

No. 1. of Grand New Paper! Fine Stories! Free Footballs!



SCHOOL AND SPORT 1¹/₂^d



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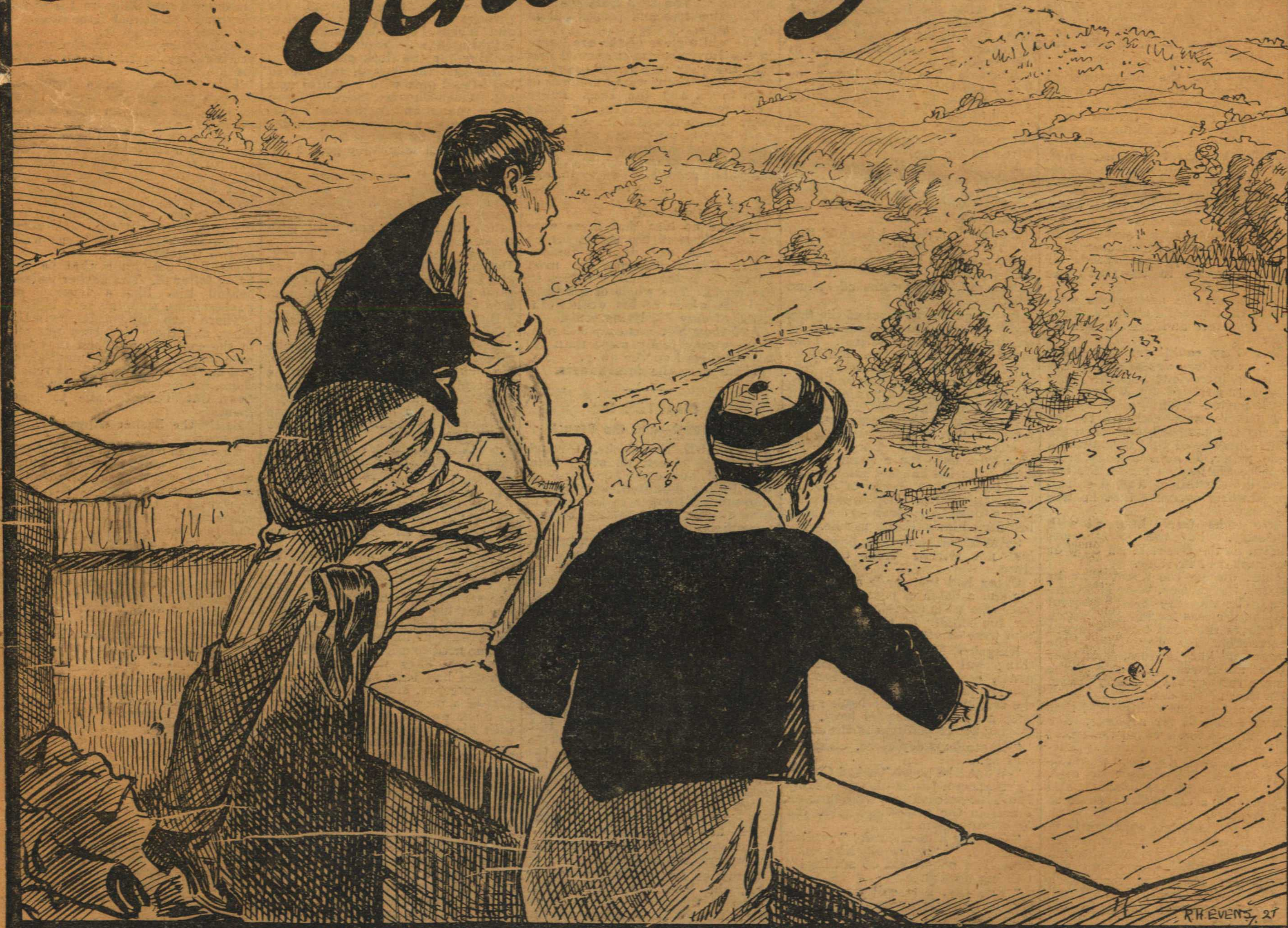
WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 17th, 1921.

EDITED BY
H. A. HINTON.

PRICE 1¹/₂^d

The Nameless Schoolboy

LONG COMPLETE
SCHOOL STORY



WILL HARRY NAMELESS TAKE THE GREAT DIVE TO THE RESCUE?—THRILLING SCENE IN THE WONDERFUL LONG COMPLETE STORY.

There is also in this Issue: The First Instalment of a Magnificent New SERIAL STORY and a Splendid FOOTBALL COMPETITION.

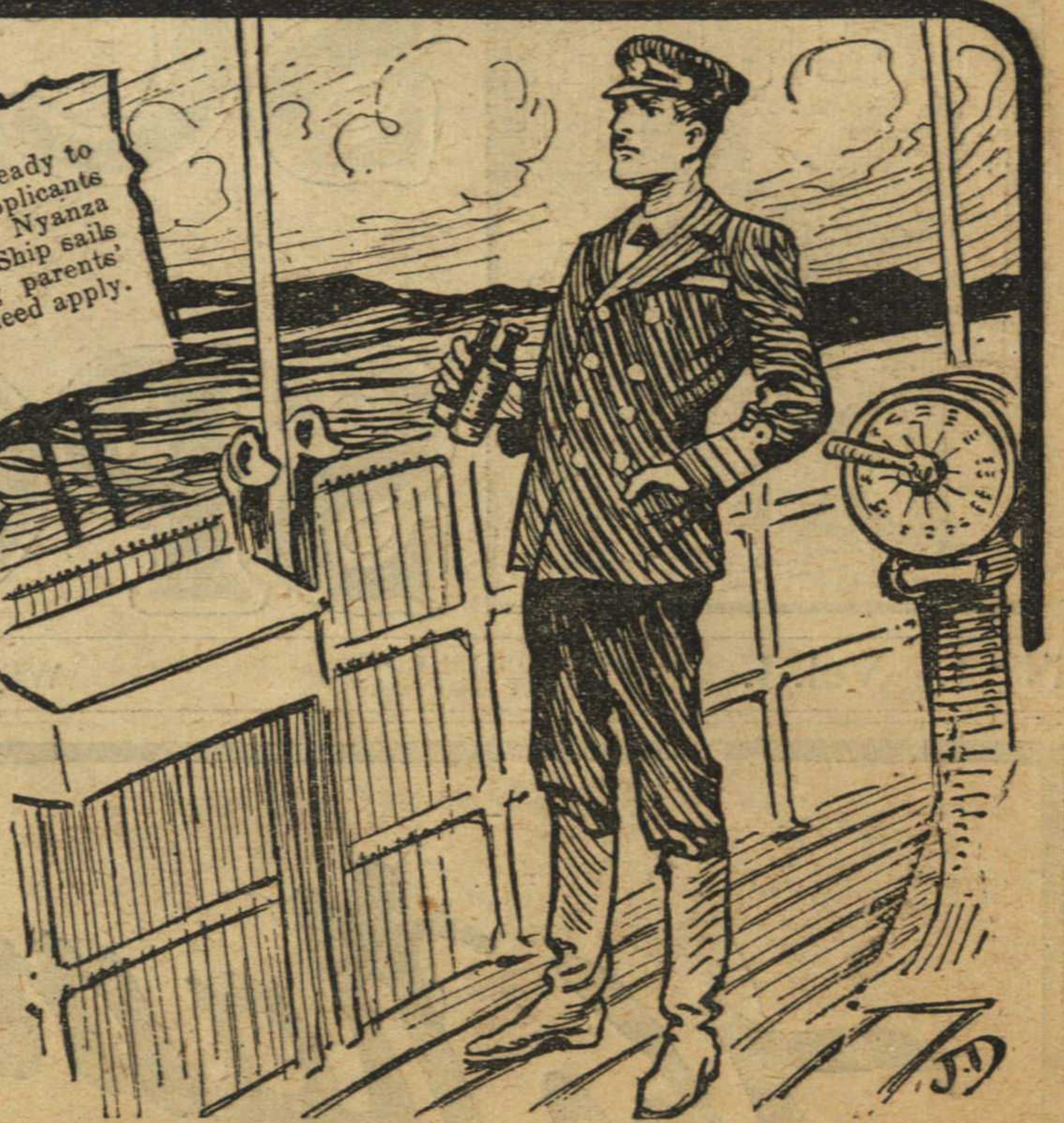
THE CRUISE OF THE "TARTAR"



WANTED, THREE BOYS Age 14-15. Ready to go anywhere and to do anything. Applicants will line up outside No. 4 Shed, Victoria Nyanza Dock, London, E., at 9 p.m., November 5. Ship sails 10 p.m. for destination unknown. Bring parents' written permission. No mother's darlings need apply. Signed, ROBERT OAK, Master ss. Tartar.

The First Instalment of a Great Story of Sport and Adventure

BY
JOHN WINTERTON



CHAPTER I.

Wanted.—Three boys. Age 14/15. Ready to go anywhere and to do anything. Applicants will line up outside No. 4 Shed, Victoria Nyanza Dock, London, E., at 9 p.m., Nov. 5th. Ship sails 10 p.m. for destination unknown. Bring parents' written permission. No mothers' darlings need apply.—Signed, Robert Oak, Master s.s. "Tartar."

THIS was the advertisement which had appeared in the columns of every London and provincial paper for three days.

And a buzz of excitement ran all round England, more especially through the great shipping ports. For Captain Bob Oak was a celebrated sailor, and the *Tartar* was a celebrated ship.

One curious effect that was noted on the appearance of this advertisement was a sudden falling off in the sale of fireworks all over England and heavy withdrawals of small accounts in the Post Office Savings Bank.

Of course, the newspapers were hot on the scent of a mystery. They sent reporters and camera men on the ship.

But they could get very little news. No one was seen on her decks to interview, and the gangway was guarded by a huge leopard, named "Whiskers."

Whiskers was chained to the rail by the gangway, and when the representative of that enterprising daily paper, *The Daily Howl*, tried to force his way on board, the leopard bit the tail off a good thirty-five shilling overcoat that he was wearing.

The docks fairly hummed with curiosity. For the *Tartar* was known as the Great Hush Ship or the Packet of Mystery.

Built during the Great War by Messrs. Gillyflower, Weir and Company, she was the most powerful ship on the seas for her size, which was three thousand tons. She was remarkable for her build, the power of her engines, and her utter uselessness for any of the known runs or the ordinary lawful occasions of the sea.

Sailors who knew ships said that she was only fit for a pirate. She was too fast for a cargo tramp, of which she had the outward appearance. She burned oil, and was suitable for a hot climate or cold. Her bow was an ice breaker, and she carried a canoe stern, same as the fruiters.

She had made her appearance in the dock one month ago, when she had turned up rusty and battered and had landed the Cambridge University Biological Expedition from Melville Inlet, Grant Land, one of the nearest points to the North Pole.

She had brought home three Polar bears, an Eskimo, and a tame seal, whose name was Wilfred.

The three Polar bears were landed and taken to the Zoo. Wilfred stopped on board and shared the same barrel with Whiskers, the leopard, for they had got matey on the voyage home.

Kingaloo, the Eskimo, also stayed on board with Ching, the Chinese cook. They also had got matey, for Chinese and Eskimo are so much alike that Ching thought he had discovered a stray Chinese up by the North Pole.

Kingaloo was very happy on board the ship, and he liked the warm corner in Ching's galley.

And at eight o'clock on the night of November 5th he was sitting there with Ching, looking at pictures in the fire.

Kingaloo was a Mystery Man, an angakok as the Eskimos call them, and Ching believed that he could read the pictures in the fire and foretell the future.

At any rate, he had foretold that the *Tartar* would hit an iceberg in Baffin's Bay on her homeward run. And she did.

And the iceberg came off second best.

In the galley, in front of the fire, lay Whiskers, the leopard, side by side with Wilfred, the seal. They loved the galley fire, too. Whiskers liked it because it was warm. Wilfred liked it because, now and then, Ching would throw him a cod head or a bit of fish. And Wilfred, in these great London docks, was always hungry, for he could not get overboard to fish. They had let him loose once for a swim in the dock. But the barges had shouted and had thrown lumps of coal at him, which had frightened him, and a dock tug had come near braining him with its paddle.

So Wilfred had come home and had not stirred from the ship since.

Ching had just made a huge sea pie and a batch of pastry, and had put these aside to cool. These were for the supper of the three boys who were coming.

Kingaloo had taken off everything but his Eskimo sealskin pants, because he felt the heat of London port. Now he stared into the fire, smoking a small stone pipe with a curiously carved bowl, and looking at the pictures in the coals.

"Three boys dey come, Ching!" said he.

"What like boys?" asked Ching, lighting up a joss stick under Loby Toby, his painted joss who hung on a nail in the galley, alongside the American alarm clock.

"One boy him call Jak!" replied Kingaloo. "Him small, like Eskimo. Him not afraid ob noting!"

Ching nodded.

"Two boy, him call Joe. Him big, fat, very strong—like walrus. Him not 'fraid ob noting."

Ching nodded again.

"T'ree boy, him call Bill. Him little boy. Him not 'fraid ob

noting. But him plenty rascal boy, always make laugh."

Ching nodded again. He coiled his pigtail and took a squint out of the galley porthole. There were the sounds of many voices on the quay.

"Plenty boy devil come already," he said. "You take look, see!"

Kingaloo rose and peeped out at the scuttle.

The white glare of the arc lamps in the November mist showed him that the quay was already covered with boys. There were hundreds of boys there, and the Dock Police were marshalling them, or doing their best to marshal them. There were boys of all classes and conditions, street Arabs, working lads, office boys from the City, boys from the public schools, all eager to take a chance to ship on the famous s.s. *Tartar*.

Kingaloo grunted.

He had no idea that there were so many boys in the world, for he himself was one of the famous Smith Sound Eskimos, the most northerly living human beings in the world. The whole of his tribe and the whole of his world consisted of only 253 living souls.

And though it was only 8.15 p.m. there were already more than 400 boys gathered on the quay.

These were the forerunners.

CHAPTER II.

The Crowd—and the Sequel.

OUTSIDE the docks, through every street, on every tram and bus, came pouring boys, not by the hundred, but by the thousand, all eager to be there at nine o'clock, all marching for that one ship.

The whole spirit of adventure of half a nation was there, the greatest youth of the greatest nation in the world. Some had come from London, others from the West. The sleepy Somerset and Devon drawl could be heard mingling with the clipped accent of the Welsh boys from Cardiff and Newport and the broad talk of the North.

It was a crowd more orderly than a football crowd, and more staid than any crowd of pleasure seekers.

The police were astonished. But they had no difficulty in handling the crowds that poured from the railway stations and from the trams. All the boys were quiet and orderly, and intent only on one thing, to get away with Captain Bob Oak on his mysterious voyage which had no destination.

But amongst the boys were other characters, not so good.

Gangs of foreign-looking young men, who bore the unmistakable stamp of the loafer, edged their way through the throngs of the boys.

They knew that many of these boys would have some money on

them, not a great deal, perhaps, but a very acceptable amount to the sports and fans and the "Heads" who lurched on the corners waiting for work to come riding up the street in a coach and four.

Those were the sort of young men who were edging through the throngs of English, Scotch, Irish, and Welsh boys who, intent and bright-eyed with excitement, were making for the dock gates.

Amongst the crowd, too, moved hard-faced men with watchful eyes and clean-shaven faces. These were young and enthusiastic detectives who were watching for the foreign-looking young men.

They made some very good hauls that night.

Some of the young men they tapped quietly on the shoulder. And the sloe-eyed, yellow-faced young men turned a shade more yellow than usual and went with them.

They caught Kipsey Frank, Dutch Joe, Harry the Snide, and Ike Levi, all in one haul, and gave these lads of the village a free taxi ride to the police station.

But they did not catch Basher Walsh.

Basher had his eye on a boy who might have money in his pockets. He was a boy who looked as if he had come from the country close by the sea, for he wore a fisherboy's guernsey and a rather shabby cap which still had a few herring scales sticking to it.

He was not a very large boy, and this is what attracted the Basher's attention to him. For the Basher was an arrant coward.

This boy was Jack Fearless, of Great Yarmouth, in the county of Norfolk, and as English as they make them.

He had been bound 'prentice to his Uncle Harry Fearless, master of the drifter *Willing Mind*, and had served six months at sea. But the herring fishery was bad this year. He had seen the wonderful advertisement in the paper. There was no need to ask his parents' permission. They were both dead. His dad had been blown up in a mine sweeper, and his mother had died of a broken heart at her loss. So Jack was all alone in London, with his bag on his back, the herring scales of his last trip still on his cap, and five pounds in his pocket.

He dodged down a side alley to get out of the crowd. It reminded him of a Yarmouth Row, for his native town is all cut up by such alleys, which are called rows. The town was built that way in the old troubled times when a man with a sword could hold such a row against a dozen invaders.

Jack thought that, by taking this alley, he would make a short cut of it.

The Basher turned into the alley behind him.

Perhaps if he had known that Jack Fearless came from Great Yarmouth and was descended from generations of men who had fought their alleys against the Danes and the Normans, he would have thought twice before he turned into that narrow way, which was called Hanging Sword Alley in the directory and Cut Throat Lane locally—by those who knew it.

And, as he followed the unsuspecting boy, he felt in his pocket for his weapon.

This was a cosh, a favourite weapon amongst the foreign Jews of the East End, an ugly weapon made of a short length of rope turned with a Turk's head, which contained a fair-sized lump of lead.

With such a weapon the aggressor may stun his man or kill him, just as he pleases. It is only a matter of regulating the blow.

Jack's sea boots echoed with a metallic sound in the dark alley, which ran between the blank walls of two warehouses.

He did not know that he was being followed. The Basher padded behind him like a leopard on rubber soles, stepping very lightly.

There were only two lamps in the alley, and these had been put out in the coal strike. Then they had been forgotten, and the lamplighter had not taken the trouble to report them, for he had no taste for going down Cut Throat Lane to light them.

Softly the Basher slipped behind his prey.

There was no pity in the Basher's heart. He was a sort of human wolf, the worst product of the street corners of a great city. All he wanted was easy money, and this sailor boy bore the look of one who had just been paid off.

He closed on Jack silently. Up went the cosh, whirled and whistled through the air.

It was Jack's luck that made him change his bag from one shoulder to the other at that moment.

Smack!

The weighted end of the cosh cracked on a pot of jam, which was stowed in the bag between two flannel shirts.

Jack Fearless turned swiftly.

He had not much to learn in the matter of crowded fighting. Before the Basher could again raise his cosh, the heavy bag was thrown between his legs, making him stagger, whilst a lightning punch, which landed on the point of his jaw, laid him out flat.

All would have been well for Jack Fearless. But the lion has his jackals. Two sneaking figures had followed the Basher into the passage, ready to take his leavings or a share of the plunder. These were Alf Frangipanni and Shiner Cohen, two undersized, but dangerous hoodlums.

They heard the thud of the cosh in the darkness and pressed forward.

"Got him, Basher?" asked Shiner.

Then he came to a full stop, for there was the redoubtable Basher stretched on the ground with Jack Fearless standing over him.

Shiner would have made a run for it, for he was better at running than fighting. When the Basher picked pockets, it was Shiner to whom he passed the plunder. But it was too late to go back, for Alf Frangipanni came running so close at his heels that he pushed his confederate into Jack's arms.

Smack! Jack's left hit out at the Shiner's rubberlike nose, and down went Shiner with a howl.

All would have been well, but suddenly the Basher came to life. He jerked Jack's legs from under him and brought him to the ground. Then the three were on top of him, punching, kicking, and running over his pockets for his money.

