

Reviews of Books

ARLIE GELSTON

Something different than the objective technical method of Dreiser, the totally subjective style of Sherwood Anderson, or the hard satire of Ben Hecht is the strikingly naturalistic style of one Roger Sergel, whose "Arlie Gelston" is one of the newest contributions to first books by young authors.

"Arlie Gelston" has a technical finish and competence rare in contemporary novels. It is the history of the love-life of a girl whose life is spent in that vast obscurity in which plain people usually exist. Hers is not a large inarticulate dumbness—nor huge spiritual outlines. She does not depict the flapper type or the emancipated modern. She is merely one of a large average who make up both small-town and city. She symbolizes the type in whom the senses vitalize the soul. A wonderful bit of artistry is the thin etching lines that compose the character drawing in this novel.

Dialogue is one of his ablest tools in the sculpturing of the product that is "Arlie." The family fight that arises over a discussion of what Arlie shall buy with her first money is very well done. And the book is a chain of such commonplace episodes.

Sergel does not resort to pity to make us feel Arlie—but the entire book is pervaded with the pathos of everyday exhaustion. The male characters that make up the book are as average and as well drawn as the central figures. They are not ingrown, introspective heroes of Sherwood Anderson, nor the ridiculously unthinking Main Street types. They are the Great Average.

There is no sex-consciousness in Sergel's artistry. And he does not indulge in seething irony. The book appeals. It is a first one. We shall await results—but this one has the right to live.—K. W.

HORSES AND MEN

In Sherwood Anderson's new book, "Horses and Men," "tales, long and short, from our American life," there is manifest a new Sherwood; a Sherwood surprisingly free from young girls coming home with suit cases and psychoses and middle-aged men, corked by inhibitions.

Just what it is that has brought about this change so manifest in the stories that make up the book, it would be hard to say. Some critics have had the theory that Anderson began to write as a means of relief for the soul-sickness that a crowded life in a city brought him. If one cared to accept this theory, then one might believe that his "Triumph of the Egg," "Winesburg, Ohio," and

"Many Marriages" acted as a catharsis. He no longer seems to be allowing his untutored, creative urge free rein. His characters are something more than names, mere disembodied emotions. Sex is no longer the entire nucleus for all the emotions, actions and reactions of the people whom he puts on display. The sense of the grossly physical is not so dominant in these later stories. He is beginning to concern himself a little more with what people say and do in a given situation, rather than attempting to express the meaningless and chaotic mumble-jumble of instincts, inhibitions and dimly felt emotions that characterize some of his other books.

In the story "Unused," a tale that is almost a short novel, there is a revelation of the psychological effect upon a young girl of a miserable sex experience. But the sex experience does not dominate the story, nor is the girl a mere formless medium for the expression of struggling and conflicting feelings. She is real, as real as the flagrant plumed hat that she is clutching in her hand when they drag her out of the bay. She is real, and the home she lives in is real and her two sisters are real, and human, decidedly human. That's it, partly. Sherwood Anderson has become human in a sort of every-day, Main Street way, without being conquered by the drabness of dull reality.

In "Milk Bottles," another of the stories in the group, he has proved himself able to express the inarticulate articulately. He has given expression to the unrealized thoughts

and emotions which underlie the conscious and presumably deliberate actions of his characters, without losing himself in words without meaning, as he once had a tendency to do.

Sherwood Anderson is said to have a prayer, "With these nervous and uncertain hands, may I really feel for the form of things concealed in the darkness."

We can say of him truly now that his hands are no longer uncertain. He can reveal to us many things of beauty and significance, long hidden in darkness, and make them visible to us in the light of his own vision. For this he was groping before, but when we had followed him into the darkness, oftentimes he lost us.—Nancy Wilson.

Scribe Disappointed In College Education

(Continued from page 1)

lowed—the weary days that followed.

For fifteen years I have pursued my quest, and I have learned many things. I have acquired a hodge-podge, a junk shop, of second-hand ideas. And I have learned that these are education. As I sit here, I examine them, scrutinize them, weigh them, and wonder if they are worth the many years I have spent in gathering them. My collection will never be complete. Every day I add to it. Already, it is very large, and contains many strange things. It contains things that are of little value. It contains things that are priceless. In dark corners are hidden things—things I would like to destroy, cast out, forget; but

I can not. I have bought them and paid for them, and they are mine forever.

While on this quest, I have met many other people who are on like expeditions. I have asked them why they are seeking this phantom, education; and they have told me it is because they seek happiness, and that education is the key to happiness. They have told me that education will open the door to power, wealth, position, wisdom—and that these are happiness. I do not understand this. Before I started on my search for education, I had none of these, and yet I was happy—far happier than I ever hope to be again. Simple foods satisfied me. Simple pleasures thrilled me. I did not care for books. For what were books except poor tales of adventures which were mine. So it was with music, painting, sculpture, drama—all of them mean substitutes for the wonderful things which were mine. I did not worry about why things were. It was enough that they were. I asked no more than each day brought. I was content.

