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THE McGILLIAD

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Newman and Huxley

Dean Ira A. MacKay

The Parliament of Fowles -- A Short Story

Abraham M. Klein

Page The Psychologist

N. W. Morton

A Paduan Interlude

Professor A. Willey

Other Stories, Poems and Articles by:

*K. N. CAMERON, FRED V. STONE, J. A. EDMISON, LEO KENNEDY, ALICE JOHANNSEN,
R. LEVINE, BEN: DAS, H. G. F.*

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EDITORIAL



HE response so far has been encouraging. The interest exhibited in the two issues of the magazine published in March and April, and the relative success of our subscription campaign, have definitely shown that the optimism of the executive was not misplaced. The editors last year ventured to suggest that there was "the need for some forum where they (the students) can exchange their intellectual and emotional experiences, where they can present to their fellow-beings their clarified conception of some bewildering phenomenon or some haunting passion." The need was undoubtedly there, the want has now been filled. This issue before the reader is the first of six which shall appear regularly during this college session. The work of last year's editorial board under the aegis of A. M. Klein will be continued with the same spirit of enthusiasm; the standard established will be maintained.

The subscription campaign has assured us of our public and of our finances, but to become an adequate forum for university thought we must have a greater number of student contributors. The undergraduate, on looking through this issue, will no doubt be struck with the fact that many of the included contributions are from writers outside the college circle. While we welcome any contribution which possesses literary merit, we wish the students to realize that the "McGilliad" is primarily an undergraduate publication, and as such, should reflect the general tone of campus life. It is discouraging to hear the same criticism directed against any literary or cultural activity at McGill,—that it is in the hands of a group. Our retort with regard to the McGilliad is that out of some thousand students in the Faculty of Arts alone, perhaps fifty (or are we too liberal?) are really interested in literature or in creative writing. One professor has offered the solution that the students are "too busy living to do any thinking." Judging by the lofty indifference of many college men and women we are forced to the conclusion that thinking does not enter into the undergraduate's scheme of things,—unless there be so urgent a subject as the Alma Mater Dance, or so thrilling a theme as the "Battle of the Sexes." However . . . The McGilliad has a wide circulation outside the Campus, and, though our criticism of the average college man may be true, it were best to keep it dark. . . .

We may be too harsh. If so, we are ready to be convinced. We should be much happier to retract the above assertion than we are to make it. There may be some who, unknown to us, do literary work and are too timid to offer it for publication. If the spirit of the McGilliad is correctly interpreted there should be no hesitation on the part of any student, for its sole aim is to encourage literary talent wherever it may be found. The editors are not a band of ruthless critics ready to pounce upon and dissect the unwary contributor. Our unmitigated scorn turns only on the college moron who considers all literati as freaks beneath his notice.

It is the object of the Editorial Board eventually to extend the activity of the Magazine. In order to stimulate creative work on the part of the students we shall introduce literary contests of every description. It is hoped that the undergraduates will take advantage of this added incentive and will respond to the undertaking in a way which will encourage further work. The policy of the Magazine was definitely stated last spring, and to dispel any possible misconception we repeat it verbatim:—

"The editorial policy is simply that there be no policy. It is the desire of the editorial board to make this magazine a representative university publication. There are in our midst conservatives, liberals, and labourites, idolators and iconoclasts, traditionalists and ultra-modernists, religious adherents and religious septs, idealists and materialists, patriots and cosmopolites. Every opinion and class is represented in our university population, and every opinion and class will obtain equal and unprejudiced consideration from the editors. All that the editorial board requires of a contribution is that it have literary excellence, and be devoid of any wilful offensiveness. There is nothing we should welcome more than to have side by side articles of divergent views and of diametrically opposite opinions:

"It is obvious from the above statement that the editorial board can never be responsible for any opinion expressed in the pages of the "McGilliad." The editors intend to introduce as little censorship as possible, and desire this to be clearly understood by all concerned."

Newman and Huxley

By DEAN IRA A. MacKAY

I HAVE been reading Newman again recently. One often turns to Newman for comfort. I am not now thinking of Newman, Cardinal; I am thinking only of Newman, thinker, scholar and equal master of the spoken and written word. The story of Newman's attempt to found a University in Ireland after the model and style of the Oxford Colleges is one of the most interesting chapters in the history of Universities. The venture seemed so timely and so beneficent and certainly no cause ever had a more eloquent and persuasive advocate. Nevertheless, the venture failed. High ideals, exalted character and fine diction were no match for vested official selfishness and personal jealousy. They seldom are.

Most University students have read, and all of them should read Newman's famous summing-up of his idea of a University education. The passage reads as follows:—

"If then a practical end must be assigned to a University course, I say it is that of training good members of society. Its art is the art of social life, and its end is fitness for the world. It neither confines its views to particular professions on the one hand, nor creates heroes nor inspires genius on the other. Works indeed of genius fall under no art; heroic minds come under no rule; a University is not a birthplace of poets or of immortal authors, of founders of schools, leaders of colonies, or conquerors of nations. It does not promise a generation of Aristotles or Newtons, of Napoleons or Washingtons, of Raphaels or Shakespeares, though such miracles of nature it has before now contained within its precincts. Nor is it content, on the other hand, with forming the critic or the experimentalist, the economist or the inquirer, though such, too, it includes within its scope. But a University training is the great, ordinary means to a great but ordinary end; it aims at raising the intellectual tone of society, at cultivating the public mind, at purifying the national taste, at supplying true principles to popular enthusiasm and fixed aims to popular aspiration, at giving enlargement and sobriety to the ideas of the age, at facilitating the exercise of political power and refining the intercourse of private life. It is the education which gives a man a clear, conscious view of his own opinions and judgments, a truth in developing them, an eloquence in expressing them, and a force in urging them. It teaches him to see things as they are, to go right to the point, to disentangle a skein of thought, to detect what is sophistical, and to discard what is irrelevant. It prepares him to fill any post with credit, and to master any subject with facility. It shows him how to accommodate himself to others, how to throw himself into their state of mind, how to bring before them his own, how to in-

fluence them, how to come to an understanding with them, how to bear with them. He is at home in any society, he has common ground with every class; he knows when to speak and when to be silent; he is able to converse, he is able to listen; he can ask a question pertinently, and gain a lesson seasonably when he has nothing to impart himself; he is ever ready, yet never in the way; he is a pleasant companion and a comrade you can depend upon; he knows when to be serious and when to trifle; and he has a sure tact which enables him to trifle with gracefulness and to be serious with effect. He has the repose of mind which lives in itself, while it lives in the world, and which has resources for its happiness at home when it cannot go abroad. He has a gift which serves him in public and supports him in retirement, without which good fortune is but vulgar, and with which failure and disappointment have a charm. The art which tends to make a man all this, is in the object which it pursues, as useful as the art of wealth or the art of health, though it is less susceptible of method and less tangible, less certain, less complete in its result."

Compare with this the following equally well-known passage from Huxley:—

"That man, I think, has had a liberal education who has been so trained in youth that his body is the ready servant of his will, and does with ease and pleasure all the work that, as a mechanism, it is capable of; whose intellect is a clear, cold, logic engine, with all its parts of equal strength, and in smooth working order; ready, like a steam engine, to be turned to any kind of work, and spin the gossamers as well as forge the anchors of the mind; whose mind is stored with a knowledge of the great and fundamental truths of Nature and of the laws of her operations; one who, no stunted ascetic, is full of life and fire, but whose passions are trained to come to heel by a vigorous will, the servant of a tender conscience; who has learned to love all beauty, whether of Nature or of art, to hate all vileness, and to respect others as himself."

Any laboured comparison of these passages is unnecessary. The two passages may be left for the most part side by side. The great difference in emphasis is obvious. For Newman a University education means the education of the man, for Huxley it means the intensive training of the mind. For Newman, truth, beauty, rectitude, reverence and good manners all play their part in the composition of the scholar; for Huxley the mind is a machine that perceives and thinks and must, therefore, be made to perceive and think with precision and power. Newman draws a portrait of the scholar as he sees him—as he might meet him in the way—serenely at home in himself or patiently, proudly, devotedly pursuing his work in a world of men. Huxley takes refuge in a figure of

speech. How eloquent, persuasive, forceful Huxley's argument seems, and yet how utterly false and crude it really is! The mind is a machine. Mark that metaphor!

