"Six—no, sir. Never!"

"Where was it?" said the superintendent, overriding the denial. The man told him, yielding to the inevitable.

"That's where you heard of my friend Mike Daley, then?"

"Yes."

"Well, don't you feel just a little mean about all this? Mike is a better man than you are."

Malby began a series of voluble protestations and explanations. "It was an accident; it won't happen again."

The superintendent turned to Swift: "Send this man to the other end of the reservoir. If he talks any more about any of his fellow workers on this job, fire him quick. If he behaves, give him just the same sort of a square deal that the rest are having."

"Come on, Malby," said Swift.

CHARLES HOWARD SHINN.

THE FOOL.

G. K. Chesterton in the London Daily News of March 30, 1912.

For many years I had sought him, and at last I found him in a club. I had been told that he was everywhere; but I had almost begun to think that he was nowhere. I had been assured that there were millions of him; but before my late discovery I inclined to think that there were none of him. After my late discovery I am sure that there is one; and I incline to think that there are several, say, a few hundreds; but unfortunately most of them occupying important positions. When I say "him," I mean the entire idiot. . . .

He was very well dressed; he had a heavy but handsome face; his black clothes suggested the City and his grey moustaches the Army; but the whole suggested that he did not really belong to either, but was one of those who dabble in shares and who play at soldiers. There was some third element about him that was neither mercantile nor military. His manners were a shade too gentlemanly to be quite those of a gentleman. They involved an unction and overemphasis of the club man; then I suddenly remembered feeling the same thing in some old actors or old playgoers who had modeled themselves on actors. As I came in he said, "If I was the Government," and then put a cigar in his mouth which he lit carefully with long intakes of breath. Then he took the cigar out of his mouth again and said, "I'd give it 'em," as if it were quite a separate sentence. But even while his mouth was stopped with the cigar his companion or interlocutor leaped to his feet and said with great heartiness, snatching up a hat, "Well, I must be off. Tuesday!" I dislike these dark suspicions, but I certainly fancied I recognied that sudden geniality with which one takes leave of a bore.

When, therefore, he removed the narcotic stopper from his mouth it was to me that he addressed the belated epigram, "I'd give it 'em."

"What would you give them?" I asked; "the minimum wage?"

"I'd give them beans," he said. "I'd shoot 'em down—shoot 'em down, every man Jack of them. I lost my best train yesterday, and here's the whole country paralyzed, and here's a handful of obstinate fellows standing between the country and coal. I'd shoot 'em down!"

"That would surely be a little harsh," I pleaded. "After all, they are not under martial law, though I suppose two or three of them have commissions in the Yeomanry."

"Commissions in the Yeomanry!" he repeated, and his eyes and face, which became startling and separate, like those of a boiled lobster, made me feel sure that he had something of the kind himself.

"Besides," I continued, "wouldn't it be quite enough to confiscate their money?"

"Well, I'd send them all to penal servitude, anyhow," he said, "and I'd confiscate their funds as well."

"The policy is daring and full of difficulty," I replied, "but I do not say that it is wholly outside the extreme rights of the republic. But you must remember that though the facts of property have become quite fantastic, yet the sentiment of property still exists. These coal owners, though they have not earned the mines, though they could not work the mines, do quite honestly feel that they own the mines. Hence your suggestion of shooting them down, or even of confiscating their property, raises very——"

"What do you mean?" asked the man with the cigar, with a bullying eye. "Who yer talking about?"

"I'm talking about what you were talking about," I replied, "as you put it so perfectly, about the handful of obstinate fellows who are standing between the country and the coal. I mean the men who are selling their own coal for fancy prices, and who, as long as they can get those prices, care as little for national starvation as most merchant princes and pirates have cared for the provinces that were wasted or the peoples that were enslaved just before their ships came home. But though I am a bit of a revolutionist myself, I cannot quite go with you in the extreme violence you suggest. You say——"

"I say," he cried, bursting through my speech with a really splendid energy like that of some noble beast, "I say I'd take all these blasted miners and——"

I had risen slowly to my feet, for I was profoundly moved, and I stood staring at that mental monster.

