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Great "Jamboree" Number.

The BOYS' FRIEND 1^{1d}/₂

SPECIAL COMPETITION FOR SCOUTS. SEE PAGE 324.

No. 1,000. Vol. XX. New Series.]

THREE HALFPENCE.

[Week Ending August 7th, 1920.]

JIMMY SILVER & CO. AT THE "JAMBOREE."

A Magnificent Long
Complete Story of
the Chums of - -
Rookwood School.

BY
OWEN CONQUEST.

The 1st Chapter.

Getting Ready for the Jamboree.

Jimmy Silver was seated at the table in the end study, thoughtfully biting the end of a stump of pencil. A sheet of paper before him was covered with what looked like a mixture of Morse code with hieroglyphs and Egyptian hieroglyphs.

Jimmy was making calculations. He was too deep in his calculations to look up when the fat face of Tubby Muffin of the Fourth came up in the doorway. His eyes were fixed on Jimmy and his mouth had been choiced off. He was not allowed to interrupt his calculations, so Jimmy Silver was not likely to bother about Tubby Muffin. He dabbed down some fresh hieroglyphics with a wrinkle in his brow, while Muffin stood and blinked at him.

"I say, Jimmy—"

Jimmy scribbled.

"Give a minute to spare, please."

"It's rather important."

"About the Jamboree—"

"Get off!"

"At Olympia—"

"No more."

"I want to discuss it with you, Jimmy," said Tubby Muffin. "As I'm going with the scouts—"

"As Jimmy Silver, without speaking, looked round him as if in search of something."

"Looking for anything, Jimmy?" asked Tubby Muffin.

"No."

"What do you want?"

"Something to throw at you!"

"I say, Jimmy, don't be a blockhead. You know I suppose you mean to come with the scouts, don't you, for the big Jamboree?"

"I really wish you wouldn't bother about it, Jimmy, when I'm busy with my calculations."

"Tubby Muffin, possibly," said Jimmy Silver. "We must go to Rookwood when it comes on, as it's in the holiday, and I'll see that all arrangements are made before we break up."

"I shall break you up, Tubby,



All Roads Lead to the Boy Scout "Jamboree"!

JIMMY SILVER & CO. ARRIVE AT OLYMPIA!

A Stirring Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Story in This Issue.

without making any arrangements first. If you don't give me a rest!"

"Lovell and the rest are going home with you, I understand!"

"Yes," snapped Jimmy.

"Do you want me to come?"

"No."

Tubby Muffin sniffed.

"Is that what you call civil, Jimmy?" he inquired.

"It's what I call veracious!" said Jimmy Silver. "You needn't bother about the Jamboree, Tubby. You can't enter for anything. You can't scout, you know; you can't run, and you can't box, and you can't camp. If you feel inclined to join the Rookwood Scouts at Olympia, you can pay your half-year like the rest of the public, and look on!"

"You silly ass!" howled Tubby Muffin. "Of course, I'm going there to represent Rookwood. This school has got to carry off some of the honors. Besides, I shall enjoy it; there will be plenty of grub going! It's only a question of funds, really."

Jimmy picked up the inkpot.

"Look here, Mr. Muffin!"

Tubby prepared to dodge.

But he was not going. It was very important, from Tubby's point of view, to settle all details connected with the great Scout Jamboree in August before Rookwood School broke up for the vacation.

Tubby had strong suspicion that once Jimmy Silver & Co. were out of his sight he would fade completely from their memories; he would be gone from their gaze like a more or less beautiful dream, and they would not remember his existence.

And the Jamboree would not, indeed, be complete, without the presence of Reginald Muffin.

Sir Robert Baden-Powell himself might be there, but even the Chief Scout was not so important a personage as Reginald Muffin, of the Classical Fourth Form at Rookwood. At least, Tubby Muffin looked at the matter in that light.

So the affair had to be arranged before Jimmy Silver escaped, so to speak.

"Now, look here, Muffin," said Jimmy Silver impressively. "I've got a lot of arrangements to make. There's going to be a hundred thousand or so scouts at the Jamboree, and I'm responsible for the Rookwood contingent—the junior lot, anyway. That means work. I've no time for jaw. Run away and play before I brain you!"

"But—"

"Are you going?" roared Jimmy Silver.

"Presently. But—"

Whisk!

The inkpot flew.

It crashed on the doorstep a foot from Tubby Muffin's head. It was intended as a warning; but from the well Muffin gave, the inkpot might have crashed on his head.

"Varooop!"

"Now go!"

"Yah! Oh! Help! Yooop!" roared Tubby Muffin.

"You silly chump!" howled Jimmy Silver, clutching up a cushion.

"You're not hurt yet! You're going to be, if you don't travel!"

"Look here, Jimmy—"

The captain of the Fourth poised the cushion in the air.

"You'll get it this time!" he said.

"I say—"

"Will you travel?"

"You see—"

Whisk!

Just as the cushion flew Tubby Muffin was jerked out of the doorway by a hand upon the back of his collar, and Arthur Edward Lovell looked in.

"All right, Jimmy, I'll—'Vooop!'"

Crash!

