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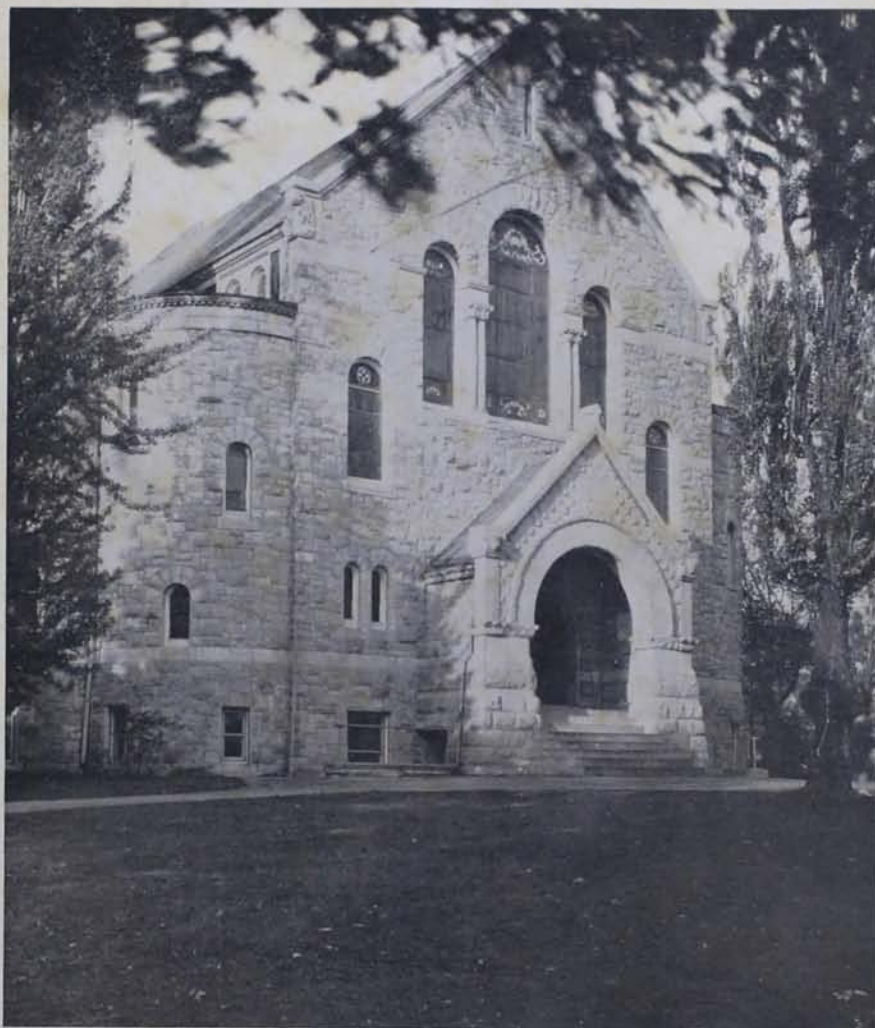
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*Inauguration and
Commencement Issue*



THE LANTERN

1937

*After a man's
heart...*



*...when smokers find out the good things
Chesterfields give them*

*Nothing else
will do*

THE LANTERN

VOL. V.

MAY, 1937

No. 3

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Dedication

THE late spring of 1937 will go down in Ursinus College history as more than the ordinary Commencement Week. It will be remembered as the time of the inauguration of Norman Egbert McClure as President of Ursinus College.

Because he played and studied here; because he returned to teach; because he remained to become our President; because in his interests and activities he is not only a literary man, but an Ursinus man, we are pleased to dedicate this issue of the LANTERN to Dr. McClure.

Write This Summer

OUR English professors tell us that we can write best on subjects with which we are familiar. In that connection, we've wondered sometimes why students don't submit more stories, sketches, and poems dealing with college life. Are we neglecting a fruitful source of literature in the campus about us?

In the same way, some of us have had unusual experiences in our lives, or have grown up under unusual circumstances. Not interesting to ourselves, these would nevertheless be much more than commonplace to the majority of LANTERN readers. "Black Magic," in this issue, is one example of a student's using an experience common to his life, but new and strange to most of the rest of the student body. "On Being A Twin" is another instance of circumstances --- certainly common enough by this time to the writer --- which, when set forth on paper, make an unusual feature for the LANTERN.

You'll be working this summer; or spending the vacation away from home; or perhaps merely lolling on the front lawn watching the way your neighbor cuts his grass. Think of us when you have these experiences, and reach for a pencil.

We think we have a wide variety of subjects and themes in this issue of the LANTERN; but we are sure it can be a wider variety, of even more interest, if the Ursinus students will start us off next autumn with papers written in the style that the composition classes have imparted to them, on subjects which their own experiences have rendered familiar.

Welcome, Visitors!

HOSPITALITY demands at least a word of greeting for the visitors who are thronging our campus this Commencement Week. To the alumni we turn first; we, too, will be alumni within a month or a year; we, too, will be returning to the campus in June. We tender now to "old grads" the cordial greeting which we hope will make our own return to the campus pleasant in later years.

To other visitors and friends, we say "Hello" just as cordially. We hope you will find the pages of the magazine you hold in your hand interesting as a record of the literary creations of Ursinus students. And we hope you will want to keep the LANTERN as a souvenir of Dr. McClure's address, of the Inauguration ceremonies, and of Commencement Week in general.

Dr. McClure: An Ursinus Man

JANE POLING

"I BELIEVE the greatest good a liberal arts college does is to enable people to live not only useful but happy lives; and the study and enjoyment of literature contributes much toward this end."

In the above statement, Dr. Norman McClure perhaps gives a clue to his own purposes as head of the English Department at Ursinus. It is his interest in literature which particularly concerns us as we dedicate the current issue of the LANTERN to our new President.

When asked if he recalled where he began making literature and the collection of a fine library his "hobby," so to speak, Dr. McClure was puzzled. What he does remember, however, is that all through his childhood there were books to read. They surrounded him, and an interest in them grew to be a natural and inevitable part of his life.

Soon before entering college, he became particularly interested in Elizabethan literature, and his four years of study at Ursinus deepened and increased his appreciation of it. Later, the appreciation developed into a keen understanding, which has found expression in his various writings and editings in this field.

A glance through the pages of the 1915 *Ruby*, Ursinus yearbook, will discover for one that Dr. McClure had not very early decided definitely on the teaching profession. Nevertheless, he believes that his desire to teach grew naturally, and that teachers become so because they be-

lieve firmly in the value of that which interests them, and are eager to pass on the interest to others.

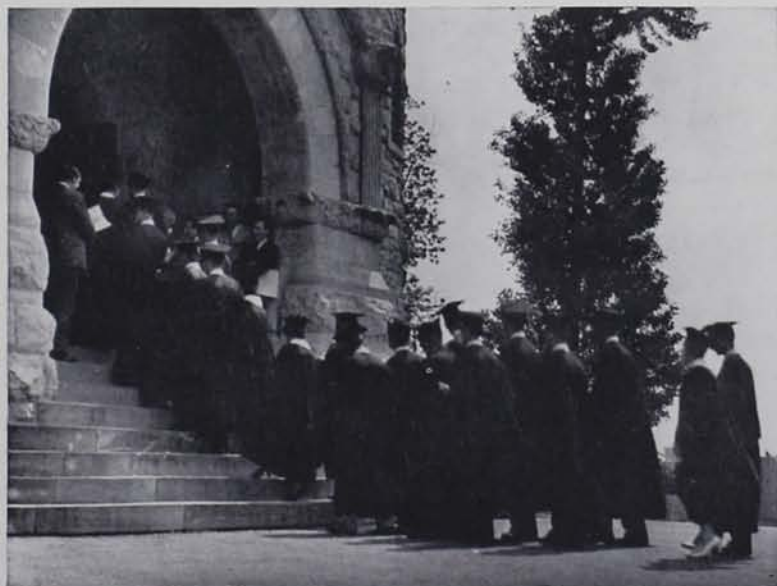
Thus it was that after leaving Ursinus in 1915, Dr. McClure earned his Master of Arts degree at Pennsylvania State College, where he later taught, and in 1925, received his Ph. D. from the University of Pennsylvania. Only last spring, Pennsylvania Military Academy, which also had his services as a faculty member, honored Dr. McClure with the degree of Doctor of Letters.

Curiously enough, as he phrased it, our President has received degrees from each of the institutions where he has taught, as well as from those where he has studied.

After twenty-two years of teaching, Dr. McClure assumes now a great additional responsibility. Since 1927, Ursinus has claimed him as a man who is deeply and sincerely interested in his chosen subject, and as a man who has the gift of inspiring a kindred appreciation in his students.

This month, as we receive him officially as the new President of Ursinus College, the best fortune we can wish him is success in his double role to the same degree that he has formerly enjoyed it in the field of pedagogy alone.

With a year of progress already behind him as a prologue to Dr. McClure's official inauguration, it is to be assumed confidently that he will have the continued support of both students and friends.



THE JUNE PROCESSION

Roar, O Wind!

E. M. HUBER

*Roar, O wind; and rock, thou tree;
Shine, O sun, the world's for me!*

*Sing, sweet bird; hum, thou bee;
Flow, sweet stream; the world's for thee!*

To The Ladies!

E. M. HUBER

*I wonder where the man is
Whose eye doth see but one
In truth, I think there is none such,
For man doth love the sun;
And as his eye doth rove about,
Should maid obstruct his view,
Why, 'tis as natural as can be
For him to look at you.*

The Futility of Dying

JACK MALONEY

THE rubber-tired surgical table rolled noiselessly down the hall, accompanied only by the muffled padding of some six or eight crepe-soled shoes. I glanced sideways and squirmed beneath the white sheet. My thoughts wandered, but most of the time revolved themselves about various points in an "essay" which I had extemporaneously composed and had tentatively titled "Why An Appendix?"

Presently we reached the operating room. I was wheeled through the doorway and "parked" very carefully in the center of the room, where a droopy-eyed interne broke the prevailing calm by kicking on the wheel brakes most unceremoniously. He was reprimanded.

"Ether," ordered the doctor, and I knew that I was about to be dissected.

A cup was held over my nostrils, and I began inhaling long wafts of the anesthetic. Things became hazy. Then the cup was removed. I was not completely unconscious yet, and I was prompted to tell the nurse that more ether was required, but, for some reason, I could not speak.

It was a ghastly sort of experience, being conscious and knowing that you were about to be operated on. I could plainly hear the doctors and nurses fumbling with the instruments. "Ouch! Heavens!" They had started to cut. I could feel the knife slicing into my flesh. Was there no way to stop them? "Ouch"—a knife slipped—something had gone wrong, for I could hear the worried cries of the persons bending over me.

"Quick! Get the clamp. Hurry! He's dying."

Dying. Did he say dying? Could it be that I was destined to leave this world before I had seen my twenty-ninth year? A black cloud drifted across my eyes. Lord! The stark realization dawned on me. I was dead! Dead! Here I was, lying dead with the Pickering Valley Golf Tournament only three weeks away.

