LOCAL BOY MAKES GOOD

Carroll Swenson

Everyone in Elm City knew Bob Ellsworth; one of those young fellows whose future was all planned for him. The town's folk called him "That Ellsworth boy." People just "took to him." Bob would be taken into the firm of Ellsworth & Gray, the city's leading department store, and eventually take his father's place as president of principal stockholder. It wasn't going to be an easy task, he had to pass the entrance exams, and the rungs far apart, and besides D. C. Ellsworth was not the kind to be partial to his own, but wasn't Bob already promoted from the stockroom clerk to assistant manager on the basis of his work?

Young Ellsworth often wondered what these town's people would say when they came "to the gate" and close it forever to the opposite side. Neither his father nor his own father's father had ever wanted or been able to acquire money to purchase a home nearby to the business.

If there was anything the department store business could not bear it was "D. C.'s" could have seen things Bob never in all his life worked for his living. Never will I control him so hard. The idea of being a big time to live, may have enough money to acquire to him. Money is power. If D. C. Ellsworth Gray might offer to him.

Bob knew he had a life's calling and he contrarily felt urging him on, but it wasn't in his father's store. He would be a radio star! Ever since he could remember people have complimented him on his voice, and he had won the town's radio contest five years. His job to him was just a temporary one, a sort of stepping-stone where he might make enough money to acquire to his family. The climb would have been so much easier. Just taking the "rosemary spring" in the city for granted.

He had heard the same story over and over again. He knew it was understood. Even his mother had pleaded for him but no one could bend the iron will of the elder Ellsworth.

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The one complaint that I hear frequently concerning serious reading is the statement that we fail to feel literary emotions, that we can’t seem to become a part of the piece and that we are just reading. There are several rules that one must respect if he would create a real love of literature. He must have the kind of thing that he is capable of feeling at the particular time he is reading. One must feel a need for the story that he is reading. He must feel a need for the kind of thing that he does not want to do in the story. There is a need for the story to be a distraction from the present task.

Om Day

As I Was Dreaming

Mary Jane Ostwald

One day as I was dreaming
A vision came to me
I saw a ship sailing
Sailing on the sea

And oh, but it was laden
With finer things than gold
As
Could never be
While you lay fast asleep.

Ode To a Mood

Frank Klement

It sometimes seems that others get all the breaks of life,
And that odds are against us in this continual strife.

To gain an honest living,
It appears that men shine brighter on the hew and dower,

And others get the apples while we

Draw our crowns,
These crowns keep us living.

Some have all the pleasure while
troubles dot our town,
And cares pull us down deeper and difficulties grow.

As things go wrong in pairs,
We feel more melancholy as we stamp it good,

And we lie into a corner to be alone brooding.

Our worldly cares.

It’s only human nature to ne’er be satisfied,
And we’d still be unhappy if we had

The world so wide
And all its store of gold.

So let’s cast off our trouble and wear
A cheery smile.

We get from life what we put in; and
That must be worth-while
Because we’ll soon be old.

The Mystery of the Best Seller

Olive Parley

While looking over back numbers of “The English Journal,” an excellent magazine of literary criticism, I came upon an amusing, rather discouraging, and I’m afraid only too true article: “The Mystery of the Best Seller.” The author, Granville Hicks in the November ‘94 issue.

The best Mr. Hicks can say for most best sellers is that they aren’t the worst books published. But dear me, these men and women have taken their place on my shelf. And if I took too much stock in this article, I could honestly say to myself that “my taste is in my mouth.”

Mr. Hicks does admit (I liked this) that agreement that the Lotta-Norris-Bailey type are conspicuous by their absence is not to all best sellers. Apparently, then, our literary taste has improved. But — and here is what interests me —

He (Hicks) more or less deplores that “our literary values in the ninetehenth century has disappeared only to be replaced by the baldness of the twentieth. And it is the proletariat on whom he places the blame for this transition. I cannot say that I agree

(Continued on page 6, col. 1)
Book Reviews

“LONG REMEMBER” by MACKINLAY KANTOR
Coward-McCann, Inc.

