

A PRINCETON LITERARY REVIEW

PUBLISHED BY THE DAILY PRINCETONIAN, FEBRUARY 22, 1922

ERNEST POOLE '02

An Honest Realist From New York.

Of all of Princeton's novelists, Ernest Poole '02 and Booth Tarkington '93 stand, without much question, at the top. Each has been accorded the honor in one year of having written the best American novel of that year; the works of each are known in other lands besides America. In his best-known book, *The Harbor*, Mr. Poole has drawn from his own experience at Princeton to some extent to form the basis for the college experiences mentioned in the story. In his undergraduate days he was better acquainted with the library than were most of his classmates. A frequent browser among books, he was to find this habit of considerable use later. At Princeton he was a member of Cap and Gown Club.

The story of Mr. Poole's career is an



Ernest Poole '02

interesting chronicle of what one man has done. To read of it is to acquire the feeling of wanderlust which is more or less dormant in every man. His books are real because the writer has seen the things which he is describing. Upon graduation in 1902 Mr. Poole went to live at the University Settlement down on the lower East Side of New York and beginning that autumn he published in *McClure's*, *Collier's*, and other periodicals, articles and sketches dealing with tenement life in New York and also with labor conditions in Chicago where he was publicity agent for the strikers in the big stock-yards strike of 1904. He then went to Russia as correspondent for the *Outlook* during the attempted revolution towards the end of the Russo-Japanese war and wrote articles and stories from all parts of Europe. During the next three years

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAMS '92

Winner of the Pulitzer Prize for the Best American Play in 1917.

At least a third of the men who enter Princeton have probably seen the little book called *Princeton Stories*, written by Jesse Lynch Williams '92, which gives as clear and vivid a picture of Princeton life and its atmosphere as any pen has done—and there is no harder thing to do. Williams was in the class immediately ahead of Booth Tarkington with a very similar career. He won the annual prize offered in the *Lit* for the best short story as Tarkington did the year following, and was later awarded the Joseph H. Pulitzer Prize for *Why Marry?*, the best play written and produced in 1917; (Tarkington has won a similar honor with a novel.) He was a member

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three plays of his were produced, two in New York: *None So Blind* and *A Man's Friends*. A third play, *Take Your Medicine*, which was written with Harriet Ford, had a run on the road and ended in Boston.

In 1913 Mr. Poole started his novel, *The Harbor*, which he finished in a year and a half. To many this is his greatest book with a fresh and stirring realism that saw the big things as well as the petty things in life. His powerful description of the strike of the dock-men is one of those passages which, once read, can not be easily forgotten.

In the autumn of 1914 Mr. Poole went to Berlin as a correspondent, and from there to the Eastern Front and later down into France with the Bavarian Army—writing articles for the *Saturday Evening Post*, *Everybody's*, and other periodicals. In 1916 his novel, *His Family*, took the Pulitzer Prize for the best American novel of the year; and this was followed two years later by *His Second Wife*. In the meantime Mr. Poole went again to Russia for the *Saturday Evening Post* where he wrote a series of articles dealing with the life in the Russian villages during the first months of the Revolution; these were published later in a book called *The Dark People*. In 1918 he returned to New York and directed the Mail Division of the Government Foreign Press Bureau, which was fighting enemy propaganda in some 35 other countries. After the war he settled down to 18 months' work on *Blind* which appeared in the fall of 1920. His most recent book is *Beggars' Gold* which deals to some ex-

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AN EXPLANATION

Never has as much literature been produced as at the present time; never has the reading public been so large. Almost without exception these writers are college graduates; especially in the last few years an increasing number of brilliant young men have gone into literary work; if they will only be truthful and profound as well as brilliant, all will be well.

The PRINCETONIAN is publishing this literary review in order to reveal Princeton's part in the fields of fiction to-day. In this supplement are included those Princeton men, now living, who have done noticeably good work in poetry, short stories, or novel-writing; because of lack of space, authors of non-fiction have been excluded.

A brief summary of the work herein described is interesting. In the last few years, the honor of having written the best American novel of the year has twice gone to Princeton men: to Booth Tarkington '93 in 1918 for *The Magnificent Ambersons*; to Ernest Poole '02 in 1916 for *His Family*. Twice a similar honor has been accorded to two Princeton writers of plays: to Jesse Lynch Williams '92 for his play *Why Marry?*; to Eugene O'Neill '10 for his play *Beyond the Horizon*. In 1920 the O'Henry Memorial Prize for the best American short story was awarded to Maxwell Struthers Burt '04 for *Each in His Generation*, and three other Princeton men were included in the O'Henry collection of the best American short stories for that year: F. Scott Fitzgerald '17, L. H. Robbins '08 and Stephen French Whitman '01.

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BOOTH TARKINGTON '93

The Gifted Gentleman From Indiana.

Best known of Princeton's fiction writers and ranking among the first in the country is Booth Tarkington '93. His career has been a long triumph of public approval beginning with *The Gentleman From Indiana* in 1899 and reaching such high spots as *Monsieur Beaucaire*, that short story of French and English nobility told with such exquisite artistry and charm, and *The Magnificent Ambersons* which brought him the highest award given in America to a novelist—the Joseph H. Pulitzer Prize of 1918 for the best American novel of the year.

"Tark" needs little introduction to Princeton men or literary men anywhere. The attractiveness and modesty of his personality are attested to by all who know him. Entering Princeton from Purdue University in 1891, his remarkable versatility and talent in writing, drawing, singing, and acting made him one of the leading members of his class. He was elected to the *Lit*, his first story winning the annual *Lit* prize; his humorous sketches and drawings secured him a position on the *Tiger*; he became art editor of the *Bric-a-Brac*. Having conquered most of the college literary and artistic fields he turned to others. Blessed with a good voice, he "made" the choir and Glee Club, became a member of the Triangle Show and later its president. He was one of the authors of *Julius Caesar* as given in the Golden Nineties, and took the part of Cassius.

Despite all these activities he still found time for the friendly "bicker" which is so pleasant a part of college life. One of the popular tales told of him was that on moon-lit summer nights at midnight he would wander about the

campus singing the songs for which he became famous at Senior Singing later, where his solos were so much in demand. A class-mate has written the following poem about him since Tarkington's graduation from Princeton:
"The same old Tark—just watch him shy
Like hunted thing, and hide if let,
Away behind his cigarette
When "Danny Deever" is the cry.
Keep up the call and by and by
We'll make him sing, and find he's yet
The same old Tark."

His first few years after college were spent "fussin' with literachoor" as he called it. He was once elected to the state legislature but revolted against party loyalty; his political campaign caused much comment and he tells this story about himself:



Booth Tarkington '93

"Going to vote for Tarkington?"
"That actor fellow?"
"Yes, that acrobat."

"Sure, I'm going to vote fer him. Jes' want'er see what the darn fool'do!"

Tarkington has never tried to be a best-seller, nor has he sacrificed his artistic ideals for literary popularity. At the same time he frankly writes for the many rather than for the high-brow few; and in so doing he has made the common taste a medium for expressing better things. It seems strange that one of his earliest plays, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, should attain a delicacy and beauty which his later writings never equalled; it is perhaps, his most perfect work. *Penrod*, *Penrod and Sam*, *Seventeen*, *Ransmy Milholland*, and *Clarence* are inimitable pictures of the American boy;

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HUGH McNAIR KAHLER '04

A Writer of Stories That Please, Who Stumbled Into a Merited Success.

