### A WINTER'S TALE

### Can Poverty Kill the Power to Give?

# By Zona Gale

wives penniless, Katytown had from Aunt Julia I was going to put crooned. Watching her, Foxhali women to hold the tiny mortgaged the house and you pay the rest, and like the girls he had seen who, in the white house in which all four had we let them live in it as long as they presence of a baby, became self-conlived. Katytown had helped all that it live." could-had given work and sent in food and paid taxes and even made a Foxhall aghast. enefit-but now the two aging women thatd bear the burden no longer. house was to be sold for debt.

"And darling," said Foxhall Phelps, life they've got." "it's exactly what we'll want-that little house. Knock out a partition or two, throw up a chimney outside build in some bookcases and swing in a few casement windows-can't you see it? With period paper on the

"Yes." said Marcia, "I can see it." They went together to see the house the week before it was to be sold and two months before they were to be married. Four small rooms and a passage, a good doorway and two sloping chambers filled them with delight. But this was all the delight that they had.

Liz Henry received them. In a village sufficiently sophisticated to have indignations, and yet rarely to ennul. Liz Henry was a bore. For 30 years she had bored Katytown to tears She always told it about her relatives and her maladies-they were all that she had, so this was natural, but it

"Evenin', Marcia; evenin', Foxhall," Liz Henry. said. "Pretty good, I guess. Only m' feet been troublin' me some. M' feet-" She was off. Liz Fred came in. She was younger -hardly more than 60. She was

really younger because she was more detached-could hear herself speaking, could laugh at herself. "Do shut up about your feet," she said kindly to her sister-in-law. "They'd rather hear about my back-

I know they would." She had a gentle, twisted smile. They told her that they had come to look at the house. Instantly over both women there

settled something like a fine white ash, dimming expression, even fea-"I'll show you over," said Liz Fred.

Liz Henry began to talk. "We both come here brides," she said. "We each had and lost two little children here. Don't it seem funny-if those four little things had been spared. we might not be going-where we're

"Shucks. They might all have been in jail," said Liz Fred. "Two of them were girls," Liz Henry reminded her with dignity, as if jails were for gentlemen. Well, they might have inherited

your feet," said Liz Fred, "and my ack," she added. wouldn't be sacrilegious," said Liz Henry sharply.

"I would," said Liz Fred, "that "This room is blue and that one is

Marcia said softly. "With Aunt Julia's old mahogany," Foxhall added in deep content. "And this adorable stairway hung

with the Japanese prints-" Ashamed, she turned to the women to admire a fuchsia. 'We'll give you that when we go,"

Liz Fred said graciously. There was a knocking as they reached the lower floor, and in the corway bulked Luther Falk, the Katytown drayman.

"Come for the stuff," said he. Liz Henry cried, "Oh-oh-" long would do that," said Marcia thoughtand quavering, like an owl's cry. Liz fully. "Let's go and tell Tilson now Fred said sharply: "Tonight?" before we change our minds." "I thought-you wasn't to come for that till after New Year's," Liz Ben Tilson had two little rooms

Henry faltered: "I'm goin' up-state for Noo Year's." said Luther Falk stolldly, "so they lived there alone, with a cornet, They said to take 'em now. I'm to cart 'em could hear his cornet all up and down Marcia decidedly. "I'll take her home. to a rummage sale in town. The Main street on summer evenings, and stoves and beds I can get when I come back, after you're—" he paused delicursed or were charmed by its wave that a princely. Miss Marcia."

From that room Luther Falk took the table, the three cane seated chairs, the plush couch, the braided rugs and the rocker with the strata of shawls. leading to his rooms. A voice was "Anythin' more?" said he. "I'll take the dinin' room duffel out the back

"Sure you can," said Liz Fred, and closed the door upon him. "Shut up.
Liz," she observed. "I'm glad to see
"Sav." he said "have you got an the old truck go." "But what will you do," Marcia

demanded, "all the rest of the week?" "Eat on the lamp shelf," said Liz "Bad on the feet and on the back of the stove. I'll get a cup." back-but grand for the digestion." "We like it very much the house," Marcia said hurriedly. "We've talked Marcia zaid hurriedly. "We've talked root beer. Evenin' Miss Marcia. Evewith Ben Tilson-we'll let him know nin', Mr. Phelps. Look at this exwhat we decide.

"And if we do take it," Marcia went on, "I hope you'll both come and spend old. She was quite silent save for Sunday with us sometimes-" groping breaths, but they were con

Her words dwindled before the tented breaths. She stared fixedly at tragedy in Liz Fred's eyes.

