

"MARZIPAN of the JAPES!" THE COMICAL MONK
STARTS INSIDE.

The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD

No. 63 (New Series).

PUBLISHED



EVERY TUESDAY.

Jan. 8, 1921



"THE COURAGE OF DICK O'DARE!"
Great New Series Starts Inside.

OUR RIPPING, LONG, COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY!



Jumping the Claim!

"WELL, here we are at Greyfriars!" Jack Drake made that remark.

His chum, Dick Rodney, grinned. "Yes, here we are!" he agreed. "We arrived rather dramatically, and there's a licking to come for upsetting the brake."

"Never mind the licking—it hasn't come here," said Drake cheerily. "I've been thinking—"

"While you were racing the brake, or while the Head was jawing you in his study?"

"Since we're in the Remove here," said Drake. "Same form as Wharton and Bob Cherry, and that crowd—"

"Yes, that's the Lower Fourth here," said Rodney. "But what—"

"Well, we're going to have a study."

"I suppose so."

"And the sooner we bag it the better," said Drake. "First come, first served, you know—and we're the first comers."

"But—" began Rodney doubtfully.

"At St. Winifred's, the studies were bagged at the beginning of the term, you know."

"But that mayn't be the custom here."

"We'll institute it as a custom, then," said Drake coolly. "Now, where's the Remove quarters. I say, Bunter."

Billy Bunter was hovering at hand. The Owl of the Remove had had a bump when Drake's brake landed at Greyfriars; but for once he was not bemoaning his injuries. He was bestowing genial smiles on the two new juniors. New boys were Bunter's game; they did not know him like the other fellows, and it was often possible to extract from a new boy an advance upon his celebrated postal-order, which was always coming, but never seemed to arrive.

"Yes, old chap," said Bunter, coming up at once. "Like me to show you where the tuck-shop is?"

"Never mind the tuck-shop, now. You're in the Remove, I believe?"

"Yes, rather."

"Where are the Remove studies?"

"I'll show you," said Bunter obligingly. "Follow me, old fellow. Up this staircase—now over the landing—and now up this stair—this is the Remove staircase, you know, and any other fellow coming up here is chucked down on his neck. And this is the Remove passage."

"Good!"

There were two or three Removeites in the passage, but, as yet, few of the Form were in their quarters. There was a buzzing crowd downstairs, and in the quadrangle, and another buzzing crowd in Mrs. Mimble's little shop behind the elms. But the two new juniors had the Remove quarters almost to themselves for the present.

"Studies not arranged yet, I suppose, Bunter?" asked Drake.

Billy Bunter blinked at him through his big spectacles.

"Chaps generally take the studies they had last term," he said.

"Not always?"

"Well, generally. If you bag a chap's study, there's likely to be a scrap, I'd like to see anybody bag my study," said Bunter warmly. "I'd jolly well wallop him, I can tell you!"

Drake chuckled. Billy Bunter did not look exactly the fighting-man his words implied.

Blake glanced into No. 1 Study. It was vacant, so far as occupants went. There wasn't very much furniture, either; and what there was, showed many signs of wear and tear. It was evident that the furnishings of No. 1 Study had seen service. But it was a very pleasant study, with a window on the quadrangle.

"This will about suit us," remarked Drake.

"First rate," said Rodney.

Bunter jumped.

"I say, you fellows, this is Wharton's study," he ejaculated. "Wharton and Nugent, you know."

"You mean it was Wharton's last term?" asked Drake.

"This term, too, I fancy. Wharton and Nugent will jolly soon fire you out if you bag this study."

"My dear chap, it's bagged. If Wharton and Nugent want this study, they should bag it instead of loafing around the quad," said Drake. "It was first come first served at St. Winifred's, my old school."

"Never heard of it," said Bunter.

"I say, Drake, could you fight Wharton?" Billy Bunter eyed Drake very curiously, a new idea apparently working in his fat brain.

"Whether I could or not, fatty, I don't mean to. I like Wharton, I spent part of the Christmas holidays at his place."

"You'll jolly well have to if you bag his study. Wharton is cock of the walk in the Remove."

