

*The McGill**Fortnightly Review*

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EDITORIAL

AFTER some weeks of discussion and experiment we are now able to introduce *The McGill Fortnightly Review*, an independent journal, which herewith makes its bow.

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Even the casual reader of *The McGill Daily* must by now have become aware that this year a new and more lively spirit of criticism is making its influence felt in all branches of student activity. The ordinary undergraduate, it is apparent, is exhibiting a keener interest than ever before in matters of student government, and is taking a consciously critical attitude upon the numerous debatable issues that have stirred the interest of the undergraduate body since the opening of the college term a month and a half ago. The correspondence columns of the *Daily* have been crowded with letters of a controversial and critical nature, and what has been written by a score or so of correspondents has been discussed with lively interest by the many. That we have been able to find the necessary undergraduate financial support to make the independent existence of this journal a possibility is but another instance of the awakening of a keener critical spirit.

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The first question to awaken a large amount of interest arose with the announcement of the inability of the Students' Council to continue in its separate distinctive form the *Literary Supplement* to the *Daily*. At once letters began to appear, the general tenor of the majority of which was that an individual literary paper should be maintained even at the cost of some financial sacrifice. A suggestion was finally made by Mr. T. H. Harris, Intercollegiate Editor of the *Daily*, whereby Saturday's issue, a relatively unimportant one, would be cut down to a single sheet

and a literary supplement identical in form with that of last year published. This could be done without any additional cost. The Managing Board of the *Daily* was strongly in favour of this plan, but the advertising manager felt that it might result in some loss of advertising and would, in fact, amount to a breach of faith with advertisers who had contracted to take space in a four-page newspaper on Saturdays. The Council suggested a compromise. It proposed to allow the Saturday literary section to be cut, though without being folded in the tabloid form of last year. The literary editor of the *Daily* and those who were to assist him felt that enough interest had been aroused in the matter to enable them to apply directly to the student body for the necessary funds to establish a separate literary journal to be supported by subscription. They accordingly left the *Daily* and established the *Fortnightly Review*. There has been no question of any break with the *Daily*. The Managing Board of the college newspaper was as anxious as we were to have last year's literary supplement continued. It was impossible, however, to come to an arrangement with the advertising manager, and a separation became necessary. Our unwillingness to accept the Council's suggested compromise should not be interpreted in any way as an affront to the Council. The Council has never had any desire to "suppress the supplement"; the majority of its members simply felt that the financial condition of the Students' Society did not justify the expenditure of five hundred dollars on a supplement like that of last year, while the objections of the advertising manager prevented the adoption of Mr. Harris's plan.

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In the past the meaning of the word *Tolerance* has been as variable as the meaning of the word *Liberty*. Too often has the liberty of one been the enslavement of others; too often has tolerance of one opinion implied the suppression of others.

It is our firm intention to eschew such practices

The Review is an independent journal and, as such, it has a right to an independent opinion of its own on all matters. The Editors will express that opinion in the Editorial columns. But this emphatically does not mean that we shall suppress the contributions of those who disagree with us. We shall be glad to receive and publish articles taking any attitude whatever. We reserve only that they shall be of sufficient literary merit. The body of the McGill Fortnightly Review will be devoted to purely literary, artistic and scientific matter, but space will also be reserved to do duty as an open forum, wherein students of McGill may voice their thoughts on the affairs of the student body, saying freely whatever they may feel.

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WE have read with a certain amount of disappointment not unmingled with surprise, the new constitution of the Daily which was ratified by the Students' Council on November the tenth. The whole function of the editorial seems to be made useless by Clause 3 which states that "When any controversial question arises among the undergraduates, the McGill Daily shall assume a neutral attitude in its editorial column, and shall not oppose any decision of the Council." Apart from the possibility arising that neutrality might be in opposition to some decision of the Council, the assumption on all occasions of a strictly impartial attitude prevents the Daily from taking a definite stand on any question whatever, whether in favour of what its editors believe to be in the best interests of the Students' Society or against what they feel to be detrimental to those interests. It makes for equivocation and shilly-shallying, and at once puts the editorial column on the level of a harmless, meaningless and colourless column of "filler" devoted to urging the student to work hard, to attend rooters' practices and support this or that deserving activity.

