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EL PALENQUE

NOVEMBER

1932

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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 attainment of San Diego State College.

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EL PALENQUE

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Volume VI

Number I

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Seventy-five Cents a Year

Twenty-five Cents a Copy

Published four times each school year, November, January, March and May, by the Associated Students of San Diego State College. Entered as second-class matter August 23, 1929, at the post office at San Diego, California, under the act of March 3, 1879.

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AS SEEN FROM THIS ISSUE



URING the past five years there has grown up on this campus a tradition of literary endeavor and appreciation which is one of the most creditable aspects of our college life. We are proud to feel that in the development of this attitude, El Palenque has been of vital importance. It seems that the particular contribution of the small college to education is to foster those student activities which maintain the high standards of literary excellence sometimes denied utterance in institutions of greater enrollment.

Beginning with this issue the sixth year of its existence, El Palenque faces a more critical situation than it ever before has been called upon to meet. Financial stringency on the part of the student-body is constantly urged as a reason for non-support of this project although it is at the same time admitted that the price is not exorbitant. What is not willingly admitted, is the fact that in comparison, El Palenque costs the college far less than any other activity, due to the fact that it is largely self-supporting through subscriptions and advertising. It is well that the student-body should realize that the amount budgeted annually for El Palenque represents the total cost of production and will be repaid practically to the dollar.

The importance of El Palenque, as a cultural achievement, to the students of this college may be gauged by the response which they make in this year of financial stringency to our request for support. It appears to us that the sacrifice of such a publication at this time for financial considerations alone, would be an ineradicable blot on the reputation of this institution.

Among the contributors who are responsible for the material of this first issue, we are happy to list many old friends and several new ones. Among the latter is Hardigain Clower whose essay, *Jade for the Jaded*, adds a flavor of sophistication to the magazine, as do Miss Winifred Anderson's *Fables for Fools*. Miss Perry Louise Ransone's delightful negro story, *Death in the Family*, has been illustrated by our new Art Editor, Mr. Jean Swigget. Pierce Harwell ably represents the interest of the entering Freshman by his imaginative sketch, *Two Artists*, as do the poems of another Freshman, Richard Bartlett. Miss Mary Regina Fitzgerald, who is also new to our pages has contributed several short poems: and to those who desire a touch of humor in the vein of Mark Twain, we recommend John Irwin Cotton's story, *Synonymous*. Among our old friends we are glad to welcome back such able contributors as Miss Rachel Harris Campbell, and Mr. Lesley of the History Department, who has been our loyal supporter in the past.

As State College's organ of literary productions, it is our boast that we have grown in catholicity of representation in our pages, and in broadness of appeal to the intellectually minded among the students. Our one and only aim is to seek out and place before those interested the best of literary work, in poetry or prose, which is produced at this institution. Although it has been called to our attention that it is much easier to sell a dime novel than to sell Shakespeare, we think that there is within this student-body a group which demands high standards both in content and in form. To those students this issue is dedicated.

ELIZABETH L. KILBOURNE,
Editor.

AS SEEN FROM THIS ISSUE



A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

By Perry Louise Ransone



HADE-FLECKED SUNSHINE poured in through the kitchen windows and shone on the moist, brown faces of the two darkeys. About them were piled the mute evidences of a dinner party safely over: piles of dishes, a set of pearl handled knives and forks, and in one corner of the long drain board there stood the flannel-shrouded forms of the best silver.

Slowly the elder of the two mounted the little stepladder near the cupboards. Almost reverently, she accepted the silver pieces from her immense companion, and placed them carefully on the top shelf. Then, with a sigh of weary contentment, she descended, and throwing back her handsome head, glanced searchingly about the kitchen. With a disgusted grunt, she picked up an overlooked piece of silver.

"Lawd, Emma" she sighed, "ain't we glad Mrs. Gilroy don't have but one birthday party a year? Don't seem as if she had any birthdays; don't look no older than she did when I first came here, and she eighty-five yesterday. That's just the same age as Old Miss was when she died, but, then, Old Miss never was so healthy as Mrs. Gilroy."

The massive darkey, who was putting the last of the old-fashioned cut glass in its place across the kitchen, turned a sullen face to the speaker.

"The Doctor's mother is a powerfully fine old lady," she said sternly. "I don't think you know her well enough to appreciate her, as you ain't here steady no more, Martha."

"She's fine," admitted Martha, "but Old Miss was a wonder . . . the way she could sew . . . so fine and dainty. Miss Margery aint been the same since she's gone. You know, Emma, Old Miss was such a loving ma to Miss Margery. I don't know what po' Miss Margery'd a done without me when Old Miss died."

"I've heard you tell," said Emma, giving a flounce. "I guess they'd a got along. Will you put away that flowered tablecloth with the oral design in the middle?" she added with the air of one closing a distasteful subject.

"Of course you didn't never know Old Miss," and Martha picked up the tablecloth. At the door she turned for a last remark.

"I'M glad they got you, since I ain't strong enough to look after them any more steady. It's good to know your white folks are being looked after."

The door closed softly behind her and Emma stood helplessly glaring at its polished surface. Her hands dropped from her hips and with a sigh she lowered herself into a chair. Dark, brooding, she stared with unseeing eyes at a spot of grease on the floor of her cherished kitchen.

The Gilroys were **her** white folks now, and just as much hers as

Martha's. Because Martha had been there longest was no sign to the contrary.

Her mind's eye saw again the day when, in answer to Martha's suggestion, she had come to ask for the job which Martha's heart trouble no longer permitted her to keep.

- She saw again the gravelled walk around the house; the back gallery where Martha had bidden her wait; and then the door opening and dear Miss Margery, with her nice smile.

"Tain't many women," Emma thought, "would have herself called just Miss Margery so as her mother-in-law wouldn't be called Old Mrs. Gilroy. But, then, Mrs. Gilroy is a fine old lady, even if she is trying sometimes. She would have to be fine to be the Doctor's mother. Martha wasn't much wrong when she called him her 'lord on earth' . . . but what did she mean calling him **her** lord?" Martha didn't have no more special holding on the Doctor than she did. **'Her Lord . . . her white folks!'** "Wearily Emma settled her big body more comfortably and wrinkled her forehead in deep thought. Martha always could think of things to say faster than she could.

A sigh, which seemed to bubble from the depths of her system, shook her.

"I never asked to be such a whale and half Indian, too," she told the great smoky grey cat rubbing against her ankles. "People say all Indians is slow . . . maybe that's the trouble . . . but Ma can sure talk a plenty and she is all Indian. It don't seem to stop her expressing herself about things that she don't like. But me, here I sit trying to think up smart answers to something that Martha is maybe going to say. Why, even Miss Margery's little bitty Funny Face dog can stand up for herself better than I can. She always can talk back to anybody; don't stand there just being dumb."

A rustle of summer silk, the creak of the swinging door, and into the kitchen swept the elder Mrs. Gilroy.

"I am sorry, Emma, after your exertions of last night, to put any added work on your shoulders, but I must have something to wear tomorrow, and I needs must be contented with this dress. Will you wash it, please? The Doctor knew that I wanted to go to town with him this morning to get a dress, and he absolutely refused to let me go. It is ridiculous his saying I should stay in bed in the mornings. I am sure I know how I feel. Getting old! How silly! Don't I have all my teeth, and am I not just as vigorous as I ever was? I ask you, Emma?"

"Yes, ma'am, Mrs. Gilroy," Emma soothingly replied. "I know how you want a new dress, but I can make this one look mighty nice, and maybe the Doctor is some right. He don't want you to get tired so as you won't get old."

Emma heaved herself to her feet and took the delicate fabric in her hands.

"There is a weak place in one sleeve," Mrs. Gilroy admonished her. "Wash it carefully there. Martha rubbed it too hard last week when you were gone and she washed it."

"Yes, ma'am, Martha, she does everything hard, especially talking.

I'm so big and fat I can't talk and think fast like she can. I guess I ain't bright in spots. But I can wash good, can't I, Mrs. Gilroy?"

"Why, Emma," laughed the old lady, "you are plenty bright and you do beautiful washing. What put all these foolish notions in your head? You know you are as bright as Martha. Go along now, and wash my dress, and don't be silly."

"Lawd-a-mercy!" came the soft Georgia voice of Martha from the dining room door, "what you doing down here so early, Mrs. Gilroy? Ain't the Doctor told you to stay in bed and ring your little bell if you wanted something? I'm going to tell on you some day."

"Just when, Martha," the old lady asked with asperity, "did I begin to have to obey my son? I listen to his medical advice and I follow it when it seems to me to be wise, but no child of mine can ever dictate to me as to my hour of rising. Jack is a good son, but at times he tries to be entirely too dictatorial, and I won't have it!"

