jut—jut a good lot."

"Was it Guntar?" yelled Smythe of the Sixth.

"Which I s'pose it was, as he's run away," said the sergeant. "But how do you know run away with that 'em, and then they loses me. Not a mention cokes and tarts and ginger-bread, by gum!"

"On this hints the band?" exclaimed Jimmy Silver as they left the school shop. "If he's run away, what did he wear the sergeant's staff for? How the diabolical could he carry it off?"

"Must have been done for a lark," said Raby.

"What's that?"

"He stopped suddenly, and stared up at the clock tower of the Modern clock-tower on the Modern side. The low railing that surrounded the little platform at the top of the tower a flag fluttered. Two or three red and white stumps bound together formed a pole, which was bound to the railings, and that a flag fluttered in the breeze. It was not a large flag, being evidently manufactured of a couple of handkerchiefs pinned together. But the colour of it was startling. It was black—black as ink. In fact, it was unrecognizably in black that the crowd gathered in front stopped to prodigate that colour."

"The black flag!" muttered Lovell.

"Guntar!" yelled the sergeant.

A hero appeared on the top of the tower above the fluttering flag.

"It was the figure of Guntar, the head of the Modern side of Rockwood. He was not gone!"

### The 3rd Chapter. Holding the Fort.

"Guntar!"

The amazed exclamations of the Fifteen Four drew glances from the Modern side of the clock-tower.

"Guntar!"

"The Head's giddy nephew!"

"He's not gone!"

There was a roar of excitement in the quadrangle. Followed rushed from all sides towards the clock-tower.

Guntar, cool and reckless as ever, grimed down at them.

"Guntar," shouted Jimmy Silver, "what are you doing up there?"

"I guess I've been having brecker."

"Brekker!" yelled the juniors. "Sure!"

"Brekker on the clock-tower!" gasped Tommy Dodd. "But what are you doing there? What's the little game?"

"Holding the fort."

"What's that?"

"I guess you'll find the door locked down there—and sore!" chuckled Guntar. "I reckon I was kinder busy last night while you gals was snoozing. And I reckon they won't get out of yer in a hurry—just a bit."

"Oh, my hat!"

"You can wade in, and try if you hat," said Guntar. "I've got my lasso here, and if you get in reach of it, I'll ply you. I've got tins of sardines, and tins of pineapple, and tins of salmon, and tins of goodness knows what, and I can spare a few for your nappers if necessary."

"By gad!"

"You can go and tell Bootles I'm holding the fort," grinned Guntar. "I've hoisted the 'Jolly Roger'!"

"The—the what?"

"The black flag, you gals! I guess I'm going to have a high old time."

"Oh, crumbs!"

"He's mad!" gasped Tommand.

"He must be potty. The Head will simply skin him for this before he's stoked!"

"The Head's got to get hold of me first," grinned Guntar. "I guess I'm sticking it. Will you take him a message from me?"

"What's the message?" asked Jimmy Silver.

"Tell him he's an old mugwump, and that he can go and eat coke, with kind regards from his loving nephew."

"Yes, I'm likely to take him that message, I don't think!" said Jimmy Silver. "You had better chuck this, Guntar! It will only make things worse for you."

"I guess not!"

"Look here, you're not on our side," exclaimed Tommy Dodd indignantly. "We don't allow diabolical rotters on our side. If you don't clear

off that tower, Guntar, we'll come and fetch you!"

"Come on then!" chuckled Guntar. "Tommy Dodd and Tommy Cook and Tommy Doyle rushed to the door of the tower. But it was fast. The massive oak door had been screwed as well as locked and bolted. The three Tommies kicked at it, but they could do nothing else."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Guntar. "Are you coming in, you gals?"

"Here comes Knowles!"

Knowles of the Sixth, the head prefect of the Modern side, strode upon the scene. He stared up angrily at Guntar and blurted out:

"What are you doing up there, Guntar?" he shouted.

"Looking down at a silly idiot!"

"Guntar" shrieked.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha!"

"Stop your silly cackling, you young rascals!" exclaimed Knowles, and Guntar, come down at once."

"Rats!"

"You young scoundrel— Oh my hat! Knowles!"

Guntar had reached behind him, and a tin of sardines dropped from his hand fairly upon Knowles's head. It was fortunate for the Modern prefect that he was wearing a straw hat, for the tin hit his hair and squares. In spite of this, it was a hard knock.