Readers of the *Saturday Evening Post* are quite familiar with the name of Hugh McNair Kahler '04 who has been a steady contributor to that magazine for the last three years. Mr. Kahler is an example of a genius that began early. He did some magazine and newspaper work before he came to Princeton and continued the latter steadily during college, helping to put himself through. After graduation he gave up writing altogether for ten years when he stumbled into it again almost by accident, finding a ready market for a number of stories he had written in college. Since 1916 he has done nothing but write and since 1919 nearly all of his work has ap-

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HENRY VAN DYKE '73, PRINCETON'S MOST DISTINGUISHED MAN OF LETTERS.

Of the Alumni of Princeton who have achieved success in the literary world, none is better known than Henry van Dyke '73. One of the four best living English authors, as he was ranked in a straw vote recently taken by an eastern magazine, has produced in all 42 books of poetry and prose, which have gained for him world-wide recognition.

Few men have graduated from Princeton within the last twenty years without carrying with them a vivid memory of Dr. van Dyke, gained through contact with him as a professor in the class room, as a distinguished lecturer and diplomat, as a preacher, or as a kindly and sympathetic friend. Few visitors leave Princeton without seeing Henry van Dyke's home, "Avalon, with big friendly trees around it, and an ancient garden behind it, and memories of the American Revolution built into its walls, and the gray towers of Princeton University just beyond the tree tops"

While an undergraduate Dr. van Dyke was interested in speaking and writing, and won prizes in Clio Hall for essays and declamations. He was Junior orator, and class-day speaker at his Commencement. He also received the 1839 Prize in English Literature, and was awarded honors by the Faculty in belles-lettres.

In 1884 was published Henry van Dyke's first book, *The Reality of Religion*. After several other volumes had appeared came *The Poetry of Tennyson*, significant as an indication of his constant affection for and keen appreciation of the Poet of the pains of labor. Of course I do not mean to deny that the author's vocation has its own inward delight and its own exceeding great reward. The delight lies in the conception of something that craves utterance; and the reward lies in the production of something that goes out alive into the world. A true call to the vocation of literature is both inward and outward; a strong desire of self-expression, and a proved power of communicating thought and feeling through the written word.



Henry van Dyke '73

"The wish to write merely for the sake of being a writer, if I may so describe a vague ambition which vexes many young persons, is rather a small and futile thing, because they had something to say and took the necessary pains to learn how to say it.

"But how did this happen to these men and women? What brought them to this happy pass where their inward call to self-expression was confirmed by the outward power to interest readers? Who can tell?

"It looks simple. And no doubt there is a certain element of simplicity in the necessary processes of learning to spell, to construct sentences, to use words correctly, to develop plots, to recognize rhymes, and to observe metres. But there is a mystery in it, after all.

"From Shakespeare's deepest tragedy to Kipling's most rattling ditty, from Wordsworth's loftiest ode to Dobson's lightest lyric, from Victor Hugo's biggest romance to De Maupassant's briefest tale, from Plato's profoundest dialogue to Chesterton's most paradoxical monologue, from George Eliot's *Remola* to Miss Alcott's *Little Women*, every bit of literature, great or small, has a measure of magic in it, and ultimately is no more explicable than life itself."

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN '82

An Exploiter of the Comedy of Golf and the Founder of the Tiger.

Mr. Sutphen has made the same humorous, philosophical study of golf as like Walton did of fishing; each saw the human side to the sport. Although writing was only an avocation with him, he has written three novels and another is being published. His letter tells something of his literary past:

"My literary activities, while in college, were originally centered on the *Lit.* and in Senior year I was elected to the editorial board. But, apparently, this was too small a field for when my classmate, the late Thomas Shields Clarke, suggested the establishment of a humorous periodical on the lines of the *Harvard Lampoon* I embraced the idea with vast enthusiasm. And so, in the early spring of 1882, the *Tiger* came into being. I have just been looking over the finished product, and I shudder to think how bad it all was. Fortunately the statute of limitations protects me from criminal prosecution.

"After a few years of newspaper work on the *New York World* I became connected with the editorial staff of Harper and Brothers. While acting as editor of *Golf* (then published by Harper's) I had the good fortune to realize that there was a vast amount of human nature in the practice of the ancient and royal game, and I set myself to exploiting the comedy of golf through the medium of fiction. The stories were collected and published under the title of *The Golftide and Other Tales of the Fair Green*. As I had a virgin field (at least in American literature) a certain measure of success followed, and I was encouraged to add a second volume of golf tales: *The Nineteenth Hole*.

"But I wanted to write a novel. One evening I went to a moving picture show. The picture was of real life: a crowd of people embarking on a steamer. I noticed that one of the travellers was a pretty girl—was she really saying something to her companion. What was it? Perhaps something interesting, vitally so. Now if I only possessed the art of lip reading, as practiced by deaf and dumb persons.

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PRINCETON'S GREATEST SHORT STORY WRITER—MAXWELL STRUTHERS BURT '04

Winner of the O'Henry Prize in 1920, Who Believes That a Sense of Rhythm Is One of the Qualities Necessary to Be Successful in Anything.

In 1920 the O'Henry Memorial Prize for the best American short story of the year was awarded to Maxwell Struthers Burt '04 for his story *Each in His Generation* which appeared in *Scribner's Magazine*. It was a signal honor, well-merited, and one which might in some degree have been foretold, for Mr. Burt's short stories since 1917 had already attracted a great deal of attention. He has written no novels, but his verse and stories have been consistently appearing in *Scribner's*, each marked by a fresh and vivid style, and an artistry which is more subtle than O'Henry and of greater finish. At present he is deserting short stories to write a novel and some more verse.

Mr. Burt showed his ability in his literary activities at Princeton. He became managing editor of the *Tiger*, and editor of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* and of the *Bric-a-Brac*. He was a member of the Fortnightly Club, the Monday Night Club, the Fiata-a Sophomore eating club, and in his upper-class years of Cap and Gown. He wrote the book for the Triangle Show of 1903 and 1904, and was chosen Class Prophet at Commencement. His most striking success, after graduation, has taken place in his short stories, of which he has published two volumes, *John O'May* and *Chance Encounters*. He has been an excellent teller of excellent tales; and one of the reasons is his adherence to the doctrine which he tells about in his article which follows:

I wish that some way, somehow, every young American interested in writing would for awhile interest himself in the theory and writing of verse. The benefits accruing to American prose would be incalculable. One reason why the Oxford graduate of twenty-four can out-write the Princeton graduate of forty-four is because the Oxford graduate has been trained as a poet. This is not 'high-browism'; it is the sheerest kind of common sense.

From studying and writing poetry a man learns many things; and to learn them it is not at all necessary that he write good poetry, so long as he works with real interest and a growing appre-

ciation of the subtle but simple medium in which he is working.

Poetry has two bases: Philosophical and technical.