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McGILL students in English are very fortunate in having the privilege of listening to a course of lectures from so distinguished a poet as Bliss Carman. Not only as a writer, but as a lecturer and reader of his poems, Mr. Carman is well known here, having given a reading and interpretative address at McGill as recently as last winter. That the English Department should have obtained his services as a lecturer on the subject of Canadian literature marks the beginning of what may well be a new epoch in the history of the relations between Canadian universities and Canadian art. In addition to lecturing on literature, Mr. Carman is devoting some time to an analysis of the subject-matter and mechanics of poetry and to a discussion with student writers of any of their poems which they care to submit to him. This is indeed a welcome and much needed service, and one for which all of us who are subject to the "furor poeticus" should be duly grateful.

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WE breathed a sigh of relief when it was announced that the Harold Lloyd Rugby Trophy had been refused. In our opinion the proposal touched the rock-bottom of absurdity. The suggestion emanated and this gives us some small satisfaction—not from McGill, but from the manager of one of our large moving picture theatres. The excellent pantomime at the Queen's game was used by him to further his scheme of advertisement, and it was he who

wrote to Harold Lloyd asking for the cup. We cannot, however, shut our eyes to the fact that the Athletic Board, in a moment of forgetfulness, sanctioned the proposal, and that Mr. Shaughnessy gave the assurance that McGill would accept. Not till events had reached this dangerous stage was public opinion brought to bear, and the trophy refused.

Unfortunately this regrettable incident has already found a parallel. On Saturday, October 31st, the McGill Band, in the McGill uniform, paraded the streets of Montreal and the grounds of the M. A. A. A. carrying placards advertising "The Freshman". The pay received from the Capitol Theatre for this public use of McGill's name was devoted to sending the performers to Toronto. We can admire the determination of the band to secure a trip, and their ingenuity in raising the money, but we can see little difference between this and the incident of the trophy. In both cases McGill was made a party to an advertisement, and the same reasons which lead us to condemn the one apply with equal force to the other. So would we feel, were a scion of a princely house to lend his name to a patent medicine. It is one of those things which is distinctly not done.

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It was an unpleasant experience to sit through the McGill-Varsity game and hear a large body of undergraduates frequently booing the decisions of the referee. It was a still more unpleasant experience to read, after the excitement of the game was over, an article in the Daily which cast the very gravest reflections upon the fairness of the particular referee in question, in language as vulgar as it was bad in taste. One would like to think that McGill was above this sort of thing. We are very glad that Mr. Shaughnessy has written a letter to the Daily stating that in his opinion the game was handled with the utmost impartiality.

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WE wish to acknowledge with thanks a grant of fifty dollars from the Arts Undergraduate Society, and also to express our sincere appreciation of the services of those students who have assisted us in the collection of subscriptions.

The McGill Fortnightly Review is an independent journal of literature, the arts and student affairs edited and published by a group of undergraduates at McGill University.

The editors are responsible for opinions expressed in the editorial columns, and hope to publish articles on controversial questions by contributors of widely divergent views.

Editorial Board: A.P.R. Coulborn, A.B. Latham, F.R. Scott, A.J.M. Smith. Managing Editor: L. Edel.

MSS. may be submitted personally to any one of the editors, or mailed to The McGill Fortnightly Review, Apt. 16, 989 Atwater Ave., Montreal. Unsuitable contributions will be returned.

Subscription rates are one dollar for this year's complete issue. Cheques should be made payable to the McGill Fortnightly Review and sent to the Managing Editor at the above address.

The Flight of College Time

Stephen Leacock

WITHIN a few weeks it will be twenty-five years since I entered the service of McGill University. It was on January afternoon in the last year of the reign of Queen Victoria, that I took off my college cap in room number 5 of the Arts Building and delivered a lecture on the government of England. The good old Queen, I remember, was reported ill immediately after the lecture.

This humble anniversary is of interest to nobody but myself. My first lecture fell as harmlessly as a raindrop in a river of talk, and before so very long my last lecture will ebb away as noiselessly as the water running out of a sink. But the anniversary at least gives me a fitting point of departure for a few reflections upon the men and things of twenty-five years ago and the college of today.

I recall, in the first place, when I came to McGill there was much discussion of the need of a new Arts Building. It was pointed out that the great increase of numbers in a family that now counted over two hundred students, was crowding the Building to suffocation. Classes of twenty, thirty, and even forty students, were massed in a single class room. I remember that a brilliant proposal was started to the effect that it might be possible to knock down the inside of the building and to keep the outside, the beauty of which had already been a subject of remark. I can recollect also the pleasurable excitement occasioned by the gathering of the first basket of beautiful mushrooms in the basement of the building.

