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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

JANUARY

ELIOT

1935



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Coed Styles

by MARIAM HYMAN

Well, good times are over for a few weeks and the old grind of final studying is before us. But the holiday season was one big time while we had it! And talk about good looking girls in good looking outfits—um! And did I hear some remarks about St. Louis having the beautiful women? Well, isn't it a fact that clothes make the woman?

The Miami Triad was certainly a colorful event—not only the decorations at the club, but the bright colors that flitted around the dance floor. No foolin', it seems as though everything is loud colors—so loud that they fairly shout! There was Gene Penny and Mary Lee Harney in vivid orange, Louise Kraus in a good looking pink and blue creation, Betty Trembley and Jane Cummings wore prints (and by the way gals—this print idea is really coming to the front this season), Laura Mae Pippin wore chartreuse chiffon, Lukie Keeler was ravishing in a stunning blue satin, Georgea Flynn slayed the stag line in gleaming gold lame—and oh—scads of other brilliant models.

One especially knockout looking formal that we saw on Bee Ferring this Christmas is a shimmery plum colored hammered satin. It has a halter neck, ending in a low V décolletage in the front. The belt is very different, draping around the waist twice and locking together in the front with a huge gold buckle. Both sides are slashed and the back falls gracefully into a sweeping train. The jacket helps the frock serve as a double purpose, having full dolman sleeves, a high ripple collar and buttons down the front. Her accessories match the buckle—gold kid sandals and purse, and gold bow clip earrings. What a job!

Enough about formals, don't you think? Lemme see—let's talk about some good ole' serviceable sweaters and skirts for a change. Emily Pope and Marjorie Stephens have been seen around the campus with some good-looking sweaters. Emily has a three colored sweater that really catches your eye! It's a heavy wool, the top third is a brilliant orange that fairly takes your breath away, the next color down is a pleasing tan and the bottom third is a nice oozy chocolate brown. The orange is the only part that is ribbed, and the getting in and out of it is easy with two little buttons at the side of the neck. Marjorie's sweater, or rather sweaters, for it's a twin set, is also of different colors. The outer sweater is a dark brown, with about four little ribbed panels on each side of the back and the same in the front. It buttons up the front (unless she wants to go Vassar on us and wear it backwards), with little wooden buttons. You take a look, and think—um,

very pretty and sedate looking—but presto, chango—she opens the front, and the under sweater is of the most screaming American beauty color you've ever seen. The only thing that makes it a twin with the outer sweater, is that it has ribs down the front. The neck is almost a turtle neck but it isn't—it's too loose for that, so it just turns over in one flattering fold. Doesn't that combination sound swell?

Jane Vogt, a transfer to Washington from DePaw University and one of the new comers that is bowling over the men and making the veteran Washington girls look a little weak, is really a knobby little dresser. She rolled forth the other day in a honey of an afternoon frock of navy blue wool crepe, trimmed with a neckerchief in a contrasting color of turquoise blue. A long pleat extending from the collar to the hem is in front, and a similar but smaller pleat is in back. The fancy trimmin's of the dress are the ducky crystal beer barrel buttons down the front pleat to the waist. All kidding aside, it's really a lulu!

The new spring suit styles are being shown everywhere now-a-days—and one of our campus playmates, who, as we remember, was one of the maids of honor to the Hatchet Queen last year, has quite a stunning three-piece green tinted suit. (Incidentally I'm speaking of none other than Miss Mary Stobie herself!) This green tweed affair has a huge ticklish raccoon collar. The under jacket is tight fitting with a rather wide belt buckling with a knobby little buckle in the front. The skirt is rather plain, and the top coat is very sporty with swagger lines—really it's a knockout. Sport oxfords and green bonnet with a jaunty feather perched on the side tops off the outfit.

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For Men Only

Granted that this is the time of year when scraggly beards are flourishing, baggy trousers are much in evidence, and shoes are noticeably unshined—you can't blame us, girls, for trying to make profs think we're studying—but men, it's not too early to begin thinking about a few likely additions to our spring clothing layout. Immediate action being out of the question, it might be well to file this thing, for the authentic winter resort and collegiate style centers have given us a more than sketchy idea of what will be shown for the coming season.

The really new ideas in men's wear this spring have been concentrated in hats. Three types, two old but much modified, and one a rip-snortin' departure from anything ever worn in this country before, will be placed on the market. While it is doubtful if St. Louis will accept the extreme models of this very latest development in hats, the Tyrolean, Swiss, or Alpine top-piece, the trend toward this novelty hat for sport wear is noticeable even in the slightly peaked crown of the conservative homburgs. Yodeling whistles and long feathers in contrasting colors or fuzzy little brushes stuck in the band or cords which take the place of a band are part and parcel of these hats.

The "pork-pie" hat, revived last year after lying dormant for more than a decade, is being stressed for spring wear in models which are essentially smooth, dark, and cool, or to use MEN'S WEAR'S trite expression, like Argentine gigolos. The telescope "lid" which is the "pork-pie" has many variations—some of the models may be worn in the old pinched crown effect, some combine the features of the "pork-pie" with those of the Tyrolean, and many feature rough-up felt, patterned felt, and extra stitching on both brim and crown. Many ventilated models will be shown, with "ventilators" rang-

ing from two small eyelets inserted in the crown just above the bow, to the "thousand pin punch" type with circulation provided through band, sweat band, and even the brim, which will be double, for shape's sake, on many of the crushibles or knockabouts.

A touch of rather welcome formality will be noted in the return of the homburg to prominence. The more youthful models will have a tapering crown and will be seen in both rough and smooth felts with the welt edge of a lighter shade than the band. The snap brim hat in the current style will continue in popularity.

Spring '35 will find little marked change in men's suits. The plain back and shirred back sack coat will probably be the most popular for sport and campus wear. Look for flaps on the breast pocket of some of the latest models.

Grey and tan will be the most important colors for shirtings for spring, with considerable attention drawn to green combined with brown or grey. College men apparently prefer the round collar attached and the button down collar attached models.

Pleasing College Men is Our Business

It wasn't always, but some years ago we made it our business to make clothes that would please young men in and out of college. This doesn't mean that just because a man attends a university his taste is stereotyped; far from it. Tell us what you like—what flare of style you prefer, choose from our large assortment the pattern and material that pleases and you can be assured of having a suit of clothes or top coat that reflects your individuality in the manner you've always wanted.

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MUST HAVE *Both*
MILDNESS AND
FLAVOR**

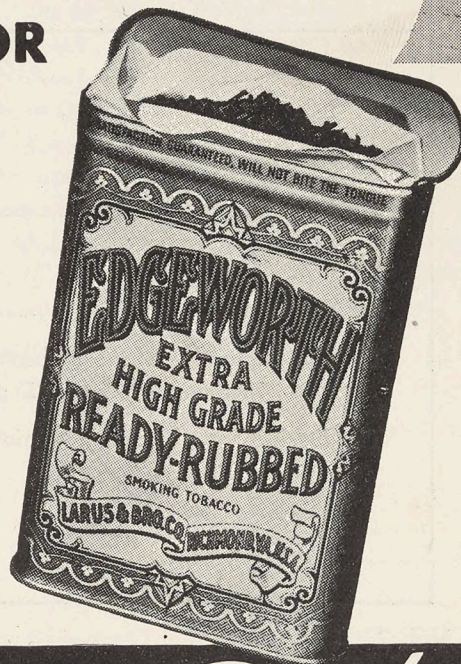
UNDERGRADUATES—here's a logic lesson that's a "pipe"! (No pun intended!) Your tobacco may be mild or it may be flavorful. In either case you say, "It's good!"

But if it had mildness AND flavor *both*, wouldn't you say, "It's better!"

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Washington University

• ELIOT •

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Cover by Martyl Schweig

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OFF THE RECORD

Pinky Again

Last month we told about how James J. Ritterskamp became Pinky Ritterskamp, all on account of some pink ribbon. The story has become so involved that we are not sure whether it was a yard of pink ribbon an inch wide or a mile of pink ribbon an inch wide; Pinky says it was just a yard, but then Pinky has suddenly dedicated his life to belittling ribbons in general.

At any rate, we said last time that Pinky's purchase made at the behest of an unknown party in the Student Finance Office, was finally given to a young lady at the Med School. That was as far as we went. But the young lady has gone further: she has written a letter thanking the Student Finance Office. Her letter, with its implied compliment to Pinky on his choice of delicate shades of pink, follows:

"A delicate shade of pink was just what was needed for the shoulder-straps. They must be drawn tightly so that they wouldn't be eternally slipping (because even pink satin ribbon looks ugly when it isn't supposed to show). And then, of course, if they were pulled sufficiently tight (but not so tight they'd pop at the wrong time) there might be enough left over to make a tiny rosette right in front—it would look so pretty on the lace. And as the crowning touch—one might almost say the sublime gesture—there would be one drop of perfume placed in the center of the rosette.

"The needle sounded almost triumphant as it clicked through the last few stitches, the perfume was added, the straps were adjusted just a fraction of an inch, a final pat was given the hair, and the new doll was all ready to be placed under the Christmas Tree completely outfitted from her tiny feet to her curly head."

Scandalous Note

Ricky surprised us all this month. Just like a woman, she's gone and asked "eleven prominent upperclassmen to tell what they think of fifteen freshman women . . . and vice versa." We're not quite sure whether she's sunk further into the gutter this issue or not . . . but if she has, she told us, it's only because she was invited down there, "by our mutual friends," she added sweetly.

Kampus King

For the past five or six years, organizations, publications, and campus wags have been suggesting, threatening, or promising to do something about the king and

queen situation. Every year another society invents a new queen—until the Student Life statisticians had it all figured out that it was even money that somebody's queen was within chalk-throw in any French class, and it was two to one in philosophy classes. Nobody minded the queens, of course, but the feeling for the poor kings has been swelling up so big that it practically amounts to a Movement. There isn't any king at all now, and there never has been one, unless you count last year's Commerce King. So Eliot is going to sponsor a Kampus King contest to settle the business once and for all. The back cover tells all about it.

Administration: Attention

Somewhere in this issue is an article by Arleen Thyson about Fredric Chopin—and that gives us an opportunity for saying something we've been wanting to say for a long time. We've been wondering how, in a school of some three thousand students, music could be so utterly neglected. We have a liberal arts school, a fine arts school, a law school, a business school, and a department for people who want to become physical education instructors—but not even one single class in music, not even a little symphony orchestra.

We should like to see at least a music appreciation course given in the college—there's one given in the night school. A school cannot claim to be a university which ignores so completely one of the most important—and one of the oldest—arts. A music appreciation course, for instance, would need only a piano, a phonograph, and some records for its apparatus. A campus orchestra would probably be one of the results of such a course (not, of course, that we are sure that a campus orchestra is at all desirable), but a beginning course like that might be worth trying anyway.

Bill

It must have been something we said, or something Claire Harrison said. But whichever it was, Bill is mad—or, to be correct, angry. He is, you remember, "the poor dumb Dutchman" who has been appearing monthly in *The Eliot* this year. Miss Harrison, it seems, said something in the last issue which Bill didn't like—and now he refuses to tell her any more about his boyhood in wartime Germany. If there's anything we can do to help . . . well . . . please, Bill, Claire didn't mean a word she said.

TO THE VICTOR

by MARIE LIEBSON

The railroad was a confusion of peasants. The bright, cheap dresses of the women swished over the dirty floor boards. Awed children clung to the full skirts tightly. On the far side of the room a buxom middle aged mother holding her fourteen year old son in her arms was protesting shrilly.

"He is only eleven years, I tell you, eleven years. He goes on half fare."

Beside her stood a small, poorly clothed man who rushed with bent knees to take her emptied place. He rested his chin on the sill and whined, "I'm twelve, not a year more—I go on half fare."

