

TRIUMPH 2^d Every Tuesday **No. 1** OF A SMASHING NEW SERIES OF **MODERN WAR** IN THE AIR *Stories Inside*

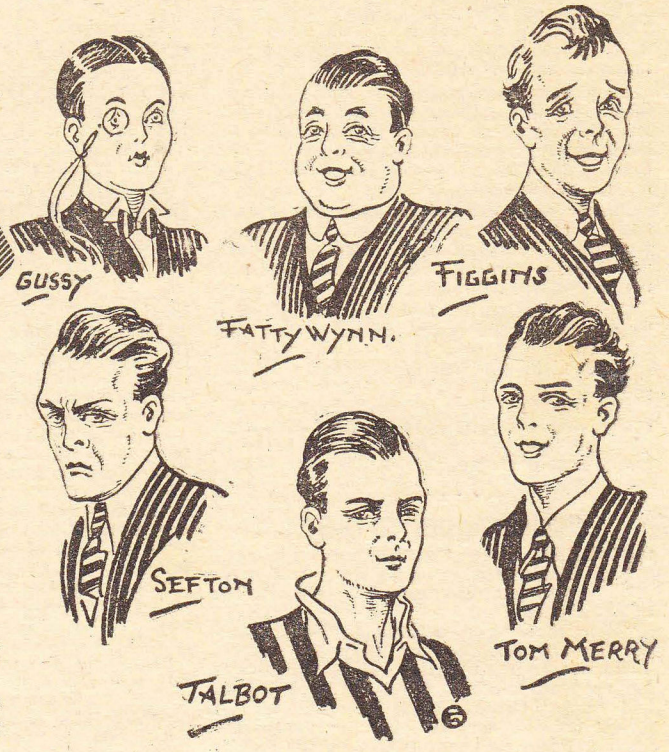
THE TRIUMPH

2^d AND GEM



HERE THEY ARE AGAIN! ONCE YOU'VE MET 'EM YOU'LL NEVER FORGET 'EM

The Boys of ST JIM'S



THIS WEEK:
PARKER MEETS HIS MATCH

PARKER'S ULTIMATUM

"I SAY, Merry, I ought to be in the footer team this afternoon against New House."

Norman Leonard Parker, the extraordinary new boy at St. Jim's, made the statement almost with the air of a dictator.

Tom Merry grinned.

"Nothing doing," he replied.

Parker was not a bad sort of chap, but he had two faults, which at first had made him misunderstood by the fellows of St. Jim's. First, he was too disposed to fight anyone who disagreed or opposed him; secondly, he had too high an opinion of himself.

His opinion of his prowess as a footballer, for example, was woefully wrong. Tom Merry had given him a trial in a practice game, and had found him to be a veritable duffer on the soccer field.

But Parker bristled as Merry grinned at him.

"Remember," the new boy began, "I'm a peaceable chap, but I don't stand any rot from anyone. I'll mop you up if you don't put me in the team."

But Tom Merry had not stopped to listen to that threat. He had passed on.

That afternoon Parker watched the match between School House and New House, with his hands in his pockets, criticising the play very severely to Wilkins.

Wilkins was a devoted follower of Parker by this time. It was the only way to get a quiet life, as he was Parker's studymate.

Not that Parker was anything like a bully. He was down on bullying, and had already "mopped up" Gore of the Shell for pulling the ears of a fag. He pulled the ears of fags himself sometimes, but where Parker differed from Gore was that Gore did that sort of act spitefully.

Parker was, in fact, really a good-natured fellow, brimming over with good humour and a tremendous sense of his own importance, and everybody rather liked him. It was impossible to dislike him.

He had only one enemy, and that was Crooke, which was unfortunate for Crooke, who was the third member of the study which he, Wilkins, and Parker shared.

"Pretty rotten show on both sides," was Parker's comment when the House match was over, New House winning by the odd goal in three. "They want a really good player. I'm going to insist on being in the team."

"How are you going to manage it?" grinned Wilkins.

"I'm going to speak to Merry again."

"And after that?" asked Brand, who was often to be seen with Parker these days.

"Well, if he doesn't do the right thing I shall have to mop him up, that's all."

"And after that?"

"I shall have to keep on mopping him up till he puts me in the eleven," said Parker.

