

VOL. 2

No. 1

The
Rebel



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The Rebel

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To Vulgarity

AN ODE READ AT THE REBEL DINNER 1917.

REBELLION is a holy thing,
Indeed we're here to hymn it;
The company rejoice to sing
Its praises to the limit.

But let me say, rebellion's not
The beach's only pebble,
Another virtue must be sought
To make the perfect rebel.

And this is it, ye well-bred host—
With no irregularity—
The subject of this self-same toast,
The blessings of vulgarity.

For how can fond rebellion's child
Arouse a state's discussion,
Yet contemplate with glances mild
The shackles of convention.

On local bosses we employ
The modes of Billy Sunday,
And still we all embrace with joy
The form of Mrs. Grundy.

Rebellion's not a high-brow show,
A sort of nice confection,
Only the vulgar fully know
The joys of insurrection.

So let us make the welkin ring,
Inscribe upon our banners
The slogan: "Down with everything—
Especially table manners."

Away with all improving tunes,
All academic 'isms,
Away with professorial prunes
And presidential prisms.

Away with patent-leather boots,
Return them to their makers,
Away with top hats, sub-fusc suits,
They're made for undertakers.

Down with the proper and correct
 As on your way you march,
 To save mankind can you expect
 Till you abolish starch!

They say it's impolite to spit,
 Fie! our emancipation
 Demands that we should all permit,
 Nay, urge, expectoration!

Let our professors humanize
 Themselves as best they're able
 By letting students visualize
 Their feet upon the table.

SIR TOBY.

The Rebel

"Well, God be thanked for these rebels, they offend none but the virtuous"—(Falstaff).

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Editorial

THIS year sees the entering of the fourth freshman class to come to the University under war conditions. The end of it will see the graduation of the first year which has known the war as a background during the whole four years of its course. It would be a platitude to say that the war has made enormous changes. Not only in college are we reminded of it by smaller classes and a short term. During holidays as well the needs of our country affect our choice of occupation. Last summer found students engaged in doing things which they had never dreamed of before, and liking them. The articles in this issue on farming, munitions and bee-keeping are accounts by three students of different kinds of work at which a great many members of the University have tried their hand this summer.

Besides outward changes the war has brought a difference in altitude, a shifting of values. We are testing things by a new standard of worth while-ness, and only those things which stand

the test will endure. Naturally the University comes in for its share of criticism. But it is in no spirit of petty cavil that THE REBEL publishes the articles in this issue discussing a university course. They represent the opinions of both students and members of the staff. They are not settled judgments on things, but discussion. Do you agree? If not will you write to THE REBEL and give your opinion? If everyone connected with the University gets together and works things out we may do something towards making a college course worth more than it has ever been before.

**What is a
College**

It is significant that in University and Victoria Colleges the buildings in which lectures are delivered are known as *The Main Buildings*. In truth, until recent years, these have been the centres of College life, and attendance at lectures and the writing of examinations have marked the sum of many an undergraduate's connection with them. But a new epoch for the women of University College was marked a year ago by the opening of the University College Women's Union. Victoria College has followed suit this year and made South Hall into a Union for the women of the College, and, when the war ends, Hart House will be open to all the men of the University. The principle involved to these new developments is of paramount importance—to wit that Colleges and University are not only *Buildings* enshrining lectures and examinations but that they are communities of men and women who, in common work and common responsibilities are seeking to develop the highest and truest life in the College and University to which they have the honour to belong. The danger in these ventures is that there is too much in this University which is mechanical and soulless, too many idols of wood and stone, and the Women's Unions and Hart House depend for their true existence not on bricks and mortar but on the spirit within. In University College the success of the Union last year was the result of the efforts of undergraduates and graduates, and its members are now faced by the problem of an undergraduate building—at present there is no opportunity for the deification of bricks and mortar but a very real challenge to effort and sacrifice. In Victoria, on the contrary, South Hall has been established without the same struggle or sense of need on the part of the undergraduates; the shell is there into which the members must put life. To a greater degree this is true of Hart House—a wonderful

and beautiful shell is ready; what is the life within to be? Out of an incoherent mass of individuals what will grow? Will Hart House be only "a stately pile" or will it be the instrument of a great community? These are particular forms of expression but the problem exists for all. The onus of solution lies on the men and women in the colleges, no one can escape and still be a true member of a College. Only individual service and sacrifice for the sake of the community will make possible the highest and truest life in College and University. We are faced by a great responsibility, a great challenge, a great adventure.

**"Anglo-Saxon
beseems
our lay"** At the risk of seeming merely to repeat in prose the substance of the two poetic tributes in this issue, we cannot forbear a few words on the subject of our recent bereavement. The removal of Anglo-Saxon from the course in honour English of the fourth year is exceedingly interesting as illustrating what is sometimes referred to as "the piecemeal tendency" of the University curriculum. Who has not fumed in impotence at being inexorably compelled to undertake the drudgery of acquiring the rudiments of some subject which, by the restrictions of his course, he is as inexorably prevented from following up? The "one-year" subject—in the majority of cases the "pass" subject—becomes in the eyes of the student merely an ingenious device of the powers for increasing his difficulties, a ball fettered to the ankle lest one should run one's course too smoothly and hold the prize lightly won. The game is for the student to get rid of this handicap by the process technically known as "writing it off". If successful, a different type of encumbrance is usually substituted for the one just removed; if not successful, he is either not permitted to proceed or allowed to do so, as it were, with both feet fettered. Anglo-Saxon of the third year is torment and tribulation, but tribulation hitherto lent dignity and purpose by contemplation of those clear heights where one might some day walk serene, heights won only through the fogs and vapours of the Anglo-Saxon tongue. In the minds of those who had arrived there may have been some doubts as to whether the heights were worth the scramble. But does it mend matters simply to take away the heights?

Euphemia and the Cynic

"IT'S only the thing you do yourself that is any use to you," said Euphemia, "and an Arts course is not a thing you do—it's a thing you have done to you."

"That's right—grouch against the professors, poor devils, when it's your own fault," said the Cynic.

"I'm not grouching against the professors only," objected Euphemia, "I'm grouching against Shakespeare and Goethe and M. Janson and against all the people who have written history, because every single person who has written anything has made it harder for us—there's so much less to be done. It's bad enough coming so late in time, when almost everything worth saying has been said a million times already. But instead of lessening our difficulty, our work at the University increases it. For four years we do nothing but study other men's thoughts—we live in other men's thoughts just in those very years when we ought to be thinking for ourselves.

"Why don't you think for yourselves, then?" asked the Cynic.

"Ask me why I don't walk down Yonge Street on my hands," said Euphemia. "Congestion of traffic. Same thing at College—congestion of brain traffic. Thought takes time. There is no time."

"What are you there for, if not to think?" interposed the Cynic.

"But just consider an ordinary time-table. Take a literary course—English and History with Moderns Option for instance. In your first year you have five honour subjects and four pass subjects (Biology and 3 Maths.). You have twenty hours of lectures a week. You go from one lecture to another spending one hour on each of four subjects in the morning. You spend two hours on one subject in the afternoon and two on another in the evening. (The Cynic smiled. "Well, you *might*" said Euphemia). You never catch up with your work. You never get deep into it because there is so much to be done. You never think about it—the only way you can work like this is to drop one subject absolutely from your mind as soon as its hour is up. Your day is like a patch-work quilt."

"But do you never skip lectures?" asked the Cynic in amazement.

"Oh rather," she responded. "I had a glorious time once. I spent a whole week on Egmont. I got thrilled over it—especially that soliloquy in prison. I re-wrote the parts of the play that

weren't dramatic. I changed the ending entirely. It was a bit of literary criticism and creative work of my own. It was really *doing* something. Of course the result wasn't any good. But it was glorious doing it and I know it was worth while for me."

The Cynic regarded her flushed face thoughtfully. "And yet you say you can't get excited over a university course," he said slowly.

Euphemia sat up. Her black eyes flashed and she thumped her pillow viciously, "That's just the point," she cried, "that wasn't my course. I hadn't the nerve to show the original part to anybody for criticism—you aren't supposed to be original at the University—and my knowledge of Egmont wasn't very much use on the exam. You can't cover all the work, you know, when you have only one exam. to do it with. So the only work I had done that was really worth doing went for nothing."

