

THROUGH A MONOCLE

TWENTY-FOUR HOURS A DAY.

MR. ARNOLD BENNETT has written a book—which I presume you have read—on "How to Live on 24 Hours a Day." His idea is to some extent plagiarised from a little talk we had last New Year about "Swearing On." You will remember that we concluded that we did not need to "swear off" half so much as we did to "swear on." I know that some captious critic will insist that Mr. Bennett could not have plagiarised our idea because his book was written and printed before last New Year. But that is a mere technicality. I did not see the book until after then—so, to my mind, it was clear plagiarism when I came to read it. But I do not like the idea so well in the way that Mr. Bennett handles it. He seems to want people to work harder than I want to myself. Perhaps, I am prejudiced by his fiendish idea that a man should get up an hour or two earlier in the morning and read a few pages of Browning before going to the office. It is all I can do to get up early enough not to miss the last possible car. Any early hours I keep, I stay up for.

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I DO not know how it is in England, where Mr. Bennett lives and moves and has his strenuous being; but out on this hustling continent, I think that we live fast enough as it is. I did not mean when I talked about "Swearing On" that we should eat up more vital energy to the twenty-four hours, but that we should direct our energies to better purpose. We live at such a rate of speed here, and now that nervous breakdown is becoming one of the commonest and most fashionable diseases. Take us as a people, we do enough things; but we do the wrong things. We do not need to get up any earlier or to stick harder at it, or even to sit up later at night; but we do need to devote our superabundant and bubbling energies to things which leave some permanent mark on our mental palimpsest.

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YOU know lots of people who tell you that they do so-and-so to "kill time." Well, they usually are fair sportsmen and kill about all the time that flies by; but they come home, for all that, with an empty game-bag. They have not killed anything which is good to consume subsequently. But they have kept going. It is quite possible for a person to achieve a nervous collapse, and make it necessary for the doctors to order a long, long rest, without achieving anything else—except the money,

possibly, to pay for the rest. I said to a friend once—"When you play 'bridge' all evening, what do you get out of it?" He smiled and replied: "Well, that depends on what luck I have." Well, undoubtedly, a "bridge" player who plays for money and wins, does get something to carry away; but the tamer sort who play for "fun," pass the time—that is absolutely all. If they had taught themselves to enjoy even a good novel instead, they could hardly have failed to bring away a number of entertaining and possibly helpful ideas from the novel—unless they read some of our Sunday afternoon novels which people like because they are so "truly good."

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A CASE in point is going on in Montreal just now. They have an English theatrical stock company playing there—a company of superlatively good actors collected by a lady of means—Miss Horniman—with a view to giving the people of Manchester, England, the best of the English drama presented with the most finished English art. They are playing classics—ancient and modern—and they are playing them like an all-star company trained to play only the one you happen to be hearing. Now, with this superb educational and artistic opportunity at their doors, there are thousands of Montrealers who prefer vaudeville. They had rather go where they get their superficial sensations prodded ten times an hour with a different sort of an irritant than spend the evening listening to and watching the finest example of the dramatic art which has been offered to Canadians in many a year. They "pass the time" at the vaudeville show. They tire themselves quite as much as if they had heard the Horniman Company. They are quite as sleepy in the morning. But they have brought nothing away except a few stale jokes and a slightly more vulgarized taste.

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NOW that is what I think is the matter with us. It isn't that we do not live our twenty-four hours a day. We beat stolid John Bull all hollow at that. But it is that we do the work without getting the reward. We eat enough—but it is all white-of-egg and preserved ginger. Mr. Bennett advises his people to "concentrate." He wants them to think about something serious when riding in the train or the tram to the office. Our people generally look as if they were. They have the appearance of persons going to their own funerals, and feeling quite sorry for the world over its loss. My recol-

lection is that they have an even more dismal appearance in London, aggravated by an air which plainly threatens any uninitiated stranger with assault and battery who presumes to speak to them. Occasionally, I see people reading novels on the street cars here. Maiden ladies read Laura Jean Libbey, and errand boys spoil their eyes over the fine type that tells of the thrilling adventures of "Three-Fingered Jack." I am afraid that I am a born idler. I just read the other people on the car, and imagine what sort of folks they may be. And—whisper—I have made more than one piece for the paper out of them. THE MONOCLE MAN.

FOR A GREATER CANADA

(Continued from page 10.)

beyond the capacity of Western manufacturers of necessities or luxuries to keep up with. And more—the Western farmer is of a kind and class who buy big and buy often. Where his poorer brother in less favoured agricultural sections gets along with the necessities of life, the farmer of the West buys automobiles, books, pictures, pianos, and other luxuries, besides buying more necessary goods. He makes more vacation trips and spends more money for a period of enjoyment than many farmers in less favoured sections spend for a year's living expenses outside of what the farm produces.

For these reasons, there is no cause for fear that the city population of the West will soon become top-heavy for that of the farming districts. There is, as a matter of fact, room for thousands to locate in the West to engage in industrial work. There is room for the investment of millions of dollars to establish and build up industries.

WITHOUT any intention of disposition to shut herself off from other nations, Canada may well place the development of her own resources above all else. Industrial progress, like charity, should begin at home, and there is no clearer call to duty sounded to the people of Canada to-day than the building up of great industries for supplying the home market.

Undoubtedly the West affords a great field for local industrial growth. There the people have been too busy farming, and building cities and towns, to give proper attention to manufacturers. But the great and insistent demand for manufactured goods has made its impress on the minds of business men. They see how the gathering of great masses of wage-earners will build up the home market for farm products and how increased agricultural activity will react for the prosperity of industrial classes. The spirit of home development is in the air, but it rests upon the solid substance of practical business and is backed by the driving power of a real need.

International Ski-Jumping Contests, Montreal, Feb. 24th



General View of the Course and the Spectators.



Hanson, of Berlin Mills, Makes 81 Feet.

Photographs by A. A. Chesterfield.