Rhythm is universal. It is at the basis of life. For years I have been teaching people to ride horseback. The man who consciously or unconsciously has a knowledge of rhythm can learn to ride the man who hasn't can't. The same rhythm that underlies horsemanship underlies everything from passing an examination to running an airplane. The same sense of rhythm that makes a man swing a brassie correctly makes him (or should make him, if he understands what it means) love the correct swing of Drinkwater's verse. If a man who drives a motor car tells you he has 'no use' for poetry, or a poet tells you that he has 'no use' for motors, rest assured that you are either talking to an ignorant motor car driver or poet, or else a very bad motor car driver and poet. Stars, constellations, crews, flying-men, horsemen, motor-drivers, teachers, writers, cowpunchers, are proficient or not in proportion to their sense of and love of rhythm. The man who has led a fine life has led a rhythmic one; for rhythm is nothing but elb and flow, action and re-



Maxwell Struthers Burt '04

action, cause and effect, and it enters into every act of every moment of a man's life. The unlythmic man is the man who hits another without realizing that he will hit back; who gets drunk and doesn't know it will mean a headache. So an inkling of what rhythm means is the most priceless and practical possession a man can have.

Technically too much emphasis cannot be laid upon the necessity of the prose writer knowing poetry. Poetry is condensed feeling expressed condensively. Furthermore, it is condensed expression put in accurate words. The novelist may make many blunders and escape, the short-story writer a few, but the finest line of poetry is spoiled by one wrong word. Poetry teaches you what to leave out and how to say what you leave in, and that is the greatest lesson a writer can learn. In short, since brevity makes for poignancy and poignancy makes for good-taste and good-taste makes for good technique, the rarest instrument ever devised for the study of prose is the study of poetry.

In your researches in poetry beware the PEDANT and the PROPAGANDIST; the man who tells you no good poetry has been written since Tennyson or the man who tells you no good poetry was written before Amy Lowell. Poetry—great poetry, and that is what we are talking about, for there's no reason save a historical or technical one why you should be interested in anything else—great poetry is simple, direct, exciting, and has the most fundamental appeal ever devised with the exception of music and dancing. It has been written in every age, and will be written in every age; it has been contained in every known poetic form from the jewel casket of the sonnet to the apple-basket of free-verse; when you come across it you'll know it, for it has never yet failed to appeal to the heart and mind of the average intelligent man, since it brings beauty to his sense of his own deepest emotions; since, by bringing beauty, it increases his conviction that his life is worth while.

GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN '02

His Greatest Thrill in Writing Comes from Lit Review.

"If the writing game is to be measured by thrills, I have to go back 23 years to check up on my greatest reward which occurred when I laid eyes on the *PRINCETONIAN* for March 14, 1899. That issue carried on its front page an article by Professor George McLean Harper which began: 'Have you read *A Daughter of the Far South*?' This is what men will be asking in a day or so. The author of this, the best story that has appeared in the *Lit* for many a day, is Mr. Chamberlain, a Freshman." Book reviews have made me laugh, weep, and gnash my teeth since that far-away morning, but none has ever produced a like elation.

The first step in a literary career is thus summarized by George Agnew Chamberlain '02, another of Princeton's writers who were to make the beginning of this century particularly productive in literature by the sons of Old Nassau. Mr. Chamberlain did not immediately embark on the frail frigate of fiction, however. From 1904 to 1919 he was in the American Consular Service in South America, and in 1906 he was a special correspondent for the Associated Press in the Third Pan-American Conference at Rio de Janeiro. His most recent book *Cobweb* was published in 1921 by Harper's; in addition he has written short stories and articles on South America and the following books: *Home, Through Stained Glass, John Bogardus, White Man, Not All the King's Horses*. In commenting on his work, Mr. Chamberlain says:

"There are so many rocks along the course of literature as a career that it is difficult to pick which to chart above all others. From my individual experience, I choose the old stand-by: The only way to learn to write is to write—and keep on writing! *A Daughter of the Far South* was my first story and 14 years were to elapse before I broke into public print with a bought-and-paid-for piece of fiction. In 1913 the *Century Magazine* advertised the publication of *Home*, as the most important anonymous novel since *The Breadwinners*. In the decade since *Home* appeared

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TARKINGTON PREFERS HAPPY ENDING

Natural American Novel Is Not Responding—But the Book and Its Construction Determine the Ending Anyway.

By BOOTH TARKINGTON '93

A "Victorian" poet of some repute in his day said of writing: "It isn't what we say that is important, it's how we say it; but the fools don't know that." This brusquerie by an obsolete gentleman (name of Tennyson) has the slight merit of being true, and in the light it sheds one cannot easily imagine a working writer getting himself interested in a gaseous wrangle about the comparative merits of the "happy" and "sad" endings of novels. For gaseous and wrangling such contests must ever be: assertion constructed of the air of the lungs and set against other assertions of the same material. Literature is not a science, and no one ever made a single law for it, or of it, that would stick.

There are some people much given to talking about novels who maintain that a novel shouldn't have an end at all. "Life is a flux," they say;—"a flux made up of thousands of incomplete impulses and unfinished acts, little trails that lead nowhere. Therefore a novel, being a transcript of life, should not have an ending." Probably they mean by this that the novelist would be rather pushing things to kill all his fictitious people, like a classic dramatist, or to get them all married at once, like an opera bouffe librettist! And when he stops writing a novel, the concluding passages shouldn't be conclusive. He should just stop, some day, and after while begin another. But there's an inconsistency here, one fears. If a novel should have no end, how could it properly have a beginning? To say that it should begin in the midst of things won't do, for the greater the abruptness with which it begins, the more obvious is the fact that it certainly does begin.

"The bad ending is infinitely more artistic than the good ending," one hears sometimes from people—usually from people not only young but rather girlish—and it is customary to add a few assertions about Russian novelists who have imitated Zola, or about the English or American novelists who have imitated the imitations of Zola. This "bad" and "good", or "sad" and "happy" way of speaking of novels is at least not a knowing way, and the debate is for outsiders strictly. There is only one question about the end of a book: Is it the true end for that book? And it is explaining A. B. C. to mention that slaughter is the most charmingly restful of all things to contrive with ink, or that a respectable novelist will be content with no ending of his novel that is not a true part of it.

The United States is a strong and growing country; the American people are of their very nativity a people who look forward with confident hopefulness. The natural American novel is of this spirit. The American desponding novel is usually an imitation of something foreign—an affectation.

A COLUMN OF COMMENT

The ministry and literature have been associated in many instances. SAMUEL M'CHORD CROTHERS '74 is an example. He is a clergyman who entered the Presbyterian ministry and then changed to the Unitarian. He has written several magazine articles and the following stories and books: *Members of One Body, Miss Maffets Christmas Party, The Gentle Reader, The Understanding Heart, The Endless Life, By The Christmas Fire, Among Friends, Humanly Speaking, Three Lords of Destiny*.

WILLIAM J. HENDERSON '96 is primarily a music critic and only by virtue of a few stories belongs in a compendium of Princeton's fiction writers. He was on the *New York Times* from 1883 to 1902, and has been the music critic of the *New York Sun* ever since. In 1892 he was the associate editor of *The Standard Dictionary*. He has written several articles and books on music including a study of Richard Wagner; also, *Sea Yarns for Boys, and Afloat With the Flag*.

