PRICE 5c

The Common Round

A Paper for Intelligent People

Edited by J. BUTTERFIELD

VOL. 1 THURSDAY, FEBRUARY 17, 1927 No. 1

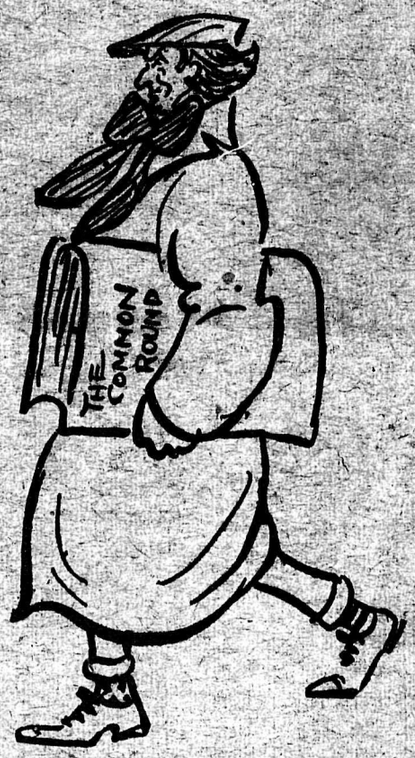
A PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR

By The Capitalist

IN this democratic and labor-ridden age there is very little latitude allowed to capitalists. There are, however, certain exceptions to the Trappistical rule that enjoins an abysmal silence upon this hardly used class of men. This is one of them.

It has become my peculiar privilege to supply the money that has made possible the publication of this weekly journal and I feel that on this one occasion at least I have the right to lift up my voice and speak of the Editor personally as I have known him for some years. That is probably all I will ever get out of the venture.

Very well then. Let's go. Fashioned by a just (if somewhat indulgent) Creator in his own image this Butterfield entered the world with all the outward attributes, and some of the spiritual qualities, that should make for greatness. Not ill looking (when clean); of a great height and an athletic slimness calculated to deceive even the very elect, he was blessed from his earliest youth with an intelligence that might almost be described as too generous. To a passion for logical exactitude in argument he added a perspicacity that has been described by his intimates as uncanny. Throughout the course of a long and colorful life he has developed these qualities to an extent heretofore unprecedented in the history of journalism.



THE EDITOR
By the late J. B. Fitzmaurice—Courtesy Vancouver "Province"

That this has been so is, in my opinion, solely the result of a remarkable oversight upon the part of the before mentioned just and indulgent Creator. For while endowing him with all the mental and physical advantages already hinted he endowed him at the same time with a passion for athletics and all forms of manly sport that bid fair at one time to rob the world of all that forward-looking criticism that has subsequently brought him into public notice.

It is extraordinary what little things will intervene to shape the course of a man's life and activities. In the case of our editor we might even now be hailing him as the greatest rival to Red Grange in the art of American football, the competitor of Young for the honors of swimming the Catalina Channel or the punching block of Gene Tunney in the prize ring. We might be doing all this but for one thing. And that is that the man is bow-legged.

It was noticed first in the nursery but it was not until he was picked to represent his school upon the Rugby team that this great disability in life was first brought home to him. For in the very first match wherein he took part it was solely due to this physical peculiarity that the halfback of the opposing team scored by toeing the ball through the natural arch supplied by your editor's legs, running round the astounded gentleman and touching the ball down before he could recover from his astonishment.

Upon the realization of what this meant in the life of a budding international player his first reaction was to enter a monastery and, in a lifetime devoted to fervent self denials, make amends to his outraged school for the turpitude of his legs. Upon second thoughts, however, he decided to enter the journalistic field and record his bitter humiliation by a lifetime devoted to a cynical criticism of everyone and everything that had been blessed by Providence with straight legs.

This hitherto unrecorded fact may explain a great deal to those of you who have deplored his general attitude of protest against things as they are in this world. His life has been filled with a deep bitterness derived only from that awful moment upon the football field when the ball eluded him through no fault of his own.

Such, Oh Momus, are the trifles wherewith thou hast elected to shape the ends and ambitions of frail humanity. But it has not been in vain; for even cynicism and bitterness may have their uses and it is only through this habit of battling against this and that for nearly half a century that he has come at last to recognize some of the real good that there is in everything. He has learnt that tradition and custom are things that

Continued on Page 3

THE COMMON ROUND

(As of Old, only Commoner and More Round)

An Explanation

IN continuing this column after nearly a month's rest it might be well if I commenced by setting at rest a very vexed question; it is a question that has apparently agitated the breasts of a vast number of my former readers and one whose attempted solution without any ex-cathedra statement has given rise to an incredible flock of rumors.

