

The
BOWLING GREEN

Interpolation

Minnesota, November.

I WAS comparing notes with Old Quercus who by happy coincidence has been travelling the Middle and North West ("the Nation's Granary") at the same time as myself.

I return with much to consider, said Old Quercus. I was able to mingle with the inhabitants without being recognized as an alien. A gentleman who sat next to me at breakfast in the *Victory*, that fine train that runs between Chicago and the Twin Cities, said I looked very like the Baer family in Minneapolis. Other comments were less flattering. *The Minnesota Daily* ("the world's largest college newspaper") said I looked like "a research expert in economic statistics" and described my hair as "oxford-grey." A reporter in Lincoln, Nebraska, said I was "a short plump man of about 50." But perhaps the heaviest blow came from the hand of the *Chicago Tribune*. I was scheduled to speak at the Woman's Club of Evanston on the safely noncommittal topic of "Fifty Golden Florins." I had in mind the fine passage in Petrarch's will (it was the late Professor Sir Walter Raleigh who first told me of it) where he bequeathes to his friend Boccaccio "fifty golden florins to buy him a winter-gown for his evening studies." But the *Chicago Tribune* announced that I was going to lecture on "Fifty Golden Elflins." Surely this was malice.

Chicago, by the way, nowhere so pleasantly shows its essential folksiness, its instinctively small-town spirit, as in the tone of its Social Notes. I see in this morning's paper:

The stunning looking young woman sitting with the Charles H. Morses in their main floor box at the opera the other night was Miss Sally Owens of St. Paul, Minn.

You will never understand the affectionate and cheerful soul of Old Loopy unless you read her Society News with care. Her temperament is such that she gravely resents allusions to smalltowniness; but it is in small towns that one finds the best soil for artistic originality. The best ejaculation of the great cereal heart was a slip of paper under the glass bureau-top in the Hotel Cornhusker in Lincoln. It said, in part:

... this is a human house, and not a soulless institution.

May you rest well, "full of sweet sleep and dreams from head to feet!" May you be healthy under this roof, and no evil befall you, body or mind!

May every letter, telegram or telephone call you receive be of a kind to make you happier! We are all travelers from the port of birth to the port of death—for a little space you lodge with us—and we wish to put these good thoughts upon you—so God keep you, stranger, and bring you your heart's desire!

Mizpah,

A. Q. SCHIMMEL,
Managing Director.

Among many adventures (continued Old Quercus) one of the pleasantest was climbing up four flights in a lecture-hall at the University of Chicago to attend a discussion class in the Introductory Course in the Humanities. It occurred to me that it was perhaps unfortunate that the Humanities are assigned to the hour immediately after lunch, when the human ember (like Montaigne's famous raven) "retracts into a dull and dumpish stupor," but I greatly admired Professor Norman McLean's brilliant and engaging conduct of the argument. He probed his somewhat pedestrian pupils with stypctic questioning and I think that several months of that discipline may teach them some notion of the process and pursuit of thought. I was apprehensive that he might ask me some questions about Aristotle's *Ethics* (that being the topic of the hour) and when his

lambent eye swept the back row I trembled. I couldn't tremble much, however, for I found that the old varsity lecture room chairs are now too tight for my figure. The note-taking shelf made a deep impression on me. So for an hour the class argued "What is the Chief Good of Man and How can it be Realized?" This exacted from the students definitions of a Chief Good, and of Man. It was agreed, under the shade of Aristotle and the scalpel of Professor McLean, that the Chief Good of Man is "the workings of the soul in accordance with Right Reason." And (as the magazine serials say) go on from there.

The chapel of the university, designed by Goodhue, is of admirable beauty. It will take a long time, however, for the feeling of mingled humanities and divinities to immigrate into it. Seen empty it has a bare and static perfection; it lacks emotion. One solitary student was sitting in a front pew, engrossed in reading. What kind of devotion, I wondered, and walked past. In this building dedicated to eternity he was reading *Time*.

