

THE PLAYERS

the one equipment necessary to enable you to shine with equal brilliance in another sphere. Now—'A heart that is humble might hope for it here.' "

"Is it correct to sound the aitch in 'umble," Mr. Pomfret questioned almost defiantly.

The Professor inclined his head with studied dignity. "Preferably."

"A ah-heart that is ah-humble might ah-hope for it ah-here."

"Capital!" exclaimed his tutor, with a geniality which likewise was studied. "Now, repeat, slowly at first, Herbert, hold Harry's hand while Harold hails a hansom."

A restive gleam shot from Mr. Pomfret's eyes. He had spent the most part of a busy life in ordering people about, and did not take kindly to being placed at a disadvantage and commanded to recite nonsensical formulæ by a stage failure who inhabited a so-called studio on a second floor in Bond Street and earned a more or less precarious living by showing a set of abnormally regular teeth and chewing with them every word he spoke into aggressively perfect enunciation.

"Don't see the use of that," he objected. "No man, woman or child in this world ever used so many aitches at once."

"True," Mr. Mowbray Gore admitted, with an indulgent smile. "We might as well put the