

# EL PALENQUE

**February**

**1932**



## **An Aztec Publication**

*Palenque, the Athens of the ancient Mayans, encompassed the culture of a great race within its four walls. EL PALENQUE, the magazine, endeavors to assemble within its two covers a representation of the literary and artistic culture of San Diego State College. What measure of success has been achieved will be computed by each reader.*



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# El Palenque

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# As Seen From This Issue

**D**URING the first half of the present school year, there was a definite increase in the interest shown in EL PALENQUE, both by students and outsiders. Although established but five short years, our literary magazine seems to have made a name for itself among the worth-while activities on this campus. The editorial offices of the magazine have received numberless applications from those wishing to associate themselves with one or more of the different branches of publication, and though it was sometimes necessary to decline these offers of service, due to lack of staff vacancies, nevertheless such evidence of the growing interest at San Diego State College in creative writing could not be but happily received.

In this third issue we are presenting four new contributors whose work has never before been featured in an Aztec publication. Mrs. Gertrude S. Bell, head of the psychology department, has brought forth some interesting lights concerning student problems, the material for which has been gleaned exclusively from research conducted in her own classes. Richard H. Lough, well-known in campus circles for his excellent editorials in "The Aztec," has given us an effective little character study with a World War background. "Mr. Tolliver," a product of a class in English composition, was unanimously accepted by the Editorial Board at first reading, and doubtless would have been illustrated, but for the fact that a limited budget for cuts was completely spent in other channels. (Witness our new cover—the work of Dorothy Shively!)

Alice B. Meinke, who made her home in the Philippines some time ago, assures the Editor that the characters contained in "Macaria's Marriage" are drawn from life, and the deft, realistic touch throughout the story will, we are sure, confirm her words. Catherine E. Cosner, our fourth new contributor, is a major in English, and her delightful little poem, as well as "The Song of Life," serve as ample credentials to the reading audience of EL PALENQUE. So much for our new contributors.

And now, as a new semester opens with fresh promise of good things to come, we bid farewell to EL PALENQUE and to those who have been associated with us in putting the magazine before the students of San Diego State College. It has been our inestimable joy and honor to fill the position of Editor for the first three issues of this term, and a regrettable reality that withdrawal from college necessitates a resignation from the Publication Staff. But whatever individual occupies the editorship, EL PALENQUE will always stand for student writing par excellence—a mirror of the changing minds and moods of those who enter the portals of this institution, a literary yardstick for those who contribute to sincere creative writing.

As we go to press, word comes from the Student Council that Richard Hayward Lough has been elected Editor of EL PALENQUE for its fourth and last issue. With considerable honor, the retiring Editor commends the magazine's future into Mr. Lough's capable hands.

MARY FABYAN WINDEATT,  
Editor.





## Problems of College Students

By GERTRUDE S. BELL



GROUP of students, mostly juniors and seniors, was asked to hand in unsigned enumerations of personal problems which it considered most prevalent and serious in the lives of students in this college. It was asked to list five in the order of their seriousness. Fifty students replied. Their replies, whether true indexes of the entire student body or not, give us some interesting and stimulating material.

One writer is quite convinced that most college students of this generation are quite free from problems. To quote:

"I do not feel that the majority of the students at this institution have any vital or even serious problems. From long and intimate acquaintance with a great many of them I think that as a whole they are singularly free from conflicts. . . . As to problems which might arise due to intellectual or spiritual conflicts, these also seem conspicuous by their absence. I doubt very much if the average sorority or fraternity member lies awake nights torn by emotional struggles induced by trying to reconcile the relativity concept or some other scientific theory with the doctrine of Transubstantiation, Consubstantiation, or what-have-you. . . . To sum the matter up in a few words, I think that the average student here, as at other colleges, is entirely too callow (and I do *not* mean callous) to have any genuine problems. It is a case of 'How happy is the moron!'"

This reply is unique among the fifty received. While it may be true that for many of our students life is smooth, uneventful and untroubled by doubts, struggles or questions, the remainder undoubtedly have serious problems with which they feel helpless. Probably the writer quoted above feels that no problem is worthy that does not involve lying awake nights and agonizing over such profound questions as the whence and whither of man, the doctrine of relativity or the freedom of will. It may be that very near and personal difficulties cause great suffering and produce unhappy, maladjusted persons even more surely than such profound questions which one can project for himself so objectively that they are not personal problems in



any sense.

So large a proportion of these students enumerated problems directly connected with adjustment to college life that it may be worth while to look at them. Sixty-four items, (several listed two or more college adjustment problems), were distributed as follows:

- 9 How to budget time, to make the best use of time.
- 7 How to study effectively.
- 7. Scholarship, grades, fear of failure.
- 5 Need for closer contact with professors.
- 4 Cheating.
- 3 Too many required courses, often seem to have no value.
- 3 Too many elementary courses.
- 3 No quiet place to study. Library noisy.
- 8 How to avoid attaching so much importance to grades when professors disregard all other measures of progress.
- 2 What is the use of it all? Need for goal or purpose to motivate college education.
- 2 Assignments too long. Too many outside papers.
- 2 Continuing "sold" or chosen course.
- 2 Competitive grading of examinations. Fear of grade curve.

Others, each given but once, include such statements as: inability to evaluate subject-matter, an educational system which discourages individuality rather than inspires initiative, difficult to get the point of view of the faculty, difficult to get books from library, (especially for those who work), college unrelated to life outside, desire to read related outside material but failure to do so because no credit is given, question whether I am the sort of person who should be in college, too little practical work in college, and so on and on.

The next general problem is that of financial stress. Forty-four items are indicative, but that twenty-two gave first place to this type is probably to be expected at such a time as the present.

- 6 specifically pointed out that having to do outside work interfered with college success.
- 3 stressed the humiliation and social lacks due to inability to buy clothes.
- 3 pointed out the fact that financial lacks make it necessary to postpone marriage until through college and established, and that serious problems arise from this fact.

All the others place lack of sufficient money as one of the most serious causes of worry and unhappiness.

Thirty-three items of social problems, exclusive of sex and love problems, seem to show that a considerable number of college students find the problems of being popular, making a sorority or fraternity, no social life for those not in such organizations, maintaining balance between school success and social activities, desire to be like others, and other problems of the same type, very serious.

Ten, only, indicated that love affairs, adjustment to the opposite



sex, "man hunting," fear of being an old maid, and the like, are causes of disturbance.

Eight think that the home adjustment problems are serious. Discord in the home and lack of encouragement by parents were mentioned.

Nine think that many of our students are anxious about their vocational success after college. They have not been able as yet to choose a vocation, or are doubting the wisdom of their choice, or fear failure after college.

Nine mention "complexes," and of these, four definitely signify the inferiority complex as causing much unhappiness.

Only one thinks that conflicting standards, in home, church, and school, cause inner struggle.

One thinks that in college the student who has been brought up in a religious home has difficulty in reconciling science and religion.

One thinks the lack of leisure time is a very serious problem.

And so they go.

The *value* of problems should not be overlooked. Thinking never occurs except as provoked by a problem. Consciousness of a difficulty, a lack, a conflict, challenges us to think out a successful solution. These problems are not undesirable in themselves. It is only that many persons are weak or cowardly in the presence of difficulties, and are depressed, or are driven to unwholesome compensations in their attempt to evade rather than to solve their problems.

All successful, worth-while persons have had obstacles, difficulties, handicaps, but they have accepted them as a challenge and have gained strength and happiness because of the way in which they have met them. One wonders whether many of these so-called "problems" which very obviously place the difficulty outside the self, on courses of study, faculty, other members of the family, etc., are not "mechanisms" of defense; whether an honest analysis of the disturbance might not prove the real difficulty to be within the student himself. May not the uninteresting, elementary course offer opportunities for growth and development unrealized because of the lack of effort and initiative of students who should be mature enough to *prove* their superiority by taking the cue given by such courses and doing constructive, original work? The library is filled with the finest supplementary and correlative material. Must it be specifically required and checked upon and credit be given for such reading before this student who feels the inadequacy of elementary courses turns to it for food? May it not be true that the criticisms of social life are but the attempt to justify one's own lack of effort to contribute to and make the social life of State College worthy and fine? Whose fault is it that there are so few opportunities for the student not in a sorority or fraternity to have the much-needed social contacts? These are in the majority. Why carp at conditions? Why not change them?

The lack of social contacts with the faculty is, after all, largely a student problem. Organizations inviting the faculty to meet them



socially have usually found them quite approachable and human. If such invitations are not perfunctory duties gone through with grim fortitude, but are a response to a sincere desire to know and be known by the faculty, they certainly accomplish their end. If an inventory were made of the opportunities provided by faculty members for social contacts with students, and another of similar efforts on the part of students to meet and know the faculty, it may be that the situation would appear in its true light. The unapproachable professor is the rare exception. Why condemn all because of the few?