“Long Remember” is a novel dealing, in brief, with what the monster War did to the little town of Gettysburg and the people who lived there. Although the chief characters in the tale are fictitious, the book is based upon what the author believes to be the actual battles fought and the events in Gettysburg in the months of June and July, 1863.

Were it not for the fact that we know that the War took place during the last century, it could be a story of our own community, in our own times.

The characters are people who are among the acquaintances of every one of us.

To mention a few, there is Dan Bale, the principal figure in the drama, who has been called back to Gettysburg by the death of his grandfather. He sees the futility of any and all war — its wrongness and wanton slaughter. Never for a moment is his feeling one of fear; but simply that the enemy of all horror is the needful murder of one’s fellowman.

There is Elisha Huddleston, a friend of his boyhood, who desires the privilege of carrying a musket against the rebels more than life.

There will find old Mr. Knouse, a little wizen-faced witch of a woman, whose only concern is for her flowers: the soldiers might trample upon them. When she finally collapses and is carried through the din to safety by Dan, she finds the peculiarities of the Big Canady.

There is Ty Fanning, his mother’s “honey-boy,” who has become an officer.

Ty Fanning’s wife, Irene, who finds in Dan the attraction her husband has failed to possess for her. A chance prowler informs Ty Fanning by letter of his wife’s duplicity, and such is the effect of her sin upon her state of mind that she believes she is condemned for ever if Ty should be killed.

Accordingly, she sends Dan through the Confederate lines to tell her husband it is not true.

In all its four hundred four pages, there is not one dull sentence. If you want stark realism, it is not lacking in “Long Remember.” If you care for war’s horrors, you will find them all in this graphic portrayal.

Margery McCulloch

THE EDWARDIANS by V. SACKVILLE WEST
George H. Doran Co.

The Edwardians which treats of those who frequented the court balls of Edward VII at Buckingham Palace is a clever story (interpersed with French words and phrases) of superficially clever people. Lady West having herself an impeccable position enjoys taking vicious stabs at the elite of English society. Many of the views here forth and aired upon the pages of the EDWARDIANS repelled me even while I enjoyed the racy writing style of the author and the really intriguing people who lived through her.

I once read a very lovely short story by V. S. West and ever since have been on the look out for more of her work. Recently I discovered several of her poems in various modern anthologies which only enhanced her value in my eyes. Reading THE EDWARDIANS was another step in acquainting myself with one delightful book of a delightful author.

Olive Farley

Book Criticisms

THE JANITOR’S BOY and OTHER POEMS by NATHALIA CRANE

I wonder what those of you who have read some of Nathalia Crane’s poetry think of it. Although William Rose Benét, who wrote the foreword to THE JANITOR’S BOY, is not at all hesitant in extolling the exquisite art of Nathalia’s prodigy, he is, on the whole, kind in his criticism of this volume which was written when its author was but ten years old. He would have us believe, however, that most quoted of her poems are just about what one would expect from an infant prodigy, (but clever, light, amusing “poems”) before coming from so severe a critic as Mr. Benét.

I should imagine that anyone who had read but little of Miss Crane’s poetry would do well to start with the clever, light, amusing “poems” before commencing her truly brilliant mature work. For it, I think, the “Roger Jones” ballads most amusing; the one entitled, “The Baby” which ends: “Oh, Roger! You were only nine, And I was half past eight; It really was romantic, or as good, at any rate.”

Best of all, perhaps, was the astonishing story of “The Pre-historic Babe” (ten thousand years ago) who, being hungry, ate an inky octopus; and since “The Ink was in the baby he was bound to write a tale; So he wrote the first story on his little fingernail.” I’m sure you’ll like Nathalia Crane.

