



## WHICH IS IT?



### HEYOHEE AT THE BARN-RAISING

By ENTHUSIASTICUS

CANADA was never a lustier country than in the days of the barn-raising. Nothing we ever had in this country came so near the feeling of modern war as the barn-raising and the log-bee. The raising was more picturesque, some of the time more robust and much more dangerous. But the spirit of war was in both; the side that got through first and left the job well done. No barn was ever raised by tired men. Those who came tired and sat on the lumber listening to the frogs while the rest of the gang finished putting the "bents" together, got over being tired when it came to the point illustrated in this picture. No. 1 bent is going up. The pike-poles bend like whipstocks. The boots go down in the mud. Eyes go shut. The bent reaches the dead line. There's no letting her back. She must go up; the men must buck her over. In a hundred men it's the last ounce to every man that counts. When the barn-framer yells "He—yo—" every man sets himself for the last ounce—"Hee!" And when every man lifts ten pounds more than he ever did before under any circumstances whatever, lifts till he sees stars, altogether, "tout ensemble" as they say down the St. Lawrence, the dead line is broken. "Walk her right up, boys!" No. 1 bent—went. Because she had to. And the last ounce did it.

that it has to spend half its time when it's awake just sitting down. Any doctor knows better. Every human being is a nerve centre of the world. A man is as old as his arteries, says the M. D. Here goes a man off stage forever with arterial sclerosis. Reason—Just as he was beginning to be 100 per cent. efficient without wasting his energy like a runaway horse, pop he goes off because he thought he had brain enough to keep his body limber without exercise—and he hadn't.

Bosh! I thoroughly respect my liver. I think it's a jolly little organ. It gives me a chance to blame something specific for wanting to loaf. I don't want to be a mass of vibrations. No, I don't. I agree with Van Horne who used to say every man is born with a love of inertia which he only overcomes by necessity compelling him to go hungry if he doesn't move. Anyway I would rather sleep than eat. Of the two books, Ecclesiastes and the Song of Solomon, I prefer a little of both. And either is better than Nietzsche the sneeze-man who propagated all this inhuman drivel about the superman.

Anyhow, first thing we know—"Get the hook," says the stage manager. And the old cynic with the scythe pops out from the wings. Another procession to a white city that should have been postponed ten years or so because the victim believed that he could increase his vibrations without shortening his life. And it can't be done.

What's the use of living if you can't have the Spring fever? It's the people who have Spring fever half the year round who produce all the poetry and the music and the pictures. And if I can ever get somebody to subsidize me, I'm going to be one of that angelic gang myself. Do I wish I had ever been at a barn-raising? No, I don't. I was fed up on barn-raising talk when my father had me. And if I ever have any children, I'll guarantee to keep them as far from the barn-raising, German efficiency, bull-driving idea as possible. Because—this is April, the month once sacred to bock beer and always to Spring fever—and I've got it.

I'm going out to Nature who always understands a lazy man. You never catch Nature making resolutions and grimly setting her teeth. There's no such thing as a state of mind in Nature. No, the old mother of us all just is, and doesn't want to be anything more than she feels like being. If she wants to get up on her toes and scream a gale and rip things up by the roots, she just does it. Then she settles down after the tantrum into a nice gentle siesta when the rustle of a song-sparrow in the brush is a real big noise. That's the way I want to be. It's the only way to be in harmony with the universe.

### Or A Touch of Spring Fever

By VIS INERTIA

EVERYBODY takes off his hat to the lazy man. All these human dynamos and masters of efficiency make the rest of us very tired. We don't want to be tired. We want to enjoy life. Otherwise what's the use of being born? Those violently offensive Germans are the curse of mankind. They don't enjoy life themselves and don't want anybody else to enjoy it. What was the use of having barn-raising ancestors if the rest of us can't have a comfortable, easy life as a result?

We're all born with so much energy to exert; so many heart-beats to get through with; so many vibrations of one kind or another; so many yawns and sleeps, and then we're done with this world anyhow. All those people who talk about a man recreating his own energies are foolish. It can't be done.

The most interesting men in the world have always been lazy. Disraeli was far more interesting than Gladstone. Anybody can learn how to work. Only a genius really knows how to loaf. Work is a tyrant. There are only so many ways of working, as any machine can tell you. I am not a machine. I am not a boiler to be crammed with energy fuel. I am not an efficiency expert. I am an up and down lover of laziness. I delight in solitude and in leisure. If I want to run like a steer for something I consider worth while, that's my own business. But it doesn't prove that I like running. I don't. I just run so that I can get there sooner and have all the longer to loaf after I do.

Oh, I've heard these efficiency sermonizers; these ginger-group exhorters. Just the other day I came across something one of them wrote. Here it is:

Millions of people move as though to go an inch an hour faster or to lift an ounce a day more would throw them out of gear. Some people's ideas of labor unions are built on that notion. Then again, some other folks' ideas of a man when they hire him for anything is that he is a machine; good for so many days' work before it goes to the scrap heap. Hence the infernal sweatshop, the workhouse and the homes for incurables. Before the war England was full of derelicts who believed in the so-much-and-no-more. Most of them are busy now. Before the war America had millions of thick-waisted, thin-chested men who were supposed to keep going somehow no matter how many dollars' worth they got away with to the waiter at one sitting. A lot of them are surprised to discover that they are entitled to bolster up the insurance companies with another five or ten years to the mortal coil just by eating less when they have to and doing more real work from the shoulders down. This idea that as a man's liver so is he, must have made the great Creator of energy and human beings feel weary of the outlook. It's a discouraging libel on civilization