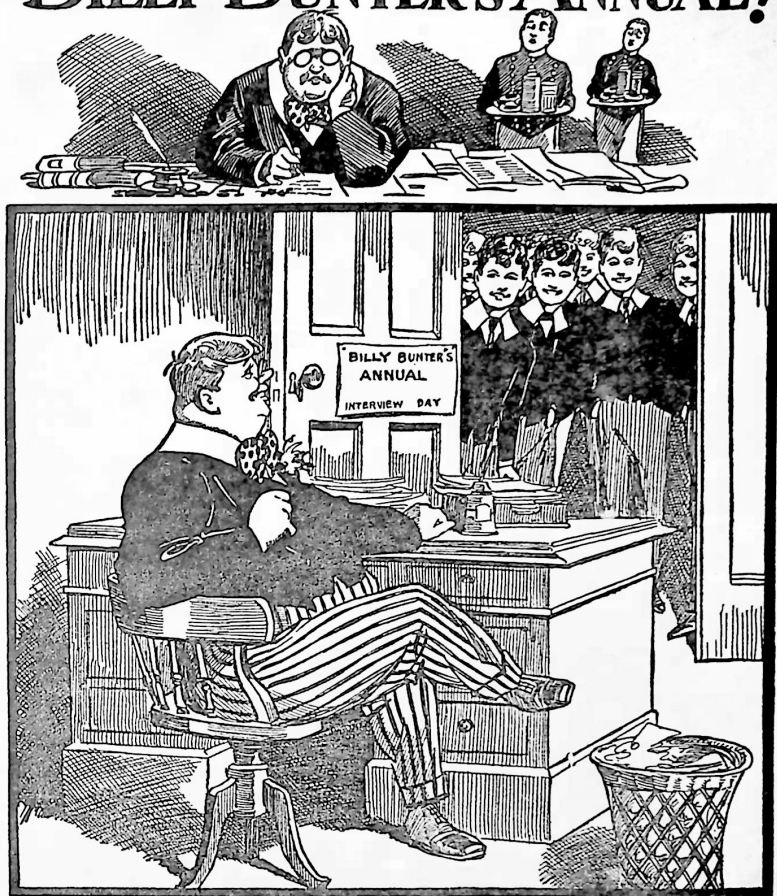


Special Supplement to the "Holiday Annual," 1929.

# BILLY BUNTER'S ANNUAL!



It's a busy life, an Editor's! But judging from the expression on Billy Bunter's face, he enjoys it. He seems to find the editorial chair quite comfortable—he certainly fills it out well!

## IN YOUR EDITOR'S DEN.



By BILLY BUNTER.

"ONCE more into the breach,"  
dear friends—

Much water has rolled across the mighty Atlantic since King Alfred used those famous words, but they are applicable to the present occasion, for it is exactly a year since I had the pleasure of presenting Billy Bunter's Annual for your delectashun. But here it is again full to the brim and running over, so to speak.

Of course, the Editor of the Holiday Annual will never see eye to eye with yores truly. When I remonstrated with him and declared that eight pages was not sufficient for a wonderful Annual like mine he had the awdacity to say that it was eggactly eight pages two much! Would you believe it! As most of you fellows know, I'm used to this petty jealousy at

Greyfriars; no one is generous-minded enough to acknowledge my claim to being the best footbawler, the finest cricketer, the cleverest skolar, the pluckiest boxer, wrestler, etsetra, etsetra, that Greyfriars has ever known. Why? Because they're all jealous!

It's a hard world we live in and it needs a fellow of pluck, determinashun and resauce to hold his own. But I'll let you fellows into a sekret that has helped me to snap my fingers at the bows and arrows of outrageous fortune: always lay a solid foundashun. In other words, "live to eat" not "eat to live." The chap who was responsible for that latter rendering was off his crumpet.

You chaps wouldn't beleieve how eggshausting is the work of running a famous annual like mine. Of course, all the contributions you see in my Annual are highly interesting in their finished state, but if you could see them in the roar you'd have a fit. Some of the spelling is awfull, and the punctuation frittefull; it takes me hours and hours to put these little matters write and even then the printers have the awfull cheek to ignaw my extensive alterations.

Still, I have put my foot down with a firm hand in this Editorial. I have insisted that my chat should appear just as I had ritten it in the original, so that readers may see for themselves that their is at least one fellow amongst the contributors of Billy Bunter's Annual who is a finished jornalist and Eddier.

