

Wren, said Mrs Burgoyne, was their neighbour, the clever doctor who was good enough to interest himself in the distribution now and then of red cards.

"Wren knows what he is about, but he has got into a groove," said Mr Stone. "And he seems never to have heard of half the German hospitals."

Kind Dr Wren, it seemed, was responsible for the loss of many moments.

All these books on the close-packed shelves were—it went without saying—Mr Burgoyne's working tools, and the desirable thing, of course, was to keep his tools ready to his hand. But his assistants should introduce method into the arrangement of his tools; the books should be kept moving on the shelves. Those two small adjoining rooms, instead of being employed as mere overflow reservoirs, should be made a sifting department. Mr Burgoyne's books, moving from year to year as they grew old and exhausted—if they ever did become exhausted—and in accord with the fluctuating character of their importance when considered in relation to the work itself, should pass slowly round Mr Burgoyne's big room and out into the back of the sifting department. Mr Burgoyne, like all great workmen, worked with few tools: it should be easy to arrange.

Assistants should not, merely because they were assistants, be careless of their moments. Mrs Burgoyne, who was really the secretary, no matter what other aid her husband had received, must take up typewriting. She would find typewriting quite an amusement. Some lithographed letter forms should be obtained for replying to manifestly impertinent and foolish strangers. With pain Mr Stone had calculated an average waste per morning of forty-three minutes of Mrs Burgoyne's own time when dealing with the day's post.

Thus Mr Stone, looking about the room with dark eyes, had seen the moments dribbling away in all directions.

Filling one of the large window recesses there was a strange and untidy collection of what the household called Mr Burgoyne's toys. On either side was a capacious toy cupboard