

kiss a boy". The big fat tears rolled down her face and splashed into the tub.

But after that, she felt better. Mother was a dear. She didn't say much. And if the corner of her mouth twitched the tiniest bit, Emily didn't see.

It was nice to be in bed, warm and relaxed after her bath. Mother kissed her goodnight and tucked the covers around her. Somehow, since she had told about it, and now that she was home in bed, it all seemed very far away. Drowsily, she thought of it . . . of course it was silly. Mother had told her never to do things like that . . . but maybe you had to once in a while to achieve that mysterious state they called being "grown up." After all she wasn't a baby any more. She'd be graduating next semester. And then, with the warmth and the coziness, it came over her that his cheek had really been very soft . . .

A Leaf In The Stream

Betty Davenport

So often I think of Cousin Katherine. Sometimes a chance remark, occasionally a printed word, almost always the note of a violin will bring her. Even now on the creek bank, watching sycamore leaves swirl through the rapids, hesitate, and then float slowly on, I am thinking of her.

Katherine's story, as my mother has told it to me, is quite short—and very simple. She was tall, dark-haired, endowed with wit and charm.

An accomplished violinist, she spent some time studying in Germany, and was able to give a great deal of pleasure to people, both here and over there who heard her play. Uncle George, her father, bought for her a fine old violin, and its rich tone gave added depth and beauty to her music. I can see her now, as mother has many times described her, standing, violin in hand, on the concert stage. She is wearing cream-colored lace, and is surrounded by masses of pink roses. This, indeed, is the picture of her that I can imagine most clearly, and that I like the best.

When Katherine was twenty-one she married a man who was also young, intelligent, full of fun. His character endeared him to her family and friends, and their marriage seemed a near approach to perfection. They lived very happily together, until Katherine became suddenly ill. She remained at the hospital for a while in a critical condition, but, improving rapidly, was promised that she might return home in time to celebrate their first wedding anniversary. Plans were made for a large dinner party, and though of course Katherine could take no part in preparing it, it was to be given in her own home, and she would be present. Shortly before that time, her illness took a quick and unexpected turn for the worse—and then she died.

From the same place from which, exactly a year before, she had been married, she was buried—her violin sealed away with her. Her husband, who is only a few years over forty today, has never married again.

SAD SONG

Far and wide
Over a lonely lake
The gray clouds glide;
Memories that make
Tears fall from the present time
Into the past.

—Jane Beuret