

torture, you have known, the hideous dreams that have haunted your pillow in the past! Another great fear has also abated somewhat—nobody's child has as yet been killed at the railroad station, and, thinking over all the narrow escapes from death which smart little children have had, in spite of all the silly exhibitions of fearlessness with which they have startled the onlookers, you have come to the conclusion that some good angel must surely watch over the children at train time. Then you learn after a while that your Park neighbors do not think you a very negligent mother, your children utterly neglected and uncared for, according to appearances. They know, what you are fast finding out—that an immaculately clean frock, smooth hair, tidy shoes, etc., are the result alone of an eternal vigilance which is unattainable in this life and not worth while anyhow. You thus, in due time, get down to a basis where you can manage to exist; but you never reach a time when you can understand where all the bread and butter goes and how it is that your family requires so many meals a day. You never become reconciled to the enormous contributions you are compelled to make to the income of that Grimsby shoemaker. Sometimes you yield in sheer despair to the incessant petitions to go barefoot and can scarcely believe that it is your own Tommy kicking his bare heels in the air in utter ecstasy. When you have got used to *that* you are a seasoned Grimsby Parker of the deepest dye. You can take your sun-browned lads and lasses home in the fall, plump and healthy, even if they are out at both knees and elbows. You have all laid in a stock of health and energy that will carry you straight through the winter, with all its duties and pleasures, and never a call from the family doctor; and besides, you