

XXXIII

THE newspapers were busy still with his name and with his fame. Our correspondents had been calling him "the aged philosopher" ever since he was sixty-five: now he was eighty-four, eighty-five—nearly eighty-six, and they used the epithet less frequently. It was as though he had tired them out. The obituary notices had been brought from the editorial pigeon-holes, to be written "up to date," so many times that the ink on the typewritten copy had faded, the paper itself was yellow, frayed, and tattered. Skilled hands that had written last tributes of praise were cold in death; but he, the subject of the praise, lived on.

All men knew his name; his fame was growing, ever growing; the word-loving public craved for more words, and editors must somehow satisfy the craving: no week passed without "a long piece" in the public press.

"It is probably not generally known that Mr Burgoyne, the doyen of philosophy, is possessed of vast wealth. The fortune that his books have yielded the author is probably the largest that has ever been amassed by the industry of a single pen. Mr Burgoyne has reaped in fullest measure the benefits conferred upon literary workers by the provisions of the Copyright Act. It is now more than fifty years since the first appearance of *The Magic Mirror*, and throughout this period it has given the owner of the copyright a steady revenue which has been variously estimated, but which cannot well fall short of the average of three thousand pounds per annum. And this book, it must be remembered, is only one of many. It is but fair to add that, if Rumour's tongue speaks truly, Mr Burgoyne's charity has been as munificent as his means have been large."

Rumour's tongue at least was speaking truly about the creation of these new Vincent Studentships.