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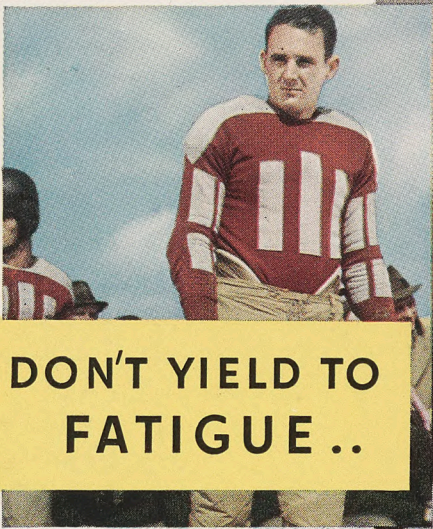
WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

ELIOT

DECEMBER

1934



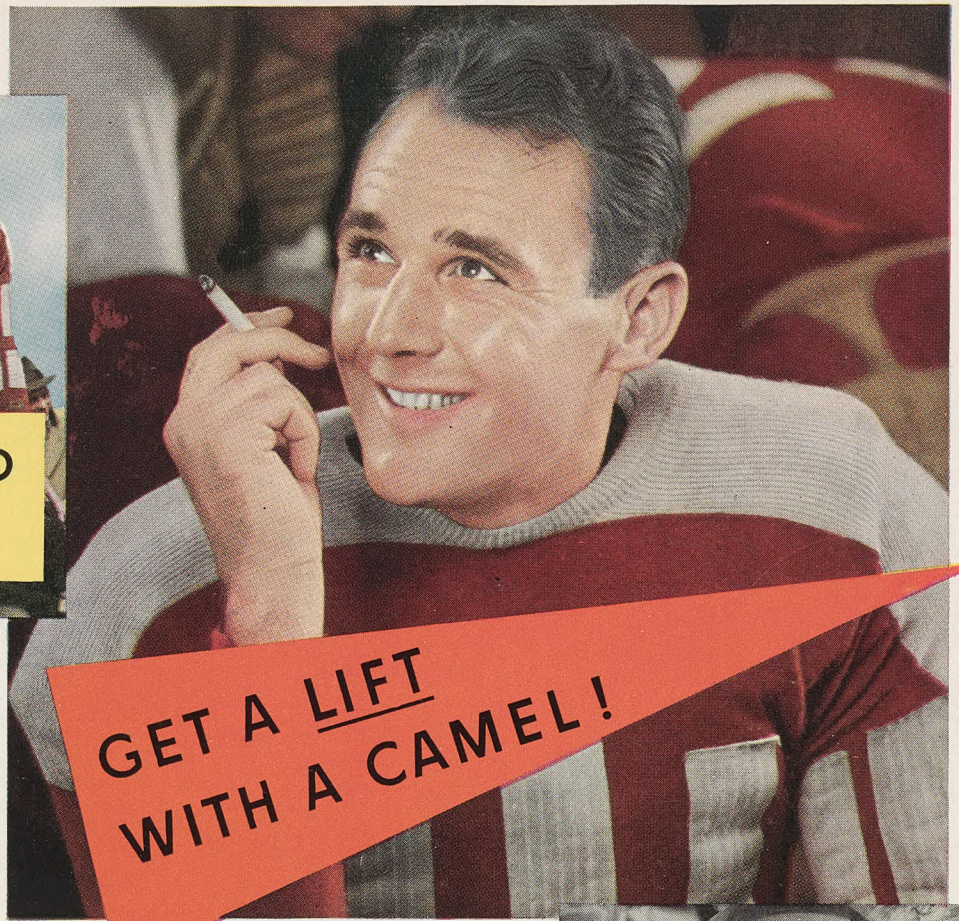


**DON'T YIELD TO
FATIGUE ..**

AFTER A HARD GAME . . .

"Cliff" Montgomery

Famous quarterback! Now starring with the Brooklyn Dodgers. "Cliff" says: "After a game, the first thing I do in the locker room is to light up a Camel—get a swell 'lift'—and in a short time I feel 100% again—Camels don't interfere with healthy nerves."



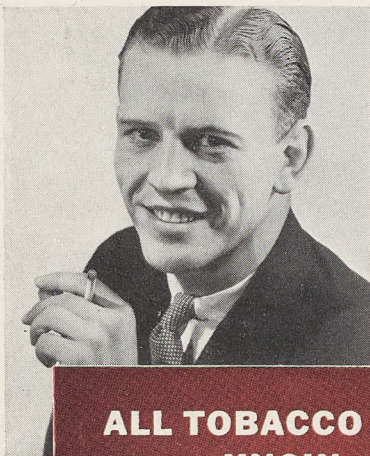
**GET A LIFT
WITH A CAMEL!**

. . . IN THE LOCKER ROOM

FOR YOUR OWN DAILY LIFE YOU NEED ENERGY, TOO. Turn to Camels and see what others mean when they say that they "get a *lift* with a Camel." Camels help to dispel tiredness, ward off "blue" moments—actually increase your supply of available energy. Camel's "energizing effect" has been confirmed by science. Smoke all you want. Camels never jangle your nerves.

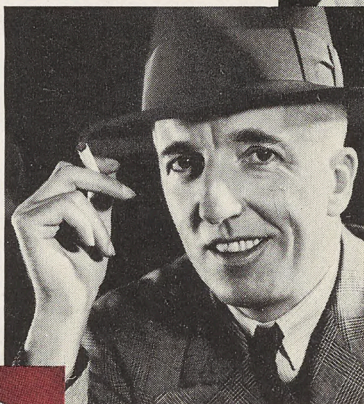
EXPLORER

Capt. R. Stuart Murray, F.R.G.S., says: "I was in Honduras 10 months. Fortunately I had plenty of Camels. They always give me a 'pick-up' in energy. I prefer Camel's flavor, too. They never upset my nerves."



LAW STUDENT

E. R. O'Neil, '37, says: "I try to avoid overdoing, and part of my program is smoking Camels. There's enjoyment in Camels. They give me a delightful 'lift.' I smoke them constantly and they never bother my nerves."



SPORTS WRITER

Pat Robinson of INS—always on the jump. Of course he gets tired! But—"I find Camels restore my pep," Pat says. "I smoke at least two packs a day, and they never interfere with my nerves."

**ALL TOBACCO MEN
KNOW...**

"Camels are made from finer, More Expensive Tobaccos—Turkish and Domestic—than any other popular brand."



*Camel's Costlier
Tobaccos never get
on your Nerves!*

Copyright, 1934, R. J. Reynolds Tobacco Company

Coed Styles

"Only four more shopping days 'till Christmas"—and I'll bet a dollar to a doughnut you're all leaving your shopping until December 24th. In case the dear parents are still at a loss wondering what to get you for Christmas, why not suggest something in clothes? As long as we're a wee bit overgrown for dolls and blocks, clothes are by far the best bet. If you want something new and different, why not get one of those new Norfolk jackets that look like bi-swings only they aren't. You know what I mean—Marion Wind, who is better known as "Windy" to the Gamma Phi's (and her other intimates) has a knock-out tan camel's hair single breasted Norfolk hip length jacket, with two pleats on each side in the back, and three little pockets with an inverted pleat up the middle of each. The skirt is of tan and brown checks—tiny checks by the way—and has a matching ascot scarf to complete the costume. It is a perfect honey, too! Especially with matching brown accessories. An outfit similar to this would come in handy for any affair that calls for sport during the holidays.

For wearing really smooth looking clothes we bring Ruth Leunig forth and make her a full fledged captain of the ranks of well-dressed co-eds. In accordance with the bright and cheerful mood of the holiday, Ruth comes to the front with about the brightest and perkier outfit of the season—a very, very smart two-piece dress with a decidedly military touch. It is made of light weight navy blue wool, with a plain skirt and a darlyn tunic with touches of bright red. The tunic is fastened all the way down the left side with big blue buttons edged in red—and running back from the buttons there are narrow red bars of alternating lengths. With this she wears navy shoes, purse and gloves and the trickiest little red hat—with a peaked crown through which is stuck a jaunty navy feather—Hats off, gentlemen, the captain approaches!—

And while were speaking of smart looking outfits, we'd like to say a word or so about another outfit that practically bowled us over. It was worn by Helen-Sylvia Lebonson, and honestly it was really a knockout! The dress itself is black crepe, with a fitted skirt that has the very smart split side. The sleeves are three-quarter length—very full and caught in a tight band. But the part of the dress that simply fascinated us is the pleated white satin tuxedo front with its perky little bow at the high neckline. And the accessories! No foolin'—they're simply elegant—A little black egg-cup hat with a stiff white feather—black suede shoes and purse. But wait until we tell you about the gloves. They're black suede with very big cuffs boasting three of the trickiest little

metal initials that you ever saw!—In an outfit like this, we'd be willing to bet that she'll have even the New Year at her feet!

There'll be gobs and gobs of cocktail parties during the holidays, so you'll need at least one cocktail gown. Georgea Flynn—one of the most prominent and popular coeds that ever put foot on our campus, has the best looking gown of this type you've ever laid eyes on! It's really quite different, for it can serve for two purposes. It's a bottle green velvet suit that has two skirts—a long one for evening, and a short one for daytime wear. The long skirt has three gores in the front and the back, a built-up waistline and a belt in the back which fastens in a smart silver buckle. The short skirt is cut on rather straight lines, with small slits on both sides. The three quarter length, single breasted jacket is fitted, and buttons high at the neck—topped off with a mink ascot. The blouse is of silver lame cloth, with a high neck line, a tucked vest, and a tricky little collar turned hind-side before. You know—one of those ducky backwards collars, with a roll in the front and the points in the back.

The above styles can be
found at . . .

Leah Rubenstein
DRESS SHOP

6307 Delmar Blvd.

Saint Louis

Cabanne 7130-7131

DRESSES—COATS—MILLINERY
CORSETS—STOCKINGS
UNDERWEAR

*"Cash does make a difference
when you purchase here".*

For Men Only

We're not, strange to say, going to follow the usual custom, so indicative of the season, of becoming very effervescent about old Santa and practical gifts for men. Instead, more of the straight and narrow trend of styles—styles which we believe strike a note exceptionally well adapted to the collegiate, yet metropolitan aspect of the campus.

Reports of trends in the latest fashion gazettes are solidly backing the English guards' coat in dark blue or black. This type coat, cut with broad shoulders, shapely waist, and an inverted pleat and deep folds in the back is sporty enough for campus wear, having been worn at many of the race and hunt meets this fall, and yet dressy enough to be correct for town wear by the young man.

The present predominance of the rougher fabrics in suitings has set the stage for the return of flannel, an old stand-by which will maintain the present rough and ready fashions in addition to providing opportunity for new sartorial developments. The double breasted grey flannel suit with a white chalk stripe and lapel roll to the last button will be the most popular addition to the college man's wardrobe. With it will be worn the round collar attached or the tab collar shirt in British stripes, striped neckwear in both foulard and knitted styles, and plain or Argyle plaid hosiery. Although the plain or perforated tip black shoe will be seen most with this outfit, the brown buckskin or suede shoe is equally correct. The brown color, incidentally, is an important point, for other colors have no fashion significance whatsoever.

