

# Fortnightly Review

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### EDITORIAL

OF all the educational methods of the Universities on this continent which the undergraduate delights to attack, none is so frequently the subject of his criticism as the compulsory lecture system. Anyone who reads the American college papers, or even such extracts from them as find their way into the Daily, knows how common it is to see articles in support of the principle of voluntary lectures, and that this view is entertained by many zealous undergraduates at McGill is evidenced by the Daily editorial of February 10th and by several of the contributions that we have had occasion to publish. The opponents of the present system, however, seldom go beyond the point of maintaining on the one hand the truism that it is better to fill a lecture room by attraction than by compulsion, and on the other hand the rather questionable thesis that the college youth is the best judge of the things that tend to his intellectual development and may safely be left to exercise his own discretion as to what lectures he shall attend and what books he shall read. These undergraduate reformers forget that a curriculum of voluntary lectures will only be fruitful of results if it exists in connection with some very real form of supervision, such as is provided by the tutorial system. At Oxford, for example, where lectures can be cut at will, the student has one or more compulsory hours per week with the tutor to whom he has been assigned, and this tutor will take good care to prevent his pupil from interpreting as license the liberty which he enjoys. Were this method, or something approaching it, adopted at McGill, and were each student to have even one hour only of personal attention per week, it is evident that the staff of the University would have to be very greatly enlarged. Whether or not such a plan is feasible is a question involving financial considerations upon which the undergraduate is scarcely qualified to express an opinion. It is puerile to clamour for voluntary lectures without taking this factor into account, for we fancy that it is not a disbelief in the voluntary

principle, but the difficulty of applying it, that prevents its adoption forthwith at McGill.

Nevertheless, while recognizing the extreme difficulties to be overcome before we can hope to have voluntary lectures, we think that it should be possible, without undue disturbance, to relax the present strict rules of attendance in favour of students who have given evidence of particular ability. We would advocate, since the topic is before the public, the granting of complete freedom from attendance to all those who have obtained first class honours at the end of their first year of college work.

This would at once be a stimulus to and a reward for able study. The undergraduate who achieves a first has won his intellectual spurs; he is, so to speak, of age; why not grant him that for which he has proved his fitness—the unregulated leisure which is the best environment for research and independent thought?

There is, in our opinion, a universal benefit which would result from the adoption of this suggestion. At the present moment the athlete in our midst occupies a position of importance far greater than that occupied by the man of corresponding ability in the purely academic sphere.

There is no balance in our judgment in this matter; the fame of the physical specimen is established so soon as he is photographed, in some crouching or aggressive attitude, for the front page of the Daily, while to the man who is the very *raison d'être* of the University but a passing tribute, if any, is paid. This unequal state of affairs would in some degree be rectified if the person who has won his exemption from compulsory lectures, through a display of qualities at least as worthy as those shown by the athlete on the field, were able to enjoy the spectacle of famous, brawny men dashing hurriedly to their scheduled periods of note-taking while he was left to wander unmolested the "paths of unexplored delight."



## A Free Trade Father

Eugene Forsey

THERE is a delicate aroma of the Ku Klux Klan in the demand of a Western Ontario M. P., during last autumn's political comedy that Adam Smith's "Wealth of Nations" should be barred from Canadian Universities. So far the proposal has had no direct support. But Mr. T. L. Church, whose spiritual home is in Tennessee, has come forward with an impassioned denunciation of pernicious Free Trade doctrines which corrupt the minds of Canadian students; and presumably he too would make short work of the illustrious patron saint of political economy.

As far as my experience goes, Adam Smith is quite as much a nightmare phantom to the average student of economics as to these excellent statesmen; and the vast majority of Canadian students are as guiltless of first hand knowledge of the "Wealth of Nations" as the most hardened Parliamentarian. Nor is Smith's personality more familiar. Even to his admirers he is Dryasdust. Yet his comparatively brief and commonplace career had unexpected flashes of humour, romance, and adventure.

A posthumous child, and of very delicate health, only native force of character seems to have kept him from being hopelessly spoiled by an indulgent mother. At the tender age of three he was kidnapped for a few hours by gypsies (who seem to have lived before their time); but no other incident of his early childhood is preserved, probably because it ended so soon. Entering the University of Glasgow at fourteen, he gave himself up to Mathematics and Natural Philosophy, and after three years, was sent up to Balliol College, Oxford, as Snell exhibitioner.

