

THE PLAYERS

iteration, and succumbs, arguing that there must be something in that about which it is found worth while to write or talk so much.

"It is a curious thing," began Mr. Pomfret, returning to a characteristic alert geniality, "what a difference a small thing makes to a man's success. Now 'ere—ah—here—am I, got everything a man can want except this little affair of a single letter——"

"A breath you may call it," put in the Professor indulgently.

"Just so. And it does me no end of 'arm——"

"Harm."

"Ah—harm socially. If a man's got a million of money you wouldn't think his friends would care whether he knocked his aitches about or not. He can give them everything they want; the best of dinners and wines, shooting, cigars, horses, a magnificent time all round. And yet——"

"People look for the H," Mr. Mowbray Gore observed suavely. "It is a little thing which is not noticed when it is present—but which is uncomfortably conspicuous by its absence." By which speech it may be inferred that the Professor had no idea of losing a wealthy pupil before he could help it through any suggestion that his grand deficiency was negligible.

"Just so," replied Mr. Pomfret off-handedly. His commercial instincts were too keen to let him suggest