

AN ADOLESCENT GIRL'S POCKET BOOK

She rushed out of the school lunchroom, dropping a cluttered pocket book on the floor beside me. When I had picked it up, she was gone; so I ventured to inspect the contents to gain a clue to her identity.

A cracked box of face powder had upset, completely burying other small items. Three sticky tubes of vividly colored, half melted lipstick, which I drew from the bottom of the purse, caused the unpleasant odor. A comb minus several teeth, a bottle of orange nail polish, and a cracked mirror were all covered with a thin film of dust, and seemed to represent the owner's character. Two bitten pencils, one without a point, a fountain pen lacking ink, and a small scribbled over assignment book were the only signs of her scholastic ability. A few tickets for future use and several movie stubs were scattered among the numerous scraps of paper in the purse. Chewing gum, chocolates, and a package of "life savers" were the only signs of food I found. Giving the bag its bulk were a few crumpled handkerchiefs, from the midst of which fell a locker key, and an address book. Just on the verge of opening the address book, I glanced up to see the flustered owner enter the lunchroom in search of her belongings. Calling her, I returned the lost purse, which I was only too glad to get rid of and walked away pondering upon the adolescent girl's genius for keeping her pocket book from getting flat.

By

Josephine Feldmark

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