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J. McINTYRE  
(Blackburn Rovers F.C.)

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D. HOWIE  
(Bradford F.C.)

No. 748. Vol. XXI.

Every Wednesday.

June 10th, 1922.



**BAGGY TRIMBLE'S STARTLING DISCOVERY!**

(An Exciting Incident from the Grand, Long, Complete School Story Inside.)

# MEN OF THE MOMENT!

**JOHN MCINTYRE**  
(Blackburn Rovers F.C.)

**DAVID HOWIE**  
(Bradford F.C.)

## A USEFUL PLAYER.

**J**OHNNY MCINTYRE has earned the right to be placed high up among the most versatile footballers of modern times, for he is such a fine, instinctive sort of footballer that he can occupy pretty well any position on the field without letting the side down. He came to England originally from Patrick Thistle, having been born in Glasgow, and when he played in the Fulham team he usually appeared in the half-back line—mostly on the right. During the 1919-20 season, however, this Auburn-haired Scot was transferred to the Wednesday of Sheffield for a big price, and as they were then in need of forwards rather than half-backs, McIntyre was called upon to lead the attack. He did so with such remarkable success that in the season before last he scored no fewer than 27 goals, although he did not always occupy the centre-forward berth. In fact, on behalf of the Wednesday, at one time or another, he occupied every position in the forward and half-back lines. During last season McIntyre was not particularly happy at Sheffield, so he was once more transferred—this time to Blackburn Rovers—for a fee said to be just over £3,000. At inside-right or inside-left Johnny rendered most useful service for the Rovers last season. He is quick and clever with the ball at his toe, and knows how to make the sort of passes which bring the very best out of the extreme wing men.

## A GREAT HALF-BACK.

**T**WO brothers Howie have played a prominent part in football during the past few years. One is named James, and he is now manager of the Middlesbrough club. The other, whose picture is given away this week, is David, the centre half-back of the Bradford side. David is the younger of the two, and although perhaps not quite so famous as his elder brother, there cannot be the slightest doubt that for many seasons past he has been a tower of strength in the Park Avenue side, seeing them rise to prominence in the football world, and also seeing them sink again to a second-class level. Commencing to play football at school, like most other lads, he later secured a place in the Scottish League, Glasgow, and it was while there that he decided to adopt professional football as a career. From the village club he first went to Kilmarnock, and stayed there for five seasons ere being induced to travel to

Bradford without a return ticket in 1911. It will thus be realised that David is not now included among the younger generation of footballers. But he is still a great half-back, and can also put up a good game in the inside-right position, where he has played quite recently in emergencies. Since he first gained a regular place in the side, he has never appeared in less than thirty matches per season for Bradford, and though international honours have not come his way, he has all along been a most consistent club player, having very few "off" days. Stands 5ft. 6in., and weighs 11st. 7lb. Plays golf in his spare time.

**W. N. BLYTH**  
(ARSENAL F.C.)



This reproduction gives you only a faint idea of the Splendid Real ACTION Photo which will be given FREE with every copy of next week's GEM. Order To-day.

## EDITORIAL CHAT.

The Editor would like to hear from his reader clubs. Address all letters to Editor, "The Gem Library," The Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4.

### My Dear Chums.—

One way and another there are plenty of suggestions, bright and lively, and others of a more serious trend, come in each week as to future attractions for the GEM. But in each and every case I have found praise unfeigned for the splendid photograph series which is now running in the GEM. It is gratifying in the extreme to note the welcome this grand feature has received.

Next week I am presenting a real winner in the fine portrait of W. N. Blyth (Arsenal F.C.). This is a beautifully finished action photo which you will be proud to add to the gallery you are making of the portraits. Look out for it, and let me know your opinion.

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The "Magnet" next week is giving photographs of J. Gill (Cardiff City F.C.), and A. Wilson (Middlesbrough F.C.), while the "Boys' Friend" will have a portrait of Seaman Hall, the Light and Welter-weight Champion of the British Navy. We are glad to hear about Seaman Hall. He has carved out a career for himself which can be reckoned well worthy of the mighty Service, which is naturally so proud of him.

I have not the least intention of turning these few, brief paragraphs of Chat into a catalogue, but I honestly must draw your attention to the noteworthy fact that the "Popular" continues to score heavily all along the line with its coloured plates of railway engines. This item in the programme of our Companion Paper, has been enormously successful, just as it deserved to be.

There is not much space left to refer to St. Jim's. The recent yards of the old school have made a fresh record. You will find that next week's long complete story, "The St. Jim's Teashop," shows no falling off. The tale is just splendid from beginning to end.

And then next week we have the carry-on of the new serial, "All On His

## "MY READERS' OWN CORNER."

A Splendid Tuck Hamper filled with delicious Tuck is awarded to the sender of what the Editor considers the most interesting paragraph. Half a crown is awarded for each other contribution accepted. (If your name is not here this week it may be next.)

## THIS WINS OUR TUCK HAMPER.

Having It Out.

"I have come, sir," cried the wild-eyed caller, throwing his head back defiantly. "To have it out with you." The dentist grasped his forceps. There was a short, sharp struggle, then a scream. The operator stood over his victim in triumph. "That's all right, sir," he said, looking to see if he had brought away anything besides any of your jaw. "I don't want Hamper filled with delicious Tuck has been awarded to H. Winchester, 23, Diglake Road, Bignall End, near Newcastle, Staffs.

## THE HOUSES OF PARLIAMENT.

The material of which the Houses of Parliament are built is a kind of limestone which came from Yorkshire. It is a close-grained stone, harder than Portland stone. The stonework inside came from Caen. The building stands upon a concrete bed twelve foot thick, and the framework is perfectly waterproof. The beams of the floors are cast iron, and the roofs wrought iron. In addition to the thousands of tons of iron and the hundreds of tons of stone, twenty-four million bricks were employed in the construction. — Half-a-crown has been awarded to James Linton, Drill Hall, Metheringham, Lincs.

## TUCK HAMPER COUPON

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No attempt will be considered unless accompanied by one of these Coupons.

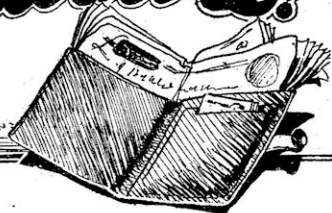
Own." Mr. Duncan Storm's thrilling new story, which starts with such spirit this week. Mr. Duncan Storm has a name to conjure with. Somehow you know he will be interesting. He is outstanding as a humorist, for he sees the comic side, but he can also touch the heart—and does so in this new work from his prolific pen. Tell your friends that Duncan Storm is to be found at home in the GEM. They will thank you for the tip.

Just a word about the albums for the photographs which the Companion Papers are giving away. The rush for these albums continues. I am not surprised at that fact. Were it otherwise there would be room for astonishment. For this opportunity to get a serviceable and handsome book for the portraits is unrivalled. An album only costs sixpence post free. Send a postal-order for sixpence to the GEM Office, 7-9, Pilgrim Street, Ludgate Hill, London, E.C. 4. If you send stamps, make them 1/6. ones to the value of sixpence, and please write very distinctly so as to ease off the work of the staff who are doing their best to cope with the demand in quick time.

YOUR EDITOR.



# Trimble's Treasure!



## A Grand, Long Complete School Story of St. Jim's, telling of Baggy Trimble's Spurious Windfall. By MARTIN CLIFFORD.

### CHAPTER 1. In Hiding!

**"ROTTERS!"**  
Baggy Trimble, of the Fourth at St. Jim's, did not utter that word aloud.

He murmured it below his breath. At that moment Baggy Trimble was following the example of the celebrated Brex Fox—lying low and saying "nuffin." To be more precisely exact, Trimble was lying high—for he was on the branch of a tree in Rylcombe Wood, a dozen feet from the ground, and well hidden by the thick foliage. Baggy was in hiding.

Under the tree walked three juniors—looking about them, but not looking upward. Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther, of the Shell, were looking into the branches of a tree. Through interstices in the foliage above, Trimble watched them breathlessly, making himself as small as possible on his branch.

To his horror, the Terrible Three paused under the tree, instead of passing onward. Their voices floated up to Trimble.

"The fat rotter's in the wood somewhere!" said Tom Merry.

"He can't have scoffed the cake yet!" remarked Manners. "Too busy bolting, I should think."

"Bolting himself instead of bolting the cake!" remarked Monty Lowther. Monty Lowther never let slip an opportunity to make a pun, good or bad—generally bad.

"The cheeky fat porcupine!" went on Tom Merry. "Bagging a cake because a chap happened to lay down a parcel for a minute—"

"He didn't think we saw him!" chuckled Manners. "He forgot that his merry circumference makes him as good as a landmark."

"He went into the wood," said Lowther. "If that blessed Wildrake was with us, he could trail him down like a rabbit—a jolly fat rabbit. He can't be far away."

"Bother him!" said Tom Merry. "Suppose we chuck it up—we've still got the tartis—"

"He's not going to have our cake!" growled Manners. "He's going to have a jolly good hiding. He can't be far off. Come on! We shall hear him grunting soon; he must be out of breath before this, the fat boulder!"

And the Terrible Three went onward, hunting for Trimble, the thickets rustling and crackling as they went.

Baggy Trimble grinned.

The trackers were going off the track; and Baggy was left safe in the tree, with the piluried cake still in his possession. Baggy sat up when the crackling had died away, and took up a more comfortable position, with his back to the tree trunk, and his fat legs astride of the thick branch. He was safe now—and the cake was safe—but he did not intend to descend while the Terrible Three were still rambling in Rylcombe Wood. He was prepared to devour his prey in that hidden lair, at his leisure.

It was not Trimble's cake; but it was in Trimble's possession, and the proverb declares that possession is nine points of the law. Baggy did not bother about the remaining tenth point.

He unwrapped the cake, and started on it.

There was silence in the deep woods, save for the twittering and whistling of birds, on that warm summer's afternoon. Baggy Trimble felt very comfortable and contented. It was a good-sized cake; it was full of plums, and Trimble liked plum-cake. True, there was likely to be a reckoning later on at St. Jim's, when he had to return to the school. But Trimble hoped to escape by means of his well-known gifts as an Ananias; and, anyhow, he was not going to meet trouble half-way. A cake in hand was more worth thinking about than a licking in the bush. So Trimble devoured his prey, as it were, and smiled happily over it, as it disappeared to the last crumb.

Having stacked away that cake, Baggy had a delightful feeling of fullness—in fact, over-fullness. He did not feel inclined for exertion. He would have leaned back and gone to sleep if he had not been afraid of falling off the branch. He decided to seek some shady spot where he could, like a boa-constrictor, sleep off the effects of a gorge. And then, as he was thinking of descending from his perch, there came a rustle in the underwoods below.

Trimble stopped quite still.

"Rotters!" he murmured once more. He had no doubt that the pursuers were returning, and he sat tight, breathing hard. He peered anxiously down through the leafy branches, expecting to see the Terrible Three, or one or another of them.

But it was not a St. Jim's junior who appeared in sight under the thick branches.

A man came through the thicket—a stranger to Trimble's eyes. But Baggy was interested in him at once. The man was rather loudly dressed, in clothes of a sporting cut, with a bowler hat rakishly on one side of his head. He looked like one of the hangers-on at Abbotsford races—as doubtless he was. But it was his manner that attracted the hidden junior's interested notice. The man stopped under the tree, looking back the way he had come, his head bent to listen. Evidently he was fearful of pursuit.

Trimble could hear his laboured breathing from below. The man had been running, and had dropped into a walk from fatigue and short wind. And, now he had stopped, he was breathing in heavy gasps. Trimble bestowed a fat wink on his unconscious head.

"A giddy wolsker, and he's had to cut!" murmured Trimble. "My hat! They must be keen on him, if they're after him at this distance!"

The man, gasping and listening, did not move for some minutes. But suddenly he gave a start, as if he had heard a sound of alarm in the distance.

He looked round him, and thrust his hand into his breast-pocket. It came out again with a little leather pouch in it.

The man stepped hurriedly up to the tree-trunk. There

was a split in the old trunk, a couple of feet from the ground a few inches wide. Trimble had not noticed it, but it had caught the eye of the hunted man. He thrust the little leather pouch into the opening, pushing it as far in as the split in the wood permitted. Then, with another startled glance round, he took to his heels, and disappeared into the underwoods.

## CHAPTER 2.

## Treasure Trove.

**B**AGGY TRIMBLE sat on his branch and blinked.

He was astonished.

The rustling in the thickets died away—the man had gone out of hearing. Trimble listened for the sounds of the pursuers the man had evidently feared, but he heard nothing. Only faintly from the distance a few minutes later came the echo of a shout; but it was not repeated, and silence settled on the deep woods again.

"Well, my only Aunt Belinda!" ejaculated Trimble at last.

Baggy was almost trembling with curiosity now.

The sporting man had hidden something in the tree-trunk, and vanished. What had he hidden?

It was no business of Baggy Trimble's. All the more for that reason it interested Baggy; or, "intrigued" him, as a modern novelist would say, in the weird language which does duty for English in a modern novel. Baggy wanted to know—and Baggy meant to know. He allowed ten minutes to elapse, to make assurance doubly sure that the sporting man was gone, and that the unknown pursuers were not at hand. Then the fat jinner slithered down the trunk.

He made a pump for the split in the bark, and shoved his fat hand into it, groping for the leather pouch.

The split extended only a foot or so into the massive trunk of the old beech. But the pouch was completely hidden from sight, jammed into the farthest possible recess. Had he not seen it placed there, Baggy Trimble certainly would never have guessed that it was there. But his groping fat fingers found it easily enough, and he jerked it out.

It was a small pouch of well-worn leather, fastened only with a button. It contained papers of some sort—which cracked faintly as Trimble handled the pouch.

He did not open it at once, in spite of his burning curiosity. There was a possibility that the owner might return.

Baggy did not mean to steal the pouch. His ideas on the subject of "mine and thine" were vague and undefined, but even Baggy would have stopped short of what he realised to be stealing. He was going to examine the pouch and see what it contained—and then be guided by circumstances. And his first step was to scud away into the wood to be safe while he made his examination.

He stopped in a thicket a hundred yards distant, and sat down, breathing rather stertorously. He opened the leather pouch on his fat knees, and turned out the contents.

Then he gave a startled yell!

It had already occurred to his fat mind that there might be money in the pouch. But he was not prepared for the sight of so much money.

Banknotes!

