

THE GIRL

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The Girl by Katherine Keith

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KATHERINE KEITH

THE GIRL

8/11/17
H.T.C.

THE GIRL

BY

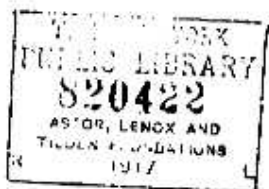
KATHERINE KEITH



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1917

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TO
MY MOTHER

TRANSFER FROM C. J.



THE GIRL

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PART I



THEY seem as a long garden at evening, these earliest years. The stalks of hollyhock are silhouetted vaguely, and the outlines of rose-bushes are blotched. The flowers have no color—only a deepening of the shadows here and there. But the air is filled with a sweet essence. It is the piquancy of old wonders. Why do men sow in the spring, and not at any other time of year? In winter it is so much colder, and they will need warm, new clothes. How could the stork carry the awkward long-limbed calf which came to the Guernsey cow? Did the widow who cast into the treasury all that she had, even her living, have to go to the poorhouse afterwards? How can your guardian angel fold her wings about the head of your bed, when it is pushed against the wall?

The minister was coming to dinner. Grandmother Crosby sent for me; so Olga put on my