

THE TRIUMPH

2^D

AND GEM



SIDE-SPLITTING STORY OF A NEW BOY WHO WAS SOMETHING NEW IN NEW BOYS

IT'S

ST. JIM'S

AGAIN!

By MARTIN CLIFFORD



QUICK MARCH

STUDY NO. 6 of the Shell passage at St. Jim's were just finishing their preparation when Norman Leonard Parker, the new boy, looked in.

Instantly Blake, Herries, Digby, and D'Arcy bristled.

Parker was something of a puzzle to a great many at St. Jim's. Although he had been at the school only a few days, he had already fought as many fights as the normal fellow fights in a term.

Nevertheless, most of the juniors realised that there was much that was likeable about this new chap.

It was too much, however, to expect Study No. 6 to see Parker's good points, because since his arrival at St. Jim's he had licked both Gussy and Jack Blake.

They thought that the big youth was on the warpath again now, and in consequence prepared to make Study No. 6 a very warm spot for him.

But Parker was not on the warpath. He came into the study with quite an affable expression.

"I'm standing a feed in the dorm to-night," he remarked.

"Stand it and be blown!" was Blake's genial reply.

"We've got the hamper up there and hidden it in the cupboard without being spotted."

"Well?"

"Will you fellows come?"

"Eh?"

"You can scoot out of your dorm after lights out and come along, you know," said Parker. "It will be easy enough, and it will be a tophole spread—I can promise you that. My Aunt Parker packed the hamper."

The four juniors looked at him very oddly. As he had licked both Arthur Augustus D'Arcy and Blake, they had not expected a friendly visit and an invitation to a feed. It took them by surprise.

Blake rubbed his swollen nose—a present from Parker.

"Bai Jove!" remarked Arthur Augustus at last. "I regard you as a vewy wemarkable person, Parker!"

"Why, what's the matter?"

"You tweeked me with gwoss diswepect."

"Well, you cheeked me."

"I wefuse to have my wemarks chawacterised as cheek!"

"Bless you, I only mopped you up," said Parker. "I dare say I shall mop you up again, as far as that goes."

"Bai Jove!"

"You see, I never stand any rot."

"This study doesn't stand any rot, either!" said Jack Blake warmly. "And you can keep your feed and go and eat coke!"

"Hold on, deah boy! If Parker is extendin' the olive-branch, it is up to us to buwy the hatchet. If Parker apologises—"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Parker.

"What are you cacklin' at, you duffah?"

"Catch me apologise!" said Parker.

"Don't be young asses! You'd better come to the feed. It will be top-hole, I can tell you!"

"I wefuse to come to the feed!"

"Same here," said Blake. "I dare say you don't mean any harm. I'm willing to look on you as a harmless lunatic. But travel along."

Parker held up a warning hand.

"No rot," he said.

"You long-legged ass—"

"Yaas, wathah! I must wemark that you are a howlin' idiot, Parker!"

Parker frowned.

"I've warned you that I never stand any rot," he said. "I came here quite friendly, to ask you to a feed. But I'm quite ready to wipe up the whole study if I have any rot!"

"The—the whole study?" gasped Blake.

"Yes."

"You think you could wipe up the whole study—Study No. 6?"

"Why not?"

"Then you'd better start!" said Blake truculently.

"Yaas, wathah! Start, you wottah!"

"Oh, do start!" said Herries and Digby together beseechingly.

"I'll start soon enough!" exclaimed Parker, and rushed at the four juniors.

Study No. 6 closed in upon him joyously. In single combat they had no chance against the big Shell fellow.

But when it came to a rag, Study No. 6 was all there. The cool cheek of the new fellow in tackling the whole study astounded them, but they were pleased.

Four pairs of hands closed upon Norman Leonard Parker.

It was evident that Parker never counted odds. But he would have done more wisely to do so in this case. Study No. 6 was a hard nut to crack.

Parker, big and powerful as he was, found himself swept off the floor, and he came down on the carpet with a concussion that made the dust rise from the carpet and a terrific yell from Parker.

Bump!

"Yow!"

