

The BOWLING GREEN

Rain on the Roof

(May 29, 1931)

AN uncle of my acquaintance has a small nephew who confided to him, with the candor of childhood, that there were three sounds he liked to hear when in bed at night. They were the sound of rain on the roof, the radio playing downstairs, and the toilet flushing. These sounds, the child said, suggested a sense of being at home, of life going on, and of someone being near-by to take care of him.

Perhaps grown-ups get somewhat that same feeling of reality—though not always of safe care and protection—by reading the newspaper. Once every two or three years I take a copy of the *New York Times* and sit down with it to study it intensively. The last time I did so was in 1928 when things were riding high. And now, cleaning up in my study in hope of a small vacation, I find the issue of May 29, 1931. I had set it aside because it seemed to contain a specially high proportion of interesting news. Let's report briefly on it, for students of living. It contains all those three symbolic elements of human life which the wise child mentioned. There is no harm in civilization sometimes lying awake in bed to listen to the rain on the roof.

* * *

Professor Piccard, Swiss physicist, now a teacher in Brussels, and his assistant Kipfer, descended safely on the Gurgl Glacier in Austrian Tyrol after a balloon ascension of approximately ten miles. Professor Piccard was very pale after their eighteen hours' flight and asked for some hot tea when they reached the village of Obergurgl. The newspaper men reached Obergurgl at 2 A. M. and waked him up to ask questions, which he said was more agitating than the flight itself. Augustine Courtault, a young British meteorologist who spent five months in solitude in a snow house on the Greenland ice-cap, reported his experiences. Except for the pain of frost-bites he said he had been very comfortable; he had "plenty to eat and drink, an excellent supply of classical and other literature, good tobacco, and a fine lamp." The last six weeks of his stay however he had no light; he ate a mixture of cocoa, oats and snow and spent most of his time "day-dreaming" in his sleeping bag. I wish he would let us know what books he read. A man's body was found floating in the Seine near Paris with a bullet wound in the head. The only clue to identity was the label of John David, a New York clothier, and the lot mark 5659-37, in a brown suit. Eight such suits had been sold in the John David stores in May and June 1929; five of these had already been accounted for, and a conjectural identification suggested. Sir James Jeans, English physicist, speaking at a dinner of scientific societies at the Hotel Astor, said that "Today if anyone asks a question about the universe it cannot be answered except by a mathematician, and when the answer is given no one except a mathematician can understand it." In the immediate adjoining column was an advertisement of a book called *Our Gods On Trial*, announced as the "Freethought Book Club Selection for June," with this deliciously naive blurb quoted from Clarence Darrow: "A bully good book, convincing to anyone who wants to know the truth about the Bible and the Gods."

* * *

The first "heat wave" of the season had arrived and everyone was thinking of the Decoration Day week-end. The thermometer in New York City went to 85 the preceding afternoon and there were one death and one prostration. The deficit of the Federal Treasury now exceeded one billion dollars, but treasury officials believed that "an upward turn in economic conditions was near at hand." But one of Mr. Babson's statistical staff was reported as saying that business was not likely to reach the 1918 status until 1945. Two aviators (Lees and Brossy) flying in Florida established a new world's record for non-refuelled flight, 84 hours 33 minutes. Their motor was a Packard-Diesel. Lees, aged 43, was the driver of a horse-car twenty years ago. The 143rd general assembly of the Presbyterian Church, meeting in Pittsburgh, was arguing whether or not to include an endorsement of birth control in its

transactions. Mr. Adolph Lewisohn, the distinguished financier, sang three songs at a dinner given him in honor of his 82nd birthday. The sky armada of 672 U. S. army airplanes, which had been exhibiting spectacular manoeuvres over large cities, was preparing to hop off for Washington for a Decoration Day flying bee. Two Italians were shot in front of the Parody Dance Hall on 116th Street by gunmen in a dark-colored sedan, who escaped. It was said to be a by-play of the beer racket. The Putnam bookstore advertised "You 'Trade in' Your Automobiles, Why Not Your Books?" Only 56 members of the G. A. R. were left to join the Memorial Day parade in New York; in 1930 there had been 81. Seven airplane expeditions were said to be waiting for favorable weather to attempt transatlantic flights. A group of mayors of American cities, visiting France as guests of the French government, were arousing some merriment by their naive antics. The mayor of Los Angeles had walked out from an official luncheon because champagne was served. The mayor of Portland, Oregon, had broken a tradition of silence by delivering a speech (described as "vibrant") at the tomb of the Unknown Soldier. The *New York Times* in an editorial (probably by Simeon Strunsky) advised him to "go and chin no more."

