

Name of Father Kept in Silence

Mother of Illegitimate Babe Leads Husband to Think He Is Father.

GODFATHER. Hal Ellison. Every day Sebastian dropped a coin in the little tin box and listened to it clink. Steadily the box was filling up and he would be able to give the child a magnificent present on the day of the christening.

When Sebastian came to the Martini home that night, his friend Gino Martin met him at the door beaming with joy. They went into the kitchen and sat down. Teresa was nursing the baby. Sebastian glanced at him suckling there.

Teresa Embarrassed. Sebastian looked at Gino and then shot a quick glance at Teresa, but she lowered her eyes. He looked at Gino. Was Gino playing with him? Did Gino know. He looked at the bland smiling face of his friend but could find no rancor behind the smile.

Teresa flushed and bent her head lower so that only a part of her forehead was visible. Gino looked at her. "Why not?" he said. "You are my best friend. Who else should I name him after?"

"Name him after yourself," said Sebastian. "The first son should always be named after the father." Gino laughed again. "No. No. you are the spiritual father. We will call him Sebastian."

Sebastian bit his lip. He had not expected that this would happen. What would the people say? Everyone knew, it seemed, except Gino. It hardly seemed possible that he did not know.

Pair Are Laughing Stock. Gino got up and went out into the yard to get some tomatoes. Sebastian looked at Teresa. "What shall we do about it? We will be the laughing stocks of the neighborhood."

CLASSIFIED ADVERTISING 10c PER LINE

LOST—Green Sheaffer pencil in stadium Saturday afternoon. Call B2571. Reward.

'Never the Dryad, Only the Pioneer Living the History'

NEVER THE UNICORN. Elizabeth Massier. Contributor from Wichita Falls, Tex.

Never the unicorn Whetted his eager horn On mesquite. Never the dryad Circling the scanty shade On swift feet.

town. He trusts me. That's what made it easy. But it is like a trap that I have gone into and now I can't get out.

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 as well as you. Would you leave me?"

Teresa watched him. "I know you want to go away." "No... No." He shook his head slowly from side to side as if it were a great boulder that was hard to move.

"You can't go away. Gino will be suspicious then for sure. He will find out. You can't leave. He will wonder why you left. He will find out."

"They are always staring. His sister —" "You can't leave. What about me? What about the baby? Gino must go on believing he is the father. And you must be the godfather."

"That is just it. He is playing at being serious and it is all a joke, and I am playing at a joke and it is all serious. He is better off." "It is better this way."

"They Carry on as Before. Gino never knew, and Sebastian continued to come to the house when Gino was not there. But now it was different. Although everyone knew how Sebastian and Teresa had been carrying on before, now it seemed that they all were watching. Sebastian became irritable. Teresa and he came to work, and then he continued to come nights to see the baby. He could not overcome his interest in the child, which he had at first looked upon as the start of a great deal of trouble for him.

On Sunday the baby was christened Sebastian Martini, and they went home from the church. At night all the relatives and the neighbors came with their presents. Gino poured the wine all around. Sal played the guitar. The guests came and went. Gino laughed with the heat of the wine and the great feeling he had of being a father.

Sebastian followed Teresa out to the porch and they stood there looking up at the moon emerging from a bank of clouds. Sebastian grasped her wrist. "Teresa, I must go away from here. I cannot continue this way. They are all talking about it. Everyone knows. Everyone is making it his private affair. This is a joke. They look at me wherever I go. The storekeepers have that smirk on their faces, saying, Oh, I know. I know all about it. It's a great joke on Signor Martini. The fool, Gino, is the only one who doesn't know. He doesn't even think there is anything suspicious about it."

Teresa said to him in her low husky voice, which was almost a whisper, "He doesn't know. He doesn't know." "Let them talk—Sebastian. "That's just it," Sebastian said, "He is like a cow. He doesn't even think about it. And I am his friend. We come from the same

They've Received Pity They Distain From Asking Man

BIRCHES. Ralph Friedrich. An Ohio Poet and Former Contributor.

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

To see 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 am the father. I'm going to show him the truth."