The question is simply: "Why did I leave the Daily Province?" Nothing could be simpler. Here are the reasons; it has taken me three weeks to collect them from the winds of heaven and I have not even tried to trace them to their beginnings. Very well, then. I left the Province because I was too partizan in the recent parliamentary campaign, wherein we sent men to Ottawa; I was too conservative; I was not conservative enough. I insulted Mr. McGeer—which I am told is an achievement—and I spoke disrespectfully of Harry Stevens.

Again, in the civic elections I observed a contumelious silence about Councillor Worthington, but, on the other hand, I never mentioned Mayor Taylor. Incredible!

I left because of my intolerable drinking habits on the one hand and on account of my religious principles on the other. I have learned from successive sources that the Province could no longer continue to employ in a prominent position one who was: (a) A Swedenborgian; (b), a Methodist; (c), a member of the Roman communion; (d), a convert to the church of the Eastern Exarchate; (e), an Atheist; (f), a British Israelite; (g), a Christian Scientist and (the rest of the alphabet) every other seeker after the truth in the calendar of faiths.

My own idea was that I took a tender farewell of that great journal because I thought it would be a great deal more interesting and finally more lucrative—and possibly more distinguished—to run this personal journal under my own steam. But we live and learn.

* * *

The Things That Matter

And while we are talking about the Province let us pause to compliment that great family journal upon the new light that has been shed by one of its able young men upon the Ibsen mythus. It appears that there was an Ibsen play produced by the Little Theatre recently, and the Province was represented. Think, then, of the compliment to that deep thinker, should he look from his Scandinavian Valhalla and read that "fine acting on the part of the principals and supporting cast brought out to the fullest extent the author's gift for satire in dealing with hypocrisy and egotism."

There! Ibsen as a satirist is a new thought. And as a contribution to the art of criticism this should not be overlooked:

"The costuming, which is excellent throughout, brought out vividly the contrast between the dress of those days and the present."

* * *

Poor Labor!

One looks with a great pity, at every session of the Provincial legislature, upon the efforts of Mr. Frank Browne, the labor representative for Burnaby, to justify existence. Mr. Browne does not give one the impression of a divinely inspired Jeremiah, his heart wrung and burning with the wrongs of labor and the honey of strong words upon his lips as he rises to declaim against an intolerably unjust civilization.

On the other hand, he seems to have the greatest difficulty in finding anything to talk about at all in the sacred precincts of the chamber. He is not even content to fall back on his explanations to his constituents upon the old alibi that he does strong work in committee. No, he must talk, and talk he does. And every time he talks he talks worse nonsense.

His last reported effort in no way departs from this tradition. For he demanded that all purchases of liquor made by the liquor board should be made through advertised tender, and only after the utmost publicity.

It is obvious from this that Mr. Browne is not one of those legislators to whom the Gods of good living have given the divine capacity for doing his best work after warming the system wth a couple of stout shots. For if he knew anything about drinking he would understand that there are certain brands that are drinkable and certain brands that a discriminating judge will not have in his cellar.

That being the case, it is obvious that if the public wants Johnny Walker or Perfection in large quantities the liquor board must go to Johnny Walker and Mr. McCallum for their supplies. It is no good opening a tender for the supply of these goods. No doubt the government could and does buy cheaper stuff; but the greater blends must be maintained.

Let me recommend to Mr. Browne the careful use of some of them. It might improve his legislative style.

* * *

Further Liquor

It is also reported from Victoria that Mr. Chris McRae has lifted up his voice and demanded that the government shall look less to the liquor profits for the liquidation of provincial liabilities. One is moved in the interests of economics and not merely in the interests of political science to ask why. Why?

If there are to be liquor profits to what better use could they be put? Had Mr. McRae demanded the total elimination of all liquor profits and the responsibility to the people of the liquor board in the interests of good fellowship he would have deserved something of his fellow men.

* * *

A Pinchbeck Mussolini

Those who have sat in the galleries at Victoria and have there observed Mr. Charles Woodward spluttering through some of his speeches, while courteous and nicely-brought up members of the government have allowed themselves the luxury of sniggering at the old gentleman, will have rejoiced—as one always rejoices at the exhibition of poetic justice—when they read with glee of how he slaughtered our Pinchbeck Mussolini from Prince Rupert recently.

On this occasion, one gathers, Mr. Woodward did not splutter; it was the government that spluttered, only, as Charles had the floor, they had to splutter silently—like the parson's canary. One loves to learn from the inspired lips of Mr. Woodward of Mr. Pattullo's reputation for arrogance, of his over-bearing manner—or lack

of manners—and of his great unpopularity through the country upon these accounts.

In this same connection one may return for a moment to the words of Chris McRae, who noted that while the minister of lands might make mistakes he was sincere in his desire to serve the best interests of the country.

It is perhaps permissible for a minister of the crown to make a mistake! but the making of mistakes as a habit can not be so easily condoned as Mr. McRae seems to think, and however great a man's desire to serve the country may be, he should not be allowed to enter that service without at least some of the qualities that make a good servant.

Mr. Pattullo is too good at ordering the Boss about to make a good servant.

