



TRIMBLE THE TWISTER!

By JACK BLAKE

It is Baggy Trimble's boast that he will win Herr Schneider's prize for an essay in German. But in making good his boast, the artful Baggy lays himself open to a "prize" of another sort!

THE FIRST CHAPTER

BAGGY'S BOAST!

OLD Schneider, our German master, is a queer sort of bird and does some queer things. But I think we were all surprised when he gave out in class the other day that he had decided to award a prize for the best German essay by a Fourth Form fellow.

"To he who der best essay writes in Cherman I vill a very peautiful pook give after," he told us, in his queer lingo. "Der essay must not pe more dan five hundred vorts long, and it can be about any supchet you please. Der essays for der gompetition to me pefore Saturday must be given."

Some of the brainy men in the Form decided to have a shot at it. I myself did not see the fun of slogging away at a German essay for the sake of a beastly book, but old Gustavus D'Arcy, my study-mate, said he would go in for it.

"Ass!" I said. "You don't know as much German as I do!"

"I must wemark, Blake, that I wefuse to be called an ass," replied the ass. "I shall w'ite an essay on

clobbah, which will easily take the pwize."

Then Baggy Trimble, our prize porker, butted in.

"It's no use you fellows going in for the competition," he said loftily. "I've decided to enter myself—"

"Against the rules," put in Cardew, shaking his head.

"Eh? What's against the rules?"

"To enter yourself. You're supposed to enter a giddy essay, you know."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You silly ass!" snorted Trimble. "I mean that I'm going to enter and I shall bag the prize. Most likely old Schneider won't trouble to read your silly rot after he's read mine."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"But what's the use of a book to you, Baggy?" asked Dig. "You can't eat it."

"He can devour it with his eyes," said Cardew.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I say, you know, a fellow could sell the book for a few shillings. It's bound to be worth that, at least.

Who will offer me five bob for it now, and chance what book it is?"

Strange to say, no fellow seemed keen to offer five bob for it.

"First catch your hare," chortled Cardew. "You've about as much chance of winning a German prize as Oxford has of winning the Derby."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"That's only your blessed jealousy," sniffed Trimble. "I'm the best German scholar in the Form. Old Schneider told me once that I know more German than he does."

"Phew!"

"Well, I'll tell you what I'll do, Baggy," said Cardew, winking at us slyly. "I'll give you a whole pound-note for the book if you win it——"

"Oh, good!"

"And a record kicking if you don't."

"Oh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You're taking no chances if you are such a wonderful German scholar," grinned Cardew. "The pound is as good as won already."

Baggy Trimble looked rather thoughtful, but presently he nodded calmly.

"Done!" he said.

"Mind," Cardew warned him, "I shall kick you jolly hard if you don't bag the prize."

"That's all right. The prize is practically certain to come to me."

"Oh, my hat!"

"I'll have the pound now, Cardew——"

"Not quite!" chortled Cardew. "You shall have the pound when you hand over old Schneider's prize, and not before, my pippin!"

"Just as you like," sniffed Trimble. "I call on all you fellows to witness that Cardew has offered me a quid for the book——"

"We'll witness that," I said grimly

"And we'll witness your record kicking if you don't win it, fatty."

"Right-ho!" agreed Trimble, and he rolled away with his fat head held high in the air.

"I wonder what his game is?" Dig murmured. "The fat chump must know he has no chance of bagging the prize. He can't even translate 'Twinkle, twinkle little star' into German."

"It's some spoof, of course," grinned Cardew. "But I fancy he won't find it so jolly easy to spoof Schneider. The old bird is very downy. At any rate, we shall see what we shall see."

We kept our eyes on Baggy Trimble during the next two days. The fat scamp was obviously in the throes of composition, and—not being in the competition—I contrived to drop into his study and look over his shoulder.

At the head of a smudgy paper he had written:

"ESSAY ON LERNING,"

and his brows were contracted in painful thought as he glared at the first two sentences:

"Lerning is a beestly difficult thing. The more you lern the less you kno."

