

PATHOS MARKS FIRST U. S. MEAL IN RUSSIA

Bessie Beatty's Graphic Description of Heartrending Scenes—Starving Children Lick Spoons After Each Nibble at Rice Pudding—Little Girls Wrap Some in Paper, Fearful of Foodless Tomorrow

By BESSIE BEATTY.

MOSCOW, Nov. 5. It does not take long to prepare an American meal in a Tartar Republic, but it takes a very long time to eat it. To the average American, bread is an incident. To a Russian bread is dinner—life itself. I have followed the hunger trail from Moscow, where everyone has known four years of rigorous underfeeding, to those great plains stretching to the edge of the Caspian, where fifteen million people are on the fringe of starvation and nobody knows how many die. I have seen them struggling desperately to live and keep their children alive on bread from roots, grass, clay, even from the ground bones of animals. I have seen them dying and dead.

The story of starvation is much the same. Almost any peasant's hut in the Volga region will tell it. Almost any village, any town. Any stretch of desolate roadway along which the hungry ones come struggling.

Saratov, Samara, Tzaritzin, Kamyshin, Astrakhan, Kazan—all have become symbols of a people's struggle and agony.

SCENES AT KAZAN.

It was to Kazan that the first train of American relief was sent, the first American meal cooked—and eaten. That meal has been multiplied hundreds of thousands of times since but it continues to be a miniature of the whole tableau of famine and the fight against hunger.

The enemy that walks the streets this minute fights with a less bloody but more potent weapon than that of the ancient or modern invaders of the town.

That enemy was in hiding when we reached Kazan. It was nearly midnight when our train pulled into the station. The mass of hungry humans encamped on station and market-places, which I had come to expect in all the hungry cities, was nowhere in evidence.

I walked through the town and up to the Kremlin on the top of the hill.

By night, it was a dream city, denying all the shuddering ugliness of suffering. By day another story. A bitter wind was blowing, and in the gray morning light the city was stark, naked, ugly, cold.

I awoke to hear the low pleading of a hungry child for bread outside the car window. A few feet away a woman sat, swaying, her eyes dull and almost sightless, her thin hands limp and lifeless in her lap. At her feet, a baby girl with soft pink flesh and a dimple, stretched out pretty rounded arms, wanting to be taken. The mother was too

weak to lift her. The child, crawling in the dirt, started to cry. Those rounded arms told more plainly than words what a struggle that woman had made. And it was almost finished.

It was Sunday. The church bells were ringing. In the car, which we used as dining room, living room and office, work already had begun. The train was carrying provisions for 25,000 children for a month, besides motor cars, trucks, kitchen equipment and the other essential materials for establishing offices. Dr. Vernon Kellogg, of California, had come to make a special report for Mr. Hoover. Another Californian, Elmer Burland, was in charge of the train, and J. Rives Childs, of Virginia, and I. W. Warren, a Bostonian, had come to take charge of the work in the entire Government of Kazan.

It was decided that the first meal should be served in a big building on one of the main squares of the town just opened as a children's home.

There were 325 children in the home on Sunday. Next day when the first luncheon was served the number had grown to 375. They were crowded around the tables, packed as tight as their thin little bodies could squeeze.

Two starved babies were left at the doorstep by a woman who dropped in the street from exhaustion. A boy who told me in a whisper his name was Vasil, said he had been twelve days without food. His voice was almost gone. His mother and father were dead. His home was six versts away. He had walked the entire distance.

Ivan Petrov, who also had arrived that morning, looked, but for his eyes, far more like a monkey than a child, hardly human. They washed away the dirt and gave him a suit of unbleached muslin underwear. His eyes, beautiful, big, brown eyes, were those a colic turns to a master who has beaten him.

TARTARS SILENT. His sleeves were short and the hands were like giant paws. He clutched a dirty gray linen bag and refused to part with it. When we finally induced him to open it, it contained a piece of gluey substance made from clay and grass, which his village called bread, and a few rubles given him by sympathetic peasants along the way. Bewildered, frightened, cowed, he had but a single instinct, to hold on to that dirty sack. He was the last of his family. He had seen the others die.

