

TO THE VICTOR BELONGS THE SPOILS AND LOOT TO THE LOOTER

(Toronto Globe.)

The Kingston Whig-Standard believes in political patronage, and wants the world to know it. No more "arrant hypocrisy" in its code of ethics. "To the victor belong the spoils"; to the looter belongs the loot. Let the plums fall where they are directed. Let the party workers be rewarded for their work so they will work for the party again, even if the country does pay the shot. Back to the good old days when all were for the party and none was for the State. If there are not enough jobs to go around, create them. What is the public Treasury for, anyway?

Yes, indeed, "when appointments come to be made some attention has got to be paid to the practical side of politics. The workers must be recognized or the organization disintegrates." And that is the nub of it. The party having access to the most funds can recognize the most workers and keep its organization farthest from disintegration.

Does The Whig-Standard believe that when political patronage flourishes in all the glory of public approval it is limited to appointments which "come to be made"? If it will consult the memory of either of its hyphenated partners it may learn of such expressions as "feeding at the public trough." It would probably learn that this particular method of keeping the organization intact breeds long arms and grasping fists. There is much more to it—very much—than filling appointments which have to be filled anyway. There are contracts for public works, "the lowest or any tender not necessarily accepted"—public works that are needed and public works that are not needed, where the victor can seize the spoils in large chunks, and not only keep the organization from disintegration by giving the little fellows jobs at regular wages but feed it with rake-offs and still have plenty left for a rainy day.

It is all very well for The Whig-Standard to point to the selection of Hon. Vincent Massey to the Washington post and of Mr. W. H. Moore to the Advisory Tariff Board as examples of political patronage in high

places which ought to be followed in lower appointments. It could also have named the selection of Senators as the king-pin stunt of all, but that is no excuse for advocating a policy of wholesale party profiteering in positions which do not come under the critical eye of the public and of opening up a vicious contest in vote-purchasing at the public expense.

Civil Service jobs are not all there is to it, by any means. But let the sitting or defeated member dictate who is to get them, under the principle that "to the victor belong the spoils," and the whole game of political looting becomes a free-for-all. It has been so before. The Civil Service system may have its faults. If so, the proper thing to do is to correct them, and not to make members of Parliament employment agents for all the fathers, sons, uncles and nieces in their constituencies who think the Government owes them a living because they worked and voted for it.

Anyway, why worry about the disintegration of the party organization if its only recommendation for support is ability to hand out political plums? Is organization the be-all and end-all of party functions? Do not the party spellbinders tell us of their sacred devotion to the high principles of public service? Would The Whig-Standard have them step from their lofty plane and come forth as high priests of a system of wholesale bribery? Would it hold before the voter the lure of the dollar instead of the good of the country?

This is what political patronage comes to. Canada has travelled far on the path of political morality and party righteousness since the voters have learned to frown upon it. To bring the evil day back will require more than the urging of a few newspapers.

Hawkins—Do you believe that there's anything in palmistry?

Hawes—I know there is. When I look at my hand and see three aces and a pair of kings I know I'm going to fall heir to a sum of money.

VINTAGE.

In a ceaseless stream of leaping laughing purple,
The bloated grapes go sliding to their doom
The summer long they sucked the dripping sunlight
For strength of sinew, proud with juice and bloom.

Greetings of moon and star—caress of the morning—
All these they knew and the passionate hands of the rain;
But now beneath the giant grinding presses
They pass and passing leave but purple stain.

So too, amid the crush of time's vast rollers
Men's lives do down regaled in years
Of sun caught joy, starred hope and rain gray sorrow
And always an indelible stain of tears.
—J. CORSON MILLER in New York Sun.

Christmas Thanksgiving.

'Twas the night after Christmas and I searches all through
My pockets but found not so much as a sou;
My checkbook was used up I saw with a sigh
A deficit staring me right in the eye
No need then, to tell you I love Santa lots—
But once a years plenty to one with nine tots.

"So you were at the church. I suppose the bride looked charming."
"Oh, certainly—to the groom anyway."

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THE TEN BEST PHOTOPLAYS AND OTHER CHOICES OF 1926; THE LIST LOOKS ATTRACTIVE

(By Richard Watts, Jr., in New York Herald-Tribune.)

In accordance with a quaint old custom prevalent in photoplay reviewing, I hereby present a list of the ten pictures, shown in New York during 1926, which, at the moment, seem to me the best of the year. Realizing in advance that you will disagree with me, I nevertheless offer my selections with only the reservation that, did I make up the group tomorrow, there would no doubt be a change or two in it.

It might be of at least academic interest too, to reprint the names of the ten pictures which, a year ago, I selected as the ten best of 1925. They were "The Last Laugh," "The Merry Widow," "Kiss Me Again," "The Tower of Lies," "The Big Parade," "The Gold Rush," "The Unholy Three," "Siege," "Siegfried" and "Grass." And now to cease indulging in what I believe some one once referred to as "beating about the bush," here, then, are my selection as the best films of 1926:

"Potemkin"
"Variety"
"Faust"
"The Grand Duchess and the Waiter"
"So This is Paris"
"Beau Geste"
"The Waltz Dream"
"Upstage"
"The Fire Brigade"
"Hands Up"

In selecting such an arbitrary number as ten to limit the best of the year a certain amount of unfairness may easily be done, so I shall attach another group, this time of some films that deserve honorable mention for their merits. Under this head should be included "Silence," "Moana," "Memory Lane," "Mantrap," "Tell It to the Marines," "Old Ironsides," "You'd Be Surprised" and "The Blackbird."

