

turn away again, and he added suddenly, "What kind do you like?"

"Oh, I don't know. I like classical and semi-classical and some popular numbers."

"Don't you like jive? Boy, that's my dish!" She did not appear to be interested. "I played sax in a jazz band for four years while I was in high school. We made pretty good money." Still she did not reply. "You mean to tell me you don't have rhythm? You ain't a hep-cat?"

"No."

"Well, I swan." He squirmed to get matches from his rear pocket, pulled a cigaret from his breast pocket and tapped it on his hand.

"You don't care if I smoke, do you?"

"No."

"Have one with me."

She looked at him with thinly disguised boredom. "No, thank you."

He grunted and lit his cigarette. Catching sight of a magazine under her purse, he pulled it out and said, "Mind if I glance at this?"

"Not at all."

He flipped through it, humming under his breath. He stopped short at the picture of a beautiful girl with the caption above, "Ivory Hides Her Birthdays!" He gave a short laugh. "That's a good one! the way dames are sucked in by these ads!" Then looking at her, "Guess you don't have to worry about your birthdays yet, do you? Sa-a-ay, how old are you anyway?"

"Why do you want to know?"

"Oh, just interested," he replied nonchalantly. "I bet you're not a day over eighteen!"

"I'm twenty-two."

He gazed on her in amazement. "Twenty-two! well, I wouldn't have said you were over nineteen at the most! Guess how old I am!"

"I'm not good at guessing people's ages," she said.

"I'm eighteen. Just finished high school in May and now I'm already through boot. Are you through school?"

A smile played about her lips. "Yes, I was graduated from college a year ago."

"College! Is that right; Well, I think college is a good thing for those that can take it. I'm not much at books. Say, you mean to tell me you're through college and not married yet?"

"That's right."

"What do you do for a living? I bet you've been spoiled all your life. You just look like it to me."

"Do I?" Again the smile played around her mouth. "There are four children in our family."

"What are you doing now?"

"Oh, I'm teaching in high school." "TEACHING? You a school teacher? Well, blow me down!"

He gave a long sigh and settled down once more in his seat. "Well, I guess that's that," he said.

Before long the passengers in the coach heard his gentle snores.

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## Entrez

You knocked on the door of my heart,  
But you were trying to be polite;  
You knew I was standing there waiting all the time.

—By Clyde M. McLeod.