Consider next the ever popular herringbone mixture which is returning to popularity this year with the rest of the rough, sporty clan. Whereas meticulousness had the upper hand in the description above, careless abandon in textures, patterns and colors may assert itself in this ensemble. Picture one of our dashing brethren in a snappily cut, tan single-breasted suit of said herringbone tweed, with a solid color shirt of vivid oxblood hue, a black foulard tie with red and white spots, green rough felt Homburg hat, reddish brown capeskin gloves, and black blucher shoes with perforated toe caps. And it's not nearly as weird looking as you might imagine. Color schemes of this sort, if planned, can be extremely effective. Here is jauntiness par excellence.

Two new hat ideas will dominate the market this fall. One is the "pork pie" or "pudding basin" hat which somewhat resembles the old-fashioned telescope, but

which has a higher and more tapering crown. The other is a very dark brown, tapering crown hat with several distinctive touches, such as a slightly curled Tyrolean brim, a band that is almost black, and a binding that is almost two shades lighter than the body shade.

Innumerable attractive, useful, odd, distinctive, and nice little accessories will be shown by the up and coming clothing shops this year. Yellow string gloves will be seen on the campus. Braces for every change of attire have already won favor. The keynote of all accoutrements—gloves, ties, braces, mufflers, and whatnot—is coordinated color. Just a warning, fellows. More later.

ACCESSORIES OF THE MONTH: Knitted wool vests, argyle plaid hose, yellow string gloves, off-shade gray ties with red and orange stripes, wine colored ties with yellow stripes, "horsey" tie clips and collar pins, woven silk mufflers in nearly every conceivable pattern and color.

Happy "News" Year

We can all remember when it was a mark of distinction to have your suit "tailor made", but we who were style conscious shied off, because these clothes often lacked the snap and style that is all important. Now the custom made clothes of today are merely the same "tailor made" ones gone fifth avenue, the only real difference being that Losse custom made clothes have that swirl of style and refinement of smartness that have built for us a large clientele of young men who insist that ultra smartness be apparent.

J. H. Losse
807-9 N. SIXTH STREET
SAINT LOUIS



A GOOD
PIPE TOBACCO MUST HAVE
Both MILDNESS
AND FLAVOR!



IN PIPE TOBACCO, mere mildness alone offers very little reason for smoking. A man smokes to enjoy the taste of good tobacco. Take that away and why smoke at all?

The trick is to combine the rich, full-bodied flavor of good tobacco with genuine mildness so that you can smoke your favorite tobacco all day long with perfect comfort and satisfaction.

That's Edgeworth. Try a 15-cent tin and get a kick out of the perfect combination of flavor and mildness. It's economical too. Pipe smokers report fifty minutes to an hour a pipeful with Edgeworth. Can you beat that for economy? Edgeworth is made and guaranteed by Larus & Bro. Co., Richmond, Virginia.

EDGEWORTH HAS *Both*
MILDNESS *and* FLAVOR

Washington University

• ELIOT •

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Vol. 2

DECEMBER, 1934

No. 3

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WASHINGTON UNIVERSITY

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ELIOT

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• OFF THE RECORD •

Attention: Mr. Pepper

Of course we haven't quite made up our minds about ourselves, being so new and untried, and we're very easily swayed in our policies. With just a word from Student Life, we'll scurry to our typewriters and quote James Joyce or write about Gertrude Stein, or run a paper about epistemological dualism, or basketball games, or love affairs. We felt pretty indeterminate. Sort of groping in the dark.

After reading the November thirtieth editorial in Student Life, we beamed all over, for we knew now that we had a PURPOSE, a nice well defined one that we could pick up in our hands. All we had to do was "represent everything pure in the field of rhetoric." Very simple. Cut the gossip column, of course. And the sports articles. And anything about campus activities, pictures, and that sort of thing. "With some few choice readers be content." We could just use the carbon copies and not bother with printers, following that "Horatian bit." But we'd put so many people out of work, and we couldn't do that. And then when we looked at Student Life, for an example of being content with a few choice readers, we saw an obvious effort to imitate the woman's page of a daily newspaper: Fashion Notes, Beauty Hints, Society, Between Classes, Campus Personalities, and Coed Fashions. We admonish with a Horatian bit (Ah, there, Mr. Goldstein): "If you wish me to weep, you yourself must feel grief."

Everything is all topsy-turvy again now anyway. On December fourth Student Life told us "we had taken a step forward." There we had done everything they told us not to do, and we had taken a forward step. It's all very complicated and we don't know what to do. We suppose it's all so mixed up because Student Life is a complex thing, and instead of having an editor writing editorials, it has an editorial board, with all different opinions, so that it can sit on both sides of the fence at the same time.

November 30: "We note with dismay that our literary colleague features a gossip column." December 4: "Ricky is indeed welcomed . . ."

Ho hum.

Poet-Peasant

We popped in recently at the exhibition given by the poet-peasant of America, wondering what a man who could write a poem a day would look like. We found a pale carbon copy of Will Rogers and a rhyming dictionary.

We can say this for Mr. Guest: he passes from the divine to the mundane with supreme indifference. The poet-peasant was quoting his equivalent to "Crossing the

Bar"; ". . . to make apologies to God; it's a shame I can't stay here longer and have a real informal talk with you." That was all in one breath. In fact, in retrospect, it seems that the whole of Mr. Guest's rather lengthy talk was all in one breath.

The man who put poetry on a paying proposition went on to say that if he could impress the one thought that it's easy to accomplish something in that Big World Outside on his audience he'd be happy. We, the editors of the Eliot, have always been eager to let our voice call forth, clarion-like, the words of the prophets of today. Accordingly we join whole-heartedly in the Vulgar Optimism camp of Mr. Guest. We cry, with him, "IT'S EASY TO ACCOMPLISH SOMETHING IN THAT BIG WORLD OUTSIDE!"

Congratulatory Note

We are indeed happy to be able to congratulate Bill Vaughan on having found a medium for the publication of his work. For a long time poor Mr. Vaughan was medium-less. And, as everyone knows, there is nothing more tragic than an author who cannot publish, unless it's an author who does publish and shouldn't (but that, of course, is beside the point.) And now Mr. Vaughan puts all the outpourings of his soul into "Between Classes," a commentary on Life, and Love, and The Eliot.

Pinky

Student financeers are not much given to levity, as anyone who has ever had to balance a budget with Mr. Ernest will tell you, but occasionally it seems they get tired of vouchers and ledgers. There used to be someone down there in the basement of Brookings named James J. Ritterskamp, connected, however vaguely, with the Student Finance Office. Alas, there is no more. There is Pinky Ritterskamp, to be sure, but he is not the same one—he is sadder and, ah yes, a good bit wiser.

This Ritterskamp—James—was down on Eighteenth Street one day and called the Student Finance office to see if they needed anything. Yes, said the Student Finance office, we need a yard of pink ribbon an inch wide. Ritterskamp—James—rushed down to Scruggs (no advt.) and picked out a yard of pink ribbon an inch wide. He hurried out to school and gave it to Mr. Ernest. Mr. Ernest didn't know anything about a yard of pink ribbon an inch wide. Neither did Mr. Gittleman. Nor Mr. Casserly. Nor anyone else down at the Student Finance office. Miss Coleman at the Med. School finally took the ribbon with a compliment to the purchaser on his choice of shades of pink. Ritterskamp—Pinky—never calls the Student Finance office to see if they need anything any more.

(Continued on page 24)

MISTER FINGERPRINTS

Bal Reedy Knew His Fingerprints,
Possibly Better Than He Knew
Detective Captain Finn Garrigan

by ED MEAD

"Come to think of it, though," I said, "that was when Bal was growing quiet, right there at the hospital, when the days went by and Garrigan didn't come."

"You knew Garrigan, too?" asked Young Dan.

"He came by the hospital for years—whenever a police case came in. And Bal Reedy generally tagged along, though they each came alone sometimes. They were a combination together, all right."

"I don't know," said Young Dan. "I never really saw them together." I hadn't realized it, but of course he hadn't. The damage had been done when I'd left New York and the old Emergency Hospital—this was the first I'd been back in five years—and Dan hadn't come on here until a couple of years after that.

"Well, you can imagine how they looked. Finn Garrigan, tall and heavy, smiling under those scratchy brick-red curls; and Bal Reedy, pulling his light little body and his shrivelled-up leg around a rubber-tipped cane that vibrated with his arm. And the way Bal would look up at Finn with that funny little crooked smile that laughed at him a little, but mostly just smiled at him."

"No," said Young Dan. "I can see the other, but not that last. Put those two together and all I can see is that last day."

"Well, I can see that first day," I cut in, "Must have been ten years ago when Bal came in. He lived some-

where in the neighborhood, and they brought him in after he'd taken one of his spills—he never would wear crutches, you know. We only kept him for a few days, but that was enough for him to tell us about himself."

It was the way he did it, I guess, more than what he said. That rigid staccato nod of his head, his neck stiff, and his arm beating time, sort of, in that jointless, cataleptic way. But he was nearly normal above the waist. It was the way he had to walk that made him jerky all through, I guess. Even his mind, I used to think.

"That was how he met Garrigan," I said. "The nurse got sick of hearing about fingerprints and sent him up to listen for awhile. He was just a detective sergeant then and used to come around to check up on police cases.

'My name's Bal Reedy,' he told Garrigan. 'Do you know anything about fingerprints?' It was funny how they hit it off. The next time Garrigan came around, a week or so later, Bal was with him.

"'Meet Mister Fingerprints, my deputy constable,' Finn would say. 'I'm teaching him the trade.'

"That was just it. Bal Reedy pretty much knew the trade. Fingerprints, anyway. Crippled kids in high school do things like that, and Bal was just out of school. He helped Garrigan for a couple of years—mostly filing case work—and he'd take a trip with him now and then. The police would pay for that, but they never paid him any salary. Not that he needed it, as his folks had left him a little money.

"It was just being on the force that he wanted. He studied all the time, and prayed they'd put him on. Garrigan nearly convinced them that they should, too, in spite of his leg. And then the trouble started. I didn't even hear about most of it till later. Bal was getting too good, that was it. Garrigan would say something and Bal would snap him up and say he was wrong—and generally prove it, too. Finn came around to the hospital alone for a long time.

"'Where's Mister Fingerprints?' I'd ask.

"'Been lost in the filing boxes for two days. All we can see's his ears.'

"I expected something, but nothing like what happened. When they called from headquarters that day I went myself in the ambulance. There was Bal, crumpled up in a little heap on the stairway landing. Bal and his cane and his crippled leg, with his good leg broken under him. And I saw Garrigan with his head on the desk, and not moving at all. You've heard about it, I guess, the way one of the inside men told it to me:

"'They're working on the print files for maybe sixteen hours,' he said, 'trying to locate one stray card in fifty thousand, an' then the Finn he yells, 'I got it', and the



boys come around, an' ol' Crippleprints he comes up too, an' he says "You ain't" an' he tells him why. Well, they're sleepy eyed, an' they're dog-tired, an' well, it goes on awhile, an' the Finn seeing how the boys are sort of smiling, an' he says ol' Crippleprints is screwy, an' Crippleprints says the Finn is a dumb cop, an' the Finn he comes back with "Then you can get the hell out of police headquarters", an' says something about a damned amachur. Well, I tell ya, ol' Crippleprints he sees red an' he whips back—get this—the cripple he catches the Finn smack in the eye with a hard right—he's got strong arms he has. Well, it makes Finn so dizzy for a second he can't tell where he's at, an' he shifts forward automatic an' catches ol' Crippleprints square on the chin. He's right by the stairs an' he goes in a hump-hump-wobble to the top step an' crumples up an' goes down.'