Baggy Trimble knew a banknote when he saw one—though he did not handle so many of those useful articles as he would have made the Fourth Form believe—if the Fourth had ever believed anything that Baggy told them!

His fat hands were full of banknotes now.

There were two bundles, fastened by indiarubber bands—

one of fives, and the other of tens.

Baggy blinked at them with dazzled eyes.

"Fivers!" he spluttered. "Tenners! Oh crumbs!"

He simply gasped.

Mechanically he began to count the banknotes. In each bundle there were twenty notes.

Twenty fives, and twenty tens! Baggy Trimble was not used to arithmetic—indeed, Mr. Lathom, the master of the Fourth, was sometimes inclined to tear his scanty hair when he dealt with Baggy on that subject—but Baggy worked it out now, mentally and unaided, that twenty fives were a hundred, and twenty tens were two hundred, and that, in consequence, he now held the sum of three hundred pounds in his fat fingers.

Three hundred pounds!

It was wealth beyond the dreams of avarice. True, when Trimble talked of Trimble Hall, and his "people," he talked of hundreds of pounds, and even thousands, in a light and airy way, as if these sums were a mere bagatelle.

But in actual sober fact, even threepenny-pieces were rare with Baggy; and when he jingled money in his pocket, as he was fond of doing, his funds generally consisted of a few coppers and a bunch of keys.

Three hundred pounds!

Baggy was simply dazzled.

In his joyful amazement he forgot that the money was

not his. There was really nothing to be specially joyous about in a perfect stranger being the owner of three hundred pounds in banknotes. But Trimble had a bad memory in all things—and a very specially bad memory in money matters.

"Quids!" he murmured. "Banknotes! Fivers! Tenners! Oh crumbs!"

There was a faint rustle in the bushes, and Baggy jammed the banknotes back into the pouch in sudden alarm, and the pouch into an inside pocket. But it was only a rabbit that scuttled away, and the fat jinner breathed freely again.

He rose slowly to his feet. The thought forced itself into even Baggy's obtuse mind that the money was not his, that it belonged to the sporting man who had hidden it in the tree—or to someone else. Baggy had to think the matter out to his own satisfaction—which he now proceeded to do.

"Chaps don't hide their own money in trees, and scoot!" said Trimble sagely. "No jolly fear! There was somebody after that chap! He's stolen this money! That's plain enough! It's not his at all, and he's not entitled to it, and I'm jolly well not going to put it back. It would be immoral to let a thief keep his loot. So—so I—"

Trimble paused. His own arguments had led him to an undesirable conclusion. For if the sporting man had stolen the money, obviously it belonged to the person who had been robbed, and it was Baggy's bounden duty to take it at once to the police-station, so that the owner could be found.

So Baggy, with a more or less unconscious self-deception, cheerfully proceeded to reason on different lines.

"More likely he's a racing welsher—he looked like one!" reflected Baggy. "He's won this money welshing, so, of course, he's not entitled to it!"

Baggy nudged his head in approval of this theory. It opened prospects that were much more attractive than the idea of taking the banknotes to the police-station.

"He looked like a racing sharper, and if he'd got this money honestly, he wouldn't be running away like a pick-pocket, and hiding it in a tree," argued Baggy. "So the money's not really his. That's settled. Now whom does this money belong to? It's simply impossible to think of finding the people that rogue—that rascal—made bets with and won. Even if I found 'em, I couldn't be sure—rascal people are awfully unscrupulous, and they'd tell lies to get hold of this money. Lots of people are fearfully unscrupulous."

Baggy Trimble shook his head sadly over the shortcomings of humanity in general and racing people in particular, and resumed his valuable train of reflection.

"Nothing doing in that direction! The money's practically got no owner, and if I leave it about for that rascal—that rogue—that awful character—to get hold of again, I should be practically encouraging cheating and swindling—I hope I'm a bit above that. As the money's got no owner, I'd better take charge of it—for the present. Of course, I sha'n't spend it, or if I use a little to go on with, I'll make it up later—anyhow, as the money's got no owner, it belongs to the finder—in fact, it belongs to me!"

That was the point at which Trimble was desirous of arriving, and he had arrived there!

Trimble was not quite unscrupulous enough to bag the money on the spot without any justification. But he had an accommodating mind, which could find out a justification at short notice for anything that Baggy wanted to do.

He was satisfied now that he was justified in keeping the money. Indeed, he was feeling rather a glow of virtuous satisfaction at keeping it out of the hands of a wicked sharper.

The possibility that his theory was not correct did not worry Trimble. If his theory was not correct, he couldn't keep the money. So his theory was correct! That line of reasoning was perfectly satisfactory to Baggy's powerful intellect.

That in any case he had no right to touch the money at all was a consideration that Baggy declined to entertain for a moment.

Three hundred pounds were, in fact, three hundred irresistible arguments in favour of bagging the treasure.

Having satisfied himself so easily that the highly moral course in this matter was to keep the cash, Baggy Trimble started off through the wood towards the school.

He seemed to be walking on air as he emerged from the wood, and rolled out into Rykcombe Lane.

Near the gates of the school he encountered four jinnors of the Fourth, Blake and Herries, Digby and D'Arcy. Baggy rolled up to them and gave them a lofty nod and a patronising smile. Study No. 6 had never believed in Trimble Hall, or the princely fortune of the Trimbles. They were going to be convinced now!

"Hold on a minute, you fellows!" began Trimble.

"Scat!" was Jack Blake's reply.

"I want—"



"I believe I owe you a few shillings, D'Arcy," said Baggy Trimble. He fumbled in his pocket and withdrew a banknote—it happened to be a tenner. "Change that for me, please," he said loftily, "and take out the miserable sum I owe you—I'm not particular to a shilling or two." "Ten Quids!" ejaculated Blake. "Bai Jove!" (See this page.)

"Oh, we know what you want!" said Blake. "Nothing doing!"

"If you think I want to borrow any money of you, Blake—"

"I don't think—I know!" answered Blake tersely. "And you're jolly well not going to do it!"

"Only Gussy's got any tin," grinned Digby, "and we're not going to let him lend you any!"

"Weally, Dig—" murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Roll away, porpoise!" said Herries.

"Pwavy don't be in such a huwvy, deah boys," said Arthur Augustus gently. "As I happen to be in funds this afteh noon, you know, I shouldn't mind shellin' out a shillin', if Twimble has no money on a half-holiday."

"Fathead!" grunted Blake. "You know Trimble never squares."

"Yaas, but—"

"Oh, give him a bob, then, and let's get on!" growled Blake. "Money always burns a hole in your pocket, ass!"

"Weally, Blake—"

"Buck up, fathead!"

"Wais!"

Arthur Augustus felt in his pocket.

"You are vevy wel-one to a shillin', Twimble—"

"Keep it!" said Trimble.

"Wha-a-at!"

"Like your cheek, to offer me a shilling, I think," said Baggy Trimble disdainfully.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy blinked at Trimble. Blake and Herries and Digby stared, and then laughed.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus at last, his noble face turning pink. "You howvid young wascal—"

"Serve you jolly well right," said Blake unsympathetically. "That's just Trimble all over, if he doesn't happen to want money. But what's the matter with you, Trimble? You were trying to cadge a loan from Talbot this morning—I heard you. Have you come into a fortune since?"

"Is it a whacking cheque from Trimble Hall?" asked Herries, with sarcasm.

"Exactly!" said Trimble.

"Eh?"

"Well, not exactly a cheque," said Trimble cautiously.

"My pater's sent me a few banknotes—"

"Only a few?" grinned Blake.

"Yes—a few fivers and tenners," said Trimble carelessly.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Study No. 6.

"If you fellows really don't believe me—"

"Weally, Twimble—"

"We'll believe you when we see the fivers and tenners," grinned Digby; "not before."

Trimble sniffed.

"I believe I owe you a few shillings, D'Arcy, on some miserable little loans you've made me from time to time," he said. "What's the exact amount?"

"I weally do not know, Twimble. I have nevah weekoned up the shillin's you have extraected fwom me."

"You ought to have kept a strict account," said Trimble severely. "Haven't I always told you I should square?"

"Yaas, deah boy—but you nevah did, you know."

"I'm ready to square now!" Trimble fumbled in his pocket, at the pouch. In spite of his keen desire to overpower and dazzle Study No. 6 with the sight of hundreds of pounds, some remaining vestige of commonsense warned Trimble it would be safer not to display his treasure all at once. He groped out a banknote at random and held it up—it happened to be a tenner. Study No. 6 blinked at it.

"Change that for me, please, D'Arcy," said the fat junior loftily. "Take out of it the miserable sum I owe you—I'm not particular to a shilling or two."

"Bai Jove!"

"Ten quids!" ejaculated Blake.

"Bai Jove!"

"Where did you get that banknote, Trimble?"

"I'm waiting for my change, D'Arcy!" said Trimble calmly.

Arthur Augustus D'Arcy jammed his eyeglass into his eye and regarded Trimble seriously and thoughtfully.

"I could not possibly change a ten-pound note, Trimble," he said. "I am not wolloin' in money. And I feah, Twimble, that I should have to refuse to touch that bank-note unless I knew how you came by it."

Trimble crimsoned with wrath.

"Why, you—you—you—" he stammered. "Do you think that it isn't mine?"

"I t'wist it is yours, Twimble. But it is vewy remarkable for you to have ten pounds all at once."

"Jolly remarkable!" grunted Herries.

"What utter rot!" said Trimble contemptuously. "When I'm at home at Trimble Hall I have as much money as I like."

"Wats!"

"Fivers and tenners are nothing to me. Of course, it's different with you chaps—your people are poor, I suppose," said Trimble loftily.

"Poor but honest," grinned Blake. "And I'm afraid you're poor but not honest. Trimble—when you swagger around with ten-pound notes. Come on, you chaps!"

Blake & Co. walked on, in a state of great surprise. Baggy Trimble sniffed contemptuously and rolled in at the school gates.

### CHAPTER 3.

#### In the Name of the Law.

"HALLO, there's a merry merchant in a hurry!" yawned Monty Lowther.

Tom Merry and Manners looked round.

The Terrible Three were seated in the thick grass in a glade, and they had disposed of their bag of tarts. After a ramble in the shady woods they had sat down to rest, and the tarts had soon disappeared—and their conversation had reference to the cake, and to Trimble, and to the vengeance that would be wreaked on Trimble when that fat raider was cornered in the School House after the lock-up. And then Monty Lowther broke off with the sudden remark, as a sound of feet running on the grass was heard, and a man in sporting rig came into sight.

His loud check garb was bright in the sun and his gorgeous necktie shone from afar. He was running laboriously, for he was a gentleman of some width of girth, and did not seem accustomed to running, or to any kind of physical jerks. Perspiration bedewed his plump, red face, and ran down his puffy cheeks.

The chums of St. Jim's looked at him curiously, wondering why the man should be running on that warm afternoon, when he was obviously fatigued and in a state of uncomfortable perspiration.

The man stopped as he caught sight of the juniors, and a savage, hunted look came over his hot face.

They saw his hands clench, as if he would run on them, hitting out; and the juniors instinctively jumped to their feet to stand on the defensive.

But the man swerved and ran on into the wood in a different direction, and the crashing underwoods hid him from their eyes in a few seconds.

Tom Merry & Co. looked at one another.

"What on earth—" ejaculated Tom.

"Hallo, here's another!" exclaimed Manners.

Another figure appeared in the glade, and still another behind it. Both the newcomers were in uniform and looked hot and perspiring. They came panting on to where the juniors stood staring.

"Has a man passed this way?" exclaimed one of the constables.

"Yes; a minute ago!"

"Which way?"

"Has he done anything?" asked Tom Merry.

"Yes—yes, he's wanted—it's a serious charge—toll me which way he went!" exclaimed the policeman hurriedly.

Tom pointed out the way the fugitive had gone. The two policemen ran breathlessly on and disappeared.

"Well, my hat!" said Manners. "Quite a giddy little excitement this quiet afternoon. I wonder what he's done?"

"Picking pockets, perhaps," said Lowther. "Must have done something, or the peelers wouldn't be after him."

"He looked rather a hard case," said Tom. "Like one of the racing men who crowd the trains when there are races at Abbotstford. Welshing, perhaps."

"They wouldn't be after him at this distance for that!"

"No, very likely not. But they must be wanting him bad; they looked vewy near melting."

The juniors stood looking the way the fugitive and his pursuers had gone, wondering and a little excited. They could still hear the crashing and crackling in the wood.

"They'll head him off in that direction," said Tom thoughtfully. The St. Jim's juniors knew the wood pretty

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thoroughly from their frequent scouting excursions. "He'll come up against the rise with the thick fir wood, and he'll never get through that. He'll have to turn."

"May dodge back this way," said Lowther. "My hat, look!"

"There he is!" shouted Manners.

The figure of the man in the check suit broke from the woods farther along in the open glade.

He had had to turn and double, and he ran into the grassy glade panting, his pursuers close on the track.

Two beings appeared in view behind him, and a voice shouted to the St. Jim's juniors:

"Stop him! Stop, thief!"

Tom Merry & Co. hesitated a moment. But they knew that they were bound to aid officers of the law in the execution of their duty, and they ran to intercept the fugitive.

He made an attempt to dodge them, but his speed was nothing to that of the fresh schoolboys, and they cut him off easily enough. A desperate look came into the man's eyes, and he rushed at them with his clenched fists up.

"Stop him!" panted the constable behind.

"Line up!" murmured Tom.

The Terrible Three stood in the way of the running man, facing him, not flinching from the onset.

He was upon them in less than a minute.

He struck out savagely as he came up, and Tom Merry barely warded a fierce blow that would almost have stunned him had it landed. The next moment Lowther had tripped him as he rolled in the grass. Manners jumped at him as he strove to rise, and sent him rolling again.

The leading policeman came panting up, and seized upon the sporting man as he struggled up.

"The game's up, Jim—chuck it!" said the officer, as the man struggled in his grasp.

The other officer arrived in a moment more, and slipped the handcuffs on the wrists of the struggling man.

"Easy goes it," he said, panting for breath. "You're only making it worse for yourself, my man."

"Hang you!"

The man was lifted to his feet, helpless now that he was handcuffed. He calmed down, and burst into a scoffing laugh.

"I've given you a run for your money!" he remarked coolly. "And now you've got me, what do you want?"

The constables mopped their perspiring faces. They were evidently pleased with their capture.

"I'll give you're known as Flimsy Jim," said one of them.