Never having died before, this experience was all quite novel to me. The doctors talked sadly about my misfortune as they ordered me wheeled to my room and my wife informed of my passing. Oh yes—there was my wife! She'd take it hard. Back to my room they pushed me. On arriving, they lifted me onto the bed and covered me from head to foot with a long sheet. It was most annoying, having a sheet over my face, but I resigned myself to my fate.

It must have been fifteen minutes later when my wife burst hysterically into the room, crying and muttering incoherent phrases. I thought of soothing her, but I could do nothing except lie quite rigid, staring at the ceiling. In a few minutes a doctor dragged my wife away, and with the slamming of the door, all was quiet once again.

I was not to enjoy my peace long, however, for presently a new contingent entered my room and placed me into a reed basket which was too short for my six feet. Probably the undertaker! My basket was slid into an old black hearse, and I was given an all too short ride to the undertaking establishment.

I grew rather sleepy about this time, and just what the undertaker did to me I can't exactly recall. I remember that they did inject some stuff into me—to keep me from spoiling too quickly, I believe.

The next thing was a big night for me—the night of my viewing. I was calmly stretched in a magnificent mahogany coffin, lying entirely at ease on pillowy folds of smooth, cool satin. About a quarter after eight a delegation came in from my office. They walked mournfully past me, each pausing to shower condolences on my distracted wife. Oh, if I could only move or say something! The last mourner—or perhaps curiosity seeker—who came to see if I looked "natural" passed by my bier shortly after nine o'clock. The lights were turned out. The room was deserted. I lay still.

The following afternoon a somberly attired group stood and sat about my flower-banked coffin. At the distant end of the room I could faintly hear the voice of the minister eulogizing my earthly feats and recommending me for admission into the Great Beyond. Had I been able, I certainly would have blushed as he expounded my worthiness. I had no idea that I had been such an important cog in the workings of the world. Behind me someone snickered. Scum!

In a few minutes, the heavy lid of the casket was lifted into place, and eight of my former co-workers bore my encased body to a hearse. The coffin rolled in. The door closed. The procession started.

It was a slow, uncomfortable journey—the jaunt to the cemetery. After we did arrive, we were forced to wait quite a while until the remainder of the cars had arrived.

As I lay over the freshly dug grave, suspended on three wide straps, the distressed voice of the minister again invoked the spirits. I could not distinguish his words through the thick lid, but I was certain that that sing-songy voice could emanate only from clerical lips. The voice stopped. I heard a click. Slowly I began to descend. Down down down—until with a squashy plop, I rested firmly on the bottom. All was silent.

The silence was soon broken by the noise of dirt dropping on the metallic covering of my casket. Finally even that stopped.

(Continued on Page 23)

The Symbolism of the British Crown

EDWARD L. FRENCH

THERE exists today in Great Britain a form of government which is generally conceded to be the world's most nearly perfect democracy. Yet the titular head of this government is a hereditary King and Emperor. The reasons for this typically British paradox are deep-rooted and can be uncovered only by a careful study of the subject.

Every school child knows the history behind the present form of government—of the Magna Charta, which for the first time limited powers of the English throne; of the steady rise of Parliament until the Stuart dynasty; of the struggle between the monarch and Parliament during the reign of these “divine-right” kings; of the consequent victory of Parliament; and of the steady rise of Parliament since that time. The history of Great Britain may be epitomized as a struggle between the hereditary throne and the popularly-elected government, with the people always emerging victorious.

Why, then, have the British people clung to their king? How does he serve them today, if not as their actual ruler?

Let us answer the latter question first. Probably the greatest function of the King of Great Britain is to unify the British Empire. No Prime Minister, no elected representative, no Parliament, could possibly supplant the King in this respect. It takes more than navies to protect British interests in the far-flung corners of the earth—in Canada, in Australia, in South Africa—, for the quarter of the earth's surface which is Britain's by right of conquest is bound together by few legal ties.

Since the passing of the Westminster Act, the larger colonies have had all the privileges of home rule. The governments of all these dominions are based on the same form. The executive power is invested in a Governor-General, the King's representative, who acts under the advice of an executive council. A Senate and a House of Commons, elected by a popular vote of the dominion, form the legislative branch.

The movement to extend home rule to the colonies is still bearing fruit. It is only within the last few months that India has been granted a new constitution, providing for more extensive self-government.

What Is the “British Empire”?

Thus, it is obvious that the British Empire, as a legal entity, might be called, with no great stretch of the imagination, non-existent. Each dominion is a law unto itself, with nothing to bind it to London save a common loyalty, a common love for a single man, the King. In the words of the Archbishop of Canterbury, “The King is the embodiment of the British Commonwealth of Na-

tions; his crown is the symbol of their unity.” Were the King to forfeit that love and respect which the dominions bear him, the Empire could not, and would not last overnight.

That is why Edward VIII almost caused the breakdown of the British system. That is why the English newspapers suppressed the story of Edward's struggle with Baldwin, while headlines were running rampant in the United States. It was not because of an official censorship, but rather because of a voluntary and patriotic censorship which Fleet Street imposed on itself in order to ease Britain over one of the greatest crises in its history.

Perhaps this symbolic unity may be best explained by the idea of possession. The people of the British Empire feel that the King is theirs. He belongs as much to the sheep-farmer in Australia as to the shop-keeper in Piccadilly; as much to the lumberjack in Canada as to the bobby at Charing Cross. And it is this universality of loyalty that enables the Englishman to say with truth and with justifiable pride that “the sun never sets on the British Empire.”

But unification is not the only function of the King. He also serves his country by symbolizing British tradition. Englishmen are proud of the history of their little island, and to them the King symbolizes that history. He is the England of centuries past.

Great Britain is, perhaps, further advanced in the field of social reform than is any other nation in the world. Yet these advances have not been revolutionary in nature; they have come, rather, by a slow, steady, evolutionary process. No period of rapid change, such as the United States passed through in the first four years of the New Deal Administration, could take place in Britain, for the British mind is essentially conservative.

Numerous examples might be used to show how much the British are governed by tradition. The procession of the Lord Mayor of London is, in this respect, equalled by nothing save the Coronation ceremony. Crowds gather daily outside Buckingham Palace to watch the historic ceremony of the changing of the guards. But in nothing is historic tradition more revered by the people of Great Britain and the Dominions beyond the seas than in the mental process called the symbolization of the Crown.

The King has become a part, an indispensable part, of British custom. In this respect, it matters not so much who occupies the throne; but the throne must be occupied. Since the dawn of history in the British Isles,

with the exception of the short period of the Puritan Commonwealth, there has been a king in England. Some have been good kings; some have been poor kings; but the throne itself has survived, and there are few Britons who do not believe that the throne will continue to survive, despite the political vicissitudes of this and future centuries.

The King, of course, has many governmental and civic duties. He must open Parliament, he must sign all bills before they become law, he must receive all diplomats and visiting rulers. It is his duty to open numerous expositions, parks, and bridges. He must tour the country to inspect the conditions of his people.

The King CAN Do Wrong

We all remember Edward VIII's visits to the slums of Glasgow and to the mining towns of Wales. In fact, it was the result of the King's visit to Wales that roused Stanley Baldwin to active opposition to the ruler. Edward had voiced an opinion on the disgusting conditions existing among these poverty-stricken workers; and Baldwin, feeling this to be a criticism of the Government's inaction, selected the earliest opportunity to depose what might prove to be a troublesome monarch.

Combined with all this, the King lives a life entirely different from any other in the world. As a living symbol, his life is as private as that of the hero of a play. His private life is a public life. He is permitted absolutely no freedom. We have already seen that

Edward was deposed because his words might be construed as a public admonishment to the duly-elected government of the people. It was not an empty utterance when the man who had just been released from the chains of Kingship said, "At long last I am able to say a few words of my own." In every previous public speech, it had, of necessity, been England speaking, not Edward.

Service, then, characterizes the life of the King. But service to what? Certainly not to his own ideals. Rather service to the ideals of England and the Empire. To millions of Britons he is the embodiment of English virtues, and from those virtues he dare not slip. In the Coronation ceremony, he is presented the orb with the words, "Lead thy people in the way wherein they should go." The people do not expect their monarch to be subject to the emotions of ordinary human beings. He is the only man in the kingdom who is not permitted life, liberty, and the pursuit of happiness, not even to the extent of marrying the woman of his choice.

But, every so often, a king appears who will not be "put into a gilded frame," who cannot hide the fact that he is a human being. The British Empire has no place for a strong, self-willed monarch. Victoria was self-willed in her early years; she was broken. Edward was self-willed; he refused to be broken. And it was then that the British Empire was rocked to its foundations.



Oh!

VALERIE H. GREEN

It was midnight. The luxurious ocean liner *Singapore*, bound for Cape Town, plowed through the South Atlantic at a steady pace, rolling gently on the swells, although insufficiently to disturb the sleeping passengers.

Estelle Kirby, unable to sleep, was taking a turn about the deck. She was a lovely young girl, and was on her way to Cape Town to join her father, an American mining engineer in the Kimberley Gold Region. As she neared the bow she stopped and approached the side of the ship. Resting her arms on the rail, she gazed languidly over the wide expanse of murky water, which reflected the pale, golden moon on its soothing billows, and her thoughts took wing to strange and distant places.

Suddenly, as her mind was wandering afar, she was startled by the sound of a deep, masculine voice behind her.

"Lovely night, isn't it, 'Beautiful'?"

She swung around, her eyes flashing with suppressed indignation and anger, and hot retorts surging to her lips. Then, as she recognized the rude disturber of her reveries, she regained her composure and laughed lightly.

"Oh, Jim, you frightened me so!"

"Did I?" His voice became immediately apologetic and contrite. "I didn't mean to, dearest, you know. I really didn't."

"Why, you big boob, that's all right," she laughed gaily, "I was only dreaming, and I didn't expect to be interrupted. Come on, let's walk around once more, and then I'll turn in. And you mustn't stay up all night, either, even if it is being done this season."

"O. K. Anything you say, Sweetheart."

The two walked briskly away.

Two older travelers had seen and overheard the incident. A reminiscent look came over the face of one.

"What a nice young couple!" he said, gazing at the retreating figures. "Obviously just married, and on their honeymoon." Turning to the other, "Do you know, by any chance, who they are?"

"Why, why—yes," said his companion. "The girl is the daughter of Old Dan Kirby, you know—the best mining engineer in South Africa; and the young fellow is—her brother."

"It Might Have Been----"

C. KENNETH SNYDER

AS we gaze down the seemingly endless path of history, we gradually become aware that there are men, that there are events, difficult for us to understand. Why Fate should slyly wink at one man, and mockingly frown at another, I do not know. Years ago, a certain wise man said, "The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine." To my mind, there are times, too, when they grind out strange and unsolvable puzzles.

