

TALES  
OF  
VAN

BY  
OLE WUN HI



PRICE 50 CENTS

*BROTHER, if I have caused  
thee to laugh, nay, even to  
smile, then am I content.*

*OLE WUN HI.*

# Tales of Van

## Tale the First

### *Concerning the Eldermen elect and the ambitions that they had*

The Eldermen and the Seers and the Prophets of the City of Van sat them together round a great table, and over them, did preside the Major Mind, even he that is called the Mayor.

And they spake, yea, verily they talked; for some would do this thing and others that thing, yet did they all agree to do some great thing.

Out of the City of Van, that lieth at the feet of the mighty hills, they would make Utopia, and they cried with one voice: "We shall".

But one among them, being learned in the logic of language, said: "Brothers, since we be of one mind in this matter and are determined, should we not rather say: "We will".

And the light of high endeavor shone forth from their eyes, and they smote upon the table with their clenched hands, and shouted: "We will".

Thus did the pains of a new creation begin!

And so they spake of this matter and of that matter also, which also was of no matter, and they became impressed with themselves, and said: "We will".

Of the earth did they speak and of the sea, even did they talk of the air.

They discussed the earth and the things thereon and those things which are hid in the bowels of the earth, and which no man can see.

But the Eldermen and the Seers and the Prophets had imagination, and clearly they peered into the very heart of the earth and were mightily pleased, so that they roared out: "We will".

They talked also of the sea and of

the fishes therein, and of the sands of the sea and the treasures thereof, and they hinted also at the weeds of the sea as a commendable substitute for vegetables, for verily the times were hard and many there were that had empty bellies.

And they said: "We will".

They argued also of the sun and the moon, and of the stars in their courses, and their minds became much elevated. And one, the most original, said: "Brothers, let us consider the poor"; but they that were cast in a business mould spake the word, "Damn!" asking "Have we not the poor with us always?"

But he of the most original mind persisted, saying: "Gentlemen—" and it was as though they were struck speechless—"Comrades, there is the red planet Mars! Could the poor poor not be made to dig more canals thereon?"

And they were astonished, and spake with emphasis and slowly: "We will".

And, after that they had spoken of Mars in many, many wise and witty words, one, he that had his eye turned to the flesh pots of Egypt, said: "Brothers, how splendid! for, when it shall come to pass that the poor poor have delved and have bullded roads and placed in the earth sewer pipes and laid out gardens, we will transport to Mars, free of all charge, the Realsters, and they shall sell unto the poor poor lots and fields for the very love of it."

And they became as men that are stunned, for the width and wonder of their own imaginations, singly and col-

lectively, made them to quake, yea, verily were they appalled.

Yet in a space of time did they recover, and spake lustily: "We will."

Meanwhile in the City of Van where, in the dark streets, the lights do show nothing but darkness, there prowled many banditti seeking both lust and lucre, and making of it a great success.

Yea, these armed men that did also wear upon their faces black masks, would say to a citizen, "Hands up!" and the citizen would hands up.

And they would take from him all his silver and his gold, and dolbils and "chicken-feed," even his car tickets would they annex, also his cigarettes.

But of this matter the Eldermen and the Seers and the Prophets said nought, for verily it was no concern of theirs.

Yet did they put their broad brows upon the palms of their hands and mused, and they did dream dreams and see visions, and much else that is to be found in the learned books of the psycho-analyst.

And they shouted ever and anon: "We will!"

But the willing and the doing of things are different: verily, as far apart are they as the dream of a dreamer, that cannot realize his dream, and the deed of a blacksmith, that doth shoe a horse.

Yet would they bellow: "We will," remembering not, that in the Book of Worldly Wisdom, it is written, that a multitude of dietists make Hell of the Soup.

Still did they shout: "We will."



## Tale the Second

### *Concerning the Drought and the things that men did do at that time*

Over the Land of Can there was a drought, and in the City of Van, that standeth by the great sea, it was very dry; so that men were forlorn, knowing not how to slake their thirst, nor how to lubricate their gasping tonsils.

And the Good Men of High Mind did say, the one unto the other, "Lo, the work we have worked! It is wondrous! We have smitten the demon of Whisk upon the brow, yea, even upon his head have we caused him mortal hurt, and now he is no more.

"What doth it matter therefore if the water rates do go up?"

Whereat one among them that was filled with a gentle wit and knew unto the very limit the things that are good for all men, even for Ole-Wun-Hi, made a merry jest that had hidden deep within it great learning.

"Better," he exclaimed, "to have

water on the brain than delirium tremens."

Whereupon the Good Men of High Mind did turn their eyes upwards to the blue heavens and smole benignly.

