

A BOY OF THE BULL-DOG BREED! SEE BELOW!

# The BOYS' FRIEND 1d.

OUR MOTTO IS: "PLAY THE GAME!"

No. 753, Vol. XVI, New Series.]

ONE PENNY.

[Week Ending August 19th, 1916.]



JOHN TRAVERS CORNWELL.

## THE BOY HERO OF THE NAVY!

A better instance of devotion to duty than that performed by John Travers Cornwell during the great Battle of Jutland it is almost impossible to find. Early in the action the plucky lad was mortally wounded, and although only sixteen and a half years of age, he remained standing alone at a most exposed post, quietly awaiting orders till the end of the action, with the gun's crew dead and wounded all round him. He died a hero's death; but although he has gone, his name will live for ever as the boy hero of the Navy, the boy who knew no fear, and who placed devotion to duty before all else.



# THE UNINVITED GUEST!

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

## BY OWEN CONQUEST.

### The 1st Chapter.

Much Too Thick!

"Jimmy Silver?"

"Jimmy, you fathead!"

Jimmy Silver heard his name called, but like the dying gladiator of old, he heard it, but he looked not.

Jimmy was at the window, on Little Side at Rookwood, facing Tommy Duff's window. It was only practice, actually, but cricket was cricket, and Jimmy Silver kept his eye on Tommy Duff, besides at the fact Tommy Duff, besides at the fact Tommy Duff and Ruby and Newcome were shouting to him from the window.

"Telegrams, fathead!" yelled Lovell. "Two of them!"

"What?"

"The fat met the bell, and sent it flying away. Then Jimmy Silver remembered to glance round.

"Telegrams, no!" called out Ruby. "The fat's just brought two for you."

"Well, it never rains but it pours," said Jimmy Silver. "Anybody who has one here, I'm having!"

"Fathead!" said Ruby. "It may be news. Suppose you consult at the Post, he got it in the rack!"

"Oh, my hat!"

Jimmy hadn't thought of that, but now he did think of it, he threw the fat to Oswald, and ran off the post.

The fat from the post-office handed him the two buff envelopes. Telegrams did not often come to junior school, and it was rather remarkable for a fellow to receive two of them, at one fell swoop as it were.

Jimmy hastily opened the first that came to hand. He read it quickly, and gave an expressive grunt.

"Hullo!"

"Your cousin in the West Yorks has!" asked Lovell anxiously.

"Oh, no! That's from him!"

"Your cousin?"

"That's from him. It's from that fat head Bunter!"

"Bunter? Who's Bunter?"

"That fat idiot who came over from Greyfriars once to see us! The bunter is coming again this afternoon!"

"Take his cheek!" growled Lovell. "Who's asked him?"

"Nobody. Bunter doesn't wait for telegrams like that!" growled Jimmy Silver. "I'm blessed if I'm going to stand it a second time! We used up all our nice manners the first time, and it was a strain."

"I see," said Ruby. "I'm fed up for one."

"What does he say?" asked Newcome.

Jimmy Silver read out the telegram.

"Arriving by two-thirty train. Meet me at station.—BUNTER!"

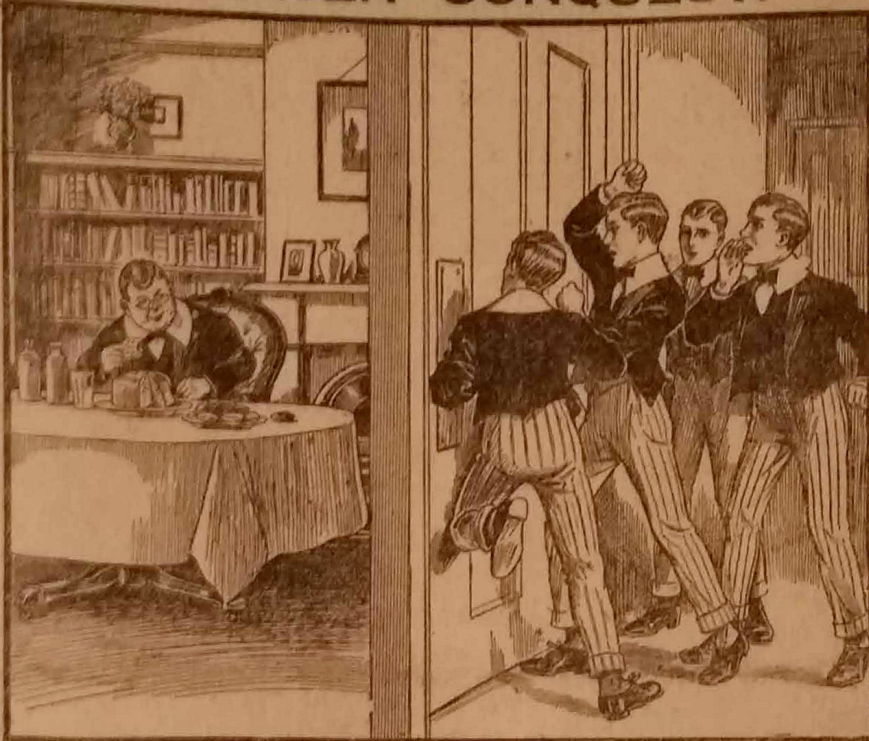
The Fictical Four of the Fourth looked at one another grimly. It was only a little too much for Billy Bunter of Greyfriars to bag their fat Sunday in this way.

Jimmy Silver & Co. were on the last of terms with Harry Wharton and his friends of Greyfriars School. They played regular matches with them, and sometimes gave one another a look-in. But Billy Bunter was a horse of quite another color. The fat jester of Greyfriars had visited Rookwood once before, and had played Jimmy Silver & Co. for a whole afternoon.

He had "stuck" them for his rail, but his little ways, he had increased money right and left, he had been a party and a leader all the time, and he had made off with the Rookwood boys' fat that it would be a serious delight to kick him round the quadrangle.

Because he was a Greyfriars fellow, the Fictical Four had endured Bunter and his polite on that occasion. Their politeness had even met with the strain. But they had stood it not merely to the end, but they had really looked as if they had wanted it. Bunter was coming again.

Any of the fellows they knew at Greyfriars would have been surprised



"He's scoffing our grub!" exclaimed Mornington, banging at the door. "Bunter, if you don't open this door, we'll break it in!" Only a fat chuckle replied. The door was of stout oak, and Bunter did not think it was likely to be broken easily.

with open arms. But they didn't know Bunter, and didn't want to. The fat bunter was coolly planting himself on them, on the strength of their friendship for Harry Wharton & Co.

And William George Bunter of Greyfriars wasn't an ordinary guest. He was a very exacting one.

Jimmy Silver had no desire whatever to meet him at the station, and he had heard that he had forgotten his purse, and to hand him his week's pocket-money to pay his fare. He wasn't at all keen to expend the whole financial resources of the end study in feeding Bunter. Above all, he didn't feel inclined to spend that sunny afternoon in being bored by the fat and tedious fellow. Jimmy's plans were laid for that afternoon, and they did not include being bothered by Bunter.

