

## Profanity Idealised!

What man of misty renown, chronicled those soul-stirring words, "Our army swore terribly in Flanders?" True it was, at any rate, and I could slap him on the back till his bones rattled and he cried, "Ho! and let loose the dogs of war!" for has he not proven his contention and paved a way—a blazing trail, indeed—to this present maelstrom of blood and iron, and the lurid expressions that fly, like sparks from the anvil, from the tongues of our peerless Tommies?

Modesty (Canadian usage of that term, please), forbids a minute treatise upon the intricacies of plain terms, but, dealing with the subject as a smelter handles molten brass, we can view through smoked glasses the heated fragments of discussions, charged with x to the n th power calories of scientific profanity, floating upon the atmosphere.

Wonderful! Marvellous!! Such vigorous achievement!!! Name the onlooker, who can stand, with quivering ears and choking breath, and not admire, yea, gain inspiration, when some "innocent" from the wilds cuts loose and tells a yarn that would make a red hot cinder feel as chilly as Dr. Cook, when the Pole went West? And, speaking of advances in science, calls to mind an old associate, one known as "Bill" (not the Walrus, but a pristine Bluenose), and scientific!—why, after listening to Bill play poker, you could count the sun spots at high noon without a blink, and relegate the wizard Edison to the dust heap. Yes, while Bill held down the vocabulary with one foot, and kicked it into insensibility with the other, the world stood by, and gaped with jealous admiration. Remember Belgium! Aye, and remember the smoking barrages shot forth from the tongue of one whose memory even yet, provides steam heat for the dug-out east of Ypres, causing perpetual wonderment among the denizens of that, one-time, abode of love.

Was it something in the fog that rose from the sticky Flanders mud, that lent such mercuric wings to the tongues of our pals? Some claim it to be a gift. But after the haze from the barrage had lifted, our conclusion was that it was an ART! The ancient Greeks and Egyptians knew nothing of the "poetry of Motion" and "heavenly Harmony" that throbbed and vibrated through our hearts as the ex-Orpheus tuned his lyre up to concert pitch, and put to shame the bandmaster of the massed orchestra of Intensified Profanity!

However, there is another side to this interesting subject. As in ART there are ideals, even so, in NECESSITY, we rise, like fish to the fly, to airy ideals, or at least—aspirations. My sympathetic nature reaches out to commiserate with the man whose profane vocabulary is limited to the mere repetition and elaboration of three or four words. With such a man their usage is not so much a necessity as a disease. It is offensive! Bah! What a dark brown taste they leave! But necessity knows no laws, and a word, like a mushroom, will rise with the occasion. What would you say, if, as your rum ration ran gurgling down your throat, some brotherly idiot poked you on your second lowest tunic button? What's that? Certainly!—and so would all of us! Or, approaching Dante's seventh hell, when you have marched nineteen

weary kilometres, with full kits, the order sternly comes, "Quick march! It is only five kilometres more!" (Again dull booming stirs the air, and the sky assumes a Titian hue.)

Everywhere Necessity meets and embraces Profanity, and particularly, near estaminets, where necessities grow, not by leaps, but by "hops," and the arched, wavering pathways, homeward leading, echo with the triumphal song of necessity. He who trips over your mess-tin full of tea, or drops his tin hat in your "mush," or chlorinates the water, is shouting aloud to Necessity, and she lends an answer quickly. You bet! Not firearms, but fireworks, and plenty.

But after all has been said, and we live in that futuristic state, known as "après la guerre," it must be conceded that even though we lived up to the prophetic record of British profanity, the memory is scraped off with the last pound of Flanders mud that is shaken from our square toes, for, in the words of an honest teacher, "what is one man's meat is another man's poison," and the reverend gentleman said, "a good 'damning' does one good occasionally," so how about it? Swear terribly if someone sits too hard on the safety valve, but remember that your heart is the nation's richest treasury, to be kept sacred, and unprofaned!

LUCIFER C.

## What They Thought of the Kaiser Before He Was Born.

The Kaiser has said that he is a reincarnation of Attila the Hun, and it seems as if he were a believer in the theory that all things repeat themselves. The following was written in 1848, by Victor Duruy, the famous French historian:

"These Huns, who had come three quarters of a century before from the depths of Asia, were a source of terror to all. They had nothing in common with the tribes of the West, either in personal characteristics or in habits of life. Their food consisted of the milk of their mares or a little raw meat.

Attila, their king, constrained all the wandering tribes from the Rhine to the Ural to join him, crossed the Rhine, the Moselle, and the Seine, and marched upon Orleans. The populace fled in unutterable fright before the "Scourge of God." Metz and twenty other cities had been destroyed. The immense army surrounded Orleans, the key to the Southern provinces, but Aetius arrived with all the barbarian nations settled in Gaul. Attila retreated in order to choose a field of battle for his cavalry, and he halted in the Catalaunian plains, near Mery-sur-Seine. There a fearful encounter took place, and the fields grew red with blood. Attila was defeated, but the Allies allowed him to re-enter Germany (451 A. D.). After an invasion of upper Italy in the next year he died, and his kingdom perished with him."

Perhaps the Kaiser has drawn an unfortunate comparison, though certain it is that the salient features of Attila's fortunes correspond with the past and probable future of Bill.