Minneapolis, Quercus confided, is one of the most hospitable cities on earth. Never suppose that the blood is cooled by that strong northern air. Nowhere else do reporters actually meet one at the vestibule of the sleeping-car and insist on siphoning off your poor notions before you have even bathed or shaved. Nowhere else have I ever received a kind and gracious letter

from the Mayor welcoming me to the city and asking if he can help to make it enjoyable. Like the steampipes of the University heating plant that run so close to the surface of the lawns they keep the grass green beyond season, the great aortic valves and ventricles of the Viking heart keep Minnesota's complexion flushed with simple kindness. Where else, asked Old Quercus, will you find so amazing a place to speak in as the vast Northrup Auditorium? Its huge gallery looms above the agitated guest like the cliffs of a Norwegian fjord; far away, like a settlement of sea-gulls on top of Gibraltar, you see small faces watching; yet so efficient are the overtone devices that you seem to be talking to them hand in hand. Even Messer Durant and Messer Pitkin, those dioscouri of delivery, are said to have gulped a little when they first saw that house in convocation. And poor old Quercus, a very uncertain soliloquist, was correspondingly shaken. But the great organ thunders, several thousand voices sing *Hail Minnesota*, and some magic is afoot that makes that enormous place seem more intimate and amiable than many a hall one tenth its size.

Since I am specially interested (said Old Quercus) in civilization's various attempts to build new shapes for itself (and literature as well as mechanics and architecture has experimented in streamline forms and found that economy sometimes means beauty) I was particularly happy to have a chance to see the new home of a scholar near Minneapolis which was designed by Frank Lloyd Wright and represents the old master's latest ingenuities in the form of a private dwelling. It is a fascinating Euclidean solid, and I felt grieved for the trials of our friend's wife who was trying to get settled under the fascinated gaze of Minneapolis reporters

and news photographers who felt they must have pictures and stories of this novel residence. Since she must have suffered much already from publicity I will be too gentlemanly to identify but remember with excitement my glimpse of the new home on its first living day. One cheerful innovation of Mr. Wright's is a glass partition between the living room and the kitchen so that the activity of the cook makes a silent but promissory background to the scene. Nothing is more beautiful than a well-tended kitchen, and this lucid opportunity is excellent for the husband or guest who likes to know what's on the menu for dinner.

As an opposite kind of thought, referring to our occasional attempts to preserve unique shapes and memories of the past, I was grateful for the hospitality of St. Olaf College at Northfield, Minnesota. There, to some extent exempt from the flattening steamroller of our standardizing time, St. Olaf carries on Minnesota's rich inheritance of Norse culture. Small Eastern colleges, by proximity to the thundering herd of Americanism, have lost much of their valuable separatist spirit. St. Olaf—where the late Dr. Rölvaag wrote in Norwegian his magnificent *Giants in the Earth*—will long I hope be bold and faithful to that admirable mission. It will be a bad day when the various races of our miscellaneous nation forget in one dull clamorous Americanism the deep idiosyncrasies of their origins. One little oddity struck me. A great middle-western State university had as the slogan of its Homecoming Day "Mangle Michigan." The motto of St. Olaf for its similar festival was "World Peace."

So you found plenty to think about, I remarked.

Yes, he said; and if you'll excuse me I'm going home now to do it.

CHRISTOPHER MORLEY.

Double-Crostics: Number 36

By ELIZABETH S. KINGSLEY

DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle, you must guess thirty-one words, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. The letters in each word to be guessed are numbered (these numbers appear at the beginning of each definition) and you are thereby able to tell how many letters are in the required word. When you have guessed a word each letter is to be written in the correspondingly numbered square on the puzzle diagram.

