
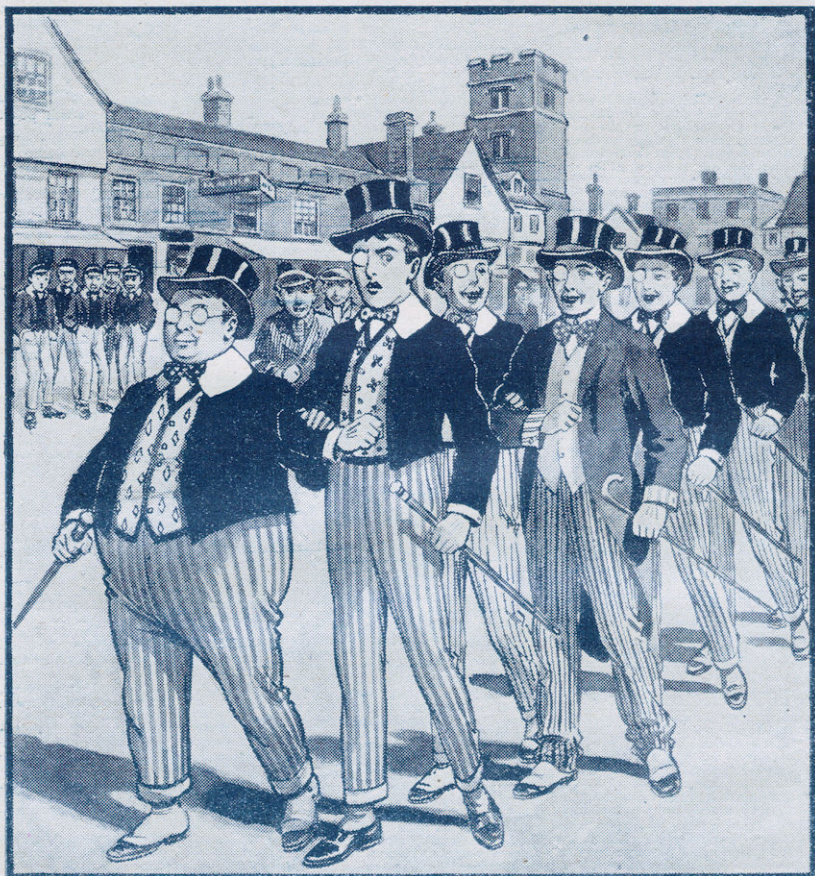



A HAPPY NEW YEAR TO ALL READERS!



The GEM 1^{1d}/₂

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RAGGING THE SWELL OF ST. JIM'S!

An Amusing Scene in the Magnificent Long Complete School Tale of the Chums of St. Jim's.



Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers.
Address: Editor, The "Gem," The Fleetway House,
Farringdon Street, London, E.C. 4.

First and foremost, I want to wish all my chums "A Happy New Year." It is an old, old wish. It almost goes without the saying, but one would not care to take it as read. We all have high hopes, and great expectations of 1920—this unfamiliar-sounding New Year which is so fresh to its job, so utterly untried.

Chat space is limited, so I am not going to add much about the young stranger who has just marched in to take over. He will find a lot of unfinished work left by his forerunner. It is to be trusted the new-comer will prove equal to the tasks before him. There are a rare lot of these. In your mind's eye you can see him tramping round his office complaining inwardly about the mass of arrears, and feeling some doubt whether the responsibilities are not a size too big for him.

But it is for him to do it, and shoulder the burden. There is nobody else to undertake the manifold duties of seeing the world through the next spring, summer, autumn, and winter.

NEW YEARS' SWEEP CLEAN.

They also bring a lot of remembrances; but I am not going into that part of the business. Leave that to be calculators.

By the way, I shall have a word to say about calendars in half a minute.

There is another point, too. The turning of the year makes one think of the fascinating old fact that everybody is turned out absolutely new every seven years. Just think of that now! The scientists say it's a fact. Nobody is going to be so rude as to doubt a scientist. He has had all the bother of research, and he tells us that a human being has renewed every bit of himself in seven years. And yet a man who calls on a friend after an absence of that space of time is recognised just as if he had been there yesterday.

We hear in some of the stories and plays of friends meeting after, say, fifteen years' separation. They know one another, though each has been renewed twice over in the time. Well, well!

BUT NOW, TOUCHING CALENDARS.!

This week's Gem contains a calendar that is worth framing. I hope you will cut it out, and stick it on a wall, anywhere, for it is a most interesting record of the two famous schools with views of the institutions, and, moreover, it gives the Arms of Greyfriars and of St. Jim's, as well as portraits of D'Arcy and Bunter.

The latter represent their respective schools very thoroughly, though in vastly different ways. There never was a greater, more high-souled gentleman than Augustus, while Bunter shows us the comedy of Greyfriars, and he is a jolly fellow whose historic bootlace has girdled the earth.

I shall be glad to hear what you think of the calendar. It goes some way to

wards meeting the demand for more details about the schools, and it will, I am pretty certain, meet with favouring in all quarters.

A SLIGHT GRIEVANCE.

It is really that, and nothing more. A courteous correspondent, whose letter I did really appreciate, takes Monty Lowther to task for saying that the engine-driver who figured more or less in a recent story, was probably too busy counting his wages to drive his train.

Well, it was Monty Lowther who said it. Monty is a licensed jester. It reminds me of Chioot, the jester, who burst out laughing in the presence of the king's chief huntsman. "What are you laughing at?" asked the newly-appointed official. "I am only laughing at the last joke making you chief huntsman," replied Chioot.

Now a surely harmless engine-driver gets bantered. Chioot is the small change of popularity. At one time, it was the custom to draw fancy pictures of engine-drivers who stopped the train to go and pick water-cress. One reads of drivers, whose trains go so slow that the half-ticket youngsters who start all right at reduced fares, find themselves quite old men before the journey comes to an end.

Then my correspondent tells me that it takes about forty years to make an engine-driver. Well, it takes a good few years to make anybody a real expert in any serious work. I do not suppose for a moment that the engine-driver objected to the witty remark in question. He would have joined in the laugh, if he had read the story.

As Professor Henry Drummond says, in one of the finest books ever written, the folks who are out looking for slights usually find them. Mr. Martin Clifford meant no slight. When he takes his seat in a railway carriage, he knows perfectly well that the man on the engine is one of the tried and faithful workers of the world, a man who performs the most difficult and highly responsible work in a perfectly satisfactory way.

Personally, I should feel more than sorry if anything appeared in the Companion Papers to mortify the remark that there was a wish to dis-parage any class of workers. It is a wicked thing to cast asparturisms, as the old woman said, though she intended to say aspersions.

We are only passing this way once, and who has any wish to leave a disorderly trail of unhappy remarks behind? Let us fight the good fight in all good faith. A lady, now passed away, once wrote a very touching story in which she introduced what she called the Tug-of-War hymn. We can have the tug-of-war, but against all the difficulties and misunderstandings which crop up in the world with a good pull and a strong pull over, the whole company will come to acknowledge complete defeat.

JUST A MEM.

I hate cutting words short, but memorandum is long for constant use. Now, I want to remind you again about the "Greyfriars Herald," and the other Companion Papers. They have myriads of readers, but it is just as well to think of those who have not yet had a chance to make acquaintance with the famous weeklies, and who are in consequence going short of something which would help the heavy side of life.

I also want to remind you that "Chuckles" is going very strong in fiction, and in funnistics, and games for the winter evenings. It is a paper calculated to amuse that young brother of yours amazingly.

Likewise, I must speak again of what the "Penny Popular" is doing—namely, giving a lot of overflow notices, for the other papers, while doing their best, like the horse which pulled the barge on the Liverpool Canal, have been unable to cope with the cascade of notices which have delayed the offices of

Your Editor

NOTICES.

H. Cooper, 53, Fleet Street, Leicester, wants members to join the "League of Amateur Contributors." Magazine published monthly, free to members. Send stamped addressed envelope for particulars.

Ralph Head, 74, Brook Street, Grosvenor Square, London, W., with readers anywhere, age 17-18.

P. Colban, 16, Sillwood Street, Brighton, with Colonial readers interested in stamp-collecting. All letters promptly answered.

Miss P. Curson, 9, Farrar Street, Vassall Road, Brixton, S.W., 9, with readers anywhere, 15 and upwards.

C. A. Bonham, Winchester Hill, Sutton Scotney, Hants, wants members for "Junior Arts Club." Good competitions and correspondence.

Miss Lily Newstead, Standard House, Lansdowne Road, Claremont, Cape Town, South Africa, with American-Jewish readers, age 16-18.

S. Bowdler, 229, Spence Street, Winnipeg, Manitoba, Canada, with readers interested in postcards.

Miss Dorothy Harding, 21, College Road, Kent Town, Adelaide, South Australia, with readers overseas.
W. Handley, 43, Harting Street, Albany Road, Camberwell, S.E. 5, wants contributions for a new weekly book.



TRIMBLE MINOR.

A Magnificent Long Complete Story dealing with the Adventures of Tom Merry and Co., of St. Jim's

By Martin Clifford

CHAPTER I. Gussy Dubs Up.

"Oh crumbs!"

Baggy Trimble, of the Fourth Form at St. Jim's, stood by the fireplace in Study No. 2, blinking at the letter that Toby, the school page, had just brought him. Baggy held the letter in his fat, grubby hand, and blinked hard at it through his spectacles.

There was an expression of mingled astonishment and di-may depicted upon the fat features of the porpoise of the Fourth.

"My hat!" gasped Baggy Trimble. "Teddy—coming here! Oh crumbs!"

Baggy once more read the letter that had caused him so many conflicting emotions. It read thus:

"Dear Baggy,—Just a line to let you know I'm not going to St. Japh's after all. It's too far away, and I've had the scholarship altered and am coming to St. Jim's with you instead. I shall arrive this afternoon at about half-past two, and am entering the Third Form. As it is a half-holiday for you, you can meet me at the station if you like.

"Your affectionate brother,

"TEDDY."

"P.S.—You might have some grub ready, as I dare say I shall be hungry after the journey."

Baggy Trimble folded the letter, and, with a growl, shoved it into one of his trouser's pockets. Then he binked at Percy Mellish, his study-mate, who was sitting in the armchair reading.

At Baggy's first exclamation Mellish had looked up, and was now scanning Trimble's face curiously.

"What's the matter, Trimble?" asked Mellish. "Isn't it a postal-order?"

"Nunno," growled Baggy Trimble surlily. "My young brother is coming to St. Jim's."

The thin, cunning face of Percy Mellish took on a look of surprise.

"Great Scott!" he exclaimed. "I didn't know you had a minor!"

"Yes, I have," replied Baggy, stow-

ing. "And he's coming here—in the Third!"

The cad of the Fourth sneered. "You don't seem best pleased at the news, Baggy!" he said. "Is he coming on a scholarship? They've had one or two new scholarship kids in the Third lately."

Baggy Trimble flushed. "Really, Mellish, my pater is paying for Teddy, of course!" he said hastily. "My pater spares no expense on us chaps, you know?"

"Rats!" said Mellish. "How is it you're always so hard up?"

Baggy Trimble coughed. "Er—er—my pater's got pots of money!" he said feebly. "At Trimble Hall—"

"Trimble Arms, more likely!" grinned Mellish. "Anyhow, I don't suppose anybody in the Trimble family is capable of winning anything. When's your minor coming?"

"This afternoon," said Baggy. "Aheum! I—I say, Mellish, could you lend me five bob to stand Teddy a feed when he—"

"Not much!" said Mellish. "I'm broke, Baggy. Better ask D'Arcy—he got a fiver by the same post as your letter came."

"Tell you what," said Mellish eagerly. "You get the cash out of Gussy, and I'll be in this afternoon when you and your minor come, and have tea ready for you. That's on condition you let me stay to tea, of-course!"

"All right!" said Baggy Trimble. "I'll go along and ask D'Arcy now!"

He rolled out of the study, and Mellish's eyes followed him, gleaming.

At the door of Study No. 6 the Porpoise of the School House stopped and tapped.

"Come in!" sang out the cheery voice of Jack Blake.

Baggy Trimble opened the door and entered. Jack Blake, D'Arcy, Herries, and Digby, the chums of Study No. 6, were there, and so were Tom Merry, Manners, and Lowther, the Terrible Three of the Shell. They were discussing

the footer-match between School House and the New House, to be played that afternoon, and were all absorbed in that important question when Baggy Trimble came in.

"Aheum!" said Trimble, by way of a beginning. "I've come to ask you chaps if—"

"If we can lend you some tin—eh!" said Jack Blake. "Well, my superfatted pippin, the answer is in the negative!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Look here!" began Trimble. "It's not for myself—"

"Gammon!"

"I tell you—" screeched Trimble.

"Sheer off, Baggy—we're busy!" growled Herries. "Don't come in here cadging—we've had some!"

Baggy Trimble's face went purple with indignation.

"Really, you chaps, you won't listen to a fellow—"

"No, we've heard enough of your varns, Baggy!" said Blake. "Apply next door, old scout!"

"Yaas; run away and play, dear boy!" said Gussy.

"I tell you it's not for myself!" howled Trimble. "I've got a minor coming to-day, and I'm broke, and—"

"Wha-at!"

"A-minor?"

Baggy Trimble nodded his head vigorously.

"Yes—my young brother Teddy," he said. "He's going in the Third. He's coming this afternoon, and it's only right that as he's my brother I should stand him a feed after his journey!"

"Bai Jove!"

The St. Jim's juniors looked hard at Baggy.

"Do you mean to say you've got a minor?" demanded Blake.

"Yes—why not?" howled Baggy Trimble. "I suppose my pater can send my young brother here if he likes—eh?"

"H'm! Quite so!" replied Blake. "Is the kid anything like you, Baggy?"

"Look here! If you're trying to be funny—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The juniors seemed to think that there was something extremely funny in Baggy Trimble having a minor.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, surveying the fat Fourth-Former through his famous monocle. "I sincerely trust, Trimble, that your minah is not a second edition of yourself!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Shurrup, you funny asses!" yelled Baggy Trimble furiously. "I'm broke, and I want to stand my minor something decent for tea. Can any of you chaps lend me a few bob? Gussy—"

"Weally, Trimble, undah the cires, I'll help you out of your difficulty," said Gussy graciously. "I vegahd it as a fellah's duty to his minah to look aftah him in a swange land, so to speak. Will ten shillin's do?"

"What-ho!" said Baggy Trimble, his eyes gleaming covetously. "Gimme the money, D'Arcy! My minor is sure to have plenty of tin with him, and I dare say he will bring me a tip from the patter. I'll let you have it back, D'Arcy."

"Vewy well, deah boy!" said D'Arcy, extracting his wallet. "I— Oh, hallo, Wally!"

Wally D'Arcy, the younger brother of Arthur Augustus, came into the study, an affable smile on his ink-smudged face.

"Hallo, Gus!" he said affectionately. "Just heard you'd received a fiver from the old man. I—"

"Gweat Scott!" gasped D'Arcy major, in horror. "Pway do not refer to our patah as the 'old man,' Wally! I vegahd it as distinctly bad taste, bai Jove!"

"All serene, Gus!" grinned the cheerful young hero of the Third. "No harm meant, I assure you! So the patah sent you a fiver, did he? The boulder—I'm stoney, and he hasn't sent me so much as a bob postal-order!"

Jack Blake & Co., and Tom Merry & Co. grinned.

"Weally, Wally, you—"

"Now, don't start sermonising, Gus!" said Wally D'Arcy warmly. "Let's have ten bob, will you? They've got some primo kippers down in Rylcombe, and"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other juniors. "Bai Jove! I forbid you to buy those howid things, Wally!" said Gussy severely. "I'll give you ten shillin's on the understanding that you don't spend it on kippahs."

"Right-ho, Gus! Anything for a quiet life!" grinned Wally. "Where's the money?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy took a ten-shilling Treasury note from his wallet, and handed it to Baggy Trimble.

"Oh, thanks awfully said Baggy, pocketing the note. "I'll let you have it back when my minor arrives."

Wally D'Arcy gave a start.

"Eh? What's that, Trimble?" he asked. "Did I hear you say something about a minor?"

