

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.
But lo! the world again is mad with flowers,
The long, white silence spake, small bird by bird,
Blade after blade, amid the song of Showers;
The grass stole back once more, and 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 be sweet;
Too swift, O June, thy feet.

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 Trades. 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 her blood surge slowly through her veins with a golden heaviness.
She loved the island and the town itself, the skies forever mottled with their darkly glowing clouds, the sunlight that followed the rains, the blowing of the winds from the floor of the sea. If she could have cast her life there as she wished she would have asked nothing better of existence. But who can cast his life? she thought bitterly. Who, according to the old precept, can live to himself alone? Not she, at any rate.
She dropped the brush. Which dress for tonight? The green gettette was pale as a shallow tide, frosted with a foam of lace. She liked it, but it seemed to belong to a different mood, not this hard brilliant one of cold reason. No, not the green. The coral, perhaps, sophisticated and alluring. Yes, the coral.
She moved restlessly on the stool before the dressing table. She was always moving these days. She was becoming as fidgety as Babs, who was a perfect specimen of modern youth, always on the fly, always just going somewhere or just returning. And with the thought there came the sharp rat-tat of the girl's hand young fist on the door.
"Come in!" called Diane.
"Whee-ew!" This is what I'd call wet, if you asked me!" The vital presence of Babs filled the room.
"Where've you been?"
"Out with Pettie Earleigh. Found another devastating shop where the Chinamen were beating gold and setting jade. This town ravishes me."
The girl peeled off her sweater and hung it, soaked, on the bed. The act snapped something in Diane.
"Pick that up, kid," she said sharply. Haven't you any regard for the rights of others?"
"I have been among the Solomon's," the old man said, smiling, "close to the ancient gods."
"I believe you," said Diane, quickly, laughing a little.
Always the quaint speech of the 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 their home in the Solomons," said the Pearl Dealer, "along with beauty. Some of the letter I brought back on the Pa. Would you like to come on board a little while? She is sweet-smelling, the boat, and rich with pearls. Her name means 'pearl shell,' you know."
"Gladly," said Diane. "Yes, I know it." It seemed to her that an hour on the white decks of the little ship would rest her soul, weary with its ugly shadows.
She walked beside the immaculate old man down to the wharves in the still waters of the harbor, and there among boats from every port of earth, it seemed, they went aboard the Pa. She was a trim creature of the brine and sun, taut and stanch. There was a striped awning in the lee of the deck house, and chairs beside a little table.
And halfway down the deck toward this brilliant small haven they met Kauli.
Kauli was six feet tall and the color of pale gold, and his body was the most perfect thing old Dame Nature knew how to make. His hair was black and sleek, and his mouth was as red as the hibiscus bloom that hung behind his left ear. His eyes were black, too, and so were the lashes that fringed them like a forest, and the teeth that showed in his quick smile were too white to

be real, it seemed. He wore white duck pants and shoes, and was naked 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 Kauli, Diane," he said, "my first mate and my aikane. None better, both ways."
"I'm happy to meet you, Miss Diane," said Kauli, 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. She had seen handsome men in these islands, strange, beautiful mixtures, and she had found some of them amazingly civilized, but this man was startling.
"Kauli is a graduate of U. C.," said the Pearl Dealer. "He spent 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 Berkeley and crammed."
"You must have, to take four years in three."
"Wasn't so hard. Just application."
"H'm," said Diane. She was wondering, "And now what? The Solomons?"
But the old Pearl Dealer was speaking about pearls and Kauli was swinging up the deck and down a companionway, to return presently with 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 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, wonderful!"
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."
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 Kauli sat leaning forward, 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 to permeate her with an unnatural beauty? She remembered her father in that moment, and the look of far countries she had sometimes seen in his city-bound eyes. And then she thought suddenly of her mother, of Babs—and Romane Sebastian. She sprang up.
"My goodness!" she said in confusion. "I promised to be home early, 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 you. 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 impossible 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 nothing."
She held out her hand to him impulsively and all three walked down the deck. At the worn gangplank Kauli laid his fingers on her arm.
"Aloha, Ka Punahou," he said softly.
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 he took leave of her with a beautiful grace.
"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 moment. What did Kauli mean when he told me good-by—after Aloha?"
"He called you the New Spring,"

and full of light. And then the rain 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 Kauli said a vital thing.
"He po hookahi, a so u 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 face her mother.
That was a cold matter, and Diane bore it with compressed lips. Late in the night she was still bearing it, her face abstracted. She was not hearing much, for in her ears was the sound of Kauli'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 ecstasy.
She heard her mother speak of Ramone and Babs and Dick, and 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. "The winds have 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 changing emotions for Diane. Her patience was worn beneath her mother's constant talk, Babs' frank fright at the prospect of Ramone's loss if he should hear of their escape. The Pa would soon be sailing and she would be left in Hilo—with Ramone.
Her heart was cold with the spectre of coming anguish, hot with memories of Kauli'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 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.
In three more days the Pa would sail and she would have only Ramone left! Maybe she would never again see Kauli'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 ship lying in the pearly harbor, but could not bring her feet to go. Maybe, after all, she had taken too much for granted. Maybe life had tricked her again.
But she did not know that life was 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, 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 afternoon the old man sent a note to Diane.
"My daughter (it read), 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 Kauli'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 the *ekolu* or *ka la*, the Third Brightness of the Sun, or *lialo la 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 wondering. Kauli's hand with the gold bracelet slipped over hers.
"This Sebastian, 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 Kauli. 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. "No sir," she answered. "But does that matter?"
"It is all that matters. Why do you do it?"
"Must I answer that, my friend?"
"You need not. The old man 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.
"That is not a fair question, aikane," he said. "Let me answer in her place. This woman is my woman, sent to me by the ancient gods. We knew each other at first sight, here by the table. My heart shouted and my soul bowed down in that moment. She is my woman and I am her man, forever and forever. I have answered, Have I not Diane?"

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"Yes! Oh, yes!" she whispered between sobs. "But I—must marry Ramone! For Babs, and Dick, and Mother! There is—no—money left!"
"And so they sell you," my old aikane's dream-child!" murmured the Pearl Dealer.
Diane did not hear him, for Kauli had risen and now held her against his heart. His lips were on her hair.
The old man had risen, too. He clasped his hands in native fashion and a sailor came to stand at attention. From his coat pocket the Pearl Dealer took a little box—a little 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. It 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 man who stood there—a trusted man.
"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 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 Pa, and that I, as captain, shall have married her to Kauli, the fisherman. And you, Lanu, wait for our next trip."
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?" gasped Diane.
"Closed a deal, my daughter," said the old Pearl Dealer gently, "in husband and cheap at the price. Come, kiss Kauli. The ancient gods are waiting."
For a moment she gazed at the shining town, at the receding wharf, at the golden light on sea and sky. Then, turning in Kauli's arms, she held up a radiant face.
"With all my heart and soul," she said. "I have come home—to stay!"
—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?
It's a mighty slim one—unless he himself makes the job, according to 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.
"During the past year, five hundred 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 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 work that 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 within the upflow comes. Many will be far ahead of what they expected to be in the next five or six years."

TIGHTENS BAN ON 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. E. Muncie, 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. Muncie 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?" the truck driver shouted back.