Huxley, in the passage which we have quoted from him, really falls into the most colossal fallacy in the History of Philosophy and, therefore, in the Philosophy of Education, the fallacy, namely, of construing the things of the mind after the analogy of physical objects. Indeed, it is this fallacy, perhaps, more than anything else, which has made Philosophy so often a futile study in the past and which may make some of our proudest and wealthiest Universities bite the dust in the future. John Locke was the first to introduce this fallacy into modern Philosophy. The mind, says Locke, "is like the eye," or the mind is "a camera obscura," and memory is a "receptacle" of a "dark

chamber" of the mind. The great German philosopher, Hegel, whom his countryman, Scopenhauer, called "the stupid and silly Hegel," describes memory as a "mysterious, deep, dark mine or pit," as if the analogy of a dungeon made the problem any clearer. In our day, too, after the fashion of the times, we habitually compare the things of the mind and education to economic commodities visibly weighed out and bought and sold in the market for a price, and ask, what is a University education worth, or is it worth anything, forgetting all the while that true education always declares its dividends in kind and never in cash. Whither bound?

Which pathway are we following at Old McGill, the pathway pointed out by Neman or the pathway pointed out by Huxley? That is the question.

Mr. Chadwick — A Short Story

By K. N. CAMERON



As he rounded the curve Mr. Chadwick saw the bench where the Genius would sit. Mr. Chadwick knew the Genius would sit there because he had heard him say so. After his poetry recital the Genius had spoken in a soft whisper to a tall lady behind a palm tree near the platform, and Mr. Chadwick, who had hurried forward to inspect his idol at close quarters, had heard him say, "1.45 my dear, the bench under the south elm." So Mr. Chadwick was there, too, and hoped that the tall lady would be late because if she were on time Mr. Chadwick's plan would be spoilt. So he prayed that the tall lady would be late.

Mr. Chadwick hurried forward and sat on the bench opposite the one under the elm, and tried to appear nonchalant. He laid his imitation ebony cane with its imitation mother-of-pearl knob carefully beside him so that no one else could sit on the bench. He crossed his knees and flicked a lady-bug off his spat. He unfolded his paper and held it up in front of him. His thumbs made sweaty marks on the edges of the paper because he was nervous.

Two young women came and sat on the bench under the elm, and he felt more nervous than ever. He straightened his little bowtie very straight and pulled up his blue silk handkerchief till just enough showed to suit him. Mr. Chadwick had done all these things before he left the store, but he was very nervous, and so he did them all again. It was 1.35 and the girls showed no sign of leaving. Mr. Chadwick glared at them through his horn rimmed spectacles and they glared back at him. He was frightened and took refuge behind his paper.

One of the girls was rather plump and reminded Mr. Chadwick of his wife, who had run away with a boot-legger and left a note telling him he was a sap, so he did not like the plump girl. The plump girl saw him peeking at her round the side of his paper and crossed her plump legs defiantly so that the skirt was well above her knees. Mr. Chadwick shrank behind his paper and blushed. The plump girl said, "A girl ain't safe even in the daytime with all these bohunks around."

"Oh my God," thought Mr. Chadwick, "she is talking about me. O my God." And the other girl said, "Yeah, these guys ain't got no manners nohow." Mr. Chadwick felt limp. The plump girl then said, "Say sister, ain't that John Gilbert over there, that guy with the paper and white spats, eh?" And the other one said, "No, I guess not. He's a bit small for John Gilbert I guess. Mebbe it's Ben Turpin or Rin-Tin-Tin though. You never can tell. It's wonderful what they can teach animals to do nowadays. You never can tell." And the plump one said, "Yeah."

Mr. Chadwick remembered Elmo, "the man with the dynamic personality." Mr. Chadwick had taken a six weeks' course with Elmo and a graduate course of three weeks, and had two diplomas, one red and one gold. Remembering Elmo, his courage returned. He rustled his paper defiantly.

The plump girl said, "If he speaks to me I'll scream." And the other said, "I'll scream with you dearie. Hold everything." And Mr. Chadwick forgot Elmo and said, "O God." Then the plump one said, "Mebbe it's an earl in disguise." "Yeah," answered the other, "mebbe 'tis, mebbe 'tisn't, but I gotta get back to work." "Gawd," said the plump one, "I wished I had a Rolls-Royce. Maybe his lordship would oblige." They laughed and Mr. Chadwick heard their footcrunches on the gravel path grow less and less.

He felt very miserable. He was glad they were gone. His hand fell to his side and the paper got crumpled. His glasses were dim where the sweat from his brow had dripped on them. He wiped them mechanically and put them back. He put his hand into his inside vest pocket. The familiar feel of the envelopes with their silk ribbon reassured him. In each envelope was a poem. Mr. Chadwick had written the poems. He had written many poems, but was far too shy to show them to anyone. Now he was going to show them to the Genius. The Genius would recognize that he was a genius, too, and he would be a great poet. That was Mr. Chadwick's plan. He had never shown the poems to anyone. He had never tried to publish them. He worked in the book department of Hendrick's department store, but he knew he was

a genius. He had never shown his poems to anyone, but he knew he was a genius, and now Stephen Wallace,—that was the Genius' name,—would at once see that he was a genius, too. Stephen Wallace was a great poet. He was the greatest poet since Tennyson. He addressed women's clubs every week, and wrote poems that helped people when life was black, and inspired people to love and help their fellows. He was a great poet. Mr. Chadwick thought his poem, "The Silver Lining," especially fine, and had memorized it. It started:

"Purity of tongue and heart and mind,
To sinners merciful, to weaklings kind"

Much though he admired this masterpiece, Mr. Chadwick in the bottom of his heart believed that his own "The Working Girl" was finer, though he never dared say so to anyone.

"From morn till night she stands
On the hardwood floor

Of the department store" he quoted, and felt considerably heartened, and began to imagine what he would do when the Genius appeared.

As soon as the great man sat down Mr. Chadwick would approach him. He would have to lose no time because the tall lady might not be very late. The Genius would be carrying a book. He always carried a book. Mr. Chadwick had read so in a magazine. Mr. Chadwick would approach him and say, "You are Mr. Wallace I believe, the great poet." And the Genius would beam at being recognized. "I am a humble admirer of yours, Mr. Wallace. Chadwick is my name, Algernon Chadwick. I think you are the greatest poet since Tennyson, Mr. Wallace, easily the greatest. Ah, you have a book with you. May I? Thank you. Miss Ella Wheeler Wilcox; your sole rival, Mr. Wallace, if I may be so bold as to say so; but then she lacks finesse, Mr. Wallace, don't you think so, yes indeed. Finesse." And the great man would say, "Surely you write poetry, too, Mr. Chadwick . . . one who shows such insight?" And Mr. Chadwick would say, modestly and with a deprecating gesture, "Oh, just a little, Mr. Wallace. A mere dabbler I assure you. I believe I have some of my stuff on me now." And he would feel in his pocket and bring out the envelopes bound with the silk ribbon. "Ah yes, here they are. How fortunate." And the great man would read them and say, "Mr. Chadwick, you are a genius."

His eyes grew bright. He felt a thrill of ecstasy pass through him. "Mr. Chadwick, you are a genius." And then he would be a great poet and lecture at the women's clubs, and all the women would love him like they loved the Genius.

The Genius came and sat on the bench opposite. He crossed his legs and laid a book on his knee. Mr. Chadwick froze into inaction. His resolutions scuttled into the nethermost regions of his subconscious, and left him speechless and frightened. He could neither move nor think. The genius looked at his wrist watch. The movement of his body overbalanced the book on his knee and it fell on the gravel path. "Pick it up, pick it up," screeched something inside Mr. Chadwick's head, "Pick it up you fool. It's your big chance." His mouth was dry as though filled with sawdust, his body limp. The Genius stooped to pick up the book. His forces came back suddenly. He bounded forward on the reflex. He fell on the gravel path and soiled the

knee of his trouser. The Genius, who had picked up the book, gazed at him in astonishment. Mr. Chadwick gazed back in terror. The Genius glared at him. Mr. Chadwick picked himself up and looked sheepish.

"Who the hell are you?" said the Genius.

"Algernon Chadwick."

"Oh. And what the devil do you mean by jumping at me like that?"

"I—I wanted to pick up your book. You are Mr. Wallace are you not?"

"Of course. Everyone knows me."

"Oh."

"I suppose you have written a sonnet sequence or something. You fellows are pestering me day and night. You are a damned nuisance. I don't want to see your sonnets."

"I haven't written any sonnets."

"Well, whatever kind of poetry you write I don't want to see it."

"I don't write poetry."

"Well what do you do?"

"I am a novelist," lied Mr. Chadwick.

"Oh that is all right, Mr. Chadwick, I am sorry. I thought you were one of those half-baked versifiers that follow me all over the place. It's terrible the way those fellows trail a man, damn awful."