Jack fought lustily, but the three were too many for him.

The Basher was getting nervous at so much resistance.

"Look out!" he snarled savagely, as he fumbled at his cosh. "Give us room, I'll put 'im to sleep!"

The cosh swung savagely, and the savage blow fell true enough.

But Jack's head was not there to receive the blow. He dodged, and with a tremendous effort he gathered himself together and hurried the Basher back.

Then came a rush of feet in the dark passage.

An electric torch flashed in the Basher's face.

"You're the chap," said a cheerful voice. "He's got my brass!"

The flash of the lamp gave Jack a glimpse of two boys of about his own age, one a working lad, the other dressed as a schoolboy.

It was the working lad who had spoken.

The schoolboy did not speak at all.

Down went his head, he gave a little run and leaped headforemost into the Basher's stomach with the force of a battering ram.

"Ouch!" grunted the Basher, and he doubled up like a penknife.

Jack Fearless was on his feet again. The schoolboy seemed to be doing acrobatic tricks on the Basher's chest. But the two confederates had turned like rats in a corner.

The schoolboy danced back from the prostrate Basher.

"I've got your money back," said he. "Look out, mate. We'll stand by you, Joe and me."

And the three stood together in the narrow way, holding the narrow passage against the three hooligans, as brave Horatius held the bridge in the days of old.

Then a police whistle sounded at the far end of the alley.

"Op it!" gasped Shiner, getting to his feet. "The cops!"

The three miscreants ran for the end of the passage, only to fall into the arms of three burly policemen, who claimed them on sight.

The three boys ran out at the other end of the alley, and in a few seconds were lost in the throng that was streaming in at the dock gates.

"What's your name?" asked the schoolboy. "I'm Bill Careless," he added, "the youngest of the Careless Brothers, trapeze artists and sand dancers."

"That's a rum 'un," said Jack, with a friendly smile. "My name's Fearless!"

The working lad laughed. He was a big fat chap with a good-natured, stubborn face, with the bristly hair that goes with a stubborn disposition.

"Ah'm right glad to meet you chaps," said he. "Ah'm from Bradford, Ah am. An' my name's Joe Lawless. Ah'm Yorkshire, ye know! Ah'm Joe Lawless! Fearless, Careless, an' Lawless! We'll make a good three, we! Come on, you lads," added Joe, as he pushed his way through the throng that was streaming through the dock gate. "Here is the ship. We don't want to get into the back seats. We Bradford folk don't like being in the back seats—we don't!"

And he pushed his way with such goodwill through the throng that the boys found themselves standing under the white glare of the arc lights, on the edge of the quay, in the front rank of a perfect sea of boys.

There were thousands gathered on the quay and in the sheds now. Already the police had closed the dock gates, shutting out ten thousand more.

And out of these thousands in the next half hour three were to be chosen to accompany this mystery ship on her wonderful voyage.

A great hush fell upon the packed crowd of boys as they stood there on the quay looking up at the grey painted steamship.

At her mastheads the lights were already shining, surrounded by haloes of mist, and her red and green sidelights were burning.

There was a feather of steam at her escape valves, and the gangway had already been hoisted ashore by the crane.

Nothing but the mooring ropes with the rat stoppers on them held her to old England.

Her decks were brightly lighted, but nobody showed in them.

There were no signs of the great Captain Robert Oak.

Flashlights burst out along the quays. Half-a-dozen camera men were taking pictures for the papers of the following morning, and there were a good many boys in that crowd who hoped that the likenesses would not be too good.

The police had roped the edge of the wharf with stanchions and a stout line. But the ropes were bulging dangerously with the pressure of the crowds behind as the excitement grew.

Joe Lawless braced himself against the pressure.

"Reckon we may get pushed into the water," said he, looking at the black swirling waters of the dock, in which the dock lights reflected in great swaying lines of ripples.

The pressure from behind increased.

"Look out, Ma!" called a voice further down the packed line.

"Look out, or you'll get shoved into the dock!"

Greatly to the astonishment of the boys an old lady with white curls, round spectacles with gold rims, carrying a string bag and an umbrella, was making her way outside the ropes along the granite edge of the dock quay.

"God bless you, boys!" she called in a piping voice. "Has anyone seen my Willie here? I told him he wasn't to go. I'm his grandmother, and I haven't given him any permission to go blatherskiting round the world with a gang of pirates. Have any of you good boys seen my Willie—Willie Smith from Great Snoring? That is our village, and he ran away by this morning's train!"

The crowd good-naturedly took up the enquiry with a shout.

"Has anybody here seen Willie?" roared five hundred voices.

"Willie from Great Snoring?" they added.

"No-o-o-o!" yelled a thousand voices in answer.

A surge went through the crowd just as the old lady reached Jack and looked trustingly into his face.

"You are a nice-looking sailor boy," said she. "If you see my Willie—Willie Smith, from Great Snoring, tell him that he is not to go. He's somewhere in this crowd, and he ran away this morning. I'm his grandmother—and—"

The old lady broke off short as one of those strange pressures that make themselves felt in crowds ran through the pack of boys.

The old lady started back as the boys surged forward.

"Look out, Ma!" shouted Jack. "You'll fall in!"

And reaching out, he strove to catch her and pull her from the dangerous brink of the quay.

To his horror the old lady stepped back, as though alarmed by the pressure of the crowd on the front rank, and throwing up her arms fell backwards into the black waters of the dock.

CHAPTER III. A Lucky Trio.

A SHOUT went up from the crowd.

"Stop shoving there!"

"Ma's in the ditch! Ah'm after her, if Ah lose the ship. Ah'm from Bradford, Ah am!" said Joe Careless, and he dived over the edge of the wharf.

His movement was quick, but not too quick for Jack and Bill.

The three were in the air together under the shadow of the steamer's stern. The three splashes into the dark slimy water were almost simultaneous. Three heads bobbed up together and three hands clutched the old lady.

"Cheer up, Mother; here we are, all in the ditch together. Don't be frightened, we can all swim!" said Jack Fearless.

"Ay. Ah've swum 'cross the Humber!" added Joe Careless.

"And here comes a boat," added Bill Lawless, as a boat slid round rapidly under the ship's stern.

"You are dear good boys," gasped the old lady, who still clung to her umbrella and string bag.

"You are dear good boys, and if you want, you shall go with the ship. But that Willie of mine is not going, not if I can stop it!"

"Here they are!" roared a gruff voice.

It was the First Officer of the ship, who was leaning over the bows of the boat. "Come on, Mother!" he called. "We'll dry you in the engine room!" And he jerked the old lady from the water, dumping her down, a dripping heap, in the bows of the boat.

The boys seized the life lines at her side and climbed in, and the boat was rapidly hauled back to the gangway, which had been lowered on the outer side of the ship.

A dozen men were waiting here, and they gathered up the old lady and bore her up on deck without ceremony.

"Now - then, - younkers, - get aboard," ordered the officer. "Get up to the galley and dry yourselves. Don't want to catch your death, I suppose."

"No, sir," replied Jack, who knew how a First Officer should be addressed.

"Then come this way," called that personage.

He marched to the warm galley, opening the door and pushing the boys into its warm firelight.

Then the door was slammed behind them.

"Crikey!" exclaimed Bill Lawless.

There, in the snug little galley, brightly lit by its cheerful coal fire, which gleamed on copper pans and kettles which were burnished like gold, lay a huge leopard which purred like a cat as it blinked into the fire, whilst side by side with it lay a large seal, his flippers comfortably tucked away, as he, too, warmed himself at the cheerful red glow.

And, as if these two strange occupants of the galley were not enough, there sat a yellow-faced Chinnee by the cooking range, lighting sticks of sweet-scented incense before a painted joss, whilst, on the other side of the range, stripped to his waist, sat a slit-eyed Eskimo, with a face as flat as a clock front, peering into the fire and puffing a small pipe of carved stone.

The leopard turned and gave a low grumbling growl, showing a magnificent set of teeth as he yawned.

"Dey come!" muttered the Eskimo. "Jak, Joe, an' Bill—Bill, him kingamut—rascal!"

The Chinnee grinned as he rose from his seat by the fire.

"You no fright the whiskers,

Bill?" said the Chinnee with a bland smile. "Him all right!"

"How do you know my name's Bill?" asked Bill Careless in astonishment.

"Allee same as we know dat boy devil is Jack, and dat boy devil is Joe!" said Ching with a grin.

"But you are wet all through. You hungry, too, I spect. Get off your wet things. Here are clothes!"

And he pointed to three new suits and flannels neatly laid out on the galley table with a dry towel to each suit.

Joe Lawless was stricken dumb with astonishment by this reception. Here was a mystery beyond him. Out of all those thousands of boys thronging the quay they seemed to be expected. He was also rather doubtful about taking off his clothes.

"What's your name?" he asked of the Chinaman.

"Ching name belong me—Ching Ho," said Ching smiling.

"What ho!" echoed Bill Careless, who was already getting his clothes off and rubbing himself with a towel.

"Ah'm from Bradford!" said Joe Lawless slowly. "Me and my mates we've choomed in together, and—"

He jumped back on to the table, swinging his legs up, as a barking sound came from the darkness beneath, and his eyes bulged as there came the sound of heavy blows and thumps.

There tumbled out, fighting, from under the table two little figures about two feet five inches in height, who looked like little men in black coats and white waistcoats.

"Jimmy—what's those?" asked Joe, breathless, as the two little figures hit one another with black flippers, making resounding thumps.

"Penguins!" said Ching, smiling. "Dey's Clifford and Harold. Dey's always fightin'." Dey belong to de First Officer, Mr. Dark.

"Penguins!" exclaimed Jack. "Why don't you stop them fighting?"

Ching shook his head.

"Penguin always wantee fightee, Harold him always fight Clifford," said he, philosophically. "Dey no hurt one another. Dey fight till Harold knock Clifford out or till Clifford knock Harold out!"

The two comic little figures were indeed fighting furiously.

Harold caught Clifford a swipe on the side of the head that cap-sized him. But Clifford was up again in a second and locked with Harold, holding him tightly and pecking him furiously.

"Break away, there! Break away!" shouted Joe, greatly excited. "Foul! Foul! Sock him, Harold!"

Jack and Bill were roaring with laughter, and Kingaloo, the Eskimo, grinned.

"No good stop fight along Clifford an' Harold," said he. "Dey like fight plenty!"

There was a blast on the ship's foghorn, and the boys, looking through the porthole, saw the white arc lamps of the docks sliding slowly past the dim glasses of the scuttle.

"We are off!" gasped Jack.

"And we haven't got our clothes on!" echoed Bill Careless.

The three boys looked at one another, as cheer after cheer sounded from the quay, audible even above the whistling of tugs and the rattle of the steam winches.

"We can't have been chosen!" stammered Jack, his heart beating wildly at the thought.

On the floor Clifford and Harold had started their next round, and were hard at it when the door of the galley was flung open by the man who had brought them there, Mr. Dark, the First Officer.

He looked round and a smile lit up his grim face.

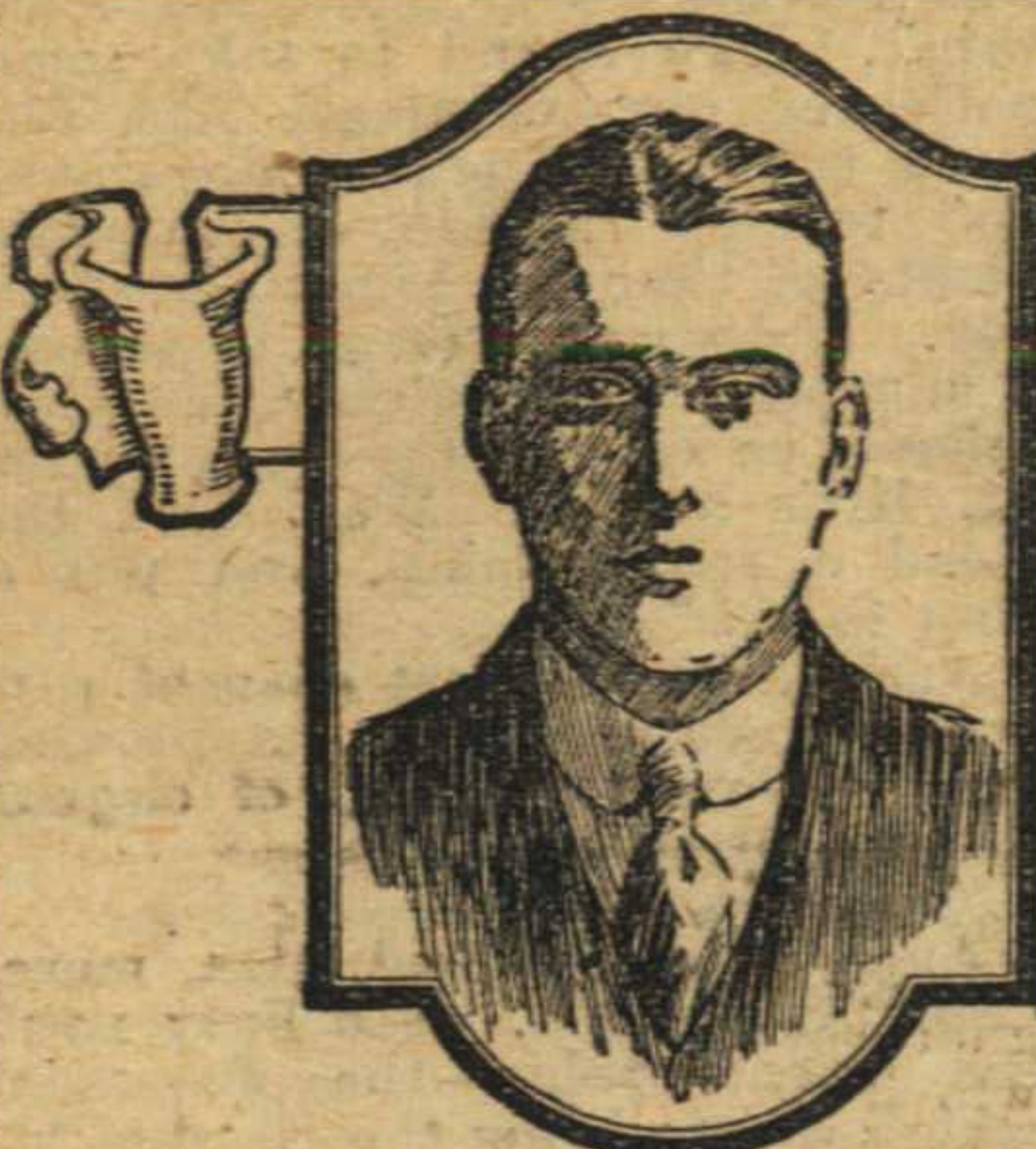
"Clifford and Harold fighting again!" said he. "That's the ticket. . . . And you boys shaking down?"

"Please, sir," Jack began, breathlessly. "Are we—?"

"You've got the job all right, and we are off!" replied the First Officer. "See you to-morrow morning. I'm busy to-night. Ching will look after you. Three boys who will fish an old woman out of the dock are good enough for us. Hullo! Cliff has knocked Harold out!"

The door was slammed to, and the First Officer was gone, leaving the boys overwhelmed with their luck.

(There will be another long instalment of this grand story next Monday. Do not miss it.)



GREETING!

HERE is the first number of SCHOOL AND SPORT.

It is possible that quite fifty per cent. of my readers will remember me as the late Editor of *The Boy's Friend*, *The Holiday Annual*, *The Magnet*, *The Gem*, *The Greyfriars Herald*, *The Penny Popular*, and other well-known papers.

For the future I am going to devote my whole time and attention to

"SCHOOL AND SPORT."

Success for SCHOOL AND SPORT will mean much for me. Success for a paper means circulation, and circulation means that the paper contains something worth buying.

I can only ask each one of my friends to read the stories. If you like them, then you can help your Editor by recommending SCHOOL AND SPORT to your friends.

If you can suggest improvements in the paper write to me. If ever you want advice write to me. I am at all times de-

"SCHOOL AND SPORT," 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

YOUR EDITOR'S DEN

Your Editor is always pleased to hear from his readers. A prompt reply is sent when a stamped addressed envelope is enclosed. Other correspondence is dealt with in these columns.

lighted to hear from my friends, and when my postbag warrants it, my "Chat" space will be enlarged so that I can deal fully with my correspondence.

Meantime help this little paper as much as you can.

OUR LEAFLETS.

Readers who possess a Leaflet advertising this issue will want to know how to play the indoor football game which was printed on the back of the sheet.

First of all the whole game should be pasted down on to stiff paper or cardboard. The pieces giving the four players and the football are then cut out separately.

To play the game, one player takes the four men and places them on the four black squares on his goal line.

The other player takes the ball and starts from any black square on his goal line.

Either side can start the game. One move at a time is taken.

The "men" must only go forward. The "ball" can be moved backward or forward; but both players can only

move from black to black diagonally (in the same way that one plays draughts).

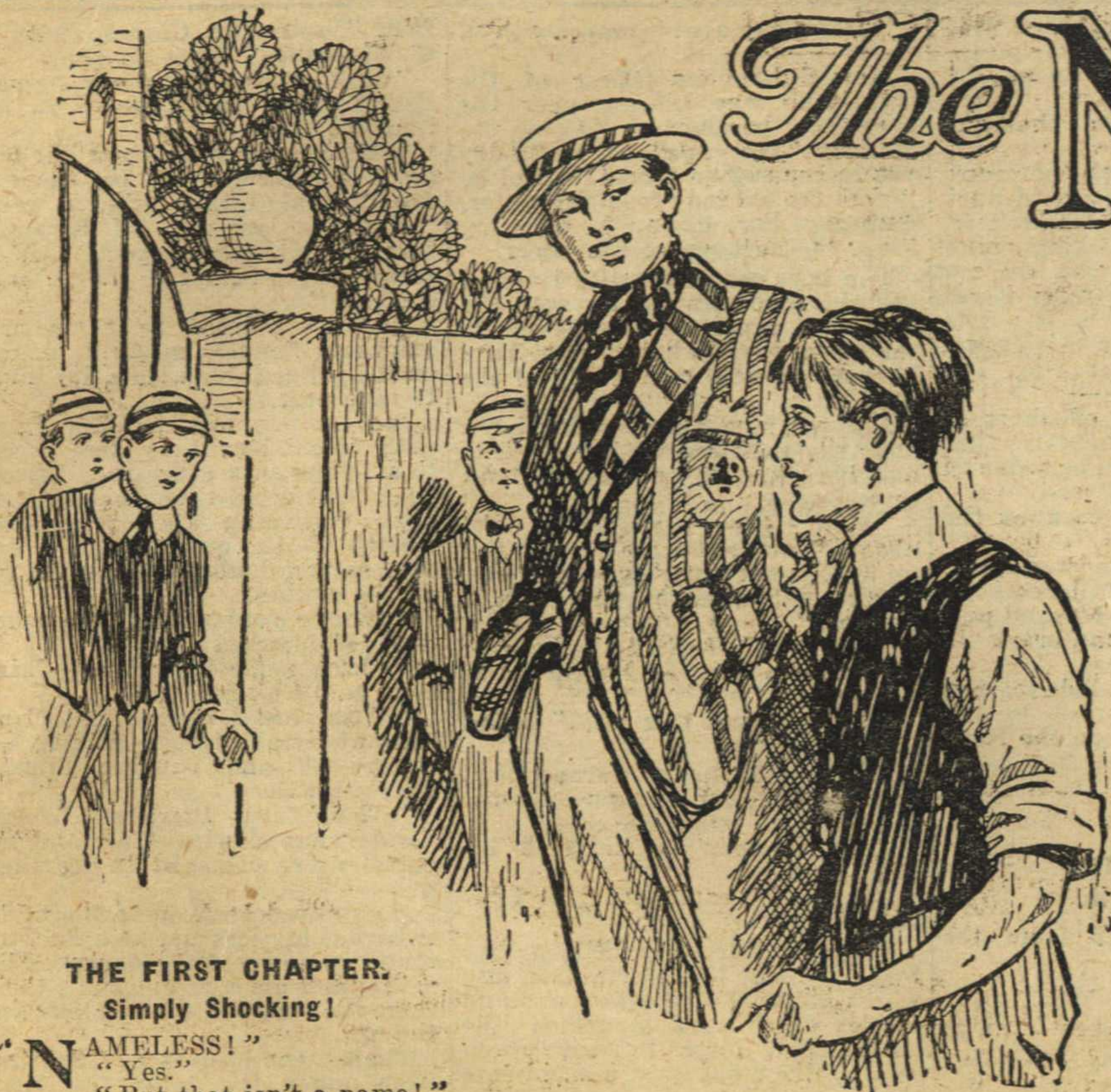
Each one of the four men must be moved forward in the first four moves.