* * *

The Other Side

It is interesting to turn from these heavy matters and find upon the other side of the house a peculiar sample of egregious criticism emanating from no less a person than the formerly reverend Mr. Hinchcliffe. This humanist has always interested himself in the text books wherefrom the young minds of British Columbia school children are fed.

He has now discovered the seeds of a schism that will finally disrupt the empire in a book of English Prose selections edited by Prof. Doctor W. L. MacDonald, of the University of British Columbia. This is only a little thing, says Mr. Hinchcliffe, but it is significant. It is a selection from the very much over-rated works of a professor of economics who finds economics so funny that he has adopted humor as a lucrative side line. Leacock, in fact.

The scene offered is that of members of the House of Lords attending a session of their house after first attending the bar, nibbling a biscuit and sipping a glass of dry sherry. Having achieved the house, they are shown as rejecting all the bills that came before them and then adjourning for two years.

I, too, object to this passage. But for different reasons than those of Mr. Hinchcliffe. He thinks it is a slighting reference to a very holy institution and is increasingly wrath because there are also slighting references to members of the House of Commons. And he moved that the pupils in the school be not required to read or study literature that tends to detract from the dignity of, or bring into ridicule, any lawfully constituted parliament or legislature within the British empire.

And I merely object to it because it is not funny, neither is it literature. But that it can lower the dignity of parliaments in any greater degree than that in which they have lowered their own dignities during the last few years is doubtful.

* * *

Father and Son Week

The modern man—even more than the modern woman—is prone to look upon everything that is done in the name of progress and find it good. He has been bulldozed by influences beyond his own control into this attitude. Therefore, when some fatuous ass, observing the success that mother's day has brought to the florists, conceived the beautiful idea that fathers and sons should be induced to get together for one special week during the year quite a lot of the modern man took it seriously. Last week was it.

It is a curious thing to discuss. The idea that a man can get any idea at all of what is going on in his son's mind is a peculiar one, and the idea that he can achieve this miracle better by cultivating his society for one week a year is more peculiar still. It has always been found that sons in the company of their fathers tend to cloak their true ambitions and thoughts from those dignitaries as much as possible unless it is upon some occasion of family note, when the members of that august body come together naturally and the usual barriers are down.

These barriers cannot be forced down by unnatural boosting.

* * *

The Tooth

As we go to press there appears to be a great to-do in all the daily press because the infant daughter of the Duke and Duchess of York has produced a tooth. The valuable Star devoted a space three columns wide and filled with black-faced type to the phenomenon, the Province more sedately dwells upon it upon an inner page. I have not seen what the Sun did with it. It is all very amusing.

The picture of their Majesties flying about the palace in an ecstacy of delight over the good fortune of the princess is a touching one, and one feels that this bubbling over that is reported of these two very sane and human people because of a tooth must be a part of the penalty they have to pay for the popularity they enjoy.

The whole bizarre business of the report reminds one of the very old song whose refrain says:

"Jeremiah, blow the fire,
Puff, Puff, Puff;
Turn the gas a little higher,
Baby's got a tooth."

A PORTRAIT OF THE EDITOR

Continued from Page 1

cannot become established among such a gregarious animal as mankind without there being some basis of good in them.

Of course this recognition only serves to make him madder; but out of his madness there emerges good; for his innate honesty reacts upon himself to such an extent that however much he may try to veil the true, the noble and the good under an avalanche of ridicule, these qualities will absolutely shine through his work in spite of himself.

So there he is for your consideration. I think enough of him to give him full control of this massive publication and let him say what he likes. Regard the picture by the late Mr. Fitzmaurice in the centre of the page. Note the massive brow, the whimsicality of the mobile mouth, the shaggy eyebrows, the accipitral nose—and, above all, the revolutionary necktie. For when you have a man who is essentially a hidebound conservative and who at the same time insists upon wearing such a necktie you undoubtedly have a man whose opinions are worthy of consideration.

In conclusion I may perhaps be permitted to give a short sketch of his career. Born in London a great many years ago, he immediately took charge of his own development; he has inhabited successfully and successively most of the great capitals of Europe and has thereby gathered a great and unprecedented volume of information and general knowledge that is only equalled by the contempt he holds for the vast fund of information that he has gathered. A fierce egoist in his published work, he becomes in the daily contacts of life a creature of the most unassuming and even diffident nature and even gives occasional signs of harboring a benign and kindly disposition.

The Common Round

A Paper for Intelligent People

Conducted by J. BUTTERFIELD

Published every Thursday at Vancouver, B.C.
SUBSCRIPTION RATES: $2.50 PER ANNUM
Advertising Rates on Application
ROOM 202, PROVINCE BUILDING

THURSDAY ..... FEBRUARY 17, 1927

EDITORIAL

THE traditional way of commencing an editorial of this sort is to announce facetiously the obvious fact that we are here; but this is a paper for intelligent people and we refrain from that banality. The next assertion on this moth-eaten list is the reflection that we are about to fill a long felt want.