"Chuck him out!" gasped Blake.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Struggling wildly in the grasp of the Fourth Formers, Parker was whirled to the door. Study No. 6 did not escape unscathed. The Shell fellow was a hard hitter, but they were too many for him.

Parker went whirling through the doorway, and he landed in the passage with a tremendous bump.

Kerruish and Reilly came jumping out of the next study as they heard the concussion. Other fellows rushed out, and there was quickly a crowd of the Fourth round the sprawling Shell fellow.

THIS WEEK:

FAGGING FOR PARKER

Parker sat up dazedly.

In the doorway of Study No. 6 four chaps stood grinning, waiting for him to come back if he chose to do so.

"Grooh!" gasped Parker. "My hat!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Sure, you've woke up the wrong passenger at last, Parker!" chuckled Reilly. "They've mopped you up!"

"Have they? I'll smash 'em!" roared Parker.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Parker bounded up and made a wild rush for the study doorway. Before that heavy charge the chums of the Fourth had to give ground; but they closed on Parker as he charged in and hauled him over, and he went down on the carpet, and then the four juniors seized a leg or an arm each and swung him into the air.

Parker struggled and wriggled and roared.

"Leggo! Oh, my hat! I'll pulverise you!"

Yarrah!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Kim along!" said Blake. "Give him the frog's march! Take him back to his quarters!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

"March!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Parker struggled desperately as he was rushed out of the study, held up by his arms and legs. But he had no chance. A crowd of boys in the passage yelled with laughter as he was rushed along. Reilly dived into the study for his tin-whistle, and then followed the procession playing "Booms-a-Daisy." With a crowd of howling juniors behind them, the procession turned into the Shell passage.

The Shell fellows crowded out of their studies. There was a roar of laughter at the sight of the unfortunate Parker spreadeagled in the grasp of Study No. 6.

"What's the little game?" ejaculated Tom Merry.

"Parker's the little game," said Blake. "He undertook to wipe up Study No. 6. This is the result!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yarrah! Leggo! I'll wallop you! I'll pulverise you! Yow-wow!"

Parker's face was crimson, his hair was like a mop, and his collar was torn out, and he was quite helpless in the grasp of the four juniors. Parker had for once bitten off more than he could chew, so to speak.

Study No. 6 marched him the whole length of the Shell passage to the cheery strains of Reilly's tin whistle, and bumping him every now and then on the linoleum, eliciting fiendish yells from Norman Leonard.

The Fourth Formers and Shell fellows looked on, roaring with laughter. It was a

case of the mighty fallen. The general opinion was that it would be a valuable lesson for Parker.

At the end of the passage the procession turned back, and Parker gave a wild whoop as his head cracked on the wall in turning.

"Better not wriggle so much," advised Blake. "You may get another knock!"

"Yarrah!"

"I told you so!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yow! Leggo! I—I won't wallop you!"

"Bai Jove! You do not look much like wallop!" anybody at the present moment, Parker!" chuckled Arthur Augustus.

Back came the procession along the passage to the tune of "Booms-a-Daisy." But now there was an interruption. Kildare of the Sixth came striding from the direction of the stairs. The tremendous din in the junior quarters had brought the prefect to the spot.

"Cave!" yelled Hammond.

The juniors dropped Parker as if he had suddenly become red-hot, and bolted.

Almost in the twinkling of an eye the passage was clear, save for Norman Leonard Parker, who lay gasping on the floor, completely out of breath.

Kildare stopped and stared down at him grimly.

"Well, what's the little game?" he demanded.

"Yow! I'll smash 'em!"

"A ragging, I suppose," said Kildare. "I've had my eye on you, Parker. You're too quarrelsome. I'm not surprised that you've been ragged. If there's any more of it I shall drop on you!"

"Grooh! I'll mop 'em up! Cheeky fags! Yow!"

"Do you hear me?" roared Kildare.

"Look here, I'm hurt, and I'm not going to stand any more rot!"

Kildare grasped Parker by the collar and jerked him to his feet. Parker gasped and blinked at him. Even the warlike Norman Leonard was not inclined to "go for" the captain of the school.