At the time, no more dismal intellectual atmosphere could be imagined, and Smith was far from happy at Balliol. His countrymen as a class were very unpopular; he himself was notably absent-minded; and in his early years perhaps had more than his share of the national virtue of thrift. His first quarter's expenses at Oxford were only 7 pounds 5 shillings. Altogether we can hardly be surprised that his six years in residence were "overworked and solitary." His health, too, seems to have been poor, for in a letter to his mother he complains, among other things, of an inveterate scurvy and shaking of the hand. We have his own testimony that this malady was eventually cured by tar-water, perhaps the most famous of the weird specifics beloved of that rational age, and credited with the most astonishing powers. But unhappily there is no record of the treatment used to cope with "a violent fit of laziness" which confined him to his elbow-chair for three months!

By 1751, Smith's reputation was sufficient to procure for him the Chair of Logic at Glasgow. Four years later he resigned to become Professor of Moral Philosophy, in which capacity he delivered the famous lectures which afterwards took shape in the "Theory of Moral Sentiments" and the "Wealth of Nations." Most of his ninety students were theologians, and fully one-third were Irish Presbyterians: which may possibly account for a custom which is fortunately no part of the heritage of our own Economics Department. Whether from choice, or in deference to the stern Calvinism of his hearers, Smith invariably lectured at seven-thirty in the morning! As the "Wealth of Nations" shows, he had a low opinion of Professors in general. His own salary came to some-

thing—125 pounds; but he had no hesitation in saying that he and his fellow craftsmen were as a rule grossly over-paid. It was prime article of his belief that University lectures should be worth listening to; and to that end he kept a watchful eye on one specially responsive student who acted as a barometer for the class. This admirable practice seems to have become obsolete; but we respectfully suggest to the Governors that it may well be included in any future plans for restoring the Scottish atmosphere of McGill. In Smith's case at least the idea seems to have worked well, for Millar assures us that "he never failed to interest his hearers. His reputation as a professor was accordingly raised very high, and a multitude of students from a great distance resorted to the University, merely upon his account."

Growing reputation brought with it added responsibilities. In 1760 Smith was made Dean of the Faculty, and in 1762, Vice-Rector of the University. Neither office was a sinecure; for his estimable colleagues often grew heated in discussion, and there were times when it needed all Smith's great authority and judicial temper to keep the peace. He seems, however, to have been a thoroughly efficient executive head, and to have won the loyalty and friendship of his subordinates in a remarkable degree.

In his own way, Smith was quite a clubman. He belonged to several learned societies of Glasgow, and in later years, in Edinburgh, with the geologists Black and Hitton, was a respected member of the "Oyster Club." It is rather startling to find that he was also one of the original members of the Poker Club, an organization ostensibly founded, as McCulloch lucidly explains, to foster the establishment of a Scottish militia. Whether the militia were to be armed with pokers does not appear; nor does it particularly matter, for the Club soon lost sight of its avowed object (toward which it made no progress,) and gave itself over to conviviality, where it scored a distinct triumph. But the imposition of a duty on claret, its favourite beverage, proved a fatal blow, and in 1764 the Poker Club broke up in disgust. Its place was taken by a less jovial "Select Society" which included most of the literary notables of Scotland, and seems to have been a precursor of the Political Economy Club.

After the publication of the "Wealth of Nations", Smith went to London, where he at once took his place as a literary lion. As a member of the famous "Club," Johnson's Club, he knew the most celebrated men of the day, and often took part in their debates. With Johnson himself his relations were far from cordial, though the more scandalous anecdotes on the subject are mythical. But with the other members, especially Burke, he was on the most friendly terms, and he held frequent economic discussions with Benjamin Franklin.

As a literary critic, Smith was lamentably orthodox. A fervent admirer of Dryden, Pope, Swift, and Gay, he shared Johnson's contempt for blank verse, perhaps the solitary instance of agreement between the two philosophers. It moved Johnson to exclaim: "Sir, had I known he loved rhyme so, I should have hugged him!" But the grounds of Smith's opinion were his own. He used to declare scornfully that though he could never make a rhyme, he could do blank verse as easily as speak. It was probably for this reason that he placed Racine above Shakespeare.

"The enthusiasm with which Smith was received by politicians of the first rank may be gathered," says



Lord Haldane, "from what took place at a dinner to which he was invited by Melville. Pitt, Grenville, Addington, and several others were among the guests. Smith was late and apologized. The whole company rose, and Pitt exclaimed—"we stand till you are seated, for we are all your scholars!"

