

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

descend and the day loath to relinquish.

She walked on, down the eternal and inscrutable sidewalks, her steps imperceptibly a little lighter. But it was getting her, she told herself—eight hours a day before the weaving machines, feeding the long silken strands, until lately she had felt herself becoming just another less perfect machine for the spinning of hosiery for fine ladies' feet. Sometimes, in an odd detached way, she visioned herself as a huge spider, doomed to a malevolent industry, her face the blue-green of the lights under which she worked.

She was walking in the general direction of the Park. Not that it was really a park; only a vacant space where someone had once set some benches. Now they sagged uncomfortably, and the green paint had scaled off into a dirty gray; but she could rest tired back and feet there, and looking up from sporadic patches of insistently courageous grass, she could see a fair bit of sky where the stars shone as clearly as they did at home.

At home now—the evening star would be coming up above the hill. It would hang, pale and misty, just above the black of the pine trees. Always, as a little girl, seeing it so, she would stand very still, whisper softly—"Star light, star bright"—

She had reached the first park bench. Involuntarily, she glanced upward. In the falling night, she saw the star. But tonight she didn't wish. She knew better now. Life wasn't like that. Wishing on first stars wasn't any more effective than other kinds of wishing—or wishing at all.

This, she thought, was what she'd left the broad, leisurely fields for; this squirrel cage, where yesterday and today and then tomorrow caught her and passed over her; where every gesture could almost be predicted

beforehand, and each gesture pressed a little of youth and joy and sensitiveness out of her. Of course, farm life had its routine, too. But there was always the miracle; every morning a sunrise different from yesterday's; in the spring and summer the simple tenderness of young life, growing, waxing full, waning gently. She drew a deep nostalgic breath. Suddenly the air seemed thick and heavy to her.

And by now she had reached the middle park bench. As on the two preceding Saturday nights, she leaned back, cupping her chin in her hands. Up there the star was being joined by a myriad of others; but none, she thought, were as brilliant. She imagined it winking down on all the world; on calm glassy seas; on serene fields; on the dew-damp grass of the country-clubs where debutantes strolled under the moon.

Tonight the star seemed to have more than five points—six, seven, she couldn't see clearly. And tonight it reminded her of an advertisement in the evening paper, an advertisement for those same laughing girls whose delicate feet tripped through June nights in—perhaps the identical hose she had helped to fashion. Laughing girls, with all the glamour of a favored youth woven into the star-spangled evening gowns in the advertisement.

And then she heard steps on the path. Young, bouvant steps. Her senses quickened. Would he come?

Twice before he had come; strong, erect, fair, with a breath of cleanliness about him, like the country itself. Last Saturday he had seemed on the point of speaking; had hesitated a moment, as though considering whether he, too, should not sit on the bench, at the other end. If he hesitated tonight—perhaps he, too, was lonely and homesick for the land. She would speak to him. There could be nothing wrong in that.

The steps came closer. Her heart

began to pound the least bit. What if he misunderstood? But he would know. He would look at her, and he couldn't think—that. What would she say? "Hello." And after that things would take care of themselves. Maybe, if they got on well, he would suggest taking a walk—under the stars.

He was almost abreast of her. His steps were slowing. It was the third Saturday night. Now was the time. She looked up to meet his gaze. She smiled, shyly. "Hello," she said. "Won't you—sit down?"

He seemed suddenly embarrassed. "Why—", he smiled, "I—". He moved to approach the bench, then stopped. In the darkness she crimsoned. Didn't he understand?

But he was staring at a bulky figure that loomed behind her, a figure that she could not see.

"Here you!" The voice, directed toward her, was rough. "What are yuh doin' here?" Still she did not realize that the voice addressed her. "You, I mean." The figure moved in front of her and jerked her to her feet.

She shrank back. "I—". Her voice caught. "I wasn't doing anything!"

"Yah! That's what they all say. 'I wasn't doin' nothin'." The voice was savagely mocking. "Guess you'd better come with me, sister, and tell it t' the judge." Small sharp eyes scrutinized her; took in her thin body, the cheap dress, the straggly hair. "Business hasn't been so good, eh?" A fat hot hand closed on her arm.

She struggled for a moment; until, over the policeman's shoulder she saw the young man moving noiselessly into the shadows. Her shoulders drooped then in resignation.

The moist, hot hand was shoving her down the path toward the city lights. From far away she heard the voice murmuring something—"Maybe the judge won't lock you up— Looks like it's your first time—

musta been, or you wouldn't a done such a rough job." She heard a guttural laugh.

Soft music, star light. But the wind was blowing up a rain, and the sky had gone quite black.

It Flies

Mary C. Funkhouser

Time, it is said, waits for no man. I admire things that wait for no man—they are so few—especially, sweet young things. But this is digression.

Although nothing can be done about it, I think time is demanding too much attention in this nervous era. Ours is an age of clock punching, of schedules, of Bulova watch mongers splicing up perfectly good radio programs to annoy people by reminding them of the hour. Why couldn't the old Greek astronomers at least have contented themselves with the natural division of day and night, months and years? Why the necessity of cutting up the poor puny days into tiny teasing tid-bits of time?

I harbor dark suspicions of people who always know the hour of day, people who, if you regard them quizzically (although you haven't said a word) will snap their wrist watches under your nose saving, "two ten and three ticks" without even looking. And reader, those individuals who always remember the exact hour they did things, are fit for treason, stratagems and spoils. The summer traveler who scribbled a hasty postcard such as, "Hello there—arrived last evening at 5:22. Had a nice swim till 6:00. Dinner at 7:30 on the hotel terrace. To the theatre at 9:00. Danced afterward for an hour. Home by 1:15," gives me the jitters. The one quoted slipped up by not telling us how long he was at the theatre.