

Life In Paris Described By Young Artist

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Isami Doi, Local Boy,
Writes About What He
Hears and Sees

By ISAMI DOI
(In Paris)

Like so many people of Hawaii, I have so often dreamed of this inevitable city of Paris, and today, by happy chance, I find myself in the self-same city that heretofore existed only in my troubled dreams. And yet, it may be well that one keeps on yearning, rather than to have their desires realized. I believe that one can enjoy sweeter moments dreaming of Paris, than actually living in the dream city. However, I am here, and Paris looks well to me, although I have been here only a few days.

Paris is not so different from the other great metropolis of the world. Life exists here much in the same manner as elsewhere, and fundamentally it is the Life that has been preordained by the stronger forces of the universe. Here we find the latest achievements of the art of living, beauty, wealth, culture and luxuries. But this is only one aspect of Life. We find here darkness too, poverty, ugliness, morbidity, and vice beyond description. These two aspects combined, make what we call Life; one of them cannot exist without the other. We find this to be true in any big city, and I know of no city that has only the beautiful things of life.

But Paris is a little different from the other cities like New York or Honolulu in its minor aspects. Of course the language is different, and I for one find it very hard to converse in French. Then, the necessities of life, like food and clothing, have a marked difference. It gives me pleasure to watch their apparels, and I cannot help but realizing that there is some finesse in it, in spite of the fact that it is so strange to me. Stranger still, is their food. Foods that I have never heard of, or consumed, are used by the French in great abundance. When I go to a restaurant, I have much trouble ordering what I want. I order one food, not knowing exactly what it may be, and then I worry and wonder what is coming to me. Once I ordered "Pieddle Veau" and they brought me a pig's foot, and I wondered what was there to eat in that.

Living expenses in Paris can be very inexpensive if one is very careful, and one may live on seventy cents a day, room and board. But it can be terribly expensive too, if one cares to live so. There is something fine about the manner in which the Parisians live, but I really don't know if they know better than the Americans or any other people. People in Honolulu may know just as much or more, but one has come to concede to the French too much authority in the art of living. The French people enjoy their manner of living and so does the people of Hawaii enjoy their own ways of life, and that is that. And yet one can learn to like immensely the Parisian art of living, and there is so much that is incomparable with any other. But so far I would enjoy "sashimi" and "sake" so much more than the foods here that have strange names.

The Japanese are rather scarce in Paris, and those who are here are mostly students and artists. There are some who study earnestly, but there are always others who have taken the easier path of life—by that I mean, loafing and preying upon innocent strangers. One must be very cautious in making acquaintances in Paris, because some of them have been away from home so long and don't give a damn what they do or become.

I think I shall enjoy my stay in Paris, and I also think that I may learn so many things of life that will help to better my own humble one. Indeed, Paris is a wonderful city both for pleasure and study, but for me it will be just study, since my means can afford only that much. Some future day, I hope I may come back to Paris just for

pleasure, but I may be too old then.

Hawaii is a heaven for me, and I shall always long for it. People in Hawaii don't realize the beauty and richness of life in the islands until they depart from it once. I know that Hawaii will be progressing rapidly in the various phases of life, and I hope to find it to be true when I return. In the meanwhile I shall be studying. Aloha-nui.

a few minutes, then add one cup of water, one-half teaspoon of salt, one-eighth teaspoon of pepper, a



By DOROTHY HERZOG

(Copyright, 1930, Premier Syndicate, Inc. HOLLYWOOD, Calif.—It happened in a theatre lobby. Between acts, Doug Fairbanks, Jr., pulled a cigarette lighter from his pocket. Before he could light it and his cigarette, a young chap dashed up to him with:

"I bet you \$5 it won't light!"

The man was a stranger to him but Doug took his bet. And won. The loser handed him the five dollars, while Doug didn't want to take.

"Why," curiously, "did you think my lighter wouldn't work."

"None do, as a rule."

Doug still refused to take the fiver.

"Go ahead. Take it. I make my living at this sort of thing."

"How's that?"

"I bet anybody I see with a lighter that it won't work. Five dollars is my smallest bet. I win on an average of 85 bets out of a hundred. I can afford to lose the other fifteen!"

Whereupon Doug pocketed the five dollar bill.

"NOTHING TO SAY."

Tother day a local paper man ran a yarn wherein Maxine Glass, attractive 21-year-old University of Southern California co-ed, admitted that the diamond ring adorning the fourth finger of her left hand was a Christmas present from Richard Dix. But she would not say whether 'twas an engagement or just a ring. Richard dodged telephone calls the day after this story appeared. Richard has been sleuthed to illuminate engagement rumors ere this. When cornered he just looks a little surprised and confesses: "I have nothing to say." In my time I've rumored the Dix boy engaged to more girls than you can shake a stick at. I don't join in the present ru-

of money. I do not want to go."

"Well, cheerio. Maybe I'll take a run out this afternoon."

"I wish you would, and I wish you would haff some good excuse for coming, too."

Newer Developments

Smith, smiling, hung up his receiver. He liked Rosenthal. He appreciated his position. He felt the sincerity of his protest. The phone rang under his hand. It was Serge.

"Say, just in the case you still want a report on that missing film. I've got it."

"You've accounted for, or located all of it?"

"Yes."

"I would like to see it."

"Sure. Any time you come out. If I am not here it is at the 'lab.' They will show you."

"Thanks."

A call came from Prof. Middleton. Smith listened to it and then said:

"Rather not discuss it on the phone. I've got an errand that will take me a couple of hours. Will you be in your office then? Fine. I'll be over."

(To Be Continued Tomorrow)

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