Meanwhile, the Publicans sold unto the Sinners that were parched in the throat a colored liquid, and they did name it Two-per-cent.

Yet, they that did quaff of this nectar of two-per-cent horsepower went forth again into the streets of the City of Van unsatisfied, saying each to the other: "What awful swill!"

So did it come to pass that the heart of man became more wicked, and the mind of man moved in deep mystery; so that some invented this thing and others brewed brews of great strength, which they sold unto them that were dry.

But they that had great thirst and

likewise an equal courage, became mighty original, for they sought to quench their thirst with Bay-rum and Florida water and Smith's Instantaneous Hair Restorer;

Also they came to the verge of being gathered unto their forefathers.

Nevertheless, they that were sore stricken with absence of moisture in the throat did drink of that which was sold to them and did forthwith do things.

Yea, many things did they perform, and the Guardians of Public Morals did wonder, saying: "What dope is this that they procure and who is the vendor thereof?"

Even the Hounds of Justice assumed upon their countenances the look of severity and became enthusiastic and were piercingly vigilant.

Yet were the Hounds as far removed from the quarry as ever, and the Guardians of the Public Morals sang more hymns, for their lofty pride was wounded.

And a Hound of Justice would say unto a man whose legs seemed not to bear his body and whose tongue was loosed to speak in parables or sing loudly: "Thou art drunk! Who gave this vile stuff to thee so that thou behavest no more as one within whose bosom burns the spark divine?"

And he that was tangled as to his legs and whose mind was full of great imaginings, would make answer: "No spark? No siree, I'm a whole bloomin' furnace."

And then he would tell him a wild and wierd tale about the Flu and a doctor's prescription, adding: "Keep thy distance from me, lest perchance the germ of this scourge enter into thee and thou become even as sick as I."

Having heard and marked and digested this, the Hound of Justice would murmur unto himself strange words and pass on;

For unto him that seeketh and findeth not, life is verily a beastly bore.

But it came to pass that one, even he that had been appointed by the Good Men of High Mind, to be the Chief Prohibitor, did wink the other eye and apostrophised unto himself, saying: "What fools these mortals be."

And he laughed a merry laugh; for is it not written in the Book of Worldly Wisdom that it is permissible to break the law, but unpardonable to be caught.

So the Chief Prohibitor went to it.

And from the far places of Can where the Wicked Men of Low Mind do still make Whisk under the protection of the Law, he would get him not one flask or twain, but verily car loads would he get.

And these he did handle as one knowing his business and minding it too!

Also did he smile a knowing smile and stood him before a mirror to behold the exact tint of the flush of success upon his countenance, saying unto himself: "Hal old boy, thou art in truth a great genius, and the workings of thy mind are beyond compare, and thou deservest honor and love at the hands of the people of the City of Van."

But the Mills of God grind slowly, and he, the Chief Prohibitor, thought not thereof.

Yet, in time, did it come to pass that the snouts of the Hounds of Justice were lifted in the air, for from this place and from that place, there came the effluvium of Whisk and they did scent it.

And he, the Chief Prohibitor, became white in the face, and white is not the color of success.

So he sat him in a swift car and spake in hasty whispers to the driver thereof: "Quick! Anywhere— anywhere out of the gates of the City of Van— yea, even unto the borders of the Land of Can— quick!"

And thus was the show given awiv and all men understood; for he, the Super-Sober-Sorcereer that hated the evil of Whisk and washed his face in water, was caught by the Hounds of Justice.

For these know the smell of Whisk; tho' the taste thereof is surely not known to them.

So, like Byron, did he become famous overnight, and hath now the extreme honor of exemplifying in his own person the large wisdom of Shakespeare who wrote 'that one may smile, and smile, and be a villain.'

Yea, verily, it is a sin to be found out, likewise it is Damned Inconvenient. Yea, verily!



### Tale the Third

#### *Concerning the Men of Medicine and the trials that they had*

Now in the City of Van, that lieth in the bosom of the mountains, there raged a Pestilence, and many there were that became sick unto death.

And the Men of Medicine were sore troubled and they held among them a council.

For out of the clash of mighty intellects alone can the radiant spark of truth be generated.

And one, speaking earnestly, said: "Confreres of the noble practice of healing the carnal woes of humanity, hearken unto me, lend me your ears, be attentive I beseech ye, for much of wisdom have I to impart."

And the young men and the old that had dedicated themselves to the service of Asklepios, the god of medicine and of healing, lent him their ears forthwith and contracted their jaws and opened wide their eyes.

For among them were eager men, and men that were learned, that could place after their names big bold letters, such as M.D., M.B., Ch.B., and other mystic signs to show that it had been given unto them to perform wonders in a prosaic world.

