JUNE

We thought that Winter, love, would never end, That the dark year had slain the innocent

May, Nor hoped that your soft hand, this Summer day, Would lie, as now in mine, beloved

friend; And, like some magic Spring, your dream-deep eyes Hold all the Summer skies.

flowers. The long, white silence spake, small bird by bird,

Blade after blade, amid the Showers; The grass stole back once more, there was heard The ancient music of vernal spheres,

Half laughter and half tears. Ah, love, and now too swiftly, like some groom, Raining hot kisses on his bride's young

mouth. The mad young year delirious with the South,

Squanders his fairy treasure, bloom on bloom; Too soon the wild rose hastens to sweet;

Too swift, O June, thy feet. Tarry a little, Summer, crowd not so All glory and gladness in so brief a

day; Teach all thy dancing flowers a step

And bid thy wild musicians softlier play. O hast thou thought, that like a man spends. The longest Summer ends!

RAINS IN HILO

Diane Carrington brushed the short curls back from her temples listlessly. The light from the window behind her was dim because of the dripping fern fronds, twelve feet tall and broad as a palm leaf, that swished and whispered in the There was always, at this time of day- just a little after noon this strange green dimness under the giant foliage that surrounded the hotel, this warm wetness in the atmosphere. Always the torrential rains poured for a while.

There was something in the combination that stirred her, that made earth underfoot and the sweet, rank her blood surge slowly through her smell of sprouting vegetation in her veins with a golden heaviness.

She loved the island and the town But who can cast his existence. But who can cast his Her wide gray eyes were dry and life? she thought bitterly. Who, acdeep with the inner tragedy of her cording to the old precept, can live thoughts. She walked abstractedly to himself alone? Not she, at any And then, at the edge of the low

frosted with a foam of lace. She it was a blessing. liked it, but it seemed to belong to a different mood, not this hard bril- impulsive hand. liant one of cold reason. No, not friend!" the green. The coral, perhaps, sophisticated and alluring. Yes, the

before the dressing table. She was sat down in them. He was a small always moving these days. She was man, brown as a Kona berry, the becoming as fidgety as Babs, who thick thatch of hair above the rebecoming as fidgety as Babs, who youth, always on the fly. always And with the thought there came the sharp rat-tat of the girl's hard young fist on the door. "Come in!" called Diane.

"Whee-ew! This is what I'd call life. wet, if you asked me!" The vital "I The vital presence of Babs filled the room. 'Where've you been?'

"Out with Pettie Barleigh. Found Chinamen were beating gold and setting jade. This town ravishes

and flung it, soaked, on the bed. The act snapped something in Diane. sharply. Haven't you any regard for the rights of others?"

"Perhaps. Old or not, I don't want to sleep under wet covers." Her sister snatched up the offend-

lips to say something more, then suddenly thought better of it. "Oh, well," she said, "forget it, sis." At the door she turned. "Bank-of-America coming over tonight?" she want- their home in the Solomons, ed to know.

Diane looked at her with narrowairily. "Toodle-oo."

this enchanted island. Hawaii itself, ship would rest her soul, weary with the vast rounded shoulder of Mauna its ugly shadows. Loa, breathing with her secret fire, thrust up through the sea.

go out for a walk in the wet town, among boats from every port of She belonged to it as truly as earth, it seemed, they went aboard though she had been born on the the Pa. She was a trim creature of green-cane slopes, instead of having the brine and sun, taut and stanch. come here from San Francisco less There was a striped awning in the softly. than three months ago.

