



A Thing of Beauty

By ADRIANA SPADONI

Drawings by ELIZABETH OLDS



K IN the princess eat it, Becky?" "No, she can't eat it, not this time."

"Kin she wear it, like she did the golden coat?"

"No, she can't wear it, neither. She can't eat it or wear it or hock it. She can't do nothin' with it except look at it. It's jus' pretty."

"O-oh." Ikey turned his little white face to the window and cleaned a fresh spot on its steamed surface.

For a moment Becky's eyes held the rapt look they always had when she summoned the princess for Ikey. Then, with a sigh, she took a coat from the pile on the floor beside her and began swiftly to sew on the buttons. This was the drawback of telling stories to Ikey. She had to return to the coats and sew that much faster.

"Becky, does her stepmother know she has it?"

"No; nobody knows, not one, single man or lady. It's her own, and nobody can't ever see it even if she don't let 'em."

But this time Becky did not stop sewing, for she had promised her mother to have the coats finished by supper, and there were still a dozen. Becky's fingers flew, and her short legs, which escaped the floor by a full twelve inches, wound themselves more tightly in the rungs of the chair.

"But, Becky, mebbe somebody 'll watch her put it away, and they 'll steal it, like they did the diamond hat." For his sister's imagination was chained to earth by experience, and the princess usually lost her beautiful things in the end.

"No; don't I tell you nobody's going to find the thing this time. Every time she goes out she locks it up in a ruby box, and if anybody tries to steal it, the fairy godmother 'll turn 'em into a rat and make 'em live in the royal garbage can."

Ikey shivered with delight.

"But she ain't in the palace all the time. When she goes out to git the cake for dinner—"

"Every time she locks the door and hides the key on the firescape in a—in the sacred bird's nest. So there!"

Before this absolute certainty of precaution Ikey's pessimism vanished. With a long-drawn breath of relief he turned again to the window.

"She can't eat it—nor wear it—nor hock it. It's jus' pretty," he chanted and beat the arms of his chair to the rhythm. Even his useless little legs quivered with the force of his delight. Becky bent low over the coat, sewing furiously.

From the street below came the cries of hucksters, the incessant pleading to buy, buy, buy, anything from a carpet to a button; the old, old chant

of barter that follows the tribes of Judah around the world, enveloping them like a cloud. Wrapped in shapeless garments against the bitter cold, wiggled women and sad-eyed, bearded men whined or shrieked the wonder of their wares. In the narrow space between the rows of carts children played in the black snow, dodging with acrobatic agility the thundering trucks whose roar for a moment drowned the cries of the hucksters. But as soon as these had passed, the children were back again, and once more the cries rose, Isaac's high moaning of his caps, "Fine caps of fur, seal fur, and only thirty-five cents. Thirty-five, thirty-five." Next to him, like an angry spirit escaping bondage from the depths of innumerable coats, Miriam defied the world to produce better pickles. "Pickles, pickles, fine cucumber pickles, not equaled in Kieff itself."

But Ikey neither heard nor saw. He wandered with the princess before the royal treasure of candy and golden toys and clothes, finer even than "the cobwebs we sweep down before Pass-over," until he stood before the ruby box that held it, the last creation of Becky's longing—something so beautiful, so useless, so unnecessary that words could not describe it.

"Becky!"

"Huh?" Becky came with a jerk from dreams of her own as she jabbed the needle through the last button and threw the coat to one side.

"Becky, I guess we can't never see nothin' so beautiful like it, mebbe?"

For a moment Becky did not answer. Then she kicked the coats and said quietly:

"Some day I 'm going to have a thing—even if I got to steal it—sohelpmegod!"

"BECKY! That 's a Goy swear!"

"I don't care if it is. I 'm sick of bein' a chosen people. What d' we get for it, anyhow?"

"Nothin'," Ikey agreed sadly, and looked down at his useless legs. "Sicknesses, mebbe."

Becky came and stood beside him. Hot with resentment against the ugliness of her world, she pressed her face close to Ikey's, against the glass. She had known nothing else all the ten years of her life, and she loathed it as one can only loathe familiar hatreds: the wailings of Isaac, the purple expanse of Miriam's face, the green and scarlet pickles, the fine caps of fur, the mass of striving, living things that filled every spot of space, that clutched and grabbed and forced their wares into your face, never still or at rest, always beating, striving, fighting for something.

