THE DAILY NEBRASKAN. TUESDAY, NOVEMBER 9, 1937

Name of Father Kept in Silence

Leads Husband to Think He Is Father.

GODFATHER. Hal Ellson.

Every day Sabastian dropped a coin in the little tin box and list-ened to it clink. Steadily the box was filling up and he would be able not as lucky as I am to be a father. to give the child a magnificent I want you, my best friend, to present on the day of the christenrubbed his hands when he thought of it and smiled to himself so that his lips drew back to a thin line right hand and cradled the baby and bared his white teeth. Every with his left one. "Don't you wish night he saw the baby, and played with the little toes and felt its tell you, there is no feeling in wrists and touched the soft cheeks. world like being the father of a son He could hardly wait until Sunday like this. No man can be prouder when they would go to the church to have him baptized. He still did not know what the baby's name would be. He tought of many names.

When Sabastian came to the Martini home that night, his friend

him after my best friend. I shall good naturedly. call him Sabastian."

Teresa Embarassed.

at Gino. Was Gino playing with him? Did Gino know. He looked at the bland smiling face of his could feel the cold eyes upon him at the bland smiling face of his friend but could find no rancor be-hind the smile. Sabastian pro-That's the way they all looked at "They hind the smile. Sabastian pro-tested. "No! No! You must not name him after me. You must not

Gino looked at him. "Why not?" he said. "You are my best friend, Who else should I name him after?" and I an "Name him after yourself," said

"The first son should aware of it. Sabastian. always be named after the father." Gino laughed again. "No. No, you are the spiritual father. We will call him Sabastian."

Sabastian bit his hp. He had not it was different. Although every-expected that this would happen. What would the people say? Ev-oryone knew, it seemed, except Gino. It hardly seemed possible that he did not know. Now they would laugh right in Gino's face Derbans (line did know and was Perhaps Gino did know and was for a few days; but he continued Perhaps Gino did know and was standing back and laughing behind his hands. They would laugh at him, too. Oh, why did he want to name him Sabastian? He could looked upon as the start of a great see them all snickering and talking deal of trouble for him. around the tables in their homes

yards Pair Are Laughing Stock.

Mother of Illegitimate Babe at least, did he have to be his best friend? Why did he have to be On mesquite. trusted so much?

Never the dryad Gino came in with the tomatoes Circled the scanty shade and put them on the table. Then On swift feet. he took the baby from Teresa's Only the pioneer arms, for now it had stopped suck-ling. He rocked it back and forth, Drove back the Indian here By this stream. humming and smilling down upon Only the orchard bough. it. "Sabastian," he said, "you are

Only the peaceful plow Was his dream; Living a history Wresting a prophecy From the land, He and reality Like a dream deity Hand in hand, town. He trusts me. That's what made it casy. But it is like a trap that I have gone into and now I tell you, there is no feeling in the

Never the unicorn

Whetted his eager horn

this. I don't want them talking

Teresa turned away from the

moon and her face was cast in shadow. "Tongues are for talking.

Let them talk. Are you going to

leave me? I must face their eyes

"No, no." Sebastian was think-

Teresa watched him. "I know

ing of the child. The child was his,

and laughing at me."

than I am. This is my son.

Gino Does Not Know. Sabastian looked at the baby in

Gino's arms. Teresa put her head down again, shielding her eyes from his gaze. If only Gine would stop talking like that it would be Martini nome that night, his friend Gino Martini met him at the door bester. His son. Gino's son. If he only knew. But better that he didn't know. Yet, Sabastian looked at the baby in Gino's arms and wanted to take it and hold it and martini home that is and hold it and martini home that is a son to be the mark for the mark of the mark of the mark of the son the s glanced at him suckling there. Gino was overjoyed. He filled a speak to it the way Gino did. He wanted to shout to the world but It was his child. Everyone knew he could not. He could not even that. But he could not claim it. glass of muscatel for each of them. "Ah," he said, "I have de-cided to name the baby at last. I have found the name. I shall name and watch while Gino bragged

Teresa took the baby in her you want to go away." arms, and it snuggled close to her like a little animal

not hurt him because he was un-Gino never knew, and Sabastian continued to come to the house "No." "No."

when Gino was not there. But now Sabastian bit his lip. He had not it was different. Although every-spected that this would happen. one knew how Sabastian and

"No.

