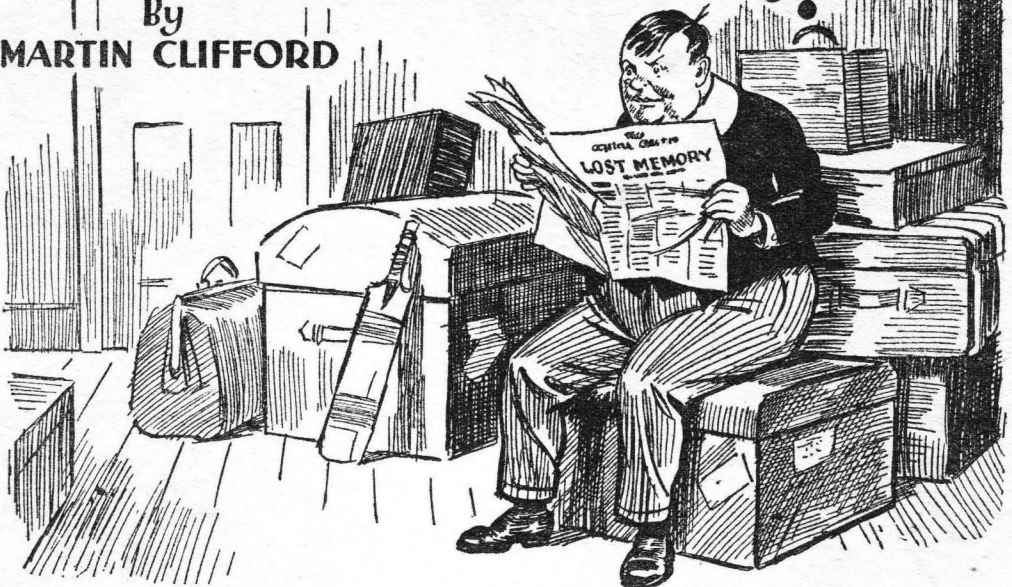


# The SPOOFER!

By  
MARTIN CLIFFORD



**Baggy Trimble's brain-wave for dodging lessons was to lose his memory—but not for the first time does Baggy discover that the way of the "spoofer" is hard!**

## THE FIRST CHAPTER MYSTERIOUS!

"WHY not?"

Kit Wildrake of the Fourth could not help looking surprised.

He had come along the Fourth Form passage to Study No. 2, and was about to enter, when Baggy Trimble asked that question.

Baggy was not addressing Wildrake; he did not even see him. And the third member of the study, Mellish, was not there.

Baggy Trimble was sitting alone in his glory, as it were, in the study armchair, with his fat little legs

resting on another chair, taking his ease. His fat face was thoughtful in expression, and in his podgy paws he held a newspaper, which apparently he had been reading.

And he was addressing empty space when he propounded that question: "Why not?"

Then he chuckled.

Kit Wildrake stared in at the study doorway. Still Baggy, deep in his thoughts, whatever they were, did not see the Canadian junior.

"Why not? Easy as falling off a form! And it would be bound to be a success—the way I should do it! He, he, he!"

Evidently great thoughts were stirring in the fat intellect of Trimble of the Fourth.

"Why not?" asked Trimble, for the third time, apparently addressing the bookcase of Study No. 2.

The bookcase naturally did not answer; but Wildrake did.

"You fat jay——"

Trimble jumped.

He spun round in the armchair with alarm in his fat face, as he realised that his mumblings had been heard.

"Oh! I—I say, Wildrake, I wasn't saying anything!"

Wildrake came into the study.

"Off your rocker?" he inquired.

"N-no."

"Then what are you mumbling about, you fat jay?"

"N-n-nothing."

"What stunt have you got now in that podgy chunk you call a brain?" asked Wildrake suspiciously. "New dodge for borrowing money from the galoots along the passage?"

"I don't approve of borrowing money," said Trimble, blinking at him.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I—I was just thinking——" explained Trimble.

"What with?"

"Don't you be a cheeky ass, Wildrake. I—I was thinking about—— about my lessons."

Kit Wildrake laughed. Even in class Trimble did not think about his lessons, if he could help it. He really was very unlikely to think about them out of class.

Manifestly, the fat junior was afraid that Wildrake might have drawn conclusions from his mumblings, and learned what was passing in his fat brain—which apparently Trimble wanted to keep a dead secret. He

was blinking anxiously at the Canadian junior.

"Anything in the newspaper?" asked Wildrake.

Trimble suddenly clutched at the newspaper, folded it, and stuffed it under his jacket.

"Nothing!" he answered promptly.

"What are you hiding it for, then?" asked Wildrake, in increasing astonishment.

"I—I—— The fact is, you know——" Baggy stammered. "I haven't been reading about a case just admitted to the Wayland Hospital, Wildrake."

"Haven't you?"

"No! This isn't the Wayland paper at all."

"Not really?" grinned Wildrake.

"Not at all!"

"How odd that it should have 'Wayland Gazette' printed along the top, then!" remarked Wildrake. "You see, fathead, you've left the top of it sticking out."

"Oh!" gasped Trimble.

He hurriedly stuffed the paper out of sight.

"The—the fact is——" he stutted.

"Can it!" said Wildrake tersely.

"What are you rolling out lies for, Trimble? You've been reading something in the local paper about a case in the Wayland Hospital. No harm in that. Why on earth should you tell lies about it? Especially as I'm not interested."

"Have you got that footah, Wildwake?" inquired Arthur Augustus D'Arcy of the Fourth.

An eyeglass gleamed in at the doorway of the study.

"Sure!"

Wildrake picked up an old footer from a shelf. He had come in for it for a punt about in the quad, when

he had surprised Baggy Trimble in his deep and mysterious meditations.

Trimble was watching him eagerly, evidently anxious for his study-mate to go.

"Any more whoppers to roll out, Baggy?" asked Wildrake, with a laugh.

"I—I——"

"Get them all off your chest," said Wildrake. "You see, I'm going to biff you on the cabeza with this footer for telling lies, so you may as well have your money's worth."

Trimble jumped away in alarm.

"Jollay good ideah, deah boy," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy approv-

ingly. "Twimble is a feahful fabwicatah. Give him one for me, Wildwake!"

"Sure!"

"Yaroooh! Keep off!" roared Baggy Trimble, dodging round the armchair.

Biff!

Kit Wildrake reached across the chair and landed the footer on Baggy's bullet head.

"Bwavo!" chortled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Well hit, sir! Now give the fat boundah anothat for me!"

"Yow-ow-ow! Gerroff!" yelled Trimble.



"Yaroooh! Keep off!" roared Baggy Trimble, dodging round the armchair. Biff! Kit Wildrake reached across the chair and landed the footer on Baggy's bullet head. "Bwavo!" chortled Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Well hit, sir!"

He fled frantically round the study table with Wildrake in pursuit, the footer raised for another smite.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Arthur Augustus.

The next moment Arthur Augustus ceased to laugh. Trimble made a frantic break for the doorway to flee, and he crashed suddenly and overwhelmingly upon Gussy. The slim swell of St. Jim's was simply nowhere when it came to stopping a charge with Baggy's weight behind it. He fairly flew across the passage and sat down with a bump and a yell.

"Wow!"

Trimble staggered from the shock for a second, and then he bolted down the passage.

"Come back!" roared Wildrake. "I owe you one more!"

"Yah!"

Baggy Trimble vanished.

"Oh cwumbs!" gasped Arthur Augustus. "Oh cwikey! That howwid boundah has fairly flattened me out! I have a pain in my—my waistcoat."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Weally, Wildwake, it is not a laughing mattah," gasped Arthur Augustus. "I have been thwown into a feahful fluttah. Wow!"

Blake and Herries and Dig came out of Study No. 6. They paused on their way to the stairs to glance at Arthur Augustus.

"What on earth are you sitting down there for, Gussy?" asked Blake.

"Taking a rest on the floor?"

"Wow!"

"You'll make your bags dusty," said Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies— Ow!"

Arthur Augustus staggered to his feet.

"That howwid wottah Twimble bowled me ovah!" he gasped. "I am goin' to thwash Twimble!"

"I guess you're coming to punt this ball about," said Wildrake. "Thrash Trimble another time."

"Trimble will keep!" grinned Blake.

"Yaas; but——"

"Come along, old hoss!"

Arthur Augustus adjusted his eyeglass, and looked round for Trimble. But that fat youth was far away by that time, and punishment had to be postponed.

"I will thwash the howwid boundah aftah tea!" said Arthur Augustus. "Undah the circs I feel bound to give him a feahful thwashin'. I am comin', deah boys! There is no need to dwag at my arm like that, Blake! Pway let go my collah, Dig! Weally, Hewwies——"

And Arthur Augustus went.

