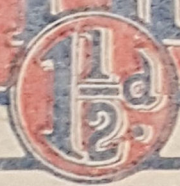


"THE TERROR OF THE RANGE!"—INSIDE.

The Greyfriars
BOYS' HERALD



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Full of Splendid Stories and Pictures. Read the Ripping Long Complete School Story.

OUR SPLENDID LONG COMPLETE SCHOOL STORY.



Wharton's Sandringham Hat!

Bunter Causes Trouble!

DRAKE says—
 "Shut up, Bunter!"
 "But Drake says—"
 Bob Cherry picked up the loaf, and took aim at the fat figure framed in the doorway of No. 1 Study. Billy Bunter prepared to dodge; but he stood his ground.
 "I say, you fellows—"
 "Hook it!" growled Johnny Bull.
 "But Drake says—"
 "Will you ring off?" roared Bob Cherry. "We don't want to know what Drake says. Bother Drake, and bother you!"

Harry Wharton and Co. were gathered to tea in No. 1 Study, in the Remove passage. Bob Cherry, Hurree Singh and Johnny Bull were guests in the study, Wharton and Nugent being the hosts. Four of the Famous Five were chatting away cheerily—only Harry Wharton being rather silent and thoughtful—when Billy Bunter hove in sight in the offing, so to speak. Probably it was the scent of the muffins that had attracted Bunter.

But no inviting voice was raised to request Bunter to step into the study. Instead of that, five steely glares had been turned upon him, and Bunter's hope of muffins reached vanishing point. So he stood there in the doorway and conferred the delights of his conversation upon the Famous Five of the Remove.

"Yes, cut off, Bunter," said Frank Nugent. "What Drake, says, or doesn't say, really isn't interesting. Roll away and tell Toddy."

"But it doesn't concern Toddy," said Bunter. "It's Wharton's."

"Hallo, what's that about Wharton?" demanded the captain of the Remove. "Drake says—"

"Dry up!" roared Bob Cherry. Wharton's brows had set a little.

Jack Drake, the new junior, did not pull well with the captain of the Remove; there had been more than a hint of trouble already. Wharton's chums did not want to see that trouble increased by the officious intervention of William George Bunter.

"He says you suffer from a swelled head, Wharton," continued Bunter, with an eye on Bob Cherry. "He says if this goes on, you'll want a larger size in hats!"

Some of the tea-party in No. 1 Study grinned.

Wharton frowned. The grins round the tea-table vanished at once. Harry Wharton was the best of good fellows, in his own way; but he had his little weaknesses which his chums respected.

"I don't see anything to grin at, in a new kid's cheek!" said Wharton, rather gruffly.

"The griffulness is not terrific," remarked Hurree Janset Ram Singh, pacifically. "The esteemed Bunter is too talkful. You should not repeatedly report the cheeky remarks of new kids, Bunter."

"Well, Drake says—" recommenced Bunter.

The Owl of the Remove got no further. Bob Cherry considered it time to intervene with the loaf.

Whiz!
 Billy Bunter was on the watch, however. The whizzing loaf came straight for his fat waistcoat; but the fat junior jumped aside in the nick of time, and the missile passed him and shot across the passage.

But it is said that every bullet has its billet; and certainly that loaf had. Two juniors were coming along from the stairs—Drake and Rodney. Drake was just in time to catch the loaf with his ribs.

Crash!
 "Oh, my hat!"
 Taken quite by surprise, Jack Drake staggered across the passage as the missile smote him, and sat down against the opposite wall with a bump.

"He, he, he!" chortled Bunter. "Ha, ha, ha!" came in a roar from No. 1 Study.

"Send that ball back, will you?" shouted Bob Cherry.

"Ha, ha! Who caught it?"

"The catchfulness was terrific," grinned Hurree Singh.

"Ow!" gasped Jack Drake. "What blithering idiot—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Dick Rodney gave his chum a hand up. Drake, in considerable wrath, glared in at the open doorway of No. 1 Study.

"What thumping ass is buzzing loaves across the passage, when a fellow is coming along?" he roared.

"Ha, ha! Sorry!" exclaimed Bob Cherry. "It was meant for Bunter! Kick Bunter for getting out of the way."

"Oh, really, Cherry—"

"Kick him as hard as you like," said Nugent liberally. "That will make it all right, won't it?"