"If there's any more rowing I'll lick you," said Kildare. "And if you say another word I'll lick you now!"

"Oh!"

Kildare strode away.

Parker blinked after him. He made a step in the direction of Study No. 6, and then stopped. Even Norman Leonard was fed-up at last. There was no more "mopping-up" in Study No. 6 that evening.

AFTER LIGHTS OUT

NORMAN LEONARD PARKER was looking red and breathless when he came into the Shell dormitory a little later. A general grin greeted him. Only Skimpole uttered a word of sympathy. He blinked at Parker through his big glasses.

"My dear Parker, I trust you do not feel very sore?" he remarked in his solemn manner.

"Oh rats!" said Parker.

"You must expect some horse-play, my dear Parker, being a new kid," said Skimpole soothingly.

"Oh, cheese it!" said Parker. "Not so much of your new kid!"

"My dear Parker, I was sympathising with you," said the good Skimpole.

"Well, don't. I don't like it!"

"My dear Parker—"

"And don't call me your 'dear Parker.' I don't like that, either."

"Dear me!" said Skimpole, blinking.

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I don't see what you fellows are cackling at!" said Parker crossly. "I don't see anything to cackle at!"

"There's a looking-glass over there," said Monty Lowther.

"What about it?" said Parker, not comprehending. The great Norman Leonard did not seem very quick of comprehension.

"Look in it," explained Lowther.

"What for?"

"To see what we're laughing at."

Parker appeared to reflect for a moment. Then the inner meaning of Monty Lowther's humorous remarks seemed to dawn on him.

"I suppose you think that's funny?" he demanded.

Lowther nodded.

"Yes, a little," he agreed.

"Well, I don't. If you make any more of your funny remarks you'll get mopped up."

"Spare me!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Parker took a stride towards the humorist of the Shell. Kildare came into the dormitory at the same moment.

"Turn in, you young sweeps! Hallo, Parker! What are you up to?"

Parker looked round.

"I'm going to wallop this cheeky sweep!" he replied.

"Do you remember what I told you a quarter of an hour ago?" asked Kildare.

"I'm not going to be cheeked!"

"You will take a hundred lines, Parker," said the captain of St. Jim's. "And if there's any more row in this dorm to-night I shall come back with a cane."

"My hat!"

"I say, Kildare," murmured Lowther, "I was pulling his leg, you know."

"Quite so!" said Kildare. "But that doesn't make any difference. You must learn not to be quarrelsome, Parker."

"Me quarrelsome! I'm a peaceable chap. The only thing is that I won't stand any rot," explained Parker.

"Turn in," said Kildare, ignoring that remark. "I shall be back in five minutes."

Parker looked very thoughtful as the captain of St. Jim's quitted the dormitory.

"A hundred lines!" he growled. "I'm blessed if I'll do them! I hate lines! Some fag will have to do them for me."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at? I had a fag at Redclyffe," said Parker. "I'm going to have a fag here. I'm not going to stand any rot."

And Parker turned in.

Kildare found peace in the dormitory when he returned to put out the light. The juniors were all very orderly, and Kildare extinguished the light and departed. As soon as his footsteps had died away down the passage Parker sat up in bed.

"Anybody feel inclined for a feed?" he asked.

"What-ho!"

"Hear, hear!"

"Better give Kildare time to get clear," said Tom Merry. "If he came back he would confiscate the grub."

"We'll give him ten minutes," said Parker.

They gave Kildare ten minutes, and he did not come back. Then the Shell turned out. Several candle-ends were lighted, and Wilkins helped Parker to bring the hamper out of the big wardrobe where it had been concealed.

The juniors, in pyjamas, gathered round the hamper. Some of them had had a peep into it already, and they were aware that Aunt Parker had well provided for her nephew.

Parker opened the hamper and turned out a supply of good things that almost took away the breath of the Shell fellows. If Aunt Parker had expected her nephew to stand a siege at St. Jim's she could hardly have provided for him more generously.

"Pile in," said Parker hospitably.

Monty Lowther did not turn out with the rest. As Parker had just quarrelled with him, and had only been prevented by Kildare's entrance from committing assault and battery, Lowther did not join the feasters. But Parker's good nature and hospitality were unbounded.