A little later, clad sensibly in side a little table.

ports clothes, she passed through And halfway down the deck to sports clothes, she passed through the lobby of the quaint little hotel. Her mother, a handsome woman with the shrewd eyes of a business

"Going out, dear?" "Just for a little," said Diane.

accompanied the words. ing flutters it had developed of late. his quick smile were too white to

Ramone Sebastien would be coming down to Hilo with the night. Ramone Sebastien, bland and fat and certain of himself, a planter of sugar cane, an owner of mills, a sender of the raw, greenish-brown sugar to the refineries in California, a man of such vast wealth that he was a power in the island, where vast wealth was the rule among the planters. And a man of discrimination. He had predatory eyes, dark as midnight, set in his dark face, and his hands were soft on the in-

That he had seen the beauty in Diane's calmness, the hidden flame of her, was a mark of his powers. That he wanted her attested to his love of the best. He had known many women, could have had his But lo! the world again is mad with pick of them, but not one had stirred him as had this girl, with her cool aloofness, her red-brown hair, her gray eyes that were as deep as the sea itself. That he had fixed his desires upon her was as obvious as all the rest of the disgusting affair

to Diane. The whole thing was-well, raw. Her mother, who had spotted Sebastien's wealth and standing at the first glance; Bab's eagerness; the frankness of the Carrington family in looking forward to a future bought by her; even the hidden but suggested knowledge of the planter himself concerning these things—all went into Diane like a barb. She had never thought life could trick her like this-she who had had ber

dreams. If she had ever had the faintest premonition of it she would never have finished college-to find, later, that it had been done on a goodly portion of the money left at her father's death. That was like her mother-a gamble on a fair chance. Diane had been beautiful, was neautiful now, at twenty-eight, and she had the charms and graces of edu-cation. Long before this she should have landed a rich husband in Calistanding in the family's eyes had lowered with the last three years, a little each year.

Babs was using the word "old" too often. Dick, at Stanford, was chafing for a larger allowance. And then her mother had come to Hilofor her health, she said. Diane had known better.

She knew the island's wealth, its romantic people, mixtures of all the bloods in the world, its amazing chances and opportunities. They had been here once before, before her father died.

Walking in the sun with the wet nostrils, she thought of all these things. It was a shame, a beastly itself, the skies forever mottled with shame, to live in Hawaii and never their darkly glowing clouds, the know its passion and its grace-to sunlight that followed the rains, the have to see the white foam at blowing of the winds from the floor Mauna Loa's foot with Ramone of the sea. If she could have cast Sebastien; to watch the magnificent her life there as she wished she sun go down over the Orient with would have asked nothing better of her listless hand in his soft fat one!

buildinged little street She dropped the brush. Which Hilo's heart, she met the Pearl dress for tonight? The green geor- Dealer. To meet the Pearl Dealer gette was pale as a shallow tide, was a privilege at any time. Today,

"Oh!" she said, stretching out an "It's you, my

"Always," said he who stood before her with his Panama hat instantly off, his immaculate white She moved restlessly on the stool linens looking as if he had not yet foam at the island mountain's foot. just going somewhere or just return- No one knew his age, except that it was very great. His manners were flawless and beautiful, tinged and colored by sincerity and tolerance. The Pearl Dealer knew so much of

> "I haven't seen you for several eeks," said Diane. "Where have weeks," said Diane. you been, sir?"

The "sir" was a poured libation another devastating shop where the to his human worth—a hang-over from her father's day. Many an hour she had listened to the two men talking of all the world in San The girl peeled off her sweater Francisco when the Pearl Dealer was in one of his little boats that plied the Seven Seas. At these times "Pick that up, kid," she said her mother had been pointedly absent. She had not approved of her husband's old friend.

Babs turned open-mouthed with astonishment. "My gosh!" she said. "I have been among the Solomon's," the old man said, smiling, "Close to the ancient gods." "I believe you," said Diane, quick-

ly, laughing a little.