Drake rubbed his ribs. He had had a hard drive there, and he did not seem to like it.

"Give us our ball back," continued Cherry chuckling.

Drake picked up the loaf.

"You silly asses!" he said. "You ought to have more sense; but I've noticed already that there isn't much sense in this study."

"Didn't you say that Wharton had a swelled head, Drake?" hooted Billy Bunter.

Wharton fixed his eyes on the new Removee, with a gleam in them. "Yes, I did, you fat ass," said Drake.

"Oh, you did?" exclaimed Wharton. Drake nodded coolly.

"Yes; no harm in commenting upon a perfectly obvious fact, I suppose," he said.

"You cheeky ass!" began Wharton hotly.

"My dear chap, if you do the monarch-of-all-you-survey stunt, you must expect to be called swelled-headed," said Drake cheerfully. "I believe you've described me as a cheeky new kid."

"That's what you are."

"Well, then, tit for tat," said Drake. "Or mustn't your Majesty's humble subjects pass remarks upon your noble Majesty?"

"Look here—"

"Chuck that loaf in and clear off, Drake," exclaimed Bob Cherry impatiently. "You jaw too much, old top."

"The jawfulness is terrific."

"Here's your loaf!" answered Drake. He tossed it into the study—and landed it with a crash in the middle of the tea-table.

"You ass—"

"Oh, you chump—"

There was a crash as the loaf landed. A plate cracked, and the tea-pot overturned, and the contents of it shot over Johnny Bull's knees. Frank Nugent received what was in the milk jug.

The Famous Five leaped to their feet, in great wrath.

Drake chuckled. "Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander," he remarked.

And he walked on with Rodney to his own study.

Johnny Bull mopped his knees, breathing wrath. Nugent dabbed milk from his waistcoat with his handkerchief.

"The cheeky sweep!" said Bob Cherry sulphurously. "It's time those new kids were sat on—heavy! This isn't the way for new kids to treat old hands. Come along and mop up their study."

"Hear, hear!"

The Famous Five were wrathful; and they did not stop to reflect that Drake had received the first offence. They rushed from the study and headed for No. 3, into which Drake and Rodney had disappeared.

Billy Bunter blinked after them, and then whipped into No. 1, with a fat grin on his face. In a moment his powerful jaws were actively at work.

While the Famous Five were attending to vengeance, William George Bunter attended to the muffins.

"**Tit For Tat!**" ejaculated Ogilvy. "What—"

"Order!" bawled Russell. Russell and Ogilvy were getting tea in No. 3 Study, when Drake and Rodney came in. They had not been in a minute, when the Famous Five followed them in with a war-like rush.

"Collar them!" roared Bob Cherry. "Bump the bounders!"

In a moment the two new juniors were in the grasp of the Famous Five. They resisted manfully and seven struggling juniors staggered to and fro in the study.

"Look out!" roared Ogilvy. "Stop it! You'll have the table over next." "Back up!" panted Drake.

"Lend us a hand!" yelled Rodney. Russell and Ogilvy joined in at once. They did not know what the trouble was about, but they objected strongly to this lawless invasion of their study. It was a terrific melee the next minute, with four on one side and five on the other. Remove studies at Greyfriars were not planned for battles royal; there was really not enough room for military operations on this scale. The table went spinning, and the chairs were knocked to and fro; the fender kicked out of place, and the fire-irons and coal-bucket scattered far and wide.

For several minutes, it might have been supposed that earthquakes and air-raids were active in No. 3 Study in the Remove.

Then the uproar ceased.

Having reduced the study to something like a wreck, the Famous Five retired from the scene, leaving their late adversaries strewn among the wreckage.

They returned rather breathlessly to No. 1 Study, feeling that the honour and glory of the Famous Five had been properly vindicated.

Like Foch, they were satisfied.

But in No. 3 Study, as by the yellow Tiber of old, there was tumult and affright.

Four ruffled and rumped juniors sat up breathlessly, and spluttered in the midst of overturned furniture, scattered books and papers, and coal and crockery.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!"

Jack Drake staggered to his feet.

"Come on, and let's mop up the rotters in their own study," he exclaimed.

"Ow! Ow! Ow!" mumbled Russell. "I've had enough mopping up! What was the silly row about, anyhow?"

