

"THE COURAGE OF DICK O'DARE" INSIDE!

The Greyfriars  
**BOYS' HERALD**

No. 64 (New Series).

PUBLISHED



EVERY TUESDAY.

Jan. 15, 1921.



**Dick Sees the Aeroplane Bandits Come From Their Lair!**  
(See Inside.)

# THE GREYFRIARS LUNATIC!

OUR GRAND LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.

## The Only Way!

"WE don't want to be inhospitable—"

"But—"

Russell and Ogilvy, of the Greyfriars Remove, evidently agreed that there was a "but" in the matter!

"But—" repeated Russell.

"But—" again agreed Robert Donald Ogilvy.

"We don't want any new chaps in this study."

"Exactly."

"I believe that chap Drake is rather decent," continued Russell; "and his pal, Rodney, seems all right. Quite nice chaps, in fact, for any fellow to have in his study—if there was room."

"If!" assented Ogilvy.

"But there isn't room here."

"Well, I dare say there's room," said Ogilvy, looking round. "It's one of the biggest in the Remove. But we had this study to ourselves all last term, and we want it to ourselves this term. This isn't a home for new kids."

"Just so. They'll muck up my photographic stuff; can't leave films around in the study, with two silly new kids barging about."

"And they seem to have made friends with Billy Bunter—and we can't have Bunter rolling in here."

"No fear!"

"The trouble is, how are we going to stall them off?" said Russell, in a very thoughtful way. "They bagged Wharton's study, but Mr. Quelch turned them out and planted them here. I don't see why they couldn't have had Wharton's study."

"Or anybody's but this!" said Ogilvy. "Lots of fellows might be glad to take them in. They seem attached to Bunter—let 'em go and dig in No. 7, along with Bunter and Todd. Bunter would welcome them if they lend him some money, anyhow."

"Let 'em go where they like, so long as they don't come in here," said Russell generously. "But—but—but they've been assigned to this study, and they seemed to like it, and—and how the thump are we going to persuade them to change out before they get settled down for the term?"

"As Inky would say, the howfulness is terrific," grinned Ogilvy.

It was a serious question.

Both the chums of No. 3 Study agreed upon that; hence the council of war they were holding in No. 3, on the first evening of the term. Greyfriars School had reassembled after the Christmas holidays, and among the new boys that had arrived were Jack Drake and Dick Rodney, formerly of the school-ship Benbow. Russell and Ogilvy were good-natured fellows, quite prepared to extend the right hand of fellowship to Drake and Rodney, so far as that went; but they weren't prepared to be crowded out of their study. They wanted to be hospitable, and they wanted to be polite, but they didn't want any new study-mates.

"Where's Drake now?" asked Russell suddenly.

Ogilvy chuckled.

"Gone to the Head to be licked, I think, for upsetting the brake coming here. But they've shoved their books and things here, and they're bound to come up soon. We've got to settle it before then. I've got an idea."

"Get it off your chest."

"Suppose we could frighten them out—"

Russell grunted.

"Ass! Drake has been scrapping with Bolsover major and Wharton already. He's a hefty brute—about the last chap in the school to be frightened out of anywhere, I should think."

Ogilvy lowered his voice.

"Suppose you go mad!" he whispered.

Russell jumped.

"What?"

"Mad!" said Ogilvy.

"You silly ass!" roared Russell.

"What are you driving at? How can I go mad, you chump?"

"Not seriously, of course. If you did, I shouldn't care to dig with you. But you can pretend—"

"Rot!"

"I'll whisper a warning to them not to excite you," continued Ogilvy, evidently much taken with his idea. "Just imagine the impression on a silly new kid of being warned not to excite a study-mate because he's dangerous when he gets going—"

"You frabjous ass!" said Russell wrathfully. "Do you think—"

"I tell you it's a topping idea," persisted Ogilvy. "It will fairly make their flesh creep."

"It might. But—"

"We'll have supper in the study, and you can begin chucking knives about—"

"Oh, my hat!"

