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CHANSON MYSTIQUE

We wandered from mist to mist through the campus at nightfall, watching the gaunt trees twist their too tall arms and flaunt their naked bodies. It was dark, and as we crossed the road the day's last whistle blew . . . like the bark of some sad toad or frog croaking from the byways of a vaguely present past . . . a cold wind roughly jostled by . . . bluffly joking . . . taking a bold pull at our hair . . . raking bare our hearts . . . but they were young and warm and flung it off . . . and with it threw off care.

Mist to mist . . . Mary's light and Kidder's tower beacon met and kissed, and glowered naively at the night . . . all things "west," immortal, blinked and flashed where ripples from street lamps splashed and blinked against the sleet-like vamps of hoar frost . . . tost off little darts of fire that lost themselves within the gay festoons of cobwebs . . . fine wires of platinum, white with light from the hearts of inner moons.

Mist to mist . . . out of the past . . . how many lovers have kept their tryst . . . how many others dare to return to see whether fires that have slept will burn . . . what do they see . . . wandering from mist to mist through the campus at nightfall. . .

—Dorothy L. Anderson.

LOST PLAYMATE

I didn't understand when they told me she was gone
And I kept on calling and I ran across the lawn.
I jumped into the swing and, quiet as a mouse,
I waited in the shadows by the big, white house.

I waited and I watched and I hummed a little tune,
And I rocked back and forth through the long afternoon.
And every now and then, like a plaintive phoebe-bird,
I called to her, then listened to see if she had heard.

I didn't understand and when they told me she was gone—
I slipped from the swing, and as dusk came on
I crept through the shadows by the big, white house
And stole from the yard like a frightened little mouse.

—Marvin Schepman.

KNOW THYSELF

WHEN I came to college I was a typical freshman—a balloon full of other people's hot air. During the first weeks of school I bobbed gaily along, tugging at the strings of "musts" and "don'ts" of college conventions once in a while, but most of the time quite satisfied with myself and my friends. And then came one disappointment after another; my poor balloon shrivelled and shrivelled until there wasn't a single idea left out of my fine store of second-hand information and experiences. I had found that other people could not do my thinking for me; that my friend's reactions were not mine. My own reactions were—well, to be truthful, I didn't know what they were—I had never thought about them before. I had to learn to know myself.

If one really cares to learn, college is a patient preceptress to teach him to know himself. "I, by Myself" might have been the title of this paper if I were at all sure of what I think about myself. I'm not certain enough about my opinions as yet, however, to write about them, because I have known the real "me" for only about three months. I have discovered a few interesting things, however, during this short acquaintance. My latest idea is that I sincerely believe that I should rather have the word "TOLERANT" engraved on my tombstone than any other tribute. In order to achieve this ideal of tolerance, I must first know myself, and then know other people.

Getting acquainted with myself is an interesting experience. I really think I am going to be glad I know my father's daughter. It is rather fun to make up my mind in my own way. Nobody knows what I really think, and I don't see any reason why anybody should know. I believe that the right answer is the tactful answer, the one that one is expected to give. If my expressed opinions were a bit different, people would think me a queer sort of person. As I am not planning to be anyone's circus freak, I am not talking too much. I am measuring myself by the same yardstick by which I measure the other people I meet. If I do not quite measure up, I comfort myself by thinking that one's ideal should be high, in order that one may stretch himself to reach it. That I know what I want myself to be, comforts me.

Other people are worth knowing. People are like books, some interesting and worth reading, some valuable because they make others more valuable by sheer contrast. Sometimes the most interesting books have the most uninviting covers. Guady covers often enclose frothy interiors; often they are but colorful compensation for drab souls. The best way to understand people, however, is to try to imagine what one would think if he were that person with that person's background and point of view. Tolerance is the most valuable course I have found in college, and I had to know myself before I could take the course. Some day I hope to have an "understanding heart."

—W. W.

KNOWLEGE IS POWER

BY LEON KAHN

In college one ought to acquire the habit of seeking the truth and liking it for its own sake in a disinterested way. The best way to acquire this habit is by study and interpretation of the natural sciences. To understand the laws of nature means to have power of prediction; it means to know that

given certain circumstances certain others follow always and inevitably; it means to discover causes—and their effects. Man, having attained through patient and objective inquiry this capacity to tell in advance, may take advantage of it for his own good. The whole of modern industry, with its phenomenal control of natural powers and resources, is testimony to the use which man has found for the facts and laws which he would never have discovered save for the curiosity which was his endowment and the inquiry which he made his habit. "Knowledge is power," said Francis Bacon, and the three hundred years of science that have made possible the whole modern world of transportation, air travel, and instantaneous communication between two continents, have proved his aphorism. The cave and the flint were man's first attempt to control his environment. In science, with its accurate observation of facts not apparent to the unaided eye and its discovery and demonstration of laws not found by casual and unsystematic common sense, man has an incomparably more refined instrument, and an incomparably more effective one. Thus, paradoxically enough, man's most disinterested and impartial activity is at the same time his most practical asset.

FAIR JUDGMENT

Woe be unto us, who are college students, if we are as our talk depicts us to be. We do not say what we think nor think what we say. If that is not all human nature it is at least college student nature to be hypocritical in this—our conversation. When we are with the gang behind the commerce building we speak of the professor as a curse, of the classes as long and dry, of other members in the class as dumb, and of the whole system as a farce. We never speak of Oregon State as a wonderful school without trying to counteract our words with a cynical little smile or without using some other means to show the gang that we are not serious. As for studying—that is to get good grades, and if anyone should mention the fact that he is trying to learn something which will do him some good—that alone would brand him either as different or as a freshman.

"What is the use of going to class? I haven't my lesson," or "Now for a good hour's sleep," or "I surely flunked that exam." are some of the remarks which every freshman adds to his vocabulary within a month after registration. He soon begins to use one or another of these phrases before and after every class. It becomes a habit to say what is considered the appropriate thing whether he believes it or not. And it seems that the only chance for genius to show itself is to improve on the old phrases.

But we are not entirely what our conversation makes us seem. Many of those students who seem the most pessimistic are the ones who are getting the benefit from their classes, who are staying awake and listening to the professors, who are finding out in the examinations what they do and don't know. They are the ones who are going to Oregon State, rather than some other school, against the wishes of fathers and mothers and older brothers. They are the ones who tell their younger friends that the classes are interesting and that they are really learning more than they ever thought it would be possible to learn. With their closest friends they discuss the relative merits of different sides of a question brought up in that "dry" class. They think about what they are learning. In fact, they really should not be judged by the shallow, dried-up, bantering conversation of a group.

—Roy Zimmerman.

MILD METROPOLIS

BY DOROTHY L. ANDERSON

THE long limbs of the coast range curl themselves about the Willamette valley; and in the generous lap so formed, nestles Portland, the darling of the far west. Seattle and San Francisco are old—infinitely old and sophisticated. For years they have pressed their mouths to the stinging salt kiss of the ocean, till their mouths and their souls are cracked and dry, and their faces bear the deep scars of dissipation. Their ungainly bodies sprawl out over a multitude of hills, like slovenly women. But Portland cuddles, a glowing adolescent, in the strong lap of the mountains—listens to the nuptial paeans of a thousand streams—thrills to the slithering caress of the river—slips a timid arm upward about the shoulder of the side hills. She is a smooth, beautiful creature, with just a mound or two in quite the proper places.

No longer can the wild one, stealing insidiously down with the waters in the spring, molest her, for we have built a wall against his invasions. Its sides are slick, and rivers have no catapults. Outside the wall, steamers shunt leisurely along from bridge to bridge. Sometimes they stop—derricks scream under their burdens of pungent cedar, pine, and fir—or there is the soft "hushing" swish of falling grain, "sh-sh-sh," ending with a staccato sound, like "wheat-wheat-wheat." The tall ships slink away, half buried, to the ocean—to Seattle—San Francisco.

Portland's heart lies west of the river. I think her head does too, for she holds that portion higher, and east of the river the suburbs spread about her like a full, brightly figured skirt. Madamoiselle in robe de style. West of the river—there is the row of dirty, dingy buildings where men who sit at mahogany desks on Broadway store the beans and crackers, mushrooms and caviar, for the janitor's family—God knows where—and their partners' families spurning the city from the brows of the heights.

For five or six blocks more, and some miles up and down, Ole Hansen, Hop Sing Lo, Yoshi Namura, Juan Perico, Toni Chiaffarelli, and Herman Dinkelspiel sell Swedish bread, bird-nest soup, little round pellets that turn to fish and flowers, tamales and chili, raviola—and if you are "in," grape juice long divorced from its native vineyards—and bright toys and sausages and linkworst.

On Fourth street the pulse of **proud** Portland flutters faintly, and on Fifth it flashes forth quick and warm. Little boys with old-man faces, and old men with little-boy faces, scream their two-penny papers and gaze wonderingly at the Nickel-and-Dime-Store windows. Buildings, not too tall, sit firmly on their haunches and glare at each other across wire filled spaces. An automatic policeman waves his arms, and simple humans move while complex motor things stand still. Sometimes it is the other way around.

Sixth, Broadway, and so on. Proud things, being products of convention, are more or less alike. All but Yamhill, where the markets are.

"There's no finer water-cress on the place, lady, if I may say so. It grows right by our home and we drink the water from the same brook."

"Here you, Betina, go tell your papa come feex thees spuds and peas. Pfah! Iss it then that I haff not enough to do weeth feex the cheekens? Pedro! Get away from thees dirty leetle Japs keeds!"

On flower days, hungry eyes gaze longingly from the windows of nearby office buildings. One produce day I

saw a man selling walnuts and rabbits turn hungry eyes on the windows of nearby office buildings.

Hush, Seattle! Hush, San Francisco! Would you not give the whole of your inheritance if those parched lips and souls were moist and young? Ah, that your cheeks were smooth and firm again! What! You would press your young mouth to the stinging salt kiss of the ocean?