In conclushun, I shall hope to see you all in next year's Annual!

Till next year, then, dear friends.

BILLY BUNTER.

## DIRGE TO A DYING BLACKBEETLE!

BEETLE, wriggling on your back  
Just outside my study door,  
Do you find the outlook black?  
Are you feeling bruised and sore?  
Can I give first aid or massage  
To revive you once again,  
While you're prostrate in the  
passage,  
Racked with pain?

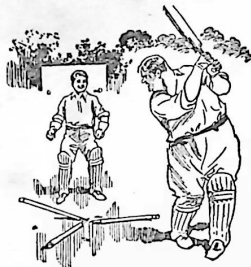
Beetle, as you lie and kick,  
Tell me how this came about!  
Did some fellow heave a brick  
As you crawled, and knock you  
out?  
Did the heavy boot of Bunter  
Trample on you unawares?  
Were you hurled by some mad  
stunter  
Down the stairs?

Beetle, you are sinking fast.  
See, your kicks are growing  
faint!  
Helpless, here I stand aghast,  
Exercising my restraint.  
Hardly can I keep from sobbin'  
As your helpless plight I view.  
Talk about "Who killed Cock  
Robin"—  
Who killed YOU?

Beetle, you no longer kick.  
Limp and lifeless here you lie.  
If I knew who threw that brick  
I should smite him in the  
eye!  
If I knew the callous fellow  
He would tremble at the knees,  
And I'd surely make him bellow:  
"Mercy, please!"

## THE TALE OF TUBBY!

By TEDDY GRACE.



When Tubby Muffin went in to bat,  
His three stumps stood up straight,  
like that:

I I I

Then Tubby made a shocking miss,  
And the three stumps lay flat, like  
this:

— — —

Tubby's shortsightedness causes  
fun,  
He sees three balls, instead of one:

O O O

You know, it really is not wise  
To play at cricket with weak  
"eyes":

i i i

Alas! for Tubby Muffin. He  
Will never make a century:

100

He always has the awful luck  
To see, upon the board, a "duck":

0

When he's not bowled, the ball soon  
lands  
Into the fieldman's waiting hands:

( )

And sometimes when he makes a  
miss,  
His stumps are sideways knocked,  
like this:

/ / /

His schoolmates always chip and  
chaff,  
And cry, "You are an ass! Not  
'half'!"

‡

As far as cricket goes, we say  
That Tubby is a silly jay:

J



*The Biter Bit!*  
 DICKY  
 NUGENT.

*I am sorry to have to inclood this rotten story in my Annual, but Dicky Nugent gave me ten doonuts for doing so.—Ed.*

"**L**ICKHAM, old pal, lend me a tanner!"

Dr. Birchomall, the roivered and majostick Headmaster of St. Sam's, spoke in beseeching axcents. Not for the first time in his life he was stony-broke.

Mr. I. Jollywell Lickham, the master of the Fourth, grinned roofully.

"I would certainly lend you a tanner if I could, sir," he said, "but unfortunately at the moment I myself am harts of oak—or to put it in the funicular, I am suffering peckewniary embarrassment."

There was an awkward silenso. The Head stared gloomily out of his study window, while Mr. Lickham fiddgitted nervously.

"Look hear, Lickham!" said Dr. Birchomall at last. "Something's got to be done——"

"Somebody's got to be done, you mean, sir!" interrupted Mr. Lickham meaningly.

"Eggactly!" It amounts to the same thing," assented the Head. "Hear am I, the Headmaster of a grate public school, feeling absolutely famished!"

"You don't say so, sir!" eggclaimed Mr. Lickham, quite shocked.

"But I do say so! Since lunch-time to-day I have only had a paltry half-dozen cream buns, a pound of toffy, and a bottle of ginger-pop to sustain myself. And there's still another hour to go before we get our tea!"

"How drendful!" mermered Mr. Lickham simperthetically. "But surely, sir, the tuck-shop dame will give you tick?"

"I've tried her already," groaned the Head, "and the old cat won't here of it."

"Dear me! Then it certainly looks as if you'll have to tighten your belt and wait till tea-time then!"

Dr. Birchomall's eyes gleomed.

"Does it?" he asked, sneeringly. "Well then, if that's the only sussion you have to make, Lickham, you can buzz off! A fat lot of good your Oxbridge odducation has done you, I must say! Hop it, before I am tempted to sling this inkwell at yore dile."