"Yes," said Baggy Trimble airily. "My young brother Teddy is arriving this afternoon, and he's going into the Third. You kids had better not get chee-ky with my young brother, or there'll be squalls!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wally D'Arcy in a fit of merriment. "Trimble minor in the Third! Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy Trimble glared.

"Look here, you chee-ky young sweep—" he began wrathfully.

"Mind yourself!" said Wally D'Arcy warningly. "You musn't cheok me, young Baggy! I'll give you a thick ear!"

"Bai Jove! Wally—"

"And I'll give his blessed minor a thick ear, too, if he starts getting THE GEN LIBRARY.—No. 621.

saucy!" said the hero, of the Third cheerfully. "Trimble minor! Oh, my hat! What will the chaps say?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked severely at his minor.

"Weally, Wally, you will treat the new boy propahly when he awvires," he said severely. "I strongly disapprove of wuff treatment of new boys, and"

"Oh, don't start chin-wagging, Gus!" implied Wally D'Arcy. "Hand over that ten bob, old sport! I want to get back, and tell the chaps the news! It's too rich!"

The leader of the Third Form fags chuckled deeply.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy extracted another ten-shilling note from his wallet, and handed it to his minor. That cheery youth promptly grabbed it in a grubby paw and deposited it in his trousers-pocket.

"Now, mind what I say, Wally," said Gussy warningly. "No wuff play with Trimble minah, and no kippahs!"

"All right! Keep your wool on, Gus!" said Wally, turning to the door. "But, I say, though, Trimble minor is a bit too prime! Ha, ha, ha! I'm off to tell the chaps! Good-bye, kids!"

And the Hon. Walter Adolphus D'Arcy of the Third skipped out of Study No. 6, and dashed up to his chums, Curly Gibson, Joe Frayne, and Frank Levison, who were awaiting him impatiently at the end of the passage.

The faces of these unky youths brightened considerably when they saw the radiant face of their leader.

"How much, Wally?" asked Curly Gibson.

"Ten bob," grinned Wally D'Arcy.

"Oh, good!" said Curly. "Your major's a brick, Wally!"

"Not 'arf!" put in Joe Frayne, forgetting, in the excitement of the moment, to sound his aspirate.

Wally D'Arcy chuckled still deeper.

"Say, chaps, what do you think?" he gasped.

The Third-Formers looked at their leader inquiringly.

"Well?" demanded Curly Gibson.

"We're going to have Trimble's minor in the Third!"

"Eh?"

"He's coming this afternoon!" said Wally. "Trimble minor, you chaps!"

"My only sainted Aunt Maria!" ejaculated Curly Gibson, blinking at his leader. "You're spoofing!"

"Honest 'injun!" gasped Wally.

"That's what Baggy Trimble said. He's just been sponging on Gussy to stand the kid tea, I suppose. My word, you chaps, we shall have to see into this!"

"What-ho!" said Frank Levison.

"Trimble minor is sure to be a merry specimen—something like his brother, I suppose," went on Wally. "Here's a chance for some sport this afternoon, chaps!"

"Rather!" said Curly Gibson. "We're going down to Rylcombe to get those kippers, and we'll call in at the station at the same time, and meet the new kid."

Wally D'Arcy chuckled.

"Old Gus has forbidden me to buy kippers," he said.

The faces of the School House fags fell.

"Don't look like boiled owls!" grinned Wally. "I know of a way out. Here's half-a-crown, Curly! Got that?"

Curly took the half-crown wonderingly.

"That's yours," said Wally. "I've spent half-a-crown of that ten bob on you, Curly—see?"

"Yes, but—"

"I advise you to buy kippers with that half-crown, Curly," said Wally D'Arcy

insinuatingly. "In fact, if you don't buy kippers with it, Curly, I'll wallop you!"

Curly Gibson grinned.

"Oh, I see the little game!" he said. "All right, Wally, I'll stand a feed of kippers this afternoon?"

"That's the way to talk!" chuckled Wally D'Arcy. "And we're going to have a rag this afternoon, chaps, when Trimble minor arrives."

And the fags stroled away, discussing Baggy Trimble's minor, who was booked to arrive after dinner.

CHAPTER 2.

Teddy's Arrival.

"COME on!" said Wally.

The enterprising young hero of the Third Form of St. Jim's led the grinning satellites down Rylcombe High Street.

There were seven of them—Wally D'Arcy, Curly Gibson, Joe Frayne, Frank Levison, Reggie Manners, Hobbs, and Jameson.

The clock in the village jeweller's shop indicated twenty minutes past two, and the heroes of the Third were hurrying on their way to the station.

A little way in front of them, a fat, plump figure was also hurrying.

It was Baggy Trimble of the Fourth, on his way to meet his young brother Teddy.

Wally D'Arcy & Co. were also on their way to meet Trimble minor.

They looked upon it as their bounden duty, as the shining lights of the Third Form, to meet their new Form-fellow, and "initiate" him into their ways and customs, and to let him see that he could not become "chee-ky."

"Train's in at half-past two," said Wally. "Careful with those kippers, Curly!"

"All right!" granted Curly Gibson, who hugged a newspaper parcel beneath his arm, containing several pairs of kippers that they had purchased from a stall lower down the High Street.

Baggy Trimble rolled into the station-ary, and, turning, caught sight of the seven fags just behind him.

"Clear off!" he snapped. "What do you want?"

"We want to see Teddy Trimble!" said Wally D'Arcy cheerfully. "We've as much right to meet him as you, as he's in our Form!"

Baggy Trimble went red.

"Look here!" he shouted. "I'm not going to have my young brother mix up with you young rotters! You clear off!"

Wally D'Arcy frowned.

"What did you call us, Baggy?" he demanded daintily.

"I—I—I—"

"He said he wasn't going to let his rotten minor mix up with us young rotters!" hooted Jameson. "Wallop him, Wally!"

Wally D'Arcy strode up to Baggy Trimble, and shook his fist beneath that youth's snub nose.

"You-you great fat toad!" snorted Wally. "Apologise, or I'll mop up the ground with you!"

"Oh, really—," spluttered Baggy Trimble, backing away. "I—I didn't mean—"

"I mean business!" said Wally D'Arcy truculently. "You called us young rotters—see? You think we're going to stand that from a fat Fourth Form porpoise?"

"Never!" said Hobbs.

"Ear, ear!" chimed in Joe Frayne.

Baggy Trimble looked furious.

"Look here, young D'Arcy!" he spluttered. "I'm going to meet my minor,



"It seems that my brother has been spoofing you chaps up that my pater's paid for me," said Teddy Trimble. "Well I might as well tell you, I'm here on a scholarship, and I don't care what anybody says—I'm not ashamed of it! For two pins, I'd give Baggy a jolly good wallop!" (See Chapter 4.)

and I'm not going to have you ragging him. My minor is a particular chap like me, and he—"

"Bosh!" snapped the hero of the Third. "Are you going to apologise, Baggy Trimble, or do you want a few dots on the boko?"

"I—I—I—"

"Phew! Phew!"
"Hallo! Here comes the train!" said Reggie Manners. "Better buck up, Wally, and give the chump a wallop! The new kid will be out in a minute now!"

"Blow the new kid!" snorted Wally D'Arcy. "This chap's been cheeky, and he's either got to apologise, or—"

"I won't!" howled Baggy Trimble. "Think I'm going to apologise to you meany Third Form kids? Br-r-r!"

Wally D'Arcy's eyes gleamed. "That's settled it!" he said. "Bump him, chaps!"

"Hurrah!"

Upon the word, the seven sturdy youngsters fell upon Baggy Trimble, who staggered back, howling.

"Wow! Stop it! Clear off! Yarooogh!"

"Grab his noddle, Hobbs!" grinned Wally.

Baggy Trimble was grasped in many hands, and whirled off his feet.

"Yarooogh! Help! Stop it!" howled Trimble. "I'll apologise!"

"Too late, my fat rotter!" said Wally D'Arcy grimly. "Bump him, boys!"

Baggy's portly figure was raised in the air, and then it came down upon the hard cobbles of the station-yard.

Bump!

"Yoop! Hellup!" wailed Trimble.

Bump! Bump!

Baggy's anatomy smote the ground with three hard thuds, and each time the luckless Trimble raised his voice in anguish.

"Three more!" panted Wally. "One—"

Bump!

"Two—"

"Hi! Hold on there! What's the row?"

An excited voice broke in at that moment, and the Third-Formers stared round in astonishment.

A small, plump youth had emerged from Rykcombe station, carrying a travelling-bag and rug. He had stopped to gaze upon the bumping episode in the yard with some interest for a minute or so, and when Baggy Trimble's howls arose, and his form heaved into view, the new arrival in the station doorway gasped.

"My hat!" was his ejaculation.

"Baggy!"

He had dropped his bag and rug, and dashed over to the scene of the conflict.

"Hold on!" he gasped. "What's the row?"

At sight of the new arrival, the Third-Form gasped, and let Baggy Trimble drop to earth with a loud thud.

"My word!" breathed D'Arcy minor.

"It's young Trimble!"

Teddy Trimble, for it was he, glared at Wally. Wally returned the glare, and commenced to take stock of Trimble minor.

So far as appearances went, Teddy was a second edition of Baggy Trimble. He was a short, plump youth, with robust cheeks. He had a little snub nose, just like his brother, upon which was perched a pair of round spectacles. Through these spectacles, a pair of round eyes glared; but they were blue, fearless eyes, and had a look of grim determination in them.

Teddy Trimble's attitude was warlike. He doubled his fat fists, and glared truculently at the Third-Formers.

"My hat!" gasped Wally D'Arcy at last. "So you're the new merchant?"

"I'm Teddy Trimble!" replied the plump youth. "What are you doing to my brother?"

"Oh, just bumping him!" said Wally D'Arcy airily. "Half a mo', kid, while we finish bumping your precious major, then we'll attend to you!"

The Third-Formers chuckled, and at a sign from their leader, they grasped Baggy Trimble again, and proceeded to finish the bumping that Trimble minor had interrupted.

"Yarooogh!" bellowed Baggy Trimble, struggling furiously. "You young sweeps! Teddy—ow!—draggemoff!"

"Bump him!" said Wally D'Arcy.

Bump!

Teddy Trimble's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles, and he took a step forward. "Chuck it!" he said. "Leave Baggy alone!"

"Rats!" said Wally D'Arcy. "Keep off the grass, young Falstaff!"

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"Wha-a-at?" stuttered Trimble minor. "Keep off the grass, kid!" said Wally. "You'll get a thick ear if you interfere!"

"Oh, will I?" exclaimed Teddy Trimble. "Who do you think you are, eh? Put your fists up!"

It was Wally's turn to be surprised. He stared at the fat junior in mystification.

"Did you speak?" he gurgled.

"I said put your fists up!" howled Teddy Trimble, advancing. "I'll teach you to bump my brother!"

"Oh, carry me home to die, somebody!" gasped Wally D'Arcy, passing a hand across his brow. "That—that fat image is going to wallop me! Ha, ha, ha! Why, I'd— Yow! Yaroooooh! Oh, dear!"

Teddy's fist had landed upon Wally's nose, and Wally staggered back at this unexpected ally.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Reggie Manners. "He—he buffed Wally on the nose!"

A chorus of amazed gasps arose from the Third-Formers.

Wally D'Arcy blinked at Teddy Trimble for a moment, as if unable to believe the evidence of his own senses. Then, with a bellow of wrath, he hurled himself at Teddy.

Teddy's fists were up, and he met Wally unflinchingly.

The leader of the St. Jim's fags aimed a blow at Teddy's nose, in retaliation for the one he had himself received; but Teddy dodged with an agility that was amazing for so fat a youth, and landed a resounding thump on Wally's chin.

"Ow!" gasped Wally.

"He, he, he!" cackled Baggy Trimble, who had been released by the amazed Third-Formers. "Smash him, Teddy!"

"Come on!" bellowed Teddy Trimble, prancing up to Wally D'Arcy, who was more amazed than hurt. "I'll knock bits off you, you bouncer!"

"Why, I—I'll slaughter you!" howled Wally sulphurously. "Lemme get at you!"

And the two youngsters closed again.

Several people in the station-yard paused to witness that exciting fight. They grinned at the sight of Teddy Trimble's corpulent figure; but their manner changed when they saw the way he waded into his opponent.

The two fags went for each other hammer and tongs. Wally D'Arcy, realis-

ing that he had met a foeman worthy of his steel, proceeded more cautiously, and fought his best. But he did not seem to be able to "knock spots off" Teddy, as he had threatened to do. Teddy Trimble was all there, and the way he dodged, and skipped, and side-stepped was truly a marvel to behold. Those fat fists of his were not flabby, either; but had a punch with them like that of a battering-ram.

Wally D'Arcy's henchmen looked on in bewilderment, whilst Baggy Trimble, whose cause his minor had championed, stood by, chucking and urging Teddy on.

"Go it, Wally!" howled Hobbs, dancing about in his excitement. "Put some beef into it, man!"

"Don't let a fat kid like that wallop you, Wally!" cried Frank Levison.

"He, he, he!" chuckled Baggy Trimble. "I told you my young brother wouldn't stand any cheek from you Third-Form kids!"

The Third-Formers snorted, and followed the progress of their leader with anxious eyes.

Biff! Thud! Bump!

Each youngster gave as good as he received, and each fought right nobly.

Hobbs, in his excitement, dropped the paper containing the kippers. He made a frantic dive to resume them, but before he could reach the kippers the feet of Wally and Teddy trampled upon them.

"Look out!" howled the fag in alarm. "You're treading on the kippers!"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped the others.

But Wally did not heed. The kippers were trampled under foot, beyond all hopes of recovery now.

Suddenly another cry arose from Joe Frayne.

"Care, Wally! Here comes Selby!"

"Oh!" scolded Wally. "I—I say, pax, man!"

Teddy Trimble dropped his fists, and so did Wally D'Arcy. He stared round him, and caught sight of the Third-Form master approaching the station.

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Wally. "Has—has Selby seen us?"

"I don't think so," answered Joe Frayne. "I warned you just in time."

Baggy Trimble's eyes gleamed spitefully.

"Now you'll cop out, you young cads!" he said. "I'll tell Selby how you set about me, while I was waiting to meet my brother, and then there'll be ructions!"

Wally D'Arcy & Co. stared at Baggy Trimble aghast.

"You—you sneak!" exclaimed Wally. "You wouldn't dare!"

"Wouldn't I?" said Baggy Trimble maliciously. "Think I'm going to be bumped for nothing?"

The Third-Formers looked round in dismay, as they saw Mr. Selby getting nearer.

Teddy Trimble's eyes were gleaming. "You cad, Baggy!" he said. "So, you're still the same old sneak as ever!"

"Wha-a-at?" gasped Baggy Trimble, gaping at his minor.

"If you split on these chaps to the master," said Teddy Trimble, in measured accents, "I—I'll give you a wallop myself, Baggy!"

"Oh!"

Wally D'Arcy & Co. looked in astonishment at Teddy at first, and then they chuckled. They were beginning to realise that Teddy Trimble was made of somewhat different stuff than his major.

"Mark my word, Baggy," said Teddy Trimble darkly, "you'll get a licking if you snook!"

"Oh, good, kid!" breathed Wally D'Arcy.

Baggy Trimble blinked at his minor in dismay. At that moment a heavy step sounded behind them, and Mr. Selby strode upon the scene.

"Ah, what are you doing here, boys?" rasped the sour voice of the Third-Form master.

"Ahem!" coughed Wally D'Arcy.

Teddy Trimble stepped forward and raised his cap, displaying beneath it a mop of untidy, tousled hair.

"Please, sir, I'm Trimble minor, and these chaps came to meet me with my brother," he said respectfully. "They belong to my Form, I believe."

Mr. Selby looked from one to another suspiciously. Hobbs and Joe Frayne were standing over the trampled kippers, to hide them from the master's view.

"Oh, er—quite so!" said Mr. Selby. "Are you sure you have not been fighting, D'Arcy minor?"

Baggy Trimble opened his mouth, as if to speak, but he shut it again at a threatening glance from Teddy.

