

SOMEWHERE

Such a gallant wind that Sweeps my narrow street— But somewhere there is a Stronger gale to meet.

TRUST THE IRISH FOR THAT

Old Maggie O'Riley sat in a wheel chair by her kitchen window. She stared out at the garden, the cow shed and the chicken house, desolate-looking in the clearing against the great wall of dark pines. It was late September in the north country, and there was nothing left in the garden but a few frosted tomatoes. For the rest there were dead beet tops, dried bean vines and weeds.

sobs, great wrenching noises that came from the depths of a racked soul. The dusk deepened. The old woman saw the Schulters' light appear like a star against the black pines. But she did not move. She knew it was time for her supper, that it was ready for her in the lower part of the cupboard within easy reaching distance, but she made no move to wheel herself over to it. Instead, she gave herself up to thinking of the thing that had come into her mind a week ago.

or a tryst with a lover. She would think it over a long time to be sure of her decision, but always it would lie there before her—the way of escape. In the afternoon it rained, a slow, cold fall drizzle, with the pines dripping clammily. Maggie wheeled herself to the kitchen door and called to Collie to come into the sitting room. Collie, in his simple dog fashion, was thoroughly amazed. Such a thing had never happened in all his days.

put it down again over and over. His mother waited on him constantly. Of course she would wait on her boy and get things to amuse him. Maggie told herself that it was foolish to care, to think they had forgotten her. But she could not help but recall the days when Mrs. Schuler had brought little things over to her; a dish of custard, a glass of chokecherry jam, a bit of news from the Corners.

it," he assured her. "Remember, first you turn this and then this and then this." And then Ernie went away. And Maggie sat in front of the little black box with the striped wheels. She would not have felt more helpless in front of the steering apparatus of an ocean liner.

PASSOVER TO BEGIN NIGHT OF APRIL 20. FEAST EXPLAINED

By Rabbi Goodman A. Rose Beginning Wednesday evening and until the night of Thursday, April 28, the Jews throughout the world will observe the week of Passover, or the Festival of Unleavened Bread, commemorating the Redemption of the Children of Israel from slavery in Egypt, and the birth of the Hebrew Nation as a free and independent people. The evening before the festival, Jewish fathers, candle in hand, make a thorough search of the home, to collect and remove every particle of bread, which during the coming week must neither be found nor seen in any Jewish home. In its place are substituted the brittle matzah cakes.