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PARNASSUS IN COLLEGIO

WHEN Stephen Leacock, in that sparkling essay on Homer and Humbug, confessed a secret desire to write on a stone: "The classics are only primitive literature. They belong to the same class as primitive machinery and primitive music and primitive medicine"—and then throw the stone through the windows of a university "and hide behind the fence to see the professors buzz," he revealed an inclination which the majority of college students—and others—applaud. Their approbation, once secret and restrained, is no longer modest. Of course one never quite knows when Professor Leacock is jesting and when he is serious. He is often both at the same time. But it makes little difference. Whether or not he meant what he said in that particular essay, his implications speak, it seems to me, the convictions of most undergraduates, as well as of many "educators".

In recent years we have heard much about a reaction against the classics. We have been told that the study of Greek and Latin is definitely on the wane, and, further, that this is altogether fitting and proper. Yet we have heard the same things before. The humanities have been attacked again and again, but they have somehow managed to survive pretty well. They are surprisingly vital. Jowett
THE HORNBOOK

nearly sixty years ago expressed hope that Greek could be saved at Oxford and Cambridge. And it was saved, you recall. The action of Yale several years ago in modifying some of the compulsory classics requirements for graduation was both highly praised and roundly condemned. It was interpreted as a sign that the classics, previously defeated in secondary schools, could no longer hold their place in higher education. One who would defend the classics cannot deny that they are pursued less now than they were formerly. But the number who do study them—still large—are doing so for definite purposes and not because they cannot escape them. That is the point. Because required Greek or Latin is removed it does not mean that the classics are deserted. And the reason is that there are in them those things which no serious student of literature—literature in the widest sense of the word, the "amassed thought and experience of innumerable minds"—can afford to neglect.

In England education for nearly three centuries was based on Greek and Latin. Schoolboys.

"Lash'd into Latin by the tingling rod,"

spent most of their time composing Latin verses and studying classical syntax. Until 1851 the instruction at Eton was wholly classical. At the other great public schools this was true until well into the century. Shrewsbury produced some of the foremost classical scholars of the day; B. H. Kennedy, Robert Scott, H. A. J. Munro, Evans (long headmaster of Rugby) are only a few of the Salopians who were distinguished classicists. Rugby was exclusively classical until Dr. Thomas Arnold became headmaster in 1828. When he was a candidate for the post it was predicted that, if chosen, he would "change the face of education all through the public schools of England." He did just that. He balanced the too heavily classical curriculum by adding mathematics, history, and modern languages. He be-
lieved, however, and practiced his belief, that the classics should form the basis of all teaching.

Dr. Arnold thus corrected the fault of overdoing the classics. Before his day the classics were looked upon, as J. W. Mackail notes, as "objects of study and means of education possessed of some mystical or sacramental value." They were reverenced. One is reminded of Cardinal Bembo's refusal to read his Bible on the ground that it might corrupt his pure Ciceronian style. The new master of Rugby was convinced that the classics, though by no means the only substance of culture, should have a commanding and recognized position in the curriculum. English schools generally have followed his example.

American schools and colleges were never so preponderately absorbed by the classics, and certainly are not today. The high schools have gradually but resolutely eliminated Greek while retaining Latin—a step rather damaging to the welfare of Latin, Greek being copulative with it. The result is that colleges must teach the elementary Greek which should have been acquired, and formerly was, in high schools and preparatory schools.

Accordingly, since it cannot be disputed that the humanistic subjects are pursued by fewer persons—whether because there are so many other things to study now or because of the anti-traditionalist spirit of the day—what is their present position? Or, rather, what is their position likely to be in the future? The answer lies in a simple statement of fact, namely, that as long as European literature is studied, the classics must be studied. F. W. H. Myers in one of his essays remarks the fact that in the curriculum of today there are so many new subjects (due to our vastly increased scientific knowledge) that we neither expect nor desire the wide study of the classics universal a century ago. But one group of persons will continue to con the classics, the group of those who apply themselves seriously to the study of literature and wish to get any
high pleasure from it. They will steep themselves and discipline themselves in the humanistic literatures, if for no other reason than because it will be necessary if they are to understand and enjoy the very extensive heritage from them in our own literatures.

An interesting (and enlightening to the non-classical student) illustration of this truth is presented in the first chapter of Gilbert Murray's *The Classical Tradition in Poetry*. He takes *Paradise Lost* as an example and shows from the opening lines how many of the images, forms, syntactical usages, and mannerisms are borrowed directly from classical poetry. (Any objection that Milton is more classical than most English poets is beside the point: all English poets are influenced, consciously or unconsciously, by the classics.) Even those who study English will be surprised at the extent of such influence unless they are aware of the facts. How many students are aware of the facts? Not a great many, if one is to judge, as one must, by classroom evidence.

A recent essayist declared that classical scholars today, instead of writing—in Latin—learned treatises, spend most of their time writing elaborate apologies for the classics. There is a grain of truth in this. Certainly there has been a profusion of defenses for the classics. But the scholars are compelled to them. So mighty a host of disciples of mechanical training, "business," and what have been termed ad hoc studies have appeared that the classicists are forced to take up arms or to suffer defeat. The enemies of Israel have increased in abundance. When educators like Dr. Abraham Flexner deny and ridicule the idea of receiving mental discipline from the study of Latin it makes humanists like Professor Paul Shorey indignant and resentful, and the partisans on each side pen jeremiads against the foe. What the final outcome will be remains to be seen. There is no doubt, however, that the anti-classical party has had the best of it so far.

And in their program what do they give us instead?
Courses in salesmanship, insurance, dairy husbandry, accounting, and other technical or banausic courses that flourish like the green bay tree and make business "schools" of the colleges.

The conclusion of the whole matter is this: one cannot pretend to a correct understanding of literature, and therefore of life, unless he knows the records of the "collective experience of the race." If that conclusion seems trite we must remember that it is ignored in many quarters. The case for humanism was best stated by Matthew Arnold: "First, what a man seeks for his education is to get to know himself and the world. Next, for this knowledge it is before all things necessary that he acquaint himself with the best which has been thought and said in the world. Finally, of this best the classics of Greece and Rome form a very chief portion, and the portion most entirely satisfactory. With these conclusions lodged safe in one's mind, one is safe on the side of the humanities."

