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The MESSENGER

ST. STEPHEN'S COLLEGE

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Volume XXXIII No. 2

FRIENDSHIP

To sacrifice yourself and your desire:
To give your all to satisfy his need.
To regulate your thought and word and deed,
That he may have the all that he require:
To make it your one aim him to inspire
To deeds of greatness: and to make your creed,
"Through thick and thin I'll be a friend indeed;"
Friendship is this, and there is nothing higher.
If he can come to you at any time
And open wide his heart without reserve:
And know that he can leave his troubles there:
Then you're indeed a friend, nor time nor clime
Will ever change you, you will never swerve
From that which you have set yourself to bear.

R. G. W.—'30

TWO ETCHINGS

The names of these etchings are of use only in identification: **Rembrandt in Flat Cap** and **The Goldsmith.** The former seems to be the hurried product of a late afternoon's mood, for full light catches one side of the face and misses the other, save for the curve below the eye. Heavy shadows are formed by knitted brows and the resulting pitted eyes, by compressed lips drawing a line to the side of the flattened nostril, and by set chin muscles. The form of the figure is preserved by bright sunlight behind it, which cuts off the shadow in the ponderous line of the body and neck with the startling contrast of mountains standing against a clear western sky at late sundown. The head is balanced by defiant hair, which springs from beneath the cap as if with the curling forces of thought. The cap and shawl thrown carelessly over the shoulders show the lack of pose in the man; he seems to be looking at some abstract thing with a degree of intesnity which allows no superficial conclusions. He seems to emanate a spirit of rebellious disdain for small things, comparable to the shaking off of mists in the mind, and there is an impatience with the ever-present inability to cope with that which is past the clouds of stupidity, similar to that of a dog jumping for a stick held just too high. These units go to form an impression of extreme concentration.

The Goldsmith should be called 'The Creator'. He is a little, long-and broad-nosed old man bending close to a nearly finished little statue, one large hand around it in the way of a mother, and the other resting on the base, holding a hammer ready for a studied blow. The figure itself is of a woman with two children, one on her arm and the other, held to her thigh, vainly calling to be taken up. Her attention and that of the favored child are drawn by a spot on the base which the maker is studying: is he about to give shape to a bright flower or turtle? The waiting and forgotten shop is around them, full of the sun-motes of high noon. The old man's brooding spirit lies over everything and gives it an infinite patience, which conquers his muscles with their restless tension as much as the material tools which wait for his hand. His assurance is based on the cheerfulness of an honest workman, who says humbly and without words, 'This is the best thing my spirit can make; it is not for me to look past it.'

G. B. SHAW, REFORMER - WITH A DIFFERENCE

George Bernard Shaw is one of the outstanding men of the world and bids fair to be regarded as great by posterity. This we can believe in spite of the fact that he is yet very much alive and that he himself is apt to admit it. To most people, he seems a very amusing old gentleman who has the most absurd ideas as to how our modern society should be conducted. But the world, or perhaps I had better say, the United States of America, has not yet learned that the primary purpose behind Mr. Shaw's sayings and writings is not to amuse, but to tell us the truth as he sees it. With his keen and penetrating mind and amusing wit it would be reasonable to believe that in many things, he actually does see the truth. As in the case of Mark Twain, another writer of the same type and also a very serious man, people insist on regarding Shaw as a humorist because they are afraid to regard his ideas in any other light. How absurd,they say, his ideas about war, Christianity, marriage, the medical profession, women, prostitution, politics, drama, and what not! They say that he writes plays for the purpose of incorporating in them his ridiculous theories, and to top it all, he writes prefaces for them which often exceed in length the literary expressions to which they are supposed to be only an appendage! He has himself photographed at a bathing beach wearing only his Panama hat, venerable beard, baggy tights, and a twinkle in his eyes! Truly, we think, he certainly is a funny man, and promptly dismiss him from our thoughts because we only have a few minutes to get ready for the movies.

It may be that some day we will suddenly come upon the realization that after all, Shaw is something more than a sort of general clown; or again, as in the case of Mark Twain, whom most people think of as being the writer of the amusing "Huckleberry Finn"—we may continue to regard him as a funny man and leave the essence and inner reasonableness of his thought to be excavated and appreciated by a more enlightened age.

