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# The McGill Fortnightly Review

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## *The Mantle of Elijah*

*By Eugene Forsey*

## *The Academic Scene*

*By Otto Klineberg*

## *Stories by Leo Kennedy and Hans Mann*

### OTHER CONTRIBUTORS

*Bing-Shuey Lee*

*A. J. M. Smith*

*F. R. S.*

*Philip Page*

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## BOOKS

EDITORIAL

WITH this issue we bring to a close the second volume of this paper. While we have enjoyed editing, our natural dislike for the more strenuous forms of labour has made the task at times somewhat irksome, and we lay down our pens with a good deal of relief. Nevertheless we do so with a consciousness that we have to some extent at least fulfilled the purpose for which we originally came into existence as an independent journal.

This was to provide an outlet for such literary talent as might be found about the campus and to afford to students a more extensive means of expressing their opinions on university topics than was provided by the correspondence columns of the Daily. The ideas which as editors we have sponsored have been our own, and often, indeed, widely divergent from those of most members of the undergraduate body. Because we have not hesitated to express minority opinions unthinking students have jumped to the conclusion that we are, as it were, "agin the government" from a matter of principle rather than for any more legitimate reason. Nothing could be further from the truth. Indeed, while we have expressed our own point of view in the editorial columns, we have tried to make the rest of the paper as representative as its contributors liked. Strangely enough, however, those students whose opinions most nearly coincide with those of the orthodox majority seem unable to garb their thoughts in printable clothing — when they can and do, we print their writing, however much we may disagree with the opinions expressed.

\* \* \*

A FEW weeks ago certain "college boys" waylaid an Arts student, Philip Matthams, as he was returning to his room at night. They carried him to a convenient spot, and with the aid of more than a score of others, who by pre-arrangement were in waiting, proceeded to cut patterns in his hair. We are told that the attack on Mr. Matthams, and the indignities to which he was subjected, were a punishment for his failure to stand at a certain playing of *God Save the King*.

Whether or not Mr. Matthams' action is considered to have been in the best of taste, there can be only one opinion about the hooliganism of those who attempted to correct him. While we are fairly certain they taught him no other lesson than that of undergraduate immaturity, we are quite certain that they smirched rather than vindicated national honour. The time has gone by for that form of patriotism. Mr. Matthams is Arts representative on the Students' Council and is highly regarded by most of the student body. If the Arts men were dissatisfied with their chosen representative they had every opportunity of expressing that opinion through their Undergraduate Society. The use of violence against him was unpardonable; it gives evidence of a spirit which must be killed at birth.

*Non tali auxilio nec defensoribus istis  
tempus eget.*

\* \* \*

WE have no particular sympathy for the views of Mr. Scott Nearing, nevertheless we are ready to listen to them with an open mind. So, we believe, are many students at McGill. The authorities, however, seem to think that we are children who must be sheltered from "dangerous" ideas, and they did their best to discourage attendance at Mr. Nearing's recent address in Strathcona Hall by forbidding posters advertising the lecture to be displayed on the campus.

This is that shortsighted type of action that defeats its own end. Surely, the authorities believe the majority of college students to be honest, and, we trust, reasonably intelligent. Why, then, not freely allow us to hear Mr. Nearing? If he be an evil man — we shall find him out soon enough. But to refuse to let his address be advertised only awakens our suspicions. Already students whose opinions have not in the past been other than orthodox are wondering whether the authorities do not wish them to hear Scott Nearing because it is feared that the speaker's unquestionable honesty and humanity will win converts to a system of ideas not altogether in accord with those of our rulers.

The incident, however, is not without its amusing aspect. When posters calling the meeting were ordered to be removed, small typewritten notices were put up in their place, informing the students that the previous notices of Mr. Scott Nearing's address in Strathcona Hall on such and such a date were taken down at the request of the authorities. All the necessary information thus being given, the meeting took place at the stated hour.

The incident, of course, is scarcely consistent with the principle of freedom of speech. But we always prefer the humorous to the moral solution of such difficulties.

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## The Academic Scene

Otto Klineberg

THE fight for academic freedom is still on, and it is only the incurable optimists among us who look for a speedy victory. There have been far too many reverses in the last few years. President Meiklejohn is forced to leave Amherst, in spite of the support of the students. Scott Nearing is prevented from speaking at Clark, in spite of the fine liberal spirit of its former president, G. Stanley Hall. Professor Sprowls is dismissed from the University of Tennessee because he prescribes James Harvey Robinson's *The Mind in the Making* in a psychology course. James McKen Cattell is expelled from Columbia because he opposes the sending of conscripts to Europe to fight against their will. Six states legislate against the teaching of evolution in state-supported schools and colleges. The list might be continued indefinitely.

Throughout the Great Republic and the Glorious Dominion there are still a great many institutions of higher learning in which it is a pretty dangerous thing for an instructor to be openly in the minority. Usually he keeps quiet, until perhaps the cause which he espouses becomes respectable. He knows, or fears (which is just as bad) that his utterances on controversial topics may cost him his promotion, if not his job. His silence costs him his intellectual integrity, which is a fairly high price to pay, even for an academic position.

This condition is by no means universal, and there are splendid instances to the contrary. A statement like that made by Glenn Frank about a month ago, that as long as he was President of the University of Wisconsin there would not be the slightest interference with the freedom of expression of a single member of his staff, will do much to hearten the liberals among us. At many of the great universities instructors may say what they please on most topics without fear of dismissal, though perhaps not altogether without fear of permanently alienating the affections of the administration. At other places the fear is more acute and more real. That fear is bound to exert a pernicious influence. It interferes with that independence of outlook which must characterize the true scientist and the true teacher.

The same applies, with some variations, to the student. Interestingly enough the student has been left out of most discussions of academic freedom. There has seemed to be something like a general agreement that it mattered very little whether the student could say what he pleased, about intellectual as well as administrative matters; whether there were many or few restrictions on his free speech. Nothing could be further from the truth, as many of the students themselves are beginning to realize. It is a remarkably significant sign of the times that everywhere militant minorities among the students are insisting upon their right to the possession of unorthodox opinions, and are devising means for their expression. Labour Clubs and Fortnightly Reviews, Youth Movements and Student Conventions, with similar platforms under varying names in many colleges, testify to a vigorous and, we may hope, a growing tendency.

Less than two years ago the President of an important mid-western University said to the Freshmen, "The best thing to do is to do what you are told, . . .

Take the advice and direction of those who know more about things than you do. . . For an individual coming to the University and saying "I want to do what I want to do" means starting endless trouble for himself and everyone else. . . The best thing to do is to fall into the line of University organization as soon as you can." That man (he is Emeritus now) had no business in a university. Telling students to "fall into line" means telling them not to be students. If there is anything a student must have before he can be worthy of the name, it is a free and independent point of view.

You will tell me that freedom is impossible; particularly if you have drunk at the fountains of the newer psychology you will insist that independence is a snare and a delusion. You will point out how our early training shapes our later progress; how we get our bogeys in the nursery and our bugbears at our mother's knee; how our "standing in the community," our racial, religious and social connections capriciously determine the prejudices which we later defend under the firm but baseless conviction that we have espoused them freely, and with reason. This is partly true, but wholly irrelevant. The fact that we cannot entirely escape one kind of bondage does not mean that we should placidly and contentedly submit to another. It does not mean that we must always think as we are told, that we must avoid unpopular causes as if they were the plague, that we must always fall in line with the majority.

As matters stand now, a student must have unusual courage to be independent. It is by no means rare in the history of American colleges for one who is too outspoken to feel the weight of the administrative hand upon his shoulder. So it happens that the student who has ideas of his own on social, economic, religious, even philosophical questions, will hesitate to express them for fear of the consequences. If he is anxious to get good grades or scholarships or other honours he will hesitate all the more. The consequences may be real or imaginary, but they shut him up just the same. More rarely he is worried not so much over the possible displeasure of the faculty, as over that of his family or his group, who will regard him as a traitor if he dares to question their presuppositions. Whatever the cause, the effect is equally fatal; he develops habits of acquiescence and intellectual servility that may spoil him forever as a student.

It cannot be repeated too often that the real student must stand on his own intellectual legs. A wise old Harvard professor once told the members of his philosophy class that whenever they read a book or listened to a lecture they should assume that the man was talking nonsense until he proved the contrary. This may seem to be going a bit far; it obviously does not apply in many fields; but certainly such an attitude is a thousand times to be preferred to its opposite. It is not merely the right, but the duty of the student to question. He must turn an enquiring scepticism upon every topic which comes within his compass. The opinions he holds are important, certainly, but more important is the manner in which he came by them. He must be like the Englishman who would rather go to Hell of his own free will than to Heaven by predestination. Substituting new gods for old will not do; much as he may prefer H. L. Mencken to William Jennings Bryan, he must avoid the

blind worship of either. Both must equally submit to the test of his own logic and his own experience.

