

A 30,000-word Long Complete Story! Grand New Serial! Free Footballs!



SCHOOL AND SPORT 1¹/₂



No. 3. Vol. I.

PUBLISHED
EVERY MONDAY.

WEEK ENDING DECEMBER 31st, 1921.

EDITED BY
H. A. HINTON.

PRICE 1¹/₂D.

Sent to Coventry

LONG COMPLETE
SCHOOL STORY.



AMAZING SCENE ON THE FOOTBALL FIELD.

"How dare you!" cried Harry Nameless, passionately.
"I refuse to answer you, sir. The question is an insult!"
(See the Long Story in this Issue).



SENT to COVENTRY

A Magnificent Long Complete School Story, dealing with the Adventures of the Boys of St. Kit's.

By CLIFFORD CLIVE

THE FIRST CHAPTER.

"On His Neck!"

"**W**HERE'S St. Leger?" Vernon Compton, the captain of the Fourth Form at St. Kit's, looked into No. 5 Study and asked that question.

There was only one junior in the study, Harry Nameless, of the Fourth. He had several books on the table before him, a pen in his hand, and a thoughtful and rather tired look on his handsome face. He looked up quietly as Compton stepped into the doorway.

"St. Leger? On the football ground, I think."

"I wanted to speak to him," grunted Compton.

"He will be in to tea soon."

Harry Nameless dropped his eyes to his books again. He was hard at work that afternoon, though it was a half-holiday at St. Kit's.

Vernon Compton did not turn away. He came a step into the study, a sneering smile on his face.

"Swotting as usual?" he remarked.

Harry Nameless made no reply to that.

He was deep in Virgil; and P. Virgilius Maro was difficult enough for a Fourth-former, without a conversation at the same time. And he had no desire for conversation with Vernon Compton.

"You're goin' in for a prize, I understand?" went on Compton.

"Yes."

"Money prize, of course?"

"Yes."

"Just your sort!" said Compton, with a sneer; "I've seen your sort before. You shove yourself into a decent school on a dashed scholarship, and set out to bag all the cash that's goin'. Prize-huntin' cad."

Harry Nameless looked up again. His manner was still quiet, but there was a gleam in his eyes.

"Do you prefer to leave this study on your feet or on your neck, Compton?" he inquired.

It was Compton's turn not to reply. He lounged across to the window with his hands in his pockets, and stared out into the quadrangle for a minute or two. Harry Nameless, after a glance at him, resumed his interrupted "grind."

Compton turned round from the window.

"I came here to speak to Algy St. Leger," he said, "but I've somethin' to say to you, too, Nameless."

"Well? Cut it short."

"Can't you leave your swotting for a minute? Are you afraid some other chap will get a look in for the Fortescue prize?"

"Never mind that. If you have anything to say, say it, and get it over," said Harry, impatiently.

"Well, I have somethin' to say. Ever since you've been at St. Kit's you've been tryin' to shove

yourself into the junior games. I think you understand pretty clearly that so long as I'm junior captain you won't play football for St. Kit's."

"Very likely," said Harry, contemptuously.

"You see, we don't want your sort in the eleven," explained Compton. "When we meet Lyncroft next week, frinstance, we couldn't very well tell them that one of our men was brought up in a workhouse, could we? and doesn't even know his own name."

The colour burned in Harry Nameless's cheeks.

He did not want to "rag" with Vernon Compton that afternoon, he wanted to work. But his temper was rising.

"I was not brought up in a workhouse, Compton," he said; "I should not be ashamed of it if I had been."

"I daresay you wouldn't! Fellows are born with pretty thick skins in your class, I believe," yawned Compton. "However, that's neither here nor there. It's about the footer I want to speak. You know, of course, that there's a trial match on Saturday for selectin' the players for the Lyncroft fixture next week?"

"Of course."

"St. Leger's 'captainin' one side."

"I know."

"I've heard from Bunny Bootles that he's asked you to play in the scratch team."

"That's so."

"You're goin' to play?"

"Yes."

"I thought so!" sneered Compton. "Well, I'm here to tell you that you're not. Catch on to that?"

Harry looked at him.

"I don't see that you've got anything to do with it," he said; "St. Leger can pick any man he likes for his eleven, I suppose."

"Not while I'm captain," said Compton, emphatically; "nothin' of the sort, my boy. I know St. Leger's game; he wants to edge you into the junior eleven if he can, because he's been fool enough to chum with you. We're not havin' any, I can assure you. You're goin' to stand out of the trial match on Saturday, Nameless."

Harry shook his head.

"You won't?" exclaimed Compton.

"No."

"Then you'll be made," said the captain of the Fourth, savagely. "You know how you're looked on in the Lower School here, Nameless. You're a pushin' outsider comin' from the dickens knows where, without even a name of your own. The Head ought to be seragged for lettin' you into St. Kit's at all. We've got to stand you in the form-room, but we're not goin' to stand you on the playin'-fields. That's plain enough, I hope."

Harry Nameless did not heed Bunny. He returned to the study

table and to P. Virgilius Maro. And his "swotting" was not further interrupted by Vernon Compton.

"Now what?"

"Get outside this study."

Compton's eyes glittered and he did not move. He had already had one encounter with the nameless schoolboy, and he had not come off best. But he stood his ground now, his hands clenched, breathing hard.

"Are you going, Compton?"

"I don't take orders from a nameless cad!" said Vernon Compton, between his teeth.

"Then I shall pitch you out!" said Harry Nameless, coolly.

"Hands off, you cad! I—ah!"

Compton broke off as the nameless schoolboy advanced upon him, with his hands up.

Harry Nameless had reached the end of his patience.

Compton's hands went up in defence, but his defence did not serve him well. His hands were knocked aside, and the nameless schoolboy's grasp fastened on him like the grip of a vice.

"You cad! Hands off—!"

Compton struggled fiercely as he was whirled to the door. He struck out blindly, and the blow came home on Harry's cheek leaving a red mark there. The next moment Vernon Compton was spinning through the doorway.

Crash!

The Nut of the Fourth sprawled headlong in the Fourth-form passage. He rolled there and gasped.

Harry Nameless stood in the doorway, his eyes flashing.

Compton sat up dazedly.

A fat junior, coming up the passage from the stairs, stopped, and emitted a loud chortle.

"He—he—he! I say, Compton, you did come a cropper! He—he—he!" Bunny Bootles chortled with great enjoyment. "Have you damaged your pants, old top? He—he—he!"

Compton scrambled furiously to his feet. He made a spring like a tiger at the junior in the study doorway. In a second they were locked in a furious struggle.

"Go it!" chortled Bunny. "He—he—he!"

Crash!

Vernon Compton came out again.

He gave a loud howl as he landed.

Harry Nameless, a little breathless and flushed, still blocked the study doorway ready for another attack.

But the attack did not come. Vernon Compton picked himself up more slowly this time, and he showed no desire to renew the fray.

He gasped spasmodically for breath, and with a black and bitter look at the Foundation junior, turned away up the passage.

"He—he—he! Yarooooooh!" roared Bunny Bootles.

Apparently the fat chortle of Bunny irritated Compton. He paused a moment to give the fat junior a sounding smack, which sent Bunny staggering against the wall and stopped his chortle with surprising suddenness.

"Yow-ow-ow!" howled Bunny. "You rotter—ow-wow-wow!"

Compton strode away towards the top study, red with rage, and gasping for breath.

"Yow-ow-ow! Give him some more, Nameless!" howled Bunny Bootles. "You silly ass, why don't you give him some more? Yow-ow-wow!"

Harry Nameless rose to his feet. And his "swotting" was not further interrupted by Vernon Compton.

THE SECOND CHAPTER.

Algy Has His Way.

"**S**TILL goin' it, old bean?"

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger made that inquiry as he strolled into No. 5 Study about half-an-hour after Vernon Compton's hurried departure therefrom.

Harry Nameless pushed his books away and rose to his feet with a smile.

"I've been going it. Ready for tea?"

"Not quite—I've got to change first," Algernon Aubrey had come in from the football field, in coat and muffler, his aristocratic face ruddy from healthy exercise.

"Just looked in to see how you're progressin'. You are an ass to stick indoors instead of comin' down to the footer. Ever so much better on Little Side."

"I suppose so," said Harry, suppressing a sigh. He would have preferred to be on Little Side that afternoon, there was no doubt about that.

"But I offered to stay in and help you with your Latin, didn't I?"

"You did, old fellow," said Harry, smiling. St. Leger's help with his Latin would not have been of much use to the junior who was working for an exam. St. Leger just managed to scrape through in class; but he had a fixed belief that if he really exerted his noble intellect he would be "no end of a big gun" at classics. He never did exert it.

"Of course, you'll pull off the prize," went on Algy. "But there's a more important matter than that, kid. You've got to play in the Lyncroft match next week."

"No chance of that, I'm afraid."

"It's got to be did. I've a special reason for wantin' you to play," explained Algernon Aubrey. "Swotting at Latin is all very well, but you've got to get into the eleven. I'm sorry I let you stay in this afternoon. Anyhow, you've got to be in your best form in the trials on Saturday."

"But—"

"Best men in the trials are picked out for the Lyncroft match, and you've got to be one of the best."

"My dear old chap," said Harry, "I'd like it no end, of course, but Compton is skipper, and it rests with him. He wouldn't play me if there wasn't any fellow to fill the place; he would rather play a man short."

Algy nodded.

"I know that! But, you see, I'm up against Comp in this matter, an' I'm goin' to see you through. Catchy on?"

"You can't! As a matter of fact Compton is raising objections to my playing in the trials on Saturday."

"Oh! I know that. Has he been here?"

"Yes."

Algy glanced at the mark on Harry's cheek and grinned.

"Trouble?"

"Yes."

"I needn't ask who came off second best," said Algernon Aubrey, cheerfully. "You're playin' in the trials on Saturday, kid. I'm goin' to talk Comp out of his objections. Leave it to me. I'll go and change and then call on Comp—no, on second thoughts,

I'll call on him first. May as well see him while I've got my football boots on."

Algernon Aubrey St. Leger nodded to his chum, and strolled out of the study. In his leisurely way, he sauntered along to the end of the Fourth-form passage, and up the step to the top study. The door of No. 9 was closed, and Algy tapped on it.

"Come in!" sang out Durance's voice.

Algy opened the door.

Compton and Co. were finishing tea. There was a deep frown on Vernon Compton's face; he was not in a good temper. Tracy had already lighted a cigarette—there were always "smokes" in Compton's study after tea.

"What do you want?" snapped Compton, as the dandy of St. Kit's gracefully filled the doorway.

"Just a word, old bean," said Algy. "You've been raisin' objections about my men for the trial match on Saturday."

"I object to one man—that nameless outsider."

"Yaas. I thought I'd better mench that I'm not goin' to take any notice of your objection," remarked Algy. "Clears the air, what?"

"Who's captain?" demanded Compton.

"You, dear boy. But I'm captain of my own eleven in the trials, and I'm goin' to pick my men as I please. Catchy on?"

Durance and Tracy grinned. They were Compton's chums; but they were not displeased to see somebody "standing up" to the lofty and lordly Comp. There was rather too much of the "monarch-of-all-I-survey" about Comp to please even his dearest pals.

Compton's eyes glittered.

"Then you won't captain the scratch eleven in the trials, St. Leger!" he said.

"That was settled in committee, dear boy."

"I shall unsettle it pretty quick, if you insist on playin' that cad."

St. Leger shook his head.

"You won't, old bean," he answered, gently. "You've made a set against my pal, Nameless—for your own reasons. You know as well as I do that he's the best winger in the Lower School here—you've seen him at practice. You can't keep a man like that in the shade for always. I'm goin' to play him, and if he turns out well in the trials, it will be up to you to put him in the team for the Lyncroft match."

"Talk sense!" snapped Compton.

"My esteemed old bean, I'm talkin' solid hoss-sense. Nameless plays on Saturday, that's settled. If you've still got any objections—"

"I have—rather."

"Then we'll go an' consult Oliphant."

"What?"

"Oliphant of the Sixth!" said Algy, innocently.

"What the thump has Oliphant got to do with it?"

"Captain of the school, an' head of the games," said Algy. "Head of the games is the fit and proper person to settle a little dispute like this. I'm willin' to abide by old Oliphant's decision. Are you?"

Compton compressed his lips hard.

He knew what Oliphant's decision would be, if the matter was placed before the captain of St. Kit's. So did Algy, for that matter.

"So you're goin' to drag Oliphant into a Fourth-form row,

are you?" he asked, between his teeth.

"This isn't a Fourth-form row—this is a matter connected with the school games—quite a different thing," answered Algy, calmly. "You want to see the best men play in the trials, don't you?"

"Ye-es, of course. But—" "You don't, really, but you have to say you do," said Algy, placidly. "That's where I've got you, Comp."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Durance. Compton scowled at him.

"What the thump are you sniggerin' at, you ass? Look here, St. Leger, if you're goin' to drag the captain of the school into it—"

"I am, if you raise objections to any man I choose to play in the trials," assured Algy.

"Play whom you like, and be hanged to you," snarled Compton. "But it won't make any difference to the Lyncroft match. I wouldn't play Nameless for St. Kit's at any price."

"Sufficient for the day is the worry thereof," said Algy. "We'll talk about Lyncroft next week. We're talkin' about Saturday's trials now. I'm so glad you've got over your objections, Comp. It's so nice to be peaceable an' friendly an' in agreement, an' all that."

"You silly owl—" Compton jumped up, "you're standin' up for that Nameless cad out of sheer obstinacy and cussedness, because no decent fellow will speak to him. I'm fed up with you, St. Leger. Get out of this study before I kick you out."

"Draw it mild, old chap!" murmured Durance.

But Compton did not draw it mild; his experiences in No. 5 that afternoon had not sweetened his temper. He advanced threateningly towards the dandy of the Fourth.

Algernon Aubrey groped somewhere for his celebrated eyeglass, jammed it in his eye, and surveyed Compton cheerily.

"Keep your wool on, dear boy," he said. "You know what a thoughtful chap I am—always foreseein' things. I thought you might cut up rusty when I explained to you—so I came here specially with my football boots on. If there's any kickin' goin' on, I'm your man."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"I'm waitin'," continued Algy, "waitin' to be kicked! Je kicks—tu kick—nous kicks—"

Compton paused.

"Get out, you fool!"

"But I'm waitin' to be kicked out," urged Algy. "You've uttered the blood-curdlin' threat, and I'm waitin' to see it carried out."

Durance and Tracy chuckled. Compton seemed rather at a loss.

If it came to kicking, Algy certainly was better equipped for the business. And he seemed anxious to begin.

"Oh, buzz off, and don't play the goat," snarled Compton at last, and he returned to his chair.

"You're lettin' me off the kick-in'?"

"Fathead! Clear out."

"Thank you, very much, dear boy."

And Algernon Aubrey St. Leger retired gracefully from the study. He left Durance and Tracy grinning, and Compton scowling. The captain of the Fourth gave his study-mates a savage look.

"I can't keep that Nameless cad out of the trials, I suppose," he muttered. "But as for lettin' him into a School match—"

"Can't be did!" said Tracy.

"It's a jolly queer thing," remarked Durance, thoughtfully. "Nameless seems to be getting quite popular. If you put him in for the Lyncroft match, Comp, not more than half-a-dozen fellows would have anythin' to say against it. He's a jolly good winger—I've seen him at practice—"

"Are you backing him up now?" asked Compton, with a look of concentrated anger at his study-mate.

"Oh, no—I'm down on all push-in' bounders," yawned Durance. "It would look queer to have a name like that in the list for a School match—Nameless. But there's no good denyin' that he's a good player, and if you put him in it would help us beat Lyncroft. I'd like to beat Turkey's lot next week."

"I'd rather lose the match than put him in," said Compton, between his teeth.

Durance whistled.

"Better not say that outside this study," he remarked.

"Oh, shut up!" snapped Compton.

Tea in the top study was not a happy or amicable meal that afternoon.

THE THIRD CHAPTER. On the Ball.

I was settled that Harry Nameless was playing in the trials on Saturday; and outside Vernon Compton's own select circle there were few, if any, fellows who saw any objection to it. It was natural, perhaps, that there should have been some prejudice against Harry Nameless when he first arrived at St. Kit's. A fellow whose name was not known, even to himself—who had been picked up in childhood on the beach, and brought up in an old sailorman's cottage, and who had come to the school without the payment of fees, "on the Foundation," was not exactly the kind of fellow the St. Kit's juniors could be expected to honour. Vernon Compton had been "down" on the new fellow from the start; and the great Comp had a good deal of influence in the Lower School. But, somehow, Harry Nameless had succeeded in winning golden opinions from all sorts of people.

Compton gritted his teeth when he thought of it. His pet scheme for sending the new junior to Coventry, and isolating him in the school, was further off from realisation with every day that passed. He found that most of the St. Kit's fellows did not care what a chap's name was so long as he was decent, or even whether he had a name at all. Harry Nameless had proved himself "a good man of his hands"; he had licked Compton in a fight to a finish, and Comp was supposed to be the best fighting-man in the Fourth—but there was not a trace of "side" about him. He was a good footballer—his "swotting" made no difference to that. He had, perhaps, rather more than his share of pride; but that was natural in his peculiar circumstances. But he was a good-tempered fellow, and nobody saw anything to dislike in him—even though he did not know his own name! And the fact that the Honourable Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, son of a noble lord, had chummed with him, made a great deal of difference in Harry's favour.

Even Algy's "people" had taken to him, after some misunderstanding. Lord Rayfield had been seen to shake hands with him, and Aunt Georgina and Aunt Cordelia had both been very kind to him at a late interview. And a fellow with whom a peer of the realm had cordially shaken hands in public was not a fellow to be denounced as a pushing outsider. Luck had all been Harry's way—and Vernon Compton was both puzzled and angry as he saw it. He did not reflect that the nameless schoolboy owed his "luck" to his good qualities. Comp was not likely to admit that.

Indeed, Compton was beginning to discover that his own dead set against the newcomer, instead of being followed as an example, was being severely criticised in some of the Fourth-form studies. His determination to keep Harry Nameless out of the junior games was especially a subject of adverse criticism. For there were few who doubted that on the football field the nameless schoolboy was a better man than the great Comp himself, and quite a number of fellows agreed that it was sheer "rot" for such a dark horse to be kept permanently in the dark to please Compton.

There was a section in the Fourth Form that had never quite bowed down to Compton's lofty rule, and that section quite openly backed the new junior—chiefly, perhaps, in order to make the great Comp "wild." Outside his own nutty circle, indeed, Comp had fewer friends in the Fourth than Harry Nameless had by this time—which was excessively annoying to Comp.

And now the nameless schoolboy was taking the first step towards getting his proper place in the junior games, and Compton found that he could not check him. But Compton was bitterly determined that, in spite of the first step, he should not take a second. He could, at least, keep him out of the matches—that was, at least, in his power.

On Saturday afternoon the juniors turned out for the trial match—Compton's team in the

school colours, blue and white, and the opposing eleven in red stripes. Most of the Fourth and the Shell who were not in the ranks gathered round Little Side to see the kick-off. To Compton's surprise, Oliphant of the Sixth came strolling down to the ground just before the kick-off, with Wake.

"What the thump does Oliphant want here?" muttered Compton to Durance. "He don't want to see a junior trial match."

"Looks as if he does!" said Durance.

"Confound him!"

Compton cast a black look towards Harry Nameless, who was inside-right in St. Leger's team. The nameless schoolboy looked very fit and handsome in jersey and shorts, and his face was very bright. So far, at St. Kit's, he had played only in practice, pick-up matches of six or seven a side, but he had had opportunities of showing his form. He looked very fit and well now, as he felt, and was evidently going to enjoy the game. Compton knew that he would put up a good game, and he was annoyed that it should happen under Oliphant's watching eyes.

St. Leger smiled at his expression.

"Jolly good of old Oliphant to give us a look-in, what, dear boy?" murmured Algernon Aubrey.

"I wish he'd mind his own biznai."

"But this is his biznai, as head of the games," smiled Algy.