"It was the kind of thing," I told Dan, "that would have made some people make up. It didn't. The sock in the eye, Finn didn't care about that. He'd have forgiven him sooner or later if Bal had knocked off his left arm. But making him—he had to think of it that way—knock a cripple downstairs, in front of the whole police force—he couldn't forgive that. Oh, he sent magazines and things, and came around a good deal at first to ask about him, but he never let Bal Reedy know he did.

"So after a while we sent Fingerprints home to heal up. I left New York about six months later, and in the meantime I only saw Bal a couple of times. Sort of sunken into himself he seemed then. Not beaten in, though, but like he'd drawn in to wait and figure something out. Something in his eyes. Staring straight ahead and you knew he wasn't seeing anything on the outside. You must have seen it, even two years later."

"Seen it?" said Young Dan. "I can see it now. The way he'd look when he came in to beg a little cutting on one of the stiffs. 'Just a little.' he'd say, 'from one finger. Only the skin.'

"'Why don't you try the Morgue?' I'd ask at first.

"They won't let me any more—and they've got to be fresh. Nobody'll know'. And he'd stare those jerky red eyeballs clear through. So I'd end up by letting him, if we had something I knew nobody'd call for.

"And that wasn't the only thing. Microscope slides—skin, all of them. And the last thing—get this—**sweat**. Plumb crazy he was there at the last. Came one day—that was about six months before he died, I guess—with that crazy glass thing. Drawn it out of tubing himself, he said. 'The Sweat Machine', Bunny Dodsworth called it—Bunny's the fellow you met downstairs, you know. Fool looking thing. Like a hypodermic needle, only with a thin glass tube instead of the needle and a sucker-thing on the end. One drop would go a half inch up the tube, it was that thin.

"'Just from anybody, at first,' he said. 'And then, if you can, from the police cases.'

"'Will there be anything else?' I said, 'A lock of hair, or some toe-nail cuttings?' But it wasn't any fun to kid him. He'd just bite his lip and squeeze his cane tighter.



"That first time I only put water in it. I never did it again. I can see now the look he gave me when he came back—like when you kick a little dog. Then I just put in some of mine for awhile. But I couldn't fool him. He told me they were all from the same person.

"'You, probably,' he said.

"After that I played fair. I did pretty well for him, too. But of course my biggest haul was Bright Eyes Billerman. You're talking to the man who got a drop of sweat out of Billerman! They found him unconscious somewhere, with a bullet crease on top of his skull. They didn't have anything on him, and when he pulled through, he walked out.

"Well, you should have seen Mister Fingerprints when I showed him that—and finally convinced him it really was from Billerman. He'd been changing anyway. Ever since the day he first brought that glass hickey. Not that you could put your finger on it. Back in the back of his eyes, maybe. Did you ever look 'way down in and feel—you didn't see it quite—there was something caged in and pacing up and down?

"Well, that stopped, and what it was inside stood still—on its haunches maybe, and swinging its tail. Crazy, isn't it? But I didn't think so then. Something quieter about him, I guess that was all. He'd smile now, once in a while—that twisty smile, you know how.

"But he didn't smile after that show at Headquarters. How he got to give it in the first place is more than I can figure. Begged me to be there. Said his hour had come, and all that.

"You should have seen him. Mighty small he looked in front of that big roomful of cops—the high-ups, too.

DEATH IN THE MORNING

A Realistic Account of a
Man Sentenced by Law to be
"Hanged by the Neck Until Dead"

by ROBERT INMAN PEELE

I look at my watch again. It is five-forty-five and the hanging is set for six. Fifteen more minutes to go.

I clamp my jaws together in the futile effort to keep my teeth from chattering and pull my overcoat collar up around my neck. Queer how cold I feel . . . my hands are like ice; but then it is a raw morning and there is no heat in the place. The city is certainly inconsiderate of its guests. I start to shiver again and make a mental note to speak to the chief about the matter.

In the effort to take my mind off the impending event, I look around the room. By now I know every crack and cranny by heart but I repeat the survey nevertheless. It is something to do.

It is little more than a cubbyhole, with walls that have been painted white at some time or other. Now however, the paint has peeled and blistered until great patches of scabby red brick are exposed on all sides. The ceiling above is of wood, also painted and peeling, with an iron trapdoor in the center, which for the present is closed. In the grey light of early morning, the general effect is not one calculated to arouse enthusiasm, and in my cold and hungry state, the drab dinginess of the scene is extremely depressing.

I glance at my watch. Ten minutes to go.

Around me are the witnesses, the doctor, and my newspaper colleagues. I glance surreptitiously at Deems of the **Chronicle**, who is standing at my side. Deems is my idea of the perfect newspaper man and I spend no small amount of time trying to emulate him. Usually I fall short; his blase air is inimitable; so now I experience great satisfaction in perceiving that his teeth are chattering too. Deems notices me and smiles. Ordinarily he hardly speaks to me, but this is different; we are all brothers at a hanging.

Ten more minutes.

A board in the ceiling cracks and an avalanche of dust and paint descends upon Hardwick's head. Everyone laughs and comments upon Hardwick's predicament but the hilarity is obviously forced; any incident is sufficient excuse for relieving the tension.

Seven more minutes.

Conversation is carried on in monosyllables. Occasionally someone, in desperation, endeavors to indulge in a sustained discussion of irrelevancies but his sentences die even as he speaks. Nobody is interested . . . and anyway, they are cold.

I start to ask Deems a question but I catch myself in the middle of a word as I hear footsteps in the hall outside. They are bringing up the condemned man at last. As the unseen group shuffles by the door we

hear a sob and a low voice. We stand rigid, straining our ears in the effort to catch the remarks but it is impossible and the sobs die away.

No longer does anyone make a pretense of keeping up a front; we are all so nervous we can hardly stand still. I feel a grip on my arm and turn to find the blase Deems hanging on for support. I swallow hard and unclamp my jaws. It doesn't make any difference if they see me shivering now.

The doctor pulls out his watch. It is a huge old-fashioned thing that hangs from a chain. "Six o'clock" he murmurs tersely and puts the watch away again. The crowd shifts uneasily. What the hell are they waiting for anyway?

Then we heard somebody step on the trapdoor; it is not difficult to guess who it is. There is a brief silence above, a heavy step, another silence, and then the sound of someone speaking. Doubtless it is the priest in his prayers, but from where we are, the words are smeared into a meaningless drone.

Finally everything becomes still. All conversation among us down here has, of course, been abruptly concluded long ago, and we stand there waiting and watching the iron trap. The tension at this point is almost unbearable.

(Continued on page 21)



BILL

Continuing the Adventures of "The Poor Dumb Dutchman" Who Tells the Author About War-Struck Germany

by CLARE HARRISON

Bill and I were quarreling—that is, I was quarreling and Bill was listening. After my tirade subsided slightly, he pinched my cheek. "You know, baby—you really should not take these things so seriously. Besides—you are so much more beautiful when you smile."

I gave up. "Darn it, Bill. I suspect you of having an Irish uncle somewhere in your pedigree. You are certainly full of the well-known blarney."

"Irish? Gott forbid! Next to the French, I hate an Englishman—and an Irishman iss a little of both, I suspect. Besides—here—I show you a letter I just got from Hitler. He wants me to come back and help him straighten things out over there."

armistice. The women at home—the civilians—wair starving. Germany, baby, wass beat by hunger—not by guns. The sailors in the navy wair the first to rise. Of course some of the soldiers lived well. My brother wass a member of troops—I do not know what you call them in English—all single fellows. They carried a sack of hand grenades, a little shovel, and a pistol like a sawed-off shot gun. They would get a glass of raw whiskey on a half-empty stomach—and they did not care what happened. They fought first with the hand grenades—the pistol if necessary. The little shovel wass used to dig themselves into a shelter from flying shells—but it could be used as a weapon in close quarters. Those soldiers went out half-



He searched frantically through all his pockets. "No—I guess I left it in my other suit. Oh, well—I can't go now, anyhow. I am much too busy here."

I grinned at him, and raised my right arm in good Nazi style. "Heil, Hitler."

Bill clicked his heels together and raised his right arm. Then we both laughed.

"By the way, Bill, did you hear the Kaiser and his sons done on the 'March of Time' program last week? The accents were rather good, I thought. Sounded a whole lot like yours."

"Nonsense, baby. The Kaiser speaks as good English as you do."

I waited, but Bill went no further. The Kaiser was one subject upon which Bill never expressed a definite opinion. He had quoted "kirche, kinder, und kuche" to me upon occasion; but whether he approved or disapproved of his former emperor I never knew.

"Just what brought on the revolution in the first place, Bill? Was it the armistice?"

"Armistice? We knew nor cared nothing about the

drunk—they fought—they took whatever food they could find. So they lived pretty well. Besides the best food went first to the soldiers. The horses that wair injured in the war—those wair sent back behind the lines for the civilians to eat."

"Well, I think that's certainly cause enough to start a revolution."

"Yess—but it wass not really a bloody revolution. I did see a man shot through the head. He wass a friend off my family and he wass hurrying to the city hall to burn some record. He wass killed on the steps not two feet from me."

"So you were right in the middle of it all."

"Sure—I helped push a street-car into the Rhine."

"Was that supposed to signify 'Down with the Aristocrats' or something?"

"Yes—or something. Mostly, I think we wair just feeling rambunkous. You see, there wass lots of excitement. The street-car wass on a line—well, as if your Manchester car ran straight east to the Mississippi. A

(Continued on page 20)

NAKED IN THE NECKAR

Continuing the Adventures of the
Night-School Student Who Took
A Trip Through Europe Last Summer

by JACK MORRIS

Early to bed made me early to rise and for the first time in many days I saw the sun up. I was already well on my way and was rejoicing in the gloriousness of a mild May morning. From some lucky star and to make my happiness complete, before the morning was far advanced I came upon most agreeable companionship. I had almost reached the banks of the Neckar River and was swinging along at a comfortable, leisurely pace. From the side of the road some one hailed me "Ve Gates, mein Friend, and where do you think you're going." My eyes followed the sound of that voice and I saw lying in the green grass along the roadside a sturdy youth whose hair was a jumbled mass of blond curls and whose face was as ruddy as that morning's sunrise. I knew that "Ve Gates" meant "How goes it," but I knew no answer in the German tongue so I walked toward him answering in English "I'm quite all right and I hope you can speak English."

He sat up and took notice—a bit startled to hear the foreign tongue from one who looked so much like a fellow country man. At length he spoke slowly for the words were hard and hesitant.

"Yes, I speak English, no good."

"Fine," I went on, "I am going to Heidelberg."

"I, too, go the Heideburg."

"You are a student there."

"Yes" and then he added, "But no—now I am not a student—But soon again I will be a student."

I did not bother him for a more explicit explanation and we talked on of other things. In the end as we were both enroute by the same means to the same place we decided to go together. The arrangement was certainly pleasant for me but poor Adolf was often hard put to it to express himself adequately in English and sometimes in desperation broke forth in floods of guttural Teutonic that would choke an ordinary man. Then I would burst out in laughter and he would soon follow suit and we would continue merrily on our way.