All striving young authors are acquainted with ROBERT BRIDGES '79 who is now the editor of *Scribner's*. He began as a newspaper reporter and was with the *New York Evening Post* till 1887. From that time till 1914 he was assistant editor of *Scribner's* and was then made a full editor. He was the dramatic critic of *Life* from 1883 to 1900. His works include: *Overheard in Arcady, Suppressed Chapters*, a book of

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MODERN LITERATURE LACKS CULTURE

So Declares Edmund Wilson Jr. '15 As He Supplements Bishop's Plea for Greater Attention to Literary Background and the Classics.

Edmund Wilson Jr. '16 has in the last two years been on the editorial staff of *Family Fair* and *The New Republic*, and has written articles for both these magazines as well as poems and short stories for *The Liberator*. "The Undertaker's Garland," written by him in collaboration with John Peale Bishop '17, will appear next summer.

Just now there is something like a renaissance of literary activity in America. We have begun to criticize and imagine with an energy, a variety and a boldness which we have scarcely exhibited before. It is no longer possible to say that in the United States it is impossible for a serious writer to get himself a hearing. And precisely the gravest misfortune of this burst of creative activity is its isolation from tradition and its lack of aesthetic standards. We have no critic to control it and measure it by absolute standards; the older critics disapprove of it and refuse to take it seriously and the new critics have not proved quite equal to the situation either.

What we need, if we want to produce literature of absolute rather than relative value, is a more solid basis of culture. And it does not go without saying that a college man has this. Anybody who intends to write a novel or a poem or a play should at least be familiar with the highest points to which his chosen form has been carried. It makes all the difference, for instance, whether a poet compares his poems to the level of the poetry about him—to Carl Sandburg and Robert Frost—or to Dante, Catullus, and Keats.

But Latin and Greek and Philosophy and French and Italian are not at all in the air; they have to be gone after. Once you have left Princeton the cities will catch you up; they will crowd your views with their buildings and exhaust your nerves with their machines. Between the buildings and the machines and the overwhelming atmosphere of advertising, which aims not only to make the last new shaving soap look like an epoch-making discovery but also to make the last new novelist outdazzle the literature of the world, you will be further than ever from the Athenian stage and the Paradise of Dante. They will then seem remote and inaccessible; dead things left behind at the University.

But, believe me, they are not dead; their vitality will outlast our activity. Without them, you will find yourself in a ship with a vigorous crew, to be sure but where every man has made his own compass and invented his own equipment—rather as T. S. Eliot says that Blake constructed his philosophy—out of any old odds and ends that he happened to have in his pockets.

BOOTH TARKINGTON '93

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The *Turmoil* is a powerful drama of Big Business in Pittsburgh. In that and in *The Magnificent Ambersons* we are grateful to Tarkington for giving us novels of American life which have a fresh and practical idealism in them which is pitifully absent in such novels as *Main Street*; *Alice Adams* is akin to the latter. *The Intimate Strangers* is being played on the New York stage now and Mr. Hornblow of the *Theatre Magazine* describes it as "a disingenuous little comedy, extremely tenuous in texture, with no plot to speak of, yet not without a certain charm."

Bibliography: *The Gentleman from Indiana*, *Monsieur Beaucaire*, *The Magnificent Ambersons*, *In the Arena*, *The Two Vanrevels*, *The Conquest of Canaan*, *The Quest of Quesnay*, *The Turmoil*, *Penrod*, *Penrod and Sam*, *Ramsay Milholland*, *Clarence*, *Seventeen*, *The Intimate Strangers*, *Alice Adams*.

HUGH M'NAIR KAHLER '04

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appeared in the *Saturday Evening Post* which has printed about 25 short stories of his in as many months. In 1919 Mr. Kahler corroborated with Holworthy Hall on *The Six Best Cellars*. *Babel*, another book, appeared in 1921 and still another, *The East Wind*, is in the process of publication.

Speaking on the value of a college education to a literary career, Mr. Kahler says: "There is no end to the debate about the value of conventional education to a writing man. I think it would always depend on the man, the college, and the education. I am very sure that it was good for me, but I went to a college where, I think, there was and is less conformity than in most, where undergraduate opinion is remark-

ably tolerant of the variation and the exception, and where, in my day, there wasn't enough in the way of education to do anybody much harm. Some men are certainly injured by the conventionalizing influence of Faculty and student contacts, just as others acquire steadiness and balance from these.

"The amazing number of Princeton men who do good work in writing—every class since 1890 can show at least one example—certainly indicates that our sort of college training doesn't spoil all our material and might be reasonably advanced as a proof that it improves most of it. I believe this is the effect rather of undergraduate attitude than of Faculty influence. It is not fatal with us for a man to display some individuality before he graduates. Given that condition, almost any university course of study ought to benefit a writing man—or anybody else."

ERNEST POOLE '02

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tent with China, although the scene is laid in New York.

In regard to his work, Mr. Poole says: "You ask which of my books I like the best. That is not easy to answer; for like a good many writers, I have never read one of them since it was printed. But I think that on the whole the one that would interest me most is *Blind*; and from the present outlook it looks as though it might be read more and more widely in the next few years—for it has already had a good reception in various parts of Europe."

Mr. Poole is to be envied both for what he has done and what he has seen. A partial bibliography follows: *Plays—None So Blind*, *A Man's Friends*, *Take Your Medicine*. Stories and novels—*The Harbor*, *His Family*, *His Second Wife*, *The Dark People*, *The Village*, *Blind*, *Beggars' Gold*.

GEORGE A. CHAMBERLAIN '02

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writing as a profession has become an intricate enterprise. From his very beginnings a writer should protect himself by such contract forms as are advocated by the Authors' League. Movie rights which were commonly sold for \$250 ten years ago command anything up to \$20,000 to-day. Second-serial, dramatization, and foreign rights pop up



George Agnew Chamberlain '02 on the trail of the chance best-seller in the most disconcerting manner, and too often the inexperienced author finds that in the eagerness to see himself in print he has signed away a small fortune. "The difficulty of escaping being done-down, however, is not half so intricate as the problem of moral adjustment involved in the new condition of big pay for literary effort. One must work with the tools at hand, but to what end?"

That is a question which a man can answer to the public only with a lifetime, but he must answer it to himself at the start if he is to avoid haphazard walls to his hall of fame."

AN EXPLANATION

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This is encouraging; it is by no means satisfying. Slowly our literature is being developed to the point where it can be styled American; not American in the sense that it is purely sectional, but American in the sense that it represents the sturdiness, the democracy, the progressiveness of the fundamental American principles. For a long time we have been imitators; our works have been thin tracteries of foreign literature, not always of the best type. We have been busy establishing our industries and digging our ditches; now we must interpret the meaning of our labor, and having made it possible for man to EXIST, we must make it possible for him to LIVE.

In the coming literary renaissance America must play a large part. The book, along with the moving picture screen, has become the greatest pulpit in the world. The work, portrayed in these pages, which Princeton men have done and are doing in literature, is creditable; the future is challenging.