"What are you sticking in bed for, you funny merchant?" he asked Lowther. "Ain't you hungry?"

"Yes, I'm hungry," said Lowther.

"Then why don't you turn out?"

Lowther laughed.

"Oh, I'll turn out!" he said, and did.

Good things were passed from hand to hand, and in the flickering light of the candles the Shell fellows enjoyed a feed such as the dormitory had seldom or never seen.

"Those Fourth Form kids haven't come," remarked Parker. "Somebody ought to cut along and tell 'em. There's plenty for all."

"Oh, I'll cut along and tell 'em!" said Kangaroo, with a chuckle. "Perhaps they feel a little modest about coming after frog-marching you along the passage."

"Oh rot!" said Parker. "Why shouldn't they come? Most likely I shall mop 'em up to-morrow, but that's no reason why they shouldn't feed to-night, is it?"

"Ha, ha! Not at all."

The Cornstalk slipped quietly out of the dormitory and scudded along to the Fourth Form quarters. He opened the door of the Fourth Form dormitory and whispered:

"You fellows asleep?"

"Not yet," replied Blake's voice. "What's on?"

"You four are wanted. Get a move on."

"Right-ho! What's the little game?"

"Come along to the dorm and you'll see."

"O.K."

Kangaroo returned to the Shell dormitory. A few minutes later the chums of Study No. 6 followed him in. They were in their pyjamas, but Arthur Augustus D'Arcy had donned a gorgeous dressing-gown. They stepped in quickly and closed the door.

"Hallo!" said Blake. "What's the game? I thought perhaps you were ragging that new kid."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, and we would lend a hand with pleasuah."

"Oh, would you?" said Parker belligerently.

"I'd like to see 'em rag me! I'd—"

"Peace, my infants," said Tom Merry.

"The new kid's standing a topping feed, my sons, and he wants the pleasure of your company."

"Bai Jove!"

"Well, that's really decent," said Herries.

"We take back that frog-march, Parker."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Yaas, wathah!"

Study No. 6 joined in the feast with great gusto. If Norman Leonard Parker was willing to make it pax after the way they had handled him, there was no reason why they should not bury the hatchet.

And the feed was, as Parker had declared, really top-hole.

"Bai Jove, you know, I wegard this as weally wippin'!" remarked Arthur Augustus D'Arcy. "Parker is weally a vevy forgivin' chap. Pewwaps we have misunderstood him a little, deah boys."

"Perhaps we have," agreed Blake cordially.

"Oh, you'll find me all right!" said Parker affably. "If one of you kids chooses to fag for me, I'll promise you a good time."

"What?"

"Parker's going to have a fag," explained Monty Lowther. "Finding that our institutions are not quite up to what he has been used to at Redclyffe, he is going to make some improvements."

"Oh!" said Blake. "Well, as I'm feeding with him, I won't tell him what I think of him. It wouldn't be polite."

"Wathah not," said Arthur Augustus. "Mannahs befoah ewewythin'. We'll tell Parker what we think of him to-morrow."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"The best thing you can do, Parker," said Lowther seriously, "is to put a notice on the board, 'Fag Wanted,' giving the number of your study. Then you'll have a rush, and you'll only have to pick and choose."

"By Jove!" said Parker. "That's a good idea. Thanks."

"You—you're really going to do it?" stut-tered Blake.

"Yes. Why not?"

"Oh, all serene! It's a ripping idea."

The juniors grinned gleefully. Great and important persons in the Sixth Form sometimes put a notice on the board when they wanted a fag. A Shell fellow had never done so, so far. But Parker was evidently something a little out of the common in the way of Shell juniors.

The juniors anticipated that notice on the board and its probable results with much glee. But for the present everything was merry and bright. When the feed was over Blake & Co. returned to the Fourth Form dormitory smiling.

"That idiot doesn't seem a bad sort of idiot," Blake remarked, "but of all the idiots that ever existed, he's the biggest idiot."

"Where have you fellows been?" inquired a voice from Lumley-Lumley's bed.

