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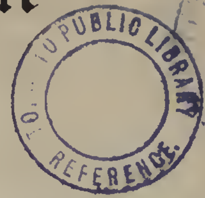

Feb ~ . 1922

Vol. I. TORONTO, OCTOBER, 1920 No. 1.

THREE years have passed, since a group of amateurs in journalism decided to produce THE REBEL. Born as a flysheet, in time it became a small magazine. The joys of its parents were secret; and so were their griefs and fears. Their rebellion—still in progress—was against the conventions, not against society. Their excursions into politics were neither numerous nor protracted. It was in the field of art and letters, that they flaunted their banners as a rule. Those of our readers, who make their stand upon the ancient way, will remark that the conventions have survived. But they know too that the challenge to doctrines, whose authority springs mainly from their length of days, no longer comes from isolated groups. It is offered in all countries and in all classes. With interests as fresh and wide as her national responsibilities, Canada refuses instinctively to bind herself with formulae. "They that reverence too much old times, are but a scorn to the new."

THE REBEL will appear no more. Fortified by their experience, its founders decided some time ago to consolidate their efforts. They hope that in doing this they may depend on support from all well-wishers of their former venture. The creation of a permanent monthly journal of opinion is a thing not to be undertaken lightly; but the need which it tries to meet is a real one. Too much of our news is coloured and distorted, before ever it reaches the Canadian press. Too often our convictions are borrowed from London, Paris, or New York. Real independence is not the product of tariffs and treaties. It is a spiritual thing. No country has reached its full stature, which makes its goods at home, but not its faith and its philosophy. Such a magazine as "The Canadian Nation", whatever has been said of its activities, is in itself a recognition of this truth. It is just as much a part of the "Made in Canada" movement, as the Canadian Manufacturers Association. So too would "The Canadian Forum" be considered.

"The Canadian Forum" had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions and, behind the strife of parties, to trace and value those developments of art and letters which are distinctly Canadian. Consequently it invites the expression of opinion on the part of its readers. A page has been set aside in the next and in the following issues for the presenting of readers' opinions on Editorials or articles appearing in the monthly itself or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good-nature must be asked of correspondents. Within these limits the freest discussion is invited.

The design which appears on the cover of this issue will be recognised as a panel of the Arch of Constantine. For the execution of the drawing, and for the external appearance of the magazine, we wish to acknowledge our great indebtedness to Mr. C. W. Jefferys, A.R.C.A., of Toronto. We are fortunate in securing his ready counsel and assistance, and that of a number of his fellow-craftsmen. It is our intention to make black-and-white illustrations from the pens of Canadian artists a distinctive feature of the magazine.

THE Manitoba provincial election, and particularly the contest in Winnipeg, is perhaps the outstanding political event in Canada within the past few months. The Norris Government had a clean record. It was free from the scandals which had disgraced the Province and the Dominion under the previous administration. More than this it had enacted considerable advanced legislation. Its educational policy, while lacking something in sympathy towards the non-English, was just and progressive. During the tense weeks of the Winnipeg strike it had shown no such violent mistrust of the aims of labour as had a nervous Ottawa. To the farmers it had been generous, if not indulgent. Yet an appeal to the people changed a negligible opposition to one which, if invited, could have assumed power. The farmers acting without official endorsation elected a considerable number of candidates. In Winnipeg under proportional representation the government elected four candidates, labour four, three of them political convicts, and the conservatives two, the latter of whom, son of a former Canadian premier, won by a few votes from Russell, an inmate of the provincial penitentary.

Never in Canada have the devotees of law and order received a ruder shock. At the head of the polls, with nearly three times as many first choices as any other candidate and, it is said, though figures

are not available, receiving the votes of some eighty per cent of the electors, stood F. J. Dixon. Five years ago a popular hero because of his fearless radicalism, three years later facing single-handed an angry mob who disliked his pacifist views, a few months ago saved only by his eloquence and manifest sincerity from the penitentiary in spite of an adverse charge to the jury by the trial judge, now he resumes his seat in the legislature amidst public acclaim. The lesson is obvious yet it should be stated. Any government which attempts to throttle free men in Canada or elsewhere will fall of its own weight and be fortunate if it does not bring crashing in ruin the structure which with clumsy hands it seeks to buttress.

THE news that a revolution has broken out in Italy can have surprised no one who closely follows developments in Europe. The sources of trouble are not far to seek. Italy, like Upper Canada, depends on imported coal for the livelihood of her industrial workers. The shocks of the last five years have rendered her coal supplies exceedingly precarious. From the workers' standpoint, those who are responsible for the control of Italian industry have been on trial. Each breakdown in the coal supply condemns them. Add to this an inflation of money which has increased prices nearly fourfold, and the reasons for bitter discontent are obvious. Mere repression of the symptoms of trouble can do nothing to cure a deep-rooted industrial malady. Signor Giolitti seems to have decided wisely that diagnosis and not repression is his business. Every country suffers, in its degree, from causes not dissimilar, and those of us who are more fortunately situated may study his wise forbearance. Instead of denouncing every voice of discontent as an offence against the State, we shall do well soberly to recognise that discontent has deep foundations. Though we drive underground or completely make an end of propaganda, discontent will last and grow more bitter, so long as the cause of discontent is there. It is by finding remedies for the coal shortage, and by refraining from any policy which is calculated to keep high the cost of living, that we shall disarm the radicals of Canada.

THE love child of a Union Government, conceived and born in the virtuous atmosphere of war enthusiasm, now unwanted by its surviving parent and left to die on the doorstep of the Privy Council, detested alike by farmers and manufacturers and tradesmen, the Board of Commerce has had a sad life. Early in the year came the resignation of the chief commissioner, Judge Robson, under circumstances so unfortunate as to cause serious doubt of his sincerity as a guardian of the consumer's purse. Not long after came the reference to the Supreme Court of Canada, on the newsprint question, which had thrown some doubt on the Board's jurisdiction to regulate prices of any sort. For good or ill, the Supreme Court decided exactly nothing—as Supreme Courts may—and the Board entered upon a period of rapid decline.

Attacked in unmeasured fashion by counsel for the Province of Ontario, compelled to listen, in his own Court, to insinuations of personal dishonesty, Mr. W. F. O'Connor decided to resume his practice of law. It is safe to say that the fiasco of the investigation of an alleged illegal grocers' combine at Hamilton did more to wreck the Board than any single event of its career.

The dying convulsion of the Board seems to have come when Mr. Murdoch resigned. It is hard to imagine any more vigorous, energetic, and convincing protest than that of a member, once a labouring man, who refused any longer to draw a substantial salary for lending his name to give dignity to a piece of flummery.

The shade of the Board is behaving circumspectly. Far from allowing the consumer to recoup himself from the distributors for some of the excess profits he was unwillingly forced to create, the Board seems to have lessened the shock of readjustment to lower prices and to be showing far greater tenderness to business interests than to the consuming public. Its intervention in the milk question has produced the ridiculous spectacle of a restricting order issued and revoked in the space of a few hours. It is worth noting that the weight of the Provincial Government was thrown into the scales for the farmer. There was even a broad hint of a milk producers' strike. And now the Board has heard all the evidence and there is once more the silence of consent.

ELSEWHERE in these columns there appears an article on the Lambeth Conference proposals for the reunion of Christendom. The Anglican position has not always been very easy to fix, especially with reference to Christian bodies which do not possess episcopal order. Nor has the attitude of Anglican thought towards the other episcopal bodies hitherto been defined with anything like unanimity. Whatever may be the response from the other episcopal bodies, that from the Free Churches and other Protestant Communions, both in England and in Canada, is on the whole, very sympathetic and assuring. Both the theory and the practice of episcopacy have, of course, been challenged in various pronouncements by leaders of these bodies, but there is at the same time a recognition that a great change has come over Anglicanism, which has gone so far as to admit how great a share it must bear in the guilt of a separated Christendom, and has put forward concrete proposals for making an *amende honorable*.

THE PEACE TREATY AND THE RHINE

DURING the night of November 10th, 1918, two special trains lay quietly on a secluded siding in northern France. One was the train of the Commander-in-Chief of the allied armies on the western front; the other had brought the delegates of the newly formed German republic. Inside Marshal Foch's train, in a brightly lighted saloon-carriage, a group of tired men, whose faces shone white above their gold and decorations, discussed with the little party of black-coated civilians from Germany the terms upon which the allied powers were willing to suspend hostilities. About four o'clock in the morning a document was signed; and the Germans were escorted back to the train that was waiting to carry them home to the defeated Fatherland. The document was the agreement for an armistice, and the scene in Marshal Foch's saloon-carriage was the first act in the great drama of the Carthaginian peace.

The war had been won on the western front, and it was on the western front that Marshal Foch sought his principal guarantees. So, as the primary condition of the armistice, the German armies were required to withdraw to a line roughly forty kilometers behind the Rhine. The country so evacuated was then occupied by allied troops as far as the Rhine and thirty kilometers beyond it at the three great bridgeheads of Mayence, Coblenz, and Cologne. The intervening territory between the eastern bank of the river and the new German line—which ran parallel to, but ten kilometers beyond the apex of the bridgeheads—was formed into a neutral zone, forbidden to the troops of either power. The Rhineland thus became a hostage for Germany's good behaviour, and the allies secured a strategic line unsurpassed either for defence or aggression. In their hands lay a rich industrial area; in front of them, a long strip of undefended territory; and beyond that again, the now virtually defenceless enemy. The conditions were adequate; very thoroughly, within the limits assigned to him, Marshal Foch had completed his task.

Even during the early weeks of the occupation, the differences between the administrations of the various allies became sharply defined. The British and Americans seem, on the whole, to have governed their areas in a just and tolerant manner. If they did not actually seek to mitigate the hardships inseparable from a military occupation, at least they did not aggravate them. On the other hand all the evidence points to the French and Belgians having behaved harshly and provocatively. "The Englishman is anxious to be respected", wrote a prominent German of this phase of the occupation, "but the Frenchman demands admiration". Whatever the truth of this generalization, it was the Englishman who was admired, while the Frenchman succeeded only in inspiring fear and distrust. Of course there were exceptions; but there can be no doubt that conditions in the occupied territories varied between the extremes of tolerance on the one hand, and excessive harshness on the other. Taking these conditions at their best, however, they were far from being easy or agreeable. Everywhere martial law was strictly enforced; and the liberty of the inhabitants, apart even from such minor regulations as those requiring the saluting of allied officers, was necessarily interfered with seriously in many ways. Freedom of trade, there was none; a rigorous censorship prevailed; the blockade was still at its height. Moreover industry was paralyzed; unemployment was general; and, in spite of the superficial air of prosperity among the shopkeeping classes who supplied the minor wants of the allied troops, destitution was widespread. Add to all this the general sense of defeat and revolution, of humiliation and apprehension, and it will be realized that the lot of the inhabitants of the Rhineland was not an enviable one. On the whole, however, it was no worse than they could have expected; and from a material point of view it was certainly better than that of the rest of Germany; for an army of occupation brings with it clothes and food, and some of these even a conquered people will secure.

While these problems of the occupation were adjusting themselves slowly and often painfully on the Rhine, events of vastly greater importance, not only to the Rhineland, but to the whole of Germany, were unfolding themselves amid the mists of jealousy and strife that enshrouded the peace conference at Paris, where the second act of the drama was being staged. At Paris the bright sun of idealism that had inspired the allied peoples during four years of war was already undergoing an eclipse; many of the allied statesmen had ceased even to pay lip-service to those ideals; the men who controlled French policy had openly repudiated them. These men regarded the occupation of the Rhineland not merely as a guarantee against German aggression, but as a prize that France, having once secured, should do her utmost to retain. To them the fourteen points were simply a piece of foolish sentiment; the project for a league of nations, a dangerous chimera. They strove not to end war but to make France strong; and to this end they were ready to ignore all the ethnological and political obstacles—all the possibilities of future war—that would be involved in an annexation of the Rhineland. So Clemenceau and Foch, without faith in that new world of which so much had been heard during the war, set themselves the task of establishing France's frontier on the Rhine. What, in November 1918, had

been a legitimate military precaution, was now advanced as a pretext for violating many of the ideals for which the allies had always professed to be fighting. The struggle for the Rhineland became a struggle for the soul of the allied nations. Both contests ended in a compromise. Only by conceding, in part, the French claims to the Rhine could the British and Americans secure M. Clemenceau's sceptical support for even a modified league of nations. So the compact was made; and instead of annexation, it was agreed that the occupation should be continued for fifteen years as a pledge for the fulfillment of all the treaty obligations (including the payment of the indemnity), and that this period might be extended at will in the event of any breach or default. A few days later these concessions were whittled down further, when Foch's plan for a thorough-going military administration was rejected in favour of government by a civilian commission. Defeated in their more extreme claims, the French militarists then set about fostering an agitation for an independent Rhineland republic. But they gained no support; and in the end M. Clemenceau had to content himself with building up a chain of minor reactionary powers in the east—his *cordon sanitaire* against Bolshevism.

For the occupied territory itself, the change in administration that followed the signing of peace was, on the whole, an improvement. For one thing the size of the army of occupation was at once reduced. Notwithstanding the protests of the Northcliffe press, the British retained a force of only about 14,000; the French retained 95,000, the Belgians 20,000, and the Americans less than 16,000. (And when one remembers that the cost to Germany of maintaining the British force alone up to May of this year amounted to £45,000,000, it will be realized that any reduction in numbers was of vital importance.) But not only was the size of the army reduced, its powers were curtailed. The Rhineland Commission took charge of administration, and martial law was, nominally at any rate discontinued. Moreover the blockade was partially raised, and some of the restrictions on trade were removed. Even then, however, the occupied territories showed no signs of returning to a decent standard of life, let alone their former prosperity. Industry was still dislocated; unemployment, very widespread; and the supply of foodstuffs, only slightly improved. Finally for a temporary occupation, there had been substituted the greater humiliation of a prolonged one; and, in practice, the methods of the civilian commission proved hardly less arbitrary than those of the military authorities.

Thus the curtain dropped on the second act of the Carthaginian peace. The reactionaries had gained an incomplete but still substantial victory. The fourteen points had, in all but form, been swept aside; self-determination had become a new catchword for the old diplomacy; the league of nations, but the empty husk of a great ideal. The new order that was to have been constructed from finer, fresher materials had in fact been rebuilt out of the rubble and refuse of the old. Men looked in vain for the promised era of peace and reform that was to have risen miraculously from the vast ruin and waste of war. Instead they saw a Europe destitute and distracted, swayed by revolution in the east, by reaction in the west. And in this new Europe of blockades and cordons and minor wars, of starvation and unrest, the German republic led a precarious, isolated existence. Lord Northcliffe and the French militarists had tired (as one writer put it) of feeding off the carcass of Prussianism; for the moment they were occupied almost exclusively with Bolshevism; and so, but for an occasional kick, the struggling Government of Germany was for the time forgotten. Then unexpectedly, there began a series of events that again fastened men's minds on Germany and particularly on the Rhineland.

Early in the present year Mr. Lloyd George, under pressure from the French, decided to redeem one of his regretted election pledges; and in February the Supreme Council demanded the surrender of the war criminals. Eight hundred officers, including nearly all the higher commanders, some guilty no doubt of atrocious crimes, but many who had acted simply in accordance with accepted military standards, were to be arrested by the already harassed German government and handed over metaphorically if not literally in chains to make an allied triumph. The accusers were to create "ad hoc" offences to fit each case; they were to supply the judge and the jury in the shape of an allied court martial; they were to determine the venue. The German government, as it was bound to do if it still cherished any hopes of remaining in power, protested; and the supreme council was forced into a discreditable compromise that did nothing to improve the relations between France and England. In Germany itself, even though the government had gained a partial success, the incident had proved too great a strain on its declining strength; and a few weeks later, towards the end of March, a counter-revolution, organized by officers of the old regular army, broke out in Berlin. The government, deserted by the very soldiers upon whom it had relied for support, fled to Stuttgart; and it was Labour, using the weapon of the general strike, that suppressed the revolution. Yet, as the sequel shows, even this warning of a reviving militarism was not sufficient to bring Lord Northcliffe and the wild men of Paris journalism to their senses; for their next action was to constitute a still more serious menace to the moderate government of Germany.

Although it was the novel weapon of the general strike that had really defeated the Kapp-Luttwitz *Putsch* in many places armed bodies of workers had come into actual conflict with the reactionary

troops; and it was in the coalfields and industrial towns of the Ruhr valley, which lay partly in the northern portion of the neutral zone beyond the Rhine, that the most severe fighting had taken place. Among the workers of the Ruhr were a large number of convinced communists, members of the Spartacus party that had attempted to set up a soviet government shortly after the armistice; and these red workers had organized under Major von Behrfeld, an able officer of the old general staff now turned communist, to resist the reaction. Once the danger was past, the more moderate elements, who had been co-operating with them, wished to disperse, but the communists—partly through fear of reprisals from the regular troops, and partly because they considered the time propitious—determined to establish their own government. Now the forces that the Berlin government had been permitted by the allies to maintain in the Ruhr proved too weak to suppress the Reds; so the leaders in Berlin, now restored to a precarious authority after their ignominious flight, appealed to the French government for permission to employ additional troops. Whether at this juncture the French government consulted the other allies has never been revealed; however, while the negotiations were still in progress, the German commander on the borders of the Ruhr district, probably with the deliberate intention of embarassing the republican government—for he acted contrary to explicit instructions from Berlin—entered the Ruhr with a force of Reichswehr, and proceeded with great severity to suppress the red army; whereupon France without waiting to consult her allies further—if indeed she had consulted them at all—took advantage of this technical breach of the treaty to advance troops into a perfectly peaceful part of the neutral zone a hundred miles further south, and occupy the cities of Frankfort, Darmstadt, Hanau, and Dieburg, ostensibly as a pledge for the withdrawal of the Reichswehr from the Ruhr.

The reasons advanced by the French government for this act were entirely disingenuous. Obviously France had more to fear from a red government in the Ruhr (to which she looked for a considerable part of her coal tribute) than from the harassed republican government of Germany. To maintain, as some of their apologists did, that the rulers of France—the bitterest opponents of Bolshevism—were shocked by the harshness with which Bolshevism was being suppressed in the Ruhr was ridiculous. Equally unconvincing was the suggestion that the German government intended permanently to occupy the neutral zone, and that the action of the French government was designed simply to prevent so flagrant a breach of the treaty. The truth was that the French government, disappointed in the matter of the war criminals, alarmed by the tendency of public opinion in England towards a revision of the treaty, and completely misled by the Northcliffe press, had become convinced that all that was needed to cement the entente afresh, to stiffen England's attitude, and to speed up delivery of the coal tribute, was just such an abrupt, threatening gesture as the occupation of Frankfort and the other Hessian towns. They were gravely mistaken; for when, having completed their move, they called upon the English government for co-operation, they were met with a definite refusal, and reminded that in attempting to force the hands of the other allies by independent action, they had themselves broken the treaty. Something like a crisis ensued; but Mr. Lloyd George, realizing that, for the moment at any rate, the policy of revenge was played out, stood firm; and within two weeks the French troops were withdrawn.

Unfortunately, however, the straining of the relations between France and England was not the only untoward incident of this excursion. For one thing, the force employed had been largely composed of Sengalese, and this in itself caused much protest in England. When it was reported however that the municipal authorities in the occupied towns had been forced by the French generals to organize brothels for these half-savage negroes, and that, in spite of this precaution, offences against the persons of inhabitants had been numerous, the general feeling in England amounted almost to disgust. Moreover it soon became known that the French officers had done everything they could to humiliate and provoke the people of these, not Prussian, but liberal German cities. Tanks rumbled through the peaceful streets of Frankfort, aeroplanes circled overhead, and machine-guns were mounted at all the principal corners. One of these, manned by black troops, opened fire without reason upon an orderly crowd in the main square. By the time the surprised, terrified people had scattered, over forty dead and wounded lay on the pavement. At Frankfort, too, the house in which Goethe had been born, now a museum containing many personal relics and documents—sacred not only to Germans but to educated men of all countries—was deliberately selected by the French authorities as a billet for a party of Sengalese. It looks almost as if the French militarists had been striving to emulate the Prussian.

Although no grave consequences followed the episode of the Ruhr, it must be remembered that every unnecessary blow at the shaken German government destroys the hope of many moderate men in Germany and drives them into the arms of either the militarist or the communist. By all means let us be firm with Germany, but let our policy be consistent with our professed ideals; or, if our ideals are only propaganda, at least let it be consistent with common sense. We all professed to desire the destruction of Prussian militarism; we all profess an abhorrence of Bolshevism. Yet to one extreme or the other, not

only Germany but many European countries are being driven by the provocative policy of the French government. Sane men of all countries are coming to realize that even the most fundamental of the objects for which we fought are slipping from our grasp in the midst of the wars and hatreds and contentions that still rock Europe. If the French militarists are to continue to dictate the lines of the European resettlement, the next great war is within measurable distance. It may be a war with a coalition of European powers more reactionary than our own; it may be a war—a full-dress war—against Bolshevism. The only alternative is to change the treaty of Versailles and the men who made it, and to take up again the task of European resettlement, not in the spirit that our leaders have caught from our former enemies, but in the spirit that inspired the people of the allied nations through the trials and disasters and successes of four years of war.

E. H. Blake

The Rise of Co-operation in Canada

The co-operative movement is really a protest against the specialist. The Western World has been passing through an age of specialist worship. A good many people, often possessed of more wealth than wisdom, are still devotees. They allow one group of specialists to carve their bodies at will; another group to supervise the welfare of their souls; another to regulate those intimate affairs for which they have no time and which they call politics. Their buying and selling they would not think of controlling themselves. In their view, the Manufacturers' Association, the Retail Merchants' Association, the Wool Growers' Association, Associations without number, can be trusted to produce and distribute and set successive prices. Business, they hold, must be left to those who have made a study of it. If their persons or purses suffer, these good souls bear the loss with fortitude, repeating the formula conned at school, "Every man to his trade".

But the Canadian citizen of average means, learning from Dame Necessity, is abandoning implicit confidence in specialists in general and especially in those who have been supposed to know best how to provide the public with food and raiment. He has discovered that there is danger in following the precept which his American cousin, apt in idiom, has expressed in the phrase, "Leave it to George". George has a curious way of becoming a capitalist. Now the capitalist is an unexceptionable person if only he retains humility and humanity. But he has a fashion of gaining a little wealth, then a little more, till he gets to a point where he fancies himself a super-man, takes unto himself a super-automobile and considers the working class neglible beings of a distinctly lower plane. In time, if the "pub" is closed, the worker may begin to wonder what would happen if the super-man changed the mind of a master for that of a servant. In order to bring this to pass he may decide to revert to more primitive ways. Conspiring with his neighbours he may determine to secure his own necessities. If he has charity enough to regard every man as his neighbour, even the super-man, he has become a co-operator.

From such an impulse the great co-operation movement had its rise in the old world. In England within seventy-five years it has spread till it embraces half the heads of families in the land and distributes goods to the value of nearly two million pounds a week. It organizes stores, builds warehouses and factories, owns tea plantations and wheat-fields, and even builds model towns for its members. In fact nothing could better illustrate the spirit of the movement than a town like Hampstead where the plain workman dwells side to side by the well-to-do professional or business man, the one paying eight shillings a week in rental, the other two hundred pounds a year, all fellow-members of the same society and joint owners of the houses they occupy.

In Canada we have been slower to cultivate the co-operative spirit. The early stages of the economic development of a country are like the early stages of a horse race; there is a good deal of jockeying for position. The mere fact that wealth increases so rapidly entices men to its pursuit, regardless of whether others suffer from their aggressions. In recent years, however, co-operation has established itself so firmly that its success even in our individualistic society can no longer be denied.

In endeavouring to describe the progress of the movement we may dispense with statistics, for the simple reason that reliable statistics are not available. Canada has no federal co-operative act, and no federal department collecting figures and relegating them to blue-books. Such statistics as we have in the several provinces cannot be accepted without examination, since so-called co-operative societies do not always exactly conform to the cardinal principles of co-operation, namely, one man one vote, a fixed rate of interest on capital, and the division of any surplus for social purposes. In default of statistics it may be possible to gain a fair idea of the spread of the movement by three sketches of different co-operative societies.

Twenty-five years ago a Hansard reporter named Alphonse Desjardins began to study co-operative banking in Europe. Five years later he called together a few friends at his home in Levis and outlined a proposal which led to the organization of the first Caisse Populaire. This People's Bank was thoroughly co-operative in form and spirit. It neither asked nor desired Government assistance. It was

simply an association of neighbours for mutual advantage. The manager was to be a resident of the parish, known to all. The shareholders and recipients of loans were to be residents of the parish, and character was made the basis of credit. The members of the three committees, administrative, credit, and supervising, must all be residents of the parish, chosen by men familiar with their daily life and their ability. Deposits were received and the rate of interest paid was higher than the current rate. Loans were made to people of modest means, always for definite purposes of production, at a rate lower than the current rate. The policy was to reduce the margin between the rate charged on loans and the rate paid on deposits, as the bank prospered and reserves were built up. Expenses were reduced to a minimum. The People's Bank did not compete for a site of high speculative value, affect marble columns, or attract officers by princely salaries. Mr. Desjardins' house was the first bank building and his wife kept the first set of books. An original method was adopted of dealing with reserves. It was provided that they should not be divisible among the shareholders, but that in the event of the closing of the bank they should be at the disposal of the Lieutenant-Governor-in-Council for some useful purpose in the parish. Thus all temptation to reap a profit by winding up the bank was removed from the shareholders.

Some years passed before the founder of the Levis bank would give his approval to the establishing of a second Caisse Populaire. Only when the experiment had proven an unqualified success were other banks established. Now their number is nearly two hundred, and they are to be found mainly in the Province of Quebec but also in French districts of Ontario and the United States. Commencing with a capital of $26.40 in 1890, the parent bank at Levis now has assets of over $1,000,000. Prosperity has not altered its policy. It still prefers small to large loans, and while it accepts the business of the municipality, it leaves the business of manufacturers and merchants to the chartered banks. The claim is made that no one of these banks has lost a dollar for its shareholders nor suffered through the failure to repay on the part of those to whom loans have been made.

The coal fields of Nova Scotia afford an illustration of another type of co-operative enterprise. Fourteen years ago the working men of Sydney Mines, many of whom were familiar with old world co-operation, founded the British Canadian Co-operative Society Limited. A general store was opened in the hope that it would assist in the filling of the dinner pail. The twenty-seventh half-yearly report of this society indicates sales for the year to the amount of $1,011,007.87. The members of the society number 1,910; this in a city with a population of some 15,000. The average share and loan investment is $87.90. In addition to interest on investment, the members receive under the Rochdale system a purchase dividend, which during the last half year amounted to twelve per cent. on general purchases and ten per cent. on meat purchases. Non-members, comparatively few in number, are allowed half this percentage. The average amount returned to members as a discount on current prices is about $60 a year. Idealism shows itself in the accounts of the society, sums being set aside for education and for stock in the British Co-operative Wholesale Society.

The Sydney Mines Society controls the largest of Canadian co-operative stores. But a good many towns and hamlets, east and west, have been establishing co-operative stores in recent years. Even Ontario with its devotion to traditions has a score of such societies. The strongest of these was organized in Guelph some fifteen years ago as a protest against prevailing bread prices. The early history of this prosperous society under the presidency of Mr. Sam Carter, manufacturer and radical, is one of constant struggle against strenuous opposition from hostile interests.

The farmers of Canada as all the world now knows have also been organizing for commercial purposes. Any account of co-operation would be incomplete without some description of their activities. Here again a truer idea of this great movement, which promises to revolutionize country life, can be secured from looking at a small corner of rural Canada, than by displaying figures mounting to a hundred million and more. Six years ago a few farmers met in a school-house in Brant County. One of them at least, Mr. W. C. Good, a distinguished graduate of the University of Toronto, had been a careful student of co-operation. It was in this school-house that the provisional directors of the United Farmers' Co-operative Company were chosen. The by-laws were drafted by Mr. George Keen, the General Secretary of the Co-operative Union of Canada, a resident of Brantford. It was the vision of these men that the new company should act mainly as a wholesale company while local organizations should attend to the retail business and control the wholesale company by taking stock in it and sending representatives to the annual meeting. In fact, a federal system would be followed, similar to that followed in England and elsewhere in Europe. This policy has not been exactly followed. The tendency towards centralization, so marked in the modern economics, has shown itself in the business of the United Farmers, with the result that within the movement at the present time there is a sharp difference of opinion between the advocates of union and the advocates of federation. But this is by the way. In the meantime the Brant Farmers proceeded with their county association. One who was present at the organization meeting could not fail to be impressed with the ability shown by the leading spirits in the enterprise and with the

general intelligence and evident prosperity of the shareholders. The Society has prospered. An enthusiastic co-operator, Mr. George Bellachey, who was prevented by the loss of a hand from continuing active farming operations, was chosen manager. The sales for the six months ending May 31st, 1920, were $80,620.52, almost double that for the same period of the previous year. So secure does the society feel that it has purchased a valuable business site, and is now selling stock and bonds among the farmers of the county to the amount of $80,000 to cover the expense.

The Brant Society affords an example of the kind of rural organization which may be expected to evolve as the movement grows and as the principles of co-operation are more clearly understood. Meanwhile in all the provinces of Canada thousands of groups of farmers are selling produce and purchasing supplies through the great Farmers' Co-operative Societies. The strong class consciousness developed in struggles with elevator, and railway, and mercantile, and manufacturing interests, when capitalized as good will, creates immense assets at the command of the United Farmers. But no co-operative movement can be firmly established in class spirit. The motto of co-operators "each for all and all for each" requires universal neighbourliness. The present farmer-labour coalition in Ontario gives promise of a wide application of the principles of co-operation. Indeed at the present time organized labour in Toronto is actually selling stock for the setting up of a U.F.O. co-operative store. The Farmers' Company is to provide the management and the greater part of the capital while the labour people provide the constituency and an advisory committee. An interesting and probably unique experiment it is. According to precedent it would be more likely to prove successful, if the shareholders had sufficient confidence in themselves to appoint and control their own manager, using the farmers simply as friendly wholesalers. But the experiment well illustrates the serious mistrust of the business methods developed under a competitive system and the eagerness with which Canadians are reaching out to co-operation as a possible solution to intolerable conditions.

C. B. SISSONS

Text-Books

ALTHOUGH the cost of text-books in a modern system is but an insignificant item in the total amount spent on education, ranging as it does from two to four per cent., the interest it arouses in any community is greater than that created by all the other expenditures put together. The reason is not far to seek. Text-books are frequently paid for directly by the parents; they are an obvious expense, and a direct tax is always more closely scanned than an indirect one. Even when the text-books are given to the pupils there is a sense of proprietorship in them which is altogether different from that felt for the school building and its furnishings. Small though the cost is, the importance of text-books as an instrument of education warrants an inquiry into their making.

The text-book problem is an old one. Before the invention of printing it was almost an insuperable one, the lot of writing out the text frequently falling to the student. Authorship in those times was not undertaken lightly; consequently the mediaeval text-books, considering the time of their compilation, were superior, script for script, to the ones of to-day. What modern text-books, for example, can compare with Priscian's *Institutio de Arte Grammatica*, with Alcuin's *De Dialectica*, with Sacrobosco's *Libellus de Sphaera*, or with the *De Musica* of Boethius? Great numbers of copies of these excellent texts must have been made. A thousand copies of Priscian's *Grammar* are still extant. They all show rare pedagogical skill, a clear understanding of style, and an eager desire to keep abreast of the times. The use of them by the teachers is more open to criticism. Teaching in mediaeval times was an ill-developed art; it consisted largely of the dictation of the text-book. And this in spite of Varro's injunctions with regard to the teaching of grammar, applicable to other branches of learning as well, that the following functions be observed: (1) *emendatio*—the correction of the text; (2) *lectio*—accurate reading; (3) *enarratio*—exposition; and (4) *judicium*—criticism.

With the invention of printing, an art which enabled a thousand text-books to be produced where one had been produced before, the need for the dictation of the text disappeared. It almost seemed as if the occupation of the teacher were about to disappear. Conservative almost to a standstill he managed somehow to survive. Instead of dictating a text, he began to dictate notes about a text, and by the irony of fate this method still survives in our highest institutions of learning—the universities.

The problem of the text-book did not really become critical again until the 19th century, when the world tried its greatest social experiment—the education of everybody. Text-books by the million were required and fortune lay at the feet of successful author and enterprising publisher. Let it be said in defence of the private publisher that, on the whole, he rose to the occasion. Some really excellent text-books were produced at a time when the demand for them was so urgent, that whatever the publisher gave must needs be taken. The text-book industry became so profitable that hundreds were attracted into it and competition became keen. Whisperings of the dubious methods that some publishers used to get a particular text selected for schools began to be heard and in more than one case open bribery was proven.

What was to be done? An obvious way out of the difficulty thus created was for the state to undertake the publication of its text-books. California, for example, as early as 1885 began the compilation and publication of school text-books. It looked as if the final solution had been reached. Corrupt practices, however, soon crept in, and even when the practice appeared fair and above board, subtle cankers began to corrode the body politic. Californian production led to Californian authorship. Competition was eliminated and soon an absolute monopoly in the authorship, manufacture, and sale of text-books was created. The state of affairs would have been ludicrous if it had not involved millions of innocent children. California deliberately turned its back on books tested by time and in the fierce heat of competition, in favour of those by untried, incompetent, unknown local authors. Things reached such a pass that in 1903 the people demanded a change. The monopolists in charge gave way to this extent—they permitted the leasing of the plates of successful texts of private publishers. But state printing and binding were still insisted upon. Insidious evils crept in here. The state printing office became a sheltered home for many a party hack and ward heeler. The economies that should have ensued from quantity production in a non-competitive field failed to materialize. Text-books could only be manufactured below the cost of private production by using inferior paper and a still more inferior binding. The books really cost more, for they lasted less than one-fourth the time they ought to have done.

Since California's disastrous excursion into the field of state production of text-books many other plans have been tried. The one in Ontario is too well-known to need description. Ontario produces the cheapest text-books in the world. In regard to this, however, it should be borne in mind that the Province bears the cost of many books up to the production of the finished plates. The cost of authorship and of editorship is hidden away in provincial book-keeping. If proportionate shares of the salary of the permanent editor and the fees of authorship and casual editorship were added to the price of each book a different tale would be told. The printing of books by large firms at a minimum cost for the sake of the advertising it gives should also be taken into account.

While state production of text-books has many excellent features, it suffers from three grave defects. The first is that it inevitably limits the field from which books may be drawn by restricting the authorship to local men. It is inconceivable, for instance, that in Ontario, or even in Canada, we have the expert of experts in every field. Yet for all practical purposes competition by non-Canadian authors is eliminated so far as Canadian texts are concerned. Secondly, by the nature of the monopoly, only the inoffensive text-book can be chosen. A text-book that offends none is bound to be conservative in outlook and behind the times. New ideas are suspect; only the well-known and well-tried are given entrée into the schools. Thirdly, the uniform state text-book leads to uniform courses of study, uniform examinations — uniform everything. And this is just what we should not want. State uniformity in text-books and in courses of study is an anachronism. The world is a wonderfully variant place and no two people in it are alike. Industry and the professions, nay, life itself demands a variety of tálents. What suits one person in one locality does not suit another person in another locality. Yet state production means state adoption, whereas, at its greatest extent, the unit of adoption should never be greater than the unit of local administration. One can only view with something akin to dismay the growth of sentiment in favour of a Canada-wide authorization of text-books.

"Little Indian, Sioux, or Crow,
Little frosty Eskimo."

as well as the little children of all our other multitudinous races and nationalities are to be cast into one mould—in the name of economy. What has ecomony to do with the question, when real and live personalities are at stake? Economy then becomes a vice, and in the long run proves disastrously expensive.

What is the remedy? While keenly aware of lions in the path, the writer humbly submits that some modification of the London (England) plan could be worked in Canada. London has a central teachers' library in which all texts of private publishers reaching a standard approved by an expert committee of selection, are placed. There are literally scores of readers, arithmetics, grammars, etc., in this library and all are authorized. A principal of a school wishing, say, to change his readers visits this library and examines all the readers on the shelves. He often seeks the co-operation of his staff in the work of selection. After careful study he selects the set which suits his pupils best and orders it through the Education Committee's purchasing bureau. Canvassing by publishers' agents is eliminated by the severity of the penalty attached to the practice. This is nothing less than the removal of every text of a guilty firm, no matter how excellent those texts may be, from the shelves of the library and from the authorized list. The risk is too great, so nobody runs it. The idea of a different set of texts in each of our schools seems too novel for Canada at present, yet all educational experts who have studied the London system report most favourably upon it. It is well, therefore, to keep at least an open mind on the question.

Peter Sandiford

THE LAMBETH PROPOSALS FOR THE REUNION OF CHRISTENDOM

THE secular press has given so much publicity to the "Appeal to All Christian People" recently issued from Lambeth Palace by two hundred and fifty bishops assembled from all parts of the world, and opinions, both editorial and personal, have been so freely expressed as to the merits and demerits of this document, that it may not be out of place, in a journal with broad interests, to open the question as to what issues are really involved in this new phase of the movement towards a reunited Christendom.

The bishops begin their appeal, as also the Encyclical Letter issued at the conclusion of their Conference, by stating the position of the Anglican Communion in relation to the rest of Christendom. To many staunch Anglicans, as well as to critical outsiders who may be inclined to regard this body as a close corporation, the attitude of the bishops will appear well-nigh incomprehensible, for these fathers of the Anglican Communion have virtually declared that Anglicanism is as dead an "—ism" as its bitterest opponents could wish it to be. Neither appeal nor Encyclical so much as mentions an Anglican "Church", while, in the formal resolutions adopted by the Conference, the phrase is used on only one occasion, and then in order to avoid the use of the word "Communion" in two different senses. The bishops are insistent upon the conception of an Anglican Communion which neither claims, nor aspires to claim, the right to isolate itself from the rest of Christendom. To the Lambeth Conference, the "Anglican heresy" is a real heresy, and the good bishops have had the shrewdness, as well as the candour, to confess the corporate guilt of which Anglicanism by its long isolation stands convicted.

It is therefore not as Anglican prelates but as "archbishops and bishops of the Holy Catholic Church" that the Lambeth Fathers address themselves to Christendom. They then proceed to define the Catholic Church as being, on the human plane, the whole body of baptized Christians, and, on the divine plane, nothing less than the very Body of Christ. For this reason, the use of the word "Church", except when referring to a specific national body, is limited, throughout the Encyclical and the Appeal, to the Catholic Church as above defined. The term "Communion" is used for all bodies of Christians sharing in common in the one confession of belief (in the Person of Christ) and baptized in common into the one baptism (in the Name of the Trinity) but varying in their acceptance of other articles of faith and in their interior economy of sacraments and order. The bishops also state—not in the sense however, of qualifying their Catholicity—that they are "in full communion with the Church of England", which means nothing more nor less than that the foreign and colonial prelates believe in articles of faith and make use of ministry and sacraments identical with those accepted and used in the *historically* national Church of England. By their definition of the Catholic Church and their claim to speak as commissioned officers of that Church—not as Anglican prelates—the bishops have put forward premises the acceptance of which by the rest of Christendom will bring reunion measurably nearer, while their rejection will leave either absorption or federation as the only alternative to the present *impasse*. Let us consider what each of these latter courses involve.

The absorption of one Communion by another has no other practical meaning than the submission of the weaker to the stronger as the result of one of three causes—pressure from the stronger Communion, pressure from a third party driving the weaker to the stronger for protection, or pressure from within the weaker Communion itself, arising from a conviction that, in the presence of newly found light and life, its own traditions are false and its own vitality hopelessly impaired. The conversion of the individual from one religious faith to another proceeds from one of the same three causes, but only in the case of the last, namely a conviction as to the futility of his old beliefs and practices, can the conversion be called sincere. The individual is bound, more perhaps by ties of blood-relationship than by spiritual or intellectual sympathy, with the faith of his fathers. He can, therefore, change his religious allegiance without committing intellectual or spiritual suicide. But with the Communion this is impossible. Its corporate life, transmitted from generation to generation through the channels of tradition and sacramental form, having as its very reason for existence a perpetuation of itself throughout succeeding generations, is terminated by submission, and its inherent grace is acknowledged to be, and always to have been, objectively worthless. From the standpoint of loyalty and honour there is the added consideration that a trust imposed by the past and already undertaken on behalf of the future has been shamelessly violated.

On behalf of this absorptive plan of reunion, the Lambeth bishops make no appeal. Their conception of a reunited Catholic Church is sufficiently broad and practical to adjust itself to the continuance within its visible and organic unity of Communions each with its peculiar customs and formularies but sharing a common belief, common sacraments and a common ministry, and inspired by a common purpose. They in fact protest that they "do not ask that any one Communion should be absorbed into another", but express the belief that in the ideal Church "all the treasures of faith and order, bequeathed as a heritage by the past to the present, shall be possessed in

common and made serviceable to the whole Body of Christ. Within this unity (they add) Christian Communions now separated from one another would retain much that has long been distinctive in their worship and service".

Federation, on the other hand, along the lines of a League of Churches, based upon mutual recognition and mutual independence, cannot be regarded as a satisfactory solution of the problem. If unsuccessful, it will lead to even greater separation. If successful, it will lead to a denial of the vital necessity of real union. For the living organism of the one Body, difficult to materialize perhaps, but conceivable as an essential truth, it substitutes an organization of individual bodies, basing its action not on any real conviction of the sin of schism (upon which the bishops lay particular stress) but upon grounds of expediency alone. There is no connection between the idea of a Catholic Church and that of a Federation of Christian Churches, and the bishops have not passed over this in silence. In their Encyclical they state that they "are convinced that this ideal (*i.e.*, the manifestation of the Catholic Church as one, according to the Divine Purpose) cannot be fulfilled if these groups are content to remain in separation from one another, or to be *joined together only in some vague federation*. Their value for the fulness of Christian life, truth and witness can only be realized if they are united in the fellowship of *one visible society whose members are bound together by the ties of a common faith, common sacraments, and a common ministry*".

The first step towards this end must be the conviction that the present state of affairs is evil, not because it is anti-social or economically wasteful, but for the obvious theological reason that it is contrary to the Divine Will. The bishops urge that, according to this Will, unity has always existed and that its apparent negation is due to the sin of schism. They confess on behalf of their Communion—and it is a noteworthy confession—some "share in the guilt of thus crippling the Body of Christ and hindering the activity of His Spirit". They name as "principal factors" in the sorry process of separation, ambition, self-will and lack of charity, and they frankly admit that the Anglican Communion has been guilty of all three. It is difficult to believe that this confession is an act of spontaneous humility. The historical sense has always been so strong in the Anglican Episcopate that the catalogue of "principal factors" appears to have a direct bearing upon the schisms of Christendom in which the Church of England has played her part. The ambition of the Western Patriarchate, which at that time included the growing Church in England, was a very important factor in bringing about the first great schism within the Catholic Church, when East and West were torn asunder. Five centuries later, the self-will of an English king was the formal cause of a definite rupture between Canterbury and Rome. It was mainly lack of charity on the part of English gentlemen that drove from the Church of England the devoted followers of John Wesley. And this tripartite confession from dignitaries supposed by some to be Protestant prelates, and by others to be prelatical Protestants! *Quantum mutati ab illis.*

The appeal to Rome and the East, as to "other ancient Episcopal Communions", should not come as a shock to Protestants, to whom the identical appeal is made. There is no doubt that the occasion of this manifesto is the sympathetic attitude of the non-episcopal bodies to the question of reunion, although it also marks an important stage in the negotiations with the Communions of the East. But there is also no doubt that, had the appeal been made solely to the non-episcopal bodies, the bishops would have destroyed the only foundation upon which the visible unity of the Catholic Church can be built. Episcopacy is, after all, the crux of the whole situation. Details of faith and formularies are matters that concern this early period of negotiation in only a very elementary way. It is enough that the bishops base Catholic faith upon the Holy Scriptures and the Nicene Creed, and Catholic practice upon the two greater sacraments. To do more would be to raise a storm of controversy that would defeat the very object of the appeal. On the other hand, practical requirements call for a definite statement as to the manner in which it is proposed to convene, govern, and perpetuate the united society. Hence a question that seems to be at first sight of subsidiary importance is made the immediate issue.

It would be absurd to suggest that the subject of order is not a highly controversial subject, and this the bishops make no attempt to do. They base their defence of episcopacy before the non-episcopal Communions not upon an *a priori* theory of church government but on grounds of history and practical experience. They point out that, so far as historic Christianity is concerned, the episcopate has always been the *normal* means of government. They are content to waive for the moment the question as to whether episcopacy is of the *esse* of the Church, at the same time maintaining that it is of the *bene esse*, and urging that "the office of a bishop should be everywhere exercised in a representative and constitutional manner" in order to conform to the Catholic ideal. Whether the present objectors to "prelacy" will be convinced of the historic claims and practical value of the episcopate remains to be seen. At any rate the bishops have raised the question out of the mire of *a priori* speculations and offered to apply to it the touchstones of fact and practicability.

But the whole question of order involves a decision as to the nature of the ministry required by the Catholic Church. This the bishops believe to be a synthesis of all existing ministries. Without casting any reflection upon the ministries in non-episcopal

Communions, they maintain that they are, by virtue of certain limitations (which do not, however, prejudice their operation in these particular Communions), inadequate to the service of the re-united Catholic Church. There is no question here as to absolute validity of orders. Orders are valid for exactly those purposes for which they were intended. In the Catholic Church they must be valid for all the purposes of the Church, not only for those of a particular Communion. This adequacy, or validity for all purposes, is claimed for Anglican orders, as proceeding from the episcopate. Of course this assumption will be promptly denied by a considerable number of those to whom the Appeal is addressed, but again the bishops have changed the issue, by applying to existing orders the test of adequacy instead of absolute validity.

The concrete proposals made by the bishops to ensure this adequate ministry, though developing logically from the arguments outlined above, have been the subject of much comment, partly cynical, partly sympathetic. The bishops profess that they and their subordinate clergy are willing to accept a "form of commission or recognition" from other Communions. This "commission" is almost certainly a Divine commission (which Anglican prelates already claim to possess and to be able to transmit), while the "recognition" must mean the acceptance of this ministry by the congregations. A "commission" (given *sub conditione*) would be accepted at the hands of authorities in other Episcopal Communions, several of whom might have scruples as to Anglican orders, and from non-episcopal Communions who might base their conception of government on the rule of elders. "Recognition" would be accepted at the hands of those who had no scruples as to the validity of Anglican orders, but desired to have the authority ratified by congregational consent. Independent of this proposal is the suggestion that ministers of non-episcopal Communions should receive their "commissions" *sub conditione* from bishops. In the following generation all ministers of the Catholic Church would thus be episcopally ordained. It is with this end in view that the resolutions adopted by the Conference encourage the co-operation of existing Communions in furthering the cause of a re-united Christendom. To guard against a Federation of Christian Churches, however, the resolutions discountenance any general interchange of pulpits or admission to sacramental fellowship of unconfirmed persons, at the same time leaving these matters in the hands of the individual bishops as the authorities best competent to judge how far the strict letter of the law is to be observed. A bishop may thus permit a minister of a separated Communion to preach in an Anglican church, provided he is known to be inspired with the ideal of a Catholic Church as set forth in the Appeal.

Whatever may be the practical outcome of the bishops' Appeal along the lines of negotiation for reunion, a new set of problems has arisen which can be solved by charity, whereas the old problems, involved in controversy, had no solution at all. That consideration should give the Lambeth Proposals at least a fair hearing in Christendom.

D. P. Wagner

The Canadian Forum was incorporated without Share Capital on May 14th, 1920, for the purpose of publishing the magazine of that name.

The Directors are,
G. E. Jackson, *Chairman*
Barker Fairley, *Literary Editor*
C. B. Sissons, *Political Editor*
Peter Sandiford, *Business Manager*
H. Gordon, *Press Editor*

It has been suggested that the magazine accepting only contributions with many rejections to their credit would be the best periodical upon the market. The Canadian Forum while not accepting this proposal still hopes to maintain a high standard, as it is at present unable to pay contributors.

All communications should be addressed to The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

A. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best essay in 800 words on, The Automobile in Fiction.
B. We offer a prize of five dollars for a Soliloquy of Hamlet, in not more than 50 lines, on, Seeing himself in the Movies.
All entries must reach the Competitions' Editor not later than October 23nd, 1920.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions' Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.
Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.
Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.
The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

Concerning Competitions

"DEVISE, wit! Write, pen! for I am for whole volumes in folio."

Truly we are for whole volumes of competitions, but the editor has remained firm in his determination to give us two thousand words per issue and nothing more. And then, in answer to our appeal, he said, "You who are so eager, you may have one thousand words in which to sing the praise of competitions". What a hollow mockery is the gift of one thousand words in which to sing the praises of competitions! Have not competitions been the delight of the human race from time immemorial?

For the pleasure in a literary competition is twofold. It is first of all in the sense of competition, which is a sense of greatly daring. And the pleasure is secondly in the joy of the writing itself. This pleasure Walter Pater has described, rememberably, with his air of languid sadness:

"Well! we are all *condamnés*, as Victor Hugo says: we are all under sentence of death but with a sort of indefinite reprieve—*les hommes sont tous condamnés à mort avec des sursis indéfinis:* we have an interval, and then our place knows us no more. Some spend this interval in listlessness, some in high passions, the wisest, at least among 'the children of this world', in art and song . . . For art comes to you proposing frankly to give nothing but the highest quality to your moments as they pass, and simply for those moments' sake."

So speaks Walter Pater of Art, but our subject is the Competitions' Page. How near our subject is to his, time alone will prove. A competitions' page, to have being and to have continuity, is compounded of various things, but chiefly of subjects and of competitors. Of subjects we have had many thoughts during the recent weeks, but, whatever may be said about subjects it is true that in the end they are merely a starting point, an inducement, a "pou sto" from which the competitor may move the world, a bait which shall bring the answers tumbling into the office, like the oysters to the Walrus and the Carpenter,

> "And thick and fast they came at last
> And more and more and more."

—at least, so we hope.

Now as regards competitors, there have come to our attention certain Needs of Competitors, which we will now proceed to set down.

Needs of Competitors.

1. A thoughtful friend.
2. A wasps' nest.
3. A green silk umbrella.

A Thoughtful Friend. Every competitor should be provided with a thoughtful friend who would bring the competitions' page to his notice at an auspicious moment. This is done in the interests of efficiency. If we spend scientific methods and analysis upon the production of efficient workmen, why not upon the production of efficient competitors? It can be done. For writers are of two types—writers of first thoughts and writers of second thoughts. The thoughtful friend must analyze the competitor and find out whether he be a writer of first thoughts or a writer of second thoughts. If he be a writer of first thoughts, the moment for presenting the competition need only be well chosen, and the thing is done. If he be a writer of second thoughts, the thoughtful friend must apply the second essential, a wasps' nest.

A Wasps' Nest. This is for the writer of second thoughts. It must be hung outside his bedroom window and occasionally carried into his study by the thoughtful friend. It must be judiciously applied, first to induce him to write, second to prevent him from re-writing too often, third to induce him to finish. If the thoughtful friend is sufficiently thoughtful, results should be prizes.

A Green Silk Umbrella. Every competitor should be supplied with a green silk umbrella so that he may lend it to the Editor of the Page. Green, for that colour is impervious to hints, threats, ragings, and storms of all kinds; silk, for silk is the sign of affluence and therefore of power; an umbrella, for an umbrella is a protection, and every editor is in need of protection.

But we have exceeded four thousand words. We are in need of immediate protection from the Press Editor. We hope every competitor will provide himself with the equipment which we have just suggested. Taking this for granted, we will borrow the green silk umbrella at once, and disappear behind it.

ELSINORE MACPHERSON.

N.B.—THE CANADIAN FORUM invites every reader to become a competitor. In future we will reserve two pages monthly for answers to competitions. We hope that our invitation will be accepted by readers from east and west and from distant as well as near places. Only one special request do we make of our competitors, that is that they come often, that we may greet them again and again as friends in the pages of THE CANADIAN FORUM.

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The narrative has, in short, many points of the most outstanding interest: the ever-appealing romance of the poor boy, who becomes one of the richest men in the world, the historical interest of the first-hand narrative of the business development which led to the formation of the greatest of "Good Trusts," the sociological importance of the statement of the theory of wealth and its use that set the pace for the great public benefactions that followed. But more interesting than all these, and running through all of them, is the supreme interest of the vivid, humorous, outspoken, complete revelation of a vital human personality.

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SAINTS AND SINNERS

MR. ALFRED BANBURY felt himself to be a philanthropic Atlas bearing on his shoulders the charitable institution of a large city. There passed through the office of the Charity Organization Society, where he presided, an endless procession of social workers and the material on which they worked. Mr. Banbury assigned the workers to the material after a personal examination of the case (Mr. Banbury's world was filled with cases, not with individuals). Many social workers regarded his words as law and all were constrained to listen to them with outward respect. From the sinner and the unfortunate, he required submission to his will, a submission, the more profound because the sense of his own importance left no room for a sense of humour. Mr. Banbury had discovered the ultimate truth about the social order and he expected others to act on his revelation of it. According to him the only salvation for the sinner and the unfortunate lay in the ministration of officials, like himself, who would instruct and guide them. An irreverent student was heard to remark at the close of Mr. Banbury's well known lecture on Charity Organization Work: "God might learn something from Mr. Banbury and Mr. Banbury would be glad to teach him."

It was unfortunate that Mrs. Sorofsky crossed Mr. Banbury's path, for submission was not characteristic of her, nor did she believe in the ministrations of officials, whose omniscience in her experience had baleful results. Rather than practice submission in Russia she had decided to move her family to America where she heard that officials were the slaves, not the masters, of the people. She had, therefore, tied the family possessions in bundles adapted to the size of herself, Paul and the four children, had bestowed Paul's earnings about her capacious person and had at length boarded a steamer bound for the New World. A pounding screw, choppy seas and crowded quarters did not conquer her. Before many hours had passed she was looking after derelict children as well as her own, admonishing them loudly, yet tending them carefully, until such time as their natural guardians appeared above decks.

Mrs. Sorofsky knew no English when she sailed, but when the ship passed through the straits of Belle Isle she watched the towering icebergs purple against the setting sun and the blue coast line beyond and exclaimed "damn fine" with the assurance of a deck hand. At Quebec she gathered her flock about her and presented an imposing front to the immigration officers. After a prolonged and intimate search in the secret parts of her apparel she proved her solvency, but, when confronted by a portentous list of questions printed in many tongues, she shook her fist in the officer's face exclaiming: "Son of a gun, no understand damn stuff." The official, in the manner of his kind, shouted in return and Mrs. Sorofsky repeated her remark at the top of her powerful lungs. A stirring scene followed, but Mrs. Sorofsky at last marched triumphantly down the gangway and into the immigration sheds, her belief in the power of the expletives she had acquired confirmed past all dispute. Officials should be kept in their places in America.

The first winter taxed Mrs. Sorofsky's powers to the uttermost. Paul could not find work; the children were ill; the crazy cottage, where the family had found shelter, admitted both rain and snow and the climax was reached when a new baby came and proved to be twins. It was at this point that Mr. Banbury, the omniscient official, made acquaintance of Mrs. Sorofsky or, to use his phraseology, began to work on the Sorofsky case.

His impressions were unfavourable. The atmosphere of the cottage was too rich for his taste and Mrs. Sorofsky refused to unnail a window; the family was larger than any family in such circumstances should be; the tongue of Mrs. Sorofsky was loud and profane; he suspected her of intemperance and of bullying her husband and children. After much investigation Mr. Banbury arranged that $2.00 should be advanced by a local charity for milk for the children. Mrs. Sorofsky refused the money and told him that the day before a "fat beautiful lady" from the settlement had advanced enough money for two month's rent. Mr. Banbury remembered the worker as one who had smiled without cause during his lectures. He catalogued her as indiscreet and interfering and Mrs. Sorofsky as an undesirable alien and left the house. Mrs. Sorofsky shook her fist at his back and catalogued him as an inquisitive son of a gun who must be shown his place.

Mr. Banbury's opinion did not change when Mrs. Sorofsky moved into a large and more air tight dwelling where she took an indefinite number of roomers and paid her debt to the "fat and beautiful lady" out of the rent she received from them. Success was no substitute for a becoming submission to authority and Mr. Banbury hinted that pride concealed crime and heralded a fall.

The next encounter between Mr. Banbury and Mrs. Sorofsky was in the height of summer. Mrs. Sorofsky was washing in her basement. Through the area door came the noises and the heat of the streets; even the children had taken refuge in the shadow of the houses and were waiting, listlessly, for night to dispel the shimmering haze. Suddenly a

door burst open and two men fell on to the pavement in a close embrace. The one on top had begun to beat his opponent's head on the flagstones when Mrs. Sorofsky reached the scene of action, "You kill him", she cried and seizing the feet of the aggressor, she pulled so mightily that he loosened his grip and turned on her. His tipsy onslaught made no impression on Mrs. Sorofsky's monumental bulk. She bestowed his head beneath her arm as Mr. Banbury and a policeman elbowed their way through the crowd.

Here was confirmation of Mr. Banbury's suspicion. The woman fought and the man was drunk therefore the woman was probably drunk too. He told the officer he had better arrest them both. The crowd in union, explained the situation but the voice of Mrs. Sorofsky rose above the din, "He fight; he kill man; I stop him; I give him you", she said and handed her captive to the officer with a magnificient gesture. Then, fixing her eye on Mr. Banbury, she exclaimed "You know noddings at all, you son of a gun". Whereupon she elbowed her way back to her washing, leaving the laughing crowd to explain the situation. Mr. Banbury hated to be laughed at.

Mrs. Sorofsky was always taking part in domestic upheavals and running counter to Mr. Banbury in her efforts to benefit the community. On one occasion two of her roomers fell out, he being in drink. Having beaten his wife unmercifully he was taken to jail and she to the hospital. Mrs. Sorofsky insisted on keeping the two children with her own and would not let Mr. Banbury send them to a home. "I plenty trouble," she declared, "but not that. Paul behave to me with love, he do." "He better," she added thoughtfully. "I keep these children, you mind, your business Mr. Banbury."

A time came, however, when Mrs. Sorofsky's capacity for adopting other people's children was exhausted and she called on Mr. Banbury to relieve her of a baby left by a woman roomer who went out to work one morning and never returned. Mrs. Sorofsky kept the child for three weeks hoping that the mother might re-appear. At the end of that time she said the baby must go to a home. "He drink milk, much milk: for rich that noddings, but me poor. He cry nights, twins cry nights, he cry more: I no sleep: I soon sick." Mr. Banbury paid many visits and asked many questions but the baby was left with Mrs. Sorofsky, pending a case in court which was postponed because a lawyer who knew something of the matter, was taking a holiday. On the occasion of Mr. Banbury's sixth visit Mrs. Sorofsky met him at the door with the announcement that she wanted no more visitors "who talked with their mouths and did noddings." He should take the baby away with him if he dared to call again.

About this time Mrs. Sorofsky discovered irregularities on the part of two of her roomers which warranted instant dismissal from a respectable house. The woman in the case, longing for revenge, went to Mr. Banbury and told him that Mrs. Sorofsky was a bad woman. Mr. Banbury, delighted to have his suspicions confirmed, made no further enquiries but called on the Sorofsky's that evening. The rest of the story is best told as Mrs. Sorofsky told it to the "fat and beautiful lady."

"Paul he have supper; I give him spoon, bowl, soup, all things; Banbury he come. He say, 'Sorofsky, your wife bad woman, very bad woman'. Paul he say noddings. He stand up. He take spoon, bowl, soup; he throw all at Banbury. He throw straight and Banbury all over soup. I stand up; I say 'Paul stop, you waste good soup. Banbury, you go home; I send Paul see you when he not mad. He no talk sense when he mad'. Then baby cry and I think things quick, I say 'son of a gun take baby now'. He say 'no' I say 'yes' and he do". Mrs. Sorofsky smiled and sighed "I sorry for baby but I poor" she said.

Mrs. Sorofsky's story was confirmed by the neighborhood. A gang of small boys had seen Mr. Banbury leave the house carrying the baby and followed by Mrs. Sorofsky's voice. They had formed a procession and conducted him to the corner singing a lullaby. There a policeman bore down upon them and they scattered. Since that time Mr. Banbury has not been seen in the neighborhood.

Mr. Banbury's version of the story has not been made public but his new lecture on "Revolutionary elements in a city community" may throw some light on the matter. It seems likely that his preference for the submissive sinner may prevent his doing justice to the eccentric saint.

MARGARET WRONG

A Peep at the Art Galleries

AFTER several years in Canada, there was considerable elation in the prospect of a descent on some of the European galleries. Not an organised attack on them, of course, but merely a series of skirmishes. We knew that something solemn was under way in the studios of London and Paris. Were not the art critics holding their own with politics and literature in our favourite weeklies? How would it all look, we asked, to Canadian eyes? And how would the "home stuff" look when we came back.

. . . .

London is full of art shows, big and little. We had to choose and sample. The Royal Academy was like some large, glittering reception, prosperous, overcrowded, and exhausting. The chandeliers tinkled incessantly. And we perspired. At the other extreme was some X, Y, or Z show, very self-conscious and rather conceited. In such company we were reminded everywhere of the underlying, half-whispered statement, "Aren't we devils?" It was clear in a

moment that all these people smoked cigarettes from which they flicked the ash with their little fingers. But it was at the New English Art Club that we were tempted to pause and consider, interested, if not exactly spell-bound. Here was a more tolerable mood, neither fatuous nor flaunting. It was fully alive, strenuous, reflective, modern. It was like a novel by J. D. Beresford or a copy of the New Statesman. We foregathered there with other Canadians and we all wondered why we were not more appreciative. We had expected to be a little more enthusiastic. But we couldn't disapprove.

. . . .

We remembered opening nights at the O.S.A. which had warmed us more than this exhibition. And yet there were many worthy names before us. What was wrong? Perhaps it was all a little too coldly conceived, too intellectual, too theoretical. We cannot quarrel with theory. It is part of the natural fodder of an artist. But theory is not enough to produce great art. It is only one side of the story and the other side is some objective world in which the theory can lose itself, find itself, dissolve itself. Call it what you will. The place for theory in the finished work is that of the skylark that loses itself in the blue, heard but not seen, forgotten yet flooding the air with melody. In many of these modern paintings the theory sits on the fence and croaks. Or it just stares at you coldly, which is still worse.

. . . .

Is it not a fact that artists of the great epochs always had some objective field to work in, some embodied religion, some landscape region, some varied human type? In a word, something more or less circumscribed to interpret? There is no such feeling abroad in London. The theory and talent and training are there but the subjects have to be fished for. Hence they are nearly always odd and unusual, odd corners of a room, odd angles of a face, odd lighting, odd gestures—always odd. One feels of some of these younger painters that given a run of bad luck they might fail to find anything at all that they wholeheartedly wanted to paint for its own sake and so stop painting from sheer lack of affection for the tangible world. In England, possibly, it is hard to be an original landscapist, because the field is, in a sense, overworked. Philosophies and human societies are curiously jumbled and incoherent. The artist cannot immerse himself in them. And so he feels his way from oddity to oddity,

"Unloading hell behind him step by step."

. . . .

There is after all little native inspiration in English art at present. It is the French who pull the strings, and turning to the modern Frenchmen, who are usually represented inadequately in London but less inadequately in Paris where we went in pursuit, we found in them the same "discontinuity of vision", the same jumping from oddity to oddity. It was more interesting here because it was less derivative. Picasso, Van Goch, and others stick in one's mind longer than the Londoners. But there was not yet the final satisfaction that comes from contemplating some organic movement of the human spirit. It may come any time and the seed is possibly sown. But it hasn't sprung up yet. It is most likely to spring up somewhere in Europe or America where there is not only someone who wants to paint but also something wanting to be painted.

. . . .

It was here that we Trans-Atlantics harked back to Eastern Canada. Is there not a great artistic prospect for Canada? There are enough scrupulous artists in the country to carry the seed of Cézanne—if that be the name for it—and it would appear that there is also the soil in which it can lose itself and grow. Take the case of Lawren Harris, who is in some ways peculiarly North American. If he lived in London he would be playing leap-frog with oddities like his artist contemporaries there, Nevinson and others. In Canada he can vent his theories just as freely, but he does so with more consistent results, because there are definite fields of work to hold him. And so he throws his theories into the Ward, which is older than he, and leaves the Ward only to return to it again. Or he goes repeatedly to the North and makes hundreds of sketches in one relatively small area at one brief season of the year. This makes for balance and for healthy art.

. . . .

All this by way of pointing to Canada's opportunity. A mild adventure in intellectually risky generalisations. No more. Perhaps what looks like a movement in prospect becomes in retrospect the emergence of one or two uncommon individuals. Certainly in looking back over our little excursion the many disappear and the few remain. In London Augustus John sticks out. His recent portraits are forceful and a little defiant, but for energy and subjective penetration they make the National Portrait Society a rather tame affair and in general character they convincingly fit in with the turbulent war period in which they were executed. In that sense they mirror English society of this decade. It is an exciting mirror, not always, however, quite clean. One could wish that some of his really sympathetic studies of Canadian soldiers could be brought to Canada and perhaps kept here in their appropriate home. There is a vigorous portrait of Sir Robert Borden, too, that ought to come.*

. . . .

Other individuals who stay in the memory are Forain, the Parisian illustrator and etcher, and Wilson Steer in his swift watercolour sketches. A trip to

*The Borden and soldiers' portraits are now in Canada with the War Records.

Norwich and a trip to Switzerland added a name or two. At Norwich there was a good showing of the old Norwich school to which the Studio has devoted a recent supplement. But for Crome the National Gallery, admirably managed at present by the way, is the best place. And for Cotman the Print Room of the British Museum, where—again, by the way—there is just now a wonderful showing of old Chinese paintings, which have all the technical wonder of the Japanese and none of their cold-bloodedness.

Our meanderings may be terminated in Switzerland with a peep at the Holbein drawings in Basel, a town which has something of Holbein's character to this day; another peep at a couple of impeccable Segantinis, about which there is simply nothing to be said; and a third peep at the less famous work of Ferdinand Hodler, who only died two or three years ago, much honoured in Switzerland. He made his name in Germany, where he was later ostracized for protesting against the bombardment of Rheims Cathedral. A large historical picture of his in the University of Jena was in consequence boarded up during the war by the authorities. The students have since pulled down the boards. As a philosopher, a Platonist, in paint Hodler is worth serious examination. He has rendered the largest of themes, day, night, love, truth, rapture, disillusion in mural paintings wholly devoid of literary fallacy, full of expressive rhythm and colour, and intensely original. Compared with most of his twentieth-century contemporaries in Paris and London his work seems peculiarly complete and independent. He would seem to have a certain message for artists and critics of today, but this is not the place to be positive about it.

. . . .

His message is not likely to be magisterial. It will be all the healthier for that. A great deal is talked nowadays about movements and influences in art. The fact may be that there has been too much movement, too much influence of one man upon another, too little personal initiative. Perhaps this is being felt in London where one-man shows and smaller group shows are rapidly multiplying. It is these specialized exhibitions that attract. Toronto has seen the beginning of such exhibitions in the last year or two and it is to be hoped that more will be held in the near future. One or two smaller galleries or show-rooms somewhere in the city would be a great help in this direction.

. . . .

We hear too that a Canadian exhibition is likely to go to London shortly. It might score a real success, but it will have to be select. If it is in the nature of an academy show it will probably fall flat. What is wanted is some principle of close selection, so that few pictures go and these the very best and most recent and most peculiarly Canadian. It isn't easy to say how this is to be done, but it is worth strenuous thinking. There is a great opportunity in London and it must not be trifled with. It might not be offered again. Certainly not for many years.

Barker Fairley.

Of Newspapers

A GREAT modern philosopher once observed: "This is the best of all possible worlds, and everything in it is a necessary evil." I suspect that he found reason to modify this assertion, when his children all went down with the measles and somebody mistook him for a football professional: but, as our wise old copy-books used to say, *Littera scripta manet;* print is a prison from which no dictum, wise or foolish, can escape. Indeed Lamb has conclusively proved that even the learned gentlemen who are responsible for the most familiar proverbs in the English language were either charlatans or ignoramuses. And so it goes: the process of eating our words is a punishment which none may avoid except the dumb. The diet, if unpalatable, is at least wholesome, and in an age dominated by the press it is a pity that the lesson of so many centuries is not taken more to heart. For, if philosophers are guilty of making rash statements which repentance and tears cannot recall, how much more so are the daily papers!

I would not indeed single out any particular newspaper for attack; they are all tarred with the same brush. The statement of to-day they will roundly, unblushingly contradict tomorrow, with the result that the great public, whose opinions the press claims to guide, must shift and fluctuate, veer with every gale, "to one thing constant never." Newspapers will of course indignantly repudiate this assertion, and, if confronted with the evidence of their guilt, will blame the sources of their information; but we have only the newspaper, not such sources of information, to depend upon for our daily tidings; and such shifting of the blame does not make the general reader's position any more comfortable. Yet we must have our news: we must have something to do while we dally with our egg and munch our toast at breakfast. Was there ever such a dilemma? As we contemplate ruefully this morning's denial of the sensational story with which we regaled our incredulous friends on the way down in the street-car, we exclaim in desperation, as did the ancient poet over his mistress:

"Now kind, now cruel; bitter now,
Now sweet—there's such a charm about you,
That, while I cannot live with you,
I cannot, dearest, live without you."

Sometimes the mood of savage resentment gains the upper hand, and we bitterly reflect that, if Charles Reade really composed his sensational novels by means of carefully chosen clippings from the daily press, after all he could scarcely have found else-

where a better or more convenient assortment of fiction. And so we start off down town vowing that we have finished with the jade for good and all; but it is always the same story, directly we arrive home in the evening, our first request is inevitably for the paper.

I have a friend who confines his reading to the births, deaths, and marriages, being satisfied that these items leave but little scope for journalistic experimentation; and I was sanguine enough to follow his example until I read one morning that Mr. Ronald Jones, whose wedding with the elder Miss Blossom I had attended the day before, had just been united in matrimony to Miss Hester Thynne. Of course the paper corrected the error next day, but I could not help sympathizing with the unfortunate lady who for twenty-four hours had to suffer the perplexed congratulations of her friends. The case was aggravated by the fact that Hester was thought to be not altogether insensible to Ronald's charms.

The leading article I long ago gave up in despair: you see, I know who writes them! The advertising columns are rather heavy reading, and I have detected them also in the act of misrepresentation; there was, for instance, that second-hand bicycle which I sold so profitably last year. As to the news items, when you cancel out those of the Intelligencer with those of the Post Dispatch, which invariably contradicts it, there is nothing left.

"Well, what are we to do?" the editors may ask: "is there nothing good in our papers? Since you know so much, why not suggest some reasonable reforms?"

I will. In the first place, let the newspaper signify by its name that its contents are not to be taken too seriously—fiction is very popular, and the sales would not suffer. The Liar, Daily Fiction, The Morning Lost, The Evening Romance, are pleasing titles, I think. I would also ask them to choose some little motto, a modest, unassuming little motto, such as:

> To all subscribers to the Morning Lost
> A grain of salt is offered free of cost.

The headings of the articles should also occasionally convey some idea of the news contained in them. I do not like to read the caption, "Concert at Varsity", and find an article beginning: "The first European Concert will be the subject of an illustrated lecture by, etc., etc." At present the reader is left to choose for himself: the heading or the article? Both cannot be true: heads or tails? And by the way, speaking of heads, I am reminded of another point. In our old-fashioned and now, no doubt, obsolete grammars we used to read that a sentence, to be complete, should consist of subject and predicate: why then this universal practice of decapitation which prevails upon the American continent? I choose some instances which occur on the first page only of a recent issue of the——:

SAYS HE POSTPONED BLOW-UP FOR MOVIE
GLANCES OVER LIFE IN NAVY
EXPLAINS TO COMMITTEE

I suppose that "Caliban upon Setebos" set the fashion: it is in any case as ugly as Caliban.

I would also protest against a pedantic affectation of learning which forbids one of our daily contemporaries to the use the word "Greece", "Hellas" being invariably substituted. It is as bad as substituting "natatorium" for "swimming-bath". A well-known Western daily, not content with the modest word "obituary", has displaced it by the more pretentious "necrologic". Yet from this same paper I culled the statement: "If he had had a shot-gun, he could have got *termagant*, which are always plentiful in these regions". I suppose, however, that "necrologic" for "obituary" is more justifiable than "termagant" for "ptarmigan", though I do not claim to be acquainted with the habits of these birds.

Such printers' errors as the last are of course innumerable: and some of them are really too good to be merely accidental. "Cement-workers take *concreted* action" is exceptionally ingenious. I like also the audacity of the rascal who invented the headline: "Chinese troops anxious to resume *hospitalities*"; and what a picture is summoned up by the description of the railway conductor, who stole a princess robe and a silk chemise, and was found with the goods on him. But such triumphs are unfortunately rare. The printer is generally only too ready to set up the imbecilities of the writer. And what of the writer? The E—— B—— published on August the First, 1914, a charming war poem containing all the usual references to the "dogs of war", the "watchful lion", etc. We were however somewhat surprised to find the following lines embedded in this gem:

> "And in the van Miss Canada
> Stands loyal, strong, and true.
> Her hardy sons in thousands wait
> To take their place and fight," etc., etc.

It will be pleaded that the censorship was not established at this date; but, I am ashamed to say, I waited in vain for any word of protest from that vigilant body, the Temperance and Moral Reform League.

W. D. WOODHEAD

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BOOK REVIEWS

The Outline of History: being a Plain History of Life and Mankind, by H. G. Wells. (Cassell & Co.). "It is scarcely too much to say that the ordinary man thinks as little about political matters as he can, and stops thinking about them as soon as possible. It is still only very curious and exceptional minds, or minds that have by example or good education acquired the scientific habit of wanting to know *why*, or minds shocked and distressed by some public catastrophe and roused to wide apprehensions of dangers, that will not accept governments and institutions, however preposterous, that do not directly annoy them, as satisfactory. The ordinary human being, until he is so aroused, will acquiesce in any collective activities that are going on in this world in which he finds himself, and any phrasing or symbolization that meets his vague need for something greater to which his personal affairs, his individual circle, can be anchored."

So writes Mr. Wells in explaining the rise of the spirit of nationality. It is one of those characteristic comments which of themselves would suffice to make his *Outline of History* an unusually readable work. It also suggests the motive for this novel and really arduous enterprise on the part of an author who in the fulness of his career turns from fiction to universal history. "There can be no common peace and prosperity without common historical ideas". It is not so much an *outline* as a *survey* of history, in which mankind is consistently regarded as one, of one flesh and blood, of one human spirit through all the endless bickerings and divisions, all the dominations and revolutions and acquiescences of this story of a myriad threads. Man is not a "political animal" in the modern sense of politics. He takes it mostly for granted, but he is, perhaps just on that account, eminently educable. Which makes it worth while, for one who sees it so, to undertake the comprehensive task of a "plain history of life and mankind".

Mr. Wells is not a professed historian, a specialist in history. It may be replied perhaps that the specialist does not write a universal history from "the making of our world" to the "great war". In so far as that is a possible task it demands, along with the widest reading, the comprehensive interpretative mind. Mr. Wells has undoubtedly the gift of interpretation. He is remarkably open-minded, and though his own view is always clear and positive, he shows as a rule every consideration for positions which he does not hold. He has an unusually free and versatile mind. A scientific friend sums it up by saying he was "unpolarised". He is happily conscious of his own tendencies, and having expressed them he lets the other side speak. He tells us, for example, in discussing the contribution of Rome to civilization, that he "contemplates the law and lawyers with a temperamental lack of appreciation", and that this may have made him unfair to Rome. Probably most readers will agree that he is unduly depreciative of Rome, but his own estimate is well worth pondering over. One unusual feature of the work is that he has called in the advice and criticism of a number of specialists, in particular Mr. Ernest Barker, Sir H. H. Johnston, Sir E. Ray Lankester, and Professor Gilbert Murray, and the footnote comments and controversies of these and other critics give an additional zest to this "plain history". They dispute about the intelligence of the Greek mob, the character of the Early Christians, and many other diverting topics.

What strikes me most about Mr. Wells' account is his flair for the significant things. He does not unduly sacrifice details, he selects the relevant facts, and yet has the power of giving a unified, vivid impression of changing situations. Take for example, out of a thousand instances, his account of the mystification of the original Christianity by the Church, the elaboration of "evasive philosophy and theological stuff" so that men might ward off its revolutionary impact upon their traditional lives and instincts; or the admirably written summary of the similar decline of the Buddhist faith; or again the account of the rise of nationalities in the decay of the universal Church, in which "these strange beings, England and France and Germany", became "the real and living Gods of Europe".

There is no space to touch on any of the thousand interesting questions which the reading of Mr. Wells' history raises. If I were to suggest any criticism it would be that he sometimes makes communities too temperamental, so that the changes of outlook and tendency come too simply and suddenly. Thus he tells us that with the coming of George I "a dullness, a tarnish, came over the intellectual life of the land"—a dubious consequence and dubiously derived. But this too is a question of interpretation.

The value of the history is enhanced by the admirable and abundant illustrations. The whole is worth half a library to the general reader, and he will miss much unless he possesses a copy.

R. M. M.

A Study in Canadian Immigration, by W. G. Smith (Ryerson Press, 1920). Professor Smith's work on immigration is one of the important books of the year. In view of the gravity of the problems raised by our immigration policy singularly little has been

written by Canadians on the subject. As Dr. C. K. Clarke says in his introduction, "Students . . . have felt that the subject covered such an immense field that few have found either time or inclination to delve into it. At best, it is a chapter of tragedy and mismanagement".

A psychologist in the University of Toronto and actively associated with the work of the National Committee of Mental Hygiene, Mr. Smith, naturally approaches this subject from the pathological angle. The book is rich in statistics which set forth the deficiencies, physical, intellectual, and moral, of various classes of immigrants accepted, rejected, or deported. These statistics and the author's careful analysis of them are invaluable to the student of Canadian affairs.

It is most unfortunate for the author, as for all students of Canadian affairs, that the census reports have not been more carefully or intelligently prepared. One despairs of any secure information from census officials who estimate the "literacy of the population five years and over," branding as illiterates children whose little heads should never be bothered with the written word (p. 267); or who know so little of Europe as to prepare a table with a classification including Austrian, Bukowinian, Galician, Hungarian, Ruthenian, and Austro-Hungarian (p. 141). Considering the infirmity of his sources, however, Mr. Smith makes interesting and valuable deductions. One may mention particularly table 58 which gives the percentage of naturalization by countries of birth, varying from 9 per cent for Chinese to 64 per cent for Danes. For European countries Italy stands lowest with 17 per cent, but this may be accounted for in part by the fact that Italian immigration was particularly heavy in 1908 and succeeding years. Consequently a comparatively large number of Italians would not be eligible for citizenship by 1911. The same consideration applied generally to table 58 might have changed materially the order of merit.

To the general reader Chapters VIII, IX, and X, dealing with the characteristics of the various races of immigrants and the contribution they are making to the life of the country, will prove of particular interest. Chapter VIII is assigned to Oriental immigration and is quite the best discussion available of that perplexing question. Chapters IX and X deal with the European immigrant. Others have reviewed various phases of European immigration in greater detail and from more intimate knowledge, but nowhere can one find a clearer and on the whole sounder survey. An exception is the section dealing with the Doukhobors. Apparently Mr. Smith does not quite appreciate the nature of the influence of Peter Veregin, the extent of the defection from his iron rule, or the danger that some time in the future one man, or a few men at most, may realize on the assets created by thousands.

The last two chapters, comprising about 100 pages of a book of 400 pages, are entitled "Future Immigration" and "Some Present Needs". The author here lays bare the mistakes of the past and describes the methods employed in the United States to regulate immigration. He emphasizes the necessity of making it too expensive a business for steamship companies to carry undesirables and urges the humanity of a careful examination of intending emigrants before they purchase passage. He insists that Canadians for their part should "cast off any temper of superiority, any attitude of neglect or any presumption that in good time nature would produce the assimilated product" and should recognize that "desire to live and serve under a new flag does not require that a man hate the one under which he was born".

The book unfortunately shows signs of haste. It was prepared, the author tells us, "in the intervals not at all frequent, in the course of the day's work". This accounts for occasional roughness of style and a few errors such as that of twice attributing to Mr. Calder the initials of his western antagonist Mr. Crerar. Not infrequent eloquence and now and then a very welcome flash of humour amidst the statistics serve to show how a good book might have been improved could University authorities be brought to reflect on the derivation of the word scholarship.

C. B. S.

On the Art of Reading, by Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch (Cambridge University Press, 10/-). Sir Arthur Quiller-Couch is a professor who carries his learning lightly. Other professors who carry their learning less lightly are apt to disapprove of him. But disapproval of so graceful and intelligent a personality is hard to sustain. His latest volume *On the Art of Reading* is a sequel to his *On the Art of Writing*, both of them being collections of literary homilies to Cambridge undergraduates. Taken together they define in popoular terms an attitude to English studies which has played no small part in remoulding the English course at Cambridge.

The art of reading is enjoyed by few, though many have the habit of reading, which is a vastly different thing. Is not art, in the truest sense of the word, the negation of habit? It is one thing to pass the eye equably over innumerable printed pages with a dim sense of something happening somewhere and another to bring the fulness of experience to bear upon even a few pages that challenge that experience and are challenged by it. The writer does not go so far as to say that the first of these is bad, but he tries in one place to show that "Hellenic culture at its best was independent of book-learning, and yet craved for it". The inference is that Hellenic culture would not have been what it was if it had been able to satisfy that craving. Modern culture is in the opposite condition. It leans so heavily on book-learning,

and is so satiated with it, that the craving—the true thirst for books, which is perhaps the index of intellectual health—is seldom and but fleetingly experienced. It sounds paradoxical to say that the ideal condition for the modern student, in or out of universities, is that in which the desire for reading is at its intensest and the amount of reading at its lowest. Let it stand as a paradox, then. It is also a reminder that we of to-day read more than we *desire*. The art of reading may consist in keeping that desire fresh and unspoiled. Perhaps the art of reading, so interpreted, is a purely personal affair. But the book under review surely points in a healthy direction for all.

Healthy is the right word to apply to this book. There is, for instance, healthy talk on "Children's Reading" and "On Reading the Bible". The latter section will be helpful to those who are unable to read the Bible quite as they were first taught to read it and yet are never entirely at home when they try to read it from a slightly different angle. It will tell them why, or partly why.

The chief value of these talks is for the young and the not-yet-encrusted. They never intimidate and yet they heighten one's sense of responsibility on next opening a book. This is not a common achievement and the lectures are to be welcomed.

B. F.

Acknowledgments

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(E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.)
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(J. M. Dent & Sons: Toronto.)
Polly Masson—By William Henry Moore—
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Production and Taxation in Canada—
By W. C. Good—(J. M. Dent & Sons: Toronto.)
Labor in the Changing World—(Second Edition)—
By R M. MacIver—(J. M. Dent & Sons: Toronto.)
(E. P. Dutton & Co.: New York.)
When Canada was New France—
By George M. Locke—(J. M. Dent & Sons: Toronto)
Pussyfoot in Canada—By J. A. Stevenson—
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Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	122.5	125.2	122.9	116.6	132.0

THE CANADIAN FORUM will devote this page in each succeeding issue to the discussion of trade and industry. It will not compete with existing financial journals, by trying to guide the public in its choice of investments. It is hoped instead that the man of business may be helped in a very general way, towards an estimate of the changing situation.

Men of business everywhere face a difficult alternative. On the one hand, the volume of financial and trade information, bearing on their daily problems, is great and grows larger year by year. The firm, whose size does not warrant it in creating a special intelligence department, is driven to finding a makeshift. On the other hand, if it turns for relief to one of the mechanical systems of forecasting the future, which is sold commercially, such a firm does so with an uneasy suspicion all the time, that the tremendous forces governing the tides of trade may refuse to be bound within the limits of a formula.

A guide to the changing conditions of business, sufficiently flexible for men in many walks of life to turn it to good account, may perhaps be found in a simplification of four statements. The first of these is the general trend of wholesale prices; the second is the general trend of retail prices, which may be supposed as a rule to lag behind the trend of wholesale prices, but to move in the same direction; the third is the growth or decline in the number of workers employed in trade and industry; and the fourth is the rise or fall in security values, which represents the market estimate of the three former conditions, though this estimate is not necessarily a correct one.

So far as we know, there is not at present a publication in Canada which combines these four things in a simple statement. One of the reasons for this is the fact that records of employment and prices are as a rule a little out of date. We feel justified in using these records monthly, only because we are enabled to publish them complete, with one exception, when THE CANADIAN FORUM goes to press.

The figure for wholesale prices which we quote at the head of this page has been very kindly placed at our disposal by Professor Michell of MacMaster University and is also published in the Toronto *Globe* and the *Manitoba Free Press*. His index number is a new one, and is based on the wholesale quotations of forty commodities, including twenty foodstuffs. It has the merit of giving the facts several weeks in advance of the figures prepared by the Department of Labour at Ottawa, and is, we believe, the more sensitive of the two.

The figure for retail prices is that officially given by the Department of Labour, in its monthly calculation of the cost of the family budget for a Canadian working man. No private calculation of retail prices can command the same authority, but its compilation is a task so laborious, that it can never be quite up to date.

The figure for the volume of employment in trade and industry relates to the second week in each month under review. It is taken from the weekly bulletin issued by the Employment Service of Canada, and is based on the weekly comparison between conditions at the moment, and those of the middle of the previous January. The calculation is made from the returns of 5,000 firms in all industries, and 700,000 workers, and may be taken as being substantially accurate.

The figure for the change in security values has, like the index number of wholesale prices, been supplied by Professor Michell. His average is based on the following common stock quotations: Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

The very large fall in wholesale prices during September still leaves the general level above that of twelve months ago. In the month just past it was mainly manufactured goods that fell in price. Professor Michell finds that while the average fall in the wholesale price of manufactures was rather more than 12%, the wholesale quotations of foodstuffs declined on an average by less than 3%. Since the cost of foodstuffs is an overwhelming item in the family budget, there is no certainty that the present break in the wholesale markets will bring a really considerable relief to the consumer, even when retail prices are adjusted to the change.

G. E. JACKSON

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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THE Tariff Commission is now completing its labours and the cry for "adequate protection" is heard in the land. It is one of the least happy features in our political life that a catchword of this kind can be bandied about freely by political leaders. For, whatever may be judged wisest with regard to tariff revision, the term "adequate protection" has itself no meaning. Where protection against foreign competition is needed for a firm, it is needed because for some reason that firm has not yet been able to reach the degree of efficiency of its foreign competitors. It is given on the supposition that if this firm is protected it will at some time in the future reach a degree of efficiency which will enable it to stand on its own merits without protection. But in practice it is seldom that any two firms in the same industry have reached the same level of efficiency. The question with regard to the protection of any industry stated in the crudest terms is this: What degree of present inefficiency is compatible with a promise for the future which warrants on grounds of public policy the protection (meanwhile) of individual interests against the interests of the consuming public? Any tariff which is devised will provide "adequate protection" for certain firms, at the same time that it fails to provide "adequate protection" for others in the industry. The use of such language has a definite meaning only in relation to the affairs of a particular firm and not to those of a whole industry; and the sooner our politicians can be induced to refrain from confusing issues in this way the sooner shall we have a tariff which will serve the general interest.

THE Canadian press has had much to say about sugar in recent weeks and justly so. In the discussion of the situation, however, one fact of importance was generally overlooked. For some time previous to the order of the Board of Commerce, sugar had not been allowed to enter Canada except under difficulties. No doubt some wholesalers and large users of sugar were bound by contract to Canadian refiners. In making these contracts they may or may not have acted as entirely free agents. At any rate having made the engagements they could not pass by the home refiner in order to secure cheaper sugar abroad. But those who were free to import found themselves hampered by vexatious rulings on the part of customs officials. Now dumping was suspected and the shipment held at the border; now adulteration was suspected while samples were sent to Ottawa. For some time such rulings by the customs department have not been uncommon. A recent and flagrant example was that which placed a fictitious value on foreign currency and charged duty on this value, thereby adding to the protection given the Canadian manufacturer. As a result of the customs rulings in the case of sugar, and as a result of the valiant aid of the Board of Commerce, the Canadian refiners gained considerable time in which to empty storehouses and contemplate a highly speculative figure for their stock in the lists. But public protest was universal. It is well for the public to remember also that experimenting with the Customs preceded the fatal performance of the Board of Commerce, and it is well for a government devoted to stability to reflect that no stability is possible where it is never certain whether claims to special treatment will be countenanced or disallowed.

THE part played in these transactions by the Board of Commerce has precipitated its doom. The handwriting on the wall has been fulfilled. The futility of an improvised Board of civil servants was too evident. The sugar control order was of a piece with the rest of the modern mercantilist policy. It has been well summarized by the author of "Polly Masson": "You have taken from one and given to another, and you have done it in the name of the State. You have first wronged the man from whom you have taken, then you have undermined the independence of the man to whom you have given, and finally—the State! All has been done in the name of, and presumably for, the State! Yet the State is sick." One laughs at the eagerness with which the government repudiated its erring child. Ministers were closeted with the Board the day before the promulgation of the order. The order aroused an unprecedented storm. Ministers knew nothing at all about the order. The members of the Board resigned at once and protested loudly that they alone were responsible. Querulously, one member assured a credulous public that he had

often asked to be relieved but was driven on, willy nilly, to this latest naughtiness. The Minister of Justice, who is said to have been a party to the conference before the sugar order, at once discovered that it was *ultra vires*. The Cabinet is at least resourceful. Its retreat was as precipitate as its advance was rash. The Prime Minister staged a pretty scene to end the business. Being unable to prove the jurisdiction to sustain prices the sugar refiners were summarily dismissed, and with them went the Board, bag and baggage, with one swift wave of the hand. Well may we say with Antony, "I came to bury Caesar, not to praise him."

THE future of the farmers' party is thrown into curious relief by the campaign in North-East Toronto. On the one hand we see the Labour forces appealing for the definite sanction of the farmer Premier for the Soldier-Labour candidate. On the other hand THE GLOBE warns the farmers of the terrible designs which the labour people led by socialists harbor in their breasts against all private property including the fertile farms of Ontario. Inferentially THE GLOBE suggests that the farmers would find the Liberals a more natural ally. This view the federal leader of the Liberal party persists in advancing in Ontario and throughout the West. Mr. King is too well informed on labour questions to argue that the working man if he were given power could find pleasure in confiscating all private property except a few paltry things such as tooth-brushes. In fact he has very little, if anything, to say about the possibilities of permanence in the farmer-labour coalition which has endured in Ontario for a year, and which has shown signs of spreading to other provinces. To be sure in Manitoba the workers of the country were not able to unite with the workers of the city. Had they done so the Norris Government might have been compelled to resign. The Manitoba labour members could not easily forget that three of their number were detained in the penetentiary because juries of farmers had condemned them of seditious intent. To this extent conditions in Manitoba are exceptional. In the federal elections the question will arise as to whether the farmers with free-trade leanings can consort with the city workman whose employment is popularly supposed to profit by protection. It is significant that the independent labour convention meeting at London, Ontario, in the spring of this year passed a tariff resolution almost identical with that of the farmers' platform. For the moment the farmer through his tan shows embarrassment at his popularity.

THE coal strike in England is about to be settled. One wonders why it need ever have begun. Public Opinion, that nebulous creature which every man finds on his doorstep every morning ready made for him, has been almost uniformly hostile. The why of its hostility is not far to seek. Since 1912 there have been few intervals when the English public could be certain of its coal. Miners, with a strong Marxian bias in some districts, have had to be placated at all stages since the war began. The disturbances of 1919 have been repeated in 1920. Labour felt it had been betrayed over the Sankey Report and Nationalization has been the underlying ambition of all the faithful ever since. A curious chain of events seems to have led directly to the strike. Early in the summer the purely academic assent of the Triple Alliance to Nationalization left little hope of a successful struggle on that issue. The unexpected solidarity of all groups of labour in the Council of Action organized to meet the Polish situation seems to have persuaded the Miners' Executive that the time was ripe for a forcing of the issue. At once there sprang to life the demand for an increase of wages and a reduction in the price of coal that could be counted on to make mining no longer a source of profit. It is fairly clear that the wage question was of secondary importance. The stubborn resistance of miners to the principle of wages based on output is a sufficient indication. At this date it would seem that the miners have secured an exceedingly low output datum line for the wage basis. Class consciousness among rich and poor costs England hundreds of millions a year. There is a limit to public patience and that limit has now been reached.

THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE has suspended publication this fall. For twenty years—a long period in the annals of Canadian magazines—it has maintained a higher standard of literary and material excellence than—it is safe to say—any of its predecessors. Intended at the outset for a McGill University public only, it soon attracted wider attention by the excellence of its editing and its handsome form. In course of time its Editor was encouraged to invite the co-operation and support of other universities for the establishment of a review which should worthily represent the best intellectual life of the Dominion. There was a dinner and an exchange of views at Toronto. The outcome was the union of three universities in an editorial board, and not ungenerous financial backing from the authorities of the University of Toronto. But it was not perhaps easy to defend to the general public such employment of university funds; inevitably offence was given by the outspokenness on certain topics of some of the articles and the financial support was soon withdrawn. Considering how widely separated were the members of the editorial board, the arrangement was in the main merely formal and Sir Andrew MacPhail was the real editor; to him, throughout, the success of the undertaking has been due. Notwith-

standing, the combination of interests gave a position and prestige to the new venture that made it the acknowledged organ for the expression of the best thought of the country. The number of sufficiently competent contributors who rallied to its support in various parts of the Dominion was a surprise to most, and not least to the contributors themselves. The Magazine also gave an opening to one of the best of our poets, Miss Marjorie Pickthall. In its success the policy of paying its contributors respectably, was no doubt a factor. But this had in time to be abandoned. All along the weak element in this promising structure—the feet of clay—was the financial basis. What is the immediate cause of the stoppage of publication, we do not know, but the fundamental reason of its failure has been the apathy of the Canadian intellectual public. There is such a public sufficiently large to maintain a review of this character; but the subscription list was always disappointingly small. Had any considerable number for example of university graduates given the trifling assistance implied in subscribing and maintaining one subscription, THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE would still be flourishing. There are perhaps other minor contributory causes. But the really discouraging factor revealed in its fate is the indifference of the public. The ordinary magazine with its stories and entertaining articles has to meet the competition of British and especially American publications with their large market and huge advertising list. Such advantages even draw many of our best writers from Toronto and Montreal to Boston and New York. One cannot wonder that it is difficult to maintain them. But there surely is a real need of such a journal as THE UNIVERSITY MAGAZINE and we hope that it will be able to resume publication in the very near future.

THE younger Canadian artists who struck out independently last spring as the "Group of Seven" has now accepted an invitation to send thirty pictures on a winter's tour in the United States. The pictures go first to Worcester, Mass., thence to the Boston Art Museum, Cleveland, and elsewhere. It is now some three years since an academic Canadian collection from Ottawa made a similar tour and some seven years since C. W. Jefferys exhibited prairie pictures along with a few other Canadians in New York. Taken together these facts suggest that Canada is growing up in ways which she did not foresee. There was a time when real artistic talent had either to compromise for a livelihood or leave the country. Canada is proud of J. W. Morrice, but her pride in him is diminished by the reflection that it is imported from Paris. She loses Ernest Lawson to New York and many years later Halifax, his native city, tries to redress the loss by purchasing his work on a generous scale. That old time is passing though it is not yet certain that the new time has come. There is this difference, however, that Canadian artists are now clinging more resolutely to Canada in the belief that this is the place for them. The number of Canadians who take pleasure in the thought that our artists have at last staked their artistic claims on native territory is a growing one. Those who realize that art needs immediate support as well as belated approval, and who in this age of dead-levelling have not forgotten where the true aristocracy of the human race has so often been found to lie, will watch this adventure of the "Group of Seven", its effect abroad and then its effect at home, with keen interest and perhaps with a certain confidence. The outcome of it all might be that the active interest and support which Canadian artists are beginning to find in Kingston, Sarnia, and Saskatoon might cease to be sporadic and become a characteristic national tradition.

THE Little Theatre movement in Canada shows signs of spreading. We call it the Little Theatre movement because there seems no other phrase at hand to designate the non-commercial, non-professional attempts which are being made here and there in the great world to make the theatre a vital and ennobling thing. In Canada the phrase is a misnomer if it is taken to mean that plays of full stature will not be attempted. The Hart House Theatre promises this winter among other plays the *Alcestis* of Euripides and Shakespeare's *Cymbeline*. But its most interesting announcement is for next April—"*Pierre*, a play by Duncan Campbell Scott, and two other Canadian plays." There is no reason why this should not be the beginning of something distinctive. Canadians have tried their hand at lyrical poetry for more than a generation and they have tried their hand at the novel. But in neither field has there happened anything that reflects Canada like the Federal Constitution or the C.P.R. or Wilfrid Grenfell or Thomson's paintings. It is not difficult to see why this is so. There is too strong an English tradition in poetry for Canadians to be themselves in that field and the novel demands, it may be, a more fully developed society than we yet possess. But in drama, which can so much more readily seize on what is elemental in action and feeling, it is not too much to expect something of Canada's own, something rugged and terse and ineloquent. Perhaps after next April we shall know more about it.

A few copies of the first (October) number of THE CANADIAN FORUM can still be obtained. Mark your subscription blank "To include October number, 1920," or send 25c. to the Business Manager, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

SPA

"It was, he said, the beginning of big things, the first time the allies had really met the Germans since the terrible war, and a great step forward had been made. . . . . . Germany regarded the peace conditions as harsh, cruel, and impossible to fulfill, but he was satisfied if men like Herr Fehrenbach and Dr. Simons remained in office, a sincere attempt would be made to fulfill the treaty to the utmost. . . . . He hoped that the present German government would weather through."

THUS Mr. Lloyd George sketched for a party of journalists his impressions of the conference that had just been concluded at Spa. Five months have passed since then, and the momentous issues of Spa have almost faded from our minds, half obliterated by more spectacular events. The Polish war, the revolution in Italy, the Irish rebellion, and the shadow of the industrial struggle that is still convulsing England have all but effaced the stale memory of Germany and the treaty. Yet the treaty remains the key to the European situation; and in a few weeks, perhaps in a few days, Germany and the treaty will again occupy the centre of the stage. For an explanation of this approaching crisis we must go back to the Spa conference and the events that led up to it.

The road to Spa was a tortuous and difficult one; the credit for finding it belongs to Mr. Lloyd George. At Paris, with the disturbing memory of his election pledges still vivid in his mind, he had, reluctantly it is believed, thrown in his lot with the French reactionaries. A year later, when England began to show signs of disillusionment, and eastern Europe, after twelve months of peace, remained a spectacle of almost incredible disorder and misery, he was only too ready to give rein once more to his long-repressed better instincts. So, recognizing the treaty as the root of the trouble, he became to the dismay of his French colleagues on the Supreme Council, the adroit but persistent advocate of a meeting with the German government. To revise the treaty? Certainly not, declared Mr. Lloyd George, merely to discuss it. But the French were not deceived; and when, at San Remo last April, the proposal came up for discussion, they opposed it with all their force. The Italians, however, threw their weight on the side of Mr. Lloyd George; and the French were finally constrained to join in a note to Berlin, which, while asserting the inviolability of the treaty, proposed a meeting with German delegates in May to discuss the means of enforcing it.

A series of preliminary conferences was required to compose the allies' own differences. The first, a somewhat mysterious meeting confined to Mr. Lloyd George and M. Millerand, took place at Hythe in May. A month later, a full conference of the allies assembled at Boulogne. The proceedings, carefully stage-managed by the French government, were so cordial and unanimous that it began to look as if the Germans were to come to Spa simply to hear a fresh homily upon their sins, coupled with a more detailed interpretation of the treaty. But if the spirit of the conference encouraged this impression, the final outcome belied it; for at Boulogne the allies, still proclaiming their determination never to revise the treaty, actually agreed to vary the clauses dealing with the indemnity so as to reduce, probably by about one half, the claims that had been put forward at Versailles.

Having fixed the spoils—nebulous and fantastic even in their reduced form—that were to be extracted from a half-ruined Germany whose budget in spite of an income tax rising to 80%, already showed a deficit of thirty-nine billion marks, the delegates proceeded in the same light-hearted mood to apportion them. The original scheme of distribution had given offence to some of the smaller allies, so a fresh basis was discussed. But some obstacle must have been encountered; for no decision was reached, and a final conference was called to assemble at Brussels on July 3rd, two days before the date set for Spa.

To Brussels accordingly three weeks later the allies repaired, still outwardly cheerful. The story goes that Mr. Lloyd George, motoring through Belgium on his way to the meeting, was so surprised by the obvious prosperity of the countryside that he decided to press for a revision of the treaty clause that provided for Belgium's receiving, prior to the other allies, an initial indemnity payment of two and a half billion francs. The Belgians were furious, and the French, who wanted that military alliance, some details of which have recently been made public, stood by them. The upshot was that the priority clause was allowed to stand. But the festive spirit of Boulogne had been lost, and it was in an atmosphere of gloom and suspicion that the allies concluded their preliminary discussions by allotting to France 52% of the indemnity, to Britain 22%, to Italy 10%, to Belgium 8%, to Serbia 5%, and to the rest of the allies an undetermined share in the remaining 3%: as the Italian representative, Count Sforza, described it, "an equitable distribution of our disappointments."*

On Monday, July 5th, the allied statesmen arrived at Spa to find the German delegates in as apprehensive

*This distribution was again amended at Spa by throwing Serbia's 5% into the residue, awarding .75% to both Japan and Portugal, and leaving the rest to be apportioned among Roumania, Greece, Serbia and others.

and gloomy a mood as themselves. The hopes that had been aroused in Germany by the San Remo note had withered with each subsequent declaration of allied policy, until the Germans now looked forward with nothing more than resignation to the conference from which three months before they had expected so much. And their depression was aggravated by domestic discords. The recent elections, fulfilling the predictions of careful observers, had resulted in the fall of the moderate socialist government that had borne the brunt of allied policy since the armistice; but the new government, a makeshift coalition, which included the reactionary People's Party, depended for existence upon the forbearance of its predecessors. So the opening of the conference could hardly be regarded as auspicious for either side. The German representatives felt themselves to be weak and inexperienced; while the allies could with difficulty conceal the jealousies and conflicts that shook them.

The first clash came over disarmament. The allies declared that the German forces, including the unauthorized police formations, numbered a million armed men, and that in addition two million rifles were lying about the country in the hands of civilians. They demanded an immediate reduction to the treaty figure of one hundred thousand, and also complete disarmament of the civilian population. The Germans protested that so drastic a reduction would involve grave danger, both from the militarists and communists, and would moreover make it next to impossible to carry out the disarmament of civilians. So far were the allies impressed by these fears, that they agreed to extend the time for the reduction of the regular army (Reichswehr) until January 1st, 1921, but the police formations, the Sicherheitspolizei and the Einwohnerwehr, must go at once, the civilians must be disarmed without delay, and all remaining aerial and war material required to be surrendered under the treaty must be handed over forthwith. No one will grumble with this decision. The task it imposed upon Germany is no doubt a difficult one, but it is a task that must obviously be completed before there is any chance of the allies reducing their own forces.

When the conference came to discuss the all-important subject of coal they found themselves on more slippery ground. The pre-war German output had been about sixteen million tons a month; now with the Saar gone, with Silesia subject to a plebiscite, with the mining plants deteriorated and the miners underfed, the monthly output had fallen to about ten million tons. Of this reduced output the treaty had preempted three and a quarter million tons a month for France; but so far the most that had been delivered in any one month had been nine hundred thousand tons in May. The modified claim that the allies now put forward was for two million tons a month. The Germans countered with an offer that worked out at about a million and a half. The allies retorted that the difference between their demand and this offer was merely a fractional one. Surely, they argued, it was not unreasonable that Germany should be prepared to face whatever inconvenience or hardship might be involved in this extra fraction. On the face of it this looked reasonable enough; but in fact the argument neglected a cardinal point—namely, that in every community a large proportion of the coal supply is consumed in work that, while absolutely essential, is in a sense unproductive. The railways, the various public utilities, and the electric lighting companies must receive their coal before any becomes available for general industry. Moreover the amount required for these purposes cannot readily be reduced. Now a moderate estimate of this first charge on Germany's coal supply, is six million tons a month, which leaves at most only four millions available for industry. So it is out of a four million surplus, not a ten million total, that the allies' claim must be met. What was being demanded therefore, was exactly half the German coal available for industry.

Regarded from this point of view, the question of the coal indemnity was not one of a comparatively small fraction, but of a proportion so large that it might prove absolutely vital to a country faced with economic ruin and required to speed up industry to meet a gigantic indemnity. All of this the German delegates pointed out; and they pointed out too that an occupation of the Ruhr, with which the allies now threatened them, was the last way in which to encourage production. Herr Stinnes, the coal magnate, declared truculently that German miners would not work under the bayonets of black troops; Dr. Simons and Herr Hue, the miners' representative said the same thing, only more tactfully. Outside the conference room Herr Stinnes threatened the government with destruction if they surrendered. So the Germans, counting upon the dissensions of the allies, stood by their offer; a deadlock ensued; and the allies played their trump card. Marshall Foch and Sir Henry Wilson were summoned to arrange an occupation of the Ruhr.

But Mr. Lloyd George had no intention of allowing the French to wreck his conference while any road to a settlement lay open; so even after the soldiers had arrived, he continued to negotiate unofficially with the German delegates; and it was he who devised a solution. Germany was to agree to deliver the two million tons a month; but the allies were to pay her, not in depreciated marks, but in food and credits. The formal agreement provided that the allies should credit the German reparation account with the pit-head price of the coal plus five marks a ton, and that the difference between this and the world market price should be paid

back to Germany in cash or food. Germany was assured generally of the raw materials of which she stood in need; the miners of the Ruhr were given a specific promise of food and necessaries; and one and a half million tons of coal a month were allotted to Germany from the plebiscite area in upper Silesia. The agreement concluded by providing that should Germany fail to deliver six million tons by November 15th, the allies would be entitled to occupy the Ruhr basin.

With the solution of the coal crisis the conference virtually came to an end. No one felt equal to tackling the question of the indemnity, and the Germans were unwilling to submit a proposal until they had received more specific information with regard to their economic future. So the question that had loomed so large in the preliminary discussions was referred to a mixed commission; and their report, which should have been presented to a special conference at Geneva two months ago, is still withheld at the instance of the French government.

What is the real significance of this turbulent, inconclusive meeting? Was it, as Mr. Lloyd George maintained, a happy and impressive augury for the future; or was it just another casual episode in the still unfinished story of the German goose and the golden egg? One thing at any rate is clear: the treaty —the unalterable, dictated treaty—has been definitely revised. But that is not the sole justification of Spa; there is another aspect hardly less important. It was the first time, to use Mr. Lloyd George's own words, that the allies had really met the Germans since the terrible war. They met them in a suspicious, hostile mood; they talked with them and disputed with them in an atmosphere that was often heated and angry; but they parted from them in a spirit of comprehension, and, in one or two cases, actually of admiration. The official, formal hatred of war-time, had shown themselves to be no longer proof against personal contact.

So much is clear; but what of the more fateful consequences that seem likely to confront us within a few weeks? Suppose that Germany at the middle of this month is found to have fallen short in her coal deliveries, or to have failed in disarming her civilian population; will the allies enforce their sanction and occupy the Ruhr? We know what the policy of France will be; the French press with the treaty always in mind calls almost daily for a further occupation of German territory. We know too what the saner, though less influential counsels of Italy will be. But what will Mr. Lloyd George do? Will he succeed in translating into policy the hopes that Spa aroused in him? If he fails, if the critical weeks that now draw near find him in a reactionary mood, then the wars and blockades and occupations will continue a little longer, will continue perhaps until Europe wears herself out with strife and hunger, or until a more imminent and sweeping catastrophe plunges her suddenly still deeper in misery.

E. H. Blake

Workmen's Compensation

In practically every industrialized community the principle is recognized that industry should accept the responsibility for the casualties among its work people. The labour point of view, of course, is that workmen are in the position of soldiers and that workmen injured in their employment, are as much entitled to care and remuneration as soldiers wounded in action. The country pays and maintains the soldier when he is wounded just as when he is fit for service, and when he is discharged, the country gives him a pension. So in industry, the employer should pay and maintain the workman while he is disabled just as when he is fit, and if his injuries render him useless for further work, the employer should give him a pension for life. Another way of putting it is that if a manufacturer pays for the repairing of a machine that has broken down in his service, there is at least as much reason why he should pay for the rehabilitating of a workman who has broken down—either through specific injury or in general health—while in his service.

With this view the enlightened modern employer goes a long way in agreement. The 18th and even 19th century view—so clearly reflected in the English. Common Law—that even in the case of a particularly dangerous employment, the workman took the job with his eyes open and therefore could claim nothing in case of injury,—that view is a thing of the past. It is recognized that industry does owe some duty to its injured servants, and both in England and America, employers have come forward and collaborated in the framing of compensation acts. The whole question nowadays is one of what the limits of the duty are, how the compensation is to be determined, and when determined, how paid,—whether entirely by the employer or in part by the workman.

In order to answer this question, it is necessary to examine the actual working of the various compensation acts now in operation. At the outset, we stumble on the fact that the overwhelming number of cases to be dealt with are short period disability cases. Thus in 1919 in Ontario, 47% of the cases terminated in 2 weeks, 68% in 3 weeks, and 90% in 6 weeks. These figures are typical of the experience with every workmen's compensation act. Such being the situation, it is obvious that in fixing the scale of compensation, one, if not the chief, consideration ought to be, to encourage the quickest possible return to work and to discourage any tendency to draw out the period of disability. This is particularly important, of course, in the case of persons of a low

earning-capacity, who it is to be noted, are also, in most cases, of a less industrious and responsible type.

This point of view, of course, would be utterly repugnant to the protagonist of Labour. While he would not deny that a high scale of compensation might conceivably induce a slight amount of malingering, he would not admit that the danger was one of the governing considerations. Such a thing, he would argue, is simply a question of administration. Appoint capable and honest commissioners and doctors to administer the law, and the danger of malingering will be negligible. The obvious criticism is that no matter how capable and honest your administrators, the law must be such as to lend itself to efficient administration. Ill-conceived and unwisely-framed laws defy the efforts of the most efficient and honest administrators. This in passing.

Rejecting, then, the malingering argument for conservatism and caution, the Labour theorist lays it down that the proper and just measure of compensation is 100% of earnings during the period of disability. The injury has been sustained in the service of industry and industry should see that, financially at least, the workman does not suffer.

That such a scale is too radically high is not, of course, proved by the fact that no community in the world has seen fit to adopt it. But the fact that 66⅔ per cent. of earnings is the highest scale that has anywhere been adopted does at least put upon the advocates of the 100% scale the onus of establishing their case. And in such a question it is clear that one of the considerations must be the fact that the industries of one country are in competition with those of other countries and cannot with impunity be unduly handicapped in that competition. Thus the question of scale of compensation takes its place with, for instance, the eight-hour day as a proper subject-matter for international consideration and settlement.

In the meantime, it is submitted that the sound principle to be applied is adequate maintenance during disability. Such a principle solves at once the malingering difficulty. The ideal scale of compensation, on this view, would be one high enough to provide adequate maintenance and medical attendance during disability but not so high as to be in danger of inducing malingering. No doubt this view will be attacked as being unfair to the man whose injury is in no way due to his own fault. Such a man, it will be urged, ought not to suffer any financial loss. It must be remembered, however, that it is not with such cases alone that we are called upon to deal. Under the great majority of present-day compensation acts, the workman is entitled to compensation regardless of whether or not he has been negligent. If every accident were a real "accident", if, that is to say, there were no fault on the part of the workman, the principle put forward might well be reconsidered. But in a very large number of cases, there is negligence and often serious negligence, on the part of the injured man. If, therefore, the principle of maintenance during disability involves some hardship on the man who has been guilty of no negligence, the payment of full wages to men whose own negligence was the cause of their injury would involve even greater hardship the other way, that is on those who are taxed to pay the compensation. The compromise of basing compensation on the cost of maintenance during disability, though admittedly not perfect, is, it is submitted, an equitable solution.

Such a principle applies only, of course, to cases of total disability, permanent or temporary. For cases of partial disability, temporary or permanent, the procedure will necessarily be different. Here it is a matter of estimating the percentage by which a man's earning capacity has been impaired. Many systems have been tried. The English method is to give a nominal award and then wait to see what wages the injured man earns on his return to work. The drawbacks of such a method are obvious. The man's employment may be of such a nature that his earning capacity, for the moment at least, is not impaired at all; a dishonest man may feign greater incapacity than he actually suffers from, and so on *ad infinitum*, as has been found in England. In California, on the other hand, a schedule has been compiled "comprising 12,711,240 possible combinations or ratings which have been carefully computed and made readily understandable by a person mentally competent to find in a railroad time-table when a train leaves"! (*sic*). It requires no great boldness to prophesy that such a scheme will fall "of its own weight". The sensible compromise between these two extremes seems to be that adopted in Ontario, of allowing so much for a specific injury (loss of eye, loss of leg, etc.) taking into account the work of the man but regardless of the actual decrease in earning capacity.

This brings us to the question of the administration of compensation legislation. Should claims be settled in the ordinary courts or should there be, as in Ontario, a special board charged with the task of administering the law, quite independent of the courts of law? A comparison of English with Ontario experience leaves no doubt that the "board" system is infinitely preferable. The English system inevitably involves the very things that it ought to be the main object of a compensation law to avoid—viz., uncertainty, delay and expense. Thus in England, as a result of the expensive litigation, etc., involved, the efficiency of the Act is said to have been reduced 50%; in the United States, where the insurance companies are allowed to deal with the workmen, investigation has disclosed the most

serious abuses, in the way of short settlements, etc. With these conditions contrast the record in Ontario for 1919. Only 1.71 per cent. of the assessment paid by employers went to pay the expenses of administration. In other words, over 98% of the money contributed for compensation purposes found its way to the pockets of the injured workmen, and that too, without any of the uncertainty and delay incident to litigation. Nor is the advantage by any means all on one side. The employer is benefited by the relief from the old-time long-drawn-out litigation. A considerable weight of worry and annoyance is lifted and his relations with his men are appreciably improved. The case for administration by special board may fairly be said to have been demonstrated.

One word more. A comparison of the present-day Ontario Act with the Common Law—which alone governed the master-servant relationship prior to 1880—may be interesting as showing at a glance the progress that has been made. An action at Common Law was available only when it could be shown that the personal injury complained of arose from the employer's personal negligence or because he knowingly employed an incompetent servant. Even then, however, the plaintiff might have to meet the defence of "*volenti non fit injuria*", not to speak of the counter-charge of "contributory negligence". Furthermore, even if the plaintiff successfully surmounted the defences of *volenti not fit injuria* and contributory negligence, there remained the even more serious obstacle of the doctrine of "common employment", which excluded liability when the injury was caused to the workman by reason of the negligence of a fellow-workman in the employment of the same master for the purposes of the same business, regardless of whether the injured man was bound to obey the orders of the fellow-servant whose negligence caused the injury. So far the Common Law.

The Ontario Act—and the other Canadian Acts are substantially similar—provides that the workman or his dependents are to be entitled to compensation irrespective of negligence or any other circumstance, except only that the accident must not be attributable solely to his own serious or wilful misconduct, and even then compensation is payable if the accident results in serious disablement or death. It is doubtful if there is any field of law in which such striking progress has been made. X.

What the Public Needs

THE War may have weakened our faith in many things, but it greatly strengthened the belief in propaganda. At one time, not far distant, it was supposed that our liberties as freemen were protected by an active and intelligent public opinion. Governments bowed, and politicians cringed before it. Here in Canada we held it in not a little reverence; and our more impressionable neighbours to the south (at least when they were called to public office) spoke of the Voice of the People as the Voice of God. Those halcyon days are over; maturity has made an end of this illusion. We know that the public cannot be trusted of itself to make up its mind. Its opinion, like the potter's clay, waits for the moulding which shall give it form and purpose. And just as the potter who moulds it is of much more importance than his clay, so may we infer that an artist in publicity, moulding what is still politely described as public opinion, is of much more importance than the thing that he controls.

The new knowledge has brought with it new possibilities of spending the taxpayer's money. Before it was realized that a little judicious expenditure never fails to produce an impression, officials observed a very proper caution in sanctioning expenditure on propaganda. No suggestion is here intended, which would impute to them a niggardly shortsightedness; they were honest creatures of their time. Looking back, however, we can see that their caution was excessive. Holders of office may have been unduly hampered in their duties, by having to "make good" in each promotion, before they could expect their meed of praise. It was all too reminiscent of the jarvey with the carrot. Our own generation has another method. To-day the new head of the Soldier Settlement Board assumes the duties of his office, while his department informs the public (at the public expense) that (besides being prominent in athletics) he "represented Dalhousie in 1905 in the intercollegiate debate with the University of New Brunswick, the subject being Trade Unionism". Lest it should be supposed that his skill is merely forensic, follows the statement that he "took the combined seven years course in three years, and graduated with high honours in History and English Literature". The Board does well to describe the scholastic career of its Chairman as "a particularly brilliant one"; and pending fresh triumphs in the sphere of soldier-settlement, the citizens to whom the cost of this biography will be charged have been given something quite instructive to occupy their minds.

The LABOUR GAZETTE has been slow to fall in with the movement. The laboriously compiled information which it presents on prices and employment, its records of labour disputes and labour congresses, have been invaluable to the student of Canadian affairs. But they have been informative, rather than persuasive. Only in the summer of 1920 did it commit itself for the first time to the policy of propaganda. The supplement to the August number is

however a frank departure from the conservative journalism of the past.

The LABOUR GAZETTE believes that "the people of Canada do not as a whole fully appreciate the gravity of the socialist movement in this country". In the hope of rousing more appreciation it has concocted a little work, which deserves all the publicity that this magazine can give it. It is called "Information Respecting the Russian Soviet System and its Propaganda in North America". Its facts are collected mainly from three sources. The GAZETTE relies on "a gentleman who left Petrograd in 1918" (he modestly remains anonymous), on the files of the London TIMES, and on the report of a committee of the United States Senate. Whether the GAZETTE thinks there have been so few gentlemen in Petrograd, that this description identifies its correspondent sufficiently, we do not know. In any case, one reader fails to "place" him. The person quoted in THE TIMES is also nameless. But the Senate Committee, more generous in detail, specifies its source of information. The man from whom it learned so much is not a gentleman at all. He is Ludwig G. A. K. Martens, self-announced ambassador of Soviet Russia. The Senators, with fine simplicity, speak of him as "Martens": thereby reminding us that the United States is a democratic country.

Thrice-armed with knowledge, the GAZETTE cites a great many facts (whose truth is well established) to prove that Russia is a most distressful country. Food is lacking and fuel, locomotives to consume the fuel and men to drive the locomotives. Disorder rules everywhere. It is even said that people "without adequate qualifications" are appointed to responsible posts, "solely because they happen to belong to the party in power". Numbers of Canadians, however, fail to realise this. Idealists may be found among them; and the writer of the pamphlet invites these idealists to consider what would happen to the Dominion if all land not personally tilled by the owner were confiscated, all banks were nationalized, and all persons "who do not perform useful social functions" were deprived of the vote. The rhetorical question is legitimate, yet it may be regretted. Such invitations to thought are under certain circumstances a mistake. They weaken a case that is otherwise extremely strong. For we can imagine a reply by one of these misguided idealists, which might run somewhat as follows: "What would happen in Canada if all coal imports from the United States were shut off by a blockade of long standing, the mines of Nova Scotia were in the hands of foreign enemies, typhus was raging in our cities, and the same foreign enemies deliberately prevented us from getting drugs and medical supplies?" It is to be feared that an open-minded man (on or off the LABOUR GAZETTE) would find it hard to frame an adequate rejoinder. Even under the present economic system, it would be difficult to feed and clothe the people. This was indeed frankly recognized as early as March of this year in a British Government document "The Soviet System in Russia in Theory and in Practice", which criticizes the system from quite a different standpoint.

In unveiling the sinister activities of Socialism in Canada the writer of this little work is equally hesitant to drive home the dreadful truth. Here again, many readers will wish he had mastered his scruples. His point is only weakened when in illustrating the statement that almost all the socialist societies in Canada repudiate religion, he reprints (on page 14) a card of membership of the One Big Union which is almost a monument of old fashioned piety. Surely the LABOUR GAZETTE has somewhere in its files the card of some revolutionary society which is not distinctively Christian. The suggestion is respectfully offered that if the case of the Jewish Bolsheviki Party had been cited it would at least have met this requirement.

The same disarming chivalry hampers him when he dwells on their activities in Canada. He shows, for instance, that apeals have been circulated to all O.B.U. units in Canada to contribute to a fund for sending medical assistance to Soviet Russia. It is doubtless very reprehensible for these adherents of the One Big Union to succour a people who, if they are not declared enemies of this country (we refused to make war on them and have only blockaded them instead) are at least not among its best friends. Nevertheless there is little room for doubt that the O.B.U. has done things much worse than this. The things it has done may not be fit to print. The LABOUR GAZETTE has to consider the susceptibilities of its public, but it is natural to suppose that instances of moral turpitude could be found in the record of the O.B.U., which while not unprintable, were nevertheless more likely to shock the public conscience than this attempt to help the Russians with medical supplies.

Perhaps however this is not the final word on the subject of Soviet Propaganda. Perhaps our author will return to the charge. He has succeeded in this little work in whetting without satisfying an appetite for information. There must be many readers who will ask for more.

Meanwhile it should be noted that the future of departmental propaganda will depend in large measure on the reception accorded to the document. Any coldness on the part of the people, towards a public enterprise of this kind, will make it exceedingly difficult to continue the work begun with so much energy. The possibility that it may be neglected is a distressing thought for any man, who considers it the business of officials to form the public mind.

G. E. JACKSON.

DOMESTIC DISCONTENT

AN old argument against universal education was that there would come a time when the drudgery of the world would be left undone through lack of people unambitious enough to undertake it. That time does not seem to have come yet, so far as concerns the drudgery of standing hour after hour and day after day handling or watching the same bit of machinery. But there is at the present time a serious shortage of people willing to undertake the far less monotonous drudgery of running a house. The business of running a house is, for women, a very large part of the business of marriage. Some of us wish to delegate this housekeeping to paid assistants, and we are seriously put about if these assistants are not forthcoming. But it is apparent that it is hopeless to expect a return to the days of faithful, life-long retainers, and meanwhile many of us are wasting quite a slice of our lives in pining for the impossible and comparing notes about our misfortunes.

The well-educated woman wants to do much more than housework. She has been trained to value mental and spiritual life for its own sake, and she asks for a good deal more than the "trivial round, the common task". She refuses to acquiesce in the theory of self-effacement and self-sacrifice which generations ago men invented to keep women in their place, and, while she takes her job as seriously as did her mother and grandmother, she cannot admit that she is or should be called upon to stifle her mind and keep it too in its place. She demands an opportunity to live in the world of books and music and friendship, all of which require time. It seems clear too that, if she tries to do all that the "good housewife" should do, she will fail. She is sure to find her thwarted desire for leisure and friendship turn to illtemper. The best things will go for the less good, and gradually she will lose heart and enthusiasm. This is a real problem for educated married women to consider. If they are not content to drift into continual worry over the "help" question, let them take a stand immediately, and so take possession of their own lives that they are no longer the victims of circumstance, but the creators of a new way of life.

The care of a house and children is not unpleasant to most women. And it is certainly not too easy for the best educated of women. No one need feel that it makes too slight a demand upon brain or character. In fact most would probably say that if they could feel at the end of the day that they had completed a day's job and done it well and had a little time for other things, they would find all the happiness to be found in any work. What is it that prevents many women from feeling this? The question is so important that very much of the happiness of all our lives depends on it. If women could feel so content with their work, we could be more sure of happy evenings for men, women, and children. It is foolish and ridiculous and supremely unworthy of sensible educated people that they cannot so order and control their lives as to win this sense of free complacency when the honest day's work is done.

In the first place they attempt far too much. Here, many are quite foolish. If there is not much help available, big sections of unnecessary work could be cut out—most of the sewing, all of the canning, much of the cooking. Why not do as little of these things as possible instead of as much? If there is any margin of income why not spend it on buying leisure? If people to cook and wash in the house are hard to come by, why not use the services which they are willing to give in bakery and laundry? If the opportunity to read and talk is really desired, there must be the readiness to sacrifice a little money, a little reputation for housewifeliness, and a little of the special flavour of home-made jam.

There is in Canada a fast increasing number of well-educated women. And far too many of them are unable to follow up the interests which have been awakened and developed in them. What hope is there of free intellectual life for them? Thoreau was convinced that the machinery of life, the acquiring of food and shelter and clothing, should occupy but a small portion of a man's time and it is probable that, if educated housewives are to do more than live on their intellectual capital, some kind of domestic revolution is necessary. Courageous experiment is required to break down conventions and traditions based on two outworn practices—that of living as a clan, many branches of a family in a house, and that of educating the girls far less than the boys. Perhaps our habits of eating and drinking are based on these practices and the dimensions of dish-washing are, in consequence, quite disproportionate to the spiritual demands of women. Let us then break through some of these dishes and do something drastic to win back our self-respect. Women are so miserably at the mercy of things that they cannot live without whining at them. Every religious revival calls men away from preoccupation with the material side of life, and then the orthodox humdrum religious teacher in his turn tells men, and especially women, to find in drudgery their salvation. The well-educated woman should side with the reformer, with Christ and St. Francis and Savonarola and Fox. The austerity of these men has its chief value in the freedom which it gives. If you prepare the one needful dish which Martha's guest would have preferred to

her elaborate dinner, there is so much more time for friendly talk. If your dress is the dress of your order there is so much more time for the life of the spirit, for walks in the country, for contemplation of your brother and sisters, the sun and the birds. If you have no gold and silver you need not clean it, and again you have time to live. It is all a question of values. And at present it is a question of individual values. For no doubt the world still sees little need for shortening the housewife's day, and pours forth its praise on the woman who does everything herself and is never leisured.

One of the wisest of little-known Englishmen wrote "When I came into the country, and being seated among silent trees, and meads and hills, had all my time in mine own hands, I resolved to spend it all, whatever it cost me, in the search of happiness, and to satiate that burning thirst which Nature had enkindled in me from my youth. In which I was so resolute, that I chose rather to live upon ten pounds a year, and to go in leather clothes, and feed upon bread and water, so that I might have all my time clearly to myself, than to keep many thousands per annum in an estate of life where my time would be devoured in care and labour." Only those housewives who value their time more than their jam can contribute much towards that new order where the life can be more than meat and the body than raiment.

But not much can be done by individuals. Thinking women as a whole must change their standards, their domestic customs, and their methods of enticing help. There might, for example, be far more entertaining without the inevitable meal. Invitation cards might be printed with "Please eat at home" in the corner. Even so the margin of time left for pursuing vital interests will be small, and some paid help will still be desirable. What is the most likely form that this help will take in the future? Everything indicates that the number of girls willing to live and work in other people's houses is on the decrease. The reasons are obvious. It is pleasant to have a work place and a living place. It is pleasant to live with people with whom you share a common point of view and a common idea of amusement. It is pleasant to be your own mistress over the ordinary little details of your off-time, your bed time, and your rising time; your bath, your exercise, and fresh air, and recreation.

Any organization dealing with domestic work could, if it had the confidence of employers and employed, do much more than handle casual appeals for help or for work. The women of an energetic community who feel the need of organized domestic work could get together and work out some scheme whereby this eternally recurring worry could be compelled to take a back seat. Their aim should be to make the good life possible for housewives and for paid assistants alike.

A comparatively small district could set the example, say the streets lying within a given square mile. Every house in the district might receive a letter asking for answers to some such questions as these:

1. Do you desire help in your house or with your children?
2. If so, for what work? at what hours? for what pay?
3. Is there any woman or girl in your house ready to give help in another house?
4. If so what work? at what hours? for what pay?
5. Are there children in your house?
6. Is there anyone in your house willing to take her turn (say two or three evenings a month) at staying with neighbours' children in the evenings when their parents are out?

The enterprising two or three who have made themselves responsible for canvassing the district will, if they get much encouragement from the returns, probably appoint a secretary whose duty it will be to try and turn the good will of the district to practical account. The answers to 6 will have to be classified under very small areas. It is conceivable that the answers to questions 3 and 4 might bring to light a girl with a gift for cleaning silver who could work for half a street, another who was a skilled bed-maker, a third who liked nothing better than dish-washing. So a procession of experts might be at our service and we should have merely to be at hand to let them in and out of the house. We should in our turn become expert door-openers.

It is, surely true that if a determined effort were made, as far as income allows, to reduce work, to make use of outside help such as that of laundry, bakery, nursery school, to organize paid help in the house for certain parts of the work, and to organize the neighbourly interchange of responsibility for the children in the evenings, this wearisomely monotonous discontent over the domestic problem would in great measure disappear. There would surely be more happiness, though of course there would have to be some hard thinking for topics of conversation.

MARGARET FAIRLEY

THE CANADIAN FORUM was incorporated without Share Capital on May 14th, 1920, for the purpose of publishing the magazine of that name.

The Directors are,

G. E. Jackson, *Chairman*
Barker Fairley, *Literary Editor*
C. B. Sissons, *Political Editor*
Peter Sandiford, *Business Manager*
Huntly Gordon, *Press Editor*

It has been suggested that the magazine accepting only contributions with many rejections to their credit would be the best periodical upon the market. THE CANADIAN FORUM while not accepting this proposal still hopes to maintain a high standard, as it is at present unable to pay contributors.

All communications should be addressed to THE CANADIAN FORUM, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

I. *A. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best limerick on, Coal.*
B. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best essay in 800 words on, Coincidences
All entries must reach the Competitions' Editor not later than November 20, 1920

II. *A. We offer a prize of five dollars for an Epitaph on the Board of Commerce, in not more than 30 lines.*
B. We offer a prize of five dollars for an essay in 800 words on, A Letter of Advice to the next Canadian Novelist.
All entries must reach the Competitions' Editor not later than December 20, 1920.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions' Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.
Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.
Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.
The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.
The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

ABOVE we have announced the competitions of the next two months so that writers at a distance may have a chance to compete. In future, subjects will be announced a month in advance, and results published in the second issue following the announcement.

When a contribution is considered to be of sufficient merit, a second prize will be awarded, consisting of a free subscription to THE CANADIAN FORUM. Some casuists may perhaps complain that they are already subscribing and that such a prize will be of little value to them. To these we would reply that one cannot have too much of a good thing: that the winner of the second prize will be in the fortunate position of being able to give a year's subscription to his nearest and dearest friend, who will of course be under the impression that he paid for the magazine in cold cash and will be grateful accordingly. But we need enumerate no further the many useful purposes which may be served by the award of so excellent a second prize.

RESULTS OF COMPETITIONS ANNOUNCED IN OCTOBER.

A. A prize of five dollars for the best essay in 800 words on, The Automobile in Fiction.

The editor regrets that it was impossible to make an award in this competition, as no contribution of sufficient merit was received.

B. A prize of five dollars for a Soliloquy of Hamlet in not more than 50 lines, on, Seeing himself in the movies.

The prize for this competition has been awarded to George Bayly, Port Credit, Ont. for his soliloquy which we print in full below.

The Prize Poem

A SOLILOQUY OF HAMLET ON SEEING HIMSELF IN THE MOVIES

Horatio: Good my lord, vouchsafe me a word with you.
Hamlet: Sir, a whole history.
Horatio: The movies, sir,—
Hamlet: Ay, sir, what are they?
Horatio: The best pictures in the world, for they move, and depict tragedy, comedy, history, and one there is that depicts thine own self.
Hamlet: I do not well understand that, will you show me my own self?
Horatio: My lord, that I can.
Hamlet: Let us go. Come with me on the instant.

In the moving picture palace.

Hamlet: To be, or to have been: that is the question
Yon face so clearly to be seen is mine.
But I am here, I speak, I see, I feel.
Yet here and there at once I cannot be.
It is my spirit? or that cunning Fiend
The Devil, thinks with guile my soul to steal,
And to accomplish this my shape has taken.
The Devil or my spirit, there's the rub;
I'll watch with care and may perchance discover.
This bodes some strange eruption to my state.
That un-matched form and feature of blown youth!
No ghost would thus before the world appear.
It cannot be. The spirit that I have seen
Must be the Devil: and the Devil hath power
To assume a pleasing shape; yea, and perhaps
Abuses me to damn me.
And can I now distinguish, by selection
Some known satanic attributes, the horn
Invisible; the cloven hoof, in shoon?
Some other mark that I distrust, I seek
And all too quickly find. I reel, the blood
That roars so loud and thunders in my head
Now blurs my sight. Thou rash, intruding fool
Look here upon this picture, and on this,
The counterfeit presentment of thyself.
Satan alone could thus my life portray.
A life-time in an hour we here behold;
No pause, no rest. I never moved so fast,
Nor talked and gestured with such vehemence.
My life before me passes as a dream
Like nimble lightnings Satan darts about,
From court, to grave, to ship, my whole life through.
Enough, we'll go from here, O come away
My soul is full of discord and dismay.

