

VOL. 2

No. 3

The Rebel



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DECEMBER - - - 1917

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POEMS

By Robert J. C. Stead

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The Rebel

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Every contribution must be *accompanied* by the name of the
sender, even where *signed* by a pseudonym.

**Do you want Five Dollars? See our Competitions at
the end of this number.**

Bells of France

For generations, long ago,
Ah very long ago it seems,
They swung their music to and fro
About the meadows and the streams;
The chiming of the sweet church bell,
Noel, Noel.

From their high steeples everywhere,
Where poplar ranks and orchards stand,
They called their simple men to prayer,
And chanting, chiming through the land,
The northern land they loved so well,
Rang sweet Noel.

But—Ah it seems so long ago—
The guns beat down their steeples high,
In silent ruins laid them low;
Their silent men about them lie
And hear no more the sweet church bell
Chime glad Noel, Noel, Noel.

MAKAR IN SPRINGE.

The Rebel

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

VOL. 2

DECEMBER, 1917

No. 3

Editorial

The Elections and Holidays

THE REBEL sends all its readers Christmas greetings and hopes they will go and vote on the 17th. We know that any words from us on the importance of voting are unnecessary. We should insult the student body by ignoring the special interest which they as students, in touch with the social and political movements of their own and of other countries naturally have in a question of practical politics such as the elections. It would be a strange thing if every student who has a vote did not use it. So we feel that the undergraduates will unite in applauding the natural and patriotic action of the university in closing early to allow students to go home and vote.

There is considerable objection, however, to the early opening in the Easter term. If good luck and an election give us a few extra days holidays at one end, why should they be taken off at the other? When students are going right on until the first of May, with no break at all at Easter, it seems a pity that this longest and hardest term should be made any longer than is necessary.

Then too, Thursday is a bad day on which to come back. Why should a student be dragged back on the 3rd of January, at the very height of the holiday season—from what is perhaps his only visit home between October and May—to spend Thursday and Friday mornings in a lecture-room, and find himself over the week-end once more in town, not yet into the swing of work, not yet inclined to settle down and study, with time hanging heavy on his hands?

The same thing applies to a professor. Why should he be forced to come back and have his term exams. on Thursday and Friday mornings in order to bring his students back? In any event, the ethics of term exams. are an enigma to us. They are an infliction under which both staff and students have groaned for long, yet, like the poor, they seem to be always with us. Why, I wonder?

Then, there is the coal situation. Surely it does not take a subtle intellect to comprehend that changing the date of opening from the 8th of January to the 3rd will not economize coal.

The whole question of economizing coal makes us shiver. How could it be otherwise with any student who has spent a morning in the tomb-like chill of the library reading-room; or sauntered into the north lecture room of the medical building when the temperature was 55? To save coal is certainly patriotic. But this system of cold-storage is, judging by the impossibility of thinking, in such class rooms, likely to result in mental cold storage also.

By all means let us save coal. But in the eyes of many students who have been expressing to us opinions, noted more for vigour than for grace of diction, far more work will be accomplished if the buildings are shut for a longer time and then kept warm.

The Rebel and Anonymity

THE REBEL has been taken to task in various quarters—in a letter printed in this issue, in public newspapers, and on all the pavements of the city—for its supposed policy of anonymity. The only policy THE REBEL has followed has been that of allowing contributors to decide for themselves whether they wished to put their names to their work or not. It has never urged for pseudonyms or against them. So much for policy. In our correspondent's view the withholding of names is due either to (1) insanity or (2) lack of sincerity, or (3) cold feet or weak knees (these two seem to fall naturally into an anatomical group capable of extension; we suggest corns, varicose veins, falling insteps). May we remind our readers that most of what appears in daily and weekly newspapers and journals the world over appears anonymously and that if we and our contributors suffer from any or all of the above maladies we are suffering in good company. Is it not just barely possible that modesty has a hand in it at times? Not the modesty of veiled conceit, but the common or garden modesty that dogs us all, robbing us of second helpings of pie and the glad hands of the great. We submit this on our contributors' behalf and would add on our own that most papers, even the tiniest, gain something from a measure of anonymity. It directs attention away from the personalities that beset us right and left like Balaclava cannon and towards the quieter, truer values of a line of verse, an opinion, a quip, or a wreathed smile, no matter whose wit or witlessness is behind it. The solidarity of some of

the best journals in the world would be lost if every line were allotted to its writer, and solidarity—a large word for a simple thing—is something that the lesser journalistic ventures cannot dispense with either. As for the problem of anonymous rebellion, we are not aware that anything that has yet appeared in these pages had anything to gain in sincerity and frankness by a change of signature one way or another. We have raised impersonal questions and wish to pursue them in like spirit. If any of our readers feel that we should fare better with fewer *noms de plume* let them send us copy over their own names and so solve the problem in the only natural way.

Landscape Art in Canada

The Ontario Society of Artists is at present exhibiting a collection of small pictures and sketches by its members in the Grange House (off McCaul Street). The collection is well worth a visit. It is a matter of a ten-minutes walk and no entrance fee. The exhibition closes on December 29th. Canadians would probably agree that the brightest artistic prospects of the land lie in the field of landscape painting. The inspiration is in our very soil; the farmer's boy turns painter by a natural transition. The landscape in which so much of our best human stock is bred is rich in powerful effects of colour and in subtle changes of mood. Its true acquaintance-ship can only be won slowly and patiently. There are people who say in their armchairs: "Ah! Yes! Our landscape! Beautiful! Ah! Hum!" and all they see in their mind's eye is one shade of red, representing the autumn maples of Canada, one shade of green for the chlorophyll of half a continent and a third mental image which serves variously to recall snow or a white table-cloth or a dress-shirt. If they will examine a collection such as that now showing they will see that the pursuit of the right tones and values in a landscape is as perplexing and breathless as a moose-hunt and just as exciting for those who have learned to respond. For them a small picture is as stimulating as a large one. It is unnecessary to discriminate and select at this juncture. There are, among others, interesting studies by Mr. Wyly Grier, for whom no doubt a landscape is a face just as a face is a landscape, Mr. J. W. Beatty, Mr. F. H. Johnston, Mr. H. S. Palmer, Mr. C. W. Jefferys of our University staff—he pays us furtive visits on Mondays—and Mr. J. E. H. Macdonald, the contributor to THE REBEL of articles which speak for themselves.

Soldiers' Epitaph

(FROM THE GREEK OF SIMONIDES.)

If to die well be valour's chiefest part,
 Us above all hath kindly Fortune blessed:
 For Freedom's crown we strove with eager heart,
 And now in ageless glory here we rest.

W. D. W.

A Subscription and some Reflections therewith

THE enclosed seventy-five cents, like all other money, speaks for itself. If THE REBEL goes on as it has begun I am sure it will have no difficulty in knocking the public out of their seventy-five cents's. To me THE REBEL came as a real enlightenment. I realized that I had been, without knowing it, a rebel for thirty years past; in fact ever since the time when I sat on the benches of University College and speculated on men and things with the same irresponsible freedom that THE REBEL shows to-day. I found, if I remember rightly, much to criticize and much to alter. In fact the whole college of those days seemed gradually subsiding, for want of a little active interference on my part, into the mud of its own foundations. I found, too, upon diligent enquiry that this same situation has existed before, very notably indeed, in the generation of the older graduates; in fact had existed and persisted and seemed to follow the good old college like a ghost; the ghost, if one had to name it, of Academic Discontent that has moaned and wrung its hands at the gates of colleges and academics from the time of Plato to the age of Theodore Roosevelt. It is credibly reported (I believe I have it from Professor Hutton) that in Plato's later days his students used to gather in little knots among the trees of his Academy, and shake their heads at the kind of "dope" that Plato was "putting over" in his lectures. It had, they said, no "punch". And it is equally strongly affirmed that the students of Aristarchos of Samos denounced his theories of lunar motion as "chestnuts"; that the students of Massilius of Padua were openly heard to avow that "the old man was going 'batty'"; that the students of Sir Isaac Newton at Cambridge said that they were "simply sick" of hearing about gravitation with the same old joke each year about the

apple; that the students of Adam Smith at Glasgow said that if he could only cut out his everlasting "division of labour" for a lecture or two and get down to common sense, they might listen to him. Nay, worst of all, I have seen students in the back of my own class room shake their heads and murmur that my lectures are "bum stuff" to what they used to be.

Yet I have grown to know that out of the empty breath of discontent is blown the inspiration of the future. And I have ceased to regret that academic discontent should be. On the contrary I am even inclined, as a professor, to harbour a little bit of academic discontent of my own. Discontent, perhaps, is a word a trifle too strong; in the quiet and regulated life of a professor no passion as strong as that can find a place; for the life of a professor passes from middle age to seniority and from seniority to senility with the measured and majestic transit of the harvest moon passing over the ripened field of corn, and mellowing all that it illuminates. But if ever a professor could voice a wish for a change in the methods or aspect of universities I may say that it often occurs to me that our colleges would be greatly brightened if there were no students; if the professor could saunter undisturbed among the elm trees in friendly colloquy, lecturing—for they know no other form of conversation—to one another; if the library and the campus could enjoy at all seasons the quiet hush that now only falls on them in August; if the deep peace where learning loves to brood were never broken by examinations and roll-calls—and—dear me, I see that I am unconsciously falling into poetry; suppose that I loop the loop clear into it and continue:

"Ah that the peace where learning loves to brood,
Were never broken by the student rude,
And that the corridor and class room dim
Sheltered the prof. but quite excluded HIM!
Thus the professor, free from every care,
Might settle down in comfort on his chair,
And while the noiseless years in gentle current flow
Pursue profound research or, better, let it go."

Let me in conclusion draw your attention to the elegance of the introduction of that Alexandrine couplet at the end of the verse, a neat trick which I had of my instructors at University College thirty years ago.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

The Sea

Tell me thy secret O sea,
The mystery sealed in thy breast,
Low-breathe it in whispers to me
A child of thy fevered unrest.

'Tis midnight, and all is so still,
Come, sweeten my spirit with calm,
And into my pulses distil
The answering dews of thy balm.

Why dost thou respond to my plea
With naught but a minor refrain?
Thy voice in a moan floats to me,
Like an echo sobbed out from my pain.

Hast thou a grief too, like mine
That never heals with the years,
A bosom entombing a shrine,
Bedewed by the offering of tears?