"Oh, dear!" murmured Rodney. "Yaroooh!" came a fiendish yell from the passage, followed by the sound of a fall. William George Bunter had been discovered at the muffins, by the returning victorious warriors.

Ogilvy picked himself up. He nursed a nose that was streaming red. And he glared at Jack Drake.

"Rowing with Wharton again, you ass?" he said. "What the thump are you always ragging for?"

"Blow Wharton!" said Drake. "I suppose all this is really because I said he had a swelled head!"

"Like your cheek! Wharton's captain of the Remove, and you're only a measly new kid—nobody in fact."

"Will you back me up to raid No. 1 Study?" snapped Drake.

"No, I won't, but I'll jolly well punch your nose—"

"Here, hold on," exclaimed Rodney, interposing. "We've had ragging enough here. Suppose we set the study to rights and have tea."

"Ow! Look at my nose!"

"Look at the study!" gasped Russell. Jack Drake gave a snort. He was quite prepared to carry the war into the

enemy's country; but it was evident that he would not have the support of his study. Even his own study-mates were rather inclined to think that Jack Drake had rather too much assurance for a "new kid." Perhaps he had.

No. 3 Study set itself to rights, and over tea they recovered their good humour. But Robert Donald Ogilvy felt called upon to read Drake a lecture on the subject of new kids keeping their place, and not being cheeky to their Form-captain; a lecture to which Drake listened with great politeness, but to which he replied only with the ancient and classic monosyllable, "Rats!"

After tea, Drake and Rodney left the study, and on the Remove staircase they passed the Famous Five—who grinned. Drake found that grin of lofty superiority rather irritating.

"Cheeky asses!" he growled, as the chums went downstairs.

Dick Rodney smiled.

"They're all right," he said.

"They've been top dogs in the Remove till we came, you know. Wharton is a really good sort—only a trifle touchy."

"Chap oughtn't to be touchy," said Drake.

"Everybody's got his little weakness," said Rodney tolerantly. "We may have some ourselves, if we only knew it."

Jack Drake laughed.

"Possibly," he assented. "Still, I can't say I like the Lord-of-Creation air that Wharton carries around with him. He really is swollen-headed, isn't he?"

"Not so bad as that."

"And I've got an idea," continued Drake. "We can't rag his study; but we can pull his leg, and that will make him waxier than ragging his study. Let's go and see if Quelch is out."

"What on earth for?"

"I want to use his telephone."

"But what—"

"You'll see—come on!"

The two Removites reached Mr. Quelch's study, and Drake tapped discreetly on the door. He was prepared to ask a question concerning P. Virgilius Maro, if the Remove-master was there. Fortunately, Mr. Quelch was not at home. There was no answer to the tap, and Drake opened the door and looked in.

"All clear!" he said. "Keep an eye on the corridor, while I 'phone."

"But—I say—"

Drake did not heed. He hurried into the study, sat at the telephone, and opened the directory. Dick Rodney, at the study door, kept watch and ward. It was very necessary to vacate the premises without delay if the Remove-master appeared in sight.

Drake was not long in finding his number.

"Courtfield, One-two!"

"What on earth?" murmured Rodney. He was quite puzzled by his chum's proceedings; but he followed Drake's lead, as he generally did.

"Is that Perkins?" Drake asked into the transmitter.

"Yes, sir!"

"Have you the new Daily Mail hat?"

"Certainly, sir!"

Rodney stared at his chum, instead of keeping watch on the passage. What on earth a junior in the Lower Fourth wanted with a Daily Mail hat, was a mystery he could not fathom.

"I'm speaking from Greyfriars," went on Drake. "You know Greyfriars School?"

"Oh, yes, sir; we've supplied a Daily Mail hat for Mr. Prout, sir."

"Oh, good! Have you one in a large size?"

"Several sizes, sir."

"Twelve-inch?"

"Oh! Ah! Um! No, sir. I—I

think we have them up to eight inches, sir."

"Eight inches will do. Can you deliver one here?"

"With pleasure, sir. What name?"

"H. Wharton!"

"Very good, sir. Will ten in the morning suit?"

"Perfectly."

"Rely upon us, sir."

Rodney gasped. He began to comprehend the extraordinary "stunt" that had occurred to Drake's fertile brain. But Drake was not finished yet. He rang off, and rang an again to a new number.

"Is that Mr. Lazarus, Courtfield?"

"Yeth."