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SHELVED

"I HAVE to run over and see an old parishioner, Mrs. Davis, for a few minutes before we go. Like to come along?"

Near the end of the village street, we turned up a narrow gravelled walk, bordered with white-painted cobble stones, to where a neat frame cottage peeped from behind two thick-grown lilac bushes, which, planted at the ends of the verandah, seemed to be trying to fling meeting wings across the path, as if to bar egress or entrance. The two verandah posts nearest them were rotting from the continual dampness.

In answer to our knock, a somewhat high-pitched and slightly querulous voice invited us in. The room was militantly neat. A small, black sofa, upholstered in horsehair, was old enough to reveal its springs by means of two rows of miniature circular eminences, the worn rings of which had been severely darned to prevent the tops of the spirals from emerging to view. Two cushions, plump, hard and smug, divided the length of the sofa into three exactly equal portions, and standing haughtily on one corner, asked us by means of a stamped inscription on the one, "What is Home without a Mother?" and on the other, told us with flowers that we were "Welcome". At the same time, however, they effectually intimidated visitors and kept the sofa inviolate. A large Bible and a church periodical lay on the oval walnut table. The six high-backed straight chairs stood ranged as sentinels along the walls. The walls themselves were sombre in a dark brown striped paper, but were relieved by two crayon family groups, a picture of Windsor Castle and a calendar picture which had been carefully deprived of all advertising value by close framing.

A coal stove—a high base burner—gleaming in its nickel brilliancy, and glowing with the red of a generous fire, even though it was early September, almost filled the space between the table and the east wall. Next to it the east window held a row of ripening tomatoes, scrupulously ranged as to size like some system of vegetable weights. Ensconsed between the window and the table, with her feet on the stove fender, in a padded and quilted rocker, was Mrs. Davis herself.

She did not rise; she barely slackened her vigorous rocking.

"I'm sure it's very good of you to come to see me," she said, "and to bring Mr. Dawson. I'm sure it's very good of you.—Yes, I knew his name was Dawson. Mabel told me."

"Mabel!" ejaculated Fred, "Why, where is she? I thought—"

"She is picking mushrooms, and taking as long about it as she possibly can; just as if she took a delight in leaving me here alone. She's a strange child, Mr. Phillips, and I don't pretend to understand her."

I really believed I could see a shade of disappointment cross Fred's face. It couldn't have been that, of course.

"Why, I heard that she—" he began.

The energy with which the old lady brought her chair to a stop and launched her interruption was startling.

"She did!" she said.

Then she subsided and an awkward silence ensued. There was nothing for me to say. Fred seemed for once at a loss, and Mrs. Davis turned one of the tomatoes half way round, then slowly resumed her rocking. When she spoke again the slow complainingness of unoccupied old age had crept into her words.

"I always used to be afraid I would have trouble with Mabel some day; but I never thought the time would come when the child would turn against her own mother. I was reading in the Word when you turned in my gate about the sons of Eli. I read all the time now the places where it tells about children who didn't honour their parents. For six weeks, Mr. Phillips,—ever since,—I can't find any comfort except in those places where it tells about them."

"I am very—it's good that—" Fred was floundering.

"It was her father that was to blame. He was too worldly, and he didn't realize his responsibilities as a father to make the child honour and reverence her parents. Many a time, when I used to punish Mabel, —we lived out on the Wilson place then,—and I had to whip her often, for her father would never correct her, why, he used to get up and go out when I would whip her and encourage her in her stubbornness. I don't know why I'm telling you all this, but it seems as if I must, but you wouldn't believe it when I tell you that I caught him climbing over the porch and putting a bunch of flowers or something on her window-sill one night when I had to correct her real severe. I never knew him in all his life to bring me a bunch of flowers. He never had any sympathy for me in all my trials.

"I did my best by the girl and I trained her till she was getting to be a help around the house. She done the dishes and the tidying and the scrubbing and washing when she was twelve, and if that isn't doing well by the girl and giving her a chance to learn to be useful,—but you wouldn't believe me when I tell you that child has never breathed one word about appreciating my training of her. I took her out of school when she was twelve so she could take

a little of the load off her mother's shoulders. Grandma, that's my mother, Mr. Dawson, always used to say if a child by the time it was eleven didn't realize it ought to begin to pay back the debt it owed its parents, why then it was time to make it realize it."

Fred twisted uneasily in his chair and looked over at me, but retained a marvellously sympathetic expression which did credit to *his* training, and which I did my best to emulate. Neither of us ventured any comment.

"I didn't have much trouble with her after that till she was twenty-two, going on twenty-three. That was the year the Biltons moved here and rented the farm next to our place from old Mr. Sawyer that lived on the third concession next the cheese factory. Their second oldest boy was this Frank. I seen right away they couldn't be much use to us for neighbours, but Mabel's father took a foolish notion to the family and had them over without saying one word to me about it when I was away at Grandma's visiting—that's my mother, Mr. Dawson.

"That done it. When I come back, I knew right away that something was wrong. Mabel was singing some silly thing around the house, and skipping around with the dishes as if she wasn't old enough to know better. She didn't own up anything, but I spoke pretty sharp to her about such nonsense and the duty she owed her parents, and she seemed to mind, for I didn't hear her acting up that way any more. The only thing I didn't like was she seemed kind of glad most of the time.

"Things went on that way until one night in September. I will never forget that night to my dying day. I went out into the yard to see whose team it was passing the corner, and I looked back into the back pasture. I never noticed such things before nor since, but it just seemed as if I was to drink my cup of tribulation right down, for I remember seeing that the sun was about half way down, and looking like a yellow mush bowl turned upside down, with a kind of bright light colour all over the west. And over in the east, the moon was full and big, and looking as if it was mocking me just over the tops of the trees on the pine knoll. Queer, wasn't it? I even remember one of the cows had just shook her head and made her bell ring, and I looked down the lane. You won't believe me when I tell you that I seen Mabel standing in the lane back by the haw tree with her head on that young wretch's shoulder. I am ashamed to tell it of my own daughter. They must have saw me, for he let her go, but then they come marching up the lane as bold as if they had not done a thing to be ashamed of. They did kind of slow down when they come close to me, but the next thing I knew Mabel's father had come past me and was actually shaking hands with that creature.

' "Mabel," I said 'go into the house this instant.'

"The next minute I heard the girl's father say, brutal and threatening, and before my very eyes, 'Don't do it unless you want to.' Can you believe it, Mr. Phillips? Actually inciting my own child to disobedience. It made me feel faint. I saw all the results of my training of that child in bringing her up in the nurture and admonition of obedience and duty fade away in an instant like the colours that aren't fast in a fresh-washed dress. And I went in without looking once more at them and prayed that the Lord would not requite their ingratitude on them. That very night was the night Mabel's father slipped and fell out of the hay-loft, and broke his neck. I hope that he was forgiven but I feel to this hour that it was a judgment on him for his wicked words that night."

I shuddered and looked across at Fred. It has always been a puzzle to me how an honest young radical like Fred would meet the challenge of this attitude. He didn't meet it now. He refused to look towards me, but stared with that galvanized look of sympathetic interest at the rocking figure.

"It was a warning to Mabel. When we found him, the first words she said was that she would stay with me and stand by me. Mark that promise, Mr. Phillips. It had took all of that to bring her to her duty. But she didn't do it cheerfully. I would often catch her crying, especially for a while after that Bilton creature left the settlement, and went to Toronto to work. It showed that she was thinking of herself and not of what she owed to me. Every year, about twice, that man would come down and stay three or four days. Mabel would go out with him, and they would go walking up and down the lane, and out in the back pasture. But I never saw any more of that nonsense of that dreadful night. Those times the child would forget all about me. She would fill my hot water sealer and everything just the same as usual, but I could see that she was not grateful to me. But I didn't complain. I felt that it was just the trial of my faith, and that there was no danger of them getting married. I had trained the girl too good, and she had had her warning. I felt more safe and contented, though, when one day she come in to me with a letter, and she said to me, I remember her eyes was a little bloodshot from sitting up too late reading the night before—well, she said to me.

" 'Mother,' she said, 'Mr. Bilton is married.'

" 'Well, I'm very glad, Mabel,' I said to her, 'and I'm sure he'll be very happy, and we'll wish him every happiness, won't we?' I said.

" 'Yes, mother,' she said to me and then she went out to the back pasture to look for mushrooms, just like she's doing now. And I opened up the Bible and read all the thanksgiving psalms that morning. I felt it would be better for the child, too."

The rocking ceased, and now the old lady turned her glance on me. Fred's effort at the sustained ex-

pression of interest had passed beyond his control, and had become a nondescript near-grimace which was weirdly expressionless like the strained monotony of voice in a man who has long been totally deaf.

I thought I had to say something.

"How long ago was this, Mrs. Davis?" I asked.

"Twenty-three years last month she brought me the news. That was eight years after her father was killed. The man stayed away then entirely until fourteen years come next March. It was the first warm day, and I seen him standing out at the gate talking to Mabel again. Then I knew his wife was dead, and come to find out, would you believe it, Mr. Dawson, she had been dead four years then? That shows what I had saved Mabel from.

"From then on, they wrote again, regular, and the shameless creature started coming around again twice a year, just as if he thought he could go and marry somebody else, and then come back for Mabel. I told her so, too, but I couldn't get a word out of the child about it. That's the way things went on. We moved in here, and we were very happy and comfortable till the Lord seen fit to afflict me in my old age, beyond what I can bear."

Her voice had broken, and she was crying softly. Neither of us spoke, Fred's face still wore that idiotic mask which he thought conveyed sympathy, and I verily believe I was unconsciously imitating it. But the old lady's energy came back as suddenly as it had left. I doubted if she had lost her self-control for an instant.

"That was three weeks ago, to-morrow, as you know, Mr. Phillips. I was sitting here, Mr. Dawson, drinking a cup of tea, when I saw the two of them come up the walk. He was walking too brisk to suit me, too much like that night, but Mabel wasn't. They came in and stood there by the end of the table, and Mabel said, as unfeeling as if she didn't know she was breaking her mother's heart, she said, 'Mr. Bilton and I are going to be married, mother, and you are going down to Toronto to live with us.' Would you believe it, Mr. Dawson? She was actually expecting me to break up my home, and go traipsing off, nobody knows where, with them. To break up my home, mind you, to break up my own home for their selfish convenience." "No," I said, "You can go and leave me here to die, if you find your pleasure that way, but it is too cruel to expect me to break up my home, and I won't do it." "The creature didn't say a word; but Mabel tried to make me agree to give up the house here. And when I wouldn't, she went away and left me here to die. And she and the creature went and got married that same day. She even insulted me by hiring Mrs. Aikens to come running in every hour to do things. But I sent her packing I can tell you."

"But," cried Fred, "I thought you said that Mabel—"

"I did. Her father's end must have been a warning to her. She left the creature in Toronto and come home to me last night. And I didn't utter one word of reproach, Mr. Phillips. I just said to her, 'So you've had a row with your new husband?' and she said, 'No, mother,' and put my hot water sealer to warm."

J. D. Robins

Island Night

I

WHEN, taking off our overcoats, we touch their outer surfaces, we know that we are as damp, barring actual rain, as we shall be. Indifference comes to our rescue and we stop asking each other at short intervals why we have come. By its brightness the "Casino" beguiles us into an illusion of warmth and dryness, soon dispelled by the waves of mist drifting sluggishly through the door, and by the mackintoshes worn by the few other people in the place. They are clustered at the far end, these mackintoshes. They have before them drinks which in the dominant clamminess no available fire can make hotter than warm. Between them and us stretches a long space, broken by white railings, filled with empty tables and ironically flanked by a long and glittering soda-fountain, looking particularly arctic. Winding between the others there comes to our table, after we have waited certain mournful minutes, a waitress. She recognizes, clearly, at a glance that we are not islanders, and the glance asks us no less clearly why we are here on such a night. We know the scepticism of waiting persons and do not venture to defend ourselves. Fixing our attention on the opposite wall where hangs a bulletin-menu, we ask in succession for three hot dishes there typographically offered. One is "off" and we are too late for the others. Summer fare only remains (after all, it is still summer, the waitress points out) and we fall into disappointed assurance of cold beef and tomatoes.

But not into repose. The explanation of the two score mackintoshes comes to fill up the interval of waiting. It is not culinary. From an outdoor floor, roofed and to-night enclosed in awnings, an orchestra—presumably of three men and nine instruments—breaks out suddenly. It only sounds culinary. There is a jazz orchestra and dancing. The music echoes the weather in its underlying monotony, not to say melancholy, and in its sudden introductions of unexpected tones and pitches seems to try to remedy it through variety; unsuccessfully. The mackintoshes unanimously rise. They have come to this doleful community centre preferring it to their still more doleful tents and bedrooms. They file out leaving the "Casino" empty of people and

full of sound, a large space both filled and surrounded by reverberating foxtrot.

The dance, in its customary three sections and its two applausive pauses, completes itself. The mackintoshes and our supper enter together.

The supper is rather as if an ordinary cold meal had been made into ices. The very butter chips disconsolately as we try to spread it on our rolls. Each seed in each tomato injects a separate chill. The waitress is unsympathetic, silently suggesting a righteous joy that we pay the penalty of our hardihood. We put on our coats halfway through, and so fortified outwardly, and by tea inwardly—hot tea so startlingly hot that in replying to our comments "she" offers to bring us iced tea if we don't like it—we get up and go.

A new dance begins as we move away. Before we have gone a hundred feet the mist has stopped it down to a solo on the drum.

II

A jutting bank of foliage shuts out the lights of the boathouse as our canoe rounds a bend. The mist would have done it in three seconds more anyway. The dark, reinforced by fog, winds about us and wraps us like black cotton wool. We slacken speed and feel our way as we go. The "Casino" drum follows us, but gets always fainter. By this and not by any sense of motion we know that we are passing down the lagoon.

As our eyes get accustomed to the dark we realize that it has its variations. Not solid, but heavy fold on fold less heavy, the mist drifts across the water. Sometimes a movement of air which we cannot feel, nor the leaves of the trees acknowledge, lifts it for a moment. At such times the water about us is no longer an opaque medium for floating canoes, but a green mirror shot with crimson. If we happen to be near to one of the lights on the bank, the mirror has a black frame where the bank throws its shadow, the light is an orange burr of a huge pussy willow still more furrily reflected in it. If there is a tree nearby a patch of its leaves stands out more sharply than the light itself, partly in relief, partly in silhouette; and under it, in bright relief, a space of trampled ground.

A further temporary lift—there is to be only one—shows us more distant trees, shadowy dancers motionless around a misty dancing-floor of green, mist-bordered.

The drum has stopped, or been lost, long ago—our first drum. Another takes its place. For the Island is a merry spot, distrustful of dreaming, however suitable the weather; and its merry-go-round is trying vigorously to ward off from visitors their probable depression. From our murky distance we imagine it deserted and think of animals whirling in a tungsten-lit void, riderless and lonely for riders. But we know we are wrong, though the notion is comforting. They have riders, just as the orchestra has dancers; and in spite of cold and damp their riders in the intervals through force of summer habit are drinking coca-cola.

A bridge passes over us. In the minute of increased darkness we can see the lagoon in front and behind as a burr of orange and black. The bridge goes, yet the dark does not seem brightened, only changed a little in colour. Another canoe comes suddenly abreast out of the fog and passes within a paddle's length. The people in it, in the second we can see them, look at us severely. Of course we might easily have run into them. In the measureless and solitary lagoon they seem stranger than natives of Tibet.

Someone has turned on the foghorn till now pleasantly silent, or, if not silent, shut off by trees and the fog it is meant to penetrate. Now its blast reaches us raucously, travels the round of the island, crosses to the opposite shore and returns. The custodian is catching up. The noise makes speech, absent before, now impossible. Each blast seems to stop our boat, its end to release it on its way. Between blasts and silence we move on.

III

The canoe tosses lightly as a series of swells meets it. The foghorn blast, fitful before and echoing, reaches us now direct, over a stretch of sandbanks and open water through a medium of mere mist and air. Again, by light whose source we cannot trace, we can see the folds of the mist moving slowly to and fro; see, too running to meet us, a light too subdued even for a glow, reaching far through the fog into the sky. Some distance off, sundry furry balls of light, like chubby caterpillars, move away from us and quickly disappear. They are the ferries, the cause of our tossing. We can see them no longer, but we can hear them—the thud of their slow paddles, and the chiming of their engine-room signals. Their swells have passed us. We can hear them breaking on the shore behind. They have left us to move, still wrapped in mist, on our level way.

We have no course to steer, except for the centre, as we judge it, of the towering brightness, and our progress, slow on the lagoon, we have to take on faith in the open water. The water is less opaque here, a clear medium like black air, and the orange mist both more infinite and less penetrable. We miss the unseen support of adjacent banks. In the vacancy we are not merely wrapped but held. Paddling steadily, we yet seem stationary as if moored; while around us, fortunately at a distance, move and chime and whistle, in pitches shrill and deep, the chubby caterpillars and the grumbling foghorn.

It ends with more tossing and with rolling too, as we meet converging ferry-wakes. The glow takes on fitful life as we approach the effective zone of the electric signs. The steamers still whistle and chime,

but not so acceptably as with distance between. Helped by the locomotive whistles, their whistles become shrieks, their bells confused with the locomotive bells become clangings and merge in the racket of the Esplanade. I look up and read in yellow letters bearing the caterpillar glow the flash "Dominion Tires are *Good* Tires". I put out my hand at the side and touch the wet, gritty boards of the landing.

ROBERT BEATTIE

The Insidious Letter

LIFE is not altogether an easy thing in these days. It is really open to serious doubt whether life is entirely worth living. Yet there seems to be nothing else to do. One is beset by such a swarm of these unpleasant mosquito-like words beginning with p. There is something sly and insidious, something subtly penetrating, about psycho-analysis, psychopathology, pleuropneumonia, dementia praecox, that even an average healthy-minded Philistine like one of Walt Whitman's cows, who does not lie awake in the dark and think about his sins, finds himself insensibly succumbing to mental valetudinarianism. Life has become a burden to me of late. First there were these abominable clinics. I was dragged in by an enthusiastic friend to assist at some of these unholy performances. As the inquisitors gloated over the symptoms of something which they described mysteriously as d.p., I shuddered, and went home to lie awake in the dark and watch for the signs of dementia praecox. My wife's letters lay in my pocket unposted for weeks. I forgot the anniversary of our wedding-day. I felt the insidious approach of the disease, and knew myself doomed to shriek out my life in a padded cell.

Then there came along this Freudian business. My friend, the Office-Boy, gave up smoking and became gloomy and absorbed. I discovered from slight hints which he let fall that he was searching for signs of baffled instincts and repressed desires. I found that the real key to these subterranean dangers lay in one's dreams. If you could catch a fleeting dream, and find an interpreter, a Joseph, who might expound it to you and reveal to you your dark forgotten past, then there was hope, you might be saved. But the trouble was that while my nights might be riotous with a wealth of dream imagery that would provide a dozen Josephs with overtime, the morning light found my mind in its usual state of healthy vacuity. I saw no hope of salvation.

But now another and more terrible p. has attacked me. Bolshevism is bold, blunt, blatant. There is nothing secret or insidious about the letter b. As a substantial property owner I felt safe from the inroads of any bolshevistic bug. But a new and horrible p. has begun to threaten me. It has put me off my putting completely. I cannot concentrate upon the ball. I am continually asking myself whether I am a victim of the latest disease of Potterism. Apparently it usually attacks comfortable, well-to-do, ordinary people. I am, it seems, of a Potterite diathesis. Its symptoms appear to include a dislike of what its discoverer calls "hard crisp facts". Its victims have a cheerful optimistic view of life. They talk about "the dear Queen". They read the novels of Harold Bell Wright and Ethel M. Dell. They follow the crowd, they support the Church and State, and are generally easy and agreeable to live with. All this has made me very uncomfortable. I cannot deny that I am always a little hazy about my score, or the length of my drive. Now the pleasure has wholly gone out of my game. Hard crisp facts sit on my bed-rail at night and gibber at me. I remember that the drive at the tenth hole did not really go into the river, and that I did not putt out at least five putts of six feet or so, and all the glow of pride at a putative score of 79 vanishes. A voice mockingly cries "Potterite", as I walk to church in my silk hat, and carry the plate round the crowded pews of St. Gabriel. I am attacked in my inmost fastnesses. I think I would submit to psycho-analysis, put up with dementia praecox, be cheerful under pleuropneumonia.

But this is too much. My mind is made up. Tomorrow, instead of playing golf in the afternoon which is so necessary for my health, I shall interview the member of parliament for my constituency. I shall put the whole matter before him and shall insist that at the very next session of Parliament he introduce a bill instructing the Minister of Education to remove from the language entirely and totally the letter p. and all combinations of that letter with sibilants or liquids. It is a bold move, but I feel sure that it will bring relief to thousands of innocent and respectable citizens. I shall urge that a strict censorship be established and that all persons found using or propagating this letter or such combinations of it as I have mentioned shall be deported at once as a menace to the State. I shall suggest that they be interned for life in Pennsylvania, Patagonia, or Prinkipo. Then I shall be able to enjoy golf and life once more.

P.S.—I saw the member, a most charming man. He agreed with me absolutely. He confided to me in strict secrecy that he had suffered in the same way for years, especially from Potterism. He promised to act upon my suggestion at once. We are going to play golf together next Monday.

THE GARGOYLE

CARLO

"The dog that saved the lives of over ninety persons in that recent wreck, by swimming with a line from the sinking vessel to the shore, well understood the importance as well as the risk of his mission."—*Extract from a Newfoundland paper.*

I SEE no use in not confessing—
To trace your breed would keep me guessing,
It would indeed an expert puzzle
To match such legs with jet-black muzzle;
To make a mongrel, as you know,
It takes some fifty types or so,
And nothing in your height or length,
In stand or colour, speed or strength,
Could make me see how any strain
Could come from mastiff, bull, or Dane.
But, were I given to speculating
On pedigrees in canine rating,
I'd wager this—not from your size,
Not merely from your human eyes,
But from the way you held that cable
Within those gleaming jaws of sable,
Leaped from the taffrail of the wreck
With ninety souls upon its deck,
And with your cunning dog-stroke tore
Your path unerring to the shore—
Yes, stake my life, the way you swam,
That somewhere in your line a dam,
Shaped to this hour by God's own hand,
Had mated with a Newfoundland.

They tell me, Carlo, that your kind
Has neither conscience, soul, nor mind;
That reason is a thing unknown
To such as dogs; to man alone
The spark divine—he may aspire
To climb to heaven or even higher,
But God has tied around the dog
The symbol of his fate, the clog.
Thus, I have heard some preachers say—
Wise men and good, in a sort o' way—
Proclaiming from the sacred box
(Quoting from Butler and John Knox)
How freedom and the moral law
God gave to man, because He saw
A way to draw a line at root
Between the human and the brute.
And you were classed with things like bats,
Parrots and sand-flies and dock-rats,
Serpents and toads that dwell in mud,
And other creatures with cold blood
That sightless crawl in slime, and sink.
Gadsooks! It makes me sick to think
That man must so exalt his race
By giving dogs a servile place,
Prate of his transcendentalism,
While you save men by mechanism;
And when I told them how you fought
The demons of the storm, and brought
That life-line from the wreck to shore,
And saved those ninety souls or more,
They argued with such confidence,—
'Twas instinct, nature, or blind sense.
A *man* could know when he would do it,
You did it and never knew it.

And so, old chap, by what they say,
You live and die and have your day,
Like any cat or mouse or weevil
That have no sense of good and evil,
(Though sheep and goats, when they have died,
The Good Book says are classified)
But you, being neuter, go to—well,
Neither to heaven nor to hell.

I'll not believe it, Carlo, I
Will fetch you with me when I die,
And standing up at Peter's wicket,
Will urge sound reasons for your ticket;
I'll show him your life-saving label,
And tell him all about that cable,
The storm along the shore, the wreck,
The ninety souls upon the deck,
How one by one they came along,
The young and old, the weak and strong,
Pale women sick and tempest-tossed,
With children given up for lost,
I'd tell him more, if he would ask it—
How they tied a baby in a basket,
While a young sailor picked and able
Moved out to steady it on the cable;
And if he needed more recital
To admit a mongrel without title,
I'd get down low upon my knees,
And swear before the Holy Keys,
That judging by the way you swam,
Somewhere within your line a dam
Formed for the job by God's own hand,
Had littered for a Newfoundland.

I feel quite sure that if I made him
Give ear to that, I could persuade him
To open up the Golden Gate
And let you in; but should he state
That from your legs and height and speed
He still had doubts about your breed,
And called my story of the cable,
"A cunningly devised fable",
Like other rumours that you've seen
In Second Peter, one, sixteen,
I'd tell him (saving his high station)
I scorned his small adjudication,
And, where life, love, and death atone,
I'd move your case up to the Throne.

E. J. PRATT

BOOK REVIEWS

The Rescue, by Joseph Conrad (J. M. Dent and Sons). There are some books which by a transient cleverness or rapid movement of adventure hold the reader's attention for a first reading, but on a second reading are dropped like uninteresting or undesirable acquaintances. There are several of Conrad's books that will hardly stand the test of a second reading. But after reading his latest book, "The Rescue," for the third time, it is borne in upon one, to use the ancient solemn Quaker phrase, that no greater novel has ever been written. He has called it 'A Romance of the Shallows.' But the shallows and the deeps lie close together. The shallows of Martin Travers' pigmy soul, of Shaw the fat and foolish mate, of the conventional world of European society, of Daman and Tengga, of the Carimata Sea, of the low lonely sandbank, fall away abruptly into the contrasting depths of passion, honour, faithfulness, despair, of a real world stripped of conventions, lit up by the lightning flashes of crisis, where Tom Lingard, Edith Travers, Hassim and Immada, Jaffir, play out the drama of a Rescue for which an unutterable price is paid.

One has a sense, in looking back over Conrad's literary achievement, of a blast furnace, a whitely glowing crucible, into which the material of human experience is thrown, to emerge in various strange and beautiful shapes, always significant, sometimes tantalizing, always with some element that teases the mind with a feeling that the perfection of the craftsman's vision has not yet been realized. Now at last out of the furnace has come a form of perfect and undying beauty. We are no longer at once attracted and repelled by Marlow's devious ways; no longer are we forced to travel backwards and forwards along the converging threads of the spider's web of Nostromo. With an unfaltering directness, a sureness, a divine inevitableness like the movement of fate, the story moves on its way, from its calm 'far-born prelude' to the final crash of dissolving elements. The final scene on the lonely sandbank between Lingard and Edith Travers is unapproachable. "The overhelming sense of immensity, of disturbing emptiness, which affects those who walk on the sands in the midst of the sea, intimidated Mrs. Travers. The world resembled a limitless flat shadow which was motionless and elusive. Then against the southern stars she saw a human form that isolated and lone appeared to be immense: the shape of a giant outlined amongst the constellations."

Conrad creates the illusion of this immensity throughout. As in a kind of breathless dream the figures, the central figures of the primeval man and woman, stripped of all shams and conventions, expand and seem to fill the heavens. There is too, an ease and certainty about the grouping of the lesser figures, no touch is missed, no stroke of insight wanting, nothing irrelevant, all superfluity burned away. Tom Lingard, King Tom, "the man ready for the obvious, no matter how startling, how terrible or menacing, yet defenceless as a child before the shadowy impulses of his own heart," is committed to a romantic enterprise involving the conquest of an Arab kingdom and its restoration to his friend Hassim. The work of years is complete, the final touch is about to be put to the enterprise when Mr. and Mrs. Travers and their friend, d'Alcacer, are stranded in their yacht at the very mudbank which guards the entrance to the scene of Lingard's enterprise. His impulse is to sacrifice the yacht and its inmates to his friends, Hassim and Immada. Then the disruptive influence of a passion for Mrs. Travers that sweeps him like a tropical storm forces him to destroy his life's work, to sacrifice his word pledged to his friends, in order to rescue Mrs. Travers and her husband from their situation. The plot is simple enough, but its execution, its classical severity and grandeur of outline, the perfect blending of sky, sea, sandbank, loneliness, terror, despair, into a tragedy that leaves one at the close, 'all calm and passion-spent,' these things can only be felt, they cannot be duly said. S.H.H.

Poems, 1901 to 1918, by Walter de la Mare (Constable, 2 vols.) *Collected Poems*, by Edward Thomas, with a foreword by Walter de la Mare (Selwyn and Blount). England has all sorts of poets today. It has Sassoon who has an objective passion for realism and it has Masefield whose realism is seldom uncoloured by temperament. They couldn't write like one another if they tried. W. H. Davies, John Freeman, and Edward Thomas are all nature poets but how different, one a moral immoralist, another a fallacious metaphysician, and the third an epicure in psychology. And so on down the list which it is easy to extend to thirty strong without including mere poetasters.

The present two whose works have been collected for the first time this fall would in any attempted grouping have to be placed fairly close to one another. As soon, however, as they are brought together the process of differentiation sets in. Those—and there are such—whom Edward Thomas quietly takes possession of will find it hard to attune themselves to de la Mare; those who feel the spell of de la Mare will feel that the other man is not writing poetry at all. And so on. But there will be more general agreement about de la Mare.

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written. Beside them Stevenson's verses are logical and sophisticated; they are "written down" to the child and the child is subtly aware of the fact after a time. *Peacock Pie* puts child and adult into a common imaginative world. The observation that

Whatever Miss T. eats
Turns into Miss T.

is appreciated by child and adult with fairly equal penetration. The same holds good, perchance, of visionary poems like "The Song of the Soldiers,"

As I sat musing, 'twas a host in dark array,
With their horses and their cannon wheeling onward to the fray,
Moving like a shadow to the fate the brave must dree,
And behind me roared the drums, rang the trumpets of the sea.

Of Edward Thomas no finer thing has been said than the following illogical sentence from the foreword. 'When, indeed Edward Thomas was killed in Flanders, a mirror of England was shattered of so pure and true a crystal that a clearer and tenderer reflection can be found no other where than in these poems; neither in "Clare and Cobbett, Morland and Crome," nor among the living, to whom he was devoted, in Hardy, Hudson, Doughty.' If it is found that his verses are a little stiff it must be remembered that they are the work of the last two or three years of his life, whereas his more expert friend has been practising his art for about twenty.

In any case they are both poets who will hold their place in those choicer anthologies where major and minor poets move on equal terms as child and adult do in the verses of one of them. B.F.

The Cross-Bearers of the Saguenay, by W. R. Harris, (Toronto, J. M. Dent and Sons). Dean Harris has in this volume performed a very real service to his Canadian fellow-citizens. While most of us bear from public school days in thrilled remembrance the heroic exploits of the Jesuit missionaries, yet our knowledge of the early efforts of these pioneers of civilization and of their predecessors, the Franciscans, is in most cases very fragmentary, and as unrelated as a childhood lightning-flash of memory. The Dean's account gives us the beginnings of this fascinating chapter in our history. We shall hope for a companion volume tracing the later phases of the work. The book is popular in style with the glamour of old discovery in the compelling description of the Saguenay's gloomy grandeur, and the romance, strange in Canada, of vanished greatness in the story of that Tadoussac, so well-known in the 16th, so forgotten in the 20th century. There is a wealth of information concerning the Indians, as seen through the eyes, not of Fennimore Coopers, but of men who lived whole years in the Indian encampments.

A Son of Courage, by Archie P. McKishnie (Toronto, Thomas Allen). The title of this story of old Ontario, with the scene laid in a rural community along the Lake Erie shore, is apt to mislead the reader. Billy Wilson deserves better of his author than to be thus advertised. It would embarrass him, as well as the other boys whose pranks and adventures play such a prominent and entertaining part in the book. There is a will mystery and an interesting set of circumstances surrounding the discovery of oil in the community, with the resultant attempts at crooked dealing. A very pretty love theme enters into the story. While there are some excellent delineations of character, the chief interest, as in most Canadian prose fiction, is in the action. It may be that Canada is too young yet to probe into the sterner problems of the battling soul. The bits of description are excellent. The author has conveyed the feeling of the Canadian out-of-doors, and few have done that.

The Trek of the Mounted, by Ralph S. Kendall (Toronto, S. B. Gundy). It was inevitable that, with the popular interest so strongly bent towards Western adventure stories, the R.N.W.M.P. should come in for a share of attention. The danger was that the proud traditions of that splendid force would be prostituted to the demands of hysterical sentimentalism. In this book, however, the story rings true, the "Mounty" tells his own tale. The author is an ex-Sergeant of the force, gifted with the knack of telling a thrilling story in a convincing way. The book is full of the delightful realism that is conveyed in the happy little touches, the familiarly inconsequential details that tell of long and loving acquaintance. It does not need to be impressionistic. Altogether, an exciting, well-told two-part story—without a woman in it.

The Chapbook, A Monthly Miscellany (London, The Poetry Bookshop). Have you, wandering homelessly about in your memory, some three or four lines of an old folk-lilt heard once or twice in boyhood, and cherished in these fragments? There was one such sung by a very rolling stone from "The States" to the accompaniment of the saw-filing in an Ontario portable saw-mill some twenty-five or thirty years ago, that was recovered when the September *Chapbook* arrived. This was because the September issue was an *Old Broadside Ballads* number. A glance at the contents of some preceding numbers—*Twenty-three New Poems by Contemporary Poets*, *Decoration in the Theatre*, *Some French Poets of Today*, *Rhymes for Children*, *Four Songs*, *Modern Prose Literature*, *A Critical Survey*, *A Bibliography of Modern Poetry*, *Some Contemporary American Poets*, *Aria da Capo; A play in one Act*,—gives some idea of the table set out by this attractively edited and excellently illustrated year-old magazine.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	July 1920	August 1920	Sept. 1920	Oct. 1920	Oct. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	292.9	274.4	254.5	242.1	250.0
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$26.92	$26.60	$26.38	.....	$22.93
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	108.4	107.9	108.1	107.5	.....
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securites[3] (Mitchell)	125.2	122.9	116.6	113.3	134.3

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE fall in wholesale prices continues, but on the whole more slowly. Wholesale prices appear now to have reached a lower level than that of a year ago; but the retail buyer has so far gained relatively little by the change.

How general has been the break on the world's wholesale markets is shown in the Ottawa LABOUR GAZETTE. Prices began to fall in Japan during March, in England during March and April, in France and Italy during May. In Australia no downward movement can clearly be discerned.

British forebodings of winter unemployment have been echoed in this country. The records compiled by the Employment Service of Canada are nevertheless reassuring. The close of the harvest must always involve a contraction in the demand for labour; but up to the middle of October it seems merely as if industry had paused awhile on the crest of a wave of activity. Unemployment has indeed been steadily growing in British Columbia; but if the general index of employment does not fall below 105 at the New Year, we may conclude with some confidence that Canada has absorbed her fresh supplies of labour during 1920.

Perhaps the most interesting occurrence of recent months has been the fall in wheat. The unsatisfied wheat shortage of Western Europe seems to have been about 45,000,000 bushels in 1919. On Sept. 2nd, 1920, the Canadian Trade Commissioner in London reported that British wheat requirements in the coming season would probably be about 3,000,000 bushels above the normal. At the same time, the Italian Ministry of Agriculture forecasted a decline from the 1919 level, of 13% in the wheat crop of Italy. But the continued fall in exchange had made it more difficult than ever for Europe to supply herself largely from North America. At the end of October 1919 the pound sterling stood in New York at $4.18; at the end of August 1920, when the very heavy wheat export began, it had fallen to $3.60; and is now still lower. In the same period the franc had fallen from 11½ to 7 cents; the lira from 9½ to 4½ cents. The cost of American wheat in New York on October 15th of this year is given by THE MARKET REPORTER at 36.52 francs, or 60.46 lira per bushel—sums that are almost startling.

Nevertheless, in four months from July to October, about 140,000,000 bushels were exported from the United States alone. This would have made under normal conditions for a strong market. But conditions were not normal. The average carry-over of wheat in the United States is about 80,000,000 bushels. But from 1919 the carry-over was more than 150,000,000 bushels. This was offset in part by an American wheat crop in the present season, which is said by THE MARKET REPORTER to be 30,000,000 bushels below normal. But it leaves an excessive supply in the United States of about 40,000,000 bushels; to which must be added a Canadian crop estimated by the Dominion Statistician to be more than 100,000,000 bushels in excess of last years' crop.

There is thus a surplus on this continent, which could not have been foreseen a year ago, about equal to the wheat exports of the last four months. And the result is reflected in the market.

Those who talk of a farmers' strike forget that the wheat price is a world price, and that the world's wheat crops ripen in continuous rotation. The holding of much North American wheat would leave it to compete in December with that of Australia, in January with that of New Zealand and Argentina, in February with that of India, in March with that of Egypt. At best it would take the form of a very large carry-over like the last.

What matters most is the effect of falling wheat prices on the purchasing power of the West. And here we fare better than the United States. The American supply is almost the same as that of last year; its money value to the farmer much less. But the present Canadian crop is so much larger than that of 1919, that the fall in price of the bushel is more than offset by the yield. From the crop report of the Dominion Statistician, it would appear that western wheat in 1920 is worth more to the farmer by about $75,000,000, than the crop of 1919.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. I. TORONTO, DECEMBER, 1920 No. 3

CHRISTMAS time has come again, but the approaching festival arouses far different reflections from those which it suggested before the war. The memory of four war Christmases is with us still. The guns have disappeared from Flanders fields, but the crosses, white and black, remain; the nations have ratified their treaties, but they are not at peace: most of our children will have food, clothes and good cheer in spite of the present depression in business, but millions of children throughout Central Europe and Russia, innocent victims of the catastrophe, will suffer and perhaps die from hunger and cold. Nor is their suffering due to the destruction of the world's productive powers. The forgiving earth has been bountiful: the granaries of North America are full and running over: and for hunger in Europe the acts of men alone are responsible. How immensely remote and unreal seem the days when Christmas bells chiming through frosty air suggested only thoughts of peace on earth, good will towards men: when each revolving year strengthened the bonds of international friendship: and when most men still believed, in their inmost hearts, the wisdom of the splendid, daring advice, "Love your enemies: do good to them that hate you . . . If thine enemy hunger, feed him!"—But did we really believe that?

THIS is an appeal for children—for the children of Central Europe. Time will restore their countries, but if we leave all to the work of time and economic forces, many will perish in the meantime and only a weakened and embittered generation will survive. Nowhere in the world can we find a more urgent duty to our neighbour: common humanity calls for our help. The spread of tuberculosis, rickets and starvation over the former European belligerent countries can be arrested by gifts from this continent, which is, of all parts of the world, the most able to offer them. For a year or more already, relief agencies have been at work with magnificent results in the saving of life. Nothing has done so much to lessen the bitterness caused by the war as the aid thus freely given to the children of our former enemies. We cannot ignore the present appeal for our contributions. The man or woman who lives without care, unmindful of the undeserved misery which he or she could relieve, who lives comfortably with the superfluities of life but does nothing to help the children who are suffering for lack of its necessities, is not a good citizen of the world. So far as international relations come within the ordinary person's sphere of action, such a one has failed in duty to his or her own country. Our table may be piled with Christmas delicacies: our children's stockings may be filled with the gifts of Santa Claus: the fire may sparkle cheerfully upon the hearth, while sleigh-bells jingle without: but unless we have given generously to relieve the need of the hungry children across the seas, there is a skeleton at the feast.

THE Federal Minister of Labour has committed another amazing indiscretion. But Senator Gideon Robertson is seldom regular. In the first place he accepted a Cabinet position without an appeal to the people. An undemocratic proceeding in any case, access to the treasury benches by the easy route of the Senate for a Minister of Labour is a device as absurd as it is pusillanimous. Then we had the famous pamphlet inserted in the *Labour Gazette*. A previously scientific publication thus was dragged into the slough of propaganda, and propaganda of a particularly silly kind. More recently, the Senator has returned to the paths of science. With the tariff commission he has been touring the country in order to discover what a scientific tariff really is. The commission had not yet completed its inquiry when the bye-election occurred in East Elgin. Important industries in Ontario were waiting for investigation. But Senator Robertson turned aside from the path of his enquiry, and stayed long enough to give an emphatic verdict at St. Thomas in favour of protection. Now that the verdict is given he is at leisure to consider the evidence in the case. The ease with which the part of judge was laid aside and resumed discredits alike the man and the commission.

EAST ELGIN leaves the riddle of Canadian public opinion still unanswered. It is rash to conclude that the doom of the fledgling National Liberal and Conservative Government has been sealed. While winning by a majority of 256 in a three-cornered contest the candidate of the United Farmers received only thirty per cent of the total possible vote and thirty-nine per cent of the actual

vote polled. Yet very few constituencies in Eastern Canada have a larger proportion of rural voters. Even in the townships the combined Liberal and Conservative vote (we shall be pardoned for simplifying the name) exceeded that of the farmer candidate, while in the town of Aylmer and the village of Port Stanley, Mr. McDermand's vote was 107 to 1,482 for his opponents. The result would seem to indicate,—if a close three cornered contest, pending a system of transferable votes, can indicate anything,—that a farmer government in Ottawa is hardly possible. The best that Mr. Crerar can hope for is to lead a hyphenated administration unless a wider appeal is made to urban voters or unless something happens in Quebec. But if East Elgin fails to justify elation among the farmers, it can bring only gloom to government circles. The presence in the riding of four cabinet ministers, a dozen members and a host of agents and speakers, even the second coming of the Premier himself, failed to instil fear of imminent national disruption into the breasts of more than twenty-seven per cent of the electors. The effect of frantic appeals from platform, bill-boards and press must be discouraging to these saviours of the social and political order. The largest section of the electors preferred to be numbered with the wreckers, while an even 2,000 chose the more innocent policies of the Liberals. With the tariff as the main issue, a riding which in 1911 rejected reciprocity by a majority of 394 has now given a verdict in favour of tariff reduction by a majority of 2,261. This is the significant fact of the election.

BY starving her industries and overworking her miners, Germany has succeeded in maintaining the coal deliveries agreed to at Spa. France however still manages to postpone the conference on indemnities that should have assembled at Geneva weeks ago; and meanwhile the situation in Germany grows worse. The miners demand nationalization and threaten a general strike; the military party dreams of another *putsch*; and from Bavaria, where General Ludendorff lives in by no means innocuous retirement, come persistent rumours of a plot to form an independent monarchy with Prince Rupprecht on the throne. That the French government, still hopeful of dismembering Germany, approves this movement is evidenced by the fact that, while all the rest of the population is being disarmed, the Bavarian Einwohnerwehr (the reactionary police formation whose demobilization was insisted on at Spa) is permitted to retain its rifles. It has been suggested that the French government seeks ultimately to unite Bavaria and the Rhine provinces under the same monarchy, and it is even said that Austria may be included. Such a proposal might indeed appeal to the clerical government now in power at Vienna, but it would certainly arouse the passionate opposition of the Austrian socialists who have already declared for union with republican Germany. None of these schemes seems likely to succeed; the worst of them is that they postpone the day of resettlement.

IN Hungary also the government of the French Republic reveals itself as the upholder of the legitimist principle, as witness the recurring proposals to restore the Habsburgs, or failing them some other unemployed royalty, to the throne of St. Stephen. Hungary is now so completely under French influence (her railways are in French hands, and her army, which exceeds by four times the figure permitted in the treaty, is equipped by France) that the Hungarian government would not dare to play so dangerous a game without the approval of its French masters. And here there seems to be a fair prospect of success. For many months Hungary has been in the grip of an atrocious reaction. White Guards composed, like the Black and Tans, of ex-officers, commit outrages in the streets of Budapest of the type that is becoming usual, and the government, probably secretly sympathizing, makes no attempt to control them. Only a few weeks ago Adolf Landau, a wholesale wine merchant, was kidnapped and held for ransom. His family appealed to the minister of justice, who replied "These cases are daily occurrences. I cannot interfere". A few days later it was announced that Landau had committed suicide. Subsequently it was proved that he had been beaten to death in his cell in the Kelenfoeld Barracks. In face of this terror the liberals of Hungary have become so disorganized that in all probability no body of public opinion would rally to oppose a restoration.

IN the hour of his downfall M. Venizelos has shown dignity and equanimity. That was to be expected; for M. Venizelos is a great man and his career has at least been cast in the mould of a great tradition. And because to-day it is nothing more than a tradition, he has chosen like his prototype Themistocles to seek sanctuary in a strange land. M. Venizelos calls himself a liberal; he is in fact the product of nineteenth century nationalism. His ideals are the ideals of Cavour; his methods, the methods of Bismarck. For him the voice of God is the voice, not of the people, but of that metaphysical abstraction, the nation-state; Greece, not the Greeks, has inspired his dreams. In other days M. Venizelos would have been hailed by his fellow-countrymen as one of the makers of the nation; to-day he is an exile. It is childish to talk of ingratitude; we are no longer living in the nineteenth century. The old gods are falling one by one; the last great survivor of the priestly caste is buried in the ruins; only the acolytes remain. In power M. Venizelos was at best a splendid anachronism: in defeat he is one of the really significant figures of our time.

THE peace that has been signed between Poland and Russia realizes many of the extravagant dreams of the Polish imperialists. The Soviet government in its anxiety to reach an agreement has relinquished thousands of square miles of territory to which Poland has no shadow of an ethnographic claim; and many hundreds of thousands, even millions, of Russian men and women thus become the unwilling subjects of the Polish state. Such an arrangement is worse than temporary; it is another obstacle to the ultimate pacification of Europe. But the situation in Russia demanded peace, even an illusive peace, at any price. The shadow of a famine, at least as terrible as the Chinese famine (of which for political reasons we hear far more) hangs over the land; and the scanty transport, now for many months monopolized by the army, had to be made available for the distribution of food. Moreover a trade agreement with England seemed to be out of the question as long as Poland chose to continue the war, and Wrangel, too, remained to be disposed of. So the Bolsheviks, who long ago discarded sentiment in favour of a genuine *real politik,* have paid Poland's price; and a second Brest Litovsk, with our Polish allies in the role of the sabre-rattling Prussian, is the result.

IN spite of recognition by France, in spite of re-inforcements and munitions, the much eulogized General Wrangel has at last gone the way of his predecessors, Generals Judenitch and Denikine, not to speak of Admiral Kotlchak. One would think that the group of English and French financiers and their Tsarist friends (including Mr. Winston Churchill) who have devised this very costly and very bloody method of destroying Bolshevism, would be somewhat discouraged. Apparently they are not; for a recent despatch announces that a new strong man (really more of a democrat after all, it appears, than General Baron von Wrangel) is even now engaged in rallying the scattered white forces. His name? That is prudently witheld; for the moment we must content ourselves with the assurance that the sacred cause is in capable hands. Surely it is high time that a stop was put to this sort of nonsense. The experience of the last eighteen months should have taught us that there are only two ways of destroying Bolshevism; one is by fighting it, not vicariously, but directly and with all the power at our command; the other is by leaving it to destroy itself. For certain obvious reasons the first course is out of the question; the second, if Bolshevism is really the incompetent tyranny of a minority that our newspapers tell us it is, should be perfectly efficacious. The simple truth is that the Soviet government as a government has thrived on Wrangel and his kind; each reactionary intrigue has served only to unite the wrteched people in its support. There is a story that Lenin, who, for an ogre, seems to be fond of his little joke, sent a message a few months ago to Mr. Winston Churchill expressing a desire to decorate him for his services in consolidating Bolshevik rule. Probably by this time he would be willing to add a clasp to the ribbon.

THE Conservation Committee of the City of Sarnia acquired valuable funds for the Red Cross during the war by the collection and sale of waste paper. At the close of the war the committee by an extremely happy inspiration decided to devote these funds to the cause of Canadian art. Accordingly about a year ago they invited an exhibition from Toronto which was held in the City Library and aroused considerable interest, Canadian pictures being a complete novelty in this as in practically all other Canadian cities. Not only was the exhibition a success, attended by individual purchases; the Committee further decided to commence buying for a permanent Canadian collection. They bought canvases by J. W. Beatty, H. S. Palmer, and A. Y. Jackson, all representative and the Jackson an unusually fine example. Their second annual exhibition is now being held. The people of Sarnia, adults and children, are enjoying the direct impact of Tom Thomson's masterpiece, "Chill November", and of a well chosen group of smaller pictures. Judging by appearances there can be nothing for it but an art gallery for Sarnia in the not distant future with a predominantly, perhaps exclusively, Canadian collection. If the Committee continues its good work in the spirit in which it has begun, art-lovers—and all tourists ask for art galleries whatever they ask for at home—will go to Sarnia to see the best Canadians as they go in Switzerland to Davos to see the Segantinis. The importance of what is happening in Sarnia is hard to exaggerate for those who care for things of the Canadian mind. As our reviewer in this issue says, "We seem to have the painters", and yet they have remained unknown hitherto to the country at large. Sarnia is the breach in the line. If it is followed, as it can hardly fail to be, by other small cities the credit of solving the problem of Canadian art for Canadians will go to the small cities and not to the big ones. Sarnia has been the first city to show that civic pride can be enlisted in this admirable cause. We can only say, "Go on and prosper".

[We regret that we omitted to state in our review in No. 1 of THE CANADIAN FORUM of G. H. Well's *Outline of History* that it is published by The Macmillan Company of Canada in two volumes.]

FRENCH IN THE SCHOOLS OF ONTARIO

THE question of the French language in Ontario seems to be a difficult one to handle. There was a time in the history of the Province when it was grappled with fairly and frankly, but no one seems willing in this generation to touch it except with the uncouth antics of a caricaturist or the passion of a fanatic. Yet it would seem to be in the interests of all concerned to face the facts. For the moment leave out of account that the French language is the cherished instrument of diplomacy, of science, and of the arts. It remains that in the Province of Ontario one-tenth of our population is of French origin, from forty to fifty thousand of our children are studying French, French is an official language of the Dominion and the mother tongue of one-third of our fellow-citizens, who are contributing in no mean degree to the prosperity and happiness of the nation. Under the circumstances the people of Ontario might well be pardoned for taking a very warm interest in the question that concerns their welfare so intimately.

Good old Father Ontario will reply at once, however, and with some heat that he is paying somebody else to look after that matter and that, as he has vested his eternal interests in his parson, and goes to church on Sunday to cash his religious debenture coupons, and to see that everything is all right, so he has handed over to the system the educational interests of his children. He has the same confidence in the system as he has in the church, and sends his children to school as many week days as possible in order that they may collect the educational interest on his investments. At this point, however, to everybody's confusion, in jumps the caricaturist, literary, political, religious, or social; and the greatest of these is the political, for he plays upon the passion of all the others and bedevils the general interest for the sake of a perverted personal gain. After that, it takes a strong man to save the situation. The Augean stables waited a long time for their cleanser; the educational mews of Ontario still expect their Heracles.

Too long in Ontario the French language question has been the victim of terrible *arrière-pensées*. Fanaticisms of all sorts have battened upon it, religious, racial, and educational, and politicians have fed upon these fanaticisms and lived by them. Yet this question, regarded rightly, has no place in politics at all. It is an educational question which concerns a mixed race to be sure, but which in itself has nothing to do with creed or with party or with race. It is a national question of the gravest import and it has been grossly mishandled. It can not be believed that were the people of the province once in full possession of the facts they would not demand for it an immediate and rational solution.

What is the question?

It is this. There are 600,000 children in Ontario attending our elementary and secondary schools. What part is French to play in their education? It does not matter that a certain number of these children are of French parentage and hear no English in their homes, the question remains the same. In the case of these children the question becomes complicated and acute because they must learn English. Everyone, including the French-speaking Canadian, accepts that statement. But this complication with all its possibilities of misunderstanding and friction imposes upon us the need for great sympathy and generosity so that the main purpose may be achieved, namely, the education of every child in the Province. Our ideals are the same whether we are of English speech or of French speech. The important point is so to train our children that as the demands of life meet them they will act with intelligence, honour and reverence. As one watches the development of our public life one may well ask whether our educational system has done what it might during the last twenty years to inspire youth with notions of right and generous conduct.

There are those who will say that the question is not quite so simple as that; so certainly will tortuous minds allow all sorts of side issues to confuse the simplest propositions. Perhaps the question would be more readily recognized if we said that it was a matter, first, of French as a subject of study in High Schools and Collegiate Institutes, and secondly, of French in bi-lingual schools, that is in schools where French is the language of a considerable proportion of the children. But this method of statement at once involves us in fog by bringing into play a set of terms that represents a system of which we desire to correct the imperfections and a conflict of ideals which it is desirable to harmonize. If the French language and literature have any value at all as a subject of study—and what sane man of English speech denies that after his native idiom the most valuable acquisition he can make is a knowledge of French—Ontario has incomparable advantages for the easy realization of a new educational ideal. The French-speaking Canadian possesses the qualities of his ancestral stock, its idealism, its emotionalism, its practical sense, and its devoutness. Nothing but good could come from an effort to understand him and to make the best of his great virtues for personal and national ends. For the purposes, then, of a common citizenship the question should be put in this way—what is to be the position of French in our schools?

The position of French in schools of French-speaking communities should not be difficult to settle in a spirit of justice and enlightenment. The English-speaking inhabitants of the Province of Quebec enjoy every liberty in the study of their own language and literature. Until thirty years ago the French-speaking people of Ontario were treated in the same spirit of fair play. The time is about ripe now for a return to earlier sanity. No right-thinking person desires to see the French-speaking child deprived of the possibility of obtaining an adequate training in his mother tongue. Every provision should be made for teaching him to write and speak French correctly. Ungenerous treatment in this respect must continue to create nothing but hard feeling. On the other hand generous treatment will stimulate and assist the child even in the study of English which, of course, must be insisted upon. It is not necessary nor advisable that French be driven out as English is brought in. More rapid progress will be made by studying the two languages side by side than by the study of either one alone. But neither pupil nor teacher should be hampered by petty or stupid regulations applied in a rigid and tyrannous manner. Let results speak and let room be left for some freedom of action in the production of such results. During the last decade regulations have been in force for the purpose of bringing uniformity into the situation. The result is greater confusion than ever existed before.

The truth is that there is no uniformity in the training of children in either English or French in the schools of French-speaking communities in the province. In spite of regulations the greatest diversity prevails. In many of these schools little or no training is given in English and in many of them the training in French is most inadequate. Strangest of all, in Ottawa, where an honest effort is being made, and successfully made, to comply with the spirit of the law, the law itself has been invoked to produce so scandalous a situation, that the school population may be said to be houseless, penniless, and renegade, altogether beyond the pale, and incapable of self help because of the paralysing effect of the law itself, which is thoroughly punitive without being corrective.

We are not concerned with the question of instruction merely. The qualification of teachers is also of prime importance. Here again is need for the exercise of the greatest wisdom. Many of these French children in the past could scarcely have received any training had it not been for the devotion and heroism of many teachers who are not completely qualified so far as certificates show qualification. A change in this respect should be brought about gradually. The standard required of teachers in French schools should eventually be made uniform with that required in English-speaking schools. And every teacher of inferior grade should be expected within a reasonable time to take advantage of the opportunities that would be offered to enable him to qualify under the higher standards.

But the large benefits possible from our unique position in Ontario would not accrue to our people without a change in the position of French in all the public schools so as to bring them in line with the suggested reforms in the public schools of French-speaking communities. Here one may be permitted to be brief. Provision should be made for the teaching of French in all our elementary schools. In the upper forms of these schools, children are at the proper age for the beginning of the study of language, and the introduction of such a provision would give an incalculable enrichment to their opportunities. At least it should be obligatory for the school board to provide for the teaching of French in any elementary school when requested to do so by a certain proportion of the rate-payers. Such a step would bring into the aridity of our present school system a breath of humanism that would change its aspect completely. It would have, in addition, the very practical value of furnishing some opportunity to the child to acquire a speaking knowledge of the language, at least by the time he had passed through a high school or a Collegiate Institute. With a long overdue rearrangement of the time-table, the ever improving teaching of French in our High Schools would be still further bettered and these schools would become more adequate to the needs of French as well as of English speaking children.

Sentiment in Ontario is undergoing a change. It is open to doubt whether the national mind of the people of the province was ever incorporated in our regulations concerning the teaching of French. It is unfortunately true that the mind of a certain section of our people is fairly well represented in our regulations. But the old truculence is passing away, the grip of old parties and of perverse opinion is loosened. The idea that the French in Canada are a minority without rights or even claim to consideration and, "Damn them, let them learn English if they want to be decent people," is giving place to a spirit of intelligence, understanding, and a desire for fair play. Ontario knows that Quebec has made use of opportunities which she herself has slighted. For a score of years Ontario has acted as if it felt few of the compulsions of culture, curiosity, or courtesy, with the result that it has enjoyed business while Quebec has enjoyed the virtues. The ultimate result, however, will be that Quebec will enjoy both the virtues and the business unless Ontario wakes up. That is the opinion to-day of many thoughtful and far-sighted citizens of the province. What, then, is our duty in this one matter of French in our schools? It is to readjust our regulations so that it will be possible for all children to receive an adequate training in English and French. The readjustment will embrace teachers' certificates, programmes of studies and time-table

arrangements, so that our motto will be realized of English for everybody, French for those who wish it.

J. S. WILL.

Proportional Representation and the Winnipeg Election

THERE has grown up in the popular mind a doctrine of the absolute right of a majority to rule. Mr. Balfour during the South African war told Mr. Lloyd George that he must take the consequences if he withstood the popular will. In other words minorities are disfranchised. But the truth is that security for the minority is of the essence of political freedom.

Recently another question has emerged. Representation of economic groups in the legislature has been declared to be un-British simply because it is unfamiliar. On the contrary it must be held that British parliamentary history starts with and proceeds by class representation.

Originally the Great Council, technically, at least, included those who sware direct allegiance to the king, but it soon proved too unwieldy. Selection became inevitable. The greater barons were still summoned personally to the King's Council, afterwards forming the House of Lords, and the remainder were left out. Exigencies of taxation, however, required the aid of the other classes, and so steps were taken to secure their "re-presentation". Writs were issued calling on county officers to "cause to come" certain knights of the shire "with the power of the community". Primarily they were summoned to represent freemen, but in fact they represented an economic group. Thus the smaller land owners were given representation as such. Similarly town authorities were called on to "cause to come" certain burgesses who would represent the commercial classes. Thus one class was left with its entire membership in the legislature while other classes were one by one vested with the right of being represented by selected persons by whose acts the community would be bound.

Two limitations developed. The one was the taking of legislative power from the bulk of the citizens, and this limitation is being overcome by the grant of Direct Legislation in the Initiative and the Referendum. The other was that with the growth of new conditions the legislature came to represent only certain classes of freemen while others were ignored. Recently a widening gulf has appeared between government and populace; and it is essential that every class of the people shall be assured that its interest and viewpoint is present, even if by re-presentation, in the legislature.

The members then, at first, were selected by county or town authority or other selected persons. Quite conceivably this might provide members who were more truly representative of the community than the selection made more or less secretly by the inner circle of the modern party caucus. But in 1832 Mr Disraeli warned the nation that it was about to exchange "representation without election for election without representation." Nineteenth century political history has partly verified this prediction, and the time has come to secure that the legislature as a whole shall represent the community as a whole by providing that due weight is given to each important class of the people. Either there must be adequate class representation or there will be class feud.

To meet this need political thinkers have been advocating for more than forty years the adoption of a different scheme of election. Prior to Gladstone's last Franchise Act minorities were specially assured of representation. One member resigned from the cabinet when this was abolished. Since that time the most serious men on both sides of British politics have accepted the principle and lately it was made the central feature of the agreed programme of the Speaker's Conference. Owing to the urgent need of a strong party majority at the last election Mr. Lloyd George repudiated this element of the agreement and despite the repeated protests of the Peers he induced a majority of the Commons to forego the arrangement. Proportional Representation is much more than a fad, and it may fairly claim that support is given to it just in proportion to the disinterested attention paid to the proposal.

Instead of describing the scheme in the abstract one may find a perfect example of its working in the recent election by the Winnipeg district of ten members of the legislature. The central feature of Proportional Representation is the abolition of one member constituencies, and the organization of electors into larger groups which will elect not less than five members, who are chosen by a process which ensures that the elected members will exactly represent the proportional strength of the various parties. This is secured by giving each elector one vote with the right to declare for whom it is to be counted in case his first preference has enough other votes to elect him. The result is that it is impossible for any considerable group to be without some member elected by its votes. No elector can say that he has "lost his vote" unless he belongs to a very small group and refuses to express a second choice.

In the case of Winnipeg the area was large enough to be assigned ten members. Liberals, Conservatives and Labor each placed ten candidates in the field. In addition there were eleven other candidates who, as the result proved, represented not many people beside their own friends. But the second choice of those who supported these candidates might be as influential as if the independent candidates had been

left off the ballot paper. The elector in each case marks his ballot by writing the figure 1 against the name of his first choice, 2 against the name of the person whom he would prefer if his first choice should be already elected, 3 for his third choice, and so on. The elector has no difficulty in voting. Indeed he is saved from many a dilemma which now confronts him.

But it is otherwise with the counting. This requires the aid of men who know the rules of the count, which however are simple and explicit. The first thing to do is to see that all the voting papers are thoroughly mixed so that a thousand papers picked from one part of the pile will be similar to a thousand from another part. The next thing is to count the ballots and record them according to the first choice marked on each. This count reveals the total number of ballots to be registered after deducting spoiled papers, and in Winnipeg the spoiled papers were but 1.7% of the whole. It also indicates the number of votes which are entitled to be represented by a member. Obviously this number will be the lowest number which could not be given to more than ten candidates. The total votes cast was 47,427. If this be divided by 11 it yields the quotient 4,311. If we add 1 to this we have a number which cannot be repeated eleven times in the total. Thus it was settled that any person receiving 4,312 votes should be declared elected. In reality this is precisely what we do now. If one person is to be elected we divide the total by 2—the next highest number to 1— and add 1 to the quotient.

On the first count it was found that Mr. F. J. Dixon had received over 11,000 votes, and the attorney general also had 58 votes above the 4,312. This was most interesting for, shortly before this, Mr. Dixon had been prosecuted for sedition; and it was interesting to note what was the real belief of the citizens of Winnipeg. As a matter of fact over eighty per cent of the total electors placed his name on their ballots in one place or another. And so the first count registered only two elections. But it revealed what the ultimate result would be. Since labor had 42.5 of the total votes cast it was certain that Labor would have not less than four members. The uncertain element lay in the personal choices. But already one fact stood clear. The body of organized opposition to organized labor which had called itself the "Citizens Committee" stood exposed as representing by no means the citizens as a whole, but at most a bare majority of them.

The count thus established that Mr. Dixon had received 7,000 votes more than was necessary, and therefore this surplus was distributed according to the indicated second choices. As one would expect this number when added to those recorded as a first choice for William Ivens elected him and still left a huge surplus to be distributed again. But neither this surplus nor the small one of the Attorney General was sufficiently great for any one candidate to elect him. Therefore the next stage was to eliminate from the bottom those candidates for whom there remained no possibility of election. However, their supporters did not lose their vote, for these ballots were distributed according to the recorded second choices.

So the counting proceeded, distributing surpluses from the elected, and distributing the second votes of the hopelessly defeated until four more had been elected. This left three still to be chosen, and at last the counters found themselves with but five candidates in the field. The lower names on the list were close enough, for only fifty votes separated Mr. Tupper of the distinguished Conservative family from Mr. R. B. Russell the distinguished strike leader now in prison. The element of uncertainty lay in the way the supporters of the independent candidates would bestow their second choices; but at length this was established and after nearly forty counts Mr. Tupper took third place and Mr. Russell was eliminated. Thus as the first count indicated there were four labor members, four for the liberals, and two conservatives. Even the fraction indicated by that 42.5 percentage was represented in the uncertainty to the end as to whether the last choice would be a second conservative or a fifth labor man.

Now it is clear that this method defends the independence of the elected member. The party caucus has no terror for him for he has simply to retain the confidence of forty-three hundred voters and his position is sure. The turn over at a general election will not give us landslides which represent no corresponding change in the popular mind, but will be exactly in proportion to the actual change in the relative strength of different groups. This secures continuity with elasticity. The best method of securing representation of all classes is just this plan of Proportional Representation. Democracy depends not on making one opinion as weighty as another but on the provision of means by which the manifold thought of the community can find group expression, reached by intimate inter-action of all elements. The present effort to prevent certain elements being heard could if successful only result in explosion and in the death of democracy. A democratic decision is not found in that voice which howls down a smaller number but in that voice which expresses the result of a co-operative effort at community thinking. Because Proportional Representation provides a method by which all groups and classes may as such enter into the political fellowship of the nation, and because by so doing we may eliminate the present policy of rendering voiceless minorities of opinion, the adoption of this plan appears to be the way of safety and conservative loyalty to the constitution. ERNEST THOMAS.

THE DRAWINGS REPRODUCED ABOVE ARE THE WORK OF FRED LAMORANDIERE, AN OJIBWAY INDIAN OF SEVENTY YEARS, WHO EARNS A LIVING AS A GUIDE AND TRAPPER, AND LIVES AT THE MOUTH OF THE FRENCH RIVER, GEORGIAN BAY. WE ARE INDEBTED TO MR. PAUL HAHN OF TORONTO WHO HAS SECURED PERMISSION TO REPRODUCE THEM.

A CANADIAN AT HARVARD

ALMOST the first headline that caught my eye as I opened up a newspaper on landing in Boston on the opening day of term bore these words, in the generous blackface in which the American press delights to express itself:

CALLS HARVARD A HOTBED OF BRITISH TORYISM

"This sounds reassuring," I murmured to myself as I proceeded to read the vivid report of a Friends of Irish Freedom Sunday meeting in Faneuil Hall, Boston's historic market and "Cradle of Liberty",—where an Irish priest, fresh from an English jail, had with wild and turgid invective denounced Harvard University as "stinking rotten with British propaganda," an institution "bought with British gold", its professors "hirelings of Lloyd George and his Tories".

When I had become sufficiently orientated at Cambridge to read the *Crimson*—the Harvard daily—I at once encountered fresh pro-British charges. A women graduate of a neighboring college, provoked by the *Crimson* editor's indignant reply to the Faneuil Hall ebullition, had written in the "Communications Column": "The cause of Ireland is almost exactly parallel to that of the American colonies, and it is hardly possible to talk against the one without being disloyal to the other. You, Mr. Editor, prove by your very attitude the truth of the charge that Harvard is indeed a hotbed of despicable British propaganda."

Whereupon an undergraduate, of Revolutionary descent, who had served "over there", made rejoinder the following day in these words: "I know that every day Americans return from England feeling that the English are the best friends that we have in the world.....I hope that unhyphenated Americans will not stand silently by and allow the Irish radicals to break this bond between Britain and America, that of language, traditions, and ideals".

This expression is fairly representative of the sentiment of the average Harvard man. Such is his attitude today in the most Irish city in the world, and in the self same university which British Tories had once called "a hotbed of sedition", and whose president had offered prayer for the revolutionary troops halted at its gates on their way to Bunker Hill. If Harvard is pro-British today it is not because it is un-American but because it is unprovincial. It is the pro-Britishism of understanding, not of partisanship. Being neither a state nor a denominational institution, Harvard draws not only its student body, but its faculty as well, from wide-ranging constituencies and classes. In the Graduate School of Arts and Sciences alone over 150 universities and colleges, including some twenty-five foreign institutions, are represented, while the members of its Faculty proper include graduates of fully half a hundred universities. This does not mean that Harvard is merely miscellaneous, as is the case, for instance, with Columbia, which simply collects under one name, but not in one spirit, vast and varied quotas of academic raw material. Harvard is not so much cosmopolitan as eclectic. Aiming less at bulk than at quality of fibre, it insists upon the bachelor's degree as a *sine qua non* of admission to all its professional schools—Medicine, Engineering, and Business Administration, as well as Arts, Law, and Divinity. Applications for admission are submitted to almost as searching individual consideration as recommendations for the higher degrees. This system, or rather this method,—for system is not a cherished term at Harvard—has resulted in bringing together not only a representative but a somewhat mature body of students, who are disposed to merge localisms and even nationalisms in the larger understanding.

In this sort of atmosphere prejudice is liable to wilt. And so, while Harvard neither forgets nor deprecates the part she played in 1775, the anti-British sentiment of those days has been profoundly modified by the historical perspective of a century and a half and by the logic of intellectual honesty. The transition is all the more significant because of the very fervent partisanship of Harvard in the Revolutionary struggle. Lying on the road from Boston to Bunker Hill, Lexington, and Concord, Cambridge was in the very centre of conflict. It was under the great elm that still stands outside the Harvard gates that Washington first took command of the Continental Army, and it was in the college building that his men were quartered. Harvard, indeed, occupied the place, on the revolutionary side, in the War of Independence, that Oxford filled, on the Royalist side, in the English Civil War, Puritanism finding its championship in the one, its defiance in the other. And yet Harvard and Oxford could agree very well today. For after all it was not the British but the German idea that the English colonists in America contested. Burke and Chatham and the more vulgar Wilkes were fighting at home the same thing against which Washington and Adams took up arms on this side of the Atlantic. It has taken a century and a half and a world war to make the people of the United States properly realize that. Harvard men perceived it earlier.

In spite of the events of 1775 Harvard has always had a more or less sentimental connection with England. For over half a century the only college

in the New World, it had its roots as well as its name in the Old Land. As the town in which it was founded was named in affectionate memory of the old university city in the Fen country from which New Boston's earliest colonists came, so Harvard itself preserves the name of the Cambridge clergyman who bequeathed his library and half his property to this first college on American soil. A university, so rooted, which has produced men of such broad sympathies as Longfellow, Holmes, Lowell, and Phillips Brooks; historians like Prescott, Parkman, and Motley; statesmen like Roosevelt and Choate; and lived under presidents like Eliot and Lowell, could not fail to appreciate all that is best in British institutions, and all the best that is common to Britons and Americans. President Lowell, as General Fayolle observed in his notable address at the Harvard Union recently, was one of the first of Americans to realize and to declare that the United States must align herself with England and France in Democracy's War.

Of all Britishers, however, a Canadian feels most at home at Harvard. For it has a Canadian tradition of its own. Until recent years no American university attracted so many Canadian students as the one where Parkman did so much to give Canada a historical consciousness. The connection between Harvard and the colleges of the Maritime Provinces has been both intimate and long-standing, but of recent years the other provinces have been increasingly represented, as testified by the rolls of the Canadian Club of Harvard. For there is a very conscious Canadian Club at the University, with an organic existence of three decades. For a time it also had a visible existence in a commodious clubhouse, but the dispersal of practically all its members with the call of the war-trumpet, made it necessary to surrender the building in 1915. The Club welcomes to its membership, not only Canadian-born students, but also those who are natives or former residents of other parts of the Empire. Its gatherings are of a social rather than of a formal discussional nature, except when it is addressed by distinguished British or Canadian speakers, or when it is invited to meet with the Canadian Club of Boston. Canadian members of the Faculty with their wives entertain the Club at their homes from time to time. Canadian students at Harvard have won considerably more than their proportionate quota of academic honours, and with the inclusion of such names as Sir Frederick Borden, Sir Charles Tupper, Sir George Perley, and W. L. Mackenzie King a veritable Cabinet tradition has been established among Canadian Harvard alumni.

It has long been the custom for Classes at their twenty-fifth Reunion to make an endowment to the University. In recent years these annual class donations have rarely amounted to less than $100,000. At the present time a vigorous effort is being made to complete an Endowment Fund of $15,250,000. At the opening of the present term nearly $12,500,000 had been underwritten, with sixty per cent of Harvard graduates on the subscription list. On the eve of the Harvard-Princeton football game twenty-nine classes, from '87 to '20, held simultaneous dinners at various Boston hotels and clubs, and planned at these reunions to realize the remainder of the Endowment Fund. One class reported that 239 out of 240 members resident in Massachusetts had subscribed, while the Class of '20 reported a clean 100 per cent.

In Canada the majority of our universities are, of course, provincial institutions. Even with those which were founded independently the tendency has been to supplement their revenues with state grants. In a new country in which, almost from the outset, education has been assumed as an affair of public rather than private responsibility, it is probable that the state university will prevail as the type of our institutions of higher learning. The Ryerson system has to all appearances prevailed over the Strachan idea.

While our provincial governments may be depended upon to maintain their respective universities it is almost inevitable that they should challenge and seek to discount every demand from university governors for new capital equipment and expanding functions. The politician is disposed to regard the university as of direct benefit to a very limited number of the electorate, and to estimate its claims proportionately. On the other hand there is arising in Canada an increasing number of men of endowment potentialities who are able to appreciate the ecomonic as well as the moral and social value of these great commonwealth universities. Along with these there is a still more rapidly increasing number of alumni who owe incomes as well as positions of influence to their publicly provided training in college professional schools. From these men, in whom lie the means, the understanding, and the obligation, the combined motives of public spirit, investment, and sentiment should call forth discriminating gifts and endowments to aid these barely supported universities of our young country. Canadian colleges are entitled to more Strathconas, Macdonalds, and Masseys. They are entitled, too, to a more loyal and united generosity from their sons and daughters than was evidenced at large, for instance, in the University of Toronto War Memorial Campaign. In these days why should not practical generosity and grateful loyalty combine in bestowing upon our great national institutions of culture and efficiency something of that spirit of devotion that enriched the classical temple and glorified the mediaeval cathedral?

H. S. Patten.

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

December Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollars for An Epitaph on the Board of Commerce, *in not more than 30 lines.*

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for A Letter of Advice to the next Canadian Novelist, *in not more than 800 words.*

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than December 20, 1920.

January Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollar for A Poem on the Burial of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, *of any length but not exceeding 50 lines.*

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for An Essay on Hobbies, *in not more than 800 words.*

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than January 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the M.S. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results of Competitions announced in November

A.—A Prize of five dollars for the best Limerick on Coal.

I have a friend who affirms that one writes most readily when one has a touch of fever. Whether or not we have to be thankful for the fact that grippe was prevalent in November, certain it is that the response to the November Competitions was gratifyingly large. But if the quantity of limericks submitted was satisfactory, the quality was distinctly disappointing. Perhaps ease is not conducive to masterpieces. The limericks were of two types, those in which 'hole' was rhymed with 'coal' and the rest of the limerick left to take care of itself, and those in which coal gained distinction as part of the contents of a cellar. Two limericks showed themselves free from these prevailing tendencies, a geological specimen, and another in simpler English. We print them below.

This product of age carboniferous
Is sold at a price that's too stiff for us,
So when wintry winds blow
'Neath the blankets we'll go
Or hike for some spot caloriferous.

W. M.

There once was a maid from Regina
Who to freezing could never resign her;
She put on all her wraps,
Mittens, bedsocks and caps,
Then she said, "I will marry a miner".

Winkle.

The prize goes to "C. D." who writes from a sanatarium where coal is apparently an unknown quantity. We print the limerick below.

The Prize Limerick

It's rather ironic a rôle
That you give me—to write about Coal,
When you know that I freeze
At thirteen degrees,
Still the thought it Exists warms my soul.

C. D.

B.—A Prize of five dollars for the best Essay on Coincidences, *in 800 words.*

For some reason this competition failed to bring a ready response from our readers. Whether they are nearly all heretics on the subject of coincidences or whether some greater attraction, such as Thurston or Pavlowa, happened to coincide with the appearance of the Competitions' Page, we are left to guess. Contributions were few and none of them were of prize rank. An illustrative story by "G. B." is worthy of mention, but just fails to be good enough for printing. His sketch is somewhat too rambling and colloquial to qualify it for a prize. We hope we will hear from him again.

The Business Manager of The Canadian Forum will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers.

It is also suggested that a year's subscription to The Canadian Forum would make a popular Christmas present, especially to Canadians resident abroad. The recent growth in the circulation of this magazine suggests that many people who have not yet seen it would be delighted to have it sent them.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

All communications should be addressed to The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

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AN OPEN LETTER

This poem, a welcome token of Mr. Bliss Carman's return to health, is printed here by courtesy of his friend, Mr. Peter McArthur.

I.

A COLD, a cough, and suddenly one day a gush of red,
Then the doctors tapped and listened, with very little said.
There are some things never mentioned, as we tacitly agree;
So they called it "an involvement," and I knew they meant T.B.
"But the clear-aired North will cure you. Pack up your kit, and go.
The cold will be your doctor, and your nurse will be the snow
There is virtue in the open; there is healing out-of-doors;
The great Physician makes his rounds along the forest floors."
So they shipped me in a sleeper, with a ticket for the North—
From the city of my hopes and dreams, and all I loved on earth.
I did not want a golden throne in any lonely star,
I only wanted to be left where loving people are.
I wanted just the smiles and hands that waved me out of sight,
As we slipped beyond the station, to the tunnel and the night.

II.

At dawn I saw the dying moon get up as we went by,
And the yellow autumn larches standing cold against the sky;
And a shanty in a clearing, all desolate and lone,
As if the chill of morning had struck it to the bone.
Then a line of split rail fences, a lift of rugged hills;
And so into the great North woods I took my puny ills.

III.

On a porch that faced the morning, in a blanket on a chair,
I came into my fortune as they left me lying there—
When Adam lay in Eden and looked upon the sky,
He was master of a leisure no more absolute than I.
Here was the earth—all bleak and bare—with winter coming on,
A grim untempting battle-field for a soul's Marathon.
This was the selfsame earth which gave the shining April flowers,
The thrush's flute at twilight, and the tranquil summer hours;
Now dour and taciturn and hard, yet standing by to aid
The dauntless spirit that must prove of what stuff it is made.
One lesson here was plain; that I must learn the final worth
Of good and ill, of weal and woe, as they are named on earth.

IV.

The mountains lay around me, like giants on the trail,
Whose strength was at my service, whose patience would not fail.
The Sun was my attendant to light my morning fire;
The Night brought in my candles; what more could one require?
And one great shining planet would come before the dawn,
Over the dark blue Eastern hills, to tell me night was gone.
I watched the silent sunrise come up, and melt and change
Through mauve and saffron glory as it flooded range on range,
And rimmed the purple valleys, and tipped the peaks with fire,
Till this world seemed no more desolate, but a Land of Hearts' Desire!
New life and warmth and beauty were born there in my sight,
And all the dimming corners of my heart were filled with light.

V.

I saw across a valley the autumn rains come down,
And sweep in solemn grandeur across the forest crown;

And I thought upon the valley where each man walks alone,
And all the trails run out and stop at the edge of the unknown.
But I did not dread solitude, nor find those vasts forlorn
With their enfolding silence, for I was Northern born.
The great unbroken wilderness was all a joy to see,
And the firs and pointed spruces were like old friends to me.
And when I heard the whisper of the snow begin to sing,
My heart went wild for gladness, as if it had been spring.
Out of the gray came whirling the legions of the air,
That dance upon the storm-wind and make the world more fair.
All night they wrought their witch-work until the morning glow,
When every bough was bending with blossoms of the snow.
Then slowly very slowly, I crept out to the wild,
With the rapture and the wonder and the footsteps of a child.

VI

There was a wild young river—where Robert Louis heard
The rapids brawling in the night, and with the stars conferred.
And black between its banks of snow it ran and murmured still,
And beside it ran the highway in the shelter of the hill.
There day by day and yard by yard I learned to walk again,
With the North Wind for my trainer. His ways were rough and plain,
But he stung me into courage, and put his heart in me,
While the silent spruces watched us and the river ran to see.
There in that snowy woodland under the mountain side,
The surge and lift of life came back like a returning tide.

VII.

Once when the thickening storm came down and shut the hills away,
I saw a vision in the wood—a host that showed the way.
They spoke no word; they were not real; but they were real to me;
And as I looked I saw—my friends, a smiling company;
All those who left me years ago to take the unknown trail,
And those I left but yesterday; and they all gave me hail,
With lighted eye and lifted hand, with wonted sign of cheer—
"The trail is good, good all the way, and there is naught to fear!"

VIII.

There was T. R., our hero, who crossed the Last Divide,
And left the world all leaderless when its great captain died.
Peter, the Sage of Ekfrid; Pirie, laird of the Glen;
Alan, a monarch of the air; and Eric, a prince of men;
Great Mathew, with his four-score years and royal heart of youth;
And Levi, old-school gentleman and lover of the truth;
Good Father John, hale, merry-souled, and straight as any reed,
Whose tender voice makes Scripture seem the word of God indeed.
And that tall soldier of St. George, whose heart's glow through the tan
Proclaims the captain of our faith a brother and a man;
Brave Dr. Frank and F. P. A., those humanest of seers,
Whose smiling wisdom helps us bear the fardel of the years.
Familiar, with the selfless smile St. Francis might have worn,
Came Rutger, strong with lifting his brothers overborne;
And there my fellowcraftsmen, the Authors, in a band,
Make haste to play their generous part, as those who understand;
Close to their ranks a patron and patriot of Yale,
True friend of letters and the land that is too proud to fail;
And hospitable Shepard, who loves the murmured rhyme—
The whisper from the soul of things mysterious and sublime.
Hark, Rudolph Ganz! I cannot tell which rings with finer joy,
The spell from your inspired hands or your radiance of a boy.

Joe, Louis, Willis, E. A. D., and Harry and B. J.;
Dillon and George, my brothers in love—my pals through Judgment Day;
Morton and Mitchell good to see, and my kinsmen Will and Ben,
Who keep the ancient covenant that binds the hearts of men;
And from the little country town where once I went unknown,
Were those who set me by their hearth and made me as their own;
The fine old man who stayed my heart with home-made talk and wine;
And those with whom I sat at meat or walked through rain and shine;
Billy, the music master—his genius free at last;
Great Reedy, no more troubled now—his final proof-sheets passed;
And Alfred, matchless playfellow, who helped me pitch my tent
Among wild roses and sweet grass, where we found heart's content;
Perry, my lad from overseas, with proffer of his best—
Grown from a kiddie on my knee to powers none had guessed.
And who are these with modest mien, yet aureoled with light,
Whose paths are like the gleaming trail of meteors through the night?
O'er pampering and ignorance lies their unresting way,
Bearing reprieve—the doctors come with cure for all dismay.

IX.

And women—Glory be to God, who looked upon his earth
When it was all but finished, and marked one lack of worth;
And gave it for full measure brimmed over, and above
All dream or understanding, the grace of woman's love!
God's happy thought for Eden, the sheer unmeasured good,
Incarnate faith and fondness, in beauty there they stood.

X.

High overhead within the storm there grew a wondrous scroll,
Inscribed in characters of light revealed as clouds unroll.
And Oh! the names, bright lists of those whom I had never known!
I want the hands that fit those names to hold within my own;
And see the light of brotherhood from all those faces shine,
Attesting their high lineage from Mercy, the divine.

XI.

The snowshoes of my boyhood I harnessed on with joy—
And with them the excitement and illusions of a boy.
With the creaking of the snowshoe came back the limber stride,
As I swung across the meadow and along the mountain side.
Gay shadows from the balsams stole out to walk with me—
Friendship and Hope and Joyousness—no other eyes could see.
Through the wilderness all sparkling and powdery with snow
We kept the pace together, as we kept it long ago,
Till beyond the bounds of exile, with new life to explore,
Aglow on a far-seeing height I stood—a man once more.

BLISS CARMAN.

The Adirondacks, 1919-20.

ENTER MARTIN LUTHER

On the afternoon of Sunday, the twenty-third day of the tenth month of the year of grace nineteen hundred and twenty, I was led by the good hand of Providence (and an advertisement in the daily press) to attend a meeting at which the hero of the Diet of Worms was to lecture on "The Reform of Modern Religion," The meeting was opened with prayer, delivered by Mr. Louis Benjamin, whose freedom of speech Godward was arresting even in this age of the "direct method".

Written questions of a non-personal character were then invited. These were to be answered by Mr. Elbert Hubbard, who would take up a temporary abode in the medium. Mr. Benjamin at once prepared to leave. Music was invoked. David skilfully played the devil out of Saul: a young lady, clad in red, skilfully played Mr. Hubbard into Mr. Benjamin. Encouraged by the strains of her violin, Mr. Benjamin submitted himself to the influence of some weird power, and soon gave unmistakable

evidence of the impending change. While the audience watched with tense interest, not unmingled with awe, the shoulders of the medium, who stood between two solitary lights, began to heave, his head was now jerked sideways, now thrown back, and heavy, sibilant sighs escaped his lips. Meantime the chairman, all unmoved, had sorted out a few questions; and, aware, whether by intuition or by reason of certain physical tokens, that Mr. Elbert Hubbard had arrived, put them to the medium. "How," ran one of them, "can there be so much pain in the world, if there is a God of love?" Mr. Hubbard betrayed no hesitation. The answer was easy: You see things quite differently from the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant); and, besides, every time a child is born, has not intense suffering to be borne? The explanation, I felt, would prove a great comfort to the mouse when mangled by the cat. It also occured to me that Mr. Hubbard might have availed himself of the opportunity to pay a graceful tribute to the sufferings of Mr. Benjamin.

Strongly as we realized that this was at once interesting and edifying, we were eagerly waiting for Martin Luther. And though, owing to delay in the opening of the meeting, he must have been kept in suspense, he came. Mr. Benjamin, suddenly returning to himself, had collapsed into a chair, but the lady of the violin—with something like cruelty, I thought—stept forward again; whereupon, exhibiting the same signs of physical distress as before, he made way for the reformer. I was disappointed at not hearing the translator of the Bible speak in his own tongue, but it had been explained at an earlier stage that beings of the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant) only think to one another. And certainly, as far as the substance of Luther's remarks was concerned, it mattered little that it came through the grammar, pronunciation, voice, and accent of Mr. Benjamin.

> "Sludge would introduce
> Milton composing baby rhymes, and Locke
> Reasoning in gibberish, Homer writing Greek
> In noughts and crosses, Asaph setting Psalms
> To crotchet and quaver",

but no such nonsense came through our medium. Luther spoke quite sensibly. True, I did miss something of the vigour and originality that reveal themselves even in the printed page, but I remembered the poems that Shakespeare sent recently to the American lady, and had to admit, with infinite regret, that life on any other plane than ours is detrimental to intellectual activity.

After referring to his Ninety-five Theses, Luther, speaking with Mr. Benjamin's loud voice, proclaimed that the corroding influence in modern religion was the faultiness of our economic system. "Who," he cried, "are the men you appoint to high position in the Church? The rich! Everyone knows that the poor man finds neither promotion nor welcome in your religious assemblies. . . . . . ."

Two friends I had with me, one a sculptor, the other a musician, and I, a teacher, felt that Martin's diatribe was beginning to touch us too closely; so, leaving our hard and narrow seats, we slipped away through the darkened hall. Questions of a personal nature being disallowed, I was unable to discover what arrangements had been made for Luther's attendance at the theatre, and whether it would be possible for him to speak simultaneously, on the same subject or on different subjects, at the Albert Hall in London, the Hippodrome in Paris, and St. Peter's in Rome.

I confess I was just a little disappointed that Sunday afternoon. No doubt Mr. Benjamin and his friends are doing their best for us, and one may readily believe that free communication with the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant) might heal our ecclesiastical divisions and put an end to war among the nations; but one must sorrowfully admit that in these days there is a marked falling-off in thaumaturgic ability. God forbid that anyone should cheat us, as Alexander, for example, cheated the people with his serpents! But could we not have something in the older style? It is not so very long since three women raised eight unborn kings, and in an earlier age the woman "that had a familiar spirit at Endor" had simply to say to her client: "Whom shall I bring up?" I desired greatly to see Luther, and, indeed, was haunted by the pleasing dread that his burly form might suddenly roll in from behind the dark-coloured curtains of the stage. I should like to get from his own lips further particulars of the Devil and the Inkwell, and to ask for an introduction to Catherine von Bora and the six little Luthers. And should the capacious urn ever shake me out a meeting with the reformer, be it on earth or on the Twentieth Plane (five hundred miles distant)—which God grant I may one day reach—I will ask him his candid opinion of Mr. Benjamin's inside.

D. Duff.

The Royal Canadian Academy

THE Royal Canadian Academy Exhibition this year is better than it has been for many years. The general standard of the work is high, there are, of course, "regrettable incidents", but they

are inevitable and there are an unusual number of pictures of real interest. As usual, the clear division of Canadian Art into "Portrait" and "Landscape" is noticeable. There are almost no strictly imaginative pictures and those there are are not very successful. The creative imagination of our painters has been turned to landscape and, in this field, is producing the most interesting work of the day, but one may be allowed to hope that some day a revolt will take place against the overwhelming importance of landscape in today's picture painting.

To come to the present exhibition, the official portrait is not always also a picture, but Mr. Varley's portrait of Mr. Chester D. Massey, from Hart House, not only looks a good portrait, but is a fine picture. Mr. Massey is comfortably seated, with the light coming slightly from behind, giving strong modelling to the features. The background is a shimmering yellow and the figure shows against it in silhouette. This gives a good monumental effect, so that the picture is not only pleasant from near at hand, but carries well even at the full length of the exhibition rooms. This is a very thorough work, well painted and of original quality.

Mr. Cullen is perennially fresh. His *Winter* shows what can be found in the Canadian woods and his *September Moon*, with its soft, deep colour, shows that Mr. Cullen is not a one-idea man. But Mr. Cullen has his place secure. His renderings of the winter woods, in greys and soft blacks, are full of imagination and mystery, and are backed by solid knowledge.

In *The Lake of Bays, Ontario*, Mr. Palmer has caught the suppressed colour of an evening after rain. This is one of the most successful landscapes in the exhibition. It is worthwhile comparing it with Mr. F. H. Johnston's large picture *Beaver Haunts*. Both are low in tone, both are Canadian lakes, both prefer richness to brightness of colour, both are good and quite different. If we include in our comparison Mr. Frank Carmichael's *An Autumn Hillside* with its strong contrasts of bright colour at the one extremity and Mr. Cullen's *Winter* at the other, we have a complete scale of ascending colour, a series of gradated interpretations from the same original theme. There is certainly abundant material in the Canadian woods.

Mr. Johnston's exhibits, in tempera have the sparkle of that medium. *Wild Cherry and Live Forever* is very attractive.

The so-called "advanced school" are well to the fore and the hanging committee have wisely hung a number of their works on the large wall facing the staircase where they can be seen at a little distance. These painters have an ideal which is not that of the older men, and to hang their works amongst those of the older men is cruel to both. It must always be the weakness of any general exhibition that the conflict of ideals is more apt to strike the casual observer than the quality of the ideals themselves. We are too apt to condemn one, or the other, if, for instance Mr. Arthur Lismer gets hung beside Mr. Bell-Smith.

As they are here hung, these boldly painted pictures can show their qualities much more easily than can similar pictures hung in the other rooms. The colour of this wall stands out in the Exhibition. Oh that the walls of some public building were available! Painting might here in Canada take its proper place as an art of Public Life, for we seem to have the painters.

The individual pictures are interesting. Mrs. Eva Brook Donly's two flowerpieces are quite minutely painted and very clever. Of Mr. Carmichael's *Autumn Hillside* mention has already been made. Miss McGillivray's *At the Edge of the Grove, Whitby* is good in tone and value. Mr. Arthur Lismer's *Rock and Water* is very, very bold, and Miss Mabel Lockerly's *In the Garden* has an interesting mediaeval quality. But all these painters seem to be in conflict with the old convention of the panel picture. They really should have fifty feet square to work on. Take, for instance, Mr. Jackson's *Winter, Georgian Bay*. A whole wall of this would be splendid. As a panel picture in a gold frame it is not satisfactory. The "advanced school" have not yet really got their chance.

But one question must be answered. Will any picture last which has so rough a surface as say Mr. Lismer's *Logging, Nova Scotia*? This is not a question of artistic merit, but of craftsmanship and of proper respect for our children. The paint in these pictures often stands up in sharp ridges of almost a quarter of an inch. This may give a quality of sparkle, but, as dirt accumulates in the crevices the effect will be lost. We are suffering for similar sins of our fathers. Every picture of the XIX century painted with bitumen is ruined today, and our painters have rightly abandoned bitumen. Are they not sinning in another direction today? It does seem that any picture intended to live beyond the walls of an exhibition should have a cleanable surface. This defect may be part of the unconscious quarrel with the small panel picture, a form imposed by past generations who painted more smothly and it is probable that the forced technique would vanish if the painter had to cover a large enough space. At present the paint is a little "out of scale".

Mr. Harry Britton's two large water colours, *Dutch Boats* and *Mild Weather*, are the only works in this medium that call for particular mention. They are hung amongst the oil paintings but quite hold their own. They are well handled, fresh and good in colour.

Mr. Herbert Raine shows a number of etchings and pencil sketches from the Province of Quebec. The etcher is still too much neglected here and Mr.

Raine is fighting in a good cause. His work advances steadily year by year. Mr. A. S. Carter's illumination is an example of an art even more neglected than etching. It is good in design, colour and craftsmanship if possibly a little archaistic. It is worth more attention than it is likely to get. Mr. F. S. Haines sends four aquatints, three in colour, which are interesting examples of a delicate process.

A special word of praise must be given to the hanging committee. This is the best hung Academy for many years.

RAMSAY TRAQUAIR

The Heretic

JEAN PATERSON, from the mature age of six years and nine months, with every intention of being kind, could not help conveying to Billy Watkins, who had only lived six years and five months in this wicked world, an overwhelming sense of his own immaturity and inexperience.

Billy admired Jean speechlessly. He said it with all-day suckers and other precious things. Jean was not fat and podgy and flaxen-haired. Her slim black-stockinged legs twinkled adorably. She had a slim black pig-tail with a red bow that whisked about enchantingly as she danced to school. Billy was square and solid, with two big freckles on his pudgy nose, and a slow reluctant smile.

But a cloud lay on Billy's horizon. He dreaded the approach of Christmas. The rift within the lute had opened last year when he had refused to accompany Jean to the annual ritual of the great Santa Claus procession that wound yearly up the sacred street from the great house of Cardwell. Jean's suspicions of his strict orthodoxy had been aroused, but a providential cold which had kept him from school for two days of first-class tobogganing weather had changed her suspicions into pity.

"Billy Watkins", said Jean, in the intervals of sucking one of Billy's weekly offerings, "will you come with me and see Santa Claus on Monday?"

The sword of Damocles had fallen. Billy stood dumb, shifting from foot to foot in mortal agony, fumbling unthinkingly with the chestnuts in his trouser pocket. Jean's voice took on a sharper note of expostulation as she repeated her question. Billy knew that his hour had come. He must confess his faith and pay the price. Slowly and stubbornly, as Jean pierced him for the third time with her insistence, he muttered, "That isn't the real Santa Claus, father says so".

Speechless with righteous horror Jean flashed her lightnings upon him. Then, "Billy Watkins, you're a wicked story! He *is* the really Santa Claus! I hate you. Here, take your horrid sucker!" and as Billy's hands remained glued in his pockets she cast the symbol of his deathless affection into the gutter and stamped, yes, stamped twice in holy rage.

That afternoon Jean walked home with Sidney Bloggs, who wore a velvet suit with white collar and cuffs, and put out her tongue, her lovely little pink tongue, at Billy as she passed him glowering dumbly.

On Monday Billy could hear the shouts of the enthusiastic devotees as the false Santa Claus passed up the streets, showering gifts upon his deluded votaries.

On Tuesday Billy took up his station at the corner of Wellington and Main to see the real Santa Claus, guaranteed genuine by his father's word, pass up from the rival establishment of Robinson's.

The crowd was smaller, the adherents of the true faith were a little remnant compared with the throngs that worshipped the false god, but their enthusiasm was sincere and undoubted. For a brief hectic moment Billy forgot his martyr's crown and shouted himself hoarse. Then just as the triumphal chariot passed, the eye of Santa Claus beamed upon him, upon him, Billy Watkins; the hand of Santa Claus waved unmistakably to him, and tossed a mysterious gift towards him. Billy forgot all the maternal injunctions to keep on the side-walk and dived for the parcel. Something hit him hard. He felt sick and dazed; he was lying on the street with a horrid pain in his leg, and someone was picking him up gently, while a throng of curious peering faces surrounded him. Then came sudden ecstasy. The ring broke and the very Santa Claus, for whose sake he had suffered so sorely, was holding him, carrying him, and whispering in a voice which seemed strangely familiar, "Billy, Billy-boy, say you're not hurt, it's daddy!" He tried to smile and then forgot about things in general.

He woke up in his own small bed. He couldn't move his leg, but otherwise he felt jolly. He had a sense of discovery, a general feeling of lightness. His mother opened the door, and said, "Billy, would you like to see a little girl who is very sorry for you?" Behind her Jean sidled shyly in and came up to his bed. She had a parcel in her hands. His mother slipped out again. Jean looked sideways at Billy. Billy looked straight at Jean and smiled his slow smile. Jean edged a little nearer the bed and put her parcel at the foot of it. Then she twisted her fingers and looked sideways at Billy again. Billy continued to smile invitingly.

"Billy," she began stumblingly, "I'm ever and ever so sorry." Then she dropped to a whisper, "Billy, it was, it was—all because you didn't believe in the real Santa Claus. He was real, I saw him, he gave me that, and I brought it for you, just to show." She broke off and waited. Billy said nothing, there was nothing to say, he only smiled. Then his mother came in and carried Jean off.

Billy lay and looked at the parcel she had left. He didn't want to open it. A glow of pity crept over him. He forgave her for walking home with Sidney Bloggs. How could she know what he knew? She couldn't help it. Billy lay still and hugged himself with the inward satisfaction of the true believer. He *knew* the real Santa Claus.

THE GARGOYLE.

BOOK REVIEWS

The Idea of Progress, by J. B. Bury (Macmillan). This latest work by Professor Bury, an inquiry into the "Origin and Growth" of the idea of progress, is historical rather than analytical. To its learning, its penetration, its high impartiality, were not the name of its author sufficient, its pages would bear ample witness. The appositeness of such an enquiry to-day needs no urging. For the past half century the varied currency of 'progress' has been as widespread and as widely accepted as Western Civilization itself. The war brought not merely to the philosophers but to all questionings as to whether there had not been an over issue of this currency; its value depreciated; its very basis was questioned. Examination of the way in which this currency of progress arose becomes as timely as examination of the coinage itself. No such attempt to describe the growth of the idea of the progress had ever been made before in English, and only recently in French. The latter is perhaps the more remarkable since it is inevitably and naturally French thought, in the main, though not solely, which has moulded and disseminated the idea.

Progress is not merely a western, it is also a modern concept. The idea of definite, or indefinite, future growth and advancement was alien to classical civilisations despite isolated references in Seneca or Lucretius. Nor did mediaevalism find a place for the idea. The escape from barbarism was too vivid, too near, was indeed too incomplete. The Providence of God had saved society but for the next world rather than for this. Nor did the earlier Renaissance, with one foot in the middle ages and its face turned towards Greece, conceive of it. Bodin, in the second half of the sixteenth century could argue that mankind had, on the whole, progressed up to his own day. But not until the next century, after Francis Bacon, still without belief in the unlimited development of mankind and believing himself to be living in the 'old age' of the world, had further freed thought from classical influences and—more important—taught that knowledge and scientific development were valuable because of their use to humanity, could a theory of progress be shaped. This was largely the work of Descartes. Scientific thought now freed from both Classical and Providential formulae could add the necessary foundation of a belief in the invariability of the laws of nature. To the reasoned belief that their own age was more 'advanced' than that of the Greeks and Romans was added a clear enunciation of the dogma that advancement would not cease, but would continue indefinitely. Not merely in knowledge, argues the Abbé St. Pierre, but also in happiness. The eighteenth century philosophers developed and elaborated the idea, drawing implication therefrom—e.g. that "The human race is what we wish to make it", by education and government human perfectibility can be attained. Rousseau may deny the fact of progress to his own day yet believed in the idea, and in fact helped largely to bring about the great experiment in progress at the end of the century. Condorcet whilst awaiting death under this experiment, could yet champion the cause of progress and proclaim his belief in "the advance of the human species towards truth and happiness," based on his view of past history and the influence of the equality which the Revolution was to bring.

The failure of the French Revolution to achieve the perfection of human society was, in general, far from discrediting a belief in progress. It rather set men searching for a "law" of progress which should give the belief a scientific basis, the work of St. Simon and Comte. History as popularised by Guizot and Buckle was subject to a general law of progress. Meanwhile the evidence of material progress following the Industrial Revolution, first in England and then in France, persuaded more than the writings of philosophers or historians. And the ills which accompanied that revolution provided matter for the new study of Sociology and for the Socialist to whom progress, even perfectibility were attainable by state organization and regulation: "The city of gold" was to him "situated just round the promontory."

The publication of Darwin's *Origin of Species* and the acceptance of the Theory of Evolution marked the last stage of the development of our idea of progress. It needed but the application of the theory to sociology and ethics to argue that, in Spencer's words, "The ultimate development of the ideal man is logically certain.......always towards perfection is the mighty movement". This was the optimistic view of evolution; it could be, and has been, interpreted in the opposite sense. Yet of its general and popular acceptance in the optimistic sense by the generation which followed Darwin there is no doubt. Progress and Civilisation—our civilisation—become synonymous terms; it was a comfortable doctrine for, on the whole, a comfortable world: it brought an elevating responsibility for posterity. But will it last? Dr. Bury, and he is of course not alone, is not so sure. We have escaped or emerged by the efforts of the rationalists and the growth of science from the illusion of finality to the "dogma" of Progress. "But if we accept the reasonings on which the dogma of Progress is based, must we not carry them to their full conclusion? In escaping from the illusion of finality, is it legitimate to exempt that dogma itself? Must it not, too, submit to its own

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negation of finality? Will not that process of change, for which Progress is the optimistic name, compel 'Progress' too to fall from the commanding position in which it is now, with apparent security, enthroned?"

R. F.

The Romantic, by May Sinclair (Macmillan). There are, out of "the monstrous regiment of women" whose prolific pens give birth to the yearly brood of novels that go to feed the all-devouring maw of an uncritical public, four names that stand out by themselves—May Sinclair, Ethel Sidgwick, Dorothy Richardson, and Rose Macaulay. To any of their work that appears we give the same serious attention that we give to a new novel by H. G. Wells, Joseph Conrad, Hugh Walpole, or Compton Mackenzie. They all have 'the innocent eye', they see things freshly. Their technique is original, even exciting. They have a power of psychological analysis possessed by hardly any save the best of our men novelists. Of the four, Miss Sinclair, with her philosopher's cloak, is most strongly attracted by the unusual, the abnormal, in mental life.

The day of the authoritative, ex-cathedra review is gone, long ago. Your modern reviewer can find sermons in stones and good in everything, and this is wise, because nowadays most reviewers write novels and most novelists write reviews. But now, with no novel of my own hanging in the offing, I am going to say quite frankly that I don't like Miss Sinclair's last novel, *The Romantic*. I doubt whether Mr. Chesterton would find it satisfactory as regards the Athanasian creed, and its utter lack of mediaeval leanings would not commend it to Mr. Belloc. But my own private quarrel is on quite other grounds. I am a romantic at heart. It is my private secret. John Trenchard, Lord Jim, Tom Lingard, of such is the Kingdom of Romance. They dream dreams, see visions, they know that you cannot touch a flower without troubling of a star. I sit in a corner in the dark and hug myself in silence in their company. I dream their dreams after them. Of course your Romantic always gives himself away, that is part of the game.

Now, I expected from the title that I was about to add another to my company. I was ready to forgive a shady past, to overlook much in the manner of his upbringing, if only he proved to be of the company.

It seems to me that Miss Sinclair has really laid herself open to an action for libel. Her 'Romantic' turns out to be nothing else but a degenerate, an unspeakably horrible degenerate. In the effort of the life-force, or what ever '*It*' may be called, to right the defect of this congenital degeneracy, John Conway, 'The Romantic', save the mark, commander of a Red Cross unit, commits the basest crimes and is finally shot in the back by the servant of a Belgian officer whom he is in the act of abandoning. Miss Sinclair's psychological analysis is as penetrating as ever, her descriptive style as crisp and trenchant as ever, but—but, the book is simply distasteful to me, with all its forcefulness. John Conway is artistically inadequate; I gladly abandon him to the psycho-therapists and forget him.

S. H. H.

The Conquering Hero, by John Murray Gibbon (S. B. Gundy, Toronto). In this somewhat hectic tale, the hero, Donald McDonald, late sergeant in the C.E.F. divides the interest with the far more romantic and striking figure of the Princess Stephanie Sobieska,—a movie star, but yet a real Princess, with a sad story in her past, and a great zeal for her dead husband's country, Poland. The story passes —not without tiresome digressions—from New Brunswick, where we see Donald as a guide, to New York whither he follows the Princess and her party to recover his D.C. medal, thence to his farm in a lovely British Columbia valley. Here our hero meets and woos his ideal maiden—"low-heeled shoes and her waist at least 33""—but the Princess comes on the scene again, rather overshadowing the younger heroine.

One could wish that the author had made more of his opportunity to dwell on the loveliness of the scenes where his story is laid. He has not the attitude of the real lover of out-of-doors, nor have his campers. "Sports" who demand alligator pears and caviare in a New Brunswick camp leave much to be desired. But we can forgive them this much more easily than their sneers at the flapjack and bacon diet sacred to these woods.

On the whole, this loosely-constructed narrative is certain to please the reader who prefers the main emphasis on incident rather than on characterization, and who likes an easy journalistic style.

L. T. R.

British History Chronologically Arranged, 55 B.C.—A.D. 1919. European History Chronologically Arranged A.D. 476—1920, by Arthur Hassall (The Macmillan Co. of Canada). The many who have found Mr. Hassall's *European History* a valuable tool in their working library will welcome the new edition, which brings the work up to 1920, and the very satisfactory companion arrangement of British History. One or two minor typographical errors have crept into the latter, such as one on page 37 which places the Battle of Brunanbu.h in 637 instead of 937, but on the whole, the careful character of all Mr. Hassall's work is maintained. The arrangement in parallel columns is very useful and the summaries appended are discriminatingly chosen. The explanatory notes reveal the experienced teacher. These are frankly chronological handbooks, but they are not merely so.

J. R

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The Rise of Co-operation in Canada

To the Editor of the CANADIAN FORUM,

Dear Sir:—

The very interesting and important subject of Co-operation in Canada dealt with in the article by Mr. C. B. Sissons in your first number prompts me, as one who has followed the movement carefully for some years, to offer a few observations with regard to the history of its development in the Dominion.

It is a little unfortunate that the author should give the inpression, whether it was his intention to do so or not, that the co-operative movement should have started with the foundation of the Sydney Mines Co-operative Association in 1905. As a matter of fact the first association was formed in 1861 at Stellarton, in Nova Scotia, and to this day the Union Co-operative Association is in existence and prospering. Between that date and 1900 ten co-operative associations were formed in Nova Scotia, one in Quebec and four in Ontario, to say nothing of the numerous little stores started by the Patrons of Husbandry and the Patrons of Industry. Of all these the Stellarton Association is the sole survivor. There are, really, two distinct periods of co-operative activity in Canada, the earlier which had practically died away by the beginning of the present century, and the later which coincides with the founding of the Co-operative Union of Canada, and owes its inception in very large measure if not wholly to the unwearying efforts of Mr. George Keen of Brantford.

The fact is, and we must face the situation frankly, the co-operative system, generally named after the famous Rochdale example, is not altogether suited to the native Canadian genius, and finds its support almost entirely in English immigrants who brought their faith with them from the old land. It is an interesting reflection that every country works out its own phase of co-operative effort. The Englishman and the Scot excel in the co-operative retail association, the German in the co-operative credit association, and the Canadian and American in the farmer's co-operative elevator and selling association. It is very questionable if the Rochdale system is suited to the Canadian temperament; the wrecks of little co-operative societies which strew the Dominion from coast to coast seem to suggest unmistakably that it is not. The Canadian must advance along the lines best suited to his genius, and the notable success of the farmers' associations indicates that in them lies the distinctively Canadian and American contribution to the principles of co-operation.

It is also very doubtful indeed if the co-operative lending societies inaugurated by M. Alphonse Desjardines have any great future outside the Province of Quebec or the French speaking districts of Ontario. Their spirit is eminently suited to the French-Canadian temperament, and as Mr. Sissons very truly says, they are doing most admirable work in the Province of Quebec.

I do not wish to appear pessimistic or to disparage the self-sacrificing efforts of such notable co-operators as Mr. John Mitchell of Stellarton, Mr. Carter of Guelph or of my very respected friends Mr. Keen of Brantford and M. Desjardins. But we must be careful not to force a movement which is by its nature unsuited to Canadian conditions in general. Many of the little societies have done most excellent work, and are still doing it. Several of the Nova Scotian associations were in business for many years and were a great boon to their members, as are their successors to the present day.

In conclusion permit me to make two slight corrections. M. Desjardins founded his first Caisse Populaire at Levis in 1900, not in 1890 as the article states. The largest store in Canada at the present time in not that at Sydney Mines but the Workmen's Co-operative Association at Nanaimo, B.C. I may perhaps usefully add that the early history of the Co-operative movement in Canada is to be found outlined briefly in Bulletin 18 of the Department of Political and Economic Science of Queen's University.

Yours truly,

McMaster University, H. MICHELL.
Toronto.

[While appreciating the criticism of Mr. Michell, a recognized authority on co-operation, I am still unrepentant.

There was really nothing in my article to suggest that I regarded the co-operation movement in Canada as having commenced with the foundation of the Sydney Mines Association. The plan, as definitely stated, was to give a "fair idea of the spread of the movement by three sketches of different co-operative societies". Sydney Mines afforded an example of co-operation applied successfully to retail business; the Levis bank served to illustrate successful co-operative banking, while the Brant Farmers' Society was one of a considerable number of prosperous co-operative organizations buying farm supplies and selling farm produce. I might have given a detailed historical account of the early struggles and frequent failures of co-operative enterprises, replete with dates and

figures, but chose not to do so. Too often our generation asks for bread and receives statistics.

Mr. Michell warns against forcing the movement. No one will dispute the wisdom of a policy of caution. But he goes further, and expresses grave doubts as to whether the Rochdale system is suited to the Canadian temperament. Later he uses a safer phrase when he speaks of the movement as "by nature unsuited to Canadian conditions in general". I hesitate to quarrel with Mr. Michell so long as he keeps to economics, but when he digresses into psychology and speaks of temperaments in general and a specific Canadian temperament I will not walk with him. The explanation of past failures, I submit, must be sought not in the mysterious realm of temperament but in such patent conditions as a heterogenous and constantly shifting population in our urban centres and the fact that in a new country people are allured by speculative profits and overlook small savings. Or to quote from Mr. Michell's article on the People's Banks in the Province of Quebec appearing in 1914 in the Economic Review "perhaps men were too busy each trying to gain his own ends as quickly as possible". However, nothing is more characteristic of the pioneer life of this country than neighborliness, and co-operation is merely organized community spirit.

I thank Mr. Michell for calling attention to an error of date. It was in December 1900 that M. Desjardins organized the first People's Bank. Earlier in my article it was stated that this was twenty years ago. M. Desjardins lived to see his experiment a great success, and died twenty years, less a month, after it was launched. Statistics published by the Co-operative Union places the sales of the Sydney Mines Society for the Year 1919 at $1,011,007.87, and those of the Workman's Co-operative Association of Nanaimo at $62,823.48. C. B. Sissons.]

Domestic Discontent

To the Editor of The Canadian Forum;
Sir:

The article on "Domestic Discontent" which appeared in the November number of The Canadian Forum I read with much interest, a little sympathy and some amusement. I don't wish to pose as one who has solved the domestic problem, but I do believe that "meaningless routine becomes a joyous rite" when we realize that the result of all our work is the making of a happy home and the bringing up of healthy, happy children. Making a home and bringing up a family is bound to involve a great deal of thought and work which may be monotonous, and will leave little leisure for a house-wife—but what are we out for? To live for ourselves, or to live for others? The making of a home and all the necessary work it involves is more important than pursuing our intellectual desires—and the work *is* necessary, because the average man cannot afford to have the laundry and sewing done outside—and supposing he *could* afford to buy most of his food ready cooked it would probably not be so nourishing as good food well cooked at home. It is better to make a good, plain pudding at home, than buy one from the bakery and spend the time saved in reading.

To live in "The world of books and music and friendship" would be delightful and could easily be accomplished if one were single—but a home and husband and children demand a great deal of one's time, and the delightful world of books etc. must be relegated to a secondary place . . . . . .it is all a question of values.

Domestic problems have been partially solved by early rising, thinking ahead, and being methodical—it is surprising how one can find time for reading and friendly visits, if one is methodical in one's work. A house-wife and mother *must* live a self-sacrificing life—and even if some of the really unnecessary work is cut out most of her time must be given to home and family. We must hold things in the right proportion—home duties must take up most of a house-wife's time—intellectual pursuits, delightful as they are, must not be allowed to interfere with our domestic duties.

Yes, all women, educated and also uneducated, may follow the Great Reformer, Christ, who "pleased not Himself".

Yours truly,

House-Wife.

[No doubt there will be wide difference of opinion as to the best means of making home-life healthy and happy. The starting point in the discussion was the present situation produced by (1) women better educated than ever before, (2) domestic help scarcer and more expensive than ever before. There is a dilemma here which it is better to face than to shun. The problem cannot be solved by ignoring the fact that interests and powers have been developed in women such as demand continued exercise, if there is to be serenity of mind. If self-sacrifice is the whole story for women, it is better not to open for them the doors of a mental life which, it must be confessed, exists for its own inherent value. If the education of women is a good thing, then it is worth while to consider how domestic life can be ordered so as to make it easier for women to be serene in mind. The atrophy of vital interests is a loss not only to the woman herself but to her home and to the community, and cannot be upheld as an ideal. I entirely agree with Housewife that the margin of time left for such interests can never become more than a margin. But that only increases the urgency of making the very most of it, and even of stealing a little extra from the jam. M. A. F.]

TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	August 1920	Sept. 1920	Oct. 1920	Nov. 1920	Nov. 1919
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	274.4	254.5	242.1	233.1	257.1
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$26.60	$26.38	$26.46	.....	$22.99
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	107.9	108.1	107.5	104.3	.....
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	122.9	116.6	113.3	108.4	134.5

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

NOVEMBER has been the most serious month for the people of Canada since the fall in prices began last June. The figures for the middle of November show a contraction in employment of more than 3% during the previous month and will probably be followed by a further contraction in December.

How widespread unemployment is at present, we do not know. We have no returns from Trade Unions later than the September figures. The percentage of organized workers unemployed in all Canada at the end of September 1920 was 3.25—a comparatively small one. But there was serious local unemployment in certain industries and places. In British Columbia one-seventh of the organized workers in the metal trades were out of work. In Ontario almost a quarter of the organized glass bottle blowers were unemployed, and more than a quarter of organized workers in the leather trades. The returns from Quebec showed the most serious condition of all, and indicated that half the organized clothing workers of that province were also idle.

Uppermost in the minds of business men is the question, How long can the present situation last?

It is one which in varying degrees is constantly repeating itself. But the present fall is almost without precedent. Professor Michell estimates that in the six months between May and November, wholesale prices declined here by nearly 22%. This compares as follows with the price movement in Canada, the United Kingdom and the United States during two previous depressions. The years 1893 and 1907 have been taken as bases for comparison.

	Canada (Dept. of Labour)	United Kingdom (Economist)	United States (Bradstreet's)
1893	100.0	100.0	100.0
1894	93.5	94.2	89.1
1895	92.9	91.0	85.8
1896	87.1	88.2	78.8
1907	100.0	100.0	100.0
1908	95.7	97.3	90.0
1909	96.5	98.5	95.7
1910	98.4	102.9	101.0

In no case was the initial break in wholesale prices comparable with that of 1920: but even after 1893 and 1907, recovery was slow. In the former case prices continued for four years to decline. It is clear that though there may be a temporary recovery in wholesale prices we have no warrant for supposing that a permanent recovery is at hand. Business men generally must face the prospect of an unsteady downward sag of prices for a considerable time.

Why has the decline been so rapid?

A complicating condition of to-day is inflation of the world's currency. For the true parallel to this we must go back far beyond 1893. The present state is more likely to resemble conditions in the United States after the Civil War and in the United Kingdom after Waterloo.

The Aldrich Report has measured the fluctuations after 1865, which is here taken as a base.

	Wholesale Prices: United States
1865	100.0
1866	88.1
1867	79.9
1868	74.0

During the Napoleonic Wars prices reached their maximum in 1809, and declined till 1815. The rise after 1815 closely resembles that which followed the Armistice two years ago. Reaction came and the course of prices was as follows:

	Wholesale Prices: United Kingdom (Jevons)
1818	100.0
1819	85.0
1820	78.2
1821	71.4

Only the barest hints can be gleaned from this look backwards. We may meet with better luck than our forbears under similar conditions. But only those who face facts squarely can claim to have deserved it.

G. E. Jackson

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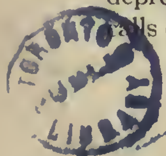
THERE can be no graver mistake for any country than that of professionalizing politics, of making the study of public questions the interest and business of a few people. The happiness and ultimately even the safety of any commonwealth requires an active and reasonably intelligent interest on the part of all citizens in public affairs. Such a truth may appear axiomatic, but recently in Canada two events have occurred which show the need of clearer thinking on the fundamental duties and privileges of citizenship. Mr. D. B. Hanna, as responsible for our socialized railway system, has issued an edict forbidding employees, on pain of dismissal, to present themselves as candidates for parliament. He points out that under the old Canadian Northern management there was a clear understanding that "any officer or employee identifying himself with any party and seeking parliamentary honours" (he says nothing of parliamentary favours) "automatically severed his connection with the company, and that this same practice has been extended under the present Board of Directors". *The Toronto Globe* applies the same doctrine to another business which we have socialized, namely education. President Reynolds of the Ontario Agricultural College is taken to task for making a speech urging farmers to take an interest in public questions, as citizens rather than as members of a class, and to refuse to be victimized and befooled by the man who advises them to attend to their business as producers and leave matters of trade and politics to wiser heads. Mr. Hanna and *The Globe* are looking through the same spectacles. They see the person who receives his pay more or less directly from the state as an employee. If the extension of the principle of state ownership is going to involve an increase in the number of those who surrender their obligations of citizenship, we may well dispute the wisdom of such extension. Certainly few Canadians would wish to entrust the education of their sons to men who are condemned to have no political opinions or to keep such opinions as they may have securely within their own breasts. It will be time enough to dismiss or to censure when an interest in public affairs is shown to interfere with performance of duty or when usefulness in the community is destroyed by the expression of stupid, intolerant or pernicious views.

ALL eyes in Canada are turned to the new third party. The opinion is now fairly widespread that after the general elections it will dominate Parliament. Consequently the recent Winnipeg address by Mr. T. A. Crerar on the occasion of his formal appointment as leader of the Farmer's Party is important as a statement of the kind of government we may look forward to. Perhaps the outstanding points were Mr. Crerar's references to the tariff and to foreign policy. His statements on the tariff were moderate, and in accordance with his view that when elected to parliament a man's duty lies largely to the people who elect him but in a larger and in a more complete sense to the whole people of Canada. He declared his belief in the New National Policy which aims at developing the great natural industries of Canada and at encouraging rather than restricting foreign trade. "Our eyes are set", he said, "on the eventual elimination of the protective tariff as a principle of the fiscal policy of the nation, but we propose reaching our goal by stages. We propose giving time to all legitimate industries to adjust themselves to the new order which we would bring about". Mr. Crerar's robust faith is not confined to industry. He believes that we have an important part to play in world politics; that our particular work lies in "forming the link between the British League of Nations on the one hand and the great federation of the United States on the other". For this service to the world he advocates development along the lines of most complete autonomy in order that we may respect ourselves and have the respect of others. Self-reliance is the keynote of the address.

MR. DRURY'S presence on the same platform with Mr. Crerar emphasized the fact that the Farmer's Movement has evolved from the class stage. From the time of his elevation the Ontario premier has not ceased to advocate a wider appeal for the cause of the farmers. Recently he suggested that the new third party might be named the People's Progressive Party. All the leaders of the

United Farmers of Ontario, however, do not agree with him. Their view is that success will be attained only as farmers depend on themselves, that the strength of their cause lies in the very fact that it does not compromise. But while hostile to the old political parties, they are friendly enough to Labour, and are even now co-operating in business, and to a degree in politics, with the Labour organizations. But such an arrangement is simply regarded as an alliance of convenience. Mr. Drury's view is that the farmer's interest can be shown to be quite consistent with that of the city man. In matters which fall within the control of his government he has attempted, not without success, to establish identity of interest. The issue between himself and those within the movement who differ from him appears to be simply this, that he considers compromise desirable before elections while they, without the trying experiences of a coalition prime minister, favour compromise after elections.

THE suggestion of Mr. Lloyd George that relief from the unemployment situation in the British Isles may well be sought in emigration to outlying parts of the Empire has not met with an enthusiastic reception from Canadians. Possibly it may not have been meant to apply to Canada, but rather to some of the territory recently accepted by mandate or occupied by certain of Kipling's "lesser breeds". Certainly Mr. George would not be so rash as to fill subsidized ships with out-of-works and steer them toward Canada without consulting Canadian authorities. Evidently, however, judging by their letters to *The Times*, Sir George Foster and Mr. Rowell, our plenipotentiaries at Geneva, were not consulted about the speech. The incident raises the whole question of a rational immigration policy. For the present we are simply falling back on the ancient policy of twenty-five years ago and calling for farmers, farm-labourers and domestic servants. Yet it is recent immigrants, presumably from these classes, who are now thronging our employment bureaux. The facts must be squarely faced by the authorities if we are going to avoid the mistakes of the past, and these are the facts, or some of them. The ordinary British immigrant without considerable capital cannot hope to succeed for many years as a Canadian farmer. The ordinary British labourer is likely to be worth a little less or a little more than his keep while he is learning the varied tasks of Canadian farming; and the ordinary labourer's wife is not content with the want of social amusements in rural parts of Canada. Only in good times can this country successfully absorb a large immigration; but it is in times of depression, like the present, that the British politician calls on Canada for help.



THOMAS HARDY'S recent poem, "And there was a great calm" in the Armistice Day section of *The Times*, November 11th, 1920, should be read by as many people as possible, for it is perhaps the only pronouncement by a great poet of what we feel with our better selves in these years of crisis. It is not an orthodox poem and *The Times* was at pains to correct any wrong impression which the writer might have conveyed. But it printed the poem, knowing that wherever it was read it would compel acceptance by that deep humanity in it which lifts it above ordinary controversy. And so we read, with odd recollections of one Northcliffe,

'Foes distraught
Pierced the thinned peoples in a brute-like blindness.
Philosophies that sages long had taught,
And Selflessness, were as an unknown thought,
And "Hell!" and "Shell!" were yapped at Loving-kindness.'

The poem flashes back into the mind that ever-present picture of "nightmare-men in millions" during the years of war and it ends with the curious mental quandary in which many thoughtful people find themselves now, after the Armistice—and after the Peace—

'Calm fell. From Heaven distilled a clemency;
There was Peace on earth; and Silence in the sky:
Some could, some could not, shake off misery:
The Sinister Spirit sneered: "It had to be!"
And again the Spirit of Pity whispered "Why?"'

These are cruel years for the future historian to contemplate. But fortunately he will find that the deep Wordsworthian note of compassion was sounded at least once.

DECIDING at the last moment that the Italian people,—"absorbed in their Christmas greediness", are not worth dying for, Signor d'Annunzio has renounced his dream of a beautiful death and is preparing to make his exit from Fiume, not in a chariot of flame as a national martyr, but in an aeroplane with his mistress. Unfortunately before reaching this decision he allowed a number of misguided Italian youths to suffer the fate that he had designed for himself. The anti-climax is complete; but even without it the show would have been a miserable failure. The game was up, in fact, months ago; for nobody in Italy wanted another war except the diminishing group of chauvinists whose mouthpiece is *The Idea Nationale;* and outside Italy the only sympathy came from a few incorrigible romantics. And yet in other days the spectacle of d'Annunzio, defiant and audacious, would almost certainly have touched the imagination of men. For here, posturing in the Adriatic sunlight, was no ordinary filibuster, but a man of letters who had achieved world-wide fame as an artist long before

he became familiar as the poet-aviator of the war correspondents. Nor was his self-imposed task any ordinary raid; it was indeed nothing less than the final stroke that was to complete the sacred work of the RISORGIMENTO by preserving to Italy the faithful city of Fiume. Unfortunately for Signor d'Annunzio, however, it proved to be a case of other times, other fervours; and this time his fellow countrymen refused to allow themselves to be hypnotized by the familiar trumpet call of ITALIA IRRIDENTA. So instead of another national hero, we see a middle-aged, bald-headed gentleman, who, having failed to embroil his country in war for the gratification of his artistic sensualism, hurries off the stage amid the booes and hisses of mankind.

FOLLOWING hard upon the recent debates in the League of Nations assembly has come an enthusiastic wireless despatch from Moscow announcing the establishment of a soviet government in Armenia. If this is open to doubt, it is at least certain that the Armenian government has at last accepted the Bolsheviks' offer to intercede on their behalf with the Turkish nationalists. Nor is there any reason to doubt that such intercession will be effective, and, consequently, that the remnants of the Armenian people will be saved, not by the allies or the League of Nations, but by the ogre of Moscow. This is a melancholy commentary upon the futility and confusion of allied policy in the near East. Two years ago the allied statesmen flung Armenia a couple of Turkish provinces and warned her to remain loyal to the allied cause; a few months later when the Turkish nationalists began to show their dissatisfaction with this arrangement by reviving the sultanic massacres in all their horror, the Supreme Council found itself already so absorbed in the problem of defeating Bolshevism that, having failed to persuade the American government to accept a mandate, it threw the responsibility for the safety of Armenia upon the League of Nations. The League, of course, was powerless; for the Supreme Council refused to divert any troops from its other enterprises, although a fraction of the support it gave the Russian Whites would easily have sufficed to save the Armenians. The result is that Armenia, after many months of suffering, has finally abandoned all hope of allied aid and has sought refuge with Moscow.

THE production of *The Beggar's Opera* at Greenwich Village recently by an English company fresh from the outstanding success of the London revival starts various trains of thought. The ironically minded will observe that it virtually coincides in date with New York's homage to Mrs. MacSwiney, the most scathing indictment that the United States could possibly pass upon England in these days as the performance of *The Beggar's Opera* is the most convincing token possible of quick mental appreciation in the United States of what is finest in the English heritage. The resuscitated *Beggar's Opera* is without doubt a great event in English music. It has already brought to thousands the recognition that English music did at one time sing with its own healthy and by no means restricted voice. Canada ought to know about it for on the score of music we surely have everything to gain by association with older lands. And here the Canadian ruefully recalls that for all our closer bonds of blood and state with the British Isles the real channel of mental intercourse between the two continents passes between the United States and England. Canada is still in the back-water; that great Gulf Stream of ideas, that alternating current of mental stimulus and provocation, does not touch our shores as yet. We get but a reflected warmth. If it were otherwise *The Beggar's Opera* would come to Montreal and Toronto as a matter of course and yet we can be sure that there is little or no prospect of it. But why not?

THE Little Theatre Movement progresses. The Community Players of Montreal are in the middle of a successful season, having produced first Galsworthy's *The Pigeon* and secondly, a triple bill, comprising George Calderon's *The Little Stone House*, Dunsany's *The Glittering Gate*, and *Squirrels*, a Montreal Comedy, by Mr. J. E. Hoare. The public support has been excellent and there is nothing that stands in the way of rich developments. Already in the Calderon play the level of acting and production was distinctly high. In common with similar movements elsewhere the Community Players seek to encourage the local actor and the native dramatist. We entertain high hopes for both and expect to report at greater length on this enterprise before very long. In Toronto the Hart House Theatre touched a high-water mark in the Japanese play, *Matsuo*. Coming as it did at the beginning of the second season after a first season which had been in various ways experimental and had alienated some of those who rather intolerantly expected the highest results immediately, this performance of *Matsuo* was a very happy augury. The play is also in itself so unique a passage of clean, intense tragic action that we print in this issue a simple account of it which should be of interest to the relatively few who saw the play and also to those who did not see it. The drawing which accompanies the tale was made specially for the purpose by Mr. Arthur Lismer who designed the set for the Hart House production.

[We have received a letter from M. Marcel Moraud on The Occupation of the Rhine but regret that lack of space forces us to withhold it till our next issue.]

THE NEW YEAR

BOTH the war and the peace have brought about a great change in the position and outlook of the Canadian people. Forces and events that seemed remote or even entirely extraneous only a few years ago now crowd in upon us and touch our lives at many points. Familiar problems present new difficulties and involve broader considerations; business depression and industrial unrest, the inflation of the currency and the variations in exchange, are too obviously connected with general conditions and collective influences in the post-war world for them to be regarded any longer as primarily domestic concerns. But not only has our outlook changed: our position has changed too, for Canada, as a member of the League of Nations, has assumed a new status that carries with it wider obligations as well as fresh opportunities.

Our political leaders recognize this change and are disposed to take some credit for bringing it about. Mr. Meighen tells us that the position of Canada in the family of nations is just where the people of Canada desire it to be; but except for such casual comments as this both he and his colleagues seem inclined to leave the discussion of this really vital subject to the leaders of the Farmers' Party. No attempt has been made by the government to enlighten either parliament or the country upon its attitude towards the League of Nations and foreign affairs generally; indeed the first intimation of what that attitude is has come to us through the cabled reports of our representatives' speeches at the Geneva assembly. We learn that Mr. Doherty has criticized Article X., and that Mr. Rowell has defined the American attitude towards certain aspects of the Covenant. We learn, too, with some surprise, that the proposal to create a permanent commission to supervise the distribution of raw products—a proposal that may have been quite innocuous in so far as Canada was concerned—prompted Mr. Rowell to launch out upon a general denunciation of European statesmanship for having already drenched the world in blood. Our daily press, in hailing these speeches as triumphs for Canadian policy, seems to have overlooked the fact that they bear a fairly close resemblance to the critical utterances of the Republican politicians of the United States. Fortunately Mr. Rowell's interview at the close of the session has gone far towards removing this impression. He speaks of the discomfort which this first meeting of the Assembly has brought to the enemies of the League, and of the comfort which it has brought to its friends both in Europe and elsewhere. This is reassuring; for obviously the new world is not going to be built out of vague denunciations of the past sins of European statesmanship however well deserved; and our government, if it really intends to take its share in the tremendous task of reconstruction, cannot afford to adopt, even in a modified form, the American attitude of shrewd but undiscriminating holiness that so far has only served to impede the better elements of Europe in their efforts to reach a true re-settlement.

Europe to-day is indeed not the new world of President Wilson's rhetoric and Mr. Lloyd George's perorations, but it is certainly not the same wicked world in which M. Clemenceau quarrelled and jested for so many years. It is something strange and unexpected; neither what was promised, nor yet what is familiar. Many of the idols of the nineteenth century have been pulled off their pedestals. Sightseers gape at the empty thrones. The great representative bodies such as Parliament have lost authority. Europe is governed by a handful of men with the assistance of improvised secretariats. The principle of nationality is worshipped and denied. Democracy serves as a convenient stalking-horse for the new *Welt-Politik*. Old-fashioned liberalism seems to have lost its conviction and its purpose; but the parties of the extremes gain strength. Outrageous reactions clash with strange new experiments in government. Man's faith in the old economic order languishes, but the new systems often wear a garb that is repulsive. Over the greater part of Europe and Asia there is strife and hunger and misery, and everywhere there is apprehension and unrest. It is a world of disenchantment, of unfulfilled expectations.

The Englishman or Frenchman who regards himself as a good European, and who took the politicians at their word is distressed by the spectacle that the world presents to-day. At home, even though he lives in one of the victorious countries, he sees depression and often reaction. He sees free opinion persecuted and Labour cajoled and bullied. He resents the undiminished burden of taxation because he believes that it might already be growing smaller if the just and sensible peace that was promised had not been discarded for a peace of revenge. And when he looks abroad he is disgusted because he sees almost everywhere a negation or perversion of the principles for which he was told the allies were fighting. The former enemy peoples, who deposed their rulers at the bidding of the allied leaders, are reduced to such a state of starvation and misery that they are not only unable to make proper reparation but actually threaten to poison the rest of Europe. In Ireland the foremost protagonist of democracy employs the very methods of coercion and ruthlessness that it most condemned in the Germans; in India the success of the tardy reforms is prejudiced by the memory of the

massacre outside Amritsar; and in Mesopotamia and Syria the British and French governments deliberately violate the mandatory system by withholding from the Arab tribesmen, who fought with them against the Turks, the independent native governments to which they are entitled.