In 1876 Samuel Jones Tilden of New York was elected President of the United States. To any casual student of American History this is an extraordinary statement. Yet, if one chooses to examine the popular votes of that year, one will find that Tilden received a majority of over two hundred and fifty thousand votes—and yet the name of Tilden is found on no list of American Presidents. What, then, is the story of this peculiar happening? It is true that Tilden did receive the popular majority, but in the electoral college tabulations, Florida, Louisiana, South Carolina, and Oregon had sent two sets of delegates to vote. One group supported Tilden; the other, Hayes. The election was thrown into Congress, and they proceeded to appoint a commission of fifteen men who were to decide what delegates were to be recognized. In every instance the Commission voted eight to seven to seat the Republicans representatives, and thus the Hayes supporters. Interesting to note is the fact that eight members of the board were Republicans, seven Democratic. In the final results Hayes was elected with one hundred and eighty-five electoral votes to one hundred and eighty-four. Tilden accepted the decision gracefully and with all the spirit of the good sportsman that he was. Yet why did Fate take away what the people of the country had given? Why should Tilden, a successful Governor of New York, a brilliant opponent of the corrupt Tweed Ring of Tammany Hall, and an outstanding man in his own right, by a trick of that wily old fellow lose the greatest goal of his political ambitions? I have often wondered if in later years, as Tilden, in the full twilight of his outstanding career, sat at the window of his Yonkers home and looked questioningly into the unknown, if—if he, perhaps, a bit wistfully, didn't turn his head towards the south—towards the city we call Washington, and murmur with a resigned shrug, "It might have been, it might have been."

Let us move forward a few years on that strange path of history. The scene is bleak and cold. All about, one sees nothing but snow and ice—ice and snow. For miles the sun reflects nothing but a brilliant and unfriendly whiteness. Five brave, able, courageous men, with a team of dogs drawing a heavy sleigh, are struggling forward.

Forward to where? Where can one go in a place that for a thousand miles around has nothing but snow—and ice—and wind—a wind that blows until one thinks his face is nothing but a frozen mass of flesh, and his fingers feel as if they are going to snap off at the slightest touch? Yet these intrepid men press forward. At last they stop. Instruments are taken out. Measurements are made. Even breaths hesitate—then a shout goes up. The men begin to dance and sing and hug each other. Forgotten is the cold. Forgotten is the wind. The South Pole has been reached. The English have won again. The "Union Jack" once more has conquered the unconquerable. But suddenly one of the men stumbles. His foot uncovers a stone. Hurried hands uncover others. The light goes out of the men's eyes. A box is opened and Captain Robert Falcon Scott, of the English Navy, reads how Ronald Amundsen and his Norwegians had been there on December 16, 1911, only thirty-one days before. All the planning, all the hoping, all the sacrificing seems for naught. But there is no time to think of that. They must hurry back before the Antarctic winter sets in. And so they are off—off on a voyage of death. It begins to snow—hard, pelting snow. They can only travel a few miles a day. Rations give out. The dogs are killed for food. In a month these men have moved less than a hundred miles. Then Lieut. Evans dies. Thirty days later Captain Oates, while the others sleep, realizing that his sore legs make him only a burden to his comrades, walks out into the storm, knowing he is going to meet his Maker. He is making the supreme sacrifice for his friends. Five days later the last camp is made. The remaining three can go no farther. Captain Scott, in his tent, labors slowly and painfully to write last letters to those whom he loves, yet knows he will never see again. These are beautiful letters to his wife—and son—and friends. They are letters that are plain and simple, yet in their simplicity lies their beauty. On March 27 Scott, the last surviving member of the expedition, dies. Picture if you can this gallant man just before he passes away, lying in a small tent, with a tiny lamp to give him light. It is then that one wonders why so often the heroes of the world die alone. And one wonders, too, if Robert Scott, in his last hours, didn't look inquiringly up to God—and then—and then with a shrug of resignation, whisper through frozen lips, "It is God's will—yet, it might have been."

Again the years move along. It is September, 1924. In Washington a State Dinner is being held in that great white house that one sees at the end of Pennsylvania Avenue. Many of the leading men of the country are

(Continued on Page 19)

Treat Yourself?

FRANK J. TORNETTA

THE intelligent American people spend more than \$300,000,000 every year for something less than nothing. They spend it for preparations containing injurious, irritating, dangerous poisons.

It costs a lot of money to be sick. It means going to doctors, specialists, and hospitals. In fact, it costs more than Mr. American Citizen can afford.

Think of John Everyman. He has a pain in the abdomen. He knows that if he goes to the doctor, it will mean visits to high-priced specialists, costing him nearly a year's income, plus the savings which he has perhaps hoped to use for the education of his children.

But think of him again— He sees a certain preparation—a positive cure for pains in the stomach, and so on—advertised at sixty-seven cents a bottle. Ah! How simple and cheap this is: take one teaspoonful before meals and the pain is gone.

Little does Mr. Everyman know what is in that bottle. Little does he realize the aftermath. And so this little incident occurs and recurs in the lives of our people, until three hundred million dollars a year are spent—or enough for three or four bottles of trash and "hokum" for every man, woman, and child in the United States.

Recently, when the *Hindenburg* exploded in mid-air, taking the lives of thirty-six innocent people, the newspapermen and the radio commentators screamed a story of disaster. Surely this was a good subject for headlines, talks, and editorials. But when a hundred times that many people die every year of infections and irritations due to fake medicines, there are no headlines, editorials, comments, or inquiries.

There are instead brilliant articles and advertisements telling little white lies concerning the marvelous wonders of "Alle-Cura"—if we may invent a name.

The \$300,000,000 business which the 60,000 drug stores of the United States conduct is commonly called "patent medicines." These remedies have a deceiving name. They are not patented medicines. In most cases, only the name is copyrighted. Hence, the chemical and physical composition of the product is subject to change at the manufacturer's will.

Three Groups of Fakes

All advertised remedies may be considered in three groups. In the first class belong those materials which, when used correctly and with utmost care, are generally accepted as remedies for certain diseases. This is the smallest group of the three divisions. It contains such remedies as aspirin, cold cures, antiseptics, and yeast.

Aspirin is a valuable product, but it is also very dangerous and should be taken only at a physician's request. Most cold cures contain a laxative and some drug to act

as an antipyretic, or fever depressor. Acetanilide is one of the common antipyretics used and it is very dangerously habit-forming.

Research has shown that most of the common antiseptics are unreliable. Claims are made that a certain antiseptic, say "Lava-Germes," can kill 150,000,000 germs in ten seconds. This sounds like a lot of germs; the claim, however, does not say how many hundreds of millions or billions of germs it fails to destroy during the ten seconds; neither does the claim say what types of germs it destroys. What good is "Lava-Germes" on your cut if it kills the typhoid germs and leaves the lockjaw germs safe, sound, and ready for action?

"Secret Remedies"

The second group of advertised materials includes those remedies which are almost worthless, and which have no possibility of giving curative benefits. This is the largest of the three groups. Such terms as "herb remedies," "secret compounds," and "vegetable compounds" are listed here.

Think of it! Some of these medicines are supposed to cure tuberculosis, cancer, epilepsy—diseases for which the scientific medical profession has found no satisfactory cures. Most of these remedies are reputed to be "secret discoveries" and "secret processes." This alone proves the ignorance of the manufacturers. Do you think any broad-minded scientist would keep any new beneficial discovery a secret from the world?

Opium is Bad for Babies

The third group of products is the worst of the three classes. It includes medicines which contain very dangerous drugs. Sirups for babies are an example. These sirups often contain chloroform or opium—two rather unsafe compounds for babies to swallow, don't you think?

Another example is the flesh reducers. These often contain thyroid extract or habit-forming laxatives. Thyroid extract should only be administered by expert endocrinologists. An excessive amount of thyroid extract may upset the harmonious functioning of the ductless glands.

Hair dyes are also a member of this class. They contain such fatally poisonous and irritant compounds as lead acetate, silver nitrate, copper salts, and aniline dye colors. One aniline dye color used is paraphenylenediamine—which was once used to turn rabbits into seals for fur coats.

Cheap Cosmetics Produce Hay Fever

A word should be said about cosmetics. Most beauty preparations are worthless; others are harmful. Face powders are composed of powdered talc, zinc oxide, cal-

cium carbonate, white clay, rice starch, coloring, and perfumes. These components produce various harmful effects. They dry the skin, produce irritation because of the reaction of the starch with perspiration, and, because of the protein content, produce a disturbance similar to a heavy cold or hay fever.

Rouge is composed of face powder, coal tar dyes to produce color, and a binder to hold the materials together. Lipstick contains similar dyes combined with fats and waxes. The fat commonly used is lard. Thus, lipstick is often nothing more than dyed lard. Neither lipstick nor rouge is likely to be dangerous except for a possible poisoning effect due to the entrance of certain dyes into a break in the skin.

A few years ago thallium acetate, a famous rat poison, was used in a depilatory cream. Before this new use, thallium acetate had caused 100 deaths. Concerning depilatory creams, the American Medical Association said: "As the structure of hair is practically identical with the structure of outer skin, anything that is powerful enough to destroy one may injure the other."

About Acidosis

The fruit growers and medicine advertisers have both popularized the word "acidosis." Everyone is familiar with the phrase "acid condition," yet few understand its meaning. The common idea is to use fruits or some chemical preparation to overcome acidosis.

Now, the human body is self-regulating. It can regulate the amount of acid by means of the lungs, which give off carbon dioxide, which is acid-forming, and also by means of the kidneys. The blood contains certain substances known as buffers, which maintain the proper amount of acid and alkali without allowing an excess of either.

However, it is to be admitted that there is every good possibility of adjusting acid and alkaline conditions by the eating of proper foods. Some alkali-producing foods are peaches, oranges, lemons, carrots, potatoes, beets, and lima beans. Acid-producing foods are rice, oatmeal, eggs, and bread.

The purpose of this article is by no means to condemn every advertised article as a fake, but rather to impress you with the necessity of knowing the composition and the action of any remedy you may use, if you insist on treating yourself.



Three Writers

Hope McTassel

I'm perhaps the best writer on the campus.
I can tell you what a fantasy is
And a trilogy.
I wrote a very funny article
On tying shoe laces . . .
You wouldn't think such a
Commonplace subject
Would make such a clever essay,
Would you? But it did.
If I didn't have to wear
These horn-rimmed glasses
And if
My hair were pleasantly curly
Instead of black and stringy,
I could be entertaining
In person
Instead of merely
In print.
Sometimes I think that I would
Exchange one movie date
For all my sonnets.

Sylvester Aloysius Hawthorne

I get high grades without
Much study
And then I spend my spare time
In reading.
I read books that most students here
Never heard of:
Everything from Theocritus
To Cowper.
How many people on this campus
Realize that Aristophanes
Wrote as funny a comedy
As any modern play they will ever
Hitch-hike into Philadelphia
And pay good money to see?
I like literature.
I want to write some day:
I like literature.

Patrick Drew

I get high grades without
Much study.
And then I spend my spare time
In playing soft-ball
And talking to fellows in their rooms
And going on hikes
And being sociable in general.
I want to write some day:
I like life.

Hawaii in June

MABEL DITTER

(Note: When the United States Army Transport "Republic" sailed from San Francisco last June, there were six Congressmen aboard, bound for a visit to Hawaii. Because they want appropriations for defense in the Islands, the Army were particularly attentive hosts, providing aides and cars for the visitors and their families. Besides, the sugar interests explained about the dangers of tariff on Hawaiian sugar, and the Navy showed Pearl Harbor to the best advantage.)

FIVE A.M. A pastel dawn. Strange, furrowed volcanic mountains off our starboard beam, and distant hills apart. A calm sea, as the ship passes the great dead volcano which someone says is "Diamond Head."