Another subject of discussion and remark at this period, especially among the men of the second year, was the fact that the freshmen at the time seemed especially young and childish. Indeed the men of the upper years went further and drew attention to the childishness of the second year, while the older professors declared that the whole student body grew more childish every year. On the other hand the students of that day drew attention to the fact that the professors were too old and that many of them were so old as to be getting childish. Not being used, at that time, to this apparent spread of increasing childishness all over the University, I felt alarmed at it. There was a good deal of discussion, too, of the question at what age a professor ought to be compelled by law to get out and go away; some students said thirty-five, some, forty.

I recall also—as something that seems very far away from our own time—the controversies that went on over the peculiar disappearance of books from the College library. It was held that no McGill student would steal—that stealing was an act to which no student at the college would lower himself. And it was therefore deduced that a number of burglars had artfully qualified as undergraduates in order to steal copies of *Hall and Knight's Algebra* and *Vander Smissen's German Grammar*. It is interesting to note how completely this old question of whether a McGill student can steal has passed out of all discussion and is now settled.

There were of course, plenty of other topics of discussion—*j'en passe et des meilleurs*. I recollect hearing much said in those old days about what a college girl would do after leaving college. It seemed a shame that she should merely get married and have a home and children. On the other hand the brilliant

theory had already been advanced that a girl with a thousand dollars worth of algebra in her makes a better wife than a girl who can't read and write.

We talked, too, of the football team and whether to send it to the sea-side, and of starting a college magazine, and of why the graduates don't take more interest in giving money to the undergraduates—and all such themes and topics as these.

But surely I need not labour longer the point of this little essay. Nay, rather, if there is anybody who doesn't see it, let me tell him in a single sentence, and say that the interests and ideas, the problems and the endeavours of twenty-five years ago were much the same as those at the present moment, and much the same as those that will obtain when another quarter century has gone by.

To all of this there is a moral. A college is an unending thing, with a life and a continuity of its own. Those of us who study and work in it pass on and the college remains. All that we do or accomplish in it lives as a fragment added to its history—small but enduring.

And some of the best things that we can do as a contribution to the life history of our college, are things that make, perhaps, but little showing on the surface—or little that can be measured and proved in terms of dollars and cents. Of such a nature is this present enterprise—the revival of a college magazine, which has given occasion to this theme.

A college magazine, if it is of the right sort, is born into a life of poverty. It knows nothing of the grandiose finance, the spacious advertising and the metropolitan make-believe of the University Daily Newspaper. It is supported by the alms of the faithful and faith is apt to be feeble in finance.

But it represents a work of the creative spirit fit to rank with any of the activities of a university.

As such I send to it herewith this article, my personal good wishes and the more tangible testimony of one Canadian dollar.

Not of The Dust

LET us imagine ourselves goldfish:
 We would swim in a crystal bowl;
 The cold water would go swish
 Over our naked bodies; we would have no soul.

In the morning the syrupy sunshine
 Would sparkle on our tails and fins;
 We would have to stop talking of "Mine"
 And "Thine"; we would have no sins.

Come, then, let us dream of goldfish,
 Let us put away intellect and lust,
 Be but a red gleam in a crystal dish,
 But kin of the cold sea, not of the dust.

A. J. M. Smith

BOOKS

The Flying Osip

*Modern Russian Short Stories, Translated by
Wm. Friedland and Pirochnikoff
The International Publishers*

THOSE who are keen students of international literature and are not swayed by political hatred will welcome with great interest the news of the recent issue of a volume of Russian stories by the International Publishers. This volume is a collection of short stories by the "new school" of Russian writers and bears the title of "The Flying Osip", the first story in the book.

Modern Russian writers are divided into various camps of "pro-reds" and "anti-reds" while some writers prefer to call themselves neutral.