"And talking queer—a bit more than usual—"

"Ass!"

"They'll be scared out of their wits, and they'll go along the Remove passage hunting for another study," said Ogilvy confidently. "It's the only way, as the johnny says in the play. Think it over."

Russell thought it over—with a frowning brow at first. But suddenly he burst into a chuckle.

"It's a jolly good stunt," he said.

"I thought you'd come to that," said Ogilvy, much gratified.

"But there's just one alteration—"

"Name it."

"You can go mad instead of me."

"Oh! I—I—"

"You see, you wouldn't have so far to go," explained Russell.

"You silly ass!" yelled Ogilvy.

"My dear chap, it's your own idea, and it's up to you. You go mad, and I'll warn them against you. Nobody would really believe that I was mad. But you're Scotch, you know, so— Here, I say, wharrer you up to?"

The amicable discussion was suddenly interrupted by Ogilvy making a jump at his chum. Apparently Russell's remark had annoyed him.

Crash!

Russell went down on his back on the study carpet, and Ogilvy, taking hold of his ears, proceeded to bump his head on the floor, causing dust to rise from the carpet, and fearful yells from Russell.

"Yaroooooh! Yooooop! Hooooop! Whooooop!"

The study door opened.

Jack Drake and Dick Rodney, the two new fellows in the Remove, looked into the study, in great astonishment.

"What the thump—" ejaculated Drake.

"Is it an earthquake?" inquired Dick Rodney.

"Yaroooh! Draggimoff!" howled Russell. "He's mad!"

Bump! Bump!

Drake and Rodney rushed at Robert Donald Ogilvy, and seized him by the shoulders, and dragged him off his chum by main force. Russell sat up and panted.

"Hold him!" he gasped.

"We're holding him," grinned Drake. "What on earth's the matter? I thought you two fellows were chums."

"So we are, but—but—when he's sane, I mean," gasped Russell. He was quick to turn the peculiar situation to advantage, in furtherance of the new "stunt", that had just been elaborated. "He can't help it, poor chap; it's in the blood, you know. Not a word about this outside the study."

"Great Scott!"

"B-b-but—" stuttered Rodney.

For one moment Robert Donald Ogilvy looked as if he would jump at his chum again; but he restrained himself. He realised that if the stunt was to "come off," he had to follow Russell's cue. If there was going to be a lunatic in No. 3 Study, that lunatic had to be Robert Donald Ogilvy.

Ogilvy was a prominent member of the Remove Dramatic Society. The new fellows, of course, knew nothing about that. They did not know that Robert Donald's next proceedings were due to his training in the R.D.S.

He gave a sudden start and a shiver, and fixed a wild stare upon the startled new juniors.

"What have I done?" he panted.

"Have I killed him?"

"Nunno!" gasped Drake.

"Go out a bit, old chap, till it passes off!" implored Russell.

"Blood!" hissed Ogilvy. "I must have blood!"

He stared round the room, in search of a weapon. There was a paper-knife on the table, and Drake promptly annexed it. Rodney put his foot on the poker.

"Ogilvy, old chap," implored Russell, "go into the quad for a bit—you know the fresh air always does you good when these fits come on."

Ogilvy gave a wild laugh, and rushed from the study, and the door slammed behind him.

## The Lunatic!

JACK DRAKE and Dick Rodney looked at one another blankly.

"My only hat!" said Drake, with a deep breath. "This is a precious lunatic asylum to drop into, I must say!"

"Great pip!" murmured Rodney.

They looked at Russell. He had sunk into a chair, and covered his face with his hands. He was shaken by sobs.

"I—I say—" began Drake uncomfortably.

"I—I'm sorry," murmured Russell. "I—I'm sorry, you fellows. It's too bad, on your first day here. Poor old Ogilvy!"

"He's not really out of his mind, is he?" asked Drake, with a stare.

"Not always. Seeing him casually, you'd think he was perfectly sane."

"He was in our carriage coming down," said Drake. "I didn't notice anything queer then."

