

TO BE TAKEN
WITH SALT.



PETER M'ARTHUR

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Great
Misunders
tood” and
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Great**

**Misunders
tood.”**

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Congress, Washington, U.S.A.]*

**T O B E T A K E N W I T H
S A L T .**



**‘Seated magnificently within
the borders of her four
kingdoms.’**

TO BE TAKEN WITH
SALT.

BEING AN ESSAY ON TEACHING ONE'S
GRANDMOTHER TO SUCK EGGS.

BY

PETER McARTHUR .

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CONTENTS.

CHAP.	PAGE
I. A COLONIAL IN SEARCH OF HIS GRANDMOTHER	1
II. AN ILLUMINATING ADVENTURE	18
III. THE MYSTERY OF THE AMERICAN INVADER	30
IV. AN ANALYSIS AND A REVELATION OF LOYALTY	46
V. THE MISFORTUNES OF TIME AND SPACE	58
VI. THE DIARY OF A BANKRUPT	82
VII. THE MIDLANDS AT FORTY MILES AN HOUR	111
VIII. A STOCK EXCHANGE FOR DREAMS	122
IX. EGGS IS EGGS	132
X. MY SHOW WINDOW	146
XI. AN AMERICAN CRUSADER	159
CANADA AS SHE IS MISUNDERSTOOD	171
ANOTHER 'GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD'	181

To be Taken with Salt.

CHAPTER I.

THE delicate mission of teaching my grandmother how to suck eggs was not undertaken lightly, but under the compulsion of a strong sense of duty and the guidance of a mind disciplined to the best methods of the new world. Yielding to no man in fervent loyalty, I determined to carry through the educational and philanthropic part of my task with the austere devotion of a scientist; but at the same time I did not hold it beneath my dignity to profit by the inevitable results with the sagacity of a business man. In consequence, my motives in visiting England were mixed but honorable and fell naturally under the following heads:

1. To discover the foundations in fact for the almost universal belief that our grandmother knows how to suck eggs.
2. In case she has forgotten or has never known this profitable art, to enquire if she is willing at this late day to receive instruction.
3. To learn whether a colonial may, without undue presumption, and with a reasonable profit, provide the eggs for the sucking.

Before recounting the adventures that befell me while prosecuting this high mission, I should perhaps offer a few words of explanation. From my infancy I had accepted with unquestioning faith the dogma that my grandmother knows how to suck eggs. Nor could this well be otherwise. My earliest recollections are of gentle intimations, accompanied by tolerant smiles, whose purpose seemed to be to convey to my growing mind a knowledge of the fact that in this accomplishment she is wonderfully proficient. But later in life my studies along the lines of the Higher Criticism, together with the frequent assertions of the European and American Press that my grandmother is suffering from malnutrition, led me to give the whole matter the critical attention which resulted in my filial and patriotic endeavours.

As is usual in such cases, the difficulties to be overcome did not at once present themselves to my mind. Being a loyal inhabitant of His Majesty's Premier Dominion Beyond the Seas, I naturally regarded Britannia as my grandmother, and without preliminary embarrassment set out to visit her in her island home. The ocean voyage was accomplished without excitement, and, my mind being preoccupied with my great designs, with perhaps a trifle less than the usual amount of gossip, gambling and flirtation.

On the ninth day out, while the last man on board was completing the task of telling me the sad story of his life,

land was sighted. When the cry went round the ship, I responded with something of awe. To me the white cliffs dimly intruding on the horizon marked the borders of fairyland, which I was now about to enter in gross material guise. Here at last was the Island of my dreams, the proud land of literature and ageless romance, and I felt in my profoundest soul that to approach on other than the wing of fancy was to do a deed of sacrilege.

I had little time to indulge these foolish thoughts, however, before I found myself in London, where my awakening began.

I had always pictured my grandmother Britannia as a real, living and breathing person, and somehow expected to find her seated magnificently within the borders of her four kingdoms with great lions crouched at either hand. Because of this I was conscious of a certain annoyance on finding the streets of the metropolis crowded with men, who, like myself, appeared to have separate and individual interests. I soon realized the absurdity of this attitude, but still I could not help indulging a last fancy that somewhere behind these grimy walls my grandmother might yet be found.

One day while walking along the Strand revolving this thought I stopped to admire the skill and authority of a courteous policeman before whom even the omnibus horses subdued their ramping spirits as the visible symbol of British

Law. When he had finally disentangled the traffic and had gracefully stepped to the kerbstone, I accosted him in my most deferential manner.



**‘Subdued their
ramping spirits as the
visible symbol of British
Law.’**

‘Pardon me,’ I began, ‘Have you seen anything of my grandmother?’

‘What sort of lady is she, sir? I have seen a number of old ladies this morning.’

‘A goodly, portly dame, i faith, and a corpulent, I replied, dropping into Shakespearean phrase. ‘Of a cheerful look, a pleasing eye and a most noble carriage.’

As I said this he regarded me with a scowl of suspicion.

‘How did you get separated from her?’ he asked.

‘We didn’t get separated. The fact is I have never met her. At this he smiled knowingly.’

‘In that case the best thing you can do is to keep on hunting. You know London is a big place and you can find anything you want in it, if you only hunt long enough.’

Thanking him kindly, I mingled again with the crowd, wondering if he knew how great a truth he had spoken, for I had long since realised that I could find anything I wanted anywhere and that the greatest egg ever cackled over by that good old hen Philosophy was sucked by the man who first said ‘The head of the table is where the MacGregor sits.



**‘The greatest egg ever cackled
over by that good old hen
Philosophy.**

This reflection reminded me of the hour, and presently I entered an eating-house of literary associations to satisfy my curiosity rather than my hunger. While examining the antiquities that gave the place its character, I could not help thinking what a good investment it would be

for an author or artist of great reputation to buy a public-house and make it famous by being seen eating and drinking in it at all hours. When well established he could bequeath it to his descendants, and, by so doing, place them as far beyond the reach of poverty as if he had left them a landed estate. I was furthermore reflecting on the curious fact that so many of the best anecdotes we have about men of genius have been told by those with whom they have been drunk,

and whom they would not have recognized in different circumstances, when my train of thought was suddenly interrupted by a man who was sitting at the opposite side of the table. He was worrying a rump steak, and showing marked symptoms of returning to a feral state.

Feeling that I had to do with a case of reversion to type I resolved to humour him and began as Mowgli might when addressing one of his fellows of the jungle.

‘Good killing? I enquired, unconcernedly.

He dropped his knife and fork and glared at me for a moment, then shook his head, muttering, ‘No, no, I was mistaken; I did not hear a human voice addressed to me. He then returned with a snarl to his steak.

Something of pathos about him made me persist.

‘Beastly weather we’ve been having lately, I remarked, adopting the usual British form of salutation.

At this he sprang from his seat, and, leaning across the table, asked in a voice trembling with emotion,

‘Did you really speak to me?’

‘I did, I replied, relieving the embarrassment by shaking him warmly by the hand.

This action on my part touched him so deeply that he burst into tears. Waiting until his emotion had somewhat spent itself, I enquired the cause of his distress.



**‘I am the lone
New Zealander.’**

Striking a dramatic attitude, he exclaimed impressively,

‘I am the lone New Zealander.

‘Indeed, I commented with deep interest, ‘your coming has long been both prophesied and plagiarized; but I am afraid that like all other great men, you have come slightly before your time. When I passed St. Paul’s this morning it was still standing, and judging by the general consistency of Thames water, I doubt that it offers any opportunities to a fisherman. And by the way, was it not the fisherman rather

than the New Zealander who was lone?’

‘Oh, never mind those details, he cried, ‘but listen! Exactly three months ago I left the hemisphere of the moa and ornithorhynchus to visit the metropolis of the world. Despite the advice and experience of my friends, I brought with me not a single letter of introduction.

‘Ah, I exclaimed, interrupting him, ‘I see it all. No man would speak to you without an introduction, because people never do such things here. You are indeed the lone New Zealander, but from my own experience I can assure you that

you would have been just as lonely had you come from anywhere else.

In this way a cordial relationship was established and we spent the remainder of the afternoon in lying eloquently about our respective countries and agreeing in the opinion that after all London as it stands to-day is merely a suburb of its marvellous reputation.



‘The Moa.’

CHAPTER II.

HAVING been at various times a wayfarer on the world's highways I presently thought it advisable to ask for my bill at the hotel in which I had found shelter. The initial cost of my rooms was expressed in reasonable terms of shillings, and my meals did not go beyond the capacity of decent frugality, but to my colonial ears there were untold possibilities of bankruptcy in the excessive politeness to which I was subjected. Under 'The Maple leaf forever to be treated so deferentially by my fellow subjects, would have cost much fine gold, with the added weight of a title at the front of my name, and a trail of important initials behind.

Touching an electric button, I exercised my patience until a waiter was at leisure to attend my summons. When he finally appeared I said in my most unconcerned manner,

'Tell the clerk that I should like to have my bill, please.

'Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. Anything else, sir?

'Nothing else, I replied curtly.

'No, sir? Thank you, sir. And he bowed himself out.



'Touching an electric button.'