Yet the man of goodwill is not the only person who suffers from disillusion; the chauvinists of all countries are almost equally disgusted with the results of the peace conference. While M. Clemenceau's aged and cynical eyes are refreshing themselves in distant lands, he is being bitterly attacked by Marshal Foch and the royalists of the *Action Française* for the part he took in framing the treaty. They complain that, thanks to M. Clemenceau's leniency, not one of the really essential objects of French policy has been attained. France is still poor; her devastated areas are still in ruins; the indemnity remains unpaid; the coal deliveries have been reduced below the treaty figure; the *cordon sanitaire* has broken down; and Bolshevism survives. All this is in a sense perfectly true, but is it due to the soft flaw that has been so unexpectedly discovered in M. Clemenceau's character? May it not be due rather to the very success of his policy—to the completeness with which he has encompassed the ruin of Central Europe? The chauvinists do not think so; for in the same breath in which they execrate the treaty, they proclaim its inviolability and insist upon its enforcement. They pursue obstinately the ruinous policy of Versailles; they try to revive the crusade against Bolshevism; they seek, by promoting reaction in Hungary and Bavaria, to renew the broken links in the *cordon sanitaire*; they search for some pretext that will justify them in occupying the Ruhr. Their success would not in the long run mean a single extra mark or a single extra ton of coal for France; it would mean less; and it would mean still greater misery for Europe. Moderate French opinion realizes this, and its protest is voiced by the foremost man of letters in France. "When one considers," said M. Anatole France a few months ago, "what was the position of France during the war and what it is to day, one is stupefied. But yesterday, in answer to her appeal, a hundred peoples 'from the ends of the earth', united against Germany, 'crossed mountains and seas to destroy her.' What have we done with our allies? What has become of our friends? Not a single one remains to us. We have worn them all out by our arrogance, our suspicious temper, and by a bellicose ardour that one is surprised to see surviving so long and cruel a war."

Is there then no real ground for hope among the confusions and anomalies, the reactions and revolutions of the present day? Is Europe, or Eastern Europe at any rate, destined to revert to a condition bordering on barbarism in which stupid, violent Junkers and illiterate peasants will inhabit the depopulated centres of what was once a flourishing civilization? Or will it find itself after a staggering economic revolution swept clear of all but an occasional vestige of the amenities and beauties upon which man fondly believed his civilization to be built? This is the fear that haunts many of the educated men of Central Europe itself; and it is a fear that has recently found philosophical expression in a book that has gained a great hold on the German mind. *Der Untergang des Abendlandes* is not an ephemeral product of the war; it is a very careful and a very systematic application of a not entirely novel philosophy of history. The author believes that the history of mankind is made up of entirely separate and independent eras of civilization; he believes that each of these eras runs its course in about a thousand years, and then dissolves, leaving mankind to make a fresh start. After each collapse a new mystical religion springs up; a new civilization with its own characteristics is laboriously constructed, passes through various stages of progress, and in its turn crumbles like all the others. The author's startling thesis is that the world to-day is in the midst of one of these periodic disintegrations, and that the downfall of western civilization has actually begun.

It is not altogether surprising that this philosophy, which seems to explain so much, should have impressed the German people. The English-speaking peoples both in Europe and America are more likely, however, to be attracted by the philosophy of hopefulness that inspires Mr. Wells's *Outline of History*. His story is not a story of great futile cycles ending always in disaster; it is a story of a slow irregular rise—a rise with many falls and set-backs. He believes that mankind is capable of far greater development in the future than has ever been achieved in the past; but he insists that the future will depend upon man himself. "History," he says, "becomes more and more a race between education and catastrophe." Mr. Wells is distressed when he looks at the world to-day, but he bids us reflect upon "the true measure and transitoriness of all the conflicts, deprivations, and miseries of this present period of painful yet hopeful change;" and he prophesies that though "new falsities may arise and hold men in some unrighteous and fated scheme of order for a time before they collapse amidst the misery and slaughter of generations, yet, clumsily or smoothly, the world progresses and will progress."

Already there are signs of a change. English policy becomes, in European affairs at any rate, increasingly a policy of goodwill. Italian policy is already that. The Balkan and Danubian states have created in the Little Entente a league that aims at a real re-settlement. The Greeks, sick of martial law and mobilization, have declared against the policy of expansion. Of the three men who, in spite of their wide differences in ability and outlook, occupy similar places in the minds of their countrymen as the

champions of peace and reconstruction, two have already emerged from the obscurity or disgrace into which the war threw them; Signor Giolitti is prime minister of Italy, and Constantine has regained his throne; some morning we may awake to find M. Caillaux leading a government in France.

These are the movements and influences in European affairs that call for the support of moderate, well-disposed men in all countries—of men who believe in the idea of the League of Nations, and who, like Mr. Wells, look forward beyond these present miseries and discontents to a better world. The evil forces from which the smaller nations in Europe are struggling to free themselves are in fact those very forces to which Mr. Rowell referred when he spoke of the enemies of the League; for in Europe as elsewhere it is the reactionaries who decry the League and seek to impede its growth. The League may not be a perfect instrument; it is in fact an inadequate instrument; compared with the vast pretensions of the Supreme Council its powers seem futile and insignificant; yet the League for all its weaknesses and imperfections seems at last to have started upon its career as a great force in world affairs. Our interests lie mainly in Canada, but we shall be blind indeed if we allow ourselves to believe that the path of safety lies in holding aloof from this renewed effort to effect a true re-settlement; many serious questions must arise in the future in which our interests will be identical with those of men of goodwill in Europe. The next world war will not be brewed in Canada; if it comes, it will be the work of the reactionary elements in European politics who distrust and despise the League of Nations. Those who care most for the future of this country will, therefore, turn instinctively to Geneva, in the hope that there may be found a real safeguard of the peace and happiness of the coming generation of Canadians.

E. H. Blake.

After The Deluge

It was the sixth anniversary of the declaration of war in Berlin. Although the streets were quiet, the corners were guarded by armed members of the *Sicherheitspolizei* in their green uniforms. Evidently the government had reinforced the police for fear that the unhappy city might suffer from fresh uprisings on that terrible anniversary. As we walked from the Brandenburger Tor through Unter den Linden towards the cathedral it was hard to believe that the street could ever have been filled with a war-maddened crowd; at this very corner the Crown Prince's car had been stopped while he waved his sword and led cheers for the war. Now he was a fugitive and an exile: and not even the machine guns of Kapp and Lüttwitz (spreading corpses in the same street) had availed to force a new militarist government upon the German Republic. The scene of these stirring events lay in Sunday stillness.

But we were not destined to go to church that morning. A more impressive service was in progress outside. In the Pleasure Garden, which is bounded on three sides by the Friedrich Wilhelm Museum, the Cathedral, and the ex-Kaiser's palace, crowds of people were listening to orators who spoke from the portico of the museum, the cathedral steps, the fountains, and wherever they could find room. Every moment the crowd was augmented by the arrival of parades—a band of metal workers, a group of young socialists, a party of ex-soldiers—all bearing banners with the words "*Nie wieder Krieg*!"—No more war! Berlin had selected this anniversary and the ground under the Kaiser's windows for a great Peace Demonstration.

The museum steps had been reserved for wounded soldiers. There they sat, seven or eight hundred men in field-gray; some holding their crutches, others with empty sleeves pinned across their breasts, others who had had eyes or noses shot away in France. Were they thinking of revenge? Not if one could judge from speeches and banners. Everywhere we saw signs of longing for peace and food. "*Nie wieder Krieg*!" "*Krieg dem Kriege*!" "*Wir wollen Völkerfrieden*!" "*Wir wollen Versöhnung*."—"No more war. War upon war! We desire peace and reconciliation among the nations!" Other inscriptions emphasized the fact that Germany has not been able to care for her two million wounded soldiers in proportion to their needs. "We sacrificed life and health, but now we are trodden in the dust! German people, help your wounded soldiers who still lie in hospital in their distress! The future of the wounded soldiers—starvation! Once we were the Kaiser's servants—where are our rights now?" Still other inscriptions appealed to the German politicians who still cherished the desire for military power. "Do you want more cripples? Are our sufferings so soon forgotten?" Speakers declared that the German people had been deceived in the objects of the war and expressed determination to allow no new wars. A telegram of greeting had come from a French organization of wounded soldiers, and the meeting resolved to send a telegram to Henri Barbusse in answer.

It would perhaps be useless to describe such an isolated occurrence in Germany for Canadian readers were it not for the fact it is typical of a general revulsion from militarism in that country. Notwithstanding the perennially recurring rumours of a secret army ready to spring to activity, and the continued existence of a few nationalist organizations, the reports of competent observers in all parts of the country agree that war and preparations for war are very unpopular there. Both domestic and international politics are overshadowed by a far more urgent subject—daily bread.

For the cessation of war has not even yet restored the German food supply. The blockade continued in force for several months after the armistice. The loss of the German merchant marine, together with colonies, foreign trade, investments abroad, and a considerable part of the coal and iron supply, not only diminished the wealth of the German nation as a whole but also made it impossible to buy sufficient food for the citizens. It is generally known that the German mark has sunk to something like one-seventeenth of its pre-war value for making purchases abroad; but only those who have themselves observed the present situation in Central Europe can easily realize the effect of this situation on the people.

Food is still rationed, as it was during the war. For a recent month the list of articles rationed in Berlin per head was as follows:

Bread—This brown, hard, sour mixture of wheat, rye, bran and potato flour, which is very strictly rationed, costs ten times as much in marks as it did before the war. Ration—about half a pound per day.

Macaroni, etc.—One pound a week.

Rice—One ounce per week.

Cocoa—One ounce per week.

Potatoes—Between three and four pounds per week.

Meat—Half a pound per week, including bones.

Butter—The ration (2-3 ounce per week) is eked out with 3 ounces of margarine, 3 ounces of lard, and 1 ounce of suet. In practice, you eat lard on your bread and save the butter for the children.

Sugar—6 ounces a week. Far too valuable to use in your *Ersatz* coffee—use saccharine instead.

"*Marmalade*"—This horrid concoction is made of apples, turnips, saccharine, gelatine and perhaps a little fruit. Three ounces a week.

The weekly cost of this diet is now twenty-three marks—just thirteen times the cost in July, 1914. It will be noticed that there is not a drop of milk except for children under six years old, nursing and expectant mothers, and invalids. For children under two there is a daily ration of about one quart of milk if the parents can afford to buy it. The milk shortage is having serious consequences. In the home of the Berlin clergyman with whom the writer lived, there were three children. Little Wilhelm and Lily were delicate and under weight, but being over six years old they were not entitled to receive milk. Their mother, being in poor health, had received a medical prescription which entitled her to buy a pint a day. She used to divide this milk among the children. Not all families were so fortunate.

As the rationed foods mentioned are barely sufficient for a child of ten, the German family has to supplement its rations by the purchase of extra foods, of which the cheapest are potatoes (if obtainable), beans, barley, rice, vegetables and (if possible) more margarine. Some of these articles can be legally purchased, but the food shortage has brought into existence a great contraband trade or *Schleichhandel*. Farmers eagerly hoard potatoes, grain and meat, to sell them surreptitiously to the *Schieber* ("profiteers") and restaurant proprietors at a price considerably higher than that fixed by law. Newspaper readers will have noticed a recent report that the German Government has threatened to use the army to put down this practice. So long as the German rations are insufficient to maintain life, and so long as some individuals have the money and the will to circumvent the law, it is most improbable that *Schleichhandel* will be checked.

What is the general situation then with regard to food? Foreign visitors to Germany, who can afford to live at the best hotels, fare sumptuously every day and tell the newspaper reporters on their return that there is no suffering in Germany. Some Germans who can afford *Schleichhandel* can still get all the food they need. The great mass of people in the cities make their breakfast and lunch out of a couple of slices of bread and lard, with meat once a week, an occasional egg, and potatoes, beans, or porridge to supply the deficiencies. Practically the whole nation is undernourished.

In this universal want the children are most to be pitied. Hundreds of thousands have been medically examined in connection with the relief work administered by American and English Quakers. Tuberculosis has swept the country like a plague: in Leipzig there are 8,000 tuberculous children, in Cologne 10,000, in Berlin 30,000. The disease of rickets has become everywhere prevalent. The death rate among children is still higher than before the war (50 per cent. more infants died in Berlin during 1919 than in 1913). British military authorities at Cologne report the following comparison for the years 1913 and 1919 applying to the Cologne and Bergheim districts:

	1913	1919
Well nourished..........	57.0%	6.5%
Normal................	12.5	5.5
Badly nourished..........	30.5	88.0
Very badly nourished....	Nil	3.5

In the rural districts of Richrath and Revsrath 538 school children between the ages of 6 and 14 were weighed and 399 or 74 per cent. were found to be under weight. Dr. Savels, one of the school physicians at Cologne, informed the writer this summer that 10 per cent. of the children there are unable to enter school at the statutory age as the result of physical or mental retardation; before the war only two per cent. were so retarded. The relief organizations of the Society of Friends, working also in Austria and Poland, consider the condition of children in Germany so serious as to warrant the feeding of more than six hundred thousand of them every day, while many for whom it is impossible to provide food are almost as greatly in need of it. While the cost of living has risen from ten to fifteen times, increases in wages have

fallen far short of this rise. Dr. R. Kuezynski, director of the statistical bureau of Berlin (Schöneberg), estimated in August that the minimum cost of living for a married couple with two children was 328 marks a week. At that time the prevailing rate of wages was between 250 and 300 marks a week. The incomes of civil servants were even less, while many persons depending upon pensions or interest for a livelihood were quietly starving. Their deaths are not attributed to that cause in the official records. They die of "heart disease," or of any minor ailment which they may contract. A gentleman in Düsseldorf told the writer very prosaically, "If you fall ill in Germany now—no matter what the disease—it is all up with you."

Yet the feeling of self-respect is so strong that the people continue to present a brave front. The men's clothes are pressed and spotless, although they may have been turned once and again. The women have used up their hoarded stocks of domestic linen for clothing. Confirmation is the greatest event in the life of a German child. Those who have seen the ceremony in recent months describe how the wardrobe of an entire family is mobilized in order that little Hans or Lisel may be worthily attired for the great occasion. Meanwhile the people are working in a spirit of determination. While the Ruhr miners were sending in petitions for better bread and complaining about the scarcity and indigestibility of their food, they were increasing their output of coal.

The financial experts at Brussels have been told that German taxes have increased sevenfold; that the government already faces an annual deficit of twenty-four billion marks, while the State postal and railroad services have an equally large deficit. But the most urgent problem in dealing with Germany and the rest of Central Europe is that of providing enough food to keep the inhabitants alive and maintain order. Charitable aid is a most immediate need, but the provision of credit and the resumption of friendly relationships (difficult though the latter may be) are the only means of permanent improvement.

Germany will again become a great nation. The patient industry, the love of order, the scientific and artistic qualities which made her strong before the war have not been destroyed. If she is to do her part towards the reconstruction of the world she must be allowed once more to sell her goods abroad. The distrust justly inspired during the war will have to yield to the new spirit of co-operation already suggested in recent financial conferences and in the famous message of the Oxford professors. The help for suffering children in Central Europe, which is dictated by humanity, will yield a rich dividend in better international relationships. Goodwill has never been more greatly needed; it has never promised a greater reward.

H. R. Kemp.

"Almost Altogether Machinery"

THE brief career of the Interchurch World Movement may be said to have ended with the publication of its famous *Report on the Steel Strike of 1919* now issued in book form by Harcourt, Brace and Howe. Why the ambitious plans of the American churches for world wide co-operation broke down belongs to another part of our social history, but during its short life it did one significant and abiding and, from the standpoint of the Church, novel thing. While the great steel strike between the United States Steel Corporation and its employees was going on and conflicting accounts of the issues were being given to the public, the Interchurch World Movement appointed a Commission of Inquiry to get at the facts. The result is a report which to those readers who accepted the dominant view as to the strike and the strikers must come as a startling revelation.

In spite of, sometimes because of, all our organs of publicity the truth concerning many issues arrives too late. If only it had been possible, in the fall of 1919, to have had this damning indictment of the conditions among the steel workers published as broadcast as were the wild accusations of their "Bolshevism," it is scarcely credible that public opinion would not have rallied to their side, and the strike might have ended in success instead of failure. One can scarcely doubt that public sentiment would have been different if the following facts, now indubitably proved, had then been generally known:

(*a*) That about half of the employees in iron and steel manufacturing plants in the steel industry of the U.S. were working the 12-hour day, that less than one quarter of them worked less than 60 hours per week, that many of these workers were subjected to the "long turn" of 18 or 24 hours once or twice a month, that very many of them worked a seven-day week, and that the Corporation had increased, in spite of its protestations to the contrary, the length of the working-day during the last decade;

(*b*) That in spite of these prodigious hours the bulk of unskilled steel labour "earned less than enough for the average family's *minimum subsistence*," and the bulk of semi-skilled steel labour "less than enough for the average family's *minimum comfort*," in terms of the level for minimum subsistence and minimum comfort set by government experts in the United States, and that these wage-rates were maintained in a period of extraordinary prosperity for the steel industry, as shown for example by the enormous increase in the "undivided surplus" of the Steel Corporation.

These facts are clearly proved by the investigations on which this report is based. The report has the ring of truth. Its members, representative of the leading churches of America, had no natural bias

against the Steel Trust. They were assisted by the Bureau of Industrial Research of New York City. They give in full the evidence on which their conclusions were based. The writer has carefully examined this evidence and sees no possible ground for challenging the conclusions.

The immediate cause of the strike was the refusal of the Steel Corporation to confer with the organized steel workers in respect of their grievances. Mr. Gary, the President of the Corporation, refused to meet Mr. Gompers or Mr. Fitzpatrick. No pressure, not even that of the White House, could induce Mr. Gary to recognise unionism. Mr. Gary was the chief autocrat of that financial group which controlled the Corporation, and behind him lay the whole financial machinery of Wall Street which dominated railroads and banks and newspapers and city governments, as well as the lives and wages of millions of the common people. Why should he capitulate to a crowd of "hunkies" and "Bolshevists?" Events showed that there was no necessity.

Events also showed the power of the Steel Trust. The true issues were never known to the general public. Press and pulpit were supplied with one-sided "information." The force of the law was exerted to crush the strike. Men were arrested without warrants. Tools of the Corporation were made deputy sheriffs. Public officials, including magistrates and police authorities, were frequently in the Pittsburg region servants of the company. In Pennsylvania the rights of free speech and assemblage were abrogated. The "under-cover men" of the Corporation were naming strike leaders as "radicals" and the Federal Department of Justice was rounding them up. It is an amazing picture, to which one must go for comparison to the worst cases in England in the early decades of the 19th century. But in the England of to-day such a state of affairs would be utterly inconceivable. The U.S. Steel Corporation may be the last word in methods of financial control, but its position in respect of labour belongs to industrial antiquity.

Another picture stands out in the report, that of the great steel magnate, Judge Gary. His own evidence is characteristic. He justifies the 12-hour day on the ground that "the men wanted it," for Mr. Gary believes in the profession of democracy. Doubtless the men would prefer to work 12 hours a day if it meant a living wage rather than work 8 hours and starve, but the alternatives are unnecessary. He declared that "no basic industry in the world pays higher wages," and begins his recital of wage-rates with "Rollers, $32.56 a day.' One roller, it turned out, actually received that sum, one out of the 260,000 employees of the Corporation, but it also turned out that on the basis of hours, the average earnings of common labour were lower in steel than in any other of the principal industries in the Pittsburg region. He denies before the Senate Committee that the Corporation discharges men for unionism, but investigation showed an elaborate system of espionage and black-listing. This is the shifty autocrat whose mouth is full of the watchwords of liberty, duty and "Americanism." Of course he is fighting for a "sacred principle" something "higher than the U.S. Steel Corporation." All autocrats do.

Observe also the invincible egotism of his type of "self-made man." "Nowadays," he declares, "none of these men, with very few exceptions, perform manual labour as I used to perform it, on the farm, neither in hours, nor in actual physical exertion. It is practically all done everywhere by machinery and the boy who opens the door, I think, touches a button and the door opens. And this work of adjusting the heavy iron ingots is done by the pulling of a lever. It is largely machinery, almost altogether machinery." Alongside this statement the investigators offer corrective examples of what work in the steel mills means. But to Judge Gary it is, in a profounder sense, "almost altogether machinery." The 12-hour day worker *is* a machine. What can he do but work and eat and sleep? He has no family life, no interests, no recreations. "His one reaction is 'What the Hell!'—the universal text accompanying the 12-hour day." But in far-away Wall Street the complaints of Braddock and Wheeling and Youngstown are "a tale of little meaning, though the words are strong."

The strike failed. What part in the failure was played by the use of strike-breakers, particularly negroes, what by intimidation economic and political, what by the narrow selfishness of some sections of the A. F. of L., cannot here be considered. The strike failed, and the 300,000 went back to work as of old. Bolshevism received another blow. Americanism was saved, and Judge Gary successfully maintained the sacred principle which was "higher than the U.S. Steel Corporation."

R. M. MacIver.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

The Business Manager will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers. A few copies of October and November are still obtainable for $1.00 and 50c. respectively. Complaints have been received from subscribers whose copies were lost in the mails. If all such notify the Business Manager, duplicates will be sent.

THE TECHNICAL WORK OF A LITTLE THEATRE

IN the fall of 1913 a small group of men in Toronto, graduates and undergraduates of the University, founded the Players Club as an organization in which those with a bent for dramatic art could find an outlet for their activities. The Club's object was to produce in the autumn of each year a play of general interest but one not ordinarily performed on the professional stage, the cast being, of course, entirely amateur.

It started its career with Ibsen's *An Enemy of the People.* The stage was extemporized in a college dining hall, the scenery was conventionalized draperies, the current lighting was taken from any available socket. The curtain was, in fact, the only piece of equipment that was designed *ab initio* for its function.

In 1914 a second production was made, this time in aid of the Red Cross. The bill comprised Shaw's *The Dark Lady of the Sonnets* and Galsworthy's *The Pigeon.* The same hall did duty as theatre and the stage was prepared in the same way. Since, however, the two plays called for very different lighting the technical staff—for most of the time a single member of the Club elected to that end—had perforce to become more ingenious. In addition to the inevitable footlights, he arranged border-lights and made shift to imitate a grate-fire and some spotlights. These he worked with an incredibly primitive home-made switch-board from a small recess in the "wings" and in his spare time he managed the curtain and "off-stage" effects; indeed he over-managed them, for in the stress of his composite responsibility he signalled the arrival of midnight by thirteen resonant strokes on a bell.

After this the Players Club became dormant until 1919. In this year Hart House was completed and within its walls included a theatre. This marked for the Players Club the beginning of a new phase of its existence in which the organization evolved quite suddenly from a club for acting only into one in which acting shared the honours more or less equally with the practice of stage-craft.

The theatre for which the Club assumed responsibility is definitely a "little theatre"—it seats under five hundred—but its technical equipment yields place to none. Hence it was at once clear that the old "one-man" days were gone and that a properly balanced technical staff had become a first necessity.

A junior member of the staff, with experience of the Club's early productions as his only stock-in-trade, was appointed technical manager, with the responsibility of finding and organizing an undergraduate stage crew for the 1919-20 season. This comprised the Club's six productions, each played four times, and a number, at this time uncertain, of performances by other dramatic organizations in the University. There were, in the event, five such additional productions. The material to be handled by the crew included an unusually complete equipment of stage machinery and it was intended that the organization should follow the conventional triple division with Carpenter's, Property Master's and Electrician's crews.

Now, with the exception of the electrical work there is nothing in all this having direct connection with any course in the Calendar of the University; the work of floor-man or fly-man, the technique of stage noises, these are not the subject of academic instruction; they lie, indeed, outside the ambit of all ordinary pursuits or learning.

Be the cause what it may, undergraduates came forward so willingly that all doubt as to the formation of a technical crew was soon past, and this in spite of the technical manager's very definite statement of the responsibilities they were undertaking. Briefly, the understanding was that since the Club played each production four times, the crew for any production would have to work at least six successive nights; further that, once chosen, the personnel of the crew could not be changed without impairing the efficiency of its work, and that, consequently, if any man after undertaking to help with a production failed to keep his appointment without really adequate cause, he would be assumed to have lost his interest in the Club and would not be asked again for his help. On these terms a list was prepared of men from almost all Faculties and Colleges in the University.

The men from the Faculty of Applied Science naturally gravitated into the electrician's "gang" and the senior among them was provisionally appointed Master Electrician. They at once found themselves among familiar objects but faced with new problems in the application of their knowledge. It is one thing to know the theory of the rheostat in the laboratory; it is quite another to apply that knowledge to half a dozen separate rheostats (for the switchboard of the theatre is nothing else) so as to combine several groups of differently coloured lamps into the smooth sum total of light that the audience sees. They, however, soon found their feet and became a smoothly working unit in the organization.

The carpenters and property-men had not even the advantage of theoretical knowledge; they were in a new world and had to learn their geography *de novo*, and this, too, under very adverse conditions. The first performance in the theatre was due on November 28th and the essential equipment was not completely installed until the day before. The bill, Dunsany's *The Queen's Enemies* and *The Farce of Pierre Patelin*

by the anonymous master, involved three complete changes of set. The artists were at work on the scenery, and rehearsals were being held in the less confused intervals of preparation; the stage crew, in consequence, actually faced their first night without having had a complete rehearsal of the scene-plot, though all the scenery had been approximately in place at least once. The changes were, however, all made in less than ten minutes, though all hands confessed after the first performance that it had been a "hectic evening." Such untoward conditions naturally did not interfere with preparations for any subsequent production and the technical crew were able to get their bearings.

Productions by other dramatic organizations have been already mentioned. The Players Club is bound by its constitution to give all the help it can to make such performances successful, while at the same time it ensures that the equipment of the theatre receives proper treatment. This equipment is, indeed, so complete as to leave the newcomer bewildered and unable to achieve the best results. The governing body of the Club has passed a bye-law to ensure that the technical manager or his responsible representative shall be in charge at all performances at the theatre.

The causes of this complexity are in the main two, and they are distinct one from another. In the first place, since the theatre is below the quadrangle of Hart House, structural considerations forbid the usual loft and all scenery has to be carried by hand to packs in the wings. Secondly the lighting equipment is unusually complete and includes a very big switchboard with a great variety of connections; indeed a professional electrician, who was working with a visiting company at a special performance, declined to work the board in favour of one of the Club's amateurs.

Under these conditions the technical manager was more than glad to find that the experienced members of the crew were just as keen to make the technical settings for visiting clubs successful as those for their own season. True, the visitors, with one exception, did not play as often as the regular productions, but the labour of organizing the scenery and hooking up the lights was no less in one case than in the other, so that the only saving of time was in the smaller number of performances.

Scene painting was not regularly undertaken by the manager's crew, since any but the most mechanical parts of the art call for training which they did not possess. They were, indeed, relieved of all responsibility by the friendliness of well-known artists: Lawren Harris, for instance, designed the sets for *Patelin* and Hastings's *The New Sin*; A. Y. Jackson imagined an Egyptian dungeon for *The Queen's Enemies* and a house of cosmopolitan design for *The Alchemist*; Arthur Lismer designed a Cyclopean version of the walls of Troy for *The Trojan Women*; while J. E. H. MacDonald painted an astonishingly beautiful stained-glass window for *The Chester Mysteries*. A further interest of this window lies in the method of its manufacture, for the technique employed had not up to that time been considered useful on large areas, while the diameter of the window was eight feet. The result was wholly successful.

Neither were the larger jobs of carpentering carried out by the crew. They would have made too great an inroad on their time and were therefore given to the Club's handyman. Small alterations of scenery and adjustments found necessary during the production of any play were undertaken as a matter of course.

On a number of occasions, too, the crews went outside their regular routine and lent a very effective hand in the preparation of properties, and in such work the distinction between Carpenter's and Property Master's men broke down. Where a man could be useful, there he turned his attention and it was in this spirit that the season's work was carried on. At one show a member of the Club might be a floor-man, at the next handling properties, perhaps in yet a third acting. There is no cast-iron organization ruling a man's fate from the moment he first works with the Club; rather he is expected to learn all he can about the technical work of a theatre, and then, if he likes, to specialize.

It is too soon yet to say that the final organization has been evolved, though certainly the foundation has been laid on the tradition that work, and work alone, justifies membership in the Club.

The theatre made large demands on the leisure of those who helped it loyally, but at the end of the season examination results did not seem to indicate that dramatic pursuits were incompatible with academic success. The technical manager may fairly claim that in the first year of the Club's reincarnation he is guiltless of the non-success of any student, a point which the Club considers of the highest importance. The theatre in this case must be a recreation only, even if it is the home of an attempt to produce in the best possible style a varied programme of plays, and even if many of its good friends are not directly connected with the University.

Let us conclude: what amateurs have done once can be done by amateurs again. For the technical crew to make a success of their share in a season's productions calls for hard work and continuous work, but the results are visible and immediate. In any university there are undergraduates who will feel the attraction of a recreation which calls not necessarily for the great development of particular abilities, but for an all-round adaptability, and a skill in meeting the unexpected contingencies of the moment, where there is, in fact, an element of responsibility to their fellow-craftsmen and the Club. The task is not easy, but its interest is abiding

A. F. Coventry.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

January Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollars for A Poem on the Burial of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey, *of any length but not exceeding 50 lines.*

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for An Essay on Hobbies, *in not more than 800 words.*

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than January 20, 1921.

February Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollars for an essay in 800 words on Does Prohibition Prohibit?

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for A Metrical Translation *of the following sonnet by Félix Arvers:*

Sonnet

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère:
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu.
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.
Hélas! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.
Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas;
A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas.

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than February 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Results of Competitions announced in December

A. A prize of five dollars for An Epitaph on the Board of Commerce *in not more than 30 lines.*

There is one thing for which we have to thank the Board of Commerce—it has supplied us with two printable poems for the page. It has also put us under the necessity of awarding two prizes. The first prize of five dollars goes to Thomas Toady for his sonnet, "Scorn Not The Board," and especially for its conclusion. The winner of the second prize, C. S. B., was not so fortunate in his last line, which might have been improved. The phrase "sorrow dun" in line 23 is a weakness in otherwise good verses. We hope we will hear from him again. The second prize is The Canadian Forum for one year. We print the poems in full below.

The Prize Poem

Scorn Not The Board

Why doth the Forum rage, and mock the Board's
Dumb dying agonies, why vainly goad
With insults, speeding on the Avernian road
The guardian of the profiteering hoards?
The Board is gone—well-merited rewards
Await it in a better world—the abode
Of Mammon's friends. There Plutus hath bestowed
A crown of gold, subscribed by business lords.
Scorn not the Board, for when high-swelling blame,
The Globe's attacks, and, of their woes the worst,
A falling market spoiled their little game,
And retribution's bitter deluge burst
Upon those sugar kings, the thing became
A *plank*, to which they clung while housewives cursed.

Thomas Toady.

Epitaph on the Board of Commerce

Here, till that time the just again arise,
Our nation's sometime Board of Commerce lies;
Brief was its span and in seclusion spent,
This meek and simple child of Government.
With fond o'erguarding eye the father smiled,
In paths of public service trained his child;
Pure was its aim, innocuous its design,
Its only care lest prices should decline.
So, long perchance had it, forgotten, fared,
And many grievous ills our nation spared,
Had Fate and foul mischance not overthrown
This luckless child, not yet to wisdom grown:
For, zealous to perform its father's will,
When sugar was the spring of all our ill,
Lest hostile stores should overflow the land,
And ruin mete to the refiners' band,
Then did our native Board of Commerce rise,
And saved the nation in the nation's eyes.
But that ungrateful people—lasting shame!—
Reviled and cursed its benefactor's name.
In mortal grief its father's part to hide,
The child took on its father's act—and died.
Nor did the father, though in sorrow dun,
Seek to preserve, but e'en condemned, the son.
So passed from life this body, given to woe;
But yet, why vainly mourn? Its lot, we know,
Unending rest will be—all theirs who perish so.

C. S. B.

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The Stooping Lady
Fond Adventures
Rest Harrow
Half-Way House

VICENTE IBANEZ
The Matador

ARCHIBALD MARSHALL
The Eldest Son

WM. DE MORGAN
Joseph Vance
Alice-for-Short
It Never Can Happen Again

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B. A Prize of five dollars for A LETTER OF ADVICE TO THE NEXT CANADIAN NOVELIST, *in not more than 800 words.*

Perhaps it is difficult to light a beacon for the eyes of genius. At any rate we have found few who were willing to climb a hill-top of vision and from their vantage ground signal the way for the next Canadian novelist. We have not discovered apathy on the part of the public in general. The abundance of reviews appearing in the periodicals and newspapers of the present time is testimony to the interest which is being felt in Canadian novels. Nor have we found a dearth of Canadian novels. Their quality may not always have been of the highest but among the numbers which have been issued there have been many which have won a deserved place for themselves. There have been novels of the romance of history, headed by the intense pages of the famous *Golden Dog*. There have been novels which took their inspiration from the struggle against the endless white winter of the northland, or from the life where differences with one's fellow-men were settled most speedily at the point of the revolver. There have been, and are increasingly to-day, novels dealing with the sophisticated life of our cities. It is allowable to assume that anyone familiar with all this should have something by way of advice to offer to the next Canadian novelist. But those who were qualified to advise did not take upon themselves to do so. It may be that a fellow-feeling for the novelist restrained them. We suspect in those who know most of the struggles of writing a diffidence based on their realization of what goes to the making of a book. There is no remedy. A writer has to put sincere emotion into his book, however conventional the setting, and this is not easy. He may polish his characters as they get polished in our cities, but he dare not stop there. He dare not show them always brilliant, but must show them tired and lonely, resting and dreaming. For he will know that the greatest things of life come out of dreams, and that no novel can be great which has not been touched by the wings of a dream. Life is seldom pure tragedy or pure comedy, but it is a compound of thought and feeling, of brilliance and of dreams, and the covers of a great novel must be wide enough to hold them all.

All which merely goes to prove that, as we said before, there is no recipe. Yet there are things which it is possible for a writer to learn. He may ride his Pegasus by his own route through the air, but there are ways and ways of riding. There are trappings and suits, not of woe but of riders, which add to the joy of the inarticulate but appreciative. These do not seem to have kindled the imagination of our readers. Whatever the reason we received few answers to our competition and those not of prize rank.

THE PORTRAIT OF A LADY

THE psychology of Mrs. Asquith and of her *Autobiography* cannot be understood without realizing that her "unfettered" youth was spent in the country, isolated from the county families in the neighbourhood of her father's estate and isolated from the country folk. Sir Charles Tennant was a chemical manufacturer who inherited a lucrative business from his father. He was a man of large means derived from commerce, and of no family; there was an alleged blot in his escutcheon. For all these reasons the county people who were his neighbours looked down upon him and the Walters of *The Times*, who were connections of his wife and the only relations of consequence, would have nothing to do with him. His father had left him a gloomy house in a business street in Glasgow, but Charles Tennant purchased an estate in Peebleshire and there his family were allowed to grow up. When he threw himself into politics by standing for the county in which he lived, and began to contribute to party funds, Tennant soon made friends. He was a sharp, capable man of business and a good listener. The leading politicians took notice of him and enjoyed his hospitality both in London and at Glen.

Until the Tennant girls were old enough to go into society they met few people—none indeed excepting their father's political visitors. They were not sent to school (excepting, as Mrs. Asquith relates, for a very short time). They grew up without effective discipline and without systematic education. They had tutors, but these were apparently injudiciously selected. The special circumstances of their family life inevitably bred in them at once a vigorous rectitude and a contemptuous disregard of convention. The atmosphere of their household was not exactly that of a convent but the effect of their seclusion from man and womankind of their own age and standing was in many ways similar to the effect of life in a convent. It is true that the political visitors were distinguished persons and that early contact with people of brains was an enormous advantage; but these people had been educated after the manner of their kind and brought up in a society to which the Tennants were strangers. Thus the Tennants were

with them but not of them. Then came sudden emergence from isolation, residence alone in a foreign city and complete freedom, followed by London society and the hunting field. In the former the sprightliness and precocity of Miss Margot Tennant carried her fast and far and in the latter as a first-rate horsewoman she easily excelled. Her very detachment resulting from conditions beyond her control accrued to her benefit. She had set herself to learn quickly many things which others had absorbed gradually. She thus cultivated in herself the habits of observation and criticism and her sense of humour did the rest.

Ignored she had been by the county families in her native place; but the sheer force of her vitality took London by storm. Her vivacity, reckless courage on horseback and in conversation, as well as her wholesome good nature, enabled her to make and to keep friends in spite of the strain of her audacious frankness. She knew almost every one who was worth knowing and she gradually developed a talent for making character sketches of the people she met. With some persons of importance in their day she was on exceptionally int'mate terms, and these were of sufficiently diversified types—Gladstone, Jowett, Balfour, John Addington Symonds, Henry James, Morley, Curzon, for example.

Why should she not tell the story of her relations with the men and women of her time, and in telling it why should she not be candid? If every one were to write his or her history and write it truthfully, history in general would be much more reliable than it is. Yet even the most ostentatiously truthful confessions, Rousseau's for instance, have been found to stray from strict veracity. Whether or not Mrs. Asquith has strayed does not yet appear and, therefore, her narrative must be taken as what it purports to be, the history of a vivacious woman, full of healthy vigour and of the joy of life; and it should be added, a woman with the fundamental virtues and yet a woman of passion. The circumstances which have been indicated threw Mrs. Asquith into the society of the cleverest people of her time. Few of these people were learned in the academical sense, and still fewer were men and women of genius; but most of them had nimble wits and many of them had been occupied with great affairs. To the sharpness which came by nature Mrs. Asquith added the keenness which came of association with people who were even keener than she was. Her *Autobiography* is thus packed with *bons mots*. Augustine Birrell said to her, "I would advise you to live among your superiors, Margot, but to be of them"—an excellent addendum to his *Obiter Dicta*. "I divide the world into life-givers and life-takers," Laurence Oliphant told her—a really profound observation for the life-takers; those whose contact is exhausting to temper and injurious to character are very many and the life-givers are few. "Every gardener prunes the roots of a tree before it is planted; but no one ever pruned me," is one of Mrs. Asquith's own. One wonders whether pruning might not have destroyed instead of increasing her vitality. Jowett wrote to her, "Few qualities are better worth leaving as they are than vivacity, wit, freshness of mind, gaiety and pluck. Pray keep them all. Don't improve by an atom"—sound advice to a woman who had all of these invaluable assets.

To say that Mrs. Asquith's judgment of men and women is unerring would only mean that her judgment agreed with that of the speaker. I will not say that her judgment is unerring but rather that it is convincing. Of John Morley she says: "Although 'Honest John'—the name by which he went among Radicals—was singularly ill chosen, I never heard of Morley telling a lie". Of Chamberlain she says: "He never deceived himself, which is more than could be said of some of the famous politicians of that day". Of Sir Charles Dilke: "Whatever Dilke's native impulses were, no one could say he controlled them. Besides a defective sense of humour, he was fundamentally commonplace and had no key to his mind, which makes every one ultimately dull". (A shrewd if inelegantly expressed judgment) "If he were a horse I certainly should not buy him".

A gauche hostess said to her in a loud voice across the table: "There were some clever people in the world, you know, before you were born, Miss Tennant". Her retort was instant: "Please don't pick me out, Lady Clarke, as if I alone were responsible for the stupid ones among whom we find ourselves to-day". A retort few people would have had the sharpness and the courage to make.

In a letter from Mr. Gladstone, congratulating her upon her approaching marriage, he said: "You have a great and noble work to perform. It is a work far beyond human strength. May the strength which is more than human be abundantly granted to you". On receiving this, Mrs. Asquith remarked to a friend: "Gladstone thinks my fitness to be Henry's wife should be prayed for like the clergy: 'Almighty and Everlasting God, who alone workest great marvels'".

Some of Mrs. Asquith's reported dialogues are as brilliant in their kind as any in first-rate comedy.

"I asked Lord Salisbury if he had ever heard Chamberlain speak (Chamberlain was Colonial Secretary at the time).

Lord Salisbury: 'I heard him for the first time this afternoon'.

Margot: 'Where did you hear him and what was he speaking about?'

Lord Salisbury: 'I heard him at Grosvenor House. Let me see . . . what was he speaking about? . . . (reflectively) Australian washerwomen? I think . . or some such thing. . . .'

Margot: 'I suppose at this moment Mr. Chamber-

lain is as much hated as Gladstone ever was?'

Lord Salisbury: 'There is a difference. Mr. Gladstone was hated, but he was very much loved. Does anyone love Mr. Chamberlain?'"

The best and longest dialogue is between Mrs. Asquith (then Miss Margot Tennant) and Peter Flower, brother of Lord Battersea, to whom she was engaged for several years. The dialogue is too long to quote; it is full of sparkle. On this dialogue it may be remarked that in some cases considerations of taste may be suffered to remain in the background. It is easy to be over-fastidious and dull, it is more difficult to throw the saving grace of abundant humour over an episode not in itself an agreeable reminiscence.

The longest and by far the best character study is the study of Mrs. Asquith's father. She knew, of course, nothing of him as a man of business, but otherwise she understood him thoroughly. Yet business was his chief concern. Almost everything that Mrs. Asquith is her father was not. Nimble-witted he was in business but not in conversation. Vivacious he certainly was not. He was brought up, she says, "among people who were most of them not only on the make, but I might almost say on the pounce". He had without doubt a keen eye to the main chance —his main chance being money. Mrs. Asquith shows that she had her main chance too; but it was not money. It was a vigorous life with a dash of a desire for power.

Mrs. Asquith's account of a hunting experience in which she was injured is an excellent piece of descriptive writing. In speaking of this and similar adventures, she remarks, "I have broken both collarbones, all my ribs, and my knee-cap; dislocated my jaw, fractured my skull, gashed my nose and had five concussions of the brain; but—I have not lost my nerve".

It seems that, candid as her *Autobiography* is, Mrs. Asquith's Diary, as yet unpublished, is still more free from reserve. This Diary has, she tells us, been submitted to some of her friends, notably to Henry James, John Addington Symonds, and John Morley. The impression produced by this Diary upon all of these, certainly no mean judges in affairs of literature, was sufficiently extraordinary.

Speaking of a sketch of Gladstone, Symonds says: "I feel that you have offered an extremely powerful and brilliant conception, which is impressive and convincing because of your obvious sincerity and breadth of view. The purely biographical and literary value of this bit of work seems to me very great and makes me keenly wish that you would record all your interesting experiences and your first-hand studies of exceptional personalities in the same way".

Henry James is even more enthusiastic. "It is a wonderful book. If only *messieurs les romanciers* could photograph experience in their fiction as she has done in some of her pages! The episode of Pachay, short as that is, is masterly—above the reach of Bálzac; how far above the laborious beetle flight of Henry James! Above even George Meredith. It is what Henry James would give his right hand to do at once. The episode of Antonelli is very good too, but not so exquisite as the other". Unfortunately neither of these marvels appears in the present volume. Perhaps they are too intimately real to appear in cold print.

Henry James, after a compliment upon her "singularly searching vision", continues: "This and your extraordinary fullness of opportunity make the record a most valuable English document, a rare revelation of the human inwardness of political life in this country and a picture of manners and personal characters as "creditable" on the whole (to the country) as it is frank and acute. The beauty is that you write with such authority, that you've seen so much and lived and moved so much, and that having so the chance to observe and feel and discriminate in the light of so much high pressure, you haven't been in the least afraid but have faced and assimilated and represented for all your worth".

And John Morley is scarcely less hypnotized by Mrs. Asquith's lively pen. "It" (a letter written to him by Mrs. Asquith) "is a brilliant example of that character writing in which the French so indisputably beat us. If you like, you can be as keen and brilliant and penetrating as Madame de Sévigné or the best of them, and if I were the publisher, I would tempt you by high emoluments and certainty of fame".

Interesting as the *Autobiography* is it is clear from these opinions that the real *bonne bouche* is the Diary. Perhaps some day it may be given to the world with its studies of political characters and its cabinet secrets.

JAMES MAVOR.

Matsuo, The Pine Tree

'The plum-tree follows me through the air,
Withered and dried is the cherry-tree.
Should then the pine-tree so lofty and fair
Alone be heartless and faithless to me?'

WHEN Sugawara, the great Chancellor, was overthrown, many men believed that his little son, Kwan Shusai, had died with the rest. But Matsuo knew and Ganzo. Matsuo served Tokihira that had overthrown his lord Sugawara, and Ganzo, a samurai, taught children their letters in a little village and reared Shusai as his own son. But tidings came to the court that the child was there, and Tokihira bade Matsuo go with Gembah, the Chamberlain, to bring Shusai's head as he knew well the face of the boy. Now Matsuo had not lived easily the life of dishonour, and begged for feigned

MATSUO AND CHIO
DRAWING BY ARTHUR LISMER.

sickness to leave the court; but the tidings came of Shusai, and the command was upon him. This service, the last, he must do. To his own house he hurried before the day of departure, and in bitter agony wept that he had not died with his old lord, Sugawara; and Chio, his wife, was cut afresh to the heart at his dishonour. And Matsuo said: "It is too late to warn Ganzo; he is caught, and we are caught too; the young Shusai he loves as if he were indeed his own son, nay more, if his own son lived he would give him up for Shusai". Matsuo's son Kotaro cried aloud in his play, and Matsuo suddenly said: "Wife, we will give our son; Ganzo will look, I know it well, for some boy to put in Kwan Shusai's place. What peasant head will serve for Shusai?" And Matsuo and Chio gave up their son, and Kotaro, though he was but of eight years, went off with his mother on the morrow to die for his young lord

For that day there was a feast at the house of the Headman of the village where Ganzo lived, and Ganzo was bidden. Matsuo came with Gembah from the Court. And when Ganzo greeted Gembah, the Chancellor's Chamberlain, with the due respect, Gembah cried scornfully: "Ah! Ganzo, we know thy secret; I shall come this day with a hundred men for the head of the boy thou sayest is thy son!" Ganzo smothered his rage and smiled as if Gembah had jested in ill humour, and careful not to seem anxious, after some time he said his farewells and went on his way. "Alas!" said he within himself, "all is lost; I cannot take him from the country now; there is no time". Then in his musing a thought came to him: "I will get another head and give it for Shusai's. Matsuo will not dare to refuse it; Sugawara is dead, but Matsuo dare not. And if he does, he shall die in my house".

Now, while Ganzo was on his way home, Tonarmi, his wife, awaited him, happily and anxiously—anxious, though she knew not what was to come, because she feared for Ganzo and for the young prince Shusai, and Ganzo led a quiet life now, never stirring from home; happy she was because a noble mother had brought her son to be a pupil in the school, a fine little samurai's son, and she thought how happy Ganzo would be to have a companion for the son of Sugawara. And Ganzo came with long sad steps near his home, so unlike himself that Tonarmi started. His gaze was fixed and he muttered. He cast his eyes on his pupils and groaned in despair as he thought, "Even if Matsuo sware to it, Gembah would not take one of these heads". Tonarmi's heart sank within her, but she sought for the while to engage her lord in talk, and she called Kotaro, the new pupil. And Kotaro bowed his obeisance to his master and vowed his fealty. Now did Ganzo's eye glisten and he smiled and said: "You are a fine noble boy, Kotaro", and to his pupils, "It is a holiday this afternoon; play quietly in the inner room". And the children went thither happy, and among them was Shusai with his new companion.

Then did Ganzo make known to his wife what had passed, and how now he must kill the new pupil in Shusai's stead and seek to escape with his young lord. "Matsuo dare not betray us, and the boys are enough alike. And the boy's mother, if she comes too soon, we cannot help it—she must die too". Even as they were thus speaking they heard a hubbub of many voices coming nearer, for strange tales were abroad in the village, and when Gembah came with his men the folk thronged around him as near as they durst, crying for their sons. But Gembah made their cries mute when he entered into the house with Matsuo, and each peasant boy in his turn Matsuo looked at, yea and Gembah too, and sent them off with a cursing. Then Gembah bade Ganzo bring the head without delay, and Matsuo, looking earnestly at Ganzo as he would speak to his very heart, said: "Beware thou put not another head for the true one!" Thus was Matsuo faithful, but Ganzo understood not his secret intent, and in great wrath went into the inner room. And while the schoolmaster slew Kotaro his little pupil, the mother Chio came, for she could not stay longer away, and she clung to Matsuo her lord's arm. And Tonarmi looked at Chio but Gembah heeded not the women but looked only for the head. Then at length Ganzo brought in a basket and laid it at Matsuo's feet, and put his hand upon his sword hilt, but Matsuo, feigning that his sickness alone lay heavy on him, opened the basket and said: "I swear this is the head of Shusai". Nor did Chio betray that this was her son's head, and Gembah took it and gave the Chancellor's pardon to Ganzo, the caitiff slayer of his dead lord's son, for such did Gembah think Ganzo then, and bade Matsuo come to the court with his company. But Matsuo asked instead release from knightly service with Tokihira, "as now", said he, "my sickness is grown greater than I thought it had been".

Then did Gembah depart, and Ganzo learned whose son he had slain and mourned with Matsuo and Chio; he told how nobly the child died, and Tonarmi said: "Aye, in his oath to his master he sware to be faithful, true and obedient". Then Matsuo and his wife uncovered their white robes of sorrow, and did homage to the spirit of Kotaro, and Ganzo made speed to the frontier with Kwan Shusai, the son of Sugawara.

E. A. Dale.

Golf Abounding

AFTER having followed the royal and ancient game for many years, not wholly without success, a sense of dissatisfaction grew upon me. I felt that the real secret of the cult had escaped me,

the true inwardness and mystery of golf had never been attained by me. Occasionally a drive might show signs of original sin, foundering mysteriously or curling away joyfully to the unknown hazards of the slice. At such times a certain sense of another world; intimations of immortality so to speak, would flit before me. But the dull uninteresting materialism, the ordered mechanical sequence of straight drives travelling with machine-like regularity towards the appointed end, would quickly close upon me again. All was vanity and vexation of spirit.

Occasional gusts of despair swept across me. Once at the end of a round of unusual monotony my caddie proudly announced that every hole had been done in par. I offered him my niblick and implored him to end my miserable existence and to bury me in the pit that guarded the home green.

I visited famous shrines of the cult. I watched Duncan and Vardon and Braid. The dull passivity of their expressions, the unvarying accuracy of their actions, only filled me with greater hatred of the unreality of the whole business. No one seemed to have the faintest sense of wonder and adventure. They were machines, functioning perfectly in a mechanical universe.

When things were at their worst it befel that duty took me to an ancient university. From sheer force of habit, with no hope of finding happiness, I took my clubs. I found that the devotees of the game were wont to resort to a beggarly nine-hole course rejoicing in the melancholy name of Oxley Marsh. Hither I hied one grey afternoon, trundling along in a medieval one-horse tram-car. As I went a curious sense grew upon me that the hour was at hand, that discovery was calling me. Nothing could have been more unpropitious than the surroundings. Before me spread a flat dun stretch of drained marsh broken here and there by decrepit old-fashioned cross-bunkers. On the right a foul-looking sluggish stream dribbled slowly towards its outlet in the river.

I sat down on a bench and waited for what Fate might bring. As I watched two strange figures came out from the tin shed that served as a club-house and made their way to the first tee. One was short and squat, with the dirtiest yellow flannel shirt I had ever seen, no cap, and a thick dishevelled thatch of black hair hanging over a low forehead. The other was tall, with a long Quixotic bearded face, of an exaggerated leanness, with baggy knickerbockers, and rather startling stockings hanging in wrinkled folds about his spindly shanks.

Both were talking loud and fast, but as far as I could discern golf was not the matter of their discourse. The first addressed himself to the ball, squatting down upon his haunches, looking like some grotesque ape sitting on his tail. His driver was nearly as long as himself. Holding it as far away from him as possible he revolved rapidly upon his tail and swept the driver upon the ball in a long flat curve. The ball rose and curled away joyfully to the right with an entrancing slice and plopped into the slowly meandering stream. Waiting not for his partner he gathered up his clubs and with an air of excitement he trotted off to intercept his erring ball at the flects of the stream. Meanwhile his partner stood up tall and straight, heedless of his friend's movements. His ball seemed almost at his toes. Very slowly, with a fascinating deliberation, his club head climbed as if by its own volition until it pointed perpendicularly above his head. There it remained, while I held my breath, how long I dare not say. Then with a lightening swoop it fell upon the ball which fled hopping and bounding like a rabbit towards the ancient cross-bunker. With a few muttered words which might have been some magic formula he also set off, brandishing his driver in his right hand, and ran at full speed after the ball.

I had found it at last. These men had the secret. Golf to them was no dull routine. It was an adventure, a breathless quest, full of the very essence of life. I left my clubs and followed them. I shall never forget what I saw as long as I live. Five times did the ape-like one retrieve his ball from those Stygian waters. Twice it struck the walls of the houses on the far side of the stream and rebounded onto the course. At last, as by a miracle, much battered, it reached the green. The perpendicular friend won the hole in 21 as against 26. I followed them all the way, taking it in turns from hole to hole to follow first one and then the other, for their paths never met till they reached the green. I discovered heights and depths undreamed of in the game. The ball journeyed to strange unknown countries, and I followed, tasting the joys of new creation. I became humble like a little child. My last doubts were swept away as I saw the horizontal one on the last green in a holy ecstasy breaking his clubs across his knee and flinging the fragments to the winds. I was converted there. I found that these men were the most famous exponents of the horizontal and perpendicular schools of golf respectively. For ten years they had played together daily, contesting the merits of their rival theories, finding the game a "never-done, ungaped-at, pentecostal miracle". All that week I experimented on the rival theories. I rioted in slices, pulls, and every kind of topped and foundered ball. The first fine frenzy has given place to a calmer joy, but the joy remains. I am not yet certain which of the two theories yields the greater happiness, but I shall find out before I die. Meanwhile my handicap which used to be +3 has gone up to 24, and there is no happier man alive than I.

THE GARGOYLE.

Four Poems

I.

RED, YELLOW AND BLUE

We sought again the forest lake
Whose wave had closed upon his life
One long year past, and feared to feel
Its gleaming like a knife.

But calm and nonchalant the hills
Lay heaped in slumber mile on mile,
The lake was blue as infant eyes
And guileless as their smile.

We sat upon the lichened rock
And wondered much how time could hide
That day when death had torn the blue
Of sky and lake aside.

And, through the dark, sad breezes poured
Soft cataracts in aspen trees,
And voices out of ancient night
Mourned endless miseries.

The maple dropping quiet leaves,
Strewed the grey rock with gold and red,
The birches flaunted yellow plumes
As though there were no dead.

A sun-gleam grew upon the lake
And spread the hills with scarlet fire,
Each sombre rampike of the shore
Became a faery spire.

We looked and felt that all things moved
Upbuilding to a blessed end,
And rarer every beauty seemed
With virtue of our friend.

II.

TALK ON THE FARM

He came to watch us put the shining car
Into his driving-shed, where wagon and rack
Waited the fulness of the fields of June;
We praised his elm trees, and his talk ran back

To father, who had dug them in the bush
And lined and set them eighty years before,
Thus saving from the hacking and the flame
Three kings who blessed the highway at his door.

Father had been a *man*, full six foot three
He stood, with hair of unchanged reddish brown
At seventy-five, and he had cut his farm
From the wild land new granted by the Crown.

No one more strong or temperate than he
Had swung an axe in those hard-drinking days;
He'd scorn the people now who needed law
To keep their habits close to decent ways.

But these are twisted times and folk are loose
In many things, although their laws are tight;
In speeding cars, and God, and business deals,
And woman love, they muddled up the right.

He liked a horse himself, but his grown lad
Knew every kind of car and wanted one,
And he should have it too, by harvest time,
For not a neighbour had a better son.

So flowed his talk, until he climbed again
The orchard fence to take his restless mare;
And down the lane we strolled, between the fields
That tossed their singing bobolinks in air.

III.

THE EXPERT

New come again to Lilactown,
I waited each arriving bird;
And from my books and memories,
I named them as I saw or heard.

The robin and the song-sparrow,
The blue-bird and kildeer I told;
But one sweet singer puzzled me,
Piping unseen a flute of gold.

I asked my neighbour if he knew
This bird that seemed my lore to stump;
"Taint one o' them book-birds", he said,
"It's Cy Low's darned old rusty pump".

IV.

SPRING IN THE VALLEY

The tawny hill is tinged with green;
The budding and unbloomed apple-trees
Weave against it a braiding of rose-purple mist,
Blue-dimmed by the level drifted veiling of a bonfire's
smoke;
The steady trilling of frogs voices the valley.

And in my heart are tingeings of waiting and longing.
What buddings? What startings of growth?
What burnings of rubbish veiling alike things done
and things to be?

Come needed rains of the spirit;
Beat down the drifting smoke,
Spread wider the freshened tingeing of green,
While my soul like a robin thankfully sings in the
shower.

J. E. H. MACDONALD.

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Christian Socialism 1848-1854, by C. E. Raven (Macmillan). Some of the ends fought for in dark and troubled days by the early Christian Socialists have been so embodied in later opinion and legislation that their achievement has been obscured—they may fairly be said to have opened "fresh pathways to the commonplace". On some of their controversies there has followed an ironic silence. The complete identification of Christianity and Socialism, which was the dream of Maurice, is still the inspiration of a thin line of succession of saintly men, of whom the last leader perhaps was Westcott. All their foundations, except the last (the Workingmen's College), have earned a *prima facie* verdict of failure.

Mr. Raven writes to correct this verdict: first by recalling what was vital in their thinking. In this he does tardy justice to Ludlow, and retouches the more familiar portraits of Maurice, Neale, Hughes and Kingsley, to name only the foremost of this very remarkable group of friends. And if his own perspective sometimes seems exaggerated in his determination to correct the false perspective of other writers, he leaves us with the material for our own judgment. Secondly he amplifies, often from source not readily available, the practical contributions to social reform made by their experiments.

Owing their "inspiration to Carlyle and their opportunity to the Chartists", they strove to give form to a democracy struggling towards self-expression. This form they conceived as Co-operation or Association. Hence Ludlow and Maurice, in many a noble passage, claimed the right to the name Socialist, of which the closer definitions of later times deprived them, partly because it found them "subversive neither of religion nor of society nor of the constitution". Their formula was to substitute human for property relations—the words are Maurice's. Or in Neale's, "masters shall be *leaders of men, not employers of hands:* shall marshall the thickly forming ranks . . . to accomplish . . . the glorious task of doing the will of God on earth, by asserting in deeds and not in words alone the brotherhood of mankind". This is to come about (to quote a resolution of the A.S.E.) "in workshops where the profits shall cheer, and not oppress, labour". For such views neither Christianity nor Industry were prepared, and the effort to unite them on this ground proved beyond their powers.

But their experimental contributions were far from negligible. On the side of organized religion, C. W. Stubbs declared they "turned the current of English Christianity to the consideration of social problems", though here too the success was very slow and partial and painful. On the side of organized industry, Mr. Raven traces in detail their part in the early history of the co-operative movement, culminating in Ludlow's great achievement of the Industrial and Provident Societies Act of 1852, Neale's Central Agency, and the Co-operative Congress. Their associations of working tailors, hatters, cobblers, builders, founders, and so on, all failed more or less soon, usually after a fairly successful start. Through these failures they reached the theoretic basis to which Mr. Cole and his associates have given the name Guild Socialism. Ludlow declared it had always been his ideal that production should be the work of the trade unions, and that trade unionism should "expand into humanity". The critical W. R. Greg sketched the union "of all the Associations in each trade into one vast Guild, governed by a central committee . . . and of these into a gigantic fraternal combination" which was to redeem society by substituting co-operation for competition. With a careful attention to sources which enables him to correct the accounts of Mr. and Mrs. Webb, Mr. Raven makes it clear that this revolution would eventually result in what Ludlow calls Collective Mastership, with the elimination of the capitalist, and the transformation of the trade unions into self-governing Associations. But the organization of labour was in a rudimentary stage, and, while the problems that confront the modern rebuilder of society were emerging in their experiments, there is no evidence that the Christian Socialists went far in working out the theory.

Their foundation of the Workingmen's College is better known. Here Maurice was more at home; he was never quite comfortable about their commercial enterprises. They had always stressed the educational side of their work: the co-operative movement retained their impress. They were fond too of the method of discussion in small groups by men of varied experience, which has become in the W.E.A. so powerful a phase of adult education; it is not an accident that Mansbridge, its founder, came out of the co-operative movement and got his first hearing at the Congress.

Ludlow's modest claim is amply justified, that they did what they could with the material they had. Whatever the verdict of history on their theories and experiments, they left an abiding sense of the working out of their creed in terms of unselfish devotion to the cause of humanity. J. A. D.

Right Royal, by John Masefield (Macmillan, Canada). Right Royal is the narrative of a steeple-chase, intensely realized. There is little generalization and, for Mr. Masefield, very little reflection or moralizing. It is perhaps the most consistently concrete of all his poems, and our experience in reading it is precise in every particular. The events are held together better than in any of Mr. Masefield's earlier poems. The well-worn literary device of the prophetic dream

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gives us a clue to the whole, and the events, as they succeed one another, are not pictures so much as experiences, because of the insight we have from the start into the minds of the only two characters which count, Charles and his horse, Right Royal. We see and feel the whole thing as Charles saw and felt it. To make this plausible, Charles is made to ride almost the whole race well behind the rest of the racers, so we get not only his own "glory of going", but also his view of the adventures of the rest. Here is the start:

"And then in a flash, more felt than seen,
The flag shot down and the course showed green,
And the line surged forwards and all that glory
Of speed was sweeping to make a story".

It is not long before a mishap throws him thirty lengths behind, and now the poem can move more slowly, for he refrains from driving his horse, and waits for his chance to come later. This slower movement is perhaps the most beautiful in the peom. Charles is saving his own and his horse's strength and it is natural for him to notice something of the world around him, and to recall some of his earlier rides with Right Royal. Mr. Masefield makes admirable use of this opportunity. Charles is sympathetic to all life and motion.

"But last though he was, all his blood was on fire
With the rush of the wind and the gleam of the mire,
And the leap of his heart to the skylarks in quire,
And the feel of his horse going onward, on, on,
Under sky with white banners and bright sun that shone".

It is in this slower section of the poem that Mr. Masefield likes to prolong his rhymes to a third, and occasionally to a fourth line at the beginning of his stanzas.

Almost all the similes in the poem are suggested by motion, usually rapid motion, and almost all are such as might have presented themselves to Charles as he rode. But these similes, rich and beautiful as they are, are never more than the fringe; the main stream of intense experience is the feel of the horse; the now distant, now nearing, view of the racers; and the swiftly passing panorama at each side of the course.

"All the crowd flickered past, like a film on a reel,
Like a ribbon, whirled past him, all painted with eyes.
All the real, as he rode, was the horse at his thighs,
And he thought, 'They'll come back, if I've luck, if I'm wise'".

Mr. Masefield has given us a worthy sequel to *Reynard the Fox*, enjoyable and exciting from cover to cover, and incidentally we may be grateful to him for steering almost entirely clear of race-course technicalities, swearing and jargon. M. A. F.

The Captives, by Hugh Walpole (Macmillan). Whatever may be the personal element involved, there is a literary irony in Mr. Walpole's affectionate dedication of his latest and longest novel to Mr. Arnold Bennett. They are fellow-captives in the Platonic cave, but while Mr. Bennett sits stolidly "planted", as the French say, with his back to the light, refusing even to wriggle, and devotes his attention scrupulously to the shadows that pass before him, with what success we know, his chain-mate restlessly turns and twists his head to get a glimpse of that real world which casts the shadows.

One might almost, deprecating the charge of flippancy, put together the greater part of Mr. Walpole's work, *The Prelude to Adventure*, *The Gods and Mr. Perrin*, *Fortitude*, the two Russian novels, *The Golden Scarecrow*, perhaps *The Duchess of Wrexe*, and this book, and call them "God, a Novel in Eight Parts, unfinished".

This is not meant to detract from the literary merit of Mr. Walpole's work. Rather is this "obstinate questioning of sense and outward things" so intimate and essential a part of Mr. Walpole's attitude that it forms a kind of iridescent light on his artistic surface, so to speak.

These weird harmonies that one's ear has come to expect in Mr. Walpole's work dominate his new book, *The Captives*. There is a great deal of new and careful work, a very fine and finished study of a section of life which has perhaps been never so truthfully and sympathetically drawn before. The nucleus, the storm-centre, lies in a little coterie of religious fanatics, known as "the Kingscote Brethren", in many ways resembling the Plymouth Brethren movement but too different to be a study or even a caricature of that interesting religious phenomenon. Maggie Cardinal, with a faint far-off suggestion of Maggie Tulliver, is the one captive who fights her way out of the cave to light and freedom in the end, delivering the weaker Martin Warlock in her escape. The book is more real than any of the author's previous books, stronger and profounder, and to the present writer seems to show that Mr. Walpole has it in him to go further than any of his contemporaries in his own special line. There is a universality about a great deal of the characterization here that breaks away from the local and temporary cleverness of some of the earlier work and passes into the class of abiding craftsmanship. Probably the book will raise violent differences of opinion, but to my mind it is far ahead of anything Mr. Walpole has done yet, and he has done some very fine things.

It is not so much the business of a reviewer to give a skeleton of the story, as to set down the total impression of the book upon his own mind. Nevertheless the story is there, deepening in intensity to the end, and in spite of the length of the book few will be able to put it down until with Maggie the darkness of the cave and its hobgoblins are left behind on the last page. S. H. H.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	September 1920	Oct. 1920	Nov. 1920	Dec. 1920	Dec. 1919
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	254.5	242.1	233.1	221.6	259.2
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$26.38	$26.46	$26.13	.....	$23.49
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	108.1	107.5	104.3	99.0	.....
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	116.6	113.3	108.4	106.7	132.0

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE fall in wholesale prices is at last being faintly reflected in retail fluctuations. The Family Budget published in December by the Labour Gazette shows a decline of about 3% in retail food prices. This is offset in part by a further rise in rent and fuel. Retail prices inevitably lag behind wholesale prices in a situation like the present. They rose more slowly than wholesale prices in the war; we need not be surprised if they fall more slowly for some time to come.

The Index of Employment, however, moves very rapidly. Trade Unions with a membership of 215,000 report that at the end of October 6% of their members were out of work. Since then, the contraction of employment, as shown by returns made to the Department of Labour by 5,000 Canadian firms, has exceeded 8%. We cannot, of course, add these two figures together, and say positively that 14% of the wage earners of Canada were out of work in the fortnight before Christmas. But at a conservative estimate, considerably more than 10% were then unemployed; and with the close of the Christmas season, the proportion is likely to increase.

Speaking to an American audience in the last week of the Old Year, the Canadian Minister of Labour was as cheerful as the circumstances permitted. He went so far as to say that the present depression has not *up to now* been more severe than that of 1913-14. The statement is worth investigation.

In 1913-14 there were no trustworthy records of employment in Canada. Such records as we have of that period were collected in 1915 by the Ontario Commission on Unemployment. Its terms of reference related only to Ontario; but for that Province it gathered data from more than 1,600 employers which, while not exactly comparable with the present information of the Federal Department of Labour (since the records of the Commission related only to manufacturing industries), are more nearly comparable than any other independent records.

April, 1913, was the month in which employment reached its peak. The peak in 1920 was reached in the month of July. We are thus able to compare the contraction in employment in the five months following April, 1913, with that which occurred in the last five months of last year.

In the first period, the decline was a little less than 5%. In the last five months of last year, the decline was almost exactly 10%. It appears at first sight, therefore, that despite the Senator's assurance to the contrary the present depression has affected the volume of employment about twice as severely as its predecessor.

On the other hand, a comparison of the same period in each year reveals a different result. In 1913, the volume of employment did not seriously begin to decline, until two months after the peak was reached and passed. Between July 1913 and December of that year, the decline in employment was equal to 9½% of all manufacturing operatives covered by the returns. Thus there is no marked difference between our experience in the last depression, and unemployment at the present time. Indeed if we had reason to believe that manufacturing was at present less affected than our other industrial activities, we might be tempted to think that the present is the more hopeful situation. Unfortunately, there is no good reason for any such opinion. Even at the end of October, when only 6% of all organized workers in Canada were out of employment, the percentage of organized manufacturing operatives who were out of work, as shown by the returns made to Senator Robertson's Department by 384 Trade Unions, was nearly 12%. On the evidence it appears that, if anything, conditions are rather worse to-day than they were at this time seven years ago. But the difference, if it exists, cannot be very important.

It is interesting to note the fluctuations that followed in 1914. After a rally during February, March and April, employment declined in May to a new low level. At this time, the number of workers employed in manufactures in Ontario was 13% below the high level of the preceding May. The decline was accelerated by the outbreak of war in August; and only with the demand for munitions in 1915 did revival begin.

G. E. Jackson

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. I. TORONTO, FEBRUARY, 1921 No. 5

THE British Empire, as though in the present distracted state of the world it had nothing better to do than to attend christenings, has given its name to one more political organization in this already propaganda-ridden land—this time to one of frankly partisan constituents and objects. The recently formed "one school, one language" British Empire League of Canada, composed exclusively of Protestant British subjects, has by its unfortunate choice of title confirmed the worst suspicions of non-Protestants and rendered uneasy not a few Imperialists. *The Globe* refers to the injustice of "ostracism," with special mention of the hypothetical Hindu who yearns to be admitted to membership in this League. That is hardly the point. If John Jones organizes a co-operative society for the growing and selling of cabbages and stipulates that the surnames of all members begin with a J, John Smith has no right to resent his own disqualification or to urge the sufficiency of the J in John. But if Jones and his colleagues choose as their business name "The Citizens of Canada", Smith is quite justified in resenting the impertinence although he may have no desire to join the society. It is very much the same with the League in question. If the title is not impertinent, then its pertinence lies in the interesting disclosure that the British Empire is, esoterically, nothing but a Loyal Orange Lodge. It is a nice problem in dilemmas—freedom of race or freedom of creeds. It is also a nice problem in statesmanship—how to reconcile several millions of Canadians to an Empire which may any day be converted by fanatics into a travesty of liberty and justice.

A CONTEMPORARY has announced the impending discharge of foreign workers on the Toronto-Hamilton Highway in order that their places may be filled with unemployed ex-soldiers. This decision is no doubt along the line of least resistance for a Department of Public Works when circumstances take it by surprise. But it is not a satisfactory policy. The best type of returned soldier will not accept, either with satisfaction or entire self-respect, work that has been created for him only by throwing another man out of employment. His first thought as a soldier was not for himself; it was to "play the game" with his fellows. Only the confessed cynic will suppose that he feels otherwise to-day. He looks for no piecemeal measures which will care for him and leave others out of work. Nor is he likely to benefit in the long run by a policy that is calculated to embitter the foreign-born worker. This country will prosper in the future only as we succeed in welding the diverse elements among us into a Canadian nation. We cannot expect from our immigrants the loyalty we need unless they receive from us impartial treatment. Interest and duty alike forbid us to discriminate against them; and we confess to wondering why no protest comes from the servants of a Wise Employer, Who said, "It is My will to give unto this last, even as unto thee".

WHETHER reforms should precede or follow the development of public opinion in their support is an open question. The conservative believes in the latter policy; he would make haste slowly. For many years the city of Toronto has been called conservative. If one may judge by the recent outburst of its perpetual mayor it is charity to apply the name conservative; Toronto is still in the dark ages. Mr. Church has definitely set his face against the provision of schools and teachers for children between the ages of fourteen and sixteen. The provincial act now about to be applied is based on the theory universally accepted in enlightened countries that boys and girls of fourteen are not old enough to have their training transferred from the atmosphere of the school to that of the shop or factory. The Mayor thinks the expense of Adolescent Education too serious an undertaking for the city of Toronto which, like Touchstone's Audrey, he regards as "a poor thing, but mine own". It appears that both in England and Canada the cleverest idea of some people who wish to be economical is to discount the mental development of the next generation.

A FLARE-UP by Mr. Morrison, the secretary of the United Farmers of Ontario, in his recent speech at Wilton Grove in which he threatened dire things if Mr. Drury should continue to preach

his doctrine of "broadening out" has caused the people of Canada, who are deeply interested in the Ontario experiment in Government, to wonder whether the Farmers' group is approaching the disruption foretold by seers of the two old parties. As a matter of fact the difference is of long standing, antedating and, indeed, explaining Mr. Drury's elevation to the premiership when he was not even an elected member and was preparing for the federal field. He was a man of liberal education to whom farm work and life had meant pleasure and success; the motive of strong class consciousness was lacking. Mr. Morrison, it is said, might have claimed the leadership, but he saw that his work lay elsewhere and agreed in giving to Mr. Drury the difficult task of leading a composite government whose only safety lay in appealing to the people as a whole. The seers and the press are unduly concerned about the present dispute. The strength of the farmers' movement lies in its spontaneity, its naturalness. The reason why people have come to mistrust the old parties is just because such things do not happen in their well-ordered ranks. All is arranged with machine-like precision. When differences are expressed, the dissentients become "a nest of traitors". In the present instance the question is whether the members of the farmers' clubs are going to become so concerned about the disagreement as to divide themselves into two hostile camps and whether the division of opinion will be carried into the legislature and impair Mr. Drury's slender majority. We think that neither result is likely to happen.

FROM all sides a better attitude towards Quebec begins to manifest itself in Canada. Mr. Meighen has committed himself to a policy of conciliation; Mr. Drury, elsewhere and in Ottawa, has urged peace and good-will; and now speaking in Montreal to the High School Boys' Canadian Club the former editor of the *Toronto News*, Sir John Willison, presents two most practical suggestions looking to the same end. Sir John advocates making French compulsory in all the high schools of Ontario and providing for the exchange of twenty-five or thirty High School teachers between Ontario and Quebec. It is evident that good Canadians have come to feel that during the last decade intolerance passed the bounds of decency and that Quebec has quite as much to contribute to the life of Canada as she can receive in return. Sir John's proposals are excellent, but he must go farther if he would touch the heart of the matter. The principle must be accepted as fundamental and essential to good-will that in Ontario parents, whether of French or English origin, who wish to have their children study French in the elementary schools should not be denied that privilege. Improved teaching of French in the secondary schools is good; especially useful it will prove in increasing the supply of bi-lingual teachers. But nowhere in Ontario elementary schools must French be proscribed. As Professor Will put it in the December issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM, our motto must be: English for all and French for those who wish it.

THE question, Who won the Battle of Jutland? which has been revived by Admiral Scheer, has more than an academic interest for Canadian readers. For on the dominant estimate of the meaning of that battle depends the world's ship building policy. In making their own plans for naval defence the Dominions can hardly fail to follow suit. Crudely stated, the following alternatives present themselves. Either the big ship was necessary to protect the submarine, or the big ship succeeded in surviving only because the submarine protected it. A decision in favour of the former involves colossal units of expenditure; and just as, after the Russian Fleet was destroyed at Tsushima, the fiat of the naval experts (our sternest arbiters of fashion) decided for the Dreadnought type, so now they may decree the building of warships vastly more expensive. Except on rare occasions most naval powers refused to risk their Dreadnoughts in the war. The fighting of armoured ships is in danger of degenerating as that of armoured men degenerated in the Middle Ages. The trappings became so heavy and expensive that only the wealthiest and strongest could use them; and the risk of being smothered by his kit was one of the least pleasant features of a soldier's life.

IT is a far cry from the city of Calvin to the Quai d'Orsay but the transition has taken hardly more than a month. The delegates to the League of Nations assembly have returned to their homes—to quite inconspicuous homes, some of them—and the Supreme Council, clothed in all its former majesty, reigns in their stead. The exact significance of the Council's latest decision is still somewhat obscure, but its general trend is, in the light of recent events, fairly obvious. During the last few months the French Government has shown more inclination to face realities than at any time since the armistice. M. Leygues actually took the first hesitating step towards a resumption of trade with Russia, and he even had the courage in opposing the two years military service law to declare that France had nothing to fear from the present German Government. Under this moderating influence, however, the *bloc national*, the reactionary formation upon which every ministry must depend in this most reactionary of Chambers since the days of MacMahon, showed signs of becoming restive; and M. Leygues, several times threatened, was at last defeated. The choice of a successor was a difficult matter; the extreme right favoured M. Poincaré; the moderates probably regretted their

precipitate action. A compromise was reached in M. Briand, but it was to be M. Briand with a loud bark.

HENCE it was in an atmosphere of antagonism that the arrangements for the meeting of the Supreme Council were completed. Both British and French governments issued preliminary statements of policy; M. Briand's very firm and provocative, Mr. Lloyd George's full of sound sentiments and good intentions. A clash seemed to be inevitable; indeed it looked as if the situation contained all the elements of a serious crisis—a crisis more acuté than any in the troubled history of Anglo-French relations since the armistice. For on former difficult occasions—in the crisis following the Frankfort coup, at the San Remo conference, and at Spa—a basis for compromise always existed; here it was difficult to find one. The question of the disarmament of the East Prussian and Bavarian civic guards presented no insurmountable difficulties; an agreement with regard to the Treaty of Sèvres was not impossible; but reparations, and the whole question of the fate of Central Europe that it involved, seemed to have been removed beyond the possibility of agreement. M. Briand had declared specifically for the old policy of destruction and punitive indemnities. Mr. Lloyd George, no doubt interpreting correctly the trend of English opinion, had declared that a genuine attempt at re-settlement must be undertaken immediately if the victorious countries were to escape the plight of the vanquished.

THE "cordial conversations" that as usual preceded the formal opening of the Council seem to have done nothing to dissipate the tension; and the session had hardly opened before dissension broke out. M. Doumer, the new Minister of Finance, declared that in default of an annual indemnity of twelve milliards of gold marks France would go bankrupt; Mr. Lloyd George pointed out that the maximum named by the Brussels financial conference had been three milliards. Efforts to reconcile these two extremes, persisted in throughout the session, ended in deadlock; the conference adjourned, and Mr. Lloyd George sulked in his tent at the Hôtel Crillon. A few hours later through some mysterious agency a compromise was reached. Germany was to pay over a period of forty-two years: two milliards in the first two years, increasing to six milliards in the next nine years, and continuing at that figure for the balance of thirty-one years. In addition it was proposed that she should pay during the whole period an amount equal to twelve and a half per cent. of her total exports.

EXCEPT for the proposal with regard to the export tax, this arrangement is in principle the same as the one laid down in the Treaty; it leaves the final amount of the indemnity in doubt, and, except for the first few payments, it formulates demands that are hardly less fantastic than the original ones. It is in fact nothing more than a pretext upon which to hang the recurring but meaningless formula of complete agreement. In England, where the conclusions enunciated a little over a year ago by Mr. Keynes are no longer regarded as the doubtful assertions of a theorist, it will be recognized as a thoroughly bad compromise; and in France, or at least in the Chamber, it will probably be looked upon as a weak concession to English greed. Whether it will actually be rejected, for it requires the approval of the Chamber, is another matter. But, even if approved, the agreement will require the concurrence of the German government, and it would be by no means safe to assume that this will be forthcoming—at least without another struggle and probably another crisis. On the whole this latest attempt to reconcile two absolutely conflicting policies, the policy of eating the cake and the policy of keeping the cake, shows no sign of bringing us any closer to a re-settlement of Europe. Sooner or later the facts will have to be faced. This latest agreement may or may not suffice to postpone the day; but that obviously is the intention of its framers; for neither Mr. Lloyd George nor M. Briand have any desire themselves to face the storm of disillusionment that is already gathering.

CHINA, distraught with civil strife, feeling also the rebound of the conflict which has shaken the foundations of Europe, suffers to-day in five of its provinces more intensely than any other state. It is true that in Central Europe people starve, but a more elaborate economic system with cruel kindness permits them to starve by slow degrees or to live on with health permanently impaired. In China conditions have joined in such fashion that rapid starvation appears to be the fate of many millions. Two crop failures, however, would not have been so disastrous had the Government been strong enough to govern. As Mr. Carscallen points out elsewhere in this issue, a state of anarchy virtually exists in the several provinces, one military adventurer succeeding another in dreary succession. China cannot now help herself; less unhappy countries must come to her aid. It appears that the Consortium can be trusted to see that the relief sent reaches those for whom it is intended. It is now stated that a commission will be appointed satisfactory to the Consortium, which will doubtless have military support from the allied states in defending convoys from marauding bands of soldiers. It is an encouraging sign of human progress that the claims of humanity in our age demand support for those who are unable to support themselves. In spite of wars and diplomacy we can no longer be satisfied with allowing free course to the laws of the jungle.

CHINA IN TRAVAIL

"The Yellow river may change its bed but its waters are still muddy"—Chinese Adage.

WHEN the revolution of 1911 succeeded in overthrowing the Manchu dynasty the Chinese people and many friends of China felt, and rightly felt, that a great thing had been done. The oldest and most absolute of Monarchies in the world had become almost overnight a Republic. But extravagant hopes were built upon this fact. It was thought that all China's problems had been solved and all her troubles ended. But China is learning by sad experience that a mere political revolution can, after all, accomplish very little in the transformation of a people, that evolution is perhaps a safer and surer process of progress than revolution, and that freedom, liberty and democracy are things to be achieved, not merely accepted, and moreover to a certain extent at least must be deserved. It was inevitable in a country where ninety per cent of the people are illiterate and without any high degree of moral attainment that under a Republican form of government power should pass into the hands of a few who should control the whole machinery of government and exploit the masses for their own particular ends, for both intelligence and character are needed in any people if a democratic form of government is to be a blessing to that people.

This has been the result in China. Not only do the few govern, but unfortunately it is not the same few. Faction succeeds faction, clique follows clique, not by the constitutional and peaceful method of a vote of want of confidence but too often by an appeal to arms. The people are being ground to dust between would-be deliverers of their country.

As yet no dictator has emerged strong enough to reduce the whole country to order. The late Yuan Shih Kai came nearest to filling this rôle. He overrode the will of his parliament, who, he claimed, were a lot of corrupt obstructionists. He dissolved that body at the point of the bayonet and might have succeeded in imposing his will on the whole country had not his ambition over-reached itself in his attempt to become Emperor and found a dynasty.

Tuan Chi Jui was the next "will" to emerge. As Premier he also found it necessary to secure the dissolution of parliament, compelling the Vice-President to sign a decree to that effect, which he himself enforced with his army. But the scattered parliamentarians, most of them, retired to Canton and with the help and encouragement of certain military leaders who professed to sympathize with constitutionalism set up the Southern Military Government, which has ever since, at least until last month, functioned in that place; and Tuan Chi Jui and the Government at Peking has ruled over only a part of China ever since.

The fact is that China both North and South is ruled by her militarists. Each province is controlled by a Military Governor and under him a number of Generals, each in charge of a district. The Civil Governor and the civil officials under him are not much more than figureheads. The real master in every district is the military leader in that district, and a man's power in China is in direct proportion to the number of soldiers he commands. The result is that each General "squeezes" as much as he possibly can by taxes and impositions out of the district that he controls. In this way he can pay more soldiers, increase his power and secure a higher bid for his service when the next fight occurs.

What has occured in one province with which the writer is acquainted is typical of what has occurred in, if not all, at least several of the provinces of China. In Sz-Chuan since the revolution of 1911 there have been seven different Governors and the changes from one to the other in all but two cases entailed fighting. In fact there has been only one whole year during the last seven which the writer has spent in Sz-Chuan in which there has not been fighting in that province.

These civil wars are for no great issues or they might be excused. In most cases they are mere struggles for individual power. A certain General, with the aid of others whom he may have bribed or to whom he may have promised large rewards, considers himself strong enough to challenge the group in control. A pretext for a quarrel is found and the fight is on. During these times of disorder all commerce ceases. The highways by road and river become infested with brigands. The people are terror-stricken both because of the brigands and the soldiers, for the former are only the latter out of a regular job. A band of brigands to-day may become soldiers to-morrow by being recognized by some General who is in need of help. In these times of emergency all able-bodied young men disappear from the streets. They are afraid of being forced to carry the soldier's ammunition or his baggage or his person about the country on his campaigns—and for starvation wages. Entire villages are often deserted on the approach of soldiers, especially if these are from another province. In some countrysides at such times, only old men, women and children till the fields. The young men are in hiding. In the larger cities the merchant classes are forced to

put up large sums of money to the military commander in occupation, or it is said "he cannot be responsible for order if the soldiers are not paid." All classes suffer; the homes and institutions of the missionaries become thronged with panic-stricken refugees; and these poor people who ask nothing more than to be left alone, to go about their work unmolested and unafraid, suffer everything at the hands of their pretended protectors.

Not only are there these local and provincial factions but as we have already noticed for several years now China has been split into two great factions the North and the South, with two governments functioning at Peking and Canton respectively. Here, if anywhere, one would think there was a real issue at stake—constitutionalism vs. autocracy—and doubtless there was, at least at first, this real issue involved in the minds of many of the leaders of the South. But these men have long since ceased to exercise control in the affairs of the South, and the Southern Government has passed into the hands of its military men, as despotic and ambitious as those of the North, who only espoused Constitutionalism as a convenient cry by which to gain the sympathy of the people and on wh ch to ride into power. In fact the people have not been slow to recognize this and so far as the people are concerned there is now no North and South. It is fast becoming a dead issue. The military leaders, who have everything to gain, of course try to keep the issue alive, but the people are at last realizing that the real matter at stake in China, whether in the North or in the South, is military vs. civil control and are resolved that they shall no longer be divided by the shibboleths by which certain military men seek to fasten their yoke upon the necks of the people.

Now, in spite of these distressing and almost hopeless political conditions in China, there are some hopeful features in the situation.

There is emerging a national consciousness. China has never been a nation in any true sense. She has never fought a national war. Two or three provinces have been at war. The rest have remained not only neutral but to a large extent indifferent. But now, partly as a result of the low condition to which she has fallen politically, and partly as a result of the humiliations she has suffered in her relations with outside powers, there is growing in China a national spirit and a public opinion organized on a national scale.

When the award of the Paris Peace Conference reached China, giving Kiaochau and certain rights in Shantung to Japan, a wave of indignation swept over the land. They had hoped for so much. They were so bitterly disappointed. An effective boycott of Japanese goods was organized by the students all over China and demands were made, first that China should not sign the Peace Treaty, and secondly that certain ministers, suspected of having sold their country, should be dismissed. The movement was at first underestimated by the Government. What could a lot of unarmed school boys accomplish anyway? But as the merchant guilds came to their support and the public opinion of the masses began to rally to them the Government capitulated. The treaty was not signed, as the Government wished it to be. Three cabinet ministers were dismissed, and for the first time it seems to have entered into the consciousness of the militarists in control that in public opinion there is a force to be reckoned with.

Now this is the most hopeful sign in China at the present time. It has its elements of danger, it is true. It is a young man's movement, and youth is ever apt to be hasty and headstrong. It is too exclusively concerned with China's external relations. It would do well to turn its attention more than it has to China's internal problems. Nevertheless, I am convinced that it has behind it the intelligence, the moral idealism, the forward-looking forces and the youth of the nation, and if it can be encouraged and at the same time guided into wise and constructive channels it will do much toward the regeneration of China, and will not only make China safe for democracy but will make of her a united, strong and prosperous nation, taking her place and contributing her part with other great democracies in that federation of the nations toward which all men of good-will look.

The destiny of these four hundred millions can not be a matter of unconcern to the world. The problem is so great that it can not be ignored. It will not let us ignore it. Some one has said that there are two characteristics which when found in combination make of a nation a diplomatic danger-point. These two characteristics are, first wealth of undeveloped resources, and secondly weakness. These two are combined to an unprecedented degree in the China of to-day. Her resources are pretty well known. I need not dwell on them, except to say that perhaps they are not surpassed by those of any other nation. One quarter, approximately, of the human race being thrown open to the markets of the world—what possibilities are involved. What a mark she is for greedy and less favored nations.

Her weakness and helplessness this article has already described. At present she is in a military sense defenceless, torn by factions and weakened by civil war and famine.

Now the way the great powers treat China in this the time of her weakness will be the acid test of their culture and civilization, and will, moreover, do much to determine whether China's development is to be for the weal or woe of the rest of the world. If we restrain our greed; if we refrain from taking advantage

of her helplessness to dismember or to exploit her; if we help her sympathetically in her struggles; if we encourage these better elements in China's life,—the moral idealism of the nation now struggling for mastery,—then we may make her our friend and bind her to us with ropes stronger than steel, and she will be anxious to be associated with us in any League or association of the nations which may be formed to guard the peace and to ensure the progress of the world. But, if we go in to exploit her or give consent to her exploitation at the hands of a neighbour, we may do much to convince her of what already is being instilled into her, namely that her only salvation consists in her strong right arm, in the number of battalions she can produce. We may do much to start her on that path of militarism which if followed would make her with her vast human material the greatest menace that the world has ever seen. What nation could compete with her in man power?

This is a doctrine by no means unheard of in the East. There are those there who declare that the destiny of the East is one, that the yellow race should stand or fall together—men who have in view the organization of all that vast human material on military lines. That this is not a likely development in China is quite true, for it is foreign to the traditions and spirit of the Chinese people. China is essentially a lover of peaceful methods and her classic literature despises militarism and exalts the arts of peace. Yet it is not impossible that this traditional bent of the nation might be overcome by a succession of unjust humiliations at the hands of Western powers.

However, I am convinced that if we treat her now in her helplessness as we should wish to be treated, in accordance with those principles of brotherhood and justice of which we heard so much during the great war, China will yet emerge out of her difficulties a strong, united people with friendly relations to the rest of the world, realizing her destiny not in opposition to the other nations of the world, but in closest co-operation with them—a force for peace, stability and democracy in this disturbed world of ours.

C. R. CARSCALLEN.

Le Désarmement

La Ligue des Nations, dont les travaux à Genève ont été ajournés au mois de septembre 1921, n'a, comme la montagne en travail, rien produit. Elle n'a même pu apporter le moindre soulagement au martyre séculaire de l'Arménie.

La civilisation moderne, ébranlée jusqu'à sa base par la guerre mondiale dans laquelle ont sombré plus de quarante millions de vies humaines, qui a ensanglanté la terre, causé des pertes matérielles que les chiffres les plus extravagants ne peuvent mesurer et que l'imagination même est impuissante à évaluer, qui a bouleversé l'ordre social, est maintenant en train de s'écrouler sous les attaques du bolchévisme.

Voilà l'horrible situation dans laquelle le monde civilisé se débat vainement. C'était bien, cependant, la tâche de la Ligue des Nations de conjurer le péril imminent.

Le désarmement est le remède suprême que la Ligue aurait dû appliquer, ou, pour le moins, commencer à appliquer. On a répondu à l'attente fiévreuse des peuples qui implorent la paix et le rétablissement de la justice et de l'ordre par de vaines discussions sur la procédure et les pouvoirs respectifs du "Conseil" et de "l'Assemblée", par l'imposition du secret aux délibérations de ses diverses commissions et, enfin, par un retour aux anciennes et pernicieuses pratiques de l'antique "diplomatie européenne".

On s'est contenté d'ébaucher un projet de Tribunal de Justice international.

Aussi les grandes puissances se sentent-elles libres de toutes entraves dans l'accomplissement de leurs gigantesques projets de surarmement, laissant les petites nations également libres d'imiter ce criminel égoïsme et cette folie SUPREME.

Les serments de fraternité, d'union sacrée que l'on se prodiguait durant l'affreuse et terrifiante hécatombe, maintenant qu'ils ont servi les besoins du moment, sont oubliés ou méconnus, ou même considérés comme par trop naïfs.

On les a écartés pour laisser libre jeu aux appétits toujours renaissants et impérieux de l'égoïsme individuel ou national.

Aux exigences légitimes de la paix, de la justice et de l'ordre, on a préféré la satisfaction des intérêts matériels, de la cupidité des peuples en mal de nouvelles conquêtes et d'expansion, aux dépens des nations petites ou faibles.

On a vite oublié ou délibéremment méconnu la brutale et concluante leçon de la récente catastrophe; on ne semble s'être aucunement ému de la terrible probabilité d'autres conflits semblables ou pires encore.

La montrueuse insanité dont l'Allemagne est présentement la victime semble devoir en faire de nouvelles.

Si les grandes puissances ne désarment pas, si l'on ne répudie à jamais le faux principe *si vis pacem para bellum*, pour lui substituer définitivement le *si vis pacem para pacem*, la civilisation moderne, si terriblement compromise, marchera promptement et fatalement à sa destruction.

Si la Ligue des Nations ne peut ou ne veut pas proclamer et pratiquer le désarmement international, elle aura failli à sa tâche, elle n'aura plus aucune raison d'être, son utilité aura complètement cessé.

La paix dans le monde n'existera jamais que si chacune des grandes puissances renonce pour

elle-même et pour toujours à la suprématie sur les mers ou sur la terre, ainsi que l'ont surabondamment prouvé la tentative insensée de Bonaparte et celle si récente de Guillaume d'Allemagne.

Si la Grande-Bretagne ou la puissante République Américaine nourrit le dessein de se donner la suprématie maritime, elles ne réussiront qu'à amener la banqueroute nationale de toutes deux, et, conséquence inévitable, la démoralisation de la civilisation moderne, que le bolchévisme est tout préparé à rendre générale et complète.

C'est à l'Angleterre et aux Etats-Unis qu'incombe, à un degré à peu près égal, la responsabilité première de l'heure présente. La paix du monde dépendra de l'initiative de l'un ou l'autre de ces deux pays, et surtout du geste commun qu'ils exécuteront.

Le désarmement international peut et doit être leur œuvre commune. Ils n'ont qu'à le vouloir sincèrement et à prendre les moyens à leur disposition pour l'imposer au monde. Il leur suffit aujourd'hui d'en avoir le désir et la volonté—comme il leur aurait suffi de l'avoir désiré et voulu il y a quinze ans—pour en assurer l'accomplissement.

C'était alors l'ambition suprême d'Edouard VII. Plusieurs ont professé, à l'époque, la conviction que le président de la République américaine, M. Roosevelt, aurait volontiers partagé avec le "roi pacificateur" la gloire d'être l' instrument de la Providence pour donner au monde l'immense bienfait de la paix universelle.

Deux obstacles, ni l'un ni l'autre insurmontable, ont alors empêché ou plutôt seulement retardé la réalisation immédiate de ce sublime idéal. De la part de la Grande-Bretagne ce fut le manque absolu d'imagination et de clairvoyance, caractéristique par trop fréquente du tempérament anglo-saxon, et en particulier de ceux qui avaient alors la responsabilité de conseiller Sa Majesté.

Ne pouvons-nous, ne devons-nous pas espérer que le Roi est entouré maintenant d'aviseurs plus éclairés et moins pusillanimes.

Aux Etats-Unis, ce fut la traditionelle crainte des "*entangling alliances*".

Il aurait alors fallu créer chez le peuple américain la conviction, que la guerre lui a maintenant imposée, qu'il ne peut pas, qu'il ne doit pas se désintéresser de la politique, ni même des conflits de l'Europe.

Si on eût réellement en Angletere, comme aux Etats-Unis, il y a quinze ou vingt ans, voulu la paix universelle, et si on eût pris les moyens qui s'offraient alors pour l'établir, nous l'aurions tout probablement obtenue et le monde aurait été préservé de la catastrophe dont il vient de sortir, mutilé ensanglanté, broyé, foudroyé, et dont les désastres ne pourront jamais être oubliés ni même complètement réparés.

A la session parlementaire, à Ottawa, en 1906, j'eus l'honneur de proposer à la Chambre des Communes l'adoption d'une adresse à sa Majesté le Roi Edouard VII, l'invitant, ainsi que Sa Majesté la Reine Alexandra, à rendre visite à ses sujets canadiens.

C'était surtout et par-dessus tout le désir de faire contribuer le parlement canadien, dans la mesure de ses moyens, à l'œuvre de la paix universelle qui me poussa à formuler cette demande, ainsi que l'atteste la partie du discours que je prononçai à l'appui de la motion et qu'il n'est peut-être pas oiseux de rappeler:—Débats de la Chambre des Communes 1906, *page* 1741.

. . . "Bien plus, Monsieur l'Orateur, n'est-il pas légitime de nourrir l'espoir et de croire qu'une telle visite, à l'époque actuelle, contribuerait à donner plus d'ampleur à l' "Entente Cordiale", de façon à gagner la puissante cooperation des Etats-Unis d'Amérique à la réalisation du noble objectif visé par cette entente? Car, Monsieur l'Orateur, s'il nous est donné de nous réjouir de l'alliance intervenue entre la République française, le Royaume-Uni de la Grande-Bretagne et d'Irlande et les possessions britanniques dans le monde entier, n'est-il pas légitime d'espérer que cette alliance s'étendra de façon à embrasser la république des Etats-Unis d'Amérique et cet empire reculé de l'Orient, dont l'emblême national symbolise avec tant de vérité ses brillants exploits de fraîche date et son merveilleux progrès: alliance entre les premières nations d'Europe, les deux plus grandes nations d'Amérique et la seule grande nation de l'Asie; alliance embrassant le monde entier, dont le but et le mot d'ordre seraient 'règne de paix universelle', avec tout ce que ces paroles magiques font augurer de bien pour l'humanité. Ne sommes-nous pas autorisés à croire que l'heure est venue où les nations éclairées du monde entier mettront fin aux armements militaires et cesseront de verser aux démons de la guerre le tribut de leur sang le plus précieux et de leurs plus riches trésors? Voilà trop longtemps déjà que les nations européennes gémissent sous l'écrasant fardeau du militarisme. Tout le monde désire ou demande la paix, et l'air est pour ainsi dire embaumé du souffle parfumé de la paix. Le noble roi d'Angleterre, le noble président des Etats-Unis se sont consacrés au service de la paix; tous deux ils croient fermement à l'avènement de la paix universelle et ils n'ont cessé de prêcher avec un succès marquant l'évangile de la paix. Ne pouvons-nous pas aujourd'hui nous bercer de l'espoir que leurs brillants succès, de date recente, ne sont que les signes avant-coureurs de la paix universelle?"

Le premier ministre, le Très Honorable Sir Wilfrid Laurier, le chef de l'opposition de l'èpoque, M. R. L. Borden, maintenant le Très Honorable Sir Robert Laird Borden, et plusieurs autres députés et sénateurs donnèrent à la motion et au discours du proposeur leur cordiale approbation.

Adoptée par les deux Chambres avec enthousiasme, l'adresse fut promptement transmise à Lord Elgin, qui occupait alors le poste de Secrétaire colonial,

avec les discours prononcé dans les deux Chambres, pour être soumise au Roi.

Le Secrétaire des Colonies, m'assura-t-on dans le temps, ne se donna pas même la peine de soumettre à Sa Majesté l'invitation du Parlement canadien. Il se contenta pour toute réponse de faire savoir au représentant de Sa Majesté en Canada que les précédents n'autorisaient pas les Conseillers du Roi en Angleterre à aviser Sa Majesté de traverser les mers pour rendre visite à ses sujets.

C'est ainsi que fut écartée du coup la possibilité, on pourrait même dire la probabilité de l'établissement de la paix universelle—et cela moins de dix ans avant la guerre.

Aussi n'est-il pas exagéré de dire que n'eût été le manque de clairvoyance, l'attachement à la routine et au *red tape* de Lord Elgin, le cataclysme de 1914 aurait peut-être été conjuré.

L'histoire va-t-elle se répéter? Va-t-on méconnaître la leçon si terrible et si concluante de la grande guerre?

C'est à l'Angleterre et aux Etats-Unis qu'il incombe tout particulièrement et immédiatement d'esquisser un geste concret, commun et définitif en faveur du désarmement.

Ce sont les deux grandes puissances du jour qui peuvent, en l'adoptant pour elles-mêmes, l'imposer à toutes les nations, grandes ou petites, membres ou non de la Ligue des Nations, aux vainqueurs et aux vaincus.

L'accroissement de l'armement militaire ou naval, surtout de ce dernier, constituerait un crime monstrueux. Ce serait la négation et la dégradation des sacrifices de la guerre. Ce serait servir l'action du bolchévisme beaucoup plus sûrement que toutes les propagandes et toutes les victoires des soviets.

L'honorable N. A. Belcourt.

The Building Guild Movement.

IN spite of Housing Acts and building schemes, the fact remains that there is still a large number of houses required in this and other large cities of the Province. Various reasons are assigned for this situation, amongst them being that of abnormally high wages paid in the building trades, a factor which, it is claimed, deters private enterprise from building houses. It is urged, therefore, that the workers are responsible in some measure for the shortage of homes. This seems strange when we realize that those who suffer most the lack of houses are the members of the working class and that plenty of capital seems available for the purpose of building theatres, moving picture houses, and other buildings that are more or less in the luxury class and not so urgent as homes. Many ideas have been suggested in order to find a way out of the housing muddle and one of them is that of the Building Guild Movement. This idea has its inspiration from the Guild Socialist Movement and became translated from theory into fact in the City of Manchester, England, early in 1920, largely through the activities of Mr. S. G. Hobson, one of the pioneer Guildsmen.

As a result the Manchester Building Guild is doing the following contracts for the municipalities mentioned, which have been accepted and sanctioned by the Ministry of Health in Great Britain; Manchester, 100 houses: Worsley, 261 houses; Bedwellty, 100 houses; Tredeger, 100 houses; Wigan, 135 houses; Rotherham, 200 houses; Wilmslow, 100 houses; Halifax, 200 houses. In addition, the following are accepted and awaiting sanction:—Ross, 50 houses; Trowbridge, 80 houses; Lewis, 230 houses; Mexboro, 44 houses; Altringham, 50 houses; Colne, 56 houses; Bowden, 24 houses; Bucklow, 24 houses; Alderly, 28 houses; Ashton-under-Lyne, 150 houses; Stroud, 20 houses; Glasgow, 246 houses; Whitby, 1 hospital. Negotiations are proceeding for further contracts at Salford, Middlesboro', Royston, Mansfield, Woodhouse, Bredbury, Romley, Ipswich, Lincoln, Doncaster, and Wombwell.

The London Building Guild, a similar body, has taken shape under the guidance of A. J. Penty, a member of the Institute of Architects and author of the *Restoration of the Guild System.* It has secured a contract for 380 houses at Walthamstow, another one at Greenwich, while negotiations are in progress at Hammersmith, Islington and other centres. What, then, is this movement that seems practicable and has been described as the most vital and constructive of the newer labor movements; that forms one of the biggest constructive developments ever made in trade union policy? It is the active co-operation of the workers, technicians and supervisors in the building industry, for the purpose of service to the community in the building of houses, with the profit element eliminated. It is operated through a partnership between the community and the workers by which the community through its legislative bodies shall supply the finance and credit, and the guild shall supply the labour, supervision, design and skill and by means of this partnership, it is claimed, good houses can be built for the consumers cheaper than by private enterprise, and only by this method can sufficient houses be built quickly and efficiently.

We, in this country, faced with the same conditions of shortage, may thoughtfully inquire if this idea can be applied here. In March, 1920, the Building Trades Council of Toronto suggested to the City Council that a partnership be formed between the City Council, representing the consumer, and the Building Trades Council, representing the

Building Unions, for the purpose of doing what Manchester was doing, and high hopes were entertained that a solution had been found for the housing problem in Toronto. The Building Trades Council agreed to guarantee the labour required and suggested that the City Council, through its purchasing department, secure the material necessary for housing construction, and through its architectural department supply the designing and supervisory ability for the work. In that way it was felt that with the prestige of the city purchasing supplies, exorbitant prices would be avoided and discrimination against the guild in its materials stopped. It was also believed that if the city supplied the supervision and architectural ability, minor positions such as foreman could be filled from lists supplied by the Building Trades Council and, with the power of dismissal remaining in the control of the city, a sufficient check against loafing and loose discipline on the job would be exercised. At the same time the fact that foremen were appointed from lists supplied by the workers' organization formed a sufficient check against their appointment by civic or political pull, and in this way the guild would have a degree of self-government in itself yet sufficient precautions had been taken to prevent anyone coming in who desired to make the plan a failure.

It did not come to fruition for several reasons, among them being the opposition of private enterprise in the building industry, the luke-warm support of civic officialism, an apathy among the rank and file of the building unions, and the conservative attitude adopted towards it by some of the building trades leaders. One would have thought that it ought to have been obvious to the workers that such an idea gives them at least the first steps in industrial democracy. Had it been adopted we would have seen the working out of an experiment with important consequences to Labour in Canada and to the building trades workers in particular. It would have given them the creative zest that accompanies production for service and, if it was successful in its first contract, others could have been arranged with provisions like those in the Manchester contracts whereby unemployment through wet weather and unavoidable causes becomes a charge upon the industry, with each guild worker guaranteed a regular weekly wage, thus beginning a higher status in the industry; and with the removal of the bugbear unemployment, a far higher standard of efficiency and craftsmanship would almost inevitably result. But it would have had other important results. We would have seen credit based upon ability to produce and not upon financial control; though upon analysis financial control, as long as it holds the good will of labour, is ability to produce, but if the workers refuse to produce for private capital or if they undertake to produce by their own efforts for the community then the basis of credit may shift from private capital to labour and this would have very important consequences. It is assumed here that credit is supplied by the community; still it is possible that the community may receive that credit from the banks so that finance would still have ultimate control. Even if this were the case one factor in house production is removed, that of profit, and the creation of community reserves of credit would remove the other. Can we hope the idea can be revived? I think we can. Since it was first mooted, the rank and file of the building workers here have given it considerable thought and some indications of their minds may be seen in the demand of the local painters for a Building Trades Parliament, similar to that existing in England, and which is coloured and motived largely by the guild spirit. The conservative attitude of some of the union officers is crumbling in face of the growing spirit of service amongst the rank and file. The chief lions in the path are opposition from private enterprise, the luke-warm support or veiled opposition of civic officialism, and possibly some legal difficulties.

The latter difficulty the Manchester Building Guild overcame by forming themselves into a small joint stock Company with nominal shares for each worker of 25 cents under the non-profit clause of the Companies' Act, thus becoming a legal entity. It might be necessary to take that step if the plan was revived again. The other difficulties are harder obstacles to get over, but if we can successfully combat them then I think there is no reason why we cannot see the guild in operation. I would urge then those who believe that the motive of service is the best motive for the community; who believe in freedom and self-government in social and industrial life; who believe that this can best be attained in a functionally democratic society, and that it can be attained only by including in workers' organizations technicians, supervisors, and salariat, to do all in their power to develop the guild idea. Then I think we may see the workman become once again a master of his craft; and the community may get the houses which it so sorely needs.

James T. Gunn

Toronto Local Council of Women

Song Recital

by

Cecil Fanning

celebrated baritone

Massey Hall: Monday, Feb. 14th

Tickets $1.00 and $1.50 at Massey Hall.

A CANADIAN CONFERENCE IN PHYSICS

POPULAR education is becoming more popular. It is even being taken seriously. The days are gone when scientific knowledge was the pursuit and possession of a few.

Having in mind the considerable number of discoveries in physical science in recent years, Prof. McLennan, head of the Physics Department in the University of Toronto, suggested holding in Toronto a conference of all those, both inside and outside University circles, who are taking an interest in such advances. The idea was heartily approved by the University authorities and a series of public lecture courses to extend over a period of three weeks was arranged. The principal courses offered were one on Relativity by Dr. Silberstein, formerly of the University of Rome, one on Atomic Structure by Professor McLennan, and one on Colloids by Professor Burton. Dr. Louis King of McGill University, and Dr. I. Langmuir of the General Electric Company of Schennectady, N.Y., also gave addresses.

The conference was opened on January 5 by the President of the University, Sir Robert Falconer, and the sessions were continued till January 26.

It came as a surprise to those interested to find in attendance such a large number, not only of scientists, but of "the man in the street." That such a physico-philosophical and abstruse subject as Relativity or even a discussion of atomic architecture should arouse so wide an interest was scarcely to be expected. It recalled to mind the meetings of the Royal Institution in old London or the public attention given to Bergson's lectures in Paris a few years ago.

The visiting lecturer, Dr. Silberstein—well known in the field of Mathematical Physics—gave a very interesting course in Relativity, a subject necessarily mathematical in its nature, especially in its modern development, but presented by Dr. Silberstein in a very picturesque and lucid manner.

To give an idea of the scope of the subject in a few words would be impossible. We, ourself, took down reams of notes and yards of mathematical equations to keep ourself out of mischief in the summer holidays, but they are too voluminous to reproduce here. To be very brief, the Relativist wants to find out how things, *i.e.* physical phenomena, look when viewed from the vantage point of a body moving relatively to our earth, or, contrariwise, to find out from our vantage point on the earth what errors we make in observing bodies in rapid motion relative to us. He sets out on this curious quest partly at the instigation of those physicists who discovered the electron and cannot explain its behaviour—one of its idiosyncracies being that it weighs more the faster it goes.

Well, to launch out on this quest one must have a "jumping off" place, so to speak, so the Relativist lays down a postulate or two just as Euclid does, and, like Euclid, he arrives at results in agreement with our everyday experience, and herein, as Dr. Silberstein pointed out, lies the value of the theory of Relativity or of any theory for that matter.

The Relativist first challenges you to find a spot in the universe absolutely at rest, and if you point to one that looks as if it were he asks you to prove it. Since, of course, you cannot, he lays down as a reasonable postulate that there is no spot in the universe which can be regarded as at rest—in other words, that all motion is relative.

Then you are asked to admit that necessarily your observations on phenomena must be warped more or less since viewed from only one standpoint. To the uninstructed, the sun moves around the earth. It appears to do so because the observer has forgotten to consider a possible motion of his point of vantage. The Relativist is convinced we are all uninstructed in this respect and must forever remain so. Could we but find a spot at rest from which to look out upon the world, things would appear as they really are. Since we cannot, we seek some simple relation connecting the march of events as viewed from different points of vantage.

To arrive at such a relation the Relativist lays down another postulate. He says—"Take any physical phenomenon in nature, for simplicity, the velocity of light in space; I postulate that its velocity as measured by an observer from any point of vantage will always be the same." This postulate or "principle of relativity" as it is called may be stated more generally thus—"if, relative to K, K′ is a uniformly moving system devoid of rotation, then natural phenomena run their course with respect to K′ according to exactly the same laws as with respect to K. In other words if we know the truth about a series of events no point of vantage would enjoy a privilege over another in observing it."

Well, if you agree to this then the Relativist begins to lead you on as Euclid did from one curious fact to another, as, for example, that a railway carriage rushing past you at 60 miles an hour is not as long as it is when standing still, and he gives you the law governing the observed change in length. Or, again, that a clock beating seconds on the station platform will if observed from a swiftly moving train beat longer seconds. He shows you that a second is not always a second but varies with the observer's point of vantage, and he gives you the relation connecting them. To make a long story short he runs the electron to earth finally and tells you why it has a greater mass when it moves faster.

The electron is, however, not the only object of his attention. The question of the effect of a gravitational field on the propagation of light is considered, as for example the bending of a beam of light passing near the sun—a phenomenon observed during the last eclipse. Or again the apparent shift—aberration it is called—in the position of a star, due to the observer's annual "high-speed" excursion to and fro in space around the sun.

The whole subject was very clearly divided by the lecturer into the Newtonian or earlier relativity, the so-called "special" relativity, and the most recent "general" relativity as developed by Einstein.

In the series of lectures given by Professor McLennan the subject dealt with was the atom—the home, so to speak, of the electron. The lectures were illustrated by a large number of experiments in the preparation of which the lecturer was assisted by Mr. J. F. J. Young and Mr. H. J. C. Ireton of the Physics Department.

After leading his hearers into the molecular and atomic world, Dr. McLennan introduced them to that most outstanding discovery in modern physics, the electron, which emerged from the "dust and twine" of J. J. Thomson's laboratory about 20 years ago. Its importance from the point of view of the structure of the atom itself is very great indeed and it is attracting an increasing share of attention. Even that school of chemists who dismiss the atom as a needless fiction are being persuaded to recognize the electron. The atom was a hypothesis perhaps, but the electron is a reality. It has been weighed, measured and handed about from one place to another in a way the atom never dreamed of. Not only so but the atom itself is no longer a hypothesis. Thanks to information supplied by the electron, the form of the atom, its size, and its transformations are coming slowly to light; and as Professor McLennan pointed out, it is now a very reasonable hope of physicists that before long we shall know the structure of a great many, if not all, of the atoms comprising the various elements.

The most interesting feature of the electron is perhaps its elemental negative charge of electricity. The movements of the electrons carrying with them this charge have been the subject of important mathematical investigations by Larmor in England and Lorentz in Holland and the results of these investigations have been the real inspiration of the modern theory of Relativity.

The lecturer also gave a very clear account of the field of spectroscopy from the electronic point of view pointing out the importance of series spectra and indicating how these were used to obtain information as to the number and arrangement of the electrons in an atom. For example, it is found that the three simplest atoms are hydrogen, helium, and lithium, and these are believed to have one, two and three electrons respectively revolving about a central nucleus, like moons about a planet.

Still other avenues of approach are being used to arrive at a clearer view of atomic structure. The passage of alpha particles and x-rays through atoms and the very important researches of Sir Ernest Rutherford on the nucleus of the atom were described and illustrated. The lectures form an excellent resumé of the work in that large field now known as atomic physics.

The third course of lectures on Colloids, given by Professor Burton, appealed more perhaps to those engaged in industrial pursuits. In the "colloidal" form matter exists in small particles, not indeed of electronic or even molecular dimensions, but still in particles small enough to be jostled about by molecules, much as a stout man might be pushed about by school boys. This "Brownian" movement was exhibited under the microscope in the case of small particles of smoke in air and again under the ultra-microscope in the case of very small copper particles in water.

Methods were described not only of preparing these colloidal solutions but of studying their size, electrical charge, stability and coagulation. Emphasis was laid on the growing industrial importance of the study of colloids, as for example, in the rubber industry, the cement industry and the dye industry.

The conference exceeded expectations, visitors being present from the far west and far east of Canada as well as from the French Universities of Quebec and even from the United States. The holding of an all-Canadian conference of this nature cannot fail to stimulate in the public mind a greater national enthusiasm. We are inclined to look abroad for leadership. It is sometimes forgotten that there exist in our Dominion great public works—feats of electrical and structural engineering carried to completion by Canadian engineers,—which attract attention from even the older countries, to say nothing of the newer.

In pure science Canadians have done a good deal and will do more. The conference was a demonstration of this fact.

H.A.M.

WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB: PRIZE FOR PLAY.

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and County of York, a prize of $100 for the best one-act play submitted to Mrs. Tremain, 20 St. Joseph Street.

Mss. must be typewritten and accompanied by the writer's full name and address, also a guarantee that he or she has not heretofore received payment for literary work. Mss. will be received until March 5, 1921.

LITERARY COMPETITIONS

February Competitions

A. We offer a prize of five dollars for an essay in 800 words on Does Prohibition Prohibit?

B. We offer a prize of five dollars for A Metrical Translation *of the following sonnet by Félix Arvers:*

Sonnet

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère:
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu.
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.
Hélas! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.
Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas;
A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas.

All entries must reach the Competitions Editor not later than February 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George St., Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

January Results

A. A prize of five dollars for A Poem on the Burial of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey *of any length but not exceeding 50 lines.*

Out of a number of entries, several of which were above the average, we award the prize to the following poem by Harvey Usher.

The Prize Poem on the Burial of the Unknown Soldier in Westminster Abbey

What bring they with our chosen dead to rest?
A box of rotted filth by worms possest?
The son of every grieving mother's breast?

One meanest in his country's villainy?
The broken scion of what noble tree?
A rake who never sought a wifely kiss?
The father that a million firesides miss?

A hurried gathering of unmated bones?
The king of all among these honouring stones?

The dullest mind that bent above the clod?
Rare soul that walked in splendours of his God?

Silent the guns, and under them the dead
All silent, and the anger-stainéd red
Of Earth new-green again for peaceful bread.

Unknowing and unknown, though London run
With banners, and the trumpets in the sun,—
We make him what he is, his work is done.

Make him our son who poured the blood we gave,
The life of every living son to save.

The father, leaving for all children's good,
His hardwon justice, faith and brotherhood.

The buried blunders of exalted selves,
Who filed poor brother souls on bureau shelves.

Make him the fallen pride of tyranny,
The end of every base humility.

The silent keeper of all prejudice
Drawn from our souls and safely locked in his.

The graven memory of heroic days
Only the future may read clear and praise.

Make him the binding of war's maniac hands
Never to strike again in Christian lands.

Make him the Son of God, and we his kin
Hush to his silence all unworthy din.

Give ample room that all about may stand,
Dig deep his grave that all may lend a hand,
Pack it with earth from every mourning land.

The following lines from the poem by Robert D. Little deserve special praise and to him is awarded the second prize.

Just one of golden boys,
Sans rank or name,
Whose feet have marched far on
The fields of fame.

With you come ghostly ranks
Across the foam;
They march unseen to-day
The streets of home.

Sons of the English downs—
Rank upon file;
Crews of forgotten ships,
Back to their isle;

Shepherds from Scottish hills—
Ah! the pipes' grief!
Youths with an emblem dear—
Gold maple leaf.

B. A prize of five dollars for AN ESSAY ON HOBBIES, *in not more than 800 words.*

The following essay by N. G. has been awarded the first prize. The contributions of A. Lejeune and Super were of equal merit, and only limitations of space prevent them from appearing here. A second prize is awarded to each of them. Will N. G. and A. Lejeune kindly send their addresses.

The Prize Essay on Hobbies

If St. Peter had asked Tomlinson what his hobby was, he might have discovered that there was something in the man after all. For while people of genius pour out their souls in Art, the much larger section of humanity to which Tomlinson (and I) belong reveal their inmost yearnings in their hobbies. A hobby is the soul's sincere desire, uttered or unexpressed, and the question whether it shall find expression is to some extent decided by one's financial standing. Thus I myself should like to collect Old Masters and first editions, but like the ancient Athenians I seek "beauty with cheapness", so that my passion finds a partial outlet in the collecting of Soap. Just as some men cannot pass swinging doors, I cannot pass a drug-store sign bearing the legend "Three for 25c."

This cult of Palmolive is purely aesthetic and finds its artistic justification in the fact that the glory of a hobby is not in certain vulgar objects—violins, pottery, book-plates—that one collects, but in one's point of view. The essence of a hobby is a spiritual experience. When I get three bars more, I have precisely the same exalted aesthetic thrill that is felt by Mr. Henry Frick (or his agent) in the acquisition of another batch of Correggios. For this reason I should hesitate to condemn a person who collected first editions of Florence Barclay, because, to use a Jamesian phrase, it is the quality of the experience that counts, and besides, everyone knows that the only books a bibliophile does not read are those he collects.

I have other hobbies too. I do not wish to boast of my library, yet I venture to think there are books on my shelves that Widener never possessed. I have an edition of one of Leonard Merrick's novels in a yellow paper cover, in extraordinary type, containing opposite the last page a graceful eulogy of Beecham's Pills—yet I picked it up for a mere song. Then there is a leather-bound Greek Testament, very old (for it was in the library of John S. Jones, the fly-leaf tells me), which was secured not without strategy at a second-hand book-shop for 25c. The price is partly accounted for by a circumstance unique, I should say, in the history of book-collecting—a dog had eaten a portion of Second Corinthians. But a bibliophile should be modest in talking about his treasures, and I cut short the catalogue.

A hobby, however it may appear to a coarse-minded outsider, is not a frivolous pastime, but an intensely solemn thing. It is religious. A man does not mention his hobby at his office or his club; it is known only to his wife and God, for neither can be shut out of his den. A surgeon may flee from the operating-room to solitude and the composition of a sonnet-sequence; a stout apoplectic lawyer, after a day spent in glowering at his partner, fuming at his stenographers, stepping on his office-boy, and vilifying the general public, will dine hastily and retire to his study to spend a slippered evening with a collection of exquisite cracked china—a grateful earnest of eternal peace. Your true hobby requires private worship, its shrine is occult, withheld, untrod. There is only one exception to this rule of secrecy—golf develops in its follower an extraordinary enthusiasm so that he talks of it incessantly and vehemently at his office, at his club, to his wife, and, on the links, to God.

A hobby is often a tacit confession that one has mistaken one's calling; at any rate it is a brave revolt against the tyranny of the daily round, the common task. A man who, with single-hearted devotion, picks out Humoreske with a stubby forefinger; a stock-broker who hurries home from business in order to paint a misshapen but glowing cow against a sky of Copenhagen blue, is an object not for ridicule or pity, but for envy. He is an inarticulate artist, whose hobby is a poem of escape. He is expressing himself, and self-expression is Art, and, as we are so often told, Art is not to be criticized, but to be understood. "All that the world's coarse thumb and finger failed to plumb" is in that stock-broker's Titianesque cow. That is why I think Tomlinson might have revealed a soul; I have a feeling that at the back of his house in Berkeley Square there was a tiny garden where Tomlinson, on his own initiative, raised peerless turnips.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present unable to pay contributors.

The Business Manager will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers. Complaints have been received from subscribers whose copies were lost in the mails. All such should at once notify the Postal Authorities.

THE ART OF THE UNITED STATES

THE Exhibition of Paintings at the Art Gallery of Toronto, January 8th to February 6th, was the first exhibition of American Art which has been held in Canada. There have been indeed few special exhibitions of any kind excepting those to which certain societies or groups of painters have been invited to contribute. The loan exhibitions organized by the Art Gallery of Toronto as well as those organized by the Art Association of Montreal have been very diversified—old and modern paintings of all schools finding a place in them. Such a policy on the part of those who organized the exhibitions was inevitable. There were few private collections upon which drafts could be made and none of these were of a special character. The exhibitions thus represented the actual state of artistic appreciation of those persons in this country who were accumulating works of art, and therein lay precisely the historical value of these exhibitions. That they should have disclosed the existence of passing phases of fashion was to be expected; and it was also to be expected that these phases should have followed the vogue of certain schools of European art. Purchasers of pictures in general bought from dealers in London; a few only occasionally bought in New York. Thus the Canadian collectors have as a rule refrained from including in their purchases the works of American painters. There are probably at the present time, in Canada, fewer than twenty examples of the works of important American artists, excluding the works of Canadian painters who have temporarily or permanently made their home in the United States, as for example Horatio Walker and Ernest Lawson who are for that reason. usually counted in the United States as American artists.

The Exhibition recently on the walls at the Grange was organized for the purpose of enabling the public to see examples of the works of a number of American painters of different schools. It was therefore of set purpose an eclectic exhibition. Considered as a representative collection of works by the leading American artists of the present time it is sufficiently remarkable.

The impression to be derived from a general survey was, I think, one of cheerful, pure and even brilliant colour, and of very competent draughtsmanship. There was indeed abundant evidence of high technical skill, if there was perhaps lacking any high imaginative note. The only picture which exhibited the latter in any serious sense was *Down to the Sea*, (No. 50) by Rockwell Kent. This artist is an Independent and is also a Member of the New Society, one of the most recent of the independent groups. Among the members of the New Society whose works were exhibited, a very high place must be given to Albert Sterner whose *The Gray Cape*, (No. 85) is a superb figure piece. The textures, the admirable disposition of the tones, and the fine lines of the drawing make a *tout ensemble* leaving no room for criticism. I am told that this picture is likely to remain in Toronto. Another important member of the New Society is the Canadian Ernest Lawson whose *Trees in Blossom*, (No. 51) is a very fine performance.

Childe Hassam was represented by *The New York Winter Window*, (No. 38) and George B. Luks, also a member of the New Society, sent *Otis Skinner, in "The Honour of the Family*,' (No. 54), a brilliant sketch highly suitable for a poster or for the walls of a theatrical club.

Among the works of members of the Society of Independent Artists, perhaps the most important example is *The Beach*, (No. 71), by M. P. Prendergast. Alike in originality of method and in deliberate development of it, this picture is the most interesting in a group of fresh and even audacious paintings. Among the latter may be counted F. S. Baylison's *Spanish Girl*, (No. 3), by no means a thing of beauty but extraordinarily cleverly conceived and executed with even too scientific patience. Another Independent is Homer Boss whose *Squall*, (No. 9) shows him to be a remarkable colourist.

If the New Society and the Independents may be regarded as representing artistic heresies, the National Academy may be counted as representing more or less extreme orthodoxy, many of the members obviously deriving their inspiration from past or passing phases of French Art. Thus Karl Anderson's *Pegasus*, (No. 1), Leopold Seyffert's *Hunter*, (No. 79) and John Johansen's *Village Rider*, (No. 47) may be regarded as competent but *passé*. More vivid and instructive from the point of view of texture and skilful manipulation is Abbott H. Thayer's *Young Woman in Olive Plush*, (No. 87) and the same expression may be applied to Frank W. Benson's *Still Life* (No. 7).

Among the Academicians are also Ernest L. Blumenschein represented by *Indian Battle*, (No. 8) and Victor Higgins by *The Serenade*, (No. 41). Both of these artists belong to a group which for some time has been painting in New Mexico.

Of the painters who are not attached to any group one of the most promising is Malcolm S. Parcell whose *The Wanderer*, (No. 67) is very remarkable. The painstaking fidelity of the drawing is concealed by an atmosphere of peculiarly subtle colour.

It is in some ways unfortunate that the landscape art of the United States was not more adequately represented but the *Hills of North Branch*, (No. 77)

A COSSACK OFFICER AT
BAKU, CAUCASUS, 1918

By Osborne Henry Mavor
Captain, R.A.M.C.

by Chauncey F. Ryder and *Along the Harbour* (No. 12) by Roy Brown are good examples. There were at least two portraits of distinction Henry R. Rittenberg's *Elliott Daingerfield*, (No. 75) and Sidney E. Dickinson s *Paul Arndt*, (No. 27).

Altogether the exhibition has been refreshing and educative. It is well to know that numerous groups of American painters are developing an art which is really alive and is moreover characterized by skill and knowledge.

JAMES MAVOR.

Canadians on Snowdon

THIRTY miles by aeroplane from Kinmel Camp (may its memory be softened by time) is the summit of the highest mountain of England and Wales, old Snowdon. Its height is 3,560 feet. As a mere matter of statistics, that may not be impressive; Mt. Logan in Canada is taller by 15,000 feet. But from the days when the Phoenicians pricked its cliffs with mine shafts in search of copper, Snowdon has gathered about itself a halo of human associations that make a stronger appeal to most men than big figures listed by a geographical survey.

Not only is romance woven about Snowdon—Eryri, the Place of Eagles—but mystery shrouds it. Look at this paragraph, from a guide book:

"Between these ridges are the enormous cwms of Snowdon; to the north-west, Cwm Brwynog, in which Llyn Du'r Arddu lies; west, Cwm Clogwyn, containing Llyn Glas (nearest the summit), next Llyn Goch, and then Llyn-y-nadroedd, and some distance further Llyn Ffynnon-y-gwas."

I have great respect for anything I cannot pronounce. I resolved to ascend Snowdon and see those sputtering consonants for myself. Young Clarke, of the Q.M.N.G., who was also attracted by the sonorous mystery of the cwms, took train with me for Bettws-y-Coed, and shared for a few days an expedition into the heart of the unknown and unpronounceable.

Bettws-y-Coed (the Chapel of the Woods) has suffered by the war at the hands of lumbermen. The thick woods covering the hills that overlook the village, were cut to make pit props for the mines. Enough timber has been left, at the petition of the Royal Academy, to preserve many of the beauty spots; but ugly scars will long remind tourists of the toll even this hidden artist's resort has paid to the war.

We hired a meek man with a half-witted smile to drive us by taxi to Pen-y-Gwryd at the foot of Snowdon. His meekness was only skin deep. He drove like a mad ace flying at night in a gale, oblivious to the earth's surface beneath him. He bounced us from side to side of the road, brushing hedges and stone walls, whisking around precipitous corners, mindful of time but careless of eternity, all the while whirling the steering wheel about with frantic motions of his long arms. The scenery swept about the horizon in massive blocks, a mountain here, a black forest there, all threaded on the white road that perpetually untangled itself under our eyes.

At Capel Curig, where we slowed down a bit to save the lives of some school children, we saw the three dark peaks of Snowdon lifted against the blue sky.

"Lliwedd, Y Wyddfa, Crib Goch," said the driver, nodding his head at the three giants, and waving his arm from left to right.

We reached Pen-y-Gwryd, paid the driver, and gave thanks to our Maker for preserving us. There is an inn at Pen-y-Gwryd (a long, low, gray stone building whose windows crowd one another in two tiers) with a small house adjoining, and no other sign of human habitation. The inn lies at the foot of the stony Glyders, the black top of which you can see by craning your neck through the back windows. From the front door, you look out across the valley to the yellow, grassy slopes of Moel Siabod. Three big trees throw a shade over the front of the inn; no other shade is in sight. It is a cosy little inn, and has been a home to fishermen and climbers for many years. On the old Welsh dresser in the hall, lie visitors' books from the year 1854 to the present day, containing verses and sketches by some of the immortals.

"I came to Penygwryd in frantic hopes of slaying
Grilse, Salmon, 3 lb. red-fleshed Trout, and what
else there's no saying;
But bitter cold and lashing rain, and black, nor'
eastern skies, sir,
Drove me from fish to botany, a sadder man and
wiser."

So wrote Charles Kingsley at Pen-y-Gwryd many years ago.

Our guide book told us of the ascent of Snowdon by railway (rack and pinion) and by mule path; but on page 293 we came across this challenging entry:

"Visitors bent upon more ambitious climbing than we have thought it prudent to describe..................should consult a locked volume, which is only to be opened by application to the landlady."

Deciding, after deliberation, not to expose ourselves to risks that our friends might deplore, we refrained from applying to the landlady for the awful volume. Instead, we asked for sandwiches and cake, and stuffing our pockets with these for lunch, set our faces to the mule path and the ascent of Snowdon.

We tramped up to Gorphwsfa by a road that was graded for us by the Romans. They, like the Phoenicians, worked mines in Snowdon. We passed an itinerant knife grinder, a tall man in ragged clothes, who, staggering drunkenly, pushed before him a small grindstone mounted on a single large

wheel. At Gorphwsfa, the head of Llanberis Pass, we turned off the road, leaving behind us the pen-y-Pass Hotel, which flaunted four bare whitewashed walls with a few windows covered with bright green shutters against the glaring sun.

We followed the Miner's Road. I believe there are no mines in operation on the mountain at the present time, but there are plenty of little mine shafts opening ugly jaws in unexpected places all over the slopes. "Mind you keep to the path," says the *Gossiping Guide to Wales*, "for you diverge far from the track at some risk of descending a mine shaft." We did diverge absent-mindedly at a spot where the path turns sharply on itself to climb a steep bank, and before we had scrambled two minutes, we found ourselves looking down the black gullet of an old shaft that lay hid in the grass. The mountain is pocked with these little mines, which lurk in unsuspected corners. It is not a place to wander about in at night.

There are deserted miners' cottages, built of slate, beside a black lake lying under the cliffs. This mountain lake, with another below it, reminds one of the lakes that distinguish the Canadian Rockies. Llyn Llydaw and Glaslyn accentuate the gloom of the great cliffs that overshadow them. Professor Tyndal, in *Hours of Exercise in the Alps*, describes the view of Snowdon from this side—so much more majestic than the tame slopes that the railway climbs from the other side, with much puffing of steam and creaking of machinery.

"The scene was grand in the extreme. Before us were the buttresses of Snowdon, crowned by the conical peak; while below us were three llyns black as ink, and contracting additional gloom from the shadow of the mountain...........The summit, when we looked at it, damped our ardour a little; it seemed very distant, and the day was sinking fast. From the summit the mountain sloped downward to a col, which linked it with a bold eminence to our right. At the col we aimed, and half an hour before reaching it we passed the steepest portion of the track........... It was three o'clock when we gained the summit. Above and behind us the heavens were of the densest grey; towards the western horizon this was broken by belts of fiery red, which, nearer the sun, brightened to orange and yellow. The mountains of Flintshire were flooded with glory, and later on, through the gaps in the ranges, the sunlight was poured in coloured beams, which could be tracked through the air to the places on which their radiance fell. The scene would bear comparison with the splendours of the Alps themselves."

We halted above the waters of Glaslyn, to eat our lunch. The dark cliffs, rising sheer to a sharp point above the lake, were most impressive. They challenged comparison with the greatest cliffs in the Canadian Rockies. The impression, however, was weakened, when we recognized the *roche perché* that caps the peak as nothing but a barn-like hotel, knocked together by the railway people, for the accommodation of tourists who demand something more substantial than scenery to fill them. That hotel gives the mountain away. The proportions of the cliff are superb, suggesting awful and illimitable height; but the hotel grins down over the precipice, suggesting trippers, and tea, and bread and butter, and flies.

At Glaslyn we left the Miner's Road and tramped up the stony, zigzag path to the col between Y Wyddfa and Crib Goch. There we met a little train, scuttling down the mountain with its load of trippers. A few minutes later we stood on the summit of Snowdon.

The view from Y Wyddfa is a thing a Canadian can never forget or pronounce. I quote from the *Gossiping Guide:*

"To your left, if you turn from the sea and look towards Capel Curig, is first of all Carnedd Ugan and the ridge of Crib-y-ddysgyl connecting it with Crib Goch.................Beyond Crib Goch you see the Glyders, and beyond the Glyders, Carnedd Dafydd and Carnedd Llewelyn, the head of Tryfan (N.E.) peeping over the right shoulder of Glyder Fawr, and Pen-llithrig-y-wrach, occupying the same position with regard to Glyder Fach; then the coast near Rhyl, and the Clwydian range with the tower on Moel Fammau; over Nant-y-gwryd, above Capel Curig, Moel Siabod (E.); in the distance, to the right of it, Moel-y-gamelin and Moel Forfydd, near Llangollen, and then the long Berwyn range, including Moel Fferna and Cader Fronwen."

But as luck would have it, a heat haze hid all these things, and we had to see them merely in the pages of our guide book. As Welsh scenery is not beautiful in print, we did not delay over it, but turned into the hotel and prepared ourselves against the descent, with tea and biscuits, served in a hot room full of dogs and house flies.

PAUL A. W. WALLACE.

The Goose

I SHALL never forget that wretched bird!