When the November Revolution, led by Lenin, broke forth in all its fury, many prominent poets and writers were so appalled by the catastrophic change, which they imagined would take place, that they put themselves on record as everlasting enemies of the Soviet regime. One of these "antis" was the eminent Leonid Andreyev, Merezhkovsky, Bunin and others emigrated to Paris where they augmented the rising anti-Bolshevik colony. But many though not comprehending the ideals of the revolution and to some extent disagreeing with certain methods of the revolutionaries preferred to remain in their native land and see things for themselves. Among these, two names are prominent to readers on this side of the water—Gorky and Zamiatin, the author of "We". The November Revolution claims as its loyal sons Brinsov, the founder and leader of Russian symbolism, Blok, the famous poet, the great majority of the Futuristic school who probably believed in a "futurism of happiness," and a host of others. Among those who have altered their policy of combating the Soviets and are at present considered as "November Revolutionists" shines the luminary, Alexei Tolstoy.

Russia has now entered upon a new era of literary endeavour and creative art in general. A new school of young writers has sprung up, preaching the ideals of a new social order, a new Russia. No longer do we find the morbid realism of a Dostoevsky or a minute psychological analysis of an Andreyev. In short, that melancholic interpretation of life, that acute suffering which so reflected Russian Tsarist life and which incidentally made Russian literature so distinct from others, has become extinct. On the ruins of the old order has arisen a new, and the literature of the New Russia reflects the social life of the New Russia. Everything is new. There is no room for pessimism, no room for down-heartedness. "Create" is the cry of the people, and this cry is accompanied by dynamic force, strength, cheerfulness, courage, and all the qualities necessary for real constructive work. Can we then wonder that "The Flying Osip" claims the interest of all keen students of literature? There is a wealth of new material of interesting study in store for us. "The Flying Osip" is but a pioneer work and works of this kind will undoubtedly claim the attention of the literary world to a greater extent in the future.

In conclusion I should like to pay tribute to Messrs. Friedland and Pirochnikoff for their excellent translations of the stories in the Flying Osip. Their masterful rendition of the Russian into American slang

where necessary, and their successful attempt to transplant the sense and feeling of the original into the English demonstrate their remarkable talent. And what is rather beneficial to the reader is the addition of a glossary to the book which defines the abbreviated colloquial expressions so common in Russia today.

Heine Novick

The Harper Prize Short Stories

Harper Brothers, New York

THIS is an age of prize competitions. Such is the beginning I planned for this review but upon reflection, it occurred to me that there is really very slight ground for speaking of the present epoch as one pre-eminent for such competitions. Did not Greece have her Olympic Games, in which poets, poetesses and poetasters were rewarded in common with runners, jumpers, wrestlers and discoboli? Has not the theory of stimulating endeavour in all fields by dangling the laurel been practised ever since Adam's Fall? At any rate, Harper and Brothers have fallen in with the tradition, and the result is the appearance under one cover of twelve prize short stories selected from over ten thousand stories which aspired to the glorious ribbons.

The best story in "The Harper Prize Short Stories" is, without doubt, Conrad Aiken's "The Disciple," with its strange, fantastic plot and its truly fascinating style. "When Judas meets Ahasver" is the theme of this story and it is, owing to its extravaganza, much in the same school with certain typical works of Poe, Hawthorne and Wells.

As "The Disciple" is the most entertaining story in the book, so "Loutre" is the most profound. Here we have an important contribution to the science of ideology or perhaps psychology. The growth of an idea, which is unique in not representing a piece of tangible nature, is carefully traced from its inception to its maturing into the Frankenstein of its author. The author of the idea is a young Parisian who tells an editor that he is planning a novel, giving at the same time a sketchy account of it. The novel he never writes, but the story spreads and "Loutre" the title to be given the work, is soon on the lips of the coffee-drinkers of the boulevards while everyone has either read it or reviewed it.

"Redbone" by Miss Tarlean is another very good prize story but of a quite different type from the two already discussed. This tale is of the old-fashioned inhabitants of the Cote Joyeuse in Louisiana, the Creoles already immortalized in English letters by George Cable and Lafcadio Hearn. Baptiste Grabbo, the hero of "Redbone", ponders over the beauty expressed in the work of his friend, the grave-stone cutter and master craftsman, coming thereby to feel the need of extraordinary monuments with figures of passing grace and loveliness to deck the future of himself and his squaw. Such he orders from the stone-cutter, for he can trust their selection to none but himself. How Mrs. Grabbo's grave was untimely filled with the flesh and bones of her lover, whom Baptiste caught in flagrante delicto, is the central point of the story and cannot be divulged in a review.