The "men" have to prevent the "ball" from breaking through the line, and thus having an uninterrupted run into goal and winning the game.

The "men" cannot jump the "ball," nor may the "ball" jump the "men." If the "ball" finds two men directly opposite him, and it is for the "ball" to move, the "ball" will have to move back. If he cannot, then he has lost the game.

No. 2 of SCHOOL AND SPORT will be on sale at all newsagents next Monday. To make certain of your copy, order it in advance.

Your Editor.



THE FIRST CHAPTER.

Simply Shocking!

"NAMELESS!"

"Yes."
"But that isn't a name!"
Vernon Compton, the captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, gave a contemptuous sniff.

"It's his name!" he said.
"Oh, gad! And he's comin' here?"

"Yes—into the Fourth. Nice, isn't it? Very creditable for St. Kit's, and all that!" said Compton, with a sneer.

"But who is he?"

"Nobody knows."

"But dash it all, Comp!" exclaimed Lumley, of the Fourth, staring.

"The Head must know who the fellow is, if he's letting him into St. Kit's. This isn't a dashed home for nobodies."

"Well, rather not!" chimed in Howard and Durance, and two or three more of the Fourth-formers who were gathered round Vernon Compton, in the junior common-room at St. Kit's.

Compton shrugged his shoulders.

"It's as I say!" he answered.

"The fellow's a nobody—he hasn't even a name to call his own—he comes from nowhere—he's not even goin' to pay any fees. He comes in on the Foundation—a rotten thing that ought to have been abolished long ago. Some low-class rotter, you know, who has mugged up enough to squeeze through the exam—and is comin' here to shove himself into the society of his betters. I call it—"

"Rotten!" said Durance.

"Dashed rotten!"

"Beastly!"

"Pushin' cad, you know."

Every fellow in the little group had some remark to make. Evidently the news that a "dashed nobody" was coming to St. Kit's gave Compton and Co. a very painful shock.

"But how do you know, Comp?" asked Lumley, "nothin's been said about it that I know of. I haven't heard—"

"I got it from Bunny," said Compton, "he heard the Head talkin' about it with Mr. Lathley. Even Bunny was shocked."

"Fat little snob!" remarked Durance.

"Oh, don't be an ass, Durance," exclaimed Compton, irritably.

"Bunny's a fat little beast, but he's right on this point—the fellow oughtn't to come to St. Kit's. Even Bunny's too good for him to associate with."

"My hat! He must be a rank outsider, then!" grinned Durance.

"Well, he is a rank outsider."

"But is it true?" asked Tracy, sceptically; "perhaps it's only one of Bunny's yarns. You know Bunny."

"Bunny hasn't brains enough to make up such a yarn. It's true enough," growled Compton. "But here's Bunny—you can ask him for yourselves."

A fat junior, who seemed on the verge of bursting through his Etons, blinked into the common-room, and two or three of the Fourth-formers called to him at once.

"Bunny!"

"Bunny Bootles!"

"Come here, Bootles, you fat bounder!"

"Hallo, old tops!" said the fat junior, as he rolled in cheerily.

"I'm your man. I was just looking for you fellows. You want me?"

"Yes, we—"

"Well, here I am," said Bunny, with a smile of happy anticipation.

"Is it going to be here?"

"Eh! Is what going to be here?"

"The spread."

"You fat duffer, there isn't goin' to be a spread—"

Bunny's fat face fell.

"Then what the thump do you want me for?" he demanded discontentedly.

"We want—"

"Do you know where St. Leger is?" asked Bunny, interrupting the captain of the Fourth.

"Bother St. Leger! We want—"

"Well, I want to see St. Leger," said Bunny, "it's rather important. He had a registered letter this afternoon—"

"Kick him, somebody," growled Compton.

"Yow-ow! You beast, Durance!" roared Bunny Bootles.

"I'll jolly well—"

"Kick him again if he doesn't shut up."

Bunny Bootles promptly shut up. Durance's boot was a light and elegant one; but, light as it was, Bunny Bootles did not want to feel its weight again. He wriggled and blinked morosely at Compton and Co.

"Now, we want to know about this chap Nameless," said Tracy.

"You were listening to the Head—"

"I wasn't!"

"There! I knew it was only a yarn!" said Tracy.

"I mean, I heard the Head speaking to Mr. Lathley quite by chance," explained Bunny.

"I happened to be under our form-master's window, admiring the view, you know, and they were jawing in the study. The view from there is—"

"Never mind the view. What did the Head say to Lathley?"

"Do you mean when he came into Lathley's study?"

"Yes, ass."

"He said it was a fine afternoon—"

"What?"

"And Mr. Lathley said he thought it might rain—"

"You silly ass!" roared Compton, "tell us what he said about that chap Harry Nameless—"

"Oh, that chap?" said Bunny, with a sniff, "that's shocking, ain't it? I was disgusted—quite surprised at the Head, you know. I'd have told him so, too, only—"

"Cut that out. What did he say?"

"He said the chap was coming to St. Kit's on Wednesday," said

Bunny. "He's coming in on the Foundation—deserving case, the Head said—awfully clever kid considering his disadvantages—something to that effect. The awful bounder—the Head didn't call him a bounder, of course, I'm saying that—the awful bounder was brought up by a sailorman—just a common sailorman, you know, named Straw, or Hay, or something, who found him somewhere—some tramp's son, you know, picked up on the beach or something—"

"Did the Head say that?"

"No, I'm saying that."

"Tell us what the Head said, you thumpin' ass, and leave out your own silly piffle," said Durance.

"Well, I'm telling you, ain't I?" said Bunny. "The chap's lived with the old sailorman since he left the sea, in a cottage somewhere, or something—he's been taught by an old St. Kit's man, who lives there—and he's called Nameless because he hasn't any name. Jolly queer, ain't it? The Head seemed a bit perplexed about what he was to be called here—Nameless ain't a name, you know. But he said that, as the chap had always been called that in his village, he would have to go on with it. I'd have butted in and told the Head what I thought of it, only—"

"Only you'd have got licked for your cheek, as well as for eaves-droppin', you fat worm!" remarked Durance.

"Look here—"

"Well, that's how it stands!" said Compton; "a nameless nobody, brought up by some boozy fore-castle ruffian—and he's comin' here—shovin' himself into the Fourth Form of St. Kit's. It's pretty sickenin' havin' a fat little sweep like Bootles here—"

"Oh, I say—"

"But I think the Head might draw a line at tramps," said Compton, bitterly. "It's a disgrace to the school—"

"Yes, rather!"

"And we shall be expected to be civil to him, I suppose!" remarked Tracy. "Well, I know I shan't be for one!"

"Same here!"

"What-ho!"

"I shall treat him with contempt, of course," said Bunny Bootles. "I shall simply wither him with a look—if he speaks to me, I shall freeze him with a glance—"

"Oh, he won't speak to you," said Durance; "even a nameless bounder will draw the line somewhere!"

"Why, you beast—"

"The question is, are we goin' to stand it?" said Compton.

His chums stared at him.

"Blessed if I see any question about that," answered Tracy. "If the Head let's the cad come, I suppose we've got to stand it."

THE FIRST LONG COMPLETE STORY OF A GRAND NEW SERIES OF SCHOOL TALES

BY

CLIFFORD CLIVE.

"SCHOOLMASTER," who was privileged to read this story in manuscript form, says: "It is the finest story of school life I have ever read."

laid it down on his knee, and nodded cheerily to his visitors.

"Trot in, old beans!" he said, hospitably, "anythin' up? You're lookin' awfully serious!"

"We want your signature," explained Compton.

"Begad! Do you?"

"It's a round robin," said Durance.

St. Leger raised his eyebrows.

"I don't mind signin' anythin' for anybody," he said, generously, "but what the deuce is a round robin, old beans?"

"The ass doesn't know what a round robin is," grunted Tracy.

"Explain to the burling chump, Comp."

"It's a protest to the Head!" explained Compton, "there's a new cad comin' to St. Kit's—a tramp's son, from some work-house, and we object. We're goin' to protest. Catch on?"

"Yaas."

"Every fellow in the Fourth is signin' the protest—and the names are signed in a circle, so as not to give away the chap that starts the list. It's possible that the Head may cut up rusty, of course, and we don't want him to pick on anybody in particular. So the names are signed in a circle—that's a round robin. Got it now?"

"Yaas."

"Well, sign away!" said Durance.

Algernon Aubrey sat up.

There was a rather thoughtful expression on his aristocratic brow.

"Perhaps I'd better read the paper before signin' it," he remarked, "anythin' to oblige, you know; but—"

"Well, you can read it—but buck up. We haven't finished all the fellows yet, and we want to get it done before tea!"

"Hand it over, old bean!"

Compton handed over the sheet of impot paper.

Algernon Aubrey fumbled in his waistcoat pocket, and produced an eyeglass, which he proceeded to adjust in his eye in a leisurely manner.

Compton and Co. watched him impatiently.

"Buck up!" snapped Tracy.

"My dear old bean—"

"We're waiting!"

"There is such a thing, dear boy, as waitin' politely," remarked Algernon Aubrey. "No 'good hurryin', you know—I'm not goin' into this thing without knowin' what it's about! Now dry up a minute while I read it!"

With—or without—the aid of his monocle, the dandy of the Fourth proceeded to read Compton's precious document. It ran:—

"We, the members of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, beg to respectfully protest against a nameless nobody being admitted to the school, and to our form. We think it would be a disgrace to St. Kit's, and we hope that this outsider will be kept outside."

Signed.

The names of the Fourth-formers were written in a circle round that statement, which occupied the centre of the sheet. Compton, Durance, Tracy, Howard, Lumley, and nine or ten other names were already there—a specially smudgy scrawl indicating that even Bunny Bootles felt an aristocratic prejudice on the subject.

"Sign there!" said Compton, presenting a fountain-pen.

St. Leger shook his head.

"I fear I could not possibly sign this paper, dear boys!" he said.

"Why not?" demanded Compton, angrily. "Do you want a nameless cad from nowhere in your Form?"

"Certainly not!"

"Do you think that the son of a drunken tramp ought to come to St. Kit's?" demanded Tracy.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

The Round Robin.

ALGERNON AUBREY St. Leger, the ornament of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, was reclining in a graceful attitude upon the sofa in his study, when a tap came at the door.

Algernon Aubrey never sprawled in an armchair or on a sofa, as some of the juniors did. His attitudes were always graceful. Moreover, he never forgot the necessity of preserving the elegant crease in his trousers. Even when he lounged, he lounged with care.

Tap!

"Come in, old bean!" yawned St. Leger.

The study door opened, and three Fourth-formers presented themselves—Vernon Compton, Tracy, and Durance. Compton had a sheet of impot paper in his hand, which was nearly covered with writing.

St. Leger had a letter in his hand; he had been reading it when Compton tapped at the door. He

"Never!"

"Do you want the school to be disgraced by some ragged bounder who drops his H's and eats with his knife?" asked Durance.

Algernon Aubrey shuddered.

"Begad! Horrid!"

"Fellow who picks pockets, very likely," growled Compton. "You won't be able to leave your watch about when he's here!"

"Do you really think so, Compton, old bean?"

"Yes, I do."

"Begad! What is the Head thinkin' of, I wonder!"

"Well, whatever he's thinkin' of, we're goin' to stop it if we can. Sign the paper."

"Impossible. I couldn't!"

"Why not?" bawled Compton, "are you afraid to take your chance with the rest?"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger rose from the sofa, and jammed his eye-glass a little more tightly into his eye. Then he fixed it on Compton.

"That question is an insult, dear boy," he said calmly. "Do you prefer gloves or no gloves?"

Compton gave an angry snort.

"I haven't come here to fight you, you ass—"

"You have, old bean, unless you withdraw that insultin' observation," answered Algernon Aubrey, pushing back his elegant cuffs; "I do not allow anyone to hint that I am capable of funk!"

"Then why—"

"Do you withdraw your remark, dear boy? That matter must be settled before these proceedings go any further."

Compton gritted his teeth.

"Yes, you ass, if you like. Now why don't you want to sign the paper?"

"It is quite impossible for me to sign this paper as it stands," said Algernon Aubrey, amiably. "I quite agree with your views; it would be horrid to have a pick-pocket at St. Kit's—you said he was a pick-pocket, didn't you?"

"Somethin' of the sort."

"Sign the paper," growled Tracey.

"I couldn't! Look at it for yourselves," said Algernon Aubrey, in a tone of gentle remonstrance.

"What's the matter with it?"

"Look! It begins, 'We, the members of the Fourth Form of St. Kit's, beg to respectfully protest—'

"Well, that's all right."

"It is very far from all right, Compton. Don't you see that you are solittin' the infinitive?"

"Wha-a-at?"

"It is quite impossible for me to sign my name to a split infinitive," said Algernon Aubrey, calmly. "I am quite aware that there are some modern writers, like Shaw, who split their infinitives, but I regard it as bein' in shockin' bad taste. The King's English should be treated with proper respect. I cannot possibly sign this paper unless the split infinitive is taken out."

"You crass ass!"

"Oh, begad!"

"You burblin' dummy—"

"Really, you know—"

"You howlin' chump!"

"If you are goin' to descend to Billingsgate, Compton, I must request you to retire from my study."

"You—you—you—"

Algernon Aubrey laid down the paper.

"I cannot sign a document in which the expression 'to respectfully protest' occurs," he said, calmly. "If you like to change it to 'We beg respectfully to protest,' I will sign it with pleasure, old bean."

"Respectfully to protest—what's the thumpin' difference?" demanded Tracey.

"That does not split the infinitive, dear boy."

"You ass—"

"You chump—"

"You—you jabberwock!"

Durance, with a grin, took the fountain-pen and altered the offending sentence. The split infinitive disappeared, and at the same time the opposition of Algernon Aubrey disappeared, too. He signed the paper.

"There you are, dear boys—"

Compton snatched up the round robin.

"Come on!" he exclaimed, "we've wasted enough time over that silly idiot—"

"Begad! I think—"

"Come on—we've got two or three more studies to do."

And Compton and Co. carried off the round robin—no longer disgraced by a split infinitive.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. Facing the Music.

"WHO'S goin'?"

That was an important question.

Compton and Co., of the Fourth, had been quite successful so far. The round robin was completed; nearly every fellow in the Fourth had signed his name to it.

Some of them had hesitated, but Compton was captain of the Form, and rather high-handed in his methods; he had had his way. He had really had some doubts about Algernon Aubrey St. Leger; that noble youth, though the best-connected fellow at St. Kit's, was quite unlike Compton and Co. in many respects—he was anything but a snob. Vernon Compton did not think that he, himself, was a snob—but he had had a sort of feeling that St. Leger might think so, and might refuse to have a hand in the affair of the round robin.

However, St. Leger had lined up with the rest—rather thoughtlessly, but he had done it. And now the round robin was complete, and it only remained for it to be presented to the Head of St. Kit's.

But here a slight difficulty arose. As an expression of public opinion in the St. Kit's Fourth, the round robin was entitled to the Head's respectful attention. But the juniors could not help realising that perhaps it wouldn't gain the Head's respectful attention. It was possible that Dr. Cheyne might even cut up rusty—you never could tell. As Durance remarked, the only thing you could be certain of about a headmaster was that there was no telling what the beast might do.

So the question of who was going to present the round robin was a rather important one; nobody seemed keen on it.

Many of the fellows agreed that it was up to Compton, as captain of the Fourth, and as founder of the whole stunt. Compton did not seem to see that, however. He was quite willing to leave it to any other fellow—if any other fellow could be found to leap into the breach, as it were.

Apparently another fellow couldn't be found.

The round robin hung fire.

Compton and Co. had tea in their study, and talked it over.

"The fact is, it may be rather risky takin' to the Head," said Compton, coming out into the light at last, as it were. "I'd rather not."

"Exactly how I feel," remarked Howard.

"Same here!"

"If you care to take it, Durance."

"I don't!"

"What about Bootles?" asked Lumley. "That fat rotter would do anythin' for a feed. We could have him to tea."

Compton shook his head.

"He's too wide to be taken in like that—and he's got no nerve. I—I wonder whether St. Leger—"

"Just the man!"

"St. Leger's got no end of pluck, and not much hoss-sense," said Tracey. "He's the very lamb we're lookin' for."

After tea, the nuts of St. Kit's looked in on Algernon Aubrey. They found that superb youth engaged, with a set and serious face, in examining a number of handsome neckties.

"Busy?" asked Compton, with a grin.

Algernon Aubrey nodded.

"Yaas. I've had a letter from my uncle—"

"Which uncle? You've lots."

"My military uncle," said Algernon Aubrey, "Colonel Lovell, you know. He's home from Germany, and he's comin' down to St. Kit's to see me soon. I haven't seen him for an awfully long time, and I want to make a rather good impression on him. What do you think of this necktie, Compton?"

"Oh, ripplin'! We—"

"Do you think this other one is rather better taste?"

"Yes. Now we—"

"I am afraid you are answerin' without thinkin' very much about the matter, dear boy. It's rather serious. Now—"

"Bother your ties," said Compton. "Look here, the round robin's ready now, and it's got to be taken to the Head."

"Take it, then, old bean."

"Well, we think you're the chap to take it, St. Leger," said Compton, blandly. "It's necessary to do a thing of this sort in

a-a sort of-of-impressive way—the grand manner, you know. The Head will expect that. Now, you're about the only fellow in the Fourth who can be trusted to do the thing in the right style."

Algernon Aubrey beamed.

"My dear old bean, I'm your man," he said. "Leave it to me, if you really want the thing done decently."

Compton and Co. exchanged glances of satisfaction.

Algernon Aubrey had fallen into the trap without even seeing that there was a trap.

"You fellows can come with me, if you like," said Algernon, taking the paper from the captain of the Fourth. "Of course, you'd better not say anything. I'm the chap to do the talkin'. I have a way of putting things, you know."

"You have!" agreed Compton, closing one eye at his comrades.

"Of course, we're ready to come."

"I say—!" began Howard.

"Shut up, Howard! We're ready to come, St. Leger, but we think you'd do it better quite on your own."

"Perhaps you're right, dear boy," said Algernon, innocently. "Yaas, I daresay you're quite right. I have a way of puttin' things—"

"Go ahead, then."

"Right!"

Compton and Co. accompanied Algernon Aubrey as far as the end of the corridor which led to the Head's study. Mr. Lathley, the master of the Fourth, came along the passage, and glanced at the group of juniors, but he did not speak to them—rather to their relief. Algernon Aubrey marched on boldly, tapped at the Head's door, and entered in response to the deep-toned "Come in" from within the apartment.