We had decided to give a little dinner party to some friends, the Reverend and Mrs. Thomas, whose hospitality we had many times enjoyed: and Sylvia, with a pathetically appealing look in her eye, had asked me whether it would not be nice to have a goose. The dinner party was not to take place for three days; and just as one cheerfully makes an appointment to visit the dentist, leaving the regrets of that date to take care of themselves, so I acquiesced in Sylvia's choice: indeed her look would have melted a stone.

I will pass over the intervening days, merely mentioning that when the triumphant purchaser proudly

displayed the bird to me, I felt a slight premonitory shudder run through me, the shudder one occasionally experiences the day before that visit to the dentist. At last the fateful evening arrived. In a house pervaded with the smell of roasted goose we sat and awaited our guests. As luck would have it, there was a hitch of some sort in the traffic, and the reverend gentleman and his lady arrived rather late: it did not strike me when I cordially shook hands with them that such delays are contrived by Fate herself for the sole purpose of whetting appetite.

When at last we reached the dinner table and I stood up to ask a blessing, misgivings began to assail me; and I would fain have added to the simple petition for a blessing on our viands a prayer for strength to wrestle with the trial that lay before me. That however would have been weakness, I felt, and so I sat down with ill-assumed ease and feverishly engaged in conversation. The lordly bird sailed in, the eyes of the guests brightened, and I manfully seized knife and fork and plunged them into the goose.

It was not long before I found myself in difficulties. I have had no medical training, I regret to say, and anatomy is a sealed mystery to me; but I did believe that wings and legs are attached to birds and beasts by joints, and that the carver's duty, once these joints are discovered, is more or less simple. But two or three probes and slices failed to give me any encouragement, and only gradually did it begin to dawn upon me that *geese have no joints!* Our guests kept up an animated conversation with Sylvia, but I thought I could detect an occasional glance in my direction, or rather in the direction of the goose; and as I pursued the thrice-accursed bird from one end of the dish to the other in my vain endeavours to sever its wings and legs, I could feel the perspiration pouring down my forehead and dimming my eyes. My hands began to tremble, the bird threatened to leave the dish, and chips of meat and dressing flew this way and that over the tablecloth. At the far end I could see Sylvia eyeing me nervously: she knew what I was thinking and was afraid that at any moment I might put my thoughts into words.

There are some ill-balanced persons who merely feel amusement at such difficulties, and see in them nothing but food for mirth. I can only recommend such unseasonable humourists to purchase a goose and invite me to dinner. Of course with a hatchet—only unfortunately one cannot very well bring a hatchet or a saw to the dinner-table.

What I went through during those terrible minutes is known to myself alone. My brain kept repeating "Difficulties are opportunities, difficulties are opportunities", though I had long ago read the true interpretation of that malicious proverb, to wit, that *our* difficulties are *other people's* opportunities. By the time that I had hacked unshapely pieces off the bird and piled them upon the plates of the wondering guests, I realized that there are depths of human misery which poet never yet plumbed. The punishment of the Ancient Mariner for slaying the albatross was merely trivial and commonplace. If I had written the poem, I should have added some such verses as these—

> Alone, alone, all, all, alone,
> Alone on a rich, rich sea
> Of gravy lay the albatross,
> My only company.
>
> A carving set (with steel, complete)
> Lay by her, and I heard
> A ghostly voice beside me cry:
> "You're going to carve that bird!"

W. D. WOODHEAD.

The House-Agent

"HOUSES?" he said, "Well, if you want to
Get the biggest snap in T'ronto,*
Better not wait a single day;
I'll run you over right away.

. . . . . .

And now, my dear sir, first of all
Look at the cosy little hall—
It really gives you ample space;
If it were larger, why, the place
Would be too draughty. Well, I think
The kitchen is a gem; that sink
Cost hundreds—What is that remark?
You think the pantry rather dark?
I wish your wife were here. But tell her
About those shelves. Now for the cellar.
The beams are low, sir; mind your head.
Laundry tubs? No. I've always said
They were a nuisance, and no doubt
You always send your washing out.
Heating is, as you see, hot air,
And all last year they did not dare
Use double windows, for the heat
Was felt outside upon the street.
The living room we'll next inspect;
Notice the lighting—indirect.
That space would do for your bookshelf;
I've always loved old books myself.
Your wife's hand, sir, would make this place
A thing of beauty and of grace.
The dining room, sir, step this way.
Just look at that built-in buffet".
Emotion shook him as he spoke
And gazed upon the golden oak.
"I know you'll want to close to-day.
What! You really cannot stay?
And yet you haven't seen upstairs?
You think the whole place needs repairs?"
He sighed and wiped a moistened eye,
"You'll never get a better buy".

R. K. GORDON.

*The reader is invited to construct his own opening couplet on the lines of the following author's variants, which suggest a new and infallible method of making poetry universal.

"Houses?" he said, "in all the crowd
You won't beat this one in MacLeod."
or
"Houses?" he said, "I'll say there are no
Houses to touch this one in Garneau."
or
"Houses?" he said, "Well you may bank
You won't get better digs in Frank."
or
"Houses?" he said, "I'll tell you flat
This is the gem of Med'cine Hat."
or
"Houses?" he said, "Well, truth to speak,
This is the best in Pincher Creek."
or
"Houses?" he said, "Well, for God's sake,
Buy this one here at Cooking Lake."
or
"Houses?" he said, "You might walk blocks
And not beat this in Okotoks."
or
"Hooses?" he said, "There are nane ithers
To touch this wee yin here in Smithers."

More Saints and Sinners

The following sketch has been received in reply to a recent article.

MRS. SOROFSKY rocked comfortably while the new baby slept in her arms. Successive ups and downs had not quenched her zest in life. Like a tall sunflower in a weedy garden she had risen triumphantly above her struggles with poverty and Mr. Banbury. Tangible evidences of the "ups" were arrayed upon her billowy person and about the room. Her visitor, a former settlement resident, referred to the Banbury soup episode. Mrs. Sorofsky smiled broadly, till a glance at evidences of "ups" reminded her that such references were incompatible with present dignity. She promptly erased the smile and said briefly—"That very long time ago". And so indeed it was. The baby in her arms was not the one which proved to be twins, but the daughter of one of those selfsame twins and thus one of Mrs. Sorofskys' numerous grandchildren.

Mr. Banbury had long since been gathered, not unto his fathers, but into the undertaking establishment of his paternal ancestor where he succeeded that ancestor in a useful occupation. Thus slumming and uplifting lost an able exponent. The more tolerant see in Mr. Banbury's translation evidence of a noble change of heart since he is now content merely to understudy where formerly he instructed the Almighty.

But Mr. Banbury's abdication of the field is not local and sporadic. Rather it is epidemic and typical of changing conceptions. The Banburian traditions and methods of yesterday are being effaced. Young people everywhere are turning to a study of the social sciences, believing that these sciences can be applied in the establishing of better conditions. To such students, whether in or out of universities, the community becomes a laboratory. And they seek really to know human beings, realizing the limitation of their former acquaintance. They know that although all human beings possess great fundamental instincts in common, no two are affected alike by their surroundings. They see great extremes of opportunity. They realize the impossibility of classifying human beings unless very roughly as adjusted or maladjusted. If maladjusted—why? Is it personal failure or faulty environment? Probably a combination of both. Thus great vistas of "causes" open before the student. Are such causes removable? Can conditions be improved? Can a social worker assist in such work? The student who feels that he can will find his way into some present day agency which succeeds the old Banburian type.

Thus Mr. Wright the social explorer is succeeding Mr. Banbury the uplifter. In spite of years of preparation, rather because of it, Mr. Wright is appalled by the difficulties of the task. His faith in human capacity for ultimate brotherhood, however, gives him sufficient optimism to carry on and always he cherishes the belief that some day people will learn how to live together. When that day comes the social worker will be as superfluous and unnecessary as the town crier. Endless files of workers and "material" do not pass through his office. Mr. Wright is an executive, working with other executives. Nor does the neighbourhood visiting devolve upon him. His assistants are carefully chosen for quick sympathy, sound judgment and something more. He would like this something more to include an arts degree and a course in social science, poise and personality, and a sense of humour, an attractive face and a keen mind, good taste in clothes, and the ability to live a well-rounded life on a small salary, wide experience with youthful buoyancy, a knowledge of community resources, stretching from legislature, church and school to crèche and soup kitchen. But Mr. Wright, being more human if possible than his workers and clients, is too wise to expect the infinite. So he chooses workers possessing the highest possible percentage of these rare qualities of spirit.

If relief of need is part of his agency's responsibility this is made the lowest rung of the ladder which will lead by way of friendship and understanding to a removal of causes of distress, and thus to the re-establishment of normal conditions. Can such re-establishment be made? Not always—but often

enough to make the effort worth while. And so long as personal failure and bad conditions continue to scrap human beings, social workers must, in the name of common humanity, make the attempt. No rule of thumb for such work will ever be found. It must vary as widely as do the individuals with whom the work is done. The success of the worker is measured by the extent to which he gains his client's co-operation. His client is no longer passive "material" to be moulded into shape, but a human being discovering and developing his own power to adapt himself to better conditions.

Some day when a pageant of the evolution of social work is written, Mr. Banbury will be chosen to represent the jelly fish of the saurian era. In those distant enlightened days, the worker of to-day will be represented as just emerging from the cave man period, with, however, a developing sense of law and beauty. To the writer of this pageant, Mr. Banbury's portrait, because of its brilliant accuracy, will be invaluable. In order that no possible error may dim this historic accuracy, the date should be appended, and this unquestionably is A.D. 1890.

AGNES C. McGREGOR.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on Editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.*

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:—

An editorial paragraph in your January number begins by repeating, as if it were fact, the irresponsible guess of a correspondent, that D'Annunzio "is preparing to make his exit from Fiume . . . in an aeroplane with his mistress"; and after remarking what a "miserable failure" the "show" would have been even without this "anti-climax", ends with the following ungenerous sneer: "we see a middle-aged, bald-headed gentleman, who, having failed to embroil his country in war for the gratification of his artistic sensualism, hurries off the stage amid the boos and hisses of mankind".

A week and more after the publication of these words D'Annunzio had not yet hurried off the stage, and the only "boos and hisses" I have noticed come from the solitary representative of "mankind" who is the author of the above-mentioned paragraph. The poet-soldier is much beloved among his own people, who may understand him better than THE CANADIAN FORUM, but even outside Italy the more thoughtful remember that it is due to him that Fiume is to be independent. It is no small success to have defeated the attempt to present the city to the barbarous Croatians, the bitterest and implacable enemies of Italy. D'Annunzio was able to frustrate that premeditated crime, because his whole nation were solidly behind him in the matter—even though they differed on other questions—but he did not foresee that they would be satisfied with the independence of Fiume.

The thoughtful, too, consider that D'Annunzio has earned the respect of "mankind" for his patriotism, personal courage, ability and energy: qualities which are creditable even in "middle-aged, bald-headed" gentlemen. It was not for the "gratification of his artistic sensualism" that he lost one of his eyes in the war. THE FORUM does not add the adjective 'one-eyed' as an epithet of ridicule.

So hastily despatched was the paragraph I am criticizing, that there was not time to write correctly the two Italian expressions that occur. The name of an Italian newspaper is given in three words each of which belongs to a different language; the other expression consists of two words one of which, "Italia", came out right.

I respectfully submit that the editorial in question falls below any standard that ought to be maintained.

Yours etc.,

J. E. SHAW.

[Our opinion of Signor D'Annunzio's exploit remains unchanged. As for the anti-climax, surely it is complete even if the actual time and manner of his leaving are not exactly what the press correspondents led one to expect. We regret the uncorrected errors in type-setting.—*Ed.*]

The Land of the Free

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:—

For many generations Canada has been looked upon by the downtrodden peoples of Europe as the Land of the Free—the land where the workman gets the same justice as his master.

Of late we have been struck by tyrannies on a large scale, and with these the nation is trying to deal, but by petty tyrannies of all kinds Democracy itself is bidding fair to disappoint us all. We find the lesser forms of selfishness, greed, and graft at every turn. Shall we not show by example what our ancestors showed to us, that by self-control, diligence, and generosity, we shall not only gain the whole world, but also save our own souls?

It would be interesting to know how many parents, while busying themselves with petty and pharisaical

laws for their fellows, are teaching self-control to their children. An astounding amount of graft goes on each day in many an ordinary household. If the bribe is not large enough, the child proceeds to disobedience. "Father said he would give me fifty cents if I would help with the dishwashing till he comes back, but I don't need to, I have more than a dollar!" The mother has to bargain with her child before he will go to the store for some necessity. The child, the hope of the nation, is not taught his duty to his family, takes all, including love, and gives nothing for nothing. He has learnt the power of money and possessions, and is a little Jacob from the beginning.

Or again, while we are all stirred by the dangers from drink, do we not hear from many a mother sayings such as these: "I simply can't do without my candies every day!", or "At times I have such a craving for something sweet, that I am sure I need it!" Is there much difference between them and the drunkards who cannot pass the Bar-parlour? All a matter of taste! The doctors and dentists are discovering that the causes of trouble in our eyes and the beginnings of many obscure diseases lie in our gums, and this candy mania is apparently weakening the wills as debilitating the bodies of the new generations.

Perhaps it is the candy-eating ladies who now wish to make laws against tobacco. We have been taught for some time that if used before the age of twenty-five it arrests development and threatens future generations; therefore tobacco is to be abolished because forsooth the youths brought up to self-indulgence, and always having money at their command, have no principles to guide them. Their parents have always taken the second place, have existed, in fact, only to supply the wants of these young gods. If it is to be "milk for babes", then milk is good enough for the parents, and their age and needs are not to be taken into consideration at all. The man who toils all day in all weathers must have no stronger food than his little son; because his son does not see why he should not have what he wishes as well as his father, the brain worker must have no pipe to soothe his tired nerves, and settle his brain for another spell of work.

Reverence for duty does not come naturally to any of us, it has to be taught like all other virtues. In forgetting to teach it to their children parents are certainly forgetting to practise it themselves. The good gifts of this world are offered to reasonable beings, and science is teaching us more each day of their benefits and dangers. What we need most of all is the honesty to study the new conditions, not to denounce as fads discoveries that show up our pet weaknesses, and—what has been better than law from the beginning of the world—the will to carry out our duty.

Yours etc., I. A. D.

"—AND he came bearing gifts."

Marc Antony, Caesar, Dante, Abelard, Henry of Navarre, Francois Villon, Louis XVI. and Napoleon, *all* laid gifts upon the altar of some woman's esteem.

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BOOK REVIEWS

Ruskin the Prophet: and Other Centenary Studies, by John Masefield, Dean Inge, Rt. Hon. F. G. Masterman and Others (George Allen and Unwin). As the editor of this volume, Mr. J. H. Whitehouse, points out, Ruskin has suffered the most honourable of declines, for the very application and absorption of his ideas have led society to forget the man who first propounded them. We should expect, therefore, that the revival of Ruskin upon the occasion of his centenary would simply prove a time for repeating what are now recognized as truths, but which a hundred years ago waited for Ruskin to discover and defend them to his countrymen. As, that taste is indicative of character and art inherently moral: that "ugliness in the works of men is a symptom of disease in the State:" that the science of economics is a part of the art of human welfare: and that a civilization which disregards this later art is courting disaster. But besides these things, which we do find, we come first in our volume upon a fresh and vivid picture of Ruskin himself—the work of Mr. Masefield's eager pen amplified especially by the personal recollections of Henry W. Nevinson at the end. Mr. Masefield's last touch is this: 'If the figure of Ruskin were to appear here suddenly, with his eager look, and blue eyes and harelip, and were to speak again with that old silver tongue, and to say: "Come on, have done with all this folly; we will remake the world, we will make this England like a beauty among still waters, like a green olive-tree in the house of God forever and ever" we would rise up wild with joy and do as he bade us.' We find also a fascinating comparison, drawn by Dean Inge of the ideas of Plato and Ruskin—which develops practically into a parallel. There is keen analysis, by Mr. Masterman and Mr. J. A. Hobson, of Ruskin's economic and sociological teaching, his incomplete account of the "cost" side of value and wealth being pointed out and his depreciation of liberty as an element to human well-being criticized. Space permits to comment upon only one other feature of this very suggestive book. This is Professor J. A. Dale's essay, which deals with Ruskin as Shakespearian critic. Ruskin's power and discernment in this connection, so finely illustrated by Professor Dale, would seem to put criticism among the creative arts. Ruskin praised Shakespeare for painting life without trying to explain it. Of the greatest artists, Professor Dale says, "These greatest work to reproduce what they see—life at its fullest; with a forgery divine". What we ask of the artist, he says later, "is the shifting vision of the manifold appearances, in joy and pain, in comedy and tragedy, in life and death, of that

'Beauty a living presence of the earth,'

who

'Pitches her tent before him as he moves.'"

This criticism of Ruskin the critic is typical of the fine level of writing through the volume. N. N. W.

Quiet Interior, by E. B. C. Jones (London, R. Cobden-Sanderson). It is pleasant to announce to novel readers, especially to the elect among them, the first book of a new author. Without attempting the thankless task of assessing the comparative merits of different writers and merely to give an idea of the type of book this is, I may say that were I a clerk in a library, engaged in the subtle task of fitting the book to the reader, I should, with the fullest confidence, reserve *Quiet Interior* for lovers of Rose Macaulay and Ethel Sidgwick and, with less certainty, Anne Douglas Sidgwick.

Quiet Interior—the name must, I think, be ironical and would fitly apply to the stories of Jane Eyre and Lucy Snow—is a subtle study of a character where intellectualism and passion (in the spiritual sense) are very finely balanced—too finely for the happiness of the owner. Clare Norris is a creature of delicate sensibilities, unflinching austerity and very rare honesty. The story of her love and her defeat in a contest where she refused to use any of the usual weapons of the game is the story of painful but inevitable obedience to the laws of her nature—laws which caused her to aim only at the highest and forced her to let go, though not without a pang, the substitute within her grasp.

To the older generation the book should be especially interesting as a detailed and convincing analysis of the modern girl in her attitude to life in general and to love in particular. It should also be reassuring, despite the abundance of well established hall marks of modernity—to wit frequent 'damns' and more frequent 'O God's'. Anyone whose sensibilities are tough enough to survive these will note signs that the exterior restraint which has been in great measure shaken off by the 20th century girl has been replaced by an interior restraint whose laws are stricter, more subtle and more peremptory than any which could be imposed from without.

Apart from occasional lapses into 'preciousness' and a few rather pointless classical allusions, Miss Jones has avoided most of the obvious pitfalls of a young writer. For the most part she uses her words with great precision and considerable restraint and the modern allusions are delightful in their casualness. The significance of the exclamation 'Oh God, Oh Montreal' may be obscure to some but not to lovers of Samuel Butler. C.

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What Religion is, by Bernard Bosanquet (Macmillan). *The Christian Adventure*, by A. Herbert Gray (S. C. M.). It is a curious and noticeable thing how often in those ideal constructions of the future which we call utopias the religious element is overlooked and ignored as unimportant or irrelevant. Sir Thomas More was too wise to leave religion out of consideration, and indeed the temper of his time would make such an omission unthinkable. But William Morris's *News from Nowhere* is a notable example of the total absence of the religious element in the ideal social state, an absence again explicable by the temper of Morris's time and circle.

To-day drama, poetry, art, and philosophy alike bear witness to the presence of a sympathetic interest in the religious spirit. No modern Utopia could neglect it.

In Professor Bosanquet's little book T. H. Green being dead yet speaks. It is an extremely attractive delineation of the religious spirit as it appears to a hierophant who has penetrated into that inner circle of simplification where the forms fall away before the essential unity. There is a delusive simplicity about the writing that conceals a widely comprehending mind. "To be one with the supreme good in the faith which is also will—that is religion; and to be thus wholly and unquestioningly is the religious temper". That is the clear air of the high mountain tops.

Dr. Gray's little book is equally interesting, though it offers an immense contrast with Professor Bosanquet's book. It offers a "moral equivalent" for the driving impulse that sent the early Christian missionaries through the Roman world so triumphantly. But it is not the type of Christianity that W. S. Maugham has so bitterly satirized in his striking play *The Unknown*. It is not individualistic. It goes back to the fundamental idea of the Founder of Christianity that one can only save one's life by losing it. To the Hegelian religion is a temper, to the padre it is an adventure, and they are very close. S. H. H.

Winsome Winnie and other Nonsense Novels, by Stephen Leacock (Gundy). If I were a professor of higher mathematics, I should at once proceed to translate *Winsome Winnie* into terms of comic sections. It lends itself irresistibly to the charming precision of a formula. Then I would publish the formula for the benefit of a public suffering from malnutrition of the higher humour. Immediately elderly fathers of families upon whom dulness has long descended would forsake their clubs and spend their evenings at home writing nonsense novels by the aid of my formula and reading them aloud to an enchanted family circle. The decay of family life would be arrested, and I should probably be knighted at the next birthday honours. The formula would be something like this, only not quite:

$$f(abc+bca+cab)^n{}_\alpha = n^2$$

The approximate value of the symbols, aided by the imagination being as follows: f is the comic coefficient, the secret of which I am prepared to dispose of for a reasonable sum; abc is any collocation of commonplace names and occurrences arranged in every possible order or disorder of ideas; n is the number of times this can be done without the reader becoming aware that it has been done before; α is infinity. The net result of this operation will be n^2, a nonsense novel, every time. The reader must not confuse this with my formula for novel nonsense which is quite different. S. H. H.

The Beckoning Skyline and Other Poems, by J. Lewis Milligan (McClelland and Stewart). The title-poem might have been less poetically named *The Lure of Canada*. It is the story of the surrender to the spirit of adventure by an English "bard obscure", who has dreamed "mighty Iliads of the soul", of his weeping alone in the "murdered house" after the sale of the old home, of the parting, the voyage, and the arrival at Quebec "gemmed with lamps against the sky". Other poems, such as *Toronto at Dawn* and *Niagara by Moonlight*, enable one to follow the poet through other chapters of his adventures.

The book is interesting because of the author's unstudied candour, his sincere and lucid style, and the simple experiences which he interprets. One finds it less easy to justify the book as poetry. A dangerous fluency in rhythm and rhyme is only partly counteracted by the writer's journalistic instinct for vigorous and unambiguous expressions. In a rather large number of poems, where the author, only concerned about his philosophy, maintains a solemn optimism by an easy effort of his fancy, one wonders whether the quest of his adventure may not be really Poetry rather than Life. C. E. A.

Relativity, by A. Einstein (The Ryerson Press). The implications of Einstein's now famous theory are so extensive that the laymen has evidenced more interest in it than is usually the case with theoretical physics. This short volume is the originator's own answer to the insistent demand for a popular exposition. "The work presumes a standard of education corresponding to that of a university matriculation examination", says the preface. The average Canadian science matriculant will find his resources and his powers of concentration somewhat taxed. Nevertheless, the sentence quoted gives a fair idea of the rather remarkable degree of success that has attended the effort at popularization of a difficult subject. The general argument in Schlick's work on the same subject may be considered by some to be slightly clearer, but the present writer has not met any other work on the subject which can compare with this brief but lucid treatment of both the general and some special aspects of the theory. T. S.

NOT to have read the two books listed here is, as Dogberry might have said, to write one's self down as a literary Rip Van Winkle. When your *vis-a-vis* at the dance or dinner party inquires "Have you read ——" don't give an imitation of a dumb-oyster monologue, but be ready with the answer that starts the ball of conversation rolling sweetly and pleasantly. Dent Books will help—if you will help yourself.

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	October 1920	Nov. 1920	Dec. 1920	Jan. 1921	Jan. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	242.1	233.1	221.6	212.6	280.8
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$26.46	$26.13	$25.67	.....	$24.15
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	107.5	104.3	99.0	90.5	100.0
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	113.3	108.4	106.7	109.9	.....

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE month just ended has seen a decline in everything except confidence. There was a very large contraction in employment. Professor Michell's index shows another fall of 4% in wholesale prices; that is, in the wholesale quotations of food and raw materials. Retail prices, as instanced in the Family Budget compiled at Ottawa, seem to have fallen only slightly—between 1% and 2%.

The Labour Department records a smaller change of retail food prices in Ontario than anywhere else in Canada. It concludes that while in November, 1920, the table of a representative working-class family could be supplied more cheaply in Ontario than in any other province, except Prince Edward Island, at the close of the year the same amount of food cost more in Ontario than in any province, except British Columbia.

We are faced with the fact that the producer suffers from a falling market, whose beneficial effects have not yet reached the consumer. The line of least resistance for employers is to cut down wages; and they can justify themselves by reference to their markets. But the workman translates this into an attempt to lower his standard of living; for while in many districts his cost of living may be falling, seldom has it fallen in proportion to suggested cuts in wages.

That he will resent reductions is only to be expected, and except in unorganized trades, where there is persistent unemployment, resistance may be vigorous. The general experience, where accurate figures relating to wages and the cost of living have made possible direct comparison, has been that wages have risen more slowly than prices on a rising market, and fallen more slowly than prices on a falling market. Whether this experience will be repeated in the present remains to be seen.

In the world of business the holder of common stock is always the residual legatee. If much is left over, when the workman and the bondholder have been paid, he benefits. If little is left so much the worse for him. And it is always to be remembered that over considerable periods of time the claims of the workman may be little more elastic than the fixed income of the bondholder.

In the face of these conditions the rise in the prices of securities, which is also recorded by Professor Michell, suggests the growth of a belief that the end of the break in commodity prices is at hand. The New Year began in an optimistic spirit. Characteristically the financial journals foresaw a turn of the tide. One writer deduced from the fact of a recent increase in exports and imports, that the tide had turned already. And as, in response to this, the stock markets rallied, their rally was taken as fresh evidence that the situation had improved.

Across the Atlantic financial experts with the same facilities were some of them less confident. In a special article on "The Financial Outlook", the London *Observer* of January 2nd, after warning its readers to treat all forecasts with caution, wrote as follows: "Though 1920 has ended in considerable depression, and with trade everywhere in obvious difficulties, it is pretty certain that the climax has not been reached, and that we must be prepared for a still worse series of crises before we gain firm ground".

In face of a persistent failure, both in France and Italy, to balance expenditure and revenue, and of a demand on the Germans for indemnities, which cannot be fulfilled and yet is publicly declared to be the last hope of restoring the credit of France, the caution of the British writer needs little explanation.

It must be remembered always that the colossal indebtedness of our allies in Europe to the United States involves a corresponding interest payment. This interest is at present deferred; but it is, as Mr. Keynes has aptly said, an indemnity which must be paid some day by the victors in the war. The peoples have been beguiled by talk of great German indemnities, from facing the facts of their future; but disillusion is spreading very fast. And as it spreads men turn uneasily to face the crisis before them.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

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PARLIAMENT has been in session at Ottawa for several dreary weeks. Time was when the press and public of Canada were keenly concerned about the proceedings of the House of Commons and followed the debates with expectancy. To-day the daily press hardly notices the speeches. The public, too, is cynical or apathetic. The trouble is not that Canadians have ceased to take an interest in their country's destiny. They have lost faith in the sincerity of their representatives. Something of the attitude of Mr. J. H. Burnham is needed to restore that faith. Mr. Burnham was elected first as a Conservative, and then in 1917 as a supporter of the Union Government. He took the election statements made by responsible unionists seriously. When the war was won, when demobilization was complete, when the name as well as the purpose of the Union Government had ceased to exist, Mr. Burnham decided that he could not properly hold his seat. He resigned, as a protest against the continuance of the government without a mandate. Running as an independent candidate he was opposed by candidates selected by all four of the groups which have risen from the ashes of our two-party system. He conducted a remarkable campaign. He had no organization and held no meetings, simply giving the people the opportunity of expressing their choice free from influence so far as he was concerned. With a modesty infrequent, if not unique, among the public men of to-day, he refused even to vote for himself. He failed of re-election, though polling a good vote. It is quite possible that under a system of transferable voting, the only fair system in such a field, Mr. Burnham's courageous conduct might have been endorsed. At any rate he can walk the streets of Peterborough conscious that he has done something to vindicate the spirit of representative government.

FARMERS in Ontario have set their minds on the extension of facilities for rural credit. Criticism is being offered by the banks and the position is taken that on the one hand the present financial institutions afford the capable farmer the credit he needs and on the other hand the state should hesitate to pledge its credit for the financing of any industry. The farmers employ three main arguments in supporting their claim. They point to the inconvenience and uncertainty connected with the renewal of notes at the end of the regular three months' term. Their view is that the farmer who needs credit for seasonal operations of from six to twelve months is not regarded as favourably by the banks, who are required to keep their assets liquid, as are merchants and others who can conduct their business on 60-day to 90-day paper. Again it is contended that the manager of the branch bank, generally urban in outlook and frequently changing his place, is less likely to appreciate the claims of a farmer than would a committee consisting largely of his neighbours, who would be the arbiters under a system of state-aided rural credit societies. As a result of these conditions the banks are not being freely used by farmers needing credit, and the loans made to farmers by the banks form a mere fraction of the deposits made by farmers in the banks. Thus in effect, it is held, the banks are employing rural capital to build up urban industry. The third claim is that the cost of money when borrowed is excessive, that a spread of from three to five per cent. between the deposit rate and the loan rate is unjustifiable. The question raised by the bills before the Ontario Legislatnre would appear to be whether amendments to the Bank Act would meet the case, and whether a spontaneous and unaided co-operation system has not advantages over one which asks for state aid and may prove a charge on the public purse.

THE University of Toronto Library has recently been the recipient of a most interesting and public-spirited gift. Professor John Squair, who lately retired after many years of service from the chair of French language and literature in the University of Toronto has given to the Library a Dominion War Bond, the proceeds of which are to be

used to build up a special collection in the Library of French-Canadian literature. It is hoped by Professor Squair that his gift will, on the one hand, bring English-speaking Canadians to realize more fully the many excellent qualities which French-Canadian literature possesses, and, on the other hand, persuade French-speaking Canadians that the Province of Quebec is not so ignored and neglected in other parts of Canada as they are, perhaps, inclined to think. With similar collections already in process at the Toronto Public Library and at Victoria College we may expect to hear less in future of the *patois* legend. Indeed it would seem that already the light has begun to penetrate the orange-tinted mists which rise from the marshes of Toronto Bay. A few months ago the parents of children attending one of its public schools petitioned the School Board to have French introduced as a subject of study in their school. More recently the Hon. A. David accepted a dinner invitation from the School Men's Club of Toronto and upheld the Educational System of the Province of Quebec before a keen and enthusiastic audience of some two hundred teachers. The quiet efforts of men like Professor Squair, aided by the inevitable revulsion from bigotry, are beginning to have effect.

CLERUS ANGLICANUS STUPOR MUNDI. Fearful lest we may become complacent, in these piping days of peace, the Dean of St. Paul's has been at it again. He has been lecturing at Epsom on the doom of the white workingman and is quoted to the following effect: "The ratio of wages to output all over the East gives the native manufacturers an enormous advantage over American and European industry. Economically the Asiatic is greatly superior to the European. The coloured races will outwork and underlive and thus eventually exterminate the white." We can recall only one prominent pessimist who can fairly claim to have rivalled Dr. Inge. "Missus," shouted the fat boy to the old lady, "I wants to make your flesh creep!") There must be many who read not without amusement Dr. Inge's pronouncements: who have seen the "far more efficient labour" of the continent of Asia using tools as simple as the shovel with less effect than any western navvy. There must be many more who have watched the persistent and continued agitation of "native capitalists" in Asia, for protection against the competition of workers in Lancashire and elsewhere, whose wages are notoriously high. There must even be some who justify the labour legislation (such as it is) of Europe and America, on the ground of its "survival value." Clergymen, like cobblers, win respect by sticking to their trade. Bad political economy is not a substitute for the gospel; and that, we believe, the Dean of St. Paul's has really studied.

A RECENT report from England shows that we may expect a continuation of the traditional difference of opinion about Indian affairs. The difference is itself a product of habit and experience: one party is composed of the people who are accustomed to issue commands and secure obedience from subordinates; the other party has been trained in a democratic school of politics and naturally regards persuasion as a better instrument than force. India, during the last twenty years, has been the outstanding example of conflict between these two attitudes; what is progress and reform to one type can only be regarded by the other as loss of prestige and disintegration. General Dyer recently announced that the followers of Mr. Gandhi are "the personified forces of all evil," and concluded in the following manner: "With confidence I say that the time will come to India very shortly when the strong hand will be exerted against the malicious perverters of good order." To this every sensible man will give unqualified support; the important point is to decide who are the malicious perverters. If we may judge the tree by its fruits, General Dyer is not the person to decide the point; further, since General Dyer's importance is chiefly due to the fact that he is a type, we may conclude that the type in question is not what we require to help us to a correct decision.

IT is true, as General Dyer says, that the agitators are few in number; the great mass of people knows nothing about political agitation. If so, General Dyer's action at Amritsar (his chief claim to public attention) was neither war nor politics. His tactics were directed wrongly and he succeeded in executing those whom he now acquits. At the same time he committed the fatal error of making martyrs. Any one who has read the report of the last Congress meeting will remember how the "Martyrs of Amritsar" figured even in the temperate speech of the President. In short, the British Raj, of which the General speaks, is at present hampered by two things more than all others—Amritsar and General Dyer. Apart from the masses, whom he discounts, and the agitators, whom he has not really touched, there is a third class whom the General is incapable of remembering—the loyal and remarkably statesmanlike group of native reformers to whom in the end we must look for salvation. They are the key to the situation because, not being foreigners, they are not regarded as natural enemies and, not being fanatics, they do not intend to sacrifice national prosperity for the sake of apparent revenge. Those who are the really important leaders can make little headway against passions fomented by the actions or the words of General Dyer. They cannot wholeheartedly defend as impartial and generous a Government which neither repents nor recompenses. A public repudia-

tion of the acts, persons, and sentiments now destined to fester in the public mind as the "Amritsar tragedy" would enormously assist the British Government in India and satisfy the sentiments of British citizens everywhere: it would also strengthen the hands of those in India who understand and can still control the "agitators." Control there must be, and the leaders in Indian politics are willing to accept both control and direction, but the spirit of General Dyer's threats they cannot accept as the real spirit of British diplomacy; nor need they.

THE BEGGAR'S OPERA came to Canada, contrary to the expectations raised in one of our recent editorials. We understand that it is to be staged again in New York after a half-success at Greenwich Village earlier in the year. It will also tour in Australia and possibly be given—in French—in Paris. Meanwhile the Hammersmith performances have run without interruption into their fourth hundred, thus bidding fair to rival *Mary Rose* and —who knows?—*Chu Chin Chow*. During the week in Toronto the piece gained steadily in popularity and if it should return it would doubtless be heard once more by at least ninety per cent. of those who have already felt its gusto and by many others who missed the chance. Enjoyment of the piece was tempered here and there by a certain mental reservation in respect of Macheath's babies and the propriety of their appearance on the stage. For ourselves we thought they provided the one sobering spectacle of the evening, the only point of contact between a burst of high spirits and our own lugubrious civilization. We wish that the country might be inoculated with these high spirits so that the philosophy of cakes and ale which has kept ancient nations young might save us from hardened arteries in our early youth. For we are in grave danger of making our world altogether too unlike that of *The Beggar's Opera*, and the day may come when we shall take as our national emblem, not the beaver or the merry maple leaf, but the front elevation of a pre-occupied cow drinking water out of a trough.

AFTER less than a century of uninterrupted publication *The Athenaeum* has now ceased to exist as an independent journal. It was until yesterday a standard weekly organ of literary opinion, academic but not reactionary. When the war came it carried on as a sociological monthly and then returned to its former traditions as a literary weekly under the editorship of Mr. Middleton Murry, who has come to the fore in London as a constructive critic of literature and art. Under his guidance *The Athenaeum* had a character entirely its own among London periodicals. It was up-to-date without being self-conscious, intellectual without being patronizing. Those who believe in aesthetic criticism as a civilizing force should turn up *The Athenaeum's* review of the now famous *Reynard the Fox* and survey from thence the ground upon which *The Athenaeum* stood. *The Athenaeum* now joins forces with *The Nation* as *The Nation and The Athenaeum*. We think the union an exceedingly propitious one, though we regret the partial disappearance of a historic journal of high traditions. There is a genuine affinity between these two papers which makes their union something more than a business deal. Given good fortune without which nothing can be counted on, they may produce between them an organ of opinion which will play a big part in the difficult years that are ahead of us. We wish them success and Canadian readers.

A correspondent writes:—

For some weeks occasional bulletins have been appearing in the English newspapers of the condition of Prince Kropotkin. He was said to be living near Moscow. News came a fortnight ago that he had died and obituary notices appeared also in the English newspapers. The report has now been contradicted although the extreme difficulty of obtaining reliable news from Russia renders certainty in the subject impossible at the present time. The figure of Prince Kropotkin must go down in history as one of the most pathetic figures of our time. He sacrificed for an idea not merely a great position but even the most ordinary comforts of life, and he maintained a singular purity of conduct and absolute single mindedness of purpose for more than forty years, living in exile and frequently, in spite of his industry, in the most frugal circumstances. He idealized the Russian people and imagined that the day of the Revolution would be the dawn of a new and great epoch for Russia. He lived to see these illusions dispelled, to see the forces of the Revolution mastered and controlled by a group for whom he entertained and could not but entertain the most profound aversion—a group which trampled beneath its feet the whole structure of Russian life, ruining not only the cultivated society of Russia but the peasantry and the proletariat, and destroying civilization after the manner of the Scythian hordes which swept over Eastern Europe in earlier ages. Kropotkin never contemplated the possibility of this thing. He was so great a believer in spontaneous organization and in mutual good will that he overlooked the possibility of a dictatorship of inferior minds and the holocaust of organized life.

While the main interest of Kropotkin's life was the problem of society, he gave promise of becoming one of the most original men of science of his time. He was, even in his youth, recognized as the author of a wholly new view of the orography of Asia. Later his knowledge of the natural sciences suggested the series of articles which he wrote for the *Nineteenth Century* under the general title of "Recent Science," while he made many important contributions to the *Encyclopedia Britannica*. His friend, Robertson Smith, did his best without success to induce Kropotkin to allow himself to be nominated for a new chair in Geography in the University of Cambridge which had been projected on his account. Alike for intellectual gifts of a very high order and for a moral elevation still higher, Kropotkin must be regarded as belonging to the first rank among men of genius of the past century.

THE PROBLEM OF THE COMMONWEALTH

THE exact nature and scope of the discussions that are to take place in London in June seem still to be in doubt. A few months ago it was announced that the special conference on imperial constitutional reform that was to have met this year had been indefinitely postponed, and that a meeting of Prime Ministers to discuss imperial defence would take place instead. Whether this meeting will, notwithstanding its limited object, be prepared also to consider the constitutional issue has not been stated, though how it will be able to avoid doing so, particularly in view of the British government's recent decision to reorganize the Colonial Office, is difficult to understand. For if the old fictions of imperial relationship that now centre in the Colonial Office are to be swept away within the next few months, the task of devising a substitute or, at any rate, of proposing one, will almost certainly fall upon this conference.

It seems likely, then, that the meeting in June, whether or not it conforms exactly to precedent, will prove to be not merely an ordinary imperial conference but a most momentous one. It may even be the last; for it is by no means certain that these spasmodic meetings will survive any thorough reorganization of the imperial system. At first glance this possibility is not a very disquieting one. Disagreeable associations are the most difficult to banish from the mind; and the truth is that the associations that in the course of years have gathered round the imperial conferences are, for many Canadians, distinctly unpleasant ones. The political tourists crowding into London for the season, lavish entertainment not untinted with patronage, the fountain of honour playing copiously and often indiscriminately,—these are the less edifying incidents of an imperial conference. But after all, they are only trappings; beneath the tustian and the ceremonial there lies an institution that has served for over half a century as the effective instrument of British imperial development. It is true that some of the parts may be worn, that some of the processes may be unnecessarily clumsy; but before we condemn the imperial conference (and the whole elastic system of imperial relation that it implies) as the least inspired of the many expedients in government that have been evolved by the British peoples, we should remember that the substitutes advocated by those who seek to create some more permanent central authority may not only reveal many of the repellent features of the present system, but may, probably will, lack the remarkable suppleness that made it so effective.

The initiative in imperial reform comes to-day, as it has usually come in the past, primarily from London. It is, of course, grotesquely misleading to picture, as some people are fond of doing, a number of frock-coated Machiavellis seated around a table in Whitehall piecing together a scheme for depriving the dominions of their cherished rights. What we may be sure is happening, though, is that already a number of extremely well-informed men in England, and a number of somewhat less well-informed men in Australia are engaged in discussing imperial problems and in formulating plans and policies that may come before the conference in June. It is time that our government made a move in the same direction, for obviously the projects of Englishmen or Australians may or may not be acceptable to Canadians, and our representatives will, if they count upon confronting with a simple *non possumus* a situation that will in all probability demand a constructive proposal, find themselves handicapped just to the extent to which they are unprepared.

It may be however, that in the seclusion of some departmental office at Ottawa a Canadian programme is even now being evolved. If this is the case, the government should lose no time in taking the country into its confidence, for the country will want some reassurance before it will be satisfied to allow the present government to engage in a discussion that may involve imperial decisions of a momentous nature. And with this aspect of the question is involved the personal factor. Assuming that the government remains in power (and this applies also to England) its representatives will be men who have already seen the handwriting on the wall; they will be men who know that their political days are numbered. What effect this will have upon them—whether it will make them rash or make them prudent—will depend upon their personalities. As far as we in Canada are concerned there is little use in speculating upon this point at the present time. Of Mr. Meighen's views on the imperial question we know next to nothing; and the names of those who will accompany him—for that he will not go alone, in spite of the nature of the meeting, is almost certain—are hardly likely to be divulged until the last moment. Already, however, we know who England's chief representative will be, and the knowledge is not reassuring. For one thing, it is safe to assume that it will take more than a sense of imminent political doom to make Mr. Winston Churchill prudent, and for another, our previous experience of his attitude on imperial questions is disquieting. Although it is said that under the new arrangement Mr. Churchill's attention will be occupied mainly with the East and with the mandates, he more than anyone else will be responsible for the imperial policy of the British

government next June. Under his inspiration that policy will certainly be an energetic one, probably a militarist one, and perhaps a centralizing one.

It is hardly likely, of course, even if the constitutional issue is raised, that any of the more direct schemes of imperial federation will be laid before the conference. The war gave the final stroke to the old-fashioned idea of imperial federation; the familiar catchwords have lost their power to charm, and even the Round Table groups with their earnest discussions and their ingenuous programmes have most of them dissolved. Sir Robert Borden's motion that no change can be considered that involves the slightest diminution of local authority still stands upon the minutes of the last conference, and obviously not even Mr. Curtis's scheme for a British Commonwealth can be brought within the limits of that formula. The sort of proposals that may be expected will more likely lie in that vaguer, less formal sphere of executive action to which the exigencies of war administration have accustomed the politicians of all countries.

But if there is not much danger of any attempt at formal centralization, there is a real danger that some effort will be made to bind the dominions in their choice of foreign policy in such a way as to interfere with their position as members of the League of Nations. It is even possible that the League itself may be advanced as an argument to support some such arrangement. If so many of the nations of the world have consented to surrender a portion of their sovereign powers to a central authority, why should not the component parts of the empire do likewise? Such an argument would be quite fallacious. The League purports to be—and some day we hope, will be—a universal organization, and it is only as such that it can help to accomplish its main purpose of preventing war. The British Empire is not, and never can be, universal; and the more unified it becomes the more likely is it to be regarded by foreigners, not as an instrument of peace, but as a potential instrument of war. Already the representation accorded to the British Empire in the League of Nations has provided its enemies with a weapon of criticism, which, in helping to keep America out of the League, has gravely retarded its growth. Canadians believe sincerely that such a criticism is purely factitious. Yet obviously it would constitute a very real and valid criticism if the British Empire bound itself in any way to adopt a common policy in world affairs.

On one aspect of foreign policy the most determined attempt at a definite coordination may be expected to come not so much from English imperialists (their design will be a broader one) as from Australian politicians who on the political side would be inclined to oppose any constitutional change. This problem (which is to some extent ours also) is a Pacific problem. A few weeks ago *The Times*, speaking of Australia's determination to preserve the continent for the white race, warned its readers that if there was any doubt that Great Britain would be ready in case of need to support Australia on this issue with all her strength, "then we may say farewell not only to Australia but to other dominions, for New Zealand, South Africa, and Canada all hold to the same faith with equal determination." The problem is a difficult one, and the facts must, of course, be faced; but they need not be faced in a bellicose and provocative spirit. When *The Times* speaks of "the war having changed the map of the Pacific to Australia's disadvantage by giving to a possible enemy plentiful ports within three days sail of her coast line", it only makes it more difficult to reach for the future an accommodation such as has never proved impossible in the past. By all means let us try to define a policy, but let it if possible be a policy that will pacify and not exasperate.

The question of an imperial foreign policy, of which no mention has been made in the official announcements, will, in fact, largely determine any arrangement that may be reached with regard to imperial defence—the subject with which, it is stated, the conference will be primarily concerned. Here, obviously, some changes must be contemplated; and yet if there is one question in which the familiar methods should furnish the basis for future development, surely it is this one of defence. In the years preceding the war, Canada secured, not without difficulty, almost complete control of her military preparations; while throughout the war it was the Canadian parliament that decided the size and nature of her contributions. But even this does not mark the limits of her authority; for, towards the end of the war, our Parliament, through its overseas minister and his staff, secured what it had not possessed at the beginning, a virtually complete control of army administration. It is true that for convenience and economy the machinery of the British administrative system was in many cases still utilized, but the ultimate decision, the final discretion in administrative questions, rested, and eventually was recognized as resting, with the Canadian authorities. The principle laid down in 1917 was that Canadian troops, even though serving with the British Forces, remained subject to Canadian law and Canadian regulations, that the Army Act applied to them only by virtue of the section in the Militia Act that made it applicable, and that Imperial regulations affected them only when approved by the Canadian authorities. In practice, of course, the majority of these regulations were approved, but the instances in which they were modified or even rejected were still numerous. The doctrine known to writers on private international law as that of extra-territoriality applied, and was recognized by the British government as applying to Canadian troops. Of course in the sphere of

actual operations and of strategy, a compromise was inevitable, but even here the position of the Canadian Corps and its commander was materially different from that of any other British formation except, possibly, the Australian Corps. Nobody to-day will deny that the arrangement was an effective one. Indeed it is difficult to believe that any change can be contemplated that might in the future involve a return to the earlier system.

A statement of the government's attitude not only on this vital question but on the others as well should not be witheld upon the pretext that only the question of defence is to be discussed; for there can be little doubt that the meeting in June will deal also with foreign policy and constitutional reform. Nor is it sufficient for the government to state, as it did the other day through Mr. Doherty, that no binding decisions will be taken; that has always been assumed in negotiations of this nature. What the country looks for is a definite and general statement of policy. Only fanatics will seek to obstruct any reasonable arrangements for coordination. If a programme of defence can be devised that, while leaving to the dominions full control of preparation and administration, will provide for strategical coordination where two or more have agreed to co-operate, no sensible person will object to it; if an agreement can be reached with regard to the Pacific that will not involve an agressive foreign policy, that, too, will be welcome; while, on the constitutional side, the appointment of a member of the Canadian cabinet in London with power to communicate direct with the British government would probably be regarded as an improvement upon the cumbersome system of the Colonial Office. Anything, however, that commits this country to a definite military programme, anything that tends to impair the principle of autonomy or interfere with freedom within the League of Nations will arouse determined opposition. Within these limits there should be ample room for reasonable agreement. The time is not propitious for any radical move, least of all a move towards centralization. In the past we have, in imperial matters, waited upon events rather than anticipated them; the inglorious policy of drift has served us well; to abandon it now would be to ignore the experience and the achievements of half a century.

E. H. Blake.

Gentlemen of the Press

During the War the censorship, the official communiqués, and the prepared information circulated by Governments created among the people who make the Press a strange habit of believing without criticism statements emanating from authority.

Reporters, all over the world, although devoted to Truth and Right (we were accustomed to the priesthood of the press—the *sacerdocio della stampa*), found themselves altogether unprepared for the emergencies of the times. New countries, new flags, new heroes, new problems every day for the paper: who could judge them, who could understand them, in the few hours allowed to write a story for the next issue? They found themselves unable, and trusted to people of supposedly higher education than the gentlemen of the Press.

These lay people who went to the help of the Press were the technicians of the affairs of the world, former ambassadors, attachés, ex-ministers, etc.,—never did so many confidential revelations appear, in the form of memories, reports, letters from that class, as from 1916 till now; and we have learned that besides being often incompetent, these people seldom bothered to know very much about the real conditions of the country where they lived and danced as strangers. With a few exceptions, they knew only the diplomats of the other Embassies and only met a few gentlemen of the same type as themselves in the different capitals of Europe. Reports like those of the Venetian Ambassadors of the 15th and 16th centuries or those of the Nuntius of the Pope, letters like those of the Spanish Ambassadors at the Court of Elizabeth, are not to be found in the archives, from those dancers and diplomats of the last twenty years. And these were the people that had been asked for counsel by their Governments, and that created opinion in the Press.

Among other laymen that interfered with the Press were the scholars. Events were so important that Professors, Philosophers, Essayists, etc., who never before dreamed of going into this business, became reporters or interpreted reports in reviews and magazines. Though they are methodical and strict in dealing with the past, we find them most passionate and partial when discussing the history of their own time. We had, for instance, that terrible manifesto of the German Professors excusing Germany for smashing Belgium.[1] Governments were compelled to

[1] We have any amount of examples of misleading information given in the past by scholars and learned men. We mention only *The Twelve Caesars* of Suetonius, *The Secret History* of Procopius, Certain Addenda of the *Liber Pontificalis*, etc., etc.

The other day was passing through Canada a Russian scholar of international reputation, a member of one of the academic bodies of Petrograd, the President of which was a most illustrious (sic.) Archduchess, to whom our Scholar has dedicated one of his scientific works. The said scholar, on his way through Canada, made a statement which was published in our newspapers, that the children of the schools in Russia had become cannibals and are eating each other. This is suspicious, because anybody who has the slightest knowledge of cannibalism knows that the human body has a very poor flavour; in fact, the Indians of the British Columbia Coast and Islands prepare to eat corpses, conveniently dried, for the religious rites, and this seems to be the case with all the *bonafide* cannibals of the world that they eat human bodies

sacrifice on one day idols presented to the admiration of the multitude the day before; the plans for the future being different. Scholars were generally passionate, with opposite views, one against another. The gentlemen of the Press were bewildered, the best of those "Priests of the Truth" lost their heads, and they decided to follow the wind of the day.

For example: Who of them were capable of giving a clear opinion about the need for preserving the Old Kingdom of Montenegro? Who could swear whether the old King was a rascal or hero? For some well informed observers the King was a paid tool, a creature worse than his own dramas. For others, he was a pure King Shepherd, a picturesque, noble Chief, and faithful to the Allies. Who in the world could decide about Kerensky? At one time he was the greatest hope of Europe, a new Napoleon, a driving force, a man full of ideals, and at the same time practical, active, capable, learned, well prepared. Suddenly he became little more than a poor student, who, favored by circumstances, became a despot, treating the Romanoff family with contempt, deporting them to Siberia, marrying at the Winter Palace a little dancer from the Imperial Opera, living in the Czar's rooms, physically frail and consumptive, and with no personal following at all.

But perhaps the most curious example of these reverses of opinion was that of Essad Pasha. He was a general in the Turkish Army, and when the tables were turned in the favour of the Allies, he became the tool of Italy at Albania. He was lauded up to the skies by everybody except his own people. He was in Paris last summer treating with the French Government, when he was shot dead by one of his Co-Nationals. Light is thrown on the character of Essad Pasha by the verdict of the French jury which tried the assassin. It acquitted him and practically congratulated him for ridding the world of such a knave.

The governments themselves made blunders in their judgments, such as would not have been tolerated in any business but that of governing the peoples of the earth. The citizens are the true shareholders of any public enterprise. What would have been said at a meeting of any limited corporation if the management had made such losses as those acknowledged in connection with the Government of Kolchak, the Murmansk expedition, the acknowledgement of Wrangel?[2] The incompetence, the lack of information, the loss was evident, and showed in the balance of affairs. What a poor security was Venizelos, dropping one morning from millions to ten thousand votes! And on the strength of this security large pieces of Bulgaria, as much in Macedonia as in Thrace, were given to Greece as a stronghold against the so-called barbarian Slavs of the Balkans.

If the Governments, who should have the best of information, make such bad judgments, how can better criticism be expected from the gentlemen of the Press?

Here is another example of unreliable information about actual conditions in Russia. For some people, Lenine is simply a saint, clapping hands and laughing with gruesome face at the idea of his own sanctity. Gorki has called him "a man of flame, with the holy madness of the saints". On the other hand, for a lot of other people, Lenine is one of the beasts of Revelations. For them he fulfils the prophesies, and is a sign of the times before the Second Coming.

This in America. In Europe the Press is suffering from Russian refugees who crowd the capitals. The Russian Bolsheviks have what is called a "bad press". Most of the liberal and some of the socialist papers find it convenient to pay some refugee. They help him by putting him in charge of the section dealing with Russia. It would be foolish to wait for impartial information through such channels. The strangers and neutrals who go over to Russia bring very scanty news. A few facts are quite beyond doubt—the misery of the great cities, the lack of the staple articles, the romantic and paradoxical measures of the Government. But no traveller has yet seen sulphur smoking around Lenine, or sparks of fire flashing out of Trotsky. The tendency to consider them not as devils but as political criminals is a step towards recognition.

Sinn Fein on the other hand seems to get exceptionally good treatment in the newspapers abroad. Ireland is full of foreign correspondents, who when the war was over went to Cork and Dublin to look for more excitement. The European burgeoisie gets more information every morning at breakfast about Ireland, than the citizens of England and the Do-

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only when performing certain religious rites. Of course, Robinson Crusoe believed differently, and so does our Russian Scholar. There are certain cases as the Count Ugolino and the people of the *La Medusa* shipwreck, where people ate each other owing to pangs of starvation, but we have no scientific reports about the latter. The children in Russia will be the first, and this gives more interest to the statement.

[2] Very often attempts have been made to find the cause of the failure of the counter-attacks against the people who actually rule in Russia. Certainly, it does not depend on the strength of the Moscovite Armies because a group of French officers handling the demoralized army in Poland last Summer was capable of turning the rout into a victory. The cause of the failure of the Kolchak and other armies was supposed to be one of two things (1) lack of help of the Allies or (2) the band of public Officials of the old regime who were following the armies and trying to bring about a restoration of the old administration in the re-conquered territories; but if the public and the Governments had been properly informed, they would know that the cause of the non-success was the lack of faith and character on the attacking side. The Russian Nitchevo is the one to blame and nothing else. See Rivet, *La Russie de Wrangel*, *Revue de Geneve*, No. 7. About Korniloff's last Campaign see: *La Russie en Feu*. *Revue des Deux Mondes* 1918, and N. Rakovski, *Les Dernieres Heures de Denikine*.

minions.[3] The poets and artists at the head of the so-called Irish Republic are masters in furnishing sensations, and recording brilliant and amusing deeds for foreign correspondents. Two legends of Ireland are reflected in the Press; the British, which is rather optimistic, and the foreign, which considers Ireland a great example of a martyred nation. The truth must lie between them, but it does not appear in print.

The press should be more impartial and sincere than ever,—Truth and nothing but the Truth. Sometimes misleading information will reach it. Where Governments have been misinformed so often, reporters are not infallible—like ambassadors, they can make mistakes. But they should be very cautious in their interpretation of facts, and in accepting and propagating judgments. It is a terrible arm that the newspapers wield and they should use it very carefully. There is no possible excuse for headlines not in accord with the text below. The public has been served so long with misleading and interested foreign information that it is becoming skeptical of what it reads. Men are ceasing to believe —large numbers have already ceased to believe—the news that is daily found for their consumption. Not only the method but the medium of propaganda has come to be mistrusted.

J. PIJOAN.

The New Position of Women in American Industry.

A QUESTION which has been asked ever since the signing of the armistice and which has become more insistent during the present period of unemployment is: What is to be the position of woman in industry? Is she to continue to fill the position which she filled during the war and compete with men in semi-skilled and skilled trades, or is she to go back to her pre-war status, which meant that for the most part she was an unskilled, low-paid, short-time worker? Light is thrown on this question by a recent bulletin[1] issued by the Women's Bureau of the United States Department of Labour. The report contains statistics of the employment of women in the manufacturing and mechanical departments of all the principal peace and war-time industries for the period from 1914 to August 1919. These were collected from nearly 9,000 firms, employing over 3,000,000 wage earners.

The two most interesting results of the entry of women into industry shown by this survey, are the extent to which they entered and succeeded in skilled trades and the large numbers of women who continued to be employed nine months after the armistice.

During the war the drift was away from the older occupations in which women had been accustomed to be employed in textile mills, clothing shops and candy factories, into industries which received a great stimulus from the war in metals, chemical work and wood-working. Before 1914 over 75% of all women workers in manufacturing industries were employed in 5 industries: textiles, personal apparel, food products, tobacco products, hand and footwear. In the course of the war this situation was completely altered. After the second draft[2] the steel plants covered by the survey gained 16,000 women, while the spinning, weaving and knitting mills lost over 10,000 women. According to the Census of Manufactures of 1914 the 16 plants engaged in the manufacture of airplanes and airplane parts employed 211 wage earners of whom 1 was a woman. After the second draft 40 plants engaged exclusively in making airplanes and airplane parts employed 26,470 wage earners of whom 6,108 were women, an increase of from slightly over .4% to 23%.

But women might enter all the industries from Greenland to Cape Horn and yet no real advance in the position of women in industry be marked. The point is, what did they do when they got there? If they merely went in to do the dirty-work requiring neither skill nor experience, then the war simply meant that an increased number of women gained experience in factory work and added to the comfort of their families during the emergency period. On the other hand, if the war was the cause of women being employed on work requiring skill and judgment, not only will it be seen that a definite advance was marked in the status of women in industry, but its immediate effect upon the status of women in professional life and therefore of men in the professions will be recognized.

Two instances of women's work in skilled occupations are representative of the findings of the survey. These are work with the lathe in the metal industries and work in chemical plants. In the metal industries 37,683 women were substituted for men in the 278 firms included in the survey. Nine months after the armistice the force of women employed in the four leading war agent and implement industries had dropped to 43.3% of their pre-armistice numbers. This drop is, however, not to be attributed entirely to a discharge or withdrawal of women, but partly to a sharp falling off in the war implement trade, because at the same time the number of men dropped to 61.5% of their pre-armistice force. But in spite

[3] It is impossible to quote the whole or any part of the literature published in the daily newspapers about Ireland, in France, Switzerland, Italy or Spain. See only the two last rockets in the *Revue de Paris* 1st and 15th December, 1920.

[1] *The New Position of Women in American Industry.* Washington, August 1920. 158 pp. Bulletin of the Women's Bureau, No. 12, U.S. Department of Labour.

[2] The period referred to as "after the second draft" is during October and November, 1918, four to five months after the first drawing of the second draft.

of this drop in the latter part of the period, the number of women employed in war implement industries rose from 65 to 100 per 1,000 wage earners during the entire period from 1914 to August 1919. This increase in numbers was accompanied by a definite increase in skill. Before the war women were employed in metal factories but chiefly in work of a purely mechanical nature such as stamping, punching and drilling, where the machine was set for the process. During the war women came to be employed on essential processes in machine shop and tool-room. They learned to read and interpret blue-prints, and to understand and adjust the machines with which they were working. Their success with the lathe is a proof of their ability to handle other machines. For success in operating the lathe requires knowledge of how to set up and adjust the machine and ability and judgment in the working of it which few other machines require. Ninety-one firms employed women on lathes in men's places and 83 made reports of their work. Of these, ten firms reported that women had been failures and 57 reported their work as good as or better than that of men, while more than half the firms reporting kept women as lathe operators after the signing of the armistice. Of the value of this experience the report states: "their success in lathe operation is of greater value to their ultimate success as machinists than their success at any other machine. For the lathe is the parent machine; fro it have grown the many special machines designed to turn out work faster and more accurately than the lathe can. When its principles of operation are thoroughly mastered, the principles of other cutting machines can be easily learned."[3]

The experience of women in chemical work was somewhat more restricted. The need for chemists had grown so acute by June 1918 that a campaign was organized, backed by the Chemical Service Section of the Army, to secure 1,600 trained women chemists for important chemical plants, to take the place of drafted men. Before definite results were shown from this campaign, the armistice had been signed, and most women chemists during the war did not get beyond routine analysis work. Other investigations have shown that women with the necessary training in chemistry were not available in anything like the required number.

The general conclusions of this report are in accordance with similar reports of the war-time work of women in England and France. In all three countries women did skilled work during the war, and the chief reason that larger numbers were not engaged in it was the lack of trained women available. It was a difficult matter to train women in a few months for work whose usual apprenticeship period was four or five years. In England this difficulty was overcome in many cases by simplifying skilled processes so that they could be done by an unskilled worker. This was not necessary to the same extent in the United States, particularly as the government, benefiting by the experience of other countries, made a point of exempting skilled men in war industries. So that while there was not the same necessity for simplification there were still many places open to women with ability.

The report lays some stress on the importance of training women for mechanical occupations. This had not been encouraged by either private or public institutions previous to the war, and during the war such training was provided principally by the employing firms. The policy of organized labour was to discourage apprentice work for women in skilled occupations. The final conclusion of the report is: "The success attending the emergency employment of women in occupations requiring a high degree of skill and the expansion of commercial trade, has resulted in the retention of women in most of these crafts and industries since the close of the war and bids fair to encourage a larger use of woman labour in the future."[4]

In spite of such an encouraging conclusion, however, the opposition of trade unions (probably stronger in England and France than in America), and the present unemployment situation are bound to have an effect on the employment of women in skilled occupations. If so far the number of women attaining to skilled occupations has not been great, yet these few have been the pioneers. They have given to popular opinion (including the opinion of the women wage-earners themselves) its conception of women in industry. And women's work in industry may always be said to have made just as much progress as popular opinion supposes, because the real bar to women's progress at the present time *is* popular opinion.

ELSINORE MACPHERSON.

[3] p. 101.

[4] p. 35.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

The Business Manager will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers. Complaints have been received from subscribers whose copies were lost in the mails. All such should at once notify the Postal Authorities. It is now impossible to supply back numbers earlier than January.

SOME IMPRESSIONS OF AUSTRALIA

THE proper way to approach Australia for the first time is to pass through the famous "Heads" which guard the entrance to Sydney harbour. It was a brilliant mid-winter morning in June when we steamed into the harbour and passed through the Australian fleet which was lying there at anchor in honour of the Prince of Wales. With its irregular shores, backed by well timbered hills, its rugged promontories and sandy bays (long since invaded by the suburbs of the city) Sydney harbour deserves every word of the unstinted praise which the visitor is expected to bestow on it. Divorced from the natural beauties of its situation, Sydney itself is a very ordinary city. Its narrow, dusty, tortuous streets (the main street follows the exact course of the old bullock track), its docks and warehouses, its pretentious public buildings and cosmopolitan population are typical of any large seaport town in Europe.

Shortly before my arrival in Australia the first rains for many months had fallen on a country parched and devastated with drought. The characteristic optimism of the Australian had been sorely tried. A year or two ago it was estimated there were close on one hundred million sheep in Australia. It is doubtful whether fifty per cent. of this number survived the drought. And it was the same with stock of all kinds. I travelled from Sydney to Melbourne with men who had recently returned from the back blocks of New South Wales. They said the country was full of dead animals. One squatter (in Australia the squatter is the big stock-owner with large estates; the farmer is the small man, farming a few hundred acres) had been spending £3,000 a week on feeding his sheep through a period of twelve weeks. The map of Australia seems to be well provided with rivers, until one realises that for a great part of the year many of them are dry. Year by year the squatter and the farmer are called upon to play a game of chance against the forces of Nature. They stake all on the rain. If they win, they are immensely prosperous. If they lose, they are almost ruined. Bad fortune they take philosophically, knowing that the country has such wonderful powers of recovery, that their luck must soon change. A few weeks of moisture turn a desert into a garden. Even last June after one of the worst droughts on record the people seemed confident that the loss would be completely made good in three years. The newcomer is perhaps struck by the fact that this betting spirit, engendered in the first place by climatic conditions, is a noticeable feature in Australian life. Racing, for instance, could be described as the national sport. The smallest township "out back" has its race course. In the big cities thousands attend the race meetings which appear to be of almost daily occurrence. More than one keen racing man admitted that considering the size of the population there was too much of this kind of sport. My taxi-driver in Sydney informed me, as if it was nothing out of the ordinary, that he had recently lost three months' savings at the races.

Australia is faced with the same difficulties as many other countries in that her people are flocking into the towns. Sydney, Melbourne and Adelaide contain 40%, 48% and 46% respectively of the total population of their states. The population of Australia is about 5,000,000, of whom it is now estimated that close on one million are absorbed by Sydney, about three quarters of a million by Melbourne, and over a quarter of a million by Adelaide. Cut off the south-eastern corner of the continent by drawing a line from Adelaide to Brisbane and in this territory which is 13% of the total area of the Commonwealth live 81% of the total population.

It need hardly be said that this concentration of the people in a comparatively small portion of the continent (due to the fact that it is the area of uniform and winter rains) is the fundamental problem with which Australia is faced. Are the Asiatic races to be excluded from those vast unoccupied territories which it is generally admitted are never likely to be inhabited by Europeans in any large number? For most Australians whom I met the White Australia policy was the answer to this question. The arguments they used in its defence were often expressed with great vehenmece, and might be summed up in the following way. In other countries the mixture of races has always caused racial antagonism. It would most certainly do so in Australia and trouble of this kind would react on every part of the Empire where black meets white. There may be bitterness with regard to exclusion, but it is nothing compared with the bitternesss which would result from inclusion. The building up of a White Australia is a great opportunity for establishing a free democratic state in a part of the world surrounded by Asiatic races. Further, an Asiatic invasion would lead to lower wages and a lower standard of living.

No sane Australian, however, would deny that the maintenance of the White Australia policy depends on vigorous efforts to attract the right type of immigrant and also on the satisfactory solution of the land problem. With reference to the former, Labour is by no means so hostile to immigration as is commonly supposed. At times of serious unemployment there is naturally strong objection to the indiscriminate flooding of the Labour market, but no eligible British subject who wished to enter Australia has been or ever would be kept out. The next few years may well

see an unprecedented migration from the United Kingdom to every part of the overseas Dominions. Australia will welcome all those of British stock who desire to settle within her borders.

But sufficient land must be provided for these newcomers to settle on, and here we are dealing with one of the burning questions of Australian politics at the present time. In early days when land was plentiful and the settlers scarce, large estates were easily come by. Many of the big Australian sheep stations run into tens of thousands of acres. The size of the station is largely a question of the supply of water and the type of soil. Much of this land is useless for agricultural purposes. But there are large areas nearer civilisation which it is claimed are quite suitable for the small farmer. The object of all land legislation for many years has been to diminish the size of these enormous stations and open up blocks for settlement, the usual methods being compulsory redemption or extremely heavy taxation on the value of unimproved land. Many of the bigger estates which in some cases are in the hands of companies are held on long pastoral leasehold. In Queensland the situation is particularly acute. Recent legislation in that state provides for the revision of rents in such a way that the pastoral tenant will be forced to pay not only largely increased rent in the future but will also be liable to make good what the authorities may consider to have been insufficient rent in the past. Intense bitterness has been created, the strength of which Mr. Theodore, the Labour Premier of Queensland, discovered on his recent visit to England.

The Australian fleet consists of one battle-cruiser (H.M.A.S. *Australia*), several light cruisers and a number of destroyers and submarines. H.M.A.S. *Australia* proved her value during the early months of the war when her long-range guns were a powerful deterrent to any attack by the German squadron cruising in Pacific waters. It would be dangerous for the passing visitor to say what the attitude of the average Australian is towards his fleet. Now that the war is over, and economy the magic word, the question of naval and military defence is no more popular in Australia than in other countries, though it is clear that to a people who inhabit what is little more than the fringe of an immense island continent naval defence can never be a question of academic interest. In Canada, the arrival of the nucleus of a fleet rouses but the mildest interest. Perhaps it is only natural that in the prairie provinces box-cars should loom larger than submarines.

Space forbids even the barest reference to many interesting questions, such as the Labour governments, the universities, the great private schools (one of the outstanding features of the Australian educational system), railways, industry, the tariff and so forth. Everywhere I found the greatest desire to hear about Canada. Many were the questions I was asked concerning the re-grouping of our political parties, the duties of our provincial lieutenant-governors, our universities, labour problems, prohibition, oil, the Peace River country. In some cases the ignorance about Canada was amazing. It was an intelligent Australian who thought Toronto was in the United States, Alberta a town in Eastern Canada, and the C.P.R. the only railroad in the Dominion. The ignorance of Canadians about Australia is no less great. It was a member of a provincial Legislature in Canada who thought Victoria was the capital of New South Wales and that life in Australia was intolerable owing to tropical heat and the iniquities of Labour.

All roads lead to London, the centre of the Empire. Few link up its circumference. Canadians and Australians met in the villages of France. They did not understand each other then. They do not understand each other now. Nor can they do so, while there is such ignorance on both sides. We need another Rhodes to found inter-Dominion scholarships. We need some system of exchange between the lecturers and junior professors of our universities throughout the English-speaking Dominions and India. Such a scheme was discussed in London in 1912 at the congress of the universities of the Empire and the difficulties, such, for instance, as the difference of the seasons, salaries and so forth, were shown to be by no means insurmountable. Further—and this is surely a far simpler matter—we need a regular and continual interchange between the writers on our leading Canadian journals and those of India, South Africa, New Zealand and Australia.

J. B. Bickersteth

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LITERARY COMPETITIONS

A. A prize of five dollars for an essay in 800 words on DOES PROHIBITION PROHIBIT?

No contribution of sufficient merit was received and the prize therefore remains unawarded.

B. A prize of five dollars for A METRICAL TRANSLATION *of the following sonnet by Felix Arvers:*

SONNET

Mon âme a son secret, ma vie a son mystère:
Un amour éternel en un moment conçu.
Le mal est sans espoir, aussi j'ai dû le taire,
Et celle qui l'a fait n'en a jamais rien su.

Hélas! j'aurai passé près d'elle inaperçu,
Toujours à ses côtés, et pourtant solitaire,
Et j'aurai jusqu'au bout fait mon temps sur la terre,
N'osant rien demander et n'ayant rien reçu.

Pour elle, quoique Dieu l'ait faite douce et tendre,
Elle ira son chemin, distraite, et sans entendre
Ce murmure d'amour élevé sur ses pas;

A l'austère devoir pieusement fidèle,
Elle dira, lisant ces vers tout remplis d'elle:
"Quelle est donc cette femme?" et ne comprendra pas.

Seventeen answers to this competition were received, many of the translations being so good that it was difficult to award the prize. The version by J. Addison Reid (44 St. Andrews Gardens, Toronto) was ultimately chosen as the best for the following reasons:

1. It retains the sonnet form of the original, and uses the natural English decasyllabic line throughout.
2. It is a close rendering of the original. Many of the versions submitted could scarcely be called translations.
3. Though a translation, it reads well as an English poem and does not proclaim itself by its style to be a translation.

The Prize Translation

A secret flame is burning in my breast:
The sudden passion of immortal love;
Love without hope, love ever unconfessed,
Unknown, to her who in my heart is wove.
Alas! I shall pass near her unperceived,
Ever alone, though ever by her side;
Naught ever having asked and naught received
Till I go out at last on life's ebb tide.

And she, though God hath made her soft and sweet,
Will go on her unheeding way, nor hear
The whispered love raised by her passing feet;
In sober duties piously sincere,
Will read these lines which round herself did grow;
Will ask: "Who is she?" and will never know.

J. ADDISON REID

The version of Super which appears below is by far the most beautiful poem submitted, but it deserts the sonnet form and there is a lyric note in it which is alien to the colder French original.

My heart enfolds a secret grief,
My life conceals a hurt unguessed.
A moment rooted timeless love
Within my breast.

Hope is denied me, so my part
Has been by silence to atone,
And she to whom I owe my pain
Has never known.

So close to her, yet never seen,
Alone, though ever by her side,
I shall, still voiceless, still unblessed,
Have lived and died.

And she, though Heaven has made her kind,
Will pass unheeding to the close,
Nor hear this whisper of my love
Rise as she goes.

True to harsh duty, on these lines
So full of her, shall but bestow
A calm: "Who is this woman then?"
And will not know.

SUPER

We hope to resume competitions at an early date.

SKETCHING IN ALGOMA

THE morning mists are slowly dispersing round Mongoose Lake as we start off on the day's hunting. Being individualists we mostly go different ways. As there are no roads we can go anywhere.

M— has a predilection for Bald Rock, bald only because it was once well singed by a fire which roared up the hillside from below, and left a tumbled tangle of charred tree trunks and a few gaunt standing pines to silhouette the sky. From here there was an outlook over range on range of forested hills, red and gold with maple and birch, or dark with patches of spruce

and pine; here and there the sheen of small lakes; and below the long irregular form of Mongoose, singular name. An old trapper in the locality told us all he knew about it was it was a kind of a bird. And here M— spends the day, coming down towards evening with some strange designs of red hills and sinister clouds, and modestly describing his day's work as "two cheeses, and one—well, it may have something in it".

J— decides on the boulder-strewn river which drains Mongoose Lake, now but a shadow of itself, but with signs of its prowess in the shape of trees and logs scattered high along its banks. Now it is a series of rapids and little pools wherein are reflected blobs of vermilion mountain-ash berries, there being a bumper crop this year and many partridge feeding on them.

H— and I, each with a marmalade sandwich in his haversack, started off for some beaver lakes whereon are wondrous compositions if one can untangle and sequester them, for this north country has problems that are not explained in the sketching manuals. Seldom was there found a subject all composed and waiting to be painted; out of a confusion of motives the vital one had to be determined upon. Sketching here demanded a quick decision in composition, an ignoring or summarizing of much of the detail, a searching-out of significant form, and a colour analysis that must never err on the side of timidity. One must know the north country intimately to appreciate the great variety of its forms. The impression of monotony that one receives from a train is soon dissipated when one gets into the bush. To fall into a formula for interpreting it is hardly possible. From sunlight in the hardwoods with bleached violet-white tree trunks against a blaze of red and orange, we wander into the denser spruce and pine woods, where the sunlight filters through—gold and silver splashes—playing with startling vividness on a birch trunk or a patch of green moss. Such a subject would change entirely every ten minutes and, unless the first impression was firmly adhered to, the sketch would end in confusion. Turning from these to the subtle differences in a frieze of pine, spruce, and cedar or the slighter graceful forms of the birch woods, one had to change the method of approach in each case; the first demanded fulness and brilliancy of colour, the second depth and warmth, the next subtlety in design and colour; and these extreme differences we found commingled all through.

We found that our preference for landscape was similar to that of the moose. We both like beaver lakes and meadows. The beaver is responsible for the pastorals of the north country. He is the maker of open spaces, the enlarger and creator of lakes and meadow land. Old beaver lakes silted up were not uncommon, covered with hay and surrounded with feathery young tamarac separating them from the dense forest which enclosed them. The other makers of open spaces, fire and the lumberjack, had visited the country too, but the beaver was there always, the landscape architect, the engineer, and our country's emblem: his hide is worth fifty dollars.

Among the amusing places we owed to the beaver was Birch Lake, the lake of a thousand drowned birches, which was like a little cup in the hills. When the wind was shut out these birches were all mirrored in it. Its lure was irresistible and the result in a sketch always a jig-saw puzzle. Finally our enthusiasm for it was confined strictly to the medium of talk. Beyond Birch Lake were innumerable beaver dams and lakes; from Mongoose we went in to twenty-three lakes and there were indications of others which we did not get to. Every one of these lakes had beaver dams at its outlet, some in good repair, but many disintegrating where the builders had long ago been cleaned out.

Probably no country has a greater wealth of intimate detail than has the north in the autumn, and no nation has made less use of its own natural forms in decorative design than Canada has in textiles, wall-papers, jewelry, and other branches of applied art. It might be objected that art derived from country that has so little human association is likely to leave the beholder cold, that pattern and colour, however gorgeous, are not monumental qualities. One might, on the other hand, retort that much of our academic painting was mere tradition and reflected nothing typical of Canadian life, that we are going to establish no great traditions by painting oxen ploughing, hoary old English oaks, or muggy Dutch atmosphere.

The younger painter might well go north and work south. After being three weeks in the bush and suddenly coming across the clearing some hardy settler has carved out for himself, he finds that the farm has assumed a new significance; the little settlement places excite wonder; things that were commonplace are so no longer. In Algoma or almost anywhere throughout the north country there is a field of great adventure for the artist. Husky out-of-doors stuff with much joy in the doing of it.

A. Y. Jackson

Erratic Sonnets of a Pedant

A Sequence

I

A Letter from the Pedant to Hazel Asking for a Drive

Create a space of time, morning or night,
This week or next, and take a drive with me!
Soon radiant as your face the moon will be;
And if Old Pluvius plugs his nozzle tight,
I'll show you creeping valleys, crouching hills.

But if it be by moonlight that we go,
You must be wound to talk, talk—ever so—
Talk down the bull-frog's chug, and the whippoorwills,
Or else I'll prove a melancholy fellow;
For all the country out to Miller's Dam
Makes fools of men romantic as I am;
And oh, it's June, when nights are moist and mellow,
And big and early is the moon, and yellow,
And all the winds uncertain as a lamb.

II

THE PEDANT THINKING AFTERWARDS ABOUT THE DRIVE

It is my memory now bewitches me
Like a mumbled spell: the tumbling roll o' the moon,
Skidding the cloud-wrack like a blown balloon,
While we drive on together—just we three;
The gnome-like shadows stalking the tall grass;
The weirder patch-lights shifting in the trees;
The stir and whirr of something ill at ease,
Startled as we drive laughing on and pass;
Your little sister at the echoes hooting,
Mocking the whippoorwill of his sad joy,
Making the bull-frog seem a jolly boy;
While in and out among the shadows scooting,
We clap and chatter on, through broken light,
You, she, and I, that lovely other night.

III

A LETTER FROM THE PEDANT TO HAZEL ASKING FOR ANOTHER DRIVE

This week I have an errand on the tenth
To Miller's Dam, a place not on the maps,
Twelve miles from here, or fifteen miles perhaps.
Past hill and farm I go—Owl Creek's full length—
Where field on field of wheat and oats are green,
Each after its own hue; where Indian corn
Stands an innumerable squad with colours torn:
And woods most cool for loitering lie between.
With eager haste I write to ask you whether
You and your sister—barring rainy weather—
Will drive with me these fifteen miles up north?
There I on Saturday go pricking forth,
A carriage-knight in quest of teaching school.
I start by nine, returning when it's cool.

IV

THE PEDANT TO HAZEL ON THE SAME DAY

Now that is just my luck! Plague take the dice!
While you are sitting on a vine-cooled porch,
Where neither man may come nor sun can scorch,
In maidenly seclusion eating ice,
Bethink yourself of one who travels dusty
Behind a sneezing, shunting, fly-teased horse,
A knight on venture bound, speeding his course,
Burning with heat, with perspiration fusty!
May Pity then reclaim your icy heart,
And thought of my fatigue bring you remorse,
Who might have had in it a comrade's part!
While slowly melts the frappé in your cup,
Think of the luckless knight who whips his horse,
Reiterating still, "Get up! Get up!"

V

THE PEDANT TO HAZEL'S LITTLE SISTER SENDING HER A BOOK

Here is the old, old book I promised you,
With tales of kings and knights and ladies fair:
The knights were always brave to dare and do;
The ladies always lovely with long hair.
In combat knights were bound to die or win;
And ladies dared to swoon who failed to charm;
If any knight were tempted into sin,
You may be sure some lady did him harm.
The king could send a knight on any quest;
Then straight he left his lady, having kissed her,
But wore her favor where they all might see.
When he came back, the Queen would treat him best.
The queens were always stately like your sister;
The kings were never homely runts like me.

VI

THE PEDANT CONVERSING WITH HIMSELF

"Granted I am a fool: 'twill save debate.
I stop at Hazel's, finding welcome there
A man—correctly sitting in a chair—
And liked him not (that's not so strong as hate)
A tall man—mark me—blond and masterful,
A figure of a man, with a deep voice."
"One call, then, makes a man a woman's choice?"
"You dolt! You idiot! Blundering numskull!
Are there not feelings which no words may wed?
Too delicate for any man to say,
At such an hour, on such a night or day,
They shall come straight to the Muse's marriage bed?
Words are but fumbling fingers, prone alway
To tangle up emotion's fine-spun thread."

VII

THE PEDANT THINKING OF HAZEL THE DAY AFTER HER ENGAGEMENT IS ANNOUNCED

I did not know I loved till yesterday;
Within the fascination of your eye
I trembled glad and dumb, not asking why;
From that charmed area I shrink to-day;
The subtlest sound of you pricks pain in me:
Your clicking footstep coming nearer hurts,

RUNNING HORSE

BY FRED DE LAMORANDIÈRE
(*obit.*, 1920, French River, Ont.)

And all the swishing of your shaking skirts
Starts painful tremors forking endlessly.
Now that I know my mind too late, too late,
Love shines a pinnacled forbidden city
On which some chance has clanged the iron gate.
With too unhurried pace I came to see,
And find myself excluded without pity.
How should the shining city notice me?

VIII

The Pedant to Hazel Again. A Sonnet which She Never Saw

If you whom I so love, had not been you,
And I presumably a little queer,
I might yet come and hotly make you hear,
Protesting ardently—"I love you too!
It shall not be too late for you to choose."
But being what you are—wise, kind, and dear—
I cannot think you duped or insincere;
Nor shall I grieve your heart with what I lose.
If my love must be pain, be yours enjoyed!
Where mine lies wrecked, may yours sail undestroyed!
Without your love I may make shift to live,
Without your guessing what love I could give;
But whether love be missed, or love be won,
You must be still yourself, else love were done.

IX

A Letter from the Pedant to Hazel's Little Sister. Written from Miller's Dam

Write to me often, dear—again and again!
Tell me how ever you manage to like your play;
How you contrive to stay from school for a day;
Tell me what comes in your head—with pencil or pen.
How many fools do you think can live in ten books?
How many wise men die and never are missed?
For every hundred women who never are kissed,
How many bachelors, think you, are single from looks?
Suppose that your sister married and lived far apart,
What would she do, missing you and your pretty chatter?
What do I do without her and you, for that matter?
What would she do without us, with her man and her heart?
Answer these questions as wisely as ever you can,
And think of your friend, the lonely old teacher-man.

X

The Pedant All Alone at Miller's Dam Many Months Later

The wind swung lashing through the oaks last night,
And by the lightning's momentary day
I saw proud trees thrown into disarray,
Bent down and whipped for all their struggling might.
Beneath their boughs I cowered blown and drenched;
From them to me the sharp rain broke and fell,
As if the trees o'erpowered wept a spell,
Then stood erect—quivering, cleansed, and wrenched.
Stormy at heart, caught in the midnight rain,
Seeing the private grief of noble trees,
I felt my secret spirit-lashings ease;
What men had hoped before, I hoped again:
That passion's whipping tempest might yet cease,
And I all wrenched and quivering, come to peace.

Lyon Sharman

Canadian Poetry

DESPITE flattering reviews of "excellent and truly Canadian poetry", English Canada fails to produce a distinctive verse of literary value. New volumes appear continually and are, for the most part, as quickly relegated to their deserved limbo. Nothing depresses the Canadian lover of poetry more than these exhibitions of verse making and he soon learns to despair of finding a poet who will picture for him characteristic scenes and people with that sure touch which calls them up, living and vivid, before his mind's eye. Only by the reality of its impression can poetry succeed, and seldom does Canadian poetry achieve reality.

I do not here speak of the French poetry of Quebec, the *habitant* songs of Drummond and others, nor of the unauthored songs of camp and trail. That they have a true and distinctive spirit and poetic merit I am ready to believe, but am unfitted to judge. It is the verses of known and English speaking authors that are so profoundly disappointing that one is tempted to conclude that they are neither poetry nor Canadian. They leave the poetry lover more unmoved the more he delights in their subjects. There is something fundamentally wrong in such poetry.

Nevertheless we have poets of decided, though not of outstanding ability,—Lampman at the head, Bliss Carman, Duncan Campbell Scott, Marjorie Pickthall, and many would name others. Lampman and the Canadians as a whole feel deeply the distinctive beauties of prairie and mountain, bushland and farm, and love their people and their ways. But one sometimes wonders whether they do not "see, not feel, how beautiful they are", so insincere sounds the sincerity of their praise, and so unreal is their description. Even their most personal subjective verses fail to touch the reader home. It is in this insincere, this unconvincing expression that one must seek the fault that destroys our claim to a distinctive poetry.

Lampman is perhaps the truest singer and the most Canadian of our poets. He knew the wide waters and islands of Temagami when it was scarcely heard of in southern Ontario. The silent rivers and the tangled bush of the North filled him with that

sense of beauty which struggles for poetic expression, while many of his poems give us vividly enough pictures of the exceeding heat and cold, drought and storm, and the changing labours of Ontario farm life. They call up the mental vision, but from a prolonged reading of his poetry we turn away disheartened. His expression is continually marred by words and phrases which recall customs and scenes as foreign to us as are the subjects of his "classical" verses. For instance, the really fine poem "In November" has these lines on the dead mulleins in a typical bush clearing:

> "Not plants at all they seemed to me,
> But rather some spare company
> Of *hermit* folk, . . ."

The one word "hermit" destroys the unity of impression of the poem. It is expressive of medieval Europe, but in Canada there "ain't no such animile." This criticism may sound petty and cavilling, but the use of such words demonstrates that Canadians have not a sure native touch in their expression. Had there existed a sound tradition when Lampman began to write, or had he been great enough to found and follow scrupulously one of his own, he might have achieved much. As it was he found no well worn road for his guidance and no Burns has arisen to deepen and correct the path left by this straying Ferguson.

If this false Canadianism is true of Lampman, it is much more depressingly so of others. In a short essay there is no room for discussion author by author, but *The Oxford Book of Canadian Verse*, our best anthology, may be taken as a fair representation of Canadian verse. Its introduction announces as the standard of selection truly Canadian verse of high literary quality. Yet, though the majority of its 251 poems deal with Canadian themes, a half-dozen at most give delight over familiar things revivified by the writer's insight. The rest are for the most part heavy, solemn, and sometimes drearily Shelleyesque. One asks for bread here and receives a stone.

Take "The Whitethroat" for instance. No bird-song is sweeter or more characteristic of our southern spring and northern summer than that of this little sparrow. You may hear his sad and lonely call any evening in the Georgian Bay, ringing out from some pine-darkened channel among the islands, and to many he is the very voice of the North. Here is what Theodore Harding Rand does with him:

> "Shy bird of the silver arrows of song,
> That cleave our northern air so clear,
> Thy notes prolong, prolong,
> I listen, I hear:
> 'I—love—dear—Canada,
> Canada, Canada.'
>
> O plumes of the pointed dusky fir,
> Screen of a swelling patriot heart,
> The copse is all astir,
> And echoes thy part! . . ."

And so on. No picture of the silent Northland will arise at this. Take also "The Canadian Herd Boy". As a youngster I have fetched the cows from the river bank through bush and rail-fenced fields but find nothing familiar or real in Mrs. Moodie's verses except one word, "Cobos", a somewhat unhappy member of this Scott-like poem.

To repeat, there is nothing more Canadian than these subjects and nothing less Canadian than their treatment. The same is true of the great mass of our poetry. The truth is there is scarcely material for a pretentious Canadian anthology. If a new one of any worth is printed it must be extremely small and exclusive, including perhaps only fifty poems. Everything, however, is to be gained by waiting till there is a larger body of writers and a higher standard of work.

The cause of unreality in Canadian verse is not far to seek, though its cure may not be so simple. Lampman gives us the key to the weakness of the rest. His finest verses often failed through a false or exotic expression. Those who followed him, far from avoiding his error, have in many cases exaggerated it grossly. It is scarcely necessary to mention the authors of *Scottish Canadian Poets*. Despite the theory that the Canadian is more akin in his sentiments to the Scot than to the Englishman it is obvious to the most casual reader that these verses are neither Scottish nor Canadian in sentiment or expression. They serve, however, to point the faults of authors writing in English. These might with equal justice be called English-Canadian poets and likewise their work is neither English nor Canadian. Such expressions as "bosky dell" and "grove" are as foreign to us as are "corrie" and "shaw" and yet expressions such as these, descriptive of typically English scenery are the stock in trade of our poets. For the most part they ignore the native for English expressions, and those by no means the purest and most universal.

This outland phraseology is all the more obvious because we seem to set ourselves almost consciously to write on native subjects. One almost expects to find "Made in Canada" on the last page so direct and obvious is the treatment. But one looks in vain for that loving familiarity by which British writers take the distinctive characteristics of their country-sides in the stride their poems. A strange corollary of this is found in our subjective poems. The charm of a vast number of English lyrics of this nature can be traced to the well-nigh unconscious use of familiar, almost local, sights or sounds to interpret the mood. Such a deep knowledge of Canadian life does not seem as yet to run deeply and unconsciously through the being of our poets and their work is the loser by much charm and simplicity, and above all by that reality and concrete value without which no school can prosper for long.

We come to the conclusion of all this unpleasant

fault-finding. Before a poetry can achieve universality it must paradoxically attain nationality. All countries producing great poetry have left their indelible stamp upon it and Canada as yet is content to derive her forms and expression from England. I do not infer that there should or can be any drastic break with English literary traditions; our language is basically the same and the example of those who are most akin to us must be our safest guide. Yet, if we are to produce poetry of any value, we must shun derivative expression and sentiment as we would the devil and follow our characteristic bent as eagerly as we are learning to do in other spheres. We have our own expressions and names for the features of the countryside ("bush" is as poetic as "grove") and above all we have a characteristic spirit. We must learn to use and purify them, and develop a native tradition, or die to literature.

HUNTLY K. GORDON

The Pervert

"COME in, come in, brother Horbuck, we've all been wondering what could have kept you!"

"Ah, you may well wonder, Sister Byfield! We are put to shame, the enemies of the Lord will blaspheme. I am overwhelmed with grief."

"Why, what ever can have happened, dear brother, and where is brother Wilton? We expected him to arrive with you." Mr. Thomas Horbuck answered with a heavy inarticulate sound, half sigh, half snort, as he slowly took off his coat and hat, hung them up in the tiny dark hall, and followed Mrs. Byfield into her little front parlor.

About twenty people of varying age were uncomfortably wedged into a room which would hardly hold half that number. Large framed texts hung round the walls, and the only spot of colour was furnished by an oleograph representing the tabernacle in the wilderness, with rows of immaculately white tents symmetrically arranged round a brilliant purple oblong box, upon which rested a bright yellow funnel-shaped cloud reaching up to a sky of electric blue. The room was too full of people for any furniture to show itself, except a small round table covered with a red table cloth on which a row of bibles and hymn books were ranged expectantly. Two empty chairs stood at the window end of the room.

Mrs. Byfield, her pleasant round face artificially lengthened, stood at the door agape, while Mr. Horbuck with sighs and groans slowly inserted his bulky form into the little room and finally subsided on to one of the empty chairs. There was a ripple of subdued excitement as he buried his head in his hands. Every one present felt that some revelation, some delicious spiritual sensation, was about to break the even tenor of the religious life of their little community. The silence grew oppressive, portentous. The kitchen clock ticked loudly, and Mrs. Byfield breathed heavily in suspense.

At last Mr. Thomas Horbuck raised his head. He cleared his throat with a grating sound, opened his grim straight mouth and shut it, as his face worked strongly. Then it came slowly, reluctantly, gathering force as he went on—

"I couldn't have believed it if I hadn't seen it myself. Such a gifted young brother, so unspotted from the world. I saw a future of usefulness before him; he would have been a chosen vessel, an instrument in the Lord's hands to carry the truth far and wide. Now the dog has returned to his vomit, the sow that was washed to its wallowings in the mire. He is in the Lord's hands, the Lord will judge him!"

His voice rose harshly, and a thrill of pleasant horror shook his little audience.

"Yes, it is a solemn warning to you all; flee from idolatry. Henceforth Mr. Wilton, I may no longer say 'brother', is to us as a heathen man and a publican. It will be our sorrowful duty to deliver him over to Satan for the destruction of the flesh. I will lay the sad details before you, after which we must take action.

"He was so confident, self-confident I fear, that instead of staying in my house where he would have been safe, he insisted on putting up at the Cruikshanks who as you all know left the one divine ground of the Church of God some years ago, joined that Laodicean thing called the Anglican Church, and plunged into worldliness, rationalism, and infidelity."

He thundered the last words so that the texts shook on the walls. His hearers waited breathlessly for further depths.

"'Yes,' he said to me, 'brother Horbuck, I may have a message for them. I may be used to restore them'. It was spiritual pride. For a young brother, however gifted, to think that he could succeed where one so much older, so much wiser in the Lord's ways had failed!

"So he went. I arranged to call for him and bring him to our meeting to-night, where he was to tell us all about the wonderful things the Lord had done by him in Patagonia. I was uneasy in my mind and prayed about him at my work all day. That verse kept running through my head, 'Let him that thinketh he standeth take heed lest he fall'. About half-past seven I put on my things and walked round to the Cruickshank's house. The windows were all lit up and I could hear music going. My heart sank as I knocked. Mr. Cruikshank opened the door. When he saw me he gave a sickly smile and said 'Won't you come in Mr. Horbuck?' and put out his hand. I put my hands behind my back and said to him straight, the Lord giving me grace to be faithful, 'I can't cross your threshold, Mr, Cruikshank, lest I become a partaker in your evil ways'. Meanwhile

the music was going on very loud, and I could hear feet going and women's voices talking and laughing.

Then I said, 'Where is brother Wilton, I have come for him'. I had hardly spoken the words when the young man himself came through the door—I don't know how to tell you, but I must tell you all—he came dancing, the Lord's servant, dancing, with a woman draped over him, her arms and neck all bare, and her head touching his shoulder. He didn't see me, but I lifted up my voice and cried, 'Brother Wilton, come out from among them, be separate, touch not the unclean thing!' The music stopped suddenly and a lot of people came out into the hall to see what had happened. Mr. Cruickshank tried to pull me in and said 'For God's sake come inside, don't make a scene in the street!' But I shook him off and faced brother Wilton who stood looking all confused and ashamed. I said to him very solemnly, 'Brother Wilton, the wrath of God abideth on this house, escape for thy life, flee as a bird from the snare'.

One of the girls sniggered and I turned to the poor painted things and testified—'the day is at hand when you will call on the mountain and the rocks to hide you from the wrath of the Lamb'. Then the young man Wilton stepped forward, rather white and shaking but evidently firm in his sin, and he said, 'Mr. Horbuck, it's no good, you had better go. The cage is broken and I have found my liberty. You have shut all joy and beauty and mirth out of your little narrow world, you have made a God in your own image, narrow, and jealous and cruel'—

"I cried 'Blasphemy'—but he overbore me with that piercing voice of his—'Go your way, Thomas Horbuck, blind leader of poor blinded souls. Live your narrow life, let the dead bury their dead, you shall never see me more!'

As he spoke Cruickshank shut the door and I heard the music start up again and the laughter and the beat of the feet on the road to hell."

Horbuck's voice sank into a hollow murmur, and his audience swayed responsively. It was a night to be remembered.

The Gargoyle

A London Letter

IS there any Canadian living who, on his first visit to London, has not at once sought out the Cheshire Cheese in Fleet Street, sat in Dr. Johnson's chair and partaken of the world-renowned beef-steak pudding? It wouldn't be "coming home to the Old Country" without this pious pilgrimage.

Strangely enough, however, although Samuel Johnson's haunts are so much sought after, the house where he lived in Gough Square has come in for comparatively little notice. Indeed, it has only recently been rescued from total demolition and presented to the Nation by the generosity and enterprise of a member of the Harmsworth family.

The house, No. 17, a fine Georgian building, is hidden away in a quiet backwater, within a stone's throw of the Cheshire Cheese. Its original atmosphere is retained as far as possible, and the quaint old panelled rooms, with deep window seats, are a delight and most conducive to the leisurely study of the Johnson relics collected there.

Could the Doctor look down, how would he express himself as to the "Quill Club" which holds its meetings in his old home? The members must indeed require to have a "guid conceit" in themselves, for their contributions are read aloud before the assemblage, and the criticism by all and sundry is painful and frequent and free. To sit quietly by while the author's most cherished plots and phrases are torn to ribbons, must indeed require a rare courage. Even Dr. Johnson himself might have been at a loss for adequate words under such circumstances.

* * * * * *

London has been enjoying an orgy of "Bargain Sales" since the New Year opened. Streets and shops are more crowded than ever and the "strap-hanging habit" might be resorted to with advantage in some of the large stores in the West End.

Is it really possible to obtain such wonderful bargains at these times? Yes, undoubtedly, given a well-lined purse, unlimited time and indomitable patience. But for the hard-worked business man or woman, with small means, less time, whose requirements are present necessities and not merely future possibilities, a sale is apt to prove a snare and a delusion, quite apart from the risk of being torn limb from limb by the inveterate bargain hunter.

* * * * * *

What worlds apart are the "Bargain Basement" and the British Museum! There—confusion worse confounded; here—the peace which passeth understanding.

The Museum must surely be the greatest haven of rest the scholar possesses. Within its walls it seems impossible not to ask: Has there been a Great War? Are we facing the greatest struggle for existence and general upheaval since the world began?

Directly the great gates of the Museum forecourt are entered, peace seems to reign. Children play around, and pigeons come for food at the tiniest signal. They have no fear of the gentle folk who daily wend their way into the great shrine of rest and quietude.

What a delight the Reading Room, with its miles upon miles of books and absolute silence. The same faces appear day by day, indeed it is almost possible to tell the hour by glancing around at the *habitués*, who spend the greater part of their lives browsing at leisure in the tomes they love so well.

It is strange how little Londoners really know about

the glorious treasures hidden away in the Museum, and how few have ever been in the Print Room. Is it a question of the same old story of not appreciating a thing until it is lost?

* * * * * *

The pantomime season is rapidly drawing to a close. There are many rumours of new attractions at the different theatres, although so far not many of them have materialised.

Of the stayers, a word of praise may well be given to *The Wandering Jew*, which still thrills audiences at the Duke of York's Theatre.

Here, the outstanding features are the reverent way in which the play is produced, and Matheson Lang's marvellous depiction of the growth of the Jew's soul. The portrayal is such that memories of it linger for days, inciting the intense desire to witness it again, so as to be able to watch and revel in every detail of that soul's development.

* * * * * *

A spell of mild weather is now making life a pleasure; the sun is shining and all the world is gay with the promise of spring.

Gulls are hovering over the bridges, or poised upon the ledges, waiting for the fish or bread some kindly passer-by is sure to give them. They come up the Thames in the cold season, but are in no hurry to depart. They sail gracefully around Westminster and right up into the heart of the City, the tameness of these very timid birds being one of the most attractive features of winter life in London.

Here is a suggestion for an interesting book for the studiously inclined: *Unknown London*, by Walter George Bell (John Lane, The Bodley Head).

It is delightfully written and can be safely recommended for anyone with a love of the Old Country, or better still such a one as has been "got" by London and still hankers after its strange, grey, unfathomable, but nevertheless inimitable, fascination and charm.

London, January 21st, 1921. ANNE NEWBOLD.

CORRESPONDENCE

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on Editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.*

January 21, 1921.

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Sir:—

In your January issue appears a review by Professor James Mavor of Margot Asquith's *Autobiography*. "Interesting as the Autobiography is", says Professor Mavor, "it is clear that the real *bonne bouche* is the Diary". After quoting several favourable opinions of this yet unpublished document, Professor Mavor continues: "Henry James is even more enthusiastic: 'It is a wonderful book. If only *messieurs les romanciers* could photograph experience in their fiction as she has done in some of her pages! The episode of Pachay, short as that is, is masterly—above the reach of Balzac; how far above the laborious beetle flight of Henry James! Above even George Meredith. It is what Henry James would give his right hand to do at once. The episode of Antonelli is very good too, but not so exquisite as the other'."

Undisturbed by the obvious confusion in this quotation, the reviewer makes the following comment: "Unfortunately neither of these marvels appears in the present volume. Perhaps they are too intimately real to appear in cold print."

Professor Mavor's natural desire to explore "these marvels" may be instantly gratified. He has only to turn to the *Journal of Marie Bashkirtseff* where the "episode of Pachay" and the "episode of Antonelli" have been "in cold print" for thirty years.

It was, by the way, not Henry James, but John Addington Symonds, who wrote to Mrs. Asquith the words quoted above. Henry James would hardly have regarded his own work as "a beetle flight".

Yours, etc.,

E. K. BROADUS

[I have to thank Mr. Broadus for pointing out to me that I had made an error in quoting from a letter of J. A. Symonds and attributing the passage to Henry James. The fact is that in the haste of composition I took the passage from page 67 of Mrs. Asquith's memoirs when I intended to take one from pages 70-71. My reference to Pachay and Antonelli is very obvious. I supposed, wrongly of course as my supposition followed upon the mistaken attribution, that Mrs. Asquith had used these incidents as in her sprightly way she might have used the story of Moses in the Bulrushes. My errors do not in the least affect the main point of the portion of my article in which they occur which is that Mrs. Asquith's Diary had fascinated a number of extremely competent judges of literature. I cannot plead guilty of ignorance of Marie Bashkirtsett's Diary. This book was published in Paris in 1887. I read it immediately afterwards and in July 1890 I published in a magazine of which at the time I was editor, an article upon her by my friend Havelock Ellis. Since this article was one of the earliest relating to her in any English periodical I may fairly claim to have had a slight share in introducing her to the English reading public.

JAMES MAVOR.]

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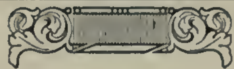

WE WISH every maiden to know that when her "man" or "boy friend" (as she may call him) comes bearing a gift of Neilson's Chocolates, he is bringing to her the most delicious sweetmeats that money can buy.

And we wish men to know that, whether they personally care about chocolates or not, there is nothing they can take to a maiden that will so gratify her taste for really fine confectionery as will a box of Neilson's Chocolates.

Neilson's

"The Chocolates That Are Different."

BOOK REVIEWS

The Song of Life and Other Poems, by W. H. Davies (Fifield, 5/-). In the title poem of this latest volume of his the poet talks frankly about his life and philosophy. He knows where the complacent opinion of most of his readers would put him and writes

> I hear men say: "This Davies has no depth,
> He writes of birds, of staring cows and sheep,
> And throws no light on deep eternal things—"

Indeed most of his readers are tempted to place him at first among the poets of innocence and childhood, but they have to relinquish that view of him sooner or later. In "The Truth" he wonders why the robin sings so sweetly on the bough. Is it love or love of song or what? Then he remembers seeing a bird once with its head half pecked off and concludes

> Ah, now there comes this thought unkind,
> Born of the knowledge in my mind:
> He sings in triumph that last night
> He killed his father in a fight;
> And now he'll take his mother's blood—
> The last strong rival for his food.

There is little in our every-day morality that this rural anarchist leaves unassailed. Even the two supreme virtues of cleanliness and godliness mean litttle to him. In "You interfering ladies" he admonishes the reformer with

> Let boys and girls kiss here and there,
>   Men drink and smoke the strongest weed;
> Let beggars who'll not wash with soap,
>   Enjoy their scratching till they bleed:
> Let all poor women, if they please,
>   Enjoy a pinch of snuff, and sneeze.

One more quotation may complete the picture, again from "The Song of Life",

> "Ah", says the Priest, we're born to suffer here
> A hell on earth till God's Almighty Hour".
> A hell on earth? . . . We'll ask the merry Moth
> That, making a partner of his shadow thrown,
> Dances till out of breath; we'll ask the Lark
> That meets the rain half-way and sings it down.

Davies is not so much a pastoral poet as one of those hedonistic vagabonds that keep fresh the spiritual life of the English. They are devoid of civic virtue. But without them their nation would die. For while those of robes and uniforms are busy defending and battening on the acorns that grow on the Imperial oaktree, these are busy at its roots, cleaning them daily from all foulness and rottenness. No country can keep its health without the salt of spiritual vagrancy. This might well be a matter for reflection as we plod homewards with furtive sobriety past the drawn window curtains of our neighbours. Have we a sufficient number of hedonists in the country? If not, can we breed them or must we import? This is the point to which our pastoral poet leads us.

B. F.

The Golden Book of Springfield, by Vachel Lindsay (Macmillan Co. $4.00). Readers of O. Henry will remember the shock which Mr. Rushmore Coghlan gave to the diners in a certain cafe when after boasting that he was a Citizen of the World, with interests too large to centre themselves in little places like London and New York, he began to break crockery while upholding the honour of a strange little village in the Middle West. In *The Golden Book of Springfield*, Mr. Vachel Lindsay treats his followers to a shock not much less disconcerting. He found himself as a Poet of the Open Road. All who have loved the open road were drawn to him. They have in imagination seen him wandering from town to town chanting exuberantly his songs of out-of-doors. It is true that from time to time his fancy has returned to his home in Illinois when he

> "Saw wild domes and bowers
> And smoking incense towers
> And mad exotic flowers
> In Illinois."

But Springfield seemed rather his *pied à terre* than his enduring home. In *The Golden Book* he has returned to Springfield for his inspiration.

Mr. Lindsay writes with all his old vivacity and with an intimacy which disdains to waste time in explaining details, assuming that the reader knows and is ready to love Springfield as he does. He writes, after generations of oblivion, of the Springfield of 2018. To the reviewer, who has never seen Springfield, but who presumes to judge it by other middle western towns, it seems that "*plus ça change, plus c'est la même chose*"; for the Springfield of 2018 is one which has certain features familiar to this generation. Indeed we should have thought that more than one of these features would have failed to please the Vachel Lindsay of 1918. But the Vachel Lindsay of a century to come has an infinite tolerance of things in themselves provincial and tiresome on occasion. Whether he is capable of the flights which we have admired in the Lindsay of 1918, some of his readers will hesitate to admit.

It is because of his qualities, and not in spite of them, that we hope he will turn rover. We should like to think that before he writes his next book, Mr. Vachel Lindsay will have found his way back to the Road to Nowhere. His public is a larger one than the

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population of his birth place, and it will look forward with interest to the day when the singer turns beggar once again.

G. E. J.

Main Street, by Sinclair Lewis (Harcourt, Brace and Howe, $2.00). Intimacy rather than reticence is characteristic of modern fiction. Your author generally knows the hero, or more usually the heroine, with an inner completeness which one commonly associates with divine knowledge. There are three methods which recent fiction inclines to follow with varying success. The author may sit aloof and detached upon Olympian heights and from that eminence with carefree magnificence of design draw out for you the career of the hero and his collaterals from the cradle to the grave to the third and fourth generations. Or he may with Protean versatility enter successfully into the hero's butler, tailor, fiancé and grandmother, and from these peepholes describe and analyse his subject's manner of disposing of his morning coffee. Or, with still more magic cunning, he may get inside his subject's skin completely and illustrate for you with life-like vividness what he feels like as he cleans his teeth or undergoes an operation for appendicitis. It is unfashionable and romantic to have a plot. Nothing of a catastrophic nature should happen. The book should close upon an unfinished emotion. Then, if it should be a success financially, the emotion can be resumed where it left off.

But all this without prejucdie, as Mr. Guppy would say. *Main Street* hovers between Arnold Bennett and Dorothy Richardson, but nevertheless succeeds in capturing a jaded reviewer's interest by a very sincere and carefully wrought picture of a small American Middle-West "city" of three thousand odd inhabitants. It is dedicated to Mr. Cavell and Mr. Joseph Hergeshiemer, and while it shows no debt to the former's imaginative élan, it does unmistakeably claim kinship with Mr. Hergeshiemer's very careful and artistic work. To my mind Mr. Joseph Hergeshiemer's work is the most distinguished and noteworthy achievement of modern American fiction, and the author of *Main Street* has no cause to be ashamed in dedicating his book to the author of *Linda Condon*.

S. H. H.

The Orange-Yellow Diamond, by J. S. Fletcher (Macmillan Co.). As a rule, like many other simple-minded people, too few, alas, now in this wide world, I look at the end of a novel to see whether I shall need a pick-me-up or a purgative when I have finished it. But every rule has an exception, and detective stories are the exception to this excellent rule of mine.

I have always felt that anyone who would deliberately look at the end of a detective story cannot be really nice, cannot have developed sense of honour. Indeed, I would make it an indictable offence to do this thing, for I am sure it is lowering the standard of modern detective stories.

The present story supports my contention, for I am morally certain that the author's tone has been lowered, his nerve seriously shaken, by criminal assault's on the ends of previous stories of his. This appears from the fact that the author has so contrived the end as to baffle criminals of this type. Now in such a case the innocent and honourable suffer for the guilty. For when I, after honourably reading straight through this excellent four-mover, arrived at the end expecting to find my intelligent anticipation confirmed as usual, I found instead the author standing with his thumb applied to his nose, practically saying to me—"You thought you knew who committed the murder, well, go and hang yourself!" I protest against such treatment. I am still in the dark as to who committed the murder. I shall write to *The Times* about it. This sort of thing encourages crime.

S. H. H.

The Poems of Robert Burns, edited by James L. Hughes (Ryerson Press, Toronto, $3.00). This book has a feature which will recommend it to the lover of Burns. There are a hundred or more excellent photographs with full explanatory notes which admirably illustrate Burns' haunts and the subjects of many poems. (In passing I may note a curious error in one of the notes. Dr. Hughes claims Highland Mary for the household of Gavin Hamilton in Mauchline, while Eyre-Todd and other authorities, not to mention local tradition, name her as a domestic in Coilsfield House, Tarbolton—"the Castle o' Montgomery").

But the value of the work as a new edition of the Poems is not so apparent. In the absence of the poet's explicit directions for exclusion the only adequate edition is a complete one. Dr. Hughes has made a choice to represent four aspects of Burns' work: Poems Relating to the Ayr and Alloway Districts, Religious and Ethical Poems, Poems of Democracy and Brotherhood, and Love Songs. His method has eliminated, among others, "Holy Fair", "The Jolly Beggars", and "Holy Willie's Prayer", and included such inferior verses as "Handsome Nell". His aim to secure "a wider reading and study of the universal poems of Burns, especially by young people", will hardly be affected by such a partial selection. Burns is too great a figure for the straitwaistcoats of didactics and formulae.

H. K. G.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	Nov. 1920	Dec. 1920	Jan. 1921	Feb. 1921	Feb. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	233.1	221.6	212.6	198.7	281.2
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$26.13	$25.67	$25.30	.....	$24.64
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	104.3	99.0	90.5	89.0	101.4
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	108.4	106.7	109.9	110.3	122.9

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE prices of standard Canadian securities have lately been well maintained, despite a fresh decline in commodity prices, and the persistence of widespread unemployment. This may mean merely that sober investors consider the changes in commodity prices fully discounted, by the 20% shrinkage in the price of stocks, which occurred during 1920. Or it may be taken as a sign of growing confidence; of a belief that five or six months hence the loudly heralded "revival of business" will be well under way.

The fall in commodity prices, which still continues, is difficult to measure exactly. No two authorities in any one country can be found in agreement. Their differences proceed, not as a rule from any disagreement over method, but from a concentration on certain special groups of commodities. One authority concerns himself mainly with the price of foods; another with that of raw materials; still another with that of manufactured goods. One is chiefly concerned with metals, another with textiles, and so on. But by studying the mean of a number of separate estimates, we may hope to neutralize the bias affecting individuals.

A comparison of this kind between Canada and the United States can be carried to the close of 1920. The Canadian figure is a mean between those of the Labour Gazette and Professor Michell; the American, a mean between those of the Bureau of Labour statistics, the Annalist, Gibson, Bradstreet, and Dun.

WHOLESALE PRICES

	Highest point in 1920	Jan. 1921.
Canada	100	75
U.S.A.	100	63

From this it appears that the readjustment of last season may have been somewhat more complete in the United States than in this country.

The difference between the two countries though small is really quite surprising. Canada has an even closer interest in agriculture than her neighbour, and the fall in the price of farm products has been phenomenal. The Department of Labour reports a fall of 32% in the wholesale price of our foodstuffs during 1920. The average of all its other quotations shows a fall of only 12%, for the heavy decline in hides was to some extent offset by continued high prices for tobacco, liquors, house furnishings, implements, and some other goods. An explanation should be forthcoming.

The National City Bank of New York, in its monthly Letter of December last, stated that "The farming population (sc. American) has suffered a loss of purchasing power amounting to between 30 and 40 per cent., or $6,000,000,000 to $8,000,000,000 as compared with last year." In January, 1921, our own Dominion Bureau of Statistics estimated the value of Canadian field products in 1920 at $1,455,000,000, as compared with $1,452,000,000 in 1919. In other words, the Canadian field crops of last season were so large as to offset almost exactly the fall in selling prices which our farmers had to meet. The contrast is striking; for if these estimates are accurate (and their authority has not been questioned) the American farming community suffered a loss of income last year, four or five times as great as the total product of our soil.

There is a good deal of hardship in the cities, as there must always be when many workers are unemployed. The city dweller is altogether unable at present to spend on the same scale as formerly; and yet, if foodstuffs are omitted, the decline in prices seems to have been relatively small in Canada. Can we find the reason for this, in the unimpaired purchasing power of our farmers?

If the fall of prices in Canada has indeed failed to keep pace with the fall elsewhere, and if the Canadian farmer is the buttress on which present prices are resting, a sober conclusion is suggested. American industries suffering from depression may already be trying to sell to the farmers of Canada, the goods that American farmers can no longer buy. If it lasts, the rise in New York exchange will doubtless help them. Competition may become even keener; and those producers who have maintained their prices, or at least avoided a serious decline may have to choose between continued idleness, and further price reductions.

G. E. JACKSON

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. I. Toronto, April, 1921 No. 7

THIS is the seventh issue of The Canadian Forum. In this number we have availed ourselves of one of the few privileges we enjoy over the professional journalist, that of taking our readers into our complete confidence. The piece of autobiography entitled "To Our Readers" makes a frank statement of the position and prospects of The Canadian Forum. We hope that it will be given a careful perusal. It is clear from what we say that we, like many other periodicals at present, are in the trough of the commercial wave, but we are nevertheless not unsanguine as to our future. Our prime reason for hopefulness lies in the fact that, in the worst year for newspaper men in living memory, we have met with a steady growth of support that was never artificially stimulated by provocative writing or publicity drives. We feel that this growth of support must have real elements of health and spontaneity in it and that it is not likely to fail us suddenly. Furthermore, we can take courage from the thought that our editorial committee is held together by a very impersonal ideal; the great bulk of what we have printed has come from other pens than ours. The paper belongs, indeed, not to us alone but to any who recognize in our early numbers, faulty as they are, an attempt to maintain an impersonal way of looking at things. And now please read our fuller confession.

RECURRING periods of unemployment furnish the most serious indictment against the economic system of to-day. That in a province like British Columbia, teeming with potential wealth, tens of thousands of workers should be denied an opportunity to support themselves by honest toil is a situation which rightly apalls thoughtful men. It is little wonder that a student like Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, who has directed his attention to social questions in Canada through a quarter of a century and whose interest in humanity has never been diverted by the pursuit of wealth or ease, should feel and write strongly as he does in this issue. The enforced idleness of ten thousand at Vancouver in 1921, as the enforced idleness of ten thousand at Winnipeg in 1913, is translated by him into terms of human misery and loss of manhood. He knows that few characters are rugged enough to endure long periods of unemployment without violence to that sense of self-esteem which raises man above the brute. He has lived long enough with the 'under-dog' to realize the tragedy of a system which sets a fence about natural resources, and which delivers into the hands of a few the machinery of production, thus making workmen less than masters of their fate. Some serious and thoughtful students will fail to go all the way with Mr. Woodsworth. We believe that they will question his definitions more than they will differ from his conclusions. Of the latter the claim that the state should itself provide work is especially controversial. But at any rate none will deny that sweeping reforms in the organization of industry are demanded by the periodical recurrence of such conditions as now prevail in Canadian cities from Montreal to Vancouver.

MR. CRERAR was, on the whole, something of a disappointment to the very large audience that recently welcomed him to the Canadian Club in Toronto. It is true that the audience could not but be impressed by his evident honesty as well as by the record of the business success he has achieved as president of the great co-operative organization of farmers in the Canadian West. All this, no doubt made for confidence in view of the possibility that he, may shortly guide the political destinies of Canada. But there was something lacking in his speech, whether or not it was due to the limitations imposed by a Canadian Club audience in a commercially-minded and protectionist city. In his account of co-operation in the West one missed that note of enthusiasm for the ideal which inspired the Rochdale pioneers, in his passing reference to free trade that zeal which carried home the message of Cobden and Bright. To the appeal for economy in public expenditures his hearers said a reminiscent amen, while at the same time wondering how an apostle of progressive policies should have so far forgotten himself as to include school expenditures in the list awaiting the pruning knife.

ONTARIO for long years boasted of her educational system. Then an icy crust of regulations settled upon its schools. A committee of educationists has been attacking the pivotal point of the system, namely the secondary schools. We hope later to analyze their interim report. For the present it is sufficient to say that the committee opens up a fair vista when it enunciates the three principles of greater freedom for the local authorities, concentration of the pupil's mind on fewer studies, and the making of the work of the school an end in itself rather than a means of stamping a fraction of its pupils with certificates. If teachers, and especially principals, have not permanently accommodated their gait to shackles, Ontario may once more rejoice in her schools —we had almost said her school system.

CANADIANS at home suffered many inconveniences in respect of public services during the war. Gradually we have recovered a good deal of what was then lost. In one department, however, what we endured from temporary necessity we appear to be accepting as inevitable. We refer to the postal service. Early in the war the rate of postage was increased. There was some little complaint, but we endured it remembering only as a distant joy the triumph of penny postage. And we should not even now object to the increase in postage, although the United States some time ago resumed their old rates, if it had not been attended by a decrease in service rendered. In the city of Toronto, for instance, a midnight collection which permitted letters written at home in the evening to be speeding on their way by the early morning trains has now long been abandoned: the business man is not particularly affected, and who are others that they should object? Then the Saturday afternoon delivery has been cancelled, so that mail arriving in the city by the morning trains of Saturday is not likely to be delivered before the following Monday. But such marvels of complacency have we become that we even tolerate at times an interval of three days between deliveries. If a legal holiday comes on Monday, as it increasingly tends to do, we received no mail between Saturday morning and Tuesday morning. It is quite time that the postal authorities were reminded that communication by letter is not less important, even if it is less expensive, than communication by rail or wire, and that if postmen feel aggrieved at losing a holiday enjoyed by other workers they may better receive a recompense of two or three days added to their regular holidays than that the public should suffer serious inconvenience.

LAST month's inaugural ceremony at Washington provided the moralizers with a rare opportunity; but not all the blasts of unctuous sentiment and pseudo-classical dissertation that it inspired have dispelled, or can ever dispel, the veritable atmosphere of tragedy that overhangs that scene. An inaugural should, one supposes, be a celebration of fresh hopes: this one served only to conjure up the ghosts of dead illusions. For the central figure in the pagent was not the new president with his immense majority and his cautious, shallow optimism, but the broken man whose feet, the reporters were careful to tell us, had to be guided by the hands of attendants as he descended the steps of the White House for the last time. Too much has been written during the last few months of Mr. Wilson's failure. It is the custom now to talk as if his weakness and his faults of temper had alone been responsible for the destruction of hopes cherished by all mankind. Those who profess this point of view should reflect for a moment upon the result of the khaki election in England; and many of them should try, too, honestly to recall their own feelings of two years ago. What was their attitude during those momentous months when the President was engaged in his lonely struggle at Paris? Was it ever more than lukewarm? Was it not often actually contemptuous? The truth is that Mr. Wilson did not have the support of mankind, or anything like it; all he had was the support of large numbers of liberal-minded men in every country; and to-day it is not those men, in spite of their disillusionment, who are his most vehement detractors. Let there be an end to the hypocritical lamentations of his opponents. Mr. Wilson's failure is the failure of every one of us, and its magnitude is, in a sense, the measure of his greatness.

THE choice of Mr. Austen Chamberlain to lead the Conservative Party in the British House of Commons has met with widespread approval. Unless the Coalition lasts for ever (a prospect which few men can cheerfully contemplate) he may within a few years be Prime Minister of England. Mr. Chamberlain is plainly lacking in many of the qualities which have exalted political adventurers in England, from Disraeli to Lord Birkenhead. He takes the credit for no great legislative measure. For the most part he has been identified with lost causes. He does not deal in epigrams or perorations. He never makes rudeness a substitute for reason. He peddles no rare and refreshing fruit for the thirsty voter. Like all proper Englishmen, he respects the House of Lords. In a word, he is not clever. More than once has he weakened a case and embarrassed his colleagues by making the most ingenuous admissions. Twelve months ago he barely survived an attack by the Northcliffe Press. The next he may not survive, for his new position does not bring immunity. With Mr. Worldly Wiseman—or even Sir Edward Carson—at the helm, dwellers in the Town of Carnal Policy would feel much safer. But in success or failure there are some things which the new conservative leader will not do. We know no better description of a gentlemen than this: that he willingly does hurt to no man,

either by word or deed. There are few party chiefs who could let themselves be judged by such a standard: but Mr. Chamberlain is one of them. He represents a tradition of plain dealing, which we had nearly lost.

NO satisfactory explanation of the result of the London conference on reparations has yet been forthcoming—satisfactory, that is, in the sense of revealing the forces that impelled Mr. Lloyd George, in face of a strong public opinion and his own better judgment, to support the fantastic claims of the French. The opening of the conference found him in the now familiar role of the reasonable compromiser, supported, of course, by the thoroughly disillusioned Italians; yet after the first few meetings he seems to have abruptly abandoned the position of moderation that he has been preparing for himself during the past year, and to have accepted unconditionally the suicidal policy of the French government; even going so far as to revive in two by-elections—both of which it may be noted have since resulted in stinging defeats for the coalition—the once popular election cry of "make the Germans pay."

TO explain this unexpected turn in the proceedings of the conference—the first justification for many months of the recurring formula of complete unanimity—by suggesting that Mr. Lloyd George and M. Briand are again playing the old game of 'scratch my back and I'll scratch yours' is obviously inadequate; for it is difficult to believe that there are any concessions to be sought in the East or elsewhere that could compensate Mr. Lloyd George for adopting such a course at the present time. Nor can we credit the suggestion that Mr. Lloyd George, fully aware of the difficulties and dangers of the reparation problem as his recent speeches have shown him to be, has thrown aside his scruples simply to save the face of his French colleagues. He has his own public to consider, and the mass of English opinion is clearly opposed to the decision that has been taken. Even the earliest and most plausible explanation, assigning the failure simply to the obduracy and tactlessness of the German delegates, no longer holds water; for it is now clear that the Germans not only submitted two alternatives unsatisfactory to the Allies, but, when these were refused, offered, if a week's delay were granted, to prepare yet another proposal. But if the forces that determined the decision are obscure the effects of that decision are already fairly obvious. The enforcement of the so-called sanctions—the occupation of the Ruhr coal ports, the customs barrier on the Rhine, and the 50% export duty—for none of which, it should be noted, can we find any justification either in the treaty or elsewhere, have not brought the Allies one step nearer to the collection of an indemnity. In fact the indemnity is further away than ever, and Germany is appreciably closer to Bolshevism; for the display of force and the threat to the Rhineland was the signal for an outbreak of communistic activity. No doubt Germany will stand still more prodding, before she is willing to abandon herself to revolution; but the experiment of trying to determine the breaking point is a perilous one, even if the final crash is avoided.

DURING the first two weeks of August 1921 some of those who still hold by the faith which we all professed during the war will have the opportunity of studying together problems of internationalism. The place of this summer school is not in any of the countries which fought "the war to end war" but at Salzburg, in Austria. Women have organized it and a woman, Miss Jane Addams, will give the inaugural lecture. But the school is for men and women of all nationalities. The general subject is "education for internationalism" and the discussions are to be grouped under two main headings: Psychological, and Political and Historical. Such topics as "Possessive and creative impulses art," "Inhibition of impulses as a source of conflict," "Study of Newspapers and contemporary history. Development of the critical faculty in this connection" are on the programme. Probably most of those who attend will already be convinced internationalists. But even those already sure of the urgent necessity for mutual sympathy and knowledge between the nations need not only encouragement but also instruction and definite guidance. And the sources of misunderstanding are so insidious as to catch most of us at times unawares. The only pity is that Salzburg is so far away. Perhaps when the papers read at the conference are published they will afford matter for discussion in Canada.

WE hear this month of a novel theatre in Naramata, B.C., which has been constructed by Mr. Carroll Aikins, dramatist and fruit-grower. The theatre is situated on the third floor of a fruit-packing house in the midst of lake and mountain scenery. Its purpose is stated on the opening programme, dated Nov. 3rd, 1920: "We feel that we have reached that point in our history where we may look for a Canadian literature to record Canadian achievement; and it is in that faith that we have built this theatre for the giving of Canadian plays by Canadian actors. We hope that it will be used by the young actor as a training-ground for his abilities, and by the young poet as a testing-ground for his work; and we have great pleasure in offering it to them, for the service of beauty and for a true expression of the Canadian spirit." Mr. Aikins wishes to get in touch with established or would-be actors and dramatists in any part of Canada and to assemble them during the summer months, housing them rent-free in his fruit-pickers' quarters and boarding them at cost. It is

hoped that from such beginnings a Canadian company might grow which would tour the land with its repertory of native plays. There are always incredulous smilers and head-shakers to act as a foil to a venture like this. For ourselves we neither smile nor shake the head but we say in good Canadian: "It sounds fine; go to it."

THE exhibition of Swiss Art that was opened in March at the Brooklyn Museum is the first to visit America. It will travel to various galleries and there seems no reason why it should not be brought to Canada. We understand that efforts are being made to that end and we wish them success. It is peculiarly desirable that the art of modern Switzerland should be seen in Canada. For one thing, the Swiss have succeeded in doing what Canada hopes to do. With their small population they have preserved their spiritual integrity among the larger kindred nations, so that in Segantini and Hodler they have produced two of the really satisfying artists of modern times. And, for another thing, the Swiss climate has the clarity of Norway and Canada. The Canadian artist will have more affinity, therefore, with the Swiss artist than with the English. Indeed, we wonder whether the work of any modern painter could be more appropriately seen by the Canadian artist and the Canadian public than that of Segantini, whose great "Alpine Pastures" shares the honours of the collection with Hodler's large allegory, "The Life-weary." By all means then let us see this work. We recall with misgivings that a collection of the work of that great eccentric, Van Gogh, which is lying about in New York, has not been deemed interesting enough by our local art authorities. It could be had without difficulty. It would serve a different purpose from the Swiss collection, pointing a contrast rather than an affinity, but the two together would do far more to 'place' our native art than the English and American exhibitions that have recently visited Canada. We still hope to see both Van Gogh and the Swiss.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications, Contributions, Subscriptions, Etc., should be mailed to that address.

The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman*.

C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor*.

BARKER FAIRLEY. *Literary Editor*.

To Our Readers

WITH the March issue, THE CANADIAN FORUM completed the first six months of its existence. In defiance of accepted business practice (which seems often to consist in maintaining an appearance of good fortune whatever may be the reality) we are free to confess that the omens which heralded its birth were not auspicious. When paper prices are soaring to their maximum, and when business men generally face a serious depression, the men and women who undertake to start a journal incur a serious responsibility. A beginning must be made in the face of considerable odds, for the cost of the paper and printing is certain to be heavy; and the difficulty of getting advertising is likely to be great.

Plans had been made in March and April of 1920 for publication in October of last year. At that time, the wages of compositors were 95% above pre-war rates; and paper, of the quality used in THE CANADIAN FORUM, had gone up by more than 140% since the beginning of the war. We knew also that the cost of sending periodicals through the mails was to be increased by 200% at the New Year. With this in view, publication might well have been postponed for one or even two years, until a fall in the price of paper and a general revival of business gave better promise of success.

This turmoil and uncertainty lengthened the long odds against survival. But they were in themselves a reason for persisting in plans already made. For THE CANADIAN FORUM had not been projected as a medium of expression for a few victims of *cacoethes scribendi*. Its definite purpose was to discuss, without partisanship, certain problems in the life of Canada. The more urgent these problems, the greater the need for such a medium. If any good warrant existed for such a journal of opinion, it was surely strengthened, rather than weakened, by the fact that our troubles as a nation were multiplying daily.

The circumstances were themselves a challenge, and the challenge was accepted. Starting with a subscription list of 35, the first issue was published in October. The thought that perhaps this small number measured correctly the strength of our appeal was an appalling nightmare to the business manager. Meetings of the staff (whose services are given free) listened in respectful silence to his monthly jeremiads on the threatened deficit. By his orders, each member subscribed for the copies that he needed, and, further, signed a written financial guarantee, to be used to meet a deficit. But the gloom was dispelled before Christmas by a stream of subscriptions from outside. The growth in circulation with each succeeding issue has renewed our confidence that

publication was worth while. Subscribers are still appearing, at the rate of over one hundred a month.

No board of editors was ever readier to take the cash and let the credit go. They learned by hard experience that a young paper hungers unappeasably for cash. But without seeking praise (which in any case is hard to come by) they were the more anxious for criticism, because of an uncomfortable feeling that they had much to learn. Nor, as they found, was it in the least difficult to find the friendly critic. The trouble was sometimes otherwise: it was not easy to escape him.

The judgments frankly passed on THE CANADIAN FORUM have been so numerous that they are not easily summed up. They present a wide range of contrast, comforting and even at times amusing to their victim. It is interesting to set off, against the claim that the paper is too stodgy, the counter-claim that it is too flippant. We may similarly leave the critics who found us too conservative and cautious, to deal with their neighbours who found us far too radical. It was, we believe, a woman who pronounced THE CANADIAN FORUM altogether academic, and a man who complained that it was not intellectual enough. Others, from time to time, have urged (*a*) that they cannot be expected to read a journal which is written by specialists for specialists, and (*b*) that, like most of our Canadian contemporaries, we devote ourselves entirely to the general reader.

Most of the criticisms we received might in fact be cancelled one against another. So far as any conclusion at all could be based on them, it seemed to be this: that THE CANADIAN FORUM was steadily keeping to the middle road, and avoiding all extreme views. The partisan finds inevitably that a non-partisan journal falls short of his cherished ideals. In this case there was a fixed determination to remain non-partisan. To those who write for it (who are no less conscious than its readers of its many real deficiencies) the chief appeal of the journal is simply that it stands for no supposed crusade, has found no Heaven-born Canadian statesman, tolls no politician's dirge, and acts as no man's henchman.

The points on which the critics were fairly well agreed related rather to form and subject-matter than to questions of editorial policy. And here we wish to acknowledge our great indebtedness to all those who have helped us to see ourselves as others see us. Not one of the staff of THE CANADIAN FORUM had served a real apprenticeship in the technique of publishing: the business manager had to find out what a 'screen' was; the general editor assumed his duties before he knew the meaning of the word 'em'. Most of us learn the little that we know by making mistakes and paying for them. In this case, the mistakes have been manifold, whether those who made them have profited or not.

The changes in form and appearance, which have been incorporated in the present number, are based for the most part on helpful suggestions from our friends. And, speaking of friends, the names of all the Canadian artists and writers, who have given us the benefit of their experience, as well as an unlimited use of their sketches and poems, would make a list of which any journal anywhere might well be proud.

Adverse criticism has centred for the most part on questions of foreign policy. Our attitude towards the treaty of Versailles, the Spa Conference, the House-Party at Lympne, has savoured of sacrilege to some old-fashioned readers. Those who still refuse to see that the foundations of all Europe have been weakened, who still speak the language, and think the thoughts of 1912, are not unnaturally resentful when the wisdom of the treaty-makers is bluntly questioned. But few who have seen at first-hand the break-down of European commerce and industry can still ignore the change. An immense adjustment must be made to the new conditions created by the war, if the scores of millions of workingmen in Europe are again to be fed and clothed, and maintained in regular employment. A peace which is intended as a punishment has made the task of readjustment harder, for us as well as for our late enemies. It is difficult for those who depend for their information on a Press so lacking in self-confidence as ours, to realise how widespread is the questioning spirit elsewhere, and at this time especially in England. We cannot claim to be unique in our criticism of the Peace Treaty. It is a pity that we are almost unique in Canada.

The view for which THE CANADIAN FORUM has consistently stood is easy to define. In the nervous excitement which is the world's inheritance from war-time, the limitless legal authority vested in a Supreme Council may seem closely to resemble absolute omnipotence. But in face of the tremendous, unseen and half-forgotten forces, loosed in the grinding of the mills of God, the puny strength of a peace delegation becomes one of time's laughing-stocks. Our future depends, we believe, more on factors which defy control, than on any human sanction. At best, we may recognize these factors, and accommodate ourselves to their working. At worst, we might oppose them, and be thrown aside or crushed. There is always a newspaper *claque* at the service of politicians graced with a moment's brief authority. But whether or not we join in applauding them, we must note as best we can the speed and direction of the tide which carries us. As we utilize this knowledge, so shall we escape disaster.

