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ing; all the occupants of all the rooms were enjoying, or at least accepting, the sun, the fresh, lively air, the kindly drifting in of the light spring wind. Mrs. Cobb was dusting her bric-a-brac: the pink shell which she had herself picked up on her honeymoon at Palm Beach fifty years ago; the miniature Statue of Liberty from the World's Fair in Chicago in 1893; the trio of monkeys who, with their hands in the appropriate places, daily warned Mrs. Cobb to hear, see, and speak no evil. As she dusted, she sang a bit off-key of that sweet hour of prayer that called her from a world of care. "I'm glad to see you looking so well this lovely morning, Mrs. Cobb. Don't forget to look at the little plum tree! It's never been lovelier." Mrs. Goddard and Miss Cora Wright were very consciously resuming a rather solemn game of double Canfield in Miss Wright's window space. "I'm glad to see you two busy people really relaxing on this nice morning. People just don't relax often enough." Old Mrs. O'Neill was about to do up a medal of the Sacred Heart against her great-granddaughter's approaching first Communion. "It needs a bit of shining up, Theresa, my dear. Tooth paste will do it—yes, just tooth paste. Most people don't know what a godsend tooth paste