"We haven't been fighting, sir," cried Jameson. This was strictly true, for the bumping of Baggy Trimble could not be classed as fighting, and only Wally and Teddy had engaged in fisticuffs.

Mr. Selby, who seemed in rather a hurry, did not see the subterfuge, and passed on, saying:

"Well, do not let there be any disturbance in the village. Trimble minor, take your bag and proceed to St. Jim's."

"Yes, sir," said Teddy.

As Mr. Selby walked on the High Street, the Third-Form fags turned to Teddy Trimble.

"You're a sport, old son!" said Wally D'Arcy heartily. "Give us your fin!"

He held out his own grubby paw, and Teddy Trimble took it in an equally grubby one. The rivals shook hands, amidst the approving grins of the Third-Formers.

"Now," said Wally, "I think we'd better be getting back to the school, you chaps! I—"

"But what about the kippers?" demanded Curly Gibson wrathfully.

"Oh, my hat! Aren't they any good now?"

"Look at 'em!" shouted Hobbs. "You can pick 'em up and eat 'em if you like!"

Wally surveyed the trampled mass, and grinned.

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"Hallo, dear boys!" The voice came from the door, and at that moment another flashily dressed fellow entered, respicend in a large-sized topper, a bob-tailed coat that almost dangled on the ground, trousers that bunched up when they reached the boots, spats and a white waistcoat. (See chapter 8.)

"Can't be helped!" he remarked. He dived into his pocket, and pulled out a florin.

"There you are, Curly," he said, handing the coin to his Form-fellow. "I really ought not to do it, but there's another two bob, anyway. Mind you, you mustn't waste it! Of course, if you took my advice you'd buy some more kippers."

"What-ho!" grinned Curly. "You'd make a good diplomat, Wally!"

Wally turned to Teddy Trimble. "Will you join us at tea this evening?" he inquired. "We've got kippers and buns and ginger-pop and—"

"No; he's coming to tea with me!" said Baggy Trimble. "He's my brother, and—"

"What time do you have tea?" inquired Teddy, addressing Wally D'Arcy.

"Oh, later than usual," he said—"about five!"

"I'm in!" said Teddy. "I'd like to come; but my first duty is to my brother, I suppose."

Wally snorted.

"If I had a brother like that I'd boil him in oil!" he said.

"Oh, really, young D'Arcy—" expostulated Baggy.

"Well, I'd better have tea with Baggy," said Teddy Trimble, grinning.

"But if I can, I'll join you later."

"All serene, kid!" said Wally. "We'll be in the Form-room, so you'll find us there. Come on, chaps, let's get down

to the fish-shop before they've sold all the kippers, then we'll get back. So long, young Trimble!"

"Cheerio!" grinned Teddy.

And, as Wally D'Arcy & Co. trooped up the High Street to purchase another consignment of kippers, Baggy Trimble, with a very sudy face, led his minor in the opposite direction, towards St. Jim's.

CHAPTER 3.

Two of a Kind.

THIS is St. Jim's!" grunted Baggy Trimble.

The two brothers had arrived at the school gates after a slow walk from the village. It was now four o'clock, and the sun was setting. St. Jim's looked imposing and grand in the waning light.

Teddy Trimble walked through into the Close, and stood there, taking stock of the old school.

"My word, it's a fine place!" he said. "I shall enjoy myself here, I reckon!"

Baggy Trimble grunted. There did not exist much brotherly feeling between himself and Teddy—except so far as eating was concerned.

From the direction of the playing-fields there came the merry shouts of St. Jim's fellows at football.

"Goal! Bravo, Tom Merry!"

Teddy Trimble's eyes sparkled.

"They're playing footer!" he said.

"What sort of grounds have you got here, Baggy?"

"Oh, not bad!" growled Baggy Trimble. Baggy was not a keen follower of football. He was a slacker of the first water.

"I'm rather a slab at footer," said Teddy Trimble. "But, I—I say, Baggy, aren't you hungry?"

Into Baggy Trimble's eyes there came a new gleam—a gleam of interest and enthusiasm.

"Not half!" he said. "I'm feeling jolly peckish! I've arranged with Mellish to have tea ready by half-past four, but I—I could do with a snack now."

"So could I!" said Teddy promptly. "Got a tuckshop at this school, Baggy?"

"This way!" replied the fat Fourth-Former.

And both major and minor rolled away across to Dame Taggles' tuckshop.

Several curious and amused glances were cast at them on the way.

Teddy Trimble looked so much like his brother, and the fact that they were off to the tuckshop was sufficient to raise a grin and a suspicion.

George Alfred Grundy and his faithful followers Wilkins and Gunn were in the tuckshop, partaking of pineapple cordial and doughnuts. Grundy was holding forth upon the gross incompetence of Tom Merry as junior footer captain,

because he—Grundy—had been left out of the School House team that afternoon. Wilkins and Gunn were nodding sympathetically, and cheerfully imbibing the good things that their leader provided.

Grundy passed and glared at the Trimbles as they came in.

"My hat!" exclaimed Grundy. "Is that your minor, Trimble?"

"Yes," granted Trimble. "Black-currant cordial and jam-tarts, please, Dame Taggles."

The worthy dame of the tuckshop looked severely at Baggy.

"Have you any money to pay me with?" she inquired.

"Of course I have!" snorted Trimble, in exasperation. He dragged forth the ten-shilling note that D'Arcy had lent him. By a miracle Baggy had not changed it.

Mrs. Taggles' countenance cleared when she saw the note, and proceeded to fulfil Trimble's orders.

Baggy Trimble sat upon an upturned ginger-beer crate, and Teddy planted himself upon his bag. Each took a plate of jam-tarts and a glass of steaming cordial and commenced operations.

Baggy Trimble's face had cleared, and he beamed in great good-humour. Upon the chubby countenance of Teddy Trimble there was a beatific smile of deep contentment. Both major and minor waded into the good things before them, and made short work of the jam-tarts and cordial.

Grundy & Co. watched them in amusement as Baggy Trimble ordered more cordial and more jam-tarts. Baggy and Teddy seemed to be tying with each other in disposing of the good things.

"My word!" murmured Grundy. "That's the seventh tart that kid has nopped! What a blessed box-constructor!"

Baggy Trimble finished his seventh tart a second behind his minor.

When their stock of jam-tarts was exhausted Baggy Trimble ordered cream-puffs. These were brought, and the two tackled them with relish.

Grundy, Wilkins, and Gunn watched this gastronomic performance in growing wonder. They had seen Baggy Trimble eat. They had also seen Fatty Wynn of the New House eat. But this new Third-Former seemed likely to take the laurel-wreath for high-speed mastication.

"My hat!" gasped Grundy. "Where's that kid putting it all to?"

"Doughnuts!" said Teddy Trimble. "Meringues, ma'am!" said Baggy Trimble.

Before she proceeded with this order Mrs. Taggles made a mental calculation. Then she placed a plate of doughnuts before Trimble's minor, and a plate of meringues before Trimble's major.

"Those youths fell to and quickly polished them off."

"My only sainted Aunt Maria!" ejaculated George Alfred Grundy, surveying Trimble's minor, in wonder. "Say, kid, don't you feel full up?"

Teddy Trimble shook his head and beamed.

"No fear!" he said. "It would take a lot of this to fill me up!"

"Great Scott!" gasped Grundy.

When their last order had been demolished Baggy Trimble called for pineapple. But Dame Taggles shook her head.

"You have spent the ten shillings, Master Trimble," said said firmly. "Give me the note, please!"

A look of blank dismay overspread the jaunty face of Baggy Trimble.

"Oh crumbs!" he ejaculated. "I was saving half of that for tea!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wilkins and Gunn.

"I—I say, Baggy," said Teddy Trimble, "isn't there any more? I was just beginning to get the edge off my appetite!"

"Great pip!" gasped Grundy. "You—you blessed cormorant!"

At Mrs. Taggles' pressing request Baggy Trimble reluctantly handed over the ten-shilling note. The look of deep content had departed from Teddy

worked like clockwork as they masticated the good things provided them by Dame Taggles.

Soon, however, Baggy Trimble showed signs of slacking. His face was very red and shiny, and he breathed heavily. But Teddy Trimble seemed quite fresh, and the way he piled into a huge plate of trifle made all beholders stare.

Ten minutes later, when the Trimbles were still busy, the tuckshop door opened, and Tom Merry & Co. came in, fresh and hungry from their footer. They, too, blinked in astonishment at the Trimbles.

"Great Scott!" exclaimed Monty Lowther. "How long have they been at it?"

"Nearly an hour!" grinned Grundy.

"Oh, help!"

Soon Grundy's ten shillings was exhausted, and Baggy Trimble rose slowly and painfully to his feet.

"Had enough?" inquired Jack Blake.

"Ow! I—I think so!" muttered Trimble, breathing with difficulty.

"Come on, Teddy!"

Teddy Trimble slid off his suit-case, and grinned round upon the assembly.

"I must say they sell good tack at St. Jim's," he said. "I shall always deal here!"

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

Teddy, not seeming at all disconcerted by the prodigious amount of tack he had just demolished, trotted after his major, who was lumbering along with slow, laboured steps.

Fellows stopped and grinned at them as they passed.

Already Teddy Trimble had made his mark at St. Jim's.

Up the School House steps they went, and into the Fourth Form passage.

At the door of Study No. 2 Baggy Trimble halted.

"This is my study," he said.

The two Trimbles rolled within, and were greeted by Percy Mellish, who was busy making toast at the fire.

"Hallo!" he said. "I've been wondering where you'd got to. The tea's made, and so is the toast. Where's the tack, Trimble?"

"Eh?"

"Where's the tack?" demanded Mellish. "You wouldn't trust me to get it, and said you would bring it in with you. Where is it?"

Baggy Trimble threw himself into the armchair and surveyed Mellish with a vacant look.

"It—it's all gone," he said. "Teddy and I had a snack in the tuckshop before we came in."

"You—you—you—"

"Ow! Don't bother, Mellish—I'm tired!" gasped Trimble, closing his eyes.

"Sorry, you know!"

"Why—I'll make you sorry!" screeched Mellish. "I've stuck in here all the afternoon, purposely to get tea ready for you and your rotten minor, and—and you come in and can't tell me you've eaten all the tack!"

Mellish choked. Chowle and Clappa had invited him to a quiet smoking and card party in the old tower that afternoon, but he had refused, having vision of a proper feed when the Trimbles arrived.

Percy Mellish's soul rose in revolt.

"I'll punch your silly head, you—you, fat swindler!" he howled. "I—"

"Ow! Keepin' off!" gasped Baggy.

"Teddy, old chap, boot him out!"

"Certainly," said Teddy.

He advanced upon Mellish, who, thinking that he had an easy job to tackle, closed with him. Mellish, however, soon found out his mistake.

He struggled wildly in a strong grasp

No. 21.—GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY.



A big, burly, robust fellow, with altogether too exalted an opinion of his own brains and capabilities generally. Imagines himself a great detective. A duffer at games, though keen, but can box, and in a fight would probably whack any of the Lower School except Tom Merry, Talbot, and Noble. With all his faults, he has many good qualities. Brave as the bravest, thoroughly honest, and a rare stickler. Has a rich uncle, and is generous with the frequent tips he receives. (Study No. 3—Shell.)

Trimble's face. He was looking disappointed.

Grundy grinned suddenly, and placed another ten-shilling note on the counter.

"There you are, ma'am," he said.

"Let these two carry on. It's jolly interesting, and I want to see who can put the most away."

Teddy Trimble's face lit up, and Baggy Trimble beamed.

Pineapple and cream was brought, and the Trimble brothers fell to again.

George Alfred Grundy watched the performance in deep interest.

Bernard Glyn and Clifton Dane of the Shell strolled into the tuckshop, and after them came Dick Julian, Hammond, and Lumley-Lumley of the Fourth.

The juniors gasped at the sight of Trimble's major and minor tucking into all those edibles, and gasped still more when Grundy informed them that the Trimbles had already consumed ten shillings-worth of tack.

"Jemima!" exclaimed Lumley-Lumley. "They'll burst in a moment!"

But neither of the Trimbles showed any signs of bursting. Their jaws

for a few moments, and the next thing he was aware of, the door had opened, and he was being whirled through.

"Xarocogh!" yelled Mellish. He collapsed upon the linoleum, and the door of Study No. 2 closed upon him. With many a groan, Mellish picked himself up and limped away, his thoughts regarding Baggy Trimble and Trimble minor too deep for words.

CHAPTER 4.

The Right Sort.

TEDDY TRIMBLE grinned as he sat down by the fire in Study No. 2.

So far, he had found St. Jim's quite to his liking. With a sigh of content, he picked up a piece of buttered toast from a plate in the fender, and commenced to eat.

Baggy Trimble looked at his minor scarchingly from the armchair.

"I—I say, Teddy," he said, "I was rather surprised to hear you were coming here, you know."

Teddy Trimble grinned. "I didn't know till the last minute," he said. "I won a scholarship for St. Jeph's, but as that is so far away in Hampshire, I applied for a transfer for St. Jim's, and got it."

"Oh!" said Baggy Trimble, evidently not roused to enthusiasm over his minor's achievement.

"So here I am," said Teddy Trimble cheerfully. "It's not a bad old show, and I reckon I shall get on here all right."

Baggy Trimble shifted uneasily in the armchair, and regarded his minor cunningly through his spectacles.

"Ahem!" he coughed. "I—I say, you know, Teddy, the chaps here don't know you are coming on a scholarship!"

"Don't they?" said Trimble minor. "Well, they'll soon find out, I expect!"

Baggy Trimble gasped. "Look here, Teddy," he said, "don't let that out, you know."

Teddy Trimble stared. "Don't let it out?" he exclaimed. "Why not? It's nothing to be ashamed of. In fact, I'm jolly proud of it! It's more than you could do, I'll bet, Baggy!"

"Nunno, don't rot!" growled Baggy Trimble. "You mustn't let out that you're here on a scholarship. It makes us look as if we're as poor as church mice, you know."

Teddy Trimble started, and looked hard at his brother.

"What are you driving at?" he demanded. "Are you ashamed of me being here on a scholarship?"

"Nunno!" said Baggy Trimble hastily. "I—I'm jolly proud of you, Teddy, old chap. B-b-but it looks rather low, doesn't it?"

Teddy Trimble rose to his feet and faced his major with glittering eyes.

"You—you old snob!" he exclaimed. "You've been swanking up to the fellows, I suppose, that the pater's sent me here at his own expense, and that we're well off, and got titled relations, and all that sort of tommy rot—eh?"

Baggy Trimble did not reply.

"I see the little game, Baggy!" snorted Teddy Trimble, his lip curling in disdain. "You always were a cad like that. Well, I'm jolly well not going to tell any lies for you, so that's flat!"

"Look here, Teddy!" implored Baggy Trimble. "Only common chaps win scholarships, don't you?"

"Am I a common chap?" demanded Teddy Trimble heatedly.

"Nunno; but it will make you look common if you let out that you're here on a scholarship."

"What-as?" shouted Teddy Trimble. "You say I'm here on charity?"

"I—I—I—"

"You rotten cad!" cried Teddy Trimble, shaking a fat fist at Baggy. "You're ashamed of me, that's what you are! Because I've won a scholarship entitling me to come here free of charge, you think it's something to be ashamed of—and charity! Why, you worm, it's me that's ashamed of you! You're not

No. 22.—Mr. VICTOR RAILTON, M.A.



Sixth Form master, and House-master of the School House. A thoroughly good fellow, and one who understands boys. Consequently, kind and sympathetic towards them in all their affairs; always ready to listen patiently to anyone in trouble. Needless to say, admired and respected by practically all at St. Jim's. A direct contrast to Mr. Ratcliffe, the tyrant of the New House. An excellent master, and a true friend to all his boys.

fit to be a chap's brother! For two pins I'd give you a jolly good wallop!"

"Ow! Don't, Teddy, old chap!" moaned Baggy Trimble pathetically. "I didn't mean anything, and—"

"You want me to swank up like you've been doing!" snorted Teddy Trimble, in righteous indignation. "And I'm jolly well not going to do it—see? I've won my place at this school, and I don't care who knows! I'm not ashamed of it!"