There are two fairly ingenious stories in the volume

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After the Ball Was Over

Eugene Forsey

Lord Randolph Churchill once said that "there is a very widespread feeling that any expression of opinion from those who have no claim to the monumental age of 101, is a breach of decorum, almost an act of indecency, and an indication of incurable vice." Personal experience has, on the whole, confirmed this depressing reflection; and it seems particularly hazardous to comment on anything so involved as the present political situation. Senators, constitutional lawyers, and even newspaper editors, have only succeeded in adding to the confusion. But when "practical men" fall out, the political theorist, be he never so humble, comes by his own; and I have been much heartened by the "McGill Daily's" announcement that "among the contributors to the 'Fortnightly' will be Dr. Leacock Bliss Carman and Eugene Forsey, noted authority on political problems." After that, mere gratitude would compel me to break silence.

It is as easy to be wise after the event as it is rash to prophesy; and so far the only certain thing about the election result is its uncertainty. Nevertheless, a few salient facts do emerge from the tangle. The Prime Minister's avowed reason for seeking a new mandate was that he had been hampered by lack of the decisive majority necessary for strong government. He even declared that if the result were unsatisfactory, he "would not hesitate to ask for a second dissolution." With eight of his Ministers, he has now suffered personal defeat; and in seven Provinces he can muster a total of only 39 followers. Still, he has chosen to remain in office for the time being. The official statement said that there were three courses open to him: (1) To meet Parliament; (2) To ask for an immediate dissolution; or (3) To resign, recommending His Excellency to call on Mr. Meighen. As Mr. Meighen at once pointed out, the second course was really impossible. Mr. King had had his chance and lost it; and, following the Victoria precedent of 1858, the Governor-General would certainly have refused a second request to dissolve. In this regard, the Premier merely accepted the inevitable.

But his decision to await the verdict of Parliament has provoked torrents of wrath from the Conservative press, and a fine crop of fantastic constitutional theories. The climax is reached in Senator Lynch-Staunton's solemn pronouncement that if Mr. King fails to get a seat before the House opens, he automatically ceases to be Premier. It would be just as sensible to say that if he fails to join the Knights of Columbus, he automatically ceases to be Premier. As a matter of practical convenience, it is one of the conventions of Cabinet Government that Ministers must secure a seat in either House within a reasonable time after appointment. But the custom has no legal sanction whatever.

Nor need we take very seriously the charge that Mr. King is "usurping" power. The low tariff groups are in a distinct majority in the House, though not in the country; and the fate of Cabinets is decided in the House, not by popular vote. Mr. King has certainly a much better chance of Progressive support than Mr. Meighen; and if he likes to risk it, he has a perfect constitutional right to do so.

Whether it is good tactics is another question. The

spectacle of a Prime Minister directing affairs from the Distinguished Strangers' Gallery would have delighted Gilbert and Sullivan. It will be deeply appreciated by the Opposition. "Such a gallant feat of arms was never seen before." Another year's uncertainty, another year of government by grace of opposition members, may provoke the country into giving the Liberals an unmistakable notice to quit. Mr. King, however, is no fool, but a very astute politician. He evidently believes that good times are beginning, and that whoever goes to the country a year hence will be returned in a blaze of glory. Why shouldn't he get the halo, instead of Mr. Meighen!

Any Government, in the existing circumstances, can be no more than a "Ministry of Caretakers". Even that must depend on Progressive aid—a very doubtful quantity—; and Mr. King's patience is likely to wear, rather thin under the strain of another year's tight-rope walking. Harmlessness is not enough; we must have vigorous leadership. That is why the next election will take place before twelve months are over. When it comes, features of the present situation which are already apparent, will stand out in a strong light.

In the first place, Canada has followed the lead of Britain and the United States in pronouncing for a return to the two-party system. We have seen the last of the Progressives as a serious factor in Canadian politics. In Quebec, the Maritimes, and British Columbia, they never really took root. In Ontario their defeat was a foregone conclusion, ever since the exposure of the Drury Government's misdeeds. But the Prairie Provinces were the citadel of Agrarianism; and the Liberal sweep in Saskatchewan, coupled with the heavy gains of the Liberals in Alberta, and of the Conservatives in both Manitoba and Alberta, came as a surprise to everyone. Mr. Forke, dour and uninspiring, was of course no match for his antagonists. The Saskatchewan victory was largely a well-deserved personal triumph for Premier Dunning, one of the ablest of Canadian Liberals; while the Western gains of the Conservatives were an equal tribute to the brilliant leadership of Rt. Hon. Arthur Meighen. But that is not the whole story. Hopelessly divided among themselves, the Progressives have cut a sorry figure in Parliament; treating us, among other things, to the amazing sight of a Party Leader and his Chief Whip voting on opposite sides in the Budget division. They certainly did not make the most of their position as the indispensable prop of the Government. Their tariff reductions have proved almost worthless; and the West has evidently got tired of the seesawing for which the third party was responsible.