"O you typical student!" mocked the Cynic. "Your work is worth nothing unless it gets you good marks on the examination."

"I said it didn't *count* for anything. I didn't say it was worth nothing," explained Euphemia. "On the contrary it was worth more than anything else I did all year, and I'm jolly glad I did it. And it's perfectly absurd of you," she went on, waxing indignant, "to talk about disregarding examinations when as a matter of fact examinations are the only thing that is taken into account officially. I know you think we ought to strike out on lines of our own, but if we do and work on things we are keen on all year—really work hard, I mean, all that comes of it in the end is that we have to stop a month or six weeks before the end of term to study up a lot of stereotype stuff for a lot of stereotype exams. Often there isn't even a chance of escape because there are no options on the papers. Can you wonder at the frequent complaint that students are all alike? Never," she finished emphatically, "will the University be justified in expecting good work from its students, until it makes the things that are worth while for us, worth while for our standing."

"Oh come down to earth, Euphemia," drawled the Cynic. "Consider your students. Of how many of them could you say that the things they considered worth while could be accepted by any conscientious professor as worth while for their course?"

"But," cried Euphemia, "the University chooses its own students by the entrance exams. it sets. If it sets entrance exams. which can be and frequently are passed by children of fourteen

and fifteen, can it reasonably expect its students to be judges of what is worth while? And after we get into the University not very much is required of us. There is still lots of memory work on the papers—lives of men, for instance. What have lives of men to do with literature? You need a little biography as a background, particularly when you're studying a poet and estimating his place and influence in literary history, the way we do with Wordsworth and Pope. But really and truly it is his works and not his life that you're interested in. You can read "Le Misanthrope" and appreciate it without knowing anything about Molière. Then what place has a life of Molière on a final examination?"

"Suppose yourself running a university, what would you give 'em?" asked the Cynic.

"If I were running a university," quoth Euphemia grandly, "I should work for ideas. A student should have some vital interest in some part of his work, no matter how far afield he might range. He should have some ideas not gleaned from his lecturer. No matter how crude and immature those ideas might be, surely it would be more profitable to the University to give him a chance to express them than to collect a lot of gramophones as it now does, and sit down every May to listen to the sound of its own voice."

"I wish you'd illustrate," said the Cynic, provokingly. "What kind of ideas not gleaned from a lecturer?" and how far afield would you permit a student to range? You've got to bring your sheep in once in a while you know, just to let them give an account of themselves."

"Well for one thing," said Euphemia, "I wouldn't let them read any criticisms of the books they were reading—French, German or English—not just at first anyway. I should give a student one of the books in his course—say a play—and say to him, 'what do you think of it? where can you improve on it? Rewrite the poor parts'. Of course what I'd get would be crude. Then I would turn all the force of my intellect and experience on to the essay, and help the poor fellow out of the bog into which he'd floundered. And if he were the kind of student I wanted, he wouldn't get into the same bog again."

Euphemia paused expecting remonstrance. But the thought of her "intellect and experience" had finished the Cynic. He could only laugh at her. So she went on.

"There's another thing—pass subjects. Why have any? Most of them are irrelevant—what earthly use will first year pass Biology ever be to an English and History student? The pass subjects that aren't irrelevant bring your standard down. You're working to a 40% instead of a 60% standard, and you're *expected* to be superficial. I once heard a professor say he couldn't mark for thought in his subject (which was a pass one) because it wasn't a student's fault if he had a brain. So all you could mark for was the time a student had spent reading encyclopaedias and authorities. It may not be a student's fault if he has a brain, but in a pass subject it's apt to be his misfortune," she finished with a dramatic flourish.

"Hear, hear!" boomed the Cynic cynically.

Then Euphemia aired her last grievance. "The Curriculum's all concerned with the past and not with the present," she said. "Here we are living in the midst of a thrilling new age. All sorts of new things literary are happening around us. There's the Young Ireland Theatre; there's Russian literature coming to the fore; there's *vers libre* in English winning a place for itself, and here are we, who ought to be *making* it, we who will have to be the ones to carry it on, poking our heads into Shakespeare and Goethe and Molière—all right for background, glorious, everybody ought to know them. But it is ridiculous to spend four whole years on them to the exclusion of everything else. There are modern German writers—you've got to study them to understand Germany. There's Anatole France; there's Bernard Shaw—even if you don't like him he's saying a lot of things people are thinking nowadays. No wonder a university is conservative. No wonder all the great literary movements start outside the universities. No wonder the students who study are pokes and the rest don't study!"

"Euphemia," said the Cynic, "why do you stay at the University?"

Euphemia came down off her high horse at one bound. She giggled. "Do you suppose," she said, "I would miss anything half so useful? Why, it's given me a topic for conversation that has kept you interested for a whole hour."

The Cynic felt flattered.

LEN.

Originality or Boredom

"The Tramp (in sight of a village): 'Ever hear of a pithed frog?'"

The Angel: 'No!'

The Tramp: 'It's a thing these here vivisectionists do. They takes a frog and they cuts out his brains and they shoves a bit of pith in the place of 'em. That's a pithed frog. Well—that there village is full of pithed human beings.'

The Angel: 'Is that so?'

The Tramp: 'That's so—you take my word for it. Everyone of them 'as 'ad their brains cut out and chunks of rotten touchwood put in the place of it. And you see that little red place there?'

The Angel: 'That's called the national school.'

The Tramp: 'Yes—that's where they piths 'em.'"

H. G. WELLS.

This is the first day of the new term. I have attended three lectures and have rebelled. When you have lived more or less like a human being for a few months, a lecture comes as a greater shock than usual. One feels like a trapped animal. We are now in our fourth year—some of us, anyway—and our keepers are again ordering cages as narrow as those in which we spent our second year. We do not like it. We had so hoped to be let loose and to run wild for at least one year of exploration in our college before leaving it.

It worries us to be preached at, or lectured at, or whatever you like to call it. We do not like to be told what we are expected to think. It does us harm. Those who would prefer to think out their problems for themselves feel the keenest disappointment at being *told* things they wanted to *discover*. And those who never think out anything (if there are such people) are led to imagine that they are learning something when they are not.

Our sort of lectures and examinations are a revival of the mediaeval custom of enforcing the profession of orthodox views by torture. But our torture is more successful and dangerous than the mediaeval kind. Its victims are taken while they are very young, and the screws are tightened so gradually that in a few years they become indifferent to the torture. There are even a few freakish ones who profess to like it. To-day one of us, with an air of importance asked a simple question with a long word in it. The next step will be a simple question with a *Latin* word, and then our education will be "finished".

Now, do you not believe that what I am saying has a ring of sanity about it? I admit that in a few lines I have intimated that I have been murdered, and vivisected, and trapped, and tortured.

But I like to be truthful occasionally, and the truth is that I feel as if all these things had happened to me at once. I should like to organize a joyous and affectionate rebellion against the process of "pithing". And I should like to begin by challenging the person who recently said that students cannot be allowed to think for themselves but must be lectured to for at *least* three years, for otherwise "there would be nothing for them to think about".

What do you think of this as a sample of the results of lecturing? One morning after an English examination we were all standing about in tense groups talking about the paper. One almost tearfully indignant person was saying, "The very idea of putting on a question about Hamlet's mother. Why, he hardly lectured about her at all". And another replied, "Oh, yes, he did. Don't you remember? *She* had a soft animal nature. She liked to be happy like a sheep in the sun, and she liked to see other people happy like other sheep in the sun. I put that down". And I do not think that either of them had the slightest idea that what they had just barely managed to remember was really a quotation from Bradley. And for their purpose it did not matter very much. "Steal from any place you please", our examination system counsels, "only make sure that you steal *enough* to satisfy your examiner". And I am sure that a month after the examination their minds were as innocent of any thoughts about Hamlet's mother as they had been a month before the cramming process began. The total effect upon their lives cancelled out to a very cheerful zero. They were clever girls, too. But they had been—pithed.

I have a feeling that many professors think that students want a continual round of lectures. Students don't. They want discussion groups. Yet at the same time it is very hard for them to let themselves go and work up a discussion. The truth is that they are afraid of the professors. The professors have a reputation for knowing so much that the students have become painfully respectful. I wish we were not so respectful. Sometimes students say that it would be easier to express their ideas if professors did not look so wise. That is a disadvantage certainly. If professors could go about wearing an idiotic expression, it would help greatly. But, lacking the necessary feeble-mindedness, they will have to find some other way of encouraging self expression in students.