"No. On Sunday the baby was chistand over the fences of the back- ened Sabastian Martini, and they went home from the church.

Only the Pioneer | Pity They Distain Living the History' From Asking Man NEVER THE UNICORN. Elizabeth Massier. Contributor from Wichita Falls. Tex.

BIRCHES.

Ralph Friedrich, An Ohio Poet and Former Co stributor They wear their tenderness With strange austerity, Forbearing yet to ask A watcher's sympathy.

And yet they have received From all who lately pass Beside this little grove, Across the browning grass,

The pity they disdain To ask of any man. It is no foreign thing, The autumn that began

Too early in their veins, To any passer-by Who, seeing how they stand, Restrains a sudden cry.

She did not answer. "Teresa. I am going to tell him, Teresa. I'm going to say that I can't get out. If I didn't think so much of him it would not matter so much. But it cannot go on like him the truth."

Teresa remained there leaning against the door, saying to herself. 'You can't, Sabastian, you can't." "Do you hear, Teresa?"

There were heavy footsteps on the stairs, coming up slowly, unsure of the way. Sabastian and as well as you. Would you leave me?" "No, no." Sebastian was think-"Will you?" Sabastian pressed

his mouth hard against the crack. Sweat oozed out all over him, and his face flushed. The steps were coming closer to the top; they were almost at the landing. "Teresal

Sabastian Tells Gino.

She stood behind the door with slowly from side to side as if it glazed eyes, her mouth open, her Sabastian looked at Gino and then shot a quick glance at Teresa, but she lowered her eyes. He looked down quietly as she always did. throat moving. But the words

> Sabastian took his mouth from V "They are always staring. His the crack and faced Gino." was smiling. Sabastian grabbed

do that." Teresa flushed and bent her head lower so that only a part of her forehead was visible. Gino looked at him. "Why not?" he said. "You are my hert foreit." Was smiling. Sabastian grabbed "You can't leave. What about the baby? Gino must go on believing he is the father. And you must be the god-father." Was smiling. Sabastian grabbed Gino by the lapel of his jacket and looked into his eyes—eyes still on the baby? Teresa breathed heavily. her the said. "You can't leave. What about the baby? Gino father. And you must be the god-father."

"Come on downstairs, Sabas-

Sabastian shook him off. "No.

(Continued from Page 1.)

When beer and cigarettes were

Except for genius in the ivory

We held ourselves lords of the liv-

And all far-of horizons; down we

After a job and got our noggins

bumped And rose with fingers empty of

Still wiping mist of rainbow from

with no home to sit in

We have come through.

crimes or sins.

tower:

ing hour

jumped

a prize.

chores

bores

the mitten.

funny:

money.

the screw.

withdrew.

B-1129

I am the father!"

Gino threw his arm around

"It is better this way." "It is better for him." Sabastian "Gino!" "Yes?" Words came from Sabastian's G

mouth, slowly, each with the same weight and emphasis. "I want to tell you-" He paused, unable to

"No?" He moved toward her. Tomorrow afternoon?" "No." "Why not?"

No more. We must stop teeth bit the words off short. "I'm now. Gino is liable to find out, the father of Sabastian, not you, He may catch us together." Gino.

Sabastian waited a long time before answering, biting his lips in the dark. "So was it so before. ly relaxing on Bino's lapels. He could have caught us before.'

Gine Half Drunk. Now they are all talking. Gine laughed. "Too much wine for He is liable to hear." "Then what am I? Am I a lover ?

At Then I must give them something dropping open with amazement. the to talk about, if they are to talk. "Come on downstairs, Sabi

COLAC PLAC

GOING PLACES next month in formal style to the Mili-tary Ball will be all those campus co-eds who cast an appraising eye at formal wear this month. Choose carefully those litile items of detail that must go with your formal, but choose them now, lest you hunt frantically for them the day before the Ball. We offer you the first fruits of our search for the newest arrivals.

