

fellers, strike me pink if George 'ere 'asn't stawted asounding of 'is h's." George becomes a marked man. He is chided. A clean collar and care in aspirates arouses suspicion. He shows symptoms of losing his class-consciousness. That member of the recent Labor Cabinet who had trouble with his aspirates, had to decide between a gain in grammar and a loss of reputation.

But we can never quite understand why an "h" should be used when there is none. An American tourist, visiting the Bronte country in Yorkshire, decides to have some refreshments in a village tea-room. Says the genial landlady, "Will you 'ave a hegg?" What is the origin of this mistake — which is probably quite unconscious until pointed out by her blushing daughter when the visitors have departed. Perhaps it is an unsuccessful effort to speak in an educated manner. More likely it is a failure in emphasis: "a hegg"; not "a bit of 'am." The uneducated feel that there ought to be stress somewhere, and too often it comes before a vowel, as in, "I sez to im, I sez, 'Eaven 'elp 'im hif I ever catches 'im." The perpetrator of such a spoken sentence would probably write it correctly. In spoken English there is room for improvement in every country where English is the national language.

Subconscious aversion will probably explain the fact that an educated Englishman may fall slightly below an educated American in the percentage of pronounced aspirates. A man who privately believes that the aspirate is on the level of the Zulu "click," and not half so interesting, is likely to slip occasionally, so that out of six uses of the word when, two at least will be w'en. And it must be admitted that, after all, excellence in the use of the aspirate is a matter of percentage. If every aspirate received its due in such a sentence as — Henry had a happy home and helped his hoary-headed father, the effect would be unpleasantly staccato, if not pedantic. It may also be admitted that some of the rules governing the aspirate and its exceptions are not devoid of the ridiculous. Some day they may be simplified. But the aspirate is not a barbarism. It has the honor of a long and distinguished classical heritage.

COLOR IN THE WEST OF ENGLAND

J. L. Garvin, in *The Observer* (London)

THE ASTONISHMENT when all is said is the color of England in the West. It is like the high Alpine pastures. A fortnight ago the primroses were still spreading in multitudes among the woods and down the banks. Seen from a distance whole breadths of ground where they grew thickest were more gold than green. Hyacinths and wild violets flourished without end. And there was a thing one had never noticed before, or not as one ought. The red campion shone everywhere among the blue. The scarlet pimpernel was there, with sky-eyed speedwell not far away. Gardeners know what it is when tulips faintly flushed are scattered loosely through beds of forget-me-nots, but Nature also knows how and makes her combinations as though she meant them.

One leaves out a score of other delights among wild flowers in the West, but spires of orchis flourished in the lanes, and the gorse signaled from hills and headlands miles away. While the beech bedges of this excellent country seemed yet as young as April, lilac and laburnum were in full bloom with red and white hawthorn. . . .

And the sounds! Listen. It is the beginning of sunset. The mounted shepherd on the bay horse who rides round

at this time burns red; and where falls have rent the cliff the flayed sandstone takes as deep a glow. The fleeces of the sheep are touched with the same apocalyptic finger. The valley brims with a unity of light. . . . Calm is the air; calm lies the sea. From field and wood and cascading streams and high rock and breaking wave the sounds rise in a symphony pastoral and elemental at once that makes the comb as full of noises as of sunset, yet as peaceable as silence. The sheep are changing pasture with prodigious concern, every lamb with its mother. The crying of the gulls over and under the black-birds and thrushes is no discord. Running waters, some loud some slender, have many tones among themselves, and the plunging bass comes in with the rhythm of the tide.

BROTHERHOOD

Edwin Markham

The Crest and crowning of all good,
Life's final star, is Brotherhood;
For it will bring again to Earth
Her long lost Poesy and Mirth;
Will send new light on every face,
A kingly power upon the race.
And till it come, we men are slaves
And travel downward to the dust of graves.

Come, clear the way, then, clear the way;
Blind creeds and kings have had their day;
Break the dead branches from their path:
Our hope is in the aftermath —
Our hope is in heroic men
Star-led to build the world again,
To this Event the ages ran —
Make way for Brotherhood — make way for Man.

BACKBONE

Anon.

When you see a fellow mortal
Without fixed or fearless views,
Hanging on the skirts of others,
Walking in their cast-off shoes;
Bowing low to wealth or favor,
With abject, uncovered head,
Ready to retract or waver,
Willing to be driv'n or led;
Walk yourself with firmer bearing,
Throw your moral shoulders back,
Show your spine has nerve and marrow,
Just the things which his must lack.
A stronger word
Was never heard
In sense and tone
Than this — Backbone.

GUILT OF GIVING PAIN

By Hannah More

Since trifles make the sum of human things
And half our misery from our foibles springs;
Since life's best joys consist in peace and ease,
And few can save or serve, but all may please;
Oh, let the ungentle spirit learn from hence
A small unkindness is a great offense.
Large bounties to restore we wish in vain.
But all may shun the guilt of giving pain.

I asked what is the greatest asset of a salesman dealing with plain average folk. It is, my friend said, the ability to get into the frame of mind of liking everybody. We all meet people every day who may not be the kind we would pick for boon companions, but it is possible to assume that they have their good points and say to oneself: "I like them. I like everybody." The man who can bring himself sincerely to like everybody will sell more goods than one who is unable to arrive at quite that frame of mind. Because the one who likes the most people will have the most people liking him — and liking to deal with him. — The Nation's Business.

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