

Our aim is to encourage deserving students who catch the spirit of St. Augustine's and who are ready to carry to others the teachings that they received here. As a means of keeping our records up to date, we are asking that all graduates and former students write their name and address on a post card and mail it to St. Augustine's College, Raleigh.

The other way that our Alumni Association may serve the College is to stand behind the program of its President. St. Augustine's College is

fortunate to have as its directing head the Rev. Edgar H. Goold, of whom Dean Payne of New York University, in his report on St. Augustine's College, wrote: "He has the confidence of the community, the respect of the faculty and students. He is a man of fine ability and enthusiasm, and is inspired with the spirit of service. He has the interest of the institution at heart, and is untiring in his efforts to build it up." On behalf of the Alumni Association, President Goold, we pledge you our unqualified support.

## JADE AND GOLD

A SHORT STORY By Sadie B. Mills

As he sipped his chrysanthemum-scented tea, Hok-su-min closed his eyes, dreamily. The scarlet hung room was fragrant with strange-smelling incense which drowsed his senses, and made companionship with his young grandson, Nun Li, pleasing.

Hok-su-min opened his eyes and looked at Nun Li. "My dear grandson," he said, in his pleasant voice, "in this life we give not enough thought to the forces which control us. These forces are all about us, but the fact is not realized. Light and shadow, music, motion, color, rhythm, and sweet perfume compose beauty. Of these, color predominates. Look to your own race. We, the descendants of the sun-god are yellow, the divine color. We are steeped in this hue which swirls over everything like a flood, leaving drowsiness and lassitude in its wake." "Ah, Life, my young Nun Li," mused Hok-su-min. "what is it, in its fullest sense? Naught but a flower whose petals are our years, either snatched by the wind, which is Youth, or bitten by

the frost, which is Age."

As Hok-su-min paused and meditated, Nun Li surveyed his grandfather speculatively. To him, Life seemed more of a puzzle than a flower. It was very odd to be sitting in this gorgeous room in his grandfather's wonderful palace. This was the Scarlet Room, the one chamber to which entrance had always been denied him. This was where his grandfather wrote the great books which were his gift to the civilization of his beloved China. It seemed to the boy, as he looked about, that every convenience of the Occident and every luxury of the Orient had been drawn in this apartment, which was nearly as famous and mythical as Hok-su-min himself. Hok-su-min the philosopher, the dreamer, the fanatic, in pursuit of beauty so lavishly spread about.

Furtively, Nun Li studied the old man's face, observing carefully the eyes. They were alert, grave, as was fitting; for Hoks-min was a philosopher whose fame had spread thru all of China. In Mongolia in Man-