

# The Creighton Quarterly Shadows

THE STUDENT MAGAZINE OF  
THE CREIGHTON UNIVERSITY, OMAHA

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VOL. 32—NO. 3

APRIL, 1941

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Published four times a year. Subscriptions, one dollar a year; single copies, 25 cents. Entered at the Postoffice at Omaha under the Act of March 3, 1878. Acceptance for mailing at special rates of postage, provided for in Section 1103, Act of October 3, 1917, authorized on July 2, 1918.

Address all communications to The Creighton Quarterly Shadows, Creighton University, Twenty-fifth and California streets, Omaha, Nebraska.

## The Flowers of Spring Tra La

The trees are bare,  
The ground is cold,  
The landscape sere  
And old.

When lo! spring's breath  
Blows through the land,  
And all is colorful  
And grand.

Spring's breath is charmed!  
Wherever it blows  
The once dull earth  
Just glows!

Of all the blooms  
Spring's magic saves,  
The best ones are the fresh-found  
Babes!

For tots again  
Now toddle forth,  
As winter winds  
Fly north.

Where they were hid  
I can not say,  
But winter months found them  
Away.

And spring is more  
Than kind, I think,  
To bring them back with cheeks  
Of apple-blossom pink.

—By Eileen J. Boyle

# NO FOOL LIKE AN OLD FOOL

By HENRY F. BRISTOWE

**D**RY copy will dampen the spirits of any student newspaper staff. The particular staff of coeds, who were airing their grievances around the rickety old copy desk in Southwestern University's antique news room, had their spirits submerged in the sea of despair.

It was a typical March Thursday. Dust flying in the unceasing wind. No sun. But what was more important to the nine feminine journalists was simply this—

The girls had to edit and publish *The Skiff*, Southwestern's weekly news organ since it was customary to compete with the male members of the school of journalism in a contest. That was fine and dandy, but the available news this particular week was about as momentous as a Puritan Sunday.

"What's the count on an 8-B head?" asked Janice Andrews, *Skiff's* society editor and the editor-in-chief of the girl's edition.

Receiving no answer to her query, Janice, the most attractive coed in the school of journalism, continued, half-mad, half-dejected, "Why, oh, why doesn't something happen around this hick joint? I'd murder my grandmother for a hot story, but it's been done too often."

Janice was not alone in her desire for an outstanding yarn because Friday's paper had been put out by the boys, and it was fairly evident that the latter would walk away with the contest unless something no less important than Judgment Day broke, and right now.

Most of the girls had given up since it was three o'clock and the news deadline was four-thirty. But, a few of the

younger and not-so-bright would-be Elsie Robinsons were racking their brains.

"Why don't we get some girl to thumb her nose at the dean of women and get expelled?" one cute thing chirped.

The answers to this question were varied in their wording but very similar in meaning; namely, shut up. Several other ideas just as newsworthy but no more practical were suggested. All were vetoed.

"Get a load of these razzle-dazzles we have to use," buxom Georgia Delaney, the news editor, moaned, "P.-T.A. WILL BACK BOOK REVIEW SERIES; DEAN SCHMIDT LAUDS SPRING CLEAN-UP PROGRAM; NEWMAN CLUB RALLY DRAWS RECORD CROWD. How are those for examples of yellow journalism?"

Editor Andrews was pensive during the idle discussion. Miss Andrews was a ball of fire when she was in action, a very, very charming ball of fire. But when she was in a quiet and thinking frame of mind, she was about the most desirable young lady within a radius of some six hundred miles.

At least Jack Keegan thought so and had been thinking so since he and Janice had matriculated at Southwestern three years ago. Southwestern is located in Phoenix, Arizona, and, as many students quote, it is just three hundred miles from no where. Jack was the regular editor of *The Skiff* and gave the appearance of being extremely fond of Jack Keegan. Yet, Janice had found him to be an attentive escort, and she had more or less indicated that he was the boy for her.

They had worked together on the paper, had scrapped, made up, argued, vowed never to speak to each other. It was a typical college romance.

But now, the pretty news hawk was perturbed. Had

Brother Keegan taken just one step too far? She was beginning to think he had. For, when he learned Janice was to edit the coed's paper, he very confidentially advised her to ask for the second week, giving as a reason the fact that Friday of the second week was April First and all the school papers in the country were knockouts on April Fool's Day. Janice gritted her teeth when she reflected on how she smiled at Jack for his thoughtfulness. Was he not forsaking the boys' edition for his love of her? How noble!

Tommy rot! She had been duped because the boys turned up with a story about the coach, who had been at Southwestern twenty-two years, being fired for attempting to subsidize some high-school ace in New Mexico.

That was only half of it. The day work was started on the coed's issue, Dean O'Brien had given Janice a notice informing her that "any attempt at April Fool news items in *The Skiff* will be met with discipline. This is a precaution I have taken to avoid a repetition of the 1934 April First when *The Skiff* informed its readers that President Ogden's body was found in bed, not mentioning that his soul was still in the body."

When Janice learned the ruling was made at the suggestion of Mr. Jack Keegan, she was furious. But realizing tears and sighs won't help any paper, the girls put the finishing touches on the news they had, checked the make-up dummy and were just lolling in the news room for lack of something more exciting to do.

In another part of the school, a student was lolling but not for want of excitement. It was Jack Keegan and, as he was stretched out in the student clubrooms, he hit upon a plan that amazed even himself. It was a natural, he thought.

As he went to the phone booth, the feminine element of the journalism school was preparing to leave for the print

shop. Beth Jensen was returning to her desk for a list of the over-set stories, and Jack Keegan was jiggling the hook of the clubroom phone.

"Give me the news room, sister," the cocky editor chanted to the switchboard operator who thought that tar and feathers would be too good for any journalist.

"Hello," Keegan shouted, "Is this the office of the Skiff? Something terrible has just happened here in the new library building. Mrs. Hughes fell down the elevator shaft."

That was all the youthful reporter needed to know. Beth slammed down the receiver without acknowledgment and grabbed her coat as she screamed, "Hold the presses! The librarian fell down the elevator shaft. Come on, Janice, we'll cover it like poison gas."

Keegan was beside himself. Little did he know what repercussions there might be. For the same Mrs. Hughes had fallen earlier in the week although it was but two steps on her stairway at home. His ignorance of the librarian's minor injury was not strange since it was traditional at Southwestern that journalism students completed a four-year course without seeing the inside of the library.

The girl reporters who had swung into action on such short notice were racing up the steps to the library with their hearts fluttering. Janice had only one mental picture: Jack Keegan humbled. Her companion was too breathless to do any spiteful thinking. The library was deserted. There was no crowd around the elevator shaft. This didn't daunt the coeds, but they gasped as they approached the desk to find Mrs. Hughes herself checking over cards and humming gayly.

"Why, my dear girls, why are you so pale?" the white-haired woman asked.

"We just heard about your terrible accident. We're very sorry it happened. We are reporters from the *Skiff*, and we want more details," Beth said very sincerely.

"There's a draft in here. don't you think? Wait until I close that window, and I'll tell you all about it," the kindly Mrs. Hughes replied.

She lifted her cane from a hook and hobbled over to the window. At last, she mused, she would get her name in the *Skiff*. It would be the very first time it had appeared since she had been appointed twenty-nine years ago. Let those other faculty members look down their noses at her now. Huh.

Wide-eyed with admiration, the reporters watched the old lady who not five minutes before had fallen through an elevator shaft. She limped a little, but no other traces of the accident were noticeable. It was incredible.

"Now what would you like to know?" the stately woman asked, managing to restrain her desire to start talking at once.

"How did it happen, Mrs. Hughes?" one of the girls inquired, note book and pencil ready.

"It's a funny thing," she replied. "I guess I lost my balance and could find nothing to grab for support. Wasn't that silly of me?"

What stamina! What bravery! Joking about a terrible fall that could have been fatal, Janice thought as she continued her questioning, "Were you hurt?"

"I guess you could say I was, although right now I feel as if I could whip my weight in wild cats. I sprained my ankle a little, got a catch in my back, and bruised my hip. Outside of that I'm fit as a fiddle," was the answer.

Knowing that it would soon be too late to run the ac-

count of the accident, the two thanked the "invalid" and virtually flew to the eager staff.

Beth grabbed the Southwestern *Who's Who* and compiled biographical data on Mrs. Hughes while Janice wrote the lead and accompanying facts. As the last line was typed and the four-column headline composed, the girls sat back and chuckled. Fifteen minutes ago, they were doomed to defeat. Now, with a story twice as hot as the coach's dismissal, they were assured of victory. A round of cokes and a cake were ordered from the corner store. Southwestern's powder puff news gatherers were going to celebrate. So indebted were they to Mrs. Hughes that they sent her a piece of cake.

According to custom, the Skiff was distributed to each student as he entered the auditorium for Friday morning's convocation. As soon as the students had seated themselves and opened the paper, a few gasps were followed by a general buzzing. Could it be true? Poor Mrs. Hughes, kind Mrs. Hughes.

The faculty filed onto the rostrum and took their seats. Papers were passed out to them and though they forbade a student to read during convocation, it was rare when a quick glance at the headlines wasn't made by the vain pedagogues. Several gave a start, one jumped from his seat, the chemistry instructor and the gym teacher removed their glasses before taking a second look at that huge headline which read: Librarian Unhurt After Tumble Down Elevator Shaft; and in smaller type: Mrs. Hughes Loses Balance, But Sustains No Injuries. The story ran:

Mrs. J. O. Hughes, Southwestern university's librarian, was unhurt after falling fourteen feet through the elevator shaft in the new library building Thursday afternoon.

Skiff reporters interviewed Mrs. Hughes five min-

utes after the fall and she was apparently unhurt, stating: "I feel all right. I could whip my weight in wild-cats."

The accident occurred when she was standing by the open elevator. Apparently, she opened the safety gate to see if the carrier were up or down. She lost her balance and could find nothing to grab for support, she related to Skiff reporters.

