



Through A Monocle

WHERE WE POOR PEOPLE LAUGH!

THE other day I was going down town on a street car—being poor. Another man was going down in his motor car—being rich. His haughty and uniformed chauffeur ran the “car” along the road by the humble and democratic street car in which I sat. The rich man occupied the whole wide rear seat of his “machine”; and I idly watched that capacious receptacle play at “cup-and-ball” with him as the car leaped merrily from one hump in the road to another. When they negotiated a crossing, he was flung quite perceptibly into the air, so that I could see daylight between him and his cushion. I knew just how rough it felt, bumping along that road; for I have millionaire acquaintances who sometimes take me over it in their “cars,” thus conferring a great favour on yours truly. Meanwhile I sat in my cool wicker seat in my great steel car, sliding smoothly over the steel road-bed with barely a jar. The breeze blew pleasantly through the window; and the other people in the car were clean and cool and good to look at—though poor like myself. And then I glanced out pityingly on the poor, pounded “pea-on-a-griddle,” hopping up and down in his bumping car; and wondered what would happen if it only cost five cents to ride down town in “cars” like his, but cost an investment of two thousand dollars and the employment of a chauffeur, to ride down town in cars like mine. Would the rich continue to take the rough and bumping car over the ordinary road; or would they put down their “little two thou” and enjoy the swiftly sliding steel car on its specially prepared steel road?

TELL you we poor people have a hard time of it. Did you ever notice a party of wealthy tourists arrive in a “tourist”—no, I mean a “touring car”? They jolt in, covered thick with dust, inside and out; for they could never get so much dust on their dust-coats without having coated their throats, nostrils and lungs quite generously with it. They essay to dismount; but discover that they are cramped and stiff with sitting so long in one position, for—with three in a seat—it is impossible to move about. They have been very hot—if it is hot—or very chilled—if it is chilly. They are wet, if it has rained. But they have arrived; and they have had a “bully time”; and they have enjoyed the journey ever so much because they are rich enough to have afforded to make it in their own costly “car” instead of a common and democratic railway train. You and I—being poor—have come by first-class car on an express. We have lounged on comfortable seats, looking idly out the window at the swiftly passing panorama—practically the same panorama that these people have seen. We have been quite warm without our overcoats if it is chilly; and we have been at least in the shade if it is hot. We are not half so dusty as they are; yet we think our meagre measure of dust one of our greatest hardships. What we would think if we got as dusty in a railway car as they do in a motor car, I cannot imagine. We would be ready to vote for “Billy” Maclean and against the railways. We have not been bumped; we have not been smothered in dirt; we have come faster and have usually been much more comfortable. Now what do you think would happen if a man could make the trip by “motor” for the price of a railway ticket; but must have two thousand dollars worth of stock in the railway to be permitted to travel on a nice, clean, swift train along its steel right-of-way? Why, I think that all the rich would insist on travelling by train, and would look out of the windows pityingly on us poor devils plugging along in the sun and dust or rain in our jolting “motors.”

OH, yes, Mabel, we poor have a “turrible time.” We cannot afford ocean-going yachts. We are compelled to travel in great, big, brutal steel ships about fifty times as steady and as safe. When we cross the Atlantic, we may have a day or two in our berths if it is pretty rough; but most of the time, we are sitting in our steamer chairs on broad decks which so gently rise and fall that we soon cease to notice it. Even the poorest sailors have no trouble if they will keep their eyes off the skyline. But if we were on a private yacht, those “rollers,” which only cause our immense ship to

undulate a bit, would be flinging us all over the shop, and we should all be down in our cabins, deathly sick. The truth is that most deep-sea yacht owners send their tiny craft across the ocean with the crew, while they themselves are wise enough to go over with us on the big, democratic, public steamship, where you travel for the price of a ticket.

OR, perhaps, it is music that you like. If you were only rich, you could pay the best singers—or the second-best singers—fabulous prices to come to your over-crowded rooms late at night, after they were thoroughly tired singing in opera, and have them make a stab at an aria or butcher a duet amidst the wretched acoustics of your drawing-rooms for an inattentive company. But we, being poor, can only go to the opera house, which is built especially to give the voices of singers their best chance—which scientists have made the best

they know for acoustics—where we sit in comfortable chairs and hear these same singers, all of them together, when they are fresh and at their best, producing a whole opera in proper form with the air of a large and trained orchestra and the best scenery that money will buy. That is all we can get because we are poor. But what would happen, do you think, if one had to be very rich to go to the opera; but could get the singers to give tantalizing samples of their skill in one's own rooms for the price of an opera ticket? I rather fancy that the rich would rush to the opera—as they do now—and pity us who could only afford to have disjointed fragments of these noble works in our ill-adapted rooms.

THE fact is that “the public” is very much better served than the plutocrat. Of course, the “plute” can join in with the public and get the full benefit of its better service. He can, in fact, get the cream of that service. I am not saying that wealth does not buy many advantages. But is it not laughably true, however, that, in not a few cases where he tries to get something for himself which the commonalty cannot have, he really puts up with an inferior article in order to be “different”? He does get something which you and I, fellow povertarian, cannot afford to buy; but it is at times an article which he would never look at if it were only “cheap.”

