Waste Paper

In front of these ever-hospitable windows (moored in mid-stream) there is a never-failing little fleet of barges, or ought they to be called lighters? Which gigantic inscriptions on the face behind declare to be the property of

Philip, Milt.

Waste Paper Merchant. (?)

These merchants—merchants princes judged by their gabled premises—command respect. In their trade symbolize one of those facts of death and resurrection, disintegration and reintegration, which are nature's most cruel but most comforting essence.
Their business is almost a natural one and it partakes of the holy miracle. I when never ceases of them in its budding and wand. Not so methinks those other waste-paper merchants taking the style of princes, who deal in paper before it is ostensibly waste. When it is usually quite as worthless and often vicious, yet baked with no disinfectant quite the contrary.

The above however is not what I truly want to say. Suggested to me by the sight of those lighters on Battersea Wharf I do not intend...
a diatribe however justified in the style of Mr. Benda's Tract against the Clerics. Rather.

I was pointing out that what I am looking upon from this hospitable Chelsea window symbolizes the true legitimate function and fate of all such paper as has been used to write what- as distinguished from inventories, lists, to-do's etc. etc. etc. are called men's thoughts.

II

Not long ago than yesterday my learned friend Dr. A. H. was showing me what looked like a jigsaw puzzle, but was really his
his patient putting together of the shreds of a pajama from the shaft of a tomb-rober, to whom, in his sacrilegious searching Pharaoh's jewel, it had indeed been nothing but waste-paper, but to the student of incalculable value, conveying as it does, the knowledge of an event that Egyptians of about 4000 B.C. used dream-books resembling in all respects those with modern Italians to regulate their gambling at the lottery and this lead to the reflex, that, when all is said and done, similar to this is the value of many of the literature, both prose and verse, which we preserve, reprint and study. It tells us
The Superstitions, the blunders, often the atrocities—had taste of past—more than perfectly past and also imperfect past almost partaking of present generation. In so far valuable, like the Kitchen-Middle- and broken crockery of prehistoric men.