In contrast to this is a similar social function also described by Lord Haldane, which gives perhaps the most amusing example of Smith's absent-mindedness. "He had been invited to Dalkeith Palace to meet an eminent statesman. After dinner, he fell into a reverie, and began to discourse aloud on the merits or rather demerits, of this very politician, in language which was neither guarded nor indirect. On being recalled to consciousness of his surroundings, he was so covered with confusion that he again relapsed into reverie, muttering to himself—"Deil care, deil care, it's all true."

Whether this embarrassing frankness had anything to do with Smith's celibacy, we do not know. Certainly, "love-interest" is remarkably absent from his career. Stewart mentions an early and long attachment to a lady who survived him; McCulloch has an apocryphal story of a French Marquise desperately smitten with the great philosopher, who did not return the affection; and finally, there flits across the stage the shadowy figure of Miss Douglas, his cousin, and his mother's lifelong companion. But none of these furnish any real material for the cinematograph enthusiast. Smith may have been no lover; but he was a devoted son; his work was exacting; and his private charities were immense. It is quite possible that he agreed with Meredith's beggar: "Lord, women are such expensive things."

### The Morrows

(From the French of Charles Rivière du Fresny,  
1648-1724)

PHYLLIS, greedier than tender,  
A sparing yet exacting miss,  
One day demanded from Silvander  
Thirty sheep for just one kiss.

The morrow saw some further business;  
The wily shepherd traded cheap,  
Demanding from the shepherdess  
Thirty kisses for one sheep.

The morrow, Phyllis, grown more tender,  
And fearing to dispell her bliss,  
Was only too glad to surrender  
All her sheep just for one kiss.

The morrow, Phyllis, far less vain,  
Would give sheep, dog and everything  
For one kiss which the fickle swain  
Bestowed upon Lisette for nothing.

J. Spector.

### The Imperial Debate

DR. Leacock, whose first lecture at McGill, as the readers of the Fortnightly may remember, caused a throne to totter, and whose first debate brought a rebel to the gallows, contributed to the last number a discussion of college debates as interesting as it was humorous. Those who heard, early in the month, the McGill debating team speak against the Imperial team that is now visiting our country, must feel the force of his generalisation that our public speaking, at least as it is developed in the University, tends to develop a preference for fact rather than argument; the speaker does not so much speak for himself as produce facts that are intended to speak for themselves. The Canadian too often is satisfied with supplying the audience with information which, when received and digested by it, will compel it to the conclusion that his point of view is the only possible one; the Englishman, with more reliance upon the general knowledge and less upon the reasoning ability of his audience, endeavours to persuade it that any opinions it may hold contrary to his own are erroneous. The one marshals, the other re-interprets. But though this general difference in method was noticeable in the debate, it would be wrong to suppose that it was so marked as to render the conflict unequal, or the victory predictable. The verdict was justly awarded to the visitors, but only by a narrow margin. Spector, indeed, of McGill, spoke with a lucidity and forcefulness as convincing as any other speech made on that evening, and Forsey, though perhaps less orderly in his arrangement of material, displayed to a high degree the essentially debating faculty of meeting, point by point, the arguments of his opponents. We need hear nothing more of this "inferiority complex."

It was a slight deficiency in the more decorative attributes of public speaking that cost McGill the victory. The Imperial team had a certain easiness of manner, a poise and concinnity, that strengthened their arguments a hundredfold. They were obviously enjoying themselves. They went at the subject as the Englishman goes at his games—with a determination to have a good time, be the result what it may. Molson of Oxford exemplified this attitude best, because in a slightly exaggerated form, induced, no doubt, by long training in a debating society that has always preferred error in finery to truth in rags.

If our Literary and Debating Society would take to heart Dr. Leacock's advice about the choice of subjects, avoiding the more ponderous and selecting those which offer scope for humour, originality and imagination, it would help greatly towards overcoming the deficiency noticeable in its representatives. But no amount of conscious effort on the part of an institution can achieve a rhetorical gracefulness for its members. This is a subjective quality, born of taste and culture, and of a genuine appreciation of the subtleties and refinements of our language. When the undergraduates of a University respect the written and the spoken word, loathe as the plague all journalese phraseology, smart repartee and tub-thumping, they may safely be allowed to debate even the most fundamental problems without danger of injury to their oratorical style. Without this background of taste and culture, practice and precept are vain guides.

