

The general secretary for Rhodes scholarships in Australia (Dr. J. C. V. Behan) has recently been advised that several new appointments have been made to the board of Rhodes Trustees following upon the death of Lord Milner and the retirement from his trusteeship of Mr. Rudyard Kipling. The new trustees are the Prime Minister (Mr. Baldwin), Mr. Geoffrey Dawson (editor of the London "Times" and former secretary of the Rhodes trust), the Attorney-General (Sir Douglas Hoag, K.C.), the Warden of New College (Right Hon. H. A. L. Fisher, who was Minister for Education in the last Liberal Government, and at one time principal of the University of Sheffield), and Mr. E. R. Peacock. Mr. Peacock is a director of the Bank of England, and was once a colleague of Sir George Parkin (the first organising secretary of the Rhodes scholarships), at Upper Canada College, Toronto. Upon his appointment as Governor of the Kenya Colony Sir Edward Grigg resigned his office as secretary to the Rhodes Trustees. In his place the trustees have now appointed Mr. Philip Kerr. Mr. Kerr is already familiar with much of the work of the trust, and has travelled constantly in the dominions and the United States. The trustees intend to release him for a part of every year, so that he may travel overseas. He hopes soon to make the personal acquaintance of all who are engaged in work for the Rhodes Trustees.

ADV. 14 9 25

EPHEMERAL LITERATURE.
From S. TALBOT SMITH:—The report of my closing remarks on this subject at the Institutes Association annual meeting, has one important word wrong; it makes me speak of the necessity of converting the "herd," which is a superior and offensive term one would not dream of using. What I did say in reply was that all the speakers had agreed with my motion that rubbishy literature ought to be discouraged, and yet we all admitted that institute subscribers may demand the other kind. So to say more to that gathering "would be preaching to the already converted; what you have to do is to go out and convert heathen." Which is obviously a mere metaphor, and—in intention, at any rate—humorous and without offence.

REG. 14 9 25

FORESTRY SCHOOL.
Federal Director Appointed.
South Australia Honoured.

MELBOURNE, Thursday.
In connection with the decision of the Federal Ministry to establish an Australian School of Forestry at Canberra, the Prime Minister (Mr. Bruce) stated to-day that Mr. Norman Jolly, B.A., Diploma of Forestry, Oxford, had been appointed principal of the school.

A native of South Australia and a Rhodes Scholar of Adelaide, Mr. Jolly, after obtaining his forestry education, was appointed to the Imperial forest service of India, and, subsequently, became Director of Forests in Queensland. On the establishment by New South Wales of a Forestry Commission Mr. Jolly was secured by that State. His wide experience of forestry under various climatic conditions, therefore, fitted him exceptionally well for the responsible work of educating the youth of Australia in the higher branches of forestry.

Mr. Bruce added that he had already explained the details of the school, and he desired to emphasize the fact that the State Governments were not involved financially, the whole cost being defrayed by the Commonwealth. All that the States were asked to do was to nominate annually the number of students they could absorb into their forestry services. The minimum qualification was a two years' science course at one of the universities (except in the case of men already in the forest service), and the course at the school would last two years.

As it will probably take a year to erect the permanent buildings at Canberra, concluded Mr. Bruce, the Ministry, in order that no time might be wasted in commencing what was, after all, the first step in sound forestry administration throughout the Commonwealth, was making arrangements, through the co-operation of the South Australian Government and the University of Adelaide, to start the school in that State. It would remain in Adelaide for a year, when it would be transferred to Canberra.

PLATO, THE LITERARY ARTIST.

Debts and Duty.

Extracts from lecture by Professor Darnley Naylor, in the Prince of Wales Theatre, September 8.

It is not my duty to speak of Plato's philosophy; that duty I leave to my colleague, Professor McKellar Stewart. I myself am content to show, if possible, how great a dramatist Plato might have been, had he cared to turn his attention to the stage. Certainly Plato's power of characterization is remarkable, and this power makes his dialogues as vivid as Cicero's were dull. Even Thomas Love Peacock cannot surpass him, and Lancelot's interlocutors are as marble statues contrasted with the living creations which filled the pages of Plato's works.

The Republic.

Take first the introduction of the Republic. Socrates and his young friend Glaucon had walked down from Athens to the Piræus—the Port Adelaide of Attica. It was a walk of five miles between two vast walls—60 ft. high, 12 ft. thick, and 200 yards apart. Socrates was anxious to witness a festival in honour of a Thracian goddess named Bendis. He was broadminded in his religious views, and the fact that this goddess was worshipped by the members of a semi-barbarous race made no difference to him. He discerned in all creeds "the spirit that is one." The Piræus, like all ports, was crowded with aliens from every quarter of the then known world. The Athenians had no alien exclusion Acts, and welcomed all who cared to settle in their territory. He provided they paid extra taxes and claimed no vote.