A sprained ankle, a catch in her back, and a bruised hip were the extent of Mrs. Hughes' injuries, she said. This is the twenty-ninth year of service for her at Southwestern. Born in a little town in Iowa in 1887, she received schooling at home and at Grinnell college. In 1910, she married J. O. Hughes, who died three years later.

Mrs. Hughes has as a hobby the collection of first editions. Her favorite sport as a participant is lawn croquet, as a spectator, chess.

Dean of men Taylor dismissed the assembly and the usual procedure followed. Mrs. Hughes was too upset to be questioned. From the atmosphere, Janice realized in a flash that she had been the victim of a subtle knifing by her former friend, Mr. John Brooks Keegan, whom she would like to murder, quarter, and draw, and boil the remains in oil.

She blamed herself for being so gullible, but beneath it all, Janice was terribly hurt and had to grit her teeth to refrain from sobbing as she waited to be interviewed by Mr. Taylor.

Meanwhile, Keegan had been far from idle. Phoning the city room of the Phoenix Times-Delphic, he asked for Dave Sullivan of the school beat, an old friend of Keegan's. In fact he and Keegan had been extremely close since two

weeks ago on St. Patrick's Day. It was on that festive occasion that Keegan had saved Sullivan's job by covering an important auto accident while the latter was in a stupor out at the Mile Away Inn.

Keegan didn't mince words with the downtown reporter. He informed him that the National Collegiate Press association conducted each year an April Fool edition contest and that he wanted the current *Skiff* entered on the grounds that everyone at Southwestern had been fooled in one way or another. He outlined the prank, telling him how Mrs. Hughes had fallen at home, how he had called Janice, ignorant of the previous accident.

Just why Sullivan was asked to enter *The Skiff* in the contest was evident. His brother, George, was president of the Collegiate Press group that was sponsoring the contest and was one of the three judges who picked the winner.

Keegan knew first prize was a trip to New York to the National Pressman's convention for the editor of the winning edition. This he was sure would square him with Janice, but he was fully aware that it was the only thing that would iron out the little matter and he didn't want it to slip.

Sullivan, recalling the merry St. Patrick's Day, assured the youth that *The Skiff* would win even if he had to blackmail Brother George.

Back in Dean Taylor's scholastic death chamber, Janice was wringing her hands praying the dean would hurry up and kick her out or shoot her or whatever he intended to do. Mrs. Hughes, with the aid of aspirin tablets, had regained sufficient equilibrium to explain her part in the mix-up. The Dean's eyebrows were raised to an all-time high as he listened to the librarian's tale of woe.

"Honestly, Mr. Taylor," she sobbed, "I never said one word about an elevator. Those girls came to me and asked

me how I felt after my accident. I thought they meant the fall I had at home last Monday."

Now Mr. Taylor was a typical dean of men. He knew students and he knew Janice Andrews better than many of the faculty members. He had a feeling she was innocent, yet, he mustn't let on to her. He ushered Mrs. Hughes out of his office, glaring at Janice, who was waiting fearfully by the door.

"Come in, if you please, Miss Andrews," the dean said dryly, attempting to conceal his true state of mind.

Shaking and nervous, Janice entered his office.

"I'll be brief, Miss Andrews," Dean Taylor barked, "If I am in error stop me. You supervised the publication of this fabrication. You knew Dean O'Brien had forbidden any journalistic pranks on April First. You have willfully disobeyed a school ordinance. What have you to say?"

"I can't explain, sir," the frightened coed murmured.

Feeling as if he were a brute because he was terrorizing the young lady, the dean assumed a gentler manner.

"Now, now, my dear," he said, "you go to your dormitory and I'll investigate the matter. Meanwhile, don't discuss it with anyone. Come to my office at a quarter to six tonight."

Baffled at this sudden change in the dean, Janice was forced to believe he was softening her for the final blow—expulsion. Anyhow, she was determined not to let Keegan know he had outsmarted her. If she called her parents in Cactus Ridge, they would be all worked up and her father might do something drastic.

So she went to her room only to learn that Jack had been trying to reach her for an hour. It was nearly noon and she

wouldn't go out for lunch for fear of meeting him. Actually, she was afraid of what she might do. They had been such close friends. She had even worn his fraternity pin for a year. Now she didn't trust herself.

Janice managed to cry herself to sleep about one o'clock. Keegan was frantic in his attempts to reach her. No one in the dormitory would tell him where she was. It was the first time in his three years at Southwestern he had been behind the eight ball in any affair, of the heart or otherwise. He thought a few beers might snap him out of it. Hurrying downtown to the Gilded Goose, he tried to drown his sorrows. It was no use. After the third glass, he went over to see Sullivan at the Times-Delphic for the latest developments on the April Fool contest.

Sullivan had no news except that his brother had wired him to stand by because the winner was to be announced over Fred Waring's six o'clock program that night. Dave emphasized the fact that wiring the entire Skiff story and details to his brother had cost him twenty-three dollars and thirteen cents. Keegan likewise emphasized the fact that Sullivan wouldn't have had twenty-three dollars and thirteen cents if he hadn't saved his job for him two weeks before. Sullivan only nodded.

With anxiety eating him up, the desperate Keegan hurried to the coed's dormitory and leaned against the bell. The house mother, in her 1900 garb, looked down her nose at the youth, sniffed the beer, and slammed the door. He rang again and again. Finally, he gave up and started toward the club rooms. On the way, he met Hilda Mullen, Janice's roommate.

He begged her for a word about Janice. Where was she? Had she left school? Was she all right? Hilda was pledged to reveal nothing to the scoundrel, but she was certain Janice wouldn't care if Keegan found out what time her appoint-

ment with the dean was. For this little bit of information, the informant received a wholesome kiss.

Keegan had to work quickly. He had just forty-five minutes to devise a fast one. Since fast ones were his specialty, he went to his room to give the matter a little thought. The contest winner would be announced at six o'clock. Janice's conference with the dean was scheduled for five forty-five. Could he trust Dave Sullivan? Would The Skiff win and would Janice get the trip? He could only hope and pray.

Zie! It came to him like that.

Without wasting a moment, he grabbed his portable radio and headed for the dean's office. It was five thirty-two. If only the office were empty, what's more, unlocked! It was both. Keegan hid himself behind a file case and waited. Why didn't they come, he thought. Five forty-one, forty-two.

Voices.

It was only the watchman telling Janice the dean had said he would be a few minutes late and for her to go on in and wait. Janice thanked him and went in.

Keegan was beside himself. What if she wandered around the office and found him? He broke out in a clammy sweat.

He could hear her moving around the office.

She picked up an old Skiff and read aloud:

"WHAT IS THE COEDS' PLACE AT SOUTHWESTERN, by JOHN B. KEEGAN. This is the first in a series of articles in which the coed situation at Southwestern will be discussed. The consensus is . . ."

Janice, dropping the paper, broke off and began to sob, to herself, "Oh, Jack, how could you do it?"

Poor Jack was on the verge of losing his mind. Why

didn't that dean get here. Ordinarily, he would have quieted Janice with that broad smile and reassuring chatter for which he was well-known.

His heart skipped a beat-and-a-half when he realized it was three minutes until six. Three minutes and his little plan had to go through, rain or shine.

He was staking everything on the one hope that Fred Waring would announce the winner the first thing. By tuning in at thirty seconds after six, Jack would just catch the announcement. He would then turn up the volume and scoot around the file case and seclude himself behind the door leading into the auditorium. The immortal gods were in the driver's seat from then on.

"Good evening, Miss Andrews," came the mellow words of Dean Taylor to break the silence.

One minute and twenty seconds until six.

"Good evening, sir," Janice, red-eyed, replied softly.

"Now, Miss Andrews, I know you are all upset. Please relax. I just want to discuss this with you rationally and see if you are guilty. Dean O'Brien has been in a rage all day. He demands your expulsion. But, just between the two of us, Dean O'Brien is getting a wee bit old. He's a bachelor, you know, Jan—I mean, Miss Andrews, and naturally he doesn't understand women," the dean continued casually and Janice's face lit up.

"However, some action must be taken. You will be under suspension for exactly—"

AND NOW, CHESTERFIELD FANS, FROM COAST TO COAST, came the blast from behind the file case, HERE IS THE WINNER, OR SHOULD I SAY, WINNERS, OF THE NATIONAL COLLEGIATE PRESS ASSOCIATION'S APRIL FOOL CON-

TEST: MISS JANICE ANDREWS, OF THE SOUTHWESTERN UNIVERSITY SKIFF, FOR THE BEST APRIL FOOL YARN, AND MR. JOHN KEEGAN, SKIFF EDITOR, WHO FOOLED MISS ANDREWS ON HER OWN STORY.

By this time, the dean's eyes were popping out of his head. Jack had fixed the volume so that there would be no doubt as to what was said. Janice was speechless. The two rightful occupants of the room reached the little radio simultaneously, and as they were about to pick it up, this followed:

AND MISS ANDREWS AND MR. KEEGAN WILL RECEIVE A TRIP BY AIR TO THE NATIONAL PRESSMAN'S MEETING HERE IN NEW YORK WHICH OPENS MONDAY. WE WERE TOLD JUST BEFORE BROADCASTING TIME THAT THE TWO STUDENTS WERE TO BE ACCOMPANIED BY A FACULTY MEMBER OF THEIR OWN CHOOSING.

Both the dean and Janice were so bewildered by the startling radio broadcast that they weren't much more shocked as Keegan, elated at the news of his trip, appeared before them.

Janice renewed her crying, but put the tears on a more joyful level. Jack shook the dean's hand saying, "We congratulate you, Mr. Taylor, on being chosen to accompany the winners of the April Fool contest to New York. You are indeed fortunate."

"It's all so sudden, Keegan. I can hardly believe it. I was about to suspend Miss Andrews for . . . Say how long will we be gone?"