"Look here, Teddy—"

Bump!

Both juniors turned as the door bumped open. Jack Blake, D'Arcy, Herries, Digby, and a crowd of the Fourth were outside, also Tom Merry & Co., of the Shell.

"Hallo! Rowing?" inquired Blake, with a grin. "Funny these brothers never seem to agree. Look at Gussy and his minor, for instance."

"Weally, Blake—"

"We've come along to have a peep at your brother, Baggy!" grinned Blake. "We've just heard that he licked young

Wally D'Arcy, and also that he ate nearly a quid's worth of tuck as one sitting, and then chucked Mellish out of the study afterwards. Such a kid ought to be a curiosity. Oh, hallo, kid! What's biting you?"

Teddy Trimble frowned in the direction of his brother.

"The—tho beastly snob!" he exclaimed.

The School House juniors looked first at Teddy, and then at Baggy in surprise. "Looks like a rumpus!" said Blake. "What's Baggy been up to, kid?"

"He's—he's ashamed of me!" said Teddy furiously. "Ashamed of me, because I've won a scholarship!"

"Bai Jove!"

"Look here, Teddy—" expostulated Baggy Trimble, going crimson.

Teddy Trimble's fat face was red and furious. His eyes gleamed behind his spectacles in righteous indignation.

"Look here, you chaps!" he said, in trembling accents. "If I'm not good enough for this school, you'd better tell me so. If you chaps are snobbish like Baggy, you'd better—"

"Bai Jove, wathah not, deah boy!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy warmly. "I wathah think it weequah some doin' to win a scholarship, you know!"

Jack Blake & Co. and the Terrible Three grinned.

Teddy Trimble snorted. "It seems that my brother has been spoofing you chaps up to what my pater's paid for me," he said. "Well, I might as well tell you, I'm here on a scholarship, and I don't care what anybody says—I'm not ashamed of it! For two pins I'd give Baggy a jolly good wallop!"

"You!" growled Trimble major, blinking in great apprehension at his incespated minor. "Teddy, old chap—"

"Br-r-r!" snorted Teddy. "You're a snob, Baggy!"

"Hear, hear!" said Jack Blake. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his eyeglass, and regarded Baggy Trimble severely through it.

"I wegahd you as a fearful boundah, Baggy Trimble!" said the swell of St. Jim's, with a curl of the lip. "I considah that you ought to be proud of Teddy for winnin' a scholarship. It shows that he's got some grit in the Twimble family, aftah all!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Good old Gus!" murmured Monty Lowther. "Jaw to him like a Dutch uncle!"

Ignoring Lowther's humorous remark, Gussy turned to Teddy Trimble, and held out his hand.

"Welcome to St. Jim's, deah boy!" he said. "If any fellah starts waggin' you because of your scholarship, just let me know, an' I'll give him a faithful thwashin', bai Jove!"

Teddy Trimble grinned.

"Thanks awfully!" he said. "But I think I can wallop any bounder that starts any of his old buck with me!"

"Yaas, that's wight!" said D'Arcy. "And I trust that my minah will back you up, deah boy! It would be a proud day for me if he evah won a scholarship!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chuckled Monty Lowther. "Can you imagine young Wally winnin' anything but the quarter-mile?"

The juniors chuckled, and D'Arcy major frowned.

"I'm afraid that Wally is a careless young ass!" he said ruefully. "However, he is an honourable beggar, and you can rely on him to back you up, Teddy, deah boy!"

"I've already met him," grinned Teddy. "In fact, he's invited me to tea

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in the Third Form-room this evening. I think I'll be off there now!"

Jack Blake & Co. and the Terrible Three gasped.

"Great pip!" exclaimed Blake. "You—you're surely not going to have another feast?"

"Why not?" asked Teddy Trimble. "I've got a healthy appetite, you know!"

"My giddy aunt!" sobbed Monty Lowther. "The kid must have the appetite of a boa-constrictor!"

Teddy Trimble chuckled.

"Oh, I always believe in making the best of a meal!" he said. "Besides, I'm rather fond of kippers, and as the chaps in my Form have got 'em for tea, I think I'll join 'em!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy started violently.

"Gweat Scott!" he exclaimed. "Has that young wascal actually disobeyed my ordahs, and wasted his money on those howdid things?"

"Oh, are they horrid?" exclaimed Teddy Trimble warmly. "They go well for tea, I can tell you. Tell you what, you come along and join us at tea. Your minor wove'll mind."

"Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy, in horror. "Wathah not, deah boy! Howehav, I will go along and wemonstrate with Wally!"

"You keep off the grass, Gussy!" said Blake. "Fools step in where angels fear to tread, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Well, so long, you chaps!" said Trimble minor, casting a disdainful look at Baggie Trimble. "You're sports, and not at all like Baggie. But I don't see why you should kick against kippers for tea. I'll go along to the Form-room and warn Wally D'Arcy that his major's coming to prohibit the kippers!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With an affable nod, Teddy Trimble rolled out of the study, and down the Fourth Form passage. His magnificent feed he had already partaken of in the tuckshop did not appear to have affected him in the least.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy glared at the retreating form of the new jag through his eyeglass.

"Bai Jove!" he said. "I weally shall have to interfereh, you know! I expressly warned you Wally—"

"Now, just you let that drop, Gussy!" said Blake severely. "It's young Teddy Trimble's first day, so why not let him enjoy the kippers if he's fond of 'em?"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy grew thoughtful at this observation on the part of his chum.

"Yaas, deah boy," he said slowly. "I think I will let the mattedh drop this time. I'm wathah interested in Trimble minor, you know, and shall be pleased to waive the wove in his favour!"

"Beavo, Gus!" grinned Blake. "You are a brick to waive the wove!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

And the heroes of the School House departed from Study No. 2, leaving Baggie Trimble still in the armchair, to meditate and writhe in solitude.

CHAPTER 5. Gussy's Latest.

"I WONDRAH—"

Jack Blake looked up from the study-table, and surveyed Arthur Augustus in great irritation. It was the day following the advent of Trimble minor in the Third Form at St. Jim's. Jack Blake & Co. were in Study No. 6, quietly eating roasted chestnuts in front of the fire, just before tea.

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time—at least, Blake, Herries, and Digby were. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was seated at the study-table, with a sheet of impot-paper and the ink-well before him, chewing the end of a pen with an air of complete abstraction. He had been uttering sundry unintelligible murmurs to himself during the past half-hour, and Jack Blake was beginning to feel exasperated.

"I wondrah—" murmured D'Arcy again.

"Well," snapped Blake crossly, "what is it you wonder, you ass?"

"What rhymes with 'twue'?" Deah boy?"

"What rhymes with 'true'?" echoed Blake in wonder. "What the merry dickens—"

"I'm composin' a piece of poetry, Blake?" explained the swell of St. Jim's, with an earnest look upon his aristocratic countenance. "Just listen to this, deah boy:

"Deah Gertie, do not say me nay,
My love for you is truee,
My heart at the deah feet I lay,
And—and—and—"

"That's the difficulty, deah boys!" said the swell of St. Jim's, in deep distress.



"I can't think of a last line to fit in properly!"

Blake, Herries, and Digby ceased to eat chestnuts. They sat bolt upright, and regarded their noble chum with open eyes and gaping mouths.

"Mum-my word!" gasped Blake.

"S-s-say that again, Gussy."

"Certainly, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus, in all sincerity. "Deah Gertie, do not say me nay, my love for you is truee; my heart at the deah feet I lay, and—and I'm feelin' wathah blue—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake, Herries, and Digby.

D'Arcy shook his head pensively.

"I'm feelin' wathah blue," wove'd do, I'm afraid," he said. "Blake, deah boy, you might make a suggestion."

"Who's Gertie?" he inquired.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy coloured a deep crimson, and coughed.

"Ahem! She's a weally wippin' ead—she weally is!" he said earnestly. "She's a waitress in the new bunshop at Wylcombe, and—and she's weally a wippin' gal, deah boys!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Blake.

"Gussy's in love again!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Herries and Digby.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his monocle in his eye, and surveyed his hilarious chums frigidly.

"Weally, deah boys, I fail to see any cause watheah for laughin'!" he said indignantly. "I—I—ahem—I am not actually in love—or—er—that is to say—er—she's weally a wippin' gal!"

"Oh, carry me home to die, somebody!" gurgled Blake, weeping salt tears of merriment into the folds of his handkerchief.

"Gussy's smitten again! Oh! Ha, ha, ha! Gussy, you burbling ass, you'll be the death of me one of these days."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Digby. "Try something like this, Gussy:

"Deah Gertie, do not say me nay,
I'll face no end for you,
My love, please name the happy day,
And I'll hang on like glue!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Blake and Herries.

"Bai Jove!" said D'Arcy, brightening up. "That's not bad, Dig, deah boy. But I'm afraid the sentiment of the last line is not quite in ordah. I s'weah that I'll be 'twue' wove'd sound bettah, I think."

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Digby.

D'Arcy's three chums clasped each other round the neck, the better to save themselves from rolling into the fender, and shrieked with laughter.

Arthur Augustus surveyed this display of hilarity in rising wrath.

"Weally, you boundahs, I fail to see any cause watheah for wibald laughin'," he said. "This is a sewious mattedh—"

"Yes awfully sewious, Gussy!" gurgled Blake. "You ought to see a doctor, old chap!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I wegad you as unfeelin' beasts—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You are three most fwabjous jammers—"

"Ho, ho, ho!"

"I wdahse to wegad you as fwien'ds—"

"Shurrup, Gussie, do!" choked Blake.

"I'll burst a boiler in a minute!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Herries and Digby.

The swell of St. Jim's arose from the table, and surveyed his howling chums with glaring eyes.

"You unspeakable boundahs!" he exclaimed. "You have no sympathy for a chap who—who—who—"

"Who's son of his rocker evey a girl in the bun-shop?" chortled Blake.

"Oh, Gussy, you howling, chording, unsophisticated ass!"

"Bai Jove, I—"

"Deah Gertie, do not say me nay—I'm feelin' rather blue—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" shrieked Blake. "Oh, my only sainted Aunt Eliza! It's too rich!"

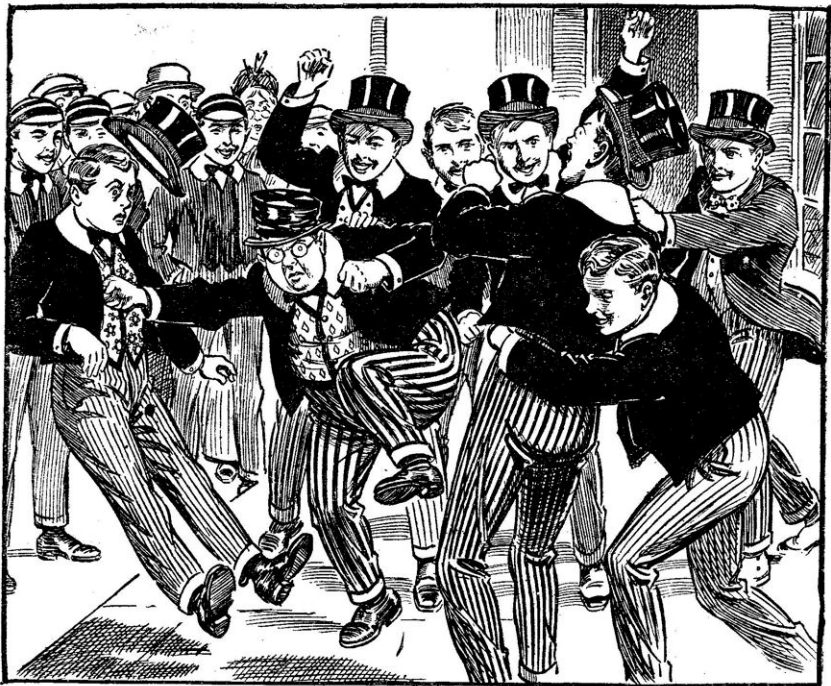
The indignant Gussy grasped his teacup, jammed it on his head, and strode majestically out of Study No. 6, slamming the door with quite unnecessary violence behind him.

Blake slid from the armchair to the carpet, and kicked up his heels in a despondent of uncontrollable mirth. Digby held his sides, whilst Herries rocked to and fro, on the verge of hysterics.

"Oh, my hat!" moaned Blake. "Ow! I've got a pain now! I e-e-can't laugh! Ow! You! Ha, ha, ha!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled Herries and Digby.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, staking down the Fourth Form passage, heard the yells of his chums, and went pink.



"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of the School House. The fight had not been in progress long before the im maculate attire of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy began to get damaged. His top hat went sailing from his head in the first onrush. (See chapter 9.)

The swell of St. Jim's was very susceptible to the charms of the fair sex, and the fair Gertrude of the new village bunshop had quite captured his noble heart.

Gussy—to put it in his own words—was "quite in a fluttah," as he walked down the School House steps, and made his way across to the cloisters to meditate.

There, in the quiet solitude of the elms, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy hoped to find healing balm for his love-lorn heart.

"The wotahs!" he kept murmuring to himself. "They've no ideah what a weally wippin' gal she is, othahwise they would not be so wude. Gertie is weally a wippin' gal, by Jove!"

Gussy was still contemplating what a "weally wippin' gal," the fair Gertrude was, when he passed by the tuckshop, and espied a short, fat figure standing by the window, gazing with melancholy gloom at the good things displayed inside.

It was Teddy Trimble, and he was hovering round the tuckshop, like a moth round a candle, unable to resist the magnetic attraction.

Gussy paused, and stood deep in thought for a moment.

Then, as if suddenly inspired by an idea, he stepped up to Trimble minor, and touched him on the shoulder.

"Twimble, deah boy—"

"Oh, hallo!" said Teddy Trimble, looking round, with a startled face. "D'Arcy!"

"Yaas, it's me, deah boy!" said Arthur Augustus affably. "Waiting for anybody?"

"No," replied the fag. "Just waiting for tea-time, that's all!"

"It's tea-time now, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "Come in the tuckshop, and we'll have a snack and a jaw."

"Oh, good!" said Teddy, brightening up considerably.

Gussy led the way, and Trimble minor trotted after him.

CHAPTER 6. Gussy's Idea.

NOBODY else was in the tuckshop, for the other boys were at tea. D'Arcy and Teddy Trimble took seats, and Mrs. Taggles brought a plate of cream buns.

"How are you gettin' on in your new Form, Teddy?" inquired Gussy pleasantly.

"Oh, first-rate!" replied Teddy, tackling the buns with extreme relish.

"Your minor is a sport, and the other chaps are fairly decent, except a little bounder named Piggott, whom I shall wallop one of these days."

D'Arcy smiled.

"I suppose you will be gin' ovah theah to tea soon—eh?" he asked.

"Well—er—I suppose so," said Teddy.

"But, you see, Mr. Selby discovered the kippers in the Form-room yesterday, and

the Thied is havin' tea under his supervision to-day." Teddy gave a snort of deep disgust. "As a punishment, Selby's given us rations of bread-and-butter and tea—br-r-r!"

"Wotten, deah boy!" said D'Arcy sympathetically. "Nevah mind, have a good tuck-in now, then you won't feel it."

"What-ho!" breathed Teddy. "I—I say, D'Arcy, this is awfully good of you!"

"Not at all, deah boy," said D'Arcy graciously. "I—ahem!—might vequiah you to do me a good turn in the neah futuah."

Teddy looked up in some surprise, but said nothing. He went on eating as fast as his jaws would work.

D'Arcy nibbled at a bun, and relapsed into a brown study.

Then, emerging from the depths of his oblivion, he regarded Teddy with a critical eye.

Teddy Trimble was much of the general type of Third Form fag.

His fat features, now being rapidly smeared with jam, were smeared in places with ink—particularly in the region of his nose, which he had apparently been rubbing with an ink finger.

His hands were greasy and inky also, his collar was creased, and bore unmistakable marks of inky fingers, there were smears of grease on his waistcoat

and jacket. His trousers were extremely baggy at the knees, and his boots seemed to have forgotten what a polish was. His brown, curly hair stuck out in a tangled, dishevelled mop from beneath his cap.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy took stock of all this whilst Trimble minor, blissfully unconscious of the Fourth-Former's scrutiny, munched away at top speed and with great gusto.