NOT MUCH

BY MARJORIE PRIAULX

The same old grind; the music flowed on; my partner hummed the words—something about, "I Ain't Got Nobody." Why should he persist in trying to entertain in that fashion? The saxaphones drew out to a wailing end, and I sighed.

"What do you know?" he asked, as he passed his hand over his hair and grinned.

"Not much," I answered through force of habit. Why should they always ask that, always demanding the same answer? Never had I been so dreadfully bored—since the last time. Everything was just the same; perhaps that was the trouble. I knew just what he would say, "You're some little stepper." I would answer, "Old stuff." We did as usual.

Isn't it terrible to know just exactly what is going to happen, and what line of conversation is going to be used? I would dance with Bob, Tom, Bill, and then Bob again. A new man might try to cut in, and then Bob would suggest leaving. We would go out and eat, and talk more aimless conversation.

Tom broke in on my line of thought: "Guess this is my dance." He swung me among the dancers and began to whistle. I wonder which is the worse —humming or whistling? I am unable to decide.

"What do you know?" Tom grinned down at me and asked. I knew the answer without a thought.

"Not much." I wished he hadn't asked me.

"There's no getting around it, you're some little stepper."

And as usual, the old phrase slipped out—"Old stuff."

Suddenly my gaze fell upon a man standing in the doorway. He appeared to be older than the rest. At last here was something new and different. Surely he would have an original line. He cut in—I caught my breath as we glided off. I looked up, catching a glimpse of glistening teeth as he opened his mouth and said, "Well, what do you know?"

"Not much," I answered.

SEVEN-FORTY A. M.

BY OSA LAUTNER

Machines stood untended, desolate. Unfinished piles of lumber were sitting everywhere. An eerie silence pervaded the huge factory. Outside, men stood in groups, arguing and joking. Others were slouched down on the bench next to the wall. Back in the factory someone sneezed, and its dull echo resounded from empty corner to empty corner. The ceaseless whang, whang of the time clock as the men punched in marked the fast passing time. Invisible voices were loud and strangely alone in a heated argument, and the whir of a machine as it was started slowly grew on the air. In the next room someone stumbled on a piece of lumber and swore. Coarse laughs broke upon the growing stir, and men slowly sauntered in to take their places at their machines. As the whistle blew, the noise in the factory increased, roaring louder and louder as though in competition with some unknown rival. There was a sudden hum of activity, and everyone was busy at his work.

A MOUNTAIN SPRING

BY WILLARD YOUNG

TO appreciate properly the meaning of spring in the high country you must visualize the same place in the iron grip of the mountain winter. There is then, except for a few short hours each day, an atmosphere of lifelessness and desertion. Nothing moves except with the fear of death heavy upon it. One has a sense of constant strain, not usually thoroughly realized, but deeply planted in the subconsciousness. If a snow-shoe should break, the food be destroyed, or a limb broken or sprained from a fall—the grim spirit of the cold is ready and waiting. There is joy in daring the winter, and hardy pleasure in the activities of the trap-line and pack-sled, yet there is always back of them a warning fear.

A succession of warm days brings the welcome thought that Spring—joyous, irresponsible Spring—is at hand. The nights, however, re-establishing the jealous sovereignty of Frost, make us realize that the time is not yet, and that the midday thaws are ineffective to reduce the tremendous bulk of the snow.

At last, however, come the true heralds of spring—the wild geese, clarion-voiced, defying the cold of the farther north in solid phalanx! With what joy is their coming laden! In a hundred snow-locked clearings are families, with face up-turned to the sky, smiling a welcome to the winged messengers. No one but is joyous. The cry of "Spring is here!" resounds on every side.

Then comes the warm, awakening breath of the Chinooks. There is a constant chuckling of tiny streams underneath the snow. One knows that, though unseen, they are gleefully tearing down and bearing away the deep-piled masses of snow which have burdened the land for so many weary months. At last comes the day when a spot of moist, warm, brown earth appears, giving off an odor which, though indescribable, is known and loved by all the wilderness-born.

About this time one notices that the life of wood and meadow is returning. Birds flit busily about, pausing now and then to voice each its particular note in the great harmony. The small furry beasties of tree-top and fence-corner make their long-awaited visits of jovial inspection. From the deeper fastnesses and strongholds of the woods is heard the pulse-quickening, ecstatic drumming of the cock pheasant, often even during the blackness of the forest night.

Soon a host of small growing things appears, flowers, grasses, new leaves, each with its own well-recognized smell forming a part of the warm primeval odor which has been known and loved by man since the beginning of springs.

If one stops and listens, it is now possible to hear and recognize the true note of spring. There is a resonant, universal murmur, similar to, but not so deep and slow as, that of summer, and more hurried and shrill of tone. It is made up of the voices of the millions of tiny streams of snow-water, of the cadenced soughing beat beat of the wind in the pines, and of the veritable voices of the Red Gods.

When the reign of Spring is at last established, one is sensible of a change in the spirit of the woods and mountains. With the release of the winter-long tension comes a jovial mood in which trust and good-fellowship rule. One is received into the brotherhood of the woods, not as an intruder, but as a fellow-member, to be, indeed,

treated with some caution, but not avoided as an alien.

One also notices an increase in the fraternal spirit among the creatures of the wild themselves. The squirrels and jays carry on an amiable dispute about the things which interest squirrels and jays. Here a humorous coyote teases and feigns an attack on an impregnable porcupine or early badger, who does not seem to mind much. There a pair of big snow-shoe rabbits frolic and disport themselves at a discreet distance from the coyote. Even the deadly little weasels leave their grim pursuit for a time and play hesitantly and suspiciously with each other. The care-free spirit of the spring is almost universal among animals as among men.

INTERLUDE

Perhaps, if I were deaf I could not hear
The lovely thoughts, like shackled prisoners,
Clink through the deep, dark cell rooms
Of my mind.
Perhaps, if I were deaf I could not hear
The moaning, sobbing voices on the wind.

Perhaps, if I were blind flowers would not be
Cast in hard gold, or simply red or blue;
But they would be cool, scented velvet
To caress.
Perhaps, if I were blind I could not see
The stars weep tears of age-long weariness.

Perhaps, if I were mute I would not try
To speak the poignant feelings of my heart;
The things that well in it but cannot
Go from me.
Perhaps, if I were mute I would not speak
These hollow sounds my awkward lips let free.

Please God, for just one moment let me be
Deaf, blind and mute that mind and heart may rest;
One lifeless moment's perfect peace,
And then—
Please God, I would my old self quickly be,
For I shall hunger for the sounds of men.

—Dorothy L. Anderson.

ON TO SEA

BY EDWIN B. ENGELSTAD

WHEN the world brightens, when the days lengthen, then my interest in vacation grows with the increasing warmth of the sun. These vacation dreams are chronic, recurring regularly each spring—calling me to the ever-changing sea. Yet, I have been able to answer the call but once, then on a wallowing tanker, Belgium-bound. What an irony of fate it was for me to labor as a slaving seaman, undernourished, fever-ridden, and abused—I, who have the most pleasurable ideal sea voyage pictured in my mind. How I should enjoy spending the ideal vacation aboard a trim eighty-foot yacht, cutting through the seven seas, visiting a thousand ports, and seeing a portion of the world! Some day I shall carry out the plans which I have so often carefully worked out in my mind's eye.

I can see "El Porvenir" riding easily at anchor within the land-locked San Francisco harbor, mains'l, fores'l furled and lashed, her graceful hull reflecting pure white against the restless waves. She is a seaworthy craft of even keel, decks of oak, and hull of steel. The line of a low, gently-rounded stern rises evenly to a high, sharp bow built to part cleanly the solid sea. Her bowsprit is guared by a single nymph of Neptune. The fuel and water tanks and larder are full. The engine and crew are in readiness to answer the first ring of the "Slow Ahead" signal. Fifteen guests wave excited goodbyes from the hurricane decks to friends ashore. Everything is shipshape and all are ready to go! Such is the picture of an ideal vacation!

Next, where should we go? What place matters, so long as we enjoy the sea, its whimsy, and its treasures? Perhaps to follow the trackless paths of early traders would be most adventuresome. We'll finish the voyage begun long ago by Columbus, heaving anchor for the land of frankincense, myrrh, and sandalwood.

In the evening, down the golden pathway of a beckoning sun, we could quietly steam through the Golden Gate to a vacation of countless adventure and various beauty. We could dip slightly to the south into the playwaters of the graceful porpoise, then into a mirror-like tropical sea, dotted here and there with huge, sleeping seaturtles. At night we could watch the phosphorescent trails left by dripping flying fish; or, by leaning over the bow, we could see the hull outlined in phosphorescent gleam. Overhead, we could wonder at the majestic beauty of the Southern Cross. By day we would be amused by the hungry flight of curious "Mother Carrie's Chickens" (Said by superstitious mariners to be souls of lost sea captains.) These sparrow-like birds would always trail the ship, ever ready to dive for any chance bit of food heaved overboard. When the "chickens" took to the shelter of the masts, then we could expect a "blow." In "heavy" weather, we could enjoy the howl of the hurricane, the lash of driving rain, the angry tossing sea—the tumult of tropic storm. No experience is more invigorating or more awe-inspiring than to weather the sudden violence of a tropic hurricane. Waves, mountain-high, toss ships about like so many sticks. But "El Porvenir" would safely ride each crest and shoulder her way to calmer waters. Such is the picture of just a portion of the Pacific ocean; certainly the other six seas would be as interesting.