"There's nothing else for it. I'm not going to see the House beaten in footer matches because Tom Merry is an ass."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Parker joined the footballers when they came away from the field. He was looking very determined.

"Just a word with you, Merry," he said.

"Pile in," replied Tom Merry affably.

"New House have beaten you."

"Yes. They were one too many for us to-day," said Tom. "They only did it in the last minute, though."

"It would have been a bit different if I had been in the team."

"Yes; they'd have beaten us by a dozen goals instead of one," assented Tom.

"Don't be funny!" roared Parker. "Now, when is the next match?"

"Grammar School, next Saturday."

"I'm playing in that match."

"Sez you?"

"I mean it. I'm not going to stand any rot."

"Same here!" said Tom cheerily.

"Weally, Parkah, you are making a sillay ass of yourself," remonstrated Arthur Augustus. "Pway wun away, and don't talk out of your neck, deah boy."

"You can leave this duffer D'Arcy out of the team, Merry, and put me in," went on Parker, ignoring Gussy.

"Bai Jove!"

"Or Blake—Blake's not much good."

"What?" said Blake sulphurously.

"Still, you can please yourself about that, Merry," said Parker magnanimously. "I don't care which fellow you leave out."

"Thanks!"

"All I care about is that you put me in. Can I take it that that's settled?"

"Certainly!"

"It's settled that I'm in the eleven?"

"Oh, no! It's settled that you're not!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll put it plain," said Parker. "I'll give you till Friday. On Friday I shall expect to see my name in the footer list."

"Blessed are those who don't expect," remarked Monty Lowther. "They never get disappointed."

"And if my name isn't down," said Parker, "I shall mop you up. I'm sorry to have to do it—very sorry—but—"

"You may be still sorrier when you come to do it," suggested Tom.

"Oh, don't be funny! Mind, I mean business. On Friday my name goes down in the list, or else you get wiped up. I know this looks a bit high-handed, but what I'm really thinking of is the good of the team."

Tom Merry made a note with a pencil and paper. Parker watched him in rather a puzzled way.

"Making a note of it?" he asked.

"Yes."

"To put me down in the team on Saturday?"

"Oh, no! To lick you in the gym on Friday!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The footballers walked on, leaving Parker

frowning. Parker looked at Wilkins, who made an heroic attempt not to smile.

"Well, I've done my best," said Parker. "If the fellow won't have any sense, I'll try to knock some into him. You fellows come along to the gym on Friday next week, and you'll see that duffer mopped up."

"Oh, we'll come!" said Wilkins and Brand together.

"You've seen me play, football?" said Parker.

"We have," agreed Wilkins and Brand. "We've never seen a fellow play football like it before. There isn't a player in the school like you, Parker. Coming to the tuckshop?"

Parker accompanied his two friends to the tuckshop, pleased and solaced by their appreciation of his powers as a footballer, and over a liberal supply of tuck—stood by Parker—Wilkins and Brand pulled his leg to their heart's content.

But though Norman Leonard's leg could be pulled to any extent, he was in deadly earnest, and unless his name was in the list for the junior school match the following week there was a mopping-up to be expected for somebody.

It only remained to be seen whether the mopping-up would fall to Tom Merry or to Norman Leonard.

Tom Merry was a good boxer, and there were few juniors in the school who could stand up to more than a few rounds with him.

During the next few days the captain of the Shell was observed to redouble his efforts to perfect himself in the manly art of self-defence.

Every day he spent at least an hour with the gloves on, picking out the most formidable opponents he could find in the Lower School. He even put on the gloves with some fellows in the Fifth, and held his own pretty well against them.

His chums took a great interest in his progress, for it was a very important matter.

Tom had no intention whatever of putting such a duffer as Parker into the footer eleven, so it was evident he had to prepare or take a "mopping up."

Of course, if he was mopped up till he was black and blue, it would make no difference so far as putting Parker into the eleven was concerned. There was no place in the team for anyone who did not deserve it.

But Tom Merry, naturally, did not want to be mopped up. He could not refuse a challenge, nor did he wish to refuse it.

But tackling Parker was a very large order. The new chap was nearly a head taller than Tom, much bigger in every way, and very muscular and powerful.

An encounter would undoubtedly be very interesting and exciting for the onlookers, but it was likely to go against the captain of the Shell unless he boxed better than he had ever done. Even then he was far from feeling certain of victory.