For the moment, the feeble remnant of the Progressives seems once more to hold the balance of power. But its position is precarious, even in its strongholds; its organization has never been brilliant; and Mr. Woodsworth's Vancouver speech suggests that the authority of Mr. Forke lies lightly on the "Ginger Group." This handful of Radicals can be depended on to make things interesting. It has shown far more affinity for Labour than for the brethren on the Liberal benches; and it will not submit tamely to be carried over as a body to either of the two great Parties.

Still clearer and more decisive than the Progressive defeat is the collapse of the Patenaude Movement.

Remorselessly stage-managed by the "die-hards", it has succeeded in electing only one member, and even his Patenaudeism is questionable. Many French-Canadians have apparently learned nothing and forgotten nothing. Of the other Conservatives elected, Sir George Perley never swerved from his allegiance to Mr. Meighen; and Messrs. White and Bell did not join in the campaign of repudiation. How far Mr. Patenaude was really the tool of the "die hards" and how far he was using them for his own ends we are not likely to find out. His "bubble reputation" is gone; and his defeat has been accepted by Conservatives elsewhere, and by the party loyalists here, with varying degrees of relief or enthusiasm. His friends claim that he has done great things in reducing Liberal majority. Mr. Meighen's followers believe, on the other hand, that the Conservative Party of Quebec lost at least as much in public respect as it gained by any camouflage.

Mr. Meighen wanted to come to Quebec. Many Conservative candidates would have welcomed him. Certainly he could have given the lie to stories that he was trying to embroil us in foreign wars. It is a strange irony by which the most Nationalistic of Conservative leaders is denounced for his "Imperialism." Some Liberals claim no such propaganda was used. But I can personally testify to at least one French-Canadian, belonging to a well-known Montreal family, a veteran of the Great War, and an experienced business man, who said in perfect seriousness that if the Conservatives got in there'd be a war to-morrow! Rural electors, of course, would be better informed.

Why did Mr. Meighen stay away? Knowing his character, I venture to offer an explanation of my own. For years his English-speaking enemies in this city have been telling him he was hopeless as a leader. We have all heard how much better they could do if they had the chance. Apparently, he decided to let them try. Anyone who knows their mental calibre could have foreseen the result, and probably no one was less surprised than Mr. Meighen.

His personal triumph in Portage la Prairie, in spite of a large Montreal slush fund sent there to defeat him; and his undreamed of success throughout the country, should teach the Quebec Conservatives a lesson. For the victory was fairly won. The Conservative Leader preached one and the same policy from Coast to Coast. He told the people what he believed to be right, not what he thought they wanted to hear. It is to be hoped we have heard the last of the sedulously propagated myth that he has "no personal magnetism." The night before the election, after a long and strenuous campaign he was visibly at the end of his resources. Yet when the Ottawa speech was finished, he held a veritable levée, greeting old friends with the warmth and enthusiasm of a boy. The truth is, his enemies among the English-speaking Conservatives of Montreal dread an ability and honesty which they are incapable of appreciating. But they have tried their own methods, and failed dismally. Henceforth they may have the sense to let the Conservative Party run its own affairs; and it is a safe prophecy that the next time we shall see Mr. Meighen conducting his own campaign in this Province.

Any survey of the present political situation must necessarily end on a note of doubt and questioning, for the play is not yet played out. We have seen the first act, no more. The crisis has yet to come; the solution is wholly unpredictable.

MUSIC

The Boston Symphony Orchestra

THE difficulties attending our local concert-managers, in the last few years, have become almost insuperable. A bare modicum of recitals, vocal and instrumental, apart, it indubitably appeared that Montreal would never again be visited by any of America's splendid symphony orchestras.

Formerly, our "picture palaces" had consented to receive these visiting orchestras within their spacious and altogether suitable halls; but at the beginning of last season, these same theatres adopted the policy that, for the future, their hospitality could not be depended upon. In fact, they closed their doors forever.