Our road followed along the Neckar River, here and there coming quite close to the stream. At my suggestion we descended to the bank, took off our shoes and stockings and bathed our feet in the cool waters.

"Do you like"—began Adolf and as I watched I could see him struggling to recall the word. It failed him so he began to make motions.

"To swim"—I supplied.

"Ja, Ja—to swim" he cried triumphantly.

"Yes, indeed, I like to swim very much."

He looked up and down the river, back at the road, a hundred yards away and along the bank to where a



clump of bushes grew near the water's edge.

"Maybe we go to swim now" he said. "There we can—" and as words failed him again he made motions of undressing.

The idea of swimming appealed to me immensely but undressing in a clump of bushes along the banks of the Neckar, barely a hundred yards from a highway, was a bit—say—unconventional. But in the end conventionality lost and we were soon splashing about in midstream utterly indifferent to what the well dressed man was wearing in bathing attire.

That is, we were indifferent until—by their laughter we knew them—We were almost on the further side of the stream when there appeared on the bank four lovely frauleins. Where they came from I've no idea for I never set eyes on them except during the few minutes that they annoyed us by their presence on that bank. They soon discovered that we were swimming "au naturel" which fact seemed to add to their delight. As we approached midstream they began calling to us and making sharp remarks which were over my head. Adolph though, was a match for them and gaily held up our end of the uneven battle of words.

Suddenly one of the meddlesome creatures discovered

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BRANCH LIBRARY

An Essay On What Books Mr.
and Mrs. G. P. Choose and on
How They Choose Those Books

by GORDON SAGER

James Joyce's "Ulysses" may be hailed as the greatest contemporary masterpiece; Virginia Woolf's "Orlando" may still be invoking criticism and discussion as to whether or no it is the deathless biography of the Sackville-West spirit; Aldous Huxley may issue a new volume of essay; but the man in the street does not care. Nor does his wife. Both he and she have fashioned for themselves very different gods among the authors: transient, fleeting gods, to be sure, gods of doubtful lineage and hierarchy, but gods nevertheless and so deserving of respect. E. Phillips Oppenheim is one of their gods. And Margaret Pedlar. And Max Brand.

And the intelligentsia may worship their gods in the Atlantic, or the Saturday Review, or the Criterion, but the man in the street, who has never heard of these—where may he worship his gods? For there are no periodicals given to extolling the virtues of Oppenheim, Pedlar, or Brand, there are no "culture clubs" where the works of these authors are discussed, there are no shrines anywhere erected to them. Where then? Why, the drug store, wherein is located the particular branch library to which the man in the street belongs. And the drug clerk is the one to whom he delivers his critique. The drug clerk becomes for him the editor of the Saturday Review. Mr. Canby may not like it, but I am on a par with him. For I am a drug clerk.

Mr. Canby may complain, or at least he should, that all the essays written in praise of the gods of the intelligentsia are too much the same, too lacking in variety, too monotonous. And I complain that the same is true of the average man and his wife: they all choose the same books in the same way with the same remarks. Five qualifications a book must meet, and then perhaps it is selected to fill what would be for the man in the street and his wife an empty evening.

First, the title must be alluring. Alluring enough, in fact, to cause the book to be taken from the shelf for inspection. "Love's Ecstasy," "Guilty Lips," "Week-End Wife"—these have allure. Among other titles that always seem to catch the attention of the love-story reader are "The Sportsman on the Sofa," "Diana at the Bath," "The Nuptial Night," "The Woman He Desired," "Unchastened Youth," "Street of Women," "Marriage on Approval," "Honey Lou, the Love Wrecker," and so on. Even "Call Her Fannie" has that subtle delicate charm that piques the curiosity. These are good sellers in the love group—the group that is in favor with young men and women, with fat and frustrated middle-aged women, with old women.

Like the love story, the western story has besides its

one duty of amusing the added one of furnishing vicarious thrills. The titles seem to make little difference here. They are all the same and they all come down from the shelf once in a while at least. These are western stories: "Honor of the West," "A Texas Ranger," "The Desert's Price," "West!" and "Hell Roarin' Texas Trail" and "Hell's Loose." One anemic-looking little fellow, with a small mustache and a meek, rabbit-like face, always comes in for his western story and always, I am sure, is a member of the posse in search of the villain, always sights the villain first, always takes the first shot, and always kisses the heroine in the end.

Somewhat in this same category are the historical romances, written largely by Rafael Sabatini, Anthony Lawless, John Rice Burroughs, Robert W. Chambers, and Emerson Hough, dealing with subjects, as the title implies, of both historical and romantic interest.

And then, the third classification: the mystery story. There are really two kinds: the detective story and the true fantastic mystery story. The former concerns some unexpected murder and the surprising unravelling of the clues. The titles here run like "The Murder of Roger Ackroyd," "The Murder in the Pallant," "The Murder on the Blackboard," "The Murder at Hazelmoor," "The Murder at the Vicarage," "The Murder in the Rain," "The Murder at the Nook," "Three Dead Men," "Death in the Dusk," "Death Sits In," "Death in a Bowl," etc. Then, running alphabetically are "The Tragedy of X" and "The Person Called Z". The fantastic tale must have a fitting title, such as "The Thing in the Night," "The King-He Vase," "The Crime in the Crypt," "The Riddle of the Yellow Zuri," "The China Venture," and the "Missing Chancellor."

Thus go the titles. Thus they must be to receive consideration from prospective readers. If they should happen to meet with approval, then comes the question of the author. Here is weighed the merit of past performances. If the author has presented in previous books a goodly number of divorces, illegitimate children, murders, or abductions, then his rating is high. It is interesting to note in connection with this that almost all the best-selling authors in the field of love are women: Beatrice Burton, Elenore Meherin, Vida Hurst, Margaret Widdemer, Faith Baldwin, Margaret Culkin Banning, Grace L. Hill, Berta Ruck, Rob Eden, Ethel M. Dell, and Margaret Pedlar. In the western story, stories of God's country, where "men are men and women don't smoke," it is quite naturally the opposite: E. J. Rath, James Oliver Curwood, Harold Blindloss, William MacLeod Raine, Charles Alden Seltzer, Clem Yore, Robert Denver, Walt

(Continued on page 22)

It was the old story. She had called the manager at 7:30: her cold was worse, she could not go on under any circumstances. Did the manager think her understudy could do the part? The manager did not know.

But then the man at the box-office hung up the S. R. O. sign, and he was willing to try it. The understudy had been there, waiting. Now she was dressing. I must go in, he thought, and run over the difficult parts with her. Perhaps she can carry the part; it's worth trying anyway.

As he entered her dressing room, she was sitting there, applying her grease paint, humming, happy.

"Are you nervous?" he asked.

"A little. I only hope I can do it." Should I tell him, she thought. Why not? She was happy now, and she must tell someone about it. "I'm going to be married tonight after the show," she said.

The manager gasped. "Then you must be nervous," he murmured.

"I would be," she said, "if I weren't so happy." She knew, as soon as the words had left her mouth, that she shouldn't have spoken them. One should never admit one is happy. Only gods can be happy. "You see," she continued, "we were talking about it when your message came at dinner tonight. He said we'd better wait. But we won't," she said confidently. "We'll be married tonight, even if I'm not successful."

Then the manager took the script, and they went over the difficult parts together. The call-boy cried, "Half hour!"

Then it was 8:30. The usual tenseness just before the drawing of the curtain was reaching a climax. Tonight it was aggravated especially because the understudy was playing the lead. In a few minutes the manager would go out and say to a full house that the actress was sick; that the understudy in whom he had full confidence was taking the part tonight.

The manager was making his speech. The electricians had finished the stage lights for "Elizabeth the Queen," and were waiting for the signal to dim the lights out front. The stage hands were ready to draw the curtain. And the understudy sat in the dressing room: nervous, but more happy than nervous. She felt she would give a perfect performance tonight. Then she would be worthy of him.

The play had begun. Her nervousness reached a peak, and then suddenly subsided as she heard her cue. The audience gasped at the imperiousness of her entrance. Suddenly she enjoyed the sense of complete power and dominance on the stage! She could feel the character in the play and herself merge into one being.

Essex was her lover:

My heart goes out to you wherever you are.

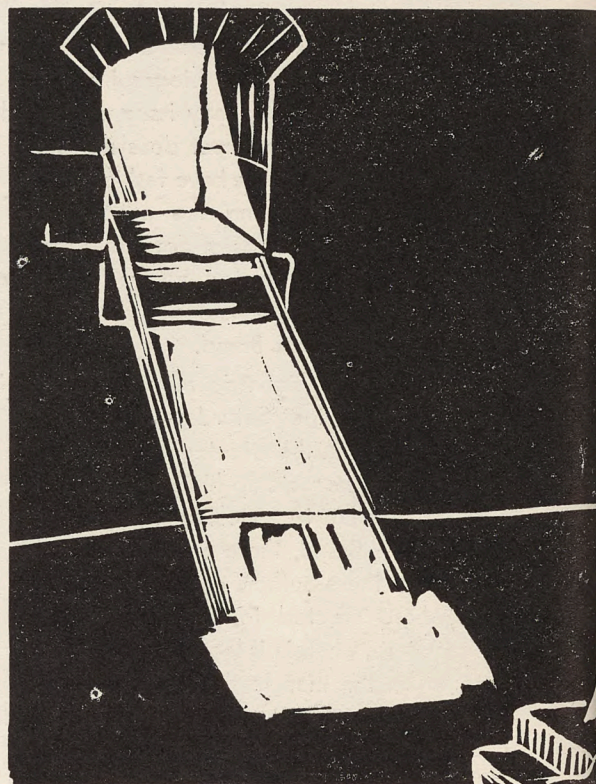
And something in me has drawn you.

Elizabeth was happy now, and the Actress was happy. She could not tell whether the audience liked her

THE QUEEN

The Choice TH
And The Mus
Much thein T

by WISE



or not. She had always thought that when she was a star the audience would in some way communicate its opinion to her, and she would know, but tonight—all was still and she could hear her own voice speaking the lines. Then she was more sure than ever that they would not applaud her . . . and she would not be worthy of him—she would be a failure.

The lines had never meant so much to her before. Essex cried,

You fear

You will not always love me?

And Elizabeth, and the Actress, answered,

No, that you

Will not love me, and will not let me love you.

The curtain fell on the first act.

"She's wonderful," cried the audience. "Inspired." "So true to life."

The Actress knew what they were saying, and she walked quickly to her dressing room, confident now in herself and in her success. Already she had reached one goal, and tonight . . .

Just then he entered.

"You're marvelous," he said.

THE EMPTINESS

Which The Queen
Must Make Is
thein This Story

by WISER



"I don't care. Come and kiss your future wife."
"Why, darling, I can't marry you. You know that, don't you?"

"Can't marry me?" she echoed, puzzled. "What do you mean?"

"Why, what we said at dinner. You'll be one of the best known actresses on Broadway tomorrow. And I'll still be doing four-a-day in the sticks."

"Oh, that," she said relieved. "That doesn't make any difference."