Dr. Cheyne, the Head of St. Kit's, was seated at his writing-table, with a pen in his hand. He laid down the pen as Algernon Aubrey St. Leger entered.

"Well, what is it, my boy?" he asked, with a kind smile.

"I have the honour, sir, of presenting this round robin to you," said St. Leger, laying the paper on the table.

The Head started a little, and glanced curiously at the paper.

There was surprise in his face at first—it deepened to astonishment, and then his brows knitted in a dark frown.

He picked up the precious document, and read it through carefully from end to end.

"This is a—ah—round robin?" he said.

"Yaas, sir."

"Signed by nearly all the Fourth Form, it appears."

"Yaas, sir."

"I am surprised at this, St. Leger!" said the Head, quietly. "May I inquire how you know anything about this new boy—as no statement has been made on the subject as yet?"

Algernon Aubrey started.

"Really, sir—"

"How do you know?" rapped out the Head, tapping the table with his hand. "Answer me at once, please."

"The—the fellows all seem to know, sir," stammered the dandy of the Fourth. "I—I heard it from the chaps, sir."

"Someone must have listened to a conversation not intended for his ears. Was it you, St. Leger?"

Algernon Aubrey crimsoned.

"Sir!"

"Answer me!"

The dandy of St. Kit's drew himself up to his full height.

"Dr. Cheyne, I really do not think I ought to be requested to answer a question of that kind," he said, with a great deal of dignity.

"What?" ejaculated the Head.

"I am quite incapable of doin' anythin' of the sort, sir," exclaimed Algernon Aubrey, indignantly.

"Someone has done so," said the Head. "However, I shall see into the matter. Kindly call your Form-fellows here, St. Leger—every boy who has signed his name to this offensive paper."

"The paper was not meant to be offensive, sir," faltered Algernon.

"You see, sir—"

"Do as I tell you, at once," exclaimed the Head, testily.

"Yaas, sir."

Algernon Aubrey stepped out of the study, leaving the Head knitting his brows over the round robin. Compton and Co. eyed the dandy of St. Kit's eagerly as he came gracefully down the passage.

"Well?"

"How did he take it?"

"Is it all right?"

"Tell us, you image."

"I do not like bein' called an image, Compton—"

"Tell us, you ass!" breathed Compton.

"If you call me an ass, Compton—"

"Will you tell us?" hissed Lumley.

"Certainly. The Head wants to see all the fellows who have signed their names to the round robin."

"Oh! what for?"

"He did not say what for, dear boy; but I daresay he will tell you if you ask him."

Compton and Co. exchanged rather uneasy glances.

"I—I daresay it's all right," muttered Tracey. "The Head must see that we couldn't stand the cad. He's goin' to tell us that it's all right."

"Did he look waxy, St. Leger?"

"Yaas."

"You ass, why couldn't you say so before?"

"You didn't ask me, dear boy."

"Fathead!"

"If you are goin' to be insultin', Compton—"

"Oh, dry up," growled Compton. "Blessed if I know how it's goin' to turn out—but we've got to see it through now. We might have known that St. Leger would make some sort of muck of it."

"Oh, begad!"

"Call the fellows," said Compton, "we've got to go, anyhow, as the Head's sent for us. We'll see it through."

It was with mingled feelings that the authors of the round robin presented themselves in Dr. Cheyne's study.

Compton and Co. hoped for the best—and Algernon Aubrey seemed quite indifferent. As a matter of fact, Alg's powerful brain was still occupied with the question of his neckties. That was a more important matter to him than any number of round robins. Some of the crowd that filed into the Head's study seemed uneasy. A good many of them wished they hadn't signed that precious protest. But it was too late to wish that now.

The Head's study was pretty well crowded by the time all the protesters had filed in. Dr. Cheyne was standing by his table, with a severe frown on his brow—which did not look promising. He glanced at the abashed juniors, over his glasses, and tapped the paper that lay on the table.

"I have sent for you, my boys," he said, in his deep voice, "to tell you how surprised I am—how shocked I am—at this act of snobbery—"

"Oh!"

"Begad!"

"Silence! The boy who is coming to St. Kit's is a very worthy lad—he has worked hard, under many difficulties, and his case is one of the most deserving that has ever received assistance from the St. Kit's Foundation. I had hoped that my boys would give him a hospitable welcome. I trust that this foolish paper was drawn up and signed in thoughtlessness—that you have been guilty of nothing worse than want of proper reflection."

Compton's eyes glittered.

"If you please, sir—!"

"You need not speak, Compton. Believing that this act is one of thoughtlessness, I shall not impose a severe punishment."

Some of the Fourth-formers looked relieved at that. They had begun to fear the worst.

"Every boy who has signed this paper will take five hundred lines," said the Head.

"Oh!"

"St. Leger!"

"Yaas, sir!"

"Put that paper in the fire!"

"Oh! Yaas, sir!"

Algernon Aubrey picked the round robin from the table and dropped it into the grate. The juniors watched it in silence while it was consumed.

"I hope that, upon reflection, you will be sorry for this, my boys," said the Head. "You may go."

The juniors began to back out of the study, silent and dismayed. Some of them were giving Vernon Compton grim looks.

Compton paused, his eyes gleaming.

"May I say a word, sir?" he asked.

The Head looked at him.

"You may speak, if you have anything to say, Compton!" he answered.

"We object to a nameless cad comin' to St. Kit's, sir!"

"What!"

The juniors almost gasped. Compton's nerve took their breath away. It seemed to take the Head's breath away, too.

"We feel we've a right to object, sir," said Compton hardily. "We think it's a disgrace to the school—!"

"Shurrup!" breathed Durance.

"Bless my soul!" exclaimed the Head, "after what I have said, you venture to repeat your impertinence, Compton!"

"We think—!"

"Silence!" thundered the Head. He glanced round at his desk, and picked up his cane.

"Hold out your hand, Compton!"

The black sheep of St. Kit's breathed hard through his nose.

"You're goin' to cane me, sir, because I object—!"

"Another word, Compton," broke in the head, icily, "and I shall flog you. Hold out your hand at once, sir."

In silence, with set teeth, Vernon Compton held out his hand.

Swish!

"Now you may go. Not a word—go!"

The unhappy protesters crowded out of the Head's study. The door closed behind them. In the passage they looked at one another.

"What a go!" murmured Durance.

Compton gritted his teeth.

"We'll make that cad suffer for it!" he muttered. "It's all that nameless rotter's fault. We'll make him sit up when he comes."

"Really, Compton—"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

"Oh, shut up!"

And Vernon Compton stamped away, and the juniors dispersed—with the happy prospect before them of writing out five hundred lines each. The round robin to the Head could not be called a success.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. The New Junior.

"YOU the new chap for St. Kit's?"

A handsome, athletic-looking fellow of about fifteen stepped from the train at Wicke Station in the afternoon sunshine. He had a bag in his hand and a coat over his arm. He was about to start along the train to claim a box that had been trundled out of the guard's van when a rat youth in Etons scuttled across the platform and addressed him.

Bunny Bootles—for it was the fat Fourth-former of St. Kit's—eyed him curiously and rather doubtfully.

This was not exactly the sort of fellow Bunny had expected to see.

From Compton's anticipations Bunny had looked for some shabby, slouching fellow with a hangdog air, but certainly this handsome, well-set-up fellow did not answer to that sort of description.

He smiled as he glanced down at Bunny, and his smile was a very pleasant one.

"I'm for St. Kit's," he assented.

"The new kid?"

"Yes, I'm the new fellow, certainly."

"I've only heard of one new fellow coming," said Bunny. "You can't be—I mean, you look quite decent."

"Thank you."

"Not at all," said the obtuse Bunny; "I've come here to meet your train. There was another new fellow expected—an awful outsider of a chap who hasn't a name—"

The newcomer started.

"What?"

"I'm not surprised you're astonished," grinned Bunny. "Sounds awful, don't it? But it's a fact."

"I think perhaps you're making a little mistake," said the new junior, quietly, compressing his lips a little. "I think I must be the fellow you're describing as—what did you say?—an awful outsider. At any rate, I am Harry Nameless."

Bunny jumped.

So this was the new fellow, after all—this was the nameless outsider—the rank bounder whose coming was such a shock to the select circle of Compton and Co.

"You—you—you're him!" ejaculated Bunny breathlessly and ungrammatically.

"I'm Harry Nameless, if you want to know."

With that the new junior turned his back on the fat Fourth-former

of St. Kit's and walked along to where his box lay on the platform.

Bunny Bootles blinked after him. "My only Uncle Sam!" he murmured.

The fat and egregious Bunny had come to the station to meet the new boy—in spite of the aristocratic prejudices which he shared with Compton and Co. Bunny felt that he was lowering himself. He admitted it. But it happened that day—as it often happened on other days—that Bunny of the Fourth was short of cash. In vain he had sought to "stick" Vernon Compton for a little loan; in vain he had made a round of the Fourth Form; in vain he had even humbled himself in search of a miserable "bob" among the fags of the Third. Bunny had had no luck. And the brilliant thought had occurred to his fat brain of meeting the new junior at the station and extracting a loan from him. The rank outsider, Bunny argued, was certain to feel pleased and flattered at being met by a St. Kit's fellow. In his pleasure and gratitude it would be a simple task to stick him for a small loan. Of course, he was a poverty-stricken bounder, but he was bound to have some cash about him. Bunny was prepared to relieve him of the trouble of looking after it.

The handsome appearance of the new junior had quite taken the wind out of Bunny's sails. At first he had felt certain that this must be some other new boy—not the expected bounder. But it was the bounder right enough—and he looked quite prosperous. Bunny had had doubts about walking down the village with a nameless outsider. He admitted that he wouldn't mind walking down any street with this chap, so far as appearances went. So, upon the whole, when he had recovered from his surprise, Bunny Bootles felt pleased.

True, the new junior looked neither pleased nor flattered so far. But Bunny could soon set that right. He rolled after Harry quite hurriedly.

"Hallo, old top," said Bunny, affably, rejoining the new junior, who was speaking to the porter. "That your box?"

"Yes," answered the new fellow, curtly.

"Leave it here," said Bunny; "they'll send it on from the station. No need to take a cab."

"I'm not taking a cab."

Bunny came very near sneering. Of course, this penniless bounder wouldn't be taking a cab! But Bunny of the Fourth remembered his object in meeting the bounder, and fortunately restrained his sneer in time.

"Just so," he agreed; "let them send it on. We're going to walk to St. Kit's."

"We!" repeated the new junior.

Surprising as it was, he still showed no sign of being pleased or flattered by Bunny's attentions. Something was awry somewhere. But Bunny was a stickler.

"Yes, we!" he said. "I'm going to show you the way."

"I think I could find it easily enough."

"Well, there's a lot of turnings in Wicke Lane," said Bunny. "The school's some distance from the village, you know—across the bridge. The fact is, old top, I came to meet your train especially to look after you and show you round on your first day at St. Kit's, you know."

"That's very kind of you," said the new junior, his manner thawing a little.

Somehow he hadn't been pleased with Bunny at first. Bunny couldn't tell why, but such was the surprising fact!

But now he could not help feeling a little grateful for this kind attention from a complete stranger. It really was nice and thoughtful of Bunny to take all this trouble about a new fellow he didn't know. At least, so it seemed at this stage of the acquaintance.

"I mean to be kind, you know," explained Bunny, cheerfully. "I'm kindness itself, in fact—and I'm no snob. Not at all. I'm not ashamed to be seen with you."

"Eh?"

"Not a bit," said Bunny, fatuously. "You can't help being a rank outsider, can you? You wouldn't be one if you could help it. That's how I look at it, you know. What?"

Harry Nameless looked at him steadily.

The cheerful Bunny saw nothing to take offence at in his remarks—

the bright and cheery grin on his fat face told as much.

Harry had made a motion with his hand as if to take the fat junior by the collar, but he let his hand drop again.

"I think we'd better part company here," he said, abruptly.

"Eh? But I say—"

The new junior turned away from him and spoke to the porter about his box. Bunny Bootles noted that he slipped a shilling into the man's hand. The rank outsider had "bobs" to give away, then! Bunny of the Fourth felt his hopes rise higher. He had been thinking of a humble half-crown as the probable total of the amount to be extracted from the nameless stranger. Now the happy thought of a half-sovereign dazzled his fat mind. He was prepared to be quite friendly. Unheeding his friendly grin, Harry Nameless walked away to the station exit with long strides.

"Hold on for me, old top!" called out Bunny.

Harry did not seem to hear. He strode on, and Bunny's fat legs had to go like machinery to catch him up. He rolled rather breathlessly out of the station door with the new fellow.

Harry Nameless glanced about him in the old-fashioned high street of Wicke—one of the quietest old-world villages in Sussex. He was quite a stranger there, and did not know the road to the school. He could have inquired easily enough; but Bunny of the Fourth was there to supply information. He jerked at the new junior's sleeve.

"This way, old top!" he said, affably.

Harry gave him a glance that would have been enough for anyone but Bunny of the Fourth. It had no effect on the cheery Bootles.

"I'm going to show you the way, old top," he said. "Come on. I'm going back to St. Kit's now, you know."

"Oh, all right."

As both the juniors were taking the same road, it was scarcely possible for the new fellow to elude Bunny's company. He walked down the old High Street with the fat junior in silence. He was wondering whether this fat and fatuous youth was a fair specimen of the St. Kit's fellows.

Often and often since he had won

the Foundation scholarship to St. Kit's Harry had wondered what his new schoolfellows would be like—what his life would be like at the big public school.

Certainly he had not pictured anything like Bunny Bootles. Possibly Bunny was not a fair specimen of the rest. Yet he could not be a bad specimen, since he was the only St. Kit's fellow who had thought of an act of kindness towards the new fellow. Bunny, assuredly, did not look like a fellow prone to commit acts of kindness. But he had come to the station to meet the Foundation junior, anyhow. Harry felt that he ought to be a little gracious—but he could not help feeling something of a repugnance instead.

"Pretty old place, what?" said Bunny.

"Yes."

"Ever been here before?"

"No."

"Not gone about much at all, I suppose?" said Bunny, sympathetically. "Of course, you couldn't afford it, could you?"

No reply.

"Here's the tuck-shop!" said Bunny, as they passed a little establishment, into which a couple of well-worn steps led from the street. Bunny stopped, but the new junior did not.

"Won't you look in, old top?" asked Bunny.

"No, thanks."

"Aren't you hungry after your journey?"

"Not very."

"Well, I am," said Bunny, discontentedly. "Look here, old top, come in with me, and I'll stand you some tarts."

Tarts in the village shop were twopence each; and the total cash in Bunny's pocket was a penny. It was still in his pocket, because it was a French penny, and nobody would take it. How he was going to "stand" tarts to the new junior was therefore a mystery. Perhaps he was depending on that unsuspicious junior's financial resources.

If so, he was disappointed. Harry shook his head.

"Thanks," he said, "I'd rather get on. Don't let me stop you, though."

He walked on, and Bunny Bootles cast a most expressive glance after him. Without the new fellow to foot the bill it was not of much use for Bunny of the Fourth to

drop in at the tuck-shop. Mrs. Woodger knew him too well to supply him "on the nod." Bunny made a remark under his breath, and rolled on after the new junior, and they walked out of the village together.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER.

No Luck for Bunny.

HARRY NAMELESS walked on with a fresh, springy stride, and the fat Fourth-former of St. Kit's was rather hard put to it to keep up with him. At some distance from the village the road crossed a stream by an ancient stone bridge, and there Bunny of the Fourth suggested a halt. He was getting winded.

"Lovely view from here," he gasped, stertorously. "Stop a bit, old top—it's a groogh—lovely view. I say, do you always plug along like a dashed steam-engine. Groogh!"

Harry smiled.

He stopped on the bridge, and glanced along the stream. The banks were thickly wooded, and the water shimmered and glistened in the sunshine. It was a view well worth looking at, and the new junior leaned on the stone parapet and gazed at it with interest. Bunny of the Fourth sank upon one of the stone seats on the old bridge.

"Sit down a bit," he said. "I want to speak to you, old top."

"Go ahead," answered Harry, without sitting down.

"I've had a horrid disappointment to-day," said Bunny, blinking up cautiously at the new junior's profile.

"I'm sorry to hear that."

"My uncle's promised me a pound note," explained Bunny.

"Has he?"

"Yes; but he must have forgotten to post it."

"Oh!"

"You see, it hasn't come," said Bunny. "It's a thing that's never happened to me before, but I'm actually stony."

"Yes?"

Harry continued to look at the gleaming river. Bunny of the Fourth wondered whether the new fellow was a fool. He didn't look a fool, but he certainly seemed unable to take a hint.

"Stony!" said Bunny, sadly,

"and I haven't paid my subscription to the junior sports' club. Durance positively won't wait after to-day. I suppose you couldn't lend me the pound—"

"Quite right; I couldn't."

"I don't need exactly a pound. Ten bob would do, and I'll return it to-morrow out of my uncle's pound note. See?"

"I see."

Harry Nameless saw more than Bunny of the Fourth guessed. He "saw" why the fat junior had wasted a half-holiday in meeting a new fellow at the station.

Bunny's little secret was out now.

"Well, I don't often borrow money," said the fat junior; "never, in fact—I've a prejudice against it. Neither a borrower nor a lender be, you know. But on an occasion like this I'm forced to break through my rule. I suppose you could lend me ten bob till to-morrow."

"Sorry, no."

"Make it five," said Bunny, hopefully. "I can pull through on five—though the price of tuck is something shameful—I mean, Durance won't wait for my sub."

Harry glanced down at him.

"I'd better be candid," he said, quietly. "I'm not in a position to lend anybody money."

"Oh, I quite understand that," assented Bunny, cheerfully. "I'd advise you not to—a poor fellow like you! But this is an exceptional case, you see. I want that five bob particularly."

"Sorry!"

"Look here, are you going to lend me five bob, or are you not?" demanded the fat junior, growing restive.

"Not!"

"My only uncle Sam!" ejaculated Bunny, indignantly. "After I've come tagging up to the station to meet you, and shown you the way to the school, and stood you friend, when there isn't another fellow at St. Kit's who would touch you with a barge-pole! I like that. Why, if Compton knew I'd even spoken to you I should get ragged at St. Kit's!"

The new junior looked at him quickly.

A shade came over his handsome, quiet face.

"Who is Compton?" he asked.

"Of course, you wouldn't know," said Bunny contemptuously.

"How should I know when I haven't even seen the school yet?"

"Nor any other decent place, I expect," sniffed Bunny. "Compton's the captain of the Fourth, the richest fellow at St. Kit's. No end of style, lots of titled connections. He's my particular friend."

"And why should he rag you for speaking to me?"

Snort from Bunny.

"Because you're such a rotten outsider," he explained. "Nobody's going to speak to you; the fellows are all wild at your coming to the school at all. They think the Foundation Scholarship ought to be abolished if it lets such awful outsiders into St. Kit's. There's no end of a row in the Lower School about your coming, I can tell you. And I've wasted the afternoon on you out of sheer good nature. That's my weakness; I always was too jolly generous. Why, St. Leger asked me to go swimming with him this afternoon; he was no end pressing about it—he's very attached to me. I said it couldn't be done. I was going to show some kindness to the poor rotter who was shoving into St. Kit's—you, you know. And now you won't lend me five bob." Bunny's voice rose in indignation.

Harry Nameless turned from the stone parapet and fixed his clear blue eyes on the fat junior.

"I won't lend you five bob," he said.