"Feeding with Parker."

"My hat!"

"Parker doesn't bear any malice," said Blake. "And Parker wants a fag! He's going to put a notice on the board to-morrow—'Fag Wanted.' He expects a rush of custom."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"He'll have the prefects down on him," said Levison.

"He'll have the whole House down on him before long, I expect," chuckled Blake. "Some merchants are born to hunt for trouble as the giddy sparks fly upward."

But Parker, in the Shell dormitory, had turned in in a state of complete satisfaction.

study which this term Wilkins and Crooke had had to themselves until Parker's arrival. Since then Parker had been allotted to join them.

Crooke had grumbled, but Parker had mopped him up, and now the millionaire's son was sulkily silent. Wilkins was always short of cash, and, as Parker had provided tea for three, was affably disposed towards Parker.

"No fag's come along yet," remarked Parker. "Don't seem much good putting a notice on the board, after all."

Wilkins chuckled and Crooke snorted.

"You silly ass!" said Crooke. "Do you think anybody would fag for you? It wouldn't be allowed, even if any chap was ass enough."

"Rot!" said Parker.

"If a prefect sees your idiotic notice on the board you'll get into hot water," said Crooke. "I jolly well hope you'll get licked!"

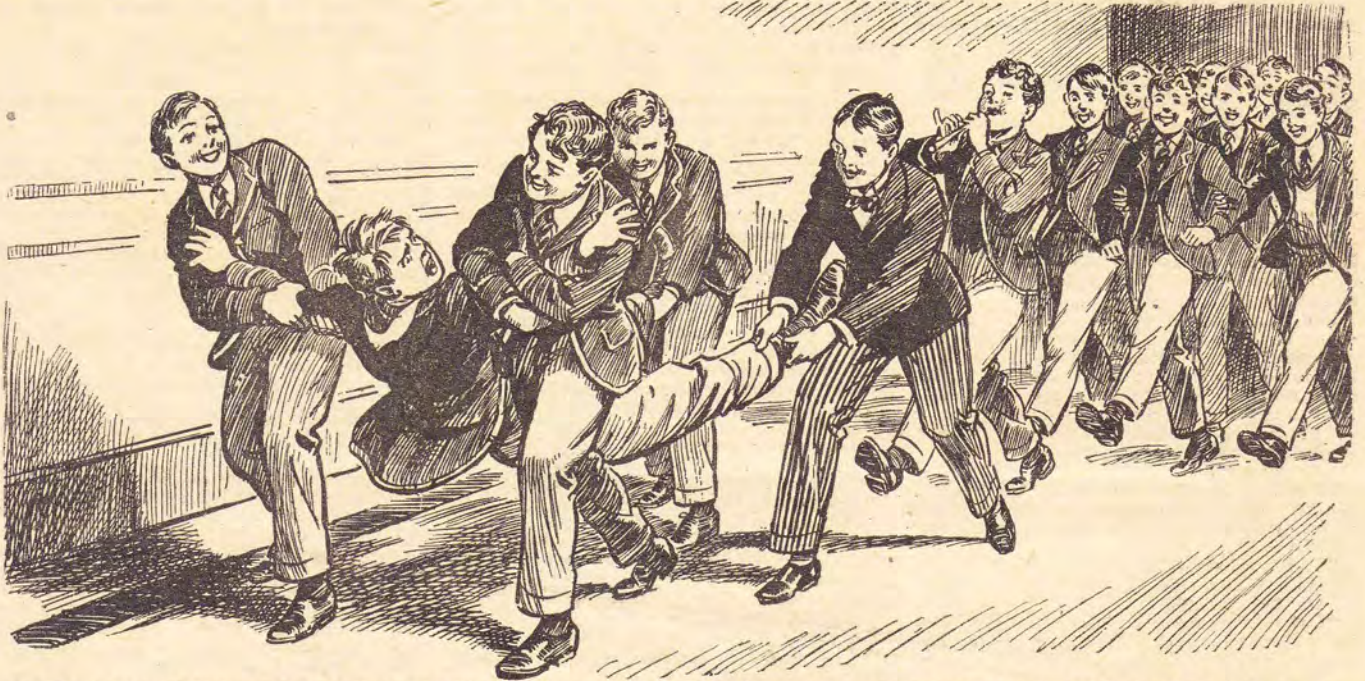
to earn Mr. Linton's sarcastic remarks thereon. Parker's help with lessons was not likely to be very valuable. But seniors generally helped their fags with their work, and Parker was following the rules.