DEFINITIONS

- I. 140-121-2-22-108-36-101-88-155. Universal.
- II. 123-96-130-107-16-26-53. English writer (1874-).
- III. 164-116-158-132-72-91-1-48-24-173. Religious leader (1688-1772).
- IV. 28-172-68-9-71. Impression that something will happen.
- V. 30-128-54-77-119-40-84. Bordered; touched at one end.
- VI. 69-94-21-149. A distinctive Scottish garment.
- VII. 20-35-105-146-162-12. A Hebrew prophet.
- VIII. 64-57-168-112-4-127-31. Slavic tea-kettle.
- IX. 6-56-90-78-62-97-142-150-17-165-37. Surface of the sun.
- X. 14-49-8-153-89-65. To add something of beauty or value.
- XI. 38-139-115-134-73-18. To bring into harmony.
- XII. 13-99-42-154-92-147. Shylock's Wall Street.
- XIII. 7-152-33-144-27. To remove by force.
- XIV. 104-171-70-15-141-52. To treat with obsequious deference.
- XV. 80-131-32-76-55-157. Complete, unimpaired.
- XVI. 170-166-44. A term used in the game of cribbage.
- XVII. 23-160-47-110. Of a forbidding aspect.
- XVIII. 61-103-43. Character in "David Copperfield."
- XIX. 25-113-159. Division of geological time.
- XX. 106-137-100-3. A character in "A Doll's House."
- XXI. 66-45-133. A piece of timber to strengthen side of a ship.
- XXII. 85-129-136. Poetic for at a distance.
- XXIII. 161-83-143-86. Tailless, insectivorous amphibian.
- XXIV. 79-117-82-114-59. Routine custom or practice.
- XXV. 169-46-93. A letter of the Greek alphabet.
- XXVI. 148-34-151-118-50-98-120-135-156. Symbols of high-living.
- XXVII. 51-67-60-125-163-39-29-122. Survives.
- XXVIII. 63-95-19-124-81-75-5-41. Soiled, dirty.
- XXIX. 58-87-102-145. Prescribed form of ceremony.
- XXX. 74-109-11-111-10. British tor molasses candy.
- XXXI. 174-167-138-126. Loud, prolonged cry of a beast.

WORDS

When the squares are all filled in you will find (by reading from left to right) a quotation from a famous author. Reading up and down the letters mean nothing. The black squares indicate ends of words; therefore words do not necessarily end at the right side of the diagram.

Either before (preferably) or after placing the letters in their squares you should write the words you have guessed on the blank lines which appear to the right in the column headed WORDS. There is a dash for each letter. The initial letters of this list of words spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Unless otherwise indicated, the author is English or American.

	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	10
11	12	13	14		15	16	17	18	19	20
21	22		23	24	25	26	27		28	29
32		33	34	35		36	37	38	39	40
42	43	44	45	46	47	48	49		50	51
53	54	55	56		57	58	59		60	61
	64	65	66	67	68	69		70	71	72
74	75	76	77		78	79	80	81		82
85		86	87	88		89	90	91	92	93
	96		97	98	99	100	101	102		103
105	106	107	108	109	110		111	112	113	
	116	117	118		119	120	121		122	123
126		127		128	129	130	131	132		133
	136	137	138		139	140	141		142	143
146		147	148		149	150	151		152	153
156	157		158	159	160	161	162		163	164
166	167	168		169	170	171	172	173	174	

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S DOUBLE-CROSTIC (NUMBER 35)

WHITMAN—"LEAVES OF GRASS"

But grander far the unseen soul of me comprehending, endowing
all those,
Lighting the light, the sky and stars, delving the earth, sailing
the sea . . .
More evolutionary, vast, puzzling, O my soul!

The full narrative of his passionate, troubled life, and an evaluation of his art

by Avrahm Yarmolinsky

DOSTOEVSKY

N. Y. TIMES

"The only fully up-to-date biography of Dostoevsky extant; no student of the great writer who has no access to Russian documents (a large part of which remains unpublished) will be able to dispense with it."

LEWIS MUMFORD

"The most satisfactory biography of Dostoevsky that I know. Since Dostoevsky's work anticipated symbolically the violence and disruptions of our present world, this new biography lends a special insight into the typical dilemmas of our own day."

by

Avrahm Yarmolinsky

\$3.75

Illustrated

DOSTOEVSKY

HARCOURT, BRACE & CO.
383 Madison Ave., N. Y.

FIRE

"A man-sized book about Peru. Its scope is magnificently inclusive." *John Chamberlain*, N. Y. Times.

ON THE

"Beals' long life in Indian Mexico gave him special insights and entrees in Peru. He leaves the reader sharing some of his excitement." *Lewis Gannett*, N. Y. Herald-Tribune.