If you hear a funny
Story during Christmas
send it to your Editor.

2/6

will be paid for all
Storyettes printed in
"School & Sport"

"Besides, I asked him to come as a special favour."

"You did?" ejaculated Compton.

"Yaas."

"What for, you dummy?" "I wanted him to see my pal's form, you know—I think he ought to know what sort of a player Nameless is," said Algy, cheerily. "He said he'd come, and here he is. Nice of him, what?"

Compton gave him a bitter look. Algy, who was generally considered the champion slacker of St. Kit's, seemed active enough when it was a question of promoting his chum's interests.

"Goin' to toss, dear boy?" purred Algy.

Compton won the toss, and gave St. Leger the wind to kick off against. The ball rolled, and in a few minutes the game was going strong. Compton stole a glance occasionally at Oliphant and Wake; the two Sixth formers were still there, looking on. And Oliphant's eyes were on Harry Nameless—he was following him with interest.

Compton's team was a good deal stronger than the scratch eleven; he had taken care of that. He would not risk defeat even in a trial match, if he could help it. But the new winger was a tower of strength to the opposing side.

For pace and precision Harry Nameless had only two or three equals on the field, as even Compton had to admit. A strong attack had penned the red shirts round their goal, and when the ball came out from the backs, there was only one forward ready to take it, and that was the new winger. Harry Nameless was on the ball in a twinkling, and taking it up the field. The press round the goal broke up, and Harry was away with the ball. There was no one to take a pass—but he was already through the halves, and he wound round the backs like an eel, with the ball at his feet. Only Babbie, in goal, was between him and victory, and Babbie was caught napping. His clutching hand missed the ball by an inch as it shot in.

"Goal!"

"Nameless! Goal!" It was a roar round the field. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger chuckled with sheer delight.

"Good man!" he yelled. "Good old bean! Hurray!"

Compton's face was a study. He was near the ropes—near where Oliphant and Wake were standing—and he heard the captain of St. Kit's remark:

"Good man that!"

"A flier!" said Wake.

And the two great men of the Sixth strolled away, having seen enough of the junior match—or as much as they could expend their valuable time upon.

Compton's eyes were blazing as the sides lined up again. Harry Nameless's handsome face was flushed with exertion and pleasure combined; he was very pleased with his own success. He had been lucky to get that chance of a run up the field; but he had made the most of it. He did not get another chance like it; but he put in good, steady play till half-time, and at the interval his goal was the only goal scored.

In the second half Compton's men succeeded in equalising; but their goal was almost immediately followed by one from Algy's nimble foot. Algy, who generally professed to look on footer as a bore, was playing up like an international now, and his men backed him up well. With a quarter of an hour to go, St. Leger was two to one, and Compton's men did not look like equalising.

Vernon Compton played up with savage zest, determined that victory should be snatched from the jaws of defeat. But victory did not materialise—and almost on the stroke of time the red shirts got away in great style, and there was a hot attack in goal. Babbie headed out the ball sent in by Algy, and it met another head that popped it back into goal before Babbie knew it was coming.

"Goal! Good old Nameless! Goal!"

Hilton of the Fifth, the referee, blew his whistle.

Compton gritted his teeth.

Three goals to one—and two of the winning goals had been scored by the nameless schoolboy, whom Compton was determined to keep out of the eleven. As he walked, breathless and savage, from the field, Vernon Compton realised that, captain of the juniors as he was, he had set himself a difficult task.

THE FOURTH CHAPTER. Bunny is Generous.

"HALLO, old tops!"

Bunny Bootles came into No. 5 Study, where Algernon Aubrey St. Leger and Harry Nameless were chatting, half-an-hour after the trial match. Bunny's fat face was very bright and jovial.

Algernon Aubrey waved a slim hand.

"Blow away, old bean!" he said.

"Don't you know it's tea-time?" demanded Bunny.

"Begad! I might have guessed it was by your turnin' up, dear boy."

"Nameless did jolly well in trials," said Bunny. "You've brought credit on this study, Nameless."

"Thanks."

"But you have, you know," said Bunny, genially, "no end. Compton is as wild as a Hun. Lots of the fellows are saying that he can't keep you out of the Lyncroft match after this, and Comp. don't like it a teeny-weeny bit."

Algy chuckled.

"Fact is, I'm proud to be your study-mate," said Bunny, loftily.

"There!"

"Sorry I can't return the compliment," said Harry Nameless, coolly.

What the fat Bunny was "buttering" him for, Harry did not know; but he did not find Bunny's butter to his taste.

"I didn't like you shoving into this study," said Bunny. "I can't say I liked it. I'm not a snob, I hope."

"Begad! What could you have to be snobbish about, Bunny?" asked Algernon Aubrey, in astonishment.

"Look here, Algy—"

"Turn it off, old bean," said Algy.

"You talk too much, Bunny. It's not your only fault, but it's a serious one. Turn it off and blow away."

"I'm not a snob, I hope," continued Bunny, "but there's such a thing as the fitness of things. Low bounders oughtn't to mix with gentlemen."

"Hear, hear," said Algy.

"Change out of the study, old bean, and set that right at once."

"I didn't mean that, you ass—"

"I did!"

"Low bounders," roared Bunny, "oughtn't to mix with gentlemen. I'm a gentleman—"

"My hat!"

"And Nameless is a low bounder. That's what I mean, only you're too dense to understand, Algy. Without being a snob, that's my opinion, for what it's worth."

"Which is about a German mark!" said Algy.

"But," continued Bunny, "taking all things into consideration, I'm prepared to be kind to Nameless. I'm not going to look down on him—"

"You'd have to get on the table to do that."

"I don't mean like that, you ass. Algy—I mean metaphysically—"

"Which?"

"Metaphysically," said Bunny. "Possibly he meant metaphorically."

"I mean metaphysically, Algy. I'm not going to look down on him any more—I'm going to treat him as an equal."

"Like your cheek!"

"Look here, Algy—"

"Haven't you finished yet, Bunny?"

"No. The fact is, I rather like Nameless, and I'm going to be his friend," said Bunny Bootles. "I'm going to be pally with him. There!"

Harry Nameless burst into a laugh.

"But it takes two to make a bargain," he remarked. "If I catch you being pally with me I shall give you a thick ear."

"Ha, ha, ha!" roared Algy.

"Why you—your cheeky beast!" gasped Bunny, greatly taken aback.

"Now blow away, old bean!" urged Algy. "You're too numerous, Bunny. You're handed out in too large quantities. Blow off!"

"Of course, I can take a joke," said Bunny. "He, he, he! I don't mind your little jokes, Nameless. Now, to come back to what I was saying, Nameless has brought credit on this study, and I'm going to stand a rather special tea this evening to celebrate it."

"Oh, begad!"

"I mean it," said Bunny. "Something very decent in the way of a spread. My uncle's promised to send me a pound note—"

"Will it arrive in time for tea?" asked Algernon Aubrey, with deep sarcasm.

"That's just the difficulty," said Bunny, with an air of great candour. "It won't. But you can hand me the pound, and I'll hand you the other pound when it comes in the morning. Same thing, isn't it?"

"Not quite!" grinned Algy.

"If you're going to be mean, St. Leger, about standing Nameless a feed—"

Algy chuckled, and took out his little Russia-leather purse, upon which Bunny's eyes fastened hungrily. From the little purse he extracted a ten-shilling note.

"Cut off and do the shoppin', Bunny. I'm standin' the giddy feast, and you can keep your uncle's pound note all for yourself, when it comes. I'm afraid it won't make you much richer."

Bunny Bootles did not stop to argue. He annexed the ten-shilling note and departed in haste for the tuck-shop. Algernon Aubrey leaned back elegantly in his armchair, and grinned.

"After all, he's a useful little beast to have about the study—if only he wouldn't leave bullseyes about," he remarked. "I believe I'm sittin' on one now—I'd get up an' see, if it wasn't so much trouble. You're practically fixed for the Lyncroft match on Wednesday, old bean."

Harry shook his head.

"Compton won't—"

"Compton will have to," said Algy, serenely. "If he doesn't do the square thing, you know, there's an appeal to the Head of the Games. That's why I expended honeyed words on old Oliphant to-day, and got him to come and see you play. Rather deep, what?"

"But—!" said Harry, dubiously.

Algy waved a slim hand.

"Leave it to me, old bean, I'm no end of a deep schemer, when I set my powerful brain to work. I suppose you want to play against Turkey's crowd on Wednesday, don't you?"

"I'd like to—but—" Harry's face clouded. "It's not only

Compton. But you're making me give a lot of time to footer, St. Leger.

"Yaas."

"And—and there's the prize I'm after, you know—"

"My dear man!" Algernon Aubrey sat up. "You're not puttin' a dashed old prize before takin' goals in a School match, I suppose?"

Harry laughed rather uneasily. "You don't quite understand," he said. "I keep on telling you I'm poor—too poor for you to comprehend, really. You don't know what it is to be hard up."

"Don't I?" said Algy. "I've run out of money like any other chap. Why, I wanted a taxi back from Lynne one day, and the cash wouldn't run to it—honour bright. Took the train. My dear chap, I can assure you that I've been up against it. I remember there was a man in the train that breathed beer on me. Besides, you're talkin' rot."

"How do you mean?"

"There's only twenty-five quids with the Fortescue prize. How long is that goin' to last you?"

"It won't last me at all," said Harry, in a low voice. "The fellows—some of them—are calling me a prize hunter. But—you see—it's not for myself I want the money."

"You owe a little bill?" asked Algy, sympathetically. "I know—I've been there."

"No, no! If you'd care to know—"

"Of course I would, old bean. I'm no end interested," said Algernon Aubrey. "Tell your Uncle Algernon all about it. If you really want that prize, I'm goin' to help you get it. Go ahead."

"You see," said Harry, colouring a little, "I—I—I've told you who I am. St. Leger, as far as I know. Old Jack Straw found me on the beach near South Cove after a wreck. Not another soul was saved, and nothing came ashore to show what the ship was or where it came from. The dear old fellow took me in and cared for me. I—I suppose I should have been sent to the workhouse otherwise. There was no one to claim me. I had no claim on him, excepting in his own kind heart. He's been a father to me—the only father I've ever known. And—and now he's growin' old—"

"Must be a decent old sport," said Algy.

"He's old now, and not in good health," said Harry. "He finds it pretty difficult to make ends meet. I've always wanted to help him as soon as I could. I was in doubt even about coming to St. Kit's at all. I thought I'd rather get a job and earn some money for him."

"Oh, begad!"

"But Mr. Carew was keen on my coming here, and Jack Straw was ambitious for me, and I came; and Mr. Carew told me that if I chose to work I could make some money here—in prizes, you know. He's an old St. Kit's man, and he went over the list with me. Of—of course, I don't want to bag more than my due. But in an open exam. I have as much right to compete as anybody else; and I think I've got a good chance for the Fortescue if I keep hard at it. And the money will go to old Jack."

Algy whistled softly.

"Oh! I see," he murmured.

"He needs the money," said Harry, restlessly. "He wouldn't say so; he wouldn't worry me about it for worlds. But I've had a letter from a friend of his—another old sailorman at South Cove—telling me how the facts stand. He's had the doctor—and—there's things he needs, and nobody to provide them—unless I can do it. Now you know why I'm so jolly keen on the prize-hunting, as Compton calls it."

"My dear old chap," said Algy, softly. "I catch on. But—look here—"

He hesitated and coloured. "Look here, old bean, I've got no end of tin, and I can get as much more as I choose to ask for—the pater—and the aunts—and Uncle Lovell—they're all old sports, and they know that a fellow can't live without a few banknotes. Now you let me—"

He broke off as Harry's face set a little. Algy groaned dismally. "Have I put my foot in it, old bean?"

"No," said Harry, with a faint smile. "You're awfully kind; but it's quite impossible. Perhaps I oughtn't to have told you, only—"

"My dear man, I'm glad you've told me. You ought to tell your old pal things," Algy rubbed his nose reflectively. "I'm jolly glad

you told me. I'll keep it dark, of course. Not a word now. Here's Bunny with the tea." And the two chums relapsed into silence as Bunny Bootles staggered into the study with a mass of parcels in his fat arms.

THE FIFTH CHAPTER. The Day of the Match!

"HALLO, old tops! The list's up!"

Bunny Bootles made that announcement as he joined Harry Nameless and Algernon Aubrey St. Leger in the quadrangle after lessons on Wednesday. It was the day of the Lyncroft match, and Turkey and Co., of Lyncroft, were expected early in the afternoon. But it was not till close on dinner time that the junior captain had posted up the football list.

Algy turned his eyeglass negligently upon the fat Bunny. Bunny Bootles was greatly in disfavour in No. 5 Study since the time he had pretended to have saved Algy's father from a rascally tramp. But Bunny didn't mind. He was accustomed to being in disfavour, as a matter of fact, and he was as fat and friendly as ever. Unless Algernon Aubrey's riches took unto themselves wings and flew away, he was sure never to lose Cuthbert Archibald's friendship.

"The list's up, is it?" asked Algy.

"Yes, I saw Compton pinning it on the notice-board," said Bunny. "Nameless isn't in it—he, he, he!"

"What are you cacklin' about, Bunny? You know I always want to kick you when you cackle."

"Look here, you beast—"

"Kick him for me, Nameless old chap. I'm always kickin' Bunny, and it tires me."

"Yah!"

Bunny Bootles retreated before Harry could accede to his chum's request. St. Leger polished his eyeglass thoughtfully.

"Let's go an' have a look at the list," he suggested.

"If you like," assented Harry. The nameless schoolboy certainly had not expected to find himself in the list for the Lyncroft match, especially as Compton's dislike for him seemed to grow more intense from day to day. The chums of the Fourth found a good many juniors gathered before the notice-board, and their comments upon the list were free and candid.

"You're in, St. Leger," said Jones minor.

Algy nodded.

"Yaas, I suppose so," he assented. "But Compton seems to have made a mistake; he hasn't put Nameless in."

Jones minor gave a sniff.

"Catch him!" he said.

"Nameless hasn't a chance, of course," said Stubbs. "We all knew that Compton wouldn't play him if he landed a dozen goals in the trials."

"But Compton's bound to choose the best men after trials; that's what trials are for," said Algy.

"Oh! you're an ass, old chap—he won't."

"Perhaps he'll think better of it," said Algernon Aubrey, placidly; and he strolled away with his chum, with a thoughtful wrinkle in his noble brow. Harry glanced at him rather curiously.

"You surely must have expected that, St. Leger," he said.

"Oh! yaas."

"No good bothering about it. Besides, it's awfully kind of you to want me to show up in a school match; but—"

"Thinkin' of swottin' this afternoon?"

"Well, the exam. for the Fortescue is pretty close at hand now," said Harry. "Of course, I'd like to play Lyncroft. But I sha'n't be sorry to put in an extra afternoon's work."

Algy shook his head.

"That's where you make your mistake, dear boy," he answered. "Nothin' like footer to keep you fit for study—taken in moderation, you know. The Lyncroft game will buck you no end."

"But I can't play in it, you know."

"My dear man, ever since I noticed your form at footer, I've intended to boost you into the eleven," said Algy, calmly. "You may have noticed what a determined chap I am—firm as a rock. You're the best junior footballer at St. Kit's, with possibly one exception—ahem! We can't possibly leave you out. Besides, I've a special reason, as I told you

before, why you should play Lyncroft."

"But—"

"My uncle's coming."

Harry's brow clouded.

"Colonel Lovell!"

"Yaas."

"Oh!" said Harry, shortly.

Algernon Aubrey smiled serenely.

"Uncle Lovell is a first-class old sport, dear boy. He saw you under rather unfavourable circumstances when he came before—those cads had ragged you in the study. I want him to see you at your best. You see, my pater and the merry aunts have taken to you, and I want Uncle Lovell to take to you the same. Catchy on? He's comin' to see me, of course, and the football match—he's interested in the school games, you know—and I want you specially to show off your paces before him. Catchy on?"

Harry was silent.

"You don't dislike my uncle?"

asked Algy.

"Oh! no. No. I—I think I should rather like him," said Harry, colouring. "He seemed to me a fine old soldier, the little I saw of him that day he came. But—he seemed to have a prejudice against me—"

"That was because you looked such a tattered object after those cads had handled you, and—and perhaps—"

Algy paused.

"Because I had no name," said Harry, quietly. "Because he thought a nobody from nowhere wasn't fit to speak to his nephew—"

"Old man, if you're gettin' on the high horse again—"

"I'm not. But—"

"You're so doocid proud," said Algy, plaintively. "Now, I'm not proud—never was. I want you to like nunky, you know, because he's no end of a decent old sport—the real white article, you know. If you made a rather bad impression on him that time, now's your time to make a good impression on him, see? Of course, if you're too haughty—"

Harry laughed.

"Now your father's satisfied that I'm a fit friend for you I suppose Colonel Lovell won't be down on me," he said. "But—"

"Never knew anybody like you for buttin'—billgoats aint in it with you. Nunky's heard how you helped the pater when he was bothered by a tramp in Lyncroft Wood—"

Harry laughed.

"I couldn't ask him anything—I wouldn't—"

"Good old high horse! Who's askin' you to?" murmured Algy.

"Perhaps Compton won't be asked, perhaps he'll be told. Never mind Compton; I'm tired of talkin' about him. Mind you put some bear's grease on your hair this afternoon, old bean—metaphorically, of course—or metaphorically, as Bunny puts it."

Algernon Aubrey chuckled. "Nunky saw you before with your face adorned with soot or somethin', and hadn't a chance of seein' what a nice-lookin' boy you are—"

"Algy, you ass."

"Well, you are a nice-lookin' chap," said Algy, calmly. "It doesn't show up very much in my company, perhaps, but with any other fellow you'd look quite handsome."

"Ha, ha, ha!"

"There, I've made you chortle," said Algy, amiably. "Queer thing how fellows do chortle when I make a remark—blessed if I know why they do. I must be some sort of unconscious humorist. Hallo, there's Oliphant. Excuse me, old bean, I've got to speak to our merry old skipper."

And Algernon Aubrey quitted his chum, and crossed over to intercept the captain of St. Kit's.

Harry Nameless walked on, under the oaks, by himself, a rather moody expression on his handsome face.

He remembered Colonel Lovell—only too well: the handsome, soldierly man with the grizzled moustache, whose keen, penetrat-

ing eyes had dwelt on him so unfavourably, once. The Colonel had been "down" on him—at least, prejudiced against him. Harry hardly blamed him for that. Strangely enough, he could not find it in his heart to resent what Colonel Lovell had said, what he had done. There was something—he hardly understood what—that seemed to attract him to the grim old Colonel. He had no cause to like him, yet he knew that he would have given a great deal for the good opinion of Algy's stern uncle.

And he was coming to St. Kit's again—probably enough, to see Algy's chum, the boy who had won golden opinions from Algy's other relations, though he had no name, and had been brought up in a sailor-man's cottage. Had the Colonel's unfavourable opinion altered, or did he still look upon him as an unscrupulous outsider, who had imposed himself upon Algy's good nature? That thought brought a flush to Harry's cheek.

It was bitter enough to feel that he was going to be inspected—examined and cussed over—distrustfully. But for Algy's sake, at least, he would bear it patiently. Algy had been a good chum to him, and there was little he would not have endured for Algy's sake. And—and—that was not all. To his own wonder Harry Nameless realised that he was glad the Colonel was coming, though he shrank from the meeting—glad that he was going to see that stern old bronzed face again. Why, he could not have said, but so it was.

THE SIXTH CHAPTER.

A Change in the Programme.

FISHER of the Third came into the Glory Hole and looked round with his usual cheeky expression. Compton and Co. were chatting by the window, and they did not deign to notice the presence of a Third-form fag.

"You're wanted, Compton," bawled Fisher. He was only a dozen feet from the captain of the Fourth, and there really was no occasion to bawl, but Fisher of the Third put his beef into it.

Vernon Compton did not even look round.

"Compton!" bawled Fisher, a second time. "Gone deaf, Compton, old bird?"