"There's the other telegram," said Ruby at last. "You haven't opened that."

"By Jove, no!"

Jimmy Silver opened the second telegram. He grinned as he read it.

"Somebody else coming?" asked Lovell.

"Ha, ha! No. Read it. It's from Wharton."

The second telegram ran:

"Dear Silver,—Bunter is coming to plant himself on you this afternoon. Don't lend him anything. Kick him out.—WHARTON."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good!" said Lovell. "We'll do as Wharton asks. I should enjoy looking that fat bunter."

Jimmy shook his head.

"Isn't exactly hot him out!" he remarked. "But—but we're not going to have him on our necks as we did before. Once is enough!"

"I see jolly well got no politeness to waste on him!" growled Ruby.

"We've decided the polite bunter last time," said Jimmy rustily. "I tell you, it's a humbug at the time. I thought it was up to us to stand it the civility. We wasn't overdo it this time."

"That's jolly well won't!" said Lovell, with emphasis.

"But—but a chap must be civil!"

"Oh, rate!"

"I don't remember issuing any pressing invitations."

Billy Bunter gave him a quick, comprehending blink. He could see that the politeness he had put to such a severe strain was giving way.

"Ahem! Well, I rather expected to see you at the station," he said. "I've got into rather a fix. You see, I forgot to put any money in my pocket. I'm an absent-minded chap sometimes."

"Yes, I've noticed that."

"And I only just caught the train, too, and didn't have time to take my ticket," explained Bunter. "I intended to pay at this end, of course."

"After you'd met us!" said Lovell grimly.

"Ahem! You—you see, when I got out I thought you'd be there, as I telegraphed— I borrowed the tin specially of Maaly to send the wire—I mean, I sent the wire especially. Well, as I'd left my cash at home, I couldn't pay up, and the rotters at the station actually accused me of wanting to swindle the company."

"You don't say so!" remarked Newcome sarcastically.

"Yes, they did, and they were going to send for a policeman," said Bunter indignantly. "If I hadn't explained that I'd got friends here who'd be anxious and eager to lend me the money, I might have been locked up."

"Oh, you've got friends here?" asked Lovell.

"Good! Yes, of course!"

"Good! You'd better look for 'em and ask 'em to lend you the tin," said Lovell. "Good-bye!"

"He, he, he!" said Jimmy, I suppose you can lend me six bob? This beast has come along with me to take it!"

Old William touched his hat.

"Begging your pardon, Master Silver! The young person said he was a friend of yours, so the station-master said he'd give him a chance."

Jimmy Silver looked grim.

He knew that Bunter had deliberately travelled without paying his fare, with the intention of "sticking" the Rookwood juniors for it when he arrived. And as they had

not met him at the station, the junior from Greyfriars had found himself in a serious difficulty.

The porter had come with him for the money. If it was not paid, there was trouble ahead for William George Bunter.

If anything could have made Jimmy Silver more exasperated by Bunter's visit than he was already, this incident would have done it. He could not let Bunter be marched away to answer for his sins.

He fumbled in his pocket and produced half-a-crown.

"Lend us some tin," he said. "It's all right, William, we'll pay as the fellow was coming to visit us. Look him up next time."

William grinned.

"Look here—" began Lovell warmly.

"Oh, pay up and keep smiling!" said Jimmy Silver.

With far from a good grace the junior rummaged in their pockets for the money. The sum was raised, with a shilling over for William, who fumbled his hat and retired from the scene satisfied.

Billy Bunter's fat face cleared. He was out of his scrape, and the effect of a scrape never lasted long with Bunter. He was quite cheerful now.

"Thanks, awfully, you fellows!" he said. "Of course, I'll settle up that little sum as soon as I get back to Greyfriars. How much do I owe each of you?"

"Oh, never mind," said Jimmy gruffly.

"But I do mind," said Bunter firmly. "I'm very particular in matters of this sort."

"Oh, ray hat!"

"Some fellows aren't particular," said Bunter; "but I'm one of the sort that are. Short reckonings make long friends, you know. Still, I suppose it will be all right if I send you a postal-order for the amount, Jimmy, and you can settle with the others?"

"Oh, yes; that will be quite all right," said Jimmy sarcastically.

"Good!"

"And when the postal-order comes I shan't cash it. I shall have it framed and hang it up in the study," said Jimmy Silver.

"He, he, he!" Billy Bunter decided, to treat that remark as a joke.

"Well, here we are again! Jolly glad to see you fellows! You were just going into the tuckshop, I think? Don't let me stop you."

"Oh, that's all right!"

"The fact is, I'm rather peckish after my journey," said Bunter. "Come along with me! It's my treat!"

Jimmy Silver did not move. He had been caught like that before. Billy Bunter intended to give orders recklessly on the understanding that it was "his treat," and leave the Rookwood fellows to settle the bill, to be reimbursed at some future date with a postal-order.

"Your treat!" said Jimmy.

"Yes, certainly!"

"How are you going to stand treat if you haven't any money?"

"Ahem! I suppose you could lend me a few bob, Silver, as I've left my banknotes locked up in my desk at Greyfriars?"

"Sorry! Can't be done!"

"Ahem! I say, Lovell—"

"Money's tight," said Lovell calmly.

Billy Bunter blinked at the Rookwooders. Things had changed, evidently.

"Take to come and look at the cricket!" asked Jimmy Silver blandly.

Billy Bunter granted. He wasn't in the slightest degree interested in the cricket.

"Oh, all right," he said ungraciously.

And the Fictical Four piloted the Owl of the Greyfriars Removes to Little Side with an expression upon his fat face that spoke volumes.

### The 2nd Chapter.

Pay Up.

"I say, you fellows!"

"Hallo! Bunter, by gum!"

The Fictical Four had come off the cricket-field about half an hour later, and were sauntering to the school shop for the refreshing ginger-brew when a fat voice hailed them.

Billy Bunter had arrived.

He did not come alone. Old William, the ancient porter of Goswell Station, was with him, with a grim expression on his face. Billy Bunter was not looking happy. He blinked at Jimmy Silver & Co. through his big glasses with quite a pathetic look.

"I say, you fellows, didn't you get my telegram?"

"Yes, we got it," said Jimmy.

"I asked you to meet me at the station!"

"Did you?"

"Yes, I did. You might have done it, too, after pressing a chap to visit you here!" said Bunter warmly.

"I must have had a bad memory," said

### The 3rd Chapter.

Bunter on the War-path.

"Fat Jack of the bone-house, by gum!"





# THE UNINVITED

Continued from the previous page.

## GUEST!

Adolphus Smythe of the Shell made that pleasant remark as he turned his eyes upon Billy Bunter.