"I couldn't bear remembering," she said. And abruptly she, too, began chewed a blanket corner. She was to cry—cruel, choking sobs. Without quite clean and dainty and owned a a word she opened the door for them, fuzz of black hair, one work-worn hand covering her eyes. But when Liz Henry heighten hall asked, ed her owl-like wailing Liz Fred's sobs were cut off as if they had been "She come to town on the 'through'-

"For mercy sakes, shut up, Liz up. I happened to be up there and I Henry!" they heard her say as she escorted her down to headquarters She's pretty sick-got the doctor with closed the door. her now. Say, aip't it a cute little

bundle?" Out in the white street, silent save for a brush of fcy branches in a sighing wind, Marcia had Foxhall's arm emptorily, in both her own.

"I can't do it," she said; "I can't there Marcia sat with the baby in her live in that house. Those two poor old ghosts would face us every day,

"Mighty tough," Foxhall muttered. shade, please, and give me that box "Mighty blamed tough!! But I don't for a footstool. Foxhall, you run over know whether we ought to give up to the hotel and ask Madge to boil a Ben's been the most useful of any.

the house—somebody's going to live little water and fill a clear bottle—a body."
in it," he argued.

boiled bottle, Foxhall; you help her. "If i 'Dearest, I can't bear it," she said. What are you going to do with her?" two have worked hard all their lives. They've done the best they could with

"The waste- and the cruelty. Those she asked Bart. "Leave it with its ma, I s'pose." "But if she's sick?" their equipment-and the handicap of "Jacks, I dunno." the mortgage. They've had children "Would you mind seeing what the and lost them. What kind of a country do we live in that can let its old doctor says about her?" The chief took his orders and reole end their days like that?" treated. Ben was building up a roar "I know." said Foxball. "I always ing fire

IZ FRED and Lis Henry were think it's a rotten deal. But we can't | Foxhall came back and the bottle other area of sensation in the two else. By noon of the day following tion and consideration. Now they Liz Henry. "Oh, ain't it heaven- They were both blinking, blinking and Henry Port had died leaving their "Can't we? I've got two thousand Marcia stooped to it, rocked it, and so were their ineffectual tears. house were again habitable.

> "But what'll they live on!" cried adulation. Marcia was, he decided. "I could give a few music lessons a

"And what'll we do?" he demanded. earnestly, "Rent-for a little while. Or even -wait, for a little while?" "Oh, let's rent." said Foxhall.

doing it mostly for you."

"It's not nearly so reckless as buy-

He flung open the door and Bart

"Say." he said, "have you got any

"Say, no," Ben said imperturbably,

"but I got some coffee hot on the

"Peach of a father you'd be," said

It was a baby, hardly six months

the light of Ben's tipsy central burner

"Have you arrested-it, Bart?" Fox-

"Run in its ma," said the chief.

got off the train drunk and mussed

"Give her to me," said Marcia per-

"Open the draft, Ben," she said,

and with an air of intense abstraction

the chief. "You might pass 'im the

Robey, the Katytown chief of police

stood there. Bart was vast and gen-

In his arms was a baby.

hibit, will you?"

ing a car would be-and anybody

yourselves, are you?"

scious and absurd, extravagant in

unlike other girls. "Seems like if it clicked every time month and never notice it, and turn it kicked." Ben said, "there'd be quite and the first of the new year the the money over to them. Think, dear, a rattlin'." And when the baby cried it's their lives-all the rest of all the a little: "Do you reckon it'd care to hear 'Angel's Serenade'?" he asked

"Yes, Ben, I think she would," Marcia told him.

Robey came back up the stairs.

watching. seen you drive a car and lead a can." woman's-bill meeting and make an

Foxhall insisted on coming in and said. "Let's make 'em as comfortable watching.

"Say, that's the baby, ain't it?" said "We haven't much furniture, but "You don't know what I'm going as we can for their last week. And Liz Henry. "We haven't much furniture, but "You don't know what I'm going the said, "I've let's carry them in all the food we Liz Henry. "We haven't much furniture, but "You don't know what I'm going the said, "I've let's carry them in all the food we Liz Henry. "We haven't much furniture, but "You don't know what I'm going the said, "I've let's carry them in all the food we let's carry them in all the food we let's carry them in all the food we let's said nothing, but with her en," said Liz Henry. "And I just bling her forehead."