It was just Lovell's ill-luck. He had kindly succumbed to the passage to relieve his chum of Tubby's importunities, and he had arrived just in time to catch the cushion.

It landed on his nose.

Lovell staggered in the doorway with a loud howl.

"He, he, he!"

Tubby Muffin emitted a fat chuckle as he fled. He seemed to find something humorous in that unexpected denouement.

Not so Lovell! He rubbed his nose, and stared dazedly at the captain of the Fourth.

"You silly owl!" he gasped. "Wharrer you bunging cushions at me for?"

"Ha, ha! I mean, sorry!" gasped Jimmy Silver. "I meant—"

"Look at my nose!" gurgled Lovell.

"Ha, ha, I. But—"

"Funny, isn't it?" roared Lovell. "Jolly funny to bung a cushion on a chap's nose when he's going you a chump turn! Let's see how you like a thump on your own boko!"

"I say, look here, you ass—my hat!"

Jimmy Silver jumped up as his increased chum rushed upon him.

The next moment they were waltzing round the study table, and Arthur Edward Lovell was hammering on the table with a pencil, that organ for a punch-ball.

"You-ow-ow! You ass, leggo!" shrieked Jimmy Silver.

"There, you chump—there, you funny ass—"

"What's the thump's the matter?" Raby and Newcome came hurrying into the study. "What the dickens is—"

Thump, thump! Bump!

Crash!

The table went flying as the excited juniors bumped into it, and Jimmy Silver's hieroglyphical calculations floated away into the grate. Fortunately, there was no fire there. Raby and Newcome rushed to separate the combatants.

"What's the row?" demanded Raby.

"That idiot—"

"That ass—"

"But what—"

"That thump—"

"That dummy—"

"Lemme serrat him!"

"Tl—tl—"

"Here, you come away!" grinned Raby. "Lend a hand, Newcome!"

Arthur Edward Lovell was dragged

But Uncle James had been too deep for him.

At his request, Higgs had engaged the fat Classical in conversation, and taken him for a visit to the toolshop to change a pointed note—a temptation that Reginald Muffin could not possibly resist.

While the hapless Tubby was thus occupied, the Fiscal Four had departed, and the train bore them away before Muffin was even aware that they were outside the gates of Rookwood.

After changing at Letcham Junction, the chums of the Fourth felt that they were secure from Master Muffin at last.

The train ran on swiftly through the sunny countryside, en route for Jimmy Silver's home, where his chums were to stay with him until after the Boy Scout Jamboree.

A good many more of the Rookwood scouts were to arrive there later, and proceeded together to the Big Camp at Richmond. But Tubby Muffin wasn't one of them. Tubby really wasn't a scout at all. He was far too fat and lazy for scouting, and his sudden enthusiasm for it was only due to his anticipation of a good time at the Jamboree.

"Never mind Tubby," said Jimmy Silver cheerfully. "We're done with Tubby till next term, thank goodness."

A MAGNIFICENT MODEL OF GREYFRIARS SCHOOL. THE GREATEST NOVELTY OF THE YEAR!

EDITOR'S NOTE.—If this Model meets with popular approval a replica of Rookwood School will be presented in a few weeks' time.



HARRY WHARTON: "Here you are, Bunter! Just look at this beautiful colonial model of Greyfriars School which is being presented to readers in 'CHUCKLES' this Friday!"

BILLY BUNTER: "Oh, really, Wharton, that's a ripping wheeze! Where have they shovelled the Tuck Shop?"

READERS OF THE 'BOYS' FRIEND' ARE ADVISED TO ORDER 'CHUCKLES' TO-DAY WITHOUT FAIL. THERE WILL BE AN UNPRECEDENTED DEMAND FOR THIS FRIDAY'S ISSUE.

out of the study, and Jimmy Silver kicked the door shut. He dabbed his nose, and rubbed his eye, and brushed his hair, and at last settled himself down to resume his mental labours. He had just got going, when the door opened cautiously, and a fat face looked in.

"I say, Jimmy—"

Jimmy Silver made a jump for the inkpot, and another jump for Tubby Muffin.

"Oh crumbs!"

The door banged, and Reginald Muffin fled. He just escaped the poker, and after that there was peace in the end study.

The 2nd Chapter. Tubby, Top!

"Safe at last!"

The Fiscal Four chuckled in chorus.

Lovell's remark referred to Tubby Muffin. Until Rookwood broke up for the holidays, that fat youth had teased Jimmy Silver, and it was only too clear that he intended to go home with Jimmy, as no definite arrangements had been made for Tubby's presence at the Jamboree.

"I've told him he can turn up at Olympia in the audience if he likes."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I've got a plan here of the camp at Richmond," continued Jimmy Silver. "We shall meet the Greyfriars' and St. Jim's scouts there. I've heard from Wharton and Tom Merry about it. We've got enough to do looking after all our traps, without Tubby."

"I should think so!" grinned Lovell. "Let's see. Each scout has to take knaps, fork, and spoon—"

"Have you sent in the application to camp, though, Jimmy?" inquired Raby.

Jimmy Silver gave him a passionate look.

"Did you think I should forget it?" he asked.