"Flimsy Jim!" murmured Monty Lowther. "Ye gods! What a name! What is the man wanted for, officer?" he added.

"Passing counterfeit money on the racground at Abbotstford," answered the policeman. "He's given us a run. Much obliged to you young gentlemen for stopping him. He dodged away at Abbotstford, but we got him."

He went back to the station at Wayland, Now, are you ready for a walk to the station at Wayland, Flimsy?"

The sporting man shrugged his shoulders.

"I hadn't the faintest idea why you were after me," he said coolly. "I gave you a run just for a lark."

The policeman grinned.

"You can tell that to the magistrates," he said. "Come along."

"You find any of the flimsies about me, Bobby, I'll agree to eat them!" protested Flimsy Jim.

"Where have you chucked them, then?"

"Never seen any—not since my last spell in the stone jug, old man."

"We shall see!" grunted the officer. And the sporting gentleman who rejoiced in the queer appellation of Flimsy Jim was marched away between the two guardians of the law, like Eugene Aram, with gyves upon his wrists.

"What a giddy adventure!" said Monty Lowther. "If that totter has been palming off false money, the sooner he goes back to the stone jug, as he calls it, the better. I'm glad we were able to lend a hand."

"Yes, rather!" agreed Manners.

The policemen and their prisoner disappeared, and the Terrible Three walked away towards the school. The incident had been exciting while it lasted; but it hardly lingered in their minds. They had other matters to think about—especially the cricket match with Rookwood which was coming off shortly.

That was the chief topic of their conversation as they walked home to St. Jim's. But when they came in at the school gates their thoughts reverted to Trimble of the Fourth.

"We've got to look for Trimble!" said Monty Lowther.

"There's no getting the cake back now, without turning him inside out; but we can give him a lesson about scoffing fellows' cakes."

"Well, he ought to have a lesson!" agreed Tom Merry.

"It's the principle of the thing," remarked Manners. "A



"Stop him!" came the cry from the man in blue. The Terrible Three lined up in the way of the running man. Filmy Joe struck out as he came upon them, and Tom Merry barely warded off a fierce blow that would have almost stunned him had it landed. The next moment Lowther tripped the man. (See page 6.)

dozen with a five bat will make him remember that cakes aren't common property. Hallo, Talbot! Seen Trimble?" he added, as Talbot of the Shell passed in the quad.

"Yes; he's in the house," said Talbot, with a smile.

"What's he been doing now?"

"Scoffing our cake."

"My hat! I shouldn't have thought Trimble needed to scoff anybody's cake to-day!" said Talbot, in surprise.

The Terrible Three looked at him, surprised by his surprise.

"Why not?" asked Tom. "He's always scoffing somebody's grub, isn't he?"

"Yes; but he's hard up as a rule."

"Isn't he hard up to-day, then?"

"Hardly! Rolling in it," said Talbot. "At least, I heard him ask Racke of the Shell to cash a ten-pound note for him."

"What?"

"Fact!" said Talbot, laughing. "And it was a real tenner, for he flourished it under Racke's nose."

"My only hat!" ejaculated Tom.

"Wonders will never cease!" said Monty Lowther.

"Trimble and tenners don't seem to belong to the same picture! Is it possible that there's such a place as Trimble Hall?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"It's a catch," said Manners suspiciously. "He's got a Bank of Elegance note to swank with, without letting fellows see it too near."

Talbot shook his head.

"It looked like the genuine article," he said. "At all events, Racke changed it for him, and he seems quite friendly with Trimble now—for some reason."

"No need to look far for the reason, if Trimble's got tenners," said Tom Merry, laughing. "But tenners won't save him from a ragging for scoffing our cake. Come on, you chaps."

And the Terrible Three went into the School House to look for Trimble.

#### CHAPTER 4.

##### Wealthy Trimble.

TRIMBLE of the Fourth reclined at his ease in an arm chair in the junior Common-room.

He was not alone.

Mellich of the Fourth, his study-mate, leaned on the back of the chair, chatting with Trimble—or, rather, listening to Trimble's chatter with respectful attention. It was the first time on record that Mellich had ever listened to Trimble with respectful attention.

Crooke of the Shell stood leaning on the mantelpiece, eyeing Trimble, and giving him some friendly attention. Racke was there, too, and he was being very cordial to Trimble.

As a rule, Trimble did not find his company very eagerly sought after. But he seemed quite popular now, to some extent.

As the Terrible Three came in, Baggy glanced at them; but he showed no signs of trepidation. The affair of the cake was a very small matter to Baggy now. He could afford to purchase any number of cakes, big and little. For once Baggy's dreams of wealth had become a reality. He was rolling in it in actual fact, and not only in his fat imagination. Far from looking perturbed, he bestowed a lofty nod on the chums of the Shell—condescending to take notice of their existence.

"Well, you fat burglar!" was Lowther's greeting.

"Where's our cake?" demanded Manners.

"Where will you have it?" inquired Tom Merry.

"Cake?" repeated Trimble airily. "Oh, that cake! I believe I bagged a cake of yours—"

"I believe you did!" assented Lowther. "And I believe you're going to have a licking for it!"

Trimble waved a fat hand at him.

"My dear fellow, don't be absurd!" he said.

"Eh?"

"I'll pay for the cake. I'll buy you one twice as big, if you like," said Trimble. "You don't suppose I bagged the cake not intending to square for it, do you?"

"That's exactly what we suppose!" said Manners, with a nod.

"Then you're mistaken," said Trimble haughtily. "It was a lark—simply a lark. What did the cake cost you?"

"Two-and-six."

"I'll give you five bob," said Trimble carelessly. "Money's nothing to me, and as you're pretty short of it, the extra half-crown may come in useful. Nothing mean about me."

"You cheffy, fat rotter—"

"Here, you let Trimble alone!" blustered Mellish. "He offers to pay for your measly cake. That's fair enough!"

"Square as a die!" said Crooke. "Take the money and let Trimble alone!"

Tom Merry & Co. passed. They were perfectly well aware that Trimble had "scuffed" that cake without intending to make any compensation—as he had often done with other fellows' luck before—many a time and oft, in fact. Still, the offer of the price of the "scuffed" article was fair enough. Monty Lowther held out his hand.

"Never mind your five bob, you swanking porpoise," he said. "Hand over the half-crown and we'll call it square."

Trimble carelessly tossed over a half-crown.

"So you're in funds," said Tom.

"I generally am, I think," yawned Trimble.

"Oh, my hat!"

"Sometimes I've run a bit short of ready cash owing to my generous way of handing out loans," said Trimble.

"That's all. But I dropped my pater a line yesterday and said I really must have a decent tip, and he played up."

"Jolly decent of him to send you a tenner," said Mellish. "My dear chap, he's sent me more than one tenner."

"More than one!" exclaimed Crooke.

"Certainly!"

"How many?" asked Racke. At Racke, of the Shell had tenners himself, so he felt a natural affinity with another fellow who had tenners. He began to revise his opinion of Trimble as an impunctious, edging bounder. A fellow whose father sent him tenners was a fellow worth knowing—though perhaps not fascinating in other ways.

"How many? I hardly know," yawned Trimble.

"Several."

"Lucky bargee!" said Crooke.

Tom Merry looked at Trimble curiously.

"You, father's sent you several tenners?" he asked.

"Oh, yes."

"Blessed if I can understand it," said Tom. "It's no bizney of mine, though. We'll let you off the ragging as you've paid for the cake. Now you've got tenners, I suppose you can keep your paws from picking and stealing. Come on, you chaps—wo! blew the half-crown for tea. It's a ruddy windfall, and no mistake."

The Terrible Three left the Common-room, leaving Trimble with his friends—Baggy had friends now. As they came out of the School House they fell in with Levison, Clive, and Cardew, of the Fourth, just coming in from the gates. Levison & Co. had been over to Wayland to see a cricket match there, and Tom Merry asked how it had gone.

"Wayland beat Abbotford, I think," yawned Cardew.

"Don't you know, you saw the match?" asked Tom.

"Cardew went wandering," said Clive, with a laugh.

"The poor kid was bored with cricket. Abbotford beat Wayland."

"I was in luck," said Cardew. "I happened on somethin' more interestin' than cricket. Desperate character being marched to the station between two bobbies, an' all the enterprisin' youth of Wayland followin' on."

"Oh, that's our chap, I suppose," said Manners.

"Your chap?" a keen Levison.

"Was he a johnny in loud sporting clothes and a necktie like a giddy lighthouse that shines from afar?" grinned Lowther.

"You've seen him!" exclaimed Cardew.

"My dear fellow, we captured him!" said Monty Lowther loftily.

"Captured him!" exclaimed Study No. 9, with one voice.

"Certainly!"—Lowther's manner was very airy. "We do these things on half-holidays, you know, in our spare time."

"Are you pulling our leg, you ass?" asked Levison, puzzled.

Tom Merry laughed.

"No; honest Injun!" he said, and he related what had happened in the wood. Levison & Co. listened attentively.

"Quite excitin' by gad!" said Cardew. "The Wayland crowd were sayin' he was an enterprisin' johnny who had been makin' paper money for himself, instead of leavin' the merry Government the monopoly of floodin' the country with it. I believe it's considered a rather immoral proceedin'."

"Pathed!" said Clive.

"It's a fact, the bobby said so," said Manners. "He'd been passing counterfeit money at the race. He told the bobbies he hadn't any on him, but they thought he'd chucked it away while he was on the run—I suppose he had. I suppose they've got it pretty clear against him."

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though, as they took so much trouble to nab him. They'll look after Flimsy Jim for a bit."

"Flimsy Jim?" ejaculated Cardew. "Is that his merry name?"

"One of the bobbies called him that. I dare say he's a well-known character in his own line of business." "Who's strikin' me?" said Cardew. "Must be an excitin' life—never knowin' when a peeler's hand is droppin' on your shoulder. I dare say Mr. Flimsy James was never bored."

"He will be bored enough now, if he's got to go to choky for two or three years," said Tom Merry. And the Terrible Three walked on to the tuckshop.

"Yaas, every excitin' pursuit has its drawbacks!" Cardew remarked to his chums as they entered the School House. "Takin' one consideration with another, I don't envy Flimsy James."

"Ass!" said Levison.

Dick Julian of the Fourth met them as they came into the School House.

"Heard the news?" he asked.

"Which?"

"About Trimble," said Julian, laughing.

"Anythin' happened to Trimble?" asked Cardew. "Has he burst at last?"

"Ha, ha! No! He's rolling in filthy lucre."

"Rolling in money—Trimble?" exclaimed Levison.

"Yes!"

"Whose money?" yawned Cardew.

"Ha, ha! His pater's been sending him tenners," said Julian. "Jolly queer. I always thought he was hard up."

"Tenners!" exclaimed Clive. "Garzoon!"

"Bakker's changed one for him," said Julian, "and he had two or three others at least. Some of the fellows are beginning to think that there's such a place as Trimble Hall."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Levison and Clive went on to the staircase. Cardew halted.

"Come on, Cardew!" called out Levison. "Don't you want your tea?"

"Certainly—but I want to see Trimble," said Cardew.

"I haven't seen my pal Baggy all day."

"Your pal?" said Clive.

"My dear old pal."

"How long has Trimble been your pal, you ass?"

"Ever since his pater started sending him tenners," answered Cardew cheerfully. "I'm goin' to know Trimble. I feel that I've rather misjudged him. Every chap has his good points. Trimble has."

"I'd like to know what they are, then," grunted Clive.

"His tenners!" explained Cardew.

"Pathed!"

"Know where he is, Julian?" asked Cardew. "I'm yearnin' to see him."

"In the Common-room," said Julian, laughing. "Buck up or you'll be late—he's making lots of friends already."

"Oh, I'll wedge in somehow," said Cardew.

"You silly ass!" said Levison, over the banisters. "Hold on, I tell you. I know this is only one of your idiotic japes, Cardew, but you'll be misunderstood if you start pulling Trimble's leg now he's got money."

"I always am misunderstood, old bean," answered Cardew plaintively. "Nobody really prizes me as I deserve."

"Come up to tea!" growled Clive.

"Oh, he's did. Your fellows are all right, in your way," said Cardew, looking up at his chums, "but you bore me a little—I've told you so before, I think. For the present, you're goin' to take second place in my affection—I'm yearnin' for the bright an' handsome face of my pal Baggy—longin' to hear his dulcet tones. Ta-ta!"

And Ralph Reckness Cardew strolled on to the Common-room, apparently hoping to relieve the boredom of existence by extracting a little entertainment from Baggy Trimble, now that that impunctious youth was in an amazing and unexpected possession of wealth. Certainly, Baggy Trimble "rolling in money" would be a new and entertaining Trimble, and well "worth watchin'," as Cardew would have expressed it.

## CHAPTER 5.

### Popular.

TOM MERRY glanced at Trimble, with a smile, in the quadrangle the next day.

Undoubtedly Baggy was a new Baggy.

His circumference was so extensive that it was probably impossible for him to swell any further. But he looked as if he were swelling. He walked with his little podgy nose in the air, evidently in a delightful state of swank. The impunctious nobody, the fellow who had been dodged on account of his skill as a borrower, was somebody now.

His study-mate, Mellish, had never before seemed to think



much of Baggy. Now it was plain that he thought whole worlds of him. He haunted him like a shadow.

Chowle of the New House haunted Baggy on the other side. Baggy walked between them, lofty and condescending.

A good many fellows who had never noticed Trimble's existence before gave him cordial nods of recognition when he passed.

It is said that "money talks." Trimble with money certainly seemed a more highly-priced Trimble than Trimble without money.

Tom Merry smiled; but he was a little puzzled. That Trimble was in possession of wealth was to be seen by all eyes; but it was perplexing.

If that lordly abode Trimble Hall had a real existence, it was at least odd that no evidence of the fact had hitherto been forthcoming. If the "cheques from his pater" that Trimble talked of so airily were actual and not imaginary cheques, it was surprising that Baggy had always been hard up.

Only the day before, Trimble had been seeking to borrow the humble tanner among fags of the Third Form—Wally D'Arcy of the Third remembered the fact perfectly well, and mentioned it with unmistakable distinctness.

Yet the same afternoon Trimble Hall had exuded its wealth in large quantities—if Baggy was to be believed.

And on this occasion he could not be disbelieved, for seeing was believing, and a dozen fellows had seen the banknotes.