It was in the hope of contributing something to the solution of this problem as well as of the pressing

domestic problems which confront us that this journal was started. For while there are numbers of journals elsewhere, which discuss with greater or less freedom the present tendencies in France and Italy, Britain and the United States, Canada has always been poor in such things. And it does not consist with the status of a nation merely to hear echoes of other nations' voices.

But in any case, and in any country, the public to which a journal of opinion can appeal is very limited. It costs as much to set in type an issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM as if it were sold by the hundred thousand copies monthly. The circulation is and will always be small, by comparison with the majority of successful periodicals, because there are few who look continuously to the future. It is all the more urgent, therefore, that those who do so should not be ignorant of our existence.

The growth of the paper so far has, we believe, justified all legitimate expectation. But if it has been rapid, it has not been rapid enough. With twice its present circulation, THE CANADIAN FORUM will be in a position to face the world. With three times its present circulation, its future is assured. The present rate of growth is a promise of success. But we need an even faster growth.

The journal sells at 25c. per copy. The cost of printing and mailing alone, for the first thousand copies that we circulate, is about 23c. per copy. Beyond the first thousand, the fall is rapid. Increased circulation can now be provided for, at about 8c. per copy.

We can only take full advantage of the prospect of economy which is opening, if our readers are prepared to help us. If those who believe, not that THE CANADIAN FORUM is necessarily right in all its verdicts, but that it stands for something so far lacking in the life of Canada, will act on that belief, there will be no room on our part for misgiving, and others, whom the prospect of failure has so far deterred from launching ventures of this character, may pluck up heart of grace.

This is an appeal to each individual, who has so far borne company with us. Will *you* bring to the notice of at least one friend this number of THE CANADIAN FORUM? Will you go further, and persuade that friend, if possible, to join you as one of our subscribers? To those who are prepared to help us in this way we wish to express our thanks, not in words only, but as we know they would themselves prefer, by furthering to the best of our ability an open and honest discussion of Canadian problems.

THE EDITORS

A subscription blank will be found on p. 222.

Unemployment

AWAY down the street from the civic relief office stretches the queue of men awaiting their turn to obtain meal tickets. A long parade of respectably dressed men march from their suburban homes to join the down town workers in a huge demonstration on Cambie Street grounds. Such are the outward manifestations of unemployment in Vancouver to-day.

In a small city, ten thousand unemployed. What an economic loss! If these men were on strike what volumes of righteous indignation would be poured forth from the disinterested citizens! These citizens now content themselves with grumbling about giving relief to men who, no doubt, wasted their earnings in riotous living.

But what does this unemployment mean in terms of human welfare? The district nurses tell a heart-rending story of under-nourished children, of unwelcome babies coming into homes in which there is no clothing in which to wrap them, of weary struggling mothers and discouraged or embittered fathers and of broken homes.

Is this Canada—the Canada of which we have been so proud? In the old world, poverty always had been and was taken almost as a matter of course, but in 'this land of opportunity' have we so soon come to this?

Of course we have had unemployment and bread lines before now. In 1913 in Vancouver the situation was even more acute, if less serious. Then came the war. Thousands of men enlisted at once in a spirit of enthusiasm, but thousands of others were compelled by economic pressure to enlist. Production was artificially stimulated. A good market, high prices, public and private 'graft' and unlimited credit brought a period of so-called 'prosperity'. But now the war is over. The bills are coming due. The old trouble is re-asserting itself with increased intensity.

What is the worker thinking about it? His thoughts are not the thoughts of the business man. He looks at things from an entirely different angle. In fact, he lives in a different world. There lies one of the most dangerous factors in the situation. The ordinary well-to-do citizen fails to recognize that, since the war, we are living in a new world of ideas. He, unfortunately, is still living in the past. While he may talk of re-construction, he thinks of this as construction on a larger scale along old lines. The worker dreams of a new heaven and a new earth.

This new view of life which is held by an ever-increasing section of the working-class leads to a repudiation of the hitherto accepted leadership. The professional politician may wax eloquent over 'our wonderful natural resources' but this simulated

passion leaves the working man cold. He knows that he has been fenced off from these resources. He knows that, as a matter of fact, the richest resources in British Columbia are held by American syndicates. The patriotic 'spell-binder' is to-day powerless. "War—ah, its a lovely war!" He has been there. "If *they* want to fight *they* can do the fighting themselves next time—*Our Country*—the world safe for Democracy—Bah! Two meals and a lousy bed is all *they* give you when you get back. Russia for mine."

Even the business-man is no longer listened to. The business-man is not yet aware of this. He still dominates the Board of Trade and City Council. He still listens to self-laudatory speeches in the Canadian Club or the Rotary Club. He still commands the subservient press. But the heart of the people is far from him. 'Immigration, the greatest need of Canada.' The immigrant worker laughs scornfully as he thinks of a still longer bread-line. 'More British Capital'. He knows that already we cannot pay even the interest on the money we have so recklessly borrowed and squandered. 'Production'. That was the last slogan to which he responded. Now he knows that the yards are stocked with lumber, the warehouses with clothes, the cold storage plants with food —yet his family has not adequate food, clothing or shelter. Now there comes the latest word of wisdom 'deflation'—'liquidation'. It simply makes him angry. He turns in disgust from the wisdom of the business man.

The church has ceased to offer him anything that will appease either physical or spiritual appetite. The daily press is absolutely discredited. The university is under suspicion or too remote. Perhaps he remembers that even as modern an economist as Jevons attributed re-current unemployment to the spots on the sun!

The old leadership rejected, the workers of the West are rapidly accepting the Socialist analysis of society. In the present distress, they believe they are experiencing the birth pangs of a new social order. Undoubtedly there is, with a vast number, a sense of expectation—a feeling akin to that of the religious enthusiast who was convinced that the 'Day of the Lord is at hand'. With many, belief in the inevitableness of the Revelution has led to a sort of fatalism. They can do little to hasten the event. . Or again, ameliorative measures are not to be encouraged as they may somewhat retard the approaching climax.

Eagerly they scan the papers for news from Soviet Russia, for signs of a break-up in Middle Europe, for a more aggressive movement in Great Britain. In their halls, all day long they debate the merits of 'direct action', 'the dictatorship of the Proletariat', or speculate as to whether there is any possibility that in this country the change might be brought about without violence.

In the meantime, the situation grows steadily worse and little of a constructive character is being attempted. The Vancouver member of the Federal House—who is said to be slated for a cabinet position —expressed the opinion that if only a vigorous campaign were carried on in the Rotary and Kiwanis Clubs, it would be discovered that many members had odd jobs in their back yards. These, if made available, through a well-conducted Bureau would go a long way toward solving our unemployment problem! This valuable suggestion ought surely to be passed on to similar clubs in Toronto and Montreal. A thousand pities that it has not been cabled to New York and London and Vienna!

What can be done? Let us at least lay down some fundamental principles.

1. The large proportion of *unemployment is involuntary*. Granted that a percentage of the men are lazy or shiftless, the fact is that six months ago most of the unemployed were at work and would be at work to-morrow if work were available. With modern large scale production the individual is helpless. A lumber worker cannot himself open up a camp; a miner, a coal mine; or a dismissed railroad worker start up a second C.P.R. system.

2. Under these conditions, when private enterprise fails, the *State is under obligation to provide work*. If the State with all its resources finds itself unable to do so, the case for the private individual is indeed hopeless.

3. Until suitable work is found, the *State should provide adequate maintenance*. This not as a matter of charity but as a matter of simple justice. A more fully developed industrial state would provide a system of unemployed insurance. The Minister of Labour tells us that it would require several years to build up such a scheme. In the meantime the underlying principle, as in the case of workmen's compensation, should be recognized, namely that Industry should carry its own charges.

4. *Any work provided should be productive in character and should be carried on under prevailing conditions* as to hours, remuneration and control. We have surely gotten beyond the mere work-test. We should realize the futility, economic and moral, of mere relief works. We must not permit employers under the guise of charity to lower the standard of living built up at so great a cost during the past hundred years.

5. *The financing of such enterprises should be a first charge on the natural resources and credit of the country.* In law, private ownership has never been absolute. In a society, where social production becomes prevalent and the monopolistic element enters, private ownership of the very means of life reduces us in time

to the servile state. We have admittedly abundant natural resources, we have the credit of the country—the capitalized labour power of the people—that on which alone our whole modern financial system is based. Why not bring natural resources, credit and workers, together?

6. If in the midst of abundant resources *any administration fails even to feed its people it ceases to command their loyalty.* It has ceased to function as an organ of democratic government. When once this becomes apparent it needs no prophet to foretell that all the legislation and all the repressive measures will not long hold down a free and intelligent people.

In Canada, as elsewhere, we face strenuous times. It may not be given to the business and professional men to decide whether or not we are to enter upon a new social order. It does seem to be in their power to decide whether the transition period be comparatively easy or a long drawn out struggle marked by violence and general dislocation. The present attitude of the American or Canadian business man is not reassuring.

J. S. Woodsworth

Prosperity Without Protection

During the latter part of the year 1920 Canada witnessed an unedifying and dismal spectacle. A group of three Cabinet ministers traversed the country from ocean to ocean. In the centre, and dominating the group, was the Minister of Finance, urbane and in the main cheerful in spite of the burdens of a colossal national debt. On one side Sir Henry was buttressed by the Minister of Agriculture, and on the other by the Minister of Labour. They too were cheerful enough, when not somnolent or palpably bored.

But it is not the dauntless three whom we would describe as dismal. Rather it is the procession which day after day, week after week filed before the commission, with its monotonous confession of incapacity to face the world and its reiterated appeal for state aid. With very few exceptions,—there were delegates of the farmers, a few housewives and one or two labour representatives,—the witnesses who offered themselves were of one mind. They argued that Canadian business could not survive foreign competition; that it must have government support or perish. Perhaps the one exception among the business men was the representative of the Massey Harris Company, who admitted that his firm was able to compete in world markets and that it could survive without protection, but who contended none the less for the retention of the tariff in the general interest.

Two kinds of factories were not represented in the procession of mendicants. They form a small, but distinct and significant group. In 1897, a year after the advent of the Laurier administration, cream-separators were placed on the free list, and there are now nearly a score of factories engaged more or less either in the manufacturing, or, what sometimes passes in this country for manufacturing, in the assembling of cream-separators. The following year binder-twine was placed on the free list, and there are now three factories engaged in the manufacture of twine and rope, two of them manufacturing in the one case mostly binder twine, and in the other case almost entirely binder-twine. The third is stronger on rope, which is dutiable.

Since no representative of this group of free trade industries was heard by the tariff commission, and since their experience is quite pertinent to the inquiry, one may be pardoned for allowing his curiosity to suggest an examination into how these firms were managing to walk without ankle supports.

For the present we shall confine ourselves to one firm which receives no protection and still survives and thrives. The Brantford Cordage Company is situated in the city of Brantford, Ontario. It has been manufacturing binder-twine for twenty years. Organized under foreign competition with a very small plant it has grown under foreign competition until to-day it is said to be the largest binder-twine factory in the British Empire. It is a Canadian Company managed by a native Canadian and financed by Canadian capital. It stands and deserves to be recognized as an example of what Canadians can do when they choose to depend on themselves rather than on government aid.

It is now twenty-three years since binder-twine was put on the free list. Sufficient time has elapsed to permit a just appreciation of the experiment. Several factories have failed or ceased to operate. To some degree their failure or discontinuance was the result of pressure from large and powerful companies, who were prepared to wage a price war in order to eliminate opposition, but the element of weak management was also present. The outstanding facts are, first, that the Plymouth Cordage Company fifteen years ago thought it worth while to build a large factory at Welland, Ontario, which has been maintained and extended, although the company could have shipped its twine into Canada free of duty from its main factory at Plymouth, Massachusetts; and secondly, that the Brantford Cordage Company in twenty years has grown from a little factory with sixty spindles to a great and prosperous industry with seven hundred spindles and an output of over 10,000 tons of twine a year. The achievement of the Plymouth company is significant as an answer to the contention that American capital would never come to Canada were it not for the tariff; that of the Brant-

ford Cordage Company as an answer to those who lack faith in the capacity of Canadians to face American competition.

Mr. C. L. Messecar, the Manager of the Brantford Cordage Company, was brought up on a Brant county farm. His education was completed by two winter courses at the Ontario Agricultural College. At the age of twenty-four he was still a farmer. His early business training was secured on the farm and with the Massey Harris Company. Seventeen years ago he assumed his present position. If one were to ask him the secret of his success, and he could be induced to give an answer, he would probably attribute it to three things, the careful study of markets, emphasis on quality rather than profits, and determination to depend on his own efforts. The result is that to-day the home market is demanding more of his twine than he can supply, while he is faced with the necessity, if he would fill foreign orders, of again doubling the capacity of his factory.

It was an interesting experience to drop into a Canadian factory running full force in times of serious unemployment, occupied on that particular day in making twine to fill a Dublin order. Last year the foreign trade included shipments to the United States, to the Argentine, to almost all the countries of Europe, to Tunis in North Africa, to South Africa and to Siberia. Here we have a Canadian factory engaged in the work of helping to reduce our foreign debt and to improve exchange in the only way in which the balance can be righted, by shipping goods abroad. When Canadian factories turn their attention less to creating a private preserve at home, and more to cultivating foreign markets, thus helping the farmer in the immense task of paying our national obligations in interest and principal, we shall have a better economic structure in Canada, and a better feeling between farmers and manufacturers.

One striking feature of the manufacture of binder-twine is that, so far as materials are concerned, it is by no means a native industry. All the raw material used and most of the machinery used must be imported. The sisal fibre comes from Mexico and Java and West Africa, and manilla comes from the Philippine Islands. Both the raw material and the machinery are free from duty so long as they are employed in the production of a commodity which is duty-free. Consequently an enterprising firm is at no appreciable disadvantage as compared with American and European firms which are under equal necessity of importing raw material. The disadvantage from greater freight rates on raw materials is partially offset by the advantage of greater proximity to the market for the finished product, for the greater part of the twine manufactured is still sold in Canada.

No peculiar advantages are enjoyed by the Brantford Cordage Company. Other industries indeed, might be mentioned which are distinctly more, native than the manufacture of binder-twine. For its labour it must compete with protected interests. In the home and foreign market it must compete with older and financially stronger organizations. It had to perfect its methods of manufacture and its selling system while subject to strong competition and for three years to the destructive effects of a price war. Under these conditions it has gradually built up its business, finding sufficient profits to pay modest dividends and extend its plant. To-day it stands on a firm footing, with great opportunity for export as well as for home trade. It affords a stimulating example of the response which a sturdy Canadian spirit makes when freed from the incumbus of a short-sighted paternalism. A hive of industry in a desert of unemployment, concretely it condemns the National Policy.

C. B. Sissons

A Letter from Ireland

In the light of recent events in Ireland the following personal letter should prove particularly interesting. We vouch for its authenticity, but, for obvious reasons, have suppressed the name of the author.

My dear K—

I went up to Dublin before Xmas for a week's shopping and one night awoke about 2 o'c. hearing the Hotel Front Door being smashed open. I knew at once that we were raided, and gave myself up for lost. When the door opened, I heard scores of men rushing upstairs and then in two-twos my bed-room door was banged open and two flash lights shone on my face! I just got a glimpse of the military uniform so somewhat comforted, demanded, What they wanted? An English voice answered, "Don't be alarmed Madam, we won't harm you." No. 1 then said, "It is a small room", and no. 2 rejoined, "Take care, there may be some-one else there." I was within an ace of saying, "This is a respectable Hotel!!!" but I didn't, so, after looking around, they left, and I politely bid them 'good-night' to which they responded! Then I heard them going upstairs and sobs and voices and finally a shot, so I made up my mind I'd quit the Hotel next day. When bang open goes my door again and another soldier comes in. By this time I was beyond fear, so said, "What in the world do *you* want? I've had one visit already?" and believe me, he grinned in my face and left the room, and there I lay, and Oh! it was so cold, and I didn't know what had happened, nor if anyone was shot, till I was called at 8 o'c. and the housemaid declared no one was taken and no one was shot. They were looking for the Mayor of Cork, but he had left two

days before. I can tell you it was awful and I never wish to go through it again. Here in the country we are fairly quiet. Of course the Police Barrack was burnt down, and the Steward's house raided, and our only gun taken, and when I was away some one broke the study window. So I called in the Sergeant of Police who lives in Slane, 5 miles away, and had the Parish Priest up, and on the following Sunday I hear he gave it hot and strong at Mass, so I hope I'll have no more trouble. I dare not leave the house uninhabited, for it certainly would be burnt down, and I do so want to get away. I fear we must feel ashamed of our Irish blood, for they are simply nothing but murderers, and have no fear of God nor man.

Some one told me that the 'boys' about live in terror. They of course are all 'Sinn Feiners' and would run the risk of being shot if taken by Police when out on their raids, and if they didn't go when ordered the Sinn Feiners would shoot them, so it is 'betwixt the D— and the Deep Blue Sea'!

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on Editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.*

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Dear Sir:—

In your issue for February your first editorial note, after comment on the narrow and partisan character of the British Empire League of Canada, goes on to say "It is also a nice problem in statesmanship—how to reconcile several millions of Canadians to an Empire which may any day be converted by fanatics into a travesty of liberty and justice".

This is surely what a learned friend of mine was wont to call "a prodigious *haud sequitur*". The words 'British Empire', like 'Imperial' or 'Canadian', and several others are simply labels, "usurped by every charlatan"; to prove this one has only to consult the Toronto telephone directory. In London there was formerly, if indeed there is not still, an Empire Music Hall, the promenade of which was used for purposes of propaganda by members of an ancient profession. If your editor were taken to see it, would he consider it a nice problem in statesmanship—how to reconcile several millions of Canadians to an Empire which might any day be converted by harlots into a travesty of liberty and morality.

If he replies that the difference is that the so-called British Empire League of Canada exists for the purpose of changing the constitution and the ideals of the British Commonwealth—miscalled an Empire—surely he is unduly frightened by a label. Countless such leagues exist already for this very purpose; the Orange Lodges, the Sinn Fein Society, the Self-determination League, the Primrose League, the Freedom of India Society, the General Dyer Fund and a hundred more. Any one of these may one day stampede the Commonwealth into what most of us would consider "a travesty of liberty and justice". The point is, that they don't and, let us hope, will not do so, in spite of the undue touchiness and lack of logic of the editorials of THE CANADIAN FORUM.

Are we not all getting a little too jumpy and suspicious? Is there not too much anti-sedition propaganda at the one extreme and too much anti-Imperial propaganda at the other? Could not such a magazine as THE CANADIAN FORUM give a rather more definite and inspiring lead to the great public which is growing weary of an atmosphere of suspicion and shriek and is pining for something constructive?

I am,
Yours, etc.,
W. L. GRANT.

Upper Canada College,
Toronto.
March 2, 1921.

[With the last paragraph we agree; we had already referred to Canada in the note in question as a "propaganda-ridden" land. But we are surprised to learn that the "British Empire League of Canada" is a mere trade-name used for advertising purposes. If this is so, the Empire has already become a travesty, and we would gladly exchange it for the music-hall which, even in its palmiest days, we never mistook for anything but what it really was. ED.]

French in Cntario

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM.
Sir:—

In the December issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM Professor J. S. Will in an article on French in the Schools of Ontario expresses the opinion that "it is not necessary nor advisable that French be driven out as English is brought in". The following incident may interest you as illustrating the force of Professor Will's remark as applied to one of the old French settlements of Ontario.

I arrived at Tecumseh in Essex County by the morning train, and crossed the street to the Hotel where I spent most of the day. Apparently the inhabitants are all of French extraction, for I scarcely heard a word of English spoken during my entire stay. I was there to address the Farmer's Club, which held its regular meeting in the Town Hall that

evening. As the farmers gathered in the conversation was entirely in French. The meeting was called to order by the Chairman, and all the preliminary business and discussion was conducted in French. At this point I was introduced as the speaker of the evening and for the first time the English language was employed. There were some sixty members present, and apparently every one understood English thoroughly. After I had spoken, several of those present entered into a discussion of the subject which I had presented, and every one used excellent English, with a slight French accent however. English at least as good as the average farmer commands, who belongs to clubs which are purely English speaking.

Yours, etc.,

M. H. STAPLES.

War Gratuities

The Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM

Sir:—

It has come to our notice that Canada is to receive a war indemnity of half a billion dollars. The vexed question of an emolument to returned soldiers has been discussed at length, with a result which though far from satisfactory to them, was yet fair and reasonable, considering the war debt that Canada was already carrying.

Now, however, the question should be reopened and considered most carefully from every point of view. It is only just that soldiers of all ranks, and of all branches of the service, should benefit to a greater extent by this indemnity than those people of the nation who did not serve with the C.E.F.

The problem facing the government, if it is to be solved fairly, is one that must take every factor into consideration. The following plan, the details of which would have to be worked out by an expert in actuarial science, would meet all cases.

The Details given below will illustrate on a very limited scale the principles by which each case is to be dealt with.

PRINCIPLES UPON WHICH THIS PLAN IS BASED

I. Every ex-soldier shall receive a gratuity based on his individual service.

II. As the amount available for gratuities is uncertain, the figures hereunder given must be considered to be ratios rather than exact amounts.

III. Each day spent in any arm of the service entitles an ex-soldier to one day's gratuity at the rate herein allowed for that arm of the service.

IV. Each arm of the service is given a gratuity rating in cents per day. This rating varies according as the said days service was performed in—(i) Canada, (ii) England, (iii) France.

V. The gratuity rating for any arm of the service is based on considerations of (i) Pay, (ii) Discomfort, (iii) Risk.

VI. By "arm of the service" is meant, any arm of the service or part thereof whose entire personnel may be taken to have desservec equal consideration from the points of view detailed in sec. V, *e.g.*, The Royal Air Force here consists of two distinct arms of the service—(i) Flying personnel, (ii) Ground personnel.

Table illustrating suggested gratuity rating for three representative arms of the service. *e.g.*, Infantry, Canadian Field Artillery, Non-Flying Personnel, R.A.F.

Rate Per Day	Inf.	C.F.A.	N.F.P.R.A.F.
Canada.........	. 5c.	. 5c.	. 5c.
England........	.10c.	.10c.	.10c.
France..........	$1.00	.60c.	.20c.

Example of a man from date of enlistment to date of discharge.

Enlists July 1, 1915, *Discharge* Sept. 1, 1916

July 1, 1915—Sept. 1, 1915; Inf.; Canada at 5c. per day..............	$3.10
Sept. 1, 1915—Jan. 1, 1916; Inf.; England at 10c. per day.............	12.20
Jan. 1, 1916—June 1, 1916; Inf.; France at $1.00 per day.............	151.00
June 1, 1916—July 1, 1916; C.F.A.; France at 60c. per day..............	18.00
July 1, 1916—Sept. 1, 1916; N.F.P.,R.A.F.; England at 10c. per day.............	6.20
	$190.50

Gratuity in this case = $190.50.

Yours, etc.,

G. N. TUCKER
GEORGE BAYLY

[This letter raises a very interesting point in the subject of Service Gratuities. So far as we know the idea of remuneration by unit has not been previously raised. But as the authors base it on the problematical German indemnity it may be hoped that too many will not spend the money in advance.—*Ed.*]

Toronto Revisited

SOME IMPRESSIONS.

IT is now reluctantly conceded by all that there is something in the economic interpretation of history. Not necessarily that men become

largely what they eat, it is indisputably the fact that they must eat in order to think; that with everyone on the brink of starvation you can have no art, no science, little politics. Our type of life, our thought, depend on material things though they rise above them; material prosperity will not of itself produce fine art or clear thinking, but none the less some degree of it is essential to allow of the best. The Greek city state needed as an economic basis for its philosophy and political development, some form of slavery; Victorian civilization depended on cheap food and a multitude of inexpensive servants. One does not find the recognition of this in the works of the late Mr. Ruskin, but Mr. Ruskin, a representative of the prosperous middle class, could hardly be expected to realize the conditions that made him possible. A visitor to Canada to-day finds himself instinctively comparing the basis of North American civilization with the state of things that made a world where could flourish the varied English types of Gladstone, Tennyson, Thackeray.

In Canada it appears that civilization rests not on domestic service, as it did, and to a large extent still does in England, so much as on the internal combustion engine. The size of a city like Toronto, sprawling miles along the lake so that congestion at the centre prevents dependence on electric traction, the new country life that is opening up for city dwellers, the market gardening that feeds a city with a worse suburban railway service than any in England,—all these it seems depend for their existence on gasoline or some substitute for it. A less dangerous basis than slavery, probably more secure than domestic service, it is still perhaps not so assured as its adherents claim or assume. Meanwhile, whether secure or not, it is moulding human life, human thought, in a new way. The bent of the young man, already mechanical, becomes more so; the motor increases or at least maintains much of the rampant individualism naturally developed in opening up an unsettled country, for the owner-driver on the road hardly shares the community sense induced by travelling in a crowded suburban train, whose passengers have one link at any rate,—complaints against the company. The motor probably stimulates self-reliance, but certainly not political discussion in the way the English railway carriage does.

A visitor after some years' absence may notice other things on the same lines. A civilization that centres on the garage rather than on the kitchen or he drawing-room, has modified its dress accordingly and sensibly increased freedom. It has improved and is improving the hotels; it has established restaurants where there were only quick lunch counters. It has taught people the geography of their own country, and abolished the old limitation on travel that generally prevented all save the head of the house taking more than two journeys a year. It has made possible the country club, a middle class and pseudo-democratic substitute for the week-end country house party. If only chemistry provides a cheap efficient substitute when the oil wells are exhausted, this civilization may blossom further, generation by generation altering the minds of men through their habits, and may reach out to novel types of political organization, to new art and a distinctive literature. But if chemistry fails, then a revolution of some sort is preparing in the future, perhaps as catastrophic as that malaria is said to have wrought in ancient Greece. Meanwhile there are a few years in which it is permissible to wonder.

It is as well to beware of expatriots; they have often left their country for their country's good and their opinions may be as questionable as their morals. Still, when they praise, their words may be taken more seriously than when they condemn, for condemnation of change is their natural feeling. Somewhere in each of us there lurks the old Adam of conservatism; we may want change in all the things that make up our daily life, but we resent it, especially when we have not been consulted, in the things we knew and are reluctant to forget. Changes impertinently made in our absence we deplore however much we may clamour for reforms drafted by ourselves. Also, our memory is unreliable; we only saw a part and thought it was the whole, some of which even we have forgotten. So a country where life seems growing every day more complex may attract but still shocks us continually. Is it we who have changed; have we merely grown up, is what we remember the usual artificial simplicity of the undergraduate's life, thought by us to have been a universal condition ten short years ago?

Partly, no doubt; half the changes that any generation notes and deplores are in itself. But Canadian life has nevertheless grown more complex during the space of a decade. Toronto has for long been a busy commercial city, but it has an added bustle now; it is less of the provincial town, more of a metropolis. After life in England what amazes one is its display. Covering many square miles, its offices and shops built for permanence, its boulevards of private houses, show a solid wealth that grows more noticeable year by year. Canadians in England used to wonder at the amount of capital sunk in buildings, roads, walls and parks; to feel that England was the richest country in the world, the only place where nature was really tamed and moulded. The Englishman in Canada now can compare Toronto with Manchester and decide that, town for town, on pure show alone, Toronto is the more impressive. Leagues of houses each girt by a lawn, each meaning an income of from

ten thousand dollars a year up, elaborate street lighting that shames Paris, the streets most of them well paved, the shops more elaborate than anything in England outside London,—these are more obvious signs of wealth than most English cities afford. It is only when we go into the country or small towns that the old patchiness, sure sign of a partly developed and thinly populated country, strike us again. There we will find brilliant electric lights illuminating a road that would be a disgrace to war-time Flanders, "desirable stone mansions" (to use the house-agents' jargon) rubbing shoulders with wooden shacks, railways running up the main street and warning off trespassers only by a friendly bell.

One's observations, it appears, are chiefly material. What of the mind? Has the Canadian outlook changed? If so what is it? In politics constitutional as ever, one may assume,—there can be few countries where constitutional problems are discussed as often and as freely as in Canada; it is one of the results of living in a federation that remains within the empire, for then there is always some difficult situation about which one can argue all night. Probably it would appear on enquiry that there is more conscious self reliance than there used to be, the product of a great national effort crowned with success. But it is hard to see the details of such a growth in national sentiment as yet.

Judging from the newspapers one would think the war had left the national attitude unaltered. They are as of old provincial at best; the number of visitors each day to the Canadian National Exhibition is in their eyes a more vital matter than Russo-Polish relations. Personalities, local gossip, are what they understand and like, what they think perhaps rightly the people want. Perhaps rightly but only perhaps; the press the world over has a trick of giving the public a thing just below its real desire. In Canadian papers one gets it is true spasmodic despatches on any matter of importance, but it is never possible to follow any intricate situation that alters from day to day, for gaps unaccountably occur at all sorts of critical moments. There is no idea of applying criticism to foreign news; that would be either blasphemous or pedantic. We must illumine ourselves by occasional rush-light flashes for there is no steady glow.

In politics the break-down of the old party system leaves one uncertain whether to sorrow or rejoice. There was something comic in the old division; a liberal government in power from 1896 to 1911 never, so far as an onlooker could discern, introduced a measure that the conservative party might not as readily have sponsored. But the bitterness of politics often varies in inverse ratio to the size of the issue, and the solemn, if rather Eatanswillian, denunciations of one side by the other added a human interest to public life. The disappearance of the old arrangement leaves us puzzled; we do not quite understand its replacement, at all events in provincial politics, by a combination of farmer-labour on one hand, conservative-liberal on the other. This rather Gilbertian situation can hardly last indefinitely if one may presume to pose as a seer; a true farmer-labour alliance can be only temporary. Can a labour party become individualist and remain labour? Can a farmers' party be anything but individualistic once its main grievances are removed? But liberal and conservative,—these may coalesce at least within the province without any great sacrifice of principles, for no real difference between the two was discernable ten years ago. Each in its own church has worshipped the sacred principle of utility, and any dispute has arisen not from heresy but from schism.

It may be that the returned emigrant moves in different circles from his old, but it strikes him that in Canada as in England there is rather more seriousness, more real thought, than before the war. Men are not so patient of catch-words, they think more in terms of reality. Is this a true impression or merely that one's contemporaries have become men of affairs? The younger generation is probably as light-hearted and may well be as frivolous as was the old; one would hesitate to decide unless one saw undergraudate life again,—even schoolboy life. Probably there is less change than appears; possibly there is no real change at all. The schools may still think themselves tied fast by the matriculation curriculum as they did fifteen years ago; 'English Literature' may still mean only the selected play of Shakespeare, the chosen verses of Wordsworth, Browning and Longfellow, history the political history of England for one or two hundred years. But the university has changed; the schools may too have felt the fresh wind now for some years blowing through English education. One can only hope that it is so and regret one's own wasted hours. The new forces are certain to be felt in the end, for however rigid our educational system—and it used to be said that China was the only rival of Ontario,—in twenty, thirty or forty years something of new methods, of new discoveries and new ideas, is bound to penetrate as deep even as the third form.

Meanwhile in Toronto the boarding houses creep ever northward, the flats increase. It is one way out of the servant and housing problems, but when one sees the 'roomers' buying late at night milk, eggs and bread for the next morning, one wonders what life will be like when the family breakfast table is, in cities, the privilege of only the rich. Perhaps the motor is due to nature's law of compensation; it brings a chance of privacy to those who have no roof-

tree. Some can afford neither car nor house, and they will somehow or other have to find their own way out, to build a secret inviolability round their lives however much their every act seems public.

MURRAY WRONG.

Paranoia Poetica

IN

TWO GUSTS

GUST THE FIRST

"His limbs
Dangle
Like marionettes'
Over
a
mauve
Sea."

(From the autumn number of the London *Coterie.*)

It may have been that recent *Coterie*
In which a pair of legs are made to dangle
Like marionettes'
Over
a
mauve
Sea
('Tis his, not mine—that eye-affronting angle);

It may have been free verse; it may have been
Mince pie, perchance, which lay not quite so light where
Mince pie should lie. At any rate, some sin,
Free or confined, resulted in a nightmare? . . .

A King sat on his throne. A ghostly crowd
(A ragged and cacophonous collection),
Lifting a dissonance of clamour loud,
Pointed derisively in my direction.

The monarch beckoned—and with sinking heart
(You know that helpless feeling when you're dreaming)
I moved and stood before him. Like a dart
His eye transfixed me, bitter, baleful, gleaming.

"O Sinner! Unregenerate!" he said;
"Make a *vers libre.* Thus only shall the benison
Of bliss be yours. Fail—and, already dead,
You shall be damned, forever damned—with Tennyson!"

"Sir," stuttered I, "I-I-my-my"—"Nay, stop."
He cried, "Dar'st rhyme, when rhyming retrograde is?
One hint of that old bondage and you flop
Forthwith into a Mid-Victorian Hades!"

I stood at gaze, resourceless, desperate,
When, sudden, from my beaded brow down-running,
Into my eye there flowed a drop of sweat.
The sting brought inspiration, swift and cunning.

"Sweat," said I,
"Sweat!
Beads on the brow of Labor—
Globules, crystalline, gleaming!
Here shall the crystal-gazer,
Reading his magic,
See all this round world's
Epitome;
See the solution of
L.
C.
H.
Labor! Salvator!
Crystalline globules!
Sweat!"

I paused. My inspiration had run out.
That saving eye, in truth, no longer tingled.
A larum bell dissolved the spectral rout.
I woke—but, with the morning racket mingled,

Came from the throne a voice, receding, low:
"A place at court! Upon you I bestow it!"
But now, alas, I shall not ever know
Whether he meant Court Jester or Court Poet.

GUST THE SECOND

("Dynamite, an appropriately named super-stubborn mule, lay down on the car-tracks on busy Third avenue Wednesday night, and tied up traffic for two hours. Police reserves lassoed and dragged the mule to a police station, where he made known his displeasure in a series of ear-splitting brays. He ceased only when his owner appeared with a doughnut supply, and, munching contentedly, was led to his own home stable."—*Press Dispatch.*)

O Mule,
Long-eared individualist,
Four-legged apostle of personal privilege,
Lantern-jawed liberator,
Lone in your glory,
Athanasius contra mundum!
Could aught but the cadenced bray
Of free verse
Fittingly chant you?
Magnificent, mellifluous mule!
Did you, I wonder,
There on the car-tracks
Sense in your thick head,
Feel in your stout heart,
The thrill in our souls—
We who on two legs
Timidly thread through the throng and the traffic,
Springing to safety at the honk of a motor-horn?

Did you know that our hearts would be stirred
With envy and
Admiration?

O Dynamite!
Have we not too wished
When the crowds engulfed us
And the motor-cars honked at us
And the street-cars belled at us
And the policeman shooed us
And a fat woman, monumental, Atlantean,
Planted herself in the only avenue of escape—
Have we not too wished,
Deep down in our quaking hearts,
That we, even we,
Might for one glorious moment
Stop it all,
Master it,
Rule it,
Ruat coelum?

And then, too, the doughnuts!
How could we doubt you,
Call you a thick-head,
You whom the gods gave
Imagination?
Was it not to your ancestor
That once in the long ago
Sterne gave a macaroon?
Some day may I too,
Greatly inspired,
Rise to my apogee;
Lie on the car-track,
Stop all the traffic,
Yield not to policemen,
Wait for the suasion,
Gentle and artful,
Of a freshly browned doughnut!
So let me vie with thee
As a poor biped may,
O thou ineffable,
Quadrupedantical,
Rarely poetical
Mule!

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS

The Place Names of British Columbia

IN comparatively modern maps the north-west corner of North America is left quite white, except for map-makers' legends to the effect that "Aile heere ys starke unknowne", and the like. So, when Captain Vancouver and the Spaniards met in this region in 1792 they issued a crisp new currency of names. They had a wide market, as British Columbia has more places to name to the square foot of map than any similar area in the world. The coast is filigreed with inlets of the sea and set off with thousands of islands; the interior is laced and slashed from end to end with rivers and lakes; while the whole is bejewelled with chain upon chain of mountains. And all these places required names.

The Indians were, so far as I know, the ones who began the big job, and their names are the finest we have. It seems that names should be beautiful—that is, appropriate expressions of something. The Indian names are so.

The Russians laid on the next strata of names, but their booming old 'wood-wind', three-and-five-syllabled names do not now belong to British Columbia, since we lost the Panhandle of Alaska. The Baranof Islands, the Kupreanofs and such are memorials of the Russian occupation.

Then came that thorough-going young explorer, Captain George Vancouver, with his little fleet of two ships on his way to meet Admiral Quadra at Nootka Sound. Within a year Mackenzie had crossed the mountains and reached this province by land. Then followed the Hudson's Bay Company, the Cariboo miners, the Canadian Pacific Railway Company, and the Real Estate Agents, each taking a turn at naming up British Columbia, until the job, such as it is, is as we see it to-day.

It is rather too bad, I think, to translate Indian names. They mean much to the Indians, but in the bare translation, little of anything to us—that is to say little of anything that they meant to the Indians. The fact that Kamloops, being translated, means the Meeting of the Waters, and refers to the junction of the two forks of the Thompson River there, is material and relevant, but not stirring. To the Indians of the locality, it doubtless meant and suggested a whole chain of myth, in which they adorned the body of nature. For their beauty, then, and leaving to their past and passing bestowers the why and wherefore of the bestowing, I celebrate the Indian names: Tulameen, Lillooet, Chilcotin, Keremeos, Okanagan, Kootenay, Similkameen, Kelowna, Capilano, Songhee, Nechako, Skeena, Kildala. All up through the North and the Interior we find them—where the white man came late, and let them be.

Captain Vancouver leaves us in no such doubt. No "Our fathers called it so", or "It has always been named thus" lends so much as a whiff of mystery to his names.

"This channel, which," he says, "after Sir Harry Burrard of the Navy, I have distinguished by the name of Burrard's Channel" retains that specified distinction. He called the California Oregon Coast

New Albion and the British Columbia country New Hanover. Obvious young man he was. But before he got well inside the Straits of Georgia, he perpetuated a fairy story; and it was on this wise.

Vancouver had it from a book by a clergyman named Samuel Purchas, and the book was called "Purchas, his Pilgrimage, or Relations of the World and the Religions observed in all Ages and Places", and so on and so forth. So it must be true. Purchas had it from one Michael Lok, who had it from a seafaring man whom Mr. Lok met in some waterfront hole in Venice. The sea-faring man allowed that he was named Juan de Fuca, which sounded very fine, but the fact was that his name was Apostolos Valerianos. Be that as it may, however, he went on that he had been a pilot in the Spanish treasure fleets for years, had been captured off the Californias in 1587 by an English privateer, escaped to the Viceroy of New Spain, and been sent by him to find the supposed Straits of Anian. Let Lok continue from this point:

"Also he said that shortly after the said voyage was so ill ended, the said Viceroy of Mexico sent him out again Anno 1592, with a small Caravela, and a Pinnace, armed with mariners only, to follow the said voyage, for a discovery of the same Straits of Anian, and the Passage thereof, into the sea which they call the North Sea, which is our North West Sea. And that he followed his course in that voyage West and North West in the South Sea, all alongst the coast of Nova Spania and California, and the Indies, now called North America (all which Voyage he signified to me in a great Map, and a Seacard of mine owne, which I laied before him) until he came to the Latitude of fortie seven degrees, and that there finding that the Land trended North and North-east, with a broad Inlet of Sea, between 47 and 48 degrees of Latitude: hee entred thereinto, sayling therein more than twentie days, and found that Land trending still sometime North-west and North-east, and North, and also East and South-eastward, and very much broader sea than was at the said entrance, and that he passed by diverse Ilands in that sayling. And that at the entrance of this said Strait there is on the North-west coast thereof, a great Hedland or Iland with an exceeding high Pinacle, or spired Rocke, like a piller thereon. Also, he sayed, that he went on Land in divers places, and that he saw some people on Land, clad in Beasts skinnes—"

But we must leave the dark and dubious Pilot to shake his oily locks and sprawl over the "Great Map" the while Michael sits, surreptitiously making notes. We must leave them, I say, to what had every indication of winding up in a wild dance about the tavern table, the upsetting of flagons, and so on, and come down to the prim-mouthed George Vancouver, carefully inscribing in his diary the explanation of why he immortalized this incredible old Greek Pilot.

"By my having continued the name of De Fuca in my journal and charts," he says, "a tacit acknowlegdement of his discoveries may possibly, on my part, be inferred; this however I must positively deny, because there has not been one leading feature to substantiate his tradition: on the contrary, the sea coast under the parallels between which this opening is said to have existed, is compact and impenetrable; the shores of the continent have not any opening whatever, that bears the least similitude to De Fuca's entrance; and the opening which I have called the Supposed Straits of Juan de Fuca, instead of being between the 47th and 48th degrees, is between the 48th and 49th degrees of north latitude . . ." and so on. So that in the name of Juan de Fuca, there is perpetuated either an elaborate and a frightful "had" or the fact that Captain Vancouver was beaten to his supposed discovery by a round two hundred years.

But we must get on. When Captain George in his two high-pooped little ships had bobbed in through the straits, and reached the mainland coast of British Columbia, he was in the full flood of naming it, up one side and down the other.

"This point," on the 49th parallel "I distinguish by the name of Point Roberts, after my esteemed friend and predecessor in the Discovery (his ship)". Thereafter, until he had completely circled Vancouver Island he was in what are now British Columbia waters. When he arrived off where the City of Vancouver now stands, he fell in with Spaniards. "This Point . . . in compliment to my friend Captain George Grey of the Navy, was called Point Grey". By the way, he missed recognizing the Fraser river—thought it was a swamp, so it was named later for the explorer Simon Fraser.

These Spaniards, Senors Galiano and Valdes, in command of the ships *Sutil* and *Mexicano*, were also bent on doing some naming. So they cruised on up the coast in company, the Spaniards naming generally everything in sight to Port, and Captain Vancouver everything to Starboard. Some of the Spanish names from South to North are: Haro and Rosario Straits, Galiano, Valdes, Lasqueti, Texada and Hernando Islands. While Vancouver on the Mainland coast named Howe Sound, Jervis Inlet, Bute Inlet, Nelson, Hardy, and Harwood Islands, and so on up to Johnstone Straits. Here the Spaniards turned back, and from thence North, the coast of British Columbia forms a vast Who's Who of the British Navy of that day. When he got around to Nootka Sound for his conference with Admiral Bodega y Quadra over the handing over of these parts to England, they named the great Island which he had circumnavigated, Vancouver and Quadra's Island.

When the Hudson's Bay Company reached the coast, they established a fort at the harbour in the south end of Vancouver Island and called it Fort Victoria, after the late Queen. This place is now a city and is the seat of the Provincial Government. Sir James Douglas was responsible for this. Up the Fraser River they went, establishing Forts Langley, Yale, and Hope, as well as other posts in the interior.

In '58 gold was discovered in the sand bars of the Fraser River, and the miners named the bars, after vagrant fancies of the day, Dutchman's Bar, China, Boston, Pete's, and such like Bars, and so they are known to this day. Four years later, gold took hardy men away up into the Cariboo country, and this time it was creeks that wanted naming, and they were well and truly named: Lightning, Antler, Jack of Clubs, Little Swift, Keithley's Creeks, Ed Stout's Gulch—the Cariboo is studded with names that bring back memories of the hell-roarin' days of '62.

Well. . . . Life hurries on. And many a human in his progress through it in this country, has left a record of himself, one way and another, in the names of places. To a considerable extent it is a drab record. One senses the mediocrity of minds that named Fish Lake, Mud Lake, Bear Lake, Trout Lake, Gull Lake, Dog Creek, Hat Creek, Deep Creek, Long Bay, Centre Bay, Snug Bay, White Rocks, Bird Rocks—these were named by men who were thinking about fish and bear and rain and work and sleep—unshaven men, with eyes deeper than their thoughts. And they have their reward.

But Jimmy Chicken's Island, now! And Cape Roger Curtis, Kicking Horse Pass, Hole-In-The-Wall, The Euclataws (a nasty, dangerous tidal rapids), Tatlayako Lake, The Yoho River, hundreds of names such as these help to make up the atmosphere of this Province—a crude, ragged, blustery atmosphere, but one that somehow a man gets to love.

E. A. LUCAS

Celebrities in Transit

As long as English authors continue to include Canadian cities in their profitable itinerary, I suppose that I, like many others whose curiosity outruns their judgment and their income, shall continue to support the cause of literature by donning a stiff shirt and gaping with pleased expectancy from the fourth row of the balcony. And yet by this time we all ought to know better. Whether it is because our distinguished visitors still regard us as 'colonials' and therefore feel justified in 'trying it on the dog', or because they do not realize that they are no longer in the United States, or (one hesitates to mention this possibility) because they are giving us their best, the sad fact remains that these bright luminaries of the literary world depart from among us with woefully diminished lustre.

> Twinkle, twinkle, wondrous star!
> We admired you from afar,
> But since you swam within our ken,
> We know you're just like other men.

They may write like angels, but they talk like poor Poll, and I think that in future, before tours are arranged, lecturers should be asked the very sensible question that was put to the ugly duckling, "Can you emit sparks?"

Last spring Mr. Sassoon, the vigour of whose verse no one will deny, gave a lecture on contemporary poetry in which he named almost every living English poet. His critical judgments found expression in the following somewhat non-committal adjectives, applied in impartial rotation: good, fine, important, distinguished, significant. One might have been pardoned for thinking, like the giant in the fairy-tale, "Her can do that herself".

In January Mr. William Archer, who for a generation has been regarded as one of the greatest living dramatic critics, delivered what purported to be a lecture on Shaw, Galsworthy, and Barrie. He had come like a lion and we went out like lambs. We heard biographical details and anecdotes most of which had long been familiar to readers of Sunday supplements. The 'critical' portion of the discourse lasted about ten minutes and proved a point concerning Shaw that we had hitherto, perhaps prematurely, regarded as axiomatic.

A little later, amid the blare of trumpets, came the mighty G.K.C., Chesterton the one and indivisible, and we all fought to get seats. Our hopes were high. We had in his books watched him knock his head against a stone wall with delightful results in the way of wit and epigram and nonsensical common sense. In his lecture on "The Ignorance of the Educated" he did knock his head against a wall even more stubbornly than usual, but without the accompanying shower of stars. Not that one would take issue with his ideas—the very essence of Chesterton is his knowledge of 'so many things that ain't so'—but his presentation of the mediaeval point of view lacked the only qualities that make it tolerable, wit and humour and exuberant paradox. He seemed to be playing a worn record without even changing the needle.

And yet G. K. C is a commanding figure in the literary world. Why *is* it that the great of the earth, on a closer view, appear so small? If the reverse idea is true (and why should it not be?), a number of us, I am sure, would gladly engage for a very moderate sum, in fact for our passage, to deliver a course of lectures in England or Patagonia, on any subject from

the fourth dimension to the Art of Marie Corelli. I trust that this may meet the eye of that missionary of culture, Major Pond.

DOUGLAS BUSH

Some Observations on Cellarettes

THE path of Progress is ever strewn with wreckage of the unfit. Each turn of the wheel throws off superfluous margins, and there is a certain melancholy pleasure, bordering almost upon duty to reflective minds, in pausing amid the swift course of events to drop, if not a tear, at least a few suitable remarks, on the *disjecta membra* of the social organism.

Among these Cellarettes have a certain claim to our consideration, contributing as they did to refined homes that touch of intimate convenience which so greatly endeared them to cultivated tastes. It seems scarcely fair that the hour of their consignment to oblivion should pass unrecorded and unmourned.

Visiting California last winter—that land of spectacular beauty and disquieting doubt—I was struck by the problem of the grape-grower. Under shelter of the blue Madres stretched mile upon mile of well pruned vineyards putting forth fresh tendrils as joyously as if their puzzled owners knew what to do with the purple vintage to follow. Suggestions for new varieties of jam and marmalade were being turned over without any footing of security as yet, and the oblivion of the plowshare seemed too drastic. It was one of those little side issues so apt to be thrown out of gear when engines, national or otherwise, are reversed. Cellarettes are another, one related, it would seem, by ties of consanguinity.

It was a long time before I realized just what a Cellarette was. Most of us bear the stamp of provincialism in some form or other, I suppose. I am aware that I confess mine in this damaging admission. Enlightenment came about through a domestic upheaval which seemed to demand accommodation for books in what Daisy Ashford would call my private compartment. "Boudoir Bookcase" headed my shopping list for some time. It sounded better, I thought, than Bedroom Bookcase, perhaps because it bore a flavour of the antique. But there seemed little likelihood of its ever becoming an accomplished possession, because there were always so many other things in the foregrounds more important. I admit an aversion to the interior of department stores. I am unable to resist articles *de vertu* at $1.98, and the prices of what I really want so appal me that I am prone to take refuge in what I don't want, with repentance following after amid family derision. Still, one is driven to them sometimes. I was, in both senses of the term, on the occasion when Cellarettes swam into my ken, for a motorist friend called for me in the new model she was in high spirits over, offering to leave me for an hour and a half while she attended a convenient committee meeting—that is, convenient for me. Of course I wasn't slow to see the advantage of such an opportunity. I did a number of things in the hour (several of which I went back by plebeian street car the next day to try to undo) and had the half left over for Boudoir Bookcases. Hastening to the nearest elevator I was soon deposited on the sixth floor in the midst of a dreary waste of parlour furniture—spindly-legged chairs and super-shiny, teetery card-tables and an unearthly stillness.

Spying a much-befurred lady in conference with a deferential salesman in the distance, I made my devious way towards them preferring the mild request that the general region of bookcases be indicated. Already one fifth of my remaining half hour had been consumed, and with only twenty-four minutes at my disposal, one did not dare risk being lost in an acre or so of miscellaneous furniture.

The sleek-haired young man glanced at me indifferently over his shoulder, shouted, "Forward, Fifteen. Bookcases", to the echoing walls, thenceforth ignoring my existence. In the course of time a leisurely, gum-chewing, diminutive specimen of the genus 'clerk' presented himself, turning out to be a specialist in 'Sectionals'. I hadn't realized until then that Sectionals constitute a branch of knowledge in themselves. Their intricacies, differentiations, superiority and prices were expounded to me with a fluency and enthusiasm born of unquestionable familiarity.

"But", I said, "it is just a little bookcase I could put in a bedroom that I want. These are much too heavy. A maid couldn't lift them. I must have something on castors we can move about".

But this only elicited another volley of information as to leaded panes, different shades of fumed oak and the unequalled advantages of Sectionals. They were large and small, high and low, cheap (or so reputed) and dear, but they were all Sectionals. "No" I said firmly. "I will not get Sectionals. They are not what I want".

I hurried to the elevator. I had still three minutes. Just as I was about to punch the button I caught sight of the smartest little bookcase you ever saw. Just the right size, shape and sort. Quite the ideal of my hope. The upper shelves were already filled with books, whole rows and sets of them, Thackeray, Dickens, etc., which might have seemed surprising had I stopped to think of it. I recaptured the fleeing clerk. "Why here is the very thing. Why did you not show me this?" I demanded with severity.

"O that! I didn't know you was wantin' a Cellarette."

"A Cellarette?" I repeated vaguely. "It is so

dark here I didn't notice". I said as casually as I could to cover my ignorance. It looked quite circumstantial. The young man explained how the upper part folded down affording the depth of a double shelf for the safe disposal of—well, such things as gentlemen of literary—and other—tastes prefer should not be exposed to the gaze of the undiscriminating.

But this anomalous article of furniture was locked and no key was present. It was a special kind of lock, the flurried clerk explained on his knees, nervously trying all the keys in the immediate vicinity. None of them fitted, of course, and I couldn't wait.

"If these things can be taken out and proper shelves for books be put in at the same price that it is now, I will take it", I said handing him my address as I stepped into the elevator.

The Cellarette, having changed its name, nature and destiny, stands unobtrusively in a corner of my room. My most companionable books, gathered from the official shelves of the library stand in tempting rows within its glazed doors. I contemplate them with satisfaction. I cannot quite decide whether to arrange them on a literary, aesthetic or utilitarian basis. That is, from their inner relations, decorative effect, or mere convenience. They give me the feeling of newly possessed riches. The thrilling thought presented itself when I first beheld them, sorted and accessible, that I might really begin to read and know something at last. I gloated over my shining rows of R. L. S. intact, and the little red set of Meredith, old but never exhausted founts of rejuvenation, while joyful anticipation leaped up to welcome the new, Fabre, James Stephens, Bergson—save the mark! Thackeray and Dickens are not represented.

I communicated the main facts to Mrs. Newcome when she dropped in one afternoon. I saw a reflective look come into her eye. Mrs. Newcome is one of those dear creatures who are always on the lookout for any little household accessory that will convenience other people, particularly her husband who has reached that period of life and estate when conveniences can be both appreciated and afforded. She asked me meditatively where I had procured my Cellarette and indicated an interest in the price. Mr. Newcome is a churchwarden and not only a good man but a good fellow. There is a distinction. In the latter capacity I know the Cellarette would come in handy. We must keep a tolerant and kindly attitude towards all. The modern form of good deeds by which we justify our bad ones runs less in the line of personal restraint than of genial brotherly kindness, or at least of looking the other way. Subscription lists are a capital device for saving trouble. St. Paul said he would eat no meat while the world stood if it caused his brother to offend. The simple plan of eating it in private seems not to have occurred to him. Perhaps it was less convenient to arrange in his day than in ours, and of course there would be no Cellarettes, for how could you have Cellarettes without a Thackeray and Dickens?

Sharing one's room with a reformed character like my Cellarette induces sobering reflections. I become the prey of uneasy speculations. I begin to wonder how far others may see behind the plausibly arranged titles with which I camouflage my real interests in life, and when I happen upon my neighbour's neat and non-committal row of crimsonbacks, whether it be *in esse* or *in posse*, I can scarce resist a conjectural shot as to what may lie behind.

It might be a point of rather nice speculation whether the mood of the times will stimulate or diminish the demand for Cellarettes. One can imagine circumstances in which their offices would seem indispensable. On the other hand, it might come to such a pass that Thackeray and Dickens would have nothing to conceal—which would be to face oblivion, indeed.

However that may be, we must not show ingratitude towards the past, or be unmindful of its benefits. One's taste may lean to books or bottles. In the Cellarette both were combined, and though it had a retiring, not to say secretive disposition, it carried a convivial spirit and kept an unchanged front to the world.

H. C.

A London Letter

The Promise of Spring

SPRING is unusually early this year and by the end of February Kew Gardens, one of the most attractive of London's lungs, was carpeted with flowers, almond and pear trees also being in full bloom.

Some of the houses are just now in great beauty, No. 4 especially being a riot of colour. Azaleas of every imaginable tint, magnolias, primulas in delicate mauves, and other flowers in glorious hues of crimson, red and pink. Some *gloires de Dijon* hanging from the roof are like a promise of summer. Somehow this house is symbolic of the *joie de vivre* with its bright colours and happy chattering folk admiring the beauty around them.

To pass from No. 4 to the Cactus House is like moving into another world. Here, a soft grey-green reigns, while all around is a dead silence. It might almost be designated the House of Ghosts, with the Old Man Cactus as the presiding spirit. The whole impression is of shadowland, and it seems impossible to speak above a whisper in passing through. The plants are of all sizes and shapes, nature having

surpassed herself in her grotesqueness. But the Old Man Cactus is the weirdest of all, with his long grey beard and covering of hair. Such an one might be Charon, ferryman of the Styx.

One more picture and then back to London Town. The Fern House is like a lovely transformation scene. Everywhere a soft, tender, beautiful green, that gives a lasting impression of perfect peace to carry home.

Lincoln's Inn Fields

A never-ending surprise in London is the way one suddenly emerges from a crowded thoroughfare into a place of cathedral-like solemnity and repose.

Lincoln's Inn Fields is a case in point. This might be a desert island, surrounded by the turbulent seas of Holborn, Chancery Lane, Fleet Street, and Kingsway.

Now one of the chosen centres of legal luminaries, it has passed through various metamorphoses during the last few hundred years. At one time a favourite haunt of beggars and footpads, it attracted the attention of Inigo Jones, who, in the seventeenth century, impressed the mark of his genius upon it. Beautiful and imposing houses were designed, and many famous people inhabited them. Mention may be made, amongst others, of Milton, Nell Gwynne, and Tennyson.

The Chapel is of special interest: completed in 1623, Inigo Jones was its architect and rumour has it that Ben Jonson worked on it as a bricklayer. Both the Old Hall and the New are famous, and the Library dates back to 1497. The Royal College of Surgeons is a fine building, crammed with practically every known work on surgery, while the Soane Museum is well worth a visit. Indeed, the good part of a day could be spent happily and instructively in exploring Lincoln's Inn Fields and its environs.

The Lodger

Signs and portents are not lacking to show that retrenchment may soon become a necessity amongst British workmen, who did so well during the Great War. It cannot, unfortunately, be denied that the English artisan, as a rule, is a spendthrift, who makes no preparation for a rainy day. When the exchequer was full, money was thrown away recklessly, pianos (sometimes in duplicate to fill up corresponding spaces on either side of the fireplace), jewellery, fur coats, etc. being bought lavishly. Now comes the other side of the picture. The pianos have gone back to the makers, at a greatly reduced figure, the other treasures are being pawned to meet the cost of living, and the "lodger" is once more an acceptable member of the household. During the years of prosperity, he was fired, as an unnecessary nuisance, but times are changing once more and his contribution to the household expenses is gladly welcomed.

The Beggar's Opera

Scene: Hammersmith under a London fog of the very worst description. Crowds of people wending their way very slowly and cautiously over tram lines and through traffic towards a tiny glimmer of light in the dim distance—The Lyric Theatre.

Arrived there, the denseness of the fog is quickly forgotten in the delight of witnessing *The Beggar's Opera*. The daintiness and delicacy of the acting, music, and dancing are perfect. There is no need to single out any special actor or actress, for all are always in the picture. Of scenery, there is practically none, but it doesn't matter in the least; the mere extinguishing of one candle, or the lighting of another, suffices to give the atmosphere desired at the moment. The charm of the music is almost indescribable, the pleasure being considerably enhanced, when some old air, familiar from childhood, is recognized.

The simplicity of dress and scenery make one wonder whether all the pomp and circumstance, regarded as indispensable in most new productions, are not merely a pandering to human weakness, and practically unnecessary, given a really fine play and actors capable of providing their own atmosphere.

Out again into the gloom and a thicker fog than ever, to be piloted by kindly policemen across the dark expanse of the Hammersmith Road into crowded, but welcome, tube trains, and so home.

Breughel's "Adoration of the Kings,"

The Trustees and Directors of the National Gallery are to be congratulated on their recent purchase—*The Adoration of the Kings*, by Pieter Breughel, the Elder.

The picture is beautiful, with a grandeur about its simplicity of colouring, modelling and detail. The background is dull browns and reds, brightening towards the middle distance. The kings in the foreground, garbed in creamy tones and bright reds, stand out prominently. But all this is merely a framework, leading up to the central glory of the picture, where the Madonna, in a vivid blue cloak, over an under dress of rosy red, is seated, holding the Infant Jesus on her lap. Surrounded by white drapery, the Child is exquisite, and His little face is filled with intelligent wonder.

Indeed, the keynote of the whole picture is surely "wonder"—adoring on the face of the Virgin, dignified in the worshipping Magi, and inquisitive in the village yokels and soldiers grouped in the background and peering curiously at the central group.

The modelling of the Madonna's hands is very fine, and the colouring of the whole picture as fresh as if painted yesterday, and not sometime between 1525 and 1569, the dates of Breughel's birth and death.

Anne Newbold

A Visit to the Photographer

President Wilson, it is said, is particularly fond of a limerick which runs as follows (I quote from memory):

I am not for beauty a star:
Other men are more handsome by far:
But my face I don't mind it,
For I am behind it:
'Tis the people in front that I jar.

Fortified by the philosophy of this little poem, and, I fear, a little thoughtless of the jar which I was likely to inflict upon a gentleman entirely unknown to me, I determined in a rash moment to visit the photographer. I need not go into details as to my motives for the visit, beyond stating that I had not any intention of causing undeserved suffering. Indeed photographers I have always regarded, along with dentists, as a class of men who inflict more suffering than they endure. It will be sufficient to state that I wanted to know what I looked like. The looking-glass had daily told me a story I was reluctant to believe without the photographer's confirmation. And so off I went.

Mr. Jones must evidently have been accustomed to prepare himself for shocks of every kind, for not a flicker of an eyelid betrayed any horror or surprise. He courteously enquired my business, and then conducted me to an inner room, where I was glad to find a hair-brush (I had forgotten to brush my hair before leaving the house). After the necessary preliminaries I was summoned into the operating room, and then my troubles began. "How would you like to be taken", he asked, "side-face, profile, full-length, half-length . . . ?" My courage had already evaporated during this fire of questions, and I desperately replied, "Three-quarter length from the boots up". The photographer expressed no surprise at this unusual request, but proceeded to pose me in front of an imaginary cloud (at least I think it was a cloud) and then stepped back and busied himself with his range-finder. When he had succeeded in getting my exact range, he took careful aim, and then suddenly begged me to look pleasant. Only then it began to dawn upon me that I was being tricked. "Why should I look pleasant", said I "when my face won't appear in the—" It was too late: the monster had succeeded in his nefarious purpose.

I seized the camera and made for the photographer. It was in vain that he dodged this way and that. It caught him full on the head, and he crashed through the cloud with the camera on top of him, and then lay there crumpled and still. I seized my hat and fled to my house. There was only one thing to do. I booked a passage on the first liner out of New York, and for ten years wandered disconsolate around Europe.

It was a dark night when I returned after my weary exile. By devious paths I had already reached my house, and with a furtive glance into the gloom I groped in my pocket for the latch-key. It had disappeared! There was nothing for it but to try one of the windows, and I noiselessly slipped round to the side of the house. But I had barely climbed on to the sill when a light suddenly flashed upon me and I heard a voice exclaim: "Now then, come out of that". Expostulations and explanations were in vain. I was carried off ignominiously to the police station, where I spent the first night of my return. But worse was in store for me. The following morning a solemn police dignitary visited me, and to my horror produced a photograph of me, three quarter length from the head downwards. "You are the gentleman", he said, "who is wanted for assault and battery on Mr. Jones the photographer". I realised now how doubly sound had been my instinct to be photographed from the boots up.

W. D. Woodhead

An Incident

THE Highly Educated Youth had been persuaded to act as clerk on the farm of a fruit-grower, and was now drowsing over his desk on the warm afternoon sun. Before him lay an open copy of the Iliad, calculated to inspire due respect in the breasts of the ignorant. He did not hear the faint murmur of faraway voices, or the humming of the big drowsy bees, or the low whisper of the leaves as they moved 'neath the wind's caress. He did not know that a queen wasp was stealing paper for her nest at his feet, or that olive duns were hatching out in the stream beyond the road. He knew nothing of the wonderful drama of life—of birth and battle, love and death—that was going on around him. He only knew that he was sleepy.

That was because he was a Highly Educated Youth.

His repose was broken by a sound of voices, and he looked up; a picker—a tramp—was speaking to the weighman.

"I've a devil of a headache", he said wearily, laying down a nearly filled pail of fruit. "I think it's the sun. The gaffer told me to clear out an' come back to-morrow. 'Said he didn't want big useless lumps faintin' on the field,"

The weighman grinned broadly, and weighed the pail of fruit in silence. Then "Eighteen", he remarked, and the tramp received two or three brass checks from the Highly Educated Youth, and turned away. After hanging his pail on a post, he returned.

"I wonder if you could lend me some old magazine or paper," he said. "A model's a bit lonely durin' the day."

The Highly Educated Youth glanced at him superciliously, then, finding an old "London" in his desk, handed it over, remarking graciously, "There, you can take that. I've finished with it."

"Thanks," said the tramp, a slightly amused smile showing in his strained, tired eyes. Then he caught sight of the Iliad on the desk, and his face lit up.

"God!" he exclaimed, picking it up eagerly, "is that a Homer?"

"Here! take care!" cried the Highly Educated Youth in quick disgust. "Look at your hands!"

The tramp started at the words, then glanced at the little, shrill-voiced figure in front of him. The light died out of his eyes, and he replaced the book on the desk.

"Sorry," he remarked carelessly, "'hope I haven't soiled it;" then, with a slight shrug, he turned away, and started on the long, hot road to the town.

ANDREW FORSON

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Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Book Reviews

Labour as an International Problem, a collection of essays edited by E. John Solano (Macmillan & Co., $6.00). This is an authoritative book dealing with international labour organization. Most of the essayists are members of the Labour Organization set up by the Peace Treaty. They are also leading spirits in the labour groups of their respective countries. Britain is represented by Barnes and Appleton, France by Thomas and Fontaine, the United States by Shotwell, Japan by Minoru Oka and Belgium by Vandervelde. In no other volume will one find the story of the history, purpose and programme of this new organization of governments on behalf of the workers of the world set forth with the same knowledge, intelligence and enthusiasm.

No one doubts that the future peace of the world is very largely a problem of social Justice. The present industrial unrest is not merely a consequence of the war. Doubtless the war stirred it up and perhaps hastened it on, but its fermentation was working before the war. Social injustice and social resentment had been growing together. As wealth increased the breach between rich and poor widened and the sense of injury in the minds of the poor grew more bitter. Perhaps one reason why Germany precipitated the war was a desire to allay the rising storm of socialist protest. Anyhow, the war has increased the world's peril by enhancing the value of human personality. The same man who had been a 'hand' in overalls became a hero when put into uniform. Recruiting was a process of exploration and discovery in human values. So it was not hard, immediately after the armistice, to proclaim the principle: "Labour is not a commodity".

This volume explains and commends the only catholic effort which has a chance to succeed for peaceably freeing the world from this class of social wrongs. These are the days of its infancy, but who can tell what blessedness for millions of burdened men and women may yet arise through its activities.

In the year 1818 Robert Owen addressed a memorial on the international regulation of labour conditions to the plenipotentiaries of the Holy Alliance. A famous Alsatian manufacturer, Le Grand, who lived in the middle of the nineteenth century, preached the doctrine that factory acts should be international in scope. At the same time the big working-class movements of Europe were disregarding state boundaries and calling themselves international. By the year 1890 the governments of Europe had been aroused so far as to meet in joint conference regarding labour legislation, but without reaching practical results. The credit for effectively initiating international action belongs to a voluntary group which called itself The International Association for Labour Legislation. It succeeded, early in the present century, in inducing the leading nations of the earth to outlaw two forms of industrial exploitation: the use of white phosphorus in making matches and night work for women. It was this Association, also, which persuaded the Peace Conference to form the International Labour Organization.

In the two years of its career two notable gatherings have been held, at Washington in 1919 and at Genoa in 1920. The latter meeting dealt principally with the labour problems of seamen. Perhaps little more may be expected for a few years, until the world has had time to draw breath, and the reactionary

THE SPEAKER'S MASK

(Royal Ontario Museum. From the Nootka Indians of Vancouver Island)

This is the mask through the mouth of which the speaker standing by the chief gives the directions for the feast and dancing ceremonies. The chief does not speak, but the speaker's mouth is always open. Of course, like the white man speakers, he has no ears to be bothered but a good mouth and a strong voice to direct the dance.

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forces now in the ascendant have spent themselves. What then? Nobody knows, but we may surely hope for sweeping and beneficent improvements in the lot of the myriads of common men and women who do the hard work of the world.

J. W. M.

Hunger, by Knut Hamsun (Alfred Knopf, N.Y., $2.50). To me, who sit in semi-darkness, 'Scandinavian literature' has meant a little row of thickset middle-aged men with tremendous eyebrows and wild explosive hair suggesting a bursting shell. Ibsen, Björnson, Strindberg, all looked like Vikings who, for the purpose of a photograph, had been captured and forcibly buttoned into a decorous frock-coat, though their eyes still blazed with Berserk rage at the indignity. And their writings more than confirm the impression. But the little row has been lengthening. Every year or two we have been called upon to salute the greatest novelist of the age (perhaps of any age, the publisher would add), so that we became a trifle cynical over these annual discoveries of epoch-making genius. The latest is the winner of the Nobel prize, Knut Hamsun, and his *Hunger*. I began with the intention of disliking it.

I finished the book wondering if I was in my right mind. I, accustomed to the calm and eternal routine of scrambled eggs, lectures, and essays, varied by journeys to and from libraries, seemed to have gone mad with starvation, to have had an unforgettable glimpse of life and humanity through the wild eyes and half-crazed brain of a man who had seen hell. Englishmen don't write such books; I know nothing like it outside Dostoievsky. There is the same lurid revelation of abnormal psychology, the same tense, feverish atmosphere, the same terrific unsparing realism. One does not need to be told, as Edwin Björkman tells us, that Hamsun is recording personal experience; *Hunger* did not spring from the imagination of the well-fed artist working in the quiet of a comfortable study.

But the book has a quite un-Russian economy and concentration. There is only one full-length character, the journalist who tells the story of his hunger and degradation; perhaps one should say two, for there is a woman. Though presented mainly in one scene, she is feverishly alive. But in fact this novel could be completely discussed only by a Freudian expert. Whether it is a great work of art, or a sublime piece of yellow journalism, or both, the impact of the book leaves one too dazed to decide.

The translation is, in one respect at least, wretched. Page after page of narrative that in the original must fairly sear and scald, is rendered in the present tense—"I am in a state of the most fearful excitement; I breathe hardly and audibly, and I cry with gnashing teeth. . . ." In English the effect is intolerably artificial and unreal; only the horrible intensity of the matter saves it from being ludicrous.

D. B.

Spring in New Hampshire, by Claude McKay (Grant Richards, London, 3*s*. 6*d*.). This little volume possesses a somewhat unusual interest for readers of poetry, for the author is a full-blooded negro from Jamaica. But there are few poets of our own race who would be ashamed to have written some of the lyrics contained in the book. Mr. McKay seems to have a perfect control over his art: his technique is generally faultless, his lyrics are full of colour and passion, and there is in all of them a pensive melancholy which adds greatly to their charm. The pensive note gives way occasionally to bitterness, as in the striking poem called "The Lynching":

> His spirit in smoke ascended to high heaven.
> His father, by the cruellest way of pain,
> Had bidden him to his bosom once again:
> The awful sin remained still unforgiven.
> All night a bright and solitary star
> (Perchance the one that ever guided him,
> Yet gave him up at last to Fate's wild whim)
> Hung pitifully o'er the swinging char.
> Day dawned, and soon the mixed crowds came to view
> The ghastly body swaying in the sun:
> The women thronged to look, but never a one
> Showed sorrow in her eyes of steely blue;
> And little lads, lynchers that were to be,
> Danced round the dreadful thing in fiendish glee.

The author's sympathy with his own people and love for his own island home find expression in some of the most beautiful numbers: and occasionally the blight of his colour comes home to him, as in the poignant and perfectly phrased lyric named "The Barrier":

> I must not gaze at them although
> Your eyes are dawning day;
> I must not watch you as you go
> Your sun-illumined way;
>
> I hear but I must never heed
> The fascinating note,
> Which, fluting like a river reed,
> Comes from your trembling throat;
>
> I must not see upon your face
> Love's softly glowing spark;
> For there's the barrier of race,
> You're fair and I am dark.

We hope to see some more work from Mr. McKay's pen.

W. D. W.

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L. D. R.

The Grey Room, by Eden Philpotts (Macmillan, $2.00). Eden Philpotts' digression into mystery stories will never be used as a model of literary style. But if you are going to the Station to meet a cousin, take it along, and you will pray for the train to be late. You may wonder why, with a billion and a half potential criminals living, the fame of—no, I shall not spoil the story for you.

Knights Errant of the Wilderness, by Morden H. Long (Macmillan). This is a very creditable addition to the increasing number of popular books dealing with the great explorers of Western Canada. It is written for older school-children, but the adult will find that he is not being spoken down to. The accounts are vivid, the quotations from sources happy, and the illustrations very good.

R.

Trade and Industry

	Dec. 1920	Jan. 1921	Feb. 1921	Mar. 1921	Mar. 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	221.6	212.6	198.7	190.0	287.6
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$25.67	$25.30	$24.85	.....	$25.01
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	99.0	90.5	89.0	87.2	101.2
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	106.7	109.9	110.3	109.0	124.4

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THE financial pages of the daily papers are now beginning to reflect the opinion voiced in these columns a month ago, that deflation has proceeded more rapidly in some other countries than in Canada. We recorded in our March issue the fact that in the last ten months prices have fallen considerably faster in the United States than in our own markets.

This is simply another way of saying that the purchasing power of the American dollar has been rising considerably faster than the purchasing power of the Canadian dollar. For a fall in the prices of goods (measured in money) is exactly the same as a rise in the purchasing power of money.

Now so long as the purchasing power of the American dollar is higher than that of the Canadian dollar, certain reactions will follow which we cannot ignore.

It is doubtful whether these reactions are everywhere understood. For instance the Minister of Finance has recently been advising the women of Canada to buy their goods at home. He has been criticized for seeming to suggest that our exchange difficulties are partly due to the preference of Canadian women for goods of American make.

Whether he really believes this or not, only Sir Henry Drayton knows. But it is important to us all, men as well as women, that he should not believe it. For the expression of such a belief will do more than ruffle the feelings of feminine voters.

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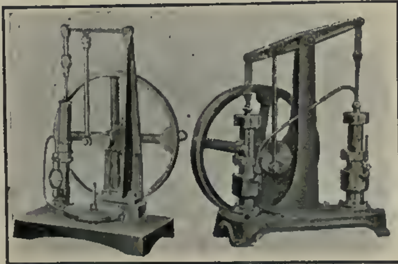

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arbitrary interference with the balance of trade. And it is probable that the roots of the problem go much deeper than this.

Let us for a moment imagine our exchange difficulty with the United States at an end. In other words, that instead of having (as at present) to pay about $1.13 in our own money for an American dollar we could change our currency at par.

Under these circumstances, since the purchasing power of the American dollar is higher than that of the Canadian, it would be greatly to the interest of the ordinary Canadian to make his purchases as far as possible with American dollars in the American market. In other words, the balance of trade would inevitably be in favour of the United States, and American exchange would inevitably turn once more against us.

It is difficult to see how the old par of exchange can permanently be restored, except by restoring the *domestic* purchasing power of the Canadian dollar to the same level as the *domestic* purchasing power of the American. And this can only occur in one of two ways: either through a considerable rise in the level of American commodity prices, or through a considerable further fall in prices here.

The former of these alternatives is obviously beyond our control; the latter may be subject to control. And this, not by the arbitrary decree of a price-fixing court like the Board of Commerce, but by a frank recognition that the value of the dollar, like that of everything it pays for, depends on demand and supply.

The paper dollars that we handle were, until the war, "equivalent to gold." That is to say, any one could exchange gold against dollars; and dollars against gold. The banks were directed by law daily to redeem their own notes with Dominion notes as they came in for payment. The amount of the bank note issue was in any case limited by law; and in order to get more Dominion notes it was necessary to deposit an equivalent amount of gold with the Dominion Government.

In other words, the quantity of gold available set limits on the volume of our paper money. The supply of dollar bills was regulated automatically.

With the beginning of the war emergency provisions were inevitable. In face of a possible panic an elastic currency had to be provided. Supplies of gold were limited, and might prove quite inadequate. On August 10th, 1914, the redemption in gold of Dominion notes was suspended. On August 22nd the Finance Act of 1914 was passed. Issues of Dominion notes to the Banks were authorized, to bear interest at not less than 5%, against deposits of approved securities.

Automatic regulation of the currency thus ceased. Dominion notes were fruitful and multiplied exceedingly. The average monthly circulation in 1913 was $117,000,000. In 1920 it was more than $300,000,000. And as the supply of paper dollars increased, their value, that is, their purchasing power, naturally fell.

Herein lies the root of our exchange problem. Restore the purchasing power *at home* of the Canadian dollar and the balance of trade will right itself. Neglect to do so and nothing will permanently right it.

Not by removing the mote from the eye of the Canadian housewife will Sir Henry Drayton save the State. His task is fundamentally: How to reduce the volume of our paper currency? It is one which he cannot possibly evade. But it involves other issues so serious and wide, that any man might hesitate before it. He will not find it easy.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. I. TORONTO, MAY, 1921 No. 8

WHEN one out of every five workmen in Canada is idle, unemployment has ceased to be merely a sign of temporary industrial stagnation. It has reached the proportions of a national emergency of the first magnitude. Hopes, always vain, have been expressed that the coming summer would see the end of the business depression. Now these have faded. We are face to face with the realization that before things can be better they must be worse. Even if there is an increase in employment in the months before us—and there may be—many will remain out of work who have already suffered considerably. The distress among them will increase. It is a trite but true saying that a desperate situation demands desperate remedies; and the present situation is desperate enough to warrant them. We have four classes of unemployed workers to deal with —the married workers with families, unmarried workers with dependents, unmarried workers without dependents, and the won't-works. The last, happily very few in number, must be totally disregarded, and if they become troublesome, must be dealt with firmly. Unmarried workers without dependents have already, at least in Toronto, been notified that relief can no longer be given them. So long as an unsatisfied demand for farm labour exists, they must as a matter of expediency be sent to the farms at any wage they can get. The public authorities must see that the remainderare provided for, cost what it may.

AT present we are compelled as a nation to concern ourselves rather with the maintenance, than with the reform of the social system. Our immediate problem is to face an immediate emergency—to lessen, as much as possible, the hardship that many must suffer. Despite our best efforts, distress will be rife in the winter ahead of us. The relations between capital and labour will grow more bitter. The destitute worker finds it difficult to believe that a social system in which many live in comfort while he starves, is one which can be defended. Here and there he may resort to violence. The situation is one that calls, not for vague alarm, but for our deepest sympathy. While violence can do nothing but aggravate our troubles—while the wisest of our labour leaders will set their faces against it—while government must continue to discharge the first of its duties, and preserve public order—it will only make the situation worse if we declaim against the bogey of Canadian Bolshevism. Hunger will do far more than the "Bolshevist Agent" to stir up revolt against the social order, and it is against hunger, rather than against Bolshevism, that our efforts must mainly be directed. A policy confined to the repression of discontent, at best, will deal only with symptoms.

FROM its second session the Farmer-Labour Government of Ontario emerges if not with distinction at least without discredit. A good deal of time, it is true, was wasted in discussion. Strong measures are difficult, however, where a government has to depend on the good-will of members in opposition for a working majority; and at best the closure is an unwholesome alternative to free discussion. As a matter of fact, especially during the late session, ordinary parliamentary proceedure has been altered to suit the unusual conditions. Thus in the rush of eleventh hour legislation we find a Prime Minister introducing an amendment to a bill introduced by a member of his cabinet and farmer members expressing disagreement on an important bill with the opinion of their leader which none the less becomes law. The most important acts of a long session were those relating to rural credits and to the bonusing of electrical lines in rural districts. The main things Mr. Drury will need to defend before the country will be Mr. Biggs' lapse into patronage and Mr. Smith's unique method of selling bonds. More serious, if less spectacular, has been the failure of such departments as that of Education and Lands and Forests after eighteen months tenure of office to have formulated wide reforms where reforms are badly needed and long overdue. However, even here something has been done and more can be done by administration within laws already existing.

THE Dominion Act imposing the Tax on Business Profits passed in 1916, was amended in 1917, 1918, 1919 and 1920. The Income War Tax was

imposed in 1917, and was altered in 1918, 1919 and 1920. The Sales Tax was subject to similar changes and a Turnover Tax may be expected to undergo more or less frequent modifications. Changes introduced in successive years may in an abstract sense be desirable; some of them may be of such a nature that necessity for their adoption could not be anticipated; nevertheless all of these changes are open to objection. A better financial result might have been obtained by leaving the original method of collecting the tax in each case as it was. It is extremely doubtful that net advantage has been derived from any of the changes, while an immense disadvantage has accrued through the setting up each year of a series of fresh reactions.

ONE very extraordinary change has taken effect this year. The Income Tax payer is now obliged to draw up his own bill. How far this may result in economy of collection is a question which cannot as yet be answered. It seems likely for some years to induce much correspondence which would otherwise be unnecessary. The change of the date at which the payment of the income tax is due has brought the payments of taxes for two years into charge within one calendar year. Whatever may be the reason for this change and however convenient it may be for the Finance Minister to receive two years taxes in one year, the inconvenience to the tax payer is obvious. For example a tax payer who paid $100 in taxes upon his small income in January 1921, finds himself under the necessity of paying another $100 within a few months instead of having to meet this sum in the following January. From the fiscal point of view the expedient is indefensible, the budget receipts are unduly inflated for one year, and comparison of these receipts with past and future years becomes very difficult. If such changes in the methods of taxation continue under pressure of this or that contingency or from this or that side, the tax system of this country can never be stable, and without stability the incidence of taxation can never be even approximately equitable. The more trouble and annoyance the taxpayer is subjected to, and the greater the feeling of injustice with which he is inspired, the more he will be disposed to evasion and therefore the less will be the yield to the Treasury.

SO consistently have the advocates of each successive scheme of imperial reform deplored the absence in the dominions of an instructed public opinion on imperial affairs that one may be excused for wondering if the reproach is not inspired almost as much by opposition as by ignorance. If we are told that we have always been too stupid to appreciate the beauty, the faultless logic, of the latest plan, we must, of course, plead guilty to the charge; but are we, at the same time, to admit that there exists in Canada no sound public opinion on imperial affairs? One hesitates to think so. It is true that there are many fresh problems, some of them arising out of the war, that require more thought and study than have yet been given to them. It is true that the treatment of these problems in our press is, as a rule, inadequate and superficial. It is true also that, in these days, one seldom hears in Parliament a sensible discussion of any imperial question. Yet one cannot but believe that beneath this shallowness and insincerity there does exist a fairly definite and very widely-held opinion on imperial affairs, and that it was this opinion, cautious, even obstructive, but opportunist in the best sense of the word, that Sir Robert Borden gave voice to in the recent debate on the forthcoming conference of Prime Ministers in London.

JUDGING from his speech, Sir Robert Borden, notwithstanding the many reassuring statements that have been issued both here and in London, looks forward with apprehension to the conference next month. He stated quite plainly that in his opinion the present was no time to discuss the problem of imperial defence, which is now avowed as the principal object of the conference; and he expressed a hope (coming from him the words sound almost ominous) that we had not "undergone untold sacrifices merely to learn that there is to be no respite from the intolerable burden of armaments". Now Sir Robert Borden would, one may be sure, be the last person to oppose any reasonable arrangements with regard to imperial defence, or to use alarming words without justification. Obviously then, he must see in the conference an attempt to rush the dominions into undesirable commitments, both military and diplomatic; and it is safe to assume further that his fears are inspired chiefly from London, for in closing he expressed a confident belief that Mr. Meighen would prove himself as stout an upholder of dominion rights as any of his predecessors.

WE wish we could say that this belief had been confirmed by the extremely non-committal speech that Mr. Meighen later contributed to the debate, or by his announcement that Mr. Ballantyne would accompany him to the conference. The truth is that the Prime Minister threw away a magnificent opportunity. If he had taken his stand quite definitely and explicitly with Sir Robert Borden, and at the same time announced that he had persuaded Mr. Rowell or even Sir George Foster to accompany him to London, he would have gone a long way towards allaying the suspicion that this conference has aroused throughout the country—a suspicion not in any way dispelled by Mr. Churchill's recent description of it as a meeting of the regular imperial cabinet. Instead he spoke resentfully of Mr. King's

motion as an attempt to fetter his discretion, and named as his adviser at this momentous meeting a man who has never displayed either the knowledge or the statesmanlike qualities that should be possessed by one who will be called upon to discuss such fateful and far reaching issues. How long will it be before Mr. Meighen realizes that the Canadian people are entitled to a definite statement of his imperial policy?

IT would be foolish to attempt to prophesy, even a few hours ahead, the immediate outcome of the reparations crisis. At the time of writing the German government still has a few days left in which to accept, but not to negotiate, the allies' latest terms. In the meantime the French go forward with their preparations, and the British government, notwithstanding weighty protests from the City, stands by its promise to coöperate. Apparently anything short of a complete surrender will make the occupation of the Ruhr inevitable; and even surrender may not deter the French from enforcing, alone if necessary, their so-called sanctions; for the parties of the Right, already disappointed by the decision not to advance on May 1st, press for a display of force, regardless either of the results or the consequences, and M. Briand is in their power. He is reported to have said, as he left a meeting of the Supreme Council in Downing Street a few days ago, that he had "his back to the wall". He has; the whole force of the powerful group of reactionaries in Paris is pushing him, and with him Mr. Lloyd George, towards this crazy solution of force. One thing is certain; nothing can arise out of this situation, acceptance or non-acceptance, that will mean a lasting solution of the problem of reparations.

SO far as the actual claims are concerned, the merits of the dispute, have, as usual, been presented in an obscure and partial manner. The figure named at Paris three months ago has been abandoned for a new one computed by the Reparations Commission, which, judging from the meagre reports available, bears little closer relation to the realities of the situation than did the earlier one. For, so long as the French demands remain so grossly in excess of anything that can be paid, the Germans are almost forced to expend their energy in devising means, not of meeting these demands, but of avoiding them. But once the Reparations Commission reduces its claims to something commensurate with the material damage inflicted, the Germans can properly be required to show why they cannot make good that damage. Then, and only then, will it be possible to determine how far the undeniable economic necessities (not simply of Germany but of a half-ruined Europe) interfere with the satisfaction of the just claims of France. In the meantime the other allies, and the English government is chiefly responsible, allow the exigencies of French politics to threaten the re-establishment of Europe. The situation is grave beyond exaggeration, and it must in spite of any apparent relief, remain grave until a fundamental change occurs in French policy.

A RECENT despatch informs us that Captain O. E. Wheeler has been given charge of the photographic survey work on the Younghusband Expedition against Mount Everest. This is good news to Canadians and especially to Canadian mountaineers. Captain Wheeler got his education in the mountains and in the schools of Canada. His father, Mr. A. O. Wheeler, was the organizer and first president of the Alpine Club of Canada. From his early teens Oliver Wheeler was much in the mountains with his father, who was at that time engaged in conducting a photographic survey of the strip of the Rockies adjacent to the main line of the Canadian Pacific Railway which remained under federal control. In the course of this work it was necessary to blaze trails through forests known, if at all, only to trappers, and to carry instruments up mountains many of which had never felt the foot of man. Young Wheeler in the course of several summers became skilled in the varied technique of mountaineering, excelling in rock climbing especially. His winters were spent at Trinity College School and the Royal Military College, where he graduated first in his class. Entering the army he was sent to India, and during the war served with distinction in the East. Last summer he visited his home, and those who met him at the Assiniboine Camp of the Alpine Club of Canada, where he directed the climbing expeditions, found the quiet and resourceful youth they had known matured, not changed, by years and experience. They are confident that in the attempt to conquer the greatest of the world's mountains he will bring honour to himself and to Canada.

THE second annual exhibition of the Group of Seven is now being held at the Art Gallery of Toronto. It reveals more convincingly than any exhibition which we can recall the vigorous independent character of the best Canadian painting. There are both landscapes and portraits in this collection which would command respect in any gallery of contemporary art and would go a long way towards establishing our right to be regarded henceforth as an adult nation. But it can be said without malice that these pictures would be more heartily and more acutely appreciated in an older country. For whilst we have always had unlimited confidence in what our muscle can do, we are still somewhat uneasy in matters of the mind, and especially of the creative mind. If it is true, however, that the nation's character is pouring itself into the

visual arts, it is profoundly important that the fact be recognized early and widely. Our health and worth as a nation depends ultimately on the self-knowledge that comes from such recognition. One who has lived for some years in Canada but is not native-born said the other day. "These painters have made me feel Canadian. I always used to feel a stranger in the country but after seeing and enjoying all these Canadian pictures I don't feel so any longer". We take it for granted that he very rapidly adjusted his diet to our climate and soon discovered the most easeful brand of underwear but that these only imperfectly Canadianized him. We commend this little incident to the guardians of the nation.

A CANADIAN Authors' Association has just been formed. Its official organ is the *Canadian Bookman.* The Association appears to have arisen as a protest against the recent Copyright Bill which was ruthlessly dictated by the printing interests and is certainly one of the least defensible pieces of protectionist legislation that we have heard of. The first act of the new orgnaization has been to report destructively on the Copyright Bill and to ensure that it will be re-written with due regard to the prior rights of authorship. The Association promises to be more in the nature of a union than of an academy, but we note with satisfaction that it does not stop there. Its first object is "To act for the mutual benefit and protection of the interests of Canadian Authors and for the maintenance of high ideals and practice in the literary profession". But there are two objects here, not one, and they very often conflict with one another. The one calls for vigorous self-protection and the other for vigorous self-criticism which is much more difficult. We hope that the Association will give due attention to the vices and virtues of the book reviewer and the publisher's advertiser. Bad reviewing and cheap advertising of literature are just as injurious to high ideals as bad legislation and they are harder to control. We have pointed out what we feel to be a fundamental and quite unavoidable dilemma in the function of the Association. If it can be dealt with satisfactorily the rest should be plain sailing.

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The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman.*

C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor.* BARKER FAIRLEY. *Literary Editor.*

Secondary School Reform

LAST autumn a committee was appointed by the Minister of Education for Ontario "to review the courses of study and the examination system" in the High Schools of the Province, "and to consider any other question that affects the organization and efficiency of the schools." The Committee, on which sat representatives of the Department of Education, the Universities, the High Schools and the Public Schools, has presented an interim report which was discussed in detail at the recent meeting of the Ontario Educational Association. In the College and High School section its recommendations were approved without a dissenting voice. It is almost certain that in the near future fundamental changes will be introduced in our High School system—changes so significant that it is difficult to realize that they are actually impending. We can call attention here only to some of the more important of them.

At present the majority of High School students carry a large number of subjects (sometimes fifteen or more) concurrently; reading, spelling and writing, for instance, must be treated as distinct subjects and a place provided for them in the time-table. The resulting tendency, of course, is to reduce the time given to each period and to reduce the number of periods devoted to each subject per week. The committee proposes to substitute for this system a scheme whereby a student will carry only a small number of subjects at one time; in each of these, however, he will have a daily recitation of about forty minutes. Reading is to be taught in connection with the work in English literature, not as a separate subject. Correct spelling and legible writing are to be insisted on equally in all subjects. Similarly every master must insist on good English composition in his written work, although the importance of oral and written composition as part of the English work is also stressed.

Not only is the number of studies pursued by any one student at one time reduced; except for three subjects in the Lower School, prescribed subjects have practically disappeared. In future a very free hand indeed is to be given to the local authorities and to the Principal in determining what subjects will be taken by a boy or girl in any given school. The Principal is to be the captain of his own ship. A minimum and maximum number of subjects for each student is recommended, but he may make different arrangements if it seems to him well to do so. He will be able to provide for those of his students who seek only a general education a different course from that prescribed for those who look forward to teaching or to a university course. Since no student will take all of the subjects that are taught, study periods (perhaps

two for each student daily) will occasionally take the place of recitations.

The Committee proposes only one serious change in the present examination system, viz. that candidates be allowed to write on one or more subjects at a time in any order as approved by the Principal, instead of being compelled as at present to review for examination subjects which had been studied and completed in the previous year. In modern languages they propose that the examinations include tests in dictation and original composition. The latter suggestion seems to indicate the Committee's dissatisfaction with the attainments of High School students of Modern Languages at present, especially with regard to their ability to make practical use of the language. In future oral work, accurate pronunciation and systematic study of sounds are to be emphasized from the beginning, and the systematic study of the grammar is to begin only after the student has learned something of it incidentally from oral work and reading. The question as to whether students (especially those who intend to enter on the study of languages) should be admitted to High School at an earlier age, will be treated by the Committee in its final report, in which they will also deal with the desirability of establishing other types of High School than those which now exist. With the present demand for instruction in vocational and pre-vocational subjects some differentiation in the character of the schools, especially in large cities, has become almost a necessity. Otherwise there will be no satisfactory solution of the problems of crowded curricula, short periods and overworked teachers.

This Interim Report, which fills only some eight pages of an official blue book, announces a change in secondary education in Ontario of greater significance than any that has occurred in a generation. It marks the beginning of the end of our system of highly centralized control of education as well as of the rigidity, uniformity and overcrowded curricula which have sapped the energies of many of our best teachers in the past. It will give a measure of freedom to Principals and teachers that should go far to liberate those reserves of initiative and enthusiasm which are the very life-blood of the profession. And after all the primary problem of education is to find good teachers, and to give them conditions of work which will enable them to become better. The Committee has dealt with such problems as courses of study, types of school, examinations. Perhaps in their final report they may feel at liberty to make recommendations regarding the teacher's status. It is hardly an exaggeration to say that the majority of our High School teachers are overworked, and that many of them have ceased, from sheer weariness, to be serious students. And yet it is imperative, if our High Schools are to do their best work, that teachers should not be overworked and that their intellectual interests should be more keenly developed with every passing year. But these things are impossible for the man who teaches almost every period during the day and reads exercises as regularly at night. The strain on his physical strength precludes the possibility of his being a serious student of his subject. It is infinitely more important that a teacher be fresh and alert in his class-room than that he read multitudinous exercises. Were we not accustomed to take short-sighted views we should all realize that no better educational investment could be made than periodically to send every High School teacher on full pay to some seat of learning, where he might satisfy in some degree his scholarly ambitions.

Everyone who has at heart the welfare of our schools will feel that he owes a debt of gratitude to the members of the Committee for the hard work and fine intelligence that have gone into the making of this Interim Report. It has been framed by representatives of all the more important bodies charged with the direction of educational affairs in the province, and it has evidently been produced in a spirit of co-operation and of serious devotion to the cause of education that is of very good omen for the future.

M. W. WALLACE.

Fresh Light on the Fifth Army

PROBABLY none of the vast operations of the war embraced more fateful issues than the opening phase of the final German onslaught that swept the southern flank of the British armies back on Amiens during the last days of March, 1918. Certainly none produced so immediate and crushing an impression of catastrophe. Indeed hardly had the masses of German infantry, led through the mist by their storm troops, overrun the forward areas of the Fifth Army, before a grave suspicion started to take shape in men's minds. And as the battle proceeded, as position after position was abandoned, as the gaps in the line grew broader and the toll of prisoners heavier, that suspicion, nearly everywhere, ripened into a conviction. The Fifth Army must have failed; nothing else could explain such losses, not only of men and material, but also of ground—losses unprecedented on the western front.

Every vagrant rumour—and there were many of them—helped to confirm this suspicion. Stories of General Gough's previous errors spread everywhere; stories, too, of his staff's incapacity and neglect; of their failure either to prepare for the attack or to confront it when it came; of the demoralization of the troops; of the panic on the main roads in the rear; of German spies disguised as A. P. M's.; in fact, of all the confusions and mistakes and humiliations of a great defeat. And if rumours were not enough, a more authoritative confirmation was not long in

coming. On April 9th Mr. Lloyd George informed the House of Commons that, although the British Army in France had been "considerably stronger" on January 1st, 1918 than it had been a year before, the enemy had achieved "a great initial success," and had succeeded "for the time being in crippling one of our great armies." Moreover he suggested, in announceing the reasons for General Gough's removal, that the Fifth Army had abandoned the Somme line before the Germans had brought up their guns, and had done so without taking adequate steps to destroy the bridges. He was able, however, to speak with enthusiasm of the splendid work of some of the subordinate commanders, among them Brig.-General Carey, who had gathered together a few scattered units and blocked a most dangerous gap in the line. He referred, too, to the magnificent stand made by the Third Army immediately to the north, which, although attacked simultaneously, "had not given way one hundred yards" until forced to do so by the retreat of its right flank. Finally, he praised the promptness with which the French had furnished reinforcements not omitting to mention his own government's share in supplying fresh drafts to meet the huge deficiencies caused by the battle.

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For almost two years—in fact until the publication in England a few weeks ago of a book by Mr. W. Shaw Sparrow, *The Fifth Army in March, 1918*—this explanation has gone virtually unchallenged. It is true that about a month after the battle Sir Frederick Maurice, then Director of Military Operations at the War Office, publicly contradicted Mr. Lloyd George's statement regarding the strength of the army in France. It is true, too, that Sir Douglas Haig's despatch of October, 1918, censored by the government though it was, gave an account of the battle very different from the one that had been suggested by the Prime Minister. But neither of these disclosures made the impression it should; for the first appeared while Britain was still in the grip of the German offensive, and the second when she was at the height of the great success, which, by an amazing turn of fortune, followed within a few months of her most terrible reverse. But not only were the majority of people too preoccupied to readjust their earlier impressions; they were too convinced of their soundness to be shaken by anything but direct and vigorous argument. Now that argument has come, and in a most convincing form.

There are two main aspects to this controversy over the Fifth Army with which Mr. Shaw Sparrow deals. The first is the more remote and general one of war policy as a whole. The second is the immediate and particular one of the actual conduct of the battle. The first is, in effect, a dispute between the government and the High Command; the second is partly that, and partly a dispute between G.H.Q. and the Fifth Army.

Now throughout the war the military chiefs at G.H.Q., and to a great extent those at the War Office also, advocated a concentration of forces on the western front, believing that there and nowhere else the final decision must be sought. From time to time, however, they found their demands for men opposed by the government, and never so strenuously as at the beginning of 1918. For Mr. Lloyd George, disappointed by the results of the previous year's campaign and intent upon fresh projects in the East, had decided to hold in England the two hundred thousand men who were available for draft. At the same time, as a result of pressure from the French, Haig was ordered to take over an additional twenty-eight miles of line. So the opening months of the year, which found the Germans stronger and more desperate than ever—for the collapse of Russia had given them almost for the first time since the beginning of the war a definite numerical superiority in the west, and the failure of the submarine campaign impelled them to take advantage of it before the Americans arrived—found the British Army, not only exhausted and extended, but, notwithstanding Mr. Lloyd George's statement, actually weaker in bayonets by about one hundred and eighty thousand than it had been a year before. That is the first and broader aspect of the controversy. It is the case for the soldiers against the politicians, and it rests, not so much upon the evidence produced by Mr. Shaw Sparrow, as upon foundations already pretty firmly laid by Sir Douglas Haig, Sir Frederick Maurice, and General Ludendorff.

The second aspect of the controversy is concerned with the outcome of this ominous situation. Haig's problem was that of holding a lengthened line with diminished forces against a superior enemy; and as he could not face the possibility of losing the channel ports behind his northern front, he assigned to the weakest of his armies, the Fifth under Gough, the task of holding the long southern sector of forty-two miles, even though, as he tells us himself, his intelligence reports led him to believe that it was there the first blow would fall. The result was that Gough, with a force equal to about twelve weak divisions, found himself on the morning of March 21st attacked by forty-three highly-trained divisions under the ablest German generals, among them von Hutier, who had introduced the new offensive tactics at Riga a few months before. In places the attacking force was four times as strong as the Fifth Army; as a whole it was not so very much weaker than the entire British army in France.

The problem that now confronted Gough was, as Mr. Shaw Sparrow puts it, that of bending without breaking, of executing, in fact, that most difficult operation, a retreat under pressure. If he hung on too

long, he ran the danger of being overwhelmed; if he retired too quickly, he facilitated the enemy's advance and increased the difficulties and anxieties of G.H.Q. Between these two perils he steered, according to Mr. Shaw Sparrow, a masterly course, delaying the enemy to the utmost, and yet avoiding anything in the nature of a decisive engagement. Mr. Shaw Sparrow in fact disputes all the current accusations that were brought against the Fifth Army and its Commander. He denies that General Gough and his staff had neglected the preparation of defences. He denies that they or the corps staffs under them failed to control the retreat. He denies that the Péronne bridgehead and the Somme lines were abandoned before it was strategically necessary to do so, or without, as Mr. Lloyd George suggested, adequate measures having been taken to destroy the bridges. He denies that the French reinforcements alone saved the situation. And he refutes quite conclusively the allegation that it was the Fifth Army that uncovered the flank of the Third Army and forced it to retire. On the contrary he proves that it was the Third Army that uncovered Gough's flank to a depth as great, on one day, as six miles, leaving a gap in their own area that Gough had to do his best to fill. Moreover he goes on to show that the celebrated Carey's force of Mr. Lloyd George's speech was organized by General Gough himself, and commanded until March 27th, not by General Carey who was then actually on leave in England, but by General Grant, Gough's chief engineer. And finally Mr. Shaw Sparrow maintains that, while Gough had to do all this without the assistance given to the Third Army, in the end, notwithstanding the impression fostered by the communiqués and by Mr. Lloyd George's statement in Parliament, the Fifth Army, though attacked in greater force, had, in relation to its strength, given less ground than the Third.

On all of these points, most of them so diametrically opposed to our preconceptions, Mr. Shaw Sparrow makes out a strong case. His narrative is supported by constant references to excellent maps; his arguments have the strength that comes from an obvious familiarity with all the available evidence; and both his facts and his conclusions are confirmed by General Gough in an introduction that is, considering his treatment, not only moderate but generous. It is true that Mr. Shaw Sparrow is at times too anxious to discover in every incident and every action the mark of leadership or lack of leadership; he seems determined to assign to chance and to the imponderable forces over which a commander has little or no control the smallest possible share in the outcome. In spite of this his book leaves one with the impression that he has come very close to the truth about the Fifth Army, and that his estimate of its achievement is a just and even a sober one.

It would, of course, be too much to expect that this book should solve the whole mystery of the March battle; for in its broadest aspect that mystery is part of the greater one of world strategy during the last two years of the war, and probably many years must pass before it is completely unravelled. Why were troops, urgently needed in France, retained in England until the expected blow had fallen? Why was the additional line taken over from the French when the French were apparently better able to hold it? What was the exact bearing of these problems on the question of unity of command? Until the final answers come, and they may never come, we must be content that an occasional gust of truth tears away some fragment from the mist of supposition and ignorance that still obscures so much of that immense and tragic landscape.

E. H. Blake.

Two Soldiers on the Peace

A PEACEMAKER cannot allow desire for revenge to master desire for peace. Those who would play the role of peacemaker between the English and the German people are badly needed at the present time. Some soldiers would do so, but it is difficult for them to make themselves heard above the din of those who cry for revenge.

General Sir Hubert Gough declared in an interview given to the London *Observer* as long ago as Feb. 29th, 1920:

> "The soldier is the real pacifist. He knows all that there is to know about war—he knows it in all its terror and horror. His ideas on the subject are apt to be more definite than those of others who merely watch from a distance and are not acquainted with the reality. And especially is he concerned with making an end of the conflict when once the issue has been decided. You go to war and you win. Then, in the view of the soldier, the war should be over. That it should be allowed to drag on and on is to him the intolerable thing . . . . . . People seem to have forgotten that we really did win the war. We fought and won, and that should be the end of it. Now that it is over we should settle down to be friends again . . . . We want to make an end of all the bad blood, all the bitter revengeful feelings. . . . . . I am afraid the people in England have not begun yet to realize what a thoroughly un-English thing that (the Peace Treaty) is. It really does consist of hitting a man when he is down and hitting him in a pretty murderous fashion. It is no excuse to say that if Germany had won her terms to us would have been far harder. Germany did not win, and what she might have done has nothing to do with it."

General Sir Ian Hamilton has made a more recent pronouncement in an article in a John Keats Memorial volume, published this winter by Mr. John Lane. He says that in the darkest hour,

> "Hope upheld us in her arms; hope of a better world; hope of striking at the roots of war by some unheard-of act of magnanimity; hope that the patrons of the war theatre might, from their dress circle seats, learn to understand the tortured minds of their Generals, the tortured bodies of their men; might

use their moment of omnipotence—when we won it for them—to stop these miseries for ever . . . .
A defeated enemy comes up to receive sentence. He might have been told 'Our bravest and best died to make the world a thing of beauty, so now in memory of their deeds and of their wish, let us be friends. Take back your gold; keep your lands; we want from you no blood money, only that you repair the wanton havoc you have wrought and so help us to realize the vision for which our young soldiers and your young soldiers also went out to war.' " But "the peace built upon their sacrifice has been a hideous thing and so must pass away swiftly."

We had a chance to build differently. Whatever the spirit of the German people may be to-day, there is ample evidence that immediately after the Armistice they looked to us for help in creating a new order in which militarism had no place. Men who had been prisoners in Ruhleben say that during the days spent in Berlin, while waiting to get through to England, they were struck by the new hope of the people. The old order had fallen; the people were willing to admit that they had been duped by their government; they were willing to make what reparations were possible, to work for a new world. But to go from Germany to England was to go from an atmosphere of hope to one of hatred where to say anything favourable about the German people was to be looked on askance and to be called pro-German. The Armistice was signed but the war was not over.

This evidence is confirmed by that of an Englishwoman*, the Princess Blücher, who, because she was married to a German prince, went back to Germany on the outbreak of war. No one who reads the book can doubt the English sympathies of the author. The following extracts from her diary speak for themselves:

"Nov. 1918. I never felt so deeply for the German people as I do now, when I see them bravely and persistently trying to redress the wrongs of the war, for which they were in truth never responsible."

"One of the chief things that have struck me since the revolution is the universal relief that the iron clutch of militarism has been loosened for ever, and that there is so little feeling of rancour or bitterness towards the enemy."

"Jan. 1919. Hatred of the enemy seems to have disappeared. Indeed many people are inclined to look upon them as their saviours and protectors and in their fear of the reign of terror which may be coming I believe would be glad if the Entente would send an army to Berlin."

Then follows the same old story:

"Feb. 1919. Instead of a courteous friendliness we were accustomed to meet from acquaintances and friends in former times, we English or Americans who happen to have alien husbands are subject to mistrust and suspicion everywhere. Instead of our position being alleviated by the end of hostilities we shall be treated as pariahs and outsiders in every country. . . . . . . It was not an easy moment for many of us, when, loving our country and our families with every fibre of our being, we followed our husbands abroad into their own land. . . Now, at this time of spurious peace, we are worse off than ever."

The first and best chance of restoring friendship and confidence between the English and the German people was therefore lost immediately after the Armistice because we could not realize that the war was over. We were blinded to the attitude of the people of Germany by our hatred of German militarism and this blindness lost us the chance of taking common ground with them against what both hated. In view of subsequent events it is hardly surprising if the German people no longer look to the Entente as saviours and protectors.

Many of the rank and file of our army, unlike civilians, have a clear vision. Their attitude bears out the statement of Sir Hubert Gough that "the soldier is the real pacifist." A chance conversation overheard in an English railway carriage in the summer of 1919 is typical. Five privates, one of whom was a Canadian, began to discuss their experiences. Two had been in the army of occupation; one had worked as a prisoner in the salt mines of Germany; all had seen arduous military service in France. They agreed that the treatment of prisoners in Germany left everything to be desired and that they had no use for Prussian regiments; they also agreed that Bavarians and Saxons were not half bad, and for the people of Germany they had nothing but pity. "They were starved," declared one. "And mothers hadn't even soap to wash the babies. They were afraid of us when we marched through; small wonder when they'd been taught in the schools to hate us. We gave them soap when we had any, and tried to explain but they couldn't understand, poor things." The others agreed with the sentiments expressed. There was in this chance group of soldiers no hatred of the German people, but only of their government and they desired peace and understanding, now the was was over.

The action of the Matlock District Council was a corporate expression of this desire for a better understanding:

"Matlock District Council yesterday decided to hide from sight for five years all German gun trophies, with the idea of allowing time for public opinion to soften. The suggestion came first from the local ex-soldiers union." *Daily Press*, August 25th, 1920.

The soldiers know that the war is over and would soften public opinion because they see that peace must be based on friendship and confidence.

Attempts to soften public opinion in this country are chiefly noticeable by their absence. An examination of the daily press for the past winter discloses many inflammatory utterances and also culpable silences. There seems to be little definite effort to inform the public about actual conditions in Germany, though such information at the present time would be of great value in helping the average person to understand the situation. A Toronto paper this winter refused to publish an interview with a British relief worker on social conditions in Berlin because, "The public do not want to hear about that sort of thing."

**An English Wife in Berlin*, by Evelyn Princess Blücher (Constable, 1920).

Yet information of this kind gives civilians some of the knowledge of conditions which the soldiers acquired on their march into Germany, knowledge which has helped to make the soldier a real pacifist. It is indeed time that some attempts were made to soften opinion.

A step in this direction is to test our attitude by the standard of the two Generals quoted above, a standard which is that of many soldiers. Men have laid down their lives in hope of a new world, and we are seeing to it that the new world shall be a more finished edition of hell than was the old. We gloat over plans to make Germany pay, yet all the time we know that nothing can ever pay for the blood which has been shed. In the name of common sense, if of nothing higher, it is a poor policy to hit a man when he is down, because it is sure to develop in him the invincible determination to hit back when he gets up. In the name of peace it is infamous to nourish revenge, for, unless the lust of revenge is expelled, peace is merely a time of recuperation for war. The "unheard of act of magnanimity" demanded of the average person is to admit the war is over and to act on the admission by trying to soften opinion. Peace and revenge are impossible bedfellows.

MARGARET WRONG.

Sursum Corda !

WE hear very often that our modern civilization is doomed, and there is no doubt that there are a great many things that will disappear sooner or later. But we can say confidently that the most important things in our civilized world are not going to be lost, and never have been lost in similar changes in the past. Moreover, the former collapses of organizations in the world have been brought about by invasions of foreign peoples (*Völkerwanderungen*) who not only ignored the customs of the civilized countries, but had other tastes, other languages and other beliefs; whereas now, the change, if and when it comes, will be the result, not of the invasion of a strange people, but of the change of masters of the same stock, the man in overalls succeeding the man in the silk hat.

There is no doubt that if we are going to have a dictatorship of the proletariat, any amount of luxuries and conveniences will disappear,—things which we are accustomed to believe are essential to civilization. Many beautiful things that bring to us joy and pleasure will become scarce and for a little while we shall regret their loss.

For example, I was reading the other day a description of the daughter of Count Witte's visit to a Palace in Petrograd in 1918, when it was still occupied by the famous dancer Kchesinskaya. It is impossible to deal here with all the details of the different kinds of servants, flowers of rare colors, and perfumes in this magnificent residence of the little dancer. A few weeks after, the palace was converted into the printing shop of the *Pravda*, the official organ of the Bolsheviks at Petrograd.

The same remarks apply to the Smolny Institute, the famous Institute founded by the great Katherine to educate young Russian ladies for the Court. I remember the strange impression it made upon me to see a reproduction of the vestibule of that palace in an Exhibition of Russian Art. The waiting room was decorated with portraits painted by the old Russian Masters of *successful* pupils of that Institute —and I can imagine the regret of some of the Russians that this place and its beautiful gardens should have been used as Bolshevik headquarters with sailors and Red Guards tramping through rooms accustomed to resound only to the dainty shoes of the aristocratic ladies.

We see disappearing now not only persons and institutions, but we see the fall of great cities, such as Vienna. The other day the Mayor of the City expressed the hope that Vienna might survive as a curiosity, as a kind of Venice. But we doubt very much if Vienna can be compared with Venice. Venice has always been a living City and a great port, and even in the time of Napoleon, when its fortunes were at their lowest ebb, some beautiful palaces were built on the Grand Canal. Today it is a great industrial centre as well as a very important shipping point. Vienna never will be able to survive as Venice has done. It will never succeed in arousing spiritual curiosity as did Rome in the Middle Ages. The Palaces of the Maria Theresa style without the ushers in their brilliant uniforms and when they have become shabby and old will seem to be very commonplace.

But we may expect still greater losses than these—Science, Culture, Knowledge may be affected. We might awake one morning to find that we are short of holy, precious things. Not only in Russia and Austria may professors starve and laboratories stand empty; we may hear worse news, nearer news—things may disappear for which we shall grieve as an irreparable loss. Let us take things at their worst. Suppose, for instance, that the British Museum has been blown up in one of the latest strikes; or that Oxford has been burned by a band of Reds (the regular forces of the government of Cardiff), fleeing from the regular militia of the government of London, the White Government under the dictatorship of Winston Churchill. (Of course, we don't expect those things to happen, as we said in the beginning, but they serve as illustrations.) If we did suffer those losses, our most precious possessions of knowledge and civilization would nevertheless not be lost. Humanity sometimes seems to come to a standstill or even to recede to barbarism or to lower forms of

life, but (though this is a thing rather difficult to explain), according to previous experiences, these setbacks of humanity do not affect progress. Without going back to the prehistoric ages, and ignoring the lessons taught by the collapse of Oriental Empires, we have had in Europe, in historical times, two experiences of a civilization which reached a degree of evolution comparable to ours, and which was destroyed to the very roots, compelling our ancestors to start afresh.

The first instance was in the ninth century B.C. At that time the oriental part of the Mediterranean Sea had a flourishing civilization that we are accustomed to call the pre-Hellenic Culture. The Castles of the Mycenaean Lords and the Palaces of Crete could boast of ladies of refinement who perhaps might compare with the ones mentioned above of the Smolny Institute at Petrograd. The *Grand Monarque* of Crete who lived in the Palace of Knossos certainly had around him scholars and artists who were aware of things which we proudly regard at present as recent inventions. Suddenly, some barbarians of the north invaded Greece, nude, athletic, ignorant Dorians; and, apparently, all that flower of pre-Hellenic civilization was swept away.

Undoubtedly the material progress and the refinement of Art and a great deal of knowledge of various kinds were lost, but I say confidently, now that we know the results of the change, none of us, if we could, would have stopped that change. How monotonous would have been Greek civilization without that irruption of barbarian Dorians! Pre-Hellenic Art had become a sort of baroco, and religion and science would have become conventional after one or two more centuries. Not a particle that was of real importance perished; the soul of civilization survived. We see that clearly in the plastic arts and we can imagine it to have been the same in the physical sciences and literature. The Homeric Poems, composed and revised after the catastrophe, took advantage of the former traditions and myths of the pre-Hellenic times, and obtained with the unconscious collaboration of the new races that modern spirit that makes them so precious to us. If instead of these seventh century poems, we had purely and simply Mycenaean tales, what a different sort of beauty would have appeared in them! We imagine that they would have been a sort of literature, analogous to what we find in the oriental cuneiform inscriptions—a literature of the people of a special land, without the universality that we find in the Homeric poems, which is the result of the collaboration of two different and almost antagonistic spirits.

The second example of civilization being smashed by barbarians we find in the fourth century when the Roman Empire collapsed and the Germanic people occupied the occidental provinces. We can still see the broken columns, the destroyed temples, *thermae* in ruins, and abandoned cities; and we have a good idea how many intellectual things perished, how many artistic treasures were lost at that time. But I say again, now that we know the results of the change, none of us, if we could, would have stopped the barbarians at the Rhine.

It is most probable that if the classical civilization had followed a normal development instead of collapsing, humanity would have made material progress much quicker than was actually the case. Watches and bicycles might conceivably have been popular in the eighth century; automobiles and trolley cars would perhaps have been in use centuries ago. Mathematics, physics and astronomy might have reached their present stage of progress long before now. But science would certainly have been of a different type which I am afraid would not have appealed to us.

Every particle of our present knowledge has been obtained through the pain and suffering of people who were re-discovering the past; and in this work of rediscovery they added to the old knowledge the modern spirit, the most precious thing to us. We can gather an idea of what the classical work and science would have been if it had not been destroyed by the barbarians. We have the example of Byzantium. There, the old civilization followed its old course without disturbance and what was the result? Tell me, dear reader, where you would have preferred to be at the beginning of the Middle Ages? At the Convent of Studium at Constantinople with all the books of the Latin and Greek literatures, with the volumes of Aeschylus complete, an edition of Menander ready to your hands, or down in the west trying to spell Greek with Isidore at Seville or with Bede or Casiodorus? Would you prefer to visit the great mansion of Lausos at Constantinople, a Byzantine millionaire, with his garden full of antiques, possessing amongst other treasures the Cnidian Venus of Praxiteles? . . . or to visit the chief barbarians of Gaul with Venantius Fortunatus or Sidonius Apollinaris and hear their songs around the fire?. Some of you modern men, greedy for sensation, will say, "We would like to have been in both places." But if you were to choose one, which would you have preferred? Certainly, to have been beside our fathers of the west, struggling with the darkness and trying to open again the road to civilization. If you are still doubtful, I will ask you again: Where would you rather have been—at the Royal Palace of Constantinople beside Constantine Porphyrogenetos when he was writing the Book of the Ceremonies, or beside Charles the Great in company with Alcuin, Teodulph, and Einhard? I do not think there is any doubt about this.

But some of you will still say, "All that is right, but why not have both? What necessity to destroy

the classical civilization, only that it should be rediscovered again? The Germanic Spirit of the barbarians could be grafted to the old trunk of Rome. Progress would come better by normal evolution. What is the use of destroying and rebuilding again? You seem to advocate the convenience of a catastrophe! Following your ideas, very soon it will be essential to progress to destroy every 900 years laboratories and libraries and start afresh." Personally I do not like those experiences either, but this seems to be the Law of the Spirit: "*Except a grain of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit.*"

J. PIJOAN.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.*

The Occupation of the Rhine

The Editor,
THE CANADIAN FORUM.
SIR:

Your January issue contained the announcement that a letter from M. Marcel Moraud on "The Occupation of the Rhine" was being held over, on account of lack of space, for the following number. This letter does not appear to have been published in any of your subsequent issues. If it is not your intention to publish it, your readers are, it would seem to me, entitled to an explanation of such non-publication.

Yours, etc.,
E. P. BROWN.

[The letter in question was returned to M. Moraud at his request prior to the issue of our February number. We have not heard from him since.—ED.]

An Organ or Arena?

The Editor,
THE CANADIAN FORUM.
SIRS:

In the classification of your critics you seem to have overlooked one small group. Some of us were at first disappointed in this particular. Misled, it may be by its title, we imagined that the FORUM would resemble the *Atlantic Monthly* or the *Nineteenth Century* in giving scope to the expression of strongly diverse views in current affairs. For example, the attitude and policy of France have been criticised at some length in your pages. We expected to see something written on the other side. I believe in this particular instance a letter was written to you but subsequently withdrawn by the writer. Could you discover no contributor to state the case for the French?

It would appear that you are pretty well agreed among yourselves on what is wrong with the world and in which direction the best remedies lie. That is, the FORUM is to be an 'organ', to resemble rather the *Spectator* (happily not in style), or the *Nation* (let us hope not in temper). Warned by the fate of the *University Magazine*, you have probably chosen the wiser part. You represent views that have not always found adequate expression or a fair hearing, and you will set us all thinking.

Let us hope that, whether we always agree with you or not, we may always be able to say of each one of you what Boswell said of a rash clergyman who ventured to criticise 'Taxation No Tyranny':—

"Although I abhor his Whiggish democratical notions and propensities (for I will not call them principles—*sic*—), I esteem him as an ingenious, knowing, and very convivial man."

Yours etc.,
G. O. SMITH.

The Laws of Colour Vision in Art

IN the realm of art, during the past few decades, there have been great changes in methods of execution and these have been especially pronounced in the use of colour. This has been the case, not only in purely decorative art where great liberties must be taken, but also in landscape painting where the motive must always be to create an impression that is true to nature. The landscape picture must be more than a coloured diagram, it must convey a sense of atmosphere and of the moods of nature and it must be so composed and designed, in colour as well as in line and space breaking, as to awaken in the beholder associations of his own memory impressions. It must be dynamic and not static, in the sense that it conveys a sense of movement and compels a constant shifting of the gaze from part to part. It must exaggerate some features of the landscape and suppress others, and in this way leave to the beholder some opportunity to fit in his own imagery. It must direct but not dictate. It must leave something to the imagination. These ends can be accomplished partly by design and partly by the proper use of colour and it is particularly in connection with the latter that great assistance can be afforded by a knowledge of the laws of colour vision. If these laws be violated by false appositions of tints or by the use of incorrect values or saturations, the work can never be really successful. It will inevitably be untruthful as a whole if even a small

part of it displays ignorance of the influence of one colour on another.

In order to convey a sense of atmosphere many artists of the older school used tinted greys but usually with little success, since these must always give a sense of flatness. At best these greys, since they lie flat on the plane of the picture, can only give a suggestion of atmosphere here and there; they cannot convey the impression of an atmosphere that is all pervading; of a real atmosphere. It is this impression that can be created by pointilism where the greyness is produced by taking advantage of the well-known physiological fact that visual images, caused by suitably apposed coloured dots or lines, create, by retinal synthesis, the impression of a grey tinted according to the particular arrangement and proportion of the coloured dots. The paintings of the impressionists—Monet, Sisley, Pissarro, Renoir, etc., are composed in this way. Looked at closely, a pointilistic picture is a mosaic of many coloured dots but at a certain distance the colours blend to form variously tinted greys of a vibrating quality which pervade the whole picture and convey a sense of atmosphere which cannot otherwise be imitated. But purely pointilistic pictures become, as a rule, uninteresting when viewed beyond a certain distance; there is wanting from them something with which nature abounds; something which compels us when viewing a landscape to shift the gaze from place to place; a curiosity which is a constant source of interest and fascination. To arouse these interests the picture must give more than the fleeting impression of atmosphere and form; it must also be composed in a design which compels the eye to wander from part to part and the most important element in this design is the selection of colours which by their influence on one another cause some parts of the picture to come forward and stand out prominently and others to recede and become suppressed. The picture should be "a pattern of nature designed to create visuo-psychic impressions expressing an idea rather than an object"; subjective rather than objective. It is this that is being attempted by the modern school of the so-called post-impressionists.

In carrying these objects into effect a knowledge of the simple laws of colour vision cannot fail to be of very great assistance. They show what tints must be apposed to raise or lower saturation or value; they determine the tint which shadows *must* assume; they indicate methods by which certain colours may be forced into prominence and others suppressed. In these and in many other ways a knowledge of the laws of colour vision should save the artist from the error of placing on his canvas, colour combinations that can never be successful because they are impossible in nature. Without in any way confining the freedom of the artistic imagination, application of the laws of colour enables the desired impression to be created with greater directness and simplicity; attributes which, both in execution and design, are outstanding features of all great works of art.

We do not intend to imply that a knowledge of the laws of colour vision would inevitably lead the aspiring neophyte in art to success, but it would as surely assist him in his use of colours as do the laws of perspective and anatomy in his drawing and composition. The laws which are more particularly applicable in these regards are those of irradiation, of complementary colours, of simultaneous and successive contrast, of reflection, refraction and scattering and, finally, of flicker. We cannot in this article explain these laws but it may be of interest to state briefly to what each refers and to indicate in a general way a few of the applications in picture painting.

Irradiation means that when two adjacent parts of an object have decidedly different visual properties (*e.g.* different tints, or different intensities or values), the one which produces the stronger retinal stimulus seems to occupy a larger field than that which produces the weaker stimulus.

By complementary colours is meant that for every one of the pure or spectral colours there is another which when mixed with it in equal proportions on the retina, causes a sensation of white, or when mixed in other than equal proportions, a sensation of a tinted grey. The two colours that are complementary are always situated at some considerable distance apart on the spectrum and by use of a very simple device (the colour triangle) it is quite an easy matter to predict the precise colour which will be complementary to any other. Now it will be evident that at the edges between two complementary colours, because of irradiation, there will tend to be a blending on the retina of the tints of the two colour fields so that a line of white or grey will result. It is probably by a similar process that the dark line at the edge of a perfectly flat colour field of one of the flaring colours (yellow, orange or certain reds) if its value and thickness be properly chosen, makes the enclosed colour field stand forward from its background and at the same time gives a sense of shading (i. e. a change in value) at the edge. It will be noted that many post-impressionists use the dark line partly for this purpose, particularly in still life studies, but also often in landscape where however it also has the purpose of giving a directive influence to hold the pattern together.

Simultaneous contrast is probably the most important of all the colour laws from the artists' standpoint. It means that when one portion of the retina is strongly stimulated by some particular tint the neighbouring portions tend to react as if they were being stimulated by the complementary tint. The fundamental experiment illustrating this phenomenon, familiar to all, is to look fixedly on say a strip of red paper placed on a grey background; at the edges

of the red, the grey will become tinted green. If instead of using a background of grey, one of some other spectral tint were used it is clear that at the neighbouring portions of the two tints there would be a blending of each with the complementary of its neighbour, with the result that the value of each tint would be greatly changed. Taking this effect along with that of irradiation and remembering the influence of complementary colours on each other it is clear that the artist must select his colour appositions with great care and with a fore-knowledge of their mutual effects. It is remarkable how skilful many artists who know nothing of the laws of colour vision are in these selections, but it seems reasonable to suppose that many mistakes could be prevented and much time saved by a knowledge of them. How often does it happen that the purest of pigment is heaped on somewhere in a picture in an attempt to accentuate brilliancy or to give the impression of great colour intensity, but in vain because the colour is surrounded by another which is not complementary to it and so dulls it down (*i.e.* forms a grey) instead of raising its brilliancy. Quite often, one or two little patches of properly chosen brilliant tints will cause a picture otherwise painted in sombre tints to appear much more sunny and full of light than another in which brilliant tints are lavishly employed throughout.

Successive contrast means the illusion of the complementary tint which is experienced after gazing for some time on a particular coloured pattern. For example, if a strip of red paper placed on a grey background be regarded for a minute or so and then removed, in its place on the grey will appear a vivid line of green, its complementary tint. This fact is not so important in landscape art as that of simultaneous contrast but nevertheless it plays a certain role and is of very great importance in decorative art.

Reflection, refraction and scattering are really physical rather than physiological properties of light and we cannot in the short space at our disposal attempt to explain them here. They are the factors which determine the precise colour values of objects, such as water, glistening surfaces, etc., which reflect some of the light directly (*i.e.* without decomposing it and absorbing certain of the spectral tints). The whole problem of building a picture in planes is one depending for really successful execution on a knowledge of these fundamental physical laws. The reflection of a sunlight bank on a stream of muddy water; how is it to be rendered? In solving the problem all three of the above mentioned properties of light are involved, as well as those that are dependent on the blending of different tints. It is interesting to measure an artist's skill by seeing whether he has violated any of these laws. The great colourists seldom do.

And finally with regard to flicker: I cannot make up my mind how important a factor it may be in art. It is illustrated experimentally by the decidedly greater sense of brilliancy that is obtained by causing a circle of black and white sectors to rotate at such a rate that the black and white *almost* fuse together on the retina, than by increasing the speed so that they completely fuse and produce the sensations of a uniform grey. Where there are dark and light patterns in a picture, though the picture itself is stationary, the necessary movement is brought about by the constant side to side movements of the eyeballs (nystagmus) and it is very likely that the remarkable effects that can be obtained by the use of black lines is dependent on flicker.

It is not our intention to imply that a knowledge of the scientific laws of colour will assure success as an artist; far from it, for in no other field of human endeavour than in that of art is it equally the case that special gifts must be inherited. Without an inborn love for nature and a power to see and to appreciate the beautiful things with which it abounds; and without an inborn skill to analyze these impressions to the most essential and simplest of patterns of line and colour, success as an artist is impossible. But even with this inheritance, the artist can achieve real success only provided he abides strictly by the laws of nature, for no less to art than to science does Goethe's adage apply that "the first and last thing that is demanded of genius is love of truth". Many of these laws must be searched for and studied and analyzed before it is possible to introduce them in a work of art. It is true that the power to do this can often be acquired by the method of trial and error, but at what a fearful sacrifice of time and energy. To save this useless effort, and as a consequence to allow the artist to reach forward to a study of the many other less understood problems with which he must contend, he should make himself familiar with the laws of colour vision just as he does with those of perspective, anatomy and the mixing of pigments. And finally let me quote from one of the greatest of masters of all ages: "Those who become enamoured of the practice of the art without having previously applied themselves to the diligent study of the scientific part of it, may be compared to mariners who put to sea in a ship without a rudder and therefore cannot be certain of arriving at the wished-for port. Practice must always be founded on good theory." (Leonardo in his *Notes for a treatise on Painting*).

J. J. R. MACLEOD.

Bone-Dry

My heart is swelling wi' distress,
The tears are near, I maun confess,
For never mair shall I caress
　　In wanton sport
A parcel sent prepaid express—
　　Imperial quart.

We're nearly what they ca' bone-dry,
For doctors now are growing shy,
And 'tis not easy e'en to buy
A wee, wee flask—
Still less a case of Scotch or Rye
From dear old Sask.

It dulls my heid and chills my wame
To think of life so prim and tame,
These bloodless loons' next crafty aim
Is clearly seen—
They'll tak my pipe. Weel, I'll go hame
To Aberdeen.

ALBERTA. R. K. GORDON.

Diana

Diana, swift Diana, by the fern glade, by the mountain,
By the heather where we coursed the leaping hare,
By the bow-string, by the arrow, by your cupped hands at the fountain,
By the velvet, by the buck's bare horns I swear
Your ways are wild as wind is, your locks were never bound
By Verbius, five-fingered, as they tell.
You loved me and me only, your lean grey hunting-hound
And on his back your flashing whip-thongs fell!

CARROLL AIKINS.

Winter Sunset from an Eastbound Train

There are long rivers of purple in the sky
And islands flaming gold,
Out where the shining edge of the world lifts high
And the wind blows cold.

And the brown, secret earth that is full of strength
Reddens with western fire:
I can see diamonds twinkling the furrows' length,
Workers' desire!

Lonely the barn all black against glowing light,
Lonely the cold blue;
O, little house that shelters the men who fight,
I have been lonely too!

MILLICENT PAYNE.

Granville Street

On Granville Street the lights are gold,
And when the dusk falls swiftly down
Like shining bubbles they appear
And light our windy, sea-port town.

Great golden lights on Granville Street!
Across the bridge they dance away—
A charmed chain that comes with dusk
To vanish with the dawn of day.

O! When the last late folk have tramped
To home and rest with weary feet,
Perchance they hold high revelling,
These golden lamps on Granville Street!

AILEEN BEAUFORT.

Rampes d'Alger

The Night is full of languor, for the Moon
Lies wasting on her couch of purple seas.
Her agony lights Heaven's tapestries.
The red eye of the Pharos sees her swoon.

The slow-descending Stairs that every noon
Whisper the slipping sandal's worn-out ease
Lie silent with the Port. A little breeze
Speeds from the hill some love-sick Arab croon.

One Figure leaning on the Parapet,
Its back to gay arcaded boulevards,
Its dull white dim against the sky's grey cloak,

This Vision wrapped in wreaths of Haschisch smoke,
The sparkling lights of Mustapha, the shards
Of earthy joys, the Hand of Mahomet.

D. P. WAGNER.

To the Georgian Bay

Dear land of island, and rock, and tree,
Of wind swept sky, and sapphire sea,
I've known you long, and loved you well,
And I've dreamed of you when the smoke of Hell
Has blackened the sky and hidden the sun.
When the world seemed lost and life's race run,
Then my thoughts turned back to you.

To you, and your dreamy golden days,
I could see them clear through the battle's haze,
To your tempests, sudden, and fierce and wild,
Like the short lived rage of an angry child,
To your pines, clean cut 'gainst a sunset sky,
And the still, deep pools where the black bass lie
Through the drowsy August noon.

I've travelled through many a land, far-famed
For beauty, but none could your great, untamed
Grandeur excel, though man's every care
Has been lavished for ages to make them fair,
With park, and chateau, and velvet lawn
Where the carven figures of nymph, and faun,
Dance through the changing years.

A BIT OF OLD TORONTO

BY

LAWREN HARRIS

Oh fair are the fields of France, abloom
With poppies red, and the gorse and broom
Of the English downs is lovely to see,
Where it crowns white cliffs by a sunlit sea,
But I'd give them all for a summer day
In a bark canoe on the Georgian Bay
With the west wind blowing free.

A. H. L.

The Camp Watchman

WITH a rattle of loose stones that continually threatened my footing the road took a sudden, ill-natured drop and then turned sharply when it reached the sand levels. About ten minutes of toiling in this sand brought me out of the poplar growth to the clearing around Juneau's pulpwood camp.

Old Charlie was splitting firewood when I came in sight of the camp. His tam-o'-shanter was cocked with careful abandon at that angle which in all climes, and probably in all ages denotes a jaunty deviltry, and the grey flannel shirt was open at the neck in the best tradition of North Shore foppery. But alas! while the right leg of his heavy mackinaw was properly tucked away inside his high riverman's boot, the left one flopped sullenly down in obstinate resistance to confinement.

At that very moment I was witness to the passing away of old Charlie as a woodsman. For his stove length had gripped his axe, and the old man held both axe and block lifted high in the air above the grievously hacked chopping block, like some ancient savage, with his huge, grotesque war-club raised above a prostrate foe. But it was in reality the bitter confession of a once mighty axeman that craft and strength were failing. The club came down, feebly, and old Charlie struggled now to twist his axe loose.

I felt ashamed thus to uncover the nakedness of his weakness, and was about to slip back to give him a chance to recover himself. Before I could turn he saw me, and called over to me.

"Was you goin' back without even giving me a shake of your paw, Jack, and I aint seen a one of youse for a dog's age."—The old man's grip was a thing that left memories, like rheumatism.—"Well, and how's the old folks and how's the Creek?"

Then he went back to his struggle with the tenacious stove-length. I did know better than to offer to help him. He was embarrassed and excited, increasingly profane and pathetically ineffective. Suddenly, in a swift surrender, he stood the block on end, put one foot on it beside his trapped axe, and meditatively whittled a pipeful of tobacco from his plug. He looked over at me and laughed.