"Well, you know what an ass you are, old chap!" said Raby.

"Feasthead!"

"Well, you know—"

"Order!" said Newcome. "We're going to see, or we're just going to see, and you mustn't call him an ass. These painful truths must only be told at Rookwood."

"It's all arranged, you duddies!" said Jimmy Silver. "That's what

your Uncle James has been doing when you've been riding the goat. It's lucky there's one chap in this Form with some brains!"

"You flatter me!" murmured Lovell.

"As?"

"Is, ha, ha!"

Jimmy then chatted on the inexhaustible subject of the Jamboree while the train ran on, and they quite forgot the existence of Reginald Muffin. Reginald had foreseen that they would. But they were not done with that enthusiastic scout yet.

They arrived at the Priory, and they were sitting down to a late tea with Mrs. Silver, when a thundering rat-tat-tat at the door echoed through the house.

Itaxial had been heard outside, and the terrific summons at the door seemed to indicate the arrival of a visitor of importance.

The dining-room door opened, to admit a well-known form.

Jimmy Silver jumped up.

"Muffin!"

"Dear me! Is this one of your schoolfellows, Jimmy?" asked Mrs. Silver.

"Yes," gasped Jimmy.

"Tubby Muffin came in, with a smiling, affectionate face, though with a rather wary look in his eye. Sorry, I'm a bit late, your train, Jimmy, old chap!" he said. "How do you do, ma'am? You'll excuse my getting here so late, won't you?"

"You—you—"

"You didn't think I had deserted you, Jimmy, did you?" asked Tubby Muffin affectionately. "My dear old Mrs. Silver, you wouldn't enjoy the Jamboree if I wasn't there."

"You—"

"Higgs was pressing me to come home with him, and Tubby, but I wouldn't think of leaving you in the lurch, Jimmy. I've had a very pressing letter from D'Arcy, of St. Jim's. He simply insists upon my going to his place till the Jamboree, but I had to tell him plainly it couldn't be done. I couldn't break my promise to you, Jimmy—could I, ma'am?"

"I—I suppose not," said Mrs. Silver, who was eyeing the fat Rookwood rather curiously.

"That's it," said Tubby. "I'm a slave to my word. Having promised Jimmy, I felt that I had to come, though otherwise I should have rather enjoyed myself at Lord Eastwood's place. That's D'Arcy's pater, you are great pals. How lucky that I've turned up in time for tea, isn't it, Jimmy?"

Jimmy Silver looked fixedly at the fat Classical.

He was debating in his mind whether he should take Reginald Muffin by the scruff of the neck, and run him out of the house and pitch him into the taxi, which was still grunting on the drive.

Possibly Tubby read his thoughts.

He drew a chair to the side of Mrs. Silver, and sat down there under the protection of the good lady.

Jimmy glanced at his chums.

Lovell was frowning, and Raby and Newcome grinning.

Mrs. Silver was already helping him to tea, and Tubby was helping himself to ham with a liberal hand. His appetite had not been impaired by the journey from Rookwood, as he soon proved. A maid looked in at the door.

She bore a message from the taxi driver. He wanted to know whether he was to wait.

Tubby Muffin looked up, with his mouth full of food.

"My hat! I forgot the taxi! Do you mind settling with him, Jimmy? I'll square later."

"I—"

"I forgot where I've put my purse," said Tubby Muffin. "You don't mind, old chap?"

Jimmy Silver, breathing hard, went out to interview the taxi-driver. He came back, still breathing hard, and sixteen shillings the poorer. Tubby Muffin was not at all close with money, on such occasions as this.

"Is he gone?" asked Tubby.

"Yes."

"How much did he stick you for?" asked Tubby curiously.

"Sixteen bob."

"He's done you," said Tubby. "Twelve and six would have been enough. Remind me to settle up to-morrow."

"I shan't see you to-morrow," said Jimmy.

"Oh, yes, you will, you know, as I'm staying for the Jamboree," Jimmy gasped.

"We walked from the station, didn't we?"

"Tubby never carries any luggage, you know, right, too, because of travelling in one's own town."

"Oh!" gasped Lovell.

"Lovell never takes, old fellow!" roared Jimmy. "Reginald Muffin had taken his bag."

The 3rd Chapter. Tubby Stands Treat!

"Better do it in style," said Jimmy Silver. "It was a first-class ticket, and Reginald Muffin was all right. The chums were quite ready to journey to Richmond, and take a taxi, when Tubby concluded to make a more remark."

"My idea," continued Tubby, "was to have a motor-char-a-banc."

"Too dear," said Jimmy Silver curtly.

"Tubby shook his head.

"That's where you make a mistake," he said. "Railway fares are a lot of 'em. How many are you going to?"

"Twelve from here."

"That isn't!"

Tubby. "There's you, right, and four—and Potty Grace and Emu—that's six—and Conroy, Emu, Van Ryn—that's nine—and Cook and Doyle—that's twelve. That's thirteen."

"You're not going?" asked Lovell.

"My dear chap—"

"I don't see any arrangement made for you at the camp, do you?"

"That doesn't matter, Jimmy. I'll make it myself."