A young boy, bending under the load of a heavy wooden box staggered up to the ticket window. He lowered the box carefully to the rough floor and standing on tiptoe peered through the iron grating at the agent.

"How much is a ticket to Onnoyaga, third class?"

"Adult or child?" the agent inquired, puzzled by the small frame with its curiously mature face.

The boy flushed with embarrassment. He smoothed the soft stubble on his chin.

"Adult," he stammered.

"Five roubles."

The fur-capped head disappeared while the traveler

bent to take the coins from a purse fastened to his belt. The noise of the approaching train startled him. He picked up his box and ran, the ticket clenched firmly between his teeth.

The great door of the third class compartment swung open, and a second later the space was filled with pushing, savage persons, all crowding in to find places on the thick benches which stretched in long rows across the car. The boy leaned back carefully and then settled himself comfortably against the broad shoulders of the young man occupying the other side of the splintery seat. His feet bounced against the metal lock of the precious box. Above the lock, crooked printing stared conspicuously, "Paul Lion—Onnoyaga, Esthonia." The reek of seldom washed human bodies rose along the narrow aisles, augmented by the smell of impure coal burning in the engine just ahead. Paul tipped his head back and looked out into the clear blue sky, racing by. Particles of sawdust danced in the slanting rays of the sun, coming in through the tiny windows. The passengers swayed back and forth with the motion of the wheels, and many odd bundles jerked up and down progressing along the crowded rows as they bounced. There was a slight motion at Paul's feet; he slid to his knees and looked underneath the bench. Stretched in the damp shadow was a young boy. Paul stared at him amazed.

"What are you doing?"

The boy fidgeted in the narrow space.

"What are you doing?" Paul repeated.

"I'm going to Libau."

"But why are you lying there?"

"I'm not supposed to be on the train."

"Why?"

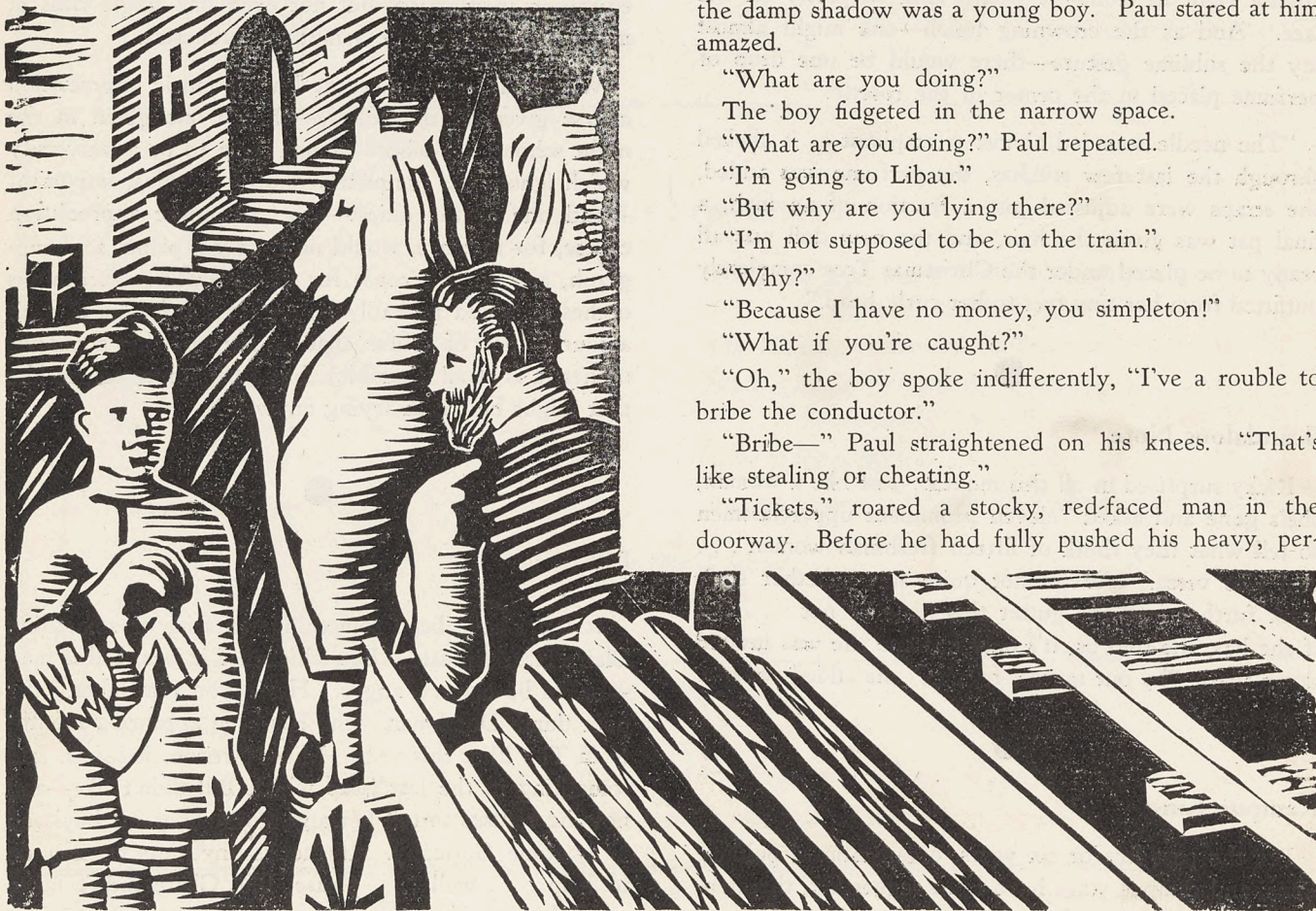
"Because I have no money, you simpleton!"

"What if you're caught?"

"Oh," the boy spoke indifferently, "I've a rouble to bribe the conductor."

"Bribe—" Paul straightened on his knees. "That's like stealing or cheating."

"Tickets," roared a stocky, red-faced man in the doorway. Before he had fully pushed his heavy, per-



"He works well and could help you around the place."

spiring body thru the narrow door, Paul had heaved his box fully against the trembling stowaway and was seated again, composedly twisting the green ticket in his fingers. On went the official, stumbling over packages, increasing the small stack of cardboard in his moist hands. He paused occasionally to rudely awaken a sleeping peasant who had sprawled over the precious bench space, or to smile contemptuously at a full grown youth handing him a child's red ticket. The lumbering figure was gone only a second before Paul slid to the floor and nudged the small culprit. The boy turned his white face to Paul.

"He's gone?"

"Yes, you're all right now. Why are you going to Libau?"

"There are rich people in Libau. Maybe I can get something to do."

"Don't you know anyone there?"

"Nope. Don't know anyone anywhere."

Paul reached out a hand and patted the boy on the head.

"Don't worry—you'll get something to do."

"Oh sure," the boy shrugged. "Where are you going?"

"To Onnoyaga, that's near Reval."

"Why up there? What are you going to do?"

"I'm a teacher," Paul informed him, as modestly as possible, tugging self-consciously at his red wool mittens."

"You a teacher!" the boy exclaimed incredulously. "Say, you're no older than I am."

"I'm almost sixteen."

"Gee, you're awful little."

"Yes, but I'll grow. I was a lot smaller last year," the voice under the fur cap spoke hastily.

"You getting paid?"

"A hundred roubles a year," the Teacher spoke proudly.

"Gee, must be rich people up there."

* * *

The patch of blue sky caught in the small window panes faded to grey and then to a deep black with an occasional star twinkling into the dimly illuminated car. The smoking kerosene lamp swung perilously from a rusty nail hammered into the roof. Shadows of the tired passengers loomed against the walls. Various snoring individuals, unconsciously set up a distinct rhythm which chimed with the noise of the iron wheels below. Unexpectedly the train jerked to a stop. Sleeping figures were hurled to the floor.

"Onnoyaga," the hoarse voice of the overseer out-

side shouted.

Paul struggled to keep his eyelids open, stumbling to the doorway and pulling his box after him. He climbed out into the melancholy dawn. The sudden rush of cold enveloping him paralyzed his senses for an instant. His burden clattered to the ground, a chill down his spine aroused him to action. He heard a sound and turned. Behind him stood the small stowaway.

"How did you get here?" Paul demanded.

"Followed you," the boy whispered through chattering teeth.

"You can't come with me."

"I'm coming. They're rich people. They'll keep me for the winter."

"I won't let you."

"Oh, won't you? Fine one you are to talk—a home and food and a hundred roubles a year." The boy's lips trembled; tears started from his eyes.

A wagon lumbering into the deserted station caught their attention. The enormous, red-bearded driver glanced around the station, his gaze finally coming to rest on the two figures beside the horses.

"Are you the teacher?" he asked, staring amazed at the furcapped boy.

"Yes, I'm Paul Lion. I've got my papers here." He began to search his blouse pockets.

The man grinned sheepishly.

"Never mind, I can't read them anyhow. I believe you; no one else is here. Who's that?" He pointed his whip at the small boy.

The tear-stained face was turned toward Paul beseechingly.

"He's my little brother, Joe—he—that is, I mean, I thought that maybe you would keep him for the winter. He works well and could help you around the place."

"Sure," he comforted, "there's room for you. You can sleep with your brother. Come, both of you."

The three clambered into the wagon. Joe grimaced in an attempt to keep from smiling, the corners of his mouth drawn in, his cheek bones rising. Paul's feet sank into the thick layer of straw covering the floor boards. He reached down and pulled the worn fur robe up to his numb ears. For several moments he said nothing, enjoying the welcome warmth of the moth-eaten rug. Occasionally he would regard his newly found brother with contempt. The wagon was creaking now through dense, deep woods. A colony of crows cawed from the top of a fir tree on the edge of the forest. The horses trotted steadily on, shying

(Continued on page 22)



"Go on after him—he'll drown, you coward!"

THE DARK VIRGIN

The Story of a Miracle—A Chapter
Adaption From "Ancient Are The
Gods", A Book of Mexican Sketches

by LEIGH WHITE

At the Zocalo I board an American street-car ("Mfg. in Pittsburgh, Pa.," reads the sign) and ride north through Mexico City's business district: north through the sordid slums of the Colonia de la Bolsa, past the ultramodern Ford Factory, then on through the bottom of what was once vast Lake Texcoco. A few twists and turns and the car is at its destination: Guadalupe-Hidalgo—core of Mexico's pagan-Catholicism, heart of the Indian's religious life, a blind emotional vortex which is part idolatry, part charlatanry and part hallucination.

Across the Alameda is the collegiate church of Santa Maria de Guadalupe. Therein resides the spiritual mother of the majority of Mexico's population—the most miraculous "*santa*" of a nation whose historic specialty (aside from revolutions) has been the mass production of miraculous saints. Behind the church rises the precipitous hill of Tepeyac, topped by the chapel built at the Virgin's request when first she revealed herself to the simple Juan Diego; and beneath the chapel lie the foundations of the great "*cu*" consecrated to the worship of the Aztec goddess, Tonantzin.

On the crowded walk before the church, Indian women sell *gorditas de la Virgen*, little fat corn-cakes of the Virgin, wrapped in tissue paper resembling birthday snappers—dozens of women, chattering, laughing, selling dozens of the same cakes. In stalls along the curb more women sell *articulos religiosos* scapularies, reliquaries, rosaries of pewter, bone and silver: hideous chromatic postcards of the shrine and all its glories: miniature binoculars (made in Japan) through which one sees the Virgin with the left eye and Christ with the right: candles of all shapes and sizes, plain candles and decorated candles, smooth candles and fluted candles, spangled candles, and candles bedecked with flowers, scrolls, birds and angels.