"Two weeks," Jack replied.

"That settles it then," the man stated. "Miss Andrews

you are hereby suspended for two weeks. And Jack and I shall see that you stay off the campus. And as for you, Dean O'Brien, I hope you are satisfied."

Meanwhile, Jack and Janice had managed to find a comfortable seat atop the dean's desk, and as that disciplinarian stooped over to pick up the radio a kiss was exchanged by the April Foolers with total disregard for the fact that it was the office of the dean of men, a place where such displays of affection are taboo in many schools.

The radio was blaring as Mr. Taylor lifted it up.

AND NOW, AS WE CLOSE THIS CHESTERFIELD TIME, LET US DEDICATE THE NEXT NUMBER TO THOSE HAPPY SOUTHWESTERN APRIL FOOLERS, JANICE ANDREWS AND JOHN KEEGAN. "FOOLS RUSH IN WHERE ANGELS FEAR TO TREAD."

"You said it, brother, you said it," answered the relieved John Brooks Keegan.

# ARE YOU GETTING YOUR SHARE?

By LOUISE B. W. WOEPPEL

ON public library shelves, on book-store counters, tucked into obscure corners in home bookcases are some of the world's literary treasures, written in poetry. Are you getting your share of this wealth?

If disillusioned modern commentators are to be accepted as authoritative judges, modern poetry is read only by poets. Would that be your verdict?

Such neglect of verse is of modern origin. From the Golden Age of Pericles until the beginning of the modern era, verse provided entertainment, education and inspiration for its hearers or readers. Let us hold some of these gems up to the light of modern analysis to see if they retain their beauty today.

No student of literary history will deny that Shakespeare was popular among his contemporaries. To follow the careers of Hamlet and Macbeth, the "groundlings" jostled one another for hours in the pit of the theatre. The plots of these powerful dramas were as melodramatic as the twentieth century mysteries, but Shakespeare surpasses our contemporaries in his choice of style, dramatic blank verse. Thought gains depth and emotion gains power when it is expressed in this manner. Moreover, Shakespeare understood human nature as few modern writers do. Note how he handles the "Love at first sight" theme in *Anthony and Cleopatra*:

Enobarbus in describing Antony's first dinner date with Cleopatra:

. . . Our courteous Antony,  
Whom ne'er the word of "No" woman heard speak,  
Being barbered ten times o'er, goes to the feast,  
And for his ordinary pays his heart  
For what his eyes eat only.

To explain the siren's charm to the incredulous newcomers, he says:

Age cannot wither her, nor custom stale  
Her infinite variety. Other women cloy  
The appetites they feed, but she makes hungry  
Where most she satisfies.

What man would not wish to meet such a charmer?  
What woman would not be enchanted to hear herself so described by an unwilling male admirer?

Dryden, in the play, *All For Love*, expresses the love of Cleopatra in blank verse, a fit medium for such ardent sentiments:

. . . my love's a noble madness,  
Which shows the cause deserved it. Moderate sorrow  
Fits vulgar love, and for a vulgar man;  
But I have loved with such transcendant passion,  
I soared, at first, quite out of reason's view,  
And now am lost above it.

I suspect every man would like to inspire such devotion, and every woman would wish to find someone who could arouse a similar response in her.

In skillful hands verse forms are capable of many effects. Both Moliere and Pope found verse a keen weapon for satire. The compression and intensity necessary in verse add to the pungency of the thought. To be criticized in prose is annoying. To be libelled in verse is disastrous to one's standing in the community. No hypocrite and his innocent victim have been better portrayed than in these lines from *Tartuffe*:

ORGON: What's happening? And how is everybody?

DORINE: Madam had fever, and a splitting headache  
Day before yesterday, all day and evening.

ORGON: And how about Tartuffe?

DORINE: Tartuffe? He's well;  
He's mighty well; stout, fat, fair, rosy-lipped.

ORGON: Poor man!

This is the beginning of a rollicking satire on a certain clergyman whose practices lacked sincerity and piety. There is a sparkle about all the conversations written by Moliere, a wit that prose could imitate but not surpass. Pope who chose shorter verse forms, has furnished modern people with many of their favorite epigrams. Maxim in verse is more potent and more easily remembered than the same thought in blunt prose. Who has not been reminded, by some teacher.

A little learning is a dangerous thing;  
Drink deep, or taste not the Pierian spring.

Again, the scientific mind of to-day is heard in this comment:

What can we reason, but from what we know?

The universal plan of all creation appears in these famous lines:

All nature is but art, unknown to thee;  
All chance direction, that thou canst not see.

The ability to strip people of their pretenses is apparent in modern poets also. Arthur Guiterman looks at people with a magnifying glass that bears the stamp of good humor rather than satire:

It seems that fools are persons who  
Presume to disagree with you,  
Who fail to take your good advice.

As one waits at an intersection, because a car is bearing down upon one, contrary to the signals, the average person reasons with Guiterman:

My right of way is plain enough,  
But still I'll wait a little;  
That car is wrong, but hard and tough;  
I'm right, but soft and brittle.

This poet levels all men with these thoughts:

No matter what we are and who  
Some duties everyone must do.

Throughout the centuries poets have been the voices for less gifted people. If one cannot sublimate or express an emotion in verse, he can find comfort and pleasure in reading another's reaction to the same moods. The pessimists are represented by Gray, whose "Elegy" has found a permanent niche as the vocalization of the melancholy mood. A modern poet who also occasionally expresses our moments of disillusionment is Joseph Auslander. In the "Soliloquy in the Grove" he muses:

Faugh! there is nothing now save garrulous folly,  
And settled melancholy,  
And hate,  
And the despot hammering loudly at the gate!

Fortunately, neither Mr. Auslander nor we need resort to violence when we can find an outlet in verse. It is not a simple remedy for an indigo mood.

Humor, in verse, is just as effective and usually more piquant than humor in prose. Everyone has regained their perspective, at some time, with Burns' comment:

O wad some Power the giftie gie us  
To see oursels as ithers see us!  
It wad frae mony a blunder free us,  
An' foolish notion.

Humor, without a sting, is also characteristic of some of our modern poets. Louis Untermeyer, Ogden Nash, Guiterman and others laugh good-naturedly with the human race at its foibles. Women poets also become objective enough, at times, to laugh at themselves. In "Twentieth Century Valentine," Rachel Field writes:

Out of my love and pen and ink  
I will make you a Valentine, —  
Lace at the edge and a rose in pink  
Where two round hearts entwine;  
A hovering dove and a knot of blue,  
But a blank where the rhyme should be,  
Lest time play tricks upon us, too,  
And you say: 'Now *who* was she?'

Humor, the seasoning of life, has been well defined in these lines from Guiterman:

Who shall question that hereafter  
Up above  
There'll be humor, which is laughter  
Mixed with love.

drab routines of daily life, he may decide to travel to new drag routines of daily life, he may decide to travel to new scenes on the wings of verse. If the reader be inclined to mysticism, he will enjoy the ecstatic visions of Dante in "Paradise," or the vivid picture disclosed in the "Inferno." If the reader prefers the light touch in literature, he may enjoy Aristophanes' play, "The Frogs," in which Bacchus visits Perdition. It is a witty account of the Athenian hell. As Charon is about to leave the short of earth, Bacchus calls to his slave, Xanthias:

CHARON: I take no slaves aboard  
Except they've volunteer'd for the naval  
victory.

XANTHIAS: I could not — I was suffering  
with sore eyes.

CHARON: You must trudge away then.

Regardless of one's religious convictions, one may read this play with a great deal of enjoyment. The chorus of frogs, who give the title to the play, are most amusing and unique.

Modern lovers of the tales of horror should delve into "The Rime of the Ancient Mariner" by Samuel Taylor Coleridge. These lines are a fair sample of what Coleridge could write:

An orphan's curse would drage to hell  
A spirit from on high;  
But oh! more horrible than that  
Is a curse in a dead man's eye!  
Seven days, seven nights, I saw that curse  
And yet I could not die.

One wonders what a modern writer of gruesome tales would

do, if he were to write his narratives in verse which intensifies the emotional impact of the thought. Unfortunately few men of today can afford to spend the time and energy necessary to achieve the desired effect.

Men of all ages have felt the beauty of nature. The poets have captured this beauty in lines which deepen our understanding of nature's glories. All of us respond more intensely to the daffodils, since Wordsworth wrote about them, as they "flashed upon that inward eye." We again catch the wonder of childhood, as he did, when he observed:

My heart leaps up when I behold  
A rainbow in the sky.

To modern poets, the recurrent seasons bring new inspiration. Have you ever thought of straw stacks as does Paul Bliss?

Straw stacks,  
Moulded by the winds  
Into Materhorns  
And Mont Blancs . . .  
Straw stacks like yellow volcanos,  
Straw stacks like the locks of Brunhilde. . . .

Women poets, Sara Teasdale among them, have sought and found inspiration in nature also. What memories of mountains these lines recall:

Aloof as aged kings  
Wearing like them the purple,  
The mountains ring the mesa  
Crowned with a dusky light.

Whether one dream of exotic cities or long for the singing silence of the country, he may find a poet who has the same yearnings and has expressed them adequately. There is a poet for every mood.

It should be apparent that there are contemporary poets who write in the modern idiom, about today's people and their problems. To satisfy the modern delight in novelties, these poets have experimented with many verse forms.

Although these new forms may not all endure, they indicate the inventive spirit of modern versifiers. With so many writers exploiting their individualities, with such varied treasures between the book covers, our problem becomes one of choice. Where may one find the poetry that expresses one's own moods and opinions?