"Oh crikey! I'm going!" gasped Mr. Lickham, and, looking very crestfallen, he went.

Left alone, the Head paced up and down his study in a very thoughtful manner. He was feeling desidedly peckish, and he did not like the feeling. Any ordinary headmaster would have been satisfied with a snack of cream buns, toffy and ginger-pop to tide him over from lunch-time to tea-time. But Dr. Birchomall had the appetite of an ostrich and boa-constrictor rolled into one. And he was not satisfied.

As he paced up and down he could see, through his study window, the distant tuck-shop, nesslering under the old elms. The sight almost drove him frantick.

"Oh, for a joocy stake-and-kidney pie!" he muttered allowed. "Oh, for half a duzen of the tuck-shop dame's tuppenny doonuts! The meer thought of them makes my mouth water!"

Suddenly he ceased his aimless wanderings and jammed his mortarboard on his anshunt head with a air of determinasun.

"No good staying hear, anyway," he mermered. "I will hop over to the tuck-shop and see what's doing. Perchance some of the boys will offer to stand treat for me!"

Hopo springs internal in the human beast, and there was renewed hope in Dr. Birchomall's hart as he turned his footsteps in the direcktion of the school tuck-shop.

As he drew near his objective he could here the cheerful larfter of some jowniors, who were enjoying a friendly glass of ginger-pop at the counter.

"I wonder if they will take pity on there old headmaster?" mewsed Dr. Birchomall. "Well, nothing venture, nothing gain, as Spoke-shave trooly observed. Hear goes!"

Assowring an air of jeniaity which he was far from feeling, he walked into the tuck-shop.

Inside the little shop, Jack Jolly, the kaptein of the Fourth, and his pals, Merry and Bright, were thoroughly enjoying themselves. Duzzens of doonuts and crates of ginger-pop were piled up in front of them. They looked round without enthousiasm as the Head strolled in.

"Good afternoon, sir!" they cried, "capping" the Head respectfully.

"Good afternoon, boys!" answered Dr. Birchomall. "Did I here you ask me to have a doonut, Jolly? Thanks, I will!"

He calmy helped himself from Jack Jolly's plate, while the heroes of the Fourth looked at him in dismay.

"Hear, what's the giddy idea, sir?" asked Jack Jolly grimly. "Something the matter with your ears, I should think. I didn't say anything about helping yourself to my doonuts!"

"Kindly speak more grammatackally, Jolly!" said the Head, an ugly look coming into his dile. "What you mean, I presoom, is that you never said nuthink about it! Ho, so that's it, is it?"

"Eggactly, sir," said Jack quietly. "I don't want to be disrespective, sir, but I've had quite enuff of your tuck-sneaking already. Several times lately you and your

pal Bounder, of the Sixth, have raved my study for tuck, and now you have the barefaced impudence to beard me in the tuck-shop itself and take a doenut out of my mouth!"

"I never raided no grub from yore study, Jolly, reely I never did!" said the Head. But he culled as he spoke, and Jack Jolly & Co. could tell by the yellow look on his dille that the gilt was his. And there lips curled as they regarded him.

"Anyway, whether you did or did not, I'm not providing free doenuts for you, sir, and that's flat!" said Jack Jolly with emphasis. "You may flog me black and bloo, but not another doenut of mine shall you tutch!"

Dr. Birchmall clicked his false teeth with rage.

"You dispartinent young cub!" he roared. "I'll birch you till you can't stand! I'll—"

He stopped suddenly. The thought had occurred to him that p'raps he would be going a little too far if he fulfilled that threat. He would have loved to do it, of course, but if the Guvverners ever got to here of it there would be the very dickens to pay. The rules of St. Sam's certainly aloud him to birch boys who didn't invite him to tea now and again. But no provision was made for birching boys who refused to buy him doenuts in the tuck-shop.

"P'raps I won't birch you this time, Jolly!" he muttered, glaring ferociously at the kaptin of the Fourth. "But Alf Birchmall duzent forget an injury, and I'll make you sorry for this later on!"

With that kryptic remark he hopped it.

Jack Jolly & Co. shrugged their shoulders philosophically, and turned to their doenuts again, and in a phev minnits they had almost forgotten the eggstistence of Dr. Alfred Birchmall.

But the Head had not forgotten Jack Jolly & Co. As he returned to the School House his brows were dark with rage, and an evil light gleamed in his ferrety little eyes.

"I'll learn 'em!" he muttered savvily. "I'll make their lives a misery to them before I've done!"