Much curiosity may be a social error, but in the student it is a cardinal virtue. That is why the true student, whatever his subject may be, will be less interested in the applications of his facts than in the facts themselves. Knowledge will be its own end. He may not go so far as the famous British scientist who said that if he thought his investigations would be of the slightest use to anybody he would give them up, but he must go far enough to regard such uses as incidental. Does philosophy make him more efficient? Who knows? Does a knowledge of history make him a good citizen? Who cares? The record of what men have said and done is fascinating enough to require no outside warrant. The student simply wants to know, and his want does not diminish as the years go by. Always he prays with the poet, "God, keep me still unsatisfied."

As I see it, then, this is what a student is made of,—an insatiable curiosity about intellectual things, and an independent point of view. Does he need brains? It would be fine if he could have some, but he needs them no more and no less than do the business man or the practitioner; the universities have no monopoly on gray matter. A sense of humour? Certainly, but that is just as important outside, as within the academic confines. Should he be a good citizen? Perish the thought if you mean by that what is usually meant, that he must accept uncritically the standards of his community, make respectable speeches only, and walk in the footsteps of the majority. No, I think I shall leave that as the irreducible minimum, — intellectual curiosity and an unfettered mind.

Even at that there are comparatively few students at any university. If I could persuade that precise and patient observer, the Man from Mars, to survey the academic scene in the dispassionate and unprejudiced manner for which he is justly famous, he would be hard put to it to see more than the struggle for marks and degrees, for honours and promotions, interspersed with dancing and football, and the incidental acquiring of information. Here and there he would see a real student. No university has very many; every university has a few. They are the custodians of the true college spirit.

\* \* \*

In Samoa the great social sin is "talking above one's age." If a child of eight talks like a child of ten, or if a young man talks like an old chief, people say to him, "Keep still. You are talking above your age." Fortunately for me, this is not Samoa, so I can take it upon myself to define and describe academic affairs with an authority which properly belongs to older and more experienced men. I prefer not to wait until I am older and more experienced myself, because by that time I too may have joined the ranks of the respectable majority which believes that students should be harmless and conservative and think as they are told. In the meantime I can at least register my present conviction that complete freedom of expression for both students and instructors is something to which more than theoretical assent is needed, and that a university is primarily a place for inquiring and independent youths engaged in the great adventure of Learning.

### Field of Long Grass

SHE walks in the field of long grass  
in the evening

and the delicate little lover-hands

lean forward a little to touch her  
with the gesture of shyest caress

Light is like the waving of the long grass  
Light is the faint to and fro  
of her dress  
Light rests for a while in her bosom

When it is all gone  
from her bosom's hollow and  
out of the field of long grass  
she walks in the dark  
by the edge of the fallow land

Then she begins to walk in my heart  
then she walks in me  
swaying in my veins

My wrists  
are a field of long grass  
a little wind is kissing

Michael Gard

### "the flow will return"

—Walt Whitman

Hans Mann

STEWART felt the button on the shoulder of his bathing suit tear off and heard it roll along the floor into a dark corner of the boathouse. He tied the shoulder straps of his bathing suit together, put his towel across his arm, and moved out to the wharf to wait for the girls.

A few stars were out, but there was no moon, so he left the boathouse light on as a guide for their return.

He wished that Cynthia had not been going with them. When Gloria had suggested a midnight swim he had felt a tingling excitement at the idea of going out into the dark lake with her. Together under such circumstances they might have fallen into an intimacy such as he could not hope to gain during her week-end visit at Cynthia's if he was only to see her at tea-time and at cards in the evening.

He could hear the girls' voices as they came down the path: Cynthia was in front, her towel drawn across her shoulders; Gloria wore a beach robe wrapped tightly around her.

Cynthia sat in the bow of the dinghy. Stewart rowed, bracing his feet against the stern under Gloria. His legs touched her beach robe and once he felt his bare leg rub against hers.

He saw her looking at his thighs and hips and noticed that she glanced aside when she saw him watching her. He glanced down at the thick black hairs of his legs, thinking of a girl he had known the year before

who shaved her legs when she was going to wear flesh colored stockings. One night she cut her leg, using her father's straight edge razor, and could not go out with him.

Cynthia tied the dinghy's painter to the raft and jumped out. By the time Stewart was on the raft she had gone off the spring-board.

He held the dinghy close to the raft, waiting for Gloria to get out. Her foot sent the dinghy out as she stepped to the raft, so he let the dinghy go and caught Gloria round the waist. Their weight, as they balanced against each other, sank the side of the raft.

"Pig" said Gloria. Her face was close to his and he felt a tiny bead of moisture strike his cheek. "You're going in," Gloria said pushing him into the water.

Coming up, Stewart cursed and threatened Gloria. When he mounted the raft to catch her she ran up the spring-board and dove into the lake. Twisting her body on to the raft and throwing one bare leg out of the water, she appealed to him to let her up.

"Until you get your wind," he said; "I'll have to throw you in. Don't you perceive the subtlety of the compliment?"

"Last dive!" announced Cynthia.

Gloria stood up beside Stewart. She stepped quickly behind him as he grasped her shoulders, so that he was on the edge of the raft.

"I fooled you!" Gloria said, leaning far back without trying to get free from his arms. "I don't care for subtle compliments."

"If the obvious . . . ." he laughed and tried to force her mouth close to him.

"Damn you, you've hurt me."

"You do like the obvious!" he said scornfully.

Gloria hit him across the mouth and, when he held her arms, pushed him off the raft. As they fell into the water her shoulder struck him between the eyes and his mouth opened with a gasp.

Stewart let go of her hands as they fell, but going down he held her thighs. Her skin felt cold and smooth like greased parchment. Faint light was above and then farther down there was no light.

He felt the loose mud on the bottom stirring between his toes. He loosened his clasp around Gloria and saw her legs glitter like tarnished silver as she went up into the light.

Going up he felt a dull pain in his stomach where her knee had struck him . . . . He thought that he knew now what it was like to be drowned. He could not get his breath. He was coughing, coughing. If he had swallowed his tongue neither of the girls would know what to do to save him. He would die before they could get him to shore.

Cynthia was calling his name. "Stewart, what's the matter, Stewart?"

She helped him on to the raft and thumped his back. Gloria sat on the spring-board with a scared look on her face.

He began to take breath again. That hurt him and he felt weak. Cynthia supported him, one arm around his shoulders. He had never noticed before that she was as tall as he was.

When he was breathing easily he began to laugh. That made him cough, but he went on laughing and telling Cynthia what an interesting sensation he had experienced.

"I think I'll feel like that when I'm old," said Stewart, "the things I've always been interested in seemed petty compared to a sensation like that."

Going in, his shivering shook the dinghy. He rowed hard in order to get warm and did not stop to fix the shoulder straps of his bathing suit when they came untied.

Chattering with the cold, Cynthia put on her shoes and went up to dress. Stewart saw Gloria looking at his exposed nipple. He thought that she wanted to stay down at the boathouse to talk to him. Drying himself, he drew his bathing suit clear off to the waist and watched her follow Cynthia to the house.

Shivering, Stewart put on his clothes, turned the boathouse into darkness, and went up past Cynthia's house to the road. Running homewards he smelt the faint scent of his damp hair, and, coughing and panting, felt the warmth returning to his body, the sweat coming out under his arms and between his shoulders; and he remembered Gloria's body as she stood on the raft outlined in the night light.

## Elijah's Mantle

Eugene Forsey

QUITE the most delightful of Lord Frederick Hamilton's Russian reminiscences is his story of the Orthodox priest, who, as he walked down the aisle swinging the censer and chanting out some magnificent phrase from the Slavonic liturgy, overheard the homely Scot's comment: "If it does ye nae good, it'll dae ye nae harm." That is my own feeling about the Conservative National Convention. Three months ago I should have described it, unhesitatingly, as one of the worst results of the last general election. But since then, Mr. Guthrie has proved himself a national disaster, and his recent speeches would justify any expedient which offered a chance of getting rid of him.

Yet, I cannot help wondering how a Convention is going to mend matters. Conventions are notoriously futile bodies, and the Conservative Party hitherto has fought shy of them. Not so its opponents. Twice, in moments of severe depression, they have sought inspiration according to the best American models, and each time victory has followed. "Post hoc, ergo propter hoc"—hence the demand for a Conservative Convention. A more violent break with the traditions of the party could scarcely be imagined, and there is added piquancy in the fact that its chief advocates are the pillars of orthodoxy, the "Conservatives of the old school".

Actually, of course, the argument drawn from Liberal example is ridiculous. The decisive factors in 1896 were not the official programme, but the personality of Sir Wilfrid Laurier—whose leadership was established before the Convention of 1893—, the violent quarrels in the Conservative Government, the deliberate exploitation of social and religious passions, and, above all, the swing of the pendulum after eighteen years of Conservative rule. The extent of the trend towards Free Trade may be gauged from the very modest tariff reductions known to history as "the Great Betrayal of '96."

