

into song traditional tales of sorrow and wrongdoing because, being long past, they had already become part mystery and part music: "Memory, that Memory who is the Mother of the Muses, having done her work upon them."

Here was an explanation which I might have anticipated; it was the Muses again at their old tricks, — the very mother of them this time, — thrusting their ghostly fingers into the delicate fabric of human experience to the extreme end of life. I had known before that the Muses foregathered with the Spirit of Youth and I had even made a feeble attempt to portray that companionship, but I was stupid indeed not to see that they are equally at home with the aged whose prosaic lives sadly need such interference.

Even with this clue in my hands, so preoccupied are we all with our own practical affairs, I probably should never have followed it, had it not been for the visit of a mythical Devil Baby who so completely filled Hull-House with old women coming to see him, that for a period of six weeks I could perforce do little but give them my attention.