"You're not making it?"

"To whom?"

"Sir Robert, you know. As friend of mine," explained Tubby. "I'll see my mamma about him, if there's any difficulty."

"You sneaking ass!"

Lovell. "I don't think you ought to be like that in Jimmy Silver's presence. Lovell. It doesn't show a proper respect for your host."

"You were always a bit of a stick in your manners, Lovell; but he might really be a bit more behaved if he knew how to mention it, you know."

"I—I—" stammered Lovell.

"So there'll be thirteen."

Tubby. "Now, if rather than run from here to Richmond, we'll no doubt we can get a char-a-banc to do it for about ten or twelve pounds."

"And you're proposing to make char-a-banc, I dreezy!" roared Newcome, with deep asperity.

Muffin nodded.

"Exactly," he said. "You've got my thoughts. Arthur's got me up here, with such hospitality, that I ought to play my part. No object, Jimmy—I insist. I've got my pater for a special reason for the purpose, and I simply can't stand the motor."

"But—"

Tubby waved a fat hand.

"I won't hear any objections, but, you know, I'll not be in the town this morning, and you the car—you needn't worry about it. Leave the car to me, it comes to another pound or so."

"Don't you worry, your pater's seeing me through."

Tubby Muffin had been a good deal during his stay at the Priory, and Jimmy Silver had had been severely ill, and planned to waste no money, as it was determined to take it to the bank. Nothing short of a miracle would prevent Reginald Muffin that his presence at the Jamboree was a matter of course, naturally, passed that day.

But certainly, if Tubby's motor-char-a-banc for a large sum of money, it would be a compensation, a would be very much pleased to be by train.

"But it's a lot of money," Jimmy at last.

"Leave it to me, old fellow."

"Still—"

"You go and make the arrangements now," said Jimmy. "I shall wait some time, and then, I shall wait some time, and then, I shall wait to bring you."

Jimmy gasped.

"You've got some extra clobber and me, haven't you?"

"Wouldn't fit you."

"I'll manage with it."

"Oh! I'll start with it, say."

"You Lovell."

"Perhaps I'll better by some new clobber."

"Tubby thoughtfully, "made chap like me couldn't into your Jimmy things."

"I'll get a new lot."

"Can't get things on tick."

"You said Newcome."

"Muffin rolled away."

"I suppose he will have to come to Richmond, if he stands the char-a-banc."

"After all, he needs'tn' get them."

"There will be plenty of waiting scots camped there."

"Thank goodness he's gone."

"I'll have a scout run for me, he'll be in the woods."

"Tubby heard."

"There were a dozen of the Rookwood scouts gathered at the Priory Wood, and they had a very enjoyable time out that day; without the pleasure of Reginald Muffin's society. When they came back from his expedition, they found that he seemed to be highly satisfied with the results of it. "Got your new clobber?" Lovell asked.

"Complete rig-out," said Muffin. "It's all serene."

"Oh," said Lovell, unsmiling. "He's where Tubby had the money."

"And the char-a-banc's engaged," said Tubby brightly. "The man wanted ten pounds for the trip."

"No so bad, what?"

"Well, you are playing up this time, aren't you, old chap?"

"You rely on me, old chap," said Tubby. "I know how to do things in my own way."

"You was a big breakfast, at a crowded table, the morning Jimmy Silver's party were to start for Richmond."

"Silver was looking over the letters at the breakfast-table, and he came upon one that seemed to surprise him. He gazed at it for some minutes, and then fixed his eyes upon Reginald Muffin.

"Do you know anything about this, Muffin?" asked the old gentleman.

"That is it, sir?"

"That is a complete scout outfit, supplied to Master Muffin, and the bill is sent to me."

"My hat!" murmured Jimmy.

"Oh, that's all right, sir," said Tubby cheerily. "I told the man to send the bill in to you, sir, to save trouble. I've asked my father to send you a cheque for the amount."

"Oh," said Mr. Silver.

He seemed very much perplexed; not knowing Reginald Muffin so well. The Rookwooders looked over his shoulder, but he made no further remark on the subject; and Tubby Muffin devoted himself to rashers and eggs, and dismissed it from his mind.

"The Rookwooders were looking at Muffin with expressive brows; but he did not seem to observe it."

"Hello! There's the car!" said Reginald at the char-a-banc was heard rattling on the drive outside.

"The scouts crowded out. Lovell caught Tubby Muffin by the shoulder in the hall.

"You fat villain!" he breathed.

"Oh!"

"You've stuck Jimmy's father for a bill."

"My dear chap, my pater's going to send him a cheque."

"Come on, you fellows!" called out Jimmy Silver.

"The scouts crowded into the char-a-banc. There was plenty of room to accommodate them all, and it was a very cheery party that started on the journey to the Old Deer Park at Richmond.

Tubby Muffin was as cheery as any, as the char-a-banc snorted and booted the way, by leafy lanes and long roads.

"There's Richmond Bridge!" said Lovell at last.

"Close on now," said Jimmy Muffin. "It's been a jolly drive, Muffin, and we're no end obliged to you."