The thought of Jack Jolly's doenuts faredly prayed on the Head's mind. He was angry over his loss, and, like the profit of old, he felt that he did well to be angry. He felt ravenously hungry, and he was completely fed up.

"Ureeln!" eggclaimed Dr. Birchmall, all of a sudden. "The very idea!"

Evvidently some bright wheeze for having his own back on the Fourth Formers had occurred to Dr. Birchmall. A grin replacied the frown on his dille. He rubbed his bony hands together quite cheerfully.

"It's a long time since I rigged up a booby-trap, but I don't suppose I've lost my old skill yet!" he mawseed. "It would be a fare treat to see Jack Jolly and his pals receive a paleful of soot and water over them. I'll try it!"

Having maid up his mind, the Head soon got to werk. He sprinted up to Jack Jolly's study, stopping only to fill a handy pale with water. "on root," as the Frenchies say.

Once inside the study, he became very busy. First he scraped several shovelfuls of soot from the chimney and emptied them into the water. Then he pored in the contents of a



Dr. Birchmall calmly helped himself from Jack Jolly's plate!

bottle of ink and a pound pot of jam from the cupboard. A quantity of fish-glew completed the mixture, and the Head then stirred the evil-looking mess for a bit, and at length plaiced it over the doorway in such a manner that the unfortunade people who came into the study first would get the paleful over their heads.

"Revenge is sweet!" gloated the Head, as he proudly survaid his handywerk. "Now I'll wait and watch the fun! Jack Jolly & Co., you're soon going to get what's coming to you, if only you know it!"

Dr. Birchmall had fondly imagined when he took the pale of

water into Jack Jolly's study that he had not been seen.

Even if he had been, he wouldn't have worried much. Owing to the servant shortage, the Head often spent an afternoon cleaning windows or scrubbing floors, and it was no uncommon sight to see him in cap and apron, wielding a broom and dustpan like an eggpert.

As a matter of fact, on this particular occasion, he had been seen.

Tubby Barrell, who was just coming out of his own study, had spotted him going into Jack Jolly's room, and had taken particular note of the pale.

"Funny!" mormored the fat member of the Fourth, nitting his brows. "Wonder what the old beast is up to!"

He cautiously crept up to the door of the kaptin's study and applied his eye to the keyhole. He turned quite pail as he saw the stayed and dignified Head mixing up soot and jam and fish-glew in a pale.

"Grate pip!" he gasped. "A booby-trap! I must warn Jack Jolly & Co., immediately."

He rolled off in a state of grate eggstement, to put the chums of the Fourth on their guard.

In the meantime, Jack Jolly & Co. had kwitted the tuck-shop and were returning to the House. Just as they came in by the mane entrance, a soever-looking aristocratic gentleman joined them, and they recognised Sir Frederick Funguss, the Chairman of the Board of Guvverners.

"Hallo, my pippins!" he eggclaimed, in cultured axcents. "Seen Alf lately?"

"You mean our Headmaster, sir?" suggested Jack Jolly.

"Well, I suppose that's what he calls himself," assented the now-cornor. "I should prefer to call him a ring-master, myself; this plaice is more like a giddy sorcus than a school! Where is he, anyway?"

"Follow your leaders, sir!" said Jack grashusly. "We'll find him for you, or perish in the attempt!"

It was at that moment that Tubby Barrell rolled up. He "capped" Sir Frederick respecttively and joined the crowd. And as they walked through the Hall, he eggplained to the chums of the Fourth, in eggstid whispers, what he had seen.

Jack Jolly & Co. grinned as they listened.

"So that's his little game, is it!" mormored Jack Jolly. "Thanks for the warning, Tubby! Is he still in the study, do you say?"

Tubby nodded.  
 "Good! Come along with us then, and you'll see something that will do your hart good!"

"Grate pip!" whispered Merry.  
 "Surely you're not thinking of—"

"Not a verd!" grinned the kaptin of the Fourth. "I think this is where we score!"

"Well, boys, do you know where the old scoundrel is, yet?" asked Sir Frederick.

"Yes, sir! Tubby, hero, tells me he saw him going into my study upstairs!" answered Jack. "We'll show you the way, sir!"

"Good egg!" said the old aristocrat. "Lead on, Macduff!"

Like a lamb being led to the slaughter, Sir Frederick toddled up the stairs after the jawniors. When they reached the Fourth-form passage, Jack Jolly & Co. discreetly dropped into the rere. They did not want to be the first to enter the fatal doorway.

