

A brook whose laughter echoes through the sheen of night,
In careless effort as it onward glides,
A night of mystic grandeur, a silver-tinted moon,
Winding lanes, and quiet countrysides.

A placid lake, her starry face a mirror
Earth's glittering glory to reflect and seek,
A beam of moonlight shining through an open door,
A limpid tear upon a maiden's cheek.

Nature's gifts to man, but do we see
Their mystery and their charm, their power to turn
The mind of man from little things, and through
Their poignant beauty plead with him—"To God return!"

—ALICE McCLOSKEY '49

THE LITTLE MAN AND THE TAILOR

The timid looking little man walked down the street, gazing straight ahead through his horn-rimmed glasses, unmindful of the crowd of passers-by. He clutched a newspaper in his hand. He was thinking of the headline, "Police baffled by series of daring robberies", and he looked worried. He stepped into a tailor-shop and looked about bewilderedly.

"Yeah? Over here, buddy. What'll it be? C'mon, c'mon; what's on your mind. It's ten to five. We're almost ready to close."

The booming voice of the big tailor came out of the gloom on the far side of the room. The little man stepped forward, peering through his glasses.

"Well, I—I was just wondering if you'd have time to press my pants before you close."

The big tailor looked at his assistant. "Well, how do you like that, Joe?" he said, "Imagine him coming in here at this hour and wanting his pants pressed."

His assistant did not even look up from his work; he kept on sewing.

The tailor turned to the little man.

"O. K. Shorty," he said, "Get behind that screen there and pass 'em out to me."

The little man went behind the screen quickly. In a moment the pants were passed out to the tailor.

The tailor put the pants on the ironing board, his hands working swiftly. For want of something better to do he began to tease the little man.

"Whyn't you just go home like that, Tarazan? I bet you'd feel practically naked without your pants, wouldn't you? Haw! haw! haw! How d'you like that one, Joe? How d'you like that one, Shorty?"

No answer.

The big man started to become peeved.

"Say, I bet I know why you're gettin' your pants pressed, Shorty. You got to look pretty tidy when you get home or your wife will crown you with a rolling pin. Is that it, eh?"

No answer.

"Or maybe you got a girl-friend. I bet that's it. Shorty's got a girl-friend, Joe. He's goin' to see her now. Ain't you Shorty? You're taking her out to supper, ain't you Shorty? What'll you have for supper, Shorty? Bean sandwiches? Haw! Haw! Pretty good, eh Joe? Shorty's goin' to have bean sandwiches for supper."

No answer.

The big tailor looked sharply at his assistant, who chewed thoughtfully on his thread and kept on sewing.

The big man was mad. He finished pressing the pants, pulled them off the board with a flick of his wrist and threw them behind the screen.

"Don't like to talk, eh? O.K. then, Shorty, get into your pants and get out. I can't stand a guy who won't talk. You know that, don't you Joe?"

Joe bit off a piece of thread, drew his needle through the cloth and nodded his head, gazing at the screen behind which the little man was climbing into his pants.

The little man stepped out from behind the screen, shoving his belt through the pants' loops.

"How much?" he asked.

"Half a buck." The big tailor was practically snarling.

The little man threw two quarters on the ironing board and walked out the door humming softly to himself.

The tailor stood tense for a moment, gazing at the door that was closing in his face.

"Guess we might as well close, Joe," he said, "Wait'll I put this in the safe."

He took the cash box and stepped behind the screen. After a moment he burst out from behind the screen and stood beating his ironing board with his fists, his face a gleaming purple, his mouth twisted savagely as he muttered incoherent noises.

Joe stood up and looked behind the screen. In the corner was the safe, its door open swinging gently to and fro. A newspaper lay on the floor, its headline staring him in the face.

Joe shook his head sadly and went back to his sewing.

—MIKE HENNESSEY '50

THESE ARE WORTH CRYING FOR

Many believe that tears, the glistening droplets of water which rise from the heart to express some emotion, are reserved for women and children; and men must use some other expression of feeling. Silence commonly expresses their emotions, but men sometimes cry. To them many things are worth crying for.

A great desire for freedom dwells in the soul of every man. Freedom to live his own life whichever way he chooses. Many who have been in concentration camps with nothing to look forward to but torture, hunger, disease and death have stood, unbelieving, in silence as liberators told them of their freedom. Then, suddenly grateful men burst into a flood of tears, or perhaps just a few tears rolled down their hollow cheeks; but they, nevertheless, cried. Most men believe freedom is worth crying for.

While women, who have naturally soft hearts, will weep over their neighbor's sorrow, men seldom, if ever, do. But when he hears of his best friend's death, he will find himself pushing his hand into his pocket to draw his handkerchief to wipe away a tear which in some mysterious way had formed in his eye. He will shed tears, too; at the death of a loved one just as naturally as he would smile upon him living. Friendship and love are closely related. Men think both are worth crying for.

At the altar stands a young eager man. When he turns to give his first blessing to his father and mother, will not tears of joy and pride shine in the father's eyes as well as in the mother's? Tears have streamed down the faces of men attending Mass for the first time in some years. Yes, men believe Religion is well worth tears.