"Steve dear," came a woman's voice behind them. It was the tall lady. "I am sorry I'm late, dear."

"All right, darling, but we'll have to hustle." The genius got up. "By the way, this is Mr. Chadwick, my dear. Mr. Chadwick is a novelist. Mr. Chadwick—Miss Stopes, of the Vanities you know."

"Oh," said Miss Stopes, "I adore novelists. Perhaps we can see you again some time, Mr. Pallick. I do wish we had more time. I just adore novelists."

"I—I'm awfully glad," said Mr. Chadwick.

"Come, my dear, we must be off," said the Genius. "Goodbye, Mr. Chadwick." They walked off arm in arm. Mr. Chadwick stared blankly after them.

"What a funny little man," said Miss Stopes.

SEASONS

When the burnished leaf drifts
To the meagre stubble,
And the sheltered beast lifts
Bovine head, and a huddle
Of crows caw into a wind
Of late October, and a brittle
Frost shows silver where the blind
Claw of the mole pressed spittle
Of earthworms on dull soil—
When the last mass
Of goldenrod is gone, and toil
Of the year ended, and I pass
Among bleached bones of summer, hearing geese
Clack in flight overhead
With trailing feet, and beaks
Set to the south,—I shall think on the dead.
On gaunt unresurrected sons of God;
Crocus bulbs parched and patient under sod.

Leo Kennedy.

The Wheat Pool

By FRED V. STONE

DURING the past year and a half the Canadian Wheat Pool has been made the object of much publicity, embodying both favorable and adverse criticism. The phenomenal growth of the organization within a comparatively short time, the tremendous amount of wealth that passes through its hands each year, the important position which it holds in relation to the general business and industry of the nation, and the novel type of organization and control by which it becomes an almost quasi-public institution, have attracted the critical attention of the business world.

The purpose of this article is to examine the principles upon which the Wheat Pool is organized, the methods by which it is controlled, the motives which prompted its establishment, and the economic function it is expected to perform. The spirit underlying the Wheat Pool, the aims and ideals of its most conscientious organizers, and the mental attitude of its members are things which have been neglected by popular writers upon the subject. Most writers have been impressed by what they consider its physical greatness, its material successes, and its colossal failures, all of which are very interesting, but which are of lesser importance from the point of view that is being taken here.

The true greatness of a church consists in the aims and ideals which it is able to carry out, rather than in its possession of gilded halls and painted windows. The real worth of a political party is measured by the principles to which it adheres, and the extent to which they are deemed to be in the best interests of the country, rather than by its possession of influence and power. By the same token, if we are to arrive at a proper estimation of the Wheat Pool, we must understand its principles and ideals; we must know it in spirit as well as in flesh.

The old adage asserts that necessity is the mother of invention. The Wheat Pool was born of economic adversity. The low prices of farm products during the post-war business depression and the consequent low standard of living to which the western farmer was forced, were the chief causes for the movement which culminated in the formation of the Alberta Wheat Pool in 1923 and of the Canadian Wheat Pool in 1924.

The farmer reasoned that there was too great a gap between the producer and the consumer. Prices of raw farm products were too low in comparison with those of finished products. He saw the prices of his own products dropping drastically while the cost of the things he had to buy was reduced very gradually. The farmer's only explanation of this phenomenon seemed to be that other classes of producers were more highly organized, and had developed a more efficient marketing system than the farmers, who devoted all of their time and labour to producing raw farm products, without ever considering how these commodities might best be marketed.

The apparent discrepancy between the prices that the farmer received for the raw farm commodities and the prices which the consumer paid for them as finished products, led the farmer to the conclusion that he must keep control of his produce until it got a little nearer the hands of the consumer, if he wished to receive a larger proportion of what the consumer paid for his produce. The purpose in the minds of the farmers who organized the Wheat Pool was not to raise the price of bread or flour, but to return to the farmer a larger percentage of what the consumer did pay for bread or flour. The idea of exploiting the consumer has never been entertained by the farmer as being either possible or desirable. The farmer believed that if he received his fair share of the consumer's dollar, he would be able to buy back as a consumer the things which the man who consumed his goods had produced. The objective of the Wheat Pool was to obtain a more efficient system of marketing and distribution, to bring the producer and the consumer more closely together as far as agricultural products were concerned.

Co-operation was the only means by which this objective could be achieved. The Wheat Pool is merely a sales agency, owned and operated on a co-operative and democratic basis by the farmers who belong to it. Every member agrees by written contract to deliver all of his wheat to this sales agency for a period of five years. He agrees that the proceeds from the sale of this wheat shall be pooled with those of all other members' wheat so that every member receives the same price for the same quantity of grain delivered during the same fiscal year. In order to provide a commercial reserve and an elevator fund for the purpose of building Pool elevators to facilitate the handling of Pool wheat, every member agrees that a certain deduction per bushel of grain be made from the proceeds due him.

The control and operation of the Wheat Pool is most democratic. Every member, regardless of the amount of wheat he delivers to the Pool, or the amount of money he has invested in its commercial and elevator funds, has only one vote in the election of delegates who go to the annual conventions of the provincial pool units where the directors are elected, and general Pool policy is decided upon. No small group of powerful interests is in a position to control over fifty per cent of the votes and thus dictate the policy of the Pool. The Wheat Pool is a big business in which there are no rich men. Those who are inclined to criticise the Pool on account of its policy during the past eighteen months would probably say that the Pool is a big business in which there are no big men. The fact remains that it is an organization under democratic control.

Another democratic aspect of the Pool lies in its method of capitalization and payment of dividends. As already indicated the capital is provided by members only, whose contribution is in direct proportion to the

amount of grain delivered to the organization. Beyond the six per-cent interest paid on this capital, any further dividends are pro-rated back to members not according to capital investment, but in proportion to the produce delivered. The Wheat Pool is a non-profit making institution inasmuch as all proceeds from the sale and handling of grain are returned to the farmers who produced that commodity. In other words, it represents an attempt on the part of 140,000 farmers to establish an efficient sales organization and grain handling system to operate at cost.

The spirit underlying the Wheat Pool is one of co-operation. The whole structure of the organization indicates that there is a desire for economic democracy. It is a system under which the man who toils and produces becomes a capitalist to the extent that he becomes a partial owner as an individual and a sole owner as a group in the machinery of production and distribution. Surely, such a system in which the labourers and capitalists become one single group is somewhat akin to a high form of socialism.

In spite of the Wheat Pool the farmers have been caught in the toils of economic depression once more. Naturally there has been a slight reaction to the exaggerated commendation which the Pool received during years of prosperity. Officials and members of the Pool were inclined to take unto themselves too

much credit for high prices during the good years. Consequently, at present, undue responsibility is thrust upon their shoulders for prevailing low prices.

While public opinion throughout the Dominion in favour of the Pool may be at a low ebb, the spirit of co-operation still dominates in the West, and the principles upon which the Pool organization was built are still cherished as much as ever. Undoubtedly, all farmers, both Pool and non-Pool, have been disappointed by the recent sharp decline in wheat values. They had over-estimated the ability of the Pool to maintain stable prices. Although their high prices and expectations have not been realized, their faith in their own country and themselves has not been shaken. The thinking membership will remain loyal to the Pool, nor will they abandon it until some more ideal system of distribution is made possible.

A judgment of the Wheat Pool taken entirely from a material point of view is unfair and inadequate. The Wheat Pool represents an endeavour at economic and social reform, an attempt to draw agricultural producers and consumers more nearly together. It involves a higher degree of citizenship on the part of its members. It develops community spirit and co-operative ownership. It lends respectability to agriculture as an industry, and gives self-assurance to farmers as a class.



BIG OT

My sisters two are fair of face,
And of an equal blood;
One gave her heart away for wealth,
And one chose lustihood,—

One gave her to an aged man,
And wears a wedding ring;
Has ample tale of gowns to wear
And many a pretty thing.

One gave her to a younger son
Who had no store of pelf,—
Who loved her well, but left her soon
With nothing for herself.

One soft as any lady lies
With one man and no more,
Taking love's pleasure at her ease—
The other is a whore;

One has no bitter joy to bear,
No happy grief to show;
Her sister is a wanton jade
Whose lovers come and go.

*And should these ladies call on me,
I who to both am kin,
Would not admit the wedded whore,
Nor let her sister in.*

Leo Kennedy.

DEATH COMES FOR DAY

You did not hear earth gasp
Or see winds huddle,
Or the cold of his grasp
On fern, on puddle,
Sense stark autumn's shame,
Or know when *he* came.

You did not see that crow
Freeze on the wall
For a second as though
It had heard the fall
Of a foot nearby
And couldn't tell why.

