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The Common Round

A Paper for Intelligent People

EDITED BY J. BUTTERFIELD

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INSULTING THE KING

(By THE EDITOR)

THE greatest disadvantage under which British Columbia suffers today is in the inflated importance which the present government gives to the liquor question.

It has long been known by thinking men that the government of the United States has made itself the laughing stock of the civilized world because it has allowed itself to be bulldozed into giving more importance to this question under the hammer blows of such swine as Wayne B. Wheeler and the old women of the Anti-Saloon League than it does to really constructive and important legislation.

If British Columbia, without the vast resources and the great traditions of the United States, is to go the same way she will not be able to stand the strain. She will be overwhelmed in a Maelstrom of petty and paralysing political chicanery; her prestige gone and her development arrested to the point where she will find herself among the bankrupt nations.

These reflections are the direct outcome of a consideration of the policy of this government in deliberately insulting the King.

There have been three Royal Commissions appointed recently to look into serious charges. In the two first instances these charges have not been adequately looked into. In the third, which is now appointed, there is no guarantee under the instructions issued that there will be any greater assiduity displayed.

Having received the report of the commission to enquire into campaign funds, the government has decided to keep it secret for a great while—probably until the next public sitting of the legislature. Why this should be done is a mystery; for without a doubt the report can only consist of a sort of a coat of whitewash for the government. And the continued holdings of these so-called Royal Commissions is, as we have said, an insult to the King for the word Royal connotes some connection with Royalty and the honor that belong to that high estate.

And now we are to have the commission enquiring into the Gauthier Charges and the Carlow announcements that were made in the House at the last session.

It is no part of the honor of Kings in this alleged Democratic age to keep from the people the report of a Royal Commission. If there is anything in it to be ashamed of the people have a right to know it; if there is not anything in it to be ashamed of the people have a right to have their minds set at rest upon such an important matter. And in any case if the misguided and amateur politicians now in charge of that national honor imagine for one moment that by keeping the thing over for nearly a year they will thereby cause the people to forget about the matter they are liable to encounter a great disappointment. People do not forget being bamboozled.

The suggestion that the government has waited for the report upon the last commission before appointing the Commissioners for this new Commission is not in any way a slur upon the commissioners; it is a slur upon the intelligence of that government. For there is no doubt that the commissioners in the recent enquiry were determined to get at the truth if it were humanly possible. But it was not.

In deference to the instructions framed by the Honorable Mr. Manson for the use of that commission it was not permitted to enquire into the contributions emanating from the wealthiest campaign sources in the Nelson election—of blessed and glorious memory—, it was not allowed to make a similar examination into the North Okanagan election or even into those accompanying the famous fracas at Grand Forks.

In addition to these disabilities the ineffable Manson, with his talent for leadership, succeeded in so gumming up the proceedings of the Commission that no sane commissioner could make head or tail of what was going on.

One day he appeared as a witness, on another occasion he announced himself as counsel for the Crown, yet again he appeared as another sort of witness and finally, during the examination of a most important witness he took the answering of the questions out of the mouth of that witness and reduced the whole thing to a farce. To such an extent was this the case that Mr. Justice Morrison—the only lawyer on the Commission, and a very able lawyer too, found it necessary to ask the Honorable Mr. Manson just what his functions were at that Commission. I believe that there was no satisfactory answer. As indeed when a man undertakes the roles of accused, witness and chief counsel there can be no satisfactory answer.

This is believed to constitute the only instance in history where the Attorney General successfully attended the bar of a court. Such is the power of an owlish countenance and an involved brain that a man may attain to the attorney generalship of a great Province without a great deal of practical legal experience.

The Daily Province, in an editorial very ably conceived and well presented, asks whether it is possible for any Commission to get to the bottom of the Gauthier charges when they are presented in such language as that in which they are framed for the Commission these are they:—

"1. Whether or not in connection with the matters referred to in the Gauthier declaration any member of the Legislature conducted himself improperly in his capacity as a member of the Legislature.

(Continued on Page Four)

The Common Round

By J. Butterfield

FOR some obscure reason every time someone is murdered with spectacular ceremonies in the extreme east of this continent the people of the extreme west are stirred to a vast curiosity and develop a great deal of heat about the thing.