Seven-thirty A.M. Everyone is crowding to the rails. We're passing Waikiki, and the white mass of the Royal Hawaiian Hotel lies against the beach.

Reporters have come aboard with the pilot, and the question of chief interest to the Islands is shunted back and forth: "What do you think about statehood for Hawaii?"

Eight A.M. Entering Honolulu harbor! To starboard of the narrow channel is shoal water, blue, with little white breakers. A fisherman, with a glass-bottomed box and spear, is standing knee-deep, far from shore.

Eight-five A.M. The diving boys! Have you any nickels? Quickly, for they swarm about the ship, diving, looking up, waving. Hawaiian children are born in the water; they swim like fish. They store the coins in their cheeks, and on a big day they may be out for several ships, hours at a time.

Eight-ten A.M. The white spire of the municipal pier—the famous Aloha tower! Music! Look, the Royal Hawaiian Band! And a chorus of magnificent voices echoes out across the water. The ship warps closer. "Aloha oe, Aloha oe." . . . How these rotund brown people can sing!

Eight-fifteen A.M. The gangplank. Swarms of strange people. "Aloha!" And the leis!—ropes of carnations, of ginger blossoms, of ylang-ylang and gardenias!

"Aloha, Miss Ditter. I'm your aide, Lt. Starke. You're supposed to come up here for pictures now . . . Now we've got to find our car . . . This way (Just call me 'Jake') . . . Here we are."

How efficient the Army is!

A white city, modern looking, but without skyscrapers. Green palms and blooming trees everywhere . . . Fort Shafter: green lawns, cool-looking quarters; the persistent boom of a seventeen-gun salute. A guard of honor lines up, and photographers appear. How warm it is with a dozen leis about one's neck!

The University of Hawaii, where the sons and daughters of the army meet Japanese, Portuguese, Filipinos, Chinese, Koreans, and Hawaiians. A modern university, where students try to work despite a lazy tropical environment, and where professors assign very little work because they feel rather lazy too!

* * * *

A formal dinner in the General's big dining room, but four of us, two aides and two girls, remain outside on the lanai. . . . A red lei against my white dress . . .

A velvet tropic night, a Hawaiian moon. The flagged court hung with Japanese lanterns . . . Hawaiian music, in haunting minor key. Hula dancers, not in grass skirts, but in traditional holokus—long, closely fitted gowns with trains. The graceful, unimaginable beauty of the hula, perfectly done. Swaying bodies in the moonlight. Magnificent voices: "Hawaiian paradise, Hawaiian heaven, Land of make-believe come true!" . . . The comic "Cockeyed Mayor" hula. . . . Good night, Aloha oe!

* * * *

Breakfast in a suite at the Royal Hawaiian Hotel: long, firm spears of sweet yellow pineapple, served in the hull, eaten between the fingers; papaya; guava jelly.

Waikiki beach, the play place of old Hawaiian kings and of American movie queens. The best surfing beach in the world.

Brown beach-boys, white women longing for romance. A girl riding a man's shoulders, while he balances on a swiftly moving surfboard.

The out-rigger canoe: "Kamaaina (stranger), you may sit in the bow." Big, clumsy paddles move the enormous mahogany log through the clear water. Shadows fleck the coral bottom, which seems three feet below, but is about twelve.

"Don't be disappointed in the swimming at Waikiki. There's too much coral there. Come to the officers' beach at Waiameha." . . . Bright sand of powdered coral, but sticky as can be. Clear water, warm as the air. Lazy swimming and sunning. And look, a rainbow, ending in the water right here. Where else in the world can you swim in a rainbow's end?

* * * *

Green sugar plantations, grayish pineapple fields, sugar refineries, the pineapple cannery, where white-clad women of every race sort firm yellow fruit, and hand the visitor a sweet, juicy slice. The unforgettable odor of ripe pineapples on their way to the cannery.

Woolworth's Five and Ten . . . Wild Japanese cotton prints . . . An enormous Hawaiian papa driving a model

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On Being a Twin

ROBERT C. YOH

TWINS are the most unfortunate creatures on earth. Having been one for the last nineteen years, I have every reason for stating this.

My mother always wished her child to be a girl, but my brother did not turn out to be a girl, so he was more or less unwanted; and then ten minutes later I came upon the scene, and I wasn't expected, so there we were, two helpless little fellows, the one unwanted and the other unexpected. Have I not a right to ask if we ever stood a chance of having a very happy life? I have one consolation, however; I have always thought that it is better to be unexpected than unwanted. Yet after all, I think that my parents are well satisfied that things turned out as they did.

When my brother and I were very young and still cute, we had to undergo the gushings, pettings, and kisses of old ladies, and had to suffer the humiliation of having our feet tickled by old men. All this is annoying, especially when you are very young and are quite unable to do anything about it except to scream; and screaming seemed to do no good at all! In order to tell us apart our parents put a blue ribbon on my brother's arm and a pink one on mine. (And I always did hate pink!) Besides who can be certain that we were not at one time mixed up? It's really dreadful when one stops to think about it for any length of time. Goodness, I may not be myself! I may actually be my brother, and that would be simply terrible.

To think that I may be Bill instead of Bob! It's bad enough to think that I may be my brother, but I certainly do pity my brother if he should by some chance happen to be I. I wouldn't wish that on anyone. By some miracle I did turn out to be Bob, so it is best to banish the question. We may have been mixed up at some time; who knows, and who, may I add, cares?

Bad as it must have been for us in our early years, it must have been much worse for our poor parents. They truly got more than they had bargained for. I refer to that spectacular, cold, blustery, December day some nineteen years ago which happened to be our birthday. My father was away at the time, and when he came back my mother told him to go into the next room and see what had come to pass. He was very much excited—it seems that most new fathers are—and would not go into the next room at first, but stayed with my mother, looking after her. Finally he did go, for my mother insisted that he should. Weak as she was, she could not help smiling when he entered. Dad took one look, turned around, slammed the door, and yelled, "My God, there's two of them!" He has never yet been allowed to forget "there's two of them." Twins aren't

an asset to any family, especially to the pocketbook.

In the meantime we both made the grave mistake of growing up. It was then that our real troubles began; all else before was mere child's play. There seems to be a rule that all twins should be dressed exactly alike. If I ever find the misguided genius who invented that rule, heaven only knows what I'll do to him. It was all right as long as we didn't know any better; but when we came to the age when we could figure things out for ourselves, the real riot began. Everyone wants to be individualistic and to own and keep his own things, but all this for a long time was denied us. Everything we wore was exactly the same, and we could never tell things apart. I would insist upon wearing my very own shirt, but I always had the unwholesome suspicion that it might perhaps be my brother's. How was I to be sure? Finally my brother began to get a little bigger than myself, so when he found that he couldn't get into a certain pair of trousers, we both knew that it was mine. This was some help; but, being human, we were not content with even this much. We now began to acquire our own tastes, likes, and dislikes, and I, (little individualist that I was) was sure not to like what my brother liked; and he, being ten minutes older—which seemed very awesome to me—and being fully twenty pounds heavier—which seemed not only very awesome but also very convincingly—was sure to get what he liked; and I had to like it too.

Bill and I soon became used to the convention that we both must have everything alike, and accepted things in that way. Indeed, we became so firmly convinced that this was the way things were to be done, that we carried it to extremes. If we had to *wear* things the same, we had to *say* things the same, we had to *see* things the same, we had to *eat* things the same. Poor mother! I can see her yet carefully counting out the peas to be sure that Bobby did not get one more than Billy. And if Bobby did get one more pea than Billy, then came the rebellion! A compromise was made, and the pea was carefully cut in half. Silly? Perhaps, but as I have said before, my brother was bigger than I was.

Things could not go on in this way; something was bound to happen, and happen it did. One day it seemed that Bill and I needed lumberjackets, so mother and I started out on a shopping tour. I saw two lumberjackets exactly alike which I thought were simply beautiful. I think they must have been the alarming color combination of red, purple, orange, and pink. Bill did not like them—who could blame him? In fact, he despised them and flatly refused to wear his. He never did, and from that time on we were allowed to wear different clothes.

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Black Magic

BERTRAM LUTZ

YOU may think me psychoneurotic, or just superstitious, but I am neither. I am merely going to relate what I and others have witnessed. If you are a scientist, you may be able to reduce these mysticisms to the commonplace, and perceive in what I view with awe, nothing more than an ordinary succession of very natural causes and effects. In case you are incapable of doing this, you might turn to Poe or Coleridge for an explanation.

Perhaps there is someone among you who has explored the forgotten marshes and swamps of the Old South. You, then, I feel sure, will believe me, and confirm my statements to others who doubt.

On the Dark Continent there is a great forest, often called "Congo," or "the forbidden," by the natives. This jungle is on the West Coast of Africa and extends for hundreds of miles on either side of the Equator, and over a thousand miles into the interior, where it meets the African Veldt. White men have penetrated but little into the fastness of its districts of Gabon, the Congo, the Cameroons, and the Ubangi, for they know that this steaming hell is the home of the "Black Arts."

I have often heard old negroes tell of incidents, passed down to them by their grandfathers, telling of white men being driven stark mad by the monotonous beating of the drums from the distant mist-covered peaks and moon-bathed slopes of the Chrystal Mountains.

Legend tells of the "conjure man" who held council with the monstrous gorillas—he talking from the swamps on his tom-tom, and the apes answering him by pounding their barrel-like chests. A young French Army officer, annoyed by the tom-tom, destroyed it in a fit of rage. The witch doctor put a curse on him; and at the next full moon, when it was time for the sinister discourse, he ran screaming into the woods, where he was seized by a gigantic gorilla-man and carried off toward the distant hills, never to be seen again. This belief still exists among the negroes of our own country who are of Bantu origin. In their religious ceremonies they pray that the "conjure man" may not curse them.

In the slave quarters of the South flourished voodoo; not only flourished, but grew, and to such an extent that every incident in the life of the slaves was governed by magic. They became so fanatical that if they suspected someone of putting the "evil eye" on them, they imagined themselves eating snakes and sleeping on beds of fire. I have seen negroes who thought themselves so afflicted do things too pitiful and horrible to relate.

But several milder examples of their superstitions may not be out of place here. They are cock-sure that if the

hair is cut at the time of the new moon, it will fall out; and that if a tooth is extracted when the moon is full, it will result in teeth growing from the lips and tongue.

If you ever witness a darkey religious ceremony you will know what sentiment lies behind it, even though it does seem amusing and absurd.

Very close to where I live is a dreary tract of swamp land known as "Blue Mill." I say dreary because it is that in every respect. It is many square miles in area, and cut through by numerous small streams, which back up into the lower levels of the valley and produce swamps. At the northern end of the marsh, although I have never explored it, I have noticed from a distance that it consists of steep slopes, thick with vegetation of a tropical sort: ferns, intertwining vines, and unusually heavy foliage. At the southern end are open marshes and meadows. Fringing these are many tumble-down shacks, occupied by negroes. The entire swamp has the peculiar property of being warmer in winter than the neighboring countryside, for I have noticed that there the snow is the last to accumulate and the first to melt. But especially in the summer does this bog remind one of the deep South, for it is alive with the humming of insects, the cries of birds, and the croaking of frogs. Neither is it uncommon to stumble upon a negro camp-meeting or an old-time medicine show.