**‘A sovereign voter
and free citizen of
the greatest Empire
the world has ever
known.**

‘And this, I thought to myself, ‘is a sovereign voter and free citizen of the greatest Empire the world has ever known. There are surely some things for me to learn myself, whatever I may have in mind about teaching my grandmother.

My meditations were interrupted by the return of the waiter with the bill. He handed it to me on a silver tray, then stood before me bowing.

A brief glance convinced me that one of the things I was to learn was at that moment being presented.

Rallying from the shock, I said;

‘When I have had time to look this over and have checked off the items, I shall ring for you again.

‘Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. And with a bow to every syllable that aroused my admiration for the flexibility of his spine, and gave me a new light on Shakespeare’s phrase, ‘Crook the pregnant hinges of the knee, he retired.

In a moderately long and pleasantly diversified career, I have seen much to admire in the way of financial operations,



**‘Pleasantly
diversified career.’**

but that
bill
surpassed
them all.
On the
narrow
foundation
of a room
charge of
ten
shillings
and
sixpence a
day, the
ingenious



**‘With a bow to every
syllable.’**

clerk had reared a brilliant superstructure of ‘extras that made it something to strike admiration to the heart of a plutocrat.

Everything that I had hitherto regarded as a necessity was set down as an ‘extra and the whole was made top-heavy with the few luxuries I had allowed myself. But I suddenly realised that this bill was more than the shadow of a financial crisis. It was an economic revelation. I saw that in England everything except the fundamental fact of life is ‘extra.

While the intellectual enjoyment I derived from this discovery somewhat softened the blow I realized the

necessity for prompt action.

Not wishing to show my ignorance of the customs of the country by attempting to discuss the details with the clerk, I rang for the waiter though well knowing that every bow would cost me a penny three farthings, and every ‘Yes, sir, Thank you, sir, would be added to the bill at twopence each.

‘Did you ring, sir? Thank you, sir. I thought so, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir.

‘Stop, I cried desperately, throwing a couple of bank notes on top of the wonderful bill and handing it to him.

‘Thank you, sir. Yes, sir. Thank you, sir. And he bowed himself out. As nearly as I could determine he was still bowing and saying, ‘Yes, sir. Thank you, sir, all the way down the stairs.

Presently he returned with my change, and stood bowing. Hastily giving him a handful of shillings, I started towards the door, but soon found that the worst was still before me. Two chambermaids, the housekeeper, several waiters whom I had permitted to touch their fore-locks to me, an indefinite number of hall-boys, the boots and representatives from the kitchen and bar were disposed gracefully along the walls with their palms extended invitingly. Realising that my mission would be at an end if I paused to parley with them, I assumed my haughtiest air and walked pompously down the length of

the hall to the street, while they were all saying ‘Thank you, sir, but with oh! how different an intonation.



**‘Thank you, sir, but with
oh! how different an
intonation.**

After walking about for some time to recover my nervous control, I secured a room in the house of a lady who had once known better days, and had my trunks removed to it.

She had not looked forward to taking lodgers, but the rates and taxes was so ’igh and her ’usband had had financial reverses so she was obliged to ’elp out in this way. Her story affected me deeply, as also did that of the maid who attended to

my boots, and who assured me that she had not been born to work like this.

These humble confessions recalled to me the painful fact that everyone with whom I had enjoyed conversation since my arrival in London, had once known better days. A club man with whom I had dined had told me in a burst of vinous confidence of the ancient splendours of his family and assured me that his youthful days had been spent far from the defiling haunts of trade. In a similar way an omnibus driver

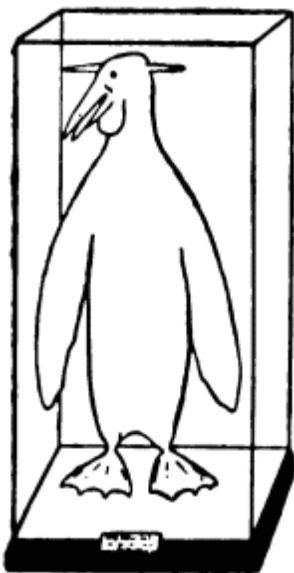
who was pointing out the glories of the city—which seemed to be due chiefly to great men long since dead—expatiated sadly on the charms of a ‘pub. he once owned Hup’ Ampstead way.



‘His youthful days had been spent far from the defiling haunts of trade.

The cumulative effect of all these confidences was to make me fear that perhaps my good grandmother had also known her best days and I felt it was now high time for me to be up and doing something definite in the way of fulfilling my mission.

CHAPTER III.



**‘The dodo, or at least
of the Great Auk.’**

Having dressed in the manner of the country, I visited ‘The City to call on a merchant, whose firm has been dealing in eggs since the time of the dodo, or at least of the Great Auk. It was my purpose to lay before him the nature of my mission, and receive such information and guidance as he might be disposed to give.

At first I was pleased to find that a firm of so ancient a reputation should be content with an unpretentious office. The building was situated in a mean street and on the front wall there was a tablet stating that it had been erected in the sixteenth century, but unfortunately there was nothing to inform me that the business ideas of the merchant dated from the same remote period.

Making one more supreme effort to become unconscious of my top hat, I approached the door, which was instantly opened by a man in uniform.

‘Is Mr. X—— in? I enquired.

‘Yes, sir, replied the bland official. ‘You have an appointment with him?’



‘The uniformed custodian of the traditions shook his head gravely.’

‘Unfortunately, no, I replied, ‘but, perhaps if you take in my card he will see me, for I have come many thousands of miles to consult him on a matter of the first importance.

‘To do so would be utterly unprecedented. For over one hundred and fifty years no one has ever been admitted to the private office of the head of the firm without an appointment. This was said in tones of evident pride.

‘Will you take a note to him, I asked, ‘to see if he will make an exception in my case?’

‘I could not presume to do such a thing, but perhaps if you will tell me your business I can direct you to one of the clerks who will attend to it for you.

‘My business is with the head of the firm, I replied, with an air of haughtiness that came much more natural than I had expected, now that I was wearing a frock coat and a top hat.

‘Then I am afraid, sir, that you must write for an appointment.

‘Will it take long, I asked, ‘to arrange an interview in that way?

‘I fear that you cannot manage it this month as it is a tradition of the house never to see foreigners except on the first and third Wednesdays after the dark of the moon; and as the head of the firm will be away for the week-end he cannot be expected to find time to reply to your letter within a fortnight, so you see it will take some time.

Hearing this, I walked out in a semi-stupor, then turned round and gazed with ‘lack-lustre eye at the sign assuring the world that this man’s hens laid eggs for the Royal family, by appointment. And while I stood there, I was aware that certain mysterious, silent workers whom I had previously observed, were hurrying to and fro in the street, and apparently doing a wonderful business in the sale and distribution of eggs.



**‘This man’s hens laid eggs
for the Royal family by
appointment.**

Being in 'The City I decided to follow my usual custom and roam about in quest of adventure; for I well knew that I was as likely to find my grandmother in that way as in any other. It is a curious fact, and one not yet explained by our philosophers that when we undertake anything outside our immediate needs, we are as likely to win success by going wrong as by going right, or indeed, by making no effort whatsoever. If I am to meet my grandmother, it is as likely to be because she is seeking me as because I am seeking her, or I may collide with her in turning a corner, and the only thing to do is to be prepared for the meeting at all times.

As my feet were wandering as well as my thoughts, it is not surprising that I presently found myself passing the Bank of England.



'Mansion House and Bank.'

'Can it be, I asked with sudden disquietude, 'that this is my grandmother? Why should it not be the Old Lady of Threadneedle Street rather than Rule Britannia to whom I should show my duty? Does not colonial patriotism depend on the pocket as often as on the heart?



**‘Looking at the
Bank and weeping
bitterly.**

Before I could answer this troublesome question, an opportunity to evade it arose which I embraced with alacrity. In the open street beside the Mansion House I saw a man who was looking at the Bank and weeping bitterly. Hurrying to his side I asked the cause of his sorrow. Pulling himself together with an effort he replied between sobs—

‘I couldn’t help it. It was too much. It suddenly dawned on me what that little old building means in the way of capital invested at two per cent., while here am I bubbling over with get-rich-quick-schemes, offering a profit of anywhere from one hundred per cent, to beyond the dreams of avarice.

Before I could frame a fitting rebuke for his foolish tears he suddenly became master of himself and my scorn gave way to puzzled wonder as he pressed his finger to his lips and moved away on tip-toe. He too was one of the mysterious silent workers.

Continuing my ramble I soon found myself grappling with this irritating mystery. Wherever I went I saw in every street

scores of men who, by their efforts to avoid attracting the attention of their fellows, attracted mine. Much like others in appearance and dress, they even surpassed the native islanders in their silence. In the Strand, by the Docks, in the City, in the parks, I saw them hurrying, but beyond such words and sounds as were made necessary by the transaction of business, they were silent. Most of them wore rubber-soled shoes, and chiefly patronised cabs and vehicles with rubber tyres.

Whenever two of these people met they pressed their fingers to their lips and went their way, sometimes increasing the quietness of their movements by walking on tip-toe.

