

That really is the great thing to be said for house-work and cookery of all sensible kinds—that the doing of it does give one a sense of positive, incontestable satisfaction. One cannot exactly tabulate or explain it, but the fact remains that if you keep a house clean, if you prepare and eat a pleasant, healthful meal, and after having eaten it make everything tidy again, you get out of that performance a firm, rounded satisfaction such as nothing else, I think, can give. If ever you have done any artistic work of however humble a kind, and had the tiniest scrap of success in it, you will no doubt have got from it a *thrill* of delight that is distinct from anything else; but it is hardly to be termed satisfaction. Or if ever you have capably accomplished a piece of intellectual taskwork such as making an abstract, for example, or compiling an index, you will have found a certain pleasure in its completion, but that pleasure is pretty sure to be dashed through with a slight dissatisfaction from your conscious or sub-conscious conviction that the work was not *really* worth doing. It is only from the definitely useful things, those things that minister to the human part of us—the eating and drinking and taking care of the body—that you get that sense of equable and unalloyed satisfaction. And the woman who has lived her life without directly ministering with her own hands