Parker had disposed of Jack Blake quite easily. He had tackled Cutts of the Fifth, a senior; Cutts had been licked, and shown no desire to come into further collision with the new Shell fellow.

Cutts, apparently, had had enough—and Cutts was a good boxer. When a mopping up started, therefore, it was only too clear that Tom Merry was booked for a testing time.

Tom prepared for that time cheerfully and coolly, determined that as Parker had thrown down the gauntlet, there should be a record scrap, even if the new fellow was victorious.

"WHOSE STUDY IS THIS?"

"CLEAR off! I'm fed up with you! You're not going to share this study with me any longer," said Parker autocratically.

"Wha-what!" gasped Croke. "Why, you—you blinking idiot, it's my study, not yours!"

Norman Leonard Parker, as he stated, was fed up with Croke. Over the week-end he had caught Croke doing a whole lot of things he did not like—bullying, sneaking, playing tricks on chaps that a decent sort of chap wouldn't play—and on Monday morning, catching Croke in a final act of bullying a young Second Former had been just too much for Parker.

"Are you going?" the huge new boy demanded.

"Going out of my own study?" stuttered Croke. "Rather not! I think you're off your rocker! You silly ass, I—"

"If you don't go, I shall boot you out. I never stand any rot. And if you come back I shall mop you up."

"But it's my study!" shrieked the hapless Croke.

"Tain't your study any longer. I order you out!"

"Why, you—you—"

Words failed Croke. He could only gasp and glare at Parker.

Parker pointed to the door.

"Will you get out?"

"No!" yelled Croke. "I won't. And if you lay a finger on me I'll brain you."

He jumped up and grasped a cricket bat, and swung it in the air.

"Brain me!" said Parker indignantly. "By gum, I'll show you!"

He rushed at Croke.

Croke faltered, and Parker knocked the bat out of his hands, grasped Croke by the collar, and swung him round. Then he took a grasp with his other hand on the seat of Croke's trousers, and swung him into the air.

"Leggo!" shrieked Croke. "I'll go!"

"That's all right. I'm taking you," said Parker.

He rushed the unfortunate Croke through the doorway, and landed him in the passage with a bump. Croke roared, and Parker walked back into the study.

"Now we'll have tea," he said cheerfully.

"I shall enjoy it better now that I haven't got to sit with that rotten outsider."

"I say, ain't you letting him come back?" murmured Wilkins.

"Certainly not!"

"But—but he must have a study, you know."

"Let him find another, then. He's not coming back here. If he puts his nose inside this study again I'll alter the shape of it for him."

But Croke did not put his nose inside the

study again. He stamped away, vowing vengeance, and Parker and Wilkins sat down to tea.

THE eviction of Croke from his study caused howls of laughter, and Croke did not get any sympathy.

The next day he made an attempt to establish himself in his study again, as if nothing had happened. Parker found him there, and without speaking a word made a rush at him.

The hapless black sheep of the Shell dodged round the table, and whipped out and fled. Parker was not to be reasoned with.

Croke threatened to appeal to Mr. Linton, but as it would undoubtedly have come out why Parker had evicted him, he did not carry out his threat—probably he feared, without just cause, that Parker would tell a few things about him that he did not want the Form-master to know.

But he was furious. There was no fire in the Form-room, and the evenings were cold. Croke came out feeling chilly and enraged.

He presented himself in Tom Merry's study, to appeal to Tom as the captain of the Shell. Tom Merry & Co. greeted him with a smile. They had no sympathy to waste on him.

"Look here," said Croke savagely, "you call yourself head of the Shell, Tom Merry!"

"I am head of the Shell," said Tom cheerfully.

"Then it's your business to see that a chap isn't put upon by a big, lumbering beast he can't tackle. It's up to you to put down bullying."

"Quite so. If you've been bullying anybody, tell me about it, and I'll lick you fast enough!"

"I'm talking about Parker!" roared Croke.

"Oh, Parker!"

"Yes, Parker! He's turned me out of my study, and the beast won't let me go back. I don't want to complain to the Form-master."

"You're entitled to if you want to."

"That bully ought to be stopped. You ought to see that he lets me back into my study. I call on you as captain of the Form."

Tom Merry shook his head.

"Yes, if he was bullying you," he said.

"But he's kicked you out for behaving rottenly. If you were my studymate, I'd have kicked you out just the same."