Conditions in the library and study halls are made what they are by students. If college students are really so mature and so superior as they like to think themselves, what excuse can they offer for asking or requiring a form of policing necessary in the junior high because of the immaturity of the children? A college library should furnish evidence of the serious purpose and self-control of grown-ups recognizing their obligations to others, desiring conditions favorable to intensive, serious study. The ones who contribute most to the confusion are loudest in criticism—it is their excuse for poor work. On

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# Let Us Love Well

By RACHEL HARRIS CAMPBELL

*Let us love well! There are full many things  
To bid us cease from love, and mock his ways.  
Change is a law that even love obeys,  
Forgetting his own dear rememberings.  
It may be, one day, that the mystic rings  
Of your bright hair will hold no lure for me,  
That my low murmur in your ear shall be  
Less than the song a vagrant sparrow sings.  
There will come days to crowd these hours, and they  
Will in their turn be years, and years have power  
To touch with blasting fingers youth's white flower  
And dry the very tears of love away.  
Ay, there is Death, that fondest hearts doth sever . . .  
Press lip to lip! We may not love forever.*



# Mr. Tolliver

## A SHORT STORY

By RICHARD HAYWARD LOUGH



R. TOLLIVER sat on the edge of his bed and slowly drew on his right shoe. Mr. Tolliver always put on his right shoe first. It seemed the correct thing to do, somehow, and the correct thing to do was at once Mr. Tolliver's motto and creed.

He looked at his watch lying on the dresser top. It was propped up by his collar box, just as it had always been since that morning ten years ago when he had selected it at Bottham's, where the clerk had pointed out that it was a timepiece built for the ages and contained warranted British workmanship throughout. This last statement had been particularly appealing to Mr. Tolliver.

The hands pointed to six thirty-five, and Mr. Tolliver reflected that he was just seven minutes early that morning. This at least would please dear Alice, because dear Alice never, never wanted him to be late at the office. Not that there was the least likelihood of Mr. Tolliver ever being even a few seconds late, but dear Alice liked to believe that if it weren't for her constant pushing and shoving he should never arrive at Tate & Arkwright's at all. So Mr. Tolliver let her go right on believing it; it was much easier that way and, indeed, Mr. Tolliver half believed it himself.

When he thought of Tate & Arkwright's, Mr. Tolliver winced. He didn't cringe because of the things that Mr. Tate had said to him last Saturday night, but only because he could imagine what dear Alice would say. Indeed, it was disturbingly easy to imagine just what dear Alice could say in such a situation.

It had all started years ago when Mr. Tolliver, Alfred then, had gotten that envelope with the big government seal on it. He had stood in his father's stationery store that late afternoon wondering whether the Germans had broken through the Belgian fortifications at Liege, as the morning *Times* had predicted they would, when the postman had given him the envelope and said that he, too, expected to be called soon. Alfred's father, from the office in the rear of the shop, had roared out what in thunderation was all the palaver about anyway, but all the roaring and thundering old Mr. Tolliver had done hadn't in the least deterred Alfred's King and country from sending him to Paris three months later with the Third Division of the Royal British Expeditionary Force, after a hurried and decidedly sketchy training period at Wimbledon.

Alfred had thought that Paris had been frightfully emotional the evening that the Third had detrained. But it was a feeling born of relief that the Huns were in retreat after their first stand on the western banks of the Marne. Marshal Joffre had been the toast of



the hour, and the street gamins had run between Private Alfred Tolliver's legs, shouting "Pappa Joffre, Papa Joffre", while the mercurial *Le Temps* had stated editorially that the British Tommies had better pack their bags, since but a few months could elapse before the tri-color of La Belle France would be floating over her every border.

Cooler Gaelic minds had not been so certain that the fresh English divisions wouldn't be needed to force the German troops further Rhineward, and Sir Douglas Haig had ordered the Third to the retiring village of Monserrat in the Flanders sector. Alfred had a lively recollection of that march to Monserrat; part march and part ride on the French troop trains that seemed continually surprised to find that they could go at all. Indeed, everyone had been astonished, and more especially the engineer, who had worn a Poilu's peaked cap and denim jumpers and had only the vaguest notion of the mechanism of the Lilliput's insides. But the Third had gotten there. They had fallen into mudholes and climbed out again; they had marched and sung their way through towns that seemed never to have been informed that there was a war in progress; and they had tramped through cities that had already been desolated.

One morning the Third had come across a field kitchen of the Salvation Army. The frying crullers had tickled Alfred's nose and the noses of the Seventeenth Regiment. Lieutenant Aldington had ordered them to form a line, but the tantalizing smell had been altogether too much and there had been a general rush and a pan of crullers had been upset on the black soil of France. Alfred had been almost in front of the pan when it had capsized, and he had knelt and methodically picked up each pastry, dusting it off and replacing it carefully on the tin sheet. Some of the crullers hadn't been damaged at all, really, and were quite worth saving. Alfred faintly believed that he was performing some chivalric act, but it hadn't turned out that way at all; quite the reverse. When he had politely presented the reclaimed trayload to one of the lassies, her companion, a silly-looking girl, had giggled, and that had set the men off shouting and laughing at him as he stood holding his trench helmet in one hand and the tray in the other. Even the Lieutenant had smiled. In his confusion Alfred had dropped the tray quickly back on the counter, spilling some of the crullers again. This had set the big girl laughing. There was something queer about that laugh. She seemed to be laughing as if she wanted to draw his attention.

Alfred had seen her type on the west side of the Embankment and had not particularly admired it, but the girl had caught Sergeant Fischer's eyes and he had laughed boisterously back at her, and said something in French, at least Alfred believed it to be French, although it didn't sound precisely like the language spoken by Professor Herbault back in England. Lieutenant Aldington had advised the Sergeant to shut up and had emphasized his advice with a kick. Aldington would have to be more careful or he'd find a knife in his back one



of these days, Fischer had thought.

Then there had been the time in the spring of 1913 when the squad and Lieutenant Aldington had been cut off from the Seventeenth at Mons and had slipped into the front room of a side street house to take cover from spurting shells. Alfred had liked that room. He couldn't tell why, but he instinctively thought of the parlor of his own home in distant Upper Tooting, England. The house in which the squad had found refuge was evidently owned by a bourgeois tradesman of Mons and had the usual clutter of bric-a-brac that marks the middle-class homes of all nationalities.

Some force greater than the dread of ridicule had made Private Tolliver want to tidy up that room. The furnishings bore the marks of a terrified evacuation and a more recent, and quite wanton, search for plunder. Chairs and tables had been smashed, pictures torn off the walls, and Alfred had mentally characterized the disorder as a "bloody mess." He had painstakingly set to work restoring things to their proper places and positions, when Sergeant Fischer had grabbed a framed painting out of his hand and dashed it on the floor. He had shouted at Alfred that he'd be damned if he'd let a sniveling nursemaid clean up a filthy Hun's mess. Aldington's temper had been strained, too, and he had strode over to Fischer and given him a stinging jolt to the chin. Fischer had fallen on the floor in an untidy heap, and some of the rougher of the enlisted men had whispered among themselves and looked darkly at their Lieutenant, but Aldington hadn't paid the slightest attention, only ordered Tolliver, curtly, to finish. Alfred had been so stunned he hadn't moved until he felt the swift impact of Aldington's sword on his back and heard the repeated command.

Under Alfred's painstaking ministrations the room had barely gained a semblance of its previous character when Aldington noticed a decrease in the shelling and ordered the squad to advance. They had gone but a few roads up the Rue St. Denis when Alfred, turning to look back at the room, had seen a stray *miniwerfer* score a dead ringer and *his* room and the entire house ascend in a column of dirt and debris. But somehow he had felt rewarded. If his room had to be blown up, it had at least been lifted skyward in some semblance of order, and order was balm to Private Tolliver's soul.

Two years later at Ypres, with some Canadian nationals, a very much wearier Private Tolliver had gone over the top with a scouting detachment under the command of Fischer, Lieutenant Fischer now, and he had gotten a bit ahead of his party. Private Alfred Tolliver still wore the comic expression of bewilderment that had provoked so much hilarity at his expense earlier in the war, but now that expression was partly supplanted by a somewhat dogged look, as if Private Tolliver had determined to see it through, even if he couldn't understand why the war was so unnecessarily brutal and so coarse and so overwhelmingly untidy. He was puzzling it over again in his mind when he had blundered through a brush camouflage into a German

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# Macaria's Marriage

By ALICE B. MEINKE

## I

**L**IVING in an environment where her interest in the human world was quickened by contact with people of types new to her, Madeline Greer found amusement in the repartee of the mango-vendor, and the *panuella* merchant, joy in sending gifts to the houseboy's latest *pickaunie*, and mental food in the wisdom of the *Presidente's* brown wife. Days passed when her greatest thrill was a glimpse of old Bonifacio, asleep before his fire, naked as to muscular brown torso and stringy legs, his cap tipped forward almost into the beans simmering on the stove, and his shamefaced grin when she hailed him:

"Aha, Bonifacio, you played Monte last night!"