Hour after hour I watched them and wondered, but found no solution of the difficulty. One thing was certain, however, and that was that their attention to business was both strict and productive.

When I had almost decided to write a letter to the *Times*, to enquire the meaning of the strange behaviour of these industrious people, I suddenly recognised as one of them a man whom I had known in my youth, at all hours of the day and night. Descending upon him in my loneliness like one who has discovered a long lost brother, I made myself known. Despite the fact that he was even then about to transact urgent business, he recognised me joyfully, but refused to enter into



‘Write a letter to the
Times.’

conversation in the street.

Whispering a subdued ‘Hush! he motioned me to follow him, and naturally falling into his habits, I walked on tip-toe by his side into a quiet building, in the remotest part of which he had his private office.

When he had closed and locked the door, and had made sure we were entirely alone, he clapped me on the shoulder like the good fellow he was, and greeted me with a shout of joyous laughter that brought back my friend of early days.

‘Well, my boy, how are you? he enquired, cheerfully, as he dug me in the ribs with his thumb. ‘It’s good for sore eyes to see you.

‘Quite so, I replied, my new-found dignity being somewhat ruffled by his manual style of humour, ‘but you will, perhaps, explain why you, and thousands of others like you, move about the streets of London like industrious ghosts.

‘Sure, he laughed, genially, ‘haven’t you got on to the game yet?

‘Oh, it’s a game, is it? I enquired, dubiously.

‘Of course it is, he answered, ‘and one that pays mighty well. Can’t you understand? We are the American invaders.

‘But, I replied, still unconvinced, ‘silence is not a characteristic of the American.

‘No, indeed! not of the American visitor. But ever since the Prince of Wales made his “Wake up, England” speech, we business invaders have been moving about on tip-toe for fear that England should wake up before we get all we want.’



**‘Moving about on tip-toe
for fear that England
should “Wake up.”’**

The truth flashed upon me like a great light, and being entirely satisfied, I made myself comfortable and, after the manner of old cronies, we spent a pleasant hour recalling and discussing things that we have long since lived down.

CHAPTER IV.

EVEN before leaving Canada I realized that London would not be judged by my opinion of her, but that I should be judged by my opinion of London. I knew, moreover, that I should find nothing I did not bring, and it was with some uneasiness I foresaw that instead of passing on a civilization I should be given an opportunity of discovering how far I was civilized myself. Consequently it was with a feeling of deep satisfaction I found myself being pleased with the metropolis of the world.

London is the first city I have ever known that did not at once strike me as being man-made. Nature seems to have adopted these winding streets and huddled buildings as her own. They have been so long a-building we forget that they were ever built, or that the stones of their foundations were laid by mortal hands. As I wander about I find in the sudden turnings the same inevitableness and surprise that I have found in the tangles



**‘Found myself being
pleased with the
metropolis of the world.’**

of the forest—nor is there a jot less solitude. The soul can sun itself here as unconsciously as in the wilderness.

But it is hardly exact to think of London as part of nature. The great city is really a work of art—old, battered, touched by vandalism and sadly in need of being restored with loving care. In contemplation of London as in contemplation of some serene old Master I find that I can pour forth all that I have experienced of life, and find it truly interpreted. London is at once the epitome of all thought, and its fullest expression; the artistic triumph of our collective civilization.

But London is one thing and the Londoner another. To tell the truth I can see no more connection between the Londoner of to-day and the city he lives in than I can between the people who live on the banks of Niagara and the grandeur of the cataract. Instead of being proud, he should be the humblest of living creatures. Nothing of that which constitutes London's greatness is due to him. London has been perfecting through the centuries, and he is but blundering through the present. Because thoughtful men approach the great city reverently he should not swell out his chest and foolishly imagine that they are reverent towards him. Even though he wrap himself in official robes he has not improved his case. The robes and the mighty ceremony are of London, but he is simply a creature of to-day.

* * * * *



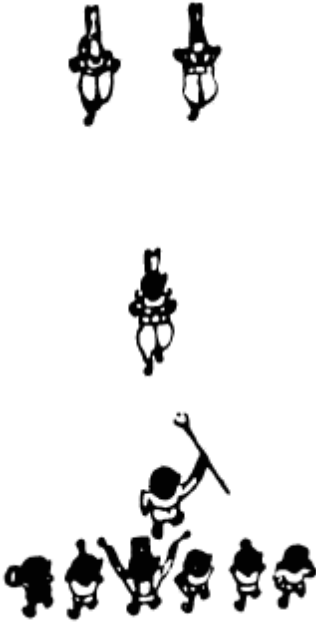
**‘Thoughtful men approach
the great city reverently.’**

One morning the grey Strand blossomed into gorgeous colours. The dreary walls put forth flags and streamers or were hidden beneath luxuriant festoons of bunting. With magical swiftness London took on a holiday aspect, for the new-crowned King was about to visit his ancient and loyal city.

Presently soldiers began to move through the crowded streets, both mounted and afoot, and all were dressed with curious distinction. But so many passed where I sat, and in so different guise, that I gave up the effort to differentiate them, and simply murmured to myself, ‘Eggs! These are the eggs to be broken for that great Imperial omelette of which we hear so much. Such omelettes cannot be made without the breaking of eggs, and here they are, led on I suppose by Roly-Poly and Humpty-Dumpty.

When the streets were orderly, with a narrow lane down the centre, between surging crowds, music was heard in the distance and the heroes of the Empire began to march past.

To one who has accustomed himself to speaking to individuals there is little of inspiration or indeed of interest in



‘Began to march past.’

crowds. Unconsciously I found myself regarding the passing procession as something from which I as an individual was utterly detached and for which I had no sympathy. All the democratic indifference of my soul came to the surface and if I were asked to describe the famous officers who passed I should characterize each as ‘A grizzly man with an iron-grey moustache.

Then came the royal carriages, and still the democratic mood continued. Bowing to left and to

right with almost rhythmical regularity, the occupants reminded me of organisms I had once watched under a microscope, all except a little princess who was very evidently indulging a most plebian fit of the sulks.

‘She wouldn’t bow to the tiresome people, so there!

It was the one human touch in the procession, and it delighted me; but while I was enjoying my chuckle, the roar that I could hear approaching down the Strand suddenly swept around the crescent of the churches. For a moment I saw the Hanoverian horses with their glittering trappings, and

a face with which all the world is familiar—and then the scene blurred away into a mist. The crowd was roaring beneath me, but I made no sound.

In a moment all I had learned of kingship and loyalty beside an open fire-place, thousands of miles away and many years ago, surged up like a flood and swept away my democratic cynicism.

Here at last I was face to face with the highest pageantry of history and chivalry—with the most magnificent symbol of human power.

It was the King—and my homage was more than feudal. While the Lord Mayor was delivering the keys I kept very still, looking neither to the left nor the right, and seeing nothing before me. I would not for the world that the soft voiced and matter-of-fact Englishmen on whom I had been wasting my best ironies for the past hour should see that the tears were streaming down my cheeks.

An hour later, wishing to get a better idea of what must be the sensations of one participating in such a pageant I made a progress through the Strand, but without any emotion worth recording. It may have made a difference that I journeyed on the top of a bus.



**‘I made my journey on
the top of a bus.’**

CHAPTER V.

THE high and mendacious courtesy peculiar to an old civilization may be of profound interest to the student of manners but for the unsophisticated colonial it has many grievous pitfalls. People of the better sort not only bear criticism of their methods and institutions but seem to invite it with a meekness that leads the inexperienced to believe that the British inherit the earth by virtue of the third beatitude. I freely confess that at first I fell—as did thousands of my predecessors—and expressed views on things in general with

a joyous ferocity that soon won me a number of attached enemies. Having this in mind I have resolved to expend what remains of my missionary energy along abstract lines where I will be unlikely either to offend—or amuse. For this reason I propose to devote some attention to Time and his burly brother Space who have been before the world so long, that they may now be regarded as public characters. As every philosopher knows that the civilization of a country depends on the terms on which people live with them, I need make no apology for calling attention to their present unhappy condition. Indeed, I feel that the matter is for the moment more urgent than the appreciation of eggs.



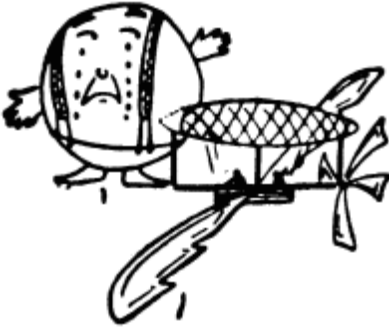
‘Time and his burly brother Space.’

Not only in London, but throughout the Empire clever people are now annihilating Space in order to save Time, and other clever people are deliberately killing Time. Why they do this passes my understanding, but the results of my investigations may possibly fall into competent hands and cause some action to be taken before we suffer the incomprehensible calamity of having these two useful abstractions utterly destroyed.