"Why, you rotter—"

"Nothing doing," said Tom.

"You're afraid of him!" hooted Croke.

"Well, he's a big beast, isn't he?" said Tom, with perfect good humour. "Any chap might be afraid of him, mightn't he?"

"Look here, what am I going to do?"

"Looks to me as if you can't have a study. Parker can't be expected to have a Black-guard in a respectable study."

"Tain't his study—it's mine!"

"It appears to be his now. Still, you can argue that out with Parker, if you like."

"Well, if you funk tackling him—"

"My dear chap, I'm going to tackle him to-morrow. But I'm not going to ask him to let a disreputable rascal into his study. I wouldn't have you in mine. You can't expect a chap to put up with you. Now, can you?"

Croke spluttered with rage. He did not answer the question.

"Try to change with somebody," suggested Tom. "Somebody else may be willing to dig with Parker and let you have his study."

Parker stamped away in a fury. There was no help to be had in that quarter. However, he adopted Tom Merry's suggestion and wandered up and down the Shell passage seeking somebody who would change with him.

It was not an easy quest, as nobody appeared to be very anxious to share Parker's quarters. It seemed very much like putting one's head into the lion's mouth.

Brand offered to change at last. Brand was already chummy with Parker, and he resolved to risk it. He presented himself rather doubtfully in Study No. 5. Parker and Wilkins were there, making a substantial supper of rabbit pie. Parker was standing the rabbit pie.

"Come in, Brand," said Parker hospitably.

"There's a plate and a fork. This is a good pie."

"Oh, good!" said Brand. "I've been talking to Croke—"

Parker frowned.

"No good asking me to take him back; I won't."

Brand grinned. Parker's attitude that he was monarch of all he surveyed, and that his word was law, struck him as funny.

"He wants to change with me," he explained. "The chap must have a study, you know. If you don't mind my coming here—"

To Brand's relief, Parker nodded cordially.

"All serene," he said. "You're quite welcome. But I can't stand Croke at any price. You can stay, and welcome."

"Oh, good!" said Brand.

And he stayed.

That amicable arrangement having been made, Croke looked in to ask Wilkins and Brand to help him move his things. Excepting for the chair and table, the studies at St. Jim's were furnished by the occupiers. Parker glared round as Croke made his request.

"What things?" demanded Parker.

"The furniture, of course."

"It belongs to Croke, old man," Wilkins explained. "Croke stood the carpet and the looking-glass, and the fender and the fireirons, and the bookcase and the armchair. The rest belongs to me."

It was a little difficult to see of what the "rest" consisted.

"I suppose you don't want to stick to my property, Parker?" sneered Croke.

"Certainly not," said Parker. "I can furnish my own study, I suppose. But you can't move the things till I've got a new lot. I can't be left with nothing on the floor. You can wait for your things till I've had time to furnish the study."

"Look here—"

"Enough said!"

"But I'm going to have my things!" roared Croke.

"You can wait!"

"Oh, go easy, Croke!" said Brand, the peacemaker. "My old study is all right. Mathers and Gibbons won't mind if you don't bring in any sticks for a few days. Parker can do his shopping on Saturday afternoon, too."

"No, I can't," said Parker; "I shall be playing in the Grammar School match on Saturday afternoon."

"Ahem!"

"I want my property!" howled Croke. "I'll complain to Mr. Linton if you interfere with my taking it, too."

"Go ahead," said Parker. "I'll explain to Mr. Linton. He won't expect me to stay here without any sticks. Get out!"

Croke almost foamed.

"Well, I'll jolly well take the things away to-morrow!" he snarled.

"You touch 'em, and I'll give you such a mopping-up you won't be able to crawl for a week!" said Parker. "I'm not standing any rot."

Croke departed in a homicidal frame of mind.

"Awful cheek!" said Parker. "Fancy thinking of leaving me here without any furniture, as if the study had had the bailiffs in! Blessed if I know where some fellows get their nerve from!"

Wilkins and Brand were just thinking the same thought, though it was Peter's nerve that astonished them, not Croke's.

"We'll go and do some shopping in Wayland early next week," said Parker. "I shall be busy on Saturday afternoon. Croke can wait, of course."

"Playing in the Grammar School match?" said Brand blandly.

"Yes."