When her baby's need of a nurse made an addition to the servant family expedient, Mrs. Greer was glad to have a feminine house companion. She besought Augustina, the Bible woman, to find her a good and intelligent girl.

"I know a girl, ma'am," said Augustina, her round, sweet face earnest with a desire to help. "Her name is Macaria. I will bring her to your house."

That very day she brought her.

"This is the girl, ma'am," she said gently, standing aside to show the little creature who had followed her up the steps, huddling so close as to be almost hidden by her figure.

Left to stand alone, the girl shrank and cowered toward the floor, her knees bent and shoulders bowed so that her arms, suspended with hands clasped before her, seemed unnaturally long. She was little and bony and very black, for an Ilocano. Barefooted, when *shenalties* were so cheap, dressed in faded skirt and *camisa*—her hair (coarse and stringy) in a hard, heavy knot on her neck—but with fine eyes, alive and active. One with eyes like that should be able to learn.

"How old is she?"

"Twenty, ma'am." (She looked thirty-five.) "She has been working in the fields, ma'am. That is why she is so black."

"Did she have to do that?"

"Her mother needs money. She taught Macaria to weave, but she is clumsy. Therefore she sent her to the field. . . . No, she cannot speak English. You will teach her, ma'am."

If she could have decided as she liked, Mrs. Greer might not have taken the girl, but she was so pathetic, and Augustina was so evidently eager to rescue her from the field, that she told her she might come.

"Tell her, Augustina, that she must be always very clean and that she must do everything exactly as I tell her."

"Yes, ma'am. I have told her. Shall she come tomorrow, ma'am?"



"Yes, and very early."

Macaria proved to be clumsy indeed. A day and a half of instruction netted spills, mistakes, or a total lack of comprehension on the girl's part, besides exasperation and despair on the part of her mistress. About noon of the second day, Mrs. Greer sat down to think it over. After a few minutes' thought she called old Bonifacio, the cook and head of the servants.

"Tell her to go home now," she said. "Tomorrow we shall begin again."

The maid answered the cook with a storm of vigorous dialect.

"She will stop, ma'am," said Bonifacio. "She say she cannot learn. There is much to do that she has never done before."

"Never mind," said the mistress, reflecting that if the girl saw her failure there was hope. "Tell her to come tomorrow."

On the morrow Mrs. Greer tried a new method of teaching. For days she went slowly and painstakingly through the routine of duties which she would ultimately expect of the girl. Stoically Macaria watched, following her mistress silently about the house. Then one day she said, in a stiff, jerky tone, "I, ma'am, I—I do it," and held out her hands for the garments her mistress carried. Gradually the positions changed, until Macaria was performing her duties neatly and carefully, her mistress keeping an observing and gratified eye upon her. As her skill increased, she took pride in her work. Her bright eyes would gleam when she was praised for a bit of smooth ironing or a well-made bed.

She improved in other ways, too. Sufficient food showed its effect in rounded cheeks and softer lines. The stringy hair responded to frequent washings with soap bark by developing a wave, relic of a stray Spanish ancestor. Her skin lost its hard blackness and became soft and smooth and brown.

She began to hold her own in the kitchen. There was disagreement between Macaria and old Bonifacio, the cook, as to when the servants' evening meal should be served. Macaria wanted hers when her work was done, so that she might go home, but old Bonifacio liked to putter around the kitchen for hours after the family meal and only sit down to eat a bit before his bedtime. If Macaria ate early she missed the succulent morsels which Bonifacio always produced at the last minute. One night, when she had been forced to go home after a supper of rice and salt because the rest of the meal was not ready, the cook rushed into the *sala* sputtering with rage and pain.

"That Macaria," he said, "she has put pepper in the boy's rice!"

His mistress had her suspicions. "Is there more rice?" she asked calmly. After that, although Bonifacio took to referring to her rather grumpily as "that Macaria," the girl got better and prompter meals.

Thus both in body and spirit Macaria became more natural, but in dress she was still meager and shabby, with the same faded skirt and mended *camisas*. Payday brought no change—gifts went home



and never returned—even a discarded dress of her mistress was never worn by Macaria. After the second payday, with no improvement in Macaria's dress, the mistress sent for Augustina.

"Tell her," she said, "that she must have three plain white American dresses. I do not want her to wear long skirts at her work here."

"Very well," said Augustina, "I will get them for her. I can make."

"Why can't she buy the material? She has been paid."

(A brief aside in dialect between the two.)

"Macaria says she has no money. Her mother needed it."

"H—m. Well, I will give you money for material if you will make them."

That evening Mrs. Greer appealed to her husband. He knew the natives as she never hoped to. He would know what to do.

"Tell Augustina," he directed Bonifacio, "to bring Macaria's mother to this house. I want to talk to her."

In due time the mother came, a comfortable looking old lady, neither badly dressed nor starved in appearance. She even wore a lacy *panuella* over her full skirt, and a silk handkerchief around her neck. Augustina was with her to act as interpreter, and Macaria looked in curiously now and then, listening as much as she dared.

The master looked very stern.

"Ask her," said he to Augustina, "how it happens that Macaria has had two months' pay and has bought herself no new dress. Why has the girl no money?"

"She says she has many expenses, sir. She has needed the money."

"For what has she needed it?"

"Well, her nephews live with her and go to the high school. They must be fed."

"Does she need to feed those lazy nephews? Why can't they pay board?"

"That would be shameful. One does not demand payment from one's *parientes*. Besides, one must help the young so that when we are old they will help us."

"Has she other children?"

"Yes, sir. There is a girl in Batangas and two boys in Manila."

"Do the sons send her money?"

"They say they cannot afford, sir."

"And the daughter?"

"She is saving for her wedding things."

"Is she engaged?" "No, but she is pretty. She will marry."

"Perhaps Macaria will marry. She will need wedding things."

"Oh, no. No one will marry Macaria. She is too plain. She will help her mother."

Throughout the conversation the old woman delivered her replies with energy, Augustina translating them as briefly as possible. Her whole air of conscious rectitude, as well as her unconscious cruelty to her daughter, stirred both of the Americans to wrath.

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# 'Twas the Night Before Christmas

By RUTH MCGUIRE

New York City.

Redoubtable Dorcas:

It is already two-thirty in the morning. I sit ensconced in my easy chair, before the gaily crackling fire, and think of you. How I wish we could be together. I miss you dreadfully, for I need to be taken care of, but I shall content myself with writing you the events of the evening. We are having a typical Eastern Christmas. It began snowing about four in the afternoon and is keeping it up, with the evident intention of blanketing us for the season. I am so glad to be here. I recall your love for inclement weather, and know you would revel in the atmosphere of this early winter morning.

The gale without is hurling sleet upon my window pane as if fiendishly jealous of my cozy calm. But I, ah! I am gloriously oblivious to the tempest; my heart sings and my soul escapes to race with the storm; it leaps from crag to pinnacle, it soars above the tumult, it laughs in victorious derision, then contentedly returns to thrill me with tales of its journey. A fitting conclusion, this, to the happiest evening of my life.

At last I have realized my ambition. The show was a success! We played to an enthusiastic first night. The audience was most generous with its applause, and even the critics so far forgot themselves as to come back stage afterward and extend their congratulations. Thank you for your telegram. It was so thoughtful of you, dear: you never were one to forget, were you? Little Bernstein was beside himself with excitement. He is assured of a good season: he almost gave me a raise, but caught himself just in time. There is no telling how long this will run. I hope you can arrange to come on here, and be with me for a while. If you can, we will take a studio where you can work to your heart's content. My success is not so sweet with just myself. I would be so much happier with some friend. Not that everybody is not kind, indeed no: they are most considerate. The fact is, they are too considerate. They stick me on a "high chair" and then ignore me, except for their deferential remarks. How I wish they would make me one of them. Always it is, "Yes, Miss Booth," and, "No, Miss Booth," when the thing I long to hear is, "Hello, Marge . . . how's tricks?" It makes me remember with a bit of longing my trouser days. All the ushers at the House are University students. Do you recall the things we did to get



through school? If they knew I had been a soda jerker, hash slinger, and what-not, I'll wager they would greet me as a human, and not as some strange animal. Going about and snubbing folks is no indication of dignity or admiration. However, I've only been here a few weeks, and perhaps when I'm better acquainted I shall not be so lonely.

After all the excitement was over, I dismissed Charles some blocks from the hotel and tramped the rest of the way home. At one corner a shivering waif was hoarsely calling his last paper. He was willing to talk with me, and when I asked him where he lived, he replied that in the morning his packing box apartment had been confiscated for fire wood by a grocery store man. He grinned at me through the snow flakes and assured me that he would put up somewhere, all right. Our conversation ran like this: "Well, before you go 'house hunting' at this hour, would you have time for a bite with me? I haven't eaten yet, and I've worked all evening, too; I don't want to dine alone."

"Thank you, miss, but I can't. You see, my family needs me."

"Your family?"

