

his family always did that way. To the last he was unwilling to change anything. (But the table had been moved.) Katherine could almost smell the cloying scent of tube-roses that had filled this room then. Why did people send flowers to funerals? Because they were afraid to change? But why must they be tube-roses?

The Holy Bible printed in high German lay on the marble table top. Papa had read the Bible a lot. In German, of course. She had learned high German in school and had been required to say pieces to her Papa once a week. Papa always prayed in German after every meal. That was the way he had been taught in the old country. His old country ideas had kept her home and unmarried to care for her parents. No one ought to bring the old to the new. It was unfair. The new should be the new alone. Maybe there could be some culture carried over. That seemed to have been the only thing Papa left behind. It was a daring thing to be bitter like this when everyone thought she would be broken up.

Katherine knew people were talking about her. They wondered what she would be doing in this great big house. They wondered if she'd sell it and they wondered

who would buy it. They thought she would be lonesome and would go to live with someone. A few people said — what was that now? "She's more at home there with her horse-hair furniture than she'd ever be anywhere else." Humph, she had always loathed horse-hair furniture. It pricked her when she was a little girl, and she always felt that she would slide right off. How could people think she was just like her father? Maybe it was because she didn't assert herself. (Maybe Papa was different underneath and didn't want to change from the traditions of his fathers.) Maybe he really wanted tapestry chairs, too.

One creaking chime was striking out from the old clock on the mantle shelf. That same clock had been there so many years, striking the same way so many years, so very many years. Five-thirty it was this time. She'd better get out of this chair. She must have been sitting still too long — she was just a little stiff, a little slow straightening up. Five-thirty was time to go to the kitchen. She'd better put the coffee pot on and warm some milk. Papa always wanted hot bread and milk for supper.

THE BLIND MAN

HELEN ELIZABETH HUGHES

I know you as you walk among my rooms,
Your head turned thus, your shoulders moving so,
Your hands made busy with the sound of brooms,
The many little tasks that women know.
Dear brilliant lady, as you come and go,
Is light lent to my days. In you I find
A roof against the rain—let winter blow!
Look on me, love, with kindness; for my mind,
My heart, my searching hands that clasp you—are
not blind.