

THE BOOK OF EVELYN

I

I HAVE moved. I am in.

The household gods that have lain four years in storage are grouped round me, showing familiar faces. It's nice of them not to have changed more, grown up as children do or got older like one's friends. They don't harmonize with the furniture—this is an *appartement meublé*—but I can melt them in with cushions and hangings.

It's going to be very snug and cozy when I get settled. This room—the parlor—is a good shape, an oblong ending in a bulge of bay window. Plenty of sun in the morning—I can have plants. Outside the window is a small tin roof with a list to starboard where rain-water lodges and sparrows come to take fussy excited baths. Across the street stands a row of brownstone fronts, blank-visaged houses with a white curtain in every window. The faces of such