

The latter's blatant triumph was a little difficult to bear. Indeed in their second interview, only the veiled threat contained in the trustees' letter, kept the Doctor even outwardly civil to him. But the other's natural shrewdness did not desert him through all his noisy jubilation. Thus, when the Doctor with ineffable loftiness observed:

"I presume you wish to enter your son for the Modern Side," he was down on him like a weasel on a rabbit.

"Now why should you presume that?" he demanded with a cunning look.

"The Modern Side was intended for such—er—cases as your son's," the Doctor condescended to explain. "Its object is chiefly—I might say wholly—utilitarian. With the exception of Latin, which doubtless you will regret, as having no practical value, the subjects taught are such as are calculated to fit those learning them for a definite profession, or even in the last resort—a trade."

"Meaning that the Moderns aren't so ornamental as the what-d'ye-call-'em—Classics?" asked his visitor.

"If you like to put it in that way, yes," answered the Doctor.

"Then if the Classics are the swells and the Moderns the ruck, my boy goes with the swells," declared Mr. Hythe firmly and obstinately.