At that disrespectful address the great Comp. stirred.

"You cheeky little beast," said Compton. "If you want me to kick you from one end of the passage to the other—"

"Bow-wow. You're wanted," said Fisher, keeping at a safe distance. "Get a move on, sharp. Oliphant wants you."

"Confound Oliphant."

"Shall I tell him that?"

grinned Fisher.

Compton remained in angry reflection for a moment, and then he walked out of the Glory Hole. He knew that he had to obey Oliphant's summons, and there was not much use dallying.

He came into the prefects' room with rather tight lips. He had to listen to Oliphant, and he had to suppress his resentment, and neither was pleasant to so important a young gentleman as Vernon Compton.

He found Oliphant and Wake and Beauchamp in the prefects' room. Wake was reading, and Beauchamp was admiring a new tie before the glass; it was Oliphant he had to deal with. The captain of St. Kit's beckoned to him as he appeared with a rather grim look.

"When are Lyncroft coming, Compton?" he asked, abruptly.

"Kick-off at three."

"I've seen your list."

"I hope you like it, Oliphant. It's jolly good of you to take an interest in our games."

Oliphant stared at him. There was a sarcastic tone in Compton's voice that he did not like.

"Naturally I take an interest in them," he snapped. "Your list is fairly good, but you've left out Nameless."

Compton compressed his lips hard.

"I've seen that kid play," said Oliphant. "As a rule I don't interfere in the junior games; you know that. If a captain is worth his salt, he can look after his team without my assistance."

"Thank you, Oliphant."

"Nothing to thank me for—I said if a captain is worth his salt."

"I hope I am," said Compton, with a meekness he was very far from feeling.

"I hope so—but I'm not very sure about it. You know a good winger when you see one, I suppose?"

"I suppose so."

"Then why have you put Howard, a slow lumberer in the front line and left Nameless out, in the hardest match you juniors ever play?"

"I don't think Nameless is much good."

"That's rot," said Oliphant, in his abrupt way. "If you thought that really, Compton, you wouldn't be fit to captain the juniors at all, and I should put it to the junior committee to elect a new skipper."

Compton was pale with anger.

"Look here, Oliphant, I'm captain I suppose—and the fellows are satisfied—"

"Nothing of the kind," interrupted Oliphant. "I've made it a point to make an inquiry or two, and I find that a crowd of the youngsters think that Nameless ought to be in the eleven."

"My opinion is worth something, I suppose."

"Look here, Compton," said Oliphant, gravely. "It's no good beating about the bush. You know as well as I do that Nameless is entitled to play in the match on his form, and that he showed up better than any other man in the trials. You're passing him over because you've got some personal feeling against him. From what I can see, that fact is the talk of your Form, and there's no need to argue about it. Now, this won't do. It's not sport, and it's not playing the game. Personal feelings shouldn't enter into football matters—you oughtn't to need to be told that. If you don't like Nameless, don't speak to him—off the football ground. But if he's the man you want for your eleven, put him in."

"He's not the man I want!"

muttered Compton.

"He is the man you want—as football skipper," said Oliphant, calmly. "Whether you want him or not personally doesn't count. I strongly advise you to put him in Howard's place."

"I can't!"

"Howard is only a passenger in the front line, or little better. I've had my eye on you all, you see. Do you mean to tell me that you think Howard a better forward than Nameless?"

Compton was silent. The difference in form between the two players was too marked for him to venture upon such a statement.

"You see?" said Oliphant, as the Fourth-former did not answer.

"But—"

Compton breathed hard.

"Now, kid," said Oliphant, kindly enough, "take my tip and forget everything but football when it's a case of a match. Put Nameless into the front line, and you won't be sorry for it."

Compton almost choked. The captain of St. Kit's was putting the matter kindly and delicately; he was only advising the junior captain. But there was an iron hand in the velvet glove. Behind the "advice" authority lurked. Vernon Compton knew that he had to give in.

"Well?" said Oliphant.

"I—I—I'll do as—as you advise, Oliphant!" almost gasped Compton. It was difficult for him to get the words out.

"Right!" said Oliphant, cheerily. "I think you'll probably give Lyncroft a beating this time, my boy—they beat you rather badly on their ground, a few weeks ago, you know. You want to wipe that out. I'll stroll along and have a look at you during the game, so tell your men to pull up their socks and put some beef into it."

Compton muttered something inarticulately, and escaped from the room. He was so choking with rage that he could scarcely trust himself to speak. He had been overruled, and he thought he could guess to whom he owed it. His eyes blazed as he found St. Leger lounging gracefully by the notice-board.

"Waitin' to see me here, I suppose?" he hissed.

Algernon Aubrey gave him a cordial nod.

"Yaas. I hoped you might change your mind about leavin' old Nameless out of the team, dear boy."

"I've changed my mind."

"Good."

With a hand that trembled,

Compton scratched a pencil through Howard's name on the junior football list, and wrote "H. Nameless" over it. Then he turned to St. Leger again.

"You spoke to Oliphant?" he said.

"Yaas, I had a chat with the dear boy to-day."

"About—about Nameless—"

"Yaas."

"You rotter!"

"My dear man," said Algernon Aubrey, polishing his eyeglass, "if you don't do your duty, it's the duty of the Head of the Games to see that you do it. I chipped in to make sure of it. We're not going to be beaten by Lyncroft, dear man, just because you've got a bee in your bonnet about my pal. I knew old Oliphant would see the right thing done—it's his duty, you know. My duty was to tip him the wink. Catchy on? What's that the merry poet says—'When duty calls to brazen walls—I forget the rest.'"

"I'll make you suffer for this," muttered Compton.

"Dear man!"

"You and your beggar chum."

"Do you know, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey in a thoughtful way, "that expression doesn't suit your face? Generally speakin' you're not a bad lookin' chap; but now you're doin' your best to look like a cinema villain. Suppose your features should get fixed like that, Compton?"

"You—you—"

"Think how awful that would be!" urged Algy. "Hallo, old bean," he added as Harry Nameless came along. "Time to change for the Lyncroft match."

"But I'm not playing," said Harry.

"Your mistake, old bean, you are. Dear old Compton has changed his mind and decided to play you after all. I thought he'd decide on it in the long run."

Harry glanced at Compton and then at the list. His face lighted up.

"Thank you, Compton," he said as cordially as he could.

"Hang you!"

Compton strode away with that polite reply. Harry stared after him, and then looked in perplexity at St. Leger.

"I don't quite catch on—"

"What does it matter?" yawned Algernon Aubrey. "There's your name, and you're playin', so come and change."

"You've worked this somehow, St. Leger."

The dandy of St. Kit's smiled.

"Your uncle Algernon," he said, sententiously, "is a downy bird! I've mentioned the fact before! Come and tog."

And he walked his still puzzled chum away to change. Harry Nameless went cheerily enough. And he had to admit that the superb Algy, with all his elegant manners and customs, was indeed, as he declared, a downy bird. Harry came down to Little Side with his chum in the cheeriest of spirits.

THE SEVENTH CHAPTER.

The Lyncroft Match.

LYNCROFT had not yet arrived, and the chums of the Fourth found some of the team chatting and some of them punting a ball about. Vernon Compton was not yet on the ground, but the rest were there. Howard, in Etons, was looking on glumly. He did not take kindly to being dropped out of the team. But it was quite evident that Harry Nameless's inclusion in the team was by no means unpopular, excepting in the case of the captain. Even Tracy and Lumley were not displeased. They wanted to beat Lyncroft, and they knew that they had ever so much better a chance with Nameless in the front line instead of a slacker. And Durance made it a point to speak to Harry on the subject to testify his approval.

"I'm glad you're playin'," he said, frankly. "Never mind old Comp. bein' a bit waxy. You're the man we want to beat Lyncroft, and I'm glad we've got you."

"Thanks," said Harry, rather surprised at this testimony from one of Comp's select circle.

"Not at all. I don't like you personally any more than Comp does—"

"Thanks again."

"Don't mench! But I shall be next to you in the game, and I'm jolly glad to have you next to me instead of that ass Howard."

And Durance rejoined his

friends, having thus unburdened his mind. Babbie of the Shell, the goalkeeper, also made it a point to announce his satisfaction. It was pleasant enough to Harry to feel that he was not regarded as an intruder in the team, even by Compton's pals. Indeed, he could not help suspecting faintly that Comp's pals were not wholly averse to seeing the great man sustain a little set-back now and then.

Algernon Aubrey noted the brightening of his chum's face with inward satisfaction.

"Feelin' fit, old bean?" he inquired.

"Fit as a fiddle."

"Good! You've got to play the game of your life to-day, you know."

"I'm going to try."

"Turkey and Co. beat us last time on their own ground," said Algernon Aubrey. "That was just before you came to St. Kit's. We're goin' to turn the tables on them to-day, I hope. Turkey, the Lyncroft chap, is their junior skipper an' a good man at footer. I wonder when Nucky is goin' to turn up. He said he expected to be here

meddling, as Comp. considered it. But Algy was too good a man and too popular for Compton to venture upon that. Weakening the team from sheer malice would have raised something like a hornet's nest round Compton's ears, for his motives could hardly have been concealed. He had to make the best of it.

The kick-off fell to the home team against a rather stiff wind. In a few minutes the green and white of Lyncroft, with the wind behind them, were penning up the blue shirts round the home goal. Turkey and Co. got away in fine style, and the attack was hot. But Babbie in goal was equal to it, and he sent out the leather that came in from Turkey's foot, and the backs succeeded in getting the ball out.

Then came St. Kit's chance.

The forwards got the ball and carried it up the field, passing like clockwork. The game swayed away towards the other end, where Buster Bunce, fat and rosy, was stamping his feet to keep himself warm between the goalposts. The Lyncroft backs were good, however, and Buster went on stamping his

game swayed into midfield, hot and fast.

There was a savage blaze in Compton's eyes—he had heard one or two muttered ejaculations. It was almost a certain goal he had taken from his new winger—and he had failed to bag it. That little incident had not passed unnoticed in the St. Kit's eleven, nor among the juniors who crowded round the field.

"Swank, as usual!" Tracy muttered to Lumley. "Same old Comp!"

"Same old ass!" grunted Lumley.

That was how Comp's pals commented upon the incident, and those who were not his pals made remarks that were "frequent and painful and free."

That chance, once lost, did not return. There was a slogging game for some time, and both sides came close to scoring; but the score did not arrive for either. The goals were still intact when half-time drew near, though both Babbie and Buster Bunce had plenty to do.

Harry Nameless became conscious—he hardly knew how—of the

citement of the game. Somehow Harry knew that Colonel Lovell was looking at him—he could not have told why. He did not glance round; he wanted all his eyes for the game. He threaded through the Lyncroft defence and centred to Compton, the Colonel's grim glance following him. This time Compton had better luck, and he sent in the ball just outside the clutches of Buster Bunce.

There was a roar.

"Goal!"

It was first blood to St. Kit's. The Colonel's eyes never left Harry Nameless. He watched him as the players came back to the centre of the field and the ball was kicked off by Turkey.

"You see the boy you are interested in?" asked Mr. Lathley.

"Yes."

"A fine lad," said the form-master. Mr. Lathley was not aware that the Colonel had a prejudice on this subject. He was glad to do his little bit towards removing it, having a very high opinion of Nameless himself.

"So far as looks go, undoubtedly."

"In character, too, I assure you, Colonel Lovell," said Mr. Lathley. "One of my best pupils, and a good player, too, in the field, as you see. I am not a judge of football, but I believe the boy is doing well."

"Very well indeed."

"I thought so."

"I have seen this boy before," said Colonel Lovell, abruptly.

"Yes; I think he was here when you saw your nephew, on the occasion of your former visit."

"I am not alluding to that. On that occasion there had been what the boys call a ragging, and he was smothered in ink and soot."

"Bless my soul! I was not aware—"

The Colonel smiled faintly.

"Probably not, I believe there are happenings in junior studies of which form-masters sometimes remain unaware. It was so in my time here."

Mr. Lathley laughed genially.

"No doubt. No doubt."

"I could not tell in the least what the boy was like then," resumed the Colonel. "I see him now practically for the first time at St. Kit's. And his face is quite familiar to me."

"That is very odd," said Mr. Lathley in surprise. "He has—ahem—moved in a station very—ahem—very remote from yours."

"His origin is obscure, I understand."

"I suppose that is the word," said Mr. Lathley, rather reluctantly. "No blame, of course, attaches to the boy. His parents are unknown. Some kind-hearted sailor appears to have brought him up—"

"Where?"

"At a fishing village called South Cove in Sussex."

"I have never heard of it before," said the Colonel, "and certainly I have never visited it."

"Then you can scarcely have met Nameless. I understand that he had never been any great distance from his native village before he came to this school."

"I have certainly met him," said Colonel Lovell grimly. "I am not a man to forget faces. During the last twenty years I doubt if I have set foot in Sussex, excepting when making a rare visit to this school, and then I have come by train. But I have certainly met that boy—I cannot recall when or where, but his face is perfectly familiar to me."

Mr. Lathley was perplexed and silent. There seemed nothing to say in reply to the officer's odd assertion.

"My nephew's parents and other relatives seem to have been favourably impressed by this boy," added the Colonel after a pause.

"Most favourably. He showed great courage in rendering assistance to Lord Rayfield on one occasion."

"I have heard about that. Is that his only recommendation in their eyes?"

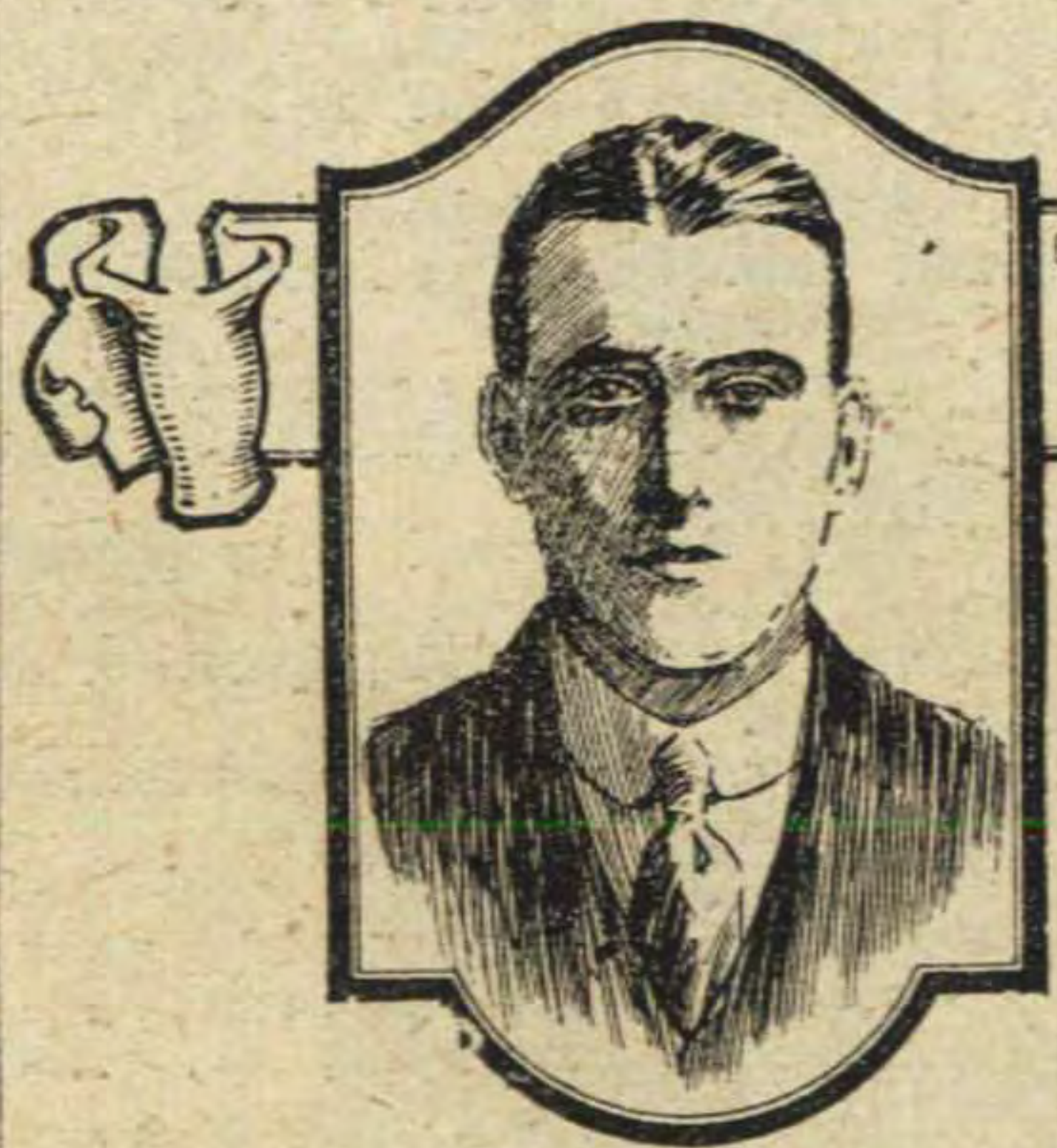
"Really!" stammered Mr. Lathley.

"Because," continued the Colonel icily, "I have not been through a five years' war without seeing courage displayed by all sorts of characters—rogues and vagabonds among the rest."

"Nameless is certainly neither a rogue nor a vagabond, Colonel Lovell," said Mr. Lathley warmly.

"I do not say he is either," said the Colonel, unmoved. "I only re-

"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.

GOING GREAT GUNS.

Thousands of my reader-friends have sent me letters of congratulations and good wishes for SCHOOL AND SPORT. The stories in No. 1 appear to have met with universal approval. I thought they would do so, and what I now want my readers to do for our little paper is to make a big effort to increase our happy family circle.

Every new reader helps. So the best way to increase the circulation of SCHOOL AND SPORT is by recommending the paper whenever you have an opportunity. So please make an effort to help.

LOYAL SUPPORTERS.

Each week I shall endeavour to print the names of readers who are making an extra big effort on behalf of SCHOOL AND SPORT. Here are a few of my loyal supporters so far:—S. Thomas, W. K. Buckley, Miss Langley, A. Mellor, A. Morris, C. W. Hadley, J. Brown, J. A. Patterson, W. J. Dareh, A. Payne, F. C. Clark, J. Mather, G. Burton, A. Holms,

R. F. Claydon, Miss A. Lamb, E. Wotton, B. J. Bigglestone, R. Pendleton, P. Hoy, G. Poole, D. D. Salem, W. N. Ross, E. Farman, J. Thomson, C. Kelly, C. W. Horton, E. Tomlin, L. Barrett, H. Ward, A. H. Willis, F. Allen, B. Maggs, C. Vales, Miss Peg Patten, L. Millar, G. Robinson, Miss Thelma Taylor, J. Davison, S. Phillips.

NEXT WEEK.

The stories for No. 4 of SCHOOL AND SPORT are ones that you cannot possibly afford to miss. The 30,000 word long, complete story by Clifford Clive is entitled

"HOW HARRY NAMELESS FOUND HIS FATHER."

and deals with the further adventures of the boys of St. Kit's. There will also be another long instalment of John Winterton's great yarn,

"THE CRUISE OF THE 'TARTAR.'"

There will be another interesting Football Competition, and by next week I hope I shall have received a good batch of storyettes from readers. Every storyette sent in by a reader and printed in

SCHOOL AND SPORT will be paid for at the rate of half-a-crown each. Send in yours to-day.

IDEAS.

One reader wants to see a plan of St. Kit's and a portrait gallery of the principal characters.

Another reader thinks we should have two serials and the long school story. A reader from Manchester suggests we give particulars of school records. "Invalid" says, "Why not publish an indoor game every week during the winter?"

I hope I shall receive many more ideas from my chums, and if any of you think the suggestions given above should be carried into effect, let me know at once, and I will see what can be done.

Your sincere friend,

Your Editor.

about three. We kick off at three. Hallo, here's Lyncroft."

Compton came on the ground with the Lyncroft crowd.