Where lies my loved one to-night,
Beneath thy green mantle so wide?
I would that his slumber were light,
To wake with the flow of the tide.

Should he not wake, bear him this—
An amaranth plucked from my heart,
Wreath it soft in his dreams with a kiss,
Then return, and ere I depart

On the flood of my soul's overflow,
Borne on by my loss, from the wild
Of this life, from its strife, let me know
How he slept, let me know if he smiled.
P.

Noël

THE small room was still dark, though Big Ben, scarce a block away, had struck half-past ten, and all about the city the church bells had rung for not the first time that morning. The air was heavy and stagnant with the reek from burnt gas, stale cooking, and the oily boots and old clothes that hung from the walls. The black ceiling was scarce beyond one's reach.

Muhammed Ali, standing before the wire-protected panes of his shop door, watched the passers, Jew and Gentile, Black and White and Yellow, who trod the past night's snow into grimy slush. The street was nearly silent and few carts and motors passed, though the sun shone and twinkled on the white roofs and the shop-fronts opposite. Ali was weary. He had watched upstairs all night, and he was disposed to be thankful for the Christian holiday. He eyed the roadway absently, his head a little on one side, and listened attentively to the footsteps passing and repassing overhead. Once they crossed the ceiling hurriedly and Ali turned quickly to the stairs in the shadow of the room. But the steps took up again their quiet and steady movement broken by long pauses, and he returned to his silent contemplation of the street.

Shortly people began to pass on their way to church, then the motors and an occasional carriage bearing the rich people from farther up in the city. In other years Ali, sitting upon his counter-end, had been used to sneer as the crowds had passed in the rain or the keen sunshine. Somehow he did not feel like sneering this morning. His eyes were heavy and he moved a little uneasily as he listened to the faint sounds in the room above. These Christians and their child-worship were strange, he ruminated. Still Allah ordereth all things well. Yet strange, he thought, as a meagre woman with a baby wrapped in a shawl hastened by on her way to the Cathedral. The Faithful, whom Allah protect,—

Ali ceased his ruminations abruptly. The footsteps above began to move about quickly and he heard an intermittent groaning rise over their low tread. Suddenly after an interval of strained attention, a feeble wail, the voice of a soul launched on a strange and harsh world, arose in the garret. Ali with a half eager smile ran to the stairs and even as he climbed upon them the chimes of Saint James broke forth into "Adeste Fideles".

MAKAR IN SPRINGE.

A Hash of Art

IT may be rebelliously assumed that a monarch of the proper humour ensures his rest by doffing his crown before retiring, and that he snores thereafter as comfortably as ordinary mortals. He may even toss the crown over into its cushioned corner with as hearty a chuckle as William Morris when he deliberately squashed his discarded top-hat out of formal existence by sitting on it after attending his final Board-meeting.

In the same way the professorial crown, shining in lone majesty in the higher regions of rarefied intellect that swim and tremble far over the heads of humble classes below, is doubtless laid aside in private moments and the hidden man has human enjoyments.

Some of these, at such a time, may even arise out of his work, especially, one may judge, in connection with the reading of Examination Papers, for as one can scarcely repress a smile at the sight of his own familiar visage distorted in a concave or convex mirror, so must the surprised teacher see his tutorial self as it appears at times reflected in the writing of his students.

What effect this feeling may have on his rating of the candidates' efforts in general we may not know, but most of us have experienced the effect in an individual case, and, for such, a glimpse of the efforts made by the other fellows, or other girls, will have interest and comfort.

The subject is Art History, and the first name that of Phidias, who, one student cautiously asserts, "is said to have lived in the Golden Age". A more exact lady or gentleman states that "Phidias was a favourite of the Greeks. He built a bronze statue 30 feet high of Athene, the Holy Virgin, which was erected on the front N. W. corner of the Parthenon. He also was efficient in bas-reliefs". Another gives him an Old Testament subject, for "Moses was another of his works. This was made for the tomb of Julius II, which was never finished". Our old friend Hashimura Togo, the Japanese School Boy, appears to have written on this subject too, for, in reference to The Discobolus of Myron, we have somebody chirping thus—"This is a piece of Greek sculptor during the Hellenistic period when sculptor was very enthusiastic because of the great Athenian games and athletic sports. It is a picture of an athletic ready to throw the disc", and again "Myron did away to a certain extent with the idea that the body had to rest on both feet, although it was really later contributed to Poly-

clitus". The pious Fra Angelico is rather forcibly described thus—"He used pigments and his work was done in the mass", but there may be a religious, rather than artistic, meaning in the last word. Technically, "Fra Angelico also used oils to emphasize his lines", and with Giotto—"Technique occupied a large part of his work." A personal acquaintance with Giotto is suggested in the statement that "Giotto was the first to make use of perspective in his pictures, but he didn't use it a great deal, as he was afraid it wouldn't be correct". Painters hear of a new process in "The early Italian work consisted of frescoes and canvas work done in impasto and tempero", and a prose poem on the Early Italian chimes out grandly as follows:—

"The early Italians, such as Botticelli, took for their subjects wonderful landscapes. These Italians were influenced by the wonderful tones of the Florentine landscapes. They made these landscapes in wonderful tones of light and shade. Sometimes these tones were known as the silvery tones. The clouds and sky have a grand airy appearance, and subjects or figures in the paintings were often represented as nude and they had an expression of joy and ease".

A good basis for further statements about Leonardo is given simply: "Leonardo was an excellent drawer. Thus the basal work of his compositions was good". Yet one begins to doubt this in reading other papers regarding "The Last Supper", for Leonardo seems to have conveyed contradictory impressions. Thus, "In 'The Last Supper' Christ is the perspective and visual centre of interest. All eyes are fixed toward him. He is made to stand out by the usual halo about his head. The expression is so real and full of pathos that you can imagine he has just said, 'Peter shall betray me before the cock crows thrice'," etc., etc.; but again, "The figures in 'The Last Supper' are wonderfully represented. The expressions of faces are good, and the whole thing has an atmosphere of joy and contentment." Titian was the subject of a few wild guesses, which make him in one case, "an English artist of the 18th century, whose pictures show chiefly wonderful light effects. They are all landscapes", and sums up his exceptionally long life in another: "Titian's work was of fine quality, but cut short by an early death". And most of us who have heard of, or admired, the auburn hair known as "Titian red", will appreciate the dramatic statement, that, "Titian was a painter who used a certain colour for painting ladies' hair and for centuries he kept

this a secret. It was almost colour of blood". He certainly seems to have lived long enough and with great intensity in this case.

The straight-forward Velasquez also suffers misstatements and misunderstandings which are well typified in this jumble: "Velasquez was a modern painter of the 18th century, who was the first to use pigment to bring out the feeling of the picture. This style was called "Post-Impressionism" as it aimed at stirring the emotions and imagination so that it would help to give the onlooker a *mental* picture, rather than a *real* picture. He did his work in France succeeding Poussin". Then we are told that, "Unlike many of the previous artists, he portrayed only what he saw and did not put his soul in his work". But *what* he saw is not so clear as, "In 'The Maids of Honor' the painting shows the artist's attempt to bring out the central figure and subordinate the less important ones. In order to do this he has represented the Maid of Honor, the central figure, as a large figure, while the attendants appear as dwarfs in comparison". This is well reversed in, "'The Maids of Honor' is important for the color tones and also for the placing of the centre of interest, the little dwarf standing in the foreground attracting the gaze of all the other personages in the picture", and, to cap this, a man writes, "The centre of interest is the little princess in a *whoop* skirt", with Hashimura Togo winding up chirpily "In foreground of picture a group of dragons is represented as a blur to detract no attention from the maids". O Togo! "one loud yell of shouts" must have been heard at this minute from your professor. Turner need have had no envy of Claude had he only known that, "Claude's buildings, trees, rocks were very uninteresting and his figures less". And both he and many modern artists would agree with the dictum, "The Flemish painters were afraid of mixing colours and so kept to the browns a great deal". A good clue for connoisseurs lies in the verdict on Ruysdael's "Mill". "'The Wind Mill' is an important picture because all Dutch painters can be classed as Dutch landscape painters, and as the Mill is truly Dutch, anyone looking at the picture would know it was a Dutch painter". This ought to keep any struggling connoisseur straight in appreciation or ascription, and there is a touch of rural Ontario in the description of Constable's "Hay Wain", attributing it to Ruysdael, "The wagon is loaded and suggests the prosperity of the Dutch". The courageous candidate tackles Reynolds and Art History, as follows: "Reynolds, with his companion artist, Gainsborough, cared much more for

the beauty than the truth of their work. They carried this striving for beauty to so great an extent that they and their disciples became known as Academicians. It was partly in revolt against them that the Pre-Raphaelite Brotherhood sprang up, and strove to outdo Reynolds by Intellectualism, Teaching and Truth". And it sounds like Hashimura again to read of Reynolds, that, "His picture, titled 'The Age of Innocence', looks as if the child was placed in a space in the shape of a triangle, and had no freedom at all, which is so characteristic of children".

The modern painters get little comment bad enough to be of interest to us, but we might leave our professor smiling over this sombre "impression" of Manet. "Manet did not have any feeling for his subject. He tried to paint things as he saw them".

J. E. H. MACDONALD.

The Prophet, the Angel and the Ass

DRAMATIS PERSONAE.

THE PROPHET, *young and fresh looking, very intelligent, slightly bald, with his camel's hair tunic covered by a green djibbah. Has performed the Mecca pilgrimage 19 times. His speciality is character.*

THE ANGEL, *tall and dignified, slightly grey, conservative in temperament but not without liberal sympathies. Long white garment with a broad border of red tape.*

THE ASS, *nondescript breed, grey, strong hind legs and extra long ears.*

ACT I.

SCENE—*Oasis on the road to Bagdad. The prophet is eating dates and casually telling his beads. The ass is flicking flies off his back and looking intelligent.*

THE ASS. Are we going to Bagdad, master?

THE PROPHET. Such is the will of Allah.

A. Is there a fair this week?

P. No.

A. Then why are we going there, master?

P. Sheikh Gareg ibn rong, may his shadow never grow less, has sent for me to curse the University of Bagdad and all its works.

