FOR AND ABOUT WOMEN

DINNER DRESS.

Of pale pink soft satin, trimmed with lace and rosettes of velvet.

MR. HUNTER EXPLAINS.

Children Not Absolutely Breakfastless, but Underfed.

"That any one of seventy thousand children may arrive at school in the morning hungry is true, but it is also, fortunately, exceptional," was the statement made yesterday by Robert Hunter, who has been credited with the announcement which flashed over the city and was answered by immediate offers of aid, that seventy thousand children go breakfastless daily to New-York City schools.

"My statement concerning seventy thousand school children," continued Mr. Hunter, "refers solely to those children who are underfed and undernourished. There is a great difference between hungry, starving and breakfastless children and children who are underfed and undernourished. There is no means of knowing how many hungry or breakfastless children go to school daily in the city of New-York. Neither the teachers nor the charities can give us any idea as to the number, but any one familiar with the lives of the poor and familiar with the figures of distress in this city will not question that this large number of children are underfed and undernourished. It may be that they have coffee and bread in the morning, or that they spend a penny for food at some stand about the school, but they are, nevertheless, children who are suffering from lack of proper nourishment and are unable, in consequence, to attain the best results physically or mentally.

"At a meeting of a committee a few days since several representatives of the leading charitable organizations in the city considered that my estimate of underfed children was not unreasonable. One or two thought that it was probably an underestimate. But to have this whole statement used as if it referred to children actually hungry, starving or breakfastless is unfortunate, and gives currency to a seriously erroneous conception. It is hoped that the School Board will investigate the whole question of underfeeding, and that it will perhaps, as many of the foreign cities have done, make some provision for dealing with the evil. There is no question that these children are seriously handicapped at the very beginning of their lives, and when the underfeeding is chronic it means that they will probably not be able to develop into men or women who are sufficiently strong, physically or mentally, to overcome the obstacles which confront them, the greatest of which is the poverty in which they find themselves.

"The estimate of seventy thousand underfed school children is, I believe, conservative. It is based upon carefully gathered and supposedly accurate statistics concerning the number of evictions, the number of unemployed and the number of persons dependent upon charity in the city of New-York."

DR. ELSING'S VIEWS.

Among the men actively interested in charity who, from the beginning of this discussion, were disposed to question the truth of such widespread destitution as the statement credited to Mr. Hunter seemed to prove, is Dr. W. T. Elsing, pastor of the De Witt Memorial Church, at No. 280 Rivington-st. Dr. Elsing has been a city missionary for twenty-three years, working in the congested districts surrounding his church, and seldom, indeed, does he or his eight regular assistants find a family absolutely without food. When he read of the seventy thousand breakfastless children he resolved to investigate for himself, with the result that at present he is giving aid to one family that had no food in the house.

"I began my investigation," he said, yesterday afternoon, to a Tribune reporter, "with the children in our City Mission Sunday School. I visited every department, not passing even the infant classes, and said to them, 'I have read in the newspapers that thousands of children go to school hungry every morning. If you know of any children in your school, or in the house or block where you live, who are hungry, please give me their names and addresses.'

"I had in this way a lookout committee of about four hundred persons, who live in the most congested part of New-York, to assist me, but not a single case of hunger was brought to my notice. I also had a personal interview with the residents of the Alfred Corning Clark Neighborhood House. There are three kindergartens connected with the house, but not one of the teachers was able to recall a single instance where a child came to school in such a hungry condition that it attracted attention. I next visited two large public schools, in which there are about five thousand children. The principals informed me that they did not know of a single instance of hunger in the schools. I learned at one school that the majority of the children brought half-a loaf of bread to eat during the recess.

"As far as my observation goes," continued Dr. Elsing, "there is no unusual distress among the poor on the lower East Side this winter. It is probably true that thousands of school children in New-York, through ignorance, poverty or shiftlessness, are not properly nourished, but I do not believe that they are actually bread hungry. Any attempt made to supply the school children with wholesome, nourishing food, either through private charity or at the expense of the city, ought to be most carefully considered by our wisest sociologists, educators and philanthropists, or more harm than good may result from these well meant efforts."

THE ARMY STILL FEEDS THEM.

The Salvation Army is still carrying on its work of giving free soup every morning to school children and fed 550 boys and girls yesterday at its seven centres.

"We don't know anything about the statistics of the number of hungry children," said Colonel Cox yesterday, "but we saw a need and we have tried to meet it. If there are only seventy instead of seventy thousand hungry little ones, so much the better."

Colonel Cox does not believe that the army's distribution of free soup can do anything but good.

"The tickets are given out only by our officers," he said, "who are judicious about it. What harm can it do to put some hot soup into an empty stomach?"

TEACH THE CHILDREN

A delicious dentifrice makes the toothbrush lesson easy. SOZODONT is a fragrant liquid cleanser, penetrating the little crevices of the teeth it purifies them.

SOZODONT

TOOTH POWDER

polishes the delicate enamel, but does not scratch, thus it prevents the accumulation of tartar, without injuring the enamel, a property found only in SOZODONT.

3 FORMS: LIQUID, POWDER, PASTE.

KITCHEN FURNISHINGS.