"This is the study, sir!" said Jack Jolly, when they arrived at their destination. "Go right in!"

"Thanks, old sport!" said Sir Frederick, opening the door. "I must say—yaroooooo!"

Probably that wasn't exactly what Sir Frederick had intended to say. But that was what he did say, anyway. As soon as he opened the door, there was a terrific crash, as the pale tipped over him. A moment later, the quiet, elegantly-dressed aristocrat had been converted into a howling nigger minstrel.

"Who-o-o-o-ooop! Groooooooo!"



A quantity of fish-glue completed the evil-looking mixture.

Yaroooooo!" Sir Frederick fairly shrieked with rage. The evil mixture which the Head had prepared converted him from head to foot. The jawniors had never before seen such a fearsome-looking object.

In the study, the Head had dissented with baited breath to the approach of his vikims. And as the door opened and the booby-trap operated, he roared with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha! Ho, ho, ho!" he yelled historically. "What a sight you look, Jack Jolly! Ha, ha! Oh, my giddy aunt!"

The larfter dyed away from the Head's lips suddenly. He stared at his howling vikim with eyes that began to bulge with horror. For through the open door he could see the cheerful diles of Jack Jolly

& Co., and it began to dawn on him that if Jack Jolly was outside, the booby-trap had descended on somebody else.

"Grate pip!" he gasped. "What the merry dickens have I done?" "Groooooooo!" spluttered Sir Frederick Funguss, gawing the dreadful mixture out of his eyes.

It was now the turn of Jack Jolly & Co. to larf. And larf they did! They larfed till the rarifiers fairly ekkoed.

The Head continued to stare in frozen horror at Sir Frederick Funguss, who was quite unrecognisable in his present condition.

"What have I done? Tell me who you are, that's the mane thing!" he cried hoarsely.

He nearly fell down when the reply came in ferocious accents:

"I am Sir Frederick Funguss!"

"G-g-grate, pip!" groaned Dr. Birchermall. "Now I've cawed it, and no mistake!"

Now that he realised that his vikim was none other than the Chairman of the Board of Guvvernors, he fawned over Sir Frederick like the sicofant he really was.

"Pray sit down, Sir Frederick!"

he cried. "There has been some garstly mistake! Let me brush you down, Sir Frederick!"

"Stop putting your pause on me, Alf Birchermall!" hooted Sir Frederick. "I suppose you intended this booby-trap for these boys?"

"That's right, Sir Frederick!" said the Head eagerly. "I didn't intend no harm to you. It was those boys I wanted to cop. And I'll never do it again, if you'll let me off lightly!"

"Well, well! Don't cry!" said Sir Frederick, a little less severely. "I won't sack you this time, Alf. I'll let you off with a public flogging in Big Hall."

"What!" shrieked the Head. "And I think you're getting off very lightly," said the Chairman of the Guvvernors. "Will you boys run off and tell Fossil the porter to toll the bell for a general assembly?"

"Certainly, sir!" corussed the jawniors cheerfully; and they scuttled off and told Fossil, who told the bell.

And ten minnits later the school witnessed the unpresidented sight of Dr. Birchermall being flogged by Sir Frederick Funguss. The Head's trechery had come back on his own head like a boomerang. He was in the sad position of being "The Biter Bit!"

THE END

## 'AN ODEFUL POEM ON GREYFRIARS SCHOOL!

By HURREE SINGH.

Magnificent and stately pile,  
 Mighty and towering superfluousness,

I'll sing thy praises for awhile  
 With the divine insipiffulness.  
 Oh, how I love thy noble sights,  
 Thy Closeness and Cryptfulness:

Thy passages, where on dark nights  
 Our feet perform the slupfulness!

Thy cricket-field, on which we play,  
 Is covered with the greenfulness:

We flock to it on summer days,  
 Terrific is our keenfulness,

Thy box-room, from whose window  
 wide

The fellows slip out nightly,  
 Claims my affection and my pride,  
 I worship it delightfully.

Thy hall, it is a mighty place,  
 So also is thy gfulness,  
 Where boxers oft stand face to face  
 And exercise their limfulness.  
 Thy tuckshop is an oasis  
 Where thirsty souls halt stopfully,

To masticate the bum of bliss  
 And gurgle ginger-popfully!

Thy praises I will neatly tell  
 In smart and skilful rhymefulness,

Sweet school that I admire so well,  
 And where I spend my timefulness.