"Sometimes he's all right for weeks together. And—and I can't believe that he'd ever be really dangerous, so long as he was treated with proper care," said Russell sadly. "Outside this study I never breathe a word of it; but, as you fellows are going to dig here, you've got

to know, of course. I feel that I ought to put you on your guard."

"But—but—"

"Keep clear of him when there are knives and things about, and don't say anything to excite him," said Russell. "He doesn't have these fits often. It's what the medical johnnies call recurrent insanity, you know."

"D-d-do they?"

"It recurs at intervals, and the worst of it is, even he doesn't know just when it's coming on," said Russell. "Thank goodness you fellows came in when you did. It might have been very serious."

"Great pip!"

"Luckily, there wasn't a knife about. I dare say he'll be all right when he comes in. If he isn't, just humour him. You see, you'll have to get used to it, if you're going to be in this study. You can help me to bear it."

Drake frowned.

"That's all very well," he said. "But we didn't come to Greyfriars to help you bear lunatics, Russell."

"Does Mr. Quelch know—or the Head?" asked Dick Rodney, after a pause.

"Well, I suppose Ogilvy's people would tell the Head anything of that sort," said Russell diplomatically. "Probably—h'm—Mr. Quelch thinks it safer for me, if you fellows dig in here. Being alone with a lunatic isn't really safe, you know."

"I should jolly well think not."

"I'll go and look for him, I think," said Russell. "It would be horrible if he threw himself into the fountain, or jumped off the tower, or anything like that. He's my chum, you know, and he can't help having a screw loose, can he?"

"I—I suppose not."

Russell left the study with a grave and troubled face. The gravity and trouble disappeared from his face, however, when the door had closed on him. He winked along the Remove passage.

"I say, Russell—"

Billy Bunter rolled along from No. 7. There was a discontented frown on Bunter's fat face.

"What are you grinning at?" he paused to inquire.

"You, old chap," answered Russell, affably. "Don't you know your features have that effect on people?"

"Oh, really, Russell! Look here. Are those new chaps in your study yet? I want to see Drake. I told him I was expecting a postal order, and asked him to lend me ten bob on it in advance, but he had to go and see the Head—"

Russell laughed.

"Drake's rather too wide for that, Bunter. Cut it out. But if half a crown would be any good—"

Russell put his hand in his pocket. Bunter's round eyes glistened behind his big spectacles.

"My dear old chap, you shall have it back out of my postal order when it comes," he breathed. "I'm expecting one from a titled relation the first post in the morning—"

"Never mind that. Look here!"

Russell lowered his voice to a whisper, and Bunter jumped as he proceeded.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bunter, when Russell had finished.

"You can do it?"

"Yes, rather!" grinned Bunter.

"Go ahead, then."

"But that half-crown—"

"Afterwards, old top."

"Oh, all right," grunted the Owl of the Remove.

Russell hurried down the passage, and Billy Bunter tapped at the door of No. 5.

"Come in!" called out Drake's voice. Bunter entered.

Drake and Rodney were discussing the peculiar state of affairs in No. 3 Study when the Owl of the Remove came in. They glanced at Bunter, and could not help being struck by his peculiar actions. He blinked round the study very cautiously, as if in terror of his life.

"He's not here!" Bunter gasped at last. "He—he's not here! Hiding behind anything, is he, Ogilvy, you know?"

"He's gone into the quad, I think," answered Drake curtly. "What are you blinking round like a boiled owl for, you ass?"

"Well, you'd be jolly careful how you came into this study, if you knew as much as I do," answered Bunter.

"What do you know, fathead?"

"That's telling," answered Bunter, with a mysterious wink. "I'm not going to say anything about Ogilvy. He might go for me next."

Drake and Rodney exchanged a glance.

"Look here. Is there anything wrong with Ogilvy?" demanded Jack Drake abruptly.

"That's telling. I say, you fellows, you remember that I mentioned I was expecting a postal order—"

"Bother your postal order! Tell us about Ogilvy."