You did not feel his scorn
Nor earth's despair
Trembling borne
On the agonized air,
Or heaven reply
With quivering cry.

Did not know that death
Had come to that land,
Feel the dank of his breath
Or the foul of his hand,
Or see the trees drape
The evening like crape.

K. N. Cameron.

A Paduan Interlude

By PROFESSOR A. WILLEY

"Pretty in amber to observe the forms,
Of hairs and straws and flies and grubs and worms.
The things we know are neither rich nor rare,
But wonder how the devil they got there."

IN these familiar lines Alexander Pope expressed in a nutshell one of the objects of zoological research, which is to find out how things come to be where they are. In popular estimation a professor of zoology should be a walking cyclopaedia, ready and willing at a moment's notice to give out information about such diverse topics as plant-lice and nightingales. Because the field is so varied it is considered profitable for those who may be more or less conversant with different corners of it to meet together at intervals in order to rub shoulders, exchange opinions and correct misunderstandings. I had suffered much mortification from the insertion in an important monograph of a conspicuous mark of interrogation against an earlier statement of my own. On questioning the author, whom I met for the first time in Padua, regarding the grounds of his uncertainty, I was informed that the mark was unintentional and must have crept in by accident. But there it was and is.

There are so many congresses being held now-a-days in various places that little or no distinction rewards those who attend them, even when oceans and continents must be crossed to reach the chosen destination, but one may hope to gain some merit from the voluntary pilgrimage. In 1898 I attended the International Zoological Congress which was held that year at Cambridge, England, as I happened to be on the spot at the time. Since then I have allowed subsequent congresses to take their course without being present at them, but this year the lure of Padua was too strong and the invitation too pressing to be resisted.

As in geology certain fossils are regarded in the light of an index to the age of the stratum in which they occur, enabling corresponding deposits in distant countries to be correlated, so in zoology there are some obscure types of animal life which are held to be capable of throwing light upon the relations between the shore-lines of distant times and climes. If we find a species in the alkaline lakes of Saskatchewan which was first discovered many years ago in North Africa, we wonder "how the devil it got there." As a matter of fact there is such a species and singularly enough it occurs also in Devil's Lake, North Dakota. There was a special section of the congress at Padua to discuss such matters, and more than a dozen other sections were devoted to special branches of the subject. This will be news to many old-timers who think with aversion that zoology means little more than the dissection of clams and earthworms.

In the atmosphere of such an ancient university town as Padua, with the historical glamour of Venice upon it, and with its memories of Giotto the friend of Dante, and Galileo the inventor of the telescope, the contrast between art and science is felt acutely.

"That heaven upon earth which is art" is so far removed in our thoughts from that haven of cosmic truth which is science that one forgets that in R. L. Stevenson's words, "art is the pioneer of knowledge," and may be the means of softening the harshness of truth.

In Padua there is an imposing establishment, with spacious buildings and acres of land planted with mulberry trees, called the Bacological Institute, from the Italian word *baco*, a grub. It is the repository of precise and immediate information regarding the life and habits of the caterpillar of the silkworm moth, a vital commodity in central Italy where it is the salvation of the country. It is a domesticated insect, perhaps even more so than the honey bee, since it is unknown in the wild state even in its homeland of China, and, like the domesticated duck, it has lost the power of flight, although it still retains all four wings complete in both sexes. The eggs, commonly known as silk-seed, are laid in the autumn, kept cool during the winter, and the young caterpillars emerge in the first warmth of spring, a preliminary period of refrigeration being essential for the activation of the eggs. All researches looking to the improvement of silk-production are conducted along Mendelian lines. This means that the progeny of individual matings is segregated or kept apart from other broods in order to obtain pure pedigree strains which can then be tested for their cocoon-spinning qualities by cross-breeding under controlled conditions. The cocoons, about the size of a pigeon's egg, exhibit two principal colour-effects, snow white and canary yellow, and there are other less obvious characters upon which changes can be rung by judicious crossing. All this is great work calling for expert guidance.

Goethe's travels in Italy took him to Padua where his footsteps left a lasting impress. In the old Botanic Garden, near the cathedral of St. Anthony, there is a famous tree which commemorates his visit. As a poet and a naturalist, adept alike in reading the mind of man and the book of nature, his interests were worldwide. In 1812 he was as much intrigued by a scientific polemic as by the retreat from Moscow. Moreover he bequeathed to biological science a number of conceptions which he gathered together under the name "morphology." This is the discipline which, if rightly followed, serves as a guide to correct comparisons. It teaches, for instance, that the bird's wing is formed in quite a different fashion from the bat's wing, and that birds are not related to bats but rather to reptiles, although the wings are alike in their function of sustaining flight. He foresaw that this subject would never become popular, because, he said, we are more influenced by emotions and sensations than by mere concepts.

The tree which is Goethe's memorial in Padua is a rare branching example of the only palm which is native to Europe. It looks as if it were composed from top to bottom of leaves: clumps of fan-shaped leaves on the crowns, and stumps of fallen leaves along the

stems. From that circumstance he deduced, as the inscription states, in 1787, the proofs of his theory of the metamorphosis of plants.

Another of the leading articles of the convention was the experimental cross-breeding of poultry strains as promoted by the government at the station of Rovigo, near Padua, under the direction of Professor Ghigi of Bologna, with remarkably successful results. Some of these results are of industrial importance, while others are of academic interest, but that is all the same to those responsible for fostering the art of "polliculture." The grounds of Rovigo are dotted with aviaries, in one of which there were two pairs of Australian parrakeets, of the kind kept frequently as cage-birds, marked with zebra-like undulating bands on the back. The lower side of one pair was bright green, that of the other pair was rich cobalt blue. This was a most fascinating example of a striking mutation occurring within a single species. The bright grass-green ground-colour is normal, the blue arose as a

"sport" or mutation, changing the colour-effect but not the specific character. The manner in which such abrupt changes are transmitted from generation to generation belongs to the province of genetics. They serve to demonstrate the fact that even wild species are not so fixed as they appear to be, since, when taken in hand, they can be modified by artificial selection so as to produce fancy breeds as well as useful varieties.

Everything in Italy is being refined under the new order. The very mosquitoes seem to have sharpened their stilettos and to have become, if that were possible, more efficient. But there was one relic of the past which could not be improved upon, and that was Italian hospitality. The great hall of the University of Padua, where the reception of the delegates took place, is festooned with the escutcheons of former alumni, constituting a grand display in red and gold of worthy names, among which there are some which still resound through the centuries.

The Parliament of Fowles - A Short Story

By ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

KING SOLOMON was wearied of his thousand concubines. He thought of the long line of international beds in his royal dormitory; and shuddered. The spirit was willing, but the flesh was weak. As a venture in diplomacy his harem was an overwhelming success: his collection of women of all shades and temperatures, the prettiest of their tribes, into one palace, explained to no small degree the world peace that prevailed throughout his reign. But as an enterprise in matrimony—Solomon sighed. The Lord had endowed him with wisdom, but not with strength. . . . He was no Samson to be equal to all the demands put upon his time and energy. There was an age, indeed, when his royal bedchamber was besieged every night, and his sleep invariably wrested from him. This would have continued, no doubt, and would have brought his black hairs to an early grave, had he not taken measures against their passionate sallies. His method is immortalized in Scripture: Behold his bed, which is Solomon's; three-score valiant men are about it, of the valiant of Israel. They all hold swords, being expert in war; every man hath his sword upon his thigh because of fear in the night.

Howbeit, the fact remained that women were an affliction, and useful to him only as material for the great thesis on vanity which he was at the moment considering. The interest of domestic peace, however, counselled him to hide behind his pseudonym Koheleth.

Women, moreover, were not the only anonymity in the monarch's life. This late afternoon in spring he was equally peeved by another elusive pest. He had invited some eastern mages to a private banquet, and the bald-headed greybeards had insisted on discussing theology. He had attempted to keep their mouths occupied by ordering additional courses, but these wise men forsook even the pleasures of food for the

ecstasies of dialectic. For three hours they had considered divinity and, to use Solomon's favourite phrase, the conclusion of the matter was a headache. After he had dismissed them with ambiguous compliments, King Solomon sighed a sigh of relief, and strolled forth into his garden. Even to wisdom and knowledge there was a surfeiting, and out of much talk came little profit. All that remained to him of his conferences with the sages was a pain at the back of his head, and a desire to use vile words. Imperiously, he doffed his crown, upon which full beads of sweat shone like diademal jewels; he tossed it among thorn-bushes. He had no niggardly worries about it. A slave eager to vindicate his honesty, he thought, would no doubt return it to him. And even if he didn't, gold was cheap, and styles in coronets were fickle.