They try it in various ways. One man attempts to start discussion in a class of one hundred, and, having failed, announces that it "cannot be done in Toronto University". Another talks without a pause throughout the whole hour, and occasionally, without even stopping for breath, indignantly asks his class why they don't say something. A third lectures steadily through three-quarters of the hour, and then begins firing questions point blank at individual students. He complains that there are only three or four in the class who will take part in the discussions(?) And do you wonder? To talk under such circumstances requires more nerve than timid people possess. Yet timid people want to talk. But when a professor kills a discussion deliberately and then announces that students will not discuss, he is, to put it mildly unreasonable. It is like killing a dog to study its habits and then announcing that "dogs do not bark".

The students are constantly talking about the sort of discussion they would like to see tried in those subjects that lend themselves most readily to discussion. Here is one of their imaginary plans.

Less than a dozen students are gathered in a room containing easy chairs and a fireplace, like some of the rooms in our newest Union. There is a professor somewhere in the group, but he is not at the front of a room nor at the head of a table. The students do not gaze at him as if he were a God of the Examinations, who held their fate in his hand. Their pens are not poised for scribbling. They have forgotten to bring their note-books. A member of the class leads the discussion, with, perhaps, a five minute introduction of the subject, or perhaps only a single statement thrown into the midst of the others as a challenge. The discussion itself is an astonishing explosion of ideas, and the leader is only a spark to start the explosion and not a candle to shed light upon the others. The quietest people do most of the talking. The professor also talks, but not more than the students.

Everyone expresses his strangest thoughts, and even half-formed opinions are given voice. No one, even in secret, laughs at another person's ideas, be they ever so queer. It has become popular to express unusual ideas.

And finally, they do not reach conclusions. At the close of the hour the professor does not summarize their conclusions and pass them around to be pigeonholed for examinations. That would spoil it all. For, if people but once begin to think, they are bound to think differently, and they are not in the least likely to come to the same conclusions.

I should like to institute a nobler use for professors than their present use. Personally, I like to use my professors chiefly for inspiration. The very fact that a man has cared enough about a subject to spend years in studying it is itself an inspiration. If they would give just a *few* lectures each term—lectures which would have a literary value in themselves—and then let us study our own texts and our own problems, but set aside hours when we might go to them for help in our greatest difficulties and for advice about the things that matter, these privileges together with the discussion groups, would make college life a very happy affair to many students who now find it a bore.

VAGABOND.

The Passing of Beowulf

(OLD ENGLISH HAS BEEN DROPPED FROM THE FOURTH YEAR).

Banished is Beowulf, boldest of battle-thanes;
 Gone is the glory of the gold-friend of men,
 The defier of Unferth, the defender of Danes,
 Hero at Heorot, held dear by his henchmen,
 Grappler with Grendel, great king of the Geats,
 Doer to death of the flame-darting dragon,
 Hail now to Hygelac, and unto Hrothgar,
 Farewell, Wiglaf, Wealtheow, Weohstan,
 Buried is Beowulf beneath his high barrow. CINNA.

A LAMENT FOR ANGLO-SAXON, LOST TO THE FOURTH.

From those dim regions where Departments dwell
 Falls the announcement like a passing bell:
 "The Fourth shall have no Anglo-Saxon more."
 Then Beowulf, a stranger still, farewell.
 We of the third, a full score feminine,
 And one beside, drank Bright's harsh draught of wine,
 Were pointed to the boon of all the blest:
 "Next year ye taste of Beowulf divine".
 Next year is here and we who passed the test
 The one, and e'en much more, I think, the rest,
 Do grieve for those high deeds in days of old
 And deem the gods' discernment far from best.

MAKAR IN SPRINGE.

The Educational Value of the General Course I.

IN an amusing passage in his "Alps and Sanctuaries" Samuel Butler with characteristic whimsical humour recommends the habit of what he calls mental "crossing", a "cross" being a change of environment or occupation sufficiently stimulating to prove fertile, and not so utterly different as to prove sterile. I am still doubtful whether the change from the ideals and methods of education at Oxford to those prevalent in this University will prove a fertile or a sterile "cross" in my own experience. The remark may not seem in point from one who is teaching rather than being taught, but one feels that in entering into the educational life and activities of a fresh University one is continuing one's own education, a process that is never ended, possibly not even when life ends.

The first impression of the things that Oxford offered me as an undergraduate was one of bewilderment. I can remember running my eye down the list of lectures by eminent persons on all sorts of subjects in which I was interested and wondering how in the world I was going to choose, or how I could ever survive the inevitable intellectual surfeit. Time brought wisdom, if not knowledge, and one learnt to cut lectures with discretion. But the first impression was in the main correct, an impression of almost unrestricted liberty of choice.

When I first tried to find my way through the intricacies of Brebner's joy, that "mazeful wonder", the Calendar, my first impression was also one of extreme bewilderment, but of an opposite kind. I had a sense that my power of choice must soon become atrophied from lack of use. As a student my subjects, the exact number of lectures on each subject, the person to whose ministrations I must subject myself, all are inexorably and eternally arranged. They were settled long before I was born, and like the everlasting hills will probably continue when I am dust. As a teacher the exact number of hours I must lecture, the precise limits of my subject, and the personnel of my audience are similarly fixed by a mechanism so ingenious and intricate that any change in it or interference with it throws the whole machinery out of gear, I cannot "stir a flower without troubling of a star". If a student in philosophy (4*b* and 4*c* three hours a week), conceiving a wholly vain and irrational desire to know something about the educational value of the Isthmian games or the number of oysters

that Lucullus ate for lunch, should wish to attend lectures on Ancient History, the matter will probably reach the board of Governors after such a lapse of time as will make it Ancient History in its own right.

If again I should conceive a similarly vain and irrational desire to lecture upon the Xtology of Theodore of Mopsuustia, or to expound the eschatology of the Zend-avesta, I might lecture and expound with enthusiasm and illumination, but until by a long and painful struggle those two amusing and instructive subjects (with which every schoolboy should be acquainted), have become respectively 8*b* and 10*c* in, let us say, Household Science with Theological Options, my enthusiasm and illumination will be expended on empty benches.

But, jesting apart, we have to do with two opposed principles. The Oxford method, the product of centuries of a somewhat luxurious and unpruned growth of scholarship regarded as an end in itself, is apt to allow the average student with little taste for pure scholarship to go out from its ancient walls with an education, if such it can fairly be called, consisting mainly in a knowledge of the usages of polite society.

On the other hand the American method, largely prevailing here, aims at giving every student the opportunity of getting a minimum of knowledge covering a fairly wide area. The student is put through the stamping machine, and receives a certain stamp. At the close of his University career he has attended a scheduled number of lectures in a scheduled number of subjects, he has "written off", ill-omened phrase, these subjects, has attained a scheduled percentage of marks in them, and has received a degree, stamping him as an "educated" member of society.

I acknowledge that a certain amount of caricature may be charged against the description of both these methods. This, however, is inevitable when one tries to detach the defects of any system from its merits with a view to constructive criticism. Both systems have undoubted merits. Each has been successful in producing scholars of the highest type. The object of this criticism is, however, to enquire whether the system prevailing in this University is adapted to the end of the real education of the average student, the student who does not look towards specialization. That the Pass system at Oxford has very little educational value is generally acknowledged. The system prevailing here is a comparatively modern one, it is the result of much careful study

and selection of courses and aims above all at comprehensiveness. How far can it be said to achieve its object of producing well-educated citizens?

First of all, in the judgment of many of those whose business it is to teach and to examine students in the General Course, the majority of students who have gone through this course "know nothing about anything" (the actual words of a prominent professor concerning the General Course Students).

Secondly, the judgment of many of these students expressed to me by themselves at the end of their course is that they have only a smattering of a great number of subjects, and no intelligent grasp of any one subject.

This is at least the result of the test of experience, although it may not be the experience of the majority of either teachers or students. Yet it is a sufficiently strong judgment to be quite audible in that confused murmur of voices which constitutes public opinion.

But there is the further test of the ideal. Huxley has defined culture, the possession of which is certainly the end of education, as "implying the possession of an ideal, and the habit of critically estimating the value of things by a theoretic standard". J. A. R. Marriott, himself one of the foremost educationalists of the day, quoting these words, adds "Would it be possible to find a better definition of the meaning and end of education?"

