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The Stamp Traveler

Mary Graham Bonner

"I am very superior," said the Postage Stamp. "I travel all over the world. My family have always traveled. Now and then our penny cousins go about the town, but we two-cent stamps — ah, how we travel."

"You don't travel any more than I do," said the Envelope upon which the stamp was firmly stuck.

"I disagree."

"That makes no difference to me," said the Envelope. "But if you disagree with me, why don't you leave?"

"I can't," said the Stamp.

"Of course you can't," said the Ink, which had written the address. "You're stuck fast, and no matter how much you argue, you still have to go together."



"Well," said the Stamp, "you have to stay on too."

"Ah, but I have my moments," said the Ink cheerfully. "Sometimes when I'm being applied, I make a beautiful smudge — and then the person who was writing doesn't know what to do. *Shall I send this one as it is, or start over?* they say. *There's something odd about this ink.* Then I laugh to myself. *No, no, they go on — no one will notice. Perhaps the rain got at it.*

"And they blame the rain. And I go off quite free."

"That's hardly something to boast about when you're the one at fault," said the Envelope, with some dignity.

"We mustn't quarrel," said the Postage Stamp. "We're off on a trip. Into the bag — then the sorting room — then the train — then the new post office — and at last the door we were made for."

"Yes," said the Ink. "The door I addressed."

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