## THE SECOND CHAPTER

### TRYING IT ON!

**B**AGGY TRIMBLE had taken refuge in a box-room.

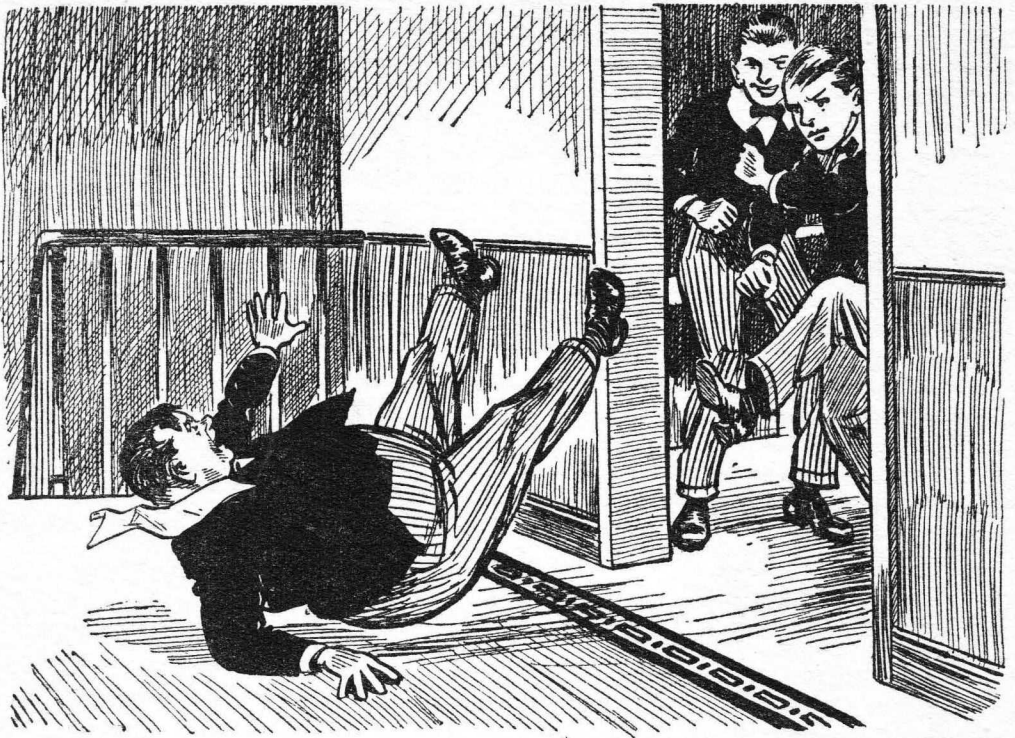
In that secluded spot the fat junior sat on a trunk and gasped for breath. Baggy was always short-winded, and his flight had deprived him of what little breath he had.

"Rotters!" gasped Trimble.

But a fat smile irradiated his unprepossessing countenance as he drew the crumpled paper from under his jacket, and blinked at a paragraph in its columns.

That paragraph was an ordinary item of local news; and any St. Jim's fellow would have been surprised at Baggy's deep interest in it. Yet it was clear that Baggy was deeply interested. He had already read it through five or six times, and now he read it again. It ran:

"A man at present unknown has been admitted to the Wayland Cottage



As Trimble tore open the door of the box-room to flee, Aubrey Racke rushed after him and kicked. Baggy reached the landing outside quicker than he had anticipated. There was a bump and a roar as he rolled on the floor. "Yarough!" he yelled.

Hospital. He was found wandering by the police, and apparently suffering from shock, and appears to have completely lost his memory. He has, so far, been unable even to state his name. Much sympathy is felt for the unfortunate patient. Investigations are being made, and it is hoped that the police will be able to make some discovery and communicate with his friends."

That was all. How it concerned Baggy Trimble would have seemed a deep mystery to any fellow who saw Baggy devouring the paragraph. Certainly, any reader might have felt a kind sympathy for a poor fellow who had received a shock and in conse-

quence lost his memory. But Baggy had never been noted for a sympathetic nature. His own little troubles he felt deeply. But he had always shown a remarkable amount of fortitude in connection with the troubles of others.

"Why not?" murmured Trimble. "Easy enough! I dare say the man's a spoofer, getting board and lodging for nothing. He, he, he! Much sympathy is felt— After all, a chap's bound to be sympathetic in a case like this. They ain't all as sharp as I am, and they wouldn't think their leg was being pulled. Tom Merry, f'rinstance, would walk a mile out of his way to do anything for a chap in a fix like that."

Trimble grinned complacently.

Evidently that item of local news had brought some wonderful scheme into Trimble's head.

He started a little as he heard steps on the stairs that led to the box-room.

"Oh dear! Those rotters——"

He had just time to shove the paper out of sight, when the door opened. He was relieved to see that the newcomers were not Wildrake and D'Arcy, as he had feared. Mellish of the Fourth, and Racke and Crooke of the Shell came into the box-room. Baggy did not need telling what they had come for. The black sheep of the School House had a way of sneaking into the box-rooms to smoke cigarettes in surreptitious safety.

The three juniors stared at Trimble.

"What are you doing here, tubby?" asked Racke.

Trimble drew a deep breath.

His wonderful scheme was cut and dried in his fat brain; a scheme that was to elicit much sympathy, as in the case at the hospital. It was to lead to much profit, if Baggy Trimble could work it.

He decided to strike the iron while it was hot, as it were, and try his new and amazing stunt upon Racke & Co.

So, instead of answering Aubrey Racke's question, he gave him a far-away look.

"Where am I?" he asked.

Racke & Co. stared harder.

"Eh? You're in the top box-room," said Crooke. "Don't you know where you are, you fat idiot?"

"Who are you?"

"Wha-a-t?"

"Have I ever seen you before?" asked Trimble.

"Mad!" said Racke.

"Do you chaps know my name?" asked Trimble.

"Know your name?" said Mellish blankly.

"Yes. Do you?"

"What are you getting at, you apology for a silly dummy?" demanded Racke. "Are you trying to pull our legs?"

"I want you to tell me who you are!" said Trimble.

"Don't you know who I am, fathead?" yelled Racke.

"No!"

"Well, my only hat!"

"You see, I've lost my memory!" explained Trimble.

Racke almost staggered.

"Lost your memory?" he repeated faintly.

"That's it! I don't even remember your name, Racke——"

"Wha-at?"

"Or Crooke's, either," said Trimble fatuously.

"Great Scott!"

"Or Mellish's," said Trimble. "My mind's a perfect blank. So far as I remember, I've never seen you fellows before."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mellish.

"There's nothing to cackle at, Mellish, in a misfortune like this," said Trimble sorrowfully. "I call it heartless. Some fellows would feel much sympathy."

"Is it a new stunt?" asked Racke, in wonder. "Do you think you'll get out of lessons with a yarn like that?"

"Look here, Racke——"

"If you're going to forget fellows' names," said Racke, "you'd better not call them by name while you're doing it."

Trimble started.

"I—I—I didn't—I mean——"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mellish.

"Try it on the Form-master, Baggy! Why, he'll wallop you!"

Trimble stammered. He realised that he would have to be a little more careful if he was going to gain much sympathy as an unfortunate victim of loss of memory. Racke & Co. were howling with laughter. Baggy's first essay certainly could not be called a success.

"The—the fact is——" stammered Trimble.

"That's enough," grinned Racke. "If you're goin' to try a stunt like that, better play it on Tom Merry, or Figgins, or some other soft ass. We're rather too wide, you know."

"And now get out!" said Croke.

Trimble moved to the door. Evidently he was not to be asked to share the smokes of the three young rascals. Racke was opening a box of cigarettes on the top of a trunk.

"I—I say, before I—I go, will you tell me my name, Racke?" stammered Trimble.

Aubrey Racke looked round at him.

"Still keepin' it up?" he asked.

"Yes—I mean——"

"Well, I won't tell you your name," said Racke. "I fancy you know it as well as you know mine. But I'll tell you what I'll do. I'll jolly well kick you out of this room, you fat spoofer!"

"Here, I say—— Yarooooop!"

Trimble tore open the door to flee. Aubrey Racke rushed after him, and kicked.

Crash!

Baggy Trimble rolled out of the box-room, and rolled on the landing outside, with a terrific roar.

"Got your memory back?" asked Aubrey.

"Yaroooooh!"

"Well, I'll give you another——"

"Yow! Keep off, you beast!"

Baggy Trimble picked himself up and went down the narrow stairs

three at a time. Racke chuckled, and turned back into the box-room and closed the door. In a few minutes the cigarettes were going strong, and Racke & Co. were making a solemn and heroic pretence of enjoying them. Meanwhile, Baggy Trimble wandered away rather disconsolately.

He had tried it on Racke & Co., and it had not been a success. But Trimble was a sticker. He was going to be more careful next time—and in his mind's eye Baggy already saw himself an object of general sympathy, excused from lessons, and raising little loans from compassionate fellows with tenderer hearts than Racke's. In fact, he had a flattering vision of himself as a pig in clover—and it only remained to be seen whether that vision would be realised

### THE THIRD CHAPTER

THE TERRIBLE THREE ARE NOT  
TAKING ANY!

TOM MERRY came cheerily into his study in the Shell passage. It was tea-time, and Tom was first in of the Terrible Three. Manners was out somewhere with his camera; Monty Lowther had biked down to Rylcombe to look at the proofs of the "Weekly" at the printer's. Tom had been at football practice, and, being first in the study, he intended getting tea ready for his chums when they returned. He stared a little at the sight of Baggy Trimble seated in his armchair in the study.

"Making yourself at home?" he asked.

"Good-afternoon!" said Trimble, blinking at him.

Tom stared.

"Eh—what?" he ejaculated.

"Good-afternoon! Have I seen you before?" asked Trimble.

"A few hundred times, I suppose," said Tom. "What are you driving at, Trimble?"

"Trimble? Who's Trimble?"

Tom Merry staggered.

"Who's Trimble?" he repeated.

"Yes. Who?"

"Are you potty?" roared Tom Merry. "Mean to say that you've forgotten your own name?"

"Is it my name?"

"Is it?" gasped Tom. "Yes, you funny ass, it is! What's this game?"

Trimble passed a fat hand across a podgy brow.

"I don't seem to remember it, somehow," he said.

"You don't seem to remember your own name?" asked the captain of the Shell, in measured tones.

"It doesn't sound familiar."

"I suppose you're trying to pull my leg," said Tom Merry, after a puzzled pause. "If it's a joke, I don't quite see the point. Anyhow, get out of my study, will you?"

"Is this your study?"

"You know it is, you fathead!"

"I don't!"

"Well, you know it now I've told you," said Tom. "Get out! The fact is, Trimble, I feel inclined to kick you whenever I see you. Travel along. I'm going to fill the kettle now. If you're still here when I come back, you'll get the water. Catch on?"