ON MURDERING HUSBANDS

Therefore this Snyder murder becomes of almost local interest in these parts. Like all other similar murders it has been one of the greatest exhibitions of idiocy imaginable.

Here are two people engaged in such a simple and understandable thing as falling in love. The lady is married. But instead of adopting the sane and reasonable course of leaving her husband—which has ceased to be the sort of crime that sears the conscience—she cooks up an elaborate plot with the gentle lad whose embraces she desires to enjoy for removing the disused spouse from this vale of tears.

That might be all right if it met with the popular enthusiasm and approval. But it does'nt. That being the case it was intensely stupid—with the road open both ends.

And then, having achieved this almost perfect murder, arranged alibis and covered the retreat in a masterly manner the woman's cupidity and greed proved her undoing. For she reported her jewellery stolen.

But instead of actually throwing it into the deepest part of the river or the uttermost depths of the sea she thinks she would like to use it again some day—so she hides it in the house where a vigilant Police force find it. So she is arrested. Then he is arrested.

Then occurs the supreme idiocy of both. For no sooner are they arrested than they each confess. So after all they have done the state some service. For they are obviously weaklings and cowards and had their plan succeeded they might have bred more weaklings and cowards.

If people want to love they should have the courage to love and especially they should have the courage to refrain from the cowardice of stupid murder.

* * *

THE lure of the nude has now reached out and grasped at the flying coat tail of science itself. It has been the custom for years to decorate the covers of the more lurid magazines with more than naked flesh but it is with both amazement and amusement that one observes a magazine with such a title as "Science and Invention" breaking forth into this habit. It is even so!

ILLOGICAL

On the cover of the current number of this great journal there is a notice to the effect that every kiss transfers 40,000 germs and this is accompanied by the picture of an ecstatic gentleman browsing avidly upon the upturned face of a lady the rest of whose upper works are innocent of almost all covering.

Actually the thing is rather alluring, for it is noted that the lady posing for the picture is none other than Gilda Grey. But why make a picture of it? Every reasonable adult knows how to do these things. And if the idea is to put one off the art of kissing it is a dismal failure. For the general result on a normal being would be to make him reach the conclusion that for such an experience he would take a chance on 40,000,000 germs—never mind a mere 40,000.

The right picture for such a purpose would be a microphoto of some of the germs, enlarged to twenty million diameters. That ought to put anyone off for at least a week.

* * *

IT would be interesting to learn from an accurately informed source the springs of Point Grey's decision to hold itself aloof from the general scheme for a technical school.

THE GENTLEMAN ARTIFICER

Of course one understands that Point Grey is a rather exclusive suburb to which only the nicest people retire in order to enjoy the fruits of their industry and in which to bring up in an atmosphere of tea and taffeta the beautiful and aristocratic offspring that the Lord has granted them. It is also easy to understand that people want their children to be gentlemen and pursue the liberal professions and the cultured business life to the greater glory of the higher education and the enrichment of the race.

But the great need of this province is not lawyers and parsons, we are over-run with them. What British Columbia wants is men with technical information and experience to develop her resources.

And such men need not necessarily be bohunks merely because they are educated in really productive pursuits. Engineers, chemists, mining experts, foresters, builders and skilled mechanics are all the better for being gentlemen.

It is no disgrace to be a gentleman—but it is a disgrace to be a snob.

* * *

THE estimable Sun in an able editorial rebukes the government for closing the liquor stores over the holidays and complains that thereby the bootlegger has a glorious innings and gets large profits from the sale of "impure and poisonous concoctions."

THE GENTLE BOOTLEGGER AGAIN

This is all true except the impure and poisonous concoctions. Vancouver bootleggers do not need to sell these concoctions. From the point of view of the Sun editorial this only makes the editorial more convincing. For the Sun rightly demands that at least some stores shall always be available—only excepting Sundays.

If it is really the desire of the Government to put the bootlegger out of business (a desire in which one is often tempted to fear it is not sincere) then I would suggest that the Sun go even further and demand that there shall be at least one store open on Sunday itself.

The hotels in the United Kingdom are open for part of every Sunday and I have yet to learn that the population of British Columbia has earned any right to set itself up as being more holy than the population of the United Kingdom.