The time for prep has now arrived  
 So I must finish tersefully:

I'm proud to think that I've contrived

To sing thy praises versefully!



# The Ghost of St Jim's!

By MONTY LOWTHER.

## IF I HAD £1,000!

Celebrities of Rookwood answer the question "What would you do with £1,000?"

JIMMY SILVER:

I would invest it, of course! Although not a miser, I believe in putting something aside for the proverbial rainy day. After all, a thousand pounds is far too big a sum for a schoolboy to play with. In later life, it can be expended wisely and well.

VAL MORNINGTON:

If the skies were suddenly to open and disgorge a thousand pounds, and I had the good fortune to be waiting underneath to pick it up, I should put myself on the back and say, "Mornny, old man, you are in clover! Here is a small fortune; mind you make good use of it. Don't stick it under your pillow, or smuggle it in a sock. Spend it, man—spend it! Induce the Head to give you a month's leave of absence, and go to the South of France. It's ripping on the shores of the Mediterranean. There's bathing, and dancing, and everything the heart can desire!" And, believe me, if I didn't get through that merry old thousand in a month, I'd eat my Sunday topper!

TUBBY MUFFIN:

What would I do with a thousand pounds? Buy up the school tuck-shop, of course! And then proceed to live on the fat of the land for the remainder of my schooldays. One thousand pounds' worth of tempting tuck! By Jove, it fairly makes a fellow's mouth water! If only one of my rich uncles would send me a fat remittance. But alas! There is not much likelihood of him doing that.

ALGY SILVER:

If I had a thousand pounds I'd buy an aeroplane and a motor-car and cut a rare dash. I should spend munney like water, and life would never be dry. I should have a high old time, and be the envy of Rookwood. But what's the use of wishing?

THE HEAD:

If I were to receive the sum of one thousand pounds, over and above my income, I should place two-thirds of it in the bank, and distribute the remainder among the deserving poor.

"LISTEN!" Tom Merry stopped short suddenly in the passage, and Manners and I followed suit.

We strained our ears to listen, but there was no need for us to do so, for even a deaf mute could not have failed to hear the piercing scream which echoed through the building.

"Sounds like somebody being scalped!" said Manners, with a shudder.

Again the scream rang out, like that of a soul in torment.

Tom Merry turned pale.

"No human being could raise the roof like that!" he said. "I'm not a believer in spooks, but—"

"You think the St. Jim's ghost is on the prowl?" I asked.

"Seems like it. Hark!"

There was another terrible scream which made our blood run cold.

"I'm off!" said Manners promptly. "I don't mind facing anything in flesh and blood, but I've a perfect horror of spooks!"

Manners darted away in the direction of the Junior Common-room, and Tommy and I followed, for the screams seemed to be drawing nearer.

No sooner had we taken refuge in the Common-room than a crowd of white-faced fellows rushed in.

Cardew and Clive and Levison, Glyn and Dane and Lumley-Lumley—fellows who were afraid of nothing in the ordinary way—now looked scared out of their wits.

"Did you hear it, dear boys?" panted Cardew.

Tom Merry nodded.

"What do you imagine it is?"

"I was thinking it might be a spook."

"That's no spook!" said Levison, with conviction. "It's some sort of wild beast that's escaped from its keepers, and found its way to St. Jim's!"

"My hat!"

"Listen!" said Clive suddenly. A fierce, snarling sound came to our ears, and we conjured up visions of some terrible monster hungering for human prey.

"Better lock the door," said Glyn, with chattering teeth.

Before we could do so a further crowd of fellows burst into the Common-room. They were in a state of panic.

"Lock the door—quick!" gaped Herries, who was one of the newcomers. "The—the thing may be after us!"

Digby turned the key in the lock, and we exchanged wondering glances.

Jack Blake was the first to pull himself together.

"No use waiting here in a state of suspense," he said. "I'm going to find out what it is!"

"Don't be an ass, Blake!"

"You'll be taking your life in your hands!"

"You might be mauled to pieces!"

"I'm off to investigate, anyway," said Blake.

And he went out of the Common-room.

We waited, in a state of breathless suspense, for Jack Blake's return. Some of us couldn't help thinking that he might not return at all.

But he did. There was a broad grin on his face when he rejoined us in the Common-room.

"It's all right, you fellows!" he said.

"You've discovered what caused that unearthly row?" said Tom Merry eagerly.