Harry Nameless looked rather curiously over the visiting team. They looked a sturdy set of footballers, and he saw at a glance that the game was going to be a hard one.

"Hallo, there's the nunky-bird!" murmured Algernon Aubrey as the sides were forming.

Harry Nameless followed his glance.

In the distance he caught a glimpse of a tall, soldierly figure going towards the schoolhouse.

It was Colonel Lovell, and Harry's eyes followed him till he disappeared behind the oaks.

"He'll be comin' along here presently," said Algy. "Jaw with the Head first, I suppose. Mind you play up, old bean."

"You bet!" said Harry, cheerily.

Compton did not glance once at his inside right. He had had to swallow Harry's presence in the team, but he swallowed it with a bad grace. Indeed, he had turned it over in his mind whether he should "drop" Algernon Aubrey out as a punishment for his

feet; the ball went to midfield. Vernon Compton at centre-forward drove it onward, and it came out on the right wing. Harry Nameless passed it out to Durance as he was charged, and Durance ran it on almost along the touch-line.

Harry was up again in a twinkling and racing on to receive the pass, as Durance was stopped. He received the ball, with a half coming down on him like a steam engine. That Lyncroft half never knew how he missed his prey—Harry Nameless was round him and speeding on, with the backs to deal with. Vernon Compton shouted:—

"To me!"

The backs were not close up yet, and Harry had a clear chance of a run in with only the goalkeeper to beat. But he obeyed his captain's order and passed the ball to centre.

Compton took the pass neatly enough and ran the ball on, but as he kicked for goal a Lyncroft back came down on him, and they sprawled on the ground together.

The ball went anywhere, and the foot of Algernon Aubrey St. Leger on the other wing found it and sent it in. Buster Bunce grinned and fisted it out, and the Lyncroft defence promptly cleared. The

fact that there was a new spectator on the scene. Over the heads of the watching crowd a bronzed face and a frizzled moustache towered by the side of little Mr. Lathley, the master of the Fourth. The form-master had walked down to the ground with Colonel Lovell.

"The boy is playing, you say!" the Colonel remarked to Mr. Lathley as he looked on the rather animated field.

"Yes, I understand so. Howard, what position does Nameless occupy?" said Mr. Lathley, blinking at the field over his glasses.

"I suppose you know."

Howard did know. He had good reasons for knowing.

"Inside right, sir," he grunted. Mr. Lathley blinked again.

"Ah, there he is, Colonel Lovell. He has the ball now."

Colonel Lovell fixed his eyes upon the lithe figure that was speeding up the field against the wind with the ball at his feet.

The Colonel had seen Harry once before, but that was when the ragging had taken place in No. 5 study and the nameless schoolboy's features had been decorated with ink and soot. Now he had a good view of the handsome, flushed face, flushed with the exertion and ex-

mark that his courage, which may be exaggerated, is no evidence as to his character. Have you always found the boy truthful?"

"Undoubtedly."

"Yet he has stated that he has never been to a distance from South Cove, a place I have never visited."

"I do not know that he has exactly said so—I understand so."

"If he has said so, Mr. Lathley, he has lied, and my worst opinion of him is justified," said the Colonel calmly. "I have certainly seen him before, neither at South Cove nor at St. Kit's."

Mr. Lathley flushed.

"I will ask him the question," he said shortly; "or, rather, you shall ask him yourself, Colonel Lovell. I believe that I am to some extent a judge of boys, and I have seldom met one who impressed me so favourably as Nameless. Speak to him."

"I shall certainly do so."

The whistle rang out for half-time. The first half of the Lyncroft match ended with St. Kit's one up. Harry Nameless glanced as the game broke up towards the spot where the tall officer stood head and shoulders above Mr. Lathley. To his surprise, Mr. Lathley beckoned to him.

"By Jove! Nunky wants to speak to you, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "Come over and be introduced."

Harry's heart throbbed a little. Few would have suspected the sturdy schoolboy of timidity, yet he felt a strange timidity in approaching Colonel Lovell. But Mr. Lathley's beckoning hand was not to be disregarded, and Algernon Aubrey marched his chum towards the ropes with a feeling of satisfaction that Uncle Lovell had singled him out so soon. Algy felt that Uncle Lovell had seen his chum under the most favourable conditions now and could not have failed to note what a really decent chap he was. The happy Algy little guessed what was coming.

THE EIGHTH CHAPTER.

A Strange Scene on the Football Field.

"NAMELESS," said Mr. Lathley in his mild voice, "Colonel Lovell wishes to speak to you—to ask you a question."

"Yes, sir," said Harry.

"Uncle—" began Algernon Aubrey.

Algernon Aubrey was going to present his chum in due form, but the Colonel interrupted him.

He made a gesture, and the Honourable Algernon was silent. He was not looking so cheery now; he felt that something was wrong.

Colonel Lovell after that gesture took no heed of Algy. His keen, deep-set grey eyes were fixed upon the handsome, flushed face of Harry Nameless of the Fourth.

"You are called Nameless?" he asked.

"Yes, sir," said Harry, quietly. He was quick to note the half-hidden hostility in the old gentleman's tone, and it had a painful effect upon him.

"You have lived at South Cove all your life, I believe, before coming to this school—I mean, Mr. Lathley tells me so."

"Yes, sir," said Harry in surprise.

Whatever he had expected to hear from Algy's uncle he certainly hadn't expected to hear this. The Colonel's manner was abrupt, and the drift of his questioning was a mystery to Harry.

"Did you leave South Cove often?"

"Hardly ever."

"Have you ever been to London?"

Harry smiled.

"Yes, Jack Straw took me to London once, sir, on a ship."

"Who is Jack Straw?"

"An old sailor at South Cove. The man who brought me up, sir," said Harry, his flush deepening. The questioning was jirksom enough to him, under the eyes of a crowd, and he was beginning to feel resentful. The Colonel's manner was almost that of a magistrate.

The fellows round about were drawing nearer and looking on, interested by this curious scene. All the players in the field were staring towards the spot.

Harry Nameless felt himself the cynosure of all eyes, and it made him distinctly uncomfortable.

Mr. Lathley was fidgeting with great discomfort. He, too, resented the grim, magisterial manner of Colonel Lovell, though he could scarcely venture to demur. The Colonel was a governor of the school, and had a certain authority within the walls of St. Kit's. Certainly he was entitled to question a junior schoolboy if he chose so to do; but his dry, hard manner was almost an unspoken accusation against the boy he was questioning.

"Excepting for this trip to London on a ship have you ever left South Cove?"

"I have cycled sometimes to a distance," answered Harry, resentful and puzzled at this examination, of which he could not understand the drift. "I really do not see, sir—"

"You do not see what?"

"I do not see why you are asking me these questions, especially in this place and at this time," said Harry, his eyes meeting the Colonel's fearlessly.

"I am asking you these questions because I desire an answer. Have you ever been in trouble?"

"In trouble?" repeated Harry.

"With the law?"

"The—the law?"

Harry's face crimsoned.

He realised now, beyond the shadow of a doubt, that the Colonel was hostile. Why he could not even

imagine. But there was no doubt about the fact.

Colonel Lovell seemed unaware that two score of pairs of ears were drinking in every word.

The juniors gazed at one another in wonder.

"Colonel Lovell!" broke out Mr. Lathley, hotly, "is that a question to be addressed to the boy?"

"I think so. I am waiting for his answer."

Colonel Lovell's manner was utterly uncompromising.

"My—my answer," said Harry, thickly. "My answer is No, and it is the last answer I shall make to you, sir!"

"What?"

"You have no right to ask me such questions," exclaimed Harry, and his voice rang with indignation. "How dare you, sir!"

"Boy!"

"You have insulted me before my schoolfellows," exclaimed Harry. "What have I done to you? You have no right to say anything of the kind to me. Mr. Lathley, you are my form-master, sir. Am I bound to listen to that man's insults?"

Mr. Lathley's kind face was the picture of distress.

"That man!" repeated the Colonel, dazedly. "Are you aware, boy, that you are speaking to a governor of the school?"

"I'm quite aware of it," answered Harry. "Governor or not, you have no right to insult one who is defenceless."

"Uncle," murmured Algernon Aubrey, feebly. He was utterly taken aback by this strange development.

Wilton of the Fifth, who was refereeing the match, had his whistle ready. The interval had expired, but the Fifth-former felt some hesitation about interrupting so important a personage as Colonel Lovell. He looked at Compton, and Compton grinned. Compton was as astonished as anyone else by this curious scene; but he no longer regretted that Harry Nameless had played in the Lyncroft match. This humiliation of his enemy was like meat and drink to Compton.

As for the Lyncroft fellows, they studiously affected to hear and see nothing, but they could not help exchanging glances of wonder.

Colonel Lovell did not seem to observe that he was delaying the football match. He gave no attention to that detail at all events.

"My dear Nameless," murmured Mr. Lathley, quite at a loss. "Colonel Lovell has—has certain reasons—for questioning you."

"This is not the time or the place, sir, if he has."

Mr. Lathley could not help concurring in that.

"That is for me to judge, boy," said the Colonel, harshly. "I will give you my reason. I have seen you before you came to this school. I certainly have not seen you at

South Cove, a place I never knew the existence of. Your face is perfectly familiar to me."

Harry stared.

"If that is so I cannot help it," he said. "I do not know where you can have seen me."

"You must also have seen me."

"I do not think so."

"Reflect before you make that assertion, boy."

"There is no need to reflect," retorted Harry Nameless. "If I had seen you I suppose I should remember it."

"Certainly you would remember it."

"Do you mean that I should tell an untruth about it, sir?" exclaimed Harry, his face flaming.

"I fear so," answered the Colonel, calmly. "Since your face is quite familiar to me the inference is that you must have met me."

"I have never met you—excepting the day you came down here to see St. Leger."

"I am not referring to that. You have met me before you came to this school."

"I have not."

Colonel Lovell gave a slight shrug of the shoulders. He did not conceal his utter disbelief of this statement.

"Have you ever borne any other name than the one you now bear?"

"Of course not."

"You have never appeared before a bench of magistrates on any charge?"

"How dare you!" exclaimed Harry, passionately. "I refuse to answer you, sir. The question is an insult."

"Really, Colonel!" murmured Mr. Lathley.

"Pray allow me," said the Colonel. "I am not speaking without good reasons, Mr. Lathley."

"I cannot allow you, sir," said Mr. Lathley, firmly.

"Sir!"

"This boy is in my form, and therefore under my protection," said the little form-master, undismayed by the terrific glance he received from Colonel Lovell. "I cannot allow him to be spoken to in this manner."

"I think you forget yourself, Mr. Lathley."

"On the contrary, sir, it is not I who forget," exclaimed Mr. Lathley, warmly. "If you desire to cross-examine Nameless there are other places more private than this. Dr. Cheyne will see that you have your opportunity. And I say plainly, sir, that this scene must go no further. Nameless, go back to your game."

Colonel Lovell gnawed his lip hard. It was evident that the old military gentleman was accustomed to having his own way and to overriding opposition. But Mr. Lathley—little slip of a man as he looked beside the big, bronzed soldier—was as firm as a rock. He signed to Harry to go, and the nameless

schoolboy was glad enough to obey.

"Boy!" exclaimed the Colonel. Harry did not heed.

He obeyed his form-master, and gave no attention whatever to the thunderous voice of the Colonel.

He walked back to the centre of the field, where the footballers at once gathered for the resumption of the game.

Mr. Lathley, with an indignant blink at his tall companion, turned and walked back to the schoolhouse.

Colonel Lovell did not move.

If he noticed the curious glances turned on him, on all sides, his grim, bronzed face gave no sign of it. With knitted brows he stood looking on at the football field, and it was some time before he wheeled and strode away.

THE NINTH CHAPTER.

The Winning Goals.

ALGY'S aristocratic face expressed the utmost distress as he followed Harry Nameless back into the field. The interval had lasted more than ten minutes, but the fellows were hardly thinking of that. The strange scene that had been enacted by the ropes filled all thoughts. Algernon Aubrey nudged his chum almost timidly, and Harry looked at him.

"I'm sorry, old bean," faltered Algy. "I—I never thought. I never guessed. I—I'm fairly floored."

"It's all right."

"But it isn't all right," muttered Algy. "I'm simply flabbergasted! I—I can only apologise, old fellow."

Harry smiled faintly. He guessed what poor Algy's feelings must have been like during that interview.

"Don't worry, old fellow. I'm not hurt, you know."

"I can't understand it. Nunky is really an old brick, you know, with all his grim looks, but it's no good expectin' you to think that now," groaned Algy. "I'm ashamed of him."

"Get into your places there," snapped out Compton.

The sides were lining up for the second half.

Vernon Compton wore a smiling countenance.

All his moves against the new junior had been checked one after another; on every occasion he had tasted the bitterness of defeat. Now an utterly unexpected and unlooked-for ally had turned up. Fifty fellows, at least, had heard Colonel Lovell's words; in an hour all St. Kit's would have heard them. The strange affair would be talked of from one end of the school to the other; from the Sixth to the Second. It was a blow such as the nameless schoolboy had not suffered before—a blow from which he was not likely to recover in the estimation of his form-fellows. Indeed, Compton himself began to believe that he had been

Grand Competition

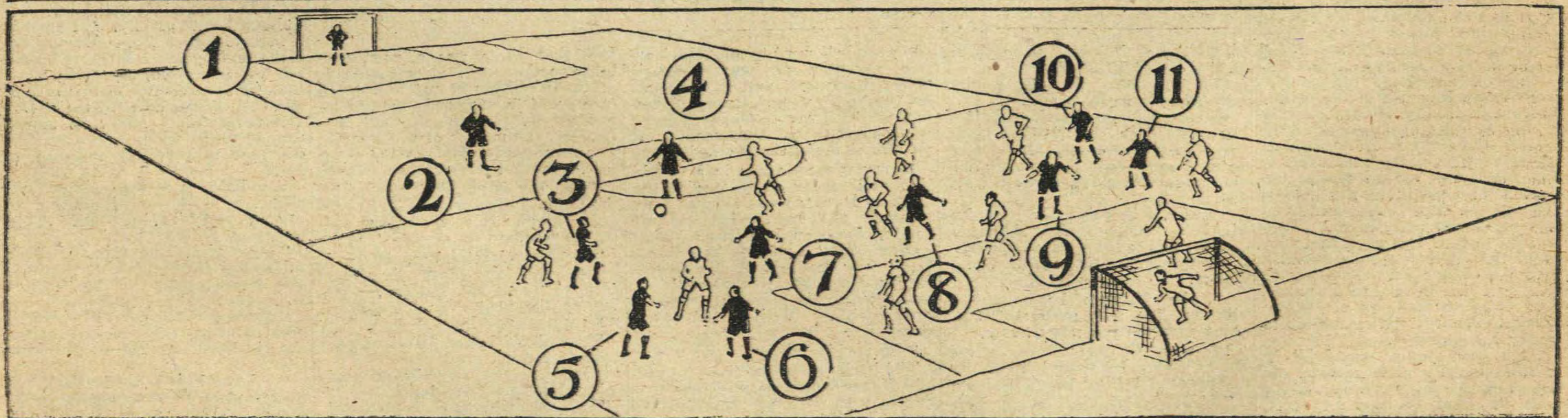
NO
ENTRANCE
FEE

"FOOTER PROBS"

(FOOTBALL PROBLEMS)

Football as Prizes

READ
THE
RULES



Fill in the Numbers of the Players—Figures only.

4

Name.....

Address.....

I enter "Footer Probs" Competition No. 3, and agree to accept the Editor's decision as final and legally binding. Closing date January 5th, 1922.

RULES.

The diagram given above is from an actual photograph taken at a school football match. "Blacks" gained possession of the ball, 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. "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 who kicked or headed the ball. 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 January 5th, 1922. The Competition Coupon must be

used, and sent to SCHOOL AND SPORT, No. 3 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.

right after all in being so bitterly "down" on this nameless outsider from the very first. If there was nothing against him, why was a governor of the school so openly and harshly "down" on him. Colonel Lovell had practically denounced him as a liar before St. Kit's, and pretty plainly hinted that he had the worst of motives for his falsehoods. Compton had a happy feeling that he had been right all along, and a happy anticipation that Harry Nameless was going to be an outcast in the school after all. He could have thanked Algy just then for being the inadvertent cause of that scene on the football ground.

The game restarted, and it was soon seen that the new winger was not in his earlier form.

That was hardly surprising. Every nerve in Harry's body was tingling with indignation and shame, and he found it difficult to put his thoughts into the game and dismiss that scene from his mind. Algernon Aubrey was worried and distressed too, and he fumbled a good deal, and the result was that there was weakness on both wings.

Turkey and Co. were not the fellows to neglect that. In a quarter of an hour from the whistle Lyncroft seemed to be getting it all their own way, and Battle of the Shell was hotly besieged. The ball came out on the right-wing from the backs, and Durance drove it away, passing to Harry Nameless as he was tackled. Harry took the pass clumsily enough, and was robbed of the ball in a twinkling by Turkey, who bore it away goalward at his foot. Compton shouted.

"You clumsy fool! Do you call that footer?"

It was a happy moment to Compton, when he was able to "slang" the new winger for faulty play.

Harry caught his derisive, triumphant look as he shouted and tried to pull himself together.

It was not easy in his distress of mind, but he succeeded.

He remembered that the Lyncroft match was at stake, that Algy was responsible for putting him in the team, and that Oliphant's judgment should be justified if it could be done. His private troubles had no place on the football ground; he had his duty to do.

It cost him an effort, but he succeeded. Unluckily, that run-up of Turkey's was a success. He gave the ball to Topford, who drove it in, beating Babbie's defence. It was a goal to Lyncroft, and the score was even. Compton found a chance for further remarks as they went back to the centre of the field.

"If that's how you're goin' to play, Nameless, you may as well get off the field," he exclaimed, loud enough for all the twenty-two to hear and a good many of the spectators as well. "You've been planted on me against my will, and you know it, and now you're fumbling like a kid in the Second Form. I want no passengers in my team."

Harry did not answer, but took his place quietly in the ranks. Compton gave him a sneering grin.

It was the moment of his triumph, and he enjoyed it. But it did not last long.

From the restart Harry Nameless determinedly banished all haunting thoughts from his mind, and put all his "beef" into the game. He was no longer enjoying the football, but he was resolved that there should be no failing in his play. And there was not. From that moment he was at the top of his form, and his play was brilliant to the finish. Another goal came to St. Kit's, and it came from Harry Nameless's foot.

"Goal!" roared the crowd round the field. "Hurrah! Bravo, Nameless! Goal!"

And Vernon Compton gritted his teeth.

Lyncroft strove hard to equalise; it was getting towards time now. But they did not succeed. And almost on the whistle there came a hot attack from St. Kit's, and Compton, securing the ball from a centre from Harry, drove it in—and Buster Bunce drove it out—right upon a ready head that leaped at it, and spun it back before Buster could guess that it was coming. And a deafening yell came from the St. Kit's crowd.

"Good old Nameless!"

"Goal!"

A few minutes more, and the whistle rang out.

St. Kit's had won the match by three goals to one, and two of those goals had been kicked by the nameless schoolboy!

Vernon Compton gave him a far from pleasant look as the whistle went.

He was glad enough to beat Lyncroft, but probably he would have preferred a defeat to this success of the nameless junior.

But there was no doubt about the feelings of the other fellows. Harry Nameless was caught up by half a dozen players—Algy well to the fore—and carried off the field shoulder-high amid thunderous cheers.

Compton followed, with a face pale with chagrin. Every cheer for the nameless schoolboy was a lash to him; the whole scene was gall and wormwood, and he could not hide his bitterness. And Turkey of Lyncroft unconsciously added fuel to the fire with an innocent remark.

"You've got a good man there, Compton; a jolly good man."

"Rot!" snapped Compton.

"Eh?" ejaculated the astonished Turkey.

"Rot!"

"Oh, my hat," said Turkey.

And as the Lyncroft crowd drove homeward in their brake, Turkey

"I've got a message for you," said Oliphant. "The Head wants you. You've got to go at once."

