

awe, all that was a thing of the past. They had begun to realise the Doctor's inefficiency underneath all his grand manner, and in one thing at least they had had their own way. For to the disgust of Doctor and school alike, they had been so lost to all sense of right feeling as to tack on a Modern Side to St. Osyth's classic ranks. But as the Doctor had not only sat upon the institution through every stage of its feeble and precarious existence, but also regarded with tacit approval all attempts of the boys to do likewise, it could hardly be said to have flourished. Most of its members were crowded into the smallest and least desirable of St. Osyth's houses, whose house-master, Mr. Yago (cannot any boy supply the nickname by which he was most generally known for himself?) shared the general unpopularity.

However, the Modern Side excepted, the efforts of the trustees to modernise, or as the Doctor put it, vulgarise the old place, met with scant success.

"My dear sir, the school is going to rack and ruin," expostulated one of the trustees more daring than the rest, "and according to all accounts the youngsters are allowed a perniciously free hand."

The Doctor looked down at him with pitying contempt.

"St. Osyth's has always laid a special