And in the Alameda dozens of photographers hawk their trade:

"*Un foto, señor, cincuenta centavos! Muy bueno!*"

For fifty centavos I may have my picture taken in front of a myriad of chromatic disgraces on screens before the ancient cameras. For fifty centavos I may be snapped in an airplane soaring above Chapultepec Castle while Popocatepetl rears his snowy pate in the far distance. Or I may preserve forever the sight of my countenance within the headlight of a locomotive roaring thunderously toward the beholder. But for seventy-five centavos I may gain the highest height of sacrosanctity; I may have taken the picture extraordinary—*la pintura divina*. I may be snapped staring dolefully toward heaven with a large, spangled, glistening repro-

duction of the Guadalupe Virgin resting firmly upon my head.

But I deny myself such incomparable delights and enter the church. Near the doorway reads a sign: SANTA MARIA DE GUADALUPE, REINA DE MEXICO, RUEGA POR TU NACION!—Saint Mary of Guadalupe, Queen of Mexico, Prayer of Thy Nation!

II.

One wonders how it all began, what its significance, what its hold upon the peons of Mexico; and one concludes it is something more than the miracle experienced by the simple Juan Diego. It is something more elemental, vital, psychical which clutches at the people's souls with such insistence. And it all begins, I suppose, in the fourteenth century with the Goddess Tonantzin.

Tonantzin, "Our Mother," or Coacihuatl as she was sometimes known, was the principal goddess of the Aztecs long before Cortes considered conquest. She was the Goddess of Earth and Corn, a sort of Mexican Ceres; she it was who granted adverse things—poverty, sorrow and melancholia. And on Tepeyac Hill, overlooking lake-surrounded Tenochtitlan, ancient capital of Mexico, her subjects erected in her honor a great stone *cu* or temple.

Tonantzin was a woman of aristocracy, always clothed in white, and on her forehead she arranged her hair in two long horns. She carried a cradle on her back wherever she went and it was always thus that she revealed herself to the women of the market-place. They would see her walking about aloof, clothed in folds of diaphanous white, with the inevitable cradle tied across her shoulders. In awe their eyes would follow her and they would hush their voices and whisper, "Now Tonantzin walks among us!" Then suddenly the goddess would disappear, leaving her cradle behind. The women would rush up and peer within the cradle, only to find a sharp flint lancehead—the token that it was really Tonantzin who had made her presence known. Then they would take the lancehead and march in a body to the great *cu* to present it to the priests—later to be used in human sacrifice, for Tonantzin, like all Aztec deities, required "her due meed of innocent blood."

But as Coacihuatl, her second personality, Tonantzin became the Snake Woman, and as such she was greatly feared. With the coming of the Spanish priests the Snake Woman became Eve, and was associated with the Garden of Eden; and as Tonantzin, The Virgin and Our Mother, she became the Virgin Mary, the Mother of God.

Thus the scene was laid for the miracle of Juan Diego.

(Continued on page 19)

THE MAN WHO KNEW T. R.

by HUGH JOHNSON

Only let a liar live long enough and he will come to believe himself the most truthful man alive. Lying is like whisky. It forms a habit. Old "Hen" Winslow in our village—Henry W. Winslow his mother christened him—formed the habit early, and it comforted him all his life.

His story was that he knew Theodore Roosevelt. That was his story, and he stuck to it for forty years, until he was old and gray and no account.

But it was all based on truth, you see. Henry was unquestionably born at Oyster Bay, Long Island, and didn't move out here to our little village in Indiana till he was a man grown; I never said for a minute that he mightn't have seen T. R. when they were both boys. But that wasn't the half of it—no, as Henry told the story, you would have come to believe that he and Teddy were practically fastened together as boys, like the Siamese twins.

minnit and carry the wash basket upstairs."

Henry would go home with her, and buy her some tidbit on the way, and there would be half the morning gone. And in the afternoon Sarah would think up some new job for him, and he'd stay home and do it.

It was always the same, whether babies were coming or had come. Henry was a slave. Sarah had money of her own, and that gave her a chance to crack the whip. Henry did all her work for her.

Theodore Roosevelt cured him.

Every man has to have something to keep his pride up and cater to his vanity. Sarah was a simple soul, for all her whining and yowling, and she was glad to have such a willing slave as Henry, though she took no chances of turning his head by praising him. Henry needed relief. He needed something for his pride. So he went to work and invented his lie.



"And Teddy held his hand and pumped it up and down . . ."

When he came to town in 1888, anybody could have told him he was sticking his head in the lion's jaw by marrying Sarah. But he was a vain, self centered man. He started in to court Sarah, and after she accepted him he never got his neck out of the noose for a minute. Sarah had a mouth so narrow you really would have wondered how she could get her table knife into it; and when a woman like Sarah gets hold of a weak man something is going to break. She broke and gentled him in a week.

He did have some ability, but it could never show. The real estate scheme he hatched out in 1895 would have been a real money maker but that was the summer Sarah was having her first baby and being thirty seven years of age and nervous, she was plumb determined that Henry was going to have the baby too.

"Henry," she'd call out to him, "come home this

"Teddy took to me," said Henry, "the way a fly takes to flypaper. You couldn't have pried us loose." He began talking about Teddy in '98, the year that Teddy charged up San Juan Hill.

"Being the son of wealthy parents," Henry would say, "Teddy might have scorned a poor boy like me. But he was too much of a Democrat for that. Why we used to hunt and fish together. There are fossil bones in the sand hills over there, and we dug out and pieced together pretty nearly a whole mastodon by the time we were twelve years old. That's why Teddy got his love of nature."

That's the kind of liar Henry Winslow was. He was easy and plausible, working up from little things like fish to big things like mastadons and United States Presidents.

(Continued on page 17)

THE HOMELESS MAN

by ED DUENOW

It was Sunday midnight and another fellow and myself had gone down to "905" to get a highball before we called it a day. On the way in my friend made some remark about the number of bums hanging around on Market street and asked me if they had no place to go. I was venturing some sort of an answer when like a bolt out of the blue it suddenly dawned on me that I had a mid-semester paper due the next morning at 8:30 on just that subject.

"Wowie," I said, "I've got to get home and write a paper I forgot all about. Let's drink this one and then go. I see where I don't get any sleep tonight."

"What do you mean?" questioned my friend, "haven't you any ideas at all on the subject?"

I answered that I did have a few and was explaining these few to him in some detail when a middle-aged man interrupted us.

"I'm the Mayor," he said, "and I heard you explaining your plan for the treatment of homeless, non-resident men in St. Louis. The head of our Bureau for the Homeless Men just died and I need someone to fill the position. If you really think you can run the Bureau, the job is yours."

"I'll take it," I answered. "Then I won't have to write my paper and I'll be able to make some money on my ideas which probably wouldn't have been appreciated anyway."

"O.K., it's a deal," said the Mayor, "report at my office at 8:30 in the morning."

I reported the next morning and told the Mayor I was ready to go to work. He gave me full authority and said I should use my own judgment in working out the details of the plan I wished to use. As there were quite a few things I wished to know about these men, the first thing I did was to go down to the bureau on Pine and single out a hobo who I thought had lots of experience among homeless men and yet one who had some intelligence and foresight. I found just such a man whose nickname was "Smoky," and he and I journeyed to my new office where we proceeded to become the brains of the bureau of homeless men.

"Smoky," I began half apologetically, "I really must confess I don't know how to handle this situation. What I do know, though, is that these men are going to be treated like human beings and we'll meet them more than half way. From now on not a single man is going to go hungry or be without a bed in the city of St. Louis."

"Wait a minute," answered Smoky with a smile of knowledge. "It's O.K. to be a swell guy and all that, but if you treat the Bos too good you'll have this town so full of bums you'll have to build subways for the regular people to get around. I've been around enough to know that those birds always flock to the nest that's feathered the best. Before we go any further there's

two things I think you should remember about hoboes. The first is that they hate honest labor, but they hate starving worse. So if they can get by without working they will, but if they can't they will work, cause very few of 'em like that 'pitchfork in the gut' feeling you get when your food doesn't come regular. The second fact you must remember is that a bum can only mooch off someone who is less clever than he, and he usually doesn't hang around a place where the free living is given out by trained men."

"Yes, but, Smoky," I argued, "I've talked to some of those men and they said they'd shovel manure for their living if they could get the job."

"Exactly," he said, "and those are the men we're going to help. They are mostly the men who haven't been on the road long and acquired the habit of wandering. And Lord knows there are plenty of them now. Our job is to save these new men before they are too far gone to give a damn any more."

"Swell, now we're getting somewhere." I answered, "the first thing I'm going to do is to have the newspapers tell the public that anyone who aids a beggar with food, clothing, or money is really defeating his own purpose. I'll also have the people informed as to where they should bring their donations if they feel charitable and if they follow instructions half our fight will be won. If everyone refuses to give anything to these beggars St. Louis won't be bothered with the professional bums. Now all we have to do is devise some way in which we can have the rest work for their living and our troubles will be over."

"If you can solve that, me lad," answered Smoky sarcastically, "you can be President tomorrow. Every time I think of what this country could do under Socialism and what we actually do under our present system my temperature rises to about 110 degrees. Our problem wouldn't exist under Socialism, but it's here now so I guess we'll just have to battle with it."

"You said it," I answered, delighted in finding such a capable assistant. "Well, it's noon, so let's go over and think this thing out over a few vittles."

After talking all afternoon and discussing all the pros and cons all night, by midnight Smoky and I had decided on the following plan for the treatment of homeless, non-resident men in the city of St. Louis:

- (1) No one but the designated organizations shall give any help in any shape or form to any homeless man.
- (2) Any homeless man who came for aid was given one of two courses to follow:
 - (a) He could stay in town one night and get a bed and breakfast and then move on; or:
 - (b) He could live on one of the farms established by the bureau. These farms would be of four types:

(Continued on page 17)

WEEK-END

by MILDRED W VAUGHAN



Muddville, Indiana,
January 2, 1934.

Darling Jeremiah,

It is late at night and everybody is in bed. I was in bed, too, but I could not sleep because of my love. I think of you every minute since you went back to military school, even when I am practicing scales, which is maybe why Miss Pratt rapped my fingers today, during my music lesson, that was. However, I said nothing. I can endure anything, even Miss Pratt, for you. So I just looked at her pityingly, because I don't suppose she ever was in love, do you? She would have to rap his fingers with a pencil every time he would look dreamy, which no man could stand. Anyway, when we are married, I must be able to play ethereal music for you while you drink your coffee with four sugars, after dinner by the fire. Mother says the first requirement of a good hostess is to remember the number of sugars.

Didn't you just adore the party last night? Of course, I think it was simply scandalous the way that horrible Emelia did that simply scandalous dance, because I always say that a young girl should try to be decent, and if she hadn't made her sister's beau, who is twenty-five and should know better, because after all he is old enough to be her father practically, or at least her uncle,—let's see, where was I? Miss Pratt says I get awfully mixed up in my sentences, and she never can tell what I'm talking about, but it must be that my thoughts come so fast I just can't keep up with them. Anyway, I always think that a young girl should try to be decent, and she probably would not have done it if she had not had that cocktail, and then would not have been the "life of the party," which you called her. I think that I will join the Women's Christian Temperance Union when I am older and do my best to influence the younger generation about the evils of alcohol, which I have just seen an example of. Of course if you want a "life of the party,"—but we must not quibble over the little things. It might spoil our love.

Mother and Father turned three colors and dived behind their newspapers, when I told them, which is what they do when they try not to laugh. They will just have to understand that I have my own mind and I know when "la grande passion" comes. (I found that in a French story. It sounds swell doesn't it?)