Even more remote is the connection between the

Convention of 1919 and the victory of 1921. Undoubtedly the greatest single influence for Liberalism was war-weariness. The official programme was indeed paraded in the West, but the West several times bitten, had at last grown shy, and returned its own candidates. The fears of Ontario were calmed by assurances that the programme was only a "chart and compass," to be used by and with the advice and consent of certain discreet persons from a Protectionist stronghold. It was understood that Conservative enemies of Mr. Meighen were paying the piper and would call the tune. Quebec for the most part was not troubled by abstruse economic arguments. Conscription and the Laurier legend were quite enough for her. Thus was "responsible" government re-established.

But if the Convention of 1919 had little or no effect on Liberal policy, and contributed virtually nothing to Liberal success in 1921, in another aspect it has moulded the fate of Canada ever since. For, almost by accident, (if rumour is to be believed,) it gave us Mr. King, surely one of the most amazing figures in Canadian political history. Fortune has played into his hands more than once. Treachery and stupidity in the Tory camp have been his most powerful allies. Yet when every deduction has been made, the most ardent Conservative must acknowledge Mr. King's genius for platform harangues, his superlative skill as a tactician, his complete mastery of the art of living on nothing a year.

To give him a foeman worthy of his steel will be the Convention's first task, and if I may venture to prophesy, no easy one. Twice last Session, Mr. Meighen's unavoidable absence threw the Conservative Front Bench on its own resources, and never did political leaders cut such a sorry figure. Mr. Bennett's speech on the budget was a fine specimen of partisan trumpeting, but as serious criticism it was pathetic. In July even Mr. Bennett was gone, and the other paladins collapsed utterly. With the notable exceptions of Dr. Manion and Mr. Cahan, they were thoroughly cowed by Mr. King's onslaughts, and his specious arguments rode roughshod even over the two fighting Irishmen.

Comment is superfluous. Since 1896, loyalty to its leaders has never been conspicuous among the virtues of Canadian Conservatism. "The spirit of the nest of traitors' lives still;" and just now it is the fashion to talk glibly of the failure of Mr. Meighen's leadership. His are the incredible blunders of Doucet and Nicholson, and the unknown hero who would take the franchise from the immigrant. His are the tactics which split Quebec Conservatives in 1925 and paralysed them last autumn. Calumny and misrepresentation are the commonplaces of public life; but to few statesmen have they been dealt out with so generous a hand as to Arthur Meighen. It was a strange irony by which the most Nationalistic of Conservative leaders was persecuted for his Imperialism; but stranger yet were the sources of that persecution. In Quebec he was held up to execration by the Liberals for his share in Conscription and the War Times Elections Act, while the partners of his "crimes" were high in the counsels of Liberalism itself. This was perhaps pardonable opportunism; but there can be no such justification for the foes of his own household, the little group of jingo who had strenuously supported the hated war measures, and who now joined unblushingly, enthusiastically, in the hue and cry against their

author. The truth is that with a very small but noisy section of Conservatives Mr. Meighen was hated for his virtues, and even his errors availed him nothing. The creator of the National Railways could not be forgiven, though his was the strong arm which crushed the Winnipeg strike.

As Prime Minister, he never enjoyed real power. Only in one sphere.—Imperial and foreign affairs—did he leave a permanent impression, by his share in the cancellation of the Anglo-Japanese Alliance and the calling of the Washington Conference on the limitation of armaments. But "not on the vulgar mass called work shall sentence pass." History will judge him for what he was: the unquestioned master of the House of Commons; the leader sans peur et sans reproche, who, almost alone among Canadian Prime Ministers, never bowed his knee in the house of Rimmon; the one first class mind in Canadian politics.

This, however, is not "what the public wants." Perhaps not; but the party managers have yet to show that they have anyone comparable to Mr. Meighen, not merely in intellect, but in his command of public confidence. Mr. Bennett has courage and ability; he is "a bonny fechter;" and he is not the man to accept dictation. But for that very reason he has little chance of the leadership. The "Die-Hards"—whom the cap fits may put it on—may control barely half-a-dozen seats in Parliament. But they have an infinite capacity for making a nuisance of themselves—a power which no Convention can ignore. Once before they asked for a tool and were given a leader. They will see to it that there are no more mistakes of that kind.

After Mr. Bennett, the ablest and most experienced members on the Conservative side are probably Mr. Guthrie and Mr. Cahan. Mr. Guthrie's career as Acting Leader has effectively disposed of him; and Mr. Cahan, even if physically equal to the task, played too equivocal a part in the transactions of October 1925 to be acceptable in Ontario and the West. That at least is the general impression.

Within the House of Commons there is apparently no salvation, and already it seems likely that the Convention's choice will fall on Mr. Howard Ferguson. From a partisan viewpoint, he is probably the best available candidate. Almost the only prominent Conservative who had no part in Conscription, he has in the last few years added to that advantage by his support of the *bonne entente*. He has given signs of a change of heart on the bilingual schools question; and on several great national issues, has avowedly ranged himself beside M. Taschereau. Moreover, as recent events prove, he is a shrewd party strategist, who never allows himself to be unduly hampered by political principle. To such, much is forgiven.

Even the adroit Mr. Ferguson, however, may well flinch before the difficulties which confront his party. The Conservative Elisha, whoever he may be is in for an uncomfortable time of it. In the first place, he can scarcely avoid burning his fingers on the question of Imperial relations. When the Imperial Conference issued its famous report, most Canadians gave a sigh of relief. This new definition of an old status it would at least, we hoped, calm the fears of French Canada, and make Mr. King less prone to hear "ancestral voices, prophesying war." At last the futile controversies over "status" could be decently buried and the country could get on with its work.

For a time, all went well. Mr. Guthrie's first comments, though perhaps unwise, were not seriously disquieting; and we felt confident that, of all men, the successor of Sir John Macdonald could be trusted to deal faithfully with Mr. Bruce's ill-mannered attempt to interfere in our national affairs. What was our astonishment when, on January 7th, at Toronto, Mr. Guthrie "gave his whole support" to Mr. Bruce's contention that equality of status involves equality of responsibilities and burdens. The Dominions, Mr. Guthrie urged, must assume full responsibilities to the British Empire or be relegated to a status of inferiority. During recent years, Canada had done nothing towards creating a Navy, and what little it had done (previously) had been allowed to degenerate. He doubted whether there could be equal status in the Empire. There must be some directing force within the Empire, some super-authority to control the destinies of the various parts, and Canada must look in the future, as in the past, to the Motherland as the chief inspiration of the race. Great Britain could still declare war, and that involved Canada at the moment the declaration was made or, if it did not, we would be relegated to a position of absolute nullity. Again, in Montreal, on January 31st. Mr. Guthrie argued that Canada could not have equality of status with Great Britain unless she had equality of burdens and responsibilities, particularly in the matter of Empire defence. He asked if it was right that Canada should stand idly by at a time like this, when British troopships were at sea on their way to China. He could not think so, because he believed that the Dominion must do something for its own defence and the defence of the Empire.

"Arm, arm! it is the cannon's opening roar!" This, be it noted, while the whole Empire is still at peace with China. Mr. Guthrie in his martial zeal must needs outdo the British Government itself. Fortunately his speeches are not likely to be read in Canton. If they were, I fancy Sir Austen Chamberlain would not thank him for flinging matches into the Chinese powder magazine. How many Canadians will thank him for suggesting that we should "pour out the red, rich wine of youth" to stifle the just demands of the Chinese people?

But Mr. Guthrie is not concerned with international morality. For him, the fiat of Westminster is more than sufficient. Glasgow may question it, but Ottawa dare not. Our forefathers when they crossed the seas, left their consciences in the keeping of the British Government. Actually of course Canada is perfectly free, and has been for years. Mr. Guthrie is simply using an obsolete legal theory to conjure up the bogeys of the extreme Nationalists.

From the position thus created, he sees but one way of escape, and that a doubtful one: the assumption of "equal burdens" for defence. Just what would that involve? According to "United Empire" for January 1927, Great Britain pays for defence 51/1 per capita, Australia 27/2, New Zealand 12/11, Canada 5/10, South Africa 2/6. On a basis of equality, therefore, the average payment per capita would be 19/11. In other words, Canada would be invited to raise an extra \$30,000,000 a year. Against whom? Japan? China? Russia? Germany? France? We have no quarrel with any of these, and if we had, experts tell us we are immune from naval attack. To what profit this vast additional outlay? And where does Mr. Guthrie prop-

ose to get the money? At his next meeting, when the cheers have subsided, let him suggest a \$30,000,000 increase in the income tax, and see what happens.