JESSE LYNCH WILLIAM '92

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of the *Lit Board* while in Princeton and did considerable writing; at the Commencement Exercises he filled the position of Class Poet. After graduation he joined the goodly number of men who started their literary career by going into newspaper work, which gave him the material for his later newspaper

stories. He shortly returned to Princeton to found the *Alumni Weekly* which he edited till 1903.

Why Marry? ranks as his best, as well as his best-known work. It is a satirical comedy on married life which was first presented in 1917 and has been successfully produced many times since then. It was in 1899 that he wrote *The Stolen Story*, and *Other Newspaper Stories*—which Richard Harding Davis styled "the very best of American yarns of newspaper life." This was followed by *New York Sketches* which revealed the powers of observation acquired in newspaper work. *The Adventures of a Freshman* were more tales of Princeton college life of a wholesome and vigorous nature affording a contrast to the sophisticated modernity of the more recent college stories. *The Day-Dreamer*, *My Last Duchess*, *The Married Life of the Frederick Carrolls*, are other works by the same author. His literary output has not been very large, and of late years his pen has been quiet.

REVIEW OF "ANNA CHRISTIE"

Eugene O'Neill's Play of the Water-Front Now Being Presented in New York.

Eugene O'Neill's *Anna Christie* should never be reviewed. Not that it is too frail to stand such treatment, on the contrary, there are few productions more robust, but no review or reviewer can do it justice. It is one of those plays, unfortunately very scarce, which must be seen to be appreciated.

Nevertheless, this fact has not hindered the New York critics from praising the production to the skies. According to the *Times*' critic, Alexander Wolcott, it is a "rich and salty play" which "towers above most of the plays in town" and which "grips the attention with the rise of the first curtain and

(Continued on Page Five)



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A COLUMN OF COMMENT

(Continued from Page Two)

collected poems called *Bramble Brae*, and *The Roosevelt Book* of which he was co-editor.

Another literary clergyman is **PAUL VAN DYKE '81**. He has contributed to American, French, English, and German magazines, and was secretary of the American University Union at Paris during the war, doing a little lecturing on the side. He has written *The Age of Renaissance* and *Renaissance Portraits*.

BURTON EGBERT STEVENSON '93 is a rather prolific writer who has been silent for the last few years. His career began, as did so many others, on a newspaper; and he has also been a librarian, accepting the position of European director of library war service during the war. His works include: *A Soldier of Virginia*, *The Heritage*, *The Marathon Mystery*, *The Girl with the Blue Sailor*, *The Young Train-Dispatcher*, *That Affair at Elizabeth*, *The Path of Honor*, *Little Comrade*, *A King in Babylon*, and others. He was editor of the Condensed Classics Edition of Fielding's *Tom Jones*, *The Home Book of Verse*, and *The Home Book of Verse for Young Folks*. Mr. Stevenson is now in Algeria as the English Secretary to the French Commission on African affairs.

One of the great games of the reading public is to guess the author of anonymous books. *The Mirrors of Washington* and *The Glass of Fashion* have both attracted a great deal of comment. The reputed author of the latter is **EDWARD C. VENABLE '06**. Mr. Venable has contributed liberally to the magazines and is also responsible for *Pierre l'inton*, *Short Stories*, *The Wife of the Junior Partner*, *Lasca*, *Ali Babette*, and *At Isham's*.

Some brilliant men came from Princeton around 1916. **HAMILTON FISH ARMSTRONG '16** is one of them

Upon graduation he joined the staff of the *New Republic*. He was with the Infantry during the war and was later made military attaché. He received three decorations. With Alfred Noyes, Mr. Armstrong edited *The Princeton Book of Verse* 1916; and was the editor of *The Book of New York Verse* 1918. He has contributed to *Scribner's*, *Nicholas*, *Harper's*, *Dial*, etc.

F. SCOTT FITZGERALD '17 is quite well-known to the modern undergraduate. Seldom has a young writer achieved more instantaneous success than he did with his novel *This Side of Paradise*. His story, *The Camel's Back*, was included in E. J. O'Brien's collection of the best American short stories for 1920. Other stories by him have appeared in *Scribner's* and *The Saturday Evening Post*. A serial novel, *The Beautiful and Damned*, has been running in the *Metropolitan* for the past few months. Much of his work has been brilliant; much of it—especially within the last year—has been careless and mediocre.

F. S. M'DONALD '06 is a professor of English at Princeton and of late has been reviewing each issue of the *Lit* for the *PRINCETONIAN*. His mystery story *Sorcery* was published by The Century Company in 1919; he has also written some verse.

In O'Brien's Collection of the Best American Short Stories for 1920 was included a story by **STEPHEN FRENCH WHITMAN '01**. Mr. Whitman once won a prize from *Collier's* a good many years ago for excellence in another story; he has written quite a few stories, of which *Two Roses* appearing in the *Red Book* in 1921 is the most recent. His first large novel was called *Predetermined*; another serial novel of his, *Sacrifice*, was finished in *Everybody's* last month.

The admirers of Walt Whitman in America grow steadily more numerous. **GRANT OVERTON '08** has written a

novel entitled *The Answerer*, based on Whitman's life.

Another book on Princeton was published last year—*The Guarded Heights* by **WADSWORTH CAMP '02**. *The Abandoned Room*, *The House of Fear*, *The Grey Mask*, are other stories by the same author.

The literary career of **VANCE THOMPSON '83** really began with the founding of *Mlle New York*, a fortnightly review which he edited for some time. He has written both dramas and stories. Among the former are included *In Old Japan*, *The Dresden Shepherdess*, *The Peace Girl*, and *Jane Shore*. And many stories as well: *The Night Watchman and Other Poems*, *Eat and Grow Thin*, *The Carnival of Destiny*, *Take It From Me*, *Drink, Woman*. In 1919 he was appointed an attaché to the American Embassy at Rome.

VAN TASSEL SUTPHEN '82

(Continued from Page Two)

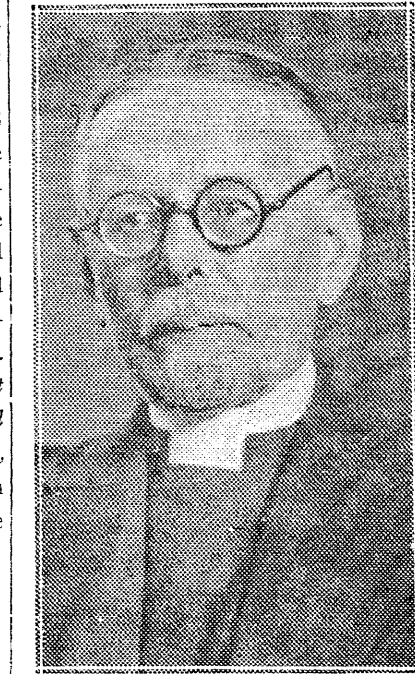
I should be able—why, there in a flash was the beginning of my sought-for romance, and before I went to bed that night I had written the first chapter of *The Cardinal's Rose* which ran as a serial in *Harper's Weekly* and was afterwards republished in book form.

"The human animal dearly loves to imitate something, and so when I wrote *The Gates of Chance* I had Robert Louis Stevenson's incomparable *New Arabian Nights* distinctly in view. You observe that I use the word "incomparable" advisedly; also the critics echoed it.