"I say, deah boy," said D'Arcy at last. "You don't take much care of your clobber, bah Jove!"

Teddy looked up and grinned. "It doesn't worry me much," he said, "so long as the masters don't kick up rusty. None of the chaps in the Third are very tidy, are they?"

"No; wathah not, deah boy," said Gussy. "I am constantly wemonstated with my young minah on the score of my appearance. Weally, at times I quite despah of makin' him a cweed to St. Jim's."

Teddy chuckled, and went on chewing. "Twainde, deah boy," proceeded D'Arcy, after a lapse of a few minutes, "dwees is a very important item, you know."

"If I'm!" said Teddy. "I—I suppose so."

"Yaas," said Arthur Augustus, beginning to warm to his theme. "I considah it the duty of evvery self-respectin' fellah to dress neatly, and in good taste."

"Quite so," assented Teddy Trimble, surveying Gussy's own immaculate attire with a whimsical air.

"It is a subject of vital importance," said D'Arcy firmly. "And it has often grieved me that the question of personal appearance is so grossly neglected at St. Jim's—especially in the junior Forms."

"Oh, really!" grinned Teddy, who was beginning to wonder what the noble Gussy was driving at.

"Yaas," said D'Arcy, leaning forward and addressing Trimble minor earnestly. "I should like to take you on as a pupil, Teddy, so that you could be a pattern from which my minah Wally could take example."

"My word!" said Teddy Trimble, in surprise.

"Look heah, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "Suppose I obtained some weally fashionable clobber for you—toppah, an' spats, and fancy waistcoat—like I weah myself, you know. Would you weah them?"

Teddy Trimble ceased to eat, and stared at D'Arcy in astonishment.

"What the merry dickens—" he began.

"As a personal favah, deah boy," said Gussy desperately. "Between ourselves, Teddy, I'm in wathah a fix."

"Oh!" said Teddy. "If I can be of any assistance, you know—"

"Yaas, deah boy, you can!" said Arthur Augustus. "As a mattah of fact, I'm in love."

"Oh!" gasped Teddy, making a violent effort not to choke. "You're in love—ow! Groooogh!"

"What's the mattah, deah boy?" inquired D'Arcy, surveying the contorted face of Trimble minor in deep anxiety. "Have you got a pain?"

"Ow! Numno. Not at all," replied Teddy, with another gurgle. "Go on, D'Arcy!"

"Well, as I was sayin', deah boy," resumed the swell of St. Jim's, with an anxious glance at Teddy. "I'm desperately in love with a weally wippin' gal, down at the village bun-shop."

"Oh!" said Teddy. "Is she sweet on you?"

"Ahem!" coughed D'Arcy. "I have

reason to believe, deah boy, that my attentions have not been wepudiated."

Again Teddy gave a gurgle, but Gussy was so wrapt in his theme that he didn't notice it.

"She is weally a wippin' gal, deah boy," he went on enthusiastically. "And I intend to pwess my suit."

"Press your suit!" said Teddy. "Oh, I see! You want me to help you press your suit?"

"That's it, deah boy," said D'Arcy. "Well, that's easy," said Teddy. "All you want is a damp cloth and a hot iron—"

"Wha-a-ai!"

"The iron must be jolly hot, though," said Teddy Trimble; "but not too hot, else it might scorch, and—"

"Gweat! Scott!" ejaculated Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, blinking at Teddy as that youth had suddenly taken leave of his senses. "Wathaveh do I want a hot iron for? I'm not goin' to attack the deah gal!"

"But you must have an iron to press your suit with!" said Teddy, in surprise. "Unless you use a garden-roller, or a steam-roller."

"Bah Jove!" gasped Gussy faintly. "Are you off your wookah?"

"Look heere," said Teddy, in exasperation; "you ask me to help you press your suit, and when I tell you, you ask me if I'm off my rocker. I should advise you to take the blessed suit to a tailor, and get him to press it for you."

Light suddenly dawned upon Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, and he flushed confusedly.

"Bah Jove! What a wild, mistake!" he exclaimed. "I didn't mean press my clobber, deah boy—I meant pwess my attentions on the deah gal, you know."

"Oh! Ha, ha, ha, ha!" roared Teddy Trimble, seeing the point. "Sorry—Ha, ha, ha!"

D'Arcy blinked at the new gag through his monocle.

"Weally, Teddy, there is no cause wathaveh for laughin', he said indignantly. "I should be much obliged if you will assist me pwess my suit upon Miss Gertrude Gittings."

"Oh—er—yes, of course I will!" gasped Teddy. "But you don't want me to go down and make love to her, do you?"

"Bah Jove, wathah not, deah boy!" said D'Arcy warmly. "I want you to come with me when I pay her a visit, and—and help make a good impression on her, you know, and—see wathah you think she takes me seriously."

"Oh, I see!" said Teddy. "You want somebody to go with you into the bun-shop, to buck you up—eh?"

"Ahem! Not to buck me up, exactly, deah boy," said Gussy. "But just as an excuse, you know, for me to go in the evening. I weally cannot go into the shop without orderin' somethin' to eat, and—and it is weally import' for me to eat when in the charmin' presence of Gertie."

"Oh, I see!" said Teddy. "You want somebody to do the eatin' while you talk to the young lady—eh?"

"But I do want you to—er—do the eatin', deah boy," said D'Arcy; "but, at the same time, watch the deah gal, and—and report to me if you think she is wathah sweet on me, you know."

"Rely on me, D'Arcy!" said Teddy Trimble, all enthusiasm at once. "Do I eat all the time you are in the shop?"

"Yaas, if you like, deah boy," said D'Arcy.

"Good! That's the job I like!" said Trimble minor heartily. "When do we visit the bun-shop—to-morrow?"

"No, deah boy," said Gussy. "You are—ahem!—wathah too untidly, if you will excuse me sayin' so."

"Oh, don't mench!" grinned Teddy. "I'll wash myself really properly, you know, and put a clean collar on, and brush my boots—"

"Yaas, but I should like to do things in style, Teddy," said D'Arcy. "Suppose I wocuhaded you some clobber like mine—fancy waistcoat, and toppah, and fancy necktie, and spats, you know. Would you consent to weah them?"

"Oh, any old thing!" grinned Teddy Trimble. "I shall then be able to set Wally a pattern and example—eh?"

"Yaas, that's precisely the ideah, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, beaming. "I'll go down to the tailah at once, and have a suit weady for you by to-morrow."

"Right ho!" said Teddy Trimble. "And do we visit the bunshop on Saturday?"

"Saturday aftahnnoon," said D'Arcy. "I—I say, Teddy, you are a bwick, deah boy!"

"Oh, not at all!" replied Teddy Trimble, with a chuckle. "Rely on me, D'Arcy."

"Yaas, I will," said the love-smitten Gussy. "Heah's a ten-shillin' note to settle for the grub now, and if you'll come to my stoday-to-morrow evenin', deah boy, I'll have the clobber weady for you."

"Right!" said Teddy.

And, with a pleasant nod of the head, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy walked out of the tuckshop, to meditate in the solitude of the elms upon the charms of the fair Gertrude Gittings of the village bunshop, and to compose some more poetry in her praise.

Meanwhile, Teddy Trimble polished off the remainder of ten shillings' worth of tuck, chuckling lugely at his own good fortune, and at the cheerful foolishness of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

CHAPTER 7.

All Dressed Up.

ST. JIM'S chortled loud and long over Gussy's latest love affair.

The love-sick swell of the Fourth was chipped no end by his unfeeling schoolfellows, and poetic suggestions were showered upon him from all quarters.

Monty Lowther of the Shell composed a poem of seventeen stanzas, entitled, "The Gambols of Gussy and Gertie," and pinned it to the Common-room wall. This elicited howls of laughter from the juniors—and Monty Lowther roared at his little joke, until Arthur Augustus himself came in.

When Gussy saw the poem, and read it, he went pink, and, after having conked it to the hungry flames, he made a dash at the humorous Monty, and proceeded to smite him hip and thigh.

Monty Lowther's howls arose crescendo—but they were howls of anguish, not of laughter. It seemed quite likely that the incensed Gussy would slaughter Lowther, had not Tom Merry, Manners and Kangaroo dashed to their Form-fellow's rescue, and handed Gussy over to the care of Jack Blake & Co.

That was not all. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was the butt of scores of humorists in every form; but unto all these he maintained a dignified mien, and an air of utter contempt, as befitting a scion of the noble line of D'Arcy.

Gussy was in love. He was in real earnest, he told himself, and his mind was made up.

And when the mind of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was made up, wild horses would not drag him from his pedestal.

The next day was Friday, and after dinner he cycled down to the village tailor, returning soon afterwards with a

bulky parcel under his arm, and a hat-box fixed to his handle-bars.

Study No. 6 was empty when he entered. Jack Blake, Herries, and Digby were with Tom Merry & Co. on the footer-floor, punting a ball about before dinner.

So Gussy, leaving the parcel in the arm-chair, descended to the Third Form-room, in search of Teddy Trimble.

He found that youth engaged in a violent altercation with Piggett, the sneak of the Third. A fight might have ensued, had not D'Arcy interferred and dragged Teddy up to Study No. 6, leaving Piggett growling threats of vengeance upon the devoted head of Trimble minor.

"The clobber is all weady, deah boy," said Gussy. "Just twy it on befoah dinmah. There's a quartah of an hounch yet."

"All serene!" grinned Teddy.

Gussy opened the parcel, and displayed a beautiful Eton jacket, a pair of strikingly-striped trousers, a fancy waistcoat of glaring pattern, some patent boots, and a pair of spats. The hat-box contained a topper—a thing of beauty and a joy for ever.

Teddy Trimble blinked at the waistcoat. Against that article of raiment, Joseph's celebrated coat of many colours would have appeared monotonous.

"My hat!" breathed Teddy. "Have I got to wear that?"

"Yaas, wathah!" said D'Arcy. "That's a weady scannin' waistcoat, deah boy."

"Stannin'!" muttered Teddy dubiously. "It's enough to stain an elephant!"

However, in accordance with his benefactor's wishes, Trimble minor arrayed himself in his new apparel. Gussy's guess had been pretty correct, and the coat and trousers fitted Teddy quite neatly.

When the transformation was complete, Gussy surveyed Teddy in great satisfaction.

"Bai Jove, you do look wippin'!" he exclaimed. "A wegular Beau Brummel, deah boy!"

Teddy Trimble glanced at the reflection of himself in the mirror, and grinned.

"My word!" he said. "I do look a bit of a toff, don't I? But that waistcoat is a bit too loud for my liking!"

"Wubbish, deah boy!" said D'Arcy warmly. "That's come straight from Bond Street—the talah jellah told me. Foul comfy?"

"Not bad!" chuckled Teddy. "The boots are a bit big, but the spats sport them wobbling!"

"All sewepe, then, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "You an' I will cut a great dash at the bunshup to-morrow—eh?"

"Ye-es!" said Teddy. "It's understood that I eat all the time, though!"

"Oh, yaas, of course!" said D'Arcy. "No givin' the glad eye to Gertudee, you know!"

"No fear!" said Teddy. "I say, D'Arcy, the dinner-hell will be going soon. I'd better get these things off!"

D'Arcy rubbed his nose.

"Theah's no need, Teddy," he said. "Keep them on, an' set an example to the Third at dinner-time. You look quite smart, you know!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Teddy. "What would the chaps say if they saw me got up like this? I'd better—oh, gams! There's the bell!"

Teddy Trimble's face was a picture of dismay.

"Nevah mind, deah boy!" said D'Arcy. "Don't take the clobber off! Theah's no time, anyhow. Come on!"

"B-b-but—" gasped Teddy.

"Bell's stopped!" said Gussy. "I tell you, you will be an example to the Third, deah boy! Buck up, or you'll miss your dinmah!"

Teddy Trimble went pale at the thought of missing his dinner.

With a rueful look at the glaring fancy waistcoat he wore, he opened the door of Study No. 6 and dashed towards the dining-hall.

D'Arcy followed, feeling mightily pleased with the results of his plan.

All the Third was seated at the table when Teddy Trimble arrived. Mr. Selby was presiding, looking sour, as usual.

A gasp of astonishment arose as Teddy Trimble hurried into the room.

All eyes were fixed upon his fancy waistcoat, his glaring necktie, his immaculate jacket, his beautiful trousers, and his spats.

"My word!" gasped Wally D'Arcy, rubbing his eyes. "Look what's blown in! Is—is—it is young Trimble?"

"It's Teddy Trimble!" gurgled Curly Gibson. "Look at his giddy waistcoat! Oh, help!"

A titter of laughter arose from the Third Form table, and several other boys from the Fourth and Shell cast amazed and amused glances in Teddy Trimble's direction.

Mr. Selby glared at Teddy, but did not say a word to him. He rapped out irritably for silence, and the Third-Formers subsided.

Teddy Trimble took no notice of the suppressed giggles, and went on with his dinner. The other Third-Formers divided their time between eating and blinking at Teddy in his amazing new attire.

When the meal was over, and the fags trooped off to get their books for afternoon lessons, Teddy Trimble was surrounded by a host of chortling juniors in the passage.

"Where did you get that rig-out, you bounder?" asked Reggie Manners. "Been robbing D'Arcy major?"

Teddy Trimble flushed.

"That's it!" said Piggett, with a sneer. "I know all about their little game!"

Teddy Trimble pricked up his ears at that.

"Eh?" he gasped. "What's that?"

"Oh, I know what I know—that's all!" said the cad of the Third. "There's one thing—I don't suck up to other chaps' majors!"

"Why, you—you—you cad!" hooted Trimble minor, making a dash at Piggett. "I'll mop up the floor with you!"

"Shurrup, you ass!" breathed Frank Levison. "Here's Selby!"

Teddy subsided as Mr. Selby came out of the dining-hall and swept along the passage. The master looked Teddy up and down, his choleric rage resting for a minute on the fancy waistcoat, but he passed on without a word. Perhaps Mr. Selby regarded it as a change for the better—though the change was somewhat startling.

Trimble minor heaved a sigh of relief when the master was gone.

"Look here, Trimble," said Wally D'Arcy. "What's your game?"

"What game?" demanded Teddy.

"Rigging yourself up like a blessed tailor's dummy!" snorted Wally. "Blowed if you aren't as bad as my major!"

Teddy Trimble grinned.

"Oh, I'm setting you chaps a good example!" he said. "I'm afraid you are rather an untidy gang of beggars, you know!"

"Wha-a-at!"

"Look at that smudge of ink on your

collar, Wally!" grinned Teddy. "And that greasy stain on your cuff, Curly Gibson! Really, you ought to take a pattern from me, and be more tidy!"

Wally D'Arcy and Curly Gibson blinked in speechless wrath at Trimble minor.

Whilst they were still thinking of suitable words to utter, a heavy step sounded in the passage, and Baggy Trimble rolled into view.

The fat Fourth-Former blinked at his minor.

"My word, young Teddy, where did you get those togs from?" he gasped.

"Oh, I'm well off now!" said Teddy Trimble, with a chuckle. "Just come into some money, you know, so there's no need for me to be regarded as a scholarship boy!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Baggy Trimble went red.

"Really, Teddy—"

"Oh, give it a breeze!" said Trimble minor wearily. "Got sixpence to lend me till to-morrow!"

"No, I haven't!" growled the elder Trimble. "I was just going to ask you to lend me a bob!"

"Well, I'm broke!" said Teddy, grinning. "Aren't you proud of me now, Baggy?"

"Oh, rats!" grunted Baggy Trimble; and he rolled discontentedly away.

Trimble minor grinned, and ambled off down the passage, as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy appeared, and beckoned to him.

The Third-Formers stared after Teddy with mingled feelings.

"The—the cheeky young noskey!" gasped Wally D'Arcy. "I've a good mind to go after him and give him a jolly good bumping! If he's going to start the good example trick with us I'll—"

"It won't work!" said Tubb.

Piggett sneered.

"Oh, he and your major have got a pretty little game up their sleeves!" he said to Wally D'Arcy. "They're both going down to the bunshup to-morrow, and Gussy's going to talk to the girl in there, while young Trimble eats the stuff he orders and looks on!"

