

destiny is to live alone, the chances are that she will not care to trouble about them. She will fall back on the essentials, but she will probably discover that with some of her superfluities she has also eliminated a good deal of the fun.

And when that time comes she will be apt to have days of dissatisfaction: she will be acutely conscious every now and then that this restricted administration of her domain is all, and that it ought not to be all. The real joy of housekeeping—house-work and cooking too—is that it is done for the benefit and support of those one cares for: the central desire of the normal woman is to please some one of whom she is fond, and the more normal she is, the more will that idea occupy the inmost place in her heart. Well, that pleasure is exactly what our professional friend will have to forgo. She will no doubt be able to ask an occasional visitor to have a meal with her or so, but that, though agreeable for the moment, is not satisfying. She will want some one there all the time, to *share*; and once she has learned how to do, and how to do well, she will miss such companionship at every turn. That is the great drawback she must expect. Her flat will be a home for her to come back to, but it will never be quite a real house for her to keep, for a real house implies some one besides