"Tain't safe," said Bunter. "If he knew I'd mentioned it, it might bring the fit on suddenly, and he might—"

"What fit?"

"Oh, nothing. I say, about that postal order, Drake. Could you lend me ten bob until it comes—"

"No, I couldn't," growled Drake. "And now tell us about Ogilvy, before I burst you, you fat boulder."

He seized the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and shook him. There was a loud and wrathful roar from William George Bunter.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Now then—"

"Yow-ow! Leggo! I—I'll tell you!" howled Bunter.

"Buck up, then."

Bunter jerked his collar away, his eyes blinking with wrath behind his big glasses. He was more than willing now to enter into Russell's little scheme. Drake and Rodney had been drawn blank, so far as Bunter's celebrated postal order was concerned, and all William George Bunter's friendly feelings towards the new fellows had vanished into thin air.

"Well?" said Rodney impatiently.

"You—you won't tell Ogilvy I told you?" whispered Bunter cautiously.

"Of course not."

"Well, then, he's—mad!" said Bunter, in a thrilling whisper.

"Oh!"

"Russell thinks the fellows don't know outside the study," breathed Bunter, with a wink. "But there's precious few things go on at Greyfriars that I don't know, I can tell you."

"I can quite believe that!" grunted Rodney, with a look of strong disfavour at the fat junior.

"Oh, really, Rodney—"

"But is this true?" asked Drake suspiciously.

"You'll see for yourself, when the fit comes on him," grinned Bunter. "Don't let him get near the bread-knife when he gets excited, that's all. He, he, he!"

The door opened, and Russell came in with Ogilvy. Bunter backed round the table with an exaggerated expression of alarm. He was evidently bent on earning Russell's promised half-crown.

"What's the matter with you, Bunter?" demanded Ogilvy, staring at the fat junior.

"Keep off!" gasped Bunter. "I—I can see it in your eye—it's coming on. Keep off, you beast! Help!"

Bunter made a sudden rush for the door, and fled. Ogilvy stared after him, and then turned a wild and rolling eye upon the two new juniors.

"Has Bunter been telling you anything?" he asked suspiciously.



Russell began to doubt whether Ogilvy was "potty" or not. There was a deep growl, and he made a sudden spring at Rodney. The latter jumped back, and caught his foot in a chair, and went with a crash to the floor. In an instant Ogilvy was upon him, growling horribly.

"Ahem! What should he tell us?" murmured Rodney.  
 "Has he told you anybody's mad?"  
 "Oh! I—I—he—"  
 "Are you mad?" demanded Ogilvy.  
 Drake jumped.  
 "My hat! No."  
 "There's a look in your eyes I don't quite like," said Ogilvy, in a peevish, surly tone. "My belief is that you're not quite in your right mind."  
 "Oh, dear!"  
 "Let's have supper," said Russell pacifically.

Four juniors sat down to supper in No. 3 Study, in a rather troubled mood. This was not how Drake and Rodney had expected to pass their first evening at Greyfriars.

**Madness With Method In It!**  
**P**ASS the champagne!" said Ogilvy.

Drake started.  
 "Champagne?" he repeated.  
 "Yes, ass! Can't you pass it?" snapped Ogilvy.

"He means the cocoa," whispered Russell. "Pass it along. Call it champagne, if it pleases him."

"Good gad!" murmured Drake. Ogilvy sipped his cocoa, and remarked that it was good, but not quite up to Veuve Clicquot. Suddenly he started up, and hurled the cup and saucer into the fire-grate.

Crash!  
 Drake and Rodney jumped.  
 "I—I say, what's the matter?" ejaculated Drake. "Don't you like the—the champagne?"

"It wasn't champagne."  
 "Oh!"

"It was sherry. Do you think I can drink sherry with my supper?" demanded Ogilvy. "Pass me that bread-knife, Russell!"

"I—I say, what do you want it for?" stammered Russell.

"I want it! Give it to me."  
 "Keep it away from him, for goodness' sake!" muttered Rodney, in alarm. "My hat! I'm not standing much more of this!"

