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Angelina Norton still twisted the cord of the window shade, still stared at the little tree.

"They don't say that. They always say, *observation*; but it doesn't mean a thing. Anyhow, let's hope the 'keeps' aren't too long. They're all over eighty."

"But tough," Emma Davis said. "I know their insides like an open book. Tiddle's the toughest. Her heart's not a day over fifty-five. And Christy's a Swede, don't forget. They're made of iron, Swedes are. The only hope is Rusty. She hasn't too much to go on, I'm glad to say."

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WHILE ANGELINA NORTON AND EMMA Davis had been talking, each in her own window space, with the larger window between them, two little girls had been skipping rope on the sidewalk just beyond the stretch of green lawn before the Home for Aged Women. They were just two nameless little girls, six and seven years old perhaps, with white socks and scuffed brown shoes, very short blue chambray frocks, pigtails tied over each ear with blue bows, and quite likely, if they had been close

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