"Don't mench, old fellow!" said Tubby Muffin airily. "It's a pleasure to me to stand it, you know, after your hospitality. I say, are we close to the camp now?"

"Yes; it's in the park!"

"Tubby's fat face wore a slightly anxious expression now.

"I say, Jimmy—"

"Yes."

"My remittance—"

"You remember I asked my father for a remittance—a special remittance—"

—to stand this char-a-banc to-day—"

"I remember."

"Well, it—it hadn't come when we left—"

"What?"

"I dare say it's arrived at the Priory now," said Tubby Muffin, blinking at the rounded Jimmy. "But the trouble is, I haven't the money in hand. I suppose you can stand the driver—"

"The driver?"

"Yes. I arranged for the driver to be paid after the journey, you know. I mentioned your father's name, so that they'd know it was all right."

Jimmy Silver stared at him.

"You—you fat villain!" he gasped.

"You mean to say that you were only stopping, and that you haven't the money to pay for the char-a-banc?"

"Nothing of the sort!" exclaimed Tubby Muffin indignantly. "I said I'd ask my pater for a special remittance, and so I did. That's my fault if he hasn't sent it, is it?"

"Why, you—you—" stammered Jimmy.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Lovell. "Spoofed again! You ought to have known him better, Jimmy!"

"Oh, I say, Lovell—"

Jimmy called to the driver.

"The char-a-banc slowed down."

"I say, what are you stopping for, Jimmy?" asked Tubby Muffin. "We ain't at the Deer Park yet!"

"You fat rascal!" said Jimmy Silver, in measured tones. "You've pulled our leg, and, as Lovell says, we ought to have known you better. We've got to have a whip-round now to pay for the char-a-banc—"

"Well, that's all right," said Tubby.

"I don't mind. I'll settle up later, of course."

"But we mind!" roared Lovell.

"We're going to pay for the car," said Jimmy, "and you're getting out here, Muffin. You've done us enough. Hop it!"

"I—I say," exclaimed Tubby, in dismay. "I—I can't get out here, you know! I can't walk to the camp!"

"If I see you in the camp I'll scalp you!" exclaimed Jimmy Silver.

"You can walk home, or walk to the dekens, or anywhere you like! Hop out!"

"Drive on!"

"Help him out, you fellows!"

"You bet!" said Arthur Edward Lovell grimly.

"Yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin, as he was helped out of the char-a-banc—not gently.

"Drive on!"

The char-a-banc rolled on; and Tubby Muffin sat in the dust beside the road, breathless, blinking after it. It disappeared from his sight; and Tubby Muffin gave a deep, deep groan. His sins had found him out at last!

with its thousands, everything was in perfect order.

Every fellow seemed to know where to go, and what to do; and there was busy and orderly cheerfulness on all sides.

A handsome, dark-skinned scout tapped Jimmy Silver on the shoulder, and greeted him with a grin.

"The phraseness of us, see your esteemed self is terrific!" he remarked.

Jimmy Silver grinned.

Even if he had forgotten the dark face, he would have recognized, by that variety of English, Harroo Jamieson, the set Ram Singh of Greysfriars.

Harry Wharton & Co. were there, and they greeted the Rookwood scouts warmly.

"The St. Jim's fellows are around somewhere," Harry Wharton told them. "I haven't run into them yet. By the way, I've met a chap inquiring after you, Silver—a fat fellow—"

"Not Muffin?" ejaculated Lovell.

"Yes, I think that's his name—a fellow nearly bursting through his scout clobber—"

"That's the wunner of Greysfriars," said Wharton, laughing. "He seemed to want you chaps, and to think that you'd be missing him."

"If I get him in front of my boot I won't miss him!" growled Lovell.

"So he's wedged into the camp, after all! Thank goodness he hasn't sent enough to find us."

Jimmy Silver had his doubts about that; Tubby Muffin was not over-blessed with sense, but he was a stickler. Somebody would be wanted to pay his expenses in the camp; and for that reason Tubby was likely to leave no stone unturned in hunting for his friends.

To Jimmy's surprise, and to his great relief, Tubby Muffin did not turn up that day.

The Rookwood scouts slept as soundly under canvas as they were accustomed to do in the dormitory at the Priory.

They turned out bright and fresh in the morning, to the call of a merry bugle on Richmond Camp.

After breakfast, Jimmy and his chums were chatting outside the tent, when an extremely elegant scout came along.

In addition to the unusual fineness of his scout clobber, the superb youth wore the rare adornment of an eyeglass—probably the only one on Richmond Camp.

"Good-mornin', dear boys!" he exclaimed.

"Hallo, D'Arcy! Why—what—?"

"A friend of yours," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Heath they are Muffin, dear boy—I've found them for you!"

The swell of St. Jim's was not alone. Tubby Muffin rolled up with him, grinning cheerily.

The Leekwooders stared at him.

"Found you, old top," said Muffin. "So sorry I was left behind yesterday—but it's all right now. Though, really if I don't see you, I should have done if I hadn't run into my old pal Gussy."

"I found Muffin wadewin' round the place," explained Arthur Augustus. "As he had lost his twopenny, we put him up in our tent for the night!"