Olive Farley

POEMS SELECTED FOR YOUNG PEOPLE by EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLY

Truly, the only juvenile part of this book is the title and perhaps the first half dozen poems. THE BALLAD OF THE WEAVER, RENASCENCE, and several of the beautiful sonnets (for which Miss Milly is so justly renowned) are all in POEMS SELECTED FOR YOUNG PEOPLE. So, too, is the question-and-answer PORTAIT OF A NEIGHBORG who “weeds her lazy lettuce by the light of the moon”, and who “leaves the clover standing and the Queen Anne” case. The lovely lyric which begins: “In the spring of the year, in the spring of the year, I walked the red side of June”, and ends: “‘Twas not love’s going hurt my days — but that it went in little ways.” also POEMS SELECTED FOR YOUNG PEOPLE.

But better than all these is a little group of elegies written in memory of a friend, evidently a singer who has departed. It includes the hauntingly beautiful PRAYER TO PERSPHONE about the “little lonely child lost in Hell”, and strikes this note of finality in the last of the elegies. “When the ivory box is broken beats the golden bird no more.”

Those of you who know and love Miss Milly’s poetry and who haven’t as yet come upon POEMS FOR YOUNG PEOPLE, will welcome this slender volume.

Olive Farley

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Mary Jane Ostwald
Long, long ago, when my fathers
Roamed the grassy, undulating plain,
On the great ocean in a stern,
Surgings and billowings
All things were free and plentiful;
In countless herds the buffalo ran,
Numerous as the stars in the purple
night.
And the forest trees grew tall,
Lifting their branches towards the sky;
The waters ran unhindered to the sea—
Ours was the right of possession,
The first and most ancient right of man,
And hardiest to disprove.
But then, in their winged ships,
From a dim land beyond the Great
Water,
The white men came,
Bringing with them the white man's customs
To a hitherto primitive people;
They cut down our forests,
They harnessed our streams to run their factories,
They took our lands from us, giving us
nothing in return—
We resisted, we fought them,
But they, in numbers as the sands of the sea
Drove us ever toward the setting sun,
A vanquished and despairing people,
A remnant of a mighty race.
Today, we live—and die—on the lands
which they have given us,
We cut down our trees, and saw them
into logs in our mills,
We no longer fish in the streams and rivers,
Nor hunt on the boundless prairie,
Wandering, untrammeled o'er its windy
wastes,
We wear the clothes that the white
men gave,
Eat his food, and drink his wines.
We buy and sell with the white man's gold.
Obey his laws, and send our children
To his schools, to learn his language.
Forgotten, is the tribal lore,
The ancient tongue a dying memory
To the new generation.
In the years to be, what will become of the red man?
Will he, like the roving buffalo,
Disappear from the earth—
With scarcely a trace, save his moldering
bones,
And a few relics of the early days
And of great tribes have done before him?
Or, will he, increasing in number and
wealth,
Merge his red blood with the blue blood of
the white,
Fusing the two currents in a great
caudron
Warmed by the fires of love and understand-
ing,
Creating a new and virile race,
A surge of liberty and equality
A power among nations of the world?

WRAPTED IN THOUGHT
Millicent Wilson
Wrapped in thought,
No thought possessing,
Attempting still
To thought expressing.
Such is of a poet's state—
Wrapt in thought,
For thought to prate.

SATISFACTION
Bonita Newby
Satisfaction comes to one
When he has his work done well.
He alone knows when he's done all he can;
That's the only way to tell.
Somehow things have been twisted,
And we've placed the grade on top.
We've forgotten grades don't help us to think,
We see when we're called to stop.
As A. doesn't mean you're through,
That you've found all there's to know.
It's just the very beginning of things;
Let's give them a chance to grow.
Just find out the cause of all,
I'm sure it'll be a surprise.
For the deeper you dig for the bottom,
The greater becomes the size.
It's most disgusting to see
Intelligent girls and boys,
Sell their minds for a capital letter,
As though they played with some toys.
So much to them has been lost.
For they have no eyes to see
That they've let opportunity slip—
What will their future be?
So pause and think o'er your books;
Be eager to learn it all.
You'll be more confident in yourself
After you've left this hall.
So remember this my friends;
No matter what one may try,
It's the thing done best that will succeed;
It alone will satisfy.