Teresa remained there leaning against the door, saying to herself, "You can't, Sebastian, you can't." "Do you hear, Teresa?" There were heavy footsteps on the stairs, coming up slowly. Unsure of the way. Sebastian and Teresa heard them, listening to each one as it hit the next step.

"Will you?" Sebastian 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. "Teresa!"

Sebastian Tells Gino. She stood behind the door with glazed eyes, her mouth open, her tongue and the muscles of her throat moving. But the words would not come.

The steps stopped on the stairs and came along the hallway in a softer tread. Sebastian took his mouth from the crack and faced Gino. Gino was smiling. Sebastian grabbed Gino by the lapel of his jacket and looked into his eyes—eyes still friendly and without fear, now only lit with curiosity, the brows raised.

Teresa breathed heavily, her breasts crushed against the door, her mouth gone dry. It was too late now. She listened. "Gino!" Sebastian shook him till Gino grasped his wrists. "Gino!" "Yes?" Words came from Sebastian's mouth, slowly, each with the same weight and emphasis. "I want to tell you." He paused, unable to go on.

"Yes?" Sebastian's mouth quivered; his teeth bit the words off short. "I'm the father of Sebastian, not you, Gino." Teresa closed her eyes. Sebastian waited, his grip slowly relaxing on Gino's lapels. But the same eyes looked back at Sebastian, friendly, smiling. Gino laughed. "Too much wine for you, Sebastian."

Sebastian stared, his mouth dropping open with amazement. "Come on downstairs, Sebastian." Gino threw his arm around Sebastian's shoulder. Sebastian shook him off. "No, Gino. I am the father!" "Hush! Not so loud. Some gossip may hear you downstairs and believe you."

"Don't you? Don't you?" Sebastian said. Gino began to laugh. "No. It is an insult to my manhood. It is I who am the father." He shook all over with laughter. "Too much wine, Sebastian, too much wine."

The two of them went downstairs together. Gino's arm thrown over Sebastian's shoulder. Sebastian looked around him at the smirking faces of the guests.

This Roaring Decade We Are Living in Has Splashed Night Clubs With the Synthetic Gin (Continued from Page 1.) We have come through. Our ninety-seven chronicle begins When beer and cigarettes were crimes or sins. Except for genius in the ivory tower; We held ourselves lords of the living hour And all far-of horizons; down we jumped After a job and got our noggins bumped And rose with fingers empty of a prize. Still wiping mist of rainbow from our eyes We took on dishwashing and stable chores Cursing the dunces and palsied bores

Blind to our merits. Then truth With no home to sit in Fancy met fact but gave the brute the mitten. Her praise of poverty was sweetly funny; And she was rabid about tainted money. And college oil-cans. Unto this romantic Idealist, a vulgar sycophantic Success would be the last turn of the screw. She made her manners, quietly withdrew. The world she left seemed like

GOING PLACES with "Smootzi"

GOING PLACES next month in formal style to the Military Ball will be all those campus co-eds who cast an appraising eye at formal wear this month. Choose carefully those little 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 is the spirit of the formal season at Howland 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 silyver blue slipper satin accented with red velvet. Many, many formals at \$12.50. Find yours now before the rush begins.

MITTENS FOR MILADY—the newest and most sensible formal fashion of this season—white, fur-trimmed formal kid mittens. Soft, warm, and

a crazy zoo. And yet we have come through. Old idiot time with buts and ampersands Tattered rheumatically to seven-teen; Victorian codes were holding up the hands, Rebels were doomed to drown in gasoline Or to repent and worship Model T. Noise, lies, and money formed a trinity. Except god Mamonon all gods were in flight. For everything that war desired was right; And what was right was income, interest. Morality found single life unblest; Good business made of her a lusty Moll; Boosting was passionate and bountiful. Simplicity and faith the wits were sore-on, And to be innocent was worse than moron. Hypocrisy bowed low before I. Q. And yet we have come through.

To sit with plugged-up ears may look fantastic; But the machines shook out an orgiastic Flapdoodle glory giving advertising Two dollars out of five, and galvanizing For caterwauling art a crazy mirror. Where she made faces at herself —much queerer Than those who grin through collars for a prize With bottle nose and dadaistic eyes And cubic head and cabalistic hair. A drunken frenzy drove her on to share Caliban's freedom—worship, energy.