Always the quaint speech of the ing garment. She rounded her bright Pearl Dealer with its hidden meanings delighted her. She felt now as if a sweet wind had blown through

her suddenly.
"Clean souls and simplicity have said the Pearl Dealer, "along with beau-Some of the latter I brought ty. ed eyes, "You would ask that," she said. "You're disgustingly obvious." come on board a little while? She "It's an obvious world," said Babs is sweet-smelling, the boat, and rich with pearls. Her name means 'pearl

She was gone. Outside, the green shell, you know." gloom was lightening; in a minute the wash of the hard rain was alknow it." It seemed to her that an most over. It was that way here in hour on the white decks of the little

She walked beside the immaculate old man down to the wharves in the A thrill went through Diane. She'd still waters of the harbor, and there lee of the deck house, and chairs be-

ward this brilliant small haven they met Kaulli.

Kaulii was six feet tall and the he took leave of her with a beautiman, looked up from her game of color of pale gold, and his body was ful grace. solitaire. "When the most perfect thing old Dame "When Nature knew how to make. His hair was black and sleek, and his mouth was as red as the hibiscus bloom "Do. You know why." A smile that hung behind his left ear. His companied the words. Yes, she did know way and her the lashes that fringed them like a when he heart took one of those queer, sink- forest, and the teeth that showed in Aloha?"

ed to the waist, and there was a bracelet of beaten gold on his left wrist. He was one-eighth Malaysian and two-sixteenths French and the rest was good blood of old England erased slightly from the surface but there in a thousand ways.

Diane stopped and looked at him, and a hot red flush came up her body to her fair-skinned face. The Pearl Dealer looked at them

both and nodded. "This is Kaulii, Diane," he said, my first mate and my aikane. None

better, both ways." "I'm happy to meet you, Miss Diane," said Kaulii, bowing as naturally as a native palm tree bows in the wind. "Won't you sit down?" He placed one of the chairs for her and Diane did sit down with her eyes still on him, fascinated. had seen handsome men in these islands, strange, beautiful mixtures, and she had found some of them amazingly civilized, but this man

was startling. "Kaulii is a graduate of U. C.," "He spent said the Pearl Dealer. three years on the mainland, then came home-to the Solomons.' Diane gasped. "Frisco?" she said.

You know it?" "Fairly," said the young man. "Spent a good many week-ends with the families of my classmates. But for the most part I stayed in Berk-

ley and crammed.' 'You must have, to take four years in three."

"Wasn't so hard. Just application." "H'm," said Diane. She was won-dering, "And now what? The Splomons

But the old Pearl Dealer was speaking about pearls and Kaulii her mother was not pleased with the progress made. In Diane's room a companionway, to return presentwith a little brass box, made in imitation of a pirate's chest. He opened it on the table and from it the Pearl Dealer's brown hand fornia. But she hadn't And her brought forth enough wealth to satisfy a nabob. He poured pearls in Diane's lap like light down the reaches of the sky, and the girl opened her mouth in wonder.

"My heaven!" she said, whispering. "I knew that the world owned gems, but I have never visioned them like this!"

"These," said the Pearl Dealer, are the rank and file. Beautiful. but common. Here is their master." From beneath a false bottom in the brass chest he pulled a tiny

drawer and tipped it toward her. Truly, there lay the master of all pearls, the untouchable potentate of the mysterious breed. On a bed of pink cotton, glowing with deep fires as dark as the mouth of Hades, it rested in detached splendor—a black pearl as large as the end of Diane's

middle finger. The girl looked at it with wide eyes, her hand at her throat. "Oh!" she whispered again, "Oh, wonder-

The old man nodded. "Yes," he said; "wonderful. For forty years I have hunted pearls, and I have yet to see its equal." He took it up and laid it in her hand. "Feel it," he said. "Its texture and its weight."

For two days Diane stayed close to the hotel. She drank in the scents of flowers and vegetation, and acherolegically. Like silk the one; like quicksilver

the other. For an hour they talked of pearls, of their marts in the world, of the sunlight in these tropic isles, of the values of life and its soulless shams. The Pearl Dealer knew so much of life and its ways, and his deep eyes had been reading Diane's face ever since her arrival in Hilo, whenever they chanced to meet. He knew there was something amiss with her.

though he did not speak of it. And Kaulii sat leaning forward, was a perfect specimen of modern markable eyes as white as that his great black eyes on Diane's face, unconscious of his golden, godlike torso, his amazing contradictions. But Diane was conscious of him as she never had been conscious of

anyone or anything in her life. She heard the music of his voice; saw the curves of his lips that turned up at the corners with laughter; could not keep her gaze from his shining eyes. She felt as if she could not breathe when she looked at him. There was a strange fluttering inside her breast.