"Oh, we're going to change all that," said Drake cheerily. "Wharton's a

nice chap, but he can't have my study. Perhaps we'll let him share it with us."

"Your study?" ejaculated Bunter.

"Mine!" said Drake.

Dick Rodney grinned assent. What was good enough for St. Winifred's was good enough for Greyfriars.

"I say, you fellows, there'll be a row," said Bunter.

"Bow-wow!"

"But you're right," continued the Owl of the Remove, nodding his head sagely. "There's no rule really on the subject, and a chap can bag any study he likes. That is, if he can put up his hands, you know. You fellows have this study, and I'll dig here with you—"

"Eh?"

"And protect you," said Bunter.

"My hat!"

"I've dug with Todd in No. 7," said Bunter. "Todd's a rather mean beast—never seems to know that a chap wants enough to eat. We three'll dig in this study, and Wharton and Nugent can go and eat coke. See? Like me to do some shopping for tea?"

Drake and Rodney stared at the fat junior.

From what they had seen of William George Bunter, they did not yearn for him as a study-mate.

But having bagged the study as first comers, they felt that it would be difficult to say nay; for undoubtedly Billy Bunter was a first comer too.

"Wharton and the rest are in the Rag," continued Bunter. "We can get fixed before they come up here. Get your things in, and all that, and get hold of the door key. You've seen the Head, and Mr. Quelch, and the house-dame, so you won't be wanted again till roll-call. You can stick here and keep guard on the study."

"For a porpoise, you're simply full of good ideas, Bunter."

"Oh, really, Drake!"

"Be it so, as they say on the stage," grinned Drake. "You bring in some supplies for tea."

"My dear chap, that's just what I was thinking of," said Bunter eagerly.

"There's rather a good feed in hall, first day of term; but I don't mind missing it to help you fellows. I've heard that you've got lots of tin, Drake. Hand me a couple of pounds—"

"A couple of whiches?"

"Pounds, and—"

"You couldn't manage the shopping on a ten-bob note?"

"I'm afraid not. You see—"

"Then we shall have to be satisfied with grub in hall," said Drake.

"I—I mean to say, I—I could get more value for a ten-hob note than any other fellow at Greyfriars. That's what I really meant to say!" gasped Bunter.

"Here you are, then!"

William George Bunter clutched the ten-shilling note and rolled away. How the "jumping" of No. 1 Study would terminate, Bunter did not know; but it was certain that there was going to be a good spread in the study, and that was all the Owl of the Remove cared about. So long as the present was agreeable, William George Bunter was prepared to let the future take care of itself.

In Possession!

"HALLO, hallo, hallo! Here's Coker on the war-path!"

There was a crowd in the dining-hall. On the first day of term, the bonds of discipline were relaxed; or rather, they were not yet tightened. A buzz of voices filled the long, lofty apartment; some of the juniors were sitting on the tables, and nearly all were talking at once. Wingate of the Sixth was at the top table, but the captain of Greyfriars looked with a lenient eye upon a little un-ruliness on the first day of the term.

Coker of the Fifth came striding in, with wrath on his brow. He came up to the Remove table—the Lower Fourth—with a majestic frown.

"Where's that new kid?" he demanded.

"Echo answers where!" replied Frank Nugent cheerily. "Have you taken a fancy to him, Coker?"

"I'm going to smash him!" roared Coker. "Where is he? He bagged the Fifth Form brake at the station, and I've had to walk. Where's that cheeky young sweep, Drake?"

"The wherefulness is terrific, my esteemed and ludicrous Coker," remarked Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh.

"You know where he is, Wharton?"

"My dear old Coker, if I knew I shouldn't tell you," answered Harry Wharton cheerfully.

"Where is he?"

"Rats!"

"I order you to tell me, Wharton!"

Coker made that announcement in the most majestic manner. Possibly, during the Christmas holidays, he had forgotten some of the manners and customs of the Greyfriars Remove. Orders from Horace Coker were not likely to be obeyed by that unruly Form.

Harry Wharton laughed.

