

THE PLAYERS

sentence, Charles, take Tommy's arm while John calls a cab. But that would not help our fight for the aspirate."

The argument, if unpalatable, was to the point. Mr. Pomfret wisely put down his head and charged through the hedge of bristling aspirates, only to stick in the middle of it and then scramble out with a stinging sense of failure.

"Very good, very good," said the Professor encouragingly, seeing that his pupil's patience was stretched almost to snapping point. "You are decidedly improving. A few weeks will see the letter H conquered and your slave. Now we will just talk for a while for practice in being prepared for the aspirate when he comes along unexpectedly."

Mr. Pomfret nodded with a certain sense of relief; for, aspiratory deficiencies notwithstanding, he had all his life been a great talker. And it is a curious thing that most of the very successful in trade or finance are men of glib speech. The power of the tongue, acknowledged though it be, is surely underestimated, or at least, overlooked by the world. Talk—constant, fluent talk—seems to exercise the same kind of influence as lengthy, insistent advertisement. Their matter won't bear analysis, not even in the light of common-sense, but the constant hitting in the eye or ear is too much for the average man. He becomes obsessed by the persistent