

than that of the old Hyamses, who found after forty years of married life that they had become lovers.

"Through the darkness the flash passed again. The past was a void; the forty years of joint housekeeping, since the first morning each had seen a strange face on the pillow, faded to a point. For fifteen years they had been drifting towards each other—drifting nearer, nearer in dual loveliness; driven together by common suffering and growing alienation from the children they had begotten in common; drifting nearer, nearer, in silence, almost in unconsciousness. And now they had met. The supreme moment of their lives had come. The silence of forty years was

broken. His withered lips sought hers, and love flooded their souls at last."

And it was here that I had learned that which made me recognize the two little pieces of tin and the roll of parchment for what they are. "Mezuzah, case containing a scroll, with Hebrew verses (Deut. vi., 4-9, 13-21), affixed to every door post." The little lid is raised and the sacred roll is kissed on entering the home. I dare say there are those who neglect this custom as well as there are some not particular about Kosher food, but anyone in the mood for speculation about Hebrew customs should read the "Children of the Ghetto."

