

their best to accomplish that. They are jealous of any outside influence and want to make the babies wholly theirs. After all, I think the natural way is best — for each family to produce its own children, and keep them.

Friday.

I saw the doctor to-day. He's a pathetic sight, consisting mostly of bandages. Somehow or other we got our misunderstandings all made up. Is n't it dreadful the way two human beings, both endowed with fair powers of speech, can manage to convey nothing of their psychological processes to each other? I have n't understood his mental attitude from the first, and he even yet does n't understand mine. This grim reticence that we Northern people struggle so hard to maintain! I don't know after all but that the excitable Southern safety-valve method is the best.

But, Judy, such a dreadful thing — do you remember last year when he visited that psychopathic institution, and stayed ten days, and I made such a silly fuss about it? Oh, my dear, the impossible things I do! He went to attend his wife's funeral. She died there in the institution. Mrs. McGurk knew it all the time, and might have added it to the rest of her news, but she did n't.

He told me all about her, very sweetly. The poor man for years and years has undergone a terrible strain, and I fancy her death is a blessed relief. He