

And this seems the right point at which to explain the curious state of affairs at St. Osyth's, which led to young Hythe being domiciled there with a promptitude sufficiently startling in the face of the Doctor's dictum.

Now, as a matter of fact, St. Osyth's was by no means full, "nor 'arf" as Hythe *père*, having made it his business to find out, indignantly explained to his friend the trustee. It had still its old name—a name which was known all the English-speaking world over—and which stood for certain fine traditions which every St. Osyth's fellow understood, though he might not have been able to put them into words. But there was no doubt about it; it had failed to keep pace with the times. It was not holding its own with other schools of the same standing. Also its numbers were falling off to an extent which led to the trustees calling meetings with what, from the head master's point of view, was almost exasperating frequency.

But when invited to peruse the diminishing balance-sheet, the Doctor in his stately way waved it aside. "Other qualities are required in the head of a great public school, than those of an accountant," he told them, as one speaking from a great height.

But if in the beginning the trustees had accepted the snub with a certain amount of