So he that would deliver himself of his wisdom, said: "The pestilence rageth and men sicken and die. Ah, it is woeful."

And the Medicine Men that were

gathered together said, as with one voice: "Yea, yea, it is so; verily thou has spoken the ultimate wisdom; but what is it that we must do?"

Whereat he that would blast a way to alleviation said, in emphatic delivery: "Prophylaxis is the sole antidote to the propagation of the insidious and toxic bacteria of this maldady."

On hearing this, the Medicine Men gave heed to him more eagerly, but one or more of the younger and bolder that thirsted after knowledge, asked: "What prophylactic treatment is there categorically to be considered the "ultima Thule" of preventative endeavor?"

And lo! this did it.

For the young and eager had opened wide the flood gates of talk, and where are the men of learning in this vale of tears that do not love to babble, even as the brook babbleth?

And Moses! they talked; yea verily did they unburden their grey matter of much professional wisdom culled and gathered from the wild forest of experience.

And they spake in a language all their very own and which none other than Medicine Men and the highly intellectualised can comprehend.

So that a stranger, that is an ordinary fellow, chancing among them un-

aware, might say: "Verily hath the Gift of Tongues been vouchsafed to these that are uttering such funny noises."

But one that was very young and therefore very wise raised high his voice above them all, asking "What's wrong with six ounces of good Scotch?"

And there fell a great silence as though a bolt from the blue had been hurled in their midst.

And he that was so young and of such wisdom and courage brought upon himself much approval, likewise much abuse.

For the ways of the ordinary man, just because he is so very ordinary surpass the understanding of the other kind of man, and his mind worketh in devious ways and in ways that are hidden.

And forthwith they fell to seeking light upon the massed psychology of Ott.

Since it has been enacted by the Lords of the Land of Can that Men of Medicine know, and also that they do not know; that in them we may repose our trust, even though we put not our trust in Princes, and again that we

may place in them our trust, but only at our own risk.

And they talked and lol to behold, even with one eye, the fury of the protagonist and the wrath of the antagonist, even as each boiled and bubbled over was an object lesson in the behaviour and deportment of them that bow down before the altar of Asklepios.

And some would say: "Yea, it is so," and others would say: "Nay, it is not so," yet none ever spake the horrid word, Liar.

Then one among them lifted up his hand as though he would pronounce a benediction, but he did not.

That which he spake was this: "Gentlemen, it is better to be safe than certain; for when a man is safe he is safe, but when a man is certain he is not quite sure."

And they that were assembled, especially the young, marvelled at his wisdom and gat them to their medical studios and fell to the business of writing hieroglyphics.

And when they had written in Latin "Spiritus frumenti" prefixed by a hieroglyphic sign, they would hand it to a sick man, saying: "One dollar please."

Verily, verily it was so!



## Tale the Fourth

*Concerning the Land the Warriors would Get for to Farm, and other matters*

In the City of Van that lieth in the shadow of Westminster, the new not the old, there dwelt many warriors that had been thro it.

Verily, I, Ole Wun Hi, that write mine epistle unto ye that have your habitation on the shores of the western waters, say that these Men of War have known great tribulation, and have drunk of the waters of Marah, that are so bitter, and seen with their

eyes much that is to be seen in hell only.

And above all else did they desire to live in peace and contentment for the remainder of their days.

And many went their ways; some to the factory and the stool that is in the office, and some gat them to the merchants and men of other business for to offer their services.

Some had success, but many there

were that were looked upon askance, verily they were seen through the corner of the eye.

For is it not to be read in the Book of Worldly Wisdom that in business there is no sentiment; and why therefore should one that pileth up the dolbills and shekles of silver take unto himself one that is sore tried because of his battle hurts, and so hug to his bosom a toiler that is not efficient?

Yea, in the Book of Worldly Wisdom, it is written, that efficiency is the watchword of progress; and in the Book of Life the word efficiency is written in letters of blood.

And it came to pass that some that were returned from warring would make them homes upon the land, and the Lords of Can that do assemble now and then in the House of Talk at Ott said: "Ye noble heroes, that which ye desire we will grant unto ye, also will we give unto ye money for to buy implements of agriculture and lo! ye shall know happiness for ever more."

And the Lords of Can did appoint them men that knew; verily experts in finding land suitable for the plow did they appoint, saying: "Go forth over the country of Brit Columb, and find land that is fruitful and where the heart of the deserving hero shall find happiness and his body sustenance."

And the experts did go to it.

And after that they had discovered land flowing with milk and honey, they sent returned soldiers there saying: "There is the Promised Land yonder, go ye forth unto it and be happy."