F. R. S.



## College Debating

A. O. Lloyd

### *President McGill Literary and Debating Society*

It has been suggested to me by a recent article in these columns that there might be room for another article on College Debating. College debating is a wide subject, it is carried on in every college and university in the country, and of course, it has defects. That these defects are very obvious is certain—a college professor has observed them.

But it is my opinion that the advantages of the present system far outweigh its defects. The system now in vogue is to announce the subject some two or three weeks before the date for debating, to allow the participant time to become familiar with the subject, and to arrange his knowledge so that he may present it in decent, orderly fashion. The older system, that practised forty-one years ago, was to announce the subject in the morning, have the participants talk it over between munches at the dinner hour, and then talk about it during the evening. This is still followed in some circles, and it has the old failing. As you listen you realize that very few hours have been spent in preparation, in fact, entirely too few. This system may be heard in operation at any farmers' political picnic or at the House of Commons at Ottawa. In the first instance an opiate has been placed upon the intelligence of the listeners by the huge lunch basket with which they fortify themselves for the ordeal, in the second by an indemnity of four thousand dollars. Too many speeches suffer from too little preparation and too much talk. More thought and less talk would relieve many a suffering, patient, audience.

It hardly seems possible to the writer that too much preparation can be made. A debate is an attempt to set forth and develop opposing arguments upon a certain subject. The first requisite would seem to be that one should know something of it. It is not necessary that one should know all about the subject, upon which one is speaking—college professors are a classic example of men speaking on a subject of which they know more or less, often less, but it is essential that the subject should be studied from more than one angle and that facts which are essential should be presented to the exclusion of others that are irrelevant. It is, of course, true that the subject may not be exhausted in the short time given for preparation, but surely it is true that the main facts favoring or opposing it may be obtained. It is not necessary that a man should travel every mile of the C. P. R. to form the opinion that it is a railroad. Yet certain facts are necessary. All the thought in the world would not tell one what the constitution of the World Court is. Yet if the constitution is studied or even read, certain objections will readily come to mind and the longer it is studied the more objections. The present system does not place a ban upon thinking. Having obtained the facts the speaker is allowed to do all the thinking he wishes, provided his thinking is not contrary to fact. Unless a substratum of fact underlies thinking, the latter will usually result in rot. We think the sun rises in the east but it would not be fair or sane to argue on that basis.

An audience is surely entitled to this amount of respect that the speaker should spend as much time as possible becoming acquainted with the subject, and also a certain time should be spent in preparing the presentation of the case. For style in speaking

ought to be as style to a well-dressed woman—enough everywhere and not too much anywhere. And style is not a natural gift. It must be long and patiently cultivated. It is only by constant and patient effort that the average person can say what he wants to say in a manner that is worth while. Talking is not public speaking, although some people confuse the two hopelessly.

Nor does a man learn to become a public speaker by embracing every opportunity to get upon his feet in public and utter the resounding thoughts that echo and reverberate in an otherwise empty brain chamber. The old style of debating, some forty-one years ago, in which a subject was thrown into the ring and any man after a few hours thought was capable of "holding forth" for fifteen or twenty minutes, has died. It was probably talked to death. The dearth of oratory today is the result. What speaker, apart from Prime Minister Mackenzie King and Premier Howard Ferguson, has it produced? By their fruits ye shall know them. Its products condemn it far beyond recall, though some of the graduates of the system may look back with wistful eyes and long for a return to the good old days. The first essential for a good speaker would seem to be to learn when to keep silent, and to speak only when he has a real contribution to offer upon the subject under discussion.

The subject will depend upon the type of student engaged in debate, and the various interests he may have. One generation may demand a subject requiring a minimum of thought while other students may be interested in more serious subjects. But certainly if debates are to be any training for the life following graduation the subjects ought to be taken from those topics which are of public concern. To debate upon purely academic questions which will be of no interest after leaving the university would seem futile and foolish. Or to choose a freakish subject capable of no conclusion or one too trivial to be worthy of serious thought would seem to be a waste of time both to those who listen and to those who speak. The present endeavour is to get a subject worthy of study which offers room for opposing viewpoints and then to engage students who having studied it will endeavour to present the arguments in a logical fashion. It may not be the best method of training men for later public speaking but it certainly cannot turn out a class of men more uniformly mediocre than the older system has done.