"I wish you'd dropped him over Richmond Bridge instead!" grunted Lovell.

"Hai Jove!"

"I found 'em all together again," said Tubby Muffin cheerily, turning a deaf ear to Lovell. "Nice, ain't it? I say, Jimmy, there are some shops over yonder—you can buy grub here—"

"You can go and buy as much as you like, Muffin."

"You see, as that remittance didn't arrive before we left your place, Jimmy, I'm rather short of tin. I was only able to lend me half a quid—"

"What?"

"And that's gone already—"

"It's time you were home, too," said Arthur Edward Lovell grimly. "Slew him round, Jimmy, and I'll give him my best goal-kick."

"Hear, hear!"

"I say—leggo—oh—yaroooh!" roared Tubby Muffin, as he was slowed round by the car—a proceeding in that Arthur Augustus D'Arcy watched in great astonishment.

Lovell took a little run, to kick. But Tubby Muffin did not wait for Arthur Edward's best goal-kick. He jumped away, and ran.

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In the adjoining columns you will see the fifth set of six pictures which, on careful study, will reveal the titles of popular Cinema Pictures.

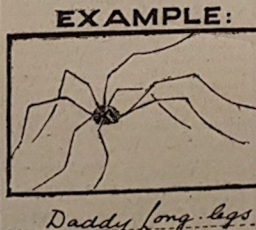
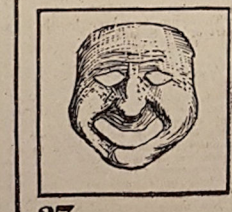
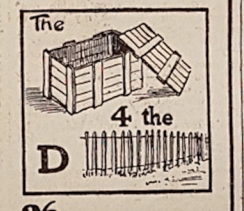
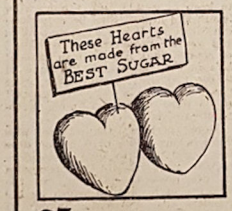
All you have to do is to write underneath each picture the title of the film you think it suggests. Below you will find an example picture, which represents the film entitled, "Daddy Long-Legs" and the remaining pictures are just as easy.

There will be three more sets of pictures, and when the last set appears I will announce in this column when your solutions are to be sent in to me.

Readers can send in as many sets as they like, but in each case the solutions must be written underneath each picture appearing in the BOYS' FRIEND.

To the readers whose efforts correspond most correctly with the list of titles I have locked in my safe, I will award the above prizes in order of merit.

Remember that Your Editor's decision must be accepted as absolutely final in this competition.



NOTE! Keep your completed efforts by you. Do not send in any sets of pictures until the closing date of the competition is announced. The first four sets can be obtained through any newsagent.

The great British public, too, turned up in great force to see the scouts doing their "stunts."

In the morning there were boxing competitions in the great arena, in which the Rookwood contingent showed up prominently, with results that did them honour.

After that came the Muffin had a chance of distinguishing himself—though not exactly as he desired. He succeeded in falling off Mary, the champion, in the course of a ride upon that animal, and for some little time after that, Tubby was not keen on distinction.

The Rookwooders marched in the Grand Procession in the afternoon. It was an impressive sight, with thousands of scouts, from all corners of the Empire, healthy and fit and cheery.

It was a busy and a tiring day for the scouts, but they were not to be much affected by the fatigue—excepting Reginald Muffin. Muffin had chiefly distinguished himself in the regimental band, and for his efforts in that quarter took upon him considerably.

"Well, what's the matter with you, fatty?" demanded Arthur Edward.

"Oh, you haven't done so badly," said Tubby, tolerantly. "Quite as well as I expected. In fact, better. But if I'd been put up to box, you'd have seen a rather different result."

"I was willing to bag practically everything for Rookwood," said Tubby morosely.

"Don't, old chap," grinned Edward. "And in that, at least, Tubby undoubtedly kept his word; he didn't. The next day was Tuesday, and the Rookwooders attended the great service held in the arena. On Monday the Jamboree was resumed, to last through the end of the week."

"I find that you can hire chara-banos here, you fellows," Tubby Muffin announced at breakfast on Monday.

"Yes, now, my idea is to hire a chara-bano to go up to Olympia to-day," said the fat classical. "It saves time, and it saves temper. Then, after the show, we can have a motor-roun round London. I've got some friends in the Great End I'd like to call on—some little people, you know. I'll take you fellows."

"You may have forgotten the addresses of the roads we're to go by; the time we're ready to call," suggested Raby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" "Of course, I'm not asking you fellows to pay for the chara-bano," said Tubby. "I'm standing it."

"Same as you did before?" growled Lowell.

"Tubby did not seem to hear that question.

"Of all the thumping asses!" said Arthur Edward at breakfast. "I said to Tubby, 'You fellows come down to the gate ready.'"

Jimmy Silver chuckled. "If he does he's going to meet with a slight disappointment," he remarked.

"At the appointed hour, the Rookwood scouts were on the spot ready for the char-a-bano to take them up, and also ready to proceed to Olympia by the motor-roun."

"Here you are, you fellows," he called out. "All aboard!"