All Should Be Attractive and in Good Condition.

The value of attractive kitchen utensils is not often appreciated. Housewives give their servants battered saucepans and tins, and expect them to keep these spotless and to take pleasure in cooking with them. A servant doing kitchen work generally takes interest in it if she has utensils in good condition to work with. One actually enjoys washing dishes in a brand new dishpan.

If the kitchen itself is a neat, picturesque room with snowy curtains at the windows, neatly oiled floor, clean, glazed paper on the walls and everything comfortable and convenient, almost any servant will feel an aspiration to keep it in that condition.

In furnishing a kitchen one may, on the other hand, make the mistake of having too many utensils and too many patented contrivances. The average servant girl, who is only used to the simplest and most ordinary utensils at home, will invariably leave the patented things on the shelf and use any common makeshift.

Though the kitchen should be simply furnished, there is no reason why the things a servant does use cannot be picturesque and in good condition. Nowadays there are many charming mixing bowls, etc., in blue and white earthenware, that look better on the shelves than the common ware, and are often just as cheap.

It is wise not to have too much kitchen china for the servants to use at mealtime. There should, of course, be a sufficient supply, but if there are too many to draw from the servants will never report breakages to the mistress, and it is said that some lazy servants will not take the trouble to wash their own dishes, but leave them in some out of the way corner of the cupboard until the whole supply is used.

It is sometimes asserted that because a servant girl is a human being there should be pictures, etc., in the kitchen, a nice rug on the floor and a screen before the stove or sink. Any experienced housekeeper knows, however, that this is not practical, and no sensible servant will be bothered with things purely ornamental, always in the way and always collecting dust or grease. A kitchen is merely a workshop. After working hours are over the average servant would rather sit or rest elsewhere, and some place ought to be provided for her. Where there are several servants they can visit in the "servants' dining room," and they should have the pleasure of making that as cosey as they wish.

NOTES FOR THE SICKROOM.

A restless invalid can be made much more comfortable if the nurse will pin down the edges of the undersheet to the under part of the mattress. The sheet should be stretched tightly across it and fastened with safety pins.

Keep all medicine bottles out of the room, or at least where the invalid cannot see them.

Tea and coffee, where a patient is allowed to have them, should always be taken immediately after they are made.

Food for the sick should be of the best quality, neatly and delicately prepared. Every meal should be a surprise, and it is a good plan to leave the patient alone while eating, and never bring him more than he will probably want.

Of course, every one knows that plenty of ventilation is necessary, though there should be no draughts of air directly blowing on the patient.

Each individual disease should have a peculiar diet of its own.

It is well not to heap much bedclothing over an invalid. Down comfortables are desirable, because they are so light, and at the same time so warm. There are not many things more annoying than to lie under the weight of heavy blankets and comforters. It is a good plan to wrap an old baby blanket or shawl around the feet to keep them warm. Another small blanket to lay against the back will be appreciated.

No food or drinks should be allowed to remain in the sickroom. They should be kept in an adjoining room or on the outside of a window, carefully covered, and where they may be kept perfectly cool.

Where one is just recovering from a long illness or is a chronic invalid, it is often a good plan, if permissible, to move him from one bedroom to another, a week perhaps in one and then a week in another. This will give variety, for an invalid tires of seeing the same furnishings and bric-à-brac in the same place day after day and week after week. It has been suggested that an invalid or a patient who is convalescing, and can be moved, might sleep in one bedroom and spend the daytime in another.

Never tell horrifying stories or anything unpleasant to any invalid. This would seem like an unnecessary injunction, but it is a common thing done by many well meaning, thoughtless people. Talk to the patient only about agreeable, cheerful or uplifting topics.

"WHY ATTEND CHURCH?"

Nine leaflets on different phases of the Sabbath problem have been issued during the last year by the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance. Among them are "Why Attend Church?" by Dr. Donald Sage Mackay, and "Mistakes About the Sabbath," by Dr. D. J. Burrell. The alliance will make special prices where a large number of the pamphlets is wanted for distribution. Any one desiring samples has only to write, inclosing five cents for postage, to the Woman's National Sabbath Alliance, Room 706, No. 156 5th-ave., New-York City.

WICKED, SILLY INSECTS.

Kate Upson Clark Applies Term to Women with Wasp Waists.

"'Mother, won't New-York ever be finished?' a little boy asked who had been visiting the city while the subway excavations made one yawning chasm after another.

"Probably not. No more will life. We are always pulling down and building up. What used to be essential is no longer so, and things that used to be trifles have become vital. Still, amid the eternal flux there are certain fixed elements, certain essentials. What are they?"

Mrs. Kate Upson Clark told the New-York League of Unitarian Women, which met yesterday in the Church of the Saviour, Brooklyn, that in order to find out what are the essentials and what the non-essentials of life she had had recourse to her friends.

"The first friend I consulted was a clergyman, and he replied:

"'A broad charity is the great essential.' Of course, that was only another way of putting Drummond's 'greatest thing in life'—love.

"A clever and good woman, when I asked her, said, 'Sincerity,' and she went on: 'I could bear almost anything from a sincere person, while no number of graces and charms would be tolerable in one who lacked it.'