"Been down to T'ronto," he said. "That's what's et up me muscle.—I'll get her back in a week's time or bust."

"At the doctor's?" I asked.

"Yep.—Only with me an' you he's me boy Dick. Let them cheatin' fools in T'ronto call him doctor if they like."

This, of course, was mere pretence. Old Charlie did not attempt to take any credit for the success of his surgeon son, but he could not help feeling that a boy's father was in some degree responsible, surely, for his achievements. The old man himself was a foul-mouthed, drunken ne'er-do-weel, and had been turned out by a wife infinitely too good for him, who had preferred sending him adrift to breaking her own heart and damning the children. Old Charlie had recognized the justice of her action and had regularly afterwards sent her two thirds of his earnings. The other third he drank.

"Yap," he continued, "Dick sent for me first of last May. You knew my old woman got her everlasting harp last winter.—Well, Dick and his missus sent me an invite to go and live with them down in T'ronto.—I sort of shied at it, wantin' to go like hell, specially on account of Dick's kids, an' yet kind of thinkin' maybe we'd soon get the timber all stripped off the limit, and I'd be out again. So I goes to old Juneau hisself, an' I fix it up so's I can come back if it turns out to be poor pickin'.—So I heads down to T'ronto.

"It looks to me like it aint fur off noon," he broke in suddenly, glancing up. "Come on in an' I'll warm up you a dish of white beans. That'll grow hair on your chest a foot long. Then I can tackle Mr. Axe there.—Beans an' barley—them's my standbys,—beans to eat an' barley to drink, eh lad!—Bring in a couple of chips with you."

I made no pretence of remonstrance. I knew that the old man had come to the difficult part of his story and was trying to get past it. Besides, I had walked twelve miles and was hungry. So I watched him light his fire and move his huge iron bean pot to the front of the stove, ahead of the kettle.

"That there pot," he explained, "aint never empty. When I takes a helpin' out I put a new lot in to make her up, an' I always takes the helpin' from the bottom. I can't abide raw beans."

He insisted on mixing some batter for griddle cakes for me, in addition, and it was when he had his spider hot and was greasing it with a fat pork rind that he found deliverance.

"It was the kids done it. I don't know Dick now, and I can't help feelin' that deep down if he didn't kind of worship the old woman he'd like to figure out maybe I wasn't his dad after all. Maybe I'm wrong, but I feel it that way.—An' his missus, Dick's missus,—well, you can't blame her, I guess.—But them kids, they took to me the minute they laid eyes on me. You can't beat them kids. It was gran'pa here and gran'pa there till I was fair run off my old legs. I must tell you about them kids when we've had a bite.—I had to whittle 'em boats, and teach 'em to spit from the corner and tell 'em about

the loggin' in pine to Newberry, an' a lot more guff like that, day in an' day out, back in the garage.

"An' of course it was the kids that done it at last. They was a lot to put up with, but I was a willin' old fool for the sake of them kids, them little Dicks.—Now, f'r instance, I leave it to you if a man don't need room to wash his face in. I guess maybe I kind of splattered up their fancy bath room a little, but, thunderation, when a man's been used to a bench outside the door, an' the hull of Canady an' Michigan to splash in, he does feel choked up in them cubby holes. An' so the hired girl goes an' kicks to Dick's missus, and she comes and kicks to me in that doggone polite way that's worse'n rubbin' turpentine on a cold sore. Well, I gets me dander up an' buys me a tin wash dish and takes it out to the garage. I gives Dick's auto teamster a dollar to let me wash out there."

The old man paused to laugh boisterously.

"An' believe me or not believe me, it wasn't gone two days till them kids had a tin wash dish apiece and was a washin' away at theirselves for all the world like a gang of timber beasts when the foreman's wife is comin.'—Course they didn't keep it up.—Well, a few days after that or so I hears that girl a whinin' again to Dick's missus. She was a saying' just when I heerd her, 'An' so I goes into the bathroom,' says she, 'to see what all the noise was, an' there was them two boys a washin' their face, an' ablowin' away at it like I donno what, an' I told 'em for heaven's sake to stop that noise.'—An' what do you s'pose them little codgers up an' tells her. I could a bust out when she tells it. She says, 'An' they said as impudent as anythin'—'Go to hell, you damn old nosey!' an' then, says she, 'they made that nasty sign with their fingers, you know, ma'am,' says she, 'An' they says a man's got to make a noise like this when he's washin', 'cause gran'pa does.' But when Dick's missus says, 'I shall see about it,' I know'd there was goin' to be the very devil to pay.

"Well, me an' Dick had a talk that night. I felt sorry for the boy, an' him tired out with a hard day's work cuttin' out people's insides. An' he asked me if I wouldn't be more comfortable like in a little house out York Mills way, where I would live my own way more, he says. An' I was so all-fired glad it wasn't his missus that tackled me that I said sure I would. An' I says to Dick I wouldn't tell the boys nothin' but Bible stories an' say nothin' but sermon words if he'd let 'em out to see me once in a while. An' he says sure an' him an' me shook hands on it really for the first time in our lives that night. An' the boy called me dad, damned if he didn't.

"Well, I moves out to this little shack of mine. But I got lonesome for the boys. I used to sneak in an' look over the fence in Dick's yard to see 'em playin' till I just missed bein' run in for trespassin'. Then Dick brought the boys out one day an' we had a jim slick of a time for four hours an' a half.—But the next Saturday I was hangin' round their corner, waitin' to catch a squint of 'em an' I seen the oldest comin' to post a letter or post card or somethin'. He cried when he seen me, an' said his ma said he couldn't come out any more.—She'd had comp'ny for supper the day after, an' the littlest codger, wantin' to show off, had gone and squirted a squirt of chewin' tobacco juice clean across the big rug in front of the comp'ny.—It was some spit. I couldn't uv done better myself, an' I was proud of the kid in a way. But his ma got right up on her ear, I guess. What beats me is where he got the chewin'.—Well, I guess these here pancakes is enough for a start, an' them beans is hot."

"But what did you do, Charlie?" I asked.

"I'm back watchin' camp again, aint I? Set up an' eat your grub while she's hot."

J. D. Robins.

The Muse in Motley
or
Somersaults for God's Sake

"Milton thou shouldst be living at this hour."

I HAD been reading Paradise Lost with a little group of students who were willing to forgo the usual gallop over selections for a slower and more careful progress through a single work of art. It had been on the whole a satisfying experience. Occasional dullness we had found—and endured. We had laughed over an absurdity here and there, and the stately declamations had left us cold. But what did these things matter? Did not the poem still satisfy the conditions of any definition of poetry which we could formulate? Had we not been swung through Cosmic space and seen

> This pendent world in bigness as a star
> Of smallest magnitude close by the moon?

Had not our pulses bounded to the "shout that tore Hell's concave" and again responded, with swiftest change of rhythm, to

> the Dorian mood
> Of flutes and soft recorders?

Had we not at one time been caught in a swirl of magic muse, and, at another (despite all that has been said of Milton's artificial poetic diction), had we not found the poet, when occasion demanded, writing as unmistakably with his eye on the object as ever Wordsworth did? And, finally, had we not, in this slow and careful reading of Paradise Lost, found renewed justification for Matthew Arnold's dictum that "the superior character of truth and seriousness, in the matter and substance of the best poetry, is inseparable from the superiority of diction and movement, marking its style and manner" ?

Out of this very comfortable state of mind I was suddenly plucked by the necessity of spending

the days of Christmas vacation in "catching up" with modern free verse. It was a rude awakening. One couldn't, it is true, have followed the magazine literature of the last few years, or read, however sketchily, the volumes of verse that occasionally managed to insinuate themselves into one's regular routine, without being vaguely aware that these *were* "tendencies." One couldn't have failed to enjoy a bit of this apparently formless stuff now and then without quite knowing why. One couldn't have failed to come upon other bits of it, and tear one's hair and wonder if Apollo Musagetes had added a jazz-specialist to his choir. But to sit down a-purpose and read steadily through a shelf-full of it—that, as Mr. Perlmutter says, was something else again. One couldn't, after Milton, spend the blessed leisure of the Christmas vacation in such fashion without some kind of explosion: and the rash editor of the FORUM, who has solicited the explosion, will have to take the consequences.

At any rate, the time at my disposal was not incommensurate with the task. It would have been, if Milton had postponed himself a couple of centuries or so and slipped in among the parvenus. But these pages "where a rivulet of text meandered through a meadow of margin," these free verse *gambades* which sometimes managed to "get across' because they were true, and occasionally because they were beautiful, and semi-occasionally because they were both true and beautiful, and hemi-demi-semi-occasionally because they added to truth and beauty the pulse-leap of poetry—it was possible to read a lot of them in ten days. You see they either did manage to "get across" then and there, with their occasional hard, clear definiteness, or, like the gutter-snipes that some of them were, they simply pelted you with muddy words and ran away.

It was possible, I say, to read a lot of them in ten days, and it was immensely interesting—albeit a little hectic. You never could tell what you'd run across. Once grant them their programme, their bill of rights, namely: to use the *exact* word, never the merely decorative word; to create new rhythms as the expression of new moods; *to present an image, i.e.*, "to render particulars *exactly*, not deal in vague generalities"; "to produce poetry that is hard and clear"; and (shade of Matthew Arnold!) *"to allow absolute freedom in the choice of the subject"**—once grant them their bill of rights, and you never could tell what would happen on the next page.

It might, as a matter of fact, be a graphic "poem" in which a pair of legs are seen to

> Dangle
> Like marionettes'
> Over
> a
> mauve
> Sea.

*See Preface to *Some Imagist Poets.*

It might be a "Jazz Fantasia" in which the "jazzmen" are mellifluously adjured to

> "Sling your knuckles on the bottoms of the
> happy tin pans, let your trombones
> ooze, and go husha-husha-hush
> with the slippery sand-paper."

It might be a poem discriminatingly entitled "Three Spring Notations on Bipeds," in which occurs this impassioned query *re* pigeons:

> "Who most loves danger? Who most loves
> wings? Who somersaults for God's sake
> in the name of wing power
> in the sun and blue
> on an April Thursday?"

(I confess I was a little worried about taking somersaults for God's sake, not knowing exactly what the deity would think about it; but I was reassured by the apostle Peter's statement (II Peter III, 9) that He "is long-suffering to us-ward, not willing that any should perish." No doubt poets as well as pigeons are allowed a somersault or two—but I believe the Apostle adds something about repentance. . . .). Or if transcendental somersaults elude us; if like Adam, after he had listened to Raphael turning intellectual somersaults in an effort to reconcile the Ptolemaic and the Copernican theories, we are convinced

> That not to know at large of things remote
> From use, obscure and subtle, but to know
> That which before us lies in daily life
> Is the prime wisdom—

We have only to turn a page in our free verse ramble, and see

> —A famous man eating soup.
> I say he was lifting a fat broth
> Into his mouth with a spoon.
> His name was in the newspapers that day
> Spelled out in tall black headlines
> And thousands of people were talking about him.
> When I saw him,
> He sat bending his head over a plate
> Putting soup in his mouth with a spoon.

Here indeed are no lucent syrups tinct with cinnamon; here no

> Neat repast shall feast us, light and choice,
> With Attic taste;

Here is no fugitive and cloistered virtue; of this beaker full of the warm South shall no shy Muse drink and leave the world unseen. Here, rather, we may opine, is one who would have ill deserved the compliment which Chaucer paid to the Prioress:

> Hire over-lippe wyped she so clene
> That in hir coppe ther was no ferthyng sene
> Of grace, whan she dronken hadde hir draughte.

And if it be argued that truth is beauty and that this soup poem contains an immemorial truth, I reply that Madame de Sévigné, when she said that no man is a hero to his valet, put the same immemorial truth into eight words, and didn't try to camouflage it as poetry.

But why go on? The New Poetry has spawned a

vast quantity of this sort of stuff, which the undiscouraged or undiscouragable reader can gather for himself. I quote a little of it here because it illustrates what seems to me the chief danger of the cult. You can't start out rigidly to exclude the "decorative word" in the interests of exactitude without, nine times out of ten, excluding *beauty* as well; for as long as the human imagination persists, poetry, in its effort to express beauty, will transcend the actual, will reach out and up for the figurative, the decorative word. The New Poetry *photographs;* and in its pride of exactitude, it scorns to retouch. It does not realize that while the mechanical eye of the camera *sees*, it has no *vision.* Again, you can't "present an image" merely; you can't, in your desire to avoid "vague generalizations," confine yourself to exact particulars, without leaving the thing that you were going to reveal the beauty of exactly where and how you found it. You meant, as poet, to *interpret* that beauty to me: but, nine times out of ten, you will have merely *anatomized* it for your own satsifaction. You can't "create new rhythms as the expression of new moods" without failing, nine times out of ten, to produce any rhythm whatsoever. For observe, dear poet, the minute you put that poem in a book and sell that book to me, you commit yourself to the necessity of being rhythmically *intelligible;* and yet your fundamental premise is to deny me any *basic* rhythm, any *metre,* any standard of variation and contrast, by means of which I may feel the new rhythms which you wish me to feel. The result is that nine times out of ten you merely make variant line lengths on a printed page. Take the book from under my eye; read it aloud to me, and what you call your rhythms merely sprawl. Milton was wiser than that. It was out of his stately iambic measure, with here and there a dactyl dexterously interwoven

> —Through many a dark and dreary vale,
> They passed, and many a region dolorous,
> O'er many a frozen, many a fiery Alp—

it was out of that basic rhythm that he suddenly hurled at me the line of hammer strokes:

> Rocks, caves, lakes, fens, bogs, dens and caves of death.

Have you any new rhythm newer or more effective than the unrelieved stark mass of that line?

And, again, you can't "allow absolute freedom in the choice of a subject," you can't disregard the old-fashioned standard of high seriousness, without doing just what the soup poet did and what nine times out of ten the other emancipated poets are doing—string together some pseudo-rhythmic lines on whatever happens to strike you, and call it a poem —without any regard to whether you couldn't have said it better in prose (whether indeed you haven't merely said it in prose as it is) or whether somebody else hasn't already said it better and much more briefly in prose.

Nine times out of ten—the proportion seems to stick in my mind. What I am getting at is, that with all these old sanctions thrown overboard, with all these traditional restraints removed, nine out of ten would-be poets, who might have been discouraged into silence by the old regimen, come skipping and somersaulting blithely into print. Anything goes. Why shouldn't they? And the magazine editors and the book publishers, who don't want to miss any bets, print the stuff, and the gentle readers who are born every minute look wise and feel up to date and call it poetry! "I think," said the young Milton in one of his *Prolusiones Oratoriae* at Cambridge (he was talking about the scholastic philosophy, but he surely would have said it about free verse, if he had been living at this hour) "I think there never can have been any place for these things on Parnassus, unless perhaps some uncultivated nook at the foot of the hill, unlovely, rough and horrid with bramble and thorns, overgrown with thistles and thick nettles, far removed from the dance and company of the goddesses, producing neither laurel nor flowers, and never reached by the sound of Apollo's lyre."

Nine out of ten, yes. But what about the tenth? It would be folly to ignore the fact that along with all these slovenly poetasters, there are a few poets— "H. D.", John Gould Fletcher, Amy Lowell, J. S. Flint, and a few others— who find in this free and flexible medium a veritable instrument of power. How indeed, with Milton himself in mind, can I deny them the right of innovation? I may still cling, for example, to a belief in the artistic efficacy of rhyme, but if I am going to nail Paradise Lost to the mast-head, I must not forget that it was this same Milton who challenged his contemporaries with the statement that "rhyme is no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse," and is " a thing of itself, to all judicious ears, trivial and of no true musical delight." If I go with Milton in this challenge to the rhymed epics of Davenant and Cowley and the rhymed tragedies of Dryden, how shall I shut my mind to the challenge of the modernists that even metre itself may be likewise no necessary adjunct or true ornament of poem or good verse? And if I grant the possibility that the soul of music be waked and kindled by the spell of mere cadence, how shall I not grant them the rest of their programme? How shall I deny, for example, that Amy Lowell's "Madonna of the Evening Flowers" is poetry?

> All day long I have been working,
> Now I am tired.
> I call: 'Where are you?'
> But there is only the oak tree rustling in the wind.
> The house is very quiet,
> The sun shines in on your books,
> On your scissors and thimble just put down,
> But you are not there.
> Suddenly I am lonely:
> Where are you?
> I go about searching.

Then I see you,
Standing under a spire of pale blue larkspur,
With a basket of roses on your arm.
You are cool like silver,
And you smile.
I think the Canterbury bells are playing little tunes.

You tell me that the peonies need spraying,
That the columbines have overrun all bounds,
That the pyrus japonica should be cut back and rounded.
You tell me these things.
But I look at you, heart of silver,
White heart-flame of polished silver,
Burning beneath the blue steeples of the larkspur,
And I long to kneel instantly at your feet,
While all about us peal the loud, sweet *Te Deums* of the
Canterbury bells.

I amuse myself transferring Amy Lowell's Madonna to Milton's garden, what time Eve

Went forth among her fruits and flowers,
To visit how they prospered, bud and bloom,
Her nursery; they at her coming sprung,
And touched by her fair tendance, gladlier grew.

I remember that in that garden

Iris all hues, roses and jessamine,
Reared high their flourished heads between, and wrought
Mosaic; under foot the violet,
Crocus and hyacinth, with rich inlay
Bordered the ground, more coloured than with stone
Of costliest emblem.

And I recall Adam's

Nor herb, fruit, flower,
Glistering with dew; nor fragrance after showers;
Nor grateful Evening mild; nor silent Night,
With this her solemn bird; nor walk by moon,
Or glittering starlight, without thee is sweet.

And I fall to wondering whether that aggressive programme of the Imagists* hasn't disturbed me unduly. Why quarrel over technique, over details? Homer, Virgil write in quantitative verse, without rhyme, and it is poetry. Spenser writes the Faery Queene in stressed verse with an intricate rhyme-scheme and it is poetry. Milton scorns rhyme—and Paradise Lost is poetry. Pope translates the Iliad into rhymed couplets, tricked out with eighteenth century ornaments; the result may not be Homer—but who shall deny that it is poetry? Wordsworth condemns the heritage of Pope, bag and baggage, and writes—poetry. Amy Lowell (*Que diable allait-elle faire dans cette galère?*—if you like) belongs to a school that damns rhyme and metre as a worked-out mine—but I can set her Madonna of the Evening Flowers over against the corresponding passages in Paradise Lost and find my ear satisfied equally with harmony, my eye gratified alike by his images and hers—and conclude that both are poetry.

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*That is the only real trouble—that the Imagists *are* so confoundedly aggressive about it. Here for example is Mr. J. S. Flint saying: "The history of English poetry in verse is the story of the exhaustion of the effects to be obtained from rhyme and metre—of the exploitation of a mine in which the main lodes have given out." What twaddle!

Wherefore this Christmas journey that began irksomely and encountered much provocation by the way, ends, as all Christmas journeys should, with a *pax hominibus bonae voluntatis*. Ninety per cent. of to-day's free verse will be forgotten to-morrow. The other ten per cent. is clear tonic. And the quarrels over technique don't matter.

"The one remains, the many change and pass." The externals of poetry are always in a state of flux—the Soul is undisturbed. Why worry?

EDMUND KEMPER BROADUS.

Wet Ways

"Of Prohibition, root of all our woe."
(Milton, Paradise Lost, IX, 645.)

WET WAYS are now no more, and if the prophets have guessed aright, cocktails, John Collinses, gin fizzes, and highballs will gradually fade from the vocabulary of these regions, to be disinterred from the cemetery of dead language in days to come only by the curious archaeologist. We have already started the tedious process of drinking Lake Ontario dry. Copious indeed will our draughts have to be in order to attain the desired consummation, and great will be the disgust of those forlorn individuals whose motto hitherto has been:

Man wants but little here below,
But wants that little strong.

Over twenty-five centuries have passed since Heraclitus, the "weeping philosopher," who is, I take it, the father of the prohibition movement, bade us "keep our souls dry:" and a new world had to be discovered before his precept could actually be put into practice. But the thing has come to pass at last; the whole balance of the world has been shifted, and the Atlantean efforts of our reformers have succeeded in the transportation, lock, stock and barrel, of the torrid into the Northern Temperate zone. The results have already begun to make themselves felt: for scientists inform us that the unprecendented series of forest fires which raged throughout the continent the summer before last, was due to the exceptional dryness of the country. But the destruction of a few millions of trees is no out-of-the-way price to pay for the triumphal achievement of nation-wide desiccation. After all, John Barleycorn has been utterly put to the rout and the enemy's first line of defences gloriously captured.

We have now to pull ourselves together and concentrate our forces for the demolition of the remaining trench systems: for it must not for a moment be imagined that the war is now over. It is not in reason that the strategists who have won so splendid a victory should be content with their present successes and rest upon their laurels. I

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have a shrewd suspicion as to what will be the next defence to topple; casual side-references have already been made to it on many occasions, but the greater struggle so eclipsed all other matters in importance that very little time has hitherto been to spare for the consideration of tobacco. But it, too, is doomed; a heroic defence may indeed be expected, but a few years will see this stronghold, too, like Priam's royal city, going up in smoke.

Of the drug habit little need be said. A sort of guerilla warfare has long been waged with it; and it will collapse easily before any direct frontal assault. The powers of darkness will now doubtless look for a breathing space, and perhaps entertain some hope of patching up an armistice; but this is to be a war to a finish, and the terms offered will be so severe that the enemy will have no recourse but to continue the conflict. For the victor's first demand will be for the surrender of coffee. Coffee is a stimulant, and war has been declared on all stimulants. For the first time the forces of the attacking army will suffer some diminution, in spirit even if not in numbers for there are, I am told, many staunch moral reformers and teetotallers who can relish a cup of coffee on the quiet. But the word will have gone forth, and woe to all back-sliders. Coffee will ultimately succumb, and the day of thanksgiving will be celebrated in cups of steaming Postum.

My heart fails me, I need some stimulating influence, when I come to tell of the last of the enemy's strongholds. But the relentless voice of Duty must be obeyed, and the efforts of the righteous must be united to overthrow that most subtle, most alluring of all temptations. Here we shall encounter the opposition of elemental forces. Women will take up arms to protect the beverage which makes 5 o'clock the culminating hour in mankind's daily life. To what end that charming silver service, those dainty pieces of china, nay, to what end civilization itself, if its very *raison d'être* is to be abolished? It is indeed hard to resist the pretty pleadings, the pitiful tears of these delightful creatures; but we must steel our hearts and remain deaf and obdurate to all such melting appeals; for these are the weapons of Circe and Delilah, of Cleopatra and Vivien. Away with them! and forward to battle against the hosts of darkness!

* * * * * * * *

"Let us now," as the immortal Wendy says, "take a peep into the future." The battle is over, though the smoke still hovers over the battlefield. As our victorious cohorts march on amid the dust and grime of conflict, we near the point in the ascending road, from which we shall gain our first view of the promised land, the land which our leaders have painted in such glowing colors, a land flowing with milk and honey; and we moisten our parched lips as we stride grimly yet hopefully forward. Another minute, and the scene in all its beauty will greet our longing eyes; and the officers urge us on with strange guttural noises. No other sound can be heard, for our throats are too parched to sing, no sound save the monotonous thunder of our tramping feet. But hush, what is that strange cry? It seems to come from the head of the column, which has halted at the point of prospect. The ranks suddenly break and every soldier is fighting, scrambling, regardless of discipline, to get his glimpse of the promised land. A gasp of horror bursts from all the trained throats; for below there is nothing to be seen but a great, monotonous, arid desert, devoid of trees and vegetation, its sands intersected by no smiling rivers, with nought to break the hideous dreariness save here and there the sun-bleached bones of some unsuccessful traveller. The land of promise is *bone dry*.

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there seems to be something about the more prosaic task that banishes serenity—perhaps it has all been exhausted in the labour of creation. At any rate Mr. Conrad is not one of those who, when he stoops to the work of criticism, succeeds invariably in retaining his artistic detachment. Where he finds himself in sympathy with his subject, as in his essays on de Maupassant and Henry James, he writes with a fine understanding; but his literary sympathies do not seem to be broad, and his theory of aesthetics, vaguely though it is stated, seems, in spite of his dislike of doctrine, to be a narrow and even an ungenerous one. It is true he tells us that the first act of faith that he would require from the artist in fiction would be the cherishing of an undying hope, yet one cannot but believe, judging from these pages, that that hope, if it is not to disappoint him, must be no more than a meagre and suspicious one. For Mr. Conrad hates not only literary formulas but everything that can be described as humanitarianism. He sees "an implacable meance of death in the triumph of the humanitarian idea," and this fear leads him into many injustices, as in his criticism of Anatole France. He cherishes, it is true, his vision of the City of God, but it is a vision at once confused and archaic. Parts of it are almost feudal: none of it is later than the middle of the nineteenth century. Politically he lives still in those vividly remembered days of his childhood when his father lay dying in Cracow, worn out by his labours for Poland; and he, a little boy, sat reading in the great shadowy drawing-room next to his father's bedroom. Indeed the spirit of that nationalist father haunts the many pages of this book in which the devoted son discusses the problem of his native country. Agression, he maintains almost vehemently, has always been foreign to the Polish temperament. Polish wars have always been defensive wars. Europe must put her trust in that national temperament "which is so completely free from agressiveness and revenge." The only conclusion to be drawn from such statements as these, and they represent quite fairly the political outlook of these papers, is that one cannot take Mr. Conrad seriously either as political prophet or as historian. The truth is that when he steps down into what is practically the arena of journalism, this great artist shrinks to the size of the many other contending figures, his vision is obscured by the dust of controversy, and his voice becomes faint but raucous in the midst of the turmoil.

E. H. B.

Drama

A Bill of Divorcement, A Play, by Clemence Dane, (The Macmillan Co., $2.00).

Clemence Dane, or, to use her right name, Miss Dorothy Ashton, is known to readers by her earlier books, *Legend*, *First the Blade*, and *Regiment of Women*, and press-notices declare that this venture into drama "is taking theatrical London by storm." Be that as it may, we hope it will soon make its appearance before Canada in public and in the meantime welcome its publication in book form.

The action of *A Bill of Divorcement* is dated Christmas Day, 1933, and "the audience is asked to imagine that the divorce bill, at present under discussion, has become law of the land." I confess, therefore, that I began it with misgivings, for artistic constructions of the future are apt to be poor substitutes for pictures of the present, and this matter of the divorce bill smacked something of the problem play. I speedily found, however, that if Miss Ashton had her head among the clouds of 1933 and the problems arising from a woman's right to divorce an insane husband, she has her feet planted on the solid ground of human character and emotion. The opening of the play reveals that Margaret Fairfield has divorced her husband Hilary, insane since their first year of marriage eighteen years before, and is about to marry Gray Meredith. Hilary's aunt, bitter with the conventionality of a defeated generation, opposes the marriage as a "deadly sin," while Margaret's daughter Sydney, with a youthful and modern scorn for outworn tradition, upholds it uncompromisingly. Into this situation Hilary Fairfield returns apparently cured and seeking his wife with all the ardour of their first married days.

To tell the story further would be to rob the reader of his legitimate pleasure. So subtly are the human elements combined that one is uncertain till the last page how Margaret will decide to act. Vacillating and sentimentally anxious for self-sacrifice, she yet sees her only happiness vanishing, and is torn this way and that between the rival claims to affection. Conventionality and pity on the one hand urge her to revoke her divorce; on the other, her love and the reasonableness of her desire press her to marry Meredith. It is not difficult to see that this situation holds many temptations for an author inclined to "problems" or to pointing a moral, but Miss Ashton has skilfully avoided the pitfalls and the reader from first to last is chiefly concerned with the portrayal of the characters, which is done with extraordinary skill.

Concerning these something in particular must be said of Sydney Fairfield for it is not often that 'the modern girl' is handled with such insight and sympathy. Her directness, her spiritual restraint and unflinching facing of the questions of sex and heredity belong to the new era, but her charm, her youthful eagerness and simplicity, are of the fundamentals of human nature which art so often tries unsuccessfully to portray. She is, in a sense, the heroine, and the childish fortitude and impish wit

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THE JEWISH MENACE IN WORLD AFFAIRS: A MYTH
By Lucien Wolf, paper boards, 65c.

Hatched in the hotbeds of antipathy against the Jew in Central Europe, the accusation has found its way into print and discussion in political circles even in England that the Jews are the cause of the world unrest.

THE VOICE OF JERUSALEM
By Israel Zangwill, $4.50.

This is the first collection of Jewish essays Mr. Zangwill has published during a long working life and it embraces only the best of his output in this field. His vivid pen traces the origins of Anti-Semitism, interprets Judaism in modern terms, discusses "the Stage Jew" as he has appeared in many literatures, handles trenchantly Mr. Well's latest arguments, and pleads eloquently for Armenia.

KARL MARX AND MODERN SOCIALISM
By F. R. Salter, Fellow of Magdalene College, Cambridge, $2.00.

The life of Karl Marx is so little known both to his followers and his oppcnents, and his teachings are so often reduced to a few bald shibboleths, that there is room for a sketch of the man as he was, and in his relation to the thought and the circumstances of his age. Described at the same time in rough outline, is the developement of the labour movements in Europe, to whose growth he contributed so much.

ESSAYS ON MODERN DRAMATISTS
By William Lyon Phelps, $2.75.

Professor Phelps's interest in the drama, knowledge of its history, and intimacy with the stage of to-day make his essays in this field particularly alive and interesting. He writes now about Barrie, Shaw, Galsworthy, Rostand, Clyde Fitch, who was a friend of his boyhood, and Maeterlinck, with whom he talked in Paris.

THE GREEN BOUGH
By E. Temple Thurston, $2.00.

This is more than a novel; it is a presentment of the relations of the sexes often furtively discussed but rarely set forth frankly and searchingly, and we regard it as a most important contribution to the fiction of the last few years.

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with which she deals with her own problem in the last act make this the most moving passage in the whole play. If it were for Sydney alone we should wish to see more of Miss Ashton's work.

H. K. G.

Economics

The Girl, by Katherine Dewar, M.A., Secretary of the Glasgow Council of Juvenile Organizations, published for the Social Service Library by G. Bell & Sons, Ltd., London, England.

In this book Miss Dewar shows herself a practical worker. Whether she is comparing the various methods of organizing and conducting a club for girls, or giving estimates of the cost of a week's holiday at camp, she is equally mistress of her subject and able to furnish reliable information. But she is something more—Not only does she know about the working girl, the home she comes out of, the training or the lack of it which is her portion, the monotonous round of her existence, the evils which frequently result from her heredity and environments, but she knows the girl herself, and it is that knowledge which gives her volume charm for the general reader and value for the social worker. Statistics have not hardened her on the one hand nor sentimentalism blinded her on the other.

With human, sympathy and common sense, she pictures the working girl for us as she sees her, a woman and a potential mother in the making, and asks us if we are any longer going to allow her to grow up, neglected and unvalued? Just at the very period when the daughters of our own homes are most anxiously watched and guarded by their mothers, the working girl free from control, with all a young creature's yearning for fun and adventure is tossed out on the waves of a whirling world to swim or sink as the chance may be. The time is gone, if it ever existed when we could afford such a waste of good material. Miss Dewar points out some of the ways by which it can be avoided. The book is divided into ten chapters, one on 'Welfare Work,' being contributed by Miss Gladys H. Dick, M.B.E. The others are headed respectively, 'Home Life,' 'Clubs,' 'Mixed Clubs', 'Club Holidays,' 'Other Organizations,' 'Education,' 'Domestic Service,' and 'The Religion of the Girl.' The list is an index to the comprehensive range of the subjects treated.

V.B.P.

Fiction

Dead Man's Plack and An Old Thorn, by W. H. Hudson (Dent).

Lovers of Hudson will be grateful for these two short stories from the pen of one whose writing days cannot now be many. There is not much to be said about them. They speak for themselves like everything else that Hudson has written. And they are written in that limpid objective English that makes him the envy of most of his contemporaries. Those who are still unacquainted with him could not do better than begin with these two simple tales. Perhaps 'simple' is misleading. Their exterior is simple but there are strange intuitions behind, and before the last page is reached the mind has been carried a long way from its known marks.

B.F.

The Dude Wrangler, by Caroline Lockhart (Gundy).

When you have been sufficiently saddened for the day by your 'duty' reading of significant authors, come and get acquainted with another of those Easterners whom the Wild West de-spats, a gay Squire whom it arms with a frying pan for a buckler and a real gun for a blade. Plenty of sound and fury—sounds of gun-play mostly, and fury of fun. But the girl is there, too,—and hence, some of those romantic silences.—And that dude-camp, (why, it's a tourist resort, you poor prune!), that dude-camp is not exactly a rest cure.—The book is, however, not entirely serious reading.

R.

As It Was In The Beginning, by Arthur Train, (Macmillan).

What was to have been the most casual of business trips 'across the pond' turned out to have unforeseen consequences for Lawrence Berwick, lawyer, of New York. The impact of his American energy against the placid and leisurely habits of British business is very amusingly described in this book,—with entire fairness to both sides too.

The charming love story begins on shipboard and, but for 'the law's delays' might have ended there also—as a mere episode in a treadmill career. But English life, epitomized in one frank, companionable girl gradually casts its spell upon our hero, and we feel that his energy will be directed in future to *living* instead of merely to *making a living*.

L.D.R.

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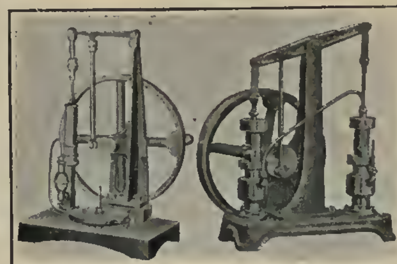

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Trade and Industry

	Jan. 1921	Feb. 1921	Mar. 1921	April 1921	April 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	212.6	198.7	190.0	186.4	295.2
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$25.30	$24.85	$23.87	.....	$25.34
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	90.5	89.0	87.2	86.0	101.4
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	109.9	110.3	109.0	107.8	126.0

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.
[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.
[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge Company, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

THERE are signs which indicate that for the time at least we may possibly have seen the worst of the depression. It is true that the figures quoted above record the same melancholy fall in wholesale commodity prices, employment, and security values, to which we have become accustomed in the past half year. But the decline in each of these is somewhat less than in the month before. The fall in wholesale prices is comparatively small. The volume of employment recovers a little and contracts again, almost in alternate weeks. Meanwhile, the change in the Bank of England rate of discount from 7 to 6½ per cent., which occurred a fortnight ago, will act to some extent as a stimulus to trade the world over; and in our own country the coming of the warm weather will do something to stimulate activity.

If the moment is one for restrained optimism, we shall nevertheless do well in looking back, to recognize how very serious the situation has been, and still is. One of our political leaders was recently quoted—or perhaps misquoted—to the effect that there are 96,000 unemployed wage-earners in the Dominion. In fact, it is probable that a number between three and four times as large as this represents the truth more fully. The mass of our unemployed workers is in itself a great industrial army; and large numbers of them have been out of work for many weeks.

The drop in retail prices, which appears to have reached considerable proportions, was probable in any case. It was inevitable, in the face of so serious a situation. A reduction in the nation's pay roll of 300,000 or more brings with it a tremendous falling-off in certain forms of retail purchasing. After the great decline in wholesale prices, retail quotations were bound in time to follow suit: but we may suppose that the readjustment has been accelerated by the growth in unemployment. Reports from trade unions (which however extend only to the close of February) indicate that in the first two months of the year employment was worse in Ontario than in any other Province except British Columbia. It is noteworthy that according to the *Labour Gazette*, the retail price of staple goods has fallen in Ontario faster than in any other Province.

There is little doubt that so far the brunt of the readjustment has fallen on the working man. There is a curious irony in the fact that a year ago he was groaning because the level of prices was too high, and longed to see them fall; only to find, when they did fall at last, that as often as not, through dismissal or through wage reduction, he was an immediate sufferer by the change.

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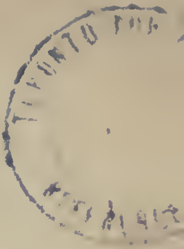


Vol. I. TORONTO, JUNE, 1921 No. 9

"MY imagination is unable to conceive how there could be any improper motive," were the words of the Prime Minister of Canada in referring to a letter written by Mr. Wigmore. Mr. Wigmore is a minister of the crown. He is also a member of the firm of Nagle and Wigmore of St. John, N.B. In his dual capacity of administrator and money-maker he had communicated on government paper with a French firm mentioning the fact that he was Minister of Customs and soliciting business for Nagle and Wigmore. Mr. Wigmore is comparatively new to public life. His entry into the government was a part of Mr. Meighen's reconstruction of the cabinet on his elevation. The innocence, of political youth, however, does not excuse his offence. No man fit for public life could for one moment have thought of doing such a thing. But more serious even than the writing of the letter is the fact that its publication was not attended by his resignation but rather was condoned by his leader, the first citizen of Canada. So long as a minister of the crown can remain in public life for twenty-four hours after having abused his oath by such conduct we can expect neither honest business nor honest politics in Canada.

THE Fordney bill is about to become law. Even before its passing farm products in Canada are showing a marked decline in price. Now that its best and most convenient market is fenced off Canadian agriculture faces the prospect of very serious readjustment. It is not for us to criticize our neighbours. Their act injures us; in the end it will probably injure themselves no less. The hampering of the farmer and the increasing of costs for the manufacturer will make for stagnation in American industry and commerce. For ourselves we cannot complain. In 1911 we decided to reject partial reciprocity when it was offered, although we had frequently asked for it. In 1920 by order-in-council we placed an embargo on the shipment of sugar out of Canada, and thus allowed the abrogation of contracts amounting to many millions made by our sugar companies with American firms. Neither affront was excusable by the exigencies of war-time. The former was a combination of bad policy and bogus patriotism; the latter an example of the repudiation of international contracts in the interests neither of good will nor of good business. In the present instance our only course is to wait till Mr. Harding and his friends have learned their lesson; and in the meantime to exert ourselves to sell our surplus products in Great Britain and elsewhere.

FAILURE on the part of the Canadian Government to make use of the findings of the Tariff Commission raises the question as to the real purpose of the whole inquiry. We were promised a revision of the tariff following a thorough investigation of the facts. The inquiry was made at great public expense and greater private expense. For months three members of the Government toured the country, hearing witnesses whose evidence was taken down verbatim and whose memorials became public documents. Business firms and associations throughout Canada for the time being forgot their buying and selling and spent weary days in preparing each its particular plea. A scientific tariff was to be the result. The mountain laboured and produced less than a mouse. This much, however, was accomplished. Considerable protectionist propaganda resulted through newspaper publicity given to the proceedings of the commission. Day after day, week after week, the people of Canada learned what a tender plant is Canadian business and how soon it would wither if a breach in the tariff wall should expose it to the chilling breeze of foreign competition. Now that Sir Henry Drayton has failed to make use of the voluminous information secured, we cannot but wonder whether propaganda was the sole object of the sittings of the Commission; or whether the failure merely indicates intellectual infertility in the government; or whether it may be, and to this explanation charity inclines her head, that a moribund government hesitates to plunge the country into tariff changes, with an inevitable dislocation of business, and the certainty that all would be overturned within two years at most.

IT often happens that reforms come easily and quietly when their time is ripe. This fact is again

demonstrated in a piece of legislation which has been placed on the statute books of the Province of Ontario with little editorial notice, if any. Direct legislation has been the subject of the keenest controversy in the United States and has been incorporated in the constitutions of a number of states after long and vigorous campaigns against equally determined opposition. Apparently, public opinion has ripened in Ontario of itstelf without any organized campaign. The determination of Mr. Drury to allow tax-payers in the municipalities the privilege of managing their own financial affairs has provided the occasion for the introduction of the Initiative and Referendum in its simplest form. At its first session the Government had given municipal councils the right to lighten the taxation on improvements upon a favourable vote of the rate-payers. This measure, known as the Drury Act, was found inadequate owing to the strong representation which real estate interests regularly hold in municipal councils and the consequent difficulty of getting a by-law submitted. At the recent session the Act has been amended so that now a vote is compulsory on the presentation to council of a petition signed by ten per cent. of those persons entitled to vote on money by-laws. If the vote carries the council is compelled to put the measure into force. In order to avoid the dislocation of sudden change the rate of exemption is limited to twenty-five per cent. per annum, and a period of from four to ten years is required to secure total exemption. At any time by a similar method of petition and voting the process can be reversed.

TWO years ago, the peacemakers of Versailles completed their task. How the creators, in their hearts, regarded their collective handiwork there is no means yet of telling. Each in his own way declared his satisfaction; but only one of them, M. Clemenceau, the cynic and the realist, ventured to indulge in prophecy; for him "the next fifty years of history would revolve within the framework of Versailles." To-day M. Clemenceau in enforced retirement may console himself with the thought that nothing can ever erase the declaration, inscribed by a grateful nation upon the walls of every school in France, "Le citoyen Georges Clemenceau a bien merité de la Patrie." But the framework of Versailles is already splintered and broken beyond repair. The Treaty rests upon force; the entente between Britain and France alone can furnish that force; and the entente is steadily becoming weaker. What makes the Silesian difficulty unique is that it constitutes the first occasion upon which the British Government has openly announced its opposition to French policy. The pretence of unanimity, of identity of interest, has for the first time been definitely and officially abandoned, and that will make the gap harder to close than it has ever been before.

IT is strange that this crisis should have followed so closely upon the settlement of the reparations dispute, and it is strange that Mr. Lloyd George who was so compliant then should be so determined now. The explanation that is being advanced by such papers as the London *Observer*, inspired, it is said, by Mr. Lloyd George's immediate following, would, a few months ago, have been ridiculed by all but a few radical journals. That explanation is that the military party in France, which seemed until a few days ago to control through fear the government of M. Briand, having been deprived by the German surrender of its cherished plan to occupy the Ruhr last month, deliberately stirred up the Polish nationalists so as to provoke German resistance and create a fresh pretext for occupying the Ruhr; for the aim of this party is not resettlement, not even reparations, but the total destruction of the German Reich. True or not, no other explanation has been advanced that fits the facts; and, as for the dispute itself, Mr. Lloyd George was probably right when he said that in this matter he has behind him the public opinion of every civilized country in the world. It looks as if the French chauvinists and their Polish protégés have gone a stage too far. In his recent speech to the Deputies, M. Briand has read them a lesson that they will not forget and may not easily forgive.

THE MANCHESTER GUARDIAN celebrates its centenary this year. No English newspaper has quite the literary charm of the *Guardian*, and none carries, in spite of its limited circulation, quite so much political weight. The literary quality can be traced to the pleasant foible of the proprietor who insists that practically none but university graduates shall be on its staff. C. P. Scott likes the Oxford "Greats" man. There is a legend that the paper once had on its staff seven fellows of colleges in Oxford, but the story is probably apocryphal. Be that as it may, the best liberal thought of England is expressed in the best literary style in the pages of the *Guardian*. Its political influence is due to its sterling honesty and fearlessness. The *Manchester Guardian* supported Free Trade when Free Trade was far from popular. It supported Lloyd George and the Boers in the Boer War, although its policy caused the circulation, always to be reckoned in tens rather than hundreds of thousands, to sink below ten thousand. In later times it has had the temerity to advocate friendship with Sinn Feiners and with Bolsheviks. Fearlessness and honesty has paid the *Guardian*, as it pays any newspaper in the long run. "What Manchester thinks to-day England thinks to-morrow" is truer than many Canadians would suspect, simply because of the sanity of outlook of the *Guardian*. Some features of the *Guardian* like the Miscellany Column are unique. The column is contributed locally and the best of the stories floating around the

city are recorded in it. If the *Guardian* undertakes to publish photographic illustrations, or a History of the War, or a Weekly Edition, one may be sure that each of the jobs is done just about as well as it could be. Among the well known names of its efficient staff are to be found those of C. E. Montague, S. K. Ratcliffe and Ernest Newman, while practically every writer of note in the Anglo-Saxon world has contributed to its pages.

RECENT controversies have made conspicuous certain defects in the overseas correspondence published in our own press. The coal strike in England is an event of the utmost importance to Canadian as well as to British industry. There has been no peace in the British coal areas for many years. The men are profoundly dissatisfied with a system in which the direction of the whole industry is ordinarily vested in the holders of mining stock. The miners insist that they shall share control of it. Probably there will be no peace at the mines till the Sankey Report is adopted. In any case a permanent solution of the coal controversy in England may indicate the direction of social evolution generally for many years to come. Since this is so, we may well ask our newspapers to give impartial and complete accounts of the dispute. Our own industrial future depends no less on knowledge, than on the good feeling which is the basis of community. But those readers who supposed that the Press would supply them with what they needed have been continuously disappointed. Correspondents in England cabled the strike news to their papers—dwelt on its importance—dilated on the woes of the householder—congratulated themselves in a paragraph or two on knowing so much more about it than their fellow men—and ended their despatches. Readers were obliged to take on trust the statement that the correspondents knew so much; for if they did they kept their knowledge to themselves. We question if the ordinary Canadian workman or employer has any real idea of the issues involved in the coal strike, of the many plans for nationalization, partial or complete, or of the possibilities. But if Canadians do not know the facts of the case, they have at least a right to know them; and they may legitimately ask why the Press cannot provide itself with correspondents, who will divulge as well as gather news.

A GREAT new industry has sprung up in our midst. It is a modest industry, shrinking from the limelight of advertisement, making no boast of its gourd-like growth, never calling upon the public to witness its methods or results. Yet it must be an industry of considerable importance, for it has agencies wherever the wheels of industry go round; it must render valuable service, for it enjoys the patronage of many of the greatest corporations; it may even be a "key-industry," for some of its employees were in the U. S. exempted from the draft on grounds of national service; and it is certainly profitable, for a single organization—one out of many—paid in one year an income tax of $258,000. The industry in question is that of the "labour spy," whose workings have been revealed in one of the most unhappily significant investigations of the times, made on behalf of the Professor of Social Ethics at Harvard University and recently published as a series of articles in *The New Republic*. The investigation, which is well-documented, shows that the spy business is a most curious as well as pernicious parasite on the industrial community. It lives to "promote industrial harmony," which it does by creating universal suspicion. It believes strongly in the "make-work" principle. One detective, for example, buys up a labour paper in Columbus to foster the street railway strike he is employed to break, in order no doubt to make the job last out. Another is found working with great catholicity for employer and miner in the same strike. A common principle appears to be the stirring up of bad feeling wherever it can be made to pay. That any intelligent employer should resort to the services of the mean, uneducated, back-biting parasites of this class seems incredible. The whole system is a bastard progeny of folly and a belated individualism. We sincerely hope that the revelations now afforded of its working will bring a realization of the ominous stupidity of the business, and that Canadian employers will be slow in future to follow the bad precedent set in this respect by their fellows across the line.

A RECENT Act of the California Assembly, which is likely to be copied elsewhere, embodies the general condemnation in an eminently practical form. One of its provisions (we quote from *The New Republic*) expressly states that "Any person or corporation who shall employ any other person for the purpose of joining any union of working men to secure knowledge of their activities on trade-union matters, or to foment strife among the members, or to agitate them to commit offences against the public peace, shall be guilty of a misdemeanour," which is punishable by a fine of $250, or three months imprisonment, or both. Doubtless the clause as it stands is capable of evasion: but it is a promise that this evil will receive attention. In Canada, we believe that legislation against the "labour spy," whether federal or provincial, would in any case be valid. Probably the demand for such legislation will express itself earlier in the provincial field, than in the federal. We shall in any case be wise to deal in good time with an evil which if left unchecked can only poison the relations between workmen and employers.

THE sons of a modern generation, doubtless remembering the occasion when Joshua bade the sun

stand still in the Valley of Aijalon, have decided once more to advance the clock: and daylight saving is again upon us. For the average man the difference is but small, but for the mother and children it is a more serious question, especially when the children are of school age. It is difficult enough under ordinary circumstances to get children to bed and to sleep on the warm summer evenings: but when the evenings are lengthened by an hour and the unhappy little creatures lie awake and listen to the joyous shrieks of their more fortunate brethren, it naturally becomes much more difficult. If we must have daylight saving (and there is much to be said in favour of it), why cannot school time be advanced an hour, to give the school children an opportunity of making up in the morning the sleep which they lose at night? Lessons from 10 o'clock to 1, and from 2.30 to 5 p.m. would surely be an improvement upon the present system. We should be glad to hear from parents what they think of this suggestion.

ONCE more the medicine man is among us, and the modern rain-maker, with a splendid contempt for all legislative decrees that this country shall be dry, is calling down copious streams of moisture from the sky upon the arid plains of Alberta. It is unfortunate that the magician seems unable to effect his miracles unless the sky is cloudy, but doubtless he will soon succeed in perfecting his apparatus and bringing rain from a cloudless sky. Whether by reversing his gear he will be able to make the sun shine upon the just and the unjust, though a difficult question, "is not beyond conjecture." In the meantime we must live in hope that the Deluge of Noah will not be repeated on the plains of Western Canada. We understand that the farmers of Alberta are already a little anxious and are now imploring the rain-maker to give them a brief lull for seeding. It would indeed be a pity if the zealous philanthropist should flood the country through excess of zeal.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications, Contributions, Subscriptions, Etc., should be mailed to that address.

The Editors are always glad to receive Articles, Literary Sketches, Verses, etc., but regret that they are, at present, unable to pay contributors.

The Business Manager will be pleased to send sample copies of this number to persons whose names and addresses are forwarded by *bona-fide* subscribers. Complaints have been received from subscribers whose copies were lost in the mails. All such should at once notify the Postal Authorities. It is now impossible to supply back numbers earlier than January.

The Genesis of the United Farmers

"It has been the immemorial custom of the Canadian Farmer to put on what is called a poor mouth, and to represent himself in season and out of season as the long-suffering goat of the body politic. . . . At the present moment the farmer is engaged in a political movement designed to free him from the necessity of paying customs taxes. . . . Returns show that in 1918, out of a total of $62,687,258.02 collected under the Income War Tax Act, the farmers contributed the imposing sum of $957,980.27. . . . Motor cars have been purchased and other usually reliable manifestations have given the lamentations of the farmer a hollow ring. . . . It is perhaps unnecessary to say that the success of the farmer in evading his share of taxation increases the burden which other classes must bear.'

THE above quotations are selected from the editorial columns of one of our leading Canadian journals. They give expression to views widely held concerning the farmer and his efforts. One wonders if it ever occurs to those who hold such views to ask whether the facts concealed in the statements quoted might not bear an altogether different construction.

The year 1918 was one of the most favourable years that agriculture has ever experienced, yet few farmers earned enough to pay income taxes under the law, in spite of the fact that they toiled on an average twelve hours a day. Although such enlightening figures were not available until last year the tiller of the soil has felt that somehow he and his wife were not receiving just recompense for their labour. He complained, but he worked on and as he worked on he became more restive. Phrases such as "poor mouth" did not tend to soothe his feelings, and when the great delegation to Ottawa in 1917 was met with closed doors, his resentment was fanned to a white heat.

Immediately, what the farmer leaders had already seen began to engage the attention of the rank and file. For the last ten years the rural population had steadily declined, great areas were being turned to pasture, and the sons and daughters of the land were flocking to the city. In the absence of young folk and with the declining population community spirit and social intercourse sank to a low ebb. Along with this there had developed a strange lack of interest in public matters and a tendency for each farmer to confine his attention to the affairs of his own farm. There was scarcely a farmer sitting around the board in any of the Councils of the land above that of the local municipality. These were the actual conditions. The average farmer had not bothered much about them, but when he did waken up, what he learned came to him with somewhat of a shock.

Immediately he began to connect these discoveries with his grievances, in the relationship of cause and effect. It had been his belief that the fiscal policy of the Dominion operated immediately to his disadvantage. In the urban centres he had seen the

market for his products frequently so glutted or manipulated that he could not afford to produce for it, while at the same time foreign products were coming in to satisfy the demand, and he concluded that the men to whom he had left all marketing arrangements had made a miserable failure of their undertaking. Then the educational system was so ordered that none but the well-to-do farm boy could take advantage of the higher instruction with any hope of returning to the farm, since by the time he had completed his course he had exhausted his capital and must turn to some occupation requiring little money at the start. Even the primary school had been very little changed for the last forty years and what change there had taken place seemed to many to be for the worse rather than for the better. Suddenly, almost, the farmer saw these as the result of his failure to take an active interest in public affairs.

Then, for the remedy. How were manufacturers able to maintain the tariff in the face of such stout opposition as was offered in 1911? How were professional men able to lay down a standard fee for services rendered? How could financial institutions operate so nicely under a uniform policy? Obviously it was through organization, purely class organizations at that. Then the farmer must have a class organization too. Only those who know rural conditions and who understand something of the farmer's habit of thought have any idea what a stupendous undertaking it was to form an independent association of farmers, but the farmer believed that it had to be done, and now it is an accomplished fact.

In the fifteen hundred branches scattered all over the Province of Ontario the United Farmers meet fortnightly to conduct business and to discuss public matters. Questions of the day are keenly debated, often with the assistance of material supplied from Head Office. When one considers how large a place legislation plays in the regulation of business, in shaping the fiscal policy, in the method of raising revenue, and in ordering the educational system, he needs no extended explanation as to why the organized farmers became interested in politics. Their discussions were neither learned nor profound, but they bore directly on questions of legislation and administration.

In developing their organization the farmers copied a feature from the association of manufacturers—a feature which had led to much confusion of thought, both within and without their ranks. The manufacturers frankly admit that their organization exists primarily for making the will of manufacturers effective in legislation and administration. From a perusal of the Constitution and By-laws of the United Farmers it seems evident that at first the farmers scarcely thought of politics, and certainly not beyond making their wants known through established channels; but as their association grew in experience they were forced to deviate somewhat from their projected path. They found that mere petitions were not very effective. They recalled that when the Laurier régime was ushered in on a low tariff policy in '96 the promised reform never developed, They remembered that the Liberal naval policy of 1911 was rejected at the polls only to be endorsed in substance shortly afterwards by the victorious party. They saw that the reins of government were given into the hands of urban representatives who naturally legislated in their own immediate interests. They lost faith in the old political parties and they took independent action.

Now electors are accustomed to think in terms of the old political organizations and consequently it is not surprising that from all sides the United Farmers are regarded purely as a political party. Because of this they are likely to suffer somewhat, for no field is more perilous to tread than the field of public service. But in the turmoil of political onslaughts let no one overlook the twenty million dollars worth of business done in the clubs last year, the many new assembly halls erected in newly acquired athletic fields, the hundreds of successful picnics held and many kindred activities. Here is the main business of the U.F.O.

If one keeps these activities in mind and the philosophy of the state which they presuppose he is not likely to be misled by a pamphlet such as that recently published by the Canadian Reconstruction Association entitled, "The Non-Partisan League of North Dakota, a Study of Class War and Its Disastrous Consequences." It is likely to catch the unwary and the man who is prejudiced in favour of its implied contentions, but the thinking man will ask what can be the reason for such a publication emanating from such a source. Scarcely any one in Ontario is interested in the Non-Partisan League. In the West the Non-Partisan League has been killed effectively, and the United Farmers were foremost at the killing. Therefore, the farmers do not need to be warned against a threatened danger, nor do manufacturers need to be set on their guard against farmers. It is a deliberate and subtle play upon public psychology. The suggestion is: The agrarian class movement has been tried out in North Dakota and has been disastrous. See, you farmers of Canada, where you are heading. Beware! You have neither the experience nor the brains.

To see the utter folly of the comparison and the inference, one has only to contemplate the two-year record of the farmer-labour Government of Ontario. Farmers of Canada are not socialists, nor do they seek to attain their ends primarily through state machinery, nor is politics their first and chief interest.

They have fastened on another method, namely, co-operation, and this is full of menace to many business interests who, to-day, are operating in more or less of a preserve. Happily they have not their

eyes fixed for guidance upon an experiment that has ended with "disastrous consequences." Co-operation in Great Britain, an old country, and in New Zealand, a new country, has met with astounding success. Co-operation has met with serious reverses in America, but still it survives and with experience grows in strength. Its genius is such that "it will not down." It is full of menace to certain features in the present order of society, where the under dog is so mercilessly exploited, because it involves an active campaign of education and the bringing to light of information which is now suppressed. It is full of hope for the future because it depends for its success upon enlightened action, each individual bringing to the assistance of his fellows whatever means or talent he may possess. This is vastly different from what we have been accustomed to, namely, a magnified game of cock-on-the-rock, where the strong man thrusts the weak man off, with such a resultant dust of fiscal laws and administrative confusion that he has little difficulty in retaining his vantage ground. Nor is it a socialistic machine which would hedge men in with regulations, making it impossible for them to go astray. Rather for the whip of authority it substitutes the hand of fellowship.

Such is the vision which the farmers have caught; such are the methods by which they would follow it. In its pursuit they stumble over countless obstacles both natural and artificial, and in the turmoil the vision grows dim, but let no man mistake confusion for hesitation. The vision abides and periodically becomes clearer. Privilege calls their progress class war. Well—let us have more of such wars.

M. H. STAPLES.

Social Reform and the Methodist Church

THE Toronto Methodist ministers adopted at a recent meeting a declaration of their attitude toward industrial organization. The history of this declaration leaves no doubt of its significance if only as a straw indicating a drift of thoughtful opinion.

In October, 1918, the Methodist General Conference, after the most thorough deliberation in two large committees, adopted almost unanimously certain declarations concerning the industrial order. The resolutions were challenged on the floor in the most vigorous manner, and the notable fact was that the longer discussion proceeded the greater was the unanimity. There is no reason to believe that the presence of other people or the extension of debate for another day would have altered the proportions of the verdict. But among those who were not present and who had not shared in the deliberation nor realized the care given to the preparation of the manifesto there was surprise. For the moment little hostile action was taken, for many hoped that, like some other statements, this would be a dead letter. The committee to whom the matter was assigned, however, took its work seriously and arranged for quiet educational work on the lines laid down. Thereupon angry resentment was expressed from persons influential in finance and manufacture. Indeed there was more resentment than study. The most perverse misrepresentations were indulged in, and the most strenuous efforts made to compel the church and its officials to desist from the programme.

But calmer thought and more fair-minded consideration followed; and among the ministers who had been most severe in criticism there arose a recognition that there must be something more than negation. Towards the end of 1920 the Toronto ministers, therefore, gave several weeks to the matter and then appointed a committee comprising three of the chief opponents of the Hamilton Declaration, two members of the original committee, and two other members. It looked hopeless—such a committee could never say anything except the most empty platitudes. But the committee met and met again, for whole mornings and for several weeks. As soon as sparring for position was over the situation was reviewed in detail, and the result was a declaration which in no important detail varies from the Hamilton Declaration. This was printed and given to every minister two weeks before its adoption was proposed. Then, after careful review, it was adopted unanimously by that large body of most conservative opinion. Not only was the adoption formally unanimous, but the actual temper of the ministers was clearly changed from that somewhat scornful disposition which had sometimes been exhibited to the whole effort to christianize industry.

The declaration thus adopted opens with a recognition that both Christianity and Democracy have reached such a stage of development as to demand some adjustments in social organization to allow of the realization of their aims. Inconsiderate demands for violent change and resistance to just and necessary adjustment are alike deprecated. Nor is it possible for the wisest to foresee the precise form which a more developed order will assume. Certain factors, however, cannot be excluded.

"Human welfare must become the supreme and universal objective of commerce and industry." Therefore "just and proper livelihood for all engaged should be secured." Here is something fundamental. "Just and proper livelihood" is no longer to be a matter subject to the chance of supply and demand, but it is to be "secured." And it is to be secured in the effort to make both commerce and industry a ministry to "human welfare." This definitely reasserts what the Hamilton Declaration recognized as demanded by most of the movements confronting the

church—the dominance of the spirit of co-operation to serve the community, rather than the competitive effort to acquire private gain.

The application of the Christian idea of brotherhood still more clearly demands the rule of the co-operative spirit as a substitute for "destructive competition." But it also is said to demand the conservation of natural resources so as to "serve most effectively the common good."

The democratic principle to which all political bodies render lip service was asserted as the inevitable principle in industrial organization. "There should be the frankest recognition of the workers' right to organize and to act through their chosen representatives and the right of such representation in the government of the industry as may be in harmony with the just interests of all concerned." This right to collective organization and representation is demanded in the interest of the workers' self respect, the loss of which has "disastrously impaired" modern industry.

The committee set forth three desiderata for the church in this situation:

(1) Knowledge, developed through group discussion, and the church is asked to promote such groups. In adopting this suggestion the committee seems to recognize that the church may minister more effectively through the discussion group than through the minister speaking from the isolation of the pulpit. Much of the misunderstanding which previously arose was due to the failure to see that the pulpit is not the one or only means by which the church, as a body of Christian people, may function. The pulpit is not the private property of the pastor but is held by him in trust for the whole church whose mouth-piece he is to that particular congregation.

(2) The second element demanded is complete freedom for the expression "of all views consistent with Christian principles." This freedom is especially the care of a religion which has so largely been a story of men who "broke new trails."

(3) The third element is the right temper—the "spirit of devotion to the common good."

In producing these essential elements the task of "all that love our church" is to devote sympathetic and comprehensive study to world movements, and the significance of religion for the aspirations of men for higher standards of life and improved industrial status. The Bible is to be studied afresh to discover the process of the past, for the social foundations of the church and of Christianity must be known if the present-day church can give adequate guidance. But the church must also courageously set to work to aid in the development of that new order where character will count higher than chattels, and human beings are of supremely greater value than machinery.

Now the reading of this document serves to make clear that the ministers do not regard the work of the church as merely the preaching from the pulpit. The ministers call on the rank and file of church members to co-operate in creating the new world of thought and action. It is clear that those were mistaken who prematurely demanded that the pulpit be silent unless it spoke in accord with the *status quo*. To call the church to action is not the same thing as to demand that the pulpit be the organ of propaganda for a specific programme. Most of those who have been intimately associated with the Methodist Declarations are pronounced in opposition to identifying the mission of the church with some passing phases of economic doctrine. It is futile to emancipate the gospel from subservience to capitalism if we make it subservient to some other equally temporary phases of development. The organization of labour churches in the West corresponded to the demand in Toronto for pulpits silent except on behalf of capitalism.

But this in no way indicates that the church is to be silent. The Declaration of the General Conference does not impose on every member and minister the obligation to adopt forthwith the view of life there set forth. But it does involve that no minister shall be subject to ecclesiastical displeasure for seeking to convey to his people the great testimony of the living church concerning Christian life in relation to industry.

But there are other forms of pressure. The world of finance has not been entirely passive in presence of the awakening of the social conscience of the churches. The utterances of the Canadian Methodist Church are but slightly different from those of the War Committee of the Catholic Bishops of the United States, or the Fifth Committee of the Anglican Archbishops. They may be said to lag behind the declarations of the great Quaker Employers of England who, without the aid of organized labour, demanded of themselves adjustments which go beyond the immediate demands of the Methodists. In the United States the churches have formed two bodies, the Federal Council and the Inter-Church Movement. When the latter proceeded to investigate the Steel Strike and the press campaign by which public opinion was turned against the steel workers, deep resentment was manifested. The whole story has not yet been told, but the recent circular of the Steel Kings of Pittsburg admits their activity in the steps which cut off financial supplies from the Inter-Church Movement.

The next step was to destroy other Christian bodies if they sought to Christianize industry. Most of the great church bodies have adopted what is known as the "social creed of the churches" and among these bodies must be reckoned Young Women's Christian Association. Thereon the employers of Pittsburg again sent out a circular inviting a boycott of the Y.W.C.A. until it should drop the industrial programme, "which lends encouragement to what

every man conversant with industrial problems knows to be destructive to the very basis of America's progress and civilization." Among these fundamental evils which threaten the basis of civilization are "collective bargaining," "a share in shop control and management by the workers," "protection of workers from enforced unemployment," "government labour exchanges," and "experiments in co-operative ownership." If these are a menace to the basis of our civilization then our civilization is indeed in danger. For all these elements are part of the British governmental system and most of them are approved by all serious students of the industrial problem.

This attack on the Y.W.C.A. had a sequel when the directors of that body invited the directors of the opposing body to stand on their carpet. The capable women were proved by no means inadequate to the task and the attack sought a new objective. The Federal Council was selected and a bold attack was planned. But a few days before this came off the Federal Council issued a statement showing that fabricated documents were being used, to which the signature of their secretary was being attached, and that on the basis of these fabrications the effort to assail the Federal Council before public opinion rested. The great offensive fizzled out the next week.

This narrative has great significance for all lovers of order. Employing interests are by no means united in the tactics described. In Canada the repressive efforts were never the expression of a fully organized body. They were violent enough but represented individual or group action. Certain efforts to organize pressure upon the churches in connection with the Forward Movement met successful resistance from within the employing and financial class. The day has not come yet when we may expect certain churches to welcome as their pastors men of recognized ability to interpret the great spiritual significance of the working-class aspirations. But there is no reason to believe that by any chance the hands of the clock may be turned back, or that the overwhelming preponderance of thoughtful opinion will turn away from the effort to interpret Christianity in terms of the industrial and commercial order. And this in turn demands that those "terms" be such as will express a Christian conception of these aspects of life.

This is not the time for drastic changes. But it is certainly not the time for refusal to adjust our industrial system so that it shall meet the needs of the people. Christianity cannot identify its programme with that of any class. But, on the other hand, it cannot be silent whenever the demands of a Christian community happen to coincide with the demands of organized labour. Irritating and inflammatory language is culpable at such a time, but most dangerous of all is the demand that we revert to standards which even in pre-war days intelligent people were outgrowing.

ERNEST THOMAS.

The Gentle Art of Map-Making*

MAN is continually changing the world on which he lives. He builds cities upon it and railway lines; he bridges its rivers and chasms, and digs into it for useful and precious metals. Ambitious nationalities and races quarrel for their respective shares of its surface, and there are frequent changes in political boundaries. Maps are at the same time a vivid record of these changes, and a means of relating them to one another. They bring into perspective the geographical background of history. Thus, while the contents of the physical and historical maps of the world remain fairly constant, the political and economic maps are ever changing. All maps are necessarily somewhat behind the times; it is, nevertheless, the business of the map-maker to keep his wares as up-to-date as possible. A frequent revision of details is all that is generally needed, but at the end of the Great War the atlases of the world suddenly became hopelessly out-of-date. Many new atlases were prepared, among them the one under review.

In the *New-World Atlas* the excellent device has been adopted of printing the maps on loose leaves with the index of places named on the back. As a map becomes out-of-date it need not be discarded, but the new map can be added, thus making the older nearby map historical. It is during the next two years that political boundaries will change most rapidly, and it is for that space of time that the publishers guarantee to supply new maps free.

A serious attempt has been made by the publishers to make their Atlas comprehensive. There are over one hundred maps printed on sheets measuring 14″ x 20″. Of these, 56 maps show physical and economic features, while 46 are historical. Among the latter are maps showing the great empires of ancient times, historical cities, ancient trade routes, voyages of discovery and the political divisions of Europe at different dates.

The Atlas is essentially a work of reference and it is as a work of reference that it must be judged. For this purpose it must be clear, accurate and handy. That it is handy there can be no doubt. The indexes at the back of each map ensures this. But its claims to clearness and accuracy are more dubious. For some reason or other maps printed by the wax process (the one used in this case) never seem to stand out so sharply as those which are lithographed. Our *Atlas of Canada, 1915*, for example, when compared with this *New-World Atlas* puts it quite in the shade. The colour printing in the *Atlas of Canada* is most accurately done; there is never the slightest overlapping of the bounding lines. In the *New-World Atlas* the misplacement of the colours is often as much as $\frac{1}{16}$″ giving the maps a curiously blurred appearance.

The New-World Loose-Leaf Atlas. Hertel-Harshman Co., Toronto. Price, $50

But a final test in a reference atlas is that of accuracy. If it passes this test the other defects may be regarded as minor. In order to test the accuracy of the Atlas under review one asked the following crucial question. "How does it report (*a*) the Antarctic Ocean, (*b*) the Canadian National Railways, (*c*) the Northwest Territories, (*d*) German East Africa, (*e*) Kitchener, and (*f*) the place names of Derbyshire (the reviewer's native county)?" On one map the Antarctic Ocean is shown; on another it is designated "The Antarctic Ocean or South Polar Sea." Neither of these descriptions is accurate, for the Antarctic Ocean is non-existent, the Antarctic Continent taking its place. The Grand Trunk Pacific and the National Transcontinental Railways are now the Canadian National Railways. In the Atlas they are marked by their old names. In one map the Northwest Territories are correctly divided into the Districts of Mackenzie, Keewatin and Franklin, but in all others the older name is retained. German East Africa is now officially Tanganika. In this case one finds the word German eliminated and East Africa allowed, incorrectly, to remain. Kitchener, in Ontario, retains its ancient name of Berlin. In Derbyshire the village of Dove Holes, north of Buxton, is labelled Dovedale—a name which should be reserved for a beautiful valley to the south of Buxton. Curiously enough neither Dovedale nor Dove Holes is printed in the index, though this was the only name omitted out of fifty names tested at random in this way. Other errors or defects one notes in passing are Sea Fell Pikes for Scafell Pike, Elsinore printed in the Anglicized form on one map and in the Danish form, Helsingor, on another. Further, how many readers would recognize Jerusalem in El Kuds, the River Jordan in Nahr Esh Sheriah, and Damascus in Dimeshk Esh Shem? Official Anglicized names have now been given to the main places of the earth. These should be used in all new Canadian atlases if only for the sake of uniformity. The above may seem picayune criticisms, but after all, a new atlas should be up-to-date. One recognizes that the expense of keeping maps up-to-date is very great. For example, a change of name from Northwest Territories to Mackenzie, Keewatin and Franklin makes all older maps of Canada obsolete. But of a $50 atlas great things are expected.

The American origin and bias of the Atlas is shown in the legend of the "Historical Map of the Western Front." There one reads: "*The Great Decisive Struggle.*—In the spring of 1918 American troops became a factor in the war. On March 20, 1918, the great German drive began, piercing the British and French lines and surging forward to the red line as indicated on the map. This offensive was finally stopped by the American Marines and other American troops at Chateau Thierry. Then began the final phase of the War."

The plans of the *New-World Atlas* were well conceived. It is a thousand pities the work has been so badly executed. The publishers must have sunk much money in producing what can only be honestly described as a second-rate atlas. It is to be hoped that in a new edition the various defects will be remedied.

PETER SANDIFORD.

The Woman Expert

THERE was once a grocer who was employed to distribute relief because he had failed in the grocery business. Since then the expert social worker has emerged. No longer would such a recommendation as the following be possible:

"You ask me," wrote a clergyman, "what qualifications Miss —— has for the position of agent in the Charity Organization Society. She is a most estimable lady and the sole support of a widowed mother. It would be a real charity to give her a place."

This was written before social work was organized and had received the status of a profession. Now it is realized that the deserving person is the efficient person—not the one who needs the position, but the one whom the position needs.

In other professions there is the same demand for the efficient worker. The untrained worker always has been, and always will be, except in times of phenomenal business activity like war time, a drug on the market. On the other hand, even during an industrial depression like the present, one finds, along with untrained workers and beginners of all kinds who are unable to get positions, a scarcity of highly-trained people for advanced positions. The situation in the United States has been described by Miss Rachel Pflamm of the Bureau of Occupations for trained women in Philadelphia.*

"The great demand throughout the United States," says Miss Pflamm, "is for experts of all kinds—real experts. The woman able to speak and act with authority on any subject under the sun commands a position almost anywhere she may care to live. It is no exaggeration to say that employers are clamouring for her. New York is getting daily calls from San Francisco for women to take charge of departments in department stores, to write and to sell advertising, and for a long list of other positions. In the bureau we are in direct touch only with the demand for women capable of earning salaries of four thousand dollars to five thousand dollars and less, and that is far greater than the supply. But in the fields paying still higher salaries the disproportion between supply and demand is still greater. We get the calls from the employers, but rarely the applications of the

*Quoted in "The Green Book," May, 1921

women. For by the time a woman's ability carries her above the five thousand dollar mark she doesn't need the help of any organization; offers come to her unsolicited in every day's mail."

In Canada this is being recognized and women are being trained. The remarkable growth in the number of women who are taking professional training is neither more nor less than a sign of the times. It is proof that women, like men, have answered the call of modern business and professional life, which, with the closer organization of society, demands a better quality of trained workers. Our business is rapidly broadening and becoming international as well as national, the scope of professional and business life is widening and the capacity of the worker must keep pace with this enlarged sphere. The days of the amateur are gone. The days of the woman worker who is a dabbler are ended. Women are everywhere holding positions in competition with men but they can neither claim them fairly nor hold them unless they have equal qualifications and of these the most important is training. Women are, therefore, taking training. Three lines in which the increase of women students has been very great are social service, medicine and law.

There are at present two schools for social work in Canada, one at the University of Toronto and one at McGill University. They are both two year courses. The course in Toronto was organized in 1914 and had a graduating class of ten at the end of its first year. This year there are three hundred and sixty-six students registered, of whom sixty are full-time students. The social service course at McGill was organized in 1918, and nine students received certificates at the end of the first year. During 1920-21 twelve students took the full course and one hundred and four registered as partial students. The University of British Columbia is at present considering the organization of a course. The Winnipeg training is given by the Social Welfare Commission. New workers are put on a probation period of one year, during which time they receive a salary on which they can live, a minimum of $75 per month for the first six months and $80 for the second six months.

The number of women in medicine and law also shows a remarkable increase. Previous to 1916 the women who had graduated from the law school in Ontario and practised law were few in number. In 1916 one woman was admitted to the bar in Ontario and in 1920 the number had increased to six. In the graduating class of 1921 at Osgoode Hall there are ten women and the total number of women undergraduates is sixteen. In medicine the number of women undergraduates has more than doubled in the last four years, rising from thirty-nine in 1917 to eighty-seven in 1921.

Other fields for which women are taking training in increasing numbers are employment work in department stores and factories, nursing and secretarial work. There is as yet no training for employment work in Canada, but opportunities for trained workers are gradually increasing and there is a growing demand that such a course be established.

The fact that women are more and more taking training with a view to becoming expert in special lines of work is evidence of a desire to satisfy that "instinct of workmanship" of which Veblen writes, with some definite and effective work.

Any one who upholds training for women, whether they are industrial or professional workers, is at once met with the objection: "But women are not permanent; they marry and give up their positions." This is indisputable, but, on the other hand, there is an increasing tendency among women who are ambitious and fond of the career which they have chosen, to try to find some solution to this particular problem. Several graduates of Canadian universities are at present practising law or medicine in partnership with their husbands. Their experience, however, leaves unsolved the difficulties of those for whom an interruption of their career would mean a fatal loss of business connection or technical skill. Whatever one's views as to the compatibility of a career and marriage, one is apt to receive rather a shock at the zeal of the munition worker who, during the war, asked at an employment bureau for night work because "she was going to be married the next week and didn't want to take a day off."

ELSINORE MACPHERSON.

Correspondence

THE CANADIAN FORUM *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents.*

To the Editor of THE CANADIAN FORUM

SIR:

In your April issue you comment on Mr. W. L. Grant's letter to the effect that if "the British Empire League of Canada" is a trade-name of advertising purposes "the Empire has already become a travesty" and could with advantage be exchanged for the "Empire" music-hall. I confess to no interest in the last institution, to very little in the first, but to a great deal in the British Empire, and I should be obliged if you would elucidate your comment. Does it mean anything at all, or is it merely the easy editorial game of being superior to one's correspondents? I fail to understand how the "British Empire League of Canada" can have any bearing on the rather important matter of whether the Empire is a travesty

or not, and should be glad of a short explanation of cause and effect. Your reply to Mr. Grant struck me as cheap, facile and inconsequential; it was certainly not argument.

Yours, etc.,

E. M. Wrong.

7 Northmoor Road,
Oxford.
May 8, 1921.

[Mr. Grant's sole apology in these columns for the British Empire League of Canada was that its title was a trade name. Our contention is that the aims and objects of the League are utterly repugnant to a large body of Canadians devoted to the ideals which they have always considered inherent in the Empire. If the title of the League is a trade name, they have the humiliation of seeing the Empire become a travestry, that is to say, a serious thing made ridiculous, owing to its name being used for advertising purposes by a League which makes a burlesque of those ideals. If our application of the word "travesty" offends, we apologize as writers of English, but not as critics of political movements. Ed.]

We withhold a letter from "Loyal Canadienne," who neglected to send with her letter a statement of her identity. Anonymous letters can only be published, when the name and address of the wirter have been communicated privately to this office.

Town Planning

UNHAPPY words! maladroit conjunction! Attempt to express that which has no entity! For how are the multiple implications of those two words together to be considered as an It? And yet they are thought of as an It, a fearsome thing, compact of secret knowledge, social tyranny and Utopian results. It has Its apostles and Its propaganda—almost Its priesthood. In France It is more than a pronoun. It is an Ism. *Urbanisme* chant Its votaries. In Germany they say *Städtebau*—City Building. Let us here be content with "It," or, more simply, the *Prescription - of - conformation - together - with - control - of - development - of - urban - agglomerations.*

For that is all it amounts to. We are in the position in our cities of a man who started housekeeping in a shack, added a kitchen, then a parlour, then a porch, then a dining room, then a bedroom, then another, thought it would be as well to have a staircase and now finds he would like a drawing room and a corridor and wishes he had planned the whole thing before he began. Emitting groans, which ought to warn his neighbours, he calls in a house-planner. This gentleman advises him that his case is hopeless, but that something might be done by gutting out the original shack, wherein the owner's tenderest memories are cushioned.

Town Patching or City Surgery would be better names than Town Planning. When a place has shrunken lungs, congested arteries, a lopsided stomach, colitis and half a kidney, that place is sick. Add sprawling ill-controlled limbs, offensive breath and a raucous voice and you get a fair picture of the "Modern" City. Mention also an ugly face, in this case certainly the mirror of the soul.

The City Surgeon and Town Patcher can do something to help. They have studied—or are supposed to have studied—the anatomy of towns. They know where the City gardens and boulevards should be, where the parks and pleasant corners ought to be found. They know how the through roads should feed the small roads, each and all designed for the traffic they are to carry. To know what that traffic is they must know where the various parts and organs of the city are located, where the civic centre, where the offices, where the factories and warehouses, where the houses, where the homes. They delight equally in the solid symmetry of the City Gate (often called the Central Station) and the fair ordered fitness of sewage disposal and surface drainage, which graces a town as does frequent ablution the freshest face. They will show why there are so many street accidents at such and such a point and by means of little dots on a map make it clear that so many poor citizens' have thirty-five minutes to walk before they can arrive at a tolerable playground. (Is there any human right more deeply rooted in the nature of things than the right of children to play?) All these things, and many more, they will show, saying: Here we must cut and carve and here build and patch. But what of the patient? Will he submit? The process is costly and painful. Only the wisest and most courageous cities will consent to undergo it.

And yet every citizen is a potential planner. If he goes by street car he will have ideas as to how they *ought* to run; if he owns an auto he will explain that a 70 ft. street, instead of the customary 66, would just allow his flivver to pass between the street car and the the butcher's cart standing by the sidewalk. If he owns a house he will be a strong upholder of "zoning," firmly convinced that no factory ought to be erected near it. The factory owner will be equally strong; why should he pay for road making and sewage service suitable to a residential district? The City sewage engineer will wonder whatever his predecessor can have been thinking about and the City architect will grow gray listening to explanations of what the building by-laws really ought to be like.

So it goes on. All the city servants doing their human best, but in the darkness, without a plan; the citizen squandering weeks of man-hours in the year in fretful inconvenience and losing "pep," mentally

and physically. It all seems to them to be just in the cussed nature of things, much as the bodily ills we now cure seemed to be, one supposes, a century or so ago. But it is not so. For now we can cure the city, more certainly than the body, of its ills.

The City is, after all, just a big living Thing, with organs, and appetites, a circulation and a sort of civic brain. Amorphous and hardly conscious as yet, for the most part, even our modern agglomerations have a sort of life. Save that they cannot move very readily, their parts may be paralleled, for our illumination, in man. But each of the particles in this multicellular organism does not realize that the comfort of other kinds of cells has its bearing on the well-being of the whole and so on its own.

Given the Will-to-Betterment in the few, however, much can be done over the inertia of the many. But that inertia must be informed. Unconscious inertia is a negative force; the inertia which knows itself, however, is, if incapable of movement, at any rate ready to be moved. In the City as elsewhere one must begin by education.

What sorts of answers would one get, from the majority of citizens, to the following questions? Supposing your city were not there, what would the ground on which it is built look like? How do the main drains of the city run? You pay in the end, more or less, for the section of street and sidewalk, power, light, drainage, cleaning and repairs opposite your lot, but who pays in the beginning and how; are you paying more than you need for what you want or less than you should for what you get? What is the annual payment anyway as compared with the rental value of your house and lot—or your office or warehouse—and how does this compare with what they pay, per yard say, in other cities? Name the rulers of your city. How many do you know by sight? (Very few.) Do you honour them? (Not particularly.) Do you pay them? (Not much!) Then why, think you, do they serve? Down which streets in your city do you ever stroll with conscious pleasure in your surroundings? What sorts of answers would one get?

Begin, as ever, with education. Begin with the child. Teach him geography from the Ward outwards—instead of from the Solar System inwards; history from to-day and the city backwards—rather than from the Creation outwards. Then let him loose on his parents and you will have "Town Planning" pretty soon. Vide Chicago.

So we come round again. When you get "It" what does "It" (or the Prescription-of-conformation-together - with - the - control - of - development - of - urban - agglomerations as aforesaid) amount to anyway?

Well, when a city has decided to sort itself out and generally take things in hand, the first step is for it to have a good look at itself as it has never looked before. If it has not already got them it makes accurate large scale maps and plans and helps these out with airplane photographs. Then on these general maps and plans it marks various things. Such as heights and levels and sewers and drains. Buildings of all kinds. What are they built of. What they are used for, what their real value is, what they pay in taxes, how high they are, how many people work or live and sleep in each of them, where they stand as to fire risks and whether or no they ought to be carefully preserved because they are old and historically interesting and because they are beautiful. Then there will be a map for parks and playgrounds and open spaces and schools, and maps for post offices and letter boxes, public libraries, fire stations, dispensaries, police stations. There will be time and frequency charts of street car and railroad systems, traffic diagrams for the streets at different times of day. Some enthusiast will mark down all the public trees—blessed possessions. In short, the City will look and see just where and how it stands, from every possible angle. That is the first step. It is called the City Survey.

The next step is to come to a series of broad decisions as to the general conformation of the city. It will in most cases be already apparent that certain activities are tending to cluster, although in a confused haphazard manner. Offices will be getting together for general convenience and shops and factories and various classes of houses. The City will control and assist this tendency. It will say: Here is the business quarter and no one save caretakers and perhaps some dwellers in hotels shall live in it. All its streets shall be completely and smoothly paved. There shall be many covered passages between the streets. Unseemly backyards shall be converted into the inner courts of great business houses, because here we will allow the maximum proportion of building on a given area. For it is in this quarter that *concentration* is needed above all things; few grown-ups sleep here and no children live here at all.

Turning to another part, towards the outskirts of the city, where there is a park, perhaps, or readily convertible ravines, it will say: Here is the place for *diffusion*, to as great a degree as is compatible with general convenience and a reasonable expenditure on "improvement." This is where the schools ought to be. There must be a local centre with a post office and a library and perhaps a theatre; certainly an assembly hall of some sort. The necessary shops are round this centre and from it there must be rapid transport to the centre of the city. We will spend as much here on trees, lawns, fountains and sandpits for the youngsters as on sidewalks and roadways—for the traffic won't be heavy.

But in the factory and warehouse quarter the traffic will be ponderous. Concrete roads and stone

here. Railway and canal facilities in profusion. Great power ducts—which need not be long because the quarter is concentrated.

The University quarter, the various kinds of residential area, the apartment and boarding-house region, the hotels and amusements portion, the civic centre, all will be similarly dealt with until the planner can prescribe the sorts of plan, the width and kind of street, the amount of garden, park or playground, which will be required.

This process of deliberate segregation is called "zoning," a word, which like so many similar attempts in our language, is an awkward and unpleasing misnomer. But by this name the process now goes and the process itself has been so well tried out and found so full of manifest and ulterior advantages that it is the established and recognized and necessary basis, after the Survey, of the City Surgeon's art.

Imagine attempting to plan anything, from a street-car system to where you will build your home, without it. The resultant plan is the plan of the City. All the rest, roads and rents, population and parks, trees and traffic can be scientifically adjusted.

The planner sets to work because he is a knowledgeable man, who has travelled and seen and studied many cities. From the Survey he knows what is; from the general or "zone" plan he knows what is to be and, as it is his business, he knows how each kind of district should be at its best. He plans accordingly.

Then the City works towards that plan, gradually, a little bit one year, quite a big piece the next perhaps. Every proposal is scrutinized in the light of that plan. Every building permit is given in accordance with that plan. Nothing at any rate is allowed which goes against the plan, even if economic and legislative means do not permit of much being done for it. Presently legislative means will be sought and obtained. The plan is public. Every citizen, whether he build a modest house or found a series of groceteria, can consult it and know where he is at and, what is also important, where he is likely to be in a score of years. He becomes an upholder of the plan. And so, eventually, it is realized, within the limits of growth of the city. Given a good plan there are almost no limits; but it is often better, frankly and courageously, to begin a new city than to stretch them.

This, then, is what the dread and mystic business of Town Planning amounts to. What at present, in many cases, just happens blindly wastefully and hideously, is done consciously and perhaps even beautifully. That is all.

ADRIAN BERRINGTON.

Anticipations

I

A flash of indigo in the air,
A streak of orange edged with black;
A blue-bird skimmed the spruces there,
A redstart followed in his track.

The light grows in the eastern skies,
The deeper shadows are withdrawn,
From marsh and swamp the vapours rise
In the cool cloisters of the dawn.

What loom, a-weaving on the land,
Such colour and fragrance fuses,
Magenta and white on moss and sand,
Azaleas, arethusas?

And higher up along the steeps,
The pink of mountain-laurel;
While lower down the yellow creeps
From celandine and sorrel.

Sea-foam or snow-drift—flecked with spurt
Of flame—upon the grasses spread?
The snow is foam of mitre-wort,
The flame—the ragged robin's red.

II

Where sips the lily of the morning dew
When light winds waken,
And gems that the violets hold
Gently are shaken
To crystalline purple and blue;
And emerald, crimson and gold
From the heart of the rose unfold,
And burst into view:

There at the dawn's first blush
The notes of a brown thrasher fall,
And the importunate voice of the thrush
Blends with a tanager's call;
There under a dragon-fly's wings
A stream carols by with sweet noise,
And slowly a daffodil swings
To a humming-bird's marvellous poise.

III

In Absentia

Erect and motionless he stood—
His face a hieroglyph of stone,
Stopped was his pulse, chilled was his blood,
And stiff each sinew, nerve and bone.

IV

The spell an instant held him, when
His veins were swept by tidal power,
And then life's threescore years and ten
Were measured by a single hour.

The world lay there beneath his eye,
The sun had left the heavens to float
A hand-breadth from him, and the sky
Was but an anchor for his boat.

Fled was the class-room's puny space,
His eye saw but a whirling disk,
That old professor's by-gone face
Looked like a shrivelled asterisk.

What chance had he now to remember
The year held months so saturnine
As ill-starred May and blank September,
With that brute tugging at his line?

The Flood-Tide

He paused a moment by the sea,
Then stooped, and with a leisured hand
He wrote in casual tracery
Her name upon the flux of sand.

The waves beat up and swiftly spun
A silver web at every stride;
He watched their long thin fingers run
The letters back into the tide.

But she had written where the tide
Could never its gray waters fling,
She watched the longest wave subside
Ere it could touch the lettering.

The Pine Tree

I saw how he would come each night and wait
An hour or more beside that broken gate,
Just stand, and stare across the road with dim
Gray eyes. Nothing was there but an old pine tree,
Cut down and sawn in lengths; and absently
He answered questions that I put to him.

He spoke as if some horrid deed were done,
Murder—no less—it seemed to be;
A week before, under his very eyes,
A gang of men had slain a tree.
The pine was planted seventy years ago
To celebrate his birth,
It had a right, he said, to live and grow,
And then into the earth,
By a mild and understanding law,
To pass with nature's quiet burial.
But they had come, those men, with axe and saw,
And killed it like a criminal,
And with the hangman's rope about its neck,
It swayed a moment, then with heavy sound,
Dropped like a felon to the ground.

E. J. PRATT.

Notes on Folk Music

RUSKIN, in speaking of Education and the relation of Music to Education says: "The finest models, that is to say, the truest, simplest, usefullest—note those epithets—they will range through all the Arts. Try them in Music, where you might think them the least applicable. I say the truest, that in which the notes most closely and faithfully express the meaning of the words, or the character of intended emotion: again the simplest, that in which the meaning and melody are attained with the fewest and most significant notes possible; and, finally, the usefullest, that music which makes the best words most beautiful, which enchants them in our memories, each with its own glory of sound, and which applies them closest to the heart at the moment we need them."

* * *

Since the Reverend Walter Broadwood, Rector of Lyme, in the County of Sussex, England, took down in the 'forties, from the local singers a few of their traditional songs, a great number have been collected all over England, and a great deal has been said about them, from the highest and most scholarly musicians to the humblest, non-academic collector—such as the street man crying his wares, or the bell-ringer ringing his changes—and no one so far has found a true definition of the word "Song," although the word in a compound form has become a subject.

* * *

British Folk-Songs, that is to say English, Scottish, Irish and Welsh have undoubtedly widely different characteristics. To take England first—although in a folk-song sense she has been discovered last—it is sometimes taken as a matter for surprise that England is more varied in folk music and traditional ballads than any other part of the British Islands. If one remembers the history of England from the Roman Conquest down through the Saxon, Norse, and Danish invasions and the Scottish and French raids, not to speak of the fishermen who for centuries have followed the herring shoals round the British and Scandinavian coasts, it should rather be no matter for surprise that in that part of the British Islands you might find the most varied collection of all folk-songs. Such in fact has been the experience of English folk-song collectors, and we have such men as Grieg, Brahms, and even Richard Strauss paying their tribute to the English folk-song. Grieg indeed expressed the view that such wonderful songs could only emanate from a very wonderful people.

* * *

The principal characteristic of the Folk-song found in England shows, that to a large extent it is a survival, consciously or unconsciously, of the ancient Greek Modes or series of scales. There are what may be described as two schools of thought in regard to

Folk-Song generally: the first, the modal, or composed according to rule; the second, the communal or accumulative school. Taking the first, there are thousands of examples of tunes in what are known as the Greek Modes, which have survived, and do still survive, to words adapted and re-adapted, pastoral, amorous, tragic, comic, and dramatic, handed down from remote times with the tunes remaining purely modal—which carries the assumption that the tunes were composed to rule and, therefore, not true folk-song in the sense that they have grown in the communal way, that is, as the common spontaneous expression of the people. It must be remembered that music and singing was in the curriculum of the ordinary education of the Greeks, and the modes were definitely chosen for certain attributes they were supposed to emulate and inspire. Along with these, however, we have masses of tunes which would seem to be what is called communal and to have grown up note by note. That this matter was considered important was testified in the Middle Ages by a certain Emperor of Japan who thought it necessary to issue a special edict forbidding certain intervals to be used in music as they had a baleful effect upon the populace.

* * *

How far the modern scale approximates to that of the ancient Japanese or to the Greeks we do not know. Had they passed through all our music and arrived at these scales as being the most beautiful or are we in fact inventing a new scale? Certainly there is not a known string instrument which coincides to these intervals. The answer may be that given by an old Sussex bell-ringer who, when asked where his repertory of upwards of a thousand songs came from replied: "Oh give us the words and God Almighty sends the tunes." We really know as much about this subject as we like to say we know about ancient history or that of the middle ages. We must concern ourselves with manners and customs handed down traditionally and whether music as an Art was born out of Folk-Song or *vice versa* need not really detain us.

* * *

Ever since Adam delved in his garden, man has turned his face toward the sun and marched westward bringing his customs and traditions with him. Folk-music, in its greatest purity is associated with the march of the Kelts. Who they are or what they were or where they came from is still doubtful; but we do know that wherever they settled they carried their songs and traditions with them. They are to be found chiefly on the Keltic fringe of Europe, Normandy, Brittany, in Scandinavia, the Orkneys, Scotland, Ireland, the Isle of Man, in Wales and Cornwall, and no better example of this clining to tradition can anywhere be found than in Canada, where I believe it is possible to find people whose names are purely Scottish, who cherish Scottish traditions, but whose language is French.

* * *

The question arises, not un-naturally, what might be the result if the Art Composers turned to this form for their inspiration. Would a great national music in the best sense arise, or are these songs just the wild flowers of the field so artless in their composition that they should be left and not, as Edmund Waller's rose, be brought forth from the retired light to the flaming sun of the town, and so wither and die?

* * *

These songs have stood the test of thousands of years and they are ever fresh as time itself is. But here we trespass upon art and artlessness and it would seem to demand another sense to say how these songs should be placed.

* * *

How much is the Parthenon worth? How much is Rheims Cathedral worth? How much are the Elgin Marbles worth? I sometimes think they may be worth all the artless lives of the slaves that went to build them, and sometimes hardly worth the life of one little child. They are dead, the child is living—these songs are dead, yet they lived in the hearts and minds of millions down the ages, and will no doubt live in the hearts and minds of the millions un-born.

CAMPBELL McINNES.

Bookworms

I FOUND this on the last page of my evening newspaper the day before yesterday, sandwiched in between accounts of bargains in Women's Vests at 45c and English Grey Enamelware (so good that you can get it practically red-hot, pour water on it, and then it won't chip) at 85c.

TUESDAY ONLY

Book-worms!

All Our Circulating Library BOOKS to be sold at 25c. Each

The cream of the popular novels for a quarter.

About 2,000 volumes.

A sale that every book-worm will turn-up to.

Making inquiries from the member of the household most likely to be able to supply reliable infor-

mation regarding the matter, I found out that the department store offering these bargains would open for business at nine o'clock in the morning. It would be better to be on hand promptly at that hour if I wished to get the pick of the two thousand volumes.

It was 8.52 when I alighted from a street car at the door of the department store. Numerous young females of varied size, shape and costume were hurrying up the side-street toward the employees' entrance. I saw no book-worms among them. However I noticed a small gathering outside one of the revolving doors and realized that these must be the animals for which I was looking. I joined the group and found myself in the company of one elderly white-haired lady; an anxious-looking mother having two girls of about ten with her; another robust female with a budding moustache and carrying a very large flowered shopping bag; one rather classy-looking member of the same sex, whom lack of familiarity with the precise terms applicable to certain garments of certain fabrics and textures prevents me from describing adequately; a man of about forty with a roll of blueprints in one hand and a morning paper (which he was reading) in the other; and a tall gentleman of austere countenance and remarkable thinness with shaggy grey hair, shaggy grey woolen suit and shaggy grey overcoat.

A shirt-sleeved man was busily breathing upon the brass fittings on the far side of the revolving door and polishing them with a cloth. The crowd grew until there were about twenty possible book-worms present. Suddenly the man within donned his coat and permitted the door to revolve. One second it was standing there motionless; the next it was revolving; one figure had stepped out of a segment into the store; two others occupied those moving inward; I stood ready to dart into the fourth as it came around.

Then I was in the store. At the end of the aisle ahead I could see the spot where the books were exposed for sale. Already three or four book-worms were browzing upon them. A great fear came over me. There must have been other and earlier-opening entrances through which these had wriggled. I hurried. I did not run or move in an undignified manner but I hurried. But even before I got there the book-worms had increased to a dozen.

Inside a rectangle of polished counter lurked half a dozen black-clad wavy-haired girls. On the top of the counter the books lay four deep, titles turned toward the prospective buyer. There were books of red, green, blue, white, purple, yellow and all other popular shades. The girls watched the book-worms hungrily, like so many black-eyed birds. There were three or four male book-worms and nine or ten of the opposite sex. One of the male book-worms, and old gentleman with white hair and moustache, had already selected nearly a dozen volumes. I hated him. Perhaps he had collared the very ones I would have selected.

Even while I looked, half a dozen more book-worms appeared. I fell to work, I rushed feverishly up the side of the counter, trying to read a dozen titles at a time, trying to locate something I might want before somebody else found it.

I don't usually buy books that way. To me a book is something to be acquired thoughtfully, unhurriedly, preferably amid the dust of a second-hand store. But here a book was merely $1.25 or $1.50 or possible $2.00 worth of the literature of yesterday, or the day before that again, marked down to 25c; thrown upon the market in order to make way for the literature of today, which would in its turn be quickly shoved out by the literature of tomorrow. There was no time to discuss with oneself, to read a few pages here and there. It was a time for quick decisions.

I saw a book that I might want; *Java Head* by Hergesheimer. I got my fingers on it just as a female book-worm stretched her hand toward it One of the girls behind the counter saw me. "Will you take that one, mister?" she chirped. I started guiltily. Then I handed it over. "You might keep it for me," I said, "There may be some others." "Sure, mister, here's one maybe you'd like." She held out the first one she could reach. It was by a man named Spearman. "You'll like it," she assured me. "I read it an' I know." However, I refused to purchase. I moved onward, darting in here and there wherever there was elbow room.

By this time the counter was a book-worm and a half deep all the way round. I selected about a dozen more volumes or rather I picked them up to look at them and the girl with the chirpy voice scared me into handing each one over. A male book-worm bored in next to me. "Quite an assortment," I ventured, as an opening for conversation. "Not bad," he admitted, grasping an armful of the nearer books. "I'm openin' a circulatin' libr'y an' lots of these is all right fur me." He kept gathering them in and passing them back to one of the girls. "I'm on'y buyin' the noes with good covers or that I know are good." I advised him to take one by Will E. Ingersoll. "He's a Canadian writer," I said. He regarded it doubtfully. "They don't care much ur Canadian writers," he said, referring I presume to his prospective clients. "Give them a little New York pep. That's what they want." He advised me to buy anything I came across by William McFee or Robert Watson. "They take big," he told me. He also had great respect for Frank L. Packard, despite the fact of his being a Canadian.

An old lady book-worm demanded of one of the waiting girls, "Aint you got any by Dickens? Surely you got some by Dickens." The girl searched diligently as far as she could reach but somehow

Dickens did not appear to be present among the popular novels of the day. A male book-worm a short distance to the right was also disappointed in his search for Stevenson. "Was there any partic'lar book by him yuh wanted?" asked the girl waiting upon him. "No, no; I just wanted any good one by him." "Jen, did yuh see any books by a man named Stevenson?" "No, May, I aint been lookin'. But say, May, how do yuh think this book by a fellow named Empey 'd be? It looks as if it'd be kind of nice. I saw a movie by him once." "Oh, I read that an' it's about the War. Take somethin' newer, Jen, the War's over long ago. No, sir, I don't think we got anything by Stevenson."

I recommended the purchase of a much-worn copy of Dreiser's *Sister Carrie* to a mild-looking man with a stringy moustache. "It's good reading," I told him, "and you wont find it in all libraries." He regarded both myself and the volume doubtfully and displayed a copy of one of Harold Bell Wright's works that he had discovered. "This is the sort of thing I like," he told me. "They're exciting, sort of, and you know you're getting one of the best." A moment later, I noticed a long-faced clergyman making a cursory examination of *Sister Carrie* and then adding it to his collection; possibly for the Sunday School library.

On all sides of me the book-worms were working, tossing books aside, stacking them up, handing them to the girls to be wrapped. I heard their voices. "I'm looking for books with big type and not too much in them." "Oh, no, I don't care for him. He always writes in 'I'. I can't stand a book that's written in 'I'." "I wish't Joe was here. He knows so much about books. He's always bringin' them home from the hotel. Lots of people leave them in their rooms." "I wonder if they got any Joseph Hocking. I do like Joseph Hocking. His books are so much alike. He's kind of restful." "I don't want any gloomy stuff. Give me something with lots of love in it."

I tried to remember what books I had selected but couldn't think of more than a couple. I'm not used to buying my books on snap judgments. However, the girl said I had a dozen and I paid down three dollars with the understanding that the dozen would reach my home before night. Hoping for the best, I detached myself from the squirming struggling mass and went off to my day's business.

When I arrived home last evening, I found that I had acquired two volumes by H. G. Wells, the same number by W. H. Hudson, a volume of Ambrose Pierce's short stories, *The Canadian Commonwealth Tutt and Mr. Tutt*, *Mince Pie* by Christopher Morley, and a volume each by Irwin S. Cobb, Sherwood Anderson, Joseph Hergesheimer and Theodore Dreiser. Altogether a very satisfactory buy for three dollars. So, in case they run another sale of the kind shortly, I hope to find myself again among the book-worms.

To-day they were selling men's handkerchiefs at 79c a dozen and women's handkerchiefs at a little lower figure at the same counter with the same girls waiting. I took a walk round that way just for old times' sake and I noticed that a lot of yesterday's book-worms were buying handkerchiefs today.

T. M. MORROW.

Some Canadian Painters: Lawren Harris

IN starting a series of critical articles on Canadian painters one is conscious of treading on new ground. There is, indeed, an altogether anomalous situation in Canada with regard to her artists. They represent the furthest point in the nation's cultural development and are just beginning to establish their reputation beyond the boundaries of Canada. Meanwhile critical opinion on art exhibitions is practically non-existent. Those who find themselves under the spell of this vital native movement and endeavour to carry contemplation to the point of real study and analysis look in vain for so much as one printed paragraph that will stimulate or enlighten them. It would seem as if this art which Canada is producing is not yet considered a matter for expert or even for considered opinion and the average press report is, with here and there a welcome exception, written by one who quite patently has no particular desire for the job and has nothing to contribute to the subject. This sort of thing is harmful and cannot last for many more years. Meanwhile, if the press remains inert and the authoritative critic silent, it is for those whose interest is keen enough to take the lead and write at least with deliberation on a subject that contains so much more than meets the eye. There is always the possibility of helping others and oneself to a clearer view.

* * *

Mr. Lawren Harris is a natural first choice for discussion. It is in the nature of his work to arrest the attention. If he is represented at all extensively in any given exhibition his pictures leap to the eye. They have to be disposed of before any others can be looked at. He has exhibited steadily in Canada for ten years or more and is by this time a well-known figure. His work has taken on very marked characteristics and can probably be very clearly visualized by any who have seen an example of it even several years ago. In this sense his work already means something to those who know it. Any opinion on modern Canadian painting is apt to take colour from one's particular opinion of Mr. Harris's work.

There are two kinds of subject that Mr. Harris has chiefly occupied himself with. He has made a field

almost his own in "shack" subjects, deriving most of his inspiration from the 'Ward', Toronto, with its decaying wood-work and crumbling stucco and its bright-shawled women. He began with literal pencil-sketches, one of which, ten years old, was reproduced in the last issue of The Canadian Forum, and with atmospheric effects of snow or sunset which would nowadays be dismissed as Dutch and sentimental but which had the merit of being intelligible and sincere. From these he proceeded to starker, less sympathetic pattern studies of trees and houses in front elevation which were an advance in sheer skill but left one wondering as to the mental attitude of the artist to his subject.

His other field is one which he shares with practically every other Canadian artist, that of landscape. Here again he has painted with an almost exclusively decorative interest, typified by his elaborate series of large snow designs. It was in these that the flat treatment of landscape was most simply and successfully worked out and made intelligible to the general public. It is a perfectly legitimate aspect of landscape and whilst it is apt to become cold and external it is inherent in any panoramic scenery such as ours and to that extent interprets it, however partially. So far then we have a general picture of the artist's work up to two or three years ago. Or rather two pictures, one of a landscape in two planes, the near plane containing, let us say, a screen of spruce trees snow-laden and in shade, and the further plane with distant trees and hills in sparkling, buoyant sunlight. The other picture, equally familiar to the gallery-goer, shows perhaps a row of two-storied houses running horizontally out of either end of the canvas and seen from the other side of the road through the screen of pavement trees, crusted with snow or golden-leaved or in the naked tracery of twigs.

All these bright and stimulating canvases, backed up by a large body of related sketches, served to establish a solid reputation. The landscapes were not overburdened with inwardness, but they gave pictorial expression to the unreflective exhilaration that Canadians continually experience on days of characteristic weather. And the city subjects must have led many a one from the pictures to the city itself where they rediscovered for themselves the curious charm that lurks in monotonous streets and in the older houses that stand strangely among the new, which came but a generation later and yet set a vast gulf between the city's present and its immediate but somehow almost mysterious past.

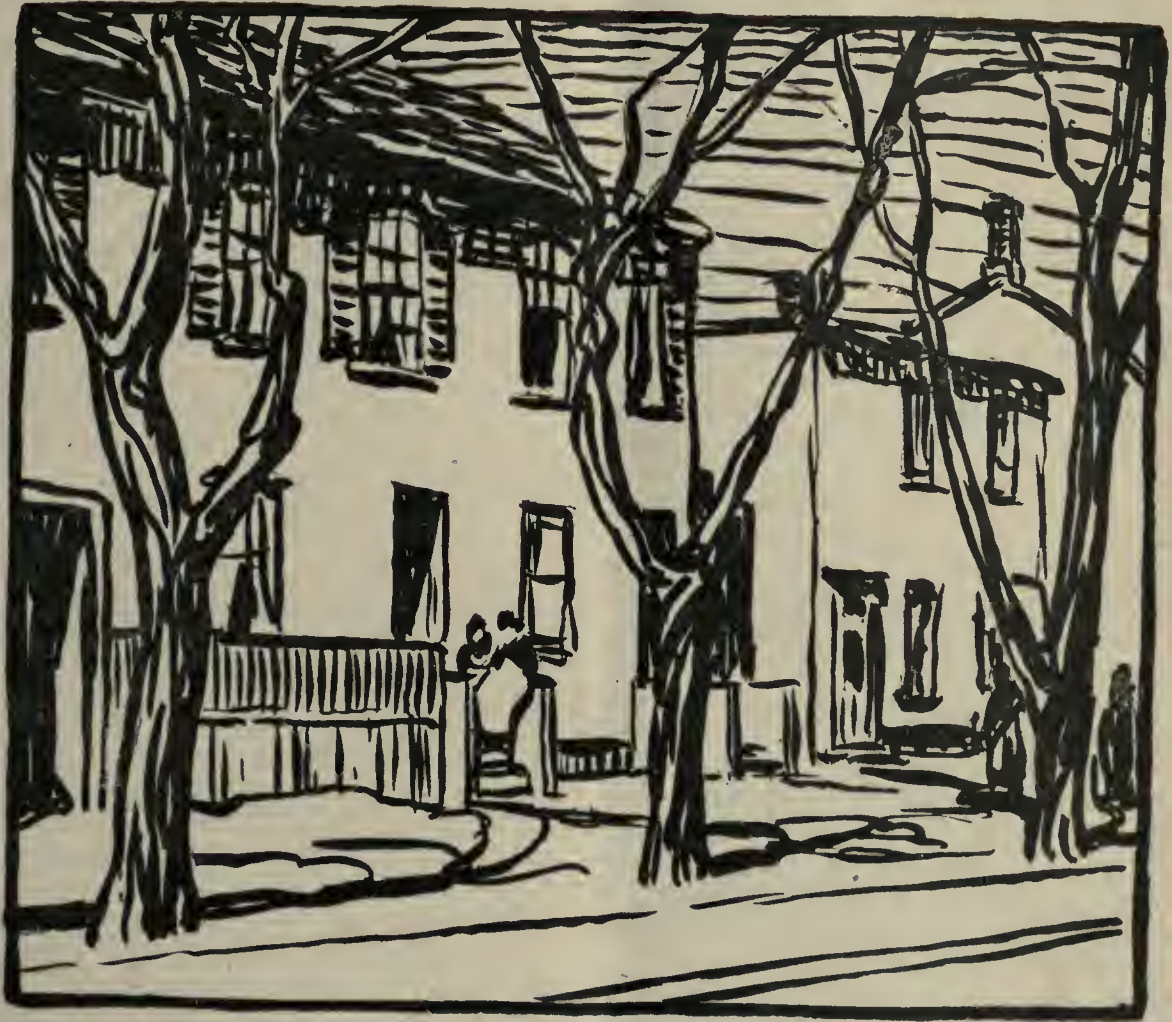
These pictures are normal and enjoyable. They probably seemed unreal in colour at first but they will seem less so year by year, as we learn to see the outer Canadian world as it is and abandon the false basis of English and Dutch atmosphere, which is just as foreign to our climate as the peerage is foreign to our social structure. There is no problem in Mr. Harris's work thus far. But his recent productions have pointed to a change, which has been very much in evidence at the two Group of Seven exhibitions. Hanging side by side with the work of artists who are making it clearer year by year that their work is organic, that it holds together and will yield its meaning to those who will study it without haste, his pictures as a whole have seemed disturbingly arbitrary, perspicuous enough in outward fact but in mental attitude provocative and even abnormal. One has to ask the question "What is wrong with Mr. Harris?" Impertinent or not, it is being asked, not by one but by many, and the only way to dispose of the question is to attempt to answer it.

The extremest example of his present work is "Island—MacCallum Lake" (Group of Seven, 1921, No. 74). It is a smallish canvas almost completely filled by a bizarre little island in Algoma, completely covered by a grotesque clump of trees which are quite possibly true in outline to the actual vegetation. The curved line of lake-shore trees is seen running out of the picture on either side at some distance. The configuration of the subject suggests some giant hairy pimple, unwashed and magnified. It expresses to the intelligence the weirdness of the North Country, but it does not evoke the feeling of nature nor even place one out-of-doors. The point of view seems to have been dictated by the intellect and directed towards the curious and the occult. This is quite within the artist's sphere. Poe and Baudelaire and Dunsany have entered this field successfully.

The picture is painted with great technical power. The island is amazingly solid. That is to say, it is solid to the eye before the mind has recognized it as an island and therefore necessarily solid. There is no use of atmosphere to suggest solidity; the island is in the immediate foreground, in front of the atmosphere, as it were. It is solid like an apple on the table. Most pictures of apples are not solid; one merely recognizes that apples are being depicted and remembers that apples are solid. Cézanne was the man who saw through this and set about remedying it in his art. Mr. Harris with a studied use of lines and planes achieves a real technical success. His trees are made to conform to the technique employed. They are not filled with air spaces but have the chunkiness of candy or stalactites.

The third feature of the picture is its colour which is a scheme of searingly hot reds. One feels that they are capable of setting the wall on fire. In themselves they are blazing with vitality but it certainly does not proceed from the subject and seems rather to be the expression of Mr. Harris's own unquenchable energy, and of his enjoyment of paint.

Here then are three aspects of a picture, all of them defensible in themselves and all interesting. But do they naturally associate themselves to form a plausible work of art? For one person definitely



DRAWING

BY

LAWREN HARRIS

no. They seem rather to fly in three different directions. The interest in subject is one thing; it seems rococo rather than natural, but it is there. The handling is another. Mr. Harris appears to have travelled in his technique from an interest in flats to an interest in solids and so by a mere coincidence in time paints his island with his eye fixed on the third dimension; the subject, which clearly trenches on the spooky and the arabesque, would seem to call for a less emphatic treatment. And the vitality of the colour does not seem to bear any relation to either of these. One would expect it to be cool and quiet instead of which it is noisy and scorching.

It would seem as if head, heart, and hand had worked in ignorance of one another. If one comes at the picture with any one of these it may or may not prove interesting but if one comes at it with two or all three of these in conjunction it simply produces perplexity and annoyance. Human nature cannot cope with dreams that are more solid than reality or with ghost stories that are boisterous as trumpets. The blood refuses to freeze and to palpitate at one and the same time. Mr. Harris offers an incongruous thing, an oxymoron, a bitter-sweet, a chokecherry.

The fundamental fault in this picture spreads itself wholly or partially, in one form or another, over three-fourths of the pictures that Mr. Harris has recently painted. He seems to have, at present, blind partitions within his mind which keep it from fusing, as it should, in the process of artistic creation. The three gray sisters of the Classical myth had one eye between them which they passed from one to the other. When the one could see the other two were temporarily blind. The eye often got lost and suffered as an instrument from irregular usage. There is perhaps a special meaning for Mr. Harris in this little legend.

Mr. Harris shows again and again that he has an enviable command of colour and paint. He has also, no matter what his subject, irrepressible vitality and health. But his thought is perplexing so that one asks, when confronted with a group of his pictures: "Why did he paint this particular set at this particular time?" One misses the organic sense of all-round growth. And where that is lacking the work soon wearies. It may however, be inherent in Mr. Harris to dwell on incongruities. Provided the various parts of himself take a peep at one another over the partitions and save him from being blindly arbitrary he may achieve his goal without retracing his steps. When compared with some of his contemporaries he is not a landscape artist at all; he does not penetrate nature. Perhaps the reason is that nature is never incongruous and never makes mistakes. She avenges herself upon those who do not treat her naturally. There is indeed one at least of Mr. Harris's recent landscapes which almost proves the contrary. It is called "Beaver Pond" (1921) and depicts a group of swamped and decaying tree-trunks with the last rays of sun on it. It suggests a sort of vegetable Stonehenge and as a piece of columnar uncanniness it compels acceptance. But it is surely an exception and not a theme to develop.

It is human nature and human society that contradicts itself and this we think is Mr. Harris's great and peculiar field. Irony is never far to seek in a modern city and Mr. Harris has a unique gift for seizing on it. Some of his recent 'shack' pictures, notably "A Wet Day" (1920) set down the sinister and impressive aspects of poverty with a truly Heinesque power. This is his finest and most individual work and when one recalls his sensitiveness to the beauty of the city as well as to its ugliness one cannot but think that he will go furthest in this field and find it best fitted to his strangely compounded temperament. Perhaps as time goes on he will shift the emphasis somewhat from the buildings people inhabit to the people themselves.

BARKER FAIRLEY.

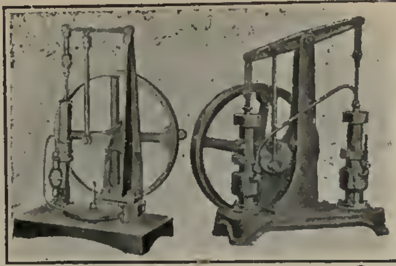
Our Bookshelf

Economics

The Elements of Social Science, by R. M. MacIver (Methuen).

This is a book of which the hackneyed phrase can be used with fresh and literal truth—it is fortunate in the moment of its appearance. The literature of social science grows fast; in fact, with more speed than discretion. Some excellent work has been done in specialized branches by true scholars; notably anthropological, historical and industrial, in collecting the exact material on which alone a secure valuation of social forces can be based. We have had brilliant restatements of social theory, aimed at the discovery of a formula for reconstruction. We have had profound and far-reaching explorations into human nature, aiming to reveal the principles in obedience to which social development can be safely influenced or controlled. But they have remained as yet unrelated, and one or the other is apt to obscure the rest, and even to become an obsession in the mind of the enthusiast who lacks either the temper, the facilities, or the time, to be a student of so vast a field.

The time is not quite ripe for such an integration as was achieved for an older generation, on a slighter and more manageable mass of material, by Comte or Spencer. The task is a formidable one in face of the rapidly increasing complexity of social experience and accumulated knowledge. Hence the need of an introduction for students, and the welcome that awaits this admirable book. Professor MacIver had already, as long ago as 1914, added to the dignity of the litera-



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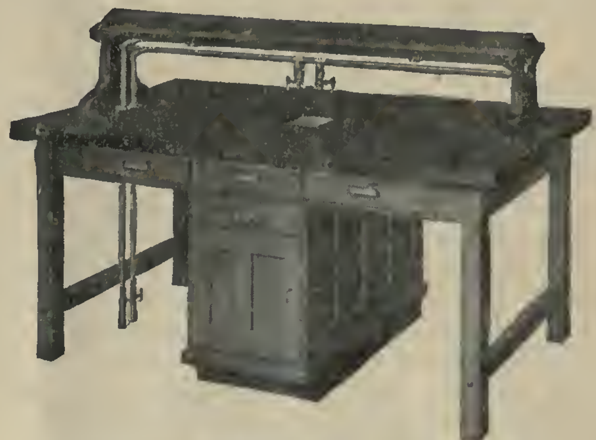

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ture of a subject not rich in classics. In "Community" his philosophic training showed itself stubborn enough to resist the tendency of many sociological books to liquefy; his quick sympathy overcame the desiccating tendency of others. His sense of structure not only secured a safe foundation of thinking, but informed a style which could rise on occasion to eloquence without ever becoming slipshod or perfunctory.

These virtues are evident on the smaller scale of this book, and have made it as a text-book both living and orderly. Two great services it will do for the student. It will make for clear thinking in the use of terms—for one of the difficulties of the study of social science lies in the use of words whose exactness is blurred in common speech; only in highly specialized branches is there the safeguard of a professional jargon. And it will give a trustworthy map of a large part of a complicated field of study. Indeed it is certain that Professor MacIver's experience in the Department of Social Service made him aware of the need which his skill and learning have enabled him to meet. J. A. D.

While Europe Waits for Peace, by Pierrepont Noyes (Macmillan).

A strong appeal to America, strengthened by the author's position as American Rhineland Commissioner, on behalf of a Europe which is not making an economic recovery.

Poetry

Poems, by Arthur S. Bourinot.

A less modest author might have named this slender volume of short poems *Consolations of a Canadian in Exile.* Different poems are dated from Rockcliffe Camp, Paris, Freiburg, Holzminden, and occasionally allude to the loss of comrades; but not otherwise do they deal with the war, which seems to have been altogether depressing and unexciting to his poetic sensibilities. His most prevalent note is pensive melancholy, but perhaps because he was too good a soldier in circumstances which left little to the imagination to make more desperate, he does not always speak out the pathos which more sentimental natures have often expressed with much less inspiration. His poetry exhibits the artistic value of a reticence which would appear to be an expression of the poet's nature rather than of his poetic creed. He gives us the silver lining of beautiful sad thoughts, but occasionally withholds the context of the dark cloud which could give significance to the beauty which kept his mind above boredom and misery. A sonnet called *The Snake Fence* and a descriptive sketch, *The Old Indian*, are especially interesting, and typical of the earlier *Laurentian Lyrics* by this same author.

C. E. A.

Memories in Melody, by A. C. Nash (Ryerson Press, Toronto).

The reader who regrets the world of Victorian romance will find a chapter added to his pleasure in this volume of poems. His mind will be carried back to the dear old scene with its hair wreath, its sampler, its conch shell, its autograph album, and the antimacassar, where every prospect pleased and

"Whate'er smackt of noyance or unrest
Was far, far off expelled from that delicious nest."

Even the unfortunate have the option of two conditions of hell—of poverty with perfect virtue or of wickedness with great wealth, it being understood that in either case everything is quite genteel. In *Ruth*, the longest poem, one may read in rich fluent verse a tale tragic enough to hale the souls out of nine milliners and almost as exciting as *Maud* or *Lady Clare*. In a series of lyrics the remorseful villain tells of his flight to Paris to earn the more romantic arts of wickedness, of his restless wandering to Southern Seas to forget the gamekeeper's daughter, of his inheritance of vast wealth by his father's death, of his search for the betrayed Ruth, of discovering her dying in a "garret bare," of his rescue of her child and his heroic decision to live on and tend the baby.

Poems, by A. L. Phelps (The English Club of Cornell College, Iowa).

This tiny volume of less than twenty pages of verse was put together by some of the staff and pupils of Cornell College, where Mr. Phelps is, at present, a Professor of English Literature. The range from which the author picks his material is quite extensive. Now it is the quiet singing of a brook running through an Ontario farm that evokes a lyric note as clear as that of the brook itself, and now a problem picture dealing with some modern phase of the existence of the submerged tenth that is portrayed in language adjusted to the theme. Lyrics and sonnets, however, predominate and these, particularly "By the Fire," "All Hallows Eve," "Thoughts" and "Rheims" show such a fine sense of workmanship that one might be pardoned for quarrelling a little with the compilers for giving us such a slim exhibition of the gift which Mr. Phelps has so often demonstrated to Canadian readers. E. J. P.

Fiction

Growth of the Soil, by Knut Hamsun (Macmillan).

One book written by the winner of the 1920 Nobel Prize for literature has already been reviewed in these columns. "Hunger" and "Growth of the Soil" have one common characteristic. Both are elemental. But "Hunger" is pathological, convulsive; "Growth of the Soil" is what the name implies, sane, grandly calm, mighty with the patient might of toiling Nature. There are one or two less pleasing features. Hamsun's women in this book are

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month to month in the *Labour Gazette* under the heading of Family Budget represent with a good deal of precision what has been occurring. The facts from which the Family Budget is compiled are collected in sixty Canadian cities and the Budget itself probably represents fairly well the consumption of an efficiently conducted family in the higher ranks of labour.

The cost of goods in the Family Budget during 1913 was $14.02 per week. The cost of the same goods in 1920 was $25.88 per week. In other words (if the list may be trusted) the retail cost of living for a worker's family had risen by about 85% during the seven years under review. This coincides closely with the rise in wages of about 86% which we have already noticed.

One is tempted to conclude from this that the standard of life of the wage earner was well maintained during and after the war. Particularly noticeable is the increase in the wage paid to common labour in factories (98.3%), which is considerably greater than the presumed increase in the retail cost of living It is curious that the most conspicuous rise in wage occurred in what is perhaps the least organized grou of workers.

But it would be rash to conclude from thes figures that the standard of life of the worker wa actually so well maintained. The facts in the Famil Budget relate only to foodstuffs, laundry starch, fue lighting and rent. In particular they do not includ necessary expenditure on clothing. Now the wa made demands on the clothing trades which wer particularly heavy. In the period of rising prices th price of textile products rose almost half as fast agai as prices in general. If the Family Budget include an allowance for expenditure on clothing, there is n doubt that the rise in the retail cost of living woul have been distinctly more than 85%. Althoug some were earning considerable sums for overtim it is very improbable that, even before the presen depression began, the workers of Canada, as a whol were as well off as they had been in 1913.

G. E. JACKSON.

ERRATUM

For Page 282 read page 286 and for page 286 read page 282.

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Trade and Industry

OWING to the possibility that there may be a printers' strike in June THE CANADIAN FORUM is compelled this month to go to press a week before the usual time. It is, therefore, impossible to bring up-to-date the table which has so far been presented every month at the head of this column. We hope that in the July number the figures for June and July may be published as usual.

WAGES AND THE COST OF LIVING

In a series of economic upheavals such as have been seen in the last ten years the maintenance of the standard of living of the worker is a matter of the first importance. The labour interests have long maintained that the rise in the cost of living has outstripped the rise in wages. From their standpoint the balance can only be restored (and the standard of life of the worker be maintained), either by a rise in wages to meet the cost of living, or by a fall in the cost of living which is *not* accompanied by falling wages. On the other hand, the business interests maintain with equal conviction that normal conditions of industry can only be restored by cutting down production costs and that this involves an inevitable fall in wages.

Beyond question, both these claims are quite sincere. The root of the trouble lies in a divergence between the movements of wholesale and retail prices. There is no doubt that wholesale prices rose faster till June, 1920 than the retail prices of most goods required for domestic consumption. There is also no doubt that since then the fall in retail prices has been considerably less than the fall in wholesale prices. The business man naturally compares his wage bill with the prices of the things he sells, which have fallen very quickly. The worker compares his wages with the prices of the things he has to buy, which have fallen very slowly.

Ordinarily it is impossible to test either contention by reference to facts. We have not had the data which would make possible a comparison of the wages paid in Canadian industry, between one year and the next. But at the moment we are in a singularly fortunate position. The Department of Labour at Ottawa, which is indefatigable in its work of useful industrial research, has recently published a report of great value,[1] whose results can be compared directly with the Family Budget tables, published from month to month in the *Labour Gazette*. No trade union official, no large employer of labour, no head of a government department can afford to be without this document.

[1] Wages and Hours of Labour in Canada 1901 to 1920. Department of Labour, Canada.

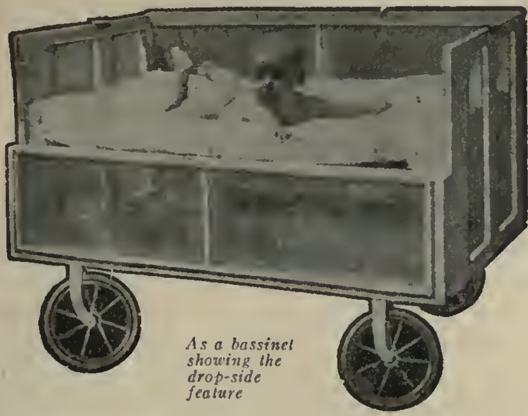
It may be useful to readers of this page if the facts are briefly summarized. The Department of Labour has studied seven classes of employees in the building trades, five in the metal trades, two in the printing trades, one in the street railways, six on the steam railways,[1] thirty-five samples of common factory labour, seventy-two samples in miscellaneous factory trades, and fifteen samples in lumbering. Expressing the wages of 1913 in each case as 100, the change from year to year is calculated both in hourly and in weekly rates. The difference between changes in hourly rates and in weekly rates is often quite considerable since the great increase which has occurred in hourly rates of wages has been accompanied almost uniformly during the last few years by a reduction in the working day. To simplify the tables published in the *Labour Gazette* we print here a comparison between the weekly money rates of wages paid in Canada during 1913 and 1920.

	1913	1920
Bldg. Trades - -	100.0	171.9
Metal Trades - -	100.0	189.3
Printing Trades - -	100.0	181.7
Street Rlwys. - -	100.0	179.1
Lumbering - -	100.0	191.4
Common Labour in Factories	100.0	198.3
Miscellaneous Factory Trades	100.0	192.9

The average increase in weekly money rates of wages for the seven classes of labour here studied is 86.4%. Wholesale prices rose considerably more than this in the period from 1913 to 1920; but here we are concerned with the retail prices which the worker had to pay. Now it is possible that the cost of living has not changed in exactly the same degree for any two groups of workers. If one group has to spend an unduly large proportion of its wage on food, while another has to spend an unduly large proportion on rent, then a change in the retail price of foodstuffs and in rents for both of them, will not affect them in the same degree. If foodstuffs have risen faster than rentals, the former group will feel the change the more intensely and *vice versa*.

But while it is impossible to state for the workers of Canada as a whole that in any period the cost of living rose in a certain definite proportion, there is no reason to doubt that the figures presented from

[1] But it did not secure a weekly rate for these.



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frail, or too strongly passionate, as you will. One discerning woman reader better puts it that they lack primal sensibility. But this is not obtruded: it is not a sex story.

The real book is Isak. He is patriarchal. The story of how he trudges off with his sack through the lonely Crown Lands of Norway to find a home and to found a new settlement, the coming of the woman Inger, and the simplicity of their relationship, the first cow, the brave, unwearied, slow adding of buildings, of possessions, like Nature's own great, unhurried processes, the persistence of the pioneer outlook and instincts in the man, all these are combined in the most powerful and loving picture of the northern forest conquerors I have yet seen.

It might be the story of an old Ontario settlement, except that the man and his ways are more primitive than was normally the case here. But no descendant of the great settlers of Canada can fail to hear in the epic grandeur of this man's struggle the echoes of that stupendous strife with the wilderness.

"For generations back, into forgotten time, his fathers before him had sowed corn; solemnly, on a still, calm evening, best with a gentle fall of warm and misty rain, soon after the grey goose flight. Potatoes were a new thing, nothing mystic, nothing religious; women and children could plant them—earth-apples that came from foreign parts, like coffee; fine rich food, but much like swedes and mangolds. Corn was nothing less than bread; corn or no corn meant life or death.

"Isak walked bareheaded, in Jesu name, a sower. Like a tree-stump to look at, but in his heart like a child. Every cast was made with care, in a spirit of kindly resignation."

This book is of the corn of literature.

J. D. R.

Shorter Notices

The Guarded Heights, by W. Camp (Gundy).

George Morton's boyish ambition is first awakened by the scorn of a rich girl whom he loves. Henceforth, to him she is the symbol of the material and social success which he dare not fail to achieve. And so with ever-growing interest we follow his struggles from stable-boy to Princeton undergraduate, and finally, business man. Through it all we are never allowed to forget the deeper, inner conflict between his sordid aims and the pure idealism which shows itself—and prevails—in moments of crisis. The book is a fine study of modern American life, and deserves to rank among the best of recent years.

The Seeds of Enchantment, by Gilbert Frankau (Gundy).

A modern version of the legend of Lotos-land, preluded by adventures as memorable as Marco Polo's, through a country unknown to his readers, and, after the lapse of centuries, unknown to us still.

Savages, by Gordon Ray Young (Gundy).

Another tale of adventure, this time set in the South Seas and centred round a woman evilly beautiful.

The Shield of Silence, by Harriet Comstock (Gundy).

Two girls are brought up in ignorance of their hereditary disadvantages and are thus enabled to reach a happy womanhood.

The Pagan Madonna, by Harold MacGrath (Gundy)

A delightfully thrilling mystery story, wherein the villain is almost as fascinating as the hero.

The Wrong Twin, by Harry F. Wilson (Gundy).

One of the Cowan twins was adopted by a rich man. Was he as discriminating as he was rich?

The Golden Answer, by Sylvia Bates (Macmillan).

One of those rare books in which the people are more interesting than the things that happen to them.

The Second Mrs. Clay, by Katherine Taylor (Gundy).

The story of a marriage made unhappy by differences of religion and the interference of "his" relatives.

The Chestermarke Instinct, by J. S. Fletcher (Macmillan).

A detective story as good as any of this author's—which is high praise.

L. D. R.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. I. Toronto, July, 1921 No. 10

THE voice of Medicine Hat is the voice of the three Prairie provinces. It says to Mr. Meighen with unmistakable emphasis that his government does not represent and cannot speak for the Great West either at Ottawa or at London. Medicine Hat was perhaps as favourable a constituency from which to seek a verdict as any between the Great Lakes and the Rockies. It is traditionally Conservative and in 1917 voted strongly for the Union Government. The town itself aspires to be a manufacturing centre. The Government candidate was considered a strong man. In spite of all this he actually got considerably less than a third of the total vote, was behind in the town itself and in most rural polls was lucky if he had a half dozen votes. The fact would seem to be that the West made up its mind in 1911, when the East refused it freer trade, and the intervening ten years have only strengthened its resolve. With a solid West and a solid Quebec—so much so that no French-Canadian can be prevailed upon to offer himself as a Cabinet victim—and with Ontario hardly less hostile, if one can judge from East Elgin and West Peterborough, the only thing which can induce Mr. Meighen to continue in office is a serene consciousness that the people of Canada are so many children who do not know what is good for them.

MR. BIGGS has been the storm centre in the Government of Ontario in recent weeks. Mr. Biggs is a farmer and financier, as well as an energetic minister of the Crown. His farm is situated at Clappison's Corners in Wentworth County, and the fact that considerable and expensive road-making had been carried on in Wentworth County, and especially in the vicinity of Clappison's Corners, became the occasion for an attack on Mr. Biggs and his roads by Mr. Wilson, the Federal member for Wentworth. This was accompanied by a challenge to meet on a public platform at twelve and a half cents per car. Mr. Biggs refused the challenge, but issued a statement in defence and conducted a body of prominent citizens of Hamilton and vicinity over his Wentworth roads, and later defended his work in a speech at Galt. We are pleased to notice that Mr. Biggs is sensitive to criticism even if he disdains the time honoured practice of public debate, but he must remember that two incidents in his previous career have created an atmosphere of suspicion in which criticism readily takes root. Almost a year ago he was advertised for some time as a director of a motor truck company which was being floated, and more recently his department let a large contract for motor trucks in his constituency without the usual safeguard of open tender. The Ontario Government had its origin in a protest against the evils of party politics. Fine moral fibre is an essential in its members. The wife of Caesar must be above suspicion; also the lieutenant of "Abe Lincoln."

IT is a common theme in smoking rooms and other places where business men congregate that "labour must now be taught a lesson." The press is full of the hackneyed phrase "the vicious circle." Not all such talk is insincere, but much of it is. Not long ago one of the best of our newspapers, the *Montreal Gazette*, reported at length a speech delivered by the President of the Canadian Vickers' Shipbuilding yard at the launching of a vessel. The speaker said that the yard must soon close as there were no more vessels on order. Why? Because labour made such unreasonable demands. Labour had not learned that half a loaf was better than no bread. Labour had continued to demand higher wages until it paid no longer to build ships. So shipbuilding in Canada must cease. The *Gazette* reported this without comment. Yet at that moment five of the Canadian Government merchantmen were lying idle in Halifax alone, and it was generally known that there are hundreds of thousands of idle tonnage all over the world, that there is a world-wide economic crisis, with which Canadian labour can have had very little to do. Because of this shipbuilding is coming to a standstill. To suppose that either the speaker or the *Montreal Gazette* was not aware of this would be to insult their intelligence.