Most of the Tartar children spoke no Russian. There were seven who had come up in one group. They huddled together at table, dark,

frightened, pathetic little waifs with swollen stomachs and spindly legs. No shoes or stockings. Nothing on but muslin underwear and long black borrowed coats.

Luncheon was an intermediate meal. There were only fifty wooden bowls, and fifty wooden spoons to feed 375 children. The children took turns. Rice pudding was an adventure which none of them ever had tried and each intended to make the experience last just as long as possible. They would take only a few flakes of rice at a time and very slowly and carefully lick the spoon after each bite.

Two little girls divided their portions and wrapped the lion's share in bits of newspaper. When we asked why, they explained it was for tomorrow. We told them there would be more tomorrow and they reluctantly unwrapped it, not knowing quite whether to believe us. They dropped the papers on the floor and two small dogs crept out of a corner and licked the papers clean. After the pudding there were white rolls and luncheon went happily on to the end.

In the hall I found a little girl crying. She was barefooted and in a single ragged calico garment, a faded cotton handkerchief tied under her chin. There was only one button on her dress and her thin shivering back showed through the gap. She told me she was Marushe and she had just come.

"MOTHER IS DEAD." "My mother is dead and my aunt has thrown me off," she said. "She has no bread. She won't keep me any more."

I told her that here there always would be food and children to play with. She brightened. A nurse took her away to be washed. When she came back she was almost smiling.

Another day we were at a dock waiting for a lorry to bring food to be loaded on the boat which was to carry it to Menzolik, 350 versts away. A crowd gathered. They chattered among themselves. Finally one man, a dark-skinned, slant-eyed Tartar, who spoke Russian, got up his courage. "Who are you?" he asked curiously. Mr. Warren explained.

"Where is that American food?" "It is here, it is for the children who are hungry," said the American.

"Only for the children?" The Tartar asked, then added thoughtfully. "Well, they suffer most. They ought to get it."

Probably no one in the crowd had enough to eat that day, but all were satisfied that the children would have food.

By GEORGE ADE The Batch of Letters— Or One Day With A Work-Hound



A HALF-TONE PHOTO OF ARISTOTLE.

ONE Morning an energetic little Man who had about a Ton of Work up on his Desk came down Town with a Hop, Skip and Jump determined to clean up the whole Lay-Out before Curfew.

He had taken eight hours in the Hay and a cold Splash in the Porcelain. After Breakfast he came out into the Autumn Sunshine feeling as a young Colt.

"Me to the Gallies to get that Stack of Letters off my mind," said the Hopeful Citizen.

When he dashed into the Office he carried 220 pounds of Steam and was keen for the Attack.

A tall man with tan Whiskers arose from behind the roll-top Desk and greeted him.

"How are you feeling this Morning?" asked the Stranger.

"Swell and Sassy," was the Come-Back.

"And yet, tomorrow you may join the Appendix Division and day after tomorrow you may be in the Darkened Front Room with Floral Offerings on all sides," said the Stranger.

"What you want is one of our non-reversible twenty-year, pneumatic Policies with the Reserve Fund Clause. Kindly glance at this Chart. Suppose you take the reactionary Endowment with the special Proviso permitting the accumulation of both Premium and Interest. On a \$10,000 Policy for twenty years you make \$8,500 clear, whether you live or die, while the Company loses \$3,867.44 as you can see for yourself."

"This is my," began the Man.

"Or, you may prefer the automatic endowment Policy with ballbearings," continued the Death Angel.

"In this case, the entire Residue goes into the Sinking Fund and draws Compound Interest. This is made possible under our new system of reducing Operating Expenses to a Minimum and putting the Executive Department into the Hands of well-known New York Financiers who do not seek Pecuniary Reward but are actuated by a Philanthropic Desire to do good to all Persons living west of the Alleghenies."

"That will be about all from you," said the Man. "Beat it! Duck! Up an Alley!"