I have searched for the golden fruit of knowledge, and now I have it in my grasp. I raise it to my mouth. Its fragile shell breaks—and my lips close on nothing but bitter ashes—the bitter, barren ashes of disillusion.

The Y. W. C. A. will, this coming week, collect presents, and make arrangements for taking baskets of food to poor families of Eugene on Christmas day.

Christmas Season In New Zealand

(Continued from page one)

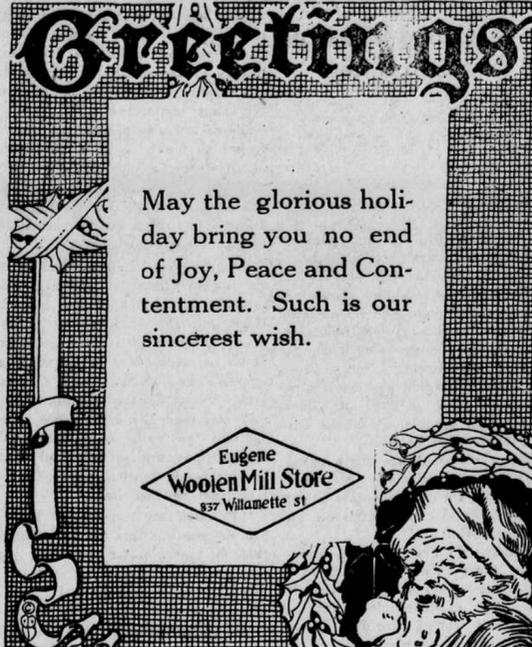
The race is announced, and off the horses start. One horse is ahead. A second creeps up, there is a cheer about furlongs. Next to you is a woman with a tiny baby in her arms. She is shouting wildly. The baby nearly falls. A man in front is cheering for "Neptune's Son," a horse located somewhere in the backfield, as it were. Nearer and nearer the horses approach the end of the race, the finish line itself is reached. The crowd is mad, but still hoping, each for his favorite. A strange horse has crossed the line. There is a sudden lull, then a dismayed shout from many throats. "Malaga" came in first," a friend whispers. An instant later you understand the lull which followed the wild shouting. "Malaga" was an unknown quantity before the race.

The crowd flows down the stand toward the totalisator, to watch the computations performed on a blackboard in the open air, and wondering what the dividends will be on the horses taking second and third place.

For several days the town talks of how "Malaga" won the Auckland Cup. The newspaper tells the story of a business man who dreamed that "Malaga" would win, and following the hunch placed a 20

pounds wager. The business man received a dividend of more than four hundred dollars.

"Well, thank goodness, no one in the house got drunk this Christmas." But just the same the United States of America is one of the happiest places in the entire world.



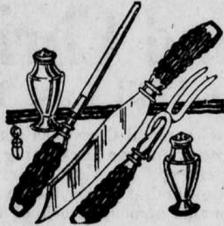
Greetings

May the glorious holiday bring you no end of Joy, Peace and Contentment. Such is our sincerest wish.

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Gift Suggestions

- | | |
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| CHRISTMAS CARDS | HANDBAGS |
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| CANDLE STICKS | CRUMB TRAYS |
| DECORATED CANDLES | VANITY ARTICLES |
| STATIONERY | GIFT BOOKS |
| POTTERY | BEADED MATS |
| PICTURES | PERFUMES |
| BASKETS | NOVELTIES |

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ONE DAY ONLY



Love, Laughs and Racing Thrills!

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IN
"ACROSS THE CONTINENT"
A Paramount Picture

Then
TUESDAY
Only



GLORIA SWANSON
"My American Wife"

The cast includes Antonio Moreno and Walter Long

An eye-filling romance in a Spanish-American setting. Dazzling gowns, beautiful women and an appealing love story.

One of Gloria's most fascinating features.

And on
WEDNESDAY



The Rex Ingram Production
of John Russell's story

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with Alice Terry and Ramon Novarro

is the masterpiece of the maker of "The Four Horsemen of the Apocalypse."

A change of brand new Comedies with every show

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The flaming romance of the young American and the Spanish dancer—a saunt with painted lips and tapping heels.



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in Joseph Hergesheimer's Romance
"BRIGHT SHAWL"

John S. Robertson Production
A Paramount Picture

WHILE FRIDAY SHOWS—

D. W. GRIFFITH'S

Epic of Screen Entertainment

"Way Down East"

A true Griffith Picture—with the Griffith cast and touch.

---and then on Saturday comes the last but not least---Thomas Meighan in:
"MANSLAUGHTER"