

ing, but I would possibly exhibit myself to even graver accusations. For it might easily be proved against me that the sound was caused, not by the mallet, but by the motion which my arm gave to the mallet, or again, that the motion of my arm was caused by a desire to put it in motion, and so on and on from one act to another until the sad business would be traced back to the very beginning of Time, if Time had a beginning, and yet in the whole pedigree of my gong-ringing not one thing could be definitely set down as its One and Only Cause.

And there are other arguments a philosopher could use against me, but in the brief space which I am allowed it will be impossible for me to go into them. I will only say that without overexertion on the part of the philosopher, I could be shown to be a fool. And if, having annihilated me he should turn his back, and I should again thump the gong and again declare that the sound was again caused by the mallet, I would not only exhibit myself as a fool but as a liar too.

But liar or fool, fool or liar, let my name go galloping down the highways of Time with both epithets tied to it, I will stick to the naive, pragmatic viewpoint of Science, and with all my marshalled facts before me I will add thereunto an Efficient Cause and I will, with the kind assistance of the Reader, note the Effects which this Efficient Cause produces.

I will drop a turd from point A-prime.

The turd, if I have made my lines straight, will pass at the customary velocity along line ZY until it comes in direct contact with the word, huckleberries. (Point Y).

We may now observe the Effects.

While the turd, released at point A-prime, was falling in a perpendicular direction toward the word huckleberries, the good eye of Mr. Roderick Crawfish was also travelling, albeit at a somewhat slower velocity, toward the same point. And although the relative velocity of the turd and Mr. Crawfish's orb were by no means similar, the turd and eye nevertheless arrived at their mutual destination exactly at the same instant. In fact, as Mr. Crawfish in relating the incident later on, very truly pointed out, the bird might just as well have done its business in the eye itself.

No sooner had the turd reached its mark than Mr. Crawfish wrathfully flinging his newspaper to the ground, jumped