Without another glance at the two darkeys, Mrs. Gilroy sailed majestically from the kitchen. She was a little worried. It was impossible to tell when the loyalty of Emma and Martha to the Doctor would overshadow their loyalty to herself, and they would feel obliged to tell on her. She felt sure their concern for her health had them on the verge of telling now; and Jack could be so disturbing when she annoyed him. But, really, she couldn't always do what he said. It offended her sense of independence.

Shaking her head sadly, Martha watched the door, so vigorously pushed open by the determined old lady, gradually cease swinging.

"White folks is sure heady, Emma. Some day Mrs. Gilroy is going to just butt her head right into the next world, the way she goes agin what the Doctor tells her. Well, I got to be going on home. My heart is beating like a drum now, and I got to get home so I can lay down a spell when it gets hot."

"Good-bye," said Emma, and added under her breath:

"I kin make out without you all right, Martha Powell, and I don't need your help at all to look after the Gilroys."

About half an hour later, as she was rinsing the dress for Mrs. Gilroy, Emma glanced out of the window and stopped with the garment suspended above the sink.

"My Lawd!" she breathed horrified, for walking determindly down the street toward the trolley was Mrs. Gilroy, her hat set a little askew on her white head in her haste to leave the house. With a tug she opened her purple silk umbrella and adjusted it in order to break the heat of the glaring sun.

As Emma watched, she saw Mrs. Gilroy pause and lean heavily against the neighbor's picket fence. Slowly the old lady put her hand to her head, and pushed at her hat with a vague gesture. It fell on the sidewalk, unheeded.

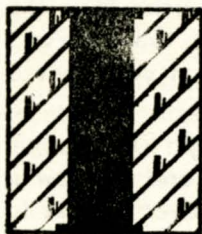
Frantically, Emma hurried from the house as rapidly as her huge bulk would let her.

"I knew it would happen some day," she muttered as she ran, "but,

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JADE for the JADED 郎超寒

By Hardigain Lyman Clower



WAS BORED.. I had finished my studies and read all the poetry my young soul could readily absorb. The powers that were had ruled me off the tennis courts because I cut classes to play. (Amusing persons, the pendants of those long lost days. They thought the young could acquire an education by listening hour after hour to asinine truisms.) By my father's stern professorial order I was barred from crossing the campus to senior high and auditing the chemistry laboratory. Forsooth, I was very bored.

I drifted along the shelves in a last desperate attempt to find something aberrant. Curious that the books intended to be glamorous and exotic were merely fantastic without the saving grace of whimsy. Odd that those designed to be bizarre and arabesque turned out to be merely eccentric. Then suddenly, without warning, I discovered the bible of the unique, the extraordinary, and the unusual!

That was twelve years ago and for me The World Almanac is still the jumping off place on travels to the odd corners of the mental sphere. It has everything. There, on that first day of exploration in this jungle of fact, I read a remarkable statement. This time, the ultimate authority of unimpeachable position, stated that ninety-nine percent of all the Chinese outside China came from Canton.

Now Canton is a city of less than a million souls. It seemed incredible that of the three hundred and fifty million people in China, only the inhabitants of one city had emigrated. It was impossible for The Book to be incorrect yet it was incredible that it should be correct. Either the perfect had a flaw or the too highly improbable were true. There was nothing for it but that I ascertain for myself.

Through those six long years of junior high and senior high I did my studies at noon, (I had to make grades to go to college) attended classes in the morning, worked as printer, linotyper, and watchsmith in the afternoon (with time out for a useless trunk full of tennis cups), serviced radios after dinner until midnight, rose before the pearly gray had turned to scarlet in the east to deliver papers, and incidentally tried to obtain an education I could lay on the altar of my middle age with unbowed head. Just one thing kept me from breaking under the grind—entering the ditch digging profession to become a philosopher of the soil. That thing was the realization that someday, somewhere, somehow, I could find out why all the Chinese come from Canton. So I must carry on and be ready for the arrival of the great moment.

From the dregs to the height I questioned them. In California and Florida, in Maine and Texas, in The New China Cafe in El Paso, in Yat Foo's in Pensacola, in fruit stands in Chicagoo and Cincinnati, in colleges

and other city dumps I asked my question.

Always the answer was the same. The delivery differed, to be sure. Some said, "Me come Canton," while some drawled, "My oriental domicile was in Canton," but always they seemed to come from the one city. Yet none seemed to know why this should be so.

In Angmagsalik, Greenland, it was winter but the Foehn wind was blowing and it was decidedly warm. After a mint julep in the back room of the establishment of a Chinese—who did not seem so incongruous because of the slant eyes of the Esquimaux—I engaged him in conversation. Greenland belongs to Denmark (and Denmark was dry at the time—hence the back room) but as my only Scandinavian language was Norwegian I was limited to one try. However he seemed to be well educated as he replied in that language. To my query, "Er du født i Canton?" (Were you born in Canton?) he retorted with feeling, "Ja, ganske sikkert, per er født der, ogsaa de andre to Kineserne i Gronland." (Yes, I certainly was born there and so were the other two Chinese on Greenland).

There are four Chinese in Santa Cruz del Sur on the southern coast of Cuba. "Buenas," said one of them when I entered his graveolent candy shop. They're so lazy in Cuba that they say "good" instead of "good afternoon." I bought some sweet potato taffy and besought ((?A donde vivia Usted en China?)) (Where did you live in China?) For a moment he considered and then spoke in perfect Castillian, ((j Hace muchos anos vine de Canton y muchos son los palos de Joss que yo he prendido en frente del Fo para que yo pudiera volver!)) (Many years ago I came from Canton and many are the Joss sticks I have burned before The Enlightened One that I might return.) A scholar of the sticks but still Canton was home plate!

At Port au Prince, Haiti, I asked a Chinese merchant in French, "Mon ami, ou avez-vous habite en Chine?" (My friend, where did you live in China?) He evidently understood the French but answered in Creole. At that time I had learned nothing of Creole, but the word "Canton" stood out of his reply like a trusty Gibraltar. The Sergeant King of Gonaves, off Haiti, told me that only the week before we taxied up to his beach his only Chinese had gone back to Canton.

I was surprised, to say the least, to find a Chinese serving beer in a Berlin beer garden but managed to blurt out, „Und woher kamen Sie?" (And where did you come from?) to which he blandly admitted, „Ach, ich cam von Canton." (Oh, I came from Canton.)

When I was aerographer at Verkhoyansk, Union of Socialistic Soviet Republics, we had a China-boy from the village's only eating establishment as waiter. Like the others, I wanted his story so one night when it was eighty-six below zero I asked him, "Uf kakom gorede wei ziwoyte." (What town are you from?) He was bashful and wouldn't speak but I was determined and in exasperation he finally blurted out, "Moy druch Kantan, Cheen." (Oh, I'm from Canton, China.)

The only time I was surprised at the inevitable answer was in Ramadi on the Euphrates River in Iraq. The aerological liason was quartered with

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THE WISCONSIN EXPERIMENT

By Lewis Burt Lesley



URING THE PAST FEW WEEKS three heads of prominent American colleges have issued statements concerning what they describe as "inactivity and indifference with respect to political affairs" on the part of students and graduates of colleges and universities throughout the country. President Park of Bryn Mawr states the question very succinctly as follows: "The student of today must think out honestly and carefully, as no recent college generation has done, the responsibility which he can and must take as a citizen." Such criticisms are but part and parcel of a universal attack at the present time upon higher education in general, for there is apparent a common feeling among student bodies, alumni, faculties and the public at large that much of our college life is distinctly outmoded.

The challenge of such attacks has not gone by unheeded. One of the outstanding efforts to remold higher education closer to the needs of a new and ever-changing world has been the establishment of the Experimental College as a part of the University of Wisconsin, under the direction of one of the ablest educators of modern times, Dr. Alexander Meiklejohn. The report of the first four years of that educational venture has just been published by Dr. Meiklejohn under the title of "The Experimental College," a book filled with amazing data concerning an attempted solution of the troublesome question as to how our collegiate instruction can be made to function adequately in an age of changing ideals and multitudinous complexities. One finishes this book with the feeling that he has glimpsed the "new college" of the future, that institution dreamed about by generations of idealistic educators.