Craig Thompson.
TWO OF A KIND

T WAS Wednesday morning. A baffling mist clung lightly to the tops of the taller buildings. The spire of the new Chrysler building was still invisible in the cloudy vapor. The whole atmosphere was one of metropolitan unrest. To the casual visitor, the low rumble, the damp feel of the streets as yet deeply shaded by high-flung masses of metal and stone, the almost hostile air of hurrying office workers, must have been most depressing. Yet it was all a part of him. He had grown up in it. David Stuart would have been restless, unhappy perhaps, elsewhere.

To some people New York is like that. Stuart was indeed a lucky chap. Four years ago he had been graduated from a little high school in the quaint town of Flushing, L. I. In the offices of the New York National Trust Company he had found a clerk’s position. The few years of application had gained for him the coveted job of first teller in the branch bank uptown. In less than three months, Jones, the assistant manager, was to be transferred to the foreign exchange department downtown and the fact was practically assured that Stuart would be first in line for the assistant managership. Then—there was Marion Pembroke. They would be married when he got his promotion.

There was a lightness in his step as he ascended the stairs from the subway this morning. In fact it was there every morning now. Stuart was intensely happy. He wanted to sing at his work like a schoolboy. He didn’t of course. Banks do not permit such things.

He stepped merrily through the revolving door entrance to the bank, causing the rubber flaps to smack together rapidly.

Jones was there, his face buried in a morning paper. At Stuart’s “good morning” he glanced up. For a brief
moment he appeared alarmed; then his mouth twisted into a wry little smile.  

"Hello Tony, old kid," he said, "How does it feel to be out?"

Stuart halted and stepped to his desk, his face quite blank.  

"Sir?"

Jones leaned back in his swivel chair and laughed.  

"You haven't seen the morning papers, then?"

"No sir," replied Stuart, shaking his head.

The assistant manager called him to his desk, pointing at the same time to the outspread paper. "Take a look at that," he directed.

As he looked, Stuart caught his breath in amazement. That picture on the front page—could it be he? The resemblance was startling. When he read the headline, however, he knew that it was not his picture. Across the top of the sheet the words were huge, black, unavoidable:

**TONY CASPER ESCAPES FROM SING-SING**

Bars of Cell Cut Through. Hacksaw Blades on Floor.

"Your twin brother?" Jones asked lightly.

"Why, no sir," denied Stuart; he was more relieved now. He certainly looks enough like me, though. I never thought I'd have a gangster for a double. Rather funny, isn't it?"

By this time the others of the bank force had come in and were gathered around the desk, some of them poking fun at Stuart. Carter, the bookkeeper, was reading aloud the printed lines under the picture:

"Tony Casper, notorious gangster, escaped from his cell in Sing-Sing penitentiary, sometime between midnight and three o'clock this morning. He was serving a fifteen year sentence for his part in the Sonneborn robbery last month. The bars of his cell were cut through. Hacksaw
blades on the floor gave a clear evidence as to the manner in which the bars were severed. Prison officials are at a loss to explain how the blades were put into Casper’s possession.

“Climbing down over the wall by means of a rope of bed clothing Casper was probably carried off in a car belonging to his associates.

“Albany police are making every possible effort to recapture the escaped bandit. Three men who were seen loitering about the prison on Tuesday have already been taken into custody for questioning.

“Captain Hull said that while he was at large, Casper was in grave danger of losing his life at the hands of a group of racketeers on whom Casper ‘squealed’ at his trial. He further stated that these men will spare no effort to ‘take Tony for a ride’.”

“Still think it’s funny having a gangster for a double?” Carter wanted to know when he had finished.

“Yes,” said Stuart slowly, “why not?”

“Well, just suppose one of Casper’s enemies ‘takes you for a ride’ by mistake. Ever think of that?”

“No,” Stuart admitted, “but it’s pretty foolish to worry over that anyway. Cheer up, Carter, you old adding machine driver. Try being an optimist for once.”

Stuart was smiling but he was obviously upset. The suggestion could not help but have some effect upon his imagination. Never before had the phrase “taken for a ride” held such a sinister meaning.

He tried repeatedly to cast the thought aside. It returned each time more persistently than before. By ten o’clock it began really to worry him. He pictured to himself, and very vividly, the finding of his cold body on the steps of his boarding house where he had been shot down by a volley from a great touring car that swept around the corner as he had left the house. Perhaps there would be but one shot, well aimed, from the dark recesses of the little
alley across from his window. Or, they might force him into a car and drive off—and then — . He trembled as his mind's eye pictured policemen dragging his bullet-pierced body from the Hudson.

Stuart's work did not progress so cheerfully this morning. He was glad when lunch time finally came.

He went to his favorite lunchroom. Some hot coffee and a juicy steak would fixe him up, he thought. The meal did cheer him up tremendously, but there was faint whisperings, queer glances at him that he did not like.

"Why can't these nosey old gossips let me alone?" he muttered.

The afternoon passed more easily. Stuart was in a better frame of mind when he went home in the evening.

But at the boarding house there were cries of "Get the gun, here he comes", and "Tony, that's him." Here it was all in a spirit of obvious fun however, for everyone liked Stuart; Dave, they called him. Even the prim and staid landlady made an attempt at humor by supposing gravely that she'd have to lock up the silverware. Stuart was laughing too, when dinner was over.

The week ran itself out eventlessly. People insisted upon joking of course. Stuart was a little annoyed, sometimes embarrassed, but he was forgetting to become concerned about it. As yet he could not help looking up as he passed dark recesses or heard the quick scream of brakes. Once a blown tire made his heart jump. Outside of this, life was subsiding into its normal channels.

Sunday evening in his room he was whistling gayly as he adjusted a bright blue tie. He was going to see Marion. He could almost see her eyes then, smiling up at him as they planned, together, that little rose-covered cottage. She was charming always.