. . .

GAY AND ROMANTIC IN the spirit of the formal season at Hovland Swanson's Younger Set Shoppe. Your formal is here in the new high shades with its cleverly designed sleeves and low neckline. For loveliness under bright lights at the Ball we suggest silverly blue slipper satin accented with red velvet. many formals at Many. \$12.50. Find yours now before

the rush begins. 4 K 4

a crazy zoo.

MITTENS FOR MILADYthe newest and most sensible formal fashion fad this season white, fur-trimmed formal kid mittens. Soft, warm, and comfy for winter evening wear, \$3.95 at Ben Simon's-1st floor. . . .

BEFORE THE BALL approaches one day nearer, Miss Agnes invites you to consult her about re-styling your hair for that lovely new hairdress for Dec. 4, B3122-B6971. Cornhusker Hotel.

· · · · · · TO CARRY THE NEEDS

OF YOUR VANITY (so that your date won't have to) you may have a formal bag to match any costume-pearlbeaded, gold-sequined, tapestry - brocaded, even roomy satchel bags. Ben Simon's 1st floor. \$1.95 and up.

FORMALITY AFOOT no longer means stratosphere heels. At Culver's, heels low.

lan advises Mist of Dawn liquid finishing cream and Foudre des Ferles face powder, delicately perfumed, to prevent that "shiney" look. Complete the illusion of your loveliness with a blending shade of lipstick and rouge. Ben Simon's 1st floor.

PAGE THREE

-if you would like to keep then have Harold Cox photograph you in all your formal loveliness. B1988, 1125 O.

Highlights

On the air

A dramatic episode starring Claire

To clean up "Big Town" of racket

As Eddie G. Robinson breaks the

Whether his program remains

At nine o'clock that rhythm man,

Professor Goodman is the teacher.

At nine thirty tune in on your

And hear Al Joison's Variety

With Stooges, Parkakarkus and

And Victor Young's boys who can really play!

. .. By Elwood Randol,

Pevor et your history in Begins tonight a grand endeavor,

and vice

an or saga stages. At eight Al Pearce conducts a

0.8 18

radio.

Show.

Raye,

the muses and Okte College takes the ether.

nought the human Or whether it leaves the air.

