

there was plenty of room. That was very nice. He had quite beautiful manners for a shoe salesman. He must be a man who thought, too, or he wouldn't feel as he did about children who needed shoes.

She opened the drawer and picked out a knife, and as she reached in the drawer, tried to lean forward and touch the corner of the picture. But she couldn't quite reach it. She'd forgotten the side-board was so wide. This was too exasperating. She closed the drawer then, and drawing her lips, reached with the knife-end.

"What are you doing?" he asked.

"Oh —" she looked at the knife a little foolishly. "This picture was a little crooked. I can't abide crooked pictures, so I was trying to straighten it," she said then.

He stood up. "Here let me," he said. His long arms reached in front of her and he pushed up the hanging corner just the proper shade. "There," he said, and smiled down at her.

"Thank you," she said, but her heart felt very large and almost sad inside her,

He didn't mind, and he had such a kind face. He liked her and he didn't mind about the picture.

"I'll get the pie," she said breathlessly after a moment and almost fled toward the kitchen. But in the door she had to look at him once more, at his calm and friendly smile. Perhaps he'd like some cheese.

She turned, smiling a little timidly, with her hand on the frame. "Would you like a bit of cheese?" she asked, but her words faded a little at the end. His face was very odd. He was staring at her, with an expression of pity that was almost scornful about his mouth and eyes. Though the look was a fleeting one and he blinked and smiled at her, she had seen it and when he said "I'd love it!" heartily, she frowned.

She went on into the kitchen a little slowly and she stood a moment looking at the pie. Somehow it didn't look as good as it had, and a quarter seemed very large. She touched her hair vaguely, looking down at it. And then she got the cheese,

## Song Without Music

LUCY KAUFMAN

A song in the night  
lingering among the lilacs, in the dew  
reflecting moonlight,  
returns again the old lost love, the you  
I never could forget.  
How strange it is that music I once knew  
becomes so alien when listened to  
alone!

Was it long  
ago that our swift moment's singing died?  
And now the song  
unsung is heard, remembered but denied.