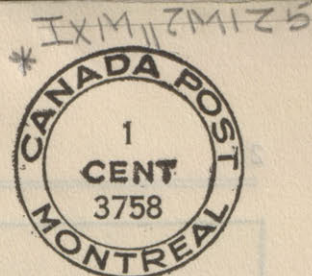


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THE McGILLIAD

Vol. II, No. 2

Quality Press Limited—Montreal

December, 1930

National Student Government

LOVELL C. CARROLL

La Statue D'or — A Short Story

MARGARET AMY ROSS

Sinclair Lewis

(AN APPRECIATION)

Prayer — A Short Story

O. MARY HILL

Time and Space to Chinese Poets

PROF. KIANG KANG-HU

Other Stories, Poems and Articles by:

BILL SELLAR, RACHMIEL LEVINE, DAVID LEWIS, FRED POLAND JR., LEO KENNEDY,
ABRAHAM M. KLEIN, J. A. EDMISON, WILLIAM CROWL, H. CARL GOLDENBERG,
DONALD McCURDY, K. N. CAMERON

[25 CENTS A COPY]

PUBLISHED MONTHLY BY THE ARTS UNDERGRADUATE SOCIETY, MCGILL UNIVERSITY, MONTREAL

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EDITORIAL

IN a magazine such as this there is little room for editorial comment. For there is no definite policy, and barely a definite standard. The printed pages speak for themselves, and there is no need for words of interpretation. But it is the *unprinted* manuscripts which prompt these remarks; the tenor and attitude of contributions which the Board found unacceptable. The criticism will of necessity be vague, the tone perhaps a trifle didactic, but we feel that in spite of these shortcomings the observations may prove of value.

One can say very little about purely creative work. A story or a poem is either good or bad according to the standards of the reader and the failings of submitted stories and poems are the usual faults of the adolescent writer. There is a wealth of derivative imagery, of pointless adjectives, and of hackneyed clichés: there is a scarcity of pithy originality, of poignant, living conceptions, and of words which still retain the juicy freshness of youth. Eyes of 'piercing grey' or 'liquid blue'; faces 'ruddy with youth' or 'mellow with age'; life as an 'ever-flowing stream' or a 'relentless teacher' occur as frequently as the social bore and as regularly as the starched admonitions of Frau Morality. But these failings are perhaps inevitable in a young writer, and can certainly be overcome by conscious effort, and profound self-criticism. If the poet shows aesthetic sensitiveness or philosophic sincerity, and if the short story writer evidences psychological insight or responsiveness to the niceties of a situation, then individuality of expression may with labour be cultivated. And the Editors are ever ready to give these writers all possible encouragement, and any helpful assistance of which they are capable.

The situation is quite different in the case of articles of opinion. For here originality of expression is desirable but not essential. We have on previous occasions stated that we are not in the least concerned with the opinion or idea of a manuscript. If it promises to be of interest

to at least a section of the subscribers, then we do not question its propriety or the tenability of its assertions. From what appears in the current issue it is evident that it is not intellectual discussion alone which is given consideration. When one sees the number of departmental clubs and study groups meeting regularly under the formal auspices of the S.C.A. and other Campus organizations one rightly wonders at the dearth of contributions. Intellectual laziness is the only possible explanation, and surely this characteristic is not to be commended. We have, of course, said all this before. But we shall not cease our tirade until there is a definite change of attitude on the part of the students.

Perhaps the one quality desired above all else is that the contributor record his own thoughts on whatever has caught his attention, and that he express them in a natural way. For just as in the stories and poems there is a dearth of originality, so in the articles there is a strained effort for the unusual. Writers seem to confuse originality with facetiousness, and smother the central idea under an avalanche of ornate phrases. Sigmund Freud is an admirable prophet in his place, but in a discussion of the German fiscal policy Freudian intimations are distinctly out of harmony. We sympathize with these writers in their quest for the novel, but we suggest that they adopt a saner attitude, and write more clearly and more simply. In short, they should strive to overcome their adolescent theatricality, and introduce a tone of maturity.

* * *

All readers are invited to express their criticism of anything that awakens their interest in any issue of the "McGilliad." The Board has decided to introduce a Correspondents' Column in the next and subsequent issues. All letters of interest not exceeding 250 words will be printed in this column. We hope that this may become a forum for lively discussion.

SINCLAIR LEWIS

(AN APPRECIATION)



HE Nobel Prizes are undoubtedly the most famous in the world. Yet, like all the others, they arouse great curiosity as to the motives that lie behind the decisions of those who have the power to grant the awards. Especially has this been true of the prize for literature. Suspicion has not always been lacking that considerations other than purely literary ones have played some part in the choice. At times authors little known to the world at large have been selected for the honour. Sometimes merely geographical facts have seemed to be decisive.

Up to this year, the prize had come three times to English writers, and two of them are Irish. No one would argue that Kipling, Yeats, and Shaw have not done work of the utmost distinction. Yet anyone can name one or two English writers whose work would seem to have a better claim for the award than that of one or two of the three who have actually been chosen. But foreign judgment seldom agrees with the native estimate, and there seems to be something fortuitous in the way that authors gain or fail to gain reputation in other countries than their own.

For some weeks rumours have been current that this year it was at last the turn of America to receive the prize for literature, America's best luck previously having been with the prize for peace. It is known that the claims of various American writers were being deftly put before the members of the Swedish Academy. It is said that a group of lobbyists was especially active in the interest of Mr. Paul More, the Humanist. Then rumour had it that the competition had settled down to Theodore Dreiser and Sinclair Lewis. At last, the choice of Lewis was announced to the public.

One thing, at any rate, can be said in justification of the selection of Sinclair Lewis. He is not an unknown man. On the contrary, he is one of the most widely read of living writers. As Walter Lippman pointed out some years ago, he seems to have begun with writing novels to please the public that nobody wanted to read, and to have shifted to writing novels to please himself that everybody wanted to read. The publication of "Main Street" in 1920 made his name a familiar one throughout the United States. Two years later, the success of "Babbitt" brought him a large English public and since then he has become one of the three or four best known American writers on the continent of Europe. Mr. Lewis is undoubtedly a man to be reckoned with.

The "Nation" a few weeks ago "ventured to prophesy" that "Arrowsmith" would be read when Lewis's other books are read no longer. One may class this with that other famous prophecy that a certain epic poem would be read when the "Iliad" and "Odyssey" were forgotten. It seems a safer guess that Lewis will continue to be known as the author of "Main Street" and "Babbitt." Those two titles have become part of the ordinary vocabulary. Anybody can talk of Main Street and Babbitt not as titles of books, but as names having a very definite connotation.

Main Street in Gopher Prairie has come to typify the small town with its alleged sordid life and total lack of aesthetic and intellectual interests. This, of course, is a reaction from the former conception of the village as a place of idyllic charm and quiet. Babbitt is a type of complacent business man, absorbed in the material and mechanical side of living, with no idealistic outlook or aspirations. In the books we see Gopher Prairie through the eyes of Carol Kennicott, who hated it just as Jim Hawkins hated the island before he landed on it. We see Babbitt as he appears to an unfriendly observer who can take in from his point of view only certain superficial aspects.

Hints are given, however, that even in Gopher Prairie and on Main Street, there were rebels and various dissatisfied elements. And the village, seen through other eyes than Carol's was quite another place. To the Swedish girl from the farms it was a scene of glamour and mystery. There are intimations that deep down in Babbitt himself there were unsatisfied longings, that life had not turned out to be for him just what he would have it, and that these shortcomings were not on the material plane at all. Even a Babbitt, when you are able to know all about him, proves to be a more complex problem than he seems to the unfriendly observer who is so frightfully annoyed by the exterior. It is regrettable that only now and then does Lewis glimpse this vision, and that he frequently allows himself to be overcome by his hatred of the unlovely aspects of the scenes and persons he portrays.

Unfortunately, people read Lewis as a realist. One may suspect that the success of "Babbitt" in England was largely due to the belief that here were American business and business men laid bare, just as fifteen years earlier the "Jungle" had been accepted as an authentic sociological document that could be offered as evidence in a court of law. Of course, the truth is that Lewis is not so much a realist as a satirist with a remarkable gift for parody and burlesque. Now satire accomplishes its effects by a somewhat unscrupulous selection of details, by an accumulation of details that in nature never occur in one mass, and by exaggeration pushed just up to the edge of credibility. All of this would be quite pointless, except for the more or less substantial foundation in fact. The trouble with "Elmer Gantry" is that all the sins of a multitude are piled upon the shoulders of one man so that he becomes an unhuman monster.

A glance through "Babbitt" shows that Lewis's greatest successes are of the nature of extravaganza. Recall Babbitt's correspondence as revised by his typist, the advertising for the Y.M.C.A. classes, the sermon by the Rev. William Munday, above all Babbitt's own address to his fellow "realtors." All of this is a piece with much in H. G. Wells. In fact, the similarity between the two is somewhat striking. This comparison means obviously the Wells of "Tono Bungay" and "Mr. Polly," not the dreary pamphleteer who has murdered the novelist. Mr. Lewis carries this

faculty of his to the limit in "The Man Who Knew Coolidge." This book is a monologue of some four hundred pages, whose purpose seems to be to prove that the speaker is a bore. It is a marvellous specimen of technique, but the reader is fully prepared to concede the main point at the completion of the first fifty pages.

One virtue that Lewis has in a very high degree is his ability to reproduce with extraordinary accuracy the rhythm and diction of actual American conversation. He is most competent with the talk of those Americans who are not consciously concerned with standards of propriety in speech. Presumably that is why it was thought desirable to provide the English edition of "Babbitt" with an amusing, but not always accurate, glossary. Sometimes, and especially when Lewis is happiest, the dialogue gets out of his control and takes care of itself. A good example of this is the midnight quarrel between Carol and her husband. It is very clear that Lewis sympathizes with Carol. But it is unmistakable that Doctor Kennicott, in spite of the author, wins the fight.

The atmosphere of these stories is of the Middle West, more particularly of the State of Minnesota. That is where Lewis was born, and he is at his best when dealing with the life he had lived and observed without any thought of its literary value. Gopher Prairie is the small unkempt village straggling along Main Street away from the railway station and, in spite of some loud talk, rather dubious as to the outlook. Zenith, Babbitt's home town, is the growing

ambitious city with a quarter million population, proud of its skyscrapers, hustling business men, its suburban real estate "developments," and confident of a glorious future. In "Arrowsmith" and "Gantry" there is some attempt to camouflage the geography, but it is essentially Minnesota all the same. In "Doddsworth" we are dragged from Zenith to Europe, where not only Doddsworth, but also the reader and Lewis himself are away from home, and none of them is entirely comfortable. Lewis is like those Canadian young men who go to Paris to live and can not write about anything but Montreal.

But although the atmosphere is unmistakably of Minnesota and Babbitt is studied in the habitat in which the author knew him best, it would be a serious blunder to regard him as an exclusively Middle Western or even American phenomenon. One may risk the conjecture that he is not unknown in the Dominion of Canada. Indeed, Mr. Lewis makes it very clear that he can be found in England. One of the most amusing passages that Lewis ever wrote is his account of an evening in Chicago that Babbitt spent with Sir Gerald Doak of Nottingham. For once Sir Gerald had escaped from the "hostesses" who always had him in tow. The next morning he was to leave for New York to sail for home. So this evening was to be the sole occasion during his American tour that he could be his real self. His real self proved to bear a remarkable resemblance to George F. Babbitt, except that Sir Gerald began his sentences with "I say," and Babbitt began his with "Say."