The Shell fellow picked up the kettle from the fender and left the study. He did not understand Trimble's new stunt in the least, and wasn't interested anyway. He concluded that it was some unfathomable joke, or spoof of some kind, and all he wanted was Trimble's departure.

But Baggy Trimble was still there when the captain of the Shell reentered after filling the kettle at the

tap in the passage. Tom Merry frowned at him.

"Not gone yet?" he asked.

"No. You see——"

"I see! You're going to get wet."

Tom Merry lifted up the kettle and started towards the fat junior. Baggy was out of the armchair with a bound and dodging behind it.

"Hold on, you rotter!" he gasped.

"Don't chuck that water over me, you beast! I'll get out if this is your study."

"Well, get out!"

"Who are you?" demanded Trimble.

"Eh—what? Who am I?" ejaculated Tom, almost dazedly.

"Yes. I don't know your name."

"You don't know my name?" bawled Tom.

"No. If I ever knew, I've forgotten. I—I—I seem to have lost my memory somehow," said Trimble pathetically.

His pathos was wasted on the captain of the Shell. Tom Merry was a doubting Thomas just then.

"You'd better find it again, then," he said unsympathetically; "and when you've found it, use it to remember to keep out of my study! Travel!"

"But I say——"

"Bunk!" roared Tom Merry, quite fed up by this time; and he came round the armchair with the kettle in the air. A swish of water from the spout caught Baggy Trimble in his fat neck and he gave a roar.

"Yow-ow! Keep off, Tom Merry, you rotter!"

"Oh, you've remembered my name now, have you?"

"I—I mean——"

"Never mind what you mean—get out!"

Baggy Trimble jumped for the door,



just escaping another jet from the spout of the kettle. He realised that that little slip of the tongue had betrayed him; evidently he had to learn to be more careful. A fellow who had lost his memory was supposed to have lost it completely—not in streaks, as it were. This was his second failure.

“worked” on the masters; but, naturally, Trimble wanted to test it on the juniors first—it was safer. It was a case of “trying it on the dog,” as it were.

Manners came along the passage with his camera slung over his arm, looking very merry and bright. Apparently Manners of the Shell had



“This isn’t the place for fag jokes,” said Cutts, and he accompanied the remark with a “lick” from the ruler. “Yarough!” roared Baggy Trimble, and he was in the passage with a single bound. “Oh, you rotter!”

“Rotter!” he howled, and dodged out of the doorway.

Tom Merry slammed the door after him and proceeded to build a fire and boil the kettle, forgetting the unimportant existence of Baggy Trimble.

In the passage, Trimble wrinkled his fat brows in thought. Later on his sad loss of memory was to be

had a happy afternoon with his camera. Baggy Trimble rolled in his way.

“Excuse me——” he began.

“I’ll excuse you if you get out of my way,” said Manners. “Otherwise, I’ll kick you!”

“Would you mind showing me the way to my study?”

“What?” ejaculated Manners.

"I've lost my memory——"

"Lost your memory, have you?" asked Manners. "Better look for it, then, or put an advertisement in the 'Daily Telegraph.' What are you trying to pull my leg for, you fat fool?"

"Look here, you know——"

"Scat!"

Manners took Trimble by the collar and spun him against the wall, then walked on cheerfully, leaving Baggy gasping.

"Oh dear!" murmured Trimble, as Harry Manners disappeared into Study No. 10. "Of all the rotters! Lot of sympathy I seem likely to get from those cads! Ow!"

Monty Lowther came in a little later. He came along the passage at a trot, being hungry and in a hurry for tea.

Baggy Trimble caught him by the arm to stop him, so suddenly that Lowther spun right round the fat junior.

"You silly ass!" exclaimed Lowther. "Wharrer you at?"

"I say, I've lost my memory——"

"Wha-a-at?"

"I don't know my way to my own study!" said Trimble pathetically. "Would you mind showing me, though you're a stranger to me?"

"A—a—a stranger to you?" stuttered Monty.

"Yes. Have I ever seen you before?" asked Trimble innocently. "I can't remember your name, you know."

Monty Lowther looked steadily at the fat junior. Baggy met his gaze with a look of sad and sorrowful pathos. Baggy felt that his misfortune ought to have touched a heart of stone. With his wonderful imaginative powers, he was almost beginning to believe himself that he had really lost his memory.

"Oh! Lost your memory?" gasped Lowther, grasping it at last.

"I say, that's pretty bad."

"Awful, isn't it?"

"Fearful!" said Lowther. "You don't know your way to your own study?"

"No; haven't the least idea."

"Like me to guide you?"

"That's it, old fellow."

"Come on, then," said Monty Lowther, and he took Trimble by the arm and led him down the passage.

Baggy Trimble winked into space with the eye that was farthest from Lowther. He had found a believer at last; the plot was working!

Monty Lowther, with quite a sympathetic expression, led Trimble onward. They passed the door of Study No. 2 in the Fourth, which was Trimble's study, and the fat junior involuntarily halted. Lowther pulled at his arm.

"Come on!" he said.

"Oh, ah, yes!" gasped Trimble.

Certainly a fellow who had lost his memory couldn't insist that No. 2 was his study. Trimble rolled on with his conductor, with a dismayed feeling that the humorist of the Shell was exercising humour at his expense. But it was rather difficult for Trimble to raise objections, in the circumstances, so he rolled on apprehensively.

Monty Lowther led him into the Fifth Form passage.

"I—I say!" murmured Trimble.

"Nearly there!" said Lowther cheerily.

"But—but I say——"

"Here you are!"

A study door stood open, the study of Cutts and St. Leger of the Fifth. Cutts of the Fifth was there, talking to St. Leger. Monty Lowther led Baggy into the study.

"Now you're all right!" he said.

And he walked out rather quickly. The Terrible Three were not on good terms with Cutts of the Fifth.

Cutts and St. Leger stared at Trimble.

"What do you want, you fat jackanapes?" asked Cutts, with the brand of politeness he kept specially for juniors.

"I—I——" Trimble stammered. Cutts of the Fifth was a good deal of a bully, and not a safe person to "try" it on. But Trimble resolved to go ahead and do his best. "That chap——"

"What chap? What do you mean?"

"That chap who brought me here. I don't know his name——"

"You don't know Lowther's name?" ejaculated Cutts.

"No. I've lost my memory."

"Great gad!"

"He makes out that this is my study," said Trimble. "Is it?"

St. Leger stared at the fat junior in astonishment. Cutts gave him a look, and then picked up a ruler.

"This study isn't the place for fag jokes," he remarked, and he accompanied the remark with a "lick" from the ruler. Trimble was in the passage with a single bound.

"Yarough! Oh, you rotter!"

Cutts stepped to the door, ruler in hand. Baggy Trimble faded out of the Fifth Form passage.

Monty Lowther met him at the corner with a genial smile.

"Hallo! Not staying in your study?" he asked.

"Yah! It—it wasn't my study, you rotter!"

"How do you know, if you've lost your memory?" asked Monty pleasantly. "But we'll try again. Come on!"

He took Trimble's arm. Baggy jerked it away. He did not want any more guidance; he was afraid that Lowther might have led him to Knox of the Sixth next.

"Go and eat coke!" he snapped.

"Don't want any more help?" asked Lowther blandly.

"Yah! Rotter!"

Baggy Trimble rolled away, and Monty Lowther, with a chuckle, repaired to Study No. 10 in the Shell to tea. Baggy was left disconsolate, beginning to have doubts as to whether his amazing new stunt was going to be a success after all. Certainly the Terrible Three of the Shell were not taking any.

## THE FOURTH CHAPTER

USEFUL TO MELLISH!

"**B**AI Jove! Heah's the wottah!"

Blake & Co. came in to tea, very ruddy and cheery after punting a footer about in the quad. They found the fat form of Baggy Trimble of the Fourth adorning the doorway in Study No. 6.

"Waitin' for me, you fat boun-dah?" asked Arthur Augustus. "Thank you vewy much for we-mindin' me that I owe you a feahful thwashin'."

Arthur Augustus pushed back his cuffs. Trimble blinked at the swell of St. Jim's sorrowfully.

"Will you chaps help me?" he asked.

"We'll help you out of that doorway, if you don't clear," said Jack Blake. "What are you lolling in our doorway for, you fat image?"

"Is this my study?"

"What?"

"I've had a fearful misfortune," said Trimble. "I had a shock, and I've lost my memory."

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, you haven't lost it in our study," said Blake. "Go and look for it somewhere else."

"Bai Jove! If this is twue——"

"Fathead!" said Herries. "Some more of his spoof, that's all."

"Yaas, wathah! I suppose that is the case, Hewwies?"

"Of course it is," grunted Dig. "Get out, Trimble!"

"Is my name Trimble?"

"You know it is, you silly ass!" howled Blake. "Don't try us with a yarn like that."

"I had a shock," said Trimble in a faltering voice. "I seem to remember rushing out of a study and biffing into somebody——"

"Bai Jove! It was me you biffed into, you fat boundah!"

"After that it's all a blank!" said Trimble dramatically. "When I opened my eyes all was dark!"

"What?"

"I haven't come here to tea," said Trimble. "In fact, I've forgotten tea-time. I want somebody to guide me to my study."

Blake and Herries and Dig glared at Trimble in utter unbelief. But Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had a soft heart and, according to his chums, a soft head. He looked rather serious.

"Bai Jove, if it's twue, it's a feahful thing to happen to any chap," he said. "Pway give him a chance, you fellows. I have seweval times thought that somethin' would happen to Twimble fwom eatin' so much. There is such a thing as fattay degeneration of the bwain, I believe."

"Ass!" said Blake.