- A. But have you not eaten of the salt of Bagdad, O master, and is it well to curse their works?
- P. O son of Shaitan, it is well, if their works be evil, for so hath the Prophet commanded.
- A. Are their works then evil, master?
- P. By the beard of the prophet, they are very evil. Their mullahs receive much pay and do little work. They lecture, and repeat many times the same thing, they hate the group system, and pay no heed to the making of character. For these things I will curse them with a grievous curse; hath not the sheikh desired it?
- A. What is character, O master, is it good eating?
- P. Rightly did Allah cause thee to be born an ass of an ass; character is that which men are in themselves as Allah sees them to be, even as thou art in thyself and in the sight of Allah, an ass manifest.
- A. Hast thou then power by cursing to change me into aught else?
- P. (*Piously*). All things are possible to Allah, and the power of my curse is great, but it would profit me nothing to change thee.
- A. Alas; but how then will it profit thee to curse the University of Bagdad, will it change aught?
- P. Being an ass thou seest not that by my curse their mullahs will wither and perish, all things will be made new, the character of the students will become as Allah wills, and much glory and pay will come to me, whereby thou too shalt have little work and grow fat.
- A. Let us then hasten forward on our journey, O master.

ACT II.

SCENE—*Evening. Entrance to the western gate of Bagdad.*

- P. What ails thee, son of Shaitan? proceed.
- A. I am afraid, master, we are on an evil errand! There is one who stops the way.
- P. By the beard of the Prophet, if thou tarriest further I will flay thee alive. There is naught to stop us.
- A. But there is, I see him, it is the angel!
- P. Angel! there are no angels now, fool!
- A. But he is there, I cannot pass!
- [*The prophet swears violently and begins to belabour the ass.*]

Angel. Verily, O prophet, thou art more foolish than the ass.

P. Allah be merciful to me, who art thou? I took thee for a whitewashed pillar!

Angel. I am indeed a pillar, O prophet, but not whitewashed. I am the pillar of the University of Bagdad. Me hath Allah appointed to be the angel of the University, to keep them in the ancient ways, and I am now come out against thee to know wherefore thou art come.

P. (*blusteringly*). I have been sent with authority to curse thy University because its ways are evil.

Angel. What hast thou against it, O prophet?

P. (*gaining confidence*). I have many things against it. There are too many lectures which profit nothing. Its mullahs set their face against the group system, whereby the students might get the personal touch and save their souls alive. The students are even as this mine ass, they groan under heavy burdens, they know not the savour of humane letters, and cry out in bitterness of soul. For these things will I curse thy University and it shall be cursed.

Angel. O prophet, thou art young and knowest not the will of Allah. It is the will of the All-merciful that the students should bear heavy burdens in their youth, for then will they not turn the world upside down when they grow old. Before thou wast born, yea from the foundation of the world, did Allah ordain that mullahs should lecture and that students should take notes. Also it is not good that students should approach too closely unto their mullahs, else will they cease to fear them and mock at their learning. Forbear, O prophet, for these things may not be changed. Turn back, thou and thine ass, by the way that thou camest.

P. (*to himself*). Now am I in an evil case. If I turn back, the Sheikh Gareg ibn rong will curse me and will not pay me that which he has promised. It is better to go forward.

[*He begins to beat the ass again. The ass goes forward slowly*].

Angel. Beware, return while there is time. If thou comest on I will smite thee to the ground.

[*The Prophet pushes on stubbornly. The Angel hurls a missile at his head so that he falls heavily from the ass. The Angel disappears.*]

ACT III. (Same Scene).

The Ass soliloquizes.

Surely in an evil day did I become servant to this madman.

I know not whether he be dead or living. If we stay outside the city we shall without fail be devoured of wild beasts or carried away by robbers. It is an evil day, moreover I am like to perish with hunger. What is this?

[The ass sniffs at the missile with which the Angel has overthrown the Prophet. It is a book with a brown cover, having the mystic word "Calendar" upon it.]

Verily, it is dry and hard and savourless, but hunger is a hard master.

[He begins to devour it slowly.]

Strange, it is bitter in my mouth, but sweet in my belly.

[As he finishes the last page the Prophet comes to himself and rubs his eyes, at the same time the Angel reappears.]

P. By the beard of the prophet, what is this that I see?

Angel. Blessed be Allah, this have the prophets foretold!

[The ass slowly changes before their eyes into a tall and dignified personage in official garments, with ears slightly larger than normal.]

Angel. Truly the ways of Allah are wonderful. His hand is upon fools and wise men alike. It is written in the books that the ancient ways of the University of Bagdad should not be changed until an ass should become the ruler of the University and should destroy the Calendar which the Prophet ordained. Now hath Allah brought it to pass. Come in, thou blessed of Allah!

A. *(to himself)*. This is a rum go. I suppose I am the kadi now. At any rate I shall get a good dinner. *[He goes forward with dignity]*.

P. Where do I come in?

Angel. I can say nothing, ask him, he is now head and chief of the University of Bagdad.

P. *(ingratiatingly to the Ass)*. Do not forget, O most honourable, that I have been a good master to thee, suffer me to enter also.

A. My back remembers the beating it received but an hour since. Yet will I be gracious, and thou mayest be of service, follow behind me, but not too close lest my heels remember their ancient custom.

- P. Now shall we not make all things new, and abolish the General Course?
- A. I cannot say, it is in the hands of Allah, I will consult the Board of Governors.

CURTAIN.

MERLIN.

Elevation

CHARLES BAUDELAIRE

Far above the valleys, far above the meres,
Above the mountains, woods, the clouds, the seas,
Far beyond the sun, beyond the ether, free,
Beyond the confines of the starry spheres,

My spirit, thou dost travel gracefully,
And revelling like strong swimmer in the deep
Thy gay path through the immensity dost keep,
In joy untold rejoicing manfully.

Fly far away from rank morbidities,
Go purify thyself in upper air,
And drink, like draft divine of liquor rare,
Clear fire that fills those high limpities.

Amid the tedium and the lasting pains,
That hold o'er foggèd life a dull dominion,
Happy is he who can on vigorous pinion
Strike swiftly for the bright and tranquil plains!

Happy is he whose meditation springs
Larklike towards heaven at morn in careless flight,
Happy is he who hovers o'er life's fight,
And hears the song of flowers and voiceless things!

S. J. 1910.

Thoughts of a Returned Soldier

[REPRINTED FROM "THE GLOBE" OF OCT. 10, 1917.]

The following address was delivered before the Women's Canadian Club at Ottawa on Friday, October 5, by Major Peregrine Acland, M.C., of the 48th Highlanders, Toronto, who was badly wounded at Thiepval in September, 1916, and who is now convalescent:

Was it worth while—to plunge into the sulphurous depths of hell and clamber out on the far side of the pit's rim, for what? To potter through fifty years of life in the suburbs or to toil for half a century in the slums? These are the questions that hundreds of thousands of returned men, in all the belligerent countries, are beginning to ask themselves, and which will soon be felt, if not uttered, by millions of the world's youth, German as well as British, Austrian as well as French. For they have seen war and have seen that it was terrible, and yet have discovered that the hardships and bitter sufferings of open strife were not so appalling as the monotony and miseries that so frequently beset that life of peace in which the body found safety and the soul too often found death.

Never before perhaps has so large a proportion of the youth of the world taken part in a combat for a cause which they knew to be great. Fighting was for centuries the privilege and the pleasure of the classes. It has now become the obligation—and the privilege, too—of the masses. Picture to yourself those hundreds of thousands of workers in many lands, by many seas, busy at their tens of thousands of occupations, of trade, of business, of science and of art, in which they laboured for their own well-being and advantage, with little thought of the great world—then suddenly plucked away by the claws of Fate and hurled into this vast conflict of the nations. Think of their astonishment! Life has suddenly become for them a matter of infinite wonder, whose very terrors have enhanced its beauties. They are no longer left to their own small purpose, but are suddenly placed under the direction of a great aim to which they must render the utmost service of their ability. It is rudely demanded of them that they live heroically, venture their all upon a game with Fate, seek death that they may overcome it. This is as if, having been dwellers on the plain, they suddenly find themselves struggling towards the mountain-tops.

When the war is over, are they to go back to the old, hard, dull, meaningless existence upon the plain? But, it will be said, we cannot always live upon the mountain-tops of life. No? Yet at least we can always live within sight of them. And this war will be of little use, it will not have been worth the cost in blood and agony, unless mankind remembers that a life that is not dominated and inspired by a great aim and illumined by spiritual grandeur is infinitely worse than death upon the field.

We have discovered, indeed, that safety is not our object in life, nor in this war. The death of the body is not so fearful as

that torpor of purposeless industry which brings the deadening of the soul. We are told that we are to make the world "safe for democracy", but unless that democracy is justified by its nobility we shall soon find the bolder spirits standing against it in arms. If we are merely to make the world safe for the triumph of an unthinking crowd whose sole wish is to pull civilization down to the dead level of a mediocrity petty in its sins and cowardly even in its sensualism, we had better put aside all thought of safety and live out our short lives in hourly companionship with danger.

Democracy must mean something more for us than mere crowd government. It must mean a conscious striving towards the realization of the dream cities of man, towards

"That state republican

Wherein all men are kings."

We must not indeed expect perfection, but we must at least demand a determined effort towards it, something very much more fierce and active than a mere wish. And our object must be to make possible for all men what Aristotle called "the good life"—not a life of meek self-effacement in which healthy desires and sane impulses are checked in their growth by the poisonous weeds of out-worn custom, but that life spiritually, and intellectually and physically full and well-rounded, in which we may bring all our faculties to their highest point of development.

It is not safety, then, but this "good life" that must be our object to be pursued at all hazards of comfort, of ease and of life itself. "He must live dangerously who would live well", said the great philosopher who did much to inspire the notable courage of our misguided enemy. It is a sentence which we shall do well to write in our hearts.

Are danger and strife then so splendid, so necessary, to give a background of magnificence to our lives? Yes, and the greater the danger, the keener the strife, the more superb is the reward. To fight in a good cause is the best, but to fight well in any cause that seems good is as much as can be expected of man. To fight is to live. The real objection to war is that there is so little fighting in it. Months of weary waiting, long spells of enforced inactivity in which the mind sickens with disgust at a wasted life, followed by as long spells of heart-breaking and back-breaking gigantic labours in the mud and the darkness, then one fiery charge of half an hour, and three-quarters of those who rushed into the melee are out of the combat, crippled or silent, resting on the breast of their earth-mother.

