

**THE HIGH SCHOOL  
FRESHMEN: OR, DICK  
& CO.'S FIRST YEAR  
PRANKS AND SPORTS**

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The High School Freshmen: Or, Dick & Co.'s First Year Pranks and Sports by H. Irving Hancock

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**H. IRVING HANCOCK**

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"TAKE THAT, MUCKER!"

*Frontispiece.*

# The High School Freshmen

OR

Dick & Co.'s  
First Year Pranks and Sports

By

H. IRVING HANCOCK

Author of *The Motor Boat Club Series*,  
*The High School Pitcher*, Etc., Etc.

Illustrated

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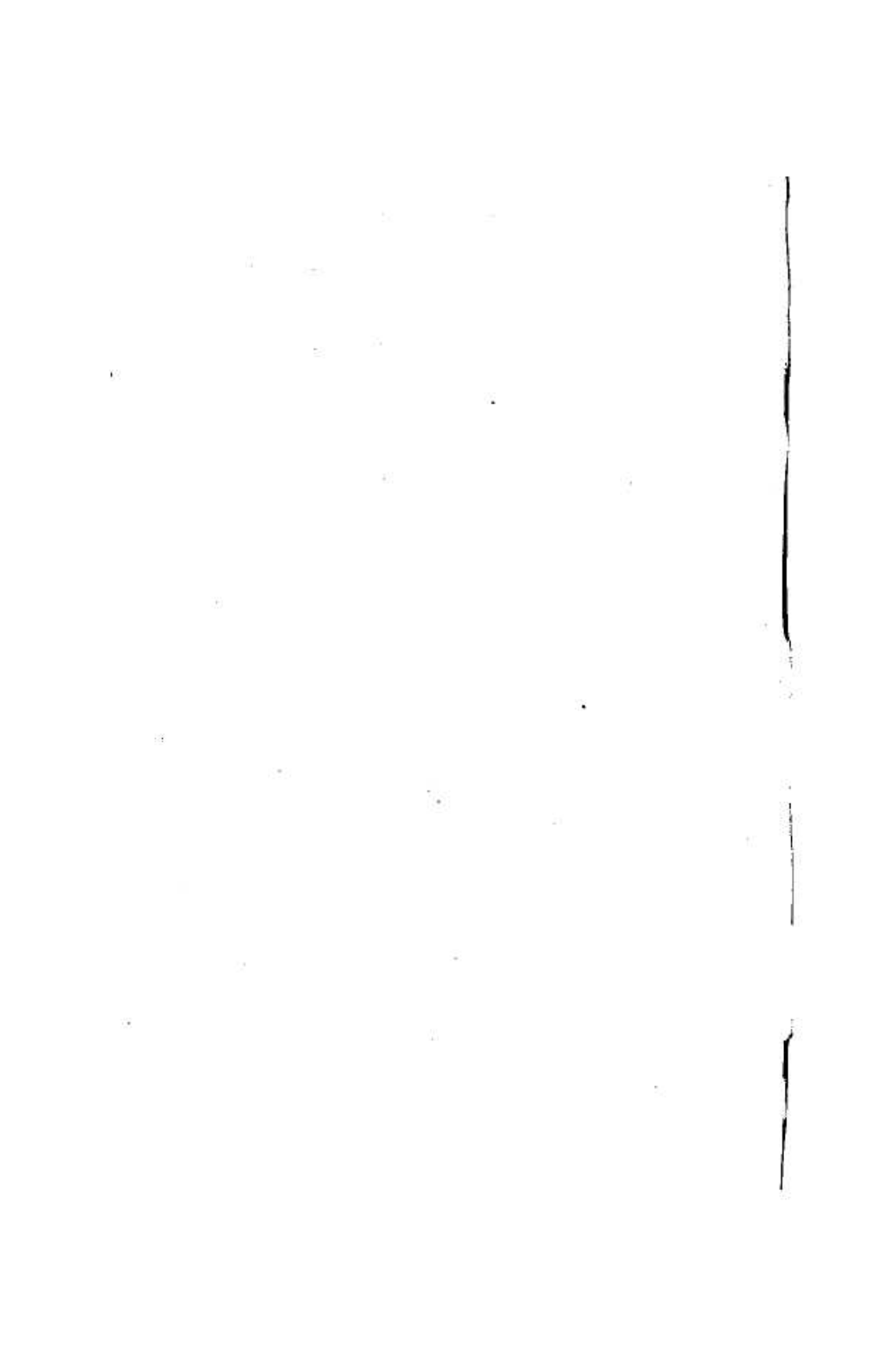


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## The High School Freshmen

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### CHAPTER I

#### "THE HIGH SCHOOL SNEAK"

"I SAY you did!" cried Fred Ripley, hotly. Dick Prescott's cheeks turned a dull red as he replied, quietly, after swallowing a choky feeling in his throat:

"I have already told you that I did not do it."

"Then who did do the contemptible thing?" insisted Ripley, sneeringly.

Fully forty boys, representing all the different classes at the Gridley High School, stood looking on at this altercation in the school grounds. Half a dozen of the girls, too, hovered in the background, interested, or curious, though not venturing too close to what might turn out to be a fight in hot blood.

"If I knew," rejoined Dick, in that same quiet voice, in which one older in the world's ways might have detected the danger-signal, "I wouldn't tell you."

## 8 THE HIGH SCHOOL FRESHMEN

"Bah!" jeered Fred Ripley, hotly.

"Perhaps you mean that you don't believe me!" said Prescott inquiringly.

"I don't!" laughed Ripley, shortly, bitterly.

"Oh!"

A world of meaning surged up in that exclamation. It was as though bright, energetic, honest Dick Prescott had been struck a blow that he could not resent. This, indeed, was the fact.

"See here, Ripley——" burst, indignantly, from Dick Prescott's lips, as his face went white and then glowed a deeper red than before.

"Well, kid?" sneered Ripley.

"If I didn't have a hand—the right hand, at that—that is too crippled, to-day, I'd pound your words down your mouth."

"Oh, your hand?" retorted Ripley, confidently. "The yarn about that hand is another lie."

Dick's injured right hand came out of the jacket pocket in which it had rested. With his left hand he flung down his cap.

"I'll fight—you—anyway!" Prescott announced, slowly.

There were a few faint cheers, though some of the older High School boys looked serious. Fair play was an honored tradition in Gridley.

Ripley, however, had thrown down his cap