Ice cream is sold on Sunday, and ice cream, immoderately indulged, is probably worse for one than a judicious application of the older comforts.

* * *

AND while we are on the vexed question of what to do with the Sabbath let us turn for a moment to the revived question of Sunday Tennis. For some obscure reason locked in the administrative bosom of the city it is held to be thoroughly moral that golf shall be played on a city-owned course on that day but it is not held to be moral that Tennis shall be played on the

SUNDAY TENNIS

same day upon the city-owned courts.

Let us all raise our voices in a great howl of Homeric laughter at a misguided morality that permits a small ball to be hit with a long stick while a larger and softer ball is not allowed to meet the impact of a nice fat racquet.

* * *

A DANIEL TO JUDGMENT

IN another part of the paper will be found a vociferous Jeremiad against the idiocy and agressiveness of the United States in seizing the Federal ship three hundred miles at sea. Since that was written word has arrived from San Francisco that a judge in those parts—would that I knew the name of this able and sane man—has declared that seizure to be utterly illegal and has added that it was just such acts of aggression that brought on the war of 1812.

It is pleasing to have the opportunity of honoring this rare judge; we weep, however, for his future political chances in the sovereign state of California. He will probably get it in the neck.

* * *

THE PLAIN PEOPLE

THE advantages of the amplifier are well known. At times, however, one or other of its disadvantages is revealed. Such an instance occurred during the visit of Their Excellencies to this city when they were to address the citizens in Stanley Park.

Amplifiers had been installed and the Vice-Regal party were on the platform waiting to begin when the startled air of Stanley Park reverberated to the remark of a local magnifico with the party to the effect that there was an "awful lot of plain people around here." The amplifiers had been forgotten in the enthusiasm of this great ethnological discovery and it was incontinently broadcast to the plain people.

Fortunately the plain people were in a good temper and enjoyed the joke.

* * *

A CHRISTIAN GENERAL

I DO not share the general rejoicing that fills the hearts of Western peoples with delight every time it is announced that a "Christian" General has been appointed to succeed some of the other thugs in the Chinese battle areas.

As far as one can judge from all reports and from a consideration of the masses of literature that are poured out by the Christian churches on the matter, the importation of Christianity into China seems to have been just about as useful as the importation of Opium into the same country.

Christianity is, of course, an oriental religion. But it is of the Semitic Orient, not the Mongolian Orient. And if one may judge from the outcomes of its introduction into China it is no more fitted for the use of such a logical people as the Chinese than the involved and philosophical poetry of China is fitted to the use of Mr. Sinclair Lewis' George Follansbee Babbitt.

I think it is extremely likely that a Chinaman will be a better Chinaman if he sticks to his own religion than if he adopts another that he does not understand merely for some material gain. And if he is a better Chinaman he will be a better neighbor.

* * *

AGRICULTURAL EFFICIENCY

HERE is an instance that proves all modern efficiency is not on this side of the Atlantic. Sir Robert Greig, chairman of the Scottish Board of Agriculture, speaking at the Fife Farmer's show, drew a picture of what he called 100% efficiency in Agriculture.

He spoke of the wife of a Dutch landowner sitting on the verandah rocking a cradle containing twins. It required one foot to rock the cradle and the other was employed in actuating a churn.

With her lips she whistled a lullaby to reinforce the rocking, she read an improving book, used both hands in knitting something warm and useful while under her cushion on the hard-seated chair she pressed a Dutch Cheese.

SCRAPS FROM THE ASH CAN

(Collected by LEWIS WHARTON)

"Spring Fiction"—annual income tax returns.

* * *

Latest song success. "It brings your fountain pen and cheque but does it bring your heart" (featured by the Los Angeles Alimony Quartette).

* * *

Appropriate song to be sung on a street car during the rush hours—"The Lullaby from Jostlin" (sorry!).

* * *

Slogans

Mr. Edgar M. Guest "A poem a day keeps the bailiffs away."

Dr. Frank McCoy: "Life is what the Liver makes it."

* * *

Yankee Doodle walked to town; you should have heard him blubber;
He couldn't use his car because he hadn't any rubber.

* * *

"My daughter is developing a coloratura soprano," observed a proud mother. "Poor girl!" replied the visitor whose hearing was not very good, "I thought she didn't look at all well. There is so much suffering in the world, isn't there!"