"Then I remembered that our Saviour denounced only two sins explicitly, and that insincerity, or hypocrisy, was one of them.

"'Pluck' was the answer of the third friend, pluck being only another word for courage, hope. It's the antiseptic that keeps life sweet. Many a life has failed of nobility for lack of it, the truth being that we all need the perennial, upspringing force of courage within us.

"A fourth said 'Friends,' a fifth 'Cheerfulness and gratitude,' a sixth, 'Bread and water and religion.' As there were several deeply religious persons among the others whom I had asked, it seemed strange that none had laid stress on religion before.

"A cynical friend made this answer: 'Well, for women, the essentials are beauty and good clothes.'

"'Oh, come, now!' I protested; 'be serious.'

"'I am serious,' she retorted. 'Don't all the women you know prove by their conduct that these are the essentials to them? Aren't they willing to sacrifice their very families for them?'

"'Honesty and a good digestion,' 'Doing the duty that lies nearest one,' 'Contentment'—these were the essentials of life to others whom I questioned. 'Money and health' were the desiderata of another, and 'Unselfishness' was desired by the last person I asked."

Having finished with her friends' collection of "essentials," Mrs. Clark proceeded to give her own ideas on the subject, using the figure of a palace to typify the individual life, and the component parts of the structure the essentials of that life.

"Of course, our palace must have a fine, broad foundation, and without hesitation I should say that that foundation must be health. No person can be happy, efficient or agreeable without health. The persons who are continually ailing, so that they have to break their engagements and drop out of everything, might as well fall from downright immorality, so far as the dead loss to the world (although the evil effects would not, of course, be so great). So much illness is wilful—about 75 per cent, I believe. Surely, by the time a person gets to be thirty—or at least forty—she should know what agrees with her and what doesn't, and be strong enough to take the one and decline the other.

"This sounds elementary, but it needs repetition. Children should be taught that every action, even eating, has moral significance.

"Often, you hear people say: 'Oh, I'm all right; I never have to have the doctor.'

"But health is a great deal more than merely not having to have the doctor. Health is something positive. It means a wellbing so abounding that we feel joy in our work.

"We shall never have a strong, virile race till our women get over trying to resemble fashion plates. Look at the fashion magazines—just look at them!" Mrs. Clark spoke in derisive tones and the women before her rustled consciously.

"Those butterfly figures, cut in two—I thought they were a joke at first, just made for people to laugh at. But I find they're not. Look at the girls on the street—they're all trying to copy those wicked, silly little insects.

"It is curious to see how many of my friends' 'essentials' are comprehended in health. Benevolence, for instance. Isn't every one more kindly disposed to others for feeling well and being well? You do sometimes meet cross people who are in perfect health, but much of our irritability is due to poor health.

"I know amiability is commonly associated with poor brains, and it is the fashion to speak of amiable people with a sort of pitying contempt, as if they could not help being sweet in disposition, nature not having given them much in the way of mind, and unamiability being a sign of genius.

"But, oh, all you geniuses in my audience," said Mrs. Clark, abandoning her manuscript and facing her hearers with a quizzical smile playing over her face, "won't you try to be amiable?"

Health being the foundation of the palace, the primary essential of life, the walls, must be built of convictions, and into the walls must be put clear windows of hope.

"Let your food be love," said Mrs. Clark. "There was once a mother whose little boy had to say a text in Sunday school, so she taught him to say, 'I am the Light of the world.'

"She had him repeat it again and again, till she was sure he would make no mistake. When he was called upon, he stepped out on the platform and said, 'My mother is the light of the world.' In more than one way the mother is the light of love in the home. She sets the pattern of love.

"And we must heat our palace with enthusiasm and make the roof of religion," said Mrs. Clark, in conclusion. "Our palace may be equipped with all the virtues, but if there is no fire under the engines the machinery won't stir. We not only need to believe in purity and honesty, but to believe in them passionately, enthusiastically."

HER 104TH BIRTHDAY.

Miss Rachel Martense Too Ill to Celebrate It Yesterday.

The birthday reception which Miss Rachel Martense, of No. 38 Linden-ave., Brooklyn, always gives on February 3, was omitted yesterday, and Miss Martense did not even know that it was her birthday. Struggling with an attack of pneumonia at the great age of 104 years, she was unable to leave her bed, and lay in a semi-conscious condition all day. Notes of congratulation and flowers were continually arriving, but she was not told anything about them, and when the doctor mentioned to her in the morning that it was her birthday, she did not seem to understand. Yet such is the vitality of this remarkable old woman that her family does not despair of her recovery. She had a very good day, they said, and they believe that she may live to see still another birthday.

Miss Martense has been ill for the last month and a half in consequence of a cold contracted about the middle of December, and her being alive to-day is little short of a miracle. During the holiday season she had sunk so low that all hope of her recovery was abandoned. She was unable to take nourishment, and was quite unconscious, but she rallied in a most surprising way, and has been improving ever since. A few callers were allowed just to see her yesterday afternoon, and were surprised to see how well she looked.

