

The "neglected-rejected-lover," on the other hand, has a simple death. He has been turned down six times and feels that there is nothing left for him but to leave his love to another. These reasons are heard as the dictaphone plays back. The body is never found, as the lover leaped from a ship in mid-ocean.

The last suicide of importance is the "little-things" type. He is a bachelor and has no matches when the blond at the next table pulls out a cigarette. His toothpaste runs out after one of his rare alcoholic binges. He has no change for the telephone, or a shirt button is missing on his last clean shirt. He writes a long novel before his departure (his suicide has been pre-determined) explaining all the trials and tribulations of his troubled life. This novel-length note is found clutched in the body's hand on the floor of a modest three-room apartment.

Perhaps when the Cro-Magnon is as ancient as the Pithecanthropoan is today, and society's complexity has increased proportionately, there will appear many other interesting types of self-administered deaths for the existing race to investigate. Until then we must remain satisfied with the types that we have.

The Children's Shoe Department

Edna Bellenbach

ON Saturday afternoon the children's shoe department of a large store is a scene of noise and confusion for parents and clerks, but for the young customers it has the atmosphere of a party. The necessary delay caused by too many customers gives the boys and girls a chance to spend from ten minutes to a half-hour amusing themselves within the confines of the department, and the waiting period gives the casual observer a chance to see many kinds of children.

Most impressive are the bubble gum chewers. These boys and girls fall into two categories: the ones who methodically blow bubbles while staring into space, and the ones who move about the room trying to blow the largest pink bubble. The latter group are the most interesting because occasionally one of the bubbles bursts just as it reaches super large size and the sticky mass is left as a thin coating on the chewer's face. A child encountering this mishap may react to the situation by either "showing off" and laughing or by becoming angry. In either case he must remove the film of gum.

The inquisitive children cannot be overlooked. These boys and girls start to explore the department the minute they enter the area and do not stop until their parents practically drag them to their seats. They look into every show case and reach in if they can open the doors, they examine shoes which have been left on the floor, they open boxes stacked in the corners, and finally they discover the entrance to the stock room. This is the most wonderful discovery of

all, because there are so many boxes they can open, there are wrapping desk clerks who talk to them, and there are containers full of paper to burrow into until their parents find them.

There are quiet children everywhere, and the shoe department is no exception. However, the fact that they sit still does not mean that these children are less interesting than their noisy contemporaries. Some spend the entire waiting period sitting very still and moving their eyes quickly from side to side to survey the entire scene. The comic books, which are passed out as favors in a futile effort to maintain order, seem to have been made for such children. A few youngsters are able to read them in silence, but the majority must either read aloud or have one fond parent read the story to them. The style of reading varies from the faltering of second graders to the dramatic style of some parents who fancy themselves actors or radio commentators.

Noisy little boys, whooping like Indians in a western movie, and small girls pretending to be space ships add to the confusion. Chairs easily become stockades, and harassed clerks may be used as shields against an imaginary ray gun. Other children add to the noise by squealing, screaming and crying when they are waited on. Clerks, with the aid of parents, eventually succeed in fitting the shoes, but these youngsters try hard to prevent any action by making as much noise as possible.

Then there are the parents. There are doting mothers who laugh at the pranks of their own children and complain about the behavior of other boys and girls; there are fathers who become angry when their children stray and drag them back with a sharp slap where it does the most good; there are parents who argue over which pair of shoes to buy until everyone in the department hears their comments; there are parents who look at half a dozen kinds of shoes and buy none, and there are parents who delight the salespeople by quiet and co-operative action.

The children's shoe department is a wonderful place for an observer to see basic types of personality in action. It seems that at no other time or place do adults and children show their inherent character so clearly as they do while waiting amid the confusion of a busy store.

Pastoral

B. E. Vanderbilt

THE day was warm. Through the soft blue haze of the valley came the sound of rifle shot. Jim would be after rabbits again, thought Jane. Hmph! Can't be any rabbits left with the Nelson's hungry hounds loose all the time. Why would Jim waste so much shot after shadows.