

## Poem of the Week

### CONFEDERATE DEAD

Now that the salt of their blood  
Stiffens the saltier oblivion of the sea,  
Seals the malignant purity of the flood,  
What shall we who count our days and bow  
Our heads with a commemorial woe  
In the ribboned coats of grim felicity,  
What shall we say of the bones, unclean,  
Whose verdurous anonymity will grow?  
The ragged arms, the ragged heads and eyes  
Lost in these acres of the insane green?  
The gray lean spiders come, they come and go;  
In a tangle of willows without light  
The singular screech-owl's tight  
Invisible lyric seeds the mind  
With the furious murmur of their chivalry.

Excerpt from *Selected Poems*,  
by Allen Tate (Scribner's, \$2.00)

some of them wielding hammers and crowbars, but the machine was as tight as a safe. The bolts inside held good.

After a few hours of this activity the enemy grew tired and decided to have a rest and lunch—right on top of the tank. Having eaten, they lay down on it for a siesta. At this moment one of the tankmen inside moved. The rebels instantly scattered away from the machine and renewed the attack with inflammatory grenades. The rubber of the tank caught fire.

"Inside we sat in silence and smoked cigarettes," says the commander of the tank. "It was the nineteenth hour of the fight, with the enemy all around us."

The fire burned for awhile, then went out before reaching the gasoline tanks. The crew of the tank heard the rebels consult among themselves. They decided to finish the job once and for all and not to stop until they saw the dead bodies of the tankmen and dragged them out of the machine.

A new attack began. Now there was nothing to hope for. The three fighters determined to kill themselves the instant the rebels succeeded in breaking into the tank.

Suddenly they heard a shell burst near the tank, then another, and then the cries of the wounded. The republican artillery, after infantry reconnaissance, had established accurate range, and was laying a screen of shells around the tank.

Then the cannonade quieted. The enemy had retreated to a safe distance and taken cover.

The decisive moment had come. It had to be used. This was their last and only hope of being saved.

The commander of the tank swung his gun round with difficulty and fired three shots. Then he took off the breechblock, gave it to the turret man and ordered him to escape. The enemy opened fire on the running man, who went flat behind the

ridge of a hill. The commander placed the machine gun at the opening, fired one round, and ordered the driver to run. He himself was the last to dash for safety.

The enemy sent a hail of bullets after them. The three fighters lay flat on the ground behind a hillock until the rebels grew tired of firing. Then they made another dash and then a third. It was the twenty-fourth hour of their resistance.

Now they stand before us, smoking and drinking water. Thoroughly they explain the situation to those who will soon attempt to bring back the tank with an armored towing engine under the cover of a barrage.

Finally they reached an irrigation canal. Wading in water up to their necks they reached the republican trenches at last.

What saved those men a thousand times lost? It was their determination, their desire not to give up to the enemy so much as their last sigh, their last breath of air, the last glance of their honest young eyes.—*Mikhail Koltsov*

### JAPAN'S BOY DIPLOMATS

from "The Observer," London

YOSHICHIKA and Tsunehika Tonami. The twelve- and nine-year-old sons of an Osaka bookseller, have entered the diplomatic field, perhaps with more success than some of their professional seniors have achieved.

They read in the newspapers of the wounding of the British Ambassador to China, Sir Hughe Montgomery Knatchbull-Hugessen, and of the bombing of the American liner, *President Hoover*.

Then they decided to give up a toy electric train for which their father had given them ten yen and to devote half of the money to flowers for Sir Hughe, the other half for a similar token of sympathy to the sufferers in the *President Hoover* bombing.

With this aim in view, they visited the British consulate in Kobe and the office of the American steamship company in the same city, and presented their gifts, with appropriate speeches in each case.

### THE REAL RENO

from "Cosmopolitan"

RENO is supposed to be the place where good marriages go when they die, the happy hunting ground of divorcées, but to tell the truth, there are twice as many elopements as broken marriages. The real ratio of happiness statistics is more than two to one.

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gambling and night life, but there are more beauty parlors than bars. Plenty of people have one foot in the grave and the other in Reno, but they need marcols more than morticians. See Naples and die—but see Nevada and take a new lease on life, is their slogan.