Let us imagine ourselves about two thousand years hence. Our present barbarian civilization will have destroyed itself by allowing capitalism to run amuck; dark ages will have again been left behind by a new race of people who have conquered our crumbling nations and themselves risen to new heights because they have used more intelligently the mechanics and sciences invented and discovered by us, and inherited by them. For example, the enormous power and machinery which is capable of producing so much wealth is used for the benefit of all instead of a few lucky or favored individuals who themselves do not produce anything. At that future time everyone will also have more leisure to think and study and to enjoy the arts. More people will have an opportunity to develop and express their native intelligence, instead of having it dulled and finally killed by long hours spent amid roaring machinery, foul air, and fatiguing labor. That is the kind of world Shaw thinks possible, and he is amused because we allow old worn out superstitions and fetishes to keep us from realizing it.

II

Shaw was born in Dublin in 1856 of an Irish Protestant family which

was considered genteel and respectable, but which was without money. They considered themselves genteel and respectable because a distant relative held a certain baronetcy. Because of that fact, they thought they were entitled to receive sinecures from the government in order to get along. Shaw's father held such a sinecure, but it was abolished and he, consequently, received a pension in lieu of it. He never did very well in a pecuniary way, and when he was finally married at forty years of age, to the daughter of a country gentleman who was expected to inherit some wealth and who was twenty his junior, she was promptly disinherited for marrying him. This lady, George Bernard Shaw's mother, was in many ways a talented woman, and her son inherited some of her chief characteristics. She was asked one day by Mr. Henderson, Shaw's biographer, to what she attributed her son's remarkable literary success. "Oh," she said at once with merry twinkling eyes, "the answer is quite simple, of course, he owes it all to me." Shaw himself could not have made a more Shavian reply. Other characteristics which Shaw received from his mother were an unprejudiced mind and considerable musical talent. Her tolerance included even the Catholics. Mr. Shaw says, "—If she wished to take part in the masses of Hayden and Mozart......,she must actually permit herself to be approached by Roman Catholic priests, and even, at their invitation, to enter the house of Belial, the Roman Catholic chapel, and take part in their services." This was the height of broadmindedness and lack-prejudice to which an Irish Protestant person could attain.

As a schoolboy Shaw was not a success. "I was incorrigibly idle and worthless. And I am proud of the fact," he says. According to his biographer he "sat in class between a classicist and a mathematician—Each did his appropriate share of young Shaw's work." However, he grew up in an atmosphere full of his mother's musical activities; and singing lessons given to him by his mother which contained the secrets of breathing and enunciation, later proved of great value. His youthful interests also took in painting; he spent hours at a time, all alone, in the National Gallery of Ireland in Dublin. Thus we can see it indicated that Shaw knew what was good for him in the way of education: he resented the attempts to make him absorb the ordinary formal boy's education, and he found for himself a way of development along deeper and broader channels. He did not go to any university, chiefly because his parents did not have the means to send him there. But Shaw was probably not very sorry for this, for young as he was, he knew that the ordinary methods of schooling, which he despised, were not for him.

At fifteen he tried a position in the office of an Irish land agent, which now seems incongruous to us. However, he did his duties well, and when he could stand the position no longer, his employer gave him a handsome testimonial.

Then, in 1876, he went to London, whither his mother had preceded him, to follow a musical career. There, as in Dublin, he developed along his own extraordinary lines. His inward revolt against respectability, conventionaliay and sentimentality grew, and finally exploded in a letter to "Public Opinion" in which he denounced the methods employed by two

American evangelists, Moody and Sanky, just then operating in the British Isles, and announced that he, personally, had renounced religion as a delusion. This was the first piece of Shaw's writing published.

As a young man in London he was dependent chiefly upon his mother for several years while he struggled in various branches of literary work—musical criticism, versifying, novel writing; but all without success. He learned to write through repeated failure. When he was asked corncerning his first success, he replied, "Never had any. Success in that sense is a thing that comes to you and takes your breath away. What came to me was invariably failure. By the time I wore it down I knew too much to care about either failure or success——As to whether I ever despaired, you will find somewhere in my works this line, 'He who has never hoped can never despair'." Shaw felt himself to be self sufficient,—a genius; that is probably why he kept on. He knew that he had a message for the world, that he had to do something about the smugness, sham, superstition, and social injustice all around him.