With a shudder Becky turned away



"The old, old chant of barter that follows the tribes of Judah around the world"

and began stacking the finished coats in two piles, a large one for her mother, a smaller for herself, to carry after

supper to Abraham. As she smoothed each coat with quick, reluctant touch, her lips curled in scorn of the harsh cloth.

"I hate you," she muttered, "and some day I ain't going to do you no more. And when Abraham says, 'How many to-day, Becky?' I 'll jus' turn up my nose and say, 'I ain't taking no more coats, Mr. Epstein,' and walk right straight out of the shop."

So vivid was this triumph that, unconsciously, her head went up, her eyes blazed scornful exultation at the stove, which for the moment, was Abraham Epstein himself. Becky saw as clearly as if he had been there before her the amazement in his small black eyes, the thick, gray beard, the outstretched hands seeking an explanation of this extraordinary proceeding.

"BECKY!"

With a bound Becky was beside Ikey; but he was not hurt, only trembling with excitement as he pointed down into the street. Between Isaac and Miriam old Giuseppe, the Gentile, had wedged his cart, and now he stood holding high a small white statue of a woman.

"It 's—a thing!" Ikey whispered.

"It 's—*her*!" whispered Becky.

"O Becky, open the winder!"

But the window had been safely nailed at the beginning of winter, and Becky struggled in vain.

"Oh, look! Isaac wants him to git out. He 's—he 's shovin' him! He don't want him to stay there."

Ikey beat futilely on the pane and commanded Isaac in his most forceful Yiddish to leave the old man alone. But Isaac, abetted by Miriam, was shouting and gesticulating at the Gentile who had dared to usurp the place which custom, aided by the

vociferous powers of Isaac and Miriam, had made theirs.

"Becky, don't let 'em chase him!"

But Becky was already at the door, and even as Ikey shrieked to Miriam



"Sad-eyed, bearded men whined or shrieked the wonder of their wares"

that she was "a swine," Becky had reached the pavement and was forcing her way through the group of excited children watching, at a safe distance, the strange old man who now stood, his eyes closed, muttering weird words that might well have been a Gentile "witch."

"Holy Mary, Mother of God," old Giuseppe was praying, "forgive me that I bring You to sell among these infidels! But Your blessed body is not perfect, and the sons of the true church will not buy. Sell Yourself, Holy One, that old Giusepp' may give a Christmas to the little ones, like the Christmas of America; also a fine candle of wax for Thy altar!"

He opened his eyes, to see Becky standing in the center of the cleared space before the cart.

"Look out, Becky! He's Goy. He will put a witch on you," warned Izzy, grandson of Moses, the most learned rabbi of Orchard Street, as Becky moved calmly forward to the very edge of the cart.

"A leetle Virgin, *bimba mia*, the finest Virgin of white, and only twenty-five cents. It is to give away the Blessed Mother, but *macchè*—"

"It's the princess." Becky spoke quietly, and smiled at Giuseppe.

Giuseppe nodded.

"*Si, si, bimba mia*; the Queen of Heaven."

Lovingly, Becky laid one grimy finger upon the nearest image.

The children fell back, but Becky and Giuseppe smiled at each other.

"What's her name?" Becky asked softly.

"Maria, Santa Maria," replied Giuseppe and crossed himself.

"How much—is she?"

"Twenty-five cents, *bimba*; and it is to give away."

The smile died in Becky's eyes.

"I've only got—six cents—to git—sugar for supper."

"*Olà, bimba mia*, it is not possible. Already it makes a sin to give away the Holy Mother for twenty-five cents, but to-morrow is the birthday of the *Santo Bimbo*, and I must give a fine candle to the altar and dinner for the little ones."

Beyond his refusal Becky's attention did not go.

"But Ikey can't walk like other kids, and he ain't got nothin' to do when I got ter go to school. If he had her, he could talk to her, 'cause I told him all about her."

"*Poverina, poverina*, I can na make. She no like now that I sell so cheap—the leetle Queen of Heaven for twenty-five cents!"

Becky swallowed the lump rising in her throat.

"I want a little queen fur Ikey."

Giuseppe beat his breast in sympathy for Ikey, but over on Forsythe Street seven fatherless children waited for their grandfather to provide a Christmas such as other children would have.

"I can no make, *bimba*. With all heart broke fur de Ikey, I can na do."

