The Two Clocks
By C. E. Easton

There were two clocks in the house—one in the kitchen and one on the bookcase in the living room. The clock in the living room said tick, tick, tick, hurry, hurry, hurry, all day and all night; while the clock in the kitchen said tick-tock, tick-tock, tick-tock, take your time, take your time, all day, but you never noticed it at night. When the clock in the living room struck it said bang, bang, bang, in rapid succession; and when it finished, one always wondered what time it was. When the clock in the kitchen struck it said bong—bong—bong, slowly, carefully, precisely, with a full second between strokes. Somehow one always felt satisfied after it had finished. When the clock in the living room struck it jarred the nerves; but the old clock never bothered anybody, although one was sure to hear it.

By the lamp in the living room sat two men: one was twenty-seven; the other was ninety-two. The young man pulled nervously on a cigarette while he read the latest “Hollywood Nights”. The old man pulled dreamily at a pipe as he tenderly turned the pages of his Bible. Suddenly the clock on the bookcase stopped; the young man picked it up, shook it, and peered in the back at the works. “Main spring broke,” he announced. “Just another piece of junk.” Stepping to the back door, he tossed it into the alley. “Think I’ll see a show,” and, hat in hand, he left. The old man laid down his book and went out into the kitchen to wind the clock. “Looks like you might outlast me, old timer,” he said, addressing the clock. “Just seventy-five years ago tonight I put you up here and started you; I knew you were well made.”

That night the young man’s car skidded on a curve, carrying him over an embankment to his death. After the funeral the
old man sat on a bench in the park and thought: “George died awfully young. I’ve made clocks for seventy-five years, and most of them are still running. He worked at the May’s plant for four years and brought home three clocks; none of them lasted two years. People seem in an awful hurry nowadays.”

Despair

By Mary J. Brand

OUT there,
Beneath the sod,
My mother lies tonight
Alone and unafraid, but I—
Alone—

December, 1937