Miss Martense does not look her age within twenty or thirty years. Her complexion is fresh and clear and remarkably free from lines, and her hair, though snow white, is still abundant. Her hearing is still good, but her eyesight has failed considerably. Previous to her present illness she took a keen interest in the events of the day, and always wanted to have the newspapers read to her. She has not been able to walk for fourteen years, but that is the result of an accident sustained when she was ninety.

This remarkable vitality is attributed by the family of the centenarian chiefly to the stock from which she came.

"Fresh air and regular habits will do something," said her nephew, Martense Story, yesterday, "but you must have the ancestors."

And the ancestors of Mrs. Martense, it appears, were tremendously long-lived people, though there is no record of any having lived to be 104. One of her sister's lived to be ninety, and her mother died at eighty-five.

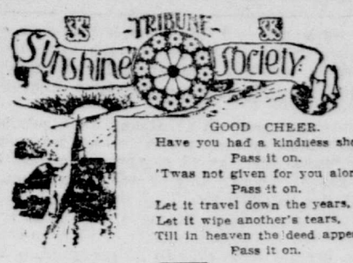
Combined with the influence of these ancestors was a passion for gardening. Miss Martense has always loved pictures and flowers, and she spent a great deal of time painting pictures and growing flowers. She worked in her garden until she was ninety, and when she could no longer stoop over her borders, she used to sit on a box and cultivate them. Still another cause assigned for her longevity is a good digestion, shown by the fact that she was able to eat a large dish of ice-cream the other day and called for more.

Miss Martense was born in 1801, and has lived all her life in the neighborhood of her present home. She attended the old Erasmus Hall School, and her nephew, Joseph Story, with whom she lives, possesses a curious relic of those days in the form of a certificate of merit, dated April 2, 1818. It is signed by the Rev. A. Neal, and reads:

"This certifies that Rachel Martense, by close application and attention, has for six weeks excelled her class, and receives this as a testimonial of the esteem and approbation of her teacher."

No one seems to know why Miss Martense never married. An early portrait shows that she was a most attractive young woman, and family tradition bears witness that she had "plenty of beaux," but why she did not accept any of these suitors history does not state.

TRIBUNE SUNSHINE SOCIETY



GOOD CHEER.

Have you had a kindness shown
Pass it on.
'Twas not given for you alone—
Pass it on.
Let it travel down the years,
Let it wipe another's tears,
Till in heaven the deed appears.
Pass it on.

When night comes, list thy deeds; make plain the way
'Twixt heaven and thee; block it not with delays;
But perfect all before thou sleep'st; then say
There's one sun more strung on my bead of days.
What's good, score up for joy; the bad well scanned
Wash off with tears, and get thy Master's hand.
—(Henry Vaughan, in "Rules and Lessons."

MONEY RECEIVED.

"Sunshine Friends" have contributed $20, to be used for special good cheer work; "A Friend" in Boston, who does not wish her name used, has sent her check for $10, to be forwarded to the woman in Kansas who is supporting a mother with cancer; L. M., of Staten Island, sends $3, for the same purpose; Mrs. Belden, of Ohio, $2, to pay postage on sunshine contributed by her, and Mrs. M. B. H., $1, for the coal fund. Miss Anna S. Osborne contributes stamps for postage.

SUNSHINE DUES.

One new member of the T. S. S. offers to give $1 a month as her dues to the general society, and another will give $5 a year. The office depends on branch and individual dues to pay the expressage and postal expenditures in distributing cheer. All special gifts are expended entirely for the purposes designated by the donors.

WANTS.

A blind invalid asks for a couch cover and a boy of nine years needs an overcoat badly.

MUSIC BOOKS.

Miss Johnson, of Trenton, N. J., has a series of education music books that she would like to give away, also an old book entitled "Songs of Zion." Any member desiring these books will please send address to the office.

SHARED HER SUNSHINE.

Miss Komomiski writes that she received the pretty shells sent to her from the contribution of the Bahama Islands and distributed them among some of the patients at the sanatorium, and so gave them Sunshine pleasure. She adds: "As I meet so many people here, I learn of the vast amount of good accomplished by the T. S. S. The magnitude of it can never be told, and it continues to increase."

NEW MEMBERS.

The names of the following members in ten States and the District of Columbia have been added to the general enrolment book of the T. S. S.: Mrs. J. C. Kellogg, Clara H. Keller, Miss Frank Birch, Mrs. Sarah M. Barbour, Mrs. Katherine S. Hayes, Mrs. A. B. Corwine, Mrs. H. W. Sackett, Mrs. M. Welden, Mrs. W. Woodruff, Miss M. B. Sheridan, Mrs. J. J. Washburn, L. Thompson, George H. Catlin, Mrs. W. Peterson, A. S. Stagler, R. Swift, Mrs. C. W. Scranton, Miss Charlotte D. Bigelow, Miss I. Busey, Mrs. J. F. Leslie, Miss Mary E. Golden, Miss Hazel Keough, Mr. and Mrs. W. H. Kimmel, Miss Ruth L. Davis, Miss Allene M. Tuttle, Helen Wright, Mrs. M. E. Potter, Mrs. C. Cornell, Mrs. G. S. Evans, Mrs. J. Braithwaite, Mrs. A. Potter, Mrs. G. H. Robinson, Mrs. Edward King, Mrs. Lugenia R. Lee, J. P. Jube, Herbert Nottage, Mrs. J. M. D., Mrs. F. C. Simpson, Miss Eleanor L. Roberts, Annie S. Osborne, Miss William Mildner, Miss Margaret J. Santos, Mrs. Norman S. Brumley, Helen Price, Mary C. P. Gray, Miss Emily D. Jex, Mrs. R. S. Barnes and Mrs. S. J. Kingsley.

