

THE PLAYERS

that his tutor was indispensable. "All the same, if it wasn't for my wife and family I'd let the letter H go to—well, a certain place that can't get on without it—before I'd trouble about it. But, you see, Mr. Gore, my family are sensitive on the point."

"It is natural," murmured Mr. Mowbray Gore.

"Well, I suppose it is," said Mr. Pomfret in a tone which rather questioned why it should be. "My family"—he drew back one side of his mouth in a sarcastic grimace—"are a little bit over-sensitive, I think. It makes them shudder, they tell me, when I don't pronounce my aitches; consequently they don't like me to talk. But I always was a talker; always a good deal to say for myself, and it's 'ard——"

Mr. Mowbray Gore quickly raised his hand.

"Ah-hard—what was I saying?—'ar—ah-hard that 'aving made my pile, and being in a position to entertain my friends, I should 'ave to keep my mouth shut."

"It is hard," the Professor agreed, with a theatrically elegant gesture of sympathy. "But since you have been so well advised as to put yourself in my hands the difficulty will soon be overcome. With regard to the aspirates, which at present give you some trouble, the great thing is to look well ahead as you talk: look ahead, Mr. Pomfret, for the red lamp of the letter H. You