Imagine a college free from formal classrooms, lectures and textbooks, an institution of learning founded on the educational theory that the function of a college is to train for "intelligence capable of being applied in any field whatever." There you have the Experimental College at Wisconsin as conceived of by Dr. Meiklejohn. The sole objective of a college, according to Dr. Meiklejohn, is to build up in a student just one thing: "the power of self-direction in the affairs of life," for intelligence is the power "wherever one goes, of being able to see, in any set of circumstances, the best response which a human being can make to those circumstances." That power is twofold: a sense of human values, and, "a capacity for judging situations as furnishing possibilities for the realizing of those values." And, adds Dr. Meiklejohn, such power "is very near to 'wisdom'." Qualities of insight and understanding are more important than the specialized training for a specific vocation or trade. "The college, as a place of general teaching, has one aim and that aim is intelligence."

In this unfoldment, the first duty of a student, according to the Wis-

consin plan, is to learn to take care of himself, and during his two years at the Experimental College the learning of that lesson is his primary job. Formal lessons taught by teachers are to be put behind him as he, living and studying with his advisers, grows in the understanding of himself and of the world of human facts and values about him. The student is completely on his own, his guideposts are available for him in his work, and it is up to him to see his studies as helping him to take on the responsibilities of being a man. To Dr. Meiklejohn, the college cannot build up maturity in its students by methods comparable to those of a factory or office. The chosen material of a college is literature, and the chosen instrument of literature is the book, for literature feeds the mind, trains it, strengthens and directs it.

The only really significant question put up to the advisers of the Experimental College concerning a student who has completed a two year course is: "Does he in his living depend upon books and does he use them effectively? Does he know what are the significant values, the significant problems of his civilization; does he follow these as they are recounted and considered in newspapers, in magazines, in books ranging from fiction to scholarly and technical discussion? Is he an intelligent reader?"

The course of studies and study-activities for the two years of work is, to say the least, a thrilling thing. It is laden with vital possibilities and constitutes a deep challenge to the curricula employed by nearly every other college in the land. During the first year the entire student body (250 in number) studies nothing but the civilization of ancient Greece, surveying that period from every conceivable angle, under the guidance of the advisers, most of whom themselves, are making their first venture into that alluring field of intellectual activity. It is of interest to note that the basic book used in this first year is Plato's "Republic." The second year consists of an equally detailed survey and study of American civilization, and here the basic book used is "The Education of Henry Adams."

The theory is this, as expressed by Dr. Meiklejohn: After having seen one civilization of the past and another near to the present from all angles, and comparing and contrasting the two, the student is then prepared for the task of interpreting his own present world. He is, at the end of his sophomore year, ready to assume intellectual responsibilities. He has learned to think and to read intelligently—certainly a remarkable sophomore in every sense of the word!

One of the major criticisms of the Experimental College has been the amount of freedom allowed the students, most of whom have just come from the close confines of the controlled routine of secondary schools. A student at the College does not have more than six or seven meetings each week (class meetings, group meetings, and conferences with the advisers), as against fifteen or sixteen for the regular college student, with no attendance records kept along the line. As Dr. Meiklejohn states it:

The student is free to come and go as he chooses. He himself must determine when he will study, when he will play, when he will get up in the morning

and go to bed at night, how his day shall be apportioned. In a word, he must work out for himself a plan of living and must take charge of its enforcement.

Dr. Meiklejohn's answer to the criticism levelled against the College for permitting this freedom is interesting, as well as final:

Do you wish to graduate a young man as ready to take responsibility for the conduct of his own living, for sharing in responsibility for the common welfare, while it remains true that he cannot be trusted to get up in the morning, to go to bed at night, to assign proper times to his work and his play, to keep his appointments with teachers and fellow students who are engaged in the same enterprise? Surely these are fundamental elements in the educational process. Not only are they more important than any lessons to be learned from books, but also they give color and character and significance to the lessons themselves. The lesson freely learned has a very different quality from the task which is done under compulsion.

In the Experimental College at the University of Wisconsin we have an experiment in collegiate instruction which is fraught with suggestions as well as questions concerning the direction in which our colleges and universities are to go during the next decade. Dr. Meiklejohn's book will, therefore, be eagerly read by all those interested in higher education.

MY LOVE

Mary Regina Fitzgerald

*My love lives on air,
Quite sufficient fare;
If it needed food,
I must build a rood.*



HINT

Rachel Harris Campbell

*Unfriendly this valley is,
The way the mountains stand
Arm-locked to make of it
A green but secret land.*

*It may be the long grass
That ripples like a smile,
Or the live oaks that whisper and point
Every little while.*

*But I make sure the valley
Knows that I know
I'm not just wanted here
And had better go.*

SYNONYMOUS

By John Irwin Cotton

WITH THE OLD anticipatory gleam in his eye, Mark asked, "Are what?"

"I said," repeated Rogue, "that all modern gangsters are incontinent."

Mark made his well-known dash for the library.

"Why," Rorgan Simmons asked we when we were alone, "is Mark so intent on learning the meaning of every new word he hears? And why doesn't he ask someone to define it, rather than always taking time-off to look it up in a dictionary?"

"It is the intent of L. Markham Evarts," I replied, "to become a self-educated man. He has not, as you know, been as fortunate as you and I, and could not afford to attend college. He thinks that by looking up every word, name, or event that is referred to in his presence he can become master of the English language, master of history and geography and, he thinks, master of philosophy and many other subjects. He will, at any event, become an intelligent listener once he has gone clear through the dictionary and the encyclopedia. Do you agree?"

"Possibly, but not probably," responded Rogue.

At this point Mark re-entered the room, carrying with him the world's largest abridged dictionary.

"Incontinent . . ." he was muttering to himself. "Not continent . . . exercising no control over the appetites or passions . . . unchaste . . . unrestrained." Then aloud, "Pardon my sudden departure. Circumstances coincidental to our discourse required my immediate attention elsewhere."

"O. K., Mark," said Rogue. "Where was I?"

"Our discussion," prompted Mark, "was centered around the moral traits of the contemporary gangster. You had remarked, just before I left, that the modern gangster was, as a general rule . . . a . . . incontinent. And that, I think, is a very narrow statement. However, it all depends on whether you mean incontinent as in comparison with the populace or whether you refer to the trait in the gangster as a characteristic predominant among that type alone."

Rogue was always, on any subject, a radical. He formed an opinion on everything, and held always to one extreme or the other.

"I think," he explained, "that morality in most gangsters is non-existent. That they have no knowledge of how to still their passions, and no desire, and that some purposefully debase themselves, making a concentrated effort at moral corruption so they can brag of their habits and in so doing satisfy their own inordinate regard for themselves."

Mark thumbed the dictionary.

"I don't see," he returned, shutting the big book, "how you can maintain such a bigoted view on the question. You are aware, are you not, that the metropolises all over the world fairly reek with immorality;

that delinquents by far out-number the racketeers?"

"Of course I understand that," replied Simmons, "but I hold that the beer barons and their henchmen, as individuals, are a vile lot, and collectively comprise at least two-thirds of the profligates. And as this class of criminal is comparatively small compared with the total population," he concluded to make Mark work his book, "the unmitigated licentiousness of this group is to me egregious."

"Bah!" I said very gently to myself and left the room.

How silly, I thought—Mark's practice of familiarizing himself with every new word he hears, and then using all the large ones he can muster in his conversation. But on the other hand, why should Rogue pay any attention to such a practice? Here he was deliberately baiting poor Mark, when there was no earthly reason why he should care whether Mark referred to a speak-easy as a filthy saloon, or a vile, dissolute, unconscionable, opprobrious, ribald, ignominious gin palace.

Some moments later I returned only to find them still at it. But now, Rogue was not springing stiff words on Mark, and Mark had reverted to a normal vocabulary. Their discourse now was argument—argument plain and simple. They had talked so long on the one subject that they had finally convinced themselves, each one individually, of the truth of their respective opinions.

"Very well," Mark concluded the debate, "we shall go to a speak-easy tonight, and observe for ourselves the actions of the members of the underworld. I will show you." Then noticing me, "Will you come along?"

Being the average combination good citizen and law-breaker, I accepted the invitation.

* * *

On our ride to the best speak-easy in the west side, very little was said on the subject of the debate. A silence had fallen over our group which was extremely uncomfortable to me, although of the other two each seemed to be enjoying what he thought was the other's discomfort.

"Do you think," I said, breaking the silence, "that Byron Darlwynn is still alive?" Byron Darlwynn was a wealthy bank president who had been kidnapped some ten days before. The question was an interesting one and had received wide newspaper publicity.

"Probably been bumped off," said Mark cheerfully.

"Incontrovertibly," agreed Rogue.

Mark jumped and his hand unconsciously wandered over the car seat. It found nothing, and returned to his lap.

Once inside the night club, our conversation again lagged. Each of us was eagerly watching the patrons.