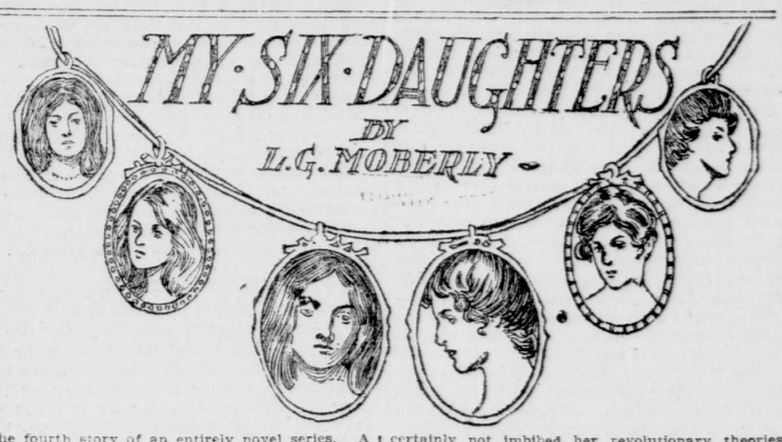
CONTRIBUTIONS.

Mrs. Belden, of Akron, Ohio, has sent her usual liberal contribution of excellent sunshine for distribution—clothing, trimmed hats, muffler, material to make up, unfinished fancy work, bedroom shoes, fine wools, etc. Also many short stories, all arranged to mail. Some of these will go to Miss Adams, in Alaska, who needs just this kind of sunshine to brighten the dark days that are now being endured in that section. Mrs. Barnes, of Manhattan, has also contributed some warm flannel skirts, pocketbooks and much fine reading matter; Mrs. R. Bowdish, of Brooklyn, four new flannel skirts, for children; Mrs. Thomas Nicholson, of Jersey City, five pairs of knitted slumber socks; Mrs. and Miss Wells, of Long Island, valentines; Mrs. F., of New-Jersey, men's clothing; Mrs. J. B. Lane, clothing, furs, etc., and Mrs. S. J. Kingsley, a book of poems.

"I b'lieve in havin' a good time when you start out to have it. If you git knocked out of one plan, you want to git yourself another right quick, before your sperrits has a chance to fall."—(Alice Hegan Rice, in "Lovey Mary."

MY SIX DAUGHTERS

BY L. G. MOBERLY.



The fourth story of an entirely novel series. A mother with six daughters tells the story of the life of each one—their baby trials, their adventures as girls, their love affairs, etc. The story of Hetty is now told.

IV.—HETTY.

"Yes—but mother doesn't understand. She is old-fashioned, and such a womanly woman."

The words broke on my ears in the voice of my fourth daughter, who was at that time between fifteen and sixteen. The schoolroom door was ajar, Hetty's voice, clear and a trifle impatient, floated out to me as I stood, arrested by surprise, in the passage.

Old-fashioned! Dear, dear me, why I was still in my thirties. I looked upon myself as quite an up-to-date sort of person, and I did not feel in the least bit old-fashioned or passé. I was often inclined to pinch myself to make myself believe that I was really the mother of nearly grown-up daughters, for I still felt as young as ever, and it seemed as if it were, after all, only yesterday that Dick and I walked across a certain gorse covered common in springtime, and he said to me, in that quick, boyish way that covered nervous tremors:

"I say, darling, do you think you could marry me?"

What I answered to that abrupt question this series of stories makes obvious, but I wish to make it plain that I really felt very little older than on that afternoon nearly twenty years before, and it was quite a shock to me to hear Hetty call me old-fashioned. And also such a womanly woman.

"Bless my soul," I thought, "what is the child talking about or driving at?" and I chuckled a little when I told Dick the story in the evening, though at the same time I sighed as I realized for the millionth time what difficult creatures girls were to comprehend, or, as our gardener used to say, "to get up sides with," and how many stumbling blocks lay in the path of a mother of six daughters.

Dick laughed when I asked him what line he advised me to take with Hetty—laughed and said that, being a woman myself I was, naturally the best judge of what girls were made of, and should be easily able to bring Hetty to her senses.

From the first Dick had been a dear about what he called "my province" in the household. He was not one of those men who wish to put their fingers into every corner of the domestic pie, and he always said that I knew a great deal better than he did what it was best to do with children, and therefore he would not interfere with their management unless I specifically asked for his interference. The result of this wisdom on his part was that he and his girls were on delightful terms of bon camaraderie, and he was not looked upon as a disagreeable final court of appeal and punisher, as is so often the lot of unhappy fathers.