"Yah!"

"But I'll tell you what I will lend you."

Bunny looked hopeful again.

"How much?" he asked.

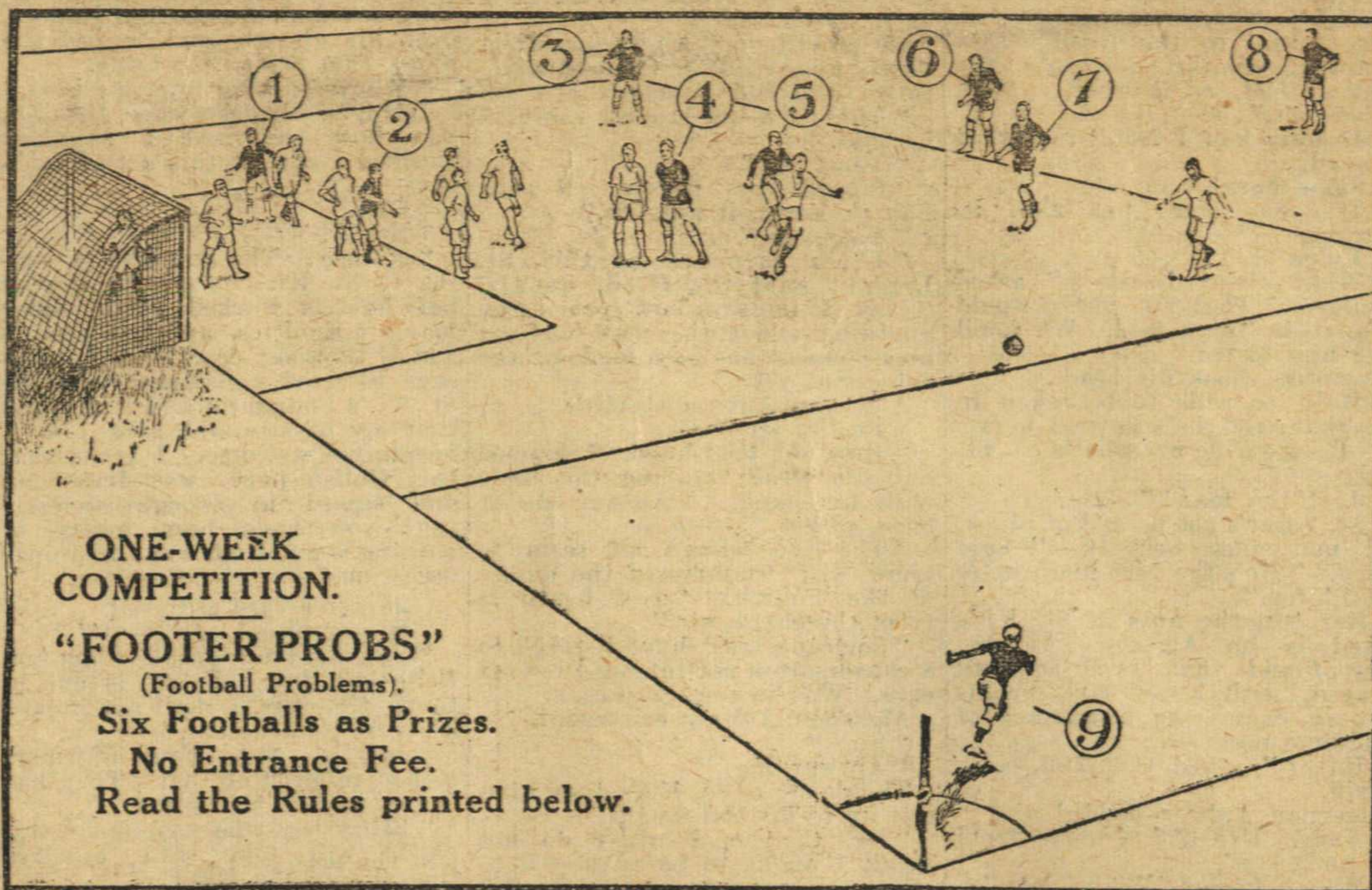
"I will lend you the end of my boot."

"Wha-a-at?"

"If you don't clear off and leave me alone. Catch on to that."

"Why, you—you," stuttered Bunny, in breathless wrath and indignation, "you—you—you rank outsider, you—you—" he choked with wrath.

Harry made a movement towards him, but he stopped. His eyes had fallen upon the shining river again, and upon a black dot that showed over the water near the bridge. A hand flashed up from the water and sank again. The



ONE-WEEK COMPETITION.

"FOOTER PROBS" (Football Problems).

Six Footballs as Prizes.

No Entrance Fee.

Read the Rules printed below.

RULES.

The diagram given above is from an actual photograph taken at a school football match. "Blacks" were given a corner kick, and as a result scored a goal. The ball was netted after a fine exhibition of team work—the ball being actually kicked or headed by "Blacks" eight times (one player out of the eight kicking the ball twice). "Whites" did not touch the ball at all.

Now, readers of SCHOOL AND SPORT are set an interesting little problem. They are invited to show their skill in the great game by writing down in correct order the "numbers" of the players as and by whom the ball was kicked or headed.

Here is an Example showing how your effort might look:—9, 1, 9, 6, 7, 8, 4, 5.

The six readers who send in the correct or most nearly correct numbers will each receive a splendid full-size match football. If more than six correct results are received, the prizes will be awarded to the first correct six examined by the Editor.

All efforts must be received by December 20th, 1921.

The Competition Coupon must be used, and sent to SCHOOL AND SPORT, Competition, 154, Fleet Street, London, E.C.4.

No correspondence can be entered into in connection with the Competition.

No responsibility can be undertaken for entries lost, mislaid, or delayed, and proof of posting will not be accepted as proof of delivery.

The decision of the Editor must be accepted as final and legally binding in all matters concerning the contest, and entries are only accepted on this express condition.

Fill in the Numbers of the Players—Figures only.

9							
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Name.....

Address.....

I enter "Footer Probs" Competition No. 1, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding. Closing date December 20th 1921.

new junior ran closer to the parapet.

His face was sharp with anxiety as he looked down at the river far below. The swimmer beneath him was in difficulties, he could see that.

The dark head turned; he saw a white face that looked up. Bunny, after a moment's stare of surprise, joined him at the parapet and blinked down.

"Hallo, that's St. Leger," he said. "The duffer, he's got out of his depth. Algy can't swim for toffee."

A faint cry sounded from below.

"Help!"

"What are you up to?" exclaimed Bunny, as the new junior threw down his bag and coat and tore at his jacket. "I daresay he's all right; of course, I'd go in for him otherwise. You ass, you can't dive from the bridge. Why, even Oliphant of the Sixth wouldn't. Well, you thundering ass!"

Bunny of the Fourth broke off with a gasp.

The hapless swimmer below, struggling feebly with the current, had been swept under the bridge, and was lost to view.

Throwing jacket and cap on the ground, Harry Nameless ran across the road to the other side of the bridge.

He watched with fixed eyes for the swimmer to emerge into view on that side. The dark head swept below.

He leaped on the parapet and put his hands together.

Bunny's eyes almost started from his head as the new junior, without a second's hesitation, dived from the stone parapet.

"M-m-mum-my only Uncle Sam!" gasped Bunny. "He—he'll be drowned! Oh, dear!"

THE SIXTH CHAPTER. For Life or Death.

Splash!

The diving junior struck the water like an arrow, and cleaved it, and vanished for a moment beneath the rippling surface of the Wicke.

He was up again in a twinkling. Bunny's eyes almost bulged out as he watched him from the bridge above. Not for worlds—not for whole solar systems—would Bunny of the Fourth have attempted that dive.

Harry came up within a couple of yards of the struggling swimmer. Poor Algernon Aubrey was fairly at the end of his tether now. Twice he had been under as he was swept through the arch of the bridge. His face was like chalk, his eyes dizzy. A minute, or less, and he would have gone under for the third time—the last time. But a strong grasp was laid upon him, and he was drawn back as he sank down to death.

"Hold on to me."

Harry was swimming strongly. A fierce current raced under the bridge, and it tore him along; but his grasp was firm upon the drowning schoolboy. Algy's head was well above the water, held there as the new junior swam, supporting his helpless burden.

St. Leger was almost unconscious, but not quite. His eyes gleamed intelligence at his rescuer, though he could not speak.

His lips moved, but no word came. His strength was spent.

"Hold on."

St. Leger held on.

With his hands free Harry swam more strongly, fighting his way towards the bank.

But the river widened below the bridge, and the current was strong. The two juniors were swept on till they disappeared from the horrified sight of Bunny Bootles on the bridge.

Bunny's teeth chattered.

"Poor old Algy," he stuttered; "drowned, and the new fellow with him! It don't matter much about the new fellow—but poor old Algy! He might just as well have lent me ten bob when I asked him to-day." Bunny shook his head sadly at that reflection. "Oh, dear, I suppose I'd better tell them at the school. Poor old Algy!"

And Bunny Bootles cut off as fast as his fat little legs would carry him in the direction of St. Kit's.

Meanwhile Harry Nameless was struggling with the current a good quarter of a mile from the old bridge where Bunny Bootles—rather hastily—had given him up for lost.

Alone the junior could have saved himself without much diffi-

culty; but with the half-conscious St. Leger's weight upon him it was a difficult matter. Twice he came close to the bank and caught at the rushes, but they gave way in his grasp, and the eddies swept him out again.

He struggled on gallantly, though his strength was going now. The woods by the bank seemed to be swimming round him; the water sang in his ears and deafened him.

He felt himself growing dizzy, but he set his teeth and struggled on. The terrible consciousness was upon him that, without releasing his helpless burden, he could not save himself; yet the thought did not come to him of letting St. Leger go. He fought on with failing strength as the river rushed him on.

A gleam came into St. Leger's eyes—a gleam of understanding. His lips moved again; he spoke in a strangled whisper.

"What—what—what is this?" exclaimed the Colonel, finding his voice at last. The tattered, ragged, dusty, untidy figure astounded him—as well it might. (See page 12.)



"Let me go! You can't do it! Save yourself!"

Harry Nameless did not heed, even if he heard.

He fought on in the swirling water, and once again he won his way close to the bank. But the bank was high and steep—a bunch of reeds tore away in his grasp, and he was swept out again.

A shout rang across the rippling water.

"Stick it out!"

Harry panted.

He could not see who shouted; but he heard the splash of an oar.

A boat was pulling towards him—the voice shouted again.

"Stick it out, kid—we're coming."

"Help!"

Splash! splash!

The boat was at a distance—but two Sixth-formers of St. Kit's were tugging madly at the oars, and it fairly flew.

It shot past the struggling junior, and a strong hand grasped him by the collar.

"Hold on!"

Harry Nameless felt himself dragged into the boat—his grasp still firm upon St. Leger.

He sank down in the bottom of the boat, streaming with water, his senses whirling.

He tried to speak, but he seemed choked—and suddenly darkness rushed upon him, and he did not know what happened next.

When his eyes opened, he was lying on a grassy bank, and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was bending over him, with a white face. Algy gave a gasp of relief

as the junior's eyes opened, and he cast a wild look upward.

"He's come to, Oliphant." Algy choked, "Oh, gad! I—I—I was afraid—"

A big Sixth-former loomed over the junior as he lay in the grass. He smiled down at Harry. Though Harry did not know it as yet, the big fellow was Oliphant of the Sixth, the captain of St. Kit's. Wake of the Sixth was securing the boat's painter to a willow by the bank.

"Feel better, young 'un?" asked Oliphant.

"Yes. I—I—" Harry tried to rise, and sank back in the grass.

"I—is he all right?"

"Who? Oh, St. Leger—yes, he's all right—aren't you, you reckless young ass?"

"I'm all right, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "But I should have been right at the bottom of the river if you hadn't come in

swimming alone," said Oliphant. "You've got a lot to learn before you go swimming in the Wicke by yourself, you young ass."

"I suppose it's no good my tellin' you that I am really the best junior swimmer at St. Kit's, dear boy!" said Algernon Aubrey, with a great deal of dignity.

"Not the slightest. You're the thunderingest ass at St. Kit's, if that amounts to anything. Feel like walking now, young 'un?"

"Yes," gasped Harry.

He rose to his feet, with a lift from Oliphant's powerful arm.

"Well, I'm going to see you safe to your quarters, wherever they are," said the St. Kit's captain.

"Where do you live?" Staying somewhere near Wicke?"

"I—I—" Harry crimsoned.

He realised now that these fellows were members of the school to which he was going to belong. He wondered how they would take the

into the school on that queer old Foundation scholarship."

"Yes."

"You're called Nameless?"

"Yes."

"Why?"

"Because—because I haven't a name."

"But that's jolly queer!" said Oliphant, staring at him. "Everybody has a name, I suppose. You were born with a name, weren't you?"

"I—I suppose so."

"Well, what was your father's name, then?"

"I—I don't know."

"That's dashed queer, isn't it?"

"I suppose it is."

"Not that it makes any difference," said Oliphant. "Only it must be a bit odd to go around with such a name as Nameless. Why did they call you that? You could have borrowed the name of Smith or Jones or Robinson, couldn't you?"

Harry smiled faintly.

"The name grew up, I suppose," he said. "All the folks at South Cove—where I've lived—knew I had no name of my own—and so I was called Nameless ever since I was a little kid. Nobody ever threw it in my face before, though," he added, proudly.

"Nobody's throwing it in your face now, that I know of," said the St. Kit's captain, gruffly. "Don't be a young ass. I said it's a queer name, and so it is, isn't it?"

"Yes, I know it is."

"No good being touchy about it, kid," said the Sixth-former, kindly enough. "Touchiness don't go down at a public school, I can tell you. Just act as if your name was Smith or Jones, and you'll pull through just as if your name was Smith or Jones—catch on? Now come along."

"But—but I—"

"Look after the boat, Wake, old fellow. You'd better run, St. Leger—you'll be shivering soon."

"I'm goin' to look after this chap, Oliphant—"

"You're going to do nothing of the kind. You're going to run to St. Kit's as hard as you can go, and get dry."

"But I—"

"And I'm going to start you with my boot if you're not off in half a second, you young duffer."

Algernon Aubrey looked at Harry. This was the fellow Compton and Co. were down upon, before they had seen him—this was the fellow whose peculiar name had figured in the round robin which St. Leger had presented to Dr. Cheyne a couple of days before; this fellow who had dived into the Wicke to save him, and almost lost his life for a stranger's sake.

Algy's heart was full, but it was no time then to express his repentance; he had been guilty only of careless thoughtlessness, but it seemed to poor Algy at the moment that he had been guilty of something much worse than that.

"I—I'll see you later, old chap," he gasped.

And with that, Algernon Aubrey started at a run—narrowly escaping the promised drive from Oliphant's boot.

"Come on, kid," said Oliphant, taking hold of Harry's arm.

He walked off quickly, taking the new junior with him, whether he liked it or not.

"I—I left my jacket on the bridge, and my—my cap—!" stammered Harry.

"Never mind them now—you've got to buck up, and get into dry clothes."

"But my bag—and coat—I—"

"Wait a moment." Oliphant looked back. "Wake, will you come home by the bridge and bring on this kid's belongings. You'll find them there."

"Righto!" called back Wake.

"Now come on. Trot!"

Harry Nameless had to trot to keep pace with the long strides of the Sixth-former. And the trot soon put him into a warm glow. He was recovering fast from his exertions.

Oliphant glanced at him curiously several times as they proceeded up the towing path, and cut across the fields. They came out into the lane with the old grey tower of St. Kit's in sight over the trees.

"That's the school!" said Oliphant.

"I—I'm all right now," stammered Harry, still haunted by the words of Bunny Bootles. He had done a brave and generous action; and for that reason these fellows were civil to him—so he felt. He did not want their civility on those terms. The nameless boy had at

news when they learned who he was. Some words of Bunny Bootles were ringing in his mind. Were these some of the fellows who—according to Bunny—wouldn't touch him with a barge-pole?

"Well?" said Oliphant, eyeing him curiously, wondering what the painful flush in his cheeks meant.

"You're not quite fit to toddle about alone—and I've lots of time before I have to get back to St. Kit's. Where am I to take you?"

"I—I—I'm going to St. Kit's!" gasped Harry.

"What!"

"I'm the new junior." Harry's face was burning, and he drew himself a little away, his head rising erect. "I—I'm going to St. Kit's. I'm Harry Nameless!"

"What!"

"I—I—I'm going to St. Kit's!" gasped Harry.

"What!"

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THE SEVENTH CHAPTER. The Captain of St. Kits.

OLIPHANT of the Sixth stared at him.

St. Leger stared, too, blankly.

Wake, who was still busy with the boat, looked round curiously over his shoulder.

There was a moment's silence.

To Harry Nameless that moment seemed an hour—or a year. His face burned, and he drew a little further away now that they knew who he was—the rank outsider, the nameless scholarship "bunder."

"Well, my hat!" said Oliphant at last. "So you're the new kid?"

"Yes," muttered Harry.

"I've heard of you," said the St. Kit's captain. "You're coming

high a pride as any fellow at St. Kit's.

"I can see you're all right," answered Oliphant. "You must be pretty tough, to be so fit after what you've been through. You've been brought up hard, I should say."

"Yes," said Harry.

"I've heard some jaw about you, the last day or two," said Oliphant. "You've lived with an old sailorman or something?"

"Yes; Jack Straw."

"He's not your father?"

"Oh, no!"

"Then how did he happen to have you in charge?"

"I—I—"

"Don't tell me if you'd rather not; I'm not curious," said Oliphant, with a touch of gruffness in his manner again.

"I don't mind," said Harry, colouring; "it's no secret. Jack Straw picked me up on the beach after a wreck—nobody ever claimed me, and he took me in charge, like the good and kind and noble fellow he is." His voice warmed as he spoke. "He's been more than a father to me. I only hope—"

He broke off.

"You hope what?"

"I hope I may be able to repay him some day for his kindness to me, that's all," said Harry. "I may be able to—now he's growing old."

"Good for you," said Oliphant. "That's the right spirit. You've been to school before?"

"No; Mr. Carew taught me all I know. He lives at South Cove. He helped me for the examination for the Foundation."

"I see. You don't know what St. Kit's is like yet?"

Harry's face clouded.

"I met one fellow—at the station," he said, in a low voice. "I—I didn't get a good impression. I can stand it, whatever it's like. I'm going there to work. If the other fellows are down on me, I suppose I can stand it. I don't see why they should be."

"Neither do I," said the St. Kit's captain. "You'll find all sorts at St. Kit's—snobs among the rest, no doubt; but if you play a straight game, you'll get on all right. You've made one friend in the Fourth already, I fancy—and you've made a good impression on a rather important member of the school—the captain."

"The captain of the school?"

said Harry. "I haven't seen him, that I know of."

Oliphant laughed.

"Little me!" he explained.

"Oh!" ejaculated Harry.

"Here we are—this is St. Kit's," said Oliphant, as he turned in at a great stone gateway. "Come along."

And Harry Nameless passed in at the gateway, and crossed the green old quadrangle of St. Kit's, by the side of the captain of the school.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Bumping for Bunny.

"DROWNED!"

"St. Leger?"

"Rot!"

"It's true!" gasped Bunny Bootles, breathlessly. "Poor old Algy, you know! I'd have gone in for him only—only—"

"Only you funk?" suggested Durance.

"Look here, Durance—"

"But it's all rot," said Compton; "tell us what's happened, you habbling fat duffer, without any of your rot!"