* * *

Prices were said to be at the lowest level in many years. John Wanamaker advertised "Cowhide Overnight Cases at the lowest point since 1910! \$5." Hand-Sewn Silk Panties \$2.95. Gotham Gold Stripe Silk Stockings were eloquent about their seven inches of adjustment space, to fit every length of leg. The new Spanish republic voted \$230,000 to build schools. The Vickers Company in London opened a new show-room for the public display of war equipment, including machine guns, tanks and torpedo-airplanes, round the corner from the headquarters of the Peace Society. Joseph Stalin, general secretary of the Russian Communist party, congratulated the tractor stations on the successful completion of the spring sowing program. A book about the Russian Five-Year plan was selling well in the book-stores. In Brooklyn marriage licenses were granted to sixteen young women; their ages ranged from 18 to 29 and their names were Brennan, Cohn, Feinstein, Gross, Herskowitz, Kofsky, McCarthy, Montrose, Oakley, Paul, Pogarelsky, Rabinowitz, Rose, Schoenfeld, Solotaroff, Williams. The Hollywood Gardens, Pelham Parkway, advertised that it was America's largest open-air restaurant, seating 5,000. "Make up a party of 4 or more persons, hail a Keystone taxi anywhere in Manhattan or Bronx, and drive to the Hollywood Gardens. We pay your fare upon arrival." Twelve men were dropped from the Yale rowing squad for breaking training rules; they were said to have smoked. The *Empress of Britain*, 42,500 tons, the largest passenger liner built in Britain since the War, was making her maiden voyage from Southampton to Quebec. A lunch was held at the Walt Whitman Hotel in Camden, N. J., to celebrate the launching of the *Excambion*, a 7,000 ton passenger and cargo steamer, the fourth of four sister ships built there in ten months for the Export Steamship Company. By purchasing a rag-paper copy of the *New York Times*, of which a limited edition is printed each day, "records of births, deaths, engagements may be preserved indefinitely." This special perdurable edition costs 75 cents on weekdays, \$1.25 on Sundays.

* * *

The Vice-President of the United States, whose name was Curtis, was to give the Decoration Day address at Gettysburg and then have his summer vacation. George Arliss was sailing on the *Majestic*, Otis Skinner on the *Bremen*; Gutzon Borglum on the *Berlin* to attend the unveiling of his statue of Woodrow Wilson at Poznan in Poland. Apartments at 2 Beekman Place, 2 to 8 rooms, were offered at rentals ranging from \$1,150 to \$8,600. For a good many children the day began as usual at 7:45 A. M. by the Cream of Wheat broadcast about "Jolly Bill and Jane." Too many radio broadcasters were attempting to ingratiate themselves with their hearers by soupy whine of simulated tenderness. Arthur Murray the dance teacher—"rates lowest in our history"—offered ten minutes' lesson and a dancing analysis gratis. Hilaire Belloc, lecturing at Oxford, said that translations were more numerous and worse done than ever before. The Players Club were rehearsing Congreve's *The Way of the World* for their tenth annual revival. President Nicholas Murray Butler of Columbia University unveiled a portrait of the late Henry R. Seager,

professor of economics, who died last year while making researches in Russia. Dr. Butler said of Professor Seager that he had died while acquiring information on "the most important happening of our time or of any time." 235,791 stockholders of the P. R. R. were receiving their quarterly dividend. The U. S. Marine Corps was asking for bids on furnishing 60,000 pairs of cotton socks, 70,000 pairs of woolen socks, 100,000 cotton undershirts. Among new corporations reported by the secretary of state at Albany were the Adirondack Log Cabin Co., The Shreddy Coconut Co., the Adorable Hat and Accessory Co. The American Merchant Lines offered weekly sailings to London for \$100. The Universal Tours suggested Free Booklet H, "Honeymoon Haunts, contains 80 Honeymoons 3 to 30 days." The advertisement carried a small cut of Cupid aiming his arrow. The Munson Lines suggested Tourist Cabin to Rio Janeiro and return for \$275. Henry Werner of 75 West Street advertised that he had left two books in a taxi arriving at Grand Central Station, viz a biography of Charles Darwin and ditto of Walter Bagehot.