Blake shoved Trimble aside and went into the study. It was tea-time, and Blake had no leisure to waste on Trimble. Tea was a more important consideration than Baggy's mis-

fortunes, real or assumed. But the tender-hearted Gussy lingered.

"Do you feel any pain, Twimble?" he asked.

"Is my name Trimble?" asked Baggy dreamily.

"Yaas, deah boy."

"It seems strange. What is your name?"

"D'Arcy, deah boy. Have you any pain?"

"Only a slight throbbing in the head," said Trimble; "a sort of buzz in the brain, you know."

"Gweat Scott, that's sewious!"

"I can bear it," said Trimble bravely. "I only want to be guided to my study, Smith."

"Smith? What are you callin' me Smith for, you ass?"

"Didn't you say your name was Smith?"

"I said my name was D'Arcy, Twimble."

"Oh, I'm sorry! I'd forgotten already." Trimble pressed his hand to his fat brow. "It's an awful thing to lose one's memory, D'Arcy. You might help me to my study. I may recover later on."

"Bai Jove! I weally twust so, Twimble. Heah, Wildwake, old fellow" —Wildrake was coming up from the stairs—"take Twimble along with you to your studay, deah boy!"

"Eh? What's the matter with him?" asked the Canadian junior, in surprise.

"He says he's lost his memoway, deah boy."

"Lost his grandmother!" said Wildrake.

"Bai Jove! If it is genuine, it is a vewy sad case, Wildwake. Pway take him along to the studay."

"Oh, I guess I'll do that!" grinned Wildrake. "Come along, you fat spoofing bounder!"

Arthur Augustus went into Study No. 6 with a very thoughtful expression on his noble face. If Trimble had really suffered such a terrible misfortune as loss of memory, he was certain to find a kind and helping friend in Arthur Augustus. But Gussy—unuspicious as he was as a rule—could not help having some doubts. Trimble's reputation in the House was the very reverse of that of the late lamented George Washington. Indeed, there had been fellows who averred that Trimble could not have told the truth if he had tried—not that he was ever likely to try!

Wildrake, with a grin on his sunburnt face, piloted Trimble along to Study No. 2. The keen Canadian

junior was about the last fellow at St. Jim's to be spoofed.

He pushed Trimble into Study No. 2, and followed him in.

"Is this my study?" asked Trimble faintly.

"I guess so. Had your tea?" asked Wildrake.

"I don't remember."

"Oh, jumping Jehoshaphat!" said Wildrake. "May I advise you to can it, Trimble? It won't work, you know! It won't wash! Try something a bit easier!"

"I'm sorry to see you so unsympathetic towards a fellow in misfortune," said Trimble. "I'll try to bear it."

"Oh, cut it out!"



"I haven't come here to tea," said Trimble. "In fact, I've forgotten tea-time. I want somebody to guide me to my study. My mind's a blank!" "What?" Jack Blake & Co. stared at Baggy in astonishment.

Wildrake, still unsympathetic, began on tea. Mellish came into the study, looking rather white and sickly after his enjoyable smoke in the box-room. He grinned at Trimble.

"Hallo! Found your giddy memory yet?" he asked.

"So you've heard of it?" chuckled Wildrake. "What is the fat idiot spinning this yarn for?"

"Blessed if I know, unless it's to get out of lessons. Anything for tea?" asked Mellish.

"Anything you like to get from the tuckshop, I guess."

Mellish grunted.

The Canadian had brought in a parcel from the tuckshop. Baggy Trimble sat down on the table and helped himself from the supplies. Wildrake gave him a look, but said nothing. But when Mellish was following his example, Wildrake called a halt.

"Easy does it," he said. "There isn't enough for three. Chap wants his tea, you know."

"I'm stony!" growled Mellish.

"Go down to Hall, then."

"Blow Hall!" Mellish looked at Trimble, and grinned. "Sure you've lost your memory, Baggy?"

"Quite sure!" said Trimble.

"Then you can't remember anything that belongs to you."

"Can't remember anything," said Trimble pathetically. "It's an awful misfortune."

"Must be!" said Mellish, with a nod. "Well, as I'm stony, I'll sell a fives bat to young Tompkins, to raise the wind. I know he wants one, and we don't want fives bats just now."

He picked up a fives bat that belonged to Baggy Trimble, and started for the door.

Trimble jumped up. Apparently

his loss of memory did not go quite so far as that.

"Look here! Hold on——"

"What's the matter?" asked Mellish.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Wildrake.

"His memory's come back!"

Baggy Trimble gasped. He realised that if he was going to be a fellow without a memory the fives bat would have to go. It was a sacrifice, but, after all, Trimble felt that perhaps it was a sprat to catch a whale. If only he could convince fellows of his terrible misfortune, it would be worth more than the price of a fives bat to him.

"Well?" grinned Mellish. "Anything to say?"

"N-no!" gasped Trimble. "Just—just for a minute I—I thought I knew that bat. But it's gone again."

He sat down.

"My only hat!" ejaculated Mellish. "Are you sticking to it?"

Trimble covered his fat face with his hands, and groaned.

"It's a blank—a perfect blank!" he said. "I remember nothing! Oh dear! Is—is—is that bat mine, Mellish?"

"Not at all—mine!" grinned Mellish. "You can keep up this stunt as long as you like, Baggy. Useful at tea-time."

And Mellish walked out of the study, grinning. Certainly he had not expected to get off with the bat. He was in luck.

Wildrake looked very hard at Trimble.

"Look here, fatty!" he said abruptly. "Mean to say that you don't remember that that bat was yours?"

"My mind's a blank."

"Mellish is going to sell it to Tompkins, you ass!"



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### NO SYMPATHY FOR BAGGY !

HA

Baggy Trimble, having "lost" his memory, gets into the wrong bed in the Fourth Form dormitory, but he doesn't stay there long! An amusing incident, specially pictured by R. J. Macdonald, from "The Spoofer!"

"Who's Mellish?"

"Oh, my Aunt Christina!" ejaculated Wildrake. And he let it go at that.

But his look was very curious. The incident of the bat had rather a staggering effect on him, and he wondered whether, after all, there was something at the bottom of Trimble's astounding statement. Percy Mellish came back into the study with a little parcel, and a grin on his face.

"Tompkins gave me two bob for my bat!" he remarked.

"It was Trimble's bat, you rotter!" said Wildrake.

"Who's Trimble?" asked Baggy, looking up from a plate of ham.

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Mellish.

Wildrake made no answer. He only looked oddly at the fat junior, and wondered. And he raised no objection when Baggy, in his usual style, annexed the lion's share of the feed, and a little over. Baggy Trimble felt that he was getting on.

## THE FIFTH CHAPTER

### NO SYMPATHY!

**M**ANY curious glances were turned upon Baggy Trimble in the Fourth Form dormitory that night.

By that time all the Lower School, or nearly all, knew of Baggy's amazing new stunt, or terrible misfortune, whichever it was.

So far, the masters had not heard of it. Baggy, as a sufferer from so dreadful an affliction, ought really to have informed the masters at once, so that medical aid could be called in. Perhaps he had forgotten that there were such persons as masters. Or perhaps he was getting a little more practice before he ventured so far.

Certainly he was keeping it up remarkably well.

Practice, it is said, makes perfect.

At lying, Baggy Trimble had had a tremendous amount of practice, and he was nearly perfect.

So his new departure was not really a great difficulty for him; it was only a new variety of lying and spoof; and Baggy lived, moved, and had his fat being in lying and spoof.

Indeed, after a time, Baggy began to take himself at least half seriously. No one, nor even Baggy himself, knew how much he believed of his magnificent yarns concerning Trimble Hall, and the lofty connections of the Trimble family. In moments of enthusiasm, as it were, Baggy really did believe there was such a place as Trimble Hall. And it was the same with his new stunt. Having set up as a fellow who had lost his memory owing to a shock, Baggy looked upon himself as a fellow who had lost his memory owing to a shock—and he was greatly aggrieved and indignant because the other fellows declined to look on him as a fellow who had lost his memory owing to a shock. In his keenness to convince others, Baggy really had no time to reflect that his statements weren't true.

In the dormitory there was a general stare and a general grin. Baggy blinked round him pathetically when he came in.

"Is this the Fourth Form dormitory?" he asked.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Not at all," said Cardew of the Fourth. "Go down the passage and turn to the right."

Trimble appeared not to hear those instructions, which would have landed him in the sleeping quarters of the Third. He rolled in, and blinked up and down the room.

"Which is my bed?" he asked.

"You fat fool!" said Levison, in measured tones. "Chuck it! Do



you think anybody here believes you've lost your memory?"

"Too thick!" said Clive, with a laugh. "Try something else, Baggy. Tell us you've lost your brain—if you ever had any. We'll believe that."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think this is heartless," said Trimble. "Some fellows labouring under an awful misfortune like this meet with much sympathy."

"Bai Jove! I am suah we should sympathise like anythin', Twimble, if we believed you," said Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "But weally, you know, it is wathah thick."

"Somebody might point out my bed, at least," said Trimble.

"Here you are!" said Cardew.

He led Baggy Trimble to George Herries' bed. Herries, who was taking his boots off, glared at Trimble. The other Fourth-Formers looked on with interest. If Baggy attempted to take possession of Herries' bed there was trouble to come, that was certain. But if he had lost his memory, certainly he couldn't know that that bed belonged to Herries.

Baggy blinked rather uneasily at George Herries out of the corner of his eye. Herries looked rather dangerous. He did not believe in Baggy's affliction in the very least. But there was no help for it; and Baggy sat on the edge of the bed and unlaced his boots.

"Bai Jove, he thinks it is his bed, deah boys," murmured Arthur Augustus D'Arcy.

"Rats!" said Blake.

