

placement counselor says, "that right now lawyers are a drug on the market." One Virginia Law student, in his last days at the University, was offered a training job with a large New York bank, the terms being 55 weeks of training at \$50 a week, plus lunch, and broad horizons for advancement. He turned it down. "I've been thinking of \$3600 a year to start and can't consider less," he said.

Medical students at the University's excellent hospital center have little trouble finding suitable spots, both for internship and post-interne activities. Most of them — predominantly Virginians due to provisions of the Medical School charter — come to Charlottesville full of youth, fire and a desire to be an old country doc. Somewhere along the line their outlook changes and most of them graduate planning to take residencies and gain certification as high-priced specialists.

More humility is displayed by B.S. and A.B. candidates than by any other group of University students. For their benefit primarily the University has concluded a widespread set of agreements with industry, and Charlottesville is a "must" stop in

the rounds of the talent scouts of the business world. Graduates are well thought of in commerce because it is known that a University of Virginia diploma indicates a moderately high degree of attention to duty. The almost total lack of faculty supervision puts a man on his mettle, with the result that many are called but few are chosen. Those who fail to graduate are of two major categories: the ones who are incapable of mixing their books and their Mason Jar, and the ones who lose interest in midpassage. Offenders against the Honor System are few in number.

So jealously is the scholastic reputation guarded that Virginia grants no honorary degrees. A politician who wishes to speak at Charlottesville — as Roosevelt did on the occasion of his "Stab in the Back" address — is always given the freedom of the Grounds, but never an honorary LL.D.

"It takes a man to get through here," a student leader sums it up. "And in spite of all this drinking and carousing and going over the hump to Mary Baldwin, this place turns out some of the best damned preachers in the South."

MARGINAL NOTE

BY MARGERY MANSFIELD

Knowing truth or beauty
Is knowing God, in a fashion,
Truth is the law of God.
Beauty is God's compassion.

IN THE GOOD OLD SUMMERTIME

A STORY

BY HELEN EUSTIS

"Hi-yi!" he would say, with his creaky gaiety, "Tay, tay, t'hell wid yer coffee!" and he would laugh reminiscently, a slightly forced laugh. But no one ever laughed with him, because no one but himself ever knew what the rest of the joke was. At last his wife would lose her temper when he threw off these meaningless bits and tag-lines from his unshared past, and would lash out at him savagely.

But Julia, their daughter, sat by, silent and rather meditative, enjoying the wisdom bought with her nineteen years. She had weathered the dreadful sea-sickness of adolescence, the tempests and wasteful thrashings of revolt, and now knew when to keep her mouth shut. Let them fight. She would soon be out of it. Before her glowed the effulgent future, outlining the past as the dawn outlines the horizon. Then — ah then! — she would break all bonds, and no single thing or person in her life would be as before.

Seeing freedom so close, she was savoring the last days of her slavery; she was being gentle with her parents,

being appreciative of them as never before. *Ave atque vale*, she told them daily, without their hearing a word of it. Yes, they had wounded her, been unjust to her, had not sufficiently loved her — she did not forget her grievances; it was not that. But now she recognized the uselessness of remembering, and dwelt on them no more. She floated in the sweet air of omniscience, positively sublime. On these last days before her mother set off for the summer visit to Aunt Marcella, Julia shopped with her, lunched with her, made out as politely as she would have with a not-quite-congenial acquaintance. She was proud of herself, smug in her own forbearance, which lasted quite as long as it was needed — until they put her mother on the train.

"Hi-yi!" said her father with a jaunty wink as the train pulled out. "Like to take in a movie?"

"Sure," said Julia gently, happily, from her height. "Anything you say."

Yet later, alone in the house with only her father and a maid in the full

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