And some of them that would till the land, went forth to see and verily they saw.

Thereupon they beat it back thro the gates of the City of Van and made it known to Harn that liveth in Elysi-um, and Perd that runneth the Veteran's Club, that the feet of man could not approach unto the farm land the experts had discovered,

So these two that are wise beyond the dreams of Solomon took council and planned plans and spoke a multitude of words on the phone.

And suddenly, as the bursting of light thro a black cloud, an idea filled the mind of Harn with radiance, and the brain of Perd shone with its reflected glory.

"An Airplane! An airplane! My reputation for an airplane!"

"What meanest thou, O Harn?" and he did say unto Perd: "We will fly over the farm land and see."

And it came to pass that the huge bird took off and flew over the high mountains, and aloft in the fresh air.

And the pilot said unto the observer: "What seest thou?" and he answered: "Mountains."

"What else dost thou see?" and the observer made reply: "Trees that are tall and very large."

"And dost thou see aught else," and he said: "Yea, I see rocks, huge rocks in abundance; and deep valleys filled with rushing waters."

"Where then is the farm land concerning which the experts have spoken?"

And the observer, being a truthful man, said: "In their imagination."

And when they had looked upon the land that was not, they turned them back, saying: "We shall see the experts."

And unto the soldiers that were seeking land for to till it was told: "Comrades, the land that we have seen is rock, and the mountain goat that doth disport him there is free and joyous."

And, one that was sick of it, interrupted, remarking: "We are not goats, tho all the experts would make us so."

And when some that were overwrought by the kindness that was shown unto them betook themselves to the experts, they learnt the cause of this thing that had happened,

"We ask for meat," said the soldiers "and ye give us a bone."

But an expert is an expert, and is glib of tongue and resourceful.

And one that was the most expert said: "Why do ye trouble us? Verily, ye are like unto small children that have no understanding. Know ye not that it is written in the Book of Worldly Wisdom that unto him that hath much, much more shall be given, and that unto him that hath little, even that he hath shall be taken from him and that he that hath naught is "na-pood," which meaneth, is no more, and is as though he were dead.

"Show us the soldier, therefore, that hath riches and unto him shall we show good land; for it is not meet that the Realsters that hold all the good land in fee, be robbed of their dues."

And they that were returned from the front marvelled at the words of the expert and said among themselves: "Dammit!—" which being interpreted meaneth a whole lot.

Verily, it was so at that time; but verily also it is written in the Book of Life that the wicked shall not triumph and that the greedy shall perish by their own greediness.

Yea, it is so!



## Tale the Fifth

### *Concerning the Ways of a Maid with a Man and how they do spin webs to catch the unwary*

And behold! it came to pass that when the Great War was finished, there dwelt in the City of Van that is near unto Stanley Park, many Eves.

And these were wise in their day and generation; yea, wiser were they than the coiled serpent ready to spring, and as harmless as doves that do not exist.

And some were good to look upon and others were ill-favored; but in the afternoon and the night time ALL were beautiful.

For they did transform the pale cheek to a rosy blush and the lips to the color of the scarlet poppy by the use of many ointments.

And their eyes shone, and their eyebrows had been attended to likewise.

Verily did they become beautiful for a space; for the secret of modern art is to hide nature behind a painted mask of grease paint and a mist of talc and other things.

Yet in the morning time did they not venture forth in Granvillium St., nor stand about near unto the great

stores, nor hang them about in the lounges of great caravanserais.

For in the youth of the day, they were unadorned as to their faces and were more or less appalling.

But after they had done all those things unto themselves that are necessary, and put upon themselves wonderful and costly apparel, then did they go forth seeking their prey.

And they that wore Sam Brown belts were marked down first on the menu and were looked upon as luscious pick-  
ing.

And next to these were those that looked as though they could stand the racket and afford the cost of furs and gowns and rings and all those things that lend unto Eve her enchantment.

For Eve is abounding in the art of judging by appearances, and is it not written in the Book of Worldly Wisdom: "Show me the man that hath wealth, and I will teach him how to spend it." Verily, it is written so.

And presently one would smile and

in her eyes would lurk the look of welcome.

And the man would say unto her: "Hello!" and she would answer him coyly saying: "Hello" also.

And this would mean at once the beginning of things; for man, being mostly a fool, liketh to think he cannot be fooled, and Eve, being artful, acts just foolishly enough to let the man think he is IT.

And they would talk of this and of that, but mostly of that.

And when they had spoken many words that had no meaning at all, he would say unto her: "You are very comely," and she would cast her eyes downwards and answer: "Stop yer kiddin'!"

And all the while Eve would be noticing the finery in the shop windows and would say: "O, ain't that fine!" until at last the man became of the same mind as Eve by thought transference.