Mother had insomnia and saw the light under my door which made her come in to see if I was sick. Isn't that the worst? You'd think she'd think of when she was young and know that I can take care of myself now. Anyway, I'd better stop now because there is school tomorrow. How small and unimportant it seems now! But I must go on with it, so as not to embarrass you by bad grammar when we are married.

With all my love 'til death,

Suzanne.

P. S. You will notice I am "Suzanne" now. Please do not call me Susie any more. It seems very childish.

Suzanne, from now on.

Muddville, Indiana,

January 7, 1934.

Dear Jeremiah:

Today has certainly been a trial. First of all, I had to walk to school with that awful Emelia. By the way, she wanted to know if I am in love with you, because she says that she is simply intrigued by your dark, romantic eyes. Personally I don't think they are so dark except that day when Carl Morton hit you in them. Second, Tom Bradley wrote your name right up next to mine on the blackboard in English class. I was very mortified but tried to keep my dignity, and so I didn't say a word, but just walked up and erased them both, which I think burned him up.

Why don't you write to me? Are you in the guard house or something? And if you are, why, and won't they let you write letters, because if they won't they are not doing right, as a prisoner is always entitled to pencil and paper to write his last words. Of course they wouldn't be your last words, but if you do not write soon they will be for me, if you see what I mean, although I shall suspect that it is some outside influence

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NOTE: The top row is what the boy thinks of the girl, and the bottom row is what the girl thinks of the boy.

TAKE IT RO

	Harry Bleich Senior	Ed Carson Senior	Jack Hardaway Senior	Paul Heineman Senior	Dick Horner Junior	W...
Evelyn Bissell	"Cute" is the best word. Tall, dark and handsome.	Who could ask for a sweeter smile and a sweeter girl? Busy man.	Too quiet to hear anything about. Chris-cross.	Seems to be a sweet girl. Mr. Man, what next?	Thank God she's not from Webster. Stormy weather ahead now blowing a G	She m... Shades
Frances Buss	Where have you been? Yes, and then again no.	Rah! Rah!—but a nice looking girl. He looks smooth when he dances.	100%! Extremely swell.	So that's Frances. Don't know him—maybe I should.	I like her smile. He looks young, but—	Like O... smoo... Darn t...
Bee Clark	"Sweet and lovely." Noblesse oblige.	My idea of a beautiful girl—will make a good politician. "Get a lift with—"	Another one in that Kappa landslide. Blue and blue, all the way through.	Stop, Look and Listen. Little Caesar.	Nice blonde hair, etc. "Stay as sweet as you are."	A fair... one's... "Mr. F...
Billie Docter	That old-fashioned pepper. If only God's perfect woman would come to Harry.	One of the best all-round girls—like dancing on a cloud, with Billie. Do you want to buy a duck?	A topper in the new class. Very fine fellow.	Just one of the boys. Just the man for the "Eliot."	No comment necessary. Such a lovely angel face.	Lady, c... word... One of... men
Jane Ebling	Her publicity is only exceeded by her magnetism. Too bad all boys aren't like him.	One smooth girl. Wish she were my girl. Don't know him, but he looks very swell.	Come up and see me sometime. O.K.—nice boy.	I missed this one. Dunno.	She likes all the fraternities. Takes life too seriously, or maybe it's Hatchet.	And sh... frater... Well dr... much
Grace Gale	"It's an ill wind—" Big Chief Plenty-Talk.	More fun than a circus Personality + Seems nice to me.	"Homer" type but nevertheless a nice girl. Ask Chris.	Can be heard anywhere. Super salesman.	"Activity Joe." Versatility.	A Webs... so wh... Bourbon
Sweetheart Herget	Sounds awful—good. How's the weather up there?	Whoever named her hit it right. He must have his Flynn(g).	How about living up to that name? He has "away" with him that's "hard."	That name has its possibilities. All around good fellow.	Sounds romantic. Any relation to Ja	She doe... name... Left in
Stella King	I hate to say I don't know her. Smoothie.	A sweet newcomer for the college boys. Don't know him.	I've only heard of her. Chris's.	Are you from the south? Oke.	Swell girl. A second Wm. Ly Phelps.	I might... about... Dressy
Louise Kraus	The heroine of a boy's novel. Salesman Sam.	Very swell girl—should meet more boys. Wish I knew him.	The best in the Freshman class—that old high school flame? One of the best.	A cute girl with lots of sense. A typical business man.	One of the best. Dick is swell.	An orch... Smoothie
Dolores Menges	Plenty fancy. Smoothie.	Rah! Rah! College—Here I am, boys. Freshmen quality.	Oh, my! Why haven't I met you?	Hi Joe. I'd like to meet you.	She hides a glass Heard of you.	Reminds... patra— Quite lik
Dorothy and Georgia Morse	Two deceptive for comfort. Personality O.K.	Very swell for one family to have two such nice girls. Haven't met him.	Up to advance publicity. Swell, but why doesn't he smile?	Can't tell 'em apart—this one's swell. Very nice.	If one's nice, the other must be. Girls!!	And they... Post-D... We have... pleasur
June Pentland	One of the neatest jobs. Do you carry a dictionary?	O. K. Toots. I can hardly say.	A cool girl that should get around big. He seems swell.	She's going to get places. Big Business Man, huh?	She dives nicely. Not very understanding.	A little fi... oh yea... Do you l... people.
Barbara Schaefer	I'm sorry I missed her. He should be ashamed of himself—lying about his age to poor little freshmen.	A welcome addition to our campus—we need more like her. The bright star of Sigma Nu.	Why, hello! Why comment on Jack, he's already hooked.	The introduction was alright. Another prominent man.	Who's that? He is mighty sophisticated for a swell looking blonde	I was tol... gets ar... One of th... some B...
Eleanor Wells	If it's like the other copy—O.K. Quite attractive.	Another "Prize Package" had better give all the boys a break instead of one. He's swell but I couldn't go into raptures.	Too quiet or nice—get a little gift of gab. An all right fellow.	What's the matter, Eleanor, afraid of the big bad wolf? Big man (?) on the campus.	Well— Has unexculpated self-assurance.	A quiet g... has a gl... eye. Has that... mystery
Helen Worrall	Lovely as an orchid. Beautiful to watch. Too delicate to touch. Line!	The most wonderful—perfect girl in the world. No. 1 in the girl "Hall of Fame." He seems awfully nice.	Hatchet Queen. Chris would know.	Um-m'm. Don't know him.	A Queen. He's the editor.	Soft light... music. Plenty all

FROM RICKY

	Walter Lorch Junior	Jack Losse Sophomore	Milton Mill Senior	George Mueller Sophomore	Jack Weaver Sophomore	Harry B. White Junior
	She must be in hiding. Shades of Valentino.	S. S. & G. & Sweet, simple and girlish Fisher-Man.	Nice, quiet, lovely. Modern version of Leander.	Don't know her. Clothes horse.	Looks too sweet for words. Blonde bombshell.	Nice girl. Mysterious and powerful.
	Like Old Gold— smooth. Darn that wedding.	She "makes" her own way. Some sophomores are only overgrown freshmen.	Good dancer, what are her other virtues? I don't know any of his virtues.	I hope she doesn't say "good-bye" like her sister. Beautiful plaid waistcoats.	She can sing to me. A smooth voice and personality to put it over.	A good dancer. A swell person as far as I know.
	A fair catch in any- one's ball park. "Mr. Fixit."	Another one of those nuisances—a High School Queen. Custom built.	Attractive and popular. Spirit of Phi Delta Theta.	"Blonde and—" covers it all. Notice the vest, please.	She's even cute with glasses. See the Doctor.	Charm and grace personified. And we'll remember Sigma Alpha Epsilon.
	Lady, don't believe a word he says. One of the best dressed men on the campus.	I'm conceited, too. He may be all right— but—	Jack Weaver tells me she is the last word. Just—why?	O.K., except that she seems to be tied down. Doesn't he have a coat to match his pants?	Good gosh, what can I say? You guess!	A rolling collar button under God's bureau. Who's he?
	And she likes your fraternity the best. Well dressed, very much O.K.	Are you a senior? I like his "school- girl" complexion.	Tiger woman! Nice eyes—lots of peps.	Good dancer, and that's not all. Wears good looking Clothes—O.K.	She can sure dance— and, oh my! Like to hear him "croon," it's very nice at dances.	Don't know her. Don't know who he is.
	A Webster gal— so what? Bourbon Barrymore.	Giving all the boys a break? Tailor-made.	His pleasant personal- ity is very enjoyable. It takes a lot of wind to make a "Mill" go round.	She sure can talk. "Esquire."	I'd almost move to Webster. Campus crooner.	Attractive in that bathing suit. I don't know him.
	She does have a nice name. Left in a "Lorch."	The name's enough for me. I'm at a "Losse" for words.	Typical Pi Phi. Been thru? How is it?	The first name is familiar. * * * *	The name says it. Not sick, but oh Doctor.	Sweetheart, oh yeah? What's in a name?
	I might say something about her accent. Dressy	Reminds me of Eleanor. Ask Jane.	Typical Theta. Hook, line and sink 'em.	What can a person say? Lord and Taylor.	Darn it I don't know her. A second Crosby.	Introduce me. Good guy.
	An orchid in the bud. Smoothie.	High School "line" artist. What the well dressed man should wear.	Bubbling over with fun. Plenty swell.	Clean living, healthy type. The prodigy of Esquire's Style Editor.	Asking me in public puts me on the spot. Good for Billie.	I like the little girl. A college boy at his best.
	Reminds me of Cleo- patra—fascinating. Quite like Carson.	Take that hat off. Nice fellow.	How do you like "collitch"? I've never met him.	She has one nice eye anyway. "Wotaman."	I'd like to see that other eye. Rather witty.	I'm coming up sometime. Of the finest quality.
	And they made the Post-Dispatch. We haven't had the pleasure.	Both barrels are load- ed—get 'em on the wing. Swell, humorous.	Attractive twins are a novelty to the campus. Gift of gab.	I know them when I see them, but which is it? Fifty-fifty.	She's cute, but which one is she? Very fine.	Gold Dust. Don't know him, but he looked very at- tractive at Phi Delta Barn Dance.
	A little frog— oh yeah? Do you like to tease people.	Still playing the field, they tell me. Nice fellow?	Pleasing type, good conver- sation is her greatest virtue. Don't get too wrapped up in the line—you might trip.	I like the way she uses her eyes. I love your bow tie, oh yeah?	Don't push, I'm al- most gone now. "Learn to croon—"	Why young men leave home. I haven't had the pleasure.
	I was told that she gets around. One of those hand- some Betas.	Lead on, Bismarck! He has been popular at every school he attended.	Looks good, let me meet her. I'd like to have him teach me "back stroke."	I honestly never heard of her. I admire his taste in coats.	From what I hear I'd like to know her. I've heard he has a smooth voice and I'd like to hear it.	Should get around more. A strong, silent man.
	A quiet girl, but she has a glint in her eye. Has that Garbo mystery.	The eyes have it. Pleasingly important, I've heard.	Attractive looking. Playful but intelli- gent.	I like her but— Fashion plate (?).	A second edition. Consult the "Doctor."	Tell me about her. Maybe I should meet him.
	Soft lights and sweet music. Plenty all right.	Eyes + sine C, = Grades. Quite O. Kay.	Almost all beautiful girls are sophisti- cated. I should remember him.	One very fancy girl. Blase.	She talks low, but rates high. The campus crooner.	Be still my heart. He's very nice.