LESS evident but no less serious defects in the news from the continent of Europe provoke the reflection that we are still in some ways an intellectual appanage of the United States. The newspapers of

Montreal and Toronto share with those of New York and Chicago correspondents who regale them with gossip and truth picked up from Warsaw to Paris. The news is written primarily for the American public. Often it is obvious that dispatches are inspired by chauvinists in Russia, Poland or France, who are interested rather in producing an effect on the people of America, than on furnishing the truth and nothing but the truth. The result is that our newspapers, even the most liberal, often publish news that is coloured in the interest of causes to which they themselves are opposed. They become unconscious propagandists for all the partisans whose efforts to wreck the settlement of Europe threaten sometimes to wreck civilization also. But if the American journalist is bewildered by complexities in European politics, there is no reason why we should allow him to bewilder us. Newspapers like *The Manchester Guardian*, *The Daily Telegraph* and *The Observer* maintain correspondents who may be depended on to weigh and interpret information before spilling it at random on their public. Is it too much to hope that some day the progressive Canadian daily will emancipate itself from its dependence upon American correspondents? The paper that first cuts the knot and enters into partnership with a British newspaper holding opinions like its own will achieve a worthy leadership among us.

MR. TRACEY'S article in the present issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM was written before a settlement was reached. It will serve to give Canadian readers an insight into forces at work and the issues involved in this greatest of British labour upheavals. Mr. Tracey, as private secretary to Mr. Arthur Henderson, was closely in touch with the history of the struggle. The slight despatches to hand on the settlement would indicate that on the question of joint control of the mines as between the owners and the men, the result has been a victory to labour. On the other hand, the attempt to equalize the wages in more or less profitable, or profitless, mines has failed; a limit has been set to the application of collective bargaining. The government has given a substantial sum to ease the shock of the fall from war price to the hard conditions of to-day. Abnormal conditions may warrant this grant. It should be attended, however, by some terms which will ensure to the public, including the handful of owners and the millions of men and their families who now become virtually part owners, freedom for the future from the hardship caused by the closing down of a vital industry. If our elaborate industrial organization is going to result in periodical warfare such as that from which England has suffered in this instance, or if the people must pay taxes to buy off the combatants and pay deficits caused by strife and bad management, we might better return to the stage coach and the village artisan.

THERE has been another gesture in Ireland, a magnificent little gesture, for the King in person has opened the Northern Parliament. With all the splendour and glory of Westminster itself in miniature, with the Ulster King-at-Arms in all his trappings and all the other heralds, and with a city smothered in colour, the North has finally accepted the Parliament it did not wish. The fact that it was a gesture was emphasized by the proceedings. The formalities over, the speeches made, the Parliament immediately adjourned until September. It is interesting to speculate on the real reason for the presence of the King and Queen. Was it in the hope that a precedent would be set for a much more solemn, much more significant occasion down at Dublin, where there is greater need for stimulants to loyalty, in the conventional sense of the term? The opening of the Southern Parliament would augur much more for the peace of Ireland. Some enterprising journalists have suggested that the immediate effect on one of the Kilkenny cats, when it sees the other lapping the milk of order and security out of the little Parliamentary saucer, will be to make it trot over greedily to its own. Much more effective for peace has been the release of Griffith and MacNeill and Barton, Lloyd George's invitation to De Valera, and the appeal for an armistice as between the police and the Sinn Fein outlaws. Parliament, after all, is only the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace, namely, the will to govern and be governed. Without this will the formalities of the opening are a mummery.

AT the time of going to press, if one may judge from the conjectures of London correspondents, the grave question of the Japanese Treaty is still in the balance. It would appear, however, that the personal influence of Mr. Meighen—Medicine Hat has given the *coup de grâce* to his influence as spokesman for Canada—has been thrown strongly against the renewal of the Treaty. If he and Premier Smuts can achieve the overthrow of designs for a private understanding which stands clearly in opposition to the whole spirit of the League of Nations, he will have earned the gratitude of Canadians, dislike though they may his domestic policies. For all our talk, most of it cheap and ill-informed, our happiness is dependent upon our travelling and trading and marrying freely back and forth across our three thousand miles of unguarded frontier. Because of our British connection we do not desire, nor can we afford, to be brought into any alliance which will make us friends for peace or war with those who may prove the enemies of our great neighbour. A London correspondent suggests that our participation in the

outcome of such a treaty might be made to depend on ourselves through some saving clause in the treaty. Certainly it must depend on ourselves, but our duty is respectfully to urge that no engagements are entered into by the senior member of the Britannic Commonwealth which might bring us to a delicate and difficult decision. Territorial or trade aggression of any sort in Asia are as distasteful to us as would be similar aggressions in Europe or America. If the treaty is going to put us in a position where we may become, however indirectly, a party to such aggressions we must by all means avoid it. The practically unanimous support given in the United States to the Borah resolution for reduction of armaments suggests that the only acceptable treaty with Japan is one whose main provision looks to approximate disarmament on the Pacific, whose text will be submitted for approval to the League, or its successor, and whose terms will be known to the world.

IN this issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM there appears the first instalment of Professor James Mavor's personal recollections of Tolstoy, the authentic value of which is doubly apparent in these days of flying visits to Russia and snap-shot interviews with celebrities. Professor Mavor's account is of a different stamp. His intimate, yet detached, picture of a great Russian figure and the life at his back comes, moreover, at a very appropriate time. For after all our perplexity at the tale of distress and bloodshed which has trickled through to us from Russia of late years, we are just beginning to rediscover there the old political truism that the instinctive life of nations cannot be subordinated to political theories and forms of government. The peasant, who was Tolstoy's spiritual master at the last, promises to become the master of Lenin. Prior to Bolshevism Westerners were reading the Russian novel with voracity. Then, as Russia changed colour, the Russian novel was put on the shelf, or so it appeared. Perhaps the time has now come to take it down again and to study it more closely, not for its exotic interest, but for its intrinsic value and its definite bearing on our own future.

A NOVEL kind of art exhibition, comprising unsigned works of contemporary artists, has recently been held in England. The rule of this "Nameless Exhibition" was that all contributions be anonymous, and artists of all types, academic or revolutionary, were invited to exhibit. A good deal of interest was aroused and the critics "spotted" away for all they were worth. As an exercise in critical discrimination, which all may share, this is much more than a piece of whimsicality. Some will recall that anthology of literature, called *The Spirit of Man*, and compiled by Robert Bridges, in which the authorship of each quotation is relegated to the index. It was a salutary and chastening experience for many a reader of books, not merely to find that he could identify only a small proportion of the passages, but, still more, to find himself again and again unable to distinguish between ancient and modern, native and foreign. When the outward marks were removed, a thousand years were but as yesterday, and the fetish of tradition was gone. The anonymous art exhibition also has its *raison d'être*. It compels you to follow strictly your own likes and dislikes and to study art in the pictures and not in the catalogue. The experiment might be made with advantage in our larger cities where there is a rapidly growing body of interest in this field. We recommend the idea more particularly to those who are contemplating a Canadian Art Week next fall. It would be popular and instructive, especially if prizes were offered for "spotting."

A SHORT account of the Little Theatre activities on this side of the water during the past year appears in this issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. It is observed that, from the point of view of the theatre in general, this is all of a piece with a widespread feeling of dissatisfaction with the commercialised theatre, manipulated by exploiters who care nothing for art and everything for money. These in the time-honoured phrase profess to "give the people what they want," whereas it is nearer the truth to say that the people want what they get and can be made to like almost anything, good or bad, if they are handled properly—surely a platitude in these days of democratic collapse. It is encouraging to find Canada giving a hand in this endeavour to restore dignity to one of the very greatest of human institutions, but it is early yet for self-approval. The characteristic Canadian situation has, however, already developed, namely, parallel, dissociated activities in several centres. If anything national is to come out of it, that characteristic situation must not be allowed to harden. As a step in the right direction, we would suggest that Hart House Theatre, Toronto, and the community players of Montreal exchange performances towards the end of next season, each group taking the pick of its repertory with it. If this were a success, as we think it would be, we might begin to speak of "the Canadian theatre."

THE condition of the theatre is one of lasting reproaches that can be levelled at us by a foreigner. Another more salient one is the unscrupulous abuse of advertising. When the two meet the result is peculiarly exasperating to those who care for intellectual honesty. The case in point is a return of *Charley's Aunt* with the blatant announcement: "Everything new but the title." The reader may say: What does *Charley's Aunt* matter, anyway?" It matters a good deal in one sense. True, it is an

ancient and thoroughly orthodox farce, of no particular individual merit, but it amused our fathers and, having made countless thousands smile, it has become, as it were, the property of the people and should not be tampered with. Piety, in the old sense of the word, is never superfluous. And if "everything is new but the title," why drag in the old lady (or gentlemen?) at all? Merely because it may rake in the shekels and if one of these jugglers of the public whim saw a commercial opportunity in "Hamlet. Everything new but the title. Full Chorus of Female Ghosts" his conscience would be the last thing to stop him.

AT this season of the year the Canadian city dweller flees, if he may, to one or other of our great natural playgrounds of lake and river. Very few nations enjoy our wholesale opportunity of going back to nature and strengthening our hold on natural habits and ways of thought; and among our spiritual assets none is of greater worth than this. But no opportunity is so wholesale that it cannot be trifled away. We sometimes have uneasy visions of a North Country in the year 2,000—not very far hence, if not within our private span—when the disaster of wealth and convention that settled upon a portion of the Thousand Islands and elsewhere has spread like the plague to larger areas; the giant hotel, the showy summer residence, the barbed wire, the motor-launch, the gramophone have grown to Titanic proportions; the code of holiday etiquette fills volumes; the canoe, the log-cabin, the fishing-rod are piously preserved in our museums; the "tourist" goes to the country with the facial expression of a tax-payer and comes home again with a sigh of relief that his annual dues have been paid to the social Moloch and that he can return to comparatively natural life in the city. But we have not yet come to that pass and there are factors which work against it—the North is big and tough and there are still people with sound instincts to be found.

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The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

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The Coal Crisis in Britain

A SIDE LIGHT ON THE EUROPEAN ECONOMIC SITUATION

THROUGH the decision of the Miners' Federation of Great Britain, representing 1,200,000 workers, to reject a series of wage-reductions proposed by the federated mine-owners, the British mining industry was brought to a standstill three months ago. More significance attaches to this dispute than a summary statement of the wage issue involved would seem to warrant. It presents, on a reduced scale, a conspectus of the whole European situation in both its political and its economic aspects. The causes of the coal crisis are, in fact, to be sought, not within the mining industry itself, but in the general collapse of the European system and the practical failure of the statesmen of Europe to re-establish political and economic stability by the treaties of peace.

The actual crisis in the British mining industry was precipitated by the action of the Lloyd George Government, startled by the discovery of the industry's insolvency, in relinquishing control of the mines, five months in advance of the original date contemplated in the Coal Industry Act. This Act, which came into operation in August, 1920, and in which modifications of the earlier system of control established in 1916-17 were embodied, fixed the date upon which control would end on August 31st, 1921. Negotiations were proceeding between the mine-owners and workers upon a scheme for the future regulation of the industry when control ceased, at the moment when the Government announced its intention to decontrol on March 31st, five months earlier than was anticipated by either the mine-workers or the owners. There was a reasonable expectation that an agreed plan would have been formulated in ample time if control had continued; and indeed both sides had agreed to present their proposals to the Government not later than March 31st, expecting that the time allowed after that date would enable them to have their complete joint scheme in readiness to come into operation at the end of August. How far the negotiations had then gone is indicated by the fact that both sides had agreed that the owners should receive a fixed standard profit representing a percentage of the aggregate wages bill; the surplus profits remaining after wages and standard profits—plus, of course, the usual working costs—had been paid, to be divided in stated proportions between the owners and miners, the latter's share to be an addition to their standard wage It was also agreed that joint audits of the books should be made by accountants representing both sides to obtain the data necessary for the periodical determination of wages. The chief difficulty outstanding at the moment when negotiations were interrupted was an issue of vital principle which, when the crisis actually arrived, proved to be

an almost insurmountable obstacle: the question, namely, whether as the owners insisted wages should be settled on a district basis, in strict relation to each area's ability to pay, or whether as the miners contended the whole industry should be treated as a single economic unit, in order that an approximate equality of wages should be established between one district and another.

With the removal of control, the owners found it necessary to issue notices to the workpeople terminating existing wage contracts, and to put forward new wage proposals for each district. These proposals revealed extraordinary variations between the wages payable in different districts if these were to be determined solely by each district's capacity to pay. Over the whole industry there was an increasing monthly deficit, which for March amounted to no less than 5¼ millions ($25,250,000), being the difference between the amount obtained for the commercially disposable coal and the amount expended in wages and other production costs, allowing nothing for owners' profits, nothing for depreciation and renewals, debenture interest, or royalties. The existence of the deficit explains the Government's decision to decontrol the industry earlier than was originally intended; but the deficit itself must be attributed not merely to high production costs, but to the complete collapse of the export coal trade, which reacted with disastrous effect upon the coalfields which are normally the most prosperous in the country, notably South Wales and Northumberland. Thus the mine-workers were confronted with the economic paradox that the proposed wage-reductions were the largest in those districts which were accustomed to high rates.

The loss of the export coal market was unquestionably due mainly to the operation of the Spa Agreement relating to the delivery of German coal to France, Belgium and Italy. Not only did the British coal exporter lose these markets; he found these countries, having more coal than they required, coming into competition with him in other markets; and he had also to face in the Scandinavian and South American markets the competition of the cheap coal exported from the United States. To show that this had become a serious matter it is enough to say that the export of American coal to European markets alone rose from less than half a million tons before the war to over thirteen million tons last year. Against such competition, with high production costs and a decreasing output, the British mining industry has been at a great disadvantage. But high costs of production and restricted output are not to be attributed to slackness and inefficiency on the part of the British mine-worker. The British industry is old. Coal has now to be got at greater depths, it lies farther from the pit bottom, and more men are required to handle it than are engaged in the actual process of cutting it from its bed. In South Wales the piece work coal-hewers form only 30 per cent. of the workers engaged in and about the mines, and it is probably true to say that there are two men engaged in handling the coal to one hewing it; but the wages of all the men have to be borne upon the ton.

This, summarily stated, is the economic background of the wage-conflict in the British mining industry. The conflict concerns both the amount and the method of determining the mine-workers' wages. Over the whole industry, the owners proposed an average reduction of 5s. 4d. ($1.30) per shift, in order to readjust the industry to the new conditions resulting from the loss of the export trade. But the reductions varied enormously from one coalfield to another: they ranged from a maximum drop in South Wales of 11s. 7¾d. ($2.87) per shift, to 1s. 1¾d. ($0.28) per shift in the Derby, Notts. and Leicester coalfield. This meant that the wages of a large number of mine-workers would be less than those fixed in what are called the "sweated" trades, by the Trade Boards, and less than most agricultural workers were receiving under the determinations of the Agricultural Wages Boards. Having regard to the high level of prices, which stood when the crisis began at 141 per cent. above the level of 1914, the proposed reductions involved a positive degradation in the mine-workers' pre-war standard of life; the real value of the wage offered under these terms to a hewer in South Wales, normally one of the highest paid workers in the industry, was about 25s. a week, to a surface worker in the same coalfield about 18s. or less.

Without hesitation, the Miners' Federation rejected the proposals. They declared that it was impossible to ask the South Wales miner to accept a reduction of nearly 12s. ($2.92) a day, whilst men in other districts doing identical work were required to lose only about a shilling a day; particularly when the South Wales miner during the period of control had been content to accept wage advances considerably below what he would have been entitled to receive under the old sliding-scale scheme which related wages to selling price, in order that the workers in all other coalfields should have the same flat-rate additions to their standard rate whilst the industry was prospering. The Federation contended that as wage-additions, under control, had been made on the flat-rate principle, the necessary reductions to be made when the industry was decontrolled should also be on the flat-rate principle.

What the miners claimed was that the industry should be treated as a single service and that the basis on which wages should be determined should be the capacity of the industry as a whole, not that of individual districts, which may be working coal of poor quality, or which may temporarily have lost a market abroad. District determinations of wages necessarily mean inequalities between men who are

doing the same kind of work under practically the same conditions of hardship and risk. The miners, therefore, insisted that wages must be settled nationally, by a National Wages Board; and they proposed the creation of a central fund, or "pool," to be formed by a levy on the tonnage produced in each district, to be used to redress the balance between the earnings of the workers in the various coalfields. Both the purpose of the "pool" and the method of collecting it were misrepresented. The miners did not demand the pooling of all profits, and they have not claimed that there must be an absolute equality of wages between one district and another; fundamentally, what they have been fighting for on the wage aspect of the question is the regulation of all future wage-adjustments on the flat-rate principle throughout the industry. They have not denied the necessity of a fall in wages in this period of abnormal depression; they were prepared to accept a reduction over the whole industry of 2s. ($0.49) a day, which meant a decrease in the total wage bill of thirty millions for the year; they asked the owners to make a similar sacrifice by foregoing their claim to standard profits until the industry recovered, and the surrender of profits, at the rate of 1s. 8d. ($0.41) on the ton would have contributed another 18 millions to meeting the deficit, leaving the Government to find the balance at the rate of another thirty millions for the year.

These proposals manifestly required national machinery for their application. But it was precisely the demand for a national regulation of wages that the owners were resolved to resist. The later negotiations have all revolved around this point of vital principle. Both the Government and the owners have been compelled practically to admit the justice and wisdom of the workers' proposals; the Government has recognized the claims of the industry to the extent of offering a subvention of ten millions and the owners have intimated their readiness to forego their claim to standard profits—in those districts only where the Government would be required to help to maintain wages. But these concessions fall short of what is required. At the time of writing the Federation executive is taking a ballot in the coalfields upon proposals made by the owners which appear from the fragmentary information contained in the cables published in the Canadian press to be merely a modification of their original terms retaining the principle of district settlements. Under the ruling of the miners' president the ballot must yield a majority of two-thirds against these terms if the stoppage is to continue. It is possible that this majority will not be registered, for the miners' organization is bankrupt of funds and most of the district associations are heavily in debt, having borrowed from other unions to pay the allowances, reduced now to fifty per cent. of the usual amount, to the miners and their dependents. There may be an opportunity later to examine in these pages the nature of the settlement under discussion, in regard to its effects upon the wage-system and the permanent organization of the mining industry from the point of view of the workers engaged therein.

HERBERT TRACEY.

A Letter of Travel*

FROM the moment we stepped on the boat at Quebec we seemed to find ourselves in the midst of an English community—a community traditionally, reassuringly English. For the home-coming exiles from eastern lands who formed the majority of the first class passengers had about them little of the levity and none of the hectic familiarity that the war evoked in certain types of Englishmen. They were fair, stolid, confident men to whom the war and its changes were little more than a legend; they cherished still the customs and taboos of their youth. Indeed here on this ship in the St. Lawrence was to be found an authentic remnant of the great Victorian middle class with all its familiar failings and all its somewhat obscure virtues.

And if it was difficult sometimes to believe that these conventional, typical-looking people no longer represented the dominant class in England, it was at first almost as difficult not to believe that in the ship's company was to be found a faithful reproduction of the English lower class of an earlier day. The demeanour was the same; the attitude seemed to be the same; and yet beneath this familiar exterior it was not difficult to discern the working of the new spirit. Perhaps one overheard the smoke-room steward discussing trade unionism with the assistant; perhaps the state-room steward became communicative; in some way or other the realization came that the first thoughts of most of these men were no longer of tips or of service, but of wages, of hours of work, and of the next strike.

But even with this knowledge the atmosphere of the ship's company was misleading, for in England itself even the forms governing intercourse between the classes are being rapidly abandoned. One sees it in the shops, in the restaurants, and even in the clubs. Men are friendly or defiant according to their natures, but they are not often servile. One is told that for many people this unexpected development constitutes one of the most piteous failures of the war.

At Liverpool we ran into one of the friendly kind in the person of a custom house officer, who stood talking to us while we were waiting for our train to

*The Author landed in England on June 1st and his article, like the preceding one, was written before the end of the coal strike. It gives, however, a vivid and significent impression of London's attitude to the struggle.

start—the first special, he told us, that had been run for two weeks. The whole burden of his talk was that England was no place for a hero to live in. He had served in France, but it was better to be a dead hero now than a live one. All that capital did was to create fresh capital to bleed the workers. He was sorry the Triple Alliance had broken down, but the miners were holding out well by themselves. He strongly disapproved of members of parliament receiving free railway transportation. He didn't think much of parliament anyway——. Down at the end of the platform a defence force sentry in a dirty uniform stood guard over a few sacks.

The train moved past the half-deserted quay-side, and then between wholly deserted warehouses. No other train seemed to be moving in Liverpool, indeed we only passed four on the whole way to London. Once started we made good time. The stations we swept through were most of them quite empty, not a soul to be seen. Several times we passed through great yards crowded with locomotives. One had a strange feeling that already grass was beginning to sprout in the right of way, that the locomotives were rusting, and the stations falling into disrepair. And on each side one saw empty fields, and beyond them a long succession of smokeless chimneys. A sense of latitude mingled with expectancy seemed to exhale from this deserted country.

Except that the air is much clearer and the houses even colder, London shows no signs of the crisis through which the country is passing. Indeed it seems more prosperous than ever. The motors are finer, the taxis more plentiful and the theatres at least as crowded. The great hotels have resumed all their pre-war splendour. If there is a rationing system in force its effect is not noticeable to the traveller. It is true that "Pêche Melba" has disappeared from the Carlton menu, but "Pêche Delysia" has taken its place. Most certainly London, or rather that part of London that lies between Regent Street and Hyde Park, has not returned to the wartime standard of life.

Indeed in almost every direction the effort seems to be to return once more to the pre-war standards. The Guards are in red tunics and busbys again—the majority of them boys without service medals. In this particular attempt to regain the past there is something artificial and, one cannot help feeling, something transitory also. The men themselves seem to realize it, for, in spite of their training, they looked a little sheepish as they wandered bare-headed (their busbies were stacked in a corner) by twos and threes up and down the square at Wellington Barracks on Saturday, after trooping the colours for the King's birthday. The truth is that those red tunics bring back with them the real atmosphere of barrack life—that "monstrous melancholy, the same throughout the world."

But what, one wonders, are all of these people that one sees in the West End thinking of in the midst of the distractions and dangers that press upon the country? They are, judging from the newspapers and from scraps of conversation, thinking principally of racing. Of this the R. 33, as we saw her miles to the south from the windows of the boat train, was a symbol; and next morning the news that half a million cotton operatives had struck to avoid a wage reduction of twenty-five per cent. took second place to the reports of the Derby; indeed in most of the papers "Embankment Mystery" and "General's Love Lasts" (the latter an item from the divorce courts) received rather more space.

In fact most of the people one sees in the clubs, the hotels, and the theatres, seem more determined than ever to ignore the true nature of the forces that are at work around them. One of the turns in Miss Lee White's new revue at the Vaudeville is significant. An empty garret; a cradle in which a baby whimpers; Miss White in the unfamiliar role of a miner's wife. Her husband, an elderly, drunken ruffian, announcing a fresh strike. Hard words follow. The husband's arguments are vigorously, and, it must be admitted, successfully combatted; to the delight of the audience he retires discomfited, and Miss White proceeds to lament, in the nasal accent and minor key for which she is famous, the sorrows that collective bargaining bring to the miner's wife and child. So long as a theatre full of people can be found to applaud this sort of thing the Gospel according to St. Marx will find its converts by the thousand.

But there is in these places something more than blind antagonism. There is a levity that, considering the circumstances, is comparable only to that of Paris society under the Directory. These people are determined to retain their pleasures and their profits —they believe, presumably, that recognition even of the more modest demands of labour will involve a curtailment of their enjoyment, and so they are pushing labour into an irreconcilable position. It is, one hears on all sides, to be a fight to a finish; but if one inquires about the consequences of such a struggle one is told that the sober good sense of the British people will avoid the worst of them.

What is meant by the British people? If the working classes are meant there might have been some use in appealing to their sober good sense twelve or even six months ago. To-day that chance seems to have been deliberately thrown away. The employing and financial classes cannot go on shouting "No compromise!" for months on end, and then expect labour to meet them more than half-way. But usually, of course, it is the possessing class that is meant; and even realizing that it is, as a rule, the less desirable members of this class that the traveller sees in London, it is too much to expect from them an

exercise of that traditional good sense. For they themselves are not traditional; they are a different type from those sound, somewhat ill-mannered men who have just come back from their years of exile in Shanghai or Tien Tsin. Indeed many of them are less recognizably English than the one-legged soldier beside the barrel organ who silently shakes a money box in your face.

Again one thinks of the Directory and of that crowd of adventurers and profiteers thrown up by the Revolution—the "rotten bellies" of the Fauboures' gibes. The biology of war has done its work. The best part of a generation is missing, and one cannot help noticing it.

VIATOR.

Mount Logan

THERE is a peculiar charm about a distant inaccessible mountain, and when the peak is still virgin and is the highest point in a great, half-explored country the charm is redoubled for a properly constituted mountaineer. Mount St. Elias (18,000 feet) was at one time reputed to be the highest point in North America; then Ovizaba in Mexico (18,500 feet) was found to surpass it, and later there were rumours of still higher peaks, like Logan and McKinley, in the wonderful knot of mountains near the boundary of Yukon Territory and Alaska. Ovizaba, in its tropical surroundings, is not really a difficult peak and has frequently been climbed. Mount St. Elias, mostly hidden in fog and clouds, but sometimes showing itself in all its majesty of 18,000 feet of cliff and snow and glacier, was climbed more than thirty years ago by the party of the Duke of the Abruzzi; and McKinley, with much better climatic conditions, has since been ascended in spite of its height cf more than 20,000 feet; but Mount Logan, the second mountain in altitude in North America, still remains untouched. Few white men have even seen it, but it has been photographed by the Abruzzi Expedition and by the Yukon-Alaska Boundary Survey and its height has been determined as 19,850 feet. It is a few hundred feet lower than McKinley but is more difficult of access, and to a Canadian has the added importance of being much the highest mountain in his own country.

It will be climbed some day and its first ascent should be made by Canadians and not by Italians or Americans or even Englishmen. This splendid peak should be conquered by a party sent out by the Alpine Club of Canada as Mount Everest is now being attacked by members of the English Alpine Club, the parent of all Alpine clubs.

Though no white man has been within many miles of its summit the position and character of Mount Logan are fairly well known from photographs made from the St. Elias range, and probably the Boundary Survey has mapped at least part of it accurately by photographic methods, but its maps are not yet available. We know that it is not much more than twenty miles north-west of Mount St. Elias and probably less than fifty miles from the Pacific.

Let no one suppose, however, that it would be a simple matter to tramp those fifty miles inland and climb the mountain. The well equipped expedition of the Duke of the Abruzzi took from the 23rd of June to the 31st of July to reach the summit of Mount St. Elias, and an expedition to Mount Logan from the sea would mean not only crossing the vast Malespina glacier but also crossing the rugged and unexplored St. Elias range.

A far longer but far easier route is available, from Skagway to Whitehorse by the White Pass railway, followed by about 200 miles of inland travel westward toward the Alaskan Boundary. Some years ago a waggon road of sorts was made to certain placer mines near Kluane lake, which appears from the imperfect maps to lie at no great distance north-east of the Logan range.

Mr. McConnell, the well-known geologist, in his report on the Kluane gold district in 1904, refers to the huge glaciers coming down from the St. Elias range feeding various rivers, and says that "the central part of the range is covered with almost continuous snow fields, pierced in places by dark rocky points. . . . The great Kaskawulsh glacier, the largest in the district visited, descends from the central névé, and has a length of over twenty miles."

Probably Mount Logan was in view from the region he explored, though it was not distinguished from the other lofty peaks of the range.

Unless the Boundary Survey has prepared maps showing the exact position of Mount Logan the first duty of any expedition setting out to climb it will be to find the mountain itself. It should stand out, a splendid vision, as the highest peak toward the south-west from the valley of Kluane lake, and one can imagine the joy, not unmingled with fear, of a climbing party on seeing their goal standing before them in its majesty of dark cliffs and snowy summit.

If the wagon road still exists most of the journey to Mount Logan can be done with wheels. Beyond this pack ponies will be necessary as far as the foot-hills. Since snow line in the region runs from 3,000 to 4,000 feet above sea level, the last stretch of the journey will be under Arctic conditions with camps high above timber or running water, and all supplies of food and fuel must be transported on sledges or on men's shoulders. The expedition will not be easy and the cost of travel and equipment will be heavy; but there are many hardy climbers in the Alpine Club of Canada and I believe there is enough patriotism and love of adventure among the members of the

Club and their friends to finance an expedition of the kind.

At this point some of my readers may ask what good it will do to journey to the other end of Canada and endure weeks of toil and hardship and perhaps serious danger merely to climb a mountain. In cash there will probably be no return for the time and labour expended, but there is a joy in measuring one's strength and endurance against the difficulties sure to be encountered in climbing a mountain of the first class, and there is a supreme joy and triumph in being the first to stand on a noble peak and look down upon the nearby snows and glaciers and the far off wooded valleys of an unknown region.

Mountain climbing is the manliest of sports, setting every muscle and every sense to work and demanding keen observation, quick decision and a well trained intelligence to match all the difficulties presented by nature in its wildest mood. Beside the exhilarating, sporting side of the expedition the reaching and ascending of Mt. Logan should have important geographical results and should afford an opportunity to study the geology and the botany of an almost unknown part of Canada.

Our Canadian climbers should not wait too long and allow men of any other nation to carry off the highest mountaineering prize of their own country.

A. P. Coleman.

Correspondence

The Canadian Forum *had its origin in a desire to secure a freer and more informed discussion of public questions. Discussion is invited on editorials or articles appearing in the magazine or on any other matters of political or artistic interest. Conciseness, point, and good nature must be asked of correspondents. The Editors are not responsible for matter printed in this column.*

The Gentle Art of Map-Making: A Reply

To the Editor, The Canadian Forum

Dear Sir:

The writer has read with interest your article entitled "The Gentle Art of Map-Making," which appeared in the June issue of The Canadian Forum.

I am prompted to write you regarding this Review for two reasons: first, because from our viewpoint we consider it unfair; second, because as a descendant of a United Empire Loyalist I am fervently interested in educational matters of this country, and therefore wish to make and sell only the best publications.

Why do we think your Review unfair? When the writer undertook to secure an Atlas to be sold in Canada he examined many and finally decided on the New World Loose-Leaf Atlas. This decision was made as a result of his belief in the efficacy of a loose-leaf system for an atlas. In the past we have sold atlases and books of various kinds which we had imported. One complaint that was paramount pointed to the neglect of Canadian matters. This was particularly true of atlases, as somehow the foreign publisher had neglected to look after Canadian needs. We felt that the loose-leaf system would enable us, with the co-operation of the sympathetic educational and business public to build up a set of Canadian maps of excellent value and usefulness. This, plus the fact that the loose-leaf system would enable us to put out a new Census at a minimum cost, and also any map changes resulting from the Great War, seemed theoretically sound enough to justify our selecting this atlas in preference to any other.

I might add that from the practical standpoint we found that the Atlas was being translated into other languages and being sold by such people as the Grolier Society of London and New York, the Sears Roebuck Company of Chicago, and that this particular volume was having a world-wide distribution.

In a rough way the above gets at the root of the motives which led to the publication which has borne the brunt of your criticism, and we feel that had you known these facts, in all probability you would have softened your criticisms and thrown out a word of encouragement.

Criticism No. 1, regarding the comparative merits of maps printed by the wax process and those which are lithographed. Your criticism, to my way of thinking, is well taken, although the defect does not appeal to me as being serious enough as to place the atlas in the second-rate column.

Regarding the misplacement of colours, that matter has been taken up very seriously with our printers, and it is to be hoped that in the future misplacements will largely be eliminated.

You state that the real test of the Atlas is its accuracy. With this statement we agree. We will discuss it.

A. How does it report the Antarctic Ocean? Your answer: "The Antarctic Ocean is non-existent, the Antarctic Continent taking its place." We are glad for this information. Only this morning I read an article in one of our leading newspapers in which the statement was made that the existence of an Antarctic Continent was unverified. At anyrate, the following authorities have the following data. The fifth report of the United States Geographic Board, published at Washington, 1921, says on page 40: "Antarctic Ocean: Great southern ocean south of 40° south latitude." Harmsworth's *Universal Cyclopedia*, edited by J. A. Hammerton and published in 1921, contains an article on Antarctic Exploration by Captain E. G. R. Evans, R.M., C.B., D.S.O., in which this successor to Captain Scott says on page 453: "The

Antarctic Ocean is the shallowest of all the oceans, the depth averaging 2,000 fathoms or less." All of the New European Atlases, including the 1921 printing of the five different sizes issued by Messrs. Philip, the *New Times Atlas* issued by Bartholomew, and the new edition of Andree's *Handatlas*, just received from Germany, still give this designation to the South Polar Sea. Other authorities of high standing, but earlier date, could be quoted by us, but we have confined our reference to these recent authorities, because we fear that there may be some later authority which we are not familiar with, and if so, we would be very grateful to your author for this authority.

B. The Canadian National Railway: The writer personally took this matter up with the railroad authorities and it was the consensus of opinion that for the present it would be well to leave the old designations as they were, as the question of the final status of the railroads was still in a transitory state. As a practical business man I agree with these people's suggestion, although we have in mind making the change at the time our new Canadian service is printed, and that will be when the Census of 1921 is ready for the press. To my way of thinking he would be a bold man indeed who would have undertaken at the time this edition was printed to change all those railroad names.

"In one map, the Northwest Territories are correctly divided into the Districts of Mackenzie, Keewatin, and Franklin, but in all others the old names are retained." The map which is absolutely correct is on page 189. The only other map in this collection on which it would be possible to show these minor divisions is the map of North America, page 164, and because of the character of this map it was deemed desirable to show these provisional districts and some other minor divisions of North America. We must also admit that we have had some misgivings about showing these provisional districts on any of our maps, these misgivings rising through doubt as to their status as political units.

"Kitchener in Ontario retains its ancient name of Berlin." You doubtless refer to a typographical error in the index of page 195. However, the map on page 197, and all other parts of this work, shows Kitchener correctly; the index will be corrected when the new census appears. We are grateful for the criticism,

German East Africa: "In this case one finds the word 'German' eliminated and 'East Africa' allowed, incorrectly, to remain." This was but a temporary change. At the time this plate was prepared the political status of Africa had not been settled, and as we intended giving an African service, we did not attempt to make two sets of corrections. The new map of Africa will be included in our four year service. At that time the political boundaries will be properly given.

"Official Anglicised names have now been given to the name places of the earth." On the map of Palestine on page 128 the biblical and modern names of important places and topographical features are given in parenthesis; *e.g.*, El Kuds (Jerusalem).

Regarding your author's native place, Dovedale, we do not find it mentioned in the excellent and comprehensive gazeteer-index of the 1921 edition of Philip's *New Handy General Atlas*.

Regarding American Origin and Bias: The quotation you make from "The Great Decisive Struggle" has been long since corrected, and the corrected sheet will appear with our first service. The writer took strong exception to this from the first. Unfortunately, he did not notice it until the first edition was printed.

You now have the motive which led to our selling this Atlas. You also have our viewpoint in regard to certain defects that you called attention to. Are we justified in feeling that we have made a good start? That our Atlas is not as bad as one might think, not knowing all the facts? Do we merit the support of the educational authorities of this country? Furthermore, would you be good enough to assist us in selecting someone capable of correcting Canadian proofs from time to time, that our Atlas may be complete and accurate?

Finally, we feel that in spite of any defects, there are a number of meritorious details contained in our Atlas which place it above the average.

Yours, etc.,
HERTEL-HARSHMAN CO. LIMITED,
H. H. HARSHMAN.

"Made in Canada"

To the Editor, THE CANADIAN FORUM

DEAR SIR:

I would like to say that I welcome your paper and am in sympathy with its aims, and also, because it will make use of Canadian brains, and interest them in their own country, it is time we had such a paper. I see one of its objects is the discussion of "domestic" politics, and already I have seen one paper on domestic *science* which encourages me to write this letter.

The question of unemployment occupies a large place in your issue of April. In that connection I would like to ask a question from a woman's and housewife's standpoint. We are asked to purchase Canadian made goods and I am extremely anxious to do so yet in some lines when one asks for an article we are told it is not to be had. Why is this? Take the instance of ordinary pottery, I mean dishes such as are broken in all our homes, at a rapid rate; to replace them we must buy imported goods, and immense sums of money go out of our country annually in this one line alone. Yet the making of

pottery has been a custom of aboriginal and savage peoples generally—artistic work as we can see in our Museum. Surely Canadians can do what these can do. This line of work gives employment from ordinary labourers to highly trained artists. My anxiety for Canadian goods is, firstly, that employment may be had for our Canadian youth, our best resource, that they may be kept in the country where they have been reared—a very important matter for our loyal Canadian mothers. Secondly, from a national pride. Why are not Canadians producing articles which seem so easily produced in so many lands, and have given employment for the youth? Thirdly, I would *prefer* to use Canadian articles rather than the choicest European ware, and it seems to me a fortune is awaiting those who produce an artistic Canadian ware, and fame also, as the Wedgwoods won fame, also Palissy and others.

We hear "In a small city ten thousand unemployed", yet we are sending millions of dollars out of our country to give employment and wealth to foreigners who can plan wars against our country.

Then we burn as waste material an immense amount of short lengths of wood that in other countries are carved into useful and ornamental articles, children's toys, etc., thus giving employment to many.

It seems as though some men would rather make money by corners and margins and inflated and watered stocks and such intangible commodities than by beautiful and useful handiwork. I would very much like some discussion on these questions.

Yours, etc.,

E. R.

Count Leo N. Tolstoy
1899-1910

What is this, unheard before, that the Unarmed make war,
And the Slain hath the gain, and the Victor hath the rout?
What wars, then, are these, and what the enemies,
Strange Chief, with the scars of Thy conquest trenched about?

Francis Thompson, *The Veteran of Heaven.*

I BECAME acquainted with Count Leo Tolstoy by correspondence in connection with the Doukhobors and afterwards through his son Sergius, who visited me in Toronto. From 1898 I had had some correspondence with him and when I went to Russia in 1899 I found in Moscow a very warm invitation to go to Yasnaya Polyana. I left Moscow and about six o'clock one morning in August I reached the small station of Yazenki, about twelve miles from Tula and about one hundred and twenty miles south of Moscow. There I found waiting for me a rather shabby carriage with a peasant coachman who wore the customary peacock feather in his cap I arrived at the chateau about seven o'clock and soon afterwards the tall figure of the Count appeared on the verandah and greeted me most heartily. At that time Tolstoy was seventy-one years of age. He was well preserved for his years. George Brandes has described him as a typical *mujik* but this hardly conveys the impression he made upon my mind. He was to be sure dressed like a *mujik* in a faded blouse, with a leather belt into which he habitually passed one or both of his hands, and he wore the usual high boots of the peasant. The great Russian artist Repin has represented Tolstoy in a drawing with bare feet, but I never saw him in this state; otherwise the drawing is thoroughly characteristic. It is true that Tolstoy had a broad nose, a feature not peculiar to the Russian peasant nor even to the Slavic race,[1] but he had neither the aspect nor the bearing of a peasant. No *mujik* ever had his piercing eye or his air of confidence and mastery. His bearing towards his peasants, although friendly, was not that of a fellow peasant. I have seen other proprietors in Russia, whose frame of mind was by no means democratic, conduct themselves with their peasants in a manner much more affable than that of Tolstoy. The intellectual and moral differences between Tolstoy and his peasants constituted a gulf between them much wider and more impassable than any social gulf.

He spoke English with a scarcely perceptible foreign accent, although he had visited England only once and had then stayed but a short time. Indeed he spoke with less of a foreign accent than Kropotkin, although the latter had lived in England for the greater part of his life. I suppose that the reason was that Tolstoy had learned English in his youth, while Kropotkin was at least not familiar with that language until about his thirtieth year.

Tolstoy told me that he was writing a novel[1] for the first time for many years, that he intended to give the proceeds of it to the Doukhobors and that for this purpose alone he had resumed the writing of fiction. He told me that he customarily rose early, wrote till shortly after noon, lunched, rested for a short time and then in the afternoon walked or rode or otherwise engaged in recreation. During my stay of about a week we generally played chess in the afternoon, and then again in the evening after dinner. Sometimes this programme was varied by Tolstoy reading Pushkin to me in the evening or by Sergius, his son, playing Tchaikowsky on the piano while we played chess. Every afternoon we had a long and sometimes rapid walk, occasionally accompanied by the Countess and by one or both of their daughters, Tatiana and Alexandrovna (Sasha). Sergius had told me when he visited me that his father would

[1] Many of the Caucasic races are characterized by breadth of nose.

certainly try my powers of endurance by long walks and that he would inevitably measure me in general by this test. Apparently he was satisfied, for we had many long walks together both on the occasion of my first visit and later. Tolstoy was a copious and sympathetic talker. He liked to hear about the things that interested others and to find common enthusiasms. He told me of his admiration for Kropotkin and wished me to convey his feelings to him. The two Englishmen whom he respected most were Dickens and Ruskin. He had read much of both. His enthusiasm for Ruskin I could readily understand but I was a little puzzled by his estimate of Dickens. I found that it was not either Dickens' humour nor his art as a story-teller that attracted Tolstoy, but his sympathy for humanity and his views upon education. Tolstoy expressed surprise that I did not know Ruskin and charged me to go to see him immediately on my return to England and to convey to him a message of goodwill. Alas, Ruskin was already on his death-bed. He died soon after and it was impossible to convey the message.

I was little inclined to venture upon any criticism of Tolstoy's works to Tolstoy himself, but I did ask him if he had read the numerous books on aesthetics cited in his *What is Art?* published shortly before. He said that he had not, that in fact he had used a little book, *The Philosophy of the Beautiful*, by Professor William Knight and had not thought it necessary to consult the original authorities. I found it a little difficult to make him aware that there were much better authorities in aesthetics than Professor Knight and that his book could not be regarded as an important contribution to its subject. Here as in his writings upon exegesis (his *Gospels*, for instance) I found Tolstoy's knowledge of the literature rather fragmentary and sometimes even quite superficial. The fact is that Tolstoy was in no sense a scholar. He had read discursively in many languages and in especial, in addition to his native Russian, in English, French, Italian and German. He was more or less familiar with the great classics, but he had not read systematically and on any questions of philosophy or of theology he was without doubt imperfectly informed. Nor did he know almost anything of science. In two directions, however, Tolstoy was, if not supreme in his generation, at least among the foremost. As artist in letters no one among the Russians surpassed him excepting perhaps Turguenieff, and among Englishmen none came near him excepting George Meredith and Thomas Hardy, and as prophet or seer none approached him in any country excepting Ruskin. Yet his rôle of prohpet adulterated, as it were, his artistic product and rendered it less in quantity, and perhaps also in quality, than it might have been. In *War and Peace* and in *Anna Karenina* there is no obvious moralizing, but in his *Resurrection* there is an obvious moral thesis, brought in to excuse the temporary abandonment of the prophet's mantle.

The life of a prophet must be a hard life, not merely because of the perpetual conflict of the higher emotions and the inferior passions but also because of the effect upon the prophet of inevitable discipleship. No one could scorn discipleship more than Tolstoy, yet he suffered from it. There grew up gradually around Tolstoy a group, the inner circle of which came to be known in Russia as the college of Cardinals. There were three of these so-called Cardinals—each of them men of high character and fine spirit but each of them laying themselves open to the accusation of spurious ecclesiasticism. The three "Cardinals" were Vladimir Tchertkoff, Ivan Treguboff and Paul Birukoff. In spite of the fineness of all of these men there was too close a resemblance between their position in relation to Tolstoy and the position of Princes of the Church, to avoid good-natured banter, and even some not good-natured, on the part of the rank and file of the followers of Tolstoy. Tolstoy's views and phrases came to be quoted as if they were inspired and in spite of protests on the part of Tolstoy himself a legend of papal infallibility gradually grew up about him.

While alike in his writings and in his conversation Tolstoy's psychological analysis was acute and sustained, I found his judgment on some things rather inadequately supported by investigation or knowledge. He entertained the opinion, for example, that the society of England is exceedingly aristocratic, and I found it hard to convey to him the idea that on the contrary it is essentially the opposite, or that in England there is really no aristocratic class corresponding to the aristocratic class in Russia and in Central Europe. I found that he had acquired his knowledge on this subject from a mutual friend who was at one time military attaché in the Russian Embassy in London. I could readily understand how in the atmosphere of the Embassy and in the social milieu in which it was involved it would be quite easy to derive such an impression. Our friend had, I knew, lived for some time not only in London but also in the country, where he became acquainted with the life of the squire, the parson and the tenant farmer. He had never lived in an industrial town and he had never had opportunities of observing the social and political influences of the industrial population. Moreover, his acquaintance had been confined to the South of England. JAMES MAVOR

(To be Continued)

[1]The novel was *Resurrection.*

Loch Sloy Rest Home When necessary to relax from strain of business, social or household duties, this Environment in the Garden of Canada, is ideal for recuperation. Hourly electric service to Hamilton. Write for pamphlet, Drawer 126, Winona, Ont.

Lovers of Porcelain

Artist, yourself, and collector,
Student of ancient inscriptions,
Connoisseur of bronzes—
So you are described in a many-tomed catalogue
Of Chinese celebrities.
To me you are a point of joy in porcelains,
A torch of human love for porcelains,
Blazing in the vagueness of three hundred years ago.
While kings and queens of Europe
Drank from metal tankards
And gorged themselves from plates of common gold
and silver,
Knowing not the grace and charm of porcelain,
You and your friends, two or three,
Were meeting day and night
To gather in the lore
And talk about the beauty
Of old rare pieces.
You loved the potter's art,
So ancient in your own land,
And in your love-madness wrote a book,
That you never got printed—
Book you painted pictures for,
A manuscript book that lay three centuries,
Who knows where?
In a discard of papers?
In libraries of scholars none too interested?
Then in the palaces of hereditary princes,
Who owned too much beauty beside.
Was it your spirit took its final revenge
On these dull-minded princes,
When your beautiful book still unpublished
Came as a forfeit of war
Into the hands of an English doctor,
Who like you loved with deep love
Old Chinese porcelains?

The Mocking Bird

Is there no song worth singing twice over?
Above my window each dawn
You throw down a cascade of whistling and warbling,
Broken with irrelevant notes of mere chatter and call.
You wrap yourself in a patchwork song
Like a harlequin in motley.
Yet you leave me unmoved by your song of many
colours.
Are melody and stridence both alike to you?
Is there no song from your heart worth singing
twice over?

The pewee, content to repeat a tiny plaint,
Makes me feel the sting of some trouble.
By shouting robustly from the treetops
The robin has almost won me to his bold faith.
Were the sparrows to turn pacifists,
I should miss their quarrelling in the eaves.
A shy warbler, hidden away in the leafage,
Convinces me of art which no reticence can subdue.
These birds I know, each for pleasure or disturbance.

Who knows what you are, you dexterous mocker?
Who gave you license to pirate bird-songs
And publish them abroad in a garbled copy?
You are a daring vandal of treasured rhythms
And old sweet cadences.

Yet you have a shocking talent.
Is there any gifted like you?
But here is your fault:
Versatility is your pleasure;
You sing only to convince yourself of it.
And so every dawn we miss in you an artist;
Could sorrow make you find your own song,
I would pray for a hurricane to wreck your nest.
You are too secure, you empty technician.

The Pine Woods

The upper slope of a hill which lies toward the breeze;
Fragrant brown pine-needles tumbled loosely on the
ground;
Horny, weathered cones and brittle branches dropped
upon them;
The fallen sunlight broken into misty spots.

Rough stems of trees leading the eye upward,
Where dark tufts of green needles stand forth
Like prickly candelabra burning with flame invisible
Against the overpowering blue.

Hark! the soft tread of some wild creature?
It is the low wind fluttering the underbrush.
A silence from human voices:
Only the speech of a chickadee gossiping ever without
spite.

A Saucy Song

Though you are cold as spears of ice,
So that never the faintest quiver you feel
At a lady's glance, or a lady's touch,
Or the flick of a pretty lady's heel,
The day will come when you are caught,
Whether you will, or will it not.

Though you have a mind you shut and seal,
So that never images come or go
Of moistened skin and tumbled hair
And a bosom hasting high and low,
Love will get you, if you be man,
Do what you will, and all you can.

A lady so perfect never did grow,
Spiced and garnished to your taste:
Never so spirited, never so fair,
Never half so piquantly graced;
Yet the day will come when you are blind,
And you will marry you to your kind.

Imagist to Regular Poet

O, the beauty of the footless on the waters!
O, the bleak sense of the sure-footed!

O slave of the pulse-beat,
Why do you trot along jolting?
Why do you patter out iambics?
What ugliness have we not suffered from you,
You pitter-patterers!

Come with me, proud-footed!
I am a gale in a calm;
I am the wetness of Sahara;
I am dry land at the bottom of the ocean;
I am the possible impossible;
I am song without singing,
I am the rhythm of timelessness;
Impossible, possible!
Possible impossible!
Everything possible and impossible!

I am the scentlessness of violets,
Pink violets, pond-violets,
Violets above the timber-line,
Violets that bloom in the sea,
Violable violets.

I am the sea itself.
O, the burning waters of the ocean!
O, the sea-irises!
O, the stinging lilies, and the cactuses, and pear-trees
Of the deep, the shallow-deep ocean!

Fear not the ocean, O nimble-footed!
Fear not the gods and the juices of the ocean!
Come and climb into the salt water;
You shall make sport of the sea;
You shall find it very sweet like rain,
Sweet as the musty-flat, rusty-sooty water of cisterns.
You shall wash your hair in its waves
Until it is pallid;
Pallid your crimped hair!
You shall sip wine from the ocean's crinkly goblet
Held low to catch the lips of the white swimmer.

You are afraid of the sea, silly-footed?
Look, where the moon roughens a path for you
On the slippery surface of the ocean!
You shall walk to the moon on the roughened waters;
On the path you shall meet Venus Transiens,
Priapus, god of the foot-scorners,
Eros, and the lithe god-children;
You shall see Isis and Osiris and the mysteries;
You shall cool your hot blood with the love of Lesbia;
You shall take your turn sprinting after Sappho;
You shall draw honey-sweet Atthis to you with swift
sighs;
You shall make a passionate sensuous love-song
To a broken arm of a lost nude statue
By Praxiteles.

Why do you patter along the beach bare-footed
Twisting your ten toes into the damp sand?
See, the waves crackle on the sand
And are gathered into its mausoleum,
While the sea spits at the sky unashamed.

You should not run away from me, foolish-footed?
Do you think to climb the crag above me?
You shall not evade me, hard-patterer!
You are like hail-stones clattering;
I shall gather you up and throw you into the sea;
You shall be nothing, if I choose;
I shall annihilate you.

You will leap yet!
You will tumble to it from the cliff!
Come, break your bony sides on the curves of our
cadences!

O, the bleak sense of the sure-footed!
O, the beauty of the footless on the waters!

LYON SHARMAN

The Walls of Jericho

THE new preacher wiped the perspiration from his face and smiled faintly at the Recording Steward. The door had just closed on Mrs. Playne, who had once more (but for the first time since the new preacher's coming) shaken the dust of the church from her feet forever. He felt a little troubled at a member leaving in anger, and on prayer meeting night, too, but surely no one woman had a right to pray for thirty-five out of the whole seventy-five minutes, and expound the Scriptures for another fifteen. He almost wished he hadn't joined the London Conference. However, it was over, and with a little sigh of uncertain relief he picked up the little red "Moody and Sankey" book of Gospel songs. Alas, he was young, and he knew not Mrs. Playne. He was still hunting for his hymn when the door opened again, just enough to let the face of the departing member peer round it. Mrs. Playne's broad, black face was a joy and a promise of comfort to all the babies of the Settlement and indicated to them inexhaustible patience and understanding. But just now, with the leathery folds distorted in the terrifying anger of strong old age, with her blind eye, accidentally put out by the loaded end of an overseer's whip in the early fifties, drawn up in a permanent, menacing wink, she was the incarnation of a Voodoo prophetess of vengeance.

"No, you all nee'nt to look so skeered!" she cried. "I a'nt a-comin' in. I is jus' comin' back to let you all know I fo'gives you. I aint so sure 'bout de Lord, but I fo'gives you, even if you white folks

IN THE BUSH
BY
J. E. H. MACDONALD

did try to squinch de Spirit. But you can't squinch de Spirit. Oh, no, Mr. New Preacher, you aint a-goin' to squinch it. It aint de Will."

The face disappeared, the door closed with a doubtfully forgiving bang—and the experienced Recording Steward slipped quietly down and locked it. The preacher announced the hymn, "When Peace Like a River," and Mrs. Green started over towards the organ since the regular organist was not there. But it was not to be. Mrs. Playne, who had been followed in her secession by her granddaughter, Queen Victoria Campbell, had decided to open a service of prayer and praise of her own, and her voice now rose in the former of these devotional exercises.

"An' so, oh Lord, have mercy on de poor, blin' preacher, an' de brethern and sisters that are walkin' in great darkness. De chimley of der gospel lantern is mighty badly smoked up, an' dey can't see de rows of de blessed heav'nly corn, let 'lone hoe dem.—An' dey hab stopped dey ears, so dey can' heah de wuds ob de suhvant ob de Lord,—but dey'll hatter stop 'em mighty ha'd, an' dey ain' got wax 'nuff ter stop 'em ter git 'way from me!" (Her voice, which had risen to a shrill pitch and a rapidity of utterance almost incredible to those who do not know her race, now fell to its normal quality again.) "Queen Victoria, less us sing," and she broke out into the strains of "View de Land."

"You say yer Jesus set-a you free;
View de land, view de land,
Why don't you let-a your neighbour be?
Go view de heavenly land.
You say you're aiming for de skies;
View de land, view de land;
Why don't you stop-a your telling lies?
Go view de heavenly land."

Her mood had softened by the time she ended the song and then there came floating in through the open windows to the congregation within, and whispering far through the apple orchard and the hickory grove at Weir's, the low, penetrating sweetness of "Steal Away to Jesus."

This time, as she sang the last stanza,

"Tombstones are bursting,
Poor sinners are trembling;
The trumpet sounds it in-a my soul:
I aint got long to stay here.
Steal away, steal away, steal away to Jesus!
Steal away, steal away home
I aint got long to stay here,"

her voice had broken down.

"Oh, brethern!"? she cried, sobbing, "Don' less us break de bond ob Christian fellowship. Don'. Let's us all join together in de praises ob de Lamb.—I'se comin' back in to embrace you all."

The new preacher was terror-stricken, the congregation almost equally so, and only the wise Recording Steward smiled in grim assurance. Meantime the returning prodigal had discovered that the door was locked, and this insult raised her temperature with startling suddenness from melting to boiling point. Then it was that Mrs. Playne embarked on the most remarkable group philippic ever heard in that community since it broke away from the paternal sway of old Colonel Talbot and set up an independent municipality.

"Oh, ah knows who done lock de do'h. It ain' dat white-livah'd preachah. Oh, no, he ain' got gumption 'nuff. He's plum skeered ob dis po' ol' niggah woman, he am, de sleek, time-servin' sneak, wid de natchul balm ob Gilead an' lubricatin' oil jes' a-drippin' off ob ev'ry wu'd he says ter me. Oh, no, it ain' dat bawlin' sook calf, dat dey ain' 'nuff ob 'im ter be sinful. Oh, Ah 'spises dese yer squashy ripe termater sinnahs, Ah does."

Incontinently, she broke again into song.

"Gabriel's trumpet's going to blow,
By and by, by and by,
Yes, Gabriel's trumpet's going to blow,
At the end of time.
Then, poor sinner, what will you do?
By and by, by and by,
You'll run for the mountains to hide you,
At the end of time."

Then her fury against the whole congregation swept away for the time her malice toward individuals. Strangely enough, her voice took on a weird dignity that suggested apocalyptic visions of judgment.

"Oh, Lord, I has been a-listening for de Voice.—Yes. Lord, I is listening.—Oh. does I hear it?—Oh, Lord, does I?—Hallelujah, now Ah heahs it.—An' de Word of de Lord is dat dis church am no church, it am Jericho, an' it mus' fall.—Queen Victoria, we ain' got no trumpet, but we will walk about de walls ob Jericho an' see de Lord pore out de vials ob His wrath. Less us sing dat ol' Jericho song."

And, with the solemn tread of a sacramental procession, the two began to walk round and round the little wooden country church, singing slowly and in time with their tread, "Jericho's A-tumblin' Down."

"Oh, my Lord, Jericho's a-tumblin' down.
Oh, my Lord, Jericho's a-tumblin' down.
When you hear dem seven golden trumpets blow,
Massa Jesus come a-leadin' de host around,
Old Satan had my soul, but he had to let me go.
Tell them Jericho's a-tumblin' down."

Most of the members of that little Southern Ontario congregation were people of sound common-sense; most of them, probably all except the new preacher, had seen Mrs. Playne in more than one similar, though milder outburst, and all of them knew in their hearts that it was only an enraged old negress, whose passion had got the better of her piety, and who was now in a state of religious frenzy. Nevertheless, as that huge dark form (Queen Victoria

was not tall enough to come much above the window sills) passed the windows slowly singing, every one felt a vague, shivering uneasiness. Fascinated, silent, each counted the times they had passed a given window in the performance of their magical rite, for, however little she knew it, old Mrs. Playne had slipped back a couple of generations and was now conjuring in the same way as her ancestors had done in the African jungles, only with a Biblical formula. Thus the two passed seven t mes around, and then stood in silent expectancy before the last of the windows. The walls did not fall, whereupon Mrs. Playne, after a motionless minute, walked up to the window, removed its prop and raised it sufficiently higher to admit her head, while the window sash came down upon her neck behind like a knifeless guillotine.

"An' it aint dat nice Sister Hitchcock, dat she-woman dat runs de church an' de settlement, an' thinks she can run de Lord. Oh no, it aint her, dat ol' Sis Bossy, dat reckons she can hitch up de Ol' Boy hisself to a democrat an' trot 'im up an' down de Base Line an' back. She can run dat po' tool Hitchcock, dat don't dast to look up at de sun ter see what time is it without he axes dat ol' critter, but she can't run me.

"An' it aint ol' local preacher, neither, what lock dat do'. Ol' local preacher aint goin' get enough out it. Dey'd have ter take up de c'lection 'fore he'd do anythin' but practice his oratin' at de Lord. Dat's de same ol' critter dat keeps four dogs so's he can pick de fleas off 'em an' skin dem fleas fer de hide an' taller. I knows him. He buried my Nancy, ol' local preacher did, de Lord have mercy on my soul dat I didn't give her Christian buryin', an' I had to watch dat grave for a week to keep de ol' money-squeezer from takin' de poor dollars off her eyes.

"But Ah'll tell yer who done it. Ah's a-pintin' right at 'im. It was dat low-lived, lyin', cheatin', black-hearted hypercrite dat de debbil hab' got 'pinted fer de 'co'din' stewa'd ob dis heah den ob thieves. Oh, Ah knows you, Mistah Job Smith. Now I axes you jus' one er two things: Who was it tuk an' left holes in de co'dwood an' got kotched up wid, an' got his ma ter lie 'im out ob it? Who done dat? An' who tu'ned ol' Widder Grey out on de road on Chris'mas mo'nin', which she tuck an' was foun' dead? Who done dat Christian ac'? Who was it hired dat Molly what was fibble in de min' ter come an' work fer 'im, an' den, w'en trouble come, got dat po' fool Martin blame fer it, an' had 'im sont down? No, Ah aint done yet. Who tuk an' to'' me dat eggs was twenty cents in Windsor, an' all de time knowed he was lyin' an' done me out ob four cents a dozen on eight dozen, makin' forty-two cents? Who was dat, you, you—you debbil's stovewood stick.

"Come on, Queen Victoria, dis crowd so low it can't fall no lower, an' so dirty de Lord won't lay his finger on 'em. Come on home, chile, an' leave 'em a-wallerin' in der mire."

Once again, except for the calling of a cow on the side-road, the song of the katydids in the meadow across the Base Line, the sharpening of distant mower-knives and the homely plaintiveness of Bobby Kerr's mouth-organ, half-way over to the town line, the healing quiet, which, after all, made all these sounds parts of itself, hushed the countryside.

In the church the new preacher, saddened but not vindictive, announced "At Even When The Sun Was Set" and the little group, in a strong emotional reaction to the new mood, sang, all of them softly, and most of them sincerely, that comforting old hymn. In the pause after the singing they could hear violent sobbing outside. Mrs. Playne had not left them to their wallowing. She lifted up her voice again and real contrition was in it.

"Oh, breddern an' sisters, forgive me. I'se been a-lyin' agin' you all in my anger, an' I knowed I was lyin', an' Satan has me all boun' in his chains, an' I has backslidden, but I wants you all, an' you, de ordained servant ob de Lord, to pray fer me, dat de Lion ob Judah may break ev'ry chain. Ah aint axin' you to let me in, ah aint fit ter scrub de chu'ch floor, but ah axes you all ter fo'give me, an' jes' let me grubble in de dus' out heah, an' listen to de blessed service ob wo'ship!"

The new preacher was touched, but he had learned some very useful lessons in primitive psychology.

"We shall sing the first stanza of "Will You Come, Will You Come, With Your Poor Broken Heart,' and then, after the benediction, let each of us go home to the privacy of his own room and search his own heart."

"Amen, brother," cried Mrs. Playne. "Oh, Queen Victoria, I tells you dat man's well fortified."

J. D. Robins.

On Intellectual Values in Poetry

WHAT did Rossetti—the complete type of the aesthetic poet who valued life only in so far as it subserved the purposes of art—imply by his insistence that "fundamental brain-work" was an essential condition of greatness in poetry? His own productions forbid us to think that he entertained any such heresy as would be involved in the assertion that poetry can properly compete with prose in the elaboration of a logical argument, or in the careful and consecutive presentation of a philosophy of life, though poetry may possess of course deep philosophical significence. He probably meant to assert only that the artist must exercise the severest intellectual control over the materials

which his imagination provides him with, and that out of the indiscriminate welter of life he must have the art to choose and the power to present with all the adequacy of which words are capable, the energies and passions of the soul and the beauties of the visible world.

This is the "shaping spirit of imagination" that has generated all the acknowledged masterpieces of art in the most inclusive sense of that word, and to recognize this fact is to avow the necessity of the co-operation of all the faculties of the mind in the organization of a work of power. Where the skillful articulation of parts and their due subordination to the totality of the designed effect is concerned, as in a dramatic poem or an epical narrative, the intellect has the same necessary task to perform as in the careful combination of a prose fiction, or even as in the calculated distribution of material in a sustained philosophical argument. We can even behold the intellect similarly at work in the organization of a symphony or in the composition of a picture, and in this large general sense we may conclude that all the arts without discrimination derive their efficacy from "fundamental brain-work."

Rossetti, however, despite his cunning art is not esteemed an intellectual poet as Arnold and Hardy and Meredith are, and as most of us would still be willing to esteem Browning and even Tennyson. This would seem to show that we are inclining now-a-days to leave out of consideration the intellectual elements that mere artistry involves, and are willing to accept as an intellectual poet only the man who is immersed in ideas, and who is capable therefore of saturating his poetry with thought.

Some interesting considerations develop out of this point of view: but for the purpose of our examination I will substitute for Rossetti, who is temporarily out of fashion, the enduring name of Keats who has the singular good fortune to outlive all fashions, and whom an unanimity of praise awaited on the occasion of his centenary.

We are pretty well agreed that the *Odes* and *Hyperion* represent his poetry at the maximum reach of power that his brief life permitted him to attain, and we equally agree that his subsequent poetry has risen above the high level of his achievement. What is the residual thought value in these extraordinary poems? Intellect has played its part in the consummate organization of the material, but this species of intellectual intervention we have already described in Coleridgian phrase as a process of the imagination, which in the work of every reputable artist would seem to be rather the instinctive operation of the mind than an affair of calculated deliberation. A great idea is obscurely present in the *Hyperion*, which was to have represented the supersession of the elemental divinities by the new gods of light and power. Keats says that he abandoned the poem because he had wearied of its Miltonic inversions' it was actually the difficulties inherent in the idea that caused him to desist,—difficulties which with his broken health and failing spirits he was powerless to surmount. Of the Odes the most intellectual in conception is the *Grecian Urn* and even this has a sculptural relic of the past, a concrete pictured image, for its inspiring motive. The concluding lines are often instanced as Keat's most important contribution to thought; but they do not justify us in giving him high rank among the philosophers, and though this is the poem where he has made the most obvious attempt to work out an idea, it is still the picture in the poem, the exquisite imagery and the melodious phrasing, that give it enduring value. The *Ode to Autumn* is all picture and sensation, and the *Nightingale* ode is the consummate expression of a mood of languor, of a deep lethargy of the spirit which the pulsating music of the bird rouses to sympathy with human hopes and despairs,—the hopes alas! so frustrate, and the despairs so real that our imagination seeks some avenue of escape from the region of our sorrows and passes on the "viewless wings of poesy" into the ideal world of realized desires.

None of these poems, priceless as they are, can be said to be contributions to the world of thought. Our inference might very properly be that poetry need not trouble itself unduly with ideas. Tennyson's *Lady of Shallott* has more magic to charm us than its sophisticated sequel in *The Idylls of the King*, and the *Lotus Eaters* which rests on the most insubstantial intellectual basis profits us more than the careful political reasoning of *You Ask Me Why Though Ill At Ease*. And yet Keats, who had so railed against knowledge and had shrunk from the disenchanting contact of science, was troubled midway in his career by the thought that poetry requires a sterner diet than imagination unsupported by the discipline of severe thinking can provide. He had doubtless never encountered Johnson's remark: "Imagination is useless without knowledge; nature gives in vain the power of combination, unless study and observation supply materials to be combined." But in a letter to Reynolds in May 1918, possibly the finest in a critical and philosophical way of all his letters, he gives an eloquent extension to the Johnsonian idea: "An extensive knowledge is needful to thinking people—it takes away the heat and fever; and helps, by widening speculation, to ease the Burden of the Mystery, a thing which I begin to understand a little, and which weighed upon you in the most glowing and true sentence in your letter. The difference of high sensations with and without knowledge appears to me this: in the latter case we are falling continually ten thousand fathoms deep and being blown up again, without wings, and with all horror of a bare-shouldered

creature—in the former case, our shoulders are fledged and we go through the same air and space without fear."

And what shall we conclude with reference to the intellectual content of poetry? Keats for so long the joyous child of sensation had begun to crave for knowledge, or rather perhaps for the wisdom that is born of knowledge, because he wished to lay up store of provisions for the old age which he did not then realize was to be withheld from him. Youth skims the waves of life swiftly and lightly with all sails spread to the breeze, but age shortens canvas and cautiously lays in ballast. Perfection is far to seek in poetry, and the combination of imagination and wisdom has not been found in our modern world since Goethe, though we have had in the last hundred years a numerous company of admirable poets. Swinburne was book-learned, he was not wise. Tennyson, so apt at echoing the thoughts of others is intellectually the inferior of many a lesser poet. His thinking is neither original nor bold, and a great poet should be both. Browning never realized that poetry should show rather the large results of thought than the processes of its manufacture, and argumentation in him too frequently overlays and obscures the vividness of his presentation. Arnold is as good a thinker in verse as any of our modern poets, but he is wayword, fretful, and lacks breadth of vision. He is ill-accommodated in this imperfect world. Another writer who is also a penetrating thinker, and equally ill at ease, is Hardy, but Hardy lacks the sensuous equipment of a great poet, and his view of the world is too particularistic to commend itself to readers who have not his peculiar metaphysical bias. We are drawn to the belief that however valuable ideas may be as an ingredient in poetry, we must satisfy ourselves for the present with poets who can give emotional impression to simple and few ideas. It does the cause of poetry no harm to admit that push-pin Jeremy Bentham is a more systematic thinker than John Keats, for who now reads Jeremy Bentham?

PELHAM EDGAR.

The Community Theatre

THE most casual reader of local papers in Ontario cannot have failed to notice, during the past winter, the numerous reports of amateur dramatic performances: plays in drawing rooms, in church halls, in the town theatre; companies going out to neighbouring villages and returning with a good fat roll in the treasury, or visiting larger centres with sometimes less profitable results. Now all this means something. It is not the outcome of one or two people's private enthusiasm—or craziness, according as you look at it. It is part of a continental movement.

During the past decade, and more especially during the last five years, nearly a thousand Little Theatres have sprung up in the United States alone, not by fashion or imitation, but spontaneously and together. In Canada the same movement is making itself felt, though at present without definite organization save in the great cities. Montreal has its Community Players and Ottawa its Drama League and there is the Hart House Theatre in Toronto. The latter, if as an endowed theatre it is not in the same category, is nevertheless another manifestation of the same spirit.

What exactly that spirit is, no man can say with confidence. A few fogeys may regard the dramatic revival as one variety of post-bellum unrest, and label it red along with a reeking *olla podrida* of -isms and -asms. Our great-grandchildren will be able to classify it more accurately from the vantage point of their longer perspective and in the absence, let us hope, of ourselves to check their findings. But amid the uncertainty and guess-work that must always fog the attempt to diagnose contemporary things, one fact stands clear and shining. It is this.

The new dramatics are a serious effort, not by individual stars but by co-operative groups. Gone are the days of "amateur theatricals"—the modern player squirms at the word—driven to limbo by the energy of the working troupe that makes its own scenery and costumes and knows the joy of collective artistic creation. The ideal Little Theatre is essentially democratic.

There are two main currents of development, indicated by the names Art Theatre and Community Theatre. The former is the less important in that it makes a more limited appeal and works in a smaller field, sometimes producing very beautiful things, sometimes degenerating into the bizarre or vanishing like the Boojum into the higher planes of intellectualism, on which alone the drama cannot live, or amid the mists of preciosity, which choke it surely and softly to extinction. The Community Drama is different. In response to the new device "the drama is colour in motion," it says clearly and insistently "the play's the thing." It has come into being because the people want plays and the professional stage—"commercial theatre" is the damnatory catch-word of the moment—does not offer what they want. Here are facts.

The Cornell Dramatic Club ran a series of one-act plays for the State Fair Commission of New York. They played to fourteen thousand people in the course of the Fair Week at Syracuse. Their object was to show that good drama could be staged by and for country communities, and they proved that there was an audience for real-life plays produced with the simplest of accessories and by actors of

small experience. From Fargo in North Dakota a college troupe made a tour of forty towns and came out a few dollars to the good after paying all expenses and a salary of $25 a week to each of the actors.

That was in a district where University leadership had planted and fostered the Community Theatre idea. Here in Ontario we have hardly begun; and being more solidly and stolidly Anglo-Saxon, we grope more diffidently toward the arts of expression, hampered too perhaps by traces of the old Puritan horror of the stage and all its connections. But the idea can be developed in Ontario as it has been in New York by a great University and in the West by an agricultural college.

Here is another field of energy. A recent number of *The Drama* describes the activities of the Community Theatre of Syracuse, N.Y. This company of bold adventurers has made its own equipment, financed itself on a sound basis, acquired its own play-house, and is launched upon what promises to be a career of civic and artistic usefulness. In addition to its own programs, this Community Theatre arranges dance spectacles and plays among the foreign-born children of the city; it invites playing groups from the near-by towns to appear upon its boards; it sends shows to beguile the weariness of penitentiary life, and puts on benefit performances for local charities.

The Community Theatre then can fulfil the double ends of art and service, civic service rural and urban, dramatic art both technical and histrionic. That is something worth doing. In this Province the will to do is present and awake; players and workers and audience are ready to respond to the call of leadership. But the leadership must be at once skilled and inspired; inspiration alone may keep a company at work for the love of its art, but audiences are apt to dwindle while the enthusiastic director is learning by his own mistakes. Who is to lead?

R. KEITH HICKS.

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following quotations. The name of the author and of the work from which the quotation is cited must be given in each case.

(1) 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

(2) God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

(3) I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son.

(4) There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

(5) In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.

(6) Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

(7) To marry is to domesticate the recording angel.

(8) Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

(9) Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.

(10) How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.

(11) The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre.

(12) We are born in other's pain
And perish in our own.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than July 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the M.S. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

A prize of five dollars for the best FUNERAL ODE ON JOHN BARLEYCORN, *the poems not to exceed 50 lines.*

The response to an appeal for a FUNERAL ODE ON JOHN BARLEYCORN was not what we expected. Possibly many of our readers have a sneaking suspicion that John Barleycorn is not dead. At any rate the few poems received seemed decidedly lacking in conviction. The best of the competitors, F. S., might have received the prize if his Ode had been coherent, but several of his sentences, like Melchizedek of Biblical fame, were without beginning and without end. We are, therefore, unable to award a prize for this competition.

A prize of five dollars for the best ORIGINAL LYRIC, *hitherto unpublished and not exceeding 50 lines.*

None of the entries for this competition were of great merit. The competitors seemed to consider that simple and direct language was incompatible with

the lyrical form and in consequence often achieved artificial and stilted expression and an effect of insincerity. The eighth line of the prize poem is an example of this. This poem, "A Mother Sings," by D. B. MacRae, 297 Redwood Ave., Winnipeg, is, however, the best and wins the prize.

The Prize Poem

A MOTHER SINGS

My little one has eyes,
Deep, dreaming eyes,
That caught the mists o' morning, vasty blue,
Where rest the sleeping stars, as they came through,
And of some Yesterday reflect the hue.
My little one has eyes,
Such tender eyes—
Lovely as dew by dawn's fresh kiss impearled
And soft as all the moonlight in the world.

My little one has smiles,
Small, baby smiles,
That linger for a moment, half-expressed,
Then steal away toward the golden West—
They must have come from where the sunbeams rest.
My little one has smiles,
Such sunning smiles—
I do not ask that they be mine alway,
I know that somewhere else the skies are grey.

D. B. MACRAE.

ANNUAL LITERARY PRIZE

TORONTO WOMEN'S CANADIAN CLUB

The Women's Canadian Club of Toronto offers to non-professional writers in Toronto and County of York a prize of ONE HUNDRED DOLLARS for the best short story not exceeding 4000 words, to be sent to the President, Mrs. John Bruce, 37 Bleecker Street, Toronto, on or before February 1, 1922. Manuscript must be typed and accompanied by a stamped envelope bearing the writer's name and address; also a written statement that he or she has not received payment for literary work. Competitors must be of Canadian birth and a story with a Canadian background or atmosphere is desirable.

Our Book-Shelf

Historical

The History of The Canadian Bank of Commerce, Vol. I., by Victor Ross (Oxford University Press, Toronto).

All things considered, Canadian history is remarkably well documented. The chief difficulty encountered by the historian is to obtain a true perspective of events and ideas, without which the facts themselves, even when verified, have little value. The relation of finance to politics, especially in a new country where the exigencies of the case may require new and untried economic methods, and the influence of this relation upon contemporary events, are matters of the utmost importance to the historian, and he will not consider his data complete until he has made a thorough research in this field. For this reason the work under review, apart from its value as a record of a leading financial institution, deserves his attention, for it both correlates existing documents of Canadian economic and political history and provides a new set of documents from private material hitherto unpublished.

Mr. Ross and his collaborators (among them Professor O. D. Skelton of Queen's and Dr. C. W. Colby of McGill) have produced a book which will be of value not only to students of banking and numismatics, but to all those who are interested in the economic side of Canadian history during the last century. Professsr Skelton has contributed an account of French card money (the first fiat money of the New World), the war money of 1812 (the first to be redeemed in full), and the Nova Scotian legal tender currency (the origin of the present Dominion note issue). There are also accounts of the double currency of the early days—the Spanish dollar subdivided into coins to correspond to sterling, including the "holy" dollar of Prince Edward Island, and the nominal sterling currency which existed for the most part in ledgers and journals. An appendix to the chapter on the Bank of British Columbia gives the first complete account published of the experiment of minting a British Columbia currency from native gold. On the other hand, there are interesting sidelights thrown upon the Family Compact in Nova Scotia, the struggle for responsible government, the relation between Lower Canada and the New England States, and the gold rush to the Cariboo in the "sixties."

The book is profusely illustrated with reproductions of coins and notes in the bank's possession and with photographs of men and places figuring in the bank's history. Perhaps the most noticeable point about the volume is the excellence of the presswork and general format, a marked advance from the days when Canada was flooded with historical works badly printed on worse paper and with even worse binding, which probably did more to stifle the ambition of young Canadians to learn the history of their country than anything else could do.

The present volume, with an introduction by Sir Edmund Walker, covers the history of the banks taken over by the Canadian Bank of Commerce, namely, the Halifax Banking Company (1825-1872), the Merchants Bank of Prince Edward Island (1871-1906), the Gore Bank (1836-1870), the Bank of British Columbia (1862-1901) and the Eastern Town-

ships Bank (1859-1912). The second volume, expected to appear early next year, is to deal with the Canadian Bank of Commerce proper.

D. P. W.

Belles-Lettres

Essays on Modern Dramatists, by W. J. Phelps (Macmillan).

Professor Phelps is happier in this volume than in some of the corresponding earlier books which have given him his high place among contemporary American critics. But even yet he will be at times a humourous critic. "I suppose I am the only white man who never wrote a play," says Mr. Phelps, playfully. Now, most unreasonably, to be sure, for many people a critic, *in his published work*, must be almost grave to be convincing. A Stephen Leacock-Sainte-Beuve would be unapproachable as a conversationalist, but we poor weak mortals still want our *printed* critic to speak in the hoarse and solemn oracularity of Aunt Mamany Bammy Big-Money. Otherwise we shall be entertained, but not taught. Perhaps we do not wish to be taught.

The book may be conveniently divided into three moods. The appreciative one has three essays, on Barrie, Shaw and Galsworthy. The one on Shaw is perhaps the least stimulating, probably because almost everything conceivable has already been said about Shaw. Mr. Phelps has some interesting paragraphs on the significant preface to *Heartbreak House*. I might add that he takes Shaw seriously. He is, of course, as much in love with Barrie as the rest of us are, so his essay is a lover's panegyric. I wish in mentioning the screen version of *The Admirable Crichton* he had scored that awful title, *Male and Female*. Biblical, he calls it; hideously and cheaply un-Barrican it seems to me. " . . . there is no surer proof of Barrie's genius than his last acts, the final test of constructive power". Apropos of this I should like to know his opinion of the ending of *Mary Rose*, which he had not yet seen when the essay was written. The essay on Galsworthy cheers me after hearing Hugh Walpole's lecture. "He is not a Socialist," writes Mr. Phelps, "but his sympathy with the poor is so strong that he cannot enjoy himself. . . . When he wakes up in the morning in pleasant surroundings and sits down to an excellent breakfast his pleasure in it is poisoned by the fact that so many persons of equally estimable character are condemned to hardship." This sounds sentimental, but it is not, and I am glad to hear it said. It helps me to bear up under Mr. Walpole's references to the Galsworthian birds that arise in the morning and plaintively cheep: "My God, why am I alive?"

In the fourth essay Mr. Phelps undertakes a defence of a boyhood friend, Clyde Fitch. Nevertheless, it is eminently fair to, and critical of, a dramatist who was both a fellow-American and personal friend. The essay is enriched with many little intimate touches. It does seem a little unusual, perhaps, that the name of Clyde Fitch should appear on a roster, on which the other five are the three I have mentioned. with Maeterliuck and Rostand.

The essays on these last two are rhapsodies, In their presence the critic is a reverent worshipper only. The pages which relate the author's discovery of the relationship between Browning's Luria and Maeterlinck's Monna Vanna, with the ensuing correspondence, and the interview with the great Belgian, are delightful bits of autobiography.

These little touches, digressions, accounts of delirious first nights (I am so glad some first nights have been successful) and personal confessions are the really valuable parts of the book. As he says: "The last thirty years will probably be regarded by future historians as a great creative period in the drama. Perhaps any contemporary criticism gains in intimacy what it loses in authority." Since Mr. Phelps is a professor one expects to find, and does find, the plays treated in neat chronological orders, with place of first production and bracketed dates. These things are routine but they are necessary.

R.

Fiction

Alice Adams, by Booth Tarkington (Gundy).

This book will be received with surprise as well as delight by those who still know the author only as the creator of Penrod and Willie Baxter. This story, while it is full of the delicious Tarkington humour, strikes a deeper note, thus continuing the tradition of *The Turmoil* and *The Magnificent Ambersons*.

Its fascination and its poignancy come from the fact that the Adamses might be any family of moderate circumstances in a growing American or Canadian city. The intimate details of their home life, the sordid makeshifts of genteel poverty, the outbreaks of fierce discontent are familiar to all of us, but more especially to those of us who have lived through the evolution of a town where all the "young folks" went to all the "parties" into a city where wealth is rapidly bringing about social cleavages with their attendant envyings and heartburnings.

Alice is the victim of this evolutionary process. To quote her mother, she has no "background," and without this, her beauty and cleverness are almost negligible as social assets. So it is that our heroine has recourse to that refuge of the weak,—cunning. So it is that superficial observers call her "a pushing little person," . . . "she used to be a bit too conspicuous."

Wonderfully interesting she is, pathetic and appealing even in her affectation and her vanity. It may be that her little pretences, her fictions are merely projections into reality of that world of pure

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romance in which her inner life is lived. Can we blame her utterly? Those of us who have been twenty-two? But this is not the whole of Alice. There is firm fibre in her, the capacity for suffering, and the ability to grow through her own mistakes and follies.

The other members of the family, her parents and her younger brother, have their own peculiar temptations, and—like Alice—they do not come through unscathed. As in Alice's case, too, the author disarms us beforehand by giving us a vivid glimpse into their very hearts. With characteristic sympathy their motives are laid bare until we feel that we know them better than the people we meet every day. Mr. Adams, "the old-fashiondest man in this town," as his daughter says, is particularly appealing, and the study of the gradual wearing down, by his wife, of his resolve toward good is one of the finest and truest things in the book.

The character of the son, Walter, is more superficially treated, but his boyish ways and his slang are thoroughly enjoyable. Rich in humour, too, is the contrast between masculine bluntness and feminine bluff, as seen in the brother and sister at the dance. The three chapters devoted to this party are inimitable in their subtle mingling of pathos and fun.

The ending of the story will be more satisfactory to realists than to romanticists and yet it is true and cannot be called unhappy. Let Mr. Adams sum it up in his own way:

" . . . While maybe you never do get back to where you used to be yet somehow you kind of squirm out of being right *spang* up against the wall. You keep on going—maybe you can't go much but you do go a little."

L. D. R.

Educational

The Right Track, by the late I. O. Vincent.

This volume, as the writer states, is meant as an attempt to keep matter pertaining to the struggle for compulsory attendance in the schools of the Province of Quebec on the move by spreading the good news of the advance made by the movement since its beginning under Mercier, Dandurand and Hackett, the first great champions of compulsory schooling in Quebec down to the year 1920.

The method of development is historical. The exact words of the leaders of both sides, as the movement grows from stage to stage, are quoted at length and thus the arguments against compulsory schooling are presented with fairness. These arguments, that control is to be feared as an extension of the rights of the state over education, that it is an attack on the primordial and inalienable right of the parent to control the education of his child, to bring him up in ignorance if he wishes, and that such a law is unnecessary in the Province of Quebec, owing to good attendance, are exploded. For example, in relation to the claim made by M. Magnan that the attendance in the Quebec schools is satisfactory, he points out the mathematical absurdity that while in 1911 the federal census showed 328,959 children of school age, it was not until 1916-17 that the school census caught up, although every one knows the population of Quebec increased during this period. He writes: "To say that the present school census gives us an exact idea of the number of children of school age shows either colossal ignorance or colossal audacity, or perhaps a colossal mixture of both."

The hopefulness of Vincent is contagious so that the reader is bound to believe with him that "it (the movement for compulsory school attendance) must go on until the blot is finally removed from the fair escutcheon of the Province of Quebec of being one of the last remaining places in the civilized world where a careless, a parsimonious or illiterate or even a mentally deficient parent may refuse a modicum of schooling to his children with impunity."

J. P. C.

Short Notices

The Dalhousie Review. (The Review Publishing Co., Halifax, N.S.).

We are glad to welcome our new contemporary from Nova Scotia, that pioneer home of English-Canadian literary achievement. Its aim is summed up in its own words. "What we have in mind is the need of that public, concerned about things of the intellect and the spirit, which desires to be addressed on problems of general import and in a style that can be generally understood," as opposed to the idea of a technical or merely literary journal. This aim is surely fulfilled in the interesting first number, which also makes good the assurance that the association with Dalhousie University "by no means excludes the idea of cordial partnership with workers elsewhere who would help in furthering the same high purpose." May we offer our best wishes for the success of the new college quarterly?

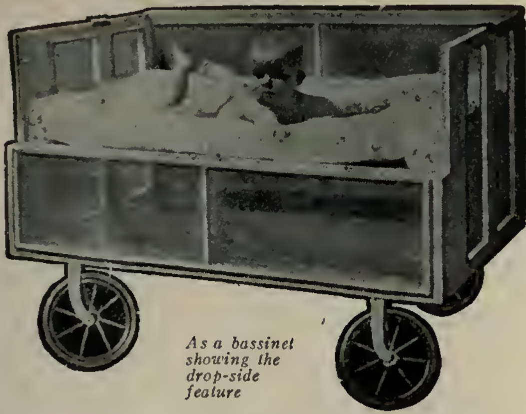
Canada, by W. L. Grant (The Victoria League, London, S.W.).

One of a series of pamphlets on the parts of the Empire. It is a very brief outline, excellent, of course, since it is by Principal Grant, with a partial bibliography at the end. The series is intended to provide "in a cheap and easily accessible form, the general facts which teachers and other speakers need as a basis for talks and lessons on the Empire."

The Golden Windmill, by Stacy Aumonier (Macmillan).

Tales from a Roll-Top Desk, by C. Morley (Gundy).

One can generally be sure of finding at least one or two of striking merit in a modern collection of



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short stories. These two books present a fairly high average of magazine fiction, and also contain one or two really worthy of permanent form.

The first author has approached his work in an eminently serious and craftsmanlike way, and has succeeded in producing a few of very high rank. "Them Others," it seems to me, deserves special mention. The "Tales" are lighter in character but are extremely entertaining. Both prefaces are delightful.

L. D. R.

The Prize Rhymed Review of the Outline of History (Macmillan).

Surely one of the most unique publicity methods ever employed is this pamphlet, which contains not only the prize review itself, but several others of the "nearly placed," a remarkably clever collection of rhymed reviews of Wells' notable book, with additional biographical information.

My South Sea Sweetheart, by Beatrice Grimshaw (Macmillan).

This romantic tale by the author of *The Terrible Island* has the same beautiful setting and contains even more breath-taking adventures.

The Mardi Gras Mystery, by H. Bedford Jones (Gundy).

Fascinating and colourful is this story of carnival gaieties veiling sinister crimes and men of double lives.

The Heart of the Range, by Wm. Patterson White (Gundy).

More cowboys—a threatened ranch, the gang of double-dyed villains, a well-concealed plot, a beautifully exciting gun-play scene, a wild canyon escape—then the inevitable close-up.

Red Masquerade, by Louis Joseph Vance (Gundy).

The screen hero, Lone Wolf, has now reformed, but is still on perilous adventures bent.

Trade and Industry

	Mar. 1921	April 1921	May. 1921	June. 1921	June 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	190.0	186.4	176.8	169.8	296.9
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[2]	109.0	107.8	108.6	103.9	122.5

[1]Forty Commodities, 20 foodstuffs and 20 manufacturers' goods. Base 100 = average price 1900-1909.

[2]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

TO be resolutely cheerful at the present moment requires exemplary courage. By no stretch of the imagination can it be said that our financial or commercial situation is satisfactory. Prices are falling with an extraordinary regularity of almost exactly 4 per cent. a month although there was, as expected, a brief steadying in April. Stocks are also headed downwards again after the slight advance at the end of May. Now, although we may all rejoice at the fall in the cost of living, and even take some joy in the course of stocks, provided we are bears, yet there is no denying that a period of rapidly falling prices both in commodities and stocks is a far from prosperous one. Canada, along with all the rest of the world, is finding that paying for the war is a painful process, and paid it must be to the uttermost farthing.

There are, however, several signs that give rise to a tempered hopefulness for the future. Both the Bank of England and the Federal Reserve Board have reduced their discount rates. Of course a reduction of the rate arises from two courses—an increase in the funds available for loans and a decrease in the demand for loans. Thus it may mean a stagnation of trade and finance rather than a sign of overflowing funds. However, the rates are down, and we may at least take some comfort out of that fact. Secondly, we are promised a good harvest, and for that we may lift up our voices in thanksgiving. Given anything like a really good harvest this year and we may face the winter with good heart. It makes no difference, or at least it does not make much difference, if wheat does go down to a dollar; there will be the harvest, the actual, tangible wealth that enriches the world. And even if we are having a fit of the blues we must not forget that the world is beginning to get out of the deep and miry clay. Europe is really recovering, faster perhaps than we are apt to think, and as Europe recovers so will things get better for us and for every one else. Another cause for thankfulness is that the deflation has been gradual, proceeding with a very remarkable regularity from month to month. We must thank the Federal Reserve Board for that, for without its steadying influence there can be no doubt that we should have had a disastrous panic in November, 1919, and panics are particularly unpleasant things. Going down the slope slowly may prolong the agony, but to be kicked down violently and suddenly is too painful to be really popular. It is often asked whether we shall ever get back to pre-war prices. The answer is that in many of the world's great staple commodities we are there, and even in some cases below them, already. At the present moment there are no indications to warrant us supposing that within, at the very outside, two years from now we shall not be practically back to 1913 figures in wholesale prices, and not very far off them in retail. Whether we extract comfort or dismay from that conclusion rests entirely with the individual.

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THE CANADIAN FORUM

Vol. I. | Toronto, August, 1921 | No. 11

IN connection with the recent provincial elections in Alberta surprise was expressed in *The Toronto Globe* at the defeat of a government which was entirely free from any suspicion of "graft". This was regarded as something phenomenal and the victorious opposition was tacitly censured for taking the field without adequate moral reasons, acting—it was inferred—from the baser motive of class-consciousness. It is true that we have ample grounds for associating moral obliquity with political changes. Have not the sister-words "polite" and "politician" travelled so far asunder in our Canadian speech that they have less in common than chalk and cheese? But that is surely no reason for regarding this unpleasant association as an indispensable factor in a healthy election, or for persuading ourselves that where charges of immorality are laid the issue is necessarily a moral one. A political election is not primarily an affair of morality, but of minds and wills. And even class-consciousness stands higher in the political scale than peculation. We strongly prefer a clean contest of wills, even if they be class-conscious, to a contaminated struggle in which there is much noise of morality but not fundamentally a moral issue. We must wash our bodies and our linen and see that we are clean for the day's business, but we must not drift into thinking that washing is the sole end of man as a political animal.

AS a matter of fact the victory of the farmers in Alberta is largely a personal tribute to Mr. Wood, the leader of the movement in that province. As for the late Premier, Mr. Stewart, his personal virtues were outweighed by the fact that his government was not free from men of the politician type, and at any rate these virtues counted for little in comparison with the respect and affection which Mr. Wood in long years of leadership had inspired. Mr. Stewart has been quite unable to achieve the feat performed by Mr. Martin, the Premier of Saskatchewan, and secure the support of the organized farmers by including provincial leaders in his government. In Alberta the farmers took the field and won decisively. Mr. Wood, who is by no means a young man, refused the premiership, and the task of forming the first out-and-out farmers' government has fallen to Mr. Greenfield. Physically the new first minister is perhaps the strongest man in the Province. While he worked as a farm labourer in Ontario he achieved fame as an amateur wrestler. He went to the West as did so many of Ontario's vigorous young men and took up land near Edmonton. His interest in Municipal Government and in the farmers' movement in time earned him a provincial reputation. The quality of his cabinet will reflect fairly exactly the ability which has been developed in the co-operative and political activities of the organised farmers of the province. He can count on commanding the services of its ablest members, and good lawyers will not be wanting for the portfolio of Attorney-General.

A GREAT many people are seriously concerned about the danger of being ruled by a government consisting largely of people who have the same occupation—of "class" government as it is termed. It must be remembered, however, that in a province like Alberta the great majority of citizens belong to the class which now finds itself possessed of power. Majority rule in this case coincides with class rule, and majority rule is a term to which few people take exception. At any rate where the majority and the class consists of farmers there are two reflections which should in a measure comfort these fearful souls. One is that the happiness of the Western Provinces, at least, is intimately bound up with agricultural prosperity, the other, that the farmer is likely from his own experience to know the mind both of the man who works and the man who hires others to work for him. His great defect is that frequently he is not familiar with large business transactions, but here the experience of the great grain companies of the West has given a sufficient training to a considerable number of the leading farmers. On the whole we think, both in Alberta, and perhaps later in Canada, citizens will find themselves sleeping peacefully under the rule of the farmers and their friends.

IT has been a matter of disappointment to many that the Orange Lodges of Canada saw fit to

parade this year. At a time when the way toward a grievously needed peace seemed to open for the first time in many years, any action, however unintentioned, which could further irritate the exasperated nerves of the Irish people should have been studiously avoided. The Orange Lodges are ostensibly anti-catholic and (from the Unionist point of view) highly patriotic, and while they have lost to a great extent the bitterness of faction—as witness their adoption of Highland tunes and pipers wearing the particular tartan of Prince Charlie for their processions—there is still much in their annual ceremony to irritate those of opposite views who are not acquainted with the Order in Canada. It is inconceivable that any large number of Orangemen considered for a moment that their joining in the processions of July 12th could hold any other significance than their participation in an old-established and picturesque ceremony but it was for their leaders to ponder well what the impression would be on the Irish people if the press should report to them that Canada was indulging in Orange "demonstrations" at the moment when their two inflamed parties had ceased hostilities. Partisanship there is at such a fever heat as is difficult to imagine in this country, and Irish leaders, confronting huge difficulties, as much of sentiment as of politics, need the support and sympathy of the whole English-speaking race—a support not merely expressed in words, but by the suppression of untimely action.

IT is important that employees on the government railways, as indeed all public servants, should feel that they are being fairly treated. Good will is a condition of good service. The statement recently issued by Mr. A. R. Mosher, Grand President of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railway Employees, suggested that grievances alleged against the management were founded in reality. When the present wage reduction was announced the Brotherhood asked for a Board of Arbitration under the Industrial Disputes Act, five reasons were given in support of this request. Two of these may be quoted, namely, that "the proposed reduction will entail the greatest hardship on those least able to bear it, since employees receiving from $75 to $125 per month are to be reduced from 25 to 30 per cent., while those earning $175 and over are to be reduced from 5 to 7 per cent."; and secondly, that "no proposal is made to reduce the salaries of executive officers". Arbitration, however, was refused by the management. We are far from denying that some wage reduction should be made on the Railways. Reduced freight, express and passenger rates are badly needed. (For instance, it now costs 45 cents to ship a basket of fruit by express fifty miles to Toronto.) Overtime and demarcation anomalies which have been inherited from the famous Mr. MacAdoo cause increasing irritation and should be reviewed. But dictation in the public service is a poor substitute for discussion. The Railways have now strengthened, not weakened their case, by making a concession. In a later announcement they promise to take into their confidence the workers on whom the reduction bears unequally. We may hope that in the long run the Canadian National System will build up an *esprit de corps* like that of the C.P.R. This needs strong leadership; but the feeling of partnership, on which it thrives, needs frankness also.

WE have received the following resolution, in support of the reduction of armaments, from the Canadian Council of Agriculture. "The Canadian Council of Agriculture welcomes the action of President Harding in calling an International Conference at Washington for the purpose of devising plans for checking the rivalry of armaments, and creating an atmosphere under which nations will entrust their safety, not to armed forces, alliances or balances of power, but to a recognition of mutual dependence, and the cultivation of mutual goodwill. We feel assured that the government of Canada will voice the sentiment of the Canadian people if it gives whole-hearted support to this movement for peace, so that, from the free soil of America, there will go a message that will be received with hope by a world shattered by the late war and without hope if wars are to continue". Despite the sentimental tone of this resolution and a choice of words which is naive in the extreme, it expresses without doubt the opinion of the great majority of the people on this continent. Mr. Meighen did yeoman service in London last month and even if he does not sit as an official delegate at the coming conference he can do much to guide its counsels.

SO much depends on the Conference that its possibilities are seriously canvassed everywhere. Its importance in public estimation is to be measured by the visible relief with which Japan's acceptance was received. Outside North America, however, enthusiasm in its favour will be more restrained than here. Not indeed that Europe is less in need of peace than ourselves. Europe needs peace even more than we do. But it is realised in Europe, as it is not realised in the United States or Canada, that the most immediate danger to peace lies not in, but outside the Pacific. In time to come, that greatest of all oceans will doubtless be the world's highroad and mart—perhaps battleground as well. For the next few years at least, we must watch the Near East with no less anxiety. The future of England, France, and Russia, the Mohammedan races and the Greeks are hopelessly entwined. Neither Russians nor Mohammedans will have part or lot at Washington. Yet no decisions regarding future

policy will ensure the tranquillity of Asia, which do not command their trust and confidence. The movements now stirring in Islam have a deep significance for the whole world. Not until peace reigns from Delhi to Morocco will the peace of Christendom be really safe.

SECOND thoughts on the Fordney Bill are causing acute discomfort to many good Americans. One thing at least is certain. Its author will be puzzled to recognise his handiwork in many sections of the new tariff. Victim of the politician, butt of the comic papers as he may be, the consumer is at last awake. Within three days of a protest led by the governor of Massachusetts, the duties on mineral oil were taken out. Fish merchants now see themselves threatened by the fish duties, as well as their Canadian associates in business. Most important of all, the financial interests, whose support for high protection was in the past a reasonable certainty, realise that they can no longer afford the luxury of catering to special interests. Bankers are outspoken in their opinion of the Bill; and if they fail at this time to cut the claws of the protectionists, there is at least a prospect that in the fairly near future the graver errors of the present may be righted. Twice since this tariff was first mooted have business conditions altered greatly. Never has there been a time, when arbitrary trade restriction was less advisable than now.

THE fatal accident to Dr. W. E. Stone is the second fatality among members of the Alpine Club of Canada during the fifteen years of its history. Distressing as loss of life is, particularly when, as in this instance, a wife must see a husband hurled to death by a treacherous rock, it is some satisfaction to reflect that for more than ten years, during which time many hundreds of parties have set out to climb peaks, no fatal accidents have occurred. The previous fatality was the result of the impetuous act of a young lady who jumped from a ledge on the gentle slopes of Mount Avalanche disregarding the instructions of the guide. Dr. Stone was an experienced climber, having for many years visited the Canadian mountains. He and his wife had to their credit many first-rate ascents. Of recent years they have frequently climbed together, unaccompanied. They were making an assault on Mt. Eon before attending the Annual Camp of The Alpine Club. From Mrs. Stone's account it would appear that a rock loosened in his hand, or underfoot, on a steep pitch near the summit. Constant vigilance is necessary to avoid trouble with loose rock in our Canadian mountains, and for once Dr. Stone made a mistake. Great credit is due Mrs. Stone for her attempt to go to his rescue, and to that powerful and excellent Swiss guide Rudolf Aemmer for rescuing the bruised and famished survivor from the ledge where she was marooned. Our sympathy goes out to the widow who has lost an intrepid companion and to the University which has lost an able President.

AN unusual interest attaches to the collection of English pictures which are to be shown at the Canadian National Exhibition this year. It is intended to represent the work of to-day in carefully chosen examples. Mr. P. G. Konody, the art-critic of *The Observer*, has been entrusted with the work of bringing together the collection, and he has indicated in the press that he has spared himself no pains in his endeavour to secure the right canvases. His work in connection with the Canadian War Records shows that he can act in a very Catholic spirit and it is not improbable that the war pictures, executed largely under his direction, and now reposing—not in perpetuity, we hope—in Ottawa basements, will be found to have had a certain importance in the development of British painting. There can be no doubt that changes are taking place in English painting and in the English attitude to it. The clearest indication of this is to be found in the new policy at the Tate Gallery, Millbank, which has just been re-opened as The National Gallery of British Art. It now represents the English tradition from Hogarth down to the present day and includes the work of contemporaries young and old in very liberal measure. We may count upon this collection that is being sent over to reflect the ideals of the new era in England and to give us an excellent opportunity of estimating the relative worth of our own half-formed Canadian traditions.

We deeply regret to learn of the death, while flying in Spain, of Mr. Andrew Forson. Mr. Forson contributed several literary sketches and pieces of verse to *The Rebel* and was the author of "An Incident" in the April issue of THE CANADIAN FORUM. Although these were not upon Canadian subjects, many readers will be disappointed that now their promise can never be fulfilled.

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The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman.*

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After the War---The Future of the Doctor

IN contrast to the reaction against individualism, which has been gathering force for many years in Europe, the educated American is now beginning to find a good deal of comfort in old-fashioned individualist principles. Their working is to be seen in many walks of life. Anti-trust legislation has generally rested on a glorification of free competition. The great campaign speeches of Mr. Woodrow Wilson (published under the name of *The New Freedom*) are instinct with the notion of giving free play to the great creative energies of America by restoring free competition. The present drive in favour of the "open shop" is often supported for purely selfish reasons; instead of the shop closed to non-unionists we are to have shops closed to members of trade unions. There are also many whose vindication of the open shop—a shop (in their minds) open alike to union and non-union workmen—rests on the purest principles of individualism. For all the difference in experience which lies between these men and the great political thinkers of the nineteenth century, their views are not so far apart.

Now one outstanding mark of a belief in free competition is its conservatism. Not political conservatism (which is sometimes merely radicalism in disguise) but the desire to preserve existing institutions. The competitive system is our legacy from the Victorian era, which swept away so many boundaries and broke so many shackles. Its permanence would help to make permanent our present order of society. In its permanence, therefore, are interested all the small property holders who, having done pretty well under the present regime, are not quite sure that they would do equally well if some other were to take its place. "Where your heart is there will your treasure be also."

But the mere fact that large numbers of people are in favour of preserving an existing system will not alone preserve it. Many people once supported chattel slavery, the right to wage private warfare, the gilds of the middle ages, the stage coach—but all of these perished long ago. Most human institutions barely ripen before the conditions that produced them are profoundly modified. Almost as soon as men's minds have got used to them they begin to be replaced. We are bound, if we have any scientific temper, to recognize that it is far less natural for human institutions to crystallize than it is for them to change. No matter how closely our chief interests may be bound up with the present it is well in any contemplation of the future to recognize the probability of change.

To do this is not to commit one's self to definite forecasts of the future. The world is already too full of prophets. Communists, socialists, guild socialists, novelists, clergymen, biologists—the world is full of people who can foretell exactly the lines of evolution. We may conclude with a good deal of reason that all of them are likely to be wrong. For whenever great changes have come upon us in the past they have come like a thief in the night. They have often been explained, but only some time after their arrival. The more a man appreciates how complex are the forces through whose interaction change occurs, the less is he likely to have a taste for dogmatic speculation. But if he refuses to prophesy he need not refuse to think. He can at least look at some of the forces which are at work around him.

One of these is sometimes to be found in a great experience shared by a whole generation. And since the war did, in an extraordinary manner, unite more than twenty millions of men in a common experience of military service, we naturally look for their possible heritage from this experience.

Generations hence men will still be trying to sum it up in a formula—to find the measure of experience common to young and old, combatant and non-combatant, vanquished and victor—to all who were drawn into the maelstrom of the war. A wonderful difference of temperament separated the man who liked fighting—a rare bird but one not yet extinct—from the chocolate soldier, and both from the married man, whose main ambition is the same in all wars:

"'E wants to finish 'is little bit,
And 'e wants to get 'ome to 'is tea."

Many will fail to see that these had anything in common. Other observers have studied at first hand the healing genius of memory; how Nature sifts our past impressions, and often consigns the most painful of them to oblivion, causing us to remember only those whose recollection is a pleasant thing. They may doubt whether the men of our generation will as a body carry with them any coherent memory which dominates their thought on social questions.

The judgment here expressed was not reached as the result of any process of logic, or on the basis of a definite collection of evidence. But it is the result of an honest effort to gain a general impression from men who served in several armies and in many regiments, who sometimes formed no very clear opinions, and often could not state them clearly.

I believe that the men who came back from the war were imbued fairly deeply with three main impressions which will influence their thinking everywhere. In the first place they had seen—often for the first time—the power of organized effort. They had seen with how small an expenditure of energy the daily life of a thousand men can be conducted, if each man plays his proper part. They had seen troops assembled in enormous numbers, from different places and by different routes, often without mishap, and sometimes without loss of time. They had seen how small a force of men, armed and disciplined, is

required to control a large mass of unarmed and unorganized civilians. They came back with a belief in organization, which is attested by the demand of the returned soldier for education (that is, for organised knowledge), by the growth in numbers of the trade union movement, and by the readiness of men to put themselves under discipline for purposes which they support.

In the second place they came back with a new dislike of interference by the state. At the best of times we have seldom treated the state as an equal. Some of us have regarded it as an elderly grandparent —some as a grandchild needing careful guidance—all of us as if it were something of a nuisance. But to the soldier it was an infernal nuisance. It decided what he was to wear, and how he was to wear it, what he was to eat and how much, when he was to get up and when to go to bed, when he might go home and how long he might stay there. No man who has not experienced the freedom of being a civilian, after being for months or years at the call of a sergeant can realise completely what that freedom meant. In proportion as men had grown tired of listening always for the word of command they came back determined to live out the balance of their lives in their own way. Organization they believed in, but it was to be their own organization and not one imposed upon them.

And in the third place was not the outstanding lesson of the war, at least for those who took part in it, a lesson in human decency? The millions of men who served, volunteer and conscript alike, enlisted, as a rule, in the spirit of self-sacrifice. Individuals were selfish, individuals stole from the common store, individuals thought of their promotion, or schemed for their personal safety. But in the mass men did nothing of the kind. In no place did a man fulfil his duty to his neighbour so well as on active service. There he shared freely with his mates, and if he had a care it was to see that he got less, not more than his due. The greater the hardship, the shorter the rations, the harder the life, the more intent he was to live according to his rule—to "play the game."

These three things, I believe, will influence ex-soldiers everywhere in dealing with the problems which wait for us now war is over "in that new world which is the old." Nor need we suppose that they will only affect soldiers for there were vast numbers of men and women who belonged to neither of the services, but who dedicated themselves to war work of one kind and another, in exactly the same spirit as those who were enlisted. All the lessons of team work for a common object, supreme but quite impersonal, were open to workers in munition factories, and if they were never seared into them by the keenest experience of all, they will not altogether be forgotten.

Those who retain as dominant impressions of the war the three which have been sketched, are likely to bring a spirit into public affairs which is the reverse of Prussianism. We may suppose that they will organize into groups rather readily for objects common to the group, not expecting the state to nurse their enterprise, nor willingly letting the state interfere with it. And when other groups do likewise they will be rather less ready to look for selfish motives, rather more ready to suppose that their motives are decent and generous, than if they had never received these impressions or had lost them. There will be rather less rivalry, rather more of a spirit of partnership. We shall be more organised, and less centralised because of them.

Keen observers had already seen a movement in this direction before the war began. If there is anything in our analysis it simply means that this movement will be strengthened. Our social fabric is honeycombed to-day with what are called class-organisations. Every trade union is open to this description, every manufacturers' association, every professional organisation, each lodge of the united farmers. But the thing that matters most in all these bodies is not the form but the spirit. The words "Sinn Fein," we are told, may be simply translated as "ourselves alone." If each group of persons with a common interest is to live in the spirit of those words, we have indeed produced a dangerous series of class organisations. Their efforts will only weaken the structure of society, where they do not fail entirely through conflict with economic law. But an organised group is by no means inevitably swayed by selfishness. The medical profession is itself a group, organised loosely but organised for all that, with no selfish object before it, but only the performance of a public service.

The driving force behind these spontaneous groupings does not come always from the same direction. In broad contrast are the bodies organized by those who purchase goods or services, and the bodies organised by those who produce them for sale. To the former class belong all consumers' co-operative societies, and some producers' societies also; in the latter we find merchants' and manufacturers' associations, and unions of workmen. Sometimes (as in the Grain Growers of Western Canada) we come across a body which is both, which exists in order to sell the produce of its members, and at the same time to buy for them the things they need. But in spite of hard cases of this kind, the distinction is fundamental and important between group action to satisfy the wants of buyers and group action on the part of those who sell.

Nowhere is it seen more clearly than in the case of medicine itself. The whole of society depends on the work of the doctor. We are all of us consumers of his services; indeed, unlike the consumers of most other things, we cannot do without them. The public has thus an interest as real as that of the profession

in the modern practice of medicine. It has usually sense enough at least to confess its own ignorance on matters purely technical. But if it knows nothing about disease it may presume to have opinions on certain other things. The doctor himself is not concerned more directly with what we may call the economic aspect of medicine. For it is sometimes the misfortune of a community that the more it needs adequate medical attendance, the less chance there is of ever getting it, and it is often the misfortune of an individual that the more medical treatment he requires and gets, the less able he finds himself to pay for it. Chance spells of sickness have sometimes crippled families and scattered the savings of a lifetime, and in other cases (doubtless far more common) the doctor has worked in the knowledge that the greater his service to the patient, the less his prospect of ever being fully paid for it.

Now the public has learned in the last generation that the risk of sickness is insurable. If it did not know this before 1911 it has learned a great deal since then. And as we cannot follow the custom (said to be practised in China) by which a man pays his doctor so long as his health is good and he can earn a living (ceasing to pay the moment he has to call in medical attendance), a system of payment for insurance naturally suggests itself as a convenience. In England, for instance, the National Insurance Act was imposed on the medical profession from outside. As the doctors themselves described the situation, it came like a wolf on the fold. It found them for the most part unprepared, and quite without alternative proposals. They did succeed in producing certain amendments, but under the circumstances they could not but put up with the scheme.

Here is a classic instance in which the consumer took charge. He did this, and imposed his will on the producer, because the producer had done nothing effective for himself. In a world which is at present in unstable equilibrium, which is being lifted this way and that by the pressure of contending forces, it offers a lesson on which there is no need to dwell. Probably the reaction against a system of health insurance would be much the same here as in Britain. No professional man is a more thoroughgoing individualist than the doctor. But his opposition to health insurance legislation would be decisive on one condition only. Without an adequate plan of his own, to distribute equitably the cost of medical attendance, while at the same time reducing unattended sickness to the minimum, he would be helpless. If on the other hand, his plans already provided for the public health with such completeness and economy, that an arbitrary panel system offered nothing, the public would accept them gladly. Here, indeed, would group action vindicate itself.

GILBERT E. JACKSON.

C. N. R.

"If we could first know where we are and whither we are going, we could better judge what to do and how to do it."

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

WHEN Sir Henry Drayton collaborated with Mr. Acworth to write the majority report of the Railway Inquiry Commission he stated that the Canadian Northern, Grand Trunk, and Grank Trunk Pacific Railway Companies had broken down, and added that he saw no way to organize new private companies in their place. Accordingly he recommended the formation of a new company to be controlled by the Government, which should own and operate these lines along with the Intercolonial and the National Transcontinental as a single system "on a commercial basis under politically undisturbed management, on account of, and for the benefit of, the people of Canada"[1] . . . . "We have endeavoured," he wrote, "to estimate the annual liability of the government to meet unearned interest during the first few years of the scheme and we put it at about $12,500,000 per annum."[2] When Mr. Reid, Minister of Railways and Canals, outlined in Parliament the results of the operations of the Canadian National System for the calendar year 1920 he reported a total deficit of $70,331,734.88.[3] When his colleague, the Minister of Finance, the same Sir Henry Drayton who wrote the report, tabled the estimates for the financial year ending March 31, 1922, he reported that he required for railways (not including capital) $172,678,633.39.[4] "And so the whirligig of time brings about his revenges."

It must be clearly understood that this situation has not fallen upon us with catastrophic speed. It is the direct outgrowth of our failure to attempt to see where we were and whither we were going in the first years of the present century when the "boomer" was king. It has followed, as night follows day, the unreasoning optimism and crass ignorance of the public and of public men. Then the people of Canada refused to consider the matter sanely and sensibly; now they are paying the price.

Any discussion of this situation pivots naturally about the report of the Commission. Accordingly an attempt will be made here to outline two things: First, the position of the different companies at the end of 1916; second, the recommendations contained both in the majority and minority reports. But let us ever bear in mind the two fundamental conditions underlying the whole situation. The first is that we have overbuilt our railways. If we had twenty million people we should probably have no problem.

[1]Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page lxxxvii.
[2]Ibid, page lxxxix.
[3]House of Commons Debates, March 17, 1921.
[4]House of Commons Debates, March 8, 1921.

The growth in mileage, particularly between 1911 and 1914, has far outstripped the growth in population. In 1901 Canada had a population of 5,371,000, or 296 persons per mile of line; in 1911, 7,206,000, or 284 per mile of line. At present she has probably only about 230 persons per mile of line; perhaps not so many. Till the balance is restored there is bound to be difficulty.

The second is the enormously strong position of the Canadian Pacific. At the beginning of the century it had passed safely through the trying development period. It was then firmly established and was ready and able to play its full part in the great expansion which the country was about to experience. Faced with two rapidly growing rivals it extended its lines rapidly in the ensuing years and consolidated a position which was already immensely strong. At no time has that strength been so clearly shown as in the past few years. Subject to the competition of a heavily subsidized rival it continues to take the cream of Canadian traffic. "The Canadian Pacific handled traffic representing revenue 71 per cent. in excess of the Canadian National with an additional cost of transportation of only 13 per cent."[1] So great is its strength that the Canadian Pacific could continue to compete on this unequal basis for a period of years before its dividend would be threatened.

The Canadian Northern is the most promising part of the present Canadian National System. Its lines were exceptionally well located with a view to future growth. It was cheaply constructed yet there was no sacrifice of future operating economy, when traffic should increase in volume. The following quotation illustrates this. "It was . . . in their interest" (that of Sir William Mackenzie and Sir Donald Mann) "as owners of all the common stock, that the road should be as well located and as economically constructed as possible. And they did their utmost to attain this end. . . . The cost of construction of the Canadian Northern from Port Arthur east to Montreal can be compared fairly to the cost of the National Transcontinental from Winnipeg to Quebec. The cost of the Canadian Northern was $52,602 per mile, including in this amount interest at 5% during the construction period, but excluding the Montreal passenger terminal. The cost of the National Transcontinental was $93,735 per mile, inlcuding interest at 3% down to December 31, 1914, but excluding the cost of the Quebec bridge."[2] The net earnings of the Canadian Northern Railways were increasing rapidly prior to their acquisition by the Government.

But there were two pitfalls in this prospect. First, the Prairie Lines, though self-supporting, were not yet sufficiently developed to support the extensions to the Atlantic and Pacific, which were bound to be a heavy drain on the system for many years. Second, the common stock, though it represented a great service to the company in the supervision of construction, did not represent a dollar of cash paid into the Company's Treasury. The result was that the road, being constructed in advance of existing requirements and entirely out of the proceeds of bond sales, bore a burden of interest that was out of all proportion to earnings. Net earnings for the year ending June 30, 1919, were $11,500,000, equal to about 75 per cent. of fixed charges. But this showing was made at the expense of the property. The Company was in urgent need of new capital for additions and betterments to its lines and, especially, for new equipment. A reorganization of some kind was inevitable.

The Grand Trunk Pacific-National Transcontinental Scheme was that most hopeless of all hopeless things, a highly capitalized main line without adequate terminals and practically without feeders. It ran through a territory that was either virgin or very sparsely settled. The western terminus was to be Prince Rupert, a splendid port suited for a large ocean traffic, which shows no sign of appearing. The eastern terminus is located inland at Moncton, because there was so much jealousy between Halifax and St. John that neither one could bear to see the other get it. How happy could the railway have been with either were 'tother fair city away!

The Borden Government recognized the fact that the National Transcontinental, as constructed, was largely a political venture, without economic justification, and informally relieved the Grand Trunk Pacific of its obligation to operate it. Even then the position of the Grand Trunk Pacific as a separate enterprise was hopeless. For the year 1916 it could barely pay operating expenses. Fixed charges were met out of a loan of $8,000,000 granted by the Government. There was literally no prospect of any improvement in the near future.

It is this lamentable failure of its subsidiary that has brought the Grand Trunk Company into its present position. It had guaranteed $97,000,000 of Grand Trunk Pacific bonds and had made cash advances of about $26,000,000. The cash advances drained off funds that should have been turned back into its own plant while the guarantees assumed such proportions, that they threatened the Company's own credit. In 1916 Grand Trunk officials estimated that $21,000,000, which should have been spent in maintaining their own road and equipment, had not been so spent. The Commission estimated that about $30,000,000 of new capital must be spent on the Grand Trunk itself, before the line could handle the available traffic efficiently. Yet in the ten-year

[1] Memorandum of Lord Shaughnessy to Premier Meighen, April 25, 1921.

[2] Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page lxi.

period during which these financial requirements were piling up, the Grand Trunk Company paid out $36,000,000 in dividends. It is no injustice to say that the major part of these dividends was paid out of capital.

The position of the Grand Trunk Company in 1916 was then as follows; its own line and equipment were badly run down and needed to be enlarged and improved; it was bound to meet the interest on the bonds which it had guaranteed; and owing to the general rise in prices and wages its net earnings were being rapidly wiped out.

Under these circumstances the Railway Inquiry Commission was appointed in July, 1916, to investigate the whole Canadian transportation problem, and its report was presented in the spring of the following year. Sir Henry Drayton acted as chairman. The other members were Mr. W. M. Acworth, the English railway expert, and Mr. A. H. Smith, the President of the New York Central Lines. As the commissioners could not agree, the two sections of the report will be considered separately.

The key-note of the majority or Drayton-Acworth Report is contained in the following extract. "Our personal belief is strong that, in normal circumstances, railway enterprise is a matter best left in private hands, subject to proper regulation by the Government."[1] . . . "But in the case of the Canadian Northern, the Grand Trunk, and the Grand Trunk Pacific the circumstances are not normal. These companies have broken down. We see no way to organize new companies to take their place. Their only possible successor is, in our view, a public authority. We are confronted with a condition and not a theory."[2] Accordingly they recommended the formation of a new company to operate the three properties, along with the Intercolonial and National Transcontinental Lines, as one system. They suggested the appointment of a Board of Arbitrators to determine two questions: First, what portion of the Canadian Northern common stock might fairly remain the property of the present holders; Second, what proportion of the earnings of the new company might fairly be regarded as attributable to the Canadian Northern Lines. The whole capital stock of the Grand Trunk Company was to be surrendered by agreement to the new company, in return for an annuity which should be "a moderate but substantial percentage"[3] of $3,600-000 (the average annual dividend payment between 1906 and 1916), increasing by 40% or 50% in 7 or 8 years. They expected that the new Company would be able to finance itself, if not immediately, at least very soon after its formation.

The Minority Report of Mr. Smith recognized that the problem had arisen with the aid and encouragement of both the Canadian Government and people. The solution he found in the utilization of existing agencies—not in an untried policy which bore a strong resemblance to the very government operation which his colleagues themselves condemned. He recommended that the Canadian Northern be required to confine its operations to the territory west of Winnipeg, and to take a lease of the Grand Trunk Pacific for a period of twenty-one years, at a rental equal to fixed charges. The Grand Trunk should be released from its obligations in respect to the Grand Trunk Pacific. It should be required to confine its operations to the east, and should lease the lines of the Canadian Northern east of North Bay and Parry Sound for the same period, at a rental equal to fixed charges. The Government could either operate the connecting link or arrange for its operation by one of the other companies. The Transcontinental would continue to be operated in conjunction with the Intercolonial. Under such a scheme the continuance of Government aid would be necessary till peace and the growth of the country made a permanent solution of the railway problem possible.

The Government of the day did not see fit to follow *in toto* either of the reports. Instead of leaving part of the stock of the Canadian Northern in the hands of its private owners it constituted a Board of Arbitrators to determine its value and then expropriated it at that price. The Grand Trunk Pacific was permitted to go on under the sedative of yearly Government loans, until it finally expired in March, 1919. From then until August 23, 1920, it was operated by the Minister of Railways and Canals as Receiver, and since then by the Canadian National Railway Board. Instead of taking the whole capital stock of the Grand Trunk Company in return for an annuity which should be "a moderate but substantial portion" of $3,600,000 per annum, and permitting the Directors of the Company to distribute this among the shareholders, the Government made itself responsible for annual interest payments amounting to $2,500,000, on the guaranteed stock of the Company, as well as for interest on the debentures (which are practically the bonds of the Company). The value of the first, second, and third preference stocks and of the common stock is at present under arbitration. Nor has the management realized the dreams of economy in which Sir Henry Drayton indulged. Omitting the Grand Trunk (which was not yet a part of it) the Canadian National System made a total deficit of $70,000,000 from January 1st to December 31st, 1920. These interesting developments will be reviewed in the pages of THE CANADIAN FORUM at an early date.

JOHN L. MCDOUGALL.

[1]Railway Inquiry Commission, page li.
[2]Ibid, lii.
[3]Report of the Railway Inquiry Commission, page lxxxviii.

Luckenwalde

LUCKENWALDE is a town of 24,000 people some twenty miles out of Berlin. Nobody ever goes there to look at the scenery, bet on the races, visit the museums, or buy things in the shops. Such attractions are quite lacking. A visitor would probably not notice anything about the place except the large number of factory chimneys. The Luckenwalders still remember the time when the chimneys were not there. Frederick the Great established a colony of weavers in the town about the time when George Washington became President of the United States, and some of the cottages which he built for them are still standing, their floors three feet below the street level and their roofs so low that the prudent housewife hides her key among the ancient red tiles when she goes shopping. In those little cottages stood the hand looms by means of which the parents of the present Luckenwalders earned a toilsome livelihood; and in the wide fields which then surrounded the town they kept a few cows and chickens and cultivated their little gardens. After the Franco-Prussian war other industries came in addition to the cloth manufacture, and in the last twenty years the town developed rapidly. Hat factories, paper factories, piano factories, were erected; the fields gradually became covered with buildings; houses and factories spread out almost to the very limit of the communal land, and Luckenwalde became a purely industrial town, entirely dependent upon the vagaries of a highly specialized and ever fluctuating world market.

Then came the War, with its feverish overdevelopment of industry, and then the Peace. The Luckenwalde hat makers tried to regain their export trade only to find that the whole world seemed to be overflowing with hats. The metal workers, who had formerly made fine ornamental lamps and fittings for railway coaches, found that their occupation was gone. The paper workers, who used to make picnic plates and thin paper wrappers for delicate pastry and tarts, discovered that their wares were superfluous in a country where people have much ado to get bread without thinking of cake. The weavers, who had built up a wide reputation by turning out nothing but the very best and finest of cloth, soon learned that everybody in Germany, from street cleaner to *Geheimrat*, had discovered the secret of making old clothes last forever. As for the cabinet-makers and joiners, they could not do much business when six hundred and twenty young married people in this very town, now living in narrow quarters with their parents-in-law, were vainly beseeching the local Housing Commission to find dwellings for them. Nor was the prospect for the future much better. People do not have much left for the furniture man after they have paid the baker and the grocer. The tailor and the butcher hardly enter into the reckoning.

Even the best paid workmen in Luckenwalde do not earn more than two hundred and fifty marks a week (about four dollars) when they are in full employment; and out of this they pay one-tenth as income tax besides compulsory insurance contributions. But not many are so fortunate as to be fully employed. True, the unemployment insurance office reports that only one hundred and ninety-six people in the town are out of work. But one of the first acts of the republican government in Germany was to decree that nobody should be discharged from his employment so long as his employer could find him twenty-four hours' work in the week. When business is slack people are not discharged but all work short time. In the paper industry there are workmen on the pay-roll who have not been working more than twenty-four hours a week for more than a year. A like situation exists in other trades. The tax lists for 1920 showed that few Luckenwalde workmen were able to earn more than six or seven thousand marks during the entire year. Out of its exiguous funds the town is helping to support four hundred and forty-one short-time workers and their six hundred and forty-seven dependents. Others who are also working only two or three days a week are not entitled to receive aid because of the numerous residential and other conditions imposed. At least one-tenth of the population of Luckenwalde consists of persons who are unemployed or half employed and their families. Such families have to live, in most cases, on less than one hundred and forty marks a week.

The maintenance of a family on two dollars and fifty cents a week is quite difficult even in Germany. That sum does not leave much margin for luxuries such as milk, butter, meat, fuel, clothes, or school books. It would scarcely be regarded as sufficiently large to bring with it the temptations of great wealth. The only way to live on this sum is to cultivate a taste for living on rye bread, potatoes, and substitute coffee, and hardly anything else. The government still provides grain below cost for the bread, and each person is allowed to buy four pounds a week of this bread. A family of five could buy twenty pounds of rye bread for about twenty-five marks. Potatoes cost one-half mark per pound. If you have to live on bread and potatoes you will need heaps of potatoes. Ten pounds a week would not be a very large allowance under such circumstances, but if you have to buy enough for a whole family the cost is something shocking. Of course, a potato diet has long been customary in parts of Ireland, but the Irish peasant combines it with milk, butter, and occasionally eggs. In Luckenwalde, with milk at six cents a quart, butter at forty cents a pound, and eggs at thirty cents a dozen, the housewife can only make a wry face and put more potatoes on to boil. Meanwhile the land-

lord and the tax collector must be punctually paid. The wealthy *Schieber* (profiteer) may sometimes evade the tax collector, but the workman's taxes are collected at the source, before he receives his pay envelope. Most families in Luckenwalde never have enough to eat.

Some of the fortunate ones who possess enough back garden to grow potatoes have risen in the morning to find that thieves have come in the night. The houses do not contain much that would tempt thieves to break through and steal (or moths to corrupt), but the potatoes have been dug up, still unripe, and carried away. Not long ago Herr Andres, who is the head of the Children's Aid Department in Luckenwalde, had to interview a man who had attempted to hang himself. When asked the reason for his act the man said that it had all arisen out of a quarrel with his wife. What was the cause of her destructive wrath? The man at last confessed that his own extravagance and gluttony had been at fault. He and his wife had been eating their evening meal, which consisted, as usual, of boiled potatoes dipped in a little grease on a plate. The woman dipped her piece of potato with the round side down so that it merely touched the grease, but the man dipped his with the flat side down so that several drops of the precious fat adhered to each mouthful. For this conduct his wife reproached him so bitterly that, weary of such an existence, or perhaps remorsefully desirous of removing a superfluous mouth from the world, he had attempted to take his life.

Subscriptions from America have hitherto been making it possible to provide a little supplementary food at the schools for some of the most seriously undernourished mothers and children, but how long this urgently needed relief work can continue it is at present not possible to say. Even it is attended with great difficulties. Many of the children are clothed only in rags (though these are patched with care) and have not a shirt or a pair of stockings in the whole of their limited wardrobe. Such children have been known to stay away from the medical examination because they were ashamed to let others see how poorly they were clad. Sometimes they stay away until all the other children have gone before coming into the medical room to be examined. Others have even stayed away from the schoolhouse where food awaited them because they did not have enough warm clothing to go on the street at all last winter. Pneumonia lurks in waiting for the incautious person who ventures out into the cold German winter weather underfed and underclad. It will be worse this winter because there has been no money this year to buy clothes.

Outsiders sometimes imagine that the events now occurring in East Prussia and Upper Silesia have no direct effect upon the rest of Germany. When the Poles took over the Corridor, all the German officials were discharged and had to commence a new existence in the already overcrowded western and southern parts of Germany. More than one hundred of them came to Luckenwalde, where they must be treated in the same way as the Luckenwalders. They have an equal claim for housing accommodations, and when a teaching post is vacant every second one must be given to a refugee. Should the town fail to observe this regulation the school grant from the central government would be withdrawn. It will readily be seen how this intensifies the unemployment and housing difficulties. Luckenwalde has already adopted a regulation that accommodation shall not be allotted to any married couple unless the man is more than twenty-five and the woman more than twenty-one. It was thought that this policy would delay marriages, but the population has again begun to increase. What are the new people to do? Where are they to go?

Since the armistice the Luckenwalders have built one hundred and thirty new houses, some being quite durable and good. We inquired whence came the funds to build houses, and why the town had embarked upon such extravagance when food and clothing were such pressing necessities. The money was borrowed. But who had so much to lend? It had come from the private banks, which are supposed to be financed by the government. How, then, did the government of impoverished Germany obtain funds to finance local housing programmes? From that great and unfailing source of wealth, the printing press! Such a policy would probably meet with the disapproval of the economists, but evidently the continued over-issue of paper money makes it possible to build real houses and to distribute what wealth there is in the country more widely among a class where even now there is great unemployment and want. It is not defrauding the Entente of the reparations demanded by the latter, because the Entente is not yet willing to accept payment in the form of building materials, and Germany cannot find a market even for the export goods which she is now able to produce. It is true that inflation injures the *rentiers*, the unfortunate old people who placed their money in banks, insurance policies, or government bonds. Their investments have been annihilated, and many of them are starving. But if it is necessary for somebody to starve (and this appears to be the case), perhaps it is better that the victims should be those who have now become unproductive rather than those who are still capable of work.

In some quarters it is indeed seriously believed that the philosophy of Malthus is once more suited to the times. The densely populated lands of Europe have for many years supported their people only by an extensive manufacturing and commercial activity which was possible only so long as the newer countries continued to export their raw materials and receive

manufactured goods in return. But the war has given a new impetus to nationalistic commercial policies aiming at self-sufficiency. Both the United States and Canada have taken steps with the object of preventing resumption of commerce with Central Europe on the former basis. There is a strong party which aims to make the British Empire entirely self-contained and commercially independent. The excluded countries can form new commercial relationships, but how long will it take? How soon, if ever, will Central Europe be able to support its existing population under tolerable conditions of life?

Even Russia now fears the danger of over-population. In a German internment camp at Altdamm, near Stettin, there are scores of Russian prisoners of war who are not allowed by the Russian government to return to Russia because during their captivity they were so injudicious as to marry German wives and accumulate an excessively large quiverful of Russo-German children. Nor has Germany room for such families. Before the war the natural increase of the German population reached eight hundred thousand a year. What is now to be done?

The chamber philosopher may be content to acquiesce in starvation, misery, and further wars as Nature's method of dismissing from her banquet those guests for whom there is no place. But the most rigorous Malthusian logician has been known to waver in his principles when confronted with hungry children who are in process of being thus "dismissed." It is not yet certain that Nature alone is to blame in the matter.

HUBERT R. KEMP,
Berlin, June 22.

A Woman's Confession

We knew not what we did,
Not ours the fires kindled on the earth;
Yet we, from ages charged to bring to birth,
Down to death-dealing slid.

We left our vision clear
Which men say comes upon us all unsought;
Our instincts we have silenced, and have taugh
Our minds the truth to blear.

Our voices were not heard
Bidding men wait before they sentence passed;
Our tenderness towards life away we cast,
We called "peace-talk" absurd.

We failed to see our star;
God and the world and men cried for our aid;
We gave them guns and shells and gladly paid
Our money for the war.

We said, "When all is past,
Then, then will woman come into her own".
Fools! To reap grain we have rank thistles sown,
Chains round us we have cast.

And when at length peace came,
We could not say. "In this we had a share",
To hasten that blest day we did not dare,
Lest men us cowards name.

Not unto us, O Lord,
The glory of a righteous cry for peace;
Our hands are blood-stained, for we did not cease
To forge and whet the sword.

We failed, as men have failed,
No longer can we claim a purer heart;
In the great game of war we played our part,
Full with the tide we sailed.

MARGARET FAIRLEY.

Count Leo N. Tolstoy, 1890-1910

PART II

THE members of the household at Yasnaya Polyana, during the period of my first visit in 1899, were the Count and Countess, their daughters Tatiana and Sasha, their sons Sergius and André, the wife of the latter, Countess Olga, a sister of the Count, Countess Marie, superioress of a nunnery, M. Ge (pronounced as Gay), son of a celebrated Russian painter, and voluntary Secretary of Tolstoy, and M. Charles Simon, translator of the works of Tolstoy into French. Count Sergius had visited me in Toronto on his way to see how the Doukhobors were establishing themselves; the other members of the family I saw for the first time. The family life of the Tolstoys at that period made upon me a very charming impression. Later I shall have something to say upon the delicate and difficult subject of the causes of the unhappiness of the family at a subsequent period. For that precise reason I desire now to set down with as much fidelity as I can the impressions of 1899. All of the family treated me not merely with extreme kindness but in a manner adopted me into it, regarding continued and abiding friendship as very natural. The members of the family whose characters particularly attracted me were three of the ladies—the nun, Countess Marie, and the Countesses Tatiana and Olga. The first mentioned was at that time a woman of about fifty years of age. Her features, shown in a family group taken in a snap shot by the Countess Tolstoy, were extremely like the portrait of Savonarola. She was indeed an ecclesiastic with her eyes turned towards the Reformation. One afternoon, while Tolstoy was taking his siesta, I was availing myself of the opportunity to

catechise Ge upon the details of the variety of communism which he professed. I cannot now recall the precise point reached in his explanation and the consequent argument, but at a certain moment he replied to an observation of the Countess Marie with a quotation from Tolstoy. He delivered this with a conclusive air as if the opinion of Tolstoy finally settled the matter. The Countess Marie rose from the verandah table round which we were sitting and approaching the door raised her arm with the gesture of a tragic actress. Dropping French, which she had been using during the conversation, she exclaimed with ardour in her native Russian: "Much as I love my brother I would rather pin my faith to the words of St. Augustine and St. Paul than to any words of his."