"You've fixed it up with Tom Merry, then?"

"No; I'm going to mop him up to-morrow. Then it will be all right."

"Oh!"

The next day was Friday, and the list for the Grammar School match was posted on the board. Parker of the Shell read that list over with careful attention. The name of

Norman Leonard Parker did not appear really want to mop that kid up at all. We should get on all right if he only had a bit more sense. But he can't expect me to stand quietly by while he throws footer matches away. That's a bit too thick."

"Bai Jove! Weally, Parker—"

"Ready?"

Tom Merry and Parker without their jackets and with the gloves on, stepped up to the line. A crowded ring surrounded them. Talbot was Tom Merry's second, and the obliging Wilkins looked after Parker.

"Time!" called Kildare.

"Go it, ye cripples!" murmured Blake. Parker grinned, and started. He started with a tremendous rush, which Kildare himself would not have found it easy to stop if he had been in Tom Merry's place.

But Tom did not try to stop it. He side-stepped, and Parker whirled past him, and Tom's right came on the side of his jaw, and then his left, like lightning, and the big youth pitched over and sprawled on the floor.

"Grooooh!" came in a gasp from Norman Leonard. "Bravo!"

"Huwwah!"

Parker sat up, looking dazed. Kildare began to count:

"One — two — three — four — five — six — seven—"

It looked as if Parker would be counted out in the first round. But at "Eight!" he scrambled up and came on again.

He did not give Tom another chance like that. But for the rest of that round he was quite groggy, and he was gasping when he retreated to Wilkins' sympathetic knee at the call of "Time!"

"That kid's tougher than I thought," he confessed to Wilkins. "I shall need another round, after all, to mop him up."

"You will," agreed Wilkins.

Wilkins' private opinion was that Parker would need a good many more rounds to attain that object.

"Time!"

Tom Merry stepped up briskly. Parker

began again with a thunderous attack, and this time he was a little more careful. But he found Tom Merry's guard was almost impenetrable, and his heavy rushes were dodged, and Tom fended him off with great skill.

But Parker got two or three blows home, and they were hard and heavy ones, and they made the captain of the Shell blink.

But his blows were equally emphatic, and at the end of the round Parker's left eye persisted in winking incessantly, and there was a crimson stream flowing from his nose.

"How do you feel?" asked Talbot, as he spanged Tom Merry's heated face.

"Right as rain so far."

"Your wind is better than his," said Talbot, "and if you can stall him off you ought to lick him. But if he gets home one of those sledgehammer blows—"

"I must take jolly good care he doesn't."

"Time!"

The third round was fast and furious. So was the fourth. Parker was getting very excited by this time. It exasperated him to see the captain of the Shell coming up smiling every time. He began to get reckless, and his recklessness had to be paid dearly for. The fourth round ended with Parker on his back, gasping loudly.

Both the combatants were showing signs of wear and tear, and Kildare looked a little anxious. He was in doubt whether to stop the fight; but he knew that if he stopped it at this stage it would be continued in some quiet corner without his observation, and probably without gloves. He decided to let it go on, and called "Time!" again.

The fifth round was rough on Tom Merry. Parker succeeded in getting home one of the sledgehammer drives, and Tom went down like a log.

Kildare had counted up to "Nine!" when Tom jumped up, feeling very groggy, but quite game.

Parker gave him plenty of time to get up. He was a chivalrous fighting-man. But the end of the round came only just in time to

MOPPED UP

KILDARE of the Sixth came in as the juniors were preparing for business.

The captain of St. Jim's knew what was on, too, and he intended to keep an eye on the proceedings.

It was a prefect's duty, of course, to stop fighting; but a mill with the gloves on, and according to rules, was permissible, so long as it was not carried too far.

Kildare had had his eye on Parker, and he was convinced that what that cheerful youth needed more than anything else was a good licking, which was likely to do him more good than any amount of punishment from those in authority.

"Well, what are you up to here?" said Kildare.

"Oh, only a little mill!" said Tom Merry. "Gloves on, you know. Everything in order. Just a friendly round or two."

"Yaas, wathah! Pway don't interfere, Kildare, deah boy!"

"I shall keep an eye on you," said Kildare. "I will keep time."

"Hurrah!"

"Yaas; that will be wippin'!"

"There won't be much time to keep!" said Parker, with a sniff. "I'm not accustomed to more than one round with anybody!"