Smythe & Co. were lounging upon Little Suez, looking upon the cricket with a patronising eye, but taking no part in the game. The rest of Rockwood dodged cricket practice whenever they could, with the exception of Mornington. Smoother as he was in other respects, Mornington was keen on cricket. He was at the wicket now, and Dick Oswald was bowling to him.

Billy Bunter blinked indignantly at Smythe.

"When did you pick it up?" pursued Adolphus. "My hat! What wouldn't they give for him in Germany? He would suit down into enough fat to last them for months and months and months, by god!"

"Is that Rockwood's good manners?" inquired Billy Bunter.

"Shut up, Smythe!" said Jimmy Silver angrily.

He did not like his visitor, and he did not like Bunter's planting himself on Rockwood as he had done. But there was a limit.

Billy Bunter's little round eyes glared behind his spectacles.

"If a chap insulted a visitor of mine at Greyfriars, I should lick him!" he remarked.

"Great Scott! Could you lick anybody?" grinned Smythe.

"I'd jolly well lick you if I wasn't a visitor here!" said Bunter.

"Don't mind that," chirped in Lovell at once. "We'll excuse you, Bunter."

"Yes, rather!" grinned Raly.

"Pile in, Bunter!"

"I'll hold your jacket," said Newcome.

"Oh! I say, you fellows, I—I mean—"

"By gad, I'd forgotten I was meetin' Howard in the village," said Smythe hastily. "Come on, you chaps!"

Adolphus was not looking for a fight, even with the fat and unsteady Owl of Greyfriars. But his evident haste to avoid one encouraged Billy Bunter. Bunter was obtuse in most things, but he was keen in others, and it did not need much keenness to see that the lofty Adolphus was a fink of the first water.

"Blasphemy! I don't jolly well lick him, too!" exclaimed Bunter.

"Hold on, Smythe! Where are you going?"

"I've got an appointment—"

"You've got a previous one with Bunter," grinned Lovell, giving Adolphus a shove that sent him staggering towards the fat junior.

"By gad! You insulting retter!"

"Go it, Smythe!" said Townsend of the Fourth. "You can lick that fat retter!"

"I'm not goin' to enter into blackguardly scrapperin'," said Smythe. "A chap's got his dignity to consider."

Billy Bunter needed no more encouragement than that. As a matter of fact, he was very nearly as bad a fink as Adolphus himself. But he was brave as a lion when there was no danger to be encountered.

He tore off his jacket and pitched it to Jimmy Silver.

"Come on!" he roared. "I'll give you Fat Jack of the bone-house! Come on, you glass-eyed fink!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold my spectacles, Jimmy Silver! Mind you don't drop them! If they get broken, somebody'll have to pay for them! Come on, you skinny retter!"

"Look here—" stammered Smythe.

He had never dreamed that the fat fellow would turn out ferocious like this. But Bunter was, as Raby humorously remarked, as warlike as a man over military age.

The fat junior, blinking without his spectacles, glanced up to Smythe, and landed out fiercely, hitting Townsend of the Fourth under the chin. Townsend staggered back with a yell.

"Come on!" roared Bunter.

"That's one for you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly idiot!" roared Townsend.

"Oh! Did I hit you? Sorry! I'm rather shortsighted, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's that retter? Bring him here," roared Bunter. "I'm not going to cheer him! Is this Rockwood black? Yah!"

Lovell and Raly grasped Smythe and fairly hurled him at Bunter.

"There he is!" chuckled Lovell.

Smythe crashed into Bunter, and the fat junior hit out wildly and blindly. As it happened, his fat fist caught Smythe on the point of the chin.

A drive with Bunter's tremendous weight behind it was no joke. Adolphus fairly crumpled up.

He crashed backwards to the ground, and lay there, gasping, wondering whether an earthquake had happened.

"Come on!" called Bunter.

"Bravo, purpose!"

"Get up, Adolphus!"

"You-ow-ow-ow!" mumbled Smythe, crossing his chin as he lay in the grass. "My jaw's broken! You-ow-ow!"

"Yah! Get up!" roared the fat junior from Greyfriars, dancing round the fallen out of the Shell. "Yah! Fink!"

"You-ow-ow!"

"Fink!" roared Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, my hat!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "Did you ever see a purpose on the warpath before? Get up, Smythe!"

Townsend and Topham ran forward to pick up the dandy of the Shell. Adolphus' head was swimming, and his jaw was aching. He had had enough.

"Go it!" said Townsend.

"You-ow! I'm not goin' to fight the beast!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yah! Fink!"

"You can't lunk a fat retter like that," whispered Topham. "Go in and win!"

"Look here—"

"Oh, pile in! You can lick him!"

Smythe of the Shell reluctantly yielded to Billy Bunter's warlike dance round as the Shell follow advanced on him. He looked away.

"I'll let you off now," he said magnanimously. "I don't want this to go any further."

"Oh, don't you!" snarled Adolphus, realising that Bunter was as afraid as he was. "Well, I'm goin' to lick you, you fat retter! Come on!"

"I—I say, you fellows— Yah, ooooooh!" roared Bunter, as Adolphus attacked him, hitting out furiously.

Billy Bunter went to grass.

It was Adolphus' turn to dance a round-Bunter. He pranced victoriously round Billy Bunter as he lay blinking.

"Get up, you fat rascal—got up! I'll give you a thrashin' while I'm about it!" he exclaimed. "Drag him up, somebody!"

"Oh, dear! I—I can't get up!" gasped Bunter. "I've sprained my back!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My leg's dislocated, and my back-bone's sprained in two places! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Oh, really, Silver, if this is the way you treat a visitor, you won't see me at Rockwood again in a hurry."

"Get up!" shouted Adolphus. "I'm goin' to lick you!"

"You can lick me, if you're hungry for licking somebody," remarked Jimmy Silver, pushing back his cuffs. "Come on, Smythe!"

Adolphus would as soon have attacked a tiger in his lair as Jimmy Silver of the Fourth. His warlike ardour vanished at once.

"Well, if that fat bounder's had enough, I don't mind lettin' him off," he said loftily, and he walked away hastily.

Jimmy Silver grinned, and helped Bunter to rise.

"Is that retter gone?" gasped Bunter, blinking round him nervously.

"Yes, he's gone."

"Oh, you shouldn't have let him go! I was just going to get up and lick him."

"I'll tell him back," said Lovell.

"Oh, never mind. I don't want to hurt him," said Bunter hastily. "I've licked him, and that will do. You Rockwood fellows ain't quish in the fighting line. Not like us at Greyfriars. We simply live on it."

"Oh, my hat!"

"Yes, rather! If a chap cheeks me, I knock him down," said Bunter calmly. "I'm a regular terror in the Remove at Greyfriars. Fifth Formers are jolly careful how they talk to me. I can tell you."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Blessed if I can see anything to chuckle at! What time do you fellows have tea here?" asked Bunter, changing the subject.

"We're going to have some cricket before tea," said Jimmy Silver.