"There are other literary efforts to my credit or discredit; other novels, *The Doomsman*, a number of short stories, dramatic fragments, etc.; but I am reminded that these confessions are not to be a mere catalog. Perhaps my new novel, which is scheduled for publication next autumn, may recall my name in tangible results not imposing. But it is something to have had one's say, and

to some old-time readers and quondam friends.

"To sum up: the pursuit of literature with me has been only an avocation;



the author stands on safer ground in his book than the orator on his platform; at least he is spared the humiliation of requesting the audience to check their eggs at the door."

REWARDS OF LITERATURE

Financial Return Is Larger Than Ever Before For Both Good and Bad Writing.

By JAMES BOYD '10

As I commenced writing only year before last, I am too much of a novice to have many important views on the profession, still less to be able to describe its advantages from personal experience. It is, of course, superfluous to describe them to the man who is by nature predestined to write. But unfortunately such a man is not always predestined to write well. Fine work is as likely to be produced by the reluctant slave of financial necessity and he is the man, I suppose, whom you want to reach. To

him I would suggest that seldom have the rewards of good writing, never have the rewards of bad writing, been greater than in America now. It is sad that a certain type of the bad earns more than any type of the good; still writing brings enough to place the author in comfort. There must be lean years of apprenticeship but this is true of any profession.

Technically his opportunity is extraordinarily attractive. He has, as a medium, standard English, itself the most elastic of all languages and possessed of the widest range in meaning and music. And he has, besides, the fresh rugged, and graphic American idiom. His means of expression, so superior to anything previously known to man, are generally unappreciated as yet only because so few have been found with the gift to use them.

His great handicap, I think, lies in the rapid development of America with its resultant instability of atmosphere. The life he seeks to describe becomes different almost while he paints it. Whether he places his scene in Boston or Wyoming, he finds neither the same as a decade ago nor as it will be a decade hence. He cannot throw his figures against a rich and static background as does the man who writes of Devonshire or the Midi.



F. Scott Fitzgerald '17

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JAMES BARNES EMPHASIZES THE IDEA OF PARTNERSHIP

"Most young men and young women who, full of ambition and hope, enter the doors of the Literary Shop, fail to understand that they are about to establish a partnership with an unknown list of shareholders in the product of their minds and pens. A book is not so much what is written there, as it is what the reader brings to it." This has been the principle upon which James Barnes '91 has proceeded with his literary work. He was fortunate enough to step into a good position immediately upon graduation, joining the staff of *Scribner's Magazine*.

In 1894 he went to *Harper's Weekly* and was a war correspondent in South Africa from 1899 to 1891. He has published a good many books and stories: *For King Or Country, A Princetonian, A Loyal Traitor, Drake and His Yeomen, The Unpardonable War, The Blockaders, Outside the Law, The Clutch of Circumstances, Commodore Perry, Through Central Africa From Coast to Coast*. In the war he was head of the Photographic Division of the Army and was sent to organize the photographic work at the front for the United States Aviation Corps.

WORK PRIME REQUIREMENT FOR SUCCESS IN WRITING

Says University Press Manager and Author of "A Princeton Boy Under the King."

By PAUL G. TOMLINSON '09
Manager Princeton University Press
Mr. Tomlinson has written *A Princeton Boy Under the King, The Trail of Black Hawk, The Trail of Tecumseh, The Strange Gray Canoe*.

It is taken for granted that anyone who makes a success of writing must have a certain amount of ability to start with. Beyond that I believe the prime requirement is work. In this respect writing does not differ from any other trade or profession. The way to master a business is to work at it.

Most people seem to think the life of a writer is one long sweet song, whereas, in my opinion, writing is the most difficult, grinding work in the world,—writ-



ing of a creative sort, that is. Few people are willing, or able, to pay the price in spite of the fact that nearly everyone has a passion to see his name in print. Most writers who amount to anything observe "office hours", and work regularly every day for a specified time. The man who waits for inspiration will do little writing, for inspiration is the child of work, not its parent.

Develop—by working at it—an individual style. The simpler the style the better it is. Wasn't it Walter Scott who averaged something like forty words of one syllable out of every hundred he wrote? Write about things you know. There is as much romance on Nassau Street as there is in the South Sea Islands, and I am sure it is a far more interesting place.

And don't try to be clever.

A WARNING FROM AN UNCLE TO HIS NEPHEW

Being a Letter From Mr. John Peale Bishop '17 to the Imaginary Son of a Non-Existent Brother—Mr. Bishop Was Once an Editor of the *Lit*, Is Now an Editor of *Vanity Fair*, and with Edmund Wilson Jr. '16 Has Edited a Book of Poems.

My Dear Nephew,

You who are not yet conceived—even in the womb of Time—I am about to address with avuncular privileges. I trust you will forgive my assigning you the name Christopher and calling you Kit. I am moved to this preference because of another young man who went up to a University and there learned certain things which enabled him to write divinely and to drink most humanly, so that he died at the age of twenty-nine in a drunken brawl and has since served a three hundred year penance as a classic. You are, Kit, seventeen or eighteen, and beside an impulse to putting down phrases, more or less your own, on paper, you have a critical intelligence. At least, I hope you have, for you will sooner or later find that the creative impulse does sometimes exist without any other intellectual distinction. And you are now entering college and want me to tell you why you should stay there four years rather than go on a newspaper or whatever else it is that the young genius now does instead of starving in a garret.

There are certain advantages in a university life, touching which the catalogue says nothing. And first I should put conversation among your peers. It is well to have some one handy to criticize those alarming thoughts of God, the devil, and English prose which will undoubtedly come to you, looking quite new, despite their obvious hoariness. And while you are acting as Columbus to your own soul, you had best have some fellow geographer handy to point

out that it is an arid little island you have just found and not the vast golden continent of the Indies you had supposed when it was first sighted.

Perhaps, I am assuming too much. It may be that your ambitions are rather toward providing a sweet filling for the magazine editors to pour between their crusts of advertising. If so, you had better spend your time idly, noting the manners of your contemporaries, putting down tag-ends of their speech, describing to yourself their correct clothes and impeccable ways. The cultivation of a nice style and the accumulation of old wisdom is unnecessary. Buy, rather, a copy of Aesop's Fables, or if you have a subtler taste, the fairy tales of Penault, Grimm, and Anderson. Refurbish their plots, bobbing Rapunzel's hair and sending Puss-in-Boots to a Fifth Avenue shop. For the first five years, you will do well to stick to the Cindarella legend which, provided the dialogue is diverting and abundant, is always salable.

But I prefer to think of you as one who intends writing to please himself, who, with a strict desire, wishes to produce something which shall have literary value among those to whom journalism, movie scenarios and pretty fiction seem to belong with the industries of the country rather than with the arts. In that case, the best thing the university can offer you is a chance to acquire a sense of tradition. One is, in literature, either a revolutionist or an invalid. And yet if the road is covered throughout its length by barricades, thrown up in one generation or another by young

men, there is still under all these insurgent piles a road. And, while doubtless it might be done, very few young men even get a sense of the genius of their own language, the permanent and changing elements, outside a university. If one is seeking a model upon which to base one's style, or the form of a work—and unless one is to be a parvenu there must be a model—this sense of tradition is invaluable. For the clever writer will steal from some ancient author or from one who wrote in another tongue. Masefield found his style upon Chaucer, T. S. Eliot on Jules La Forge, and both have created something which did not exist in English before. Whereas the younger American novelists who spend their time diluting Compton Mackenzie and other second rate English novelists of the present seem to me to be wasting their paper. Many beautiful things may be carved from bones stolen from old sepulchres; there is no profit in setting up with yesterday's corpse.