And he would buy it for her and the merchant would send it to her flat.

And after that she had fixed that, she would lure him into a tea shop where they have music.

For music can charm the savage beasts and can soften the heart of stone to sentimentality.

And she would say: "Oh, this is lovely," and he would ask: "Do you like music? If so, let us to the Show to-night."

Nevertheless, all these things were but preliminaries unto the main issue.

And after that the Show was at an end, she would speak in his ear saying "I like dancing, do you?"

And he, having let himself in for it, would make answer unto her and say: "Verily, for it has been written in the Book of Life that dancing is the poetry of motion."

Yet, in his heart did he think otherwise; for modern dancing is not art, nor doth it suggest art, but is in truth suggestive only of suggestiveness and is wholly ugly.

Nevertheless, for that reason did Eve love to dance.

So they did shuffle it heavily on the flat-foot and danced the Loving-Two-Step and the Hold-Me-Close-and-Wiggle Waltz and the Goo-Goo-Eyed-Goose-Step.

And he looked bored, but she looked radiant.

Also were there other dances that are like unto nothing on earth save wrestling bouts.

And when it came to pass that the revellers had filled themselves with revelling, they would eat Lobster Mayonnaise and drink pop, for the purple vats of Burgundy are dry, and the cellars of Champagne sparkle no more.

For have not the Men of High Mind decreed it so?

And as they ate, they did talk also, and the motif running as a black thread thro' the texture of their converse was of forbidden fruit and the marvel of the taste thereof.

So it came to pass that they would say good-night.

Nevertheless, it was not to be; for Eve did use her lustrous eyes to advantage and the man, verily, even he that liketh to be thought the Lord of Creation, grovelled at her feet.

Thus did Adamus fall also.

For verily, it is written in the Book of Worldly Wisdom, that the female of the species is more deadly than the male, also that a face made beautiful by art is as strong as Fate and as merciless as Hunger.

And for the space of many moons thereafter would he curse himself;

Since it is written in the Book of Life: "The Folly of the fool is understandable and can be forgiven, but what can be said of the damfoolishness of him that thinketh himself wise and yet surpasseth in folly the born fool."

In the fields of destiny, a man shall reap what he has sown, and when the harvest of woe is being garnered, Eve standeth not by as a ministering angel.

Verily, verily it is so, very much so.

## Tale the Sixth

*Concerning them that did put Coal upon the Home Fires and found for themselves soft jobs*

Lest there be misinterpretation, let it be known that many there were that could not go unto the Great War; for some were old in years and the hairs of their heads were gray, and some had an ailment of the body that did hamper them.

Of such as these and of others that were indispensable in the arts and crafts of the civilian, nothing but good may be spoken; for verily and in truth, they have done their bit.

But, in the City of Van, there are a multitude of Heroes that became "gassed at Mons"; verily, did they become fearsome and, as the foxes of the field, they did seek them each his hole.

Yet did they at the outset get them commissions and did array themselves in martial splendour and looked "fetching."

And is it not written in the Book of the Chronicles, compiled and edited by certain of the fair ones of the City of Van, how resplendent such heroes are, and how they did make their buttons and their boots and their leggings to shine, so that the common soldier returning from hell did look upon them and become as one that looketh at the sun and is dazzled.

Verily, verily did their buttons shine and their boots also, and when it came to pass that they were promoted to the staff they did put upon themselves red tabs and much gold braid.

And the dear ladies that do willingly fall for such things cried out, after that they had first drawn a long, long breath, "Oh, how bewildering."

And these heroes did say among themselves: "Lo, we are the salt of the earth. The brains within our heads

do weigh many ounces, and because of it we know what's what."

And one there was that liked him not the roar of the howitzer, and became yellow in the face when the machine gun did play its death-tattoo.

So he took counsel with himself saying: "Verily, thou art of much importance and the drums of thine ears are sensitive and will not stand the crude noise of belching cannon and bursting shells;

"Moreover, thy belly is of delicate fashioning and would never take kindly to the rough food of war, and thy limbs they are beautiful and tender and cannot become rested on aught save a spring mattress;

"And thy mind, it is a wonderful mind and thou canst do great deeds in an office."

And lo, he did "wangle" it, and did become in due course Colonel of the Fireside Lancers.

And of another it is written that he could feign madness.

Unto him likewise the "sport of kings" appealed not, and when the time came that he should go and wallow in the oozy trench, he became cold all over and his eyes did wobble and he foamed at the mouth and spoke strange words.

And he did "go sick."

And after that he was examined by a Board and was pronounced "dangerous to the enemy," he did find him a soft job.