Russell slipped the bread-knife into a drawer of the table. Ogilvy burst into a demonic chuckle.

He crossed suddenly to the door, and locked it.

Then he stared round the study with a rolling eye.

"What-a-at do you want?" asked Russell.

"Where's the body?" asked Ogilvy, in a deep and thrilling whisper.

"There—there isn't any body, old chap."

Ogilvy was playing up so remarkably that Russell began to be afflicted with a doubt as to whether he really was a little "potty" or not. The insane junior dropped on his hands and knees, and commenced rooting and snuffing about the study.

"Ogilvy, old fellow—"  
 "Hush!"

"Wha-at are you looking for?"  
 "The body!"

"Does the potty idiot fancy that he's a dog, or is he trying to pull our leg?" whispered Drake.

"Hush!" whispered Russell. "For goodness' sake don't excite him! If he takes it into his head that he's a bloodhound, he's quite likely to bite!"  
 "Ye gods!"

"It isn't often he's like this; you fellows needn't expect this to go on always in this study—only now and then," whispered Russell, comfortingly.

There was a deep growl from Ogilvy, and he made a sudden spring at Rodney. The latter jumped back, and caught his foot in a chair, and went with a crash to the floor.

In an instant Ogilvy was upon him, growling horribly.

"Ow! Draggimoff!" howled Rodney. "Rescue!"

Jack Drake ran to his chum's aid, and dragged off the lunatic. Ogilvy went sprawling on his back, still barking.

Drake hurriedly unlocked the door, and drew his chum into the passage. He slammed the door after him. From within the study came a series of loud and ferocious barks, mingled with Russell's voice in soothing tones.

Drake gasped for breath.  
 "They've no right to have a fellow like that loose in a school!" he gasped.  
 "But—but—but is it genuine, Rod, or is it a trick on new chaps?"

"Dashed if it doesn't look genuine," said Rodney. "Listen!"

Bow-wow-wow!  
 "Quiet, Ogilvy! Down, dog! Good old doggie! Be quiet!" came Russell's voice.

Bow-wow-wow!  
 At the further end of the passage, Billy Bunter could be seen, in conversation with the Famous Five. Harry Wharton and Co. were smiling, but they looked grave enough as Drake and Rodney came up.

"Hallo, hallo, hallo!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "You fellows look worried."

"The worryfulness looks terrific," remarked Hurree Jamses Ram Singh. "Is there any esteemed trouble in your study?"

"Look here," said Drake abruptly. "Do you fellows know anything about Ogilvy being off his dot?"

Five faces of preternatural gravity stared at Drake.

"No good asking us that!" said Johnny Bull curtly. "We're not going to say anything against Ogilvy. He's a good chap."

"But do you know—"  
 "Things may run in a family," said Nugent. "It's not a chap's own fault if they do."

"But—" gasped Drake.  
 "He's not dangerous," said Bob Cherry, shaking his head. "Russell looks after him too well for that."

"Then it's true?" exclaimed Rodney. Bob Cherry looked obstinate.

"I'm not going to say anything. I don't believe he's dangerous, that's all."  
 "Oh, really, Cherry!" chimed in Billy Bunter. "What about that time he got hold of Tubb of the Third, and nearly —"

"Shurrup, Bunter!"  
 "What happened?" asked Drake breathlessly.

"Shut up, Bunter!" said Harry Wharton. "You'll only make these fellows nervous, and they've got to stand Ogilvy, anyhow."

"Have we?" exclaimed Drake warmly. "If he's potty, we're jolly well not going to take on a job as his keepers, I can tell you. He ought to be sent to Colney Hatch."

"He's not bad enough for that," said Wharton; "not nearly bad enough. Treated with tact, he will probably never do any real harm."

"Probably!" hooted Drake. "Probably isn't good enough for me! I want a certainty in a thing like that."

Russell came very quietly out of No. 3 Study. His face was grave, and looked tearful. Harry Wharton and Co. hurried towards him.