My own experience of a great number of General Course students, certainly not all, is that they are in a state of mental atomism, they have not obtained through their college course any definite ideal or theoretic standard of value. In their own minds their education has no definite relation to their subsequent life as citizens beyond the narrow conception of the monetary value of a degree, or its value as giving a heightened social status.

I know that much of this is equally true of the Special Course student, and *per contra*, I know many a General Course student who has thought out courageously the privileges and responsibilities entailed by a college education.

The point here raised is whether the General Course (which by its name is intended to distinguish the general student from the intending specialist, and to avoid the invidious distinction of Pass and Honours with its immoral implication of two standards of industry and application), has been framed with this conception of education in view and whether it is adapted to give the general

student such an education as implies the precious possession described by Huxley.

Mr. H. A. L. Fisher, the historian, now Minister of Education in Britain has further defined the end of education in relation to students. It is intended to secure "that they should be good citizens, reverent and dutiful, sound in mind and body, skilled in the practice of their several avocations, and capable of turning their leisure to a rational use".

It is in this spirit that the reform of education in England which is now moving apace is being handled, and it is from this broader point of view, rather than from the criticism of details, that the question is here raised of the educational value of the General Course of this University.

MERLIN.

To be continued.

Notice re New Course in Calendography

STUDENTS and friends of the University will be interested to hear that arrangements are almost complete for a course of instruction in the Calendar. The course, which will be compulsory on all students of the Fourth Year, is being inserted at the request of the Department of Education, and students will not be permitted to pay their fees without presenting a certificate of regular attendance upon these lectures throughout the term. It is advisable that all students should prepare for this course by (a) obtaining honour standing in Classical Languages at Matriculation, and (b) taking the courses in Higher Mathematics of the First Year, Applied Science of the Second Year, and Constitutional Law and Social Ethics of the Third Year. Further information will be available as soon as the Senate and Council of the Faculty of Arts have succeeded in finding a candidate qualified to fill the new chair of Calendography. An excellent position as demonstrator will be open to any graduate who shows understanding and appreciation of the requirements for Specialists' Certificates.

Most Official Source.

We wish THE REBEL ill,
 With every good intention;
 For if it prospers, 'twill
 But set a new convention,
 And breed more rebels still
 To plague it with dissension.

“At Least Four Original Compositions”

FIRST year essays are a liberal education in rhetoric, simplicity and directness are the qualities most rarely found. “They have been at a great feast of languages and stolen the scraps”. One reason for this grand style is that the authors imagine that they are catering to professorial taste. Nothing could be further from the truth, for professors too often go to the other extreme and achieve a dull whitey brown style. They show much less daring than their disciples and are always suspicious of the “sweet smoke of rhetoric”.

When the young freshman is leading up to his subject, which is often never reached, and is displaying all the colours of rhetoric and painfully rejecting all short words, the surly professor is apt to growl like Hamlet “leave thy damnable faces and begin”. These compositions then offer an artless and unflattering undergraduate estimate of the Staff. Theological students perhaps take most kindly to this inflated style. They write of a piece of literature with an emotion that they are far from feeling, and speak of its ennobling influence upon “the highest and best within us”. Mere plain facts are looked upon as somewhat vulgar.

In fact, undergraduate essays often make one take a sober view of the benefit of an Arts course. Fourth Year students sometimes write less naturally than freshmen, and are unable to escape from a half-educated jargon which is worse than slang because it is more pretentious. Of such as these it is written in the book of Burns—

“A set o’ dull, conceited hashes
 Confuse their brains in college classes!
 They gang in stirks and come out asses,
 Plain truth to speak;
 An’ syne they think to climb Parnassus
 By dint o’ Greek!”

CINNA.

Munitions

ALL munitions are divided into two parts, operating and inspection, which are almost equally necessary. The body of a fuse, for example, passes through the hands of from twelve to eighteen operators, whereas about thirty-five inspectors examine it before it leaves the factory, and a larger number afterward. Therefore when one elects "munitions" as a summer occupation, the chances are in favour of ones becoming an inspector, the more so as operating is vastly more lucrative and therefore more desirable and more desired by those who may be called professionals. Every self-respecting machine has a waiting list of would-be operators—day shift preferred.

The prime qualifications for inspection are imagination and pretty feet. Its chief joys are the monotony and the profusion of technical terms it affords. From the hour that you discover that what seemed a zinc-covered table is properly a bench and that your duty is to gauge the high diameter of the percussion bore or the angular position of the graduations, you feel that this is somehow the real thing at last and that you have attained a contact with firm realities. You begin to see yourself in the light of Labour, as indispensable to Production, and a factor in Conditions. Among other large ideas you apprehend Time, as something to be received in an envelope on Saturdays at the rate of twenty cents—a conception only surpassed in magnitude by Overtime, or Time-and-a-half.

To regard monotony as one of the delights of inspecting is unreasonable but necessary—if it cannot be converted to a pleasure it becomes a source of intolerable suffering. It is here that imagination is required. (Pretty feet are demanded by the lofty elevation of the chairs.) Imagination enables one to believe that these are fuses, yea even time fuses intended for the Germans, and not an arbitrary form of torture by iteration. Suppose that eight times a second, or as rapidly as possible, you clap a little steel cylinder into a hollow which corresponds to it and test an indicator on its face with your fingernail, and that you continue to do so for eight or ten or twelve hours (with two brief intervals) without leisure to move or speak or even to look up, fearful lest your right-hand neighbour may shove work toward you faster than you can shove it on to your left-hand neighbour, unceasingly conscious that a lapse from your strictest attention will be attended

with consequences immediate and humiliating or more distant and extremely serious, while a dirging roar of machinery fills your ears intermitted only by the irregular scream of cutting brass, and odours of burnt lubricating oil, discarded banana skins and an adjacent glue factory mingle with the pervading fine metallic dust to give character to the atmosphere—then if one cannot resolve all this effort and passivity into a sort of rhythm and move in one accord with it, one feels bruised and strangled in the sensibilities. This monotony creates a strong desire for music; that and poetry are the greatest relief. The passage in *Paradise Lost* where “the wakeful bird sings darkling” is invaluable, as is this verse,

“Mother of the dews, dark eyelashed twilight,
Low-lidded twilight, o’er the valley’s brim—”

and so on. As for the professionals, they manifest the same instinct by chewing gum.

Among the joys of munitions one should of course have mentioned *them* first of all, that is, the professionals. As for describing them, space and other limitations forbid the attempt. One word of advice however: if you wish to stand respectably in their opinion, you may venture to decline gum, but never confess yourself unprovided with a swell boy friend!

D. E.

Entr’ Acte.

My little ship set out to sea
With crimson sails full blown
And laughter free.

The green waves foamed about her prow,
Upon the deck I danced
With Love, till now. . . .

Alone I wait beside the sea
Will romance come again to me
Or is the swelling wave
Catastrophe?

R. S.

A Mood-Sequence in Time of War

WE have traversed the passion of the years
 Whose link on link of anguished days appears
 A chain to bind what hope of the to-morrow
 Each predecessor spared. We learned the sorrow
 Of nations reeling from the bitter wine
 Mixed for them by the Powers they deemed divine,
 Whence cries of anger swell the cries of pain,
 And hatred at the loss wrecks loss again;
 While the glib preacher's answer, of God's will
 Moving through horror that He may fulfil
 Man's destiny across the ages writ,
 Wakens the secret laughter of the Pit.

Who shall undo what has been done?
 Who shall give back to us yesterday's sun?
 Who shall bring back as it was before
 The light that is quenched and the life that is o'er?

When the sun gladdens after the hail
 The strewn blades do not rise;
 When the calm succeeds the gale
 The wreck on the leashore lies;
 When the thunderbolts are shed
 The stricken tree no more
 Raises her revirescent head—
 Nothing shall be as it was before.

We have traversed the darkness of the years
 That never shall be lighted. Let our fears
 Live in that past. So one new hope awakes
 Where the new dawn across the new day breaks.

M.