The Countess Tatiana struck me at that time as exhibiting more of her father's characteristics than any of the other members of the family, although she had a talent for practical details which her father did not have, and her mother did not have, or having did not exhibit. The Countess Olga, wife of André, also appeared to have very sympathetic relations with her father-in-law. She was a very handsome young woman, well educated and highly intelligent.

One wet and stormy night, while the rain was beating upon the windows, Tolstoy and I were playing chess, when about eleven o'clock André came upstairs and told his father that a young man had arrived on foot, drenched to the skin, who desired to speak to him. Tolstoy went down and returned in a quarter of an hour. "This is an interesting young man," he said, "I would like you to see him in the morning. He has told me that he is a native of Odessa, that he inherited a considerable fortune and that under the influence of my writings and of his reading of the Scriptures, he had made up his mind to do what the young man who made 'the great refusal' failed to do. He had given all he had to the poor and committed himself to a wandering life, preaching the Gospel wherever he went. He had walked from Odessa to Yasnaya Polyana, a distance of about five hundred miles, for the purpose of telling me that I was not myself living a Christian life, and that I was not even bringing my life into correspondence with my teaching." I remarked that his conduct suggested mental disease. "Oh, no!" said Tolstoy, "we Russians are all like that." I did not argue the point because to the suggestion that, if the Kantian maxim were applied and every one became a wanderer, there would be no production and the life of a numerous community would become impossible, I knew very well that Tolstoy's answer would be: "We have nothing to do with consequences." We, therefore, resumed our game.

The young man from Odessa had been hospitably entertained and had been put to bed in a small pavilion adjoining the chateau. It occurred to me that, having delivered his message, he would most likely depart early in the morning. I therefore rose between five and six o'clock and went to the pavilion. I found that he had already gone. About daybreak he had tapped at the window of another pavilion, occupied by Charles Simon, and had called to him: "Charles, the Frenchman, I am going away", and thus he departed to carry his gospel to others.

Shortly before my arrival Tolstoy had a visit from Cæsare Lombroso, the Italian criminologist. He created a very unfavourable impression on Tolstoy's mind, as well in general as on account of a particular incident which Tolstoy narrated to me. There was staying at Yasnaya Polyana during Lombroso's visit a young Russian nobleman of good family and high character, well known to Tolstoy. When Lombroso was taking his leave this young man volunteered to drive to the railway station with him in order to take out his ticket and arrange about his baggage as Lombroso did not speak Russian. About a week afterwards the young man received a letter from Lombroso accusing him of having abstracted a note for a hundred rubles from his pocket-book when it was handed to him by Lombroso in order that his ticket might be paid for. The letter went on to say that, unless this sum were remitted at once, the affair would be placed in the hands of the police. The young man brought the letter to Tolstoy, who told me he thought the accusation quite ridiculous, that his friend was wholly incapable of committing a theft. The young man was, however, naturally perturbed. He wrote to Lombroso and, while repudiating the accusation, said that since it appeared that Lombroso had lost the money and since also it appeared that the sum was important to him, a hundred rubles was enclosed to make it good. If, he added, Lombroso found that the money had not been lost or was otherwise recovered, the amount could be given to some charity. Tolstoy seemed not to be clear that the young man was right in adopting this course but he was quite clear upon the impropriety and discourtesy of Lombroso's accusation. It should perhaps be said by way of explanation that from memoirs published since Lombroso's death it appears that during the later years of his life his mind was clouded and unbalanced as a result of arterio-sclerosis.

Tolstoy told me that he had shortly before had a visit from William Jennings Bryan, the Democratic Candidate for the Presidency of the United States. I had seen Bryan and heard him deliver one of his orations, and I was surprised to find that he made a favourable impression on Tolstoy. Possibly this was due to a certain similarity between Bryan and Henry George, for whom Tolstoy entertained a great admiration. Yet the uncourtliness and utter absence of cultivation which continually exuded from Bryan might have been supposed to induce a feeling of repulsion. Cultivation of the customary kind did

not, however, attract Tolstoy; and perhaps he found some virtue in Bryan which was invisible to other eyes. Tolstoy was not interested in Bryan merely because he recognized in Bryan a certain American type, but because he really liked him on the ground of what he regarded as his sincerity.

Tolstoy was much interested in Henry George. Here again the special propaganda of George was not that which attracted him. He had obviously not worked out the reactions of the application to Russia of the plan of land nationalization, nor had he considered in this connection the attitude of the peasants towards the land question. In general Tolstoy disliked and distrusted governmental administration and disapproved of the nationalization of anything in so far as that might involve governmental control. He was attracted to George because he brought the land question into a vivid light and because the situation in Russia, in which the great landed proprietors were commercializing agriculture and altering the character of village life, corresponded in its general economic features to the situation in California where the railway and land companies were commercializing life to their own advantage. Against this policy George's *Progress and Poverty* was primarily directed. The chief attraction of George to Tolstoy was, however, the same as that of Dickens, viz., his apparent enthusiasm for, and sympathy with, humanity. On Russian affairs at that time Tolstoy spoke with little hope of immediate change and with little confidence in any merely political or even social movements. Count Witte was then in power. Witte had made advances to Tolstoy and had solicited his interest in measures he proposed to adopt for the removal to Siberia of peasants from the congested districts of European Russia. No doubt Tolstoy's influence with the peasants would have been important to secure. Apart from the fact, communicated to me by Tolstoy, that he had no faith in Witte and no liking for cooperation with him, Tolstoy thought that it would be necessary for the Government not merely to give low rates for transference to Siberia but to give free transportation at least, if not also to supply the peasants with capital to enable them to establish themselves. At a moment when the European railway and steamship companies were giving extraordinary low rates for the transport of peasants and their belongings from Galicia for example to America, where the prospect of high wages constituted a powerful magnet, it might have been necessary for the success of the Siberian immigration policy that the Russian Government should do even more.

Tolstoy seemed to me to be too well aware of the psychology of the Russian peasant to idealize him, as many of the Slavophils and even many of the anarchist groups were prone to do. He felt that the peasant needed not merely improvement in his economic condition but more importantly improvement in his mental and moral condition. Such improvement was not, however, to be achieved by the methods which were regarded as progressive in Western Europe. Tolstoy had the same repugnance to industrialism as Ruskin had, and disliked the utilitarian basis of the education prevalent in Europe and America.

JAMES MAVOR.

(To be continued).

Rebellious Readings

Cave canem!—"Ware the dog!"
Now 'tis a shocking thing,
To hear a freshman render it—
"Look out! for I may sing."

Splendide mendax—"grandly mendacious",
Thus we are taught to translate,
But would you consider it somewhat audacious
To render it, "Lying in State"?

Post equitem—this means, of course,
"After a ride upon a horse";
Atra—"the lady with black hair,"
Cura sedet—"sits down with care."

The Weighing of Anchises

When pious Æneas
Said he wouldn't see his
Old father left pining alone,
He gave him a back,
Though, alas! and alack!
He must have weighed ten or twelve stone.

Now it wouldn't surprise us
To hear that Anchises
Had "weighed in" on avoirdupois weight;
But I would protest,
At the risk of a jest,
That in his case it should have been Troy weight.

If a reader should read
Thus far in this screed,
I think I could hardly resist him,
If I heard him saying
That *he* thought the weighing
Was done on the metrical system.

The Horse's Neck

When Horace composed his *De Arte Poetica*,
He made to his readers at large so pathetic a
Plea, that they felt that they always should do as he
Warned them when tempted to dabble in poesy.

He advised them that they should avoid all distortions
And always observe the most proper proportions;
And said that a painter could do nothing worse
Than join a man's head to the neck of a horse.

Though poets are said to be seers and sages,
They can't foresee everything all through the ages.
What may, as depicted in Horace's text,
Be absurd in one place is all right in the next.

So now, in the very best golfing society,
It's never considered a breach of propriety
When hot tired golfers, regardless of sex,
Join their burning hot heads to nice cool horses' necks.

CINNAMON.

The Antiphonal Song

HORACE AND LYDIA

Book III, Ode 9.

When I once pleased, and you were not caressed
By any other youth whose arms he'd fling
Around your snowy neck, I was more blessed,
And happier far, than ever Persian King.

When you for Chloe had no ardent flame,
Nor ranked her first, but loved me then the most,
I, Lydia, then enjoyed a greater fame
Than Ilia of Rome could ever boast.

Fair Chloe, skilful mistress of the lyre,
Whose voice accords so sweetly with its tone,
Enchants me now; and gladly I'd expire
If my surviving soul could join her own.

Young Calais of Thuria, gentle swain,
Is he whose rapturous love I now enjoy;
Death, double death, to me would be no pain,
If Fate would spare my well-beloved boy.

What if our former love revive again
To bind us in indissoluble bonds,
Chloe, the golden-haired forsaken—then
Would Lydia, once deserted, now be fond?

Although his beauty make the star-light pale,
Though none with you for levity might vie,
Your passion rage like Adriatic gale,
With you, I'd gladly live or gladly die.

To the Spring of Bandusia

Book III, Ode 13.

Oh crystal spring in shady bowers,
Libations of the purest wine
From goblets wreathed with dewy flowers
To-morrow shall be thine.

A tender kid, new-horned for strife,
Or amorous battle all in vain,
Shall render unto thee his life,
His blood thy waters stain.

Secure from dog-star's scorching ray,
Thy cooling streams refresh the ox
Work-weary, and at close of day
Revive the wandering flocks.

Oh never shall thy glory fade,
Or fame depart, while I can sing
Thy sounding rocks, thy oaken shade,
Bandusia, beauteous spring.

E. D. ARMOUR.

Art for the People

NOW that the Devonshires are bidding farewell, we are threatened with a new issue of Canadian bills by the Dominion Government. It has been customary in Canada—and it is a good custom too—to honour the retiring Governor-General by printing an issue of new bills in denominations of one and two dollars commemorating his sojourn in this country. The last Government bills which were issued bearing pictures of the members of the Connaught family were pretty bad, and it is desirable to prevent a recurrence of the same blunder.

The bill for one dollar with the Princess Patricia medallion has some calligraphy, believe me, in the lettering of the word "one"! The poor Princess looks rather weary, too. On the back we have a view of the Houses of Parliament at Ottawa, which is about as bad as it could be. The Connaught bill for two dollars is an atrocity. The crime was perpetrated by the American Bank Note Co., Ottawa, who are, no doubt, very proud of it because the name of the company appears on both sides of the bill. The noble Duke and his wife are drowned in a profusion of scrolls and ornamentation of a taste worthy of a school teacher of fifty years ago, and the words "Dominion of Canada" in Gothic are simply an insult to the eye and to the mind when used in connection with this country, which had no Middle Ages. The back of the bill is worse, if that is possible.

The Government should set an example and show the banks that we in Canada are no longer at the stage of being satisfied with a dirty-looking piece of paper as a dollar bill. The banks themselves should be told not to abuse the public by keeping in circulation notes bearing pictures which were the taste of this country when the banks obtained their charters. The bills of the Bank of Toronto are the most hideous of all. This bank had money and initiative to build themselves a fine modern building in Toronto—not a common sky-scraper—but when

they are asked to do something for the public they simply continue to reprint five and ten dollar bills of the time when Queen Victoria and the Prince Consort were young. This horrid looking thing is a discredit to the whole of Canada. One can imagine what an impression it must make abroad to see in the corner of that colonial bill a picture of a train, the engine of which has one of those clumsy funnels in vogue in the first days of the railway.

The bills of the Sterling Bank are the next worst offenders. The others are all commonplace except those banks that are persistently depicting the faces of some of their Directors. Very often the banking staff themselves do not remember the names of those fellows whom the Canadian people are compelled to gaze upon again and again, day after day. On the fifty dollar bills of the Imperial Bank there is an old man with a wig who, I am sure, is under the sod long ago, but nobody but the initiated knows for sure the name and the deeds of that Canadian hero. The Molson's Bank has also two nice gentlemen of the eighties on its bills; one with side-whiskers, who appears to be quite a nice old chap, and, no doubt, deserves the honour of being immortalized by having thousands and thousands of his pictures spread throughout the country. The Merchants Bank bills depict a well-dressed gentleman on one side and on the other a tiny picture of an obsolete Indian on horseback. The bills of the Royal Bank show two ancient directors, and are also an abomination. In the centre is the Coat of Arms of Canada with a microscopic Crown, altogether out of proportion.

The banks here have the privilege of circulating paper, and they should be required by the Government to do something for the public in the sense of art and good taste. They should at least give evidence on their bills that wealth is not adverse to good taste. But, of course, the whole system should be changed. The bills that pass from hand to hand of the Canadian people should be approved by some Board of Canadian artists, and then a lot of undesirable things would disappear. For instance, that American style of ornamentation, which, unfortunately, was taken to Europe from America for a short time, and which I will describe as the "calligraphic style," is a thing of the past. Those engravings of circles and spirals intermingled are of the time when our grandfathers tried to make a portrait of Queen Victoria without lifting the pen from the paper or a drawing of St. John and the little lamb with circles and spirals. It has been said that these complicated engravings make forgeries difficult, but that excuse does not count in these days. Of course, time appears not to bring any change to the American Bank Note Company of Ottawa.

The best of it is that the United States bills are, after all, not so bad; at least, they have a certain meaning in giving the history of the country with the portraits of the late Presidents. The dollar bill with the face of Washington is passable, and they took as much advantage as they could of their eagle. There are little touches of history also, such as that view of the landing of the Pilgrim Fathers. All this gives an impression of the self-respect of the country; when a foreigner sees one of those bills he realizes that there is something behind it. On the other hand, when our Canadian bills had a depreciation of 17% in the United States, the Americans made all kinds of jokes about them, saying that they did not even like the look of them, and there is no doubt about it that the Canadian bills were making a very bad show at that time with all their miserable scrolls and the portraits in pairs of those "paying-blokes" as the flower of the nobility of the country.

An attempt at better things was made with the bills of the Canadian Bank of Commerce issued in commemoration of Sir Edmund Walker's services. These are clean, nice-looking bills without any scrolls and calligraphic ornaments. The front of the bill is almost perfect, but on the back there are two allegorical figures holding tightly to a small medallion, otherwise, they would most certainly fall. The other fault of these bills of the Canadian Bank of Commerce is that they do not look at all Canadian with their semi-nude figures and mythological beings, altogether strange to this land of snows and lakes. We certainly have now in this country a consciousness of the beauty of the Canadian landscape and a few views of real Canada would give distinction to our bills. We would not advocate putting the "great sights" on the bills. We would leave Niagara Falls for advertising a Cereal Food Co., if they want it; the Saginaw to the Steamship Companies and the Rockies to the C.P.R. What should be represented on the back of the Canadian bills is one of the beautiful spots to be found on the Georgian Bay, an Island of Muskoka, or a log cabin in the North beside a half-frozen stream, and on the front some incident of Canadian history—not Mercury or any other allegoric Greek figure that looks ridiculous in this newly-born land.

We are sure that most people will consider it absurd to waste time in discussing if the paper bills are ugly or not; they will say that it does not alter the pleasure that can be obtained with them, and that is all they require of the bills.

But nevertheless all over the world the artists and the educated classes have been insisting for years and years on the great opportunity of teaching the people the pleasures of art through the common things of life. They claim it gradually influences the people to a higher appreciation of the beauties of the world, and prepares for a better mankind.

In Europe a great campaign was made in this direction a few years before the war. England did

not need to change her money and coins to any extent. The English sovereign has always been reputed to be one of the most beautiful coins in the world and the Bank of England notes simply honour the institution that is backing them, but the French had to change the bills of the Bank of France, which were too ugly, and the French coins representing the Republic seeding the ground or the French cock were the result of long studies and careful selections. The old Russian and Austrian Governments were very proud of possessing the most beautiful bills in the world, and the action of the Governments was not limited to the money, but extended to all the things into which art could be introduced, such as postage stamps, Government bonds, posters, advertisements, etc.

The cloth of the uniforms of the French soldiers, when the war showed the necessity of turning it into khaki or something similar, was made of a kind of blue which was the result of much study. The same applies to the colour of the postage stamps. The International Conventions compelled the countries all over the world to use the same colours on stamps of the same value, but different shades were obtainable that made the stamps distinctive and attractive. The colour of the French postage stamps, although retaining red, blue, etc., were made of the most beautiful tones of those colours, about which great artists were consulted.

Each of these Government products should be strictly controlled and criticized by experts. Millions of people are condemned to see the same figures or drawings continually, and it is a crime to allow ugliness to remain without protest. A change must be made in Canada, but in the right way. We remember for instance, that blunder with the Canadian stamps commemorating the 50 years of the birth of the Confederation. In a space no larger than half an inch square were represented 34 persons amongst other things. The subject, of course, was appropriate to the commemoration, but not for a little postage stamp.

The importance of art cannot be exaggerated, and the Governments realized it when they were making propaganda for the war. Then posters of all kinds were ordered from the best artists of every country. In Russia to-day the Bolsheviks, we are told, are using artistic posters to teach all kinds of things, and amongst them, of course, political ideas, but the Governments of the countries where there is no danger in view do not seem to consider art in the things of every-day life so important. Anyhow, everything has a limit and the ugliness of the Canadian Bank bills surpass toleration—they certainly are not a good advertisement for this country.

J. Pijoan.

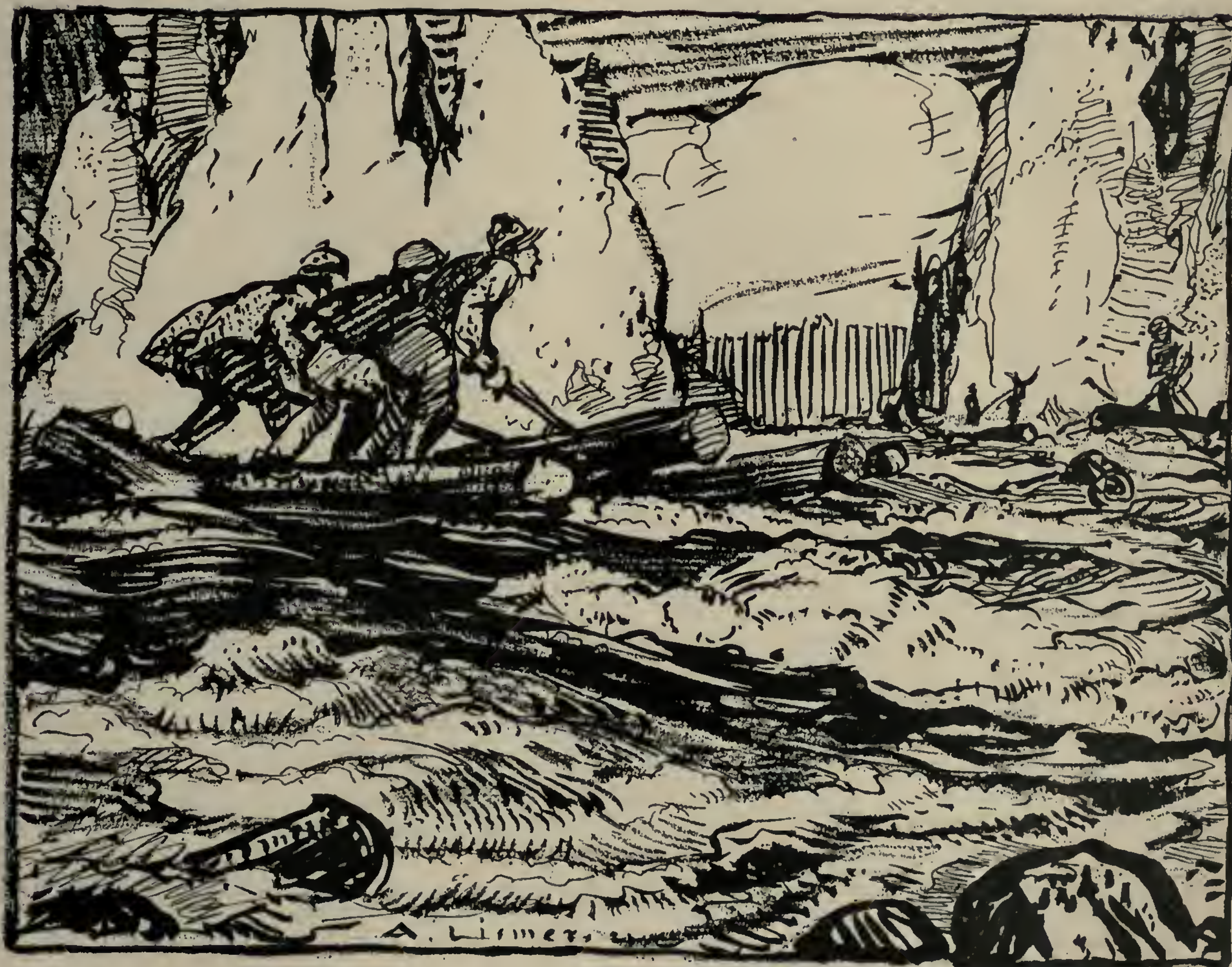
A Royal Nursery

THE impressions of childhood remain. And as I look at the manuscript from which the extracts given below are taken I remember once more the thrill of delightful terror with which I listened to the grown-ups in my home discussing the manner in which letters and newspapers sent to my married cousin in St. Petersburg were tampered with before she got them. How the newspapers had whole columns blocked out and the letters bore evidence of being read.

During the many years she and her husband, a banker, were resident in St. Petersburg they were in close touch with the members of the British colony there and often heard things which, for obvious reasons, could not be openly discussed. Among these the experiences of Miss Mary M—— were only committed to writing on the free shores of England, and have never, so far as I am aware, been known save to her friends. There was nothing thrilling about them, but they shed a curious side light on the way things were managed in Russia forty years ago or more.

Miss Mary had gone to Russia to be nursery-governess in the family of a nobleman of high rank whose wife had just had her fourth son. Mary was Scotch and had been highly recommended to the Countess who soon found she had secured a treasure. Miss Mary's devotion to the children was beyond all praise, and did not escape the eyes of other people besides her employers. After she had been with the latter for some time the family went to the north of Italy for a holiday, and while there she was entirely engrossed with the care of a very delicate child on whom she lavished all the affection of her heart. One day the Countess received a telegram from St. Petersburg. It bore a peremptory message. "Send Mary back. She is required in the Anichikoff Palace." The Countess hurried to Mary with the disconcerting news. What was to be done? Apparently nothing but what was asked. But Mary refused to be torn from her little charge in that fashion. She was not ambitious, and she was happy where she was. "I won't go," said Mary, "and that's an end of it." The Countess was overjoyed and boasted to her friends, even in Mary's hearing, that she would not leave even for a position in a Palace. But her self-satisfaction was short. A few days later another telegram arrived. Immediately on reading it Mary was given notice to quit by her mistress. "But what have I done?" inquired the astonished nurse.

"Nothing, nothing, Mary. But I cannot keep you. Pack your things and return to St. Petersburg at once." Bewildered and broken-hearted she sought for further explanation, but receiving none, she finally did what she was ordered, and immediately



LOGGING

BY

ARTHUR LISMER

on her arrival was visited by one of the court ladies. After a short talk the caller said: "Well, Miss Mary, though you will not go to the Anichikoff Palace you can't have any objection to coming and seeing me at my new apartments in the Winter Palace. Come to-morrow afternoon, and if I happen to be out when you arrive just wait. I'll not be long."

Miss Mary accordingly went to pay the call the next afternoon, wondering what was to happen when she got there. The Countess P—— was "not at home" but Mary was ushered into a reception room, where she had only waited a few seconds when the door opened and a pretty little lady entered whom Mary had never seen but at sight of whom she instinctively stood up. Without saying who she was the newcomer chatted to her agreeably for several minutes in excellent English, and then nodding and smiling went out again.

Immediately afterwards the lady Mary was waiting to see came into the room. "Well, Mary," she said, "you have seen the Grand Duchess. She is not such a very terrible person is she, and I hope you like her for she is much pleased with *you*." And thus Miss Mary found that Fate had designed her for a position in the Royal Household and resigned herself accordingly. Her Imperial Highness, for such the pretty little lady was, showed every consideration to her once the matter was settled, saying among other things: "I know you are not very strong so understand I do not wish you to sit up at night till I come to cross the children, which is sometimes very late."

The years went on and as they passed Mary became more and more indispensable in the Royal nurseries. When the little Grand Duke, the future Czar Nicholas, was born he was a weakly child and it took all her skill and experience to rear him. She and the court doctors did not always agree in their ideas as to the treatment of his ailments and at times her position was far from easy, but she was always backed up by the Imperial mother, and generally the disputes ended in her having her own way, especially as the infant throve under her care. Once when he was seriously ill the Grand Duchess said to her: "Oh, Mary, I have lost one child already. Surely God will be merciful and spare me this one. *I'll* sit by him and *you* go and pray for him."

The happiest days were those which the family of Alexander spent in Denmark. Every one was free from apprehension in that safe little kingdom. The cots of the children were hoisted on board the yacht, *The Pole Star*, and rivetted to the cabin floors, the boys dressed in sailor suits from London, ran as they pleased about the decks and the elders of the party gave themselves over to a period, all too short, of rest and calm.

The life in Denmark was a delightful contrast to that of St. Petersburg. The Danish Queen made a daily presentation of nourishing food to the sick and needy, and herself filled the baskets. Then there were the flowers to be cut for the house, a duty which she attended to herself and a great pleasure to the grand children it was to help her in these tasks. Then there was the meeting with the English cousins. If possible, the Grand Duchess' sister, the then Princess Alexandra of Wales, always arranged to visit her Danish parents at the same time as the Russian party, and there was no one so popular with the cousins of Miss Mary's charges as Uncle Sadra. Uncle Sadra had strong arms and would often romp about the garden or up and down the stairs with three or four babies in his arms and on his back, while all the others held on as best they could to his coat tails. For poor Alexander, in the joy of having shaken off the terrors of assassination and bombs, was as gay as a child himself when in Denmark.

One memorable day all the cousins who were old enough were taken by Uncle Sadra on a blackberry and mushroom gathering expedition. Everybody was so happily absorbed that they lost all count of time. At last it occurred to Alexander to look at his watch. Only five minutes to catch their train home! Such a race over field and path! The train came in before the station was reached, but Uncle Sadra rounded up the party just in time to bundle them all into a third class carriage—a perfectly fresh experience to these young travellers and considered a thrilling adventure.

The Princess Maud of Wales on these Denmark visits always appointed herself Mary's understudy in the nursery and used to help her to put the little ones to bed and get out their clean clothes for the next morning. Her mother also was very fond of the nursery, and made herself so agreeable there that once Mary forgot court etiquette and exclaimed: "No wonder our people at home idolize you," and then felt shocked at her own freedom of speech, but the Princess of Wales laughed: "I'll send you my photograph if you think so much of me as that," she replied, and faithfully kept her word after her return to England.

In view of the tragic blotting out of the Russian Royal family in our own time it is pleasant to think that the unfortunate Dowager Empress and her still more hapless son had at least some days when the sun was shining, and that the staunch faithfulness and devotion of one of our own tongue helped to make them so.

V. B. Paterson.

A London Letter

The Passing of Shepherd's Market

ANOTHER bit of Old London that recently came under the hammer was Shepherd's Market, the last remaining fragment of the May Fair of mirth and revelry, when there was

indeed a "Merry England." The first records date back to the thirteenth century, when Edward I. granted the privileges and profits of a fair to fourteen leprous women, inmates of the Hospital of St. James the Less, which occupied the site of the present St. James' Palace.

This was to be kept on the eve of St. James' Day, and during the following week, in fields near Piccadilly, and was known respectively as May Fair and St. James' Fair. It fell into bad repute, however, and in 1708 Stowe called attention to the yearly riotous and tumultous assembly and it was temporarily suppressed by order of the Grand Jury at Westminster. It was finally doomed in 1721. Then, in 1733, Shepherd's Market was built for the fair, on land belonging to an architect, Mr. Edward Shepherd, and some of the houses have remained almost untouched to this day.

Pepys speaks of going to St. James' Fair in 1660, and again in 1669. He described a beautiful flower painting of a Dutchman Evereest (probably Simon Varelst) living there as "the finest thing that ever, I think, I saw in my life."

Mackyn says in his Diary that "St. James' Fair was so great that a man could not have a pygg for money."

This district gained added notoriety through the Rev. Dr. Keith, who was prepared to marry all and sundry in his church porch, on the easiest terms procurable south of Gretna Green. Although excommunicated and imprisoned his henchmen continued the practices, and St. George's, Hanover Square, has records of upwards of seven thousand marriages performed by Keith and his associates.

The fields of Mayfair are now covered by beautiful houses, and a pleasant hour may be spent in prowling around the neighbourhood, searching for interesting records of bygone days.

The Bulldog Grip

The "Britisher" is certainly at his best when "up against things." The Bank Holidays, instituted by Sir John Lubbock, are his special playtimes, and nothing is going to interfere with them. At Whitsuntide, what with coal strikes, and the threatening of many others, things looked black indeed; in fact the croakers prophesied instant revolution. What kind of a holiday was it going to be, with hardly any trains, very little money anywhere and only the remotest possibility of getting away from London to the sea?

It was the most wonderful Bank Holiday there has ever been. The weather was on the side of the people; Saturday and Monday almost tropical in their heat and brilliant sunshine. The parks were packed with happy, orderly people picnicking on the grass, listening to the bands, admiring the flowers and thoroughly enjoying themselves. No, England isn't ripe for revolution yet, when the people can be happy in such a sane way, ignoring all the evils around and making the best of everything close at hand, so that their holiday time with their wives and kiddies shall not be spoilt.

En Passant

Individuality is a fine study and, passing up the stairs of a block of flats the other day, some notices on doors caught the eye. Something had evidently gone wrong with the electric wires, and this is how some of the occupants notified the matter:

"Bell broken. Knock."

"Bell out of order. Please knock."

"Bell bust. Thump door!"

One was left wondering as to the individualities behind those doors.

While prowling around the slums and back streets of Marylebone recently a brilliant display of crystal chandeliers was espied in a very second-rate "rag and bone" shop.

On inquiring as to the price of the different pieces, a query as to whether they were really old was added:

"Old, of course not," replied the shop-lady, indignantly. "Why, they are all quite new!"

Anne Newbold.

Literary Competitions

We offer a prize of five dollars to the reader who can identify the largest number of the following quotations. The name of the author and of the work from which the quotation is cited must be given in each case.

(1) 'Tis not in mortals to command success;
But we'll do more, Sempronius, we'll deserve it.

(2) God tempers the wind to the shorn lamb.

(3) I sighed as a lover, I obeyed as a son.

(4) There was never yet philosopher
That could endure the toothache patiently.

(5) In lapidary inscriptions a man is not upon oath.

(6) Consideration like an angel came
And whipp'd the offending Adam out of him.

(7) To marry is to domesticate the recording angel.

(8) Only the actions of the just
Smell sweet and blossom in the dust.

(9) Who overcomes
By force hath overcome but half his foe.

(10) How oft the sight of means to do ill deeds
Makes ill deeds done.

(11) The theatre is irresistible; organize the theatre.

(12) We are born in other's pain
And perish in our own.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than August 20, 1921.

We offer a prize of five dollars for the best poem, hitherto unpublished and not exceeding 50 lines, on A CANADIAN LAKE.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than September 20, 1921.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

Entries should be addressed to The Competitions Editor, The Canadian Forum, 152 St. George Street, Toronto.

Each entry must have the name and address, or pseudonym, of the competitor written on the MS. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only.

The Editor reserves the right of printing any matter sent in for competition whether it is awarded a prize or not.

The Editor reserves the right of withholding the award if no contribution of sufficient merit is received.

Manuscripts will not be returned unless their return is especially requested.

Owing to the difficulty which competitors at a distance experienced in submitting their contributions in time we are repeating last month's competition and in the future all competitions will run for two months.

Our Book-Shelf

Political

Modern Democracies 2 vols., by Viscount Bryce (Macmillan).

It is perhaps doubtful if any other eminent man of our day possesses the magnificent combination of judicial fairness and splendid audacity which characterizes our Lord Bryce. His sympathetic impartiality, far removed from the scientifically cold detachment of so many, has been long and universally recognized, but his audacity, his verve have done almost as much to endear him to Canadians. A burly Canadian once remarked that he would have made a great R.N.W.P. sergeant. The little David who lightly attacked and as lightly mastered *The Holy Roman Empire* is the Englishman who essays the colossal task of telling the modern United States, not the relatively simple United States of de Tocqueville, what they are in *The American Commonwealth*, and does it so wisely that the Americans themselves accept it gratefully as an authoritative description of their great fabric. Perhaps in some respects this latest venture of his shows more daring than any other of his works. In it he makes a comparative study of Democracy in its practical workings, basing his book chiefly on personal experience obtained by studying these workings in a large number of democracies, of which six, France, Switzerland, Canada, The United States, Australia and New Zealand have been selected for purposes of illustration and comparison. The aim is practical, empirical, evidential, without the committal to a final judgment. Lord Bryce is too much a veteran both of thought and of affairs to be dogmatic.

The material was collected before August, 1914, and just now published, with the horrible black upheaval coming between. Nevertheless it shows few signs of the repairs, and Lord Bryce laid, as always, his foundations too deeply for even the Great War to shake them. But it was a very daring thing to do, and its success is in itself a fine tribute to the author's depth of insight.

The plan is an especially excellent one from the standpoint of the layman. There is a comprehensive introduction which includes a clearing away of vague terminology together with some general "considerations applicable to democratic government in general," a part which furnishes stimulating, though non-controversial treatment.

The Second Part passes almost immediately to a consideration of the actual operations of democracy in the six States enumerated above. Then, with all the evidence laid before the reader, in the form of uncoloured facts of observation, Part III. proceeds to an "examination and criticism of democratic institutions in the light of the facts described in the survey of Part II." These surveys are of great interest, although, to a Canadian, the section devoted to this country may seem a bit cursory. National prejudice may contribute to this impression although it would seem inevitable that in a work which deals with France, the United States and Canada, the last should occupy a relatively less important place, even though the tremendous constitutional significance is here fully recognized. Canadians will hope, too, that the "two or three Provincial Legislatures" which "enjoy a permanently low reputation" will no longer be liable to such severe strictures.

The tendencies which Lord Bryce notes as being at work in determining how a voter shall vote have been moving very swiftly of late. Every Canadian should read the tragically correct answer which Lord Bryce gives to the question: p. 491, vol. I.

The last part, the most profound, the nearest approach which the author makes to taking part in the controversy which the reaction against democracy has evoked, must be left for another time.

P. F.

The Salvaging of Civilization, by H. G. Wells (Macmillans in Canada, $2.25).

Mr. Wells' latest book is, in affect, an appendix to his *Outline of History*, but it is more than that; it is

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Another of Marshall's quiet but entrancingly charming English stories, this one centreing round country-house life.

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Not a novel this time, but characteristic Conrad-ian comment on contemporary writers and artists. A bit of autobiography adds strongly to its value.

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an impassioned appeal. In *The Outline* he sketched a view of mankind slowly and painfully achieving unity despite wars and dissensions, and in *The Salvaging of Civilization* he makes a plea for the next necessary step, the world-wide acknowledgement of a common destiny and the bending of all effort to its accomplishment. The future as he sees it holds nothing but disaster, degeneration and possibly extinction for civilization, if not for the whole race, unless war is put beyond the power of individualist and egotistical nationalisms. There are two means by which alone this can be accomplished: The World State (not a League of Nations) which will hold men's loyalty more firmly than the local claims of "patriotism," and a universal education to teach the race's unity and its single destiny. Without the latter the former cannot succeed, for without education the tradition which looks upon nations as self-sufficing units will not be superseded by the conception of mankind as the unit. One great factor to which Mr. Wells looks to instil this common mode of thinking is the spreading broadcast of a new Bible, "The Bible of Civilization," which will teach the most up-to-date world history, health rules, and private and public morality. This is the most striking and original idea in a book which blows away the smoke and dust of discord obscuring the situation of the world. Mr. Wells' claim on humanity is only increased by this work which cannot help but be of extreme interest to all who have at heart the final pacification and advancement of mankind.

H. K. G.

Fiction

The Death of Society, by Romer Wilson (Collins).

This is Miss Wilson's third novel. Her first, it will be remembered, was *Martin Schüler*, lavishly praised in certain high quarters and undoubtedly a sensational first book, which flitted across the greyness of everyday literature like some audacious bird of gay plumage. It was an attempt to depict a musical genius and it speaks strongly for the author's powers that she did not fail outright. Complete success was out of the question, but Miss Wilson skimmed confidently over the precarious surface of her subject with here and there a hint or a glimpse of what lay beneath the surface. The effect was that of very clever painting on glass, surprisingly vivid and immediate, but without any grasp of the intellectual aspects of her theme.

After publishing a second, soberer, more thoughtful, but less arresting study, Miss Romer Wilson has attempted in *The Death of Society* a problem which outdistances her even more surely than *Martin Schüler*. The scene is now in Norway, at the summer house of Ingman, the critic and philosopher, and his sibylline wife, Rosa, ageless, beautiful, and instinctive. Rosa, the female embodiment of a social utopia, enjoys a foretaste of her ideals in her relations with Smith, a touring Englishman of turbulent war-stirred feeling. The business is conducted with the conscious dignity of a coronation and the austerity of an old-world sacrificial rite, but it is curiously mingled with flippancies and ill-judged detail. Had it been yet more completely idealized or, better still, cast into verse, there might have been some chance of a partial success. What Miss Wilson attempted was beyond human power. She fails ludicrously; the book is callow and, off-hand, one might be tempted to dismiss Miss Wilson as an upstart. It would be very easy to "prove" conclusively that she was, for her work is full of ridiculous passages, superficial generalizations, impertinences.

But, on the whole, we side with those who have discovered in Miss Wilson a writer of promise. Her virtues are a bird-like gift of style, not wholly learned in England, but probably owing something to Nietzsche; a perfectly sincere indifference to English notions of good taste; a power of recording sensation, which recalls Dorothy Richardson, but is cruder and healthier; a sympathy with passion less fleshly than that of D. H. Lawrence, but sharing something of his warmth and colour; and, finally, the power to complete her tale without pausing for breath, as if writing under a genuine, though uncouth, inspiration.

Miss Wilson has been over-praised, but that is no reason for under-praising her. She has all the established marks of "Storm and Stress," the most indubitable of which is a combination of thoroughly bad taste with real inner seriousness. This proves nothing but it will be our excuse for buying her next novel and for harbouring the thought that if Miss Romer Wilson does not gallop through all the big themes before she is fully grown up she may some day make an enduring contribution to the emotional novel.

(P.S.—It appears that this novel has been awarded the Hawthornden prize for English literature, which goes annually to what—in the opinion of a competent committee—is the best work, either in prose or verse, of the year. They have made a perplexing choice this time.)

B. F.

The Man Who Did The Right Thing, by Sir Harry Johnston (Macmillans in Canada).

In the palmy days of County Cricket, spectators, tired of the faultless batting of Hayward and the stylists, sat up eagerly when Gilbert Jessop's brawny arms began to brandish the bat with mighty, unorthodox sweeps. Something of this refreshing sensation comes over me as Sir Harry Johnston wades into the enterprise of the novel, sublimely ignoring the modern novelist's arts, and getting his story under weigh like one of his own African expedi-

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tions. The chapters string out in leisurely fashion like a long line of native porters, each with his own load, trivial or important, carrying the heroine or the the lunch with equal *insouciance.* A professional novelist with a tittle of Sir Harry's gift of epigram would have made his story glow and glitter. Here is nothing of Conrad's intensely artful long drawn out approach to the storm-centre of his tragedy, keying the reader up to breaking point. Nothing of Swinnerton's perfect setting of a single episode. The impression is of pleasant after-dinner narration, leaving a reminiscent flavour of a brilliance that is never obtrusive. I must confess that Sir Harry's mind interests me more than the story, though the interest of the story rarely flags. He is so essentially an Epigone. He stands with one foot in the Victorian age, firmly planted there, and one foot carelessly flung forward into the formlessness of our own perplexing age. *The Man Who Did The Right Thing* has not the same literary flavour which the device of continuing the Dombey history gave to the earlier book, but in the present writer's judgment it is a better book in its own right. It should not be missed by readers who wish to do the right thing.

S. H. H.

Poetry and Belles-Lettres

Highland Light and Other Poems, by H. A. Bellows. (Macmillan).

In this interesting collection of poems previously published in various magazines one may identify the true mind or soul of the modern periodical and of some of its readers. In their original appearance these verses had to maintain their inconspicuous place against the rival attractions of sensational physical science, smart stories of the failure of marriage and flaunting pictures of assorted pickles, seductive carriages and fascinating hosiery. Now, they are detached from this vesture of decay where their still small voice spoke perhaps vainly of things of higher worth denied to the crowd, and we examine the mind and conscience of a charming dreamer and humorist. Let us notice, first of all, that this spiritual messenger does not preach or prophesy; he does not rage nor imagine a vain thing at the bidding of that dull and arrogant master, public opinion. Even the diffusive and somewhat innocuous kindliness, so characteristic of American philosophy, is here expressed with restraint and good taste, being tempered by an occasional zephyr of effortless humour and by a refreshing variety of form and theme, including adaptations of Icelandic poetry, old French ballads, Horace and Catullus, and all without pedantry or obscurity.

But is it the poet's soul or his reader's soul that we have to consider? Our only quarrel with our poet is that he should be so willing to lose his soul and be satisfied with mere recognition without caring to possess or control. He really expresses the soul of an age too easily satisfied with the general drift of things, with the abstract, the impersonal, with bigness and vastness, with a people satisfied to be doctors, lawyers, farmers, and hopeful that without devoting the least thought to the matter they shall, without trying, manage to become men, or even individuals. It is ungracious to quote the poet's lines in this connection, but one feels that his faith like that of his readers, is too much the acceptance of things which do not matter, or of things which, like Harriet Martineau, we cannot help but accept.

> Faith that we climb together o'er the bars
> Of hate, an army marshall'd by a soul,
> Blind visionaries, struggling toward a goal
> Among the singing stars.

C. E. A.

Nova Scotia Chap-Books, Nos. 1, 5, 6 and 14, by Archibald MacMechan (H. H. Marsha Halifax, N.S.).

Three Sea Songs, *The Orchards of Ultima Thule*, *The Log of a Halifax Privateer* and *Twelve Profitable Sonnets* are the first printed of a series of sixteen booklets in preparation. The first contains two as jolly ballads as one could wish and has the advantage of relating actual Nova Scotian incidents. No. 5 is a pleasant description of the Happy Valley, N.S., while No. 6 is the account of the return from Bermuda in 1757 of a Halifax privateer. The *Twelve Profitable Sonnets* are the expression of Dr. MacMechan's personal sentiments and therefore may suffer somewhat by comparison with the traditional matter in his other booklets.

The example might well be followed and chap-books be published to give semi-permanent form to the distinctive legends, narratives and verses of the various provinces. Many anecdotes are too slight in bulk to achieve magazine or book form and it is of great importance to future literature that they should be preserved.

H. K. G.

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Trade and Industry

	April 1921	May. 1921	June. 1921	July 1921	July 1920
Wholesale Prices (Michell)	186.4	176.8	169.8	.....	292.9
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$23.31	$22.84	$21.74	.....	$26.92
Volume of Employment (Employment Service of Canada)	85.9	86.5	88.1	89.0	108.4
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities (Michell)	107.8	108.6	103.9	103.6	125.2

AFTER an unavoidable lapse of two months, the presentation in full of our trade indices is resumed in this issue. Now that the world of business has learned to be devoutly thankful for small mercies, these may be studied with some satisfaction. For whatever the future holds in store, they strongly suggest that the present is distinctly happier than our state of three months ago.

It is happier in two respects. Retail prices are continuing the steady downward movement which began at the close of last year. *Pace* the workers on the Chippewa Canal, for most of us in Canada the cost of living has been cheapened. Were it not for house-rent, which still shows a tendency to climb, the fall would be more marked. Figures published by that most interesting—and least read—of magazines, the Canadian *Labour Gazette* suggest that while rents as a whole are perhaps as much as one third higher than they were at that time, the necessities of life (excluding house-room) are actually somewhat cheaper than two years ago.

No less welcome than the fall in retail prices, is the growth that has occurred in employment. In our May number the forecast was tentatively made (and with much private trepidation) that an improvement in the labour market was immediately due. That expectation has been realised. In its June issue, the *Labour Gazette* began its review of industrial conditions by noticing "a gradual improvement in the industrial situation as a whole, without distinctive movements in any groups". Returns obtained from the Employment Service show that it has been maintained. Since April our industries have absorbed (on a rough estimate) upwards of fifty thousand workers who were then unemployed. Many have been taken on at a wage considerably less than before; but a lower standard of life—the modern equivalent of half-a-loaf—is at least better than none.

The prospect of a satisfactory harvest supports the belief that agriculture and the railways will temporarily absorb a great many more before the beginning of the cold weather. But our troubles are by no means ended. The number of unemployed workers in this country cannot be stated with precision. Even at present, however, they may be not less than a quarter of a million. Last winter they were saved by the fortunate coincidence of two things on which we can no longer depend. Unusually mild weather combined with the remnants of after-war prosperity to keep the wolf away from many doors. Though there may be fewer men and women out of work next winter, the distress is likely to be greater than before.

In any case, a decisive factor will be the coming harvest. We noticed in a recent issue that the large wheat crop of last year about offset the loss with which the western farmer was threatened on account of low selling prices. The harvest this year can scarcely fail to steady the business situation. It is true that the Fordney Bill, which we discuss elsewhere in this number, compels the Canadian farmer to find a market overseas for some of the wheat which he would otherwise have sold in the United States. But there is little likelihood, unless international relations take a sudden and unexpected turn for the worse, that his overseas market will fail him. As long ago as April 30th, the United States *Market Reporter* announced, "It is now apparent that the carryover in the United States on July 1 will be hardly half the average pre-war carryover on that date". It will be remembered that a year ago the carryover was unusually heavy, and was thought to be a considerable factor in depressing prices. In the present season this condition is reversed; and coupled with the terrific famine now raging over parts of Russia, it cannot fail to benefit our farmers. They will profit involuntarily from the continued absence of Russian competition. Indeed, if the proposed relief is speedy, some of our grain may be needed to feed the Russian peasant.

In sumoning a Pacific Conference, Mr. Harding has strengthened the forces making for stability. No great western nation bears a load of war expenses less, in proportion to its strength, than does the American. Yet even the United States has planned to spend in 1922, on past and future wars alone, the sum of $2,264,000,000. On an average, each American household is paying $100 yearly to the shrine of Moloch. We pay more than that. If by the President's initiative our common burden is made lighter, he will have served not America but all mankind.

G. E. JACKSON.

THE CANADIAN FORUM

VOL. I. TORONTO, SEPTEMBER, 1921 No. 12

MR. MEIGHEN has done the courageous thing. It took courage to incur the displeasure of many of his followers in the House and even of some of his Cabinet Ministers, and in the trough of an economic depression to appeal to the people. Seldom, indeed, does a Government survive an appeal in such time. All it gains is an escape from burdensome financial responsibilities. In the clear terms of his speech at London, in which the election was announced, the most interesting features were the small regard he paid to the influence and honesty of purpose of the Liberal Party, and the tribute he paid to the earnestness and strength of the Agrarians —while in the same breath he sought to convict them of economic stupidity. Mr. Meighen makes the tariff the issue. He has no word to say which may stir up racial or religious strife. For once we may have an election fought on real issues and in good temper. The Prime Minister pictures the farmers as out-and-out, immediate free-traders. For this, however, he has no warrant. Not a single official statement supports this interpretation of their policy. Indeed he himself must convince the public that he has not forgotten economics in the school of politics. He has yet to show that production can be permanently stimulated by placing more fetters on our commerce.

THE report of the Commission appointed by the Ontario Government to investigate the projected radial railways has been given to the press. After almost a year spent in gathering evidence from experts and others, and in hearing the arguments of opposing lawyers, the Commission has definitely advised against the Province pledging its credit to the municipalities to construct their railways. The city press has not been slow to criticise the government and the Commission. Objection has been taken mainly on two grounds: the cost of the inquiry and the shifting of responsibility by the government. It is true that the investigation was prolonged and productive of many words. But it is claimed that more than half the expense was incurred by the Hydro Commission responsible for the project, in securing information which might well have been available before the scheme was recommended. At any rate an expenditure of half a million does not appear extravagant in testing the feasibility of a project involving one hundred times that amount. Our editors might reflect that in the simple operation of buying a house it is usually thought advisable to employ an agent who charges three per cent. of the purchase price, and a lawyer who may charge something more. An expenditure of one per cent. is not necessarily excessive when an undertaking is vast and involved, and when it is sponsored by engineers capable of estimating at $10,000,000 the Chippawa Power Development, which actually promises to cost seven or eight times that amount. Further to charge that the Government "side-stepped" the question, as the *Mail and Empire* does, is hardly a just argument. Royal Commissions of Inquiry are sound in principle. Government and parliamentary committees cannot always safely dispense with experts. Criticism by the press would have more weight were it directed to the character of the Report, and this it has omitted to analyze or discuss.

A DECISION of the Trades and Labour Congress of Canada to cancel the charter of the Canadian Brotherhood of Railroad Employees brings to a head the clash between national and international trade unionism. There is a growing feeling on this continent, and especially in Canada, that all is not well with organised labour. The Congress itself is the Canadian mouthpiece of the American Federation of Labour. For many years past the parent body has been elaborating its organisation, stabilising its finances, and extending its control over local and trade issues. For more than a generation it has been directed by one man, whose impress it bears indelibly. It has restlessly fought for the control of organised labour wherever its members came in contact with unionists outside the Federation. When it covers a field so wide there are grave dangers in centralised authority. Every successful church has had to face them and most successful states. The American Federation of Labour owed its earlier success to recognition of these dangers. Unlike the Knights of Labour, it made allowance for local circumstance and

for differing craft interests. It aimed at reconciling local autonomy with the wider need of union. But devotion to the ideal of organisation by crafts, which in an earlier generation was a safeguard of the workers' freedom, bounds and limits it to-day. The changing industrial structure demands its counterpart in a changing form of labour organisation. The growth of large integrated industries can hardly fail to stimulate a parallel growth of industrial unions. Meanwhile, the political labour movement is becoming a reality. Its life depends on the provision of a common meeting-ground for all organised labour, whether international or not. So long as the Trades and Labour Congress is no more than a mouthpiece of the Federation its political significance will be restricted, for there are almost 80,000 unionists in Canada with whom the Congress has nothing to do, and it is adding to their number. Sooner or later the question must be faced, whether the national or the international interests of Canadian labour are paramount. No matter which prevail it appears that one of them must suffer.

THE adoption of a report in favour of unemployment insurance by the Trades and Labour Congress may or may not be significant. Much depends on the the forthcoming meeting between the Congress representatives and the Federal Minister of Labour. A series of such resolutions may be found in the files of Canadian labour organisations, and they count for very little. Fundamentally the trouble has been a disinclination for study. If and when a working plan for unemployment insurance is adopted it will represent much hard thinking and an immense amount of actuarial work. The mathematics of insurance are not for the layman, but the hard thinking, which is an essential preliminary, must be done by labour leaders, if labour resolutions are intended to produce results. There are no signs at present that the leaders of the labour movement (or the newspapers which support them in this matter) have ever seriously faced the difficulties that confront them. Elsewhere in this issue we print an article from the pen of Mr. J. S. Woodsworth, which is a vivid reminder of the hardship and distress which winter must bring to scores of thousands. It is already plain that our present makeshift arrangements for relief are hopeless. The need for something in the nature of insurance against trade depression was never more obvious and urgent. Who, then, is ready to bring forward a scientific scheme?

DURING the first week in August the Supreme Council met to decide the fate of Upper Silesia. There arose a not unforeseen deadlock, and the Supreme Council finally decided to refer the Silesian problem to the League of Nations, with the request that the League make settlement without delay in the interests of peace and good feeling. The press on both sides of the Atlantic received this as a vindication of the League, but it may be no more than the Supreme Council's confession of the insolubility of the problem. In other words, it is perhaps an august example of the familiar device known as "passing the buck". This is never an act of friendship, and it remains to be seen how the League will emerge from the thorny path into which it has been propelled. It is long now since the plebiscite, itself almost two years overdue, resulted in a substantial majority in favour of maintaining the connection with Germany. This somewhat unexpected result really created the problem of partition; for it can hardly be doubted that, had the vote been reversed, the province as a whole would have gone to Poland. If that would have been both an injustice and an act of political folly—and it is difficult to imagine how any person could maintain the contrary—the allocation now of the entire province to Germany could hardly be regarded in a different light. There is, it is true, a strong economic case for Germany's retaining Upper Silesia in its integrity; but such a plea cannot be reconciled with the political doctrine of self-determination or, though this is probably not as serious an obstacle as it would seem, with the ethnographical situation in Silesia itself. One of the fundamental difficulties is, of course, that the industrial and mining districts, which are so essential to the economic life of Germany, are, generally speaking, the districts that showed a majority in favour of union with Poland.

BUT the practical point is, that whether inherently necessary or not, some form of partition is now almost inevitable; for the fate of Upper Silesia, like so many other important questions that have arisen since the Armistice, has become involved in the jealousies and conflicts that constitute for the most part the politics of post-war Europe. It is this conflict of policies that makes the partitioning of Silesia at once so difficult and so vital a problem. It is now realised by all except a negligible class in England, and by none so vividly as by the financial interests, that the last way to serve their own cause is to reduce Germany to the condition of a second Austria. Yet this is exactly the object that a very powerful party in France pursues and, moreover, succeeds with only occasional rebuffs in forcing the French government to pursue. It seems as if the best that can be hoped for, even now, is a bad compromise—a compromise that might conceivably be followed or even anticipated by a militarist coup at Berlin. There is, however, some hope to be gleaned from the way in which the situation is developing in Silesia itself. There, it is said, Korfanty is losing his influence so rapidly that another call to arms on his part might well prove ineffective. There is talk, too, of a rapprochement

between the German and Polish workingmen's organisations with a view to promoting agitation for an independent Silesia. Such an agitation would probably be of too recent an origin to impress either the Supreme Council or the League of Nations, but it might by promoting a spirit of co-operation point the way to an equitable settlement.

A RECENT issue of *The Farmers' Sun* declares in large headlines "Spy System to Catch Farmers in Any Error *re* Income Tax is Latest Development at Ottawa". It appears that the Finance Department, as in duty bound, is checking the returns of income made by farmers, as well as those of other people. Why farmers should be more exempt than city dwellers from the common frailties of mankind *The Farmers' Sun* does not explain. In resenting application to the farmers of a scrutiny which belongs to citizens as such *The Farmers' Sun* is acting indefensibly. Farmers are entitled to no special privilege. Their leaders have gained a large measure of public confidence by their steadfast opposition to privilege. Their programme involves the support of direct as against indirect taxation. They know that for years past there has been a good deal of evasion, both deliberate and accidental. Their policy depends for its execution on the success of the Finance Department in dealing with evasion, and before that policy is adopted they will have to secure the support of many thousands of urban electors. Nothing is better calculated to repel an urban electorate than this.

SIR HENRY DRAYTON has replied to the charge of discrimination made by the U.F.O. organ, in that income tax inspectors are requesting from millers and others certified lists of all purchases from farmers, while at the same time the new stock dividend of twenty per cent. declared by the Canadian General Electric Company has been pronounced free from income tax. He makes the same distinction between capital and income that the British Treasury has made for many years, and points out the singularly small amount which farmers contribute by way of income tax. *The Farmers' Sun* and the Progressive Party have in the income tax returns their hardest argument to meet. Disliking indirect taxes, they do not yet in general pay direct taxes. They must explain the reason for this, and in explaining it they will probably find that farmers themselves quite honestly have been doing pretty much what the General Electric Directors have done. They have been applying to improvements, as wise farmers should, what might have been set down as cold income, just as industrial concerns may from time to time add to their equipment and declare stock dividends accordingly. Mr. Meighen's gage of battle makes it more urgent that those who differ from him on the tariff should devise a system of direct taxation, equitable in its incidence, which will be collected.

CIVIC and national pride alike are stirred when the Canadian National Exhibition opens at Toronto. During many years the largest and most successful enterprise of its kind it attracts an attention that is almost world-wide. It reflects our virtues—and sometimes our faults as well—in an unsparing light. Doubtless not all are agreed on the merits of the pageant which graced the first evening of this year's Exhibition. The military man will find in it poor comfort for his feelings. But others, to whom things warlike are anathema, will agree with the daily press which labelled the spectacle "inspiring". For if we have not yet beaten our swords into ploughshares (and there is a poor market for ploughshares with wheat at $1.39) we have done something not very different. We have produced, for Exhibition purposes, what our late enemies would be justified in describing as an *ersatz* soldiery. Like most *ersatz* products it is, of course, a good deal different from the real thing. His Majesty's Foot Guards are still old-fashioned enough to wear the pipe-clay belt. But our *ersatz* Foot Guards do not wear belts. Real Horse Guards wear the cuirass over their respiratory organs—and, no doubt, at times it is rather cramping to the lungs. But our Exhibition Horse Guards follow the more hygienic, if somewhat less imposing practice, of using the cuirass to cover their digestive organs. Real South African infantry march in step; and even Anzacs do so. But our *ersatz* infantry preferred as a rule each to follow his own gait. *Et cetera*. . . . The men in charge of the pageant might have obeyed a very natural impulse and induced some Toronto regiment to find real soldiers for them. They did go so far as to place in the foreground a quartette of maimed veterans, who struck a note of sober courage very different from the rest of the spectacle. But that was an isolated appeal to reality. They felt, doubtless, that the war is over—that men are changing swords for ledgers—that in peace other virtues than precision are demanded—and they staged a performance which was *sui generis*. Most people seem to have voted it a great success.

IN these days of individualistic selfishness, when every man is occupied with his own salvation and recks but little of his neighbour's, it is comforting to learn that the true missionary spirit is still alive. Recently a group of Puritans, alarmed for the possible future of the President of the United States, addressed to him an impassioned appeal to refrain from the pernicious habit of cigarette-smoking. We heartily endorse this generous attempt to pluck a brand from the burning (even if it be in reality only a brand of cigarettes), and we rejoice to think that the President, who is but a weak, erring mortal, is compassed and

guarded on every side by the cohorts of the children of light. It should not be difficult, we imagine, for a man who must be in the habit of asking an acquaintance to "give him a light", to omit that single objectionable word and to implore his true and disinterested counsellors to "give him light" instead. We hope, therefore, that Rumour is not true when she reports that the President has answered this modest petition by a request to know whether his self-constituted advisers themselves abstain from those dangerous stimulants, tea and coffee. What is to become of the vaunted liberty of the citizen if the President is to be allowed to poke his nose into the private concerns of the American people?

WE print in this issue a large extract from the Canadian war play, *The P.B.I. or Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay*. It was first produced at the Hart House Theatre, Toronto, in March, 1920, and later at the Princess Theatre, Toronto, with considerable success in both places. Subsequently it made a tour of the province. It is the opinion of many who served in France that the play "rings true"; and it is chiefly for this reason, for its documentary value, that we think it suitable for publication. As a play *The P.B.I.* has little to commend it to Aristotle, and it has a Bairnsfather feather in its tail, but it has also a vivacity of dialogue which cannot be manufactured from lamplight, and which make it a cheerful oasis in that vast desert of war-books which we have inherited from the second decade of the nineteenth century. When "the pens of the nations were mobilised" in August, 1914, the future authors of our play had other fish to fry. As it is uncertain at this time whether the play will appear in book form, we believe that we are justified in presenting it in an abbreviated version. Three more extracts of approximately equal length with the present one will appear in successive issues. The whole will comprise fully half of the complete play and will include the major episodes.

THE CANADIAN FORUM is published monthly at 152 St. George Street, Toronto. All communications, Contributions, Subscriptions, Etc., should be mailed to that address.

The Editors regret that at present they are unable to pay contributors.

G. E. JACKSON, *Chairman.*

C. B. SISSONS, *Political Editor.*

BARKER FAIRLEY, *Literary Editor.*

H. MEEN, *Advertising Agent*

Assassins—and Other People

SINCE Alphonse Karr pronounced the bold sentence "Que messieurs les assassins commencent", the world seems to be divided forever into two classes, the assassins and the people murdered or liable to be murdered, whom we will agree to call the decent people.

Both are fighting an awful war. Here in Canada the assassins are killing about one hundred and fifty persons every year. The decent people are most moderate. They have only condemned to die thirty assassins. Even of these only one-half are really killed; the other half are sent to the penitentiary for life. This year, however, we are well ahead of schedule; we have already had twenty-nine executions in Canada.

The assassins also prove far superior in imagination and resources to the decent people; they stab, or shoot, or cut in pieces, or burn alive, and do the job quickly, very seldom torturing their victim. The decent people in Canada always use the same fastidious method of hanging, and the procedure is also very annoying. When an assassin is convicted (this does not mean that he is guilty, in fact we were told in Parliament in 1914 that three innocent men had been hanged that year), when the jury and the judge are convinced, His Lordship pronounces a few tedious words, always the same, a liturgical formula of the English Bar. He tells you, or rather he tells the assassin, that he is going to be hanged, on such and such a day, *by the neck until he dies.*

From this moment the assassin indulges in reading the Bible and other comforts of the decent people, and he sometimes proves to be very capable of religious experience. The newspapers quote and comment on the preferred readings of the assassin. We were told, for example, that the favourite passages of the great McCullough, hanged last year, were Isaiah IV, Psalm XXIII and John XIV. In the meantime the life of the assassin, as of all other mortals, is getting shorter every minute; only he knows better when he is going to die. In fact, at the date appointed by the judge, and, possibly, after the fuss of breaking jail, mixed with conversion and devotions, the assassin is duly executed. The hangman takes hold of him, pronouncing a few liturgical words, and both go to the scaffold, followed by a clergyman, who, being a non-professional murderer, is generally the most terrified of the bunch. Arrived at the scaffold, the assassin, assisted by the shaking clergyman, usually recites the Lord's Prayer, or a special Psalm for these occasions, called already *The Hanging Psalm,* and composed by David, himself a murderer and naturally well acquainted with transgressions and bloodguiltiness. The assassin recites the prayer, extremely surprised to find such an unexpected way of torturing a human being, and generally denying the crime.

The worst is, of course, the hanging. Theoretically the hangman should put the rope round the neck in a certain position, so as to break the bones and cause almost instantaneous death. But this very seldom happens. We read in the newspaper that Garfield lasted for several minutes; another man hanged in Guelph did not die for a quarter of an hour; and in 1919, a fellow in the Toronto jail hung alive for seventeen minutes. Press reports state the doctor bore up quite bravely this time, although he had collapsed in the previous event. But the record occurred in Montreal, also in 1919; the victim had the agony of hanging all day waiting for life to leave his body, and, if we remember well, the decent people, tired of waiting, took the assassin from the gallows to the hospital and there he died in bed in the afternoon.

It is a great pity that so few people are allowed to assist at these performances; we have very few details of the cries of agony and other particulars of the real hangings. We have seen already that a doctor fainted; the divines also often come out of the death chamber gravely impressed. The Rev. Mr. Gaetz of Woodstock simply said that "There must be a better way of sending a man to the presence of His Maker". Canon Davidson on a similar occasion, when pale and trembling he descended the scaffold after his heroic ministry, made the same statement, "There must be a better way, surely our civilisation can find a better way!" And these are not the only examples. The divines of Canada, with a few exceptions, are not for the death penalty. They say that Moses and David would have been hanged, if they had lived in Canada nowadays.

Perhaps the reader will be interested to know what is the opinion on this extraordinary subject of the persons directly interested in the hanging, viz., the assassin and the hangman. The Toronto *Globe* published a few years ago[1] the declarations of the hangman, who preceded Ellis on the job. His name was Radcliffe, and he started his career by hanging the famous Berchtold, not a common bird. Radcliffe, after having dispatched one hundred and ninety-two people to their Maker and being deserted by his family and haunted by one hundred and ninety-two ghosts, from being a public official became a conscientious objector and refused to hang any more. The Government, for a little while, was extremely embarrassed, because there was an execution pending. However, if we remember rightly, five candidates applied for the sinecure and Ellis was ultimately accepted. In the confession of Radcliffe, the man showed great surprise that such a thing as hanging could go on in these times. He, the hangman, was rather tired of the callousness of the decent people; he appeared almost as a philanthropist.

[1]August 29th, 1912.

The assassins on the other hand are for being hanged; they prefer this to seclusion for life, which threatens them if the ideas of the hangman Radcliffe should prevail. "A murderer's view on the death penalty" was reproduced in a Toronto newspaper not long ago.[2] There a real assassin, after having consulted several other assassins in a penitentiary of the United States, declared that all of them agreed in preferring, if necessary, to pass fifteen minutes of agony and finish at once, rather than be secluded for life from the rest of the world.

Finally we tried to investigate the opinion of the murdered people; and they do not seem to be very particular about hanging the assassin or not. . . .

But this is not the end. Don't imagine that we went to the sport of writing a few gruesome lines, just for fun. We know, however, that Canadians are very busy and will not read, unless they are amused, no matter if the subject is the hanging of one of their countrymen.

We know that they are busy, but we know also that they are good-natured and proud of their country; they want a nice, clean progressive life for Canada. We know that if they read and think over such an important matter, they will be struck with horror and will cry for those hangings to be stopped.

Let them not be fooled by petty lawyers and technical people who will tell them of the necessity or the convenience of capital punishment in a country like Canada. We have read almost everything they have written on the subject and all their arguments can be reduced to a sarcasm: *Let the assassins start,* they say in more or less scientific terms. They cannot demand the killing of criminals as punishment; they know there are worse punishments than hanging a man. They cannot insist on its exemplary virtue, for an execution is now no longer a great show. They cannot say it is necessary in order to prevent the assassins from committing further crimes. . . . There is not the slightest chance of reparation, the killing of a man does not give life to the murdered.

Remember that assassin or not, it is a man who is killed, with all his potentiality as a son of God. He is to-day a dangerous citizen, he is a brute, a murderer . . . but perhaps for this he requires a little more of our humanity. We do not kill congenital imbeciles and raving lunatics. We no longer want the noise and excitement of executions.

Let us not be fooled either with figures. Italy, Germany, Switzerland and other countries of Europe have suppressed capital punishment and crime did not increase. Several of the United States abolished the death penalty long ago and the community still exists.

We want to pay here all due respect to our Robert Bickerdike, a business man of Montreal and

[2]Mail & Empire, May 24th, 1920.

a member of Parliament, who presented a bill to abolish capital punishment in the Legislature and fought for it with all his heart. The bill was defeated on the night of January 19th, 1915. Nevertheless, Mr. Bickerdike did not lose courage, but went to the people and tried to stir public opinion, writing to the newspapers and speaking at meetings in Toronto and elsewhere. Gradually his voice was drowned. But his principles still live.

Are we not tired of hanging, and hangmen, and ropes around the neck *until you die,* all that eighteenth century ritual of the Courts? Is there no better way of sending a man to his Maker?

But no! We do not want something else. We do not want electric chairs, garrottes, guillotines, or poisonous gases. For more than nineteen hundred years the world has raised its eyes to Calvary. Surely we have waited long enough.

J. PIJOAN.

Universities and the World of Business

OF the many lessons we learned in the war, two stand out in strong relief:

1. The importance of organisation in depth.
2. The importance of liaison.

Just as in battle we attacked in depth, wave after wave of men following a series of barrage fire, just as we learned at last to defend in depth, taking the weight of the enemy's attack as it were on a yielding buffer, so also we taught and trained our army in depth. In the rear were the specialised senior schools, further forward the corps schools for junior officers and junior N.C.O.'s, then the divisional training for all arms in conjunction, and finally the daily informal instruction of trench life.

An army so attacking, so defending and so trained had constantly to throw out feelers on either side of it in order to give simultaneity to its efforts; and this work of feeling is what the army called "Liaison".

In the Department of Training this service was performed for short periods in the line by the interchange of officers and by special courses of instruction, for example, by courses on machine gunnery, which were attended by staff officers, artillery battery commanders and infantry battalion commanders.

Without liaison, specialisation in warfare is a danger; with liaison specialisation elicits the full capacity of each and every arm.

I had the privilege of following some of the operations of the Canadian Corps in France 1917-1918; also of digesting for our General Staff the tactical lessons noted in certain divisional reports; and over every operation and in every report of this great corps were written the words, "Training" and "Liaison"; training from the seniors downwards, liaison right through from the N.C.O. and subaltern up to the council table of the Army Commanders, (or as we termed them irreverently at General Headquarters, the Five Rebellious Barons).

The supreme task of peace is to switch into the service of society those principles which were found to work so well in war. It is my purpose to show that training and liaison go hand in hand in peace as well as in war. We at the schools and universities do the training; the world of busines uses the product. Between the two there must be a double contact; first of all an informal contact, by which I mean exchange of opinion, visits of academic men to factories, the reading of papers by business men to students; and secondly, organised contact for the purpose of helping the student from his studies into the world of business. This task is more important than that undertaken by any labour bureau, for it is the conveyance of that most precious social product, the brains of an educated man.

In the relationship between universities and business there are certain gross errors to be avoided.

No intelligent commander would assign to a Vickers machine gun the tasks which properly belong to a Lewis gun, such as the protection of a narrow trench or a sentry post. These things the Lewis gun does better, and to employ a Vickers gun is sheer waste of fire power. Similarly, it is wrong to take a trained university man and keep him continuously at routine work. This too is a waste of power which can be avoided by a more intelligent use of the human weapon. It is right that the young university man should do some routine work, some dirty work, but he should do it for a short time only and with the purpose of giving him an all round knowledge in pursuance of a scheme of training. Such, at any rate, is the policy of a very large firm of Electrical Engineers in Britain, the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Company, Limited, which is taking each year an increasing number of Varsity men from Cambridge and also from Manchester, where the works are situated, and taking men with a general training as well as mathematicians and scientists. I have listened to no finer lecture than that given by the head of their Training Department to my own students in Cambridge. He said of the staffing of industry in the future:

"A new factor is entering in—that of the more highly educated man or woman. This higher education enables those who have profited by it to step off the ladder higher up the scale and get a running start." The college men he called "Officers of his Industrial Cadet Corps"; and went on, "College men must remember that they are simply raw material. They have to learn just as the less educated beginner, but not in the same way, not so slowly and not in such elementary fashion. When he enters the firm the cadet must remember that his industrial

education is only beginning. For the first two years he is a member of our O.T.C."

So much for the first error and the way to avoid it.

The second error is this; do not suppose that there is a fixed demand for brain power in business. Some British employers, I blush to say, have held this view in the past. I have heard a great steel magnate argue that we were in danger, with our higher education, of producing more men of brains than industry could absorb. This doctrine is the exact counterpart of the Fixed-work-fund of short-sighted labour unions, when they argue that there is only a limited amount of work, therefore let us spread it and ca' canny; but under such treatment the demand for labour, as we all know, shrinks up. So also in business, there is no fixed demand for brains. One good brain in conjunction with machinery and appropriate organization begets new machinery and new organization, which call for yet other good brains—and so on in unending progression.

The third point of caution is the relation of the world of business to the spirit of higher education. Are we in danger of turning our universities into technical schools and Berlitz academies by this contact with the world of business? If we are, it is our fault, and moreover, quite unnecessary. I quote again from my Electrical Engineer:

"The higher education we look for from a university is not a preliminary training in business or industrial technique. We expect the university to lay a broad and sound foundation—to provide good raw material out of which an efficient staff may be shaped by us—to develop logical thinking and the ability to grasp facts and to face a new situation without requiring book rules and formulae. Such men will be able to hold their own in any circumstances. They will have a high saturation value."

I am glad to add that one young cadet, whose saturation value has turned out to be high, was a pupil of mine whom I heard, the week before he entered this firm, recite on the floor of the Senate House at Cambridge the prize poem with which he won the Chancellor's medal for Greek verse.

My own line of work is Economics and this is, or at any rate we intend it to be, less remote from business than the Classics, but I have waged war with more than one business man over our economic syllabus. Two years ago I went through it with the head of the largest catering establishment in Britain. "Where", he asked, "are accountancy and commercial law, to say nothing of bookkeeping and shorthand?" "Nowhere", I replied, "for we have not the time. In three years we have two things to do:

(*a*) "To stretch the student's mind on the hardest stuff we can give him—abstract economics, the theory of money and distribution, exact statistical analysis, etc.

(*b*) "To broaden and enlighten his mind with a background of history and politics.

"We set out to produce elastic raw material. It is for you to finish his education with accountancy, law, or whatever specialized task suits your business."

My business friend was reasonable, as at bottom most able business men are, and the particular pupil whom he took from me is now Assistant Accountant to the firm, earning good pay, and about to earn extremely good pay.

Our objective now being clear, it remains only to set out the kind of organisation by which the student and his future employer may come into touch with one another. We at the older universities no doubt have our shortcomings (one of which in my private opinion is the excessive number of new sciences invented each year in our laboratories), but I think that my own University of Cambridge in its Appointments Board may claim to have found the right solution here. This Board is supported by voluntary grants from the different colleges in the University. It is run by university men for university men and no commission is taken for jobs found. The secrets of its efficiency are two:

(1) It has won the confidence of the tutors and professors. We tell the Board the truth about our men. Therefore the employer knows what he is getting and as a result the misfits are literally nil.

(2) It has also won the confidence of able business men.

Apropos of this the Secretary writes:

"I note in looking over our records that we have retained and consolidated our position with the great Eastern firms, such as the Shell Group, the Anglo-Persian Group, and Persons, and many others, and that we have supplied them not only with business men but with technical men also. Until this slump we were doing well with the engineers. We have made important connections in Birmingham, more especially the Metropolitan Carriage, Waggon and Finance Co., and the B.S.A., and we have been in touch with and supplied men to most of the great electrical concerns in the country—the Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., the British Thomson Houston Co., the English Electric Co., and the Western Electric Co. and others. We have made new connections with the Leeds Forge and all their group of waggon builders. We have continued our connections with the glass firms like Pilkingtons.

"We have introduced a small number of men into the Textile industries. We held meetings last year in Newcastle, Leicester and Nottingham, while one of us also visited Liverpool and Manchester We were expecting to carry this on but are holding our hands for the moment because of the state of industry. In the autumn it is hoped to go ahead.

"We have made connections with the financial houses a good deal stronger and have suggested quite

a number of people to these houses and we find that there is much greater willingness and eagerness to take Cambridge people than formerly. Another development has been the marketing side of various firms, where we found people not only willing, but glad, to take our men and the men themselves do well. Of course not all forms of marketing.

"I notice among other technical appointments we have sent men to the British Aluminium Co., Mond Nickel Co., Cooksons, National Benzol Co., and a number of others."

These facts prove that the confidence of the big business men has been won; and the more farsighted among them are anxious that its future development shall be true to type. If an employer gets a first class man through the Board he is tempted to miss out the Board the next time and to write direct to the professor or tutor of the man who has been such a success, and ask him for another of the same sort. This method is wrong. It narrows the field and in time it will turn the professor or tutor into a writer of testimonials, and "testimonial" is just a long word for "lie". Naturally a teacher will be less disposed to be candid with a business house, which after all can look after itself; whereas in dealing with the Appointments Board he knows the official who is in charge and he is unwilling to let his own university organisation down.

A member of our Board, the head of the oil interests in Britain (this gentleman, I might add, persuaded his colleagues to present £210,000 for the endowment of chemical research at Cambridge), wrote only this year to the Appointments Board in the following strain:

"My Company, which has in the last ten years taken into its employ on your recommendation about one hundred Cambridge graduates, has always attached very great value to the survey which you give us of the views of the Cambridge authorities in regard to each applicant for an appointment, and similarly I have often heard from the men who have joined us and other firms that your knowledge of the nature of the employment and the employers has been of the greatest service to the men in the choice of their careers. In my own opinion those complementary surveys which the Appointments Board renders to the employers of the applicants for appointments are essential factors in the success of the work of the Appointments Board, and they have contributed more than anything else towards that complete transformation in the relations between the University and the world of commerce and industry which has enabled the University to exert its proper influence in that large department of the Nation's activities. . . .

"What I fear may be beginning to happen at Cambridge now is a process analogous to what has sometimes happened in other universities, owing to the fact that some of the scientific departments of the University are not supporting the Appointments Board with the same loyalty as the colleges do and always have done.

"I suggest to you that it is in the interest of the University that there should be only one authority responsible for advising the outside world in regard to Cambridge candidates for appointments and that authority should be the experienced Central Appointments Board of the University. It is in the interests of the men that they should be advised in their applications for appointments by an expert office which is familiar with the circumstances surrounding the business offering openings, and it is of the utmost importance to the reputation of the University in the world of commerce that the Cambridge men who are sent out to appointments should be selected on the advice of the same experienced office which weighs the views of the Cambridge authorities with a due sense of perspective, and presents to the employer a responsible and considered report on each applicant."

With this view I heartily agree.

C. R. Fay.

The Coming Winter

"WHAT"? I asked a Labour Man, "is the subject of greatest interest to Labour Men to-day?" Without hesitation, there came back the reply—"The coming winter".

Labour, in the West, is still deeply interested — and divided—on the question of industrial organisation. Labour was never more concerned over the political situation. But the immediate pressing problem is that of holding or securing a "job".

The demand for harvest hands has somewhat relieved the situation. A large number of mechanics and other workmen, who have been more or less unemployed since last autumn, have gone out to the farms. About eight hundred are to come from Vancouver, out of some four thousand who applied for the special transportation rates. In the neighbourhood of twenty-five thousand have been brought from Eastern Canada. But in the majority of cases the farmers will not require these men after the "freeze-up". What then?

In any case with wages varying from three dollars to four dollars a day, with deductions for wet weather and transportation, the amount that harvest hands can earn during the next few weeks will not go far towards supporting their families during the coming winter.

Under normal conditions, there is a considerable influx from the prairies to the cities during the winter months. This year, it will undoubtedly be swollen by numbers of English immigrants who came out

this summer to go on farms, but whose services will not be needed after threshing.

Again, what then?

According to press reports at the conference now being held in Vancouver, the authorities admit that there are in British Columbia between eleven thousand and twelve thousand unemployed men, and that this figure will soon be increased to twenty thousand. Many of these men have been idle, except when engaged on relief works, for almost a year. Aside from the demoralising effects of such long-continued absence of steady work, any little resources in the form of money reserves, stocks of clothing, household effects, etc., are sadly depleted.

From Alberta has come a protest against any more people being brought into the province under existing conditions. Some Alberta farmers have come East to Saskatchewan and Manitoba to find work during the harvest.

In Winnipeg, the railway shops, which are the largest employers of labour, have during the summer been running part time. Here again the men have been drawing on reserves. As yet there has been little actual suffering.

Many men in the building trades have been idle for a considerable part of the season. It has been asserted by busines men that had wages been reduced in the spring, there would have been extensive building operations this summer. Whether or not this is so—and the standing of business houses hardly warrants the assertion—and, whether or not the labour men were warranted in not accepting greater wage-cuts, the fact is that many will face the winter without the customary summer earnings. Absence of buying power will still further depress local business.

As the mental attitude of the workers is an important factor in the problem, perhaps I cannot do better than to relate a little incident that occurred a few days ago. This illustrated the position in which many a mechanic finds himself to-day, and also his view of his own problem.

A working man, shabbily dressed, gaunt and apparently ill, accosted me on the street.

"You are a *Canadian*, did I not once hear you say?" so he began. "Well, so am I", he continued, bitterly. "But a stranger in my own country. Nearly all the men I meet with in the shops are "old-country". It's only now and again you come across a real Canadian these days. This country was spoiled when they brought in those foreign Galicians".

"I haven't had a steady job for months. I always could find a job up till a few years ago. But since we were laid off, I haven't been able to get more than a few days. I guess the fellows that get the odd jobs must be members of some Order or fix it up with the boss."

"It's not only that the shops are running part time, but the staff was cut right down and lots of the men are out altogether. It isn't as if there wasn't plenty of repair work to be done. The Roads will not be able to handle the crop. But that will play into the hands of the Banks, and the farmer will get soaked as usual. No railroad should have the power to turn men off that way. That has been my job for years."

"The employment office? It's only a bosses' institution. It's convenient for them to call up for a man, but the office does nothing to provide work. My name has been on the list since May. Lots more like me. And still they bring in hundreds of thousands of immigrants. Yes, I suppose I shall have to go to work on a farm, for a few weeks during harvest. But what good is sixty dollars a month to a man with a family. The Loan Company will get after me all the harder, too, if they know I'm working."

"I have a cottage half-paid for. I can't keep up the payments. They will take that from me. Then what can I do? I'm too old at forty-seven to save up enough to get a start on another. Down East, in the old days, a man could at least have a little house of his own. They said it would be all right after the war, but it's worse than ever!"

"You can't get any credit either. I've been buying from the Creamery Company for years and now they will not leave me a single bottle of milk without the cash. Fine, pious, respectable citizens, aren't they?"

"Look at that stream of automobiles! A prosperous country for some folk. Why the gasoline it takes to run one of these cars would almost keep my family going."

"Then there's the wife and kids! I've been worrying about them and the house till I'm hardly fit for a job. What am I to do?"

"Come", I ventured, "and have lunch with me, and we'll talk things over". His voice hardened, as he replied shortly, "I had dinner before I left home." I had not misjudged my man!

That face and figure has haunted me. I have not "investigated the case". What is the use? There are hundreds similar. I lived in the midst of it, all last winter. I dread the hardships and demoralisation of the coming months. Is this the price of the deflation of labour? Theories aside, what can I do for that hungry worried man, vainly wandering the streets in search of a job?

He may, possibly, on occasion, have been intemperate. He may not be 100% efficient. He may have been a little more "independent" than some, and refused to curry favour with "the boss". I do not know. It does not materially affect the situation. The outstanding fact is that here is a Canadian workman of Scottish ancestry, anxious to maintain his family and keep his little home together,

and in the length and breadth of Canada he can find no work.

What can be done? Apparently nothing will be done till the crisis is upon us. Then, in spite of good intentions, we shall be forced to give doles on an unprecedented scale. Although taxes are already high, this may be the cheapest safety-insurance scheme that can be adopted. But such a policy only staves off the evil day; makes the solution of our problem, in fact, the more difficult.

The laissez faire policy has been modified to such an extent that even its most ardent advocates can hardly look for things to right themselves.

As I ventured to put the matter in a previous article, we have in Canada all the essential factors for producing what we need; (*a*) labour; (*b*) natural resources; (*c*) if a socialist phrase may be permitted, "the machinery of production"—factories, railroads, supplies, etc. Is it beyond our ingenuity to bring these into an effective working arrangement?

J. S. Woodsworth.

Correspondence

Two Protests

To the Editor,

The Canadian Forum.

Sir,

To protest against unjust, or stupid criticism, is nearly always futile, but I should like to understand why H. K. G. classes a ballad, which tells of a whole ship's company being drowned, as "jolly". I should like "to examine the gentleman's organs".

I am,

Yours, etc.,

Archibald MacMechan

Halifax, N.S.

(In the absence of H. K. G. we can only hope that the word "jolly" was used in the Pickwickian sense. *Ed.*)

To the Editor,

The Canadian Forum.

Sir,

In an article on the Community Theatre appearing in a recent number of the Canadian Forum, the writer referred to Hart House Theatre as an endowed theatre. This error requires correction. Hart House Theatre now enjoys no subsidy or subvention of any kind and depends entirely on the support of its clientèle.

I am,

Yours very truly,

Vincent Massey.

Murray Bay, Quebec.

(We regret the error. *Ed.*)

Count Leo N. Tolstoy, 1890-1910

Part III

I went often to the village of Yasnaya Polyana which stretched in a single street westwards from the round gate posts of the estate. Sometimes I went with Tolstoy and sometimes alone. I found the peasants in general living in conditions rather primitive even for Russia. They used the light Russian plough (the *sokha*) which they packed on the back of their horses as they trudged to the fields in the morning and home from them in the evening. The peasant allotments were small, the peasants all worked on the fields of the estate. So far as I could ascertain there were no well-to-do peasants among them; they were *all* poor. The village house was in general the characteristic *izba* of the Russian peasant, each *izba* with a small houseyard enclosed in a fence of wattles. There were two or three brick houses recently built by Tolstoy as an experiment. The wages at that time for field and household labour were very low. The ordinary rate for field labour was twenty kopecks a day. The peasants worked on Sundays; but, of course, they did not do so on many of the numerous holy days.

The cheapness of domestic labour rendered it possible at that time for the landed proprietors to maintain, if not the large retinues of the pre-emancipation days, much larger staffs of servants than those customarily maintained in similar establishments in Western Europe. I did not ascertain how many servants there were in the Tolstoy household. I asked the question of Sergius but he could not answer it. I found from him that service in the house was rather indefinite. There were many of the people whom I have described in my *Economic History of Russia* as "living on the back"—hangers-on of others whether proprietors or peasants. Such people were on no wage list, but received their food and found sleeping accommodation in one or other of the numerous buildings. I drove out frequently, always with a different coachman and once at least was driven by one of these hangers-on. The servants customarily working in the house were, of course, more stable, although they were by no means efficient. My bedroom was a small one but it required three housemaids to keep it in order. The table was served by two rather awkward footmen.

The mode of living at Yasnaya Polyana was much simpler than that of many Russian country houses at this time; yet it was, so far as food was concerned, more than ample. If the Tolstoys abjured the *zakuska* or side-table with its elaborate *hors d'œuvres* and liqueurs, their table was frequently and bountifully spread. At eight in the morning there was the first breakfast—a simple repast of tea, bread and honey; at eleven there was *déjeûner à la fourchette*, a formidable meal—

SLUMS AND SHADOWS

BY

LAWREN HARRIS

meat, vegetables, claret and *kwass*; at one, there was lunch, also a formidable meal—soup, meat, etc.; at five, there was afternoon tea in the garden; at seven, dinner was served—a full but not a prolonged meal; at nine, supper—bread, honey, etc., and then, if we sat late, there was a snack about eleven, before we retired. Tolstoy lived mostly upon bread and milk. Although meat and wine were both on his table he did not share them. I think, perhaps, he rather underestimated the value of fruit, although the apple orchard of Yasnaya Polyana was celebrated.

While driving about the country at that time I derived the impression that some of the neighbouring villages on other estates were more prosperous than Yasnaya Polyana. The houses were in better condition, the fields were better cultivated and the roads were in better repair. Yasnaya Polyana gave the impression of spasmodic interest and occasional benevolence. Yet there were some signs of care and management. I found that in general these were due to the elder daughter of the house, the Countess Tatiana, who was evidently the organizing head of the estate and of the household. The orchard was in good bearing, the fruit being gathered by the peasant labourers and sold in Moscow, where the Yasnaya Polyana apples yielded a good price. The timber, of which there was much on the estate, seemed to be fairly well looked after, and the fields appeared to be fairly well cultivated.

Life in the chateau was free and easy. One day a couple of officers from Tula arrived on horseback. They quickly threw off their smart tunics and appeared in a few minutes in loose Russian blouses, much more appropriate for tennis, of which the Tolstoy family, including Tolstoy himself, were very fond. During the intervals between meals, not very extended to be sure, every one did what he pleased—bathed in the river, walked, rode or drove. There were horses for everybody in the enormous stables dating from the time when the chateau was twice its present size, half of it having been destroyed by fire early in the nineteenth century. The numerous meals were invariably lively functions. The conversation was always at a good and sometimes at a high level. Like all Russians, the Tolstoys were fond of telling stories. A story would be told in Italian, for Ge, having spent much of his life in Italy, preferred to speak that language, then another in French, then one in English, often told by Tolstoy himself. Every one indeed spoke English, excepting the Countess Marie and Ge. Then a Russian story would be appropriately told in Russian and the *nuances* of it explained in English for my benefit. The conversation was monopolized by no one, everybody joined in it and everything was unforced and unrestrained.

In the chateau there was a varied though not very large library. Numerous family pictures hung in the dining-room, the drawing-room and in the boudoir of the Countess. Among these was a portrait of a Prince Gortchakoff, the grandfather of Tolstoy, and one of Repin's portraits of Tolstoy himself. Here also was an ikon in size about thirty by thirty-six inches in commemoration of Tolstoy's grandfather. Tolstoy's grandmother had devoutly collected gold and silver coins from her pin money and from occasional gifts when timber or fruit was sold from the estate. When she had amassed a sufficient number of coins, she gave them to a maker of ikons, who hammered them into a picture. For many years this ikon had rested in a shrine on the roadside; but I think, during the disturbances after the announcement of the Emancipation of the peasants in 1861, the family thought it wise to bring the valuable ikon into the house. I estimated the bullion value of it roughly at about five hundred ounces of gold.

An arched room on the ground floor of the chateau whose windows looked upon the lawn had been in former days used as a granary but was now used as a study by Tolstoy. A scythe and some other implements hung on the walls; there were no books. Here in the summer Tolstoy wrote—indeed since most of his writing was done in the summer this meagre room was the background of the long series of imaginative works, as well as of those later religious and educational writings which came from Tolstoy's pen in an unceasing stream for fully fifty years.

The country round Yasnaya Polyana is well wooded and, although the roads left much to be desired, there were many pleasant excursions by driving. Sometimes we went out in several carriages with riders besides. There is at least one natural phenomenon of interest, in the shape of a floating island in a small lake. This island, upon which there are even some large trees, was at a remote period evidently formed through the accumulation of vegetation upon the floating branches of a fallen tree. Gradually moss and soil came to be deposited upon the mass and a true floating island was formed. It was said to shift its position from time to time according as the wind caught its foliage.

When I was taking my departure I remarked to Tolstoy that I hoped one day he might find it possible to visit the New World. "No," he said, with a humorous twinkle, "I am preparing for another and a better world."

James Mavor.

(*To be concluded*)

Ruminant Rhythms

The Bull

A timid creature, more than slightly soiled,
He stands all day in the byre
—Or cow-stable—
But at milking-time is ejected.
This he likes little, and returns,
Rolling a mildly lecherous eye,
To each door in turn: three doors.
And we chase him away from each,
A most humiliated critter.
Until one day three maidens,
Seeking a pint of cream,
Became suddenly conscious of three
Red sweaters;
And fled from the bull,
Who immediately realized
That it was up to him to start something.
So he went down to the lake pasture
And butted his grandson,
Aetat. six months.

Festina Lente

Mowing in the upper barn.
Work had stopped, because
An ancient pestilential pulley block
Had broken loose and nearly got me on the head—
All of forty pounds and dumped
From twenty feet, besides the strain
Of the rope hoisting the horse-fork.
Naturally we sat down
To consider this matter, and Jake
—He is a sailor man and had sailed
The very ship from which the block was lost—
Jake went aloft
To fix the blighted tackle.
Jed and Ezry came
With a new load—curse new loads,
They wake one up in the mow—
And had to hear all about it.
Finally the boss in the field,
Not seeing Jed nor Ezry back,
Came in and found
Three idle men and his old fixings
Again under repair.
Jake had done four different splicings
In three days.
Being a man of deeds,
And few words, mostly monosyllabic,
He expressed his hot rebuke
By jumping on the load to pitch it off.
But unluckily
Gave so furious a yank to the trip-rope
That it broke and dropped him off
Backwards.
By which time the job was finished.

The Garden

The trouble about the farmer's garden was,
That the farmer was always busy farming
Or tinkering his old machinery.
And the farmer's wife had her roses to attend to.
Besides the telephone—seventeen calls on one line,
But she answered every one, religiously,
In discreet silence, pretending to us,
Perhaps also to herself,
That it rang
Four five
But it seldom did, and then mostly for business.

The farmer's son found farming tejus,
Moreover he was much occupied in mending,
With bolts and fence wire and profanity,
The things he broke.
He broke tongues.
He broke the tongue of the hay-rake,
Of the hay-rack, of the side delivery rake,
He broke the tongue of the tedder,
Of the old mower, and of the new mower.
In fact he broke more tongues than spake
At Pentecost, or even Babel.
So he did not hoe the garden.

The garden grew up rank with weeds,
Pig-weed and quack and convolvulus mostly,
Which I was set to eliminate,
Mainly because
The farmer did not know what else
To do with me; but partly,
Because the farmer's wife was fond of berries.

ARCHAICS.

This play was jointly written in the winter of 1919-20 by Pte. H. B. Scudamore (4th Battalion), Lieut. R. W. Downie (Canadian Engineers), Capt. W. L. McGeary, M.C., P.P.C.L.I., and Capt. H. R. Dillon, M.C., C.F.A. It was first played in Hart House Theatre, Toronto, on March 10th, 1920, and subsequently toured the Province of Ontario. For reasons of space we are compelled to publish the text serially and in abbreviated form. Other sections will appear in October, November and December.

The P.B.I.

or

Mademoiselle of Bully Grenay

ACT I.—*Scene* 1.

The time is about May, 1918, and the place is Bully Grenay, where the action takes place in a courtyard, whose three sides consist of dwellings on right and rear and of a barn on left. The whole building is continuous and all the roof is covered with red tiles, except some places on the barn-roof where several tiles are broken or have been blown away. The dwelling part of the structure is built of red bricks, while the barn is made of stout wooden beams supporting walls of mud-and-straw mortar-plaster. The court is paved with red bricks.

The building on the right of the court is an estaminet, having a door that is divided into an upper and lower half, each opening separately. On both sides of this door are windows having small rectangular panes of glass and provided with green shutters. Hanging from the lintel of the door is a string of onions and in the windows are crudely scrawled signs advertising:

BIERE ANGLAISE
3 PENCE
and
OEUFS
EGGS
½ FRANC.

Above the door is a painted sign-board reading:

CAFE DE LA PAIX
ESTAMINET.
GUSTAVE GOEDZAK
DEBITANT EN BOISSONS.

The rear wall contains a large wagon-gate through which can be seen the house across the street.

To the right of this gate is Suzanne's shop, which is provided with an ordinary one-piece door, to the right of which is a green-shuttered window. To the left of the door there is pasted up a patriotic poster advertising:

L'EMPRUNT NATIONAL

and above the door is a sign reading:

SUZANNE DELPIERRE
MODISTE.

On the wall, between the gate and the barn is a placard printed in large black-faced type and reading:

MEFIEZ-VOUS!
TAISEZ-VOUS!
LES OREILLES
ENNEMIES
VOUS ECOUTENT!

The barn on the left, in which is quartered Number Sixteen Platoon of the 'Steenth Canadian Infantry Battalion, has two large wagon-shed entrances without doors. On the post between these two entrances is a painted legend:

BILLET No. 9.
HORSES 8.
MEN 40.

At the left is a circular stone well with a windlass arrangement for drawing water. It has a painted notice:

WATER NOT FIT FOR DRINKING.
1 SCOOP CHLORIDE PER WATER-TANK.
BY ORDER OF THE TOWN-MAJOR.

In front of the estaminet are two circular wine-tables around which are nine chairs, some of which have the backs broken off. In addition to these chairs, there are four benches in the court-yard—one on each side of the estaminet door, one in front of Suzanne's shop and one to the left of the road-gate.

* * * * * *

It is about ten-thirty on a bright sunny morning in May.

Abel Drinkwater, the battalion scrounger and lead-swinger, is seated on the bench to the left of gate, peacefully snoozing in the warm sun.

In the centre of the courtyard, Mike Sullivan, the gambling Old Timer, has spread out his Crown and Anchor cloth on a rubber ground-sheet and he has for patrons Oley Svenson, a "Swedish-American"; Willie Simpson, a young boy who has enlisted under age; Jarge King, a Kentish lad, and other troops. Mike commences to chant the "Come All Ye" of the Crown and Anchor sharks.

Mike. Come on, my lucky, lucky lads,
Who'll give old Mike a starter?
After the storm comes the sunshine;
After the trenches, the Crown and Anchor board.
Roll up, my hearties,
If you never speculate,
You'll never accumulate,
So lay it down like showers of rain.

Oley. I'll put a franc on the heart.

Mike. What? Murder on the old jam-tart?

Willie. I'll take a chance on the working-party.

Mike. Who says a bit more on the labor battalion?
Or on the lucky old Di?
The more you put down,
The more you pick up.
You come here in wheel-barrows
And you go away in limousines.
What? Is nobody playing the name of the game?

It always wins.

Jarge. Good old mud-hook. I'll back it.

Mike rolls the bones.

Mike. Are you all set? Any more for any more? . . . Then up she comes!

Mike lifts the cup.

Mike. Two Sergeant-Majors and the lucky old Kimberley Di.
Just as I told you but you wouldn't believe the old man.
All paid, well paid and off we go to the War again.
Roll up, my lucky, lucky lads and give old Mike a wallop.

In the barn, Hawkins commences to give voice to "Oh, oh, oh, it's a Lovely War," which song the other troops pick up one after another. Then Private Herbert Hawkins, the platoon Grouch; Private Marmaduke Meredith, a gentleman ranker, and Lance-Corporal Percy Wilkins, the Ladies' Man, enter from the barn and saunter over to the front wine-table, singing as they cross:

Hawkins:
Percy:
Duke:

Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
At a dollar-ten a day,
It's a shame to take the pay
And as soon as reveille has gone
And you feel just as heavy as lead,
O, you never get up till the sergeant
Brings your breakfast up to bed.

Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war,
What do we want with eggs and ham
When we get plum and apple jam?
Form fours, right turn,
What do we do with the money we earn?
Oh, oh, oh, it's a lovely war.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme and the town ain't no better neither. A bloke couldn't rustle a bite to eat here, even if he had a haversack full of bobs and tanners, which we ain't, since our ruddy paybloke is still snoring away in his cushy billet.

Duke. Have a heart, Hawkins. Here, we only got out of the trenches in the cold and chilly hours just before dawn this morning, and you're grousing because the paymaster wasn't down at the field-kitchen to issue our dollar-ten with the breakfast bacon. What sort of a war do you think this is?

Hawkins. I thinks it's one bally blinkety-blank of a war. The Army Saifety Corpse hogs all our rum, the Base wallahs glom onto our strawberry-jam and between parades and working-parties, a bloke don't get a spare minute in which to maike himself look nice and respectable like.

Duke. Cheer up, Hawkins, the first seven years are going to be the worst.

Hawkins. I knows it, Duke, but you're blinkin' well forgettin' that after the first seven years, we're goin' to 'ave one 'orrible beastly 'orful time of it every thirteenth year.

Duke. You get a lot of fun out of life, Hawkins. Just one glorious no-stop Hymn of Hate. Why don't you change the record?

Hawkins. No bloomin' chance. I'm grousin' for the duration and nothin' will stop me but the blue flares when peace is declared.

Duke. O forget it, Herbert, and drown your sorrows in a beer.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, you bet I will.

Percy. Julie......Julie.

Julie, the Madelon of the Café de la Paix, enters from the estaminet.

Julie. Bonjour, monsieur Percy. What you want?

Percy. O give me a kiss, Julie.

Julie. Mais non, monsieur Percy. Méchant.

Percy. Then bring three beers instead, Julie.

Julie. Bien, monsieur Percy. Tout'suite.

Julie goes into the estaminet.

Percy. Duke, there's the sweetest little girl in all the world.

Duke. A sentiment, my dear Percy, which you have already used in referring to at least forty-nine other mesdemoiselles.

Percy. Now Duke, can't a fellow change his mind once in a while?

Duke. Once in a while, yes; but not every five minutes.

Percy. O well, there's safety in numbers.

Duke. Safety for the hunters but danger for the quarry. Take care, Percy, or some madomezel will get you yet.

Suzanne enters from her shop and starts to cross to the estaminet.

Percy. Bonjour, mademoiselle Suzanne.

Suzanne. Bonjour, monsieur.

Percy. It's a très bon morning, oui?

Suzanne. Ah oui . . . You have a bad time in the trenches?

Percy. Not too bad, mademoiselle.

Suzanne. Personne blessé?

Percy. No mademoiselle. Nobody wounded in our platoon.

Suzanne. Then where is monsieur Beel Valton?

Percy. Bill Walton? O he rest in trenches last night but he'll be here soon.

Suzanne. Ah . . . Merci, monsieur.

Suzanne and Julie go into estaminet.

Hawkins. Say, Percy, you're an orful bird for the girls. Ain't you satisfied with having Julie sweet on you without trying to ay-lee-a-nate the affections of Suzanne?

Percy. Don't be a fool, Herbert. You can see for yourself Suzanne thinks so much of Bill Walton that she'll hardly bother even looking at any of the rest of us. There's a case of real love.

Hawkins. But wot good is that to Bill? When he gets here the Major will blinkin' well keep him so busy chasin' around on odd jobs that he won't get no time to go courtin' with Suzanne.

Percy. Guess again, 'Erbert. Take it from me, when Bill gets here he and Suzanne will be as thick as a brass-hat and his forty-foot dugout.

Hawkins. Nor 'arf. Bill Walton might as well be a blind man for all he'll see of Suzanne, for he's a willin' worker and everybody from the bloomin' lance-jack to the bally ossifer sez, "Let Bill do it." That's the worst of bein' a good soldier. A bloke has to work two twelve-hour shifts every blinkin' day.

Duke. True, Hawkins, but you always seem to have lots of leisure.

Hawkins. Well, Bill Walton don't. Look at how he gets left up the line every blinkin' time to guide the other battalion around by the hand and tuck them in their little cots and kiss them all good-night.

Duke. But when Bill Walton gets out, they'll give him a little extra rest.

Hawkins. Extra rest? Extra work, you mean. That's all the thanks a bloke gets for soldierin'. He'll get a rest just like he's gettin' it up in the trenches now—chasin' around workin' overtime. I pities Bill.

> Private Bill Walton, a runner, enters by the road-gate. His tin-hat is on crookéd; his gas-respirator is still at the alert; his uniform, the red runner's brassard on his left sleeve and his revolver holster are all plastered with mud. His puttees are caked with gumbo and are slithering down. He is obviously dead-tired. Everyone greets him, even the Crown and Anchor sharks suspending their operations for a moment.

Abel. 'Ullo, Bill.

Bill. Cheerio, fellows.

Troops. Hello, Bill.

Percy. Welcome to our city, Bill.

Duke. Wipe your feet before you come in, Bill.

Hawkins. O Bill, you're out of luck. Your billet's 'orrible punk; you 'as to 'it the 'ay h'under the 'ole in the roof where you catches all the rain.

Bill. O well, c'est la guerre.

Duke. It's nearly eleven o'clock, Bill. What in thunder kept you so long in getting back here?

Bill. Had to take the incoming bunch up to the outpost line and they made such a clatter with their petrol-tins that the Huns started machine-gunning and got a few. So I helped to get the stretchers out.

Duke. Not much wonder you're looking a bit fagged.

Bill. O I'm all right, Duke. Just need a good old sleep and then I'll be jake-a-bon.

> Suzanne enters from the estaminet.

Bill. Bonjour, mademoiselle Suzanne.

Suzanne. Bonjour, monsieur Beel. You are very late in getting to Bully-Grenay.

Bill. Oui, mademoiselle Suzanne. Necessary to stay in trenches.

Suzanne. I feared you were wounded.

Bill. Would you have cared, mademoiselle?

> Suzanne hesitates for the fraction of a second and then evades the question.

Suzanne. You are very tired, monsieur Beel?

Bill. Ah oui. Beaucoup fatigué.

Suzanne. Alors, I get you some café, monsieur Beel.

> Suzanne enters the estaminet.

Percy. Say Bill, I wish I could get a girl to look after me like that.

Hawkins. What do you think you are? A bloomin' h'ossifer wiv a harem?

> Bill places his head on the table and is soon asleep.

Percy. Don't you call me an officer, Herbert, or I'll soak you one.

Hawkins. Well, we might as well be scrappin' as sittin' around here like blarsted mummies.

> Hawkins jumps up and strips off his coat as if to fight.

Duke. Peace, peace. Kiss and be friends again.

Percy. All right. Come here, angel face.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey, not me. You'd poison me wot wif that ruddy talcum-powder shaive.

Percy. Cut it out, Hawkins. You and Duke want to get busy with your own razors before you start crabbing about the way other people shave.

Hawkins. Lor'luve a duck, Percy, but wot's the blinkin' use of shavin' when we won't have no inspections before to-morrow? Gor'blimey but I almost wishes we did have the odd parade for it ain't 'arf slow around here wot wif nothin' to do at all.

Percy. Then come on down the road to Ac Company's billet and see Mademoiselle Marcelle.

Hawkins. Cradle-snatching again.

Duke. Percy, Percy, thou fickle philanderer. Just ten minutes ago you were announcing that Julie here was "the sweetest little girl in all the world.".

Percy. Aw, cheese it. You fellows are just jealous.

> Duke gets up and crosses to Percy.

Duke. Nay, nay, my son, we're just old and disillusioned and worldly-wise. But we will accompany thee in thy wanderings for there will be no peace until thou hast disposed of thy stock of aluminum presentation rings. How many hast thou left?

Percy. O just a few.

> Percy has taken an identification bracelet out of his trouser's pocket. On it are strung seven souvenir rings made of aluminum and of bent horse-

shoe nails. Percy is also wearing a ring on the little finger of his left hand. Duke counts the rings.

Duke. Seven rings, seven happy mesdemoiselles.

Hawkins. Wot 'opes.

Duke. Seven—almost enough to last you till to-morrow noon.

Percy. Cut it, you kill-joys. I'm going to put on my walking-out belt and then we're away in a cloud of dust.

Percy goes into barn.

Suzanne enters from estaminet with a drink of steaming coffee in a glass goblet. She crosses to Bill who is sound asleep with his head resting on his arms, which are folded on the table.

Suzanne. Voici du café, monsieur Beel.

Suzanne puts the glass of coffee on the table.

Suzanne. Monsieur Beel.

Suzanne perceives that Bill is asleep.

Suzanne. O ce pauvre garçon. He is asleep. La guerre est bien cruelle.

Suzanne bends over Bill annd gently shakes him by the shoulder. Hawkins stretches out and kicks him on the shins.

Suzanne. Beel, Beel . . . Wake up.

Bill drowsily awakens.

Suzanne. Ici, monsieur. Thees café will be of good for you.

Bill sips the coffee. Percy enters from the barn.

Percy. Well, are you fellows coming or aren't you?

Duke. Suppose we'll have to, Percy, for you're not safe without guardians.

Hawkins. Yes, guess we might as well go, for it ain't 'arf slow around this billet wot wif no money and nothin' to do at all.

Lieutenant Green, a new Officer, just out from Bexhill, enters by road-gate with Sergeant Hall, the sergeant of Number Sixteen Platoon.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme, wot now?

Sergeant. Platoon—SHUN!

Green. Sergeant, I want to take over this platoon at once.

Green glances disapprovingly around the court-yard.

Green. My word, Sergeant, what a disreputable billet.

Green spots Jarge, who is standing to attention in a very wobbly manner.

Green. See here, my man, don't you ever take any notice of officers?

Jarge. It's not exactly that, sir, but I'm one of those chaps what likes to keep themselves to themselves, sir.

Green. Stand to attention when addressing me.

Hawkins meanwhile has been taking surreptitious whiffs at a cigarette. Green whirls around and Hawkins is forced to swallow his cigarette by pulling it into his mouth with the tip of his tongue.

Green. Are you smoking?

Hawkins replies in a muffled voice.

Hawkins. No thir.

Green stares at him hard and then turns to the group who have been playing Crown and Anchor.

Green. Have you men been gambling here?

Mike. No sir. We've just been having a game of "House."

Green. If I ever catch any of you men gambling I'll crime you. That's one of the many things I won't tolerate.

Green turns to the sergeant.

Green. Now sergeant, I want to inspect this platoon and see what sort of a crowd they are on parade. Have them fall-in five minutes from now. Every man to parade.

Sergeant. In clean fatigue, sir?

Green. No. Battle-order with forage caps. . . . And they'll have to be mighty smart and snappy for I've been trained at Bexhill and just last week my old platoon back in England won the General Efficiency Medal for the Shorncliffe Training Area.

Green struts out the road-gate.

Sergeant. You heard the order. Now jump to it. Parade in five minutes with battle-order and forage-caps.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey.

Sergeant. No grousing, men. I know you expected a day off after the tour. So did I. But it can't be helped. We have a parade now, so shake a leg. We must show this new officer that there are just as good soldiers in France as in Bexhill.

The troops go into the barn to get their equipment and start polishing up. The harness and gats of Hawkins, Percy and Duke are already lying beside the well.

Bill. Say, sarge, I just got in. May I be excused parade?

Sergeant. Officer wants to see every man so you'll have to fall in with the others. Smarten up as much as possible and if there is any trouble, I'll explain.

Bill. All right, sarge.

Sergeant. Probably the officer only wants to tell us how the war is being fought on Piccadilly.

Bill. Righto, sarge.

Sergeant. This new officer is just out from Blighty and he doesn't compree the war-game yet.

Sergeant goes into the barn.

Bill. Beaucoup busy, Suzanne.

Suzanne. Bien, monsieur Bill. A bientôt.

Suzanne goes into her shop. The troops are all busily engaged in polishing and cleaning up.

Duke. Hawkins, my son, you were grousing about having nothing to do. Now are you happy?

Hawkins. Be careful, Duke, or I'll assassinate you. I didn't join this blinkin' army to be inspected. I joined to kill Heinies.

Duke. And to have an unrestricted opportunity for grousing at everything and everybody.

Hawkins starts lugubriously singing.

Hawkins. "When this ruddy war is over . . .

Hawkins spits on his buttons.

Hawkins. No more soldiering for me . . .

Hawkins industriously rubs the buttons with his shirt sleeve.

Hawkins. And I'll tell the Sergeant-Major . . ."

Hawkins suddenly stops singing and addresses Duke.

Hawkins. Wot I wants to know, Duke, is why the blinkin' submarines let ossifers like this new h'infant come out to France to annoy the fightin' troops?

Duke. Don't worry, Hawkins. At present he knows a lot, or rather he thinks he knows a lot, but the fighting troops will soon start his real education.

Mike. Sure and were you after listening to the little dear trying to choke off the good old game of Crown and Anchor? Why he don't take no interest in sport at all. But we'll learn him a thing or two.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey but we'd be a sight better off up the line. I'm fed-up wif this button-polishin' mob. Garn but they thinks an old soldier's breath ain't no good for nothin' but shinin' brasses.

Percy. We don't get the trench stoop out of our necks before they start shooting parades at us.

Duke. This new blighter must be one of those reckless reggies that are overflowing with vim and vigueur and full of fancy ideas about pipe-clay and button-sticks.

Hawkins. I'll bet he's a proper milk-fed war-baby.

Percy. Yes, he probably was home dreaming in his feather-bed when we old-timers out here sharpened our teeth on hard-tack and barbed-wire.

Mike. And he comes along and makes us parade when we all should be having a quiet little game of Crown and Anchor. O but we'll learn him what's what in France.

The sergeant enters from the barn and the troops stop their grousing and carry-on with the cleaning up.

Sergeant. Well Abel, are you going up the line with us next tour?

Abel. I'd like to, sergeant, but the Medical Officer says I'm such an old crock, I must stay out at the transport-lines, what with my rheumatism and my lumbago and my trench-feet growing worser every day.

Sergeant. Abel, you brazen old lead-swinger. If only I had your colossal nerve, I'd have worked a ticket back to Canada years and years ago.

Sergeant turns to the troops.

Sergeant. Hurry up, men, just two minutes to go.

Sergeant glances around and notices Jarge laboriously cleaning up.

Sergeant. Jarge, this new officer will be mighty strict, so you've got to pull yourself together and be regimental for once in your life.

Jarge. Ay sergeant.

Sergeant. And don't be a disgrace to the platoon.

Jarge. Ay sergeant.

Sergeant. Be sure to fall-in with the rear-rank, Jarge, and if you go to sleep, don't snore.

Jarge. Ay sergeant—but I never snores very loud.

Mike has been hunting around for his rifle.

Mike. Who's got my rifle? Where's Jarge?

Mike crosses to Jarge and examines the rifle which the latter is trailing about with him.

Mike. I knowed it. Take your own rusty old gat.

Mike exchanges rifles with Jarge. Private Henry Harris, the batman, enters by the road-gate. He has no rifle, entrenching-tool or ammunition, but is wearing Web equipment.

Hawkins. Lor'luve a duck, if here ain't the blinkin' batman comin' on parade.

Harris. Have a good laugh now, Hawkins, for I'm a-telling you that you'll not be feeling much like it when my new Boss has finished with this here parade.

Hawkins. Lor'lumme but this new ossifer must be a proper old martinello if he has the heart to turn our poor little batman out for parade.

Sergeant notices that Harris has no rifle.

Sergeant. Harris, where's your rifle?

Harris. Please, sergeant, somebody swiped it on me last Christmas.

Sergeant. You're for it, Harris . . . and you call yourself a shock-troop.

Hawkins. No blinkin' wonder 'Indenburg thinks as wot he's winnin' this 'ere war.

Sergeant. Corporal Wilkins, fall-in as marker.

Hawkins. Gor'blimey, just my blinkin' luck. No sooner get a fag lit than some blighter calls a parade.

Sergeant. Number Sixteen Platoon—Fall-in.

Hawkins crosses slowly to parade, dragging his rifle-butt along the ground.

Sergeant. Hawkins, hurry up.

Sergeant. Platoon—SHUN!
As you—WERE!
Now jump to it!
Platoon—SHUN!
Stand at—EASE!
Ea—ZEE.

Lieutenant Green enters by road-gate.

Sergeant. Platoon—SHUN!

Sergeant salutes the officer.

Sergeant. All present and correct, sir.

Green. Very good, sergeant.

Abel flounders up after some hesitation and stands to attention in a weak-kneed manner.

Green. Now, my man, what are you doing there?

Abel. Swinging the lead, sir.

Green. Very good. Carry on.

Abel stands dazed for a minute and then, scratching his head, slumps down into a chair and prepares to enjoy the inspection, watching every move with the air of a Whitehall expert.

Green. Sergeant, I shall inspect the platoon.

Green turns to the platoon.

Green. Platoon—rear rank—one pace step back—MARCH!

Green glances critically over the troops.

Green. I say, sergeant . . . Beastly looking lot of uniforms. No fit at all. Look at those abominable caps. Not a single stiff one among the lot. Must get them all properly wired. See that those cartridges are removed from the rifle-slings.

Hawkins peers down at his rifle-sling.

Green. That man—don't look down.

Suzanne and Julie wander in and watch the inspection. Gustave Goedzak also slinks in and watches the proceedings.
During the inspection, Hawkins keeps shuffling around and craning his neck to see who is the latest victim of Green's strafe. Jarge successively is engaged in standing-easy in his own time, in scratching one ankle against the other and in yawning with long-suffering and martyrlike boredom. Whenever the officer or sergeant shouts a command at Jarge, he momentarily stiffens up into a position approximating to that of attention.
Green starts his inspection with Percy.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Lance-corporal Percy Wilkins, sir.

Green. Corporal, where is your cap-badge? . . . and your collar-badges?

Percy. Please, sir, I've never been issued with any.

Green. Sergeant, do these men ever give away their badges as souvenirs?

Sergeant. No sir. Never.

Green. What? Never?

The sergeant refrains from making the obvious retort, but smiles on perceiving that the officer may possibly possess a carefully-concealed sense of humor. Green next inspects Oley Svenson.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Private Oley Svenson, sir.

Green. What is this weapon, he's carrying?

Sergeant. O that's a Ross rifle, sir.

Green. O yes, certainly.

Sergeant. Svenson is a battalion scout, sir, and he's with the platoon to train some company scouts and snipers.

Hawkins is shuffling around.

Sergeant. Hawkins, stand steady.

Green next inspects Mike Sullivan, who is wearing a shrapnel-helmet on which is some melted candle-wax.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Private Michael Sullivan of the rifle-grenade section, sir.

Green. Where is your forage-cap, Sullivan?

Mike. Please, sir, it was lying on the parados of the trench and it was blown up by a pineapple.

Green. A what?

Mike. A pineapple, sir. . . . A small German trench-mortar bomb, sir.

Green. O, I see. That's all right then. Sergeant, see this man gets a new cap at once.

Sergeant. Yes sir.

Hawkins is again shuffling around.

Sergeant. Hawkins, stand steady.

Green next comes to Willie Simpson, who is standing in an attitude of weary dejection.

Green. Sergeant, here's a man who doesn't know how to stand to attention.

Sergeant. That's Willie Simpson, sir. He's just a young lad and . . .

Green. Give him a little extra P.T. That will set up his physique.

Abel, on hearing the reference to Physical Torture, jumps up from his chair and, carrying himself with ludicrous uprightness, hastens out the road-gate. Green next inspects Hawkins, who is breathing stertorously through his walrus-moustache. Hawkins' chest is expanded to a painful degree, his eyes are rolling wildly in his head and he is standing stiff as a ramrod.

Green. Who is this man, sergeant?

Sergeant. Private Herbert Hawkins, of the Bombers, sir.

Green. Hawkins, show me your emergency ration of preserved meat.

Hawkins. My wot, sir?

Sergeant. Your tin of bully-beef.

Hawkins and Willie perform prodigies of contortion in an endeavor to locate the bully in Hawkins' haversack.

Green. Hurry up, my man. Hurry up. I can't stand here all day.

Hawkins finally gives up the search as fruitless.

Hawkins. Please, sir, I had that there tin of bully-beef in my haversack yesterday but it ain't there now, sir.

Green. Then what has become of it?

Hawkins. Well sir, I thinks . . .

Green. You think! You think! Don't you know a private isn't supposed to think? Hurry up now, what's become of that tin of bully beef?

Hawkins. Well sir, a rat must have 'et it.

Green. Sergeant, make a note of that.

Sergeant. Yes sir.

Green next inspects Duke.

Green. Who is this man?

Sergeant. Private Marmaduke Meredith, sir, number one on the Lewis Gun.

Green approaches Duke and stares critically at his chin.

Green. Did you shave this morning?

Duke. Please sir, I shaved late last night.

Green. Sergeant, when did these men get in from the trenches?

Sergeant. About three o'clock this morning, sir.

Green. Ah ha. . . . So you shaved then, my man.

Duke. Yes sir. I knew that I wouldn't be able to sleep if I wasn't clean.

Green next passes to Bill, stepping back and surveying him with wrathy disapproval.

Green. Who's this man?

Sergeant. Private Bill Walton, sir, a runner.

Green. Sergeant, take this man's name and number.

Sergeant. But sir, Walton just . . .

Green. Worst man yet!

Sergeant. But sir, he . . .

Green impatiently interrupts.

Green. No excuses, sergeant. I've had enough for one day. This man has had practically all morning in which to clean himself up. There is absolutely no possible reason for any self-respecting soldier to be in such a filthy condition.

Sergeant. But sir . . .

Green interrupts again and yet more angrily.

Green. Disgrace to the platoon . . . and wearing a Mons ribbon too. These men who have been in France a long time get very sloppy and careless . . . Need constant checking-up.

The troops in the rear rank start fidgetting around.

Green. Stop moving about in the rear-rank.

Hawkins cranes his neck around to see the offending rear-rankers.

Sergeant. Hawkins, eyes front.

Abel ambles back into the courtyard. Green stops his inspection with Bill. He does not look at the rear rank at all.

Green. I won't look at any more of these men, sergeant. It's too beastly heart-breaking.

Both ranks of the platoon are still standing rigidly at attention.

Green. Now men . . .

The platoon relaxes into an attitude of long-suffering but patient resignation.

Green. GAS!

As the face-pieces of the respirators are whipped out of their haversacks, love-letters flutter down from Percy's; a pair of socks fall from Willie's; a Crown and Anchor cloth tumbles from Mike's; candles, spoons and packets of cigarettes fall from others. All the troops hastily adjust their face-pieces, with the exception of Hawkins and Jarge, who have both forgotten to wear their respirators. Hawkins adroitly pulls his forage-cap down over his face, while Jarge looks around in a half-dazed and half-alarmed manner, sniffing apprehensively for any signs of gas. Green's angry eye spots Jarge and he shouts at him, pointing fiercely with his cane.

Green. That man in the rear-rank—didn't you hear me say "GAS"?

Jarge. Please, sir, I can't smell any.

Green. Certainly not, man. It's just a test drill.

Jarge grins sheepishly, but with considerable relief.

Green. Take them off . . .

The men start to remove their respirators.

Green. Sergeant, I'm disgusted with this platoon.

Before the men have had time to get their face-pieces back in the haversack-containers, Green shouts his command.

Green. Platoon—SHUN!

The platoon have the face-pieces of their respirators dangling on their chests. Green leaves them standing at attention while he addresses them in self-satisfied tone of voice.

Green. Now men, my name is Green.

The platoon snickers. ....

(A second instalment will be printed in October.)

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We offer a prize of five dollars for a METRICAL TRANSLATION *of the following sonnet by Verlaine:*

Je fais souvent ce rêve étrange et pénétrant
D'une femme inconnue, et que j'aime, et qui m'aime,
Et qui n'est, chaque fois, ni tout à fait la même
Ni tout à fait une autre, et m'aime et me comprend.

Car elle me comprend, et mon coeur, transparent
Pour elle seule, hélas! cesse d'être un problème
Pour elle seule, et les moiteurs de mon front blême
Elle seule les sait refraîchir, en pleurant.

Est-elle brune, blonde ou rousse?—Je l'ignore.
Son nom? Je me souviens qu'il est doux et sonore
Comme ceux des aimés que la Vie exila.

Son regard est pareil au regard des statues,
Et pour sa voix, lointaine, et calme, et grave, elle a
L'inflexion des voix chères qui se sont tues.

The answers must reach the Competitions Editor not later than October 20, 1921.

The identifications of the quotations in the previous competition are as follows:

(1) Addison's Cato
(2) Sterne's Sentimental Journey
(3) Gibbon's Autobiography
(4) Shakespeare, Much Ado about Nothing
(5) Boswell's Johnson (1775)
(6) Shakespeare, King Henry V
(7) R. L. Stevenson, Virginibus Puerisque
(8) Shirley, The Contention of Ajax and Ulysses
(9) Milton, Paradise Lost (Book 1)
(10) Shakespeare, King John
(11) Matthew Arnold, Essay on "The French Play in London"
(12) Francis Thompson, The Daisy

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Our Book-Shelf

Fiction

Coquette, by Frank Swinnerton (Doran).

With *Coquette* Mr. Swinnerton returns to the style and milieu of *Nocturne*. It was *Nocturne* which established him above the common run of contemporary novelists and brought him to the attention of many who had no previous acquaintance with him. He showed in that minor classic among novels that he could write of the obscurer classes, and particularly of plebeian households and courtships, with a more refined art and a greater intimacy than his more comprehensive predecessors, Wells and George Moore and Bennett.

His next two novels were studies of middle rather than of lower classes. Both *Shops and Houses* and *September* suggest that he was loth to hasten into competition with his own so admirably successful *Nocturne*. The two lacked something in robustness and health and compared unfavourably in this respect with the vigorous dramatic criticism which he was writing about that time in the weekly pages of the London *Nation*.

Coquette belongs to the same world as Jenny and Emmy. This time it is Sally Minto, a Jenny with as little as possible of Emmy in her. She is a Cockney through and through, whereas Jenny and Emmy might have belonged to any English provincial town. (Mr. Swinnerton himself, we believe, comes from the North.) Nor are the events those of a night but of many months, from the alcoholic demise of Mr. Minto and the resultant liberation of Sally's ambition to the catastrophic interruption of her career. The quality of the narrative is fully equal to that of *Nocturne*; for spareness of dialogue and description and for the laying bare of untutored minds nothing could be better than page after page of *Coquette*. In one respect Mr. Swinnerton has advanced; his plot and his mental attitude are bolder, he says directly where before he was content to suggest. The sense of reticence and an over-subtle artistry which were in *Nocturne* out of perfect harmony with the social setting yield to a complete frankness of narrative which comes closer to reality and is of the very stuff of Sally's private life.

Sally has few good looks and, we are told, no sense of honour. There is accordingly a less insuperable barrier between her and the reader than is usual in fiction. She is unscrupulous in her determination to look after "number one", but she is the reverse of enigmatic either to herself or to the reader. Perhaps it is because she knows exactly what she is worth and never for a moment pretends, even to herself, that she is acting in the interest of another that she remains a "heroine" and cannot be looked upon as a "villain". She forfeits all other moral grounds to the distinction and yet few readers will wish her the rather unnecessary collapse of her schemes with which the story ends. And even on more objective grounds her character hardly calls for such an ending. By rights she should have managed somehow to avert disaster, and, whilst everything points to the contrary, it is hard to believe that she did not. It would seem as if Mr. Swinnerton had come so close to life that he was at a loss how to stop it. And so

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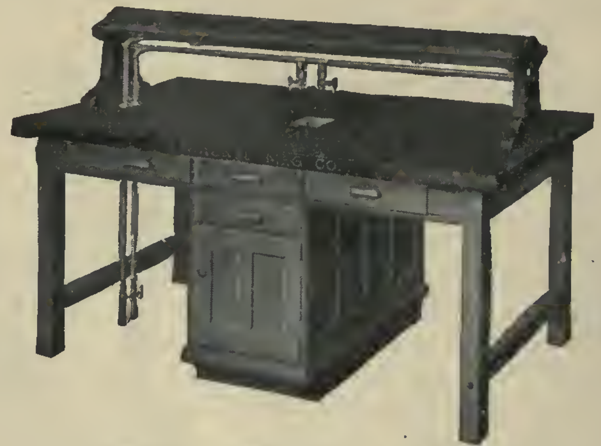

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at the close the book suffers a little in consequence of its chief merit.

B. F.

Purple Springs, by Nellie McClung (Toronto: Thomas Allen).

You know the three favourite ways of selling a novel. The Fluffy Girl Cover has vamped many a poor wretch. An I. C. R. news agent enticed me once with a *Jess* in a pink summer creation, who smiled at me most seductively with glorious American teeth and French-done hair. Then there is the irresistible title. A title has made something of many an otherwise worthless tale, and much wealth has been exchanged for titles. But the great beguiler is a name. When a book called "John Smith" appears with a plain grey cover, be sure the author has become a household necessity. The book may or may not be.

Mrs. McClung's new novel illustrates this well. It has not a C. N. E. poster for a cover. Its title is not catchy, as were those of *Sowing Seeds in Danny* and *The Second Chance*, though there may be a certain royal, voluptuous, *vers libre* effect in it. But Nellie McClung has made a name. She needs no spidery titles, no brass band covers. Nevertheless, she is not without guile; she is an M. P. P., you remember. The re-introduction of Pearl Watson was a good stroke. Pearl has a good many old friends, who have often wondered what became of her. I was startled when I saw that she was only eighteen-going-on-nineteen, and I muttered the old saw about the glacial progress of a woman's age, but it's all right, since the scene is laid before the war. The honourable member is not to be trapped in her statistics.

Pearl becomes a politician, and the authoress has admitted that her own political career is reflected in her heroine's. The reader must not expect any very startling political theories profoundly discussed, or even advanced. Canadian machine methods are cleverly if somewhat exuberantly introduced. And it must be confessed that a reader hitherto ignorant of Mrs. McClung's political alignment, if such there be, will soon discover it. She is no detached, philosophic onlooker, nor are the disguises, where any are employed, absolutely impenetrable.

The Watsons are as delightful as ever, and Pearl can still be very Irish in her speech, even if she is a Normalite. The dialogue is generally clever, and the characteristic sparkling humour, sometimes a little bitter, which we expect, is very much in evidence, less perhaps in situation than in conversation.

There is a charming love-story, verging on sentimentality once or twice. Are there any non-sentimental lovers? But Mrs. McClung will not let her characters be "silly". Pearl's doctor is a very ideal young man. Mrs. McClung's books are not really of the kail-yard type, and her people are not goody-goody, but I am afraid for these two—Pearl and the Doctor. They will die young, in spite of their creator.

Our author is too much of a moral reformer to be a front rank artist. She points her moral straight at you. There is interesting if somewhat superficial portrayal of static characters. The professional politicians are familiar lay figures; the humorous characters are of course exaggerated, and the "straight" parts would have been all the better for a short, supervised apprenticeship under Satan. This book is not *the* great Canadian novel, but it shows an advance on the author's previous work, both in technique and thought, is wholesome and cheery and makes stimulating and entertaining reading.

D. R.

History

The Parish Register of Kingston, 1785-1811, by A. H. Young.

The Rev'd John Stuart, D.D., U.E.L., of Kingston, U.C., by A. H. Young.

In these two works Professor Young has rendered important service, not only to those who are especially interested in the records of Anglican work in Canada, in the history of Kingston, or in the lives of the United Empire Loyalists, but also to all future historians of the Province or Dominion.

It is the carefully compiled register or sketch compiled while the records were still intact and subject to verification, that the historian finds of value, rather than the general history of a period. A work of tremendous value to the country, a work that needs doing now, is the gathering of information, any and all information, in every local centre, from local records and local pioneers, concerning the life of the infant Canada, of wilderness Canada.

D.

Trade and Industry

LAST month presents features essentially similar to those of early summer. The pause in the decline of wholesale prices is especially noteworthy. The movement of wholesale prices for the past twelve months may be summarised almost in a sentence. During the ten months from August, 1920, to June, 1921, prices fell steadily at an average rate of 3.8% per month. Financial writers have exhausted their adjectives in insisting that so rapid a fall is quite without precedent. But in the last two months, from June till August, the fall has been only one-third as rapid, averaging 1.3% per month. For practical purposes the general level of wholesale prices has been stationary.

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TRADE AND INDUSTRY

	May 1921	June 1921	July 1921	August 1921	August 1920
Wholesale Prices[1] (Michell)	176.8	169.8	167.0	165.4	274.4
Family Budget (Labour Gazette)	$22.84	$21.74	$21.55	.....	$26.60
Volume of Employment[2] (Employment Service of Canada)	86.5	88.1	89.0	89.0	106.7
Average Price of Twelve Canadian Securities[3] (Michell)	108.6	103.9	103.6	103.0	122.9

Will the pause continue? The question is vital to business. There are general grounds for believing that the peak of this year's activity has already been passed; that the remainder of the year will see further curtailment in production and increasing unemployment. An unusually well-informed correspondent writes of the current movement: "The pause can hardly last. In Canada the great staples have closely followed the world movement. But tea, most iron and steel products, lumber and cement are still relatively high. The question is interesting, how soon these will come down and how quickly."

Our foreign trade continues to dwindle rapidly. Does this represent a diminished volume of exports, or are we selling undiminished quantities at the low prices of to-day? It is a pity the Department of Trade and Commerce does not, like the British Board of Trade, quote the total of our exports in tons as well as in dollars. The point could then be decided at once. However, a rough calculation is still possible. By taking the declared values of exports for the current month, and dividing them by the current price index number, then multiplying the result by the price index of any month with which a comparison is desired, we can express the values of our exports in each month in terms of the same price level. In other words, although we cannot in this way find the actual volume of goods moved in either month, by reducing them to common prices, we can see the difference in *volume of goods moved*.

In its monthly letter for September the Canadian Bank of Commerce shows the changing volume of our foreign commerce in a diagram constructed by this method and covering the years since 1912. A statement of current developments may be made summarily as follows (the price index used for purposes of calculation is not Professor Michell's, which relates only to foods and raw materials, but that of the Department of Labour):

CANADA

EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE

Actual Values

	1920	1921	Comparison between 1921 and same quarter of 1920
First Quarter....	$289,000,000	$205,000,000	−29.1%
Second Quarter..	$237,000,000	$161,000,000	−32.1%
Third Quarter....	315,000,000	....	....
Fourth Quarter..	444,000,000	....	....

The declared values of our exports have fallen by about one-third below the level of the corresponding periods of last year, and are still declining. The following table applies the method outlined above, and expresses the figures for each quarter in terms of the price level existing in January, 1920.

CANADA

EXPORTS OF DOMESTIC PRODUCE

Valued at Prices of January, 1920

	1920	1921	Comparison between 1921 and same quarter of 1920
First Quarter....	$286,000,000	$256,000,000	−10.5%
Second Quarter..	225,000,000	231,000,000	+2.7%
Third Quarter...	319,000,000	....	....
Fourth Quarter..	497,000,000	....	....

What has happened is easily seen. The volume of our exports is not quite but almost as great as in the corresponding periods last year. We are selling in almost undiminished quantities, but to do so we have been compelled to meet the prices offered by the foreign buyer. It is likely that for a long time to come he will be holding the whip hand.

G. E. JACKSON.

[1]Base (=100) refers to the period 1900—1909.

[2]Base (=100) refers to the week ending January 17th, 1920. Subsequent figures refer to the second week in each month.

[3]The following common stock quotations are included:—Canadian Bank of Commerce, C.P.R., Dominion Textile, Dominion Bridge, Consumers' Gas, Shawinigan Light and Power, Penman's, Russell Motors, Bell Telephone, Canadian General Electric, Lake of the Woods Milling, and Canada Steamships.

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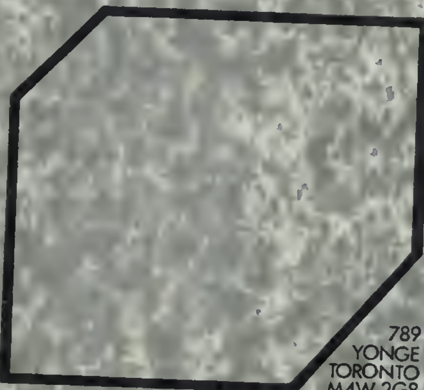
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