The negroes of the swamp, who are extremely superstitious, are descendants of the Bantus of the Congo forests. They are very black, ape-faced, and powerfully built. I am fortunate to number among my friends of this "New Africa" the "conjure woman," or "root doctor" of the community, Mammy Tolevar by name. A West Indian of gargantuan proportions, she is characterized by her weird, penetrating eyes and ever-present corn-cob pipe. She mixes herbs to drive the evil spirits away, and goes out into the swamp to sit all night by a purple light to commune with the good spirits.

If you have an enemy whom you suspect of having you under the "evil eye," you hire Mammy Tolevar. She proceeds to plant herbs and powders in obscure places around your enemy's house; and when she performs the necessary rites, the spell is broken. The old negress can also cast spells by these same methods. I know negroes who were taken ill after a spell was cast over them, but I am inclined to think that the illness was a result of intense fear when they found themselves under such a spell.

There is an instance of a black man of my acquaintance who suffered paralysis of the leg. A few days later an image of him was found in the closet of his room with

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Triangle

R. A. Y.



James Harcourt

I am the most independent thinker
 In the Senior Class.
 That is not saying much, of course,
 Because few think
 But many believe.
 I write letters to the editor
 And I talk with professors after class
 And I'm elected to literary groups
 And I'm elected president of this
 And secretary of that,
 Just because I know parliamentary law
 (You can find all I know in Roberts).
 Few people on the campus
 Dare to disagree with me, Jim Harcourt
 Therefore I find that I'm important.
 However, I hope that when
 I get out into life there will be others
 Who will think, too.
 I'd like some competition.



Black Magic

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its leg run through by many pins. How it got there no one knows.

The weirdest incident of "Black Magic" I have yet to narrate, and you may take it as you see fit, for it was told to me by Mammy Tolevar herself.

"Did y'all ebeh see glass an' broken pottery a-layin' 'roun' niggah cumitery?"

I replied that I had.

"Well, dat deh's pow'ful medicine, son. Dey done calls it "Buckeye."

"Ah membehs once down in Maica (Jamaica), white man taken some fo' t' keep lahke souv'nih. De bush niggahs done found out an' holdin conjuh meetin' all naht fo' couple nahts, shoutin' t' Satan, clappin' deh hans, an' a-beatin' de kittle drums. Den de white man seed evil spirits an' by'n'by a imige ob somebody he done love, a-callin' t' him fah way in de swamp, 'Follah me, follah me, follah me.' He done went loco an' fol-lahd, de niggahs abeatin' deh drums afteh him. De nexist day, dey done foun' him drowned in de sea.

"So, don' y' all nebeh touch no broken glass in a niggah cumitery."

Dee Martin

Jim Harcourt
 Is the nicest boy I have met
 During my freshman year;
 He is going to visit me
 This summer at home.
 I wonder why I like him?
 He has no "line" to speak of
 Nor is he as handsome
 As Tom was . . .
 Of course, he's very important
 Around here. That must be it.
 I can hardly wait to show
 My girl friends at home
 His picture in the yearbook
 With all his activities listed under it.
 But I do wish
 He were a better dancer.

Cathryn Abbott

I am in love with James Harcourt
 But he must not know it
 Until he notices me
 And falls in love of his own free will.
 I've worked with him
 On the college newspaper staff;
 I've been his colleague
 In mixed debates;
 And the next time he recites
 In Logic class
 I'm going to recite, too,
 And argue with him.
 He has had dates with this
 Dee Martin, a freshman.
 She is a fluffy blonde.
 But does she know he wrote a prize essay
 On "The Permanence of Art?"
 And if she does, can she
 Do more than look at him with wide eyes
 And say, "I think it's wonderful?"
 No, she cannot.
 But I appreciate him;
 I will catch him on the rebound.
 It will be a marriage of true minds.

Who Longs?

NELLA

*Who longs to travel to Cathay or Rome?
 Far too many.
 How many realize that content's at home?
 Few, if any.*

A Son Passes

H. SPENCER HALBERSTADT

"WILLIAM, take my arm. I know I'm going to faint!" pleaded Bertha as she tottered convincingly.

Her husband stepped quickly to her side and patted her arm absently while his eyes roved about the small, white-walled accident ward. They had followed the car which brought their son, Jerry, to the hospital.

Although they had not been far behind, Jerry had already been taken to the operating room. Joan, who had been walking with Jerry when they had been struck, was having her knee bandaged.

"Is he hurt badly? He'll be all right, won't he? When can I see him?" Joan asked in nervous rapidity. And the nurse only answered the last.

"I'll see if he has been removed to a room."

"Oh God," Bertha screamed at the nurse, her black eyes springing to life; "do something! My boy is dying in there and you stay here fussing over her knee!"

"Please try to control yourself, Mrs. Lutz," the nurse requested quietly. John patted her arm again.

Joan attempted to stand now, but the knee was too painful. She was forced to remain on the other side of the room. However, she tried to comfort Bertha. "It'll be all right, dear. Jerry won't leave us. God wouldn't take him away from us."

"Oh, yes, go on, chatter away! How can you know how I feel? Did you bring him into the world? Did you sacrifice all your life for a son? No, you have done nothing for him except spend his money and take him away from us. Yes, sit there in your smug serenity. What do you care if he lives or dies? Go on, smile at me as if I were a child. You'll be all right! You'll live!" Bertha screamed in a crescendo of fury.

Joan did not wince, but turned to William with pleading eyes. He glanced from one to the other and patted Bertha's arm.

"You may see him, now," a nurse announced as she entered and held open the door. "Do not excite him, for you must steel yourselves for an unpleasant ordeal."

Bertha grasped William's arm and whimpered loudly, "Oh, I knew it. He's to be taken from me. This is the reward for honest living—he'll die and trash will live!"

She gave Joan a defiant glance as she changed her tone and snapped, "I suppose you'll have to come, but don't say anything to upset him. Better, don't talk at all."

This over, she walked majestically down the long corridor, ignoring William's proffered arm. Joan limped slowly behind.

As she neared the indicated room, Bertha slackened her pace and took out a handkerchief. Tears (the first) were streaming down her puffy cheeks, and she waited for William.

"Stay by me, Will," she pleaded. "I'll need all your help. Our son lies in here, and we'll have to watch him die."

With this word on her lips she entered and rushed to Jerry's side. "Oh, my dear, dear boy," she cried hysterically, and knelt by the bed.

Jerry lay pale and bandaged on the white bed, but his eyes were calm and smiling. He was fully conscious and not aware that it was only minutes before a blood clot would form because of his painful head injury.

"Now, Bert, don't be silly," he said matter-of-factly, "I only got a scratch. They've fixed my head up all right. . . . Hello, Dad! Where's Joan? She isn't hurt, is she?"

"I'm not hurt, dear," Joan answered from a corner where she was sitting to conceal the pain in her eyes. "Lie still, Jerry. You've gotten a pretty bad knock, you know, and —"

"Now don't let the poor boy know how bad he's hurt!" hissed Bertha. Then turning to Jerry with a coaxing smile, "Tell Will and me all about it. You were on the side of the road, weren't you? Did you smell liquor on that damn fool's breath?"

"Oh let's not talk about that, now. We'll have plenty of time for that. After all, it was as much my fault as his," Jerry protested.

"Shut up, Jerry. People might hear you. I don't like the looks of that nurse." Then in a louder voice she turned to Joan and lamented, "Do you hear, Joan, the poor, dear boy is delirious!"

She wept loudly and copiously.

"Joan, come over and let me see you," Jerry coaxed.

"All right, dear," she answered without a tremble and stood up. With much effort she walked to the bed and dropped heavily on the side. If Jerry had been keener he could have noticed the sensitive mouth quivering spasmodically, but he was too much pleased with her presence for that.

"Dear, I feel awfully tired. I'm going to take a nap. It's swell to know you're O. K. A little jolt like that can't hurt us, can it? Love me, Sweets?" he queried.

"Bushels," came the familiar response, and Jerry dropped off to sleep.

Bertha had established herself at the head of the bed

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"Sing An Old-Fashioned Song"

CATHERINE STEELE

"WEEP no more, my lady." Thus sang the not-so-ancient poet, but after a survey of the songs written and sung by Americans in the past century, one comes to the conclusion that it simply wasn't possible for my lady to cease weeping. Life was a serious and very often a tearful affair.

American life, its manners, morals, tastes and absurdities, is largely written in its songs. Each generation has put into musical form its current sentimentality, whether it concerned death, seduction (or more innocuous love making), or the day's extremely daring exploits.

The American school of song writing has held to certain principles. So far as the music is concerned the rules are: that waltz time is the perfect expression of sentiment; that a cadence, with barber shop harmony inserted here and there, will bring tears to the most hardened eyes; and that an occasional chance to hang on to a long note—even on an unimportant word like "of"—is not to be overlooked.

The rules for the diction are: correctness of English may prove to be a positive handicap at times; mispronunciation of words and other evidences of deficient mentality are always acceptable as the height of wit; the world is full of wronged men and malevolent villains and something should be done about it; sin is wrong; virtue is praiseworthy; gold is a highly overrated commodity; marriage may be achieved under almost any circumstances, even on the spur of the moment; and last, no matter how desperate the situation, evil cannot possibly triumph.

Early in the nineteenth century songs of self-pity were extremely popular. These gradually developed into a special school concentrating on misunderstood and prematurely moribund children. *Put Me In My Little Bed* and *Why Did They Dig Ma's Grave So Deep?* are splendid examples of these touching ballads.

Then there were those children—blue-eyed girls with

golden curls—who were ever the instrument of fate that alone could lead an erring parent back home; and always when papa arrived, bleary-eyed and disheveled, it was too late. Whether or not papa reformed at learning there was one less mouth to feed was never known, for the song dwelt only on the touching picture of papa clinging to his little rescuer's fingers. It would seem that for every man in the gutter there was a dying child at home.

As for the ladies, they could be as naughty as could be and still receive sympathy and protection. *We Never Speak as We Pass By* contains a heroic and tolerant note. The readiness of some bystander to defend a lady's reputation, should it be carelessly tossed about, is shown in *I Won't Let You Insult Her*. *My Mother Was a Lady* is another example of the amazing altruism of the day.

But not all the girls were bad. Their independence and sterling character are revealed in *Take Back Your Gold*, and *Gold Will Buy Most Anything But a True Girl's Heart*.

With the opening of the Nineties came the Golden Age of popular song writing, which lasted well into the twentieth century, before jazz and radio made known their deadly influence by substituting quantity for quality. *After the Ball* and *Break the News to Mother* were the first to "sweep the country" and become "smashing" successes. Other hits were *She May Have Seen Better Days* and *She is More to Be Pitied Than Censured*, both splendid examples of tolerance. And everyone knows the priceless lines of *A Bird in a Gilded Cage*, which was followed by *The Mansion of Aching Hearts*. *The Curse of an Aching Heart*, which achieved great popularity, was the last of those tender ballads.

All these lyrics seem extremely naive and simple to us today; yet all of us probably entertain a haunting suspicion that the songs we sing and hear today will be equally amusing and vivid to our younger generations.