Someone knocked at his door. He was still shaping his tie.
"Come in," he called as he patted the tie into place and turned down his shirt collar. It was then that he awakened from his musing. His mirror was playing tricks on him. Where he had seen but one image of himself, he now saw two. Then his mouth went dry. The second image wore a grey suit, a snap brim hat. His own coat and vest were lying on the bed. He turned.

"Seem to know who I am, don’t you?" The voice was not unpleasant.

"Tony Casper," he whispered. Stuart spoke with effort, for his tongue seemed too large for his mouth.

"Yes, Tony Casper. Stuart’s the name, isn’t it? Sit down, will you? I can’t while you’re standing. Bad form, you know."

Stuart sat down.

Casper remained standing, however.

"Listen," he continued in his faultless English, "you are a commercial man. You know very well that publicity has its advantages. Unfortunately, in my business, I have no use for advertising. The less I get the better I like it."

Stuart was puzzled. What was the man driving at?

Casper was still speaking, "You wonder what this has to do with you. Well, it’s briefly this. Your looking like me is too much of an advertisement. I don’t like it."

The voice became gratingly hard. "So after next Sunday New York is going to be too small for you and me. See?"

"But," began Stuart. He was cut off. Something hard in Casper’s hand was bruising his ribs.

Casper’s face was menacing. "Next Sunday, see?"

Then he was gone. Stuart did not follow him. He was extremely weak. Mechanically he finished his dressing.

The evening at Marion’s passed. He didn’t know how. He managed to appear attentive but he was very tired. At least that is what Marion thought. She made him leave early.
Six days dragged by. Still he had told no one, not even Marion. He was worn; his clothes were crumpled from nights spent at his window staring. He stared all day, too, chin in hand. He was not looking at anything. He was trying to evolve some solution out of his tortured brain. He could not leave New York. The promotion, a lifetime opportunity, would be lost. He could not endure the thought of Marion's marrying a mere clerk. Yet if he did not leave, Casper would surely keep his word. He would lose everything then. He could not tell which was the worst.

He ate practically nothing. His face grew thin, his eyes large in hollow sockets. He was changing almost overnight. He was desperate when he made his decision. He would stay. At least he was not a coward.

Monday at the bank was earthly torment. Yet nothing happened. Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday were likewise unbearable. Still nothing.

Friday he was alone except for Carter, the bookkeeper. Jones and the rest were downtown. He could not hold up much longer, he knew. He was working blindly now. A packet of bills fell from his fingers. He stooped to pick them up. He straightened up wearily. It was almost closing time. He did not see the man before his window. Out of the void came a voice; he would have known it anywhere.

"Will you change a twenty, please?"
"Casper."
"Yes, Casper." The words were deliberate.
Stuart closed his eyes. He was finished.
Casper was talking, though. "Stuart," he said, "you're a fool, but I admire your spirit. I'm not going to shoot you as I had planned. I'm leaving for Europe, and," his voice assumed a hard grate, "I want that money. Hand it over."

A snub-nosed automatic, pointing over the counter,
emphasized the command. Stuart did not move. For the first time in a week he was composed.

"Casper," he said quietly, "I'll see you to the devil first."

The police alarm on the wall was yards away. Stuart had been measuring the distance mentally and even as he spoke to Casper, he sprang for it.

"Keep away from that thing." Casper's words ripped out. His voice was a shriek as he fired.

As Stuart pulled the lever, the bank seemed to explode. The concussion threw him to the floor. Fragments were dropping on him; then it was dark.

He regained consciousness in the emergency ward of the Bellevue Hospital. A heavy weight seemed to bear down upon his chest. The rest of his body had no feeling.

What's the matter, Doc?" he asked of a white coated attendant.

"You're all right, son," he replied softly, "a shot in the left lung which will be O.K. in a few days."

"Casper - - ", began Stuart.

He's dead," was the answer, "tried to shoot his way out and failed." Stuart closed his eyes and rested.

A few days later The Times carried the following few lines on the back page of its morning edition:

"David Stuart, employe of the New York National Trust Company, succumbed today at Bellevue Hospital from injuries received when he made a valiant and successful but fatal attempt to frustrate a hold-up of the uptown branch of the bank by which he is employed. Another victim of the robbery was Tony Casper, notorious gangster, recently escaped from Sing-Sing. It is believed that he attempted the hold-up alone, and when young Stuart resisted him he shot and killed the youth. Casper was shot down by police as he tried to make a get-away."

John S. Snyder.
DEATH

Is this death,
A gloom deeper than the darkest despair—
A cloud of black creeping mist—
The dull complaint of hellish thunder—
A blackness which shreiks
When the arrows of fire pierce its sides—
A minor cadence
Of dissonances which cannot resolve—
An empyrean of abysmal gloom—
The mad mind calling for a god?

Death—a sombre wind blowing
Light, hope, life into the void,
The unplumbed depths of oblivion.

F. W. Ness.
GERHART HAUPTMANN AND GOETHE

THE LITERARY world has taken cognizance this year of two important anniversaries primarily concerning German literature. In March there were Goethe festivals and celebrations the world over marking the first centenary since the poet's death, and November finds us paying tribute to Gerhart Hauptmann upon the conclusion of his seventieth year.

At the invitation of Columbia and Johns Hopkins Universities as well as the Carnegie Foundation, Gerhart Hauptmann came to America last spring to interpret Goethe to a very large audience who either heard him in person or over the radio. At that time it became quite evident from press reports and innumerable photographs taken of our great contemporary that he commanded nearly as much attention as the memory of Goethe and obviously greater "human interest". It might well be said that America honoured Goethe a hundred years dead, and Gerhart Hauptmann the septuagenarian, simultaneously last spring.