They had not seen all of them; but they had seen several. Aubrey Racke of the Shell, had one of the tenners in his possession, which he had changed for Trimble. Racke of the Shell was the only junior at St. Jim's who could change a tanner at a moment's notice; but Racke could, and he had done it—and there was the tanner! If seeing was believing, Baggy Trimble was rich—and it followed, on that, that there was a possibility, at least, that that noble mansion Trimble Hall really had a local habitation and a name.

So quite a number of fellows came to the conclusion that he had rather misjudged Trimble. Whether they reached this conclusion on account of the evidence or on account of the cash it is difficult to say. Probably they were influenced by both the evidence and the cash.

"Dear old Baggy!" Monty Lother remarked to his chums. "He looks as if he's enjoying life at last. But if he swells much further there will be a disaster. His waistcoat buttons will never stand it."

"It's jolly odd!" said Manners thoughtfully. "The fat bounder can't be such a thumping fibber as we've always thought. Or else his pater's made money suddenly."

"That may be it," said Tom Merry, with a nod. "That's it, most likely. But it's queer to send a junior kid tenners at a time. Even D'Arcy's pater doesn't shell out tenners, and he's a giddy lard, with no end of oof. Hallo! There's Gore going for Trimble!"

The Terrible Three grinned. Gore of the Shell was coming up to Trimble with quite an agreeable smile on his rugged face. As a rule, Gore's manners towards Trimble left very much to be desired, from Baggy's point of view. Now George Gore had mended his manners.

Tom Merry & Co. walked on, loftily dismissing Baggy and his wealth from their minds. They were not disposed to bask in the sunshine of Baggy's favour, and beyond a little natural curiosity on the subject of his amazingly sudden riches, they were not specially interested.

In class that morning, in the Fourth Form room, Baggy found himself in unusually friendly surroundings. Mellish lent him a pen, and Chowle found his place for him, and Pratt whispered in his ear an answer to a question propounded by Mr. Lathom. Baggy found morning lessons less trouble than usual. His fat face beamed. By that time—in fact, before that time—Baggy had resolutely dismissed from his mind the means by which he had become possessed of wealth. In deed, by this time, that he really had a wealthy home somewhere, and that the banknotes really were his. Still a vestige of prudence restrained him from displaying the whole of his wealth. Obtruse as Baggy was, he realised that it would look queer—indeed, it was certain that the Head would intervene, if it came to his knowledge that a junior boy had hundreds of pounds in his possession. Dr. Holmes certainly would not have allowed anything of the kind, even if the money had come from Trimble's home. The thought of having to explain to the Head deterring Trimble from indulging in the boundless swank for which his fat soul yearned.

When the Fourth Form were dismissed, Baggy Trimble left the Form-room—not alone, as was the rule. He did not have to seek to attach himself first to one fellow, and then to another, in his usual way—getting more kicks than halfpence each time, so to speak. On this occasion his fat arm was taken by Mellish, in the most affectionate way. Chowle, not to be outdone, took his other arm. As there was not a third arm for Pratt to take, Pratt had to hover round with abundant smiles. As Trimble & Co. walked into the quad there was a sound of merry laughter from them. Trimble was telling one of his funny stories, and his three comrades were fairly chortling over it. They had heard it before—unwillingly—and then the funny side had not been apparent to them. Now they realised that it was rich in humour, and they roared.

Gore joined with them in the quad when the Shell came out, and Racke and Crooke came along with friendly faces. Trimble was the centre of a little circle, who smiled and chuckled over his funny story. They became more serious, and still more attentive, when he related a more serious story—the story of the Duke of Smithumberland's last visit to Trimble Hall. Study No. 6 passed them in the quad, and smiled, though Arthur Augustus D'Arcy shook his head.

"That uttah ass Twimble is havin' his leg pulled, dear boys," Arthur Augustus remarked to his chums.

"Go hon!" murmured Blake.

"Yaas, wathah! It is quite appawnt to me, you know, that those fellahs are makin' up to Twimble on account of his money!" said Arthur Augustus, with an air of great wisdom.

Blake & Co. surveyed their chum with great admiration.

"You don't say so, Gussy!" ejaculated Herries.

"I do, Hewwies!" said Arthur Augustus firmly.

"You really think so?" asked Dig.

"Yaas! It seems a wathah howwid thing to say, Dig, but I welly have not the slightest doubt about it."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Blake. "It's your eyeglass that does it, Gussy. Without that you couldn't spot these things."

"Weally, Blake—"

"Isn't it marvellous?" continued Blake. "Gussy has really spotted it, you chaps. He can see quite through it. Can't you, Gussy?"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"Fancy Gussy seeing anything that would be visible to a blind man round a corner a mile off!" went on Blake, with great admiration.

"Bai Jove!"

"Hallo, Levison!" Blake called to Levison and Clive. "Anybody want any money? The chance of a lifetime! Go in with the crowd!"

Levison laughed.

"It's a jolly queer thing," said Sidney Clive. "I suppose we've doubted Trimble a little too much, and I'm rather sorry. I'd tell him so, only the fat duffer would think—"

"Gussy's found out that some fellows are pulling Trimble's leg for his cash!" said Blake gravely.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, you fellahs—"

"My only hat! Cardew's joined the happy throng!" exclaimed Blake.

And Study No. 6 stared. Ralph Reckness Cardew, with his most agreeable smile on his handsome face, had joined the circle round Trimble, and he speedily became the most attentive and the most admiring of that circle, listening to Trimble's words as if they were pearls of wisdom falling from his podgy lips.

"Bai Jove!" said Arthur Augustus.

"Only his silly joke!" said Levison, frowning.

"Weally, Cardew's conduct is vewy much open to mis-construction," said Arthur Augustus. "I wogard him as an uttah ass."

Arthur Augustus was not the only fellow who regarded Cardew of the Fourth as an ass on that occasion. Some fellows regarded him as something much less admirable than an ass. They opined that Cardew, whose reckless ways were pretty well known, had been having bad luck with the "geegees," and that Trimble's amazing wealth had attracted even the aristocratic grandson of Lord Reckness. Which was probably quite apparent to Cardew, and did not affect him in the least. Indifferent to the construction that might be placed upon his actions, Cardew of the Fourth went his own way, regardless.

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## CHAPTER 6.

## Cardew's New Chum.

"COMIN' for a stroll, old bean?" Baggy Trimble purred. It was after dinner, and several fellows were gathering round Trimble as he came out. But Ralph Reckness Cardew, with cool insistence, took Baggy's fat arm and drew him away.

Trimble fairly purred, like a fat cat, in his pleasure at being treated in this familiar way by the grandson of a lord. His other friends—new friends—he neglected entirely, in the happiness of the moment. Cardew was worth the lot of them. Cardew, cool and often insolent, had seemed to Trimble as one placed on a dizzy height far beyond his reach. He was rich, he was distinguished, he was a lord's grandson, and a lord's nephew; and he was connected in one way or another with half the peerage. And this estimable youth was taking Baggy's arm—actually taking his arm—walking with him in the quad, in sight of all St. Jim's! Baggy's cup of delight was full. This was better even than banknotes.

Trimble seemed to be walking on air as he strolled in the quad with his lordship's grandson. Deep in his fat mind was the suspicion that it was his sudden wealth that had brought Cardew to his side, as it had brought the others. But he was there—that was the chief consideration. If he wanted to borrow a fiver or a tenner, Trimble had fivers and tenners to lend. Envious glances followed Cardew; Mellish and Chowle exchanged a furious look. It was exasperating to have their fat prize walked off under their very noses like this; but they realised that they could not compete with a fellow like Cardew. All they could hope for was what Cardew left.

Levison and Clive were exasperated, too, though for a different reason. They were quite assured that Cardew was only following his own odd and perverse humour, and that he would not willingly have touched either Trimble or his money with a barge-pole, but they hated to see him calmly inviting misunderstanding and sneers in this way. But Cardew seemed quite oblivious of his chums now.

He sat with Trimble on one of the benches under the old elms, in sight of everybody who cared to see his remarkable new friendship. Baggy was overflowing with satisfaction.

"We really haven't seen enough of one another, Trimble, old bean," Cardew remarked affably.

"When a fellow's so surrounded by friends, you know—" murmured Trimble. He could not resist the desire to swank, even to Cardew.

"That's it—a fellow sought after like you!" he assented. "Plunged into the vortex of society, as it were."

"Exactly," said Trimble. "Enviad and admired on all hands!" continued Cardew. "Just so."

"And rolling in money, too." "Swamped with it," said Baggy. "Not that I think much about money, or care for it. Still, a fellow likes to be rich."

"It's nice," agreed Cardew. "Solves a lot of the problems of life. Trimble Hall must be a nobby place."

"The finest country seat in the county."

"I imagine so. You've never introduced me to your pater," said Cardew. "He must be a regular pater to paters. My grandfather is a fairly decent old scout, but he never sends me heaps of tenners. It was your father sent you that little lot, wasn't it?"

"That's it—one of his cheques, you know."

"I know!" assented Cardew. "I suppose you asked Mr. Bailton to cash the cheque for you?"

"Oh, no!" said Trimble hastily. "I—I cashed it in the village, you know."

"Perhaps that was wise," said Cardew thoughtfully. "Mustn't tell a Housemaster too much, what? But what a whacking cheque you must have had. Lucky the tradesman had so much ready money in hand to cash it for you. Old Sand's, I suppose?"

"It—it wasn't exactly a cheque," said Trimble, hesitating a little. "The fact is, the pater sent the money down in banknotes. I told him I didn't want to be bothered with cheques."

"What an accommodatin' pater!" said Cardew admiringly. "Oh, he'd do anything for me, you know," said Trimble.

"Of course he would—a chap that's a credit to him and upholds the dignity of the family as you do, Trimble. Special messenger, I suppose?"

"That's it."

"My hat! Lucky the Head didn't spot him bringing you wads of banknotes to the school. He'd have put his foot down on it."

"He didn't exactly come to the school," stammered Trimble. "He—he—in fact—"

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"Why, how did he find you, then?" asked Cardew, with an air of surprise.

Trimble hesitated.

"The—the exact fact is that it wasn't precisely a special messenger," he explained. "The pater sent the butler down with it."

"The—the what?" Cardew was almost surprised out of his affable equanimity.

"I mean, one of the servants—his valet," said Trimble. "He—he often sends his valet on confidential journeys, you know, like—like this one. That was how it was."

"I see!" said Cardew.

He did see—much more than the fat Fourth-Former gave him credit for seeing. Trimble showed some uneasiness; for reasons of his own, he did not want his accession of wealth to be too closely inquired into, and, at the same time, he did not want to appear to have anything to hide. In Cardew's hands he was like clay in the hands of the potter, and the dandy of the Fourth had already extracted from him all that he could or would tell. Details were lacking, but Cardew knew what he had set out to learn—that Trimble had come by that large sum of money in a surreptitious manner that would not bear the light.

Even so, it would have puzzled the other St. Jim's fellows to guess why Cardew took the trouble to inquire into the matter.

He had his reasons—reasons that would have surprised fellows who looked on him only as a careless, selfish slacker. Baggy Trimble rose from the bench, and Cardew rose, too. They walked across the quadrangle, Cardew still engaged in "drawing" Trimble; but the fat junior grew more and more reticent. When classes began in the afternoon, Cardew and Trimble came in to the Form-room together, apparently on the best of terms, once more to receive angry and discontented glances from Mellish and Chowle and some other fellows.

After lessons, Baggy Trimble was looking forward to the continuance of this new and distinguished friendship.

But Cardew somehow missed him in the corridor—perhaps having had enough of Baggy's fascinating society for the nonce.

Baggy was captured by Chowle and Mellish and Pratt, and walked off to the tuckshop, there to expend cash and listen to barefaced flattery—flattery so palpable that his new friends winked at one another while they piled it on. But Baggy did not observe all that. Baggy liked his flattery, like pin-apples, in chunks; and his friends gave it to him in chunks, and he was satisfied.

And Cardew, having detached himself from his new pal, walked in a quiet, shady spot in the quad, his hands in his pockets, and a peculiar and very thoughtful expression on his face. Cardew was thinking—and the subject of his thoughts, whatever it was, evidently afforded him a kind of sardonic entertainment.

## CHAPTER 7.

## Advice Wanted—and a Tenner.

TOM MERRY & CO. were at tea when Cardew of the Fourth dropped into their study. Tom gave him a nod, Manners a curter nod, and Monty Lowther a genial and sarcastic nod.

"Lost your pal?" asked Lowther.

"Yas, or he's lost me," answered Cardew amiably.

"Bright young spark, Trimble—jevver notice it, you fellows?"

"Can't say I ever did," answered Tom Merry bluntly.

"I've always thought him pretty dense."

"He's got his points," said Cardew. "Only fellow I've ever heard of who's solved the great problem of modern times."

"What's that?"

"Gettin' rich quick."

Tom Merry laughed.

"Well, Trimble's done that," he said. "From the way he splashes money about, he must have about twenty or thirty pounds."

"More than that, I reckon," said Cardew. "Don't stop your tea for me; I beg you not to stand on ceremony, dear men—"

"We're not stopping," said Manners.

"Sit down and join in," said Tom.

Cardew shook his head.

"No; I haven't come to sponge on you for a tea; I can sponge on my beloved pal Baggy if I like. I've come to enjoy the delights of your conversation, Tom Merry, just for once."

"Don't be an ass!" answered the captain of the Shell gruffly.

Tom never could quite catch on to all that Cardew's airy badinage meant or might mean, and Tom Merry was a straightforward fellow, who liked a fellow he could understand.

"I'll try not!" said Cardew, with ironical humility. "But



Cardew joined the crowd of the Fourth who were going into Hall for call-over. He nodded to Clive and Levison, but joined Baggy Trimble. "Dear old Baggy," he murmured, "if you step into the Form-room an' have a little conversation with me after call-over, I'll try to keep you from picking oakum for the next few years!" (See page 12.)

I'm givin' you the merry truth, the straight goods, as Wildrake would put it. I want you to talk. You remember that happy cow in the wood—the one you helped to bag, and whom I saw marched into the stone jug at Wayland yesterday? You called him Flimsy Bill, or somethin'."

"Flimsy Jim, the policeman called him."  
"They didn't find any of his flimsies on him, I think you said."

"That's so; the peeler thought he chucked them away while he was on the run in the woods."

"They're looking for his stuff, I believe," said Manners. "I saw two hobbies rooting about in the wood when I went out after dinner."

"So that's that!" said Cardew, with a nod. "I'm quite interested in the flimsy merchant. But that isn't all. I want to ask your opinion, Tommy."