"You'd like some cricket, wouldn't you?"

"I'm a demon at it," said Bunter. "I wouldn't mind showing you some things, at either batting or bowling. I suppose you call that cricket?" He nodded towards the fellows at practice.

"Of course, you'd not be quite in the shade," said Lovell sarcastically. "If you can play cricket as well as you can fight, you must be a corker!"

"That's right! I am a corker," said Bunter. "I don't play for the Remove; the cricket committee's jealous of me. That's how the matter stands. If you like, I'll show you some bowling that will open your eyes a little."

"Clunk over the ball, Oswald!" called out Jimmy Silver.

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CONCERNING  
JOHN  
TRAVERS  
CORNWELL  
THE  
BOY HERO  
OF THE NAVY!**

Oswald grinned, and tossed the ball to Billy Bunter. The fat junior caught it—with his chest, and sat down in the grass.

"Ow, ow! Wharrer you up to?" he roared.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bery!" ejaculated Oswald. "I thought you'd catch it."

"You silly ass!"

"Ahem!"

Jimmy Silver jerked the fat junior to his feet.

"There's the ball! Go and bowl to Mornington," he said.

And Bunter grunted, and toddled on the pitch.

**The 4th Chapter,  
The Demon Bowler.**

"By gad! Who's that funny merchant?" asked Mornington, staring along the pitch at the Greyfriars junior.

Billy Bunter blinked along at him.

"Look out!" he called out.

"That fat idiot can't bowl," said Mornington. "What's the game? I'm not goin' to bat to that fatted!"

"He's the demon bowler from Greyfriars," said Jimmy Silver.

"He's the chap who can't get into the eleven because they're all afraid of being put in the shade. Bunter is going to surprise you with his bowling. Give him a trial."

"Oh, all right!"

Mornington stood up at the wicket again, and Bunter prepared to bowl. All eyes were fixed on the fat junior. Billy Bunter enjoyed the limelight, and he was by no means averse to showing off his wonderful powers to the Rockwooders. Nothing would have convinced Bunter that he was not a first-class cricketer.

His method of bowling was striking. He retreated about a dozen paces, and took a run forward at the pace of a lorry, and turned himself into a catapulta-wheel. The ball came whirling down, and there was a head-butt from Mornington.

The Rockwood junior dropped the bat, clasped both hands to his head, and fairly danced on the green.

There was a yell of laughter.

"How's that?" chirped Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Out—what?" grinned Bunter.

Jimmy Silver threw himself in the grass, and kicked up his heels in helpless mirth. Mornington was rolling with pain and wrath. Bunter had not bowled at all; he had thrown the ball, and it had caught the batsman on the side of the head.

"Ow, ow, ow, ow!" shrieked Mornington.

"Oh, my head! Yah! Oh, the fat villain! He's brained me! You!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, field that ball!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, there's nothing to run for," said Bunter, in surprise, as Mornington came tearing along the pitch. "You're out, you know."

But Mornington was not taking a run. He was coming for Bunter. There was a big bruise on Mornington's head, and he wanted vengeance. The demon bowler uttered a yell of surprise and wrath as the infuriated batsman hurled himself upon him.

"Yatoh! He's gone mad! Help! Yah! Yooop!"

Punch! Punch! Punch!

"Help! Murder! Fire! Draggim off!" shrieked Bunter.

Mornington had the fat junior's head in chancery, and he was pounding away with Hunnish fury.

Jimmy Silver & Co. rushed to the rescue.

They seized the enraged Mornington, and dragged him off, and Billy Bunter collapsed into the grass, and yelled.

"You-ow-ow-ow! Yooop! Grough! Oh, crumb!"

"Lemon get at him!" yelled Mornington.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Hold on, Morny! It was an accident, you know—"

"I'm going to smash him!"

But half a dozen juniors hustled the infuriated Mornington away. Billy Bunter was not on his feet again, blinking dazedly.

"Grough! Where's my glasses? Don't tread on my glasses, you silly idiot! If they get broken—grough!—somebody'll have to pay for them! Oh, dear! Wharrer that silly idiot got me for! Grough!"

"Here's your baggards, old chap!" said Lovell, sticking them on Billy Bunter's fat little nose.

"Grough! I've had enough of this!" exclaimed Bunter indignantly. "You Rockwood chaps don't play the game!"

"What?"

"When a fellow's out at Greyfriars to first-class bowling, he takes it like a sport! He don't go for the bowler!" spluttered Bunter.

"Oh, my hat! Morny wasn't out!" shrieked Jimmy Silver. "You chucked the ball at him, and biffed him on the nupper!"

"Rot!"

"Eh—what?"

"Rot!" repeated Bunter. "I suppose I know when I've got my man out! There never was a neater ball than that. He was out, and he lost his temper and went for me. We don't do that at Greyfriars!"

"You—you fat idiot—"

"Blush!"

"I'm not bowling to that chap again," said Bunter. "I never did think much of Rockwood cricket; but I really did expect you fellows to know when a batsman was out. I've had enough of this, I must say. I'm ready for tea!"

"But it isn't tea-time yet," said Raly.

"I'm hungry."

"There was no gain saying that."

"Oh, come along!" said Jimmy Silver.

The Fictical Four and their remarkable visitor left the cricket pitch, and as they walked to the school house Billy Bunter enlarged upon his views of batsmen who didn't know when they were out.

What William George Bunter didn't know about cricket wasn't worth knowing at least, so it appeared from Bunter's remarks. And it was an undoubted fact that nobody at Rockwood was inclined to stand up to his bowling.

**The 5th Chapter,  
Short Commons.**

Billy Bunter sank into the armchair in the end study with a grunt. It was far from being tea-time, but

Bunter was ready for tea, he was always ready for a meal.

Jimmy Silver & Co. did not like being dragged indoors on their own account, but there was no help for it. Their visitor was on their hands, and had to be looked after to a certain extent.

But it occurred to Lovell that there was no need for four fellows to look after him, and he strolled out of the study.

It occurred to Raby immediately afterwards that there was no need for three, and he followed Lovell. Then it was Bunter in upon Newcome, and that there was no need for two, and he sauntered out of the end study and disappeared.

Unfortunately, there was still one, and Jimmy Silver had to remain with the uninvited guest.

The captain of the Fourth looked out the contents of the study and board. As it happened, the Fictical Four were not in funds that day, so the sum they had been compelled to raise for Bunter's railway fare had cleared them out of cash. The game had to take his chance.

"You wouldn't rather wait for tea in Hall, Bunter?" Jimmy Silver asked, rather hesitatingly.

"I'll have tea in Hall as well," said Bunter.

"Oh!"

Jimmy Silver made the best shot he could with the scanty supplies at the study. He could do no more. He would have cut down to the bone shop for fresh supplies, if he had possessed the necessary cash resources, but his cash had been expended for Bunter already.

The fat junior dragged his chair to the table, and blinked over the butter-board.