But in another and more significant way have the names of Goethe and Hauptmann been linked. Apparently it started with some one observing a physical likeness between the two. Immediately some Goethe worshippers rose in protest: how could anyone resemble Goethe, how dare anyone suggest that? And if actually there were a faint resemblance, then Hauptmann must be accused of wanting to look like Goethe out of pure vanity. Consequently one may now meet in Germany any number of seriously minded and broadly educated people who either deny any resemblance whatever between Hauptmann and Goethe, or such who quite bluntly accuse Hauptmann of effecting a manner of dress, pose, and bearing suggestive of the great Olympian of Weimar.
Likewise it is frequently considered nearly sacrilegious to speak of a possible similarity between the literary careers and accomplishments of Hauptmann and Goethe. In the following we shall briefly examine the reasons, if any, for the similarities claimed, for, if they do exist, the figure of Hauptmann will unquestionably demand added interest and significance.

A recent picture of Hauptmann which has achieved wide circulation in this country and abroad is the photograph by Steichen in Vanity Fair (May 1932). A careful comparison with the Goethe portraits by Jagemann (1818), Sebbers (1826), Stieler (1828), and the bust by Rauch (1820), will easily disclose a dozen or more points of dissimilarity. But when you have stopped considering individual features and step back to let each picture speak to you as a whole you must agree that there are two men looking at us who strikingly resemble each other in appearance. Their broad foreheads, the perfectly arched eyebrows, the stern mouths, the broad, round chins, the silky, silvery hair, bespeak the same nobility, loftiness, and detachment of thought and endeavour, the same ripeness of manhood and character.

It has been pointed out frequently that Hauptmann like Goethe was doubtful for some time whether to become a painter or a poet. But additional similarities may easily be stated. Hauptmann like Goethe enjoyed throughout his life the protection and security which financial means guarantee to the creative spirit. Thus, like Goethe, he was never under compulsion to write something for a livelihood or let anything go to the publisher which did not have the full approval of his artistic conscience.

For the understanding and appreciation of Hauptmann's lifework his early literary efforts mean as little or as much as the products of Goethe's Anacreontic period mean for the latter's. Also Hauptmann had a period of imitation during which he was satisfied to do what others did
and had done for years, when he obediently followed tradition.

Goethe's genius was awakened by Herder, the theorist, who brought to him the message of Shakespeare, Rousseau, and Hamann. Similarly Arno Holz and his circle made Hauptmann aware of Zola, Tolstoy, Ibsen. Like Goethe with his Goetz von Berlichingen, Hauptmann leads the breaking away from tradition in his own day. It is true there was naturalism before Hauptmann, but Vor Sonnen­aufgang proclaimed it and Einsame Menschen crowned it just as Goethe had proclaimed Sturm und Drang with his Goetz and crowned it with Werther's Leiden.

Such points of achievement mean the culmination in the careers of most authors. Not so with Goethe and Hauptmann. Ever in the midst of life around them, they continue to grow. Time does not pass them; they are neither left out nor behind. Gerhart Hauptmann has since the days of "consequent naturalism" lived and worked through literary periods described with variable terminology. There were those named as follows: Impressionism, symbolism, neo-romanticism, neo-classicism, and expressionism. Just so did Goethe live through the classical age, witnessed the romantic period and the coming of Das Junge Deutschland. And just as Heine and Byron and Carlyle pilgrimaged to Weimar to pay tribute and ask approval, new literary leaders of today look to Gerhart Hauptmann for encouragement.

Like Goethe, Hauptmann has in his seventies relinquished leadership to a younger generation but has never lost front-rank position in the world of German letters nor in the contemporary literature of the world.

A comparison of the two men means no loss or gain to either, though it certainly helps us to see each in his own time and makes us realize more strongly the greater universality of Goethe's genius before which Hauptmann, the septuagenarian, bows with greater modesty and admiration than many with far less grace, ability, faith, and genius.

C. R. Walther Thomas.
Cease this tumult, cease this talking,
Cease this intermittent squalling.
For behold the curtain rising
On the sunny land of Spain!
Scenes of joy will now delight you,
Scenes of terror will affright you,
When we start our harmonising,
In a light Castilian strain.

(Curtain rises. Evening. Angelina discovered in balcony.)

Angelina: "What a strange and painful longing,
In my bosom I observe!
Oh, what are these passions thronging,
And these pangs I scarce deserve?
Oh, I trust 'tis nothing shocking to
My maidenly reserve!
For a little girl has nothing
But her maidenly reserve.

But what is it I desire?
Ah! I tremble on the verge!
Can it be this inner fire
Is a biologic urge?
Oh, how absolutely shocking
To my maidenly reserve!
How incontinently shocking
To my maidenly reserve!

(Enter Eduardo.)

Eduardo: Lovely vision who art thou?
Angelina: Sir my name is Angeline.
Eduardo: She is wonderful, I vow,
Angelina: He's the nicest man I've seen.
Eduardo: If you do not mind my talking, I have something to observe.
Angeline: Oh, I hope 'tis nothing shocking To my maidenly reserve.
Eduardo: No indeed!
Angeline: Pray proceed!
Eduardo: Oh, I am a toreador, And great are the crowds that I pull, When I leave in a welter of gore, The fierce Andalusian bull.
The ladies are struck by my glance, The imperious flash of my eyes, They welcome my amorous advance, But Love is a thing I despise!
Angeline: What a pity!
Eduardo: Hear my ditty!
This love was a thing I despised, Until I perceived you today; But my constancy you have surprised, And love's in my heart to stay.
To say that I love you were trite, I expire in passion, my queen!
O, pity my anguishing plight And consent to be mine, Angeline!
Angeline: I am deeply sympathetic But afraid I cannot serve, Though your case is quite pathetic, Still, my maidenly reserve. . .
Eduardo: O unhappy reservation, Let me die upon your pave, And your virtuous declaration Be the motto for my grave!
Angeline: You'll not die?
Eduardo: Even I.
Angeline: O, do not die!
(Enter Escamillo)
HER MAIDENLY RESERVE

**Escamilo (recitative):** Who speaks of dying here?

**Angeline:** And who are you?

**Escamilo:** O, I am a toreado... 

**Angeline:** And great are the crowds that you pull,  
I've heard the same line before.

**Eduardo:** 'Tis the old Andalusian bull!  

**Escamilo:** Sir, your discourse is corrupted  
I resume where interrupted.  
To say that I love you were trite,  
I expire with passion my queen;  
O, pity my anguishing plight,  
And consent to be mine, Angeline.