We scrutinized everyone who came in, everyone who was already in, and everyone who went out, but we could not tell gangster from patron. They all looked alike to us. Finally we saw one man who was having quite a party with a blonde. She looked like the kind of blonde that gave blondes the reputation blondes have.

"That fellow over there," said Mark a little thickly—for he **had** taken a glass of beer—"is a bootlegger—a mobman. I can tell by looking at

[Continued on page 33]

THE DILETTANTE

Rachel Harris Campbell

*He did not strive for heaven,
He did not merit hell.
His shade will sit by Lethe banks
On silver asphodel.*

*Elysium is for heroes.
He was not one of these.
And Minos dare not torture him,
Who only lived to please.*

*He'll have given Cerberus
A pat on each fierce head,
And joked with Rhadamanthus,
The grim judge of the dead.*

*They'll scarce know where to put him,
That vague and shadowy race.
The pale outskirts of Orcus
Will be his dwelling place.*

*The shades won't understand him
Any more than we,
But he will find a kindred soul
In Queen Persephone.*

*She'll think him whimsical, and smile
With quiet lips moon-pale.
She will be almost happy there,
Remembering Enna vale.*

*He'll smoke his ghostly cigarette
Beneath a phantom tree,
In gay and gracious dawdling
Through all eternity.*

*Not bold enough for heaven,
Not bad enough for hell, - - -
Look for his shade by Lethe stream
On silver asphodel.*

TWO ARTISTS

By Pierce Harwell

You say that you want to know Life? Very well, my friend, come along with Fate and me to the avenue where Life and Death are found. But certainly, one never finds Life by herself—she is always walking with Death. There beneath the trees two young artists are strolling through the shadows.

"If only I had fifty dollars" says the artist who is wearing a felt hat. And he counts his money.

"The moon seems to be a great disk of Naples Yellow. How I should love to paint a picture of it with huge mauve clouds rolling about in the sky!" murmurs the artist who is not wearing a hat.

Here, my friend, we have found Life and Death. You do not think so? Then let us walk along with these young men and hear their conversation.

"If I had the money," the artist with the felt hat and the twisted face is saying, "I would buy what colors I need and paint a marvelous canvas for the Academy this Fall. If I only had the money."

"Perhaps, beneath the moon I will paint a lovely lake and a group of swans arching their graceful necks. I will let the lake be surrounded by silvery-green Eucalyptis trees and night-blooming flowers. I shall paint them so that one can smell their fragrance and see them swaying in the evening breeze. Oh! I could write a poem for such a beautiful scene," sighs the artist who wears no hat and has such a lovely face.

But the other artist, the one with the twisted face, has been counting his money.

"Fifty cents!" he moans. "Oh, I am so hungry. What an unkind world this is! I am a great artist, yet I cannot get enough money to keep me in brushes and paint, or even food, for that matter. I shall stop in this Cafe and buy something to eat. Perhaps they can give me a job. I must keep alive, even though I do love my art." And so he goes into the Cafe and spends the last of his money for food.

But the artist with the beautiful face has paused in front of a shop window, enchanted by a vermillion-colored wine bottle. It is so beautiful one might think it were filled with newly-drawn blood. The lights on the bottle reflect in his eyes and a tear rolls down his cheek.

"I want to buy that wine bottle" he says to the shop-keeper. "That vermillion-colored wine bottle."

And so he spends all his money—all except one lone coin that feels very lonesome in his empty pocket, but he wants to shout, and sing, and dance, he is so happy.

"Will you fill this bottle with wine for me?" asks the artist as he hands the wine merchant his last coin, that lonesome coin.

"Of course" answers the wine merchant. "And what a pretty bottle you have."

"Do you really think so?" asks the artist, now thrilled to find some one who also likes his bottle.

"Yes, it is quite lovely." And the wine merchant hands him the bottle filled with wine.

"Do you like vermillion?" asks the artist, for he wants to stay and talk with the man.

"I have some vermillion-colored wine. It is very rare and I like to taste it. Come with me and I will show it to you." So the wine merchant and the young artist go into the cellar where the great bottles of liquor age upon the shelves.

We have been sitting here with them all night my friend and they have talked of a thousand things; they have tasted the various wines and eaten some of the fruit from which the wine is made. But the grey shadows of an early dawn are falling across the barred windows high up on the cellar walls and the artist must go back to his home. He shakes the hand of the wine merchant and hurries out into the misty streets.

What! Are you too tired to go farther, my friend? Then let us sit here and Fate, there, will tell us the rest of the story.

"When he reached his room, the rose madder tints had appeared in the sky. The blue-eyed artist put the wine bottle where the sun might shine through its colored glass. Then he went to a food cabinet, but there he found only a slice of stale bread. From behind a tube of paint he took a small vial. As he poured its contents into the wine bottle, he looked out upon the gently awakening city. It was just beginning to come to life.

"He raised the wine bottle to his lips and stared into its burning liquid and thought, 'I wonder if hell is the color of this?' And he drank and soon he was dead.

"When the other artist who wore the felt hat and had a twisted face returned, he found his friend dead upon the floor, and he murmured, 'What a shame. And so talented too! He was a coward and could not face the hardships of life. If I only had some money I could give him a decent burial, but I shall have to let the city do it.' And soon he had forgotten about his dead friend.

This artist with the twisted face had gotten himself a job, and he had no time for his art, so he never painted again. He made a great deal of money, though, by cheating the people who came to do business with him. Also he destroyed many beautiful things and set ugly machines in their places; but he gave money to the church and when he died he had a big funeral and the people all said, 'Too bad, too bad. He was such a good man. He gave money to the church and built big buildings, and now he is dead. Too bad.'

"His buildings were his monuments and people remembered him—especially those he had robbed and cheated. But no one, except the wine merchant, ever remembered the beautiful young artist of long years past who had so loved the vermillion-colored wine bottle.

"You see, my friend, Life and Death walk side by side, but never hand in hand."

FABLES FOR FOOLS

By Winifred Anderson

THE HYPOCRITICAL HOUND

The old dog was digging for a gopher, and his masters urged him on. "Good dog," they said, "nice doggie, catch the nasty gopher." There was no gopher in the hole and the dog knew it. It was just a hole he was digging to keep up an appearance of efficiency. There never had been a gopher, and, unless a miracle happened, there never would be a gopher. Still he kept on digging and presently something happened to his heart and everyone was very sorry. "Still," they said cheerily, "he did get somewhere, and he kept his faculties right up to the end."

THE PHILOSOPHICAL HORNED TOAD

We are all children of the same mother, but we do not all resemble her. There was once a horned toad who did, and was so proud of his likeness to a clod that he made up his mind to live henceforth on pavements where he would not suffer by comparison. As he lay on the sidewalk a passerby was completely taken-in and disgustedly kicked the toad off into the dirt, where he lay philosophizing. "My resemblance to Mother Earth is hardly an asset," he mused. "Can it be that she is not universally respected as a parent?"

SOAP, CANDLES AND MATCHES

By Rachel Harris Campbell

Sausage Wilkins, sedately christened Malcolm by his parents, rechristened more appropriately by his frat brother, took an afternoon off from his vacationing in the mountains to write a letter.

"Dear old Fred," his pudgy fist wrought out, "I suppose you're sweltering in musty old Adolph, trying to make sense out of your silly law books. Lay off a minute, and do a good turn for old Kappa Omega. We want a snappy lot of rushees when we get back in September, and we're looking to you to steer the right bunch toward Hayton. If you see anybody breaking loose from Adolph High School, tell them about Hayton and the glories of Kappa Omega, and be sure to give them the low-down on that Chi Pi Xi crowd. Show them up for the gang of low lifers they are."

The answer came in a few days.

"Dear old Chunks,—I'm sweltering all right, but it's mainly from trying to run down likely K. O.'s. But all joking aside, there are three fine chaps just out of Adolph High, and I've just about persuaded them that it's foolish to waste their money going to a big school when Hayton College is only twenty miles from Adolph."

"Soapy" Montgomery—his real name is Andrew—is a funny, fat, black-eyed little bloke, with a laugh that would make a sorority bunch the day after "Open house" wake up and take notice. "Tallow" Tate looks just like his name—tall, sandy hair, blue eyes, sallow face—very quiet, but a champ in tennis and track. You'll know them all right, because they always hang around together.