"Well?"  
"Suppose a chap saw a St. Jim's chap landin' himself into terrific trouble, what ought he to do?"

Tom Merry stared.  
"Lend a hand, I suppose," he answered.

"Suppose it took up a lot of his time, and he was a lazy sort of slacker who hated exertion of any kind?"

"Yourself, I suppose," said Tom. "Well, if there's a St. Jim's chap getting into trouble, and you know about it, it's up to you to help him if you can. St. Jim's fellows should stand by one another. But you know all that without my telling you."

"True, O King! But I like to have my tips straight from the stable—right from the horse's mouth, you know," smiled Cardew.

"Suppose—now we're suppose—suppose it cost a lot of money! Would a chap be justified in denyin' himself the luxury of layin' a bet on a horse morally certain to win, and devotin' the cash to gettin' the troublesome blighter out of the scrape he was landin' in?"

"You want my opinion?"  
"Yes."

"He would be a blackguardly rotter to lay a bet on a horse, anyhow, and he would do better than that if he chucked the money away!" said Tom Merry, with cheerful directness.

"Well, it would be chuckin' it away," said Cardew, with

a nod. "Thanks for your opinion, dear man. I'm actin' on it."

"But I don't quite see—" said Tom, perplexed.

"The things you don't see, old scout, couldn't be numbered without goin' into trillions," answered Cardew.

And with a nod and a smile he walked out of the study.

"What on earth is that silly ass driving at now?" said Tom Merry, rather crossly. "Is Trimble getting into some trouble? Is that what he means? Trimble can't need money—whatever he needs. Blessed if I can make Cardew out, not that he's worth the trouble of puzzling out. I suppose he was pulling my leg somehow."

And Tom Merry, with a feeling of irritation—not an uncommon result of a conversation with Cardew—dismissed the matter from his mind, and gave his attention to buttered muffins.

Meanwhile, Cardew strolled along to Study No. 7 in the Shell, the study belonging to Crooke and Racke. He found them preparing to wind up a lavish tea with cigarettes—one of their little ways.

"Trot in," said Racke. "Have a fag, old top?"

"Thanks; not at the moment. I want you to do me a little favour, Racke."

Aubrey Racke smiled sourly. He had plenty of money; and though Cardew certainly never had borrowed any of it, Racke was prepared to resist the first attempt. He had not failed to observe Cardew's friendship with the wealthy Baggy.

"Apply to Trimble!" he answered.  
"How do you mean?"

"My dear old nut, I'm not lendin' money around. Hasn't Trimble risen to the giddy bait?" asked Racke sarcastically.

"Ask him home to Reckness House next holidays, and he'll lend you anythin' you like."

Cardew laughed.  
"You changed a ten-pound note for Trimble yesterday," he said.

"That's so."  
"Still got it?"

"Yes, in my pocket-book."  
"Can I have it?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Crooke. "That's cool."  
 "Can you have it?" repeated Rakce, with a stare. "No, of course you can't, you cheezy ass! Catch me lendin' you ten pounds!"

"But I'm not askin' you to lend it to me, dear boy," said Cardew imperiously. "I'm prepared to hand you ten currency notes for it. I just want the tender."

"Oh!" said Aubrey, taken rather aback. "If that's all, you can have the tender; I don't mind. Let's see the currency notes, though."

"You must be a giddy descendant of doubting Thomas, old bean," said Cardew pleasantly.

He counted out ten pound notes on the table. Rakce counted them, too; and he was not trusting in money matters.

Rakce opened his pocket-book, and took out the ten-pound note. There were a couple of fivers there, but it was the only tender. He flicked it across to Cardew with an air of carelessness.

"Sure it's the same one?" asked Cardew, examining the note with unusual care.

"Yes; only one I had, as it happens."

"Thanks, old bean!"

"Sure you won't stay for a smoke and a little game of banker?" asked Aubrey, as the elegant dandy of the Fourth turned to the door.

"Thanks, no—at present, I'm above temptation," said Cardew gravely. "I'm doin' nothin' but good deeds to-day, lookin' after miserable sinners, an' snatchin' brands from the burnin'. Nobody will ever know, but I shall have the approval of my own conscience, and that will be nice and exhilaratin', won't it?"

With that remark, Cardew strolled away, leaving Rakce and Crooke staring after him.

"Silly ass!" commented Rakce. "Always sayin' hangin' a fellow can't cotton on to. I say, what is he bangin' on to Trimble for, if he's in funds, as he seems to be?"

"Give it up," answered Crooke. "Perhaps he borrowed those currency notes from Trimble, though."

"Of course, that's it!" assented Rakce. "He wouldn't bother about the fat bounder for anythin' but his money. Where's the cards?"

And having locked the door, Rakce and Crooke settled down to banker and cigarettes, emerging an hour or two later with sickly-looking faces and nervy, cross tempers; very much did not look as if they really had enjoyed themselves which much.

### CHAPTER 8. Mysterious.

"AND a pot of stawbewwy jam!" said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy thoughtfully.

"Good!" said Blake.

Study No. 6, were in Dame Taggles' little shop, shopping for a late tea. Arthur Augustus D'Arcy being in funds, the whole study was in funds, and as they were hungry after cricket practice, they were laying in a good supply. Ralph Reckness Cardew strolled into the school shop and found them busy.

"Yes, Master Cardew?" said Dame Taggles, turning to her new customer.

"I'm not wantin' any of your excellent goods, ma'am," said the dandy of the Fourth affably. "I was wonderin' if you could give me a banknote for some currency notes?"

"Certainly!" said Mrs. Taggles. "I have a five-pound note that Master Trimble gave me yesterday."

"Only one?" asked Cardew.

"Two if you want them," said Mrs. Taggles, looking surprised. "Master Trimble changed one to-day as well."

"Mind if I take both, ma'am?"

"Not at all, Master Cardew," said the good dame.

Cardew counted out currency notes on the counter to the value of ten pounds. Mrs. Taggles sorted out Baggy's two fivers, and handed them across to the dandy of the Fourth.

"Collecting banknotes, what?" asked Blake.

Cardew nodded.

"Yes, makin' a regular collection," he answered. "I'm goin' to give 'em away, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What a dashed odd thing, that nobody believes a fellow when he's tellin' the truth!" remarked Cardew.

"Bai Jove! Do you weally mean to say that you are goin' to give those banknotes away, Cardew?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus.

"Certainly!"

"Then you needn't go far," said Herries sceptically. "I'll take 'em off your hands, if you like."

"They wouldn't be any use to you, I'm afraid, old Injun," said Cardew, with a shake of the head. "I'm goin' to give them away to a man in Wayland Town—as a sample!"

"As a sample!" exclaimed Digby.

"That's it! If he likes them, I'm goin' to ask Trimble to give him some more!"

"Great Scott!"

"What on earth are you burbling about, Cardew?" exclaimed Blake, in blank amazement. "Are you off your rocker?"

"I don't know!"

"You don't know!" yelled Blake.

"No, I feel as if I were quite in my right mind," said Cardew gravely. "But I'm actin' like a chap who's got bats in the belfry—several bats of the largest size. For instance, what would you think of a chap who had twenty pounds, an' expended it on account of a chap who wasn't worth twopence, at the very outside estimate of his value?"

"Blessed if I know!" said Blake in wonder. "Is that what you're doing, you funny ass?"

"That is a vewy remarkable statement, Cardew," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Are you weally——"

"After all, if a chap was goin' to put his money on a horse, why not put it on an ass instead?" said Cardew argumentatively. "By the way, will one of you chaps lend me a bike? That villain Trimble borrowed mine and left it punctured."

"You can borrow mine, Cardew. But weally——"

"Thanks, old bean!"

Cardew strolled out of the tuckshop. A few minutes later he was wheeling D'Arcy's bike down to the gates. Levison and Clive spotted him in the quad, and called to him.

"Cardew!"

"You've missed your tea, you ass!"

"See you later, old beans!" called back Cardew. "You shall stand me some supper, I shall be stony when I come in."

His chums came up before he could mount the bicycle.

"You stony?" said Clive. "You were stuffed with currency notes to-day!"

"Riches take unto themselves wings and fly away," said Cardew. "I'm blowin' the whole lot to-day!"

"If you're dabblin' in racing again——" began Clive gruffly.

"Cardew!" said Levison, with a clouded brow.

"Not guilty, my lords!" said Cardew.

"Then what are you doing?"

"A good deed!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

"Surprises you, what?" smiled Cardew. "It's the unexpected that always happens, you know. Naturally, you don't associate me in your innocent little minds with good deeds, such as Eric turned off in great numbers and variety. But this afternoon I'm Erickin—and goin' strong. Ta-ta!"

"Look here——" began Clive and Levison simultaneously. But Cardew waved a hand at them airily, and rode away, taking the lane to Wayland. Levison and Clive looked at one another in some disquiet. All that day their volatile chum had puzzled them.

"What on earth is he up to?" said Levison uneasily.

"Blest if I know!"

They walked back into the quadrangle in a thoughtful mood. It was close on time for lock-up when Ralph Reckness Cardew came in. When he entered the School House, the juniors were going into Hall for call-over, and Cardew joined the crowd of the Fourth. He nodded to Clive and Levison, but joined Baggy Trimble, who gave him a friendly grin. Cardew bestowed his sweetest smile on the fat junior.

"Dear old Baggy!" he murmured. "You've been keepin' me pretty busy to-day. How I shall miss you when you go to prison!"

Baggy Trimble jumped.

"Wha-a-at!" he ejaculated.

"What a loss it will be for the whole school!" continued Cardew in the same tone. "An' how the thump will you get on, Baggy? There's no tuckshop in prison, and how will you exist without jam-tarts?"

"Wha-a-at do you mean?" muttered Trimble faintly.

"Dear man, I mean that you'd better step into the Form-room an' have a merry little conversation with me after call-over, and I'll try to keep you from the laborious an' unpleasant task of pickin' oakum for the next few happy years!" said Cardew amiably.

Trimble hardly heard his name when Mr. Raitton called it from the roll. Cardew's words had given him the shock of his life—the banknotes that were not his seemed like a load upon him now. The guilty flee when no man pursueth; and a few light and careless words had been sufficient to throw Trimble into a state of quivering jelly with dread.

"Trimble!" repeated the Housemaster.

"Blake gave the fat junior a jog."

"Adsum!" gasped Trimble.

After roll-call Baggy Trimble rolled out of Big Hall with a scared face, and he made no resistance when Cardew took him by the arm and led him into a deserted Form-room.

## CHAPTER 9.

## Fishes Take Unto Themselves Wings.

**B**AGGY TRIMBLE blinked at the dandy of the Fourth in the dusky Form-room. He was trying to recover his nerve; but his nerve was never very good, and Cardew's whispered words had shaken it severely.

The dandy of the Fourth looked at him with an expression in which contemptuous compassion was mingled with amusement.

"Pull yourself together, my fat old bean!" he said encouragingly. "You're not in choky yet!"

"What do you mean?" gasped Trimble. "You—you silly ass—"

"Right on the wicket," said Cardew. "If you can pick out a sillier ass at St. Jim's I'd like to see the chap; he ought to have an O.B.E. at the very least. How much of the loot have you got left, my enterprisim' burglar?"

"The loot?"

"The banknotes you picked up in the wood yesterday," said Cardew pleasantly.

Trimble jumped.

"I didn't pick them up! I—"

"You found them there—what!"

"I—I— Findings keepings, you know," said Trimble feebly. "How do you know, you rotter? Besides, I didn't! My pater—"

"Oh, I know," said Cardew, with a nod. "I've had all that! Your pater sent you a cheque, or, alternatively, as the lawyer johnnies say, he sent a special messenger with banknotes. Likewise, he sent the family butler with them—and also the valet. I dare say he sent the groom of the chambers, too, and the merry old gardener, and the head gamekeeper—what?"

"Look here—"

"You've changed a tenner with Racke," said Cardew, "and two fivers with Mrs. Taggles. Not bad for twenty-four hours. You can go to it when you get started, old bean!"

"It's nothing to me," said Trimble, with an attempt at swank again. "Being rich, you know—"

"Cradled in the lap of luxury, an' all that," assented Cardew. "I know! Well, I've got the tenner away from Racke, and I've got the two fivers away from Mrs. Taggles. It's run me out of cash, an' what I've done it for I don't really know, unless it's because I'm what you called me—a silly ass. But I suppose a St. Jim's fellow ought to be kept out of prison, if possible—especially if he's too silly an idiot to know his right hand from his left—what?"

"I—I— What—I—" stammered Trimble. "Wharrer you mean, you beast? It's my money—"

"Dear man," said Cardew affectionately, "if it were it wouldn't make you much richer! You see, it's worth exactly the paper it's printed on, and no more than that."

"What?" howled Trimble.

"Listen, an' I will a tale unfold," said Cardew cheerily, while Trimble blinked at him with horrified eyes. "Yesterday the police caught a man passing counterfeit notes at Abbottsford race-ground—"

"Counterfeit notes!" gasped Trimble.

"Spoff fimsies," explained Cardew. "Gentleman called Flimsy Jim—most interestin' character, I believe. He bunked. In the circumstances, his bunkin' was natural, and not justifiable. He was run down in Rylcombe Wood, some St. Jim's fellows lendin' a hand at baggin' him; and as the fimsies weren't found on him, the wise an' learned peelers opined that he had chucked them away somewhere on the run. Got that?"

"Oh!" gasped Trimble.

Back into his fat mind came the picture of the sporting man lurking and dodging in the wood, listening like a hunted hare, and hiding the leather pouch of banknotes in the beech.

Counterfeit notes!

He understood now.

Baggy's fat face was white as chalk; his fat knees knocked together. If ever an unscrupulous young rascal was punished for his rascality, Baggy Trimble was punished now. In his terror, he leaned on a desk for support.

"Oh dear!" he groaned. "Ow! Then—ow—"

"Got it into your thick head?" asked Cardew pleasantly.

"Good!"

"B—but how do you know?" spluttered Trimble.

"Puttin' two an' two together, old fat bean. Runnin' dealer in fimsies who chucked away his spoof notes—first point. Sudden wealth of an impecunious young scoundrel, in the form of banknotes—second point. Heard that you'd scoffed a cake an' bolted in the wood; so you were on the scene—third point. Pulled your leg, an' drew from you various lyin' accounts of how you came by the money—fourth point—"

"Oh, you rotter!" panted Trimble.

"Dear man!"