The people of Montreal therefor had ample cause to hail as a great musical event the coming of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, on November the second. Such fears as may have been entertained as to the acoustic qualities of the Forum were soon dispelled when the concert began; for the uncovered steel-arches of the building at no time gave any sound resonance, or echo. The vast curtains, hanging from the roof to the floor, and surrounding the stage, probably absorbed more sound than was necessary: the true pitch of certain instruments was not always discernible. A ceiling suspended over the orchestra would have remedied these effects. The reputation of Serge Kussevitzy, the present conductor of the Boston Symphony Orchestra, had preceded him on this, his first visit, to Montreal. Already in his first year in Boston, he had been proclaimed a worthy successor of Dr. Muck and Monteux, and even ranked as a rival to Stokowski of Philadelphia and Damrosch of New York.

To watch Kussevitzy conduct one gathers the impression of a man who has complete mastery of his art; a man whose emotions never get the better of his technique. The fastest tempo never slips beyond his control; the softest part is never sentimental. His action is sparing; while, frequently on leading to a crescendo, he drops both his arms, and allows the orchestra to move on its own impetus. The strength of the man's personality comes out more keenly at such moments than at any other time.

No one can quarrel with the fact that Weber's Overture to "Euryanthe" makes a perfect opening number for a symphony concert. The vague melodies of this delicate piece serve well the purpose of creating an atmosphere and fostering a receptive mood among the listeners. A vast audience of five thousand (the figure is that of the daily Press) requires to have its unaccustomed ears tuned; so that however well performed a first number, as the Overture, no one could be expected to say very much about it. And no one did. Besides, so many were late: particularly in the well dressed section of the auditorium.

The second number of the programme, Tchaikowsky's No. 6 Symphony "Pathétique", was the evening's "pièce de résistance" (inevitable phrase!). For those who have never heard it before, this symphony must present some serious problem: the first movement being divided into four parts, and constituting a whole symphony by itself, with coda and full thematic development.

The second movement (*Allegro con grazia*), relates

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Talks on the Mountain

"CANADIAN nationalism is a myth, McCrae. The average Canadian does not know the meaning of the term—except, of course, the French-Canadian, who is ahead of us in that respect."

"If you are going to start on that tack, Evan, for goodness sake wait till we reach a more secluded spot. You always become violent."

"I feel violent. We are suffering from an inferiority complex. Look at that students' meeting the other day. If there is one place where one would expect a developed nationalism it is at our Universities. Was there any evidence of it when the question of the Scarlet Key Society arose? Not a bit. Several speakers appealed to the students to reject that idea as being foreign to McGill, and to evolve one of our own. If there had been any national pride anywhere, the appeal could have been answered in only one way; the McGill student body answered it in the other way. They thought the Scarlet Key a good idea, so they adopted it—and thus saved themselves the trouble of evolving a Canadian equivalent."

"You're bigoted, Evans. You want a Balkan nationalism. You want us to retire into ourselves and to become touchy upon the subject of nationality. That attitude won't do in America."

"You can't drive me into that corner, McCrae. I know as well as you the dangers of Chauvinism and Fascism and kindred 'isms'. But there is no possible chance of that in Canada; the danger is all from the opposite quarter. What I mean by my attitude is this, that a nation without a character of its own is a mere encumbrance on the face of the earth. The duty of a nation—like that of an individual—is to contribute something novel and original to civilisation, not to ape or reflect palely the characteristics of others. Such nations do not count: they have moral significance. That is the position of Canada."

"You cannot deduce that from the last students' meeting. You exaggerate, as usual."

"But I do deduce it, McCrae. It is fair to take the Scarlet Key as a test case. The vote went against Canada. One more custom, as old as McGill sport itself, went by the board."

"It is not so bad as all that. The students merely wanted to do something to organise entertainment, and they imported this from Dartmouth. That was all."

"I am sorry, but that was not all. I do not care a fig for the Scarlet Key itself; what matters is the attitude of mind towards it. When it was pointed out that no other University in Canada possessed such an organisation, someone arose and said that though at the moment our chief games were played with Queens and Toronto, the time was not far distant when we would be playing more games in the States than in Canada; the implication being that we should Americanise now to adapt ourselves to this change. Think of that, McCrae! And the remark went unchallenged. I wonder if the graduates—rather mythical heroes, so far as influence about the Campus is concerned—I wonder if they realise the changes that have resulted from McGill's branching out into the so-called International sport. We have paid for it: we have become denationalised. We are looking South again, and not East and West."

