

ALL THINGS CONSIDERED

By PETER MCARTHUR

I WONDER how many people have planned really enjoyable vacations for this year. Since it became apparent that people on their holidays are good spenders shrewd men have set themselves to work to pick up the easy money. And the worst of it is that the majority of us are quiet, orderly routine persons and we go in for these ready-made holiday pleasures just as if we enjoyed them. We let resort managers, hotel proprietors and general passenger agents tell us just what we should do and how we should do it and how much we should pay for the chance of doing it and when it is all over we get into harness again for another year of routine work and talk about the good time we had, when it was really some enterprising business man who was having the good time watching us give up good money for our imitation holidays. Of course, it is hard to find a really novel way of enjoying a vacation but it can be done. I know one man who spends his two weeks in his usual office chair from which he can watch his fellow serfs at work while he does nothing. He says that nothing could be more restful than watching the other fellows pegging away while he sits there and takes his ease. Still another lies in bed most of the time and reads the old novels he loved as a boy and lets his wife bring him tempting little meals. Of course that's rather hard on her, but he is that most desirable of men, a "good provider," and there are many ways in which she is able to get even for this little indulgence on his part.

Of course it is quite possible for a man to get to the point where he complains that there is "Nowhere to go but out, nowhere to stay but in," and I am not sure but that is better for him than too sheep-like an acquiescence in what people expect him to do. A great trouble with modern life is the desire of excellent people to reduce it to statistics and to get everybody neatly labelled and placed in pigeon-holes. There are people so constituted as to think it excellent and good for business that we should be able to estimate that of a given population, 26 per cent. will go to the seaside, 17 per cent. to the mountains, 32 per cent. to the country, and so on. As for myself I

wish it were impossible to do anything of the kind. I should then feel that the majority of people were enjoying themselves in original ways and probably having a bully time. Even if we are compelled to admit that in our everyday lives we should be responsible, dependable people I think that in our holidays, at least, we should try to be irresponsible. I always enjoy the story about Whistler and Commissioner Peck at the Paris Exposition. Commissioner Peck wrote to the great painter that he wished to have a full exhibition of American paintings and mentioned the fact that he would be at a certain hotel at four o'clock on a certain day to make arrangements with the artists. Whistler promptly sat down and wrote a letter to Commissioner Peck congratulating him on the fact that he would be at that particular hotel on that particular day at four o'clock. "As for me," he wrote, "I can never be sure that I shall be anywhere at four o'clock."

"A LITTLE ODD"

I walk the straight and narrow path
In lockstep with the good,
To shun some threatened kind of wrath
I've never understood.
Meanwhile my neighbour, happy man,
The flowery way has trod
With none his goings-on to ban—
For he's "a little odd."

He wears his clothes in any way
That suits his vagrant whim;
No matter what the people say
There's nothing said of him.
He works just when he feels like it,
While I forever plod,
But no one seems to mind a bit—
For he's "a little odd."

He went to fish the other day,
I wanted much to go,
But all the world was making hay—
It wouldn't do, I know.
He smoked and had a flask to boot,
He sunned him on the sod,
But no one seemed to care a hoot—
For he's "a little odd."

He isn't rich, but no one cares
Or speaks a word of blame;
His laugh is loud, but no one stares
And whispers "What a shame!"
He flouts the things for which we slave
And pass beneath the rod;
But gets no praise for being brave—
For he's "a little odd."

Some day I mean to cut it all
And chum with him a while;
If fall I must, then I will fall,
And at my bruises smile.
But if I can't do that before
I go beneath the sod,
I hope that on the other shore
I'll be "a little odd."

PORTAGE AVENUE, WINNIPEG, AT MIDNIGHT



This splendid Winnipeg Avenue is 133 feet wide. It has grown into a modern mercantile thoroughfare in the past five years, and less than 35 years ago it was the Indian Trail that led into Old Fort Garry. Its splendid buildings and excellent street-lighting system is admirably set forth in the above photograph. Winnipeg has today a population of 150,000, which has grown from the Fort of 1872, with a population of 215. The photograph shows on the right, one of the largest department stores of the world, that of the T. Eaton Co. It contains 16 acres of floor space and employs 3,000 hands.