## Lace And Rosebuds

She was a very little girl and few of the bustling late-evening shoppers noticed her standing quietly beside her mother before the display of handkerchiefs. Her dress was clean if worn, and her hair was neatly braided and tied with bows. A casual observer would suppose that mother and child were from a family of ordinary means with perhaps only a few more difficulties than most families.

The mother was appraising a pile of men's handkerchiefs on sale. The child saw another handkerchief, tiny, edged with dainty pink lace and embroidered with rosebuds. It was not a thing most children would want; yet it awakened within her soul an unnamed longing to possess a thing of beauty for itself alone.
"Twelve Handkerchiefs for One Dollar. A Bargain."
"One Handkerchief for a Dollar. Handmade Imported Lace."
The two signs were designed to attract customers of all types: rich or poor, extravagant or thrifty, seeing or blind.

A hone was suddenly conceived within the childish heart. It grew

and grew and in one moment of sudden courage was born into a word, a question. The mother nodded absently and waited for the clerk to come. The child could scarcely still her heart for over and over again its beating said, "It's mine. It's mine. It's mine."

At last a clerk appeared. The mother handed her a bill and reached over the counter to grasptwelve hankerchiefs, and not the one of lace.

The beating heart did not die; it did not die completely, for young hearts are always strong. Yet some small part of it would never again be able to nourish hope or give it birth.

Few, if any of the busy crowd rushing home to supper took note as mother and child left the store. And none saw into the heart of pain through the hungering eyes fastened upon a tiny mass of pink until the door swung shut to blot it out.

## Not Wanted

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throw off suddenly our European customs and become Burmese in habit, dress, and sentiment overnight? That was ridiculous for anyone to expect of us, but everyone did. Though I speak Burmese like a native, I can no longer bargain with the shopkeepers or chatter with the children playing in the court; everywhere I am greeted with hostile looks. Now this hostility has brought a crisis to our lives. Daddy had worked for the government since I was a baby. He was an agricultural inspector under the British and had been reappointed as a civil servant under the new regime. Mother has just told me that Daddy has lost his job to an influential Burman. There is no future for us here. We are to leave for Australia in two weeks on a ship
that will be filled with people like us-people without a country.
A golden sunset fills the city with a warm glow. I can see the Shue Dagon pagoda in the distance; its gold-leafed shrine is crowned with the richer gold of the sun. From the tower of a mosque nearby a crier is calling all good Moslems to prayer. The people are peaceful. Isn't it strange how your little world can completely fall apart, while the worlds of those so near to you are completely undisturbed? I am to leave soon, and though I shall never again hear the mosaue crier or the swift patter of the feet of the rickshaw puller. life will go on here as though nothing had happened. But life will go on for me too Life is a never-ending stream of jovs and sorrows, heartache and elation. A storm came and the quiet stream of my life became turbulent. I pray that in a new land the stream may flow peacefully again.

## The Cydrenti

Well, here I am, anxploring was utes late, too . . . I de other boys aunt anywhere . . . Sh home. The meet me here at $10: 30$, tains of Mary the right place-inforlind West Virg first floor, Thalhimer Bne caves. On The entire population nd on other fr turned out today fore into a truck shopping . . I don't a cave. Son though . . . Surely, tht tramp throu season of more generoussks and rivers Hope I get a lot this yes and likely lo that mouton coat I waliffs of old $q$ there's Agnes-that gile location of to be in my homeroombok in the p Has she ever gotten fatists the locatic that with her? . . I I tave in the sta face . . . Oh, I remembalso contains name's Helen . . . Neexploring is, didn't know her . . . She mountain hair color again.
it is inside
There goes one of myres we came laden down with bundle thirty feet, der whom he's playing Sreams, and ve Glad it isn't me . . . He so some of th a bore... Where is my rormations su be her watch has stoppelagmites, flo thing . . . Her presents id cave coral. worth waiting for, thonsummer we v here comes To Ann Millwelve differe in the world is that driaree trips to

He must be seven fi lack of equ That nose! . . . And hocave of its si glasses . . . I never thow is a twenty a cute girl like To Ann we descended b like that . . . Oh, horrolis a narrow n introduced him to thar lot of hard, m her brother . . How dithed another $p$ manage to get in the saick there bec

Where is she?? . . Is at the first to leave in just about re returned w What is it? Who, or rascended both is that dile of fur under of the secor strous looking har! Tast We explo where hast thou fled! ...ig through t ing around now ... Oh we came to it's my own dear aunt!
 Dot WILTSH ${ }_{\text {with }}$ a high thwhwhwhwtwhthth the passage ac; so we tu eek we wen O for the ships that ride xploring the Or more, the wind that o mapped th free;
Within my soul, that's horling through If with my hands I'd fashig them has
-D ving as an it