AN IMPRESSION OF CHOPIN

by ARLEEN THYSON

I wish I had known Frederic Chopin. I should like to have known the man. He must have been a delightful companion, for he possessed an unconscious grace and a sort of magnetic charm, which drew others to him. When in society he was witty and entertaining, and even without his great musical ability, would have been a welcome addition to any drawing-room. How I should like to have watched him, the center of a gay crowd, giving one of his clever impersonations! He was an excellent mimic. The story is told that once Chopin, upon being asked by his friend, Nowakowski, for an introduction to Pixis, the celebrated musician, imitated Pixis so perfectly that Nowakowski, sitting beside Pixis at the theatre the next evening, thought it was Chopin and clapped him familiarly on the back, saying "Leave off; don't imitate now."

I know that Chopin was a loyal friend. Though he had a tendency to romanticize his friendships, and though we cannot help smiling when we read his letters to his two friends, Titus Woyciechowski and Johann Matuszynski—they sound at times like those of a lover to his sweetheart—we readily forgive him this idiosyncrasy for he was always ready to prove his loyalty to his friends when an opportunity arose. In 1847 George Sand turned her daughter, Solange, and her son-in-law, Clesinger, out of her home, writing to Chopin that if he received them at Paris, everything would be over between her and Chopin. Franchomme, the famous violinist, who was with Chopin when Sand's ultimatum arrived, relates that Frederic said to him, "They have only me, and should I close my door upon them? No, I shall not do it." He kept his word; and though there were probably additional reasons for the final rupture between Sand and Chopin, his loyalty to Solange and Clesinger in disregard of her wishes was a sacrifice which brought him much unhappiness.

I can't conceive of Chopin's committing a vulgar or an ungracious act. His gentility was inborn. He loved beauty and luxury, and regarded refinement so highly that he avoided people with bad manners. The fact that both his first and last concerts—and many in between—were given for charity seems to me symbolic of his kind heart. His own generosity made him deeply appreciative; he was grateful for the smallest favors.

Chopin's great modesty is almost inconceivable. He said in regard to his musical ability, "From Zwiny and Elsner (his masters) even the greatest ass must learn something." And when he went to Vienna in 1829 his friends had to use all their persuasive powers to induce him to give a concert. He protested that at home he had "been leniently judged by kind-hearted compatriots" and could scarcely expect to be well received in a city like Vienna. Needless to say, he was a tremendous success; but upon discovering a book en-

titled *Chopin* in the Imperial Library, he thought that it was a misspelling of *Champin*, another musician, and was astonished to see his own handwriting on the manuscript.

Oh, of course Chopin was human. He was not always mild and gentle. George Sand writes that when angry, he was alarming, but that he always controlled himself in her presence. Neither was Chopin always gay and entertaining. He was subject to extraordinary moods of depression. In her *Histoire de Ma Vie* Madame Sand writes of some of his moods during the winter which they spent on the island of Majorca.

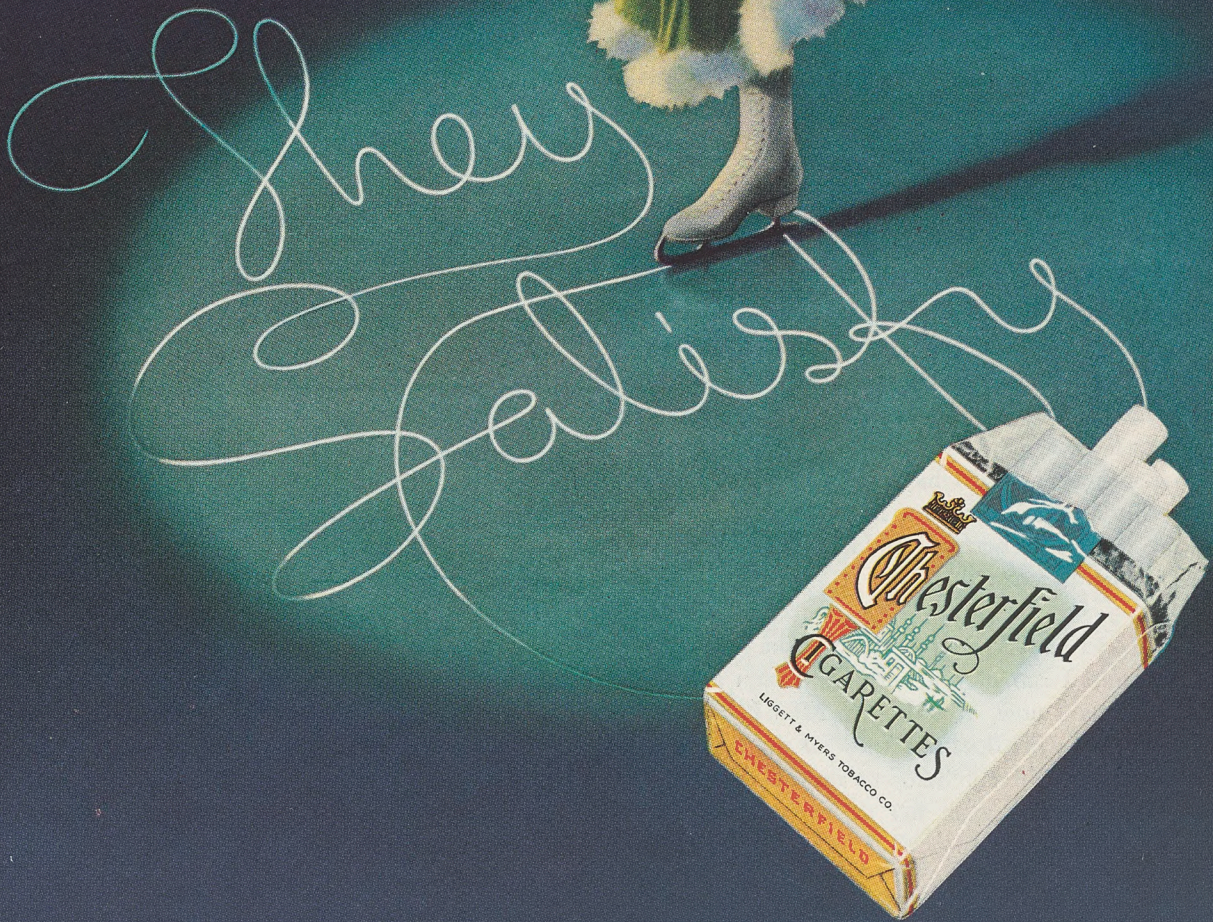
"The poor great artist! It was difficult sometimes to know how to treat him. What I feared, unhappily came to pass—he lost all patience. He bore his bodily sufferings like a man, but he could not bridle his ever restless imagination. The house seemed to him full of spirits—spectres which plagued him worse than his pulmonary pains. He tried to hide from us what was troubling him, but we soon found it out. Coming back, one evening, about ten o'clock with my children from visiting the ruins of the cloister, we found Chopin at the piano. His looks were wild, his hair stood on end, and it was some seconds before he recognized us. Then he forced a smile and began to play something. During the short time he had been left alone, in his depression, a host of demoniacal thoughts had against his will crowded upon him."

Poor Chopin must have given Madame Sand a trying time at Majorca. Everything began well; Chopin wrote to one of his friends that the island was a "paradise." Then the rainy season set in and Chopin and Sand, quartered in the ruins of an old monastery, suffered many discomforts. He became quite ill and was probably a difficult invalid to manage. Not least among their many troubles was the bad food. Madame Sand records that one day a steaming chicken was placed on the table with fleas jumping about on its back. The effect of this upon the delicate musician can easily be imagined.

It has been said that Chopin's character was abnormal, but it seems better to me to say merely that he was extremely sensitive. Both joy and sadness made deep impressions upon him, and he probably reached greater heights of happiness and greater depths of sorrow than do most men. I like to divide his life into three major moods. His childhood was happy and care-free. I see a mischievous little fellow hiding behind a big book, drawing a caricature of his schoolmaster. Joys and sorrows were mingled in the middle period of his life. I see him at a soiree in Vienna, playing a

(Continued on page 17)

Here's the way I write
Chesterfield —



WEEK-END

(Continued from page 11)

which is keeping you from me, because I know that you could not desert me, on account of our great love.

Miss Pratt is waiting for me, which is why I must stop now. I am going to ask her to give me the "Liebestrom," so that when we are married I can play it for you when you drink your coffee with four sugars. Mother says that one of the requirements of a good,—Did I write that before? Mother says that I must not repeat as it is boring, so if I did say that before you had better skip it and begin here.

Oh, I forgot Miss Pratt. I know she will rap my fingers with a pencil now!

Hurriedly yours,
Suzanne.

Muddville, Indiana,
January 14, 1934.

Dear Jeremiah:

I was glad to receive your letter, and to hear that you are not in the guard house, but if you **were** they **would** have to let you have pencil and paper. That's the freedom of the press, or something.

Next, I am sorry that your room mate got hold of my first letter. It must have been mortifying for you when he read it in front of all those boys, which I bet really made them jealous though, because they probably have no one in love with them the way I am, with you, I mean. You will just have to hide my letters because I just have to pour out my heart to you. Personally I would be proud to have anyone know of our great love, but maybe boys are different.

You do not write much about what you are doing. Please do not keep anything from me as I want to understand all about your work, so that I will not be dumb about it when we are married.

Today Marjorie said that she is in love with Tom Bradley who I think is perfectly poisonous and how could she ever like him, his eyes are so green. Personally every time I look at him I think of a dill pickle, but they say love is blind.

Dinner is ready and I have to be on time tonight because Mother says I cannot have dessert if I am late and the dessert is chocolate pudding, which you know I love, almost as much as you.

Suzanne.

P. S. I asked Miss Pratt for "Liebestrom," but she said no, not until I can play it with expression and feeling, which I cannot now, according to Miss P. If she only knew, but then she does **not** know of my love. At first I thought I would tell her, but maybe she would feel bad, which I don't want her to, even if she does rap my fingers with a pencil.

Suzanne.

Muddville, Indiana,

January 20, 1934.

Jeremiah darling:

I would love to come for your dance, and Mother says I can, I mean, I may go, if Emelia's mother will

let her go and Miss Pratt will go as chaperone because your room mate wants to take her to the dance,—I mean he wants to take Emelia, not Miss Pratt. I guess that is kind of mixed up just like Miss P. says I get sometimes, when my thoughts are faster than my fingers.

Anyway, we will come on the 1:30 bus which arrives at 4:45. I am in Heaven when I think I will soon see you again, but because you are afraid that I will embarrass you when we meet I will be very calm and dignified and no one will ever know, but I would be glad if the whole world knew.

Farewell until Friday,
Suzanne.

P. S. I know I could play "Liebestrom" now, if I had it.
Suzanne.

Muddville, Indiana,
January 27, 1934.

My dear Jeremiah:

I hope that I shall always be a lady and do what is right, which is why I am writing to you to thank you for the lovely week-end, even though it broke my heart. Honestly the way you carried on with that awful Emelia was simply scandalous, doing that simply frightful dance which everybody knew you were tight because of.

I said I would always be your friend, but even if your room mate is your best friend and a good egg it doesn't hide his freckle face and glasses and my stepped-on feet, and personally when I hear "he's a good egg, even if he's no Apollo," I always think maybe there is something screwy. Also, I was under the impression that he was E.'s date, but perhaps I was wrong which I believe I must have been, on account of my feet.

I said I would always be your friend and if you should ever get in trouble I will help you out, unless it is that I have to dance with Freckles again which I will never do, even for a friend such as you. By the way, who was that simply divinely handsome boy with the dark, romantic eyes sitting two seats in front of us at church? He seemed very melancholy and sighed six times during the sermon, which almost shook the pew. Perhaps he has a broken heart too, and we are kindred spirits. Why don't you bring him home with you for Easter vacation?

Your friend,
Suzanne.

P. S. There is one good thing. Miss Pratt, who is after all a very understanding woman, and who, I am sure must have had a sad love affair to blight her life and give her that kind of "down" look, like a mouse,—Miss P. gave me the "Liebestrom" today. She says I can play it now. She must have seen all that happened and knows that my heart is broken. I am very sad as I practice because I know that I will never play it for you while you drink your coffee with four sugars, which if you keep on doing it, will make you very fat, by the way.