One word more, and I have done. When you read the classics, read the text and not the annotations. I know that it is much easier to read books about Shakespeare than to read Shakespeare but, except for the purpose of passing examinations, they are not very useful. Literary anecdotes, however diverting and scandalous, are not to be compared with literature.

But enough. As I remember Polonius was run through with a sword and hidden under the stairs by a younger man. And I am afraid, Kit, lest I offend you by becoming even more sententious.

JOHN PALE BISHOP '17.

DAVID POTTER '96, WRITER AND OFFICER IN THE NAVY

To be successful in two entirely different lines of work is a feat beyond the reach of most men; David Potter '96 has found it possible, however. A naval officer by profession, he has written several articles on the Navy and is now Paymaster General with the rank of Rear Admiral in the Navy Department at Washington. In addition, he has written seven novels, two or three novellettes, a number of short stories, and in his more youthful days a lot of verse under a pseudonym—"a sufficiently long list of purely incidental crimes", as he terms it. He entered the Navy the year after his graduation from Princeton and served during the Spanish War. In connection with his work, Mr. Potter writes:

"The novel of mine that continues to sell the best is *The Lady of the Spur*, and the one that I personally think is the best is *The Streak*—in fact, the latter is my only serious effort in the fiction line. To my mind, the most interesting thing about my writing is the fact that Sweden seems to have a particular interest in some of them, and there have been several Swedish editions of two or three of my books.

"I confess when you ask for a brief outline of my activities while at college I am thrown back into a region that, at least to my mind, is rather shadowy after more than 24 years in the Navy. However, I am sure that I played a vast deal of mediocre baseball, and did an incredible amount of walking 'over the hills and far away.' Of this latter my fondest recollection is of the planked shad and ice cream I had at the end of a hard day—at an old inn on the Delaware River somewhere above Washington's Crossing. I am certain that I belonged to Whig Hall for a while, and also to the Elm Club and the Monday Night Club. In my Senior year I was one of the editors of the *Nassau Literary Magazine* and, by the incredible political chicanery of some of my classmates, was chosen as Class Historian! The relentless resolution of an obdurate Faculty preventing my attaining any kind of 'laude' in my studies. However, I doubt if there were more than half a dozen men in college in my time who had a more friendly understanding than I had with the books in the alcoves of the old Elizabeth Foundation. I doubt, also, if there is anyone—notwithstanding my many years of enforced separation from it—who is fonder of Princeton than I am."

Among the works which Mr. Potter has published from 1908 to 1918 are the following: *The Lost Goddess, The Eleventh Hour, The Lady of the Spur, An Accidental Honeymoon, The Unspeakable Turke, The Streak, Diana of Star Hollow*.

REVIEW OF "ANNA CHRISTIE"

(Continued from Page Three)

holds it fiercely to the end." "Unforgettable are the many scenes in the play and the long stretches of remarkable character delineation," says the *Theatre Magazine*, while Mr. Wolcott improves upon the first part of this statement with the remark that such a "magnificent thing as the first act . . . as written, as mounted and as played, belongs among the supreme achievements of the American stage."

There is a happy ending to the play, a most unusual thing with O'Neill, which does not add to the play's greatness from an artistic standpoint, but which is a most pleasant addition from the viewpoint of the audience, already more or less depressed by the morbid trend of the story. As to the cast, it is more than adequate to meet the exigencies placed upon it. Outstanding is the characterization of Pauline Lord, whose "acting in the role of the water front woman is as fine as anything in town" according to *Life*.

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PRINCETON'S GREATEST DRAMATIST—EUGENE O'NEILL '10

Whose Play, *Beyond the Horizon*, Won the Pulitzer Prize for 1920—His Dramas, "The Straw," and "Anna Christie," Are Successful Products of This Season.

In Eugene Gladstone O'Neill '10 Princeton has one of her most interesting characters. He has been referred to as the personal symbol of the awakening American drama, and is, without much question, its greatest figure to-day. In 1920 his play, *Beyond the Horizon*, won the Pulitzer Prize for the best American drama of that year. *The Straw* is a product of this season; and *Anna Christie* is playing in New York now.

Born in 1888 in the old Barrett House at the corner of 43rd St. and Broadway, the son of James O'Neill then at the height of his fame in *Monte Cristo*, Eugene derived from his early environment the wanderlust that has sent him to all parts of the world and thrown him with all sorts and conditions of men. Private schooling prepared him for Princeton which he entered in the fall of 1906. He soon ran afoul of the authorities, however, and began his vagabond career.

He was first secretary of a mail-order firm on lower Broadway where he was the boon companion of Benjamin Tucker and other radicals, and after that a gold prospector in Honduras and a victim of the fever there, assistant manager for Viola Allen in *The White Sister* in the Middle West. Later he shipped on a Norwegian bark for Buenos Aires, stayed there for over a year, made a voyage to South Africa, returned to New York and shipped out from there as able seaman for a number of trips to different parts of the world. He was a denizen of the dock yards, a true casual of the sea.

The scene of his life since then has been two expressions of the same phase—Greenwich Village and Provincetown. His first full length play, *Beyond the Horizon*, appeared on Broadway in 1920 and was awarded the Pulitzer Prize for that year. Since then he has had four other plays produced in New York, *The Emperor Jones*, *Diff'rent Gold*, *The Straw*, and *Anna Christie*. Of these the last two are products of this season and the latter is termed one of the best plays of many years.

Oliver M. Saylor writing on "The Real Eugene O'Neill" in the January *Century* magazine says, "This lifetime of adventure crammed into a few aimless, wild, carousing, feverish years has left its record stamped relentlessly on O'Neill's face, his manner, and his mind. The nature of that record, though, reveals a personality immune to the usual results of such adventure. There is no slackening of the inner fire, no flabbiness of muscle or of mental fiber. He has caught himself and found himself in time, and the same boundless energy which carried him across the conventional boundaries of living, instead of being scattered and wasted, is now concentrated on the single task of expressing himself through the medium of the theatre. He is neither ashamed nor proud of his devil-may-care past. There it is, in the past; and here he is now. And what else matters? Therein lies the real realist."

Still loving the sea, O'Neill is at present living in an old coast guard station at Peaked Hill Barr on the coast of Massachusetts with his wife and son in an isolation that is not affected to add a romantic glamor to his name but is in accord with his desire to be near his beloved sea and away from everyday life. When asked what he thought of the theatre and of life, O'Neill said, "The theatre to me is life—the substance and interpretation of life."

UNDERGRADUATE FICTION

Gordon Hall Gerould, Professor of English in the Faculty, Says a Word About College Literary Work.