* * *

"Married life is so much a matter of give and take," remarked Mrs. Gush. "It certainly is," rejoined the hard-boiled bachelor. "The wife takes and the husband gives."

FINIS

"Is that play finished you were working on?"
"It is."
"Has it been produced yet?"
"Yes. That's what finished it."
—Boston Transcript.

Hi: Say, wher've you been?
Lo: To a wedding.
"Any good?"
"Rotten."
"Who got married?"
"I did." —Stanford Chaparral.

Wife: The maid has just given notice; she said that you spoke insultingly to her over the telephone yesterday.

Husband: Great Scott! I thought I was speaking to you. Pele Mele (Paris)

Armour (in ecstasy): Thinkest thou that glasses do help one to see?

Swift (pronto): Aye, indeed, after the first six I can see double. —Sewanee Mountain Goat.

THE COMMON ROUND

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Editorial

THE MAD DOG

THE spectacle of a great nation going thoroughly loco upon one single point of behavior is a degrading one. But the nations of the world and especially Great Britain are in error if they suppose that it is the path of sanity to allow such a nation to over-ride all their own immemorial rights merely because what she is doing is done in the sacred name of humanity and reform.

But Britain seems to have made up her mind to stand anything that the more extreme madmen of the United States like to foist upon her. Not only did she consent with alacrity and almost glee to the abrogation or extension of the traditional three mile territorial limit but she has never gone out of her way to protest when armed operatives of an alleged friendly power have held up and seized ships many miles beyond that extension.

This is strange enough; but it is hardly strange enough to have led anyone but a madman to attempt and carry out the seizure of a ship three hundred miles at sea upon the plea that if she was not doing wrong at the moment she had done wrong at some undefined and distant date theretofore.

And now to make that indecency more marked the agents of the United States government have boarded a ship making San Francisco harbor and have removed therefrom an entirely innocent and thoroughly respectable—and respected—citizen of Vancouver upon a trumped up charge of conspiracy to evade the federal laws of the United States in the matter of liquor running.

The seizure of Mr. Frank Parsons is an unprecedented outrage upon a British Subject. This is not to say that if a British Subject does wrong to the laws of another nation he shall not be arrested and punished, he should, it is only to say that when such indecent incidents occur in the case of an innocent man the whole power and influence of the British Empire should be immediately brought to bear upon a government that is so supine and so cowardly, so greedy of power in its own country, and so much at the mercy of a political machine that it will not, nay, can not, assert itself to prevent the degradation of its own prestige in the eyes of the sane world at the instance of a body of organized half-wits who own the national congress and the Republican machine body and soul.

The body of half-wits we refer to is the organized minority of wilder prohibitionists functioning under the whip of Wayne B. Wheeler and the Anti-Saloon League.

The plea in the case of the "Federalship" that it had formerly broken the United States law is the most piffling idiocy that has ever afflicted a court. For there are in Chicago, and well known to the police, many thugs and gunmen who are known to have committed past wrongs but who can not be arrested because the police have no present cause of complaint against them. Why are these not arrested upon the same flimsy excuse? It would be a good thing for America!

If the great mass of decent American people like to stand for the foul thuggeries that are perpetrated upon them by the heads and hangers-on of this most widespread political graft of prohibition, that is their own business. But when it is taken to the high seas no man of any nation is safe; and when innocent men are snatched from ships touching at their ports it is time a protest of some weight was made by some nation capable of making it.

There is a limit even to rabies!!

If the mere everyday affair of issuing bonds in a business deal is actionable in those States the best thing the men of Vancouver can do is to keep away from there altogether. For surely if Mr. Parsons is guilty of an offence against those laws then every man who has ever bought a bottle of anything emanating from the Consolidated Company is also guilty and there will be nothing to prevent these fervid officials from arresting the whole Canadian complement of any tourist ship touching at any of their ports on the charge of conspiring against the sacred idiocies that have been forced upon a great people by a bunch of inspired lunatics.

INSULTING THE KING

(Continued from Page One)

"2. Whether in the same connection the public business of the province has been improperly transacted or the treasury of the province has been improperly charged."

Which, as the Province points out, is tantamount to asking the Commission to decide whether the public treasury has been robbed or not.