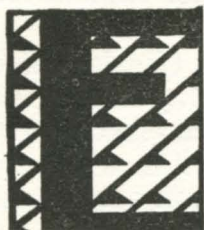
"Yes. Here, Giocomo . . . come on Gioc . . ., good old pup." And herewith he produced an anæmic, starved pup, sadly in need of a tub and some bones. We talked on and I learned the child's name is Nicholas Linoff. When I extended my invitation to the estimable Gioc, Nick accepted with alacrity. The rights of the bath were duly administered to the dog, who, becoming fired with enthusiasm over the unusual procedure, barged all over the place like a streak of eccentric lightning. He then leaped at Nick and overturned a basin of water on him. By this time, Nick needed a tub 'most as badly as the pup, so he had a nice, hot bath, too. Then we had supper served before the fire for the three of us. Food and warmth worked wonders for them. The pup is snoring softly before the fire, (I'm afraid chronic exposure has given him asthma), and Nick is soundly asleep on my lounge. During the dessert, he heard me humming one of the arias in the opera. He said his mother had taught him the same song before she went away. He sang me bits from many of the operas—and such a voice in a young 'un, you never heard. If he belongs to no one, I shall give him a chance. He must not go into oblivion. I think he is about twelve, but will be able to tell you more later. He has soft, curly hair, and honest, gray eyes. He resembles Kara Linoff: there is a remote chance that there is some connection. You know, she married a poor musician, and has not been heard from since. I am anxious to know more about him, but he was so weary tonight I didn't have the heart to press him for information. Just before he dropped off, he looked over at me with a grin straight from his soul, and said, "Are you Missus

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# “Para Siempre”

By MOLLY ROBINSON



EVERYONE in Guadalajara loved Señorita Carmen. It was she to whom the *padres* came when there were special dishes to be prepared for a church festival. It was she to whom the children turned for help with lessons. It was she who cheered young Luis on the eve of his first bull-fight, handing him a small glass of tequila, and saying, “*Que le vaya con Dios.*” It was she who invited young Raoul and his lovely sweetheart, Helena, to her home, giving them the chance to be together which the girl’s strict parents denied.

Carmen was no longer young, thirty-eight, old for a *Mexicana*, but still beautiful in her sombre fashion. Her slight figure was usually clothed in black, her face pale, and when at rest, drawn by lines of sadness; but her great, dark eyes forever shone with some mystic faith. She lived with her old mother in a great, solemn stone house, formerly a convent. The two suffered from the poverty which is the lot of Mexican women without a man’s protection, and Carmen’s days were full of work. There was the cooking over a slow charcoal brazier in the dark kitchen, the haggling with shrewd vegetable vendors at the door, and the sweeping and polishing which kept the tiles of her patio floor shining like glazed earthen plates. But she never failed to slip out quietly at some hour during the day with a black *chali* over her head, and around the corner to a little church where continuous masses were being said. And she was never too tired in the evenings to greet her friends with a welcoming, “*Buenas noches, pasen ustedes.*”

Thus Luis, Raoul, and Helena formed the habit of gathering to spend their evenings in the little latticed enclosure in one corner of her patio. There they would sit with Carmen and her mother, chatting or singing Mexican love tunes to the accompaniment of Raoul’s guitar. Carmen in one corner, with a deep red shawl about her shoulders, setting off her lovely dark eyes, led their singing, a smile of happiness upon her face.

One evening, Raoul, unusually enthusiastic over the music, drifted from the songs into the passionate rhythm of a tango; and Luis, rising from his chair, begged Carmen to dance with him. Reluctantly she let the red shawl slip from her shoulders and permitted Luis to draw her from the little enclosure to the open patio. Then, as his strong young arms went about her, a vibration seemed to pass through her body, and she bent and swayed to the impelling rhythms, following him faultlessly through all the intricate steps. The others watched spellbound by the grace and beauty of her movements. Raoul’s eyes followed her longingly. She seemed like a young and lovely girl. Her



old mother leaned toward Helena and whispered:  
"Once she was the finest dancer in all Guadalajara."  
Helena wondered that love had passed her by.

\* \* \*

As a young girl, Carmen had been the sweetheart of Manuel Quevedo, a tall, handsome law student in the university. He had courted her almost since the two were children, coming every night to whisper with her through the great barred window of her bedroom. Sometimes at midnight he brought musicians to serenade her as she slept. On those occasions, Carmen, following the custom of her country, did not open the shuttered window to greet him, but lay on her little cot, warm in the assurance of his love and dreaming of the happy days to come.

The winter that Carmen was eighteen, she and Manuel looked forward with anticipation to the spring. Then he would be graduated from the university and might speak to her father. The wedding could not be many months away.

But all were not so happy. Carmen's cousin, Enriqueta, often followed Manuel with her greenish, almond eyes, and her full red lips had a seductive smile for him when they met. She never visited Carmen, but gossiped about her with neighbors, laughing at Manuel's devotion to such a chaste and simple girl.

Then there came a rift in Carmen's happiness, a trifling quarrel with Manuel. He went angrily from a *fiesta* one night, jealous because she had given one dance to another, and he did not come to speak with her at the window the next evening. Every night Carmen left her light burning, shining out through the great iron bars of her window and casting shadows on the walk below. He did not come. There were rumors that he was visiting Enriqueta. Carmen was unhappy, but not despairing, for she still believed he would return.

Then one night he came.

"Carmen, Carmen, *por Dios!* open the window to me!"

She stepped quickly to the window and opened the shutter.

"Aye! Manuel, you pardon me, you have come back?"

Then, catching a glimpse of his pale, shame-stricken face, "*que tienes*, what is the matter?"

"Carmen!" he said in a hoarse whisper and was silent.

Then came the whole horrible story. He was to marry Enriqueta. There had been quarreling, angry curses, and threats of death from her father."

"Carmen, I am not afraid; it is a question of honor."

"*Santa Maria Purissima!*" breathed Carmen, falling to her knees. Silently her lips moved in prayer. Then, rising slowly, she turned the full beauty of her calm, dark eyes upon him.

"*Te perdono*, Manuel. For us this is good-bye, but I pardon you. I will love you forever!"

"*Gracias*, Carmen! *Adios para siempre!*" It was but a breath.

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# “Ungues Felemque Cano...”

(Of Claws and the Cat I Sing...)

BY ARTHUR ANDERSON

**T**HERE are several reasons for my belief that Urukagina's progeny have been favored above most in kitten-dom. Consider, for instance, the mother cat's foresight in the all-important matter of introducing her offspring into the world: what ordinary feline would compel the benevolence of Ceres, (who carries the horn of plenty), by the simple expedient of bearing them in the family breadbox? Everyone in the neighborhood knows that a nearby butcher immediately took them under his especial protection. And more—what mere cat would aim higher,—would choose as her second family's point of entry into a world already oversupplied with cats, a location making inevitable the protection of all nine muses, (and through them even their father, Zeus), namely, a pile of sheet music of the most exalted order? Truly, the cat that once might look at a king now purringly rubs the throne of the gods. She and her family are not only the protégés of two local butchers, but the particular charge of the entire family of the one who owns the local restaurant; and the choicest scraps are at the disposal of Urukagina's small family at eleven every morning precisely.

“*O quantum est felium beatiorum,*” Catullus might have sung, “*quid te laetius est beatiusve?*”—“O all ye cats favored of fortune, which is gladder or more fortunate than you?” For not only does the restaurant feed the Urukagina family six days a week, not only does the rival meat market tempt the family with additional banquets, but the first butcher, Zeus' emissary in a Ford coupé, makes a special trip every Sunday lest the favored of fortune suffer neglect. All this in addition to the dutiful attentions of my family; for, after all, it is in our back yard that the cats live.

Festooning the sun-drenched back fence in the morning; appearing and disappearing with expectantly tilted tails among scattered pieces of wood at meal times; demolishing shoot by shoot my favorite papyrus plant in their playful passions, they lead twenty-seven lives of leisure. The mice may well rejoice; the cats are only absentee landlords of the domain. They are catdom's blasé, supersophisticated youth. The mouse-hunt is no longer the height of sport for the flaming kitten or the pleasure-weary cat. Modern feline society finds its thrill in scooping the choice goldfish out of the neighbor's pond, in scaring off the neighbor's dog—and getting away with it. And so far Jove has smiled patronizingly.

But I discern in all this an omen of evil. Urukagina returns early from the pool next door, wearing a smug, satisfied look which only a



digesting goldfish can give. With her two kittens she enjoys the flesh pots of our back door until the wife of the emissary of Zeus opens her back door. The family eats, drinks, and makes merry; but the merriment is oversophisticated. Tails wave *rubato*—*appassionato*—*presto con fuoco*; meowing becomes discordant and a little reminiscent of modern close harmonies. The kittens' respect for the mother decreases noticeably. And all this

is but a prelude to the events of the night and early hours of the morning, concerning which I remain discreetly silent.