ANDES

For months the famous author of "The Crime of Cuba" and "Mexican Maze" has been in Peru, quietly gathering a great fund of inside information about this stronghold of the ancient Inca civilization.

He now presents, with all his impassioned desire for the truth, the complete story of this young and lusty nation, rising from the remains of a once powerful race.

With 47 superb illustrations by the Peruvian artist, José Sabogal . . . \$3. (LIPPINCOTT)

BY
Carleton
BEALS

The New Books

Biography

ERASMUS OF ROTTERDAM. By Stefan Zweig. Translated by Eden and Cedar Paul. Viking. 1934. \$3.

This is a good piece of bookmaking, both in its writing and in its physical make-up, though it lacks an index. The author handles his theme easily, with almost too facile skill in popularization. His generalizations are somewhat lacking in originality, and rather too persistently reiterated. We learn that Erasmus was a scholar of world-wide renown, and we hear the applause. It would have been better had the author been willing or able to take us into the workshop of Erasmus himself, shown him at the task of preparing one of his famous editions, shown him working in detail on even a single page of his manuscript. Then we could have understood what it meant and what it cost to be the greatest scholar of the Renaissance. As it is, the book falls short of the highest. But in the chapters in which Zweig sums up the greatness and limitations of Humanism, and then first introduces the contrasted figure of Luther, the book does attain a summit of characterization and effectiveness.

H. T. C.

Drama

HELEN RETIRES. By John Erskine. Bobbs-Merrill. 1934. \$1.50.

It is related of the Greek courtesan Phryne that being put on trial for some crime she made her only defense by showing herself naked to the court, and asking, "Do you think that one so beautiful as I could be guilty?" and was acquitted triumphantly. So the fascination of Helen has led men to feel that it is not fitting that she should be guilty, and not fitting that anyone so beautiful should be unhappy. They devised myths to explain that she never followed Paris to Troy; and another myth to tell how, after death had separated her from the last of her poor line of lovers, she was taken by the gods to the Happy Isles and joined to Achilles, the fairest of women to the bravest of men, to live in everlasting bliss. In this book, the opera-libretto for Mr. George Antheil's music, Mr. Erskine follows this legend up to a point. But he alters the end, showing that he is a romantic, who believes that there is no excellent beauty without some strangeness in the proportion. Everlasting happiness is too undramatic, too unromantic a conception for him; his Helen is the *ewig weibliche* whose destiny is to bestow happiness upon men while never finding it herself. With Achilles in the land of the dead she knows a short ecstasy, but goddess though she is she cannot trust it, and at the end she has gone back to her fate, giving herself to men out of generosity, not passion.

Helen is here the same serene and candid figure as in "The Private Life of Helen of Troy," only a little more dignified, more melancholy. The lines of this book were evidently written primarily not to interfere with the music; and if some of them come perilously close to flippancy, Helen shines through them all, a genuinely moving figure.

B. D.

Fiction

JORKENS REMEMBERS AFRICA. By Lord Dunsany. Longmans, Green. 1934. \$2.50.

This is the second book of tales told at the Billiards Club by Jorkens—the melancholy Jorkens, always cadging drinks, always warmed by drink into the recollection of some fantastic story. The "Africa" of the title is far too limiting a word, for the tales range all over the earth and considerably beyond it—once to Mars, and once to some sort of fairyland. There are only two common qualities to these stories—by some untoward circumstance they can never be proved (although as the author points out, they can never be disproved either), and if Jorkens is on the point of finding a fortune, a beach of pearls or a lapful of sapphires, or the loveliest woman on earth, something has always happened to prevent his profiting by it. Within these limits, they have the widest variety; they deal with unicorns and trees, walking and savages, and kinks in space and time and earthquakes, and under all circumstances the imperturbable Jorkens preserves the same Defoe-like carefulness of detail, the same almost anxious truthfulness.

