



ST. JIM'S SIDELIGHTS

Specially contributed to THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL by Tom Merry, the popular Captain of the Shell Form at St. Jim's

ST. JIM'S is situated in the heart of Sussex, a magnificent county whose glories have been sung by many poets, ancient and modern. Rudyard Kipling has written:

"Each to his choice, but I rejoice
The lot has fallen to me
In a fair ground, in a fair ground—
Yea, Sussex by the sea!"

BUT the St. Jim's fellows see very little of the sea. In this respect we are less fortunate than Greyfriars, which stands practically on the coast. How ripping it must be to tumble out of bed on a summer morning and enjoy an early morning dip in the briny! However, we have the River Rhyl running close to the school, and it is a watery paradise for boaters and bathers.

TALKING about bathing, Mr. Horace Ratcliff ought to be an excellent swimmer. The unpopular tyrant of the New House is seldom without his cane, and he is an expert at "making strokes"!

FATTY WYNN, the plump Falstaff of the New House, has created a record in the

gorging line. He went into his study one day and, after "bolting" the door, he proceeded to "devour" **THE HOLIDAY ANNUAL!** This is not a subject for "scoffing," boys and girls!

SKIMPOLE of the Shell can claim to have gone one better than this. He has been known to "digest" the complete works of his favourite author, Professor Balmycrumpet!

GEORGE ALFRED GRUNDY'S initials form the word "Gag," which is exactly what Grundy needs to keep him from blowing his own trumpet so frequently!

ARTHUR AUGUSTUS D'ARCY, the elegant aristocrat of the Fourth, ought to join



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the Army when he leaves St. Jim's. He is so particular about "right dress"!

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CARDEW of the Fourth—cool, handsome, and debonair—has a curious trick of omitting his final "g's" when speaking. Droppin' one's final letters may be jolly amusin' an' entertainin', an' all that, but it's sheer laziness, to my way of thinkin'!

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GERALD KNOX, the bullying prefect, was heard to remark the other day that his favourite dinner was steak-and-kidney pie. We should have thought it would have been "bully" beef!

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TOBY, the page, whose numerous duties include the cleaning of the fellows' shoes each morning, was unable to perform that duty this morning owing to the fact that the housekeeper had forgotten to order a fresh supply of polish. We always did say that Toby was a good fellow, but he lacked "polish"!

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NAMES are funny things. We have a fellow at St. Jim's named Prye, who does nothing of the sort; we have a Dane who is a Canadian; a Clampe that is never used in a workshop; a Baker who doesn't bake; a Cook who doesn't cook; a St. Leger that is never seen on a racecourse (at least, we hope not); a Finn that doesn't belong to a fish; and a Brooke who neither "babbles" nor

"goes on for ever." Verily, we are a strange mixture at St. Jim's!

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GEORGE KERR of the New House is a canny Scot, and has a wonderfully shrewd head. He is great at putting two and two together, and has solved many small mysteries at St. Jim's. He hopes to be a detective when he grows up, so that the Kerr of to-day may be the sleuth-hound of to-morrow!

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GEORGE HERRIES of the Fourth still persists in playing his cornet in the School House—usually while the other fellows are trying to do their prep. As a rule, the sufferers manage to bottle up their wrath, but the general feeling is that there will be an explosion some day!

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IT IS claimed for Towser that he caught the biggest rat at St. Jim's. We presume this refers to Mellish, to whom Towser became "attached" when the cad of the Fourth was breaking bounds one dark night.



There will be an explosion some day!