

"As you like," said the Doctor in a wearied voice. "I will enter him for Mr. Yago's at once."

"Is Mr. Yago's the best house? I thought I heard something about its being overrun with Moderns. What about the School House now?" asked Mr. Hythe still suspicious.

"There are no best houses," explained the Doctor elaborately. "The School House happens to be the largest numerically, while Mr. Yago's, though in no sense belonging wholly to the Moderns, certainly does contain more members of that side than the other houses. I suggested it for your son with the idea that he might possibly feel more at home in that—er—element."

"The School House is my ticket, all the same," returned Mr. Hythe, "and even if it's as full up as the school itself was at our last *parlez-vous*, I've no doubt you'd be able to *make* a vacancy there. To oblige me—come now."

The grin with which the speaker pointed the word left the unfortunate master in no doubt of his cognisance of the wording of the fateful letter. For a moment he thought of staring his visitor down, but a glance into the latter's cunning little eyes made him change his mind. And without more words, he entered Reginald Taunton for a house which was to him as the apple of his eye.