"Then you don't care what becomes of your Family?" asked the Stranger, in a horrified Tone.

"My Relatives are collecting all of their Money in Advance," said the Man. "If they are not worrying over the Future, I don't see why you should lose any Sleep."

So the Solicitor went out and told every one along the Street that the Man lacked Foresight.

At 9:30 o'clock the Industrious little Man picked up letter number 1 and said to the Blonde stenographer:

"Dear Sir."

At that moment the Head of the Credit Department hit him on the Back and said he had a Good One. It was all about little Frankie, the Only Child, the Phenom, the forty-pound Prodigy, smarter than Jackie Coogan.

In every large Establishment there is a gurgling Parent who comes down in the Morning with a Story concerning the incontinent Mark Twain out at his House. It seems that little Frankie had been told something at Sunday School and he asked his Mother about it and she told him so-and-so, whereupon the Infant Joker arose to the Emergency and said—then you get it, and anyone who doesn't burst right out is lacking in a Finer Appreciation of Child Nature.

The Busy Man listened to

Frankie's Latest and said: "Yes, yes, go on."

So the Parent remarked to several People that day that the Man was sinking into a crabbed Old Age.

At 1 a. m. the Man repeated: "Dear Sir— And a Voice came to him, remarking on the Beauty of the Weather. A Person who might have been Professor of Bee Culture in the Pike County Agricultural Seminary, so far as make-up was concerned, took the Man by the Hand and informed him that he (the Man) was a Prominent Citizen and that being the case he would be given a Reduction on the Half-Morocco Edition.

While doing his 150 words a minute, he worked a Keller trick and produced a large Prospectus from under his Coat. Before the Busy Man could grab a Spindle and defend himself, he was looking at a half-tone Photo of Aristotle and listening to all the different Reasons why the Work should be in every Gentleman's Library. Then the Agent whispered the Inside Price to him so that the Stenographer would not hear and began to fill out a Blank. The Man summoned all his Strength and made a Buck.

"I don't read Books," he said. "I am an Intellectual Cootie! Clear Out!"

So the Agent gave him a couple of pitying Looks and departed, meeting in the Doorway a pop-eyed Peer with his Hat on the Back of his head and a Roll of Blue Prints under his Arm. The Man looked up and moaned. He recognized his Visitor as a most dangerous Monomaniac—the one who is building a House and wants to show the Plans.

"I've got everything figured out," he began, "except that we can't get from the Dining Room to the Laundry without going through the Kitchen and there's no Flue connecting with the Kitchen. What do you think I'd better do?"

"I think you ought to live at a Hotel," was the reply.

The Monomaniac went home and told his Wife that he had been insulted.

At 11:30 came a Committee of Ladies soliciting Funds for the Home for the Friendless.

"Those who are Friendless don't know their own Luck," said the Busy Man, whereupon the Ladies went outside and agreed that he was a Brute.

At Noon he went out and lunched on Bromo Seltzer.

When he rushed back to tackle his Correspondence, he was met by a large Body of Walking Delegates who told him that he had employed a non-union Man to paint his Barn land that he was a Candidate for the Boycott. He put in an Hour squaring himself and then he turned to the Stenographer.

"How far have we got?" he asked.

"Dear Sir," was the reply.

Just then he got the Last Straw—a bewildered Rufus with a Letter of Introduction. That took 40 Minutes. When Rufus walked out, the Busy Man left with his Face among the unanswered letters.

"Call a Taxi," he said.

"The Phone is out of order," was the Reply.

"Ring for a messenger," he said. She pulled the Buzzer and in 20 minutes there slowly entered a boy from the Telegraph Office.

The Man let out a low Howl like that of a Prairie Wolf and ran from the Office. When he arrived at Home he threw his Hat at the Rack and then made the Children back into the Corner and keep Quiet. His Wife told around that Henry was Working too hard.

MORAL—Work is a snap but the Intermissions certainly jazz up the Nervous System. (Copyright, 1921, by Bell Syndicate.)