The festival consisted largely of processions, in which Athenians also took part. The cosmopolitan Socrates, who never sought popularity by flattering his countrymen, was bold enough to speak in complimentary terms of the Thracian deity. He and Glaucon were about to walk back home when they were stopped by various friends and persuaded to stay for the torch race in the evening. The promise that he should have a talk with several young admirers clinched the matter. So off they went to the home of one Cephalus.

This old gentleman had long resided at the port and had made money by manufacturing shields for the Athenian Army. He was an alien from Sicily, whose valuable contribution to the defence of Attica had won him something like full citizenship. He was just about to offer sacrifice in his courtyard when Socrates and the rest entered.

Debts and Duty.

Cephalus greets Socrates with old-fashioned courtesy and expresses regret that old age prevents his visiting Athens and thus meeting Socrates more often. Socrates sits down by his host and leads him on to talk of age. Cephalus has travelled over a road along which he (Socrates) may one day pass. The old man becomes anecdotal, talks of friends and their complaints against old age, and concludes by saying that for him at least old age is pleasant enough. Socrates hints that money, perhaps, has been a considerable alleviation. Cephalus assents, but adds that money brings more than physical comforts: it allows one to be straightforward and pays one's debts to gods and men.

This gives the dialectician his opportunity and Socrates queries whether being straightforward or just is really paying one's debts to gods and men. He also demands an exact definition of "debts" and of that which is "owed" to one's neighbour. If, for instance, a lunatic asks back a sword which he has lent, is one doing one's "duty" in returning the sword?

All this is too much for an old man, and Plato, with true insight, makes Cephalus retire to his sacrifice and leave the argumentation to his sons and their friends. The topics are too "modern" for this ancient "fundamentalist," and, moreover, a lengthy discussion would tax beyond endurance his physical powers. A wooder creature, like Cicero, would have kept this octogenarian awake and alert through all the ten books of the Republic.

An animated discussion follows. Various definitions of "justice" are attempted, criticised, and rejected. The utterances of sages, philosophers, and saints are quoted. But none satisfies Socrates, the irrepressible seeker after truth, who is no respecter of persons or of alleged authorities. He has however, forced one of his interlocutors to admit that "to do wrong even to the enemy can never be just," when Thrasymachus, an itinerant lecturer on rhetoric and philosophy, intervenes.

He has been listening with undignified disgust, and now can restrain himself no longer. He calls upon the audience to cease their eternal chorus of "Yes, Socrates," and to say out, what they really think. Or better, let Socrates tell them what justice is instead of asking questions and never daring to give an answer. This rude onslaught does not perturb Socrates, who begs Thrasymachus to

speak and enlighten his ignorance. After some sparring, Thrasymachus assents and defines justice as "the interest of the stronger." Of course, Socrates at once desires to know the meaning of "interest" and of "strongest," and so the great dialogue begins.

The Symposium.

The symposium is a vivid description of a dinner in the house of an Athenian gentleman. The host is Agathon, the tragedian. The day before he has won the coveted prize for his plays, and tonight he is entertaining a select party of friends, including Aristophanes, the famous comedian. Aristodemus arrives uninvited; he has left Socrates behind standing at the wrong door in a fit of absent mindedness. Agathon puts Aristodemus at his ease by professing that he had intended to invite him, but, unfortunately, had not come across him during the day. They wait awhile and then start without Socrates. The staid doctor, Eryximachus, suggests that drinking shall be voluntary; he disapproves of intoxication, especially after the debauch of the previous night. Moderns should not be too censorious of the Greeks; they "broke out" only once a year, and then thought they were honouring Bacchus. After all, things are hardly decorous on New Year's Day in Scotland.

At last Socrates arrives, and when the dinner is concluded, the guests decide to recite the praises of love. This they do, each in characteristic fashion. It is left to Socrates to distinguish the lower passion from the higher relation, and the conversation has reached its loftiest pitch, when in bursts Alcibiades accompanied by some engaging damsels. He is not as drunk as he pretends, but is sufficiently "elevated" to deliver a panegyric on Socrates which is both frank and embarrassing. How far he is in earnest and how far maudlin, it is hard to say.

On the whole, his outpouring forms as lively a picture of himself, the handsome, dissolute politician, as of his ugly and unsuccessful teacher, Socrates.

