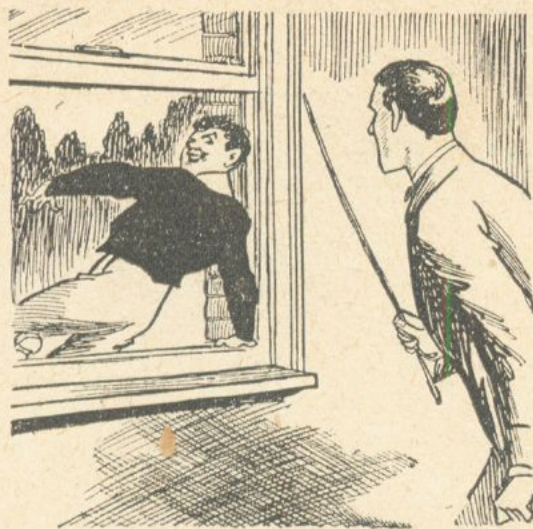


A Fag's Diary.

By WALLY D'ARCY

(Leader of the Fag-tribe at St. Jim's.)



"I promptly vaulted through the open window!"

MONDAY.—I woke up. I do this other mornings as well, but it's about the most exciting thing that happened to-day, so down it goes in my diary. I also went to bed. These are the only two things of note which happened to-day.

TUESDAY.—Had a heated argument with Knox the prefect. He said, "I want you to fag for me, young D'Arcy." I said, "I won't!" He said, "You will!" I said, "I won't!" He said, "You will!" I said, "I shan't!" He said, "You shall!" And so on, ad lib., until we were both out of breath. Eventually Knox took me by the scruff of the neck and bundled me along to his study. I could not escape fagging for him, so I decided to do the job thoroughly. I smashed a whole crowd of cups and saucers and plates, and you never saw such a mess! When he came in and saw the damage, Knox rushed at me with an ashplant, but I promptly vaulted through the open window and gave the brute the slip.

WEDNESDAY.—Played footer this afternoon, and was badly in the wars. In trying to head the ball into the net, I butted the goalpost instead; and now I've a bump the size of a pigeon's egg on my cranium. In the course of the game I was sent sprawling ninety-nine times, but I don't think any bones are broken. I shall sound myself all over to-night, to make sure. Footer, as a pastime, is a little too strenuous for frail and delicate infants like me.

THURSDAY.—Ran foul of Mr. Selby, the tyrant who rules our Form with a rod of iron. Before morning lessons began, I fixed up a booby-trap for him on the door of the Form-room. He caught it beautifully; but I caught it as well, when Selby discovered the author of the outrage. He gave me four stinging cuts on each hand, and I don't think the tortures of the Spanish Inquisition could have been worse. That licking inspired me to write a little verse about Selby. Here it is:

"I do not love thee, Selby dear,
And all my comrades shout 'Hear, hear!'
You make me shake and quake with fear—
I do not love thee, Selby dear!"

FRIDAY.—Received ten shillings from my pater. Gussy, my big brother, advised me to put it in the post-office savings bank. But I decided to spend it on a midnight feast instead, and there were high jinks in the Third Form dormitory to-night. Old Selby came prowling around in carpet slippers, to see what was going on; but we all pretended to be fast asleep and snoring. So the old tyrant went empty away.

SATURDAY.—We awoke to find there had been a heavy fall of snow in the night, so we had a glorious snowfight in the quad before breakfast. My army attacked Levison minor's army, and got the best of the argument, too! I was plastered from head to foot with snow when I went in to breakfast, and old Selby gave me a hundred lines for disguising myself as a snowman. Apart from the fact that I had fifteen fights at different times, with different fellows, there was no more excitement to-day.

To-morrow, being Sunday, I shan't have to make any entries in my diary. Sundays at St. Jim's are always the same. We put on our best bibs and tuckers, and behave like good little boys.

THE END