

"Were you kicked out though?" demanded Berkeley with a deeply stimulated interest.

"No," said Hythe. "I wasn't."

"Did you leave because the place was too swagger for you, or because you were too swagger for the place?" asked the proud possessor of the two t's to his name, with his beaming smile.

Hythe hesitated a minute and then said, "My father thought he'd rather I came here."

"What price us?" said someone, while a dark, foreign-looking boy named Gegechkory (who had promptly been christened 'Pony' by the first disgusted St. Osythian who had made a shot at his outlandish name), supplied the information that St. Osyth's wasn't a reformatory. He pronounced it reform-at-ory, but the inference was quite clear.

"Is your father rich?" asked Giffard suddenly.

"I don't know," said Hythe junior with truth. "Why?"

"Because the Old Man has a nasty habit of charging five shillings for a new cane every time he swipes you, and putting it down in the bill. If your governor *wasn't* rich it would make things rather awkward, wouldn't it?" said Giffard sympathetically.

"By-the-way, what *is* your governor?" asked Nugent.