Canning "called in the New World to redress the balance of the Old." Mr. Guthrie would reverse the process, dragging Canada into the very nightmare from which Europe is trying to escape. How long with it take him to realize that armaments mean war, as night follows day, and that another war means the practical extinction of the human race? "Ships for Shanghai" may be a fine slogan amid the plaudits of the faithful at Toronto, it may commend itself to certain journalistic oracles in Montreal. But it is not the policy for French Canada, for the youth of Canada, for Canadian Labour. It is magnificent, but it is not statesmanship. It is not even Imperialism in any but the worst sense. For the Empire to which we owe allegiance is something better than a compulsory military alliance; it is a commonwealth of free nations, leagued together for peace.

The Industrious Apprentice has indeed done a great work. He has confirmed the worst fears of Quebec. He has deepened and widened the gulf between the two great races. He has destroyed in ten minutes the patient endeavour of five years. One of the most widespread criticisms of Mr. Meighen's Hamilton speech was that it was made without consulting his lieutenants. Did Mr. Guthrie consult *his* lieutenants? Did he take counsel with his late colleague M. Patenaude or the other "loyal Quebecers on guard?" If not, did he speak for the Conservative Party or for himself alone?

These are questions which the Convention must answer, and in no uncertain terms. Had Mr. Guthrie shown the most elementary caution, his successor might have escaped with polite evasions. But the Acting Leader chose to exploit the Chinese crisis. He preferred expediency to political principle, and as he deserved, expediency has betrayed him. French Canada now will demand from the Conservatives an Imperial policy set down in black and white, signed, sealed, and delivered by authorities whose word cannot be questioned. Remembering the Hamilton speech, its demands are not likely to be modest, and then what will Ontario say?

The usual gay response to these forebodings is that "the grand old Conservative Party must look to the West." Quebec is given up as a bad job. What a confession for the party of Sir Georges Etienne Cartier! Only six months ago it polled rather more than a third of the French-Canadian vote. Now some of its members actually propose to quit the field, to hand over to their opponents as a free gift more than one quarter of the people of Canada. No more pusillanimous surrender, none half so disastrous to the nation, disgraces the history of Canadian politics. For the rest of Canada, almost inevitably, would be urged to vote for the distinctively English party, and we should be plunged into a bitter racial struggle. *Le parti avant le pays!* Truly a noble sacrifice on the altar of national unity! Where are the old philippics against sectionalism? Where is the lion-hearted courage of Macdonald and Tupper?

I do not for a moment deny the wisdom of "looking to the West." Quebec has been a severe disappointment to the Conservative Party, not merely in the last six years, but, as Mr. Monty pointed out, in almost every election since 1887. Only the short-lived Nationalist alliance of 1911 enabled Sir Robert Borden

to challenge the Liberal supremacy; and the circumstances of that year are not likely to be repeated. Nor can Quebec Liberals be detached from their party on the issue of Protection. It is high time to give up following that will-o-the-wisp. As one critic has remarked: "What Liberalism stands for and what Liberalism sits for are two very different things." Liberal politicians may cherish a good many conflicting views on national affairs; but one fixed principle they share in common: "They will never desert Mr. Micawber."

Have your Western offensive by all means. But why go out of your way to lose votes in Quebec? Jingoism may be popular on the Prairies, though for my part I doubt it. But the real issues there are economic, and if the Conservative Party means to catch Western votes it will have to bait its hook with something better than gun-powder.

What shall it be? That is the second major problem which the Convention must solve. The most obvious suggestion, and the silliest, is to throw overboard the historic National Policy. Admittedly, Canadian Protection has often been no more than a sordid scramble for individual gain at the expense of the nation. Admittedly, too, it had a dubious beginning. There is a Gilbertian touch in the story of Sir Charles Tupper, uncertain what the morrow would bring forth, going up to the budget debate of 1876 with two speeches in his pocket, one Protectionist, the other Free Trade. It is even whispered that Sir John Macdonald himself was to the end of his days a theoretical Free Trader. This, however, is not the whole story, and if it were, the appeal to history would not settle the question. For some of us at least, Protection is not a partisan expedient or an instrument of personal gain, but a fundamental political principle. Rightly or wrongly we believe that if Canada is to survive as a free nation, she must keep control of her economic life. That is why the National Policy is not for sale.

This declaration, however, does not for a moment shut the door against tariff reductions. It simply lays down the principle on which increases or decreases must proceed. Even from a Protectionist point of view, it may well be that all our customs duties are too high. That is a question of fact, not theory; and until the creation of the Tariff Board it was often very difficult to say whether a particular duty was or was not excessive. The automobile tariff is a case in point. After all the hysterics of last Session, the industry finds itself thriving.

The whole fiscal question suffers from an astonishing lack of political realism. For the orthodox Conservative, the tariff is an obsession, higher duties a political and economic patent medicine. If a business fails, he never dreams of asking whether it was ill managed or improperly financed. The whole trouble, as he sees it is the fault of the Government. The tariff wasn't high enough. He cherishes the fantastic theory that Protection is responsible for American greatness, and equally that whatever is good for the United States is ipso facto good for Canada. Differences in soil, climate, and resources; the relative importance of foreign trade to each of the two countries; these are brushed aside with a Podsnappian gesture. Every year we listen wearily to the same meaningless claptrap about the balance of trade, "now up, now down, like bokket in a welle." For the Liberals make use of it quite as often, with as great effect, and as little reason,

as the Conservatives. Neither side has grasped what Nicholas Flood Davin told them forty years ago, that the "balance of trade," in itself, never had the remotest value as a guide to fiscal policy. Neither side understands the even more elementary principle that a duty is either protective or merely revenue producing. All this gabble about "high Protection" and "low Protection," "moderate Protection" and "compromise for the sake of national unity," is the sheerest nonsense. If a certain industry really needs, let us say, a 30% tariff 28% is not "moderate Protection" but no protection at all, and 35% is not "high Protection" but legalized robbery. Whether an industry that needs 30% is worth supporting is another question, and one on which no general verdict is possible.

The great need is accurate information, such as we hope the Tariff Board will give us, and a Government strong enough to enforce the policy which that information dictates. Given those conditions, and the generous aid which she has a right to expect in solving her own peculiar difficulties, I believe Western Canada is perfectly ready to afford Protection to Eastern industries. It is for the Conservative Party to show that it is not the political mouthpiece of the Canadian Manufacturers' Association, and that it is not afraid to read the Riot Act to industry when occasion demands. In the past, at least one large Canadian business has used Protection as a cloak for wildcat finance — 62½% of its share capital is water-; gross extravagance, inefficient management, and persistent mishandling of its labour force. Now, in difficulties, it blames all its misfortunes on the inadequacy of the tariff! That it has suffered from circumstances beyond its own control I fully admit; that it has a case for temporary aid, I do not question. But that aid should be given only for a limited period, and on this distinct understanding, that it is to be used to bring about financial reorganization, modernized equipment, and decent labour conditions; and that if it is used for any other purpose it will be withdrawn. Protection is properly a barrier against dumping, and against the product of sweated labour. But, the Government cannot undertake to act as a perpetual crutch to the halt and lame, and Protection must not be imposed in the interests of Canadian employers of sweated labour.

If the Canadian workman is to reap the full benefits of the National Policy it will only be through strong and active Trade Union organization. The Conservative Party boasts that it is the workman's friend. Is it prepared to give the Labour Movement definite encouragement? Will it as a beginning repeal the "vicious legislation" which followed the Winnipeg strike? By the same token, is it prepared to repudiate the disastrous and totally unprotective policy of the "open door" in immigration. Mr. Meighen, here and elsewhere a political realist, never had any truck or trade with that doctrine. He realized that it is no use bringing people into a country unless you can offer them reasonable chance of a livelihood. If that security is lacking, wholesale immigration merely adds to the unemployed, or, alternatively, the immigrant undersells the native Canadian workmen and drives them over the Border. The "open door" is the open sieve.

I have spoken of "generous aid to Western Canada." What does that mean? Rural credits, the encouragement of co-operative marketing; railway freight subsidies—these the whole Conservative Party is probably ready to concede. Most of its members are equally ready to



stand by the National Railways. But the West, or some of it, asks more, and whether the unhappy Convention, when it comes to the Hudson Bay Railway and the St. Lawrence deep waterways proposal, will succeed in steering between the Scylla of Winnipeg and the Charybdis of Montreal, remains to be seen.

