

"Never heard of the place," said Farquhar, ruminating. "What's it like?"

Now as a matter of fact Hythe junior had never felt any particular affection for the establishment in question. But a curious instinct of loyalty made him answer now:

"Not bad!"

"You don't mean that rotten commercial school in Bloomsbury?" exclaimed Nugent, who knew as much about the affairs of the outside world as the rest of St. Osyth's put together.

"It is in Bloomsbury, and it is a commercial school," said its sometime pupil, meeting Nugent's disgusted look squarely enough.

"Do they teach you anything at a show like that? Let's hear you spell 'pigeon' now," said Edwards, a sort of humble hanger-on of Nugent's.

"D-u-c-k!" answered Hythe promptly, whereupon everybody laughed, and Edwards was heard to make audible references to the efficiency of a cricket stump applied externally.

"Why did you leave? Were you kicked out?" asked Giffard, by way of contributing something really pleasant to the conversation.

Hythe didn't answer. Whereupon Giffard gave a playful twist to his arm which made the joints crack.