A thousand ports would open their mysteries and beauties to us. Quaint Chinese ports with harbors thickly covered with rickety houseboats, "lug-

gerhead" sampans, bumboatmen, and floating debris. Farther south, we would visit the dirtier Malay harbors, fringed with the sweet-fruited Mango tree. To the west, we would anchor in the Holy Ganges and perhaps lose the barnacles from "El Porvenir." Perhaps we could leisurely steam back to the land of poi, lei, and what-not—Hawaii. There we would play for a week or so on the popular strand of Waikiki; then point our nymph toward the land of the fire opal, Australia. Perhaps the beauty about the whole trip would lie in the satisfaction that when we were tired of a certain port, we could simply raise the companionway, ship the motor-lorry, and raise anchor for some place else.

Woven through the whole fabric of the ideal-vacation dream is the world-old desire to be carefree, to shed one's responsibilities like an old shirt. It can't be done! But wouldn't it be great for just a while—to forget the cares of the world, heave anchor, and sail away safe in "El Porvenir?"

"AND SO I WON THE PRIZE"

BY WILMA WELLS

Most persons are like sunflowers with a violet complex. I know this because when I was taking journalism, I interviewed quite a few persons.

If a reporter asks you to tell him the story of your life, you probably say that you have always led a very quiet life, and that you have never done anything important or exciting. While you glibly elucidate sundry facts concerning your grade and high school training, and your present interests, you peer slyly out beneath your eyelashes at the scribbling reporter, and try to see how impressionable he is. He flatters you a wee bit, and the violet wilts. As the sunflower revives, you lean back in your chair and twiddle your pen between your fingers.

"Well, now really, I don't care to have this known, but if it would help you out any, you might say that I was on the rowing crew at Missouri University in 1909. Of course, I didn't do anything spectacular. Oh, no. I was merely a stroke. Oh, yes, I did the best I could. I fancy I helped a bit."

You are gratified by the interest the reporter shows, and the sunflower looks brighter. You casually jingle the Phi Beta Kappa key on your watch chain. Ah, he notices it!

"Oh, that. Yes, I did make fairly good grades in college. Nothing unusual about that, you know. Oh, let me see, I think it was about a ninety-six average. I don't remember the exact figures."

The reporter asks you if you have won any other honorable recognition of your ability, and you modestly tell him of your affiliations with the National Association of Engineers and the National Collegiate Players. You regretfully tell him that that is about all of importance that you can give him today. As he goes out of the room, you think that he is really a remarkable chap, and that he should be quite successful. He has a great deal of common sense.

Perhaps you wonder for a moment at the fancy that you seem to smell faintly the odor of dead violets.

THE TRUTH, AND WHY I SOMETIMES DON'T TELL IT

BY GLADYS M. MARLITT

EVER since that fatal day when Eve took a fancy to the forbidden apple, and very unselfishly bestowed the first bite upon Adam, who, by the way, must have lacked the courage of his convictions, there has been untruth in the world. Its age has given it dignity, and it is one of these abstract quantities that has played a concrete part in the history of men. If Henry the Eighth had been strictly truthful every time the Pope chanted a Latin "dost thou" over him, he couldn't have had "eight" wives. Of course, there was some excuse for him. He probably didn't understand the Latin. But consider the predicament of Mary, Queen of Scots. If Elizabeth had had her eye upon the straight and narrow path, which should have led Queen Mary to the throne, poor Mary might never have arrived in Heaven at all. It was a wicked world in those days, you know, and Mary, being a very modern person, and not to be outdone by any mere contemporary, would probably have ruined her reputation with the celestial beings in the course of a lifetime. Shall we say Elizabeth was not wise?

And yet, despite its popularity throughout the ages, prevarication is not officially permissable. It hovers on the outskirts of polite society as an acknowledged factor, and plays hide-and-seek on the inside as a universal custom. It is not being done—but everyone is doing it. The situation presents a considerable dilemma. It is most difficult to choose one's stand and balance there firmly, without toppling off every time the wind blows adversely.

For instance, consider the problem from the inevitable victim's point of view. One approaches a vendor in quest of some apples. He specifies firm, juicy, ripe ones, and the vendor smilingly agrees. The victim plods triumphantly home, pulls up his armchair, puts on a satisfied smile, picks up an apple, and discovers that he must be constantly on the alert for the unpleasant phenomenon of half a worm. He craves revenge. Can you blame him?

On the other hand, there are occasions when, somehow or other, a bit of untruth seems an absolute necessity. I cite the instance when a valued acquaintance purchases a new hat. It may be an excellent hat. But quite obviously it does not belong on such a person. Furthermore, our taste does not incline toward purple straw and green ribbons. But do we disclose to the owner our firm convictions on the subject? We do not. We are helpless before the expression of confident bliss on that mortal's face, and we admire his possession quite copiously for a matter of ten minutes or so, and proceed upon our way with the consolation that we have at least done one good deed that day. Is it not true?

Whether the end justifies the means is a question debated by men in every corner of the globe. As a matter of principle or of theory, it is unacceptable. But from a practical point of view, it is unavoidable. When one has no alternative between stretching the truth and trampling on someone's feelings; when it does some good and certainly no harm, I swallow my conscience with all the comfort possible, and thank Providence for the kind fate that foresaw the advantages of elasticity. Now, I ask you, what do you do?

BEFORE AND AFTER TAKING

BY MARGARET JOHNSON

PATENT medicine advertisements delight in showing the potency of their product by its effect on a patient. If one were to judge from their description of the patient's condition before taking the medicine, it was only a matter of weeks before his relatives could collect the insurance, but look at him ten bottles later! By this time he has not only removed that one foot from the grave, but uses it for any and every strenuous exercise.

Time was, when a college education was supposed to do much the same thing for a student. "Before he went away he knew next to nothing," people would say in referring to a college student, "but look at him now!" Truly a wise remark since it left judgment as to possible improvement to the listener.

Notwithstanding the prevalence of college education today many people still seem to think that higher education should be only for certain students studying for highly specialized professions. For example: just before I left home last fall an old neighbor came to see me. He was literally bubbling over with autumn sunshine, good will, and, I suspect, strawberry wine. He asked me if I was going to be a teacher, or a stenographer, or a nurse. When I replied in the negative he seemed quite bewildered, and, after thinking it over, finaly said, "Then what on earth are you going to college for?"

Why does the average student go to college? As I understand it, he goes simply to learn an easier, a more painless way, of earning a living at some work that he likes to do. In many lines of business a person can attain as high a position as a college graduaate, but it may take him ten years of hard work to learn the concentrated facts given a college man in four years. This does not, of course, take into account the social side of college, which is very nearly as important and worthwhile as the facts gained from books.

The broadening effect of college is probably not overrated, but one must take into account the fact that any decided change of environment has almost as great an effect. There is no reason for the idea that college should make a very decided change in the character or appearance of a student. If John Smith leaves home with a liking for apple pie and Zane Grey, he is not likely to return with an acquired taste for spinach and Emerson.

College does develop one's memory, however. A good memory is very essential in keeping track of one's borrowed possessions and in remembering what person owns such and such a thing that may be very useful to borrow in the near future. Moreover, if one lives in a dormitory there frequently is furniture that has its little peculiarities. It takes time to learn to sit in a doubtful chair so that it keeps its balance, but one learns from experience.

It's rather difficult to make a statement of what college has done for one with only a three-months sample from which to judge. Knowledge in a foreign language, for example, is limited to a conversation something like this: "How do you do? Have you a sister? I have a brother," and such brilliant repartee. Preliminary work takes up so much time the first term it's difficult really to know what one's course is going to be like. Practically the only thing that I am sure of is that no matter how objectionable I once considered wind, fog is worse.

REGGIE

BY EDNA MAE CHAMBERS

Reggie was a gentleman. If any one doubted it, a little observation of his appearance, habits, and tastes would confirm the fact. For example, there was his cleanliness. From the tips of his stiff white whiskers to the end of his white tipped tail, he was always immaculate. Black pencil striping in his grey coat was the most satiny black imaginable. The contrast between this glossy black and the snowy whiteness of his lower jaw, breast, and paws gave him a spic and span appearance. The black in his coat was more than matched by the ebony slits in the clear and limpid yellow of his eyes, which were in equally vivid contrast with the ivory whiteness of the four saber-like teeth, which he exhibited occasionally in an expansive yawn, which also exposed the magnificent deep pink of his mouth and tongue. Ordinarily the only roseate touch about him was the pale pink of the tip of his nose; but his ensemble of deep black, quiet grey, shining white, and scintillating yellow was always sufficient to mark him an aristocrat.

Then there were his tastes and habits. Warm milk he would spurn, if the smallest indication of the odor of fish, either fresh or from the salmon can, were perceptible about the house. Whenever such was the case, nothing less than a piscatorial delicacy would suffice to tempt his appetite. Under such circumstances he would deign to sniff at the milk which was placed before him, and then he would give me one look which said that such plebeian food was not for him. With tail stiffly erect and arched neck, he would stalk over to my ankles and rub against them, begging, in his gentlemanly way, for the fish which he knew was near by. Yes, Reggie was a gentleman!

THE SEASHORE

BY FRANCES JANE SHARP

The dull booming sea which had lost all color with the sinking of the sun was forlorn in its greyness. It was a lonely sea, that vast body of water that swung far, far away to meet the dull horizon, and it seemed to hold all the hurts and all the cares of the man-made world that surrounded it.

We stretched ourselves in the cool sand that had given off the heat of day and silently watched the dusk being ushered in by the soft night breezes and the distant stars that came out one by one in the evening sky. The waves that had dashed boldly and with such sparkling glee in the summer sunshine, were now like silent grey nuns, each tip-toeing up onto the beach, stopping for a moment as if in hesitation, and then each in turn as quietly drawing back to the sea with a little swish of their skirts in passing.

The sheltering cliffs, which formed a semi-circular wall for the sloping floor of sand, stretched to the right and left of us into a hazy distance composed of shadows and dark masses.

Even the sea-gulls overhead felt the stillness of evening. Those regal birds that had screamed harshly during the day now flapped silently by like many forlorn shadows winging their way to an unknown land.

