

FISHERMAN'S LUCK

How salty and stimulating, for example, is the sailorman's hail of "Ship ahoy!" It is like a breeze laden with briny odours and a pleasant dash of spray. The miners in some parts of Germany have a good greeting for their dusky trade. They ery to one who is going down the shaft, "*Glück auf!*" All the perils of an underground adventure and all the joys of seeing the sun again are eompressed into a word. Even the trivial salutation which the telephone has lately created and elaimed for its peculiar use—"Hello, hello!"—seems to me to have a kind of fitness and fascination. It is like a thoroughbred bulldog, ugly enough to be attractive. There is a lively, concentrated, electrie air about it. It makes courtesy wait upon dispatoh, and reminds us that we live in an age when it is necessary to be wide awake.

I have often wished that every human employment might evolve its own appropriate greeting. Some of them would be queer, no doubt; but at least they would be an improvement on the wearisome iteration of "Good-evening" and "Good-morning," and the monotonous inquiry, "How do