"How is he now?" asked the captain of the Remove, in a low voice.

Russell gave a slight sob.

"Calmer!" he said. "I—I suppose you fellows have heard him—"

"We couldn't help hearing him. Besides, Bunter's told us it was coming on," said Bob Cherry. "It's hard on you, old fellow."

"Never mind about me," said Russell

manfully. "I'm his pal, and I don't mind. It's rather hard on the new kids; but they'll take turns with me to look after Ogilvy, and see that he comes to no harm."

"Will we—just?" broke in Jack Drake. "You're offside there, Russell. If you like chumming with potty lunatics, you can do it; but I'm going to look for another study."

"I should jolly well think so!" exclaimed Rodney indignantly. "Catch me setting up as a keeper! No fear!"

Russell gave them a reproachful look. "He's a good fellow when he's calm," he said; "and he's often calm. When he chucks forks about, you can generally dodge them; in fact, always, if you keep a good look-out."

"Rats!"  
 "Miau-miau-ow-ow-ow!" came ringing from within No. 3 Study—a startling imitation of the howl of an excited cat.

Russell groaned.  
 "He thinks he's a cat now! But it can't last much longer—the fit never does! He'll be quite calm soon. I'd better sit with him, I think. You fellows come in, will you—"

"We—we're just going down to the Rag," said Bob Cherry hurriedly. "There's something going on in the Rag. Come on, you chaps!"

The Famous Five hurried to the stairs. Russell looked at Drake and Rodney and Bunter.

"You fellows come in," he urged.

"After all, it's your study."

"Not our study, if we can find another! And if we can't, we'll jolly well manage without a study!" growled Jack Drake. "Come on, Rodney!"

And the two new juniors walked away.

Russell grinned, and went into No. 3—and Billy Bunter grinned, too, and followed him in. The stunt had been a perfect success, and Billy Bunter was thinking of his promised reward. And inside No. 3 Study they found a canny Scottish junior who did not display the slightest sign of insanity.

**Light At Last!**  
**F**IVE bob!" said Billy Bunter firmly.

Jack Drake started. He was coming towards No. 3 Study, with Rodney, when the fat junior's voice smote upon his ears loudly. The study door was half open, and Bunter was apparently standing with his hand on the handle.

It was half an hour since the scene of horror in the study, and Rodney and Drake had been inquiring after a study somewhere else along the passage. They had found that nobody was keen on new study-mates. To apply to Mr. Quelch was a delicate matter, for Ogilvy's madness was evidently being "kept dark" by his friends, and they did not care to mention it to the Form-master. And they could not claim to be changed into another study without giving a reason.

So they had decided to do without a study for the present; quarters in No. 3 did not appeal to them in the least. They were certainly sorry for the afflicted junior; but they had no desire whatever to share the rôle of his devoted chum, and help look after the lunatic.

That was asking rather too much of new fellows.

They were coming back now to the study for their books, with the intention of transferring them to their lockers in the Form-room, and after that, of giving No. 3 the widest of wide berths.

And then Bunter's voice smote their ears.

"Five bob!" said Bunter, loudly and firmly. "And worth it! You've got rid of them, haven't you? And you couldn't have done it if I hadn't backed you up."

"Oh!" murmured Drake. He caught Dick Rodney's arm, and they stopped.

"You fat rotter——"  
That was Russell's voice.  
"You needn't call me names, Russell! I said five bob, and I mean five bob. Of course, only as a loan. I shall return it out of my postal order—when it comes——"

"I promised you half a crown——"  
"Oh, really, Russell——"  
"And you've stuck us for a supper as well," growled Russell. "You fat rascal, you've scoffed all the grub in the study."

"If you're going to be mean——"  
"Oh, kick him out!" said Ogilvy's voice—without a trace of insanity about it now.

Bunter made a movement, and his shadow fell in the passage. He was wisely and strategically holding the door half open while he argued the point with Russell and Ogilvy.

Drake and Rodney made no sound. But they were grinning now; the true inwardness of the situation was dawning upon them.