One thing is certain. If Conservatism is to reestablish itself, it will not be by a policy of timid compromises. It must carry the war into Africa. One weapon at least lies ready to its hand. For the Canadian people seem to have a peculiar fondness for "Constitutional" issues, ever the flimsiest of shams, "all made out of the carver's brain." They might be invited to exercise their zeal for once, on a real Constitutional question: the reform of Parliamentary representation. Does the country realize the extent of our system of "rotten boroughs," or more strictly, rotten counties? Agriculture is our basic industry; the farmer is usually an independent thinker, by contrast with the newspaper-ridden Babbitt of the towns. Doubtless, the rural districts deserve some special consideration in the allotment of seats in Parliament. But surely there can be no defence for the grossly unequal electoral districts maintained, in the teeth of Conservative protests, by the last redistribution. There is something wrong with a system which disfranchises over 300,000 Canadian electors; which installs in power, with 129 supporters, a Government whose popular vote was slightly less than that represented by the 91 Conservatives. Perhaps the most striking illustration of the situation in the Prairie Provinces. In the election of 1926, the Conservatives actually increased their popular vote there by 28,000. They polled some 2,000 more than the Liberals, but elected only one Conservative as against 23 Liberals. In Alberta, the Conservative and U. F. A. popular votes were almost equal, but the U. F. A. returned 11 members as against one Conservative. This is of course balanced to some extent by the sweeping Conservative victories in British Columbia and Nova Scotia; but when every allowance has been made, the result is anything but satisfactory from the democratic standpoint. "Rep. by pop.," "responsible government," and other clear Grit battle cries of the brave days of old, seem now to be regarded in the same light as that famous fiscal policy of which a great Liberal newspaper said: "Platforms are made to get in on."

I doubt very much, however, whether the Convention will touch this problem. Proportional Representation, despite the sarcastic gibes of the *Manitoba Free Press*, is out of the question. "More votes for the cities" is not the way to conciliate the Western farmer, and if ever a Canadian Labour Party develops, redistribution on these lines might prove a boomerang to its Tory authors.

Does the Conservative Party contain the elements of a broad, vigorous policy of social reconstruction, or is it politically bankrupt? That is the question which the Convention will answer. Even if it succeeds for the moment, the issue must long remain in doubt. The rebuilding of this shattered party, robbed of the one leader who seemed to have the remotest touch with modern thought, calls for patience, loyalty, and a sense of political realities.—all three unhappily very rare, and rarest of all among these very people. It will be the task of many years. At every apparent failure, the new leader will hear a shout of "Off with his head" and before the day of power returns, if it ever returns,

several of Mr. Meighen's successors may have followed him into exile.

### The Canadian Authors Meet

EXPANSIVE puppets percolate self-unction  
Beneath a portrait of the Prince of Wales.  
Miss Crotchet's muse has somehow failed to function  
Yet she's a poetess. Beaming, she sails

From group to chattering group, with such a dear  
Victorian saintliness, as is her fashion,  
Greeting the other unknowns with a cheer—  
Virgins of sixty who still write of passion.

The air is heavy with Canadian topics,  
And Lampman, Roberts, Carman, Campbell, Scott,  
Are measured for their faith and philanthropics,  
Their zeal for God and King, their earnest thought.

The cakes are sweet, but sweeter is the feeling  
That one is mixing with the *litterati*.  
It warms the old, and melts the most congealing.  
Really, it is a most delightful party.

Shall we go round the mulberry bush, or shall  
We gather at the river, or shall we  
Appoint a poet laureate this Fall,  
Or shall we have another cup of tea?

O Canada, O Canada, Oh, can  
A day go by without new authors springing  
To paint the native lily, and to plan  
New ways to set the self-same welkin ringing.?

Far in corner sits (though none would know it)  
The very picture of disconsolation,  
A rather lewd and most ungodly poet  
Writing these verses, for his soul's salvation.

F. R. S.

### To Evening

THOU modest maiden, blessing the quiet light  
That gathers in thy forehead with repose  
And gradual coming in of peace, until the vale  
And all the neighbour copses and the late bright  
Hill and the tall poplar trees in stately rows  
Climmer awhile, and fading, fail,  
Turn thou also on me, a too tired child,  
The dark lustre of thy lovely eyes,  
Shew me thy countenance—how it is mild,  
Thy breast—how comforting, thy mien—how wise;  
And spill about my head thy dim, forgetful hair  
That the last light fading out of the yellow west  
Her peace and gentle loveliness may share  
With one whose all desire is only rest.

Vincent Starr

## An Old Man

Leo Kennedy

**H**ENRY Price was an old man, and a self-centred sentimentalist like all old men. This nostalgia of old people, nostalgia for a quantity non-existent scours the backs of a later generation, but it is the sole existence of these old men. Nostalgia for remembered things, days, and friends: a swaddling of worn-out minds in the cotton wool of maudlin reminiscence; tea parties of shadows. All are sentimentalists and there is no escape; our father Adam in his time; our bastard the Superman when he comes. All whimpering, whimpering.

Henry Price in the middle days had been a dry souled fellow; settling finally into comfortable wedlock he watched the sons that were given him grow to manhood and do likewise, each in his fashion. But now these were gone, and he was old and most Solitary, considering years. Three score years and ten heaped in a pile beyond him, that gave off an odor of drugged memories. Mr. Henry Price

He sat on this occasion in a chair by a bright fire. Looking at that fire and bringing his comforter closer about him with palsied hands, he wandered into the inevitable introspection. He was old certainly, and soon he would die. The high adventure, but who wanted adventure at seventy? That was all very fine for the foolish young people, the fondly foolish young people who ride at adventure. When one was near to making the last gesture it took on the appearance of a grimace.

He coughed. A dry fire scorched in his chest, shooting here and there with little fierce jabs. He shook like some old skeleton of a tree in a gale before it is blown down. The grey head nodded on its column like a dotard magpie's. The comforter was not warm enough, had not been warm even in the Autumn. And through the winter that was past he had been cold all day long, and stiff and waxen in the nights. Now it was March surely, but one needed a fire, a red fire that flickered and made pretences, but which did not serve its purpose.

People were like a fire. They fussed about—all hands and empty heads, they feigned a sympathy they did not feel, they flickered and made pretences. If you thrust the poker into the fire it went through the flames and came out at the other side of the grate. People were like that. You could poke a metaphorical finger through them and prove their instability; they were a lot of wraiths waiting for you to become a wraith. It was a desperate coil to be surrounded by insensate things: people were insensate, and the fire, and comforters and chairs. It was all a bubble, pretty perhaps, but untuned to one's ego and so fugitive. The only certainty was that if you turned suddenly, making some false movement, it would pop, with only a wet smear on the floor to testify any previous existence. The familiar friends and potshards of his youth had not been like that. They were real, remembered; but now it seemed these were all dead or broken. Strange, the thoughts that crowded out of corners and came colored and swiftly changing when one sat by a fire.

\* \* \*

Vague figures out of some lost fantasy, old sights

and remembered sounds. Nothing mattered but that which went on inside your head; the inside of your head was a queer thing; a cavern and a maze; a thousand sealed cells that opened casually of their own volition to frighten or gladden you with the glimpse of their contents; and then snapped shut as a lamp is extinguished. Silver and purple and a sweeping of grey stuff; chords of music reverberating in the hollow frame of a violin, lost presently in the weird piping of flutes; the sugar icing and nine candles on a birthday cake consumed long ago; the candles melting and forming quaint shapes of wax; many children shouting delightedly. A familiar voice cautioned against something of vital importance: it was heartbreaking that he could not receive the phrases clearly. It trailed off, and there was again that damned violin

Another fit of coughing threw him together, and tossed the odds and ends of thought into a disorder of colored threads. From the flux he picked out the face of an early friend. The face grew and deepened before him till it filled the room; then it dwindled to a white spot seen far away. He looked at this friend and saw that he was there also; they walked laughing down a wide street. Presently they paused and the friend gave him money. He pocketed it, highly amused at something. The Henry Price in the chair tried vainly to remember what had provoked his mirth at that time. He groped blindly within his mind for the connecting link, his hands encountering only smooth soft walls that mocked him. He beat upon the walls with his fists and they seemed to sink in a little way, as though they struck upon a too yielding flesh. He wanted to scream, and anyhow, ran from that place.

But he was still in his chair. And the fire chortled hypocritically and the friend's face and his own had merged in a swirl of other faces. Faces of people long dead, people he had known and loved in his chill way; people he had seen for a moment and never known. Faces too, it seemed, that he had never looked upon. Ah, a rotting mind was a hell of exquisite punishment. Hell fire, the hell fire one heard of would be child's play to this. Hell fire was a huge joke, for though fire burned, still there was no heat to fire. It flickered and made pretences, like people. If you thrust a poker into fire it came out at the other side. What had he done in life that he should suffer so, now that he was old? He had been a good man, he had been righteous, a prop to his friends, to society. Society, that was people in the mass, stupid people, nice people, plain people, existing and giving him the things he needed. They had not always given willingly, sometimes he exhorted. But that was as it should be. It was cold, so cold. He felt the cold creeping into him; the marrows of his bones must be solid ice. Grey ice it would be, with little veins running through it. The thought set him rocking backward and forward

Was there no respite from this, no interim between cold and when one might think of green things growing and feel the good sun? No moment of warm pavements under foot, no warm wind from the south bringing promise and vague, heartening perfumes? April would come presently and that was Spring. Spring was a glad time with green things, and young people laughing, and instinctively pairing. He remembered Spring. But what had that to do with an old

man rubbing a stubbled chin in a chair; an old man whom no one understood; with whom even inanimate things had no communion? He slouched forward clutching the pain in his chest. At least there was some little warmth. A scorching rather.