"What did you say, Wilkins?" asked Parker, fixing him with his eye.

"I—I said I'm glad you're suited."

"Yes, I dare say this kid will suit me all right," Parker rose from the table. "My bookcase has come, kid, and you'll find a bundle of books to sort out and put in it. Stack away the boxing gloves and things in the lower shelves—see? There's not so very many books. I think books are rot. You can unpack my pictures, too, and hang 'em. Put 'em all up round the walls, and mind you stick the nails in tight. If you're a decent fag I shall treat you well. If you're not I shall wallop you!"

"I savvy," said D'Arcy minor meekly.



"March!" cried Blake, and, struggling and yelling, Parker was carried along the passage. Behind came a crowd of juniors headed by Reilly playing "Booms-a-Daisy" on his tin whistle.

Parker was not aware that he was hunting for trouble. But he was, and he was quite certain of finding it.

FAG WANTED

AFTER lessons next day there was a notice on the board in the School House. It was written in a large, sprawling hand, and the orthography did not seem to show that Norman Leonard Parker had paid much attention to the rules of spelling when he was at Redclyffe:

"NOTICE.

"Fag wanted. Aply Studdy No. 5, Shell passidge."

There it was in Norman Leonard Parker's big and sprawling "fist." The juniors gathered round the board and read that notice, with many chuckles. That Parker should be ass enough to suppose that anybody would fag for a fellow in the Shell was astonishing. But they had already discovered that Parker was several sorts of an ass.

"Now look out for the rush!" said Monty Lowther. "Who's going to make the first offer?"

The juniors chuckled, but they did not rush off to "Studdy No. 5 in the Shell passidge" to offer their services to Norman Leonard Parker.

At tea-time Parker was at the table in the

"You'll be licked, anyway, if I have any more of your rot!" snapped Parker. "I want it to be understood that I'm head of this study. Hallo! Here comes somebody!"

Wally D'Arcy of the Third looked into the study.

"Parker here?" he asked.

"Yes, I'm here, kid."

D'Arcy minor came in, smiling.

"You're the chap wanting a fag?" he inquired.

Parker gave his studymates a triumphant look. His notice had evidently produced an applicant, after all.

"Yes, I'm the chap," he said. "What's your name?"

"D'Arcy minor."

"Form?"

"Third."

"Can you cook?"

"First-rate."

"Brush clothes?"

"Top-hole."

"Wash teacups without smashing half of 'em?"

"I'm a dab at washing-up."

"Know how to light a fire?"

"First-rate."

"Then I'll take you on trial," said Parker.

"I always treat my fags well. You'll have plenty of tuck, and I'll help you with your lessons."

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Wilkins.

Parker's performance in the Form-room since his arrival at St. Jim's had been such as

If Parker had had more acquaintance with Wally of the Third he might have been suspicious. But he did not know D'Arcy minor yet, and he wasn't a suspicious fellow.

"I'm going down to the football now," he remarked. "You wire in while I'm gone."

"That kid's not going to muck about in my study!" howled Crooke.

Parker looked at him.

"If there's much more of your rot it won't be your study for long!" he said. "Kid, if this fathead bothers you in any way, tell me, and I'll mop him up fast enough!"

"Right you are," said Wally.

Crooke flung out of the study in a temper. There was evidently no way of dealing with Parker of the Shell unless he brained him with the poker, which was not feasible.

Parker strolled away with Wilkins.

The new fag was left in possession of the study. He smiled. When the Shell fellows had gone, Wally stepped to the door and whistled. Frayne and Jameson of the Third came scudding along the passage.

"That fathead thinks he can have a fag!" said Wally. "We'll fag him!"

"Ear, ear!" said Frayne.