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With
WARNER OLAND
3 DAYS COMING MON
WILL ROGERS
In
"COUNTY CHAIRMAN"

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only because it's better

THE:pointer
What Price A Pound Of Venison
Harriet M. Nelson

It was a bitter cold day in early November. The wind off the Wisconsin River swept over the snow-covered ground, bringing with it the chill of air and more snow. As Ole Hanson walked down Main Street in Rhinelander, he turned up the collar of his sheepskin. He shivered as he brisked up his lagging steps a bit, as the wind had lived a good many years watching the seasons come and go.

In frontier days he had been busy. During the summer months, he had fished for white-fish and lake trout in Lakes Michigan and Superior. In the rivers and inland lakes he had fished for pickerel, bass, pike and trout. In early winter he had helped trap the mink, fox, beaver, muskrat, martins, otter, badger and lynx. They would hunt out from the lumbering camps, until he had paid his passage. What he had earned thereafter he had invested in timber lands — his timberlands were sacred! The virgin pine reached heavenward, unassailed by any man, made endemic by the cool waters of Arba Vitae Lake, dwelling in utter blissfulness of uninterrupted deeds.

Ole crossed the street, digging his hands into his pockets as he walked. At the Phillips 66 Gas Station his remittance was broken when he overheard a hunter explain to the station attendant, "Ten gallon, please. I don't want to have to stop at another station until I get home to show the wife and kiddies this. Yes, he was a beauty and my wife will be very proud to know I killed him. Our party had every guarded and we watched for two days, we learned from the guide his watering hole and trailed him with the dogs all the first day. He was smart. He has us thrown off the mark dozens of times, but he never took into account that we might be out so much in the morning and watch the water hole. It was there we got him, just as he was going to drink."

Ole walked on, but his thoughts refused to stay from the present. Years ago, when he was out of meat, he had hunted for his meal of venison. One beautiful Sunday, before the lands were denoted age, would be no good hat rack They sure are bringing in the kill."

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ESSAY ON TREES

Mrs. Mildred Davidson

Trees have always meant much to me. I have, not only an admiration for the line and color of trees, but also a far deeper appreciation of them. As a child on a western ranch I saw love for trees. To me trees meant coveted shade from the burning sun, and in winter their thick growth checked the terrific blasts of fierce storms. These trees were not for the small trees. There were tender bark. All this was not worth while. Reflections as lofty as that noble tree's they might have been in far distant lands and places which grew high in mind which lingered pleasantly through the years.

On a trip through the Rocky Mountains I was always aware of the trees of mountain life. There I enjoyed the spruce trees that grew on the mountain sides. Stretching themselves up to such heights evergreens appeared insinuous to know what was going on on the other side of the mountain. How strange were the trees which grew high up at the timber-line! Mother Nature seemed to have turned her seeds, hurled away about other business and left each tree to find its own way in that wild, storm swept region. Great thick trunks tapering swiftly to their tops told stories of life-long battles with the elements. What noble trees these might have been in a favorable environment! I stood in awe of such trees — such luxuriant, green needles, such sheltered bodies. How strangely — like seeing noble deeds come from guariled, work-worn hands! These trees inspired patience and stability, and inspired in the mind worthiness of patience and as quietly as that part of the mountain on which the cedars grew. I feared under great elms. Their graceful, drooping branches form a canopy over the small cottage. These trees have come to be symbols of peace and quiet in my life — giant sentinels silently holding down a simple home from a confused world.

The Mystery Of
The Best Seller

(Continued from page 2, col. 4)

with him in this. After all, it is not the proletarist who writes our books; it is the so-called intelligentia; and even if it is not the middle-class forms the bulk of the reading public, and even if there is no such thing as class-consciousness in its literature, I see no reason why the intelligentia should cater to that demand — unless he is a middle-class.forms the bulk of the reading public. If ever I thought to me that there is excellent opportunity for the middle-class. The best of books are like a crystal-clear vision among the writers of books to improve the literary taste of the readers of books. I am doubtful in the wrong.