Marcia told him.

Sy, after the manner of—1890, perBen was playing with terrible inhaps it was: later than hoop skirts

dish was known to Liz Fred and
"We sin't pever had "

finally to go to the poorhouse.

For 15 years, since Fred and Liz Henry was forgotten, room and dining room of the old from that days four days hence.

When the baby nestled and grunted from that days four days hence.

When the baby nestled and grunted from that days four days hence.

When Liz Henry was forgotten, room and dining room of the old from that days four days hence.

When Liz Henry and Liz Fred are your chest," said Liz Fred. "Here "It aln't no such thing," Liz Henry and Liz Fred. "Here "It aln't no such thing," Liz H When they reached Marcia's home. "It's only for the week," everybody rived Marcia was sitting by the fire we had an afternoon like other folks cried shrilly. "If you're goin', you're watched the struggles of the two into furniture. Suppose I put it into thought how restfully she was un. Foxhall insisted on coming in and said. "Let's make 'em as comfortable with the baby.

> So not only the plain, nourishing baby's arm. She looked at Marcia sly-we dreaded, there won't be none!" omelet—but I never did see you care food with which Katytown had been for a baby. I hope," he added simply, wont to sustain these two now found when the sustain the "That this isn't the only one I'll see you care for."
>
> "So do I," said Marcia quite as simply.
>
> "So do I," said Marcia quite as simply.
>
> "Me brought you our fuchsia," said door.
>
> "It see had it five years—we raised it. Ain't it a handsome thing?" And when Marcia as mother was little and fus who dropped in to call were carried who dropped in to call were carried off to the kitchen to admire. Every off to the kitchen to admire. Every of giving it away."
>
> "We brought you our fuchsia," said door.
>
> "Come in and have a taste of "Come in and have a taste of something." Liz Henry besought her. "Come in and help us celebrate."
>
> "We're women folks to home again, who went three times from the little said Liz Fred, "all owin' to your young folks. Oh, Mis' Banks—" oles and tins were left here and there are the said Liz Fred, "all owin' to your young folks. Oh, Mis' Banks—"

"We ain't never had much of that "We ain't never had much of that "Marcia told me," said Mrs. Banks of the giver sort of fun," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun," said Liz Henry, and, if warming her hands at the cooking with territore in the face, his but before short skirts. She had no sort of fun," said Liz Henry, and, if warming her hands at the cooking well's and was told off in the display.

"We ain't never had much of that "Marcia told me," said Mrs. Banks and a store of fun," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun, "Marcia told me," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun, "Marcia told me," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun, "Marcia told me," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun, "Marcia told me," said Liz Henry by the name of the giver sort of fun, "Marcia told me," said Liz Henry by the name of

> "Oh, Miss Marcia, we been having the best afternoon! Yes, sir-and Fred cried. we're going to have three days more

the done and the undone.

Weber's yet tonight," said Liz Henry. "We been putting it off ever since she took sick in the fall."

human, so alive. She realized that to have grown very old. she was on their list, to be given the fuchsia-it gave her a curious and Henry at last. salutary feeling to be visited, on a list, instead of visiting. Marcia was Why should we do anything?" conscious of a dignity and a presence in both these women which she had never seen-perhaps she thought, be- else cause she had always unconsciously held these two to be negligible, or at keep itbest merely to be ministered to.

to him with a restful sense of sharing, which was one of the happi- either!" she wailed, nesses of her love.

The deep and furry voice had never

kind of shame that any human being should be so abjectly grateful for food food and shelter," as Foxhall put it. It was only now that there became

as they were leaving.

She stopped again, laid her brown am. thumb and finger on the little sleeve and muttered thickly: "Kitten!" Half an hour later Bart Robey

called Marcia over the telephone. Under this unaccustomed sun Liz "It's an awful shame, Miss Banks." Fred and Liz Henry themselves took he said. "I'm sure they done the best

knowing who might drop in to bring To Marcia's startled question he had "I can't be bothered with it," she an offering, the two put on their de no satisfactory reply. No, not a word. affirmed with decision. "In the morn-cent best-merinos with white lace Never really right in her head since they took her in. Died without sens-"Because we won't have no place to ing anything save that her hands kept

goin'," said Liz Fred sagely, "so we no idea what her name was; no Foxhall hardly heard the plaints might as well flam out in them now." papers, no cards, hardly any money

well night was going to be bad "Have the papers for you tomorrow. to do it—she's a right positive woman, to be unconscious of him for a moenough," Liz Henry said. "Now it" Drop in my office. Goin' to live in it And, of course, the calaboose is no ment—but she was excludingly absorbed in the baby. She had found an idea. arms. "Four days left," she said. "I keep

thinkin' of the things I meant to do Marcia told him, "what are we going to do about the baby?"

ing motion as if she was hurt all told him. "I s'pose," Liz Henry continued, we keep her?"

the poppyseed I promised Mis' Spate. house, and take the baby, too.' Now I can't take it to her." "There's Mis' Walker I promised we couldn't."