That too, is wrong. No want of this sort is felt for very long until it is satisfied or forgotten. Our ambitions and intentions are few and simple; they may be indicated in the one statement that we intend to combine a certain amount of the amusement you get from the daily papers with the solid mental food that may be gathered from a light-hearted comment upon those alleged facts.

The Common Round will devote its more serious efforts to combating stupidity in all its hydra-headed forms wherever it may be encountered; it will set its grotesque face sternly against hypocrisy and sentimentality of the sloppy kind; all attempts to reform its fellow men by force will be deplored and pilloried, all political littleness be ridiculed and all chicanery hammered.

On the other hand there will be exhibited a definite trend toward a constructive policy. For the fundamental goodness of the world and of mankind will be joyously presented at all times. We are definitely on the side of happiness and we believe that the world is a good place in spite of the great and gathering army of reformers and calamity howlers who threaten to swamp our optimsm in a howling ocean of professional and paid organizing secretaries devoted to gaining a small salary and a great spiritual glory by insulting the public.

We are on the side of the young in all modern controversies whose objects are to vilify and debase the gloriously vital youth of the period with unjust generalizations about gin and generation. We are on the side of sane and orderly religion, but we will lose no opportunity of howling loudly against all the disordered and indecent applications of alleged religious fervor to the business of life wherewith our North American civilization is becoming daily more afflicted.

We have not yet reached that point of international insanity that will permit us to bawl for universal peace. The Common Round believes that a universal peace is a beautful dream that can only materialize with the advent of a far distant internationalism.

In all considerations of an international nature, however, we remain distinctly British—in the larger sense—until some cataclysm of divine origin shall assure us of the coming of that internationalism.

In spite of certain rumours to the contrary, our view of the United States is a cordial one, but while we rejoice in the great taste, form and knowledge of the cultured minority in those states, we shall resist with every letter on the linotype all attempts to achieve the Americanization of this dominion by those who do not belong to that minority. And although our first reaction is to deplore the apparent haste of the British government to kowtow to those states in several important matters that have recently occurred, we have still a sublime faith in the British government. We believe that it knows what it is up to—even if nobody else does. It is seldom left with the small end of the stick!

There are many other things that we believe and that will become apparent in the course of time. One cannot state a whole policy and creed in one editorial. While we hope to please you, we would rather induce you to think—and to think serenely, without rancour or prejudice, on all matters.

RHYMES FOR THE LITTLE ONES

Or Poems on Poisonous People

No. 1—THE ROAD HOG

Come, Jack and Annie, George and May,
Restrain your racket, halt your play,
And read in your own special corner
The habits of distasteful fauna.

The road-hog is a fearsome beast,
He comes when you expect him least,
And if you try to pass the blighter
He only holds the road the tighter.
The more you honk and blah and blap
The more he dominates the map.
He has no feelings, not a feel,
He simply holds his snail-like wheel
Straight down the middle of the road,
In soul a pig, in pace a toad.
Your horn goes honk and you say damb—

He skips before you like a lamb;
Unmoved, unblest, unloved,—unhung
(The more's the pity)—not unsung
He occupies, I grieve to say,
The even tenor of your way.
Oh that the Gods of Gasoline
Would deal (in anger) with his bean,
And massage his pit-u-i-tary
With fingers un-com-pli-men-tary,
Unto the end that he might know
The wickedness of going slow
Along the middle of the road
Like any idiot—or toad.
And yet—for after all we're human—
This thing is generally a woman.
So what to do and how to do it,
Ye quidnuncs, tell us if you know it.

Oh, children, shun the horrid sight
Of road hogs hogging roads at night.
Of one more thing let me advise—
The road hog never, never dies.
Serene she rises from all wreckage
And never even breaks her neckage.

"Surely, Uncle, the use of the word 'neckage' indicates a very free indulgence in what our ancestors called poetic licence on your part and demonstrates your temporary inability to convey your meaning in words that are within the limits of philological decency."

"Your mistake is very natural, boy; it arises from your youth and the fact that you have not yet learned to bend the language to your own uses rather than distort your ideas by bowing to its limitations. The word 'neckage' is a good word. It indicates to the informed that this type we have been discussing has more neck than can be adequately indicated by that limited word. In this the word neckage corresponds somewhat to the word 'acreage' and is used to denote vastness. Now run along to bed. Next week, if you are good children, we will speak of another strange animal."

MONKEYING WITH MILK

THE suggestion raised recently at Victoria that it might be possible to introduce legislation implemeting the control of the city's milk supply by the government is no less arresting and intolerable because it has been withdrawn. It opens the way for a free discussion of the whole milk situation by those who are most interested in the purity of that supply—the public who are dependent upon it for the health and growth of their children.