"Let's see him turn into it," grinned Dig. "Herries will soon have him out again!"

"Yaas, wathah! But——"

Arthur Augustus shook his noble head doubtfully. He was beginning,

at least, to place some faith in Trimble's remarkable claim.

Baggy Trimble went ahead. Apparently under the impression that Herries' bed was his bed, he turned into it. Herries watched him with a glare resembling that of the fabled basilisk. When the fat junior settled down Herries strode towards him.

"So you think that's your bed, do you, you spoofing toad?" he demanded.

"Isn't it?" asked Trimble innocently.

"I'll show you whether it is or not!"

"Yaroooooh!"

Herries proceeded to demonstrate to Trimble in quite a drastic way. He wrenched off the bedclothes, and bestowed a sounding spank upon Baggy's fat person. Baggy rolled off the opposite side of the bed without waiting for another spank.

"Still think it's your bed?" asked Herries pleasantly.

"Yow-ow-woooooop!"

"I'll give you some more if you like, if your memory hasn't come back."

"Yow-ow-ow!"

"Cave!" murmured Roylance.

Kildare of the Sixth came into the dormitory to see lights out.

"Now then, what's the row?" asked the captain of St. Jim's. "What are you sprawling on the floor like that for, Trimble?"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow!" roared Trimble. "I'm hurt! Wow!"

The prefect came over to him. He took hold of one of Baggy's fat ears and jerked him up.

"Turn in!" he said tersely.

"He doesn't know which is his bed!" chuckled Cardew.

"What!"

"Lost his memory, you know,"



"My hat!" exclaimed Kildare. "You don't know what a prefect is, and you don't know that he licks a junior when he's cheeky?" "N-n-no!" stammered Trimble. "Then it's time you learned!" said the St. Jim's captain. "Bend over!"

said Ralph Reckness Cardew pleasantly. "We're all no end sympathetic."

Kildare stared.

"Is this a joke?" he asked.

"Not at all! Awfully serious! Ask Trimble."

"What does this mean, Trimble?" asked the St. Jim's captain, fixing his eyes upon the fat Fourth-Former.

Baggy Trimble breathed rather quickly. With all his "neck," he had shrunk from springing his surprising yarn upon persons in authority. It was his intention to do so, but he was putting it off till he had screwed up his courage to the sticking-point. Now there was no help for it; he had to stick to his story or own up. He put on his most pathetic blink.

"It's true," he said feebly. He almost said, "It's true, Kildare," but fortunately stopped himself in time. "I've lost my memory."

"You young ass!"

"I don't know who you are," said Trimble, blinking at him. "Do you belong to the Fourth Form?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the Fourth.

"Do I belong to the Fourth Form?" gasped the great man of the Sixth. "You cheeky little scoundrel, what do you mean?"

"You see, I don't know you."

Kildare looked at him.

"You don't know I'm Kildare of the Sixth?" he asked, letting his ash-plant slip from under his arm into his hand.

"Not at all."

"You don't know I'm a prefect?"

"What is a prefect?" asked Baggy innocently.

"My hat! You don't know what a prefect is, and you don't know that a Sixth Form prefect licks a junior when he's cheeky?" asked Kildare.

"N-n-no!" stammered Trimble.

"Then it's time you learned," said the captain of St. Jim's pleasantly. "Bend over, Trimble!"

"I—I—I——"

"He doesn't know how," murmured Cardew. "He's forgotten."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I give you one second, Trimble!" rapped out Kildare.

Baggy bent over gingerly.

Swish!

"Yoooooop!"

"Now turn in, and don't let's have any more of this nonsense," said the prefect.

Baggy rubbed himself.

"I—I don't know which is my bed!" he gasped.

"No? Better guess quickly," said Kildare genially. "I'm going to touch you up with my cane till you turn in! Like that!"

"Yaroooh!"

"And that!"

"Whooooop!"

Baggy Trimble made a rush for his bed. Apparently he remembered all of a sudden. There was a roar of laughter in the dormitory as Trimble dived into bed.

Kildare tucked his ash-plant under his arm and walked to the door.

"Good-night, kids."

"Good-night, Kildare."

The prefect put out the light and closed the door. A chuckle ran from bed to bed along the Fourth Form dormitory.

"I—I say!" gasped Baggy Trimble. "I—I say, who was that chap?"

"What?" roared Blake.

"Who was he?" asked Trimble.

"Still keeping it up?" shrieked Digby.

"Keeping what up? I've lost my memory, if that's what you mean."

"Bai Jove!"

"Then how did you remember which was your bed when Kildare touched you up?" roared Blake.

"I—I didn't!"

"What?"

"I—I—I—— You see, I—I——" Trimble stammered. "It—it—it was the only bed left empty, you see, so—so—so I guessed. Of course, I don't know whether this is my bed or not. I hope you fellows believe me."

"Believe you!" gasped Blake.

"Oh, my hat!"

"I suppose you can take my word?"

"Great Christopher Columbus!"

"You see, this is an awful misfortune," said Trimble. "It's bad enough, even if a fellow meets with much sympathy. It's rather caddish to doubt a fellow's word."

Blake sat up in bed.

"It's no good talking to you, Trimble!"

"Eh? Who's Trimble?"

"Shut up!" roared Blake. "You've lost your memory; but you'd better find a little bit of it, and remember that if you try any more spoof to-night I shall buzz a boot at you! Remember that!"

"I can't remember anything——"

Whiz! Crash!

"Yow-ow-ow-woooooop!"

"There's another boot to come if you try it on again!" said Blake in a sulphurous voice.

"Yow-ow-ow!"

Trimble did not try it on again. In spite of his complete loss of memory, and his fat mind being a perfect blank, he contrived to remember the other boot, and he was silent.

## THE SIXTH CHAPTER

### LUCK AT LAST!

TOM MERRY grinned when he sighted Trimble in the quad the following morning. Manners and Lowther chuckled.

"Found it, Baggy?" called out Monty Lowther.

"Eh? Found what?"

"The giddy lost memory!"

"Yah!"

Trimble rolled away, frowning. He was, as a matter of fact, feeling rather disconsolate that morning. Doubting Thomas, of old, was simply "not in it" compared with the St. Jim's fellows. The amount of incredulity Baggy had met with was staggering.

But having set his hand to the plough, as it were, Trimble could not withdraw it. So far, his new stunt had earned him more kicks than halfpence. But he still hoped that there might be something in it. Surely everybody at St. Jim's was not a doubting Thomas! Why shouldn't they believe him? Trimble asked himself angrily. There was the chap admitted into Wayland Hospital with loss of memory—nobody disbelieved him. Why should they disbelieve Trimble? Baggy felt that it wasn't fair and reasonable. Hadn't a fellow a right to expect his word to be taken?

When Baggy rolled out after breakfast—he did not forget breakfast—he found a chuckling crowd of juniors gathered under the elms in the quad. A placard was stuck on a tree, and the juniors were reading it with loud laughter.

"Hallo, this concerns you, Trimble!" shouted Herries.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Trimble rolled up. He blinked at the notice on the tree in great wrath and indignation. It ran, in Monty Lowther's hand:

"NOTICE OF LOST PROPERTY!  
LOST—A MEMORY!

A rotten bad one, especially in money matters!

ANYONE finding same is requested to return it to the owner, Bagley Trimble, Study No. 2, IVth Form."

"You silly chumps!" gasped Trimble. "This is some of Lowther's silly rot, of course! I call it heartless!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bai Jove, you know, it's weally too bad, if Twimble has weally lost his memowry, you fellows."

"If, fathead!" said Herries.

"His memowry might have gone, you know. It was wotten bad—Lowthah is wight there! Pewwaps it has got a little worse, and gone entirely, you know."

"That's just it," said Trimble.

"It's quite gone. You've hit the right nail on the head, D'Arcy."

"Bai Jove! You wemembah my name all wight!"

"I—I mean——"

"Hallo, there goes the bell!" said Blake. "Come along—not you, Trimble. You've forgotten all about lessons, haven't you?"

"Y-e-e-es; quite!"

"Good! Then stay in the quad till Lathom comes after you with a cane."

"Who's Lathom?"

"You'll know if you stay out of class," grinned Blake.

And the chuckling juniors started for the School House.

Baggy Trimble followed on. Whether or not he had forgotten who Mr. Lathom was, he did not mean to cut lessons. The Fourth Form went into their class-room, and Baggy Trimble was following them in, when Kit Wildrake stopped him.

"What are you coming in here for?" he asked.

"Eh? Lessons, of course!"

"Is this your Form-room?" grinned Wildrake.

"You know it is, you rotter. I—I mean——"

"Ha, ha! Do you remember that you're in the Fourth?" howled Blake.

"Oh dear!" murmured Trimble. He realised that there were an enormous number of things for a fellow to forget when he lost his memory. "The—the fact is, I—I don't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"My dear boys——" murmured Mr. Lathom, appearing in the doorway. "Silence, please, in the Form-room!"

The juniors went to their places—all excepting Trimble. Baggy Trimble remained where he was. His podgy heart was beating fast; but he realised that it was now or never. Mr. Lathom was a kind-hearted and unsuspecting gentleman, and Baggy had resolved to put it to the test there and then. If one of the masters believed in him he felt that it would have an effect on the unbelieving juniors. So far, his amazing yarn had been greeted with ridicule. It remained to be seen what effect it would have on the master of the Fourth. Mr. Lathom was already blinking at him inquiringly over his glasses.

"Why do you not go to your place, Trimble?" he asked.

"If you please, sir, I don't know where my place is."

"What?"

"Is this the Fourth Form room, sir?"

"Eh?"

"Am I in the Fourth, please?"

Mr. Lathom's glasses almost fell off in his astonishment.

"Bless my soul!" he ejaculated.