But it was all very well for the old darling to say that I must necessarily understand the workings of a girl's mind, because I was a woman. That conclusion does not in the least follow. I know the workings of one girl's mind, my own, and I had once flattered myself that my daughters would be faithful little copies of me. But they were not; their minds worked in utterly different ways, and I had found that a mother must make a study of her children just as thoroughly and seriously as she makes any other study, if she wants to know her subject.

Perhaps, for their good and that of posterity, an even more comprehensive study would be advantageous.

Hetty was a frank and outspoken person, with many of the characteristics of a boy, and I resolved to go straight to the root of the matter with her.

Next morning, therefore, when after breakfast she came to my tiny sitting room to fetch some book she wanted to take to school with her, I said quietly:

"Het, dear, I like to be a good chum with my girls; will you tell me why you think I am old-fashioned and overwomanly?"

She threw back her bright mane of hair, and the color ran over her dear, freckled face.

"Did you hear, mummy?" she said, a note of regret in her voice; "of course, I didn't mean to say anything to hurt you," she added remorsefully.

I did not smile, though the child's almost maternal fear of having hurt my feelings was really very funny.

"I happened to overhear what you said to the others," I answered; "but it didn't hurt me, dear. I simply want to thresh it out with you. What makes you think a womanly woman a poor sort of a creature?"

She looked at me frankly out of her big brown eyes.

"You see, mummy, it's such a silly, petty sort of thing sitting at needlework, and always having to order dinner every day, and doing all the regular, tiresome woman sort of things. It was because you said I couldn't go and play hockey with the boys that made me think of it," she ended desperately.

I smiled then—I really could not help it. Murder will out, and I must confess that Hetty was a most outrageous tomboy. From her earliest babyhood she had preferred boys to girls, and boys' games and occupations to the tamer amusements of her own sex; and that not in any coquettish and foolish spirit, but simply because she was simply at heart three parts a boy.

Her grave request to be allowed to go and play hockey on the public green near our own house with some of our boy neighbors had met with a decided refusal from me; and I pointed out that she was growing too old to rush and scramble and jostle with boys, and must be content now to play games with those of her own sex.

"Hetty, my dear," I said, after the long pause that succeeded her last remark, "you are going to be a woman—not from choice, but of necessity. Wouldn't it, perhaps, be more rational to decide to make the best of a bad job?"

"But I don't see," said the child, "why the woman should have to do all the stupid, stay-at-home, dull kind of things. Why can't a woman go out and knock about in the world like a man, just as I want to go and play hockey with the boys?"

Oh! eternal question of the modern woman; how had you evolved yourself in my Hetty's breast!

Dick and I were such sober, matter of fact sort of people, without big yearnings or strenuous thoughts, only anxious to make the best use of our little span of existence, and with simple, straightforward ideas of life and its duties. Hetty had certainly not imbibed her revolutionary theories from me or from her father; the spirit of the age must have entered into her on its own account, and with no assistance from us.

"I think," she went on, before I had recovered breath enough to speak, "that it's so absurd that women should have all the horrid dull things to do, while the men do the jolly ones. It's just like me having to stay at home to do needlework while the boys go out and play hockey," she ended, vindictively.

"Poor little girl," I said, softly, a great pity for my rebellious little daughter welling up in my heart, with a sudden understanding of the, to me, hitherto repugnant attitude of new womanhood. In a flash I seemed to see it all, the indignant recoil from dull, womanly things; the angry protest against the limitations nature has set to womanhood; the passionate questioning of man's rights to the best, while woman takes the second place. I had never even understood the position before, much less sympathized with it. Now I all at once saw it clearly, through my little daughter's eyes.

"Hetty, darling," I said, drawing the child closer to me, and determined at any cost to meet her on friendly equal ground, and not as an elder speaking down to her from some faraway heights, "I don't feel competent to explain nature's arrangements for women, and I am as ignorant about their why and wherefore as you are. The only thing I can see is that we women have fences set around us which we are powerless to climb over, and when I really know it is impossible for me to climb a fence I try to make myself as contented as I can on my side of it. I don't dispute your point that a woman's life is duller and less varied than a man's."

"It is utterly rotten," Hetty murmured, aggressively.

"Well, let us for the sake of argument say it is 'utterly rotten,'" I replied, my eyes twinkling; "though I am inclined to believe it has compensations. Still, even if it is a rotten form of existence, while the world remains as at present constituted we can't get rid of our womanhood, and therefore my own theory is that we had better make the best of it, and at any rate be as perfect women as possible. What I mean is that it is better to perfect ourselves on womanly lines, instead of trying to be manly and failing utterly!"

Hetty looked doubtful.

"I mustn't keep you now, dear," I added, with a glance at the clock, "and unpunctuality is so truly a womanly failing that I don't think you wish to be guilty of it!"

The child laughed then; she had a fair sense of humor, and before she flew off to school she flung her arms impetuously round my neck and kissed me—a most unusual proceeding on the part of this tomboy daughter.