Wally D'Arcy regarded his Form-fellow in amazement.

"My hat!" he gasped. "You're spoofing, young Piggett!"

"I'm not!" said Piggett warmly. "You know, your major's sweet on that blessed girl—"

The Third-Formers chuckled, and Wally grinned. They, like the rest of St. Jim's, had heard the news, and enjoyed the joke.

"Well?" demanded Wally.

"Well, your major wants an excuse to go in the bunshup and stay there to talk with the young lady," said Piggett.

"So he's going to take young Teddy there, and let him eat all the time, while he does the mashing. The longer Trimble eats, the longer Gussy will stop there with Gertie!"

Wally D'Arcy drew a deep breath.

"My giddy aunt!" he gasped. "So that's the wheeze!"

Piggett nodded.

"How did you know, Piggett?" demanded Reggie Manners bluntly.

"Ahen!" said Piggett. "I—I was just going to give young Trimble a good hiding when D'Arcy major carted him up to his study. I wanted to teach that cheeky kid a lesson, so I followed, and then—"

"And listened!" broke in Wally D'Arcy. "You rotten sneak, Piggett!"

Piggett went red.

"Look here, young D'Arcy—" he began.

"You ought to be scragged for sneaking!" snapped the hero of the Third distastefully. "In fact, I think we'll bump you now!"

"What-ho!" said Jameson. "Collar him, chaps!"

The Third-Formers made for Piggott, but that youth promptly dodged, and scampered away down the passage.

"After him!" shouted Tubb, but Wally D'Arcy called him back.

"Let him alone for now," said Wally. "I've got an idea, you chaps." "Good!" said the fags. "Let's hear it!"

"I'm going to have a lark with that fat-headed major of mine, and also with young Trimble," said Wally D'Arcy. "I won't have old Gussy falling in love—the chump! I regard it as my duty to look after him, and teach him the error of his ways!"

Joe Frayne chuckled delightedly. Whenever Wally started talking in this strain great developments might be expected.

If Gussy's going love-making to-morrow," resumed Wally, "I'm going to nip the little game in the bud. He and Teddy, it seems, are togging themselves up to kill, and are going down to the bunshop to-morrow afternoon. Well, chaps; what price togging ourselves up, and working the same giddy stunt?"

The Third-Formers gave a gasp of astonishment at their leader's idea.

"It will be quite simple," said Wally. "To-night I'll raid some of Gussy's boxes, and make a collection of all his old fags waistcoats, toppers, neckties, trousers, and spats. We can borrow some more at the theatrical shop in Rycombe. Then, to-morrow afternoon, my chaps will put ourselves up in the merry garments, and also visit the sweet charmer in the bunshop. My word, chaps, we'll cut old Gussy out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" howled the fags.

"Six of us will be enough," said Wally. "That's me and Reggie Manners, and Frank Levison, Tubb, Carly Gibson, and Jameson. Are you chaps game?"

"What-ho!" chorused those cheery youths.

"Then it's settled!" grinned the hero of the Third. "I'll raid old Gussy's clobber to-night, and we'll have a merry lark to-morrow afternoon, chaps! Trust your old uncle!"

And as the bell for lessons rang the Third-Formers trooped away to the Form-room, chucking deeply over the little scheme.

CHAPTER 8. Not According to Gussy's Plan.

"HEAR we are, Teddy! Come wight in, deah boy!"

"What-ho?" was Teddy Trimble's ready response.

It was Saturday afternoon, and two immaculately-attired youths had approached the door of the bunshop in Rycombe High Street.

They were Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and his protegee, Teddy Trimble.

The fat Third-Formery was attired in the new clothes that Gussy had procured him. With a beautiful top-hat upon his head, a stunning necktie beneath his fat chin, the gorgeous fags waistcoat, the striped trousers, and spats, Teddy was hardly recognizable as the rather untidy youngster who had arrived at Rycombe Station for St. Jim's but three days ago.

Both he and Gussy looked neat as new pins.

Gussy's heart went pit-pat as he opened the door of the bunshop.

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Inside was the fair charmer who had captured his heart—Miss Gertrude Gittings.

Gussy was fully determined to press his suit upon the most "wippin'" girl he had ever met. Teddy Trimble was equally determined to back Gussy up manfully throughout the complete programme, and especially with regard to the eating part of the business.

Teddy needed no second bidding to enter the bunshop.

He followed Gussy in, a beautiful smile of deep content and eager anticipation upon his fat countenance.

Teddy was not greedy like Baggy, his brother—perish the thought!—but he had a healthy appetite, and the welfare of his inner man was almost a religion to him.

The shop was empty at that early hour of the afternoon.

Teddy Trimble's first glance was towards the counter, where the luscious wares of the bunshop were temptingly arrayed.

The eyes of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy also sought out the counter, but his eyes were for the young lady standing behind there.

She looked up as the swell of St. Jim's came in, and smiled sweetly.

Immediately a wave of colour mounted into Gussy's face, and he was afflicted with a strange palpitation of the heart.

"Good-afternoon, sir!" said the young lady, demurely, hastily putting her powder-puff out of sight. She was rather a pretty young lady, and her fresh complexion was probably enhanced by the frequent application of face-powder.

D'Arcy raised his hat gracefully, and made a sweeping bow.

"Good-afternoon, Miss Gittings!" he said gallantly. "Wathah a nice day, isn't it?"

"Ye-es; but rather cold, isn't it?" said Miss Gittings sweetly. "Can I get you anything, sir?"

"Oh—er—yaas, wathah!" said Gussy.

"Teddy, deah boy, what will you have?"

Teddy's eyes were shining.

"I'll begin with the jam-tarts, I think," he said readily, "and some currant wine, please."

"Certainly, deah boy!" said Gussy.

"Cuwant tarts, and—and—"

"Jam-tarts, sir," smiled the fair Gertrude, "and currant wine. I believe the young gentleman said."

"Oh—er—yaas, wathah! Of course!" stammered the swell of St. Jim's, in great confusion. "Twot them out, deah gal!"

Miss Gertrude Gittings tittered, and Teddy Trimble took a seat.

The jam-tarts and currant wine were soon brought, and Teddy Trimble started upon them with great avidity.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy remained standing at the counter, following the movements of the fair Miss Gertrude with admiring eyes.

As she returned from serving Teddy, and took up her position behind the cash register, she stole a sly glance at Gussy, and lowered her eyes.

Gussy blushed, and then coughed.

"Ahem!" he said. "Wathah a nice day, isn't it, Miss Gittings?"

"If it doesn't rain again," replied the fair maiden, by whose charms D'Arcy was smitten. "It rained yesterday, you know."

"Did it?" said D'Arcy. "Oh, yaas; I remembah. Of course it did. But I don't think it will wain to-day, you know."

"N-no," said Gertrude, and she tittered.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy, feeling that it behoved him to make a better begin-

ning, thought desperately for a theme upon which he could start some suitable conversation, and make a conquest.

He glanced at Teddy Trimble, but that youth was busily engaged making short work of the tarts and currant wine.

Miss Gertrude Gittings stole a look at the swell of St. Jim's, caught his eye as it reverted from Teddy, and blushed.

"I—I say, Miss Gittings—er—Gertrude, deah girl," began Gussy desperately. "I—I say—"

"Yes, sir?" inquired Miss Gittings demurely.

"Ahem!" coughed the fluttered swell of St. Jim's. "Gertrude, deah gal, you needn't call me 'sir,' you know. Call me Arthur!"

The young lady behind the counter dropped her eyes, and tittered.

Gussy, becoming bolder, leant across the counter.

"I—I say, deah boy—I—I mean, deah gal," he said earnestly, "I wogard you as a weally wippin' gal, bai Jove!"

"Oh dear!" murmured Gertrude. "Do you really, sir?"

"Arthur!" said Gussy softly.

"Ahem! Yes, sir—Arthur, I mean."

"That's wight!" said D'Arcy. "I'll call you Gertrude, and then it will be all wight. We'll get on wathah wippinly then—"

Gertrude did not reply, but gave a demure titter that set Gussy's susceptible heart beating, and caused him to take courage anew in his wooing of the fair Miss Gittings.

He was just about to take the hand of his lady love, when Teddy Trimble looked up, having disposed of the tarts.

"D'Arcy!" he called.

The swell of St. Jim's started, and looked round.

"Oh—er—yaas, Teddy?" he said.

"Anything else deah boy?"

"Yes, please," said Teddy Trimble. "I think I'll try some of those cream buns, please, miss."

"Yes, sir," said Gertrude. And she set about executing Teddy's order.

Gussy caught Teddy's eye, and made a wry grimace, which was meant to convey to that youth that he mustn't interrupt, but keep his eyes open, as previously arranged.

Teddy Trimble grinned, and immediately devoted his attention to the cream buns.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy adjusted his monocle, and looked tenderly at Gertrude as she returned to the counter.

"Won't you have anything, Arthur?" she inquired demurely. "I have some nice sweet almonds—"

"No, thank you, deah gal," said Gussy gallantly. "You are sweet enough for me, bai Jove!"

Gertrude dropped her eyes, and blushed beneath the powder.

Gussy coughed.

"You are weally a wippin' gal, you know, Gertrude," he said. "I hope you don't wessent the liberty I take in makin' that wemark?"

"Oh—er—not at all!" replied Gertrude.

"You are very kind, Arthur!"

"Yaas, I am a kind-hearted fellah, you know," said D'Arcy, thinking that he was making great progress. "But," he added, with another tender look at Gertrude, "I don't believe I've got a heart now, deah gal."

"Oh, dear!" exclaimed Miss Gittings. "Where is it?"

"I'm afraid that the sweetest gal in all the world has wain away with it, bai Jove!" said Gussy softly. "Can't you guess who it is?"

Gertrude dropped her eyes, and shook her head.

"Why, it's you, deah gal!" chirruped

D'Arcy, preparing to follow up this sally by clasping Gerrie's hand. "Gerrie, my dear gal, I—"

"I say, D'Arcy," called Teddy Trimble, "will you order me some doughnuts?"

D'Arcy broke off abruptly, and glared round at Teddy. Gerrie immediately withdrew from behind the counter, and went over to Teddy.

"I'll also try some pork-pie, please," said that youth, who was enjoying himself immensely. "And—and a sausage-roll."

"Yes, sir," said Gerrie, glancing shyly at Gussy.

Gussy glared at Teddy, and Teddy grinned and winked.

The pork-pie and sausage-roll were placed before him, and he set to work. D'Arcy proceeded once more to make an impression on the fair Gertrude.

"Ahem!" he began. "I'm feelin' wathah wotter, deah gal."

"Are you?" said Gerrie. "Poor boy?"

"Yaas," said Gussy softly. "It is wathah wotter. It is a sort of empty, vacant feeling, you know."

"Oh, dear, I'm so sorry!" said Gerrie blandly. "Where is the feeling—in your head?"

"No, deah gal," replied Gussy, blissfully unconscious of the thrust. "In my heart, you know."

"In your heart!" exclaimed Gerrie, in surprise. "But I thought you hadn't got one!"

"Oh! Ahem! Nunnah!" gasped D'Arcy, in some confusion. "I weally mean to say— Bai Jove!"

D'Arcy did not mean to say that exactly; but he made that startled exclamation as the door of the bunshop opened, and a strange figure walked in.

"Gussy looked at the new-comer, and gasped.

He wore a top-hat, which looked several sizes too large for him. An Eton jacket, which looked suspiciously like one of Gussy's own, adorned his body, and underneath this jacket he wore a fancy waistcoat of a glaring and vivid pattern—a waistcoat which Gussy immediately recognised as one of his own, which Blake had only last week condemned as being "bilious."

"Bai Jove!" gasped Gussy.

His gaze wandered downwards, and his startled eyes beheld a pair of his own trousers with a fancy stripe, a pair of spats, and a pair of shining patent-leather boots.

Then, mechanically, Gussy scrutinised the face of the new-comer, and an exclamation of amazement burst from his lips.

"Wally!"

Wally D'Arcy chuckled, gave Gussy a haughty stare, and took a seat at one of the tables.

"Wally!" gasped D'Arcy. "You young boundah!"

Wally D'Arcy turned his nose up at him, and sniffed.

At that moment the door opened, and another figure entered.

D'Arcy major recognised the new-comer as Curly Gibson, and he also recognised the top-hat that Curly wore, also the fancy-striped waistcoat, the trousers, and the necktie.

The startled gaze of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy wandered from Wally to Curly, and from Curly back again.

"Wally, you young scoundrel!" he ejaculated. "Whatev'ah does this mean?"

Wally D'Arcy, treating Gussy to a withering stare, turned to Curly Gibson.

"Montmorency," he said, in a languid, drawing voice—"Montmorency, who is this person who has just had the impertinence to address me?"

Curly Gibson, otherwise Montmorency, looked Gussy up and down, and then gave a disdainful sniff.

"I really couldn't tell you, Marmaduke," he hisped. "Some awful boundah, I suppose."

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gaped at the two gaudily-dressed juniors like one in a dream. Teddy Trimble had looked up from his pork-pie, and was regarding the pair in great surprise. As for the fair Gertrude, she giggled.

"Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy, finding his voice at last. "Wally, you spoilin' young wotah, I—"

"Hallo, deah boys!"

The voice came from the door, and at that moment another flashily-dressed fellow entered, resplendent in a large-sized top-hat, a bob-tailed coat that almost dangled on the ground, trousers that bunched up when they reached the boots; spats, and a white waistcoat.

D'Arcy gasped again when he recognised Jameson of the Third.

"How!" remarked Jameson, ignoring Gussy, and jangling a monocle into his eye.

"Hallo, Marmaduke and Montmorency, deah boys! How the deuce are you?"

"Chippy, Culbert, old bean—very chippy!" said the hero of the Third, in a languid drawl. "We have, howev'ah, been bothahed by the remarks of this person in the outrageous necktie and waistcoat."

"Gweat Scott!" gasped Gussy faintly.

Jameson, addressed as Culbert, fixed his monocle into his eye, and glared at the swell of St. Jim's.

"What a rude fellow!" he said.

"What is he doin' in a respectable tea-shop, anyway?"

"Pressing his attentions on the young lady, by the look of it," hisped Curly Gibson. "Oh, hallo! Heah's Polidore!"

The door of the bunshop had opened, and Reggie Manners—most remarkably attired in frock-coat, striped trousers, top-hat and spats—ambled in.

"Cherio, old things!" he said gaily.

"How are things?"

"Mannah!" blurted Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Have all you young wuffians gone mad, or—"

"Worm!" rumbled Reggie Manners, glaring in anger at Gussy. "Worm! insect! How dare you address me in that mannah?"

"G-g-g-weat Scott!" gasped Gussy.

"You young spoofs—"

"For two pins I'd call the police!" said the pseudo Polidore. "Reptile, how dare you?"

"Wh-a-a-at?"

"How dare you!" demanded the frock-coated Third-Former. "You are impudent, boy!"

"Oh, bai Jove!" gasped Gussy.

"He'd bettah not insult us furthah!" said Wally D'Arcy, casting a dark look at his flabbergasted major. "Let me inform you, young shavah, that the Honourable Marmaduke Murgatroyd stands no old buck from mere kids!"

Teddy Trimble chuckled, and Miss Gerrie Gittings looked at Gussy and smiled.

The four top-hatted juniors glared at Gussy in unison, solemnly took seats at a table, and turned to Gerrie.

"Hallo, deah girl!" chirped Wally, beaming at the young lady. "Nevah mind that awful boundah! Bring me a lemonade!"

"And me a sodah watah!" said Montmorency.

"And me a currant-bun!" said Culbert.

"And me a pen'orth of acid drops!" said Polidore.

Gerrie smiled, and set about executing those magnificent orders.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy looked at the four wretches "got up" juniors at the table, and gasped in sheer stupefaction.

Before he had time to interrupt the door opened again, and two personages entered arm-in-arm. They were Tabb and Frank Levison, and each wore a top-hat, each had a fancy waistcoat, each had a frock-coat, striped trousers, and spats.

They were greeted by a roar from the four already in the bunshop.

"Welcome, brothers Wilberforce and Algemon!"