"Have you a second-hand silk hat, large size?"

"Thertainly, plenty of them."

"One is wanted at once. Will you deliver it to-morrow to H. Wharton?"

"With pleasure, Master Wharton."

"Thanks. The biggest you have."

"Yeth, thertainly."

Drake rang off, grinning. Mr. Lazarus often supplied the Greyfriars juniors with "props" for their theatricals, and doubtless he concluded that the big silk hat was wanted for some comic turn. Drake did not mind what he concluded, so long as he delivered the goods.

"Drake, old chap," murmured Rodney.

"Anybody coming?"

"Naino; but—"

Drake started on the telephone again. He made two more calls, and was about to make a fifth, when there was a warning from Rodney. Drake jumped away from the telephone at once.

Mr. Quelch had been sighted in the distance, approaching, in conversation with Mr. Prout. The two juniors scuttled away from the study in time. They sauntered into the common-room.

The Famous Five were there, and they grinned again at the sight of Jack Drake. Drake grinned, too. What Wharton's feelings would be on the morrow when the delivery of the hats began, he could hardly conjecture; but he was quite certain that the captain of the Remove would not grin.

Delivering the Goods!

EST in conspectu Tenedoes—

"Go on Bunter!"

Bunter paused.

The Remove were in class, the following morning, and Mr. Quelch was experiencing the pleasure—or otherwise—of hearing Billy Bunter construe. Bunter's form-fellows listened with pleasure—Bunter's construe was, as Peter Todd had remarked, enough to make a Hun chortle.

"He was expecting a tenner!" translated Bunter.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The Remove howled—they couldn't help it. Mr. Quelch's look, however, stilled their merriment at once. Sometimes Mr. Quelch was pleased to take Bunter's fatuous blunders humorously; and then, it was all very well for the juniors to laugh—in fact, it was their duty. On this occasion, Mr. Quelch was wrathful, and he gave the juniors a look which Skinner, in a whisper, compared unto that of a famished tiger.

There was a silence.

"Bunter?"

"Ye-e-es, sir?"

"Are you so stupid—so utterly

cross, sir, as to suppose that Virgil made any reference to ten-pound notes in a poem written in the reign of Augustus Cæsar?" thundered Mr. Quelch.

"Yes, sir, I—I mean, no, sir. Certainly not, sir."

"Then, Bunter—"

Tap!

Mr. Quelch span round irritably as a

knock came at the form-room door. He disliked any interruption of lessons—in which his pupils were far from sharing his feelings. Bunter gasped with relief; his eyes had been very apprehensively cast on the Remove-master's pointer.

"Come in!" snapped Mr. Quelch. Trotter, the page, entered. He had a bandbox in his hand, wrapped up and tied with string. "Master Wharton's 'at, sir," said Trotter.

"What?"
"The 'at, sir, for Master Wharton!"
"You should not bring a parcel to the form-room during lessons," exclaimed Mr. Quelch irritably.

"Perkins' man is waiting for the money, sir," stammered Trotter. "He says it's the noo Daily Mail 'at for Master Wharton, sir!"

"Wharton! Have you ordered a Daily Mail hat?"

"No, sir!" gasped Harry Wharton, in utter astonishment.

"I cannot see what you can want with one, Wharton."

"I—I haven't ordered one, sir."
"There is some mistake, then," frowned Mr. Quelch. "Take it back to the man, Trotter."

"Master Wharton's name is on the box, sir," said Trotter.

"Tell the man there is some mistake, and Master Wharton did not order it, and take it away at once," snapped Mr. Quelch.

Trotter disappeared with the bandbox.

"That's jolly queer," murmured Bob Cherry. "What the thump has Perkins sent you a Daily Mail hat for, Harry?"

The captain of the Remove shook his head.

"Can't imagine."
"Perhaps they know Wharton needs a larger size in hats on account of his swelled head!" murmured Drake.

Wharton was about to make a sharp reply, when Mr. Quelch struck in.

"Cherry, Wharton, Drake! You are talking! Take fifty lines each. If there is any more talking in class I shall use the cane!"

There was no more talking in class. Mr. Quelch was evidently not to be trifled with that morning.

Drake's remark, however, had been heard by a good many of the juniors, and there were some smiles among the Removites, which Wharton found rather exasperating.