"Go it, Coker!" said Bob Cherry encouragingly. "You don't know how funny you are! So good of you to entertain us like this on the first day of term."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The goodfulness is great, my esteemed ridiculous Coker," chuckled the nabob of Bhanipur.

"Wharton, you hear me?"

"I could hear you from the other side of the quad, old top," said Wharton. "Run away now, Coker!"

"Wha-at?"

"Run away, you're tiresome!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Instead of running away as he was bid, the great Coker made a plunge at Harry Wharton. In a moment a dozen Removites were on their feet, grabbing at Coker of the Fifth. Coker, much to his own astonishment, rolled under the big table, amid a forest of legs and feet. And it was surprising how many boots found an opportunity of clumping on the great Coker.

"Yow-ow-woooop!" came in a roar from under the table.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Now then, less noise over there,"

called out Wingate, from the Sixth Form table.

"It's only Coker, Wingate," called back Frank Nugent. "He's got a fancy for rolling about on the floor!"

"Yaroo! I'll smash you—yow-ow—oooooooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Coker rolled out on the other side of the long table, very dishevelled and dusty. He scrambled up and glared at the grinning Removites.

"Come on again, old scout," said Bob Cherry. "I've got some jam to put down your neck!"

Coker did not come on again. It had dawned upon his somewhat slow intellect, that the Removites were too many for him to handle. He tramped away apparently to pursue his quest of the cheeky new boy elsewhere. Bolsover major came in, and dropped into a seat, with a red and swollen nose. The Remove bully was scowling.

"That new kid here?" he asked, glaring along the table.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo, you're the second to inquire!" grinned Bob Cherry. "Do you want to bag him for a study-mate, Bolsover?"

"I'm going to smash him!"

"Did he give you that nose?"

chortled Skinner.

"Coker's going to smash him, and now you're going to smash him," said Harry Wharton, laughing. "Drake seems booked for a lively time!"

"The smashfulness will be terrific."

Bob Cherry rose to his feet.

"You fellows finished? May as well have a look at the studies before calling over."

"Good egg!"

The Famous Five quitted the dining-hall, and made their way to the Remove passage. The early winter dusk was falling over the quadrangle, and the old leafless elms. Lights were beginning to glimmer from the windows of the school-house.

To Wharton's surprise, there was a light gleaming from under the door of No. 1 Study, and sounds of occupation within.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo! Somebody bagged your study, Harry?"

It will jolly soon be unbagged, if so," said the captain of the Remove.

"Call me if you want any help!"

grinned Bob.

Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Jamsset Ram Singh, went along the passage to their own quarters. Wharton and Nugent stopped outside No. 1 Study.

There was a clinking of tea-cups, a rattle of knife and fork, within, and a murmur of voices.

The chums of the Remove exchanged a queer glance.

"Somebody in possession," said Frank Nugent.

"Looks like it!"

"If anybody's landed himself in our study—"

"We'll soon see."

Harry Wharton threw open the door of the study and walked in, followed by his chum.

Quite a surprising scene met their gaze.

A cheerful fire burned in the grate, and the gas was lighted. The study table was spread—plentifully. Jack Drake and Dick Rodney and William George Bunter were seated at the table, enjoying their tea.

Drake looked up, with a genial smile.

"Hallo, Wharton!"

"Hallo!" returned Wharton, rather grimly.

"Quite welcome, of course."

"I hope so!"

"You might knock at a fellow's door before coming in, though," said Billy Bunter, turning his big spectacles on

the captain of the Remove. "There's such a thing as good manners, Wharton!"

"Why, you cheeky little fat Hun!"

"Oh really, Wharton—"

"What the thump are you fellows doing in this study?" demanded Nugent.

"Having tea!"

"I suppose you know it's our study?"

Drake shook his head.

"No, I can't say I do. I was under the impression that it was my study."

"Your study?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yes, that's it."

"Why, you cheeky ass!"

"We've already arranged our books here, and things," said Rodney. "We're quite comfortable, thanks!"

