

Then finally, to complete this list of deserters, is Bert Hudson, the boy whose head was split while he was being tubbed, who also becomes dissatisfied and leaves the university.

Now what does the author want us to conclude from this mess? Are we to understand that jazz music, fatuous fraternities, and beer are the causes for the lack of interest by college men in education? Do these serious-minded capable boys lose all desire to go through with the studies given in the universities today merely because of these distractions? The author has given us the same unsatisfactory superficial analysis that his predecessors have. What he did is expertly done; in many places there are flashes of artistry that compel admiration; but he has left the job open for someone to cut beneath the surface to the root of the malady that is causing ambitious boys to turn their back to education.

—E. B.

REGRETS IN PAGANISM

BY PAUL RUTHVEN

I can't believe there's knowing after death,
Nor sight, nor any love, nor agony;
I fear that when you draw the last sweet breath
Of earth's perfume your life will cease to be.

I would that I could love you with the bliss
Ethereal that some old hymns foretell;
I would there were no flesh within our kiss,
So that the rapture might forever dwell.

I fear that in no flowering Paradise
Our souls will flow together and alloy;
I think these are but fables men devise
To compensate their lack of earthly joy.

We must be pagan in our love perforce
If in this short bright day at all we love:—
Yet lingers for a holier flame remorse
The fragrance of your cheek will not remove.