Haunting refrains from a faded opera tune,
Mellow firelight
Shadowy fingers across the room—
Cathedrals filled with incense,
A rosebud wet with dew—
Pink-gray dawns with streaked skies—
Spring twilights scented with bloom—
All these, to me, are you!

—Mae Lujeanne Graden.

THE GREGARIOUSNESS OF MAN

BY LEON KAHN

College friendships are as likely to be lasting and valuable as others. It is one of man's original tendencies to be with other people, both physically and intellectually, to feel a sense of comfort in their presence, and of uneasiness if too much separated from them in action, feeling, or thought. Friendship, used in a broad sense, varies in intensity. It may be nothing more—it certainly frequently starts at nothing more—than the feeling, so native as to be fairly called instinctive, of common sympathy, fellow feeling, immediate affinity with another. Every one has had the experience in crossing a college campus or in riding in a train or tramway of noting, while passing someone whom he has never seen before, an immediate reaction of goodwill and affection. At college, as in other walks of life, many friends are made. Some last for only a short period while others may last throughout life. Simeon Strunsky has somewhere remarked: "At eighteen a man is interested in causes; at twenty-eight in commutation tickets." The pressure of private concerns, of one's narrowing interest in one's career, one's own family, and small circle of friends, the restriction of one's sympathies by fixed habits and circumscribed experience, all tend to dampen by middle age the ardor of the man who as an undergraduate at eighteen set out to make the world "a better place in which to live." But more effective in dampening enthusiasm is the disillusion and weariness that sets in after a period of exuberant and romantic benevolence to mankind in general. "We call pessimists," writes a contemporary French philosopher, "those who are in reality only disillusioned optimists." So the cynic may be fairly described as a disheartened lover of men. It is only an unusual gift of affectionate goodwill that enables mature men, after rough and disillusioning experiences in public life, to maintain without sentimentality, a genuine and persistent interest in the welfare of others. Those in whom the fund of human kindness is slender will and easily do become cynical and hard.

TO BE READ LEISURELY

BY MARVIN SCHEPMAN

"Death Comes for the Archbishop" will not incite prolonged criticism. The book is good. Artistically, it epitomizes the author's style; it is the inevitable climax to a group of Willa Cather novels which aim at the portrayal of personality. In "Death Comes to the Archbishop" Miss Cather has beautifully attuned herself with the spirit of the story until both the description and the conversation pervade the reader with a feeling of reverence, and, when the story ends, benediction. The incidents we may forget: being in a sense historical, they are mere facts woven into fiction; Father Latour we may never forget; he is fiction, yet so graphically portrayed that we cannot help feeling and seeing reality in him.

"Death Comes for the Archbishop" should be read leisurely. It should be read for pleasure, and not too critically. Miss Cather gives us a number of interesting bits of folk lore, and a sympathetic insight into the lives of the Indians of the southwest. Her descriptions of the country are impulsive and vivid, like etchings or silhouettes. There is humor and pathos, there are stories within the story; every chapter has its character: Father Vaillant, Eusabio, Dona Isabella, Padre Martinez, even the mules, Contento and Angelica. And finally one cannot help feeling the nearness of an omnipresent Being, perhaps God, perhaps the Indians' Spirits, and then again, perhaps just the mysterious unity of the silent desert.

THE WORLD PASSED IT BY

BY ELMER A. BUCKHORN

WHEN the pioneering builders of the C. & N. W. Railroad pushed out onto the prairies of southern South Dakota they never noticed that in a clump of cottonwood trees in a slight hollow a general store, a livery stable, and a few "shanties" were grouped about a low soddie, which bore over the door a weather-beaten sign, Herrick Postoffice. They passed about a mile and a half to the north, and cry and shout as it might the little settlement with its feeble efforts was unable to attract the attention of the "Iron Horse."

Later, when they did notice the unhappy little town that they had overlooked, the railroad officials expressed their apologies with a little peace offering, a depot, in the form of a nice red box car.

But the proud spirit of that little group was not to be subdued by such treatment, and it grew with the community until its population doubled within a period of three years following the advent of the railroad. With its citizenry numbering nearly a hundred, and having acquired the agency for the adjoining Rosebud Indian Reservation, it began to dream of that day when the county courthouse would occupy the town square, which was expressly laid aside for that purpose.

When the county-seat was moved from Fairfax, the fact that Herrick already had an ideal location chosen and laid aside for that building was overlooked, and the ambitious little town saw in its sorrow a big shining white edifice erected in its rival town twelve miles away.

The block, however, was not entirely wasted, for owing to the fact that Adam Gormley's cow was habitually breaking out of her own pen, Herrick saw the need of a pound and accordingly fenced the square in for that purpose.

Yes, Gormley's cow was one of Herrick's most notorious habitants, for should the gate to her barnyard at any time be left open she would invariably sally forth onto the streets of the city. And the cow being a grave menace to the traffic thereon, the city constable, Adam Gormley, would be called forth to do his duty in ridding the streets of the danger by locking the cow up in the pound, at the expense of the owner. The owner, Adam Gormley, having been duly notified of the official action, would appear before the city magistrate, Adam Gormley by name, and after successful pleadings and reasonable excuses having been made the imposed fine would be waived.

Towards evening, after the cow had grazed its fill in the tall, luxuriant bluegrass of the enclosure, the defendant would cross the street to the pound to fetch the dad-burned critter home. Since the above legal procedure proved to be more or less annoying to the city administration, Adam Gormley would merely take his cow over to the municipal pasture in the morning and bring it home at night and let it go at that.

The city pound also served as the city park and as the children's playground, for the water tower stood in one corner of the lot. The tower was always a source of amusement to those who would dare one another to climb up to the first or second crossbeams. A few of the older boys and men would have enough nerve to climb to the top. The boys of the town formerly spent their idle hours during the summer months down in the "ol' swimmin' hole" behind the hill. No, the railroad wasn't built across it, but a farmer bought the land through which

the creek ran, and his pigs, wallowing around in the creek above the hole, made the water muddy, and besides, the farmer himself built his house just a little way off, within sight of the hole, thus thoroughly ruining it.

No, Herrick wasn't so small that it lacked modern conveniences. Electric lights were enjoyed every night between the hours of five and eleven. Twice a week an operator from a neighboring town would bring a movie projector over and run sequential episodes of "The Perils of Pauline," "The Lost Express," or some other classic of the silver screen. The progress of civilization was also noticeable in the livery stable, where in place of the hitching rack, which was moved around to the side, a gas pump now stood. Inside, oil drums were stacked alongside of bales of hay, and in the office the hooks that once held sets of shining, silver-buckled harness were now covered with tires and sundry Ford parts.

History shows that the name of Herrick was once established in the banking world, but after a scarce year's service, the bank closed its doors, so perhaps that shouldn't have been mentioned.

But we learn through the paper, The Gregory County News, on page seven under a column heading, Herrick News Notes, that the little old town is still trying to place itself before the eyes of the world.

THE DOG HOWLS

The dog howls to the moon: death is near.
His mourning chills me with a lonely fear.
The stars, malicious, wink sardonically;
The moon's pale, starving light gleams hungrily
Save where the twisting shadows stalk grim trees
And lonely winds caress the sleepless leaves.

The dog howls to the moon: death is near.
Some wandering, lonely soul the call shall hear—
I feel its tiny footsteps in my room,
A hesitating winged step in the gloom,
As if to linger ere its starlit flight
Through miles and miles of silent wakeful night.

The soul is gone—my room is cold and still.
It fluttered softly past my window sill,
Winged past the moon which, laughing secretly,
Filled up the place the roving soul left free.
The dog is still; cold quiet fills my room,
And I am left alone to guard the gloom.

—Enelse D. Janzen.

ON CAFETERIAS

BY ANITA LUNDIN

OF all the kinds of cafeterias in this world, the variety that appeals most strongly to me is that one whose door I slam as I enter, and again as I leave. There is a deep-rooted, fundamental difference in eating-houses whose doors are gently pushed, and those whose entrances are jammed with scurrying, jostling people who shut doors more forcibly. I like crowds and busy people and flurry, evidence that mankind is on its way somewhere. There are few places in a city where the noon-day scramble of its children can be better observed.

To the uninitiated, the cafeteria is not unlikely to be a more or less bewildering maze—rows of shining, polished tables, deafening clatter of everyone's knife and fork and plate and cup and scraping chairs, and, if one is hungry, the enticing odor of baked meats, onions, and coffee. Upon entering, probably cold and practically starving, I perfunctorily slam the door, and then grab the questionable silverware sheathed in a spotless, stiff napkin. Down the line I start, immediately preceded by a too comfortably stout old lady. She invariably seizes upon a slab of cream cake that bears silent testimony to the fact that mother did not make it. I stop to ponder and meditate, being undecided and torn between two evils, huckleberry and blackberry pie. Not being able to determine the lesser, the compromise all but presents itself in the form of chocolate cake. It may, or may not be a significant fact that desserts appear at the beginning of the display of food. In order of consumption, of course, they would be last; but I suppose managers, as well as the rest of us, must have their little eccentricities. I go on, however, and speedily come to the realization that my judgment is to be sorely tried. How can I foretell that potato salad is infinitely more tasty than shrimp, that the roast beef is not seasoned well, that the macaroni was not allowed to cook long enough? On these and other questions I deliberate very hastily, but it is evident later that I judged not well. Finishing at the line, I pay the check, at the same time surreptitiously peeking at the stout lady's tray. She, as I had thought, had followed her cake with all the starches she could find. People who love to eat seldom possess or exercise any will power in the matter. I know, for I am one of these officious beings who are inclined to judge others by themselves. Since a cafeteria meal, however, never lives up to expectations, I shall not linger.