He sat awhile so, and the change that he knew and hated drew over him. The self pitying mood fell from him like a husk and he knew himself an embittered old man staring wide-eyed at his own futility. He had done nothing to justify an existence that was merely tentative and greedy for the good things; he had clamoured always for more than his portion. A parasite on the good tree of life; a dog's whimpering made man. He twisted in his chair, squirming nearer to the fire and muttering in his stubble. There was no warmth in that fire, he reflected, but had there ever been? He settled back into the chair, tugging the comforter about his throat. The coals burned lower and his wheezing breath became even and quiet.

\* \* \*

I like to think he fell asleep.

## Student Government at McGill

T. H. Harris

IF I were asked to set about reforming student government at McGill University I should not attempt to do so by removing at one stroke its keystone, The Students' Executive Council, as was recently suggested in these columns, but rather would I restrict the activities of the Council, and minimize and in some cases abolish altogether the control which it exercises over constituent societies.

Since the death sometime during the current session of The McGill Canadian Club there remain fourteen clubs, societies, and publications owing allegiance, chiefly of a financial nature, to the Students Executive Council. It is often stressed by supporters of the present régime that this control is only financial, and that no attempt is made by the Council to interfere with the general policies of its members. But it is not a matter of great difficulty to appreciate the fact that the body controlling the purse strings controls at the same time, in practice if not in theory, the policies of the societies to which it doles out funds.

What I propose doing now is to try to show by grouping some of these constituent members, and by dealing with others individually, that their connection with the Students' Executive Council may be advantageously severed in some cases, weakened in others, and in perhaps one, that of the Union, strengthened. Whatever powers are left to The Students' Executive Council after the processes have been completed I feel would be exercised best by the Council.

Take first the case of the Union. It is admitted that its present position is more or less untenable and that some remedial measures are necessary. The suggestion has been advanced that the control of the Union be vested in the University Governing Board. This is an excellent suggestion but one which for the present does not seem likely to materialize. Alternatives offer themselves: either place the Union under direct control of the Students' Executive Council, doing away with the useless and laughable intermediary The Union

House Committee, or separate the Union entirely from the Council, placing it in the hands of a real and independent committee.

I advance the first of these suggestions as the more satisfactory because the second has been tried and found wanting. It seems natural that the central executive body of the students should be placed in charge of the Union. Under such an arrangement the members of the Council would be given a number of definite and useful duties to perform and would not meet for the purpose of deciding whether McGill should become embroiled in an organisation such as The National Federation of Canadian University Students or whether John Doe should, or should not receive a major executive award, grade B. Under the present system, the different parts of the Union, *viz.* the Cafeteria, Tuck Shop, Billiard Hall, etc., are supposedly under the supervision of individual members of the House Committee. In practice they are under the surveillance only of the salaried secretary-treasurer of the Council. He is a busy man, with multifarious and complicated duties and obviously cannot pretend to perform all the little tasks necessary to the proper conduct of the Union. The problems of finance contingent on the changes outlined above I shall discuss later.

Next, and perhaps equally important are the publications. Under this head are the *Annual*, the *Daily*, the *Students' Directory* and the *Handbook*. From the time it was first published in 1898 until 1925, the *McGill Annual* was entirely independent of The Students' Executive Council. The 1926 *Annual* by its own request came within the jurisdiction of the Council. On the advice of the senior member of the previous board a letter was sent to the Council asking it to assume financial responsibility for the *Annual*. Only after correspondence had been exchanged for several months and only after it became certain that the 1926 *Annual* would be a revenue producer did the Council acquiesce in the request of the editorial board. Although I was at the time one of the principal proponents of the plan to include the *Annual* in the list of activities coming under the Council's control I have since changed my view and have come to the conclusion that the *Annual* could once again carry on as it did for twenty-seven years. The *Annual* is on a sound financial basis and well able to take care of itself without external aid or control.

After serving for five years in various capacities on the *McGill Daily* I feel certain that it, too, could not only carry on but even greatly improve its position if it were divorced from the Council. The opinion is generally held that an independent daily is necessarily violently radical and that the sentiments it voices through its editorial columns are a malign influence. This is untrue; the numerous independent newspapers published at United States' colleges amply proving the opposite.

Under present conditions, although the *Daily* is well-treated by the Council and works in harmony with it, it cannot enjoy the editorial liberty that a campus newspaper should. As has been previously stated in these columns, if the *Daily* were independent "It would . . . once more represent a point of view, perhaps even a body of opinion." As matters stand now, the *Daily* must willy-nilly reflect the views of the Council, for it is impossible for the editor of a newspaper to publicly hold opinions which are in discord with those of the proprietor. It will be agreed, furth-

er, that the views of the Council are not always necessarily soundest or best.

An independent daily could not of course enjoy the bounty of a portion of the Universal Fee, but I am certain that a subscription campaign would find sufficient subscribers among the students. As is done at several universities, the *Daily* could be delivered each morning before breakfast to students living in what may be called the "college area." The others would find copies addressed to them at the university buildings. Even professors, who at present *steal* their copies of the *Daily* might under these conditions be persuaded to become subscribers, since most of them are readers.

An independent daily would, of course, employ a salaried advertising manager, who would have no duties other than the soliciting of advertisements for this newspaper and subsidiary publications. The editorial policy would be controlled by a board of editors who possessed sufficient experience in undergraduate matters to enable them to reflect a mature and reasonable point of view.

The useful *McGill Handbook* could be published by the independent *Daily* and still be as useful. The same might easily apply to the *Students' Directory*.

The much criticised Scarlet Key Society likewise could function without the Council's aid. As I understand it, this society at the present time raises by its own efforts the money it spends on the entertainment of visitors. Why then the affiliation with the Council?

The Bureau of Appointments, a very useful institution, is, I contend rightfully under the charge of the Council. Deprived of numerous other "duties" now accruing to it, the Council could, through its salaried employees, devote more time to this necessary activity.

There remain The Literary and Debating Society, The Players' Club, The Red and White Revue and the subsidiaries of The Musical Association.

With the possible exception of the Red and White Revue, I fail to see what arguments can be brought up in favor of retaining connection between these organizations and The Students' Executive Council. I am unable to agree with the contention that the Players' Club and The Red and White Revue be combined. The purposes of these activities are diametrically opposed. That of the first is the presentation of plays by standard playwrights and that of the second twofold: the reflection of contemporary university life and the raising of a large sum of money for the Council.

As long as it is necessary for the Students' Executive Council to add to its funds through extraneous activities it will be necessary for the Red and White Revue to be produced by the Council. When such funds are no longer necessary there is no reason why The Revue should not sever its connection.

The undergraduate societies and such organizations as The Political Economy Club, The Philosophical Society and The Commercial Society have satisfactorily demonstrated that a campus society can exist without the motherly care of The Students' Executive Council.

The above suggestions necessitate financial readjustment. At the present time The Students' Executive Council receives six dollars from each undergraduate, divided as follows: Union \$3.00, *Daily* \$1.50, Council proper \$1.50. As long as it is necessary to retain a universal fee I would suggest the following change:

Union \$4.50, Council proper \$1.00, Debating Society, \$0.50.

The reduced grant to the Council will be offset by its greatly reduced expenditures. The one dollar *per capita* realised from the Universal Fee and revenues produced by The Revue should more than amply finance the employment bureau and pay the salaries of the Council employees, whose number could now be reduced. The Union certainly requires more money than it at present receives and the fifty cents allotted to the Debating Society would enable it to entertain many visiting "teams." Other societies, through their activities could finance themselves.

As I bring this article to an end I realise that it is an almost useless task to attempt to set out in some fifteen hundred words a plan for the reformation of student government at this university. To do so adequately would require at least five times the space. Plans inadequately presented are apt to be misread and I fear that this is likely to be the case with the present article. The plans here presented have only been outlined in barest form; the financial reformation has been even more hastily considered, constitutional questions have been left entirely untouched. For all this I must apologise, protecting myself only by promising to answer questions that any one may care to ask me about this subject.

### The Shepherd's Lament

LESS sadly o'er this sylvan grot  
The gentle zephyrs move  
That now are here and now are not  
Than do the thoughts of love

Return to share the virgin shade  
Where once with lovely Phyllis  
In deep delight awhile I strayed  
In groves of little willows.

Such Beauty lingered in her eye  
And in her fragrant bosom  
That Sensibility must sigh  
To pluck so sweet a blossom.