"Yerosh!" "Oh-oh!" swore Knowles, backing away with remarkable audaciousness. "You—you dangerous young scoundrel!"

"Here's another!" yelled Guntar. "Whiz!"

Knowles jumped out of the way, and the whizzing tin passed him, and caught Jimmy Silver on the side of the head. Jimmy gave a roar.

"Get back!" said Lovell hastily.

"The beast's dangerous. He might brain a chap with one of those tins!"

The juniors crowded back, angry now. Sardines had fallen from a height were deadly dangerous, and that specimen of Guntar's utter and raffish recklessness did not please them.

"Oh, my napper!" murmured Jimmy Silver.

He rubbed his head tenderly. A big bump was already forming there.

"The ruffianly beast!" said Raby. "He ought to be strangled! Hallo, Knowles has had enough!"



Sardine tins from above crashed on the Classical Four. Jimmy was half stunned by one on his face, whilst Lovell reared when he caught him by the neck. But still they tried to rescue the master from being drawn up by the rope.

equally evidently he was completely reckless as to consequences.

"Time had been when a harlequin out at Rockwood—when Jimmy Silver & Co. had barred themselves in the lock-step and held the fort against the Moderns. But had happened during the absence of the Head, and because the Classical heroes were stranded over by a Modern master. That, as Lovell remarked now, was being a different matter altogether—very different from a young black-guard, who had been expelled for rascally conduct, fortifying himself in the clock-tower, and defying the Head of the school."

Mr. Bootles came out of the School House with Knowles, looking like a man in a dream. The surprising happenings of that morning had completely thrown Mr. Bootles off his balance.

The Fourth-Form master swept towards the clock-tower, and stopped, and binked up at Guntar. The crowd watched him breathlessly.

"Hallo, Guntar!" said Mr. Bootles.

"Hallo, cock!"

"I—I thought you had had, in fact, departed," said Mr. Bootles. "I'm glad that you have not been guilty of the disrespect of running away, Guntar. Kindly come down to once, and follow me into the House."

"Cut it out."

"What-what?"

"Here's one for you!"

"Whiz!"

Jimmy Silver sprang forward and caught his Pop-master by the arm, and dragged him aside just in time. A sardine-tin crashed on the ground at Mr. Bootles's feet. The master stared at it dazedly.

"What—what—?" he stammered.

"Come back, sir!" shouted Jimmy.

"Silver—what—what—?"

Guntar was taking aim again with another tin. Jimmy Silver forcibly dragged the astounded and confused Pop-master back, and the tin crashed down with a foot of him.

"G—g—good heavens!" gasped Mr. Bootles. "This—the reckless young ruffian! He—he—he might have caused me serious injury! Bless my soul! Thank you, Silver, I—I-I must go and report this to the Head. Bless my soul! What a rare dreadful young ruffian!"

Mr. Bootles, in a state almost of collapse, hurried into the house. There was a yell of derisive laughter from Guntar.

"Who's the next? You coming next, Jimmy Silver?"

Jimmy Silver did not accept the invitation. He would have been very glad to get within hitting distance of the clock-tower.



distance of Guntar; but at long range Guntar had the advantage, and the Rockwood juniors carefully kept out of range.

### The 4th Chapter. Guntar's Defiance.

"Silence and awe fell upon the Rockwood crowd as the majestic figure of the Head swept upon the scene."

"Dr. Chisholm's face, always severe, was like iron now."

Some of the fellows know that he had been kind enough to his strange nephew when the latter arrived at Rockwood from the far-off plains of Texas.

He had been patient with him, and had pardoned his man. It could not be said that the doctor had shown the side of severity in expelling his sister's son, for any other fellow who had done half as much as Guntar had done would have been expelled. "Chopper" came down much earlier. Without the rancorous favoritism, the Head could not overlook the conduct of his nephew. If it had been a favor to him, he had conceded the fact under a cold and contained exterior.

Certainly there was no mercy or kindness in Dr. Chisholm's face now. The time for pardon was past.

Under the stern searching look of the headmaster, even the young rascal on the summit of the clock-tower showed some sign of being abashed.

But he did not retreat from view. He stood leaning on the railing behind the fluttering black flag, and gazed at the Head of the school.

Dr. Chisholm raised his hand. "Guntar!"

"Yes, sir!"

"Hallo!" Jimmy said. "Come down immediately!"

Guntar grimaced.

"I guess I'm sticking here."

"It is past the time arranged for you to leave Rockwood."

"Correct."

"You have to be prepared to take you to the station."

