

thoughtful old man, this rare mountain mystic, and appreciated my efforts to translate his simple but moving notes into human words. One evening he interrupted his playing to say: —

‘Señor, to feel and to think a universe; but to be cooped up in this tiny life and tiny space of ours, cannot but make us sad. Only the animals can be happy, because they do not think about life and things beyond life. But man thinks and feels infinity, and lives in pettiness. That is his constant sorrow. Do you think there ever was a great man who was not melancholy? If a man truly comprehends the infinity of the universe and of time, however, he can never weary of existence.’

But Old Cativa was not always in this mood. Sometimes his tunes were as merry as the lightest heart could

demand, when his mind was filled with visions of green prairies and lowing herds, of flowery valleys and rustic festivals.

But his sadder music of the mountains was more in character, when he played lost in wonder at the mystery of the great mountain-spaces that surrounded him. And for that reason it seemed to me there was a deep significance in his instrument itself; for the condor is master of space — he soars at will over valley and mountain; he explores as easily as thought itself distant horizons and beyond. Moreover, I never could rid myself of a feeling that there was still some mystery unrevealed in the music of Old Cativa — some enigma that I could not quite fathom in its melancholy interrogation.

EPITAPHS IN ADVANCE¹

BY HUMBERT WOLFE

V. JOHN MASEFIELD

What needs my Masefield for his honored bones?
 Let others have their brass or lettered stones.
 Enough for him to know where he is gone
 Song's everlasting mercy goes with John.

¹From the *Spectator*

A SOUTHRON IN SCOTLAND. I¹

BY A SPECIAL CORRESPONDENT

I SPENT one of the last mornings of a five weeks' visit to Scotland in going down the Clyde on an Anchor liner with three or four hundred emigrants for Canada and the States. Eighteen years before I had watched the other end of the long trail away in Alberta. That scene was instinct with the vibration of a new chapter. Redheads from Argyllshire, fine stocky 'Geordies' from the Northeast, keen-eyed mechanics from the Clyde, clerks from every considerable town in Scotland, men and women, they were all alert with the animation of hope, curiosity, and fresh experience.

There was nothing common or unclean, little that was casual, nondescript, or of light weight, in this sample of emigration. Everyone had raised the money for his own passage: there was no 'assistance.' The majority had friends to seek in the new land. Twenty-nine wives and sixty-two children were going to join husbands and fathers already settled. Unskilled men were quite the exception. Engineers, mechanics, and metal-workers appeared to be the most numerous, and after them miners. Masons, carpenters, painters, wood-turners, millers, bakers, tinsmiths, were all on the list.

Why were they leaving? Many, of course, for the ambition and curiosity that have sent Scotsmen abroad for centuries. Then, needless to say, unemployment; but more of these were fleeing from its shadow, I should surmise, than from its experience. They

did not look the sort that would be discarded first. But one or two had long been preparing to take wing as soon as the government employment bureau should become their only standby. And still more were alarmed at the steady improvement and extension of machinery, which threatens to leave little room for the ordinary 'skilled' engineer and to discharge the functions of industry by means of a superengineer at one end and a collection of unskilled labor at the other. Scotch industrialists have not been twiddling their thumbs, waiting for times to improve. Coal-cutters and conveyors have been installed, and yards and factories have been equipped with a mechanism that is almost the last word in economical production. Skilled workers in large-scale industry are deeply concerned about the effects of this upon their own future — and it has much to do with the demand for short hours as well as with the flight to other lands. The mind of Labor on the Clyde is obsessed with Mr. Baldwin's anxiety over the 'chronic' features of the present crisis. It does not see how even a recovery of the pre-war trade level would restore the pre-war numbers to employment. Hence the mass cling to the expedients of 'Ca' canny' and no overtime, while the kind who have no use for half-speed or a half-life cast their imagination overseas, where the shop-stewards cease from troubling and a man can do his best.

I had heard much at second hand about the resentment of trade-union restrictions by the man who is eager to

¹From the *Observer* (London Moderate Sunday paper), *March 15, 22, 29.*