He goes off on a different tangent, then, and discusses sales versus merit (in this respect he says that a book is upon a recognized truth (I love to capitalize that word) when he says: "Merit may sometimes be rewarded by sales but more often it is not." And he quotes "The New Republic" for April 18, 1934: "Good Books That No One Read" and "Body Radium IX." Conteminating evidence that he has proved his point. I shall most assuredly read that article.

Mr. Hicks says that we read this and that inferior, and even mediocre, book on some subject or other when we might read this and that superlatively finer book on the same subject. He then

Local Boy Makes Good

(Continued from page 1, col. 2)

in all his life was right at hand. He had but to sign his name. His expression of supreme happiness and gratitude made up for his lack of words as he wrote his name on the dotted line.

Back in Elm City things were pretty much as Bob expected they would be. Some one was saying, “It’s because he was a good fellow,” and another, “Young Ellsworth didn’t know where he was going to be, but he’ll come back and “D.C.” will take him in again.”

It happens that D. C. Ellsworth was in the habit of listening to the market reports every evening at the same hour, but this particular evening he turned the radio on and reclined in his easy chair to await the reports on his favorite stocks. As is often the case, the preceding program was not quite finished, but as the listener was too comfortable to move he was forced to hear the solemn voice coming over the air. He heard the solemn voice coming over the air.

"My George! That fellow can sing!" Ellsworth admitted.

"He has a beautiful voice. If only Bob could— his wife’s words were choked with a sob.

"Yes, if Bob could sing like that, I believe I could forgive him. I never heard anything like it.

"I am sure he

The music stopped. "This concludes a half-hour program sponsored by the Benson Mercantile Company. We will be with you again tomorrow evening at the same hour. Good evening, everyone."

"My old friend Benson certainly knows what he is doing when he selects talent. Remind me to tune in on him tomorrow night, Edith."

So saying, Ellsworth arose, ascended the stairs to his room, and retired, completely forgetting to have his stock quotations.

The following evening found the Ellsworths waiting for the beginning of the program. "Good evening ladies and gentlemen of the radio audience. We take great pleasure in presenting to you radio's latest discovery Bob Ellsworth. With the lad with the miracle voice, brought to you through the courtesy of the Benson Mercantile Company of this city. "O.K. take it away, Bob."

"Thanks Fred, and I am going to dedicate my first number to all my dear friends in Elm City."

The solemn mellow voice of the evening began.

"Our son! cried the father. "And to think that I tried to hold him back. I shall never forgive myself!

"Now I am sure he will come home. I have made good and I am proud of him."

And large tears of happiness flowed down the cheeks of the grateful mother.

names several books which we do not read because they are too difficult, upsetting, startling, menacing, and powerful for the successful maintenance of our calm, snug complacency. The books are: "The Magic Mountain", "The Chinese Destinies", "Men's Fate", "The Disinherited", "Relate", "The Shadow Before", and "The Brothers Karamazov". Instead we read weaker, more insipid, and far inferior books simply because they happen to be best sellers. Whew! For my own enlightenment (or per chance 'twas mere idle curiosity) I scoured to discover the authors of those so-superlative books. The books themselves shall go on my list of books I mean-to-read-someday. I shall read them all before I am married, and after all I do wish to read the intelligent books of intelligent authors that have been recommended by intelligent people. I hope I am not mistaken in supposing Mr. Ellsworth's (Delightful name!) I take a penumbral name of the last named category. As has this turned into a dissertation on Mr. Hicks (Without my consent, understand, and entirely unсанctioned pessoas shall cover the typewriter until another day.

CURFEW
He — I mean, too, Vera, I certainly would put myself cut for you.
She — Then please do. It's after eleven o'clock and I'm tired.