What was the matter with her? Why did the quiet Hilo harbor seem transfigured with unnatural beauty? She remembered her father in that moment, and the look of far countries she had sometimes seen in his self flew for a wrap, a hat-any hat city-baund eyes. And then she thought suddenly of her mother, of Babs-and Romane Sebastien. She

sprang up. and look at me! But you and your pearls, sir, see how you have betrayed me!"

The Pearl Dealer shook his head. "On the contrary," he said gently,,
"we have—shall we say?—awakened Have you not been happy, my

child?" Diane could not keep back the tears that suddenly were in her eyes. "I am a child," she said, "stirred by romantic visions, swept by impos-

sible fires." "You are a woman," the other said swiftly, "clinging on some desperate brink or I know nothing, Diane. Can you not tell me, your father's aikane?"

"You, sir, if any," she replied, "for you were his friend. But it is noth-She held out her hand to him

impulsively and all three walked thought of her father once again, down the deck. At the worn gangplank Kaulii laid his fingers on her

"Aloha, Ka Punahou," he said She raised her eyes to his and

something thrilling passed between them. "Aloha," she said. The Pearl Dealer walked with her to the place of their meeting. There Paradise.

"When the waters get too deep for you, my daughter," he said, "come to the Pa. She lies here another week." "Thank you, sir, I will. Wait a oment. What did Kaulii mean Wait a I mean?" moment. told me good-by-after

be real, it seemed. He wore white In his heart he is two-thirds native, and full of light. And then the rain duck pants and shoes, and was nak-filled with poesy. But he is like ed to the waist, and there was a clear waters for sweetness, like the sun for faithfulness and like a rock for strength. I love him. He is a son to me."

"Aloha, friend," said Diane unsteadily. "Thou art one only in this world! No wonder my father found

you so good!"
She did not put on the alluring coral dress, after all, for the informal dinner that night. Instead, she choose one of a dull, drak coior, and Her mother's she was abstracted. watchful eyes noted every lack of bore it with compressed lips. Late charm and became cold. Nothing saved the day except Sebastien's clumsy gayety that could not vision

abstraction in his moneyed presence. It was he who paid for the dinner, which was the best the hotel could produce, and he who took them out into the starlit night of Hawaii in his American car. He held Diane's hand and asked her if she were not well-his smoky-eyed one-that she was so still.

And Diane answered that she did not feel the best in the world; the heat, perhaps, after the daily rains. It did take it out of foreigners, Sebastien said, but after a while they grew accustomed to it. There was the mainland for vacations, provided one could afford trips twice a

year. Wonderful, her mother was ing, to be able to live where one chose; to have all the money necessary. Diane seemed to thrive here, but she herself would soon have to be running back to California. fact, she thought families were better apart. Did he not agree?

He did-heartily. It was late when they parted with Ramone at the hotel steps, and she looked at her daughter with keen discernment.

"Are you evading the issue Ramone?" she asked bluntly. is ready to marry you at a moment's notice. All he needs is encouragement, He stands abashed before your culture, your education. Can you not give him that?"

Diane whirled upon her. "For heaven's sake, Mother," she cried, "give me a little peace! Ever since we came on this thinly camouflaged search for a marriage for me I have heard nothing but my culture, my advantages! Believe me, if I'd known the end I'd never have taken the advantage, the culture, at the cost of my life's happiness!"

