

DELL

SCORED
EDITION

SPECIAL STUDENT EDITION 15¢

GREAT AMERICAN SHORT STORIES

edited by Wallace and Mary Stegner

A selection of the finest stories America has produced

William Faulkner Herman Melville Henry James
Edgar Allan Poe John O'Hara Edith Wharton
Stephen Crane Katherine Anne Porter James Thurber
Sherwood Anderson Mark Twain John Steinbeck
Eudora Welty William March and 12 others

early because of a polio scare," Robert said as he sat down. "She's going to use Vince's room while I'm away, until college opens."

"Oh—" She looked up at Peter. "Then you aren't Vince?"

"No. I just dropped in. I'm Peter Birge."

She gave him a neat nod of acknowledgment. "I'm glad, because I certainly wouldn't want to inconvenience—"

"Did you get hold of your mother in Reno?" Robert asked quickly.

"Not yet. But she couldn't break up her residence term anyway. And Arthur must have closed up the house here. The phone was disconnected."

"Arthur's Susan's stepfather," Robert explained with a little laugh. "Number three, I think. Or is it four, Sue?"

Without moving, she seemed to retreat, so that again there was nothing left for the observer except the girl against the column, any one of a dozen with the short, anonymous nose, the capped hair, the foot arched in the trim shoe, and half an iris glossed with an expertly aimed photoflood. "Three," she said. Then one of the hidden hands stole out from under the gloves, and she began to munch evenly on a fingernail.

"Heavens, you haven't still got that *habit*!" Robert said.

"What a heavy papà you make, Roberto," Mario said.

She flushed, and put the hand back in her lap, tucking the fingers under. She looked from Peter to Mario and back again. "Then you're not Vince," she said. "I didn't think you were."

The darkness increased around the lamps. Behind Peter, the court had become brisk with lights, windows sliding up, and the taps running.

"Guess Vince fell asleep. I'd better get him up and send him on his way," Robert shrugged, and rose.