Best Performances.

Passing hastily over the temptation to philosophize concerning my selections, or even group them according to nationalities, I shall next offer you an even more arbitrary list—that of the ten performances of 1926 that stand out most vividly in my memory at the instant. They are:

Lya de Putti in "Variety"
Emil Jannings in "Variety"
Victor McLaglen in "What Price Glory"
H. B. Warner in "Silence"
Noah Beery in "Beau Geste"
Andre Beranger in "So This is Paris"
Harry Langdon in "The Strong Man"
William Powell in "Beau Geste"
Clara Bow in "Mantrap"
Lon Chaney in "The Blackbird"

Here I cannot resist pausing a moment. For I am as surprised as you are to note that but two actresses are included in the list. Peace account for it in your own way, while I present a number of admirable portrayals that it was difficult to keep from the aforementioned group: Wallace Beery and George Bancroft in "Old Ironsides," William Haines in "Tell It to the Marines," Lois Moran in "Padlocked," Norma Shearer in "Upstage," Camilla Horn in "Faust," Mady Christians in "The Waltz Dream," Ricardo Cortez in "The Sorrows of Satan," Greta Garbo in "The Temptress," Charles Ray in "The Fire Brigade," Renee Adoree in "Tin Gods," Edna May Oliver in "Let's Get Married," Lars Hanson in "The Scarlet Letter," Gertrude Astor in "The Strong Man," Raymond Griffith in "Hands Up" and Arlette Marchal in "The Cat's Pajamas."

The Best Directors.

Now comes a list of the ten directors whose work, I think, was the most interesting and important of the year. You will note that this department's favorite film maker, Erich von Stroheim, is not on it, but that is because he never could get around to the business of completing a picture during the last twelve months. Here they are:

Eisenstein
A. E. Dupont
F. W. Murnau
Ernst Lubitsch
Malcolm St. Clair
Monta Bell
Gregory La Cava
Herbert Brenon
Alfred Santell
Lothar Mendes.

These selections I have endeavored to make on the basis of excellent individual pictures, general competence, originality, knowledge of the camera and promise of work to come. For example, neither Santell nor Mendes turned out a first rate picture during the year, and La Cava's comedies were sometimes short of Olympian, yet I think the three are easily among the most interesting of their profession.

William Night's direction of "The Fire Brigade" and George Hill's handling of "Tell It to the Marines" make them chief runners-up to the above ten.

A year ago I selected ten players—Betty Bronson, Greta Nissen, Constance Bennett, Florence Vidor, Marie Prevost, Norma Shearer, Lois Moran, Louise Dresser, Roy d'Arcy and Raymond Griffith—as the ones who had made the greatest strides during 1925. The following seem to me to have made the most progress during 1926:

Harry Langdon
Clara Bow
Wallace Beery
Lois Moran
Greta Garbo
Vilma Banky
William Powell
Ricardo Cortez
Victor McLaglen
Gertrude Astor.

This group is picked chiefly for general excellence in a number of photoplays, rather than for any one portrayal, though Victor McLaglen is, of course, selected on the strength of his remarkable performance as Captain Flag in "What Price Glory."

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THE MAN WHO KNEW.

An engineer while explaining the operation of a machine in a factory got so annoyed at the interruptions of a certain man that he refused to continue and walked away. "Who is the fellow who pretends to know more than I do about that instrument?" he asked another man. "Oh he's the man who invented it!" was the answer.

CREAMED DATES OR PRUNES.

Dates are cut in half and stone removed then filled with fondant. The two halves are then pressed together and rolled in sugar. Figs raisins prunes and dried apricots may be prepared in the same way.

There is now a sign of relief in families where the kids are six years and younger. The time has again passed for another year when Old Santa becomes a difficult explanatory clause.

The chap who first conceived the idea that worm holes add a thousand per cent to the value of an old broken-down piece of furniture made a discovery that has enriched a few at the expense of the many.

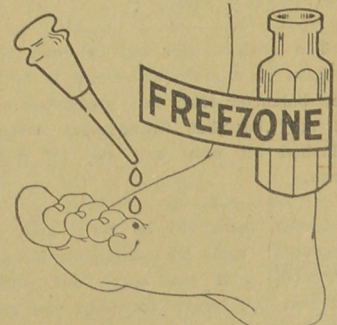
Binks—If it wasn't for my wife I could save half my salary.

Jinks—How's that?

Binks—She spends the other half.

CORNS

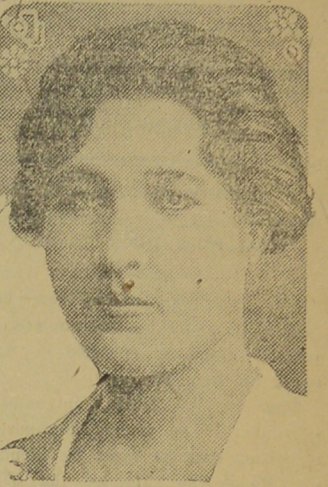
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—Mrs. J. F. Rutkowska, Tolstoi, Manitoba.
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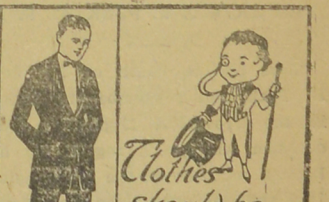
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