

have imagined himself popular at St. Osyth's. Still, he was not actively unpopular, and considering the disparity of his size with that of fellows whom he was fated to go above in class, he was knocked about surprisingly little. Also the Bleaters of his own house, who had appeared at first to think him fair game, were less pressing in their attentions than might have been expected. Perhaps this had something to do with Hythe's increasing bulk, all the time put in at gymnasium and games not having gone for nothing. The school house grandees had got into the way of thinking him considerably smaller than themselves. As it was, even between him and the lordly Giffard there was not so much to choose.

So our hero had really nothing to complain of, and he didn't complain. Whether he occasionally felt a little lonely was another matter. Yet when he returned home each term and his father asked him the same anxious question:

"And how are you finding St. Osyth's now, sonny?" he invariably turned up a bright face and answered:

"Ripping!"

"And you're getting on with the chaps there all right?" his parent would continue.

"Fine!" answered the son veraciously.

Whereupon his father would heave a sigh