Verily, he sat him in an office from 11 ack emma until 1 pip emma and looked wise and bored alternately.

And after that his toil was done, he would promenade the streets, and many sweet ones did admire him say-

"Is he not too sweet—the glass of military fashion and the mould of heroic form?"

And when the time was ripe, he did also put gold upon his cap and red upon the lapels of his tunic and became O.C. of the Department for the Prevention of wearing too many Gold Stripes.

And his salary, it was very large!

Also of another it is written that his wife was ambitious and preferred greatly the glory of home-made rank and liked her not the honor that cometh from death or from wounds.

And when she had made a plan, she pulled the right wires and things did hum.

And at night time she spake unto him saying, "My hero, I have a job for thee. Thou canst not go unto the war, for thy large intelligence it is needed on the Staff. And thy rank it will be that of a Major, and upon thy hat and upon thy garments I myself with mine own hands will make the necessary alterations. Now, kiss me."

And he, that was only a Lieutenant, marvelled, saying: "Thou art a wonderful woman, O wife of my bosom, and I shall bring unto thee much honor and great glory."

So when the time came, he did become a Major and was placed in charge of the Department for instructing Returned Men how to tie their Puttees prettily.

And his salary, it was very large.

And of another it is written that he doth know too much of everything and too little of anything, and because of such versatility and lack of knowledge also, he is fired with political ambition.

But if a man be killed, how can he become Prime Minister?

So he did also work it, and when the time was full he did sit him in a large room and smoked cigarettes, and thought out plans for the Moral Uplift of Voters.

And his title it was Colonel and he was put over all them that are writing a treatise on "How to improve the Table Manners of Returned Officers" with notes on the proper interpretation of the lurid phrases in common use among Common Soldiers.

And his salary, it was very large.

Yea, verily, it is written in the Book of Wordly Wisdom: "Fool the multitude while the fooling is good," and also "Look important even if thou doest nothing of importane" and again "Get thee a smart uniform and gold lace and red tabs, for these do hide a multitude of incompetencies."

And when they that had been to the very front of the front returned and were told of the great things that these men had done they became filled with admiration.

And they held a meeting to discuss what they might do to show their appreciation of all these great ones that had become old and worn out with toil on the Staff, and the dangers of home-life.

And one said: "Let us confer upon them the degree of L.L.D.B.P.J., which being fully written meaneth: Lie-low Darlings of the Bomb-proof Jobs, and present unto each of them an electric foot-warmer."

And the academic robes for the L.L.D.B.P.J. are a pink gown with yellow streaks and a hood adorned with the feathers of the dove.

Yea verily it was so.



## Tale the Seventh

*Concerning how Some do Get Them Good Jobs and how others get them on jobs at all*

The Survival of the Fittest, my Brother, is a Darwinism and of natural origin;

The survival of the Pushing is a Modernism and hath for its parentage intellectual stupidity and moral unimagination.

Wherefor the Pushing that are pushed mostly from the back by someone that hath his own back against a Pillar of Politics or a fat ledger showing large credit, is ever the fellow that is the very fellow for every job;

Provided, yea verily, it is a job that hath in it many shekels.

For what doth it matter, my Brother if the fellow hath a brain that is as a stagnant puddle and very shallow?

Nothing, verily nothing!

And it came to pass that in the City of Van that sprawleth round about that architectural wonder, Hotel d'Ville, that dream in richly colored brick, that a certain man that was returned from the wars, would get him a job.

And, being of high courage and good intellect, but in no wise learned in the dark ways of graft, he did succeed in getting many promises, but no job.

So did he fall to wondering, and, in the distress of his heart, he betook him to Ole Wun Hi, even unto me that inscribe these Tales for the scoffing or delectation of a world quite right, but a people gone all wrong.

And the man did say, speaking tremulously, for his soul was sick within him: "How comes it that I succeed not where others that are as thick in the head as the hinder hoofs of an army mule, but can shoot pool very prettily, get for themselves plums, the taste whereof is as rich as gold?"

And I, Ole Wun Hi, did tell him a tale and this was the tale.

A certain man went unto a certain other man and said, speaking in the sweet tongue of this over-educated period: "Say, old sport, I have a friend who has a friend whose friend will soon be a Senator. Get me?"

So the other man sat him back in his chair and chewed his cigar, even as a bull cheweth the cud and is full of rumination.

And after that he had chewed most of his cigar and ruminated for a long time, he asked: "Well, what of it?"

And the first man said: "Well, I'm damned! Ain't yer got enough brain to picture the glorious result?"