Some obscure philosophers incline to the opinion that man's enmity to Time and Space dates from the moment that he, or the protoplasmic cell or egg of which he is a lineal descendant, first discovered that he had an appetite. They hold that he began annihilating Space in his hurry to get his first meal. When this was eaten, he discovered that Time stood between him and his next period of gustatory delight, and with the simple directness of his nature, proceeded to kill him. Apparently the result was pleasing, for ever since, as nearly as our acutest thinkers can determine, annihilating Space and killing Time have been man's favourite occupations between meals.

It is true that we find traces here and there of men who improved Time with such effect, that even we Time killers call them immortal; but as no one nowadays emulates their achievements I am forced to admit that the improvement of Time is one of the lost arts. And it seems to me to have been the greatest of all, the one on which all the others were based, but it has been lost so long and so entirely that I doubt if it would now be recognized if in any of our researches we chanced to stumble on it. Yet if an examination of all the facts of history should enable us to recover and know the art of improving Time, all of Time that remains would be well spent in the labour. Religion would renew its promises, Philosophy would at last have a foundation, Life would

regain its hope, and every art and deed of man would be the true expression of his soul. How, after the art of improving Time had once been discovered, any man could possibly devote himself to killing Time, must ever remain one of the darkest of mysteries.



‘Annihilating Space.’

As might be expected with so practical an animal as man, the business of killing Time as well as the art of annihilating Space has been organized and made a matter of profit, and now for a very trifling outlay you can have Time dispatched decently and

expertly. Among the most skilled and popular of the assassins are the writers. They have acquired the art of producing material that will render the mind unconscious to the passage of Time for any desired number of hours and leave nothing that can possibly be turned to profit, that will stimulate intellectual or spiritual growth. These Time assassins are now numerous and prosperous, and their work can be found wherever printed matter is for sale. Each has an individual recipe and all of them are effective. Before it was so thoroughly established as it now is that man’s chief purpose in life is the killing of Time, writers of this class were kept

within bounds by the scourge and the block and other drastic forms of criticism, but now criticism itself has simply become another means of killing Time.

But although literature has become so useful in this respect, we must not overlook the assistance it receives from pictorial art. All books and publications are now so carefully produced that even the newsboys in the street will tell you that though you may be unable to read, you can still kill Time by looking at the pictures. With it as with literature the word has gone forth that its sole end is to please, and everywhere through the happy world is heard the creak of stretching canvasses. Besides, there is the scratching of busy pens on Bristol board, and every day new mediums for the production of pleasing pictures are being discovered. Artist after artist develops his recipe and individual technique and students flock to him so that they too may learn to please.

It is true, however, that there are still a chosen few, whom the prosperous Time assassins scorn for their foolishness, who regard pictorial art as one of the mediums used for the promulgation of eternal truth in forms of beauty in the days before the art of improving Time was wholly lost. These misguided persons devote themselves to the enigmatic old Masters who will not reveal their hearts to us without study and who sometimes give us the disturbing feeling that under

their beautiful forms and colours there are elusive meanings that relate them to the infinite.

But of all the arts devoted to the destruction of Time, none has attained a higher efficiency than the dramatic. Embracing as it does the literary, pictorial and musical arts, and adding to them all its own resources, it has been developed to a point where the entertainment it provides is never in any danger of blundering into anything deep or disquieting. Any evening in every city or town of considerable size facilities are offered for killing Time that are simply unrivalled. The powerful art that in other days made the drama great and purifying has given way to pleasing artifice, and any 'aggregation that you care to patronize may be depended upon to kill a couple of hours 'while you wait for a modest consideration. But here I must call a halt. If I went on to speak of the excellent work in the way of killing Time that is being done by musicians, lecturers, popular preachers, educationalists and others who are worthy of honourable mention in this connection, I would annihilate more of Space than is now at my disposal. And speaking of Space reminds me that as yet I have not given his case the attention it deserves.

When I come to the consideration of Space, I feel as if in the presence of a martyr. Not only is he forced to carry the burden of material heaped upon him by the Time assassins, but he is constantly being annihilated by the persons who are

trying to save Time and hold to the opinion that the best way to accomplish this is to annihilate Space. These earnest people have already made such progress that a man can now go to a place and back so quickly that it is hardly worth his while to have gone, and in the transmission of news such perfection has been attained that many things that happen on the other side of the earth are announced here with appropriate headlines, even before they happen.

Once when I was killing Time in a desultory way, the question suddenly came to me, 'What would be the result if Time and Space should be totally destroyed? As the pursuit of this idea promised amusement, I abandoned myself to it, with the result that I saw a vision.

The Last of the Wise rose in his solitary watch-tower and cried aloud to all the world: 'Time shall be no more.

I looked forth and before me I saw Time, withered and decrepit, staggering forward with eyes fixed upon Eternity. While he walked the men of all nations crowded about him, and each in his different way added to his distress. Authors read to him, artists held pictures before his bleared eyes, musicians discoursed trivial music to his dull ears, actors, orators and pulpiteers declaimed and postured, dancers danced, fighters fought, gamblers laid bets as to how long he would endure, and the folly of all seemed to increase as his

step became slower. Again the Last of the Wise rose in his tower and cried to all the world:

‘The death of Time is at hand. Would you bury him with due honour? If so, you must make the solemn preparations and have the funeral itself before he dies; for when Time is dead all your sport must of necessity end.

The multitude raised a joyous shout, for funerals have ever been a pleasing means of killing Time, and it suited the humour of this idle mob to kill Time with his own funeral. They immediately reversed his scythe

and bore before him a catafalque adorned with all the beauties that idleness could suggest. Then the crowd formed itself into a procession and marched forward towards Eternity. At first I was surprised and pleased to see that so many donned the garb of mourners, but presently I noticed that their loud ululation was all because ‘Time is money. For this reason, and for this only, they sorrowed to see him die, but I could not join in their sorrow, for they were of the people who can make no use of money



‘Time is money.’

except to leave it to their descendants who use it to kill Time with in idle ways.

After the chief mourners came all the members of fashionable society, men and women who had devoted every hour to the killing of Time and now that his death was about to be accomplished, still looked unutterably bored, for they knew not what they desired. They were followed by the members of the theatrical profession, actors, acrobats, dancers and those who torture Time to death in the music halls. And close upon the heels of these, crowded the happy practitioners of all the fine arts. In



‘Those who torture Time to death in the music halls.’

the front ranks I saw many familiar faces, and as might be expected, they all seemed to feel distressed at the company they were in. The realists of all kinds thought themselves of

the eternal, and argued that the romanticists should be the representative Time assassins; but when they appealed for justice, they were forced to appear as even more prominent than the others because they had suggested problems in their productions that gave material for the further killing of Time in conversations. The remainder of the procession was made up of men of all conditions from figurehead kings to street-corner loafers, and all the while, in the twilight of expiring Time, the evening papers issued ‘extras telling of the progress of the strange funeral. At last while I was noting the many marvels of this procession, I became aware of the thunder of machinery on every hand, the crackle of electricity and the snoring of steam while mighty airships flapped overhead.

‘What are these? I asked the Last of the Wise.

‘These, he replied, with a grim smile, ‘are the annihilators of Space who hope to save time. Have a care.

While he spoke they closed upon us from every dimension of Space and in a moment all had vanished. Time and his destroyers and the annihilators of Space with their wonderful inventions, all were gone. To increase my wonder, I found myself in the midst of a bewildering phantasmagoria. As nearly as might be comprehended I saw that all about me was at once Everywhere as well as Everywhen. In that awful moment, standing in the Infinite, upheld by the Eternal, I realized that man and his deeds are as the dust-motes driven

by the invisible whirlwind and once again as in sheerest moments of mortal meditation, I was conscious of a Supreme Mind brooding thoughts of phantasmal vastness.

‘The Time and Space thou hast seen destroyed, said my mentor, ‘were but the limitations of your mind and had no outward existence. To those who regard Time and Space as outward and real, they are real, and those who strive to destroy them, they will destroy. But to all who have raised their hope to the Infinite and Eternal, they are neither destroyers nor to be destroyed but shadows that veil the too ardent truth lest it blind our vision. Look now into your own mind where Time and Space have their only existence.

I bowed my head in reverent meditation, and behold, Time was with me again in the fulness of his youth, and Space was once more flooded with the life-giving sunlight of Heaven.

When I looked forth the vision had passed and I saw that as men regard it, I had killed as much Time as one usually does in reading a chapter of a somewhat frivolous book.

CHAPTER VI.

NOTE. As everyone who has accomplished anything in London at one time 'starved in the streets, I do not wish to be thought eccentric, and for that reason I shall give without comment or alteration a few pages from my diary.

OCTOBER.

Sun. 26.

Mon. 27. Had my last sovereign changed this morning. Its successor is nowhere insight, and yet the prospect somewhat allures me. In my experience I have found that in order to know a city one must at some time be penniless in it.

Tues. 28. A man of cheerful disposition can devise a new set of good prospects whenever he needs them.

Wed. 29. To be rich is to have the power to buy trifles; but it is when one is poor that trifles become overwhelmingly important. It is not until he is jingling his last few shillings that a man realises that each little disc of silver is as full of power as an egg is of meat. Why did that simile about an egg pop into my head? I wish I had never heard of eggs.