"You kick me, that's all!" said Bunter warmly. "I'll jolly well go to those new chaps and tell them you were spoofing."

"You fat fraud——"  
"You wouldn't have scared them out of the study without me. Didn't I play up?" demanded Bunter indignantly. "Didn't I tip Wharton and the rest the wink, so that they'd play up? You fellows couldn't have done it on your own! Now you refuse to lend me a measly five bob—and only till my postal order comes, too! I'm surprised at you! Why, I'll bet that Drake would give five bob to know he was being spoofed out of his study."

"I think we've heard enough of this cheery conversation," said Drake, with a chuckle. "I had a suspicion all along the brutes were pulling our leg—only they did it so well. Come on."

He strode on to the door of No. 3, and pushed it open. Billy Bunter gave a howl as the door caught his head.

"Yaroooooh!"  
Jack Drake seized the Owl of the Remove by the collar, and spun him into the passage. And as Bunter spun, Drake's boot smote him to the rearward, and William George Bunter went travelling.

Then the two new juniors entered No. 3, and closed the door behind them. Russell made a quick sign to Ogilvy. He wondered whether the new fellows had heard anything as they came along. The ejection of Bunter looked like it, certainly, as well as the smiling faces of the newcomers.

"Bow-wow-wow!" came a sudden bark from Ogilvy.

He was keeping it up, hoping for the best.  
"Poor old chap!" said Drake sympathetically. "He still thinks he's a dog! Awfully mad, and no mistake! We've changed our minds, Russell—instead of changing our study. We're going to help you look after your lunatic."

"Oh!" said Russell blankly.  
"Lend a hand, Rod."  
"Yes, rather."

The two new juniors made a sudden rush at Robert Donald Ogilvy, and before he knew what was happening, he was face down on the hearthrug.

Rodney knelt on his shoulders and pinned him there, and Jack Drake picked up a fire-shovel.

Whack! Whack! Whack!  
"Yaroooooh!" roared Ogilvy. "Stop-pit! Leggo! Yow-ow! Rescue!"

Russell looked on, dazed.  
"Wha-a-at are you fellows up to?" he gasped. "Wha-a-at the merry thump—you—you'll make him worse——"

Drake chuckled.  
"Not at all we're making him better."  
"Wha-a-at?"  
Whack! Whack! Whack!  
"Yaroooooh! Help!"

"You see, he's getting better," said Drake cheerfully. "He doesn't think he's a dog or a cat now. After a few more whacks, he will realise that he is an ass."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Rodney. "Give him a few more."  
Whack! Whack! Whack!

"Russell, you silly idiot, draggem-off!" howled Ogilvy.  
Russell plunged forward to the rescue. The game was evidently up now.

Rodney put out a foot, and Russell stumbled over it, and bumped on the floor. The fire-shovel rose and fell on Ogilvy's trousers with great vim.

"Are you recovered yet?" asked Drake.

"Yaroooooh!"  
"Feel quite sane? I'm going to whack you till you are."

"You frabjous villain!" bellowed Ogilvy. "Leggo! Stoppit! I was only pullin' your silly leg, and you know it."

"Quite so—we know it," chuckled Drake. "One more for luck——"

#### Chummy Terms!

**O**GILVY was released, and he scrambled to his feet, dusty and breathless and panting. He glared ferociously, though quite sanely, at the new juniors, who were yelling with laughter.

"You—you—you cheeky rotters, I—I—I'll——"

"Make it pax!" chuckled Drake. "You asked for it, you know. You jolly nearly spoofed us out of the study."

Russell broke into a laugh.  
"No good raggin'," he said. "Cut it out, Ogilvy. You did ask for it, you know. I told you at the first it was a rotten scheme—didn't I? But it jolly nearly came off."

"A miss is as good as a mile!" grinned Rodney.

Ogilvy looked for some moments as if there would be a very serious case of assault and battery in No. 3 Study in the Remove; but his face relaxed at last.

"How did you tumble?" he demanded at length.