Led now by Izzy, the crowd ventured nearer.

"Grab one an' beat it, Becky; he can't run." It was the advice of Jacob, son of Rachael, the fish-seller; but Becky did not hear.

"I never had nothin' pretty like her," Becky confided through the rising tears, her finger lingering on the smooth coolness of the Virgin's cheek. "She's—so—pretty."

"*Seguro*, she is pretty—almost pretty like de beeg one, de Madonna of Eelizabeth' Strit. *Dio mio*, wat a pretty, dat one!"

"Prettier than *her*?"

"*Si, bimba*, a leetle. I no can make de lie. Dis one she is pretty, but dat one! Ten feet high, hair all gold, in a dress of fine silk, and de eyes blue—blue like de sea in my countree, and so sweet she smile, like de sun on de olive-tree in de house where I borned. Every night when I go home I stop in her house, and talk a leetle wid her, and she smile at ol' Giuseppe'."

"Huh!"

"Sure, *bimba*, she smile. By de toe of San Cristoforo in my church at San Martin, she smile, an' she make so wid de het, like to say, *Si, si, Giuseppe'*;

an' I talk jes like to talk to de *Madre*. I say, 'Madre de Dio, give to Giusepp' dis or dat,' an' she give. Some time, right away queek, some time not so queek. But always she give."

"Is she *alive*?" Becky's eyes were lighting now with the look that summoned the princess. "Can she hear and talk?"

Old Giuseppe leaned across the cart. His eyes, too, were eager and bright with faith.

"Sure, she hear. When de beeg church is all still and only a leetle light, like jes before de stars come or like now before to snow hard, and dere ain't nobody but old Giusepp' in her house, den she makka de sweet talk to me. She say—"

"Kin—I—go and see her?"

"*Seguro*. What for no? De beeg church on Eelizabeth' Strit wid de windows much colors an' de cross on top."

"But I 'm a Jew,"—Becky's voice quivered;—"mebbe she don't like Jews."

"Sure she lika Jews. She lika every body, all mens and ladies an' childs. You go. You tella dat old Giusepp' send you."

For a moment Becky stood staring beyond the old man at the princess. Ten feet high, with hair of gold and a dress of silk. Without a word she turned away, passed among the children, awed to silence, and then began to walk quickly.

Frightened and curious, they followed. Out from the familiar streets, across the great dividing-line of the Bowery, into the land of the Guineas, most dangerous of all Goys, for they can buy as cheaply and sell as high as the chosen themselves, and they were always pushing and working their way in everywhere. Huddled, silent, they

followed up one street, down another, until Becky stopped before the house of the princess. Cold, gray, and hostile it loomed above her. And Becky's uncle was the holiest man in Moscow.

Slowly Becky's right foot rose until it rested upon the first step. More slowly the left followed.

"Becky, don' you do it. Dey 'll kill you an' drink your blood."

Little Jenny Markowitz made the last effort, but Becky turned upon her.

"*She* won't let 'em." Nevertheless, her voice shook, for it was really a terrible risk. Once closed from her own world behind those great doors, there was only the princess to save her, ten feet high, it was true, but, after all, only a woman.



"'Ikey can't walk like other kids'"

"They 'll drink your blood an' den dey 'll bury you in de cellar," Izzy elaborated Jenny's warning.

"Shut up!" Becky hurled the words over her shoulder, drew a deep breath, and ran straight up the long flight of steps, through the huge door, into the cold, dim vestibule, eery in the winter dusk. Trembling, she crossed to the green baize door and pushed it open. Far, far away a dazzling structure rose like the frosting on a gigantic cake. Hundreds of tall, white candles pierced the settling gloom. A golden lamp suspended from the high dome held a ruby light, perhaps the heart of a little Jew! Becky closed her eyes, and with arms extended before her moved slowly and noiselessly forward, on through the terrible stillness, on and on, farther and farther from the safety of the world outside.

Was there no end? Even unfriendly Elizabeth Street now lay miles behind; and Rivington Street and her own tenement, and Ikey, waiting alone. Becky's trembling fingers touched something icy cold. She bit back a scream and opened her eyes. She had reached the altar rail, a rail of gleaming silver beyond which the high altar, draped in lace as fine as the frosting on their own windows before Ikey breathed it away, towered into space.

