

the American judges the Oxford "Don" on a basis which is frequently resented by the English undergraduate,—he expects something different, that is all.

Oxford, I think, rather resents the Rhodes scholar, and by the law of action and interaction the said scholar may build up rather a strong anti-English complex. And yet, a little thought will show us how absurd our American attitude is. To understand Oxford you must bear in mind more than the peculiarities in organization, differences in athletics and lack of fraternity life. These, while important, are almost side issues. The crux of the matter lies in the social life of the country which this institution embodies and expresses.

We must bear in mind that England still has a very strong feeling of caste. The gentry are still the gentry and very definitely stand on their dignity. England has a semi-democratic form of government and may be drifting more and more towards democracy. Be that as it may, England's social life at present embodies the idea of "noblesse oblige" to a striking extent. There is no free access from class to class. The aristocracy are socially aloof and regard themselves as the cultural leaders of the country,—which they probably are. The middle and laboring classes accept this leadership and show a spirit of deference and respect which the American cannot understand. To him, brought up as he is on a diet of democracy, liberty, freedom and equality, this subservience is something which is to be discouraged and fought in every possible way. The Rhodes scholar, owing his position to his own initiative entirely, is of course the flaming champion of Americanism, just as the Englishman who is at Oxford is the bulwark of the more conservative old-country attitude.

I am convinced that this difference in social background is at the basis of all the differences and squabbles which dog the trail of the American in Oxford. He is aggressive, determined, energetic and noisy, an avowed champion of a newer and to him better era. He wishes to spread the light among the fogs of Oxford,—and by the way there is only one thing foggier than a real Oxford fog, that is a London fog. He