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"Oh," I said, "so it is the *miners* who are all to be sent to penal servitude, so that we may get more coal. It is the *miners* who are to be shot dead, every man Jack of them; for if once they are all shot dead they will start mining again. . . . You must forgive me, sir; I know I seem somewhat moved; . . . the fact is I have just found something, . . . something I have been looking for for years."

"Well," he asked, with no unfriendly stare, "and what have you found?"

"No," I answered, shaking my head sadly, "I do not think it would be quite kind to tell you what I have found."

He had a hundred virtues, including the capital virtue of good humor, and we had no difficulty in changing the subject and forgetting the disagreement. He talked about society, his town friends and his country sports, and I discovered in the course of it that he was a county magistrate, a member of Parliament, and a director of several important companies. He was also that other thing, which I did not tell him.

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THROUGH THE OUTLOOKING GLASS.

From the New York Nation of May 30.

"Whichever way you look at it," said the Red Knight, "there is only one possible conclusion. I am the logical candidate at Chicago."

"What *is* a logical candidate?" said Alice.

"A logical candidate," said the Red Knight, "is one who, when the necessity arises, can prove that 'I won't' means 'I will.'"

"That should be a very difficult thing to do," said Alice.

"*I* find it the easiest thing in the world," said the Red Knight. "Let us look at it in this way: No one will deny that the President of the United States should be a man about fifty-four years old, about five feet ten inches tall, powerfully built, wear glasses, and live on the north shore of Long Island. That, I believe, is axiomatic."

"That's another word I don't know the meaning of," said Alice.

"An axiom, my dear girl, is something which is so obviously true that the man who denies it must be a crook or an infamous liar. Very well, then. In the second place, a candidate for the Presidency should be a man of wide experience. He must have lived in the White House at least seven years, and before that he must have been a member of the Legislature, a Police Commissioner, a cavalry colonel, and the author of a short but masterly treatise on the Irish sagas."

"Is that axiomatic, also?" said Alice.

"Naturally," said the Red Knight.

"Then it means once more you."

"Exactly," said the Red Knight. "And in the last place he should be a descendant of the old Dutch patroons, a native of New York, and his name should begin with an R and end with a T and have at least two O's and a V between. Now what does all that prove?"

"Axiomatically, you mean?" said Alice.

"Of course," said the Red Knight.

"It means you again," said Alice.

"You are a very bright child to see the point so quickly," said the Red Knight. "Thus I am the logical candidate of the moment. But please observe that I am much more than that. I am also the physiological candidate, because I can speak faster and louder than any man in the country, and can slug a man harder through the ropes. Then I am the zoölogical candidate, because of my record in Africa. And I am the entomological candidate, because I am the broadest-minded man in the world, and my views are absolutely insectarian."

"I don't think that is a very good pun, do you?" said Alice.

"I think it's one of the best puns I ever heard," said the Red Knight, hastily, and went on. "The successful candidate must be one who knows how to make hay when the sun shines and how to get in out of the rain; therefore I am the meteorological candidate. He should be the man brought forward by a vast national upheaval; that makes me the geological candidate. And, above all, he must not be thin-skinned when accused of bad faith and personal motives; that makes me the dermatological candidate. So what does all this show?"

"It shows," said Alice, "that you *are* the logical candidate."

"It does," said the Red Knight, and, having divested himself of his armor, he thrust his hands into his pockets and whistled cheerfully.

BOOKS

A LIFE OF MARK HANNA.

Marcus Alonzo Hanna: His Life and Work. By Herbert Croly. With portrait. The Macmillan Co. $2.50 net.

The attitude of too many reformers toward politicians of the old school is a Pharisaic attitude of condemnation as if those gentlemen had been guilty of personal unrighteousness in being what they were. Mr. Croly, in writing the life of "Mark" Hanna, sees the falsity of this attitude.

Marcus Hanna certainly did stand for what we now call privilege, but Mr. Croly shows us that he did not deliberately choose it after seeing a vision of privilege on the one hand and purity and democracy on the other hand. To him no

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