Then did he set him to explain clearly, saying: "This friend of mine who has a friend whose friend will soon be a Senator wants a job. You give him a job, even make him a job, a good fat job at that, and when the Senator-to-be is actually a Senator, then, what ho! ain't there going to be some wire-pulling—eh? Get me now?"

And the eyes of him that had chewed all his cigar, except the fire and ashes, glistened; yea, verily they glistened as the brilliant beady eyes of a fat and poisonous snake that hath fixed his prey from afar.

And the man with the gleaming eyes questioned the other, saying: "Has this friend of yours who has a friend whose friend is going to be a Senator any brains?"

And the other answered quite truthfully: "No, none whatever; but he dresses beautifully and would be a great ornament in your office."

And so he that had the mentality of a young louse that hath not sense

enough to browse on its own, and the cold stiff beauty of a fashion plate, sits him now in a very large room at a very large table.

Yea, verily I say unto thee that he worketh like one possessed ;for when he is not busy smoking a special brand of gold-tipped cigarette, then is he most damnably busy manicuring his nails.

And for this and for looking altogether too resplendant for words he draweth each month a cheque.

And on the cheque it is marked: "Three hundred dollars only."

And I, even Ole Wun Hil, did tell to him that was in sore distress one more tale, and this was the tale:

There lived before the Great War happened a very great damfool that had not even humor enough to smile at the emptiness of his own damfoolishness.

But because of it, he did have a commission thrust upon him.

And he did alter his appearance for to suit the occasion, for rings on the sleeve and stars on the shoulder and sweetly dainty spurs of silver upon his heels, demanded that his look and deportment should become intensely martial.

So he did grow upon his lip a dear little moustache, also did he throw out his chest and set back his ears, also assumed he a commanding voice and looked very fierce.

And he did become the Beau Brummel of the New Militarism.

But his skull, it was very empty! yea verily, no bullet going through it would have lain him low, for in the head of him there were no brains at all.

But he did possess a dear sweet friend and she did have brains.

And she loved him, for is it not written in the Book of Life: "The emptiness of the empty shall be partially rectified by the fulness of the overflowing."

Moreover, God alone knows what queer things women will love; yea, verily from poodle dogs to idiots.

And for the whole length of the Great War she did "wangle" it for him, so that he did do four long years of training, yea, even within the range of her sweet eyes did he train all the time.

Nevertheless, he remained inefficient!

But he did also have it "wangled" for him by the sweet one, so that his promotion came regularly and automatically.

And when the field-pieces became silent and the Hun did put down his arms, he did have his rank of Colonel used advantageously for him by her that loved him so.

And at this day he doth sit him daily in an office with his unspurred feet upon a table richly wrought in mother-o'-pearl.

And his job it is to make Returned Men see things that are not, and to induce them to have an abiding faith in that which doth not exist.

And he that was distressed spake saying: "Verily thou hast lifted the lids of mine eyes and now I see."

Yea, verily it is so; for in the Book of Worldly Wisdom, Graft is written in letters of Gold; but in the Book of Life it is not written at all.



## Tale the Eighth

*Concerning the Bolsheviks and the things that they would do*

It came to pass that the World was choking in its own vomit.

For the space of many years, the Very Wise had preached unto the Very Ignorant the beautiful philosophy of Him that gave unto the world the ultimate ideal.

Nevertheless, the philosophy that they did practise was otherwise;

Since in the Book of Worldly Wisdom it is to be read that, Men shall sell in the dearest market, and buy in the market that is most cheap.

Also that he is to be counted most successful that hath a great bank-balance.

Also that he that maketh use of the toil of other men for to be an advantage unto himself is the rare bloom of Progress, and knoweth a thing or two.

So, in the City of Van, it came to pass that certain among the dwellers therein became sick with a discontent.

And they did call themselves The Socialites.

For it was to be given unto them alone to make two hearts beat with love and brotherhood where only one did beat before,

And so would they cause mankind to pass its day in the lap of contentment, and so over all the land no long faces would be seen.

Yet, because of the highness of their ideals and their lack of vision, naught did come of their plans.

But among them that dwelt in the City of Van, there were certain others that were also touched by the cold touch of discontent, and brought nigh unto death by the grip of the bony fingers of want.

And they held them meetings in privy, and in the open highways did

they speak in whispers, lest peradventure their words be misinterpreted and they themselves cast into prison.

And these did all themselves the Bolshevikite, which did mean in the vulgar tongue of the Russ, the majority, but which at the present day meaneth any old thing.

And one that was a Bolshevikite would say unto his brother in a speech that is not English: "We are the earth's oppressed. From our infancy have we toiled till, in the youth of our years, we are grown feeble; yea, verily the Rich have sucked from our veins the blood of life and we are become as toys that are broken and of no more use or pleasure to them that have.