"Oh!" Becky gasped, and forgot the burning heart of the little Jew hanging in the huge emptiness above her.

She almost forgot the princess until, turning at last, she saw Her, standing in an alcove to one side, Her golden head a faint spot of color in the shadow, dressed in blue silk, a naked baby in Her arms.

At the unexpected sight of the baby Becky's awe vanished. She went swiftly to the princess and smiled up at her.

"You got one, too! He did n't tell

me." And Becky sat down upon her crossed legs to explain matters to the princess.

"You see, last summer Ikey got the paralyzed sickness in his legs, and he can't walk no more. He jus' sits in a chair and looks out the winder till I come home from school, and then I tell him about you while I do the coats. He knows all about you and the golden coat and the diamond shoes and everything."

The kind eyes smiled down, but no nod accepted this devotion. So, after a short pause, Becky continued:

"It 's awful to have that sickness. I hope your baby never gets it. But I s'pose you 'd take him right away to the country, where there 's a lots of fresh air and nature, and he 'd git better. My mama she could n't take Ikey, because we ain't got no money."

Straining up into the deepening dusk, Becky waited some sign of sympathy, but none came. The kind eyes smiled, the naked baby seemed about to chuckle aloud in pride of its own chubby legs. With a smothered sigh, Becky shifted her position a little and changed the subject. After all, it was rude to break so instantly into her troubles.

"You 've got a lovely house. It 's the prettiest house I ever saw. I guess that 's the parlor, ain't it?" Becky pointed to the high altar. "And you got such a lot of pretty things on your table. Some day I 'm going to have a pretty thing," she added in the mysterious tone that had never failed to prick the interest of even fat little Jenny Markowitz.

But the princess, aloof in the splendor of blue silk, surrounded by the luxurious furnishings of her wonderful house, heard unmoved. Becky's lips

trembled, and for an instant her head drooped. *She* was so far from Becky's social experience. Suddenly, a fear gripped her.

"You speak English, Missis, don't you? The old man said you talked to him every night. You know—your friend, old Giusepp'."

Not a sound broke the enveloping stillness. Becky's throat tightened.

"Mebbe he was lyin', after all, but he *said* he talked to you, and you gave him everything he wanted. I would n't—ask—fur a lot of things." Becky hesitated, eliminating one by one all the beautiful things she had planned to ask for. "I would n't ask fur nothin' but new legs fur Ikey."

So tensely did Becky wait an answer that she did not hear a side door open

quietly, or Marian Armsby enter, drop her nurse's bag and, with a sigh of relief, slip into a near-by pew for a moment's rest in the crowded, exhausting day. Nor did Marian see Becky until, with a muffled sob, Becky rose and stood small and disappointed before the Virgin.

"Excuse me, Missis, but—I guess you—don't like Yids, after all."

"Oh, yes, she does."

It was so unexpected that Becky jumped back in fear, and only Marian's reassuring arm about her shoulders at last stopped the trembling.

"Suppose we sit down awhile, and you tell me all about it," Marian suggested. Becky did. She told of Ikey and the two ugly rooms, the never-ending coats, and the mother who worked all day in the factory, and "finished" long after Becky herself was asleep.

"And you were asking the Virgin to cure Ikey's legs?"

"Yes, 'm. But I guess she don't help Jew kids."

"I 'm sure she does. She heard you, even if she did n't talk to you. She often gets me to attend to these jobs for her, and perhaps, if I go home with you and see just exactly how sick Ikey's legs are—"

"Kin *you* talk to her? Kin *you* get her to make Ikey's legs well?"

"I don't know, Becky. I can't tell until I see, but I should n't wonder a bit but what we can do *something*."

So silently they went down the long aisle and out to the terrified children, waiting to hear the shrieks of Becky being eaten alive by Gentile



"'Ikey 's goin' to git new legs, and *then* you look out'"

priests. Straight through them, without seeing, Becky walked, holding fast to Marian Armsby's hand. Nor did she utter a word until in triumph she delivered Marian to Ikey.

"O Ikey, I brought *her*, an' she 's goin' to fix your legs an' git mama another job, an' mebbe we 'll all go to the country in the spring an'—"

"Not so fast, Becky, please. We 'll have a look at those legs first. But I should n't wonder in the least if they are n't simply lazy."