The juniors watched Baggy in breathless excitement. Well as they knew Baggy's unexampled "neck," they had never believed he would have the effrontery to "work" this stunt on his Form master. They could scarcely believe their ears.

"Bai Jove!" murmured Arthur Augustus. "Eithah Twimble is genuine, deah boys, or he is askin' for feahful twouble."

"Trimble!" gasped Mr. Lathom.

"Is my name Trimble, sir?" asked Baggy.

"What," Mr. Lathom stuttered, "what do you mean by that absurd question, Trimble?"

"I've lost my memory, sir!"

"Wha-a-a-t?"

It was out at last! A shiver of apprehension ran through Baggy Trimble's fat frame. He was no hero, yet he had taken a venture that many a plucky fellow might have shrunk from. If Mr. Lathom took the same view as the juniors——

In almost an agony of apprehension Baggy watched him, to see whether his hand strayed to the cane.

Mr. Lathom did not reach for the cane. He stared at Trimble in blank amazement.

"You—you—you have lost your memory, Trimble?" he ejaculated.

"Yes, sir."

"Impossible!"

"It's an awful fact, sir!" said Trimble pathetically. "My mind's a perfect blank, sir. I don't even know your name, sir. I had a shock—a terrible shock! That did it, sir!"

" Bless my soul ! If your statement is well-founded, Trimble, this must be seen to at once. What kind of shock did you receive ? "

" A fellow was hitting me on the head with a football, sir—— "

" Oh gum ! " murmured Wildrake.

" Escaping from him, sir, I rushed into another fellow and was hurled to the floor with terrific violence. "

" Oh cwumbs ! "

" Then I found myself in a box-room, sir, " said Baggy. " Some boys were there smoking, and they flung me down the stairs. "

Mellish fixed his eyes on Trimble with a glitter of rage and apprehension in them.

" Was the fat villain going to sneak

about the smoking ? " was Mellish's thought.

" Upon my word ! " gasped Mr. Lathom. " This — this is extraordinary ! When did all this happen, Trimble ? "

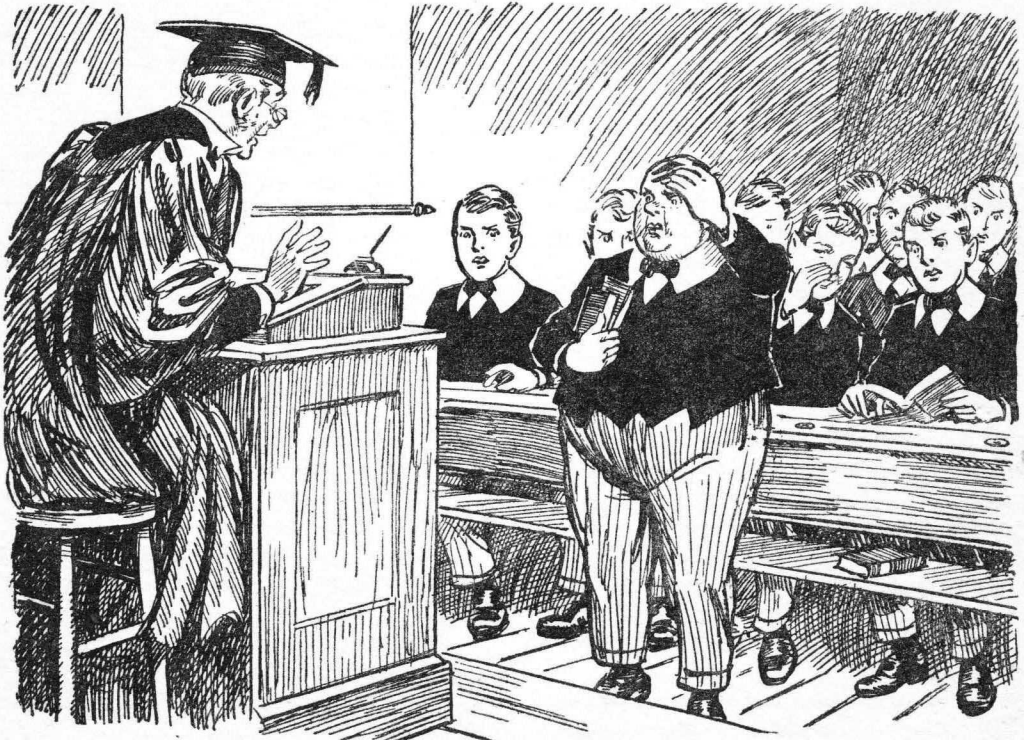
" Yesterday afternoon, sir. "

" Did you tell anyone what had resulted — that you had lost your memory ? "

" Yes, sir, a lot of fellows. I'm afraid they were rather brutal, sir. One of them flung a boot at me in the dormitory. "

" Oh ! " gasped Blake.

Mr. Lathom came away from his high desk. He stood before Trimble and blinked at him keenly. He was an unsuspecting gentleman, but a story



" Trimble ! " gasped Mr. Lathom. " Is my name Trimble, sir ? " asked Baggy. " What do you mean by that absurd question ? " exclaimed the master of the Fourth. " I've lost my memory, sir ! " answered Baggy. It was out at last !

of this size required some swallowing, so to speak.

"You assure me, Trimble, that you have lost your memory?" he demanded.

"Yes, sir. Is my name Trimble?"

"Your name is Trimble," said Mr. Lathom.

"Thank you, sir. It—it's very awkward for a fellow not to know his own name."

"H'm!" Mr. Lathom looked round at his class. "Can any boy present throw any light on this matter?"

Kit Wildrake rose.

"I guess I'd like to ask Trimble, sir, how he remembers that I biffed him on the head with a footer, if he's lost his memory?"

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Trimble in dismay.

"Yaas, wathah!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "And how does he wemembah wushin' into me in the passage, if he has lost his memow?"

"You should not have struck Trimble with a football, Wildrake, especially on the head. Such actions are dangerous."

"It was only a tap, sir."

"Yaas, wathah!"

"However, you seem to remember the circumstances, Trimble," said Mr. Lathom, turning to the sufferer again. "This does not seem consistent with your statement that you have lost your memory."

"How's the spoofer going to get out of that?" murmured Blake.

Trimble, however, rose to the occasion.

"I seem to recall some things and not others, sir," he stammered. "I—I can remember things that happen. I—I can't remember names or—or places or—or lessons, sir."

Mr. Lathom wrinkled his brow.

"It is possible, Trimble, that your statement is correct. Far be it from me to deal harshly with any boy who may be suffering under an affliction. You must be examined by the school doctor, Trimble. Are you prepared to see Dr. Short?"

"I'd be glad to, sir. I—I'm quite alarmed."

"Very well. You may take your place, Trimble, and after lessons I will communicate with the doctor."

"Thank you, sir!"

Trimble made a movement towards the desks, and stopped, remembering that he had forgotten, as it were.

"Where's my place, sir?"

"Your place, Trimble, is at the bottom of the class," said Mr. Lathom dryly. He pointed to an empty desk.

"Oh, thank you, sir!"

Trimble went to his place.

On the strength of his new "stunt," Trimble had "chucked" prep the previous evening, hoping for the best. His hopes turned out to be well-founded. The mere possibility that Trimble was suffering under a serious affliction made the Form master very careful with him.

"You will not take part in the lessons this morning, Trimble," he said. "You may sit and listen."

"Thank you, sir!"

And Trimble, with considerable satisfaction, sat idle while the rest of the Fourth worked. His new stunt was "panning out" at last.

It was something to get out of lessons. But, after a time, Baggly Trimble felt that that was not enough. Having gained so much, he sighed, like Alexander of old, for new worlds to conquer. Lessons in the Fourth Form room were suddenly interrupted by a groan from Trimble.

Mr. Lathom jumped.

"What—why—what——"

"Sorry, sir!" said Trimble. "I—I'm feeling rather faint, sir. M-m-may I go into the open air, sir?"

"You may go, Trimble."

"Thank you, sir!"

Baggy screwed up his fat face into an expression of suffering as he left the Form-room. As soon as the door closed after him he grinned. With great satisfaction he rolled out into the sunny quadrangle, leaving the rest of the Fourth to the morning's grind.

## THE SEVENTH CHAPTER

A TREAT FOR TRIMBLE!

"WHERE'S that fat spoofer?"

Jack Blake asked the question when the juniors were dismissed. Most of the fellows were anxious to see Trimble.

A fellow who could dodge a morning's lessons by pulling his Form master's leg was naturally an object of interest. Indeed, Mellish had begun to consider whether he hadn't better lose his memory, too! He hated work as much as Baggy Trimble did.

Trimble was not to be seen in the quad or the passages. The juniors proceeded to look for him. Blake, especially, was keen to tell Baggy what he thought of him.

"In his study, perhaps," said Dig.

"Did you leave anything to eat in your study, Wildrake?" asked Blake.

"Ha, ha! Nope."

"Then he won't be there."

"He'll turn up at dinner," said Tom Merry, laughing. "He won't forget dinner-time."

"Weally, you fellows," said Arthur Augustus thoughtfully, "I hope you are not goin' to be wuff with Twimble. Mr. Lathom thinks there may be somethin' in it."

"We're not quite so soft as Lathom, I hope," grunted Herries.

"Weally, Hewwies——"

"I'm going to rout him out!" said Blake. "I'm not going to be rough with the poor fellow, Gussy. Only going to kick him a little."

"Weally, Blake——"

"He's dodged work this morning," said Blake. "Left us to it! He ought to be kicked for that. Let's rout him out."

The juniors proceeded to look in the Fourth Form studies. There was the sound of a deep snore from Study No. 6 as they were passing that celebrated apartment. They knew that snore.

"In our study!" roared Herries.