"You understand better than I thought you would," she said, heartily. "Some mothers would just snub their daughters, and not talk things out with them. I believe you're really more like a chum than a mother," she added, looking at me with her head on one side, and I appreciated that remark almost more than any other my children ever made to me. I had tried so hard, not only to win their confidence, but to keep it; to look at things from their point of view; to keep myself in touch with the aspect of things as seen by the eyes of the rising generation. I was proud of being called "chum" by Hetty.

When Dick and I talked over the incident that night (we always talked about the girls and their characters and ways) he laughed first, and then said:

"Ask Raymond to spend part of his vacation with us—that will do the trick."

Dick's advice was invariably terse and slangy, but it was usually worth following.

Raymond was a young and distant cousin, a nice, capable, clever boy of twenty or thereabouts, doing well at Oxford, both at work and games, who was looked upon by my daughters as an elder brother, for they had no brothers of their own. It was two years since Raymond had stayed with us, owing to his having spent his vacations on the Continent, and, although I did not quite see all the inwardness of Dick's sage counsel, I felt that he had some excellent reason for giving it, and forthwith wrote to Raymond, asking him to come to us in June.

He cordially accepted my invitation, and Hetty was supremely delighted at the prospect of seeing her old comrade again.

"Ray used to be simply perfect at cricket," Hetty exclaimed, enthusiastically. "I wonder"—— Then she broke off suddenly and looked at me.

"But, of course, you don't like me to play with the boys now, do you?" she ended, sadly.

"I am afraid not, dear," I answered, with a firmness that cost me an effort, because I could not bear to see her bright face clouded over; "perhaps you will find some other way of amusing Ray."

"Perhaps," she answered, dolefully.

Raymond arrived on a heavenly afternoon in early summer, and I was alone to greet him. Hetty having gone out on a botanizing expedition with some of her school friends. I was charmed with our cousin. Though he had grown into manhood since we last met, he was still as frank and simple as in his schooldays; his gray eyes were clear and bright, and his whole bearing was that of a healthy, vigorous young Englishman, clean of body and soul, holding a birth ideal of manhood, and with no nonsense about him!

We were sitting under the beech tree on the lawn, chatting about his work and pursuits, when a flying figure became visible far down the garden, and two minutes later Hetty loomed large before us—Hetty, flushed, dishevelled, panting, with her frock torn out from the gathers, her hat battered in, and a general impression of muddiness all over her.

"Mummy," she began breathlessly, then stopped dead, as Raymond drew his long length from the grass and rose to his feet.

Lifting his cap from his curly hair, he held out a hand to Hetty, with a smile that was full of mischief.

"Hullo, Hetty," he said, when her excessively grubby paw lay in his, "you look rather dilapidated," and his eyes ran over her with a quizzical expression in their depths that made Hetty squirm.

Her color deepened, she tried to push back her tangled hair, and mingled shame and defiance were in the one lightning glance she shot at him.

"Well! I couldn't help it. I've been chivvying about the woods," she said, with some heat.

Raymond's eyebrows went up, oh! ever so slightly.

"I see," he said, dryly, his eyes again running over her from head to foot; "shall I hand you your tea now, or are you going to have a wash and brush up first?"

The words were quite courteously spoken, but I felt they were scathing, and so did Hetty. She opened her lips to speak, but no sound came from them, and she turned away abruptly and rushed into the house without uttering a syllable.

"She is rather a tomboy still," I said, looking up deprecatingly into Raymond's amused face.

"My goodness, she is! What a jolly pity, though, isn't it?" he added, after a moment's pause, immediately changing the subject and beginning a discussion upon landscape painting.

Hetty did not reappear until dinner time, when, to my unbounded astonishment, she walked into the drawing room dressed in the soft white muslin usually kept for state occasions, and looking most immaculately tidy. But there was a mutinous glance in her brown eyes, and a certain set expression about her mouth which I had learned to know, and I watched her treatment of Raymond with secret and intense amusement.

She was very distant to him at first, but this position soon became untenable, because nobody could continue to be distant to any one so sunny and frank as he was. During dinner she thawed somewhat, and waxed enthusiastic over an account her cousin was giving Dick of a football match.

"I should love to play football," she exclaimed, "and I know I could play, too; none of the boys who play hockey on the green are really as good as I am."

"You don't play hockey with the boys on the green?" Raymond's voice expressed indescribable things, and Hetty's face grew rosy.

"Well—why not?" she said.

"Because hockey isn't a game for girls and boys to play together," Raymond answered. "I do bar manly games for girls who have begun to grow up."

Hetty laughed a small, high laugh of mutiny, but Raymond paid no more attention to her, and turned to speak to me instead. Hetty was very silent throughout the meal, but I saw her now and again glance furtively at her cousin's face, and an odd look began to dawn in her eyes, whether of capitulation or fresh defiance, I could not quite decide.

The same expression looked out of them the next morning, but Raymond either did not observe it, or preferred to ignore it, and treated her in a frank, brotherly fashion, yet with the shade of deference due to a nearly grown-up girl. I could see that she was very much impressed when he rose to open the door for her as she left the room, and that she listened to his words of wisdom with an attention she was not in the habit of bestowing on the words of an elder.