"An' I never showed Mis' Plant and, because it seemed to be her due, that new lace stitch. Nor helped they told her everything. And Mrs. Lyddy with her sewing for the little Banks was like the great adamant girl she took in."

Suddenly Liz Fred said, "Say!"

"We got our four days left. Why lessly. not get such things done anyway?" said her sister.

with the snow so deep and all." "They ain't got our galoshes," said Liz Fred. "Not yet they ain't. Come she had gone, "isn't there a better along-let's do some of 'em anyway. idealism than common sense Let's make a list and start out now."

Liz Henry was apathetic, but as the

"We promised Marcia Banks our fuchsia, but she could get that after figures. They stretched and squeez-

The snow was falling gently and Ben's been the most useful of anybody."

The news that Liz Fred and Liz beautifully when the two set out the l'il telephone Bart tomorrow."

Henry had been left in a bare house for their final week in Katytown and Ben, "and the calaboose is made Katytown indignant."

The news that Liz Fred and Liz beautifully when the two set out the l'il telephone Bart tomorrow."

"But we're doing the less useful dressed—a stranger seeing them would have taken them to be two beautifully when the two set out the list tomorrow."

"But we're doing the less useful dressed—a stranger seeing them would have taken them to be two beautifully when the two set out the list tomorrow." motherly villagers, carrying a well- aren't so important as this baby." Bart, the drayman, claimed to act wrapped plant to a friend. When they "And you'll make it some hot cof- on instructions from Ben Tilson, who opened the gate to Marcia's comforta- Marcia. "That's social."

of Liz Fred, who cried:

just like it."

"And tonight," said Liz Henry, "I'm on to us." going to teach Mis' Plant to make

She thought: "Oh, I'm going to tell them now. If Foxhall has the papers,

he must come up and we'll tell them ran to telephone to him. Then she fool enough to give it up?" insisted on their staving for tea.

Never afterward could Marcia and

the poor old beings had suffered. it is," said Liz Henry. "I ain't much bed. But when at last she came out point of taking definite sha

-but we thank you and God." "We can't thank anybody so's it of the contents of bureau drawers. sounds like anything," said Liz Fred. "You gotta know!" she cried fiercely, Liz Henry breathlessly.

The arrival of the baby elicited on a wintry bloom. Every morning, they could but the baby's ma-she having now no work to do and not died."

plained, "and I'll take care of it, wear them when we get where we're grouping around for the baby. No.

"Well, then, darling," he said when

Liz Fred said nothing. She was "How exactly like you not to say moving her shoulders in a little rock- "What are you going to do?" she

"I'm in on this," he said. "Shall "It's some like dying—you're never "Oh, Foxhall! We can't keep Liz quite ready. I was thinking about Fred and Liz Henry going, in that

"Oh, thunder!" said Foxhall. "So to go in and set with and read to a The baby awoke and joined in the while," Liz Fred said. "I ain't done talk with aimless gestures and emphatic kicking. Mrs. Banks came in

voice of certain "sane" public opinion: Fred harshly. "No use raking up all over to the society. Liz Fred and Liz Henry should have gone to the poor Liz Henry began to cry. "I feel farm-but that couldn't be helped like I'd died and been buried," she now, since "you two have been so said, "with all my sensations in me." headlong. And a mercy, too, if it keeps you from saddling yourselves Liz Henry looked up, startled and for life with a waif."