THE MONOCLE MAN.

The Lacrosse Player

By JAMES J. LARKIN

THE average Lacrosse Player is a real born diplomat. To use a sporting term on a sporty subject nobody “ever has anything” him in the strategy line. He has Am-bassador Bryce, Joseph Choate, Chauncey Depew and all the rest of “the honest men sent abroad to lie for the good of their country,” wholly outclassed. Only he doesn't go abroad. He just threatens to. And that, too, is a real difference.

For, early every spring, when Little Willie sheds his winter coat and mother reads up all the latest medical encyclopedias about pneumonia, colds, croup, etc., and it begins to rain persistently all the time except in working hours, and the rag-man and the hurdy-gurdy hawkers chase one another around the block, and flannels are carefully stored away and hastily resurrected again; then, above all times and seasons, is the Lacrosse Player in his glory.

First of all Manager Venture of the Red Shirts announces that he will have last year's team intact. To be sure not every player has signed his contract as yet, but of course he will. The first practice will be called in a few days. Everything is lovely. Some lacrosse this year, and the team (like every other one in the League) will be “right up in the running.” A few more days, and the fan peruses the annual schedule, resurrects his old straw hat, and wishes the opening were to-morrow.

Then, mysteriously, his confidence is disturbed. Borein after all isn't going to play this season. He's hung up his stick for good. No more for him. Pressure of business. Given a lot of time to the game. Will be badly missed on the Red Shirts' home. (The sporting editor adds this last.)

Next day: Manager Venture is quite confident of inducing Borein to turn out again. He's still the best man in the game (more sporting editor comment).

A few days later: The Green Shirts are after Borein. A very tempting offer has been made him and he is considering. Anyway he has been contemplating going into business in Green Shirtville for some time.

Now on top of this at the psychological moment comes the rumour that Borein has been signed up by the Green Shirts at the record-breaking salary of \$100 a minute (more or less). Up goes Borein stock, and Fandom stands agape!

Some days later, however, we read with great glee that Borein may not go to the Green Shirts after all. In fact it is not unlikely that he will again be found on the line-up when the Red Shirts trot forth upon the journalistically much abused “Velvet Sward.”

But now comes the master touch, for it is suddenly announced that Manager Venture to-day signed up Borein for the Red Shirts and all doubts as to where he will cavort, canter, carom, cannonade, corkscrew, and check this season is removed.

Of course we don't know that Borein is such a diplomat. We are not aware that he was getting

\$25 a game last year and decided that thirty greenbacks would be in order this summer. If we did we would know what Borein knew all along—that he would play anywhere even at \$15 a week rather than stay out of the game. But, as aforesaid, the Lacrosse Player is some diplomat. If he ever throws in this rare tantalizing malady, so particularly discernible in spring, with Syndicalism, no one knows what will happen. Maybe he'll even call a strike in the middle of the game!

Meanwhile Borein doesn't go “abroad.” Meanwhile also we piously thank heaven—if we are not a Lacrosse Fan—that they have at last laid Borein away somewhere where he won't monopolize the news columns and—if we are a fan—we just chuckle a little and assure ourselves that Manager Venture is just about the greatest Manager in Lacrossedom. You see, like the game, it all depends on the point of view. Personally we have sometimes sat plump up behind a red pillar, listened patiently to the rooting, and got the score from the usher after the game. A sort of concentrated point of view this; but a mean trick to rob us of our chance to roast any player who didn't play the game according to our code!

BUT is mustn't be taken for granted at all that because Borein wins out on his little a la Standard Oil game that all Lacrosse Players are millionaires. Oh, no; not yet. It would take even Anna Eva Fay some time to figure out just what any particular lacrosse player gets and even she would surely have to work overtime at that. Once there was a Montreal lacrosse player who got \$100 a game—in the newspapers. At the club house, however, he received after every game ten government business cards with the figure 1 stamped on each corner and a twenty dollar a week go-as-you-please-job thrown in.

And he wasn't the player either who announced that the duty of a lacrosse player was to run anywhere from five to fourteen miles every game, from June until October, for a promise of money, sometime or other. Some players have done this duty as nobly as the Clubs knew how!

Right here, too, it may be said, apropos of salaries, that this modern thing of paying a player regularly, via a little envelope—minus fines for giving way to brainstorm on the field, and “docked” for missing practice or breaking training rules—isn't fair to the public. It isn't what it used to be in the old amateur days, for it robs the public of all the humour of the halcyon times when twenty-four stalwart citizens went forth with girded loins even as public martyrs, for naught save the glory of the fray. When each came back into the dressing-rooms he carefully removed the filthy lucre from his boots, or found it neatly misplaced in the band of his hat; or was annoyed to find several greenbacks in his hands if he even happened to turn his back for a minute. It was remarkable how loose change used

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