"Yes, it does. Those things just don't work out. If you were still an unknown understudy—oh, don't think I begrudge you your success. I'm as proud of it as you are. But it means—well, it means that you and I are in different worlds now." He had said it.

"Don't be silly. Come here."

"No. We're through."

"But why let your foolish pride ruin everything?"

He shook his head for answer.

She thought she would go with him after the show. They could barnstorm together. She would have her night of triumph: then she would go. But—leave all this, just after her first big night? Leave the stage, and the heavy grease paint and the glare of the lights,

and the excitement, and the gossip back stage, and . . . and everything?

"You're in the first box, aren't you?" she asked.

"Yes."

"Then stay there. And if you love me, and you do, dear, you do, come to me when the play is ended. If not . . . if not, slip out of the box, and I will understand." She looked at him for a moment. "Now I must go on." The call-boy cried, "Five minutes!"

He stood there for a few seconds. He shook his head again as if for final answer.

"Yes. Goodbye."

He walked from the room. The Actress heard a door slam and she shuddered.

"Two minutes," cried the call-boy.

Now came her cue for the second act. The lines she spoke echoed the feeling in her heart:

. . . There is still always

One thing crying out in me over and again . . .

Waking and sleeping I hear it crying: He cannot,
Cannot fail me!

While the Actress played her role—the role of Elizabeth with Essex gone from her—she strained her eyes to the first box. She saw a solitary shadow there.

I'm gone mad

Pacing the room, pacing the room of my mind.

They say a woman's mind is an airless room,

Sunless and airless, where she must walk alone

Saying he loves me, loves me, loves me not,

And has never loved me . . .

Still she saw the shadow in that box.

. . . Where I walk

Is a hall of torture, where the curious gods bring all

Their racks and gyves, and stretch me there to

writhe

Till I cry out. They watch me with eyes of iron

Waiting to hear what I cry! I am crying now . . .

She looked again at the box. Again she saw the shadow. She dared to hope, perhaps . . . The climax came. Still there. Elizabeth cried,

I trusted you.

And learned from you that no one can be trusted. A shadow in the first box arose and passed out through the door. And another shadow, darker, deeper, appeared on the face of the Actress as the curtain fell on the second act.

"Isn't she marvellous!" murmured the audience. "Wonderful." "So true to life."

She walked slowly to her room, unheeding of their praises. Perhaps . . . he would be there. To tell her he had changed his mind. But he was not. She had known he would not be there. Listlessly she submitted to her changes. There was a knock at the door. It was he! She knew it was.

"Come in," she cried.

The manager came into her dressing room.

"Congratulations," he said.

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● TAKE IT FROM RICKY ●

Dear Gordon:

Really, Gordon, you don't know how glad I am that you published my letter last month. Of course I'm just now getting into the swing of things, besides getting even smaller and browner and harder to see all the time. So that's why I can give you even more lowdown, honestly, than I could before, and I'm getting better every day.

There's this talk about Bee Ferring, one girl who can't make up her mind, not at all. I've seen her mostly in the KA House, and I guess everybody knows about John Carnahan. But now the Queen Bee is hardly thinking of John a bit, and there's talk about Varney and Reichardt, though they both have interests of their own, but maybe it's not KA at all, and Bob Hudgens instead. Perhaps "Corkey" Carnahan can be consoled by the fact that Mary Wilson, his affection of the early part of last year, admits their quarrel was her fault and would like to make up. Shall they start by just holding hands?

Winona (Gushing) Gunn meant well about this but she is still embarrassed. It seems that Elmo (Teke Transfer) Joseph, who used to flit around with Mickey Hyman, has become one of Winona's most ardent admirers. And little Winona, ignorant of Elmo's Greek affiliation, turned his name over to another campus lodge, saying that he had a "nice personality" and was good rushing material.

But I consider the confession of Lukie Keeler a real scoop. She has said, and you can quote me on this, that neither Bryant Rich nor Bob Hillman were any competition.

It's surprising how these high school romances stick. For with Byron Herbert and Kay Hampton together again, it looks like the old days at U. City. But the old Webster High School combination of Bill Cann and June Pentland has run into some difficulties in the form of a Pi Phi pledge—Virginia (Yum yum) Purdy, who has a real Beta complex. Though the heart-smasher of the Beta chapter, George (Tender heart) Allemang is still walking the chalk line with his U. City "Pat" Smith.

Fred Varney, who gave Jane Ebling a big rush for a few weeks is now trying to withdraw. But Jane doesn't want to be alone. Fred would like to try to crash the Worrall league. You can't quote me on this, as it's only a rumor, but Chris Kenney is supposed to have put the ring on Mary Lee Harney's left hand. These Gamma Phi's seem to go for the men in bunches. There's Mae Cella with the Theta Xi chapter, Paul Guidry being ace, and of course Kay Stephens with "Darb" Newbauer and Dick Sunkel.

You probably wondered why Ray (Sigma Chi bass) Flint wasn't with Mary Williams at the Pi Phi dance. He had to leave town for some unknown reason. Mary suggested that she ask her old flame Bob (Personality) Brossard, but it was promptly vetoed by Ray who said he would get her a "safe" date in the form of Frank

Davis. Now it's just the old case of fraternity brother versus fraternity brother. Incidentally, Brossard is taking it from all angles, for Betty Nolan, Theta's deb, now gives him only a smile and saves the breaks for the off-campus eligible bachelors.

Here's a story of how a blond Teke, who was just made chairman of the Sophomore Prom committee, cooked his own goose. After having a couple of dates with Evelyn (Sweet-and-lovely) Bissell and being quite taken in by her virtuous manner, drilled it into the pledges what a lovely girl she was and that she should be made the most popular freshman girl. He succeeded. For when he asked her for a date to the Teke dance, one of the aforementioned neophytes had put in his bid first.

It is a fact, and I repeat that "Hank" Luedde and Betsy Howell are the most attractive couple on the campus. But Rube Taylor and Frannie Peil are just as lovely, don't you think? Well, after three months of pondering, the Kappa team of Lois (Socks) Stauffer and Jukie (Slugger) Forgey have seemingly settled down with Walter (Duchin) Pattee and Bob (Would-like-to-be-tough) Hillman. Weaver says he isn't a bit worried about Miss Docter being untrue, not even with Ed (Diamond in the rough) Niehaus hanging around. But he wasn't worried about Flynn last year, either, and where are they now? Nor is Chick Droke worried about his off-campus marathon love affair. He has safeguarded himself by putting out the pin. Pete (Up-an-at-'em) Ossenfort has also done the same, having his pin bound out to Adele (Farmer's daughter) Johnson of Sullivan, Mo.

The Pee Fee pledges are seeing a lot of George (I'm-from-Trenton) Lieblang as he merrily bounds from one to another, Adele Helmkamp and Teadie Alexander being among them. Though the only one Jim (Tamper) Bradley walks home with is Jane (Smith College) Morgens. The Helen Worall league is still getting new initiates. Jim Mara wrested the league's hitting honors away from Junior Reichardt last summer—he'd been tops for the last three years. Now George Hogeboom is battling himself into a challenging position. What that league needs, and I'll find one for you next time, is a real Babe Ruth.

The winter formal dances always cause a lot of breaks in potential romances. There's Walter (Speed) Lorch who was plenty worried about Ray (Viking) Hobbs pushing him out into the cold, away from Ebrecht. But when he got her drag bid to the Delta Gamma dance everything became roses. Ray still is seeing daggers. But Lorch shouldn't have worried about just one dance, when he received drag bids from Frannie Piel and Mickey Hyman. Ruth (Up-in-the-clouds) Bender had lots of trouble getting herself a date for the Pi Phi formal. She called Mate Marshall and very diplomatically informed him that she had a date for her dance already, but wasn't sure he could go, and if he didn't, would he like to take her? Mate, very puzzled, said he would call later and let her know.

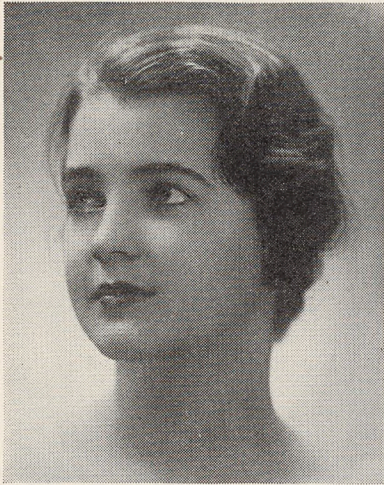
(Continued on page 19)

THE MOST POPULAR FRESHMAN GIRL LOUISE KRAUS

And Two Other Very Popular Girls

EVELYN BISSELL

GRACE GALE



EVELYN BISSELL

EVELYN BISSELL
Sorority: Pi Beta Phi
Age: 18 Years
Height: 5 ft. 2 in.
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Blue
School: U. City

LOUISE KRAUS
Kappa Kappa Gamma
Age: 17 Years
Height: 5 ft. 3 in.
Hair: Blond
Eyes: Blue
School: Webster High



LOUISE KRAUS

Louise we learn is a very versatile girl. She likes all sports but swimming. Tennis and trap shooting are her favorites. She is always happy when she is dancing in fact, she would rather dance than do anything else. Usually a girl who is so popular doesn't have much time for study, but this isn't true of Louise. Her grades are very good. We congratulate you Louise, and are glad that you like Washington.

GRACE GALE
Sorority: Kappa Alpha Theta
Age: 18 Years
Height: 5 ft. 4in.
Hair: Brown
Eyes: Blue
School: Webster High



GRACE GALE

THE BEARS: 1935

The Managing Editor of Student Life Discusses Prospects for the Football Team Next Season

by JACK BRASHEAR

This is about the time of year when sport scribes begin to pick next year's championship teams—and to dethrone this year's crop. Among those slated for the downgrade are Minnesota, recognized national champion, Stanford, coast champion and some of the lesser top-of-the-heap elevens, as Pitt, Princeton, Purdue (Purdue loses Purvis, its great back, this year) and Southern Methodist. All these teams are losing large numbers of lettermen.

On the other hand, Rice, Duke, Alabama, Illinois and Notre Dame seem fated to share the national spotlight next year. Rice, Duke, Alabama, Illinois, Notre Dame and—is it hoping too much?—Washington.

Perhaps it is hoping a good deal; however, this much seems pretty certain—Washington's 1935 aggregation should be the strongest in the history of the institution. Only seven lettermen will be lost through graduation; twenty-five of this year's number will return. These men, along with strong replacements coming up from this year's freshman team, will furnish four or five candidates for every position—plenty of workable talent for Conzelman, Bullman & Co.

The yearlings seem to be a promising crew, granting Conzelman's ability to get them over the scholastic hurdles this January. Heading the list is the phenomenal "Buckin' Joe" Bukant, 200-pound bone crushing full-back. If Joe manages to keep in the good graces of his professors, Conzelman will have his first heavy plunging full-back. Bukant is fast and tough, and knows how to use his weight to the best advantage by keeping his legs driving while three or four tacklers are dragging along behind.

The frosh line is especially worth notice. The boys are light and fast, and it is one of the scrappiest Cub outfits at the Hilltop in recent years. Five ends, better than the average wingmen, will be added to an already imposing array. They are Paul Locke, Charley Walker, Bill Elledge, and the Seibert brothers, Bill and Charley. Looking at tackles we can see two 200-pounders, Norman Tomlinson, a place kicker, and Kenneth Haas. Jack Hewitt, campus character, turned, of all things, into a fair tackle under coach Augie Erspamer's direction.