"I'll go then."

"I'm comin' with you," whispered Algy, as he came up.

"Did the Head tell you to come?"

"Nunno. But—I'm going to stand by you."

Harry shook his head.

"No need for you to get into trouble with your uncle, St. Leger. You can't do me any good, either. Stay here."

"I'm comin'," answered Algy, calmly.

"But—"

"Cut it out, old bean. I'm comin'."

And Algy went.

Dr. Cheyne wore a troubled look as the two juniors presented themselves in his study. He glanced at Algernon Aubrey over his gold-rimmed pince-nez. The Colonel was there, sitting like a bronze statue.

"Come in, Nameless. I did not send for you, St. Leger."

"I—I came, sir."

"You may go."

"Mayn't I stay with Nameless, sir?" said Algy. "He's my chum, sir."

"Leave the room, Algernon," said Colonel Lovell, with a frown.

For the first time, probably, in his youthful career Algernon

"There is no mistake whatever, Dr. Cheyne," said Colonel Lovell, icily. "The boy's face is perfectly familiar to me. That I have seen him before is certain, to the extent of taking notes of his features, and he must, therefore, have seen me."

"You accuse Nameless of—of—"

"The Doctor hesitated."

"Of falsehood." There was no hesitation about the Colonel.

"Most decidedly. I know that he is not speaking the truth."

The Doctor coughed.

"Nameless, you have nothing to say—"

"Yes, sir," said Harry, in a trembling voice. "I say that Colonel Lovell is mistaken—I will not say that he is speaking falsely."

"Boy!" thundered the Colonel.

Harry faced him fearlessly. The old military gentleman's thunderous voice had no terrors for him.

"I cannot imagine why you should speak falsely about me, sir," he said. "So I say that you are mistaken. Certainly you are mistaken."

"And this," said the Colonel, "is the way you speak to a governor of the school."

"It is the way I would speak to anyone who falsely accused me," answered Harry Nameless. "You are making a mistake, sir, but the accusation is a false accusa-

one of the best men that ever walked the earth," said Harry, and there was a choke in his voice. "He was not educated, but he was a man whom anyone might have been proud to call his friend—a man I should have been proud to call my father. There is no one in the kingdom who has a right to look down upon him or call him—what you call him."

"My dear boy—," murmured the Head, in a moved voice.

"I have never seen the man, and do not intend to pass an opinion upon him," said Colonel Lovell. "I simply intended to say that you have lived among persons of a poor station, very different from your present surroundings."

"That is true."

"You were not content with that station; you were ambitious, it appears—"

"Everyone has a right to raise himself by his own efforts," said Harry. "I found a kind friend in a man who had once belonged to St. Kit's, and he gave me my education. I hoped to get on, to repay him, and to repay Jack Straw what I owe him, though I never can repay all his goodness. If I was ambitious for myself, too, that is no crime."

"Quite so. But young fellows with ideas and ambitions above their station are liable, sometimes, to make short cuts to fortune," said the Colonel, drily. "In short, I can only conclude that your object in denying having seen me before is to conceal some secret—some guilty secret. You have met me under some circumstances that you dare not reveal to your headmaster."

"That is not true."

"Colonel Lovell," said the Head, very quietly, "you yourself are unable to recall the circumstances under which you met Nameless—if you did meet him—"

"There is no 'if' in the matter, sir. I did meet him, and know him well. If I cannot recall the circumstances, there is only one explanation—that the boy was then passing under another name."

"Colonel!"

"That is my opinion, sir. Such a name as 'Nameless' I certainly never heard until my nephew mentioned it to me as that of his new friend here. But another name—"

"Have you ever been called anything else, Nameless?"

"Never, sir."

"That is the only possible explanation to my mind," said the Colonel, grimly. "The boy has lied once in saying that he does not know me; he lies again, doubtless, in stating that he has never passed under another name. It may even be that he came before me when I was sitting on the magistrate's bench."

Harry's lip quivered.

"Come, come!" murmured the Head, greatly shocked.

"I think it very probable, sir—I may even have sentenced him for petty larceny or something of the kind."

"Am I to stay here, sir, and listen to this?" exclaimed Harry, appealing to the headmaster. "Is this man to insult me as he chooses?"

"Pray be silent, Nameless," said the worried and distressed Doctor. "Colonel Lovell, I cannot think but that you are mistaken—"

"I am not accustomed to making mistakes, sir," said the Colonel. "My opinion is quite definite. Unless this boy can make a full and frank explanation, my opinion is that he is not a fit person to associate with St. Kit's boys, and should be sent away from the school forthwith."

"Have you anything to say, Nameless?"

"Only what I have already said, sir."

"You may go for the present."

"Thank you, sir."

Harry Nameless quietly left the study. Dr. Cheyne sat and drummed on his desk with his white, slim fingers for a minute or two when the door had closed behind the nameless schoolboy. The Colonel watched him in silence, with a grim and rather sarcastic look.

"The boy has his legal rights here," said the Head, at last. "He is here on the Foundation, as you know, having passed the necessary examination in open competition with others. His character



Tracy and Durance stared angrily at that inscription on the glass. Leaving it there, Algernon Aubrey laid down the chalk and resumed his place at the tea-table. (See page 10.)

confided to his comrades that Compton was the same howling cad that he had always been, and the Lyncroft crowd quite agreed.

THE TENTH CHAPTER.

Facing the Music.

HARRY NAMELESS escaped from the excited football crowd as soon as he could. He wanted to get out of the sight of so many eyes; he wanted to be alone, to think. What had happened that day must make a difference to him, he knew that—though what difference he could not realise yet. And it was not over; he was not done with Colonel Lovell, he felt that. Oliphant of the Sixth called to him as he was going into the schoolhouse, with Algernon Aubrey only a few yards behind him.

"Good for you, kid! I thought you'd play a good game," said Oliphant.

Harry glanced up.

"Thank you, Oliphant," he said, in a low voice.

He thought he caught a peculiar expression on Oliphant's face for a moment, and his cheeks burned. It was borne in upon his mind that Oliphant had been a witness to the scene on Little Side.

Well, it did not matter; all St. Kit's would know about that soon.

Aubrey was deaf to a command from his uncle. He did not appear to hear the Colonel's words at all, and remained with his eyes fixed on Dr. Cheyne.

The Head made a hasty gesture.

"Go, St. Leger."

There was no remaining after that. Reluctantly enough Algernon Aubrey quitted the study, and the door closed after him. The Colonel's brow grew a shade darker. He had not been blind to his nephew's disregard.

Dr. Cheyne coughed.

"Nameless, you are probably aware why I have sent for you."

"I think so, sir."

"Will you state when, and under what circumstances, you met Colonel Lovell before you came to this school?"

"I never met Colonel Lovell at all, to my knowledge, sir," answered Harry, simply.

"He informs me that he recognises you perfectly. You do not recognise him?"

"Only from seeing him here a few weeks ago, sir."

"You had never seen him before?"

"No, sir."

"The boy's answers seem perfectly clear, Colonel Lovell," said the Head, turning to his guest.

"It appears that there is some mistake—"

tion. You should not have made it!"

"I should not have made it!" stuttered the Colonel.

"Dr. Cheyne, is this the correct mode of address from a Fourth-form boy to a governor?"

"You must control yourself, Nameless," said the Head, but his voice was quite gentle. "You must remember Colonel Lovell's position."

"I have never been accused of falsehood before," said Harry, his voice trembling again. "Why should I be accused now? If this gentleman fancies that he knows me what does it matter? He may have seen me somewhere when I did not see him. Is it of any consequence?"

"It is of the very greatest consequence," said Colonel Lovell, before the Head could speak. "If you have lied—"

"I have not lied."

"If you have lied," repeated the Colonel, unmoved, "it is because you have something to conceal. Your origin is unknown; you have lived among persons of a low class—"

"Nothing of the kind."

"Dr. Cheyne has told me—"

"Dr. Cheyne has not told you that the people I lived among were low, I am sure of that. I was brought up by an honest sailor—"

is vouched for by Mr. Carew, of South Cove, an old St. Kit's man. With his obscure origin I have nothing to do. I cannot send him away from the school, sir, unless for some serious fault committed—some serious offence committed at St. Kit's, and he has committed none. So far from that, I have his form-master's assurance that he is a boy of exemplary character, with a good influence on others."

"A boy of unusual depth of character, perhaps—with enough guile to deceive others," said Colonel Lovell.

"That is not my opinion."

"It is mine."

There was a pause.

"So it is your intention to keep the boy here in spite of what I have said?" asked the Colonel, at last.

"I have no choice in the matter. Without something more definite—"

"He is to remain here, a close companion of my nephew?"

"St. Leger's father is perfectly satisfied with him as a companion for his son. In that matter, I am bound to regard only the wishes of Lord Rayfield."

"True," said the Colonel, biting his lip. "I may as well take my departure. I am bound to warn you, however, that the matter is not ended."

"How so?"

"I feel in duty bound to raise the question at the next meeting of the school governors."

Dr. Cheyne's brow wrinkled.

"That is as you think best, Colonel Lovell," he answered, stiffly.

"Very good, sir."

And the Colonel bowed himself stiffly enough out of the Head's study.

THE ELEVENTH CHAPTER.

Disowned!

"ST. LEGER here?"

Licke of the Fourth put his spectacles into No. 5 Study and blinked round. St. Leger was there with Harry Nameless.

"What's wanted, old bean?"

"You are," said Licke. "Your uncle's downstairs waiting to say good-bye to you, and he sent me to tell you."

"Tell him I'm sorry I can't come down."

"Eh?"

"Gettin' deaf?" asked Algy.

Licke stared.

"I say, you don't really want me to say that to Colonel Lovell, do you?" he ejaculated.

"Yaas."

"Well, I'll do it," said Licke, in wonder. "My hat! The old boy isn't the kind of old boy I'd care to send a message like that. Sure you mean it?"

"Yaas."

"St. Leger!" began Harry.

"All serene, old fellow. Cut off, Licke."

Licke of the Fourth cut off, still wondering. Such a message from the most polished youth at St. Kit's to a near relative was something to wonder at.

Harry Nameless turned a look of deep distress on his chum.

"St. Leger, if it's on my account—"

"Yaas."

"You can't send a message like that to your uncle."

"I've done it, dear boy."

"He will be angry."

"Very likely," said Algernon Aubrey, indifferently. "I'm angry, too. I'm rather an ugly customer when I'm waxy, old bean."

"But your uncle—"

"I disown him," said Algy, calmly. "He has not acted as an uncle of mine was bound to act. He hasn't played the game. I'm sorry to say it, but there it is. Unless he apologises to you, Nameless—"

"What?"

"Unless he apologises to you," said Algy, firmly. "I don't see how I can speak to him again."

"Do, old chap," said Harry.

"You can't do this. You've got to remember that he's your uncle."

"He should have remembered that you are my friend," said Algernon Aubrey, with calm dignity. "If he forgets himself he cannot expect me to remember that he is my uncle."

There was a heavy tread in the corridor. It was preceded by a scuffling, as of a rabbit in a hurry, and Bunny Bootles blinked breathlessly into the study.

"I say, Algy—"

"Blow away!"

"Your uncle's coming, and he's looking like a regular Hun!" gasped Bunny. "I say, is he going to lick you?"

"Ring off, you ass."

Bunny bolted into the study; not for worlds would he have missed what was going to happen. He dodged behind the armchair, to keep out of the way, evidently in expectation that the Colonel's walking-cane would soon be active. As a matter of fact, the fatuous Bunny was not the only fellow interested. Three or four juniors had heard Licke deliver the astounding message to the Colonel—and had jumped at the expression which followed on the old soldier's bronzed face. And they followed the Colonel up the staircase, at a respectful distance, in a breathless state.

The heavy tread came along to No. 5.

Harry Nameless felt his heart beat. But Algernon Aubrey St. Leger was as calm as could be. He only gave his eyeglass a little extra screw into his eye. The coolness of the proverbial cucumber was not in it with the Honourable Algernon at that moment.

A tall, sturdy figure darkened the doorway. Colonel Lovell had arrived.

Algy and Harry rose to their feet. That much respect, at least, was due to age if to nothing else.

The Colonel's deep-set, penetrating eyes glittered into the room. He took no notice of Harry Nameless; all his attention was given to his hopeful nephew.

"Algernon!" His voice was like the rumble of distant thunder.

"Yaas, uncle."

"I sent you a message that I was about to leave."

"Did you send back the impertinent message the boy brought to me?"

"Certainly I did not send an impertinent message, uncle," answered Algernon Aubrey, calmly.

"I trust I am not capable of impertinence to my elders."

"What message did you send?"

"That I was sorry I could not come down."

"That is what I was alluding to, Algernon."

"Yaas. But that was not impertinence, sir—that was simply a statement of fact," said the cheery Algy.

"I was sorry I couldn't come down, and I asked Licke to say so."

"Why could you not come down, boy?"

"I did not desire to see you again, sir."

"Wha-at!"

"After your treatment of my friend Nameless, sir," said Algernon Aubrey, with much dignity, "I considered it better for us not to meet."

The Colonel looked at him. From somewhere in the passage came a sound distinctly like a chuckle. Algernon Aubrey on the "high horse" was always found entertaining by the St. Kit's Fourth.

"Are you out of your senses, boy?" the Colonel ejaculated at last.

"I hope not, sir."

"It appears that you intend to maintain your friendship with this—this boy in spite of my strong opinion on the subject?"

"Yaas."

"And—and you—" Colonel Lovell seemed at a loss for words.

"And you choose to be guilty of unnatural impertinence towards your uncle—"

"Excuse me, sir," said Algy. "Under the circumstances, I am bound to act as I am doing. My best chum has been insulted and outraged, sir, by a relative of mine. I have apologised to him for you—"

"You—you—you have dared to apologise for me?" stuttered his uncle.

"I regarded that as my duty, sir, though it would be much better if you would withdraw your words and apologise personally—"

"Algernon!"

"I expect it of you, sir," said Algernon Aubrey. "Otherwise, I cannot see how I can continue to know you."

"What-a-at?"

"So long as you maintain this attitude of impertinence towards my friend Nameless, sir—"

"Impertinence!" said the dazed Colonel.

"Yaas. So long as you do so you cannot expect me to regard you as an uncle or any relative at all."

"Good gad!"

"I am sorry, because I have always respected you highly till

this afternoon," pursued the happy Algernon. "I have, I trust, treated you with the respect due to an elderly relative. But your conduct this afternoon, sir—"

"My—my conduct—"

"Yaas, your conduct was most offensive, sir, to my friend Nameless and to myself. Unless you withdraw the offensive words you have uttered to my friend Nameless, I am bound to tell you that I disown you."

"D-d-d-disown me!"

"Yaas."

There was a very audible chuckle in the passage now.

The St. Kit's fellows had heard of such a thing as an uncle disowning a nephew, but they had never heard of a nephew disowning an uncle. They heard it now, and it seemed to entertain them.

Algernon Aubrey, however, evidently saw nothing humorous in the situation. His aristocratic face was calm and severe.

The Colonel gazed at him at a loss for words. The malacca cane he carried twitched in his hand. Doubtless the thought was in his mind of laying it about his lofty nephew.

"This impertinence, Algernon—!" he said at last.

"Kindly refrain from characterising my conduct as impertinent, Colonel Lovell," said Algernon Aubrey. "The word is offensive to me."

"Boy! I—I—do you desire me, sir, to thrash you within an inch of your life?" roared the Colonel.

"Certainly not. I desire you to close this far from pleasant interview," said Algernon Aubrey, with as stately a manner as his noble pater had ever displayed in the House of Peers. "I am shocked at you, sir—"

"What-a-at?"

"Shocked! I wish you a very good afternoon, Colonel Lovell."

Colonel Lovell gazed at his hopeful nephew for a moment or two, blankly.

Whatever he had expected from Algernon Aubrey, certainly he had not expected this.

He seemed at a loss how to act, but he made up his mind quite suddenly. He strode into the study with a heavy tread that almost shook the room, and grasped his dignified nephew by the collar. Then the malacca cane sang through the air.

Whack! whack!

"Oh! Begad! Yarocooop!"

"Ha, ha, ha!" came from the passage in a roar.

"He, he, he!" came from behind the study armchair.

Colonel Lovell released his nephew as suddenly as he had grasped him, and strode from the room and away through a crowd of grinning juniors. In No. 5 Study Algernon Aubrey's lofty dignity had momentarily forsaken him. He rubbed the place where the malacca cane had fallen, and gasped.

"Begad! Oh, dear! The awful ruffian! Ow!"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

The doorway was crowded with grinning faces. Harry Nameless hastily closed the door.

"Algy, old man—!" he murmured.

"It's all right, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey, recovering his equanimity. "Do you think I put it to him straight enough?"

"Too straight, I'm afraid."

"Gammon, old bean. What is that beast Bunny cacklin' about? Kick him for me, will you?"

Harry Nameless glanced from the study window. In the dusk below the tall figure of the Colonel was seen striding to the gates. It was with a strange ache at his heart that the nameless schoolboy watched the tall, stern figure disappear in the dusk.

THE TWELFTH CHAPTER.

Under a Cloud.

COLONEL LOVELL had gone; but his visit had borne its fruits—and the fruits remained.

For days that followed the chief topic among the St. Kit's juniors was the strange scene on the football field on the occasion of the Lyncroft match.

It was impossible that the juniors should not draw from it conclusions unfavourable to the nameless schoolboy.

Compton and Co. naturally made the most of it. But there was really little for Vernon Compton to add.

The facts, as Durance remarked, spoke for themselves.

A governor of the school had accused the nameless outsider of falsehood, of having a shady secret to conceal; and evidently believed firmly in the justice of his accusation. There was no getting round that stubborn fact. Colonel Lovell had to be supposed to know what he was talking about. A gallant old soldier, who had come home from the war with medals and honours galore—a colonel—a brother-in-law of a noble earl—an influential member of the governing body of St. Kit's! It was not likely that the denial of a nameless nobody would be credited against his positive assertion.

It was true that during the weeks Harry Nameless had been at St. Kit's he had never been guilty of a dishonourable action, or uttered an untrue word. But he was new in the school—and Catesby, of the Fourth, remarked, in his sapient way, that you never knew a fellow till you found him out. And the other juniors agreed that you never did.

Harry Nameless had proved that he was plucky and a good man at games, and a good man in class. But he was a feather in the scale against the weight of the colonel.

Harry Nameless was not long in feeling the effects of the Colonel's visit and of his strange accusation.

The sneering looks of Compton and Co. were triumphant now—their enemy was down; and they had no compunction in giving a fallen enemy an additional kick.

Harry had been winning his way in the school; his own good qualities had told. Hardly a fault could be alleged against him, but that his temper was passionate; and his temper was well under control—save on that one occasion of Bunny's "passing round the hat."

Certainly it had broken out fiercely enough then. He was liked—he was growing popular; and Compton had almost despaired of ever putting him in his "place," as he regarded it. But his chance had come now.

Compton coolly debated the question whether it was for theft, or poaching, that Harry had come before the magistrates; he calmly took it for granted that it was as a magistrate on the bench that the Colonel had seen him. Which, as Compton explained, was why Nameless denied the meeting.

It seemed plausible enough to the St. Kit's fellows—for there was no altering the fact that the Colonel, a man universally respected, believed the worst of the nameless schoolboy, and considered it his duty to get him removed from St. Kit's.

Fellows who had been in the habit of greeting the nameless schoolboy with a cheery nod now forgot to nod.

Some deliberately looked another way when they saw him; others looked uncomfortable; a few were apologetic.

But there was no mistake about their attitude.

Even Licke, the youth with the bulging brain, who was head of the debating society and the bug-hunters, followed the rest. Licke had quite taken to Harry, because that patient youth was the only fellow at St. Kit's who would let Licke bore him. But now Licke ceased to urge Harry to turn up at the debates, and ceased to press him to join the bug-hunters. If he came into the Glory Hole when a meeting was on the Glory Hole would become suddenly silent, and grim stares would stare him out.