"Have you paid for it?" "Tubby 'in, you fellows," said Tubby Muffin apparently afflicted with deafness all of a sudden.

"You'd better make sure of your cap before we do the journey," said Jimmy. "You're standing this char, are you?" asked Jimmy.

"When you've paid in advance," said Jimmy. "I say, driver!"

"You'd better make sure of your cap before we do the journey," said Jimmy. "You're standing this char, are you?" asked Jimmy.

"I understand the gents was to pay six bob each," said the driver. "But I'll have the money in advance, as there's a misunderstanding. You're responsible."

"You hear me, sir?" asked the driver. "I haven't come here to waste time, and there's plenty of passengers to be picked up. Have you got the money now?"

"The fact is—"

"I haven't exactly got the tin with me," said Tubby Muffin cautiously. "But I'll see my patter to send you a cheque—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the scouts. The driver's face was a study for a moment.

"You—you—" he stammered. "Here, outer that!"

"He whipped into the car, and took Tubby Muffin all at fat ear. There was a dismal wail from Tubby as he was jerked out of the car and landed in the road."

"Now, if I get near you with my boot—" began the incensed chara-bano merchant, beginning to hulk surlily.

"I say, Jimmy, lend me six pounds!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"M-m-make it five pound nineteen and six, then," gasped Tubby. "I've got six pence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the scouts, and even the chauffeur's grim face relaxed a little.

"Look here," bawled Tubby Muffin, "I'm not going to far around on rotten 'buses! If you can't do the decent thing, I sha'n't stay here with you any longer! I'm fed up!"

"Same here, dear boy!" grinned Jimmy. "If you're going, old chap, we'll give you a start. Now then, all aboard! Boats!"

Tubby Muffin vanished. Then Jimmy Silver & Co. made their own bargain for the char-a-bano. The motor-roun was a good one, and the great walls were the Jamboree at Olympia and the dolings of the Rookwood Scouts at the great Jamboree.

Next Week's Story. "BACK TO THE OLD SCHOOL."

A splendid complete tale of Jimmy Silver & Co. By OWEN CONQUEST.



Scouts have the satisfaction of knowing that there has never been a better motto invented than the one which serves as the watchword of their organisation. There are thousands of mottos in this world, some of them with no meaning worth talking about, but there isn't one that means so much, that includes so much, as these two very ordinary words: "Be prepared."

"It's nothing less than great. Its adoption was an inspiration. A motto is something to be lived up to, and, as such, it has a big influence. It means something, and those who live under it are reminded that they must make themselves worthy of it. Any Scout who doesn't do his level best and try his hardest to live up to his motto isn't worthy to wear the Scout uniform."

But, then, I don't believe that such a Scout exists.

"What a tremendous number of things are in the words 'Be prepared.' stand for! Prepared to do a good action at any time to anybody. Prepared to disregard oneself if another may benefit. Prepared to take any amount of trouble for another's advantage, at no matter what cost. Prepared—But the list is too long. We'll say prepared for everything, and have done with it."

For the Scout to fulfil his mission must "be prepared" in all ways, and not the least of these is his own physical efficiency. He must try hard and be willing to work hard to make himself physically efficient, to keep himself at the top-notch of health and prowess, then he is neglecting his duty. If he's weak and ailing and wanting in endurance—assuming, of course, that it's his own fault if he's in such a condition, none of us can make sure against ever being unwell—then he can't "be prepared" to do those things which his motto requires him to do.

More, perhaps, than those who don't belong to his organisation does the Scout need to give attention—regular attention—to the promotion of his physical efficiency. By the securing of his bodily health by the regular and systematic taking of proper exercise. Health and exercise go hand in hand. To keep the first you take the second. By taking the second you get the first.

To secure and keep health is a part of the Scout's duty.

Walking. A good many fellows don't "catch on" to walking as an exercise because, as they say, it's slow. Well, that's not so rapid as running, but anyone who saw E. J. Webb walk seven miles in a trike over 52 1/2 minutes wouldn't be inclined to say there was anything slow about the performance. And when you come to look up records you'll find the runner hasn't so much the best of it.

Not many years before the war, T. E. Hammond trained over 12 miles straight off the reel in 24 hours. You won't find many men who can better those figures running, and they wouldn't be able to keep on for 24 hours without a break. You see, a man can keep on walking much longer than he can keep on running without a rest.

Walking is anything but a dull exercise if it's taken properly. To slouch along, hands in pockets, staring at the dust or mud, at two miles an hour pace isn't walking at all. The best way of doing it is to go on at all. The breathing doesn't become longer and deeper; there isn't any more oxygen taken into the lungs than there would be if the person were standing still; the blood isn't quickened and enriched, and the muscles do not obtain any benefit. But hit the pace up to three or half of four miles an hour, hold up the head, note what's going on around, and take in big, deep draughts of the pure air; let the arms move in a swinging and a hip swing, and all these things do not happen when one slouches do come about, and the whole system is invigorated and strengthened—

muscle and brain are better and stronger for the exercise. Keep up the pace for ten or twelve miles, and you'll have taken a dose of exercise that has cost you nothing; that'll do you more good than all the doctor's physic ever put into twenty bottles.