Sonia

By Stephen McKenna

ARE you an idealist, a frivol, or a cynic? It matters not which, Sonia will make its appeal to you. Its author has a mysterious trick of changing his identity. One moment he will be charmingly and convincingly frivolous, and we feel sure that this is his real nature and the nature of the people he knows

best. The next he will be tensely idealistic, the next brilliantly blasé. When we have finished we hardly feel as if the whole book could have been written by one man so strikingly does it embody the experiences and attitudes of many lives.

With a marvellous fascination Stephen McKenna rushes us through the excitement of London society *avant la guerre*—London society with its cabarets, its social climbing, and its easy brilliant dinner conversations. Like Meredith, only more humanly, he guides us through the mazes and intricacies of English politics and house parties and then brings us sharply face to face with the solemnity of the war.

And through this life he describes passes Sonia, with her carelessness of men's hearts and her big wistful brown eyes, her air of a baby angel and her flippant remarks and her really generous heart beneath it all.

Typical of her *milieu* is the cynicism of the young men with whom she dines and dances. One of them—a blasé neurotic young novelist—who has been bored by the conversation of a higherly educated dinner partner expresses his chagrin in the bitter dictum "If a woman is good-looking, education is superfluous; if she is not, it is inadequate". Yet in spite of nerves and cynicism when the call came England found him ready and he gave up his life for her in the fields of France.

In sharp contrast to the artificialities of London is O'Rane, affectionately dubbed Raney by his friends. All his Celtic romance and mysticism, all his passionate indignation at the thoughtlessness of society over the woes of the world, all his grim determination to conquer circumstance, mark him out from the conventional, easy-going world around him. We wonder whether it is the tragedy of his life that he falls in love with Sonia in her unspoiled childhood, and then fiercely resents the frivolous attitude of her youth. Certainly it is in a mood of black pessimism that he goes to the front when the war breaks out, and loses his sight. But he comes back determined to give up nothing because of his blindness—to cling to his seat in Parliament and make his social ideals change the nation.

"What is to be the new Imperative, Raney?" one of his old friends asks him when he is back sightless from the front.

"The old one, the same old one that I gave you years ago in Ireland. Thou shalt cause no pain," Raney replies undaunted

in his struggle against social wrong. "Why shouldn't we revert to the parable of the good Samaritan as a rule of conduct?"

Sometimes even he has his moments of despair, and he wonders if the war will have a permanent effect on English life. "Sometimes I see the country slipping back into its old ways," he says. "All the more eagerly for its moment of asceticism. I see the old politics and the old sport, and the old butterfly society of London, and the waste, and the cruelty. I see the factions going back to their interrupted quarrel—capital spending its thousands on a ball and engineering a lockout so as to sell off its bad stock at famine prices; labour not content with money to burn on league championships and picture palaces, striking because it hasn't had a share in the last advance of profits. Two and seventy jarring sects preaching to us from their two and seventy pulpits, and still men rotten with disease, still children without enough to eat, still women walking up and down the London streets. And then I wonder if it's worth winning the war".

As one who has been to the war and suffered, he realizes that it is his part in life to keep England from forgetting what she has gone through, and hold her true to her new ideals. At the end he says:

"I—all of us who were out there—have seen it. We can't forget. The courage, the cold heart-breaking courage—and the smile on a dead man's face. We must never let it be forgotten, we earned the right. As long as a drunkard kicks his wife, or a child goes hungry, or a woman is driven through shame to disease and death. . . . Is it a great thing to ask? To demand of England to remember that the criminals and loafers and prostitutes are somebody's children, mothers and sisters. And that we've all been saved by a miracle of suffering. Is that too great a strain on our chivalry? I'll go out if need be, but—but *must* we stand at street corners to tell what we have seen, to ask the bystanders—and ourselves—whether we went to war to preserve the right of inflicting pain?"

We can't forget O'Rane and his flaming message. He gives us the soul of England—the best of her that is going to win the war for us—and then—

M. M.

“I Choose Never to Stoop”

BEING AN ACCOUNT OF THE SIXTH DAY IN THE PROFESSIONAL LIFE
OF A FRUIT-PICKER.

MORNING! A leaden, sultry morning, the tents a greyish white against the dull blankness of the sky—this much I mark briefly with my one uncovered eye, then let it drop hurriedly shut lest my tent-mate, seeing, should fall into the error of supposing me awake. There is a girl going the rounds beating upon a dish-pan with a tin spoon. I do not open my eye again but I see her perfectly, an unlovely figure, stumbling with slippered feet over the guy ropes and banging lustily with a revolting briskness of good-will. She pauses before our tent. My heart is filled with sneering and I clench my visible eye. Never shall it open at the offensive summons of her vulgar clatter! I imagine that she smiles cheerily, and seethe within. My tent-mate has yielded weakly, is sitting up, whereat the object of my intense scorn and contempt moves at last onward down the line.

I stir cautiously, watching my tent-mate from beneath lowered lids and noting with bitterness her indifference to my welfare. What cares she whether I am up in time for breakfast or not? She is intent only upon using all the water while I am, as she supposes, lying unconscious. But movement has awakened a score of more absorbing topics of thought. Verily the agricultural labourer wakes to weep. I enumerate with a certain satisfaction. Little darts of pain play about the muscles of back and arm and shoulder. Here and there are steady, grinding aches, and here and there bruises, and blisters, and the smart of sunburn, and pervading the whole a great weariness. For five days have I laboured, can I face the sixth?

* * * * *

Thrice has the frantic call resounded through the dining-room, “Mr. Wily’s going!” when I set down my coffee-mug on the oilcloth-covered table and rise, doggedly slow. I am rather surprised at finding myself up and clothed in the uniform of toil, and determine to give fate every chance to step in and compel me to a day of rest. But the stolid back of “Ole Wily” hunched up on the front of the dray tells me plainly that he has no intention of departing until his quota of workers is complete.

The ride is an unusually silent one. We sit on the edge with dangling feet and contemplate the dust of the road. It is the sixth

day! The long, bumping progress terminates beside a grey frame house with neat, bright flower-beds and ubiquitous chickens. We go to put our lunch-pails in the barn. "Hoeing to-day, girls"—thus Ole Wily—jovially, "think yer can cover that there strawberry-patch by noon." With a sinking heart I follow his thumb in the direction of "that there strawberry patch", a vast waste of limitless rows and furrows bordering the road and seemingly bounded else only by the horizon. My first hoeing, and the sixth day!

Seven minutes past seven when we begin, after sharpening our hoes. "But that ought to be counted," says somebody. "That's work. Mr. Dingle always pays us for it." At first we work singly, one to a row, hacking out the weeds and dragging them into the furrows, but someone having made discovery of the advantages, both of efficiency and intercourse, of working in pairs, we adopt that formation after the first hour. There is not much talking—I meditate on the murderous possibilities of a hoe and come to speculating as to the relative number of crimes committed with agricultural implements. My companion says from time to time, "How long have we to work now?" We divide the period from seven to twelve into quarters and sixths and eighths and tenths and find much more comfort in having worked three-tenths of the time than one hour and a half. Once or twice there is an argument, and once the farmer's little boy strolls up, and once we all straggle back to the pump for a drink. It becomes very hot, but the sun beats gratefully upon aching muscles. Sharp pains—an accidental collision with the handle of one's hoe—are a strange relief. One straightens up slowly and creakily. "Try to do it without bending your back. It's ever so much easier." . . . Somehow the last aching hour has dragged by and it is noon.

One whole hour of blessed respite stretched on the grass in the shadow of the big trees. Tea has been forthcoming from the farm kitchen, tea and eke a supply of lettuce and cucumber. Conversation becomes animated. "Plain bread-and-butter, not another thing in my pail!" "No cheese?"—"Haven't you any cheese?" "You can have my cheese, I don't care for it."—"Who doesn't take milk in her tea?"—"Shoo!"—"The cheek of that chicken!"—Also there is much counting up on fingers and puckering of brows and triumphant or aggrieved clamour in which the word "board" figures prominently. As lunch progresses a tendency to laugh easily develops. One expands, produces puns, facetious

remarks, jocose and ill-fitting rhymes—chiefly on the theme of the miseries of the morning.

“There’s a land where they never use a hoe (use a hoe)

It’s a land where I would like to go (like to go).”

Only four hours more and to-morrow is Sunday!

