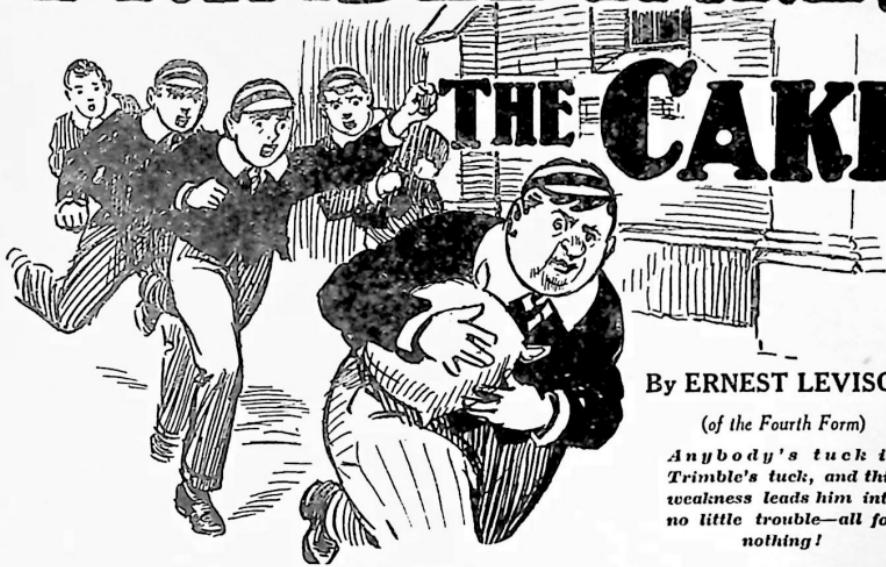


TRIMBLE TAKES THE CAKE



By ERNEST LEVISON

(of the Fourth Form)

*Anybody's tuck is
Trimble's tuck, and this
weakness leads him into
no little trouble—all for
nothing!*

BAGGY TRIMBLE took the cake.

It was lying just inside old Taggles' lodge among a pile of miscellaneous parcels that had come in by the midday post. Baggy recognised it as a cake immediately, partly by the shape of it, and partly because instinct told him it was a cake.

For all he knew, it might have been addressed to the Head. The direst penalties might have been involved in taking that cake. But Baggy didn't hesitate. Trifles didn't worry him where a cake was concerned. He took it, and bolted.

Railton was coming down to the gates as Baggy bolted. That was a bit of bad luck for Baggy. He cannoned into Railton and sent him fairly flying.

Railton got up, almost foaming at the mouth with rage.

"Trimble! How dare you run about in such a manner? Report to me in my study in half an hour—for a caning!"

"Oh, crikey!" murmured Baggy.

He rolled on towards the School House, feeling decidedly less enthusiastic. A cake was very nice, of course; but a licking from Railton to follow it rather took the gilt off it.

Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther met him on the steps. They eyed him rather suspiciously. Trimble with a parcel in his hand was a sight to excite suspicion in the most unsuspicious minds.

"Where did you find it, fatty?" Tom Merry asked.

"Oh, really, Merry! I didn't take it from Taggles' lodge—and, anyway, there weren't any parcels there! The postman hasn't been yet!"

That was good enough for the Terrible Three. They made a move to relieve Baggy of his parcel with a view to investigating.

Trimble, desperate at the possibility of losing the prize for which he had already paid so dearly, turned tail and fled.

The Shellites streamed after him, several other curious spectators joining in the chase.

Again Baggy was unlucky. Rounding the corner of the gym, he bashed into Knox, doubling up the cheery old black sheep of the Sixth like a jack-knife. Knox went down with a bump. He had the presence of mind to drag his assailant with him, so Baggy also collapsed, with a thud and a yell.

"Yarooooop! Murder! Police!" howled Baggy.

A moment later Baggy's pursuers arrived, to be followed soon after by the Head.



He eyed the disorderly scene with looks of disapproval.

"Knox! Trimble! Get up at once! What are you doing?"

Knox staggered to his feet and heatedly explained that he had had no option about rolling on the ground.

The Head turned to the trembling Baggy.

"Trimble! What is the meaning of your unseemly haste? Were you running away from these juniors?"

"Oh, dear! That's it, sir!" gasped Baggy. "They thought I'd pinched—I mean, taken—a cake. But it wasn't me. I think it must have been Knox!"

"What!"

"Nothing to do with me, anyway, sir!" said Baggy. "I wouldn't dream of taking another chap's cake. Perish the thought!"

"Is this the cake?" asked the Head, pointing to a mangled parcel lying on the ground. "Yes, sir—not that I know anything about it!"

The Head picked up the squashed remains and looked at the label.

Then he jumped.

"Trimble!"

"Oh! Yes, sir!"

Trimble darted round the corner of the gym, and —bump!—he butted into Knox. The Sixth-Former doubled up under the impact.

"Do you know to whom this parcel was addressed?"

"No, sir; I didn't have time to look at the label when I took it from the porter's lodge—that is to say, sir—"

"There is no need to go into further details, Trimble. Had you looked, you would have apparently saved yourself a lot of trouble, for the *parcel is addressed to yourself!*"

With which Parthian shot, the Head walked away.

We helped Trimble back to the House. He needed it.

Baggy Trimble hasn't been the same man since. I don't think he ever will be again!

A GRAVE INJUSTICE!

By
HORACE COKER.

IVY I translate without a "dic." ;
At figures I'm peculiarly correct ;
I'm exceptionally quick at advanced arithmetic,
And I own a very brilliant intellect.
Compared with such intelligence as mine,
The Reverend Head himself is but a fool.
I invariably shine in the literary line—
And yet I'm not made captain of the school.

At sportsmanship my prowess none refute ;
For cricket, I am famous far and wide ;
At footer I'm a "beaut" ; I can dribble, pass and
shoot,
And I frequently score goals (against my side).
My merit as a swimmer's understood ;
In water I am always calm and cool ;
At the hurdles I am good, I can box like Jackie Hood—
And yet I'm not made captain of the school.

Of course, there is a drawback in the way ;
I'm modest, and I simply cannot boast ;
Not a word I ever say about the fame of Horace J. ;
I'm as bashful and retiring as a ghost.
I never join an argument unruly,
Never quarrel ; never fight a duel ;
And I never boast unduly of the merits of yours
truly—
And yet I'm not made captain of the school.

The fathead Wingate's captain in my stead.
I shall interview the doctor after tea ;
I shall point out to the Head that I'm getting rather
"fed"
With the treatment that is meted out to me.
I shall say it's time we had an alteration ;
He'll see my point, if he is not a mule ;
With icy indignation I shall claim my proper station—
As the undisputed captain of the school.

After Tea.

I've been to see the Head about the fact—ow !
And told him clearly what he ought to do ;
I pointed out with tact—ow !—that Wingate
should be sacked—ow !
And I made captain in his place—yarooh !
The Head was plainly jealous of my fame—ow !
He seized a cane and gave it to me cruel !
He gave me six the same—ow !—on a spot I cannot
name—ow !
And STILL I'm not made captain of the school !



GREYFRIARS FREAKS AT THE FAIR!