It is not easy to dismiss the bogey of government control with a shrug of relief merely because it has retired for the moment into the shadows of a session wherein the government finds itself continually tottering upon the verge of destruction, a destruction threatened on the one hand by the fervor and facts of the opposition and upon the other hand by the rapidly awakening consciences of government supporters themselves.

There is a double danger in the suggestion; there is the obvious danger to the quality of the milk, to which may be added the financial danger of any monopoly, and there is in addition to these twin dangers the greater spiritual danger that should the government undertake to control milk it would not be very long until the milk controlled the government.

It is more than hinted by those who understand these matters that something of this sort has resulted from the government's attempt to control liquor. And liquor is not an essential commodity of the scope and magnitude of the milk supply; there are no merchantable by-products to be obtained from it, neither has it yet become (in the producing sense) a great local industry. It might, should it fall into the hands of unscrupulous people (an unthinkable eventuality), become a field for graft but it could never become an evil that would crush and devastate the lives of the common people such as would be furnished by a government controlled milk supply.

At the same time it is becoming daily more obvious that, although the letter of the law is being observed in the matter of the milk supplied, there is a growing discontent with the quality of that milk. There are a few notable exceptions to this general discontent in certain districts where a high quality of pure and unpasteurized milk is supplied at a slightly raised cost by small independent men who market their own product. In addition to these, Spencer's at least among the larger firms supply a special high grade pure milk.

The mere fact that this is done by these people is evidence that the quality of the general supply is below what God and the Cow intended it to be.

Milk is the only product known to this journal from which a producer is permitted to extract some percentage of its more valuable contents and then sell the main body of the product under the original name—a name that bears no relation (except in so far as custom has permitted the habit) to the altered product.

There are several questions for the public to consider in this matter of milk and the Common Round will welcome a reasonable and informed correspondence upon them from those who have something definite to say.

Let us in the first place discover if it is actually necessary that milk supplied from a fairly narrow territory to a fairly compact city should undergo the degrading process of pasteurization. We are repeatedly informed on the continued and successful efforts of the government to eliminate all infectious diseases from the cattle supplying this milk. The good reputation of the Agricultural department of the government makes these assurances as reliable as human and departmental assurances can be made.

Let us then enquire and understand why there should any longer be maintained a legal minimum of butter-fat in the milk supplied. No dairy farmer in these days of highly perfected dairy cattle can afford to run his business with any beast except those derived from the best strains. To this our nation-wide policy of exhibitions and intense competition in live stock breeding have brought us. Therefore there should not occur that wide variation in

Continued on Page 8

The Event of the Week

In viewing our changing Canadian scene it is very difficult to say of this or that occurrence: "This is undoubtedly the outstanding event of the week." But it does sometimes happen that an amazing thing is revealed to the gaze of the public.

It becomes then not only the event of the week but one of the most arresting things in the history of the ages. And such a thing has occurred in no less a place than the gilded hall wherein our legislators legislate at Victoria. For Mr. Manson (the Honorable Mr. Manson, not the plain one) has arisen in his place in the House and stated in a voice choked with something or other, probably emotion, that for his part he personally so despised the liquor traffic and its lamentable effects upon this pure province that he wished the whole thing were at the bottom of the Gulf of Georgia; that there were no more whiskey to sap the vitality of legislators and have such an effect upon government that men no longer respected it.

Consider the case of this poor man, his duty at variance with his conscience, compelled by the terms of his office to be responsible for the proper conduct of the Liquor Board and to enforce the laws made necessary by the ridiculous attitude of modern reformers towards a comforting habit that our forefathers understood perfectly how to handle without the interference of government.

We shall therefore probably lose Mr. Manson. For Mr. Manson is an honest man and he can obviously not continue the unequal contest. There is one last political gift that he can make and that is that he shall cause to be erected at Prince Rupert (upon a cost plus basis) a great stone monastery as a companion piece to the court house at that point and there establish a new order of praying friars devoted to praying for all politicians everywhere—with himself as prior, or even abbot.

And when he has done this let a good drinking man and one who is not ashamed of his habits be appointed attorney-general. I suggest the editor of this paper. He is not a lawyer, but then, a knowledge of the law is plainly not necessary for the job. For it has been voluntarily vacated recently by two of the ablest lawyers in the country—the one leaving to assume the honorable duties of the bench and the other to foster and maintain what may possibly become (under God and the Liberal government) one of the most lucrative private practices in these parts.

THE FIGHTING MAYOR

THE changing web of a fervid and colorful civilization offers the observer a vast diversity of commanding personalities. These men take their color from their times; they may go on for years about the daily affairs of an ordered life and then suddenly they wake up to find that new and strange action is required of them. According as they rise to the situations there presented so are their names engraved upon the deathless scroll of those who achieved something—or are thrown incontinently upon the squamous scrapheap of human endeavour.

