appear as they really are ?   As masks fell off and truth became
apparent, methinks the world would become at first a collection
of isolated beings, struck dumb and motionless with surprise.
Each being would feel himself a stranger in a strange land, the
most unfamiliar and unrecognized form being that of himself.
Each man, then, our authorities say, has his side of love and
his side of hatred.   So also he has his side of pity, of sym-
pathy, of humor, and of oddity.   Man is indeed a many-sided
animal.   Increase the number of the sides until each blends
with and loses its identity in the whole circle, and our polygonal
man becomes a " well-rounded man."   This perfect symmetry is
seldom, if ever, found : some side preponderates, and the har-
mony is marred.   This preponderance of one side over the
others, this "leaning" in one direction, this excessive develop-
ment, is termed specialism, oddity, tendency, fanaticism, ambi-
tion, insanity, crankiness.   We are all odd, insane, cranky.
This, then, is a world of fools, and the wise man is the fool of
fools.   In a world of cranks it would be strange did one not
sometimes meet a crank.   I do not ask your pardon if at times
you see me stand before you holding out my hand and nodding
in a familiar manner.   Doubtless I shall often be the fool
shaking hands with himself.   Where all are fools no one need
excuse himself; where all are insane, sanity would be madness.
Do not pride yourself on being omitted from my list, for you
may thereby prove yourself a double fool—a fool of pride and
a fool of ignorance.

Have you ever watched the uncertain movements of a man
of caprice ?

"I have."   I looked up in astonishment.   The words were
followed by an upheaval of my books before me : classics,
science, English volumes were tumbled over, and a big volume
in the furthest corner was slowly pushing himself free, shaking
out his leaves, and brushing off the dust that had been accumu-
lating for months.   I seized the volume and laid it before me.

 Thanks.   Phew ! a breath of fresh air smells good.   Don't
you recognize me ?   No !   Well, that's strange.   You have