The book is one which will seem uneven to almost any reader, but not every reader will like best the same things. Perhaps for most tastes the best stories are those which

have merely a Jules-Verne amount of fantasy, the ones like "How Ryan Got Out of Russia," and "Ozymandias," in which a most ingenious use is made of a colossus as an aid in locating buried treasure. The poetic fancies like "The Club Secretary," or the inconclusively supernatural stories like "The Witch's Curse," will seem less successful. Yet even to such a taste there is a thrill in "The Slugly Beasts," a sequel to that curiously disturbing Martian story in the earlier volume—a story which was more haunting than one had realized until one found how very vividly its sequel recalled it. All which is to say that in this book nearly any taste should find something of excellent entertainment.

B. D.

INTERLUDE FOR SALLY. By Beatrice Kean Seymour. Knopf. 1934. \$2.50.

The most engaging thing about Mrs. Seymour's new novel is its lack of any pretensions to "importance." Wisely, the author has not burdened it with a thesis. It is not a study of this or that post-war phase of English life, nor is it particularly concerned with any one of the major problems of the day. Instead it is devoted to the fairly straightforward story of a year in the existence of a family called Merrall, who live in a moderately happy-go-lucky way in a pleasant house on the Hampshire downs. During the period covered by the book the three children are married with varying success, the parents are plagued by ghosts from their Bohemian past and decide in the face of neighborly disapproval to return to London, and, finally, a new servant establishes herself solidly in their household,—an event of more significance than one might think.

All this may sound a little dull and lacking in originality, but recounted in an easy and natural fashion, if perhaps a trifle lengthily and with a somewhat larger dose of sentiment than most of us require nowadays, it makes excellent reading. No effort is necessary to understand Mrs. Seymour's people and their doings, but her observation of them is intelligent and accurate. Great humor in writing about them, or profound insight into their characters, is not displayed, but the author has succeeded in making them interesting and believable,—a feat which has after all constituted the principal claim to fame of more than one celebrated novelist in the past. In addition to this rare virtue, she possesses a tolerant and kindly viewpoint and has not attempted to make her story mean more than it should. As a result "Interlude for Sally" may be counted with the better light novels of the season.

T. P., Jr.

2-NEW BOOKS IN THE MODERN LIBRARY

PORGY

By DUBOSE HEYWARD

No. 148

95¢
EACH

Complete, unabridged

MARIA CHAPDELAINÉ

By LOUIS HÉMON

Send for a complete list of titles
Modern Library, 20 E. 57, N. Y.

THE BOOK OF AMERICAN POETRY

Most Complete Collection of American Poetry Ever Assembled in One Volume. The Greatest and Best Loved Poems Selected and Annotated by the "Dean of American Poets"

Edwin Markham

The masterpieces of such famous American poets as Emily Dickinson, Eugene Field, Edgar Guest, Arthur Guiterman, Bret Harte, Longfellow, Amy Lowell, Edgar Lee Masters, Don Marquis, Edgar Allan Poe, Carl Sandburg, Edwin Arlington Robinson, Hervey Allen, James Whitcomb Riley, Walt Whitman, and hundreds more. All the old favorites, "Annabel Lee", "Barefoot Boy", "Trees", "Shooting of Dan McGrew", "Man with the Hoe", "Paul Revere's Ride", also the best of the new.

928 pages—348 Poets—748 Poems
Handsome cloth binding, \$1.50
Gift Edition, Limp Leather, \$3.00

At all bookstores

WM. H. WISE & CO., Publishers

SOME EXAMPLES OF MODERN CAMBRIDGE PRINTING

1534



1934

Designed by BRUCE ROGERS: Printed by J. B. PEACE:

The Story of Dr. Johnson	by S. C. Roberts	1919	\$2.00
Days in My Garden	by Ernest Ballard	1919	\$8.50
The Tempest	by William Shakespeare	1921	\$1.75

Printed by WALTER LEWIS:

A Bibliography of Sir Thomas Browne, Kt., M.D.	by Geoffrey Keynes	1924	\$16.00
Statistical Mechanics	by R. H. Fowler	1929	\$9.75
The English Newspaper	by Stanley Morison	1932	\$13.00
The Art of Carving	by John Trusler	1932	\$1.00
A Frenchman in England	by F. de la Rochefoucauld	1933	\$2.50

Further particulars from

CAMBRIDGE UNIVERSITY PRESS

THE MACMILLAN COMPANY

New York Chicago San Francisco Boston Atlanta Dallas