"Red" Callahan is as Irish as he sounds, and say! If he goes to Hayton, you want to nab him instanter. I don't know him very well, but from all I hear, he's some catch. He's the son of the president of the Agricultural Bank system. He has all the money he wants to spend, a swell car, a sporting disposition, and a shock of red hair like a lit match. The Chi's will be after him as soon as they get the tip—and that reminds me! I'm rooming with a Chi Pi—you remember "Wong" Lee Richardson, don't you? He's in thick with Stanley Dorland, the Chi president, and when rush season opens, I imagine he'll be on the watch for tips about the newcomers. Be a mite careful how you write me frat news, for you know my habit of leaving things lying around.

"Yours for a successful rush season,

Fred Lane."

Sausage Wilkins left the Kappa Omega house in a mental daze, between disgust and bewilderment. It was the day after registration. Every train arriving in Hayton during the past week had been faithfully met by Kappa Omegas; every boarding house had been spied upon; as a final expedient, the day before, Kappa volunteers had helped with the registration. It was of no use. Hayton College was not to be honored

by the presence of any Andrew (alias Soapy) Montgomery or his chum "Tallow" Tate—at least not that semester!

The Kappa Omegas held a council of war. Its total result was to send Sausage to the post-office. He walked in very importantly; a few minutes later he walked out again very quietly. Four Chi Pi Xi's were gathered about an ink-spattered desk, loudly dictating to one of their number a letter intended for Mr. "Wong" Lee Richardson, at Adolph.

Sausage had one more string to his bow. A messenger boy was obviously out of the question, but the telegraph office was just across the street. He stepped in, found a desk, selected a blunt pencil and a fat pad of yellow blanks, and started to compose his message. But Fate was not done with the Kappa Omega's. The assistant at the desk was chatting most cozily with Stanley Dorland, Chi Pi Xi president. When Sausage noticed that intimacy, he tore his blank into microscopic bits, strewed them over the desk, and went out to walk the streets.

"Checkmated, by heck!" he muttered, only too aware that he was an object of amused interest to all the Chi Pi's in that part of town. There was the long distance telephone, of course, but there was also "Wong" Lee at the other end. Evidently the Chi Pi's were suspicious; there was no sense in giving them anything to think over.

Ten minutes' pacing found him near the office of the Hayton Independent. This enterprising sheet found its way each morning to every frat house on the campus. Its circulation was so incredibly large that many inhabitants of Adolph preferred it to the local weekly. Recalling these facts, Sausage had the most brilliant inspiration of a life decidedly lacking in brilliance.

He bolted into the office and button-holed the managing editor. "See here, Mr. White," he burst out, "I want to run one of these here personals in your advertising section for a day or so."

"Personals!" echoed the managing editor, blankly.

"Sure! I've got a deal on with a fellow in Adolph—a rival firm's trying to cut in, and this is the only way I can communicate with him." Sausage winked portentously—his own patented wink, that enabled him to get around even the most insensitive professors. Mr. White pushed a pad of foolscap toward him. "Write it down," he urged. "I'll run it at the same rate as the regular advertising."

Sausage had grown cautious. There must be no slip now. It took him half an hour to write that "personal." When it was finished, it read, "Fred—any soap, any candles?—Sausage."

For two days, with pathetic faith in their absent brother, the Kappa Omegas searched the "ad" columns of the Hayton Independent. On the third day the following "personal" rewarded their patience.

"Sausage—No, thanks, but a box of matches.—Fred."

"I get what he means!" Sausage shouted. "Tallow and Soapy must have got side-tracked somehow. But that other kid—"Red" Callahan—he must be lying around all lonesome, waiting for us to pick him up. Fellows, let's get a hustle on."

Through two frenzied "rush" weeks the Kappa Omega diligently

sought "Red" Callahan. His name was under the C's in the registrar's file—Patrick Callahan—but "Red" himself proved most elusive. Then one day, as Sausage came out of the Main Building, he heard a Freshman in front of him hailed by a classmate.

"Hi there, Red!" was the greeting of the second Freshman.

Sausage glanced abruptly at Red. Yes, that must certainly be "Red" Callahan—a quiet, self-possessed youth, whom riches had evidently not spoiled. His eyes were an Irish blue-grey, but Fred had exaggerated the redness of his hair. It was not a "shock of red hair like a lit match," it was a reddish brown.

Sausage fell in with him.

"You're Reddy Callahan, aren't you?" he began.

"Yes," said Reddy in surprise at being known to an upperclassman.

"I saw your name on the files," Sausage explained. "You're from Adolph, aren't you?"

"Red" nodded briskly.

"That's my home town," said Sausage, chummily. "Where you staying, anyway, Red?"

The rooming house which Red named was respectable, but modest in price. Sausage was surprised at the closeness of millionaires toward their sons. He invited Red to dinner at the frat house, and lugged him off peremptorily. A wink to the fellows, and the motion of striking a match, put them wise, and they were very nice to Red. He stayed at the house until late that evening.

He really turned out very well—a thoroughly likeable fellow, intensely earnest about his college course, and very evidently the sort that made friends. "It's white of you fellows to take me in like this," he said as he left.

The Kappa's guarded him jealously for a couple of days, lest the Chi Pi Xi's should discover their treasure, and then they pledged him. Protracted rushing was looked upon with disfavor by the Kappas, as being the usual thing with the sororities. When "Red" had gabbled through the litany, he was considered safely caught.

"You bring your car around to our garage tomorrow," Sausage urged him, comfortably.

"My car!" said Red. "Why, I got rid of that last month! It was all going to pieces."

The Kappas felt rather defrauded, but they had no doubt that so wealthy a banker as Mr. Callahan would provide his son with cars as fast as he could smash them.

Next evening Sausage burst into the frat house with the violence of a boiler explosion, and waved the Hayton Independent in the bewildered faces of his frat brothers and their pledges.

"Those dirty bums!" he exploded. "Chi Pi Xi—look here, fellows!"

They crowded about him, and following the lead of his pudgy finger, read,

"Kappa Omega Fraternity announces the pledging of Patrick Callahan, etc., etc."

And below,
"Chi Pi Xi Fraternity announces the pledging of George O'Callahan,
etc., etc."

"Now I ask you," Sausage demanded, "Is it a misprint or what? Have we got Callahan or haven't we?"

It was Patrick Callahan himself who answered.

"I see now what's up," he said, quietly. "George O'Callahan graduated from high school with me. His father's a banker in Adolph, and well enough to do, I guess. George's temper is as red as his hair, and he and the old man have it out every so often. He has a swell car—if he hasn't smashed it up by this time—Say," he ended with a sudden grasp of the situation, "I bet you fellows thought—this is kind of rough on you. I'm no banker's kid, you know. My parents haven't a cent to bless themselves with, and I'm working my way through."

"Oh," said the Omegas, grimly, "That's all right. We never dreamed there were two "Reds" in Hayton."

Sausage was gloomily consulting a much frayed letter.

"Fred left off the O all right," he muttered, unhappily, "But he may have been right about the hair!"

A belated and entirely superfluous letter arrived next day from Fred.

"For the love of Pete, Sausage, don't pledge "Red" O'Callahan," ran the contents. "I've just learned that he was up before police court twice during his last year in high—reckless driving. That was a clever scheme of yours, but "Wong" Lee noticed the names, and I think he is pretty well wise to the whole thing. He let slip last night that he had tipped off the Chi's about O'Callahan, and I suppose they'll have him by this time. Better let them keep him. As ever, Fred Lane."

Two weeks later, at three twenty-five in the morning, Stanley Dorland, president of the Chi Pi Xi, went very quietly down to police court and stood bail for "Red," otherwise George, O'Callahan. The indictment on the blotter read "Driving while intoxicated."

THE GRINDING GODS

Mary Regina Fitzgerald

*The grinding gods of life
Demand your dreams and hopes,
The fervor of your youth,
And all the finest things of your young soul
That can be ground to incense
For their golden altars—*

*Altars whence the rare and faint perfume
Of sacrifice will purify the air
Within the ancient, crumbling walls of life.*

BOOK COVERS NEW

Books reviewed in this column are from the Artemesia Circulating Library.

SONS. By Pearl S. Buck.

We find in Pearl Buck's sequel to "The Good Earth," "Sons," a novel of arresting power. Her story, which revolves around the three sons of Wang Lung, the farmer in "The Good Earth," is admirably lucid, and her treatment of the characters shows a keen knowledge of the Chinese people of today. Because this book is not as sordid or depressing as the preceding one, I consider it much the better of the two.