The subject of crowns brought his mind to the subject of politics. Inspired by some unspoken reflection he thumbed his nose at no one in particular; and then looked around to see whether anyone had noticed his departure from monarchical dignity. Indeed, no one. The garden was as that garden inclosed which in a poem of his youth he had compared to his sister, his spouse. . . . Politics, fie! There was no contemporary prince worthy his mettle. Hiram, King of Tyre, wood-cutter on a grand scale; the spinster Queen of Sheba travelling presumably in search of wisdom; and a cripple on the throne of Mizraim. . . . They were simpletons and dolts; and politics with these was a weariness to the flesh.

He was tired. Boredom had been sent to him as ambassador from God knows what court; and in his head one thought pursued itself like a monkey in a cage: All was vanity. . . . For the third time in the course of an hour, the king had sighed. A philosophic asthma possessed him. He sat down and leaned his back against a tree, and murmured: All is vanity. Was

he becoming a dotard, forever drivelling one sentence?

In the west the sun was setting. It daubed the sky with a multitude of colours, and tinted the horizon like a master's palette. Purple melted into carmine, carmine faded into scarlet, scarlet waned into crimson, and crimson disappeared into pink—the variations of a theme,—Red. The doomed day stalked to its pyre in the west; from the east hurried the dusk, rendering the green grass greener, and the blue sky more blue. King Solomon regarded the sky and suffered in his brain a torment, and in his heart an ecstasy. . . . The sunset was too beautiful even for Hebrew words, crisp words baked in the desert. The sun was a rose upon the bosom of the sky. He thought of the Shunamite, and of the sunset, and of this glory about him, and he knew that all was not vanity. There remained a truth eternal;—and it was beauty.

Because the day was at its end the garrulities of the birds grew louder and louder with the imminence of dusk. Their chatterings were sharp with argument, and there was a haste in their words that smacked of the laws of closure. It was evident that some matter of great import was being bandied across the branches of the trees. Song rebutted song, twitter refuted twitter, and the little wood was full of a forensic chirping. Polished beaks uttered melodious syllogisms, and birds' eyes twinkled with the light of novel ratiocinations. The leaves rustled, the twigs quivered with the vigour of debate.

Solomon, who knew the language of the birds, eavesdropped on these their squabbings and gathered that the tiny feathered aesthetes were discussing the beauties of a sunset sky as compared with those of a noonday one. Here indeed behind these plumaged ribs, reflected the monarch, there was an understanding that surpassed his, a knowledge of the things that had true and weighty import. These creatures were obsessed by no sense of vanity, and overcome by no emptiness; they lived as neighbors to Heaven. Chafed by no worldly concerns, they balanced beauty on a feather. . . . This thing endured.

The discussion, as the falcon who was the local sage on heraldry expressed it, turned on the relative merits of azure and gules, noon and sundown.

"I am pleased by a sunset," chirped the robin, swelling his breast with sleek self-admiration, "solely because of a high and selfish conceit. Imprimis: my spouse yonder becomes singularly amorous towards nightfall; accordingly I have, as you will understand, a pardonable partiality for the drawer of the red blinds. Secundo, in the rays of the setting sun, choice tidbits in the stubble appear even choicer, curdled, as it were, with strawberry-cream; and tertio, the ruddy horizon makes a perfect match to my vest. Ergo, as libertine, as epicure, and as dandy, I must perforce be sun-worshipper."

"But," interrupted the canary in timid monosyllables, "for like cause I should dote on the moon; the blue bird should go mad with the love of the sky; the black bird praise the mid of night; and the grey hawk laud the clouds—which things are not so."

(King Solomon leaned back against the tree and smiled benignly. He was regaining his good humour).

"Are you sure of that?" queried the robin, his arrogance expanding along his waist, "are you sure of that? Where did you learn your scientific knowledge? Do you not know that it profits the blue bird greatly

to find himself in an azure environment? Do you not know that precisely that is the reason he eludes the hunters, the vultures, and the poets? The same truth applies to the hawk, and as for you, it would benefit you enormously if the world were amber, or if at least, you nested in daffodil fields."

(King Solomon admired this ornithological elucidation of a scientific theory. He pricked his ears; he would miss not even a comma from out their conversation).

"That is true, that is true," meekly assented the canary, thinking of his compeers behind gilded wires.

"That is true? You should have known that before you opened your beak to let out folly. You now concede what you never should have questioned. You have not the courage of your convictions. You are yellow." And the parabola of his breast swelled into a semi-circle. The canary was silent. He hopped three steps along the twig, and regarded the sunset, admiring beauties hitherto not admired.

(King Solomon gloated over the zeal with which these birds fought for the principles of science and art. Beauty wedded to knowledge! Admiringly he shook his head, pursed his lips, and let out a smack of approbation).

"The truculence of the robin" cawed the crow from behind his ministerial sable, "is unwarranted, unjustified, and unbirdlike. Such bellicosity is fitting for the biped moulted birds of the Greek philosopher, but not for birds of our respectable feather. What difference does it make whether the sunset or the noonday sky has the most ravishments? Are they not both the handiwork of God?"

(King Solomon groaned).

Do you therefore cast hallelujahs on both? It is sinful to admire such superficial charms; and as a servant of my God, and as one who is concerned not only with form but also with content, I feel that—"

"Get you to your carrion. Listen to him," bubbled the thrush, quoting his parody of a well-known author to whom he owed a debt of gratitude for publicities rendered, "listen to him:

God's in his heaven,
To hell with the world!"

He was pleased with this antithesis; and lest you should think that he never could recapture the first fine careless rapture, he repeated it.

The crow cawed at the profanity, and flapping his wings flew away.

(King Solomon sighed the fourth sigh of the afternoon, but this time he enjoyed it).

The rooster seemed highly indignant. His comb was of a furious red. He wanted to direct the argument through its proper channels.

"The purpose of this debate is entirely misconstrued," he interrupted. "There should be no talk here of the respective attractions of noon and sundown, but of noon and sunrise. There,—he raised an emphatic claw,—there is a beauty for the true aesthetic soul. It is not only for the purpose of catching fat worms that the right-thinking bird should early rise, but also that he might behold the sun in its birth. Feast your gizzards upon earthworms, if you will; I have loftier tastes. I feast my eyes upon the rising sun. When the early dawn appears, there am I, already strutting in my courtyard. I climb to the thatch of some hut, or I settle on an open barn-door. Monarch of all I survey am I. I hold the sun in fee. The beauties of

dying Lucifer I judge; upon the lightening of the sky I look with favour. I behold the sun, rising, like a silver cymbal in the east; I approve; I cast the gravel of my voice at it in complete appreciation."

And the rooster crowed over his opponents, as in victory. He felt that he had pecked a million holes in their contentions.

(King Solomon now understood why the pious offer a benediction upon hearing the crow of a rooster at sun-up).

"You have spoken with less than your usual cacophony," commented the woodpecker, who was also a logic-chopper. "Nonetheless, your contribution to this discussion is utterly irrelevant. As for me, I only break the silence to indicate a point of order. My own opinions on art are considered philistinish. I am a materialist and my criticism, when given, is invariably destructive. Besides, I am not a brilliant conversationalist. I frankly admit it. I bore. C'est mon métier. Hence I desist."

A twitter of applause greeted his silence, and commended it. The parliament was tired of sophistry and procedure. It was longing for something lyrical.

Sang the nightingale, compounding rhythm and reason, "Blue is the sky, like lapis-lazuli, and like milk whiteness is the welkin white. Veined marble pumiced to a dome,—such are the heavens; footstool of the Lord, where skylarks rise to fall, low at His feet. The sky at noon is beautiful, a flower of white and pale-blue petals, beautiful; but far more beautiful the sun at dusk. O crimson arras dropping down the sky, O target of the west, O torch of fire that fulminates thin lightning in the brain, alembic of the day, curfew of birds, precursor of the moonlight tryst, O heart bursting into the starry song of night!"

All the birds were silent before the song of the nightingale. Up piped the linnet: "Although professional jealousy may with justice be imputed to me, still will I persist in the face of antagonizing criticism to say that the last lyric of the nightingale, in which I smell a sonnet, does not warrant that dumbness with which you have all been smitten. The form, I will admit, is admirable; it has a series of fine but classical images, and a good many mixed metaphors. But for context, profundity of thought—the croakings of the raven hold more matter than his. The nightingale supports the sunset because it is the herald of moon-rise, but is not the noon-day sky the herald of sunset? Is the sire to be rated above the grandsire? Mere fallacy! Sophistry of song!" And the linnet warbled a composition of remarkable ingenuousness.

