WE are living, we are moving in a grand and awful time!" chanted the Office Radical, in an irrepressible outburst of joy, consequent upon the completion of a tough job on which he had been silently employed for the last hour. He rose and kicked over the wash basket and stretched himself, to show how thoroughly he was at peace with the world. Then he sang the line again.

"What makes you think so?" asked the Office Philosopher, absentmindedly.

"Think what?" said the Radical, checking as he was about to sing it a third time. "Oh—you mean the song. Well, to begin with, this is the age of automobiling—"

"I haven't any," said the Philosopher.

"And aeroplanes—"

"I've never seen one yet," said the Philosopher. "Everybody seen one but me—a fact that Hill thinks is a bit under his nose."

"I always happen to have left just before the aeroplane comes in sight. I don't believe there is any such thing as an aeroplane," he spoke bitterly.

"And polar discoveries—"

"Oh, if you are going to be nasty about it—" said the Philosopher, with increasing bitterness. He had been one of the innocents who had believed in Dr. Cook.

"And stirring changeless politics—"

"I knew you'd come to that," said the Philosopher. "I can tell what you're going to say next. You are going to say that there is an era of unrest; that we are trembling on the verge of some great change; that party lines are changing and a political revolution is impending;—"

"I know I am," said the Radical, cheerfully. "We are in the midst of an era of unrest. We are trembling on the verge of some—"

"Oh, tell it to Beveridge," said the Philosopher, with abysmal contempt.

"Don't you care to hear my ideas?" inquired the Radical, with dangerous politeness.

"They're not your ideas; they're Walter White's," returned the Philosopher.

"That's an objection," said the Radical; "but not necessarily a fatal one. The fact that Hill thinks it is a bit under his nose doesn't prevent it from being so."

"No," replied the Philosopher, "but it too. The fact that Hill thinks it is a bit under his nose living in it wasn't firmly convinced that it was a wonderful epoch. No matter how small the issue that was up, both sides were sure it was a mammoth.

In the dead days of thirty years ago, when there was little to talk about but civil service reform, the advocates of that respectable and excellent measure