What must we do, then, if we would have war shed its splendours over a greater portion of our lives? Establish it on a limited liabilities basis, go back to some form of fighting involving less sudden wholesale slaughter? No, we must abolish war entirely on the physical plane as being the most sordid, the most uninteresting, the most expensive, and the least satisfactory of all forms of combat. We must make the world safe—which is to say we must keep the ring—for that spiritual and intellectual strife which is the noblest of all forms of the gladiatorial struggle.

All life must be our field of battle, a field on which the first, the most difficult and the most constantly to be repeated triumph must be that over our own indifference, slothfulness and cowardice, and the second and probably less generally welcomed attack must be upon the similar indifference, slothfulness and cowardice of our friends. We are not only all sinners, we are all cowards. But we must put aside that timidity if we would live fully, and must take courage to dare to live finely and intensely. It takes no less degree of valour to assail a social injustice or to challenge an established hypocrisy than to go over the parapet. And it requires no less coolness of head here than in Flanders to save ourselves from wasting time and strength in injudicious attacks at the wrong points, and so to lay our plans that we may be able to strike at the right place at the right moment, and strike hard.

Still, it must be remembered that this intellectual strife, like the physical strife in which the world is now engaged, is only a means to that "good life" of the philosophers and is not "the good life" itself. That life is growth to power through contemplation of beauty, whether beauty of body, of mind, or of soul. Beauty should be as natural a property of a city as of a poem, and of a civilization as of a statue. It is a quality of government as well as of art, of social intercourse as well as of music. With it, however the joyous highway of our lives may be streaked with the shadows of sorrow; we should breathe at all times an atmosphere of delight. Without it we are unworthy to enjoy the splendours of the sunrise and the sunset, the grandeur of the mountains and the sea, and show ourselves mere drones set to toil at paving the way for the advent of a more illustrious race.

It is in contemplation of beauty that we realize the fulness of life and demonstrate our right to walk this planet with heads erect as lords of the visible existence. That contemplation is no mere idleness. It entails an intense and constant activity to create beauty where it is not, and to fight with and clear away ugliness

that we may render beauty visible where it already is. All our social action, whether political, military, literary, artistic, scientific or economic in its nature, must, to justify it, have this in view—the growth in power and beauty of the soul of man. Whatever the politicians and economists may say, it is for this end that great wars like this war, are fought, and for this end wounds and death are a small price.

Some Experiences of a would-be Superwoman

I HAD left the halls of learning and now Opportunity beckoned. Did I not hear it said everywhere that the coming age would be the age of Woman? The world would be at her feet and every field of endeavour open to her.

This being so, I decided to prepare myself to play a practical part—I decided to take a business course.

Some time after this decision I found myself seated at a type-writing machine. It seemed very simple—one looked at the words to be copied and *not* at one's fingers nor the keys, learning thus, the time-saving or technically termed "touch" method. It *was* at first simple.

A few weeks later I was again seated before my machine, my fingers busy with the keys, my thoughts ranging far afield. Why a few months from now I should be taking dictation rapidly and efficiently while a grateful employer would exclaim, "After all, intelligence *does* count". I didn't want to be superior but I had had ample proof that to some of my fellow-workers the rules of English grammar were insoluble mysteries. Aware, through some subconscious intuition that something was wrong I looked at my paper and saw
Gentlemen³/₄.

In reply to your letter of the fifteenth instant?! Oh well punctuation is always difficult at first and one's fingers slip so easily—but a little perseverance.

Dear Sir,—

You ask why your daughter Lixxie. . . . "Hm!" I said to myself "its time for shorthand."

I had prepared the lesson and found no undue difficulty in writing from dictation. Again my thoughts wandered. A little more practice and readiness at this sort of thing and to what heights could I not attain? From the position of secretary to the

prime minister to . . . a crowded House—the occasion the introduction of an important bill on social legislation—I rise, “Madame Speaker”. . . . I imagined the headlines I should read next day in the papers. “A modern Demosthenes—a Gladstone in the making!”

* * * * *

Miss C. will you kindly read what you have written? Some curious marks greeted me—quite fascinating to the eye but wholly unintelligible to the mind and which rivalled in appearance a passage consisting of Greek, Hebrew and Chinese.

That experience has recurred frequently but I am not yet discouraged. Not even when having studied my rules I apply them triumphantly to a word only to be told that it is wrong and to receive this answer in reply to my annoyed remonstrance, “You understand that there must be these little inconsistencies”.

In this realm of activity the maxim might well be changed into “The Rules exist to prove that there *are* exceptions to the exceptions”.

I am assured by those who have “finished” and speak from the height of efficiency and a regular “job” that one passes this stage ultimately.

In the meantime I am acquiring a reputation for insanity. The advertisements in the street-cars exert a fatal fascination over me as I attempt to translate them into shorthand while my companions find me very distraught. The climax was reached a short time ago when I discovered a word in an advertisement which admirably illustrated a rule. Finger in air, I traced the outline and then exclaimed triumphantly, “Simple, isn’t it?” I became aware of many curious glances directed towards me. Hereafter I am afraid, not being able to afford a motor, I shall have to walk to and from my abode of learning. Because I am not going to give up!

Perhaps ten years from now some patient employer will say, “These women! oh for the good old pre-war days!”

Do you think it possible that *he* could appreciate.

“It’s not what man does that exalts him,

But what man would do.”

DRE.

Professor Cappon at the English Association

SOME of us, ultra-moderns, were possibly perplexed when Professor Cappon chose the early days of the great Victorians as his starting-point for a lecture on "National Revivals in Literature". He touched on the Romantic movement—Wordsworth, Browning and Tennyson, with their classical tendencies, and drew attention to the striking fact that the value of their work has never been assessed. No critic has adequately gauged the literary significance of that epoch. Carlyle and Ruskin have as yet found no Sainte-Beuve.

The test which Professor Cappon applies to poetry as a working criterion is "Has it a rationalised concept?" Is the poet simply distilling sweetness and linking harmonious sounds or has he at the back of his mind a definite idea which will bear the light of reason? Calmly judged by this standard most of the work of Wordsworth, of Tennyson and Browning stands firm, but Rossetti, Morris and the whole aesthetic school fare ill indeed. As for Swinburne, alas! poor Swinburne, he is an erotic and decadent hanger-on of the French symbolists Verlaine and Mallarmé, and a piler-up of considered alliterations. The taint of symbolism, according to Professor Cappon, lingers in English poetry down to the present day, when Rupert Brooke and Robert Bridges show traces of the evil influence.

Professor Cappon sees the beginning of the Celtic renaissance in the work of Fiona McLeod. A London journalist masquerading as this mysterious maiden, a dweller in the isles of the sea, was an unconscious harbinger of greater things. To him Synge and Yeats and Lady Gregory owe the impulse of their work, and the Irish movement has its source in the vapourings of a literary speculator who shrewdly hit the taste of the moment. Unhappily, Professor Cappon had not time to do more than skim over the Irish poets. Yeats he found lacking in clarity of thought. The test of the rationalised concept rules out the Celtic mystic and the symbolism of his poetry is deplorable. For Synge there was high praise and generous admiration. Drama like "The Playboy of the Western World" is Shaksperian in its quality of intimacy with human life.

A lecturer whose point of view is so intensely personal as that of Professor Cappon must necessarily provoke thought. There were many dissenters in his audience. Autolycus and other in-

corrigible rebels were seen to be up in arms for the cause of symbolism, while to many the "rationalised concept" as a test for poetry must be anathema. Might not these questions be thrashed out in the columns of *THE REBEL*?

CHRISTINA C. COOPER.

To the English Association

How doth the gentle English Ass.
 Avoid all altercation,
 By picking members from the mass
 To muzzle disputation!

ALICE.

The Educational Value of the General Course III.

THE divergence of opinion about the General Course seems to me to be based on two main issues which need to be discussed separately and which give rise to much argument at cross purposes unless they are separated. The first is the issue already briefly discussed, the end of education. We have taken Mr. Fisher's statement, quoted in last month's *REBEL*, as a provisional definition of the aim of education. If this be accepted it must surely hold good for all kinds of students. It will define the end for which all University activities exist. The second issue arises from the fact that students fall into two main groups. The first consists of those who by inclination, training, and capacity are fitted to become specialists in some branch of study, and, as specialists, to serve the community.

The second embraces a large number of individuals who through want of opportunity or capacity can never become specialists.

Now the General Course students are a body made up of both these elements. There are those who have the capacity to become specialists, but from want of opportunity, stimulus, or discovery, have been allowed to drift, so to speak, into the General Course. There are also those who have not the real student's thirst for knowledge, but who may nevertheless possess many admirable qualities useful to the community, if properly developed.

Now, as long as the old conception of a University education consisting of the acquisition of knowledge governs the arrangement of courses we shall have the present state of things. We shall have a number of Special courses designed to permit (possibly, with reservations), the real student to acquire an intensive knowledge of a particular subject or group of allied subjects. We shall also have for the person, I will not say student, who has no desire for special knowledge, a course designed to give him the minimum of knowledge (40%), about the maximum of subjects which "the nature of the time-table" will permit to be taken together.

From an impressionist point of view the University's activities as a whole might be compared to a comet. The white hot core consisting of the specialists, for whom the University really exists (although many would stoutly deny this), while the general course students constitute the streaming tail, fading off from brightness almost equal to the nucleus to a faint dimly-seen radiance. Now some members of the teaching staff of this University in the face of this state of things claim that the only remedy is the abolition of the General Course, thereby frankly acknowledging that the University in their estimation exists for the specialist, the only logical attitude as long as the acquisition of knowledge is taken to be the end of education. They would cut off the comet's tail. Others, acknowledging the somewhat unsatisfactory nature of the minimum of knowledge, claim that experience has shown that the General Course has turned out excellent citizens. One does not doubt it. Good citizens have been turned out under worse systems, as England bears witness, while an ideal system might turn out an Alcibiades.

One is reminded of the anecdote of Themistocles and the Seriphian. Said the Seriphian to Themistocles, "if you had been born in Seriphos you would never have become famous". Themistocles replied "if you had been born in Athens you would never have become Themistocles". The real point at issue is whether the University has yet discovered its duty towards that body of its members who will never serve the community as specialists in some branch of learning. If the upholders of the *status quo* really claim that the University can do no better for that class than to send them out with their 40% accumulation of miscellaneous information concerning an uncorrelated mass of subjects, we throw up our hands.

It is of no use to urge that it is the students' fault and not the University's if they are satisfied with their 40%. They are, by definition, that part of the student body not specially attracted by knowledge, and if the University offers them a degree for their 40% the University and no one else is to blame if they accept it.

