

HIS fame had come to him very slowly.

From the scientific world recognition had been withheld for two main reasons. The big men are necessarily too busy with their own work to keep a sharp lookout for newcomers: they rely on the smaller men to do the watching, to present for promotion in due course fit and worthy candidates for the unpaid posts of honour. But the small men are warped with prejudice, bound in chains of class-association: only in their own dull ranks will they seek the candidate.

At the outset of his career there was much against Richard Burgoyne from the point of view of small "professional" minds. He was a young man of ample means and good family; as the son of a country gentleman he had gone, quite in the ordinary course of events, to Oxford—to Christ Church. Here he had taken his M.D. degree; but here also he had hunted regularly, he had shot often, and he had once ridden one of his own private horses in a steeplechase.

These were damaging facts—not malicious fancies—to be known and noted by all. He was a clever young man, if you like, with the loose, slapdash, amateurish cleverness which sits very well on a young lord, but which cannot be accepted seriously at meetings in Albemarle Street or soirées at South Kensington. A swaggering, *horsey* young man with a certain pen aptitude and the sort of shallow receptive brain which absorbs all the floating half-formed notions of the moment—whose first printed paper was an article in one of the reviews on *Colour and Temper of our English-bred horses*.

Editors of heavy reviews liked young Mr Burgoyne's articles, but they found him indurated and inductile. Editors always want the new article to be the old article in new words, but this contributor would give them something different. When