

tired and nervous; and now it seemed impossible to make them punctual or orderly.

As she waited in the bright kitchen her thoughts were full of remorse. She had always followed the path of least resistance, and had failed to shape her children's characters. She had thus wronged them—wronged them, her own children. Surely the development of character was a mother's first duty, for character is destiny.

Alice was the first to arrive.

"Mother, write me a note. I did not do my essay last night. Just say I had to run an errand for you, and it will be all right. I will have to stay in if you don't, and tonight is my music lesson."

Alice went for the paper and pencil, and thoughtfully brought a magazine for her mother to write on.

"Dash it off, Mother, in your own sweet way."

"But you didn't run an errand for me, Alice," said her mother.

"And what of it? That will do as well as anything, won't it?" Alice wrinkled her smooth forehead and smiled her dimpling smile.

"Not for me," said her mother, firmly. "I am not going to make excuses for you any more. I have done you an injury helping you out of every scrape you ever got into. You'll never learn life's lessons this way, and I am ashamed of the excuses I've made."

"Oh, but Mother," Alice protested, "I think women, especially women with families, all have to do some of this, and you do it so well. You smoothe out all Dad's troubles with tactful words. He wouldn't have a patient only for you. You can't quit now. We can't get on without you. When that silly girl 'phones Ronald so often you have to tell her he is out. They're only little