### *Frost in Autumn*

WHEN the first ominous cold  
Stills the sweet laughter of the northern lakes,  
And the fall of a crisp leaf  
Marks the eternal victory of death,  
In the presence of granite mountains,  
Ice-rounded valleys and rock shores,  
I cannot bring myself to your embrace. . . . .

For love is an impudent defiance  
Flung into the teeth of Time,  
A brazen denial  
Of the omnipotence of death,  
And here death whispers in the silences,  
And a deep reverence is due to Time.

T. T.



**Chiaroscuro**

THIS one was somewhat chary of a smile  
 And something underconfident it seems:  
 For he who very seriously dreams  
 Of death imagines in a little while  
 That the grinning jaws and the rasping file  
 Are what even the dearest face's gleam  
 Will presently become, or at least seem:  
 This one was somewhat chary of a smile.

And acidly at last upon the lips  
 That met and answered his most fleeting kiss  
 He tasted the inevitable mould.  
 He thumbed his skeleton at breast and hips,  
 And naturally distrusted after this  
 A smile as something cynical and cold.

A. J. M. Smith

**BOOKS****The Curé of St. Michel**

By Maurice Caron

(Hodder & Stoughton, London)

TO be reviewing the novel of a man with whom one has worked on *The McGill Daily* and, during summer holidays, on *The Montreal Star* makes one feel somewhat old and wasted and uncreative. Where is that novel of yours that was to startle the discriminating critics of two continents and bring not only wealth but reputation? Certainly not here between material blue covers, and in black and white on tangible paper as is "The Curé of St. Michel." I am not affirming that Maurice Caron's first novel is a masterpiece or that it has the mysterious ingredients of the best seller. The young author has, however, chosen wisely to lay the scene of his story among surroundings with which he has long been familiar, and to find his characters among a race which he knows both by ties of blood and through personal observation. Simplicity is the keynote of "The Curé of St. Michel" as it is of the race which it attempts to portray. Each of its characters is motivated by one idea. Cecile, the kindly Curé, the doctor Vladamir, the Charbonneau family, all are essentially simple folk, loving, trusting in God and the Virgin, honest, kindly, capable of hardship and suffering. We are tempted to ask at times whether all these characteristics which can be summed up in the one word *naïveté* are not stressed at the expense of the fuller characterization that might have resulted from a freer mixture of chaff with the grain.

Inevitably influenced by "Maria Chapdelaine," and though artistically inferior to Louis Hémon's classic, "The Curé of St. Michel" is one of the most interesting books that has come out of Quebec. It is written in English by a French-Canadian, and it deals in a simple, homely manner with the homely everyday life of the habitants of Northern Quebec. It is primarily an out-of-door book. The writer has roughed it in the bush of the country he describes, and has paddled a canoe down the same rivers and carried a pack over the same portages, and in the same manner, as the woodsmen and trappers who move through the pages of his book. Mr. Caron is a young man—this, his first novel, was written three years ago while its author was an undergraduate at McGill—and if there is a trace of

immaturity in these pages it can be excused as inevitable. There is promise in "The Curé of St. Michel" that will make us look with more than ordinary interest for the coming of Mr. Caron's second novel. If this should show an advance in technique and a more mature point of view, we shall be justified in hoping that the novelist of the French-Canadian race has at last appeared. That he writes in English will be but another link in the chain that binds the two great races in Quebec.

S.

**Skin for Skin**

By Llewelyn Powys

(Harcourt, Brace & Co., New York)

IN "Skin for Skin" Mr. Powys has given us a series of sketches out of his own life, from the time he learned of his disease to the last stage, where he settled down to die at the Davos Platz in the Alps. It is the story of a lover of life and art, who learned at the age of twenty-five that he must die (as he and most of his friends then thought) and who feared death mightily.

"Skin for Skin" makes one feel that its recorded impressions were actually experienced by the writer; and they were such as only a highly sensitive artist would experience. The spell of mortality was upon him, and he wrote only as a natural word painter could write, making death itself and the harbingers of death beautiful.

The father of the eleven Powys children was a Christian priest, and the Christian ideology of his boyhood days comes often to the surface in these sketches by Llewelyn Powys. Nevertheless, he had become an infidel—an infidel of the aesthetic, "pagan" type. Perhaps this fact may account for the inordinate fear of death—that fear which haunts every page of the book. We are not naively to suppose, however, that Mr. Powys was so greatly affected in mind as he was by thoughts of mortality on account of a dread of mere self-extinction or a lack of belief in a beneficent god. Some of the over-zealous among Christians would, it may be, have us interpret his fears thus; but we know that he did not want to die, because he loved the world of sense and flesh so well and because he knew that this life is occasionally very beautiful and beguiling to persons of keen and appreciative sensibilities.