OBREGON STAKES FATE ON U. S. RECOGNITION

If He Wins Diplomatic Victory He Can Dismiss Obstructionists to His Plans for Restoring Mexico's Prosperity; If He Fails, Mexicans Will Believe American Oil Promoters Outgeneraled Him, and His Star May Set.

By L. F. KIRBY.

Staff Correspondent Universal Service.

MEXICO CITY, Mexico, Nov. 5.

—Now that it looks as though President Obregon will win a decisive diplomatic victory in his negotiations with Washington in relation to recognition, numbers of persons are "claiming credit" for the position taken by the Mexican government. These range from writers who have broken lances for Mexico upward to members of the diplomatic corps who have found time to interest themselves in the recognition question.

If unconditional recognition is won, it will add greatly to the strength of Obregon in Mexico and the man who suggested the long, stubborn opposition to proposals from the United States Government will probably not go without reward. Even the appearance of dictating terms to the United States will strengthen General Obregon, and it is admitted that a turn of that sort is desired, if not actually pressingly needed.

Repeated statements that Obregon is "conservative" have not been relished by some of the leaders in the Liberal Constitutional party, and efforts have been made to wreck this party and start another, which will be free from "conservatism," which radicals look upon as only a degree less odious than reactionary ideas. Obregon was elected through the support of the Liberal Constitutional party, when his uncle, General Benjamin Hill, was in control of the party machinery and also in a high military position, which is not without advantage in elections here.

While a large and influential part of the Liberal Constitutional party still gives Obregon loyal support, there is fear that desertion may continue, unless something is done to check it. Triumphant closing of negotiations with the United States without having yielded to the conditions proposed would put Obregon on the crest of a new wave of popularity.

PLANS OF AGITATORS.

Such a triumph would appeal to the masses, who like to see the Americans bested. This feeling is due to the long continued anti-American propaganda, which had its beginning long before the world war, but was pressed with increased ardor during the conflict by German agents and some other foreign representatives who were under German influence and were led to believe that the Kaiser would soon tear the Monroe doctrine to tatters, making a German world.

Another reason why the Mexican government desires a spectacular end of the negotiations with Washington is that agitators have been spreading the report that President Obregon and Secretary

of the Treasury de la Huerta were outgeneraled in the conferences with the American Oil Company presidents and made a poor bargain.

These agitators have represented that the secrecy maintained concerning some points in the agreement was desired by Obregon and de la Huerta and not by the oil presidents, and have shut their eyes to the swift movement favorable to Mexico, which has been discernible in the United States since the return across the border of the oil men.

Workers in the oil fields were delighted to get back to their positions after the suffering and privations of the long shutdown, and were loud in their applause of the government for its success in ending the dispute. But now that they are back at work, it is reported, they are again listening to agitators and are ready to believe that the government could have made a better bargain. As the great oil fields are in the state of Vera Cruz, where the profit-sharing or "hunger" law was recently enacted through the efforts of labor leaders, workmen there have also been in a position to watch the futile efforts to put that law into working condition and have been disposed to blame radical legislation to enrich toilers, large interests for the failure of

If "To Sam" (Uncle Sam) is forced to withdraw his conditions, called "demands" here, an agreeable impression will be made in a large circle and much grumbling will be hushed.

AMERICANS ANXIOUS. Americans here who have always favored the conditions presented by Washington as necessary and right are anxious to see recognition, and would approve any concession that Washington might make to end the discussion and give recognition to Mexico. These think that the ending of the debate over recognition would leave nothing on earth which the anti-American element could base effective attack.

One leading American here says that at least 250,000 Americans will come into Mexico to buy land immediately after recognition. This alone will put much money into circulation at once, he says, because the Americans will be able to pay cash for their land, or at least pay a substantial part of the purchase price. He believes that the incoming Americans will bring property in every line, increase business and develop cities, which will be to the advantage to Mexicans in every walk of life, from the business man and property owners, who will be enriched, to the poorest laborers, who will find abundant employment at better wages, which will steadily advance to the American standard.