* * *

The Viennese film operetta *Zwei Herzen im 3/4 Takt* was playing its 9th month. Of the Dressed Poultry market it was said

Broilers cleaning up well and tone firm. Fowls slow, but held steady. Old cocks steady. Turkeys quiet. Ducks easier. Squabs steady. Frozen broilers easier for small but large firm. Fryers and roasting chickens firmer. Fowls well sustained. Turkeys steady.

The trade depression had made the real estate advertisers more folksy than ever. For instance:

Silvermine, Norwalk

Cute little bargain, 5 rooms, all improvements, big fireplace; large plot; \$9,700. More real bargains now.

SOUTHAMPTON—I own a location where I desire a good neighbor still time for that Summer vacation home; ideal surroundings for the wife and kiddies; safe bathing, boating and restricted social associations; for the man, golf, yachting, best fishing and gunning in season; why not run down and investigate? \$2,000, your terms. Write for particulars. Room 820. George Washington Hotel, 23 Lexington Av., New York City.

68TH ST., 60 WEST (The Cambridge Hotel)—It's hard to say how big our apartments are; we have a 1-room apartment, but the closets are so large and the room so spacious it looks like two rooms. Then there's one of those special 2-room suites with brand-new, homelike furniture and a smart colored tile bath; and we're accused of underestimating its size—so there you are. If you want to live a few steps from Central Park in either a one or a two room apartment, completely furnished, with full hotel service, electric refrigeration, at truly payable prices come in and see Mr. Spear.

NEAR BEAUTIFUL STAMFORD, N. Y.

Adaptable for man who contemplates retiring or for a semi-retiring business man; 70 acres; fully equipped furnished modern house, 8 rooms, bath, gas and electricity; A1 condition; 6-car garage; barns, trout stream, pine forest, apple orchard, lawn, shrubbery, fruit, berries, etc.; 2 saddle horses; excellent riding country and wonderful mountain scenery; 1,800 feet elevation, on State road.

Will sacrifice for \$12,500; terms.

But one realtor in the Sayville neighborhood was trying to keep up the tone of Long Island. "ULTRA REFINED ESTATE, for refined people." I looked for, but did not find, advertisements of the admired Long Island realtors Upjohn and DeKay. How often, in recent months, have I said to myself secretly that in business there was too much DeKay and not enough Upjohn. I apologize!

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

The Bread Loaf Writers' Conference, held annually under the auspices of Middlebury College, Vermont, will meet this summer from August 19 to September 3, under the directorship of Robert M. Gay. The purpose of the Conference is to furnish an opportunity for those so interested to receive honest criticism in an atmosphere of friendliness, from a group of experienced poets, novelists, short story writers, critics, and editors. This summer the staff will comprise Hervey Allen, poet, Lee Wilson Dodd, poet and playwright, Robert M. Gay, teacher and essayist, Edith Mirrieless, authority on the short story, Theodore Morrison, poet and editor, Gorham Munson, editor and critic, and Margaret Widdemer, poet and novelist. Among the visiting lecturers, though the list is not complete, will be: John Farrar, Clayton Hamilton, dramatic critic, Claude Moore Fuess, biographer and critic, and Edward Weeks, Associate Editor of the *Atlantic Monthly*.

BOOKS OF SPECIAL INTEREST

The Dear, Dead Pastiche

MY FLESH AND BLOOD. A Lyric Autobiography. By GEORGE SYLVESTER VIERECK. New York: Horace Liveright. 1931. \$3.

Reviewed by LOUIS UNTERMAYER

THIS, we are assured, is a lyric autobiography "with indiscreet annotations." The author not only admits the indiscretions, he parades them, sends them down the highway with banners, tigers (somewhat moth-eaten), and a (somewhat mechanical) calliope.

Besides his persuasive title-page there is a prelude "Caveat lector" (with an exclamation mark) and an eight-page "Confessional" before Mr. Viereck allows the breathless reader to share the not too private privacy of his poems. Thus the "Caveat lector," in part:

I admonish the reader to peruse my poems before, guided by my annotations, he ventures with me into the labyrinth of my soul. He who enters here does so at his peril.

Let the reader beware!