"I—I say, I'll burn 'em!" gasped Trimble. "Keep it dark, you know."

"You can't burn the notes you've passed, you young rascal!"

"Oh dear!" spluttered Baggy. "I'll lend me twenty pounds, Cardew, old chap. I've only changed that much."

"Great minds run in grooves, by Jove!" said Cardew.

"Haven't I told you that I've got back the notes you passed, dummy?"

"Oh, good! Give them to me, and—and—"

"I've already handed them to the police-inspector at Wayland," answered Cardew.

Trimble gave a howl of dismay.

"Ow! I'm done for! Wow! Oh dear! I—I'll run away."

"I—I— Oh, you rotter! You awful beast! You—you— Ow—wow!"

"When you've done, I'll run on," said Cardew cheerfully.

"I was bound to take them to the police, to get official information that they were bogus notes. They were very cleverly done, an' I couldn't be sure. The inspector knew them at once, though, as the handwork of Flimsy James, who seems to be a gentleman of really remarkable gifts. So I told him a St. Jim's chap had found the notes—"

"Ow!"

"And that I brought over that little lot as a sample to see if they were the ones he wanted."

"Eh?"

"And that, as he said they were, the other chap would take the lot to his headmaster, to be passed on to the police."

"Oh!" Baggy Trimble breathed again.

"And now, what you've got to do is to take the lot to Dr. Holmes, and tell him you found them in the wood, as you did," said Cardew. "Tell him I took some specimens over to the Wayland police, who have kept them. You needn't tell him more than that, unless you want to Understand?"

Baggy Trimble's fat brain did not work quickly, but he understood at last.

"I—I see!" he stammered.

"And if you ever find any money again, old bean, you'd better let the owner have it," suggested Cardew, with a smile. "Pickin' an' stealin' needs more brains than you're provided with, my poor old porpoise. You're rogue enough—"

"Look here—"

"But to be a really successful rogue you need some brains, and you haven't any. My advice is, chuck it."

"You chuck it, beast—"

"If Mrs. Taggles had sent those notes to the bank, or Racke had changed the tenner at a shop, you fat idiot, you'd have been found out and arrested. Can you get that into your thick head?"

"Oh dear!" gasped Trimble.

Levison of the Fourth looked into the dusky Form-room.

"Cardew, you're here—"

"Just come, old duck," said Cardew. "I've been givin' our dear friend Trimble a lecture on honesty an' integrity an' general uprightness. It's done him good. Hasn't it, Trimble?"

"Ow—yes—no!" mumbled Trimble.

"Take the banknotes to the Head at once, while you've got the chance," Cardew whispered; and he joined Levison and walked out of the Form-room.

Trimble remained alone, in a state of great misery. His sudden riches had taken unto themselves wings and flown away, which was bad enough in itself. But the narrow escape he had had, the terrible disgrace and probable punishment from which Cardew had saved him, made the wretched junior tremble and shiver as he thought over them.

Why Cardew had done it Baggy hardly troubled to ask himself. Why he had expended his ample cash, and exerted himself, when he hated expansion of any kind, in saving a fellow whom he certainly despised, and probably disliked, Baggy did not attempt to penetrate that mystery. He was too busy thinking of his own fat skin to bother his head about problems of any kind, and certainly the problem of Cardew's curious character would never have been solved by Trimble.

Baggy Trimble realised that Cardew's advice was too good not to be taken. At all events, there was still time to save himself, and there was only one way; and in a few minutes Baggy Trimble was on his way to the Head's study, with the spurious banknotes to hand over to Dr. Holmes.

"Now what is this idiotic game you've been playing, Cardew?" demanded Levison, when they came into Study No. 9 in the Fourth.

"Game?" repeated Cardew vaguely.

"Still chumming with Trimble?" granted Clive.

Cardew shook his head.

"None. I find that the worthy and estimable Baggy bores me more than three fowls do," he answered amiably. "That friendship has been brief; an', on second thoughts, I should decline to touch Trimble with a barge-pole."

"What were you paying the ox for as all?"

"I wonder," answered Cardew.

(Continued on page 19.)

# All On His Own!



By  
**DUNCAN STORM.**

(Author of some of the most popular school and adventure stories ever written.)

The story of a lad who, left alone in the world, sets out to face life's many struggles.

## A Friend in Need

"**A**SHES to ashes—dust to dust—" The murmured words came from the clergyman standing at the head of the grave. Jim, the solitary mourner, stood at the foot.

Jim had a hard lump in his throat, and he wanted to cry.

He had lots to cry about, for in that coffin which lay deep in the soft ground was his old great-Aunt Susan, the last friend he had in the world.

The handful of earth had rattled on the coffin-lid.

But Jim would not cry if he could help it. Not till the parson and the gravediggers had gone, and he was left alone in the world.

Jim liked the gravediggers. They had handled the coffin so gently and kindly, just as though they knew what a dear old soul had taken her departure from the body which lay below. Gently they had lowered it on the hands of webbing into the earth.

It was nearly all over now.

The voice of the clergyman died away. Aunt Susan was buried, and Jim was left all on his own in the world.

The clergyman shook hands with him and turned away, for there was another funeral turning in at the cemetery gate.

The head gravedigger shook hands with him also. He knew Jim slightly.

"Where are you going, boy?" he asked.

"Don't know," replied Jim sullenly. "I've a mind to look for work in the brickyards over at Dennington."

The gravedigger nodded doubtfully.

Jim Ready was a small boy for hard work. He was just fourteen, and sturdy enough for his age. But he had hardly filled out enough for hard work.

"Got any money?" asked the gravedigger.

"A shilling," replied Jim bravely. "I've paid everyone, and that's all I have left. I have given the key of the cottage to the landlord, and he'll take the furniture for arrears of rent."

"The grasping scoundrel!" replied the gravedigger. "Here's another job to keep yours company. It's a lucky one. I dug it up from the ground. If you don't get on at the brickyard, come back here to Barham."

Jim nodded. He could not speak just then. He gripped the band of the gravedigger and marched away in the direction of the great avenue of Barham Cemetery.

Here he turned westward towards the gates, which showed in delicate tracery against the sunset.

He paused for a moment to look at one tomb which stood by itself in a small enclosure of privet hedge.

It was a beautiful bronze figure of an angel, and the granite plinth bore the simple inscription: "In loving memory of Ann Lincoln, who died March 4th, 1905."

Everyone stopped to look at that tomb, for it was the work of a great sculptor, and was erected to the memory of the mother of a great man.

Her son, John Lincoln, was one of the pioneers of the new Africa. Jim had heard a

lot about him in Barham Town. John Lincoln had once been the bad boy of the town. He had run away to sea. He had distinguished himself in the Boer War as a youngster, and now they called him the Uncrowned King of Africa, since he had taken up the work of Cecil Rhodes, sleeping in his lonely grave in the Matopos.

Barham was very proud of John Lincoln. It was he who had built the new town-hall and the hospital, and it was he who had given a new life to St. Beowulf's School by vast endowments, so that it had become one of the greatest schools in the country.

John Lincoln lived in Africa in his house overlooking the vast expanse of Lake Tanganyika, and the threads of the Empire were in his busy hands.

Jim felt a new warmth in his heart as he turned from the grave of Ann Lincoln. He knew that John Lincoln had been a poor boy like himself. His mother had struggled along in a small dressmaking business in a back street in the town. She had always believed in her bad boy, even when he had run away to sea from Barham Port.

John Lincoln had come back, bringing his sheaves with him. He had built his old mother a grey-stone palace outside the town, which was called Greyfadies. Having stayed at home with her a long time, he had taken her to Africa with him. Then she had come home, very proud of her son who had risen to greatness, but giving him gladly to his country.

Now she had died in that son's arms, for he had left everything and had hurried across two continents to be with his old mother at the last.

Jim knew all the story. Old Aunt Susan had told it to him dozens of times.

He made up his mind that he, too, would go out in the world, and would make his name and fortune. Over that humble grave of his last friend he would build a monument as worthy as that which marked the grave of Ann Lincoln, the great mother of a great son.

Jim was so absorbed in his thoughts that he almost ran against a tall man who had turned out of a side-walk of the cemetery, a big-framed man with a weather-bitten, clean-shaven face and keen blue eyes which looked kindly down on him.

"Hallo, sonny!" said the man kindly.

"That's all right, lad," said the man.

"You are not big enough to tread on me. Was that you at that funeral just then?"

The speaker jerked his head in the direction from which Jim had come.

"Yes, sir," said Jim. And, in spite of himself, his eyes clouded with tears.

"Mother?" asked the big man, with sympathy.

"Mother died when I was a baby, sir,"

answered Jim slowly, trying to hide his tears. "So did my father. It was my old great-aunt who brought me up. Now she is dead."

"All on your own—eh?" said the stranger.

"Yes, sir," replied Jim soberly. "I'm all on my own now."

"What are you going to do?" asked the man, with a side-glance at Jim's shabby clothes and his patched boots.

"I'm going to try and get a job in the brickyards at Dennington," answered Jim quietly.

"They had turned out at the cemetery-gate now, and were on the Dennington Road, which runs along the rolling line of the downs."

Jim knew all the country within sight. There was Gastonbury Ring, the great clump of trees on the high downs. Martie Bush and High March, the great castle where John Lincoln lived for a few weeks every few years when he was in England. There was Bilberry Glen running down towards the sea under Black Gang Head, and across Wayford Downs the road lay straight before them. It led past Wolf's, as they called it in the district—St. Beowulf's School.

"I can get to Dennington some time during the night, sir," said Jim stoutly. "I know a lane where I can get a sleep, and I'll be early on the job in the morning. Then perhaps I can get a start. I've heard they want a few boys in the yard."

"But you are small for that sort of work," said the big man, looking down at his companion as he marched alongside him.

"And I've got to work, too," replied Jim.

"Have you no money, then?" asked the man.

"Two shillings," replied Jim; "but I will be all right with that much."

The kindly gentleman looked at Jim with thoughtful eyes.

"I can make it a pound, if you like," he said.

Jim shook his head.

"The gravedigger gave me a shilling," he said. "I know him, and I can pay him back. But I don't know you, and I could not pay back a pound for a long time."

"Going to get on in the world—eh?" asked Jim's companion.

The lad nodded.

"Going to try, sir," he said hopefully.

"That's nearly as good," said the stranger, with a smile. "Sometimes it is better. I like a tryer—a chap who, when he is down and out, will not be beaten, and who keeps his head and his heart up all the time—one who will help a lame dog over a stile, even when he's limping himself. That's my man!"

He spoke almost fiercely.

There was a pause for a time. Now and then a car would flash by them, but no offer of a lift came their way.

Jim's companion noticed this, and smiled grimly.

"The people in cars don't often seem to offer a lift to the people on foot, do they, lad?" he asked.

"No, sir," replied Jim.

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"That's the way of the world, sonny. What will you do when you get a car?" Jim laughed in spite of himself.

"There's plenty of time for that, sir," he answered. "I've got to get a living first, and then—"

"And then?" queried the stranger.

"Well, I am going to put up a fine tombstone over my old aunt's grave," answered Jim, with a sudden confidence. "A fine tombstone like the one on Mrs. Lincoln's grave."

The grim face of the stranger twitched.

"That's what you are going to do, are you?" he asked. "But a fine tombstone is no good to a dead woman."

"It's all I can do to repay, sir," said Jim. The stranger's eyes glittered in the last of the sunset that was dying away over Black Gang Head.

"It's the right spelt, my boy," he said; "but you've got a long way to go if you are on the beat for work in a brickyard. I've a mind to help you on the road. Your road does not lay that way."

The stranger pointed along the dusky highway towards Dennington.

"Then which way does it lie, sir?" asked Jim, half amused.

"Wait a minute or two, and I will show you," replied the stranger, stepping out briskly.

They were skirting the walls of St. Beowulf's School now—high walls of red brick and stone, over which showed the great bare elms which skirted the playing-field.

Jim could hear the sounds of boys' voices chattering in the distance, and he sighed. It seemed to him that the boy who was at St. Beowulf's was the happiest boy in the world. "The Wolves' cricket teams were here from one end of the country to the other. The Wolves had beaten Barham Rowing Club in regattas, and it was said that the great library at St. Beowulf's was such a library that it could never be read in a lifetime."

Soon they came to a stop at the great gates of the school, gates of splendid bronze work.

One of the gates stood ajar, and the great drive up to the portal of the first quadrangle was cut up by the marks of wheels, for to-day was the opening of term.

Jim peered timidly in at the gates.

"That's your road!" said the stranger, pointing up the avenue.

Jim stared at him.

"Do you think they will give me a job there as book boy, sir?" he asked, a wild hope sending the blood flying to his face.

Perhaps this stranger was someone who had a pull with the service department of the great school. He looked something like a working man, but his rough tweed clothes, though they were shabby, were very good. Jim had heard that there was a book boy employed in the school.

"Book boy!" said the stranger, with a short laugh. "No, I mean as a schoolboy. If you are going to make your way in the world to-day you have got to get education. That is what you can get at that school."

Jim gasped. He had heard all about the school. The fees for all boys save the Lincoln scholars, who were the pick of the schools of Canada, Australia, South Africa, New Zealand, and the Indian Empire, were three hundred pounds a year. Even at that, if you wanted to get into St. Beowulf's as a passing scholar, your name had to be put down when you were about three years old. Then you stood a chance on the waiting-list.

He began to think that his companion was a stray lunatic. Yet it seemed to be talking too much sense for a lunatic.

"But I've only got two shillings, sir!" he gasped, almost laughing.

The stranger drew from his pocket a square of parchment, which made a sort of crumpled noise as he unfolded it.

"Make a back!" he ordered. "I want a desk."

Jim stooped, with his hands on his knees. The stranger laid the parchment on his back, and signed it with a fountain-pen. Then he folded it and gave it to the boy.

"There's your ticket, lad," he said grimly. "Don't open it again. Leave it as I have folded it. Walk up to that big gate, ring the bell, and ask to see Dr. Brackenbury. When you see him, all you've got to do is to give him that parchment, and see what he says about it. Good-night and good luck! Remember, you've got your chance! Take it! Work hard, keep clean in body and heart, fight your battles with your fists, and

always help the little 'uns and the lame dogs, for that's the right road to manhood, and will take you to a Greater Gate than the gates of this school. So-long!"

Jim's hand was gripped for a second in the powerful hand of his companion, who then hurried away, leaving the boy irresolute in that imposing gateway.