Harry Nameless was not the fellow to conciliate the St. Kit's juniors—nor the fellow to try to do so. After one or two rebuffs he understood, and when he understood he withdrew into his shell. If his feelings were wounded his handsome face was not allowed to betray the fact.

There was no longer any question of Harry figuring in the junior eleven. He even dropped attending football practice; he was given so very wide a berth when he turned up there.

Oliphant of the Sixth, whose duty it was to see that the juniors attended at least the compulsory practices, turned a blind eye upon this dereliction.

In Harry's case it certainly was not slacking; and, in fact, Oliphant himself turned a cold eye on the hapless junior. It was natural enough that he should take Colonel Lovell's view of the matter. Some of the prefects, especially Carsdale, the bully of the Sixth, made it a

point to be officiously down on the nameless schoolboy.

And so it was in less than a week after the Colonel's unpropitious visit, Harry Nameless had one friend left at St. Kit's—and one only. But that was a friend worth all the others. From Algernon Aubrey St. Leger, at least, there was no desertion or disloyalty to be looked for.

The sunny face of Algernon Aubrey was frequently clouded now.

The most undemonstrative junior at St. Kit's was now sometimes seen walking with his arm through his chum's in open Quad. That was to show all St. Kit's, and the universe generally, that he had no part or lot in the new "set" against the nameless schoolboy.

Algy did not stop there.

He had been impressed into the debating society by Licke: Algy hated to say no to anybody or anything. Now he made it a point to attend one meeting in the Glory Hole, and announce his resignation—with a little speech added, in which he explained fully to the debaters his opinion of their intellects and of their manners. He retired from the Glory Hole followed by hoots, a book or two, and an inkpot.

After that he inquired of Compton whether Nameless was to play in the next School match—a query which Compton answered with a grinning negative.

"And you can go and jaw to Oliphant about it if you like!" grinned Compton. "You can tell him at the same time that the whole team will resign if Nameless is put into it."

Algy reflected.

"In the circles it wouldn't be any good goin' to Oliphant!" he said.

"Very good."

And the next news of Algernon Aubrey was that he had resigned his membership of St. Kit's junior football club, and that Compton had to find another man for the next match.

It was Algy's determination to be in nothing to which his chum was not admitted, and that determination he carried out to the bitter end.

Algy was the fellow in the Fourth who was most often asked to tea; now he never by any chance accepted an invitation—such invitations not including his chum.

It began to look as if Algernon Aubrey would become as complete an outcast as the nameless schoolboy had already become.

Harry realised that, and one evening in the study he took his chum to task on the subject. O'Donoghue of the Fourth had just looked in to ask Algy to tea—studiously ignoring the other fellow in No. 5. Algy's reply to the kind invitation had been a negative—short, but not sweet.

Harry Nameless pushed aside the book he had been studying.

"This won't do, St. Leger," he said, abruptly.

"What won't do, old bean?"

"This sort of thing," said Harry, restlessly. "I've had awful bad luck, owing to—to—"

"To my uncle," said Algy, quietly.

"No need for you to get the same. Algy, old man, you're making yourself nearly into a hermit," said Harry, in distress. "I can't stand that. You're giving up everything to stick to me."

"Wouldn't you for me?" asked Algy, innocently.

"Of course, I would."

"Well, then, you ass—"

"But it's not the same," said Harry. "I can stand it, St. Leger. You're out of the footer now—"

"So long as you're out," assented Algy.

"You'll have the Form down on you—"

"Yaas, I don't mind."

"But I mind," said Harry. "St. Leger, old chap—I—I wish you wouldn't! I—I'd rather you went your own way. I'm spoiling everything for you."

"Rats!"

"But I am," said Harry. "Look here, old fellow. When I came I never expected to have much of a joyful time here. I came here to work. Your friendship made it ever so much easier for me. But now—it can't help me—and—and you're sacrificing yourself for nothing."

"You want to get rid of me?"

"Don't be an ass, old chap."
"Do I bore you?" asked Algernon Aubrey, with solicitude. "I've often wondered whether I'm a bore. So many people are."

Harry Nameless laughed.
"I wish you'd look at it sensibly, St. Leger, and—"

"And act like Bunny or Licker?" asked Algy, quietly. "Don't be a goat, old bean. I know you mean well, but you're askin' me to do a mean thing. Besides, astonishin' as it may seem to you, I'd rather pal with you than be on cheery terms with the Fourth. Astonishin', but true."

"I should miss you frightfully," said Harry. "Of course, you know that. But I'd rather get out of the study, and work in the form-room, and leave you as I found you when I came—"

"I should come to the form-room, too. You know I'm no end of a determined chap, don't you?" said Algy, cheerily.

Harry Nameless gave it up. It was evident that there was no moving the loyal Algy; and it was only for Algy's sake that the nameless schoolboy had spoken. Now that the tide had turned against him, he hardly dared contemplate what life would be like at St. Kit's without Algy.

"I suppose you must be feelin' pretty bitter against the fellows for goin' back on you like this," said Algy, after a pause. "You never show it."

"I don't feel it," answered Harry, quietly. "How can I blame them? They think I'm a shady character—on the word of a governor of the school. I should be an ass to blame them."

"Well, that's a sensible way of

him before—somewhere, some time, that I don't recollect—when I was too young to remember, perhaps."

"Begad!" said the astonished Algy.

Harry coloured under his chum's surprised glance.

"I know it sounds odd," he said. "Begad! it does."

"Like some silly fancy, I know," said Harry. "Of course, that's all it is. But I've thought, sometimes, it's barely possible that he may have known my people—when I had people—before I could remember—". He shook himself, as if shaking strange and haunting thoughts from him. "Never mind—but you can be sure, St. Leger, that I don't feel bitter towards your uncle and never will."

"I'm glad of that," said Algy. "Jolly glad! If—if he comes round in time, and sees his mistake, you won't mount the high horse—"

"No fear! I'm not exactly a humble fellow, I think, but I know I'd be only too glad to meet Colonel Lovell half-way if he would be civil."

THE THIRTEENTH CHAPTER.

Sent to Coventry!

TRAMP! It was the sound of many footsteps in the Fourth Form passage.

The footsteps were accompanied by a buzz of rather excited voices.

Algernon Aubrey polished his eyeglass carefully upon the corner of a cambric handkerchief, and smiled serenely.

Thump!

overlook your conduct, an' take you into favour again."

There was a stupefied stare from the crowd of visitors. Harry's grave face broke into a smile over his books. He did not think that was the object of the visit.

"You silly ass!" roared Compton.

"Am I makin' a mistake, dear boy?" asked Algernon Aubrey, raising his eyebrows in mild surprise.

"You chump!" "Haven't you decided to do the decent thing, then?" inquired Algy.

There was a chuckle in the crowded doorway. Compton scowled.

"We haven't come here to listen to you being a funny ass, St. Leger," he snapped. "We've held a form meetin' on the subject of Nameless, and it's been decided, nem. con., to send him to Coventry."

"Rats!"

"Carried unanimously," said Rex Tracy.

"Bosh!"

"Are you goin' to set yourself up against the Form, St. Leger?"

"Yaas."

"You cheeky ass—"

"Don't yell, old scout," said Algy, soothingly. "I've told you before that I hate yellin' in this study. Jars on my nerves, you know."

"Look here—"

"I'm lookin'. There's nothin' nice to look at, but I'm lookin'."

"You've got to hear the Form's verdict, St. Leger," said Vernon Compton. "Nameless is sent to Coventry—any fellow speaking to

come to tell you so. Gentlemen, is it the verdict of the form that Nameless goes to Coventry?"

"Hear—hear!"

There was no doubt about the verdict.

"To stay there till he's hoofed out of St. Kit's?" continued Compton.

"Hear—hear!"

"You hear that, St. Leger?"

"I'm not deaf, dear boy," answered Algernon Aubrey, unmoved; "and now is that all you've got to say?"

"Yes, you fathead."

"Well, a chap ought to be thankful for small mercies," said Algy. "Shut the door after you."

"Do you understand, you ass? Unless you cut Nameless dead, the same as us, you'll be sent to Coventry with him."

"And you won't speak to me any more?" asked Algy, sadly.

"Will you cut Nameless or not?"

"Not."

"Are you setting yourself up against the Form?"

"Yaas."

"Then you'll be sent to Coventry."

"Thanks."

"We mean it," howled Compton, furiously.

"Now, what I want is the fair thing," said Algernon Aubrey, surveying his crowded visitors blandly. "If I'm sent to Coventry, is it fair for Compton to be yellin' in my study, when he knows my strong objection to yellin'?"

"Ha, ha, ha!"

Compton shook an angry fist at Algernon Aubrey's placid face, and stamped out of the study. His followers, some of them grinning and

St. Kit's elaborately ignored the existence of the Foundation junior. It was the hour of Compton's triumph.

This had been his object from the beginning, but by his own efforts he would never have been able to bring it to pass. Colonel Lovell's visit had made all the difference.

Compton had succeeded now more completely than he had ever hoped to succeed.

In all the Lower School there was only one fellow who remained conscious of the Foundation junior's existence; and that was Algernon Aubrey. In Harry's opinion he was worth all the rest; but the nameless schoolboy was deeply distressed about the exclusion he was bringing upon his chum.

Harry might have been non-existent, so far as the form was concerned—not a word was spoken to him in the form-room, the quad, or the dining-hall. No one looked at him or caught his eye—no one passed him anything—fellows would talk near him as if he were not there. It was bitter enough to the lonely boy, conscious of having done nothing to deserve it. Yet he could hardly blame the juniors. They had taken their cue from a governor of the school: they were in the right, according to their lights. Compton and Co. were actuated by malice; but most of the juniors were indifferent to Harry personally, and only followed Comp's lead because they believed it was right. Harry tried to take a just view of the matter; but the position was bitter enough to him.

As for Algernon Aubrey, his exclusion was not very complete.

The Best Christmas Present you can have! Ask your Father, Mother, Brother, or Uncle to fill up this Order Form, and then you can do the rest.



"I wish someone would fill up a coupon for me!"—says Bunny Bootles.

"SCHOOL AND SPORT" 1½d. EVERY MONDAY.

To Newsagent.

Address

Please deliver SCHOOL AND SPORT every Monday until further notice to

Name

Address

Cut out this Coupon and give it to your newsagent.



"You will be able to meet me every week. Catchy on, deah boys"—says Algy.

looking at it, though such an amount of hoss-sense is rather unusual, old bean. But—". Algernon Aubrey paused—"I—I'm afraid you must hate nunky."

Harry flushed.

"I don't hate anybody, St. Leger, and least of all your uncle."

"Least of all!" exclaimed St. Leger, in astonishment.

"Least of all," said Harry. "I—I hardly know why, but—but I can't even feel angry with him. He has done me a lot of harm; but I suppose it was a sense of duty in his own way—though I'm afraid he is a hard man. But—but I can't dislike him, or feel angry with him."

"Why not?"

"I don't know," confessed Harry, and his eyes went thoughtfully to the fire. "I don't know at all. But—but I suppose it will surprise you, but I—I like your uncle."

"Like him!" howled Algy.

"Yes."

"After what he's done?"

"After what he's done," said Harry. "It's queer enough, I know—I don't quite understand it myself. But—but when I first saw your uncle, St. Leger, I felt attracted to him somehow. I'd give my right hand, I think, for his good opinion and to make him like me. I—I thought perhaps he might come to like me—your father did—"

"The pater thinks no end of you," said Algy.

"I wish your uncle would," said Harry, with a sigh. "It's a strange thing—I can't explain it myself. But—though it's true that I never saw Colonel Lovell before he came to St. Kit's to visit you—I have a strange feeling that I have seen

It was a loud summons at the door of No. 5.

"Trot in, dear boys!" sang out Algernon Aubrey.

Without that invitation being waited for, the door was thrown wide open. Vernon Compton, Durance, Tracy, and Lumley walked into the study. Behind them came Howard and Catesby, Elliott, Stubbs, and several more juniors. And behind them the doorway was crowded with others, and still others swarmed in the passage. It looked as if nearly all the Fourth Form of St. Kit's was calling on Study No. 5.

Harry Nameless kept his eyes upon his work sedately. But Algernon Aubrey detached his eyeglass from his eye for a moment, waved it in greeting to the visitors, and then replaced it.

"Good evenin', dear boys!" he said, cheerily. "This is an unexpected pleasure. Crowd in."

Some of the juniors grinned, though Compton and Co. were looking serious enough.

"We've come here—"

"Yaas, I know why you've come."

"Oh! you know?" exclaimed Compton, in surprise.

"Yaas. You've held a form meetin'—"

"Yes, and—"

"And you've decided to apologise to Nameless—"

"What?"

"An' you've come here in a merry crowd to do it," continued Algy, amiably. "Go ahead—I wouldn't interrupt for worlds. In fact, I'll put in a word for you with Nameless, an' ask him to

Nameless after this evening will be cut."

"Bow-wow!"

"Your own uncle says—"

"Never mind my uncle," interposed Algy; "I decline to discuss my uncle with you, Compton."

"You know what he thinks of Nameless, and he's a governor of the school. We're not takin' the word of a nameless outsider against a governor's word. You wouldn't if you weren't an obstinate ass."

"Will you oblige me by ringin' off, Compton? Your remarks are in the worst of taste, and your voice isn't really melodious."

"For all we know, the fellow has been a thief, or a pickpocket, or may have been in prison," continued Compton.

Harry's cheeks burned over his books. But he did not speak, so far.

"Colonel Lovell plainly thinks so—as good as said so," remarked Tracy.

"Yes, rather!"

"And the fellow won't explain," said Howard.

"Can't!" remarked Lumley.

"Go it, Compton! Let St. Leger hear the verdict."

"I'm goin' to. Nameless is sent to Coventry, St. Leger—barred by the whole school. Catch on?"

"Not at all."

"No fellow at St. Kit's is goin' to speak to him; any fellow who does will be sent to Coventry along with him. That's a plain tip. We're here to let you know."

"That's awfully kind of you."

"Look here, Algy—"

Durance, persuasively.

"Let me finish," snapped Compton. "You can see that all the form are in it, St. Leger; we've all

some looking rather sheepish, crowded after him.

Algernon Aubrey rose to his feet, and pushed the door shut after them. Then he met Harry's troubled and anxious look with a smile.

"About time for prep, isn't it?" murmured Algy.

"Algy, old chap—"

"Yaas."

"This won't do," said Harry.

"You can't—you simply can't stand this—just for my sake—I can't have it—"

"You think I'd better not speak to you?"

"For your own sake, yes."

"Do I bore you?"

"No, you ass. But—"

"Tell me when I bore you, old bean, an' I'll try to rein in my genial an' exuberant conversation," said Algernon Aubrey, urbanely. "Now I suppose I'd better do some prep, or there will be an argument with Lathley in the mornin', an' I hate argument."

And Algy, with a sigh, sat down to his books. Prep was a worry. But it was quite clear that the verdict of the Fourth Form did not worry him.

THE FOURTEENTH CHAPTER.

Algy's Reply!

HARRY NAMELESS had already learned that he was something like an outcast in his form, since the hapless visit of Algy's uncle to the school. But after the Form meeting in the Glory Hole, and the verdict given by the assembled Fourth, the line was drawn much more tightly. From that evening, the Fourth Form at

Even Compton was anxious not to "drop" the son of Lord Rayfield—all the fellows were keen for Algy to "come round." So for the first day the juniors treated Algernon Aubrey much the same as usual.

It was Algernon Aubrey who really took the initiative, carrying the war into the enemy's camp, as it were.

"Coventry" being Harry's fixed portion, the lofty Algernon Aubrey declined to speak to anyone who did not speak to his chum.

He thought that matter over during lessons that day, and came to his decision: and soon made it known.

After lessons he came out of the form-room with Harry Nameless—who was given a wide berth by everyone else.

In the form-room passage Compton and Co. stopped to speak to him, to make a last effort, as it were, to gather him into the fold.

"St. Leger—stop a minute," said Compton.

Algernon Aubrey walked on with his chum.

"St. Leger!" bawled Compton.

Algy seemed deaf.

He walked cheerily out into the quadrangle, chatting with Harry Nameless, oblivious of Compton and Co.

The nuts of the Fourth stared at one another.

"What's the matter with the silly ass now?" growled Compton.

"Got his merry back up," grinned Durance. "I don't think Algy will come round, Comp. He's as obstinate as a mule."

"He'll go to Coventry with that cad if he doesn't."

Durance whistled.

"I fancy not, if he doesn't

choose. You see, everybody likes Algy, and he can walk out of Coventry whenever he likes."

And Compton scowled; he was aware that that was the case.

At tea-time Bunny Bootles put a very uncertain fat face into No. 5 Study. Bunny's position was awkward. No. 5 was in Coventry, and Bunny fully agreed with that. But No. 5 was also in the land of plenty—a land flowing with milk and honey, so to speak. Bunny's "whack" towards the milk and honey was always going to be paid when he received his celebrated pound note from his uncle—it was some terms overdue now. Certainly Algernon Aubrey had never expected Bunny to pay his whack—nobody ever expected Bunny to pay anything. But Bunny wondered whether he could bag the lion's share of a feast where "Coventry" and its rigid rules forbade him to speak to the founders of the feast.

Not that Bunny had any sensitive feelings on the subject. Very far from that. It was a question of whether he would be "booted" from the festive board. That was what worried Bunny.

Harry Nameless and Algy were at tea—quite a cheerful tea—when Bunny appeared in the office. Tea, certainly, was a less expensive meal than it had once been in No. 5 Study. The nameless schoolboy had little money to waste, and he was very decidedly unwilling to sponge on his wealthy chum. Algy had solved the difficulty by way of a plainer fare—with some inward groans from himself, and louder groans from Bunny Bootles. Still, the study tea was very inviting, and Bunny was very keen to join up. He smiled an ingratiating smile as he came in. In almost a stealthy manner he drew a chair up to the table.

Algy looked at him inquiringly.

"Pass the muffins, old scout," said Bunny, with a feeble smirk. "I—I—I'm not sending you to Coventry, Algy, old top. Not in the study, anyhow."

Algy did not pass the muffins.

"Ask Nameless, dear boy, and perhaps he will pass them!" suggested Algy.

Bunny blinked at him.

"Nameless is in Coventry!" he murmured.

"So am I, dear boy."

"I'm letting you off, Algy!" said Bunny, generously.

"Don't!"

"Eh?"

"What have I done to you, that you should let me off?"

Bunny giggled feebly.

"He, he, he! I—I'll tell you what, Algy, I'll let Nameless off too—in the study—you won't mention outside that I speak to you, will you, Nameless?"

"I'll give you a thick ear if you speak to me," was Harry's curt answer.

"Oh, I say!"

The generous Bunny was rather taken aback.

He eyed the muffins and the new-laid eggs hungrily.

"I say, Algy—"

"Shut up!"

"You're not going to be mean, are you?" asked Bunny, pathetically. "I happen to be short of money—that pound note hasn't come from my uncle yet—"

"Feed, and shut up," said Algy. "So long as you don't talk! If you talk I shall kick you out."

"Look here, Algy—"

"You're in Coventry, Bunny!"

said Algernon Aubrey, solemnly.

"This study is sending the Fourth Form to Coventry."

"What?" yelled Bunny.

"Now don't talk any more, or it will be my painful duty to persuade you to leave us—on your neck."

Bunny didn't talk any more; he started on the muffins. After all, the muffins were the important matter.

Tea was still going on when the door opened and admitted Durance of the Fourth. Rex Tracy followed him in. Their expressions showed that they had come once more to try persuasion on Algernon Aubrey.

"Getting tired of Coventry, St. Leger?" asked Durance.

"If it's fine on Saturday we'll have a ride round Lyncroft Castle," Algy remarked to his chum. "It's a fine old place—"

"I spoke to you, St. Leger," said Durance, growing red.

"Algy—"

"It's more than half in ruins, you know," continued Algernon Aubrey. "Vaults under it, though—"

"St. Leger!" bawled Tracy.