III

It has already been pointed out that Shaw is essentially a reformer. He is not, however, of that type popularly called reformers, who delight in forcing people to live according to what they call "higher" standards, who want to force us to be something we are not. Shaw has more faith in human nature; he believes that most of us do not need any artificial restraints, that we are fundamentally decent. His type of reform is to do away with social injustice, sham, hypocricy and "morals". Indeed, he regards the following as the seven deadly sins; respectability, conventional virtue, filial affection, modesty, setimentality, devotion to women and romance. He regards them as deadly sins because so much mischief has been and can be committed in their name. It is about time to stop worshipping false gods and regarding chimeras as realities and calling courage cowardice, and cowardice courage.

Let us see the reason why he regards these apparently innocent and even laudable conceptions as deadly sinful. He sees resepctability as a cloak people wear to cover up their inner sins. Everyone recognizes the fact that is is destructive of character to believe one thing and yet outwardly act otherwise. Because it is easier, people act according to conventional virtue, obeying the letter of the law, instead of its spirit. In regard to filial affection being a deadly sin, Shaw probably thinks of all the exploitation of children by parents and of parents by children, which has been committed in that name. Then the thing called modesty is really the most immoral of all ideas. It is responsible for our purient attitude toward the sex relation and toward the human body. Taking "modesty" in the other sense, Shaw could never be accused of hiding his accomplishments under a bushel or advocating that others do so. Then, sentimentality is one of the silliest states into which a human being can fall. It changes him from a reasonable person who generally uses his mind into a blind automaton and sometimes even into a monster. It is sentimentality which is usually appealed to by the reactionaries in their attempts to halt the

progress of a much needed reform. Then there is devotion to woman. Why a woman should be the object of special devotion, why she has claimed such devotion above that of other persons is not quite clear to Shaw. The myth has been too long abroad that woman needs special protection and pampering. It is beginnig to be realized that woman needs no protection, that she is capable of taking care of herself, that her hard, calculating mind is more than a match for the average sentimental male. The last of Shaw's seven deadly sins is romance. It is the romantic outlook which keeps men and sometimes women from seeing life as it is and which finally leads so many once-hopeful couples to the divorce court. The awakening after a romantic courtship is sometimes too startling and cruel to face. Many people are not strong enough to bear the realization that their god or goddess is after all only a human being with metaphorical feet of clay. The word "romance" does not only take in the relationship between man and woman, but is a way of looking at life through pleasantly colored glasses which must be taken off sooner or later. People should be accustomed to see life as it is so that they can adjust themselves to it as they grow up.

Shaw as a political and social reformer is best known in his connection with the Fabian Society. This is a group of people in England who believe that by gradual evolution and education, social and political justice by means of Socialism can be accomplished without the horror and bloodshed of innocent people which a sudden revolution usually brings about. Shaw believes that Socialism is the only reasonable organization for our modern society. He has made Socialism popular with many of the middle classes. Because of him, Socialism is no longer the bugaboo to the popular mind which it used to be. He says, "I, the Socialist, am no longer a Red Spectre. I am only a ridiculous fellow. Good: I embrace the change. It puts the world with me. All human progress involves, as its first condition, the willingness of the pioneer to make a fool of himself. The sociable man is the man who adapts himself to existing conditions. The fool is a man who persists in trying to adapt the conditions to himself. Both extremes have their disadvantages. I cling to my waning folly as a corrective to my waxing good sense as anxiously as I once moved my good sense to defend myself against my folly." That is the philosophy of Shaw as a reformer.

WILLIAM A. ZISCH

AD POCULAM SUAM JAMDUDUM PERDITAM

Cante nymphae, o satyresque cante.
Haec reperta est quam latebramque cujus
Plurifariam et diu quaeritabam:
Laetificemus.
O de "alumino" leve fabricata,
O sitis sedamen jucundum et dulce,
Reddita es quae dudum adeoque amisi,
Batiola mea.