Goodbye forever,
Suzanne.

THE HOMELESS MAN

(Continued from Page 10)

(1) The regular farm where the homeless man worked for his board and clothing and was given chance for education, amusements, and the strengthening of his morale. The man could leave at any time he desired.

(2) The "drunkard" farm where special physicians were present to try to cure the drunkard. The patient must agree upon commitment not to leave until the physician in charge gave him a "cured" slip.

(3) The "dope" farm which would be run exactly as the drunkard farm except that the patients would be treated for drug habits.

(4) The "disease" farm where physicians would attempt to cure everything from consumption to social diseases. In the latter three farms the patient could not leave until he was pronounced cured.

(3) If the homeless man desired some sort of assistance in getting back to his former life or family a special bureau was set up which would help him in making this adjustment.

(4) All cities and states in the country would be urged to adopt a similar system to insure one section of the country against assuming too much of the load.

Naturally such a plan would be very expensive and the results would not be apparent for some time, but the good it would do to society would more than offset the cost of the plan. Under such a plan the professional hobo or bum would steer clear of the city and only the really deserving would be reckoned with.

Tuesday morning Smoky and I took our plan and went to see the Mayor for his official O.K. The Mayor took one look at the plan. His eyes bulged and his face reddened.

"What the hell," he thundered, "do you want to drive the taxpayers crazy? You're fired," he bellowed, "get out! get out!"

Just then I opened my eyes and found my mother shaking me quite lustily. "Get out! Get out of bed," she said, "You've been talking in your sleep all night and mumbling a lot of silliness about the Mayor."

I rubbed my eyes and let out a big laugh. "Well, anyway, it was a swell dream," I said as I wondered when I was going to write my mid-semester paper on the treatment of homeless non-resident men in a city the size of St. Louis.

AN IMPRESSION OF CHOPIN

(Continued from Page 14)

lively mazurka while his gay friends dance, or sitting alone in his room, brooding over the unhappy states of his war-torn country, imagining catastrophes which might befall his family at home, and "pouring out his sorrows" on his piano, his "best friend in Vienna." He must have suffered terribly in his later life. In 1840 decided symptoms of consumption appeared, but his mental sufferings at this time exceeded even his physical pains. Sand began to tire of him and made no effort to conceal her feeling. After their actual separa-

tion, which she cruelly forced upon him, there was no hope for Chopin. His friends tried vainly to divert his mind, but he could think of nothing but his blasted ideal. I see him seated at his piano during many a sleepless night, improvising in the dark, or hear him sadly telling a friend that Sand had promised him that he should die "in no other arms but hers."

Chopin's death impresses me. In the beginning of October, 1849, he had become too ill to sit upright and had been taken to the Place Vendome in Paris, with Gutmann, his favorite pupil, caring for him. His room overflowed with his many friends, who called daily. Though he suffered a great deal, Chopin was very patient, and, not unnaturally, his one desire was to listen to music. Upon his request, his friends often played or sang to him. More than one bade him farewell with a song. He was an artist till the very end, which came on October 17, at three o'clock in the morning. He died in Gutmann's arms. He had asked for water, and as his devoted friend supported him so that he could moisten his lips, Chopin bent his head and kissed Gutmann's hand, saying, "Cher ami" Thus "as he lived, so he died—lovingly."

THE MAN WHO KNEW T. R.

(Continued from Page 9)

He ran out of listeners long before he ran out of details. Finally we asked why Teddy didn't do something for Henry.

"It's about time he remembered me," Henry admitted. "Of course we haven't met for a long time."

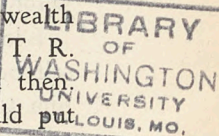
He wrote a letter to the White House. That letter interested old Miss Mears in the Post Office so much that the whole town heard about it immediately. Later she told all inquirers that Henry never got any answer.

When hazed about this, Henry merely looked mysterious, "I may know more than I'm telling," he said. "When Teddy wants me he'll send for me."

I think that in his heart he expected President Roosevelt to remember him, and to ask him to stay at the White House and wear some kind of uniform and talk over old times and give advice. Henry was competent to do that. He knew just what Teddy ought to do at all times.

"You see where he put fighting Bob Evans in command of the fleet," Henry said, wagging his head wisely. "Well when the fleet gets to Japan old fighting Bob will just about sink those little islands. Remember I told you so."

We remembered, and as time passed we got sick of Henry's stories and his prophecies. T. R. was popular among us, especially when he took his Big Stick and began to whack the malefactors of great wealth in Wall Street. All the same, we agreed that T. R. was human and could make mistakes now and then. We admired his courage. We thought he could put guts into any man. But we never dreamed he was going to put guts into Henry.



It happened this way; one summer a Roosevelt cousin took a cottage here and bought his hay and feed from me, and I learned a few things that Henry didn't know.

"The President is short sighted," I said, "and it's a marvel to me how he recognizes people's faces the way he does."

"He don't see much," said the cousin. "but he don't miss much either. He really likes people, you know, and that is half the battle in politics. He don't have to pretend to be friendly. He has the same appetite for friendships that other men have for beans. When he's receiving people he can usually spot a baby in the crowd, or maybe a Civil War veteran. He will generally stop and recognize them. Sometimes he gets a signal from the private secretary behind him."

I remembered that remark and mulled it over.

Well to conclude, Dan Sheffield tripped Henry one evening, on how to pronounce Roosevelt.

The name is really pronounced Rose-a-velt, in three syllables, and with Rose like a garden rose. But Henry didn't know that, and he stuck to it doggedly that the name is Roosyvelt, as most of us say it.

Sheffield laughed at his ignorance, and Henry's eyes filled with tears and he went away mumbling to himself. I noticed then how old he was getting and how shabby. He had a black hat and a long discouraged white mustache and a goatee stained with tobacco spit. Speaking of Civil War veterans, Henry looked just like some of them.

Along came the fall of 1912, and Sarah was riding Henry as fierce as ever, and Teddy was running for President on the Bull Moose ticket.

The big day came in October, just before election. Teddy had made his last swing around the circle, and his train was due in our town at 8 A.M. We were all going out to meet him. We wanted to see him, and we also knew that Henry's lifetime bluff was going to be called. Of course Henry knew it too.

After all those years, during which Henry had never gone to see Teddy, Teddy had come to see him!

The special train pulled in, and everybody gathered around the rear car, and there were cheers and catcalls and more firecrackers.

Pretty soon a big, red-headed guy came out on the platform and grinned at us.

"We want Teddy!" yelled the crowd. "Where's Teddy?"

"He's putting on his clothes. Be with you in a moment."

He cranes his neck and catches sight of the signboard on the station. Then he grins some more.

"He'll be here in a minute to tell you people of Gilmore how glad he is to see you."

I looked at Henry, and he was trying to hide himself behind Sarah—and a lot of people were looking at him too.

Some fool shouts out, "To hell with Taft!" and the crowd laughed and the men on the platform laughed

too and held up their hands. And then, all in a second, the Colonel himself came out on the platform, with a big fur coat over his pajamas. Big as a buffalo he looked.

Big? The biggest man in America

He came right to the brass handrail and smiled and made a little speech. Very friendly it was, and yet it was more thrilling than any band music.

And while the Colonel was speaking and warming up to his speech and beginning to saw his hand up and down and grit his teeth I looked over at Henry, and so did half the town.

Henry was as stiff as a ramrod, staring at the Colonel. His old black slouch hat was over his eyes, and his mouth was working. I could see his yellow-white mustache and goatee slide up and down.

He knew what was coming. He knew what he would get from everybody. He could foresee the end of his life.

The one good, satisfactory thing he had ever built in his life was going to crumble: and he was going to be the worst laughingstock in town.

And then—

Bingo!

One of the red-headed boys whispered to Teddy, and Teddy suddenly looks at Henry, and stops speaking, and grins back to both ears and sings out:

"There's a comrade. There's a man whose hand I want to shake."

Somebody pushes Henry forward, and somebody heaves him up against the brass rail—and over it—and Teddy grasps his hand and pulls—and maybe Henry wriggled too—and there he was, up on the platform before you could wink!

And Teddy held his hand and pumped it up and down and put his left hand around Henry's neck and says all kinds of nice things to him.

We couldn't hear what Henry answered, but we could see Henry's face!

He was transfixed. That's the only word. He sat there shaking and sobbing and grinning and pawing at Teddy and realizing that his lie must have been the truth after all—and somebody hit the bass drum a bang that nearly broke the drumstick, and the whole crowd clapped and cheered like mad.

It was the kind of scene that you never forget; and it didn't end till the whistle tooted, and Teddy—who realized that something mighty strange had happened—pulled a book out of his pocket and wrote something in it and handed it to Henry; and then the big red-headed boys helped Henry down the steps mighty respectful and careful, and called him "Sir," and then the train pulled out.

We didn't know what to do. We clustered around Henry, and he was sleepy—asleep on his feet, with a dreamy smile on his face and his cheeks as red as fire. If there is a stronger word than "happy," you'll need it to describe how Henry felt. He had been given

absolute convincing proof that Teddy knew him.

The whole town knew that he was a friend of the biggest man in the world.

Somebody took the book out of Henry's limp fingers and read the inscription.

"To my good old friend, Henry Winslow, from Theodore Roosevelt."

And then I suddenly remembered something. I remembered what the cousin told me. And I could see that T. R. hadn't really recognized Henry at all—he had just picked him out as a "comrade"—as a war veteran. He looked like it too. He was older than his years, and his black hat had the same lines.

And it was wonderful how quickly those secretaries on the platform had got Henry's name so Teddy could put it in the book.

Henry went home at last. The day grew much warmer as the sun was way up and he sat on the porch and held a reception.

I went around at eleven, and saw Bill Pitman was getting an interview for the Gazette. Henry had so far recovered that he was telling some new Roosevelt anecdotes in his best vein.

But these anecdotes were going to be printed. And over them was going to be a headline. "Roosevelt Greets Boyhood Chum," or something just as good. "Talks Over Old Times With Henry W. Winslow."

And all kinds of people were yelling to Henry as they passed the house, and Henry was bowing and smiling as if he were Roosevelt himself. Every big man ought to be like the Colonel! He could make small men feel big.

Why a few minutes later when Sarah thought everybody had gone I heard her call out to Henry.

"Henry" she called, in that wire-edge voice, "come here and clean this swill pail."

But Henry just made himself more comfortable in his rocking chair.

"Henry!" yelled Sarah again, and the voice had a stronger rasp in it. "Didn't you hear me? Come here at once."

"You go to hell," says Henry, loudly, "and bring me a box of matches when you come back!"

Well that's all. But I knew Sarah Winslow had lost the best slave in America and the town of Gilmore had gained a man.

THE DARK VIRGIN

(Continued from Page 8)

III.

One day in December, 1531, Quauhtlatohua, an Indian recently christened Juan Diego, was walking from his pueblo of Tolpetlac to hear the mass in the neighboring Tlaltelolco. On his way he had to cross the rugged hill of Tepeyac, a dry, barren place where only cactus and pithaya grew. As he ascended the slope of the hill he became suddenly conscious of the sound of celestial music. He stopped still and listened; then he began to look about for the music's source and noticed

a gloriously colored arc of light, forming with increasing brilliance directly in his path. The blinding light reflected from the rocks in multicolored hues and Juan Diego approached, entranced. A beautiful woman was taking form in the pillar of light and she motioned to him with a gesture of her delicate hand.

"*Hijo mio*," she said. "My son, come! Ascend the rocks to where I stand."