"Good old Bootles!"

"You will leave this school, which you have deserted at once. Nothing of mine can I say. I should be glad to see you again."

Dr. Chisholm's face was as stern as wood if I allowed you to stay here. Your parents have been commending you, and you will be placed in charge of a trustworthy parent to be taken back to your home. I do not desire to inflict further punishment upon you before you go. I command you, Guntar, to come down at once, and cease this absurd and insistent conduct."

Dr. Head's voice was deep and commanding.

The crowd watched Guntar. Would he obey, or would he defy the headmaster's command? The Head of Rockwood, at whose frown the juniors were accustomed to tremble?

There was an awful pause. But the Head had to break it, for Guntar did not speak.

"Boy, do you hear me?"

"Yes, sir."

"Will you obey me?"

"None."

The Head's lips came tightly together. It was a distinct defiance. The crowd looked on in silence and awe.

"Guntar, you have heard my commands. If you do not obey, I shall have you fetched down by force. In that case, I shall for you before you leave."

"Get on with the fetching, me!"

All Guntar's cheek had come back; he had been abashed only for a moment. "I guess I'm planted here."

Dr. Chisholm flushed.

"Guntar, what is your object in this absurd conduct? You are aware, surely, that you must leave the school."

"I guess I'm fed up with Rockwood, anyway, uncle dear. I reckon the game is up, too, expelled or not. I guess you don't know it yet. And I reckon I'm going to have a regular jam-boree before I get the boot. I'm going to paint the school red, you see. I've got a truck of paint, and I want—and I'm holding out. I'm going to give Rockwood something to remember—just a few. Get on with the fetching, me!"

Dr. Chisholm turned away. Then Guntar's impudence reached the climax. A chunk of coke whistled through the air, and struck the Head's mortar-board, and knocked it from his august head.

Dr. Chisholm was rooted to the spot for a moment.

He gazed almost dazedly at the fallen mortar-board.

If you want the BEST, buy Your Editor's papers. They contain the BEST reading matter for boys that can be obtained.





# ONE AGAINST THE SCHOOL!

(Continued from the previous page.)

about the fellow. You remember how alarmed he was when he got a letter from America the other day. He said something about the guns being hung up, and then he seemed to ask for the sack—he got quite red-hot. I don't know how he had to go, anyway. It looks to me as if there's something shady about his coming here."

Lovell opened his eyes wide. "You mean he's an impostor?" he ejaculated. "I don't think I say so; but it looks jolly like it, from the things he's said drop, and the way he's acted," said Jimmy. "I know it seems a bit thick, but such things have happened. After he'd had that Xanox letter, he said that the game was up, and a fellow he'd made an arrangement with had gone back on him, and was coming here. Then he shut up like an oyster—he'd said too much. What does that look like?"

"My hat!" said Lovell, with a deep breath. "I know it sounds rather thick," said Jimmy, "but it's a bit thick to think that that ruffianly brute is Dr. Chastain's nephew. But that's not the question before the giddy meeting, anyway. The binner is to rank him out of the clock-tower by his short hair."

"And how?"

"We can't get near him," said Raby, "we don't want to be branded."

"He won't be able to aim so jolly well after dark," said Jimmy.

"After dark?"

"Exactly. A giddy night attack," said Jimmy Silver. "Us four—and we'll take the Head by surprise. The ladder's still here, and I've got an axe. They can't expect to handle him. I'll study would, you know."

"Ahem."

"Leave it to me, and pass the muffins," said Jimmy Silver. "If we don't catch that cat this evening, you can call me a Moccra."

After which there was evidently nothing to be said.

### The 7th Chapter. The End Study Does It.

A red spot gleamed from the top of the clock-tower, through the shadows of the old quadrangle of Rookwood.

It was the glowing end of a cigar.

Four juniors who slipped quietly out of the School House and approached the clock-tower in the deep dusk, noted that red glimmer, and grinned.

"He's there!" muttered Lovell.

"On the watch!" agreed Jimmy Silver. "But he isn't a blessed cat—he can't see in the dark, Silents, my infants!"

The Fiscal Four almost tilted towards the tower. In the common-rooms and the studies, there was a buzz of excited talk—the sensation was still at its height. The Classified Four had slipped out quietly on their own. They were going to proceed to all Rookwood that Jimmy Silver & Co. were equal to the emergency—unless Gunter proved too much for them.

Silently as ghosts, the four juniors arrived under the thick shadow of a clock-tower. Nine strokes boomed on above their heads.