VIGINTILLIANUS

DUET

A FANTASY

The soft symphonic murmurs of the dying day slowly modulate into the subdued harmonies of the coming night. The toils of our waking hours seem distant and far away. Thoughts go wandering off into the cool still twilight and rest with you, O distant star! The silhouette of far-off mountains stands like a promise of a world beyond.

The deep blue haze which pervades the sleeping earth makes well-known objects of wide-awake day seem like far-off visions portrayed in a dream.

Those mountains which have stood from ages past, in their stolid silence fling out defiance to the future. O noble witnesses to our brief entree! I often wonder if you too will waver when a greater tide sweeps over the earth. O mute enduring sentinels of ages past, could you too weather a force as great as we poor mortals are wont to endure?

Our plight is one which well might find consolation in your enduring unchangeableness. When our supposed stolidity crashes before the sweeping currents of some indefinable force, may we not turn to you and find that constancy which we so greatly lack?

You are an earnest that we too, though ever changing in the minor melodies of life's great symphony may rise constant and infinite in its major theme.

ALLEN SETTLE and ROBERT GAMBLE

ECONOMY

That oriole who whistles in the elm
Whistles for his mate,
And whistles till she comes.
How simple is his taste!
He takes the first that comes.
And she's no feminist;
She takes her destiny—
Quite ignorant of the word—
And gets busy with the nest.

——C. V. V.

NATURE AND HUMAN NATURE IN OLD ENGLISH POETRY

Chapter I

NATURE

ENGLISH literature, strange as the fact may seem, did not have its origin in England. The primitive fore-runner of Mr. Kipling was not a Briton, but a member of that most estimable and famous race, the Nordic, which claimed the shores of the North Sea from the Rhine to the peninsula of Jutland as its own.

Even in those days the English were the masters of the waves. The people were sailors by necessity, and, since necessity is a very good teacher, they soon became sailors by nature also. As soon as the ice melted, they would sail out in their small ships looking for remunerative adventure. Sometimes they had a long standing account to settle with a neighbor; sometimes they explored the shores of England, their future home, and wondered exceedingly at the chalk cliffs; and sometimes they went out, after the manner of school-boys, on mischief bent.

As soon as they had become sufficiently wealthy to support a leisure class, the voice of the poet was heard through the land. These early poets were probably seamen with the gift of transposing their emotional reactions to their waterly home into poetry, for scarcely a poem is free from the salty tang of the ocean. Beowulf had, in addition to his other exploits, taken the honors in a swimming match.

> "Together we twain on the tides abode five nights full until the flood divided us, churning waves and chilliest weather, darkling night, and the northern wind ruthless rushed on us; rough was the surge."

Apparently channel-swimming is not as new and as peculiar to our present age as we might like to think.

This passion of the Anglo-Saxon for the sea is perhaps most clearly shown by the "Seafarer". The poet admits that the life of a sailor is no easy one.

> "Benumbed by the cold, oft the comfortless night watch hath held me,
> My feet were imprisoned with frost, were fettered with ice chains,
> Yet hotly were wailing the querulous sighs round my heart;
> And hunger within me, sea-wearied, made havoc of courage.
> This he, whose lot happily chances on land doth not know,
> Nor how I on ice-cold sea passed the winter in exile,
> In wretchedness, robbed of my kinsmen, with icicles hung."

This bitter unyeilding Northern winter froze itself into the very core of Old English poetry. The icy wind-whipt North Sea was an enemy that had to be met and that had to be conquered, but the battle had a peculiar fascination.

> "The shadows of night became darker, it snowed from the north;
> The world was enchained by the frost; hail fell upon the earth;
> 'Twas the coldest of rain. Yet the thoughts of my heart are now throbbing,
> To test the high streams, the salt waves in tumultous play.

Desire in my heart ever urges my spirit to wander
To seek out the home of the stranger in lands afar off."

One can see the dominating passion of the Anglo-Saxon. Despite the fact that he passed his life amid surroundings the mere description of which is more than sufficient to make the reader shiver, the adventurous charm of the sea appealed to him so strongly as to cast danger into the background.