Possibly Wharton was, as some of his form-fellows averred, a little touchy. At all events, he was not in his usual good temper when the Remove were dismissed from lessons that morning.

As the juniors came crowding down the corridor, Trotter came up. He addressed the captain of the Remove.

"The man's waiting from Mr. Lazarus, Master Wharton," he said.

"Man from Mr. Lazarus?" repeated Harry.

"Yessir. He came a quarter of an hour ago, but I wouldn't come to the form-room, Mr. Quelch being so 'ot last time," said Trotter. "He's waiting in your study, sir, with the 'at."

"The hat?" exclaimed Wharton.

"Yessir."

And Trotter departed, leaving Harry Wharton staring blankly. The Co. exchanged looks of surprise.

"You're not going in for second-hand hats, surely, Harry?" said Nugent.

"Of course not," said Wharton irritably.

"Lazarus doesn't sell new ones."

"I can't imagine what he's sent me a hat for. I never asked him to."

"Blessed if I understand it, then," said Bob Cherry, puzzled. "This is the second hat sent you to-day that you

haven't ordered. Have you been walking in your sleep and ordering hats?"

"Oh, rot!"
"Better go and see the man, anyhow if he's waiting in the study," said Nugent.

Harry Wharton nodded, and hurried away to his study, his chums following. Skinner winked at the other juniors.

"Somebody's pulling Wharton's noble leg," he murmured. "Let's go and see the hat. If it's big enough for a swelled head, we'll have a whip-round and buy it for Wharton."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Bolsover major. "Come on, you fellows!"

And a crowd of the Remove rushed after the Famous Five. Popular as Harry Wharton undoubtedly was in the Greyfriars Remove, quite a number of juniors seemed to find entertainment in the pulling of his leg. The fact that he could not always keep his temper was a temptation to fellows to "chip" him when a frown was seen on his brow.

The Famous Five arrived in No. 1 Study, and found a rather greasy-looking gentleman sitting on the table awaiting them. The man from Mr. Lazarus had already unwrapped the hat—a second-hand silk hat of gigantic dimensions. The original owner of that hat must have been a genius of the first water, if size of brain was anything to judge by. Probably Mr. Lazarus had not found a ready sale for that hat—judging by appearances, it had been on hand for a long time.

"Morning, sir," said the shiny young man cheerily. "Eric's the 'at, sir. Ten-and-six to pay, please."

The Co. stared at the hat. If Wharton had put it on, his head would have been engulfed down to the shoulders—if the shoulders had not been engulfed also. There was shelter in that hat for any two or three members of the Greyfriars Remove.

"Great Scott!" ejaculated Bob Cherry. "Lazarus must think your brain has been developing, Wharton! Is that a hat or a Government hut?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came a roar from the passage.

Harry Wharton looked round angrily. The doorway was crammed with grinning faces. Half the Remove seemed to be there, deeply interested in Harry Wharton's new hat.

"He, he, he!" chortled Billy Bunter. "Lazarus knows Wharton has got a swelled head! He, he, he!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
Wharton set his lips.

"This is some rotten joke," he said savagely. "I never ordered the hat, and I don't want it. You can take it back, my man."

Mr. Lazarus's man stared, naturally surprised.

"You do want it!" howled Skinner. "Keep it, Wharton! Just a little more swelling in the head, and it will fit you to a hair!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You cheeky cad, Skinner!"

"Draw it mild," murmured Bob Cherry. "Chaps will have their little cackle, you know, old scout."

"His Majesty is getting ratty!" chortled Skinner. "How dare you common mortals come between the wind and his nobility. There's such divinity doth hedge, Wharton—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ten-and-six, please," said the puzzled, shiny young man. "I've been waiting 'ere for you, Master Wharton—"

"I did not order the hat," exclaimed Wharton angrily. "Why the thump should Mr. Lazarus think I wanted such a hat as that?"

"Swelled head!" came a howl from the passage.

Mr. Lazarus's young man grinned.

"Which Mr. Lazarus s'posed it was for some of your theatricals," he remarked. "It was ordered yesterday."

"Well, I did not order it, and I shall not take it or pay for it," snapped Wharton.

"Wot am I going to do with this 'ere 'at, then?"

