

undertaker's assistant. Really the atmosphere was decidedly too brisk for a house of death; for at last he was beginning to face the fact that he was irretrievably dead. And things were moving entirely too rapidly to suit him. Indeed, a most uncomfortable day and night had passed all too quickly, and here it was the day of the funeral.

And here he was, wandering about, feeling entirely superfluous, he, the guest of honor, as it were. Well, at least, he would have the distinction of being present at his own funeral, for present he intended to be. He was going to get something out of this mess, of that he was certain.

But when he arrived at the church a little late, for he had stayed behind the others to surreptitiously read some of the telegrams of condolence, he found the chapel doors locked. A feeling of righteous wrath pervaded his already overburdened spirit. Lock him out of his own funeral services, would they! Well, he'd show them! And he could do it, too! He was just about as mad as he had been at that fatal moment two days ago when he'd started the whole thing.

He stalked around to the side of the church. Luckily a window was open. It was a warm day. He clambered up and sat on the sill. He looked about. Everyone was there, even his editor. The minister was speaking, and the mourners listened with rapt attention. For the moment, he listened too. Dr. Pinder was doing nobly. This was a great soul who had departed. For a moment he forgot who was being eulogized so eloquently. He came to himself with a start.

"Hey!" he yelled pugnaciously. "What do you mean by locking me out of my own funeral services? Don't you know it isn't polite? Just for that I refuse to be dead another minute!" For a moment, he savored

the aghast and wholly foolish expression on Edith's face. Well, it served her right! Bury him without his permission, would she? But then things began happening too rapidly for more thought.

There he was again, back in his chair, exactly as he had been before the whole affair began. There was the rejected book at his feet. There were the delinquent larkspurs blooming blue. And there was Edith, bless her, coming across the lawn with that peculiarly awkward gait of hers.

"Arthur," she said peevishly.... "About that pl—"

With a bound, Mr. Binkley was out of his chair. "Yes, I know," he shouted joyfully. "That plumber's bill. Leave it on my desk, I'll attend to it later. I'm late for my golf game as it is. Don't wait dinner for me. I'll eat at the club." And he sprinted across the lawn and into the house.

Edith stood and watched his retreating back with a puzzled expression. "Now I wonder," she thought, "how he knew I wanted to ask him about that plumber's bill?"

Failure

Betty Davenport

He looked up and saw he was nearly there. The hand that was down in his pocket kept fingering the three pennies. David tried to make them clink like the money in grandpa's pocket—grandpa always rattled when he walked—and especially when he walked fast as David was doing now. It was fun to make the coins jingle every time he passed a crack in the sidewalk. Usually David found something fascinating in almost every crack—and then he'd have to stop and investigate. But today, when he was on such an important errand,

he didn't have time to explore. He was on his way to mail a letter. Of course, it wasn't the first time he'd dropped a letter in the box, but this was different—he was going to buy a stamp at the corner drug store and put it on the letter all by himself—lick it and everything. Mother had reminded him that the letter was for cousin Jane, so he was to be sure to get the stamp on straight—right up in the corner where mother had made a little cross with a pencil. David knew that she was right about that, because when he'd visited cousin Jane last summer he had had to be very careful about how he put his toys away—it was like that at cousin Jane's. So he was certainly going to put this stamp on just right.

He leaned hard on the drug store door and pushed it open. That nice smell of chocolate sundaes and new magazines met him. David's nose wrinkled a little, but he didn't stop to look at anything this time—not even the shiny alarm clocks in the cases. He walked up to the counter and spoke to the man behind it.

"Hello," he said.

"Well, hello, sonny!" said the clerk. "What can I do for you today?"

"I want to buy something," said David, distinctly. "I want to buy a three-cent stamp."

"Writing to Santa Claus?" asked the clerk, pulling out a drawer.

"No, it's for cousin Jane." David pulled the letter out and laid it up on the counter while he felt for the money. He was wondering whether to lick the stamp and put it on now, or wait till he was outside—it would be fun either way, he guessed. Out came the pennies and one by one he put them on the counter. He looked up at the man.

"That's just right, sonny," the clerk said, "here, let me fix it for you!" And he licked the stamp and stuck it on the letter—a little crooked. "There you are—and you can reach

the box all right—there's a low one on this corner," he went on in a hearty, friendly voice.

David didn't say anything. He picked up the letter and started out of the store.

"Well, goodbye," the man said, and even David could tell that he sounded a little hurt. But David didn't answer. He went on out and looked, through a film of tears, for the mail box.

The Education Of Ambrose

Katherine Kilby

They were an odd pair as they stood before the Taj Mahal. For that matter, they had been an odd pair as they stood before the Pyramids, and equally as odd as they gazed at the leaning tower of Pisa.

Ambrose was rotund and florid. Ambrose had a passion for violently colored clothes of unique cut. (During the knickerbocker era Ambrose had worn brown and green plaid plus fours.)

Laura, too, had a tendency toward rotundity, but she had conquered her leanings in this direction better than had her spouse. Laura also had a tendency toward, shall we say, pinkness.

But here the resemblance between Ambrose and Laura ended. Laura was, in her own words, a worshipper at the Feet of Beauty. Laura had read any number of guide books from cover to cover, and Laura knew what to appreciate and what not to appreciate in every country.

Ambrose was a mathematician. Ambrose wrote down statistics which weren't at all vital in a little black book. Ambrose knew the depth of