A Such walking, combined with the practice of breathing deeply, is one of the finest health givers possible. And it gets the skin of the feet into such condition that there is no need of blisters.

Should there be fear of these tiresome ills, provide against them by very simply, it scores at outside of the best of the stocking and placing a little powdered starch inside the boot. If wearing properly-fitting shoes, it has no more to be feared. If they should come however, thread a three-inch length of darning cotton right through the blister—with very little care, say, an inch sticking out at either end, and the matter is entered, and dust over with boracic powder.

A good company doubles the pleasure and comfort of walking, and in this matter the Scout holds a big advantage. He can usually be certain of the companionship of his chums when he goes long walking.

An Early-Morning Exercise.

It's been exercising now for nearly six months, and my muscles don't seem a bit the better developed. I've heard of the above, or something very like it, for a long time, and, as a rule, it hasn't been difficult for me to find the correct answer. The disappointed young athlete has exercised, but he does so by fits and starts. Three mornings in succession, then a break of a day or two. A week of hard work, and then two or three days with none at all. This is generally what I have found. No wonder the muscles haven't enlarged.

For exercise to be of any real benefit must be taken daily, and regularly and methodically, we take our meals. If this is carried out there'll be no reason for such exercise. It is the above.

Morning and evening are the most suitable times for systematic exercising, though I always advise a few minutes just before tumbling into bed. Sleep comes more readily, and it's more healthful sleep.

Scouts in camp are well situated for the taking of this early morning exercise. I suggest that as soon as partly dressed, before any camp work is done (but after a wash has been had), squads should be formed and sent out for a run to freshen up. The Scout at home, any lad—every lad—should find no difficulty in doing the same. It's a good beginning to the day.

No. 1.—Begin with two minutes' deep breathing. Stand erect, but not stiff, hands on hips, elbows out. Take in deep breath through the nose, holding it for a moment, then, forcing it out, if necessary. Hold breath so for two seconds. Then exhale, squeezing in stomach and abdomen so as to drive all foul air out of the system. Ten times.

No. 2.—Arms extended straight in front, fists clenched, level of mouth. Swing arms upwards and backwards, getting hands behind back as far as possible (breathing in as this is done). To rising on toes. Remain so a second, and repeat movement ten times.

No. 3.—Arms by side. Swing arms sideways to above head, then, without pausing, forwards and downwards, bending at hips and trying to touch the toes without bending knees. Ten times.

No. 4.—Sideways bending at hips. Ten times each side. No. 5.—Body turning right to left. Ten times. The hips should not.

fully equipped. Unless well fitted to go to the confidence that comes of a counter, to get in an will lay an injury on his to bring off a victory in a very promptly.

To these things things necessary, and in the case of it is unfortunate that some of the considering. And even the Scout finds a satisfactory in making a useful substitute for a Now, wrestling and in a bit of apparatus whatever. Nor are the tricks themselves. Know them with an instructor, rely upon, a dozen lads and then at once and has a practice bout the great is to be able to perform the correctly and neatly. Quicker come later.

Another great advantage of strong and heavy, and nearly to an equality smaller and weaker fellows, and following. It takes advantage of his superiority to make himself

As he steps forward, take a hand hold somewhere, in the middle with the left hand—strong in break with the right hand thrust out the right hand to the butt goes beneath his chin, forward with the left hand, back, the bully is positioned to be shoved over on his back.

One is grabbed by the collar, and with right hand holding collar. Catch the right hand, left hand, knuckles up, and as though, what the right hand is doing, the right arm thus compresses one's right shoulder. To hold his upper arm with right hand, and he can be thrown forward in the shoulder. If the right arm is placed outside and close against his right leg as the throw is made, his downfall is certain.

To hold a person securely has been thrown face downwards grab a foot, bend up towards him, seize other foot and bring legs, the other doubled-back leg, to hold of the foot, and be certain

Pole Work.

In their stars Scout position article which can be used in the body. In addition to the very resistance exercises for which it is necessary that are described the course of physical training. Japanese method appearing very in these notes, there are many each with some special purpose the promotion of bodily power.

Alternate opening and closing the fingers about the is a wonderful grip development, very quickly produces a marked improvement in the development of the toughness of the muscles of the arm. Gripping the pole tightly, arms straight out forward from shoulder, and then bending downwards alternately upwards and downwards is a grand exercise for the very often the weakest part of whole body.

As a chest broadener, and the head and neck is a most important instrument. Stand erect, arms about 16 inches apart, and horizontal, with the hands somewhat over the feet 6 inches apart. The hands should be under the staff over there. Now raise the staff upwards, downwards as far as possible, and allow the arms over backwards, loose. Bend the knee to be allowing the knee to be straight. Hold the position for ten seconds, and return to the starting forward. Repeat movement ten times. This is an A1 exercise for correcting any tendency towards rounded shoulders.

If you are in need of any concerning the "Health and Boys' Friend," The Boys' Friend, The London Printing and Publishing Co., 11, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. All queries answered by Mr. Langford, or by the opportunity of some of our information and advice FREE!