But if we accept Mr. Fisher's definition—let us quote it again—of the aim of education as intended to make students “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”, then we shall have to acknowledge as it seems to me, that while the end is the same for both the classes of students already described, the means will have to be differently conceived. The means so conceived has already been suggested in the framework of the course outlined in last month's REBEL where each part of the course is conceived of as contributing to form and stimulate the student's interest in some aspect ideal or practical of the life of the community of which he forms a part.

There are so many things one would like to say, but “time is our tedious tale should here have ending”, and it is not good to trespass too greatly on the Editor's forbearance. We close with a dream-schedule of a General Course in the University of Toronto in the year 2017 A.D.

FIRST YEAR.

(a) English Literature, from Chaucer to Milton. Two lectures a week, not on technique and detail but on the outlines of the great movements and their relation to the development of national life. Three groups a week for the reading aloud and discussion of the literature of the period. (Total five hours.)

(b) British History:

(i) Canadian History to the end of the 18th century. One lecture and one group.

(ii) English History to the end of the Tudor period. One lecture and one group. (Total four hours.)

(c) Science:

(i) Outline of the History of Scientific Method. One lecture.

(ii) One selected Science. Three hours laboratory work. (Total 4 hours.)

(d) Aesthetics:

(i) Illustrated lecture on development of Art. One hour.

(ii) Music—recitals designed to illustrate history of music and give intelligent appreciation of music. One hour.

(iii) Organized drill with music. Two hours. (Total four hours.)

In the Second Year would be added to the above the study of one foreign language and its literature, while the study of English and Canadian History should be brought down to the present time. English literature also should be carried on to modern times. In the third and final year for English and History should be substituted the study of rural and city problems, the working of the English law and constitution, and an introduction to social ethics.

MERLIN.

Classroom Conversations

GROUPS.

Student 1—Wasn't Professor —— great yesterday?

Student 2—Yes, but, of course, he drove us into defending what we didn't want to defend.

MODERNS.

Instructor—How is it that you pronounce so badly?

Student—I was the only pupil in the class in the High School and so I never got conversation practice. (Instructor faints).

SEMINARY.

Professor (earnestly)—As far as possible I shall teach you nothing that will in the slightest degree help you to pass your examination in May.

Chorus of Women Students—We are so grateful.

TIME, DECEMBER 20TH.

Student—What percentage of the marks in the term examination will be given to question 5 (a)?

Professor (glibly)—Seven and three-quarter per cent.

A CASE FOR PROHIBITIONISTS.

Student (interrupting lecturer)—May I point out that what you have just said contradicts what you told us last week.

Professor—Never mind, I am only stimulating you.

Ode to "College Spirit"

("SHOW YOUR COLLEGE SPIRIT BY SIGNING UP.")

Stern Arbiter of college halls,
O Spirit! How thy voice I love;
It is an awe-inspiring voice
That would the shyest freshman move.
On every side I hear thy call,
From every poster on the wall
Thy words emblazoned full and free
Do call the undergrad. to talk and tea.

Secure will be our days and bright,
And happy will our natures be,
As following thy unerring light
We visit each society.
For "College Spirit" is the thing
Would make a college tempt a king.
So cultivate each other friends,
And if your work is poor, your spirit makes amends.

There are who ask not if thine eye
Be on them; who undaunted go,
Who on professors' word rely,
And search huge tomes and strive *to know*.
Poor digs! Oh a reproach and blot
They are; and lest they know it not,
Oh let me point them to the right,
And guide their feet into the way of light.

So "Pay your fee into the Lit.
And sign a pledge card for the Y.
If for dramatics you are fit,
Then you must join the club, or die.
Though weak your voice don't hesitate
To help your college in debate.
And oh with horror I should see
A soul unpatriot to 'Varsity'".

Stern Law giver! Thou who dost make
A duty of our meetings gay;
And day by day our spirit take
Until we dare not say thee nay.

Give unto me, at last made wise
The spirit of self-sacrifice,
Let me neglect my work and know
That though I perish, college meetings go!

LEN.

De Re Publica Obiter Dicta

IN the last issue of THE REBEL, I made reference to a reply given in a Toronto daily paper to a Swiss Canadian of German speech who had asked where he stood under the Military Service Act. It was explained to him that in consequence of his speech he was deprived of his vote and that in view of his age and state he was placed in Class Four. "You don't need to do anything", he was told, "till Class Four is called out".

Reflecting on this pronouncement and having in mind the records of the finding of the Tribunals, done in true police-court colours by the ingenious youths who teach us modern history through the press, I fell asleep and dreamed as follows.

I was seated in the presence of a tribunal consisting of two gentlemen advanced in years but plainly alert in mind. Men of all ages were appearing before them. Each was received with courtesy and patient consideration of what he had to say. The general question put to all was this: "What do you think you can do for your country at this time?" Sometimes one of the old gentlemen asked the question and sometimes the other. That seemed to make no difference. Clearly it was not a case of one representing one point of view and the other another point of view, not a case of one being counsel for the prosecution and one counsel for the defense. The fiction that the scales of justice are likely to halt at the level if you have one man tugging at one end of the beam, and a second man, probably of quite different weight, tugging at the other end, with a third trying to poise himself at the centre,—this fiction, which we tolerate in our courts, evidently had been abandoned. There was no accuser and there was no defender, because no one was regarded as guilty.

If the attitude of the two tribunes was one of courtesy that of the men appearing before them was one of cheerful confidence. All alike seemed at their ease. The first man to appear was our Swiss friend. Formerly he had been a guide employed by one of

our railway companies, but had left that irregular occupation and had become a painter specializing on steeples and flag-poles. He said that he had no desire to escape any of his duties as a citizen by reason of an accident of speech. It was true that he spoke German, since in part of his native land German was the prevailing speech, but he was also quite familiar with French, and now had so far improved a knowledge of English acquired in school that he was most at home in expressing his thoughts in English. He liked Canada; Canada had been good to him. He had received military training as had all the youth of his country. He would regret to leave his wife and young family but if needed he was quite prepared to go. One of the tribunes, evidently speaking the mind of the other also, said that Canada was glad to have as citizens the sturdy sons of a land which had fought so valiantly for freedom in years gone by, and congratulated him on his excellent command of English. He then pointed out that it was not the policy of the Government to ask married men with families to serve under arms unless the circumstances were exceptional, both for sentimental reasons and because the outlay for support of dependents and possible pensions would be likely to cripple the country financially. He might, however, be prepared to hear that his services were required by the Government at the nearest of those dock-yards which were being prepared for the construction of a fleet of wooden vessels. He would receive wages quite sufficient for the support of his family and on a par with those paid throughout the system of Government owned munition factories. A few men with a knowledge of German would also be needed in connection with the placing on the land of several ship-loads of German prisoners captured by Canadian troops. At the appointed time he would hear further from them.

The second man to appear was evidently a citizen of some standing. He was well past middle life, and carried his head with a poise which indicated the habit of command. He was at once recognized by the tribunes, who addressed him as Sir Magnus and motioned him to the same chair as that just vacated by the Swiss Canadian. They congratulated him on the record of his only son, who was at the front, and expressed the hope that he might return in safety. They then inquired what he thought he himself could do for the cause. He replied without hesitation that he was prepared either to run his business for the Government or to undertake any other work which might be regarded as more important.

He was told that his business seemed one vital to the nation at this time and quite different, for example, from that of a prominent manufacturer of confections who had lately appeared before them. The Government was not prepared to take over the control of all lines of necessary business, and had decided that his was not one of those which should definitely come under its direction. It was apparent, however, from what he had said, that he had no desire to increase his wealth during the war, so that they felt quite free to ask him what he considered to be the least amount on which he could live fulfilling all obligations contracted before the war, not excluding his usual generous donations to charity. He replied that, anticipating such a question, he had prepared a statement. Further he had prepared a summary of his books which showed his net profits for the preceding year to be just over a half million. Having laid the two documents before the tribunes he quietly suggested that the case might be met if the Government subtracted the former total from the latter and asked him for a cheque for the balance. He said that he did not wish to apply the amount to the purchase of war bonds, the principal of which would be returnable to himself or his heirs while in the meantime he would be receiving a generous rate of interest. He thought it should go as a direct contribution to the national treasury. The tribunes, without appearing in the least surprised, thanked Sir Magnus for having made such careful preparation, said that they would look into the statements to see whether he might not be cramping himself in respect to his expenditures, and wished him good morning.

The next to be interviewed was a young man of slender build and refined expression. He seemed somewhat nervous as he walked forward, but at once was put at his ease by a smile and word of greeting. He said he found himself at a loss to know what he could do. He had always been taught to accept in a literal sense the fifth commandment, and could not bring himself to see otherwise. In fact he was a conscientious objector and belonged to the Society of Friends, commonly known as Quakers. He wished to serve his country at this time in any capacity he could, but did not feel that he could serve under arms. He was asked if he knew what the members of his Society were doing in other countries, how they had agreed to serve as stretcher-bearers or orderlies in hospitals or in reconstruction work behind the lines. He replied that he knew something of this, and would be prepared to go wherever he might be sent on missions of mercy.

He was informed that while there was great need of men for this sort of work, there was even greater need of men for the trenches, and it might be that when nearer to the scenes of German cruelty he might alter his views. In the meantime they would be glad to recommend him to one of the three branches of service mentioned, and asked him if he had any preference. He replied that he had no decided preference, except that he did not wish to have it thought that he was afraid of danger, and would perhaps choose the first. He was congratulated on his spirit and departed.

Now two young men of sturdy build and the gait peculiar to followers of the plough entered together. "You are brothers, I can see," said one of the tribunes smiling; "pray be seated, and we shall talk over the matter together". Particulars were first secured as to the size and nature of their farm, and the age and capacities of the other members of the family. The older of the two boys explained that his father suffered from rheumatism, having overworked himself in his younger days, and that he himself had most of the responsibility of managing the place. Neither he nor his brother had enlisted because they had remembered a statement by Lloyd George made at the beginning of the war that Canada's great contribution must consist in feeding the allies. Besides his younger brother had only recently become of military age. However the crisis seemed to demand more men for the trenches, and they were prepared to place themselves at the service of the country. Turning to the younger man one of the tribunes remarked that he need hardly ask about his physical fitness, whereupon the lad replied with a grin that he guessed he could stand as much as most people, that he had been declared medically fit and was quite ready to go, but he didn't think his brother could run the farm himself. He was told that he would be provisionally recommended for overseas military service, and in the meantime a substitute for farm work would be sought among the applicants unfitted by age or physique for actual fighting. The older brother interposed with the remark that he was quite as fit as his brother, but was told that his experience would be needed for managing the farm.