P R A Y E R

A Short Story

By O. MARY HILL

IT was a Sabbath day in early summer. Through the mullioned windows came the soft sound of ivy, swaying in the breeze; the flutter of wings; the shrill, monotonous voice of the cricket.

Now it came to pass in the fourteenth year of King Hezekiah—inside the church the voice of the reader, the rustle of pages, alone broke the silence. Shadows played up and down the aisles, the uplifted faces of the worshippers were visible only in outline. One shaft of sunlight struck sharply across the church. It fell upon the minister, upon his stiff silk gown, the starched white bands at his throat, his strong, peaceful face. The woodwork took on a golden hue, the pages of the Bible seemed on fire. It fell upon one row of worshippers, brought their faces into sharp relief, ere it disappeared in glory through the stained glass windows on the opposite side.

Nearest the aisle a young girl was sitting. Her frock was of a soft shade of blue; brown curls fell upon her neck, and peeped out from under a mohair hat. Her nose was straight and well-formed, her mouth small and soft. Her clear eyes were deep blue, intensified by the colour of her dress. The wide open eyes, the soft mouth, the swift changes of expression, marked her as emotional. She was gazing straight forward, her hands folded demurely, her thoughts far away. Fourteen-year-old Lucy West was indulging in romantic dreaming.

May God add His blessing to the reading of His Word.

Lucy started and gazed over at her sister Ruth, who was sitting beside her. The sisters had little resemblance to each other. Ruth, at least ten years older, was dressed with severe simplicity in navy blue, a close felt hat of the same shade hid her golden hair almost completely. Her features were sharp; the nose longer than her sister's, the mouth and chin firmer. A lined forehead gave to the young face a thoughtful expression, that could be specially noted in repose. Her eyes were hazel, at times hard as grey stone; when she smiled they softened almost to blue. Her head was held high, her long tapering fingers moved restlessly upon her hymn book. She seemed a woman of the world, hardened by experience, with an earlier, gayer self lingering only in her smile.

"Ruth," whispered Lucy under cover of the hymn, "what an untidy woman beside you!" Ruth administered a sisterly rebuke, but after they had sat down, stole several glances at her neighbour. Two or three buttons were missing from her brown silk dress; wisps of black hair straggled from under a brown felt hat badly in need of a brushing. The dress was well worn, the white lace collar slightly awry. Her features were good; a wrinkled forehead and a worried, harassed look about the eyes drew Ruth's attention. Large hands and feet made Ruth imagine their owner as capable; the direct gaze showed her as practical. Mrs. Gregory was beset by the problems of material existence.

The choir began the anthem—a new setting of *When on my day of life the night is falling*. A deep sigh from an old lady, seated near the window, drew Mrs. Gregory's curious gaze. Her hair was snowy white, her face was deeply furrowed, but the delicacy of her features told of youthful beauty. Despite her bent shoulders and shaking hand, there was about the old lady an air of vitality. Her black eyes were clear and bright; their glance was almost piercing. Her stiff silk gown rustled when she moved; a funny old-fashioned bonnet was perched upon the top of her head. The calm of old age was written on her face, yet Mrs. Gregory suspected that the old lady, after her strenuous life, was finding the quiet of old age tedious.

Let us now worship God in prayer. The seats creaked gently, dresses rustled, as the congregation bent their heads and folded their hands devoutly. Deep silence descended, as the minister raised his voice in supplication. *O Lord, Who though Thou wast rich, yet for our sakes didst become poor.* Lucy West closed her eyes, and rested her head on the back of the pew. "I must keep my mind on the prayer . . . with a devout expression, like old pictures . . . Sunday—a day of rest . . . I haven't learned the Sunday School lesson . . . Aunt Ann will be in for dinner . . . I'll never have time! . . . Sunday's a queer day . . . Give us grace to be ever willing and ready to minister to the necessities of our fellow creatures. Willing and ready—not to get mad when Ruth borrows my best silk stockings . . . that blouse last week . . . Oh, yes—and the headache I get when it's time to do the dishes . . . I'll lock up the stockings, and try harder. Everlasting life . . . life in Heaven . . . never stopping . . . it ought to be worth all that . . . giving up things. Little things won't do it, I'm sure. Something big . . . stopping a runaway horse . . . headlines . . . '14-Year-Old risks Life to Save Infant.' Prayer time . . . I should be ashamed of myself . . . I musn't wander . . . silly. *Look, we beseech Thee graciously upon the darkened souls of the multitudes that know not Thee.* Missionaries . . . another five years, and I'll be ready to go . . . out among the blacks. Dad can laugh . . . families always do . . . but I'll show them! Sleeping on the floor now . . . wait till my first convert. Won't he look up to me! *Keep alive in us the memory of those dear to ourselves.* Tom Savoury . . . I hope he waits for me . . . snooty Jane Grant . . . I'll show her! Oh dear, I'm not being good . . . why do ministers like long prayers . . . ten minutes . . . If Heaven is like that— . . ."

Ruth was leaning forward, her eyes upon the ground; now and then she gazed at Lucy, at her rigid pose, her closed eyes. She listened with incredulity. *And who has promised in Thy gospel that whatsoever is done unto the least of Thy brethren, Thou wilt receive as done unto Thee.* "I wonder what Lucy is so rapt about? Christianity . . . ethical backgrounds . . . getting paid for being good . . . do this now and you'll get paid for it afterwards . . . nonsense. Bill says it's only a workable scheme . . . I believe him. But ministers have to talk that way! If I felt religious I'd be a . . . wonder what it would feel like to be really religious . . . I'd be a Bahai . . . the queer Hindu religion . . . very intellectual. Self sacrifice—these smug people . . . what do they know about it! *Look, we beseech Thee, graciously upon the darkened souls of the multitudes which know not Thee.* Missions now! and I did think he looked too intelligent. Missions . . . better leave the poor people alone . . . darkened, with their great religions! Pshaw! Missionaries are pests . . . endless speeches . . . *We bless Thy name for all those who have entered into their rest.* And a prayer

for the dead . . . much better leave the subject alone . . . I wonder where they do go. Hope a few of the pious frauds get fooled. Give me old Omar's philosophy . . . 'a jug of wine . . . '—Why do I have to be dragged to church, anyway . . . people trying to be spiritual. I'll not listen . . . \$2.50 for new collar . . . \$1.00 for stockings . . . that leaves"

Prayer time, in Mrs. Gregory's eyes, was something to be looked forward to. For ten minutes every Sunday she could be quiet and alone with her thoughts. Here there were no children running after her, no telephone ringing; it was almost worth the rush necessary to get to church on time. *Make us ever willing and ready to minister to the necessities of our fellow creatures.* "Willing and ready . . . I do minister . . . it's not always willing service, I suppose . . . Rob and the dirty boots on my clean carpet . . . long ago, I pictured him as a model husband. Untidy shoes . . . I ought to be ashamed . . . but three meals a day takes all my brains. Let me see . . . a roast tomorrow, cold on Tuesday, hash or stew on . . . ; oh, the laundry, and there'll be no money for a roast. And Betty's new dress . . . Jack's birthday . . . payment on the vacuum cleaner dear, dear, and Christmas so near. *Enlighten them with the saving knowledge of Thy Truth.* A prayer for missions . . . foreign missions, when there are people in this town who need the money more. A lonely life . . . away from friends . . . kiddies have to be sent home to be educated. Fancy my Betty a whole ocean away! *We bless Thy Name for all those who have entered into their rest.* Paradise may be a dull place . . . I always thought it would be . . . but a rest . . . it sounds nice . . . I'll never get one on earth. Days and days to oneself . . . no cooking or ironing . . . lovely . . . *Subdue within us every vile and unworthy thought.* . . . I should be ashamed . . . forty years old and the mother of a family, yet I reckon the household expenses during the prayer! . . . it's sinful . . ."

Mrs. Allan, seated next to her, was listening to the prayer most carefully. Now and then she shook her head doubtfully; at times she nodded and smiled. *O LORD, Who though Thou wast rich, yet for our sakes didst become poor—* "A good beginning . . . Jack would have liked it . . . poor dear . . . Studious and devout young man, so he looks. But these days— *Make us ever willing and ready to minister to the necessities of our fellow creatures.*—a prayer of Dr. Howe's . . . dear, dear, many years since I heard it . . . Willing and ready . . . but the good Lord won't expect too much of an old lady. *Enlighten them with the saving knowledge of Thy Truth.* Missions . . . all ministers pray for them now . . . quite orthodox, but my grandmother wouldn't have thought so. John G. Paton was a handsome man . . . fifty years ago I heard him . . . was sure the cannibals would like him. Now the Gordon brothers,—they were disagreeable . . . yet true martyrs; I shouldn't talk. *Bring in the fullness of the Gentiles, gather together the outcasts of Israel.* A very odd petition . . . Elder Burns, how he would have objected; Poor Burns, he always used to say he wasn't a Christian; he was a Presbyterian. *We bless Thy name for all those who have entered into their rest.* So many friends gone and myself so near it . . . and I criticise the prayer, . . . Where will I be joining them? . . . "Till we come to the eternal rest" I hope it won't be all rest . . . even for rheumatic old ladies . . . dull. I should be seeking redemption . . . I'm going to sneeze . . . Oh, there's the Amen."

Grant this our prayer, with the forgiveness of our sins, through Christ—Amen.

The Kingdom of Football

By BILL SELLAR

SEVERAL years ago I was discussing football in a hotel room with a Queen's graduate. In his undergraduate days he had made football history and later he came to be regarded as an authority on the subject. After we had been chatting for some time, a Queen's undergraduate of athletic build walked into the room and asked my friend, "Why can't I play football?"

The old warrior paused for a minute before giving his answer. Then he said in a kindly but deliberate tone, "Technically you are a perfect player. You have a good pair of hands, you tackle well, and you fear nothing. What is more, you know the game. But, in spite of all your efforts to make yourself physically fit, you have not yet developed the stamina and lasting power that make a great player. You are one of many who have to develop themselves internally if you want to compete with the few fortunates who are born with plenty of guts. Now, there is only one way to improve your inner man, and that is by hard work. It's because you've never worked hard that you can't play football."

It took some time for the younger man to accept this criticism but at length he asked, "What can I do about it?"

"Only this; come up to one of my mining camps in the summer vacation, pick up a shovel, and work like an animal for four months."

The undergraduate had pluck enough to take him at his word. He spent the next summer doing the hardest work he had ever done in his life. Three years later, when he graduated from Kingston, he left behind him a gridiron record that none of his successors could equal. In fact, Canadian footballers will have some hard training to do if his work in the field is ever to be excelled.

Although this incident has almost faded from my memory, it comes back to me with renewed clearness as I think of the qualities which good football demands. It is no ladies' game and, like the Yukon that Service describes, it has no room for the weakling. Football is the game above all others which demands lasting power—the ability to absorb punishment like a sponge and yet keep going in high gear to the final whistle. It is a man to man struggle with bare hands, which cannot be played effectively unless the player has endurance and toughness enough to take everything that comes and still keep fighting.

Some are born with the lasting powers that football demands. Others can only make a good showing at the game by building into themselves the stamina they lack when they begin the game. Only a few men in Inter-Collegiate football today may fairly be described as born footballers. Several of these wear the Tricolour; two, possibly three, play for Toronto, and only two wear the Red and White of Old McGill. These men were born tough inside and out. They are the players who never have an injury, never shirk a tackle, and go harder at the end of the game than at the beginning. It is not their size which helps them to win through, indeed two of the players I have in mind are little fellows. But their success comes from the power they were born with—the power to stick it through.

