

something to the effect that Puck had been correct in his estimate of us mortals; and then, perceiving the driver staring back inquiringly at him, he shouted:

"I said—drive me home!"

It was all a part of the usual procedure.

The Bored Young Man

Arleen Wilson

The bored young man lit another cigarette and lazily watched a woman stagger down the aisle of the jerking street car. She fell into the seat before him, the last vacant seat in the car. After the next stop, the women would begin to look at him, some wistfully, others confidently. For there were only two types of women, the bored young man had decided. And both wanted men to offer their seats.

The bored young man never offered his.

He would see women at the movies this afternoon, probably as many as were on the street car. Still, to see them would be better than to endure Jeanne; that was why he had not stayed at school this afternoon. Jeanne smoked cigarettes by the package, painted her lips and fingernails a very bright red, and looked at him obliquely through her long eyelashes, all because she fancied he liked daring women. He had liked them once, he remembered; he had once thought himself in love with Jeanne. He smiled slightly as he remembered how intensely he had believed in love. The bored young man often smiled; he never laughed.

He supposed he ought to get rid of Jeanne somehow, but the process would be tedious. If he tried simply to drop her, she would continue to follow him around at school and call him up at home. And if he told her plainly that she no longer interested him, she would make a scene. He would tell her, however. It would be very boring at the time, but less troublesome altogether. He would tell her—tomorrow.

A little boy across the aisle was perched on the edge of his chair, eagerly reading the comic strips over an old man's shoulder. Kids were funny. They got so enthusiastic about such trivial things—dogs and circuses and funny papers.

College profs were about the same. They became enthusiastic about Keats, Shakespeare, or the pronunciation of French. They were always talking about "the proper relations of things" and "fundamental truths." The bored young man had once assumed that these expressions meant something, though he had never listened to the professors long enough to discover just what. He knew now that they really meant nothing.

College professors were supposed to be intelligent, but he found them stupid. They were so easily outwitted. He had made a "C" once in a course for which he had not spent an hour's study, by copying from a crib prepared by the girl who sat next to him. He was rather proud of this; it was a record.

The car stopped to pick up passengers, and as the bored young man had expected, a woman staggered down the aisle and looked at him. She was young, and definitely of the wistful type. She looked familiar; she must be in one of his classes. Now she stood just before him, and was undecided as to whether he recognized her. She knew his name, he was certain. She was the kind who would carefully read the gossip column of the school paper, always hop-

ing to see her name there, and noting those whose names she found. And she would stand there, wondering whether she should have spoken to him, all the way downtown.

"... I've just outgrown you, that's all," he would tell Jeanne. "No, there isn't any explanation except I'm just tired of the whole affair. No, there's nothing you can do about it. I'm not accusing you of anything, so you needn't try to defend yourself. All the talking in the world can't change things. I'm through—that's all!"

And, smiling slightly to show that he did not care, he would watch her begin to cry.

CYNTHIA

You wouldn't believe that the clouds
could hang so low and dark
As they hung that day
You wouldn't believe that the rain
could fall so long and heavy
As it fell that day.

And all that long afternoon Cynthia sat
before the window
And looked out of those sad brown eyes
of hers.

When she was a little girl
Her mother dressed her in silks
And pink bows and fluffy laces
And delicate organdies,
And she was "like her mother."

When she was six
Her father gave her a bike
And skates and a swing
And took her to the lake
And she was "like her father."

And then she was eleven.
All afternoon, looking out of that dark
window
And then she was Cynthia.

—Grace Ferguson.

PARODIES

I -- ----

(With apologies to John Masefield)

I must go to the Pole again, to the Pole
and its circle of cars,
And all I ask is a big coke, and a couple
of pretzel bars;
With the motor's hum, and the horn's
honk, and the waitresses a-running
With an ed here, and a co-ed there, all
of them a-bumming.

I must go to the pole again, for the call
of an idler's way
Is a drawing call and a devil's call, that
I may not gainsay;
And all I ask is the role that day the
prof. will not be taking,
And on the day exams come, I may do
successful faking.

I must go to the Pole again, to the lazy
easy life,
To the gay way that's the fool's way,
where there's rarely any strife;
And all I ask is an Audrey joke, and a
giggling fellow Joe-r,
And I should worry if nothing's done,
when the long day's over!

—Gene Smith

II

Rockabye baby on the stand's top
When the crowd roars, the bleachers
will rock.
When the game's over, goal posts will
fall,
Down will come baby, classmates and
all.

—Grace Ferguson