



LONDON—MANSION HOUSE AND CHEAPSIDE. THE TOWER OF ST. PAUL'S IN THE DISTANCE.

Spirit which moves upon the face of the waters will breathe upon him; the most hidden secrets of social harmony will be suddenly revealed to him, he will hear the pulse of the world beat audibly, and see it visibly—for, if London is the right hand of the world—its active, mighty right hand—then one may regard that street which leads from the Exchange to Downing Street as the world's radial artery." The street is full of historical memories, for along it in Norman, Plantagenet and Tudor times royal entries were made into London. English Kings on the way to their coronation at Westminster from the Tower passed along Cheapside, and to-day royal processions from the Guildhall pass through this thoroughfare.

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Building.

Building up a life assurance company is a continuous transplanting, a constant making of two blades of grass to grow where one grew before. Do you know of another business in

which all the participants are *constructors*? In which there is not one wrecker of some kind? I know of none. From the agent who solicits the applicant and writes him, against his will if you please, to the chief executive officers, all are builders. They are not merely builders of large successful financial institutions but builders of happy homes—of pleasant, peaceful firesides which a break will not shatter, and their work links in generally with better homes, better localities, and a better nation.—Ernest C. May.

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Indigestion Did It.

The old family physician being away on a much-needed vacation, his practice was entrusted to his son, a recent medical graduate. When the old man returned the youngster told him, among other things, that he had cured Miss Ferguson, an aged and wealthy spinster, of her chronic indigestion. "My boy," said the old doctor, "I'm proud of you; but Miss Ferguson's indigestion is what put you through college."