Most of us fall woefully short of these high standards. The majority of players in Inter-Collegiate football are made of ordinary flesh and blood, inclined to be weak about the joints, and very fragile inside. Where football is concerned, the human machine is only as strong as its weakest part. As far as possible, therefore, the aim of the average football player must be to strengthen the deficient parts.

Foremost in the struggle for physical fitness and stamina are the students of Queen's University. Each summer the football players who hope one day to wear the Tricolour make for the mines and the forests or join the local road gangs and learn at first hand how to use a shovel, an axe, or a sledge. When they return to College for practice games at the Richardson Stadium, the majority of Queen's footballers are as tough as nails, with enough staying power to play for 60 minutes and still feel fresh. Whether they win, lose or draw, Queen's are a dangerous and ever menacing team. They are a machine made from parts that laugh at the sight of a medicine chest because they have been trained outdoors.

What of the efforts that McGill has made in football this year? Comments, criticisms, and suggested improvements with regard to McGill football are to be heard from everyone just now, both in the University and in the town. Some clamour for a highly paid coach. Some demand the purchase of five or six miniature Frank Turvilles. Others demand changes in the rules. Most of those who talk seem to think that the one thing McGill must do is to win. Personally, I do not mind how often or how badly McGill is defeated; details of the score are likely to be forgotten twenty or thirty years hence. But I do like a McGill team to do a little more in the final quarter than merely struggle to stand up. I much prefer to see twelve men on the field fighting not only as hard as they can, but also with the endurance and stamina that can only be displayed after hard labour and strict attention to rules of training.

A year ago to-day, a husky footballer was said to be finished for good. He had fallen arches which crippled him to such an extent that he was forced to stay out of two decisive games. All the next summer he worked by the sweat of his brow and exercised his crippled feat. When he returned to College in the Fall, he donned a uniform, and throughout the season he played the best football of his career. The same opportunity to improve is open to every player who is prepared to put in some hard work. Just as the Battle of Waterloo was won on the playing fields of Eton, so the games played on the gridirons of Canadian Colleges may well be won by the training secured in the summer vacations.

If you are dissatisfied with your own or your classmate's football, the remedy is near at hand. If you are not a born player, and yet would become a footballer worthy of the game, I would urge you—as I urge myself, and as I urge all who want McGill to have a team that can stand the pace—to turn to the shovel, the axe, and the sledge, for these alone can give the stamina required. Of such is the Kingdom of Football.

Some Contemporary German Writers

By RACHMIEL LEVINE

IT is certainly nothing new to make the Great War the natural dividing line between two epochs,—the era of our fathers and the present generation. This fact has been emphasized ad nauseam within the last years, and it may seem trite to harp on it; but it is nevertheless of extreme importance for the evaluation of the literary product of Germany in the present day.

On the European continent it is usually accepted that in matters literary it is France, more accurately Paris, that sets the style and Germany that follows it most faithfully. In addition the proverbial Teutonic earnestness pervades the adherents of various literary creeds, and so we find numerous groups, coterie of enthusiasts, all eager in trying to express in their own particular ways the emotions of humanity in revolt against tradition. For they considered it a young writer's duty to be in constant conflict with his elders. "These give the young poet his historical attitude: his unconcern for real possibilities, the magnificent gesture of abandon, the uncontrolled love for the extraordinary."

Wrapped up as these writers were in experimentation, in the search for new modes of expression, they had a curious foreboding of a gruesome catastrophe which was to descend upon the world. In poets like Heym, Becher and Lersch one senses the far-off storm. Their poems are funereal hymns for an old and cruel world, permeated by pessimism and despondency.

And the catastrophe came! It brought chaos in its train. Men felt the solid ground wrested away suddenly from beneath their feet. The effect on the sensitive minds of young and talented writers was devastating. The greater majority became bitterly cynical, savage, and utterly passive. Life to them was a journey from nothing to nothing by way of meaningless pain. Thus a writer like Gottfried Benn says in the epilogue to a slender volume containing his collected works: "Thirty-five years of age and totally done with, I shall not write anything more I throw my work behind me as Deucalion did the stones."

Not all the writers succumbed to excessive experimentation and pathological ranting at the stars. This saner and to us more significant group looked upon the war as the Great Purgative, monstrous, cruel, but necessary to drive hate from the world. They prophesied the coming of the New Order, the "new man" who would arise from the ashes of the old. This group including such men as Leonhard Frank, René Schickele, von Unruh, Ernst Toller, etc., and the writers who may properly be called independents—Klabund, Werfel, Edschmid, Brod and others are worthy of serious consideration, for they have produced works of the first order or have given proof of their ability to produce such in the future.

In the summer of 1916 Fritz von Unruh's "Opfergang" was printed; it was not put on sale until some time after the war, for obvious reasons. "Opfergang" is still the best war book Germany has produced, not excepting Remarque's justly praised "All Quiet on the

Western Front." Written just in the middle of the war, in the very thick of it—Unruh fought at Verdun—its compressed and forceful style investing it with glowing power, and its impassioned faith in the "new day" about to arise lending it a prophetic significance, "Opfergang" is a work of art of the highest literary value.

Following this Unruh published within a short time of each other two symbolic poetic dramas "Das Geschlecht" and "Der Platz." They are parts of a proposed trilogy, symbolizing the battle of the Mother and Son—the mythical New Man—with hate, terror and their brood, war and corruption. The treatment is typically original and highly effective. All his works are only different artistic variations upon one theme—the regeneration of man through universal love.

Leonhard Frank also preaches the doctrine of brotherhood and the advent of a Better Day in two of his books which appeared in 1918 and 1924. The earlier one, a collection of short stories entitled "Man is Good" has an overwhelming effect upon the reader. The construction of the individual stories is masterly, although they suffer from lack of distinctive character-drawing. The preaching is too obviously on the surface. In his later novel, "The Citizen," he accomplishes the difficult feat of creating a convincing character and expounding his doctrine at one and the same time. In the last few years Frank has deviated from this type of novel. "Karl und Anna" and the recently published "Schwesterliebe" are acute psychological studies of love in all its manifestations. It is his peculiar ability of fine and sincere handling of delicate themes that distinguishes his latest productions. The style is plastic, accommodating itself to the theme, and the characters, down to the least important ones, have the breath of life in them. His work shows steady and brilliant progress.

René Schickele, divided in spirit, by the accident of birth, between Germany and France, presents an entirely different aspect of the post-war literary movement. He is primarily a European, not an adherent of nationalism in the realm of the mind: a warrior for the complete freedom of expression, a strange mixture of "Gallic eroticism and German conscience." His earlier work, including the magnificent "Hans im Schnakenloch" exhibit this duality in great measure. His more recent novels like "Maria Capponi" show more serenity, and place the author in the fore-front of those writers who know and can interpret the soul of woman.

A form of literary expression which flourishes at the present time in Germany, and which has reached a high grade of development there, is the historical novel. The talented pens of Klabund, Alfred Neumann, and Feuchtwanger have reproduced graphically historical epochs and personages. Neumann and Klabund have to a greater extent than others delved into the psychological motives underlying historical events and presented vivid characterizations of particular eras. Klabund's is the more vivid style, the more impressionistic manner; Neumann is the greater psychologist. Feuchtwanger, as exemplified in "Power" and "The Ugly Duchess" portrays a whole epoch

by centering his narrative around one important figure—*Joseph Süß* in one instance, *Margaret Maultasch* in the other. His recently published magnum opus, "Success," falls short of greatness only because the author's reach exceeded his grasp. Brilliant in most parts, crowded with figures and events enough for a score of novels, it yet does not present a homogeneous whole because of its extreme ramification.

It is difficult to give a comprehensive view or even approach an exhaustive enumeration of the literary

output of some fifteen years within the space of a short article. I have therefore intentionally excluded a consideration of the recent work of the older, established writers like Mann, Wassermann, and Georg Kaiser. I can barely mention the names of the younger writers deserving attention,—the recently deceased Franz Kafka, the clever satirist Walter Hasenclever and the stylistically brilliant Kasimir Edschmid. The article is merely an attempt to indicate some trends of contemporary German literature as illustrated in the work of the representative younger writers.

Space and Time to Chinese Poets

By PROF. KIANG KANG-HU



THE Chinese always think of time as a vertical line and of space as a horizontal line, and that each extends to infinity. But, they hold that the length of these lines depends much upon the individual points of view.

These lines may appear to some persons longer or shorter than to others, or to the same person longer or shorter under different conditions. So time and space may each have its real value which is unknown to us; but the practical or relative value to individuals is certainly different in every case.

Modern Westerners apparently agree also with this statement. They seem to believe that both the lines of time and space can be shortened or lengthened by human devices. They try always to lengthen the vertical line and to shorten the horizontal, and never like to have them in the reverse way. All scientific invention and mechanical skill is directed to this very effect of shortening the horizontal line in order to lengthen the vertical one. Steamboats, electric trams, motor cars, telegraphs, telephones, airplanes and radios all aim at saving time by reducing space. Speed is the modern god worshipped by all Westerners. Endless bloody sacrifices of human lives have been and continue to be offered on his altar. He is indeed a very cruel and savage monster.

With the Chinese poets, too, these lines can be either shortened or lengthened by their wishes. They also often wish to see the vertical line extended and the horizontal line diminished. In the Book of Poetry an ode reads: "How the flowers of the aspen-plums flutter and turn! Do I not think of you? But your house is distant." The poet laments the long distance that separates him from his beloved one. But Confucius in his Analects comments: "It is the want of thought about it. How is it distant?" This shows that, according to the sage, distance can easily be removed or reduced by our earnest thought. A great poet of the early T'ang period, Wang Po, says in his famous lines: "Within the seas there is one who knows me, and this makes the sky's limit as near as a neighbouring house." He has succeeded in bringing close to him his friend from the far limit of the sky. Thus space has no existence in his mind as far as friendship is concerned. "One thought is sent to you across ten

thousand layers of mountains and rivers" is a common poetical expression in Chinese letter writing.

In regard to time, an old poem by a Han writer may serve as a vivid description of the Chinese attitude. It reads: "A studious scholar regrets the briefness of daylight while a separated lover laments over the endless long night." This is perfectly true in every human heart. Time is either long or short only in accordance with our mood of thinking or feeling. If one wishes to live longer he must learn how to regulate his time, and, still more important, he must try to make the period of suffering as short and the period of enjoyment as long as possible. Haste drives time away and leisure retains it. The full enjoyment of sufficient leisure is the surest way to longevity, in both objective and subjective senses. This is explained by the greatest poet of the Sung dynasty, Su Shih, better known as Su Tung-Po. He says, "In leisure I quietly sit here, One day is made as two. Should I live to three score and ten, I would obtain one hundred and forty!"

From the above discussion we see that the modern Westerner lengthens his life by speed while the Chinese poet lengthens it by leisure. Life in the former way is measured by achievement and in the latter by enjoyment. Man has the right to achieve things and he has, too, the right to enjoy himself or his achievement. So long as achievement is an enjoyment one may devote more time to work; but, even for the sake of achievement, one still needs time for rest. A good night's rest is a preparation as well as a guarantee for a good day's work. While the Chinese will learn the lesson from the Westerners in speed, the Westerners may yet learn the lesson from the Chinese in leisure. Haste is certainly a waste of both time and energy.