Harry Wharton stared from one to the other. He knew both the new juniors, slightly, and he had rather liked them. They rather liked him, as a matter of fact; but there was no room for personal likings to count in the matter now under dispute. Jack Drake had not come to Greyfriars to play second fiddle to anybody in the Remove, if he could help it. The question whether he could help it remained to be thrashed out. It was a question that was likely to take a long time to settle.

Wharton and Nugent were silent for a full minute, taking in the situation, as it were. Drake and Co. continued their tea cheerily.

"Won't you sit down?" asked Drake hospitably. "We've got rather a spread, and you're very welcome. In fact, this ought to be a sort of house-warming, in our new study."

"He, he, he!" came from Billy Bunter.

"If this is a lark—" said the captain of the Remove at last.

"A lark?" repeated Drake innocently.

"Yes, if it's a lark, never mind; you can finish your tea and clear off!"

"My dear man, we haven't the remotest intention of clearing off out of our own study."

"It's not your study!" roared Wharton, beginning to show plain signs of wrath.

"Your mistake, it is!"

"I tell you it's our study!"

"Another mistake; it isn't!"

"You see," explained Rodney, "at St. Winifred's a fellow bagged any study at the beginning of a term—"

"Both St. Winifred's—never heard of the place," said Harry Wharton.

"Is it a school?"

"Is it a school!" gasped Drake.

"Why, you chump—you cheeky ass—you—"

"I thought you fellows lived on a barge, or something, before you came here!" said Frank Nugent innocently.

"Ass!"

"Fathead!"

"They were packed on some old cargo tramp," said Wharton.

"It was an old warship, the Benbow," exclaimed Drake wrathfully. "You know jolly well it was, when you met us on it coming back from our voyage."

"Looked to be like an old floating wash-tub!"

"You silly ass!"

"Well, you fellows have too much nerve for new kids at Greyfriars," said Harry Wharton. "You'd better behave yourselves, or else go back to your barge, or wash-tub, or whatever it was. If you stay in the Remove you will be taught manners."

"Sudden!" said Nugent.

"You can finish your tea," added Wharton. "I give you ten minutes to get out of this study, bag and baggage. If you're not gone by then—"

"It's our study."

"Yes, rather," said Billy Bunter.

"Our study, old scout. You can run away and play, Wharton. Drake's

licked Bolsover major, and I dare say he can lick you!"
 "Shut up, tubby," said Drake.
 "Oh, really, old chap—"
 "He will have a chance to try if he's not out of this study in ten minutes," said Harry Wharton grimly.
 And the captain of the Remove leaned on the door-post to wait.

Wharton Cuts Up Rusty!

"H A, ha, ha!"
 "Cheek!"
 "Stick it, Drake!"
 There was a crowd of Removites outside, in the wide passage, now. The news that Wharton's claim had been jumped, as Fisher T. Fish expressed it, had spread like wildfire. Fellows came from far and near to see how it would turn out.

The sight of the two new juniors, calmly having their tea in No. 1 Study, tickled the crowd round the doorway immensely. Bob Cherry and Johnny Bull and Hurree Singh were there, ready to give aid in ejecting the intruders if required. But there were a good many fellows in the Remove who were rather pleased to see anybody "up against" Harry Wharton. Skinner and Snoop and Stott, Fisher T. Fish and Trevor, called on encouragement to the study-jumpers.

"Stick it, you fellows," said Skinner joyfully. "You hang on to the study, that's my advice."

"I guess so!" chimed in Fisher T. Fish. "You jest hang on to it like grim death to a nigger!"

"Cheeky young sweeps!" said Bob Cherry indignantly.

"The cheekfulness is terrific. The lickfulness will also be great, my esteemed young chumps!"

Harry Wharton waited in silence. Frank Nugent waited, too, and his kind, sunny face was quite good-tempered. But Wharton's was rather dark. He was exasperated, and his temper was not always good. He was inclined to take this invasion of his quarters rather more seriously than the other fellows.

"I say, Wharton's getting waxy!" announced Billy Bunter. "I know that look in his eye!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
 "Bow down, ye slaves and tremble!" chirruped Skinner. "Wharton's getting waxy! Tremble!"

Wharton crimsoned, as there was a loud laugh after Skinner's remark. Ridicule was the thing he found it hardest to bear.