But I feel that this cannot endure. The claws and the cats of which I sing scratch and yowl nightly; it is possible, as Quintus Smyrnaeus might have said, that

“ . . . the Fate  
That rules the will of Jove has  
spun the days  
Of Urukagina's family.”

---

# Ragged Robin Rose

By CATHERINE E. COSNER

*A happy-hearted vagabond,  
You came at winter's close,  
A gay springtime philanderer,  
Oh, Ragged Robin Rose!*

*You roamed along the great highway,  
With silver pipes to blow,  
And loitered by my garden wall,  
A ragged Romeo.*

*You swung upon my garden gate,  
You danced upon your toes,  
And all my flowers' hearts you broke,  
Oh, Ragged Robin Rose!*



## PROBLEMS OF COLLEGE STUDENTS

(Continued from Page 9)

the one hand, students complain that they are treated like ten-year-olds, and on the other, they admit that they behave like them. State College will have a real college atmosphere, a fine *esprit-de-corps*, when, and only when, students cease projecting blame upon other persons and things and earnestly set about contributing—each in his own way—those elements necessary to this much desired end.

Notice how very few of these "problems" are faced as "personal." Lack of persistence, courage, application, ambition, initiative, co-operation, social grace, power to study, etc., are conspicuous by their absence. It is a human trait—not limited to adolescents—to place the blame outside the self when anything goes wrong.

Instead of feeling humiliated by lack of money, why not develop a very keen pride in the fact that one has strength of character sufficient to succeed as a student and even socially with such a handicap? There are enough students who have limited means, who are working their way through college, to provide a social unit or several units in which the game of getting five dollars' worth of fun out of twenty-five cents would motivate all sorts of simple and clever recreations. This would probably result in a group who would feel so superior to Greek-letter men and women that they might even make these select

ones critically examine some of their own forms of recreation and reckless expenditure of money.

One who radiates enthusiasm, thoughtfulness for others, and has a keen sense of humor will be sought as a companion even if his clothes are old, patched and faded. In these days when financial depression, real and fancied, colors all our thinking, it behooves us to place less stress on money and money values and more on personal traits, character and intelligence. Those most desirable things in life, which cannot be bought or sold, which have no money value, should now have their inning.

I wonder if those who are relatively unaffected by financial stress should not seriously consider modifying their social expenditures in the interest of good taste, if not out of consideration for those less able to meet such strains. Organizations whose social functions necessitate a heavy drain on each member always have some who meet it at great cost, and fail to have as very desirable members others who cannot meet such obligations. A problem worthy of our best student minds is to work out the irreducible minimum of costs for social activities and show conclusively that beyond a certain limit the law of diminishing returns operates, that the increase in satisfaction or enjoyment for each dollar added is in a decreasing ratio.



Mental hygiene is a new science which offers to individuals who have developed habits and attitudes that make for unhappiness and maladjustment, certain constructive methods of re-education and readjustment. Most of all it stresses the need for centering one's attention *outside* the self upon constructive activities. Do something. Lose yourself in the activity, get satisfaction from mastering difficulties, accomplishing results—and your own petty worries, anxieties, and aversions will disappear.

At this time everyone should feel the unusual call to contribute whatever he can to the morale of school and society.

David S. Muzzey, Professor of American History, Columbia University, in His New Year Message, says:

"Our sorest need today is a renewal of faith in the power of spirit over matter, of thought over things, of character over circumstances. The financial world is too much with us. The newspapers are filled with money-mongering from the first page to the last—debts, moratoriums, taxes, bank failures, graft investigations, falling revenues, demands of the treasury, stock and bond quotations, cotton and wheat prices, and a hundred other items of dollars and cents. The great god Gold is enthroned. . . . It was not the doctrine of Washington. In his Farewell Address of 1796, the soundest counsel ever given to the nation, he said: 'Of all the dispositions which lead to political prosperity, religion and morality are indispensable supports!'"

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# The Song of Life

By CATHERINE E. COSNER

**J**UST when the world was yet in its childhood and even the moon and stars were young, there were three brothers who lived together in a cottage. The cottage, which was the House of Everyday Living, was small and square and white, and the brothers were tall and strong and brown. In the front yard were pink and white hollyhocks, blue splashes of larkspur and fat yellow snapdragons. It was called the Garden of Pleasure. In the back yard, which was known as the Garden of Necessity, were rows of carrots, plump heads of lettuce and cabbage and patches of dark green spinach.

The brothers were named Beppo, Bimp and Cyprian, and were excellent musicians; in fact, they were the very best violinists in the country. But they were not content.

"We shall go on a journey," the two elder brothers, Beppo and Bimp said. "We must search until we find and capture Life. We must put Life into our music, then the whole world will listen and marvel. Let us learn the secrets the pine trees whisper to one another, and feel the warmth of the sun when it is directly overhead, and understand the gayety and carefreeness of a meadow of scarlet poppies. The pines and the sun and the poppies will tell us of Life."

"I," said Cyprian, the youngest brother, "shall do likewise. Let us go at once."

So the brothers took their violins, and after latching the cottage door and requesting the neighbor woman to tend the gardens, they began the search for Life. The path they chose to follow soon led the brothers into a deep pine forest. The shadows lay in soft, thick mists. A few wandering beams of light filtered through the branches and a deep silence filled the wood. There was no sound save for the murmur of the pines.

"Let us practice now," said Beppo, "until we capture the pines' song."

But before the brothers could raise their instruments to their shoulders, there came a voice like the rustle of dried leaves, and said:

"Please, kind sirs, will you show me the way? My eyes are old and the woods are dark."

And there before them stood a tiny old woman, as fragile and sweet as a bloodroot blossom.

"I live in the cottage just beyond the forest, and would get home before night falls," she said gently.

"But we do not have the time," replied Beppo and Bimp. "We are seeking Life and must needs hurry."

"I," said Cyprian shyly, "I have the time. It would please me to show you the way."

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# Mr. Tolliver

(Continued from Page 12)

gun pit. The gun had evidently been jammed, for the crew was working over it desperately. When the officer saw Private Tolliver he had quickly fallen back into the pit and said something to the gun crew. They surprised Private Tolliver by raising their hands, palms forward, and forming in a single thin line with their officer in the lead. Alfred hadn't even raised his gun. He was too startled. He had expected them to blow him into bits immediately, and was rather shocked by their prompt surrender. It was not sporting, not at all the thing to do; lying down like that and finking it. Alfred was astounded by this shoddy display of the famous German morale. He even thought for a moment that they were playing a joke on him, one of those cruel practical jokes that the regiment enjoyed so much. But no, they hadn't been joking. There was nothing for it but to take them back to the lines.

All of them were young; back in England they'd have been just about ready to enter St. Mary's or Hartwich. Even their officer would have been a freshman in Cambridge. It was a beastly shame that they had to mix in this mess out here on the front. He felt altogether sorry for them and rather like sitting down and crying, but that would not help things. What was he to do with them, now that they *had* given up? Private Tolliver

couldn't think for a minute, but the German officer decided it for him. Pointing to the British lines, he said "Hoch," and the column had moved forward in good order. Alfred had fallen in with them. He hadn't exactly led them, but he had marched with them. A witness would have been rather put to it to tell whether Alfred had captured the Huns or the Huns had captured Alfred; either case was equally possible.

Lieutenant Fischer saw them coming. He was a man of nimble wit, and although inclined to doubt the reality of the spectacle, he was nevertheless quick to grasp the opportunity that it presented. He had stepped in front of the column and ordered it to halt. Mistaking the intruder's rank, the German officer had continued straight on to the Canadian trench, and Lieutenant Fischer was forced to run to place himself at the head of the column. That night in Company Headquarters Fischer swore that he had been with Private Tolliver during the entire time and had made the capture virtually single-handed, although he commended the private's conduct in the action. The Lieutenant had gotten the D. S. O. and the private had received favorable mention in the daily report to General Headquarters. Alfred had been even more astounded by the events of the evening than he had been by the unaccountable surrender. Surely the



war was too much for him!

Nothing seemed to matter to Private Tolliver after that. He had grown quite careless of his safety, and when, one spring evening in May, 1917, he was hit in the shoulder by a German sniper, after some rather daring action, he hadn't even been surprised. He had reached the point where nothing surprised him any more, not even the order sending him back to Blighty for the remainder of the war.

But he didn't go back to Blighty at all; no, he was sent to an American hospital in Paris to convalesce a bit before returning to England. It was here that dear Alice had entered the picture.

Dear Alice had been an American nurse in the hospital. She hadn't been exactly good-looking, but at the time that didn't seem to matter much. Alfred Tolliver wondered if he had ever really been in love with her. Certainly he was not in love with dear Alice now, but dear Alice had been very kind and solicitous then. She had called Alfred her "soldier boy." Every nurse had had a "soldier boy" in some ward of that great hospital, and Alfred had been hers. He had been so weakened from the shot that the easiest thing to do was to let events take their own course, and events taking their own course had seemed to be a system especially devised for dear Alice's remarkable technique. There had been the first kiss, and then a promise, and still later a ring; the ring hadn't been very pretentious, for dear Alice

had bought it in the hospital canteen, but it had somehow seemed very reassuring to her.