The ladder was still there, leaning against the brick wall. Two pairs of hands grasped it, and drew it quietly away.

With the ladder in their grasp, Jimmy Silver & Co. trod cautiously along to the window.

"Then, all together!" whispered Jimmy Silver. "One o'clock—your o'clock ought to be it, and when it's once open, a dozen Gunters could get in."

"What—ho!"

That was Jimmy Silver's idea to use the heavy ladder as a battering-ram, and launch in the shutter with a terrific charge at it. Bulkeley's blows with the hammer had already damaged the shutter, though it was not broken. But the heavy ladder propelled by four strong young pairs

of arms, would tell a different tale. And, until the crash made Gunter aware of their presence, they would not be under fire.

They retreated a little distance, and then, at the word from Jimmy Silver, rushed forward.

Crash!

The head of the ladder smote the window-shutter with a thundering concussion. There was a loud splintering. The charge had succeeded better than the juniors had expected. For the end of the ladder not only shattered the shutter and burst it open, but it shot through the new open window, and the four juniors tumbled forward as the resistance gave way.

There was a roar from Lovell as his head came in violent contact with Newcomb's.

The ladder had a slip from their grasp, but Jimmy seized it again instantly, and set it straight at the window.

"Follow your leader!" he shouted.

There was a yell above, and a whizzing of missiles. Heavy stones crashed on the ground around them.

Gunter was on the defensive at once.

Crash, crash! A wind fell from Newcomb, a howl of pain from Lovell, and a cry of "Get out!" from Jimmy Silver as he and his shoulders through the window.

He pitched recklessly in, and Lovell was after him in a flash.

They picked themselves up on the dark stairs, and rushed upward.

Crash, crash on the narrow spiral stair. Gunters had realised what had happened, and that four were within the tower, and he was hurling his missiles down the stairs with reckless hands.

But a Maxim gun would hardly have stopped the Classical chums at that moment.

Raby and Newcomb had scrambled in after him, hurt and a-frighted. The four of them raced up the stairs.

Crash! Bang! Bump! Jimmy Silver reeled as a heavy object smote him on the chest, but he kept on. He came out panting at the top of the stair.

"Gunter, you cad!"

"Silver, you fool! Take that!"

"That was a whizzing tin of several pounds weight, which would have killed Jimmy Silver if he had taken it!"

But Jimmy Silver dodged it swiftly, and it passed him, and the next second he was upon Gunter.

"Now, you cad!" panted Jimmy. His grasp fastened on Gunter and he was in him backwards.

They went down together with a crash, Gunter fighting like a wild cat. But he had found his match in Jimmy Silver, and a little more than his match.

Jimmy's knee was planted on his chest. "Got him!" he shouted. "This way!"

Lovell and Raby and Newcomb piled in breathlessly. They seized Gunter on all sides, grasping him where they could. Raby had one arm, Newcomb the other, and Lovell fixed a strange hold round his neck.

"Groat! Let up!" screamed Gunter. "Do you give in, you cad?"

"Nope! Groat! Never! Oh! Ow!"

"We've got him!"

Certainly they had got him. Gunter was struggling still, but he had no chance. With a rush the Fiscal Four brought him hurrying down the stairs. Gunter, struggling, bumped from step to step, and his yells showed that he did not find that mode of descent grateful or comforting.

There was a shout in the quadrangle—the crashing had been heard, and the fellows were streaming out of the House. A roar of voices rose round the clock-tower. The Fiscal Four reached the lower window with their prisoner.

"This way!" panted Jimmy. "Get! open the door—it's screwed! Shove him through the window! Hallo! Is that you, Bulkeley?"

Silver & Co. slipped through the window one after another, and found themselves in the midst of a crowd.

"Be glad, they've done it!" said Smythe of the Shell. "Cheeky young rascals to climb in by gosh!"

"You wouldn't have done it, would you, Smythe?" grinned Tommy Doodle.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Three cheers for us!" said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "Hip, hip, hurrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hurra!"

The Fiscal Four marched back to the School House in the midst of a laughing and cheering crowd—Jimmy Silver waving high the black flag, which had been hoisted on the clock-tower by the rebel, and captured by the Fiscal Four. At that moment there was no doubt that the Fiscal Four were, to use Jimmy Silver's expression—it, they were absolutely, undubitably, and undoubtably—IT.