Juan obeyed, and climbing up to where she stood, threw himself at her feet—for he knew it was "*Nuestra Senora*," the Virgin Mary, who had spoken.

"My son," said Mary, "it is my wish that you should tell Bishop Zumarraga of what you have seen and instruct him to build a chapel at the spot where now I stand."

Suddenly her form faded indistinguishably into the arc, and amidst decreasing brilliance the apparition disappeared.

Juan Diego went immediately to Mexico and told the Bishop of the Virgin's wishes.

Now Fray Juan de Zumarraga was not a skeptical man, nor was he opposed to miracles; rather, nothing delighted him more than a potent miracle—for how better than through divine magic could he ever succeed in converting the idolatrous *indios*? But he wisely required that all miracles be accompanied by satisfactory proof before he gave them his official approval. He instructed Juan Diego to return to Tepeyac and demand of the Virgin a sign that it was really she who had appeared. And secretly, he instructed two Indian spies to follow the man to ascertain that he was not laboring under too obvious hallucinations.

Juan returned to the vicinity of Tepeyac and the spies followed. But soon he approached a little bridge, and crossing, disappeared from sight. After a perfunctory search the spies returned to Mexico to tell the Bishop of Juan's strange behavior.

"Juan Diego," they said, "is a man learned in the ways of witchcraft. 'He has been trafficking with the Devil!'" (For brown men themselves not ten years out of paganism, this was a surprisingly orthodox interpretation.)

But Juan, in the meantime, had actually ascended the hill and stood waiting for the Virgin to reappear. Again the blinding light occurred from out of nothing, and again the Virgin was revealed in an aura of dazzling brilliance. Juan told her of the Bishop's request.

"Go to thy home, my son," she told him, "and meditate upon my appearance. Return again tomorrow and thou wilt be given a sign." With that, she faded into the arc and vanished.

On the following day, however, Juan was unable to carry out the Virgin's instructions. His aged uncle, Bernardino, had fallen ill with *cocolixtle*, dread Indian fever, and it was necessary to give him proper attention.

By the day after, Bernardino's condition had become still worse, and fearing the old man would die, Juan Diego hurried off to Tlaltelolco for a priest to administer the last sacrament. This time also his path led across Tepe-

yac. But as he approached the hill he remembered the forgotten Virgin and was filled with a great fear. He had failed the Mother of God! He crossed himself fervently and naively prayed that he might avoid her certain wrath; and to make escape doubly sure, he turned from his accustomed route and followed a path which led around the base of the hill.

But just as Juan had passed the rugged promontory and was congratulating himself upon his good fortune, a beauteous fountain spouted up at his feet and the rays from a blinding light in the distance told him that the Virgin was approaching. He was drawn toward her by an irresistible force, and conscience-stricken, he groveled at her feet and begged forgiveness. His uncle, he explained, was a sick and aged man and there had been none but him to aid him in his fever.

"I understand," said Mary, "and thou art forgiven. Bother thyself no more about it. Thy uncle is already well."

Juan kissed the hem of her tunic in gratitude and announced that he awaited her next command.

"Ascend the hill," she told him, "and pick the roses thou wilt find growing at the summit. Bring them to me in thy *tilma*."

Juan was incredulous. "*Madre mio!*" he cried. "*Es imposible!* Only rocks and cactus live on Tepeyac!"

"Truly thou art a man of little faith! Believe! Thou wilt find roses growing at the top of Tepeyac."

Shamed, Juan Diego withdrew and climbed to the top of the hill. There, as the Virgin had promised, was a wondrous garden of carmine roses which filled the air with sweet perfume. Gathering them in the apron which he wore about his waist, he returned to the Virgin and gave them to her as she had commanded. She drew them to her breast, blessed them, and gave them back.

"Go thou to Fray Juan de Zumarraga and give him these roses as a token of my appearance," she said. Immediately the brilliance of the light became dimmed and the Virgin disappeared.

Filled with ecstasy, Juan hurried to Mexico and burst in upon the bishop as he stood in his sacristy. Kneeling before him, Juan opened his *tilma* and dropped the roses on the floor.

The good bishop stood back in amazement—for painted on Juan Diego's apron was the figure of the Virgin just as she had appeared at Tepeyac: a young woman of wondrous beauty, surrounded by a celestial aura of red and gold. Her small white hands were clasped to her breast and her head, its glistening black hair parted in the center, was inclined slightly forward. Around her narrow waist was a purple cord which enclosed her tunic of rose and gold. From the golden crown upon her head a green cloak fell over her shoulders and caught on her left arm in billowing folds. A pink cherub, floating on a cloud at her feet, held the bottom of the cloak and kept it from trailing on the ground. And beneath her tunic could be seen the tip of a gray slipper encas-

ing a delicate foot.

"*Madre de dios!*" cried the bishop and he fell on his knees in mute adoration of the Guadalupe Virgin to whom, apparently, all things were possible. Then he untied the *tilma* from Juan's waist and placed it with reverence in the oratory.

The next day Juan led the bishop and his retinue to the scene of the miracle. He left them there praying fervently to the mother of their God and in wonder at the sight of the fountain which still bubbled forth at the base of Tepeyac.

Quickly returning home to Tolpetlac, Juan found his uncle completely recovered.

"Yes," said Bernardino, "*Nuestra Senora* appeared before me and blessed me and I was well."

Overcome, the two simple men knelt in prayer and crossed themselves in reverence.

IV.

It is all a pretty myth. Artfully designed to whet the imagination of the simple Indian, the idea of celestial light reflecting in many colored hues from the drab rocks of barren Tepeyac is wholly successful. The colors of the Virgin's garments, the red and gold arc of light behind her, the nimbus, her delicate hands, the gray slipper partly hidden beneath a gold-flecked tunic of rose, the cherub on the cloud—all appeal strongly to imaginative people of not too sophisticated tastes (and, apparently, to less imaginative people as well).

Then too, Bishop Zumarraga presented the miracle with a touch of pure genius. Whether Juan Diego was a psychotic suffering from delusions of grandeur or hallucinations (alcoholic or otherwise) is not known. But if he wasn't, he was a highly suggestible pawn who served admirably the good bishop's purpose. The disappearance of Juan when followed by the Indian spies is harder to explain, but is not necessary to the success of the myth; it is reasonable to suppose, however, that the bishop hinted Juan might disappear, and that when he was obscured by a dip or rise in the terrain, the spies, expecting miracles, were satisfied that he had disappeared by supernatural means.

But the bishop must be given credit for shrewd understanding as well. (His shrewdness appears, however, not to have been limited to Guadalupe alone; his other claim to immortality—the burning of all the Aztec archives in one huge pile—seems scarcely to have been exceeded in brilliance by any other single act of Christian righteousness.) The very idea of the Virgin appearing in Mexico's Guadalupe was supported by powerful ecclesiastic precedent; for was not the ancient stone-carved Virgin of Spain's Guadalupe the most famous in the world—and, incidentally, the richest in gold? One name suggested the other and each strengthened the other in the minds of its supporters. The bishop, by remaining skeptical at first, greatly increased the efficacy of his final recognition of the miracle.

And to consider the painting on Juan's *tilma*, it does not in truth resemble the work of any of the known

painters of the period; and many devout brochures have been printed to prove that it was neither painted in oil nor in water-color, and hence divine of origin. One fact, however, is significant: Juan Diego's apron was, strangely enough, far longer and narrower than the tilmas usually worn and so lended itself surprisingly well to the size and shape of the painting. Also, since none of the bishops have ever allowed its surface to be examined, it may be assumed that the divine origin of the picture is not apparent to the untrained eye.

But one's doubts of the validity of the miracle at the present time affect but little its magic powers over the people. Even though atheism increases rapidly among Mexico's literate classes, the simple Indians, who still hobnob with gods of all faiths, support the Virgin by millions.

V.

December 12 is the day on which the Virgin's appearance was officially recognized, and an annual fiesta was established on that date. From hundreds of miles away the faithful come, by train and burro and on foot. Peons, men and women, trailing clouds of glory, baggage, produce and children, arrive at Guadalupe to camp in the streets about the church and devote themselves and their souls to uninhibited alcoholic abandon. Multitudes of the sick and crippled and blind, lepers, thieves and peons, storekeepers, poor Indians and a few of means, trail into the city in unbelievable numbers. *Gorditas de la Virgen* are sold and eaten in greater numbers than would be dreamed of; *dulces de Celaya*, soft brown candies tasting like condensed milk, are shipped into the city in carload lots; and pulque, attested by addicts to be the *licor divino*, is sold by hundreds of thousands of barrels. Prehispanic objects—deer eyes tied to red strings to ward off the Evil Eye, serpent canes, therapeutic roots, powdered woodpeckers' heads to prevent death from being "hit by the air"—and all manner of other potent charms are sold.

The services of the fiesta consist of the usual masses, prayers and chants, accompanied by a sort of Baptist-camp-meeting-revival ecstasy which—when added to the heat, the dogs, the squalling babies, the none too clean worshippers, the fleas, the lice, the bedbugs, the perspiring priests, the smoke from appalling quantities of burning copal, the shrill screams of choir boys enthusiastically swinging censors—puts a finishing touch upon a hellish pandemonium which only Milton or Dante could have described.

But it is the fiesta itself that evokes the most enthusiasm. It is wholly unhygienic and delightful. The peons camp, sleep, and excrete in all available streets, parks and rooms in surrounding houses. For once in their year of miserable existence they are utterly joyful. Throwing off the sobering shackles of malnutrition, poverty and degradation, they drink and laugh and sing and dance until they fall in fits of exhaustion. They dance to the music of *teponaztle* drums and armadillo guitars; and the black-faced monkey, the *huehue*, dances about as a clown,

tripping dancers, lashing dogs, drubbing boys with an inflated pig-bladder—adding to the orgy a touch of crude grotesquerie.

The celebrants eat *mole poblano*, meat tamales, and the Aztec popcorn called *monochtili*. They drink pulque and mescal and become joyfully drunk. They dress themselves in headdresses of feathers, beads and mirrors; they decorate their clothing with *monochtili* popcorn tassels; and on their belts they carry shells, coins, pots, pans and magic Aztec wind-stones. For several days they indulge themselves in unrestrained debauch. Then, their money gone, no more food to eat nor liquor to drink, they collect their baggage, children, dogs, burros and vermin, and betake themselves homeward to their pueblos.

Beneath the brazen insanity of it all lies the key to the soul of the Mexican peon. For four hundred years he has been an impoverished slave, a pariah in his own land, forced to live like a lower animal and unable to engage in any activity not obtainable through his struggle with the hacendado's soil or the cheap, machine-made gimcracks of astute entrepreneurs.

That Guadalupe-Hidalgo is a blind emotional vortex and that the holy day of December 12 is but an alcoholic debauch is not at all surprising. A periodic emotional orgy is a vital necessity to a people whose life is barren, whose stomachs are rarely full, and whose spirit is constantly outraged. Only thus may they endure their sordid existence.

Never has the Indian been a Catholic. Catholicism, for him, has been but a substitute for all the normal emotions of which he has been deprived. Forced by the Spanish priests to accept their religion, he accepted it on his own terms. And the priests, their eyes on gold and power, unable to establish their church except on the Indian's terms, realistically (and insincerely) took what they could get. *Santos* were substituted for the ancient gods, churches for the mystical ideals, and faith in the Guadalupe Virgin for the shattered self-respect. Guadalupe-Hidalgo is but a sublimation of the Indian's desire for revolution, and there, before the Virgin Mary, he dissipates an energy otherwise impotent against the forces of the modern economic world. The shrine is but a monstrous fetish before which the peon has laid his simple faith in order to compensate for the induced inferiority complex of his race.