**Angeline:** What a strange and painful question,  
What a melancholy choice,  
For upon my oath  
I can scarcely marry both;  
Polyandry's  
Such a quandry,  
To embrace it I am loth.  
Love is worse than indigestion,  
And I truly would rejoice,  
If I only could be free  
And my happiness preserve;  
What a liability  
Is my maidenly reserve!

**Eduardo:** Ah, this matter's simply settled,  
'Tis as plain as it can be,  
There's no need for being nettled,  
Leave this fool and marry me.

**Escamilo:** Do not heed his foolish saying,  
He is quite unworthy thee;  
Come, let's have no more delaying,  
Leave this ass and marry me.

**Angeline:** Friends, I have an inspiration  
That will save this cogitation.
THE HORNBOOK

Tomorrow in Seville there's a bull fight of renown,
The excitement that it causes will depopulate the town.
Since both of you are heroes and will neither of you yield,
There fight and I will wed the one remaining on the field.

How say you, Escamillo?

Escamillo: Madam, you shall shortly see.

Angeline: And how say you, Eduardo, pray?

Eduardo: My deeds shall speak for me!

Angeline—Chorus:

One hero shall I wed perforce and be his willing slave,
And for the other drop, of course, a tear upon his grave;
And thus need beauty never from the path of virtue swerve,
Nor passion ever violate my maidenly reserve.

ACT II.

Chorus: Now we turn our Spanish strain
In a sanguinary vein:
To the struggle and confusion
On the great Arena floor;
Turn from scenes of lovers sighing
To the sight of heroes dying
Where the horrid Andalusian Bull confronts the Toreador.
See the multitudes assemble,
How they quiver, quake and tremble,
With a mad anticipation;
Bloody sights will here be seen;
If this drama is enacted,
As the parties have contracted,
One by horrid maceration.
Will obtain fair Angeline.

(Curtain; Arena: Angeline in pensive attitude.)
Angeline: In what a flutter is my heart! 
How freely I perspire!
How doth my heaving bosom smart
With anguishing desire!
Must sorrow then my wedding grace,
My happiness be sere?
My nuptial chariot take its place
Preceded by a bier?
Alas, it must; wherefore will I
Abide my fortunes here;
A brutal bull will settle my
Connubial career!

Chorus: That this is tragic we aver,
And bide the issue here;
A brutal bull will settle her
Connubial career.

Enter men from opposite sides.

Chorus: Ah, perceive their gallant carriage,
Like two beaux approaching marriage,
Or like warriors at battle,
With their faces fixed and hard;
See, yon aureate mantilla
Cloaks the form of Escamillo;
Hear the golden spangles rattle
On the trousers of Eduardo.

Duet by men: Oh, I am a toreador,
And great are the crowds that I pull,
When I leave in a welter of gore
The fierce Andalusian Bull!

Men's chorus: Oh, each is a toreador,
And great are the crowds that he pulls,
When he leaves in a welter of gore,
The fierce Andalusian bulls.
Duet: To say that I love you were trite,
I expire with passion, my queen;
Ah, pity my anguishing plight,
And consent to be mine, Angeline!

Women's chorus:
To say that they love you were trite;
They expire in passion, O queen!
Ah, pity their anguishing plight,
And consent to be theirs, Angeline.

Angeline: To your wishes I would bow me,
If the law would but allow me;
But since she cannot marry two,
What's a love-lorn maid to do?

Chorus: That this is tragic we aver,
And bide the issue here;
A brutal bull must settle her
Connubial career.

Bull (off stage): Moooooooooooooo!

Eduardo: Ah, hear the horrid note,
From the horned monster's throat.

Angeline: Do not tell a luckless maid,
That her lover is afraid.

Escamilla: I would be a paltry fellow
To be frightened by a bellow,
And I do not care to bother with it now.
If a cow is meek, indeed, sir,
I will here my thesis plead, sir,
That a bull is just another
Kind of cow.

Bull (off stage): Moooooooooooooo!

Eduardo: You are wrong dear Escamillo,
And I would not have you feel, though
I appear reluctant now to
HER MAIDENLY RESERVE

Turn my face;
That I agree indeed, sir,
With the thesis that you plead, sir,
That a bull is just a cow who
Sings in base.

Bull (off stage): Mooooooooooooool

Chorus: You are really wrong, indeed, sir,
In the thesis that you plead, sir,
This is certainly a bull who
Sings in bass.

Escamillo: Ah. relate his disposition.
Chorus: 'Twere a painful exposition.
Eduardo: And his nature?
Chorus: Is sadistic to a "T".
Escamillo: Then our prospect is not charming?
Chorus: Nay, it truly is alarming.
Eduardo: But you're much too pessimistic.
Chorus: You shall see.
Escamillo. (sotto voce): I am decided.
Eduardo (sotto voce): I'll not abide it.

The men (duet):

Though we hate to disappoint you,
And regret to cause you pain,
We will really have to leave you,
For we've got to catch a train.

Angeline: Oh, you really mustn't leave me!
Chorus: Not to fight would be inane!
Escamillo: That we hate to go, believe me,
Eduardo: But we've got to catch a train.

Duet: We depart from this arena,
With a helpless sense of pain;
So farewell, dear Angelina,
We have got to catch a train.

Chorus: Let them go, dear Angelina,
They have got to catch a train.
Angeline: They're gone! Let darkness hide the sun! My destiny is sealed; For I have sworn to wed the one Remaining on the field. Let heaven o'er my nuptial kiss The veil of darkness pull; The only one remaining is An Andalusian Bull!

Chorus: That this is tragic we're afraid And bide the issue here; A brutal bull must share the maid's Connubial career.

Owner of the bull (recitative): I am the owner of the bull, And have this monster bred; And since his age is scarcely five, I will not have him wed!

Chorus: Ah, now her cup of joy is full, The maiden need not wed the bull.