"Thus we are trampled or cast aside."

And the other would say: "It is even as thou sayest; yet where beginneth the road of our salvation, and where is our Moses that shall lead us forth unto the fruitful valleys of promise?"

And then would peak one wearing a sinister look upon his face, saying: "An empty belly, my brother, maketh a loveless heart. Wherefor shall it profit us if we pass our days in the speaking of words which are but words; for is it not written in the Book of Wordly Wisdom: "A rich balance and a full belly cause deafness, and who that knoweth not want careth to hear our beseechings and lamentation?"

Now, it is inscribed in the Book of Life: "Two wrongs cannot make a right,"

Also: "To kill him that hath more of the world's goods than thou hast, is to pile trouble on trouble, and become poorer."

Yet of this they cared not to think,

since unto such as these every end,  
no matter what, justifieth the means.

And the High and the Mighty and  
the Successful, yea those that had  
PREACHED the philosophy of seeking  
for the Main Chance, and having found  
it, holding on, began to wonder among  
themselves saying: "Things are verily  
come to a pretty pass."

Yet, blinded were they by the lust  
of gain, as also were the Bolshevite by  
the lut for revenge.

And the world was divided unto two  
peoples, and verily both were blind,  
yea, blind as one that looketh full on  
the sun at noon and knoweth not that  
it is day.

For the souls of them that had Plen-  
ty were darkened by the desire to have  
more and the souls of them that had  
Nothing were hidden in the gloom of  
passion where flourish the fungi of  
ill-will and self-will.

\* \* \* \* \*

And, I, Ole-Wun-Hi, that write cast  
mine eye in fancy over the land of the  
Frank and the Belg, and lo! I beheld  
kneeling at the foot of an Ivory cross,  
stained with the blood of men, the  
Angel of Sacrifice.

And She lifted up her eyes unto

heaven, and her wan cheeks were  
marked by tears of sorrow,

And She cried in a voice of pity, yea  
in a voice that trembled with great  
emotion:

"O God, how long! How long! I,  
the Angel of Sacrifice, that have come  
to life from the deaths of countless men,  
men that were brave and noble and  
knew Thy law,

"I, that am the Symbol of their de-  
votion and their unselfishness, weep;  
verily my heart doth break;

"For, the world for which they sa-  
crificed the fine flower of their man-  
hood, yea their large lives, with an  
open and magnificent vision and in the  
full day, is torn in twain by those that  
understand not the law of life."

And Christ looked from heaven say-  
ing: "Through greater tribulation yet  
shall men pass; and after that they  
have passed through the fires of self-  
ish passion they will turn their blinded  
eyes upon Me, who am the Light  
Eternal, and they shall walk no more  
in darkness, but henceforth they shall  
behold the beauty of the world and  
know the joy of living: for out of Sacri-  
fice cometh Love, and to love is to  
know God."



## Fallen Comrades

Dedicated to the memory of my comrades of the Royal  
Canadian Regiment who have fallen in France and Flanders.

O ye, so strong in health and manly pride,  
Full of the yearnings and the dreams of youth,  
Who loved life well, but rushed into the tide,  
And rushing died to serve immortal Truth—  
Shall we who live regard your deed as vain  
Because we may not see you here again?

A thousand Noes! . . . Tho' human nature craves  
Companionship with those it knew before—  
We stand saluting at your simple graves  
Strong in the comfort of our ancient lore,  
Which shows how men may reach their highest goal  
Acting as men in man's most noble role!

'Twas "Hall!" but now "Farewell, my Comrades!" Rest  
As warriors who have triumphed high and won,  
And we who wake shall hold your memories blest  
Till life's activities are wholly done:  
Till then farewell! We neither weep nor wail,  
For soon or late, shall we not hear your "Hall!"?



## To the Heroic Dead

"Dulce et decorum est pro Patria mori!"—Horace.

Brothers, who sailed to Freedom's fight and died,  
You went unknowing fear or hate,  
And so, indeed, your deaths are sanctified;  
And, waking, we look forth and wait  
Until the time shall come when we may say:  
'Twas sad, but fine! How glorious was their day!

Facing his front, "over the top" he leaps;  
Unflinching meets the white-hot shard;  
His heart is pierced—only a red stream creeps  
Athwart the ground; his face unmarred  
Yearns to the empyrean deeps afar,  
Kissed later by some lone and pitying star!

Sleep well, heroic Dead, or work and rest!  
... For may it not be we shall find  
That in another life you know the zest  
Of high endeavor for mankind?  
What value has the phrase, "my hero friend"  
If every striking bullet means the end?

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The Citizen Presses,



1451 Broadway West

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