"Yes. It wasn't a spook and it wasn't a wild beast."

"Then what—"

"It was merely our friend Gussy practising his tenor solo!" was the calm reply.



**Tubby Muffin wins a prize in the Beauty Competition—but it is the booby prize!**

WELL, the other day sumboddy suggested a Beauty Contest, in which members of the Fourth Form (Classical Side) were to compete. Bulkeley of the Sixth promissed to be the judge, and the first prize was to be a free feed at the tuck-shop. We all had to pay an entrance-fee of a tanner to go in for the competition, and the hole of the tanners were lumped together in order to provide the free feed.

Of course, I now I should win hands down, for their's noboddy in the Fourth who can hold a candle to me for good looks.

Still, I wanted to make absolutely certain of bagging the prize, so I consulted sum of the advertisements in a weekly periodical.

"Hansom men," I was told, "are slightly sunburnt." I took that to inklood boys as well, so I sent for a tin of "Bronzo" with which to tan my face. (I've often had my hands tanned before now, but not my chivvy!)

I then came across another advertisement which said, "Be manly, and cultivate a military mistoh! Apply a little 'Sprouto' to yore upper lip, and you will have a fine manly mistoh within a cuple of days! 'Sprouto' is wonderful stuff, and you can buy a tin for forepence. Turns boys into men!"

I borrowed a forepenny stamp from Kit Erroll, and sent for a supply of "Sprouto."

By return of post I received two parcels. One contained the "Bronzo," and the other the "Sprouto." I retired to the solly-chewed of my studdy early in the mourning, and tanned my face with the "Bronzo." Then, after reeding the directshuns on the tin,

I applide some "Sprouto" to my upper lipp.

When I went in to mourning lessons, Bootles said to me:

"Why, Muffin, what ever have you been doing to yore face? You look even more unprepossessing than usual!"

"Ahem! I must have caught the sun, sir!" I stammered.

"Are you a kricketer, Muffin?" asked Bootles.

"Yessi!"



**As the hares dropped on to the cloth, I trembled like a fritened rabbit, for I was afrade the barber mite cut me!**

"A smart feeldaman!"

"Of course, sir!"

"Then I must kongratulate you on yore remarkable feet of catching the sun!"

At this there was a titter from the class. (It's always discreet to lair at a master's feeble joaks.)

Bootles maid no further reverence to my face until two days later—the day of the Beauty Contest.

By this time my upper lip was covered with hares, and Jimmy Silver & Co. rored with larifer whenever they saw me.

"Good gracious, Muffin!" gasped Bootles. "I hardly rekkormized you when you came into the Form-room! Yore appearance is eggstrordinary! What is the meaning of that peculiar growth on yore upper lipp?"

"Don't call it a growth, sir," I said, in pained toans. "It's a mistoh!"

"Good 'Evans!" gasped Bootles. "It is perfectly loodicruss for a boy of yore tender yeers to have a mistoh! Why, you look five yeers older than you reely are!"

I did not regard that remark as very complimentary.

"I don't mind looking old, sir," I said, "so long as I look manly."

"Manly!" echoed Bootles. "Why, you look as if you had just been released from a kommic opera!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the class.

And then Bootles maid another feeble joak.

"I shall have to introduce a sort of Daylight Shaving Act, Muffin," he said. "In other wurdz, you must go down to the villidge, and have those absurd hares removed at wunce!"

"Oh, crumms! But I shall want them, sir, for the Beauty Contest!"

"You are an utterly absurd boy, Muffin!" said Bootles.

"You cannot possibly hope to win a Beauty Contest with a face like that! You will proceed at wunce to the barber's, and have that apology for a mistoh taken away; and then you will give yore face a good skrub, and remove the tan."

Very reluctantly I went down to the villidge, and got the barber to shave my upper lipp.

As the hares dropped on to the cloth, I trembled like a fritened rabbit, for I was afrade the barber mite cut me. He wielded the razer in a very careless manner.

However, I escaped without a scratch, and when I got back to Rookwood I spent an hour in the bark-room getting the tan off my face. After which I was my normal self wunce more.

In dew course the Beauty Contest took plaice, and the prize was awarded to R. Muffin.

But it wasn't the first prize; it was the booby prize, and it consisted of a putty meddle!

THE END.



# EXTRACT FROM THE ST. JIM'S "DICTIONARY OF SLANG"

By that Comic Card—MONTY LOWTHER.