"Mother, dear." Marcia said help-

"Oh, your mother knows best," said Mrs. Banks. "And this remind me: I Liz Henry continued to cry forlorn- have a fresh coffee-cake for Liz "We couldn't," she said, "Not Henry and Liz Fred. I'll run over "Oh, Foxhall," said Marcia when

> "You bet there is," said Foxhall. "Dearest," said Marcia solemniv.

list began to grow under Liz Fred's "con't you see why it is that I adore the ground you walk on?" They spent an hour over the

ed their little budget. But they dare "Why not have the fun of taking at not let it include the adoption of two old ladies and a baby at one stroke "It's no use," said Marcia at last,

"We're keeping our word," said

-and now this."

thumb and fingers she touched the thought of this: That farewell night bing her forehead. Mrs. Banks knocked at the side late now let's lay down with our

of life she regarded with italics and "It's almost like having wedding they dried under the mandatory look I think it was, I'm thankful, after sick Mis' Weber's door. Toward 8 "Oh, now that's good of you," Liz to Ben Tilson's rooms.

lips tightening about her words, "if Liz Fred. "On the eight-forty-five." They poured it all out, the story of it hadn't been for you two and the house, we'd have had a baby saddled Mrs. Banks told it, with the Katy. vantage of, Ben said that he thought

day we're going to help Lyddy sew." her enjoyment of it. In her pleased He did not question them. "And next day I'm goin' to read to preoccupation she did not observe old blind Mis' Walker. There's some that Liz Henry and Liz Fred said sent after us?" Liz Fred said low. more, too-if the commissioners nothing; that when, being talked out, "If they're ready, might as well would let us stay over." Liz Fred she went away, they still said nothing stop for 'em now," said Ben oblivisave to thank her for the coffee cake. ously. "Don't mention it," said Mrs. Banks.

'I love doing things for folks." the two old women sat staring at valises. As he turned from the lock-Marcia had never seen them so each other. In that hour they seemed ing of the door something in the

Liz Fred threw up her head. "Do?

But the baby-' "The baby'll find a home somewhere

"But Miss Marcia-she'd like to

"She'll have one of her own." "But, Liz Fred-"

"Don't 'Liz Fred' me! I got a home I don't have to be on the county. I got a place to stay the rest of my She left the baby with them and days. Do you think I'm going to be At this Liz Henry began to cry

Foxhall came in and Marcia turned her terrible owl-like quavers. "Nor me. Oh, I dunno what to do

"Well, I do," said Liz Fred. "I'm "Foxhall's voice is so deep and going to stay right straight here." furry," she had once said, "you just She hurried upstairs to her room. Liz Henry rose and locked the door and blew out the lamp. Then she sat baby and rolled her in her blanket. been gentler than when he told Liz down by the cooking stove. In the Fred and Liz Henry what he and room above she could hear her sister's Marcia proposed doing-and spread chair rock on a board by the kitchen stovepipe which heated her room. The stovepipe holes showed no light- we're both getting lazey. Much obliged Foxhall think of that hour without a Liz Fred, too, was sitting in the dark, all the same end love. Love agen. Some time after midnight Liz Henry rose and lighted a lamp. She and shelter—"For the rudiments of the passageway from her sister's ITALY PLANNING closed door, For half an hour she

worked, gathering up her few belongevident the depth of desolation which ings and laying them in order. She could hear Liz Fred moving about "Raised from the dead-that's what and thought she was preparing for garding civil aviation are upon the and Liz Fred, she ain't much either of her room Liz Fred's door was wide open and she herself stood in a litter

"To the poor farm-are you goin' to the poor farm?" "Didn't I see you was bent on ft?"

cried Liz Fred harshly.

It now seems possible that the first

will be about 1.500 kilometers. The opening date of the line probably will be next July, and flights at first will be made three times weekly



#### **CONSTIPATION** means SUFFERING Poor little thing! It can't tell cries, it frets. That is the warn-

when the milk is wrong, or it has a little cold, or any of the hundred things that might happen to one so young! But

ing to look out. Danger and disease are lurking in the body. All the poisons are bottled up in that little frame. Relieve Nature can-and does. The this condition at once or you baby becomes constipated, it may have a very sick child.

### Dr. Caldwell's SYRUP PEPSIN The Family Laxative

-relieves constipation and sin and pleasing aromatics in brings the little one back to health. It restores the bowels to normal activity and so gently that baby joyously laughs. It's Nature's relief for constipation-Egyptian senna, pep-

a pleasant tasting liquid combination prescribed by Dr. Caldwell for years in his extensive practice and used throughout the country for over 30 years.