Of course the public treasury has not been robbed. It never is. It doesn't have to be. Even if politicians should at any time decide to make a little money—which is unthinkable—it would not be achieved in that way. Even I with my small knowledge of the possibilities of being in that happy state of politics which so many of my countrymen spend so much time and money to attain would know better than that. Therefore it is ridiculous to put such a question to a Royal Commission for solution. It is solved before it is asked. And so the King is insulted once more.

The people of British Columbia are fed up with this idiocy of alleged Royal Commissions, they demand sanity, decency and reliability in politics. I believe that the main body of the people do not care a hoot about campaign funds so long as they are reasonably achieved and so long as they are not bothered and annoyed by the perpetual hurling of indecent charges across the floor of their legislature by the one side and the other.

What we want is some constructive legislation on matters of real moment to the country instead of all this expensive rinsing—for it is not washing—of political soiled linen.

Advice Wanted

"Can I see the Secretary of Agriculture?"

"Well, he is very busy, madam. What was it you wanted to see him about?"

"About a geranium of mine that isn't doing very well."

—Louisville Courier-Journal.

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The Epic of Lawrence

A RAGGED REVIEW

SUCH is the magic of Colonel Lawrence's "Revolt in the Desert" and so great is its importance in the world of books that it will be reviewed in "The Common Round" very extensively in three—or perhaps four—parts. No single article of the scope possible in these pages could convey to the reader any adequate idea of the range of this man's mind and achievements.

* * *

It seems upon a first acquaintance with his book that Colonel Lawrence himself has therein done all that was humanly possible to disperse a legend that has already gone far to make him into a sort of solar myth. He is always referred to as "that strange and mysterious figure," he is depicted as arriving in the desert and by some magic gathering the nomadic Arabian tribes about him under the impetus of an idea and thereafter leading them upon a career of successful madness.

That accomplished further mystery is added to his name because, owing to some personal characteristics, he has shunned all credit for his achievement and has gone so far in the business of burying himself away from his honors as to enlist as a private soldier in an obscure part of England.

The history of the world has not wanted for such exhibitions of old and has possibly been enriched by them. Certainly it is enriched by the life of Lawrence. It would be idle here to recapitulate all the personal history of his life that led him into Arabia, it is too well known through the able medium of the Daily press and even if rather fatuously offered in that medium the main facts appear to have been true. It is the book we are concerned with.

When I say that Lawrence himself has done much in the book to disperse the legend of the mysterious half-God who coagulated the Arabs into a nation I state a very simple fact. For his whole action from start to finish has been perhaps the most utterly practical, wise and logical action that any man in any war ever adopted. It has been natural because the man is an incorrigible romanticist.

I do not mean by this that he has deceived himself at any point upon facts, or that he has mistaken a beautiful dream for the truth (the material truth), but I do mean that he saw and grasped a vision and brought it into the world of facts through very matter of fact means. If that is not the very height and zenith of romanticism it is nothing.

He was a man who, so far from being a soldier, appears to have despised the professional soldier to an extent almost unprecedented in the English upper classes. For as a civilian he had done what very few professional soldiers ever do, he had at an early age become a philosopher, an archeologist and a diplomat. To these qualifications he added an intimate knowledge acquired at first hand of the languages of the Semitic East and later on, by reason of these very things and a natural spirit of initiative, he became a great student of military affairs and a leader of irregular cavalry seldom excelled in British History.

Great thrills are experienced by romantic people who are not practical as well when they read that Lawrence made a practice of disguising himself in Arab costume when he made what have heretofore been described as his almost superhuman appearances in the desert to lead the Arab tribes to victory. Hear the man himself on how he came to wear that dress:—

".... Suddenly Feisal asked me if I would wear Arab clothes like his own while in the camp. I should find it better for my own part, since it was a comfortable dress in which to live Arab fashion as we must do. Besides the tribesmen would then understand how to take me. The only wearers of Khaki in their experience had been Turkish Officers, before whom they took up an instinctive defence. If I wore Meccan clothes they would behave to me as though I were really one of the leaders.... I agreed at once very gladly."

No mystery here, you see; only the greatest common sense. The mystery was always to the home-staying taxpayer, who must be kept interested in order to make continued war possible. To the Arabs there was no mystery. The man was known for what he was—and honored because of it.