(King Solomon was pleased. He brought forth from a concealment in his royal robes, a length of parchment, and began taking notes. He had solved a great riddle; he had found that to which there was no cloying).

The peacock had hitherto held his peace. He had vaunted his tail, but had kept his silence. He now paraded his fan, and pompously approached the arboreal pulpit. All expected to hear some beautiful phrases, some elaborate dictions. The peacock had only a simile to offer. In a voice which had been better preserved behind the sternum of a corbel, he opined:

"The sky at noon is a banner of Cathay."

"Or," added the eagle whose nose was evidently Semitic, "a flag of the Jews."

Throughout the whole argument, the doves had been as peaceful as their reputations. Perched on some leafy branch, romantically they cooed. At intervals

an especially amorous pigeon would push his beak into that of his enamoured one, and recite,

"Roses are red;
Violets are blue;
God loves me,
And I love you."

(King Solomon was elated. The event had reached its climax. He had discovered on this afternoon's excursion, not only bird-talk, but also beauty, and science, and art, and love. Here he beheld life in its open sincerity. The whole chirruping conversation was unsullied by anything vulgar, nothing had entered to mar the perfection of this seance with the birds. After all, all was not vanity. With a dash of inspiration, he wrote on his parchment, "The flowers appear on the earth, the time of the singing of birds is come, and the voice of the turtle is heard in our land." As he completed the last word with a calligraphic flourish something fell from the branch of the tree under which he was sitting. It splashed on the parchment, and blotted his verse with greenish-white substance. King Solomon crumpled the parchment and threw it away. He rose from beneath the tree. He spat royally. "Vanity," he said,—"that isn't the word for it! Perfect beauty, indeed!" . . .)

Impressions

You've seen a city's silhouette
Against a crimson sky,
The contours black of stone and steel
You say?—Well, so have I.

And I have seen an amber cloud,
A stream of golden light
Reflected in a crystal pool,—
The harbinger of night.

We both have seen the deepening dusk
That drifts above the glare
Of busy streets, and smiled to feel
The breath of cool, night air.

But have you seen the twilight fade
Upon a lilac hill,
And watched the purple shadows fall
On waters deep and still?

You've seen an emerald star, you say,
Set in an ebon sky,
And crept upon your city roof
To watch?—well, so have I.

And I have seen a silver moon
As dim as distant rains,
Hung from rippling northern lights
By unseen misty chains.

I love the things we both have seen,—
The town at close of day,
The evening star, the fading light
That deepens into grey,—

And yet, if there were given me
An hour to live again,
I'd choose one quiet dusk I spent
In a twilit mountain glen.

by Alice Johannsen.

REFLECTIONS

By J. A. EDMISON

THE eminent editor of the McGill Daily recently surprised his public by writing an article in the New Goblin on "The Undergraduate Goes A-Wooing." Our scribe revealed an astounding technical knowledge of this favourite academic pastime. The subject is, of course, a very interesting one,—and quite utilitarian in that it provides exclusive material for two or three magazines, numerous reformers, and the so-called campus movies. It has been estimated that the average undergraduate meets his *first love and his last love* at least three or four times during his college career. (We feel, however, that this figure is rather a reflection on the romantic abilities of law students and others such!) Some freshmen remain "true" to their home-town girls for a month or so—and some perhaps for even longer. "Twas ever thus"—and we can readily visualize another Daily editor fifty years hence calmly commenting on undergraduate romance from his cosy sanctum in the spacious McGill Gymnasium!

VISITING debaters from the British Isles always remark on how seriously Canadians and Americans take debating. "Why"—as one of them exclaimed recently—"your debating is a very strenuous indoor sport!" They marvel at card index systems and the "one-two-three" method of building up a case. They claim—and perhaps rightly so—that all this is detrimental to the development of the free and easy conversational style of public speaking. The whole fault, of course, lies in our old-fashioned system of judging, wherein the mechanical piling up of points is necessary for debating success. They do not have debate judges in Great Britain, nor do they have them at the University of Toronto. A *free and open discussion*, after the debate proper, to be followed in turn by an audience vote on the question, seems to be the better policy. We predict that, like blacksmiths and chaperones, debate judges will soon be relatively obsolete.

THE name "Mrs. Grundy" has come to stand for a gossip "holier than thou" individual who goes prying into the private affairs of others. The origin seems to be from a play "*Speed the Plough*," which ran at the Drury Lane Theatre in 1810, and in which the line "*What will Mrs. Grundy say?*" appeared frequently. For over a hundred years the contemporary Mrs. Grundys have been at once despised and feared. Witness for instance, the following hack-verse . . .

*"They work, they play, they scheme, they plod—
They go to church on Sunday;
And many are afraid of God,—
But more of Mrs. Grundy!"*

For those who think that Mrs. Grundy has no counterpart among men, a visit to Toronto or a glance through the "Americana" section of the American Mercury is strongly recommended!

"*IT'S Not For Knowledge That We Come to College!*"—is a line from a traditional undergraduate song which has provided food for thought for many a perplexed professor and dean. However deplorable the

situation may be, there are unquestionably "students" who do not allow their studies to interfere unnecessarily with their social life or campus activities . . . These folk have an amazing contempt for the binomial theorem and the gerund and gerundive. They do not toss o' nights over the theories of Plato or the edicts of Justinian. They care as little about the Humanists as they do about the street beggars of Afghanistan. Yet, despite all this, they seem to enjoy themselves and somehow add to the happiness of their fellows and the amusement of their professors.

MORLEY CALLAGHAN'S recent Forum lecture on "*Censorship*" has occasioned considerable comment, favourable and otherwise. Many strange theories there are concerning the "motives" of censors and reformers. Mr. H. L. Mencken claims that their activities give them that emotional stimulus which unkind fate has previously denied them. Then again, some take an idea from Macaulay's crisp comment that the Puritans hated bear-baiting not because it gave pain to the bear but because it afforded pleasure to the spectators. This latter is very much in line with the statement of the exceedingly jealous wife who said—"I mind nothing my husband does—so long as he doesn't enjoy it!"

WHY reputable newspapers allow such trash and drivel in their theatre write-ups is a matter that the average layman finds hard to understand. What is so rare as an adverse account of a movie at the time when said production is running in a local theatre? It is amazing to read the criticism of the acknowledged critics and then to compare them with the Monday "write-ups" in the average newspaper. Every movie is "thrilling," "romantic," "scintillating," or "superb." Every star is "lovely," "clever," and the possessor of "perfect technique." The most atrocious shows seem to secure comment as flattering as the very best. This situation is so deplorable as to keep the thinking person away from the theatre page. And yet the very same newspapers that publish these obviously grossly exaggerated praises as news items continually refuse to accept paid advertisements which they deem at all questionable. We mention finally the ludicrous example of a certain Ontario newspaper that praises a movie while it is running, and then gives it honest criticism on Saturday after it leaves town.

THE two members of the British Debating Team recently at McGill offered a strange contrast. One thought Canadian girls beautiful and the other said, "women are the same everywhere." One is a strong believer in capital punishment and the other deems it barbarous. One is a firm conservative and the other is a socialist. One is a member of the O. T. C., and the other is a pacifist. One believes that "*a good man is the noblest work of God*," and the other claims rather that a "*Good God is the noblest work of man!*" Both, however, are exceedingly interesting individuals, and we hope they pass our way again.

Page The Psychologist

By N. W. MORTON

THE word "Psychology" of late years has been on everybody's lips. One constantly hears the phrases "psychological moment," "psychological analysis," and many others. The general public, to employ another popular phrase, has become "psychology-minded." Probably of all those branches of learning that call themselves sciences, psychology has attracted more attention than any other.

The reason for this, of course, is very simple. Everyone is interested in other people, and everyone also can, in a sense, be a psychologist. The subject is such that the interest is unending and the material is omnipresent. Probably there is no one who has not passed the time in a train, a tram or a restaurant by scanning the faces around him, watching their owners' behavior, and speculating as to the reasons for each action. This everyday interest in behavior has had a dual effect: it has, on the one hand, caused the founding of departments of psychology as distinct from philosophy in the universities, has encouraged the conducting of experimental research; and, on the other hand, it has by its very eagerness tended toward their downfall.

The average man, we have said, is interested in other people and in the ways in which they act. More than that—he makes his bread and butter by knowing people. The salesman earns his existence by playing on people's desires and fears, the grocer by noting their needs and whims in food, the stenographer by knowing the probable demands that will be made on her ability by her employer. In our present world, in our daily contact with others, our laws, prejudices and social customs, none of us could exist did we not observe and evaluate the behaviour of others. Thus we attempt to predict what John Jones will probably do if we try to borrow his garden hose, and in order to predict we must understand the laws, if there are any, that govern his behaviour.