There follows the "Confessional," in which Mr. Viereck seems to be the ghost of Oscar Wilde telling his troubles to Dr. Sigmund Freud. At the outset he confides:

Pausing to look over my accumulated verse, I am surprised at its freshness. In one of my prefaces, I said: "Seated by the roadside I shall wait for America to catch up." . . . I may linger with Apollo, or discuss with Æsculapius the mystery of the endocrine glands. But, prodded by my libido, I ever pursue in my zigzag course a goal for which only psycho-analysis can find a name, attempting to reconcile Lilith and Eve, Jesus and Jack the Ripper.

The poems follow—some three hundred overwrought pages of them—grouped under such *fin de siècle* captions as: "Roses of Priapus," "Eros Crucified," "Phallic Litany," "Spawn of Strange Nights," "Wanderers through All Time," "Ave Triumphatrix," "Rebel Harvest," "Daughters of Lilith and Eve." This array should be sufficient for anyone who craves—no, yearns is the proper Bunthornian verb—for the pale purple patchwork of the 1890's. But Mr. Viereck leaves no one in doubt. The "indiscreet annotations" are even more self-conscious—and self-satisfied—than the poems. The superfluous examples are too humorous to mention; one instance must serve for all. "Tubal," explains Mr. Viereck, fearing we may not have heard the name, "was the inventor of music. He must also have been the first great lover. Song among men, as in the animal kingdom, derives its impetus from the phallus."

The poems, themselves, are what one might expect. They celebrate "the splendor and the madness and the sin," the leading bisexual heroes from great Cæsar to Shakespeare (with a passing nod at poor Ludwig II), all the glamorous names that have ever been mishandled in thickly breathing verse, New York, Nineveh ("when 'Nineveh' first appeared it almost set the Hudson on fire"), and all the exploited standbys of the much mortified decadents—Pierrot in Golgatha, the hermaphroditic Sphinx, singing Vampires, Saint Vitus, "the belly and the phallus and the grave."

Part Two is wholly in prose. Its reticent pages contain sections on Mr. Viereck's translators, appreciations by his friends, prefaces to his various forgotten volumes, a list of poems originally written in German, a complete bibliography including (significantly enough) to Mr. Haldeman-Julius's millions the works of Oscar Wilde, Lord Alfred Douglas, C. A. Swinburne, and D. G. Rossetti. There is also, for good or bad measure, an Appendix devoted to "Mr. Viereck and His Critics."

It would be unfair to conclude without one excerpt in verse and one in prose. This stanza—a typical one—is the finale of "The Candle and the Flame":

Nay, sweet, smile not to know at last
That thou and I, or knave, or fool
Are but the involunt tool
Of some world purpose vague and vast.
No bar to passion's fury set,
With monstrous poppies spice the wine:
For only drunk are we divine,
And only mad shall we forget!

Climactic enough, the mouth-filling verse deserves a climax in prose. The following quotation is one which Mr. Viereck is pleased to quote about himself: "When a reporter of the Philadelphia *North American* asked me if Emperor William I was my grandfather or my uncle, I replied, 'That is of no importance. It is far more important that I am the spiritual grandson of Edgar Allan Poe.'" *Explicit.*

The Marvellous Boy

A LIFE OF THOMAS CHATTERTON.
By E. H. W. MEYERSTEIN. New York:
Charles Scribner's Sons. 1930. \$7.50.

Reviewed by THOMAS OLLIVE MABBOTT

SOMETHING more than a century and a half ago a precocious young man of seventeen killed himself in a London garret. That act gave sentimentalists a hero, moralists a theme for sermons, and provoked a great scholarly controversy. And English poetry suffered the gravest of its four great losses by early death. For the young man was Thomas Chatterton, sometime Bristol apprentice, a dealer in dreams and documents of a medieval history and poetry chronicling worthies no less real for never having lived on land or sea. Walpole called him a forger, Jacob Bryant a great discoverer; Dr. Johnson, agreeing with Walpole to a degree, spoke of him as "the most remarkable young man that had come to his attention." John Keats called him the most English of the poets since Chaucer. One might add the most objective since Shakespeare, without daring to guess what he might have done had he lived. Keats had placed himself among the English poets at twenty-three; who but Milton at seventeen?