Brothers Wilberforce and Algemon grinned, and sat down at the table.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gasped yet again.

He now gave up all hopes of pressing his suit upon the fair Gerrie Gittings.

When Gerrie approached the table with the articles ordered by her quaint customers, they all gathered round her, obscuring her from Gussy's vision.

Beneath the cover of his chums, Wally D'Arcy placed a finger to his lips, and winked at Gertrude.

"Shush-sh-sh!" he whispered. "This is only a little joke of ours, miss. That chump over there is my brother, and I'm going to teach him a lesson! It's very wrong of him to fall in love—a chap of his tender years!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" exclaimed Gertrude, ripping with laughter.

Thereupon the six Third-Formers lifted up their lusty voices, and roared.

"Ha, ha, ha, ha, ha!"

When Gussy heard this he went pink. He felt that the joke was against himself, and his heart sank within him.

Wally D'Arcy whispered to Gertrude, whilst his chums still laughed.

"Don't run away, miss!" he said. "Stop here with us, and let's make the eas fealous. See the idea?"

Again Miss Gittings gave a little ripple of laughter, and nodded.

She sat at the table with the Third Form fags, and joined heartily in their laughter.

Teddy Trimble was still wiring away at the pork-pie, resolving that there was no time like the present.

The swell of St. Jim's, his face very red, adjusted his monocle in his eye, and stared at the bunch of top-hats above which the fair hair of his beloved Gertrude showed.

She was laughing heartily, as if joking and jesting with Wally & Co. on good-friendly terms.

"Bai Jove!" gasped D'Arcy. "The— the awful young wotahs! They are makin' fun of me!"

Teddy Trimble, having finished the pork-pie, looked up and grinned at Gussy.

"That youth's feelings were too deep for words."

"Wally," he called—"Wally, you young wotah!"

Wally D'Arcy looked round, the top-hat stuck at a jaunty angle on his head.

"By Jove, old beans!" he said. "It's that faithful boundah addressing us again! I say, young shavah, what do you want?"

"Gweat Scott!" ejaculated Gussy.

"Wally, if it were not for the presence of a young lady, I would give you a faithful thrashing for your impudence!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the other five.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy breathed hard through his nose.

He took up his gloves and beckoned to Teddy Trimble.

"Come on, deah boy!" he said. "I wufuse to stop in heah with those de-paved young scoundwells!"

Teddy sighed, and, with a rueful look at the empty pie-dish, arose.

"Miss Gittings," said D'Arcy major tensely. "Will you have the goodness to give me my bill?"

"I say, deal a gal—that horrid boundah wants his bill!" came the voice of Wally D'Arcy through the cluster of top-hats.

Gertie arose, and the Third-Formers made way for her. With a smile upon her fair features, she made a calculation of the amount of Gussy's purchase.

"Six shillings-and-threepence, please, sir," she said—"Arthur, I mean!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the fags, as Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's face went as red as a beetroot, and he seemed to choke something down in his throat as he drew the money from his pocket.

Placing it upon the counter, he raised his hat politely, and stalked towards the door.

Teddy Trimble chuckled and followed.

"Good—afternoon, miss!" gasped Gussy, as he went through the door.

"Good-afternoon, Arthur!" said the fair Gertrude, with a titter.

The door of the bunshop slammed behind the humiliated Gussy.

Wally D'Arcy & Co. looked at each other and grinned. The humiliation of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had been thorough and complete, and by no means the least amusing was the fair Miss Gertrude Gittings herself.

CHAPTER 9.

Gussy Admits.

"HERE'S Gussy!" Monty Lowther chuckled as he saw Arthur Augustus D'Arcy emerge from the village bunshop.

Tom Merry & Co. and Jack Blake had just strolled up the High Street, bent on seeing how Gussy fared in his love-making.

They were just in time to see Gussy emerge from the bunshop with Trimble minor.

"Look at his chivvy!" said Blake.

"Something's the matter!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" chortled Lowther. "I expect she's ticked him off!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The swell of St. Jim's stopped and stared across the road as the sound of laughter smote his ears.

"Bai Jove!" he said. "You boundahs!"

"Cheerio, Gus!" called Jack Blake.

"How's Gertrude?"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Oh, Gussy! Don't say she's turned a deaf ear to your entreaties!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gave an emphatic sniff, elevated his aristocratic nose in the air, and walked along the High Street.

Teddy Trimble followed, grinning.

Suddenly the door of the bunshop again opened, and a weird and wonderful procession emerged.

Tom Merry & Co. and Jack Blake & Co. stared in amazement.

Wally D'Arcy and his five henchmen, attired in their top-hats, fancy waistcoats, and spats, formed in one long line, and made a procession behind Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Trimble minor.

"Come on, Montgomery, and take my arm!" said Wally D'Arcy, turning to Curly Gibson. "We're all togged up in our best to-day—eh, what?"

"What-ho!" chortled the other five in one voice.

Jack Blake & Co. blinked at this strange procession, and a howl of merriment.

ment arose as they recognised the heroes of the Third.

"Wally D'Arcy!" howled Blake, holding his sides with laughter. "Ha, ha, ha! Three cheers for the Top-Hat Brigade!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and his protegee turned, and regarded the six dressed-up fags in amazement.

"You young wottahs!" gasped D'Arcy, choking with wrath. "Clear off!"

"Bazz off!" howled Teddy Trimble, who was beginning to feel exasperated.

Wally D'Arcy & Co. chuckled.

"Why, there's that awful boundah again, in front of us, dear boys!" observed Polidore. "What cheek!"

"Oh, what awful cheek!" chortled the Top-Hat Brigade.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's eyes glinted, and he strode forward.

"Wally, you young wascal, how dare you spoof me—me, your majah!" he cried—"to whom all respect should be due!"

Jameson screeched his monode into his eye, and regarded Gussy in elaborate disdain.

"Does he address you, Marmaduke?" he asked of Wally.

"It appears so, C. Albert, old bean!" said Wally solemnly. "Hasn't he an awful nerve? I shall have to write to my palah about this!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The swell of St. Jim's stood speechless with wrath.

Teddy Trimble's eyes gleamed behind his spectacles, and he clenched his fists ominously.

By this time, quite a crowd of villagers had collected, and they looked at that extraordinary collection of top-hatted juniors in great amusement.

"Haw, haw, haw!" roared one beefy fellow, addressing Gussy. "What'd'you think this Igh Street is, gov'nor—Bond Street?"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

Gussy turned appealingly to Jack Blake & Co., who were almost weeping with laughter in the middle of the road.

"I say, dear boys!" he gasped. "I call upon you to assist me to scatch this brigade of young wuffahs—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake. "Sorry, Gussy, but it's no bizness of ours, old bean! Why don't you wade into 'em?"

"Weally, Blake, I—"

"D'Arcy, you young rotter, buzz off and let us alone!" howled Teddy Trimble, who resented the hilarity of the onlookers.

"Rats!" replied Wally D'Arcy. "I suppose I can wear a topper as well as you, young Trimble? Didn't you say you were going to set us claps an example?"

"I—I—I—"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy gasped, as he realised how the fags had taken him at his word.

"Look here—" began Teddy Trimble wrathfully. "You're only spoofing, and I—"

"We're nuts!" said Wally D'Arcy. "Regular tailor's dummies, like Gussy, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy removed his monode from his eye, placed it carefully in his pocket, and deliberately drew up his cuffs.

"Back up, Teddy, dear boy!" he said, in measured accents. "I'm goin' to give these howwid young boundahs a feathur thrashing, bai Jove!"

Teddy Trimble, nothing loath, also rolled up his sleeves in a very business-like manner.

"I'll give 'em socks!" he said. "Now, then, come on, you bounders! I'll punch

the nose of the first one who doesn't take his top-hat off!"

Wally D'Arcy & Co. grinned and exchanged glances.

"Oh, d-d-dear!" gasped Wally, knocking his knees. "I—I'm beginning to get nervous, dear boys. Shall we run?"

This was the last straw.

The ire of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy boiled over, and with a rush he went for Wally. Teddy Trimble followed him up very determinedly.

"Back up, boys!" yelled Wally D'Arcy. "Knock their blessed toppers in for 'em. Hooray!"

In response to their leader's call, the five fags sailed into the fray. They piled upon Gussy and Teddy Trimble, and in a very short time a wild and whirling conflict was in progress in the old High Street of Rylcombe.

Jack Blake & Co. and Tom Merry & Co. looked on, and chortled with glee. The villagers crowded round, yelling their advice to the combatants.

"Go it, toffs! Mind 'is ereglash!"

"Haw, haw, haw!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the chums of the School House.

The fight had not been in progress long before the immaculate attire of Arthur Augustus began to get damaged.

His top-hat went sailing from his head in the first onslaught, and an ominous second devoted that somebody's boot had crashed upon it.

Teddy Trimble's topper also went skywards, and when it descended to the pavement Hobbs trod in it, and wrenched the crown right off the brim.

Gussy, caring nothing for his clothes now, fought manfully with his fists against the horde of fags. He even forgot that it was "infra dig" to engage in fistfights in the street with a gang of fags.

All restraint was thrown to the winds, and Arthur Augustus D'Arcy sailed into the fags who had made him look so ridiculous in front of the fair Gertrude, as though his very life depended on it.

"Go it, Gussy!" howled Blake.

"Knock spots off them, man!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wescac, dear boys!" gasped D'Arcy, who began to see that the odds were against him, even with such a able backer as Teddy Trimble. "Wescac, St. Jim's!"

"Rats!" retorted Blake. "You shouldn't have made such a prize ass of yourself, Gussy! You've got to fight it out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Buck up, Teddy!" gasped Gussy. "Pitch into 'em, dear boy. Nevah say die!"

Teddy Trimble was "pitching into" his Form-fellows right heartily. His fists lashed out to right and left, and he knocked the top-hats of Wally D'Arcy & Co. flying.

His own beautiful jacket was split up the back, and his necktie was streaming in the wind. The buttons of his amplifancy waistcoat were burst, but that gave the fat fag more scope for movement.

"Ow!" groaned Jameson, as Teddy's fist crashed upon his nose. "Grab that bounder, chaps!"

Jameson, followed by Hobbs and Curly Gibson, piled on Teddy, and bore him, struggling gamely, to the ground.

"Got you!" gasped Jameson. "Ow! My nose!"

"Meanwhile, Wally D'Arcy, Reggie Manners, and Frank Levison were dealing with D'Arcy major.

Gussy, although a nut of the first water, was none the less an athlete, and he did some masterful work with his fists.

Against the valiant fags, however, he

stood no chance. Fighting with Spartan valour, Gussy was grasped in six strong hands and whirled to the pavement. Wally and his two henchmen piled on Gussy, and in two ticks he was helpless.

"Whew!" gasped Wally D'Arcy, mopping his nose, which was streaming clear. "They're a tough couple, if you like! Gussy, you old frump! Aren't you ashamed of yourself?"

"Wesace me, you fearful young wascal!" gurgled D'Arcy. "I'll thrash you—"

"I don't think!" retorted Wally cheerfully. "We're going to duck both you chumps in the horsetrough, and cool you down a bit!"

"Yes, you do!" hooted Teddy Trimble, struggling to get up. "I'll—"

"No, you won't!" said Wally. "Lug 'em over to the horsetrough, chaps!"

"What-ho!"

Despite their wild protests and violent struggles, Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Teddy Trimble were borne towards the horsetrough in the High Street.

"The crowd made way for Wally D'Arcy & Co., and a dash was made for the horsetrough."

Jack Blake & Co. and Tom Merry & Co. looked at each other.

"They're going to give old Gussy a ducking in the horsetrough!" gasped Blake. "My hat, chaps, we can't allow that!"

Digby shook his head.

"No," he said. "Gussy is an ass, and he deserves no end of things, but he belongs to Strag No. 5, and we can't stand by and see him ducked in the horsetrough by a gang of cheeky fags."

"No fear!" said Herries.

Jack Blake strode forward.

"Come on, then!" he said. "To the rescue!"

Tom Merry & Co. chuckled as Gussy's three chums made a dash in the direction of the horsetrough.

"Stop, you young villains!" roared Blake, as he reached Wally D'Arcy & Co., who had Gussy in their grip. "You're jolly well not going to duck Gussy while I'm here! Let him go!"

"Rats!" snorted Wally. "Mind your own biznez, Blake. He's my brother, and it's my business to see that he behaves himself, and, if he doesn't, to punish him!"

Blake grinned in spite of himself.

"Look here, Wally," he said, "you can't duck Gussy, you know. The chump has had enough, and Gertie is given him the giddy go-by, anyway, hasn't she?"

"Not half!" grinned Wally; and his comrades sent up a howl of merriment.

"Wesace, Blake!" panted Gussy, struggling wildly on the brink of the horsetrough. "Don't let them duck me, dear boy!"

Blake gripped Wally's arm.

"Chuck it!" he said grimly. "We'll duck you if you don't!"

Wally reflected.

"Now, just listen to me, Gus!" he said severely. "I'll let you off the ducking if you promise you'll never again make a burbling ass of yourself!"

Gussy breathing hard through his nose, did not reply.

He was on the brink of the horsetrough, and he looked at the icy water and shivered.

"I'll give you six seconds, Gussy," said the hero of the Third warningly. "I've had enough of your amine little ways, and I refuse to allow you to fall in love. I'd rather have you fall into a horsetrough than fall in love!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Wally, Wally, I—"

"You're going headfirst into that trough unless you promise to chuck play-

ing the giddy ox in future, Gussy," said Wally cheerfully. "And if Blake interferes, you'll go in with one little push—see?"

He gave his major a gentle push that made him topple on the brink.

The hapless Gussy sent up a shriek of dismay.

"Yarwoop! Don't let me drop into the watah, Wally!" howled Gussy. "Gwoogh! Oh deah!"

"Well, just do as you are told," replied Wally. "Do you admit you played the giddy goat?"

"I—I—I—"

"Mind," said Wally warningly. "You'll go in—like this!"

"Yawoooh! Help! Wally, you young—"

"Do you admit you've played the giddy goat?" demanded Wally.

"Oh deah!" groaned D'Arcy, fixing a miserable look on Blake, who, however, was grinning. "I—I admit!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's right!" said Wally encouragingly. "And are you sorry you made a burbling jabbercock of yourself by getting struck on Miss Gittings'?"

"Bai Jove! You uttah wotahh—"

"In with him!" said Wally.

"Yawoooh! Help! Stoppit!" howled Gussy, as Manners and Levison minor essayed to obey their leader's command. "I—I'm sowwy, Wally!"

"Very sorry?" asked Wally.

"Oh dear! Yaas—sowwy!" said Gussy sadly.

"And do you promise never, never to do it again?"

"I—I promise!" moaned the luckless swell of St. Jim's.

"Good!" said Wally. "And do you also promise that if we let you go now you will go straight home like a good little boy, and not get into any more trouble?"

"Yaas," gasped Gussy.

"Honour bright!"

"Wesace me, you boundah!" moaned Gussy.

"All serene!" said Wally. "Let him go, chaps!"

And Arthur Augustus D'Arcy was allowed to fall to the ground with a bump.

He was up in a moment, his aristocratic face the colour of a beetroot. He felt for his monocle, jammed it into his eye, and glared round upon the grinning assembly.

"Blake, you boundah—"

"Serves you right, Gussy!" said Blake, with a chuckle. "You needn't ask me for sympathy!"

"Bai Jove!" exclaimed the swell of St. Jim's. "I wese to ask you for sympathy, Blake! I werged you as a fearful boundah!"

"Haw, haw, haw!" grinned the crowd.

"You deliberately stood by and permitted these young wascals to— to insult me," said Gussy, in measured accents.

"I wese to werged you as a friend any moah, Jack Blake!"

"Oh, dear!" said Blake. "Don't get on the high horse, please, Gussy!"

"Wats!" said the tattered and torn swell of St. Jim's. "And also you, Hewies and Digby, I werged you as a pair of unpatwotic asses, and I shall strictly wesevise my friendship with you in the future!"

"Help!" said Digby faintly.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Gussy treated Tom Merry & Co. to a cold glare of disdain. Then, avoiding the locks of the chortling fags, Gussy pushed his way through the crowd and proceeded on his way to St. Jim's.