Two friends were rushing to transfer from a local train to an express in the subway central station of New York City after their hard day's work, and both wanted to save five minutes. When they were asked what they would do with that five minutes, the answer of one was to secure a better seat in a circus and of the other to go to bed earlier. It is difficult to say which of the two is the wiser way to spend these five minutes, but a Chinese poet would prefer solitude to thrills.

PEOPLE AND THINGS

By DAVID LEWIS

THE Imperial Conference was a failure. More fodder for the English Conservative Party. More cries about the visionary and impractical attitude of the Labour Government; more capital for the coming elections. I do not see how Mr. Snowden could possibly have agreed to imposing a tax on food-stuffs. For, after all, he is a labourite and the consumer-producer is as important to him as the big producer. But then, I am not conservative . . . And Mr. Bennett is an honourable man incapable of uttering "humbug" . . .

The details of the parley are well-known and each one has already formed his opinion about them. But such a convention is suggestive in a number of unspoken intimations which are often as interesting as the actual issues. Even in moments of extreme levity it is rather difficult to view the present international situation with equanimity. Italy, France, Germany, the Balkans, Poland and Russia,—each one a threat, a menace; India, China, South America,—everywhere unrest and conflict. Upon the brandished sword the sun never sets. The most philosophic temperament can hardly prevent uncontrollable dread. And in the midst of this dreary picture the British Commonwealth of Nations is a source of consolation. Excluding India, of course. The comparative harmony between the self-governing nations of the Empire, the apparent sympathy and understanding, served as an indication of the possibility of international cooperation. But what has the last Conference shown?

National competition knows no bounds. It steals upon harmony like a thief in the night. It creeps onto every possible clearing on the international scene, and converts it into a jungle where roam devouring beasts of prey. The "meum teum" ideology is just as destructive to the understanding between Canada and Great Britain, Canada and New Zealand, as it is to that between Canada and the United States. In the face of such facts can one be blamed for doubting the questionable value of the consequences of a system based on economic competition? Is there not justification for aspiring towards a system where economic cooperation would be encouraged at the expense of economic disruption? Some of our die-hard conservatives would do well to contemplate this significant suggestion of the Imperial Conference. They will admit that there is something rotten somewhere, but will they consider the suggestion that the evil lies at the very root of our present system? They will, I presume, consider it, and upon due consideration, reject it. I know them and I expect little else.

The opinions expressed in this column are the personal opinions of Mr. Lewis. The entire Editorial Board does not necessarily agree with them. Contradiction or otherwise of the views expressed will be gladly published in the Correspondents' Column which the Editors hope to introduce.—ED. NOTE.

MR. BENNETT is a sane business man. At the same time he is also a staunch Imperialist. And he has given definite proof of both. At the constitutional session of the Conference an old motion was revived seeking to lessen the powers of the Privy Council. Mr. Bennett was loudest in his protestations against it. It would tend to weaken the Imperial tie; would tend to do away with one of the very few constitutional vestiges which keep the self-governing sisters directly responsible to their mother. Mr. Bennett would not have it.

The issue did not seem very important to me, and I was not much concerned with the outcome. But our prime-minister's attitude was interesting. For I remembered that just before he left he had made sure of abolishing the British preferences on the plea of "Canada First." I may, of course, be too fastidious; I may even be incapable of appreciating the niceties of a well-regulated and logical mind . . . But I seem to discern a glaring inconsistency, and I wonder whether it is really criminal to call things by their name, even though the language be not parliamentary . . .

* * *

NO, Mr. Mackenzie King has *not* promised me a job in his next cabinet. He knows me better. For to me the difference between the Liberals and the Conservatives is only a difference in degree and not in kind. In fact, if I had my way . . . But I haven't,—yet.

* * *

THE British Labour Government has had a crop of conferences. The Disarmament parley was a farce, the Imperial gathering little more than a farce. And now the Round Table Conference. The beginning has been auspicious, and one ardently prays that the end may be satisfactory. It is, I believe, regrettable that the Nationalist Congress has no representation at this assembly. This is really due just as much to the uncompromising attitude of the Indian Congress as to the unforgivable harshness of the government. A political amnesty declared at the right moment might, I believe, have convinced the nationalists of the British sincere desire for a final understanding. But this was not done, and the nationalist element in India is antagonized from the first.

However, the unity of the Indian representatives present is encouraging, and must force the British government to realize that failure to grant India some form of responsible government would result in dire consequences. I hope that Macdonald will be influenced less by the quaverings of Lord Reading and more by his own convictions as revealed in his earlier utterings, both verbal and written. Else the American War of Independence might be repeated.

Where is the Macaulay to immortalize this gathering? It promises to be every whit as picturesque as the trial of Warren Hastings, and much more consequential.

* * *

IN the meantime, the persecution of the Indian nationalists continues. Their organization has been declared illegal with the aid of some mustily barbaric Act of the past. The editor of some local newspaper in which appeared a news-item about this organization was put into custody. Unrest is still ripe, and the government will not ease its policy of suppression. It would seem that the English Colonial Office should by this time have learned that force is not the best medium for the conservation of colonies. It would also seem that a Labour Government in London would revolt at the unwarranted suppression of free speech and free press. But evidently the Colonial Office will not learn, and the Labour Government will not be labourite. We must wait and see.

* * *

THERE is an impressive picturesqueness about the figure of Ghandi,—the picturesqueness of religious ritual and of prophetic asceticism. This same oriental mysticism characterizes the majority of his followers. There is an element of sacrifice in their attitude, a suggestion of martyrdom in their behaviour, all of which is striking and appealing to the western materialist. But one cannot help but wish that there were some indication of practical leadership, some evidence of concrete strife. It seems to me that this has been one of the main reasons for the comparative failure of the Indian nationalist movement thus far. They have lacked their Garibaldi and Cavour, their Mazzini and Kosciuszko. Their prophets have been many, but their statesmen have been few. And one hopes that the younger generation, educated in Europe, will carry home with them not only an inferiority complex, but also the determination and pugnacity of the western mind.

* * *

IN 1789 a people struggled for freedom in France. The whole world was in sympathy with them. About

1830 a people fought for liberty in Greece, and Shelley, Byron gushed forth in music. In 1917 a people rebelled for justice in Russia, and very few have exhibited sympathy or appreciation. One really wonders why.

You may not agree with the economic doctrines enforced; you may strongly condemn the political system of terrorist dictatorship. You may find fault with every thing and every body connected with the Bolshevik regime. You probably have your reasons for your attitude, and you have every right to maintain your stand. But need this preclude an appreciation of the fact that in Russia now a great experiment is under way, an experiment motivated by the sincere desire to evolve a better and more equitable system? Certainly not. And students, particularly, would do well to approach Russia with greater sympathy, in a spirit more frank and more searching than Mr. Knickerbocker's.

I am not advocating the adoption of communist views. I do not hold them myself. But I do suggest that there might be a great deal more intelligence shown in the analyses of Russian conditions than has been exhibited on various occasions. One might then understand the reasons for the economic outrages which the Russian government is forced to perpetrate. One might then question the validity of the wheat and coal dumping bogey. One might learn to treat with contempt the assinine assertions of the Hamilton Smiths, and finally, to distinguish between the doctrines of the western socialists and those of the communists.

* * *

AND speaking of Russia one can hardly avoid a word about the sensationally intriguing trial. It is extremely difficult to decide whether there is any element of truth in it. It is hard to conceive of some of the theatrical assertions of the eight culprits, and it is almost equally hard to believe that it is an entirely unfounded concoction. If the latter is the truth, then Comrade Stalin must be congratulated on a superb piece of theatrical craftsmanship.

M - C - G - MUGILL

By FRED POLAND, Jr.

BEET-BEEP-BEE-BEEP. The old familiar. Four-wheel brakes stealthily grind the car to a standstill. Two doors click open. Hurred feet on the pavement and cautious instructions.—If you drop that—What about the funnel? Get it at Kingston—My sweater—All set?—Two doors click. Race the engine for it's foggy and chilly and only half past four. Click into first; the purr of the motor dies at the end of the block. They're off!

What preparations for a week before! What financing!—for the equipment must be complete. Twenty-six of this and thirteen of the cheap stuff for Joe—he likes the new bottle that Regal Residence is sporting. Then there's the community outfit—enough to make a gallon of the famous Lightning Arrester Fluid. What a game it's going to be!

An hour out of town and the last passenger is picked up. Pay your fare as you enter. It's cheap enough. Two or five return including bridge tolls. Here's the first—You guys is ambitious. I ain't seen any red sweaters this morning. Lots last night, tho'—"Whoopee" from Dickson in the back seat,—for its getting more chilly and it wouldn't do to catch cold before the game.

They're merry now in spite of their short sleep.—I told you we should uv started to collect those things earlier—Did you get the great big enormous from Haines? Yah, but we still got to get the funnel.—There should be women in the car. The talk is getting lazy.—Don't pull my ears—Everyone laughs at the falsetto.

—God, look at the roadster upside down—anybody hurt? Well it's McGill's lucky day.—Naw, we can't give them a lift, this flask is nearly breaking at my back now.

Five's enough in any car with the baggage—which reminds me, did anybody get the indispensable—Aw, we can get 'em in Kingston—Not after twelve—Well, we'll pick some up outside of Banrigh.—Loud raucous laughter.

—No, we won't stop for breakfast, eat as you go, if you want to eat.—Stop at the monument, Jim,—yah, stop. We're making good time, fellows. We'll be in the dead city by eleven—Let's mix some before the game—Nix, I gotta see my aunt some time over the week-end. I'll have lunch with her. Game's at two fifteen but they're always late. Anyway, our seats are reserved.

The Freshettes at Queens have to sell programmes.—Let's get one of those Freshman tams for your room.—God! what a mob from McGill!—M-C-G—MUGILL! Hey, you dummock, don't drop that. We're running short. I haven't had hardly any.—You've had enough. Whose is it anyway?—Aw I hope it chokes you. Here's the band—Rayyy.—There's John, he's got lots, let's go to his room after the game.—Alright Jack, we're with you. M-C-G . . . GILL 1- 2- 3- . . .

It's not the cold, it's the humidity.—I can't wait till half time.—Alright, nobody's going to see you.—The

game's going against us.—Fight, fight, fight McGill. Yuh gotta hold it.—Pass it down here, Joe, I haven't had any, lately.—Let's get out ahead of the crowd.

—The bums swiped all our pennants. Gee Kingston hates McGill. Those towels I got last trip didn't wear any time.—Part of the stuff's in your room.—Sure I'm navigating alright. Highya John. Well, this *is* generous of you.—Yea, the management'll call you, but who wants to get up. We're not leaving till late.—Aw, ta hell with the History essay. Do it Monday morning.

—Geese, it's colder this morning. Haven't we *any* left. Where can we get some? I got a headache.—Well, aren't we all?—Let's get moving, it's after two.—Shift, can't yuh? How d'ya expect me to get any sleep.—Boy, will I sleep tomorrow.—No nine o'clocks?—Yea, but he doesn't take attendance.—Anbody got any money for the tolls? Yea, I know you paid in advance. Shut up, can't ya? I'll fix you up on pay day.—Well, since you're a working man. But how am I gonna eat tomorrow?—Don't, but we gotta get home. I hope the gas lasts.

Score: McGill 0, Queens 12.

CHRISTIAN BURIAL

By LEO KENNEDY

*The breath of funeral flowers pervades
The shuttered orbit of the tomb
Where Lazarus prefigured lies
Within an anteroom.*

With alien gravity the mourners walk
Into the darkened room, their whispered talk
Is of the virtue of the newly-dead
Who lies with fern and roses at his head.
Standing along the wall in diffident
Uncertainty, they see the widow bent
Among the plaintive sharers of her grief,—
Their reverence is mixed with unbelief.