As the brothers departed an employee of the confectionery works was ushered in and appeared to be in the way of turning his attention to sterner pursuits, when my dream became confused by the appearance of the chariot of Elijah. I awoke with a start to hear the rumbling of one of the legion of milk carts which infest our street, Mr. Hanna's reform not yet having become operative.

Hastily dressing I secured the morning paper, to find that the modern barbarians were again after centuries of respite descending over the sunny plains of Italy while we Canadians were bandying about such phrases as slacker, and alien, and profiteer and traitor.

P. B.

The Silver Lining

"Cambrai is still 125 miles from the nearest point in Germany."
—*The Star*.

One more proof of the inability of Germany to shake the steadfastness of France.

"America and Britain hand in hand
What foe on earth can they withstand?"

—*The Scottish American*.

We trust there is no foundation for this pessimism in our usually sturdy contemporary.

"Yesterday's report from General Diaz, the new commander, stated that Italian rearguards crossed the Piave River near Susegana, after destroying the bridges."—*Mail and Empire*.

Is this a case of burning your bridges before you come to them, or crossing your bridges behind you?

PROGRESS.

Once upon a time there was a little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.

"Thoroughly bad," said his father.

Once upon a time, many years later, there was another little boy who asked his father if Nero was a bad man.

"I don't know that one should exactly say that," replied his father: "we ought not to be quite so sweeping. But he certainly had his less felicitous moments."

GEMS FROM A GENERAL KNOWLEDGE PAPER.

In reply to the question "State what you know of Copernicus and Galileo", an inspired schoolboy wrote "Copernicus is a mixture of copper and nickel. Galileo cared for none of these things".

Again, in answer to the demand for information concerning the *latus clavus*, another boy vouchsafed—"The *latus clavus* was an ornament worn by the Roman senator on his toga. It gave him the right of entrance to the *cloaca maxima*!"

The University and Social Service. II.

IN the first part of this article attention was directed to our Theological Colleges and Law School. The statement was made that clergymen and the legal profession were of necessity concerned with various social problems, that on the whole they were not meeting with marked success in dealing with these problems, and that their failure was due in some measure to defective University training in this regard. Suppose the time arrived, however, when theological and law students received an adequate training in social service, would the great problems facing society meet with solution? I do not think so, unless perchance other leaders in the thought and activity of the state co-operated in the grand effort of reform. If this prediction is valid, then it becomes evident that a great responsibility falls on the shoulders of that body of men and women who graduate from the Department of Arts of our University, because they are, or should be, leaders in their respective communities.

The question naturally arises—are these University trained men and women doing their bit in social reconstruction? My own impression is that the best social workers we possess are recruited from this class. In fact, the cult of "Social Workers", if one could designate such as a cult, had its beginning largely among university folk. A few university graduates felt that the Church had failed in its mission of social reform because the methods adopted were unscientific, and because enthusiasm for social endeavour was at a low ebb. They therefore banded themselves together to study social problems at first hand in settlements, in prisons, and in juvenile courts, and based treatment on the results of their investigations—a method of procedure, by the way, that they had not learned from the Church. And what is most significant—success has attended the efforts of these social workers. In fact they have accomplished so much in social betterment that the Church is taking notice, and in some cases is actually giving them salaried employment with the hope of training their own workers

eventually along modern, rational lines. Yes, our university graduates have led the way in recent successful campaigns of social reform, and we must give them credit for what they have done.

Are we satisfied, however, with past accomplishment? No, not altogether. We have had a taste of what small groups of educated men and women can do, and our appetite is whetted for more. We realize that if the majority of our graduates went forth not only with an ambition to succeed in one particular branch of endeavour, business, for example, but also with an eagerness to help make this a better world in which to live, and with some training in social service then social reconstruction on a sound basis would quickly ensue.

It would be interesting to give other faculties attention, to see wherein their graduates had special opportunities for social work, and to consider whether or no their training was efficient. The Department of Medicine would be well worthy of study in this connection, because medical men alone hold the key to many social problems. No doubt we would find in this larger study that there is room for great improvement as far as university training is concerned. Lack of space proscribes extended discussion. A hint should be given, however, concerning the advisability of making social service a subject of greater prominence in the University.

There can be little doubt that the University of Toronto has the opportunity of serving the state in a very practical manner. If it were to enlarge the scope of certain existing departments, and give not only its sanction, but enthusiastic approval to social service, it would send forth from its halls not only a few ardent souls to battle for social improvement, but a veritable army. The Social Service Department is probably doing good work for a comparatively small group of women who study for a year or two under its supervision. If, however, this department were enlarged so that it could supply practical demonstrations and supervise field work for students in Arts, Theology, Law, and Medicine, its value would be greatly enhanced. Moreover, it would be strengthened by maintaining a close relationship between the departments of political science, philosophy, hygiene, and psychology—particularly the latter.

Yes, the University can do much for social service without in any way diminishing its cultural influence on the student body, and the present seems to me to be an opportune time to make

advances in this direction. The war has developed in our Colleges the spirit of public service. Graduates admire the way in which the President and many members of the staff have directed the University in War activities. Before the war many of us had but a flagging interest in our Alma Mater, but of late the old university spirit has revived and our loyalty has been rekindled. The U. of T. will be yet more cherished if she persists in her good works, and extends a helping hand in the solution of social problems that threaten the welfare of our Dominion. In such a campaign Rebels should do their bit.

The Transition Period

A classical poet, I wrote for my mistress
 A sonnet of reasons correctly complete.
 At morning, her maid left it sealed in her boudoir,
 At noon, with my rival I could not compete.

At tea-time, my heart broke the rules and lamented;
 A passion-tipped white rose answered its call.
 My page boy demurely conveyed it to Madame
 With briefest of missives "To-night, for the ball".

The passion leaves nestled, suggestively modest,
 Where first the soft white of her fair bosom shows;
 Her silence consentingly answered my silence—
 And this is the true Romance of the Rose.

PERRUQUE.

Books at Random

Lord Morley's *Recollections* (2 vols. Macmillan) can be reckoned the leading event of the book season. One could infer as much without reading a line of them. What British mind in the last fifty years has been more "honest", more unbiased, more consistent, than John Morley's? Who has had such rich experience in the world at once of letters and of politics? Balfour possibly, but there is no third. Editor of the *Fortnightly Review* at a time when Arnold, Swinburne, Huxley and Pater were contributing; editor of the *English Men of Letters Series*; pioneer interpreter of eighteenth century France to his countrymen; Irish Secretary

under Gladstone and, more recently, head of the India Office; personal friend of Meredith, Mill, Leslie Stephen, Chamberlain, and acquainted, it would seem, with everyone worth knowing in his day in England and France. Such, in brief, is Morley's record.

The two volumes fall naturally into three parts; early days at Oxford and in London journalism till about 1880 (Morley was born in 1838); political life in close association with Chamberlain and others; finally the five years in the India office from 1905 to 1910. We see Morley in succession as man of letters, party politician, administrator, but there is no attempt at formality. He turns aside or pauses whenever it pleases him to sketch a character in rapid profile, to record a thought on politics or things yet more ultimate. He digresses from the thick of parliamentary jostling into high literature and muses upon death and Lucretius; and then he leaps back from his breathless holiday to the stress of public life. The book is full of admirable asides and minor references. One can say in a personal way of Morley's *Recollections* what he says of Lord Acton's writings: "I undertake . . . to find at the very least one pregnant, pithy, luminous, suggestive saying in any three of its pages".

The first eight chapters, comprising about one hundred and fifty pages, and entitled "The Republic of Letters", come near doing what some of us were told the other day had not yet been done. They make an estimate of the worth and significance of the Mid-Victorian writers and thinkers. The writer is not attempting to go one better than the professorial text-books; he merely talks about the books he has read and the men he knew, dwelling most upon those that accident threw into his path. It is only because of his marvellously judicial mind and singularly rich experience that the picture he gives seems to come back from some flawless mirror, not magical like *The Lady of Shalott's* but impartial and undimmed by age.

He makes you feel that the full story of the Mid-Victorians, like the story of the seventeenth century, is not a battle of the books, each book influencing its neighbours and all of them coming from the land of nowhere. It is rather the play of public ideas—ideas of politics, of biology, of conduct—working in the public mind and finding signal though imperfect representation in the prose and poetry of the day. You are given the feeling of one vast and unresting web of thought with the fly-leaves of authorship suspended in it. It might be the very thing for English 4d.

Most of all one enjoys the fleeting glimpses of famous personalities. History cannot dispense with these reminders of the actual past. Ideas, constitutions, controversies are mere, impoverished things if the great reality of it all is lost sight of or imperfectly sensed and beheld. Humanity, unless trained awry, seeks this reality above all things. It asks for nothing from history more ardently than for this, that it step out of the dead page and move before our eyes. We can never have too much of it. What would we not give for Morley's account of that evening with Renan and Victor Hugo at the latter's fireside or to sit a little longer at table with George Eliot or Herbert Spencer? The charm of the Recollections lies in glimpses like this one of Leslie Stephen—"One Sunday afternoon he had walked over to my remote fastness on the Hog's Back far away from telegrams and news, in the beginning of September 1870. For two or three hours we discussed books, ideas, philosophical intimates. On parting, as we sauntered up the avenue, he slowly turned round as for some afterthought, and in prosaic tones dropped the quite casual observation: 'I suppose you have heard that the French army has surrendered at Sedan and the Emperor is a prisoner'".

Best of all are the fifteen pages on Meredith. I have not read anything that brings out quite so well the strenuous nature of that master of the "tennis-play of dialogue", his impatience with the *penseroso* and all his works; and, on the other hand, "his ready resort to high pitch", the "sense of strain" that would come into his best talks—the vice, in fact, of the athlete and the thoroughbred. There can be no doubt about it that Meredith was *difficile*.

One would not expect a friend of Meredith's to have any patience with the Kaiser. Morley, meeting him in 1891, marks his energy of character, but doubts strongly "whether it is all sound, steady, and the result of a—what Herbert Spencer would call—rightly co-ordinated organization". Lunching with him in 1911, he nevertheless admits his "undoubted attractiveness". You see at once the penalties that attach themselves sooner or later to an unbiased mind. But in spite of this overwhelming evidence to the contrary it is perhaps a good thing for each generation to have one man with a tolerant mind. It could be defended on the menagerie principle. At any rate Lord Morley is a tolerant man and, as Lord Rosebery assured him, a sympathetic.

