

the body, God's temple, has as much to do with our mental and spiritual growth as have the mind and soul.

"Nor soul helps flesh more now
Than flesh helps soul."

—*Rabbi Ben Ezra.*

The dining hall at the University of Toronto has lately sprung into sudden popularity. Three hundred students take their meals there now, and frequently the S. R. O. sign might be hung out. Why this sudden popularity? Modern science has come to the aid of the Varsity student and placed the dining hall under the supervision of a Domestic Science graduate. Under her regime the meals combine quality, variety, cleanliness and cheapness.



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Let us hope that a system of education whose natural laboratories include the farm and kitchen cannot long be denied the frontier camp.

"Jumping camp" would be greatly reduced if the culinary staffs at the camps were experts in their line. But to add the additional blessings of bathrooms, and private instead of public beds or boards as now in use, at say quarter the expense of students' residences, and in-

struction with books, music, entertainers and instructors, would be to bring the term "jumping" altogether into disuse. It would have no meaning. There would cease to be any such habit as jumping known. The back country hotels and the city slums would be deserted. You would not be able to keep the unemployed away from the camps with jamdogs.

In other words, to decentralize education from its congested stultified centres to the frontier camps and settlements, to make the super-educated lend a hand at teaching and toiling, would be to take the first step towards making possible a solution of the slum problem of the cities, and the absolute suppression of the liquor traffic on the frontier as well as in city, town and country. For just as surely as nature abhors a vacuum, just so surely will men seek to fill their monotonous spare hours with coarse and brutalizing stimulants even if they have to be illicitly obtained, unless these hours are first filled in with the pure and the beautiful.

Do you, kind reader, suppose the frontier toiler would leave camp where his bunk was in no danger of being "seeded" from his neighbors? Where if "struck" he could have a hot bath and change his underclothing in private? Where he does not have to toil more than eight hours and could spend the balance of the day in reading and study and, above all, where he could come within the hallowing restraining influences of good women?

Is there any hope that the frontiersmen whom a recent writer has aptly styled "God's frontiersmen" will ever come into his rightful heritage and be so educated?

Thank God, in Canada a majority of our citizens are educated normally. That is, their hands and hearts have been educated as well as their minds. But, alas, there still persists, though less pronounced, the old distinction of philosophic dreamers in our universities more or less out of touch with practical life, who know of no useful occupation as an outlet for their exuberant energy other than sports and hazing. Though proportionately fewer in number, they have many of the characteristics of the larger class of the Middle Age of which they are the logical descendants. Like them, they vainly try to do the thinking for the toilers at the other extreme, the descendants of the illiterate and more or less brutal slaves. These universities,