Much of this indifference to the dangers of nature can be attributed to fatalism. The Anglo-Saxon considered himself to be a mere puppet in the hands of Wyrd, the goddess of fate. She was all-powerful and cruel, and his life in her eyes was a toy to be played with a while and then, broken, to be cast aside. Nothing remained except change, and even that, too, would someday cease to exist, and a dreadful motionless silence would prevail over all.

"Hardship-full is the earth, o'erturned when the stark Wyrds say:
Here is the passing of riches, here friends are passing away:
And men and kinsfolk pass, and nothing and none may stay.
And all this earth-stead here shall be empty and void one day."

Escape was impossible, and the attempt useless. The only manly course of action was to have your fling. When your appointed hour came the Wyrds would claim you and that was all there was to it.

There was, however, an Anglo-Saxon poet who did see the beautiful in nature. He was the unknown author of "The Phoenix". He visualized a radiant bird that lived in a land of perpetual summer; that died every thousand years, but only to be born again even more beautiful than before. In this poem the Christian element has gained the victory over pagan fatalism. The poem is a symbolic life of Christ. In the case of the Anglo-Saxon the coming of Christianity revealed to him for the first time the beauty of the world, and this poem was his attempt to express his reaction to this new, strange and wonderful world in which he found himself.

Chapter II

HUMAN NATURE

On the surface, much Old English poetry may seem to be Christian, but it really is not. It depicts men, who although they have discarded their gods in favor of Christ, have remained, at heart, pagans—pagans whose former gods were but larger and more powerful editions of their own barbaric selves. It is the poetry of a people who delighted in bloodshed.

"Swiftly he sent him a second javelin,
That crashed through the corselet and cleft his bosom,
Wounded him sore through his woven mail;
The poisonous spear-head stood in his heart.
Blithe was the leader, laughed in his breast,
Thanked his Lord for that day's work."

This shows that they were quick to revenge themselves for any affront or injury. Revenge is the theme of the "Beowulf" epic. It is to help Hrothgar wreak revenge on his supernatural foe that Beowulf visits him. How Hrothgar rejoices when Grendel is beaten!

"The Danes were glad,
The hard fight was over, they had their desire,

Cleared was the hall, 'twas cleansed by the hero
With keen heart and courage, who came from afar."

The poets did not fail to recognize the fact that sometimes adventures were undertaken for purely economic reasons. The hope of getting something for nothing by the simple process of taking it proved too strong for many of the Anglo-Saxons to resist. But they were sound economists. They did not risk their lives for a small return. When they went out to plunder, they stole on a large scale. When Beowulf fought the fire-dragon, his real objective was to get the gold-hoard which the "old twilight flier" had so zealously guarded, and not to avenge the death of one of his subjects. The death of the latter was exceedingly opportune, inasmuch as it furnished Beowulf with a very good excuse for taking the gold-hoard by force.

One of the Anglo-Saxon's most prized characteristics, and one which the poets never failed to emphasize was loyalty to the lord. When Beowulf was in mortal combat with the fire-dragon, bitter was Wiglaf's denunciation of the cowardly thanes who shrank from helping their lord.

"Well I mind when our mead we drank
In the princely hall, how we promised our lord
Who gave us these rings and golden armlets,
That we woul repay his war-gifts rich,
Helmets and armor, if haply should come
His hour of peril; us he hath made
Thanes of his choice for this adventure;
Spurred us to glory, and gave us these treasures
Because he deemed us doughty spearmen,
Helmeted warriors, hardy and brave.
Yet all the while, unhelped and alone,
He meant to finish this feat of strength,
Shepherd of men and mightiest lord
Of daring deeds. The day has come,
Now is the hour he needs the aid
Of spearmen good. Let us go to him now,
Help our hero while hard bestead
By the nimble flames."

Disloyalty in the face of danger was the worst disgrace of which an Anglo-Saxon could be guilty.

