

seminaries and schools fit not a few young men and women for positions that do not exist and land them helpless in the pulpit, at the bar and surgeon's table with little skill or practical experience, less common sense and undermined physiques.

Who is to blame that the old division of society into educated and refined, out of touch with life on the one hand, and the illiterate and vulgar toilers on the other, still persists, though, of course, to a diminishing extent?

Are the employers the chief sinners in this respect? Are they to blame that some of them treat their workmen as they do their horses, that is, feed their bodies only and never think of their minds? Are they to blame that they have no modern scientific methods of curing food and preventing disease, no baths, no privacy and make very little attempt at cleanliness, their men being huddled together in common sleep camps and bunk houses? Are they to blame that they have no teachers and entertainers, no good, scientifically trained feminine hands to prevent as well as cure disease of mind and soul and body?

No! Not wholly nor chiefly. We, the people, are to blame first and our representatives afterwards. Had it not been for the Godsend (Nature's warning) of an occasional outbreak of smallpox, diphtheria, and typhoid, and that the public feared an undertow that would endanger themselves, the employers and men might have gone to the devil for all the interest a large section of the public takes in the housing and sanitation of the camps or the education of the men. An occasional missionary visits the camps nearest civilization, but leaves no atmosphere or soil in which the seed he sows can have the slightest chance to grow. The church universal is our greatest and best institution. It means well and deserves credit, but the little work it does at the camps is love's labor lost. The missionary might as well save his elbow grease to sow the seed where he usually does on intensively enriched and cultivated soil, or, better still, fence and break up the fallow ground of the frontier and keep out the cattle and counteract the summer frost before he sows the seed.

After even the most eloquent sermon or the longest mass, the poor bunkhouse occupant is forced to lie down just the same beside a "crummy" bunk and get "hit." He longs in vain for a chance to get a bath

and for privacy to change or even pick his underclothing. Shame on our vaunted civilization! The priest or preacher may have made a rift in the clouds that let a ray of light into the heart of a benighted hearer. He may have struck divine chords and awakened heavenly longings, but in vain his convert longs to get away from the filthy song and story of his depraved fellows, and in this the sermon or mass offered no respite. Just the same, for a bath and a change of underclothing he is forced to jump camp and just the same he blows his stake. Because not even scarecrowed, birds by the wayside picked the seed that lay bare on his rocky heart, and because unfenced, what few grains may have found root in the clefts of the rocks, the bears and neighbor's cattle ate part and trampled the rest beyond recognition.

But the seed sown in the hearts of our Varsity boys luxuriates in soil and atmosphere and the only drawback is that there may be insufficient storm to stiffen the tender blades, freshen the air down by the roots and kill the harmful insects and germs. The plants savor of the hothouse. By spring exams the faces of these more than semi-recluses are pale and their muscles so lax that they are unfit for manual labor.

They enjoy the most wholesome food in all our fair land, the most sanitary and scientific cooking and the best educated cooks. And all for less than fifteen cents a meal! Sluices and skidways! Wait a minute. How, why and wherefore only fifteen cents? That is the sum the students pay. Therein lies the rub. They don't pay the total cost. They eat this fare fit for a god and provided by goddesses at the expense of someone else? Of whom? Tell it not on the tote or cache road! Miss Ryley is paid not by the students who enjoy and thrive on her golden kaleidoscopic menus, but her salary is paid by the university, just the same as that of any other professor. It may be added that the heat, light and building are also free to the students.

But slushers and stationmen's huts! where does the university get the money? Wherever it gets it, the money could not be put to better use. The university that affiliates an institution like the Lilian Massey School of Domestic Science, and makes its courses optional as part of those required for the regular B. A. degree has the