

THE SMILING ROAD

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"LADY" TREVELYAN was hanging out the week's wash. On the line behind her in the shadow swayed the "royal purple" gown.

"Frequent airing makes things last longer—that is, if you're careful not to let the sun fade 'em. Turning often 's good for clothes, too, then both sides gets worn even," she had just explained to the neighbor across the fence, who was also doing Monday services on the clothesline.

"It's sure wonderful how your royal purple lasts; seems like it's jes' as fresh as it were ten year ago," admired Mrs. Silver between barks and whining pleadings from the hound which ran panting on his trolley from chicken-house to barn, stopping each time he passed his mistress for a futile leap and howl for liberty.

Above the women's heads the fruit trees stretched rural-like over the fence, gesticulating with their blossom-decked arms in floral gossip. Through the interstices of the boughs the sun dappled the damp arms of the women, making them to glisten.