Do you enjoy classical art in sculpture and music? Do your eyes caress reproductions of statues such as the Olympian Hermes? Does the sound of a Bach fugue send shivers of delight down your spine? Does classical architecture embody your concept of proportion and dignity? If so, you will enjoy the balanced beauty of certain poetic forms, such as the sonnet or ode. Both are handled adequately by contemporary writers if one prefers the modern diction and subject to the traditional ones. E. A. Robinson popularized the narrative sonnet, such as this:

Ten years together without yet a cloud,  
 They seek each other's eyes at intervals  
 Of gratefulness to firelight and four walls  
 For love's obliteration of the crowd.  
 Serenely and perennially endowed  
 And bowed as few may be, their joy recalls  
 No snake, no sword; and over them there falls  
 The blessing of what neither says aloud.

Wiser for silence, they were not so glad  
 Were she to read the graven tale of lines  
 On wan face of one somewhat alone;  
 Nor were they more content could he have had  
 Her thoughts a moment since of one who shines  
 Apart, and would be hers if he had known.

Are you essentially romantic in your viewpoint? Do modern fairy-tale narratives satisfy your desire for fiction? Such people usually feel intensely. To provide such a person with stimulation, with a catharsis of emotion or a sublimation of desire, lyrics have much to offer. They vary from the light subject, expressed in a quick, bright tempo, to the solemn processional phrasing of meditation or grief.

All variations upon the tune of love, returned or unrequited, may be found in lyrics of many periods and from many places. One of the most successful is Elizabeth Barrett Browning, who expressed in verse thoughts which would have been taboo in prose in the conservative Victorian period in which she lived. All women in love might say with her:

If thou must love me, let it be for nought  
 Except for love's sake only. Do not say  
 'I love her for her smile—her look—her way  
 Of speaking gently,—for a trick of thought  
 That falls in well with mine, and certes brought  
 A sense of pleasant ease on such a day'—  
 For these things in themselves, Beloved, may  
 Be changed, or change for thee,—and love, so wrought  
 May be unwrought so.

Men of today, as well as women, find the old subject of love a new source of inspiration. Joseph Auslander, philosophizing upon the power of love, says:

Love will never let rest  
 The heart that once has known it  
 Nor leave at peace the breast  
 That would disown it,  
 Love knowing best.

Everyone feels the power of love at some time. Poets were born to administer to other mortals at such a moment. Why not take advantage of their gifts?

Do you prefer action to static, slow-moving beauty? Folk ballads, from the early writers to Kipling and Masefield, possess a color and charm that fascinate with their movement and vigor. When your time permits, read some of the epics which have demanded much of the story-tellers since the time of Homer. In "London Town," Masefield writes with his customary vitality:

Oh, London Town's a fine town, and London sights are rare,  
 And London ale is right ale, and brisk's the London air,  
 And busily goes the world there, but crafty grows the mind,  
 And London Town of all towns I'm glad to leave behind.

While this might well express the viewpoint of modern Lon-

doners, it was written as representative of the rustic's reaction to a city.

Does the rhythm or cadence please you, but rime assail your ears, attuned to the tireless metronome of the Machine Age? From Christopher Marlowe to E. A. Robinson blank verse has provided a medium of poetic expression that is less restricted and more supple than rime. Poets have found it adaptable to narratives as well as to drama, although contemporary playwrights, with the notable exception of Maxwell Anderson, have not utilized blank verse to any great extent. It has the sonority and sweep of ocean breakers, as well as their magnitude. If the latter have power to soothe you, try blank verse when you need such relaxation. In Robinson's *Tristan* blank verse adds a winsome charm to the legend, which might have lost its unreality if written in prose:

Wings are but once for most of those who fly  
Till they see time lying under them like a mist  
That covers the earth. We have had wings and flown,  
And one of us comes to earth again, and time,  
Not to find much time left; and that is best  
For her. One will have wings to fly again;  
And that is best for him.

Has any poet better expressed the difference in the temperaments of a home-loving woman and an adventurous man?

Are you the sort of person to whom any of the methodical restrictions of rhythm seem an imposition? If so, you may find "vers libre," sometimes called rhythmic or polyphonic prose, your choice for a leisure time activity. Some of Walt Whitman's verse, as well as many of Carl Sandburg's descriptive lines belong in this category. If you prefer the unexpected, aurally speaking, this form of verse is excellent. Of all verse forms, it most resembles prose, without subscribing to the nonpoetic limitations imposed by

a good prose style. Note the individuality of these lines from "Prairie" by Carl Sandburg:

I was born on the prairie and the milk of its wheat, the red of its clover, the eyes of its women, gave me a song and a slogan.

The prairies sing to me in the forenoon and I know in the night I rest easy in the prairie arms, on the prairie heart.

After the sunburn of the day  
 handling a pitchfork at a hayrack,  
 after the eggs and biscuit and coffee,  
 the pearl-gray haystacks  
 in the gloaming  
 are cool prayers  
 to the harvest hands.

When one reads free verse such as this he discovers that this offspring of prose and poetry has a peculiar appeal all its own.

Are you especially sensitive to sense impressions from the outer world? In that case, the Imagists, of whom Amy Lowell is an outstanding example, will help you to gain the greatest pleasure from your contacts with the world of nature. The distinctness with which the Imagist observes, the clarity of his memory, the richness and originality of his imagery, provide a new magnifying glass with which to enjoy the sensuous world. In "Purple Grackles" Amy Lowell writes:

Yes, now I see that the hydrangea blooms are rusty;  
 That the hearts of the golden glow are ripening to lustreless seeds;  
 That the garden is dahlia-colored,  
 Flaming with its last over-hot hues;  
 That the sun is pale as a lemon too small to fill the picking ring.

Do not such lines open one's eyes to the advent of autumn? The world of the Imagists is a beautiful one and they have left the door ajar so that we all may enter their universe if we will.

There is a poet and a poem for every mood, every mind, every age of man. In sensuous appeal, emotional impulse,

appealing sentiments and universality of scope, poetry provides riches for all types of intellect.

Unfortunately, the modern scientific approach to tangible objects has blinded many persons to the values inherent in the intangible realities. As one must be aware of love by noting its effect upon oneself and others, as one must accept religion as embodying the "evidence of things not seen," so one may realize the existence of beauty that is not seen, nor heard, but felt as an appreciation of an image evoked in our minds by the words of another lover of the beautiful. When the form that expresses the thought is also beautiful, as in poetry, the intensity of this appeal is heightened. We enjoy beauty that belongs to all the world, we have the key to this rich treasure chest, that is heaped with the literary wealth of the ages, but each person must search for his own.

Are you getting your share of these riches?

## Good Friday

The purple galled His torn back;  
The crown upon His head  
Was not one worthy the royal blood  
So freely shed.

He stumbled over stones, but bled  
For hearts more hard than stone;  
Amid Jerusalem's cruel crowds  
He wept alone.

"Forgive them for they have not known  
Their guilt," He prayed and died.  
But did their ignorance undo  
Their deicide?

*Their* ignorance? Dare we deride  
And blame their folly thus,  
When well we know He lived and prayed  
And died for us?

—By *Dorothy E. Williams*

# A YOUNG MAN'S FANCY

By BETTY BLACKBURNE

MRS. John Paul Ryan, Senior, looked at her son in amazement—and Mr. John Paul Ryan, Senior, reversed the regular procedure by swallowing his toast in one chunk. Mr. John Paul Ryan, Junior, tackled his egg with marked oblivion to the chaos he was creating.

This was indeed the height of unusuality in the Ryan home, and no such shock had come to Mrs. John Paul Ryan since that memorable day two years ago when she had chanced to look out the back window in time to spy John Paul Junior courteously escorting an old lady across the busy street. Blessed recovery had come only when she saw a coin drop from the lady's hand into the outstretched palm of her own offspring. Since that day she had steeled herself to be ready for any emergency. And now, here it was.

"For," as Mrs. John Paul Ryan often remarked, "when you've had a boy like John Paul Junior around and under-foot for nearly eleven years, nothing is amazing—short of a triple axe murder in the front bedroom."

But this morning the Ryans were at last shaken from their deliberate calm. And wouldn't you be if right before your very eyes sat your youngest and onliest with both ears sparkling in the sunlight, innocent of any of the dirt you'd learned to expect?

For Mr. John Paul Junior to scrub behind both ears spelled disaster. Something dreadful was about to happen thought Mrs. Ryan with a shudder as she recalled having believed that nesting three white rats in the sewing basket was the ultimate height any small boy could reach. But there it was and there it remained, and little good it would do to deny it. Disaster had at last descended on the Ryan home.

John Paul Senior was the first to break the stunned silence.

“Well,” said he from behind his paper, “I see that the market on soap has nearly doubled in the last day or two. I shouldn’t be a bit surprised to see it become a household commodity if this keeps up.”

Mrs. Ryan was about to reply when she noticed that her son had pushed back his plate and was going through the preliminaries of excusing himself.

“Mercy, John, this is serious,” she said to her husband as John Junior beat a hasty retreat after murmuring, “Scuse, please.”

John Senior agreed heartily, “He was well last night and his face isn’t flushed. Evidently it isn’t organic.”

Mrs. Ryan sat in deep meditation as her husband folded his paper.

“Now don’t you worry, dear, that young ape packed away enough groceries last night to carry him through till June. At least there’s no immediate danger of starvation. If it keeps up for another month we’ll see what’s to be done.”

He picked up his hat, kissed his wife goodbye, and dashed down the street as if he’d never had a son to worry about.

Mrs. Ryan sat down on the doorstep and idly pulled Sport’s long ears as he lay sunning himself at her feet. She carefully reviewed everything on her long list of experiences.

Now let’s see, she checked them off: Report cards? No, the end of the semester was two months away. Broken windows? Couldn’t be. She’d have heard long before this. Johnny was always caught on the scene of the crime. Why in the world couldn’t he be like his father? Swimming in the creek?

No, Mrs. Ryan admitted to herself sadly. Johnny was rather a brilliant boy, but she couldn't expect him to be clever enough to wash *before* he went so that she'd never notice the difference.