"Mind you, I don't discuss for a moment the rightness or wrongness of American influence, because it doesn't affect my argument in the slightest. A good

American idea is as much un-Canadian as a bad American idea is. My point is that we are still seeking salvation from without instead of from within."

"But the man who made that remark about our soon playing more games in the States was only an individual after all, Evans."

"True, but I am sure he does not stand alone. There was a letter in the Daily to the same effect. And did not our President remind us that after all our whole system of athletics was also similar to the American? Did not an ex-member of the Council point out that our organisation of the Union was entirely American, and that the President attends a conference annually in the States in order to collect the latest ideas on Union management? Do these statements mean nothing? As I see it, the students of McGill were told that opposition to American ideas was useless because we were already organised on American lines. And yet we still talk about the Scotch tradition, and vote our Lord Rectorship. Ye Gods!"

"Don't get angry, Evans. You always dislike being on the losing side. The Council, the Athletic Board, and a great majority of students are against you."

"So is Mr. Shaughnessy, McCrae. I suppose I had better recognise that I represent a lost cause."

Nordic

Two Epigrams

(From the Italian of DeRossi, 1753-1827)

1

AH, friendly Spring,
Thou dost a joyous band of pleasures bring
That stay with us, in truth, too short a time,
And yet return each year in all their prime.

In every way

Like thine, my April-day,

My youth, brought joys and pleasures in its train,
But it, alas, has flown, and will not come again.

11

LOVE would heap scorn upon her sister Spring,
For the brief stay and hasty sojourning
Of her stray flowers.

But that fair Season answered: "Ah, then those,
Thy amorous hours,

Outlast, perhaps, the blooming of my rose?"

F. R. Scott.

What Strange Enchantment

WHAT strange enchantment
Out of Faery
Or the land of flowers

Have you woven over me three times
That the shy glances of your eyes
Are the meshes of a net]
For my limbs,
And the dark sheen of your hair
Candle-light
For my moth thoughts,
And your white breasts
Twin moons
To draw my tides?

Vincent Starr

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THE BOSTON SYMPHONY ORCHESTRA

(Continued from page 6)

in no way to the others, but stands as a pretty incidental piece in light minuet style; the third (*Allegro molto vivace*.) stands equally alone, as a theme, and fulfils the part of a finale, with its great crescendo of brasses and drums. The fourth movement, an *adagio lamentoso*, serves as an epilogue, totally unconnected with the preceding parts.

The flawless interpretation of this, Tchaikowsky's generally acknowledged master-work, allowed no room for anything but praise for Kussevitvsky.

Dukas' "Apprenti Sorcier" was placed as third number on the programme (probably) as a concession to people who like a jolly piece and enjoyable rhythm. I recalled Debussy's "Golliwogs Cakewalk" and the "Funeral March of The Marionnettes".

The fourth number, Ibert's "Escales" was advertised as for first performance in Montreal. A thin composition of the tone-poem and descriptive music variety, this first performance could justly be the last. We should always be glad to hear a "First time in Montreal"; but we may with good reason demand that it be something unique, such as, Scriabini's "Poeme de l'Extase", or Stravinsky's "Oiseau de Feu".

The fifth and final number on the programme, Berlioz's "Rakoczy March" from the "Damnation of Faust", can only be looked upon as a gratuitous offering.

A. M. T.

THE HARPER PRIZE SHORT STORY

(Continued from page 4)

by the same person, Charles Caldwell Dobie, the only writer who was declared twice a prize-winner. His first tale is of crime, its causes and detection as well as its judgment. There is a criminal expert who thought he knew more about criminals than they themselves. At least, as a result of his own complacency, he found himself in a terrible predicament; only through the generosity of the one he had condemned was he extricated therefrom.

Lack of space prevents taking up all of the twelve prize stories; they are not indeed equally meritorious, but all of them are readable while some appear to be artistically perfect. Those of us who are old enough to remember the pristine glory of the publishing house of Harper, especially as expressed in Harper's Magazine, the literary queen of the nineties, welcome sincerely their new efforts to bring about a revival of the short story in American belles-lettres.

A. B. L.

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