A vast amount has been printed about Chatterton. But no real survey of the field had been made for many years until the present large volume of Mr. Meyerstein, who is to be congratulated on a fine scholarly performance in the face of peculiar difficulties, of which only the special student may be fully conscious. Taking literally the Horatian precept, Mr. Meyerstein devoted nine years to his task. There are many editions of Chatterton's works, most of which add something new, though none since Southey's (1803) has attempted completeness. There are several biographies, and numberless articles in periodicals and minor pamphlets—a huge amount dealing with the Rowley controversy alone, though Skeat put the last touches on the proof of Chatterton's identity as the author of the so-called antique poems, which Tyrwhitt and the wiser eighteenth century critics perceived, and Chatterton's sister once admitted. Mr. Meyerstein handles the old material well—his treatment of slightly varying testimony is masterly—and his own wide reading in the MSS and magazines of the period has enabled him to make a good many discoveries himself.

The result is a remarkable book, though the prose is at times a little marred by the author's love of seventeenth century models. And in some places he addresses himself frankly to the specialist alone. But, with judicious skipping, it is a work every lover of English romantic poetry will want to read; and the specialist is often most grateful for a thorough discussion of minor points. Perhaps the cleverest thing is the recognition of the significance of Chatterton's letter in sesquipedalian words to William Smith. Formerly thought a mere jumble, it proves in plain language a half jocular avowal of the poet's despair. I think the reference to making smegma (or soap) a symbolic reference to his abortive plan to become a ship's surgeon, a kind of barber. The motive for Chatterton's suicide seems to have been a desperate habit of mind long persisted in. He told a friendly apothecary of a painful disease, but this may have been a mere excuse to buy poison. Some problems remain unsettled. The MS of "Ella" is unlocated, and the true title in doubt. And the final word on the authenticity of the "Last Verses" hesitatingly rejected by Mr. Meyerstein, has not been said.

It is a terrible indictment of the eighteenth century that it found no place open for the "marvellous boy," though that he

was a difficult person Mr. Meyerstein admits. But it is an error of our criticism, I think, that with greater understanding of his personality, we have paid little attention of late years to his poems. To these Mr. Meyerstein devotes many sympathetic pages. His "modern" verse is vigorous enough, but it is only in the Rowley poems that we find his best work. They are amazing stuff, to be read not philologically, but as pure poetry. For while supplying notes on the meanings of the strange words he used, Chatterton expected the reader to find unintelligible passages, as in any really old poem. Yet his freedom of phrase allowed him to create a new melodic magic.

Virgynne and hallie Seyncte, who sitte yn
gloure,
Or give the mittee will, or give the gode
man power

is as untranslatable as Burns, and the late date of the poem from which it comes confounds those who think the poet had written himself out. He had a turn for drama, too. And where Macpherson (who must have had some influence on him) saw Ossian like a ghost in the mist, Chatterton, with the eyes of a child, saw Canynge and Rowley in the rich sunlight that streamed through the stained windows of St. Mary Redcliffe, long despoiled, but glowing again in his imagination. He restored, too, those forgotten or despised subtleties of verse form and cadence in which the cavaliers had revelled. The result is a foretaste of "Kubla Khan," but with a severity that makes "The Eve of St. Mark" unique even in Keats. His was "the hand dare seize the fire" with which Blake and Coleridge kindled English lyric poetry anew.

Italian Players

ITALIAN ACTORS OF THE RENAISSANCE. By WINIFRED SMITH. New York: Coward-McCann. 1930. \$3.50.

PROFESSOR SMITH here pursues a by-path in a field which she has already made her own. She follows the fortunes of the professional troupes who acted the *Commedia dell'Arte* between 1570 and 1700. The book is timely, in view of the interest in the Italian comedies manifest today among both stage historians and play producers; it should attract the general reader whom the author addresses in the preface, for she translates and arranges into a vivid story a body of material not readily accessible, and known least of all, as Sheldon Cheney remarks, to English readers.

Here, portrayed often through their own letters, are players like the virtuous Isabella Andreini, "crowned in effigy between Tasso and Petrarch," and Drusiano Martinelli, husband of the notorious Angelica, who acted with his troupe in London in 1577-8. Ser Maphio's fraternal company—a foretaste of our Actors' Equity Association—agrees to observe "without hate or rancor, but with love" its laws, such as one providing a common sickness fund (to be safeguarded by three keys held by three different members).

