

**THE GRAMMAR SCHOOL
BOYS IN THE WOODS:
OR, DICK & CO. TRAIL FUN
AND KNOWLEDGE**

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The Grammar School Boys in the Woods: Or, Dick & Co. Trail Fun and Knowledge by H. Irving Hancock

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H. IRVING HANCOCK

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Dick's Heels Dangled Within a Foot of Tige's Jaws.

Frontispiece.—G. S. B. in the Woods.

The Grammar School Boys in the Woods

OR

Dick & Co. Trail Fun and
Knowledge

By

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Author of *The Grammar School Boys of Gridley*, *The Grammar School
Boys Snowbound*, *The Grammar School Boys in Summer Athletics*,
The High School Boys' Series, *The West Point Series*, *The
Annapolis Series*, *The Young Engineers' Series*,
The Motor Boat Club Series, Etc.

Illustrated

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The Grammar School Boys in the Woods

CHAPTER I

THE STRANGERS OF NORTON'S WOODS

“ANY more questions?” inquired Principal E. Dutton Jones, more familiarly known to the students of the Central Grammar School as “Old Dut.”

He stood before the boy and girl pupils of the eighth grade. For twenty minutes he had been talking on the matter of physical geography. This afternoon the subject had been the movements of the sun and moon with reference to the earth.

On the desk before the principal stood an apparatus that he was never tired of exhibiting, but which often bored the Grammar School boys and girls. At the center of this apparatus was a gilded ball representing the sun—stationary. Revolving in an orbit beyond the

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“sun” was another sphere that stood for the earth. On still another orbit was a very small silvered ball intended to represent the moon. By turning a crank Old Dut was able to explain the “mysteries” of the earth’s revolution on its axis and the yearly course around the sun and of the moon’s phases as seen from the earth.

“Any more questions?” repeated Old Dut after a moment’s silence.

No questions were offered.

“Any boy or girl who feels that he does not fully understand all that I have been explaining in this lesson will rise,” directed the principal.

No one stirred.

“Then I congratulate you all,” said Old Dut dryly, “upon your excellent powers of comprehension. I trust that your memories will prove to be of an equally fine grade—when examination day comes around.”

The suspicion of a smile traveled around the room, but this the excellent principal did not appear to see, for he was now busy dismembering the apparatus and replacing it in the wooden case in which the sun-moon-and-earth apparatus usually lay when not in actual use.

“Masters Prescott and Hazelton will please return this box to the storeroom off the exhi-

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bition hall, then lock the door and return this key to me," directed Old Dut.

Dick Prescott and Harry Hazelton stepped willingly forward, received the key, then grappled with the box, taking it out of the room.

"Master Alvord?"

"May I leave the room, sir?" replied Ben Alvord, lowering the right hand that he had been holding aloft.

"Yes. Master Allen, is yours a similar request?"

"Yes, sir," Ned Allen admitted.

"Granted, then."

After these two boys had stepped from the schoolroom the wonted quiet, with its accompanying busy-bee air, settled down over the scene. All eyes in the room were now turned on the pages of text-books in grammar.

Dick and Harry had soon finished their errand. As they reached the bottom of the stairs leading to the exhibition hall overhead, they were confronted by Ben and Ned.

"Say, what do you think of Old Dut?" demanded Ben angrily.

"As a teacher?" smiled Dick. "First class."

"He knows his business," supplemented Hazelton.

"Oh, of course he does, as far as teaching goes," retorted Ben. "If he didn't, I don't