

he goes to school, all through his business career, and until he attains some awful social dignity the ordinary Irish or English man is never free from Chaff. He lives under the facetious criticism of all his friends and relatives, and his public appearances are subject to the keenest and most humorous comment. The result is distinctly good. Thin-skinned-ness and unnecessary personal sensitiveness are minimised. The force of the lower personality is subdued. Common sense and the sense of the other-sidedness of things is cultivated in a good-humoured way. Matters that would call for quarrels and blood-letting in America are settled by raillery and jocular banter, and after all is over there is no scar left. The most incisive, the most good-natured and the wholesomest Chaff I ever came under the influence of was during two years' residence in Edinburgh. In the drier and more caustic forms of this disciplinary agent the Scotch are past masters. One wonders after these experiences to find the mild examples of Chaff that have been perpetrated lately in THE LAMP taken so seriously to heart. One good friend considers it "vulgarity" and sickly attempt at smartiness." "The whole issue," he says, "is larded with these nauseating slips," and "such terrific intolerance and beastly attacks." It is quite clear that a great deal more Heiterkeit is still needed. The real thing never suffers by banter, only the imitation. If the professions and pretences of the Tartuffes and Pecksniffs of the movement cannot bear such comment as THE LAMP has made, what will be the result when the heavy guns of public opinion are turned upon these absurdities? It is not ridicule that hurts. It is the being ridiculous. True dignity is unassailable. It is only the assumption of dignity that suffers from Chaff. And Truth is impregnable.

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SINCE last month some particulars have come to hand as to the manner in which, "by the aid of the Great Helpers," the U. B. came into possession of 19 Avenue Road, London. It seems

that one of the "Great Helpers" took a false name and a room at a London Hotel, and engaged a solicitor to do the business, managing to avoid signing anything in his assumed name. As the premises were in the open market, it will be seen why the Cabinet stood for days with bated breath, as described in the official circular. Readers of that delightful book *Sentimental Tommy* or its model *Huckleberry Finn* will recognise the spirit which necessitates the burglarising of the cellar window when the front door is standing wide. All this entails Heiterkeit, and really harms no one. The oracle of the octagonal room may be of more importance to those unaware of the facts. It is well to remember that those members of the Inner Group who have been associated with the Leader and Official Head for some years have long ago placed her in possession of all the information at their disposal. The Inner Group was a body of H. P. B.'s students that she hoped to specially train and develop. Owing to quarrels among two or three members no such development became possible, and the Group was suspended very shortly after its formation. Under these circumstances the octagon room was never used, and the slit in the wall between it and the Inner Group room, before which H. P. B. expected to sit and watch the pupil—unknown to him—has been long built up. H. P. B. died before the room was even furnished, though blue glass of a special shade had been inserted in the roof. There were no openings in the wall except the door leading into an inner E. S. room, and it was really a sort of niche between the outside walls of the I. G. room, and the inner room mentioned. Some students will take great consolation out of these facts, and they ought to assist the flow of contributions. The London "faithful ones" anticipate visits from the crowned heads of Europe, including Queen Victoria, and you can imagine the chagrin and discomfiture of the editor of THE LAMP when he hears of these royal gatherings, and he not in it.

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MARTHA SHEPARD LIPPINCOTT, Moorestown, N.J., has asked me to