Their feet have shuffled hesitantly through
The widow's soul: the rustle of her new
Stiff sable taffeta is like the lisp
Of sand on glass: her dried hand grasps a whip
Of black-edged, dubious linen, with which she
Affirms the fiat of mortality.

Sombrely testifying her regret,
These are the symbols of a life-long debt
To him—the oaken coffin and the pall,
The rented purple hangings in the hall
Over the torn wall paper, and the frail
Blossoms of candles sepulchral pale.

Death has come swiftly as the autumn dusk,
Withdrawn the living seed, and left a husk
Of bone and sinew to be set aside,
That had been both her sorrow and her pride;
Death has come softly as a lid drawn down
Over an eye from which the lustre fades;
Death has come darkly—but her mind evades
The constant thought—her brows contract and frown
Over unseeing eyes that harbour shadow—
The focus of her being grows small and narrow.

Too soon her conscious mind resumes its theme
With blunt reiterations; half thoughts teem

And crowd like drum taps on a vibrant drum,
Rolling death's tattoo; striking sorrow dumb:

This is the pomp and circumstance of matter—
That at a given hour the bloom must shatter
After brief distillation of perfume,
And leave one staring in a sightless room
With fingers woven in one's lap, and lips
Pencilled with resignation, with the slips
Of paper marked with *Sympathy of Friends*
Lying upon a tray with damaged ends—

This the unmercy—that a witless force
Should pause and plunder, nor resume its course
Till it has prised the lips and drawn the soul
With anguish from the frail enveloping whole—

This the grim irony, that brain and bone
Should have no subtler value than a stone.

Heads nodding, and with tongues that clack accord
Embroidering the oft-repeated word—
*He had to die—it's hard on her—but then
Death takes the meanest and the best of men:
You have to go when called for—it's the lot
Of Hogan, Caesar and Iscariot—*

The neighbors pace the room with creaking boots,
Sombre as sextons in their dingy suits.

They punctuate with many a shy aside
The silence that has lapped her like a tide,
Exchange embarrassed glances, shift their feet
And presently emerge upon the street
Intent upon their business, which is not
At all concerned with spade thrusts, wreaths and rot.

Frozen with sorrow, Mary sits alone
And thinks on Lazarus within the stone,
Her brother, silent in a winding sheet
Awaiting Christ, awaiting the fall of feet,
Awaiting the whispered, *Come forth, Lazarus—*
She only hears the rattling of a hearse.

NATIONAL STUDENT GOVERNMENT

By *LOVELL C. CARROLL*

GOVERNMENT, like almost every other institution at the basis of our "civilization," has fallen into disrepute! At least we have discovered that universal suffrage has not proved to be the panacea for our ills that it was once thought to be. Today we delight in doubting everything. Cynicism has replaced content as the source for any happiness we may enjoy. We do not know what our attitude towards government should be. Everything is very confusing. We long for liberty—and crave protection. We demand the right to work, ask for doles and pensions, cry for laws to dictate every incident in our lives—but how we hate to pay taxes, and how we deplore the high cost of living! We do not know what we want—but we fight blindly for our "rights." We do not vote for anything—but against something, and meekly act as pawns in the game of "ins and outs." Democracy has proved a failure because it is the lowest common denominator of the indifference and ignorance of the masses. We expect government by argument to produce results—and Privilege pays for what it gets.

We move towards decentralization. Chicago fights against government by the gangster—*Might is Right*—why not? The people approve by tacit consent because they allow the new rule to go on. Great Britain, in the Empire, has become a Dominion. India strains at her leash. Provincial rights in Canada grow stronger—and the Federal Government caters to the tendency. Unemployment, a world phenomenon, drives each government by means of higher tariffs to attempt to shift the burden on some other country. We work for peace—and succeed in making peoples conscious of their almost irreconcilable differences. The world is fundamentally in a state of anarchy in that no concerted attempt is made to bring about a proper economic ratio between production and consumption. The drag of purchasing power behind potentialities of production is almost capable of mathematical definition. No government attacks this problem and its causes directly—they excuse their inaction on the plea that it is a world problem, and so admit that nations, controlled by "interests," are not desirous of cooperation because some possess resources and financial organizations regulation of which they do not wish to see pass out of their hands—even to make possible an economic foundation without which talk of peace is mere sentiment. Most of our politicians, temporarily employed, work selfishly for narrow ends, while our statesmen are public men who sadly realize how impossible it is to attain ideal conditions under which the show can go on.

We have a visible contempt for laziness*—and secretly envy its possibility and plan for its extension. Most of our work is boring—nearly all of our mechanical pleasures are becoming so. Imitative beings, we dare to question Darwin, yet mildly revere Einstein for his investigations into a realm of knowledge which is unrelated to profits or "whoopie." Meanwhile we

work pretty steadily at our daily schemes, evolve endless platitudes to explain our difficulties—and somehow muddle through. We know something of values, suffer from our blasted ideals, enjoy momentarily, worship beauty, fail to understand even ourselves, criticise everything, seek praise, admire our scientists, philosophers, and idealists who admit that their reach exceeds their grasp yet,—all in all we get quite a flair out of life and, conscious of death, are inwardly aware, despite our sophistications, of a vague hope that we are something more than clever apes or animated corpses. Vast amounts of thought-provoking literature are published—extending the scope of what we do not know—and adding slowly to the experience which conditions all our thoughts and actions. Universities are founded and supported on the idea that they may teach us how to make a living, and, perhaps, how to live.

Our student life is not secluded. We are surrounded by the stream of economic endeavour, and most of us have to breast the stream to enable us to attend college at all. Courses are, in the main, practical. Culture is a by-product—often not developed. Still, considerable thinking is in evidence—even in Arts. Ideals are born—and founded. We attempt, by means of extra-curricular activities, to develop talent, and to render service. We organize student government to rule the activities which concern us as a whole. Our Councils supervise cafeterias, book exchanges, employment bureaux, dances, athletics, debating, literary, and dramatic activities. Elections are the means used to excite student interest in choosing those fortunate individuals who are honoured in being selected to do the work of organization and execution, and to absorb the criticism and the blame which is really due the body of students who neglect their own activities.

The fundamental reason for the failure of Democracy has been the indifference of the citizens towards their own creation and its work. We fight for privileges—and ignore obligations. The citizen occupies the same position as the man criticising himself anonymously in public for failure to do his duty. If more students took part in extra-curricular activities, or, at least, shared in their own government, we would have less blind criticism, more efficient work, and greater accomplishment and satisfaction.

Local student government, after all, only does what the individual cannot adequately do himself. National student government, in the same way, never attempts to accomplish what local councils are in a position to do more satisfactorily themselves. It is limited to services which may be provided by universities in association, to representation of student national life before students of other countries, and to the promotion of ideals—of national student aspirations. Let us consider these functions.

Two years ago when the National Union of Students in Great Britain staged a financial campaign, the Prince of Wales, Baldwin, Macdonald, Balfour, Chamberlain, and other public men eagerly supported the appeal and wrote a letter to the press, "warmly com-

*Does not Mr. Carroll confuse laziness and leisure?—Editor.

mending to your assistance and generosity the work that the Union is doing. Through this service, three-fold in character,—national, imperial and international—our undergraduates are preparing themselves for their responsibilities in after life. There is no force more strong in the world today than Youth, and no effort must be spared to turn that force into channels of co-operation and goodwill." John Galsworthy wrote typically—"What is the Union? Nationally, it is the representative English undergraduate organization—the connecting link between our students and other students. Internationally, it is the English unit in the Confederation Internationale des Etudiants, which comprises thirty-eight national units. It keeps clear of politics and religion. It helps students to get the best out of their student years, at home and abroad, by performing national services, and by sending students abroad and receiving foreign students here. It helps the cause of peace by participating in the international confederation and its work. Why should you contribute? Because Youth is not rich—except in promise—and because the work is vital to the fulfillment of youthful promise. The more youth sees of the world, the greater the chance of that good-will between nations without which civilisation cannot possibly prosper, may not even survive. We have recently spent some eight thousand million pounds on sending youths to destroy other youths. For the sake of those who were destroyed by the old system of ill-will—will you not provide thirty thousand pounds to assist youths to know and help each other?" The appeal went over the top.

Our Canadian Union was founded in 1925 by representatives from Bishop's, Queen's, Toronto, and McGill, meeting at Toronto. Today every university in Canada is a subscriber to the Federation, and sends a delegate to the annual conference held in the Christmas vacation, where he meets students of other colleges, and together they consider plans for the following year.

The Union was instrumental in the first years of its existence in securing a twenty-five per cent reduction on the price of athletic equipment from a large sporting goods corporation, which has meant a very large saving to the constituent colleges. An Undergraduate Exchange scheme was perfected whereby a limited number of students may go away from their Alma Mater and take their Junior Year (year previous to that of graduation) at another college, returning to their former university for the final term. Fees are cancelled by the visited colleges, and exchange students are expected to enter fully into the life of the university which they visit.

Again, each year debating tours have been arranged, teams composed of representatives from various parts of the Dominion touring almost all the universities in turn. The Union has also welcomed teams from the United States and from Great Britain, and sent a very successful team of two debaters to tour England and Wales a year ago. Travel tours are also arranged each year from Canada to the British Isles and Europe, details being arranged by the Confédération Internationale, which receives and guides the tours in Europe. Special entertainment by foreign students is a feature, and the tour provides an ideal way by which Canadians may visit other countries and enter into their national and student life.

(Continued on page 20)

CHRISTIAN POET AND HEBREW MAID

by
ABRAHAM M. KLEIN

The nightingale proclaims no creed;
The urgent thrush reiterates
No catechism: and the freed
Canary holds no dark debates.
These sing; their exhalations cede
The homage that the sky awaits.

The rose is pollened by no themes
Spiritual; the lily pales
Before the import of her dreams.
The lilac blossoms, and then fails.
They spread their fragrance: the Lord deems
Such cups so many hallowed grails . . .

And roars no litany the pard;
The elephant trips lustily;
The antics of the ape are marred
By no meek genuflexions; the
Beasts of the field inflame no nard;
And still the good Lord lets them be.

The ant reviles the dantine threat;
The snail supports no gothic roof;
The larva and the cherub met
In no cocoon's fine warp and woof;
The moth adores no altar; yet
From these the Lord is not aloof . . .

Even as does the turtle-dove,
And even as the skylark's tongue
Praises the permanence above,
So can you pour from your full lung
Your vassalage to him of love,
Your worship to the throne in song.

Blow ram's horns; make a joyful noise;
Acquaint the seven-throated wind
Two hearts are set in perfect poise,
In perfect poise the double mind;
And these assail their private Troys.
On nectar they have both been wined.

The cross and double-triangle
Are morticed; rosary and thin
Pendule are twined; the shield weds ball;
The vulgate and the scroll are twin;
The spire and dome advance their call;
Mary and Miriam are kin.

Blast trumpets, therefore; let doom crack;
Heralds, announce, and make it known
That one has watched a comet's track
And seen it brighter than a sun,
And he has spied in the Zodiac
Virgo and Leo fade in one . . .