And of all those names who have survived, the world best loves the fighters. There is a primitive and sane basis for this which we will not discuss here; it forms material for a whole volume of philosophy. But there is the fact, men love fighters—and women adore them. And Vancouver is blessed with a fighting mayor. He has always, apparently, had the instinct but it is only recently that it has been called into active service.

One is accustomed to think of mayors as fat, somnolent gentlemen whose material prosperity reflects that of the city while their masterly inactivity combines with their placid exterior to reflect the repugnance the city generally entertains toward all forms of spectacular change. And in the main that is the right sort of figure for a mayor. It was probably a subconscious recognition of this great truth that led the people of Vancouver at the recent civic elections to refuse the valuable services of one whose outstanding characteristics are his nervous energy, his restless craving for reform and his fixed determination to get something done.

The public knows by long experience that anything that is worth doing will undoubtedly do itself in the course of time. And the course of time is one of the best courses known to man.

Looking backward over a long period of orderly progress, the citizens of Vancouver saw always at the head of civic affairs the smiling figure of a genial fellow who does not look for trouble, a lad who knows when to keep quiet—and has the ability to do it. A very proper person, they thought, to represent the city upon ceremonial occasions, a suave and experienced chairman at the deliberations of the able city council and one whose mental processes were guided always upon the side of constituted authority. So they elected him.

Their reward has been almost immediate. For what they did not know when they elected him was that in an emergency where the rights of the city were temporarily threatened they had at the head of their council one who upon occasion could display a combination of the stouter and more fighting qualities of the bear cat, the speed of the antelope and the solid weight of the elephant. He will doubtless forgive me for these zoological similes but they are more generally understood than if I had referred to the forcefulness of Billy Sunday, the mental agility of Calvin Coolidge and the political weight of Gerry McGeer. Because, speaking broadly, they are better known.

At the very first sound of the seductive piping emitted by our Sphinx-like and somewhat egregious young attorney-general, and directed by that great legal luminary (or light) toward a subtle change in the direction of Vancouver affairs, Mayor Taylor hurled himself across the comfortable waters that join Victoria with this city and had at him.

And in having at him he displayed not only a great fighting quality on behalf of the rights of the city but also a neat taste for diplomacy that the emergency of the case hardly merited. For in discussing the matter publicly the mayor allowed himself to state what he called a "hypothetical case." And he need not have called it hypothetical—for at least some of it seems to have occurred.

His case, it will be remembered, suggested a picture of an attorney-general who had a disagreement with the mayor of a city. It then showed that attorney-general possibly endeavoring to solve the disagreement by the simple means of writing a cabalistic letter that might conceivably produce such an effect upon a civic election that the mayor would not be re-elected. It then very humorously drew the pathetic picture of that letter utterly failing of its object, the mayor being re-elected and the attorney-general gnashing his teeth in impotent rage. Upon such a basis, the mayor suggested, there might be erected a fabric of childish spite and revenge that would lead the humiliated official to throw aside all guise of political decency in an attempt to get even with the mayor by offering an intolerable insult to the city.

That is the Mayor's hypothetical case. What, however, is actually known is that a letter was written and addressed to a private member of the legislature in Vancouver reflecting upon the police administration and that it was published by the leading newspaper of the city. What it did not take into consideration was the simple and obvious fact that if such a letter had been at all necessary or even if its facts were incontestably true it should not have been addressed to a private member of the legislature for the city but to the mayor of the city. Or, failing him, to the chief of police.

As it was, a more utterly ridiculous attempt to influence the minds of sane and reasonable citizens was never perpetrated.

One cannot help feeling that our mayor finds himself hampered in the translation of his great instincts into action by the vapidity and degeneration of the times wherein we live and that in more spacious days he would have made a great popular leader of the kind who marched to the destruction of evil with a sword in his hand and a flame in his heart rather than with the mere armament of words — however compelling the words might be.

For the things L. D. is fighting against are things for which kings have lost their heads—in the physical and best sense. And although our valuable attorney-general may have lost his head in the spiritual sense, it is with some regret that one abandons the mental picture of L. D. and the armed burghers of Vancouver marching that young man out into the grounds of the Parliament House at Victoria in the crisp and frosty dawn and there beheading him with due ceremony as a warning to all future attorney-generals.

Lest this pleasing but impossible picture should be interpreted by one whose acquaintance with the law is purely academic as an incitement to riot, we give notice that if any inspired idiot should attempt to make it a fact the whole staff of the "Common Round," armed to the teeth with stout wooden staves and marching as one man, will go to the instant protection of the attorney-general, encircle his sacred person in an impregnable ring of steel and devote themselves to keeping his head on his shoulders. For obviously the man can't do it himself.

THE DRAMA

(The Common Round does not accept Free Tickets to Commercial Shows of any kind)

AMONG the serious dramatists of the last half century there is no one dramatist of any country that has so dominated the mind of the English speaking world as Ibsen. I say the English speaking world especially, rather than merely noting the British section of that world, because it must never be forgotten that in matters of art and morals the American not only shares, but even surpasses the Englishman in his devotion to the earnest outlook.