Mrs. Buck's most outstanding quality is her ability to portray characters well, both from a material and a spiritual point of view. The three sons about whom the story is centered, Wang the Tiger, Wang the Landlord, and Wang the Merchant, are sketched with such clearness that one can almost see the fat Landlord, the rough Tiger, and the crafty Merchant as one reads. In reading this book, one feels that the powerful portrayal of the women characters is a strong point in Mrs. Buck's favor. She describes Wang the Tiger's woman thus: ". . . he saw that she was young and that she had a hard, bright, beautiful face, her lips thin and red and her forehead high and smooth and her eyes bright as a fox's face.", and one immediately feels that this woman is not to be trusted. Mrs. Buck's intimate knowledge of the nature of the Chinese is evinced throughout the book, whether she deals with peasants or noblemen. It is to the author's credit that her women are as strongly sketched as her men, and that her knowledge of the people is so satisfyingly used.

Perhaps that part of the story which interests one most is the training of Wang the Tiger's son and its consequences. The Tiger spends more time in providing for his son's material wants than in striving to give him fatherly understanding and comradeship, for he takes it for granted that a son of his should care for the rough life of a soldier. Therefore he cannot understand him when he turns to the soil instead of to war: ". . . he had dreamed his son and shaped him faithfully to his dream, and here the son stood and Wang the Tiger did not know him. A common farmer? . . . Once more his father, that old man in the land, reached out and laid his earthy hand upon his son." "Sons" is filled with such human incidents, all written in a way which shows that Mrs. Buck has a clear understanding of the subjects she deals with.

The author has that rare method of writing which expresses by its very sentence structure and phrasing the characteristics of the people about whom she is writing. But what is rarer, her book is almost without blemish, and it shows many years of intensive study and research. One might say that this novel is so faultless that throughout it runs a strain of indifference on her part, as if she might say with Shih Nai-An in his preface to "Shui Hu," the classic Chinese novel of the thirteenth century which she is now translating, "Alas, I was born to die! How can I know what those who come after me and read my book will think of it? I cannot even know if I myself afterwards can read this book. Why therefore should I care?"--S.A.

AMERICA AS AMERICANS SEE IT. By Fred J. Ringel.

The fine points of this book, which was the Literary Guild's selection for June, 1932, are nearly outweighed by its lesser qualities. The editor, Ringel, has chosen forty-seven persons well acquainted with different fields of American life to write the book. Taken individually, forty-five of these articles are either fine essays on the particular phases of our life, or are good reconstructive editorials. Of the other two, one is a good example of popular humor, while the second is an extremely ludicrous account of the foreigner's impressions of America.

The greater majority of the articles are, as I have said, written by men well versed in their subject. They are, in comparison to their length, extensive and thoroughly handled. There is a certain amount of overlapping of subject and the consequent repetition renders the book as a whole a trifle boring. It would be much more appreciated as a book for an American to read in single selections from time to time, than as one to read through at a sitting.

However, the book was not originally intended for American publication, but as a chronicle of America and American life to be published in the different countries of Europe, to acquaint Europeans with the real America and to dispel the common European notion of us, summarized in the last article, "A Neighbor Looks at America" by Stephen Leacock. Leacock, a Canadian Doctor of Political Economy, summarizes his opinion admirably in five paragraphs, entitled respectively, "THE AMERICANS ARE A QUEER PEOPLE: THEY CAN'T READ. THE AMERICANS ARE A QUEER PEOPLE: THEY CAN'T REST. THE AMERICANS ARE A QUEER PEOPLE: THEY CAN'T DRINK. THE AMERICANS ARE A QUEER PEOPLE: THEY CAN'T PLAY. THE AMERICANS ARE A QUEER PEOPLE: THEY DON'T GIVE A DAMN." He closes his last paragraph on the Americans with, "The Chinese look on them as full of Oriental cunning, the English accuse them of British stupidity, the Scotch call them close-fisted, the Italians say they are liars, the French think their morals loose, and the Bolsheviks accuse them of Communism."

An article on "College Life" by John Held Jr. alone seems out of place, as it is mainly a dissertation on necking, parking, rushing, drinking, and sex—and is prefaced by nothing to tell the British reader that it is simply funny. Robert Benchley's essay on "The Newspaper Game" is probably the best thing he has ever written. In coming down to earth and actually saying something about American journalistic standardization he tries less hard to be funny than is customary with him. Consequently there are incorporated into this piece some exceedingly humorous bits.

Some of the better articles in this collection are Sherwood Anderson's "The Times and the Towns," Will James' "Cowboy and Dude Ranches," Clare Boothe Luce's "American Society and Near Society," Silas Bent's "Advertising and Mass Psychology," John T. Flynn's "Chain Stores," Gilbert Seldes' "American Humor," and Fred C. Kelly's "Gambling in Wall Street."—J. I. C.

Harcour-Brace. 1932. \$3.75.

THIRTY CLOCKS STRIKE THE HOUR. By V. Sackville-West

Many collections of short stories have appeared on the market of recent years, some without any excuse for their inclusion in an omnibus, others gathered together because they all have the same subject, setting, or central character. V. Sackville-West, in her new book "Thirty Clocks Strike the Hour," has attempted instead a unification of mood, and has succeeded surprisingly well in being consistent without laying herself open to the charge of tediousness.

In the title story, which is the author's account of a visit to her grandparents, she strikes the key-note of the book with a description of her grandmother, alone in the grand salon at midnight, listening with "a sort of humorous ecstasy" to its thirty gilded clocks striking the passing hour. The echo of the thirty clocks can be heard faintly through the succeeding stories, each of which marks the passing of something—sometimes a life, sometimes a tradition, sometimes a whole period which closes with the striking of the clock.

The prospective reader can hardly be mistaken in the assumption that this is not a book of happy endings. He will, however, be in error if he is under the impression that all of the stories are about the same thing, as they are widely varied in plot and background. Of the two longer stories, one, "The Death of Noble Godavary" is laid in present-day England, but deals with the fast-disappearing type of the nineteenth-century statesman. The other, "Gottfried Kuntsler," is a rather fantastic tale of a German clerk who fell on his head while skating on the ice, lost all memory of the past, and was cared for by a beautiful woman who was popularly supposed to be a witch. The latter story is laid in the winter-time, and retains throughout an icy, brittle irreality reminiscent of the "Snow Queen" from Hans Anderson.

In the last story in the book the author reverts to her favorite period and writes "The Unborn Visitor: An Edwardian Story." While "Gottfried Kuntsler," containing nothing which is supernatural, still has the fantastic atmosphere of a fairy tale, "Unborn Visitor" shamelessly includes in 1909 an apparition from 1932 and still manages an impression of realism with its amiable ridicule of both periods and effortlessly witty dialogue.

Sackville-West's short-stories show a greater flexibility than her novels, while still retaining some of their minor story-telling faults. One of the most irritating is her habit of anticipating the action of a story by saying "Little did I know what was to happen before nightfall," or "Could he have foreseen the web of circumstance in which he was to be involved he would never have come."

To admirers of Sackville-West's novels, even including those readers who dislike the short-story as a medium, this book is almost certain to prove enjoyable. As an introduction to her books it will also prove not unworthy. It is always dangerous to place a book with respect to an author's previous work, but we venture to say timidly that we think it is superior to "The Edwardians" and second only to her Hawthornden prize novel, "The Land."—W. A.

Doubleday-Doran. 1932. \$3.50.

THE SHELTERED LIFE. By Ellen Glasgow.

In *The Sheltered Life*, Ellen Glasgow has given us a story of the South of not so long ago and of the artificial, yet superficially charming, life that went on in its supposedly better-class circles. She has painted the background of the story very completely, with sure and skilful strokes. Against it, she has drawn some memorably human characters—General Archbald, at 83 feeling that the best years of his life are still before him; Cora, his daughter-in-law, who never told the truth, because reality might hurt someone; Jenny Blair Archbald, the general's grand-daughter, who was pretty and innocent and meant no harm, but who was to cause the disaster which finally shattered the calm of their sheltered life.

Outside the Archbald family circle are the other chief protagonists, George and Eva Birdsong. Mrs. Birdsong had been a great beauty—the "Virginia Lily," they called her when she was the belle of Queenborough—and of course she had married a rake. George Birdsong was anything but an exemplary husband; yet so far as anyone knew, Mrs. Birdsong was unaware of his extra-marital adventures, notorious though they were. Everyone conspired to protect her supposed ignorance on this score.

When Jenny Blair Archbald was nine years old, she had her first important contact with George Birdsong, though she had known him all her life. While skating in the Negro quarter, she stumbled and hurt her head on the pavement in front of Memoria's house. Memoria was the handsome mulatto who did the Birdsongs' laundry. Jenny Blair was carried into Memoria's dwelling, and there she encountered Mr. Birdsong, apparently very much at home.