Questioning

ROBERTA BYRON

*The world is large tonight, my soul,
It places mighty hands upon
My head, so pressed with petty worries
And takes away the safe, solid weight
Of all things known.*

*Look, look my soul—how light
We are—how clear it is—but yet,
But yet we cannot see!
Why must we drag these chains of feeble will,
Of drama-making insincerity, of strange complacency?*

*Why stand we so, inadequate
Before the promise of unresting truth
And ever fleeing beauty?
"A coward trembling?"
Yes—but soul, the time is short
Yet still we can not see beyond our sudden ceasing.*

*Only God's arm could hold this weight
Of man's mad making,
Or press back the spaces of eternity
To let me stand, oh soul, with bowed head
But upward looking eyes.*

An Argument About a Fish

VERNON GROFF

ONE summer's day in 1924, two small boys stood high up on a cliff overlooking a stone quarry situated near the town of Blakeslee. Below them, down past innumerable flinty shelves and crags for perhaps seventy feet, there lay a black, impenetrable body of water, dark and still and silent as a tomb. When they spoke, their voices flew across the waveless, breathless surface to the distant, rocky wall, and were tossed as quickly back to them. The two boys made their way around the top of the quarry, to where they could descend to a lower level along an incline that had been a rail-car runway. In their hands were bamboo fishing poles.

One of the boys (the smaller of the two) was Johnny Price. He had four brothers, but they were not expected to live long. There was consumption in the family. But Johnny was healthy, the only robust one among them, the youngest of the five children. He liked nothing better than to go fishing, he told his companion, as they made their way cautiously down the slope to where the descending peninsula ended abruptly fifteen feet above the surface of the murky water.

His companion was taller, big boned and sharp featured. His eyes were animal eyes, roving and ever-watchful. Without a word he pushed an earthworm over the bend in his fishhook.

Johnny was looking over the edge of the promontory into the dark, forbidding water of the quarry, in a little cove formed by the crook in the peninsula upon which they were standing. The water here could not have been deeper than ten feet, for despite its gruesome opacity the lad could see a tin can lurking half-hidden on the bottom. Suddenly he spied a spearlike, shadowy form suspended in mid-water. "A pickerel, a pickerel, and I bet it's two feet long," he whispered in a frenzy of excitement, and made haste to force a wriggling earthworm on his hook. Almost simultaneously the two corks dropped noiselessly on the still surface, and the air about them was breathless as they waited, surrounded on all sides by steep cliffs, with a bottomless black pool lying before them. The fish didn't move.

Johnny, with a perspicacity creditable to a far more experienced angler, cautiously drew out the lifeless earthworm, ran to the other side of the cape, and dropped in his line there. Within five minutes he jerked out the line, and a two-inch sunfish flopped on the grass. With utter disregard for law, either of the commonwealth or of his feelings, he withdrew the hook from the fish's mouth and plunged it through the fleshy part of its tail. His companion watched him all the while, but said nothing. His eyes bright, Johnny slowly lowered the wriggling sunfish toward the nose of the motionless, poised pickerel. Im-

mediately beside his companion's worm the sunfish swam frantically past the pike. The black shadow flashed, the golden side of the sunfish shot a brilliant gleam up through the silent water, and then the surface was broken as the long, thin pickerel was jerked out of the depths by two bamboo poles snapped upward simultaneously. When the fish was landed on the grass, its gills gasping and its row of pointed teeth working in vicious snaps, the two lines were hopelessly entangled.

"Well, I guess I caught it with that ole sunfish," panted Johnny breathlessly. But the other boy looked at him.

"Oh, no you didn't, neither!" he objected. "I did. See my line? I pulled him out, didn't I? What difference does it make who hooked him? It was my jerk pulled him out."

They argued for a few minutes. The taller boy cast his eyes about quickly, grabbed the lines, and began to run up the slope. Johnny stepped on the retreating poles, and his companion turned. Angrily he ran down again, pushed Johnny, and the small boy tripped over the fishing poles. He was so close to the edge that he fell into the little cove, hitting his head against the rocky edge of the quarry wall. In an instant the dark, silent water closed over him.

The other boy looked after him. His mouth opened, and his eyes shot wildly from side to side of the sepulchral hole. Only the echoing splash fell on his ears. Blindly he ran up the promontory and disappeared over its edge.

The pickerel lay deserted, still gasping. Beside it flopped a little sunfish. Somehow or other, the pickerel had caught its mouth on the hook, but the sunfish had escaped its attacker's jaws. No matter, they would both die soon.

* * *

In the summer of 1931, a stranger walked into the little town of Blakeslee. Tall and angular, he was just nearing his twenties. He entered the store on the northwest corner of the only crossroad in the village.

A thin young man was talking to the storekeeper, but when the stranger entered, he abandoned the conversation to scan the attire of the newcomer, which he noted immediately was none too eloquent of means. At any rate, the store customer gave ear to the stranger's question.

"Where can I find lodging?" asked the stranger.

"Why," said the thin young man, "come with me, and I'll get you something."

The two walked out into the sunshine, and the thin young man gave his hand to the stranger and said, "My name's Henry Price." The stranger looked at his guide swiftly, but said nothing, nor betrayed by his expression

that the name meant anything to him. But Henry Price regarded the stranger closely, so that he was obviously discomfited; for he could see that the thin young man was looking for something. Whether he had found it or not the stranger could not say. The two walked on in silence, till they came to a road that led past a stone quarry.

"A nasty pit in there," said Price. "Let me show it to you."

His companion glanced sharply at him, and followed him, saying nothing.

They moved up to the edge of the precipice, and the stranger's eyes moved swiftly from side to side, until they rested on the deathlike immovableness of the water's surface.

"Do you like fishing?" he heard Henry Price say to him. "There are pickerel in here. And sunfish."

The stranger turned sharply, almost ferociously, to his companion. "I must get back to Philadelphia right away," he said, with evident agitation, and turned, walking swiftly back up the road the way the two had come.

Henry Price stared after him, a look of certainty and resolve on his face.

* * *

It was a rather hot day in late summer of the year 1934 when two men met on a clay road outside the town of Blakeslee. Both men, for some unaccountable reason, eyed each other. The one walking away from the town was almost furtive in the glance he cast toward the thin young man coming toward him. When they had come abreast, the taller of the two, who was large boned, spoke to the other, but without looking directly at him.

"Pardon me, sir," he said, "but can you tell me if this is the right road to a stone quarry somewhere around here?"

The thin young man looked at him, saying, "Why, yes, it is. I can show you there." Giving the stranger his hand, he added, "My name's Paul Price." Whether or not he watched for the effect this introduction would have on the other man, the stranger could not have said, because he did not look at him, only biting his lip sharply. The two walked down the road in silence, until they came to where there was a very large stone quarry. Edging up to the brink of the cliffs that surrounded the brackish, waveless water in the bottom, the thin young man spoke.

"I can never visit this place without a shudder," he said quietly. "My brother was drowned in here." The stranger did not look at the speaker, only at the forbidding pool that lay in the rough-hewn crater, throwing his eyes restlessly about, until they settled on a cove in the arm of a little promontory protruding into the center of the artificial lake. Paul Price went on. "He was drowned by another boy. We never knew how. The boy ran away from home before we found our John." Silence. "They had been fishing."

For the first time since their arrival at the pit the stranger looked at Paul Price. There was extreme turmoil raging in the depths of his eyes which, even when

he tried, he could not keep from shifting. More loudly than was necessary, perhaps, he cried, "Well, what of it? What do I care about your dead brother?" He left the spot immediately, almost running back toward the little village.

Paul Price followed him with a gaze that had something in it of a sense of accomplishment, admixed with a grimness not quite pleasant.

* * *

In 1935, during the month of June, a farmer in the township surrounding the little town of Blakeslee, had he been in the fields surrounding the stone quarry that is near that village, might have seen a tall, bony stranger walking up to the edge of the quarry. He might also, had he been in the vicinity, have noticed another man walking along the road beside the pit who, when he saw the first man, stopped, looked a short time, then walked over toward him. He might even have heard this second man, who was a thin young man, address the first.

"Looking for something?" he queried pleasantly. The stranger turned swiftly, exceedingly irritated, and his eyes moved with incredible speed all about him. He said nothing. The other extended his hand and said, "My name's Irving Price."

The stranger's expression might have reminded a close observer of the eyes of a caged or trapped animal. Whether it was anger or fear that shot out of them, it would have been difficult to tell.

"Some hole, this," said Irving Price, not showing any awareness of the evident mental perturbation of his acquaintance. "My brother's body was lifted out of it. Drowned. Pushed in by another boy. The two of them were fishing, and in an argument over a pickerel that one of them caught, John was pushed in by this other lad. How this other boy could run away and let his friend drown we could never figure out." Silence. "The other boy ran away. God, how he must be haunted by the memory, hounded by the apparition of poor little John, lying at the bottom of that puddle of hell because of a pickerel!"

An almost fiendish expression had crept over the features of Irving Price as he spoke, watching all the while as closely as a cat the expression on the face of the man to whom he spoke. The latter made a sudden movement. His eyes were glued on a little peninsula, jutting out into the quarry; they were staring, bulging, forcing their way out of their sockets. He turned as though to leap into the black, horrible depths, halted himself, and ran with all his strength on the road that led back to the little village.

Irving Price turned calmly and watched the disappearing runner, while into his eyes there came a fierce and burning glare.

* * *

In July, on the fourteenth of the month, 1935, a tall, raw-boned stranger walked with hurried steps around the edge of a stone quarry near the town of Blakeslee. His face was marked by tortuous creases, worn and hard; and out of his eyes, which were the roving eyes of an

animal, there gleamed a fear that seemed to drive him on against his will. Down the steep slope of a cape that jutted out into the water with which the quarry was filled he stumbled. Reaching the end of it, he hastened to the edge of the declivity, and with mouth working, he rolled his eyes wildly to and fro over the depths of the little cove in the bend of the cape. So intently did he search the bottom of the cove that he did not hear a stone rattle down the grassy incline.

A thin young man crept down the promontory, in his hand two bamboo poles, with the gray-brown lines hopelessly entangled. The thin young man was terrifying to see, even for the average person. But for the distraught stranger he was reason-annihilating. The thin young man crept up behind the stranger and, when he had reached him, he whispered in a croaking voice, "I am William Price, the oldest of the Price brothers . . . you

murdered the youngest." And he laughed, the while he dangled the enmeshed fish lines, on the ends of which hung two fish skeletons, a long narrow one and a short broad one.

William Price laughed until he began to cough, whereupon he was forced to expectorate, and he spit blood and coughed until he could barely breathe. He lay on the grass then, muttering when he could get his breath. "Henry died, and Paul died, and Irving died . . . but I have lived to see it." And he laughed again, rattling the two fish skeletons together before his eyes, as his mouth hung open and drooled.

* * *

Five days later, two small boys discovered the body of a tall, angular stranger lying in ten feet of water in a little cove of a stone quarry situated outside the town of Blakeslee. They had come to fish for pickerel.



