

**DICK PRESCOTT'S SECOND
YEAR AT WEST POINT;
OR, FINDING THE GLORY
OF THE SOLDIER'S LIFE**

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Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point; Or, Finding the Glory of the Soldier's Life by H. Irving Hancock

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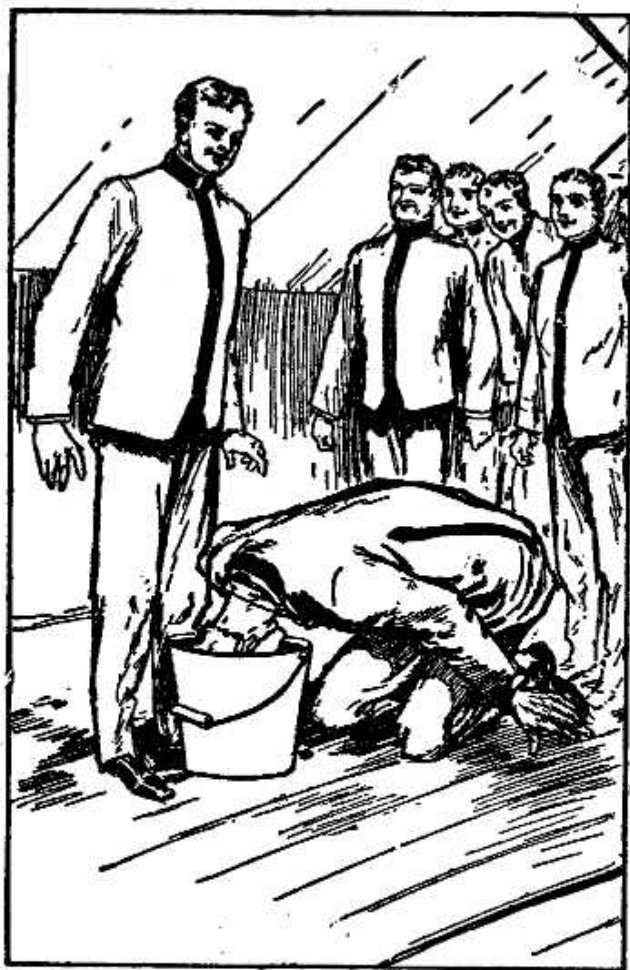
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H. IRVING HANCOCK

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"Continue With Your Head in Seak, Mister."

Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point

OR

Finding the Glory of the Soldier's
Life

By

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Illustrated

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CONTENTS

CHAPTER	PAGE
I. THE CLASS PRESIDENT LECTURES ON HAZING.....	7
II. PIERRE BRIGGS LEARNS A FEW THINGS.....	23
III. GREG DEBATES BETWEEN GIRLS AND MISCHIEF.....	33
IV. THE O. C. WANTS TO KNOW.....	45
V. "I RESPECTFULLY DECLINE TO ANSWER, SIR".....	55
VI. GREG PREPARES FOR FLIRTATION WALK.....	65
VII. THE FOLKS FROM HOME.....	80
VIII. CADET DODGE HEARS SOMETHING.....	90
IX. SPOONY FEMME—FLIRTATION WALK.....	100
X. THE CURE FOR PIERRE ANIMAL SPIRITS.....	112
XI. LIEUTENANT TOPHAM FEELS QUEER.....	122
XII. UNDER A FEARFUL CHARGE.....	127
XIII. IN CLOSE ARREST.....	141
XIV. FRIENDS WHO STAND BY.....	151
XV. ON TRIAL BY COURT-MARTIAL.....	159
XVI. A VERDICT AND A HOP.....	171
XVII. "A LIAR AND A COWARD".....	178
XVIII. THE FIGHT IN BARRACKS.....	189
XIX. MR. DENNISON'S TURN IS SERVED.....	196
XX. CONCLUSION.....	204

Dick Prescott's Second Year at West Point

CHAPTER I

THE CLASS PRESIDENT LECTURES ON MAZING

LEAVING the road that wound by the officers' quarters at the north end, turning on to the road that passed the hotel, a hot, somewhat tired and rather dusty column of cadets swung along towards their tents in the distance.

The column was under arms, as though the cadets had been engaged in target practice or out on a reconnoissance.

The young men wore russet shoes, gray trousers and leggings, gray flannel shirts and soft campaign hats.

Their appearance was not that of soldiers on parade, but of the grim toilers and fighters who serve in the field.

Their work that morning had, in fact, been strictly in line with labor, for the young men,

8 DICK PRESCOTT'S SECOND YEAR

under Captain McAneny, had been engaged in the study of field fortifications. To be more exact, the young men had been digging military trenches—yes—digging them, for at West Point hard labor is not beneath the cadet's dignity.

Just as they swung off the road past the officers' quarters the young men, marching in route step, fell quickly into step at the command of the cadet officer at the head of the line.

Now they marched along at no greater speed, but with better swing and rhythm. They were, in fact, perfect soldiers—the best to be found on earth.

Past the hotel they moved, and out along the road that leads by the summer encampment. The brisk command of "halt" rang out. Immediately afterwards the command was dismissed. Carrying their rifles at ease, the young men stepped briskly through different company streets to their tents.

Three of these brought up together at one of the tents.

"Home, Sweet Home," hummed Greg Holmes, as he stepped into his tent.

"Thank goodness for the luxury of a little rest," muttered Dick Prescott.

"Rest?" repeated Tom Anstey, with a look of amazement. "What time have you, now, for a rest?"