"Ahem! Pile in!" said Jimmy Silver hospitably.

The hospitality was unobscured, though the supplies were limited.

The Fictical Four would have had an exceedingly frugal tea with their supplies. As it was, they could have to have tea in Hall. The said amount of the study supplies was at Bunter's disposal, but the amount was not large.

Bunter's blink was very expressive. There were two sardines, half a loaf, a fragment of butter, a sprig of jam, and tea, the latter very weak.

"That was all."

Bunter had retained a living memory of his last meal at Rockwood. The chure of the Fourth had "done" him very well on that occasion, having been in funds and having also borrowed money for the occasion. Billy Bunter wasn't an easy guest to provide for.

Bunter looked at the tea-table, and looked at Jimmy Silver.

"Like sardines?" said Jimmy cheerily.

"Oh, yes!" said Bunter sarcastically.

"What in, then. Take the lot!"

Bunter took the lot; there was only two.

The meager supplies vanished in record time, and Bunter blinked discontentedly over the table. It was enough for any ordinary eater, but Billy Bunter wasn't an ordinary eater.

"Rather short commons to-day," remarked Jimmy apologetically.

"No I see."

"You took us rather by surprise, you know?"

"No it seems."

"Ahem! Would you like some more—more tea?"

"Is that tea?"

"Oh, yes."

"You're sure you didn't forget to put the tea in?"

"I put the lot in."

"Must have been a lot!" said Bunter.

"Have some more bread-and-butter?"

"Where's the butter?"

"I—I mean, bread."

"Thanks! I don't care for bread!"

"The chaps are playing cricket," said Jimmy Silver. "Let's go and see old Bullocke batting—what?"

"I'd rather take a rest," said Bunter, rolling back in the armchair. "Don't you stay in. The fat is!"

"Take a little nap."

"Sure you'd like to?" said Jimmy eagerly.

Wellcome as his guest was, Bunter did not wish to be wanting in politeness. But certainly it was a pleasant prospect for Bunter to take a nap, and leave him free to follow his own devices.

"Oh, yes! You cut off, TB!" you presently!" said Bunter.

Jimmy eyed him doubtfully. He had never heard of a junior taking a nap after meals before.

But Bunter leaned back and closed his eyes, and began to snore.



That settled it. Jimmy left the study with a lighter heart. The Fistical Four had planned a little excursion for that afternoon. The excursion had to be given up now. But at least Jimmy could get some cricket, so long as Bunter was content to sleep in the study armchair.

But as his footsteps died away down the passage, Billy Bunter's eyes reopened. He sat upright in the chair.

"Beast!" he murmured. "Rotter! Call that hospitality! I could have had a better tea than that with Teddy! But I'm jolly well not going to be fished to please him! I'm going to have tea!"

Billy Bunter rose and tiptoed to the door. He blinked out cautiously into the passage. There was no one in sight; there was no sound from the studios. All the juniors were out of doors that sunny afternoon.

With a grin on his fat face, Billy Bunter quitted the end study. The Owl of Greyfriars was on the war-path!

The 6th Chapter.  
A Pig in Clover.

"Crumbs! This is a bit of all right!"

Billy Bunter chuckled joyously. He had scouted along the Fourth-Form passage, looking into the studios—and into the study cupboards.

He had taken a snack here and there, when he had found one. Cheese and biscuits from Townsend's study, cold rusklets from Jones minor's, jam and pickles from one, marmalade and jam and cake from another; all was crisp that came to William George Bunter's mill. But it was when he reached Mornington's study that the fat junior found himself in clover.

He did not know it was Mornington's study. But he knew that it was a land flowing with milk and honey, to speak figuratively.

Mornington was rolling in money, and he did himself remarkably well. War-time economy did not appeal to Mornington. After cricket practice he was having a few friends to tea, and the study cupboard held the supplies. Billy Bunter's eyes danced behind his big glasses as he blinked into the cupboard.

Jam and cake, biscuits and ham, cheese and cold beef and pickles, and lobster, all sorts and conditions of good things were there.

Billy Bunter gazed at them ecstatically.

But he did not waste time in contemplating the plunder.

He commenced operations at once. Guzzle, guzzle, guzzle!

There was a steady sound in the study of champing jaws. Seldom had Billy Bunter found such an opportunity. And he was making the best of it.

Ham and tongue and cold beef disappeared as if by magic. A hungry hum could not have made a more rapid clearance.

For about half an hour Billy Bunter hardly moved.

By that time the keen edge of his appetite had worn off, and he proceeded more slowly, picking out delicacies.

He reflected, too, that if the owner of the study returned, he would be surprised—and probably exasperated—to find the visitor from Greyfriars scoffing his supplies.

He resolved to finish the feed in safer quarters.

He gathered up a large cake, several bottles of ginger-beer and currant wine, a bag of biscuits, a packet of chocolate creams, and several other articles. His pockets were stuffed, and he had a cargo under each arm, as he trod cautiously out of the study.

There was a sound of voices below, and Bunter hurried along the passage. If it was the owner of the study returning, he had escaped only just in time.

A bottle of ginger-beer slipped from under his arm, and crashed on the floor, and rolled along; but Bunter did not stop for it.

He bolted into the end study, closed the door, and turned the key in the lock.

Then he spread out his plunder on the table, sat in the armchair, and proceeded to dispose of it.

His fat face beamed over it.

If there was trouble to follow his road, that could not be helped, and the astute Owl reflected that Jimmy Silver & Co. could not very well stand by and see their guest ragged.

Meanwhile, Mornington and his friends had come in. Townsend and Topham and Peole and Gower were with Mornington. They came into the study in cheerful humour. Mornington had recovered from his painful experiences with Bunter the bowler, though there was still a bruise under his dark hair. But a change came

over his face as he saw the cupboard door wide open, and noted the deprecations that had taken place.

"Who the dickens has been here?" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, a giddy raid!" exclaimed Townsend. "Some of the Modern rotters."

"Oh, rotten!" exclaimed Peole. "There goes our tea! Look here, we're not going to stand this! I'd go to booties about it."

Mornington scowled.

"Some cheeky rotter has collared the stuff," he growled. "We'll jolly well find him and get it back. Come along!"

He hurried along out of the study, looking about him savagely. The ginger-beer bottle on the floor caught his eye.

"He went this way," he exclaimed. Mornington ran along the passage, looking into the studios, in search of the raider. All the studios were empty, however, until he came to the last. There, the door did not open to his hand.

Mornington rapped savagely on the door.

"It's that fat beast from Greyfriars."

"Phew! Sure!"

"He won't let me into the study, anyway."

"Bunter!" shouted Townsend.

"Hallo!"

"Let us in!"

"Some other time, old chap."

"Have you got our grub there?"

No reply.

"He's scuffling it," exclaimed Mornington. "Bunter, if you don't open this door, we'll break it in."

Only a fat chuckle replied. The door was of stout oak, and Bunter did not think it was likely to be broken easily.