#### Gentle As Nature-Pleasingly Sweet

Not is buby the only one who needs As effective for old as for young. Your bowels should act at least twice daily. Do they? If not, assist Nature as millions are doing annually. Buy a now and use as directed. More than 10,000,000 bottles sold annually. It to sold everywhere medicine to

PEPSIN SYRUP COMPANY Monticello, Illinois



goin' for your own reasons." "We haven't much furniture, but "You don't know what I'm going,

"Well," she said at last, "It's so

"Marcia told me," said Mrs. Banks and a store of food-roasts, macaroni. o'clock the two climbed the stairway

"We wanted to know if we could "Yes," said Mrs. Banks, her thin go-where we're goin'-now," said

"Now?" said Ben. "This morning?" Quick to sense that this was a mo ment which had better be taken adthree-and-five.' And tomorrow all town manner of savoring the news in it could be arranged—and arranged it.

"Couldn't-couldn't our things be

So the two sat in the car before the white house while Ben and the When the door closed behind her driver brought out the shabby old aspect of the two still figures in the "What we goin' to do?" said Liz car smote him with unwonted urg-

> "Kind o' tough," he said to them awkwardly. To his amazement they both looked

round at him and smiled. "We are going," said Liz Fred with dignity and distinctness, "entirely from choice.'

"Our own free choice," echoed Liz Henry" "Of course," mumbled Ben, not

comprehending. "And, Mr. Tilson," said Liz Henry, on the way back from the depot we want the man should leave this note for Miss Marcia Banks. He won't forget, will he?"

"Let's leave it now," said Ben. 'Plenty time." When the doorbell rang Marcia was bathing the baby and crying quietly. Her mother brought her the note. It

Then she read the ill spelled lines: "Dear Miss Marcia: "We decided on the farm efter all stovepipe which heated her room. We think it will be an eazey life and

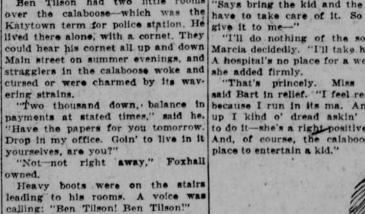
## (Copyright, 1925.)

"LIZ HENRY AND LIZ FRED."

Rome, March 7.-Italian plans re-

civil air line will run from Brindisi, "Are you-are you goin'?" asked by way of Athens, to Constantinople, touching at Lemnos. This will be "Yes," said Liz Fred listlessly, "I Italy's first aerial line in the eastern Mediterranean and its total length

Liz Henry crossed her threshold, and later daily,



"Have you arrested-it, Bart?" Fox-hall asked. "Give it to me," said Marcia peremptorily. Bart's round eyes had grown triang- received with an embrace or de ular and his eyebrows were half- clined with a thud.

moons of concern. "They're goin' to Ben Tilson had two little rooms "Says bring the kid and the nurses'll over the calaboose—which was the have to take care of it. So if you'll ing, Marcia, we'll take it back." "I'll do nothing of the sort," 'said

"There isn't any back," Marcia exmama." Liz Henry continued to cry like an owl and clung to Marcia. "The farewell night was going to be bad well night was going to be bad "Have the papers for you tomorrow."

asid Bart in relief. "I feel responsible" of Mrs. Banks which went on for because I run in its ma. And I own some time. And Marcia didn't forget black merinos, upon all the borrowed told Foxhall. She had left the baby to do it—she's a right-positive women.



"To the poor-farm-are you goin'?" asked Liz Henry.

Ben's room had one rocker, and modestly. "it's cold here. Bart, pull down this use, do we, Ben?"

said Ben, "and the calaboose is made Katytown indignant.

fee," said Bart from the stairs.

"Didn't I see you was bent on it?" cried Liz Fred harshly. "I could keep her," said Ben some small night garments of the finger, she joined in: younger children and she overrode Bart laughed but Foxhall said: her mother with a lovely conscious-Mrs. Banks might have some good

was local poor commissioner.

You and I don't seem to be of much ness of being in the simple right. we're gone." "Oh, yes, you do," said Marcia to sense but she had not always a deeper to her ourselves?" said Liz Fred.

ble home, they looked like any of her Liz Henry and Liz Fred were in They parted in the quiet street, the The situation seized on the imagina mother's visitors. Indeed, until a the kitchen, before a savory slice of chief almost violent in his thanks. tion of the Katy-town women, and month ago, when the poor farm had potroast, freshly heated, and a dish. The same key crackle was in the they hurriedly arranged matters. A been decided on, that was what they of baked macaroni and cheese.

branches, the same protesting squeak chair was spared from here, a rug were. It was as if that decision, at "Though I dunno I'm sure how was in the snow-but there was an from there, a table from somewhere one blow, had robbed them of sta- we can expect to eat at all," said