REFLECTIONS

By J. A. EDMISON

WHY—oh why—do women profess to dislike cigars? Four out of five maintain that lips that touch *Coronas* will never touch theirs! This, of course, is a very tragic state of affairs and one calculated to reduce materially the cigar business at the Union Tuck Shop. There is something about a cigar that is friendly, comforting and satisfying—and perchance the discerning females sense its potentialities as a rival. The right to smoke a cigar is one of the numerous compensations of the sovereign state of Bachelorhood. Then again there is that immortal line from *Kipling* which we have been aching to quote for some time—“*A Woman is only a woman, but a good cigar is a smoke!*”

* * *

A RECENT edition of the “*Nation*” says—“The homicide rate for the United States is about one to 16,000 of population; of Great Britain one to 110,000; of Germany one to 200,000. *But five hill counties in North Carolina and five in Arkansas record annually one homicide to every 1,200 residents.*—For the most part these back-country killings are good wholesome murders committed by and upon good wholesome people.—Square dances, horseshoe games, rivalry in love, horse trades, unfortunate references to parenthood, and corn liquor serve most frequently as motivation.—It is entirely probable that a backwoods commoner, who would disdain to take a pin from your dresser or a hickory nut from your wood-lot, would not hesitate to avenge by violent means any reflection on the sufficiency of his vitals or any intimation of canine ancestry—” These “causes” are intriguing and these figures interesting. Let us give credit where credit is due. Why discriminate against the poor backwoods by awarding Chicago the honour for having bigger and better murders?

* * *

THE great *H. L. Mencken* seems to feel that his sometime fellow in critical crime, *George Jean Nathan*, is going to follow him into Holy Matrimony. In fact “*H. L.*” is so certain of the fact that he recklessly promises to be baptized in the Baptist rite and to read the complete unexpurgated works of *Edgar A. Guest* should said happy event not occur before February 14th, 1932. We wonder if the eminent editor of the “*Mercury*” feels desolate in marriage, and does he, like the old mariner shipwrecked on the coast, kindle false fires that others may be lost? Meanwhile countless disciples who looked up to *Mencken* as the *Perfect Bachelor* are now seeking assiduously for a new prophet. The least we can hope for is that *Mr. Nathan* will be kind to his public and postpone his matrimonial plans, if any, until February 15th, 1932!

* * *

WHAT is a bore? A *Dublin Provost* has said that “*a bore is a person who insists on talking to you about himself when all the time you wish to talk to him about yourself.*” *Byron* once said that Society consists of two classes,—the bores and the bored. We all have strong feelings on this question—and it behooves us to admit that most of them arise from a strictly per-

sonal source. We are less liable to get irritated with those people who agree with us than with those who delight to differ. Boredom, after all, is a relative thing. The wisecracking rustic who draws the acclaim of the village hotel loungers merely gets contempt in the city. The communist who may be a household god east of *Bleury Street* might possibly be considered just a noisy nuisance west of *Atwater*. Perhaps the old Quaker summed up things very aptly when he said to his wife:—“All people are queer, except me and thee—and then sometimes I think even thee a bit queer.”

* * *

WHEN a sporting celebrity passes from the spotlight the average fan becomes contemplative. We remember one scribe saying that when first he heard someone had been sent in to bat for *Ty Cobb* that he went home, looked anxiously into the mirror, and made himself resigned to the fact that he had grown appreciably older. Nothing so vividly reminds us of *Father Time*'s advances as the decline and fall of our athletic leaders. What a shock we will receive when “*Babe*” *Ruth* is waived out of the major leagues,—or when “*Howie*” *Morenz* can no longer draw a hockey pay cheque!

* * *

ROBERT G. INGERSOLL, the militant agnostic, was once considered the most dangerous man in the whole United States. Perspiring evangelists held him up as a horrible example of moral degeneration, and cartoonists of the '80's and '90's actually decorated him with horns and hoofs. *Henry Ward Beecher* said that his epitaph would be “*Robert Burns.*” And yet if *Ingersoll* were alive today he would be labelled as nothing more than a moderate modernist. The bogeys he chased, such as a literal hell and the doctrine of predestination have long since been relegated to the theological ash can. His speech on “*The Mistakes of Moses,*” once hid under mattresses, is now deemed mild stuff. *Ingersoll* was a good family man who believed in Service and Patriotism and voted Republican. A *Sinclair Lewis* could make this great iconoclast into a perfect Babbit and practising Rotarian. Alas, then, for our contemporary liberals! Perchance the time will come when *Bertrand Russell* will be considered old-fashioned and *Abraham M. Klein* will be called an apostle of the “genteel Bourgeois!”

* * *

HUMBERT WOLFE leaves his wonted poetical field long enough to pay this left-handed compliment to the worthy gentlemen of the Fourth Estate—


“You cannot hope
To bribe or twist,—
Thank God!—the
British journalist.

But, seeing what
The man will do
Unbribed, there's
No occasion to!”

LA STATUE D'OR

A Short Story

By MARGARET AMY ROSS

LD Jean Corteau stood in the door of his workshop, a chisel in one hand, a hammer in the other, and gazed down the dust white road that wound towards the Point. It was a hot mid-summer day. The lake lay still and warm beneath a blind white sky. The water was very low this year, and the bay was covered with thick green slime. The marshes of the shoreline were alive with swarms of mosquitoes and dragon flies. The air was filled with the rasping voice of the cicada, a sound that made Monsieur Corteau dizzy.

He leaned against one of the cool grey tombstones that flanked his narrow door on either side. Into that row of hard slabs he had put the best years of his life, hewing, carving, chiseling, day in and day out for nearly sixty years now. All the village knew Jean Corteau, loved and respected him. He was considered to be a fine artist of discriminating taste. He could carve a remarkable likeness to Old St. Joseph out of granite in a surprisingly short time. He could make fancy door knockers, little handpainted images, and what not. There was no one else for miles around who could carve as dexterously as he did. His fame as a sculptor had even reached Montreal, for once when he had gone there on a pilgrimage to the Basilica behind the mountain, Frère André himself had complimented him upon the execution of a certain monument for his cousin, a nun from l'Hotel Dieu.

Monsieur Corteau, standing in the sunlight, smiled a gentle twisted smile, and glanced down at his slim lithe hands. There was power in them yet, thanks to le bon Dieu, for the rheumatism that had prompted his visit to the Basilica had abated miraculously. Suddenly across the silence swung the first note of the bells of St. Joachim. Noon, Ave Maria. A black robed figure, seated on the steps of the Presbytery, rose and hurried in to belated prayer. Monsieur Corteau bowed his head. It was for this moment that he waited every day of his life, listening for the sound of those bells ringing clearly, gloriously out across the lake.

At precisely ten minutes past twelve, Monsieur Corteau turned back into his little dark shop, humming gently under his breath. At the same minute Monsieur Valois, the curé, and Monsieur Belair the bell ringer, came around a bend of the road, and made their way towards the little house with its cracked plaster walls, and fence of tombstones. Monsieur Valois and Monsieur Corteau were old friends, though the curé was the younger by some ten years. Arriving at the open doorway he stuck his white head into the gloom beyond, and called merrily, "Monsieur Corteau, Monsieur Corteau, how goes the world with you to-day?"

Old Jean turned from his work and waved an implement towards the curé; "entrez, entrez," he cried hospitably. The curé shook his head. "Phew," he commented, "it's like an oven in there; come out, mon vieux, and take a little air. We have something to tell you." Therewith he sat down upon an overturned tombstone, and drew out his pipe.

Belair spat viciously, and produced a nice fresh onion from his pocket, with a grunt of satisfaction. Jean Corteau hobbled out again into the sunshine, blinking like a little old owl. He greeted his friends with delight, beam-

ing benevolently. "Ah, mes amis," he said, rubbing his hands together, "comment ça va?" "Pas mal", shrugged Belair, lolling back against the wall. "But all the world suffers from the heat." The curé laughed good naturedly. "You'll find yourself far hotter my friend if you go missing another confession." Belair grunted again but made no reply. The curé turned his eyes to the worn kindly face of old Jean. "Monsieur Corteau", he began, "I have a new commission for you."

Corteau nodded and smiled encouragingly, "What is that, Monsieur le Curé?" The curé cleared his throat and continued, "You are aware, mon vieux, that a meeting was held in the Presbytery last night? Eh bien, St. Joachim has been left a legacy by our estimable friend Ulric Le Blanc. We're singing mass for the repose of his soul tomorrow. It was Ulric's desire that his money should be expended upon a new and life size figure of the blessed Virgin. It is to be gold covered and executed by your hands."

Old Corteau stared at the curé in wonder. "A statue, par bleu, and life size, dorée." "But it is true," Jean grasped the curé's hand in an ecstasy of joy. "Oh Monsieur, it is too good. Never before have I had such a chance. Trust me, my friend, I will make St. Joachim an objet d'art that will not be easily forgotten." "And the name of Corteau will live forever," cried le curé bursting into laughter. "Forever, without doubt," echoed Belair with an approving cackle.

Old Jean's eyes shone. He opened and shut his long fingers excitedly. "Oh Monsieur, Monsieur, I have set my heart to this, when can I begin the work?" "As soon as possible", replied le curé, knocking the ashes out of his pipe and rising. "We have decided that it would be a fine thing if we could exhibit the statue at the fête of St. Claire." "I will work for this day and night" promised old Jean reverently, as his friends took leave of him.

All through July and part of August he worked away, despite the intense heat, upon what was to be his masterpiece. Hour after hour he toiled in his dark workshop, oblivious of the world without. Occasionally he accepted the help of his apprentice, young Louis Le Blanc, but more often he preferred to be alone. He became so engrossed over the statue that his family could scarcely persuade him to leave it at mealtime. The curé seriously contemplated remonstrating with the old man, when for three successive Sundays he failed to enter the church door.

He would putter about his shop, mumbling and muttering to himself, patting the wooden image lovingly, as it gradually shaped beneath his quick fingers. He became very secretive about his work, and kept the figure shrouded as much as possible. But from the lips of Louis Le Blanc, whose eyes had enjoyed fleeting glimpses of its progress, the village learned that never had a statue of the Virgin appeared so beautiful and so lifelike. The curiosity of the neighborhood was aroused, and on one pretext or another the friends of Jean Corteau paid him innumerable visits, in the hope of beholding the image. But Jean would not weaken, nor indeed allow any of them so much as to cross his threshold. He developed a testiness of manner that was as surprising as it was baffling. It began

to be whispered by some, that old Monsieur Corteau was in a fair way of losing his wits.

The summer passed quickly, with one week of incessant rain. During this period a twinge or two of Jean's old enemy returned to his hands. The effect of Brother André's prayer seemed wearing off. In spite of this the old man forced himself to continue with his work in a feverish anticipation of its near completion. The fête of St. Claire, which was to be held on the evening of August the twenty-eighth, arrived at last. The preparations for this gala occasion were undisputably elaborate. For days the villagers had been engaged in decorating the whole Point which, when darkness fell, was to be turned into a myriad of lights.

At sunset that evening, the curé with Monsieur Belair, and two workmen, gathered at Corteau's house. They examined for the first time the gilded statue, and proceeded to remove it to a scaffold that had been built for it in the church grounds, overlooking the bay. The villagers had all gone home to their evening meal, and the erection of the truly remarkable figure, was to astound them on their return. Old Jean could not be persuaded to leave it until Louis promised to mount a faithful guard over it. He consented at this to go back to his family, who arrayed him in costume for the festivities that were to follow.

The bay lay in a sheet of calm. Beyond the shadow of the Point a crisp breeze had awakened, and a white sail slipped out from a boat house nearby. The harvest moon rose behind the dark trees, and cast down a shower of golden moidores onto the water below. Ten o'clock, and the illuminations had begun. It was without doubt a wonderful sight. At least ten floats had already gathered in the bay. They were hung with lanterns, and represented various scenes in pantomime. Others were visible in the distance, poled and towed along the shore towards their destination. The shore-line in front of the church was crowded with people. Chinese lanterns and coloured balloons hung from every tree. In the background stood the figure of the Virgin. Her hands were outstretched in benediction. A halo of electric lights was skilfully arranged behind her head. The grey old church beyond was dark, save where the light of a bonfire played against its walls and steeple.

