

HIS to be lookin' after the men all yer life—an' managin'
MOTHER them—an' feedin' them—an' seein' they're kep' full
an' happy. Faith, I wish 't I'd been born a man
meself. 'T must be an easy life." She shook ber
head over it. "I s'pose I'll be a gran' mother, too,
now, soon enough. There's no end to it. Nothin'
but trouble. . . . A gran'mother. Well now!"
And with that she began to smile as tenderly as if
she had the baby in ber arms already. "A gran'-
mother. What d' yuh think o' that!"

