

Playing the Game

CHAPTER I

THE COMING OF "SCISSORS"

When Mr. James Hythe decided to send his son and heir to St. Osyth's, it was with the avowed intention of making a gentleman of him. As it happened this was rendered unnecessary in the case of Hythe junior, since Nature had obligingly taken that part of the business upon herself. Also, though one grieves to have to record it, the fact that he had been educated at a cheap middle class day-school did not cause him to exhibit any startling deficiency in mental acquirements when contrasted with the youth of St. Osyth's, but rather the reverse.

To look at, Reginald Taunton was just an ordinary boy, rather undersized, indeed, at this stage of his career, the aforesaid day-school having had misguided leanings towards the development of brains rather than muscle. But steady eyes and a rather remarkable chin saved his face now, and at all future time, from the charge of being commonplace.