It is perhaps less easy to examine in brief the political aspects of these engrossing volumes. Again, one remembers what is

personal in them, the extraordinarily generous account of Chamberlain, or of Parnell, both of them men from whom Morley must have differed instinctively on fundamental things. The vivid picture of the characters controlling that earlier Irish crisis from the pen of one of them is in some ways the best thing in all the Recollections. Of that later crisis in 1914 there is no more than a hint or two and these say only what the least political of us might readily conjecture.

I wonder on putting down a work of this sort whether this is not the finest kind of history. There must be many Frenchmen who think so, for who but the French have excelled in memoirs and personal records. Half-a-dozen such Recollections of the same period of British life and letters and it will live and last in all its fullness. The balancing and counter-checking of various minds is perhaps a truer guide to historical objectivity than all the private straining of the archivists, each bent on speaking the last word and making the final assessment. It may be that Lord Morley is too Positivist for some, but we can count on one or all of the other five "rememberers" to correct that. His perfect candour on all points, even of faith, gives his work a sincerity that few have reached. And it is all contained within the modesty of the plain man, for such he is with all his learning and experience. The picture is a rich one for the mind's eye, but the frame is four-square and simple, fit for the study wall and of little use in the drawing-room.

AUTOLYCUS.

Correspondence

"The Rebel" is glad to hear from its readers and to print letters of interest. Please be brief. On account of lack of space we are unable to print letters of more than 400 words.

To the Editor of THE REBEL.

Your October number is at hand and I find it clever, bristling with ideas, and very entertaining. But I must rebel against the air of mystery that enshrouds it all. The identity of editor, business manager, and those responsible for verse and prose, is carefully hidden—not a single name appears.

If it is your aim to be not only interesting and a stimulus for thought, but also a potent factor in accomplishing the betterment

of University conditions, then, by all means, come out into the light of day. Your contributors are supposed to be rebels, and if such, they are not, I hope, of the cold-footed type that must hide behind pseudonyms. Rebels of that sort are not worthy of the name and cannot be counted on in any programme of reform. As a rule such individuals refuse to sign articles either because they lack sincerity, or because they are afraid of the consequences of expressing their views. My own experience in this connection is not unique. I find that the majority of unsigned letters that are posted to me come either from the weak kneed or the insane.

Yes, come out into the open. Give us the names of your contributors. By so doing, you will post us so that we can estimate the strength of the tide of reform, and you will enable us to weigh the articles themselves. A breath of criticism from one man means more than an outburst from another.

All success to a courageous Rebel!

C. M. HINCKS.

[The question of anonymity is dealt with in a current editorial—ED.].

THE UNIVERSITY AND SOCIAL SERVICE

To the Editor of THE REBEL

HETAIROS takes himself seriously and lectures the University in good old fashioned style in his first epistle to the self-constituted body of critics to which he belongs. The callowness of youth stands out in every line he has penned and he whacks Arts, Theology and Law with a slap stick that would make a sensation in certain kinds of pantomime. Nearly every shallow thinker is in the habit of settling all sorts of social problems off-hand, and the remedies he prescribes are generally a good deal worse than the disease he attacks. Every one who knows anything, or near anything, realizes that the University has already established a Department of Social Service that supplies enough theory to deal with *any* social problem without the slightest reference to field work. Why the necessity of prowling around Juvenile Courts or Settlements, or even Sunday Schools, to learn the practical side of criminality? Lawyers need no such training, clergymen can find more inspiration in a sweetly aromatic cup of five o'clock tea than in the excessively disagreeable contents of a slum dive—

and at all events, psychology, legal lore and tradition make the way easy to the really contemplative student. It goes almost without saying that this concentrated study of the individual advocated by the Hetairos class is utter bosh, and the sentimentalists who clamour for the release of every ill-guided criminal who has committed a crime are generally more abnormal than those they pray for. Everyone knows that there is little or nothing in heredity, and this being proved by a host of clever theorists—what is there to worry about? If the so-called weaklings would only pay heed to the fulminations of their intellectual pastors, who have learned by tradition what to say and how to say it, all would be well with their souls, and crime and vice would disappear like a nauseous miasma in full sunlight.

I quite agree with the layman's opinion that clergymen *do* constitute a class apart from the ordinary mortal. Of course they do; they know it and why shouldn't they hold themselves aloof from the herd? What is the function of the clergyman anyway? Surely not to poke around the filthy purlieus of a Police Court. No indeed, he is needed to show the path of righteousness to the misguided, to expound theology, to give comfort to the sick, and if occasionally he is asked to visit his female parishioners—well, in the language of the streets, that is "good business" and quite in accord with the code of the average business man who says that advertising pays.

Then, what nonsense to attack law which has the traditions of thousands of years behind it. Of course occasionally a Solomon or a Sancho Panza will appear on the scene and introduce psychological diversions which fire the popular imagination for a time, but for good old every-day common sense decisions, commend the British law to me. It may hang an occasional imbecile—what odds? There are plenty left. If people would only live properly there would not be any imbeciles and law has long ages ago determined the true measure of responsibility. What could be clearer or cleverer than the definition which makes the ability to distinguish the difference between right and wrong in the abstract the supreme test? Nothing could be simpler; it clears the air of all the fine spun theories of the special pleaders, who develop "brain storms" and "morbid impulses" or whatever other property is necessary to stage the insanity play in the interest of their client.

To the mischief, then, with such heretical teachings as those of Hetairos, and if Rebels such as he are to outline the policy of

the University, the catastrophe of anarchy will be upon us. Let us stick to the old and tried, rather than experiment with the dynamite of callow and superficial experimenters.

CONSERVATIVE.

“The Lists”

A Field for Literary Jousting.

A.—We offer a prize of five dollars for the best rendering into English verse of the following poem:

Reprenez le talent que vous m'avez donné!
Le banquier n'en veut point: ceci n'a cours ni change.
J'ai porté, j'ai montré partout ce sicle étrange,
Nul marchund ne l'honore et rien de lui est né.

Nul n'en a reconnu la marque et la matière.
Moi je sais seulement qu' il est lourd dans ma main.
Je ne l'ai point gâté; quand vous viendrez, demain,
Je vous rapporterai la pièce tout entière,

Terez-en le profit vous-même! La voici.
Reprenez-la. Je sais que vous êtes avare.
Vous qui tirez des fruits d'un sol dur et barbare,
Reprenez tout le bien dont vous m'avez saisi.

Je suis le laboureur sur des sillons arides!
Du travail de mes mains rien ne m'est revenu.
Si vous redemandez vos arrhes, je suis nu.
Si vous cherchez ce que j'ai fait, mes mains sont vides.

—PAUL CLAUDEL, “*Vers d'Exil*”.

B.—We offer a prize of five dollars for the best selection of the greatest prose paragraph in English literature, with reasons for the choice, in all not exceeding 500 words. The author and context of the piece must be given.

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 MS. 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 Thursday January 31st, 1918.

The results of the November competitions will be published in the January issue. Henceforth an issue will always intervene between the announcement of the competitions and the publication of their results.

THE LITERARY DRUMMER.

I.

Dent's.

In one of his ballads Tom Hood represents a man who is about to be hanged as saying, "Just like a button is my soul, inscribed with 'double gilt'". Not that I mean to suggest that my friend Mr. Henry Button is likely to be hanged, although what he might do to me if he were not afraid of such an end is another question. But I have received a letter from him which suggests that in his estimation my soul is covered with guilt enough to gild the dome of S. Paul's. In case any of my young friends under 21 should think of taking up the career of a Literary Drummer I append the letter as a solemn warning. (See page 127).

After Mr. Button had thus unbosomed, or I suppose I should say unbuttoned himself, I naturally wished to reply, but the Editor said flatly, "this correspondence must now cease", so I remain gilt, although I would plead not guilty. *Revenons à nos moutons.*

(1) **Youth, and Two Other Tales.** By Joseph Conrad. \$1.50 net. The best fruit ripens slowly. Conrad did not take the world by storm, but gradually he has come to be recognized as an incomparable artist in prose. No one who has read *Nostromo* will ever throw off that spell 'of woven paces and of waving hands', the spell of the mysterious Placid Gulf, the snowy Higerote, and all the strange interweaving of man's will with the slow march of inanimate forces. Messrs. Dent could render no greater service to the public that appreciates the best things than this edition of Conrad's works. The stories in this volume are of Conrad's best, and one can give no higher praise to any literary achievement than that.

(2) **The Diaries of Leo Tolstoy, Youth, Vol. I.** \$1.50 net. This is the first of the Four Volumes of the only complete translation authorized by the Russian Editor, Vladimir Tchertkoff.

A life that was so largely inward as Tolstoy's, whose history is of the moments of the soul, is naturally best revealed by the intimacies of a diary, and such a diary! One sees in Tolstoy's passionate self-revelation something of Russia's travailing n birth until she be born anew, a nation. The book stands with S. Augustine's Confessions as one of the great classics of religious experience.

(3) **"Marching Men"**, War Verses. By Helena Coleman. It is not until a nation is stirred to its depths, until its soul is laid bare, that true poetry begins to issue forth, like the blood of the grapes, crushed in the winepress of affliction. More than one singing voice has been raised in these fell years only to be reaped in this bloody harvest, and now comes a woman's voice, singing as only a woman can things born of all the sorrow and heroism of these days. Here is one true note:

Son o' mine, O little son,
Has the race indeed been run—
Have the storm-clouds turned the blue and gold to grey?
God be praised who gave you grace,
Strength of heart and will to face
Wilder winds upon the death fields far away;
God be praised for lads like you,
And for hearts that measure true,
Though we turn our brimming eyes
To your little brown canoe
By the reedy shore that lies
All the empty summer through
Idly rocking, idly rocking
In the bay.

II.

GUNDY.

I am glad that Mr. Gundy represents the Oxford Press. I am also glad that Mr. Button represents the Cambridge Press. I could not enjoy his antics if he represented the Oxford Press. I might still laugh, but it would be fraught with pain, guilty laughter. But the follies of Cambridge are a legitimate source of whole hearted merriment. Mr. Gundy on the other hand is what the representative of the greatest University in the world should be, calm and serene like an Olympian. He has just done the Rosedale Course in 75. "Here I hush and bless myself with silence". I shall not play with Mr. Gundy any more.