To find who gives a care,

10.001

	tongue and the muscles of her	And yet we have came through.	CAMPUS CALENDAR TUESDAY.	
d	throat moving. But the words would not come.	Old idiot time with buts and am-	Sigma Delta Chi, noon, Hotet Capital, Cord Counselor Board, noon, Ellen	
1	The steps stopped on the sairs	persands	Smith. Publicity committee for Military Ball,	l
9	and came along the hallway in a	Tottered rheumatically to seven-	4145 p. m., Major Speer's office,	İ
U	softer tread.	teen;	Kosmet Klub, 5 p. m., School of Music, Vespers, 5 p. m., Ellen Smith.	i
	Sabastian took his mouth from	Victorian codes were holding up	Tassels, 7 p. m., Ellen Smith.	l
¢.	the crack and faced Gino. Gino	the hands,	Unarm School, 7 p. m., Ellen Smith, Miss Agnes, speaker.	
	was smiling. Sabastian grabbed	Rebels were doomed to drown in	and akors, speaker.	ļ
2	Gino by the lapel of his jacket and	gasoline		ĺ
1	looked into his eyes-eyes still	Or to repent and worship Model T.	sausage-grinder:	ļ
1	friendly and without fear, now only	Noise, lies, and money formed a	And when you get your history in	1
-	lit with curiosity, the brows raised.	trinity.	focus	l
	Teresa breathed heavily, her	Except god Mammon all gods	You're falling upward by some	
5	breasts crushed against the door.	were in flight,	hocus-pocus.	
2	her mouth gone dry. It was too	For everything that war desired	******	ĺ
	late now. She listened, "Gino!" Sabastian shook him	was right;	Downward by generations, up by	
	till Gino grasped his wrists.	And what was right was income,	ages	l
J.	"Gino!"	interest.	Whether in simian or saga stages.	
	"Yes?"	Morality found single life un-	Of heroes who get worship past belief	l
Ľ.	Words came from Sabastian's	blessed;	Odysseus was a liat and a thief;	į
۲	mouth, slowly, each with the same	Good business made of her a lusty	And Aristotle thought the human	
	weight and emphasis. "I want to	Moll;	brain	Ì
	tell you-" He paused, unable to	Boosting was passionate and boun-	Just oiled the eyeballs. The la-	
2	go on,	tiful.	ment's inane.	
	"Yes?"	Simplicity and faith the wits were sore-on.	And anciet, that the muses and	l
	Sabastian's mouth quivered: his	And to be innocent was worse than	the graces	į
5	teeth bit the words off short. "I'm	moron.	And the virtues have departed.	
5	the father of Sabastian, not you,	Hypocrisy bowed low before I. Q.		
	Gino."	And yet we have come through.	Cynics shout,	
e	Teresa closed her eyes.	in the second second second	"Old Andy Jackson threw the	
8	Sabastian waited, his grip slow-	To sit with plugged-up ears may	bathtubs out-	
	ly relaxing on Bino's lapels.	look fantastic;	Which proves-"	
1	But the same eyes looked back	But the machines shook out an	That science may reply with new	
	at Sabastian, friendly, smiling.	orgiastic	Glories of light on B. O. and I. Q.	
į,	Gino laughed. "Too much wine for	Flapdoodle glory giving adver-		
	you, Sabastian."	tizing	But wit and will may vegetate	
2	Sabastian stared, his mouth	Two dollars out of five, and gal-	through peace;	
z	dropping open with amazement.	vanizing	In bidding spades the brain may	

vanizing

In bldding spades the brain may grow

81 (8) 18

LOVELY AS A PICTURE that impression as you will look the night of the Ball,

medium, and high, according to the altitude of your date Gold kidskin, silver, paisley, and crepes for tinting. See them in Culver's window and then on your feet. FOR THE DAZZLING LIGHT OF THE BALL-ROOM, Kathleen Mary Quin-ALENDAR SDAY. noon, Hotet Capital, Board, noon, Etten e for Military Ball, Major Speer's office, m., School of Music, Ellen Smith, P. m., Ellen Smith, speaker.

'Never the Drvad, They've Received



*IN

She looked up at him. "But never being a father. mind," she said, "Gino does not many years, do not know that side at me wherever I go. The storeof Gino.

Sabastian bowed his head. Why,



LOST Green Sheafter pencil in stad-tum Saturday afternoon. Call B3571. Reward.

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ican quarterback. Kum-a-

parts are cuff buttons you

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can put in while your shirt is off. The Rotator is a collar

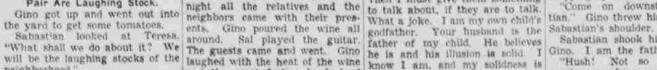
holder that adjusts to suit any style of collar. Kum-a-parts

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Swank Jewelry Is Featured by



thing suspicious about it."

night all the relatives and the

will be the laughing stocks of the laughed with the heat of the wine know I am, and my solidness is and the great feeling he had of almost an illusion. Teresa did not answer. She was and believe you. Sabastian followed Teresa out to thinking. They stood there for a know. Let him call him Sabastian, the porch and they stood there while, then went inside again, bastian said, Gino bega

He will never know about it. He looking up at the moon emerging Everyone was eating and drinking does not listen to tales. Even if from a bank of clouds. Sabastian and laughing and there among is an insult to my manhood. It is he heard he would not believe. He grasped her wrist, "Teresa, I must them was Gino happiest of all, now I who am the father." He shook them was Gino happiest of all, now all over with laughter. "Too much go away from here. I cannot con-half drunk. Teresa alipped quietly all over with laughter. "Too much Why should he believe the truth tinue this way. They are all talk- away from them and went upstairs when the truth would only bring ing about it. Everyone knows, to her room. Sabastian followed him tears and anger? You, though Everyone is making it his private her with his eyes until she disyou have been close friends so affair. This is a joke. They look appeared. He took a glass of wine at me wherever I go. The store-keepers have that smirk on their now, Sabastian watching him. He faces, saying, Oh. I know. I know saw how happy Gino was. No one

