

nothing-can-go-very-far-wrong-in-this-world-as-long-as-I-am-here-to-look-after-it air, he sounded the dome-like brass knocker, and was ushered into the presence.

At the first sight of the Doctor's face he realised that it was for none of all these things he had been summoned. He realised too, all in a minute, and with the force of a shock, that the Doctor was an old man. His big frame seemed to have shrivelled up and gone to pieces. There were hectic spots of colour on his cheeks, and his mouth had a curious twitching movement which prevented him from speaking very clearly at first. His eyes were so red, too, round the rims, that the Captain had a horrible suspicion that he had been crying.

"Sit down, Farquhar," he said motioning the Captain to a chair. The latter did as he was told and awaited, rather breathlessly, for what was coming.

"I have just received a letter from the trustees," the Head began.

The Captain looked a sympathy that was genuine enough. Like the Doctor he had had a profound detestation of the trustees and their methods.

"They have asked me to send in my resignation," finished the Doctor, quite simply for once.

"Oh, I say sir, what a shame! You won't