But he did not know Mornington. The Redwood junior had flown into one of his savage, passionate tempers; and when he was in that mood he did not care how much damage he did.

"Get a form," he exclaimed. "Get that form from the box-room. We'll batter the door in."

"Oh, draw it mild!" said Townsend, unamused. "There'll be the dickens to pay!"

"I don't care."

as they saw how Mornington was engaged. It was about to crash the old form on the door again, when Jimmy Silver's grasp fell upon his shoulder.

"Hold on!" said Jimmy.

"Let me alone, bang you!"

"That's my study door," said Jimmy quietly. "You won't bust in my door, Mornington!"

Mornington wrenched himself away from the captain of the Fourth. The form crashed on the floor, and there was a loud clump from Townsend. The old hat clomped on his toe.

Townsend hopped on one foot, yelling.

"You-ow-ow! Yah! You silly idiot! You-ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now, what's the little game?" asked Jimmy Silver.

Mornington panted with rage.

"That fat beast has raided my study. He's got my grub in there, and the door's locked."

Jimmy Silver whistled.

"Oh, my hat! Let me in, Bunter."

"Is that you, Jimmy, old pal?"

"It's Jimmy, anyway."

Pleasant in some things, and I shall see you soon, mate."

"I know but I had the stuff," said Mornington, between his teeth.

"Why wouldn't he open the door?"

"Why didn't you let Mornington in, Bunter?" asked Peole.

"Well, he seemed so thick. I wouldn't risk it," said Bunter calmly.

"I don't want to have to look him in the eye," said Bunter with a shudder. "I don't know how Backwood looks this afternoon. I didn't come over here to walk up at Backwood."

"Oh!" gasped Jimmy.

"I tell you he's raised my study!" shouted Mornington, advancing on Bunter with his fists clenched. "And if he doesn't hand it over, I'll bust it out of his hide!"

Bunter promptly dodged behind Jimmy Silver.

"You, you follows—"

Jimmy pushed the enraged Mornington back.

"Did you collar Mornington's grub or not, Bunter?" he demanded. "Certainly not."

"Have you been in this study all the time?"

"Yes, but asleep. Mornington woke me up thundering at the door."

"What did you lock the door for?" asked Peole.

"I don't like being disturbed when I'm having a nap."

"He's right!" yelled Mornington.

Jimmy shook his head.

"You can see the grub isn't here, Mornington. I dare say it was some of the Modern rotters you."

"Nothing of the sort. It was that fat rotter, and I know it."

"Well, you can't know it."

"He's got to hand the stuff over, or I'm going to kick him!" shouted Mornington. "And if you interfere, I'll kick you, Jimmy Silver!"

Jimmy's eyes glinted.

"Well, you're not going to touch Bunter," he said. "You've got no proof. You'd better clear out of the study."

"Yes, kick him out!" said Bunter, keeping behind the stalwart captain of the Fourth. "I don't like a head you like that in the place. I said so! I don't think much of Backwood's manners—I must really."

Mornington made a rush at Bunter. As Jimmy was in the way, he came into collision with Jimmy. His fat crashed on Jimmy Silver's nose, and there was a rattle from Jimmy.

The next moment Mornington was being driven out of the study, with Jimmy's left and right driving him.

The infuriated Mornington roared savagely, but he was driven out, and a straight drive from Jimmy's left hurled him fairly into the passage.

Mornington collapsed upon the floor, gasping.

"Now, if you want any more, you can come in again," said Jimmy Silver, breathing hard.

"Come away, Morny," muttered Topham. "The grub isn't there, you know."

Mornington's friends picked him up and led him away down the passage. The dandy of the Fourth had had enough.

Billy Bunter chuckled gleefully.

"You ain't had as a success, Jimmy," he remarked critically. "I could give you some tips, perhaps, but you ain't had for a Redwood chap."

Jimmy glared at him.

"You could give me some tips?" he asked.

"Oh, yes! I'm rather a dab at boxing."

"Well, I've got some gloves here. You can give me the tips."

"Ah, no! Another time. I-I don't feel quite up to boxing after a feed like that," said Bunter hastily.

"A feed like what?" demanded Peole suspiciously.

"I-I mean, on a warm afternoon like this," said Bunter. "That's what I really meant to say."

Townsend looked into the study.

"Somebody's been rotting my study cupboard," he said, with a savage look at Bunter. "That's only Morny's."

"Who's got my pickles, loaded?" came Peole's voice along the passage.

"I've an' own's, and my pot of jam!"

"Where's my cheese?"

"Where's my cake?"

"Where's my ham and tongue?"

The Classical juniors had come in to tea, and the long list of deprecations had been discovered. There was wrath from one end of the passage to the other.

"Morny, have been a Modern raid," said Jimmy Silver.

"Ret!" growled Townsend.

And he stamped away in a temper.

The Fistical Four eyed Bunter suspiciously. It was possible that some of the Modern fellows had raided the passage while the Classics were on the cricket ground. But they could not help feeling suspicious of Bunter.

## TUCK HAMPERS AS PRIZES!

### GREAT NEW COMPETITION!

#### 1st Prize, £1. SIX OTHER PRIZES AS TUCK HAMPERS.

I enter THE BOYS' FRIEND Tuck Hamper Competition No. 22, and agree to accept the published decision as absolutely binding.

Signed.....

Address.....

Write carefully.

Can you read this Picture Puzzle Fable of the Vain Jackdaw?

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"Hallo!" came a fat voice within.

"Is that you, Jimmy?"

"It is I! Open the door!"

"Who's it?" asked Bunter, without moving.

"Mornington."

"How do you do, Morny? Remember seeing me at Greyfriars?"

"Have you been to my study?"

shouted Mornington, rattling the door.

"Smithy sent you his kind regards."

"You fat rotter! Have you been raiding my study?"

"And Smithy told me to tell you not to overdo the smokes, Morny."

"Open this door!"

"Eh?"

"Open the door, you fat rotter!"

Billy Bunter made no reply. But Mornington could hear his champing.

"He's disposed of the cake. The dandy of the Fourth kicked furiously at the door."

"What's the row?" asked Townsend, coming along the passage.

"Tain't one of these chaps who's raided us. They're on the cricket ground."

"Well, I do."

"Fah!"

Mornington rushed into the box-room at the end of the passage. An old, damaged form had been left there with other lumber, and Mornington remembered it. He seized it and dragged it out into the passage.

"Lend me a hand with it!" he exclaimed.

"Look here, Morny—"

"Stand aside!"

Mornington lifted the heavy form with an exertion of all his strength, and crashed it against the lock. The door shook and groaned.

"Oh, my hat!" ejaculated Billy Bunter.

"Will you open the door?" yelled Mornington.

"Will you make it pay if I do?"

"No!"

"Then you can go and eat coke!"

Crash! Crash!

The 7th Chapter.  
Rough on Mornington.