A. B. L.

**Thunder on the Left**

By Christopher Morley

(S. B. Gundy, Toronto)

THIS is a most disturbing book. The reader who knows the Christopher Morley of "Parnassus on Wheels" and "The Haunted Bookshop", of literary gossip in *The Saturday Review* and elsewhere, comes to it in the reasonable belief that he can foretell fairly well the form if not the substance of what awaits him. He will enjoy this book, he thinks, because the author himself enjoys books so, and likes to tell you all about it in that leisurely but discriminating style, which is a vanishing art in a crowded age.



The sequel is a surprise not unmixed with shock. Who would have thought good old Morley capable of attempting a novel, using the inarticulate-husband-neurotic-wife formula? It is really too bad. But this is not all. Against this background of "realism" wanders a creature of purely Barresque fancy—Martin, a little boy who wished to spy on grown-ups to see if they were really happy, and who has been projected into the future, bearing in the form of a handsome young man the soul and touching innocences of a child. The crowning ironies ensue when the wife, madly attracted to this naïf young man, can elicit in response only a love of a most elusive description. Meanwhile the husband (who is really Martin's matured self) while well on the way to convert the eternal triangle into a quadrangle, is prevented from doing so by the wraith of a dead child, his little sister, who speaks dissuasion to his enamorata. (Involved, isn't it?) Then Martin finds the magic toy, which, upon a wish, whisks him back to his childhood, and the book ends on a rather terrible note of childish disillusionment and revulsion.

A strange, strange tale. But the telling of it is at least as startling. In the earlier chapters, especially, one runs across many of those happy little phrases that Morley's readers have learned to look for. But for the most part, there is a throwing together of drab realism and mad fancy, which produces in the reader's mind, as to the whole, an eerie sense of unreality and unreason. Here is a fair sample:

"For a moment transparent Time swung in a warm, dull, uncertain equilibrium. Phyllis could see Lizzie jolt heavily down the kitchen steps and bend over the garbage can. The grinding clang of the lid came like a threatening clap of cymbals. How glorious it would be if she and Lizzie, each with a garbage can and lid, could suddenly break into a ritual dance on the lawn, posturing under the maddening sunlight, clashing away their fury in a supreme dervish protest. How surprised George and Mr. Martin would be. She and Lizzie making frantic and mocking gestures, sweating the comedy out of their veins, breaking through the dull mask of polite behavior into the great rhythms and furies of life."

And this from Morley, the placid essayist!

I note from the jacket flap that the editor of *Harper's* (a not altogether disinterested critic) has pronounced *Thunder on the Left* to be "the best piece of work that has been done in this country in ten years."

E. C. C.

### Save in Frenzy

IF you study a loveliness  
Like a lesson in grammar,  
Or inspect the first kiss  
When the heart is tamer,  
Or analyse and parse  
A poet's verse,  
You'll find that the Whole is  
More than the sum of its parts,  
And that the Holy of Holies  
Of devout sweethearts  
Is inaccessible save  
In frenzy you move.

Vincent Starr

### Saturday Night

Come, you dancers, one and all,  
Come and dance to Creepy Crawl,  
King of jazz in Montreal.

Crammed in a low and tawdry room  
Smelling of dinner and old perfume

Straining couples in close embrace  
Slide and wriggle, contort, grimace.

Sinuuous threads of suggestive sound  
Drive them clumsily round and round;

A ceaseless, even, mechanical beat  
Giving the time to obedient feet.

White haired-mothers, and maids and men  
Seeking release in a dancing den.

Seeking release, they know not why,  
Though they know the end is satiety.

And here and there in the crazy whirl  
One sees the face of a lovely girl;

A face created for lovely things,  
Lost in a rabble that sways and swings.

Sax.

### Changement d'Esprit

Joseph Peralta

THE sickly light of an autumn sunset falls through the gray gloom of coming twilight.

Sinking over the horizon, the sun sends its crawling shafts between the trees, and casts weird shadows — the end of day.

But no stars come to greet the coming night, no moon gleams upon the world on its trip through darkness, for overhead—dark, deep clouds are floating, and cold, cold winds are blowing—; wind shadows.