Drake glanced at him rather curiously. "You know why we've bagged this study, Wharton?" he began.

"I know you're going out on your neck, if you don't walk out," answered Harry Wharton laconically.

"At St. Winifred's, you know—"

"Rot!"

"Give St. Winifred's a rest," suggested Nugent. "We've heard enough about St. Winifred's. We don't want any more about your barge!"

"You silly ass—"

"Time's nearly up!" said Wharton.

Drake hesitated. He had entered into the "jumping" of the study more as a lark than anything else; but the look on Wharton's face showed him that the matter was growing serious. He remembered how kindly Wharton had met him on the Benbow, when he returned from the voyage on the school-ship; and what a pleasant time he had spent at Wharton Lodge over Christmas. He did not want to quarrel with Wharton.

But retreat was rather difficult now. The exuberance of Jack Drake's spirits

had often landed him in scrapes before. It seemed to have landed him again.

"I'll tell you what, Wharton," said Drake, at last. "Suppose we whack out this study."

"Rot!"
 "You're only two in here, and we shall have to share a study with somebody—"

"There's four in some studies," said Skinner. "There's Morgan, Desmond, Rake and Wibley in No. 6, 'frinstancee.'"

"Rake's not come back this term," said Bob Cherry.

"Well, there's four in your study, Cherry—you and Inky, and Linley and Wun Lung. Four in here would be all right."

"Nothing of the kind!" said Wharton quietly.

"His Magnificence is on the merry high horse," grinned Skinner. "Look out for thunderbolts!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you fellows, I used to be in this study, you know," said Billy Bunter. "I'm willing to come back, if the new chaps are here. Of course, I couldn't stand Wharton otherwise!"

"So you're deserting me, are you, tubby?" asked Peter Todd, looking in at the door.

Bunter gave him a lofty blink.

"I'm done with you, Toddy! You never understood how to appreciate me while I was in No. 7. I'm done with you!"

"Whv, you cheeky owl!" exclaimed the indignant Toddy.

"I wash my hands of you!" said Bunter loftily.

"Well, it's about time they were washed!" remarked Ogilvy.

"Oh, really, you know—"

"Time's up!" said Harry Wharton crisply. "Are you fellows going?"

Drake glanced at Rodney. As a matter of fact, he would have yielded the point, rather than allow the matter to go so far as a real quarrel; but it was not easy to yield to Wharton's present tone. Drake's own back was getting up, so to speak.

"I've made a reasonable proposition, I think," he suggested.

"Rubbish!"

"Our rule at St. Winifred's—"

"I've heard enough about St. Winifred's," interrupted Wharton curtly.

"I don't want to hear any more. I want to hear whether you're going?"

The laughter in the crowded passage died away. All the juniors realised that the matter was getting serious now. Skinner closed one eye at his chums. Harry Wharton was a popular captain of the Remove; but he was least popular when he looked and spoke as he did at present.

Drake's eyes flashed.

He had been on the point of yielding, but that mode of address quite drove out any thought of yielding from his mind.

"No, I'm not going!" he answered, with equal curtness.

"Then you'll be put out!"

"Hold on, Harry!" murmured Frank. "Keep cool, old chap."

"Who's not keeping cool?"

Frank Nugent gave a hopeless shrug of the shoulders. He knew that his chum was past argument when he adopted that tone.

Harry Wharton came towards the table.

"It's time for you fellows to go!" he said grimly.

Drake rose to his feet, and Rodney followed his example. Both of them were getting angry. Billy Bunter remained seated, and went on attending to the spread. If the other fellows stopped, while there was anything left, so much the worse for them, and so much the better for Bunter. That was the philosophic view the Owl of the Remove took of the matter.

"Hold on, old scout!" said Bob Cherry, coming into the study.

"You're not going to fight Drake, Wharton."

"I am, unless he goes!"

"You're not!" said Bob coolly.

"This isn't a matter to be scrapped about. These chaps have bagged the study, and they can be carried out and deposited in the passage. Easy does it, We'll lift 'em gently, and put 'em down—all hands to the mill."