This month his books are of varied interest:

(1) **Cloud and Silver.** By E. V. Lucas. Nothing that Mr. Lucas writes can be passed by "on the other side". His enthusiasms are as infectious as his style is wholly delightful. Not once nor twice has he sent me to the booksellers and made a sad hole in my pocket. The whimsical humour of the "Once upon a Time" stories, with their touch of "*malice*" will captivate you. Xmas is coming, get "somebody" to give you "Cloud and Silver", then you can give "somebody"—.

(2) **Carry On.** By Lieutenant Coningsby Dawson. \$1.00 net. Adjectives begin to fail us, as volume after volume comes to us from the trenches revealing the pure and ardent souls of the men who are passing through that hell of fire for the salvation of the world. When to the intrinsic interest of the letters you have added the finished and distinctive style of a writer who has already won fame as a man of letters, and the unfolding of a mind of singular nobleness and simplicity, you have a threefold cord that cannot be easily broken. Here is one sentence—

"If unconscious heroism is the virtue most to be desired, and heroism spiced with a strong sense of humour at that, then pretty well every man I have met out here has the amazing guts to wear his crown of thorns as though it were a cap-and-bells."

(3) **Robert Shenstone.** By W. J. Dawson. \$1.50 net. It is an interesting thing to take up a novel by the father after reading the letters of the son. There is a most delightfully humorous account of Robert Shenstone, who tells his own story like David Copperfield and Joseph Vance, of how he published his first volume of "pomes". Here is delightful and needful relaxation for the Xmas holidays.

III.

MCCLELLAND, GOODCHILD & STEWART.

This month I penetrated further into the McClelland dugout, and this time instead of seeing Mr. Goodchild only in the spirit I saw him in his shirt-sleeves. Why do I never see Mr. Button or Mr. Gundy in their shirt-sleeves? Can it be, horrible thought, that they have none? Possibly it is because Mr. Button always has the odd trick up his, while Mr. Gundy—well, one day I will tell you about the Gundy-fly.

But Mr. Goodchild had nothing up his shirt-sleeve except his arm, and a good brawny arm at that. We naturally talked about books, our common interest being to sell them. I wanted to know what became of books that did not sell, thinking in my narrow Calvinistic way that some books were born to sell while others of equal or greater merit, such as those I write myself, were born to be damned. But in his broad charity my narrowness was confounded. "There are no books that do not sell," said he, "all are sold at last". A vision of the larger hope stole over my harassed soul. I saw some poor vexed book finding rest at last in the infinite compassion of the T. Eaton Stores. I was grateful to Mr. Goodchild and departed with new hope. This month, destined to be sold through THE REBEL, we have—

(1) **On the Fringe of the Great Fight.** By Col. G. C. Nasmith, C.M.G. \$1.50. Col. Nasmith is a familiar figure to many Canadian audiences, a symbol of the triumph of mind over matter (with due respect to the psychologists). The book fills one with amazement at the way in which the brain of the scientist allied to the intrepid spirit of the soldier has fought and triumphed over the foul things that accompany the unutterable horror of war. One has a sense of breathless activity, always purposeful, never baffled by difficulty, and always conscious of the humorous side of things. A friend now at the front once told me that he used to pray that he might never lose his tooth brush and his sense of humour. That is Col. Nasmith's attitude, hats off to him.

(2) **More Letters from Billy.** By the Author of *A Sunny Subaltern*. \$1.00 net. Billy's bright brave spirit, the gods preserve him, has made him many friends. His new letters will delight the old friends and make many new ones. I think Mr. E. V. Lucas in one of his inimitable little essays explains the secret of Billy's charm. He is describing the real hero of the war and ends up with—"And what is his name? Well, I can't say what his name is, because it is not always the same; but I can tell you how he is always described by those who relate his adventures, his prowess, his nerve, his suspicions, and his fears. He is always referred to as "My Son". "My Son," when all is said, is the real hero of the war.

And so you will read "More letters from Billy".

(3) **Missing.** By Mrs. Humphrey Ward. \$1.50 net. In "Books and Persons" Arnold Bennett says—"The Hall Caines, the Miss Corellis, and the Mrs. Humphrey Wards are born not made. It may seem odd, even to a publisher, that they write as they do—by sheer glad instinct". To the uninitiated public it is more than odd, it is a mystery, like spring, how Mrs. Humphrey Ward unfailingly responds to every ripple of the world's surface by a novel that faithfully reflects it and preserves it. We have had to read her, from the days of Robert Elsmere up to this latest poignant story of the War, and never has her hand lost its cunning. All the ancient characteristics are here, her "sneaking fondness for a lord", her pathos, her dramatic sense, and over all the shadow of the war.

IV.

CASELL'S.

Some of my friends who like to be personal, a thing I hate, have called me "the Buttonhook". I don't like hyphenated names at any time, and particularly object to having the Button placed first. Anyhow, yesterday the Button was as exclusive as a collarstud, so in the intervals of trying to put my thumb on him I wandered down to Casell's and soared away to the 5th floor to visit Mr. Boyd again. This month Mr. Boyd retires behind an entrenchment of four books which it will take all my space and more skill than I can boast of to describe adequately. I hope the readers of *THE REBEL* will carry the entrenchment with an old fashioned Xmas rush.

(1) **The Retreat from Mons.** By Major A. Corbett-Smith, R.F.A. \$1.00 net. Long ago Drayton wrote—

O when shall Englishmen
With such acts fill a pen,
Or England breed again
Such a King Harry!

Once more the old scenes have resounded with the tramp of Englishmen, and the *Gesta Dei per Anglos* have transcended all that the poet ever dreamed of. If any pen can be said to have worthily recorded that immortal retreat from Mons I think that in after days we shall count Major Corbett-Smith's account of it among the masterpieces of military history. England may not have bred again such a King Harry, but she has bred the men of Mons, and of her blood have come their kinsmen and comrades the men of S. Julien and Vimy Ridge. Canadians and Englishmen alike will read with pride and a pulsing of the hot blood of manhood the story told in this great book.

(2) **The Marne and After.** By Major A. Corbett-Smith, R.F.A. \$1.50 net. Major Corbett-Smith has followed up his first achievement by an account as accurate, vivid, and enthralling as its predecessor of the turn of the tide, when the great German war machine was shattered and turned back even in sight of its goal. He shows us the indomitable spirit of the British soldier, when supplies of food, clothing, and ammunition had all been disorganized by the retreat, taking up the pursuit, half fed, with bare feet, and scanty ammunition, performing such feats of endurance as would surpass belief, had we not the account of an eye-witness.

He shows us too the dawning horror of German atrocity, undreamed of by the British soldier, and disbelieved until the inexorable evidence shocked him into reluctant acceptance of the fact.

These two books together constitute what is probably the most accurate, graphic and masterly account of the first stages of the long-drawn out horror of this war, unlike any war that has ever been, God grant it be the last.

(3) **Belgium under the German Heel.** By Odon Halasi. \$1.50 net.

"And they do well to hide their hell,
For in it things are done
That Son of God nor Son of man
Ever should look upon."

So wrote Oscar Wilde, and his words describe what M. Halasi, a prominent Hungarian author and journalist saw in Belgium in 1916. He was allowed by the German Government to see all their methods, in order that he might bless them to the outside world; he could but tell what he saw, and in telling it has cursed them for ever.

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MR. BUTTON'S LETTER

November 22, 1917.

My dear Literary Drummer,

As a life-long admirer of the most picturesque and conspicuous figure in Modern Canadian History, Sir Wilfrid Laurier, you can appreciate my state of mind at the manner in which you secure "copy" in connection with the "Literary Drummer" section. As a distinguished graduate from the second greatest University in the world (as I have the privilege of representing the Cam-

bridge University Press, it is only natural that I claim for it the primary position), it pains me excessively to see you deviating from the fundamentals of honour, which hitherto, I for one have associated with the graduates of such Universities. It would be incompatible with the fine sense of fair play, so ably championed by the aforesaid greatest of all Canadians, to suggest that you are actuated by ulterior motives. Unless therefore, you care to provide me with your *written* assurance that you will not repeat in public, what we say to you, either over the telephone, or within these sacred walls, I shall be compelled to refuse to converse with you under *any* conditions.

You are issuing a Periodical that is attracting the favourable attention of all lovers of good literature. As you know, it has been my privilege to co-operate in a way that my limited ability admits of. It is my intention to show my appreciation for the kindly manner in which I am tolerated on this side of the Atlantic, by continuing to draw attention to the existence of such an admirable and exclusive Periodical. I cannot, however, pursue such a policy, and at the same time so deceive my friends, in allowing your nefarious methods to go unchallenged. Having the honour to represent, what I consider the greatest British Publishing House, I feel the responsibility of protecting (in whatever way is open to me), the public against unscrupulous Journalists, even though they may be afflicted with genius such as is evidenced in the publication of *THE REBEL*.

Finally, I appeal to you as a fellow-countryman, who does not pretend to come within a fraction of your international intellectual reputation, to which you are so justly entitled—to avoid in future the desecration of such an enviable position. Let fair play rather than subterranean principles, guide you in future in this respect, no matter how worthy your cause may be, thus emulating the fine democratic principles of a man who apparently is not afraid to champion the cause of the people against the surface indications of a popular policy.

That you will not turn a deaf ear to this urgent entreaty, is the sincere wish of,

Cordially yours,

H. BUTTON.

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Dear Pelham—

It is a fine little paper. I would to God, as St. Paul says, that they had one like it at McGill.

STEPHEN LEACOCK.

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The Literary Drummer wishes all good things to readers and publishers for Xmas. To readers, full pockets and good will to the publishers who have supported THE REBEL, to publishers fabulous sales and no bad debts. He would like to ask readers to take notice of Mr. Appleton's list of books on the inside of the front cover. Perhaps Mr. Appleton will be found in the magic circle next year. The L. D. would be glad to hear from any publishers or booksellers who would like to be introduced to the readers of THE REBEL. All such details as the size of their boots, hats, and families would be faithfully passed on by him to the readers of THE REBEL. It is the little things about great men that really interest people. Mr. Button says that he has sold he does not know how many more books since he met the L. D. Several readers have threatened to stop their subscriptions to THE REBEL as they find they cannot help buying books. This is THE REBEL's menu or tariff (not protective).

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