In the last few hundred years there has occurred on an increasingly large scale the development of the sciences of physics, chemistry and biology and offshoots from them. And with their development has arisen the concept of scientific method, of experiment, of considering without bias certain phenomena and from them inducing certain laws, certain cause-and-effect relations. What would be more appropriate than the application of scientific method to the study of human nature? So the experimental investigation of human nature was born. Psychology began to call itself a science.

This was less than a century ago, and the going has been hard. The physicist might calculate the expansion with heat of a steel rod; the chemist might attempt to combine hydrochloric acid and sodium nitrate and watch the result; the biologist might crossbreed animals; but what was the material of the psychologist and how was he going to get at it? He has never quite been able to solve this riddle.

Scientific method has included the analysis of the factors causing a particular phenomenon, and natur-

ally this same procedure has been employed in psychology, with the almost inevitable result that the student has turned to simple types of behaviour, has applied himself to their investigation, and has emerged from the forest of human behaviour bearing a few faggots in his hand, but has been unable to offer an explanation of how they have helped to make the forest. We know something of the speed of reaction to a colour, but we do not know how the individual integrates his behaviour in responding to traffic lights. We have considerable information about certain isolated bits of behaviour, but we do not know how they fit in together to result in the complicated actions of Othello as he battles with the Doge of Venice.

The difficulties are manifest, and the public is a fickle body. It has become impatient, as have some of the academic psychologists,—John Broadus Watson, for instance. Watson and others decided that they knew no more of human nature after studying the older psychology than they did before, and broke away from introspectionism to evolve a radical behaviorism. The more conservative have sensed this movement, and have tried to reform their methods. They oppose the structuralism of Wundt and Titchener with functionalism. The concept of Gestalt has been developed in the study of perception. But for the moment, at least, it is questionable whether they are any better off. And the public, impatient with the experimental psychologist, and desiring immediate and satisfying elucidation as to the ways in which people act, has tended towards other sources, such as forms of the novel and the drama in which the interest is focussed upon the revelation of the characters of the dramatis personae and the development and solution of certain true-to-life situations.

This tendency may be even more clearly seen in the popularizing and extension of certain psychological theories by means of clothing them in fiction. Following Freud and the psychoanalysts there has been a crop of "psychological" novels with the stamp of the Freudian school upon them. The same has occurred in the use of behavioristic principles after the advent of Watson to the limelight. Sometimes the psychological theory has been introduced as a *deus ex machina* to save an awkward ending; sometimes it has been the motif of the whole work. But the result in either case has often been a very sorry one—either the psychology has spoiled the book or the book has spoiled the psychology.

One finds, on the other hand, a great mass of literature which may more legitimately be termed psychological. It does not set out to push a theory to its utmost, often with consequent artificiality of results and general dullness, but tends to be more natural and lifelike in its treatment of the characters. The characters are set in their adequate surroundings, and something is revealed of the interplay of motives, something of the manner in which people really seem to think and act. Taken in this sense, it probably reaches as far back chronologically as the novel and

(Continued on page 16)

REVIEWS

THE NEW ROMANTICISM

Hugh l'Anson Fausset: *"The Proving of Psyche."*
Jonathan Cape Ltd.

Robert Bridges, in his final testament of beauty, tells us that amidst the "flimsy joys" of uproarious London on Armistice Day, he felt a profounder fear than in the darkest hours of the war. No doubt there were many others who could not shake off the bitter conviction that real peace was far away. A nerve-racking, intolerable phase had passed, and the world had become temporarily safe for civilization; but it remained to be seen if civilization could be made safe for the world. Since then in every country western culture has been viewed by many tragic, despondent, or scornful eyes; obsequies have been performed over nearly every tradition and illusion; the "frankness" and analysis have been so complete that some people appear no longer able to believe in the mere possibility of renewing the world's great order or the significance of their own lives. They flock with Spengler and other materialistic fatalists, too clever to waste their days in attempting to create and realize values in a civilization which is running down like a worn-out clock.

Mr. Fausset is not of their mind. He is not suffering from pernicious anaemia of the imagination, or the kind of accidie that will not bother to discriminate between virile, true illusions and shabby sentimentalisms or unhelpful conventions, which owe their survival to egoism and fear. Fausset pleads for an individualism that is creative, not merely critical, because he is "convinced that the central problem for the modern individual, as for the modern world, is to bring his thought into a true and fertile relation with his life, and his life into a similar relation with his thought." Modern men have become unhappily self-conscious, too far estranged from instinct; and the disease of this dualism is to be healed by a reintegration of our human nature through the efforts of creative imagination. The remedy is to be sought neither in reviving some earlier cultural phase no longer acceptable to our science or experience, nor in ignoring tradition and history, but must have the support of both intellect and moral sense. In short, Fausset puts a genuinely religious trust in the unifying power of the imagination when thus safeguarded. It can save us from the distress of the divided self, and in the same measure lead us to be better interpreters of the Nature which includes us. He proclaims himself a romanticist, but one anxious to avoid the errors of previous romanticism: the evasions, unrealities, self-indulgence, and irritable rebelliousness that have been so thoroughly and sharply denounced of late by "the new humanists."

With this group of American scholars, Fausset has in common the wish "to make an intellectual situation of which the creative power can profitably avail itself,"

but not the strong bias towards puritanism in their attitude to human nature and art. He recognizes that their sturdiest representative, Professor Babbit, is as anxious as anyone to save society from Spenglerism, disorderly naturalism, and kindred ills; but he feels that Babbit's classicism, with its continual emphasis on the will and its inescapable dualism of body and mind, is at best an equilibrium lacking deep imaginative appeal and "disregarding the push of life toward complete expression." Fausset sometimes distorts the humanist argument, but is probably justified in charging that it tends to make one unduly ashamed of the body and of ordinary human nature. Certainly Babbit and Fausset are men of different temperament, the one a critic, the other a poet; and their clash of opinion is worth studying. If Fausset is right in his more hopeful view, so much the better for us. His is a sane, generous book, of good faith.

H. G. F.

CRITICAL PORTRAITS

"Three Masters," by Stefan Zweig. The Viking Press, 238 pp. \$3.00.

It is extremely difficult even for a critic of Zweig's stature to select the three greatest novelists from among the lesser and greater figures of European literature in the nineteenth century. But as his conception of a true novelist is "an epic master, the creator of an almost unending series of pre-eminent romances" the matter becomes easier.

Zweig's selections are: Balzac, Dickens and Dostoyevski; Balzac the "secretary of society" in post revolutionary France; Dickens, the creator of an innumerable host of distinctive types, and humourist par excellence; and Dostoyevski; the Russian giant whose figure looms high on the literary horizon and whose influence dominates even the contemporary novel.

In his first essay, the one on Balzac, Zweig briefly sketches the master's life, its relation to the purely literary qualities of his novels, and in detail analyses parts of the "Comedie Humaine." What Balzac relies upon mainly, he thinks, is "The Super Dimensional, the enhanced intensity of an emotion unified through singleness of purpose." His heroes are driven by an insatiable desire to attain their particular goal, their one ambition in life. And this passionate striving, this pursuit after power, this continued battling with obstacles in the path in the *leitmotif* of the "Comedie Humaine." Balzac's heroes are "hommes à passion"—monomaniacs, and their creator is himself a supreme monomaniac. In his youth he wrote underneath a picture of Napoleon "Ce qu'il n'a pu achever par

l'épée je l'accomplirai par la plume"; and his whole lifelong he slaved to realize this boast.

Dickens, wedged in as he is between two mountainous figures, seems a little puny in comparison. But, as Zweig points out, Dickens, though the very epitome of his generation, an age of placidity and smugness,—could, nevertheless, infuse so much colour and richness into the lives of the rather drab creatures he saw around him that even after many years we can still enjoy the oddities of a world-long past.

Dickens was pegged down by the English tradition, he was bound hand and foot to the narrow Victorian code. His characterisations are not as a rule consistently carried out; sloppy sentimentality creeps in ever so often. All this is true. Nobody, however, will deny that he created an innumerable host of figures all bearing his distinctive stamp; his all-pervading humour, and his vivid imagination. These qualities allow him to be classed among epic masters.