An uproar broke in on her thoughts. Three small boys rushed around the corner, two imitating racing cars screeching into the last lap and the non-conformist flying his own Curtiss Robin. As they came up the walk neck-and-neck, the Curtiss Robin lowered his wings, did a neat spiral, and turned off his switch. Coasting to a breathless landing, he managed to sputter, "Mornin', Mrs. Ryan. Butch gone yet?"

"Good morning. Flash. Pudge, and Killer." Mrs. Ryan mentally applauded herself for always remembering that her son's men friends must be tolled off by their right names.

Flash, Pudge, and Killer beamed in just appreciation. Gosh, some fellers had moms that really appreciate how a fellow feels about such names as Herman and Aloysius and Otis.

As a token of their great respect for an old woman in her thirties who would still let them put their model plane together in the front room, the three had long ago taken Mrs. Ryan into their very exclusive Gunneck Gutter Gang. Not that they ever made much of it; but Mrs. Ryan was *in . . .* which meant that she had the privilege of serving cookies and lemonade to a group of young wolves at least once a week.

For this reason Flash, Pudge, and Killer felt quite privileged to drape themselves around the step as they waited for Butch Ryan.

Mrs. Ryan was nonplussed to say the least. "Why, I thought perhaps that you'd something planned for before school," she said, "Johnny left the house quite a while ago."

"Left?" Three jaws dropped.

“Where’d he go?” “Why didn’t he wait for us?” “What’s the idea?” They bombarded her in astonishment.

Mrs. Ryan shrugged. As if a mother ever knew why eleven year old boys do the things they do!

“Have you any idea?” she asked.

The three stood perplexed. Finally they gave up.

“Nope,” said Killer.

“But we’ll find out,” promised Pudge.

Mrs. Ryan sighed as the three mounted their mythical motorcycles and stormed off down the street. Then she arose and went into the house. Now why in the world should she let a little thing like Johnny washing his ears upset her? But from long and bitter experience Mrs. Johnny knew that there was something ahead.

When John Paul Senior came whistling up the walk that evening, a busy day had erased the problem of small boys and clean necks and empty plates from his mind entirely. He was momentarily taken aback, therefore, when his wife greeted him with a kiss and: “John! This must come to a head!”

“Why, Mrs. Ryan, after thirteen years of domestic bliss?” John Senior regarded her in mock seriousness.

“Not that, stupid,” she said, “I mean your son.”

John Paul shook his head sagely. “I’m afraid it’s too late to do much about giving Johnny any more along that line,” he remarked sadly.

“John, do be serious! You remember what happened the last time you thought I was making too much of nothing,” Mrs. Ryan reminded.

John Senior grinned ruefully. “Well, raising chickens isn’t such a bad idea,” he chuckled.

"As I remember that wasn't what you said at the time," she remarked thoughtfully.

"All right, what happened? Did he come home and wash his face again this noon?" said John Senior as he settled down in the big chair.

"You think you're kidding?" said Mrs. Ryan tying her apron.

John Senior sat bolt upright.

"And not only that," his wife went on. "He emptied the papers, pulled the weeds, and shined his shoes. AND . . . all that without a single argument. So there!" she finished with a flourish.

John Paul sank back helplessly. "Well, let's wait and see," he said philosophically.

Since there seemed to be no other course of action, Mrs. Ryan reluctantly acquiesced although secretly she had half-expected John Paul to solve the whole thing with a single spurt of the imagination. John was usually so competent in these matters.

She waited expectantly but no answering spark came from the big chair in the corner. "Well, all right then," she muttered to herself as she gave her apron a final tug and retired to the kitchen.

The next week was a nightmare of calm for the Ryans, and calm can be nightmarish Mrs. Ryan admitted to herself Friday morning as she gave her attention alternately to the grocery list and the dogs tussling in the yard.

Maybe he's decided to be a priest . . . no, she remembered now, he was still going to be a street car conductor. Oh lord, what if he wanted a car, or a trip around the world, or—or—oh dear. Just then she spied Pudge walking along the sidewalk letting his stick clank against the fence.

"Pudge," she called, "Hey, Pudge!"

"Yesum?" said Pudge.

"Come here a minute, will you?"

"Yesum, Mrs. Ryan."

Pudge sauntered up to the porch. "I don't suppose Butch is around," he ventured hopefully.

"No, he isn't," said Mrs. Ryan. "That's what I wanted to talk to you about. Pudge, I've always been your pal, haven't I?"

Pudge squirmed. "Yesum," he admitted.

"Didn't I mend your sweater when you caught it in that barbed wire fence?"

"Yesum."

"Then, Pudge, what's the matter with Johnny? Why has he deserted the gang?"

"Aw," Pudge looked at her in disgust, "He's gone and got a girl!"

Mrs. Ryan sat down very suddenly. "A girl?" she said, "a real, honest-to-goodness girl?"

Pudge looked at her as if that was about the only polite thing you can say about a girl.

"Yeah, she moved in last week. He walks home with her from school every night. Might's well move over there," he concluded philosophically. "He ain't no use to nobody the way he is."

"Well, now," comforted Mrs. Ryan, "you just wait and see. He'll get over it. I remember his father was . . . oh" Mrs. Ryan realized with a start that her audience was a little too juvenile to appreciate the account of John Paul Senior's courting days.

"Y'really think he'll forget this old girl stuff?" asked Pudge anxiously, completely ignoring the fact that Mrs. Ryan had not finished with Butch's father.

"Sure he will," said Mrs. Ryan as she sat back trying to conjure up a picture of Johnny and a girl.

"Well, I dunno," Pudge was dubious. "He told me he was a one-woman man."

"A what?" Mrs. Ryan choked.

"A one-woman man. He meant he wuz gonna *marry* her," Pudge said.

"Just like his father," murmured Mrs. Ryan mellow with memories.

"Huh! Well, I sure wouldn't want to ruin my life that way!" Pudge was emphatic.

"Do you think a chunk of cake could help matters any?"

"Huh? Oh sure, gee!"

As Pudge departed with his cake, Mrs. Ryan set the table in high glee. You just wait Mr. John Paul Ryan, you just wait 'till you hear what I have to tell you. The thought tickled her. John Paul was always so smug about "the things we men have in common." Hump, we men indeed! Maybe he wouldn't be so smart about her stopping a mystery book before the denouement and spending a tortuous evening trying to figure it out for herself.

"Why don't you go ahead and read it?" John Paul would ask.

"I'm trying myself" she would answer putting down on a paper all the salient points.

"You're trying the rest of us, too," always ended the discussion.

Now here, she'd done it. She'd sleuthed . . . well, not exactly sleuthed she admitted to herself; but she had found out about Johnny's girl. Mrs. Ryan put the plate down with a flourish.

John and Johnny came in the door together. After usual greetings were over and all three had recounted the high points of the day in enthusiastic at-onceness, Johnny bounded up the steps to wash for dinner; and the Ryans were alone.

"Well, Mr. Smarty!" said she with her hands on her hips.

"Well, Mrs. Smarty!" said John Paul imitating her.

"I found out what's wrong with Johnny," she paused dramatically.

"Wrong with Johnny?" Mr. Ryan was puzzled, then he remembered, "Oh, for heavens sakes, are you still fretting about that?"

"It's a good thing someone does . . . don't tell me you've forgotten about the time that—."

"No. No, I haven't forgotten. What is it this time?" John Senior waited expectantly, although secretly tickled. His criterion of a real boy was the amount of trouble the kid could get himself into in any given span of time. And Johnny was all that could be hoped for along this line.

"Your son is in love," Mrs. Ryan said smugly.

"My son is in *what?*" John Senior's calm was shattered completely.

"In love. You've heard of it?"

"Yes, may the good lord be merciful to him."

"Why John!" Reproach was in Mrs. Ryan's voice.

"Well, I mean . . . well, that is, he's a little young, isn't he?" John Paul finished lamely.

"Ye-e-s," Mrs. Ryan admitted, "but it's healthy. I mean it's a good indication. Don't you think?" she looked to her husband for assurance.

"Oh, yes, yes. It's all of that," grinned John Senior.

"Men! Smart alecks all of them!" Mrs. Ryan muttered to herself as she set the meat on the table.

The meal! It was all Mrs. Ryan could do by word signs, coughs, and pointed remarks to keep her husband in hand.

"You know, dear," he remarked innocently as she was pouring the coffee, "I hear that when a fellow gets a girl nowadays, he takes her to the show three times a week if he expects to keep her."

Johnny Junior looked at his father in terror. "Y'mean they really gotta take her three times?" he asked trying to divide his allowance mentally into three stacks.

"Every bit of that, at least," John Senior told his son solemnly.

Mrs. Ryan had finally untangled that mess much to her husband's delight and her small son's bewilderment. So this is what it's like to have two men in the house. Two men nothing! Two boys, Mrs. Ryan corrected herself. John Senior was every bit as bad as Johnny Junior. Mrs. Ryan finally gave up and left the two alone. Johnny would have to learn to defend himself sometime.

And learn he did, if the succeeding days were any indication. For now when John Senior got his young son in too tight a spot, Johnny Junior always countered with: "Huh! You didn't think girls were so bad either!"

This never ceased to leave John Senior a little breath-

less, and his wife, too. "For imagine!" she said to her husband. "Just imagine! Johnny old enough to realize that his mother was a girl once, too!"

"That shouldn't be so difficult," murmured John Senior in his very best gee-I'm-a-lucky-man voice . . . the one that never failed to make Mrs. Ryan wonder how all the other women in the world stand it without John Ryan.

A clatter on the porch drowned out Mrs. Ryan's modest denials.

"Hya, mom, got any cookies?" said John Junior.

"H'lo, Mrs. Ryan. H'lo Mr. Ryan," said Pudge and Flash and Killer.

The Ryans were speechless.

"Mom, can we put this swell old glider together in the kitchen if we don't make any mess?" said Johnny Junior with the wide-eyed conviction of the very young that punk and fuselage and glue and sticks cannot possibly leave a room stricken.