In approaching the book we find at the very outset a grasp of men and things that may have been acquired in the desert but that more probably was a part of the man himself; a sort of super poetry that made him brother to his surroundings and his companions but that did not necessarily blind him to the main business in hand. It is well to understand this part of his character in reading the book for it crops out everywhere and gives the book the marvelous color that the bare recital of the facts would not carry. For these facts are facts of hardship, cruel waiting, grave disappointment and almost disaster before the goal was reached. It is a drama and an epic; but like all other drama and epic it has needed a poet to give it life. And the amazing thing here is that the poet is the man himself who constructed much of the matter for the epic out of the facts of an episode in history.

In this color there always emerges an understanding and a love of the Arabian desert which is so strong that it communicates itself to the reader through the medium of scanty and passing references. Here is such a parenthisis—you can almost feel the sand in your hair as you read:

".... So wisely we marched on (this is part of a description of the six hundred-mile march across the worst part of that desert) over monotonous glittering sand, and over those worse stretches, "Giaan," of polished mud, nearly as white and smooth as laid paper, and often whole miles square. They blazed back the sun into our faces with glassy vigor, so we rode with its light raining direct arrows upon our heads and its reflection glancing up from the ground through our inadequate eyelids. It was not a steady pressure but a pain ebbing and flowing,

(Continued on Page Seven)

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Correspondence

Editor, Common Round:

Sir,—In extending congratulations on the rapid and vigorous growth of your nine weeks old literary offspring, and on his much improved appearance since you gave him a jolly good scrubbing, thereby getting rid of the green paint with which he was smeared, may I take the opportunity to differ from your esteemed correspondent, L. J. L., who objects to the sub-heading "A paper for intelligent people"? Contrariwise, I consider that the controversial sub-heading is one of your most deft—most subtle psychological touches. You will realise this when I explain that it is only since the birth of The Common Round that I have been able to flatter myself that I belong to the Intelligentsia, and that for the very nominal disbursement of 5c per week.

I notice that the perennial, profound and prophylactic "Province," in giving its blessing to your linotype cheeild, remarks: "The Common Round gets itself whitewashed"! It is humbly submitted that in this year of grace, with its epidemic of Royal Commissionitis, such an expression might be misconstrued. It conjurs up visions of your youngster—Common Round—playing in too close proximity to that eminent political plasterer ... Alexius Mansonius, than who, since the days of Michel Angelo, noone swings a more wicked brush.

Yours to the last comma,
G. H. JENNINGS.

AUDIENTIAL DEMENTIA
(By G. P. I.)

AS to how many popguns have blown the ineffectual pellet of condemnation against the decadent West this person essays no guess in approximation; but in the justness of the cause and in the appropriatence of the hunt he vocalizes a substantiatary halleluiah. What criterion of this same decadence is more convincing than the reactionary attitudes of theatre and concert audiences? It would appear that the car parked, the portals crossed, the cloaks checked and the seats gained all is in readiness for the cloudburst of hysteria that stamps these exhibitionists as psychopathic oddities. The emotional repressions of preceding weeks here burst asunder as devastatingly as that fatal trouser button but with a complete reversal of effect, for here the spectator vomits with the miasmatic by-products of their released repressions.

Witness the high-schoolishness of their staccatissimo giggles, endure the egregious guffaws of some trousered Tarzan, frown upon the concerted buffooneries of the audiential route ensemble—and when you have endeavored to pitch the dramatic ego to some receptive attunement you will have forgotten the name of the theatre, title of the play and day of the week. Have your maidenly neighbor in some pyrotechnic moment seize the immediate patella in an orgy of vain endeavor or suspire in an asthmatic wheeze of imaginary self-projection upon the hero's final Pygmalion Galatea clutch and you will assuredly sense the shock of disillusionment in a hurried return to mundane reality. Visualize the tropical fruit-peel, the shell of the proteid-saturated nut and the polychromatic wrappers of toothsome confections and slowly but convincingly does the conclusion dawn that the quality of their intellectual pabulum is as well indicated by their diversified diet as by their anthropoid mannerisms.