"Couldn't quite help it, with Bunter yelling it out in the doorway when we came up the passage——"

"All through that fat villain not sticking to a bargain," growled Russell. Drake laughed.

"And now, why don't you want us in this study?" he demanded.

"Too much of a crowd. But——"  
"You really think four's too many?" asked Drake. "If you really think so, of course——"

"You'll change out?" asked Russell eagerly.

"No; you can change out."  
"Eh?"

"Sauce for the gander, you know," said Drake coolly. "We're sticking, anyhow. And we'll be on chummy terms or fighting terms, just as you like."

And on reflection, the original owners of No. 3 Study decided that it had better be chummy terms.

THE END.

## MARZIPAN OF THE JAPES

(Continued from page 12).

Beneath his shaggy eyebrows the eyes of the rajah glowed angrily, and the grip of his hairy paw tightened on the neck of the champagne bottle.

"Ar-r-r-r!" said the chef. "Blow his nose hard! Beet vas ze stoof to give heem, Gan! Tell me, zen, vat is ze chuffagoogoo?"

"Gro-oo-oo-oo!" said the rajah.  
"Souze me, if I know!" said Maddock. "I expect it's about so wide and nearly as long as that. If Prout called me that I'd play 'Kiss me quick afore I die!' on his cranium w' a mallet! He's a bad lot. To your face he's as nice and soft as melted butter; but when your back's turned, he's callin' you all the ugly names he can think of. He's a bad 'un—a monster! He'd kiss a policeman, he would!"

"Gro-oo-oo-oo!" said the rajah.  
Except for Ching Lung's warning glance Prout would have risen in his wrath and banged Maddock's face down into the dish of pink and white blanc-mange that stood on the table in front of the bos'n. At that moment the steward again threw open the door.

"His Terrific Gorgeousness the Rajah of Jolliballibad, gentlemen!" he cried. "Grovel on your narrow-bones!"

This time it was the real Marzipan of the Japes. Gan Waga, his mouth wide open and his little black eyes filled with doubt and bewilderment, stared from one rajah to the other. They were as alike as two peas. Prout jumped out of his chair, and, taking their cue from the prince, the other guests meekly grovelled.

"Groo-oo-oo-oo!" said the second Rajah of Jolliballibad, salaaming to the astounded Eskimo.

Then, putting out a hairy jewelled paw, Marzipan grasped Prout's flowing whiskers. They were fastened on by elastic, and when Marzipan released them they flew back with a snap that caused Prout some pain. Then Marzipan looked over his shoulder, and Ching Lung gave a quick nod.

"Gro-oo-oo-oo!" said the ape, and bounded.

He locked his great arms round Prout, swiftly and unexpectedly, and very wisely, too, for Prout was a hefty boxer, and could have knocked out Marzipan, in spite of the ape's strength, in half a round. The grinning guests scattered to get out of the firing line. To and fro swayed the man and the ape. Off fell Prout's turban, revealing his bald head, and his beautiful beard got twisted round to the back. They crashed against the table, scattering crockery and glasses.

"Help, by honey—help, before he puts the half-nelson on me!" roared Prout.

"Ho, hoo, hoo!" So it's Tommy Prouts!" shouted Gan Waga. "Swat the cheats, Marzy, old ducks! Swat him, my lovefuls!"

Marzipan gave a hoarse grunt, swung Prout clear of the floor, and dumped him on top of the igloo. It was a flimsy structure, and it collapsed. Some careless person must have left a footbath filled with cold water inside, for a tremendous splash mingled with Prout's frozen howl.

He rolled out of the ruins very damp and covered with fragments of cotton wool, and as he lay gasping on his back Marzipan, the conqueror, placed one foot on Prout's chest, drew his shining scimitar, and held it aloft.

"Groo-oo-oo-oo!" said Marzipan of the Japes, amid shrieks of laughter and ringing cheers. "Gro-oo-oo-oooooh!"

Another of these splendid, long complete stories next week.

Another splendid Story of Marzipan next week.