"Of course," said Mrs. Ryan, "but I thought that you were going over to your girl's tonight."

"Girl?" Johnny Junior looked at his mother blandly, "What in the world would I want with any old girl? Girls are a mess!" he was emphatic.

"Yeah, girls are a mess!" came three knowing echoes.

Mrs. Ryan returned to her husband in the living room and took up her knitting. Neither of them spoke for a while.

Finally John Paul looked up from his paper. "I suppose you're condemning men in general for their fickleness?" he ventured.

"HMMMM? Oh . . . no. I was just wondering what's going to be next," she said.

“Probably your best platter,” said her husband as a crash from the kitchen followed her words.

“Oh well, or do I mean hell?” said Mrs. Ryan philosophically as she put down her knitting and set out to investigate the latest damage to the Ryan household.

## To A Dead Rose

You once were blushed with loveliness,  
And once were fair and soft and bright.  
Now dry and dead upon my hand  
Your charms are vanished from my sight.

But I can close my eyes and see  
You nodding in the silvery dew.  
Your sweet perfume will always stay  
To keep your memory ever new.

Thus earthly beauty fades and dies,  
And he who seeks the pretty face  
Must look into the soul to find  
Some memory of its former grace.

—By *Virginia Fortune*

## “Always Afternoon”

A waterfall, with dashing spray  
    And crystal pools;  
Granite rocks, velvet moss  
    With sparkling jewels;  
White-barked birches, weeping willows  
    On emerald banks;  
Turquoise sky, egg-white clouds  
    In shifting ranks;  
A flowered path, where I can walk  
    Near cat-tail bogs;  
No stir, no voice, no sound  
    But of waterfalls and frogs.

—By *Kenneth Carl*

# SEEK NOT AFAR

By MAUREEN POLKING

*(This essay reveals a meditative approach to life which is a valuable but dying art. How can we taste the deep delights of the best literature if even the more obvious beauties of lesser works pass over our unthinking heads? And they do. Here is a commonplace poem of moderate worth; yet when we read it in union with a thoughtful student, it reveals all we ever need to know—within our easy reach is great beauty, abiding happiness, yes, God Himself.)*

Seek not afar for beauty. Lo! it glows  
In dew-wet grasses all about thy feet;  
In birds, in sunshine, childish faces sweet,  
In stars and mountain summits topped with snows.\*

**H**AVE you ever been disappointed in your search for some distant beauty? Disappointed deeply by finding it unattainable after all; or disappointed more deeply by gaining it and discovering it not so desirable after all? It is foolish to be deceived by distance; a romantic folly, perhaps, but folly nonetheless. We do not have to search in remote places to discover pleasure; it is not necessary to believe that only the inaccessible is beautiful. We have but to look around us at any time, and the futility of our far-reaching will be apparent. What could be closer to us than the pleasure of dew on a wet morning? If we but listen, we hear the songs of birds and realize that their songs are beautiful. It is hard to obtain any truer joy than which we receive from a brief cheerful word. What brings more joy than the flashing radiance of a friendly smile? When night has descended, on the earth or on our soul, we have but to lift our eyes to find countless glowing stars—jewels shining the more brilliantly because of the velvet darkness of their setting.

Yes, all around us, there are things of beauty waiting to be possessed by us, to give us their joy. Beauty is ours for the asking if we but pause for a moment to listen to the song of

\*From "Earth's Common Things" by Minot J. Savage.

a passing bird, to feel the rhythm of a chance verse, to see the glory of a nearby flower.

“Go not abroad for happiness. For see,  
It is a flower that blossoms at thy door!  
Bring love and justice home, and then no more  
Thou’lt wonder in what dwelling joy may be.”

Just as we are able to discover the beautiful in life around us, so are we able to find happiness close at hand. Perhaps the word “find” should not be used here, for it implies a seeking. To be really happy, it is not essential that we be constantly striving for happiness. It is not far, far away, but is nearer than the nearest physical thing. It is not found by a constant search, but by just the opposite—unselfishness.

If we “bring love and justice home,” there will be no longer be need to worry about finding joy. If we love others, we will find that we ourselves are loved. If we are generous and just, it will be needless to seek joy any longer, joy will be ours.

“Dream not of noble service elsewhere wrought;  
The simple duty that awaits thy hand  
Is God’s voice uttering a divine command,  
Life’s common—deeds build all that saints have thought.”

The desire to be great is the ambition of all at some time or other. We desire to be famous, to have the world hear us. Then, it seems, all our longings would be fulfilled. We think the opportunity to do something great presents itself very seldom. The chance is far away; just where, we know not, but not here.

All this is wrong. Day by day we are called upon to do something great; we are called upon to show ourselves of noble character. True, we may not be showing ourselves to the world at large, but that need not trouble us. Our actions are being witnessed by a more important world, our own individual world. We live in a world of our own, and though it may seem small, if we are truly of worth in it, we are truly great.

“In wonder workings, or some bush aflame,  
Men look for God and fancy Him concealed;  
But in earth’s common things He stands revealed  
While grass and flowers and stars spell out His name.”

Why should we look for God only in things brilliant in splendor, dazzling in beauty? It is worthy to attribute to God these habitats; but it is not in them only that He dwells. Not only can we find joy and beauty and happiness in the common things; we can find God Himself in them. The thoughtful, reverent man cannot look around without seeing God’s presence: in the first awakening of spring is His joyous life; in the calm, silent fall of winter’s first snow is His peace; in the delicate, soft perfection of summer roses shines His beauty; in the changing glories of autumn’s dress and in the fruits of autumn are His activity and thoughtfulness and love.

Although these may seem earth’s common things to us, they are not so. They are the very essence of life. We should drink of their beauty as deeply as we can, as long as we can. For each pauses before us but a moment; then passes irrevocably. We are powerless to delay them. But if we are alert to understand and use them as they pass, they leave behind an enlargement of soul that abides with us for life—and for eternity.

## Twilight Sketch

The day is gone, and now the world  
Is dark, and full of evening things;  
A trolley bringing people home,  
The lovely song a brown bird sings.

The windows in the houses gleam,  
And chimneys send up smoky fingers.  
A small boy laughs and calls his dog;  
Then goes his way. His laughter lingers.

Like little bits of ice, the stars  
Are shattered on the deep blue sky.  
And holding close his ragged coat,  
A lonesome beggar passes by.

—By *Virginia Fortune*

# RELIGION

By J. M. HAWKER

(Religion is as old as life, and as important. It is not neglected in the curriculum or the lives of Creighton students. The how and why and what of religion is obviously of great enough importance to deserve a formal and serious study. The prosaic discussion of the meaning of religion does not arouse our emotions as does the picture of an eager old father hurrying to embrace his prodigal son. But the thought that God owns us, body and soul, now and forever, can be the source from which will flow a towering fountain of emotion—a fountain that need never deceive or fail, for its source is the infinite Truth.)

THE derivation of the word *religion* has been disputed from ancient times. Cicero, in his *De natura deorum*, states that religion comes from *relegere* (to treat carefully): “Those who carefully took in hand all things pertaining to the gods were called *religiosi* from *relegere*.” However, a more plausible etymological explanation—one that is more in conformity with the simple beginnings of religion—is the one given by Lactantius in his *Institutionum Divinarum*, wherein he derives religion from *religare* (to bind) and rejects Cicero’s derivation from *relegere* (to treat carefully). Lactantius argues that, “We are tied to God and bound to Him (*religati*) by the bond of piety, and it is from this, and not, as Cicero holds, from careful consideration (*relegendo*), that religion has received its name.” Thus religion springs from the notion of being bound to God.

In the following statement, Dr. Hettinger brings out that more than the physical bond between God and man is implied in religion:

The relation of the creature to God as its principle and end is, then, the matter of religion. And the recognition and expression of this end by the free, intelligent mind constitutes the essence of religion, properly so-called.

Religion, consequently, transcends man's mere knowledge of his two-fold dependence on God; it involves his voluntary subjection of himself to God. It consists of man's striving to make adequate recompense for that which he has received from God. In other words, it is the rebinding of man to God that is effected through man's faculties.

But we may inquire with Dr. Hettinger, "What, then, can man give in return when he realizes that he is sustained in the Arms and rests upon the Heart of his God?" However, with this question Dr. Hettinger gives us the answer:

Poor though he is, he can acknowledge what he has received; he can exclaim, with a thrill of joy, "Thou art my Father, my Lord, and my God.

This return, this confession of praise, man can always make. He may be robbed of goods and property, of liberty or life; but three things are his, and his inalienably—his mind and heart, and his speech, the expression of both. These three he can give to God—his mind by faith, his heart by love, his speech by prayer. And faith, love, and prayer are dogma, morals and sacraments, the essence and summary of all religion.

Thus religion, considered in the person who practices it is a virtue residing in the will and inclining the subject to render to God in repeated acts of intellect and will what is God's due. Although there are those who argue that man is a finite creature and his practice of religion is unworthy of the infinite God, man's worship is not unworthy of God in spite of this limitation. Its finiteness does not proceed from a culpable defect on the part of man but from the very contingency of his original nature, hence it is acceptable to God even if man cannot give God his absolute and complete due.

God, as postulated from Theodicy and General Ethics, is an infinitely perfect personal being, the Creator of all things, and the supreme Lord and ultimate end of man. This

is the physical bond by which man is bound to God. But by religion, as stated above, man is re-bound to God by a moral bond. This moral bond "binds rational creatures to God, when its basic truths are known to the intellect and its duties freely fulfilled by the will."

