

## THE LOVE OF AZALEA

will give you charity. But come, girls."

Clinging to each other's hands and almost tripping over each other's heels, the three girls fluttered homeward down the hill, leaving Azalea sitting alone, looking moodily and reflectively at the choir boys, now counting their money. She knew that they, like her, were orphans. Unlike her, they had not an uncharitable roof, called by her ungracious step-parent a home for her. Shelter beneath it was only grudgingly accorded, because Azalea's step-mother was vain and feared the criticism of neighbors and the wrath of the gods should she turn Azalea out. As it was, the young girl was only half fed and her clothes were those