"Is that so? And so this is what I get for skimping for four years! And Babs These are the thanks! with no chance at all! And Dick embarrassed in college. I might have known. You're just like your fath-

"Leave him out of this!" Diane savagely. "He was a dreamer who never saw a single dream come true-but he was no quitter. He did his best in silence. I'm not a quitter, either," she finished more gently. "Forgive me, dear. Go to bed and

of flowers and vegetation, and ached with too much beauty. To live in Hiio always—but to live here with Ramone! Her heart contracted with an icy chill. Life was asking a lot

of her And then Kaulii appeared on the hotel veranda asking for her. He was clad in white from neck to toe, and he carried a bunch of hibiscus. It was morning and bright as shine of sun and sparkle of sea could

"Will you come with me for a ride, Diane?" he asked simply. "I have the captain's car."

Diane felt her face get red, and then a cool strength flowed up from her leaping heart. "Why, of course, she heard herself saying. Kaulii." "I'd love to!"
"Kaulii?" said her mother thinly.
"Diane, who is this? A fisherman?"

"Hardly, dear. He is the Pearl Dealer's first mate, and his aikane. Have you any other name, Kaulii?" "Sure," said the golden image, laughing with a flash of snowy teeth. "James Wentworth Wyndham, after my father, though without benefit of clergy. You call me Kaulii, Diane. That's who I am at heart." Diane's mother turned without a word and left them, and Diane her-

-and flew back on winged feet into the Pearl Dealer's car beside the young sea god. They rolled away and she did not know that Bahs "My goodness!" she said in confu-on, "I promised to be home early, was conscious of the cool winds on her face, of Kaulii's starched white sleeve beside her.

Sighing, she settled down, ping closer to him than she had intended, and Kaulii flashed her a smile that was like the light of the universe concentrated to one single

They rode in silence away from Hilo, along the precipice where the daily waters ran in cascades to the edge and dropped two hundred feet

into the sea. Kaulii told her much of the lore of the island, and Diane saw him a native among the natives, one of its happy, laughing, loving race. She heard its music in his voice, saw its beauty in his face. She saw in him the culmination of all the dreams of far worlds she had ever had, the realization of all romance. and of the look of dreams his eyes had worn at times.

Far up the eastern shore they stopped at noon and ate the food Kaulii had brought-fish cooked in kalo leaves, a little pot of poi and ripe mangoes-and almost instantly the rains fell, pouring torrents that shut them in like the first two in

"Kaulii," said Diane wonderingly, "I have never known such romance!"

"It lives here on Hawaii,' 'said the man simply. "This is its home."

"I believe you. Do you ever want to me by the ancient gods." to go back to America? The States,

ceased as suddenly as it had begun; the sun came out among the opaline clouds. They drove slowly home, talking little, but at the veranda steps Kaulii said a vital thing.

"He po hookahi, a ao ua pau," he whispered as he turned away. Diane caught his arm. "What does it mean?" she asked.

In one night, and by dawn it is finished," he said, translating. Then he was gone, and she went in to ace her mother.
That was a cold matter, and Diane | Dealer took a little box—a little face her mother.

in the night she was still bearing her face abstracted. She was not hearing much, for in her ears was the sound of Kaulii's last words: "In one night, and by dawn it is finished.'

Was it possible? Did people see each other once and love forever thereafter? Could they do so? That was what he meant, and her whole being sang in bewildered ecstacy. Ramone and Babs and Dick, and man, they were meaningless names, for the present at least. Time enough for them next week, when the Pa would be sailing. Now she would shut her soul upon its inner wealth. "I think I'll go to bed, mother," she said gently. made me sleepy."