Thurs. 30. If it were not for my miserable habit of philosophizing even over my troubles I suspect that I might be able to earn my living. Here is where I drop it for good. I must find work or make work.

Fri. 31.

NOVEMBER.



‘Earnest hunt for my
uncle.’

Sat. 1. To-day I gave up the quest of my grandmother and started on an earnest hunt for my uncle. When found he was unnecessarily offensive and seemed to think that I placed an absurd valuation on my few trinkets. This experience has developed in me a contempt for cheap American jewellery. Poverty certainly tries the quality of our jewels as well as of our virtues.

Sun. 2.

Mon. 3.

Tues. 4. London tradesmen have a combination of meanness and dishonesty which they call thrift.

Wed 5.

Thurs. 6. I wonder which is the worse—to be wrecked on a desert island, or on one that is over-populated.

Fri. 7.

Sat. 8.

Sun. 9. I have been penniless in all the great centres of Anglo-Saxon civilization, but London is the ‘Farthest North that I have faced bankruptcy.

Mon. 10. Lent is certainly one of the moveable institutions of the church. It sometimes comes to the poor unexpectedly.

Tues. 11. I never realized before that most of the world is populated and ruled by people who have been starved out of the British Islands. If some of those who are starving here

now could only get away they would soon conquer what remains of the earth.

Wed. 12.

Thurs. 13. How small a sense of fitness some men have. I called on a man this morning in the hope that he might be able to help me to some way of earning my living and he made me sit for an hour while he gave me his views on the income tax.



**‘His views on the
income tax.’**

Fri. 14.

Sat. 15. London is one vast charnel-house of dreams.

Sun. 16. To-night I am heart-sick at the thought of little kindnesses I might have shown and did not. Always I said to those whom I loved ‘Wait! My golden dreams will soon come true and then you shall want for nothing. Some of them are dead—died empty-handed and empty-hearted. Some have won for themselves and have passed out of my life—and some are poor and old and indifferent. This is what I think of as the last of my dreams fades into the darkness of a London night. Homesick—wearily homesick—and without a home.

Mon. 17.

Tues. 18. Ruler of my own spirit, I care little who conquers the city, nor shall I let this city—though the greatest of the world—conquer me. London may trample me under foot, but when my soul stands to her full stature even mighty London is forgotten. With all her clamor she cannot intrude on my spiritual solitude, and with all her smoke and foulness she cannot blind my stars.

Wed. 19. To-day a man on whom I had no claims gave me a letter of introduction, and already there is profitable work in sight.

Thurs. 20.

Fri. 21.

Sat. 22. Unwell. Visited a doctor. He gave me some medicine and imposed a diet. He has ordered me for the next month at least to limit myself to four meals a day.

Sun. 23. I have just been looking through the straggling notes I made during my 'month of Ramadan and am moved to express my contempt for autobiography, biography and history. Not even the condition I was then in could make me drop my pose or tell the absolute truth. Set even a realist to write an autobiography and he instantly becomes an idealist. Then how perfectly absurd must be both biography and history, for if a man cannot tell the truth about himself how can he guess it about other people.



End of Diary.

CHAPTER VII.

THE British are a great but bilious people. I am led to make this observation as much by the fact that I have lived among them for a year as that the scenery from Euston Station to Rugby appeared from a car window to be worth a guinea a box. So insistent was this feature of the landscape that it got on my nerves and for some time the wheels in clicking over the metals seemed to be threshing out a recurring rhyme:

‘Take Tum-Tum’s Pills
For all your ills.

I ultimately recovered from this, however, and began a hurried survey of British landscape.

At first I was surprised to see so many trees in what is supposed to be a cleared and cultivated country, but on second thoughts I understood the situation. For something like a thousand years members of royalty have been visiting various parts of the country and planting trees to commemorate the occasion. It certainly seems that unless democratic ideas make some headway, in the near future the British Islands will be completely covered by an impenetrable forest.

What interested me most of all was the hedge-rows, with the birds hovering above them. For some unaccountable

reason they seemed to be associated in my mind with early piety, and I felt an inward glow as I saw the birds flitting about, to think that I had not robbed their nests. This puzzle was solved, however, when I managed to associate my emotions with the Sunday School books which are made exclusively in England and of which I had read several ‘stun in my hot youth.

I also found much enjoyment in noticing thatched cottages that I supposed to be the dwellings of such men as

‘Honest John Tompkins, the hedger and ditcher,
Who though he was poor never wished to be richer.

They were always clustered picturesquely in the little valleys, and every once in awhile we passed domains surrounded by stone walls with tops covered with broken glass that marked the homes of the great and exclusive. These I knew at a glance to be the stately homes of England, etc., that are surrounded in middle class fiction with gravel walks on which wheels can be heard or the footsteps of the hero just as the villain is about to do his worst—by request. In the neighbourhood of each, of course, was the usual lodge where dwells the pretty daughter who has entangled the affections of the son and heir.

While ruminating on these things the train was suddenly whirled into Birmingham and I was obliged to devote myself

to business. Meeting the Captain of Industry with whom I had an appointment, I made a few mystic passes before him and hypnotised him to my will. Then finding that I had an hour at my disposal, I chartered a cab to take me about the city to see the sights. Incredible though it must seem, that cabman did not call my attention to a thing in any way associated with the statesman who has made Birmingham famous. Indeed, during my stay in the city I did not hear his name once mentioned.

Pursuing my mission at the rate of forty miles an hour, I presently found myself reverently in the home of the Manchester School. As the business necessities were as rapid as the speed of the train, the notes that follow are naturally hasty and disjointed. From Manchester I proceeded to Liverpool and I trust I shall be forgiven though I went down to the dock to see the great ocean steamers and longed in the words of the poet,—

‘To sail beyond the sunset, and the baths
Of all the western stars.

In Leeds I was pleased to find that they are now erecting a memorial to the Black Prince in recognition of his distinguished services at the battle of Crecy.

And yet people say that Great Britain is forgetful of her heroes!

By this time I began to realize what it meant to visit 'The Black Country. As far as the eye could see in every direction were tall chimneys hurling their defiling smoke into the sky.

And, above all, there was the infinite iteration of People! People! People!

Repeat a word to yourself a few score of times and it loses its meaning. Multiply human beings into the millions and they pass beyond your sympathy. A politician or a professional philanthropist may affect an interest in the labour slaves of the Midlands, but to me they are of no more interest than atoms. How can I sorrow over what is past sorrow? And Heaven forbid that I should laugh, though this region is not without an awful humour. The huddled and hunger-bitten myriads who are doomed to toil in this 'blackness of darkness forever are ready to die for the land that gave them birth—and nothing more. Speak to them of the glory of England, and their pitiful shrunken chests will swell with pride. With all justice they hold themselves sharers in the achievements of Clive, Hastings, Wolfe, and Rhodes, and never dream that they should share in the profits. When the war-trumpets are blown they send forth their best to die for England; and when peace is proclaimed they silently continue their unnoted slavery.

But why should it be necessary for so many people to die for England?

Let there be a war in the most remote parts of the earth, and an army at once goes forth to die for this country. Why should we not occasionally have a peace campaign in which an army would go out to live for England? Great Britain reminds me of what was once said by an Indian chief:

‘White man builds a house and then lives in the kitchen.

She has conquered all the desirable portions of the earth, and yet her millions are starving in one little island. What these people need is a Moses who will lead them forth into the Wilderness—and leave them there. They live so crowdedly they forever hear one another groan. They breathe an atmosphere heavy with the sighs of misery.

And yet we hear talk of the unification of the Empire. This unification will not be achieved by drawing the colonies closer, but by spreading Great Britain wider; by scattering her starving legions to the conquered lands of plenty.

* * * * *

At this point my meditations were interrupted by my return to London and the inexorable top-hat.

CHAPTER VIII.

THE crying need of this Empire is a Stock Exchange for dreams—for the dreams that really matter. The man with a yellow dream of gold already has every provision made for him. His poor sordid imaginings are perfected by brilliant promoters and marketed by shrewd brokers until the world rings with his achievements—or is shaken by his fall.

But how about the lovers of truth and dreamers of beauty? What provision has been made for them?

For centuries past these British Islands have been sending forth dreamers, the steps of whose wanderings mark the boundaries of the Empire. Heroes all—the advance guard of civilization—they carried the flag and the love of the four kingdoms to the waste places—that are now blossoming as the rose.

But the empire is at last worldwide and no more dreamers are going forth. The tide has turned and these islands are no longer the source but the goal of dreams. The soaring thoughts that have to do with the fate of nations are making head in the solitudes of the west and under the Southern Cross, while here they are chaffering over the price of bread and striving to stem the hungry tide of pauperism. Great Britain is now insular to the point of introspection; but evidence is not wanting that a wider outlook is inevitable and

near at hand. Her colonies are calling to her jovially across the seven seas and rousing her with the exuberant laughter of youth. As yet she has made but grudging response, but she will soon be her old self and rejoicing that her far-born sons are all tall fellows of their hands and strangely loyal.

