

Mrs. Agathe Des Moul's
Good Friday 1923.

Dear Dr. MacMechan.

A delightful letter from you today has vitalized the adjective associated with this particular Friday which has otherwise been most unseasonably bad; zero, wind, snow; and, for my contribution, bad language! Your letter is really comforting for, among other things, it's fine sincerity. Yes, I hold to that philosophy, too; things do happen for the best though it tasks the imagination to comprehend the scheme at times. Thanks for your opinions of "Simon" & "One of Ours"; it's most interesting to compare notes. How you got mine to write your letter puzzles (and compliments) me for I know you're

27 in the throes of examination. I
have been reading chaotically &
remembering little. "The life & letters
of Walter H. Page" afforded me unbounded
joy: that is the cement Anglo-Saxonism
needs. I could delight in waving an
American flag over his birth-place. I
venture, too, to say that his writing
is splendid: nothing but "shirt-sleeve
adjectives" could so expressively describe
certain types of the breed. His intol-
erance of cranks! And then the
picture of him & Grey becoming laid
to each other! Also it gives one a
peep behind the scenes that makes
one appreciate old Britain more
fully. At present I'm deep in Sir
William Van Home's life. I think
he must have had a little to
do with Creation slapping down 20
miles of railway per diem as surely
as Colgate's "comes out a ribbon and
lies flat on the brush." And he found
time to go digging up fossils.

Collecting pottery and doing a few "sides" on the
 side. And his playful little ways, as witness the
 spur line to Donald Smith's front door! Thanks
 so much for "The Road to the Open". I am starting
 it tomorrow. I am keeping an eye on the
 "Standard" for your "window" on Sullivan's design
 for Maud. How are the N.P. years & the Can-
 adian literature coming on? You mentioned
 the former to me some time ago. weren't
 they the ones you brazenly sold 3 times?!
 My legal Paul (or rather lack of soul) rebels &
 your simbleness delights me. I've been
 studying up the Ruhr, Anatolia, Palestine,
 India & the East generally. One can't but
 realize that old Britain is genuinely afraid
 to shake her fist first knowing that she's
 in a position to shake her finger only
 afterwards. With Labour in the saddle in
 England very few foreign fears are going
 to be risked, in my humble opinion. Turkey
 unquestionably is playing the Moslem cry to
 embarrassing advantage & if France isn't un-
 consciously following the spirit of Napoleon
 then my sensibilities are badly dulled. I
 don't blame France but I do fear for England.
 Nations are much like individuals & jealousy
 & "envy" plus "might" make a simple law in
 addition. Really I'm gloomy for John Bull. I
 also venture to ascribe much of it to America,
 for I'm against so called "Democracy" & don't
 believe in "the toe of the peasant being too near
 the heel of the carrier." I've lived in the
 ranks; slept, eaten, talked & walked with ^{the} great un-
 washed & I thoroughly agree with Disraeli that
 the lobster is different from the whale & the shell-
 fish from the shark. Why does Kipling say "If you
 can walk with crowds & keep your virtue?" No;
 it would do democracy good to be disciplined
 by a Kaiser for 10 years & a Czar should have
 a heavy hand over politicians & Yankee
 millionaires. Heavens how I've chattered! Over