

joy in life. Such a one is a member of the vast army of men-machines who can be hired for about thirty shillings a week. An advertisement in a daily paper will produce a thousand of him within two hours of its appearance, and each unit of the thousand looks as if he were related to the next.

The second type of wayfarer in the business hive is very different. His boots shine brilliantly, and are often of patent leather with kid tops. His frock-coat is cut with a certain rakishness of which a smart City tailor seems to have the secret. His neck-tie carries a pin, and there is a general glossy blatancy about him which is as loud and obvious as a pillar-box for letters. As the first type is pillar and patron of the aerated bread shop, so the second is supporter and mainstay of the West-End music-hall and bar. It was, moreover, from a close observation of the second type that some phrase-monger must have been delivered of the word "Bounder." That is the first and last word to be said on the subject.

The last type is much less common than the other two, though it nevertheless consists in considerable numbers. The members of it