

Council listen with the same pity that filled Dr. Sangster when he said, "How unfortunate it is that any grown man"—even though elected to the Council—"can still condescend . . . to seek relief to his surcharged feelings by falling back on the schoolboy trick of making faces and calling names." Neither the Council nor any of its members are asking favors—simply the courteous treatment they expect to extend to fellow members. They ask no more; they will approve of no less.

Not the least amusing portion of the doctor's letter is his description of the speaking ability of those who do not accept him as their leader—those whom he styles the "Solid Phalanx," the "Inner Circle," etc., in contrast with his "Little Phalanx." He says that "when the 'Head Centre' of either wing of the 'Inner Circle' [Centres and Circles which have no existence except in his mind] rises in the Council to make a motion," . . . except under some specified exceptions, "his remarks are ordinarily not merely *specious* or *inane*, but as *flat as dishwater* and as *flavorless as tripe without onion*." Now, I have not taken to dishwater as a beverage nor to tripe as a food, and am quite willing to accept Dr. Sangster's version as to their qualities. Yet bacteriologists tell us dishwater is not without potency. This is verified by an outbreak in December from the microbes in the dishwater of June. They penetrated the integument of even Dr. Sangster, the man who boasts his ability to resist hard knocks.

The "Little Phalanx," on the other hand, with Dr. Sangster at their head, are given to "*raciness*" of expression. They "call a spade a spade," or speak of a section of representatives as being "*ductile*," "*recrunt*," "*subservient*," etc., and he thinks "it is not at all surprising this '*raciness*' of expression is at a discount with" those whom he calls "the Solid Phalanx." We fully agree with the doctor in this opinion, and believe the profession will endorse our views. At this point, however, we must part company. While the doctor fully appreciates this style, the majority of the Council cannot claim to be cultured to that standard. Tastes in literature are largely a matter of education. The vendors at Billingsgate would not regard as "*racy*" that which is not well spiced with their peculiar vernacular. Few others have any desire to be so cultured, and few members of Council have a desire to be trained to this "*raciness of expression*" by even so gifted a teacher as Dr. Sangster.

He thinks "words or expressions of this kind sting in proportion to their applicability only in proportion to the amount of truth they incase," and he says, "I am quite sure, for instance, that not a single feather of *my* plumage would be ruffled were the entire Council to