I believe that there is nothing like a cafeteria. Certainly no dull, subdued restaurant can compare with a little, smelly, tucked-away cafeteria. No one can say that I have not hearty and obvious supporters among the people of any city. The business man, the office girl, the clerk, the janitor, the lawyer, the newsboy—I find them all, and many more. No other democratic institution ever boasted as broad and varied a patronage. A cafeteria is a true guage of the people of a city, for there is every kind there; and that is just the reason I like it.

LIFE

You are one chapter ahead
In this book of life—
No matter how rapidly I read
I can never catch up!
Why did not God wait
And let you live
Through the pages with me?

—Mae Lujeanne Graden.

The Manuscript

A literary magazine published by the English Department from material originating for the most part in composition courses and designed to afford laboratory material for students in these courses.

EDITORIAL COMMITTEE

Dr. John M. Kierzek, Chairman
Mrs. Gertrude E. McElfresh, Mrs. Eleanor Ingalls

THE MANUSCRIPT COMES BACK

Anyone who has had anything to do with manuscripts knows that they have a disconcerting habit of coming back. *The Manuscript* is no exception. It has come back. But unlike those other manuscripts that come limping home each with its little slip of appreciation and regret tied to its tail (or tale), *The Manuscript* comes back in no such equivocal sense. *The Manuscript* has **come back** to the campus. It has come back in the sense of having attained its "second wind", if any metaphor suggestive of wind may be allowed in reference to the publication, but it has not come back in the sense of being rejected. If the name Phoenix were not already preempted, the new Manuscript might well have chosen to appear under the name and emblem of that classical and mythological bird, which ever rose resplendent and fresh from the ashes of its own old age. But *The Manuscript* looks askance at **high-flown** pretense and it does not fail to remember that literary birds, even the wisest, have not in the past escaped indiscretion. So *The Manuscript* it remains.

I have long had a secret and repressed ambition to sponsor a magazine that might be named "The Wooden Horse", not that I had that which I wished to inflict upon the long-suffering public, but merely because the title seemed appropriate for a magazine. Only think of the great wooden horse of Ulysses' contrivance, personified dignity and inscrutibility, harboring within its vitals armed men ready to sally out and fight; and the appropriateness is apparent. As I turn now the leaves of *The Manuscript*, more hastily than I should desire were time less pressing, I experience anew that former longing and the temptation seizes me to play godfather to the periodical and bestow upon it my pet name; "For where," I find myself exclaiming, "can the title be more appropriately bestowed? Have we not in *The Manuscript* a dignified and impressive exterior, chock full within of **live ones?**"

But *The Manuscript* aims at all and more than these titles would imply: more vitality than a Phoenix, more wisdom than an owl, more sense than a horse (a wooden horse) and more modesty than any literary "wild fowl", to use Bottom's phrase, has ever boasted. In fact *The Manuscript*, we are advised, is a literary magazine published by the English Department of the Oregon State Agricultural College from material originating for the most part in composition courses and designed to afford laboratory material for students in these courses.

Students whose compositions appear in *The*

Manuscript are to be congratulated. Publication is a substantial recognition in which the writer may take justifiable pride. He may also have the satisfaction of knowing that what he has done painstakingly and interestingly will be of use to others who are seeking the way to self-expression and to literary excellence. The Englissh Department, concerned in the publication, is also to be congratulated in that through *The Manuscript* tangible evidence of what is being attempted and done is offered the public, and a useful laboratory manual for analysis and discussion is provided for class room use. Certainly *The Manuscript* will not take the place of other recognized models of literary composition, but supplementing these it will give life and color to the composition work and bring the whole effort into the realm of the immediate and the practical. And finally, the whole student body at large is to be congratulated upon the return to the campus of *The Manuscript* because of its readable contents and the opportunity it affords for fuller student expression.

For once in our lives we are glad that a Manuscript **came back.**

—Dean M. Elwood Smith.

AN OPPORTUNITY

The Manuscript, after a "hibernation" of nearly two years—since June 1927, to be exact —during which time much thinking, guessing, and speculating was done on the part of the campus population as to the probable reason or reasons for the mysterious and almost unaccountably sudden discontinuance of the students' literary magazine, has come out of its resting place, with renewed vigor and in a new dress, and is making its polite bow to an expectant reading public. There is no need, perhaps, to go into details about its disappearance. It was not kidnapped; so much has been positively established. Like Coleridge's venture, The Friend, it simply ceased appearing and probably for the same reason. Early ambitious efforts, well planned and in every way laudable, are often, sometimes rudely, brought to a sudden, unexpected halt by the perversity of the money market, and are permitted to proceed again only after a partial, or mayhap complete reorganization and reconstruction of the system governing the "sinews of war."

The purpose for which *The Manuscript* was called into life, and for which it was launched, is the same to-day as it was before. It is to serve as a laboratory manual primarily for all classes in English, from the Freshman to the Senior year, with all the schools in the institution enjoying equal prerogatives in the contribution of articles. The columns of the periodical are open to any one in the student body who has something of interest to say; something which—its fitness to be determined by the editors—will make for the enlightenment, the betterment, the pleasure, if you please, of those whose eyes shall peruse the contributed lines or pages.

I wish it were possible—and maybe it is —to imbue every student with an earnest desire to make the most of this new opportunity, for an opportunity it is in the best sense of the word. Here you may record, and thus bring to public notice, the thoughts, feelings, and emotions that are agitating your mind and heart. Here you may give expression, if done in an orderly manner and always based on unmistakable evidence, of your approval or disapproval of existing conditions, customs, practices, and traditions as you meet them in your daily life and which are part of your experience in your intercourse with teachers and fellow students.

In the first number, that of June, 1927, the hope was expressed that *The Manuscript* might be the means of ushering in a new era in campus activities, an era of real literary zeal, of literary fervor, such as has been impossible heretofore for want of a medium to carry the thought abroad. There need be no hesitation on the part of any student to submit what he has prepared. If it be meritorious, it may meet with immediate acceptance; if unavailable on first draught, it may find favor after recasting. Never lose courage. Productions that are now world famous are known to have gone begging for years before finding a publisher. Do not resent unfavorable criticism. Take it with a smile and return to the task, determined to win. If your cause be just, and your efforts of the proper kind, sincere and sustained, you will succeed.

The material accepted for and appearing in the forthcoming number is unusually promising. Its quality shows that we shall easily be on a level with other, similar periodicals. Let us continue in that spirit, strong, resolute, unwearied. The best only is good enough for Oregon State College.

—Professor Frederick Berchtold.

THE LURE OF CHESS

BY ROBERT STONE

CHESS has the popular reputation of being an extremely dull sport. It heads the list of all that is slow and useless. And there are those to whom it will never be anything else. There are others, however, who really enjoy it as a recreation, and there are a few who devote their lives to it. In past centuries it has known the glory of being a sport of Kings. Today, in America some find time for it; in Europe it is the favorite of many. It must have, then, some appeal. What fascination can it have for its chosen few?

Before a person can learn to play chess, he must be able to think. Chess offers opportunity for thought—demands it, in fact. Let us call this its first appeal. For there are people who like to think! Chess may be likened to some strange puzzle or an unsolved problem in mathematics. There is something to do—something to be worked out. The analytical mind finds plenty of chances for research in this game that consists of one problem after another. Each new position entails a minute study of the immediate plays and future possibilities. One must constantly plan his attack, build a sound defense, and keep an eye open for any possible chance to gain a slight advantage. The possibilities for thought are limitless.

The second appeal of chess lies in its extreme complexity. All those different men with their various individual moves produce an infinite number of combinations. Never are two games exactly the same, and each one has some new and difficult situation to offer.

A player may do well to learn a few well-known openings, but simply memorizing these will not insure him against losing games. He must rely upon the proved principles of good play and his own sagacity. He is thrown loose in a rolling sea of moves and men. Dangers beset him from every side, yet there are many means of escape involved—yes, and interesting.

On this great sea of chess-board, one may be hard put to it to survive. Some unlucky move may have cost him a piece, or perhaps his adversary has managed a cunning capture. One's forces may be weakening, while his position grows more and more insecure. The avenging waves toss high, but—wait! Here is a clever sacrifice or a brilliant **coup** that will completely change the situation. The worm has turned within the short space of one move! For there is always a chance, and one is never defeated until the final check. This is the third appeal.

The last appeal consists of something more vague but just as powerful as the the others. Chess is a war game; its men and their moves resemble the different forces that took part in the battles of the Middle Ages. Those mighty frays of old are transposed upon our drab little chess-board. With the help of our imaginations, we can trace the relationship. Let us bend our attention to an actual game.

The men are set up on the board. First, we see the pawns—or rather foot soldiers—lined up in a row. They must move straight ahead, one step at a time, just like the unmounted warriors of centuries past. Our brave little fighters will face any odds and not turn back (in truth, they can't turn back); they will bear the brunt of the opponent's attack; they are our best defense, the back-bone of our small army. Behind them, on either side, are two sturdy castles. Clumsy things are these, with their straight forward

moves, but very powerful when handled correctly and strongest when backing up pawns. When hard pressed, we will flee to them for safety. There are the Knights. They have a "jumping sort of move" consisting of two squares forward and one to the side. Theirs is the sole ability to leap over other men, and thus, in crowded places they have no equal. They will dash in with reckless abandon; destruction follows in their wake. Here are the sly bishops, a tricky pair with tricky diagonal moves—thanks to the capers of the medieval church. They play as important a part in our game as that church did in many of those old wars. In the center sits the king, whom we must protect, for to lose him is to lose the game. In himself he is weak, and once his supporters are gone he will soon fall prey to the enemy. The beautiful queen that sits by his side is far more able to take care of herself. Though she may be captured by the smallest pawn, she is possessed of a tremendous power and a variety of ways to use it. Wars have been won by winsome faces as well as by actual fighting!