By GORDON HALL GEROULD

There is no doubt, I suppose, that the verses written by college students more often represent a real accomplishment than do the stories. There are various causes for this, some of which are a part of youth and unchangeable, some easily removed by the fulfilment of certain conditions. As things are, both the younger and the older readers of undergraduate publications are inclined to sniff or sneer at the fiction. Which is a pity.

My observation of the stories written here during the past 15 years and more persuades me that college students can write very interesting short stories if they will take the necessary pains. I have often been astonished by the fertility of imagination, particularly in thinking out ingenious plots and odd characters, shown by men who have been required to write a fixed number of stories in the course of a term. I have been further encouraged by the ease with which the writers have caught the critical suggestions made to them and have been able to transform incoherence into readable narrative. The chief difficulty with unguided efforts, I make out, is that the authors are too prone to consider a page once written as sacred. In other words, they rest in wonder at the end of the creative hour, and think their work is good when it is really just begun.

Good stories—a large number of good stories—have been written in Princeton during the last decade, to my personal knowledge. Some of them have appeared in the *Lit*, though it is a deplorable fact that much of the best work has not been represented.

It isn't simply a matter of stories. The plain truth is that for many years the *Lit* has not adequately represented the

GOOD LITERATURE AN ENRICHMENT OF ANY CAREER

Tertius van Dyke '08, Pastor of the Park Avenue Presbyterian Church and a Writer of Poems Believes It Necessary for Life at Its Best—But Very Few Can Be Exclusively Literary.

By TERTIUS VAN DYKE '08

Good literature brings to life an interpretation and an enrichment that can be found in no other way. It is a striking fact that all the strong religions of the world lay tremendous stress on their sacred books. Nor is it without significance that the Christian religion has in its Bible not only the highest moral and religious teaching, but at the same time in certain parts the greatest literature in the world.

Every man, no matter what his career is to be, ought to try to learn how to express himself at least clearly and forcibly in writing. But it seems to me a literary career (in the sense of a career devoted exclusively to literature) ought to be for only a very few men. There are already too many men who 'want to write,' but really have no idea what to write about. The overwhelming desire 'to see yourself in print' is hardly sufficient to justify a literary career. With but few exceptions I think a man is wise who goes out into action and writes only under inner compulsion of what he has learned. Very few are strong enough to be exclusively literary men. But many men who are carrying on the work of the world in many different fields, if they knew how to write, could add greatly to the interpretation and enrichment of life.

I believe that the best writing for the future will be done by men who are vitally and directly concerned with the affairs of the world. Keats said: "I am convinced more and more, every day, that fine writing is, next to fine doing, the top thing in the world."

intellectual life of the university. The editors have tried, little groups have tried, to make it do so; but they have not had the support of their fellows. I am not ashamed of what the magazine has been, and is. I am ashamed only that Princeton men have been content to see their real ability and real interest so imperfectly expressed. Princeton undergraduates are capable of putting out a magazine that could be read with pleasure by anybody. But unless scores of manuscripts are submitted instead of half-dozens, and unless everybody who can afford to go to one or two games a year will help pay for it, we shall continue to have publication that may be very worthy but does us no real honor.

Burt's Story

Experiment, a story by Maxwell Struthers Burt '04, was included in E. J. O'Brien's collection of the best American short stories for 1921.

THE INTIMATE STRANGERS

Mr. Tarkington's latest offering, *The Intimate Strangers*, starts out well; indeed Mr. Wolcott of the *Times* was moved to remark "the first act is as artful and charming and fanciful a scene as one comes upon in a year of first nights." Then something happens somewhere, at least too little happens upon the stage. The second act slumps, the third act slumps still more, and one leaves the theatre with the feeling of having missed something.

New York critics will gleefully tell us that it is not necessary for Mr. Tarkington to hunt far afield in his efforts to discover what is wrong with most of his theatrical ventures. "At his best in his books, and at his worst in his plays" is their cryptic comment of the noted Princetonian.

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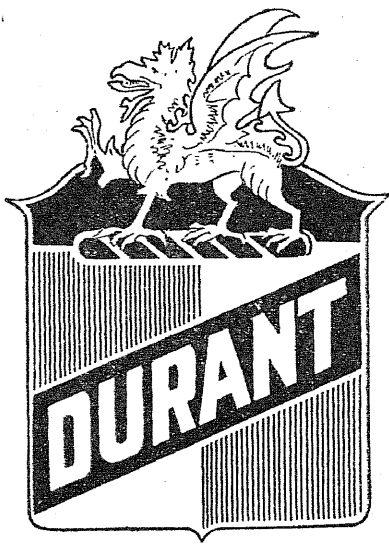
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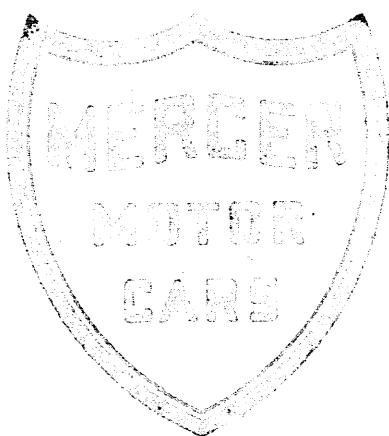
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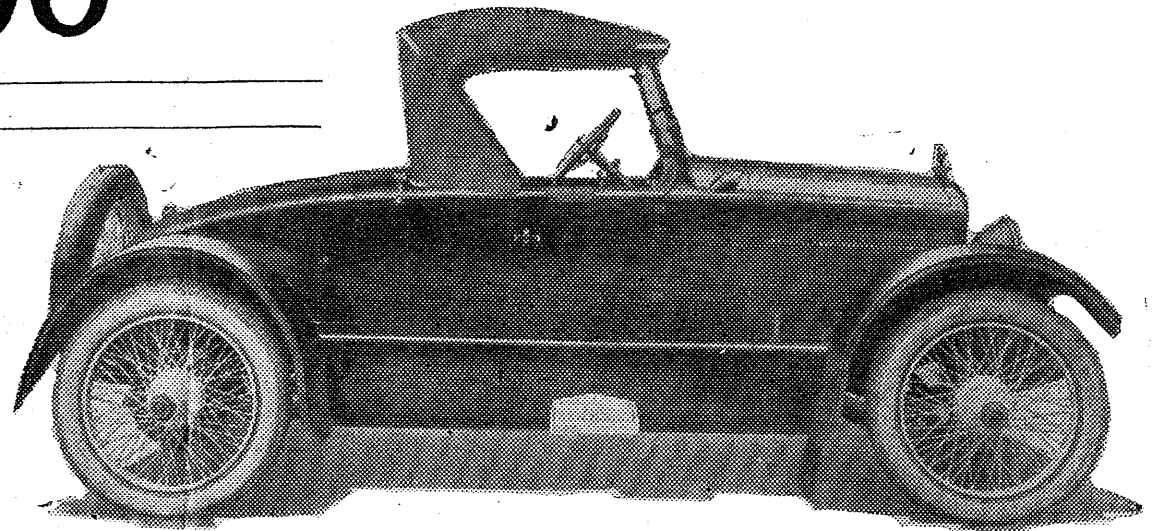
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