Reminiscences of Summertime: A Collie And A Boy Race Through The Dawn

That Morning Eye-Opener

ALFRED GEMMELL

I T was a custom of mine when at home to start the day with a refreshing bath. Now, I didn't enjoy the narrow confines of a bath tub nor the slow drizzle of a shower, but rather preferred a chilly plunge in a nearby stream. I did most of my swimming in a swirling pool where the creek lay at right angles with a hill, and in its many years of turbulent uprisings and relentless force it had formed a deep sandy-bottomed basin, ideal for those who indulge in aquatic pastimes. This nook was familiarly called "the bend." It lay about three hundred quick strides from the house (as a sober New Jersey crow flies), and I considered it an appropriate distance for a race with our collie, who always accompanied me. Run as I might, he would easily pass me with his tireless pace and, in his dignified manner, would be awaiting me when I arrived at "the bend" very much out of breath.

That famous spot was something to behold on those beautiful summer mornings. The early sun, piercing the surrounding elms, would throw a pattern of mottled, dancing beams on the grassy banks and rippling water, which glittered like silvery darts; and in the quiet depths I could see schools of suckers facing upstream and scattering like frightened deer when I dropped a pebble in their midst.

From the rapids above the pool came a light foam which would swirl lightly around on the surface until, caught by the outward current, it would be swept away.

Like a darting shadow, a brook trout crossed my vision, to be lost in the rough water at the head of the pool. "Skippers" and "penny bugs" darted over groups of minnows in the shallows but fled when a swooping kingfisher threw his shadow on them. Such a scene as I have tried to describe here would easily make me forget the object of my visit; but the thought of breakfast would eventually make me remember my original intention.

* * *

Quickly undressing, I pose at the water's edge, peering into the rippling eddy. The sun is warm on my back as I dive into the deepest water. Oh, how that chill water numbs the muscles! How I fight to keep my blood moving! I swerve abruptly upward to avoid the bottom and then emerge at the surface. How the water does bite! Three quick strokes, and I'm ashore. I take a few brisk exercises, until the chill is gone, then again I'm in the water, swooping through it, diving, turning, grasping for elusive fish; and finally, when I'm thoroughly fatigued, I gain the bank. A brisk rubdown with a coarse towel, and I feel as fresh as the morning itself.

A quick dressing and a few calls for the collie, who is usually on the hillside chasing squirrels. Together we run lightly home; and this time, admitting his superiority, I make no attempt to compete with him. At the door he awaits me with a certain anticipating look. Why not? He knows what a breakfast we will get!

"It Might Have Been----"

(Continued from Page 7)

there—men who have tasted the sweet nectar of victory; men who have tasted the bitter dregs of defeat. They are interesting men—yet only three of these figures on Fate's checkerboard concern us. One is a New Englander, one a Mid-Westerner, one a Californian. But to get the full focus of the picture we must go back a few years to the Republican National Convention of 1920. The Presidential Nominee has been named. Behind closed doors plans are being made to choose the candidate for the Vice Presidency. Hurried phone calls are made. Messengers rush in and out of smoke-filled rooms. Laughing, sweating, cursing, drinking men are arguing. Delegates are waiting nervously for the call to order. The gavel drops. A speaker's words are lost in the wild frenzy that sweeps the floor as the candidate is named. The convention is over. Yet behind the scenes Fate is smiling a mischievous smile, because he has just laid the groundwork for one of his famous pranks the State Dinner sees its ironical climax. As these three men sip their coffee and light up their cigars, two of them glance at each other; then, turning to look at the sandy-haired,

rather sharp-featured man that sits at the head of the table, they smile bitterly. The object of their eyes is Calvin Coolidge; his job, President of the United States since August 2nd of the previous year. And these two men are gazing at him, wondering—wondering why, in 1920, they had disdainfully and mockingly refused the Vice President's nomination because they didn't like to play "second fiddle." Now the man who had accepted that "questionable" honor had succeeded to the Presidency of the United States, the absolute ultimate in the ambitions of the other two men in this picture, Frank Lowden of Illinois and Hiram Johnson of California. Never again would they have that chance. And I wondered, as the smoke from their cigars curled slowly upward, if white-haired Hiram Johnson didn't turn towards shrewd Frank Lowden; and if, as their eyes met, they didn't feel something flicker, and somehow or other a thought—a strikingly similar thought, passed silently between them. Could it be: "It might have been?"

* * *

"The mills of the gods grind slowly, but they grind exceeding fine," . . . and strange, . . . and puzzling,



Hawaii in June

(Continued from Page 10)

T . . . An exquisite Chinese restaurant and tea-garden
. . . A curb service hot dog stand!

* * * *

"It never rains in Hawaii. Remember, we have only liquid sunshine. A light mist, yes, but the sun is shining, and no one thinks of umbrellas. It's always damp, and any tropical plant will grow in the perfect temperature, which rarely varies beyond 75-80 degrees. Around Honolulu the sea is always within view, while low clouds make beautiful rainbows an everyday occurrence, and even lunar rainbows come at night to give a paler reproduction of the daytime splendor."

* * * *

"But what *is* a searchlight review?"

"It's an evening review of picked infantry. The review is lighted by the anti-aircraft lights of the coast artillery. This is the only place where the United States Army can hold a searchlight review, for Oahu is the only place where there are enough anti-aircraft lights in one place."

For once it is really pouring in Hawaii. Thin evening slippers soaked, I huddle beneath a tiny tree, while the water runs cheerfully down my bare back. But the rain makes tiny rainbows in all the searchlights, and the arms of the marching men gleam and flash. Off to the side, the full Hawaiian moon shines brightly on the drenched field. Then the great, top-heavy beams of the powerful

searchlights become colored and begin to sway slowly, waving into the darkness. At last they focus in a point straight overhead, and the reviewing field looks like a huge tent with ribs of light instead of wooden poles.

* * * *

A beach party at Fort Kamehameha. A dozen young people crowded on a blanket, singing, while two guitars sound plaintively in the night. Dark water, with a strange glow in the east, where Diamond Head rises against the stars. . . . At last, the rising moon! Moon over Diamond Head! . . . Chugging slowly back to Honolulu on the little train which moves the hidden big guns. . . . Crossing Pearl Harbor in the moonlight.

* * * *

Midnight sailing. Flowers and flowers and flowers. Oh, the leis! The band and the royal singers. The cables are cast ashore. The ship begins to move. Out over the water rings the song of welcome and farewell, "Aloha oe, aloha oe!"

"And remember, if you want to come back to Hawaii, be sure to throw a lei overboard as your ship passes Diamond Head. If the lei floats to shore, your wish is granted, but if the lei floats out to sea, you have left Paradise forever!"

* * * *

A plaintive song floats through the ship's lounge. A homesick little army boy is singing, and the whole ship hums to the sound of his guitar:

*"Hawaiian paradise, Hawaiian heaven,
Land of Make-believe come true."*

Scoop for the "Sun"

VALERIE H. GREEN

"HERE'S yer change." A quarter clattered on his tin tray, barely missing the thick china cup of coffee. Duncan McLeod turned and glanced across the smoke-blurred room. His seat at the accustomed table was vacant. He threaded his way between closely packed tables where newspaper men of every description and burly truck drivers inhaled their soup and wolfed down spaghetti with an eye on the clock.

"H'ya, Dunk?" Reds O'Conner, his friend, looked up from his newspaper as McLeod set his tray on the table and sat down. "The *News* still on the job?" he asked above the clattering noise of the restaurant.

"As much as your bright *Sun*," Duncan grinned. "Got a monopoly on the salt?" Reds slid a salt-shaker across the white table top.

"You sure got a good story on that accident yesterday. Beat us all to it. How come you got there so quick? Got wings?" Reds demanded.

"Just happened to be there. Nasty mess," Duncan replied absently, looking over the front page spread of the Rackham murder case.

"Oh yeah? Tell that to your grandmother." Reds attacked his food. After a minute he looked up. "And say, speaking of relatives, haven't you ever heard from that fool kid brother of yours? The one who took the run-out powder when you were puttin' him through college?"

"Why . . . why, no. That is, not since that letter three years ago from Seattle, when he sent me the money to pay back what I'd spent on him at college; but say, how do you think that Rackham case'll wind up?"

"Aw, that? Why, that fella Edson's so guilty that Harrington won't handle the defense. The girl has a fool-proof alibi. Wasn't within miles of the place. But there's going to be plenty of dirty linen washed when THAT case gets to court!"

Gray dusk had turned to black night when the two reporters left the restaurant and walked to McLeod's convertible coupe at the curb. As Duncan stopped to fish for his keys, a man wearing a heavy dark overcoat bumped into him. He turned to face him, and both stopped short with mutual recognition.

"My God!" breathed the stranger, "I"

"Terry!" Reds heard Dunk's hushed exclamation, "But how . . . why, I didn't know you"

"Can it!" The voice was harsh, hurried. "Dunk, get away from here. Pronto. I . . . I don't want you mixed up in this." The speaker glanced quickly, keenly around. "Pull out now. Hurry. So long."

"But what?" Dunk's hand grasped thin air as the other was lost in the crowd. He turned to Reds,

who stood with his mouth open and a look of bewilderment on his freckled Irish face, and motioned him into the car.

Dunk climbed in. The engine purred sweetly. To avoid the traffic congestion on Fourteenth Street caused by Christmas shoppers, they cut through the first narrow, dirty side alley. Suddenly, a few yards ahead, a man ran by in front of the headlights and disappeared in the shadows. Three streaks of red flashed simultaneously with three loud reports from the opposite sidewalk. McLeod jammed on the brakes. The car stopped with a jerk. He and O'Conner jumped out and ran several yards to the spot where the shooting had taken place.

They stopped at the corner of a warehouse building, where a blue-coated policeman stood, panting and breathless, with a smoking revolver. The figure of a man was sprawled almost at his feet.

"What happened? We're reporters," Reds began, "Who is it? Where'd he come from? What"

"Hey, not so fast, young fellow. Turn 'im over," directed the Irish cop, holstering his weapon and kneeling down. "There." The wounded man's face was turned up, and the beam of the cop's flashlight played over the features. Young. Bitter lines etched in the hollowed cheeks. Brackets of pain about the mouth. The Irishman nodded. "That's him, all right. 'Click' Joe Pasco. Escaped from the Colorado Big House and the chair." He looked closer. "Yeah. We've been followin' him for three days."

"What's he up for?" demanded Reds, getting primed for action.

"What's all the hurry? He's a cracksmen . . . murdered a teller in a bank robbery out west. Killed a sheriff." O'Conner scribbled rapidly in his notebook, then turned to his friend, who was kneeling on the pavement supporting the wounded man's shoulders. A splotch of red was appearing on the front of the man's shirt, and another lower down. He stirred slightly. Dunk was strangely white. They leaned closer as the wounded man whispered.

"So long, fella." Red bubbles were on his lips. "Never wanted you to know. But don't think too . . . much about me. I'm not . . . worth it."

The body became limp in McLeod's arms. The man was dead.

"Call the station," the policeman told Reds, who ran off instantly to the nearest phone box. The Irishman turned to the few people who had come, attracted by the shots, and yelled to them to clear out.

(Continued on Page 22)



TOL' JUDGE ROBBINS

THE JUDGE TAKES A TRIP — HE IS WITH CHUBBINS SEEING THE SIGHTS OF NEW YORK

OH, DADDY—WHERE SHALL WE START OUR SIGHT-SEEING?