* * * * *

Our Anglo-Saxon civilization blossomed with the visionaries of the age of Elizabeth. Then was the springtime of Empire but now our civilization should bear fruit. The tide of dreams has set back to its source with renewed strength and ever-increasing intensity and if we are wise the world may see another golden age.

What is to prevent?

A golden age is but a time when dreams come true—and why should they not come true to-day? The marble may now be quarried that shall start to life beneath the chisel of the sculptor or float heavenward under the spell of an undreamed architecture. Science has once more proven the unity of Nature from the atom to the universe and shall art fail to give this mighty truth its fitting symbols? Assuredly not—nor shall the widest era of human thought lack for its fitting song. The voices that are now making broken music in the far spaces shall yet swell into an immortal chorus and it will be well for those who do not disdain to hear.



Returning to earth I sought out a man who had taught his grandmother how to suck golden eggs, with a view to convincing him of the feasibility of a Stock Exchange for dreams.

‘Now, what can I do for you?’ he asked after seating himself in the position that gave the greatest comfort to his paunch.



‘Returning to earth.’

‘For me nothing, I replied, ‘but for the world much.

‘I flatter myself that I am already doing something for my fellowmen, he said with the smirk of a philanthropist who has received many public

addresses and holds the freedom of many cities.

‘Regarding that we will not dispute. What I wish to show you is how to place yourself among the immortals without embarrassing public institutions with your donations.

‘Ah!

‘There is nothing sordid in my request. Let others have your money and smother themselves with it. What I want is

your power of organization.

‘I am not sure that I follow you?’

‘You have the reputation, I proceeded, warming to my subject, ‘of being an enterprising man. Why not prove this immortally by making a few real dreams come true? Why should we not have an Exchange where an epic might be promoted as you are accustomed to promoting a trust? Why should not a dream of altruism be pushed by a syndicate, and just think of owning a controlling Interest in the unification of the Empire. At the present moment all bills on the dreams that are really worth while are subject to a ruinous discount —’

He interrupted me with a most fatherly gesture.

‘My dear boy, I hope you will not take it unkindly if I suggest that you should be sparing in the use of the milk, wine and honey of the land until you have become acclimated. The peat smoke is sometimes very confusing. But some day when you are feeling quite yourself I shall be glad to see you again. Then if you can suggest some method of manufacturing soap at a farthing less a pound or can suggest a more alluring formula than any now on the market for introducing alcohol into blue-ribbon families in the guise of a patent medicine I shall be glad to put money into your ventures.



**‘The peat smoke is
sometimes very
confusing.**

And once more I was bowed out
into the night.

But this
great
question is
by no means
to be settled
either by
indifference
or contempt.

The
Islanders are
cherishing
their past,



**‘Introducing alcohol
into blue-ribbon
families.’**

the Colonials dreaming of their
future—and when they move they move apart. Here is
something that strikes too deep for preferential tariffs and
apparently there will be no adjustment until we develop a
statesman capable of making another of those magnificent
blunders that have made the Empire what it is.

CHAPTER IX.

I HAVE heard it asserted on excellent authority that it never rains but it pours, and though I trust I am of too scientific a turn of mind to accept any unsupported statement, however plausible, I must admit that this saying appears to contain at least an analogical truth. Just as I was beginning to despair of interesting anyone in the subject of eggs, I suddenly discovered that the scientific world is already deeply immersed in the subject. This discovery was brought about in an absurdly simple manner.

One evening when his digestion was not all it should be, Lord Bigpot solemnly announced that in his opinion there was something back of every egg not accounted for by science.

Instantly the clamor was deafening. Every old hen in the Empire began to cackle joyously, from those that lay eggs by appointment, to those that hide their nests in the most unsuspected places. Of course there was something behind every egg—a hen. And behind every hen there was an egg and so on since the first hen was created. Here at last was an admission worth while and the hens were going to come to their own.

On the other side uprose the makers of incubators, in acts more logical and sane. What did it matter if there was



**‘Behind every hen there
was an egg.’**

something behind the egg, so long as it was something incapable of scientific investigation. So far as they were concerned they could not see that hens did anything for eggs except addle them and why complicate a simple subject. Eggs we have and therefore we may study them critically, derive laws from their composition and trace

their development in the laboratory from pure albumen to sulphuretted hydrogen. In fact the discussion raised an amount of sulphuretted hydrogen wholly unexpected, but of course the matter was left unsettled—and therefore of perpetual interest. It was from this discussion that I received my cue.

I realized once more that this is an age of scientific methods and that if my grandmother sucked eggs she undoubtedly did it under medical advice and in accord with a strict system of dieting. Consequently if I was to get at the facts of the case I must proceed along scientific lines. I must do something scientific that would gain the public ear and then the difficulties of my mission would vanish.

Casting about for a theme I hit on the belief of all simple minded people that ‘eggs is eggs, and decided to investigate

its truth. Being somewhat simple-minded myself I instantly came to the conclusion that this bit of tradition or folklore contained a truth not yet realized by the scientific world and prepared a paper in accordance with the best precedents.

In my introductory paragraphs I examined the philological aspects of the case and proved clearly that the proverb must have originated among uncultured people, owing to the evident misuse of the verb. Furthermore its directness argued a semi-barbaric period, for if this great truth were to be expressed for the first time in this age the statement would be somewhat as follows.

‘Professor Haeckel, with the modesty that characterizes all true scientists, found himself obliged to admit that on a last analysis cells are simply cells.



‘Obliged to admit the weight of eggs as arguments.’

Having demonstrated my thesis to my own satisfaction I proceeded to speculate on the probable origin of the phrase and showed that while some authorities ascribed it to an impetuous man satisfying an abnormal hunger with eggs and then trying to express his appreciation of their value, others of equal importance ascribed it to

some political leader who was obliged to admit the weight of eggs as arguments.

Following this I gave the ripest thought of the best authorities on the high value of colonial eggs.

Having completed my paper, I thought it wise to pay some attention to eggs in the concrete, and with this end in view proceeded to a market where I had seen them exposed for sale, and had paused more than once to admire the care with which they were arranged.

In the most conspicuous place I saw ‘new laid eggs, each of which apparently had the signature and written guarantee of the hen on the shell, and the price for these was such as I was ambitious to secure for the great Canadian hen, which is now cackling over an unloved and unsought nest.

Next to these was a crate of eggs ‘just as good as new laid. To my unsophisticated mind it was hard to determine why, if they were just as good as new laid, any distinction should be made between them. Moreover I have always held that an egg, like Cæsar’s wife, should be above suspicion, and here the element of suspicion was certainly introduced. But I had only begun my discoveries.

I found that another class was described as ‘fresh eggs, and I began to see that here comparisons were being made that were hardly in accordance with the best rules of logic. If an

egg is fresh, no railing accusation can be brought against it; and certainly to make an egg more than fresh, would be to gild refined gold, to paint the lily.

Beyond these there was a vast multitude that came under the indefinite classification of ‘eggs. This made me pause, and I began to see that at last I had found a clue that might lead me to the presence of my grandmother, and show that there was foundation for the belief that she knows how to suck eggs, for certainly the social classification of England bears a strange resemblance to the one I was examining.

To begin we have the great fresh or middle class egg, which is the stock in trade of the dealer, and certainly it is the middle class of English society that makes itself felt throughout the world. From this point however, the resemblance seems to be one of inversion, for just as the new laid egg is considered the most desirable as an egg, so the newly laid aristocrat is simply a bounder or parvenu.

Still it was clear that whoever had classified the eggs had also something to do with the classification of English society, and I could think of no one whose interests would be alike wrapped up in both, save my elusive grandmother.

Wishing to pursue this thought further I bought half-a-dozen eggs of each class and had them wrapped up in different parcels by the dealer—a dangerously polite man

with a weakness for making mistakes in his own favour, for which he was ‘So Sorry!

On arriving at my rooms I laid out my collection on the table preparatory to philosophising over them in a leisurely manner, but I was suddenly called out and during my absence the maid gathered them up and mixed them beyond my power of sorting. An Englishman who happened to call at the time said it was easy to relieve me of my difficulty, and undertook to select the new-laid eggs from the basket. These I sent to my landlady to be cooked for my breakfast, and I must say that if they were new laid they must have been laid by a hen of a new and undesirable vanity. In fact, after breaking the first I lost all further interest in eggs and decided from that hour to let them and my grandmother take care of themselves. If the good dame is living up to her reputation I trust she is having better fortune than I have.

About the only moral I gathered from this adventure was the disquieting one that if English Society were mixed up by some similar cataclysm we might have the same difficulty in restoring the original classification. At the same time I thought it might be worth while to arrange my mental stock in trade, which was in a sadly chaotic condition along similar lines—with results that will appear in the following chapter.

CHAPTER X.

NEW LAID.

To grant an ordinary man equality is to make him your superior.

The average society woman looks younger than she is and acts younger than she looks.

Sea-sickness has kept more enemies out of England than her prowess in war.

It is hard for a stranger in London to distinguish the men who are independently rich from those who are independently lazy.

The great trouble with the English is that they are trying to repel the American invaders with business methods that came over with William the Conqueror.



**‘Business methods that
came over with William the**

Conqueror.'