Speechless with scornful fury, her mother rose and left the room. Two more days went by, days that were a seething caldron of Pa, and that I, as captain, shall changing emotions for Diane. Her have married her to Kaulii, the fishpatience was worn beneath her erman. And you, Lanu, wait for our mother's constant talk, Babs' frank next trip." fright at the prospect of Ramone's loss if he should hear of their escapade. The Pa would soon be sailing

and she would be left in Hilo-with Ramone. Her heart was cold with the spec- ed Diane, tre of coming anguish, hot with memories of Kaulii's eyes. Oh, if she had only known that those years at college were to buy her later life! But what could she do? There was are waiting." her family and its dwindled fortunes. and only herself to sell for merchandise. That night she wept into her pillow and said some pitiful prayers,

but her faith was very low. mone left! Maybe she would never again see Kaulii's eyes, his red lips curved with laughter. She walked in the town, watching the streets, but saw no one she wanted to see. Then there was only one day left. She walked again in the morning, and debated about going to the little

for granted. Maybe life had tricked her again. But she did not know that life vas reaching out a hand for her that very morning, in the person of the Pearl Dealer, who had been watching her for two days through his binocular. It was an excellent binocular, capable of bringing a face to within a few feet of his eyes, betraying its inner secrets through the weary lids, the drooped mouth, the lines of pain upon it. And that af-

ternoon the old man sent a note to

(it read). My daughter your father's old aikane would see you before sailing-which matter takes place at twilight. Would you come aboard the Pa a little while? The man who gives you this is driving my car and will bring you safe. Diane snatched up a wrap, thankful that both Babs and her mother were sleeping. And the rain was ceasing; the opaline world was smiling to the sun.

It was a little ride to the wharf, an unbelievably short time until the old man was leading her up the gangplank, until she was looking, breathless, into Kaulii's face and he was holding her hand, leading her to a chair beneath the striped awning. A sailor brought tea and cakes, and glamour was on the world again.

They talked of inconsequential things awhile and the Pearl Dealer watched her, his kind brown eyes reading her trouble-ravished face. And presently he spoke.

"Diane, my gray-eyed dreamer," he said softly, "life is a short thing. It is here today and gone tomorrow. A turn of destiny can make of it he ekolu ula o ka la, the Third Brightness of the Sun, or ilalo loa i ka po, Deep Down into Darkness. Sometimes we can guide that turn of destiny ourselves, provided we have courage and know our hearts." He ceased and Diane looked at him wonderingly. Kaulii's hand with the gold bracelet slipped over hers. "This Sebastien, now," said the Pearl Dealer abruptly—"do you love

him?' "No! Oh, no!" said Diane, "Why do you ask, sir?" "Because if you do not love him it is a sin against nature—against all sweet things in the earth; against

all romance and love itself-to marry him." The blood poured into Diane's face. She began to tremble. The hand on her arm tightened gently. She turned and looked at Kaulii. There was in his eyes no shock, no coldness. Only that concentrated light that had been there when she had settled against him in the car. "Do you want to marry this gross

man, my child?" Diane swallowed, held up her head. "But does 'No sir," she answered. that matter?" "It is all that matters. Why do you do it?"

"Must I answer that, my friend?" "You need not. The old have second-sight. I can answer that myself, knowing your—family. Then whom would you marry if you could choose, this moment?" To save her life Diane could not

help the turning of her head, the strained look she fixed on the handsome face beside her.

We knew each other at first sight, here by the table. My heart shouted "Sure. I expect to go next year." and my soul bowed down in that Diane fell silent, watching the blur moment. She is my woman and I of rain on the car windows. Kaulii am her man, forever and forever.
"Well, aint I traveling one watched her and his eyes were deep I have answered. Have I not Diane?" the truck driver shouted back.