Persons antagonistic to Americanism here who have always favored the conditions presented by Washington as necessary and right are anxious to see recognition, and would approve any concession that Washington might make to end the discussion and give recognition to Mexico. These think that the ending of the debate over recognition would leave nothing on earth which the anti-American element could base effective attack.

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he says, like to say that the Americans will come to Mexico and exploit the Mexicans. This, he declares, is untrue. The new inflow of Americans will be chiefly of the enterprising middle class, which will give as much as it receives in developing Mexico.

AMERICANS REAL FRIENDS.

Had the American middle class entered Mexico with American capital, he says, there probably would have been no revolution, as the Mexican masses would have found real friends to help them upward, without the aid of agitators and blundering radical legislation.

He predicts a forward movement in Mexico, after recognition, similar to that in the western part of the United States twenty or thirty years ago.

Many persons here rate high the influence in Washington of the oil presidents and the great banking houses, and believe that these interests are making exertions for quick recognition.

A Mexican statesman said: "We know, of course, that Mexico is the best investment field in the world for American capital. We are not bankrupt and are not threatened with bankruptcy, even after the strain of ten years of internal trouble. On the contrary, we have natural wealth which must send us forward rapidly while other nations struggle under great debt."

"Where could the American investor, banker or capitalist find a better place to which to send money for investment? They begin to understand that Mexico is not going backward, but forward. They have a strong Administration in Washington which will give them all just and proper support. They have actually less to fear in making investments here than in many other countries which have received more praise than is usually bestowed upon Mexico."

"If Mexico wants much from the United States it also has much to offer. Bankers and business men generally know this."

"I believe that recognition is not far off and that the United States will show its restored faith in Mexico by extending recognition in a dignified and graceful way to President Obregon's government."

OBREGON HOPEFUL.

From other sources it was learned that President Obregon, although expecting early recognition in the unconditional form upon which he has insisted, is not entirely away from the "anxious seat." His emphatic announcement, in his address to Congress, that he would not consider a treaty in advance of recognition, is believed to have been inspired by confidential information or assurances given to him by the American oil presidents, but his exchange of confidences with these old antagonists has not been pleasing with some persons of influence, including members of the cabinet.

By G. K. CHESTERTON---

The Brilliant English Essayist Writes on Arbuckle and Prohibition, Having Seen the Former on the Screen, But Never Having Met the Latter While on His Recent American Tour.

"The Truth Is That Prohibition Is Simply Another Name for Privilege; It Is Quite Brazen and Brutal Inequality and Class Favoritism—As to the Notion That the Modern Millionaire Will Be Really Prohibited From Drinking What He Can Pay for, It Is Not Worth Discussing."

LONDON, Nov. 5.

AN American murder trial, though not yet concluded, has already given birth, I am told, to some typically American movements of moral reform. The spontaneous self-organization of America is admirable, but it is sometimes rather too rapid to be rational.

In the Arbuckle case, whether or not there was murder, there were evidently things almost as undesirable. By this time, however, it is only too likely that there is a league for forbidding a man to appear in the cinema; a league for forbidding a man to go to the cinema; one forbidding a man to be fat, on which count I should myself be liable to conviction; and another forbidding him to be funny, on which I should be, like Mr. Arbuckle, "confident of acquittal."

MUTTON AND MURDER.

For this is rather a peculiarity of what is commonly called modern thought, and might more correctly be called modern thoughtlessness. Ever since people left off thinking least it should lead to theology, there has been something crudely coercive and materialistic about their method of attacking any moral evil.

If a criminal murders a neighbor with a mutton-bone and hides his body in a cupboard, there is sure to be a cry for legislation against cupboards and cold mutton. Serious social thinkers point out, with statistics, that there would not be a dead sheep; and that if there were no cupboard, there would be no skeleton in the cupboard.

And if I were to hint that human beings sin, not by having mutton-

bones in their hands, but by having murder in their hearts, I should be dismissed as a mystic dreaming of dead superstitions.