I roared, and Trimble blinked round angrily.

"You rotter! You're trying to cheat off me."

"Steady on, old bean," I answered. "I'm not going in for the prize. But, I say, Baggy, this essay's got to be in German, you know. What language is that?"

"Eh? English, of course."

"Oh, is it?"

"I'm writing it out in English first, and then changing it to German afterwards."

"Rather a weird idea, isn't it?"

German construction is different from English, you know."

"Rats!"

I reported to Cardew and the others that Baggy was obviously very much in earnest, and we waited with keen anticipation for the following Monday, when Schneider was to make the award.

THE SECOND CHAPTER

TRIMBLE'S TRICK!

BAGGY TRIMBLE was quite confident as he came into class on the Monday. We had not seen much of him after I had dropped into his study, so we hadn't the faintest idea how his essay on "lerning" had progressed. But he told us that he was certain to be the winner, so we judged he had handed it in.

Old Schneider rolled in with a bunch of papers in his paw, and Baggy beamed confidently at him. We waited breathlessly to hear the result.

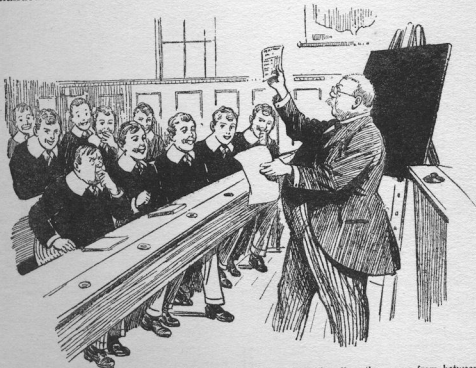
"I now der final judging in der Cherman essay gomppetition have made," said Herr Schneider. "Der essays vas all eggstremely goot, and it vas vith great diffigulty dat I decided which vas der best."

"That's mine," murmured Baggy.

"Dis very goot morocco-bound volume of Schiller's 'Villiam Tell' I have decided to present to Arnest Levison for his essay on Schiller."

Baggy's face was a study. We gave Levison a clap, but Baggy took no part.

"It's a swindle!" he hissed angrily. "There must be some mistake. I'm going to speak to Schneider."



"When I turn to der last page of Trimble's essay," said Herr Schneider, "another paper from between the leaves falls out." "Oh, crikey!" gasped Baggy as the German master held up the account from the Rylcombe Typing and Translation Co.

He rose up indignantly. Herr Schneider blinked at him.

"Vell, Trimble! Vat is it pefore?"

"Didn't you read my essay on Learning, sir?" demanded Baggy indignantly. "It was easily the best."

"I am goming to that in vun moment, Trimble. Sit down viz you after, ain't it. Der best essay, as I have said, vas der one of Arnest Levison; but der most perfect Cherman was in der essay by der poy Trimble, and I am going a special avard to make him."

We gasped with amazement, but Baggy Trimble beamed.

"I knew there was something else," he chortled.

"Dis essay, when I read him, entertain me very mooch," said Herr Schneider, holding up Baggy's effort. "The Cherman vos most eggcellent, and I am surprised mit myself dat Trimble can have written him. But when I turn to der last page, another paper from between the leaves falls out."

"Oh, crikey!" gasped Trimble, as Herr Schneider held up a thin account form.

"Dis odder paper I see is a bill addressed to Trimble—a bill for der sum of seven shillinks and sigspence. I now to you dis bill vill read:

“RYLCOMBE TYPING AND
TRANSLATION CO.

To Master B. Trimble, St. Jim's	
To translating into Cherman	
an essay on "Learning,"	s. d.
4 folios at 1s. 6d. . . .	6 0
To translating the original	
into English first	1 6
	<hr/>
	7 6"

There was a dumbfounded silence for a minute when Herr Schneider

ceased. We simply blinked at Baggy. We understood now the nature of his spoof. The fat villain had taken his English essay to a firm of professional translators in Rylcombe and let them do all the donkey work for the sum of seven-and-six. It was an ingenious idea, and very nearly came off.