But before proceeding further in our discussion of religion, let us pause for a moment to distinguish between theoretical and practical religion. Theoretical religion is the sum of the truths which determine man's relations to God, while practical religion is the sum of the duties which flow from these truths. Three truths form the basis of theoretical religion, *viz.*, (1) God is infinitely excellent; (2) He is the principle from Whom all creatures have existence, conservation, and co-operation; and (3) He is the final end of all created beings, the object of human beatitude. These truths compel man to exhibit the following volitional acts: (1) he must show honor proportioned to God's excellence; (2) he must manifest reverence because of God's lordship and supreme dominion, and (3) he must love this end above all else. The fulfillment of these three duties establishes between man and God a moral bond in the fullest and truest sense of the word, for fulfillment of duty means either elicited or commanded volitional activity.

These three duties, *i. e.*, special reverence, service, and love, are embraced in the single word *Latria* which signifies worship due to God alone.

Since man is led by his intelligent nature to seek God, and since God on His part demands this worship from man, religion becomes man's first obligation and most important duty.

As the master has a right to all the work of his servant, the farmer to all the produce of his field, from the first buds of spring to the last autumn leaf, so God, as Creator, has a sacred claim upon every act of man's

being, from his first thought in infancy to his expiring sigh. The just man, then, is the servant of the Lord.

Man, as God's servant, then, must engage in those acts of homage whereby he acknowledges God's dominion and seeks His help and friendship.

These acts of homage or direct acts of worship are those

. . . which directly express adoration, thanksgiving, petition, and propitiation. In these are included acts of faith, hope, love, humility, and repentance. They take the external form of prayer and sacrifice.

Since religion consists in the recognition of God as our Creator and the end of all creatures, its immediate and formal expression is adoration, which is the formal and explicit profession of God's infinite worth and absolute lordship and our complete dependence upon Him.

From the act of adoration other forms of prayer naturally follow. Prayer—in the strict sense of the word—"is the raising of the mind to God and a petition made to God for what is proper for man."

Sacrifice is equally common with prayer. Although scholars are not all in agreement concerning the primary idea underlying sacrifice, the most likely view is that sacrifice is primarily a token of respect and good will in the form of a gift. It is not a bribe, but a visible proof of man's respect. In offering sacrifice, man consecrates nature's gifts by employing them in the Divine service. "Through him the earth sacrifices its riches and precious metals for the building of the temple, the sea its pearls, the springtide its flowers for altar and shrine." Considered in this light, sacrifice becomes the central act of worship. The use of sacrifice proves our belief in the existence of God as Creator and Rewarder as well as our conviction of the need of redemption.

Worship, *viz.*, adoration, prayer, and sacrifice, in order

to be a truly human activity, must, like all complete human acts, find external expression. Man is a composite being, he comes, body and soul from God. To express interior worship without exterior manifestation would not be an expression of man's nature adequately considered. Religion, then, must proceed from the whole man—exterior worship is interior worship's natural complement. Therefore, to those who object against external acts of worship, St. Augustine says:

“The demeanor of those who pray is externally that of supplicants who appear before another. They bend the knee, stretch forth their hands, prostrate themselves on the ground, and otherwise express their feelings. True, God knows their wills and their dispositions without sensible signs, but man by these signs excites himself to more fervent and humble prayer; and as the movements of the body necessarily follow the affections of the heart, so its interior, invisible emotions are heightened by those which are visible.”

Religion, then, takes possession of the whole man. “It calls into play, and brings alike to perfection, the three faculties, the three dimensions of his nature, his mind, will, and heart.” External worship, to be sure, is much more than a demonstration of internal worship. Such worship is demanded by God, not because He needs it, but because we need it, for His wisdom and justice demand that He be honored and revered as supreme Lord and Creator.

With the acknowledgment that God is the beginning and end of his own existence, man consecrates himself wholly to God's service, and religion becomes the “fear of the Lord.” Thus in religion man fulfills the idea of himself and returns to the First Cause from whence he came in order to be finally perfected in Him. In religion man finds the true path to moral and spiritual perfection, and receives the most powerful aids to the successful pursuit of this lofty ideal.

## Lonely Tune

There's a lonely tune in the world tonight  
As the earth lies calm and still.

And the music wanders on phantom wings  
Past valley and woodland and hill.

There's a haunting strain on the gentle breeze  
As it sings through the pines so tall.

And the song it tells comes echoing back  
From the rippling waterfall.

It tells of dreams, and of lonely hearts  
That wait throughout the years,

For its harmonies of brave romance  
Speak, too, of grief and tears.

I can hear the notes of requiem

For the days that used to be;

And the pledge of happy dreams to come

In this nameless melody.

—By *Jeanne Mary Lund*

# WHILE A SUB-DEB SLUMS

## I.

### *A GOOD LITTLE GIRL*

By GUS PALMESANO

**M**ARIE was a writer and she was in the "Cave" for the purpose of getting some of its low and heavy atmosphere, but she didn't expect the atmosphere to get so low and heavy that it would fall on her. She forced herself into the farthest corner of the booth as the three fighting drunks tumbled toward her table. One of them sprawled on the floor, but the other two piled into her table and kept slugging. Then two big hands reached over the top, grabbed the drunks, pulled them out of the booth, and threw them to the floor. Marie was sobbing and didn't even look up as the big man took her arm and led her gently, swiftly, and firmly out of the "joint."

Once outside, she calmed down enough to know that she was still in a mess. Here she was, being led up a very dark street by a total stranger on a very dark night. He pulled her along and she had to break into a trot every few steps to keep up with this tall life-saver. He was good-looking, too, she noticed even though her eyes were still misty and the night was dark. She judged him to be about six feet four; and, oh, what a build! In better circumstances, she thought she would even make him the hero of one of her stories, but right now she wanted only to get away from him and from the neighborhood.

She stopped suddenly and said hesitantly, "Well—thanks for your trouble—I hope I didn't bother you too much." She tried to jerk her arm free and run, but he wouldn't have it that way.

"Just a minute, sister," he said threateningly, and held

her tighter. "You just cost me the best spot I've had in years. You don't think I can go back there now, do you? You women are nothing but trouble."

He started off again, but after three steps he stopped and turned, "But I'm going to get something out of this deal, see!" Then he was off again, pulling her with him.

Marie knew that in a spot like this she should scream, but she couldn't. She wished that she had stayed home that night, she wished she could fall through the sidewalk, she wished and wished, abundantly, vainly, hysterically; but she couldn't scream. Then suddenly they emerged on "Coffee Row."

"This isn't the right formula," she thought, as he led her to one of the shops and told her to order whatever she wanted. She was puzzled. "But it's a pretty good place," she thought more hopefully. "Might as well let it last as long as it can." So she ordered the biggest meal in the house.

"There's nothing cheap about you, is there, kid! Well, let's get started," he added, with a surprisingly charming smile.

"He's even better looking in the light," she thought, "but, oh, 'let's get started!'"

"Let's start at the beginning," he said seriously. "Tell me the whole story. You look like a pretty good kid. Maybe your folks had a little money, too? How'd you get down here?" She was so surprised at these questions and at the idea that was slowly coming to light in her head that she couldn't talk.

"Well, come on! Give! Are you a dummy? Now listen, baby, on account of you, I can't get my story from that 'joint' back there. But when I saw you sitting there, I figured you for at least just as good an idea. Come on, won't

you give me my story? I'm just trying to make a living . . .” He was pleading now and she broke into a long, hilarious laugh.

He was burned up at this and shouted angrily, “Well what in the hell is so funny about that! A guy's got to live, doesn't he? You should know that, and besides . . .”

“Just a minute,” she laughed feebly, and then she told him.

## II.

### “BETTE BETS HER BEST” TEST

By HENRY BRISTOWE

Bette Wheeler, a youthful, dutiful, beautiful Rockford College graduate, enters a cheap restaurant on the wharf in San Francisco. She is seeking material for a novel, which, if she completes, will win for her a ten-thousand-dollar bet from her skeptical Uncle Jebb. As she opens the door of Dolph's Place, a stale beer smell greets her. Bette takes a corner table. A man approaches.

“Hello, mind if I sit down?” the hard-looking youth queried as he swung a leg over the chair and slumped down with his gangly legs stretched out.

Bette was more startled than frightened. She had experienced this technique with young men in college, but Dolph's Place was no university club. Edging her chair to the left until she was in a better light, she looked the intruder straight in the face. His eyes were half-closed, and as Bette took a quick glance around the room, she was very suddenly aware of the fact that the sleepy-eyed bartender, the young man, and she were the only occupants of this dingy hole.

No one said a word for a full minute. Then her table companion stirred, sat slightly more erect and mumbled, “Got a weed?”

Bette unconsciously handed him a cigarette, put the package on the table, and struck a match just as if the youth were her brother. The flame from the match illuminated his face, and she drew a quick breath. He wasn't more than twenty-five, but what hard lines in that face. He looked starved. Her anxiety at being in his presence lessened, and a feeling of pity gripped her. "Poor kid," she thought, "I wonder how long since he's had a square meal?" He slumped farther down in his chair, blew a series of smoke rings, and closed his eyes.

Bette caught the bartender's eye and pointed to the filthy menu. Without hesitation he brought the only order on the bill of fare and placed a steaming plate of stew in front of Bette's new acquaintance. This order, another, and a third were finally finished.

The youth looked up from the empty plate with a half-smile, half-sigh, and said, "Thanks. Thanks, very much. That was decent of you. You impressed me as being a swell, but a regular one. My name's Latenser. George Latenser. I'm flat broke, down in the mouth. Near the end, I thought, until I got that food. How is this for a nifty? I'm one of the most famous men in the country, yet I am forced to be reticent about it!"

He grunted a little. Lit another cigarette. Bette was silent. "I graduated from high school at the head of my class. Had a year of college, was offered a fair job in the Federal Reserve bank. Took it to help out at home. There was a shortage at the bank; and while one of the cleverest accountants I ever saw went free, I was brought up, convicted, and sent over the road. After my second attempt to escape they sent me to Alcatraz. There is where I got my glory."

Puzzled at the fine diction and the apparent relief and

pleasure of the youth as he recounted his tale, Bette didn't know what to say. After a short silence, George went on.