"Hallo! What the merry dickens—"

Jimmy Silver & Co. came along the passage. They quickened their pace

Billy Bunter unlocked the door. Jimmy Silver strode in, followed by his chums and Mornington. Townsend was still hopping in anguish in the passage.

Mornington shook a furious fist at the Owl of Greyfriars.

"Now where is it?" he shouted.

"Where's what?"

"What you've taken from my study."

"I don't understand you, Mornington," said Bunter, with dignity. "If you mean to imply that I have taken anything from your study, I can only say that I regard the imputation with scorn."

Jimmy Silver looked sharply at the fat junior. Bunter looked rather greasy and shiny, and seemed to be festering with some difficulty. Certainly he looked like a fellow who had over-eaten himself. But there were no signs of a feed in the study; the fat junior had taken care of that.

All the tables and drinkables were safely disposed of inside Bunter, and the ginger-beer bottles were broken under the table. The Owl of Greyfriars was prepared to break it out, Billy Bunter was quite a

(Continued at foot of next page.)



# IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

I would like all my readers to look upon me as their real friend, someone to whom they can come for help and advice when they are in doubt or difficulty. It is never "too much trouble" to me to be of use to my boy and girl friends if they feel they would like to write to me. . . .

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Write to me whenever you are in doubt or difficulty. Tell me about yourself, let me know what you think of THE BOYS' FRIEND. All readers who write to me, and enclose a stamped envelope or postcard, may be sure of receiving a prompt and kindly reply by post. All letters should be addressed: The Editor, THE BOYS' FRIEND, The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.



## SPLENDID STORIES FOR NEXT WEEK!

**N**EXT Monday's issue of the BOYS' FRIEND will contain another batch of really excellent stories. First and foremost is the story by Owen Conquest dealing with the adventures of Jimmy Silver & Co. It is entitled, "THE ROOKWOOD PLAYERS."

From start to finish this yarn is a most laughable one. The Fistical Four, ever ready to score off their rivals of the Modern House, decide to act a play. They endeavour to keep the whole affair secret, but more by accident than design Tommy Dodd & Co. discover their intentions. The Modern juniors put their heads together, and think of a scheme to outdo the Classics. Something unforeseen, however, happens, and Tommy Dodd's scheme does not work exactly well. In fact, it is practically a failure, and you will laugh loud and long when you read all about it. In next week's BOYS' FRIEND there will also be another story dealing with the adventures of Tom Belcher, the little wonder boxer.

Mr. Hardy is to be complimented on this story, for it is quite one of the best he has written. There will be another thrilling, long instalment of our latest adventure serial.

"TREASURES OF THE DEEP" By Maurice Everard, and the instalment of "THE LAND OF TERROR." By Duncan Storm.

will be even more exciting than usual. Altogether, next Monday's issue is one of the best, and on no account should you fail to get your copy. Always remember you can avoid disappointment by ordering your copy of the BOYS' FRIEND in advance.

### BOOKS TO READ.

I would draw my readers' attention to the two grand issues of the BOYS' FRIEND Threepenny Library which are now on sale. They are entitled

"TOM TALLANT, THE BOY TAXI-DRIVER" By Henry T. Johnson; and

"A SON OF THE SEA" By Beverley Kent and Victor Daring, R.N.

Many thousands of my chums will remember "A Son of the Sea," which had such a successful run in the "Friend" some months back. The book issue, however, is slightly different to the serial edition, inasmuch as it is greater in length. Even though you may have read this tale in serial form, I would strongly urge you to buy it in book-form, for, although you may remember two-thirds of the yarn, the rest will be quite new to you.

### ANOTHER NEW STORY.

Look out for another new serial by that famous author Duncan Storm. I am not in a position to say much about this story just now, except that it will start in a few weeks' time, and will take you all by "storm." R'm!

## "BOYS' FRIEND" TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION, No. 16.

The correct reading of the sixteenth BOYS' FRIEND Picture Puzzle is as follows:

A man, fishing in a stream, caught a small carp. As the angler was about to place it into his basket the fish implored him to throw him back into the stream. "For," said he, "I am little now, but when I grow big I shall be worth more to you." "That may be," said the man; "but I never throw away a certainty in expectation of an uncertainty."

One competitor sent in a solution identical with the Editor's paragraph, and the first prize of £1 is awarded to:

P. ASHWORTH, 756, Oldham Road, Fallsworth, Manchester.

Tuck Hampers have been awarded to the following six competitors in order of merit:

Margaret Lee, Waverley Hotel, Kothley, Yorks.  
 Lucian Rains, 45, Garm Cross, Nantyglo, Mon.

Lucia, Ruth Phillips, 1, Wilton Street, Chestham Hill, Manchester.

W. E. Whitbread, 25, Reginald Road, Bexhill-on-Sea, Sussex.

W. H. Cawthray, 110, Station Road, Shirebrook, Derbyshire.

Harold Green, 48, Westbury Street, Thornaby-on-Tees.

### BRIEF REPLIES.

T. H. Pyle (New Zealand)—Yes, your height is quite good for your age. I am always delighted to hear from my chums across the seas.

A. Arnett (Teoting)—Tommy Cook is the Rookwood wicket keeper. I will consider your suggestion with regard to introducing an Indian bag into the Rookwood stories.

G. B. (Aberdeen)—The BOYS' FRIEND is the oldest of the companion papers. I do not know who is the oldest boy in the Fistical Form at Rookwood. There is not more than a month or so's difference between the ages of any of them.

*Your Editor*



## THE UNINVITED GUEST!

(Continued from the previous page.)

"Well, we're going to have tea in Hall," said Jimmy Silver. "Are you ready, Bunter?"  
 "Ahem! I—I've had tea, you know."  
 "You said you'd like tea in Hall as well. You didn't have much of a spread here."  
 "I'm not a great eater," said Bunter calmly. "You fellows go and have tea. I'll wait for you here."  
 "Well, I want my tea," said Lovell.

"Bunter lock the door," said Jimmy, with a grin.  
 "You be!" said Bunter emphatically.  
 The Fistical Four went down to tea, and Bunter locked the door after them. Then he sat in the armchair and grinned. From his pockets he drew several chunks of cake and biscuits and chocolate creams, and proceeded to dispose of them—slowly. Even Billy Bunter had a limit, and after his tremendous feed, he had to be careful how he examined anything more in, lest there should be a catastrophe.

### The 8th Chapter. A Very Serious Problem.

Billy Bunter was asleep in the armchair when the Fistical Four returned to the study. A humming at the door awakened him, and he let the juniors in. Jimmy Silver & Co. regarded him curiously as he yawned and rubbed his eyes.  
 "Napping again?" asked Newcome.  
 "Yes, just a dunn, you know," said Bunter. "I can do with a good deal of sleep. I suppose I shall have to think about my train pretty soon."