The Bears seem to produce excellent guards, possibly because the Conzelman style of football demands guards who can pull out to lead the play. Liberto Bertagnolli, Bill Bowman, and George Gibson are three tough little guards who show plenty of fight and ability against the heavier opponents on the yearling's schedule this year. Bertagnolli, in particular, will contest Konvicka's berth at right guard next year,

Jones Klein, an excellent defensive center, has a capable understudy in Bill Kodros. In the backfield, Bud Edele, who is incidentally one of Student Life's star freshman reporters, did a great job of quarterbacking. His blocking ability should give him a berth on the varsity next year. Chick Gregory, fast and shifty, is perhaps the best of a promising trio of halfbacks. Ace Effthim, a dangerous pass receiver, and Jack O'Toole, 150-pound broken field runner complete the list.

Now let's take a look at the returning lettermen, all twenty-five of them—twenty-six counting Dwight Hafeli, "W" man last year, who sat out this season with an ankle injury. Hafe will be one of a squad of ends, including Ray Hobbs, Les Brungard, and Nate Tutinsky, that threatens to be one of the most powerful in this section of the country. These men, all 190-pounders but Tut, are good pass receivers, and should make the Bears of '35 a greater passing team than this year's air-minded crew.

Five tackles ranging down from Walter Gog and Ralph Bentzinger, over 215 pounds apiece, to John Lamb, All-Valley selection, Joe Noskay, and Vic Mansor, who weighs a mere 190. Five veteran guards, also, are available. Tony Konvicka, scrappy 175-pounder, and Irving Londy, second-string All-Valley man, head the list. Bill Wendt, Frank Davis, and Dick Young are other sentrymen who should see action next year. Al lezzi, who was such a success at the job of center, an entirely new one for him this year, will have plenty of assistance from Roy Martinoni.

Co-Captain Mike Zboyovski, dependable quarterback, steady blocker, and sensational pass-receiver, is still improving at the strategy department, though he may need relief from Tommy Ozment and Bud Smith; other seasoned signal callers.

Chick Droke, Co-Captain, blocker, and runner extraordinary, will probably team up with Bob Hudgens at the halfback positions next year. Hudgens, sophomore star, was delegated to spend most of the games on the bench due to the brilliance of Captain Harry Brown. He has shown ability, however, and he should score his share of touchdowns for the Bears next fall. Ed Wagner and Fred Hunkins provide two other backs of ability to alternate with the starters. At fullback, Don Wimberly, Bill Wolf and Jack Martin will be busy keeping ahead of Bukant. "Buckin' Joe" will have to consider the passing that helped put Wimberly on one of the All-Valley teams.

Undoubtedly, with all its power and experience, next year's varsity eleven should step into its place in national

MISTER FINGERPRINTS

(Continued from page 5)

And thin. I hadn't realized before how thin he was. Like skin stretched tight over a framework, and inside that—you could almost see it—like a ragged red fire shining through. Not only in his eyes. In the way he talked—the fast, steady words that poured, somehow, through the choppy jabber of his mouth. And the way he'd grab the table with one hand and shake his cane out at all of them.

"Oh, they smiled at first, though Garrigan, in the last row, didn't for a minute. He just sat with his eyes straight ahead and his lips thin. But after Bal had started, nobody smiled. They didn't move much.

"Revolutionize the whole science of finger printing, that's what he said it would do. And he proved it to them—nearly, anyway. It was mostly over my head, but Garrigan sat there—I'd look at him now and then—nodding up and down, slow and deliberate, like he could read right through those eyes what he meant.

"You could get overlapping prints, and ones on top of each other, and ones partly wiped out, that was the general idea, by using some kind of dusting powder which he could impregnate with a fluid.

"'Component oil!' he'd say, and rap his cane on the floor. 'Five years from now you'll sing it!'

"That's where the sweat came in. He made this stuff after he analyzed a sample of sweat, and the skin oil in it. Then this powder, when it had the stuff in it, would only stick to the print you wanted, meaning that if your sample was right, you could pick the print you wanted from a bunch, even if others were on top.

"The theory was fine. The cops thought so too, but they wanted to see it work. They hadn't much time, but they let him try it once. I don't know just what it was that happened.

"'One chance in a thousand and it had to happen tonight,' Bal said. He figured, I think, that it didn't happen more than once in a thousand times that two people ever had skin oil that would take the same mixture of 'component oil', or something like that.

"'Gentlemen—a half hour more, please,' Bal cried out, and tried to explain the mess he'd made. His head was jerking wild-like and his free arm was sweeping in crazy zig-zags to motion them to sit down.

"A bald-headed inspector next to me said, 'A very pretty theory', and smiled.

"Garrigan couldn't make them stay. I think he tried, too. I saw him back there talking fast, with a serious face. And I saw him almost come up and talk to Bal, but he walked out himself, finally.

"When they were gone, Bal slumped into a chair. His face was set, hard and motionless, and to look at it I couldn't tell whether that fire inside had died out into ashes, or whether it was building up, higher and higher, to set him all in blazes.

"I guess I'll never know, either. For three days after that night I didn't see him at all. Then Finn Garrigan came to see me at the hospital.

"'Where's Old Fingerprints?' he said.

"'He's not here often,' I told him. 'Why don't you try his flat?'

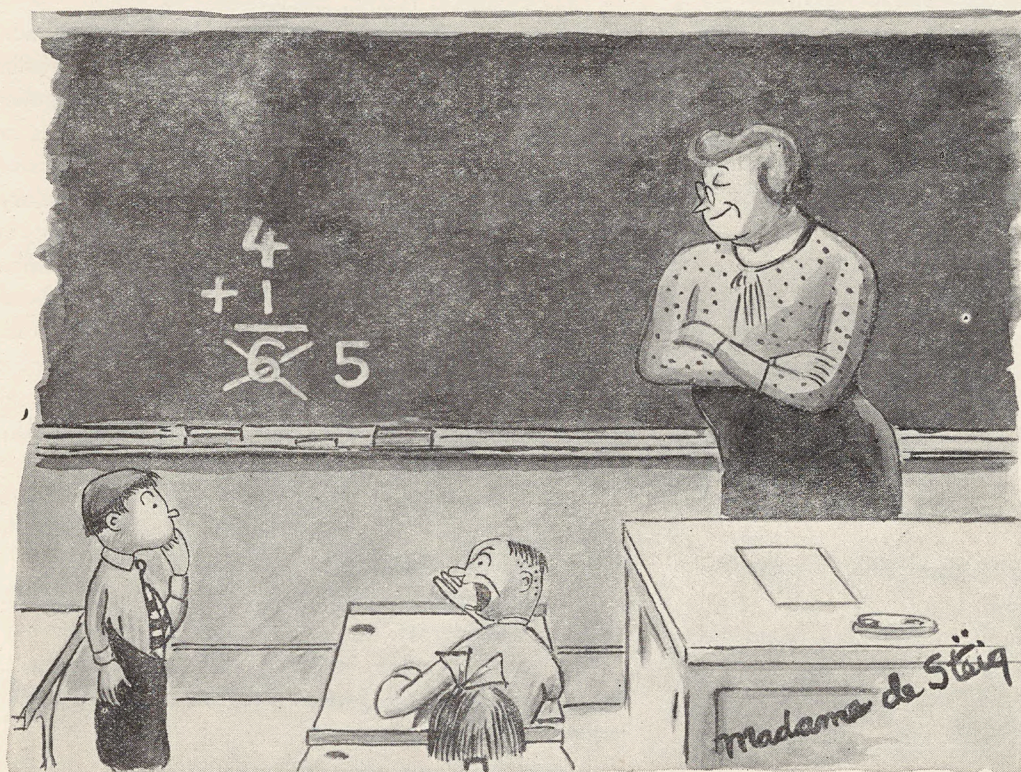
"'He's not there. At a time like this, wandering around—' I'd never seen Garrigan that way before.

Slapping his gloves into his open hand. Excited, all right, and irritated, too. Told me if I saw Bal to send him to headquarters, and went clumping off down the hall.

"It wasn't such a crazy coincidence that he met the ambulance at the door. Bal had heard about Billerman from the papers almost as soon as Garrigan had, and went straight to headquarters while Garrigan was going to Bal's flat. It happened there, right in front of headquarters, while he was crossing the street. His cane slipped and he took another spill. This time it was in front of a taxicab.

"'Hurry,' said Garri-

(Continued on page 18)



"Guys Get Bumped Off fer Knowin' Too Much"

—Lampoon

WHAT THIS COUNTRY NEEDS IS A GOOD WAR

by Arthur Curlee

During a lull in the morning's work at the store, Elmer Kotja, the straw-boss, held forth wistfully on China and Japan. Thirty, quick-witted, and crassly self-assured, Elmer has worked for the company sixteen years.

"A good war would kill off a lot of them that can't get jobs. Business would get good right away. In the last war help was hard to find; you could easy get a good job at big pay. I was only sixteen then, but I made and saved enough to get a Ford and a phonograph and later get married and build my own house. If we had a war with Japan, things would be the same. All those unemployed between twenty-one and thirty-five that ain't got exemptions could fight, and the rest of us could stay home and make big money."

Jack, the lascivious, said, "I'd like a war. Supportin' my mother and sisters would let me out. Jesus! Think of all the girls left behind."

Eddie listened in eager silence, seemingly undecided between future civilian opulence and military glory. Mandel, the vulgar and kindly Jew, amused us with his story of would-be exploits with the military police, all doubtlessly derived from a war movie. Just two months away from an army post, I was listening with a real feeling of nausea. Pat, big and humorous, winked at me.

Taking his hint, I decided on considerable exaggeration for effect and broke in: "It seems to me you fellows have the wrong idea of the draft. There's a recent War Department plan for mobilization, based on French and British experience. If a war breaks out, every man between eighteen and forty-five will have to fight, with no exemptions for marriage, dependents, or anything of that sort."

The clerks were silent. Apparently Elmer was thinking of his wife at home knitting socks and reading **True Story**, while every morning he punched the time clock in a clay ditch made slippery with urine and blood. I winked at Pat.

MISTER FINGERPRINTS

(Continued from page 17)

gan, when he came in with them, 'don't you see he's dying?'

"He was, too. The cab had hit him right across the abdomen. A half a dozen things were broken inside, and he was unconscious from hitting his head. I figured he couldn't last two days."

"Call me when he comes to," said Finn, 'whenever it is.'

"It wasn't till next day. In the meantime I found out from Garrigan and the papers about Billerman and the gun they found near where a state patrolman was found dead. The trail led right to Billerman. He used to do his own shooting, you know.

"Our first chance to pin something on him and those

country jackasses screw it up,' Garrigan said. It seemed the country police, who had found the gun, had handled it enough to hide all the fingerprints.

"There's just the chance this trick stuff will work. Nothing to lose, Doc.'

"And maybe a promotion to gain, huh?' I wanted to say: 'Well, you came back on your knees, Garrigan'. But I figured it was up to Bal to say that if anybody did.

"But Bal didn't. Couldn't very well, for one thing. Flat on his back, and every word must have hurt.

