

HOME, SWEET HOME!

By VERNON-SMITH

HOLIDAY ANNUAL readers will, I am sure, be interested in the home life of the chaps about whose school life they know so much already. I am therefore giving here one or two notes on the subject. I have never been home with any of the fellows, so I really don't know much about them. But there's nothing to prevent me indulging in a bit of guesswork, is there? I assure you, anyway, that my guesswork is based on what I've seen of the fellows at school, so here goes!

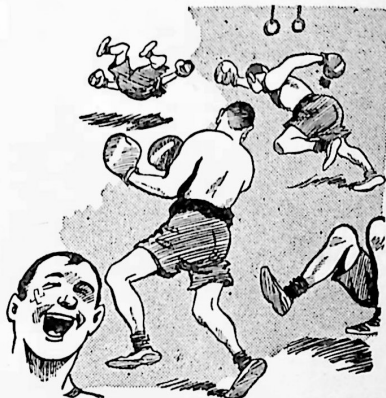
Harry Wharton. Simplicity is the keynote of Wharton's home. The house is simple, the furniture is simple, and the occupants match their surroundings! Pretty little cardboard mottoes are hung up in all the rooms, bearing such slogans as "Be Dutiful!" or "Scorn to Deceive!"

Billy Bunter. Think of a magnificent old Tudor mansion, standing in miles of park-land, bearing over its portals the sign: "Bunter Court." And then have another think, for the first one is nowhere near the mark! Bunter lives in a suburban villa, built on fairly generous lines, solely in order to give the family room to move about. The chief features, apart from the presence of a magnificent pantry and the absence of a bath, are: (1) a desk used by Bunter's pater for the purpose of making out postal-orders to his son, and (2) a fine tiddley-winks and blow-football court, where titled relations are entertained whenever they drop in.

Percy Bolsover. The Spartan life is lived, chez Bolsover! The Bolsovers, after breakfasting lightly on brown bread and pen-nibs, adjourn to the gymnasium, and knock each other about till lunch-time. After a lunch of raw potatoes and iron nails, they issue forth and practise deport-

ment in the streets. This consists chiefly in barging into pedestrians, and kicking errand-boys. A light supper of iron filings and celery concludes the strenuous day.

Harold Skinner. In Skinner's house, the haze of innumerable cigarettes fills the air, the click of the merry billiards-balls and the shuffling sound of the jolly old card-pack resound through the rooms. In the stately



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library, beautifully-bound volumes of "Sporting Snips" deck the walls. Taken all round, the atmosphere of the place closely resembles the delightful and invigorating atmosphere of a second-rate pub!

Wun Lung. Picture an old Chinese pagoda, on the banks of the Chin-Chen-Chin, just where it joins the waters of the



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Chen-Chin-Chen. The smell of mimosa mixes with the savoury odour of stewing rats' tails, and dragon-flies are playing hide-and-seek all round the water-lilies. In the shadow of the bamboo-trees, Wun Lung's father, Ting-Ling-Ling, a retired

tram-conductor from Peking, passes the happy hours making willow-pattern china. I haven't the faintest notion whether this is anything like Wun Lung's home or not; but, anyway, just picture it!

Fisher T. Fish. Fish hails from a little apartment on the 86th floor of No. 7132, East 986th Street, New York City. Elevated electric trains tear madly backwards and forwards outside his bed-room window, express lifts dash up and down the building, and people run about like ants down below. Nobody knows what all the hurry is about, but it looks good, and Fishy loves it. After a breakfast of peanuts and ice-cream, the Fish family begin to run about all over the place, like everyone else. With just an interval of two minutes for lunch—two spoonfuls of corn-flakes and syrup—they keep on rushing about till dinner-time, when baked beans and chewing-gum are served. The evening is spent at Coney Island, playing skee-ball, after which the Fish family tear home to prepare for another day.

H. Vernon-Smith. But no; modesty forbids!

THE END

HEALTH HINTS

Specially contributed by "Dr." Monty Lowther.

DEBILITY.—If the patient has a weak chest, a weak heart, and weak knees, he should be sent away to the seaside for three weeks.

INDIGESTION.—The patient must avoid all food beginning with "P" (such as pastry, porridge, and puddings) and "T" (such as turnips, tomatoes, and toffee). Ptarmigan must never be eaten, as it begins with both.

KLEPTOMANIA (a morbid desire to steal).—There is only one certain cure for this complaint: "Take nothing!"

WRITER'S CRAMP (caused by writing too many impots).—The remedy for this complaint is to persuade your Form-master to write your impots for you!

SLEEPLESSNESS.—Recite the famous poem, "Oft in the Stilly Night," ten thousand times, and see if you can get as far as ten thousand by rising-bell.

TOOTHACHE.—The cure for this is to hurry at once to the nearest dentist's. The pain will promptly disappear on his doorstep!

BILIOUSNESS.—Eat a good-sized, fatty pork chop three times a day, after meals.

MUMPS.—Cover each swelling with a mixture of tar, ink, glue, and treacle. If it disappears, all's well; if it does not, it's still all swell! Should a swelling appear on the back of your neck, it is rather serious, and you must keep your eye on it!