The indistinct rivers of the sky and firmament seem to intensify the moonless night.

The sombre, sere stretch of the city below seems to ascend, diffusing with the gloom of the night.

And so—the dimness of the land and the dimness of the air close together—; a black symphony.

The brown trees quiver, and each new breeze sends many crisp, withering leaves to the dying earth.

The sky becomes blacker, the winds more chilled—and from the Mountain one looks about beneath him—and thinks.

Place of Dead Hopes!

Blind, struggling half-brute City of Hate; confused thousands wandering about in your streets—the roar and dust.

What misery you hold, what grotesque mysteries are hidden in your blackness.

Gazing out into the lovely darkness—the many lights; red, yellow, green, blue—silent; the steady pale glow of street lamps, and the many window lights of living people, and about it all—blackened ashes.

Then the River—unseen, but its presence felt, a slowly moving thing of ugly murkiness.



The canals—slimy, oily water flapping against the rotting docks—the stinking warehouses along the water front.

O City of the Royal Mountain—fate smeared you at the bottom of this stone knoll so your people could climb to the black throne and curse your dismal dirtiness.

\* \* \*

The hours are now breathing faintly of spring. The world has shaken the months of death, and nature is again reborn.

The calm sun-ray light has awakened the sleeping earth to new life—and the season of rainbow and gentle rains has come once more.

The soft light of the sun filters through the trees, and casts dancing shadows on the fresh earth—swaying lace. Overhead the sky is blue, and a breeze murmurs. Pale leaves have come forth on the trees, the whole world appears a mass of moving greenness.

Looking down from the Mountain—a sweeping expanse flooded with a dazzling radiance.

The sun falls upon the slate shingles—moist with dew, splinters of silver splashed with gold;—here and there a church spire—a gilded, glittering needle pointing to Heaven.

Far out, the river mysteriously glides—glittering diamonds. From far below the faint chimes of Cathedral bells float up on the river breeze.

O Fantastic, Mystic city!

Some Invisible Presence took you from a dreamy, continental haze—and tossed you down 'midst this Western radiance. Glittering, commanding—you sit upon your Island throne, a precious gem bathed by the waters of the St. Lawrence.

Down there are sunlit places—and music, and laughter—and people touched with the magic of spring time.

## The Theory of Stationary Population

Bernard Cohen

AT no time in history has there been given so much attention to the social and economic conditions of mankind as at the present time. In civilized countries opinion is universal that these conditions might be improved. While the defects of the present social order are fairly obvious, it is exceedingly difficult to devise any practicable scheme for their removal. The most popular scheme is, of course, Socialism. There can be no doubt as to the great influence of this movement upon the progress of civilization. Intelligent people of to-day are all, to some extent, impressed by Socialism, and favor state intervention in industry in greater measure than was formerly allowed. Socialism is usually thought of as being opposed to what is called Capitalism.

The Capitalist system is believed to be responsible for the ills of the social order, and is therefore to be replaced by one which is superior. Let us inquire into this. The Capitalist system may be regarded as an enormous instrument, by the means of which civilized communities carry on the production of wealth. Its essential feature is the use of machinery. The existence of machinery would itself be of but little value, were it not for the assistance of banks with their elaborate system of credit. We may therefore regard machinery and credit as the twin pillars of Capitalism.

Capitalism is a product of science and human ingenuity, and we can only with difficulty conceive of it as being destroyed. It provides the only possible method of producing commodities on a large scale. Not even the most extreme form of Socialism can contemplate its disappearance. There are, to be sure, a number of problems which present themselves as secondary features of Capitalism. Such, for example, is the relation between worker and employer. It is this problem which Socialism attempts to solve. Its possibility of doing so is, however, limited by the conditions of a system which fundamentally remains unchanged.

The great inventions of the eighteenth and nineteenth centuries have built up the Capitalism system. The realization by men that great changes had overtaken their ways of living led them to study these changes. It was then that the science of economics was evolved. The understanding of this new system enabled them to adapt themselves to its conditions. Thereupon began the movement of *laissez-faire*, which swept away the effete mediaeval laws, now found to be a hindrance. This was scarcely accomplished when Socialism presented itself, with the aim of ameliorating the lot of the workers. As a result of such movements there have been beneficial adjustments in the position of employees under the capitalistic system. It is certain, however, that the basic existence of Capitalism has not been affected. Nor would it have been possible for any economic theory to do so.