But ah! when Loveliness disarms  
The too punctilious lover  
And contemplation of her charms  
Is all he dare discover

Full oft the Swain will taste regret,  
The Nymph misunderstand,  
With dewy tears her pillow wet  
And be by others manned.

Corydon

## The Rising Tide in China

Edward Bing-Shuey Lee

AS far back as 1853 William H. Seward predicted that "henceforth, every year, European commerce, European politics, European though, European activities . . . and European connections . . . will . . . sink in importance, while the Pacific Ocean, its shores, its islands, and the vast regions beyond will become the chief theatre of events in the world's great hereafter." To-day that prophecy is coming true, and in 1921 the universal significance of the dawning Orient was acknowledged when General Smuts wrote in a summary of the proceedings of a conference of Prime Ministers of the British Empire: "The scene has shifted away from Europe to the Far East and to the Pacific. There Europe, Asia and America are meeting, and there, I believe, the next great chapter of human history will be enacted."

The causes of the present situation in China may be classified as political, economic, social and psychological. It is the intention of the author to deal with the social and psychological factors. The characteristics of Chinese civilization are essentially different from those of the West, as the Chinese have developed a code of ethics and morality without outside influences. Her sages teach self-restraint, modesty and respect for personality; and it is due to these influences that the conscious pursuit of an objective to an ultimate and brutal conclusion is restrained, if the rights and liberties of personality must be trampled upon. The ancient philosophers of China taught that nations become strong, not by killing off their enemies, but by bearing with them, coming to terms with them, and finally civilizing them. The West, with its display of force, cannot penetrate the psychology of the Chinese and is of the firm belief that a passive attitude is necessarily a sign of weakness. One must not forget that there is a Chinese proverb which says, "Those who are right need not talk loudly." Therefore, the greater the display of force and battleships, the louder the table-thumpings and the more insistent the ultimatums, the more the Chinese are convinced that the case is inherently weak. On the other hand, the Western military mind does not sanction any show of "weakness," for prestige to the Westerner can only be maintained with a strong hand. That the gunboat policy has been a traditional means of "conciliation" is admitted in an editorial on "British Policy in China" in the *Asiatic Review*, when the writer informs us that "there are those who would resort to gunboats, reminding us that force is the only thing that Orientals understand."

According to the Codification Commission on International Law appointed by the League of Nations, "The exercise by warships of the right of free passage may be subjected by the riparian State to special regulations. Foreign warships when admitted to territorial waters must observe the local regulations . . . If a serious and continued offence is committed, the commander of the vessel shall receive a semi-official warning in courteous terms, and if this is without effect, he may be . . . compelled to put to sea." Apparently International Law does not apply to China, for foreign gunboats patrol the waterways in the interior of China; while at the Washington Conference for the Limitation of Armaments it was agreed

that "the powers have from time to time stationed armed forces in China . . . and that certain of these armed forces are maintained without the authority of of any treaty or agreement." In an address before the American Society of International Law, Elihu Root declared that the sending of warships "is always an impeachment of the effective sovereignty of the government in whose territory the armed intervention occurs. . . . It leads to many abuses, especially in the conduct of those nationals who, feeling that they are backed up by a navy, act as if they were superior to the laws of the country in which they are residing and permit their sense of immunity to betray them into arrogant and offensive disrespect." Bertrand Russell, the British philosopher, in giving his views on the subject, declared, "Let us not let our policy be decided by admirals on the spot, as we are doing at present." To the Chinese mind, it appears that while the West is sending missionaries to preach the gospel of love and universal brotherhood of man, no better technique has been worked out than that represented by the machine gun, which is used to intimidate the people with whom the industrialists of the West are endeavouring to do business.

China's foreign relations during the last half century have convinced the younger generation that the only means of securing her rights lies in adopting the force of the West. A well-known Japanese statesman remarked that "as long as we produce men of art and men of culture we are uncivilized, but when we build battleships we are called civilized." Young China is beginning to view force and militarism in the same perspective as do Western nations, and to base her life on principles which she knows to be inferior, but which she must adopt in order to gain the "respect" of the foreign powers.

While man has conquered nature and has brought the ends of the earth together by means of science, it cannot be denied that the greatest problem yet to be solved is how the races of the world can live together in harmony instead of jumping at each other's throats. The most outstanding question is the superiority complex. While the Anglo-Saxons cherish a belief in the superiority of a great Nordic race, it is rather difficult to realize that other peoples have also deep-seated confidence in their superiority. The present preponderance of Western nations in the life of the world will not be accepted by other races as conclusive evidence of the innate superiority of white races, for this predominant position is mainly due to the command over the forces of nature. The advance in science among Western people has been the result of favourable circumstances, and it is quite conceivable that the other races may be able to overcome their initial disadvantage through the assimilation of the knowledge and experience which the West has accumulated.

The superiority complex which exists in China in the relations of foreigners towards Chinese, and also the existence of a similar situation abroad, has retarded the development of international ethics to the extent that the dream of peace in this universe cannot yet be realized. While more than eighty per cent of the tax-payers are Chinese in the city of Shanghai where there is no Chinese representation on the Municipal Council, signs posted in front of the beautiful park read, "No Chinese or dogs allowed." A Chinese remarked that the ruling was much heavier

on the Chinese than the dogs, since the dogs paid no taxes.

A university graduate who returned from his studies in England a few years ago travelled on the same ship with four young Englishmen. Three of them were on the best of social terms with him; but the fourth would have nothing to do with him because he had lived in Shanghai, where the Chinese up till its capture by the Cantonese had absolutely no voice in the affairs of the municipal government and this situation has given the idea to some Europeans that all Chinese are inferior to them. In the port cities the exclusive British and American clubs will not admit any Chinese, whether they are qualified either through education or financial standing, and members cannot entertain their Chinese friends in these clubs.

A few years ago a British official invited the Hon. Tang Shao Yi, former prime minister and a great scholar, to dine with him at the Shanghai Club. Dr. Tang was turned back at the door by the Sikh police on guard. It was raining, but he was not allowed to step inside the doorway, and was compelled to stand in the rain while his card was sent to his would-be host. This man came out and had to confer with the distinguished statesman on the steps, and explain his inability to entertain him. Such incidents are not confined to China alone, and it is interesting to note that a woman graduate of a university in England was planning for her return to China, when she found that it was impossible for her to secure passage unless she bought two tickets and reserved an entire state room. The steamship company upheld this attitude by pointing out that there were no other Chinese booked, and that it would be impossible to sell the other berth in the cabin to any white person. Even in the city of Montreal one of the friends of the writer could not secure admission to a certain theatre, and the manager informed him that the admission of a Chinese would probably ruin his future business. We engaged a lawyer to investigate this case and appealed to the Chinese Consul-General at Ottawa who demanded an explanation. The theatre manager came out with the "alibi" that it was a mistake, and that Chinese will be admitted in future.

These incidents may seem trivial to the European but they are deeply felt and resented by us Chinese, for everywhere we go we are confronted with the same attitude of superiority in spite of the fact that Chinese civilization was highly developed when the inhabitants of Europe were chasing each other about with stone axes.

There is to-day a body of commercial, official and educational leaders, many of them trained in England and America, who discriminate between good breeding and boorishness, and who appreciate being treated with courtesy. They hold the opinion that it is not necessary to do business with people who treat us with contempt.

To the Chinese mind, the reluctance to withdraw extra-territoriality and special privileges which Europeans cannot secure in any other part of the world is only a manifestation of the superiority complex. At bottom it is this feeling which is responsible for the unwillingness to come under Chinese law and jurisdiction, in spite of the fact that many important revisions have been made in the civil and criminal codes. The unpleasant experiences in the treaty ports as well as in foreign countries have brought the realization that

China must become strong in the Western sense in order to gain the respect of the Occident. While the West is endeavouring to give the assurance that the unequal treaties will be abolished as soon as China has put her house in order, she cannot do so because she does not even have control of her own house. Thus, four hundred and thirty million people are united in the desire to abolish foreign domination, and to conclude new treaties on a basis of equality.

While the first Revolution in 1911 was directed at the overthrow of the Manchu régime and the establishment of the Republic, the present revolutionary movement aims at the overthrow of the military leaders who have been keeping the country in a state of chaos for so many years and whose sole aim is profit and graft. The writer can say with a certain amount of confidence that the aims and policy of the Kuomintang are gaining the favour of the masses in China, for it is upon the success of the Cantonese that the people of China hope to abolish all unequal treaties which bind China's hands and feet. The only party that has definite principles to fight for is the Canton Government, and these are, namely:— (1) People's Nationalism, or the freedom of the Chinese people from foreign imperialism; (2) People's Sovereignty, or democracy for the people; (3) Means of Providing a Living for the People.

To attempt to stem the tide of Chinese nationalism by branding it with fancy names would be as futile as attempting to stop the waves, for it cannot be denied that every people has a right to rule its own country. One must not forget the words of Benjamin Franklin: "It is in human nature that injuries as well as benefits received in times of weakness and distress, national as well as personal, make deep and lasting impressions."