"You're not going to let anyone in there, are you?' Bunny had said.

"Yes, I am,' I'd told him. Some unknown rat with a handful of lead slugs inside, I'd have let him die slowly, according to the rules, alone there with the white uniforms and the pain. Bal was different.

"For God's sake,' he'd said when he came to, 'get Garrigan.'

"So, as I say, when Garrigan came in, Bal didn't say anything. Just that little curl at the corner of his mouth was all. A second and it was gone. Maybe Garrigan didn't even see it. I saw him standing there looking at Bal, and saw Bal crack a thin little smile and raise his right hand up a couple of inches. That's when I left. That wasn't the only reason, though. We were rushed hard then. You know how it gets sometimes—no time to think or sit down, only run from one room to the other. Smashup on the drive, maybe, and fractured skulls and broken legs pouring in, or a riot, or maybe just a lot of little things at once. Nurses sliding in on you from all sides.

"Doctor Brant, 217's got another hemorrhage—'

"Doctor, 249's out of his head again.'

"231's pulse is fading, doctor—'

"Through it all I saw Garrigan now and then. Once, on my way from a blood clot to a transfusion, I met him barging down to a telephone. Later I heard the police cars come up and heard their sirens stop a couple of blocks beyond the hospital. They had all of Bal's stuff with them. Kits, test tubes, flasks, instruments, everything. Set them all up in the room—in a hospital room, mind you, and a man dying. I looked in once or twice. An alcohol lamp, a test tube boiling on it, bottles, boxes—and that pistol was there, too. Garrigan was in the middle of it all, his face red and sweaty. Bal looked cold and small and white, with his cheeks drawn in, his eyes standing out, and his head raised stiff and shaking above the pillow.

"No, not that one,' he'd say, with a kind of weak crispness, like breaking one little thin leaf. 'That's the calcium nitrate—**this** one.'

"You lie down on that pillow, or I'll throw out the whole chemistry set.'

"But when I came in again he was stretching up higher than ever, and Garrigan was still hotter, and fiddling with the gun, now.

"Wait a minute, Doc, we've almost got it,' he said.

"Wait?—with forty-seven fractured skulls and three

dozen broken legs down the hall?"

"But I did. I saw the gun when they'd finished with their powder and things. There was a fingermark on it, all right, I could tell that much.

"'Wow! Wait'll I call the D. A.!' Garrigan whooped, and sailed out of the room. Didn't even show it to Bal. I did. He looked just once, hardly more than a glance, and then sank back into the pillow.

"'That spell BILLERMAN?' I asked him. A lot of need to ask. Oh, you should have seen him. Not a big smile; just a little thin one, and his eyes looking peaceful into the ceiling.

"'Doctor Brant—in 227—her cut opened up again—'

"So I had to leave. Garrigan was coming back as I went out. Started smiling before he went in. I was tied up, so it was about an hour when I came back.

"When I got there, Bal had just died. One of the other doctors was there and Garrigan had just left. Bal was lying there exactly the way I'd left him, except for that police badge that was pinned on his pajamas. 'Captain of Detectives' it said. That was Garrigan's.

"When I was off duty in an hour or so, I went down to see Bunny Dodsworth on the first floor. He'd heard about Fingerprints by this time.

"'The old boy went out in a blaze of glory, though,' I said. 'Bright Eyes Billerman is pretty big game.'

"'God!' said Bunny. 'Was it Fingerprints who tipped the Feds? He certainly is a mess, anyway.'

"'Who's a mess?'

"'I guess you'd been a mess, too, with forty-seven bullet holes in you. Or maybe it's fifty. He's smeared awfully in spots.'

"'Who the devil—?' I began. Then I think I started to see. 'Not Billerman—here?'

"'Garrigan said so. He was in there with him long enough to write a funeral ode. A gun in his hand too—fancy that, and Billerman looking like a punched ticket! Say, do you mean to tell me that Sherlock was up there with you for two hours and didn't say a word—'

"Before I could answer, Bunny had reached the door and swung it open.

"'The human pincushin,' announced Bunny. 'Right, left, and center. Fore and aft. I ask you, isn't that a sight?'"

TAKE IT FROM RICKY

(Continued from page 14)

Honestly, I have too much news for you this time. Harry White is still seen with Pat Schraeder. Lamy Hoage and Maellen (Pride-of-the-dorm) Staub are still kicking the gong—Hoage's left leg still being crippled. And finally good old C. Harry Bleich, Jr. has centered his attention on an off-campus girl. Frances Halloran being her name. Yes, yes, he even shakes hands with her.

Well Gordon I must leave you. Am expecting a swell Christmas present from you, and in turn you may expect plenty of holiday scoops for next time.

RICKY

DECEMBER CINQUAIN

Dark light
Of sombre sky
Turns black the once bright trees
That stretch their withered arms; I watch
Them die.
Chill splash
Of winter rain
Drowns the crisp snap of limbs;
The muffled footsteps of warm nights
Retreat.

—Winifred Duncan

SAND SONG

Pace upon the sand I lie
And watch the gulls spin through the sky.
The waving grass upon the dune
Is sharp like ridges on the moon;
Sand undulates like ocean swells
Which ring their silent salty bells.
Soft sands that gray roots tightly hold,
And turned by Midas into gold.

—Winifred Duncan.

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GA. 7707

All my employees are carefully chosen,
so you are assured of skilled attendants . . .
specialists in their field.

WRITTEN ON RUBBER

by Robert Kloos

Victor's offerings for December are interesting: the incomparable and suave rippler of the piano, Eddie Duchin, and his sophisticates, turn out two of the best tune wheels ever made by that crew in a varied and highly successful run of popularity, namely, "Hands Across the Table" and "Life Begins With Love".

Jan Garber makes a very smooth and pleasing recording including the tunes, "Mr. & Mrs. Is The Name," and "It's Home."

Ray Noble's superb English band offers exquisite interpretations of "I Love You Truly" and "Blue Danube" on one wheel with a light, ultra-modern rendition of the two tunes, "I'm Telling the World She's Mine" and "How Could I Be Lonely?" on the second release. Tom Coakley and his Palace Hotel Orchestra, it should be mentioned, do themselves proud on an extremely well arranged and rhythmically executed disc including the tunes "Your Head On My Shoulder" and "Okay Toots."

Brunswick comes through in great style with an exceptionally fine list of recordings headed by a grand pair of tunes by that staff of technical and urbane musicians under Hal Kemp who are getting a phenomenal reception in the east, "Why Am I Blue" and "Irresistible."

Ozzie Nelson and his refreshing youngsters stomp through two fine interpretations of the tunes, "If I Had A Million Dollars" and "Twenty Four Hours In Georgia."

Freddy Martin's fine band, product of the better Chicago night spots, pair off "Water Under the Bridge," "Must We Say Good-night" and "Be Still My Heart" and "What A Difference A Day Made" to give the sound box grinders two superlative discs.

Cab Calloway and his mighty band blast out, midst shrieking, screaming brass and reeds running amuck, "Chinese Rhythm" and "Weakness."

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BILL

(Continued from page 9)

bunch of us boys pushed it to the end of the line right smack into the Rhine."

"So you're a revolutionist as well as a hardened criminal. Then what happened?"

"Well—my brother came home not long after. He was badly wounded—so bad he drew the highest pension the government paid to veterans. The doctors told him he would live but three months. He actually lived more than a year. He would say—'Well, I guess I make them pay me some more money, so I'll live a little longer,' and he did. Then one night he came home—and was dead the next morning.

"What were you doing all this time?"

"Going to school—behaving badly generally. The inflation came not so long after that. I was in Austria on a vacation. The value of my German marks dropped suddenly—almost overnight the railroad fare back home was twenty-five times as high as it was when I left."

"What in the world did you do?"

"I walked. I tell you it was a crazy world then. People would get paid—and would rush down the street and buy anything in sight—whiskey, table-cloths—anything at all before the mark dropped lower. When I got back to Berlin my mutter's money—about nine thousand dollars in American money—had dropped to just one dollar and forty-six cents."

"Golly! You mean you lost all that money—just by the inflation?"

"Sure. The estate was worth nothing. Someday, I may get some of it back. But until then—you please to confine yourself to ordering small Coca-Colas when we go out."

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NAKED IN THE NECKAR

(Continued from page 10)

our clothes hanging on the bushes and with screeches of delight she called the others. I did not believe German girls could be so mischievous, but I have decided femininity is essentially the same in any clime. The next thing we knew our clothes were being carried away from the protecting seclusion of the bushes into the sunlit openness of the meadow beyond—my shirt was wildly waving as a flag—Adolph's jaunty cap was being worn by the ringleader. All about the meadow they draped our clothing—a shoe here, a stocking there, and yonder the shorts—and the meadow so ruthlessly exposed to the highway. Then—the dirty work done—they returned to the river bank, threw at us a few more taunts and merrily tripped out of sight.

Adolf was laughing heartily and even I was not especially upset. Somewhere I had read that Germany was broad minded and allowed nudist cults.

A little while later we swam into our clump of bushes, draped ourselves in a few well chosen branches and ventured out into the meadow to find our clothes.

DEATH IN THE MORNING

(Continued from page 8)

Then, before I am fully aware of what is happening, the door clangs open and a body drops thru only to pull up on the end of a rope . . . a big rope. Death should come instantly but the knot has evidently been carelessly adjusted and the poor wretch is strangling. His head is covered by a black hood which does not quite muffle the sickly wheezes that emanate from beneath, while his hands bound together, writhe about in the effort to extricate themselves.

Somebody swears and my attention is diverted for a moment but I am unable to hold my eyes away and I turn again to the sight. It is a peculiar helpless feeling . . . watching a man die and being able to do absolutely nothing about it . . . but I continue to look.

After what seems a million hours, the body ceases its convulsions and dangles limply on the end of the rope. The doctor steps up briskly and applies his stethoscope. After a moment he nods and we file out. The whole thing has suddenly become very unreal.

I notice Deems standing nearby.

"Match you for the breakfast, Deems." I say.

"Including the whiskies too?" he replies. Deems has regained his poise.

SOD ON QUAD

(After the fashion of Gertrude Stein)

Boys on grass—quad
 Quad on quad grass
 Boys, quad on sod
 In sod on grass
 Girls, boys see pass
 Boy, girls walk sod
 See walk see grass
 On sod quad
 No boys quad grass
 No on grass quad
 For girls walk pass.
 Only grass, sod, quad

—Julius Nodel



"Hey, Joe, the Book-of-the-month is here"

**Happy Hollow
 Liquor Stores**
 EXTEND
**Season's
 Greetings**
 Grand and Olive
 526 Pine St.
 1000 Franklin Ave.
 821 N. Jefferson Ave.

BRANCH LIBRARY

(Continued from Page 11)

Coburn, Max Brand, and Peter B. Kyne. And the mystery story is a combination: E. Phillips Oppenheim, Agatha Christie, Dashiell Hammet, Mary Roberts Rinehart, Edgar Wallace, J. S. Fletcher, Earl Derr Biggers, Anthony Abbot, S. S. Van Dine, and many others.

If, by some lucky accident, both title and author be acceptable, the litterateur unconsciously glances at the paper cover, which must of course fit in with the mood of the book. It usually does, with all the trite scenes depicted there. They are like corresponding scenes in the movies and we need not describe them.