"You can help me fag for him. When we've finished I think he'll be fed-up."

Parker's notice on the board had greatly incensed the fags. They fagged for the Sixth, but that a Shell fellow should imagine for one moment that he could have a fag put their backs up. Even the Fifth were not entitled to fags, and they were seniors. One

thing was perfectly clear to the fags, and that was that Parker of the Shell had to be brought to his senses. Wally & Co. had a little scheme. They proceeded to fag for Parker.

The tea-table was cleared first. It was cleared rapidly and efficiently by the table being pitched over into the grate. There was a terrific crash of crockeryware. Tom Merry and Manners and Lowther, who were going down to footer, heard the crash as they passed, and looked in.

"What on earth are you kids up to?" demanded Tom Merry.

"Fagging for Parker."

"What!"

"I'm his fag," explained Wally.

"You young rascal! Is that how you fag?"

"It's how I fag for Parker!"

Tom Merry & Co. grinned.

"You see, he's got to have a lesson," explained Wally. "We're going to give him a lesson on the subject of fagging. After this perhaps he won't advertise for any more fags! I think perhaps he won't!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Tom Merry & Co. went on their way, grinning.

VICTORY FOR WALLY & CO.

BUMP, bump! Crash!

"Bai Jove! What are you young wascals doin'?"

Arthur Augustus' eyeglass almost fell from his eye in his astonishment as he gazed at the three dusty fags who were bearing a bookcase along from the box-room.

The glass doors of the bookcase had swung open; it was a rather large bookcase, and not easy to carry. Before it was half-way to Study No. 5 all the panes of glass in it had been smashed, and the fragments were scattered along the passage.

"You young wascals!" exclaimed Arthur Augustus. "What the dooce—"

"Fagging for Parker!"

"I refuse to allow you to fag for Parker, Wally!" said his major severely. "A Shell fellow has no right to a fag, as you vewy well know!"

"That's what we're going to show him!" chuckled Wally.

"Oh, bai Jove!"

"Get this blessed thing along!" said Wally. "It's beastly heavy! It's getting a few knocks, too!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

With a final rush, the fags brought the book-

case to the doorway of the study. It was not easy to get it in. But they pitched it over on its side, and it was merely a regrettable accident that one of the doors was smashed in the process. The fags shoved it in and set it up against the wall—upside-down. Wally thought it looked better that way, and his chums agreed.

Arthur Augustus walked away, smiling. He confided to Blake and Herries and Digby that his minor was "faggin' for Parker," and when he explained how they were fagging, Blake and Herries and Digby smiled, too. They came along to look in. Blake thought that the process of fagging for Parker would be worth watching. So did a good many more of the Shell and the Fourth, and there was soon a crowd outside Study No. 5.

Wally & Co. were very busy.

Having set the bookcase upside down, they proceeded to fill it. They did not trouble about unpacking the books—there were other things they could put in the bookcase. Broken crockeryware, cinders, and ashes, mixed up artistically with the supplies from the study cupboard, soon filled the bookcase to overflowing.

Wally surveyed it with great satisfaction.

"That's bound to please Parker," he remarked. "It will show him that we've taken a lot of trouble."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wally & Co. were by no means finished. The pictures were unpacked. They were big and highly coloured oleographs, quite dazzling to look at. Wally had provided a hammer and nails. He proceeded to hang the pictures. The process of hanging was quite simple.

Jameson and Frayne held the pictures against the wall, while Wally hammered the nails through them. Quite a large number of nails were expended. When Wally had finished the pictures had a spotted look.

"Oh, my hat!" murmured Blake. "Poor old Parker!"

There was a sudden shout from Reilly in the passage. He had spotted Parker from the window, coming back to the house.

"Here comes Parker!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think we're about finished here, you chaps," said Wally hastily. "Come on! No good staying here to see Parker."

"Not a bit of good," said Frayne. "Master Blake, you can tell 'im we're in the Third Form Room if he wants to see us."

"And we'll be glad to see him there!" chuckled Jameson.

And the three fags scuttled away.

Parker came up the passage and looked round in surprise as he found the grinning crowd about the study. He did not see what there was to grin at—yet.