More floats joined the ones already assembled, and began to form a circle around the edge of the bay. Various skiffs and canoes had arrived, filled with people to inspect the affair at closer range.

There were many barges drawn from all parts of the lake, for the prizes had been on exhibition in the window of the post office for a long time. At twelve o'clock they all went ashore amid the applause of their audience. The Holy Family was awarded the first prize, to the accompaniment of fireworks. As soon as he stepped on shore, Corteau was seized by his admiring friends, and riotously congratulated upon the success of his beautiful statue. Then with a great display of ceremony they carried it into the church and set it up before the altar. A Te deum was sung. Afterwards the throng filed out again to dance, and sing, and drink until a late hour.

Now it was all over and the village had gone home to bed. Jean Corteau, who had lost his family in the crowd, was one of the last to leave the grounds. He stumbled along by the church wall, dazed by his stupendous success, overcome by the refreshments of which he had imbibed far too freely. Suddenly he found himself plunged into utter darkness. The last workman had turned off the lights as he left the Point. The bewildered old man tripped

over a stone and thrust out his arm against the wall to steady himself. He leaned there for awhile, breathing heavily. He felt faint and dizzy; a queer incessant noise seemed ringing in his ears. Strain his eyes as he would he could not distinguish a thing to guide him. He plunged his shaking hand into his pocket and drew forth a match box. After several attempts he managed to light a match, but his fingers were cold and unsteady and it slipped through them down on to the board walk. He was overcome suddenly by a feeling of intense nausea. The ground seemed to reel from beneath him. He sank down onto the earth in a little heap. He must have lain there unconscious for some minutes. When he opened his eyes again and found himself all alone, hemmed in by the impenetrable silence, he gave a stifled cry and covered his face to shut out the intense dark. He started to crawl along the edge of the wall, weary and bewildered; he became possessed with a nameless terror that urged him forward. He reached the gate at last. Pulling himself up by the iron bars he staggered out into the road, fortunately in the right direction. It must have been after two o'clock when he reached his shop, and falling on the front step sank into a deep stupor. He was aroused an hour later by a stifled feeling as if someone were throttling him.

(Continued on page 20.)

THE BOUGH BROKEN

Of this woman whom we knew
Naught remains but this which you

See before you; after pain,
Dust returns to dust again.

Dust that was so brave and proud
Very sweetly fills this shroud;

Dust that such corruption knows,
Presently puts forth a rose.

Women of an older time
Live again in careful rhyme,

Beatrice and Helen walk
Through the poets' measured talk,

Let it not be said that she
Fared a lesser destiny.

Shall not memory remark
Her admission to the dark?

Make your requiem for her—
It is little she will care;

Testify your certain grief
With the darkest cypress leaf;

On her breast place sprigs of bay.
There is little you may say—

There is less that you may do—
She is not concerned with you.

WILLIAM CROWL.



REVIEWS

CRITICAL BIOGRAPHY

"Heinrich Heine," by H. Walter. J. M. Dent & Sons, Ltd. London & Toronto. 322 pp. 12/6.

No figure in German literature has aroused more discussion and controversy than Heinrich Heine. Almost every literary critic, competent or otherwise, has at one time or another, spouted his wisdom about Heine. Usually the opinions expressed were coloured by prejudice and uttered with uncritical violence. To the German monarchists the thought that this little Dusseldorf Jew, who poured vitriolic humour on their cherished institutions, could be considered a great German poet was monstrous. He was branded a traitor to his native land, a man without principles, an egotistic charlatan and what not. His admirers, on the other hand, extolled him to the skies, he was proclaimed the greatest lyricist of Germany, of the world. Certain of his acts which reflected badly on his character were argued away or invested with an honourable motive. Still another set of critics maintained that Heine's poetry was Jewish in origin and spirit; that he was a direct spiritual descendant of Isaiah and Jehuda Halevi.

It is only recently that more dispassionate and objective works on Heine began to appear in Germany and abroad. Last year an American professor, Atkins, published a volume on the poet; mainly a critical appreciation of his works. Now Professor Walter gives us an admirable study of Heine, the man and the poet. He steers clear of all preconceived notions and so manages to give us a rounded portrait of the man; and his thorough and conscientious study of Heine's works and the critical literature about him enable Dr. Walter to give a just and fair estimate of the writer. Throughout the book he emphasizes that Heine was a man,—not a *dramatis persona*,—and what is of greater importance, that he was an artist whose brilliant imagination could shape out of mere scraps of experience a wealth of poetic creations.

The man himself was not simply *charakterlos* as his detractors alleged. It is true that some of his acts show what may be assumed to be a want of set principles, but Heine was an artist with the artist's temperament. Impressions of the moment were what counted most in his life, those and his egotism. These traits, hypersensitiveness and egotism, may have been anti-social, but we are not considering Heine as a citizen, we are concerned with him as an artist.

"The only test of greatness" Professor Walter rightly asserts, "is the continuance of the appeal made by the poet to successive generations. That Heine has attained to this degree of greatness must be obvious to anyone who can appreciate the meaning of the whole century that has elapsed since Heine first made his appeal." If not the world's greatest lyric poet, Heine certainly wrote some of the best lyrics that can be found in any literature. He was at his best when

interpreting a particular mood of his own nature; he had no need for an extended experience. He was often hampered by it. This emphasis on the mood of the moment makes his longer poems emotionally unsustained.

Another thing that merits attention in the book is Dr. Walter's method of criticizing Heine's works chronologically as they were published, and then summarizing his opinions in a few chapters at the end. These final chapters contain also a very illuminating treatment of some problems of Heine criticism such as the poet's relation to politics, his Jewishness, etc. The understanding and serene humour which pervade the book add a charm not usually found in a scholarly work.

R. L.

OUR INSTITUTIONS ANALYZED

"The Dangers of Obedience and Other Essays," by Harold J. Laski. Harper & Bros. \$3.00, 293 pp.

Harold Laski, more than any other contemporary political philosopher, has concerned himself essentially with the theory of sovereignty. His thesis has always been that "those of us who heedlessly accept the commands of authority cannot yet claim to be civilized men." And this view is also the connecting link in the series of delightful, if somewhat involved, essays now collected and published.

To Professor Laski the notion of the State as Leviathan, and the consequent assertion of absolute authority, are sources of danger to the progress of mankind. The acceptance of Hobbes' theory of absolutism has lost us our sense of individuality. "The dangers of obedience" are the suppression of originality and of the progressive society. We have reached the stage where "to deviate from the norm is to risk the mark of Cain. . . . We are the slaves of custom, and we have begun to hug our chains."

In brilliant style and language, the author betrays the reason for the fear of originality and of skepticism. It is the ulterior fear that they might lead to the examination of basic principles and to the discovery that contemporary institutions are neither inevitable nor final; that the laws of social organization are not as patently reasonable as those of arithmetic; that the views of mankind on property, marriage, religion, and education have undergone radical changes in the course of history, and are bound to change again. Rational examination and the open mind are, therefore, discouraged. To differ from, or to attack authority is unconventional. The citizen becomes a mere "recipient of orders."

"Western civilization, however, owes its main triumphs to its habit of experimenting with taboos.

It owes its discoveries to men who, in some special realm, have been deliberately skeptical about its orthodoxies." To place men's minds in fetter, to demand a blind or unreasoning obedience, to stifle freedom of thought and expression, to insist on uniformity and convention, are contrary to the basic conditions essential for human progress. "The only ground for obedience to the state is where its purpose is morally superior to that of its opponents." To judge this superiority freedom of expression and a sense of individuality must not be suppressed; otherwise, the slave-mind will be the outcome.

In "A Plea for Equality," Professor Laski shows that inequality is likewise dangerous to liberty. Our political state is democratic, but we are not living in a democratic society. Political equality has failed to alter the inequalities of the social and economic fabric of society. "Poverty and ignorance benumb the faculties and depress the energies of men." Hate and envy and insecurity are the consequences.

"A Portrait of Jean Jacques Rousseau" illustrates the effect of inequality on the outlook of a great mind. Of him the author says, "He claimed rights, and he was offered privilege; he demanded equality, and he was offered alternative patrons. So that he was driven by the law of his being to deny the foundations of the world he had hoped to conquer." To Rousseau inequality was the root of all evil; the riches of civilization were a means of degrading the mass of men. This was to be the thesis of Karl Marx a century later. Indeed, Professor Laski believes that it is no accident that the first sentence of the "Social Contract" should be the final exhortation of the "Communist Manifesto."

In "Machiavelli and the Present Time," the author curiously defends the Florentine statesman. "The American Political System" is a criticism of an attempt at "applying eighteenth-century ideas and institutions to the problems of a twentieth-century civilization." There are also essays on "Teacher and Student," "The Academic Mind," and "The Recovery of Citizenship."

As a leading political thinker Professor Laski writes with authority on matters political. He is fearless; he has the courage of his convictions. Whether we share his views or not, we must admit that he is sincerely concerned with the problems of our time; and that in his analysis of them he has given us much food for thought. His essays deserve to be read by every thinking person.

H. CARL GOLDENBERG.

AN ATTEMPTED EPIC

"Imperial Palace," by Arnold Bennett. Cassell & Company Limited, London. \$3.00.

It is at once difficult and dangerous to evaluate an unappraised book by one of our major living novelists. You are liable to pick up a review the next day and learn that what you thought was epic was dull in the opinion of some critic above reproach.

Moreover so prolific a writer as Arnold Bennett is bound to have his off days. You can't just take it for granted that "Imperial Palace" is a great novel simply because Bennett is capable of great things: he is also capable of "Accident," published two years ago.

But "Accident" was not at all pretentious. Clearly

"Imperial Palace" is. The book contains 150,000 words (a mere 50,000 less than "The Old Wives Tale") and eighty-five speaking characters,—a fact to which the author carefully draws attention in his prefatory note.

Moreover Bennett obviously intends something epic by it, quite apart from bulk, and the question naturally arises: "Is it as big as he intended it to be?"

In his Journal for 1929 Bennett wrote: "Today I began a long novel. The subject is characteristic of the age, it is as modern as the morning's milk; it is tremendous, and worthy of tremendous handling. I dare say it's beyond me, but nobody else has caught hold of it, and if I am not audacious I'm nothing. And when I have finished it and it is published, half the assessors and appraisers in Britain and America will say: 'Why doesn't he give us another 'Old Wives Tale'?' I have written between seventy and eighty books. But also I have written only four: 'The Old Wives Tale', 'the Card', 'Clayhanger' and 'Riceyman Steps.' All the rest are made a reproach to me because they are neither 'The Old Wives Tale', nor 'The Card', nor 'Clayhanger', nor 'Riceyman Steps'."

Now I don't think that "Imperial Palace" is "The Old Wives Tale." But I do think that it is "Clayhanger," that it is definitely worthy of the author of "Clayhanger." "The Old Wives Tale" was Bennett's greatest novel and some people claim that it is the greatest novel of modern times. At any rate, I hardly think that it will be superseded by "Imperial Palace." The theme of his famous novel—two wives growing old and becoming pitiful shadows of what they once were—is so much nearer the human heart than the theme of "Imperial Palace."

