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Those wishing to contribute to this page turn work in to any member of takes pleasure in passing them on. staff, or mail to Editor at 94 Students' Exchange.

In this generation of widespread

and debunks the debunkers.

Since the comparatively recent change of literature from the uplifting to the deriding, it is only natural can literature. to expect a like change in criticism.

"MEANING NO OFFENSE"

By-John Riddell

of the critics goes them one better only is a thorough take-off of the "Trader Horn" which it burlesques,

In the introductory chapter Mrs Of this new group of critics, two have come our way, and since they are at least entertaining, the editor while she was sitting placidly on the while she was sitting placidly on the stoep of her Johannesburg home reading a Kathleen Norris novel, and after making due apologies for mentioning books to anyone who in-dulged in Norris, not ondly offered her a stack of old reviewers copies, but also offered to save her time and iconoclasm, in the literary heyday of the tribe of Mencken and Nathan, one is not quite so shocked as some of our fathers might have been at the frequent debunking of all that was once held sacred. But it seems literature," as the author subtitles deliged in Norris, not ondry offered her a stack of old reviewers copies, but also offered to save her time and trouble by reading them for her. In the course of events the old man gets started on his reminiscences of a colorful past. During his travels he

THE LIBRARY PAGE today that even the debunkers them-selves are not safe, when the latest "Vanity Fair" book reviewer not the rites of the American Josh the rites of the American Josh House of Literature. "Bound by the rites of Egbo, I am to be blood brother of the cannibals," he whispers. "Look at that thumb. Mecken bit it off, Ma'am, in an argument about Taste. Me? I've seen the skulls heaped up in the Algonquin; Weaver and Farrar and Benet and the rest. Blood brother to the cannibal critics, where there are no gods but their gods ...

His first chapter is in imitation of the modern biographers, laughing out of court, in succession, Paxton Hibben, Ray Stannard Baker, Emil Ludwig, Marie Jenny Howe, Denis Tilden Lynch, Harold Lamb and our own dear Lindbergh. In the rest of the book he pursues this delightful course mimicing cleverly the style of each, and reducing each in turn to utter absurdity. His chapter on modutter absurdity. His chapter on modern poetry is a neat jibe at the Dial group, while the "Dreiser Construction Company," is heavy but effective. The best bit of humor is in his "Equestrianism for Ladies," while the "New Ladies Clubs to Conquer," with its epic of Peter Pan Halliburton, is almost equal in mirth-provoking cracks.

No one is sacred here. Within this tale the very Gods of the moderns are not only pulled down for the time, but are also laughed at none too gently. Lewis, Mencken, Nathan, Dreiser, all are included in this saga

of the literary wastelands.

It is a very neat piece of work, highly entertaining, and possibly containing some truth. What more could one ask of a book in these days?

#### "LITERARY BLASPIEMIES"

### By-Ernest Boyd

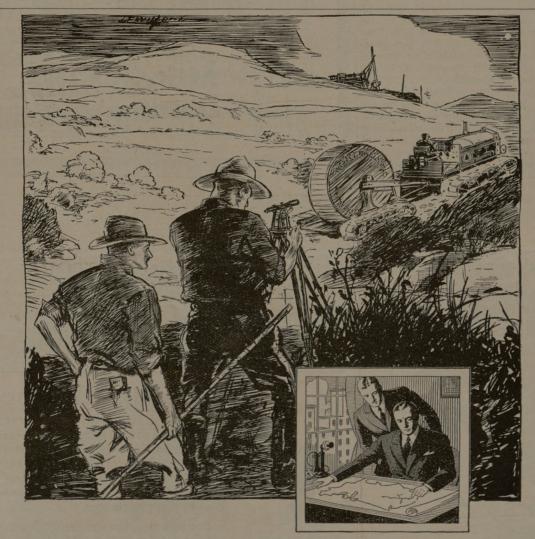
This second specimen of modern syncopated criticism is more serious syncopated criticism is more serious in intent and a bit more scholarly in style, but it attempts merely to do for the so-called classics of English literature what Trader Riddell has done for the moderns. Mr. Boyd is avowedly blaspheming the literary gods of the pedants, and to say the least, his blasphemy is fluent and effective. and effective.

Working on the assumption that the classics are usually spoiled for us by the adulations of old-maid school teachers and aged college school teachers and aged college professors, he attempts to give the views of "an intelligent, well read adult, who has so far evaded the classics," on the works of Shakespeare, Milton, Dickens, Poe, Whitman and others.

Some of his observations are interesting, if not shocking, to the holder of the orthodox literary views. Milton, he asserts, "we can now freely describe as nothing more than a psychopathic Puritan....with the

a psychopathic Puritan...with the pigmentation of an albino...and the nnuman unreasoning temperament

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