

for a pivotal motion of my head. H. S. Bonehead has neither lateral nor vertical movement in his head and his eyes are fastened on the ends of steel rods. But be not deceived. Cousin Harding S. sees what comes his way and, moreover, his sense of smell is acute. His eye is on the Main Chance from morning to night and he can nose out what he wishes without the bother of seeing accidental details. He goes straight for a Thing. He gets what he goes straight for. He has no use for a Thing but the Thing's use. Harding is classed as a "practical man," and a "practical man" is the raw material for a chief clerkship.

The beauty of Boneheadism — yes, it has its beauty—is in its simplicity. This is not the simplicity which the artist sees in the columns of a Greek temple or a philosopher finds in the universality of law. The Bonehead simplicity is of another class. It is the simplicity one sees in the construction of a dry goods box; that is, it is the simplicity of the practical and not of the ideal. We Boneheads are exact people. We do not argue. A man who argues has doubts of himself. We do not even state propositions, for what is the use of making evident the self-evident? We know. Yet it is hard to go about under a Trappist vow in a land of folks who *think* they know it all. I am not a thirty-second degree Bonehead, and so at times I must let out when I hear people talk who do not have the Bonehead perspective.

There is a certain fellow I know who has no use for us Boneheads. He says that our heads were made that we might move them from right to left and that our eyes belong to beings of wide discourse which should be looking before and after, but where he obtained such ideas I cannot for the life of me say. I lost patience with him one day and asked him if he thought we should sit with our legs curled behind our necks because such a range of contortions was possible for us. He did not see my point

at all. People outside the Bonehead school are weak on logic. He talked at random about the world being good to look upon and the sin, yes, the sin, there is in the directing of one's attention to the things of the immediate present. Well, of all the guff I ever heard, his was the limit. In vain did I point out to him the economic gain of keeping one's head in a straight line. He admitted after a way that continual movements of the head to the right and left absorbed energy, but he said he guessed the head could stand it. He guessed! Beware of guesses. Be a Bonehead.

Now some will tell you that there is no difference between a Bonehead and a Stiff. They err in talking thus. I do not wish to say anything against the family of which I am a member, but the Boneheads are under a disadvantage when compared with the Stiffs, for the latter do not have to carry their souls around with them. The Stiffs have entered the beatific state. They are passive Boneheads.

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## SOCIAL HAPPENINGS.

Dr. Malti, of the Experimental Farm, has returned from a trip to the lower provinces.

Miss Mercer, of the Immigration Branch, returned last week from a most delightful visit of two months to England and the continent. Miss Mercer was accompanied by Miss Darcy of the P. O. Department.

Mr. Sims, of the Public Works Department, and President of the Civil Service Baseball League, is back at his desk after a very protracted siege of typhoid.

Mr. A. H. O'Brien, Law Clerk of the House of Commons, is away on a vacation trip.

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"The gas-stove has gone out mum," said a new servant. "Well, light it again!" responded the mistress. "But it's gone out through the roof, mum!" continued the girl.