The most outstanding and interesting aspect of the Anglo-Saxon was his passion for glory. It drove him to the wildest adventures and the most dangerous places. Having gone to all the trouble of making a name for himself, naturally the Anglo-Saxon wished to make sure that his name and the fame of his deeds would be spread abroad and handed down to posterity. Hence, the poet, the only means by which this "immortality" could be achieved, lived on the fat of the land,—that is, as long as he sang the praises of his lord, and no sensible poet did otherwise. Naturally, this demand for poets and the rewards which were given to the successful led to keen competition for the highly paid positions. Oftentimes, a poet would be displaced by some one more skillful or more up-to-date. Such a situation is pictured in "Deor's Lament".

"I, Deor of the Heodenings, was dear to my lord,

And long did minstrel service, nor missed my due reward;
Till now this mightier minstrel thrusts my lord and me apart,
And wins my lands and living with the wiles of his high art.
He has his day; he overcame; but peace! break not, my heart!"

In "Widsith" is revealed the generosity which was accorded to the poets by royalty. Widsith is an imaginary poet who is supposed to have visited all the courts of the world and to have been welcomed in all of them with high honors and rich gifts. In return Widsith immortalized in song royal generosity and royal perfection. This was the royal road to immortality that the Anglo-Saxon loved to travel.

"Thus wandering, they who shape songs for men
Pass over many lands, and tell their need,
And speak their thanks, and ever, south or north,
Meet some one skilled in songs and free in gifts,
Who would be raised among his friends to fame,
And do brave deeds 'till light and breath are gone;
He who has thus wrought himself praise shall have
A settled glory underneath the stars."

In passing judgment on Anglo-Saxon poetry we must remember that we are dealing with the poetry of a people who saw in nature a relentless foe. The dark, gloomy forests that surrounded their villages were frequented by demons. Even more to be feared were the ghostly marshlands whose flickering lights lured the unwary to a miry doom. The sea concealed beneath its rough surface a host of fearsome water-fiends ever on the look-out for a meal. Small wonder that it was long before the songs took on a more cheerful aspect. Not at all strange is it that with death threatening them at every move they proceeded to live every minute given them just as fully as possible. The thing to be marvelled at is that this people, harassed both by nature and by man, fighting constantly for mere existnce, should yet have found time to have bequeathed to us such a rich and extensive literature.

—ELLIOTT B. CAMPBELL "30"

IRON RAILS

Rumbling, mumbling, trundling, grumbling,
The iron horse through woods and dales,
Shrieking, screaming, scrunching, steaming,
Is gliding on its iron rails.

A reaking, smoking, cloudy pen
Draws along unhappy men.
They are going—God knows where,
They themselves don't know or care.

They must suffer sorrow's pangs,
Dodge and battle hunger's fangs,
Ever on thru storm and strife;
Why? God knows, I guess it's life.

Rumbling, mumbling, trundling, grumbling,
The iron horse through woods and dales,
Shrieking, screaming, scrunching, steaming,
Is gliding on its iron rails,

RADCLIFFE MORRIL '29

TAKE OUR ADVICE—

ALLEN G. SETTLE ROBERT H. GAMBLE

RAIN OR SHINE

As a redeemer of mediocrity Joe Cook is a modern miracle man. The transformation of an average musical comedy into a hilarious synchonization of music, dancing and wit is Mr. Cook's miracle for this season. All revolves about him and he in turn revolves the whole show into a kaleidoscopic whirl of merriment and humor. Always funny, never too funny, his realization of the degree of strength in which humorous doses should be adimnistered to a beseeching public proclaims him a specialist of the highly sensitive organs of guffaw and robust laughter. See it by all means.

THREE MUSKETEERS, ROSALIE, AND THE SHOW BOAT

Mr. Ziegfeld is very generous in his contributions to this season's array of musical comedies. For one man to produce three best sellers is phenomenal. But any man who is a criterion of pulchritude must, in the very nature of the case be phenomenal. Mr. Ziegfeld has provided in these three shows a diversity of entertainment consisting of a remarkable presensation of elaborate stage settings, catchy, penetrating musical tunes (the melodies linger on) and a rather meager supply of humor. We might say a few words about the Three Musketeers. Wonderful were they in fiction, but it remained for Mr. Ziegfeld to "glorify" them (may the American working girl not become jealous). Show Boat is good—very good. If you care for well-staged pageants do not fail to see it. If you care for the flash of beautiful feet see Rosalie. Marilyn Miller goes to prove that there may be some truth in Edna Wallace Hopper's contentions.