Dear Alice had managed wonderfully, and when they had returned to London (Oh, they had been married in that very ward by the hospital chaplain, and all the nurses in their best uniforms had acted as bridesmaids, with a friendly interne as best man); when they had returned to London, dear Alice had seen to it that they had a comfortable apartment not so very far from his own home in Upper Tooting. Here they had settled down to have a very happy life—at least dear Alice had said that it should be a very happy life. Alfred sometimes wondered.

But the disability pension from the government had proven to be quite inadequate. It had been no use to expect Alfred's father to help, since his modest stationery shop had failed along toward the end of the war.

Mr. Tolliver, Senior, had been very bitter. It had been through no fault of his, he was positive. Hadn't a lot of profiteers made fortunes during the war—hey, hadn't they? They had, but a stationery shop possessed very limited opportunities for making capital out of the nation's war needs, and after a succession of very trying girls, Mr. Tolliver, Senior, had one day closed his shop and unostentatiously failed. He had repeatedly said that girls would never learn to be stationers, anyway, and his increasing bitterness drove away customers upon whom patient Alfred had used to wait. No, it had been



impossible to expect Mr. Tolliver, Senior, to help.

Dear Alice had been very sure that her parents couldn't help, either. In fact, this had been the cause of their first quarrel. Dear Alice had been very effective in proving just why her parents couldn't help. Alfred could not remember any of the reasons, right off, but they had been very good reasons at that time, and dear Alice's tears had decided the matter.

The upshot of it all had been that dear Alice had found him a position with Tate & Arkwright. Tate & Arkwright's was one of the better stationers' shops. They used efficiency there, Mr. Tate had said. Mr. Tate had met an American colonel in the Engineering Corps in London after the Armistice and had absorbed all the Yankee's unbounded faith in the magic power of efficiency. Not that Mr. Tate, nor a single employee in the firm of Tate & Arkwright's, had the slightest idea of just what efficiency was, but they had all practiced it in their daily routine, they were sure. Mr. Tate used both sides of a blotter before he threw it away—wasn't that efficiency?

So Alfred Tolliver had taken his place in the efficient machine. It had not been easy at first. He was a little appalled by the boisterousness of it. Instead of being polite and patient, as he had been in his father's establishment, he had to be merely brusque and efficient here. One shoved goods at the customers, and if they didn't like them, they

could jolly well go elsewhere. That was efficiency.

Alfred Tolliver hadn't believed in it in the least. Perhaps that had been just the trouble, he hadn't believed in it. Somewhere he had seen a set of musty works entitled Gibbon's "Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire." There had seemed to be something analogous in that title and the fortunes of Mr. Tolliver at Tate & Arkwright's.

He hadn't been quite a success. He was only too conscious of it. There had been Mr. Purington over at the note paper counter, who had hovered over his clients; and Mr. Morss at the gummed labels, who always smirked and pranced about; and then there had been Mr. Arkwright himself, in the desk accessories, who was solicitous and and suave; but Mr. Alfred Tolliver, in the bulk paper and rubber stamps, had only been able to be Mr. Alfred Tolliver in the bulk paper and rubber stamps. It had been quite disheartening.

He had conscientiously tried to hover and smirk and prance and be suave, but it hadn't proved to be in the least successful. In fact, that had been the cause of Mr. Tate's tirade on Saturday night last. Mr. Tolliver had been selling a package of bulk paper to a suspicious old lady and had been trying earnestly to hover and smirk at the same time. He had been dreadfully tired and had not noticed that his female customer was growing irritated until she had walked off angrily and gone right to Mr. Tate's office, where she told him in strong



language that if she had to endure a clerk who was continually doubling up and making faces at her, she would take her trade elsewhere. Mr. Tate had been furious.

Alfred had been summoned to the sanctum and had endured the violent abuse that irascible Mr. Tate had heaped upon him, and, a few minutes later, he had gone home, white-faced, to dear Alice, with five pounds, nine shillings, in an envelope. It was the last envelope of this character that he would ever receive from Tate & Arkwright.

As Mr. Tolliver sat on the edge of his bed that Monday morning, he wondered where he had been at fault. Certainly he had always done just what peo-

ple had told him to do; but that, somehow, hadn't been sufficient. It never occurred to poor Mr. Tolliver to question the shabby treatment he had been so unfailingly accorded by this world. It never entered his mind to criticize dear Alice, or to think of anyone but himself as at fault. Mr. Tolliver's mind just did not work that way. No, he had probably failed again in some respect, but he couldn't in the least imagine how.

He bent over and reached for his left shoe. As he did so, he saw that his watch now said six forty-seven. That was strange; he must have been day-dreaming. He'd have to hurry. Dear Alice would be rather more put out than usual.

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# Macaria's Marriage

(Continued from Page 15)

"I will tell you," said the master, "what I will do. Macaria is earning eight pesos a month. Four pesos I will put in the postal savings bank for her. So long as she works for me she cannot draw it out without my consent. When she leaves us she will have it all."

Macaria's mother broke into feverish expostulations. She sputtered and raged, but to no effect.

"Tell her," said the master, "that she can feed all her nephews for four pesos a month. That is enough for Macaria to give her. Let her other children do their share."

Angry as the old woman was, she knew, and she knew that the master knew, that nowhere except in an American household could Macaria earn more than four pesos a month. She bowed as to an authority higher than her own, and yielded.

When Macaria, smart in her new white uniform, came before the master to receive her next salary, she had four pesos set aside for her mother, and the new postal savings book explained to her. In addition, the master laid down two shining pesos to be carried to Augustina, for her (Macaria's) use. The girl tried hard to preserve the stoical calm on which she, in a curiously unnative way, prided herself. But her eyes had to light up and dance, and her head must needs lift as she went down the stairs. Pride and self-respect were being born in her

heart. Never again would she be the crushed creature from the rice fields.

## II

Two years passed. The people of the little town still spoke of Macaria, if at all, as her mother's ill-favored daughter. Somehow they did not see that her hair had become soft and wavy, her cheeks round and soft and bronze; that her slim figure had gradually resumed the graceful carriage for which all Filipino women, trained by generations of balancing water jars on their heads, are famous. Add to this the sparkling eyes and quick, deft movements, the energetic and confident air which joy in her work and her new independence had brought her, and what was lacking? Only eyes to see.

After two years of her slow savings, Macaria had nearly a hundred pesos. Now that sum will build a Filipino house and furnish it with a native stove and loom. What seems a paltry sum was substance to the girl. Perhaps she grew a little greedy. At any rate, when a great upheaval came and Mr. Greer was transferred to an office two hundred kilometers distant, she alone, of all the servants, was eager to go also.

The first thought which flashed through Mrs. Greer's mind when she learned of the change was, "Now I must train new servants," and her first overt act was to try to induce those already trained to accompany the family. Old Bonifacio, though some-



times crusty, was a good cook and an honest steward—he had been offered fifty pesos a month to bake for a local sweet-shop—besides, his family would not leave their native town. Once, he said, he had left his family to work for an American officer who had been transferred, and had stayed for five years. His wife would not let him go again.

"Will you go with us," coaxed Madeline Greer, "until we find a new cook?"

"I will go," said Bonifacio, "for two weeks. Then I must return."

How quickly two weeks passed in the scurrying about and hysterical search for new servants! While Macaria tended the baby and helped where she could, Bonifacio set up the cookstove and helped join the beds, went on dignified errands, interviewed possible *lavanderas* and *cocheros*, hired a water-boy, drove away hordes of curious urchins—in short, was so thoroughly his efficient and reliable self that Mrs. Greer said repeatedly, "What shall I do, Bonifacio, without you?"

Cooks came and looked and shook their heads. Others were looked at but would not do. Only one servant was added to the house staff, a young widow, Maria, to be the *lavandera* and keep Macaria company in a little room set aside for them.

Early one morning Bonifacio came into the *sala* where his master smoked his after-breakfast cigar.

"I go to my town," he said.

"But, Bonifacio, we have no cook."

"I will send Marciano. He can cook. He will come, for he owes me money."

The master nodded.

"Marciano has been my *car-gador*. He cooks well over a campfire. He might do. But he will not be like you, Bonifacio."

"Will you write me a paper, sir?"

"Eh?"

"To say I am a good boy."

"Oh, yes."

The master wrote:

*To Whom It May Concern:*

*Bonifacio Boleza has been my cook for five years. During that time he has not stolen the value of a match. He is thoroughly reliable and a good cook.*

*John Greer.*

"Goodbye, Bonifacio," he said. "You have been a good boy. You will send Marciano."

When Macaria was putting the baby to bed that night she asked shyly: "Who will cook, ma'am?"

"Bonifacio will send Marciano."