Bunny Bootles had come panting into the Fourth Form passage, in the schoolhouse at St. Kit's, with the startling news. Terrible as the news was, the fat Bunny felt a certain sense of elation. He liked to be the bearer of news—especially news of a startling variety. Of course, it was awful for poor old Algy St. Leger to be drowned. But there was a certain amount of limelight for Bunny, as the fellow who knew all about it. Bunny was an important person for the moment, which was a consolation for poor Algy's untimely end.

"You see, this is how it happened," gasped Bunny, as the Fourth Formers surrounded him, excited and curious—and a little doubtful. "I was on the bridge—coming along, with the new chap—"

"That nameless cad, do you mean?"

"Yes—I met him—and I was coming along with him, when we saw old Algy in the river—"

"I know he went for a swim."

said Durance. "That much is true!"

"It's all true!" hooted Bunny;

"I tell you—"

"Oh, get on with the washing!"

"Well, I was just going to dive from the bridge to rescue Algy—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Bunny's tragic tale was interrupted by a roar of laughter. The idea of Bunny Bootles diving from Wicke Bridge was too much for the Fourth. They yelled.

Bunny blinked at them indignantly. He could not see anything to laugh at.

"Look here, you fellows—"

"Oh, dear!" gasped Tracy; "you—dive from the bridge! Ha, ha, ha!"

"I tell you—"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"Tell us how you dived from the bridge!" said Durance, with a chuckle; "tell us that, old scout! We shall believe it—I don't think!"

"I didn't dive—"

"Not really?" grinned Howard. "No—you see, Algy was swept under the bridge, you know, and so—so there wasn't time!"

"Which was the only reason you didn't dive?" said Compton, sarcastically.

"Yes, exactly!"

"Pile it on!" said Jones minor.

"Look here, Jones—"

"If Algy was really swept under the bridge, it's jolly serious," said Compton, his face growing grave. "He's no great swimmer, and there's a bad current there. Are you romancing, you fat chump?"

"I tell you—"

"Well, what happened next?" asked Vernon Compton, impatiently.

"The new chap dived—"

"What?"

"He ran across to the other side, you know, and dived as Algy came through!"

"Rot!"

"He did, you know!" gasped Bunny.

"Rats!"

"Cheese it!"

"But he did!" wailed Bunny. Bunny Bootles was accustomed to having his statements doubted. Most of his statements were very worthy of doubt. But it was really hard to be disbelieved when, for once, he was telling the exact truth. Bunny felt that it was very hard.

"Don't give us that gaff!" snapped Compton. "That nameless cad dived from the bridge—to pick up a fellow he didn't know—don't be an ass. Tell us an easier one!"

"But he did—"

"Oh, rot!"

"Well, what happened after he dived?" inquired Jones minor.

"He got hold of Algy—"

"Bosh!" said Compton.

"He did—and then they were swept away together and drowned!"

"Oh! So the new fellow's drowned, too, is he?" said Lumley.

"Yes!"

"You didn't mention that at first!"

"Well, it doesn't matter so much about the new chap," said Bunny, "but poor old Algy, you know—"

"Anybody else drowned?" asked Compton, with sarcasm; "you didn't happen to see Oliphant drowned, did you? He's out in a boat to-day!"

"No, I didn't—"

"I'm surprised at that!" said Compton, still in the sarcastic vein; "you might as well have drowned Oliphant while you were about it!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Don't you believe me?" howled Bunny.

Compton raised his eyebrows. "Believe you? Don't be funny, old scout! Of course, we don't!"

"But—but it's true, you know!"

"If it's true, you'd better go to the Head, so that he can send out to collect up the bodies!" grinned Durance.

"I'm going to," said Bunny; "the Head will have to know, of course. I say, I think you fellows are awfully unfeeling. I was very fond of Algy!"

"Very fond of his ten-bob notes, at least!"

"Why, you beast, Durance—"

Compton yawned.

"I think Bunny's got over the limit this time!" he said. "This is too thick even for one of Bunny's yarns. Bump him!"

"Hear, hear!"

"I say—leggo—yaroooh!" roared Bunny, as Compton and Co. grasped him, and he was swept off his feet; "it's true! Oh, crumbs! Yoooop!"

Bump! bump!

The doubting Thomases of the Fourth did not heed Bunny's frantic howls. They did not believe a word of his yarn—and Compton, at least, was angry at one part of the yarn—that in which the nameless new junior was represented as having acted an heroic part. Bunny was to be punished for his romancing—and especially for having represented Harry Nameless as a hero. And Vernon Compton put considerable vigour into the bumping.

Bump! bump!

"Yarooop!" howled the hapless Bunny. "Oh crikey! I'll go to the Head—yow-ow-woop! Leggo! I say, it's true! Oooooooooop!"

"Ha! ha! ha!"

"Give him another!"

Bump!

"Oh, crumbs! Yooooooooop!"

"Now, that'll be a lesson to you, you fat Hun!" growled Compton; "keep your silly yarns inside the limit, you know!"

Bunny sprawled on the floor and gasped breathlessly.

"But it's true—" he spluttered.

"What?"

"It's all true—"



INTRODUCE
Bunny Bootles
to
YOUR FRIEND

"BUNNY"
will appear in
"School
and
Sport"

EVERY MONDAY.

"You fat chump, are you still sticking to that yarn?" exclaimed Compton, in great exasperation. "Give him another bump!"

"Oh, crikey!"

Bunny Bootles squirmed away, leaped to his feet, and fled. He raced away to the staircase.

"I'm going to the Head!" he yelled back at the grinning juniors; "I'm going to tell him Algy's drowned—"

"Rats!"

"What? what is that, Bootles?" It was Mr. Lathley's voice. The master of the Fourth was coming up the staircase, and he heard the fat junior's words, and started.

"What did you say?"

Bunny turned to him breathlessly.

"St. Leger's drowned, sir—"

"Good heavens!"

Compton and Co. stared. They had fully believed that the yarn was only the outcome of Bunny's well-known fertile imagination. They were astounded to hear him repeat it to the form-master.

Mr. Lathley took it seriously enough, at all events.

He grasped the fat junior by the shoulder.

"Calm yourself, Bootles, and tell me at once what has happened!" he said.

Bunny gasped out his story again. The Fourth-Formers looked on in silence while he did so—serious enough now. Mr. Lathley's face was quite pale as he listened.

"You did not actually see the boys drowned?" he exclaimed, when Bunny had finished gasping out his tale.

"Nunno—but—"

"Then how can you be sure they were drowned?"

"They—they were swept out of sight, sir—"

Bunny began to realise that perhaps he had taken a little too much for granted.

"They may have escaped however," said Mr. Lathley, sharply; "you should not jump to such hasty conclusions, Bootles. We must hope for the best. I will immediately—"

"Why, there's Algy!" shouted Durance suddenly.

"What?"

Durance pointed to the staircase window, which gave a view of the quad. A slim and graceful figure, in a light and airy bathing costume, had appeared in the gateway, and was crossing the quad. at a run. Mr. Lathley stared from the window, and gave a gasp of relief.

"Thank heaven! Bootles, you utterly foolish boy—"

"Oh, crumbs!" gasped Bunny. He blinked at Algernon Aubrey, as that graceful youth came speeding towards the house. There was a rush downstairs to greet Algy of the Fourth.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

Vernon Compton is Not Pleased.

"S T. LEGER!"

"Yaas, sir!" gasped Algernon Aubrey.

He came panting into the schoolhouse to find Mr. Lathley and a crowd of the Fourth there. Mr. Lathley's alarm being relieved, he was angry now. It was evident that Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was not drowned. It was equally evident that he had crossed the quadrangle in broad daylight, clad only in a bathing costume. The latter circumstance occupied Mr. Lathley's attention now.

"What do you mean by this,"

robin" had intensified his instinctive dislike of the scholarship junior, and he was not in the least disposed to abandon that campaign.

"Tell us what's happened, Algy!" said Durance.

Algernon Aubrey was rubbing himself down briskly with a towel. He was nearly dry with running, and he soon had himself in a warm glow. He began to dress before he troubled to answer the eager questions of the Fourth Formers.

"Can't you tell us what's happened?" bawled Compton.

"Oh, yaas!"

"Well, get it off your silly chest."

"Let a chap get his trousers on, old bean. Jones minor, dear boy, you might get some braces for me, will you—in that drawer. Begad, I've had a really awful time, you fellows. It's no joke to be nearly drowned!"

"Were you nearly drowned, though?" growled Compton.

"Yaas."

"All your past life flashed before your eyes, didn't it?" asked Jones minor, dimly remembering something he had read on the subject of drowning persons.

Algernon Aubrey shook his head. "Not that I am aware of, dear boy. If it did, I didn't notice it. The present was enough for me, without bothering about the past, begad!"

"Shut up, Jones! What happened, St. Leger, you ass?"

"I have mentioned to you before, Compton, that I have a strong objection to bein' called an ass—"

"Tell us, you duffer," said Durance; "can't you see that we're on tenterhooks?"

"Certainly, dear boy. I went out for a swim—"

"We know that!" snapped Compton.

"I got out of my depth—"

"Just like you!"

"If you keep on interruptin' me, Compton, I shall never get to the end of the story, and I've got to see Mr. Lathley, too. Where's my waistcoat?"

"Get on with the yarn."

"I was carried away by the current," said Algernon Aubrey.

"I thought I was all right at first, though. But imagine my feelin's, dear boys, when I found I couldn't reach the bank, and I was bein' swept away to the bridge. A fellow was carried under the bridge and drowned once. I thought of that, and I can assure you that it was beastly. I saw somebody lookin' down from the bridge, and howled for help—and then I went under."

"What next?"

"Next, somebody was holdin' me up," said Algy. "He stuck to me like a brick, and kept me goin' till Oliphant happened up in his boat, with Wake. We'd both have gone down if Oliphant hadn't been there."

"And who was it came in for you?"

"The new fellow."

"That nameless cad?"

Algernon Aubrey paused as he was fastening his necktie. He groped for his eyeglass, but that famous article was missing. He gave Compton of the Fourth as withering a look as was possible without the aid of an eyeglass.

"You utter rotter!" he said, in measured tones.

"What?"

"After I've told you what the chap did," said Algernon Aubrey, his voice trembling with indignation. "He risked his life—to say ncthin' of ruinin' his clothes. He stuck to me like a brick, though he could have saved himself by lettin' me go! How dare you call him names?"

"Dash it all, Comp—"

murmured Howard, uneasily. Compton's eyes glittered.

"If he did as you say, that doesn't alter the fact that he's a nameless cad, and a rotten outsider," he said, deliberately.

"Cheese it, Comp!"

"Dash it all, draw a line, old fellow."

Vernon Compton looked round, savagely. The murmurs of remonstrance came from his own followers—even Tracy and Lumley joined in. Compton realised that—for the moment at least—he stood alone.

Algernon Aubrey's eyes flashed at him.

"You're sickenin'," he said, with lofty scorn, "that's what you are, Comp—you're sickenin'."

"Don't speak to me again! If you

do, I'll jolly well punch your nose, begad."

Compton gritted his teeth, and swung away from the group of juniors, and left the dormitory.

"Where's the new fellow now, Algy?" asked Durance.

"He's comin' on with Oliphant."

Durance whistled.

"Does Oliphant know who he is?"

"Yaas."

"What sort of a lookin' chap is he?" asked Lumley; "shabby, hangdog sort of fellow, I suppose?"

"Nothin' of the kind—he's a splendid chap," Algernon Aubrey finished adjusting his necktie to his satisfaction. "When I think of that rotten round robin, I should like to kick myself—and Compton. Of course, nobody will mention that to the new fellow."

"Ahem!"

Algernon Aubrey left the dormitory to go to Mr. Lathley's study and explain in full the exciting happenings of that afternoon. He was still with the form-master, when a shout from Bunny Bootles announced to the Fourth that the new fellow had arrived.

The juniors crowded in the doorway as Harry Nameless came across the quadrangle by the side of Oliphant of the Sixth. Fifty pairs of eyes, at least, were bent upon the new junior; and the colour was deep in Harry's cheeks as he felt himself the object of general scrutiny. Oliphant of the Sixth chatted to him genially as they came towards the school-house, though Harry hardly answered. The Sixth Former had an object in that; he was well aware of the feelings with which some of the Fourth, at least, regarded the coming of the "Foundation bouncer"; and he thought it just as well to let them see that the captain of the school had a good opinion of the new-comer. To the juniors, the captain of St. Kit's was a very great personage indeed, and his kind thoughtfulness certainly had its effect.

They came into the schoolhouse together, through a crowd. Harry's clothes were still dripping, and he was in his shirt-sleeves. That was proof enough of what had happened, if any of the fellows had doubted it further. Certainly it was rather an unusual way for a new junior to arrive at St. Kit's.

"Your things are not here yet, of course?" said Oliphant, pausing in the hall.

"No," said Harry.

"You want a change of clothes at once," Oliphant glanced over the juniors. "Compton, you're about this kid's size. Lend him a suit of your clothes, will you, till his own come. He's been in the river, as you see?"

Compton set his lips.

"Yes, Oliphant!" he gasped.

It was impossible to hint reluctance to the captain and head prefect of the school. Compton had to swallow that bitter pill; but his breast was full of rage and bitterness as he signed to Harry Nameless to follow him.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Foes.

HARRY NAMELESS entered the Fourth Form dormitory at the heels of Vernon Compton. Compton had not spoken a word on the stairs, and Harry, catching a glimpse of his face, had been startled to see the expression on it. He had never seen Compton before, and his first impression had been that he was rather a good-looking and elegant fellow. That a St. Kit's fellow who had never met him could feel for him a dislike that almost amounted to hatred naturally never occurred to the new junior. He was, as yet, quite unconscious of the excited discussions that had taken place in the Fourth Form on the subject of himself. He was to learn all that later.

Compton's expression startled him, but still he only supposed that this elegant-looking junior was, for some reason, in a bad temper. Perhaps he did not like being told to look after the new-comer. He thought no more than that—so far. But in the dormitory he was further enlightened. Compton turned towards him, his eyes gleaming, as soon as they were in the room, and now there

was no mistaking the vindictiveness in his face.

"So you're Nameless?" he said, between his teeth.

Harry looked at him.

"Yes!" he answered.

"The low cad who's shoved himself into a decent school to crawl up to his betters?"

Harry started.

He had wondered a good deal what his greeting would be like at St. Kit's. He had not expected it to be very cordial, especially after his talk with Bunny Bootles! But this was a shock!

"I—I—" he stammered.

"What do you mean?"

"I mean what I say. Do you think you're wanted here?" said Compton, bitterly. "Do you think the fellows would stand it if they could help it?"

Harry drew a deep breath.

"I don't see why they should mind," he answered, quietly. "I'm doing no one any harm, I suppose. I've a right to come here."

Compton gave a sneering laugh.

"A right—because you've been swottin', an' shoved yourself through a silly exam, that ought to have been put a stop to long ago. Do you think you're the sort of fellow for a school like this?"

"I hope so."

"You'll find out your mistake soon enough, then," sneered Compton.

Harry looked at him steadily.

"Do you mean that all the other fellows take it as you do?" he asked.

"Every one."

"I don't believe it."

"What?" stuttered Compton.

"I can't believe that. Mr. Carew was an old St. Kit's man, and he was proud of his old school. He wouldn't have been, if all the fellows were cads, as you say."

"Cads!" repeated Compton. "Are you callin' me a cad, you rotter?"

"What you've just said to me is caddish," Harry's eyes met Compton's furious stare fearlessly. "I don't know you—I've never seen you before—and you jump on me like this! It's caddish—it's worse than that. It's mean and rotten."

"Why, you—you cur—"

Compton choked with rage. He clenched his hands and advanced on the new junior, his eyes blazing.

Harry Nameless did not recede a step. He had his hands ready for defence, but Compton controlled himself. He remembered Oliphant's orders, and Oliphant was not a fellow to be trifled with.

He unclenched his fists, muttering.

"It will keep! I'll make you sorry for that, you worm. Oliphant's told me to lend you some of my clothes—you beggar!"

"I don't want your clothes. I will not touch them," said Harry, quietly. "I'll manage to dry my own, somehow."

"You mean that you'll try to get me into a row with Oliphant because of what I've said to you? Just what might be expected of a nameless rotter."

"Nothing of the kind. But—"

"Oh, shut up!"

Compton turned away savagely and began to rummage in a chest of drawers. He turned out the oldest clothes he could find; but they were quite nice clothes, for Vernon Compton was far too much of a dandy to have any clothes that were not elegant. He threw the things on a bed.

"There you are—"

"I don't want them," said Harry, flushing angrily; "I won't touch them."

"You'll do as you're told."

"I will not."

Compton looked at him savagely. He dare not leave the St. Kit's captain's instructions unfulfilled. It was very necessary for the dripping junior to change his wet clothes, and Oliphant would probably discover if it was not done. And if he discovered why it had not been done, the snob of St. Kit's was likely to make close acquaintance with the captain's ashplant. Compton realised that he was, to some extent, in the new junior's hands. He did not want trouble with the head prefect.

"Look here, you heard what Oliphant said," he muttered, angrily; "I daresay you don't know what the captain of a school is—or a prefect either—but I can tell you that what Oliphant says has to be done. You're to change

into those clothes. I've handed them out, as Oliphant told me."

"You mean that you'll get into a row, I suppose, if I don't?"

"Yes," snarled Compton.

"I don't want to get you into trouble. I'll do it, then."

"Do it, and not so much jaw."

With that Compton left the dormitory, slamming the door after him.

Harry Nameless stood for some moments silent, staring at the closed door. His heart was heavy. But the chill of his wet clothes struck him, and he began to peel them off. Oliphant had intended that Compton should look after him a little—as Compton well knew—but he had contented himself with carrying out the exact letter of the captain's instructions. Harry glanced at the white towels on the racks and wondered whether he could venture to take one to rub himself dry. He was alone in the long, lofty room, with its array of white beds—and a feeling of desolate loneliness came upon him. He decided to take one of the towels, and he began to rub his sturdy limbs dry, and was soon glowing. He felt better then. He fought against the black despondency that was growing in his breast—he had a feeling that he would be lost if he gave way to it.

He had not expected to find life easy at St. Kit's. He had made up his mind that whatever difficulties he found in his way he would face them with courage and without losing heart. He remembered his resolution now and pulled himself together manfully. After all, what did a few bitter words matter? He had a right at St. Kit's—he had won his way there, and what he had won he would keep. He began to dress himself at last.

He looked at himself in the glass when he had finished and smiled. Certainly Compton's clothes were very nice—much more expensive than his own. The two juniors were very close in size; Compton's things fitted him well, only with a little tightness across his chest and shoulders. He smiled at the handsome and elegant figure that looked back at him from the big glass. What to do with his own wet clothes he did not know. He guessed that they ought to be taken to the housekeeper to be dried, but he had no idea of where to find the housekeeper's room, nor was he sure of what he ought to do. There was a tap at the dormitory door, and it opened to reveal a shock head and a chubby face, belonging to a podgy youth in buttons. Harry glanced at him.

He found that the chubby youth was regarding him with fixed interest. Even in the regions "below stairs" an echo had reached of the discussions on the subject of the nameless Foundation bouncer.

"I've come for the clothes, sir," explained the school page. "Mrs. Brown 'as sent for them."

"Mrs. Brown?" repeated Harry.

"The housekeeper, sir. Master Oliphant says 'ow your clothes are wet and 'as to be dried, sir."

Tuckle, the page, was quite respectful in his manner. Perhaps Compton's clothes had something to do with that. Tuckle confided to the cook later that the "noo feller" was "quite the gentleman."

"Oh! Here they are," said Harry. "Thank you."

Tuckle gathered up the damp clothes and boots.