Suddenly a company of revellers from the street make their way into the house. There is a great deal of drinking, without rule or order, and most of the guests are under the table. Aristodemus, the narrator, says that he lay on the floor to have a sleep, and the last thing he remembered was Socrates, Aristophanes, and Agathon still handing round the cup and discussing with great animation the relative merits of tragedy and comedy. Socrates was laying down that the true tragedian was comedian also (thus anticipating the Elizabethans); but, adds Aristodemus, "I was too tired to follow the argument. Presently even Aristophanes and Agathon went off. Socrates, after thus putting them to sleep, took a walk, had a bath, and made his way home."

The Phædo.

The Phædo is a remarkable attempt to prove the immortality of the soul. It is probably as successful as any other such attempt, and that is saying the best and the worst of it. Cicero tells us how, when the magic book was in his hands, it won his assent, and how, when he laid it aside, all his convictions melted away. Cato read it through on the night after his defeat, and when the sun rose stabbed himself to the heart. But more convincing than any argument is the serene confidence with which Socrates faces the king of terrors.

Plato was absent through illness, and Phædo is the narrator. He shows us the peculiar tenderness with which Socrates treats the objections and difficulties of his disciples. It seems as if he wished to leave with them a last perfect example of patient and persistent search after ultimate truth.

So the hours fly past; and now the setting sun begins to touch the hills. Crito begs his master to postpone the draught of hemlock till later in the evening; but Socrates refuses, just as he refused to break prison. He bids farewell to wife and children; retires to wash himself, in order to spare the women the trouble of washing his corpse, and then returns to receive instructions from the officer.

After drinking the hemlock, he lies down and awaits the end. Investigator to the last, he traces the course of the poison as it mounts from the feet upward. "He was beginning to grow cold about the groin when he uncovered his face (he had thrown his cloak over it) and uttered his last words, 'Crito, I owe a sacrifice to the God of Healing. You will remember to pay the debt.' 'The debt shall be paid,' said Crito. 'Have you any other command?' But there was no answer. Presently he stirred. The officer uncovered the face, and we saw that his eyes were fixed. Crito then closed the mouth and eyelids."

How characteristic are the words "I owe a sacrifice to the God of Healing!" True healthful life began for Socrates in another world. It is the utterance of Timon, but without the bitterness—
"My long sickness
of health and living now begins to mend."

INTELLECTUAL MUSIC.

A CONSERVATORIUM CONCERT.

The high standard attained by the University Central Class was amply shown at the concert given under Mr. Frederick Bevan's direction at the Elder Conservatorium on Monday night, when Handel's "Acis and Galatea," and Mendelssohn's setting of "Athalia" were given by the students, under the direction of Mr. Frederick Bevan. The full orchestra was also engaged in the presentation of the works, and the result was excellent from the most critical standpoint.

In the singing itself graduation of tone was one of the outstanding features, combined with fine balance, and a sense of expression that spoke volumes for the intellectual as well as the musical appreciation of those taking part. Both works might well have taxed the powers of purely professional singers and orchestral players, and it was almost impossible to believe that they were in many cases students. The pretty "Chorus of Shepherds," with which Acis and Galatea opens, revealed at once the control exercised by Mr. Bevan over his big company, and the attack in this was extremely good. This was a feature that was preserved throughout the evening, and there was no slurring of the work on the part of either principals or chorus, even at the end of an exacting performance. There was a spontaneous outburst of applause on the conclusion of Mr. Walter Wood's contribution, which included the pretty air, "Love in her eyes sits playing;" Miss Elsie Cook was equally successful in "As when the dove." Miss Thelma Martin, Mr. Arnold Matters, and Mr. John Ardill were all responsible for good solo interpretations also, which won appreciation on all sides, and the work of the chorus was commendable throughout.

In the presentation of "Athalia," Mr. Bevan was fortunate in having Professor Darnley Naylor as Reader, and his mellow speaking voice added much to the enjoyment of those listening to the exposition of the tremendous tragedy. The chorus, "O Sinai," in this was most impressive, and the "Holy, holy ever blessed God," was a triumphant paean of praise delivered with impressive might, which was only equalled by the tremendous volume of sonorous sound in the concluding chorus. The soloists in this exacting production were Misses Mabel Siegle, Sylvia Thomas, Alice Savage, and Jean Sinclair, and they acquitted themselves with distinction. There was in all the work of these young singers a grace and dignity suited to the theme, and the management of the voice in every instance revealed the careful training they had received. In each case the full orchestral accompaniment, tremendous and impressive in itself, was never permitted to dominate the singer, but remained as a wonderful musical background for each fresh young voice.

As leader of the orchestra, Miss Sylvia Whittington did splendid work, and Mr. Harold Wyde was a tower of strength at the organ. Throughout the evening Mr. Bevan, as conductor, retained his hold upon players and singers alike, with the result that the performance was artistic and of rare finish.