Blake threw open the door of Study No. 6. The fat form of Baggy reposed in the armchair, in what a novelist would call an attitude of unstudied grace. His fat legs were stretched out, his bullet head leaned back, and his large mouth was wide open. There was a smear of jam on the fat face.

He was fast asleep. He continued to snore as the juniors crowded in the doorway.

"Sleeping off a feed!" chuckled Monty Lowther.

Blake jumped.

"My hat! If he's raided our study——" Blake rushed to the study cupboard.

Funds were good in Study No. 6, and there had been a good supply in the study cupboard. But when Blake glared into it he found it in the state of the cupboard which belonged to the celebrated Mrs. Hubbard. It was quite bare!

"The—the—the fat burglar!" gasped Blake. "He's scoffed all the tuck! Three jars of jam——"

"And the pickles!" howled Herries.



"And the cake!" roared Digby.

"Ha, ha, ha!" came in a howl from the passage. Study No. 6 were excited, but the rest of the juniors seemed to see a comic side to the affair.

Blake grasped the fat junior by the shoulder, and rolled him out of the armchair. Trimble landed on the floor with a bump and a yell.

"Yow-ow! Wharrer marrer! 'Tain't rising-bell!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You fat freak!" roared Blake.

"You've raided the study."

Trimble scrambled up in alarm.

"I—I say, I—I haven't, you know. I—I just dropped in here for a—a nap. I—I felt faint!"

"I'll make you feel fainter!" howled Blake. "Where's your dog-whip, Herries?"

"I—I say, I haven't touched a thing!" yelled Trimble. "Honour bright, you know. I—I thought this was my study! I—I've lost my memory, you know."

"That will do for Lathom," said Blake. "It won't do for Study No. 6."

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yarooooooh!"

Baggy Trimble made a bound for the door, with the dog-whip curling round his fat legs. But the doorway was crammed with juniors, and there was no escape for Baggy.

Whack, whack, whack, whack!

"Yoop! Help! Help! Oh, my hat! Stoppit!" roared Trimble. "I won't do it again! I never did it at all! I—I was hungry, you know! I never touched a thing! Oh crumbs! Yooooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What—what—what——" came a startled voice from the passage.

"Look out! Cave! There's Lathom!" gurgled Manners.

The juniors crowded back to make room for the Form master. Blake was too excited to heed. He had Trimble by the back of the collar now, and he was bumping his head on the study carpet. The roars of Baggy Trimble were like unto those of the Bull of Bashan.

"Yooooop! Leggo! Help! Oh, my hat!"

"Blake!" thundered Mr. Lathom.

"Oh!" gasped Blake.

He released the fat junior quite suddenly, and jumped back. Baggy Trimble sat up on the carpet and roared.

"What does this unruly scene mean?" exclaimed Mr. Lathom angrily. "Trimble, I came to look for you——"

"Yooooop!"

"Get up from the floor immediately, Trimble!"

"Yaroooooh!"

"Blake, this—this——"

"Sorry, sir!" gasped Blake. "But that fat bounder——"

"What—what?"

"He's raided the study," roared Herries. "Scoffed all the tuck! The fat villain!"

"Oh!" said Mr. Lathom. "Trimble, rise to your feet at once, and cease those ridiculous noises, sir!"

"Yow-ow-ow-ow-ow!"

Baggy Trimble scrambled to his feet.

"Have you taken anything in this study that does not belong to you, Trimble?" demanded Mr. Lathom severely.

"I—I—I don't know, sir!" gasped Trimble.

"You do not know?"

"No, sir. I—I can't remember."

"Bless my soul!"

"I—I came over faint in the quad, sir," said Trimble. "I tried to find



As the juniors heard a deep snore from Study No. 6, Jack Blake threw open the door. They knew that snore. The fat form of Baggy reposed in the armchair, and he was fast asleep. A smear of jam on his face told only too plainly that he had been raiding their study cupboard.

my study. I—I don't know which is my study, sir, so I—I came in here to—to rest. What happened next, sir, is a blank!"

"Upon my word, Trimble——"

"A perfect blank, sir!" said Trimble. "My memory's quite gone, sir! I think Blake's brutality, sir, has made it worse. I have a terrible throbbing in my head, and a pain like—like burning needles!"

"Like what?"

"Burning needles, sir—or daggers. More like daggers than needles," said Trimble. "I'm suffering terribly, sir! If this should cause my death, sir, I forgive Blake. I know he can't help being a beast."

"I—I——" stuttered Blake.

"Blake, you should be more careful!" said Mr. Lathom severely. "I

can make allowances for your natural exasperation in the—the circumstances, but you should have remembered that Trimble states that he is suffering from a serious affliction. I am surprised at you, Blake! You will take two hundred lines!"

"Oh!" gasped Blake.

"My boys, I request you to be very careful with Trimble until this matter has been thrashed out," said Mr. Lathom. "Any violence may do great harm. I must warn you that if a finger is laid on Trimble again before he has seen a doctor, the delinquent will be reported to the Head for a flogging!"

"Oh! Hem!"

"Trimble, I have mentioned this matter to Mr. Railton, and he desires to see you before a doctor is

sent for. You will come to Mr. Railton's study in a quarter of an hour!"

"Who is Mr. Railton, sir?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"Have I ever heard the name before, sir?" asked Trimble calmly.

"Bless my soul! Mr. Railton is your Housemaster! Merry, may I request you to bring Trimble to Mr. Railton's study at the time I have mentioned?"

"Certainly, sir!" said Tom Merry.

Mr. Lathom rustled away, and Baggy Trimble was left with the juniors. But he felt quite secure now, and he grinned triumphantly. Nobody wanted to be reported to the Head for a flogging. And Baggy was safe from the fingers—and the fists—that otherwise certainly would have been laid upon himself—hard!

## THE EIGHTH CHAPTER

QUITE NICE FOR BAGGY!

"YOU fat rotter!"

"You spoofing walrus!"

"You awful spoofer!"

The passage and the study were crowded, and every fellow present seemed to have something to say to Baggy Trimble. If they could not punch him, they could at least tell him what they thought of him.

Baggy did not seem to mind. Hard words break no bones. And Baggy would have preferred all the hard words in the dictionary to a single punch from Blake's hefty right arm.

"I hope you're ashamed of yourself now, Blake," he said with dignity. "You other fellows, too. I must say you're a lot of rotters!"

"What?" howled Blake.

"Sneaking rotters!" said Trimble calmly. "I've a jolly good mind to

thrash you, Blake! But a weak-kneed waster like you ain't worth thrashing!"

Blake made a jump towards Trimble. Then he remembered, and jumped back. Trimble was safe enough, unless Blake wanted to give the Head the trouble of administering a flogging. Blake didn't.

"You—you—you——" stuttered Blake

"Shut up!" said Trimble.

"Wha-a-at?"

"Hold your silly tongue!" said Trimble victoriously. "You talk too much, Blake! You're like a sheep's head, you know—all jaw!"

Blake choked.

"Get out of my study, you worm!" he gasped.

"Rats!"

"Bai Jove! Get out, Twimble, you cheekay wottah!"

"Shut up, D'Arcy! I'll stay as long as I choose, and I dare you to put me out!" said Trimble coolly. "Not that you could! I'd thrash the lot of you as soon as look at you! Set of measly funks!"

Study No. 6 looked at Trimble as if transfixed. There was a chuckle in the passage.

"Go it!" chortled Monty Lowther. "Now's your chance, Baggy! You can say what you like! Give us some more eloquence!"

"You go and eat coke, Lowther! You're a rotten cad!"

"What?" yelled Lowther.

"So is Tom Merry—a sneaking worm!" said Trimble. "As for Manners, I'd pull his ears if he were fit for a decent chap to lay hands on. He ain't!"

The Terrible Three blinked at Trimble.

"Well, my hat!" said Tom, with a deep breath. "This is rich! Let

the fat idiot alone. We don't want a Head's flogging!"

"Wathah not! But, weally——"

"I—I—I'll smash him into little pieces later on!" gasped Blake.

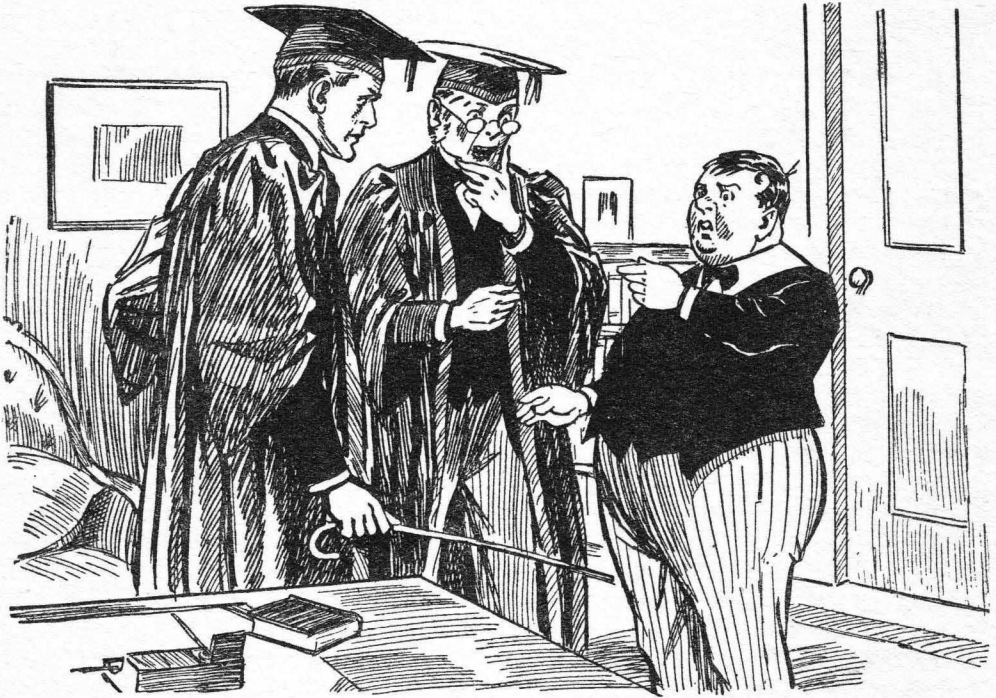
Trimble sniffed contemptuously.