"Good egg!" said Johnny Bull.

"The goodwill is terrific."

Harry Wharton pushed Bob aside.

"Leave him to me—"

"Rats!"

"Look here, Bob—"

"Look here, Wharton—"

"My esteemed chums, do not begin the esteemed ragfulness in the happy family circle!" urged the nabob of Bhanipur.

"This is my business," said Wharton.



Wharton and Drake parted just in time, and scrambled up, red and breathless, as the severe features of Mr. Quetch appeared in the doorway. "What is all this uproar?" exclaimed the Remove master.

"This bouncer has bagged my study, and I'm going to shift him."

"Go ahead!" said Drake, as angry as Wharton now. "You won't find it easy!"

"Harry!" exclaimed Bob.

The captain of the Remove did not heed him. He walked round the table, and Drake put up his hands, as he came on. The next moment there was a wild and whirling fight going on in No. 1 Study.

A Drawn Battle!

"Go it, Drake!" roared Skinner, "Back up, Wharton!"

"Go it, ye cripples!" sang out Squiff of the Remove cheerily. "Good luck to both of you!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Both the combatants were "going it" with a vengeance. They were both angry and exasperated now, and they forgot that they had been on the friendliest terms only a week before.

Tramp, tramp, tramp! Wharton was whirling Drake towards the door, with the intention of pitching him out headlong into the breathless crowd.

They swayed to the door and nearly reached it; but Drake spun his antagonist back again, and they crashed on the table. Then they whirled away together towards the bookcase.

Nugent glanced at Rodney, and Rodney glanced at Nugent. But they did not approach. Neither felt disposed for a struggle of this description; both were sorry it had happened.

Crash! The struggling juniors went into the window recess, and rolled over there.

"I guess this is as good as a circus," remarked Fisher T. Fish genially. "I guess Wharton's bit off more than he can chew!"

"Shut up!" growled Johnny Bull.

"Waal, I guess—" "The talkfulness is too much, my esteemed Fishy," murmured the nabob of Bhanipur. "Dry up!"

A dusky fist was flourished an inch from Fisher T. Fish's sharp nose, and the transatlantic youth decided to dry up.

The two juniors separated and jumped up. Both were crimson and breathless and dusty now.

"Are you going?" panted Wharton.

"No!" said Drake between his teeth.

"Then—I'll—"

"Oh, come on, and not so much chin-wag," panted Drake.

Wharton rushed on him, and they closed again, and staggered across the study.

"Latest thing in jazzing!" said

Skinner. "Or perhaps you'd call it a bunny-hug!"

"For goodness' sake, chuck it, you fellows," said the good-natured Bob Cherry anxiously. "What's the good of scrapping about nothing?"

Crash!

The combatants bumped into the table and set it rocking. Bunter jumped up, with a howl, to escape. They lurched into him, and the Owl of the Remove sat down, with a bump. The next moment the struggling juniors stumbled over him, and rolled across William George. The howl that arose from William George would have done credit to the wildest of Huns on the war-path.

"Yarooooooooooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Don't burst, Bunter!" roared Peter Todd.

"Yow-ow-woop! Help! Murder! Fire! Thieves!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Cave!" came Ogilvy's voice from the passage. "Here comes Quelchy! Quelchy's heard the row!"

"Must have been as deaf as Tom Dutton, or a stone image, if he hadn't!" chuckled Skinner.

Mr. Quelch, the master of the Remove, came along the passage, with rustling gown and frowning face. A certain amount of licence was permitted on the first night of the term, but the uproar in No. 1 Study was rather beyond the limit. Mr. Quelch had come to inquire, and he had thoughtfully brought a cane with him.

The crowd of juniors parted to allow the Form-master to pass. Bob Cherry hissed a warning to the struggling juniors in the study. Wharton and Drake parted just in time, and scrambling up, red and breathless, as the severe features of Mr. Quelch appeared in the doorway.

"What is all this uproar?" exclaimed the Remove master.

"Oh!" gasped Wharton.

"Ah!" spluttered Drake.

Mr. Quelch eyed them sternly.

"Have you been fighting with the new junior, Wharton?"