"Yessir. Orlright, sir! You're the new young gentleman, ain't you, sir?"

"Yes," said Harry.

"I thought so, sir. Name of Williams, I think, sir?"

Tuckle did not think anything of the kind, but he was curious on the subject of the new boy's name. Evidently he had heard of the "nameless bouncer."

"That is not my name," said Harry, quietly.

"Oh! Praps you'll tell me your name, sir—for the boots, sir—and so on."

"My name is Nameless."

"Oh, yessir! Quite so, sir." Tuckle eyed the new fellow, and noted the faint flush in his cheeks. His manner became confidential.

"I'm Tuckle, sir—I look arter your boots and things. Ever you want a brush down, sir, you jest say a word."

"Thank you."

"Not at all, sir," said Tuckle, wondering whether the new boy was very dense, or very close with

his money. "I'm an obliging chap, sir. I look after the young gents., sir. Generally they 'and me a 'arf-crown at the beginning of the term."

That was plain enough even for a new boy who did not know his way about. Harry slipped his hand into Compton's trousers' pocket, to which he had transferred his supply of current coin from his wet clothes—not a very large supply. A half-crown changed hands.

"Thank you, sir, kindly."

Tuckle bustled out of the dormitory with the clothes. Harry Nameless stood a few minutes in thought, and then came out into the broad passage, and looked up and down it. He knew that he had to report himself to Mr. Lathley, his form-master, but he did not know where to find that gentleman. His very informal arrival at St. Kit's had thrown things out of gear a little. A feeling of being alone, almost lost, came on him—he hesitated to tread down the wide corridor to the stairs, and face again the sea of eyes. In all that huge building—in all that swarming crowd of boys—he knew no one—he had no friend—no one to lend him a helping hand.

At that moment, there came into his mind the thought of the old sailorman's cottage at South Cove—of old Jack Straw's mahogany face and kindly eyes—the seat at the fireside, which he had left, to come to this great, desolate place—his lip quivered.

He was alone—utterly alone. Downstairs there was a crowd, which he must presently enter—to meet eyes that were hostile, or at the best indifferent. Why had he come here? In the old sailorman's humble home there had at least been loving kindness—and here—The unhappy boy felt a swelling in his breast. At that moment there came a quick footfall in the corridor, and a bright and cheery voice broke in upon his gloomy thoughts.

"Here you are, old fellow! I've been lookin' for you!"

Harry started, and looked up quickly, to meet the cheery and cordial smile of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

A Friend in Need.

"FEELIN' all right now, old bean?"

"Yes," stammered Harry. "You've changed your clobber, I see."

"Yes," said Harry, flushing.

"I was goin' to look after you when you came in, but old Lathley kept me talkin'," said Algernon Aubrey. "Famous old fellow for talkin', Lathley. I've just heard from Bunny that you'd come. Some chap lent you this clobber?"

"Yes."

"Well, it's all right—mine would have been a bit of a squeeze for you," said Algernon Aubrey. "Feelin' comfy in that lot?"

"Oh, yes, quite."

"Right you are, then. I'm goin' to take you to Mr. Lathley, an' you've got to see the Head. You haven't seen the Head yet?"

"No."

"He's quite a decent old boy," said Algernon Aubrey, encouragingly. "His bark's worse than his bite, you know. Quite a decent old blade. Don't you be afraid of the Head. Of course, he's rather a beast in some ways. You know these head-masters! But you have to stand up to him, you know," said Algernon Aubrey, confidentially. "He has us to tea sometimes, and I've seen Compton ask him to pass the cake, as cool as anythin'."

Harry smiled. He did not think a vast amount of nerve was required to ask even the Head to pass the cake. But evidently Algernon Aubrey did.

"Well, come on," said St. Leger. "This way, old bean. Mr. Lathley's very curious to see you. I've told him all about the rippin' way you came in for me. He's been raggin' me for goin' to swim in the Wicke by myself. Just his rot; you know—as if I can't take care of myself," said the dandy of the Fourth, loftily.

"But—but it was rather dangerous, wasn't it?"

"Well, as it turned out, it was, perhaps," admitted Algy. "But never mind—let's get goin'. I say, you've made a terrific impression on old Oliphant. How do you like Oliphant?"

"He seems a jolly good sort," said Harry.

Algernon Aubrey nodded emphatically.

"That's right—he is! Never heard of the St. Kit's captain takin' so much notice of a junior before—but, of course, it was because of the rippin' way you took a header from the bridge. Old Oliphant knows what that means. Of course, he would have done it in your place—but it wanted some doin'. You're fond of swimmin', what?"

"Very."

"Good; we'll get some swimmin' together, and I'll give you some tips," said Algy.

Harry smiled again: tips on swimming from the fellow he had saved from drowning struck him as rather odd. But Algernon Aubrey evidently meant well. He led the new junior cheerily down the corridor; and Harry's face was bright now. That desolate feeling of loneliness had passed; it was Algy who had caused it to pass. Evidently all the St. Kit's fellows were not like Bunny Bootles or Vernon Compton. He remembered Oliphant's remark that he would find "all sorts" at St. Kit's. Algernon Aubrey was of a sort that he could like—the kind, cheery friendliness of the dandy of the Fourth cheered him to the very depths of his heart.

Several fellows glanced at them as they came down the big staircase; and again it was borne in upon Harry's mind that the St. Kit's fellows were not all Comptons and Bunnies. Two or three juniors gave him a cheery nod and a smile, little dreaming how warmly grateful the new fellow felt for those slight attentions. A tall, deep-chested senior came up to him as they were crossing the lower hall, and he stopped, with his conductor.

"You're the new kid?" asked the big senior.

"Yes."

"You went in from Wicke Bridge after this young ass?"

"I—I—"

"You're a good, plucky kid," said the senior. "Give us your fist."

Harry shyly gave his fist, and the big fellow nodded and passed on. The new junior glanced after him.

"Who's that?" he asked, in a whisper.

Algy smiled.

"That's Hilton, the captain of the Fifth. All the Forms here have captains, you know. Your fame is spreadin'," chuckled St. Leger. "Everybody at St. Kit's will know soon that you went in from Wicke Bridge. You see, you're the first St. Kit's fellow that's ever done it—in the present generation, at least."

"The first St. Kit's fellow!" repeated Harry. "Yes, of—of course, I'm a St. Kit's fellow, now."

"Of course you are, dear boy," said Algy, slightly surprised by the remark. He did not know how pleasantly the words sounded in the ears of the nameless schoolboy. Algy tapped at Mr. Lathley's study door, and opened it.

"The new fellow, sir."

"Come in, my boy," said the Fourth-form master, kindly.

Algernon Aubrey drew the door shut, and walked on. Harry Nameless was left to his first interview with his form-master.

He found the interview agreeable enough; he had had some unpleasant forebodings, but none of them was realised. Mr. Lathley was crisp and business-like; but he was very kind, and evidently desired to put the new boy at his ease. Harry felt that he quite liked the bald little gentleman who blinked at him benevolently over his glasses by the time he was taken along to see the Head.

Dr. Cheyne was more formidable. The first sight of the imposing old gentleman made Harry realise that Compton had had some nerve, after all, in asking the Head to pass the cake, "as cool as anythin'." But the Head's manner was very kind, though very stately. He asked the new junior a good many questions, and commended him warmly for the gallant rescue of Algy St. Leger, and finally dismissed him feeling very reassured. He found Algernon Aubrey St. Leger waiting for him in the passage outside the Head's study.

"Got through all right?" asked Algy.

"Quite."

"I told you the old boy's bark was worse than his bite, didn't I?"

"But he didn't even bark at me," said Harry, laughing. "I—I think I shall like St. Kit's, after all."

He sprang at the new junior like a tiger, striking out savagely. His hurried, furious blows were swept aside, and a fist that seemed like a lump of solid iron came out, and caught the captain of the Fourth on the point of his chin. Vernon Compton staggered through the open doorway of No. 5 study, and fell with a crash on the study carpet.

Crash!

"Oh, gad!"

Durance and Tracy started back in the doorway, staring. Vernon Compton lay on his back on Algernon Aubrey's expensive Persian carpet, blinking at the ceiling, not quite clear yet as to what had happened. Bunny Bootles blinked on wide-eyed.

"Bravo, old bean," Algernon Aubrey spoke with cheery calmness. "Right on the spot, begad."

"Oh!" gasped Compton. He raised himself on one elbow, staring round him dizzily. His eyes burned as they fell upon Harry Nameless.

The captain of the Fourth lifted himself slowly from the carpet with a helping hand from Tracy.

"You rotter," muttered Compton. "You know what that means, I suppose. You've got to fight me now."

"I'm ready," answered Harry, quietly.

"I am sure my friend Nameless is quite ready to oblige you, old bean," chirruped Algernon Aubrey.

"When and where, you cad?" hissed Compton.

"Here and now, if you like," answered Harry.

Compton sneered.

"We don't fight in the studies here—this isn't the brawling tap-room you're used to," he said. "I'll meet you by the chapel rails; I'll be there in ten minutes."

"As you like."

Compton turned on his heel and strode from the study, Durance and Tracy going with him.

"Nameless, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey, "you'd like me to be your second, I suppose."

"Thank you, St. Leger."

"Not at all—pleased," said Algy, beaming.

"I think very likely you're goin' to knock out Comp."

"I shall try."

"We shall want a basin and a sponge and a towel. Go and bag them from somewhere, Bunny, and take them down behind the chapel."

Algy left the study with the new junior. They left the schoolhouse together, and two or three of the Fourth followed them. Some more were sighted heading for the old chapel of St. Kit's. The news that there was a fight on had spread, and there were few of the Fourth who wanted to miss a "scrap" in which Vernon Compton was to figure.

By the time the new chums arrived behind the chapel there was a crowd gathering there. Bunny Bootles turned up with the tin basin, the sponge, and the towel.

Compton was very soon on the scene, with Durance and Tracy, Lumley, Howard, and Catesby. There was a grim expression on Compton's face and a glitter in his eyes.

As yet it had not occurred to him that the new junior might prove his match, or more than his match. Nutty as he was, Compton was a good fighting man, and he had few equals in the Fourth Form at St. Kit's. It was his intention to give the nameless schoolboy a merciless thrashing, and his nutty friends agreed that that was the very best way after all of dealing with the obnoxious intruder.

Compton threw off his elegant jacket and rolled back his sleeves, preparing for serious business.

The Honourable Algy adjusted his eyeglass and turned round.

"Gloves?" he inquired of Tracy, who was seconding the captain of the Fourth.

Catesby cut off at once to the gymnasium for gloves, and returned with a couple of pairs. The adversaries donned them.

"Who's goin' to keep time?" inquired Algy.

"Durance."

"I'm ready," said Durance, taking out his watch. "Now, then, seconds out of the ring. Two minute rounds; one minute rests. Are you ready?"

"Yes."

And the fight began.

THE FIFTEENTH CHAPTER.

Licked to the Wide.

VERNON COMPTON came on hard and fast from the call of time, pressing his adversary hard.

His eyes glittered over the gloves, and every blow he struck was struck with savage force and bitterness.

The juniors looked on in silence with deep interest. Compton's form as a fighting man was well known, and the St. Kit's fellows were curious to see how the "Foundation boulder" would shape. Certainly Harry Nameless looked an athletic fellow; certainly he was very steady on his "pins," and his eyes were very clear and unswerving. His calm, handsome face most decidedly showed no trace whatever of "funk." Win or lose, it was evident that he was going to put up a good fight and take his punishment coolly. And it was soon pretty clear that he knew something about the noble art of self-defence.

For Compton's bitter and vigorous attack did not get through his guard. Harry gave ground a little, and that was all. And his clear, steady blue eyes never swerved in their glance.

Compton forced the fighting harder and harder, and still Harry Nameless gave ground. But just at the finish of the round he seemed to wake up, as it were, and he met the attack with a counter-attack of great vigour. Compton, to his surprise, found himself driven back in his turn, and his guard was not so good as his opponent's. Harry's fists came through—once, twice, thrice, and the captain of the Fourth staggered. Only the call of time from Durance saved him from going to grass.

"Time!"

Harry Nameless dropped his hands and stepped back. The dandy of the Fourth grinned as he made a knee for him.

"You're all right," he said.

"You're a dark horse, begad. The ferocious tiger isn't goin' to chew you up yet."

"I think not," smiled Harry.

"Time!"

Harry stepped up smartly enough to meet the rush of Vernon Compton. Perhaps Compton felt already the first inward symptoms of "bellows to mend"; at all events, he seemed to be in a hurry to down his antagonist. He was in too much of a hurry, as it turned out. Harry Nameless walked him round the ring, and drew him on till he was panting, and then plunged in with close fighting, which fairly doubled Compton up. The captain of the Fourth hardly knew what was happening as he strove in vain to dodge the raining blows. Rap, tap, rap, tap, came the hard gloves on his face, his chest, his chin, his nose, till Compton was blinded and bewildered.

"Bravo, old bean," shouted Algernon Aubrey, waving his eyeglass in great excitement.

Crash! crash! crash! came the blows, and Vernon Compton staggered helplessly under his punishment; and again the call of "time" saved him from the grass.

"Time!"

Compton reeled blindly to his second, and Tracy drew him on his knee, and sponged his heated face.

Tracy's looks were very serious now.

The quality of the nameless schoolboy was fairly evident by this time, and the "Goats" of St. Kit's were exchanging very dubious glances.

It certainly was not going to be the sweeping victory they had anticipated; and which Vernon Compton had anticipated most confidently of all. It was beginning to be doubtful whether it was going to be a victory or a defeat.

"Time!"

Compton came on furiously for the third round; and in that round there was hard fighting. For the first time, several heavy blows got home on Harry Nameless, and he staggered once or twice under them.

The hopes of Comp's nutty pals rose again.

"Go it, Comp!" sang out Howard and Lumley, encouragingly.

Algernon Aubrey smiled serenely.

He had no doubts now about his man, and he was watching with complete confidence

It had to be admitted, however, that Harry Nameless had the worst of the third round. Still, he was fighting gamely when "time" was called, and was not anywhere near the end of his resources.

Vernon Compton tried the same tactics in the fourth round. But his spurt was over; he was troubled now with "bellows to mend," and he could not keep up the fierce offensive. In spite of his efforts, he found the attack pass to his adversary, and he was driven helplessly round the ring, with Harry's blows coming home to roost every other second.

Crash!

"Man down!" roared Jones

minor, "Hurray!"

"Pick up your man, Tracy!"

"Time!"

Tracy helped Compton to his feet. The captain of the Fourth rested on his knee, dizzily. His handsome face showed plain traces of the punishment he had received, in spite of the gloves.

"Goin' on?" asked Tracy, as Durance looked at his watch.

"Hang you! Yes!"

"Time!"

Compton staggered into the ring. The fifth round was fierce enough. Compton fought gamely, and he put all he knew into it. The very knowledge that he was outclassed, and doomed to defeat, made him more bitterly determined. Even up to the finish he fought fiercely, hoping yet to snatch victory from the jaws of defeat. But he hoped in vain. A crashing blow on the point of the jaw sent him spinning, and he came to the ground with a heavy concussion.

Durance looked at him and began to count. He counted slowly enough—though two or three sarcastic voices urged him to hurry up. But he was at nine when Vernon Compton made an effort to rise, and sank back again helpless. He was spent.

"Out!" said Durance, and snapped his watch shut.

"My man wins, I think," remarked Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, cheerfully.

"Give me your gloves, old bean—feelin' bad?"

"I'm sure not. Bunny, hand over that jacket."

Tracy bent over Compton as he lay in the grass. Compton had been counted out—but if Durance had gone on counting to a hundred, it would have made no difference—the captain of the Fourth could not even get on his feet. He sat up and leaned on Tracy, breathing in jerks.

"Licked!" he muttered thickly, "licked by that cad! Oh, gad! I'll make him pay for this! I'll make him suffer—" He choked.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

Very Perplexing!

"I'm awfully perplexed." It was the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger who made that remark, as he reclined at ease in the armchair in No. 5 Study.

The day was Wednesday, which was a half-holiday at St. Kit's.

Harry Nameless was in the study with the dandy of St. Kit's, and he looked at him as he made his remark.

Harry had been a week now at his new school, and by this time he had settled down into his place. Much had happened since the day Bunny Bootles had met him at Wicke station—not all of it pleasant. But Harry had found himself happy at St. Kit's.

In the form-room he was in Mr. Lathely's good graces—in the common room he was by no means unpopular. The defeat of Vernon Compton, in the fight behind the chapel, had indeed made him popular with a section of the Fourth. And other fellows who might have been disagreeable—fellows like Catesby—realised that it would not be wholly wise to provoke the fellow who had licked Compton.

Compton was in the position of the hapless hunter who looked for a rabbit and found a tiger. Nobody else in Comp's select circle was anxious for a fight by the chapel rails with this nobody from nowhere who was such an extremely hard hitter.

Certainly, Compton's bitterness had not been diminished by his defeat. It was understood that he was now the fellow's enemy; and fellows who knew Compton well expected that he would stop at little to make his enmity felt. But Harry Nameless gave him little heed. So long as Compton

and Co. let him alone he was prepared to go his own way regardless of them.

In some little ways Compton made his bitterness felt—but Harry had a chum in Algernon Aubrey, and was on friendly terms with nine or ten others fellows more or less—so any scheme of sending him to Coventry was not of much use. The idea was debated in the top study, but Durance declared that there was "nothin'" in it, and it was dropped. A fellow who was chummy with the most popular junior at St. Kit's, and on good terms with half the form, could not be sent to Coventry with much success. Compton and Co. had to bide their time—and probably the Co., so far as they were concerned, would have let the whole affair pass, only treating the Foundation boulder to lofty looks, had Comp. been willing to forget or forgive. Compton was not willing to do either; and so the feud was kept up.

Harry's friendship with the Honourable Algy was a settled thing now. More than once Algy had informed him, cheerily, that he did not bore him—or, at least, not so much as any other fellow at St. Kit's. And Harry was a useful friend in some respects; he helped Algy with his prep. and Algy had much more peaceful mornings with Mr. Lathely in consequence.

On this particular Wednesday afternoon Algernon Aubrey had gone to his study soon after dinner with a wrinkle of deep thought in his brow. Harry Nameless had joined him there to ask the noble youth if he was coming out for the afternoon. Algy woke up from a deep reverie with the statement that he was awfully perplexed.

He looked so serious that Harry looked serious, too, at once.

"Nothing wrong, I hope," asked Harry.

"I don't know," said Algernon Aubrey, thoughtfully. "Perhaps I'd better state the case. It's awfully perplexin'. My uncle, Colonel Lovell, is comin' down to the school to see me to-day."

"I suppose you won't want to come out of the gates, then, if your uncle's coming?" said Harry.

"No; I'm goin' to the station to meet him at three, that's all. After that I'm goin' to be a sacrifice on the altar of relationship," said Algy. "As a dutiful nephew, I'm bound to let my uncle bore me. Don't you think so?"

"Perhaps he won't bore you," suggested Harry.

"Bound to, though really he's a decent old card," said Algy, considerably. "Not so very old either, and I like him really; he's a soldier, you know, and he doesn't tire a fellow so much as a fellow's other uncles. A bit solemn; the poor old bean had a disappointment in love, I believe, or somethin' of the sort, I think I've heard one of my aunts say; anyhow, he's a solemn Johnny. But the right stuff, you know, and he killed so many Huns in the war that a chap can't help respectin' him. I'm goin' to do him decently while he's here, especially as he's comin' on purpose to see me."

"But what is there perplexing in all that?" asked Harry, puzzled.

