

stress on the value of the monitorial system as a means of self government," he explained. "We allow our elder boys a large share of authority over the younger ones, so that in the days to come, when they rise to positions of command, they will have learned the right use of power."

But in spite of this comfortable programme, St. Osyth's continued to creep, not to say race, down-hill. So that when Mr. Hythe, burning with his wrongs, rushed off to the friendly trustee—was it perhaps true that the prince of tailors united to his more legitimate business that of a private money-lender?—he received a sympathy quite touching in its warmth. And in a letter couched in terms as unlike his own dignified phraseology as could well be, the trustees found themselves unable to withhold from the Doctor the fact that as a result of his ministrations, St. Osyth's was not in a position to refuse any application whatsoever. Also that a vacancy must be *made*—the word was underlined satirically—for the son of the worthy Mr. Hythe, or the consequences might be regrettable. It was not the sort of letter that even the Doctor could disregard, and with feelings that can be understood, he was obliged to write and tell the unspeakable tailor that his application had been reconsidered.