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* GRANDMA'S FIRTATION *
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By Mildred Carter

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Now that I have passed my seventy-eighth birthday I like to sit on the piazza and doze in the sun on warm afternoons. I like to see the life of the village, the girls and young men passing along the sidewalk underneath. Sometimes one of them will look up at me. "Hello, grandma!" they shout cheerfully, and nod.

I like it, especially in springtime, when the leaves are beginning to unfold and nature takes on a renewed life. It is always a miracle to me, this new opening of the buds, just the same now as when I was a girl so many years ago.

I was brought up very strictly in the Presbyterian belief. In those days we all thought that only the elect could be saved, and that many were destined to perish everlastingly in hell fire. Then, I remember, Mr. Darwin brought out a book which told us we were nothing but monkeys and had no souls, any more than the beasts. I was never so sure that the beasts hadn't, and I am less sure of it now than ever; but, still, that was a period of great unrest. A lot of religious folks ceased to believe in anything, and there was a good deal of hypocrisy in the matter of church going.

But of late years I have seen the change that is coming over folks again. It isn't so much that they are turning back to the old beliefs as that they are beginning to believe. They haven't got it all down so fine, about predestination and all that, I mean, but still they are beginning to believe as they used to. And that strikes me as the finest sort of belief—a belief you have to cling to—faith, I suppose.

To my mind it isn't only the opening of the leaves year after year, but the opening of our hearts, too, that

convinces me of a better life to come. I don't believe any of the young people who see me nodding here in the sun understand that even at 78 one may be, at heart, the same as a girl of 20.

It was only three months ago that I met Tom Bentley after a separation of 50 years. The Bentleys had lived for generations in this little town, but Tom went west when he was a boy, after a quarrel with his sweetheart, and I understood he had married and



"My Wife and I Were Very Happy Together."

settled for good in California. The first part was true, but the second was exaggerated; at any rate, he had come back a widower, his children being married and scattered, to end his days in Four Corners.

When I looked at the gray old man and remembered the dark-haired boy whom I had loved so much and sent away, my heart felt as if it was going