Jenny Blair did not understand why Mr. Birdsong asked her to say nothing of that afternoon's happenings to anyone. She only knew that now they had a secret between them and that it was the most wonderful thing that had happened to her in her life. Every time she thought of it, the world seemed transfigured and she saw a flash of blinding light and felt pure ecstasy.

Jenny Blair never got over having that feeling about Mr. Birdsong, and one day, when she was seventeen, he kissed her, and from then on her life was one of conflict, of alternate misery and rapture. This psychological conflict in a shallow soul Miss Glasgow has pictured with considerable skill and in some detail.

Jenny's passion for George did not fail to meet with response, for one of his good traits was generosity. In this case, however, a certain stinginess would have been commendable. Mrs. Birdsong, at the time, had just undergone a severe operation, and her realization that her looks were fading, her health gone and, her youth fast going, sharpened her perceptions and made her aware that she was losing the one person for whom she felt she had sacrificed everything.

Gently and imperceptibly, Miss Glasgow builds her story up to its startling climax. She is leisurely about it, and the whole book is permeated with a quality of leisureliness akin to the atmosphere in which her characters live and with which the author herself is thoroughly familiar. This very

slowness in the development of the story will displease most readers, for if there is an outstanding fault in this novel it is Miss Glasgow's habit of having her characters conduct long and sometimes rather inconsequential mental soliloquies. Though interesting from the psychological standpoint, they do slow up the story considerably.

Taken altogether, **The Sheltered Life** is one of the best of the recent novels, and both for its characterization and, to a lesser degree, for its plot, provides several hours of pleasurable reading.—S. M.

Doubleday-Doran. 1932. \$2.50.

TO J. F.

Mary Regina Fitzgerald

*Our eyes met, yours of grey and mine of green.
I sought to fathom what I saw in yours:
Was it a dream of flying in the dawn,
A dawn of gold-flecked grey? Or did you dream
Of feeling motors answer to your touch,
A touch both delicate and powerful?
I studied you, and you in turn watched me!
Did my green eyes hold visions of a home?
And were they filled with love for this green earth?
You feared green cages, and you looked away.*

 :: :: ::

*Oh, let me look into your eyes again,
I love their promise of swift flight in skies
Made blue from grey by golden, golden suns.*



THE WIND

Richard Bartlett

*The wind - - -
is just a spoiled boy:*

*Riding careless upon the clouds,
spreading ruin and woe in his wake;
then repentant
he'll come again,
on a sunbeam mount,
asking forgiveness for his sins.*

A DEATH IN THE FAMILY

[Continued from page 9]

oh, Lawd, why did you make it happen when the Doctor ain't at home?"

Panting, she reached her mistress.

"Emma," murmured Mrs. Gilroy, "I feel rather faint. Let me lean against you for a moment."

"Lawd!" gasped the frightened darkey peering into the old lady's face, "it's done happened!"

Glancing quickly at the upstairs windows, she called softly to the gardener:

"Mrs. Gilroy feels kind of faint, and we got to get her in onto a couch." Giving another anxious glance at the upstairs windows, she muttered to herself as she and the gardener carried the old lady into the house:

"I can't let Miss Margery find out what's happened sudden because of her heart. If I let her shock herself and her heart stops beating, too, what would Doctor do?"

As soon as the old lady was laid upon the couch in the library, Emma ran to the telephone. Her hands shook as she grasped the instrument. Fumbling in her haste, she dialed the Doctor's number.

"Please, I want Dr. Gilroy, quick," she gasped, and was answered by his nurse.

"So sorry," said the professionally cool voice at the other end of the line, "the doctor is operating just now."

"But, it's his ma! He's got to come," Emma ordered, ignorant and heedless of operations, "she is done had a stroke!"

"Oh," the nurse's voice was

comfortingly competent, "I'll send Dr. Anderson over at once, and notify Dr. Gilroy as soon as I can. It is impossible to disturb him now. I'm so sorry." The receiver clicked at the other end of the line.

"What in the world is all the confusion about? To whom, are you telephoning, Emma?"

Miss Margery's sweet voice from the head of the stairs was a most unwelcome sound to her loyal, if frightened, servant.

"It's Mrs. Gilroy," Emma reluctantly admitted, "she most fell on the sidewalk. The gardener and me got her into the library, and she is pretty sick. I been phoning Doctor, but he ain't in his office. The nurse says Dr. Anderson is coming."

"I'll be right down. Get some water to bathe her head, and I'll bring down some medicine," ordered Miss Margery.

"Don't you get yourself excited and sick, please ma'am, Miss Margery," pleaded the worried darkey. "Honest, I think she'll be better pretty soon; now, don't you worry, please."

The contrast between the white daintiness of Miss Margery and the frowning bulk of her huge servitor, presented a striking picture to Dr. Anderson as he stepped through the door fifteen minutes later.

"Oh, thank heavens you have come, Doctor," gasped the little woman. "I've made her swallow some aromatic spirits of ammonia, and Emma has been massaging her steadily, but we can't seem to get her to react at all."

"You can't?" the doctor's tone

was grave. "Let me see."

Carefully, he felt the old lady's blue veined wrist. Frowningly, he applied his stethoscope. Then, after a slight pause, he turned to the two watchers.

"You have done all there is to do at present. Dr. Gilroy ought to be here in a very few minutes."

Her face set in a mask of anxious concentration, Emma rhythmically continued her massaging.

Miss Margery sat perched on the side of the couch, glancing worriedly from time to time, from her mother-in-law's pale face to the frowning doctor.

The minutes dragged by slowly. Five, ten, then, the hushed atmosphere was shattered by the shriek of brakes hastily jammed on, the slam of a car door, and into the house rushed the anxiously awaited doctor.

"I believe, Dr. Gilroy," said Dr. Anderson with a meaning glance toward Miss Margery, "that we should conduct this examination without the presence of your wife."

"Why?" began the instantly indignant lady, but Emma, whose fingers had already perceived the truth, interrupted.

"Come on, honey," she said, half pushing, half carrying her mistress. "Come on, we's leaving her in good hands. You come rest a spell, and help when you is needed. Mind the Doctor, now."

Emma urged Miss Margery up the stairs and into her bedroom, with the petting and clucking of a monstrous and motherly hen.

"Now here is your nice bed," she said cajolingly. "It's been more of a shock than you think, and you just lay still and me and the Doc-

tor will manage."

"Oh, Emma, is she?" Miss Margery choked and paused.

"Yes ma'am, I think the Lord is done took her," Emma agreed. "We all got to go, and she was a powerful fine old lady."

Her homely brown face worked painfully, and she said under her breath in a queer, surprised little voice:

"Her dress ain't wrung out good yet, and now, it don't matter a might."

With a sobbing intake of breath, Emma descended the stairs, murmuring as only a negro can:

"Oh, Lawd, oh, Lawd!"

During the next few days, Emma scarcely slept. Instead of going home as usual, she spent the nights on a cot on the back screened porch; and early dawn found her waking with plans for making the day easier for Miss Margery and the Doctor.

"I declare, Margery," said a cousin who had come for the funeral, "I didn't believe there was a negro of that type in this part of the world. Where did you get her?"

Miss Margery finished her explanation of Emma by saying:

"She is as devoted to us as ever Martha was, and she will miss Mother Gilroy."

Emma, overhearing, knew she would miss the dear old lady when the house had settled again to its customary calm, but now, the drama was absorbing her negro mind and emotions.

Then, at last, she knelt in the back of the large, dim church, looked at the bank of flowers before the altar, and felt in every nerve the throbbing of the pipe

organ. Her one clear thought was a sureness that this was a truly impressive end to life and, that somehow, she herself, was part of this majestic finale.

After the funeral, with the Doctor and Miss Margery away for the night, Emma and Martha worked to give the house its usual cheerful look.

"Too bad, you had gone off to the country before you heard of Mrs. Gilroy's death, Martha," said Emma, commiseratingly. "Y o u could have been a lot of help to me, and I feel Miss Margery would have been glad to have you."

"I feel terrible about it," Martha murmured. "I couldn't believe it when I got home this evening about four, and Sister Grayson asked me if I was going to the funeral. I says, 'What funeral?', and she says, 'Don't you even know Mrs. Gilroy died sudden?' I run to the street car when she told me it was just time for the funeral. I hurried all I could, but you all was just coming out."

"It was too bad, Martha," said Emma. "Will you, please, hand me up that silver in the bag? I got it out for the company."

"This was the teapot what Old Miss thought most of," Martha said. "Just the week before she was took sick, she said I polished it till it was like a looking glass. Old Miss surely depended on me. I

don't know what Miss Margery would a done, if I hadn't been here when her ma had her last sickness."

