

thought of how odd it must look to see a grown man running water through his fingers and looking at the remaining drops!

Alvin was quite old when he found his perfect drop of water. It was a day in March. His wife had been taken to the hospital. She was quite ill—cancer was the diagnosis. Early in the morning he received a 'phone call from the doctor. She had died during the night.

Alvin cried and a tear drop fell to the table where he was sitting. He looked down at it and suddenly he knew that his search was ended. He had found the perfect drop of water.

EARLY EVENING WALK

VIRGINIA WARRNER

IT WAS early evening when I walked home from town one day last week. It was a nice night and I was thinking of little more than nothing as I walked.

Suddenly I saw a boy run out the back door of a house and with a police whistle blow the signal that I had long ago learned to respect—one long, two short. How many times I've hurried home at that signal!

By a corner house three little girls in blue coats played and chattered. Inside the house, I heard a B-flat clarinet trilling scales in a slow and painful rhythm. I remembered the many hours my brother had spent with his B-flat clarinet.

At the next house a man tended a small bonfire. Seems as if lots of men tend fires at this hour of the night. Just before supper and just after work. The only time they really have to spend on the beauty of the home is that hour, I guess.

Across the street, the drama of the whistle was being carried out as I saw a boy shoulder two baseball bats and pick up a glove and start across the lot toward home. He left four other boys, all trying to take that "just one more turn at bat before I come in."

Only one block's walk and yet in that short time I'd been home.