WELL, 'SPOSE WE FOLLOW THE METHODS YOUR GRANDFATHER WOULD HAVE USED



HOW DO YOU MEAN—LIKE GRANDFATHER?

HE WAS A FRONTIERSMAN—WHEN HE WAS IN STRANGE TERRITORY HE WOULD CLIMB THE HIGHEST TREE AND RECONNOITER. SO WE'LL GO UP IN THE TALLEST BUILDING THE EMPIRE STATE, AND LOOK AROUND



EXCUSE ME, SIR—BUT I'M CURIOUS TO KNOW HOW YOU CAN SMOKE A PIPE IN THIS GALE

SURELY YOU KNOW THAT YOU CAN SMOKE PRINCE ALBERT ANYWHERE. IT STAYS PUT

YOU SEEM TO HAVE REACHED A NEW HEIGHT OF ENTHUSIASM FOR PRINCE ALBERT, DADDY

WELL, I SURE APPRECIATE BEING ABLE TO SMOKE AND ENJOY THIS VIEW AT THE SAME TIME

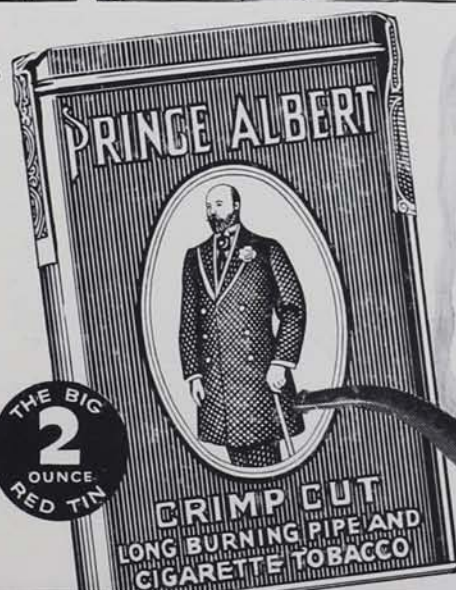


I'LL BET GRANDFATHER NEVER-IMAGINED A BUILDING LIKE THAT

NO—NOR A PIPE TOBACCO AS CHOICE AND MILD AS THIS MODERN SMOKE — P.A.



"THAT PRINCE ALBERT 'CRIMP CUT' CERTAINLY PACKS AND DRAWS TO PERFECTION"



TRY P.A. ON THIS MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE!

SMOKE 20 FRAGRANT PIPEFULS OF PRINCE ALBERT. IF YOU DON'T FIND IT THE MELLOWEST, TASTIEST PIPE TOBACCO YOU EVER SMOKED, RETURN THE POCKET TIN WITH THE REST OF THE TOBACCO IN IT TO US AT ANY TIME WITHIN A MONTH FROM THIS DATE, AND WE WILL REFUND FULL PURCHASE PRICE, PLUS POSTAGE.

(Signed) R. J. Reynolds Tob. Co., Winston-Salem, N. C.

ALSO TRY ROLLING YOUR OWN WITH P. A.

PRINCE ALBERT

THE NATIONAL JOY SMOKE

Scoop for the "Sun"

(Continued from Page 20)

Reds came back and wanted to go through the dead man's clothes for possible identification other than that given by the policeman, but was arrested by Dunk's low, tense, "Don't do that."

"Oh, no you don't," seconded the cop, "Not till the wagon's here and he gets to the 'ice box'." They waited. The patrol wagon loomed up in the darkness. More blue-coated figures poured from its black recess, with flashlights. The body was slipped into it; the Irish cop, after taking down the names of the reporters, climbed in; and the wagon clanged away.

Five minutes later Reds was wildly ringing the *Sun* city desk. Dunk watched him dully, almost stupidly. When Reds had finished he said thickly: "Send it to the *News* too, will you?"

"What? Are you . . ." Reds stared. "Oh, why . . . uh . . . sure." He went back to the phone.

Later the two reporters drove uptown to the house where Reds had a room. "C'mon up, Dunk," O'Conner grinned, "After that escapade we need one drink, two drinks, three drinks. Aw, the heck no . . . a bottle." He waved his arms, then wiped his hands on an imaginary apron, like a bartender.

"No, thanks," McLeod said.

"Huh? Why not? I never knew you to refuse a drink yet. What's the matter? Squeamish because some murderer got a stomach full o' lead? And if it is . . . and I know it's not . . . what's it to you?"

"Why, he's my . . . kid brother."

The Dead Do Not Die Once

MABEL DITTER

*The dead do not die once, but many times,
Long after they are dead. They die
Each time we look to a dark corner,
First murmuring a name, then cry
That there is only darkness there. They die
Each time a footstep echoes in
The well-remembered way—when it is but
The creaking of the stair. They've been
With us at dinner as the light grew dim,
Until we turned to pass the peas,
Or bread. They die again each time we do
A thing and think, "For this will please
Them,"—and they are not there! Again with ease
They come each time we see a book
Well-loved, a favorite flower, or a scene
We shared, or when we catch a look
Upon the young child's face that we mistook,
—And so throughout the years a sigh—
The dead do not die once, but many times.
Long after they are dead they die.*

A Son Passes

(Continued from Page 14)

and had regained poise. Joan's tear-filled voice roused her.

She began once more. "Oh, Jerry, dear, let me take your hand. You know I haven't held it since it has become so large and brown. You didn't wear this ring then, either. I'll just slip it off, so it feels like old times. There we are. Do you remember the night you had that bad dream, and I came and held your hand? Remember? Do you? Do you, Jerry? My God! Speak to me! Jerry! Jerry! . . . No, no, he can't be dead. Jerry, you haven't told me whether or not that fool was drunk. Jerry, speak to me. Tell me where it happened. Why does all this come to me? Why should Jerry be taken from me? God, how are we going to see things through! Jerry, you shouldn't have done this to me. Why did you ever go out with that . . . that woman? It's all her fault, Jerry. She has killed you! She's the murderer!"

Meanwhile Joan's hands were folded on her lap, and silent tears wended their way unhampered down her smooth cheeks. Her lips moved in prayer, and Bertha heard her whisper: "In the name of the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost."

Bertha kept her eyes fixed on the girl and despised her for that serene faith.

"William, stop staring. Do something! Can't you see he's dead? Poor, dear, Jerry, he's always been such a helpful boy. . . . Well, get my coat. We can't spend all night here. John must be told. You'll have to see about a cemetery lot — I don't know how we'll ever manage," Bertha went on in her sing-song chant.

William blindly followed Bertha from the room, and as Joan lingered behind, Bertha looked down at the ring which Joan had once given Jerry. She smiled slightly with her beady eyes as she dropped the topaz into her purse.

Give Us Time

E. M. HUBER

*Give us time in pleasure
To behold the evening star;
Give us time to gather
Roses where they are.*

*Give us time to weather
Rocks that bar the way;
Give us time to treasure
Moments of today.*

On Being a Twin

(Continued from Page 11)

The time came when Bill and I went to the public school. It was then that the real fun began. We took a beating, but we had our little jokes, too. It was such a thrill to change seats with one's brother and fool the teachers. Other kids envied us, because they were never able to play tricks on the teachers in this way. If the teacher called on me, and I did not know the answer, and my brother did, he would rise and recite for me, and the teacher was none the wiser. We were never caught, but this must have been only the greatest bit of luck.

Everyone likes to be called by his right name, and resents being mixed up with someone else. Twins rarely enjoy the great privilege of being called by their own name. If one of them is addressed by some stranger who does not know the difference between the two, there is some excuse, but people become careless. Most people I have known have never stopped to tell us apart, and after nineteen or less years of acquaintance still call us by the wrong name. Bill is a nice name, a very pretty name, but it is not my name, and I hate to be called by it. My name is Bob, and although it is not a better name than Bill, it is my name, and I'd rather be called Bob. Bill and I are no longer alike, either in appearance or personality. If people who have known us for a long time can't tell us apart, either they are stupid or they are lazy. I prefer to call them lazy, because they could tell us apart if they would. Of course, people at times give up in weakness and just call us Yoh. I admire them despite their weakness, for at least they can make no mistake in saying that. I even prefer "Hey there" and "Hello, what-cha-ma-call-it" to "Bill."

Why people should expect twins to be exactly alike in temperament is beyond me. Many brothers and sisters are just as unlike as they can be. Why not twins? Just because green is my favorite color, does that mean that green should be my brother's favorite color too? Quite the contrary. Many people are shocked to learn, after they have seen something of us, that we are just as different as we can be. My brother is full of fun and is clever; I am more serious. If he wants to go to a baseball game, I am sure to prefer a movie. Life is like that.

This above all else is the pet irritation of any set of twins: they are ever the target of smart remarks. So many people think they are original when they say, "Am I seeing double?" Poor souls, they seem very self-satisfied and chuckle to themselves, yet they are anything but clever. We've both heard this or some similar remark a thousand times if we've heard it once. We may be freaks of nature, but we can't help it; and after all, there have been twins before. We are a pair of commonplaces in comparison to the quintuplets. People, that is, stupid people, can ask the silliest questions. They come up to us and ask how people know us apart and how we know we are ourselves? How, indeed! Let me tell you that I

know that I am I as well as you know that you are you. You don't mix yourself up with someone else; and I am sure that I do not mix myself up with my brother unless I do it purposely to fool someone. Is this at all surprising? And yet many people are surprised to find that we know each other apart. Woe is me. . . .

Because my brother was really the first one to have been born, I make this statement. It would apply just as well to me if I had been the one who came first into the world. My brother was a very conceited person. He thought himself so good that he might just as well be two persons. He made a mistake—or else I did—for he might have been bright and very clever had he been just one person; but this way, all is divided between two. No wonder I am so thin; I must share my weight with someone else, and my looks too. If both our looks were to be bestowed upon one person, either that person would be very handsome, or else a monstrosity. Probably the latter, so there is one consolation in being twins. Do not mistake my meaning.

All this is not so bad as I seem to make it. People often ask if we ever think about being twins. The true answer is that we do not, unless the fact is called to our attention. The only trouble is that at times the fact is called too often to our attention. When we travel together (and we now have learned that it is a rather risky business to travel too much together) we are forever open to discussion. People, not unkindly, and really unthinkingly, at times stare at us as they would at an animal in a cage. Just try to put yourself in a twin's place. You might think it is fun, and perhaps it would be for a time; but it grows tiresome, just like anything else, and then it becomes annoying.

I am proud to be a twin, for not everyone can be, fortunately. A twin brother or sister, it seems to me, must of necessity be closer to one, and mean more to one, than any other brother or sister would. Bill and I may often not agree, but we do have our good times, and we can spring surprises. I feel it my duty to warn you. You may have wished, as some have said to me, at one time or another to be a twin, but you are fortunate that you were not born one.

In view of all that has been said, my advice is, don't ever be a twin. And if you are, don't ever marry the quintuplets, for common mathematics will tell you that two times five is ten, and that would be very bad. Very bad.

The Futility of Dying

(Continued from Page 4)

Lord, but it was getting warm—and "sticky," too. I was perspiring all over. I tried to move, but to no avail. A giddy sickness permeated my whole being. I tried again to roll over—and succeeded only partially. Was this music that I heard? No! Voices! . . . Listen!

"Nurse, wheel the patient to his room. The ether's beginning to wear off."

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