We burst into a yell of laughter at Trimble's face.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Nein, it is no matter to laugh about, mein poys!" exclaimed the German master. "Trimble have tried to deceive me mit himself, and for dat I give him one very special award. I make him an award mit my cane. Gom out to der front mit you, Trimble."

Baggy rolled dolorously to the front of the class, and the next moment he was going through it.

Whack, whack, whack!

"Yoooooop! Ow-ow-wow!"

"Dere!" gasped Herr Schneider. "As you are so geen on learning, Trimble, perhaps you will learn not your master to deceive. Go back and sid down."

But this was not the end of Baggy's woes. After class we surrounded him and marched him off to the Common-room.

"Look here!" he roared indignantly. "What's the game, you rotters? Let a fellow go!"

"Where's Cardew?" chortled Dig.

"Here I am," replied Cardew, clumping into the room. "I just stopped to put my football-boots on."

"Yaroooooh!" roared Baggy.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Bend him over!" I said.

"Yaas, wathah! I wegard that as the weally wight and pwopah thing to do. If Twimble hadn't have upset old Schneidah, I feel suah he would

have awarded me the prize for my essay on Clobbah."

We bent the fat fraud over. He had made that bargain with Cardew of the Fourth, and we were determined that he should keep it to the full.

Cardew put all his beef into the kicking. Baggy squirmed and wriggled, but we held him grimly in position. Then Gussy opened the door, we poised Baggy on the threshold and with one final kick Cardew sent him sailing down the passage.

Bump!

"Yooooooooooooooooo!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There!" gasped Cardew. "I say, Baggy, the lists for the English Literature prize will be out this week. I'll strike the same bargain on that prize if you like."

But Baggy had picked himself up and fled. Evidently he did not want to repeat the bargain.

And it's my opinion that Baggy will think twice before he tries that game on again.

BUNTER THE BANKRUPT

By PETER TODD

POOR Bunter is bankrupt, I'm sorry to say,
He owes all his schoolfellows money,
And as he has nothing whatever to pay,

We cannot regard it as funny!

So Wharton decided to summon the Form
To come to a creditors' meeting,
Which took place on Saturday evening in
dorm,

With candles for lighting and heating.

"The prisoner Bunter," our captain began,
As the Owl stood in dock with a warder,
"Has long been well known for accosting
a man

With a tale of a large postal-order!"

Considerable laughter was heard in the Court,
With cries of "Hear, hear!" by the
claimants!

And Wharton went on to read out a report
Of all Bunter's debts—but no payments!

Then Bunter replied in a voice full of tears
(But not, I suspect, of repentance!),
"You beasts, I'm expecting a——"
Laughter and cheers

Completed the rest of this sentence.

The Court then appointed a broker's man
(Rake)

To take up possession next morning
Inside Bunter's study, and forthwith to
take

All his goods off for sale without warning!

An auction was held in the usual way,

The auctioneer (Fishy) was present.

(He asked for commission, I'm sorry to say,
And found our reply most unpleasant!)

"Now, guys and galoots," he cried, "walk
up and buy

These goods and this wearing apparel;
I guess it belongs to a bankrupted guy,
And we're selling it lock, stock and
barrel!"

"What offers, you ginks, for a solid gold
watch?

It cost thirty guineas, consider!"

It went for three ha'pence to "Oggy,"
who's Scotch!

Alas, there was no other bidder.

A couple of handkerchiefs, perfectly black,
Were knocked down by Fishy's en-
deavour,

But the rest of the wearing apparel went back
To its owners for nothing whatever!

The sum of elevenpence-ha'penny was found
As the final stupendous position!

And this was shared out at a farthing all
round

With a ha'penny to Fish for commission.

The creditors didn't seem quite satisfied

With this state of affairs, and decided

To take all the rest out of Bunter's fat hide,
And none kicked him harder than I did!