* * * * *

It’s a toilsome enough four hours, heaven knows! albeit enlivened by spirited discussions on such subjects as “soldiers’ wives and player pianos,” prohibition, *vers libre*, and the character of the newest member of the camp. We all, with frequent lapses, have taken to hoeing without bending our backs. No longer are we scattered up and down the rows but keep together sociably. . . . The air freshens, a glorious little breeze comes at times from the direction of the lake. One visions the cool water and long strokes and tranquil floating with shut eyes. . . . Five o’clock! Only a few miles of bumpy road on a springless dray and the sixth day is over! . . . In a month I shall not ache at all they say.

SISTER ANN.

Orchard Hill

The long rows laden with ripe fruit,
 Fragrant and still;
 The numerous insects murmured suit
 On orchard hill;
 And sunshine all the land doth fill
 On orchard hill.

A whispering wind among the trees,
 Music most sweet,
 On cheek and hand the welcome breeze
 Tempers the heat;
 The wide sky with the land doth meet,
 Union complete.

M. W.

“Roofs of Gold”

“**A**ND aren’t the stings very painful?” say some; “Now I think the Alexander method of swarm control”—and so on for twenty minutes—say others; and “How much is your clover in ten pound cans?” say the rest. Now the first is

beneath contempt, the second is my friend, but the last is nearest to my thought.

The owner of ten hives is the master of ten cities, each in its wards sheltering its thousands and its tens of thousands, each with its queen and laws, and with its individual temper. Woe to him who would treat them all alike and any hive alike at all seasons. Had the German foreign minister in 1914 been a bee keeper he would have learned the rudiments of diplomacy. (I should like here to offer for the use of the British Government a certain one of my hives that has become crossed with German or black bees. When the Emperor and what is left of the General Staff retire to some secluded spot of allied choosing it would be a pleasant surprise for them to find this remnant of their people. They may also, if they survive their first session with their new subjects learn to wish with a French king,

“Since I nor wax nor honey can bring home,
I quickly were dissolved from my hive,
To give some laborers room.”

Meanwhile I would be glad of their removal). To return, I can handle No. 4 with neither gloves nor veil, while No. 10 would slay me out of hand. No. 2 at three o'clock submitted to almost Prussian civic measures, while after a shower at four, it drove me hence as many another city has done its ruler.

In the spring, the Bee Master, with hive-tool and smoker his emblems of office, enters with the raising of every cover freshly upon his kingdoms. He is greeted anew with the full sweet flavor of the hive and the mild buzzing of many wings as the smoke blows across the frames. There is not the shrill angry note that comes after nectar has flowed and ceased, but the low murmur of the multitude newly awakened to the warmth. The master, therefore, scans his cities in peace. Even if the cells are yet well filled with last autumn's store (calamity draws near if it be otherwise) the spaces between the ten combs hold only a scanty population, thirty thousand at the most. Therefore the work goes swiftly. First of all the queen is sought where she flits over the combs, and if pollen is already on the willows search is made for eggs and brood. Stores are noted, and the wreckage and the dead of five months swept from the bottom board. Then all is replaced and the hive left swept and garnished for the labors of a new year.

With June and clover the hives catch the deep fervor of work that spurs them at times to bear in one day, fifteen pounds of

honey drop by drop into the hive. It is worthy a whole day to lie in the grass and watch the myriads from the row of dark entrances fill the air from morn till sunset. Going and coming they wheel, dark specks against the sky, crowd down by the half-dozen to the doorways, and flit lightly in to store the fresh nectar in the cells. They,

“Like merchants venture trade abroad,
Others, like soldiers, armed in their stings,
Make boot upon the summer’s silver buds;
Which pillage they with merry march bring home
To the tent-royal of their emperor.”

Within the hive the work goes forward at a right merry pace. Nearly every cell has its occupant, egg, larva or pupa, springing daily by the thousand into life. The population has trebled, every way and byeway of the combs is crowded to overflowing and each frame is drawn forth like a solid mass of bees. Long into the night one may hear the steady hum of

“The civil citizens kneading up the honey.”

Greatest is the mystery of the new combs. “The singing masons building roofs of gold” fashion their new wards wondrously. Almost in a night they are built as though to the magic singing of the crowding workers. First beneath the top bar of the frame appear one or two clusters of cells that grow, link up, and fill the whole frame. No man knows the law that bids one cluster build here, the next there, and no fraction farther so that the approaching cells may form a perfect union, or how they have learned to build an ounce or two of wax into six thousand cells that will hold six pounds of honey.

At last in September the master goes among his cities taking toll, “for summer hath o’erbrimmed their clammy cells”. Some yield a hundred, some sixty and some thirty pounds and the heavy frames of comb are borne away to the extracting room. The golden harvest glistens through the white cell cappings and runs along the knife as it sheers them away. The full rich perfume, compact of sunshine and the flowers of half a hundred fields, fills the room as the dripping frames are lifted to the whirling wire baskets. There the honey is flung forth, trickles down, and pours, a gold stream into the waiting pails. “The proper way to take honey . . . is a puzzling matter. . . . But ’tis the money, for without money man is a shadder!”

MAKAR IN SPRINGE.

The Don

Past clean-stemmed elms of massive spread,
 And willows drooping overhead;
 Past village-boys whose clothes, soon shed,
 Hang on the boughs,
 The Don runs murmuring in its bed
 Past quiet cows.

Steel bridge, an engine snorting steam,
 The barred jail-windows' sombre gleam,
 Look down upon a muddy stream,
 That crawls along;
 Forgotten is its morning-dream
 Of sky and song.

—CINNA.

Books at Random

ONE has to apologize for talking poetry nowadays. Indeed, it is among the most deeply ingrained of our shop-keeping habits to read our poetry in holes and corners, smuggling it nervously under the counter at the ring of a customer's footstep. But, like murder, poetry will out.

The "Georgian Poetry" volumes—two have appeared* and a third, we understand, is promised—have won their way and become representative. They show in little more than a nut-shell what our younger poets are worth: Rupert Brooke, about whom nothing need be said except that he is far from being an isolated figure in his generation; Flecker—an incalculable loss to our steadier traditions—whose picture of Ulysses, "that talkative, bald-headed seaman", who came

From Troy's doom-crimson shore,
 And with great lies about his wooden horse
 Set the crew laughing, and forgot his course.

teases us, now that he is gone, with a glimpse of the high romance that might have lived again in his gorgeous pigments; Abercrombie who would be a better poet if he were a worse philologist and did not tamper self-consciously with the vernacular; D. H. Lawrence, who, like Flecker, brings back with him from the continent those

*Georgian Poetry 1911-12 and 1913-15. The Poetry Bookshop, London.

strong pictorial effects, suggesting Segantini and others, that the softer island landscape avoids.

One might go on indefinitely in this vein of random appreciation and when one has finished with the "Georgians" there are the grey-beards to consider: Hardy, who is bringing out another volume of verse, his fifth, at the age of 77; Bridges, unpopular, it would seem, with English Associations but not with his fellow-craftsmen; and Doughty, the uncouth. There is William Watson too, a master of the grandiose manner which we cannot afford to make light of since without it we might never have had a Shakespeare.

One more poet, who joins the Georgians in their second volume, deserves to be singled out. Ralph Hodgson has been writing verse for ten years and has produced some sixty small pages.† True lovers of poetry will realize that his rate of production was half a page a month and that his place in the history of literature is midway between those who produce a quarter of a page a month and those who produce three-quarters of a page a month. This goes to the heart of the matter (see the University Calendar *passim*).

For superficial readers it may be added that no such high reputation has recently been established in English verse on so tiny a bulk of work. The intelligent press is unanimous in acclaiming Mr. Hodgson a true and enduring poet and in the case of three of his poems, "Eve", "The Bull", and "The Song of Honour", has gone to the very limits of approval. "Eve" does not compete with Milton but with Genesis. The serpent is not "crested aloft and carbuncle his eyes", else it would not be possible for him to do comfortably what Mr. Hodgson makes him do—tumble "in twenty rings" off the bough of a "cinnamon tall" into the grass. He is a very simple serpent and the whole story is simple too. It quite takes the wind out of Milton's embroidered sails to read

Here was the strangest pair
In the world anywhere.

and to catch all the wonder of the tale from words of nursery simplicity. There is no doubt about it, Milton was wrong when he decorated his serpent. "Eve" does not outdo Milton, but it shows Milton a better way. Its beauty is of that simple straightforward sort found in medieval literature and so seldom found to-day that when we come across it we think it quaint.