He looked a weird and wonderful spectacle, in his present state of dis-

hevelment. The crowd looked at him and roared.

Gussy, with his nose high in the air, walked up the High Street with as much dignity as he could assume, and Jack Blake & Co. and Tom Merry & Co. followed him, chuckling hugely over this humiliating end of Gussy's latest love affair.

CHAPTER 10.

Teddy Shows Fight.

"NOW, young Trimble!"

Wally D'Arcy spoke grimly as he turned to Trimble minor.

Teddy had ceased to struggle, and had been an eye-witness of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy's dilemma, as interested as anybody, though perhaps rather surly.

Teddy Trimble grinned.

"Well, young D'Arcy?" he asked.

"Are you going to duck me?"

The hero of the Third considered.

"For two pins I would!" he said. "You encouraged my major in his fat-headed foolery, didn't you?"

A smile overspread the fat features of Trimble minor.

"Well—er—I suppose I did," he said. "You see, Wally, he was rather shocked at the way we fags go about, so he tugged me up, so as to be a pattern and example to you others, you know!"

An emphatic sniff came from the Third-Formers congregated there.

"The jesser!" sniffed Wally. "But where did the mashing stunt come in?"

"Oh, that was a good thing for me!" grinned the fat Third-Former. "You see, he wanted me to watch the dear girl, and eat so that he'd have an excuse to stay in there—that was the idea!"

"I see!" said Wally disparagingly.

"And you took the job on—anything in the gorging line is just your mark—eh?"

"Now, don't get cheeky!" warned Teddy Trimble. "I've got a healthy appetite—that's all. And, after all, your major is not a bad sort of chap, and I helped him, didn't I?"

"Helped him play the giddy ox!" growled Wally. "But the point is this, young Trimble, are you going to chuck it?"

"Chuck what?" asked Teddy Trimble.

"Why, rigging yourself up like a tailor's dummy!" said Wally. "Take my tip, young 'un, and chuck that clobber away when you get to the school. We'll rag you bald-headed if you don't."

Teddy Trimble grinned.

"Keep your wool on!" he said. "I'll be only too willing to take 'em off and chuck 'em away. This blessed waistcoat is too jolly loud for my liking, and I told your major so, too. Besides, I'm beginning to see that he's a bit of an ass!"

"He's an ass!" said Wally emphatically.

"But he's a good ass—see? His heart's like his head—too jolly soft!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wally D'Arcy surveyed his Form-fellows ruefully.

"Well, we do look a crew of prize scarcrows!" he said. "I think the sooner we get back to St. Jim's the better!"

"Hear, hear!" chorused his chums, who were beginning to feel uncomfortable beneath the stares and grins of the Populace.

"Come on, then!" said Wally D'Arcy. "We'll let you off this time, young Teddy. You're a bit of a coughdrop for a new kid, don't you think so?"

"Net, particularly," grinned Teddy Trimble cheerfully. "I can stick up for myself, if that's what you mean!"

Wally did not reply, and the Top-Hat

Brigade—minus their toppers, and their apparel in various stages of dilapidation and disruption—moved on up the High Street, and back to St. Jim's.

Arriving inside the gates, they were met by Piggott of the Third.

He darted a sour look at Teddy. "So you've brought the young sponger back!" he said bitterly. "That scholarship rotter and toady!"

Teddy Trimble started, and looked grimly at Piggott.

"What's that?" he asked. Teddy's fists landed on his jaw with a thud, and Piggott went down, collapsing limply on the hard stones of the Close.

There he lay, moaning and groaning, nursing his jaw, whilst Teddy Trimble, like a very fat Colossus, towered over him, glaring at his fallen enemy and waving his fists aloft.

"Get up, you—you toad!" he spluttered. "Get up and fight!"

"I—I won't!" moaned Piggott. "You-ow! Wally, you rotter, why didn't you—"

Wally D'Arcy's lip curled as he replied.

"We're jolly well not going to fight your blessed battles, young Piggott!" retorted Wally. "You're a rotten cad, Piggott!"

"Eh?"

"And you deserve a jolly good licking!" said Wally D'Arcy warmly. "Get up, Piggott, and stand up to Trimble like a man, if you've got the pluck!"

"Wow! Yah! I won't!" moaned Piggott. "He knows he can lick me, that's why he wants to bully."

"Why, you—your howling cad!" roared Teddy Trimble. "For two pins I'd boot you across the quad!"

A murmur of approval arose from the Third-Formers.

Piggott's howls had attracted attention, and soon a crowd of Fourth-Formers and fellows from the Shell had collected, looking on with great interest at the scene by the gates.

Teddy Trimble glared down at Piggott, who lay grovelling on the ground.

"You funk!" he said. "Are you getting up to take your gruel?"

"No!" howled Piggott. "Lemme alone, you rotter!"

Teddy Trimble's jaws came together with a snap, and he looked round upon the assembled fellows, not one of whom had an ounce of pity for the cowering funk on the ground.

"He—he called me a scholarship rotter, and a sponger, and a toady!" breathed Teddy Trimble. "What shall I do with him?"

George Alfred Grundy spoke up readily.

"Whop him!" said the mighty man of the Shell. "Lift him up and whop him, young 'un. I'll help you!"

George Alfred Grundy strode forward, bent down, and grasped Piggott by the scarf of his neck. Then, with a mighty heave, Grundy yanked the Third-Former to his feet.

"There!" said Grundy. "Stand up to him, Piggott, and wallop him if you can. I'll give you a whopping myself if you don't!"

Piggott chose the lesser evil. "I—I'll fight you, Trimble!" he said. "But only with the gloves on, in the gym!"

"Right-oh!" said Teddy Trimble. "Come on, chaps—into the gym!"

A rush was immediately made for the

gymnasium, Wally D'Arcy & Co. with the two principals amongst them.

There was no doubt in whom the crowd's sympathies were placed.

Arriving at the gym, gloves were procured and a ring made.

Then the two fags faced each other. Tom Merry officiated. The captain of the Shell could be relied upon to see fair play.

He called time, and the two fags commenced their fight.

Teddy Trimble strode up to Piggott and delivered a resounding thump on the point of the jaw. Piggott gave a yelp, and took a step back.

Teddy promptly followed him up, but Piggott turned and ran like a rabbit; and thereupon began a chase round the ring. Piggott, simply running away from Trimble's fists.

Piggott's display of the white feather was ludicrous, and the spectators yelled with laughter.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Clifton Dane. "Chase him, Teddy! Put a spurt on, man!"

Teddy Trimble cornered Piggott at last, and gave him a tap on the nose that made the funk blink and stagger back.

Then, amidst laughter, Tom Merry called time.

Reggie Manners, who, from sheer pity acted as Piggott's second, greeted his man with a curl of the lip.

"You—you funk!" he said bitterly. "Why don't you punch him?"

Piggott's reply was a groan.

When time was called for the third time, Piggott advanced into the ring very gingerly.

Teddy Trimble's jaw was firm and set, and one hook from the left, which caught Piggott on the shoulder, sent that youth to earth with a thud.

There he lay, moaning and groaning most dismally.

Teddy Trimble glared over him.

Monty Lowther began to count. He knew that Piggott wouldn't get up.

"Two—four—six—eight—ten and ten's twenty," he chinked. "Piggott, old bean, you're counted out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Teddy Trimble rubbed his nose dubiously, but Tom Merry good-naturedly interposed.

"He's had enough, Teddy," said the captain of the Shell. "Better let him go now, old chap."

"B—but he—called me names!" said Teddy. "Called me a scholarship rotter!"

"Yes, but that's all right, youngster," said Tom Merry breezily. "We don't take any notice of what chaps of Piggott's kidney say. You're one of the best, Teddy!"

"Hear, hear!"

Teddy Trimble turned away from Piggott.

"Well, so long as you chaps don't take any notice of what he says," he said more cheerfully. "But I'm not a rotter and a sponger and a toady, see—even if I have got a healthy appetite!"

"Hs, ha, ha!"

"All serene, kid!" grinned Tom Merry. "You are a new species of the Trimble stock. You're not a bit like Baggy—"

"Oh, really, Tom Merry—"

The fat youth of the Fourth interposed. Trimble major was angry. He was, as

(Continued on page 20.)

THE TREASURE SEEKERS

By REGINALD WRAY.

Concluding Chapters.

Rescued!

Realising that the axe was almost useless under the water, Dick Danby drew his knife, and plunged it again and again into the writhing body.

Suddenly a feeling of despair shot through his frame, for a soft, yielding mass was creeping round his body, and he realised that he also was a prisoner in those awful coils.

Frantically he wielded his knife, drawing fountains of blood from the monster at every stroke, but, apparently, without making the slightest impression on the repulsive creature.

All he could make out through the thickening water was the barrel-like body of the eel, and now and again a hand, a leg, or an arm, though he could not say to which of his comrades they belonged.

Under ordinary circumstances Dick could keep under water for at least three minutes without suffering the slightest inconvenience, but the struggle with the great eel had sapped his strength, whilst the constantly increasing pressure on his ribs as the huge coils contracted soon began to tell upon him.

A sound as of thunder rang in his ears, a galaxy of stars floated before his eyes, and he felt consciousness leaving him. Suddenly the unbearable pressure round his body relaxed, and the next moment he felt himself shooting towards the surface.

One long, deep breath to refill his emptied lungs, and he was about to dive again, when the eel's awful head, with Wang Su, his legs clasped tightly round the monster's neck, shot a dozen feet in the air, then fell back with a fearful thud on to the water, with the Chinaman's knife plunged through one of its huge eyes.

It seemed to Dick Danby that the brave little Chinaman must have been smashed to pieces beneath that huge weight. Great, therefore, was his relief when he saw Wang rise to the surface and swim towards the rock.

"Swim for your life, Dick!" cried a well-known voice close beside him.

Turning, he saw the golden-haired crowned head of Stella Kidd, moving swiftly towards the Chair Rock, and followed close in her wake.

And there was her water.

Though it had received its death-blow, an eel possesses the tremendous vitality of a snake. Its twisting body was churning the water into foam, whilst its huge, flat tail, the end of which had been torn away, beat the water like a fall.

The rock touched, the three climbed out of danger, then, turning, gazed in horror at the convulsive movements of the dying monster, whose struggles were rapidly taking it away from the Chair Rock.

But the boy and girl chums and their Chinese companion did not wait to see their slain foe's body sink beneath the waves, for even as Dick turned to dive once more to his imperilled companions' rescue, the rope ladder was agitated and a shout of joy burst from his lips as a helmeted head rose above the surface, and Joe Maddox, with Harry Fielding's limp body lying across his shoulders, rose from the sea.

(To be continued.)



1920



THE
COMPANION PAPERS' CALENDAR.

JANUARY

SUNDAY	...	4	11	18	25
Monday	...	5	12	19	26
Tuesday	...	6	13	20	27
Wednes.	...	7	14	21	28
Thursday	1	8	15	22	29
Friday	2	9	16	23	30
Saturday	3	10	17	24	31

FEBRUARY

SUNDAY	1	8	15	22	29
Monday	2	9	16	23	...
Tuesday	3	10	17	24	...
Wednes.	4	11	18	25	...
Thursday	5	12	19	26	...
Friday	6	13	20	27	...
Saturday	7	14	21	28	...

MARCH

SUNDAY	...	7	14	21	28
Monday	1	8	15	22	29
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30
Wednes.	3	10	17	24	31
Thursday	4	11	18	25	...
Friday	5	12	19	26	...
Saturday	6	13	20	27	...

APRIL

SUNDAY	...	4	11	18	25
Monday	...	5	12	19	26
Tuesday	...	6	13	20	27
Wednes.	...	7	14	21	28
Thursday	1	8	15	22	29
Friday	2	9	16	23	30
Saturday	3	10	17	24	...

MAY

SUNDAY	...	2	9	16	23	30
Monday	...	3	10	17	24	31
Tuesday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Wednes.	...	5	12	19	26	...
Thursday	...	6	13	20	27	...
Friday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Saturday	1	8	15	22	29	...

JUNE

SUNDAY	...	6	13	20	27
Monday	...	7	14	21	28
Tuesday	1	8	15	22	29
Wednes.	2	9	16	23	30
Thursday	3	10	17	24	...
Friday	4	11	18	25	...
Saturday	5	12	19	26	...

JULY

SUNDAY	...	4	11	18	25
Monday	...	5	12	19	26
Tuesday	...	6	13	20	27
Wednes.	...	7	14	21	28
Thursday	1	8	15	22	29
Friday	2	9	16	23	30
Saturday	3	10	17	24	31

AUGUST

SUNDAY	1	8	15	22	29
Monday	2	9	16	23	30
Tuesday	3	10	17	24	31
Wednes.	4	11	18	25	...
Thursday	5	12	19	26	...
Friday	6	13	20	27	...
Saturday	7	14	21	28	...

SEPTEMBER

SUNDAY	...	5	12	19	26
Monday	...	6	13	20	27
Tuesday	...	7	14	21	28
Wednes.	1	8	15	22	29
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30
Friday	3	10	17	24	...
Saturday	4	11	18	25	...

OCTOBER

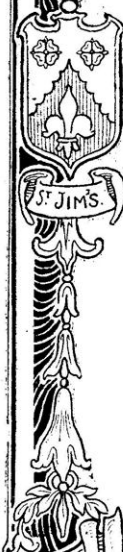
SUNDAY	...	3	10	17	24	31
Monday	...	4	11	18	25	...
Tuesday	...	5	12	19	26	...
Wednes.	...	6	13	20	27	...
Thursday	...	7	14	21	28	...
Friday	1	8	15	22	29	...
Saturday	2	9	16	23	30	...

NOVEMBER

SUNDAY	...	7	14	21	28
Monday	1	8	15	22	29
Tuesday	2	9	16	23	30
Wednes.	3	10	17	24	...
Thursday	4	11	18	25	...
Friday	5	12	19	26	...
Saturday	6	13	20	27	...

DECEMBER

SUNDAY	...	5	12	19	26
Monday	...	6	13	20	27
Tuesday	...	7	14	21	28
Wednes.	...	8	15	22	29
Thursday	2	9	16	23	30
Friday	3	10	17	24	31
Saturday	4	11	18	25	...



MAGNET
EVERY MONDAY.
GEM
EVERY WEDNESDAY.



TRIMBLE MINOR.

(Continued from page 18.)

a matter of fact, extremely jealous of his minor.

"Buzz off, Bogey!" said Wally D'Arcy. "We're cutting Teddy off to tea now—oh, kids!"

"What he!"

George Alfred Grundy of the Shell attended to 'Piggott. He picked that luckless youth up, gave him a piece of his mind, and then gave him his boot.

George Alfred Grundy was not a funk, and he had a short way with fellows who displayed the white feather.

Meanwhile, Teddie Trimble was borne away in triumph by Wally D'Arcy & Co. Piggott had long needed a licking, and

the one he had received at the hands of Teddie Trimble was a timely lesson that most gratified the Honourable Walter Adolphus D'Arcy and his followers.

And ten minutes later Wally D'Arcy had the audacity to knock at Study No. 6, and ask his major for the loan of another ten shillings.

Gussy waxed indignant at first, but when the diplomatic Wally mentioned that Trimble minor was hungry, Arthur Augustus relented, and handed over the ten shillings, with a few admonitory words of advice to his minor.

Wally listened to these words of advice with great fortitude, and escaped as soon as delicacy would allow.

Then Dame Taggley was visited, and later the Third Form-room at St. Jim's was a scene of festivity.

Teddy Trimble related the doings of Arthur Augustus D'Arcy in the bunsup, and how he pressed his suit upon the fair Miss Gertrude.

Whereas the Third-Formers chortled right heartily, and all ill-feeling between them vanished.

Teddie Trimble had quite won his way into the hearts of his form-fellows, and Wally D'Arcy announced that evening that henceforth he would count among his most intimate friends the newly arrived big brother of the egregious Daggie Trimble of the Fourth—Trimble minor.

(Another grand, long, complete school story of Tom Merry and Co. next week, entitled: "THE NATURALIST OF ST. JIM'S!" Order your copy early!)

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