"We'll take some tuck and have tea there," continued Algernon Aubrey. "We can take a spirit-stove for the tea—"

"Will you speak, you silly idiot?" asked Durance, breathing hard.

Algernon Aubrey seemed to become suddenly aware of the existence of his visitors.

He turned his head and fixed his eyeglass upon Durance and Tracy, who were both red with wrath. Still he did not speak.

"Can't you answer, you thumpin' ass?" demanded Tracy.

Algy shook his head.

"Look here, old fellow," said Durance, "we don't want any more of this rot. We want you to line up with the form."

No reply.

"Will you answer, you idiot?"

shouted Durance, losing his temper.

Algernon Aubrey seemed to reflect. Then he rose to his feet and glanced round the study, the two juniors watching him in wonder. Algy found what he wanted—a stump of chalk on the mantelpiece. Solemnly he picked up the chalk and chalked on the looking-glass:

"SORRY! CAN'T SPEAK!"

"Are you dumb?" howled Tracy.

A shake of the head.

"Then why can't you speak, you ass?"

Algy chalked again.

"YOU'RE IN COVENTRY!"

"What?" yelled Durance and Tracy together.

Again Algernon Aubrey set to work with a chalk. And this was the result:

"THIS STUDY IS SENDING THE FOURTH FORM TO COVENTRY UNTIL THEY APOLOGISE TO NAMELESS."

Tracy and Durance blinked at that inscription on the glass. Leaving it there, Algernon Aubrey laid down the chalk and resumed his place at the tea-table.

"You haven't been over Lyncroft Castle yet, old bean?" he asked, addressing his chum.

"No," said Harry, with a smile.

"Good; then I'll be your merry guide, and we'll have a nice little excursion on Saturday—"

"St. Leger!" roared Tracy.

"If the weather's fine, of course—"

"What do you mean by that rot, St. Leger?"

"We'll go on the bikes," continued Algy, imperturbably;

"we'll put 'em up in the ruins, and explore the giddy old place, you know—"

Slam!

Durance and Tracy had departed, closing the door after them with unnecessary force. Algernon Aubrey St. Leger smiled serenely.

There was a fat chuckle from Bunny Bootles.

"You don't mean that, Algy, old top?" he said.

Silence.

"Look here, Algy—"

No answer.

"Algy, you fathead!" bawled the exasperated Bunny.

Algernon Aubrey rose to his feet and seized Bunny's fat ear between a finger and thumb. In silence—on Algy's part, not on Bunny's—he led the fat junior to the door and opened it. Still without a word, he kicked Bunny Bootles, gently but firmly, into the passage. Then he closed the door.

flush on his cheeks. He could guess what was coming.

"You do not appear to be on good terms with your form-fellows now, Nameless," said Mr. Lathley, looking at him curiously over his glasses.

"No, sir—only St. Leger."

"Am I to understand that you have been sent to Coventry, as I believe the boys call it?"

"That is so, sir."

"For what reason?"

"Because of what Colonel Lovell said the day he came."

"That is all?"

"Yes, sir."

"Hem! I shall think about this, Nameless, and speak to Dr. Cheyne. You may go."

Harry's flush deepened.

"I'm not complaining, sir; I don't want to complain. I—I don't blame the fellows, either—they think Colonel Lovell knew what he was talking about."

"I understand."

Harry Nameless left the form-room and joined his chum in the quad. Mr. Lathley, after some thought, made his way to the Head's study. He found that gentleman frowning over a letter at his desk.

In a few words the form-master explained the state of affairs, and added:

"Colonel Lovell—unintentionally, perhaps—has done this boy a very serious injury, sir. Perhaps if he were communicated with he might see fit to take some step to undo the harm he has done."

Dr. Cheyne shook his head.

"I fear that there is little hope of that, Mr. Lathley. This letter is from the Colonel. He states that a special meeting of the governors is to be convened here and the matter raised before them. His demand is that Nameless should be sent away from the school—with due compensation, of course, for the loss of his scholarship."

"In view of the present state of affairs it might be better for the boy to go," said Mr. Lathley, musingly. "He cannot be happy at St. Kit's in the present circumstances."

"No doubt. Please send the boy to me."

Mr. Lathley quitted the study, and a few minutes later Harry Nameless presented himself. The form-master had given him a hint of what was to come, to prepare him; and Harry entered the study with his head very erect and a flush in his cheeks.

The Head seemed in no hurry to begin. He coughed a little before he spoke at last.

"I am sorry to hear, Nameless, that you are—ahem—upon rather—hem—disagreeable terms with the rest of your form."

"That is not my fault, sir."

"No doubt. But—you are not happy here?"

"I have one friend, sir—and I have my work. I am not unhappy," answered Harry, quietly.

The Doctor coughed again.

"Yes—yes. You hold a scholarship which entitles you to remain three years, on the Foundation, Nameless."

"It is my intention to remain for the full period, sir."

Another cough.

"If you decided that you would rather leave the school, Nameless, there is no doubt that your—ahem—your guardian would consent. Full compensation in every way would be made for the value of the scholarship you surrender. Its value in money would enable you to enter another school. This would doubtless be a change for the better for you in many respects."

"I do not think so, sir."

"Really, Nameless—"

"I have a right to remain at St. Kit's," said Harry, quietly, though his lip quivered. "If I am guilty of any conduct that makes me unfit to remain, it is in your power to send me away."

"That is not the question, Nameless. There is no fault found with your conduct—since you have been here, at all events. But you are aware that one of the governors—"

"Colonel Lovell?" said Harry, and his voice trembled a little.

"Yes. Colonel Lovell has a very strong opinion that you should go."

"That is his business, not mine."

"To be plain, Nameless, a special meeting of the governing board is to take place shortly, when Colonel Lovell will raise the question. He has a very consider-

able influence with the board, and I think it is very probable that the governors may decide to act on his suggestion."

"And in that case, sir—?"

"The governors have the power to cancel a scholarship at their own absolute discretion. Such a thing has seldom happened—never in my recollection—but the power undoubtedly exists. If Colonel Lovell induces the Board to take his view—"

"The scholarship will be cancelled."

"Yes."

Harry breathed hard for a moment.

"Well, sir, I cannot help that. Colonel Lovell must do as he thinks fit, and the Board must decide."

"But you see, my dear boy, said the Head, gently, "if—if you should avoid this unpleasant extremity, by deciding to leave St. Kit's of your own accord—"

"Never!"

"Nameless!"

"Never, sir," said Harry, his eyes flashing. "Colonel Lovell has done me wrong, but by leaving the school I should be practically admitting that it was I who was in the wrong. I have nothing to be ashamed of, sir—I am not afraid to look anyone in the face. Why should I act as if I were ashamed—and sneak away like a guilty fellow? I will not."

"But—"

"If I am sent away, let them send me—it will be unjust, but I shall have to bear it. Of my own accord I will not stir. If I lose my scholarship it will be by no fault of my own—and I will not touch a penny of compensation. The scholarship is mine—but if it is in the power of the governors to take it away, let them take it."

"If you resign it of your own accord—on my advice—you can claim—"

"I claim nothing, sir, and I will accept nothing," said Harry, calmly. "I shall keep the scholarship until I am compelled to give it up. When that happens—if it does happen—I shall go, with empty hands, as I came. I will not touch the money."

The Head adjusted his glasses and looked very curiously at the junior.

"You are not acting wisely in this, Nameless," he said, at last.

"Possibly, sir."

"If you change your mind, on reflection, you may come and tell me so, at any time before the governors' meeting."

"I shall not change my mind, sir."

"Very well, Nameless, you may go."

The Head remained in deep thought for some time after the nameless schoolboy had quitted the study. Harry Nameless had plenty to think about as he went. Algernon Aubrey joined him at the corner of the passage, and they went out into the quadrangle together.

"Anythin' up?" asked Algy.

"Ye—e—e—"

"Go it!"

Harry Nameless explained.

"Begad! Quite right, old bean—you're not goin'. It would look like backin' down," said Algy.

"I'm glad you agree with me, old chap."

"All along the line," said Algernon Aubrey, cheerfully.

"And nunky—naughty old nunky—won't find it so jolly easy to carry the Board along with him either. The pater's on the Board, you see."

"But he—"

"He will stand by you," said Algy, confidently, "and the pater happens to be chairman of the governors. The pater thinks no end of you—and he will stand by you like a brick."

Harry's face clouded.

"Your father! But the Colonel is his brother-in-law—your mother's brother, Algy—"

Algy nodded.

"They're good friends, aren't they?"

"Quite: always have been," said Algy. "The pater thinks a lot of nunky—quite right, too: he's a dear old bean, exceptin' in this one affair. This time he's got a bee in his bonnet, of course."

"But—"

"Your father opposes the Colonel, and—has his way—won't that make bitterness?"

"Haden't thought about it."

"But won't it?"

Algy reflected.

"Nunky is rather a hard man to cross," he said, reluctantly. "I—I suppose he will feel rather—"

rather waxy with the pater. Can't be helped. I know the pater is backin' you up."

"How do you know?"

"Because I've asked him," answered Algernon Aubrey, serenely, "as soon as I heard a whisper of this biznai, I wrote to the pater. Quite a touchin' letter. I reminded him that you pulled me out of the Wicke the day you came—"

"You shouldn't have done that."

"Rats! I reminded him of the way you backed up when a tramp went for him in Lyncroft Wood—"

"Algy!"

"Piled it on, you know—put it to him like a Dutch uncle. He wrote by return—thing the pater seldom does. He said—you'll get conceited if I tell you all he said—"

Harry smiled.

"He thinks no end of you," said Algy. "He's goin' to back you up with all his heaviest guns, or words to that effect. And I fancy the pater will have his way—giddy peer of the realm, you know—that's no end weighty. And the fact that he's the Colonel's brother-in-law takes the wind out of nunky's sails a bit. Shows it's only a matter of opinion, you know, and that the Colonel hasn't any real ground to go on. Depend on it, old bean, the pater will see you through."

"But—but your uncle—"

"Never mind my uncle," said Algernon Aubrey, loftily. "I've disowned him. You heard me."

"But—but—"

stammered Harry.

Algy turned an inquiring eyeglass upon him.

"What's bitin' you now?" he inquired. "You can't help it if the Colonel quarrels with Lord Rayfield, or gets his back up—my pater will do what's just—his favourite word—and if nunky don't like it nunky will have to lump it. He will get his back up, I know. Probably won't speak to the pater—shouldn't wonder. He's a bit of a tough old biscuit. Can't be helped."

Harry's face was deeply distressed.

"But your mother, Algy—she's his sister—"

"Yaas."

"Won't it—won't it hurt her?"

Algy stared at him.

"Old bean," he said, "you're an odd fish. Never heard of a Johnny like you for thinkin' of others. I—I hadn't looked at that aspect of the case. I—I suppose the mater will feel it a bit, if nunky gets his back up with the pater—as I suppose he will. It's rather rotten, but you can't help it! You've done nothin'. The pater's bound to back you up: he believes in you, and he's bound to see justice done."

"If—if the matter comes before the Board!" said Harry, slowly.

"Yaas, of course. And it will—nunky is a sticker."

"The—the meeting is early next week, I think."

"The Board meetin'—yaas, I think so," assented Algernon Aubrey. "The pater referred to it in a letter—"

He broke off.

"Look here, old bean, what's the matter with you? I don't like the look in your eyes."

"I seem to have brought you trouble in every way by coming to St. Kit's," said Harry, in a low voice. "You're in disgrace with your uncle—"

"I've disowned him, you mean," said Algy, loftily.

"You're in Coventry—"

"You mean, I've sent the Fourth to Coventry—"

"And now your father and uncle may come to ill terms over this disagreement—"

"That can't



The Red Flare!

SUDDENLY there was a jangle of engine room telegraphs, and the nose of the ship swung slightly to port.

Then the huge cliff seemed to open before them and, in another second, they were gliding through smooth water between two immense walls of rock which echoed back the pulsations of the engines, walls that were so close that you could have jerked a biscuit on either side of the ship.

And the decks lights were switched on as the *Tartar* glided into a landlocked bay, a huge circular basin, hidden away in these huge Spanish hills.

A roar of laughter went up as the lights showed Bucko, almost stripped, nervously packing his pipe and matches into his cap ready for a swim.

"Hi, Bucko," called one wag, "what are you doin'. Gettin' ready for your Saturday bath?"

Bucko grinned rather sheepishly as he hurried on his trousers again.

"Chase yourself, you smart Alick," said he. "Can't you see I was jus' gettin' ready to change into me shoregoon' clothes! And what may this place be called, my lord dook?" he demanded of the Viscount.

"Aw! Bay of Roses. Bahia de las Rosas, deah boy," replied Viscount Swishington, unmoved.

"Aw've been in heah dozens of times with the aw Service. Favourite place for our destroyahs, don't cherknow—an' all that. But I've never seen the passage wun at night wiv a big steamah like this!"

"Aw weally," retorted Bucko, catching up his chum's intonation. "It's too awfully rippin' for me, my pippin. Anyone can have the Bay o' Roses for me."

And he slipped into his boots as the anchor of the *Tartar* crashed down in the shallows and she lay in water that was still as a mill pond, reflecting the dark shadows of the silent corkwoods.

All hands went to supper, and, in the fore-castle, great was the discussion as to the intent of their coming to this place.

There were some who held that there was a revolution in Spain and that the *Tartar* had come into this hidden bay to carry away the Royal Family and the Crown Jewels.

There were others who declared that she had come in here to ship a secret force of Spanish troops for the fighting in Morocco.

But Captain Oak held his peace. He marched into the fore-castle, as was his custom at supper time, to inquire if the cooking was all right or whether Ching should be hung to the signalling yard.

This was a joke which always brought a smile to Ching's yellow face, for never had there been a complaint about Ching's cooking. Ching was the true son of a sea cook, and no one ever had reason to call him Crippen the Poisoner.

And Captain Oak, himself, prided himself that the *Tartar* was the best victualled ship on the seas.

To-night there was a huge pie built up of layers of meat and paste light as a feather, for Ching always prided himself on having a surprise for the crew.

The crew had seen the pie, for they had been sniffing round the galley soon after the ship had passed Cape Finisterre when Ching, assisted by his two Chinese mates, Loo and Wo, had been sliding it into the oven for a second baking.

And a great cheer went up when Loo and Wo marched into the fore-castle bearing the pie on their shoulders, to replace it before Bucko, who was the president of the mess table.

"That's the dinkum eats, me white headed boy!" said Bucko, approvingly. "That's the real Jacky Horner. And look at the Chinese dragon on top, all done in pastry. My word, this is the real—just what mother makes. What's in it, Ching—none of your puppy dogs, I hope."

Ching shook his head as he arranged the huge pie in front of Bucko.

"No puppee—belong pie, Bucko," said he, "nice bird!"

"My word, game pie for game boys," said Bucko, gleefully. "Listen, boys. You can 'ear the larks singing inside! I know what it is—lark, steak and kidney! That's the scran!"

He lifted the carving knife and began to slice round the huge paste dragon at the top of the pie.

Then he started back, for from inside the pie came a squeaking and hissing followed by a scuffling. Then the crust top heaved up in flakes like a volcano and a shout went up from the tables as Cliff and Harold, the two penguins, burst through the top of the pie, cuffling and thumping one another with their flippers, regardless of the roars of laughter that greeted their appearance.

"What's the game, Ching?" gasped Bucko.

"Him surprise pie. Pletty dish to set afore de king!" grinned Ching.

Cliff and Harold tumbled out on the table, upsetting glasses and forks right and left.

Cliff knocked Harold into a dish of gravy. Harold pushed Cliff into a tureen of pea soup. Thump, thump, thump, went their flippers as they fought like two little men amidst the cheers of the crew who had quite forgotten their supper in the excitement of the combat.

"Sock him, Cliff!" was the cry.

"Break away, Harold!"

Ching beamed; his surprise pie was a huge success, for the fighting penguins, excited by the shouts, were slugging into one another like true bear cats, till Mr. Dark, attracted by the hilarious shouts, rushed into the fore-castle and, seizing his pets by their necks, walked off with them angrily to his cabin, where he stowed each bird away in a bread bag and hung them up out of mischief.

Then Ching, delighted with the success of his pie, served the real pie, which was as good as it looked. And great was the admiration of the boys as they saw Kingaloo eat.

THE CRUISE OF THE "TARTAR"

A Great Story of Sport and Adventure

By JOHN WINTERTON

JACK FEARLESS
JOE LAWLESS
BILL CARELESS

Featuring

of Great Yarmouth
of Bradford
The Trapeze Artist

AND

CAPTAIN BOB OAK

Master of "The Tartar"

Captain Bob Oak, of the s.s. "*Tartar*," advertises for three boys to join his ship. They must be willing to do anything and go anywhere. Out of thousands of boys who go down to the docks to join up are Jack Fearless, Joe Lawless, and Bill Careless. These three boys are chosen because they rescue Captain Oak from drowning. The "*Tartar*" sets sail, and the three boys soon make friends with the various members of the crew. There is Mr. Dark, Ching, Kingaloo, Bucko, Viscount Swishington, Wilfred the seal, Harold and Clifford the penguins, and Whiskers, a leopard. There is great excitement one night when everyone on deck thinks that Captain Oak is running the "*Tartar*" into the cliffs on the coast of Spain.

He had six helpings of pie. Then he had a tureen of pea soup. Then he had a few pounds of salt beef and all the fat there was to spare. This he topped up with a pound of margarine and half a bladder of lard. Kingaloo had little or no use for bread and vegetables, for in the stern country from which he had come nothing green grew and bread was unknown.

All hands were speculating as to how much more the Eskimo could stow away when a sudden sound of shots ashore brought the whole of the crew running out on deck.

A red flare showed in the darkness of the corkwoods, and there was a sparkle of shots amongst the trees that fringed the shore.

Captain Oak, standing on the bridge, suddenly ordered the emergency boat to be piped away for the shore.

The whistles shrilled and the men jumped to her like cats. In a few seconds she was sliding down to the water and off for the shore.

The boys watched her white shape fade into the darkness as the rattling cars sent her flying over the smooth water shoreward. They wondered with the rest of the crew what was doing.

Kingaloo's Little Joke.

EVERYONE had been so busy at supper time watching the antics of Cliff and Harold that they had not noticed Captain Oak on the bridge flashing signals to the shore with a small hand signalling lamp.

In five minutes there was a rattle of revolver fire from the direction the boys had taken, and presently the boat came rowing back again bringing a man.

It was a Spaniard, grave and stern of demeanour. His cloak was torn and his soft felt sombrero was pierced in several places by bullet holes. He was dripping with water, and it was plain that he had run into the sea to avoid his pursuers.

He took no notice of the curious glances of the crew as he climbed up the side ladder, adjusting a blood-stained handkerchief that was bound about his arm. But he exchanged an imperceptible sign with the Captain, who led him away to the chart-house, leaving the crew to speculate on this sudden breach of the peace in this calm and placid retreat.

The boat's crew having hoisted up their boat, had very little information to give. Mr. Dark, the first officer, had gone with them. They had rowed in close to the beach, which was rocky and covered close to the water's edge with thick corkwoods. And through the trees they had had a glimpse of a flare which looked like a haystack alight. There had been shooting in the woods. Then Mr. Dark had made a signal by lighting a coloured fire, and a man had come rushing out of the woods and down to the beach, closely chased by a gang of Spaniards.

The ruffians would have got the fugitive, but, unfortunately for them, the boat's crew of Tar-

tars had leaped ashore, and wading through the shallow water had engaged them first with revolvers and then with fists.

That was the whole story. But the crew were naturally anxious to know what sort of adventure this was in which the ship was involved.

Those who took a peep in at the port of the chart-room saw Captain Oak and Mr. Dark deep in conversation with the stern-faced Spaniard over a well-spread supper-table. But, though the night was warm, the thick glass shuttles were screwed tight, and they noticed that the captain was waited on only by Hafiz, his Malay boy, whose knowledge of English was limited to the words "Not ari" and "All right."

But about ten o'clock at night word was sent forward that any of the crew who would like to take a turn at fishing were at liberty to take two of the boats and the *Mary Jane*, a small boat that was used for scrubbing round the sides of the ship when in port.