An hour later the Head's car rolled out of the gates of Rookwood with Gunter sitting in it, and Mr. Booklee on one side of him, and Bulkeley on the other.

The rascal of Rookwood was gone. Jimmy Silver wondered whether he would ever see him again, and whether the strange suspects he had



The biscuit tin struck Bulkeley on the shoulder and he uttered a cry of pain. The hammer fell from his hand, and he swayed on the ladder.

Bulkeley of the Sixth blinked at them in the gloom. "Jimmy Silver! What—how—"

"Here he is!"

"On his head!" said Bulkeley. Gunter, kicking and yelling, was thrust through the window. Bulkeley's powerful grasp closed on him.

Then Gunter's struggles ceased. He was as an infant in the grip of the captain of Rookwood.

"Thank you, Jimmy Silver!" said Bulkeley. "You were a cheeky young rascal to do this without permission. But—"

"I was up to my eyes in your study, you know," said Jimmy cheerfully.

Bulkeley laughed. He strode away towards the School House with an arm grasp on Gunter. Jimmy

formed regarding the Head's nephew would ever be cleared up. The night express had carried Gunter away from Rookwood. Was Rookwood done with him? That was a question only the future could answer.

### THE END.

(Next Monday's grand long complete tale of Jimmy Silver is entitled "Gunter's Mistake." The rascal of Rookwood is still in the limelight, and his further extraordinary actions must meet interesting reading. The school on no account miss reading this magnificent yarn, to avoid disappointment, order your copy of THE BOYS' FRIEND at once.)

### TALES TO TELL!

Our weekly prize-winners. Look out for YOUR winning story.

**VERY WRONG OF HIM!**  
She was a sweet little maiden, and the daughter of a professor of history. In consequence, she was far over her head with historical oddments at all hours of the day. Worse still, her father frequently questioned her upon subjects connected with history.

One day, when she was quite happy playing with her dolls, her father called out the messengers.

"Tell me, girls," he said, "what do you think of King John?"

"Oh, father," exclaimed Doris, "he was a wicked, a very wicked man!"

"Quite so, my dear. But what makes you think that he was wicked?"

"Why," explained Doris, "because he used to run over people with his motor-car!"

The old man roared with laughter. "With his motor-car?" he exclaimed. "Whatever do you mean?"

Doris began to wipe her eyes, feeling that she had made some mistake.

"Well, papa," she whimpered, "that's what you told me. Yesterday you said that King John ground the people under his taxis, didn't you?"

"But in my day," said Mr. Falser, Swindon.

**IT PAINED!**  
The diligent bricklayer struck manfully to his work. Higher and higher grew the wall as he placed brick upon brick. This particular bricklayer was a quick worker—his day was almost too quick. In his eagerness to complete his task, he accidentally let a brick drop from his eye.

Immediately the man was concerned as to whether the brick had done any damage. He peered down, and observed a pedestrian struggling with his bowler-hat, which had been felled over his eyes.

"Did that brick hit anyone?" cried the bricklayer.

"I should think it did," replied the pedestrian, managing to get his head free from the gripping bowler. "By his me!"

"That's right!" the bricklayer cheerfully remarked. "Always run up and tell the truth! You'll find it pays!" (Sent in by C. Clarkson, Kingston-on-Thames.)

**HER CRUSHING RETORT.**  
The tramcar, crowded with City workers, wound its way towards the suburbs of London. It was a wee night, and consequently there was a large number of people, both males and females, standing inside the car.

Suddenly the car pulled up with a jerk in order to prevent running into a slowly driven van. Unable to steady herself, a lady, who was holding on to a strap, fell on the foot of a man, who was sitting down.

"Do you know that you are standing on my foot?" cried the man, in an annoyed tone.

"Maybe," said the woman. "But if you were a gentleman, you would be standing on them yourself!" (Sent in by A. Greig, Boolea, near Liverpool.)

**QUICK WORK.**  
Jones: "How rapidly they build houses nowadays! You see that new house over there? Well, they commenced building it a fortnight ago, and now they are putting in the light."

Johnson: "Yes, it's pretty slick. I suppose next week they'll put in the liver." (Sent in by L. Butler, Ipswich.)

### MONEY PRIZES OFFERED!

Readers are invited to send in their own contributions for the next issue. For more particulars see the list of paragraphs for this feature. The best contributors will be selected and their names will appear in our next issue. Each contributor will receive a money prize. All contributions must be addressed to THE BOYS' FRIEND, 25, Abchurch Lane, London, E.C. 4.