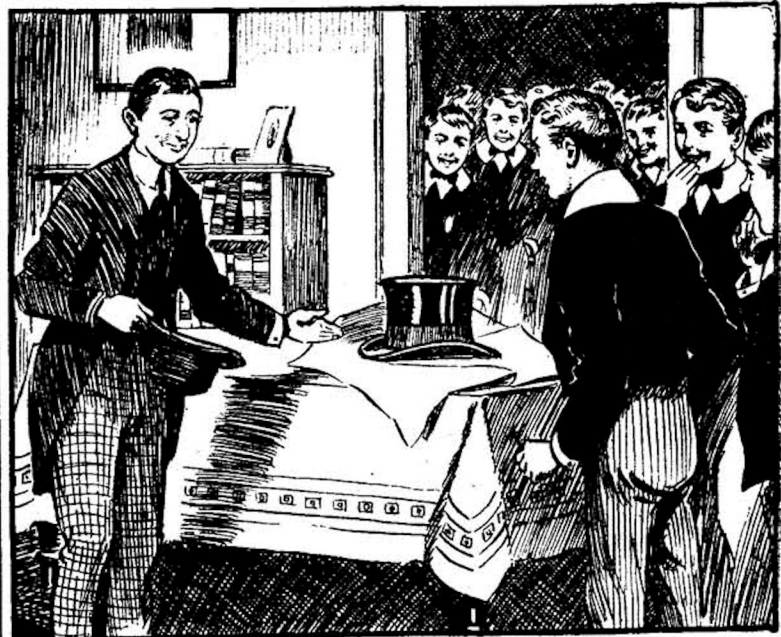
"Anything you dashed well like."

And with that, Harry Wharton strode out of the study, shoving his way through a chuckling crowd.

Mr. Lazarus's young man looked rather angry. Bob Cherry slipped a shilling into his hand.

"It's all right, chappy," he said soothingly. "Somebody's ordered that tile for a Joke on Wharton. Tell Mr. Lazarus to send it to the man who won the war—it will fit him."

And Mr. Lazarus's young man departed—after wrapping up the hat. He did not seem pleased, though the



The boys stared at the hat. If Wharton had put it on, his head would have been engulfed. There was shelter in that hat for any two or three members of the Greyfriars Remove.

shilling had mollified him a little. But evidently there was no sale for that hat at Greyfriars, so there was nothing doing.

Harry Wharton came in to dinner that day with a knitted brow. But every other face at the Remove table wore a smile.

“M **Still They Come!**
MASTER WHARTON—
“Yes.”
“Your 'at, sir!”
“What!” roared Wharton.

The Famous Five were taking a little stroll in the quadrangle after dinner, when a diminutive youth, with a rather large bandbox, came up to the captain of the Remove.

He held it out unsuspectingly.
“Your 'at, sir, from Watkins, Courtfield.”

Harry Wharton breathed hard. His chums tried not to smile. But they could not help a little twitching of their faces.

“I have not ordered a hat from Watkins,” said Wharton, as calmly as he could.

The lad stared.
“Yesterday, by telephone, sir,” he remonstrated. “I 'eard the order took down myself, sir—order for the largest 'at in the shop.”

“Ha, ha, ha!” gasped Bob Cherry, rather unfortunately.

Harry Wharton gave him a steely look.

“What are you cackling at, you ass?”
“Oh! Ah! Ahem! Nothing!” gasped Bob. “Somebody has been telephoning in your name, I should say.”

“That's plain enough for any idiot to see,” answered Wharton curtly. “I'll find out who it was, too, and perhaps he won't be so funny another time.”

“Well, 'ere's the 'at, sir,” said the boy. “'Ere's the bill, sir, and I'm to wait for the money.”

“The hat isn't for me,” said Harry. “Some silly chump ordered it for a joke. Take it away and bury it!”

He walked angrily away.
“Well, this 'ere is a go!” said the diminutive youth. “'Ere I've walked from Courtfield with this 'ere 'at, and now the bloke says as 'ow he don't want it. There'll be a row when I take this 'ere 'at 'ome.”

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“Soothe the ruffled youth with a bob, somebody,” said Bob Cherry. “Lazarus's man had my one and only.”
The youth from Watkin's was tipped and dismissed, and the Co. followed their leader—and a dozen fellows who had gathered round chortled. Everybody in the Remove seemed to be enjoying the joke, with the solitary exception of the victim of it. Wharton's temper was rising higher and higher—all the more because this peculiar persecution seemed so funny to the other fellows.

