

TWO IN ONE

By Marjorie Elaine Porter
I am an Easter Hat. For the past 20, no, it must be nearly 30 years, I have lived a quiet life carefully packed away in this big chest with all the rest of Her things. The chest is in the attic, so that it is dark, and I hadn't seen daylight in all those years, until—the other night.

We were all dreaming, we old relics, up here in the attic, and it must have been late, suddenly, footsteps were heard climbing the creaking old stairway from the floor below. Then a bright light flashed upon the old chest. The drawer in which I lay, was opened, and I saw Him for the first time in 30 years. How he had changed! I remembered Him last when he folded Her dainty flowered things and placed them in the old chest with me. He had held me in his arms a long time then, before he put me gently away with the other things.

And after all those years, he came again. He stood there, with the light in his hand, staring down at me, as if he saw me, and yet didn't see me. Then he took me from my resting place, and knouched my bows of tulle with gentle fingers.

I knew what he was thinking, because my own memory slipped back through the years to a day when I was proudly displayed in the window of a smart little shop. I could hear her saying: "But, John, it's a darling! I love it, get it for me and we'll join the Easter parade! You know it's the new 'Merry Widow,' must have it. Let's go in so I can try it on."

"It looks too big for your small face, Genevieve." (I can see him as he looked then, when she smiled down at her) "but have your way as usual. Might as well stock up with pretty things on our honeymoon, besides, it's Easter with a new hat."

"Oh John, I promise, it's the last thing I'll ever ask you to buy me—" (How sadly prophetic those words came back to me now.) Yes, the little bride had her way. She reached for me eagerly when the saleswoman took me out of the window, and placed me upon her pretty golden pompadour.

Her husband smiled down at her. Both she and I knew that He liked me. How happy she was as she came out of the shop, wearing me at such a jaunty angle! We were in the Easter Parade that happy year, all three of us. She was very proud of me. My tulle bows were so fresh and crisp, and my trim so wide!

But that was years ago. I have tried to forget the things that

followed—when I lay on the shelf so long with all her pretty things hanging around me, wondering why she didn't come. Sometimes a white-clad nurse came into the clothes closet, looking for something.

Then the day came, when He gathered all Her things in his arms, and carried me, stumbling away to the stairs to be at the old chest. Why, I wondered, had He come again, after so many years.

He stood holding me in his hands. "You seem to bring Her back," He whispered, "and I'd almost forgotten it was Easter again. Then I passed that shop today—there was a hat like you in the window—'A Merry Widow' hat—and I remembered you. Styles come back for Easter, but She—never—will."

By Carol Dwyler
Spring affects some persons as it does the birds, and awakens all their migratory instincts. Travel bureaus brighten up and the harassed employees begin to dream of their own vacations, when they can stay at home in blessed comfort, without mapping out the roads are crawling with the less affluent

epysies, who become Sunday drivers during the hectic period when genuine spring is over, and her appearance causes even greater rejoicing because she is so hard to find.

The urge for sudden and violent action overwhelms even the most confirmed stay-at-homes. They decide to move, or to give the house the cleaning of its life. And that means clearing out desk and bureau drawers, and throwing away all those bushels of things you thought might be useful some time. The main trouble is that you usually become so engrossed with memories when on a foray of this type, that you end by hastily shoving everything back into the drawer and hoping that it will pass unnoted in the general confusion.

Writing paper? We recently unearthed a good sized box of old sheets and envelopes, completely fascinating now that they aren't any good. There are a few huge envelopes from our college address in the back, which I did not use such big ones? These are big enough to hold a bridge table, let alone a single letter. Here's some of that gaudy purple stuff, with the unexpected bumps, in which our pen always stuck, left over from the time when we thought we were a femme fatale. So help me, if there aren't some ruled sheets with drawings of Peter Rabbit at the top. Well, no use throwing all of it away; it might come in handy if we wanted to write some lists.

Here's the party box... a whole sheaf of bridge talies, with most of the scores discouragingly low; crumpled paper hats and place cards and our name spelled wrong on most of the latter. Off by itself is a small glass cat. Now where on earth...? Oh yes that was my little pillow where we thought we were Bohemians, and the very dignified man with the purple face made such a solemn date with us to play golf at five a. m. These college date programs look kind of haggard; seems impossible when we remember the short, short time ago when they were so revered.

Here's a telegram: "Happy birthday to my big girl. Now that you are 21 I will bring you a crown-up present when I come back. What on earth is this, perfumed wood? No, it's cake, from the first wedding we ever attended. Relics of that first trip to Knoxville, Tenn., all marked out. And that bus was part of the "So-So-Peachy-Southern-Wind" line. If we remember correctly, might as well save 'em all—they might be fun to paste into an album or something, some day.

So it goes. Before you finish the review, your family appears and announces, with some heat, that they've been calling you to dinner for 20 minutes now, and you'd better hurry up and come. You explain, and march to the table glowing with the consciousness of a good deed well done. It is some time later when you remember that the only things you've thrown away are some broken rubber bands and an empty ink bottle.

A woman gaffer stood close by and overhearing their conversation said: "I'll wager you'll both be out here the first thing tomorrow morning."

Not this was Saturday and that made the next day Sunday, so the minister protested, "No I won't. I'll be in church tomorrow morning."

"Ha—Oh, John! I forgot to turn off the gas ring in the bedroom when we left. Husband—All ri', nothin'll burn. I forgot to turn the water off in the bathroom—Providence Jour-nal."

LIVE and LEARN
By Alice Ann Sanders
A football coach and a minister were the best of friends and as friends often do, they played golf together. The hazards were numerous and their scores kept mounting; balls were lost and the men were discouraged.

"Throwing his mid-rim end for end" (something the minister wouldn't do) the coach shouted, "I'm through with golf!"

"So am I," agreed the minister.

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