"Imperial Palace" centres around that amazing phenomenon of modern life, the great luxury hotel, which Arnold Bennett opens and displays in all its intricate mechanism like a child showing us his latest mechanical toy and explaining how it works. The book contains enough information on hotel machinery and hotel management to serve as a manual.

One is inclined to grow a trifle impatient with this pompous little-boy complex of Mr. Bennett's, yet no one will gainsay that he crowds enough excitement into his hotel to hold the attention of the most jaded reader: what with love, marriages, big business deals, robbery, dancing, a suicide, a miscarriage, telephoning and running a vacuum cleaner over the lobby floor. Then there is always the possibility that someone will get caught in the revolving door.

It is a complex world of comic and tragic situations, admirably knit together by one who knows how to bring out to advantage that quality of irony which runs through life in a big hotel, or anywhere else for that matter.

On the night of the hotel's most brilliant New Year's Eve gala, when everyone is enjoying himself below, a girl lies in a room upstairs writhing in the agonies of a miscarriage. And, after everyone is keyed up to the pitch of tragedy, along comes a doctor and says that the dreaded miscarriage is nothing more nor less than a homely attack of indigestion. Irony! The manager of an important hotel in the great Orchem chain of luxury hotels shoots his brains out and, with ironical presence of mind, chooses the lounge of a rival hotel as the setting for his final act.

Throughout the book we get glimpses of the lives of eighty-five assorted guests and employees of the hotel and a fairly comprehensive view of four of them: a millionaire, his daughter, the manager and the head housekeeper. The plot, though intricately planned, is unimportant. It is but a contrivance for bringing the characters together so that they may contrast, resemble, sooth, or clash and give off sparks.

And the characters are admirable. There are the lower middle class ones, of course, of which Mr. Bennett makes such a specialty. But the characters representing the upper strata are equally convincing, for the first time almost, in Mr. Bennett's hands. Gracie Savott is magnificent. So is her father, Sir Henry, the millionaire merger manipulator, done with admirable restraint.

Another millionaire, an American, is the one weak spot in the book. He is like nothing so much as a caricature from "Punch" unless it be a millionaire out of one of Bennett's other novels.

Donald McCurdy.

IMMATURE POETRY

"Early Poems," by Humbert Wolfe. Basil Blackwell Co., Oxford. 126 pages.

There is only one sensible thing to do with one's "juvenalia," and that is to destroy it. Humbert Wolfe has decided to preserve his, and not merely to preserve it, but to print it so that posterity may enjoy it as well. The result is hardly gratifying.

Generally in the work of an immature poet one finds a superfluity of poetic matter (largely derivative) and a lack of technical skill. Wolfe, reversing the process, exhibits in these early efforts of his considerable structural dexterity, but shows little evidence of that richness of poetic imagery which characterizes his later work. If this volume had come out as the first printed work of a young poet a critic would have been justified in declaring that it showed little promise; and, if Humbert Wolfe's name were not on the title page, it would be impossible for anyone to deduce that it was an immature work of the author of "The Unknown Goddess." "Queen Mab" was obviously an early effort of Shelley, a primitive progenitor of "Hellas" and the Prometheus, and "Beppo" is discernibly "Don Juan" in embryo, bearing the unmistakable though less clearly defined characteristics of the masterpieces of maturity. In Humbert Wolfe one searches for a similar analogy in vain. There is no faintest trace in "Early Poems" of the elfish loveliness of "Boy in the Dusk," the gossamer fancy of "Pierrette Writes," the petal-frail music of "Humoresque," none of those lovely poetic idiosyncrasies which enable one to detect a Humbert Wolfe lyric at a glance and which distinguish it from the work of every other poet. Wolfe is one of the most individual just as he is one of the most conservative of poets.

One never expects from Humbert Wolfe versified expositions of modern futility cults such as one looks for in T. S. Eliot and Co. He is entirely out of spirit with all modernistic poetry movements. The effervescent acidity of Pound and the poetic gymnastics of E. E. Cummings alike leave him unmoved. He does

not even attempt, like the late lamented Dr. Bridges, to synthesize recent philosophical doctrines, or, like Masfield and Robinson, interpret the ingeniously beautiful legends of mediaeval Europe. Wolfe is a singer only, a fashioner of lyrics,—musical, golden,—a present-day troubadour, a jongleur plucking with delicate hands the vague beauties of dead ages; a romanticist, a dreamer, but not a visionary; an incredibly naive spirit whose anachronistic and slightly absurd wings still glint with the unstained fire of a dawn long turned to ashes. Like Jeremiah mourning for a Jerusalem that was past he mourns, not less plaintively, though with less justification, for the artless beauty of faded poetic traditions. But, unlike the usual reactionary poet of today, he cannot be briefly dismissed as a neo-romanticist, for Wolfe has added to what he has garnered from the past a new, an original loveliness such as it has never before possessed. As Wolfe himself has stated, his poems "belong to a world before the Garden of Eden became a motor park." But then, many excellent poems have been written since it did become a motor park.

K. N. Cameron.

OBSERVATION AND COMMENT

Because they are compounded by glib hacks: by such fry as the Stewart Edward Whites, Ralph Connors and James Oliver Curwoods of North American near-literature, and by sedulous Hollywood apes who yearn to scenario Rin Tin Tin,—I have always eschewed dog stories. I dislike them for the same reason that I dislike stories about horses, college lovers, cowboys, vampires, the English squirearchy, people who make good, mounted policemen, Harlem gigolos, parent problems, deathbed conversions, and firemen who climb ladders to save old ladies and innocent children. The reason is that I have discovered such narratives to be laden with no aesthetic or humanistic content; I have found that they make no appeal, however slight, to the inside of one's head; they have impressed me as being only suited for the consumption of fat, leisured ladies with iron-grey hair, *pince nez*, and walking sticks, or honest but sentimental stockbrokers.

They are the books that angular ladies with dental smiles attempt to thrust upon those bankrupt individuals whom one sees at bargain counters, lovingly fingering Oxford texts in reckless, unrealizable dreams of possession. They represent so many inartistic debauches on the part of wretches who have taken to writing rather than to drink.

Yet when I discovered that Thomas Mann had written a dog book* I was shaken to the roots of my belief. For Thomas Mann has cultivated his understanding to an extent seldom met with in these iron days. He, more than any other given modern, has envisaged the spirit of our time, and been argonaut enough to put aside the complexities and the hundred differences of this modern world, and enclose within his hospitable understanding the motives and aspirations of an entire generation.

**A Man and His Dog* by Thomas Mann: Alfred Knopf, New York; \$2.50.

A Man and His Dog then, is a slender refreshing account of Mann's country rambles with a hybrid setter, one Bashan. It is philosophically meditative, and slight enough to be discussed in the present prose exercise without arousing the wrath of those disciples who swear by *Buddenbrooks* and *The Magic Mountain*.

Bashan is a devoted, bucolic ego activating an extraordinary collection of head, flanks, haunches, belly, paws and tail, capriciously assembled in one unit by the whims of genetics. He is the slave of the ashplant and the walking boots, and a mighty hunter of moles and field mice. He is the persecution of wild ducks in season, and the bane of inland gulls on all occasions. He is the delight of small urchins, and the despair of tidy housemaids. His teeth are against every dog's, and every dog's are against his.

But Bashan by the grace of logic is not so important in this book as his master, nor is his master so important as the observations on life and the living of it that he lets drop between descriptions of the local countryside, and obituaries on dismembered rodents.

A Man and His Dog is a suitable addition to one's shelf of this redoubtable German. And the volume itself constitutes as handsome a piece of bookmaking as any previously graced by the Borzoi colophon. The text is set in linotype Bodoni by the Plimpton Press.

L. K.

NATIONAL STUDENT GOVERNMENT

(Continued from page 13).

The students of the French Université de Montréal acted last autumn as the Federation's hosts to the second Imperial Conference of students which, composed of men and women from every part of the Commonwealth, sat for more than a week, discussing the problems of students in the Empire.

The Canadian body is making application to the Board of Railway Commissioners for reduced rates for university students travelling to and from college, and special privileges such as the carrying over of the return ticket rate for the eight months spent at college so that a student may attend at return trip rates despite the long stop-over. Study is also being made of methods to secure text-book purchase and distribution on a large scale so that students will not have to pay unnecessary prices for the instruments of culture.

One of the most important services is that given by Commission I. This Commission has the duty of collecting information concerning every aspect of university life in Canada so that colleges with problems to solve may consult it for advice. Thus a college wishing to set up some activity or service writes to the Commission and receives back details of how these services are provided at other colleges.

The Union is supported by a contribution from all the members on a basis of ten cents per student. This provides just enough money to pay for the annual conference and carry on only the essential services, so the officers have for some time been considering a campaign to secure an endowment. This would permit a permanent secretariat and a great extension of the work carried on which suffers now as all the officers are unsalaried students and cannot devote as much time to the work as it requires. Unpropitious business conditions have, however, caused the postponement of such an appeal for some time. Meanwhile the Federation does what it can.

The international work is very important and requires greater financial support. The Confédération Internationale is a veritable League of Nations with the same political difficulties, and Canada is helping to smooth out these troubles and do its share—through the services of the Confederation,—in allaying the post-war ills of a chaotic Europe in which student life is carried on under very severe handicaps.

The world is admittedly passing through a period of tremendous unrest and turmoil. Selfishness and greed have succeeded in perpetuating untold suffering and distress. No one can see the light as yet, but we can at least work steadily towards it even though we struggle despairingly, at times, through utter darkness. Our achievements should be measured by our efforts.

LA STATUE D'OR

(Continued from page 16).

He found, however, upon opening his startled eyes, that he was still alone. There was a disturbingly dry, pungent smell hanging on the thick grey mist of dawn. Suddenly his bleared wandering eyes beheld a tongue of fire leaping along the roof of the old church, then another, and another. A menacing cloud of black smoke swirled down on the vine clad walls, hiding them from view. Jean stared at it in paralyzed horror, then his stupefied brain began to work slowly. The first thing he became aware of was that the church was on fire, that his beloved image lay in danger of flames. As this realization gradually strengthened he became wild with fright. With a choked cry he struggled to his feet, scarcely knowing what he did, and set off for the doomed building, limping and stumbling along the rough road. His eyes had in them at that moment the light of madness.

When he reached the church at last he found that the fire had gained an alarming hold across the front of the structure. The old man paused for a moment in a frenzy, endeavoring to collect his wits, but he was past that. The curé, however, had at last awakened and it took only a few minutes to arouse the brothers, and to turn in the fire alarm. They reached the green sward just in time to hear old Jean, overcome with grief and fear for his handiwork, cry out in an agony of torment. Flinging up his arms in despair the old man rushed headlong through the fatal clouds of smoke, and became lost to view within the charring walls. The curé ran towards the edifice calling out to his friend in terror, but it was too late.

Jean Corteau struggled up the aisle sobbing and choking. Through the dense chaos his dim eyes had discerned the statue d'or, now a blazing faggot. His breath had gone out of him. The smoke was killing him, smothering the life out of him, crushing him to the ground. Yet he staggered on, calling to le bon Dieu to save his statue, to save it even at the cost of his own life. The one thing that he loved better than the world itself was fast perishing. If only he could reach it, only to touch it once again. At last he fell on his knees before it, half suffocated. Then suddenly the flashing figure moved slowly forward, arms outstretched. Through the haze the beautiful face of the Virgin smiled upon him. The old man's dying eyes were transfixed with a look of adoration. "Mère de Jésus, mère de Jésus," he gasped, as the image crashed down enveloping his tortured body in flames.