Etiquette is a beneficent invention that enables a naturally disagreeable people to live with one another without coming to blows.

London takes more for granted than the rest of the world knows.

Being great is apparently a very pleasant pastime.

A Bohemian never realizes that he is a failure until he has written a book.

AS GOOD AS NEW LAID.

Most of the things talked about in London society are fitter subjects for prayer than for gossip.

The most pressing need of the Empire is a new aristocracy in which the highest place will be accorded to those who inherit the spirit of great men rather than to those who languidly inherit their blood.

Culture is the consciousness of truth expressed in conduct. Good form appears to be the accumulated weariness of centuries expressed in a general air of boredom.

As a freeborn British subject I feel that to trust any man as an equal, be he a dustman or a dupe, I am paying him the highest compliment in my power.

To be original is to be wrong.

A man should be able to appreciate a good thing even when it happens to be his own.

WARRANTED.

The favourite occupation of British heroes appears to be listening to addresses fired at short range, laying cornerstones and opening charity bazaars.

One of the blessings of being a humorist is that all your mistakes pass off as jokes.

A man will go round in a circle when walking in mental darkness as well as in physical darkness.

The golden rule of science is: Make sure of your facts and then lie strenuously about your modesty.

We are sadly in need of an Imperial humorist—of a man who can be playful with the planet.

In order to carry on an argument you must descend to the other man's level.

Conservatism and laziness are hard to distinguish.

The trusts have reversed the old rhyme. Now even the biggest fleas have bigger fleas to eat 'em.

FRESH.

Art generalises while science itemises.

When we think we are simply trying our wings in that new state into which we shall yet be born.

One should never spoil a good theory by explaining it.

A man shows lack of nerve when he asks for advice and still more when he takes the advice that is given.

Let me make the jokes of the Empire, I care not who makes its blunders.

London is full of clever people who expect to get salvation in a moment and spread the luxury of being damned over a lifetime.

It is a mistake to suppose that the ancients were always serious. Perhaps some of their hieroglyphs should be translated by a humorist.

Modern poetry consists largely of medicated prose.

The cuckoo of philosophy has successfully laid her egg in the nest of theology.

There is hope for the man who can occasionally make a spontaneous and irrevocable ass of himself.

Many people regard an earnest selfishness as the only earnest purpose.

London is overcrowded with serious minded people who stand in



‘Some of their hieroglyphs should be translated by a humorist.

awe of their own ignorance.

The sinner gets many pleasant pickings that never fall in the way of the righteous.

COOKING.

A club is a place where a gentleman can get drunk respectably.



**‘A club is a place
where a gentleman
can get drunk
respectably.**

If our artists and writers but realized the truth the triumphs of science have given them more glorious symbols. Art is the only enduring expression of science.

The less there is happening the more a truly great writer finds to write about.

It is wonderful what a personal interest the average man takes in discussions as to what constitutes

genius.

The true artist studies in order to keep his soul alive and produces an order to keep his body alive.

The knowledge of most men is just enough to make them aggressively ignorant.

To define a truth is to limit its scope.

EGGS.

Bacon took all knowledge as his province. He would have done better had he chosen a little wisdom.

The British labouring man is like the foolish hen that lays an egg and then contents herself with cackling.

It now appears that the traditional wolf wears sealskin instead of sheep's clothing.

After all the easiest way to get money is to earn it.

Charity is infinitely divisible. He who has a little can always give a little.

Every clear statement of truth is a blasphemy against error.

POLITICAL.

The average Englishman has so deep a reverence for antiquity that he would rather be wrong than be recent.

If my grandmother knows how to suck eggs what I want to know is, did she come by them honestly?

You cannot make an omelette without breaking eggs, but England already has an omelette on which the sun never sets.

The map of Great Britain reminds me of a badly fried egg, with London as the yolk and the Celtic fringe wofully scorched.

An Englishman's social standing seems to depend on the number of people he can afford to despise.

Great Britain must presently reach the condition of shaking hands with her colonies instead of expecting them to touch their hats to her.

This country is full of people who are starving up to their positions.

England is the place to which prominent Canadians come clothed and in their right minds and go back wearing knee breeches and rejoicing in a title that leaves the friends of their youth in doubt whether they should be addressed as, say, Sir Jingo, Sir Mr. Jingo, or Sir Jingo McBore.

CHAPTER XI.

THE knowledge that I am no longer a Colonial but a naturalized Londoner came to me in a peculiar way.

One morning a letter brought me the information that an old friend, a United States American, was sojourning at the Hotel Cecil and would be glad to meet me and talk it all over. Without a moment's delay and brimming with pleasant memories and anticipations of gossip about old friends I hastened to the meeting.

We promptly adjourned to the American bar where we found a table and in the exchange of question and answer spent a pleasant hour. When our thirst for information was somewhat slaked I remarked,

‘So this is only a visit. You are not going to join the army of American invaders.

‘No, he replied with sudden heat, ‘if I were to come here at all it would be as a Crusader.

‘Indeed? I commented enquiringly, with a rising inflection and a touch of my newly-acquired manner.

‘Yes, sir, and his harsh nasal accent jarred on my ear, ‘I feel like going back to America and preaching



**‘I feel like going back to
America and preaching
a Crusade.’**

a Crusade. The sacred places of Anglo-Saxon civilization are now in the possession of a race of men with the souls of tradesmen. Speaking the English tongue, inheriting all but a century of British history and all of her art and literature do you imagine that I can walk through the streets of London without emotion. I confess that in Westminster Abbey the tears gushed from my eyes and I speak of it with pride rather than shame.

His enthusiasm bored me, while his anger amused.

‘My dear fellow, I began in a tone that was entirely friendly and if it sounded patronizing the patronage was unconscious. But I never got any further.

‘See here, he rasped as he shot out a prognathous jaw and studied my face from a distance of about six inches, ‘Are you trying to work off a British polish on me? ON ME?’

It was in vain that I protested. He inventoried the changes that had come over me from the cut of my clothes to the quality of my smile. He made derogatory remarks about my pronunciation and reflected with exhaustive contumely on the size of my soul. With infinite patience and good-humor I reasoned with him and tried to point out that he entirely misunderstood me and also the people of London. I tried to tell him that we really are not so indifferent to these matters as we appear, and pointed out with the kindest intentions in the world that his trouble was due to the fact that he had not met people of the right sort. That was clear from the anecdotes he told of those who had offended him. I argued that we deplored the conduct of these impossible persons as much as he did—but all to less than no purpose. The more I tried to explain the angrier he became. Finally the last vestige of our friendship was smothered under a violent outburst which he concluded with the remark,

‘To be a native born Britisher is excusable, because it is an accident of birth, but to be a sycophantish climber and imitator is beneath contempt.

It was all very annoying, and to some extent recalled some emotions of my own on first arriving. I remember being



‘People of the
right sort.’

unwarrantably offended at some Canadians who had preceded me because they had acquired so many of the ways of the natives, but now I see that it only shewed proper discernment and true loyalty on their parts.

Of course I was annoyed that my meeting with an old-time friend should have such an ending, but I was not without my reward. The incident enabled me to entertain the company at Lord Bandy-legs that evening with a diverting account of the fellow’s insolence.

And now to conclude. Let me see, what is this book about anyway? Ah, yes, I was going to teach my grandmother how to suck eggs.



**‘Extraordinary
what ideas get
into the heads of
some colonials, is
it not?’**

Extraordinary what ideas get into the heads of some
colonials is it not?

CANADA AS SHE IS MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—Reverting to your recent article under the title ‘The Great Misunderstood, let me say that I am so glad that I did not publish my great work on ‘Canada, Her History, Customs and Resources before visiting England. As planned, it would have been very unsatisfactory to people with settled opinions, of whom I have met several since landing on your hospitable and interesting shores.

As you are doubtless aware, the old contention that ‘What is, is is rapidly giving way to the doctrine that ‘What is believed to be is is. (It is just possible that there is an ‘is too many in that sentence, but as that only increases its metaphysical subtlety I hope the proof-reader will let it stand.) Having this in mind I have recast the materials of my book along new lines and added much that will be received here with placid approval, and in Canada with joyous wonder. By publishing the following prospectus you will confer a great favour on a fellow British subject.

‘CANADA, HER HISTORY, CUSTOMS AND RESOURCES.

Chapter I.—The discovery of Canada by the French and its recovery by the British—the original inheritors of the earth.

Chapter II.—The invention of the tuque and snowshoe costume, with a study of their subsequent effect on ‘The Ballet of all Nations, as it is still presented in all the capitals of Europe with the original cast.

Chapter III.—The geographical position of Canada, with map and historical footnote showing the value of disputed territory when Downing Street wishes to establish friendly relations with Washington.

Chapter IV.—A digression in which the author proves conclusively that when the North Pole is finally discovered it will be found to be somewhere near the centre of Canada.

Chapter V.—An appreciation of the Roast Beef of Old England and Wiltshire bacon as met with on the hoof in Ontario and the Canadian Northwest.

Chapter VI.—An exhaustive paper on Canadian fruits, in which it will be shown to the confusion of the scientific world that apples, grapes, peaches, pears, and plums, ripen within the Arctic Circle.