For a moment Jim hesitated. The whole affair was so fantastic that he thought that the stranger must be mad. Yet all he had said was sane and sound.

**Jim's Warm Reception!**

**T**HE lodgekeeper's door was closed. There was no one to stop him on that broad, empty road up to the gates of the school.

A scent of bloters in the air showed that the lodgekeeper was at his tea. Jim slipped in at the half-open gate, feeling as if he were a trespasser, and marched up that white quarter of a mile between the avenue of stately old oaks, towards the great carved door of the school.

Drawing near to this, he came to a halt, his heart sinking. What had he to do with this magnificent building and its master—the great headmaster, Dr. Brackenbury? He would turn him from the door!

Jim hugged the parchment under the arm of his shabby jacket to give himself courage.

The portal was closed—a great gate of oak covered with fine carvings—but a small door in the greater gate was ajar, and through Jim could get a glimpse of the school porter, Jorrocks, in his gold-laced top-hat.

Jorrocks was in his lodge, sorting letters which had arrived by the evening mail.

At the gate was a great bronze bell-pull just within Jim's reach.

He reached up, and gave it a timid tug, which was answered by a fierce jangle, loud as a fire-alarm.

Jorrocks, in his lodge, looked up, and saw the boy waiting outside the great gate. He came to the door.

"Hallo, sonny! What is it?" he asked, not unkindly. "We don't want any papers to-night."

Jorrocks had caught sight of the white bundle under Jim's arm.

Jim swallowed down the lump in his throat, and moistened his dry lips.

"Please, sir, it's not papers," he said quietly. "I've got a message to Dr. Brackenbury."

It took a lot to astonish old Jorrocks, but he peeped over his spectacles at Jim.

"What did this shabby little chap want with a personal interview with the Head?"

"Have you got an appointment, my boy?" he asked inquiringly.

"No, sir, only this," said Jim desperately, as he held out the parchment which the stranger had given him.

Old Jorrocks stepped outside the gate, and started as he took the parchment from the boy, and unfolded it.

Jim could not see what was on the front of the document, which appeared to be a plan of some sort. But he saw Jorrocks' face when he looked at it, and scanned the writing in the corner.

Jorrocks' face suddenly became devoid of all expression. Jorrocks had served many years in the Army, and could control his face as only a man can who has been a regimental sergeant-major.

Jim's heart seemed to stand still.

Would Jorrocks tell him to cut and clear out of it, or threaten to have him locked up with his absurd parchment? Not a bit of it!

"Come in, my boy," said the porter, in a matter-of-fact tone, drawing Jim through the door into the great Saxon archway.

Here groups of boys regarded him curiously. These were the wonderful Wolves and



The stranger drew from his pocket a square of parchment, which made a sort of crumpled noise as he unfolded it. "Make a back, lad," he said to Jim. "I want a desk." Jim stooped, with his hands on his knees. The stranger laid the parchment on his back and then signed it with a fountain-pen.

Suddenly the sound of a splash was heard, and Jim and Stickjaw came to a halt and looked round. One of the planks had tilted up and Slurk landed upon it, and with a howl the five bullies fell with a plop into the water below.



Wolf cubs standing about, reading the posted notices signed by the Head, the Housemasters, and the Prefects.

"Hallo, Jorrocks!" called one merry-faced youth of about Jim's own age. "Is this the hundredth boy?"

A laugh that was not unkindly went up from the groups standing around as Jorrocks, holding Jim by the arm, limped slowly through the great gateway into the quadrangle beyond.

There was a good deal of excitement in the school about the hundredth boy, for there was a vacancy in the ranks of the Lincoln scholars. There were only ninety-nine in the school this term, and the new scholar might turn up any day. He might be a Chinese, Malay, Boer, or a Zulu. There was always an interest in the Lincoln scholars, who came from all over the world.

"Never you mind, Master Sweet!" said Jorrocks, addressing the inquiring youth. "Here's a chance to make yourself useful. Take this young gent across to the Abbot's Room. You will find the doctor there."

"Mind you don't lose him, Stickjaw!" called a voice.

"Stickjaw," said Master Lionel Sweet was called in St. Beowulf's, gave Jim a friendly grin.

"Come along, young Daniel," he said. "I'll show you the lion's den. What's that you've got under your arm?"

"It's something I have got to give the doctor," replied Jim.

"Let's have a squint at it," suggested Stickjaw.

"I'd rather not," replied Jim. "It's private, and I was told not to look at it."

"All right," replied Master Sweet readily. "Look out," there's Slurk! We don't want to run into him. At least, I don't want to run into him."

"Who's Slurk?" asked Jim.

"An awful brute, Fifth Form bully, and a regular butcher!" answered Stickjaw, making for the shadow that lay deep under the chapel walls. "Slurk doesn't like me. He's marked me down."

He toddled towards a tall youth who was murching across the quad, looking from right to left with furtive eyes.

"He is in a rotten bad temper, seeking whom he may devour," said Stickjaw. "You can always tell when Slurk is in one of his rotten moods. He squints right and left, and wags his head like an elephant. Plimpy best!"

Then Stickjaw gave a sigh of resignation.

"He's seen us!" he murmured. "Here he

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comes down on us like the Assyrians on the fold."

Slurk changed course suddenly in the middle of the quad, and headed off the two figures who were trying to evade him.

"Hallo, young Sweetstuff!" said the bully of St. Beowulf's, in a squeaky voice. "Who have you here?"

He stared into Jim's face, and affected great surprise.

"A Towny cad!" he exclaimed, in simulated horror. "What is a Towny cad doing in the quadrangle? Who let him in?"

"You had better leave him alone, Slurk," replied Stickjaw boldly. "He's got a message for the doctor, and Jorrocks has passed him through the gate."

"He started into Jim's face, and affected great surprise. "A Towny cad!" he exclaimed, in simulated horror. "What is a Towny cad doing in the quadrangle? Who let him in?"

"You had better leave him alone, Slurk," replied Stickjaw boldly. "He's got a message for the doctor, and Jorrocks has passed him through the gate."

"He started into Jim's face, and affected great surprise. "A Towny cad!" he exclaimed, in simulated horror. "What is a Towny cad doing in the quadrangle? Who let him in?"

Slurk pointed to the fountain which stood in the middle of the quadrangle. It was a fine piece of statuary which some former scholar had presented to the school. It represented Neptune surrounded by mermen. In its basin lived great golden carp.

"What's that you've got under your arm, young 'un?" demanded Bully Slurk, seizing Jim's arm in an agonising grip.

Jim winced. Slurk was a specialist at this game, and his bony hand had the grip of a lobster's claw.

"Let's see 'em, Mr. Brackenbury!" Jim replied.

"What-ho!" exclaimed the bully, in surprise. "Who is this rooster who crows so loudly? I'll teach you to check me, my young friend! Let's have a squint at that pocket, and then into the fountain you go!"

He snatched at the parchment, but Jim tore his arm suddenly from the bully's grasp, and evaded the clutching hand.

"You leave that alone," he said hotly.

"You dare talk to me!" roared the bully. "Come here! I'll show you!"

He made a dash at the small boy. Then he got the surprise of his life.

Jim was desperate. He knew that the parchment, whatever it contained, was of the utmost importance to him. He was nervous enough in these new surroundings. But it was the great school building and the spacious quad which made him nervous, not his bully.

Quick as lightning he hit out, and the boy fell fair and true on the bully's nose, sending him spinning backwards, to fall with a thud on the hard ground.

"Now bunk!" gasped Stickjaw. Jim needed no second bidding. He ran after Stickjaw as fast as he could, clutching the precious parchment to his breast, and heading to the corner of the quad which led to the Abbot's Room.

The bully, holding his nose in one hand, picked himself up. Then he gave a howl. "Stop 'em—stop 'em!" he yelled. "A Slurk—"

It was the battle-cry of the bullies, and five shadowy figures answered it, rushing out by the Buttery Arch, near which was the entrance to "Lockhart's," as the great stately dining-hall was called.

"Catch 'em!" yelled Slurk, nursing his nose. The five Slurkites sprinted for the runaways. They were all big fellows and big bullies. Foremost was a huge Barbadoes nigger, Washington Smith by name, but known at St. Beowulf's as "Quashie." Close on his heels ran Tolson, Sponge, Mudd, and Ponder, the select crew which Slurk had gathered around him.

The nigger had the start. He came career-ing along like a mad bull, and Stickjaw saw that the nigger never made the entrance to the Abbot's Passage, which led from the corner of the great quad to the Abbot's Room.

"Look out!" he gasped, turning upon Jim.

"Follow me!"

The nigger was close on them, and, greatly to Jim's surprise, he lowered his head as he came charging upon Stickjaw, butting like a goat.

Just then, Stickjaw, travelling at full speed along the chapel wall, suddenly stopped, swerved, and Quashie, head down, butted with a smash into an ivy-covered stone buttress of the chapel.

Jim felt sick as he, too, swerved.

"He's killed!" he gasped.

"Not him!" replied Stickjaw. "He's a nigger. Got a head like an iron safe. He's only howling because I hacked his shins. Look out for the other four! I'm going for the fountain!"

Stickjaw and Jim raced across the quadrangle, the four bullies and Slurk, who had picked himself up, following close on their heels.

"Now we've got 'em!" yelled Slurk in triumph, as the youngsters flew towards the great basin of the fountain.

This was sixty feet wide, and enclosed by a low coping of carved stone. It was now planked in, preparatory to being redone up. Stickjaw hopped over the low coping and on to the planks with Jim at his shoulder, making straight for Neptune, in the middle of the structure.

"After them!" yelled Slurk. "They'll dodge us!"

The five bullies leaped over the coping of the fountain.

"Come on, kid!" muttered Stickjaw under his breath, as he clapped his hand on the head of a stone merman, and swung himself round the fountain.

Jim followed him like a slip of greased lightning.

Suddenly the sound of a splash was heard, and Jim and Stickjaw came to a halt and looked round. They saw at a glance what had happened. One of the planks had tilted up as Slurk landed upon it, and with a howl the five bullies fell with a plop into the water below.

With a smile, the two pursued hopped lightly on to terra firma, and made for the Abbot's Passage.

They could hear gaspings and gruntings behind them.

"Will they take any harm?" panted Jim.

"Not they," answered Stickjaw. "Water's only three feet deep. They'll shake up the middle of the Sixth Form matter, and get into the shadow. There's old Black Beard! He's nabbed 'em! Listen, while we get our breath. He's a sarcastic beast!"

Stickjaw came to a halt in the shadow of the last buttress of the chapel. It was a big flying buttress covered with ivy, and it gave them good cover.

"That's Ted Teach," explained Stickjaw. "He's the Sixth Form matter, and we call him Black Beard because there was a chap called Ted Teach once who was a great pirate on the Spanish Main, and he was called 'Black Beard' too."

Jim peeped round the buttress. Hastening across the quad he saw a black-bearded figure in flowing gown, with a mortar and cap, peering rather jauntily on a close-cropped head.

"Good-evening, young gentlemen!" roared a



atorian voice, which echoed through the whole quadrangle. "What are you doing in the fountain? Are you bathing? Why do I find you thus—swimming, one here, another there, as it were?"

"Please, sir—" began a whining voice in explanation.

The dark figure in the gown was now peering into the fountain.

"Ha, ha! gentleman Black Beard. My old friends Slurk, Todesson, Mudd, and Ponder; and that gentleman sitting up to his neck in water, is, if I mistake not, Sponge major—my old friend Sponge major—my dear old friend Sponge major! Now, what are you doing in the fountain, young gentlemen?"

"Please, sir, we were only trying to leap on to the coping!" piped Todesson, his teeth chattering.

"Experientia stultorum magistra—experience is the mistress of fools!" roared Black Beard.

"We wanted to see if the workmen had finished at the fountain, sir," growled Slurk.

"Duos qui sequitur lepores, neutrum capit—he that follows two hares catches neither!" roared Black Beard. "Come out of that fountain! Go and change your clothes and then present yourselves in the Sixth Form room, where I will warm you according to time-honoured custom, which decrees six of the best for bathing in the fountain."

"Please, sir, we weren't bathing!" began Slurk.

"Six more for attempted justification!" sneered Black Beard, as he stalked off to the room which was called the "Pirate's Lair." "Have a care, Slurk, lest you find the fountain a 'fons marorum,' or a fountain of evil."

The bullies, dripping and discomfited, crawled out of the pool, and made off to their quarters, Stickjaw stuffing his handkerchief into his mouth to suppress his laughter till Mr. Teach was out of hearing.

"Teach-ho saw it all," he whispered. "Did you hear how he said about chasing two hares?"

"What's he going to do to them?" asked Jim.

"Swish 'em!" replied Stickjaw. "It is six for getting in the fountain. And I can tell you six from the old pirate when he's fresh and hefty at the beginning of term makes a chap feel as if he had been sitting on a red-hot gridiron. Now we'll come along to the Abbot's Room!"

### "Welcome to the School."

He led the way down a dark passage at the end of the chapel, turning in at a great carved Saxon doorway. Here was a hall flagged with squares of black and white marble, and a great oak door which opened into an ante-chamber.

"Don't be funky!" whispered Stickjaw. "That's the Head's door. I'll tap for you."

He tapped lightly on the haize door.

"Come in!" called a pleasant voice.

Stickjaw opened the door, and ushered Jim into the great, oak-paneled room, which was so large that its book-lined walls were lost in shadows.

Inside, a stately figure in a flowing gown was seated at a small reading-desk, on which lay a great leather-bound volume from which the reader was taking notes.

Jim was conscious of a kindly glance from a pair of very blue eyes, dimmed by gold spectacles.

"Well, Sweet," asked the headmaster, in a gentle, even voice, "what is it?"

"A boy wants to see you, sir," said Stickjaw very humbly. "The porter told me to bring him along to you."

Dr. Brackenbury's eyes turned on the parchment, which Jim was holding close against his threadbare coat.

"Retire into the ante-room, Sweet, and wait there till I call you," he said.

Stickjaw discreetly retired, closing the base-covered door behind him with a reluctance which showed that he would sooner have headed.

The headmaster waited till the door was closed, then with a twinkle in his eyes, he turned to Jim.

"Well, my boy," he said kindly, "what can I do for you? You have apparently passed the Cerebrus at the gate, and—"

"Please, sir, a man gave me this on the road, and told me to bring it to you," said Jim, stammering and confused.

Dr. Brackenbury held out his hand, took the parchment, and slowly unfolded it. Jim had a glimpse of a great red seal and black lettering, and he saw the doctor start with surprise as he examined the signature in the lower left-hand corner of the document.