And this domination of the dramatic horizon by Ibsen—incomprehensible as it has been—can not be dismissed entirely in the light-hearted words of dear old Pellisier who, you will remember, enlivened London 20 years ago with his "Follies," and who assured a rocking audience that "to appreciate Ibsen you must imagine yourself a vegetarian Esperantist stranded in a third class waiting room at Clapham Junction station on a wet Sunday afternoon in November." That satisfied the rollicking audience of the Follies; but it left a burning hate in the tortured hearts of the many Ibsen societies then flourishing in that great city.

Ibsen was a cult. And it was many years before I even began to have a distant glimmering of the reason why the often dull pomposities and tedious moralizing of the great Norwegian should have captured the imagination of the more serious minded body of the British public. Indeed, it was not until after I had again witnessed the "Pillars of Society," as produced by the Vancouver Little Theatre last week, that my vague and wandering intuitions upon the matter congealed themselves at last into a definite theory. And as usual in such cases, the thing is so simple that only a very deeply experienced lad could fathom it.

So here it is. Ibsen made a hit with the English and Americans merely because he did actually pillory the real sins, stupidities, idiosyncrasies and hypocrisies of those races themselves—but in the persons and lives of Norwegians. This enabled the Anglo-Saxon to approach the plays with that sub-conscious feeling of moral superiority without which we can never approach anything

The Little Theatre is in the true dramatic tradition offering its public at least one sample of this author's work—even if at a somewhat late date. That the particular form of social stupidity hammered by this play has ceased to exist is perhaps too sweeping a statement; that social vices of hypocrisy, greed and the lust for local political power are still with us is obvious. They always will be. But today they are tempered by a sort of general recognition of human frailty that is as pleasing as it is necessary while we continue to hold fast the competitive form of civilization.

The value of the Little Theatre achievement is twofold; it has revealed to Vancouver playgoers a writer of very great—even if misguided—power; and it has also revealed the essential difference between the art of the theatre and the art of the drama while insisting at the same time upon the inter-dependence of those two arts.

The art of the drama lies in the capacity of the author, interpreted by the cast, to make his theme convincing, amusing, educative, or whatever its object may be. The art of the theatre lies in the ability of the stage manager, the lighting chief, the scenic artist and the costume director to present that interpretation in a distinctive form.

In each of these arts the Little Theatre may be said to have achieved some success in the Ibsen play. Whether it was worth achieving or not is a matter for private consideration. Certainly the audiences present were divided upon that point, for on the night I attended it was at times the worst behaved audience it has ever been my lot to observe—outside the precincts of the old Kilburn Empire or some of the strange dumps on the South side of the Thames. Ill-disguised conversation in the middle of the quiet scene; open laughter at what were really very well conceived effects are not things that conduce to the encouragement of actors who have worked tremendously and for a long time to give the public a good show at a low price.

It is very hard to succeed in Ibsen in a period attuned to the fervid modernity of the "Cradle-Snatchers," and great credit is due to the Little Theatre for its attempt. It is well that they should have reminded us of our youth with a revival of Ibsen—so long as they undertake not to do it again for a very long time. For he belongs today rather to the library than to the theatre.

Somehow one seems to be associating with the recently dead when one encounters men in side whiskers and women in bustles; it's indecent! But it must be admitted that almost never in the history of such revivals have the dresses of the period been better reproduced or the mise-en-scene better carried out.

Of the acting and direction a great deal might be said. The essential dignity of B. G. Dubois Phllips as Consul Bernick—a tremendously heavy and difficult role in all that part of the play where the consul's great social and organizing powers are called into action, was wonderful, but he seemed more or less unable to climb the ascending gamut of the dramatic necessities at moments where the character was moved to strong emotions. M. Irene Wheatland as the unobtrusive and docile wife of the consul was entirely good, and Dorothy Somerset in the part of his sister Martha gave a noble and pathetic rendering of her part.

In such a large cast one has some difficulty in saying this or that performer surpassed another in any particular; for the company harmonized its style to make a homogenous whole. In the part of the shipyard foreman W. J. Harper realized the character to perfection, and Frank Johnstone, as the confidential clerk of the consul, showed more than a flicker of the divine fire, while Gertrude Hope Bell as Dina Dorf moved with properly suppressed rage through her work.

Leonard Miller, in the part of the schoolmaster who is devoted to the work of the uplift, dominated each scene in which he appeared, and F. B. Sparrow as Betty's cousin supplied adequately what is the only pathetic approach to humor in the play.

Subscribe Now! $2.50 per Annum. If subscribed for before Feb. 28th **$2.00**

Name .....

Address .....

City .....

Send to 202 PROVINCE BUILDING, VANCOUVER, B. C.

