

aware, might say: "Verily hath the Gift of Tongues been vouchsafed to these that are uttering such funny noises."

But one that was very young and therefore very wise raised high his voice above them all, asking "What's wrong with six ounces of good Scotch?"

And there fell a great silence as though a bolt from the blue had been hurled in their midst.

And he that was so young and of such wisdom and courage brought upon himself much approval, likewise much abuse.

For the ways of the ordinary man, just because he is so very ordinary surpass the understanding of the other kind of man, and his mind worketh in devious ways and in ways that are hidden.

And forthwith they fell to seeking light upon the massed psychology of Ott.

Since it has been enacted by the Lords of the Land of Can that Men of Medicine know, and also that they do not know; that in them we may repose our trust, even though we put not our trust in Princes, and again that we

may place in them our trust, but only at our own risk.

And they talked and lol to behold, even with one eye, the fury of the protagonist and the wrath of the antagonist, even as each boiled and bubbled over was an object lesson in the behaviour and deportment of them that bow down before the altar of Asklepios.

And some would say: "Yea, it is so," and others would say: "Nay, it is not so," yet none ever spake the horrid word, Liar.

Then one among them lifted up his hand as though he would pronounce a benediction, but he did not.

That which he spake was this: "Gentlemen, it is better to be safe than certain; for when a man is safe he is safe, but when a man is certain he is not quite sure."

And they that were assembled, especially the young, marvelled at his wisdom and gat them to their medical studios and fell to the business of writing hieroglyphics.

And when they had written in Latin "Spiritus frumenti" prefixed by a hieroglyphic sign, they would hand it to a sick man, saying: "One dollar please."

Verily, verily it was so!



## Tale the Fourth

*Concerning the Land the Warriors would Get for to Farm, and other matters*

In the City of Van that lieth in the shadow of Westminster, the new not the old, there dwelt many warriors that had been thro it.

Verily, I, Ole Wun Hi, that write mine epistle unto ye that have your habitation on the shores of the western waters, say that these Men of War have known great tribulation, and have drunk of the waters of Marah, that are so bitter, and seen with their

eyes much that is to be seen in hell only.

And above all else did they desire to live in peace and contentment for the remainder of their days.

And many went their ways; some to the factory and the stool that is in the office, and some gat them to the merchants and men of other business for to offer their services.

Some had success, but many there