It is now universally known that the wealthier classes in America have not thrown away the bottle at all. They have simply put it in the cellar, where the police cannot touch it. This truth is attested even by the prophets of prohibitionist triumph, such as the Rev. R. J. Campbell, who was assured that the wealthy were only using up their old stocks.

I can only say that, when I was there, they must have been very large stocks, or they were using them up very quickly. Now I know there are people who cannot see the difference between drink and drugs. I also know people who cannot see the difference between cold mutton and cannibalism. As it might be considered rude to say they are mad, I will be courteous and say they have lost all the instincts of civilized men. But for me the only connection between the drug case and the drink question is that they both illustrate an interesting historical fact—that the American problem is not that of the promulgation but of the violation of the law.

INSANE SITUATION.

A Harvard professor entertaining his friends with burgundy and a Chinaman poisoning his clients with opium are both breaking the law, and both are safe enough so long as they are rich enough.

But the difference is that, in the former case, something has been made a crime which cannot be made sin.

The common conscience of men

will never consent to regard it as a sin. If drink were really as anti-social as the prigs say, the present situation would be insane. It would be like one in which only bankers were allowed to be burglars, or people with well-lined pocketbooks were alone permitted to pick pockets.

Suppose the rich were allowed to indulge in free shooting as they are in free drinking. And suppose we were then soothed by being told that the rich were only using up the stocks of cartridges, or other ammunition, actually in their possession. We should be wholly reassured. Public curiosity might at least be moved to inquire how much ammunition they had left.

I never heard any people pressing that inquiry about the wine in the wealthy American houses.

CLASS LEGISLATION.

The truth is that prohibition is simply another name for privilege; it is quite brazen and brutal inequality and class favoritism. But it is more tolerable in practice, precisely because it is itself false in theory; because public opinion does not regard him as doing about the best thing he ever did.

It is better that she should be making a cellar of wine than making a corner in wheat.

It is almost comforting to think of him honestly concentrating on the seal of a cork or the date of a vintage the wealth that might have run wickedly to waste on practical politics or high finance. All this might be interesting to discuss.

As to the notion that the modern millionaire will be really prohibited from drinking what he can pay for, it is not worth discussing.

By SIR OLIVER LODGE---

(Noted British Psychist in an Address to the Glasgow Society for Psychological Research.)

"Mind Seems to Need a Material Vehicle Here, But That Does Not Prove That Without Matter It Cannot Exist—We Have to Consider That the Ether Also Can Be Animated, Its Energies Utilized and Directed by Life and Mind in Ways Yet Unknown."

IF we take a survey of the facts that surround us we find ourselves in a universe of matter. Our senses tell us only of matter, and our muscles act on it. Through our muscles we touch the material world, and all we can do therein is to move and arrange matter. Hence matter looms large in our imagination, and some people have tried to imagine that nothing else exists.

Certainly we find a certain aggregate of matter associated with each individual, and it is because of this association with matter that we become aware of other people's existence.

So far we are in the region of facts. But it is possible to jump beyond fact into hypothesis and assume that without association of matter personality cannot exist.

THOUGHT ACTIVITY. We find that a physical process accompanies the manifestation of every mental act, and we jump to the guess that no thought is possible unless it is accompanied by a physical change. We are apt to think that anything which makes no impression on our senses does not exist. But all that fact teaches us is that a thought cannot be expressed, cannot be spoken or written down, without such material activity.

Memory, for disinterment and bringing out into the material world, requires the intervention of a brain; the brain is the instrument for reproduction of each item of memory; but that does not prove that memory exists in the brain. If a person's brain is injured we cannot tap his memory. That is a fact, but it is mere assumption to suppose that his memory itself is destroyed and all his experience wiped out.

Mental activity is a physical (not a physical) fact, and its temporary connection with the material world is a thing to be investigated. If any facts prove that memory and personality and character survive the destruction of bodily organs, then we must be prepared to overhaul our guess that mental operation and brain process were necessarily and inextricably interwoven and reconsider it in the light of the facts.