NOTES FROM THE CAMPUS

THE last few days have been productive of some intensive study, but study not strictly in accordance with the courses laid down in the calender. Students have been observed on, or in the immediate vicinity of Marine Drive, studying nature in some form or other, while a number of persons too far off to positively identify as undergraduates of the university have been seen walking on the beach. However, this state of affairs can last only a week or so at the most. It is only a question of days before the library will be filled to capacity and the grim spectre of sessional examinations will haunt every moment spent away from text books.

The Musical Society is working at full pressure in preparation for the annual spring concert, which is to be held in the Auditorium on Friday and Saturday, the 25th and 26th of this month. In view of the splendid reception the concert received last year at the hands of the public and the students, the society has decided to put on a two-night performance, which will be bigger and better than ever.

No less busy than the Musical Society is the Players' Club, shortly to produce "The Romantic Young Lady;" this, from all accounts, will be even more successful than "Pygmalion" of last year. On Wednesday next, Feb. 23, the traditional Arts '20 relay race will be run from the old buildings in Fairview to the university site. This race was formerly run from the campus to the old shacks near the General Hospital, and was symbolic of the time when the university should be established at Point Grey. Reversing the course has made it necessary to alter the lengths of some of the laps (which are approximately a mile each) owing to the fact that laps formerly down hill are now up, and have to be shortened accordingly. This is one of the major events of the year and will be witnessed by every student, a great number of alumni and hundreds of interested spectators.

The night before the historic race, Lester Court will be the scene of high revelry, for on this occasion the bold, bad Science men have planned to put on a dance. The Science faculty dance is one of the major functions of the year and it is expected that long before this date (if former years are any criterion) tickets will be selling at —well, the normal face value is two dollars per each couple, and "scalping" is expressly prohibited by the students' council.

All the Varsity athletes are hard at work training for the track meet to be held early in March.

One more step in the right direction was taken a short time ago when the Students' International Club was inaugurated. Speaking of clubs, though—there is a certain psychological drawback to free discussion in any club, for discussion becomes more formal as more people are present. Of course, it is always possible that when two ideas rub together they might blow up, but an occasional explosion of ideas could do very little harm, especially at this university. One is reminded of something that Stephen Leacock or somebody said about the way one is instructed at Oxford or elsewhere. He said in effect, that you and perhaps another, go to a room where sits one, a tutor, in front of a large open fireplace. He smokes at you and you smoke at him and the harder he smokes the harder you smoke, and consequently the more you learn.

Quite possibly we do not need tutors at this university, but it will be nice in a few years to have somewhere where we can smoke at each other.

RESUME OF ABOVE NOTES

(1) Students about to repent of their enthusiastic neglect of studies and inhabit library for cramming purposes. Object, sessional exams.

(2) Musical Society will turn away thousands nightly from the auditorium in annual spring concert, Friday and Saturday, Feb. 25 and 26.

(3) Players Club to produce "A Romantic Young Lady" shortly. Probably as a tribute to a lost type.

(4) Arts '20 relay race. Old buildings in Fairview to present campus; Feb. 23. Route to be guarded by police.

(5) Science faculty will caper through more stately of modern movements in ball at Lester Court, Feb. 22.

(6) Track meet early in March.

(7) Students' International Club is inaugurated. Object, international humor.

(8) An old one from Leacock.

MONKEYING WITH MILK

Continued from Page 5

the butter-fat content of milk that marked the industry when these regulations were formulated.

Let us demand to know why any dairyman at all should take a double profit from a single product—even if the marketing of the whole milk should cost the consumer a little more. It would be more than worth the difference to the consumer. These and more are things that we should know.

When the cow, through centuries of evolution and proper breeding, perfected the art of turning the sweet meadow grass and the clear brook water into the most perfect of nutritive emulsions, the Lord who guided that evolution to that good end did not intend that it should be monkeyed with. But this is drifting from economics into the field of the higher Theology. Where we will leave it for the moment.

Systematic Saving

It is not so much a man's income as his ability to conserve part of his income that spells success. We number among our clients many salaried men who save part of their income, invest in bonds by our monthly payment plan, and so insure a comfortable reserve for their later days. Ask us about it.

THE COMPLETE INVESTMENT SERVICE

R. P. CLARK & CO. LTD.

ALSO AT VICTORIA AND NELSON

623 HASTINGS ST. WEST VANCOUVER, B.C.

INVESTMENT BANKERS

How Money Grows at 6½%

The following table shows the results of an investment of $20 a month, at 6½%, with the interest reinvested at the same rate:

Years	Invested In Cash	Interest Earned	Total Accumulated
5	1,200.00	217.99	1,417.99
10	2,400.00	970.43	3,370.43
15	3,600.00	2,458.72	6,058.72
20	4,800.00	4,960.20	9,760.20
30	7,200.00	14,439.46	21,639.46
40	9,600.00	34,795.30	44,395.30

Investments of other sums, such as $10, $30, $40, $50 or more a month will produce proportionate results.