And how the insolently unselfconscious achieve such vociferousness of applause and contribute the same without any conceivable provocation would skyrocket the discerning spectator into a twilight sleep of bemused wonderment ending in an unbroken invocation of the Anglo-Saxon physiological monosyllables. Truth is, a succession of these discordances can do more toward throwing the Universe temporarily out of focus than a reported failure of insulin or an answered prayer.

Unfortunately our geographic isolation precludes profit to venturesome first-class touring companies and since "the children must be fed in Mobile" there exists a ripe opportunity for the small class show-house and its horde (advisedly) of nondescript supporters. No little edification can be achieved by consistently good dramatic presentation and let us hope that some access of propriety and (good manners) will evolve in this area to rob the theatre of its present emotional bath-house atmosphere.

EDITOR'S NOTE:—

We do not thoroughly understand this; but we imagine the gentleman (whose initials seem to indicate "General pareseis of the Insane") has been visiting a local theatre.

A.M. OR P.M.

Boss: Gimmy a little kiss, will ya?
Effic. Stenog.: No, it's after five o'clock.

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THE EPIC OF LAWRENCE

(Continued from Page Five)

at one time piling itself up till we nearly swooned and then falling away coolly in a moment of false shadow like a black web crossing the retina . . . ."

Thus the poetry of facts. Then the romaticist, still conscious of the facts but with a moment to dream. In this wise:—

". . . . My thoughts as we went were how this was the Pilgrim Road down which for uncounted generations, the people of the north had come to visit the Holy City, bearing with them gifts of faith for the shrine; and it seemed that the Arab revolt might be in a sense a return Pilgrimage, to take back to the north, to Syria, an ideal for an ideal, a belief in liberty for their past belief in a revelation."

There is, too, a mastery in character deliniation that speaks volumes upon some of the bases of his success with the Arabs. He understood them. Here is a gem, a cameo of characterization upon his hero, Feisal, made during his first meeting with that leader in the desert:—

". . . . He was encouraged even by the trifle of my coming; for he was a man of moods, flickering between glory and despair, and just now dead tired. He looked years older than thirty-one; and his dark, appealing eyes, set a little sloping in his face, were bloodshot, and his hollow cheeks deeply lined and puckered with reflection. His nature grudged thinking, for it crippled his speed in action: the labor of it shrivelled his features into swift lines of pain. In appearance he was tall, graceful and vigorous, with the most beautiful gait, and a royal dignity of head and shoulders. Of course he knew it and a great part of his public expression was by sign and gesture."

"His movements were impetuous. He showed himself hot-tempered, even unreasonable and he ran off soon on tangents. Appetite and physical weakness were mated in him with the spur of courage. His personal charm, his imprudence, the pathetic hint of frailty as the sole reserve of this proud character made him the idol of his followers. One never asked if he were scrupulous; but later he showed that he could return trust for trust, suspicion for suspicion. He was fuller of wit than of humor."

And then this revealing hint to part of his own character. It was necessary upon this first visit to Feisal to sum up the situation in a few days before returning to Cairo:—

> ". . . . It was necessary to gain in ten days the impressions which would ordinarily have been the fruit of weeks of observing in my crab-fashion, that sideways-slipping affair of the senses. Normally I would go along all day, with the sounds immediate, but blind to every detail, only generally aware that there were things red, or things grey, or clear things about me. Today my eyes had to be switched straight to my brain that I might note a thing or two the more clearly by contrast with the former mistimes. Such things were nearly always shapes: rocks and trees, or men's bodies in repose or movement: not small things like flowers, nor qualities like color."

As the movement of the epic becomes more throbbing these characteristics are retained by the author but supplemented by others, enlarged and widened.

* * *

These are a few hints upon Lawrence's style. In another number we shall speak in more detail of the matter of the book itself.

Our Food Column

WE have on hand today an anxious letter from a young lady. She is quite frank with us and tells us of her difficulties with a certain young man about town. It seems that this gentleman is a most desirable and eligible young man, but, like many before him, he shirks the important point. Now this of course must be adjusted. We suggest that there is, perhaps, something the matter with his feeding. Certain vitamines and calories are plainly lacking, and when this is the case no young man is ever quite so enthusiastic about these finer points. A diet is indicated, and for the first instalment of our scientific course she must prepare the following simple caloric balance:

Amontillado	Consome
Hock Deidesheimer, 1886	Soles a la Stamford
Champagne Moet, 1889	Escalopes de veau Sauce Genoise
Romanee, 1887	*Canapes Tria-juncta
Ch. Leoville, 1878	Saddle of Mutton
Port, 1873 bott. 1882	Capercailsie with Cranberry Sauce
	Macedoine au Champagne
	Chocolate Meringues
	Salmagundy
	Ices

The accompanying beverages will be found soothing, although subtly invigorating. Altogether splendid results should be obtained with these methods.