As she removed her things, Marian Armsby tried hard not to see the terrible eagerness in Ikey's eyes, the fear of possible disappointment on Becky's face, the deadening ugliness of the rooms. So that, when she turned again, it was in her usual, quick, quiet way that she directed:

"If you 'll turn down the bed, Becky, we 'll be able to get at things better. But, first, perhaps we 'd better take off all these clothes, so we can see just where we are." And before Ikey's masculine pride could protest, his many garments were deftly removed, and he was lying in his worn little nightgown, while Marian's cool, firm hands were padding and prodding lightly along his spine and down his legs and doing strange, sudden things to his knees and toes.

Beside the bed, Becky stood rigid in suspense. But as Marian straightened, and drew up the coverlet, Becky touched her hand.

"Kin you do it?" she whispered.

"I—believe we can."

"O Ikey, then you kin beat up Solly Applebaum like you always wanted to, and you kin carry the papers again, and we kin get—"

"Stop, Becky!" Marian Armsby forced her voice to a hardness that

brought Becky back to reality with a thud. "We can do something; just how much I don't know. But we 'll find out. I'm going to write a note, and I want you to take it over to the settlement house on Henry Street. Do you know where it is? Yes, that 's right."

While she talked, Marian wrote a few lines rapidly, folded the note, addressed it, and gave it to Becky.

"Here! here! Wait a moment," for Becky was at the door. "Now Dr. Stuart will come to see Ikey sometime this evening, and then he 'll know just how much can be done for Ikey. Run along with the note now."

But there was no need to urge Becky to haste. She was gone before Marian had finished. Like a streak she passed through the group of children, grown now until it blocked the entrance to this house where strange things were happening. Dazed, they watched her vanish round the corner.

And then, before they had agreed upon the cause of her swift flight, she reappeared. With doubled fist she advanced upon Solly Applebaum and shook it in his face.

"Ikey 's goin' to git new legs, and *then* you look out. He 'll punch the daylight out of you."

Solly retreated, but, her warning delivered, Becky ignored him, and turned to a wider audience. Breathless, they listened while she told of the marvelous house of the princess, with its furnishings of silver and lace; and of the princess herself, dressed always in silk, and with nothing to do but give things away.

"You did n't bring nottin' out." Trained to analytic thinking, Izzy, grandson of rabbis, objected.

"You don't s'pose *she* keeps things



“The little queen—for Ikey”

in the parlor, do you? They ’re all piled up in a warehouse as big—as big as the school—and—and she ’s goin’ to send ’em.”

“Sure. Rich ladies don’t carry dere own stuff,” agreed Jacob, son of Rachael, the fish-seller. For had he not been an errand boy in a great Gentile store uptown? “They never carry nottin’, even a teeny, weeny t’ing.”

Linked to Becky by this superior knowledge of the social proprieties, Jacob came nearer.

“What she say, Becky, when you ast fur de t’ings?”

“She smiled and she said:

“‘All right, Becky. I ’ll send ’em round.’”

“Did she give you *everyt’ing* you ast fur?”

“Sure she did,” Becky answered.

For a moment Jacob was silent; then a strange gleam danced in his black eyes, and he came nearer still.

“I guess she ’d give you anyt’ing you wanted, huh?”

Becky nodded.

“I ’m goin’ to ask her fur a new mattress and—and a new dress for mama and a new soup-pot and—everything.”

But Jacob had no interest in benefits conferred upon Becky or her mother. A pair of skates, beyond the profits of a fish-stand, gleamed before his eyes. And skates were so near legs!

“I got a nickel, Becky, an’ I ’ll give it to yuh if you ’ll go and ask her fur dose skates in Bernstein’s winder.”

“No. I would n’t go fur no nickel.”

“Bec—ky,”—little Jenny Marko-

witz trembled with fear at the power of Becky's refusal, but she had sometimes helped with the coats, and there was a string of blue beads and only seven pennies toward its purchase. Surely a lady who dressed in silk would understand beads—"Becky, I got seven cents—an' *she*—likes you. If you tell her I 'm one of your best friends, mebbe she 'll give me those blue beads."

A nickel and seven pennies, and a little queen cost twenty-five.

Becky shook her head, violently.

"What you kids think I am, anyhow? S'pose one them Goy rabbis came out and put a witch on me, like Izzy said? It 's *terrible* dangerous, and I ain't takin' no chances, not for twelve cents."