The field is cleared. The Knights hold back their pawing steeds; the soldiers grip their weapons nervously; sentinels, posted in the battlements of the castles, eagerly scan the horizon; the bishops wink slyly at each other; the queen waits breathlessly; and the king gives the command. The fight is on! "Strategy" is the watchword! "to dare"—the battle cry!

SENSE OF HUMOR

BY OSA LAUTNER

A sense of humor is the ability to counteract the tragic with the ridiculous. It is the wisdom acquired to make life livable. It is the means of destroying egotism and selfishness, and building up understanding and forbearance. Humor is an acquired talent; a sense of humor is an inborn quality to be developed. One is tangible; the other is not. The one is the flower; the other, the scent. The man whom the world has hurt, who has a bruised heart, who has fought and lost everything he cherishes may do one of three things. He may acknowledge that he is beaten, conquered; he may try again with a tightly-set mouth, revengeful eye, and a hardened heart and achieve his end; or he may develop a sense of humor and try again and win. The man who has had no difficulties, no troubles, no sorrows, will probably not have this quality. He does not need it. It is for the person who must escape disappointment and bitterness. It is priceless, and once yours it is always yours, but, like Shylock, it demands and gets its "pound of flesh." Whereas humor is popular, the sense of it is personal. One can always depend upon his sense of humor to play the game fairly and squarely, even to exposing one's self. There is no hesitation or squeamishness or disloyalty. It is clean and honest even though sophisticated. For sophisticated it is—no modest, candid, pure white trillium, but a perfect hothouse flower, a flawless carnation, the result of endless experiments, careful nurture, and proud achievement.

LEST WE FORGET

Time has flown quickly, and many days have been added to the past since our class was formally initiated into Oregon State College, on that memorable Institution Night. We have, during this time, learned many things; we have become acquainted with college routine; we have been participants in that king of events, Home-Coming; we have become an integral

part of O. S. C. To us, this great institution has become real, tangible, and dear.

Last week, with its attendant mid-term examinations, closed the first half of the fall term. This week marks the beginning of a new period. Before the threshold, let us pause and reflect.

Let us call Father Time and listen again to the words of excellent counsel which were given to us in Freshman Week. Let us give to them greater heed and more serious thought. Let us imbue our minds with higher ideals, greater aspirations, and nobler thoughts. Let us again ask ourselves the questions which were asked of us at the beginning of the term. "Why are we here?" "What does it matter?" "What would be the loss if we were not here?" Let us not forget the true significance of these questions. Let us think of and plan wisely our lives as freshmen.

To those of us who have wasted our time, and to whom the mid-term examinations have been large doses of bitter medicine, must come the realization that college is the place for more fundamental things than play. We must remember that there are great opportunities before us, and that we are abligated to make the best of them. We must realize that we are the fortunate, that there are thousands of young people who have a great desire to come to college but can not because of unpropitious circumstances. How much better they would utilize their time! How much more they would accomplish!

On the other hand, we who have spent all our time on our studies have forgotten that the purpose of college is to enrich life, not only to inculcate learning, but also to afford happy social contact. We must realize that an "A" average alone is not the apex of achievement in college. We must remember to add the condiments of good social life and student activities to study and learning.

With due reflection and with plans well fixed, let us pursue our daily work, never forgetting that Oregon State College is the "builder of men and women." Let us emblazon our path with glory and endeavor. Let us not forget that we are the freshmen of a great, democratic institution of high principles, and that we have an obligation to our Alma Mater. Let us not forget.

—Nori Shimomura.

A CRYING NEED

What this college needs most at the present time is a good, substantial, wholesome, juicy, nourishing, five-cent hot-dog. Too long have we had to suffer all the pangs of a gnawing hunger in our midsection because the hot-dog we purchased before starting home, or wherever we were going wasn't large enough; too long have we had indigestion in all its familiar pains; too long have we had to drink an extra glass of water and thereby lose time, invaluable time, that might mean dollars or lives to us; too long have we had to buy two when one should be sufficient for the average, red-blooded American student; too long have we had to pay ten-cents when five should be sufficient for the gentleman in the white apron who supplies us with this necessity. These conditions exist because the present hot-dog is not substantial, is not wholesome, is not juicy, is not nourishing, and costs ten-cents. I say that it is high time the great American college public wake up to the fact that it is being imposed upon, that it is paying a superior price for inferior goods, that its national hot-lunch is being adulterated both in quality and size. We have been buying this inferior product at fancy prices too long, and it must stop. We have been lenient too

long. We have been asleep, ignorant of this sad state of affairs too long, and now that we are awake and alive to this imposition, we must act, violently, actively. strenuously. We must not leave a stone unturned to rectify this corrupt practice; it is undermining the health of the nation. We must act immediately before too much damage is wrought, before the eating of this inferior hot-dog reduces our vitality and deadens our faculties, before our judgment and will power are weakened to the point that we are no longer able to combat the inroads of this insidious thing. This practice must be reformed by a nation-wide movement that will sweep all opposition before it and place before the lunch-eating students of this nation a good, wholesome, juicy, nourishing, five-cent hot-dog. This movement must be united and complete, absolute and far-reaching—it must put an end to the practice once and for all. Then only will we be able to enjoy the "life, liberty, and pursuit of happiness," of which our Declaration of Independence speaks, to the fullest extent of its meaning; then only and not before will we be men. Our watch-word should be: "Bigger and better hot-dogs," and we should not rest from unceasing campaigning until we have placed in the hands of all the students who eat hot lunches good, wholesome, juicy, nourishing, five-cent hot-dogs.

—Emil Pubols.

MY LIFE

I WAS born on September 7, 1908, in the little village of Magadan, in Pangasinan, Philippine Islands. Since my father is an unsuccessful farmer, my mother managed to earn most of the expenditure of the family by erecting a house to carry on the business of dying cotton thread. At first she worked by herself, but later on she got some workers with her. Unlike in other families, then, my mother looked after family expenditures, while my father was our constant adviser. He was very strict with us; and every night, when we were in bed, he used to advise us, and sometimes told us stories which were very significant of life.

But in spite of poverty, when I was eight years old, I was sent to a barrio school. After two years, I was sent to school down town. After two years again, I was through in the primary grades. Stepping to the next stone to success was a big problem, for there was a tuition fee of fifteen pesos. But my parents, reinvigorated by the success I was making, allowed me to enter school. My stay in these grades was characterized by the monotony of work. During school days it was the school hours only which were not occupied by work. As soon as I got home, I helped my mother and sometimes fed our cow. During Sundays and Saturdays, I used to pasture our cow. These duties filled my hours. At the end of three years I completed the intermediate grades.

My entrance into the high school was a big problem. The family was getting bigger and bigger, because I have two sisters and a brother. But in spite of this, my mother insisted on my entrance. What an ambitious mother! So I entered. The high school is about thirty miles away from home. During my stay in the high school. I used to take vacations to give my parents a little help. On every Friday afternoon I would start for the long journey. I used my feet as my machines. I used

to arrive home late. As soon as I arrived home, my mother, father, sisters and brother, would get out to see me. My mother used to cry when I told her that I hiked the whole way. During Sunday and Saturday, I helped them in my usual work, and on Sunday afternoon I set out for my return trip. Carrying with me my week's provisions, I started and arrived home late. My mother used to insist that I would not hike any more, but I had to. Knowing their hardships and that my fare would be enough to cover my necessities during the whole week, I refused to hear their pleadings. During the latter part of my study in the senior class, I planned to come to this country.

There are many reasons which prompted me to come. My studies and readings had let me know that America is the country of plenty. Some of our teachers came from the United States. They were self-supporting, as they said, and yet they had succeeded. Knowing these, then, I was determined to come, but first of all, I would ask the consent of my parents. Everybody in the family consented except my mother. And my mother! Oh! she was the source of my success till then! Could I come without her approval? So night and day, I set to convince her, but all in vain. May was approaching, but I could not convince her at all. Then a change came. Maybe she realized everything; all my reasons and my pleadings, maybe, had been considered by her and she consented.

We sold our only cow and part of my mother's business to finance my undertaking, and last May, I started for Manila. But how gloomy the days and nights preceding my coming! I know my mother could hardly sleep. The night before I started and the moment I bid them farewell—oh! I could not and would never forget! There was wailing and crying. And when I was about to ride in the train, my mother, and all others, sighed. Then the train moved. My mother faced toward the train till she could hardly see it, and then she turned back. My father followed me to Manila the next day, and my departure from Manila was as gloomy as before. My father, who never wept, was wailing. So he told me he would return home, because if he would stay there, it would be bad for him. So he went.

On my trip from Manila to Seattle, I was in deep oblivion and imagination, thinking of a life they would lead at home. On May 29, I arrived at Seattle and started next day for Oregon. In Oregon I have been in many places because of work. The first work I entered was railroad work, which everybody said is the hardest work in America. After one month I quit. I worked on farms, picking cucumbers, potatoes, apples, hops, and berries. On the farms, I met many hardships, but I never repented. And last December 29, I came here to Corvallis and began the next stepping stone to success.

—M. M. C.

THE COSMIC HA-HA

The cynics say that life is a joke and that men are but pawns in the hands of fate. Therefore, I presume that Fate laughed long and loudly one September morning two decades ago, for this pawn appeared and lay passive in his hand. It certainly could not have been one of his "off" days, for early in life by a series of moves I was handicapped and at one time nearly checkmated.

I remember little of my birthplace except that it was a small country town of the south. My father was, in proportion to the population of the village, very wealthy, and consequently with an increase in his fortunes we removed to a large city. He invested heavily there in various properties, but he was out of his element, and the

family coffer decreased nearly to the disappearing point. Although we were not impoverished, and are now what America calls a "three-car family," to me this was the gambit.

Rather trivial it may seem to you, but it is my belief that we are a product of our environment. My companions always have had more than I, and naturally I am envious of them and look back on our more prosperous days with longing.

