

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

every lake and the height of every mountain which he had seen. That is, he would have known had his memory been good. Ambrose's memory was not good, but all the figures were neatly inscribed in his little black book.

It was at the Taj Mahal that Laura decided, with customary determination, that Ambrose should learn to appreciate Beauty.

"Ambrose," said Laura, "don't you see how—how beautiful it is? Put away that pencil, Ambrose—it's the jewel in the crown of the Moslems." Laura quoted freely, if inaccurately, from her guide book.

"Yes, dear," said Ambrose, absently tucking his pencil into his pocket behind his brown silk handkerchief, "I wonder how high it is?"

After their return to the continent their life became one long and tiring game of cat and mouse. Laura painstakingly ushered Ambrose up mountains and down valleys to show him that which was Beautiful, and Ambrose eluded Laura at every turn to question people about depths and dimensions.

Laura went unsmiling to defeat.

She forced him to spend a night at Naples, where he arose long enough before Laura to find that Vesuvius was 2300 feet deep and wider still across.

For several days she dragged him through the Louvre, where he escaped her on the first day long enough to ask a guide how many pictures there were in the place.

And then, on the third day, she came upon him as he stood in rapt contemplation of the Mona Lisa.

"At last," thought Laura. "at last he knows that beauty cannot be measured in terms of feet and inches. There is nothing to measure here."

"Say," said Ambrose, turning about. "That guide was just telling

me how many people every week ask him why the Mona Lisa has no eyebrows. I forget how many it was, but—"and Ambrose opened his little black book:

Star Light, Star Bright

Louise Dauner

Seven-thirty, of a Saturday night. Milly closed the door on the scarred walnut dresser with its week's accumulation of city-grime and cheap powder, on the tarnished iron bed, the flimsy, shapeless dresses that hung in the closet. She had just put one on, washed her face, and tried to achieve some sort of effect with her too-fine, blondish hair. But with all her efforts, her reflection in the cracked mirror over the dresser had been discouraging.

Slowly she made her way down the dim stairway that led to the door. Her feet scraped the worn steps listlessly. Nineteen; subconsciously, her mind registered them, one by one; the next to the last was an inch higher than the rest. Sometimes, going up, she tripped over that one. And all of them were battered and worn a little hollow in the middle. Like the people who trudged up and down, up and down, she thought moodily—but it was easier to go down.

Silently she let herself out of the brooding old house. As the soft summer breeze touched her cheeks and damp brow she knew a moment of relaxation, and then the little lift that, in spite of her weariness, always came to her at this hour. She loved it—this mystic, eerie half-hour when the night seemed hesitant to