The six chapters trace the efforts of these actors to organize and establish their companies and to place their careers on a par with poets and painters, their trials and triumphs under great patrons, often generous, sometimes wrangling among themselves for the honor of the actors' services, now and then capriciously deserting them; their feuds, as when Gasparo Inpirole plots to slash Angelica's face by order of the actress Margarita, which "saddens Angelica," and moves her husband Drusiano to implore the Duke in Mantua to steal Margarita's letters; their genuine contribution to dramatic history, shown in the chapter on Giambattista Andreini and his theatrical innovations; their heyday and decline.

The unpretentious, spirited narrative presenting these very human documents is made even more readable by the pleasant page, and by a number of appropriate illustrations.

The death has occurred of Frank Frankfort Moore, the novelist and dramatist. He published over eighty novels, plays, and books of verse. He was in his seventy-sixth year.

Cattle Ranching

THE CATTLE KING: A Dramatized Biography. By EDWARD F. TREADWELL. New York: The Macmillan Company. 1931. \$3.

Reviewed by EDWIN L. SABIN

FEW motorists, even Californians, tooling along outside miles of tight fence displaying the legend "Miller & Lux Ranch," really appreciate the full significance of the title. The accompanying dictum, "No Hunting. Trespassers Will Be Prosecuted," however, is generally accepted at par.

The far-flung system of Miller & Lux ranches has been more familiarly known to those ankle-tourists, the hoboes, as the "Dirty Plate Route." By Henry Miller's orders to all his foremen every hobo who applied was to be given one night's lodging in the barn and one meal, second table, off the plates of the ranch hands. The hoboes recognized *noblesse oblige*; the Miller & Lux ranch gates were not left open, the ranch women were not molested, the ranch stacks and barns were not burned—and Henry Miller deemed that he had saved on insurance premiums.

In 1847, Heinrich Alfred Kreiser, a German butcher-apprentice boy of nineteen, seeking "a country where I will have room to move and do something," and at the same time fleeing from militarism, landed in New York, steerage, with a bundle of clothes slung over his shoulder and five dollars in his pocket. When, as Henry Miller, he died in San Francisco in 1916 at the age of eighty-nine, his ranch acres and his cattle had reached the million figure in number; his Miller & Lux brands grazed, under fence throughout southern Oregon, northern Nevada, and the length of California; his properties of water rights, reservoirs, irrigating canals, abattoirs, and city real estate were a power on the Pacific slope; and his resources in money were incalculable save by himself.

A thrifty German immigrant boy, who commandeered Fortune. The Godsend of a non-transferable steamship ticket made out to a friend, Henry Miller, and purchased cut-rate, brought him from New York to San Francisco, in 1850, via the Panama Isthmus. Owing to a butcher-shop venture in Panama, while waiting for the California packet, and a spell of fever, he was down to six dollars. The California gold craze affected him not at all. This horde of people had to eat, and had to have meat. He dug up a job in a butcher shop and speedily branched out on his own, as butcher and cattle buyer, ranch buyer and cattle raiser.

He prospered. In 1857, Charles Lux, also a German-American, of San Francisco, became his partner. When in 1887 Lux died, the Lux heirs in Germany brought suit against Miller for an accounting and to establish claims. In this suit, involving large issues and lasting through more than a decade, a leading attorney for the plaintiffs was the "silver-tongued" Delphine M. Delmas who so brilliantly defended Harry Thaw.

Henry Miller was not caught short. He never was. And eventually he acquired all the Lux interests. "He became in law, as he for a long time had been in fact, Miller & Lux."

His vast operations, his energy and his methods, directed always along the ramifications of what may be termed, by and large, "good business," with an eye to the main chance, are most humanly set forth in this story by Mr. Treadwell, a San Francisco attorney thoroughly acquainted with the theme. No matter, however small, was beneath the attention of Henry Miller. Did he not forward two cats to clean the mice out of a ranch granary—and, when the mice were reported as disposed of, remind the foreman that one cat was now sufficient; the other should be placed elsewhere! Nonetheless, in line of efficiency, he was as prompt to pay \$100,000 cash to increase his assets in live-stock holdings as he was to decrease his liabilities in cats.

The Newdigate Prize, which for the last four years has been won by women undergraduates, has this year been awarded to Michael Balkwill, of Oriel College. A woman was, however, next in order of merit. The subject was "Vanity Fair."