Chapter VII.—Interviews (properly expurgated) with prominent Canadians regarding Mr. Kipling’s ‘Lady of the Snows, and Sir Gilbert Parker’s Hudson Bay Stories as an advertisement of Canada.

Chapter VIII.—The exports of Canada, dealing fully with Sir Wilfred Laurier, philanthropic millionaires, and several

plausible brands of red whisky.

Chapter IX.—The imports of Canada, with special reference to younger sons who need a change of venue. Instances will be cited of black sheep pasturing for a few years on the plains of Canada, and then returning to their happy homes with only slight Southdown markings.

Chapter X.—Conclusion—Canada's place among the younger nations that can ride and shoot. Assurances of continued loyalty and selections from the best 'O-My-Country poetry of 'Canada's lyric choir.

It may interest you to know that I intend to remain in London for some time. To tell the truth, I am a trifle afraid that, when my book is published, popular enthusiasm will run so high that each of my fellow Canadians will want a fragment of me as a souvenir.

Yours warmly,

C. A. NUCK.

ANOTHER ‘GREAT MISUNDERSTOOD.

DEAR MR. PUNCH,—My publisher assures me that, thanks to your kindness in publishing the prospectus of my great work on ‘Canada, her History, Customs and Resources, the advance sale of this comfortable book already exceeds the total sale of all my previous works. As it is quite apparent that I have discovered the true method of writing fascinating books, I am emboldened to seek a further favour at your hands.

This little world is growing weary of higher criticism, and the stupid belief that prevails in many learned quarters that descriptive works should describe facts. At the same time it is manifestly impossible for us to go back to the good old days when the pious editor of the *Armenian Magazine* published accounts of the Upas tree and similar marvels on the testimony of ‘a trustworthy sea-faring man, but we can secure matter of equal interest by following my method, and writing not what is true, but what people believe to be true.

In this way we should be able to develop much that would excite the envy of *Baron Munchausen*.

Following my original policy I propose to issue a volume on Great Britain, as she is believed to be by Canadians. While this will be published in a manner uniform with my history of Canada as known to Britons, it will not be encumbered with unnecessary historical erudition, but will deal chiefly with matters of contemporary interest, and I trust that you will further oblige me by publishing the following prospectus:—

Chapter I.—An introductory essay dealing with the universally admitted fact that JULIUS CÆSAR landed in England B.C. 55, and introduced the Eastern Question into British Politics.

Chapter II.—A diverting account of how King ALFRED let the cakes burn, and afterwards established the belief that Britons never, never, &c.

Chapter III.—A hiatus which embraces the author's remaining stock of historical information regarding the British Isles.

Chapter IV.—A dissertation on the inhabitants of the British Isles, showing that they are chiefly characters in

poetry and fiction.

Chapter V.—A digression dealing with the excellent lethal cutlery manufactured in England, and brought to Canada concealed about the persons of adventurous young gentlemen-farmers whose mothers have warned them to beware of wild Indians, bears, buffalos and other deadly creatures.

Chapter VI.—A speculation regarding that mysterious body, the Privy Council, and an appreciation of its value in manufacturing issues for provincial elections by deciding disputes between the Government at Ottawa and the Governments of the different Provinces.

Chapter VII.—A digression in which the author tries to discover a basis for the solemnity of JOHN BULL; it being popularly believed in Canada that he never smiles except when there is an eclipse of the moon. On these occasions a gentle glow is supposed to light his face, because he knows that the phenomenon is largely caused by his property getting between the sun and the lesser luminary and casting its shadow thereon.

Chapter VIII.—Great Britain, as the home of Princes, who occasionally make a flying trip through Canada, and leave behind them a trail of feuds among aldermen and petty officials regarding the difficult question of precedence.

Chapter IX.—An inquiry into the foundations of the belief that Englishmen owe their remarkable chest development to blowing the froth off the best beer that ever was brewed.

Yours prosperously,

C. A. NUCK.

“RED SAUNDERS.”

Some Press Opinions.

“Daily Telegraph,” 7th August, 1903.

“The name of Mr. Henry Wallace Phillips will be new to most English leaders as a writer of American ranch and mining-camp stories. But if he can produce such amusing yarns as those of ‘Red Saunders it should not be long before

he attains a considerable fame.... The reader will have many a hearty laugh....”

“Daily Chronicle, 7th August, 1903.

“Since Bret Harte’s days ... the Western romance has languished.... ‘Red Saunders is a not unamusing attempt to revive the romance of the cowboy.’”

“Vanity Fair,” 29th July, 1903.

“ ‘Red Saunders was one of the men Mr. Roger Pocock had to do with in his cow-punching days, ... he is very delightful, and the chief character an enthusiastic study of a fine fellow.’”

“Daily News,” 21st July, 1903.

“Humorous, spirited writing.”

“Scotsman,” 27th July, 1903.

“Dashingly told; will delight anyone who finds the fiction of city life dull and tasteless.”

“Sheffield Telegraph,” 29th July, 1903.

“There is fun in store for the reader.”

“Western Mercury,” 31 July, 1903.

“The style of Bret Harte has set its mark in these pages.... The atmosphere and the background of Texas life pervade the

book.”

“Sunday Special,” 9th August, 1903.

“... The descriptions are excellent and the author undoubtedly possesses the pen of an artist.”

“South African Empire,” 12th August, 1903.

“Red Saunders may be described as a frank imitation of Bret Harte, and there is an artistic finish about the story which reminds one of that inimitable writer.

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“THE FIELD,” 27th June, 1903.

—
STORIES OF WILD ANIMALS.
—

THE interesting neighbours referred to in this book are American wild creatures, as seen by the author around the shores of Lake Glimmerglass in the woods of northern Michigan. The stories are pleasantly told, and in a style that should make the book a very suitable present for children. The biography of the beaver is a good example of the way in which the author outlines the life history of his wild creatures, and sets it with true effect in its natural

surroundings. So, too, is the chapter entitled “the king of the trout stream,” which covers the life of a trout and his companions, and their escape from numerous enemies, until the hero was left a scarred veteran, master of the position, in succession to a fish which had been hooked and returned to the water, which had acquired fungus in consequence, and was found dying, whirling round in a little eddy under the bank, by a black bear. The king himself, however, came to an untimely end, wandering amongst a school of perch in the shadow of a wharf, greedily taking in a piece of fat pork which sank slowly through the green water, and so being hauled ignominiously out at the end of a string. The porcupine and the loon are also subjected to the same easy narrative treatment, and the last of the forest neighbours is a Glimmerglass buck, that made short work of a big English foxhound owned by a trapper, though hunting with dogs was against the law, and was left to live in peace, with his sweethearts and rivals through the tragedy of an unfortunate photographer receiving the rifle bullet intended for it.

“COUNTRY LIFE,” 8th August, 1903.

IN the matter of “nature” books the tide ... flows strongly.
Forest Neighbours, by William Davenport Hulbert (Limpus, Baker & Co.)

Mr. Hulbert weaves the picturesque incidents of the lives of beasts and birds into a sort of natural history novelette. The stories are always pleasant to read and the illustrations in this volume are delightful.

“SPORTING TIMES,” 15th August, 1903.

Extract from full column notice.

THE reading world has to thank Mr. William Davenport Hulbert for one of the most delightful volumes of wild life—and there is nothing better—published for some time in “Our Forest Neighbours.”

The book abounds in delightful descriptive writing of which this is a fair sample, and as to my mind the lives of all things, both great and small, when written with knowledge and a loving hand are far more interesting than the plottings and passions of human beings, I can well recommend this book as being an acquisition to the literature of wild life and a refreshing change from the torrent of fiction daily pouring into the market. The publishers are Messrs. Limpus, Baker & Co., who have published several successful books this season.

“ATHENÆUM,” 15th August, 1903.

Forest Neighbours. By William Davenport Hulbert. (Limpus, Baker & Co)—Animal stories have a distinct vogue just now, and one is glad of it, since the taste for them is wholesome. This handsome volume contains half a dozen “life stories of wild animals”—the best of their kind that the reviewer has come upon for some time. We learn from a brief introduction that the author passed a good deal of his youth and childhood in the heart of a North American forest, and one knows that the knowledge gleaned in childhood is of a more intimate and real sort than any which comes later. This should recommend the book to wise parents as a gift for their children. Boys, particularly, should delight in it, and all who read it should benefit therefrom. There is the biography of a beaver (the ingenuity, pluck, thrift, and industry of the beaver are equal to anything the bee can show, but nothing like so well known), the story of the king of a trout stream, another of the strenuous life of a Canada lynx, followed by ‘Pointers from a Porcupine’; there are ‘The Adventures of a Loon, and ‘The Making of a Glimmerglass Buck, and of the six we think the last is the best and the most picturesque, whilst the first is probably the most truly instructive. But the whole six are excellent.

GREEN, LIMPUS AND CO., PRINTERS, 254A, HIGH
HOLBORN, LONDON, W.C.

[The end of *To Be Taken With Salt. Being an Essay on
Teaching One's Grandmother to Suck Eggs.* by Peter
McArthur]