The town has its own cultured element which seldom comes in contact with the temporary residents. Aside from the business and retired people who have settled there, there is an artists' colony. The sage deserts coming up to meet snow-crested mountains offer unparalleled Landscapes for artists; James Swinerton, among others, selects it for his subjects. Robert Sherwood wrote *The Petrified Forest* in Reno. A number of novelists and historians make it their headquarters while gathering research material at the famous mining towns near by. The Comstock Lode mines in Virginia City, which yielded over seven hundred million dollars in silver ore, are still being operated and are less than an hour's drive from Reno. Here, too, are many mementos of Mark Twain, who started his writing career in this section. His cabin is preserved in a park in Reno.

Reno's growing resort reputation brings two types of visitors—those out for all-night gambling and sightseeing, and those seeking a regimen of rest, riding, hunting and fishing.—Virginia Kellogg

**POSTAGE STAMP HOUSE**  
from "Amérique," New York

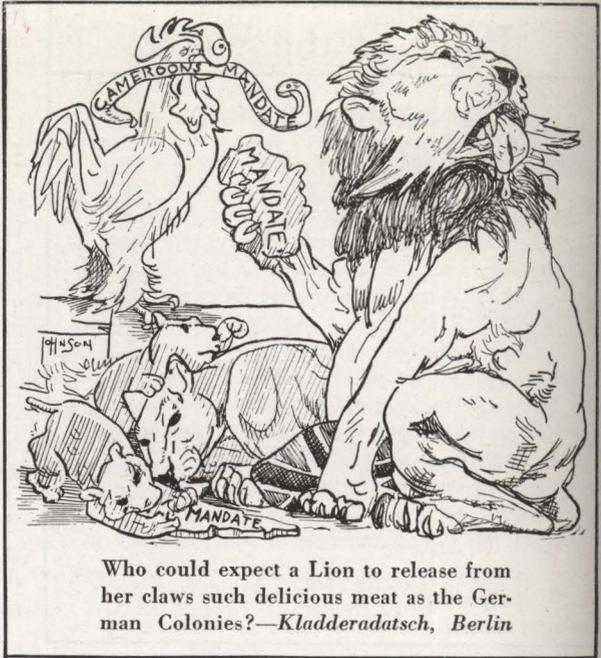
THE Rising Sun tavern in the village of North Bersted, Sussex, England, has a unique distinction. The interior is a mass of postage stamps.

The walls are covered with stamps from floor to ceiling. So is the furniture. And overhead there is a solid canopy of stamps.

The late owner of the tavern, Richard Sharpe, got his inspiration during Queen Victoria's Jubilee of 1887. It took him years to complete the decorations. It is estimated that there are now over eight million stamps in the walls and ceiling, a collection that would have a great value if the stamps had not been varnished when pasted.

**JUNGLE WARES**  
from Collier's

IT's really amazing the number of things you use every day that have their origins in the jungles—the same



Who could expect a Lion to release from her claws such delicious meat as the German Colonies?—Kladderatsch, Berlin

jungles from which I bring back pythons, rhinos, water buffalo, elephants and members of the cat family. Why, even the peaceful tabby that purrs comfortably on your hearthside is a cousin to my leopards and tigers.

Perhaps the material of the chair you are sitting in as you read this grew in the jungle. If it's a porch or sun-parlor chair, nine chances out of ten the "cane" in it is rattan. Rattan is a vine which grows luxuriantly in the tropics.

Perhaps your chair came direct to you from an American factory. If so, it was probably wrapped in what you call burlap. In the East this is called "gunny." It's the same thing. The burlap in any sack you see grew as a water reed—called jute—along the mouth of the sacred Ganges River in far-off India.

You are perfectly safe in licking any government stamp because the glue on all stamps is absolutely harmless. It's made from a jungle base—tapioca. Don't be surprised—it's the same tapioca on your stamps that you had in that pudding for dinner.

Did I mention chewing-gum? Of course—jelutong. A form of wild jungle rubber—entirely different from the cultivated variety used in the manufacture of elastic fabrics—forms the basis of most chewing-gums.

And how about that white shirt—or chemise—you're wearing? Every wife, or washerwoman, knows it was made white—strangely enough—by bluing. Without the jungle we would have no bluing for our laundries.

Bluing is made from indigo, and indigo is a wild jungle plant from which most blue dyes are made. Wild originally, it is now cultivated and planted by those commercial-minded natives.

Castor oil, another important commercial product, also comes from the jungle. It is extracted from the seeds of *Ricinus*