"You're a young ass!" said Kildare.

"What!"

"Where are the gloves? Get your jackets off and the gloves on!"

"Oh, all right!" said Parker. "It's a lot of fuss about nothing, you know. I don't



Tom Merry's right came to the side of Parker's jaw, then his left, and the big youth pitched over and sprawled on the floor.

save Tom, who was at the end of his strength. The captain of the Shell panted as he sank on to Talbot's knee, and Monty Lowther fanned him.

"That was a stiff 'un," murmured Tom. "Never mind! Better luck next time!"

"Time!"
The sixth round was exciting, but it ended without either combatant showing signs of yielding. The seventh was equally without result.

But by that time, in spite of the gloves, the faces of the opponents were considerably damaged and their noses looked very bulbous and their eyes were winking.

"You'd better call this a draw," said Kildare
"I'm going to mop him up!" declared Parker, a little thickly.

"Oh, let's go on to a finish!" said Tom.
"Yaas, wathah! Bettah finish heah than begin again to-mowwow, you know."

As the combatants were still full of fight, Kildare called "Time!" again.

Parker was looking groggy in the eighth round. Tom Merry was the much better boxer of the two, and he called on all his skill now.

A right-hander on the point of the jaw almost lifted the big Shell fellow off his feet, and he dropped to the floor of the gym.

Kildare counted.
"One, two, three, four, five, six, seven, eight, nine—out!"

Parker staggered up.
"Hold on! I'm not out!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"
"I'm going on, you know!"

"You're not!" said Kildare sternly.
"You're counted out, and you're licked. This has gone on long enough. Put your jacket on."

"But I say—"
"Put your jacket on at once!" Kildare thundered.

Parker sulkily obeyed, but he evidently did

not regard himself as defeated. He was good for a couple more rounds yet.

However, he quitted the gym with Wilkins and Brand, leaving the crowd cheering the victor.

But Tom Merry did not stay many minutes after Parker. He wanted to bathe his eye, which needed it badly. Tom Merry & Co. quitted the gym and made their way to the Shell dormitory in the School House.

Tom Merry was bathing his eye there when Parker came in with Wilkins and Brand. The latter two were grinning, but Parker was looking truculent.

His left eye was quite closed, and he could not open it, and his nose looked like a beet-root. He was still on the warpath. A crowd of juniors followed him into the dormitory.

"Hallo!" said Tom Merry, sponge in hand, blinking at him through the water.

"I was counted out," said Parker, "but that's all rot, you know. We couldn't expect to fight it to a finish with a blessed prefect looking on."

"But it did go on to a finish," said Tom warmly. "You're licked!"

"Rot!"
"You blithering ass!" said Tom Merry. "I've licked you once—"

"Oh, rot!"
"If you're still looking for trouble, I'll lick you again," said Tom Merry. "Shut the door, you fellows, and don't make a row. Kildare would be waxy if he knew we were going on. You keep time, Talbot. Now then!"

"That's right," said Parker heartily. "You've got some pluck. You're a chap that it's worth while taking the trouble to mop up!"

"Time!"
"Round number nine, continued in our next!" grinned Lowther.

"Ha, ha, ha!"
There were no gloves in the dormitory.

The great fight finished "old style. The ninth round was wild and whirling. Parker piled it on for all he was worth, and Tom Merry received two or three hard knocks.

But Parker was winded, and the captain of the Shell closed in on him with right and left, and Parker went down with a bump that shook the dormitory.

"Time!"
"Oh, crumbs!" murmured Parker.

"Satisfied?" grinned Lowther.

"Rot! I'm going on, of course!" groaned Parker. "Ow! Ow! I'm going on! I'm not licked! I've never been licked!"

"Then it looks as if you're going to be this time!"
"Time!"

The tenth round was breathless. Tom Merry was hitting his hardest, and as it was a case of bare knuckles, Parker's punishment was simply terrific. His right eye was nearly closed now, and he could not see. But his pluck was unlimited, and he fought on blindly.

He was floored again by a terrific drive on the mark, and then he lay gasping feebly, and blinking with one eye. The other was hermetically sealed.

"Wow-wow!" murmured Parker.

"Time!"
Parker made a great effort to rise, but he sank back again on the floor with a groan.

