

rosettes. The buds on the lilac are swelling and the peach tree outside the kitchen window shows little points of pink against the stucco.

The birds are agitated over the housing problem. There are not nearly enough bird houses, they are crying, as they bitterly complain that no one appreciates what they are doing for the war-effort. Birds are notoriously bad tenants, as we all know. They would rather move than clean house. I do not believe that the birds have as much fun as they had before the planes usurped their domain. They had enough enemies before, the natural enemies, whose plan of attack is known—hawks, crows, stray cats—without these huge monsters in the skies. And yet they survive, these little helpless balls of feathers, by sheer weight of numbers they survive, and still they sing as if their little hearts would burst if they could not lift that song of ecstasy.

In the two years since I began this book, I have done much sitting in a sunny corner, sheltered by a hedge, with the pleasant heat of the sun on the back of my neck. Often I have seen older people sitting, as I am now, and I have been sorry for them, but there really is no need for sorrow. Every season of life has its compensations, and there is a mental activity which does not depend on motion. It is often true that those who sit in the wings can see more than the players. I know many people with whom I would like to share this peace and quiet. I wish I could hand over some of it to the women who are doing two jobs, and who come home tired at night, yet have to do another day's work before they can sleep, the women who have to face dirty dishes in the sink, no fire in the stove, and hungry children waiting to be fed. If we have any sympathy to spare, let us feel it for the young people of these brittle days, whose young lives are spent in anxiety and fear.