

his number without the music in front of him.

The first pupil to perform was a four-year-old boy. Too young to have any fears, he leaped to his feet when he was announced and with a little assistance from the instructor climbed the three steps to the platform, which extended the width of the auditorium, and pranced across to the piano. He was placed on the bench and a box was shoved under his feet since they could not reach the pedals. He played very well and received a nice ovation. And so they went — some nervous, some confident, some audacious, and some quite frightened.

Finally it came time for my brother to do the honors. Slowly he got to his feet and climbed to the stage. The family was now on the edge of the bench with me. I saw mother's hands open and close nervously. Dad showed no external signs of emotion, but I know he was closely watching my younger brother. As if in a trance Al stared for a time at the piano

on the far side of the floor and then slowly and hesitantly moved toward it, the music still clutched in his hand, his eyes riveted to the piano. He carefully placed the music on the piano and then turned to face the audience. He placed one hand in front of him on his stomach and the other on his back, as if about to do a Scottish hornpipe, and bowed. Then he sat down at the piano. His tongue raced back and forth over his lips. Beads of sweat stood out on his forehead. Then he began to play, the music lying open before him. Throughout the entire number the family joined with the audience in holding its breath.

He passed the trial with flying colors. Not one mistake did he make. When the last note had sounded, he sat on the bench in a trance while the people vigorously applauded. Then he seemed to come out of the spell. Slowly he raised his head, his face now wreathed in smiles. Something queer met his eye. For a second he stared; then he broke out in laughter. The music was up-side-down.

Let's Stay Out of It

MARY SCHREIBER

Once upon a time a golden haired princess lived on the top of a great mountain. Now this princess was the ruler of a kingdom whose people occupied all the available living space on that mountain. Everyone was very happy because the princess was a good ruler and all desirable commodities were plentiful.

All about the base of the mountain were other little kingdoms. One day all these rulers got into an argument, and so these kingdoms started a war among themselves.

Up on the mountain the princess and her council heard about the war which was going on down below. They called a

meeting, and the talk buzzed around for days and days. In fact, the talk was so loud that even the warring kingdoms could hear it. After all the discussion died down, the princess decided not to enter the war. Her people were self-sufficient on their mountain. It seemed sensible to stay out of the quarrel.

Down at the base of the mountain the cannons boomed and the rifles shot. And one day a soldier mis-aimed his cannon and shot at the mountain. Boom! went the cannon. When all the smoke cleared, the people down below saw that the kingdom up above had been blown away. Poor princess, poor council, poor mountain!