"Give him time!" said Tom Merry, who was very nearly at an end, too. "Take a bit of a rest if you like, old chap."

"Woo-wooh!" mumbled Parker. "I—I can't get up. My blessed head's swimming. But I'm not licked! I've never been licked!"

He made another effort and sat up, but he could not get to his feet.

"Well, you've had four minutes," said Talbot, at last. "You'd better own up, Parker. You know very well you can't go on."

"Can Merry go on?" mumbled Parker.
"I'm waiting for you," said Tom.

"Well, I—I can't! I—I'm jolly well licked!" gasped Parker. "Licked, you know! Me! They'd never believe it at my last school! Licked—me! My hat!"

His right hand sawed blindly in the air. He could not even see his opponent now.

"Give us your fin," he said. "You're the first chap that's ever licked me. But I don't bear any malice. It was a grand fight!"

Tom Merry shook hands with him cheerily enough. Wilkins and Brand raised up the defeated hero. They helped him to bathe his injuries, which were many and various. Tom Merry was similarly engaged.

The "casualties" had been heavy on both sides. Parker, as he mopped at his nose with a crimsoned sponge, repeated several times, in a tone of unending astonishment:

"Licked, you know! Me! What would they say at my last school? Me!"

The next day, when the Grammar School match took place, Parker was a spectator.

Tom Merry was not feeling at the top of his form that day. The effects of that tremendous mill had not left him yet.

But Talbot of the Shell played up in first-class style for St. Jim's, and Fatty Wynn's performance in goal was unequalled. The Grammarians were beaten in the last few minutes of the game.

Parker looked on, but he did not see the match very clearly. He had two black eyes, and his nose looked twice its normal size.

For some days after that the state of Parker's face attracted mirthful attention. And Parker was a little more subdued in his manners and customs.

A new light seemed to have dawned in his mind, and it was evident that that "mopping-up" had done him good.

And as he had not succeeded in mopping-up Tom Merry, the junior football team of St. Jim's was not blessed with the valuable services of Parker of the Shell.

Please tell your pals about the stories in TRIUMPH. There will be another grand St. Jim's tale next Monday. To be sure of TRIUMPH order in advance, and fetch it one day earlier next week.

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CUTHBERT'S PRIZE CORNER

If you want to win a useful prize, send ONE joke, or riddle, on a postcard, to "Cuthbert," The TRIUMPH, Fleetway House, Farringdon Street, London, E.C.4. Add your name and address and the names of the two stories you like best now running in the TRIUMPH.

SOMEWHAT MUDDLED.

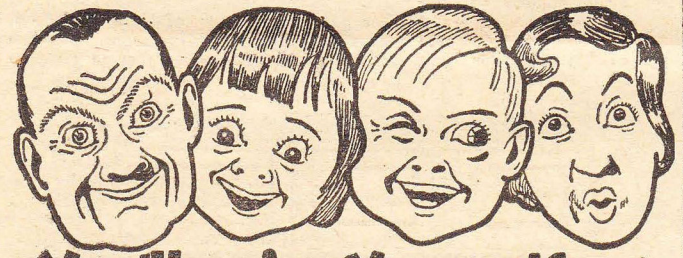
Schoolmaster (entering boys' dormitory): "What are you doing out of bed at this time of night, Murphy?"
Murphy: "Oh, sorr, I just got out to tuck meself in."

(Useful prize to T. K. Shippside, Nottingham.)

THE WRONG OWL.

Boy, evacuated from a town: "Wot's that noise?"
Country boy: "Oh it's just an owl!"
Town boy: "I know it's just an owl, but who's 'owling?"
(Useful prize to Peter Shipp, Cambridge.)

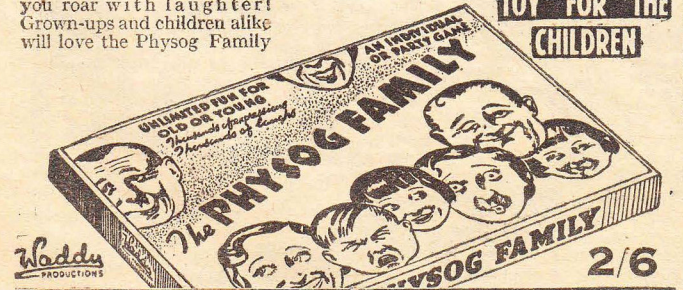
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