It was undeniable; the danger terrific, the price disproportionate. Izzy's trained mind burrowed rapidly in the maze of difficulties, for there was a double-bladed knife that neither chanting nor memorizing of holy writ had wrung from old Moses.

"What *will* you go fur?"

"Twenty-five cents."

Motionless, they stared at her. No financial panic ever so completely overwhelmed the stock exchange. And, then, like some small broker, sinking in the flood, little Jenny began to cry.

"Never—no more—I can't git—'em! Never—no—more!"

"What in the name of mercy is the matter!" cried Marian Armsby as she walked into the circle. "Becky, what is it all about?"

"They want me to go fur twelve pennies, and I got to have twenty-five."

Slowly Izzy's hand moved to the three nickels carefully sewn into his pocket by his mother.

"Will yuh make a job lot, Becky, an' ask fur de t'ree of us at oncet?"

But before Becky could answer, Marian had placed one hand on Becky's shoulder and was demanding:

"Becky, what is it you need twenty-five cents for?"

"A little queen. The old man can't *give* her away or make a special on her even."

"What old man? What *are* you talking about?"

Becky pointed. "There—the old man next to the pickles." Becky hurried on breathlessly. "It 's the little queen—for Ikey. She 's so—so pretty. He never had nothin' so pretty."

"I see," Marian said, and led the way to the cart, the others following. As he saw her approach, the practised eye of Giuseppe lighted.

"A little Virgin, signorina, a beautiful little Virgin."

"You choose it, Becky, the finest little queen you can find," said Marian.

When Becky had tremblingly pointed out a little queen with only the smallest dent at the very back of her head, Marian took it from Giuseppe and laid it carefully in her arms.

For a moment she stood transfixed; then, clutching the little queen fiercely, she fled before the whole world should crash to bits about her.

Rushing up the stairs and into the room, she shouted:

"Look, Ikey! I brought it—a thing. *SHE* sent it to you."

"An' she 's goin' to gim me my legs back, too." For a long time Ikey fondled the little plaster Virgin. "I can't eat it, I can't wear it, an' I can't hock it," he said; "but, oh, it 's pretty!"



The Spirit of the Woods

A Confession

By ERNEST THOMPSON SETON, *Author of "WILD ANIMALS I HAVE KNOWN." etc.*

Drawings by THE AUTHOR



THE sum of my early religious training was that everything human is bad, and born of the devil. The favorite text was, "The heart is deceitful above all things and desperately wicked," and the total depravity of human nature was the logical and accepted conclusion.

It was on Sundays that these doctrines were most effectively dramatized. The Sunday routine of my early boyhood, when we lived in Toronto, was to rise as late as we dared, about seven forty-five; read a chapter of the Bible and a psalm, then say private prayers, each of us in his bedroom, before coming down. A long grace before breakfast came next, with solemn remarks on the wickedness of everybody. After breakfast, came family worship. Father would read a chapter or two from the Bible and a psalm of David, and then all would kneel while he read a long prayer, finishing with the Lord's Prayer, in which all joined.

"Now, children, to Sunday school," mother would then say, and we were hurried off to Cooke's Church Mission Sunday School, on Elizabeth Street. It opened at nine-thirty, but we were always ready ahead of time; mother saw to that. Returning from this, we were hustled off to the — Street Presbyterian Church to hear the Rev.

Mr. Blank dilate on the hot horrors of the world into which we were all likely to land. He began at eleven and was supposed to end at half past twelve, but he never did; he always ran over, and it was nearly one o'clock before we escaped. I can see him yet, a hard creature of irreproachable personal life. In his eyes was a gleam of madness. His followers called it inspiration, as he dilated on the immortal glory of the great Calvin who burned Servetus at the stake and set up a devil in place of a wise and gracious Creator.

Arrived at home, we had our mid-day dinner after a long grace; then mother would say, "Now be sure you are ready for Sunday school." "Being ready" meant learning some hideous garble of doctrine out of what we later called "John Calvin's joke-book," then better known as the "Shorter Catechism." Shorter! Was that shorter?

At three o'clock we had Sunday school in the basement of the old — Street Church, and there supposedly for one hour, though really for an hour and a half, we were overwhelmed with the stern doctrines of the time.

At five we would get home. Father, having had a nap, *now took a walk*, always over mother's protest. She maintained, with a host of texts from the Old Testament, that it was ungodly to