Angeline: Though I would hate to wed a bull, There's worse that might befall; 'Tis better to have wed a bull Than not to wed at all!

Chorus: Her cup of joy is hardly full, The maiden cannot wed the bull.

Owner of the bull: Cease this tearful exhibition, And remark my proposition. The speech of lovers is not mine, My education's nil; Yet I've ten thousand heads of kine, And I am single still. What's more, I have a racking cough, That any day may take me off.
HER MAIDENLY RESERVE

A million have I in the bank,
My horn of plenty's full;
And as a husband, I should rank
Much higher than a bull.
Ah, what a happy man I'd be,
If only you would wed with me!

Angeline:
Kind sir, your proposition is a highly pleasing plan,
And I am sure that you would prove a quite delightful man;
Your cough is music in mine ears and for your nuptial rank,
Your virtues are attested by the cash you have in bank.

Owner (rapturously): Then we'll wed?

Angeline (coyly): You have said.

Grand chorus:
Thus doth our highly moral tale attain its moral end,
And to its glad conclusion we the moral will append;
If little girls are virtuous and every chance observe,
They'll end by cashing checks upon their maidenly reserve.

L. C. Olmsted.
After you read the title of this story, you will be surprised when I tell you that my tomcat Whisky brought me six kittens yesterday. I must confess I was astonished myself! When Whisky came to our house, my friend Oscar was visiting me. He tried to assure me that he was an expert in zoology and especially in cats. "It is a tomcat, my boy; take that from me. My great-grandmother used to tell us that tomcats have much larger foreheads than their female companions."

I did not find that the forehead was broad, but I could not compare it with that of another tomcat. So I nodded my own broad head and Oscar saw in that nodding good occasion to explain in a long sermon why he believed himself correct. Usually he begins by telling of an uncle of his great-grandmother’s and after a while he comes to his own opinion. At last I believed him. I gave the name Whisky to my tomcat, every day expecting his head to become broader.

Yesterday after six weeks’ absence, Whisky brought me six kittens. My faith in Oscar and Whisky is shaken.

There is no secret about the name Whisky. The reason for it is very simple, because his—pardon me—her father belongs to the family of the "Black and White". All members of this family have on their fur two black spots. The first one goes from the nose to the left ear and the other one runs over the whole thigh. The remaining fur is white.

Whisky’s father lives in the neighborhood; he is a perfect representative of the family, "Black and White". Seeing him walk down the street everybody gets the impression that he is an aristocrat. His manners are really excellent. I for myself believe his character is not so good. His cleverness makes him selfish and in spite of the fact
that he is the best fighter in the vicinity, he supposes anything is permissible for him. He lives with an old general and wears a mustache like his master's, martial and provoking.

Whisky herself owed her life to a misalliance between her father and a lady cat living quite near the general's house. She comes from the lower classes and does not possess anything except her beauty. Naturally she is of a dark type and but for her four white paws nothing can give her soul that little bit of purity she needs.

Nobody could anticipate that the general's Mustafa and Pussi would become a pair one day. It is my opinion now that it was purely accidental. One night, when Mustafa left his warm home, he intended only to take a little moonlight walk in order to sleep better. Although it was May he did not go to the tomcat-club because he did not like to mix his noble voice with the voices of the common people who had their glee club meeting that night in the light of the full moon. He really was embarrassed when the president summoned him, the honorary member, to participate in a serenade with Pussi. He never would have confessed that he was really curious to hear the concert. No, he wanted to take a little walk.

It was on the roof of house number twenty-four where he saw his companions. They were sitting around a chimney and on this chimney lay Pussi. Funny—for once he forgot about his rank and went nearer. Do not believe that he gave Pussi a glance, not at all. He only intended to shake paws with the president of the club, nothing else. Mustafa leaned on the chimney, while the crowd sang with open mouths and enraptured smiles on their faces.

"Many new men this year," he thought, and counted contentedly quite a few "Black and White's." This night was the initiation of the young tomcats into the club and with this serenade they had to prove that they were able to become ordinary members.
"I have often told them that singing to a lady brings discord. Why can't these people follow my advice and sing to our dear friend, the moon?"

These were the thoughts of Mustafa and I think he was right. Suddenly Pussi mewed. The song was interrupted because the tenor went to the chimney to start a solo. Excitement broke out in the ranks. This youngster, not initiated yet, was going to break the rules on the first evening. He was a wonderful fellow, looking like a tiger. The only proof of his youth was his short moustache of the latest fashion and his indiscretion in breaking ranks. But, indeed, Pussi was able to inflame hearts. Her black fur glittered in the moonshine.

The excitement became greater when the other tomcats noticed that Pussi seemed to be interested in this young saucy. Nobody did anything against the tiger, but all eyes were directed at Mustafa. This valiant hero, known as the best fighter, was the hope of all the cowards who were sitting about but who feared to challenge the tiger. Mustafa stretched himself. He did not look at the others. Nonchalantly he jumped on the chimney. For a moment the tiger was bluffed, but then he assumed the same pose.

Mustafa growled a threat. The adversary sneaked nearer. When the youngster attacked the old tomcat the drama came to its highest point. It was a shame, but Mustafa felt the blood flow down behind his ear. The first time he only played with his strength. At last, because his rank would not permit of his losing the fight, he used the famous swinger which has made him well-known and not to be forgotten. He moved back a little and the inexperienced tiger became careless. Suddenly he swung his paw and met the other just above the right eye. The tiger cried, fell down from the chimney, and disappeared in the shadow of a roof. Thus first love often ends tragically and with tears.

The end of this story nobody knows. The general
MY TOMCAT WHISKY

wondered that Mustafa came home early the next morn­
ing. The moon went down a long time before. Chatter­
boxes say that Mustafa and Pussi got married the same
night. Maybe. The proof of this misalliance sits on my
knees, as I write. Whisky was left by her mother very
soon. I have already said that Pussi was a lady cat who
did not take life very seriously. Whisky seems to have more
sense of duty. Proudly she looks upon her six kittens and
nurses them like the best mother-cat in the world.