†Poems by Ralph Hodgson, Macmillan.

What distinguishes Mr. Hodgson's "Bull" from almost all the quadrupeds, medieval or modern, that have figured as characters in literature is the persistent way in which he stays down on his four legs. Most of the animals in fiction get up on their hind-legs half-way through the story to explain their point of view. Some of them could quite appropriately wear a monocle. Not so the Bull. He lives the jungle life and dies in jungle fashion with no more inwardness than the dim memories that we may assume animals to have. The result is one of the finest and truest animal poems ever written. Mr. Hodgson extends the dignities of literature over "things abominable", the offal and nauseous greenery of the tropics, the sweet beevish odours of the herd and the flies and vultures that follow carrion. "Pity him that he must wake", says the poet,

Pity him that he must wake;
 Even now the swarm of flies
 Blackening his bloodshot eyes
 Bursts and blusters round the lake,
 Scattered from the feast half-fed,
 By great shadows overhead.

Mr. Hodgson can hardly repeat "The Bull"; "The Song of Honour" indicates better the lines upon which he may develop. He sits upon a starry hill-top and experiences the splendour of creation,

Every rhythm and rhyme
 Of everything that lives and loves
 And upward, ever upward moves
 From lowly to sublime.

There is something mystical in the ecstasy with which he hears

The whole
 Harmonious hymn of being roll
 Up through the chapel of my soul
 And at the altar die,

but it is a mysticism that excludes, or at least dispenses with, the supernatural. Most definitions of mysticism would rule out Mr. Hodgson's experience, but it is none the less strictly in keeping with the word as it is generally understood. "The Bride" has all the qualities of the visionary experience unsought that we associate

with mysticism. The picture of a peasant girl sets the poet thinking of all the brides of all the ages.

It put me in a frenzy
 Of pleasure nearly pain,
 A host of blurry faces
 'Gan shaping in my brain,
 I shut my eyes to see them
 Come forward clear and plain,
 I saw them come full flower,
 And blur and fade again.

But again it is a vision on this side of the unknown. Perhaps, after all, it is not so much mysticism, which tends to be exclusive and solitary, as a strong social sense raised to a white heat. It seems to be peculiar to Mr. Hodgson in his generation and even beyond it and it was probably this that led a prominent journal to hint that but for his scanty output he might give permanent direction to the religious verse of our time.

AUTOLYCUS.

Life

I LIVE! I am alive!
 I'm twenty!
 Health leaps in and about me,
 Like the sea, the wind,
 Or electricity.
 I am all alive!
 So buoyant am I,
 So light and vigorous.
 That, when I walk,
 I do disdain the pavement,
 Ignore it,
 And often really forget it.
 Then I stumble,
 And sometimes fall;
 But, even as I fall,
 The more
 I live!

M. J.

From the Greek of Alkman

FRAGMENT.

Asleep is the mountain crest;
 The deep ravines and headlands are hushed and still;
 The creeping things that the black earth rears are at rest,
 And the beasts that roam the hill.

The busy, murmuring bees
 Slumber in silence; slumber the shadowy herds
 That dwell in the cavernous depths of the purple seas,
 And the long-winged flocks of birds.

W. D. W.

U.C. in Vac.

THE Classroom's still. No kindling talk
 By some enthusiast is raised;
 No murmur from the class that's dazed
 By some old duffer wasting chalk

The halls which winter saw astir
 With each hour-bell's decrepit call,
 Are silent save some stray foot-fall
 Echo above the fan's low whirr.

MAKAR IN SPRINGE.

The Silver Lining

Inscription on the tombstone of a discussion group—"Sedately torpid and devoutly dumb."

OBVIOUSLY RE-INCARNATION.

Louis Vincent Bouvier, aged 97, is an Exhibition visitor.
 He saw the Fair 335 years ago.—*Toronto Star*.

SOME GOWN!

About 30 Toronto girls went down on the early morning train, including Miss — in a lovely new pink gown of emerald green tulle with green sequined bodice.—*Toronto Star*.

THAT MARVELLOUS U.S. MAIL.

"He is backed by an absolutely unanimous cabinet and by a Niagara of public approval, which has rained upon the White House for days past by mail and wire from north, south, east and west."—*Star*.

IN THE CLASSROOM.

Lecturer (looking up just as two flustered late-comers appear in the door)—"It's human, but is it art?"

WE'VE HEARD OF SUCH THINGS IN THE TRENCHES.

Professor X (impressively)—"It's the little things that count—the little things that slip away from you before you can put your hand on them."

Registration is vexation,
 Enrolment is as bad
 To find Prof. Wrong takes far too long,
 But Mavor drives me mad.

The Blue Dragon

I.

"Come hither, come hither, my little page,
 Come hither now to me,
 For I must go on a far journey
 And thou must go with me."

II.

"Go saddle to me the black, the black,
 Go saddle to me the gray,
 For I must ride whate'er betide
 And risk my life this day."

III.

They had not ridden a mile, a mile,
 A mile but barely twae;
 "What is that man who stands ahead
 Upon the ferry brae?"

IV.

“Sir Aldingar, why ridest thou
Upon this holy day?”

“Against a dragon blue, Sir Monk,
That I have sworn to slay.”

V.

The Monk said “’T were a sin to go
Upon this holy day
Against the dragon indigo
Across the ferny brae.

VI.

“For the dragon is a holy beast;
We shrive him every day;
He brings us meat, and e’en and morn
The brothers with him play.

VII.

“Thou’lt often wish that thou wast dead;
I’ll ban thee unto hell;
I’ll send a curse upon thy head
By candle, book and bell.”

VIII.

“O, stint thy prate, thou gray-beard loon,”
Sir Aldingar replied,
“Thou mayest as well go bay the moon,
For this day I will ride.”

IX.

So they rode on till day was done,
They heard the kirk-bell ring,
And, looking up, the page espied
The dragon on the wing.

X.

The little page was sore afraid,
“Dear master, look up now,
The dragon dread flies overhead;
And in each claw a cow.”

XI.

“O give to me my bow, my bow,
 I'll shoot him in the wame.”
 The arrow flew, the dragon blue,
 Came falling down in flame.

XII.

And blue was all his coiling tail
 And blue each spreading wing
 And blue its nails, and blue each scale
 And blue its very sting.

XIII.

The knight's sword cut; blue blood rushed out,
 First thick and then more thin;
 And then came out the dear heart's blood;
 There was no more within.

XIV.

Sir Aldingar came home again
 About the mirk midnight,
 But three days after he was there
 The curse did on him light.

XV.

And blue grew both his hands and feet,
 And blue his head and hair,
 So blue his lady could do naught
 To cheer him ony mair.

XVI.

And so he lived his weary years
 Until his last day came,
 And the good monk's curse took off his soul
 Down to the bluest flame. —CINNA.

“The Lists”

A Field for Literary Jousting.

A.—We offer a prize of five dollars for the best new and original University song, adapted to music, not necessarily original.

B.—Not a *literary* joust this time. We offer a prize of five dollars for the best pen-and-ink cartoon representing in the role of a rebel any prominent member of the faculty of the University.

NOTICE TO COMPETITORS.

“The Lists” are open to all readers of THE REBEL.

All envelopes must be addressed to “The Lists” Editor, THE REBEL, University College.

The name and address (or pseudonym) of every competitor must be written on the M.S. itself.

Competitors must write on one side of the paper only. Where a word limit is given it MUST NOT be exceeded.

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

The Editor reserves the right of withholding any award, in case, in his opinion, the matter submitted is not of sufficient merit.

All entries for the above competitions must reach the Editor on or before Saturday November 10, 1917.

RESULTS.

A. *A prize of five dollars for the best new and original Short Story on any subject.*

It is in great bitterness of spirit that we announce our decision to withhold the award for this competition. To have but two entries was bad enough, but to find neither of them in any way worthy of a prize was, to say the least, shocking. The only hopeful circumstance is the fact that this was a holiday competition, and its neglect may have been due at least as much to forgetfulness as to lack of talent. So be it.

Mab submitted a dainty little fairy-tale, simply and pleasantly told but lacking in originality and somewhat sentimental. It was, in any case, too slight an offering—a story of barely 1,000 words could have small chance of success in a competition in which the word limit was 3,500.