"Will you?" said Jimmy politely.  
 "Yes, I suppose you're not going to walk to the station?"  
 "No," said Jimmy, misunderstanding—perhaps purposely. "We've got a meeting of the cricket committee, and we shan't be able to get away."  
 "So awfully sorry," said Lovell.  
 "I don't mean that," grunted Bunter. "I mean, you're going to have a lift of some sort."  
 "No lifts here," said Jimmy; "we all use the stairs."

"I don't mean that sort of a lift. Have you got a trap to take me to the station, or haven't you?"  
 "Nothing but a mouse-trap. I suppose that wouldn't do!"  
 "Be-r-r-r! When I have a visitor I generally look after him a bit better than this. I shouldn't urge a fellow to come and see me if I wasn't prepared to look after him," said Bunter irritably.  
 As a matter of fact, the ham and jam and pickles and cheese and the rest were engaged in interminable warfare inside Bunter, and his temper was suffering.

"Well, we're prepared to look after you," said Lovell; "we'll look after you from the gate when you go, with pleasure."  
 "Well, if I've got to walk, we may as well start now," said Bunter sulkily. "I suppose you're going to see me to the station!"  
 "Sorry. Can't cut the cricket committee."  
 "Then there's something that will have to be settled before I start," said Bunter, in alarm. "I told you I'd left my money at Greyfriars. I've got to get a ticket back somehow."  
 "My hat! That looks like a difficulty. Sorry, I'm stony!"

"Same here," said Lovell.  
 And Raby and Newcome shook their heads sadly.  
 Billy Bunter blinked at them. Following his usual system, he had intended to "stick" Jimmy Silver & Co. for his railway fare. But he had overdone it for once. The Fistical Four were stony, and they had neither the desire nor the intention to go up and down Rookwood borrowing money for Bunter.

"We'll see you as far as the gate," said Jimmy Silver. "Sorry we can't come further. But a cricket committee is a cricket committee, you know."  
 "I say, you fellows, I—I've got to have a ticket, you know," said Bunter, in alarm. "I—I can't dodge the railway company all the way."  
 "It's a good idea to take a return ticket," remarked Lovell. "Well, I must be off. Rawson's expecting me."

Lovell strolled away whistling. How William George Bunter was to get home to Greyfriars was no concern of his. It was up to William George to consider those details before he issued invitations to himself.  
 Billy Bunter was utterly dismayed.  
 "Oh, really, you know, I—I can't stay here all night, you know!" he said.  
 "I might make you up a bed in the study," said Jimmy Silver thoughtfully. "Would you mind sleeping on the floor?"  
 "You ass!" roared Bunter. "I've got to get home before looking-up, or I shall get a licking!"  
 "Then you'd better not lose the train," remarked Raby.  
 "I—I can't travel without a ticket."  
 "No; awkward, ain't it?"  
 "If I had a visitor, and he'd left his money at home, I'd lend him a few bob!" snorted Bunter.  
 "How would you, if you were stony?" asked Jimmy Silver calmly.

"Well, I can tell you that I shall think twice before I visit you again, that's all!"  
 "You're welcome to think three times," said Newcome. "See you later, Jimmy. Good-bye, Bunter! So sorry you're in a fix!"  
 Newcome went out.  
 "I say, you fellows, don't buzz off like that!" howled Bunter. "Where am I to get the money for my ticket?"

"Borrow it from Mornington," grunted Raby. "Morny's got lots of cash."

And Raby sauntered out.  
 "Don't forget the cricket committee, Jimmy!" he called back. "The fellows will be waiting for you."  
 Billy Bunter caught hold of Jimmy Silver's sleeve.  
 "Look here, what are you going to do?" he demanded.  
 Jimmy shook his head.  
 "Blessed if I know. You should really have thought of that before you started, you know. You'll excuse me now, won't you? I can't keep the committee waiting."

"But I—I say—"  
 "Perhaps you could borrow it of Bootles," said Jimmy, relenting.  
 "Bootles! Who's Bootles?"  
 "Our Form-master. If you tell him you're stranded here without your return fare, I dare say he would stand it. Only you'd have to send him the money afterwards, or he'd write to your Headmaster."  
 "Look here! You go and ask Bootles, and I'll send you a postal-order to-morrow—I say, don't cut off while I am talking to you! All right, you beast, show me where his study is, then!"

Jimmy Silver, with a solemn face, conducted Bunter to Mr. Bootles' study, and the fat junior knocked and entered. Doubtless the Owl of Greyfriars succeeded in explaining satisfactorily to Mr. Bootles, for his fat face wore a look of relief when he came out of the study.  
 He blinked round for Jimmy Silver, but Jimmy had disappeared. The cricket committee was in session, and Jimmy was there.  
 Billy Bunter gave an expressive snort, and rolled out of the School House. He rolled down to the gates and departed.

His visit to Rookwood had come to an end. And, excepting for the stolen spread, it had not fulfilled Bunter's expectations in the least. He rolled away down the lane in a decidedly discontented frame of mind, and as he plumped into the train that bore him away, he registered a vow that he wouldn't honour Jimmy Silver & Co. with another visit, not even if they went down on their banded knees and begged him with tears in their eyes to do so. But

Bunter's determination was not likely to be put to such a test.

"Tabby's gone, then!"  
 Lovell made that disrespectful remark when he came into the end study to do his preparation.  
 "Did he raise the fare?" yawned Raby.  
 "Bootles lent it to him," said Jimmy Silver. "That was very enough; the only difficulty is that Bunter will have to square up with Bootles, will let somebody hear of it."  
 Jimmy Silver sat down at the table to work. There was a clink under the table as his feet knocked against something there.  
 "What the dickens—"  
 Jimmy stopped, and pulled up the cover. Then he ejaculated:  
 "Oh, my hat!"

"He kicked out into view a collection of empty ginger-beer and cranberry wine bottles, and several empty cardboard boxes that had contained chocolates and toffees."  
 "What the merry thunder!" exclaimed Lovell. "Where did that collection come from?"  
 "Morny's grub!" yelled Raby.  
 "Oh, crumbs!"

The Fistical Four looked at one another. It was evidently the debris of the missing feed that had been discovered under the study table. Jimmy Silver drew a deep breath.  
 "And the fat villain swore that he hadn't touched Mornington's stuff, he said."  
 "And I believed him, like an ass, and—and punched Morny's silly nose!"  
 "Well, Morny asked for it," said Lovell. "Never mind Morny's nose. Look here, Jimmy Silver, if that fat villain comes here again, he's going to have my best! I shan't argue with him, I shall just give him my best, and that's flat!"  
 Jimmy grinned.

"I don't think he'll pay me another visit," he said. "He will feel too jolly uncertain about getting his fare home."  
 "Ha, ha, ha!"  
 And Jimmy Silver was right. The chums of Rookwood had seen the last of the uninvited guest.  
 THE END.  
 (Another wonderful long complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. in next Monday's BOYS' FRIEND, entitled "The Rookwood Players." Don't miss it.)