Now *Indianismo* is coming to the fore, with education, subsidation and restoration of the village lands. The Mexican government at last is turning from a prostituted church to the only spark remaining by which it may forge ahead toward an enlightened nationalism, uniquely all its own. The artistic, mystical soul of the Indian is at last beginning to be exploited to his own advantage. After four hundred years of failure by Church and White Man, Mexico is turning within to find the pattern of the native culture. And soon, perhaps, the Indian's intensity, hitherto sidetracked into such emotional cathartics as Guadalupe-Hidalgo, will be regained—this time to spend its force in racial and na-

tional salvation.

But until that future time when the Indian comes into his own, the Guadalupe Virgin remains the protectress of the Mexican peon. Always she looks down upon her children, complacent and expressionless, loftily tyrannical in her plaster beauty and her arc of red and gold. And always the Indian sings (I quote Anita Brenner) in the *corrido*, the ballad of the streets:

"For a token she left,
Under a wall,
A goblet of water
From her own canal.

A very little pool
Of rippling white water
Belonged to Our Lady
Our Guadalupana.

For a token she left
In a ravine at night
A crystal of oil
Which was her only light.

The reverend bishop—
He refused to hear,
Until by her tokens
She made the truth clear.

The reverend bishop
Is converted now;
Viva Guadalupe!
To you we all bow."

TO THE VICTOR

(Continued from Page 7)

a trifle when a white-streaked skunk raced across the road. It was a short patch of forest, ending abruptly as the travelers rode on to a wide flat plain, in the center of which squatted a low, log house.

The teacher squinted into the distance all around.

"Is this the village?" he faltered.

The big man laughed.

"This is the village," he agreed.

The whole family stood in the living room waiting self-consciously to be introduced to the teacher. There were to be three pupils. A dullfaced, shambling youth and his two husky, buxom sisters. They smiled shyly at the immature figure standing beside their huge father. Last came a fairly young woman pulling a little girl with her.

"My wife, my second wife," explained the man, "and my little daughter Myra."

The family accepted the smaller boy with a complete lack of curiosity.

* * *

"Amo, amas, amat," droned Paul.

"Amo, a—" the dull boy stammered.

"Try again," the weary teacher begged.

"Amo," the voice stopped.

"All right, Zeke, go away. We'll try tomorrow."

Joe looked up from his sweeping.

"Hey," he said, "you're supposed to be a teacher—go on and teach him something."

Paul's face reddened with anger.

"That's all for today, Zeke," he repeated firmly.

"Can I get you something?" Zeke inquired anxiously. "A cup of tea maybe?"

"No, please go out. I'm sure your father needs some help."

Zeke shuffled out downcast, forgetting to button his jacket as he stepped out into the cold wind. The little teacher walked over to the small boy and stood glowering at him.

"Do you want to starve? They'll throw you out if I tell them who you are."

"You wouldn't dare," Joe flung back defiantly, leisurely sauntering into the kitchen.

Darkness was beginning to settle about the house. The solid furniture and heavy fur rugs were lighted in the glow of the crackling flames of the fire. The ornamental clock on the carved table chimed four times. They sounded like the chimes of the big cathedral at home, Paul thought, his eyes moistening in a wave of homesickness. This time of the afternoon they would just be going down to skate. Here it was already night. Daylight was preciously meagre in this country. The lamplight hurt his eyes; it was harder to teach in this light, especially when he had such aggravating pupils. Zeke was a dullard, a simpleton, but how could one tell the good-hearted father that his heir, his son, was feeble-minded. And to add to all this was that ungrateful, jealous wretch Joe, watching him like a hawk, taunting and ridiculing him. The wife came in carrying a cup of steaming tea.

"Here, drink this—you look tired."

"Thank you. You are very thoughtful."

The woman continued in a lowered voice. "Paul, don't worry yourself too much about your pupils, they're only peasants. Let them learn what they will, but save your energy."

Paul swallowed his tea in gulps. "But I'm being paid to teach them. I need the money."

"You earn your wages."

The door swung open; the husband entered. He stopped before the blazing fire, stamping his heavy-shod feet on the clean warm stones.

"Well, how is my son progressing? It won't be very long before he will take over my cattle lands. It takes a good head to manage all those animals. I'm getting old."

"You're still a young man," Paul spoke, anxious not to discuss Zeke, who had just entered and was smiling devotedly at his teacher.

"Five hundred head of cattle," the red beard bobbed up and down with the words. "With good management, who can say what can happen in a few years?"

Joe had tiptoed into the room, listening intently. The wife interrupted abruptly.

BUSINESS 102

IN BUSINESS ADMINISTRATION, WE MUST STUDY CLOSELY MARKETING, ADVERTISING, MERCHANDISING AND MANY OTHER THINGS.

A man in a suit stands on the left, pointing his right hand towards a small figure perched on the head of a customer sitting in a chair on the right. The man has a speech bubble that says "AND MANY OTHER THINGS." The customer has a tag hanging from his head that says "10¢".

NOW, A COMPANY'S MARKETING SITUATION IS NATURALLY SUBJECT TO CONTINUAL CHANGE SO IT MUST KEEP IN TOUCH WITH A POTENTIAL MARKET FACTOR..

A man in a suit is running away from a customer who is sitting in a chair. The man has his arms outstretched. There are several signs floating around: "FOR RENT", "SHOP WORN", "USED", and "CHEAP".

THE COMPANY MUST ALSO KEEP IN CONTINUAL TOUCH WITH THE PRICE FACTOR AND THE STYLE FACTOR AND THE CHANGING CONSUMER — IN FACT, IT IS KEPT VERY, VERY BUSY, NO END. TSK, TSK, TSK!

A man in a suit is running away from a customer who is sitting in a chair. The man has a speech bubble that says "BARGAIN".

PLEASURE P.D.Q.

IT'S GOOD BUSINESS TO SMOKE THE RIGHT TOBACCO — ME FOR THE MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT SMOKE EVER — PRINCE ALBERT

A man in a suit is shown in profile, smoking a pipe. In the background, there is a sign that says "NIZE COLLECH FOR ZALE" and a small building.

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2 OUNCES OF PIPE JOY!!!

YES, SIR, IT'S PRINCE ALBERT WE'RE TALKING ABOUT, THE MILD, SMOOTH, CRIMP-CUT SMOKING TOBACCO THAT NEVER BITES THE TONGUE. MAN, WHAT A SMOKE — AND 2 FULL OZ. IN EVERY TIN. NO WONDER "P.A." IS THE LARGEST-SELLING SMOKING TOBACCO IN THE WORLD!

PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke

"Alex, stop talking—we are all hungry. Supper is ready."

Zeke spoke suddenly.

"Paul, there's a letter for you."

The boy sprang to his feet eagerly.

"Where is it?"

His host sighed.

"So you are so lonesome still . . . six months you've been here and still homesick."

Paul, embarrassed by his display of emotion, sat down again without the letter.

"I'm sorry," he apologized, "the news can wait."

"Yes, still homesick. I had hoped," the cattleman added, shifting uneasily in his chair, "hoped, Paul, that you would want to stay to help my Zeke when I retire."

The wife looked at her pretty little daughter and then at Paul. "Perhaps," she said, "we can persuade him to stay."

* * *

Late that night in his soft bed, the teacher lay, thinking of those words. He understood what she had meant, but Myra was such a little thing yet. Still, the father owned cattle, enough to make any man rich. Only too well could he understand comfort and wealth. He smoothed the soft feather quilt; when had he ever before known the luxury of a bed and soft bedding? His stomach filled with good food, not aching with the hunger he had so often known. But Zeke loomed in the background. Zeke, who was to inherit the land, the cattle, the property. Someone was coming in. The wife, robe wrapped tightly around her stout form, was stealing in. The woman added a few sticks to the fire and came over to the bed.

"Paul," she whispered.

He opened his eyes.

"What did you hear from home?"

"They are all well," he answered hastily.

"Paul, did you hear what Alex said? He wants you to stay. I do also. You know, some day all the land could be yours and Myra's—if you would convince Alex that Zeke is a simpleton."

Joe, lying next to the wall, turned suddenly.

Paul spoke hastily.

"I can't. Zeke is a good boy—it would break Alex's heart."

"But it's the truth, isn't it?"

"I can't tell him."

"Think about it more. Five hundred head of cattle for you and Myra."

They were awakened next morning by the sound of sweeping. Joe had been up for an hour, cleaning the house, preparing the water for the wash.

"I wanted to help the mother," he explained, "she works so hard."

Paul frowned, staring out of the window to hide his anger. The snow was disappearing fast. Trees in the woods surrounding the house were becoming delicately green again. A stretch of green grass dotted with

fading patches of snow covered the plain. They said the river in the village was thawing rapidly—they expected to start the boats down to the Baltic sea in a few weeks. The hours were growing into the incredibly long days of the summer.

Zeke pushed the door open with his feet, his hands burdened with wooden ice skates.

"Paul," he began shyly, "you promised to go skating on the river. Soon it will be too late for that."

Paul shook his head impatiently.

"Not now, Zeke."

"But you promised."

"Yes, but I can't swim and the river is thawing. What would happen if I went through the ice? Besides I have no skates."

Zeke held up a pair eagerly.

"You can have these—I had them a few years ago. Come with me," he pleaded.

The air was cool and invigorating. They sprinted down to the river, stopped only a few minutes to adjust the awkward shoes and then scooted out over the ice. Joe had followed them down and was standing on the bank staring at them morosely. Paul's slight figure darted back and forth, Zeke moving clumsily behind.

Suddenly there was a shriek of terror. Zeke had disappeared in a widening pool of black water. His hands alone were visible, clutching the crumbling ice. Paul stood terrified, his gaze fastened to those hands rising out of the black depth. He skated nearer, the ice cracking beneath his feet. Thoughts whirled thru his brain. He couldn't save Zeke. He wasn't strong enough to pull him out, and if he fell in he would drown too, in that cold blackness. Besides, Zeke was a simpleton, it wouldn't be such a terrible loss, and with him gone, five hundred head of cattle for Paul, soft beds and good food. But he couldn't let him drown, that wasn't human. He started slowly toward the treacherous hole, fascinated by those white clenched hands. One gripping hand slipped into the water.

"Go on after him—he'll drown, you coward," shrieked Joe.

"I'll die too! I'll die too!" Paul repeated unheedingly.

"Pull him out, you're bigger than me. You can do it," screamed the smaller boy, picking himself up from the slick ice where he had fallen as he ran.

Paul moved forward slowly. Joe ran past and grasped the white hand, pulling, straining his muscles, swelling his heart with the effort. The ice cracked again. Joe scampered back. The hand was gone; no trace, no sound, only inky water stealing over white ice.

Paul raised his eyes only when Joe was far up the hill running to the house with his terrifying news. The little teacher had reached the village station before Joe, fur capped and wool mittened, had returned with the father to search for the body. The body of Zeke, the simpleton.

THE KAMPUS KING!

*Queens of love and popularity,
Hatchet, art, and—militarity—
Queens by dozens, queens galore,
And with each queen, the maidens four!
“Another Queen!” the cry resounds
And queens increase by leaps and bounds.
It’s queens and maids in all your classes,
Queens in droves, and maids in masses.
“Enough!” we said, and made a plan
To rescue the Forgotten Man.
So, for a month, the man’s the thing!
Go hail the male—the KAMPUS KING!*

All of which means that with forty dozen queens and maids of honor tramping the brick pavements, there hasn’t been a single king. Not that you need a king, or anything, but hang it all, when you’ve got so many queens, well, just one little king won’t hurt.

He’ll be elected by popular vote—men and women both—on Feb. 12. Nominations will be accepted at the Advertising Bureau now. And his name, picture, and vital statistics will be published in the February Eliot. Look over your kingly friends, and look out for the Eliot!

Luckies



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