Oscar came and saw them. "Well, my boy, did I not
always tell you that you had a female cat, when you asked
me? Listen, I studied zoology and I know about cats", he
said. I remembered the story beginning with the uncle of
the great-grandmother's; therefore I kept quiet and looked
out the window. Mustafa was ambling down the street.

His moustache is the same, martial and provoking. He
seems to be a bachelor again.

Helmuth Joel.

MOUNTAINS

I stand in a valley with mountains on every side, far
flung mountains, which close the prospect of the world be­
yond, close the paths of travel, cruel mountains which make
the valley stifling. My only help is the mist, the thick fog
that gathers and blurs out the world around me. The
moisture, bathes my face, and I fling out my arms in a new
found freedom. Gradually the black mist creeps over me
and dims my brain. My senses are drugged and I seem to
fall asleep.

Marie Formad.

"Feodor says—": "Feodor thinks—": Feodor had a fit last night".

Explaining her reasons for keeping this diary, Anna Grigoryevna, Dostoyevsky's second wife, writes, "My husband was to me such an interesting and wholly enigmatical being, that it seemed to me as though I should find it easier to understand him if I noted down his every thought and expression". The section of the diary published here covers four months of 1867, their first year together, and is a detailed record of their life as it passed from day to day. It covers part of a trip through western Europe, taking in Berlin, Dresden, Baden-Baden, and Basle, and ending rather abruptly with the couple enroute to Geneva.

Ostensibly a honeymoon trip, it is really a flight from creditors in Russia. A sordid tale of poverty, gambling, and epilepsy;—of a girl of twenty contending with the moods of a neurotic man of more than forty. The writer herself seems to be a normal, pleasant sort of person, absorbed in her love for "Feodor", and overjoyed when he shows signs of returning it. When she exclaims, however, "He has a nature all loving and gentle", we must beg to disagree. For four months with him have changed her into a nervous, hysterical person, a prey to fears and depressing thoughts. At times their life seems to be one continuous series of squabbles, with each other, with waitors, tradespeople, and landladies. Yet there are times when they are quite happy, depending directly on the state of their finances and Feodor's nerves. The period of their stay in Baden-Baden is a feverishly exciting picture of the life of a gambler. While Feodor is out playing, his wife has hysterics; when he returns, he has hysterics and perhaps a fit; then, after coaxing her for some more money, he goes out and leaves her to another spell of weeping and harrowing suspense.

There is little variety in the daily doings of these two persons, yet the book is thoroughly entertaining. One reads it, presumably, to learn of the great writer, Dostoyevsky, but soon finds his interest turning to the writer of the diary. Her naive way of describing incidents and impressions lends the book its unusual flavor, and provides something which takes the place of suspense, so that the reader continues engrossed in reading the same thing over and over again.

The diary will not give a comprehensive understanding of Dostoyevsky's character to one reading of him for the first time, but it will certainly arouse his interest. For the initiated, it will give a
BOOK REVIEWS

valuable glimpse into his intimate life, and may help to humanize the impression which his biographers have tended to create.

K. I. M.

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Here is the first number of the eagerly-awaited literary journal concocted by George Jean Nathan and his associates. Sitting with Mr. Nathan in the editorial chairs are Ernest Boyd, Theodore Dreiser, James Branch Cabell (printed that way in the list of editors but signed Branch Cabell in his own article), and Eugene O'Neill—rather a formidable group for this enterprise.

"The American Spectator has no policy in the common sense of the word," the editorial (which sounds like Mr. Nathan) tells us. "It offers an opportunity for the untrammelled expression of individual opinion, ignoring what is accepted and may be taken for granted in favor of the unaccepted and misunderstood." The editors have no illusions about their jobs. If and when they feel that the paper is "becoming a routine job," or is getting dull, "they will call it a day and will retire in a body to their estates."

The Spectator has an impressive list of modern writers as contributors to the first number. Old Doc Havelock Ellis writes the leading article. What do you suppose it is about? Correct. It concerns his favorite subject of sex and is a study of "The Physician and Sex." The sex motif is also represented by a delightful essay-in-minature by Branch Cabell, entitled "The Genteel Tradition in Sex." The task of taking sex sanely "has always baffled Americans as a nation. American literature in especial, has remained singularly unaffected by the persiflage of the drawing-room."

Clarence Darrow, who is always wanting a drink, writes of his favorite subject, prohibition, in "When I Want a Drink." When Mr. Darrow says he wants a drink, he means it. He yearns for the good old days. He regards that early American institution, the saloon, with no phobias. "In the old days I went to the saloon and found little to criticize in the place. To be sure, I picked my saloon, as I do my grocery, and, somehow, I chose different saloons at different times to fit various moods, which is one of the advantages that I miss today."

Frank Swinnerton, who ought to know, has an article on "English and American Publishers." Liam O'Flaherty writes a revealing account of "The Irish Censorship." Other contributions include "Memoranda on Masks" by Eugene O'Neill, "The Theatre" by George Jean Nathan,
"The Diversity of Life" by Calvin B. Bridges, and "The Weakness of American Criticism" by Joseph Wood Krutch. Mr. Krutch's thesis is, in brief: "The real weakness of American criticism lies not in any lack of enthusiasm, suggestiveness, or even brilliance, but in the sporadic, unstable, irresponsible nature of its enthusiasms; in, that is to say, the obviously adolescent character of its repeated conviction that it is mature at last."

It will be seen that The American Spectator ought to prove a journal of literary importance. Even though one may not sympathize with the popular, Menckenized, American Mercury note in it, one must admit that it represents the temper of the times. For that reason it is important and significant. At any rate, one must hope that it will continue to be as interesting and varied in the succeeding issues as it is in the first, and that the editors will not be forced prematurely to "retire to their estates."