"I—I—"

"I need not ask the question," said Mr. Quelch. "Are you not ashamed to fight with a new junior, Wharton, on his first day at school?"

Harry Wharton dropped his eyes, and his cheeks burned red. Jack Drake spoke up at once impulsively.

"It was my fault, sir."

"What?"

"I bagged the study," said Drake.

"Wharton was turning me out—that's all."

"You—you—bagged—" spluttered Mr. Quelch. "Do you mean to say that you took possession of Wharton's study, Drake?"

"At St. Winifred's it was first come, first served, sir," said Drake. "That was the rule."

"That is not the rule here," said Mr. Quelch, frowning. "This study belongs to Wharton and Nugent, and it is for your Form-master, Drake, to assign you to a study. I should have done so already if you had come to me, as you ought to have done."

"Oh!" said Drake.

"At the same time, Wharton, you are very much to blame, and I am surprised, Drake and Rodney, you are to share No. 3 Study, with Ogilvy and Russell. It is a larger study and there is room for four. If you have brought your things to this study, you must take them away at once."

"Oh, my hat!" said Drake.

"Do not utter ridiculous ejaculations in my presence, Drake."

"Oh! Ah! Nunno, sir."

"I will remain here while you make the change," said Mr. Quelch severely. "And if there is any renewal of this disputing, I shall deal severely with all concerned."

Under Mr. Quelch's gimlet eye, Drake and Rodney removed their possessions to No. 3; rather to the dismay of Ogilvy and Russell, who had looked forward to having their study to themselves for the term.

In their new study, when Mr. Quelch was gone, Drake and Rodney looked at one another rather grimly.

"Not much good baggin' a study, after all!" said Drake. "We've been done in the eye!"

"This study is all right," said Dick cheerfully.

"Oh, yes, it is all right, but—" Drake frowned as he dusted down his clothes. "I came here intending to be quite friendly with Wharton. But—I think there's going to be trouble. Does it strike you that there's a little too much of the 'monarch of all I survey' biznai about that young card?"

"Perhaps a trifle," said Rodney smiling.

"If there's trouble—" "We shall keep our end up."

"I shall jolly well see that we do!" said Jack Drake emphatically.

And Dick Rodney nodded assent.

That was the fixed determination of the study-jumpers.

THE END.

Another splendid, long complete school story next week.

OUR TUCK HAMPER COMPETITION!

PRIZES FOR ALL CONTRIBUTIONS PRINTED ON THIS PAGE

For the best storyette printed on this page a hamper crammed full of delicious tuck will be awarded. Money prizes will be given for all other contributions used. When more than one reader sends in the same acceptable storyette, the prize is awarded to the first read. Remember your joke should be written plainly on a postcard, and addressed to Greyfriars "Boys' Herald," The Fleetway House, Farringdon St., E.C.4—Editor.

"CATTISH."

Someone had just told a good story, and the inevitable followed with a better one.

"We have a cat at home," he said, "which is very fond of playing with the wife's ball of wool. One day the cat swallowed it, and some time later its kittens were born—all wearing jumpers."

—Money prize awarded to L. Winterbone, 63, Lyall Mews, Lyall Street, Chelsea, London, S.W.

NOT HUNTERS!

"The train struck the man, did it not?" asked the lawyer of the engineer at the trial.

"It did, sir," said the engineer.

"Was the man on the track, sir?" thundered the lawyer.

"On the track?" asked the engineer. "Of course he was. No engineer worthy of his job would run his train into the woods after a man, sir."

—Tuck Hamper awarded to Miss Mitchell, 5, North Shore Street, Campbeltown, Scotland.

A POSER!

Billy Bunter, when a small child, went for a walk around the museum with his father.

Suddenly they came across a stuffed lion in a glass cage.

"Oh, I say, dad! Look here!" cried Billy.

"That is a lion, my son," said Mr. Bunter.

"Yes, but I say, dad, how on earth were they able to shoot him without breaking the glass?"

—Money prize awarded to Miss Edith Craig, 24, Ashleigh Grove, Jesmond, Newcastle-on-Tyne.