

the darkness and the cloud." This is no Grecian virtue,—in fact it abhors grease,—but a Gothic, almost a Vandal, spirit born to do battle with the abominations of filth.

There is a cleanliness that is not active, one that strives to keep itself unspotted from the world. This egocentric virtue, if virtue it be, is what I imagine belongs to the charwoman who looks after, or into, Room 2015 of the Colonial Building. I have never seen a charwoman as such, nor a night-blooming Cereus in flower. Both I would fain see at some time, but our orbits as yet have never intersected. I picture them as fragile, perfumed creatures that would melt into air, into thin air, at the slightest contact with things material. In my mind's eye I behold the charwoman fitting like a butterfly, in the still hours of the morning, from desk to desk, flicking an atom of dust now and again from an inkstand or a cabinet, but always careful that her wings be not polluted through touching the grosser forms of dirt assembled there. Should a feather duster, made of the plumage of a bird-of-paradise, be endowed with life without the senses of sight and smell, then should I have the charwoman of my dreams.

But the charwoman whom we pray for, the charwoman who will come in the fulness of time when necessity will listen to no excuses, the supercharwoman, as Bernard Shaw would call her, will be of other form and functions. In her right hand will be a scrubbing brush, in her left hand soap and salvation. She will brighten whate'er she looks on and her look will go everywhere. The linoleum will blossom like the rose. This is what we mean by active cleanliness. We called it faith; it is more than that; it is soap, but I am trespassing on the second part of my theme.

The second requirement of proper sanitation is Ventilation and Light, or in terms of our analogy, Hope.

You will recall Milton's reference to a certain grim realm: "Hope never comes that comes to all." If we substitute the word sunlight for the word hope we have a description of the places in which many of our fellow-clerks have to labour. Calling Milton to our aid again, we may apostrophize them: "Dark! Dark! Dark! Amid the blaze of noon irrecoverably dark!" And once more let Milton speak: "Doth God demand day labour, light-denied?" But Milton was blind, you say, and made much of these inconveniences. Was he not also a civil servant under a reform administration? We will leave him to his whine.

The architects have done what they could to make the offices on the hill dark. They must not have all the credit, however. Their art has been supplemented by the ingenuity of others. The men who install filing cases puzzle their brains day and night over the problem how to shut off the maximum of light with the minimum of cabinets. Their system is so near perfection now, I understand, that they have cases to fit every size of window in the buildings. You will save time if you tell them at the outset the actual measurements of your window frames. "All right," they will reply, "we will have the space utilized. If you need more filing cases, just put in more windows."

Another use to be made of windows, whether you need filing cases or not, is to gather there a complete record of dust formations from the neighboring streets. Windows, so utilized, are of great geological value, and the records run little risk of being destroyed. The rains never touch them; the far-seeing architects have provided generous cornices to guard against that chance. Only once in a decade or two the man with the hose will come and perform a ceremonial ablution over them. He will not disturb the older and more valuable deposits. You