"Why, ma'am! Marciano is a farmer! I have worked in his field! He cannot cook."

"Oh, yes, he has cooked for Mr. Greer. Bonifacio says that Marciano will come because he owes him money."

The girl held the baby's blanket against her breast and gazed out of the window. An amused quiver seemed to pass over her face.

"Marciano will be slow," she said. Then her face went blank as she bent again over her task.



### III

Marciano came. With an interest all the keener because of the suspicion born of Macaria's remarks, Mrs. Greer studied him as he slowly learned the ways of the household and became accustomed to the kitchen. His heavily muscled figure would amble awkwardly between table and stove; his thick fingers fumbled among the pots and pans; his wide-set, cow-like eyes would hold fathoms of abject misery when he was forced, all too often, to say, "I forgot, sir."

But he was faithful and willing and kind. Maria would linger near him when her own hard work was done, to help him with his dishes or mend a hole in his *camisa*. The baby would toddle out to ride on his broad back and pull his hair until the tears started. Thinking of her own two babies at her sister's house, Maria's eyes would be very tender.

Then Macaria would invade the kitchen to carry away the child, to taunt Marciano and call him "*Carabao*" and "*Baca*." When she was by, Marciano could not work. He was too conscious of her swift figure—too anxious to catch each glance. He would drop what he held or let the rice boil over.

Alone, the two girls would discuss him. Though Macaria laughed, Maria did not smile.

"Marciano is good," she would say.

He proved to be very popular with his own sex. Of course, one could imagine in him a heavy, jovial camaraderie, but

he did not show it in his kitchen when his friends came to visit him. There they would sit, conversing sedately, while the two girls flitted demurely in and out. Two men came very often, so often that the mistress would meet them as she returned from her walks, or would find them in the kitchen when she went to inspect it.

There was Julio, the Provincial Judge's boy, with large melting eyes, but hair a shade too curly and nose a bit too flat. (There were some negroes in the American army, weren't there?) From chance remarks overheard between her maids, the mistress learned at one time that Macaria liked Julio, at another that he did not save his money.

Graciano cooked for the American teachers. They had taught him to cook, and to read English; they petted and discussed him. He was of good family, they said, and the wife of a former governor had been his cousin. This governor had had him educated, in Spanish, and he might be a hanger-on of the great household if he had not chosen to shift for himself.

Mrs. Greer did not like him. In the first place, his visible skin was of an anaemic, golden sort of color, not unusual in those who have a good bit of Spanish blood, but it looked unnatural to her. In native eyes it made him very handsome. Also he had a weasel-like way of slipping from sight whenever she appeared. Why did he not stand his ground like a man?

John Greer laughed.

"He knows what is suitable.



He does not come to see you. Perhaps he wants to marry Maria."

Maria and Macaria went out occasionally in the evening—to church—to see Maria's babies—or to a *fiesta* at the home of one of Maria's *parientes*. Macaria began to sew a little, to make herself little fineries, though she had never learned to sew well. She asked the master on one payday if she could have the money that she usually saved, to buy a Filipino dress. For three years she had not had a new Filipino dress. Then she wanted to have her picture taken, and it would seem reasonable that she should want her mother to see her new dress.

One day when Maria was at the river with her washing, and Macaria lingered long over her *siesta*, her mistress went to call her. The girl lay curled on her mat, helplessly asleep. On the floor beside her was a towel spread out, and on it she had evidently been arranging her treasures. There were some bits of old-fashioned jewelry, some partly embroidered linens, and several photographs. All Filipinos love photographs, but Mrs. Greer had not expected to see the faces of Julio and Graciano staring up at her. Was the girl considering marrying one of these? She wakened her hurriedly.

"Macaria," she said harshly, "why do you trifle with Julio and Graciano?"

"That Julio," answered the girl, "I do not care for him."

"He is the better of the two. I do not like Graciano. Why do you not marry Marciano? He

will be a good husband."

"Yes, ma'am," said Macaria meekly, as she gathered up her treasures and shook out her long hair to comb it.

At the *fiesta* of the patron saint of the village, Maria came with a humble request. Could she and Macaria go to walk in the procession? Marciano could go with them and bring them home. The mistress was pleased. She remembered that she had heard there was to be a wedding at the home of the former governor after the procession. Jokingly she asked them who was being married. Was it the governor's son?

"No," said Maria, "it is his generosity for a poor relative. May we go to see, ma'am?"

"If Marciano is with you."

\* \* \* \*

At rare intervals came a letter from Augustina, the Bible woman, to inquire as to how Macaria was getting on and to send her some message from her mother. Regularly Macaria wrote, in Ilocano, to her mother.

Augustina's last letter came while Mrs. Greer was packing away her household goods for a visit to the "States." She was debating as to whether to take Macaria with her or send her back to her mother while she was away, and perhaps lose her forever. Suddenly Augustina's letter.

"Macaria's mother is very much morried," ran the letter. "Macaria talks about boys who wish to marry her. Her mother thinks that these boys desire her money alone, for Macaria is not beautiful. She says to tell her



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not to marry. Now while she is young she should save her money and when she is older her mother will need her. If Macaria wishes to marry, you should send her home to her town."

Mrs. Greer sent Maria, who had been helping her, to call Macaria.

"We are going to the States," she said. "Do you wish to go with us or do you wish to go home?"

"I will stay here, ma'am."

"You cannot do that. I have

promised to send you back to your mother if we go away."

"I will stay here, ma'am."

"You may, if you wish to marry Marciano. Do you intend to get married, Macaria?"

"No, ma'am."

"No, ma'am!" cried Maria, unable to contain the secret longer, "Macaria married that Graciano during the fiesta, ma'am. She know you go to America. She does not want to go home."

Macaria hung her head. Through her lashes she shyly watched her mistress' face.

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## 'TWAS THE NIGHT BEFORE CHRISTMAS

(Continued from Page 17)

God, Lady?"

I have just glanced out and the vehemence of the night has subsided. I was so engrossed with "talking to you" that I did not notice the change. The snow is coming now in great, buoyant flakes that seem to gently caress the objects they touch, and transform jagged outlines into a succession of softened, shadowy revelations. Mr. Frost has not

deserted me, either; he left me a myriad of fascinating designs for my enchantment.

The logs are burning low now. I have just peeked at Nick and he looks like a saint . . . so handsome and still. Before I retire I shall open my window and send to you . . . so far away . . . a little song of peace, and joy, and Christmastide.

Good night.

---

## Autumn Rain

By IRVING E. OUTCALT

*I listen to the splash of autumn rain,  
Soft on the grass, loud on the roof and wall;  
I see how stoops the gray sky, urging all  
The cleansing drops that storm the window-pane:  
"On, you immortal slaves! Find every stain  
Left by the pompous mystery which men call  
LIFE, and then DEATH. Its pageantry must fall  
In silly leaves and sudden tears again."*

*I smile to think how the unthinking dust  
Dissolves to feed the lily's buried root;  
Then flaunts its summer triumph for a day—  
Beauty, poised, valiant on a wind-swayed shoot—  
Indifferent to the bitter, busy rust  
And the hurrying rain that washes all away.*



# “Para Siempre”

(Continued from Page 19)

“*Te amo para siempre.*”

And Carmen's answer was as a light wind from Heaven,  
“*Que le vaya con Dios.*”

\* \* \* \* \*

The year that Carmen was thirty-eight, Manuel returned to Guadalajara. He did not send a message; but Carmen heard that he was there, and felt that he would come to see her. One afternoon, as she sat sewing with her mother in a sunny corner of the patio, the little bell at the great iron *cancel*, which guarded her patio from the street, gave a faint tinkle. She turned and he was there, still tall and handsome; but his shoulders were now somewhat bent, and he leaned upon a stick. Carmen rose quietly and went to him. Then, opening the *cancel*, she spoke with the quiet welcome she had for everyone.

“Aye, Manuel, how good to see you; come in.”

He came and sat with the two women as they sewed. They

spoke of old times, of Manuel's five sons, and of his wife away in Buenos Aires, of the death of Carmen's father, and of old friends in Guadalajara. She talked with him calmly, serenely, with only a faint blush on her pale cheeks. Slowly the sun faded from the patio.

In the dusk he found new courage.

“Have you been happy, Carmen?”

“Yes, I have been happy, Manuel.”

He rose to go.

“I leave tonight and shall not be back again.”

Carmen looked at him steadily.

“Then it is good-bye forever, Manuel?”

“*Si, adios para siempre, te...*”

Leaving the sentence unfinished, he walked toward the *cancel*. Dimly his figure loomed in the gate's opening. Then his retreating steps.

“May you go with God,” whispered Carmen, then stooped and felt blindly for her sewing.

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# **“I Laugh As I Pass In Thunder”**

By FRANCES FRAZIER BOYD

“From my wings are shaken the dews that waken  
The sweet buds every one.”

