

## ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER McARTHUR

THE anti-combine law is giving much pleasure in some quarters and there is some rejoicing, but I shall not order in my supply of fireworks until the thing has been passed upon by the corporation lawyers. I fear that what they will do to it will not be good to see. The ten commandments have never been the same since they were construed for business use by these men learned in the law. As for the publicity, of which so much is expected in the new legislation, have we not the example of the United States before us? The papers and magazines over there have given unstinted publicity to the evil deeds of the predatory rich, but as yet no commercial octopus has loosened its grip except to spit on its tentacles and take a fresh hold. But let it not be supposed that I think the oppressors will never be brought to book. Quite the contrary. I have faith that:

"If we do but watch the hour  
There never yet was human power  
Which could evade, if unforgiven,  
The patient search and vigil long  
Of him who treasures up a wrong."

There are millions who are treasuring up wrongs against the trusts and combines and some day one of them will find a smooth stone in a brook and send it crashing through the skull of a monster. The trouble is that no one has yet discovered the true method of attacking these giant combinations.

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THOSE who sit in the broad white light of science are prone to the delusion that superstition is dead. As a matter of fact it has barely been scotched. Anyone living near to the earth soon finds that old incredible beliefs persist everywhere. In spite of newspapers and other popular forms of enlightenment there are men and women in Ontario who are trembling at the approach of the comet. Like their ancestors they believe that this wanderer "from its horrid hair shakes pestilence and war." (Last week I saw in a prominent agricultural paper a request for the true recipe of a salve, a list of whose ingredients would be unprintable. Only the grossest superstition would make anyone believe that it could possibly have any value. A short time ago I heard an astounding story about a woman who was dying of cancer. "They feed the cancer a pound of steak every day," said my informant; "that keeps it from eating her flesh." Finding that this story was current throughout the district and believed without question, I asked the doctor in charge what foundation it had in fact. "Merely this. I prescribed a meat diet and her husband ordered a pound of steak to be delivered every day." When people can believe such stuff as that, what are they not capable of believing? If the

comet when it appears looks like a sword it will predict war—even though the sword is an obsolete weapon. If the comet looked like a Ross rifle or the new navy I wouldn't blame people for being scared.

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IN the war being waged between the Minister of Justice and the Minister of Journalism it would ill become a layman to be forward with opinions; but if I may, without risk of getting a whack out of the overflow, I should like to cull a word from the controversy and retire with it to this corner. I notice that the offender in the case described the books in dispute as "classics." That is enough for me. In my hot youth a classic was a book full of noble thoughts that could be approached only with a "pony"—a book which everybody knew about and nobody read. Later in life I found that every book that could not be defended on any other ground was called a "classic." Of these I have sampled many, from the fragments of Petronius to the unpublishable writings of Eugene Field. Being indifferent honest I must admit that I found little in any of them except material to satisfy a prurient curiosity. The abnormal does not interest me—not even when put in scientific guise by a Craft Ebig. But outside of the nastiness of these books there is another reason for their suppression. Two of the most astounding murders that shocked the world during the past twenty years brought to light the fact that in each case the group of people involved had a private library of French and German "classics." Only by considering the frame of mind induced by the reading of such works could the authorities arrive at the perverted motives that led to the crimes. Because of these things when I hear of a book not on the lists of the colleges and public libraries that is spoken of as a "classic," I go to the medicine chest and see that the disinfectants are handy.

### God Save the King!

THE most remarkable national anthem in the world must now be sung with a new personal meaning. Concerning the origin of "God Save the King" there is much dispute. Some allege that the sentiment in the words was a translation from the French; some that the tune itself was an importation. That matters but little. The most irregular, unpoetic, and according to some most unmusical national anthem in the world, is still the most compelling in human significance and moral grandeur. It is the battle-cry of a people who have marched conquering over most of the known world; yet it is written in 3-4 measure that cannot be marched to. The hymn of the people who have produced the world's greatest poet, it is almost devoid of poetry. As a tune it is not comparable to half a dozen other national melodies; yet it is singable by everybody

*God save our gracious King!  
Long live our noble King,  
God save the King.  
Send him victorious,  
Happy and glorious,  
Long to reign over us,  
God save the King!*

*Thy choicest gifts in store,  
On him be pleased to pour,  
Long may he reign.  
May he defend our laws  
And ever give us cause  
To sing with heart and voice  
God save the King!*



A Corps of Policemen put on the Stage at Massey Hall, Toronto, recently, by Major R. K. Barker, who is the "boss" figure in both groups. The little "shaver," who so majestically filled the role of Inspector of the squad, was a winner with the audience.