all about it. It's a great joke on Signor Marlini. The fool, Gino, Later, unseen, Saba Later, unseen, Sahastian went upstairs to Teresa's room. He put is the only one who doesn't know. He doesn't even think there is any- his hand to the knob and it turned. but the dor did not open. He pressed his hot mouth to the crack Teresa said to him in her low husky voice, which was almost a of the door. He tapped lightly on

doesn't know." "Teresa!" he whispered hoarsely. Let Them Talk-Sabastian.

"Let me in, quick!" Goes to Teresa's Room. "That's just it," Sabastian said, "He is like a cow. He doesn't even think about it. And I am his friend. We come from the same No; go away!"

Teresal go away."

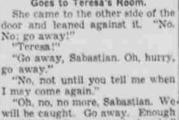
'Oh, no, no more, Sabastian. Wewill be caught. Go away. Enough trouble has been caused already.

'i won't go away

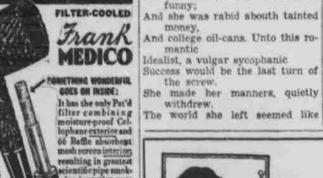


ILTERS FO

and the second sec







Prevents tongue hite, raw mouth, wet heel, had odor, frequent expectoration.



No!

Is offering a variety of smart styles from your Cornhusker photographs. It is advantageous to order when proofs are accepted

ing art mirror. Where she made faces at herself -much queerer

Than those who grin through col-"Hush! Not so loud. Some lars for a prize gossip may hear you downstairs With bottle nose and dadaistic

eyes "Don't you? Don't you?" Sacubic head and cabalistic And

hair. Gino began to laugh. "No. It A drunken frenzy drove her on to is an insult to my manhood. It is share

Caliban's freedom-worship, energy. wine, Sabastian, too much wine, The two of them went down-And sublimate the phallic fallacy.

stairs together, Gino's arm thrown And put her trust in Freud and over Sabastian's shoulder. Sabasgland and sex tian looked around him at the And fear-pathology and nevesmirking faces of the guests. complex

Till flappers and smart-alecks This Roaring Decade We Are praised and banned Grostesqueries they did not under-Living in Has Splashed Night stand; Clubs With the Synthetic Gin

They banish beauty-she is not hard-boiled, No flaunter-and they alienate

the spoiled whisper, "He doesn't know. He the wood panel with his long nails. Our ninety-seven chronicle begins Romantic love with hook and loud bazoo.

From gnomic prattle and from hullabaloo

We have came through. This roaring decade we are liv-

ing in Has splashed the night-clubs with synthetic gin;

Sophistication with a leprous smut Infected every empty occiput;

But financiers began to plunge and

the silver; And when the oldest banks blew

up and busted We lost coins that said in God we trusted.

Beauty departed-art turned in-Fancy met fact but gave the brute dustry-Fancy and faith and hope-fid-Her praise of poverty was sweetly dlededee! The spirit cooks its weiners on a

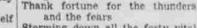
And she was rabid abouth tainted akewer In a tin trailer always on detour.

Stop, Jeremiah! By the way you blast it, The world has gone to hell and way on past it.

When you study progress you will find her flwer, one-half

Studio at

226 So. 11th St



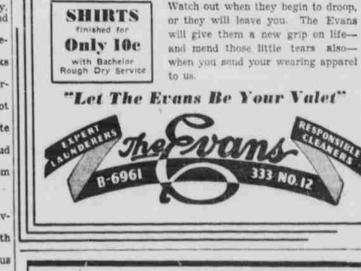
Storming down all the forty vital years! For all but dust and drouth our

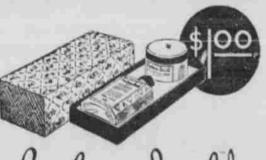
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