

...evi
...ing too
...so sorry—but it's real—
...is somebody" she said incoher-
...ently.

"There would be, I suppose with a girl like you." He was a little whiter. He stood up. After a moment he spoke again with some effort. "We'll be neighbors till you go. It may be weeks, or months—I don't know your plans. I mean, we'll go on the principle that it hasn't happened, and we're darn good friends and I'm on my way upstairs to help Uncle Henry put up an extra bed or two for the Featherstones. I—" he smiled for the first time—"I like you too much to have us stop liking each other because I wanted us to love each other. Promise?"

He drew a long sigh of relief. "George, thank you! It's settled—what we are friends?"

George said impatiently, "That was to have been the ray of the sunset glinted his head where he stood in line with the window, and turned his hair bright. It suddenly struck Eve that he had unquestionably a red-haired little boy; that which she could not deny. Solidity must somewhere be hidden in his sensitiveness. Some-thing would do him better for the flash

to go find Uncle Henry in the room he said with his usual waked out of the room of the attic stairs. till a moment longer to together. Then she remembered the Featherstones necessity for supper.

On The Mantel
...all alone and half
...curled in the big old
...chair that had been
...brought down from the
...that really belonged
...The room was
...of the halls, for
...the big hearth
...Candies burn-
...Peter, prob-
...et about things
...ous attentions;
...to renew your
...ush ash trays
...with your coat
...Marylin as de
...of matrimony
...married.

the fire, warm-
?" she asked.
stretching her
kitten.
always has a
Judge is out
water in the

Handwritten:
Marylin
Doulton

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Oh, he was all right. She worry if he could speak in that businesslike way. She counted on being friends with him, goodness! He was like Ellen, had a talent for friendship.

Eve waited until she heard the front door open and close, saw a gleam as Uncle Henry passed the lighted kitchen and shut the door too after him; and slow-ly lowered.

The big square kitchen was warm and inhabited. Three colored people were sitting down on the old cherry table near the gas stove. The flames of the lamps on the brackets shone bright through the polished chimneys. On the old leaf table Ellen had spread one of the old-fashioned checked red and white tablecloths from the time somebody had found pussy willow in a willow-pattern pit in the middle of the table. A round baking dish bubbled and smoked with macaroni and tomatoes at Ellen's end of the table. Uncle Henry's gray hair wetly brushed and his shirt rolled down, presided over a platter of crispy, tempting fried potatoes. Between the two was Aunt Lira's wooden salad bowl, full to the top with lettuce, with the Doulton gravy-bottle by its side, full of Ellen's own salad dressing. A dressing neither French nor Italian; made so of everything