**"BEAK."**—One who is set in authority; a master or prefect. A person we avoid when breaking bounds, or playing midnight pranks.

**"CAT'S LICK."**—An apology for a wash. Baggy Trimble performs a cat's lick every morning. It consists of moistening the face very slightly with a teaspoonful of cold water, and then drying vigorously with a towel.

**"CHUMP."**—A dolt; a fool; an imbecile; an arrant duffer. George Alfred Grundy provides an excellent example.

**"DOPE."**—The name applied to the quinine and other horrible concoctions given us by Miss Marie Rivers when we go to the sanny.

**"FATHEAD."**—A first-rate idiot.

**"GORGER."**—One who feeds to excess; one who is guilty of orgies. The biggest offenders in this respect at St. Jim's, are Fatty Wynn and Baggy Trimble.

**"JAMMY."**—The nickname of Koumi Rao, the Indian junior in the New House.

**"JABBERWOCK."**—A jay; a foolish person; a prize duffer.

**"KNUT."**—One who keeps abreast of the fashions, and dresses extravagantly. One who swaggers and swanks, and gives the impression that he has just stepped out of a bandbox. One whose conversation is chiefly confined to "Haw!" and "Bai Jove!" and "Yaas, wathah!" Arthur Augustus D'Arcy is a perfect example of the complete knut.

**"LICKING."**—A defeat; a form of chastisement. The result of an interview with an angry "beak."

**"MIDGIES."**—A term meaning "marbles." This expression is confined to the babes of the First and Second.

**"MONEYBAGS."**—A fellow who is rolling in money. One who worships the golden calf. Aubrey Racle is the "Young Moneybags" of St. Jim's.

**"MUGWUMP."**—See "Jabberwock."

**"OLD BEAN."**—A term of endearment or familiarity. It is varied in many ways, such as "My perfectly priceless old grapo-fruit!" etc.

**"PORPOISE."**—A tub; a barrel; a fellow of unwieldy dimensions. Baggy Trimble is our choicest sample.

**"POTTY."**—Mad; "up the pole"; having bats in the belfry.

**"RATTY."**—The nickname of Mr. Horace Ratcliff, the sour, ill-tempered master of the New House.

**"RIPPING."**—Splendid; excellent; grand; delightful.

**"SOUP."**—That which a fellow often finds himself in, after a misdeemeanour.

**"STINKS."**—The science of chemistry.

**"SCRAP."**—A fight; an affray; a display of fisticuffs.

**"SHELLFISH."**—A member of the Shell Form—the most honourable and esteemed Form at St. Jim's!

**"SPOTTED DOG"**—A conglomeration of flour and water sprinkled, at very occasional intervals, with currants. Served up at dinner once a week under the heading of "Currant Roly-poly."

**"SUICIDE DUFF."**—The name given to a certain boiled pudding which is served every Saturday. It is regarded as suicidal to tackle more than one portion.

**"TRAPS."**—Luggage; parcels.

**"TORTURE-CHAMBER."**—The Head's study.

**"WHEEZE."**—A jape; a lark; a stunt; a scheme whereby we hope to put it across our rivals.

(The author wishes clearly to point out that the foregoing are merely extracts. The complete dictionary of slang may be seen in Study No. 12, Shell Passage.)

# THE MUSICIAN By BAGGY TRIMBLE.



My talents as a fine musician  
Are reely quite above suspicion.  
No one to me can hold a candle,  
I am a sort of second Handel!

With joy and rapcher you would  
grin  
To hear me play the violin.  
You'd never criticise or carp  
To hear me practtiss on the harp.

You'll never see a fellow scoot  
While Baggy Trimble plays the  
float.  
Nor will you hear a groan of woo  
When I produce a piccolo!

For miles and miles the people come  
To hear me beat the kettle-drum.  
And every reely honest fellow  
Says I'm a champion with the  
cello!

At concerts I shall always shine,  
For soo, what priceless gifts are  
mine!  
Why, I can play, and I can sing  
The very cream of everything!

I'm organising, understand,  
A reely fine St. Jim's brass band.  
Grundy, and Gunn, and Fatty  
Wynn  
(And Gussy, too) are coming in.

We'll play each evening in the quad.  
No doubt the Head will think it  
odd.  
And at his window he'll appear,  
And gasp, "Dear me! What have  
we here?"

Then I shall say, in tones of pride,  
"My band is famous far and wide,  
And wider still its fame shall  
spread!"  
Then we'll play ragtime to the  
Head!