“His nibs is growing wrathful!” Drake remarked to Rodney. “Somebody's nose will get punched soon. I wonder whose?”

Rodney chuckled.
“And there's still another hat to come!” grinned Drake. “I wish I had made it a dozen, now. Wharton's face would have been worth watching while the goods were being delivered.”

Most of the Remove seemed to think that Wharton's face was worth watching now. He was, in fact, the cynosure of all eyes; and the more he felt the amused glances of the Removites upon him, the darker grew his brow.

It was nearly time for afternoon classes, and the Remove fellows were gathering round the form-room door, when Trotter arrived, with a lurking grin on his face.

“Man from Jackson's, sir,” he said. “Jackson's!” repeated Wharton.

“Yessir. He's got the 'at—”

“Ha, ha, ha!” shrieked the Removites.

“What size hat?” yelled Skinner. “Big enough for a swelled head?”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“I've told the man to come 'ere, sir,” said Trotter. “He's got the bill—”

“Tell him—”

“'Ere he is, sir.”

Trotter disappeared, as the man from Jackson's came up, holding a bandbox in one hand, and his own hat in the other. He was a smart young man, and he bowed gracefully to Wharton.

“Here's the hat, sir—sorry we couldn't send it earlier, sir—always glad to oblige a customer, sir. I told Mr. Jackson I'd run down in my lunch time on my bike, sir.”

“Let's see the hat!” chortled Skinner, while Harry Wharton stood speechless with anger in the grinning crowd. “Is it large enough—that's the question?”

“Largest size in stock, sir, as asked for on the telephone,” answered the smart young man. “If you'd given us a day's notice, Master Wharton, we could have got a bigger one—”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“Trot it out!” howled Bolsover major. “If it isn't big enough for a swelled head, it won't do.”
The smart young man looked surprised.

“Take it back!” said Harry Wharton, between his teeth. “It was ordered by a fool, for a practical joke.”
The smart young man frowned.

“Indeed, sir? I want sixteen-and-six for that hat; we have no time in business, sir, for practical jokes. If the money is not paid I shall have to go to the headmaster!”

“Phew!” murmured Bob Cherry. Evidently Jackson's young man was a tougher customer to deal with than the previous visitors. He stood his ground.

“Well, I'm not going to pay for it,” snapped Wharton. “Do as you dashed well choose.”

He turned on his heel.
“Hoity-toity!” said the smart young man grimly. “Any of you young gents direct me to the headmaster?”

“The Head will soon be rooting after him.”

“Ha, ha, ha!”
Jack Drake laughed. Evidently the matter couldn't go before the Head. Dr. Locke was likely to display a plentiful lack of appreciation for such jokes. Drake came forward feeling in his pocket.

“I'll pay for it, if you won't take it back,” he said.
“Sixteen-and-six, sir,” said the smart young man.

He handed Drake the receipt, and departed satisfied—leaving the largest size in bowler hats in Drake's hands. Skinner jerked away the bandbox, and burst it open and revealed the hat. He held it up on high for inspection. It was not, perhaps, the best quality in hats, but there was undoubtedly plenty of it. Its size was enormous.

“Here's your hat, Wharton!” yelled Skinner, amid a roar of laughter. “Full size for a swelled head.”

Wharton was about to enter the form-room, with a black brow. Skinner slipped behind him, and dropped the hat on his head. There was a shriek from the Removites. The hat descended to Wharton's collar, and his head and face vanished from view.

“Ha, ha, ha!”

In a second Wharton tore off the hat, and dashed it to the floor. He strode towards Jack Drake, his eyes blazing. Bob Cherry touched his arm, but he shook Bob's hand angrily off.

“You did this, Drake?”
Jack Drake nodded coolly.

“Guilty, my lord,” he answered cheerily. “What are you grouching about? There's the hat—a present from one of your humble subjects!”

“Ha, ha, ha!”

“If it isn't big enough for a swelled head, perhaps it will stretch!” continued Drake.

Wharton clenched his hand. At that moment Mr. Quelch came rustling along the passage. The Remove captain dropped his hand.
“After lessons!” he muttered. Drake shrugged his shoulders.
“Certainly, old scout.”

And the Removites went in to lessons, with a smile on every face but one!

THE END.

Another grand long story of Harry Wharton & Co. next week.



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