STRANGE INTERLUDE

If you are on a hunger strike, no place on earth could be better to endure the terrible ordeal than at the John Golden theatre where Eugene O'Neill places art above appetite. If you are not on one of these populor endurance tests, it would be well worth your while to forego a sumtuous repast to witness the innovation which Mr. O'Neill has created. He has stormed the smug complacent fortifications of all that is held sacred in dramatic art. People speak what think as well as what they wish other people to believe them thinking. Mr. O'Neill has brought into analytic relief the subconscious flow of desires, the indiscernable turbulences of fancy that lie just beneath the surface of ordinary conversation. Ugly distasteful truths, which silently present themselves to the mind while the mouth utters pleasant compliments, are all brought to the surface "that we might not have so much ado to know ourselves". The fact that Mr. O'Neill won the Pulitzer prize with this play may exert a great deal of influence upon some people. The "Strange Interlude", however, is quite capable of depending on its own intrinsic value. The cast headed by Lynn Fontanne are all histrionically capable for the complex theme. Your time will not be wasted on this one, and the fast will be well worth your while.

VOLPONE

May Ben Jonson rest in peace. Stefan Zweig, the producer of the modern version, has permitted an inclination for intellectual "highbrowism" to entice him to insert a mediocre play of the 17th century in a repertoire of

exceptionally good 20th century dramas. There are several high spots in the drama, however. The entrance of the captain prevents the verbosity from degenerating into a high school farce. Of course, those who wish, may benefit by the moral lesson which Jonson attempts to set forth. If you have nothing to do and possess a flair for anything which is of a Victorian nature, drop in to see Volpone.

MARCO MILLIONS

The author, Eugene O'Neill, has treated a traditional theme with such keen penetrative imagination that no taint of boredom or ina nerepetition is evident. The highest dramatic point is reached in the scene where three Venetians arrive at the court of the Great Khan. The Great Khan has sent to the Pope of the West for a hundred wise men to match their wisdom with that of his own philosophers. The Pope could find no wise men. He, therefore sent a hundred exalted business men. Marco Polo, a confident, cock-sure, self-made Rotarian acting as spokesman, arouses the interest of the Great Khan.

The satirical idea is not a new one and only the work of a master has prevented it from being relegated to the class of second-rate drama. There are beautiful lines in almost every scene. The range and variety of feeling, the extensive inclusiveness of extraneous thought suggested by the main theme, is admirable and lends an air of philosophic contemplation to the play. The actual stage setting of the play itself is magnificent. Mr. Lee Simonson's settings are exquisite in detail. The costumes, too, taken as a whole, are magnificent. For that for which your dreams have hoped, see it realized in Marco's Millions.

COQUETTE

Coquette is characterized by a subdued atmosphere which is not prevalent on Broadway. For this reason, one might be led to believe that the play lacks in dramatic appeal. Not so. The plot itself provides a story of real human appeal. It is a study concerned with a village belle who lets her lover be shot because she cannot bring herself quickly enough to the point of confessing that the honor which her father is defending is only a myth. Helen Hayes has a role to which she is much better adapted than any of the more or less syrupy roles in which she has been cast in the past few seasons. The central character is finely delineated and the social background—that of the South—skillfully suggested. To one who wishes to see a play which contains a wealth of hidden, yet powerful dramatic force, we most heartily suggest "Coquette".

AN EPIGRAM

Life is a long, obscure corridor,
Panelled on both sides
With a series of doors
Through which lie
The experiences of life:
At the end is death,
The last door.

F. M. Caldiero '31

MEDITATION

Silent solitude
A deep chair
A hearth of glowing coals
A pipe
Unending silence
Eons and eons of time.

F. M. CALDIERO '31

THE PRISONER

Within those bonds of flesh
What power lies,
Lacking the will to carry through——
Until ambition dies.

——C. V. V.

It's queer how thoughts will wander
From our tasks ,and ponder
On the loves and lives of men.
It's strange how all the pother
'Round us, makes us bother
With the loves and lives of men.

R. G. W.—'30

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