"What sort of man gave you this?" asked the headmaster.

"A tall gentleman, sir," replied Jim. "He was clean shaven, and his face was very brown and he had a scar on his cheek. He walked with a slight limp, wore two good clothes, and looked like a working man, yet he wasn't one."

Dr. Brackenbury smiled. Unwittingly Jim had described the great John Lincoln to the life. The lion which had mauled him had scarred his cheek and had given him that slight limp.

"So your name is James Ready?" asked the doctor.

"Yes, sir."

The doctor put a few more questions in his quiet, level voice, and in the answers Jim told his whole story—how the stranger had watched him at the funeral, had fallen in with him as he came away from the cemetery, had talked with him, giving him the parchment. He nodded gravely as Jim told him how his old aunt had been his only relative living, and how he was now all alone in the world.

"Do you know what this document is, my boy?" he asked, after a while, turning the parchment round so that Jim could see the old-fashioned black lettering in which it was printed, and the great red seal blazoned with the arms of St. Beowulf's attached to it by a silken ribbon.

"No, sir," replied Jim, trying to read the Latin letters and wishing that he knew as much of that language as Black Beard.

"It means that you have had a very lucky meeting with a very distinguished man," replied the doctor gravely. "I did not know

that Mr. Lincoln was in England. He comes and he goes at High March Castle without giving any notice of his movements. You have met him, and you have pleased him, and he has awarded to you the one vacant Lincoln Scholarship of the hundred scholarships which are in his gift as the head governor and the great benefactor of this school. This document entitles you to free education, board, pocket-money, and clothing until you are eighteen years of age. It also entitles you to a leaving scholarship to Oxford for the coming year, and your further education in any profession you may adopt till you are competent to earn your own living."

Jim turned dizzy. He had eaten nothing that day, and this great news was almost too much for him.

Jim dropped into the chair. He could feel the room spinning round him.

"If Aunt Susan could only have known!" he whispered huskily. "She was so worried because—"

Jim could say no more. He dropped his head on his arms, and burst into tears.

The great headmaster rose, and walked round the table to Jim. He could read the lad's thoughts.

"Who knows but that your good old aunt does know all about your good fortune at this moment—this very moment—my dear fellow?" he said, placing a hand upon the lad's shoulder. "It is plain that you have been a good and faithful boy. Mr. Lincoln saw this, or he would not have given you this scholarship, for he is a judge of men. I can see that you want food. So dry your eyes, and Master Sweet, who is doubtless getting very impatient outside, shall take you to the matron for outfit, and to Hall for supper. I bid you welcome to the school, and I feel sure you will turn out a credit to all of us."

With these kindly words the Head comforted the boy. Then he turned to the safe that stood in the corner of the room, and carefully locked up the parchment.

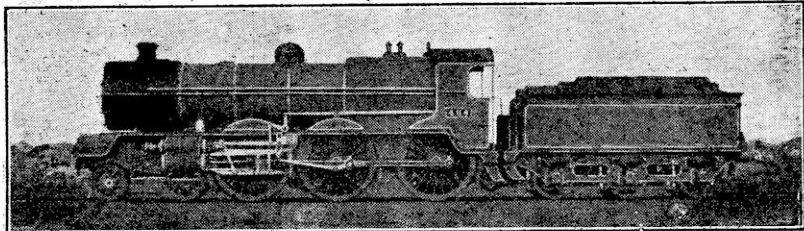
"Sweet!" he called.

The haize door simply flew open, and Stickjaw entered in answer to his name.

"Let me introduce to you the hundredth Lincoln scholar," said the headmaster, smiling. "I make you his mentor, Sweet. You will take him to the matron, who will give him his outfit and his Lincoln cap and blazer. You will no doubt remember that he is entitled to-night to the founder's sovereign, and the right to spend it at the tuck-shop. Generally, you will show him all the ropes and look after him. His name is James Ready, and you can take him into your own study. Now shake hands with him."

*(Jim Ready is dazed by the sudden change in his fortunes. The great world of school about which he has often heard, lies before him. His first experiences as a Lincoln scholar at St. Beowulf's, which are full of startling incidents, are recounted in next Wednesday's enthralling instalment of this great new serial. Don't miss it on any account!)*

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# The ST. JIM'S NEWS

Edited By TOM MERRY.

## The Malady of P.-c. Crump.

By Robert Arthur Digby.

"HARK!" said Tom Merry. "Bai Jove! What ev'at is it, dear boys?" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

The party of St. Jim's juniors who had come along the towing-path by the River Rhyl halted, and looked at each other in amazement and concern. A deep, mysterious sound smote their ears, coming from behind a large bush near at hand. That sound was repeated at regular intervals, and was truly vibrant in tonation. "My hat!" ejaculated Jack Blake, his face suddenly clearing. "I've got it! It's somebody snoring!"

"Why, of course," said Tom Merry. "I recognise the sounds now. But, my word, what a giddy snore! It's like nothing on earth! Let's find out who's taking a nap behind there!"

The juniors went over to the bush, and looked behind it. Then a chorus of astonished gasps arose as their eyes beheld a fat figure in blue uniform, and surmounted by a large helmet, lying recumbent on the grass behind the bush.

"Crump!" ejaculated Monty Lowther. "It's P.-c. Crump!"

"Tid—the lazy old blighter!" said Tom Merry.

P.-c. Crump, the village policeman of Rylecombe, slumbered noisily on the green-sward, basking in the sun of the afternoon. The juniors looked at him, and grinned.

"Well, if this doesn't beat the band!" said Jack Blake. "Crump ought to be ashamed of himself, asleep on his beat! This is gross

neglect of duty! The old bird ought to be taught a lesson!"

"And I've got a pheeze, chaps!" grinned Monty Lowther. "Have you read in the paper of a mysterious disease that is going about lately—a sort of fever that turns its victims' faces scarlet, and lays 'em up for about a fortnight? The doctors say it's a form of summer 'flu. Well, I've got some red ink in my stylo-pen. Mixed with some river water and applied to old Crump's chivvy, it ought to have the required effect—what?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" Monty Lowther set about carrying his plan into execution. The red ink, diluted with water, made an excellent red stain. Monty worked gently and quietly, while P.-c. Crump slumbered. Within a very short while the complexion of the village bobby was changed to one of flaming red.

"My hat!" gasped Tom Merry, stifling his chuckles of mirth. "What a sidly picture! He'll cause a sensation when he wakes up, and—"

"I'm off for the ambulance!" said Monty Lowther, with a grin. "Crump mustn't be left like this in such a condition! This case calls for immediate help. Sha'n't be long!"

"Bai Jove!" Monty Lowther ran off, and P.-c. Crump slumbered. Within a very short while the village portable ambulance, and accompanied by a large gathering of villagers and St. Jim's chaps.

Gries of consternation arose when they saw the recumbent form of P.-c. Crump and his flaming red visage.

Jack Blake gave the constable a gentle stir with his boot, and the village arm of the law awoke.

"Yaw-aw-aw!" he grunted; and then gave a start when he saw the ambulance and the people gathered about him. "My henly! It's Wessup!"

"Do not excite yourself, Crump!" said Monty Lowther, laying a gentle hand on the amazed constable's brow. "You'll be all right now. We'll look after you. Don't worry!"

"W-wot the dickens do you mean?" gasped P.-c. Crump. "Is—is that 'ere hambulance for me?"

"Yes, and you are going to the infirmary!" said Monty Lowther, taking off a pocket mirror. "You must go away before you infect the rest of the village. You've got chivvy-sumkinis lethargus fever. Look at your face!"

P.-c. Crump looked at it, and he fell back with a groan. "Oh, eh!" he gasped. "Then I've got it!"

Several people assisted in the task of lifting the constable on to the ambulance. They strapped him there, and P.-c. Crump lay on the ambulance moaning, fully believing that some dread disease had assailed him.

The doctor came up, and demanded to know what was the matter.

"We—we found him lying insensible behind that bush!" said Monty Lowther solemnly. "Look at the poor man's face! There's a rash for you!"

A crowd followed as P.-c. Crump was trundled off along the towing-path on the ambulance. Tom Merry & Co. were bursting their sides with merriment.

Into the village the procession went, P.-c. Crump lying on the ambulance like a martyr, giving vent to soul-stirring groans at intervals.

The inspector was standing at the door of the village police-station as the ambulance passed. He rushed out and bent over the ambulance, and looked at the prostrate constable.

"God 'evens!" he gurgled. His eyes almost started from his head as he looked at P.-c. Crump's face.

The hot sun, streaming down upon the constable as he lay on the ambulance, had caused his brow to perspire. Streams of perspiration ran down from his forehead, washing away the red ink, and leaving a very distinct trail.

The effect was somewhat zebra-like. The crowd looked, and howls of amazement arose.

"Why, it isn't a rash at all! The man's got some colouring substance on his face!" ejaculated the doctor.

He applied a moistened handkerchief, and, sure enough, the "rash" came off. P.-c. Crump's face on to the handkerchief.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Tom Merry & Co.

Crump sat bolt upright on the ambulance when the straps were undone. He blinked round at the laughing crowd in amazement. "Look 'ere, this ain't no laughing matter!" he hooted. "Which 'I've been 'tricked! Some of you young warmints 'ave been 'avin' a lark with me—"

"Get down from there, you idiot, Crump!" hawled the inspector. "You've been 'tricked! The laughing-stock of the village! In my opinion, you're drunk!"

"Wot!" gurgled the constable, like a man in a dream. "Me drunk! Why, I—I—"

Words failed poor P.-c. Crump. He rolled into the police-station, mopping his brow, and the crowd dispersed, roaring with laughter. And, thanks to Monty Lowther's little joke, he remained very wide awake during the rest of the afternoon!

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**MONDAY**—In the "Boys' Friend" you will find a Grand Free Photo of Seaman JAMES RALL, Light-weight and Walter-weight Champion of the British Navy.

**TUESDAY**—In the "Popular" there will be given Free a further Magnificent Coloured Engine Plate.

**WEDNESDAY**—In the "Box" Library will be given a Splendid Photo of W. N. BLYTH (Arsenal F.C.) in action on the field of play.

**MORE GRAND FREE GIFTS TO FOLLOW. WATCH THE COMPANION PAPERS.**

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If you have not already done so, place an order with your newsagent for all the above-mentioned papers to be saved for you, and participate in

**THE COMPANION PAPERS' GRAND FREE GIFTS.**

# Trimble's Treasure.

(Continued from page 13.)

"Well, thank goodness you've done playing the goat, anyhow," said Levison. "Now, we're stony in this study, excepting you, Cardew, so shell out something for supper."

"Alas! Stony, too."

"You had twenty pounds—on your grandfather only yesterday."

"Guilty!"

"Do you mean to say it's gone?" exclaimed Levison, aghast. "It doesn't matter twopenny about a study epper, and you know it; but, Cardew—"

"Gone!" said Clive. "On a horse, I suppose?"

"No."

"On what, then?"

"On a pig."

"A pig?" yelled Levison and Clive.

"Exactly."

"What on earth do you mean, Cardew?"

Ralph Rockness Cardew yawned.

"Do I ever mean anything, dear old beans?" he said.

"Money is like a watch, it's made to go. Well, it went. But I'll tell you what, Gussy is a distant relation of mine—very distant sometimes, by gad—and he's in funds, and I'll take you to supper in his study, puttin' it on the score of the distant relationship, on condition you don't ask me any more questions."

The following day there was rather a change in Baggy Trimble.

The swank of that estimable youth had departed; he was no longer a moneyed man. True, he had some change of the banknotes left—the three he had passed. Cardew, with his contemptuous disregard of financial considerations, had not even thought of asking Trimble for that. But what remained—which Trimble certainly did not think of handing to Cardew—did not last him long. And when it was gone, Baggy was once more the impecunious Baggy of old, seeking to borrow shillings in the Fourth and sixpences in the Third. His new friends dropped off with really amazing celerity. Mellish declined to stand him a study tea; Racke kicked him out of his study. And nobody any longer had the least belief in Trimble Hall.

How and why the horn of plenty had so suddenly dried up was not exactly known; but it had dried up, that was a certainty. Wealthy Trimble, like Lucifer, Son of the Morning, had fallen from his high estate, and great was the fall thereof. It came out later in the proceedings connected with Flimsy Jim, that Trimble had found the counterfeit banknotes and taken them to the Head, who had handed them to the police. Then, perhaps, some of the St. Jim's juniors, putting two and two together, had an idea of something like the state of the case. But only Ralph Rockness Cardew, and Baggy Trimble himself, knew the whole story of Trimble's Treasure.

THE END.

(There will be another grand long story of St. Jim's next week, entitled "The St. Jim's Teashop." By *Martin Clifford*. Be sure you order your copy early.)

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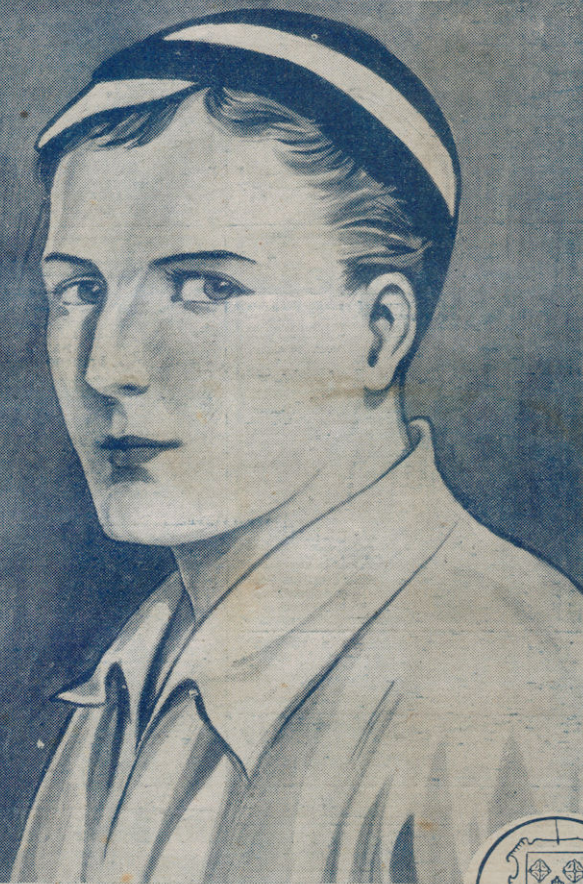
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