"Got your fag, I see, Parker," Blake remarked affably.

"Oh, yes!" said Parker. "A kid in the Third."

"Satisfied with him, deah boy?"

"Oh, I dare say he'll be all right!" said Parker. "He's putting my study to rights now."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"What are you cackling at?"

The juniors did not reply to that question, but yelled with laughter. A surprise was waiting for Norman Leonard Parker.

Considerably puzzled, he strode to his study, looked in, and stood transfixed in the doorway.

"Great Scott!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Who's done this?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where's my fag?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Where is he?" shrieked Parker.

"You'll find 'em in the Third Form Room," chuckled Levison.

Parker rushed downstairs. The juniors rushed after him. They knew that Wally & Co. would be gathered in force for the interview with Parker, and they were keen to see what would happen.

Wally & Co. were there, waiting. There was a chuckle in the Third Form Room as the door was flung open and Parker rushed in. About forty fags were waiting for him.

"D'Arcy minor!" yelled Parker. "Is that young villain here? D'Arcy minor!"

"Hallo!" said Wally.

"You—you young villain!"

"Ain't you satisfied?"

"I'll pulverise you!"

Parker swept down on Wally like a cyclone.

"Back up!" yelled Wally.

With one accord the army of fags rushed on Parker. They swept over him like a tidal wave. Parker went down on the floor, and the fags simply flowed over him. He disappeared from view.

"Bump him! Scrag him! Wallop him!"

"Hurrah! We'll give him fag!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Wild and muffled roars came from the unfortunate Parker. He had no chance whatever. He rolled on the floor, gasping for breath, under the horde of fags.

They bumped him and ragged him and scragged him and rolled him over and pommelled him till he hardly knew whether he was alive or dead.

His roars died away into feeble gasps.

When he had not even a kick left in him the fags dragged him along to the door by his ankles, and he was pitched, gasping, into the crowd of yelling juniors there.

Wally & Co. crammed themselves in the doorway, ready for another charge. But Parker was not able to charge any more. He lay on the floor, pumping in breath, in a shocking state of rags and tatters, while the juniors howled with laughter.

"Bai Jove, you know!" remarked Arthur Augustus. "I wathah think that ass will be fed-up with faggin' atah this! How do you feel, Parkah?"

Parker sat up dazedly.

"Oh, my hat! Yoooooroooooroooooroooooh!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'll wallop 'em! I'll smash 'em! I—I—I—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Come on!" said Wally invitingly. "We're waiting for you. All ready to fag for you, Parker! Do come on!"

Parker did not come on. He picked himself up limply and crawled away. The fags of the Third gave him a yell as he departed, and Parker could only moan. In the Third Form Room there was great triumph and jubilation.

"I think he must be fed-up," Wally remarked. "But if he isn't we'll give him some more! If he's still advertising for a fag to-morrow, we'll fag for him again!"

"Yes, rather! Ha, ha, ha!"

But Parker was not advertising for a fag on the morrow. That evening Kildare of the Sixth spotted his notice on the board. Kildare stared at it, frowned, jerked it down, and strode away to "Studdo No. 5 in the Shell passage" with the offending paper in his hand. He found Parker looking unusually subdued, and the study far from being "to rights."

Kildare held out the paper.

"Did you put this notice on the board, Parker?" demanded the prefect.

"Yes."

"Are you idiot enough to think that a junior in the Shell can have a fag?"

"I had a fag at Redclyffe."

"Didn't the fellows tell you that you couldn't have a fag?"

"Yes, but I took no notice of their twaddle."

"Take this paper," said Kildare.

Parker took it.

"Now put it on the fire."

"What?"

"Put it on the fire!" roared Kildare, taking a grip on his ashplant.

Parker looked rebellious for a moment, but he did not like the look of the ashplant. He put the paper in the fire.

"You will take two hundred lines," said Kildare; "and if there's any more nonsense of this sort I'll lick you. Remember that!"

And the captain of St. Jim's strode from the study without waiting for Parker to reply.

From that time nothing more was heard of fagging for Parker.

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