And sublimate the phallic fallacy. And put her trust in Freud and gland and sex And fear-pathology and nevel-complex Till flappers and smart-alecks praised and banned Grotesqueries they did not understand; They banish beauty—she is not hard-boiled, No flauter—and they alienate the spoiled Romantic love with hook and loud hazoo. From gnomie prattle and from hullabaloo We have come through.

This roaring decade we are living in Has splashed the night-clubs with synthetic gin; Sophistication with a leprous smut Infected every empty occiput; But financiers began to plunge and pilfer— Moths ate the credit and rust bit the silver; And when the oldest banks blew up and busted We lost coins that said in God we trusted. Beauty departed—art turned industry— Fancy and faith and hope—fiddlededee! The spirit cooks its weiners on a skewer 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. No! When you study progress you will find her One-half flower, one-half in

SHIRTS finished for Only 10c with Bachelor Rough Dry Service

"Let The Evans Be Your Valet" EXPERT LAUNDERERS The Evans RESPONSIBLE CLEANERS B-6961 333 NO. 12

Barbara Gould CLEANSING TREATMENT SPECIAL VALUE THIS WEEK DURING THE VISIT OF THE BARBARA GOULD EXPERT—MISS MARY GOODWIN

Here's a rare opportunity! The complete, effective cleansing treatment of one of America's best known lines at the price of the standard size jar alone.

It includes the scientifically blended Barbara Gould Special Cleansing Cream (or the Liquefying Cleansing Cream for Oily Skin) and the exquisite Barbara Gould Skin Freshener that leaves your skin radiantly alive and refreshed.

Don't miss this opportunity to receive authentic advice and an unusual bargain. Bring this ad to our toiletries section and present it to Miss Mary Goodwin and she will present you with a presentation kit.

—RUDGE'S Street Floor. Rudge & Guenzel Co. B-1129 Townsend Studio at 226 So. 11th St.



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

LOVELY AS A PICTURE—if you would like to keep that impression as you will look the night of the Ball, then have Harold Cox photograph you in all your formal loveliness. B1985. 1125 O.

Highlights On the Air

By Elwood Randol. A dramatic episode starring Claire Pevor, Begins tonight a grand endeavor, To clean up "Big Town" of racket and vice As Eddie G. Robinson breaks the ice At eight Al Pearce conducts a quiz, To find who gives a care, Whether his program remains on air, Or whether it leaves the air. At half past eight on the caravan, Oke College takes the ether. At nine o'clock that rhythm man, Professor Goodman is the teacher. At nine thirty tune in on your radio, And hear Al Jolson's Variety Show, With Stooges, Parkarkarkus and Raye, And Victor Young's boys who can really play!

TYPEWRITERS All standard makes for sale or rent. Used and rebuilt machines on easy terms. Nebraska Typewriter Co. 130 No. 12 St. Lincoln, Nebr. B2157

They do Tricks! KUM-A-PARTS AND THE ROTATOR PATENTED by Swank Here are two Aids to Good Grooming, as tricky...and as smart...as an All-American quarterback. Kum-a-parts are cuff buttons you 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 are \$1 a pair and higher and The Rotator is \$1. Both are on display at your jeweler, department store or men's shop, in a variety of new styles...ideal as gifts or for yourself.

Swank Jewelry Is Featured by MAGEE'S

START ENJOYING STOP DOUBTING YOU ALSO WILL RECOMMEND FILTER-COOLED Frank MEDICO SOMETHING WONDERFUL GOES ON INSIDE: It has the only Pat'd filter combining moistureproof Celophane exterior and 66 Baffle absorbent mesh screen interior resulting in greatest scientific pipe smoking invention ever known. Prevents tongue bite, new mouth, wet heel, bad odor, frequent exspiration. No breaking in. Improves the taste and aroma of any tobacco.

TOWNSEND is offering a variety of smart styles from your Cornhusker photographs. It is advantageous to order when proofs are accepted B-1129 Townsend Studio at 226 So. 11th St.