Let us suppose the Socialist program to be fully realized. The Capitalist has disappeared. The product of each industry is divided up entirely among its workers. The latter now derive more from their labor than heretofore. There remains however one question to be answered. What will all this do for the unemployed—for those who are neither workers nor capitalists? The theory of Socialism provides no answer. Its limitations are here manifest. We are here confronted with a different problem from that of providing higher wages. There is in every country a certain part of the population which has no share in its industry. These are paupers. The bulk of the workers, which Socialism concerns itself with, though their earnings are not high, nevertheless are able to earn their living. There is a certain proportion of able-bodied men who are unable to find secure positions, however humble, within the industrial organization. These constitute a more urgent problem. Inequality of wealth is not the greatest evil. Rather is it poverty. It is here that the fundamental problem of social justice presents itself.

Now unemployment is inherent in Capitalism. The problem is beyond the scope of Socialism, or indeed of any economic theory. The solution must be sought for in another direction. *The problem of unemployment is closely connected with that of population.* Were it not that population is continually increasing, poverty and unemployment would in time disappear, for the total wealth of the world is also continually accumulating. This is due to the fact that mankind does not consume annually all that it produces. Concurrent with the tendency to save, there is a desire to improve the standard of living. This means a demand for more commodities, and the additional demand makes possible the employment of what has been saved as new capital. The increase of wealth is therefore determined by the combination which exists between the desire to save and the desire to spend. While there is a normal equilibrium between these opposite instincts, the growth of wealth may go on indefinitely, or so long as



there are sufficient natural resources. There is, moreover, this noteworthy fact: namely, the expansion of industry does not require an increase of population. It is true that a larger population may mean an increased demand, but a fixed population may likewise increase its demand.

A stationary population would, in the course of time, profoundly alter the aspect of capitalism. The expansion of industry would gradually absorb what is now regarded as surplus population. There would be work for all who desire it, and forced unemployment would be unknown. The stationary population would bring an end to pauperism. It would do more than this, however. The further expansion of industry would result in a scarcity of labor. The workers then would be in a position to obtain a greater share of the products of industry. What is now the aim of the Socialist would be attained without revolution and in the natural course of events. Nor would loss be suffered by employers. New processes and technical improvements would allow industry to expand, despite scarcity of labor. The result would be that the ratio of the amount of capital to the number of workers would be very much higher than now. This would permit generous wages to the comparatively few workers, while still leaving to the employer normal returns on his capital. Out of a given industry the income of the average employee would approach that of the owner. At present, only a little of the increasing wealth accrues to the worker in the shape of higher wages. With the population stationary, the relative position of capitalist and worker, in this respect, would tend to reverse itself. The wealth of the Capitalist would increase more slowly. There would, however, be an increase in the number of Capitalists.

We have considered unemployment and the unequal distribution of wealth. A third feature of the Capitalist system is overproduction. There is always a tendency to expand industry beyond safe limits. The reason for this is that the growth of saving tends to outpace the growth in demand. There is, at the same time, a strong temptation to employ the whole of such savings in new industries, with the result that much of it is continually lost. With the population constant, and income more equally distributed, there would be less savings. The difference, instead of being swallowed up, as now, by wild-cat undertakings, would be consumed by the workers. The growth of wealth and

and industry would be slower and more gradual, but there would be far less insolvency of traders and destruction of capital. Moreover, since large returns from capital could no longer be looked for, its owners would not be inclined to risk its loss in unsound ventures; while the worker, whose savings might tempt him to become a Capitalist, would likewise proceed with caution. New industries would be started only when they are called for by increase of demand.

The stationary population would put an end to unemployment. The elimination of unemployment would be followed by an increase of income for the workers. This, in turn, would pave the way for soundness and stability in industry. Mankind would be freed from economic thralldom, and we might at last conceive of the development of a higher type, not in a chosen few, but in the average of humanity.

A stationary population would therefore be of inestimable benefit to mankind. The means of bringing this about is, of course, birth control, the value of which from the eugenic point of view has been often made clear. There is also much to be said for the practice from the standpoint of politics, as well as that of world peace.

This has been a treatise of the merits of stationary population, without any discussion as to methods whereby it may be achieved. It is sufficient to say that there are many difficulties in the way, the greatest of which is perhaps prejudice. One could not expect such a thoroughgoing change in ideas within a short time. The stationary population is a worthy ideal for the reformer, and might be set up as the goal of progress to be finally attained in the distant future.

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