This first misfortune was the primary cause of the second. Accustomed to spending money freely, my mother did not reduce her expenditures in ratio to our finances, while the head of the clan, frightened by the loss went to the opposite extreme. A strained atmosphere at home resulted, and, if only for myself, I regret this. In my opinion a happy home life is necessary for a well-balanced growth. Molded by this and other unhappy marriages which I have seen, my attitude toward matrimony is distinctly unfavorable.

The third and most important move of the hand of fate is physical. After a long and dangerous illness I emerged permanently affected by paralysis. This undoubtedly is the most serious of the handicaps, but it has not influenced me as greatly as have the other two. Despite this affliction I have encountered more of life than has the average youth of my age. The last four years, living for various periods in Canada, in Mexico, and in nearly every large city on the Pacific slope, I have rubbed shoulders with nearly every strata of society.

My attitude toward life, developed through these experiences, coincides with that of the modern naturalists, that fate controls us and that the popular conception of God is entirely wrong. Anyone with a better knowledge of the subject, however, and a more supple brain might prove my beliefs wrong, because I have acquired them not from words but from actions; nevertheless they are unchanged at the present stage of my life.

And when finally I receive the last great checkmate I will have my laugh. I will laugh triumphantly if my beliefs are correct. Laugh! I will laugh even if they are wrong, for I will know and the world will not.

—D. M.

DIRT

BY MILDRED C. RENNER

Kanost is a little town in Utah. It is connected with the outer world only by the vague, dusty roads that lead to the uncouth "smaller towns" which surround. It is rather picturesque in its stifling, narrow way. Unfortunately, Kanost does not "slumber peacefully in the midday heat," as all backward villages should, but pulsates half-heartedly with the commonplace affairs of its inhabitants. It is a weary town. Standing apart and looking down upon it, one is reminded of a swimmer who has frantically clawed the air trying to keep his head above the water. Weaker and weaker become his movements as he still tries, feebly and wearily, to save himself.

Kanost is dirty. The whole town seems to be made of dirt, founded on dirt, and with nothing to look forward to but dirt. The sidewalks, which are really nothing more or less than boards nailed together, are always covered with a layer of reddish dust, except during the rainy months when the dust turns to black, sticky mud.

A child—a little girl about three years old—is playing in the muddy yard in front of one of the dilapidated, old brick houses. Her unironed dress is splattered with mud; her blonde, curly hair has a tangled, uncared-for look; the unsightly condition of her hands is proof that she has been making mud pies, and her face is smeared with a combination of mud and jam. Her

mother, who is hanging up clothes back of the house, is huge, coarse, and amiable. A silent, stern man is standing in the doorway smoking. He is her father. Theirs is a respectable, God-fearing family. They represent the average family of Kanost. The child has no future but to grow up, marry some man from a family of this same type, and become another domestic drudge exactly like her mother. That is her fate. It will pull her down, slowly but surely. She will sink in the black, sticky mud. After a time, she will cease to struggle and become resigned. Finally the mud will close over her head and there will be no visible proof that she ever existed.

The men who gather in front of the post office are all of the same type. They are gloomy, pessimistic, stupid. They discuss religion and politics in a detached, half-hearted way. They are settled in a smug, self-satisfied complacency. They see nothing wrong or lacking in their mode of life. They are contented.

The women are self-conscious, nervous, common. They stand in groups in front of either of the two general merchandise stores and gossip unendingly. Their voices are raucous; their laughter, coarse.

The people of Kanost will not change. Neither will they cease to exist. They will go on and on forever, living in and surrounded by black, sticky, oozy mud.

WHO'S WHO IN COLLEGE

BY RUELLA LEE MORGAN

WHENSOEVER a chap drops out of our school and goes to a competitor just because he can't be "somebody" in our school he is called a "nut." This means that he is merely a nut which has dropped off our tree and is now functioning on another.

Some folks are nutty on their wives, and some on other fellow's wives—you never can tell. Some folks are nutty on their children, and some are known to be nutty on their grandchildren. Some folks are nutty on religion and others on prohibition, and so it goes. We are all nuts, more or less, and one thing we are all nutty about is ourselves.

The desire to be a little bit better than one's contemporaries, and to be proud of the fact, is inherent in every one of us. There are two things, then, that govern the whole business of being a Who's Who in college: first, to be something worth talking about; second, to talk about it.

One can be (with certain limitations, of course) just what he thinks he can and just what he has the desire to be. If, then, it is inherent in every one to beat some one else at the game, to be first-rate in some one thing, it only follows that every one has a start toward the goal, in that he has the desire. If, by any chance, it falls to one's lot to be one of those unlucky persons who just miss the mark of perfection every time by a fraction of an inch, he need not get too wrought up over his predicament, for he still has one more chance to be a Who's Who, and one more chance to succeed. He can be a "first-rate second-rater."

The business of making heroes in the United States has grown to perfectly enormous proportions. Football idols, moving picture stars, prize fight champions, and many others have their man-

agers and press agents who develop the art of boasting.

We must be our own press agents and our own champions. Mere hard work won't save us. Faithfulness to daily routine—honesty, uttermost manhood—supreme endeavor—the reddest of fighting blood—equipped with these alone we will be helpless. We will be left hopelessly behind in the race for success in college unless we make it known that we are a success. If we are modest about our attainments to such an extent that we are willing to sit passive until they become apparent to others, we will labor under a staggering handicap. The strength of the competing student lies chiefly in his realization that if he is to be the best man it is necessary to shout to the world that he is "something better." It must be remembered that if one is not apotheosized, all his work of being a "first-rater" will be lost. It is not at all unusual that at times the best qualified man is entirely ignored merely because he has not learned the magic art of "ballyhoo."

To be remembered also is the fact that men with minds of little fishes by adopting the ideas of bigger men, and by making a big splash when they jump, can swim like whales in the sea of Who's Who.

Courtesy a la Mode

BY MARIE HEDGES

Courtesy is not a necessity. No, nor is it a luxury—but it is a quality that leads to social success. Four out of every five persons have "It." The others may acquire it. A few moments daiy devoted to acts of courtesy may be time well spent. The accepted motto in regard to courtesy is "an eye for an eye, and a tooth for a tooth." Your courtesies will be repaid by a handshake, and your discourtesies by a black eye. Life is not so short but that there is always time for courtesy. A habitually discourteous person might find life too short. Learn the rules of courtesy and be safe. Learn when to speak your mind and when to pretend that you haven't one. Never make discourteous retorts to any one bigger than you are unless you can run faster. Always let your superiors walk in front of you; then they can't see what you are doing. A grimace behind the back is worth two to the face because the results are not so disastrous. Always hold a swinging door open for a girl, or she will let it fly back and hit your face. If you enter first, she will step on your heels. Always tip your hat in greeting. If your salutation is not acknowledged, pretend to be scratching your head. Carry an umbrella for a woman; then you can keep yourself dry, too. Show your regard for a woman by spreading your coat across a mud puddle. If you haven't a coat, spread yourself, and let her walk on you. She will anyway.

ME

I've lied and lied and very often fibbed—
I'm afraid to tell the truth.
I've created a me that isn't me—
A past that isn't mine.

A past made up of things I've hungered for,
Things that I've neither done nor had.
People I've often dreamed of knowing,
But people who have never known me.

The me is the me I've wanted to be,
Not the drab, plebeian creature I am,
But a being supurb, with intellect keen,
Who knows just what to do and say and
when.

Now the strangest thing has come to pass.
He has come and claims that he loves me!
But does he love the me that is—
Or the me I imagine I am?

—Mae Lujeanne Graden.

THE SPIRIT OF ZANE GREY

BY WILLARD YOUNG

I WAS borne into a tiny swirl of the inter-twined lines of time and space which produced a last remnant ,perhaps, of the old zestful days of the frontier. My companions were cowboys, sheepmen, lumberjacks, hunters—even a good number of the gallant old veterans who played their parts in the splendid pageant of the early days in the West, several of whom, I am pround to say, were bound to me by ties of blood. The literary idèal of these people, their best-loved writer, was Zane Grey. His books were read by dim camp-fires under the soughing pines, in lonely cabins on the shores of nameless lakes, were toilsomely packed to the heads of ice-born, foaming rivers. They found their way to snow-bound trapper's cabins (God! How the memories come thronging back), and were praised and discussed in fire-lit, forest-ringed drive-camps. And these people, I tell you, were men! Men such as have built this world of ours, stone by stone, men who cut the trails and fight the battle for the weaklings of civilization. Men with their feet on the ground, and in their nostrils the strong reek of wood-smoke and the pitchy fragrance of the giant pines. They knew the true, the genuine —and it called to them from the pages of Zane Grey. They knew their Lassiters, had talked with Shefford. Theirs was the strength of Joe Lake, of August Naab, of the wild Stewart. In their judgments I had faith, and of Zane Grey they confirmed my own.

For years during my schooling I was too busy and—I must admit—too proud of my intellectuality, to read a book of Zane Grey's. I was forced to read and study the adjudged classics of literature, liked some of them, and do not regret the time thus spent, but I lost hold of many true and worthwhile things of life, as had my instructors. They told me that Grey's books were not true to life, were "too bloody." Imagine a man wearing a gun for protection, or getting shot by drunken ruffans without fear of the law! Obviously, too silly for words. Now, of course, with my background, I did not completely adopt this attitude, but nevertheless I allowed myself to become prejudiced. Having forgotten Grey's magic and craftsmanship, I grouped him with the puerile writers of magazine hack-work. This supercilious attitude lasted until, after my high school days, I was driven by accident to re-read one of Grey's books, if I remember right, the incomparable "Riders of the Purple Sage." Immediately my old admiration for his writing was awakened, but with this difference—I now know, partially at least, to what it is due.