### *Middle Age Speaks*

I KNOW two funny folk who lived,  
One Chelsea way and one in Greenwich village,  
And neither earned his keep by any  
Customary form of pillage.

They borrowed money from their friends,  
Not knowing when they could repay;  
And neither saved against old age;  
They lived from day to day.

They drank when there was drink about;  
They were not of the Nordic Race:  
Parents and schoolmasters would call  
Their social habits a disgrace.

But I who have achieved success,  
Of sorts, I who have practised thrift,  
And hold substantial policies  
Would gladly cut myself adrift

From safety and familiar ways,  
Neat children and a faithful wife,  
If I could really barter a  
Serene old age for Life.

*Philip Page*

## Trelawny of the Wells

(From our Special Correspondent)

What can be said of the performance of *Trelawny of the Wells* given recently in the Moyse Hall? That the banality of Pinero is made fully apparent by an amateur performance of one of his plays? That it is a mystery that a man, who is as little of an artist as may well be, should have chosen to devote his life to the concoction of such Plays? But we must not lapse into metaphysics. Nearer home and equally obscure are the reasons for the choosing of this play by the English Department.

First and last the most real emotion evoked by the play was a profound sympathy with the performers as they valiantly struggled with its amorphous bulk. It cannot be exactly stated perhaps, that the acting was good, as a statement of this kind would be misleading when the standard set by *Loyalties* is considered. And also because such a piece cannot be well acted. There is nothing to act,—in four hours not a dramatic moment. It can only be well done, displaying, that is, good stage technique. This is the last thing in the ordinary way to be expected from amateurs, as it can only come from long practice, a work-a-day familiarity with the stage. Success in amateur acting depends on a natural sense of drama and appreciation of character. Nevertheless, despite the material they had to handle, the players gave ample evidence of possessing these qualities. Mr. Herdt as Tom Wrench and Miss Gray as Rose Trelawny were the best; but the performance as a whole was remarkably even and such minor characters as Mrs. Mossop, Miss Trafalgar Gower and Sir William Gower, if we are not underrating his importance, were ably presented. A word of congratulation is also due to Mr. Slatkoff for his Augustine Colpoys, the stage comedian.

The chief weakness was a certain lack of spirit. But then the caste knew, what was mercifully hidden from our eyes, how long the play was going to last. As the evening wore on they were seen to be justified in their adoption of the methods of the long distance runner.

The costumes, lighting, and staging were in general excellent.

First and last, — no, for last a profound fatigue overcame everyone, actors as well as audience, and the latter moved uneasily in a sort of stupor on their seats now become adamant. And when the curtain fell, as it seemed to do with infinite reluctance, they were to be seen walking out of the hall like somnambulists. The clock at the Gates chimed the half hour. It was 12:30 p. m.

"The period 1810-1835 was a winter solstice in English Drama. There had been no such lean years since 1590. Dramatists subordinated reality to conventionality, simplicity to affectation, truth to artificiality. Theatres resorted to farce, burlesque, pantomime and tearful sentimentalism." This we learnt from the programme. And the note went on to say, that it was with the object of celebrating Tom Robertson, who rescued us from this condition of affairs, that Pinero wrote his play. He admirably succeeded in making us realize the gratitude of the men of 1835 to this bold spirit.

## Undertaker's Anthology

A. J. M. Smith

### Two Epitaphs

I

UNDER this grassy mound  
Lies one of those who went  
Upon the solid ground  
Timidly and diffident,  
Her thoughts upon the air  
And the enfolding skies,  
Who in the thoughtless dust  
Now dreamless lies.

II

Say not of this lady  
Sleeping here  
That she was beautiful, beloved  
And dear;  
Tell no one she was witty,  
Graceful, fine;  
Tell no one, — this I beg you —  
She was mine;  
Only say she had a lover,  
Add that she is dead;  
Then go away and leave her —  
Everything is said.

### The Shrouding

UNRAVEL this curdled cloud,  
Wash out the stain of the sun,  
Let the winding of your shroud  
Be delicately begun.

Bind up the muddy Thames,  
Hearken the arrogant worm,  
Sew the seams and the hems  
With fine thread and firm.

When the moon is a sickle of ice  
Reaping a sheaf of stars,  
Put pennies on your eyes,  
Lie you down long and sparse.

Fold your thin hands like this,  
Over your breast, so;  
Protract no farewell kiss,  
Nor an elastic woe.

### Beside One Dead

THIS is the sheath, the sword drawn;  
These are the lips, the Word spoken;  
This is Calvary toward dawn;  
And this is the third day token—  
The opened tomb and the Lord gone:  
Something Whole that was broken.

## Poem

SAD boys who mourn that love dies young —  
Mourn rather that young love so long resists  
The fingers at his throat  
The thicker waistline and the thinner hair,  
Rouge, common holiday — and dies at last  
Not knowing immortality to lie  
In the clean thrust of a deliberate knife.

Bliss Chapman

BOOKS

ECONOMIC AND SOCIAL ASPECTS OF THE  
NOVA SCOTIA COAL INDUSTRY

(By Eugene Forsey; published by the Macmillan Company of Canada; Price .75c)

THE second of last year's economics theses at McGill has been published. The story of the Nova Scotia coal industry is adequately described in all its aspects: the productivity of the mines, the organization of the Company, the protective tariff on coal, and the labor unions. The mines are productive and there is a \$0.53 duty, but the company complains that profits are low while labour conditions in the Nova Scotian mining area are known to be abominable.

The history of the company is the record of a number of coal-exploiting agencies in their efforts to rid themselves of useless competition without undergoing any financial loss. In 1893 the Dominion Coal Company, a merger of operators in south Cape Breton, was organized as the first step towards general amalgamation. The promoters of this company attempted to regain the New England market. Under the old Elgin-Marcy Reciprocity Treaty the coal producers with their near American market, attainable through water transport, had enjoyed very great prosperity. The smoke regulations of New England towns are aimed at Cape Breton coal, which has been kept out of the United States by the American tariff as well.

As far as the Canadian tariff for the protection of our own coal industry is concerned, the Nova Scotian coal financiers find that it is not high enough to assure them a steady market in the Central Provinces. Why is the tariff not high enough? Is it because the small consumers have for once been able to make themselves heard? Not in the least, because Nova Scotian coal is soft bituminous coal used in factories. Our patriotic manufacturers of Quebec and Ontario have not allowed their enthusiasm for a high tariff to extend so far as to damage their own interests through raising their cost of production.

But Mr. Forsey is of the opinion that these manufacturers will finally be compelled to use Canadian coal.

The reason why they now use West Virginian soft coal is that there is little or no trade-unionization in the West Virginia fields. Mr. Forsey thinks that such conditions cannot last, that the cheap foreign labour in West Virginia is bound to wake up to its helplessness under the individual contract. By that time, the manufacturers of Central Canada will turn to the Maritime Provinces for their coal. The figures taken by Mr. Forsey from the 1925 Report of the Royal Commission show a pit-head cost of \$3.60 per long ton. He estimates that the water haul to Montreal should not cost more than \$1.00 per ton.

Mr. Forsey thinks that the American market cannot be secured through Reciprocity; and he is against rail subventions for coal haulage, since in any case "the actual cost of rail transport is prohibitive." At the same time, he affirms that the idea of reducing the cost of coal mining by means of attacking the wage level is both unthinkable and inhuman. He argues for the collective contract with the Mine Workers' Union of America.

Eugene Forsey's work as compiler of facts and expositor of the problems is unfortunately marred by the bad results achieved by the technical experts who were in charge of the publication of the thesis. Bad indexing, sloppy arrangement, and none too good proof-reading are some of the faults to be found with the printed monograph.

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THE FIRE OF DESERT FOLK

(By Ferdinand Ossendowski; E. P. Dutton & Company, New York; Price:—\$3.00)

THE adventurous Pole releases another set of experiences, this time in North Africa. The subject matter is, unlike that of his other books, almost credible and correspondingly uninteresting. As a defence of the questionable policy of France in Morocco this book is more than adequate.

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MOSCOW GOLD

(By General Sir Nicholas Hoare, K.C.B., L.L.D., O. U.D.S., with biographical preface by his son-in-law, Marcus Lazaroff. Knapp & Dreame. \$8.00. 784 pages)

ONCE more we have the Soviet bugaboo in our midst. It is astounding, to the point of laughter, to see the trouble that such rabid Imperialists as Sir Nicholas will take in order to show up the "secret hand of Russia." In seven hundred and forty-eight pages this estimable military man has given a complete, exhaustive and thoroughly biased account of all that Moscow has done, and is doing, to finance the progress of Communism, Radicalism and Anarchism in English, American and even the leading Canadian Universities. Incidentally, it reveals nothing more than is already known by our own Secret Service.