"I can't stand untidy girls," the words in Raymond's voice floated into the library window from the terrace next morning; "why, your shoe laces are both untied. Let me do them up for you." I peeped out, and there stood Hetty looking down, with a crimson face, on Raymond's bent head, while he fastened her rebellious laces for her.

"Women ought always to look jolly neat," he went on when he was on his feet again; "it's all very well for boys to be grubby and untidy; they're little asses, and don't know better. It's hateful for girls to have dirty hands and untidy hair."

Hetty's hands were suddenly, I might almost say, automatically, thrust behind her back; she kept her eyes bent on the gravel, which she was shuffling to and fro with her feet.

"I say, you know," Raymond went on in apologetic tones, "you mustn't mind if I say things straight out. You haven't got a brother, don't you see, so I have to do instead, and there are lots of little things brothers can tell a girl. You won't mind, will you?"

"I—don't know," Hetty said obstinately; "I—don't see what business it is of"—— Then her natural sweet temper reasserted itself, and she looked up at him with a smile.

"All right," she said; "you can say what you like. All the same, I thinks it jolly rotten having to be a woman."

"Oh! Hetty, you don't think that really, do you?" Raymond's voice sounded quite hurt; "the world would be a jolly horrid sort of place without women. I like women to be women, not a beastly sort of imitation men. Besides, you can't help being a woman, anyhow," he ended philosophically, with a chuckle.

"I don't see why we can't do the same things you do," Hetty said, but she said it with hesitation.

"Oh! I can't put it into words," Raymond answered; "but, you see, you're made different. Girls who ape a man and want to join men's games, and wear men's clothes, and talk men's slang, and play the bally goat all round—are silly sort of Juggins, I think."

A fit of laughter induced by the conclusion of the sermon sent me away from the window, but I observed that Hetty came into luncheon that day, looking spick and span from head to foot, and with immaculate hands.

Raymond and she took many walks together, and she no longer came home looking like a combined rag bag and scarecrow. I fancy she was not allowed by her new mentor to scramble through hedges or wade streams as aforetime, and she no longer breathed a word about playing hockey on the green.

"The trick seems to work," Dick said to me one night; "I thought Hetty wanted a bit of proper pride knocked into her by a man of her own generation."

"Oh! that was the trick, was it?" I said; "it—seems to be working."

Only after Raymond left us did I discover that it actually had worked.

Hetty was sitting silently by my side on the terrace watching the sunset across the meadows, when she suddenly turned to me and said impulsively:

"Mummy—I don't think I do want to do man's things after all. I believe I'll just try to put up with the limitations, and stop my side of the fence, and try to turn into a womanly woman."

From that day forward she did try to get the better of her tomboy ways, and, though at first I believe it was a real struggle to her, she succeeded at last.

I cannot pretend that she ever really liked domestic duties, or needlework, or any of the other things which are supposed to constitute a woman's special sphere. But she set herself to learn them all with patience and perseverance truly admirable in so young a girl, and she began to take a pride in her personal appearance, and an interest in her clothes, for which I fervently blessed Raymond and his sermons.

Sometimes I wondered—as mothers will—whether the friendship between them would in years to come ripen into something deeper, for the cousinship was only a distant one, and I believe in love that began in friendship. But the thought faded from my mind when Raymond went to Canada to a ranch, and we did not see him again before he left England.

Hetty grew up into a tall, vigorous girl—not pretty, but with a fresh, fair face and sunny hair, and with a frank, sunny disposition to match, that endeared her to everybody. Her boyish proclivities had toned down into an intense love of open air life and occupations, and Dick was able to afford to give her the training for which her soul hankered. She went to a college where girls are trained in gardening and agricultural work, and very capable she proved in her profession; so much so, that at the end of her two years she was offered an excellent post—and at that juncture of her life Raymond came home.

He arrived quite unexpectedly at our house. I was sitting in our little garden, and Hetty, by way of spending a useful holiday, was grubbing in one of the beds! She looked very trim and neat in the dark blue linen gown she wore for gardening, with a big blue pinafore of the same material that somehow made her face look fairer and her hair more bright.

"Hullo, Hetty," Raymond exclaimed, seeing her back only because she had not heard him announced, "I had no idea gardeners—— Why—Hetty!"

His sentence ended in a sort of amazement, as she turned and faced him, a flash of color in her cheeks, her eyes full of a demure welcome.

"You were going to say you had no idea gardeners could be tidy, weren't you?" she said mischievously, a mocking smile on her lips; "meaning that you didn't know I could be tidy! Oh! I haven't forgotten your lectures to me. Perhaps I haven't forgiven them, either," she added, with a little laugh.

In the days that followed, it was really very funny to see the reversal of positions that occurred between them. Raymond was no longer the mentor, the teacher, the guide. Hetty had learned her lesson from him seven years ago, but now she very quietly, but quite firmly, put him into another place. At the end of three weeks he was the child's slave, and before six weeks had gone by, he came to me and asked very humbly whether I thought Hetty would ever listen to him if he asked her to go back to Canada with him.

"Try," I answered succinctly; "she is not a tomboy now, you know, Raymond."

"Tomboy," he