"Well, now, my uncle lectures me sometimes," said Algy; "I'm a good-natured chap, you may have noticed that."

"Yes," said Harry, with a smile.

"Bein' so good-natured I get imposed upon," said Algy, lazily.

"Fellows stick to me, and I let 'em. Uncle Lovell spoke about that last time. I forgot as soon as he was gone, but I remember now that's he's comin' again. You see, I'm his favourite nephew; I'm sure I don't know why. Now, the merry old colonel is goin' to have tea in the study with me; he was a boy himself once, you know."

"I suppose he was."

"Yaas—amazin' if you look at him, you know—but he must have been, it stands to reason. In fact, he was a St. Kit's boy, and once upon a time he was captain of the Fourth, and was in the top study with his pal Rake—Rake, you know, who did terrific stunts as a flying man in the war. Rake, V.C., you know. Well, it reminds him of his own merry schooldays—must have been a thumpin' long time back—it reminds him of them when he has tea in the study. Am I boring you?" added Algy, suddenly.

"My dear chap, I'm quite interested," said Harry. "I wish I had an uncle to visit me here."

"Begad! Do you? I've got half a dozen uncles you can have if you like. But, to come to the point, I said it was awfully perplexin'. Do you mind helpin' me out with my uncle, old bean?"

"I'd like to."

"Good man!"

"But—but—"

"Well, dear boy?"

Harry Nameless flushed.

"I—I shouldn't like your uncle to—to think —," he stammered.

"I knew I'd put my foot in it," said Algernon Aubrey. "I'm always doin' it. My dear old bean, don't be touchy. I assure you that I really do most sincerely want you to help me out with my uncle. Now I've got to float away, or I shall be late at the station. The colonel is nuts on punctuality—military old gent., you know. Thank goodness I shall never be in his regiment. I wonder if you'd look round the study and see that it's tidy for nunky. Last time I saw him starin' because there were some bull's-eyes in the butter; I'm sure he noticed it. Of course, it was all Bunny's doin'; that fellow will turn my hair grey yet."

"I'll have the study like a new pin," said Harry, smiling.

"Dear old bean," said Algy, affectionately. "I knew I could rely on you. Just notice whether there's any aniseed balls in the butter or pen-nibs in the sugar bowl, you know."

And with that parting injunction Algernon Aubrey took up a pair of beautiful gloves, donned them with care, selected a cane, picked up a shining silk hat, and drifted out of the study.

THE SEVENTEENTH CHAPTER.

A Little Rag.

"QUIET!" muttered Compton. There was a soft chuckle in the Fourth Form passage.

That quarter of St. Kit's was fairly deserted. It was a fine half-holiday, and everybody was out of doors, excepting those who had special business indoors. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was on his way to the station to meet his military uncle. Harry Nameless was in No. 5, giving the room some finishing touches to make it suitable to greet the eyes of a very distinguished visitor. And Vernon Compton, Durance, Tracy, Lumley, and Catesby came down the passage on tiptoe, grinning, evidently in the enjoyment of a great jest.

They paused outside No. 5 and listened.

They could hear Harry moving in the study, and a sound of tidying.

"All serene," breathed Compton.

"The cad's alone there. Bunny was quite right. Nobody else in any of the studies, I think. We've got the cad to rights this time."

"Hear, hear," murmured Tracy.

"Mind the beast doesn't have time to hit out, though," muttered Lumley. "He hits like the kick of a mule."

"There's almost enough of us to handle him if he does," said Durance, sarcastically.

"Hush!"

Compton put his hand quietly on the door.

The "Goats" of St. Kit's had planned a "rag." They had planned it quickly, but with care. Bunny Bootles had met Algernon at the school gates, and the dandy of the Fourth had tactlessly revealed his mission. Bunny had wasted no time in passing on the information to the top study. It was in this manner that the Goats had learned that Harry Nameless was going to help entertain Colonel Lovell, uncle of the Honourable Algernon Aubrey, and brother-in-law of a belted earl. And Compton and Co. had decided that they were going to have a word or two to say about that.

Vernon Compton turned the handle of the door and opened it quickly.

The five juniors rushed in in a body.

"Collar him," panted Compton.

Harry Nameless spun round. There was a flower-jar in his hand, from which he was removing dust with a duster. He was taken quite by surprise.

The rag went to the fender with a crash as he was collared and struggled in the grasp of his assailants.

In a second he was down on the rug, with the five raggers sprawling over him and clinging to him like cats.

Harry panted for breath. The five of them were on him, and his resistance was futile. He lay helpless on the carpet, securely held by the raggers.

"What do you want, you rotters?" he gasped.

"Lock the door, Tracy. We don't want any interruptions."

The key clicked in the lock.

The Nameless Schoolboy.

(Continued from previous page.)

"Now the cord, sharp!" Harry struggled again as a cord was looped over his wrists and knotted. As soon as his hands were bound he was allowed to get on his feet. He stood with his chest heaving, his eyes gleaming at the raggars. But he was helpless now.

"What's this game, you silly asses?" he exclaimed. "I'll punch your heads for this."

"Perhaps!" assented Compton, with an evil grin. "Just at present the game's in our hands, dear boy. You're gettin' the study ready for Algy and his uncle?"

"Yes."

"Algy's goin' to introduce you?"

"Yes; that's not your business."

Compton grinned.

"We're not goin' to let the dear old colonel be imposed upon," he explained. "If you're goin' to be introduced, you're goin' to show up in your true character. The giddy old colonel's goin' to see you in your real character as a nameless tramp, which is what you are. Catchy on, as dear old Algy says? You're goin' to wait for the merry visitor with rags and tatters on you, an' a dirty face to suit your birth an' breeding, see?"

"You rotter."

"Go it, you fellows."

The raggars "went it" cheerfully. There was no help for the hapless victim of Compton and Co.'s peculiar sense of humour. They proceeded cheerfully, coolly and methodically to rag him; his collar was torn out and left hanging by one stud, his jacket and trousers rent in a dozen places and rubbed with ashes and soot from the grate, his boots unlaced, his hair ruffled and rubbed with ashes, his face daubed with cinders and ink.

The cheery "Goats" chuckled joyously as they proceeded. This was indeed a merry rag from the point of view of Compton and Co.

In a quarter of an hour a startling change had been wrought in the looks of the nameless schoolboy.

A more ragged, dirtier, more untidy-looking young tramp had certainly never been seen before at St. Kit's than Harry looked now.

"Oh, my hat!" chuckled Compton, in great glee. "Stick him in the chair an' tie his hoofs to the legs."

The nameless schoolboy was hustled into Algy's luxurious armchair, and a cord secured him there. Durance glanced from the window.

"Beat it, you chaps, they're comin'."

"Phew!"

Compton jumped to the window. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was visible in the quad, crossing towards the schoolhouse by the side of a tall, handsome, soldierly looking gentleman with a grey moustache, an imposing figure in khaki.

Compton pinned a paper to Harry's collar.

"Beat it, you chaps."

The raggars "beat it" promptly; they did not want the gentleman in khaki to catch them in the study. They scuttled out and vanished, Compton closing the door as he went. Harry Nameless was left alone, his heart throbbing with shame and rage, unable to escape, able only to wait till Algy returned, and to meet the eyes of Algy and his uncle in this guise.

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"You know the study, uncle?"

"Yes, my boy," came a deep voice. There were footsteps outside No. 5. Harry Nameless shuddered.

He had had a lingering hope that the colonel might not come directly to the study; he had thought it probable that the visitor might call on the Head first, or stop to chat with some of the masters below. But evidently that hope was ill-founded. The colonel was striding up the Fourth Form passage with his dutiful nephew. His heavy footsteps rang on the old oaken planks, and he stopped outside the study.

The door was thrown wide open. Algernon Aubrey stood respectfully aside for his uncle to enter. So it happened that he was not the first to see the extraordinary state of his new chum.

Colonel Lovell entered. His glance fell upon the junior in the chair, and seemed to freeze there. Under the ashes and ink on his face Harry's cheeks were burning. He would have been glad at that moment if the floor had opened and swallowed him up.

Colonel Lovell stood rigid.

He was a handsome gentleman, with a deeply bronzed face, a little scar on one cheek, where a German bullet had gone close, in Flanders. His eyes were deep and clear and steady, and had a look in them that made it evident that the Colonel was not a man to be trifled with.

"What!" he ejaculated.

Algy followed him in, surprised and uneasy, but he understood as soon as he saw the junior in the chair.

"Begad!" he stuttered.

"What—what—what is this?" exclaimed the Colonel, finding his voice at last.

He tugged at his grey moustache and stared.

The tattered, ragged, dusty, untidy figure astounded him, as well it might. And the paper Compton had pinned to Harry's collar was in full view, and it astonished him still more. It bore the words, daubed with a brush:

**THIS TRAMP IS NOT WANTED
AT ST. KIT'S.**

"A—a—a tramp!" ejaculated the Colonel.

Certainly Harry looked a pretty thorough tramp, of the most dusty and dilapidated variety, at that moment.

"I—I—I—I!" he stammered. "Cut me loose, St. Leger, for goodness sake. It's a rag; I've been tied up here."

"Oh, begad!"

Algernon Aubrey almost stammered with anger and annoyance.

He stared round for something to cut the cord, and found a knife. He sawed at the cord mechanically, his face crimson.

Colonel Lovell seemed to have recovered from his astonishment now. But the expression on his stern face was not promising.

He crossed to the window, and stood with his back to it, looking on grimly while Algernon Aubrey released his hapless study-mate.

Algy pitched the insulting paper into the fire first, to get it out of sight. But the Colonel had seen it, and he did not forget what had been written on it.

Not a word did the military gentleman speak while Algernon Aubrey was fumbling with the knotted cords. The dandy of the Fourth was troubled and confused as well as angry, and he was slow and clumsy for once. Every moment was a pang to Harry Nameless. He read—perhaps misread—the grim expression on the Colonel's bronzed face, and he thought that he saw scorn and contempt there.

But he was free at last.

He rose from the chair trembling with agitation and a mingling of bitter feelings.

"Hook it, dear boy!" whispered Algy.

Harry Nameless nodded.

He felt that he ought to speak to the Colonel; to utter some word of explanation or apology, but the grim bronze face chilled and checked him.

Without a word he crossed to the door and hurried away.

Algernon Aubrey turned to his uncle. His face was full of distress.

The situation could not have been more unfortunate, and Algy was feeling extremely uneasy. He hardly dared to meet the stern, steady eyes that were fixed upon him.

It was the Colonel who broke the silence.

"Who is that boy, Algernon?"

"My—my study-mate, uncle."

"The new friend you mentioned to me on the way from the station?"

"Yaas."

"What is his name?"

Algernon groaned inwardly.

Coming on top of what had already happened, it was painful and disconcerting to have to state the facts on that subject. The new boy, ragged and branded as a tramp by the nuts of St. Kit's, had cut a miserable enough figure in the eyes of the distinguished visitor, and now Algy had to explain that the fellow had no name even.

"His name is—Nameless," stammered Algernon Aubrey.

"He has no name?"

"N-n-o. He's called Nameless."

"Is he entered on the books of the school by such a ridiculous name as that?"

"Y-a-a-as."

"This is extraordinary," said the Colonel, coldly. "How does it happen that the boy is at St. Kit's at all if he has no name and apparently no connections?"

"He came in on the Foundation."

"Oh!"

"I—I suppose it was a rag."

"You mean his form-fellows treated him like that?"

"I—I suppose so."

"They call him a tramp."

"That's only their rot, you know—just rot. He isn't a tramp; he passed the exam. for the Foundation scholarship, and an old St. Kit's man helped him."

"Has he any relations?"

"I—I suppose he can't have."

"And you have made him your friend?"

"Yaas."

"How did he come to be your study-mate? Was he placed in this study by the head or your form-master?"

"I—I asked for him—"

"Why?"

"He—he pulled me out of the river—"

"A brave action, doubtless," said the Colonel, coldly. "Courage is not, however, an uncommon quality. During the war I have seen great courage displayed by many men of the most unpleasant character."

DO NOT MISS PARTED CHUMS!

Next Monday's splendid long complete Story of Harry Nameless, Algernon, and Bunny Bootles,

By CLIFFORD CLIVE.

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School and Sport

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TO-DAY.

Give No. 1 to your Chum.

Algernon, you know that you are my favourite nephew; that I have looked upon you almost as a son, since it pleased Heaven that I should lose my own boy." The Colonel paused for a moment, his grim, bronzed face twitching slightly. "It is for that reason that I have sometimes spoken to you as otherwise only your father would speak. But I think if Lord Rayfield was here he would say what I am going to say."

Algernon gave another inward groan.

"But, uncle—"

"Give me your attention, Algernon. Of this boy whom you call Nameless I know nothing but what you have told me. He has no name, he comes from nowhere—he has no connections of any kind. His early training cannot have been of a kind to fit him to be your associate."

"But—"

"He pulled you out of the river; a brave action, probably. You owe him gratitude. But you could not possibly have known anything of him when you asked for him to be put in your study."

"I knew he was a splendid chap—"

"You can have known nothing of the sort," said Colonel Lovell, decisively. "His form-fellows, apparently, are not of your opinion. They denounce him as a tramp and rag him."

"That cad Compton—," burst out Algy, fiercely.

"Would this boy allow himself to be handled in such a manner by a single junior?"

"No fear. He thrashed Compton the day he came; there must have been a crowd of them."

"Exactly. A crowd of the Fourth

Form here regard him with contempt and repugnance. It is perfectly plain to me, Algernon, that you have acted with your usual utter thoughtlessness. You have made a friend of a boy of whom nobody knows anything, from a good-natured impulse, or, more probably, he has selected you as a foolish and good-natured fellow to fasten himself upon."

"Not at all. He—"

"I have nothing to say against the boy," continued the Colonel, grimly. "I know nothing of him, and desire to know nothing. I only know that he cannot be a suitable associate for you—that is impossible. Either you have acted weakly from foolish good nature, or else he has fastened upon you unscrupulously, because it is to his advantage, as has happened before. In either case I advise you strongly to have nothing further to do with him. That you should act unkindly or uncivilly towards the boy I do not desire for a moment. It would be bad form. But you should stop at once this absurd friendship, in which you are clearly a victim. You understand me, Algernon?"

Algernon Aubrey raised his head proudly.

"I'm stickin' to my pal, uncle. You see—"

"I have no authority over you, Algernon," said the Colonel, with increased grimness of look and tone. "If your regard for me, as your uncle, does not make you desire to meet my wishes, I cannot command you. It is for your father to command, and it is my duty to acquaint your father with the circumstances. I shall do so without delay."

The Colonel crossed to the door.

"Uncle, you're not goin'!" ejaculated Algernon Aubrey in dismay.

"I am going at once, Algernon. Good-bye."

"But—"

But the Colonel was gone.

"Oh, begad!" ejaculated Algy, blankly. "What a go."

The heavy footsteps died away down the passage.

THE EIGHTEENTH CHAPTER. A Broken Friendship.

FOR a long time Algernon had been alone in the study, walking restlessly to and fro in a deeply troubled frame of mind.

From the window he had seen Colonel Lovell stride away to the gates; the Colonel had not, apparently, even delayed to call on the head. It was clear that he was deeply displeased.

"Where the thump is he?" St. Leger ejaculated at last. He was thinking of Harry Nameless. "Why don't he come in?"

He left the study at last anxious to find his chum. He guessed that Harry had gone to the dormitory to clean and change his clothes after the ragging. But when he looked in at the Fourth Form dormitory Harry was not there.

Algernon Aubrey came downstairs with a clouded brow.

Compton and Co. met him in the lower passage, and the nutty Co. were grinning merrily.

St. Leger gave them a dark look.

"You rotters!" he began.

"Was nunky waxy?" grinned Tracy.

"Did he go off on his car? Didn't he take to your nameless pal, in his proper get-up?"

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared the nuts.

"It was for your own sake, you know," explained Compton. "We thought that dear old nunky ought to know the facts."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"You awful rotters," said Algernon Aubrey. "You—you unspeakable outsiders. You've done a lot of harm."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"And we're quite unrepentant," chuckled Compton.

"We are; we are," grinned Tracy.

"I'm lookin' for Nameless now; have you seen him?"

"He's in the quad, the dear boy," said Compton, cheerily. "He came into the common-room; his face was worth a guinea a box."

"More than that," said Lumley.

"Call it a fiver."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I think he was goin' to pick a row with us," continued Compton. "But when he heard that dear old nunky had gone off in a raging huff it seemed to double him up a bit."

"Very painful to the dear boy," chuckled Tracy. "Go an' comfort him, Algy; he's your pal, you know. Kiss him on his baby brow."

"Ha, ha, ha!" yelled the happy nuts.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger turned his back on Compton and Co., and hurried away. His face was darkly clouded. So Harry Nameless knew—he knew—

Algy hurried out into the quad. He found him under the old oaks in the quad.

Harry Nameless was leaning against a tree, his hands driven deep into his pockets, his eyes on the ground. His face was pale, and there was a deep line in his boyish brow.

He looked up quickly at Algy's footstep.

A flush came over his pale face.

"I—I'm sorry," faltered Algy.

He hardly knew what to say. But his distressed look softened Harry's face; he smiled faintly.

"Nothing to worry over, old fellow," said Harry, with an effort. "It can't be helped."

"Of course, you know Compton is a lyn' beast."

Again that faint smile crossed Harry's pale face.

"He was telling the truth," he said. "I'm not surprised; I—I oughtn't to be surprised. You've got into a row with your uncle—for making friends with me." He had a catch in his throat. "I—I can't believe, St. Leger, that you ever thought I—I was making use of you; sticking to you for what you were worth," he choked.

"Of course, I didn't—I couldn't—you couldn't—"

"Your uncle thinks so."

"Old bean," murmured Algernon Aubrey, deeply distressed.

"It's natural enough. Why shouldn't Colonel Lovell think so? Of course, he would think so. Of course, your father will think so. Why shouldn't they. You'll be ordered not to speak to me again. Why not? But—but—"

"I'm stickin' to you, old bean."

Harry shook his head.

"You're not," he said.

"But—"

"You see, even a nameless

bounder—a rank outsider who doesn't even know his father's name—may have a little self-respect."

"It won't be needed for Colonel Lovell to get you out of my clutches. I'm going to let you off of my own accord. I'm changing out of the study; the Colonel will never be shocked to see me there again."

Algernon Aubrey coloured.

"You're treatin' me badly," he said. "You don't understand—"

"How could I understand?" said the nameless junior, with bitter irony. "A nameless nobody—a pushing bounder—doesn't understand things as Lord Rayfield and Colonel Lovell understand them. My class is different, you know. In my class we don't suspect fellows of being base and unscrupulous without any proof; we give a fellow credit for being decent until he's proved otherwise. But, then, I was brought up among sailormen and fishermen. When you write to your uncle, St. Leger, tell him—that you no longer know Harry Nameless; that you've done with the pushing cad, and are out of his clutches. That's the end."

He turned and walked quickly away.

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger stood rooted to the ground, staring after him, a strange pain in his heart.

"Harry!"

The nameless junior did not turn his head.

"Harry!"

St. Leger called once more, and there was no answer. He turned away—unsteadily—there was a dimness before his eyes. A mocking face loomed up before him in the blur—the face of Vernon Compton, grinning, evil, triumphant.

"So you've done with your nameless pal—you've—"

With all the force of his arm, St. Leger struck at the mocking face, and Vernon Compton yelled and rolled under the oaks. Without a glance at him, Algernon Aubrey St. Leger strode away to the schoolhouse.

THE END.

(Pass this copy of SCHOOL AND SPORT on to your friend.)