"Yes! Oh, yes!" she whispered be-"But I-must marry Ramone! For Babs, and Dick, and Mother! There is-no-money left!" "And so they sell you," aikane's dream-child!" my old murmured

the Pearl Dealer. Diane did not hear him, for Kaulii had risen and now held her against his heart. His lips were on her hair. The old man had risen, too. He clapped his hands in native fashion a sailor came to stand at attenand

box of soft red velvet. Gently the Pearl Dealer snapped it open, and there on its satin bed lay-the great black pearl. Long he looked at it, his face inscrutable. meant many things to him. Not riches, merely; but achievement, and romance, and the besting of the secret seas. For forty years he had dealt in pearls and had not seen its equal. He rolled it gently on its satin bed. Then he turned to the She heard her mother speak of man who stood there-a trusted

"Lanu," he said, "take this to the hotel. Call for the lady Mrs. Carrington and give it to her. Tell her it is a price for love and happiness. Tell her it is from her husband's old aikane, and that she is to take it to "The winds have San Francisco, where she will be rich forever if she sells it with wisdom. And tell her further, Lanu, that by the time she receives it Diane will be out to sea aboard the

> The native raised a hand and went swiftly away. As he ran down the gangplank there came the rattle of chains and the sound of engines. 'What have you done, sir?"

"Closed a deal, my daughter," said the old Pearl Dealer gently, "in hu-man hearts—cheap at the price. Come, kiss Kaulii. The ancient gods

For a moment she gazed at the shining town, at the receding wharf, at the golden light on sea and sky. Then, turning in Kaulii's arms, she held up a radiant face.

In three more days the Pa would sail and she would have only Rasaid. "I have come home—to stay!" "With all my heart and soul," she By Vingie E. Roe, in Hearst's International Cosmopolitan.

COLLEGE GRADS

MAKE OWN JOBS

What chance does the 1932 college graduate have to get a job? ship lying in the pearly harbor, but It's a mighty slim one—unless he could not bring her feet to go. Mayhimself makes the job, according to be, after all, she had taken too much Joseph Creamer, New York Advertising agency executive. Writing in The Rotarian magazine, for June, he points out that many young men and women are learning this.

> dred new advertising agencies have been started. Many of them have been founded by men who have been crowded off the payrolls of bigger organizations. Hard times have made them think for themselves; the loss of their jobs has urged them to do what they considered the impossible. "Two young men who showed marked ability on their college publications have deserted the East and have established a weekly publication in a Western community of 900 people. Three years ago they might

"During the past year, five hun-

have found employment with some large newspaper or magazine.
"A 1931 Harvard graduate wandered around for six months grabbing odd jobs-then he created a business for himself. He secured an interview with one of the executives of a fruit importing house in New York, stated his condition, and mapped out his idea briefly. Now he is making from thirty to forty-five dollars per week selling articles that every man needs, to the employees of this fruit company's liners.

"A young woman who came to me a few months ago looking for advice on the choice of would support her for the time being," continues Mr. Creamer, "has opened a college fashion bureau in a small village in the East-all her work is done by mail and brings her a neat profit.

"Young men who were gainfully employed up until a few months ago have opened stores and offices of their own financed largely on loans; and they are showing a profit. "These are typical examples of what Youth is doing at the present day. Young men and women who gave hopeless sighs for blasted illusions have created businesses of their

own. Many, of course, will still be looking for that opportunity, but

more will want to stick when the upflow comes. Many will be far

ahead of what they expected to be

TIGHTENS BAN ON

in the next five or six years."

IMPORTED CATTLE Beginning June 1, Pennsylvania took another forward step in its program of protecting her healthy herds and flocks of livestock from the danger of infection from outside sources.

Regulations enforced which are designed to keep out of the Commonwealth cattle infected with Bang disease in other states, according to an announcement from Dr. T. Munce, director, bureau of animal industry, Pennsylvania Department of Agriculture. Twenty-six States now have similar regulations.

"The work of preventing and controlling Bang disease in our native herds under the Pennsylvania plan adopted in 1921, is progressing rapidly," Dr. Munce explained, "Blood testing is being carried out in 5515 herds and Bang disease-free certificates have been issued for 693 herds. The interest in the control of this disease is reported as on the increase."

FOLLOWED INSTRUCTIONS

"Hey, there," a traffic cop yelled at a truck driver. "Didn't you read that sign? This street is for one way traffic."

"Well, aint I traveling one way?"