By far the greater part of the book deals with Dostoyevski. It is evident that Zweig knows him better and, what is more significant, passionately admires the creator of "The Brothers Karamazoff." This admiration and sympathy brings out in Zweig a critical insight which is only intimated in his previous essays. We become aware of a powerful, dynamic figure, a peasant with the fires of genius burning in him, a veritable colossus of the pen. The outward manifestations of human passions, of the interplay of love, ambition, desire and power interest Dostoyevski only in so far as they help to elucidate the inner struggle which goes on in the souls of his heroes. He is primarily a psychologist, probably the deepest introspective psychologist among novelists. "The real stage is set in the souls of men, in the realm of the spirit. . . the tragedy invariably takes place within the soul, and embodies a conquest over inhibitions and a battle on behalf of truth."

And this is why his art is supreme. For his universe hovers between death and madness, between suffering and love. He knew life as few before him and none after him, and himself "passed through the fires of despair."

Had a modern English critic made the selection he would not have chosen Dickens as one of Europe's master-novelists. The fame of Dickens is on the wane in his native land. But remembering Zweig's reservations we have no sufficient grounds to dispute his choice especially since Zweig's style is so admirable that it covers some loopholes in his critical deductions.

R. Levine.

MARXIAN PHILOSOPHY

"Fundamental Problems of Marxism," by George Plekhanov, edited by D. Ryazanov. International Publishers, New York, N.Y. Price \$2.00.

This is one of the most important books published recently by the International Publishers. Karl Marx is generally known for his revolutionary and class war theses. Students of Economics whose knowledge of his writings extend beyond the "Communist Manifesto" are few in number. The publication of an ade-

quate and concise summary of his philosophy is a distinct service to students of philosophy, sociology and economics.

Here we are not only presented with the theoretical system of Marx,—his concept of the universe and of life—but we have a clear explanation of Marx's inversion of Hegel's idealism. And it is not difficult to see how Marx could have avoided that. Marx is really only an advance on Hegel, for Hegel had "already pointed out that every system of philosophy is nothing more than the ideological expression of its time."

But contrary to Hegel, Marx held that "Thought is conditioned by existence, not existence by thought." Environment is the dominating factor in biological phenomena. With regard to man we must say, on account of our intricate society, that *economics* is the dominating factor. This was emphasized by Marx: "Men make their own history, but in a given environment in which they live, upon the foundations of extant relations. Among these relations, *economic relations*,—however great may be the influence exercised on them by other relations of a political and ideological order,—are those whose action is ultimately decisive, forming a red thread which runs through all the other relations, and enables us to understand them.—" Again—"Political, legal, philosophical, religious, literary, artistic, etc., development is grounded upon economic development. But all these react—one upon another and upon the economic foundation."

In the chapter "Sudden changes in Nature and History," Plekhanov shows that Marx points out that "economic evolution leads to political revolution" just as Cuvier has shown that "geological catastrophe or revolutions" were "the outcome of the cumulative action of certain forces in nature whose slowly progressive influences can be watched from moment to moment. So what is sudden for one person is not sudden for another." "Everything is in a state of flux, everything changes."

In "The Holy Family" Marx writes, ". . . The entire development of man, therefore, depends on education and external circumstances. If man gets all his knowledge, feeling, etc., from the world of sense perceptions and his contact with it, then the thing to do is to arrange matters in the material world in such a way that he gets truly human impressions from it, acquires them as habits, and realizes his human nature." If man is formed by external circumstances, then the circumstances must be made to suit man. This is Philosophical Mechanism.

There is a distinct need for a treatise on Mechanism based on recent physiological findings. The researches of Bianchi, Pavlov, Lloyd Morgan and Loeb support the philosophy and economic theories of Marx, and have rendered the current teachings of Psychology and Sociology archaic.

We hope that Plekhanov's important book will find its way into the Redpath Library and will be freely consulted. For the writings of Marx and Engels will continue to have an increasing amount of influence on the structure of our society.

Ben: O. Yisu Das.

INVECTIVE AND ABUSE

I have been reading clippings: the critical reviews of our current literary supplements that greeted the English translation of Anatole France's *Rabelais*.* Observing the consensus of opinion, I reflect that it is perhaps unfortunate that this lecture of France's should appear at a time when its author has plummeted down to frigid depths of unpopularity. Because it is by no means unique, it has afforded countless columnar gnats opportunity to buzz and drone at the ear of the dead; it has given literary jackals occasion to prey upon honored bones. It has enabled sage jackasses of the pen to spit upon a fallen urn, defiling the dust therein.

The "Life and Works of Rabelais"—or is the story too well known?—was written by France in 1909 for the purpose of a lecture tour in Buenos Ayres. "A study in which the Works were interpreted in the light of the Life, and the Life written in the light of the Works," it was pronounced anathema by the Bishop of the diocese, who grimly clucked the faithful away from both Rabelais and France, leaving the Maitre to count the empty stalls. France acquiesced to circumstance and proceeded to delight those dutiful Latins with a lecture on the Argentine. Their plaudits

**Rabelais*, by Anatole France: Victor Gollancz, London, 18/-.

stuffed his ears, and their money his pockets. . . meanwhile the manuscript of the present work lay fallow till his death.

But let us take the book. Though written on a man of intrinsic bawdiness, it is warranted not to offend the most chaste ear. It is a quite respectable book about a most disrespectable person. It is a biography that the good Argentine cleric might have read in his bath, without exposing himself unduly to hell fire. Indeed, one imagines it would have done his flock more good than the rotarian platitudes which they attended with such satisfaction.

Built in strata, of alternating dissertations on the life of Rabelais, and reviews of the five books that comprise the *Lives, Heroic Deeds and Sayings*—the work is descriptive rather than critical. There is no parade of rag-tag abstractions, and few if any conclusions are drawn. Its charm lies in France's glib retelling of familiar facts and legends. Lengthy, it yet has all a lecture's sketchiness.

These points have afforded the reviewing fraternity much food for invective. They are acclaimed as so many more nails in the literary coffin of Anatole France: I commend them as suitable reasons for reading a refreshing and delightful book. No fare for the scholarly mood, it yet has place as a charming annotation on the activities of Gargantua and his son, Pantagruel.

Leo Kennedy.

PAGE THE PSYCHOLOGIST

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the drama themselves go. And it is noticeable today when a discussion takes place among a group of educated people upon some empirically psychological subject, how often reference is made to characters in literature and people are classified with its guidance. The person who said not long ago that the only true psychologist today is the novelist, was, I think, referring to this type of literature, and not to the pseudo-psychological fiction which has been so much in vogue.

The novelist who sets out to deal with human behaviour and human motives has a rather different and distinctly easier task than the experimental psychologist, although their aims may be somewhat similar. Two ways in which their procedures differ may be clearly perceived. In the first place, the former has the advantage in that he is trying to describe rather than to explain, to show the ways in which people adjust themselves, rather than why they should do so in any particular manner. He is not troubled with questions of how children learn to walk, of what relation there is between behaviour and consciousness, or of how much of a person's ability to get ahead in the world is due to heredity and how much to environment. He simply writes of people as he sees them, of the world as he experiences it. The more traditional psychologist—the experimental scientist—must go further than this: he must explain *why* we like to be in the company of others, *why* we walk as we do. He is hindered by the fact that if his work is to be worthy of the appellation "scientific" it must be carried on with rigid attention to facts and details. His imagination must be kept in strict control, his results must be checked and rechecked.

The second difference that lies between the work of the two is that the novelist is dealing with people in

their gross relations to one another, while the scientist must take account of every muscle movement, every perception, if he wishes to state conclusively that no field has been left untouched. While the latter may consider the human being as an integrated whole, as he often tries to do, he cannot afford to leave any detail unobserved, any fact unconsidered. The novelist is not limited in this way, and in fact cannot afford to be, for with him the main thing to be considered is the essential trend of the character's development. Details are mere side-issues, sometimes to be considered, sometimes not, as they are relevant to the story.

These, I think, are the principal differences between the two. Both attempt to get at human nature, but one has chosen the task of sketching it, the other of explaining it. The scientist cannot leave a detail untouched without knowing that he is deserting his scientific principles. He has much the greater task, and thus the time required in which to complete it must be proportionately great. Perhaps his effort is a vain one: perhaps to study behaviour in terms of gross relations is best; and yet again, it may be avoiding the question. The academic psychologist has chosen to seek the why and wherefore, to avoid the short-cut, and thus has met with the criticism that he has produced no results. But it cannot be denied that his efforts are sincere, and that he has a limitless field in which to delve.

Which will be more successful in the end one cannot presume to say. The scientist has a dark road to follow, and may never catch up with the empiricist and pass him, but if he does, his reward will be all the greater. His present standing lies in the conclusions which he has reached so far, somewhat meagre when one considers the work yet to be attempted, and in his hopes that by research he will in time be able to explain and predict human behaviour.