C. R. T.


In this very readable book we have the story of one of the world's foremost Christians. It is the story of C. F. Andrews—commonly called "Christ's Faithful Apostle"—who is the only Westerner to become a member of the faculty of the International University of Rabindranath Tagore, world famous Indian Christian poet and philosopher. This bespeaks the broadmindedness of Andrews and his relation to the great leaders of India. In this lies much of the value of the book. Almost every chapter gives a miniature of some eminent personality. The author is possessed with the rather rare ability of a mystic to make intimate contacts and abiding friendships with great men. Through the author we are given portraits of Mahatma Gandhi, Mrs. Gandhi (who has suffered in the same cause as her famous husband), Tagore, Albert Schweitzer, Samuel Stokes, Sundar Singh, Mrs. Drew (daughter of W. E. Gladstone and deeply interested in the cause of the oppressed in Africa), and others of this type. Obviously a Christian missionary must be exceedingly broadminded and tolerant as well as amicable to win the friendship of such a diverse group of religionists. As we read the book we discover that his liberality in religion came as the result of a long and intense struggle with the conditioning of a secular, dogmatic, and prejudiced religious background. It is with a great price that he finally wins his emancipation from the shackles of a narrow religious training.

The book in spite of its autobiographical nature is simple, direct,
BOOK REVIEWS

and sincere. Unlike many autobiographies the note of modesty persists throughout the whole story. As one reads the story of this cultured yet simple Christian, one is strangely reminded of the life of Saint Paul. The story presents a picture and a challenge. We have here the picture of a man who searches beneath the limitations of organized Christianity for a deep, abiding, and mystic friendship with Jesus, and finds the path of vicarious suffering to be the road to life abundant. We are confronted with a challenge that, shaking us from our modern religious complacency, bids us take New Testament religion seriously as this modern apostle is doing in India.

Some have predicted that this book will cause a “revival of primitive Christianity.” Still others see it as an adventure in biography which is not surpassed by any other of its type. At least it can be ranked among the best religious books of the past decade and it gives promise of being one of the most read books of its kind for the year. It is particularly to the student of the psychology of religious experience that this book will appeal.

W. F. R.


This dizzying age of gin, jazz, mechanistic materialism, and sophisticated veneer has truly entered the field of art and we find our presses thundering day in and day out to saturate the already flooded book stalls with volume after volume of superficial trash. It is the product of the new age, we are told, bizarre, impressionistic, experimental.

It is reasonable to suppose that there are some things relative to art that must be held necessarily to a high standard at all times. One of these things is poetry. Matthew Arnold tells us that we should conceive of poetry worthily, and more highly than it has been the custom to conceive of it. Certainly, not all poetic attempt approaches the standard of Arnold, but the tested poetry of an age does hold to a high requirement that gives it distinction and quality. Wordsworth has rather given us the high requirement suggested by Arnold when he says poetry is “the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge.” And this, combined with a discriminating observation of the mechanics of verse, gives us poetry capable of fulfilling high destinies.

But from the anthology, Manhattan Men, by Alfred Kreymborg, it is not wholly impossible to imagine that Mr. Kreymborg neither conceives of poetry as “the breath and finer spirit of all knowledge”, or attempts to give poetry even a place among the arts. For to believe his collec-
tion is even a poor attempt at art—is to obliterate entirely the distinction between the excellent and the hopelessly inferior.

The author has divided his anthology into three main divisions. The first, entitled, New York Old and New, contains some old ballads reminiscent of Frankie and Johnnie, as well as some supposedly clever and acute observations on Manhattan. The second section, Manhattan Epitaphs, reminds one of the little jottings on the pad beside the telephone, and the third section, Park Avenue Lyrics, is not even worth consideration.

In the realm of poetry, which is thought and art in one, it is the glory, the eternal honor, that charlatanism shall find no entrance. And if ever poetry was charlatanism this is. Mr. Kreymborg’s observations are timely, to be sure, but far from startling. He never approaches grandeur in any form, neither can he plead naiveness. From the following we can hardly say he possesses liquid diction or fluid movement:

**Empire**

As soon as we need oil in Mexico
There’ll be plenty of lads glad to go
And wrest all the oil from the Mexican
And lay down their lives again.

And is this the art of poetry?

**Love**

Life
may be out
of season now
but not

Love.

Mr. Kreymborg, we regret, is catering here to the modern school. His anthology is deceiving. It is a representation of an artless period, inartistically expressed.

J. S. S.
EDITORIAL COMMENT

THE HORNBOOK makes its first appearance at Dickinson. To have a publication entirely devoted to literary work has been generally accepted as a necessity. For this reason we have been hopeful of a successful outcome in issuing the first number. However, no magazine of this type should be published without certain aims and a definite idea as to the exact position it should fill in the life of the student and the college.

In taking its proper place in the life of the Dickinson student THE HORNBOOK should accomplish three purposes. In general, it must satisfy to a great extent those high cultural objectives for which Dickinson stands. To the individual student, the magazine must be an incentive to write. Those who labored before and received no nodding approval now have a medium through which their literary efforts may be published and some recognition given them. At the same time THE HORNBOOK must be a standard of literary values for both the student and the college. It must embody the best that the undergraduates can produce not only in thought but in form. It must set up literary criteria. These are briefly the aims of THE HORNBOOK. We sincerely believe these aims can be achieved.

At present the future of the magazine is bright. How long it will remain so is entirely up to the students. An active body of enthusiastic contributors is necessary. With such a group THE HORNBOOK will be assured success and will become an important factor in the cultural advancement of the Dickinson student.

Editor.
CONTRIBUTORS TO THIS ISSUE

Craig Thompson is a member of the class of 1933. He was formerly on the editorial staff of the Dickinsonian.

John S. Snyder is a Senior. Mr. Snyder plans to attend graduate school in English next year.

Frederick W. Ness is also a member of the Senior Class. He is especially interested in music and poetry.

Professor C. R. Walther Thomas is Associate Professor of German at Dickinson. Professor Thomas is a native of Germany and well qualified to write with authority on Goethe and Hauptmann.

Louis C. Olmstead graduated in 1930. He is now taking graduate work in English at Harvard.

Helmuth Joel graduated last year. Mr. Joel was a German exchange student. He is a native of Berlin and has graduated from the University of Berlin.

Marie Formad is a member of the Junior Class.