"I'm damned if I know why I'm telling you all this, except that I've been itching to get it off my chest for the last six months. Well, as I said, I was on the 'rock'; and to make a long story short, I jumped off the wall into the bay and the tide carried me to Sausalito. For a month, I laughed at the news accounts about the poor Latenser boy whose body had been sighted floating through the Golden Gate with a forty-mile an hour tide. Whose body it was I'll never know, but right here before you is Mrs. Latenser's little boy, Georgie. I have been lauded for my bravery, for I am the only man who ever dared try to escape from Alcatraz, mourned for by a sweetheart, wept and prayed for by a mother."

Recalling the incident of the Latenser lad, Bette was amazed at her tranquillity in the company of this convict. All she could do was to nod at him.

His forehead wrinkled and he said quietly, "There it is. I had to spill it. Turn me over to the FBI if you want. I couldn't stand it any longer."

Bette had forgotten why she was in this tavern. Now she suddenly remembered the purpose of her trip. "Look, Mr. Latenser. Here's my card. If you will come to the house and tell me your whole story, I'll give you a thousand dollars and you can leave the country. I'll protect you on every point. How about it?"

A blank stare came across Latenser's face.

"Oh, I'm an author. Well, anyway, I need a good plot. How about it?" Bette pleaded earnestly.

"It's a go. Tomorrow morning at nine," George replied through half-closed lips.

Without another word, Bette left him the cigarettes and

a five-dollar bill. Hurrying into the fog-laden night, she had but one thought: Uncle Jebb had lost a neat ten thousand dollars, and she was going to clear nine of it.

### III.

#### GIGOLO? OH, NO!

By MAURICE MULLIN

Mary seemed nervous and frightened even though the young man was nice looking and dressed well. He looked like an athlete, an outdoor man rather than a gigolo.

Mary had told Jim, her fiance, that she would meet him here at this corner table at seven o'clock, and he had promised not to be late. It was nearly seven now.

"Hello, beautiful," the man said. "May I sit down?"

The man sat down without waiting for a reply to his question. They were silent—he studying her features admiringly; she trying to be poised and dignified.

"I hope you're not married," the man spoke after satisfying his curiosity, "for I shall propose to you before the evening is over."

Mary figured the man might be drunk. He might be crazy. He might only be testing her to find her reaction. He might . . . at any rate she thought it best to humor him.

"I believe I would like that," she murmured from behind her most beautiful smile.

"You know, I proposed to a lady once before, but it's slipped my mind whether or not she accepted," he confided.

"Do you remember whether or not she was beautiful?"

"She was the most gorgeous . . . Say, you kinda remind me of her. Maybe that's why I was drawn to you," he ad-

mitted. Forgetting his serious attitude he added with a smile, "It wasn't you, was it?"

"Could be," she answered laughingly. And then as the nickelodeon started playing, she added, "Jim, let's dance this one, huh? Do you remember this piece?"

"Sure do, sweetheart," answered Jim.

#### IV.

#### *SOMEBODY LIED—1940*

By DON SHEARN

Maxine was in luck. Here she was in Tony's with less than fifteen minutes of her scavenger hunt for a story gone by, and her new-found companion was pouring out a story as steadily as he was pouring down his beers.

"I'm a useless tramp now," he was saying, "but a few years ago, I was a prosperous young physician. Single. Plenty of friends. Money in my pocket and in the bank. Dressed according to *Esquire*. My best friend was Bill Boyd, a big two-hundred-pounder. He had a beautiful, flighty wife, whom he called 'Spike.' Spike had stepped out on him a few times, and Bill was jealous and suspicious as the devil.

"I was treating Bill at the time for a serious case of diabetes. Now serious diabetes, as you know, can result in a coma and certain death if not regularly counteracted by insulin. So Bill always carried a special preparation of insulin in pills to take shortly after each meal.

"One week end Bill and I were hunting in the Bighorns. We had left our car on a sideroad and walked all morning. There were no deer to be found. At noon as we ate a leisurely lunch beside a shallow stream, Bill told me that Spike was acting more suspiciously than ever lately. He feared that she was stepping out on him again. When I had allayed his fears

somewhat, we decided to head back to the car. As we started off across the stream, Bill slipped and sat in the shallow waters. We both laughed and continued on our way, but a short time later when Bill decided to take his insulin he found the box wet and empty. The water had dissolved all of the pills. Bill was calm enough about it, for he carried an extra box of pills in the car. We felt sure of making the car before he would be in any grave danger. But we lost our way and wasted an hour finding it again. I could see that Bill was growing weak rapidly. His pace became slower and slower; soon he stumbled and fell. It would be only minutes now until he would go into a coma. A sudden shock or a strong emotion, such as fear, anger—or jealousy, would temporarily stave off the coma.

“There was only one thing I could do to arouse him. So I told him. I admitted that I knew why Spike was acting suspiciously of late. It was because she had fallen for me. I’d been seeing her every afternoon while he was working. We had decided to tell him about it that very night. But as long as he was done for, I thought I’d admit it now. Things were clearing up—there’d be no need for a divorce suit—.

“I got that far when Bill rose to his feet and said he’d murder me. He started after me. It was all I could do to keep him from catching me, but I finally made the car. When he reached it, we had a little struggle but he soon collapsed, his strength completely gone. I found the insulin pills and forced them into his mouth. I lifted him into the car and hurried to town. He was still sleeping it off when Spike and I put him to bed.

“The next day he was all right—and ready to get me. He called me on the telephone and said he would give me two hours to get out of town or he would start a scandal that would ruin me. His voice had fire in it, but it didn’t worry me too much. I thought he would come to his senses in a few

days. But he did start a scandal, and it did break me. Of course, he lost Spike, too. Her life was ruined; my life was ruined; so was Bill's. So you see why I'm just a bum now."

As the tramp drained another glass of beer, Maxine finally found her voice, "You didn't marry Spike then?"

The man placed the glass on the table with a gesture of weary disgust as he answered, "You're thinking as they all thought. You're as gullible as Bill. You see the story I told him out there in the woods was a lie, all a lie."

## V.

### SOMEBODY DIED—1942

By MARY K. BURKE

"When I leave this place I shall die." His voice was hushed and his eyes burned through me.

He was being a little *too* melodramatic, it seemed to me. I laughed, but in spite of it his voice and eyes had caused a small involuntary shudder to run through my body.

"I shall die," he repeated as if he stated a fact and not a mere possibility.

It sobered me a trifle. Not that I really thought he would die when he left the tavern, but that I understood at last that he sincerely believed what he had told me.

"But if you are afraid—afraid that some one wishes to kill you, why don't you call the police?" I asked.

He leaned toward me across the table, his hands clasped calmly before him. "Police?" he murmured as if at that moment they were extremely unimportant.

"Yes, call the police and tell them."

He continued to look at me. Then an amused little twist settled on his lips, and his eyes passed on through me and

seemed to find rest on some object off in infinity. It was as if I were no longer there. He spoke, but it was not to me but to himself.

“The police are mortal men. The laws they enforce are created for mortal men. Such laws can not control fate.” His small dark eyes, which a moment before had seemed almost fierce, were sad now. “Fate!” he repeated softly. “Can man or human laws stop fate?”

I gave no answer for I knew he expected none, and would, indeed, have been startled back to reality if I did speak.

“It is fate that awaits me—not mortal men,” he continued. “Fate that follows all men, each in a different way. I am forty-nine years old, but I shall never reach fifty. For forty-nine years now, fate has followed me. I differ with most men, for fate has now caught up with me and I am aware of the fact.”

And then he seemed to see me again, but still I could not speak. I dared not even if I could. His mood had caught hold of mine, twisting it until the two matched.

“You see, my dear, I have it all figured out—or rather, it has all been figured out for me. After I have left you, and have, shall we say—gone, you will say, ‘It was but coincidence.’ But you will be wrong. Long ago, during that first great war there were seven of us. We were buddies, and we called ourselves that. In everything we did we went by ages. Jack was oldest, so he tried first. Frank came second and did things next—and so on down the line. I was youngest and so always came last.” He looked at me closely to see if I followed. I nodded.

“Eleven o’clock, November eleventh, 1918, Jack died—such a pity to die at that happy moment. When the war was over the other six of us remained friends, and were the ‘Six

Buddies' until November the eleventh, 1922. At eleven o'clock that day Frank was killed in an automobile accident. We were on our way to the Armistice Day celebration when the car turned over. Coincidence you call it. Yes, I see it in your eyes. But never mind. We called it that, too, until four years later, to the day and to the hour, George died of influenza. We laughed a little shakily, called it the 'jinx,' and forgot it. But upon Jim's death at eleven o'clock, November eleventh, 1930, we remembered it again all too clearly. I remember that on November tenth, 1934, Harry called me in the evening and laughingly told me not to expect him for lunch the next night, unless a corpse was invited. I laughed then—but not the next day. Phil spent the night with me in 1938. Poor fellow, he knew it was coming. Fools that we were, we thought we could stave it off. We left my room at ten o'clock to spend the fateful hour in the bar. But Phil never got to it. The elevator slipped as he stepped into it, and they worked two hours trying to pry him loose. But he died before they got him out. 'What time is it, Don?' I remember he asked me once. 'Ten-thirty,' I lied, and he died the next minute."

Almost frantically I wished that he would leave. His story was fantastic I knew, but it was giving me the jitters. Almost as if he read my mind he glanced at the clock behind me and rose. I dared not turn around to see the time. It would seem a little too cold-blooded.

"Forgive me, my dear. I am sorry that I have upset you. Now I will go, and you must promise me to think no more of what I have told you. I am truly sorry now that I did so. But please try to understand how I feel, and forgive me. It would have been hard, very hard to spend these last minutes alone."

He bowed and left before I could find my tongue, and as the door closed behind him, the old-fashioned clock behind me chimed the hour of eleven—November the eleventh, 1942.