The Burning of Whitefoot Farm, on the other hand, was disqualified by its transgressions in the opposite direction, running

on to some 5,000 words. Its other sins too, were not sins of omission; there is at least an attempt, however crude, at logical construction and at characterization. It displays in addition a certain facility of expression and skill in the management of dialogue. Notwithstanding, it is a very disappointing story. The authoress fails utterly in depicting the nobility of the heroine, Jenny McNee, or, for that matter, in making any of the other characters worth reading about. *The Burning of Whitefoot Farm* is doubtless up to the level of the average popular magazine story—perhaps a little above it—but that is not the sort of thing we desire to encourage. The fault lies rather with the literary standards of the authoress than with her ability.

B. A prize of five dollars for the best original poem entitled, "The Ballad of the Blue Dragon".

We turn with relief to competition B, where we can make our award with a whole heart and an undivided mind. "Cinna's" delightful ballad has no rivals, and we can leave it to speak for itself.—Only give us verse XIII for your true ballad flavour.

ACHTUNG:

Wise people said, "you'll never make THE REBEL pay without advertisements". We, not being wise, said that at any rate we meant to try. THE REBEL did pay, without advertisements. So now, just to be "contrary", we've let them in. Be kind to them, they mean well. Once at a select literary dinner the poet Campbell proposed the toast of Napoleon Bonaparte. Everybody wanted to know what the little Corporal had ever done for literature. Said Campbell, "He shot a bookseller". Now we think that publishers and booksellers are really nice people, on the whole, and ought to be encouraged. We object on principle to the shooting of them. So we have decided to help them. If you will read the "Adventures of a Literary Drummer" you will first of all discover that some of these people are quite human and interesting. You will feel a sort of personal interest in them. You will also discover that they have some very interesting books which they want you to buy. If you will buy their books they will be able to buy bacon. So what ever else you skip in THE REBEL you positively must not skip the "Adventures of a Literary Drummer".

THE EDITOR.

THE ADVENTURES OF A LITERARY DRUMMER.

I.

As I was carefully knotting my tie this morning the nonsense rhyme was running through my head—

"Now I had thought upon a plan
To boil a monkey yellow,
And feed him up on buttered bran
To grow into a Fellow."

Not that I wished to boil my publisher, far from it, but I had thought upon a plan whereby I might catch him in the toils of THE REBEL. So when I came down I thoughtfully took down the receiver and asked for the number of the august abode of the Oxford Press. "Can I speak to Mr. Gundy?" After a moment's pause a deep voice bayed "Hello!"—"It's the Literary Drummer speaking", said I, "will you play golf with me, this afternoon?" "Delighted, my dear fellow", said the big voice. So we fixed the time and ceased. Now my deep laid plan was to decoy the big man, for he is big in many ways and a downright good sport, on to the cool green links, there he should beat me at the royal and ancient game of golf. Then he would feel that everything was very good and would swallow the well-baited hook. Well, it rained, but we played, and the wetter it got the more he seemed to like it. When we finished and sat waiting for the car in a moist green world he was quite lyrical in praise of the noble and ancient game. Then I told him about THE REBEL, and our plans for helping deserving publishers to buy bacon in these bad times. He tumbled to it at once, like a good sport, and waxed enthusiastic. "*The* very thing," said he, "I have some books, no shoddy stuff, but the 'real right thing', that the readers of THE REBEL will want to buy *and* read".

So next morning I went down to his sanctum, an artistic oasis in the city's roar and dirt, and there he gave me the books that the readers of *THE REBEL* will be buying and reading before this month is out. These are the books—in Henry James' phrase, "the real right thing"—

(1) The "monumentum aere perennius", the immortal remains of Alan Seeger, poet and soldier, one of the first of those generous and high-spirited young Americans to shed his blood "to make the world safe for Democracy". There may be a tendency to rate the work of some of these young poets rather by its tragically curtailed promise than by its actual performance. But Rupert Brooke would have been proud to hail Alan Seeger fellow singer. The great note is there. Nothing could be finer, nobler and more perfectly expressed than his "Ode in Memory of the American Volunteers fallen for France". Here in two volumes, tastefully bound and most beautifully printed, are (a) **Poems by Alan Seeger**, with an Introduction by William Archer. \$1.25 net. (b) **Letters and Diary of Alan Seeger**, the Poet of the Foreign Legion. \$1.25 net.

(2) In lighter vein, but still a vein of pure gold, comes a volume of true essence of Canada, a volume of short stories, that form of literature hardest to do well. And these are all gems of their kind. There is pawky Scotch humour in "The Privilege of the Limits", droll French-Canadian humour in "Old Man Savarin", the story which gives a title to the book, poignant pathos in "Great Godfrey's Lament", superb dash and vigour in "The Ride by Night", and mad fantastic fancy in "The Boss of the World". The illustrations by C. W. Jefferys in monochrome are delightful, and the book would be worth getting for their sake alone. It is called—**Old Man Savarin Stories**, by E. W. Thomson F.R.S.L. \$1.35 net.

(3) Mr. Gundy knows his business. The last book is quite different and quite, new, and quite delightful. It is called—**Doreen and the Sentimental Bloke**, by C. J. Dennis. 75 cents net. The Melbourne larrikin is very near of kin to the London cockney, in his dialect, in his ingrained sentimentality, and his deep down love of sport and British fair play. In this book, a sequence of thirteen delightful dialect poems with most finished verse craft, we have an idyll of an Australian city crook's "phases of faith", his sentimental progress from loneliness, through love of Doreen, to reformation and a naïf philosophy of life expressed in the last poem called "The Mooch o' Life". This book is a pure joy, you positively must not miss it.

II.

The phone rang. I went, and an important voice said to me "I am Sir Wilfrid Laurier". I was 'all taken aback', as the saying is, and was beginning to stammer out an enquiry as to what so great a man could want of so small a one, when a hearty laugh rang out, a hearty voice that I recognized with pleasure said "it's Button speaking". Now that is characteristic of the man, always keen and fresh and breezy as a breath of spring. But I am beginning at the end of my tale. I had wandered down to Melinda Street, where the editor of the *Globe* sits with a gun in his hip pocket for fear the editor of the *Evening Telegram* should pay him an unexpected visit. There I found the place where the Buttons preside over the fortunes of the great Cambridge Press and also of the great house of Dent. I say the Buttons advisedly, for there are two; no well regulated scheme of things could do with less than two. Much hangs upon these two. I peered into the sanctum where Mr. Button is usually to be found puffing away at his pipe, but it was empty, swept and garnished. So I pushed on cautiously to the Sanctum Sanctorum where Mrs. Button reigns. I found her there and she smiled very graciously on me. I said, "I wanted to talk to Mr. Button about THE REBEL, but you will do quite as well, probably better. I suppose I should have left the "probably" out? "Yes", she said, "if you wanted to be really nice". So I told her about THE REBEL's beneficent scheme. She was not proud and stiff, nor did she say "but if", but she was as nice as she could be, and that is quite royally nice. Then when she got home she pressed the Button and my phone rang with the result already described. When Mr. Button had done chuckling over his little joke he said "I am sending you three books that I am sure the readers of THE REBEL will like, let me know your august or September or October decision about them as soon as you can". He always must have his little joke, must Mr. Button.

When the parcel came I forgot all about the time until my own special Company Sergeant Major sternly reminded me that all respectable drummers had been in bed long ago.

These are the books that got me into trouble—

(1) **Russian Realities and Problems.** Edited by E. J. Duff. 6s. net. No one can interpret Russia to us but the Russians themselves, and we are only dimly beginning to understand the great pulses that are stirring in that vast and seemingly inert bulk. Here we are carried right into the heart of modern Russia, the Russia of the Revolution, by those men who have helped to make the history of these stirring days. M. Paul Milyoukov, the head of the Progressives, whose name with M. Kerensky's is now a household word, unravels the tangled skein of Balkan politics from Russia's point of view. He also gives a most fascinating exposition of the working of the new Representative system in Russia. Three other eminent Russian scholars and publicists deal with the most vital questions of modern Russia's destiny, and Mr. Harold Williams, past-master in knowledge of the real inside of Russia, gives an absolutely masterly sketch of the manifold and complex elements that go to make up the Russian nation. His concluding words are—"In this strange adventure of spiritual discovery, in the great march of these manifold groups of men into the unseen future, I believe that all the nationalities of the Russian Empire will combine as a choir of many voices with

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