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*Any three things will do.

"Do you know, James, that your nose is a work of art?"

"Well, you can gamble on one thing, it's not a water color."—Carolina Buccaneer.

She: I bought a piano awfully cheap today.
He: How much?
"I pay three pounds a month."
"For how many months?"
"h! I forgot to ask them that."—Tid-Bits.

How the Mighty . . .

First Bootlegger: What did you do before Pro'bition?
Second Bootlegger: Oh, I was in the liquor business.

VANCOUVER
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NEW BOOKS

A POET AMONG THE GREEKS

"God.... Why do the cities of men
Remain
In their soul-destroying ugliness
What they are
While you reveal yourself to boys
Between the walnut leaves"?

GEORGE CRAM COOK.

It is a pleasure to recommend a book which one feels certain will never become a 'best seller.' It is too good to ever deserve such a fate, although it will be bought and read by intelligent people. Perhaps it might have been better to have said that it will never become a fad among the unintelligent to buy it; never read it, and talk about it.

This book, **"The Road to the Temple,"** by Susan Glaspell, might well have been called **"The Spiritual Odyssey of George Cram Cook."** Most people know Susan Glaspell as the author of two novels: **"Fidelity,"** and **"The Glory of the Conquered";** some as a playwright, and others as the wife of the late George Cram Cook. She has revealed her art as a writer in this book as never before. Part biography and part autobiography, it is a revelation in idealism, self-sacrifice, and the search for beauty which is truth.

From childhood, George Cram Cook never ceased in his efforts to find the source of beauty, and to show mankind the way to his heritage through creative effort. He was one of the many thousands born with that insatiable desire to follow the clues of Beauty to the goal. He was different in that he had a deeper inner vision and the courage to go on, which the majority lack. A sensitive spirit, he experienced the ecstasy of truth which is beauty, in great measure. He rather reminds one of Hugh Walpole's **Harmer John,** but with a deeper sense of the eternal values. He brought the Provincetown Players into being, and discovered that remarkable playwright, Eugene O'Neill. How the Provincetown Players grew out of one man's efforts to create beauty on a stage built on a wharf in Provincetown, and the people he gathered round him; the production of **The Emporer Jones** in Macdougal Street when they moved to new quarters in New York, and their failure, as George Cram Cook considered them, when they became a successful dramatic organization in uptown New York, is now part of America's theatrical and artistic history.

At last he went to his beloved Greece. He lived, for the most part, at Delphi, near the Temple of Apollo. How he tried to reveal the beauty of the past to the natives; their history, language, literature and art is a fascinating tale. He ventually adopted the Greek native shepherd dress, and would not converse in any other language. A Greek reborn in the West who remembered Greece.

The man is allowed to reveal himself to us through entries in dairies, letters and conversations. Susan Gaspell possesses a splendid sense of dramatic values, and gives us a portrait free from tiresome detail, and avoids a pitfall into which she might easily have stumbled; that of too much sweetness, and sentimentality.

The spirit of ancient Greece breathes through the latter part of the book and there are moments of beauty poignantly revealed by implication. While reading this part the opening lines of Francis Ledwidge's lovely poem persisted in a recurring refrain:

"The sheep are coming home in Greece,
Hark the bells on every hill!
Flock by flock, and fleece by flee...."

Review By ROBERT HAZELMERE.

"The Road to the Temple" by Susan Glaspell. (Published by Ernest Benn, London, Eng., 15s).

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A ridiculously low figure?
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Your own price?
An enormous profit?

A Trifle Daring

Shopgirl: Congratulate me, Ma! I've just been offered a good job as a window dresser.

Dubious Mother: But surely, dear, you wouldn't do a thing like that in a window!

"Please pardon my negligence, Jim."
"Sall right, Maude; they ain't showin'."