Emma gave a gasp. There it was again. Then, she said firmly:

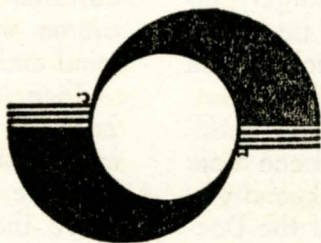
"I'm sure, that Miss Margery leaned on you when her ma was sick. I ought to know how it was, as I just had both Miss Margery and the Doctor coming to me for most everything. I was first to po' Mrs. Gilroy when she had her stroke, and I was last from the church. Now, will you please, bring them vases from the living room?"

Martha had turned to the swinging door. She paused for her usual superior last word, then, seeming to realize that circumstances had snatched her old superiority from her, she shook her head silently, and the door swung shut behind her.

Emma sank slowly into a chair. She was tired in every bone, nerve, and muscle. Her service had been a loving tribute. She would miss Mrs. Gilroy.

A tear made the grease spot, which still sullied her usually immaculate floor, quiver. The cat rubbed against her knee, and she patted it absently.

A smile crept slowly across her sullen face. Never again could Martha act superior about Old Miss. She, Emma, as well as Martha, had shared a death in the family.



SYNONYMOUS

[Continued from page 16]

him. He is a gunster, isn't he, Rogue?"

"No," replied Mr. Simmons.

"I'll bet he is," insisted Mark.

"Don't be a dunderpate," said Rogue.

"A what?"

"Nincompoop," said Rogue.

"What did you say the first time?"

"Tomnoddy!"

"I want a dictionary," wailed Mark.

"Chucklehead."

"Dictionary!"

"Ninny hammer."

"Dictionary!"

"Jolterhead."

"Dictionary!"

"Numbskull."

"Dictionary!"

"Habitudoinous donkey."

"Waiter! Waiter! Waiter! I want a dictionary!"

"Of dictionaries," said the amused waiter, "this joint is je june."

"What!" cried Mark, horrified. That was too much.

He got up unsteadily and walked fitfully over to the blonde sitting on a lap.

"Where," asked Mark, "is that man that was here?"

"Right here," she said, and moved to one side.

"My tutelary saint!" he cried. "Have you a dictionary? - - oh, no, no, no! That wasn't what I meant. Have you a dictionary? - - - Hup - - - Pardon me, I meant to say, are you a gangster?"

The man got up, took one look at Mark leaning heavily against the

table, and spat out the single word, "Dizzard!"

That was too much for Mark. He pulled himself up haughtily as if he were about to leave, then drew back his fist. The other man reached for a gun, but before he got it, Mark landed a delicious wallop on the chin. Without a sound the gangster dropped to the floor.

A hush fell over the room and everybody watched Mark as he wandered back to us, saying, "Dunderpate - Tomnoddy - hebitudoinous donkey - numbskull - jolterhead - Rogue, he was a gangsterman."

The lights went out just as three men started strolling in our direction. Rogue and I grabbed our friend and felt our way to a rear passage. We opened the first door we came to, and saw two men in the room — one bound and gagged—the other reclining in a plush chair reading a paper. We started to back out into the dark corridor, but Mark thrust us aside and walked up to the reader, saying, "Do you please have a dictionary?"

The man got up and took one look at him. "Witling!" he said.

Again Mark's blow went home.

* * * * *

We got Mr. Byron Darlwynn out of the joint in the general confusion that had followed the blowing of the lights. Once in the car, Mark started to doze off.

Even with Mark in this groggy condition, it was all Rogue and I could do to hold him back when Mr. Byron Darlwynn turned to him and exclaimed, "What interpidity!"

JADE for the JADED

[Continued from page 11]

a desert trader of Hebrew descent. This patriarch had traveled widely in his long life and he had an adopted Chinese son. One afternoon when I had been the essence of courtesy and downed sixteen cups of his muddy coffee, I essayed to ask him about the lad. "Wu hostu em gemumen?" (Where did you get him?) His Yiddish answer was really a surprise, "Wen ich bin given in Kenton iz er mir zir gefelen gewaren." (He took my fancy when I was in Canton.)

Mohammed had much the same trouble only he was working on a mountain. He finally made the mountain come to him. I decided to learn Chinese and get my information from headquarters.

In my search for the reason why all Chinese come from Canton I had read over two hundred books, reference articles, and magazine reviews. Only a meager handful were authoritative and informative. Now I discovered that there simply were no texts in English on the Chinese language. I discovered that only one school in the United States taught Chinese, Columbia University. Stanford had had a course but had deleted it. I wrote the Columbia instructor, Dr. Lu. He showed a great interest and an equally great pessimism. He used no text and the dictionary the class must needs use was Chinese-German. None of the members of his class had ever cared to take a second semester and none had ever really got to first base with the language.

(Primary base was the way the doctor put it.) He told me to

write Stechert in Philadelphia as this man is the philological text magnate for these United States. This I did and within three months Stechert got me a text from London. A year later he dug up an out of print grammar in Bordeaux. Then a missionary in Ho Nan sent me a Mandarin Chinese-English dictionary. In time I read Karlgren's Norwegian monographs on Chinese and pored over Mulled's works with *das wörterbuch* by my side.

I learned of the four tones in the North; of the nine in the South. I learned of the slang, the colloquial, the polite, the formal, the general, and the literary languages, a spoken and a written for each, twelve separate languages. I learned to draw characters with a brush and write them with a pen. I learned the use of allusion, the peculiarities of numerators and how to insert an idiomatic phrase between verb and object. I struggled with the Dju-yin phonetic symbols.

I have attended the Chinese theater as opportunity has presented itself and learned that the cry of the Chinese is louder and funnier. I have rushed Chinese girls and loved one. I have been where occidental foot never before trod. I have adopted Buddhism as completely as is possible for an agnostic to accept an atheistic religious philosophy.

Some day I may scratch the polished surface of The Chinese Language. O dzin lih dzo. I will do my best—none can do more.

Last week I found out why all

the Chinese come from Canton. Oh, you'd like to know too? Well, you just learn Chinese and find out! That was the erudite yet zestful occupation I've been leading up to.

I've been every where, seen every body, done everything. I've looked from the wrong side of the bars and tasted the dregs. I've walked in high places and been at the head of the procession. I've been married twice. I've been where sex was the all of life and

I've been where it doesn't exist. I've spent four years with the soul of a dreamer in our filthy Navy.

I've been around. I'm a sophisticate. And I get blase mighty easily. But when I read a choice bit of heaven from faded rice papyrus in characters brushed by patient monks before our era began, sometimes I come to the conclusion that things are worth while, sort of . . .

—(Authors note: The above is, of course, purely fictional).



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ESSAY CONTEST

THE PHI BETA KAPPA ALUMNI ASSOCIATION of Southern California announces its ANNUAL ESSAY CONTEST which is open to any student regularly enrolled in any university or college on March 31, 1933. This contest, which is becoming a tradition among Southern California college students, offers an opportunity for those with literary ability to win one or more prizes which range from fifteen to forty-five dollars, the proceeds to be spent for books purchased under the supervision of the college librarian.

San Diego State College students have, for two consecutive years, won a third prize in this contest and it is the hope of those having the reputation of the school at heart and those who are concerned in promoting interest in the cultural activities, that this year we will be among those placing first.

Essays must not be less than two thousand nor more than three thousand words in length: must be typed on one side of the paper only: and must be submitted under a fictitious name. The real name of the student and that of his institution should be enclosed in a sealed envelope to accompany the manuscript. The essay may be on any subject, may be critical or personal. Only one essay per person may be submitted and contestants are warned that incorrect English or uncorrected typographical errors will be counted against the essay.

Three copies of each essay should be handed to Miss Florence L. Smith of the English department before April 1st, 1933. Miss Smith will be glad to answer any questions or give any possible help to those interested. Students are heartily urged to avail themselves of this exceptional opportunity.

THIS DAY CAME
Rachel Harris Campbell

*This day came
In a welter of young crocus gold.
The sun broke his bonds
Like a young man straining and laughing.*

*How was it that I wept so agedly
While the sun raced and shouted?*

*This day goes
In a violet and tourmaline outpouring.
An ancient vestal star
Smiles dim and strangely.*

*I was too old for the morning.
I am grown too young for twilight.
Against the sad dim smile of the vestal star
I thrust belated laughter.*

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TO ———

Richard Bartlett

*Sunbeams
Drunk with morning dews
Drowsy yet with nocturnal dreaming;
In a blanket,
Heavy,
Of wet perfume
Lies the air in stillness;
Mignonette,
And little roses - - -
I did see a lady,
Passing,
Has she caused - - -
My garden?*

A REMINDER

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