Professor Shelley J. Waters grew eloquent as he shared his joy in fair poesy with the innocents of English 12A. He paused to glance at their different rapt and bored faces. Evelyn Miller clasped her hands and sighed as he continued, his mellow voice rising and falling dramatically:

“I wield the flail of the lashing hail,  
And whiten the green plains under,  
And then again I dissolve it in rain,  
And I laugh as I pass in thunder.”

“Do you—ah—note the vigour, and the rare poetic quality of Shelley’s lines? He is, ah . . . ”

A bell shrilled across the professor’s message.

(“Courage, courage!” whispered Evelyn to herself, as she approached the sacred desk.)

“Don’t you think—uh—Professor Waters—I mean, don’t you feel that poetry is a gift from heaven? I mean, don’t you think just certain people can write it?”

“Indeed, I do,” agreed Professor Waters.

“I—I’ve often wanted to write a poem, and when I listened to you read that one, I . . . ”

“Oh, have you really? You must try some time.”

Evelyn looked up into the professor’s dark, greyish blue eyes.

“They’re beautiful,” she thought, and experienced a feeling of slight giddiness, as though she were looking off a cliff into the dark blue ocean.

“Would you read a poem I wrote, Professor Waters—I mean if I wrote one?”

“Why, yes, I’d be delighted.”

“I’d be delighted! I’d be delighted”—the simple phrase echoed in Evelyn’s ears as she wandered across the campus. “Let’s see, what could I write about?” she thought, and scanned the buildings, the lawns, the clump of palm trees for an adequate inspiration.

“Buildings, buildings, standing in the sun,  
How warm you must be,  
Like the heart—the heart  
A-beating inside of me!”

Oh, no, that wouldn’t do—that was awful. She sought the skies. The poem in class was about a cloud. That must be a good subject. Clouds—clouds—white, fleecy clouds. She squinted her eyes and her mouth formed the spontaneous words, “Clouds a-sailing in the blue, blue, blue . . . ”

(Continued on Page 40)



# The Song of Life

(Continued from Page 24)

So Cyprian and the tiny old woman walked toward the cottage beyond the forest, and as they walked Cyprian asked:

"What is it like to be old?"

"It is like the pine forest," replied the tiny old woman. "It is a soft, thick mist of peacefulness pierced by a few points of light. But here is my cottage. Thank you for your kindness, and may God go with you!"

"Good day," said Cyprian, and hurried after the two elder brothers, who had finished practicing and were on their way.

The sun sank behind the distant mountains before they traveled far, but there was a full moon that night, so the brothers covered themselves with the shadows cast by a bush, and slept dreamlessly till dawn.

At dawn, fortified by rest and fresh berries from the bush, the brothers continued the search. The sky was a pearly gray, and a quiet light began to creep over the hills and bogs. Birds stirred and cheeped drowsily. The night creatures had by this time returned to their homes, and the day creatures were already stirring themselves. The day brightened and grew strong and the brothers hurried along joyously. Cyprian even sang to himself because it was such a perfect day to search for Life.

They left the pine forest behind and went past the hills and bogs, and when the sun was directly overhead, they stopped.

"Shall we practice now, in the warmth of the sun?" Beppo asked.

But before they could touch their instruments there spoke a voice as mellow as an autumn apple.

"Please, kind sirs, will you help me with my cows? They wander and I cannot drive them myself."

And there before them stood a middle-aged man, as strong and hearty as an oak tree.

"I live in the house beyond the next ridge, and would get home before night falls," he explained.

"We do not have the time," replied Beppo and Bimp. "We are searching for Life, and must needs hurry."

"I," said Cyprian timidly, "I have the time. I would like to help you drive your cows."

So Cyprian and the middle-aged man walked toward the house beyond the next ridge, and as they walked Cyprian asked:

"What is it like to be middle-aged?"

"It is like the warmth of the sun when it is exactly overhead. It is strong and bright and brave. But here is my house. Thank you for your kindness, and may you have a pleasant journey."

"Good day," said Cyprian, and hurried after the two elder brothers, who had finished their practicing and were on their way.

The air soon grew chill and the sun once more sank behind the



distant mountains, but the brothers found another bush shadow and rested till dawn.

After breakfasting on berries, as on the previous morning, they resumed their journey. The pine forest, the hills, the bogs, the ridges were soon left far behind. Finally they came to a meadow of scarlet poppies.

"Let us begin to practice now," said Beppo. "Let us capture the gayety and carefreeness of these scarlet poppies."

But before they could sound even one note, there came a voice like the tinkle of elfin laughter.

"Please, will you help me? I am looking for the road that leads to Wisdom."

And there before them stood a child as laughing and joyous as a rollicking brook.

"The scarlet poppies are so large and high I cannot see over them," he explained.

"But we do not have the time," replied Beppo and Bimp. "We are searching for Life, and must needs hurry."

"I," said Cyprian gently, "I have the time. I will show you the road called Experience. It will lead you to Wisdom."

So Cyprian led the child out of the scarlet poppies, and as they walked he asked:

"What is it like to be a child?"

"It is like a meadow of scarlet poppies," was the answer. "It is gay and happy and joyous. But here is my road. How broad and long it is!"

"Follow it straight on," said Cyprian, and hurried after the two elder brothers, who had fin-

ished their practicing and were on their way home.

Cyprian went faster and faster, but the brothers were such a great distance ahead that he was unable to overtake them. As he walked along he said to himself:

"Old age is nice and middle-age is nice and childhood is nice. I wonder can it be that youth is nice as well?"

After much thought, he decided that youth was like a beautiful cobweb hung with dew-drops.

"It is like an intricate pattern—it is nice but rather confusing," Cyprian said to a red bird in a birch tree by the roadside.

When he finally reached home, the two elder brothers were playing their song of Life to the world. The world listened in silence, but when the last note died away it sighed:

"They sing the song the pine trees whisper, the meaning of the sun, and of the dew-hung cobwebs and the gayety and carefreeness of meadows of scarlet poppies. It is very beautiful, but what does it mean?"

The two elder brothers did not know what it meant, and could not answer.

"Let us hear Cyprian," said the world.

"I have not practiced," said Cyprian, "but I will try."

So Cyprian, who was standing between the Garden of Necessity and the Garden of Pleasure, raised his instrument to his shoulder and drew the bow across the strings. The music rose as gay and carefree as a meadow of scarlet poppies. A laughing melody trilled and sang



and almost wept for very joy.

"Oh!" said the world, "it is like a meadow of scarlet poppies. Or perhaps it is childhood."

The joyful song died away and a strange and haunting melody took its place. It was like an unanswered question.

"Oh!" said the world, "it is like a dew-hung cobweb. Or perhaps it is youth."

Then the music became a strong, shining song. It rose and fell and marched forward in growing triumph.

"Oh!" said the world. "It is like the sun, brave and bright and strong. Or perhaps it is

middle-age."

Suddenly Cyprian paused. The world lay at his feet, trembling with wonderment.

Then a slender melody arose, and the world listened again. The song grew fainter and fainter, until it died away into the blue, blue distance of space.

"That," said the world, "was the secret the pines whisper. Or perhaps it is old age. Cyprian is the greatest man we have ever heard, for he has played the Song of Life!"

But the youngest brother merely smiled and entered the House of Everyday Living to practice his song.

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## "I LAUGH AS I PASS IN THUNDER"

(Continued from Page 36)

"What's the matter, Evelyn? You aren't sick, are you?"

"Of course not!" Evelyn's chin resumed its proper angle, and her eyes shot heated looks of annoyance at poor, faithful Eddie, as he turned in the path to accompany her.

"Gee! Evelyn, you're not at all like you used to be."

"That," said Evelyn, with a soft little smile, "is encouraging." She looked up at Eddie and laughed. She could laugh at him now. Eddie was so big and crude. His red hair never stayed combed, and he still had freckles, just as he always had had back home in high school. That was it, Eddie was typically a high

school boy. She thought of Professor Waters again and sighed. Black hair—deep, dreaming eyes—oh!

"Gee! Evelyn, tell me—there isn't anyone else, is there?"

"Eddie, don't be silly!"

A trim, hurrying figure, brief case in hand, crossed the path in front of them.

Evelyn's heart missed a beat.

"Why, there's Professor Waters!" she said breathlessly. "Look, Eddie, right there!"

"Who?—that little shrimp?"

"Eddie! He's not! You're so high schoolish, calling important people names like that . . ."

"Say, you're not another one of those professor-crushed girls, are you?" Eddie's tone was scornful.

"Of course not!" stammered Evelyn, blushing to the roots of her light blonde hair. But after that, she avoided Eddie.

\* \* \* \* \*

Evelyn was humming a gay little tune, as she bent her head over the small extra desk in Professor Shelley J. Waters' snug little office. Her busy fingers made daring red penciled marks on page after page of student efforts. Professor Waters' reader was sick. Evelyn's humming became gayer and louder. She wished the reader would stay sick a month. Never before had she realized what a delightful position a reader might enjoy. Her eyes brightened with a sudden shy thought.

(Continued in Fourth Issue)

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