The Bay of Roses was celebrated for its fish, for on its sandy floor were to be found big soles and bigger turbot.

The permission was eagerly accepted, for Ching's breakfasts of fried fish and bacon were not to be despised, and everyone was eager for the sport.

It was Bucko who found the boys out.

"Say, boys," said he, "you come along with me and the Markis. The Markis is wise to this location, and what he don't know young Jack Fearless will!"

The boys were ready enough. They put lines and bait into the *Mary Jane*, which was stowed astern, and hoisted her out.

Then down the deck marched Kingaloo carrying something under his arm that looked like a large brown-paper parcel or a bit of aeroplane wing.

Behind Kingaloo, Wilfred, the seal, came barking eagerly, frisking and slapping his flippers on the deck like a fox terrier pup asking for a bone.

"Hello, Kingy," said Bucko, amiably. "What you gotta under your wing?"

"Ship," replied Kingaloo, proudly. "My nice ship."

"Ship!" exclaimed Bucko, who had not yet seen Kingaloo's kayak, which had been carefully stowed away.

"Say, old pob, you ain't goin' to get into that tissue paper parcel? It's a fair ask for a 'found drowned'."

But Kingaloo only grinned.

He turned his parcel over on to its side, proudly showing it to the boys. It was a complete Eskimo kayak, built of the thinned seal-skin and sewn with seal gut. A small circular hole in the centre of this frail craft was surrounded by an apron, and the little craft was provided with paddles and fishing spears and fishing lines.

"Good job your poor old mother can't see you with that bit of gold-beater's skin round your stum-mick!" said Bucko, surveying the tiny craft, doubtfully. "I should

think any chap off his top to risk his neck in such an outigger."

But Kingaloo only grinned. He and his father before him, and his grandfather before them, had all sought their living, fighting the big bull walrus miles away out on the rough Arctic seas, using no stronger craft than these kayaks, which have never varied in pattern by an inch.

He carried his little craft down the companion ladder as a boy carries a kite, and dropped it neatly in the water whilst the seal, hopping down the long flight of teak steps, slid into the water as though he were liquid, and then popped up, awaiting his master, his brown eyes gleaming green in the light of the cluster of electric lamps that lit the gang-way.

The crew were eagerly watching Kingaloo as he stood on the grating above the water ready to step into the kayak.

They were perfectly certain that he must do a capsize, for he was a clumsy, shuffling little chap, as round as he was long.

But not a bit of it. Kingaloo stepped down into that tiny hole without capsizing, pulled the apron round his waist and tied it, then paddled a few yards off the ship, his flat, good humoured face grinning up at the eager spectators who were clustered along the rail.

There was a boat close by him.

Bucko Scott was frankly nervous. He had a coil of rope ready to throw to Kingaloo.

"Look out, you galkoots; in the boat there," he cried. "Spare me days. That's tails up; the poor jossers done his dash! Nice feller, too!"

These remarks were wrung out of the anxious Bucko as Kingaloo suddenly seemed to lose his balance, and the kayak turned bottom upwards in the dark, oily water.

There was a yell from the boats, but before they could go to his help Kingaloo, who had kept hold of his paddle, suddenly seemed to dig himself up from the water, righting his capsize craft. And there he sat, grinning at the frightened sailors.

"Me do it again?" he called.

"If you do I'll hammer you till your mother up at the North Pole won't know you from a pot of strawberry jam!" cried Bucko.

But Kingaloo waved his paddle cheerfully in reply to these reproaches, and paddled off into the darkness with Wilfred, streaking round his frail little canoe like a fox terrier let out for a run.

"Come along, boys," said Bucko, hauling the *Mary Ann* to the gangway at the end of a long line, "the Dook will show us some sport."

"I fished heah with the Pwince once," said Swisho, placidly. "There's toppin' fishin' theah close by the shoah."

They pulled off into the darkness, Swisho steering the boat, and they headed straight for the shore.

"Where are we going to fish?" asked Jack Fearless, who was naturally interested in line fishing or fishing of any sort.

"Say, boy," replied Bucko, placidly, "we ain't going to fish fer fishes. We are goin' to fish fer men. I thought it a good thing to take the *Mary Ann*. We are just goin' to take a peek ashore to see what's doin'." The Viscount an' me are going to find out what's the next pieter in this film. Ain't that so, Dook?"

Their steersman grinned without replying, and polished his eyeglass carefully as though that would help him to peer into the thick darkness under the cork-trees ahead.

They pulled in under the shadow of the trees.

Now and then a faint red glow and a few sparks flying up showed the position of the conflagration they had seen from the ship. And as the keel of the *Mary Ann* grated on the fine sand of a little bay under the shadow of the trees there came a whiff of burning straw.

Swishington put his finger to his lip for silence, and swung his leg over the gunnel of the boat.

The boys and Bucko followed his example, hauling the boat into shallower water and quietly dropping over her small ledge.

Then, they paddled through the shallows to the faintly gleaming beach.

Somewhere in the darkness

The Cruise of the "Tartar"

(Continued from previous page.)

beneath the trees they heard a snuffling, and on this sound they advanced, creeping stealthily over the sands.

"Que lastima! Que lastima!" sobbed a quavering old voice.

Bucko stepped up to the sounds. There, huddled in a heap on the ground was an old Spanish peasant.

"What's all the clack-a-boo about, ole clobber?" said Bucko, affably.

The old man gave a start, and throwing himself at Bucko's feet, embraced his legs, gabbling a string of Galician patois.

"Steady on, old 'ayseed. Don't lose your block or lick me blackin'," urged Bucko. "Get off the patter a bit more easy, and cut out your rough talk. Speakee English, ole clobber?"

But the ancient peasant did not speak English. Nor did he speak more than a few words in Spanish, for the Galician dialect of Northern Spain is a language by itself.

At last Swisho had a happy thought.

He spoke to the man in Latin. It was not very good Latin, but it worked like a charm. For this unlettered peasant, though he could barely read or write, had been servant to a Spanish priest and sacristan at a little chapel in the hills above.

"Ne cede malis," said he. "Res est sacra miser," which meant, "Do not yield to misfortune. A

person in distress is a sacred object."

These words brought a flow of rustic Latin from the peasant.

"That's taken the cork out of his neck," said Bucko. "What does he say? Cheer up, old Champeen," he added, addressing the weeping peasant. "Crack hardy and dry your lamps. All will be well in the last act."

"Why," interpreted Swisho, "the old chap says that his mistress, a great Spanish lady, has been surprised at his cottage to-night by brigands, and carried away to the hills by a gentleman called Satan. She was coming to the ship secretly. But this Johnny Satan, who appears to be a considerable brigand in these parts, seems to have got the wind of her excursion, and surprised her at this old man's cottage. Her steward barricaded the place and fought them. Then they set the roof alight, and the cottage is burned down. The steward managed to escape, but the lady and her two attendants have been carried away into the hills."

Bucko grunted.

"That will be the Dago who was brought on board," said he. "And what's the name of the swell Jane, whose been mobbed by these rough-necks?"

"He says it's the Doña Paz, Duchess of Antequera. Her brother was captured by the Moors in the fighting at Melilla recently, and she had arranged with a noble

English captain to go and rescue him from captivity as a slave. And she has all her jewels."

"A duchess, eh?" exclaimed Bucko. "What ho. And jools. Let's get the trail while it's fresh."

"But my dear fellah," protested Swishy. "How are you going to pick up a trail in the pitch dark?"

"I've got a two bob electric torch," replied Bucko, drawing the article from his pocket. "Give me a glim and a new trail, and I kin trail the Jane for twenty mile, and blaze the trail so we find it tomorrow morning. Come!"

"Away he went, leading past the ruins of the burned-out cottage.

The old peasant followed them a little way, uttering warnings of Satan the brigand.

"Imshiee, begone," was all that Bucko would reply. "Satan. Who's he? Chase yourself, came-rado. My name is mud if I don't catch Mr. Satan inside twenty-four hours. This way for the swell, Jane, and the shiners, boys."

And almost at a run Bucko led the way through the woods, picking up the trail of mule tracks.

He trailed through a mile of corkwoods. Then he came to a sudden stop, for there, right in the bull's-eye of his electric lamp, showed a lace embroidered handkerchief.

"Gee, Wilkins!" muttered Bucko, opening the handkerchief, and revealing a pair of magnificent rings. "Look! The swell dame knows how. She's dropping the ballast as she goes."

He slipped the rings into his pocket and trotted on, the rest following breathlessly.

But he had not gone a hundred yards before there sounded in a

harsh voice the challenge of the Spanish bandit.

"Boca a tierra!" ("Face to the ground!")

And Bucko came to a standstill, looking into the mouth of a large blunderbuss wide as a gramophone horn, whilst from bushes all round rose the shapes of tattered ruffians heavily armed.

Bucko squinted into the blunderbuss.

Then he smiled rather wryly at the brigand behind the blunderbuss, and slowly lifted his hands.

"It's a fair catch, Diego," said he, affably. "This is where we drop the bundle."

And in another second they were surrounded and secured by men who seemed to rise from the ground itself, and who, handling them none too gently, lashed their hands behind them with raw-hide thongs, muttering all sorts of threats as to what Satan, the bandit, would do to them when they were delivered into his hands.

"Oh, can the rough talk, you Barcelona nuts?" said Bucko, tranquilly, as a donkey was hauled out of the darkness, and he was swung on to its back, his feet tied under the girth.

"Jess what I was sparrin' for," he whispered to his friends. And away they were driven, each lashed on a donkey, up the rough mountain paths that led through the foothills to the stronghold of Satan, the bandit.

Notwithstanding that they had fallen into the hands of the dread bandit Satan, Bucko was quite cheerful.

"Don't open your mouths, boys," he warned; "chances are that some of these savvy the English

lingo. But I guess that they won't tumble to the sort of chin music that I get off."

This was perfectly true. When Bucko Scott chose to disguise the beauties of his native tongue only a very fine linguist could have followed him.

"It's us for the hills, boys," said Bucko, as his donkey trotted along up stony paths, closely followed by the rest.

One of the ruffians struck Bucko across the mouth as a hint to keep quiet.

It was a fairly heavy back-handed blow, and it caught Bucko fairly across his iron jaw and soft, rubbery nose, slightly flattened by years of heavy boxing.

The man looked astonished. Bucko had not moved, a hair's breadth in his seat, and received the blow as tranquilly as if the brute had hit a bank safe.

Then the man rubbed the back of his hand rather ruefully.

Bucko laughed.

"Have another wipe, Cecil," said he, calmly. "I'm sure I don't know what you are stroking my face for like that."

The astonished Spaniard did not reply to the invitation.

He muttered something to his friends about a "cara de hierro," or the Man with the Iron Face. And by this name Bucko was known to their captors as the string of donkeys wound up further and further into the rugged hills, following the smugglers' path.

(There will be another long instalment of this exciting story in next Monday's SCHOOL AND SPORT. Order your copy in advance and get a NEW reader.)

Sent to Coventry

(Continued from page 10.)

have in sight, and treated him to an audible sniff. Harry Nameless did not even see them.

He was thinking—thinking deeply and sadly—and the thoughts in his mind would have startled his loyal chum, could Algy have known them.

THE SIXTEENTH CHAPTER.

The Last Sacrifice.

COLONEL LOVELL descended from the train at Wicke Station and glanced about him. It was Saturday; a half-holiday at St. Kit's; and in the pale winter sunshine a St. Kit's junior was pacing the platform. The Colonel's stern face grew a shade sterner as his eyes fell upon the junior, and he recognised Harry Nameless of the Fourth.

Harry flushed as he caught the stern eyes bent upon him, and raised his cap as he came quickly across the platform.

"Thank you for coming, sir!" he said, in a low voice.

The Colonel eyed him grimly.

"I received your letter," he said, in icy tones. "I decided to come. If you have decided to act according to a sense of propriety, and retire from a school you ought never to have entered, I shall not regret the journey. I understood from your letter that such was your intention, but that you desired to see me personally. I am here."

He interrupted the junior, as the latter was about to speak.

"Come into the waiting-room; we cannot speak here."

With his heavy stride the Colonel led the way. Harry Nameless followed him in silence.

The little shabby waiting-room of Wicke was deserted. The two had it to themselves for this strange interview. Colonel Lovell did not sit down. He stood as erect as a ramrod, his deep-set grey eyes fixed on the junior before him, on the lowered eyes and flushed cheeks.

"Well?" he said, laconically.

"I shall not waste much of your time, Colonel Lovell," said the junior, with a quiet dignity that impressed the Colonel, a little in spite of himself. "I have been told that you are determined that I shall leave St. Kit's."

"Quite!"

The Colonel's answer came like a pistol-shot.

Is it useless for me to tell you,

once more, that you are mistaken in me—that you have done me injustice?" said Harry, in a low voice.

"Perfectly useless. I am quite certain that we have come in contact before, and can therefore only believe that you have lied in denying it," said Colonel Lovell, icily. "If you have lied, it must be to conceal some shady or guilty secret. Your peculiar name is unknown to me—I judge therefore that you were passing under some other name when I came in contact with you. In short, you are an utterly unsuitable boy to be at St. Kit's. You must know that yourself. Why bandy words? Have you decided to leave? Unless that is the case, why have you brought me here?"

"There is a meeting of the governors soon—"

"In a few days—"

"You intend to make them cancel my scholarship if possible—"

"Undoubtedly."

"Lord Rayfield will oppose you?"

The Colonel's jaw shut hard.

"That is no business of yours."

"I think it is my business, sir. Will you not answer me? I—I have heard that Algy's father—that Lord Rayfield will take my side, but—"

"No doubt Algernon has told you so. It is the fact." The Colonel's brow grew darker; and in the black lines there it was easy to read of grim dispute and resentment. Undoubtedly the opposition of his brother-in-law was a sore point with the Colonel.

"That makes no difference to you, sir?"

"None."

"You know that Lord Rayfield thinks well of me," said Harry, timidly.

"I conclude that you have somehow deceived him."

Harry breathed hard.

Why did he not hate this hard, stern man, who stood before him like a grim judge—a hard judge and an unjust one? Why not? He did not. He could not have told why, but there was no anger in his heart. One kind word from the stern old man would have brought sunshine into his face. But that kind word was not likely to be spoken.

"Have you anything else to say?" rapped the Colonel, as

Harry had fallen into troubled silence.

"Yes, sir."

"My time is of value—I must take the next train."

"There is ample time for the little I have to say," said Harry Nameless, bitterly. "I have to say this—I will not be the cause of dispute or bitterness in the family of my best friend—my only friend. You have wronged me, sir; I hope some day you will understand it is so. St. Leger has been the best, kindest friend a fellow could have—and I have done him harm enough. I will do him no more. There is no need for the governors to meet and debate what is to be done with me. I will go."

Colonel Lovell stared at him.

He had expected that the Foundation junior had decided to go, but he was far from expecting to hear this reason given.

His lip curled sarcastically.

"Your motives—if genuine—do you credit?" he said. "You know, of course, that full compensation will be given to you, in money, for your loss of the Foundation scholarship, if you resign it of your own accord and save unpleasantness."

Harry lifted his head proudly.

"I shall not touch a penny."

"What?"

"I shall resign the scholarship for the reason I have given. The end of the term is not far off. All I require is to leave St. Kit's at the end of the term, with the rest—and I will not come back. That is not much to ask."

"It would be better for you to leave immediately."

"A few weeks can make little difference, sir. I have others to consider as well as myself—Jack Straw and Mr. Carew—both will be disappointed—I have to think of them. I am not asking much, sir, considering what I am giving up," said Harry, in a low voice.

Colonel Lovell nodded curtly.

"Let it be as you say, then; you leave St. Kit's when the school breaks up for the holidays; and you do not come back. On that definite understanding I take no further steps in the matter."

"Then it is settled," said Harry Nameless, with a heavy heart.

He stepped back, raised his cap to the Colonel, and walked out of the waiting-room. The interview was over. Had he, when he asked for that interview, had some thought of appeal to the stern old man—some effort to convince him that he was in error? If so, the thought had died under the blighting glance of those grim eyes. The interview was over, and Harry Nameless walked along the plat-

form to the exit with a slow step and a heavy heart.

Colonel Lovell stepped from the waiting-room and looked along the platform after the junior. He twisted his grizzled moustache, and his brows were darkly knitted. There was, for the moment, indecision, something like relenting, in the hard face. Had he been too hard on the boy?

He looked after him, musing. Was he too hard? In spite of himself, there was something in Harry that had touched a chord in his heart. Something that reminded him of—what? He was a hard man, a bitter man, and he knew it—one terrible grief in his life had hardened and soured him. If his boy had lived he would have been about the age of this lad whom he was driving from St. Kit's. His boy! The hard, bronzed face twitched for a moment—the eyes that stared after the junior were dim.

With an angry exclamation the Colonel turned sharply on his heel and strode up the platform. The momentary weakness was past; he was again the man of bronze.

Harry Nameless did not look back as he left the station.

He left all his hopes, all his ambitions, there; but he did not regret what he had done.

It was for Algy's sake—for the sake of the chum who had been loyal and true when all others had turned against him. He tramped along the lane to St. Kit's, over the old stone bridge, whence, on his first day at the school, he had dived to rescue Algy, his chum ever since. The end of the term was not far off, and then he was to go! It was for Algy's sake.

Was it all for Algy's sake?

Not all! Deep down in his heart he knew that he was thinking of the Colonel, too, of the hard, stern man who was driving him forth, an outcast. Why was it he could feel no hatred, no bitterness, towards the man who was so hard upon him—only kindness and respect after all that he had done? Why?

He did not know; he only knew that it was so. It was so that he would have felt to his father, if he had known a father. His father? The nameless schoolboy sighed. If only he had a father!

He turned in at the gates of St. Kit's—his school still, though not for long now. Algy met him at the gates with a relieved look, and linked an arm in his to cross the quad.

"I wondered where you'd got to, old bean," said Algernon Aubrey. "You didn't tell me you were goin'

out. Come up to the study—there's a brew goin' on—Bunny's done the shoppin'—I put it all in chalk for him, on the lookin' glass—I'm keepin' him in Coventry, you know." Algy chuckled.

Harry smiled faintly.

In No. 5 Study Bunny stayed for the "brew" in silence. He dared not speak, lest a boot should be introduced into the conversation before the brew was finished. When the last crumb had vanished Bunny vanished, too—to expend his pent-up conversation upon less fortunate fellows, and the chums of the Fourth were left alone.

"Penny for 'em, old bean," said Algy, suddenly.

Harry looked up quickly, and coloured.

"I—I was thinking—"

"Bad habit—get out of it. I never do. Not worryin' about merry old Coventry, what?"

"No," said Harry, with a smile.

"I haven't been anythin' like so bored since we've been in Coventry," said Algernon Aubrey, placidly. "What a howlin' joke it goes on to the end of the term! Save me all the trouble of dodgin' the fellows who want to come home an' 'bask in the pater's smiles for the vac. What? You'll come home with me for the vac, old bean, an' we'll have no end of a time. Pater and mater and Aunt Georgina and Aunt Cordelia all want you to come—begad! You must try and stand 'em, old chap—they're not half bad, though they do bore a fellow."

Harry smiled, but did not answer.

"And next term," grinned Algy. "fancy beginnin' a new term in Coventry? No end of a screamin' lark, what?"

Algy rose.

"But you want to swot! Go ahead—I'll take a stroll down the passage, cuttin' all the fellows dead!"

And the cheery Algy sauntered out of the study in great spirits. Harry's glance followed him.

"He will know soon enough!" he whispered.

His brow was clouded, but he went quietly to work—quietly and steadily. Work, after all, was a cure for many troubles. It was the darkest hour for the nameless schoolboy.

But the darkest hour comes before the dawn!

THE END.

(Next Monday's long, complete school story of St. Kit's is entitled: "HOW HARRY NAMELESS FOUND HIS FATHER," by Clifford Clive. Order your copy in advance and get a NEW reader.)