"You!" he sneered. "You couldn't smash a bunny rabbit! You'd run away from a fag in the Third Form, Blake! I've seen you

"Lathom meant business. Can't you see the fat villain is trying to book you for the Head?"

"I—I—I'll——" spluttered Blake.

Baggy Trimble grinned complacently. He had never had such an opportunity of slanging Study No. 6 and the Terrible Three before. It was like the worthy Baggy to use his advantage to the full.



"If you have lost your memory, Trimble," said Mr. Railton, "your case is a serious one and requires special care and attention such as you cannot receive in a crowded school. So you will pack your box——"

"P-p-pack my box!" stuttered Baggy. "Oh, lor'!"

running away from the Grammar School fellows!"

"You haven't!" shrieked Blake.

"Fibber!"

Jack Blake ran right at Trimble. Flogging or no flogging, this was too much for flesh and blood to stand. Fortunately, Dig and Herries grasped him and yanked him back in time.

"Hold on, you ass!" gasped Dig.

"Are you going out of our study?" asked Blake, in a suppressed voice.

"Not unless I choose," said Trimble independently. "And you're too funky to put me out! Yah!"

With great self-control Blake walked past the fat junior, and left the study himself. His chums followed him.

"Yah! Funks!" howled Trimble after them.

Blake half-turned, but went on. Baggy Trimble was left in triumphant possession of Study No. 6.

When the quarter of an hour had elapsed, Tom Merry looked in for him. Trimble met his glance with a cheeky leer.

"What do you want, you dummy?" he asked.

"Time for you to come to Railton," said Tom, manfully suppressing his feelings.

"Go and eat coke!"

"Well, suit yourself!" said Tom, turning away.

"Oh, I'll come!" said Baggy, following him into the passage. "Look here, Merry! You don't believe I've lost my memory—what?"

"No!" snapped the captain of the Shell. "I know you're lying, Trimble, if that's what you mean!"

"That's because you're untruthful yourself," said Trimble calmly. "Fellows like you wouldn't understand a high-principled chap. Now, you're not what I call honourable, Tom Merry."

Tom clenched his hands hard. But he led the way in silence, at a good speed. It was quite unnecessary for Trimble to be guided to the Housemaster's study, and Tom Merry knew it; but he had to do as Mr. Lathom had requested. He was only anxious for his task to be over.

Baggy Trimble quite enjoyed the little walk. He filled in the time by telling the captain of the Shell what he thought of him. Apparently he thought a good deal, and all of it uncomplimentary. Tom was almost at boiling-point by the time they reached Mr. Railton's door.

Tom Merry tapped at the door and opened it.

"Here's Trimble, sir!" he gasped.

"Ah! Come in, Trimble!" said Mr. Railton's deep voice.

Baggy rolled into the study, and Tom Merry drew the door shut and retired, and he sparred in the air as he went down the passage, wasting upon the desert air what he yearned to bestow upon the fat features of Baggy Trimble of the Fourth.

## THE NINTH CHAPTER

ALL U.P.!

MR. RAILTON fixed his keen eyes upon Trimble.

Baggy felt an inward tremor.

"Mr. Lathom has informed me of a very extraordinary circumstance, Trimble," said the Housemaster.

"Yes, sir!" faltered Baggy.

"You have stated that you have lost your memory, owing to receiving a shock."

"That is so, sir."

"Yet, in spite of this loss of memory, you were able to give Mr. Lathom details of the shock."

"I—I—I——"

"If your statement is correct, Trimble, you will receive every care and sympathy," said Mr. Railton more kindly.

"Yes, sir," mumbled Baggy. "Some—some fellows in this—this awful state, sir, receive much sympathy."

"It is not a trick on your part, Trimble, to impose upon your Form master and elude lessons?"

"Oh, sir!"

"Before sending for the doctor," said Mr. Railton, "we will go into the matter a little ourselves. I cannot help suspecting, Trimble, that your claim is founded merely upon trickery."

"Oh, sir!"

"But you shall have the benefit of the doubt, Trimble, if there is a doubt. Can you remember my name?"

"No, sir."

"Not if you make an effort, Trimble?"

"Impossible, sir! My mind's a perfect blank."

"You are sure of that, Trimble?"

"Quite, sir!" said Baggy cheerily.

"I—I think I may recover later, sir, if I don't have any lessons, and—and have plenty to eat, sir. This awful affliction makes me unusually hungry, sir, somehow. And—and when I even think of lessons, sir, I get fearful pains like burning daggers."

"That is a very serious matter, Trimble, if true. For the last time, you assure me that the case is as you state?"

"Exactly, sir. I—I hope I'm not a fellow whose word could be doubted."

"On the contrary, Trimble, your Form master tells me that you are the most untruthful boy in his Form!"

"That is certainly the case," said Mr. Lathom, with a nod.

"However, if you persist in your statement, Trimble, we must act upon it!" said Mr. Railton grimly. "You appear to have some curious idea that you may be allowed to remain at school spending your time in idleness. That is not the case. I shall send a telegram to your father requesting——"

Trimble jumped.

"Requesting him to come to the school immediately. He will see you in the Head's presence——"

Trimble's jaw dropped.

"And if this unfortunate state of affairs persists, your father will take you home with him——"

"Tut-tut-take me home!" gasped Trimble.

"Certainly! If you have lost your memory, Trimble, your case is a serious one, and requires special care and attention, such as you cannot

receive in a crowded school. So you will pack your box——"

"P-p-pack my box!"

"Yes, immediately!"

"Oh, lor'!"

Trimble gazed at the Housemaster blankly. Whatever he had expected to come of his amazing stunt, certainly he had not expected this. He shivered at the bare thought of facing his father with such a yarn.

Mr. Railton's eyes rested upon him grimly.

"You may go, Trimble!" he said.

"I—I—I——"

"Have you anything more to say?"

"Ye-e-es!" gasped Trimble.

"Lots! I—I mean——" He passed a fat paw over his brow dramatically.

"It—it's coming back! I—I can remember your name, sir, now!"

"You—you—you are beginning to remember!" gasped the Housemaster.

"Yes, sir! All is clear now!" exclaimed Baggy dramatically.

"You're Mr. Railton, sir. I—I remember now. This—this is Mr. Lathom. I—I remember your name now, sir. I—I've got my memory back, sir!"

"Bless my soul!"

Mr. Railton rose to his feet. Methodically he selected his stoutest cane.

"Trimble, you untruthful young rascal! Do you suppose for one moment that you can deceive me with these astounding and palpable falsehoods? Bend over!"

"Oh crumbs!"

Swish, swish, swish, swish, swish!

Trimble's wild yells rang far beyond the walls of the Housemaster's study.

Mr. Railton was breathing hard when he laid down the cane.

"Trimble, you have been punished for your attempted deceit——"

"Yoow-ow-ow-ow-woop!"

“ Silence ! Mr. Lathom, it appears that Trimble has eluded a morning’s lessons by this disgraceful trickery. I may rely upon you to award him such an imposition as will make up for the loss of time ! ”

“ Most certainly, sir ! ” gasped Mr. Lathom. “ Trimble, you will write out a thousand lines of Virgil, and you will be detained on half-holidays until they are written ! ”

“ Oh crumbs ! ”

“ You may go, Trimble ! ”

“ Yow-ow-ow-wow ! ”

Trimble went.

Quite an army of fellows wanted to see Trimble after his interview with the Housemaster, with thoughts of vengeance. But the fearful yells from the Housemaster’s study showed that Trimble had received what he had been asking for, and Tom Merry & Co. generously let him off. They had fully expected that “ old Railton ” would bowl out the fatuous Baggy, so they were not surprised to hear that Trimble had recovered his memory now. Only too clearly it had been borne in upon Baggy’s fat brain that that chicken would not fight.

During the next week or two, the most doleful fellow at St. Jim’s was Trimble of the Fourth. He had escaped a morning’s lessons, and he had a tremendous imposition to write out as a reward, which used up three half-holidays. On Baggy’s profit-and-loss account there was not much to be put down on the profit side. Baggy realised dismally that the way of the transgressor was hard, and in his woe he received just as little sympathy as for his loss of memory. Tom Merry & Co. kindly refrained from kicking him—which they felt was kindness enough for the spoofer.

THE END

## Greyfriars Jingles

By PETER  
TODD



FROM China’s great dominion came  
A cheerful youth, Wun Lung by name,  
Who, when he cannot recognise  
The meaning of our questions, cries  
“ No savvy ! ”

The said Celestial isn’t dense,  
No fear ; he’s got a lot of sense !  
He often understands quite well  
Despite the fact we hear him yell,  
“ No savvy ! ”

It might not be convenient  
To understand just what we meant,  
So when he finds that silence pays,  
He shakes his head and blandly says,  
“ No savvy ! ”

At times we ask him to explain  
A certain thing. We ask in vain !  
When these contingencies arise  
He smiles politely and replies,  
“ No savvy ! ”

“ You savvy right enough ! ” we roar ;  
“ We’ll knock your head against the door  
Unless you answer like a bird ! ”  
He does—with just the same old word,  
“ No savvy ! ”

We knock his head, then squash him flat !  
We bump him—what’s the good of that ?  
Although a heap of rags and bones,  
The obstinate Celestial groans,  
“ No savvy ! ”