As I said before, the arm-chair critics complain that Grey is a mere inventor of impossible blood-and-thunder stories, that his characters are

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NOSTALGIA

It's been so long ago
That I can scarce remember:
What time of year do apple blossoms
blossom?
This frigid play, this pageantry of ice
and snow . . .
A white moon in a blue-white morning sky . . .
The bare brown fields . . . the green
hills dull and gray.
I'm tired of this show of naked limbs
and tree bodies—
I want my old-fashioned lady . . .
I want my apple tree in blossom.
Tell me, will spring come back this
year?

—Dorothy L. Anderson.

overdrawn, that such men as Lassiter, Buck Duane, and Kells have never existed. (I wonder what they would say to the stories of Billy the Kid, Henry Plummer, and William Hickok), and that his Indians are too savage, too blood-thirsty, too everything, (Good Lord! Imagine saying this to the descendant of Betty and Jonathan Zane!) Some say he has no plots. To these I can only recommend "Light of Western Stars" and "The Lone Star Ranger." Few have the temerity to attack his description, which is superb, or the swift, splendid movement of his stories.

I am assured that when his anemic critics are forgotten, Zane Grey will be better known and loved than ever. To me, he is a clean, strong wind blowing down our sheltered valley from the misty heights which were.

AVAILABLE FOR USE

What is the capital you are going to invest in this business called life? What kind of assets will you have available for liquidation? And how much is it going to cost you to get rid of your liabilities? The answers to these questions will depend upon the degree of practicality of your education.

The word, practical, to me, has always referred to something dull, uninteresting, but infinitely useful. Education, in my opinion, is the knowledge we gain which helps us to lead, and to help others lead useful, happy, profitable lives. Thus, in a sense, any education is practical—practical meaning useful.

A man, then, who has a practical education is one who has had one aim, one goal to reach, and who has acquired as his assets everything which will help him to reach this goal. This hardly goes far enough. He has, unknowingly perhaps, gained much from his surroundings that would not be classed as aids to his life work. We cannot, however, discount the value of these forces. So intricately are they bound up with other influences, that they can hardly be distinguished. Thus the man with the practical—that is, useful—education not only must acquire the "tools of his trade," but also must not neglect general knowledge if he is to have sufficient "capital."

—Gladys Shank.

THE ABANDONED HOUSE

BY DORIS GILLILAN

It was a brave old house, standing amid ruin as if to challenge passersby to scoff. It was situated on a hill in defiance of the wind and rain, which had warped its boards. On the bleak wall clung ivy, grown thick during years of neglect. There seemed to be a bond of friendship between the vines and the gnarled old trees which bent protectingly over the house. Perhaps they were reminiscing. The small square, broken-paned windows were like eyes, half closed to the world in order to preserve better the secrets of the mind. The doorstep, over which I could imagine many a foot had stepped, sagged as though tired of waiting for someone to come. The wide door creaked wearily on its hinges as if some unseen hand were on the knob. As I gazed at the house with its crumbling chimney, sloping eaves, and weed-choked yard, it occured to me that perhaps it was like an old person, treasuring memories which it would not trade for all the newness and youth in the world.

A LA COLLEGE HUMOR

BY WILMA WELLS

THE average college student is unable to converse more than five minutes without using slang. He uses slang, because he knows that he has a reputation to sustain for having the insouciant quality known as "flaming youth." One of the best ways to express this living flame is through conversation. One who becomes adept in this "slanguage" is said to have a "line." If he becomes super-proficient, he has a "mean line," a "wicked line," or is said to "throw the bull." It is a simple matter to obtain a "line." The first step is to subscribe to "College Humor," "Life," and "Orange Owl." Every joke in these magazines should be memorized and then practiced with appropriate facial expresion before a mirror. In order to be truly proficient, one should also industriously cultivate the ability to manipulate conversation in such a way that it will often give an occasion to quote a la "College Humor." "College Humor" has replaced the dictionary and grammar as the handbook of collegiate style and fluency in conversation.

The coed's vocabulary rarely recognizes more than three adjectives. These are keen, sweet, and marvelous. Why should one include more adjectives when sweet, keen, and marvelous adequately describe everything from a maple-nut sundae to a Chrysler roadster? Merle Davis is said to have a "perfectly priceless line." It usually runs something like this, "I think you belong to the keenest fraternity on the campus. Yes, I really do, all of the fellows are just the sweetest things. Isn't that the most marvelous music? This floor is just marvelous, too, isn't it? You have the sweetest necktie. Uh, huh, I really do think it's just marvelous." Generally this "line" is successful. If not, the baby talk "line" is sure to be. It has never been known to fail. "Oos such a bid, bid boy and Merlie's such a tiny wee dirl. Merlie's tired, won't oo take her over to nice, soft davenport? Is ickle boy tired, too? Oos ickle boy is oo?" This line is accompanied by sundry snuggling motions and beseeching movements of the eyes and eyelashes.

Barney Day is the supreme slang stylist for men on this campus. His line is as incomparable as the Leaning Tower of Pisa. Although some critics might call the Leaning Tower a trifle unbalanced, none of them can deny that it is unique. Barney's line is the best because he remembers the jokes he reads a little longer than most people, and he always manages to inject a bit of the risque into his stories. As men like to appear to be a wee bit wicked and immoral, Barney is chosen unanimously to be their Walter Pater of slang. Barney has never said anything original enough and clever enough to deserve his prominence, but, nevertheless, he is chief priest in the temple of Warmed-Over Wit and Worn-Out Phrase at Oregon State college. A slang expresion is like a shining new arrow that is shot into the air and flies straight and true to its mark. If it is pulled out of the target to be shot again, its point will be dulled and bent, and it will never again make a perfect flight.

Life.
Ignorance—
We plod along—
We grow—
Life becomes intricate.

Sorrow.
A little joy—
Love—
Love does not last.
We plod along—
Death! —Angeline Fischer.

WHAT'S WRONG WITH THE OLDER GENERATION

BY MARGARET E. HOLMES

"Most of them are dead." The speaker, herself a member of the generation under consideration, had intended, in answering the question, to be flippant. Her words, however, provoked thought. Most of them are dead. For every richly alive woman of middle age we can recall ten whose mental and material stagnation has kept pace with their silvering hair. This stagnation is not merely in persons whose financial status has deprived them of an education. Many a college graduate has degenerated to the presidency of the local Ladies' Aid. The pre-mortality death suffered by the older generations since time began is caused, it would seem, not by lack of cultural education, but by inertia. It is easier to keep alive by watching what other people are doing than to take the aggressive stand and search out interests and emotional outlets in a field circumscribed by the physical obstacles which accompany old age. The interests of youth should be dropped, not from inability to sustain them longer, but from the realization of their superficiality and from an interest in something more substantial. Failing this aggressive renunciation of youthful interests, the older woman allows herself to drop passively into a groove. Futile speculation and useless conversation, meaningless activity, and undue absorption in the affairs of youth result. By adopting the other course and taking active interest in things of national and international importance, by reading, and by seeking cultural entertainment and diversion, the older generation can grow still older independently and with dignity.

PELICANS

A great white plane with great white wings,
A shadow on the great blue sky,
A sweeping turn beneath a cloud—
It passes by.

Their broad white breasts gleam to the sun—
Their long beaks washed in waters swift,
Like clean white ships they ride the swells—
And cleanly drift.

Then sudden shouts and smoking shot,
A squawk, a whirr of dripping wings,
With hearts afraid, they rise in air—
The white bay-kings.

High in the blue, the number birds
Swoop wide along the great blue sky;
They near the white-flecked cotton clouds—
And pass them by.

—Enelse D. Janzen.

LAT. 22° 10′ S., LONG. 173° 14′ W.

BY MAURICE EUGENE TAIT

Tensely alert, and with the phones glued to my ears, I sat before the receiving apparatus in the radio room of the freighter "Crosskeys," for we were in a storm. Some other ship might, at any time, be in need of succor. An occasional flash of lightning glared in the heavens with a dazzling white light which sent grotesque shadows dancing across the decks of the steamer.

At two o'clock in the morning, San Francisco time, or about ten-fifteen P. M., ship's time, I had a schedule with a coastal radio station in San Francisco. At that time, I sent my daily position for publication in the newspapers. On this particular evening, I had just prepared to clear San Francisco, and had managed to "tune in" his signals so that they were steady, and easy to read, despite the four thousand eight hundred miles of water between us.

Suddenly the vessel careened heavily to port, and shook herself violently, as if trying to free herself from the clutching talons of some sea monster. I frantically clung to my desk, in order to prevent being thrown from my chair. After a short period of comparative silence, there came a deep thud. My phones became silent. I looked out of a port hole immediately before me, to see a solid, greenish wall swirling over the deck in a mad rush to return to its mother body.

As countless tons of water swept across the ship, from port to starboard, the vessel slowly righted herself. My head telephones again became active, and brought to my ears a welcome series of high-pitched buzzes which told me that San Francisco was ready to take my report. I heaved a sigh of relief. There is something remarkably reassuring about knowing that someone, even though he may be thousands of miles away, is interested in your well-being and progress.

The next day, I learned that the wave had gone over the top of the smoke stack, fifty feet above the water line, and had quenched two of the nine fires under the vessel's boilers.

WHEN I CONSIDER—

(With apologies to John Milton)

When I consider how my teeth have went
Ere half my days, in this dark world and wide,
And that one molar which I cannot hide
Lodged with me useless, though my mouth more bent

To chew with it on chicken than present
An open hole, lest some old dentist chide,—
Doth he expect jaw-labor, teeth denied?
I fondly ask:—But patience, to prevent

That murmur, soon replies; Here's what you need:
Either a plate, or more good teeth: who best
Has these, no suffering is his: His state

Is kingly; thousands to the dentist speed;
No longer do they hear offending jests:—
They truly need the good teeth or the plate.

—Ruth L. Shellhorn.