

Joseph, the old butler, who at some dim and distant age had started life as a page at St. Osyth's, could have told you. I, too, St. Osyth's faithful chronicler, who on last Speech Day made a special pilgrimage to the lower school to inspect a name (my own) carved with a penknife on a desk in the left hand corner, with a wholly unbelievable date, am as much in the dark as the rest. But no one was under the delusion that the name had been bestowed in any spirit of vain compliment. Unlike Doctor's, the house was not distinguished for its efficiency in games. But it was distinguished for other things which made it rotten to the core. Nugent, its head, had used his uncanny knowledge of the world to affect it with thoroughly vicious tendencies. In this he was ably seconded by Edwards, who toadied to him much in the same way as he had done in the Fourth, for Nugent in his cold, supercilious way had a curious gift of attracting other fellows to him. Edwards would have blacked his boots at any time, while Crichton, the wildest and most reckless of the middle school Hittites, who had been nick-named "The Admirable," "sarcastic like," was always at his heels. It is but just to Nugent to say he accepted their devotion with the profoundest indifference, shaking The Admirable off indeed more often than not. According to old Joseph, the