And then comes the fourth major consideration: the blurb on the inside of the book's cover. The blurbs must contain just the right number of adjectives praising the book, not too many, not too few. They must all run to form:

"How three fascinating ladies got what they wanted."

"The downfall and degradation of a girl in whom the fine possibilities of love were cheated."

"To save her father from ruin and suicide, Nita offers the treasure of her beauty to the creditor who would save him."

"When a girl has sex appeal, why shouldn't she use it?"

"A breathless story of danger and narrow escape that will appeal to the most hard-boiled mystery fans."

"When young Mr. and Mrs. Douglas Layng moved into The Nook, they were horrified to find the corpse of a girl under their kitchen sink."

"Murder in a crowded street car!"

"Someone killed Susan Wheeler by breaking her neck and hid her body in a country lane."

"This is the story of a bloody plot against the peace and safety of the Western World."

"Here the reader finds intrigue and friendship, lawlessness and love, deadly hate and sublimely heroic self-sacrifice, dark scheming and scintillating devotion."

"Read about Ray Lanier from out where the Old West is still young."

"A gang of rustlers led by lowdown Harger and generalled by Silver Lago plot for the cattle, and one of them looks with an evil eye on Brand's sister. None of this outfit is sparing with cartridges."

"The exploits of Slim Jim Gerdali, a modern Robin Hood. He preys upon those who prey upon others, and knows no law save his own." (Scan that last sentence and you get some good blurb poetry.)

And those are the blurbs. If (and it sometimes happens) all four of these tests are satisfactory, the final and least critical of them all closes the examination: it is the reading of the first paragraph. First paragraphs rarely fail, and so . . . the book is chosen.

Thus do Mr. and Mrs. Average Citizen choose their books. Those are the books they choose. Those are their favorite authors. Those are the blurbs they demand. Why they do it has been analysed too often and too well (Henry Seidel Canby, for instance, in "Senti-

mental America") to attempt it here. What has been attempted here is to show what books they choose, and how they choose them: the love story, the western story, and the mystery story, the three main types of popular fiction. But there are some that achieve a certain degree of popularity outside of these three. The novel, for instance, that purports to be a true revelation, like "Ex-Mistress," "Ex-Judge," "White Slave," "No Bed of Roses." The allusion to bed in the last title is not so figurative as one might think at first. Then there is the pseudo-scientific book in the branch library, which meets with some slight popularity. "Evolution for John Doe," for instance. Or "Among the Nudists," with illustrations. Or some of Edward Albert Wiggam's books. But outside of these exceptions, they are all under those three main heads. And the plots? Each of the three divisions has some four or five model stories after which all the books are patterned. It is like Owen Davis's confession that he wrote three hundred plays on variations of the same subject.

When the book is returned, the man in the street and his wife will always tell the drug clerk their opinion of the book. It is good, perhaps, or pretty good, or lousy. Maybe Mr. Canby wouldn't care for these criticisms for his magazine, but let him stick to his complicated essays. The man in the street has a better way. It's shorter, at any rate, and gives him time for books rather than for criticism. Books are better than criticism anyway. Especially books by E. Phillips Oppenheim. Or Margaret Pedlar. Or Max Brand.

PLANOGRAPH

The Modern Method
which has solved many
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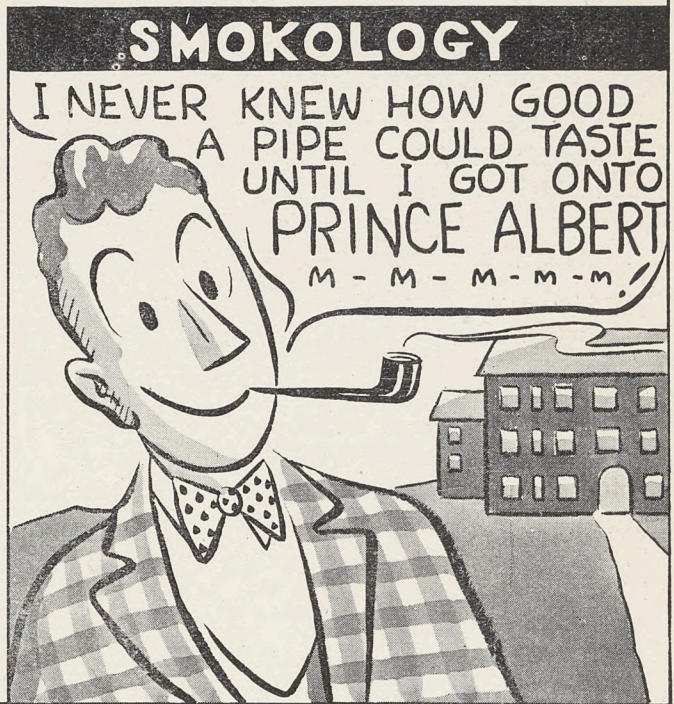
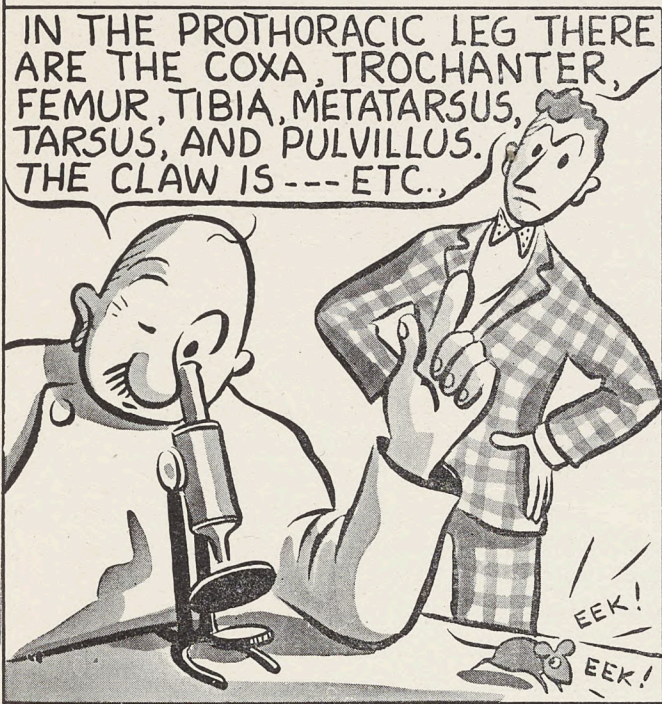
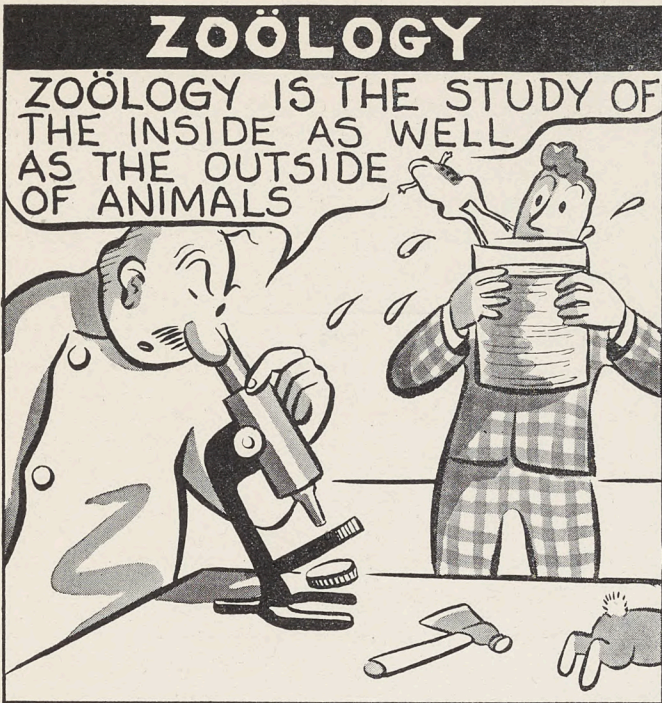
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PRINCE ALBERT

the national joy smoke



THE BEARS: 1935

(Continued from page 16)

football prominence. With Southern Methodist, Duquesne, Michigan State and Illinois on the schedule next year, Washington's followers may be treated to their first team of real national prominence in the history of the school. If the Bears can best their opponents on next year's suicide schedule, they will have made for themselves a permanent niche in national sport circles. Stranger things have happened.

THE QUEEN OF EMPTINESS

(Continued from page 13)

"Thank you," she said listlessly.

"Oh, and your marriage. I'll have to congratulate you for that too. Let's have a little party tonight, after the show, after the ceremony, if you want to."

"He was here before. We've decided to wait."

"Let's have the party anyway." Two successful actresses in one successful play! It was something to have a party about.

"I don't think so," she said.

"Why?" asked the manager.

"I'm tired."

For the first time he noticed something different in her attitude.

"What's the matter?" he said.

"Nothing." Maybe he was waiting outside. Maybe those footsteps she had heard were his. He was waiting for the manager to go. Then he would come in.

"Please go," she said.

"Don't you feel well?" the manager asked.

"Please go," she repeated more distinctly.

"If you don't feel well—"

"Get out, damn it."

The manager muttered something about success going to people's heads, as he left.

No one knocked after he closed the door. No one was waiting for her.

"Two minutes," cried the call-boy.

His voice sounded muffled to the Actress, as if it came from a great distance.

There was her cue for the third act. Elizabeth waited for Essex to send a message to her, or be executed. And she wanted him to live.

. . . Life is bitter. Nobody

Dies happy, queen or no. Will he speak, think you?

Will he send to me?

"No, not now," came the answer in the play. "No, not now," echoed a voice within her.

. . . The sun

Will be empty and circle around an empty earth . . .

And I will be queen of emptiness and death . . .

Why could you not have loved me enough to give me

Your love and let me keep as I was?

"I could not," came the answer in the play. "I could not," came the echo in her heart. . .

The play had ended.

She had taken the numerous curtain calls. Finally the audience had let her go. She was walking back to her dressing room, which she knew would be empty.

"You were wonderful!" "Thank you." "Fine work." "Thank you." "Lovely, my dear, just lovely." "Thank you."

She reached her dressing room. It was not empty. There was the manager, and a group of people.

"You were wonderful!" "Thank you." "Fine work." "Thank you." "Lovely, my dear . . ."

FINIS

The pulsating of a dying fire
above the last embers.

Our love is waning,
a spark here and there
then the darkness of night.

A word and a blow, then truce;
the beginning is ever the ending
so let us take leave of each other
and go our way in understanding;
let there be no discord or anguish
only the peace and quiet of tranquil souls:
So may we think purely of that long past elysium.

And to ashes we have come,
Where once lay living coals.

—Kathren McKinney

OFF THE RECORD

(Continue from page 5)

Further Note

The note printed above on Student Life was all set up when we saw that editorial squib in last Tuesday's paper or we'd probably have taken the whole thing out—just to spite someone high up on the staff (Mr. Pepper himself), who wrote that "the next issue of the Eliot will be dedicated to the purpose of putting Student Life in its place." It's rather disappointing. Here we were, asking Student Life's advice on how to run a magazine, because Student Life has had so much practice in running a magazine . . . and they turn around and make nasty cracks about us, as if we had nothing to do but think of criticisms of their magazine. We like hard nuts to crack. Criticizing Students Life is too easy.



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