

remonstrances the Doctor had been making lately about the prevalence of swearing in the school, he personally had always gone out of his way to avoid rapping out anything when the juniors were about. As for the latter daring to copy him he would just like to see them at it! Mr. Baker, too, whose fields adjoined the bathing place, had been making himself objectionable about the fellows using a short cut across his land on their way to the river. Well, Farquhar had given him a spice of his mind in return, which he hoped would live in his memory. (It did! with results which have their bearing on this story.) As for the evils of smoking, Farquhar was at one with all the Doctor could say upon that point. A fellow who deliberately did anything calculated to spoil his form at the games ought to be barred. Still if a chap like Nugent who didn't go in for games, although there was a tradition that he could do anything he liked at them, and whose insolent tongue was the one thing on earth Farquhar dreaded, chose to make an idiot of himself that way, and didn't obtrude the fact on his notice officially, where was the use of making a fuss?

Besides, even at the worst, the Captain had always found the Doctor eminently reasonable, and after a little judicious handling, fairly inclined to look at things through his head boy's eyes. So with his usual