

der scientific acquirements will not enable me to answer fully. What a well-stored brain a woman ought to have before she can properly look after children! What do the thousands of ignorant mothers do with the multitude of questions which little minds, very properly curious, want answered?

A wail from the baby-carriage interrupts the lecture on science. I take out the small bundle, and endeavor to allay its distress. All in vain! Wee Beatrice (the name does not apply very well in this condition) is proof against all blandishments. Compliments the most fulsome, conveyed in the language of labyhood, are lost on her. The fact of which I assure her, that she is a "dear 'ittle tootsey-wootsey," she treats with scorn. What is to be done? I examine her clothing to see if there are any protruding pins to cause pain, but everything seems all right. The situation grows embarrassing. Something must be wrong, I reflect; she is too young to have imaginary woes. We older people may nurse all sorts of unreal griefs, and indulge in a "luxury of woe," but a baby of six months is too sensible to cry unless there is something really wrong. Suddenly an idea works its slow way into my brain. Possibly the child is hungry. I consult my watch. I remember the rule that applies to her diet—food not oftener than every four hours. It must be five at least since she had her breakfast. I make a rush for the kitchen, get out the hygienic compound which is the child's sole nourishment, heat it in a little tin cup on the stove, and then proceed to administer it in spoonfuls. After the first difficulty—to restrain the child's evident desire to take in quantities sufficient to choke herself—the operation proceeds satisfactorily, though the simultaneous and vigorous working of both feet and hands sometimes interferes with the safe passage of the spoon and its cargo from the cup to its intended haven, and the table and my lap are strewn with wreckage. Good humor returns with satisfied appetite,

and the child smiles and crows in a most contented fashion, I carry her out to our nook in the garden, where the other children are still flitting about. A profound ethical problem is being discussed and is now referred to me for settlement. Bob has been occupying the time by tossing up a sharpened stick in the manner of that game called "knife," and which is generally played with a knife. The question was, whether it was really "playing knife"—and hence breaking the Sabbath—if a stick were used instead of a knife. To avoid committing myself on so subtle a point I suggest that they refer it to their father on his return. Bob puts down the stick regretfully, but somewhat resentful because of the others' interference in his pastime, and declines to go on a strawberry hunt with them.

"Tell me a story, Jean, please," he says, coming up close to me and trying to be very affectionate—rather too much so, for the day is warm.

But my attention is divided between the baby and Pippa Passes, so I suggest that he get a book and read. He goes into the house and soon reappears with a ponderous volume of Shakespeare, which he spreads out before him on the grass. It takes a few minutes for me to understand such a proceeding. Then I remember that during the winter I told them some of the stories of the plays, and that great excitement had been produced, particularly by the story of Shylock, inasmuch as I had stopped in the middle of the trial scene and sent the unwilling children to bed; just then the Jew's knife was apparently about to be plunged into Antonio's bosom.

"I will finish the story the first thing in the morning," I had promised—a promise the full consequences of which I did not realize until next morning before the sun was up I was awakened by the touch of small hands on my face and was obliged there and then to settle the fate of the victim and the villain.