
FORTY-SIXTH WEEK.

TO A GIRL.

My Dear Young Lady:

I have been puzzling over you for a long time: You are one of the most fascinating things I've come across. I can't make you out. You are so silly so empty-headed, so funny, with your giggles and mad eyes; your eternal effort to please the likely young man while you appear not to care two straws. I say all this, together with the equally funny snubs you occasionally render to the one who displeases you; all this is immensely amusing and really earns you your poor existence. But I am convinced you are more than this. I have seen you in your home, a capable and attentive woman with a head for management and an eye for order. Your two primal instincts are betrayed: Sex and home. They are quite distinct. The bird or animal or insect decks itself in fair colours, produces alluring sounds and altogether makes itself attractive in obedience to the sex instinct—so do you. But that same creature strips its gay plumage, robs and bemires itself to succour its offspring—so will you: And likely as not when I see you in five or ten years' time you will show yourself without shame a bedraggled matron, sans beauty, sans colour, sans giggles, sans everything but babies and a character which knows how to suffer and give. It seems altogether pitiful from the standpoint of appearances. But nature after all has larger aims and only uses appearances to lure the frivolous into deeper and more enduring matters.

Yours,

HENRY.